

The ceremony

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The ceremony

by [FeeTheFairy](#)

Notes

Thanks for all the support i got in the first part of this fanfic! And well it's now the first chapter of " For the Kings Sake" part 2.

And oh my god it's going to be intense not this chapter but part two.

Sorry for making you wait so long but i had a writers block and just didn't know what to do.

But well enjoy!

It took Stiles longer than expected to find his own room. There was dust everywhere but it still looked the same.

He smiled and put his bag onto the bed.

Even though he was here now he still couldn't really believe everything. He was scared how Derek would react, would he be happy? Or would he react different?

What had happened when he hasn't been here?

Stiles just shook his head and opened his bag.

The first thing he did was putting all his clothes into the closet. It took him give or take thirty minutes when he finally decided to stop and investigate a bit more.

Because, you know, he hasn't been here for five whole years.

Maybe he should go and see the queen.

Or Mrs. McCall.

And maybe even Lydia, Jackson and one or two servants he knew.

But first he had to change, he still was in his travel gear and he couldn't meet the queen in those clothes.

As he put on some new clothes his father had given him as a present he examined himself in a mirror.

Okay it was good, it was, okay he wouldn't lie but it was not good looking, still it looked better than his travel gear so he rushed out of his room and looked for one of the queen's maids.

It didn't take long and he found one.

She directed him to the east wing of the castle and knocked on an old looking oak door.

Just a few seconds the queen appeared in the doorway.

It was evening and she wore trousers a waistcoat and under it a blouse.

She looked like she was going to be on a hunting trip.

Stiles always had known that the queen liked hunting but he never really thought about it, so when he saw her like this he was a little surprised, still he played it down and bowed deep.

"Oh my, it's been a long time since I last saw you"

Stiles got up and saw her gently smiling. The pressure on his chest fell off from him and relieve took its place.

He nodded, "Yes my highness".

Stiles closed his eyes inhaled and spoke, "If I'm not interrupting I would like to have an audience with you", he tried everything too sound as polite as possible.

The queen just smiled.

"Oh dear, yes come in", Talia waved him in.

Hesitant he walked through the open door, he found himself in a big room which was filled with many portraits and other kinds of paintings.

The room was held in red and gold, also it contained dark furniture, it looked like mahogany but Stiles wasn't sure.

"Seat yourself", Talia broke the silence and pointed to an empty chair across from where she had settled.

"So?" she gave him a stern look.

"Oh, ah, yes..." Stiles started when he had seated himself.

“ I wanted to talk to you about the consultant job you offered me once. I’d like to start as soon as possible”

The young man gave her a little smile, oh so full of excitement she thought.

“ Well I don’t know any reason why not.”

It’s been a few years now so there was no way Stiles neither Derek were still in love with each other.

Derek hated Stiles, and that was one of the biggest accomplishment Talia ever had.

If her son would have married this guy she could just have thrown everything she every worked for away.

When Derek had been a very little kid Talia had arranged a marriage.

With who? Victoria Argent, well Derek wouldn’t marry her but her daughter Kate.

Even if Derek still didn’t know anything of her plans he had to accept it.

The Argents had the biggest country in the area and conflicts with the Hales for years; it couldn’t go on like this.

“Go to the Castles Tailor and get yourself some new clothes then let one of the servants bring you to your old friend.”

Right now the queen didn’t have any reason to be cruel to Stiles, well at least for now.

She waved to the door to make clear he should go now.

He stood up and did as he was told.

Stiles never understood why the Queen loved it to have everything traditional, they live in the twenty first century, but well, he shrugged his shoulders and then went to the middle part of the castle where the Castles Tailor lived and worked.

Just second before he wanted to knock, the door flew open and a really beautiful looking woman with long blond hair and red lips stood in front of him.

“ You must be Stiles!”

A big smile spread over her face. “The whole castle is speaking about you, and the prince doesn’t even know you’re here. Oh my god you have to tell me his reaction”

What was going on? The blonde had dragged him in her room as she was talking.

Stiles absolutely understood nothing.

Okay okay come down, he thought to himself, so Derek doesn’t even know you’re here.

“ Oh! By the way I am Erica Reyes the new Tailor”, he got placed in the middle of the room and still didn’t know what was going on.

Suddenly the woman, Erica screamed for someone

“Vernon!? Where are you? You have to take his measure!”

A few moments later an enormous guy with dark skin came in the room with a measuring tape and, well took his measures.

“Finished “wow, that guys defiantly had a low voice, he seemed to have a relationship with Erica because they always tugged each other in their sides

“So...”

It was the first time Stiles had spoken since he got dragged in this room.

The blonde stared at him with a questioning look.

Oh he wanted to know everything, what happened to Derek when he went away? Was he sad? Or happy? N no, he couldn’t ask about Derek now, no just no.

“Ehrrmm so what should I wear?”

Again she smiled “ Oh Hun just take a look at these cloth and take something you like go and meet your prince”

It looked a little bit like she tried not to snort at her own comment which made Stiles a bit uncomfortable and there was nothing he could to against it.

Just to escape the situation he hurried with choosing something and ended up wearing a normal and boring looking white shirt and some jeans, he went for the door when a voice echoed through the room.

“Oh no sweetheart you’re not meeting him looking like this!”

Erica gave him an once-over and looked at him with disgust so Stiles didn’t even try to argue. He was back for not even a day and he was exhausted.

Erica went through a door in the back of the room and came back in , Stiles had counted, thirty seconds and gave him a white shirt, black waistcoat with a black tie.

“ Wait, are you serious? Isn’t this...” he pointed at the clothes in Erica’s hands “a bit too formal?”

“?Oh I’m sorry that the queen likes it classy and you’re meeting the future king” she snapped, Stiles just sighed and stripped of the stuff he was wearing and exchanged it for the things Erica had chosen.

“Better?”

“Better” the woman agreed.

“And now get your King, it’s three pm that means he should be in the park at this old tree near the little artificial lake”

The blonde had shoved him halfway through the door when he turned around to take a look at her.

“ Does he still do that?” Stiles was surprised. When he lived here they always went there so Stiles could tell Derek about his day, school and well his every week changing crush.

Stiles couldn’t help him but smile as he remembered.

“Oh my god please stop, you have a very creepy smile, did nobody ever tell you that?!”

“ Hey?!” he was shoved out of the doorframe.

“ And yes he still does it and now good luck, you’ll need it!”

Hastily Erica closed the door (even locked it) so Stiles couldn’t even ask what she meant.

Why was everybody so mean? Stiles sighed, okay at least Scott was nice, besides Derek, Scot has always been his best friend. Still, why did everybody act so strange? Even the queen had a weird attitude today; again he sighed and then finally moved from the now locked tailor room to the gardens of the castle.

(POV Derek)

“WHAT THE ACUTAL HELL IS GOING ON? CORA STOP SMILING LIKE THAT! YOU TWO TOO!”

Derek was fine. No he was everything BUT fine.

“ Now tell what’s going on!”

The three just smiled, again, as always.

“Please?” and again.

“God dammit really?”

“ Yes, really.” Laura answered.

“You should see your face” and now all three broke out in laughter.

“Peter, you’re my uncle you should fucking help me”

“Language”, Peter reminded him “and well no I don’t have to because my two nieces are better than you” he cracked a smile.

Derek just shook his head. He loved his family he really did but sometimes he wishes he could rip their throat out, with his teeth.

“You know if you’d do that we couldn’t tell you what we know?”

Oh, Derek had said it out loud.

"I really don't care about that anymore" Derek sighed and pinched the bridge of his nose.

"Please let me tell him" Peter begged and looked at the girls.

"What?" Peter tried to look innocent "I don't like it when my nephew acts like this", and shrugged his shoulders.

Laura glared at Peter like she dared him to make a move and she would kill him but Cora interfered

"What if everybody says a word?"

"No" Laura says at the same time "No I don't want that"

"Okay I got I got, case closed, my goodness" Cora looked a bit disappointed.

Derek couldn't take it any longer and went out of the room.

The prince ran a hand through his hair.

A clock nearby got his attention, when he saw that it wasn't very much longer till 3pm he hurried outside.

He knew it was pathetic. Also he knew that he hated that guy. That guy who must not be named. The one with the S. Ugh damn it Derek get it together, he thought to himself.

It's been so many years and still he would go here every day, he never had hoped that Stiles would ever come back; Stiles thought Derek was a spoiled twat. Yeah that's what his mother said.

He noticed that he had looked at the floor the whole time and as he looked up he saw he had reached his destination that little like with the weeping willow. He loved that place he loved that place so much that he went here twice a day, okay maybe three, or six, okay okay very often.

Derek chuckled lightly "Yeah I'm such a twat"

"Who said that?"

Derek turned around and saw the guy with whom he crashed together this morning.

"And old friend of mine did so" Derek answered. He felt a little weird because he knew this guy.

He was so familiar it hurt. Those eyes and these lips but he couldn't remember ever seeing him before.

"Must have been a very stupid guy to say so Derek"

Okay, now Derek was confused.

Stiles knew it was Derek. It had to be Derek. He knew these hazel green eyes and this oh so black hair.

"Who are you?" Derek asked.

"Actually, I'm your consultant. But well we've known each other for quite some time so I think we can call each other by our forenames..."

Stiles drove off the topic.

"I asked for your name"

Okay Derek had it made clear, there was no running now Stiles, get your shit together you can do it.

He looked down, scratched his head, inhaled deeply and then he said it, finally.

"My name is... Stiles... Stiles Stilinski"

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