

## Don't You Ever Tame Your Demons

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# **Don't You Ever Tame Your Demons**

by [cosim18](#)

## Summary

Allison was resurrected following the Battle of the Nogitsune, unknown to her friends and family. Ten years later, on her own path, she stumbles into a familiar face, bringing up memories and hope for a new future.

Nowhere near as lighthearted as the summary suggests, but not quite a dark!fic either.

## Notes

Stallira has become my ultimate OT3 and I needed to see more works of them.

## the ashes in my wake

The days are long, but they're no comparison to the nights. Time almost seems to be a joke at this point, her saviors laughing cruelly after deciding she was worth another chance at life. Not that she would rather have stayed dead, mind. She sometimes forgets how easily time slips from her until she happens upon a calendar or overhears the news in a diner. Ten years she's been at this.

She never returned to finish out high school, it just didn't seemed prudent after what she had gone through, and for as much love as she had for those she left behind, she knew they had given their goodbyes, moved on. Besides, dying left its mark on her, and she wasn't sure if she would feel as though she belonged in Beacon Hills if she were to return. So much time had passed, and for so many years she came close to going back to where she began this journey, but something always held her back. Maybe it was fear, maybe not. But ten long years have passed, and she doesn't feel the pull as she once did.

There was no price for her extended time, at least as far as she had yet to discover, and so she had taken it up as her mantle to hold to the code she had created before her death. That way she could honor who she was before, and hopefully help her friends, even if only from a distance and with no recognition.

*Nous protégeons ceux qui ne peuvent pas se protéger eux-mêmes.*

*We protect those who cannot protect themselves.*

The words echo in her mind as she lugs herself to the motel room that matches her key, and she lets her head drop against the door as the card slides into its slot, the light flicking to green with a little chirp. She drags her feet through the threshold, ashamed at her level of exhaustion.

*You've been through tougher than this. You've gone longer without sleep. There is no reason why you should be so tired, Allison.* She shakes her head and decidedly ignores her inner voice that still mysteriously sounds like Lydia, as she drops her bow and removes the sword belt around her waist and the arrow quiver on her back. Rubbing her face, she heaves a sigh, rolling her shoulders. She plops onto the bed and wiggles her leggings off before curling her bruised body up under the covers. She realizes as sleep begins to claim her that she hadn't even bothered to turn on the light when she entered the room. No surprise, she was more than comfortable with darkness. She knew she wouldn't sleep much anyway, so she might as well set the lighting for an ideal night's rest.

When morning finally arrives, Allison stays in bed, sprawled out with the haphazard covers. Her face is pressed hard against the pillow, one leg poking out from under the comforter and the edge of the bed, and she laughs a little at the idea of the Boogeyman attempting to frighten her. She likes to think she would scare even him. Her last kill was just two days ago, and she would be lying if she said she cared about the collateral damage.

Forcing herself to roll onto her back, wincing at the stickiness of leftover drool on her cheek, Allison relishes the fact that she *finally* has a few days to rest. She'd been tracking a kanima and its master across the country, all the way here to Maryland. She no longer considered anywhere home, so whenever she got to take some time off to just sleep and recuperate, she felt warm inside. That same warmth came when she spilled blood too, and she wondered for the millionth time if she ever felt that before dying. She hadn't killed anyone before that, though, so it was hard to tell sometimes. But she likes to think that she always had a bit of darkness inside of her, rather than the alternative option of her resurrection causing an evil to brew inside of her. It was simply easier to live with the things she did that way.

The sun starts to blind her face, and she groans and rolls back over before scooting off the bed, chuckling at the pile she'd made the night before. It took a long time to come to terms with the katana, bestowed upon her by the ones who saved her. She didn't use it for the first few years, barely daring to look at it, but too scared to let it go. It had still been stained with her blood, tacky from not being cleaned. But during one of her hunts, the enemy came up quicker and closer than she had anticipated, and she didn't have access to her bow or knives. Instead, she unsheathed the blade that had taken her own life, claiming another for the first time. After that, it had become easy, and she trusted the katana as an extension of herself. In a way, it was what started her down this path.

The shower is calling to her, and she makes her way to it, stripping nude by the time she reached the bathroom. There was no worry about privacy, and even if something were to happen, it wasn't like she couldn't easily dispose of a threat, even without clothes. The water and steam feel phenomenal on her skin, cleansing her mind as much as her body. She likes to write the names of her old pack on the walls of the showers she uses, temporary artifacts to who she truly was. No matter how much time passed, she knew she would never give up on them. They forged her into who she is now.

After running the hot water long enough for it to fade out, Allison gets out of the shower, but collapses back in bed. After all, with nothing pressing, there was no reason she couldn't relax for once.

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Vending machines at motels are officially the worst method of filling up on food, but money was more than sparse, and Allison is more than able to go without food for extended periods of time. It isn't quite that she doesn't need to eat, so much as she has little desire to. She's not immortal, so she figures that eating is still a necessary evil.

This morning's options are a measly two bags of Doritos, a package of Reese's, and a pack of gum. She groans, punching in the code for the candy, settling for the most sugary choice. If caffeine isn't on the table, then the sweet substance would have to do. As she bends down to remove the package from the slot in the machine, she feels a prickle on the back of her neck. It's a new sort of sixth sense that she'd developed since coming back from the dead.

"I don't care, you are *not* dying, you ass," she hears a gritty voice whisper out. It sounds vaguely familiar, but she disregards that notion. She's been hearing her friends' voices for the past decade or so. Sometimes they repeat actual conversations that happened once upon a

time, but more often than not, the sounds of her old loves drift into her head, a welcome nuisance. She's decided that they are her personal ghosts, but still isn't sure about whether they're there to try and draw her back to her former pack, or to simply remind her of the good times she was blessed with before this current life.

Regardless, even though she forces herself to hear the voice differently, as a completely unknown person, she can't help but be drawn to those words. It's not as though motels are the most savory of places, and she'd be lying if she said she had never seen a dead body at one. One that she hadn't been the cause of.

No, Allison was drawn to the urgency of the voice. It didn't sound scared, so much as angry, and that meant something real was happening, that the speaker was used to seeing people die. From what she could hear, the man who wasn't speaking probably wouldn't make it through the night. She could hear his companion practically dragging him, supporting all of his weight, and his breath was rattling more than what was recoverable.

Slowly, she rises to her feet, tucking her Reese's into her back pocket. No need to waste the small amount of money she'd already spent. Her bow and katana were back in the room, but she had a knife strapped to each ankle if necessary. Not that she couldn't handle herself without any weapons, but she was still exhausted as fuck, and didn't have the energy to rely simply on her own physical prowess. She creeps close to the wall, hiding in the shadows, cursing the sunlight. It was both obscuring her own vision and making it harder to stay hidden. As she pokes her head around the corner of the structure, her heart drops as she notices the man is gone.

There's a body slumped against a door up ahead, blood all over his broken body, his chest a marled mess. There's a gun in his hand, but the muscles are slack, and Allison figures his partner had left it for him to keep watch, knowing he wouldn't live but not ready to let him give up hope. Which made Allison realize that the other man was still missing, and she kicks herself for not keeping her guard up. As she retreats back toward her room, she sees a shadow behind her, and she ducks into the alley between the motel buildings to draw her chaser away from her room. He should be easy to take care of, even if she was having an off day. She's dealt with such a variety of people - and creatures - that it's hard for her to see anyone as a challenge. As a corner comes up, she resists the urge to turn around and confront her pursuer, instead acting as though she's going to follow the path in front of her.

As the man gets closer, Allison suddenly steps back, throwing her elbow out hard, catching him in the ribs. *Huh. Bulletproof vest*, she notes. The force is still enough to knock him back, though, and that gives her extra time. She swivels around to face him and kicks her leg straight out in front of her, but her attack is nixed as he catches her foot and throws her back, causing her to stumble in order to maintain her balance. Her hair swings out of her face, and just as recognition dawns on her, she sees a gun leveled at her head.

"Agent Stilinski, FBI. Hands up, where I can see them," the man says, his voice jarring her. Out of habit, she obliges, too shocked to do much else.

"Is this some sick joke? Are you a ghost? A punishment? What the fuck is this?" She whispers, not really talking to anyone. Her eyes are wide, scanning over the figure in front of her before making contact with his brown eyes.

“I was going to ask the same thing,” he responds after a few moments, the gun still raised.

Allison can't help but notice how well he grew into his face, as well as his once-gangly body. He was full of muscle now, his arms full of sinuous tendons flexing with the motion of keeping the gun leveled. His jaw clenches and his hair waves ever-so-slightly in the wind. He let it grow out, apparently. Her thought process is interrupted when he speaks again.

“So what the fuck are you? Allison died a long time ago, so please spare me any bullshit you might have ready to go. I already lost my partner today and I'm not feeling anything holding me back from putting a bullet in your skull. Talk.” His hand clenches tighter on his gun, but Allison can see him squint his eyes, as though questioning if what he was seeing was real.

*Is this not the first time he's seen me?* She wonders. Instead of answering, she tries to calm him. Trying to explain probably wouldn't help him lower his guard.

“Are you really my Stiles? In the flesh, standing right here, human Stiles?” Allison asks, tears unwittingly rising in her eyes. Her posture relaxes even just mentioning the name, her hands drop back down to her sides. She keeps them balled into fists, just in case she needs to fight again, but she hopes beyond everything that this is real. Emotions hadn't played a part in her life since first coping with coming back, and they surged and bubbled below the surface at the hope standing in front of them.

He hesitates before answering, as though taken aback by the question.

“I don't know when I ever would've been *yours*, but I am Stiles. Some might debate the human part, but last I checked I was.” It's as much of a non-answer as Allison had given him.

“Okay, now we've got that out of the way. I'm Allison, Allison Argent. I swear it's me, Stiles. I still can't really say if I'm human or not though, I've been trying to figure that out myself. But I'm alive, and that's all that really matters, right? Now can you lower the gun and we can talk about this?” She hates sounding this weak, but in this moment, weakness is all she can hold on to. She's so tired, in every way, and she couldn't describe how much she *wanted* this, wanted companionship and familiarity with another person.

Stiles tilts his head, seeming to be deciding whether or not to kill the person in front of him, but he looks down and shakes his head, lowering the gun after cursing to himself, too quiet for Allison to hear.

“You've got an hour to convince me,” he says, turning heel and heading back toward his deceased partner before she could respond. He doesn't say anything more, but she knows he expects her to follow.

# **you soon find you have few choices**

## Chapter Summary

Allison tells Stiles her story.

## Chapter Notes

This chapter is mostly just them talking, with a little physical progression at the end. Next chapter we'll see a bit more of their respective darkness, as well as some action (I'll let you ponder what specific sort of action)!

She marches after Stiles, rolling her eyes a little. She thinks she should be mildly concerned, but she's flooding with hope and happiness for the first time in a long while.

"What do you need to know to be convinced?" Allison asks, keeping her voice casual. Stiles has holstered his weapon and is leaning over his fallen partner, muttering a goodbye.

"What don't I need? You died because of me, Allison. You died because I let the nogitsune into my head, and you have been haunting me ever since. Just because you're actually talking and engaging with me doesn't mean you're not some apparition. Wouldn't be the first time you've appeared to me." He refuses to look at her, instead wiping off the gun he had given his friend before walking toward an SUV parked in the lot.

"You've been blaming yourself this whole time?" Allison whispers, distracted. After briefly hesitating, she follows after him again, leaning against the door as he reaches into the back seat.

"How could I not?" He bites back bitterly. "I couldn't do anything to help the pack, I collapsed in the damn tunnels while Lydia screamed above me as you bled out, held in my best friend's arms. I remember hurting so many people while I was possessed, and I was able to accept what I did. But you? God, Allison. How the fuck could I come to terms with it? You're down to fifty minutes, by the way." Stiles brushes past her, still not making eye contact, and walks toward the room his partner is in front of. He fiddles with the bag he's carrying and the keycard to the room, shaking slightly. After the third unsuccessful attempt at opening the door, Allison gently places her hand on his, taking the card. He grits out a shaky sigh and steps to the side to let her do it.

"Fine, you want to put me on a timer? You really think you'll kill me again?" Allison says, knowing the comment will anger Stiles enough to shock him into action again.

“Fuck you, just talk, or I drive away and pretend like this never happened.”

“I never said I wouldn’t talk. It just might take a little more than an hour to explain everything, considering the fact that even I don’t even know exactly what happened.” The door gives a little chirp as she unlocks it, and she pushes inside, holding the door for Stiles to enter. He’s dragging his partner in with him, grunting under the weight, and kneels over him silently, thinking. After a moment, he straightens up and collapses onto the bed, covering his face with his hands.

“Just explain as much as you can, as quickly as you can. I’m not looking to stay here any longer than necessary.” Allison can tell how tired he is, and decides to just go for it, knowing she had nothing left to lose. She regards him on the bed, not daring to look at her, before swinging her arms broadly and pacing the room while regaling her story.

“I’m not sure how long after I died I was reawakened, but it had to have been at least a few months because it was no longer winter. I felt like I was on trial or something, I was standing in this room, so dark and ominous yet not fear-inducing. There were a handful of majestic women sitting at a bench a few feet away, and somehow I knew that they weren’t human. I couldn’t find my voice to ask what was happening, and I didn’t even realize that I actually had died until one of them approached me and told me what had happened. That I’d been stabbed by an Oni after killing one of them, in the battle at Oak Creek to save Lydia. The one who spoke to me held the sword that ended my life in her hands, waiting for me to take it. She told me it would be my talisman, that it would help guide me through my newly extended life.”

“Who was she? And aren’t talismans supposed to be charms or some shit? Not like a literal sword that killed you?”

“Don’t interrupt, or this will take a lot longer. You can ask your questions when I’m finished. I can’t promise answers to them all, but I’ll try.” Stiles rolls his eyes, but motions with his hands for her to continue.

“Thank you,” Allison says as she starts again, smiling a little. “Anyway, I don’t know who she was, or is. The others didn’t say anything at all. The one who gave me the sword had large wings on her back, a beautiful, shimmery grey color, and they ran the length of her entire body. She was about as tall as me, I guess, and she was beautiful in a sinister way. She said that she and her sisters had broken off from their family, and chose to live their own path.” Allison pauses before posing the next question. “Stiles, have you heard of Valkyries?”

“They have Norse origins, right? They’re the ones who transport fallen soldiers to Valhalla?” he answers, uncertainty in his voice.

“Sort of, yes. Apparently they’re real, but just like werewolves or kitsunes, they’re not quite the same as the legends would have you believe. The one who spoke, let’s call her Astrid for simplicity’s sake, told me that her family chose to save certain heroes, rather than simply transporting them to the afterlife. She said that I’m the strongest candidate to be a modern phoenix, someone who is given a second chance by rising from the ashes of their own destruction. By giving me new life, Astrid said that she hoped I would continue on being the hero I had grown to be. A lot to put on a teenager’s shoulders, huh? She talked a little more



about her family and why I was chosen, and then the next thing I know, I'm waking up in the desert in New Mexico, still wearing what I died in, with the only material object in sight being that fucking sword.

I made my way to the nearest town and stole a few pieces of clothing from a thrift store, just something to blend in with. It wouldn't have exactly been a great thing to walk around wearing a dress with blood all over it. As I tried to find my feet, I somehow knew that I wasn't meant to just lead a normal life anymore. Even if I wanted to, I wasn't sure how. I didn't know how much time I had lost, and I couldn't face the mundane nature of high school or even college after going through all of that. Instead, I chose to continue on as a hunter. Apparently being a newly regenerated hunter has its perks, because finding and tracking supernatural creatures became even easier. I have a weird sort of sixth sense now, able to detect when something is going to happen. It's how I found you, actually. I was just minding my own business when I sensed an acute danger, which turned out to be you."

"Assuming all of that is true, why didn't you ever come back to us? Tell us you were alive? Your death wrecked us all, and I'm not just talking about my guilt. Isaac and your dad left, though the latter came back to help when we needed him. It's been ten years, Allison. A whole fucking decade." Stiles was more alert now, the story having become much more interesting than he'd expected.

"I just couldn't make myself return to Beacon Hills. I guess a part of me didn't want to have to face all of you, undo all the pain I caused. By the time I was rejuvenated, you had all probably moved on, continued living your lives, stronger for your loss. But I still hold you close in my heart. My inner psyche even has Lydia's voice." Allison chuckles at this, knowing how ridiculous she must sound. "I needed to move on, and so did you."

"Do I look like I've moved on?" Stiles whispers.

"Yes, actually, you do. Do you think you would've left Beacon Hills and joined the FBI if you hadn't? You might still feel guilt, you might still be bitter, but you're here and I doubt you would be if you hadn't moved on, at least a little bit."

Silence fills the room for a few minutes, the barely-there sound of breathing the only thing to be heard. Eventually, Stiles sits up and rubs his hands down his face, breathing in deeply.

"Have you killed?" he asks.

"Yes. And not just monsters and creatures. Have you?"

"What do you mean have I? We've already discussed this."

"I'm not talking about me, nor am I talking about what happened with the nogitsune. Have you, Stiles Stilinski, killed anyone while in your right mind, with full clarity? Human or otherwise?" She thinks for a moment that he's not going to answer, until he simply nods his head.

"My first was this kid named Donovan. It was during senior year of high school, and he surprised me, attacked me when I was alone. It's a long story for another time, but the point

is that I killed him. And it messed me up for a long while. Scott and I grew a little distant afterward, because I didn't want our little savior to know how far I had fallen."

"Ten years ago, I would've chastised you for keeping something like that from him. But I understand now. Even though it was a creature that was aiming to do us harm, killing the Oni did something to me. I didn't feel remorse, so much as a switch inside of myself flip. After some time, I've realized that I'll do whatever it takes to protect the world we live in, even if that means some people end up dead." Stiles looks at Allison, makes eye contact for the first time all day.

"Does that mean you've killed innocent people?"

"Yes. And I'm guessing you have too." Stiles doesn't lower his eyes, but Allison can see a slight darkness in them now. All he does in response is nod again.

"Before they left me, Astrid whispered one thing into my ear, and I've held onto it ever since. She said, 'don't you ever tame your demons, but always keep them on a leash.' I think she was trying to tell me to not be afraid of letting myself go. She and her sisters knew that I had a good heart, even I don't always believe that. I still may not know exactly what my purpose is, or if I even have one, but I've been living my life according to that. I think you could do with that advice too. Even when we were a bunch of idiots in sophomore year, before I even knew about the supernatural, I could tell there was a little bit of darkness inside of you, Stiles. And I think that darkness has only grown. Maybe we were meant to meet again, so distant from what our lives used to be."

Allison finally ceases her pacing and sits, and gently places her hand on Stiles's face, cupping his cheek. She pulls his face over to look at her and simply looks into his eyes.

"I'm glad we've gotten this second chance," she whispers before leaning forward to kiss him, closing her eyes before touching his lips. When she pulls back, she keeps her eyes closed while Stiles stares at her for a moment, not completely sure what just happened. Suddenly his hands are holding her face, and he leans in, kissing her deeply, his tongue asking for permission before she lets him in.

After a few moments they pull apart again, catching their breath.

"Does this mean you believe me?" Allison asks, chuckling.

"Maybe." There's just the smallest hint of a smile on Stiles's face, and Allison can't help but want more.

# **i knew that something would always rule me**

## Chapter Summary

Stiles relays to Allison what happened to the pack before something prompts them to work together.

## Chapter Notes

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

When he wakes, it's to the distinct sound of the shower running, the door to the bathroom clearly left open. They did little more than make out the night before, but Stiles insisted that she stay the night with him in order to keep an eye on her. The story she told was convincing enough, but that didn't change the fact that she'd been gone - believed dead, in fact - for over a decade. He could imagine how dying would leave an impression on one's psyche, but she was still so far from the Allison he once knew. How could she have not wanted to return to Beacon Hills to let them know she was alive? Wanting to get out of that godforsaken town was at the top of Stiles' to-do list after graduating, but he still had loved ones there. Fewer now than when he originally left, but still. Allison had known how important she was to the pack, to her *family*, that it was insulting she wouldn't even tell them she wasn't dead.

Stiles sighs and rolls over onto his side to check the time on his watch. Seeing that it's still early, only 6:45am, he groans in resignation and pushes himself up to stand. As he makes his way to the bathroom, he almost trips over the leggings laying on the floor.

"Do you have a problem with folding your clothes, or at the very least placing them in a single pile?" Stiles asks as he reaches the doorway, leaning against the wall.

"You gonna join me?" Allison asks, not answering his question. There's a small smile on her face, still guarded.

"If that's an invitation, then yes. I didn't want to presume," Stiles says, pulling his shirt off over his head. To demonstrate his point, he folds it neatly and places it on the counter, followed by his pants, and gives Allison a pointed look. Once stripped, he steps up to the shower stall and pulls the curtain back to see all of her.

"Are you sure about this?" he asks.

"If I wasn't sure, I wouldn't have offered, Stiles. Personally, I haven't felt the touch of anyone in some time. A man in even longer," she says, stepping back until she bumps the wall behind her, biting her lip and holding a hand out for Stiles to take. He does, stepping into the stall and quirks an eyebrow up at her.

“That implies you’ve had sexcapades with other women,” Stiles says, pulling the shower curtain back to close them in a private bubble away from everything else. His eyes are locked on hers, but he steps forward to place his hands on her waist.

“The adventures I’ve had,” Allison hints before leaning forward to kiss Stiles. Pulling back, she continues, “I doubt you’d even believe some of the things I’ve done.” Her words come out in a whisper, the double meaning not lost on either of them. She tilts her head to give Stiles better access.

He’s too focused on pleasuring Allison to even bite on that bait, instead pressing his lips to her neck, letting his hands slowly explore her body. He’d heard plenty about her from Scott when they were together, but they were all mere children back then, horny teenagers looking for release more than anything else. Now, however, they were adults, fully aware of the thrill that could come from taking *time*.

He places a knee between Allison’s legs, giving her some friction, while he continues to press kisses to her body, moving downward from her collarbone to her chest. He’s not afraid to use his teeth, and Allison silently thanks him for that as she has no qualms about being marked up. She’s toed the line between pleasure and pain so many times that she’s lost count.

Stiles can tell she’s getting impatient, though, when he feels one of her hands card its way into his hair, pulling slightly on the locks before gently pushing down until he’s faced with her heat. Her hand makes its way to the back of his head, encouraging him as he presses his tongue to where she’s already wet, and it’s not from the shower. With one hand he begins to trace her lips, edging a finger in, while the other hand reaches up to cup one of her breasts, squeezing her nipple in time with his slow thrusts.

The only thought that comes to Allison’s mind is that she was totally right about that filthy mouth of his.

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“So what brought you to this dump?” Stiles asks before shoving a few more curly fries in his mouth..

After they both got off in the shower - Allison twice - they realized neither one of them had eaten anything since lunch the day before. When Allison admitted she had no money for food, Stiles said he was happy to treat her to whatever she chose, which just so happened to be Arby’s.

“I was tracking a kanima, all the way from Boulder, Colorado. I finally got ahold of its master a few towns over and killed him the first chance I got. At least this one had a somewhat valid motive for wanting to kill - some gang tried to use his daughter as leverage for him to pay his debts. What they did to her had no effect on the fact that he was broke, though. I tried to reason with him, but the nature of the kanima’s relationship to its master forced me to get rid of him. I lost the kanima, but I doubt it’ll cause much more havoc considering it doesn’t really have a purpose anymore. Better than Matt and Gerard,” Allison finishes. “What about you?”

“A dark kitsune. I’m not sure about its background, to be honest, other than he’s been senselessly killing, but not in the same way as the nogitsune. Reminds me of Kira when she was losing control, though with less righteousness, which may be attributed to the fact that Kira’s fox was influenced by Scott. Regardless, I still haven’t gotten a good glimpse at him, but I’m still alive so that’s gotta count for something. Can’t say the same for my partner. The kitsune didn’t even have a sword, just tried to tear my partner apart. I got a few bullets in it but obviously they didn’t do enough damage.”

“I’m sorry about him. If I could’ve helped, I would’ve. I’m sure my appearance didn’t exactly help you either,” she admits.

“It’s not like you planned it,” Stiles says, not wanting her to take the blame. “Besides, there was no way I would be able to mend his wounds. I’ve apparently got a curse on me, too,” he says, chuckling wryly.

“A curse, you say?” Allison asks, taking another bite of her sandwich. “Pray tell.”

“There’s not much to it, other than the fact that I haven’t been able to keep a partner in five years. They all end up dying. I’d say I’m surprised the bureau hasn’t revoked my agent status, but I’m the only one there with such a specific perspective on the supernatural world. Technically I’m the leader of my own division, but I’m practically Mulder from the X-Files.”

“I never did watch that show,” Allison remarks, not able to stop the smile that spreads across her face when she sees Stiles’ expression. He’s balking at her, clutching his chest in an overdramatic motion.

“Okay, I can forgive you not telling us you were alive, but I don’t think I can handle you not being up-to-date on sci-fi.” He’s smiling too, though, so Allison knows he’s not being totally serious.

“Did Scott ever get around to watching Star Wars?” she asks without thinking.

When Stiles even just hears the name of their old friend, his face drops and he takes his eyes away from hers, suddenly sagging in his chair.

“You know what, forget I even said anything,” Allison starts, but he’s shaking his head and holding his hand out for her to stop talking.

“No, it’s okay. I didn’t think you’d necessarily want the sitrep of the pack, but I guess you would be curious. Did you want to know about everyone, or just Scott?” His voice catches slightly when he says the name.

“If you don’t mind, it’d be nice to know where everyone is,” Allison says. She’s not shy in her curiosity, but she’s careful to not want to offend Stiles. It wouldn’t do to have him running off as soon as they had fallen back into their old conversational patterns.

Stiles leans back in his chair before speaking again, wiping his hands with the napkin, not realizing the crumbs have all been removed already. It’s a subconscious action, and Allison can’t help but imagine him wiping blood off his hands.

“Malia, the werecoyote we saved a little while before you - well, your death. She joined the pack shortly after the whole nogitsune business was solved. We were together for a few months. Isaac and your father went to France, unable to stay in Beacon Hills because of your death. I haven’t seen or heard from Isaac since, but your dad returned to help us out. Oh, and your Aunt Kate? She’s alive.” He stops when he notices her genuine surprise at that.

“Yeah, apparently when Peter supposedly killed her, his claws went in deep enough to change her. She’s a werejaguar, which none of us realized was even a thing. She came back to wreak havoc, using your death as her motivation. She somehow was able to exert control over some berserkers. You know what those are?” When Allison nods, he continues. “Well they came and made things difficult and teamed up with Peter Hale behind our backs. They schemed to kill Scott, which of course didn’t work. Peter was thrown in Eichen House while your dad continued to hunt Kate. No idea where she is, but your dad returned again to help out more, and this time he stayed in Beacon Hills. He’s with Scott’s mom now, actually. They got married a few years back, I hear. Scott also made his first beta, he was trying to save the kid and the only way was to bite his wrist. He was falling off the building. His name’s Liam. He’s strong, and angry, like Derek levels of anger times ten. Scott and Kira got together too, and dated throughout the rest of junior and senior years before she left.

Senior year is when everything started to fall apart, really. The pack started to splinter, due to a couple of different things all happening at once. Lydia was in Eichen House for a while too, catatonic. She’s fine now, extra badass thanks to some fighting skills she learned from Deputy Parrish and Meredith, a fellow banshee in Eichen. She and Malia are together, or at least they were last I heard, both wanting out of Beacon Hills and the supernatural world. Kira is currently stuck in the desert training with some Skinwalkers to learn to control her inner fox spirit. Oh, and that’s also the year I killed someone for the first time. Like, literal blood on my hands, not just the metaphorical shitstorm of the nogitsune possession.”

“How’d it happen?” Allison asks quietly, reaching her arm forward to calm the hand Stiles had been tapping against the table.

“What, me killing him?” Allison nods, so he continues. “He was a chimera, part werewolf and part wendigo. A group of pseudoscientists came to town and engineered a bunch of teenagers into manufactured supernaturals. Anyway, he came at me at the school one night. I was fixing my jeep -” he pauses when Allison scoffs.

“Sorry, do continue,” she says, motioning with her free hand and biting her lip to keep from laughing. Even before she left, the jeep was in constant need of maintenance.

“As I was saying, I was fixing my jeep and suddenly I feel a bite on my shoulder - him taking a chunk outta me with this fucked up mouth on his hand. He grabbed me, but I eventually was able to grab my wrench and whacked him with it, buying myself some time. I ran into the school and hid in the library, but he found me. When I started climbing the scaffolding - oh, yeah, the library was under construction, forgot to mention that. There was this pin, just a small ring, sticking out of one of the metal beams, so I pulled it. It went right through him, like a knife through butter. When I climbed down, I put my hands on the beam, initially to pull it out of him. But as he was gurgling on the blood coming up his throat, I found myself twisting the pole, just a little bit. Just enough to ensure that he wouldn’t be able to recover.

My hands were literally covered in blood that night, and I couldn't make myself feel clean again for a long time. It caused a rift between Scott and I because I couldn't bring myself to tell him what I'd done until much later. And to answer your original question about Scott, the last I talked to him, he was taking over Deaton's veterinary clinic after the good doctor retired, still vowing to protect Beacon Hills as any supernatural threats may arise." Stiles rolls his eyes a little at that, remembering how before he had been taken by the Ghost Riders he had casually given Scott that moniker - the Sworn Protector of the town.

"So how did you get to where you are? Not a part of the pack anymore yet still part of the supernatural?"

"I was already going into the FBI after school, and Lydia and I actually had a summer fling going on before we had a talk about being involved in the crap that goes on in the world. After becoming an agent, my superiors noticed that I was able to solve all kinds of cases that had baffled almost everyone else. They let me create my own division, but I sometimes wonder if that was just to get me to be quiet about everything I knew. That's where I am now, albeit without a partner. Again."

"How many have you gone through?"

"Wow, that's one hell of a morbid way to phrase it," Stiles says with exaggeration, more for his own benefit than hers. "McKinley makes thirteen in four years. Yeah, I know, that's a lot. I keep telling them to just let me go it alone, but bureaucracy is not a 'solo endeavor,' I've been told. I'm sure -"

Just as Stiles starts to offer something he's not even totally sure about, screams echo out in the street. The duo are out in the middle of the action in seconds, running side-by-side as the crowd surges back against them. Soon enough, they see what caused the commotion.

"Looks like your fox decided to stay in town," Allison remarks. Stiles can't help but smile again, feeling comfort in her. She knows exactly what she's up against and isn't afraid to do what's necessary, something that is rare in his world.

There are already three dead bodies, and the kitsune is straightening up from its last kill before it catches sight of Stiles and smiles at him, malice in its eyes, as if to send the message that their chase is to end today. It cocks its head to the side, examining its prey when it shifts its gaze to Allison.

She's off in a flash, racing toward the beast, knives in hand. They're her typical ring daggers, he realizes. Maybe things don't always change. He climbs atop a car to get a better vantage point to cover her and can't help but admire her fighting skills. She moves like the wind, whipping around the creature and getting in dozens of quick slices with her weapons. Blood is spraying onto her face and she somehow looks even more beautiful.

Stiles' thought process is interrupted when he hears her cry out. Her own blood begins to intermingle with the creature's as a gash in her side is opened, but she's able to bury her knives in its back, weakening it. As she backs away from it, holding a hand over the wound, she winds around and kicks him in the head, causing him to tumble. Stiles enters the fray, shooting at the creature. It leaps up, aiming for Stiles to knock him down, when Stiles instead

ducks, rolling into a somersault. He whips around, kneeling, and aims for the head of the fox. Its head is suddenly thrown back, blood and brain matter spraying the concrete. Time feels as though it moves in slow motion as it falls to the ground, defeated, and Stiles runs over to Allison to help her stand.

“I’ll be fine,” she reassures him with a resigned voice. “Not the first time it’s happened.”

“We should still get you patched up, though,” Stiles says. He doesn’t disregard her words, instead examining her from a logical standpoint. She simply nods in agreement before more screams break out, pulling both of their attention away from her.

“What now?” she mutters.

Stiles wraps her arm up around his neck, pulling her in close to support her weight and help her walk steadily. Her free arm is still on her waist, holding pressure on her wound, while Stiles uses his free arm to hold his gun protectively. They walk over to where the screams had started to find the creature gone.

“There’s no way it got up after that,” she says.

“It didn’t,” Stiles says, pointing ahead of them. “It was picked up.”

A cloaked figure stands tall, the kitsune thrown over its shoulder like a sack, turning only enough to look behind itself to see its pursuers. The eyes on the being glowed a vibrant yellow.

"No way. Was that -" Stiles starts, baffled.

“An Oni,” Allison finishes his thought. Both of their faces darken as they remember the last time they were faced with one.

## Chapter End Notes

Isaac will be making an appearance, along with Scott, in a later chapter! Malia and Lydia will also show up, but not to the same extent.



# all you have is your fire

## Chapter Summary

Stiles and Allison follow the lead of the Oni.

## Chapter Notes

You guys this chapter is about 50% smut and I'd say I'm sorry but I'm really not, just a little embarrassed. I'm always nervous writing smut, so I do apologize if it wasn't written very well, but this felt seamless for once and instead of following the strict plot I had planned for this chapter I wanted to let my fingers just keep typing however they saw fit. The sex and the action scenes are going to be my biggest challenge for this fic, so I really do hope you like it!

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

“How the hell could that have been an Oni?” Allison asks, scrubbing the crimson blood off her hands. She turns to face Stiles, leaning back against the sink, and scoffs when he brings a wet washcloth up to her face to wipe off more of the blood.

“Your guess is as good as mine. Haven’t seen one since the night the nogitsune was exorcised. He had two of them acting as his bodyguards, and Isaac helped your dad realize that the silver was what killed them, so they teamed up with Derek and the twins to dispatch them. Aiden ended up paying the price with a sword to the gut, just like you.”

“That’s not what I meant,” Allison says, pulling the washcloth out of Stiles’ hand and dropping it to the floor. “And you know that. I didn’t realize they could come out during the day.” She raises his hand, placing it on her waist, before moving forward to kiss him. She pushes him against the wall, claiming his mouth with hers as she works to unbuckle his belt. “I also hadn’t realized how hot you were in battle, holding a gun.” Her eyes briefly drift to the floor where Stiles’ holster was, the gun still in it.

After watching the Oni disappear, they had made their way back to the hotel and removed the clothing that had gotten dirty, leaving Allison in her bra and panties and Stiles with just his pants. As she presses further, biting Stiles’ lip deep enough to bleed, his hands drift up to unclasp her bra. When she pulls back to let it fall to the ground amid the other clothing, he actually *whines* at the physical loss of her.

“Don’t get your knickers in a bunch,” Allison teases, smiling up at him, dramatically looping her thumbs in the waistband of her panties and pushing down, standing before Stiles fully

naked once more.

“This is becoming a habit of ours, isn’t it?” Stiles asks, taking off his pants and boxers.

“Looks like it,” Allison says, and takes his length in her hand while kissing him. She strokes him languidly, holding his attention while focusing on his mouth. After a few more minutes of this, Stiles pushes gently at her shoulders and quirks his head.

“Were you planning on doing more than teasing me?”

“Just getting you ready,” Allison says. “Does that mean you are?”

Not wanting to grant her a verbal response, Stiles instead picks her up and turns back around, slamming her back against the wall. She grins, leaning forward to kiss him while wrapping her legs around his waist, feeling him enter her. As he thrusts up into her, she’s pushed back into the wall again and again until they climax. Coming down, they’re both a bit out of breath and chuckling.

“If I’d known what you could be like, I might’ve come back just to bed you ages ago,” Allison says as she turns toward the shower. Before she has a chance to turn on the water she feels Stiles behind her, wrapping his arms around her middle and pressing a kiss to her neck. She notices that he doesn’t respond, and decides to leave it be.

“So what’s the plan from here?” She asks, changing the topic. She straightens up with him still holding her, feeling him harden slightly behind her.

“I have an inkling about where that Oni is going,” he says, lightly gliding his fingertips over her skin, pulling goosebumps to the surface and a tingling down south. “And you’re more than welcome to join me in hunting it down.”

“You mean like permanently? Or just to finish our business?” Allison asks, not sure how serious he is.

“I’d say from the other day that we both are open to drawing out business,” he responds, one of his hands teasing at her folds. She’s still wet and he’s easily able to slide two fingers in. Allison moans slightly at the intrusion and drags one of her hands down to rub at her clit before Stiles knocks it away with his other hand, instead placing his own hand there. “Let me take care of that for you,” he whispers into her ear. Just as her legs start to shake from the weight of standing and she feels another orgasm coming, Stiles suddenly pulls away.

“What the hell, Stilinski?” She snarls. Instead of responding, Stiles makes his way back into the room, collecting up their clothes to keep in a more tidy pile. “This doesn’t exactly seem like the time to care about cleanliness,” Allison continues, following after him. Her pulse is still high from arousal and she notices that Stiles is fully hard again.

“I just figured with as dirty as we’re getting I ought to compensate cleanliness somehow else,” Stiles says. When he turns back around, he finds himself surprised to see her right behind him. He’s gotten good at detecting when someone is sneaking up on him, but he’s finding Allison more difficult than most.

“You want dirty, I’ll give you dirty.” Allison steers Stiles to the bed, kissing him all the while, before pushing him back to lay down. Before he has time to move otherwise, she crawls on top of him and ties his shirt around his wrists, tethering him to the headboard. Stiles simply smirks as though this was his plan all along.

While Allison wants nothing more than to find her own satisfaction, she wants Stiles to suffer a little before letting him release his own desires. Straddling his waist, she leans down to kiss him, not caring whose blood begins to taint their mouths at their rough contact. Just as Stiles leans up to chase her lips, she pulls back, instead moving to his chest, playing with his nipples and heightening his sensitivity.

“I think I’ve learned my lesson,” Stiles whispers.

“You know, I really don’t think you have,” Allison responds, peppering kisses down his happy trail until reaching his cock. She takes it in hand and looks up at him before licking the tip, barely making contact. Stiles moans and closes his eyes, thrusting his hips up ever so slightly. “Uh uh, sweetie,” Allison says. “Eyes open or you’re not getting anything more.” Stiles bites back a curse before opening those brown eyes, glaring down at Allison.

“Attaboy,” she teases, and takes his length in her mouth just as he’s about to respond.

“God, Allison,” Stiles mutters, wiggling his hips. She keeps pumping him, taking more with her mouth every time she goes back down. She can sense he’s close and suddenly squeezes the base.

“Do you think you’re ready for me?” Allison asks. She’s already on her knees, kneeling above him. Stiles doesn’t think he would be able to form actual words, so he simply nods heartily. “Good boy,” she says as she lowers herself onto him. They both moan in pleasure as she starts to rock, placing her hands on his chest for leverage.

The cheap motel bed creaks with their movement, and the air is filled with the sound of slapping skin and moans. When Stiles comes, he’s fairly quiet, and Allison follows shortly after, though with a louder reaction. She collapses onto him and they lay like that for a moment, catching their breath, before Allison finally pushes herself up to untie Stiles. She lays back down next to him, staring up at the ceiling.

“Permanently, to answer your question from before,” Stiles pants out, still staring at the popcorn texture and catching his breath.

“You just keeping me around because I’m a good lay?” Allison asks.

“If you’ll recall, I believe *I* was the only one laying down for that,” Stiles says, turning his head to look at Allison. “I’m serious, A. I don’t have a partner anymore, and you’ve proven yourself more than capable to handle anything thrown at you. The fucking is just a pleasant side effect. Now if you’ll excuse me, I do believe I’m still gross from that fight, and I’m all sweaty now too.” He throws a wink in her direction before walking off to shower, leaving the door open as she had the day before.

Allison lays on the bed for a few more minutes, thinking the offer over, before pulling herself up to join Stiles. She's quiet for a while, focusing on the water streaming down her back and the suds in her hair.

"I accept," she finally says. She smiles up at Stiles, who simply nods in response.

"We should probably head out tonight, then. Looks like we're going back home. Or at least close." Allison's face scrunches up in confusion - and perhaps a little irritation - before Stiles elaborates. "I said the last time I saw an Oni was when we were dealing with the nogitsune. But the last time I *heard* about one was from our old friend the kitsune. As her test with the Skinwalkers, Kira had to fight an Oni. I have no idea where else to look for a mysterious Japanese demon ninja, but that's my lead. And the desert where she trained is only a few hours from Beacon Hills. Still accept my offer?" Stiles asks with a smirk.

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It turns out that Allison does, in fact, still want to be partnered with Stiles, as she is sitting in the passenger seat of his car. They are on the last leg of their trip, only a few hours out from their destination. Only stopping once, Stiles and Allison each drove their equal portions, and instead of resting in motels, they opted to sleep in shifts while the other drove. Without an official jurisdiction for the supernatural, they had no funds coming in from the FBI, instead relying on what Stiles had in his account and what they could scavenge. Stiles hadn't wanted to go through the bureaucracy that would surely ensue after reporting the Oni sighting to his superiors, so he was banking on finding it in time to have something to turn in.

"Wait a second, did you see that?" Allison asks, placing her hand on Stiles' arm. Their closeness had only grown, and sudden movements like that weren't surprising. They'd been fucking about as much as they rested and were intimately familiar with one another's body by now.

"I did," Stiles says haltingly. "And I've seen it before." The sky in front of them is lit up with lightning, a stark contrast to the otherwise pitch black night. The sun set a few hours prior, so the only light source is coming from up ahead.

The duo travel in silence the rest of the way there, neither sure with what is going on. Neither had seen anything quite like what was ahead of them, and they were trying to mentally prepare for whatever battle might ensue. Stiles glances over at Allison and gives her a little smile. At this point, they both know the dangers and don't underestimate each other, but there's a quiet bond between them, that they have each other's backs.

"You ready for this?" Allison asks.

"Ready as I will be," Stiles says, putting the car in park. Allison gets out, circling to the trunk to retrieve her weapons, while Stiles checks the magazine of his gun before reinserting it. As he's getting out of the car, Allison walks up to him, a gun holstered at her hip and her bow looped around her back, her quiver full of arrows.

“Your katana? Interesting choice,” Stiles says, making note of the weapon she chose to utilize.

“We’re fighting an Oni, whose weapon is naturally a katana. Figured it’d help level the playing field.” Stiles simply nods at that, having no argument. He leans over to face her and presses a kiss to her forehead before they enter the fray together.

Just as they round the corner of the cliff, the sparks begin to die out. There’s still an orange glow to things, but lightning no longer dances among the constellations. Allison turns to Stiles and they have a silent conversation, motioning with their heads, before something rolls toward them, stopping at her feet. She kicks at it a little to identify it, jumping back slightly when she realizes it’s the head of an Oni.

“No way. What the hell has that kind of power?” she asks, looking to Stiles for her answer. He doesn’t know what to say, so he keeps his gaze leveled ahead of them in the dark. He makes out three distinct figures and raises his gun ahead of him. Out of his peripheral he can see Allison raising her sword in a battle stance as well.

They creep forward, walking slow and with purpose, caution overwhelming any other thought. The body of the Oni lay ahead, but Stiles notices an arm further away, still clutching a sword. Blood is sprayed on the ground, still glistening with freshness, and his eyes widen.

“The Oni don’t have blood. This can’t be from it,” he whispers to Allison. The sound of screaming picks up around them, and they move to stand back-to-back, protecting each other from whatever comes their way.

“This was never part of the deal,” Stiles hears a voice call out. There’s a deepness to it, similar to how Scott’s voice always deepened when he shifted.

“We said we would help. We never said how.”

“This is some cruel mockery,” the voice responds before the sound of metal on metal rings out.

Before Stiles has a chance to figure out what’s going on, another body is thrown his way, and a swing of Allison’s sword takes care of the obstacle. When Stiles looks down, he realizes the woman at his feet was one of the Skinwalkers who tried to stop Kira and Noshiko from leaving all those years ago. He shakes his head, glancing back up just in time to see another spray of blood as it lands on his face. The orange illumination grows stronger, bathing the immediate area in the color of fire, and Stiles finds himself needing to squint to see anything.

Another of the Skinwalkers runs toward him, her spear glistening in the light.

“Stop!” he yells, raising his gun. She doesn’t listen, instead finding him with her eyes and rearing back her arm to throw the weapon. He fires off two shots, quickly dispatching her.

“She was mine,” he hears the strange voice call out. It’s still too bright to see, but Allison angles her sword to block both of their lines of sight, forcing them to rely on their sense of hearing.

“She was going to kill me, I had full right to kill her,” Stiles responds. The glow dies down, practically instantaneously, before Stiles feels a sharp sting in his stomach. He rears back and Allison moves in front of him, catching the attacker’s sword with her own.

“And if *you* try to kill *him*, I will end you,” Allison adds. She hears a yell and rolls out of the way just as another woman swings at her. Allison darts a glance at Stiles and without speaking they both know what she plans to do.

He makes an exaggerated reach for his gun to distract the woman while Allison circles around. Just as the woman begins to speak again, Allison tackles her from behind. They roll for a few moments, each trying to gain the upper hand, before Allison pins the woman’s arms beside her head, knocking the sword out of her grip with her knee. Stiles pushes himself up as quickly as possible with his injury, grabbing his gun and leveling it at the woman’s face.

“You’re under arrest by the FBI. Anything you say can and will -” but he’s cut off before he can finish.

“Stiles?” the woman asks. There’s blood all over her, and he’s pretty sure her lip is busted, but he recognizes her as soon as her face is discernable, even after her orange eyes fade to their human brown color.

“Kira?”

## Chapter End Notes

I've updated some of the tags on this here fic, mostly because I know already a few specific scenes that will be coming up (and yes, some are of the smutty variety... other than Stiles/Allison/Kira can you guess who the other threesome will be?). I'll add further character and/or relationship tags as I get to the chapters with them, but I wanted to wait to do so in case anyone saw a tag and came here specifically for it.

As always, thank you all for reading, especially those who've been keeping up with this story! I'm falling more and more in love with it as I write, so I hope you're enjoying just as much! You can find me on tumblr @hufflepuffkira.

# some would sing and some would scream

## Chapter Summary

Stallison catches up with the resident kitsune

## Chapter Notes

I am so very sorry for taking so long to update this!! I had this chapter written and went to post it but realized it vanished somehow, so I had to take the time to rewrite it, and I couldn't quite remember what all I had before.

Note on the timeline - I can never remember what year it is in show canon, so I just guessed with season 5 ending in 2013.

Also Kira kept her sword because the show made a stupid-ass decision in not having her take it with her

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

She starts losing count of the days within a few weeks. Training is nonstop, and she's in this new world, or rather, an ancient peek at the prehistoric supernatural world. When she chose to come back, she was being honest with Scott. She did it for *herself*, despite what anyone else may have thought. But she'd vastly underestimated exactly what that meant.

The Skinwalkers were as welcoming as one would expect such creatures to be. They took Kira in as one of their own, giving her the clothes and training her in their weapons. She didn't care much about the change in clothing. After all, her mother was right in saying these women weren't so different from modern society, wearing animal pelts in place of leather jackets.

A year into her new residency, Kira realized she no longer felt pain. The emotions were still just under the surface, but as she bandaged her arm one night, having gotten a particularly nasty slice in it courtesy of one of the Skinwalkers, she realized that she didn't even feel the injury. She only took the care to treat it because she could see the blood running down the dirt-covered appendage. Without the constant worry of civilization, of the norms one needed to adhere to and the stable face expected to be shown to the world, Kira realized she was becoming a true kitsune, giving in to her more animalistic side. Her goal was becoming blurrier the longer she stayed.

The Skinwalkers didn't appear to have names, at least not that Kira had been able to find out. They barely spoke to her, instead making life a constant battle, always looking for teachable moments. The fox inside of her was restless, but it lashed out less often. The first time it happened, Kira didn't have anyone to guide her out of it, like she had with Scott. The Skinwalkers only doubled their assault until she tired herself out. Their tactics didn't seem to be the most effective, but with the lack of conversation held, Kira had little ability to learn outside of observation and experience.

It was in her fifth year that Kira realized she'd lost count of the days. She had a pliant stone she had taken habit to carving lines into, denoting the passage of time, but when she suddenly woke after a crack of thunder echoed around the canyon, she realized that the stone was gone. She swept around the cave, looking for the rock, but she knew that there wasn't exactly a place for it to be hidden. As she sat back down in defeat, she wondered when the last time she even marked the day was. Time was blurring even faster than she'd realized, and she couldn't even remember the names of all her old friends.

There was Scott, of course there was Scott. She couldn't imagine ever forgetting someone like him. Scott's best friend was Stiles, and he and Allison struggled with the darkness of the Nemeton more than Scott had. The Oni killed Allison, while Stiles was possessed by the dark kitsune. Then there were the other girls. Maria - no, *Malia* - Kira's would-be love... and then Lenore? Lydia? Yes, Kira thinks. Lydia was the smart one. Allison's boyfriend when she died was... shit. Kira ran her hands through her hair, staring at the stars above, and shook her head, realizing that was a lost cause to try remembering the name. Scott had a beta, of course, and there was another human, but she couldn't even begin to think of what their names were. As she laid back down, she found herself sleeping better than usual at the thought of fewer worries in her mind.

The very next day, she killed someone. One of her new family. Kira killed a Skinwalker, and she couldn't find it in her heart to feel guilty for very long.

They'd been training, fighting with their usual weapons. But something triggered Kira's fox, and she didn't even have the chance to attempt to quell it before it overwhelmed her. It quickly disposed of the woman's spear, snapping it in half, and impaling her. When Kira turned to leave her, the woman grabbed her ankle, and Kira spun back around, slicing the woman's throat with her sword. As she sheathed the blade, she couldn't help but think the woman should've considered herself lucky for not being beheaded. The others stood around, none of them making a move to stop her or speak. Taking her cue, Kira turned foot and wandered out into the desert. They all knew she would be returning, but she needed some time to herself, somewhere they hadn't forced their way into.

As Kira sat down on the edge of a cliff, legs dangling, she found herself reminded of the Beacon Hills Preserve, of hanging out in the woods with Scott or Malia. She expected to feel sadness, maybe pain, but stretching her arms out and collapsing backward to lay down, she realized her mind was empty. She almost felt *happy*, and only a sliver of her conscience reminded her that she'd just committed murder, something that should conceivably not make her enjoy the moment. She wanted to blame the fox, but if she was being truthful, she'd realize that she and the fox were finally becoming one and the same.



The next five years go by in a blur. Anger becomes her primary motivation to continue her training, but Kira can't tell who, or what, she's really mad at. There was her own inability to control the fox in the first place, which led her down this path, of course. There were the remaining Skinwalkers, who regarded her with more caution than before. They spoke even less, if that was possible, and they only showed their faces when training with her. After everything, though, Kira couldn't find anyone to blame but her mother.

Noshiko hadn't even tried to train her daughter. She didn't want Kira to realize what she was, instead trying to hide her true heritage. It was Scott who pulled her into the foray, who gave her an opportunity to find herself. She never would've believed she was kitsune without his encouragement and support. He opened her eyes to the supernatural world and allowed her to feel more comfortable in her own skin. Noshiko, on the other hand, simply wanted her to suppress who she was, *what* she was. She gave no objections to her leaving. Her father was the most vocal in wanting her to stay, but he knew she had to follow her own path.

Tonight's exercise feels different to Kira. It's just as dark as ever, the Skinwalkers as elusive as always, but the air has a crackle of electricity in it, and not Kira's doing. She'd been learning more mastery over her powers, but she hadn't experienced anything like this before. It was almost as though the air was *humming*. It reminded her of a time she was almost sure she dreamt of, the last time she saw an Oni. That was the first time she realized just how much the fox wielded her, that it wasn't the other way around. That had changed, however, as Kira stepped back to let it come in. She'd learned how to call upon it, give it passage into her soul and body.

Her eyes light up like fire, and she scans her perimeter. Her hair is in two long braids, starting at her temples and making their way down her back. The style may take time to do, but Kira enjoys the freedom of movement it allows, removing the obstacle of hair in the way. She pulls her sword out from its sheath, dropping the leather binding on the ground, and holds it steadily in front of her body.

The stars begin to dim, whether an illusion or truth, she's not sure. A clicking noise echoes behind her, and Kira sweeps her sword in the general direction, barely skimming its target. Having a vague idea of what she was facing, trusting her instincts, Kira closed her eyes and took a deep breath, calling on the fox. She ignores the surrounding noises, focusing on her heartbeat and inhalation of breath.

Just as the air shifts in front of her, indicating the swing of a weapon, Kira ducks and rolls out of the way, opening her eyes to see one of the Skinwalkers. Her eyes are full of anger, and she rotates her wrist, showing off the swing of her sword in an attempt to intimidate Kira. Instead, Kira smiles, and her inner fire spreads out, and before she knows what's happening, the woman's arm is on the ground, weapon still in hand. Kira swings her sword again, savoring the warmth the spray of blood gives her as the woman dies.

Turning heel, she again ducks to avoid another sword, catching the tip of it on her shoulder. She yells out in pain, and sees another Skinwalker in front of her.

"This wasn't part of the deal!" She yells out the words, not meaning to sound like an obstinate teenager. Those days were long past her, after all.

“We said we would help. We never said how.” The Skinwalker motions behind Kira, and she realizes the Oni has returned. It looks to be the same as the one she defeated as a child, because when she finally makes contact with it, she feels the sting of the blade in her own skin.

“This is some cruel mockery,” Kira shouts, her voice distorted from her fox spirit. She catches the Oni’s sword with her own the next time, the metal ringing out against the silence. It disappears in a cloud of smoke, and Kira again searches her surroundings. The last remaining Skinwalker charges at her, swinging her spear in hopes of knocking Kira down, but Kira sidesteps and kicks her back to propel her further forward. Just as she goes to pursue her, she hears a few pops of gunfire and stops in her tracks.

“She was mine,” the fox calls out, and Kira doesn’t care that she’s no longer in control. There’s a glow around her, and she slowly walks forward, trying to determine who is there. When she senses the Oni behind her, she swings her sword blindly, decapitating it without a single glance. Her anger is building, fueling her fire.

“She was going to kill me, I had full right to kill her,” a man says. His voice is gritty, unusual, *human*. Kira dulls her fire, giving her a sense of security, and she swipes out with her sword, intended as a warning cut. She smiles when she hears his gasp of pain.

“And if you try to kill him, I will end you,” a female voice says. Kira backs up, wondering what prompted two humans to venture out this far. Surely they couldn’t just be lost, especially considering at least one of them is armed.

Kira swings her sword again, not wanting to truly harm these innocents, but her target comes up short. Her eyes shine brilliantly, and she sees the movement of the man reaching for the gun. She begins to speak, wanting to warn them that if they don’t leave they’ll be killed, but before she can, she feels a force come onto her from behind, knocking her down.

They grapple for a moment, each trying to gain the upperhand, until the woman slams her knee into Kira’s hand, making her drop the sword. Before she can make another move, she sees the barrel of a gun pointed at her.

“You’re under arrest by the FBI. Anything you say can and will -” the man starts. Kira’s eyes narrow and return to their normal state before she interrupts him.

“Stiles?” It’s been a long time, but she’d recognize that mug anywhere.

“Kira?” He lowers his gun, hesitating to holster it, before she smiles up at him.

“Long time no see,” Kira says. Her smile doesn’t quite meet her eyes, but that’s more because she simply hasn’t smiled in *years*, not because the emotions aren’t there.

“You could say that,” Allison pants, still out of breath from their rumble. She straightens, still straddling Kira, and sits back. “Even longer since *we* saw each other,” she says.

“You can’t be here,” Kira manages after a beat of awkward silence, turning her gaze to the woman in front of her. “It’s just not possible. I *saw* you die.”

“And I felt myself die,” Allison says wryly. “Now, can I get up, or are you going to try to slice us up again?” None of them have to worry about her coming off in a joking manner - they’ve all been through so much that they don’t underestimate the other party’s strength and prowess.

“I promise,” Kira chuckles. She stops for a moment, shaking her head. “Do you know how long it’s been since I laughed? What year is it, by the way?” Allison gets up and holds out a hand for Kira to take, helping her stand and showing a sense of solidarity.

“2023,” Stiles replies. He doesn’t seem to want to meet Kira’s eye, and Allison can see why when she sees the reaction it garners.

“Are you serious?”

“Couldn’t be more so,” Stiles says. He finally looks up to see the shocked expression on Kira’s face. She almost thinks he looks guilty, but she’s not quite sure why. A question for later, she decides.

“I’ve been in this fucking desert for a decade?!” Kira turns around to look at the trail of dead bodies. “Wait,” she continues, whirling back to face Allison and Stiles. “What are you two doing here anyway?” She’d been so preoccupied on whatever the hell this training was supposed to have been that she hadn’t even stopped to consider them.

“It’s a bit of a long story, but we were tracking an Oni.” Allison weakly points at the head lying near Stiles’s foot. “And that looks like Mr. Grumpy himself.”

“Oh. Why were you tracking it?” Kira crosses her arms, walking back to stand with them.

“You know what, I am hungry,” Stiles says suddenly. “Why don’t we all go find a motel to get cleaned up in and grab some food? We can do a late dinner or a really early breakfast,” he says, smirking.

“What is wrong with you, Stilinski?” Allison asks.

“Nothing, I’m just famished, but since we don’t have food, and we’re all covered in varying amounts of dirt and blood, we should probably make ourselves look presentable.”

Allison looks like she’s going to disagree, but Kira bends down to pick up her sword and walks in the opposite direction of the duo.

“Where are you going?” Allison calls after her. She’s not sure if she should follow or not.

“To get my Koshirae, the sword belt. It’s not exactly smart to walk around with a sword unsheathed, after all,” Kira says. Stiles shrugs when Allison looks to him, and they follow after her. Once they make it to the hut, she stoops down before turning, wrapping the belt around her waist. “Do you know how long it’s been since I had a proper shower and meal? I’m taking Stiles up on his offer,” she says, smiling again. “Besides, it’s not like I have anything else to do out here now that they’re dead.” Her voice is more blase than she intends, but she doesn’t dwell on it.

As she continues to walk, she wraps her arms around Stiles and Allison, pulling them along with her, wedging herself in the middle. They hesitate for a moment, but they both place their arms around Kira as well, walking as one solid unit. Stiles holds Allison's hand, giving it a squeeze.

## Chapter End Notes

We're almost halfway through, you guys!! :D

# thought gasoline was on my clothes

## Chapter Summary

The reunited trio makes their way to the closest motel for much-needed cleaning and catching up.

## Chapter Notes

This is a pretty short chapter, and I apologize for that, but I wanted to get back into the groove of this story by putting something out there. Hopefully I'll be back at regular updates after this!

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

Kira has clearly had the necessity to always be alert and moving, as evidenced by her bouncing leg and chewing her already nubby fingernails as Allison drives. Kira was given the front seat on account of not being in a vehicle for the better part of a decade, and Allison insisted Stiles catch up on some sleep after taking the last leg of driving. They'd only been driving for about half an hour when the snores Allison had grown to appreciate picked up from the backseat, a sound he only made when he was perfectly relaxed - something Allison took to mean he felt fully protected in the car with a powerful kitsune and a resurrected huntress. After enough time to determine he was unlikely to wake before being shaken, Allison thought she could catch up with her former friend. Old friend? She wasn't sure what Kira really was to her, now or back then.

"So... you and Stiles?" Kira asks, her tone not giving anything away. She hadn't talked to *anyone* in years, much less her ex-boyfriend's ex-girlfriend, and she didn't know how else to break the ice. While the motel they were headed to was only another hour's drive away, she knew the trek to Beacon Hills would be much longer. Even if she didn't stay in town, much less if she didn't have to face all the people left behind, she needed her tails back. She'd entrusted them to Scott with a farewell kiss.

"Uh, sort of, I guess," Allison responds, a nervous chuckle in her mouth. "It's definitely different and new. No idea if it's something that will last, much less if either of us wants it to. But we've gotten intimate, yeah."

"Y'know, that doesn't totally surprise me. You both seemed so similar, treading the darkness while always fiercely protecting your friends."

"*Our* friends," Allison reminds her. "I don't know what happened after I died, but you were fully a part of our lives, messy as they all were." Allison reaches a hand over to pat Kira's knee awkwardly before withdrawing her hand. "Sorry, force of habit."

"No, don't apologize. I don't mind, and I certainly don't care about supposed social norms anymore." Allison returns her hand, smiling at Kira. It's a casual touch, but one that holds a lot. All three of them were still too emotionally distant for more connection besides base sex, but the gesture was comfortable. "Anyway, tell me about that whole resurrection thing. You can condense whatever, I'm pretty sure I don't need the same level of explanation he would," Kira smirks, rolling her eyes a little.

"You're right about that. We had a bit of a standoff not trusting each other was real before we both explained what the hell we'd become." Allison sighs, a weighty breath she didn't expect. "Long story short, I was resurrected because my work as a hunter and a protector of those who can't protect themselves wasn't done. I'm not sure if I can die again, and I haven't exactly been keen to test that out. The... beings that brought me back gave me the sword that killed me - a bit of irony there, I guess."

"Huh. About as vague but helpful as I expected," Kira says, head drifting to lean against the window. It's strange to see the canyon stretching out behind her, her escape finally possible.

"And what about you? What's the story on the desert chicks training you in the desert for so long?"

"Oh, you know, made a deal with them after my fox got out of control to send someone to hell to save *our* friends," giving Allison a smirk at the word, "and I guess I just never completed their training before I had enough and killed them. I still can't believe it's been ten whole years, though. Feels like a few months, a year max. Though I guess the fact that I don't give a shit that they're dead should show how long I've been isolated here. I gave Scott the remainder of my tail to keep safe before I left, and I'll need to get it back."

There's a stretch of silence after that. It's not awkward, so much as loaded. They come to the realization that none of the car's inhabitants know what they'll drive into once they arrive home.

## Chapter End Notes

Huge thanks to anyone who's still following along with this story, and for the continued support (even if that's simply asking if I'm dead lol)

# my peace has always depended on all the ashes in my wake

## Chapter Summary

Once at the motel, there are a few things that need to be addressed.

Things get explicit again in this chapter, just a heads up.

## Chapter Notes

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

The sound of a car door shutting wakes Stiles up, hand jumping to the holster on his hip and torso twisting to adjust his body's angle before realization calms his muscles. Old habits die hard, after all. For as much as he's been through, he's still amazed at how heavy a sleeper he can end up being when given the opportunity - though he has to acknowledge that in itself is a rare commodity. As his eyes adjust to the midday sunlight streaming in through the window, he takes stock of the situation, noticing Kira stretching as she leans against the car, Allison nowhere in sight. Stiles rolls his body stiffly to a sitting position, letting his neck roll and hands clench and unclench a few times to regain circulation. Once he's sure his limbs haven't fallen asleep as well, he opens the door and steps out.

"Morning, sunshine," Kira says, squinting as she gives him a once-over. "I bet Allison you wouldn't wake until one of us shook you, but I guess I was wrong. Looks like I owe her."

"I have a feeling it's no longer morning, but hello all the same, now that I can actually see you," Stiles responded. "Where is she?"

He knew Allison wouldn't abandon ship, at least not at this juncture.

"Getting us a room, she grabbed your wallet while you slept. She said she'd been breaking into motels or just sleeping in the car, but I still have *some* morals," Kira said, a sly smile growing on her face. "Seriously though, it's good to see you, Stiles."

There was a gentleness to her voice, but that smile remained, hinting at something unspoken.

"The feeling is mutual. And look who it is." Stiles gestured to Allison walking up, biting out the last few words on a yawn. As the sun shone on their companion, Stiles noticed just how little her appearance had changed since her death, as though she had been immortalized, not just resurrected. His eyes quickly noticed the amount of blood scattered among her body and clothes and only felt more desire. It wasn't exactly lust, though he had been enjoying their closer connection, but rather recognizing something of himself in her, not a lack of caring so much as an acceptance of their fate and the world they lived in, a scratched mirror image of what everyone else seemed to live in. Well, almost everyone.

"Looks like you owe me," Allison's voice rang out once she was close enough to the duo. "We should probably move this inside. I told the receptionist that I'm in an indie movie and the producers wouldn't spring for proper digs, but that doesn't mean all three of us can get away with being mildly blood-soaked standing out here." She didn't wait for them to follow before bounding up the stairs to the second floor where their room was. She didn't hear her foxes following, but held the door open nonetheless, knowing they would be right behind her.

"I'm guessing you don't have a change of clothes," Allison started, tossing the small duffel bag of hers and Stiles' few belongings onto the bed, "but I think we're close enough in size that you can get away with wearing something of mine. We don't have a laundry facility obviously, we've just been stripping down and washing our clothes in the sink or shower and letting them air dry." Allison paused, realizing they hadn't thought this far ahead in retrieving the kitsune. "I'm sure Stiles' wallet can spring for a laundromat if you'd rather though." Kira shrugged, considering her options.

"I haven't had a need for decency in a long time, so I don't mind that. Is it bad that I'm not feeling up for a shower yet though? Sitting for a few hours on the drive has me feeling pretty stiff and I'm a bit tense from the, well, everything." Her voice had gotten a bit quiet at the end, not ashamed or embarrassed, but suddenly feeling the weight of it all now that she was away from the desert and in the company of at least somewhat like-minded people.

"I think we can both understand that, right, Allison?" Stiles asked, sitting down on the bed and leaning back a bit to stretch his sore muscles. Allison sits next to him and simply nods, knowing what it feels like to have what feels like emptiness after so long of running at full speed. She sits next to Stiles and leans against him, letting him be her anchor for a moment.

"I'm not going to sleep for a while if either of you needed the bed. Or both of you. I don't really know what the situation is here, or how I fit in, I just -" Kira's mild rambling is cut off by Allison pressing a gentle kiss to her lips, a hand supporting the back of her head as a hand is also placed on her hip, light enough that she wonders if she's imagining it. Right as she starts to melt into the kiss and close her eyes, Allison pulls back, her face flushed ever so slightly.

"Was that okay?" She murmurs, eyes locked with Kira's. "I needed you to stop talking, for your own good. Get you out of your head, y'know?" Kira doesn't move, doesn't speak, for the length of three heartbeats by the count of Allison's chest. Instead of properly responding, she reaches forward, cupping Allison's face with both hands, thumbs resting just shy of her ears as she kisses her back, nipping slightly at her lips before being granted access. "Besides, you owe me, and I'm hoping to collect." Allison gives her a smirk before it's taken away by Kira's actions.

Her hands slowly move to Allison's neck, thumbs rubbing in small motions to reassure her, and letting out the slightest whimper when she feels Stiles at her back, one hand on her waist and the other brushing her hair to the side. He presses chaste kisses to her neck before swiping his tongue against it and biting down oh so delicately. Kira gasps, breaking her kiss with Allison as her head tilts to the side to give Stiles more access. He peppers more kisses up her neck until he reaches her ear, sucking her earlobe for a moment before whispering. "Do you want this? Want both of us? You can say no." His hands freeze and Allison doesn't



advance, waiting for Kira's response and giving her the space to decline their invitation. Just one heartbeat passes before she lets out the most beautiful little *please*.

Stiles hums in appreciation, back on her neck, suckling slightly to mark her. The hand on her waist squeezes her while the other slides under her shirt to brush the thumb over a nipple, feeling it harden from under the sports bra. Allison kneels down in front of Kira, unlacing her boots and guiding each foot out of them before removing her own. As she stands, Stiles retreats with one last nip that makes Kira squeak just a little, and she whimpers at the loss of contact.

"Gonna take care of you, baby," Allison murmurs against Kira's lips before she kisses her again, much too gently for her taste. "But we need to get you out of those clothes if we're going to do this right," she says. Kira reaches out to Allison, pulling her shirt off and smiling to see her bare underneath as she feels Stiles lifting the hem of her own, lifting her arms when needed before she's spun around to face him.

"Can't forget about you," she says, leaning forward to kiss him for the first time as she works to unbutton his shirt, just barely stopping herself from giggling at the slight absurdity of him wearing a button-up in this situation. Stiles has his thumbs hooked in her leggings as soon as his shirt is thrown off, and he slowly, much too slowly, lowers himself down to kneel in front of her as he removes the layers. Once he's level with her, he glances up one more time to see her head tipped back in distraction at Allison's ministrations to her neck, the opposite side than that Stiles worked on. He leans forward and guides her feet out of the pants and safely returning them to the ground, leaving them a bit more open than before. Allison reaches around to pull the sports bra off Kira and whispers things Stiles can only imagine into her ear as he flicks his tongue out, making her cry out. Her knees go a little weak, but Stiles plants his hands on her hips, providing stability as she sways ever so slightly. His tongue flicks out again, teasing her clit, and he could come right then just from the sounds she's making. But he wants this to be about her, about welcoming her back into the world and relaxing her body and mind, so he goes to task.

Kira's hands find their way into his hair, not holding or guiding, but something to ground herself with. Stiles presses his face closer, his tongue delving into Kira's folds, humming as he tastes her. He teases her, feeling her wetness grow, unable to hold a small chuckle back at how perfect she is. Her hips are moving, urging him on, and he is nothing if not giving, so he pushes his tongue further, knowing it's not enough and savoring that, the way they're making her come undone already. Kira makes sweet little sounds as she wants, needs, *more* and Allison reaches around to toy with her nipples, alternating between pinching and barely-there touches, setting her senses alight. *Please, please* is all Kira can manage, unable to communicate past that, and she thanks the spirits that Stiles and Allison understand, that they somehow are attuned to exactly what she needs. At those words, music to Stiles' ears, he gives a last hum to fucking her with his tongue before sliding it back up to her clit, giving it a tiny bite, apologizing by nursing it and smiling as he continues when he hears Kira exclaim. Her hands clench for the first time in his hair and he takes that as encouragement, pressing himself further against her, his grip on her hips tightening as he encourages her hips thrusting into his face. Just a few minutes pass and Kira is coming, panting and whimpering, repeating *no, no, no* when Stiles gives her clit a final kiss and pulls away, standing again. Allison helps Stiles guide Kira to the bed, her legs practically jello, her eyes fluttering closed

for a moment. The other two take the chance to exchange a kiss, needy and full of desire, quickly divesting each other of their remaining clothes. Allison's hand is quickly on Stiles' cock, already hard and leaking a small amount of precum.

"God you're so good for me," Allison says, her voice taking on a husky tone, one he's only heard when she's talking to him or, a long time ago, Scott. "Good for us," she continues. "Isn't that right, Kira?" Allison looks over her shoulder at the still energized kitsune, who's biting her lip. She nods her head, feeling more restored in her body after the brief pause, and gets onto her hands and knees to crawl her way over to where they're standing at the edge of the bed.

"Please tell me that's not the end of things," she asks, already knowing the answer, reaching out to share Stiles with Allison. As the two continue working him, slow enough to entice but not rush things, Kira reaches her other hand up until it can gently wrap around Stiles' throat.

"How did I know that mouth of yours would be so good for me?" She doesn't give him the chance to answer, stealing another kiss as her thumb rubs gentle circles on his throat. When he moans a little, she can *feel* it, and it only turns her on more. She presses just a little, constricting his breathing the slightest amount, and his cock twitches, eliciting a smile from her. She can feel Allison's hand next to hers before it drops to cup his balls, massaging them at the same pace as Kira's strokes, the other hand reaching to work Kira open. She's still wet, and the first two fingers slide in with little hesitation. Kira arches her back as Allison's fingers fuck into her, biting into Stiles' lip before suckling his earlobe, mimicking his actions that started it all. Her hips rise and fall on Allison's hand, fucking herself on the now three fingers as she leans in to whisper into Stiles' ear.

"Can I have you?" Stiles gives the slightest nod before Kira's hand moves from the front of his throat to support the back of it, using her momentum to swing him around onto the bed. He bounces slightly from the sudden movement and just as he rises onto his elbows he sees Kira swinging her leg over his waist and promptly sinking fully down onto him. It happened so fast for him in his lust-drunk haze that he simply moans out in pleasure at first, eyes momentarily closing as his hands run up and down Kira's thighs. She uses that chance to rock her hips a little, twisting to pull Allison in as well, giving her a kiss and reaching down to her center.

"I think you should help him put that mouth to use," Kira tells Allison, reluctant to remove her fingers but wanting to share all of this moment with the both of them.

"He does tend to get loud," Allison agrees, smiling against Kira's lips. She reaches down to flick Kira's still sensitive clit, making her gasp before crawling up to Stiles. They kiss, more romantic than Kira had expected, and soon Stiles is pulling Allison across him, having her face Kira while positioning her perfectly above him. They both know his cue for air or any other concern is to tap her thigh, something Allison insisted they institute before she fucked his face for the first time months ago. Kira moves more heartily once Allison is fully seated, moving her hands from Stiles' waist to Allison's tits, squeezing before focusing on the nipples.

Whether Allison gasps because of Stiles' mouth on her clit and his fingers inside of her or because of her grip on her nipples, Kira isn't sure, but she knows she wants to keep listening

to that sound. After a few minutes, Kira starts to feel climax just around the corner, and she pulls Allison's arm to her, guiding her hand to her clit. Allison begins to circle it in earnest, her own hips rolling as Stiles continues his motions, feeling him hum against her making her senses come even more alive.

"Gonna come again for us, Kira? Gonna be good for us?" Allison asks, continuing her motions on Kira's clit while pulling her in for a deeper kiss, and swallows Kira's shouts of pleasure, her legs shaking as her hips slow, body twitches fluttering through her as she comes and rides it out until she has to pull herself off of Stiles, too sensitive for more. With an extended kiss for Allison, Kira makes her way back down to Stiles' cock, wanting to help him reach his climax as well. She licks a stripe up his length, savoring the taste of herself mixed with him, pressing a delicate kiss to the tip.

"I don't want you to hold back, okay, Stiles? Want you to be good like Allison said." This kind of talk was admittedly a little new to Kira, but she took Stiles' small hip thrust as an affirmative. She smiled to herself, pleased that *she* caused that before putting her mouth to him again. This time, she took him in more fully, hollowing her cheeks to create suction against him. One hand was positioned to pump the rest of the length she couldn't fit in her mouth while the other worked his balls, massaging them. This time, she didn't go slow, the veins indicating he was close, and she glanced up as she took as much of him in as she could, holding him there while she swallowed, and got to see Allison coming undone as well, Stiles' hands moving from fucking into her to gripping her hips tightly, mouth forcing her to ride the wave of climax into another. As Kira came up for air, Allison pushed herself up off Stiles, gasping a little and falling back onto the bed like a spent noodle. She angled herself so she could watch Kira, and encouraged Stiles' hands to Kira's hair, watching him guide her bobbing head without pressure. Kira held still again, enjoying the sounds Stiles made, then pulled up again.

"Are you okay with me swallowing?" She asked, the question aimed at both of them.

"Oh my god," Stiles muttered, sounding like the high school kid Kira used to know him as, his head falling back onto the pillow.

"That would be a yes," Allison translated, her hand reaching up to play with his hair, a smile on her face. Her other hand snaked down to join Stiles' in Kira's hair, both of them encouraging and pushing just a little to see how far their kitsune would go. Kira's head continued to bob up and down and her pace increased at the suggestion of her humans until she felt the heat of Stiles coming, willing herself to take just a little bit more of him. She swallowed until he was finished and crawled up to join them, leaning over to kiss them each in turn before they found themselves in a sated snuggle puddle.

"That was lovely," an out of breath Kira said, trailing off into sleep as Stiles and Allison surrounded her with their warmth.

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A few hours later, the shower was running as their wet, freshly cleaned clothes hung from a makeshift clothesline fashioned out of the top sheet tied to the door handle and the mirror frame on the wall of the motel room. Stiles and Allison had given Kira first go at the shower to give her a sense of emotional privacy - though Kira suspected it was also because they

wanted to remain in their snuggle pile, while she was eager for a legitimate cleaning after so long stuck away from civilization. When she got up, they were still under the comforter, her spot in the middle left free to return to should she like. She watched them for a moment, just taking them in as they did the same to her, smiling before leaving the room.

"Are you sure you want to keep going?" Stiles asked, having waited until it was just himself and Allison, not out of a need for privacy so much as knowing their situations were very different. "Technically Kira is the only one that really needs to go back." He tried to keep his tone neutral, but he wasn't sure how well that worked. She knew him well enough even before they reunited, and more so now.

"I think I have to," Allison whispered back. "I know I have free will and all that, but I think it's time. When it was just you, I think it was easier to pretend I wouldn't have to, or that I had more time. But being back with Kira, knowing how much she also missed, I don't think I could walk away from it knowingly. Not when I'm this close." There was silence for a little while, save for the sound of the shower running.

"What about you? I know it's different for you than it is for either of us."

"I still keep in contact, at least to an extent, so visiting wouldn't be too out of the ordinary. A big reason I didn't stay was actually you." Stiles had felt this conversation coming, and he was surprised to admit to himself that it came with relief to tell her.

"But I thought..." Allison trailed off, remembering the summary he had given her of the last few years of high school after her departure.

"All of what I said before was true, I haven't lied or anything. It's just that being around you again, even this sort of Allison 2.0," both of them smirked at that reference, "I've realized how much of the weight I've still been carrying about the nogitsune and your death. It colored everything else that happened, and it was my fault. It always will have been my fault, at the end of the day."

Neither had heard the shower stop, but they weren't concerned about it either way.

"Stiles, how long have you been feeling this way?" Allison asks, reaching across the void left in the space Kira had vacated to pull him against her chest. His forehead lay against her collarbone, an arm sneaking up to hold her shoulder in a sort of sideways hug.

"Since you first convinced me that you were you," he admitted, giving her a shrug. "I think I pushed it aside among all the other shit that went down, and repressed it enough that it wouldn't affect my job. But meeting you right after losing another partner, only to end up on this journey with you, and now Kira, has helped me understand that it's always been there."

"I don't want to intrude, but I kind of overheard some of what you were saying. I just want to add that kitsune can't be controlled in the ways that most people seem to think," Kira said, tentatively involving herself. "I know we all tried to give you reassurances back when it happened, but now that I've become fully acquainted with my fox, I understand it more. You've seen what I can do, both with and without control, and that's with the fox literally being a part of me. Try to imagine that multiplied by the sheer chaos and vindictiveness of a

nogitsune, knowing that it works through literal possession. It might have fed off of your anger, your anxiety, but that doesn't make you the creature itself, only its sustenance. And don't you dare say it's your fault because your anxiety was at a high enough level that the nogitsune was able to sneak in, that you were somehow weak for having the very real reaction to your life in the form of anxiety or no more orgasms for you," she joked, but he heard the conviction of what she was meant.

Kira knelt back on the bed, curling up behind Stiles. His face was still buried against Allison but she could sense him listening. Her arm moved around him in a similar gesture to how he held Allison, and she rested her face against his warm mole-speckled back.

"The nogitsune took your face, yes, but the Ghost Riders took your whole identity, and I don't see you blaming yourself for them as well," Kira said, and Stiles could hear the reassuring smile in her voice. "I also know the pack fractured after you killed Donovan, but that was literally self-defense. The way I see it, even after all this time, is that it's the same as Scott turning Liam by saving him - it was simply the order of events and there wasn't much choice in the matter. None of it is your fault, Stiles."

"We also know what it's like to grieve, clever fox," Allison says gently. "I lost my mother, and she died because she didn't want Scott in my life. That's not my fault, or Scott's. She made her decisions, just like you made yours and I made mine when I went to Oak Creek for Lydia. You never once leaned into the nogitsune and what it did, you fought it at every turn, despite it literally being a part of you. I know that spark will always be a part of you, that you'll always have a bit of fox spirit, and I don't hate you for it. I don't blame you."

"We also recognize that you can't change how you feel so suddenly," Kira adds. "I can't speak for Allison, but from here on out, I plan on going where you go, if you'll let me."

"The same for me," Allison agrees, "we're kindred spirits, the three of us. I don't think you could get rid of us that easy. And besides, this will arguably be simpler if we stick together going back home."

## Chapter End Notes

I, unfortunately, don't remember the original goals for this fic from when I started, so I have mapped out the last handful of chapters to close it out. Chapters may be shorter than originally intended as well, but I truly hope to capture the same essence and vibes this fic started out with.

# staring into an open flame, something in it had a power

## Chapter Summary

The trio arrives in Beacon Hills after Kira has a few memories of her time away~

"You said something about *arguably easier*," Stiles grumbles, "how're you feeling about that now?" His mood has noticeably dropped since they finally left the motel, anxiety leeching into the air.

The trio made progress, gliding along the seemingly endless highways as they napped in turn. At one point Kira tried giving Stiles road head, enjoying the ways he reacted to her ministrations, but Allison couldn't hold back laughing at the slight absurdity of everyone's positioning as she stretched out in the backseat. After the failed attempt, all parties finding humor out of it, they opted to put a pause on the vehicular sex. It was a genuine way to feel connected to one another, and Kira especially hadn't had the release sex gained her in years, but it was veering toward becoming a distraction as well.

"I can still argue if that's what you're asking for," Allison says, dimpling in that way only she could.

"And you know we've discussed pros and cons of different superheroes and villain tactics, so I'm also game to argue more," Kira adds. "Though admittedly I'm going to have to side with Stiles on this one," she turns to look at Allison. "I think both of us aren't considering just how weird this is going to be. At least Stiles wasn't presumed dead *or* feeling abandoned. He's just stubborn."

"Hey! I resent that. I prefer to say I'm tenacious."

"You're something, alright," Allison says, flicking his ear as he focuses on the road ahead. Traffic is light and the light of the day is finally bleeding into the dawn. "Are we going to reach out or try to prepare anyone?" She asks, uncertainty creeping into her voice. She isn't afraid so much as hesitant.

"I actually let my dad know I was coming back to town a few days ago," Stiles admits. "I didn't mention bringing anyone with me, but I said I had some time off and wanted to get a taste of home, a breath of fresh air."

"You really think he's going to buy that? After what you said about not staying in contact much more than necessary?" Allison questions.

"Oh hush," Stiles sighs. "At least he has warning, that good enough?" The bite in his voice doesn't phase his girls, they know it's not geared toward them but the situation as a whole and how things were left in Beacon Hills. None of them are particularly looking forward to all

that will be involved in returning, but they know it's necessary, and hope things will be better off once the dust settles.

"I guess the phrase *never going back* doesn't actually hold water here," Kira mutters, leaning against the door to watch the sky meet the earth in the distance.

---

*"You wield the sword, but the fox wields you"*

*"No one makes it through a war with clean hands."*

*"Not all monsters are monstrous. Don't fulfill what your birthright designed."*

*"You'll always be an outsider because of your abilities."*

*"You say you're done, but if you don't learn control, you will kill people. You'll kill the ones you love."*

*Kira's arm sagged, sweat beading on her forehead, warm blood dribbling down her side from the Oni's slice.*

*"You done?" She asked. The tip of the sword dragged in the dirt and she sauntered forward, her eyes flickering the slightest amount.*

*There wasn't a response, silence seeping into the air around Kira. Her chest heaved with breath she couldn't keep, heart racing as she felt prickles of electricity flowing through her veins. As she turned to survey the area around her, she saw the tip of a spear make its way to her face and she ducked, kicking out a leg to sweep the Skinwalker off her feet. Kira let her sword fall into her stomach, anchoring her there as she bent down. She brushed the hair off the woman's face, giving a smirk as her fox form began to take shape around her, lighting up the area.*

*"Y'know, an old friend once taught me something. You wanna know what it was?" She asked as she twisted the sword the slightest bit, savoring the sound of pain that came out of the Skinwalker's mouth. "Control? It's overrated." In one swift movement, Kira dislodged the sword, swinging her arm in an arc to slice across the Skinwalker's throat, effectively extinguishing her light.*

*"Who's next?" Kira asked the dusk around her, arms raised as the fox form took full shape. She could feel the electricity flaring out of her and it felt **good**. As an Oni began to materialize in the distance she brought the sword down to the earth, stabbing it with vigor filled by rage and thunder to open a chasm, the Oni quickly falling prey to it. She remembered these very women teaching her that little trick when dealing with Theo back in high school, but she was no longer afraid to wield the power against the creators of it. The corner of her lips twitched up in a smirk as she felt her eyes ignite, the fox exuberant at being let off the leash. They had reached a certain balance point, in which neither was fully in control of the other. Neither was guided by the whims of the full moon like other shapeshifters, instead drawn to the ancient connection to the Yokai realm, and the level of control that was necessary for some, like wolves and coyotes, was a bit of a moot point for*

*people like Kira. She didn't fear losing herself like the Nogitsune, not after seeing the destruction it could cause, but she did have respect for the classes of kitsune. Each had their purpose, and they all shared a tangible thread.*

*How long had she been here? Time moved different in the desert, the only company mildly murderous Skinwalkers who were once well-respected guides for the supernatural. Modernity came and ripped away the peace and honor involved, the eras of European domination on American soil prompting the survivors to retreat, only surfacing when called. Noshiko had done as much, and Kira still questioned how her mother could leave her here. Kira was wise enough in those days to know that even though she escaped when Scott and Stiles came to bring her back, her deal was still valid and going up against the Skinwalkers was not wise. Not then.*

*Kira wasn't even sure what changed. She was angry, bitter, but alert, same as always; she had no plans to leave, knew she was still learning as the days went by. She was able to call the fox up when necessary, releasing it from the internal hold she had on it, and she trusted it to not overwhelm her. The fox couldn't survive without the human side, and Kira had used that to her advantage. It wasn't tame, but neither was she.*

*One evening, though, she felt a spark run through her. This wasn't her own electricity racing in her veins, begging to be released. It was something deeper, some connection she had to her old life. Kira didn't know who she was anymore outside of the desert, but she knew she needed to leave. As the others slept, Kira grabbed her sword, dressing herself as she always did. She knew there was nothing to be said, no barter or bargain to make. She would have this chance, or the desert would consume her. Just as she stood after putting on her belt, she felt the earth shift beneath her.*

*"Do you think you can just walk out of here, little one?" The voice was raspy, as dry as the sand under foot.*

*"I never said that. I'm giving you one chance, but I already know you aren't going to take it." Kira's voice had an air of regret to it, knowing what must be done. Killing wasn't what she wanted, but it was the only choice. Scott and his morals were a thing of the past, and she had accepted that. She raised her sword in the proper stance, feeling the thunder inside of her igniting. Her eyes were her own, for now.*

*"You and your mother made assumptions that your life here would be easy. That your mortality was closer to human. You were wrong."*

*"I still have human inside of me," Kira said, tuning out unnecessary sounds and honing herself, breath steady and slowing her heart rate, just as she was taught. "And while I might live longer than most, that human side? It's still prone to mistakes. I never agreed to this way of life."*

*The ground started to shift further as Kira crept around, not looking for an escape, but for who would make the first move. She had always been more reactionary than the others. The night around her felt darker all of a sudden, the intentional harnessing of light by the Skinwalkers, meant to disorient and cloud judgement. Kira scoffed and spun, sword clashing against a spear.*



"Kira? Babe. Kira? If you can hear me, we'd appreciate you lessening the fire a smidge." Kira feels her shoulder being nudged and blinks heavily. She can feel her electricity behind her eyes, thrumming in her head, and she rolls her neck, sitting up from where she had slouched in the back seat of the car, embers dying down in her irises.

"Sorry, did I fall asleep?" Kira feels the grounding shakes of the car as they continue driving, Allison in the driver's seat now, Stiles halfway between the front and back. "And why are you straddling the center console?"

Stiles leans himself against the passenger seat, reaching a hand forward to rub reassuring circles on Kira's knee.

"You were starting to... ignite? For lack of a better phrase." He stifles a laugh, and Kira looks in the rearview mirror to see Allison roll her eyes. "I know touch always helped ground me from the fox and its memories back when everything went down," Stiles explains, "and you also weren't responding to us calling your name. Totally cool that you can combust into a fox, but I didn't know if it would damage the car and we're kind of out in the middle of nowhere. Getting close, though."

Kira hears the trepidation in his voice, knows they're all feeling it as their beacon nears. She can feel the slight tug of her tails, those left in Scott's hands, and realizes she doesn't even know if her parents are still living in California. They'd wanted to move to New York years ago, but she held them back. No telling what happened after that.

"My foxfire shouldn't affect anything to that degree, but I also haven't been around any semblance of modern technology since we last saw each other, so I don't really know. Probably a good call."

"You alright?" Allison asks, knowing it's a hell of a loaded question. "You know there's literally zero judgement here."

"Yeah, just... memories. Even if it just happened, it's still in the past."

The car gets quiet after that, and they all take in what they're headed towards, and away from. As Stiles settles back into the front seat, he keeps his arm looped around the seat, and Kira reaches her hand up to entwine their fingers, both thankful for the calm and reassurance. Miles pass, and Stiles directs Allison as they pass familiar towns, more memories trickling in as he remembers the trip between himself and Scott, the wounds they never fully healed but stitched up enough to mend the friendship. He learned a hard lesson that year, days turning into weeks full of guilt and the weight of disappointing both himself and his surrogate brother even he first killed someone. They keep in general contact, haven't severed the strings between them completely over the years, but with visits becoming rarer and diverging mindsets regarding the lines of morality even with the supernatural, they aren't what they once were.

Stiles knows he has it easy, though. The pack, and he does still consider himself a fragment of the Hale-McCall pack, however distantly, knows he is alive and not lost or forgotten anymore. Allison and Kira, on the other hand? He intends to be there for them as much as possible and however they want, but he can't imagine what is going through their heads. A

resurrected huntress and a powerful fox spirit, they're a veritable pair. They also happen to have shared similar loves before their departures. They all did, bonded to Scott in the same, yet differing ways, sharing experience and bodies alike. They were very fluid, their pack, and Stiles can't help but wonder if they have yet again rearranged themselves as life has continued on. He knows they would have contacted him had anyone died, but otherwise he's just as in the dark. He hopes they're happy, or as close to it.

In the distance, fading sunlight as dusk breaks, the Welcome to Beacon Hills sign shines bright, a literal beacon on the highway.

"Where to first?" Allison asks, her voice small for the first time since Stiles reunited with her.

"I guess my dad's, he's the only one I told so far. Figured we could get some sleep before stepping full-force into everyone's lives tomorrow."

"Sounds good," Kira says, voice soft but more so from yawning. "I'm a bit tuckered out, despite sleeping most of the trip. Sorry I didn't get to help drive." She has a slight scrunch to her nose as she smiles, apologetic but knowing she's too cute to be mad at.

"I mean, I would be just as exhausted if I killed multiple people-slash-creatures," Allison says, teasing. "Besides, I think we could all use some cuddles."

"Sleeping in a pile sounds like the perfect way to end this drive," Stiles agrees, stretching and releasing Kira's hand after giving her a final squeeze. As they pull into the driveway of the old Stilinski house, Stiles notes the amount of cars parked on the sides of the street. He shrugs it off as a result of development throughout the years and opens the car door, stopping for a moment to reminisce about all the memories involved at this house.

"You sure you're ready for this?" Kira asks, feeling a little like the pot calling the kettle black. "We can always get a hotel and start fresh tomorrow." She gets out as well, sensing that spark she first felt in the desert again. When she goes to hold Stiles's hand there's a tiny shock, like static electricity, and she gasps to herself, tucking it away as something to address with him later. She squeezes tight when Allison joins him on his other side, leaning her head down on his shoulder, running a hand gently up and down his arm, steadying his shaking breath.

"No time like the present," Stiles says, nodding to himself more than his girls. He turns to kiss Allison's cheek, repeating the motion on Kira's forehead. Knowing this is his space, his memory, they hang back, following his lead.

As Stiles climbs the steps, he thinks he hears a faint sound coming from within, but brushes it off as his dad listening to the TV too loudly. When he opens the door and silence falls though, he freezes, instincts combating with current anxiety, making him reach for his holster, Allison and Kira following his lead.

"Hi son," Stiles hears Noah say, but his eyes are focused on the small crowd standing in front of him, presumably the remainder of the Hale-McCall pack. "I think we need to talk."

As Stiles finally lets his eyes drift to his father's face, giving a tired but sincere smile, he hears the distant sound of glass breaking. His eyes dart to the source out of habit and he sees Chris, hand open as though he was holding something, and a puddle of glass and scotch at his feet.

"Hi dad," Allison says, her voice quiet. "Long time no see, huh?" She dimples a little, giving an anxious shrug, and Kira snakes her hand into Allison's as Stiles does the same.

# when I knew love's perfect ache

## Chapter Summary

Reunion time! Stiles, Allison, and Kira walk into a small gathering of the Hale-McCall pack and explain things.

## Chapter Notes

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

Chris stands at the counter, one hand supporting his weight, the other held by Melissa. Nobody has moved to clean up the glass or scotch, instead each party is staring at each other. Stiles' hand leaves his holster and Allison and Kira relax in turn as well, still tense but not ready for a fight.

"Why the long faces?" Stiles asks to try and relieve the tension, light smirk on his face as his eyes search around them. Noah's eyes shift to Stiles' face then and he tilts his head to motion him into the next room. Stiles turns to Allison who simply nods, staring at her own father. He can see tears in her eyes and gives her hand one last squeeze of support and presses a kiss to the back of it before departing. Noah brings them to the guest room just down the hall and moves the door so it's left barely ajar.

"What the *hell* is going on?" Noah barely manages to keep his voice at a whisper, ignoring the fact that a good portion of the house's occupants can hear him anyway. "You didn't say anything about the extra guests. I just called Scott to bring some of the group over to say hi since it's been a while for you."

"About that," Stiles says, running a hand through his hair. "I didn't know if they would come all this way with me and I didn't want to set up any expectations."

"I can understand that for Kira maybe, but Allison? She's supposed to be dead, or at least that's what you guys told me. That's what the damn police report says!" Despite the tone, Stiles can see tears in his father's eyes.

"Wait, why are *you* so emotional about this? You didn't know her well enough to be so affected. Not that you can't have emotions, big man, but you didn't cry when she first died." The words aren't meant to be hurtful, simply blunt.

"That's not the point here-"

"Like hell, you're hiding something from me. Spill."

"Oh that's just rich coming from you," Noah bites out. It's a surface-level hit and it bounces off Stiles easily. "Not that it's any of your business, but I've sort of had a thing going on with

Chris and Melissa, and the past few years have been especially rough on him after Kate and Gerard were finally taken care of. He's been stuck on Allison and how quickly things went wrong all those years ago, how he lost pretty much all of his family before *we* became his family."

Before Stiles can respond, the door is pushed further open.

"Um, hi," Scott says. "Long time no see, huh?" He pulls Stiles into a hug, and they melt together for a moment, just like old times, before Scott withdraws. "You should probably join the rest of us."

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"Is anyone going to tell me what's going on?" Malia asks once Stiles and Noah leave the room. It's not meant to be insensitive, she's truly been working on that with Scott and Lydia. But with as much anxiety and hurt she senses around her, she is clueless as to why everyone seems to have frozen. It works, somehow, and everyone snaps back out of their gazes.

"This is Allison," Scott says, mouth open. "You never got a chance to meet before."

"Dead Allison?" Malia clarifies.

"Clearly not anymore," Lydia snaps. Malia is practically pushed back by the waves of emotion Lydia exudes and she tries to make sense of it all. "How exactly are you here? I ca-, Allison I can't *feel* you. Are you actually here?" Her voice has gotten higher and she clears her throat, tearing her eyes away from the girl in front of her, brow scrunched in utter confusion.

"I'd like an answer to that as well," Chris finally speaks, voice rough. His eyes are wide and red, ringed with the need to cry, his training as a hunter the only thing keeping him together.

"I don't have an easy one," Allison tries. She brings her free hand up to wipe at the tears streaming down her face, holding Kira's with her other hand in a vice.

"*Try.*"

"Well, um. A group of rogue valkyries told me my work isn't done and gave me a second chance. I was given this as a way to ground myself," she says, pulling the katana out of the sheath around her back, holding it flat in her hands with reverence.

"Is that-" Chris' words are choked off as he finally ducks his head, crouching down to pick at the pieces of glass at his feet, pretending to busy himself.

"It's the sword that killed me, yes," Allison says. She breaks contact with Kira and rushes over to her father to grab his face and press a kiss to his forehead. "It's me, dad, I promise. I'm here."

He brushes his tears away and nods to himself before looking back up at her and giving her a weepy smile.

"You're alive."

She just nods, pulling him in for a hug. She'd forgotten just how warm he is.

"Hey, looks like you're reacquainted," Stiles says, joining the crowd again. He glances around to see familiar faces, though not as many as he had expected.

Kira stands at the door still, awkwardness lacing her older body, stature giving little away. She knows this reunion is a little more focused on Allison, the supposedly *dead* Allison, and she feels like a bit of an afterthought. Scott has an arm around Lydia's shoulders, holding her tight, while Malia stands with her arms crossed, distinctly leaning a bit on Lydia, bracketing her body with warmth and stability while shielding her as much as she can.

Melissa is the first to approach Stiles, pulling him in for a hug. He was always weak for her hugs, holding him like he was just as important to her as Scott. Her hand cups his face as she gives him a small smile and nods before going back to Chris, helping him lean against her as he stands.

"Why don't we all sit down and catch up?" She asks, steering Chris and Allison to the couch.

Kira follows, folding herself into an armchair, and Stiles sits next to her on the floor, hand reaching up to rub reassuringly at her ankle. Noah moves to the vacated kitchen and bends down to pick up the glass and lay a towel down on the liquid, deeming it safe to return to later, and Scott takes a seat in the armchair opposite Kira, Lydia curling on his lap to still face the room, and Malia mirrors Stiles' position, holding Lydia's hand instead.

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"Why now?"

After summarizing the past decade to the pack on both Kira and Allison's adventures, Chris is the one to break the silence. He seems to have regained his composure since they first walked in the house.

"Why come back *now* and not back then, or any time between? I know Kira was a different situation," he continues, tipping his replaced glass at her. "But you," he says, the word incredibly heavy in his mouth, fondness and heartbreak and hope laced together, "you've been alive this whole time, Allison." The tone almost reminds her of when he would chastise her as a child.

"I... don't really have a good reason, if I'm being honest. I told myself it was to protect you all from this pain, to avoid the normalcy of a life that I could never live again as a teenager brought back from death itself. But I see the hurt I caused and that was never my intent." She has moved back to standing, pacing. It isn't out of nervousness or uncertainty. It's a matter of not knowing if she's enough of the Allison they all knew, especially her father.

"So if Stiles didn't run into you, you wouldn't have come back?"

All she can offer is a shrug. She brushes her fingers through her hair again and her gaze shifts to Lydia.

“You never felt me return?”

Lydia folds her lips inward, biting them and restraining herself from using words she doesn't want to unleash, and shakes her head.

“I still don't feel you, Allison. It's like there's this void in front of me, like you're not really here but you're not gone either. The pain and loss I've felt since your death, since I screamed for you, it's been slowly fading over the years. I just always just thought it was from acceptance of what happened. I guess it was because you aren't dead anymore, even though you don't feel *alive* either.” She wears a face of sad confusion since learning the truth, not blaming Allison so much as trying to figure her out. The analytical side of her brain takes over as she shields herself from too much hurt or anger.

“I don't have an answer for you, much less myself,” Allison says honestly. “I'm sure I would've come back, but somehow fate intervened to make not only Stiles' path cross mine but ours with Kira as well. My skepticism is too worn for me to think it wasn't on purpose. I'm alive enough to bleed and to be here tonight, but that's all I've got for you.” All she has to offer is a small shrug.

“Well what about Kira?” Malia asks. The two of them had a bond during their last years of high school that was cut abruptly short. Turning to face the kitsune, she continues. “I know you said you were leaving the Skinwalkers anyway, where would you have gone if they didn't show up?” She nods her head toward Stiles and Allison as they pace, clearly deep in thought despite being present in the conversation.

“I dunno, I mean my tails are still here,” Kira says, looking to Scott. “I'm hoping they're still safe?”

“Yeah, definitely. Your mom gave me a box to keep them in, I think she called it a kobako box? It's at home right now, but I can get it later.” Kira gives him a smile and nods. “I kind of figured you'd return to Beacon Hills for them eventually, so I didn't give them back to your parents.”

“Thanks for that. I guess they're back in New York now. I hadn't thought that far ahead. Other than getting the tails, though, I don't know where I would've gone, Malia. Like Allison said, it feels like it was more than fate.”

“That's because it probably was,” a voice says. “Welcome back, by the way.”

Looking a little rougher around the edges since the trio last saw him, Deaton steps into the room. He's followed by Isaac, Derek, and Danny, the first two staring at Allison with confusion.

“So it's true,” Isaac says. “I thought maybe Chris drank a little too much when he texted me. No offense.”

“None taken,” Chris responds, rolling his eyes slightly. He doesn't seem to take it too personally, which surprises Allison. She can't help but think there's more to that story.

“It looks that way,” Allison says to Isaac with a tired smile. She feels like she’s repeated the story over and over, and she’s not sure she has it in her for another rendition. Before she can continue, though, Deaton cuts her off.

“I don’t mean to shorten this reunion, but I think I need to bring something to everyone’s attention. Derek, Isaac, and Danny here have been helping me out for the past couple of weeks until we could make it back to Beacon Hills.” Deaton looks around at the faces spread across the room and gives one of his signature tight smiles that hides more than he’ll actually reveal.

“It’s about the Nemeton.”

## Chapter End Notes

We're so close to the end!! The last chapter is written up and will be posted within the next week. The biggest of continual thanks to anyone who has followed along with this fic, it's been over four years since it began!



# the place you need to reach

## Chapter Summary

Allison, Scott and Stiles find out they must find their way back to the Nemeton, revealing the reason behind the connections between Kira, Stiles, and Allison.

## Chapter Notes

We've arrived at the end! This is going to become a series with one-shots set in the same universe, but otherwise this will wrap up the Demons-verse!

Let me know what you think with comments and kudos <3

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

"The Nemeton. Magical tree from the center of a grove of trees that druids once worshipped." Stiles doesn't phrase it as a question, knowing Deaton will continue regardless of the response.

"Yes, Stiles, the Nemeton." Deaton gives him a glance before turning to face Scott, still the leader amongst the pack.

"Are you sure? I know you had a few different theories," he says, standing to give his former mentor his full attention.

"As sure as we can be," Danny speaks up. "We've been investigating the rise in supernatural activity over the past decade, ever since you three opened the door."

He gestures at the room as a whole, but Stiles knows he's referring to himself, Allison, and Scott. They knew from Deaton's warning years ago that they would be drawing creatures of all sorts to Beacon Hills, but it was never addressed again. They've felt the darkness all this time, battled with how it would affect them, but none of them were all too invested in the logistics of the Nemeton.

"So what does this mean?" Allison speaks up now, stepping forward tentatively to stand closer to Stiles, a protective gesture. Isaac picks up on it but he doesn't comment.

"It means you might need to die again, doesn't it?"

Silence follows Kira's question, and they all know the answer. Stiles practically falls back against the chair when he digests the words, shock coursing through his body.

"No, you can't, that can't be the answer," Noah chimes in, a heat behind his words that surprise everyone. "Last time it was to save us, keep everyone alive. There's no sacrifice to take the place of now. I'm not letting you do this."

He moves over to Stiles and stands guard over his body, just like Allison. Stiles knows it's because he's almost been lost to them all already, first from the Nogitsune and then through being forgotten courtesy of the Ghost Riders. He's intentionally stayed *away* from Beacon Hills because it seems determined to drag him down into the earth, keep him nestled among the ancient roots. Scott and Allison have otherwise survived, being spared, but Stiles has always felt like the sidekick, the expendable one.

"I don't think we have a choice," he finally says, the words sounding hollow. Kira is suddenly by his side, crouching down to hold his face in her hands, her thumbs gently rubbing along his cheekbones.

"We'll get through this," she mutters softly. She flickers a smile at him before turning to the rest of the group, her hands falling to Stiles' lap to stay connected. "All of us. We're going to get through this, whatever happens."

Her gaze strays to Scott and they share a smile, one tinged with the history they share. Her eyes move to observe the room, noting how Lydia's posture mirrors Stiles', crumbled against Malia in solidarity. Chris and Melissa haven't moved, but they don't look as upset as Noah, likely due to their continual involvement in the supernatural. They were always better with accepting how things come and working to move forward rather than lingering. As they stand together, Melissa brings Chris' hand to her mouth, pressing a kiss against it and leaning against his frame.

"Let me go in place of Scott," Malia says. She doesn't move, but her hand tightens in Lydia's, the banshee lifting her head to stare at her.

"I'm afraid it can't work like that," Deaton says, clearly a bit upset at the prospect. "Those that opened the door must be the ones to close it. I suspect that's how Allison here has survived?" He turns his gaze to her and she opens and closes her mouth a few times, no words coming up as she thinks. Eventually she decides on what to say, practically whispering.

"They never said why, but this would make sense." She sounds like she's more trying to convince herself than anything else.

"And you two?" Deaton asks, gesturing toward Stiles and Kira. "I assume you've also found yourselves entangled somehow? I overheard enough of the conversation when you returned to know the three of you are bound tightly now, different than last you shared this space."

"Yeah," Stiles starts. "It began with an Oni back in Maryland, when I ran into Allison." His voice raises a little, gaining steam as his brain works furiously. "We tracked it down to where Kira was stuck training, right after she'd up and liberated herself from the Skinwalkers."

His brow is furrowed as he looks to Deaton, connecting the dots they've put in the back of their minds.

"Are you telling me the Nemeton drew those threads between us? Pulled us back together just for this?" He sounds angry, clearly upset at the turn of events as he tries to come to terms with this.

"Just because that may be the case doesn't mean your connections were in vain. Allison and Kira had to find their ways back here, and you were the needle, so to speak." As always, Deaton speaks with a calm neutrality.

"But why me? I wasn't even in Beacon Hills when the sacrifice happened last time. Why wasn't Stiles pulled back by someone else?" Kira asks. She sits back and crosses her legs, hands on her thighs in an image of meditation. Maybe she did learn something from the Skinwalkers after all.

"I suspect it has to do with the Nogitsune," Deaton starts, raising a hand to stop Stiles from interrupting. "When your foxfire struck Stiles' bat all those years ago, you ignited the spirit that entered his mind after the sacrifice. We eradicated the physical spirit, yes, but the damage it did to Stiles is something we all knew would affect him probably for the rest of his life. In order to go back into the Nemeton and close the door, you all need to have a tether, perhaps stronger than the last time. I believe Kira here is Stiles' tether, their connection bridging time and space to reunite a decade later."

Nobody responds at first, taking in the information. Stiles' darkness through his last years of school *was* noticeable, but it wasn't anything the rest of them thought more about. The Nogitsune was gone, exorcised from Stiles, and his already existing anger and anxiety were merely magnified. The idea that Allison and Scott were also battling this change was heavy in the air. Finally, Chris speaks up. His face has reached a certain point of indifference, training kicking back into gear. He doesn't let himself consider losing Allison for a second time, knowing he has no control over her to begin with.

"Where does that leave the rest of us, then?" Chris asks, a sigh catching on the end of his question.

"Well, I'd wager Lydia is Scott's new anchor. I could certainly try to pull you back, but you've grown with her in different ways, your lives intertwined even before all of this began."

Malia lets out a small growl, not out of jealousy, but concern. She has found herself bonded with Scott, drawn out after he was the one to initiate her shift from coyote, and her time with both of her partners in the time since the Ghost Riders tried to steal Beacon Hills all three have become something new together. Lydia pulls Malia to her, cradling her head against her chest as Malia listens to her heartbeat. She feels herself calming, reaching for Scott's hand to feel both at once.

"What about me? Lydia was my anchor back then," Allison speaks up. Having been mourned and accepted as being gone, she feels uncertain about her tethers, the two she counts on the most out of the question. She needn't have asked, though, eyes migrating to Chris until he finally looks at her. She can see so much pain in his eyes and she knows she'll never have all the words to appease him.

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After everything is decided and the various groups catch up, Kira and Lydia feeding off each other's yawns is what makes everyone realize how late it is, especially for the trio that drove all day. Giving reassuring hugs to each other that they would still wake up and be there, they disperse to catch some sleep. While Scott heads home with Melissa and Chris, Lydia and Malia following, Allison and Kira choose to stay with Stiles. It throws Scott for a minute, the fact that they are a solid triad, but he wishes them goodnight all the same. He presses a kiss to Allison's forehead before leaving, a gesture they both recognize from the past.

Settling into bed, Stiles initially curls himself into the corner, letting his girls take up a bulk of the space. He feels distanced in a way he didn't previously. Knowing he has escaped death so many times, especially after losing so many people, has him feeling like he is marked this time. Scott being supernatural gives him a leg up, and Allison's resurrection may mean she can't die. That leaves Stiles as the one human left. He would've asked Lydia if she sensed anything, but she was clearly disturbed at the idea of any of them submerging once more.

Stiles' physical distance doesn't last long, considering how desperate Kira and Allison are to have one last good night together. As he faces the wall, eyes wide with a lack of sleep with his mind running, he feels a hand wrap around his shoulder, gently pulling him back. He rocks into the motion until he is coerced onto his back. Kira's hair tickles against his neck when she leans down to kiss him, pressing her lips first to his forehead, followed by each cheek, the tip of his nose, and finally his lips. He follows her when she pulls back, only to have Allison press her hand to his chest, gently, to make him lay back.

"Let us do this," she whispers.

He obliges, letting her stretch his arms up, ensnaring them around the headboard with the drawstring from his sweats. It isn't meant to hold him, merely act as a reminder that they're in control. With his pants loosened, Allison works them off his body along with his underwear, leaving him bare. Her hands run along his legs, gentle and grounding, while Kira lifts his shirt, letting it bunch under his armpits, leaning in to kiss him deeply. As he's distracted, Allison lowers herself to lean on her elbows and lay on her stomach, laying her head on his thigh. Her hands reach up to simply rest on his stomach, feeling how he breathes, before she lazily mouths at the tip of his cock.

Stiles jumps slightly at the sensation, hips bucking up before settling back, gasping into Kira's mouth. She releases him as she peppers kisses down his throat to his collarbone, down his chest until she reaches a nipple. With one hand threading through his hair, scratching softly at his scalp, the other reaches over to tease his free nipple, rubbing it between her fingertips. Stiles gasps at the multitude of feelings, letting himself melt down into the bed, knowing that is the whole point of this exercise.

The pull of sleep tugs as Allison and Kira try to take care of Stiles, and Allison finds herself slowing her motions with her mouth. Stiles' cock is only half-hard and wavering slightly as his exhaustion catches up with him, so she pulls off to look up at him. Kira has nestled against his side, and Allison reaches up to untie his wrists.

"Can I suckle you as I fall asleep?" She asks, eyes already drooping a bit from the post-confrontation adrenaline drop.

"As long as I get a goodnight kiss first," Stiles yawns out, his arm pulling Kira in to snuggle against him properly. Allison does as she is asked before she ducks back down, wrapping herself around his leg and taking him back in her mouth. The simple weight of him on her tongue as she breathes through her nose helps to lull her to sleep, and she savors the feel of him growing softer before she drifts off.

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"So what's the game plan?"

The pack has reassembled, this time at Deaton's clinic. The tubs of ice aren't present like they were before, no indication of supernatural goings-on in the room.

"Because we aren't trying to *locate* the Nemeton, I think it's best if we do this at its heart. The cellar may have been destroyed in the Darach's plans but its roots are still spread around. The tunnel to the Hale house is the most accessible."

"Okay, that's a straight up lie," Derek chimes in. "We all know Monroe and her forces have decided to make the house one of their bases of operation, believing they can cut the supernatural world off if they plug up the origination of Beacon Hills' resident supernatural family. With Peter off with Cora and my travels with Deaton and Isaac, I haven't been around to take care of my home."

"Wait, Monroe? I thought she fled town," Stiles says, drawing up short. He remembers the time after the Wild Hunt, kept out of the loop when he was away in DC yet aware of the strange deaths. Even the peaceful wolves, like Satomi and the Talbot siblings, were killed for no reason.

"She did, but just as you three have, she returned. My best guess is she's somehow also tied to the Nemeton, her rise in power coinciding with the Anuk-Itte's arrival. She may not know why she's back, but she has only grown stronger over the years, more bitter and emboldened."

A heavy silence sits around them. Kira and Allison didn't live through Monroe's battles with the pack, but they didn't need that first-hand knowledge to understand the threat she posed. Rolling her neck, Allison slings her sword behind her back, her movement snapping everyone out of their reverie. Kira follows suit, her own katana on her back, and Stiles sheaths a few knives and cocks a gun. Scott simply watches them, slight confusion on his face. When Stiles notices, he shrugs and gives a smirk.

"We kind of fell into our own routine," he tries to explain. "So are we doing this or not?"

"May as well," Chris chimes in, cocking his own gun as if to make a statement.

He pushes out of the office into his SUV, barely looking at Allison when she joins him. The others filter out as well, taking up three vehicles total. They have the three sacrifices - Scott, Stiles, and Allison - as well as their tethers and backup. Without the need to balance between states of living and dead like before, there is no need for physical manifestations like the Sheriff's badge, Rafael's watch he'd given to Melissa, or the silver bullet. Instead, Deaton

plans to maintain physical connection between the sacrifices and their anchors, a way to hopefully ground each of them in reality.

It's Isaac who accidentally trips the alarm. The woods are familiar enough, but what he thought was an old entrance to the house was a mirage, one conjured by carefully placed cameras and mirrors. The result is a shrill whine only audible to the wolves, leaving half the pack without protection. There isn't time to consider the options when a variety of weaponry becomes visible, throwing daggers glinting in the air along with the sound of gunfire.

"Wolfsbane!" Malia warns as she falls back after being hit. "They're laced with wolfsbane. Be careful!"

Scott ducks down to check her wound, giving her a deep kiss that has Stiles doing a double take, noticing how well they fit together. He doesn't dwell, instead helping Lydia's screams become more lethal with the addition of firepower. Their aim is stronger together, taking down three hunters within a few minutes. Neither particularly cares about the line between living and dead, and Stiles can tell Lydia is feeling a swarm of death around her by the focus she shows. She barely pauses in her motions, and Stiles notes that she has to be feeling the effect, her throat taking a brutal beating as she splinters the air.

At the other side of the house, Allison and Kira work with Danny and Isaac to try to make their way inside. They function as a single unit, tossing weaponry back and forth as needed; Kira takes aim with Danny's rifle when he unsheathes her katana, sliding around her back to slice off the hand of a hunter holding a hatchet. It had been a foot from Kira's head, and she stares at him with wide eyes, nodding in thanks. They don't have time to extend the moment when Isaac roars, feeling the pain of wolfsbane lace through his bloodstream. He's down, kneeling and panting, and Danny is by his side in no time.

"You stay with him," Allison calls out, running forward before he can respond. Kira glances over her shoulder when she follows, giving Danny a small smile of encouragement.

"Stay alive!" He yells after them, pulling Isaac's arm around his shoulders to help carry him out of the line of fire. Melissa waits at the clinic for this very reason, to treat the pack as needed during the assault. Derek opted to stay as well, knowing his expertise might be necessary.

Meanwhile, Chris and Noah navigate the tunnels under the preserve, following the sounds above them. They know the tunnels are likely to be just as guarded, but the hunters have long laced the soil with wolfsbane, making the underground less safe than it once was. As two of the few humans on deck, their job is to secure the exit. When a hunter rounds a corner, he isn't expecting the duo and Noah makes quick work of disarming him. He looks to be just a teenager, but he's insistent on trying to kill them, reaching for a dagger at his ankle when his gun is taken. Chris simply smacks his temple with the butt of his own gun, catching him as he falls down.

"Looks like they sent junior here as backup," he says, rolling his eyes. They can hear the screaming and gunfire above so they know Monroe does have the place locked down, but they take it as a good sign that this path seems to be less defended. After more time walking, they end up at the familiar cellar where Kate used to keep werewolves, particularly Derek.

Chris remembers the early days of when the Argents returned to Beacon Hills, how much simpler things were then. They push forward until reaching their destination.

Meanwhile, Kira and Allison meet up with Stiles and Lydia. They're all panting from the exertion, Lydia watching the other girls with rapt attention when they fight back to back, each holding a sword. They move as one being, slashing at hunters as they surge forward, cutting them down with ease. She notices that they function similar to herself and Stiles, in sync despite no outward communication. When Stiles catches her smiling, she gives him one of her classic bitten-lip smiles and he can't help but blush. She once made him melt, but she recognizes how much they've both changed.

Soon enough, Scott, Malia, and Deaton join them. Their group has been whittled down but they're all intact, and that's what matters. Malia is limping from a gunshot, but she carries on otherwise as though nothing is amiss. She nods to Lydia and Stiles when they enter, and they follow Deaton into the bowels of the Hale estate. The interior of the house hasn't been updated in all these years, so prying up the floorboards to the staircase leading to the tunnels is easy enough. Silence overwhelms the group, and they eventually arrive where Chris and Noah have been standing guard.

"Everyone okay?" Noah asks tentatively. Everyone nods in the affirmative, a somber mood taking over them. Noah nods in response, knowing there is a weight in the air.

"So how do we do this?" Scott asks, breaking the silence. "Obviously no ice baths or looking for the Nemeton in our memories this time."

Deaton pulls a few vials out of his pocket, a shimmering deep purple color to them. He shakes them lightly to show the liquid inside, his gaze flickering between Allison, Scott, and Stiles.

"I've prepared this solution for each of you. It will lower your heart rate to the point of little signs of life, and there are spells given to it in order to draw your focus to the Nemeton. I'm not sure exactly how it will present to you, but it may try to trick you in an attempt to remain open. The magic of beings like the Nogitsune, trapped within its embers for decades, has undoubtedly affected its defense systems. At its roots, though, I don't think it would've brought you back here unless it was ready to be closed."

"Well that's not cryptic," Stiles mutters.

He takes a vial from Deaton along with Allison and Scott, cheers-ing with them both. Only a few gulps are within the glass and they each set theirs down once they've swallowed. Their tethers help guide them to a comfortable position to ensure that when they wake, *if* they wake, they're relatively comfortable. Stiles finds himself laying on his side, hands entwined with Kira's as they face one another. Scott's head rests in Lydia's lap, her hands running in his hair and along his jawline, while Allison is being held by Chris, his body holding hers close enough she can hear his steady heartbeat. They listen to Deaton speaking, his words sounding faraway as they drift in the air like music on a crisp autumn day.

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"Hello?" Scott tentatively calls out. "Stiles? Allison?" His voice echoes in the nothingness, expansive space all around him. He can't see anything, can only hear himself.

"Stiles? Scott?" Allison asks the empty air around her, the sound of giggling drifting in and out of her ears.

"Guys? Where are you?" Stiles' voice sounds strange, faint in his ears. It reminds him of when he was possessed, his mind not his own, cotton stuffed in his ears to dull his senses from being logically digested.

*"You're the one always bitching that nothing ever happens in this town."*

*"It was too dark to see much, but I'm pretty sure it was a wolf."*

*"You're cursed, Scott."*

*"The bite is a gift."*

*"Am I gonna regret this?"*

*"All of this, it's on us. Everything that's happened, everything that's going to happen. It's our fault."*

*"There's no such thing as fate."*

*"We fight back."*

*"I think there's a pretty good chance that things are never going back to normal."*

*"I'm not a hero."*

*"You're my brother; so if you're gonna do this, then I think you're just gonna have to take me with you."*

*"Some of us are human!"*

*"I don't want to keep watching people die."*

*"You didn't think you were doing this without me, did you?"*

*"Nous protégeons ceux qui ne peuvent pas se protéger eux-mêmes."*

The words echo around the liminal space, rattling in the minds of all three. The words connect them, bind them together, and all at once they see each other. Scott kneels down with his hands over his ears, trying to dull the multitude of sounds, and Allison and Stiles each grab an arm to pull him free of himself. Just when it seems their efforts are in vain, Scott releases his arms, a silence suddenly screaming into place. He looks between Stiles and Allison, marveling in the fact that they're both here now.



The trio looks around themselves into the void that they seem to be encircled in, a darkness that wraps around their bodies and minds like a blanket. Allison reaches for Stiles' hand, and he reaches for Scott's in turn, forming a chain. The two humans look to Scott for guidance, seeing the way he appears to be listening. His eyes are unfocused, his gaze somewhere else, but they don't want to break the silence by calling his name. Instead, Stiles squeezes Scott's hand, bringing it up to his lips. As he presses against the skin in a kiss, Scott snaps back to face him, his eyes glowing red against the darkness.

"Scott?" Allison whispers.

Stiles has frozen, unsure of what Scott's intentions are, but the eyes dim back to his natural ones and he leans in to kiss Stiles' forehead, pulling him close by the nape of his neck. He releases Stiles' hand to reach for Allison, pulling her into the embrace as well. Time seems to freeze around them as they stand together, bonded and connected through everything.

*"Not all monsters do monstrous things,"* Lydia's voice enters the silence, Scott's eyes flaring up again. *"Maybe if I just stopped trying to fight it, I'd find them before it happens, maybe with enough time for someone like you to do something about it."*

"You get me the time, and I'll do something about it," Scott whispers, almost in a daze. "Did you guys hear that?" Scott turns to look at Allison and Stiles, who shake their heads in confusion.

"What was it?" Stiles leans back to look at Scott's face.

"I heard Lydia."

*"Knowing wars and violence are typically started by men, we place the final decisions - the hard ones - with the women. Our sons are trained to be soldiers. Our daughters to be leaders."*

"Scott? Did you just hear my dad?" Allison gasps out, the memory of her training pushing into her mind.

*"Allison died. She died saving her friends."* The words aren't familiar, but she recognizes her dad's voice being the one to speak them.

"No, did you?"

Allison nods, biting her lip while looking around. The space they're in is still just as dark, the only light coming from above them, a shimmery green like the leaves under sunlight in the forest. Stiles' gaze follows hers as another voice echoes in, one only he can hear.

*"I look like a demon from hell."*

"What if it's agony now and then it's just hell later on?" Stiles asks himself, the words coming from a distant memory triggered by that single word.

"We're all connected," Scott says slowly, the pieces connecting. "All of this, everything that's happened, it's coming full circle."

He looks up, his heightened vision seeing what looks like vines and branches. He squints, holding Allison and Stiles closer to him, and realizes that he sees roots. With one hand, he reaches up to touch the closest one, and the darkness empties out, the three of them standing in a forest.

"Is that- ?" Allison starts to ask, marveling up at the tree in front of them.

"The Nemeton," Stiles answers. "It's gotta be."

The tree stands tall and proud, flourishing in the sunlight. They can hear the wind gently moving through the leaves, the soft footsteps of a fox, a wolf, and small black bear on the twigs and dirt underfoot. While Scott and Stiles gasp, stepping back to give room to them, Allison steps forward. Her head is tilted in thought as she reaches a hand forward, landing to hold the bear's head. It leans into the touch, and the fox and wolf continue forward until they reach Stiles and Scott respectively. They bow before curling at their feet, and while Scott tentatively squats down to scratch behind the wolf's ear, Stiles fully sits, crossing his legs as the fox lays its head on his knee.

"Who are you?" Scott finally asks.

The animals don't respond, not that they were truly expected to, but they get up to lead the humans toward the tree. Each puts a paw against the bark and bows its head; after a moment of hesitation, Allison, Scott, and Stiles look at each other and follow suit. They aren't quite sure what to do next when they suddenly hear familiar voices, light spreading around them.

"They're awake!"

"Get Deaton, quick!"

"Thank fuck, I don't think I could scream anymore."

Stiles gasps in air as he twists his body and sits up, vision foggy for a moment before it clears. Allison and Scott appear to have done the same, the sound of all three heaving deep breaths filling the space around them.

"Scott?" Deaton asks softly, kneeling beside the young man. "Scott, are you alright?"

Scott nods up at Deaton and turns to face the rest of them, nodding at Allison and Stiles as well.

"I think we did it," he mutters. "We healed the Nemeton, closed the gap."

"You were out for longer than you should've survived," Chris says, holding Allison close.

"Thirty-two hours, Scott."

"How are we still alive?" Stiles asks, the question rhetorical. "That's literally double the time the last sacrifice took."

"Maybe that's why, maybe the Nemeton had to reconnect with us, start fresh in order to heal?" Allison throws the suggestion out there, remembering how fondly the bear had

touched her.

"That would make sense," Deaton muses. "What makes you so sure you closed the door?"

"There were these animals, though I don't think they were entirely natural. They seemed like reflections of us; a wolf, a bear, and a fox. They drew us to the tree and now here we are." Stiles shrugs, just as befuddled as Deaton. "It felt *right* though, like we had reached an understanding, a mutual apology for all that's happened since the first night."

Before the discussion can continue further, Isaac and Danny burst in, the former fully healed after the bullet was removed.

"Guys, you're going to want to see this."

They don't leave any time for questions before they're out again, barely sparing a glance back. Everyone follows, though some more tentatively, and Stiles finds himself lacing his fingers with Kira as they walk forward. She leans into him and he turns his head to press a kiss to the top of it.

"Thanks for pulling me out," he whispers. She simply smiles in response and nudges against him.

Once they arrive where Isaac has stopped, Danny turns around to face them. In front of them stands the tree from the liminal space, and as everyone stares up in awe, Deaton races to where the roots touch the ground. He kneels, pressing his fingertips to the wood, a smile spreading across his face.

"Hello, old friend," he whispers. Turning back to the group, his eyes seem to shimmer a faint purple color as he finds himself more at one with the tree, fading to his natural color moments later.

"Does this mean we did it?" Scott asks. He spares a glance over to Stiles, a look shared between them, before facing Deaton again. "Is it over?"

"It is both over, and just beginning, Scott," he says, voice quiet but carried by the wind. "You've healed it, healed the grove, all three of you. Thank you."

Standing around in a semicircle, everyone breathes a sigh of relief. Allison leans against her father where he has his arm wrapped around her as Scott holds Lydia and Malia in a hug, their own small huddle. Allison reaches a hand out to Kira, who takes it and holds it against Stiles' chest, her own head resting next to it. They are all connected, to each other and through the earth to the Nemeton's roots.

A huge shoutout to anyone for sticking with this fic, whether you just found it or have followed along over the years!

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