

**Put your loving hand out, baby.**

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by [MBlack93](#)

## Summary

"You trained me too well, and I listened, like you always said, 'Don't only trust your magic, always have a **backup** plan.'"

He then gives a two-finger salute, the sign he has trained with his pack, and before she can react, two shots are heard in the clearing. Blue blood starts spilling out of her mouth before she coughs and falls to her knees. Her eyes are wide and focused on Stiles.

Stiles sits on his haunches in front of her, so he's on eye level with her. "It's pretty stupid that people keep underestimating me. You should've known better-" Lydia screams in the distance, and Stiles knows it's time.

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After the warehouse disaster, Stiles finds himself surrounded by a couple of people he hadn't expected. Like at all. See how Stiles becomes more badass, starts his own pack, and finds love in unexpected places.

# The start

## Chapter Notes

So! I'm here with another story! Whoop!

I also have already written a lot for this story, there is a reason this chapter is this long...

Okay, a couple of things:

I don't own Teen Wolf, (but I wish I did!)

I just borrow the characters!

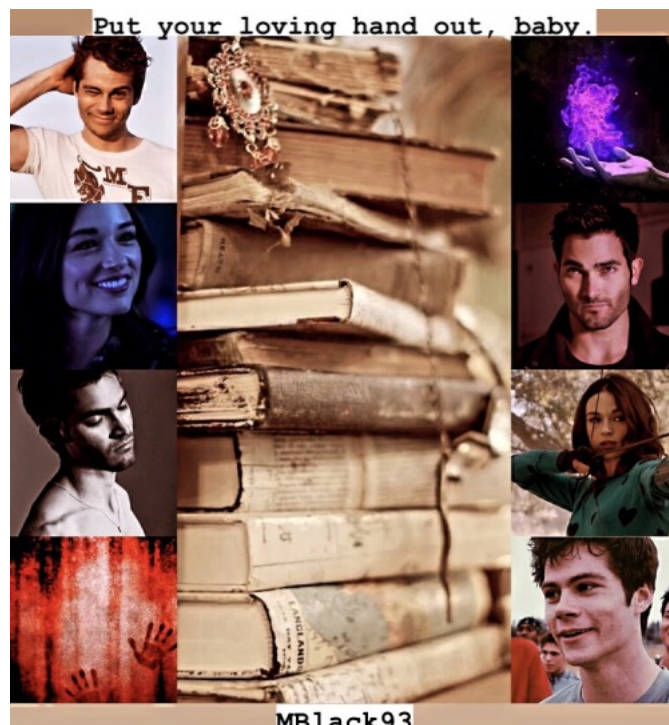
I also borrowed the title from the song Beggin' from Madcon (but the song is popular again in my home country because of the band Maneskin).

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Stiles is seventeen at the beginning of this story, Derek and Stiles aren't happening for quite some time in this story. As you see in the tags, it will be a poly relationship with Allison, and Allison and Stiles will come together sooner than they will be with Derek!

Have fun! And please leave kudos and comments! I love those!

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



Stiles groans when the doorbell rings, and he is forced to wake up. Everything hurts, and he is debating for a moment if he really was better off not going to the hospital last night.

He knows his dad had an early shift, and he has left Stiles alone after yesterday, thank god. Stiles knows that his dad didn't believe him when he told him that the opposite team had taken him and beaten him up. But what could Stiles say? 'Yo pops! I feel like I'm dying because Grandpa Argent beat my ass in the ground because I should have been a 'message'! Everything totally cool now though, Scott then betrayed Derek while betraying Grandpa Argent, and we hope that Grandpa Argent died, but nobody is sure! Ooh! And nobody even noticed that I was bleeding all over my jeep. Oh, you saw the dent in my jeep? Yeah, I ran over Jackson, who isn't dead. Surprise!'

Yeah. Not going to happen. Stiles likes to be free and not locked up in a loony bin. Thank you very much.

The doorbell rings again, and Stiles whimpers when he sits up. Fuck. He probably has some bruised ribs or something. He grumbles all the way down.

Then he opens the door and is shocked to see perfect strawberry blonde hair with piercing green eyes next to a scowling blonde asshole.

"Jesus Stilinski, you look like shit," Jackson says while standing on Stiles's porch, looking Stiles up and down with a sneer.

"Feel like it too. What the fuck do you want?" Stiles snaps. Already done with today, thankfully, his dad agreed that he should stay home the last week of school, so he wanted to chill and at least get some healing in before another supernatural shitshow would start. It also didn't help that his heart was broken yesterday.

He couldn't blame Lydia for choosing Jackson, but that didn't mean it hurt any less. But what really cut him was when Derek made it perfectly clear what he thought about Stiles.

*Stiles watches with tears in his eyes how Lydia and Jackson fall in each other arms. He locks eyes with Jackson and quickly wipes his eyes. He doesn't need to give the jock any ammo for hurtful insults. He hisses when he feels the bruise on his cheek again.*

*Derek seems ready to leave the warehouse as soon as possible, but then he sees Stiles and the glare on his face becomes even fiercer. Stiles didn't even know that it was possible, but here comes the grumpy Alpha wolf himself. He grabs Stiles by his jacket and slams him against the jeep. Stiles whimpers because holy shit! He was just beaten up a couple of hours ago. He is one big bruise. To be manhandled like that hurts like hell now.*

*Derek releases him instantly, and it takes all of Stiles's strength so he won't fall down on the floor.*

*"You smell like Erica and Boyd."*

*Stiles flinches, because yeah, that's probably right. He hates himself for leaving them, but he was dragged away by the hunters before he could do anything. He was a little proud that he at least made sure they wouldn't be electrocuted anymore.*

*"Well-"*

*"I released Erica and Boyd just an hour ago. They should be back at your home right now." Chris Argent says from where he's clutching a crying Allison to his chest.*

*Derek clenches his jaw but nods. He seems ready to leave again, but Stiles stops him with a hand on his arm.*

*"Hey, wait, you should know that what Scott-"*

*"Shut up, Stiles. You don't have to gloat that you came up with the idea. Scott could never have thought of it himself." Derek snarls and Stiles rears back as if hit.*

*"What are you talking about?! I didn't know! I would never do that to you - to the pack."*

*Derek scoffs. "You're just human. You're not even part of the pack. And I know you're lying. Where else would you have been? Huh? You even smell like Gerard! Did you help him with Erica and Boyd?! Hold them down while he hurt them?!" Derek all but roars in Stiles's face.*

*Stiles is frozen to the ground. Does Derek think so little of him? That Stiles would- that Stiles is - holy shit. Stiles is still gaping at Derek and can't even come up with something to throw back at the Alpha. Derek just scoffs and sneers before running out of the warehouse, Isaac hot on his heels.*

Lydia seems shocked by how Stiles reacts, but she doesn't let it deter her.

"We came to check on you. I saw how hurt you were yesterday. Can we come in?"

Stiles is shocked by her admission and the soft voice she is speaking in. This is not the Lydia Martin he knows and adores. He lets them in without another word. He gingerly walks to the kitchen and asks if they want something to drink. Jackson seems tense and like he wants to bolt out of the house at any moment, but he keeps his ground.

"I've never thought that you two would willingly stand in my kitchen, to be honest. Don't you have to go to school or something?" Stiles finally says after a couple of minutes of tense silence.

Lydia raises a perfectly sculpted eyebrow before answering.

"You and I are at the top of our class, Stiles. A couple of days missing won't hurt anything, and besides, it's almost summer break." She says with a flick of her hair.

"And I died yesterday," Jackson casually says, and yeah, that's probably a good reason to miss the last couple of days of school.

"Ooooookay, so what are you doing here, like here here, as in, why the hell are you in my house? You checked on me, I'm alive-" Because he is sure as hell isn't fine, so why bother lying? "-so what do you want?" He says while looking at Lydia and Jackson.

Jackson looks uncomfortable again until Lydia looks at him with imploring eyes, and he sighs dramatically.

"I remember a lot from what happened - you know -" He waves his hand a little, and Stiles grimaces. What Matt and Gerard did to Jackson is awful. That Jackson has the memories of it is pretty gruesome. "-and you were in a lot of those memories. I - well, Lydia talked to me about it almost all night, and it's clear that you helped a lot with everything. Not only last night but also before that. You may have used a lot of the wrong methods, like kidnapping-" "Hey! I did what I could!" But Jackson keeps going as if Stiles didn't say anything at all. "-trying to save those people at the rave, you - even if you don't like me - you did try to save me." Jackson is silent for a moment. Stiles just gapes at him because he wasn't expecting any of this. He glances at Lydia to check if it's a trap or a joke or something.

"What I'm trying to say is - thank you, Stilinski." Jackson actually seems pained by that sentence, and it startles a laugh out of Stiles.

"Jesus, when I thought my life couldn't get any weirder." He murmurs while rubbing his head and face, flinching again when he feels the stinging pain on his cheek.

"I also want to thank you. I'm still mad at being kept in the dark for so long. Honestly, you should've known that I could've helped you. Not just with those Latin translations but -"

"Yeah, yeah, I know. It was a clusterfuck—all of it." He then starts to laugh a little hysterical. "But I don't have to worry about it anymore! Derek said I wasn't pack, so why the fuck should I still care? Scott doesn't even know if I'm alive, if Allison is in smelling distance or texting distance, and he worked together with the asshole who beat me up. So he can go fuck himself for all I care." Stiles rants, feeling himself getting angrier with the second. His anger feels like it's burning inside of him, but he wants to let it all out for once. Not caring that his long-time crush is here to see it.

"Stiles-"

"I mean, what is ten years of friendship, right?! When you just ignore your best friends phone calls while he's drowning because he's holding up an Alpha werewolf for about two hours-"  
The heat in his chest is expanding, and he is feeling a little scared in the back of his mind because he hasn't been angry like this in - ever.

"Stile-"

"In eight feet of water! Or when he tried to kill me because his wolfy ass didn't listen to me! And no, not once, not twice, but at least three times of this shit!"

"STILES!"

"WHAT!?" He bellows. Turning to Lydia and Jackson, who both look terrified. Jackson is shielding Lydia, and Stiles is confused for a moment. Why are they so scared? It's not as if Jackson can't hold Stiles down if he loses it and attacks them, which would never happen.

But then Stiles sees that they aren't exactly staring at him but at something behind him. He turns and gasps. Everything that was standing in the kitchen is hovering about three feet in the air. Stiles reaches out in morbid curiosity, he touches a plate with his finger, and everything crashes down to the floor. He leaps about a foot in the air and flails before falling down and bashing his elbow onto the kitchen counter.

"Ooooooww." He groans out.

He opens his eyes when he feels a hand on his face. Lydia is kneeling next to him, looking shaken but determined.

"Are you okay?" She asks softly.



"No. What the fuck was that?" And if Stiles's voice wavers a little, he will deny it if anyone brings it up.

She bites her lip and looks back at Jackson. He is nodding, Stiles doesn't know why he's nodding, but he really wants to ignore everything now. Why didn't he stay in bed?

Lydia looks at him again and brushes her hand through his buzzcut. It - it feels really fucking good. He leans into the touch like a cat. (When they want to be petted.)

"I - I had a feeling that we needed to come here. And for some reason, I had a feeling that there was something with you. You need help, Stiles. Jackson and I are going to help you."

"With what?" He asks after a while, he doesn't want to cry, but his voice is thick with emotion.

"With whatever you need. We're here for you, just like you were there for us."

He doesn't know how it happens, but Lydia freaking Martin guides him to the couch in the living room before she and Jackson clean up the kitchen while he takes a nap. When he wakes up because Jackson pokes him on his shoulder, he sits up groggily. He really wasn't expecting them to still be here.

"Lydia has ordered food, come, eat something."

Then Jackson marches out of the living room without another word, and Stiles just mouths 'what the fuck' to himself before standing and following him to the kitchen.

Lydia has spread sushi all over the table because, of course, she ordered sushi. He sits down carefully, not really believing this isn't a dream. A really, really, really weird dream, but hey, Stiles has a wild imagination.

They eat in silence for a moment, and Stiles actually enjoys the sushi, he doesn't really eat it much because his dad, Scott, and he are more fans of pizza and burgers, but it tastes good.

Lydia then dabs her mouth with a napkin and then starts talking.

"We should start with research about what happened."

Stiles eyes her warily. She sighs before speaking again.

"You lost your temper, Stiles, and something happened. We need to figure out what so it won't happen again. Don't you agree?"

Stiles knows she's right, and it hurts. Not that she's right, because it's Lydia, and Lydia is almost always right. But the fact that if he loses control, something bad happens. He suddenly can understand why Scott thought the bite was a curse.

"I agree. But where to start?" He asks, sounding small. He doesn't want to hurt anyone. He flinches a little when he feels a hand on his shoulder, only to look up into Jackson's blue eyes.

"Where did you find out about werewolves?" Jackson says, ignoring the way how Stiles flinched. Stiles scoffs a little in response before answering.

"Internet, and then some of Derek, a little from books I ordered online and seemed legit. And a couple of books I borrowed from Deaton." He shrugs when he sees them looking at him with something akin to respect.

"Deaton? As in the vet?" Lydia says with a scrunched-up nose.

"Borrowed?" Jackson asks with raised eyebrows and a smirk. Stiles smirks back at him because, damn, Jackson seems to understand what Stiles wasn't saying. And oh god, Stiles probably has a concussion if he finds some kind of kinship with Jackson freaking Whittemore.

"Borrowed, taken without asking permission, to - may -to, to - mah - to. And yes, Deaton as in the vet. Cryptic asshole." Stiles mumbles the last part, but Jackson still barks out a laugh. Stiles raises his eyebrows at the jock, who seems surprised himself. He's back to scowling now.

It's silent again for a moment, and then Stiles reaches out to take the last salmon roll, but before he can take it, Jackson grabs his wrist and growls.

Stiles is taken aback for a moment, but then his temper rises again. The heat in his chest is back. He has had enough growling at him to be done with it altogether. Who do those wolves think they are?

"Down puppy!" He says, and to his and everyone's surprise, Jackson lets him go and sits back. Jackson gapes at him, and Stiles thinks about saying something as an apology, but then Jackson tilts his head and bares his throat at Stiles.

Everybody freezes. Stiles is pretty sure he even stops breathing for a moment, but then he reaches out and puts his hand on Jackson's throat. He knows what this means, and his hand is shaking a little. Should he actually do this? But something in him tells him that he needs to. That it feels right. Jackson leans into the touch, and they both gasp when they feel something snap in place in their chest.

"What the fuck was that?" Stiles asks in awe.

"I can feel you," Jackson says, and the open look he has on his face makes Stiles do what he does next.

He turns fully to Jackson and pulls him into a hug. Jackson is rigid for a moment but then sags into Stiles's embrace with a whine that could have come from a wounded animal.

"You're his Alpha," Lydia says after a couple of moments where Stiles and Jackson just cling to each other. She sounds like she's in awe, and Stiles carefully untangles himself from Jackson, who pouts from the loss of contact.

"I'm not a werewolf. How can I be his Alpha?" Stiles asks, but even when he says it, he knows Lydia is right. He can feel it inside of him. He can feel a rope? Tether? Bond? Something like that between them, at the moment it still feels fragile and small, but for some reason, he knows it will grow stronger if they work on it.

"Well, it's clear that you're something." Lydia huffs, and Stiles starts to laugh, because well, yeah, she's right. He's something. And here, he thought that he was the token human. The boy that ran with wolves, well fuck y'all, Stiles is *something*.

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Lydia and Jackson stay the rest of the day, Jackson stays even within touching distance. Stiles had grumbled about his pain and that Jackson should be a painkiller, but Jackson just looked at him as if he had grown two heads. And then Stiles felt like an idiot because Jackson hadn't gotten wolfy 1.01. He then starts to explain that Jackson should be able to take his pain. He tried to describe how Derek had explained it, and Jackson listened intently, and after about fifteen minutes, he succeeded. He looked so proud that Stiles wanted to clap his hands.

Stiles explains as much as he knows about wolves to Jackson and tried to help him with his control. He was Jackson's Alpha now, so he should try to do something, right? Right.

Lydia read through books Stiles had gathered and chipped in when she read something so Stiles could explain how he had experienced it with Scott. At the end of the day, Jackson seemed way more relaxed, maybe because he feels better in his own skin, or maybe because he is more relaxed now he has an Alpha that grounds him even if Stiles didn't know what the hell he was doing.

Then his dad came home and flipped when he saw Jackson Whittemore practically on his son's lap while they were watching a movie. It also didn't help that Lydia Martin was sitting

on Stiles's other side with her head against Stiles's shoulder. It probably was a weird sight for the Sheriff.

The Sheriff and the teens stare at each other for a couple of minutes until the Sheriff scrapes his throat. "Uh- Stiles, do you have a minute so we can talk?" Stiles nodded and started to stand, Jackson following him as he had done for the entire day. "In private." John Stilinski adds in a no-nonsense tone, making Jackson freeze in his tracks and sit back down with a pout.

Stiles wanted to laugh, but he could understand how weird everything looked to his father and quickly followed him into the kitchen. When he entered the kitchen, his dad had already gotten out a tumbler and the whiskey, to Stiles's dismay. The drinking wasn't as bad as when his mother had died, but he rather not see his father drink.

But Stiles keeps silent and would stay quiet until his dad would talk. His dad drinks his first glass and waves at Stiles to sit down. He does as asked and sits down.

"So. Are you going to lie to me again, or are you going to tell me the truth for the first time in months?" His dad calmly asked, but Stiles flinches as if he's hit. He could hear a whine from the living room, and before he can do anything, Jackson is next to him with a growl aimed at his father. His eyes flashing electric blue and shining fiercely, a hint of fang sprouting from his mouth.

Stiles stands and puts a hand on Jackson's neck to calm him down, but the damage was already done.

"What the actual hell is happening here?!" His dad screams in a strained voice. His dad was looking between Jackson and Stiles like he was looking at a ghost. Well, Stiles can't talk himself out of this...

"Stiles, step back from Jackson and come stand next to me." His dad said carefully as if he expected Jackson to attack at any moment. Jackson growls again, and seriously. Not. Helping. Stiles squeezes Jackson's neck a little, and Jackson looks down in submission. Lydia also entered the kitchen now but stayed in the entrance.

"No, dad. Jackson isn't going to hurt you. He just responded to how I reacted to you. He can't help the instinct." Stiles starts in a wary tone.

"What do you mean? Instinct? What the-"

"Dad. Please. Sit down, and I'll explain, okay?" Stiles is aware that he sounds about twenty years older right now. Hell, he feels like it too. His dad seems suspicious but listens and sits down. Lydia quickly pours him another glass and takes a seat next to him.

Stiles gathers his thoughts a moment. He wanted to keep his dad out of everything supernatural, but the gig is up. Stiles is probably supernatural himself, and he shouldn't keep his dad out of that. He doesn't deserve that.

"I don't know exactly how I should start, but do you remember that night you found me in the woods? When part of Laura Hale's body was found, and you and your deputies searched for the other half?"

His dad nods numbly and takes a sip of his drink before Stiles starts talking again.

"I was there to search for the body with Scott. Yeah, he was in the woods too that day. I only didn't rat him out. I figured out later that I should have because he was bitten that night by a werewolf." His dad looks incredulous, and Stiles can see that he doesn't believe a thing Stiles is saying.

"Sti-" But Stiles quickly interrupts him.

"Jackson, could you shift for my dad?" Stiles is tired and done with all this shit. Jackson does as asked and shifts to his beta form in front of his dad, who almost falls off his chair.

His dad gapes at Stiles, then at Jackson, then back at Stiles, then at Lydia before snapping his mouth shut and giving Stiles the sign to continue. Jackson shifts his face back to normal, and

Stiles starts telling his dad everything. About Scott, Derek, Peter, the Argents, Jackson, Lydia, Erica, Boyd, Isaac, everything that happened the past year.

When he tells his dad about the Kanima, he feels that Jackson is getting agitated. He raises his arm so Jackson can hug him for comfort. It should probably scare him that he is Jackson's Alpha and that this all comes so naturally to him, but he can feel what he should do, and he was always a caring person. He took care of Scott for years during their friendship, he takes care of his dad by watching how he eats, and he took care of his mom when she was dying. And he was just eight years old back then.

His dad looks cautious and takes another sip while listening intently to his son. When Stiles is done, he is still comforting Jackson by rubbing his back while Jackson has his face in Stiles's neck.

"So let me get this straight. Gerard Argent kidnapped you and hit you?" His dad seethes, which is a little hilarious because there wasn't really anything supernatural with that.

"Yup. But we think he's dead. I'm not sure. His body was gone when I went home last night."

"I will find that motherfucker and I-"

"Dad! Dad! Calm down. Is that seriously where you're going to focus on now? Not on the whole werewolves and magic are real, and my son is the Alpha of a werewolf and is probably magic himself?"

"To be honest, I'm still progressing that." His dad admits with pursed lips.

Lydia places a hand on John Stilinski's hand, and he looks at her.

"I'm also still progressing everything. I just found out everything yesterday. But you're taking it well." She says with a smile. His dad's shoulders sag a little. Comforted by the words.

"Okay, so what now?" John says while looking at the three teens in his kitchen.

"We are going to find out what I am and try finding out what Lydia is."

"What do you mean finding out what Lydia is?" Lydia says in a put-out voice and a glare.

"Sorry, princess, but it's clear you're something. At least you're not human. Otherwise, you would have been turned by the bite. And let's not forget that Peter used you to come back to the living through you."

Lydia purses her lips and shudders. Jackson quickly goes to her and throws an arm around her shoulders for comfort, clearly not amused by the change of events. His dad looks pained, and Stiles can almost read his mind why he looks like that.

His dad straightens and nods.

"Okay, fine, you are all going to research what you could be. Mister Whittemore, do your parents know that you're here?"

"No, sir."

"You should let them know and probably retract the restraining order against my son because otherwise, I need to ask you to leave."

"That's already done, sir. I asked my dad this morning to retract that. He wasn't pleased, but he said he would do it as soon as possible."

The Sheriff gives him a small smile and nods. "Good to know. For tonight, are you going home?"



Jackson actually panics for a moment, and Stiles quickly reassures him that if he doesn't want to go, he can stay.

"If Jackson is staying, I will be staying too," Lydia adds with a stubborn tilt to her chin.

"That's fine. I already thought you two would stay after everything, and certainly, because Jackson almost can't detach himself from my son." His dad adds warily.

Stiles grins to himself. He doesn't know why but he feels pretty happy that Lydia and Jackson won't leave him.

His dad pulls Stiles into a hug before he tells them that he is going to bed. It has been a long night and early morning, and Stiles can relate.

The three of them also make their way upstairs. Stiles shows them the guest bedroom. Then he grabs some shorts and shirts they could borrow for sleeping and goes to his own room. He feels a little sticky, so he decides to go to the bathroom first to shower.

When he enters his own bedroom, Jackson and Lydia are both lying on his bed curled around each other and almost asleep.

"Oookayyy, I'm going to be honest here, but this is pretty much the start of a couple pretty vivid dreams I had." He says with a crazy-sounding chuckle, because seriously? What is his life? His crush in his bed with her hot boyfriend, yes, Stiles can admit that Jackson is hot. Everybody can see that. He was just always an asshole, well, until today.

Jackson looks at him with a smirk.

"Come to bed, Stilinski."

"Fine, but don't judge me tomorrow morning." He grumbles, but he does as asked and climbs into his bed. Jackson is in the middle, spooning with Lydia on his right. Stiles shuffles a little but feels a lot of awkward. How is he going to sleep like this? He is used to starfish all over the bed. He keeps moving until Jackson grunts when Stiles pokes him in the ribs with his elbow.

"Sorry."

"Jesus, Stiles, just be Jackson's big spoon." Lydia snaps from her place next to Jackson. Stiles freezes because what? Wait, did she - what?

"What?" He squeaks. It's a manly squeak. Totally manly, men can squeak manly. Shut up.

Jackson sighs, turns, pulls Stiles closer, then turns around again and grabs Stiles's left arm, drapes that one over his middle, and shuffles a little until he's comfortable.

Stiles doesn't dare to move, but he feels himself getting more tired after ten minutes of tense silence. He shuffles a little closer and puts his other arm under Jackson's head. He feels Lydia's hair on his arm, and he's pretty sure he died and gone to heaven because holy shit!

He doesn't know how long he lies there, but he can hear Lydia and Jackson breathe deeper and deeper until he's sure they're asleep. He soon settles enough to drift asleep too.

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He nuzzles the skin in front of him, feeling relaxed and warm. He tightens his arms, and he hears someone sigh in response.

"Stilinski, your dad is up." A gruff voice grumbles.

"Five more minutes." Stiles groans in response, pushing himself even closer to the body in front of him.

"Are you sure? Your dad is cool with two extra people in your bed?"

"Wh-what?" Stiles is suddenly waking up because someone is talking to him, and he has his arms around someone, and OH SHIT! He flails and pulls his arms back so quickly that he falls off the bed with a thud.

"Ow."

"Why do you keep falling down?" Lydia asks from above him. Stiles opens his eyes and glares weakly.

"It's not like it's my choice." He retorts, then he pushes himself up and looks down at the bed. Jackson is grinning at him, and Lydia isn't looking up at him but a lot lower-

"Nice, Stilinski." She says with a smirk. Stiles looks down and sees that he has his regular morning problem. He flails and grabs a book from his nightstand to put in front of his morning wood while blushing fiercely.

Lydia and Jackson both laugh, but for some reason, Stiles knows it's not harsh as if they want to hurt him with their laughter. It's more fond and teasing. But he still blushes.

"Har-har, yeah, I'm just a regular seventeen-year-old boy. Laugh it up." He says while making a movement with his arms as to say, 'keep it going.'

"Stiles, what you're packing is not regular for a seventeen-year-old boy."

"No, Stilinski, that's pretty impressive."

"Can we please stop talking about my dick?" He begs. Absolutely sure that his entire torso is red now. At least his boner has died down in mortification.

His dad chooses that moment to open the door without knocking. Stiles groans again and puts the book that he was holding in front of his crotch, in front of his face, while hitting his head a couple of times with it.

His dad is looking at the room like a gaping fish.

"Uh, I don't think I wanna know. So I'm going to ignore this. Do you all want some breakfast?"

"Yes, sir." "That would be nice, Sheriff."

"Great, Stiles, come help me while your guests get dressed."

Stiles nods, with the book still in front of his face, before putting it down and almost running out of the room without looking back.

When he enters the kitchen, he already knows that his dad will talk about what he saw upstairs.

"Dad, I don't know what you're thinking, but it's not that."

"So you haven't been sleeping with Jackson and Lydia last night?"

"Well, yeah, we did sleep-"

"My underage son shared a bed with a guy and a girl, a girl which he had a crush on since forever."

"Dad, it wasn't like that, honestly. Still a virgin here!" He says while waving his arms around like a lunatic.

His dad stops in his tracks for a moment before nodding again.

"Okay, but, did- did you like - in front of the club, was that- was that a real confession?"

Stiles is stunned for a moment before thinking back to the moment when his dad found him in front of the Jungle and 'couldn't be gay if he was wearing that.'

"Uh, well, I'm not gay, but- like maybe bi?"

"Are you asking or telling me?" His dad asks with a raised eyebrow.

"Telling you, I'm bi, but again, nothing happened between Jackson, Lydia, and me, and nothing is going to happen, it was just sharing comfort, it's, it's a pack thing." He says, and he loves how it sounds, that Lydia and Jackson chose to stay with him last night, he feels the bond between him and Jackson stronger than yesterday, and he thinks he heard Derek say something about pack bonds. He's curious if he can bond with Lydia. He should look into that. Shouldn't he also have a bond with his dad?

"Okay, I still need to come to terms with all of that. But you should know that I don't care if you like boys or girls. And I'm sorry if I made that impression in front of the Jungle that night."

"Well, I was lying to you about why I was there. So I'm sort of sorry? Not completely because it was necessary at the time." Stile says with an impish smile while scratching his neck.

Lydia and Jackson then enter the kitchen looking well-rested and clean. About the opposite of how Stiles looks. But he did sleep last night, and he didn't have a lot of pain because Jackson siphoned it all.

"Goodmorning, coffee?" Stiles asks, mostly to avoid speaking to his dad now.

"Yes, please," They both answer. As soon as Jackson has had his first cup, he comes to Stiles and drapes himself over Stiles's back, rubbing his cheek all over Stiles's hair.

"Okay, I've got to asks. Is this normal? Like I understand that you're his Alpha, but-" His dad doesn't finish speaking, just waves his hand in the general direction of Stiles and Jackson.

"Well, according to the books I've read, it is. Derek never let the betas do this, but I know for a fact that they loved the contact with their Alpha, if they had it, and with each other. Jackson has me and Lydia and a little bit of Danny, but he can mostly be himself right now with Lydia and me because Danny doesn't know about werewolves. He probably takes the most comfort in touching me because I'm his Alpha. From what I've read, it's the wolf instinct. Wolves touch each other for comfort, but also to heal faster together and scent marking."

"Scent marking?" His dad is at a complete loss, and Stiles can't really blame him. Stiles almost eat, drank, and sleep with the supernatural the past months and absorbed every detail he could find.

"It's how wolves or werewolves recognize their pack. They have a heightened sense of smell, and a pack has a certain smell, just like every human has his own smell. They even can smell emotions from what I learned from Derek."

His dad's face sours after hearing Derek's name. Stiles can't really blame him, Derek kicked Stiles out of his pack, and his dad could see how much it hurt Stiles.

"I can learn to smell emotions?" Jackson asks from his place in Stiles's neck. And seriously, if people had told him two days ago that Jackson Whittemore would be this close to Stiles, he

would have freaked out, but now it calms him down.

"Yeah, take a deep sniff of me, and tell me what you feel. According to Derek, emotions have a smell, but it isn't so much as that you smell it but that you feel it."

Jackson does as asked and seems to ponder about what he gets from Stiles.

"You're comfortable but also a little anxious,"

"Ding, ding, ding! Right in one! Good puppy!"

"Not a puppy," Jackson grumbles, but he still keeps his face pressed in Stiles's neck. Stiles just rolls his eyes.

"Sure you not."

"How can you be comfortable and anxious at the same time?" Lydia asks, not judgemental but genuinely curious.

"Well, I'm always a little anxious, but mostly now because I'm Jackson's Alpha and afraid of fucking up-" "Language!" "-Sorry dad, and I'm comfortable because I'm at home, and the connection with Jackson and the touching feels- it just feels right, I guess. It's a little weird, but it just feels right." He ends a little lamely.

Lydia nods as if it's a great explanation and continues eating and drinking her coffee. Jackson lets Stiles go after another ten minutes before scent-marking Lydia. Then he shuffles a little next to the Sheriff.

"Something you want to ask me, son?" The Sheriff finally asks when Stiles is gesturing frantically with his head towards Jackson so his dad won't ignore the puppy any longer.

"Can I scent mark you?" He asks in a small voice. Lydia and Stiles grin at each other. If Jackson is always like this, he can understand why Lydia chose him.

His dad seems to think about it for a moment before heaving a sigh. "Sure, I should probably get used to this," Jackson immediately dives in and rubs his cheek over his dad's head. His dad stays still as if shocked about the sudden closeness. Stiles looks down while pressing his lips together so he won't burst out laughing.

He sees Lydia clasping her hand over her mouth and knows she is struggling with the same problem.

Jackson deems his dad fully scent-marked and lets him go. His dad looks a little dazed by the attention but smiles at Jackson.

The next week goes by rapidly. Jackson's parents try to make him move to London, of all places, but Jackson protested heavily until they finally agree on staying in Beacon Hills. Lydia and Stiles research about every angle of what they could be. Jackson is mostly reading with them but mainly gaining more control every day. For Lydia, it's all guesswork about what she could be, but they think that it has something to do with the Fey world.

For Stiles, they started with researching sparks, but there is little to no information about those, so then they started researching Druids, witches, casters, and Mages. It all sounds so wicked cool that Stiles can barely contain his excitement. There have been a couple of bouts of what they think is magic, but they can't really find anything about those.

He had accidentally glued Jackson to the couch when the pizza arrived one night because he wanted to have the first piece. And when he got too excited reading about casters, his bed started to hover about a foot in the air. So nothing major, but they really should find out what he is so he can train to control it. It also seems like his healing is better. Most bruises are almost gone, and his ribs still hurt a little, but he can sit and stand without major pains.

They have been with him the whole week, only a couple of nights they have gone home, but then they were back in the morning at the asscrack of dawn.



When the summer break has officially started, he is disappointed that he hasn't had a single message from Scott. Not that he really wants to talk to his best friend, but still. To be forgotten like this. It fucking stings.

He wants to be grumpy the whole day, but Lydia is having none of it.

"Stiles, get your stuff. We're going shopping."

"Oh hell no." Stiles groans. Jackson just smirks and claps him on the back. The last week he was still a clingy puppy, but it's getting less. According to the books Lydia and Stiles had been reading, he was probably getting adjusted to a new Alpha.

It didn't matter how much he protested. They didn't budge. So that's how he found himself in the passenger seat of Lydia's mini with a petulant Jackson in the back.

"Jacks, I told you, you can sit in the front," Stiles says with a smirk aimed at Lydia, who is smiling at the whole discussion.

"No, I'm fine. I only don't get why I couldn't take the Porsche." Jackson grumbles.

"Because it's ridiculous to go with two cars when we're just with the three of us."

Jackson pouts, but Stiles knows he understands. It's kind of cute that he doesn't want Stiles to sit in the back because he's the Alpha. Still weird, but nice. He feels himself getting anxious again. Are they only hanging out with him because Jackson imprinted on him like a little duckling? Or do they actually want to be here?

He's biting his thumbnail when Jackson grips his shoulder. Sending comfort through the bond and Stiles sags a little in his seat. He can't keep anything secret from Jackson because of their pack bond. They found out on day three that they can send each other emotions, and it is

pretty handy, also kind of annoying but more comforting. To know that without speaking, Jackson knows how Stiles is feeling, and he can help Stiles with his anxiety and calm him down, while Stiles can help distract Jackson when he gets agitated or angry. It actually fits well together.

"Why did you feel like that?"

Stiles considers for a moment if deflecting is a good idea, but they agreed on total transparency at the beginning of the week after they shared everything that happened the last couple of months.

"Same old, same old. Do you actually want to spend time with me? Or are you forced because of guilt or because Jackson needs me?" He asks without aiming the question at either one of them.

"Stiles, we actually like you, believe us on that. Yes, we came to you for Jackson on some part. But we didn't know he would be your beta just like that. I know that I haven't shown you any kindness the last couple of years, but that was more because of that ridiculous crush you had. But I think you see that we work better as friends. Especially after last week." Lydia says in a kind voice.

Stiles expected some kind of sting of being friend-zoned, but it doesn't come. He thinks it's because he did see that they work better as friends. Now he had more inside information about how Lydia and Jackson work together. He could see that they are great together. They put on a front with the whole popular shebang, but Stiles can see how much they love each other.

"I do see that. You're a great friend Lyds. I- I just can't understand why you would spend time with me. I'm a nobody. Always have been."

"Stop putting yourself down, Alpha." Jackson snaps from the back, and Stiles turns to him with shock because this is the first time he called Stiles Alpha.

"I'm sorry, what?"

Jackson sighs as if explaining himself is the most difficult thing in the world, but he starts talking. "You are loyal, kind, and I - I can feel how good you are. I know I am one of the reasons you're this insecure, but I'm going to fix that. You are a great Alpha, and I've only been your beta for a week, but I can still feel that it's true." He glares at Stiles to convey that he is serious about it, and Stiles raises his hands in surrender and blinks a couple of times. Feeling touched and a little choked up that Jackson thinks he's a good Alpha.

"Thanks, Jacks."

Jackson just grunts, but Stiles can feel through the bond that he's happy.

They finally arrive at the mall a town over and stumble out of the car. Stiles is a little worried when Lydia drags him to a small boutique for men, but Jackson and Lydia don't relent and start picking things out. Stiles browses a little through the shirt rack, but the cheapest shirt is about sixty dollars. Yeah. No. Stiles isn't going to buy any of this. He decides that he will sit on one of the big seats by the dressing rooms and play a game on his phone until somebody throws a stack of clothes on his lap.

"What the hell is this?"

"Clothes,"

"Really? I thought it was a box of kittens." He snarks back. Lydia just levels him a look that could wilt flowers, and he gives her a hesitant smile.

"Put them on."

"Lydia, I-I can't afford any of this." He hisses when he sees what she has stacked on him.

She looks at him as if he's stupid, then she pulls him to his feet and pushes him into a dressing room with the stack of clothes.

"Lydia!"

"Stiles! Put them on. Show them to us. We are going to buy you a lot of new clothes today."

"I'm not a charity case." He snaps with a glare.

"I never said you are. But I have two divorced parents that gave me a credit card without limit to soothe the pain, and Jackson is adopted by two rich lawyers who buy his affection. They don't care about money, I don't care about it, but I want you to feel good because you are my friend, and this is the first step. Please let us do this for you."

Stiles blinks a couple of times, he still feels a little like someone is pulling a prank on him, but he relents under Lydia's green puppy eyes and starts putting on the clothes. There had to be at least ten outfits, and with every one he tries, he is pleasantly surprised with how good it looks on him.

Lydia seems delighted, and Jackson had put on a front now they are in public, but Stiles can see the smugness coming off him. Lydia keeps adding a couple of things and then deems him acceptable with his new wardrobe.

"Jesus, I'm starving," He moans when they finally leave the store. Stiles didn't dare look at the number at the register, but Lydia didn't even bat an eyelid.

"We can go get something to eat," Jackson says while carrying all the bags with Stiles's new clothes, which is ridiculous, but Jackson does have werewolfy strength, so Stiles didn't protest too much.

They get something to eat and sit down, talking and laughing together, and Stiles is shocked by how normal it feels now. After half an hour, they are full and content. They are about to

leave when Jackson's head whips around. Stiles follows his eyes and sees why Jackson is suddenly frozen.

Danny Mehealani just walked into the food court and is gaping at Jackson, Stiles, and Lydia, which is fair. Just two weeks ago, everybody thought Jackson hated Stiles, and Lydia was just plain ignoring him.

"Uh, does Danny know-"

"No." Jackson quickly responds.

"Do you want him to?" Stiles asks, his eyes boring into Jackson's, who nods rapidly. Stiles nods and stands. He gestures to Lydia and Jackson to keep seated while he saunters over to Danny. He doesn't know how Danny will react, but he is important to Jackson and Lydia, and to be honest, Danny can come in very handy with everything that happens around Beacon Hills. And Danny is adorable. He just hopes that Danny will take it well.

"Danny,"

"Stiles, what are you guys doing?"

"We went shopping, but I think that you mean more in general as in why are Jackson and Lydia hanging out with me?" He says in a soft voice, trying to keep calm.

"Yeah, what the hell is that about?" Danny asks with a glare. Stiles can feel Jackson's agitation, but he tries to send calmness back at Jackson.

"Why don't you come to my house, let's say in an hour? We will explain then."

Danny is silent for a moment, but he nods before leaving again. Stiles sighs and walks back to the table. Jackson looks at him in awe and grabs his arm in a bruising grip. He probably

thinks a hug is too much at the moment.

"Are we going to tell him?"

"Yes,"

"Stiles, oh my god, you - thank you!"

"You're welcome, puppy."

"Still not a puppy!"

"Pfft, you should see yourself—definitely a puppy," Stiles adds with a smirk. Lydia smiles at him and nods that she agrees with Stiles's decision to include Danny.

When they walk out of the mall towards the car, Stiles feels a weird pull and stops walking. He looks around and sees an old little shop. Not something you would notice when just walking by, but Stiles is pulled towards the shop for some reason.

Lydia and Jackson both ask him where he's going but silently follow him when he just keeps walking. When he opens the door, the bell rings, and some sort of relief falls over him when he enters the store.

He looks around and takes a deep breath, Jackson sneezes behind him, but he pays it no mind. He keeps walking towards where he is pulled.

He stops in front of the desk with the cash register. It looks more like an old apothecary than a regular store, but the feeling of belonging sounds through him. There is nobody behind the desk, but he hears shuffling in the back room. He rings the bell and hears someone answer with a "Coming dear!"

A minute later, a lovely old woman steps out through a curtain of beads. A big set of glasses on her face makes her eyes about three times as big: he has a weird flashback to the divination teacher of Hogwarts. Together with the long grey hairs. Her face lights up when she sees him, and he immediately holds out his hand for her.

She takes it with a smile.

"I've been waiting for you," Jackson growls a little but stops just after a moment. He also hears Lydia shifting behind him, but when he looks back, she is browsing through the tomes that are on display. Her eyes are wide with awe and curiosity.

"Uh- you - you have?" He stammers.

"Yes, dear. My name is Griselda,"

"Stiles, Stiles Stilinski."

She gives him a soft glare. "That's not your real name, is it?"

"No, no, madam," Feeling chastised, he never tells anyone his real name, the last one that called him by that name died, and he never let his father calling him that again.

"Tell me."

"Mieczyslaw Genim Stilinski." An intense feeling surrounds him, and the woman just smiles in response. The heat in his stomach that he feels every time something magicky is about to happen coils in him.

"Well Mieczyslaw Genim, welcome to my store. I'm here to train your spark." Which makes Stiles take a double-take, not only because she just said she was going to teach him, but her pronunciation of his name was perfect.

It turns out that Griselda is a witch, and she has had visions, seriously visions, about Stiles! Stiles feels soothed by her voice and is completely in awe of her, hanging on her lips. She tells him to come back the next day in the morning to start training his spark. According to her, with the proper training, he can become a Mage!

Stiles is amazed by her, and Jackson almost needs to drag him out of the store so they can get back home in time for Danny to arrive. He is brimming with anticipation. Everything he has read about Mages is extremely interesting and amazing. He had read about how some Mages can freaking teleport!

Lydia seems a little apprehensive but is glad that Stiles has found a tutor to help him with his magic. That's one of the reasons they started with all their research, after all.

Danny is already waiting for them at Stiles's house. They quickly guide him inside, and they sit in the living room for a couple of awkward moments until Danny suddenly starts talking.

"So is this about werewolves?"

Stiles gives a full-body flinch at that and almost falls off the couch, but Jackson catches him just in time. Lydia just smirks at Danny, and Jackson is in between gaping and looking horrified.

"How-what? How do you-?"

"I'm not stupid, Stiles. Besides, you and Scott were not subtle with the whispering." Danny says with a disappointed look aimed at Stiles.

"I never said you were stupid, but Jesus, this is so much easier," Stiles replies with a chuckle.



"Easier?"

"Yeah, dude! You already know the basics, now we just need to tell you about what the hell happened in the past months."

Stiles starts explaining with Jackson and Lydia, adding stuff at the appropriate times. Danny takes it all in stride, and Stiles is really glad for Jackson because he can understand how difficult it must have been for him to keep Danny out of it all.

"Holy shit." Danny finally says when they're done explaining.

"You could say that,"

Danny then rightens himself and looks at Jackson, who just shrinks in himself a little.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Dan-"

Danny glares at him, and Jackson wilts. "I-I chose the bite out of petty. You heard just now how much that backfired. I-I really wanted to keep you safe."

Danny nods and then walks to Jackson to punch him on the shoulder. Stiles sees him shaking his hand because werewolf muscles are hard. Stiles can attest to that.

"Don't lie to me again."

"I won't!"

"Good, now give me a freaking hug. I've missed my best friend." Danny says with a big dimpled smile.

Stiles feels a pang of loss shout through him. He misses Scott. But he isn't ready to forgive his friend, and said friend is not messaging him at all. It's like he doesn't exist.

They tell Danny about what happened the last week and how they are learning all they can about the supernatural. Danny, the amazing being that he is, proposes to look into the dark side of the web for supernatural stuff. Maybe they can find some old tomes that could help them.

Danny does give Jackson a couple of weird looks when he scent marks Stiles, but he just shrugs and goes on with his work. His dad comes home later, and Stiles immediately starts talking about Griselda and how she will teach him to use his magic. His dad listens intently, and Stiles is so glad that they don't have any more secrets between them that he just hugs the shit out of his dad when he is done talking.

"I'm proud of you, son." His dad whispers in his ear, and Stiles feels his magic respond and reacting by forming a bond between them. His dad, Jackson, and Stiles all gasp. Lydia and Danny just look on with questionable looks, but Stiles doesn't care. He has a pack bond with his dad!

"Is-is that what you were talking about? Are you my Alpha now?" His dad asks with tears in his eyes.

"I don't know if I'm your Alpha, but we do have a bond now! You're officially in the pack!" Stiles crows, making his dad and Jackson laugh.

Lydia is pouting before her face clears, and she reaches for one of the books Stiles has.

"What is it, Lyds?"

"The bonds. They snap into place when - yes! I'm right. Of course, I'm right." She says smugly. Stiles just raises an eyebrow at her with the question about what she means.

She rolls her eyes but starts talking. "The bonds snap into place when the beta shows a sign of trust. Your dad just told you that he's proud of you, and now, without all the lies, it's clear that he trusts you. Jackson submitted to you, which is the werewolf version of trust. He showed his neck to you."

Stiles is nodding along with her explanation. It makes sense, so maybe because they showed him that he's trusted created the bond. He is still pondering this when Lydia stands and walks primly to him before tilting her neck to him. He feels the heat in his chest expand, and a feeling of pride shoot through him. Lydia Martin shows her submission to him, to Stiles freaking Stilinski. It's a shame he hasn't have a crush anymore.

He clasps his hand on her bared neck and feels the bond snap in place. Next to his dad, it's the strongest, not a lot stronger than Jackson's bond, but that's probably because he liked Lydia before he liked Jackson.

Lydia beams at him and gives him a hug. "I didn't know if it would work like this because I'm not a wolf, but I'm glad it did!" She says while still hugging Stiles.

Stiles then looks at Danny, and he sees a wistful look on his face.

"Danny, I won't pressure you into anything, you should get to know me better and think about it, but you're welcome to the pack if you want."

"Thanks, Stiles. I will."

That doesn't mean that Jackson doesn't scent mark the shit out of him.

The next day, Stiles, Lydia, Jackson, and now Danny go to Griselda's shop so Stiles can get trained. He's almost shaking with excitement and is absolutely disappointed when she gives him a thick tome. He looks at her and pouts.

"Magical theory is important, Mieczyslaw." She simply says, and yeah, he could've expected that.

"Okay, but I already did a lot of research, oh! Could you maybe also help Lydia? We think she is something Fay, but we aren't sure." He says while already opening the thick book. Griselda turns her big eyes to Lydia and nods.

She then guides Lydia to another section of her store, and Lydia comes back with an equal thick book like Stiles has.

"I didn't have any visions about you, but you do have a certain aura around you. Start with this, and when something clicks in you, you've found what you are."

Lydia beams at her and starts reading. Stiles is already engulfed in the magic theory book. Danny and Jackson soon get bored and decide to go to a nearby field to train Lacrosse.

The next couple of days fly by with spending a lot of time in Griselda's shop, Stiles's home, and a lot of puppy piles in Stiles's bed. Thank god his bed is huge.

"It's not a puppy pile, Stiles, the only puppy, is Jackson," Danny jokes on the third evening he also stays over.

"Still not a puppy." Jackson hisses, and Stiles sees a flash of yellow eyes instead of blue.

"Dude!" Stiles says and then grabs Jackson's face to look into his eyes. Squashing Jackson's face in the process.

"Stiles?" Danny and Lydia both question.

"His eyes- they - they looked like when he was the Kanima," Stiles murmurs. Jackson looks terrified, and Stiles grips his neck with both hands to give him comfort.

"Calm down, Jackson. I will ask Griselda if she has heard anything about how this could happen. You're safe with us." He said with as much conviction as he could muster. It seemed to work because Jackson relaxed almost instantly. He nodded, and they all settled down to sleep.

The next day when they are at Griselda, they talk about Jackson and the whole experience with the Kanima.

"It's amazing that you got him to turn into a werewolf. There are not many stories about Kanima's that get turned into the beast they needed to become. But I'm afraid that he will never be just a wolf. He's also still part Kanima. But-" When Jackson starts to whine in fright. "-but you don't need a master anymore, you let your wolf be dominant, so you only need an Alpha to anchor you."

Jackson gives a small smile at that and throws an arm over Stiles's shoulder.

"And if you can train your Kanima side, it could come in handy in fights. If I remember correctly, you will still have venom, and regular wolfsbane doesn't work on you. These are serious advantages."

Jackson seems a little unsure, but Stiles files it all away for a later date when Jackson is more comfortable and used to the idea that he's still part Kanima.

They only stay for the morning, even when Griselda offers them amazing cookies as a bribe to stay longer, but the boys really want to train some Lacrosse. Stiles is fully healed now, and he can't wait to get his energy out. He is now sure that his magic has helped him heal faster. He already read that if his magic were activated, it would aid him in whatever he needed.

Jackson and Danny do their best to train him as good as they can, which means a lot to Stiles. Jackson sees potential, and Danny agrees. They make a training schedule so that they will take a run in the morning and train Lacrosse in the afternoon.

"You guys know it's summer break, right? Normally that would mean sleeping until noon. Not getting up at six for a freaking run." Stiles grumbles. He has never been this busy in breaks. Normally he would hang in front of the tv with his favorite shows or play games with Scott.

But on the other side, after just one week of running in the morning, then magic training, then Lacrosse practice, and in the evening pack dinners with movie or games night, he feels fantastic. He can feel his stamina build and feels that he's beginning to calm down. He isn't as jittery as he was. It's like he finally feels himself in his own skin, something he didn't even know he was missing.

The first month of summer break goes by at lightning speed, and Stiles feels nervous. Lydia is grasping his hand, feeling how anxious Stiles is getting.

"Griselda, do you really think this is a good idea?"

"Yes, you should get them as soon as possible. But because you're still a minor, I want permission from your father."

"I understand, but it's needles! And blood! Oh my god, Lyds, it's going to hurt. I'm almost sure of it!"

Lydia just chuckles, already used to Stiles's antics. She pats him on his hand while they walk into the Stilinski home with Griselda on their heels.

"You will be fine. When your father hears your reasoning, he should be fine with you getting some tattoos of runes. It will help with your magic."

"I know! That's what I'm afraid of! He will think, oh! That's a good idea. Just make sure nobody sees that the Sheriff's son is covered in tattoos, then it's fine! But then I have to actually get them!"

He pinwheels his arms for emphasis, but Lydia just keeps smirking at him before pulling him into the kitchen where his dad, Danny, and Jackson are preparing meat for the barbecue tonight.

Jackson stops what he's doing and comes over to scent mark Stiles.

"Griselda, lovely to have you for dinner." The Sheriff says, welcoming the witch into his home. Griselda pecks him on the cheek and gives him a platter full of cookies. Seriously Griselda's cookies are to die for. Stiles immediately plucks the plate out of his dad's hands and gives it to Jackson, knowing that the cookies will disappear within five minutes with the hybrid. "Thank you for having me Sheriff, Stiles has something he wants to ask you." Griselda just throws him for the bus, he gives her a glare, and she smiles serenely back at him, making him grumble while the Sheriff is waiting for the question.

"My magic is getting better and under control." Stiles starts while fidgeting with his shirt. Lydia slaps his hands so he doesn't ruin the nice shirt, and he smiles bashfully at her. He then runs his right hand through his hair which getting longer with each day, but Lydia doesn't let him buzz it again. He has lost that argument ten times already, so he gave up. "But- according to Griselda beginning Sparks are prone to get possessed, and according to the books I've read, all the Mages are getting help with channeling their magic through ink, and we thought it would maybe be a good idea to some runes for me, like, on my body, permanently, with ink-"

"For god's sake, Stiles, just tell your dad you need to get a couple of tattoos." Lydia finally says, interrupting him in his stammer.

He grimaces and looks up at his dad, his eyebrows have reached his hairline, and then he starts to frown.

"What kind of tattoos?"

Before Stiles can answer, Griselda and Lydia are already speaking. "Runes that will help him with his magic," "I've made a design that would be perfect."

Stiles whips his head around to Lydia. "Seriously? I didn't know you had made a design." Lydia scoffs in response before getting her tablet out of her purse, turning it on, and finally turning it so Stiles can see it.

It's - it's really fucking beautiful. He can see runes in it, but they are not overly recognizable, he can see flowers - oh - they're wolfsbane and mistletoe, he can also see Lillies, his mother's favorite flowers, you would think it would be feminine, but the runes make it harder. And suddenly, he needs to get this tattoo. He doesn't care anymore about how much it's going to hurt. He needs to get this. Every bone in his body, no every cell in his body, is in agreement. This is his tattoo. He looks up at Lydia in awe, and she looks a little unsure but is trying to hide it. His dad is looking over his shoulder at the picture, and Stiles already knows that he will agree to this.

The tattoo is huge, and Stiles is sure that almost his whole back will be covered. He is thankful that his shoulders have become more defined with the running and Lacrosse training, so it will look better than on the scrawny body he had at the start of summer.

"Dad-"

"I-I yes. Yes, you can get this tattoo, especially if it's going to keep you safe." His dad then turns back around to the counter, and Stiles is almost positive that he's trying to hide the wetness in his eyes.

Stiles looks up at Griselda and is met with sympathetic eyes. "When can we start?"

Chapter End Notes

Thank you for reading the first chapter!



I will post the next one in about a week! Please subscribe to the story if you want to stay posted!

xxMBlack93

# The Nemeton

## Chapter Summary

"It's like I walked into the Twilight zone," Allison says while she follows Jackson with her eyes.

Stiles chuckles. "I felt like that pretty much all the time last month. Now, before I begin, what are you doing here, Allison?"

Allison seems to ready herself for something before looking him in the eyes. She sits up a little straighter and juts out her chin. "I come here as Matriarch of the Argent's to officially declare our apologies to what has been done to you, Stiles Stilinski."

## Chapter Notes

Okay, I'm back sooner than I thought I would, but that's because I got lots of kudos and comments which made me vibrating in my seat to write more.

I hope you like the new chapter ;)

Oh, little warning; There is a little smut in this chapter between Stiles and an OMC.

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

Stiles curses his existence when he is woken up. The one day, he wasn't forced out of bed at six in the morning, and someone rings the fucking doorbell at nine. Fuck his life. He kicks at Jackson, but Jackson kicks right back, making Stiles roll more on Danny's chest. He huffs a laugh when Danny only groans but keeps sleeping.

He extracts himself with a lot of work and flailing limbs. "I'll be right back, pup," Stiles says through a jaw while patting Jackson on the head. Jackson nuzzles into Lydia's hair, and Stiles can hear him mumble "Not a pup." But Jackson should know that it's futile. He's the pup, end of the story.

Stiles puts on a shirt and doesn't know if it's his, Danny's, or Jackson's. He just shrugs and makes his way downstairs to scowl at the person who dared to wake him up.

He sees a note on the counter and decides to read it after he had a coffee and makes his way further to the front door. He opens the door with another jawn but freezes when he sees who's on the step.

"Allison?" He questions. Why the hell is Allison Argent on his doorstep, she is fidgeting and seems agitated. She also doesn't look him in the eye. Stiles knows she didn't come here with ill intent. Otherwise, she would have been turned around by the wards he placed around his house/ packhouse.

"Hi, Stiles, I'm - I'm sorry to wake you because I obviously woke you, and that wasn't my intention, so sorry for that, and, uh, could I come in?" She rushes out with a blush on her cheeks.

They both look up when they hear a crash, and Stiles rolls his eyes. Jackson presses against his shoulder and glares at Allison after a couple of moments. She is looking shocked and opens her mouth a couple of times but doesn't say anything. Probably too shocked by the appearing bodyguard.

Stiles sighs. There goes his day off. "Come in Allison, do you want coffee?" She nods, and she steps inside, Stiles stops her when the door closes behind her. "Put all the weapons you have on your person here." He instructs before pointing at the bowl on the dresser in the hallway.

Allison gapes at him and looks between Stiles and Jackson, who both stand in her way to walk further into the home. She then silently nods and begins with putting her purse down. Then she starts with her boots which both have two knives hidden in each of them. Then there is a gun on her thigh beneath her skirt, then another knife in the back of her skirt, and then she pulls off her necklace. When Stiles raises an eyebrow in question, she shrugs. "If activated, it gives an electronic pulse."

"Wicked," Stiles says with a smirk, earning an elbow in the side from Jackson.

Stiles then flashes his eyes green and sees that she indeed put all her weapons away. Well, he doesn't doubt that she is also extremely trained with her fists and feet, but she doesn't have

any weapons that could hurt Jackson, Danny, or Lydia.

She gasps when she sees his eyes.

"What-how?" She stumbles. Stiles just waves a hand as to say, follow me. He just needs coffee then he will explain. Stiles Stilinski is not much of a talker until he has had his coffee.

Soon they are seated in the kitchen, and Stiles is groaning in pleasure when he sips his coffee. Allison is thankfully quiet, and he lets her stew for a moment.

When Stiles finishes his coffee, he gets a pill handed to him by Jackson; he takes it with a grateful smile and swallows it dry.

"Jacks, go upstairs to Lydia and Danny. If they aren't awake yet, don't wake them. If they are, bring them downstairs in about twenty minutes."

"Of course." Jackson simply replies, and he throws one glare at Allison before following Stiles's orders.

"It's like I walked into the Twilight zone," Allison says while she follows Jackson with her eyes.

Stiles chuckles. "I felt like that pretty much all the time last month. Now, before I begin, what are you doing here, Allison?"

Allison seems to ready herself for something before looking him in the eyes. She sits up a little straighter and juts out her chin. "I come here as Matriarch of the Argent's to officially declare our apologies to what has been done to you, Stiles Stilinski." She falters for a moment, and Stiles looks in shock at her when tears start to gather in her eyes.

"I'm also here as a girl who has been manipulated by her own grandfather to shoot down classmates. I-I wanted to say sorry for what my grandfather has done to you. I really didn't know, and I am disgusted by myself in what part I played with shooting and capturing Erica and Boyd. Last month - my dad took me to France, and we talked a lot. I was so stupid, first with Kate and then with Gerard. I'm so sorry, Stiles. You were a true friend to me, and you were the first on my list to say sorry to."

Stiles blinks a couple of times before scrubbing his hand through his wild hair.

"I need more coffee for this." He says before snapping his fingers, and his cup is filled again. Allison gasps, and he smiles ruefully at her.

"I accept your apologies, Allison. As a friend, and for the official apology from the Argent clan. I will forgive you for your part, but mostly you didn't hurt me with it. You should talk to Derek, Erica, Boyd, and Isaac. Those are the ones you hurt the most. Well, and Lydia, she was your best friend." He says with a scolding look, making Allison shrink in on herself. She seems to catch herself doing it, and Stiles sees the questions in her eyes.

She nods, and he starts talking again. "You probably noticed some changes." He says with a smirk. She nods a little hesitant before speaking. "Yeah, I mean, it's a shocker that Jackson, of all people, is here. And did you just say that Lydia and Danny spend the night here?" She looks at him with an incredulous look, and he just barks out a laugh.

"Yes, I did. What I'm going to tell you, Allison, is something I don't want anyone else to know. Not even your father. At least not yet. I ask this of you as your friend, but I read up on a lot of official shit, so if you can't promise me silence as a friend, I will do it officially with an oath you will be bound to as Matriarch." Stiles says in a stern voice.

Allison ponders it for a moment before she nods. "I promise I will keep your secrets as a friend, but also as Matriarch of the Argent clan." She looks regal when she says the correct words, and Stiles feels his magic swirl inside him. He is pleased with her actions and gives her an honest smile.

"I don't know if Scott ever told you, probably not, but I'm a spark." She shakes his head, confirming his suspicions that Scott didn't bother to remember or tell her. She seems interested enough that Stiles is almost sure that she knows what a spark is. "The last month, I

have had training, and I'm now a low-level Mage. I will keep training so I can keep myself and mine safe."

"Who do you consider yours?" Allison asks in curiosity. Stiles smirks at her, she knows the right questions to ask.

"My pack." At that, Allison frowns. Stiles isn't surprised. She probably heard Derek loud and clear in the warehouse.

"I'm Jackson's, Lydia, Danny, and my father's Alpha. At first, I bonded with Jackson becoming his Alpha. The others trusted me enough, which is why I also became their Alpha. A couple of weeks ago, we found a witch that is helping Lydia and me train our abilities."

Allison gasps in shock. "You've made your own pack with humans?"

"Not only humans, only Danny and my father are human." He lets that sink in for a moment, and her eyes are piercing him, begging for more information without outright asking.

"Jackson is a hybrid. He's a part werewolf, part Kanima. We are still training him, don't worry, he can't turn back to fully Kanima, and he doesn't have or need a master. He only needs an Alpha, but the pack helps too with grounding him. I already told you what I am, and Lydia is a banshee."

That was fun to find out. Lydia finally found out in one of the tomes from Griselda, and three days later, she wandered out in the night. Jackson and Stiles panicked when they found out and followed her with the help of Jackson's nose. She led them straight to one of the houses in the street and stood in front of the house in the middle of the night. When they found her, she was silent, and Stiles called his dad. His dad showed up, and because he trusted Lydia's instincts, even if she wasn't speaking, broke down the door, only to find the old man that owned the house dead in his bed. He died of a heart attack just twenty minutes earlier. About the time Lydia walked off. She cried when she came back to herself, but Stiles and the Sheriff soothed her that she couldn't have done anything about it. She thankfully believed them and threw herself into the research of controlling her banshee powers.

"Jesus."

Stiles snorts in response and drains his coffee. He hears shuffling on the stairs and sees Jackson, Lydia, and Danny enter the kitchen. Jackson comes straight up to him, and scent marks him, Danny quickly follows with a hug, and Lydia pecks him on the cheek. They all started touching each other more to help with Jackson's instincts and because touching helps in comfort for humans or semi humans too.

"Allison, are you staying for breakfast?" Stiles asks the brown-haired girl who is glancing at Lydia, who is steadily ignoring her. Stiles can feel through the bond how hurt Lydia is, but Jackson probably relayed the conversation Allison and Stiles were having. So she should know that Allison also wants to apologize to her.

"I-I don't want to intr-"

"Stay." Lydia simply says, now piercing Allison with a look. Allison swallows and nods.

Stiles decides that the girls need some privacy, so he ropes Jackson and Danny into cooking with him for breakfast. Since his magic, he eats almost as much as Jackson, and he eats a frightening amount because of his Lycanthropy.

Danny is a regular teenage boy, which means nothing in terms of eating. Only Lydia eats like a normal human being in this pack. Well, maybe not much longer. He is wondering if Allison would want an alliance with his pack. It would be beneficial for them, and probably Allison too.

He glances at the girls and sees that they are speaking in hushed tones, Allison is gripping Lydia's hands, and Stiles almost knows for sure that Lydia has her head bowed like that so nobody can see her tears.

He hopes that they can be friends again.

Stiles turns his attention back to preparing breakfast when he sees the note on the counter again. He reaches for it and sees his dad's handwriting with the message that he won't be home for dinner tonight. Well, then Stiles has to bring him something healthy to eat at the station.

"What are we going to do today?" Stiles asks Jackson and Danny, he can see that Jackson was listening in to the conversation, but his girlfriend deserves a little privacy.

"I feel a little restless," Jackson admits, and Stiles can understand why. The full moon is tonight.

"Do you want to go for a run?"

"Yeah, but not through the town."

Stiles hums. He was already thinking about going to the Preserve. He only needs to make sure that Derek's pack isn't frolicking through it.

"The preserve is a possibility, but we should evade Hale territory."

"We always evade Hale territory," Danny says with a snort.

"Yeah, I don't want my throat ripped by Sourwolf. With his teeth." Stiles says while making fake fangs with two pieces of carrots and growling.

"Weirdo," Jackson says with a push to his shoulders, but Stiles can hear the fondness.

When Stiles glances again at the girls, he sees that they are hugging each other tightly, and he decides that they could all use some more coffee and food.



He serves platters with pancakes, scrambled eggs, bacon, and bread buns. Everybody dives in for the food, and it's a little chaotic, but he loves it.

After breakfast, Allison is a little unsure of what to do. She already talked with Jackson, and he doesn't hold a grudge against her. She and Lydia also made up, and Stiles forgives her, but he did let her know that he won't forget it.

Stiles scratches his back, the tattoo is fully done and looks amazing, but it's still scabbing a little. Jackson slaps his hands away, and he pouts at his beta.

"Take off your shirt. I will apply another layer of vaseline." Jackson says with a put-out expression. Stiles just beams at him and takes off his shirt.

"Wow," Allison exclaims when she sees his back, he feels pride surge through him, and Lydia chuckles.

"It looks pretty amazing, right?" Lydia says smugly. Stiles, Jackson, and Danny all roll their eyes.

"Yes, Jesus, Stiles, I didn't know you looked this fit." He blushes at the compliment before hissing when Jackson starts roughly applying the vaseline. With the special ink and the runes, a lot of magic was used, so he can't use his own magic to heal the tattoo faster, but according to Griselda, the tattoo should be fully healed in another two weeks.

"I already told him he is also attractive to gay guys, but he simply doesn't believe me," Danny says with a smirk.

"You are all the worst," Stiles grumbles.

"You still love us, though." Lydia sings songs. She then whispers something to Allison, which Stiles can't understand but makes Allison spit out her coffee. Lydia cackles at Allison's blushing face.

"What did you say?" Stiles says with narrowing eyes. Lydia shrugs and smirks behind her mug.

"Jackson, what did your girlfriend say?" Stiles tries, but he already knows it is futile because Jackson will not betray Lydia, or she will have his balls.

"Nothing I'm going to repeat now."

Stiles grumbles and wants to put his shirt back on, but it's not comfortable with his whole back covered in vaseline.

"So, what are we doing next to running today?" Stiles asks the whole group now.

"Well, Griselda is out of town right now, so magic training is out," Lydia says with a sigh.

"It's so cool that you can do magic. What can you do, Lydia?" Allison gushes.

"Not much at the moment. I'm still training my scream, I should be able to use it as a weapon, and I'm getting better at glamors, so that is pretty good." She says with a shrug, but Stiles knows that she is proud of herself for learning this fast. Stiles is already pretty far in his magic training, but Griselda can't teach him much more. She is reaching out to some of her contacts to check if they can teach him more, but she hasn't heard back from them yet.

"And you, Stiles? What can you do?"

Stiles smirks, and he hears Danny and Jackson groan. "I can do a lot already, but I'm not going to boast." This makes Jackson scoff, and Stiles snaps his fingers, so Jackson's water splashes in his face.

"Holy shit, you also did something to me earlier, didn't you?" She asks with a contemplative look.

"Yeah, I did, I checked if you really had handed over all your weapons. Just a precaution." She nods in understanding. "I also can make coffee appear, as you saw, but not other beverages, unfortunately." He grumbles the last part.

"Stiles is humble. He can do a lot more than just a couple of party tricks. His wards are the best. Even Griselda was amazed by how strong they are already in this phase of his training." Lydia explains to Allison which makes Stiles blush a little.

"Wards? Like security around a property?" Allison says with an eager expression.

"Yes, I warded this house and all the houses of the pack. Everyone that comes there will be repelled if they have intentions of hurting the people inside." He says with a level look.

"That's amazing. Could you also do that to the town?"

Stiles frowns. He actually didn't think about that. "I - I just mean, it would be good to have some kind of warning or something, right? Like if new threats are coming to town? Like hunters, but also supernaturals that want to harm others." Allison rambles.

"That-that's an actual good idea. But I need to check with Griselda if it's possible." Stiles says, and he makes a mental note to check it.

"We could go shopping. You need a new outfit for Friday," Lydia says with a smirk. Stiles groans. Yes, he agreed to go out Friday, but shopping? Again?

"I have like at least three outfits I can wear to the Jungle," Stiles grumbles.

"Yes, but you need something new, so your ass looks great, and you can get laid."

Stiles blushes again at her blunt words but doesn't protest anymore. What? He is a seventeen-year-old bisexual virgin. He really, really, really wants some action. His 'me-time' has already increased since he wakes up almost every day sandwiched between gorgeous people.

He's still weirded out that his dad doesn't even mind all the sleepovers. But really glad, because it helps the pack bonds a lot, and he has never slept better.

Desperate to change the subject so he doesn't have to think about sex while Jackson can smell him, he turns to Allison. "Fancy joining us Friday?" He says with an eyebrow wiggle.

She giggles and agrees. Then her expression turns a little more serious. "Did-have you spoken to Scott?" She asks, sounding a little anxious.

"No." Stiles quickly replies. Not wanting to talk about his so-called best friend. Scott hasn't sent him a single message, even when Stiles has reached out a couple of times.

Allison seems shocked by the admission but nods, and Stiles can't help to ask. "Do you want to get back together with him?"

"Oh, no, no, no, no, nope," She says while scrunching up her nose in adorable fashion. "He kept texting me when I was in France. I agreed to talk to him when I came back, but I'm not ready yet to see him. I can't believe he didn't tell me that Derek only bit my mother because she was trying to kill Scott. Derek saved him, and Scott didn't tell me. I was so angry at Derek. It was one of the things Gerard used against me if I had known the truth-" She stops talking and bites her lip, but Stiles can read between the lines. If she had known the truth, Gerard wouldn't have been able to manipulate her like that. It seems that talking with her father did help her a lot.

"Okay! Well, ready for a shopping trip? Because I think we're adopting you." Stiles says with a broad smirk.

"Adopting?" Allison asks, amused.

"Yes! If you want, I would like an alliance between your clan and my pack,"

Allison seems shocked, but Jackson, Lydia, and Danny already look like they were expecting this change of events.

"Could I also join your pack?" Allison asks, and it floors Stiles for a moment before he beams at her.

"If you're sure, hell yeah! You're a badass. I would love to have you in my pack, but you should be aware that other hunters won't be pleased. It could cost the Argents if hunters find out that the Matriarch is in a pack with supernatural creatures."

Allison tilts her chin in defiance, and hell yes, Stiles likes this a lot. "I don't care. The Argents are my dad and me. I will speak with him about it, but I'm pretty sure about my decision. How can I join?" She says eagerly.

"Well, I'm the Alpha, and you would need to submit to me, but mostly you need to trust me. Otherwise, we can't form a bond. Because of that, I would like to ask you to hang out with us, get used to what we do because we're pretty close-" Jackson and Lydia snort, and he glares at them. He knows they love the puppy piles, but for an outsider, it's pretty weird. "-we sleep together in the same bed almost every night, for instance, with our 'puppy pile,' even if Jackson is the only puppy." Jackson growls at him, and Allison looks at him with wide eyes, but Stiles just smirks back.

"Since the start of summer, Jackson, Lydia and I haven't been apart for more than 24 hours. Danny joined us about three weeks ago, and we only formed a bond a week ago, so there is no rush for joining. Get used to us, get to trust us, and the bond will form." He declares, and she smiles brightly at him.

"I think that's an excellent idea, Alpha Stilinski," Allison says, and he winks at her. "I actually will go officially with the name Alpha Genim. It's my second name, and if there is a threat in town, I don't want the baddies finding out who my dad is. The station and house are warded, but I don't want to risk it."

"That's really clever. I understand why Jackson, Danny, Lydia, and your dad choose you as their Alpha."

Stiles ducks his head with a pleased smile and rubs his neck. "Well, let me get ready, and then we can go shopping."

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The shopping was dreadful. Stiles hated every minute of it. Well, not really, they had a lot of fun, but he really didn't want to spend seventy dollars on a new pair of skinny jeans. But he also refused Jackson's offer to pay for them.

Now Jackson, Danny, and Stiles were making their way into the Preserve so they could begin with a full moon run. Stiles had already sent out feelers with his magic, and he didn't find any of Derek's pack or Scott. He was pretty sure they weren't in the woods this night, but he didn't want to risk anything. Allison and Lydia decided they needed a girl's night and went to Lydia's for some kind of torture with a lot of tweezers, lotion, and makeup. Stiles shuddered at the thought.

Jackson was pretty restless, and it was clear that he relaxed a little now they were outside under the full moon. Danny and Stiles aren't as fast as Jackson, of course, but that didn't matter. Jackson wouldn't leave them by themselves.

They started running and play fighting. Danny kept mostly out of that because Jackson and Stiles didn't want him to get hurt. Stiles could heal, and he was getting faster with dodging Jackson's advances.

Stiles jumped up high and pulled himself up from a low-hanging branch, making Jackson stumble when he grabbed into open-air instead of Stiles's shirt.

Stiles jumped down and sent a volley of sparks to Jackson's ass, making him yelp. Danny laughed while Jackson grumbled, and they started running again.

Jackson suddenly stopped after a couple of miles, and sniffed the air. His eyes were luminescent blue, and Stiles immediately felt that something was wrong. Jackson started to growl, and Stiles gathered his magic in the palm of his hands. He then turned to Danny with one finger against his mouth, asking for silence. Then he released his magic, trying to feel if he could find what was nearby.

After just a couple of moments, he found two people nearing the place they've stopped. Jackson started to hiss instead of growl, and Stiles couldn't let them find Jackson in this state. "Jacks, I really need you to pull back your alter ego. Like right the fuck now." Stiles whispers furiously. Jackson clenches his jaw and takes a deep breath. When he releases it, Stiles sees blue instead of yellow, and a little tension drains out of him. He already felt that one of the trespassers is a wolf.

He can't identify the other one, but it's not human. That much he does know.

"What are you doing here? This is not your territory." Stiles says with as much authority he can muster when he knows for sure the two people are within hearing distance.

A chuckle is heard before two women step into the small clearing.

"How cute, a huddle of cubs." The tallest of the women says, her eyes flashing in red. Fuck. Of course, they would run into an Alpha.

"There is only one cub with them, love. The others are human." The small blonde woman states. Looking curiously at the three teens.

"Nah, that one isn't fully human." The Alpha says while she's looking at Stiles curiously.

"What do you want?" Stiles asks through clenched teeth. His need to keep his pack safe rears in his head, and he barely controls his magic.

"Well, well, he's got a little bite, even if he doesn't have the bark." The Alpha smirks, she starts walking closer, and nope, Stiles isn't going to let her take another step.

He snaps his fingers and uses his favorite little trick. The Alpha freezes to the floor, she tries to break free of the enchantment while snarling, but Stiles isn't going to let her go.

"Ah! How delightful, a mage. But- you're so young." The blonde woman gushes. Seeming impressed by Stiles's power.

"Leave. I will not repeat myself." Stiles says, and he's pretty proud of himself that his voice doesn't waver. He can feel Danny's fear and Jackson's anger through the bond. He also gets worried vibes from Lydia, but now isn't the time to reassure her.

"Hell no, we just found the jackpot. Didn't your teacher tell you about what happens when a witch or mage dies?" The woman looks absolutely giddy when saying this, and Stiles is pretty sure he doesn't want to know what will happen.

Jackson growls again, and Stiles starts to sweat. The Alpha is fighting really bad against the holding spell, and he only tested this on Jackson, and it is not the same as Alpha strength.

Then the blonde woman just laughs and advances, Stiles can't stop her, so Jackson attacks. He slashes with his claws, but the woman starts to chant, and all of Jackson's attacks just glide off her.

"Danny! Run!" Stiles quickly says when he feels the control on the Alpha slipping, it seems like she knows this because she struggles even harder to escape. His control snaps when he hears Jackson whimper. Stiles can't help himself and checks on him quickly, but Jackson is on the ground cradling his right leg, which definitely seems broken.

The Alpha breaks into a run, and Stiles thinks she is going for him, he's ready for the blow, but the woman dodges around him and dashes to Danny, who is still frozen to the ground. The Alpha grabs Danny in a chokehold and grins ferally at Stiles.



"No!" Stiles tries, but then he feels a knife pushing down on his neck, and he freezes. Shit! He had forgotten the other woman.

"Tut-tut-tut, don't pout, she is just going to turn him. Then I'm going to kill you, and your puppies will be ours." The woman whispers in his ear. Immediately the Alpha bites down on Danny's shoulder, making him scream in pain.

"NO!" Stiles screams in terror. Jackson snarls behind him, and before he knows it, the woman holding a knife to Stiles's throat gasps and releases him before sagging down. Stiles looks back in confusion until he sees Jackson standing, leaning heavily on his left leg, his eyes bright yellow and a tail swishing behind him.

The blonde woman is gasping on the floor but can't move because of the Kanima venom. The Alpha starts screaming. "What did you do! What the fuck! What did you do to her?!" Terror and rage evident in her voice.

Stiles turns coldly towards her and is done with Alpha wolves in general at this moment. He gathers his magic in his left palm, closes his eyes, and trusts it out towards her. The Alpha starts choking and releases Danny. He stumbles, and Jackson goes to him as fast as he can with still a partially broken leg.

"I told you to leave." He says coldly. Jackson whimpers behind him, but he ignores it for now. "You bit him without his consent. Do you wanna know what I did to the last Alpha that bit someone without their permission?" Stiles sneers, thinking back at Peter Hale.

The Alpha can't even choke out a response before Stiles starts talking again. "I set him on fire, and that was without my magic." He snarls menacingly.

The Alpha whimpers, but Stiles doesn't give a shit. He clenches his hand a little further, and her eyes bulge out. The blonde woman on the floor starts talking suddenly, and Stiles had forgotten about her for a moment.

"We're sorry! We didn't know! We will go! Don't kill us!"

"How will I know that you will stay away?" Stiles responds with a snarl.

"We will leave the Alpha pack! We will not report back to them, we will leave, and they will never know!"

Alpha pack? What the hell is she talking about?

"And they won't suddenly miss two of their members?" Stiles scoffs. Trying to bluff through his rising anxiety.

The Alpha and woman both whimper now. The blonde witch tries to switch tactics. "The bitten boy needs an Alpha. Alyssa can take him. She will be a good Alpha to him!"

"I don't need an Alpha! I already have one!" Danny yells at them before clenching his teeth in pain. Jackson tries to take some of it, but Danny bats his hands away.

"Your Alpha let you alone in the woods, boy, you need another. Someone that will look after you." The blond witch mocks with a smirk. Thinking she has hit the right nerve.

"Nice try, bitch. But his Alpha is right here." Stiles smirks. His eyes spark for a moment, and the blonde witch gasps from the ground. Her fear is written all over her face. Stiles feels powerful in this moment, but he doesn't like the fear that rings through the bond from Danny and Jackson. He tries to reign in a little before the witch starts to plead again.

"Please! Please! Don't kill us!"

Stiles doesn't want to kill them, but he also doesn't trust them to just leave without telling this Alpha pack about what is happening in Beacon Hills. Whatever the Alpha pack is exactly. He will research that with Lydia as soon as possible.

"I will let you live, but you get the fuck out of Beacon Hills, you won't report to the Alpha pack, and if anyone asks why you left, you tell them Alpha Genim is not to be messed with. Am I clear?" He says with magic tinting his voice.

They both choke out a "Yes," and Stiles releases the Alpha. She sinks to her knees, coughing before snarling at Stiles. But Stiles doesn't even react. He is used to Derek's glares. They are worse than this. She then slowly stands and walks a little robotically over to the blonde witch. She carefully lifts the witch under Stiles's watchful eye.

She then turns back to Stiles and bares her throat.

"We will get the fuck out of Beacon Hills, we won't report to the Alpha pack, if anyone asks, we will tell them Alpha Genim is not to be messed with. You were clear." They both repeat to Stiles's astonishment almost word for word. Then the Alpha turns and runs away in a general direction, clutching the witch tightly to her. Stiles watches them go with a wary expression before turning to Jackson.

"They're gone." Jackson grits out after just a couple of moments.

"Thank fuck." Stiles exclaims before sinking to his knees and retching. He coughs up all his dinner before running a shaking hand over his mouth to get rid of the remains.

He then crawls to Jackson and Danny. "I'm so fucking sorry Danny, I couldn't hold her when she started to struggle, and then-"

"It's okay, Stiles, it's okay. I should've run when you told me to." Danny says with a grimace.

Stiles quickly starts to examine the bite, it seems fine, but Stiles wants it taken care of as soon as possible. "It looks better than when I was bitten. There is no black sludge." Jackson chimes in carefully. Danny gives him a sort of relieved smile.

"Can you walk?" Stiles asks Danny, and he nods, Stiles then inspects Jackson's leg, but it's fully healed. "You okay?" He asks Jackson while gripping his neck and bringing his forehead to Jackson's.

Jackson leans into the touch and closes his eyes for a moment before nodding.

"Oh, I'm going to be the new puppy, aren't I?" Danny groans, and it pulls a chuckle out of Jackson and Stiles. A phone starts ringing, and Stiles flails for a moment, almost knocking Jackson in the face.

When Stiles looks at the display, he grimaces, Lydia. His dad can't really get a handle on the pack bond, so he probably didn't even really notice something was wrong.

"Hey, Lyds-"

"Don't you Lyds me, Stiles! What the hell was happening?"

He flinches from her harsh tone, but he could've expected it. "Well, we may have had a kind of fight - in the woods - with an Alpha and a witch. Danny has been bit." He haltingly explains with a terrified expression on his face while Danny and Jackson grimace at him. It's silent for a moment until Lydia speaks again.

"Put me on speaker." She says in a calm voice that terrifies Stiles even more.

Stiles quickly puts Lydia on speaker and braces himself.

"HOW THE FUCK DID YOU GET INTO A 'SCUFFLE' IN THE MIDDLE OF THE FUCKING WOODS WITH A WITCH AND A STRANGE ALPHA!?" Before any of them can respond, Lydia starts talking again. "Danny, I don't blame you hon, how are you feeling?"

"I'm fine Lydia, Stiles, and Jackson saved me. The witch wanted to kill Stiles. The Alpha was always going to bite me. That much was clear from the discussion." Danny quickly starts. Stiles is extremely thankful that he explained it like that to Lydia. He would otherwise probably be castrated.

"Do we need to get rid of a body?" Allison asks very seriously, and it makes Stiles bark out a laugh. "Allison, holy shit, I love you, dude. No, there is no body to bury. I don't- I don't know what happened exactly, but I kind of ordered them to get the fuck out, and if anyone is asking about this, they should say Alpha Genim is not to be fucked with. They went all weird after that order because they repeated me word for word before running like hell."

"Alpha,-" Jackson starts making Stiles give him a weird look. "-you gave them an Alpha command, it's that it wasn't directed at me, because otherwise, I would have run straight after them," Jackson states. He never calls Stiles Alpha, so Stiles only raises his eyebrow in question. Jackson just shrugs.

"Get home as soon as possible. I demand a puppy pile asap." Lydia snaps before hanging up.

They carefully make their way back to the Stilinski residence, not talking the whole way, Stiles thinking of the Alpha pack and what it could mean for Beacon Hills. What could it mean for his small pack that just gained a supernatural creature?

After an hour of walking, they reach the Stilinski porch, and Stiles is exhausted and feeling dirty.

On the back porch, he sees his dad, Lydia, and Allison waiting. They are restless and clearly have been worried.

As soon as he steps onto the porch, he gets pulled into a bone-crushing hug by his dad. He clings back. Glad that they are safely back home.

When he pulls back, Lydia is hugging Jackson, and Allison just released Danny. Allison then goes straight to Stiles and hugs him too. He is a little surprised, but pleased.

"Danny, you should clean up. I will bandage your wound before we go to sleep," Stiles says, and Danny nods, making his way to the downstairs bathroom while Stiles, after hugging Lydia, makes his way upstairs to his own bathroom.

He stands under the hot spray of the shower and can't help it if a couple of tears slip down his face. He failed as an Alpha today. He failed Danny. He failed Jackson. They all got hurt because he couldn't hold the Alpha. And because he was blindsided by the witch.

Stiles decides then and there that they need training, training to fight, and strategic training. They need to work together. And Stiles is going to fix this. But first, he needs rest and help his new beta with his control.

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Friday comes way too soon for Stiles's taste. He's glad that Danny is learning fast and that Jackson helps Stiles with Danny's training. But even with Danny's relaxed everything, he has accidentally shifted a couple of times. He did find his anchor, and to nobody's surprise, it's Jackson, his oldest and best friend. Jackson teared up when Danny told him, and Stiles may have teased him for it.

"I don't think it's a good idea to go out tonight," Stiles says with a frown after trying to fix the kitchen table with his magic. It isn't completely straight, but maybe his dad won't notice that the right side is three inches shorter, right? Let's go with plausible deniability.

"No! We're going. We all want to go. Jackson and I will help Danny if something is wrong. I still have that stuff Peter made me make for Derek." Lydia says quickly with a pout. How can Stiles say no to that pout? It's seriously unfair.

He resolutely turns to Danny, the new puppy in the pack. It has been five days since the bite, and he's doing pretty well.

"Danny, what do you think, buddy? And be honest."

Danny looks up from where he had thrown himself on the couch with an arm over his eyes. His eyes are still shining golden, but in a club like the Jungle, it won't be noticed if his eyes flash a couple of times.

"I will be fine. I just forgot my own strength. Sorry 'bout the table."

"No worries, I think my dad won't notice it," Stiles says when he stands again. The front door opens, and Allison and Jackson spill in.

"Tell me, how awkward was it!" Stiles says with a big smirk. Today was the day that Allison went over to the Hale pack for apologies, mostly as Argent Matriarch because she wasn't really friends with Erica, Boyd, or Isaac before she went a little crazy. Allison sighs before speaking.

"It was so awkward. Erica kept glaring at me until I gave her her gift, then she suddenly hugged me, which was also pretty awkward. Boyd was just standing there, Isaac was looking between Derek and me like a kicked puppy but was thankful for the gift, and Derek looked shocked until he turned back to his stoic form." Allison said with a giggle. She then sobered. "He doesn't trust me enough for a truce, but when I declared that I and mine would not harm him, he bared his teeth and said that we wouldn't get the chance. But then he did apologize for biting my mother." She shook her head like she couldn't understand Derek Hale, and really, Stiles couldn't blame her.

"Good. I'm glad they liked the gifts," It was Lydia's idea to let Allison give something to the wolves as an extra apology. She went with Allison, and they bought a new bustier for Erica, a new set of ice skates for Boyd, a couple of scarfs for Isaac, and a special box with all the strands of wolfsbane the Argents use for Derek, so that if someone is shot they can heal the werewolf. That last one was Stiles's idea.

"They were pretty shocked to see me there, so that was pretty funny, especially because I showed more control than the other betas," Jackson said smugly. Making Stiles grin and giving him a high five.

Allison giggled. "Yeah, all the betas flashed their eyes when the door opened and showed some fang. Only Derek and Jackson were perfectly fine and controlled. Derek did look a little annoyed. Especially because he thinks Jackson doesn't have an Alpha."

"Let them keep thinking that," Stiles replied with a smirk. They just hung out the rest of the day until Allison and Lydia went upstairs to get ready, it was pretty ridiculous to sleep in a bed with five people, but they still made it work. Lydia, Allison, Danny, and Jackson all had stuff and clothes in Stiles's bedroom now.

He played a couple of games with Danny because Jackson is not a fan of video games, but he's fine with watching Danny kick Stiles's ass.

"Are you hacking into this game with your mind? How the hell did you do that?" Stiles says with a pout when he loses again, and his character dies.

Danny just smiles his dimpled smile, and Stiles melts a little. The guy is way too cute to be also a puppy.

"Guys, the bathroom is free!" Allison yells from upstairs. For a second, everybody is still, but then Jackson, Stiles, and Danny spring to action, Stiles's bathroom is the best in the house, and the last one to shower has probably cold water.

Danny and Jackson both run up the stairs until Stiles snaps his fingers, and they freeze. "No magic! Stiles! That's unfair!" Jackson whines.

"I never said I would play fair!" He cackles when he runs by.

"You're an awful person!" Danny yells, "Yup! Keeps me up at night. Later boys!"

He quickly runs into the bathroom and locks the door, not entirely convinced that they won't just step under the spray with him. With Lacrosse, they also shower together, so it wouldn't be too weird, but in his own bathroom, it's - more personal.



He isn't a complete asshole, so he quickly showers before walking back into his bedroom with just a towel around his waist.

Jackson is next because Danny apparently cut his losses and was in the downstairs bathroom. Allison and Lydia are still applying makeup in his bedroom, but he isn't bothered by his nakedness anymore. Not even in front of the two girls. He feels better, he looks better, and pretty people said he was attractive. It's making him feel pretty good.

Plus, sleeping together in one bed also helps with your shyness because privacy doesn't exist anymore in this pack. They did all agree to sleep at home tonight, though. Mostly because Stiles hoped he would get lucky, Danny probably knew he would get lucky, and Allison was just happy to join. Jackson and Lydia would go back to Lydia's house tonight because her mother was on vacation with her new boy toy, according to Lydia.

"Little warning, I'm going to change." He says, just to make sure they knew he would get dressed and won't shriek if they saw his pale naked ass.

"Oh, by all means, Stiles," Allison said with an eyebrow wiggle, but Stiles just laughed and dropped the towel.

He then grabbed a new boxer and his new jeans. He put them on before turning back to the girls. Lydia was smirking while applying her new lipstick, and Allison was gaping at Stiles with a blush on her cheeks.

"What?" Stiles said with a frown.

"Jesus, Lydia was right," She then pulls out a twenty-dollar bill before giving it to Lydia. "Told you," Lydia says with a wink aimed at Stiles. And it clicks in Stiles's head. Ah. "Lydia, please tell me that you didn't make a bet with Allison about my dick." He groans.

"Well, she didn't believe me when I told her how big it was," Lydia says casually with a shrug. Stiles is blushing now. He really thought that Lydia and Jackson were joking that first

night. The other nights when everyone stayed over and he woke with a boner, he made sure he was the first one in the bathroom.

"Okay, you know what, I'm going to ignore this. Ladies, please help me with a shirt."

"You should have bought that shirt I showed you last time," Lydia said with a scowl. "I already bought the pants, and I have plenty of shirts," Stiles says while crossing his arms.

Lydia sighs but walks to his closet, rummages in it before pulling out a grey henley. He frowns, not even remembering that he had that. Then it suddenly slams into him. That isn't his shirt.

"That's Derek's." He states in a strangled voice. Lydia raises her eyebrows, and Allison gapes before biting her knuckle.

"Put it on."

"It's Derek's!"

"It will look good on you."

"Lydia!"

"Stiles!"

They glare at each other until Stiles caves. He always caves. He grabs the henley out of her hand and puts it on. "Happy?"

She is grinning at him like the cat that got the canary. "Very."

"Good."

"Great. Allison, doesn't Stiles look hot?"

Stiles and Lydia both turn to the other girl who is blushing. "Yeah, he does." She says in a strangled voice. Stiles frowns at her but doesn't think anything is wrong and pays it no further mind.

Danny then enters the room and tips his head, and takes a sniff. Seriously. All those puppies, it's amazing Stiles gets anything done around here. Danny's eyes glow yellow before he's suddenly hugging Stiles tightly and rubbing his head and hands over Stiles's shoulders and chest. "Dude, what the-" Stiles starts before being interrupted.

"Smell, wrong, not like pack." Danny interrupts. Ah, okay. "This shirt is Derek's. So I probably smell like another wolf."

"Not for long!" Lydia says with a smile before pulling Allison to her feet and hugging Stiles from the front. That's how Jackson finds them a couple of minutes later. All cuddling together. He sniffs Stiles and deems him acceptable but still nuzzles Stiles's neck.

His dad knocks on the door when they are about to leave. "Hey, kiddos. Have fun tonight. Stiles, I better don't get a call from one of my deputies." He says sternly, but it's broken by the smile on his face.

"Har-har, dad. I'm not some kind of delinquent." Stiles says with a flail of his arms. He hears a couple of noises from the pack that don't agree with his statement, and he throws a mock glare at them.

They get to the Jungle in Danny's car. He was seriously bummed when he heard he couldn't get drunk anymore, but he offered to be the designated driver. It was possible that they needed to get cabs back home if he got lucky, but otherwise, he was the driver.

The line isn't too long, and they get inside pretty quickly. Stiles spots a couple of the drag queens he met the last time he was there, and they drag him to the bar for a drink to the amusement of Danny and Allison. Jackson and Lydia are already dancing in the middle of the dancefloor.

"Cutie! I'm so glad you're back! And you look amazing!" Precious tells him.

"Thanks! I had help." He says with a smile. Precious throws her head back and laughs before petting his cheek and kissing it.

"If you ever need help with another wardrobe, call me!" She says, and then she's gone in a flurry of glitter.

Stiles is confused for a moment until he looks back at Danny and Allison, who are both holding their laughter. "She meant with dressing like her, didn't she?"

"Yup, and Stiles, I will be honest with you, I think you would look very hot as a girl."

Stiles feels touched and preens a little. "I would be a very hot girl."

"Yeah, you would," Allison chimes in with a smile, and they burst out in laughter.

Stiles throws back his drink and checks the dancefloor. He sees Jackson and Lydia dancing and is satisfied that they are fine.

"How are you doing, Danny?"

"I'm fine, it's a little loud, and I can smell sweat and a lot of perfume, and as soon as I go near the bathrooms, I can smell other disturbing things, but I'm fine."

Stiles gives him two thumbs up and is then dragged to the dancefloor by Allison. Danny follows. They start dancing, and Stiles is having a lot of fun. He doesn't even care that he is acting like an idiot. He deserves to decompress a little. The night goes on, and Danny is dancing with a cute guy, Allison is dancing with Lydia and Jackson, and Stiles is getting something to drink when someone sidles up close.

"Hey there, can I get you something to drink?" The man says in his ear over the music. Stiles looks at him from under his lashes, and the guy is pretty hot. Dark hair, clean-shaven, and bright blue eyes. Not a lot of muscles, but more build like Stiles is.

"Sure," Stiles replies, trying to keep cool while he wants to grin like an idiot. He bites his lip to keep himself from grinning, and he sees the man's eyes dart to his lips.

"What's your name?" The stranger asks.

"Stiles, yours?"

"Will, nice to meet you, Stiles."

"Nice to meet you too." They get their drinks and are just talking and flirting a little before Will asks if he wants to dance. Stiles is quick to agree, and he blushes a little when Will grabs his hand and guides him to the floor. He gets a couple of approving looks from Lydia and Allison and a wink from Danny.

Will and Stiles dance for a couple of songs, but it's getting pretty hot. Stiles has his hands on Will's hips while Will grinds his ass against Stiles's crotch. Will is a little shorter than Stiles, and it pleases him, his magic is curling inside him, and he feels pretty great. He places a couple of kisses against Will's neck and is satisfied when Will tips his head so Stiles has more room. Stiles isn't a wolf, but he is an Alpha. Maybe he copied a couple of moves from the wolves out of his pack.

Will then turns his head, and Stiles is pulled into a heated kiss. He groans when Will licks into his mouth and grips Will's hips a little tighter.

"Let's get somewhere a little quieter," Will gasps against his mouth. "Yeah, yeah, sure," Stiles quickly agrees. Will smiles and grabs Stiles's hand again. He glances back at the pack, who are all smiling at him and giving him a thumbs up. He blushes and rolls his eyes, but he is pleased that they are his friends.

Will guides him to the bathroom and then into a stall before Will kisses him again and grinds his crotch against Stiles's. Will then starts to fumble with Stiles's jeans, and Stiles is just kissing Will's neck while he keeps fumbling. Will lets out a triumphant noise when he finally gets Stiles's jeans undone, earning a chuckle from Stiles. Will ducks his head with a blush before sinking to his knees.

"Holy shit!" Stiles exclaims before biting on his fist when Will takes out Stiles's member.

"Jesus. You're huge." Will whispers, making Stiles bark out a laugh. "Sorry-sorry didn't mean to laugh, but - oh god, never mind." Stiles moans when Will licks his dick from the base to the tip.

"This is going to be over embarrassingly quickly," Stiles whispers, but Will seems like he doesn't care because he groans when he sucks on the tip. Stiles claps a hand over his mouth to stop the moaning while Will works on his dick, it's warm and wet and something Stiles hasn't experienced before. He tangles his hand in Will's hair, who groans and quickened his pace.

"Dude-I'm- fuck- I-" Before Stiles can finish talking, Will pulls off and strokes Stiles's dick until he shoots into Will's hand, a little lands against Will's cheek, and Stiles uses his thumb to clean it up.

Will stands and rubs his hand clean with a little toilet paper before Stiles kisses him again. Tasting himself on Will's tongue. "Can I return the favor?" Stiles asks huskily, feeling giddy that he just got a fucking blowjob and really, really wants to give one. Will just nods, and Stiles sinks to his knees, Will's jeans are already open from when he took out his own dick during the blowjob.

The position is painful to his knees, but he's still horny and quickly takes Will's dick in hand. He strokes him a couple of times before licking. Will's head thuds against the cubicle with a moan. He feels ridiculously proud that he is making Will act like this and takes Will in his mouth. It doesn't taste good, but the weight of Will's dick against his tongue is pleasant enough. Stiles is a little too enthusiastic and chokes when he goes too deep, he coughs a little but keeps stroking Will's dick. And Stiles is a trooper, so he just dives right back in after he stops coughing. He hums a little, and Will moans again.

Stiles then hears the door open, which brings him back out of a daze. He kind of forgot that they were in a club... He pulls off Will and makes a shushing noise, and holds his finger against his lips. Will is blushing and bites his lip to keep silent. Stiles sees mirth in Will's eyes, though, so he does see a little fun in the whole situation.

Stiles is still stroking Will a little slowly, too slow, apparently because Will starts bucking his hips. It's pretty hot, even if Stiles is kneeling in a dirty bathroom in a gay club.

The guy that entered the toilets is walking back out after flushing one of the toilets, then because Stiles's first time doing something sexual wasn't awkward enough, the guy simply says "Have fun, boys!" before leaving the bathroom.

"Oh my god." Stiles chokes out, but Will just laughs a little, looks hotly into Stiles's eyes, and winks. The bastard. Stiles mock glares at him before licking over the tip of Will's dick while maintaining eye contact. Will throws his head back against the wall and groans.

"Jesus, your mouth-" Will says softly while making abortive moves with his hips. Stiles kind of likes it, though, but that is for another time. He knows now that he will choke if he goes too deep, so he uses one of his hands to hold the base of Will's dick while sucking enthusiastically.

"Stiles-Stiles-Stiles- what the fuck is Stiles for a name?" Will groans out, making Stiles snort out a laugh. He pulls off Will but keeps stroking him. "You would go with a nickname too if your own name was such a monstrosity."

"Try me,"

"No way, dude, only my pa-best friends know my real name." He smirks up at Will, who just shakes his head a little before moaning again.

"Close-" Will chokes out, and Stiles is a curious guy, okay? So he places his mouth over the tips and keeps stroking. Will comes with a combination of a choked-off moan and Stiles' name. It doesn't taste good. It's salty and kind of gloopy, and it tastes just like his own. Ick. But the overall experience was pretty fun.

Stiles goes to stand and swipes his mouth with the back of his hand. "Well, that was fun." Stiles stammers, not really knowing what to do now, thankfully Will does know.

"Yes, it was. If you want, we could exchange numbers. Maybe we could have some more fun another time." Will says with a wink, making Stiles blush but agree.

They part ways on the dancefloor because Stiles wants to be with his pack, Will gives him a parting kiss and a wink, and Stiles grins back at him.

When he finally reaches the pack, Danny and Jackson both whine. "Stilinski, you stink of cum." Jackson says while pulling Stiles into an embrace for scent marking with a grimace.

"I know, dude, it was awesome." Stiles laughs, giving a high five to Lydia. Allison seems a little reserved but does smile at him.

They stay in the jungle for another two hours before they go to their homes. Danny didn't want to leave the pack alone, so he didn't go home with his cutie for the night. Danny drops everybody off at their homes.

When Stiles finally lies in bed after he can't help but smile to himself. Holy shit. He just had an awesome night out, and to top it off, he had a blowjob and given a blowjob! He really wants to talk to Scott about it, but- but Scott still hasn't let anything know since the start of summer.



He still gets his phone out and starts a text message.

**You 03:44:**

*Dude! I totally got lucky tonight! We should meet up for a bro-night soon!*

He doesn't expect a message back soon, so he drifts a little, trying to fall asleep. Well, he tries, but then he hears footsteps on his roof. Could Scott have run over after receiving the text?

Stiles suddenly knows for sure that Scott won't react well if his whole room smells like Allison. He quickly casts a spell, and the room should be void of any smell, well, except Stiles's scent.

The window is pushed open, and Stiles is waiting for the person to come in. He already knows it should be a friend because otherwise, the wards would've stopped them.

"Dude! You know you can use the front door ri-" His rant dies in his throat when Derek freaking Hale steps into his room.

Stiles's happy mood is gone. His anger is taking over, and he needs to ground himself for a moment before his magic decides to react to Derek.

"Sourwolf. What the fuck are you doing here?" He grits out with his arms crossed. He curses himself that he didn't wear a shirt to bed tonight. It's making him feel more exposed than he wants.

"Here," Derek growls while trusting a stack of papers in Stiles's direction. And Stiles is nothing if not a little bitch when angry. He doesn't take the papers but just raises his eyebrow in question.

"Take it," Derek growls after a moment. Stiles even sees a flash of red eyes. "No." Stiles also growls, it's less impressive than Derek's, but Stiles doesn't care. Derek looks stunned for a moment before throwing the papers in Stiles's face, he bats them away and snarls at Derek, but he already finds himself pressed against the wall. Typical. He could blast Derek away or even throw him out of the window, but Stiles doesn't want to reveal his powers to Derek.

Derek leans in closer to Stiles's face, and he can feel Derek's breath against his face. They are both scowling until Stiles sees Derek's nostrils flare. A shocked look passes Derek's face, but it's gone before Stiles can really think about it. Just like Derek himself because he is suddenly on the other side of the room. Claws and fangs on display.

"I need you to research something." Derek grits out. And fuck Derek Hale. First, he kicks Stiles out of his pack, but then he wants Stiles to do some research for him. Stiles has enough and is getting angry. His phone starts ringing, and he is pretty sure it will be one of his betas. Trying to find out what has made Stiles so angry. Derek seems surprised that Stiles's phone started to ring at four in the morning.

Stiles just struts to his phone and sees that it is Jackson calling. He answers it and starts talking immediately. "Whittemore, what the hell are you thinking calling me in four in the morning?"

He can feel Jackson's surprise through the bond, but it seems that Jackson is still sharp even this early in the morning.

"Stilinski, shut up. Ask McCall to be at the Lacrosse field tomorrow." Stiles rolls his eyes but answers anyway. "And why didn't you call Scott yourself then?"

"Because I don't care if you wake up. You suck in Lacrosse anyway, so it won't matter."

"Ouch, Jackass, I'll let him know." Stiles then ends the call and turns back around to see Derek frown at him again.

"Since when do you have a tattoo?" Derek asks incredulously. Stiles snarls in response.

"Go to hell, Derek. I'm not going to research for you. You kicked me out. You deal with the fucking consequences. I'm going to be a normal teenage boy like I should be. With tattoos and all." Stiles yells while flailing his arms, really hoping Derek doesn't hear his heartbeat skip on the part that he's going to be a normal teenage boy. That flew out of the window when he was about twelve and watched Star Wars for the first time.

Derek looks at him for another moment, snarls, and then just leaves through the fucking window like Batman.

He casts his magic out to check how far Derek has gotten away and feels that Derek has just breached the forest line. He waits until he's reached another mile or so before grabbing his phone and calling Jackson back.

"What the hell, Stiles?" Jackson says as soon as he picks up the phone.

"Sorry, sorry, Derek was in my room, demanding research. He-I- I don't want him to know."

"Ah, okay, was that why you were angry?"

"Yeah, freaking asshole." Stiles grouches.

"Uhu, you already knew that,"

Stiles sighs. Yeah, he already knew that.

"I'm going to bed. I really need to sleep for about a week."

"I will see you at eight. No more slacking, Danny is joining us for a run, and you need to go to Griselda after."

Stiles makes a whining noise but agrees before falling to his bed and throwing his phone to the other side of the room.

He's asleep within minutes, and it feels like it has just been a couple of minutes when someone jumps on his bed.

"Fuck off." He grumbles into his pillow. The weight on his bed disappears, and for a second, he actually thinks they left him so he can sleep. But then he's brutally woken up by a cold splash of water all over his back. He yelps and jumps out of bed to see a laughing Danny and Jackson.

"Assholes."

Jackson very maturely sticks his tongue out. "Get up. It's time for our run."

Stiles sighs, flicks his fingers and is dry and in his workout clothes within moments. "Fine-fine, I'm ready."

"Show off." Jackson scoffs, but he claps Stiles on the back for a little scent marking.

The run goes pretty well, and nothing out of the ordinary happens. When they get back to the Stilinski home, pushing and teasing each other, Allison and Lydia are already there.

"Hello, boys, did you have fun?" Lydia asks before munching on her blueberry muffin. Stiles almost drools when he sees there is a whole basket. He quickly grabs one but first places a kiss on Lydia's head in thanks. Then also on Allison's head because she's there too. Allison blushes but seems pleased with the casual gesture.

"Yeah, we'll just hit the showers and get dressed before we head out."

Jackson and Danny are faster this time around and get to the shower first before Stiles could even move. Stiles then looks at Allison. Lydia is busy with her phone.

"When are you going to talk to Scott?"

Allison freezes for a moment like a deer in headlights while still munching a muffin. She looks like a chipmunk and really cute with the big eyes and bulging cheeks. Stiles blinks a couple of times. Since when did he think Allison is cute?

She quickly eats the rest of her muffin before scraping her throat. "Well, I was thinking about talking to him tonight. I already called him."

Stiles frowns. Of course, Scott would answer Allison's call. "That's good. You should make sure that you don't smell like any of us. Otherwise, he's going to ask questions."

"Yes, I already got the special soap from Lydia that will make sure I won't smell like you."

"Good, you're coming with us to Griselda, right?"

"Yeah! I'm pretty curious about the witch who is training you and Lydia. You two are already doing amazing things."

"She showed you her party trick, didn't she?" Stiles asks with a wink. Lydia scoffs immediately.

"It's not a party trick Stiles, it's pretty amazing, just like the rest of me," Lydia says with fake indignity.

"Sorry, my Queen, I forgot that everything about you is amazing," Stiles replies with a big bow, almost braining himself on the counter, which earns him a laugh from both girls. Totally what he was going for.

He coughs and runs his hands through his hair in a nervous habit. His hair now stands up like it's electrocuted. "Can't I really just buzz off my hair again?" He whines, but he startles when he is met with two vehement "No!"

"Wow, okay,"

"Stiles, you look hot like this. Don't you dare buzz it off again! Now go get showered and dressed before you hurt yourself for real."

"Ugh, okay, fine. Oh! Allison, I wanted to ask you, do you think you could train us with a bow and hand-to-hand combat? I already know how to shoot a gun, and my dad already agreed to train us at the shooting range, but I think it would be good for us to train with you if we ever run into hunters."

Allison and Lydia both give him looks of confusion.

"Why do you want us to train like that?" Lydia asks with a frown.

"It's Beacon Hills, there are going to come more baddies, and I want to keep everyone safe, especially my pack. Danny got hurt, and that was my fault. We didn't work together, and we didn't stand a chance against them. If it wasn't for Jackson's venom and my magic, we could've died. Like Griselda always tells us, don't only trust your magic, have a backup plan. We need backup plans for the backup plans. I'm not going to lose any of you. Ally, I know you're not part of the pack, but to be honest, I think you will be whenever you're ready." Stiles rambles with his flailing hands to express the urgency in his words.

Allison's gaze softens a bit, and Lydia nods with a proud smile. "Good idea, Alpha."

After that, it takes Stiles about ten minutes to get ready after Jackson and Danny finally leave the bathroom.

They go in two cars this time, Jackson and Danny choosing to keep close even if they don't have any training to do, well Jackson is still training his Kanima abilities, but he already feels a lot more confident with them. Probably because of what happened with the witch and the Alpha. And Danny is still in the beginning phase of his werewolf transformation, but he's taking it so well that you almost don't see any change. Only a couple of accidents which is a lot better than how it went with Scott.

"Griselda!" Stiles hollers when they walk into the store.

"Mieczy! I may be an old woman, but I'm not deaf, now, tell me, who is this lovely lady?" Griselda asks after scolding Stiles and hitting him with a paper on his arm, making Danny and Jackson chuckle.

"This is Allison, she's a-" Stiles is at a loss for a moment. He doesn't know how Griselda will react to Allison being a hunter. But it doesn't matter because Griselda seems to know already.

"A hunter. An Argent, the Matriarch if I'm correct, aren't you?" Griselda asks with her big eyes boring into Allison's.

Allison looks the witch straight in the eye and doesn't waver. "Yes, madam,"

"Welcome, you're here as support?" Griselda then asks. Allison's shoulders sag a little in relief.

"Yeah, I just wanted to be here for my friends," Allison replies with her dimpled smile.

"Good for you. Well, come on then, Mieczy. We're going to take off from where we stopped last time."

"Actually, Griselda, I had a couple of questions." Stiles starts with a bashful smile, he always asks a lot during their lessons, but he is a curious boy. He needs answers.

"Course you do. Dearies, take a couple of cookies, Lydia, you know where to find more information, maybe you could show Allison one of the books about hunters from an outsider's perspective. Danny, Jackson, could you help move a chest from upstairs to here?" Everybody nods, and Stiles takes a seat with Griselda. He gives himself a coffee and Griselda a cup of tea before starting to speak.

"Is it possible to ward a town?"

"Yes, but not with the same wards you have around houses. You can't keep all the people out, but you can create a ward so you will get a warning when something dangerous approaches. May it be human, supernatural, or anything else."

Stiles nods. He already suspected as much. "Can I only tie it to me, or to more people?"

Griselda ponders this for a moment while blowing on her tea to cool it a little.

"You could tie it to other people, but you're the Alpha, aren't you? Why would you tie it to anyone else?"

"Because I'm not the only Alpha in Beacon Hills." Stiles deadpans before going on a rant about Derek Hale and his grumpiness and stalking tendencies.

"Sounds like you really like the man," Griselda responds with a raised eyebrow. Stiles sags in his chair. "No. I don't. I just-I can't get a read on him. I can understand why he is like he is, but seriously, why doesn't he go to therapy or something?!"

"How are you going to tell anyone that you feel responsible for killing your whole family because you slept with a hunter, killed your first girlfriend because the bite didn't take, and losing your sister because your uncle killed her, and then kill said uncle yourself?" Griselda says simply. If Stiles were a cartoon figure, his jaw would've hit the floor.



"How-wait, I didn't tell you that stuff? Hell, I didn't even know the part about his first girlfriend, and I only guessed about what happened between Kate and Derek, I - I didn't know for sure, how do you?" He asks, suddenly feeling a little suspicious about Griselda, his magic responds immediately, but that is still humming pleasantly in his stomach.

Something flashes in Griselda's eyes, but it's gone before Stiles can pin what it is. "I have visions. I told you about that already. Do you want another cookie?" She then offers, and Stiles takes a cookie and bites in it a little numbly. He supposes that explains it, she never explained the visions she had, but it is possible that she had some about Derek.

"He killed his first girlfriend because the bite didn't take?" Stiles asks in a sad voice, feeling suddenly awful about what Derek has been through.

Griselda sighs and pats his hand. "Yes, but that isn't my story to tell. Now, did you have any other questions?"

Stiles thinks for a moment before nodding.

"Yeah, I told you about the run in Jackson, Danny, and I had on the full moon, right?" She nods in response. "Well, I just remembered that the witch said something funny. She said, 'Didn't your teacher tell you about what happens when a Witch or Mage dies?' I don't know what it meant, and she was gone before I ask more." Stiles says in a rush while looking expectantly towards Griselda.

Griselda's expression sobers, and she looks at him with a worried expression.

"When a Witch or Mage dies, their magic doesn't die with them. It creates a blast full of magic potential. If another magic user is within reach, they can absorb the powers. It's one of the reasons a lot of witches and mages died out. They fought each other to get more power." She says sadly, and Stiles feels grief in him for Witches and Mages that just wanted to do their own thing and were killed for just existing with magic.

"That's horrible. Now I do understand why she wanted to kill me." They sit together in silence for a moment until Jackson and Danny come in with the chest Griselda asked for.

"Thank you, boys. You can use the basement for some training if you would like to?" Griselda proposes, and Danny and Jackson both beam at her before looking to Stiles for permission. "Go, I will check in with you in about an hour." They both nod and go downstairs, seriously, they need to accept that they are puppies. There is no other word for them.

Griselda opens the chest, and Stiles is looking over her shoulder at the contents. He sees a lot of daggers, cups, leather-bound books, some stones, and something that looks like salt.

She grabs a smaller box and gives it to Stiles. "These are for practicing, I don't think you need a lot of that, but it's better to be prepared well and always have a-" "Backup plan." Stiles finishes with a grin. He nods and opens the box. There is chalk in it.

"What are we practicing for?" He asks while grabbing one of the chalk pieces.

"Wards for around town. You will need to practice the correct runes, and more importantly, you need to practice to tie them to an anchor."

"I thought I would be bound to the wards?"

"You will, but only in mind, these kinds of wards, this big, they need an anchor that will stay in place even without your help."

He frowns at her before talking again. "Does it need to be in the middle? Like in the middle of town or something?"

Griselda chuckles and brushes her hand through Stiles' hair. "No, Miecz, it can be everywhere, if I were you, though, I would bind it to an anchor in the forest. Somewhere nobody comes, and to something powerful that will work best with your ward."

"Do you have a place in mind? And how did you know I was going to ask about a ward for the town because you asked Jackson and Danny beforehand to get the chest. And don't I need anchors for the wards I have around our houses?"

She laughs again and shakes her head. "Yes, I do have a place in mind, but you need to practice first. I don't know if you can find the spot without being fully ready. You could use anchors for the wards at home, but they have other intentions. You aren't warned when somebody enters them, only when someone with ill intent is trying to break through it. And Miecz, you should know already, visions, most of the things I do are explained because visions." She says with an eyebrow waggle, making Stiles frown, but he accepts it.

They stay for a couple of hours and thank Griselda again for her time and cookies. These training sessions go on for about a week. By then, Griselda thinks Stiles is ready to search for the anchor he can use in the forest. He takes a couple of special daggers, the tome with the ritual for the ward, and his pack. Allison has now officially joined, even if Chris wasn't happy with it.

Stiles feels content with all the bonds in his chest and his magic warming him. He can't imagine how it could've been if he didn't have his magic.

He looks back at Allison. He was kind of surprised when the bond was rooted in place. It was stronger than he expected, and at first thought, it would be because of their mutual - well, Scott. Even after Saturday evening, Allison stormed into the packhouse with tears on her cheeks and a rant about how Scott didn't even want her back. When Lydia pointed out that she didn't want Scott back either, she yelled that she did know, but that Scott said some pretty hurtful shit while she tried to apologize.

Stiles couldn't believe that his best friend was this dismissive of Allison when he was so in love the last time they talked. It could be that Scott had found someone else, but Stiles wasn't sure.

But that wasn't the only surprise when they bonded.

As soon as the bond took place, Stiles could feel Allison's feelings towards him, and they felt like adoration or something. He could feel respect, fondness, and even love, from the other pack members, but he didn't think that Allison would feel like that.

He almost trips over a root of a tree while still looking at Allison, he hears her giggle, and he ducks his head with a blush.

Jackson, Lydia, and Danny walk a little further at the front. Lydia wanted to try to find the powerful anchor with her own powers. Stiles agreed and also kept feeling for the anchor, so he knows Lydia is going in the right direction. His dad had to work, so he isn't with them. And magic is really not his thing. He can barely feel the bonds, even when the rest of them feel the bonds to him strengthen.

Allison falls in step beside him and glances at Stiles, and seriously, last week he could get naked in front of Allison, they cuddled in bed together, and now he's shy? What the hell brain?

Stiles rubs the back of his neck and groans. He's so bad at this. No wonder Lydia didn't like him. If somebody does like him, he's completely oblivious until it hits him in the head like a bludger or something.

"So, are you going to tell me why you are so awkward around me since I've joined the pack?" Allison asks because Allison is a badass and just says things that are on her mind.

"I can feel you."

"That doesn't sound creepy at all. But I can feel you too." Allison replies snarkily with a roll of her eyes. Stiles stops her and looks her in the eyes, and damn, they are pretty. She smiles at him, and her dimples are on display, Jesus, no wonder Scott wrote whole poems about her.

"I can feel what you feel about me, Ally. And god- I'm really bad at this." He groans again, and Allison just laughs.

"Stiles, it doesn't matter if you don't feel the same, I'm not ready for another relationship, and you are having fun with other people," She says with a shrug like it's that simple!

"I feel like an asshole because I would rather have fun with you, but that also feels like I would take advantage of the situation, and I would never do that, and now I feel like an even bigger asshole because I just admitted that I wanted to have fun with you, in a sexual kind of way. Please make me stop talking." Stiles groans while putting his head in his hands. Allison just laughs again and taps against Stiles's head so he will look up.

When he finally does, she darts forward to kiss him on the mouth. His mind stalls for a moment before his next thought is, holy shit, he's kissing Allison Argent! He leans into the kiss and raises a hand to cup her cheek. They keep their mouths closed, but it isn't any less intense. When she leans back after a moment, her eyes are sparkling, and it's one of the most beautiful things Stiles has ever seen.

"I'll let you know when I'm ready if you're okay with that?" She says while biting her lip.

"Yeah, you-you should do that," Stiles says, a little dumbfounded. If he didn't already feel a little starting crush for Allison he would've now. Because holy shit, that kiss was awesome. And he actually has a chance this time!

"And you can have fun with other people in the meantime, I don't mind. Seeing you kiss that guy in the Jungle was pretty hot. I only wanted to join in." Allison smirks before starting to walk again.

Stiles is rooted to the spot because holy fucking shit. Hello boner, and hello awkward walking through the forest. He keeps standing there for a moment, just breathing. He just kissed Allison. Stiles. Stilinski. Kissed. Allison. Argent. Fucking hell. He really hopes Scott is over her, like he said to her.

He shakes his head and starts walking, read stumbling, after his pack. Stiles falls back in pace with Allison and smiles at her. They walk mostly in silence until they hear Jackson holler for them. They run for a moment until they reach the edge of the clearing.

In the middle of the clearing is a big tree stump. Stiles immediately feels loss settle in his bones, this isn't right, this shouldn't be like this. This tree has been mutilated. He is gasping for breath and feels his magic lash out. Jackson and Danny are standing on the edge of the

clearing watching with weary eyes, Allison tries to talk to him, but Stiles stalks forward until he's standing on the other side of the stump, right across from Lydia.

"This is wrong." He states. "Yeah, we need to do something," Lydia responds with a thick voice. They make eye contact, and both spread their hands. Stiles doesn't know what is happening, but he does know that he needs to do this, together with Lydia.

*Listen to us, hear us speak,*

*You've been wronged,*

*You've been crushed,*

*But you will flourish again,*

*But you will bloom again,*

*Take from us, and let us be bound,*

*Take from us, and let us help,*

*Take from us, like we want to take from you,*

*Be our anchor in this storm,*

*Be ours.*

Stiles and Lydia keep chanting the words like they have rehearsed them thousands of times, while the words flew into their minds seconds ago. Stiles should be terrified, but it only feels like he's doing the right thing. After the tenth time of repeating the verse, his magic responds, and he's lifted into the air together with Lydia, he can hear distant shouting and panic through the pack bonds, but he closes his eyes for the world.

His hands are warm and sparking with magic. He gasps when it leaves him in a rush. He quickly opens his eyes and sees that Lydia is doing the same. Her magic is green and flowing into the stump. Stiles's magic is white and also flowing towards the stump. The spell must've been broken because he finds him on the ground again, now kneeling instead of standing and panting like he has run a marathon.

He closes his eyes and sighs when a new bond is formed in his chest—knowing without being told that it is the tree. He feels two hands on his cheeks and opens his eyes again, smiling when he looks into Allison's worried eyes.

"I'm fine, we're fine. This needed to be done." Stiles says while pulling Allison down so he can hug her. "What happened? We couldn't reach you. It was as if you had put a barrier around yourselves and the tree." Allison says against his shoulder while clutching him.

He looks over Allison's shoulder and sees a frantic wolfed-out Jackson checking Lydia over and over again, Danny hovering between checking on Lydia and wanting to run to Stiles. Stiles makes eye contact with Lydia, and they smile at each other.

"We bonded with the Nemeton." As soon as Stiles says it, everybody frowns at him except Lydia, and he just smiles back at them. "The tree, his name is the Nemeton. It was hurt and needed to grow again. He needed us, so we bonded."

"It hasn't grown, though, right?" Danny asked, confused. Stiles starts to stand with the help of Allison, who holds onto his arms as if she's afraid that Stiles will fall over. Well, he pretty much feels like he could fall over, so he is grateful.

"It needs time, Lydia and I will have to come back here every week so it can. Oh! The Nemeton also casted a ward so Lydia and I will get warnings when someone enters the wards with dangerous intent! Isn't he awesome!" Stiles gushes wanting to run his hands over the hurt tree, console it and shield it from any harm.

"Didn't you get all that stuff from Griselda to cast the ward?" Allison says with a frown. Stiles nods, but is still smiling. "Yeah, but that isn't necessary anymore because Nem already did it. And it works. I can feel the whole fucking town. It's freaking amazing." Stiles marvels, feeling a little drunk, to be completely honest.

"It feels amazing," Lydia says to back Stiles up. Stiles wants to hug her and high-five her, but he's not entirely steady on his legs right now.

"Ookay, you two are starting to freak me out. Let's go home and sleep on it, and maybe tomorrow we will understand what you are all saying." Jackson says with a frown.

"No! Touch the tree," Stiles says, which gets him another round of weird looks.

"How about no?"

"Touch the tree, Jackson." Lydia then snaps. Sounding a lot more like herself than Stiles. Jackson rolls his eyes but concedes and touches the tree. He gasps and keeps staring at the tree. "You've gotta be fucking kidding me." He rasps out finally before falling down to his knees.

"What? What did he show you?" Stiles asks curiously, Nem only showed him the town and the wards he produced in the time they were connected, but he is sure he will see more if he touches Nem again.

"The Nemeton knows who my real father is," Jackson says with a frown. "Seriously?" "Who?" Lydia and Danny ask immediately.

Jackson looks pained for a moment before releasing a sigh. "Peter Hale."

"Holy motherfucking shit. Seriously?" Stiles says before he starts to laugh like a maniac. Jackson just levels him with a glare. "Sorry-sorry, but holy shit dude, that's awful, we killed your father, and then he used your girlfriend to come back to life, I mean, what the fuck?!"

Stiles thinks it's a good idea to sit down again. So he does. He's getting a little lightheaded.

Jackson, Danny, Lydia, and Allison are sitting down next to him. They huddle together until they are calmed down a little. Then Danny speaks, breaking the silence. "Do we really need to touch the tree?"



"Yes, it creates a bond with you. If you do, you will feel the wards too, and the Nemeton knows a lot of secrets. He will let you know everything you need to know." Lydia says while cuddled up to Jackson. Jackson nods before heaving a sigh. "It does feel great. I - I feel connected to the town."

Danny nods reluctantly before walking towards the tree and touching it. He stays like that for a couple of moments before opening his eyes again and looking at the pack.

"I got some flashes about twin Alphas. They are scouting the town. I think they are already here. Could they be part of the Alpha pack?" He asks the pack in general.

"It sounds possible.. I didn't think that the Alpha pack would stay away while Alyssa and her witch ran, but I still kind of hoped, you know." Stiles admits reluctantly.

"We will plan for them, now we have the wards we know if any more will come or not if not, it's possible they are already here."

His pack looks sour but nods in understanding. Then Allison stands up and walks to the tree. Stiles is watching her intently, ready to step in if needed to.

Allison reaches out, and she scrunches her face up as if in pain before gasping and falling backward. Stiles is just in time to catch her.

"Ally, Ally! Are you okay?" He asks desperately when her eyes stay closed. She then turns her face in his shirt and starts to sob. "They're not dead, they're not dead, they - they are still somewhere, o God, she killed herself because she would turn into a 'monster' but they just-fuck! **They** are still alive!" She sobs out, and Stiles is mortified because he can connect the dots, okay? He can. Kate & Gerard Argent are still alive somewhere. This just turned a whole lot more complicated.

## Chapter End Notes

Hello!

Welcome to my new brainchild!

As you can see I'm planning on something with Gerard and Kate Argent, but not for a while. So that's why it isn't in the tags yet!

Let me know what you think, and thank you for reading!

xxMBlack93

P.S. Harry Potter is my not-so-secret love, so it's possible that some stuff of that is making an appearance in my stories!

# Falling out/falling in?

## Chapter Notes

Another chapter! Way sooner than I expected.

I hope I can keep posting at this speed, but I'm not sure, so don't expect anything!

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

When Stiles finally has calmed Allison down, he drags the others with him to go home. They are in need of a serious puppy pile, and he isn't going to let them go tonight for anything.

After finally reaching the Stilinski home Stiles quickly orders pizza for the pack and then guides them to his bedroom, where everybody shuffles around until they are in their sleepwear. Stiles starts up a comfort movie, so no, Lydia, we are not watching the Notebook. And after another ten minutes, the pizza arrives.

Stiles makes sure everybody eats and drinks enough, and Lydia is the first to drift off. Jackson holds onto her. He hasn't said anything after finding out Peter is his father, but Stiles didn't really expect him to. Jackson needs to process this first. Thankfully he has Lydia and Danny, and Stiles and Allison, of course. Danny is now the big spoon to Jackson while Jackson has Lydia in his arms.

Stiles turns his head to look at Allison, she is also still silent, and Stiles worries about her. When Allison catches him looking, she smiles at him, then she lies down next to him and snuggles into his side. Stiles places a kiss on the top of her head and feels good when she sighs and tightens her grip. He has his arms around her and feels it when she relaxes and falls asleep. Soon Jackson and Danny also drift off, and Stiles is the only one awake.

He hears his dad come home and waits until his dad will open the bedroom door to check on them. After about twenty minutes, his dad does as expected, and the door opens.

He seems surprised that Stiles is still awake but shakes his head fondly.

"Everything alright?" He whispers at Stiles, just barely loud enough for Stiles to hear, but he does.

"No, did you feel the bonds today?"

"A little, but I'm not really good with it, kiddo." His dad sighs.

"Not a problem, dad. I will tell you in the morning, okay?"

"Yes, I will make pancakes."

"Awesome, your pancakes are the best."

"I know," His dad simply smirks before wishing Stiles goodnight and closing the door.

Stiles stays awake for some time but finally drifts off, curled around Allison with Danny at his back.

\*\*\*\*

Stiles doesn't know why, but for some reason, he doesn't feel the same the next time they go to Griselda. The shop seems less bright, and the cookies even taste a little weird. He can feel the confusion coming from his pack, and he doubts telling Griselda about what happened with the Nemeton. They finally only tell her that the wards took and that they should work.

"Good work, Miecz. I'm proud of you. How is the other training going? You know what I always say-" "Always have a backup plan," They all echo, smiling at her and taking another cookie.

The pack is getting really good at working together, and Stiles feels confident that they will be better if something will happen. It won't be a repeat like with the Alpha and Witch, even if they did win that fight.

The training they are doing is good. They work well together, and Stiles trained Danny's and Jackson's senses as much as possible. They are getting pretty good with their noses and ears. Jackson's Kanima side is a surprise, he can even pick up hidden scents.

After leaving Griselda's for the day, they decide to go to the woods for target training and hand-to-hand combat training. All the training is making Stiles more defined with muscles, and he doesn't feel shy anymore to pull off his shirt, especially not in front of Allison, who always winks at him as soon as his shirt comes off.

Allison has trained them in the crossbow, but the only one really good at it is Lydia. Danny and Jackson can both shoot now with crossbow and gun, but the noises make them flinch, so they rather stick to hand-to-hand combat with knives and their own claws. The knives are coated with wolfsbane, and they will only use them if they are getting a disadvantage while fighting with a were. The handles are protected, so they don't burn themselves. Well, that's more for Danny than Jackson because Jackson can handle a lot of the wolfsbane. Yeah, they have tested it a little. Jackson agreed! So it was purely for research value.

Lydia can put glamors on herself now and is getting freakily good at sneaking up on everybody in the pack. During training, this is good because you can never let your guard down.

Stiles is getting stronger physically but also magically. The Nemeton is glad about his progress every time they visit. He feels a little like a little boy showing his report card to his grandparents, and they tell him that he has been a very smart boy. It's a lot of weird. But still, he feels very pleased about it.

Stiles still hasn't heard anything from Scott, which is getting a little worrying. He does know he's fine. His dad still talks with Melissa, even more since they told him that Melissa knows about the supernatural. His dad needed someone to vent to, and a grown-up and Stiles can understand that. And Melissa promised not to tell Scott about the pack until he would contact them so Stiles could explain it to him himself.

He's shaken out of his thoughts when his magic registers an intruder at the wards. The whole pack is at attention and ready to go. Stiles uses a couple of hand gestures, and they start the run towards where the intruder is. Lydia and Allison stay back to be a last line of defense, Lydia with a glamor and Allison with a gun or crossbow. They stay out of sight until being told by Stiles that they're needed.

Stiles follows his magic to where the ward is breached. While Danny and Jackson follow him, they let him know that it's a werewolf from what they hear and smell.

Stiles sees a man on his knees looking at the edge of the ward with a curious expression. He hasn't noticed Stiles, Danny, and Jackson yet.

"Who are you, and what are you doing here?" Stiles says, directly coming to the point.

The man startles and turns around with a snarl. His eyes flash blue, and Stiles can see in how the man is holding himself that he's almost feral. This is the first time they need to protect themselves since they have the wards. Because of the hours of training they have done, they know exactly what to expect from each other.

Without further words, the man flings himself at Stiles, Danny, and Jackson. But Jackson already anticipated him and intercepted. The man struggles, but Danny helps Jackson by holding him down.

Stiles hovers over the man while Jackson and Danny pin him to the ground. The man is trashing and snarls at them, but when Stiles flashes his eyes, it tethers off to pitiful whining. After the attack on Danny, he found out that he can make his eyes flash red like an Alpha. His eyes already flashed purple and green when he used magic, but red was new. He doesn't use it, but with a feral Omega, it feels needed.

"What are you doing here?"

"Hungry-food-" The man rasps out in a voice in which it's clear that it hasn't been used for some time. His clothes are hanging on his frame. He's dirty, his eyes are gaunt, and his blonde hair is clothed with mud and probably blood, at least that is what Stiles thinks.

Stiles flashes his eyes again, and the feral wolf whimpers. "What did you eat before you came here?" Stiles asks, using his Alpha voice to command the wolf, already suspecting that the wolf didn't only eat burgers or something.

The man tries to snarl, but one glare from Stiles has him whimpering again. "Sorry, Alpha." He whimpers pitifully.

"Don't let me repeat myself," Stiles says harshly, knowing that the longer they are out there, the more chance they have with Derek or someone from his pack finding out about them.

"Kidney - lung - blood-" The man pants out, almost foaming at the mouth with how delirious he sounds.

"Human or not human?" Stiles sneers. The feral werewolf whimpers again before mumbling a soft, "human."

Stiles snaps his fingers, holding the feral werewolf against the ground with his magic. Stiles has made a decision. This wolf isn't going to hurt anyone else. Not anymore. He always knew he was more in the grey area with his moral compass, never the white side like Scott. Stiles knew that he couldn't bring the wolf back from this. He already tasted humans. He needed to be put down. And better at the hand of Stiles's pack, then at the hands of hunters like Gerard. Who would've played with them first.

"Jacks, Danny, if you don't want to see this, go back to Ally and Lydia,"

They both stay there looking stubbornly at Stiles. Stiles is secretly glad that he doesn't have to face this alone. He reaches back for his gun that is in the back of his jeans and pulls the safety off. The wolf tries to escape and whines loudly, making Stiles snap his fingers again to silence him. He feels like he's on the edge of something, and he doesn't know if he can come back from it once he does this. It's necessary, but that doesn't mean he likes it.

He won't use his magic for the kill, but he knows that this wolf can't be saved. A hand lands on his shoulder, and he doesn't even flinch. He had felt her coming from a mile away through the bonds. Allison squeezes his shoulder in solidarity, and before Stiles can hesitate, he pulls the trigger. With one clean shot, he shoots the Omega between the eyes, Stiles sees the moment the Omega dies, and his eyes turn dull. The shot echoes through the forest, and a flock of birds sets off.

Stiles slowly bends down before closing the Omega's eyes and touching the wolf's forehead. With a simple spell, the body goes up in flames. Within minutes there is nothing but ash. Stiles fishes out the bullet he used from the ash and sends a gust of wind to scatter the ashes.

Then he turns back to the pack, who are watching all of it with resignation written on their faces. Allison is the first one to shake it off. She steps forward and cups Stiles' cheeks before pressing a kiss to his forehead. Lydia hugs him tightly, as does Danny and Jackson.

"You did what needed to be done. Don't doubt that, Stiles." Allison says, and he knows she's right. Even if a bitter thought shoots through him for a moment that a hunter would think that. He isn't a hunter. He's an Alpha. He only does this to keep the people in this town safe. To keep his pack safe, to keep his dad safe.

"We will stand with you, Alpha," Lydia says. Danny and Jackson both nod in agreement.

"I want to say I wish we were just normal teenagers, but I don't wish that. I like being supernatural. I love you guys. I just wished that we didn't have to kill to protect."

Allison lays her head on his shoulder, and they walk back to the training ground in silence, nobody really wants to train anymore, and soon they are packed up and ready to go home.

When Stiles parks the jeep at the house, he starts to shake, the stuff that happened earlier catching up to him. He barely registers it when the others leave the jeep. He keeps seated for a long time until his dad opens the driver's door and guides him inside to his room.



The pack is already gathered there, and they all touch him for comfort. Then his dad starts to talk.

"The first time I shot someone, I had been in a high-speed chase after some drug dealer broke into a gas station and killed the clerk. He almost got away, we shot his tires, and the car flipped. He climbed out and started to run. We followed him, me, and my partner, and when he was cornered, he reached inside his jacket. We both thought it was a gun and shot."

The pack is all listening to John's every word, and Stiles feels himself relax a little under his father's voice.

"He went down hard. When the paramedics arrived, he was declared dead, and the thing he wanted to take from his jacket was a photograph. Of him with a woman and small girl. We never knew what he wanted to do with the photo while being cornered by two deputies, but it felt wrong, even if we knew it was a bad man."

His dad then strokes Stiles's head a little with tears in his eyes.

"I know you do this to protect others, and I'm proud of you." His dad then stands and leaves the room.

It soothes Stiles a little that his dad doesn't judge what he's done. His dad understands that this isn't something the regular police could solve and that this is the reason why hunters exist. Yeah, he wishes that Stiles didn't have to be the one pulling the trigger, but he's the Alpha.

And he doesn't wish it on anybody from his own pack, even if it's probably inevitable.

The weeks after the Omega are crazy. It's almost as if a dam has broken since then because they get so many creatures that it's absurd in the next two weeks.

Thankfully nobody gets seriously hurt. Jackson's shoulder dislocates after a troll tried to rip out his arm, but Lydia used her scream, and the troll just fell down crying while holding his bleeding ears. It was enough for Allison to put him to rest with a couple of well-aimed shots.

Danny got poisoned, but it was with a love song from a siren, who was a woman, so it was pretty funny to see her face when Danny told her that it wouldn't work because she didn't have the right equipment. Then Stiles banished her from the town, and she went pretty fast, reeling with the fact that Beacon Hills had his own Mage.

The pixies were the funniest by far. Nasty little assholes, but funny, they took great joy in trying to trick the pack, but they only succeeded in taking the left shoes of the pack, to the great dismay of Lydia. And tangling their hair, which was far worse for Lydia and Allison than it was for the boys.

But they got rid of them with a little milk and bread, which was kind of hilarious.

School would start in about a week, and the pack was inseparable. Stiles loved that he had this many friends. Since he only had Scott while growing up, he still missed Scott, but Scott didn't respond to any of his messages. It was pretty devastating for Stiles, but he tried to ignore it and enjoy his pack.

They were now walking through the Preserve to go to the Nemeton. They did this every week, trying to find out more secrets. Stiles had Danny keep an eye out for any of the Argents, while Allison had interrogated her father about them. Chris had been amazed that they were still alive, and they believed him when he told them that he didn't know anything and would stand with them, Danny and Jackson didn't hear any lies, and he was pretty afraid of losing Allison. Because Allison made it very clear that if her father was working with Gerard or Kate, she would move in with the Sheriff, which was fine with Stiles. And it wouldn't be such a transition because the whole pack stays together almost all of the time.

Jackson decided that he didn't want to confront Peter just yet, so they won't be doing that until he wanted to. They didn't hear anything from the Alpha pack, no members leaving the wards or entering. So that was pretty weird. They had expected at least something.

"Hey, Nem, missed us?" Stiles said as soon as they walked into the clearing. He shook off a shiver when he felt the magic of the Nemeton wash over him.

The Nemeton doesn't actually respond with words, but it does send a feeling to him, which he appreciated. He touched the surface of the Nemeton, sending his magic into the stump, they could see the growth that started in the middle, and it excited the whole pack that the tree finally was growing again.

He hums when he feels Lydia join in with her own magic. He opens his eyes and smiles at his packmate. They keep giving the Nemeton their magic for about half an hour, then Lydia goes over to Jackson, and Stiles just takes a seat in the grass in front of the Nemeton. It hadn't exactly shared another memory or secret with them, but Stiles felt like something was blocking the Nemeton. As if he wanted to share so much more but was being held back.

It's calm in the clearing, and he revels in the silence.

"What are you doing!?" A screech interrupts them. Stiles whirls around to see Griselda standing at the edge of the clearing with big eyes, well, bigger than usual.

"Griselda, what are you doing here?" Stiles asks warily, not liking the fact that she is suddenly here. Why didn't he feel her coming?

"I-I, oh, bloody hell, you shouldn't have done this, Mieczu." She snarls, and Stiles is taken aback a little by her vehemence.

"Done what? Regrowing the Nemeton? Why, Griselda? What is wrong with that?"

"It doesn't matter, not anymore," She mutters before throwing a barrier around the Nemeton and Stiles. He pushes against the barrier, but he can't push through it. Jackson and Danny start to growl and attack Griselda, but she blasts them away without effort. Stiles can't see where they landed, and he can feel some pain come through the bond, nothing too bad, but still worrying. Allison takes aim, as does Lydia with her own gun, but Griselda throws a pouch with something to them, and they dive away as soon as it hits the ground. It explodes in a flurry of red dust, and Stiles snarls. Nobody harms his pack!

He rolls his shoulders before taking a step back onto the flat surface of the Nemeton. He feels the power of the Nemeton flow through him, even if it's weakened because the Nemeton is not in his old state yet. It feels powerful enough.

Stiles closes his eyes and makes the connection with the Nemeton, he feels the fabric of his shirt fall away, and the faint smell of burning hits his nose.

**"Let them go."** His voice booms through the clearing. It sounds almost like twenty people are talking at once while it's still Stiles's voice. He opens his eyes to glare at the witch, who is frantic. She is scratching at her scalp and grinning like a maniac.

"No! No! I've worked hard for this! I deserve this!" Griselda shrieks.

**"You poisoned them, made them believe that you were pure of heart."** Stiles is certain now that the Nemeton is using him to speak, but he doesn't mind. He feels fury run through him by the thought Griselda used them and poisoned them.

"I made them trust me! I deserve the power of the boy!"

**"You deserve nothing."** Stiles spits out. He closes his eyes again and steps off the Nemeton. With the extra power boost he got from the Nemeton, he flings away the barrier Griselda had cast without effort.

"You want my powers? Come and get me." Stiles then taunted, wanting Griselda away from his pack. He sends reassurances through the bond and sprints into the Preserve.

Griselda is on his heels, and she is uprooting trees to make Stiles trip or be squashed. Both are possibilities.

His pack knows to follow him at a safe distance, and Stiles knows they will have his back. He's immensely glad that he didn't share with Griselda how they trained and which tactics they were using. Stiles jumps with the aid of his magic over a small river, landing harshly on

the other side. He looks back and sees that Griselda is toppling a tree to get to the other side. He quickly spins around again and starts running again.

He barely ducks aside on time when she starts flinging fire blasts.

"Stiles-Miecz! Come to granny!" Griselda cackles when she almost hits him with another blast. She sounds freaking creepy, and Stiles shivers. Her true colors are finally shining through.

"Jesus, Griselda." Stiles pants. He quickly deflects another fire blast with a simple faint maneuver he learned from Jackson. He can feel his pack come closer, but he doesn't want them to get hurt.

"Stiles, you are ripe for the picking. You've got no idea how much I wanted to do this and how hard it was for me to wait,"

"Iew gross, dude. I saw you as some cool grandma."

He ducks behind a tree and snarls when he sees red eyes focused on him. He let his guard down, and he didn't feel Derek and his pack coming, and for God's sake. Scott is there too.

"Go away, Sourwolf. This isn't your fight." He hisses.

"Shut up, Stiles."

"Eloquent." He snarks before a blast shakes his tree. He feels his eyes glow purple and ignores the gasps he hears from Derek and his pack. He gathers his spark in his hands, and with a snap of his fingers, he appears behind Griselda in the clearing again. He hears Derek's pack bursting through the underbrush. Griselda hasn't noticed Stiles yet, and he is ready to strike when Scott starts shouting.

"Don't kill her! This isn't you, Stiles!"

Griselda whips around, and Stiles is thrown in the air and flies against a tree. He groans before feeling Jackson and Danny next to him. They help him up, and Jackson quickly takes some pain until Stiles pushes him away so he doesn't get woozy. Stupid werewolf mojo. Great for pain relief, not great for not feeling drugged out of his mind.

"Awh, is this the big bad Alpha you told me about, Stiles?" Griselda taunts while looking Derek up and down. Derek lets out a growl.

Stiles glares at her and bares his teeth. He knows he looks almost feral. But this bitch wants to steal his powers, and there is only one way of doing that. Killing him.

Derek roars at her and advances, but she simply stops him with the flick of her wrist. He crashes against Scott and Isaac. Erica and Boyd are growling and, in their Beta shift, readying themselves for an attack. Stiles can't let that happen. They are no match for Griselda.

"Leave them alone." He bellows at Griselda, who turns around with a feral smirk.

"Make me, Mieczu." She taunts, and he snarls again, he feels his magic in his hands, and when he glances down, he sees that his hands are on fire. It doesn't hurt him, so he doesn't panic. This is the first time this has happened. Yes, he could do fire magic, but not like this. He sees a flash of panic shoot through Griselda, but she schools it fast and snarls at him.

"Stiles! Stop!" Derek growls, and it almost sounds like he is afraid of what happens with Stiles, but Stiles knows better.

"Shut up, Derek." Stiles then snaps his fingers, and Derek's pack is frozen to the ground. They can't move until Stiles allows them. They all growl in frustration, but Stiles won't relent.

"Where do you want us, Alpha?" Jackson asks. Stiles knows he calls Stiles Alpha on purpose, probably to shock Derek's pack and Scott. Normally he only calls Stiles Alpha on the full moon or when he needs comfort.

"Watch my back, but keep to the edges. I don't want you to get hurt," Stiles states before strolling forward again towards Griselda.

She cackles again as if everything Stiles does is freaking funny. Stiles sneers in response. His hands are still on fire and his eyes blazing purple.

"Stiles! No!" Scott and Derek both shout.

"I said shut up!" Stiles growls, and he snaps his fingers again, making sure that the idiots don't say anything else or distract him.

"You know this will cost you-" Griselda smirks. And yes, Stiles knows, holding Derek's pack like this costs him too much magic, but he needs them safe and silent. "-They just think that they are protecting you, but they have no idea, do they?"

"Griselda, this is between you and me-" Stiles tries, but it's too late.

The grin she gives him is only to describe as shit-eating. And before he can stop her, she barrels on.

"They don't know that you're magic, they don't know that you're a Mage, they probably don't even know that it was you that kept the town safe. They don't know that you have a little pack for yourself. With a huntress, hybrid werewolf, a banshee, and a regular werewolf." She spits out, and Stiles closes his eyes briefly. Because no, they didn't know. And they wouldn't have known if Griselda would just shut her freaking mouth. He doesn't dare look at Derek's pack and Scott. He doesn't want to see the shock or outrage.

"What do you want, Griselda?" Stiles says with an exasperated sigh. He already has cast a protective shield around Derek's pack, so they're safe. It costs him too much magic, so they need the backup plan to get rid of her.

Jackson is behind him with Danny. He knows that Jackson's eyes are glowing blue while Danny's eyes are shining gold in response. He can almost feel the shock coming off Derek's pack.

"I want your power, Stiles. I want your youth, I want you." She gushes with a manic grin.

"Still sounds creepy as fuck." He retorts snarkily. He was barely repressing a shiver. This was his mentor for the last couple of months, and here she is now, crazy and feral, waiting to strike so she can kill Stiles. He ate her goddamn cookies!

She snarls and throws another fireball at him. Stiles can see the panicked look on the faces of Derek and his pack, but Stiles simply catches the fireball as if it was a regular baseball. Griselda shrieks.

Stiles rolls his eyes before squeezing his fist around the ball to demolish the flames. His eyes burn with his rage. He feels that Allison and Lydia are in place, so just another couple of seconds, and it's done.

"You made a couple of mistakes, Griselda." Stiles starts, knowing that he needs to make sure everybody is safe and out of the blasting zone. He begins to saunter to the other side of the clearing. Griselda shows her rotten teeth in a manic grin but circles with him, wanting to keep the same distance between them, exactly what Stiles was hoping for.

"And what is that, Mage?" She spits out. Just a little further, just a couple of feet, he thinks to himself.

"You trained me too well, and I listened, like you always said, 'Don't only trust your magic, always have a **backup** plan.'"



He then gives a two-finger salute, the sign he has trained with his pack, and before Griselda can react, two shots are heard in the clearing. Blue blood starts spilling out of Griselda's mouth before she coughs and falls to her knees. Her eyes are wide and focused on Stiles.

Stiles sits on his haunches in front of her, so he's on eye level with her. He braces himself for the impact this will have, and he sees that Jackson and Danny are already moving out of the blasting zone.

"It's pretty stupid that people keep underestimating me. You should've known better-" Lydia screams in the distance, and Stiles knows it's time. He throws up another shield, but this one only around him and Griselda. Because if anyone is getting that bitch's magic, it's him. It's going to hurt like a motherfucker, but he isn't going to back down. He only knows it will hurt because of what Griselda told him, and after reading about it in a couple of books.

The magic blasts out of Griselda the moment she dies, and even when Stiles braces himself, he's thrown back a couple of feet. He bites down and sets his jaw, trying to breathe through the pain, but then he starts screaming when it becomes too much for a moment. He doesn't know how long it takes, but when he blinks his eyes open again, he sees Jackson's blue eyes and worried expression hovering above him.

"Hey Jacks, how long?" He asks in a scratchy voice.

"Just two minutes." His beta responds.

"Awesome. Help me up." Stiles says while making grabby hands. Jackson rolls his eyes but helps him up. Stiles can't help the groan that escapes him. Everything is sore, but he can feel his magic healing him bit by bit. The ache will be gone before he knows it.

He shakes his head when he stands and clasps a hand on Jackson's neck before resting his head against Jackson's for a moment. Then he turns and does the same with Danny. Checking them both quickly with his magic, but they're fine. Allison and Lydia walk into the clearing like the deadly duo they are, two badass women that will kill for the people they love. Just like Stiles would do the same.

He opens his arms, and Allison is the first one to duck in for a hug and a kiss on the side of her head. He wants to do so much more to her, but he settles for a hug and a kiss on the head. Then Lydia is there punching his arm first before almost crushing his ribs in the tight hold she has.

"Everybody okay?" He then asks, even if he knows they're fine physically, it doesn't mean that it's the same mentally. He roams his eyes over Allison and Lydia. They have just shot the witch who made them cookies for the last couple of months. Who trained them and was an extra grandmother for all of them.

"I still can't believe she betrayed you like this," Allison replies with a sneer aimed at the corpse in the middle.

"People do stupid things for power." Stiles hums, but he feels heartbroken, he really trusted her, and yes, he did notice some weird things with her, but for her trying to kill him was not something he fully expected. He now thinks that she used the cookies to have some kind of influence on them. The Nemeton said that she poisoned them. He sneers in disgust at her corpse.

Stiles then turns to Derek's pack and Scott. They look shell-shocked and are watching on with wide eyes. Stiles sighs. He really didn't want to deal with this today. School will start next week. Couldn't this have waited until then?

He snaps his fingers, and they can speak and move again. They all start talking at once, well, everyone except Derek, who is just staring intently at Stiles.

"What the actual fuck?" "Magic?!" "DAMN! That was awesome!" "Why didn't you tell us?"

Stiles holds up his hand, and he's surprised when they actually fall silent.

"I didn't tell you because your Alpha-" He starts with a glare aimed at Derek. "-was clear that I'm not pack. Yes, I have magic. Yes, witches are real. Yes, you just saw a witch die. She has been my mentor since the start of the summer since I found out that I have magic."

Before anyone can ask anything about that, Scott starts talking. "Derek isn't mine Alpha. Why didn't you tell me?" Scott asks, sounding wounded and with his puppy eyes in full force.

And seriously? Does he think this is going to work? That asshole.

"Because you betrayed me, Scott, and then after that fact, you didn't even try to contact me. Since Jackson was saved, you haven't sent me a single message or responded to any of mine. Since the night I was tortured in Gerard Argent's basement-" He snarls. Feeling not a bit guilty for the flinch he receives from Scott, Erica, and Boyd.

Derek whips his head around to Erica and Boyd, looking betrayed. Seriously? Stiles snorts. For some kind of reason, he expected this.

"Seriously? You didn't even tell Derek that you weren't alone there? Figures." He scoffs. He feels his magic shift under his skin. It is reacting to his anger. He is still adjusting to Griselda's magic, and he needs to calm down before he makes something explode.

He turns around and looks at his pack. The people he has grown incredibly close to the last couple of months.

"I'm running home. Jackson, Danny, keep an eye on the girls and the pack. Allison, can you call your dad to deal with the body? Lyds, I need some cloaking and-"

"And your magic is reacting to your emotions right now, I get it." She says before her eyes turn white. He feels the cloaking spell settle over him. He turns around and starts to run. Knowing his pack will be safe, and the body will be dealt with.

Now he needs to run because today was too emotional, and Stiles is nothing but in favor of ignoring his feelings or pushing them down. So running away is a good solution for now.

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When Stiles finally returns to the house, he feels his pack in the living room, his dad is in the kitchen, and he could really use a good Stilinski hug. So he starts in the kitchen. His dad is puttering around and was clearly working on some cases because the files are all over the table.

"Hey, dad," Stiles croaks out. He may have had an almost panic attack in the middle of the woods after the events of today, and he may have shed a few tears.

His dad turns around, and his face softens when he takes in Stiles's state. He's still in jeans. His shirt was scorched off his torso back at the Nemeton, and the scraps on his body may have healed now, but the blood is still everywhere, as is the dirt from running and fighting through the woods.

"Oh, kiddo, come here." His dad says with his arms wide open. Stiles doesn't hesitate and seeks shelter in his dad's arms. Feeling like a little kid again, instead of the Alpha of a strong pack.

They keep standing like that for a couple of moments until Stiles pulls back to wipe his eyes. "Why, dad? Why are people like this? Why do some people only care about power?" He asks in a small voice. He can hear steps behind him and isn't surprised when Allison glues herself to Stiles's back with her arms around his waist.

His dad releases a deep sigh before talking. "Some people don't care about anything else, some people only want power to feel good about themselves, you use your pack, your friends and family to feel good, some people don't have that and don't care about that, they think they need power and -, and they hurt other people to get it." His dad sounds resigned like he isn't a stranger to these kinds of people. Stiles feels sympathy for his old man.

Stiles nods in response, it does make some sense, but that doesn't mean he likes it. He turns in Allison's arms to hug her properly. He hears his dad leave the kitchen to give them some privacy.

"Hey, are you okay?" He whispers in her hair. She shakes her head, and Stiles holds on tighter. "Me neither."

She lifts her head after a couple of minutes, and Stiles looks back in her intense brown eyes. He brushes some of her hair from her cheek behind her ear, and she leans into the touch.

She closes her eyes for a moment, and when she opens them again, Stiles sees the determination in them. Allison leans in, while still looking at Stiles's face as if searching for permission. Stiles was waiting for this moment ever since she told him about her feelings, hell, since he felt the feelings through the pack bond. When they went out to the Jungle the last couple of weeks, he didn't hook up with random guys or girls. He spent most of the time watching Allison having fun or dancing with her.

When they trained together, he was always aware of her, following her moves and repressing a shiver when she worked him against the ground. It was the most difficult when she was straddling him, but at first, he thought it was just *lust* that he felt, but it's more, the last month has been amazing, he had gotten to know her, really know her. He had fun with her and the pack and saw how much it hurt when they talked about Kate or Gerard. He felt her desperation when someone in the pack was hurt or when it didn't seem like they were winning. He felt her arms around him at night, and when someone in the pack woke with a nightmare, he witnessed her soothing abilities, her soft core that she won't show to strangers, only to those close to her. And he fell in love with her ruthlessness, she is the same as Stiles, and she will only spare the ones that deserve to be saved. She will do anything for the people she loves, and Stiles can relate to that a lot.

He closes the gap between them and pours his feelings into the kiss, cupping her face like she is made of glass, but Stiles knows better. She is the strongest one of them.

They pull back a little, and Stiles rests his forehead against hers. He likes it that she is almost the same height as he is.

"I don't want to only have fun with you, Stiles," She says into the silence, making Stiles ache with the sadness pouring off her.

"I know, Ally. I know, I would never ask that from you,"

"Then what do you want?" Allison asks while pulling back a little so she can look into Stiles' eyes.

He smiles at her, a soft smile that he knows she loves seeing. "I want you, Ally. I want to go on dates with you, I want to kiss you, I want to love you." He says honestly. The smile she gives him could light the entire room, and he revels in it. He's the one that made her smile like that. He's the one she trusts not to hurt her. He's the one that will be there for her whenever she needs it.

"I want that too," She replies softly.

"So, it's official now? Are you my girlfriend now?" Stiles says with barely contained glee. She laughs and darts in for another kiss. "Yes, I'm your girlfriend, now come on, the pack wants cuddles with their Alpha. But first, you need a shower,"

She then pushes him to the stairs so he can go shower. When he's clean and dressed again, she's waiting in his room and guides him to the living room, where the whole pack is lying on the floor with a couple of blankets. There is room in the middle for Stiles and Allison, and Stiles gives them a goofy smile in thanks.

Lydia, Jackson, Danny, and his dad start clapping when they see that Stiles and Allison are holding hands. "Finally! I thought it would never happen." His dad says with a beaming smile, making Stiles blush.

Lydia gets handed twenty dollars from Jackson and Danny. When she sees Stiles's incredulous look, she shrugs her shoulders and tosses her hair over her shoulder. "They thought it would happen two weeks ago. I bet them that it would happen when something bad would happen, and I was right, of course."

Stiles gets settled in the middle of the puppy pile, Allison leaning against him while seated between his legs. He scrunches up his nose and pushes Allison's hair to the side before putting his chin on her shoulder. She nuzzles the side of his head before dropping a kiss on his cheek.

"Of course, you were right. But I could've gone without the backstabbing witch, to be honest." Stiles drily responds. He hates how Lydia immediately falls silent.

"We could've all gone without that," She says while looking Stiles in the eye. He nods, as does the rest of the pack. They settle a little watching a movie.

It doesn't take long before everyone falls asleep in the living room, even his dad. For the next couple of days, they mostly stay together, nobody addresses it, but they hated how Griselda fooled them and tried to kill Stiles.

They get as much comfort from each other as possible. The pack stays at the Stilinski home and trains in the backyard, not wanting to make the trip to the Preserve.

On day four after the battle, they are watching another movie in the evening when suddenly Jackson and Danny flash their eyes and growl at the front of the house.

"What's wrong, puppies?" Stiles whispers, already sending out his magic to feel around.

"Derek." They both respond. Allison looks at Stiles, and without speaking, they both stand and walk to the front door.

"Stay in the living room. He isn't here with bad intent." Stiles orders just before leaving the room with Ally. Jackson growls but accepts the order.

His dad grumbles from his own seat in the living room but also stays seated. Stiles flings the front door open and steps onto the porch with Allison on his heels. Derek is standing in the middle of the front yard, his hands in his jacket as if he's there for a casual chat. But Stiles knows better than that.

"Sourwolf, what can we do for you?" Stiles says with a sharp smirk aimed at the Alpha.

Derek flashes his red eyes, and Stiles is pretty sure that he would hear a growl if he had better hearing. Stiles wants to flash his own eyes back at the Alpha, but when he glances around to look if anybody of his neighbors pays them any mind, he sees a curtain ruffle, and it's enough for him to ask Derek inside. Derek seems startled for a moment before nodding stiffly and following Stiles and Allison back into the house.

He guides Derek to the kitchen before pouring a cup of coffee for himself.

"Do you want some?" He asks Derek.

"Yes, please, two sugars." Derek grits out the please, but it's clear that there are some manners beaten into the Alpha.

When Allison, Stiles, and Derek are seated around the table, it's awkward. So Stiles starts talking.

"Let me guess. You came to ask for the story behind all of the shit that happened a couple of days ago?" Stiles doesn't give him any time to respond because he just starts talking again. "Or are you here to threaten me because I'm another Alpha? Or are you here to threaten my pack? Because buddy, I'm going to be very clear to you, you ain't got shit to threaten me with, and I lash out pretty badly if needed." Stiles says while bearing his teeth. It's a lot like a wolf, but Stiles doesn't care. To his surprise, Derek doesn't really react.

He eyes Stiles for a moment before swiping his eyes over Allison. Stiles feels a little heat stir inside him. He almost wants to throw Allison on the table and kiss her breathless, just so Derek can watch. But he shakes the thoughts off. He isn't a possessive asshole, well, not all the time. He also feels a little turned on by the idea of someone watching him with Allison, but he shakes it off. Bad Stiles. Not the time.

"I'm here to make an alliance between us. It's clear that you have your pack under control and well trained. I worked the whole summer with my three betas, and we are better than we were," Derek looks a little pained to talk this much but also pretty proud when he talks about his betas, and it melts Stiles' heart a little. But his anger is still his first emotion when it comes to Derek.



"I'm willing to negotiate an alliance at some point, Derek. But only if you first apologize to me. You kicked me out, accused me of something terrible, and now you find out I'm powerful with my own pack, you come asking for an alliance? You do know how shitty that sounds, right? You heard today what really happened in that basement all those weeks ago, I think I deserve a fucking apology." Stiles spits out.

Derek seems at a loss and shocked by Stiles' vehemence. Allison reaches out and takes Stiles's hand. She squeezes it, and Stiles lifts it to his mouth to drop a kiss on it. She immediately calms him down. It's a soft gesture, and from the look on Derek's face, he knows what it means.

"You're right. I should apologize. I truly thought for a moment back then that you worked with Gerard Argent." Derek glances at Allison when he spits out Gerard's name, but she doesn't even flinch. "I was wrong to treat you like I did, and I'm sorry for that. I hope that we can still make some kind of truce. And Stiles, I know you probably won't believe me, but I didn't come here to ask for an alliance with you because you're powerful. I came here because I'm worried. About you, and about your pack, there-there is a threat in town." Derek grounds out with a grimace.

"Jacks?" Stiles says, barely raising his voice. Jackson immediately shows up in the kitchen and takes a seat on Stiles's right. "He's telling the truth." Jackson simply states, and Stiles loves that he has this kind of relationship with Jackson. Jackson knows almost immediately what he needs or thinks. Jackson is still Danny's best friend and vice versa, but Stiles is also close to both of them. It's the reason that Jackson is his right hand in the pack.

Stiles nods at Jackson in thanks and turns back to Derek. Derek looks as if he's amused about how they work together, but Stiles doesn't mind. He doesn't think that Derek has much fun in his life.

"Thank you for your truth, Alpha Hale, I will talk about it with my pack, but I think an alliance is possible if you could work with the Argent's Matriarch, of course," Stiles replies, sounding more official, because dammit, he wants to do this right! And he believes Derek's apology, and because he knows it's a good idea to work together.

Derek blinks a couple of times before smiling at them, a real fucking smile. Stiles is taken aback and pretty sure that his heart tripped in his chest for a moment. He also feels Allison's feelings about the smile and is surprised but doesn't feel jealous at all. She also feels a little shame for feeling like that, but Stiles soothes her by rubbing his thumb over her hand.

Jackson rolls his eyes but keeps silent, and the tips of Derek's ears turn a little pink. Clearly, he picked up on the change in the room, and he was not expecting this at all, which is fair.

"Thank you, Alpha Stilinski. I'm looking forward to hearing from you with the verdict. I can work with the Argent Matriarch, as long as she keeps the promise she made to us a couple of weeks ago. As for the threat, I would feel better to let you know about it already, even before we have made a truce."

"It's Alpha Genim. But go on,"

Derek frowns and then sighs. "Of course, you're Alpha Genim, I wanted to tell you about the Alpha pack, but it seems like you already know of them."

Stiles scrunches up his nose in annoyance. The witch and Alpha still told the Alpha pack about him.

"Yeah, one of the Alpha's bit Danny on the full moon, not the last one, but the one before that." Stiles seethes. Danny promptly walks into the kitchen and stands behind Stiles with his hands on Stiles's shoulders. Then Lydia also walks in, and Stiles rolls his eyes. His pack is too stubborn for their own good.

"I'm surprised that Danny could resist the Alpha's call and that you came out of the encounter alive," Derek says with raised eyebrows. Stiles is pretty impressed because this is the most he had heard Derek talk since they know each other. He is also surprised that Derek decided to come alone instead of with his left or right hand.

"He was already bonded to me,"

"When he was human? That-I've never heard of that." Derek replies, making Stiles' whole pack smirk at him.

"Well, what can I say? I'm special," Stiles says, earning a slap on the back of his head from Lydia, which evolves in a round of laughter when he looks at her with a pout.

"We came out of it alive because of Jackson and Stiles. They saved me." Danny says when they fall silent for a moment. Derek nods, and Stiles thinks he sees something akin to respect, but he doesn't dare to overthink it.

"Was what the witch said true? That you have a banshee, a hybrid werewolf, and that you're a mage?"

"Yes, it's all true, she wanted to rattle you, and out us, we kept it silent for the whole summer. The only other people who know are my dad and Melissa, but Melissa doesn't know everything."

"Even Scott doesn't know?" Derek asks incredulously.

"No, I haven't spoken or seen Scott the whole summer."

"That-that's pretty weird. Isaac told me that he has seen Scott at work, but if Isaac asks to hang out. Scott always blows him off, but he also doesn't turn feral at all. I thought that he had you or Allison to ground him, but now I'm not sure." Derek tells them with a frown.

"He has ignored all my attempts of contacting him, and when Allison went to talk to him to apologize, he said some shit. She didn't want him back as a boyfriend, but he also blew being friends completely out of the water, which surprised me too when I heard. But he was with you earlier today, right?"

"Yes, but that was because I called Isaac, who was working at Deaton's. When Isaac told Deaton that something was happening in the middle of the woods, Deaton ordered Scott to go

with Isaac."

Stiles nods in understanding but is seriously confused. What is happening with Scott? He doesn't think that Scott has only been working for Deaton the whole summer. What did he do the rest of it? Stiles hasn't seen him anywhere.

"He seemed pretty normal to me, but I didn't really talk to him because I was pretty angry," Stiles admits while scratching the back of his head.

"We also didn't speak to him when we waited for my dad to show up. But Scott was also gone before my dad was there." Allison says with a frown.

"I will ask Isaac to keep an eye on him at work. Monday school will start for you again, so maybe it will be possible for you to check on him." Derek proposes, Stiles nods in agreement. Now he knows that Scott is acting this strange. He feels a little fearful for his best friend. What if something is seriously wrong? Melissa told his dad that everything seemed fine with Scott, but maybe he acted like everything was fine for his mother?

Derek is starting to stand, and Stiles is pretty sure that he's going to leave. But Stiles isn't ready yet. He can feel Derek's seriousness about an alliance. And Stiles knows it will be a good step for both of them.

"Jackson, right hand of the Genim pack, what are your thoughts about joining the Hale pack for an alliance?"

Jackson looks to be thoughtful for a moment before responding. "I agree that it's the right move. Especially with the Alpha pack coming to town."

"Danny, same question." Stiles keeps his eyes on Derek, who is looking back at Stiles with a surprised expression.

"I agree with Jackson."

"Lyds?"

"I agree, but I think training together is a must. Otherwise, we will fail."

"Of course, my Queen. I think that Derek would agree with that." Derek simply nods, and then they both turn to Allison.

"Allison, as Matriarch and left hand of the Genim pack, what is your opinion?"

She looks Derek in the eyes before responding. "If Alpha Hale could find it in himself to try and trust me, I would love to have an alliance with him. With my clan and with the Genim pack."

Derek swallows heavily under Allison's stare but still responds. "It will take time. The Argents has caused a lot of pain to my old and new pack. But it's clear that Alpha Genim trusts you, and that's good enough for me."

Stiles is pleased with Derek's response and then hollers for his father. "Yoo! Dad! For official pack business, do you agree to an alliance with the Hale pack?"

"For crying out loud, kid-" His dad starts to grumble. "-Yeah, but tell Derek that if he hurts you again, I will get some wolfsbane bullets from Chris!"

The pack laughs at his dad's response, and even Derek smiles. Stiles then stands, as does Derek. They look each other in the eyes, and Stiles can feel the magical tension between them. He reaches out his hand, and Derek clasps it with his own.

"I, Alpha Genim, hereby declare an official alliance between my pack and the Hale pack. May we work together without conflict and pain."

"I, Alpha Derek Hale, hereby declare an official alliance between my pack and the Genim pack. May we work together without conflict and pain."

Derek and Stiles both gasp when they feel the small bond form between them.

"It kind of feels like a pack bond," Stiles says while rubbing his chest with a smile aimed at Derek. Derek gives him an incredulous look. "You have pack bonds?"

"Yeah, with all of my betas and my dad, he's in the pack but doesn't fight with us because he's human, and he should have plausible deniability," Stiles says with a shrug.

Derek looks pained but visibly shakes himself. "I-I haven't bonded with my betas."

Stiles smiles softly at Derek, and he feels a sad kind of pride come through the bonds from his pack mates.

"Dude, that isn't that strange. You need to trust them as much as they trust you. That was the case with all of my bonds. And you have some serious trust issues. Not that anyone blames you!" Stiles quickly says when he sees Derek's eyebrows scowl at him. When did eyebrows become this expressive? "You've had a lot of shit happening to you, Derek. I'm going to be honest with you because you deserve that, but Griselda, the witch that died today, told us about you, some stuff that is pretty personal and we didn't know about. That's when the first red flag was registered with us about her."

Derek shakes his head before rubbing his face with his hands. "Figures. I don't want to know." Stiles can see Derek's hackles rise, and he feels sorry for the Alpha.

"Fair enough. Just know that we don't think any less of you. I even felt more respect for you when I found out. But I was still angry, so-" Stiles ends the sentence with a blush and a shrug.

Derek looks a little cautious but nods after a couple of moments of silence.

"Well! Before I'm going to make it any more awkward, I think it's a good time to go to bed." He says while clapping his hands.

His pack starts touching him for comfort, and when Stiles smiles at them and glances at Derek, he sees a face full of longing. It shocks Stiles a little, but he doesn't let it show.

Derek tells them goodnight, and before he leaves, they make plans to train together the following Saturday.

The pack all crawl into Stiles's bed, and he falls almost asleep immediately with Allison as his little spoon. Just before he drifts off, he can hear the howl of a wolf. Three other howls join the first one just moments later, and he drifts to sleep with the Hale pack in his mind.

## Chapter End Notes

Hello!

I hope you liked the chapter! Please let me know! Thank you all so much for reading!

xxMBlack93

# Training, and a whole lot of other shit

## Chapter Notes

I'm back!!!!

This is all I've written until now, sooo it probably will be some time before another chapter will be posted, but I hope you still love this one!

And people, I was so touched by all the comments, seriously thank you!!! ♥

There is a little smut in there, but you can easily skip it if it's not your thing!

Enjoy!!

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

Waking up with a boner has been pretty standard the last couple of months. That's what you get by sleeping with five teenagers in one bed, **Jackson** ! But now it's a little different because, for one thing, he's cuddled together with Allison, his girlfriend. Yes, they only have been together for about a week and a couple of hours, but it's not like Stiles is counting or anything. Shut up.

He tries to untangle himself from her to take care of his little problem, but his arm is squished under her head. "Ally, Ally, could you let my arm go?" He whispers, not wanting to wake up anyone else because Lydia is a freaking nightmare in the early morning.

"No," Allison slurs while burrowing further in Stiles' embrace, which is fucking adorable to be honest, but at this moment, it's really not helping Stiles' predicament. She wiggles her ass even closer, and Stiles' breath is punched out of him while he tries to hold in a groan. Allison freezes but then rolls her hips on purpose. Stiles hisses and grips her hips for a moment to still her.

Allison turns her head and bites her lip, but Stiles is a coward. Especially if Danny, Jackson, and Lydia are still in bed. He flies out of bed with a completely red face and a lot of flailing until he's standing in the bathroom panting like he ran a marathon. He feels Allison's amusement through the pack bond and almost wants to send a middle finger back to her, but he doesn't know how.



He quickly gets himself together and goes to take a cold shower. When he walks back into the bedroom, he sees Allison grinning at him, and his irritation disappears like snow in the sun.

"Morning," She whispers. Stiles kneels next to the bed, so he's on eye level with her and kisses her nose just because he thinks it's cute. She giggles and gets out of bed to go downstairs with Stiles. The rest of the pack is still asleep, and Stiles's dad is already working.

They work together to get some breakfast, and Stiles loves the domestic feeling of it all. When they both have some coffee and have made breakfast for the rest of the pack, they hear the footsteps of the others. They had decided that they won't go for a run this morning because they would need their strength for the training with Derek's pack later today.

Lydia already seems ready to take on the world, even if it's eight in the morning, and nobody should talk to her before her coffee. Because however put together she looks, she is a grump in the morning. She gets a coffee from Allison and plants a kiss on her cheek in thanks.

"So, should we find another tutor? Because I think *she* did teach us correctly." Lydia starts while eating her fruit salad. They hadn't talked about everything that had happened with Griselda just yet. But apparently, Lydia was done walking on her eggshells.

Stiles rubs his hand through his hair. He doesn't want to be reminded of Griselda, but she did teach them a lot. Without her, they wouldn't have been able to protect the town like they are doing now. "Yeah, I think she taught us the right things so I would be more powerful so she could steal even more power when she would kill me," Stiles says bitterly, poking his egg with his fork.

Jackson claps him on the back and squeezes his shoulder for a bit of comfort, and he gives the beta a smile in thanks.

"Maybe we need to find someone that can verify it for us?" Lydia proposes.

"Nem could probably do that. He knows almost everything, he should know if we are on the right path, and I hope that he would have told us if we weren't." Stiles reasons and Lydia nods in agreement.

"What about Deaton?" Allison says, but she was frowning while she said it. Stiles immediately jumps on that.

"Don't trust him. If I can delay it that he knows about my magic or about Lydia's powers, I will." Stiles replies with a nasty taste in his mouth. He really doesn't like the vet. It's probably too late because Scott also saw what happened with Griselda.

"Okay, then we won't go to him. There should be more Witches or Mages or anything else that could verify your progress, right?"

"I think there should be, but I have no idea how to find them." Stiles sighs before groaning. "I know one person who would know." He grumbles before looking at Jackson, who is already scrunching up his nose in distaste.

"Peter."

"Jup, we could ask Derek if he knows where the asshole lives. Do-do you want him to know about you and-" Stiles waves his hand in a general direction, and Jackson rolls his eyes.

"Yeah, but I want to tell him myself." Jackson tries to sound like his old snappy self, but Stiles and everyone in the pack can feel how nervous and even a little excited he is.

"Sure, you have the right. He's your family, congratulations. You gained a Sourwolf!" Stiles says that while shooting sparks out of his hands, he writes 'hooray a boy' in the air above the breakfast table, making everybody laugh.

"That's so weird," Jackson murmurs, but he's smiling when he says it. Stiles is glad that Jackson feels at least a little excited to have more family. The whole pack, well, except

Danny, understands what it's like to be an only child and have no cousins or something like that.

Lydia proposes to go shopping again. And this time, Stiles holds his ground. "Hell no, I've gotten this summer more clothes than I have had in my whole life! I'm not going shopping again."

"Stiles! You got all buffed up. You needed new clothes!" She argues, Allison is nodding in agreement, as does Danny. Traitors.

"It's still a no, Lyds."

Lydia pouts, but Stiles still doesn't relent, the clothes he has now fit fine, and she knows it, so she gives up. She even picked out what he needs to wear on Monday.

Lydia suddenly perks up again and turns a sly grin towards Stiles.

"We could go and check out Griselda's store. I mean, think about all the magic stuff we could use and is now going to waste there." She says while twirling a lock of hair around her finger.

Stiles narrows his eyes at her. And shit. This-this is a good idea. "We should check with dad if there are no successors to her will or something. Not that anyone is going to know that she's dead, at least not for a while, without the body, so-"

"So we should totally go?" Allison says with a smirk. Dimples on display and everything, Stiles turns on a sappy grin for her until Jackson and Danny both snort. He shakes himself forcefully. He will not turn into Scott. No chance in hell.

"Let me call my dad, he could probably check it out, and then we can go Monday after school, deal?"

"Deal!" Lydia happily exclaims. Now they just need to figure out what they are going to do the rest of the day.

"Why don't we go check on Nem? We didn't come back after the fight with Griselda. He probably would like it to have us there without an evil witch that wants to kill us." Danny proposes with his regular, relaxed persona.

"That's a good idea, and after we can meet Derek's pack at our training ground, Danny, could you find Derek's phone number? He didn't leave it yesterday," Stiles asks, and Danny nods before going back to the bedroom to get his laptop.

It takes Danny about five minutes to find Derek's phone number. Stiles feels proud of him and gives him a quick hug before dialing the Sourwolf.

"Who's this?" Stiles hears a grumpy voice from the other side of the line, and he rolls his eyes. "Morning, Sourwolf, I just wanted to tell you where to meet us later. We have a training ground in the Preserve, don't worry, it isn't on your territory. We will be there around one." Stiles happily chirps into the phone, much to the amusement of his pack.

"Stiles?" Derek asks, confused, and seriously, who else calls Derek Sourwolf?

"I think it's still early for you, but yes, you're speaking with Stiles. Meet us at one at the coordinates. I'll text you, and we can train. Later dude!"

"Don't call me-"

Stiles ends the call with a laugh before Derek can say the rest of the sentence. Allison, Jackson, and Danny go to the bed and bathroom to get ready, and Stiles changes into his workout clothes, the tank top he's wearing shows off part of his tattoo, and he's really freaking proud of it. He is even thinking about a couple more, but he doesn't know what yet. Maybe Lydia can design something else for him.

Allison is dressed in a completely black outfit and looks really badass. Stiles can't help himself and pulls her against his chest before kissing her. Silently he wonders how many weapons she has hidden on herself now and why that turns him on.

"Hey," He says goofily after a moment earning a grin from Allison. "Hi, come here often?" She says sarcastically, making Stiles laugh and kiss her again.

"God, you two are already disgustingly cute together," Lydia grumbles with a sigh.

They don't even bother to respond. Just keep kissing while flipping Lydia off. She scoffs, but Stiles can sense that she's feeling fond. When Danny and Jackson also join them, they leave to the nearest entrance of the Preserve and start running to the Nemeton.

It's just a couple of miles, so nothing like their regular routine, and they have time for a break until they need to meet up with Derek's pack.

Stiles and Lydia both take their time with the Nemeton, you could say that Lydia is their emissary, but because Stiles isn't a regular Alpha, they share the burden. And Danny is faster than the both of them with looking shit up, so everyone has a role in the pack.

Allison, Jackson, and Danny play fight a couple of times and are just chilling in the sun while Lydia and Stiles push their magic in the Nemeton, making it grow even faster.

The Nemeton lets them know that they are trained according to how they need to, even a little ahead of schedule for the regular training people endure, but they haven't been taught everything, so they should keep learning like they both already wanted.

Control baby! Now only finding a new teacher... Stiles really doesn't want to talk to Creeperwolf. But there will be no other choice. He really doesn't trust Deaton.

Before Stiles knows it, they need to leave for the training ground. They have put an obstacle course and targets for shooting practice there. They also have several areas where they can spar.

Lydia had packed them a light lunch to eat a little while walking to the training ground. They're laughing and teasing each other when they reach the clearing with the training ground. Stiles sees something move in the corner of his eye and snaps his fingers to freeze the attacker to the floor before Jackson and Danny even start to growl.

"Hey, Erica," Stiles says with a smirk while the blond wolf pouts at him from her frozen spot. She is still wearing jeans and a leather jacket, not suitable for the training they had planned.

"You're no fun, Batman. How do you expect us to train with you when you freeze us each time?" Erica says with a pout. She is struggling against the spell.

Stiles rolls his eyes and releases Erica from the spell, "you need to surprise me. And you are not going up against me every time. That would be unfair."

"What do you mean?" Isaac asks when he saunters into the clearing. Clearly, Derek's pack is within hearing distance but chooses to try and surprise Stiles's pack. Well, fuck them.

"Wait just a moment," Stiles says while holding up his hand. He is going to use this for a training exercise. "Jacks, Danny, where are Boyd and Derek?"

Both wolves flash their eyes and scent the air. Danny cocks his head to hear something at the eastern border of the clearing. "Boyd is over there, and he will walk into the clearing within three, two, o-," Danny says but smirks when Boyd steps into the clearing.

Isaac and Erica both have surprised expressions on their faces, but Stiles is paying attention to Jackson. Jackson shifts into his beta Kanima form, and Stiles raises a hand to stop Isaac, Erica, and Boyd from attacking. He knows it looks a little creepy, with his face full of scales and his eyes yellow with a slit instead of regular werewolf eyes. But Jackson isn't a threat.

Jackson tastes the air with his tongue and whips his head around to point at the northern border. Jackson transforms back and winks at Derek's betas. "Derek is over there, he tried to hide his smell and heartbeat, but my Kanima form can taste the scents, even hidden ones."

Derek steps into the clearing and slow claps, making Stiles cackle.

"You trained them well,"

"Thank you, I did my best, and they helped me just as much." Stiles preens from the praise feeling extremely proud of his pack.

"Are you going to wear that for training?" Lydia says with a frown aimed at Derek's pack.

"In a fight, you can't change clothes, honey," Erica says with a mean smirk.

"Oh, I know, but this is training. You should be able to move. Otherwise, you stand no chance against us." She says while casually inspecting her fingernails.

"Wanna try your theory?" Erica sneers.

"Sure," Lydia says with a condescending smirk. She walks forward to one of the sparring rings, and when Erica looks a little incredulous at her like she didn't expect Lydia to actually agree. Lydia gets impatient. "Well?" She huffs.

"Lydia, no permanent damage, please," Stiles says casually. She smirks back at him, and he settles at the edge of the ring. When Erica steps in, he erects the wards in the circle, making sure that nobody on the outside can get hurt. Allison sidles up next to him on his left, and he throws an arm around her shoulder. Derek takes place on his right side, and Isaac, Jackson, Danny, and Boyd surround the circle.

"Nice tattoo, Stilinski," Isaac smiles when he walks past him. "Thanks, they help with the magic, and Lydia designed it." Stiles preens with a smirk.

"Nice," Isaac says, sounding seriously impressed. Derek gives Stiles a weird look, but Stiles doesn't pay it too much mind.

"Ready girls? Three - two - one!" Stiles counts down. As soon as he's at one, Erica lunges at Lydia, but Lydia steps aside and kicks out, connecting with Erica's side. Erica stumbles but doesn't fall down. Stiles isn't concerned when Erica attacks again. She jumps and falls straight through Lydia.

"Oh, did I needed to tell you that glamors are my specialty?" Lydia taunts from the other side of the ring, where she now is standing.

Erica actually looks impressed before giving the redhead a feral smirk. "Erica, no blood," Derek growls from Stiles's right. She seriously pouts at Derek before retracting her claws. Stiles rolls his eyes. He thought it was pretty obvious that Lydia can't heal as the wolves can. Erica snarls and attacks again.

Lydia lands a couple of blows, but Erica now also connected. Lydia flinches, and Stiles sees Jackson getting agitated. Stiles sends some reassurance through the bond. Then Lydia spins before channeling a scream at Erica, making her fly out of the protected circle and into a tree nearby.

It wasn't really loud, at least not as loud as it could be, and Stiles is pretty sure that Erica isn't hurt that much, and he does feel a little vindicated. He had a serious migraine after being hit with a car part. The protective circle made sure the others wouldn't get any hearing damage from the scream. So he's pretty sure everything is fine.

Boyd runs towards Erica, but she is already starting to stand. Stiles turns back to Lydia and sees that Jackson is already checking her and taking away her pain.

"So, who's next?" Stiles says while wiggling his eyebrows. Erica is fully standing now, and Stiles sees the bruises on her face melt away. She does flinch a little when a loud noise is



heard, but he was right that she was okay.

"Why don't Allison and Isaac try, Danny and Boyd. And I will go with Jackson," Derek proposes. Stiles pouts. He wanted to go! But he settles on doing a couple of reps while waiting until everybody is done. He starts with taking off his shirt, which earns him a wolf whistle from Erica, who is already fully healed from her injury.

"Don't you dare try anything with him, Erica. He's mine!" Allison yells, which earns her a laugh from the rest, especially when Stiles trips and almost faceplants because he was flustered.

"Rawr, you didn't react that way when I tried it with Scott," Erica says with a smirk.

"I remember shooting you with an arrow full of Kanima venom, wasn't that enough?" Allison says with a dark look aimed at Erica. Erica seems to think about it and then nods.

"Fair enough, I will retract my claws from your boy toy." She sniffs, and Stiles rolls his eyes at her antics. He makes a kissy face at Allison that has her laughing.

Erica then grins and comes to Stiles to check out what he's doing. He started with a set of sit-ups and is just switching to a plank. Erica strips out of her leather jacket and t-shirt. She is wearing a sports bra, so that's at least something, and starts mimicking Stiles. Stiles thinks at first that she's baiting Allison, but she seems to get into the workout without another comment.

When Stiles looks up, he sees that Lydia is encouraging Jackson, he's still standing against Derek, and Stiles sends a little pride through the bond to him. Boyd and Danny are already done, and Stiles has missed who won, but he will hear it later. Allison and Isaac are still sparring, but Stiles sees that Allison has the upper hand. He changes to sit-ups again before stopping when Isaac is on the floor with Allison on top of him. He really likes how she can take anyone down like that. She is his own Black Widow.

"Jesus, is this normal?" Erica says while panting. Stiles smirks at her before conjuring two bottles of water. He didn't actually make them out of thin air. They stood in the fridge at

home. He just 'transported' them to here.

"Pretty much, Allison is ruthless. I only think that Jackson is afraid to use his Kanima side against Derek. He doesn't want to paralyze him for the next twenty minutes." Stiles muses before taking a sip.

"Venom from a Kanima takes two hours to get out of your system, right?" Erica asks with a frown.

"From a full Kanima, yes, but Jackson's a hybrid."

Erica nods in understanding and then cheers when Jackson hits the dirt, and Derek pins him down.

Stiles claps in support before walking over to Jackson. He helps him stand and scent marks him. It calms Jackson down immediately, who, of course, is a little agitated with losing the fight, stupid hurt pride. Stiles is seriously glad that Jackson at least calms down from his Alpha's touch. Lydia soon joins them, and Jackson nods in thanks when he feels in control again.

"What are you doing?" Boyd asks with a frown on his stoic face. Stiles expected already that Derek didn't explain everything to the betas, but simple scent marking, come on!

"They are scent marking," Derek answers before Stiles can open his mouth.

"What does it do?" Erica asks curiously. Stiles looks expectantly at Derek and gives a 'well, come on' hand gesture. Derek rolls his eyes but starts explaining.

"It makes a wolf calm down if someone in your pack does it because you will, or the person you're doing it to will smell more like pack. I-" Derek scowls, clearly hating that he has to explain it when it came probably natural to him since birth before he lost everything. Stiles

feels a little sympathy for the guy and almost wants to comment on it, but before he can, Allison speaks.

"Derek wasn't ready for it. You shouldn't blame him for not telling you about it when the last time he did it was with his family," Allison says in a sympathetic voice. Derek looks surprised but smiles at Allison as if she just voiced exactly what was bothering him. Derek then quickly scowls again because he has an image to uphold. Or at least Stiles thinks that that's Derek's reason. It could also be that Derek refuses to be grateful towards Allison.

"Okay, but-could, I mean, is it possible for us to-?" Isaac stutters, but his meaning is clear. Stiles looks at Derek, trying to gauge what he will do.

He sees Derek square his shoulders and walk up to Isaac. He then rubs his hand over Isaac's neck. Isaac tenses for a moment until he feels that Derek isn't threatening him. Isaac then smiles shyly at Derek, and Erica bounds over to get the same treatment, with Boyd following at a more sedate pace. Stiles can see a little tension leave their shoulders, and when he looks at Derek, he laughs because Derek looks almost blissed out.

They take a little break, and after Stiles proposes supernatural hide and seek, a little what they did earlier with Boyd and Derek, but now they will do it with the whole pack. Derek's betas are the ones that are going to find the others. Only Derek, Stiles, and Jackson are staying behind, but that is more so Jackson can talk to Derek.

When he's sure that everyone is out of hearing range, he elbows Jackson in the side. Making him grunt and scowl.

"Derek, Jackson has something to tell you," Stiles says, throwing Jackson to the lions. Jackson scoffs at him in response.

Derek looks a little skeptical and raises his eyebrows. Jackson sighs like it's a hardship to talk and that this isn't something he was excited about. But Stiles can feel his nerves too.

"I found out who my real father is. I was adopted because my mother died while giving birth. I never knew who my father was. But the Nemeton told me. I'm going to be upfront with you.

I didn't tell him yet, because I don't know where the fuck the asshole is and because I really think it's a fucking asshole." Jackson snarls a little, Stiles squeezes Jackson's neck a little, and he settles down again.

"Why-" Derek starts, sounding and looking confused, but Jackson interrupts him. "It's Peter Hale." Shutting Derek up before he opens and closes his mouth a couple of times. Stiles can feel Jackson's nerves, and he squeezes Jackson's shoulder.

"As Jackson said, he didn't tell Peter yet that he knows, but Peter is really an asshole if he didn't even try to get in contact after the whole Kanima thing was resolved," Stiles rants.

"Who was your mother? Your real mother?" Derek asks suddenly.

"Her name was Maddie O'Conner," Jackson replies with a frown. Stiles is curious about why it matters.

"Peter doesn't know," Derek says suddenly, making Stiles frown.

"I'm sorry, what now? How can't he know?"

"Because my mother made him break up with Maddie O'Connor, she was human, and she didn't know about werewolves. Peter probably broke up with her before he found out about her pregnancy. Otherwise, he would never have broken up. He loved her, but my mother was ready to kick him out of the pack if he would keep seeing her. Afterwards, he always fought with my mom. I was about four or five or something, but Peter always told me about the love that got away and stuff like that." Derek tells them with a frown.

Jackson seemed surprised, but Stiles was blown away because that was the longest he heard Derek speak in one time. Especially over something as private as his family. Stiles is checking if his jaw is still attached because he thinks it fell down to the ground.

"Shit, that is pretty fucked up, dude. Why did your mother do that? Making him choose between his girlfriend and family sounds pretty harsh."

"She really didn't want humans to find out," Derek replies with a pained look, and yeah, there are a couple of humans that now know about all the shit that goes down in Beacon Hills. Thalia Hale would probably turn in her grave.

"Okay, do you think we should tell Peter? Because to be honest, dude, I still think he's a walking dick."

Jackson rolls his eyes and pushes Stiles a little, "I thought you liked dick."

Stiles laughs heartily. "Yeah, I do, but I do have a girlfriend now." Jackson chuckles in response, and when they look at Derek, Stiles is surprised to see him blush.

When Derek sees him look, he quickly turns away before responding. "You should tell him. He would want to know."

"Jacks, it's up to you," Stiles says simply, giving Jackson his own choice. "I will tell him, but that's because this changes things. We also need to ask him about some contacts of his." Jackson says with a nod and a smile.

"Good puppy!" Stiles says before ruffling Jackson's hair, making him growl at Stiles, but Stiles just chuckles.

"Not a puppy!" Jackson exclaims before trying to lunge at Stiles, but he already saw it coming, and he uses his magic to flip Jackson to the ground. Jackson is up and running at Stiles again and tackles Stiles to the ground, but Stiles and Jackson both know that Stiles let it happen.

Stiles flips around, so he's straddling Jackson, and he wrestles with Jackson's arms before pinning them down with his magic before he starts tickling Jackson's side, making him

scream and laugh in frustration.

Stiles relents when both packs return, and Erica exclaims, "that's something I never thought I would see."

Jackson stays on the ground panting while Stiles laughs and stands. Derek is shaking his head like he's too old for this shit, but Stiles thinks he can see a hint of a smile.

"I know, right? Jacks is a total puppy."

"Fuck you, Stilinski," Comes the weak response from the ground, and Stiles just laughs again. Stiles then turns to the others and claps his hands.

"So, who won hide and seek?"

Everyone seems disgruntled except Allison. "Ah, did you already explain to them why they couldn't find you?" Stiles asks with a smile.

"Not yet. It seemed like a good idea to explain it here so Derek could hear it too." Allison responds with a smile.

"Good thinking," Stiles responds before waving his hands dramatically so Allison knows she can speak.

Allison rolls her eyes but starts explaining that she used a couple of hunters' tricks when she is suddenly interrupted by Derek. "Wait-you're willingly giving us information about how hunters work?" He seems genuinely surprised, but Allison just shrugs.

"Well, yes, of course, I would. Everybody should know what to do when they are captured by hunters or how to spot them. I understand that it's hard for you to understand because I am a hunter, but I'm also in this pack. Just try to remember that the only side I'm on is the one

where we protect the people who can't protect themselves. I'm part of the Genim pack, and I will do anything for them. Explaining how hunter's work is something we all should know so we can protect ourselves against the ones without a code, like Kate or Gerard." Allison spits out, and Stiles sees the venom she feels for her aunt and grandfather.

"Kate and Gerard are dead," Isaac says in a careful voice. And Stiles's whole pack freezes. Shit.

"Uh, well, the Nemeton had some interesting information about that too," Stiles says a little anxiously while looking at Derek.

Derek looks shocked for a moment before his face closes off. He turns around and runs out of the clearing, disappearing into the Preserve. Stiles groans and puts his face in his hands. That went over smoothly, and they have had this alliance for about a day. Great.

"I suggest we call it a day." Jackson proposes while looking after Derek with a sad expression. Stiles feels sorry for the guy. He probably hoped on something more now Derek knew they were family. Erica, Boyd, and Isaac all nod before running after Derek, at least in the direction Derek disappeared.

"Sorry guys, I should've told him sooner." Stiles sighs, but he can feel that the pack doesn't blame him, they were having fun, and Stiles is just bummed that they need to cut it short.

They go back to their own homes for the night, more to please all their parents. Stiles tries not to feel disappointed, but it's difficult when he lays in bed alone that night. The whole pack isn't happy to be at their own homes, but they had already promised their parents.

Stiles is lying on his bed fiddling with his phone when he gets a text message, he thinks it will be one of the pack, but he's surprised when it's from Derek.

It's an address, and Stiles is pretty sure that it's Peter's.

**You 23:44;**

Thanks, dude! Sorry for dropping that shit bomb on you today... I promise to tell you if we find them. We have already set out multiple traps and I have an in with law enforcement ;)

**Sourwolf 23:50;**

Don't call me, dude.

Stiles laughs and tosses his phone away, figures that Derek won't react to any other information overload he sent in the text.

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Stiles and Allison are making out on Stiles's bed, it's the last day before school starts again, and he wants to make the most out of it. Jackson, Lydia went out on a date, and Danny was hanging out with Isaac. His dad is downstairs watching some kind of game, but Stiles didn't really care at the moment because he had a beautiful girl under him, and he was this close to touching a boob for the first time in his life.

Stiles pulls back a little to breathe a little and to focus on not coming in his pants. "What do you wanna do?" He asks Allison breathlessly.

"Don't care, come back here," Allison responds before surging up and claiming Stiles's lips again, and seriously, Stiles' brain melts out of his ears.

He grinds down and does it again when Allison moans in his mouth. "Can I touch you?" Stiles pants against Allison's lips. He's leaning on his knees in between Allison's legs and really wants to touch- everything. His hands hover over Allison's sides, and he feels relieved when she smiles at him. She then sits up, pushing Stiles a little off her before removing her shirt, and holy shit, he may have seen some flashes of Allison's upper body, especially when they are training, but now he can touch it. And it's so soft!



Stiles pushes her back on the mattress softly before removing his own shirt. He then kisses her again before moving to her neck and collarbone. He blames it on the wolves that he loves seeing the hickeys on Allison.

Allison holds onto his head with her hands in his hair, moaning softly, still trying to keep silent because the Sheriff is still downstairs. Stiles doesn't think he's ever been this hard in his life. He strokes her sides before resting a hand on her left boob. She doesn't shake him off, so that's a win! He then squeezes a little, and it's a little weird because it feels like he's squeezing a ball of mozzarella cheese. Which sounds so weird in his head, but it also feels really nice, and if he can believe the noises Allison is making, she likes it.

"Oh God, Stiles," She whispers in between gasps. "Sorry, I have no idea what I'm doing here," Stiles says quickly, afraid that he's doing something wrong.

"Don't apologize. You're doing great," Allison replies with a smile before kissing him again. It helps settle his nerves a little, and he really wants Allison to feel good. He places kisses against her neck again before going down a little. He pulls the bra to the side after checking with Allison if she's okay with that. He then places kisses on her breasts before licking over Allison's nipple. Allison's body jerks as if surprised by the sudden feeling.

"Was that good or-?" Stiles asks self-consciously. "Good! Good, oh God, so good," Allison rambles, and Stiles dives right back in.

After a couple of minutes, his dick seriously starts to hurt in his jeans. He fumbles with his button and zipper before releasing a relieved breath when he's holding his dick in his hand. He knows he's going to come fast, so he pulls his hand away before he comes all over Allison.

He then lowers his hand until his hand is under Allison's skirt and brushes his fingers over her clothed pussy. Her hips move out of their own violation, and he feels that her panties are soaked. "Jesus, Ally, you're going to kill me," Stiles pants out before kissing her again while slowly stroking her through her panties.

Stiles can feel that Allison is shaking beneath him, and he thinks she's on the edge. He pushes her panties to the side and uses his middle finger to drag it through the wetness. He feels where her entrance is, and it's so wet and hot that it sends him right over the edge. He comes

without Allison even touching his dick. He moans in her mouth and bucks his hips when he comes down from his orgasm. Then mortification hits him because shit, fuck his life sideways. What a way to be a fucking virgin. He looks down and sees that he has made a mess of her skirt.

"I'm so sorry, oh God, I-I oh fuck." He stutters, but Allison is not making fun of him. She pulls his head down, so they're kissing again. "Don't worry, it doesn't matter," she murmurs against his lips, but Stiles still feels ashamed. He can at least finish what he was starting with her!

"Would you like-" He doesn't finish his sentence, just strokes his hand from her stomach further down, and her eyes sparkle with desire.

"I don't mind if you don't wanna-" She starts, clearly trying to make Stiles feel better, but that's not going to work with him.

"Oh, I wanna," he says before biting his bottom lip. He pushes his now soft dick back in his boxers before asking another question. "Can I lick you?"

She frowns a little at him before responding. "Uh-I've never done that, but if you want-"

"I like to think I'm good with my mouth." He smirks at her with all the confidence he doesn't feel. She nods eagerly and pulls her legs further apart so Stiles can settle in between them. He leaves her skirt on and only pushes her panties to the side. He doesn't really see anything but is pleasantly surprised when Allison moans as soon as he places a kiss on the center. He starts lapping at her juices, and Allison squirms and pants.

He sucks a little on the little bud just above her entrance and pushes his middle finger inside her. It's tight and wet and feels amazing. He can feel his own cock stir but doesn't pay it any mind. Allison is moaning and has trouble lying still. He then starts moving his finger in and out of Allison before pushing another in, still licking and sucking at the bud until Allison screams.

Stiles can feel her convulsing around his fingers, and oh, shit, this is the hottest thing he's ever felt. When the convulsions stop, he raises his head and licks his lips before slowly pulling his fingers out of Allison. She is staring at the ceiling while panting. "Holy shit, that has never happened before." She says weakly, making Stiles feel at least a little better about himself. She looks blissed out and fucked out.

Her hair is wild around her face, and her lips are red and wet from the biting and the kissing. Stiles's eyes zone in on the hickey's before traveling further down her body, her bra is askew, and her skirt is stained white with Stiles's release. She looks beautiful.

Stiles bends down and kisses her softly. She hums and doesn't seem disgusted with where Stiles's mouth just has been. Stiles then helps her with her clothes and gives her a set of sweatpants from himself, so she doesn't have to wear a dirty skirt.

They then cuddle on the bed after cleaning up a little, and when Stiles gets a little agitated, Allison notices it immediately.

"What's wrong, Stiles?"

"You can tell me if I was awful, right? You know that, right? Even if I'm your Alpha and all that shit, I'm still just your boyfriend, so if you didn't like it, or if we went too fast, please tell me. And I can't believe I came that quickly. I feel like a fucking failure." Stiles rambles, spitting out the word vomit he had in his head since they stopped.

Allison seems amused, but she feels how nervous Stiles is. It's so different from the badass Alpha he plays when they are out that she can't help it but find it endearing.

She hovers above him before kissing him, pouring her feelings into the kiss, how perfect it all was, that she didn't mind anything he did and that he was the perfect gentleman with asking for permission with everything he did.

Stiles sighs into the kiss, and the tension leaves his shoulders a bit. "It was perfect, Stiles. You really wouldn't say that it was your first time with everything you did." She says with a smile.

"Except for coming all over you before you even touched me." He says with a sarcastic voice making Allison roll her eyes.

"I'm going to take that as a compliment. You can't tell me otherwise." She says while jutting her chin out.

Stiles tightens his grip on her before murmuring in her ear, "you should. You're amazing."

"You too," She replies sappily with a big smile. The Sheriff decides that moment to call upstairs to ask what they want for dinner, and Allison suddenly looks mortified. After Stiles responded with pizza or something, Allison punches him on the shoulder.

"Ow, what the hell?" Stiles says with a frown, "What if he heard me? I wasn't exactly silent?! Oh my god, I can never face your dad again." Allison moans in her hands while blushing.

Stiles starts to cackle because he's a little shit. Allison does not appreciate or sees the humor and wrestles him until she is straddling him. She glares at him, but he just smirks back at her. He puts his hands on her hips, "Ally, I had put a silent spell on the room. Nothing could be heard outside of it."

Allison punches him one more time on the shoulder before sagging against his chest. "Asshole, why didn't you tell me sooner."

"Because it was pretty hot that you were trying to hold it in," Stiles says with a shrug, earning a pinch on his side.

"Ow, ow, watch the goods," Stiles laughs before kissing her on top of her head again. It doesn't take long for his dad to holler that the pizza is there, and Stiles lets him even have the meat lovers pizza this time because it's the last day of his vacation, and he just wants a nice evening with his father and girlfriend.

Tomorrow school starts again, and he already suspects torture. So one pleasant evening is needed.

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Stiles jumps out of his jeep with Allison exiting the other side. She immediately goes around the jeep to hold his hand. Jackson, Danny, and Lydia are just arriving and park next to the jeep.

Jackson and Danny greet Stiles with a manly hug while getting some scent marking done without anyone noticing, and Lydia gives him a hug and a kiss on the cheek. They then turn to the entrance of the school to see a lot of people gaping at them.

"Is it me, or are they looking at us?" Stiles frowns.

"They are. I can hear them gossiping. They are wondering when you stole your best friend's girlfriend and when you became hot." Jackson tells him with a smarmy smirk before throwing his arm around Lydia's shoulder.

Stiles groans but squares his shoulders. Just when they walk to the doors, he hears a sports car drive into the lot. He looks back to see Derek's Camaro drive into the lot, with Isaac, Erica, and Boyd exiting the car as soon as it stops. Stiles salutes to Derek, and he smirks before returning the gesture.

The only one missing is Scott, and Stiles feels a pang of loss. He is really worried about his best friend. Both packs walk into the school, but Derek's betas move away to their own classes. Stiles shares most of his classes with his own pack and is really glad. The only one he shares all of his classes with is Lydia. She has the same AP classes as him.

The day moves pretty much as expected, Harris is still a dick, and the rest of the teachers don't give them homework for the first day back. Scott ignores him every class they have together, and Stiles frowns at him. Why is Scott such an asshole? Stiles did nothing wrong, did he? Well.. He is together with Allison. But Scott broke up with her and turned her away

when she came to apologize. And he didn't tell Scott about his magic. But how could he when Scott ignored all his texts?

During econ, Coach took one look at him and demanded that he try out for Lacrosse again. He told the man that he was already planning on it. Which made the Coach grin a little manically, but that was nothing new.

During lunch, he sees Scott again, but absolutely not as he expected. Stiles knows he's gaping, but he can't help it, okay! Scott just walked in with a set of handsome twins, looking completely at ease. What the actual fuck?

"What the actual fuck?" Stiles says, making the rest of the pack turn around. Danny starts choking on his juice immediately and doesn't look at the twins or Scott again. "Are you okay, Danny?" Stiles asks with a frown.

Danny shakes his head before pulling out his notepad and a pen, starting scrabbling something quickly before trusting the pad at Stiles.

*Those are Alphas from the Alpha pack. The twins I saw with the help of the Nemeton.*

Stiles's blood boils. What the actual fuck does Scott think he's doing. He almost wants to march over, but Allison stops him. She also scribbled something on the pad.

*They can't know you're Alpha Genim. Not yet.*

And damn, she's right, but Scott does know that he's an Alpha. So maybe they already know. Stiles looks up when someone puts their tray next to him. Erica, Isaac, and Boyd are all glaring at the twins and Scott and sit down with Stiles's group.

"Did you already know-"

"Just found out." Stiles quickly responded, not wanting to have this conversation while they could get overheard.

"This explains a lot," Isaac murmurs while biting in an apple. Stiles nods dumbly because it does.

"You already texted him?" Stiles asks Boyd, knowing he will get the hint and won't drop any names.

"Yes." The stoic teen says before continuing eating.

Stiles keeps glancing at the twins and Scott, and something in him screams that it's wrong. But he can't put his finger on it. Scott seems at ease. But Stiles knows Scott since the fucking sandbox. When he looks closely, he sees that Scott's shoulders are a little hunched, and there are a couple of dark shadows under his eyes.

When the twins and Scott leave the cafeteria, Scott doesn't even look at them. "Something is very wrong," Stiles says, and he sees Isaac nod. Stiles supposes that Isaac also got close with Scott since he turned wolfy because of his job at Deaton's.

When it's finally time to go home, Stiles hasn't seen Scott anywhere again. Only the twins, and they smirked at anyone that was a werewolf. It's probably good that they don't know who Stiles is because Stiles is already ready to put them in the ground.

Stiles sees Derek's Camaro in the parking lot, and he knows that the twins are watching, so he just sends a text to Derek to meet them at Stiles's house. Derek is glaring at the twins, but they just smirk back like they are winning something.

Stiles can't help but send a gush of wind to their bikes. They fall to the floor, and the pack snickers because they know it was Stiles who did it. Even Derek seems to be smirking for a moment. The twins are frantically checking if anything is wrong with the bikes and glare at anyone who dares to laugh.

Stiles acts all innocent though, hiding his smirk in Allison's hair before climbing back into the jeep.

Jackson's Porsche is already waiting for them at his house, but he has a key, so he is already inside. When Stiles and Allison clamber out of the jeep, the Camaro comes to a stop. Derek's pack bounds inside, with Derek following on a more sedate pace.

Jackson and Danny descend on Stiles as soon as he's inside and then on Allison, scent-marking them and making annoyed faces at Derek's pack. Stiles chuckles before offering everyone something to drink.

"So, the first alliance pack meeting is a fact. For the Hale pack, we have Alpha Derek Hale, and- uh, sorry dude, who's your right and left hand? And you don't have an emissary, right?" Stiles gets a glare from Derek in response before he responds.

"Erica is my left, and Boyd my right. We don't have an emissary because we don't have any magic users in the pack. If we need healing or spells, we go to Deaton. He was the old emissary of my mom."

"Really? That's - particular." Stiles responds, he thinks that choosing Erica as his left and Boyd as his right is a good choice, but that Deaton was Thalia's emissary is odd. Why didn't he have any wards around their house against the fire or, better yet, to repel hunters? Stiles shakes his head, but one glance at Lydia is enough to know that she also thinks it's suspicious.

"Moving on-" Stiles quickly says before Derek can say anything else, "-for the Genim pack, we have me as the Alpha, Allison as my left hand, and Jackson as my right. Our emissary role is divided between myself and Lydia. Isaac and Danny are the witnesses of this meeting."

Everybody nods in agreement.

Erica raises her hand, and Stiles points at her, feeling amused. "Why are we here? And why with all the official shit?" She snarks. Stiles rolls his eyes.



"Because we needed to talk about what is happening to Scott, he was with the Alpha twins, and I, for one, am very curious about how that happened. The last thing I heard from Melissa was that everything was fine with Scott, but he wouldn't side with the Alphas. So I personally think that someone put a spell on Scott or is controlling him or something. The official shit is necessary for the first 'official' pack meeting, but we can skip it the next time," He says with a wave of his hand.

"I think you're right. How he acted with me the last time we spoke just wasn't like Scott at all, and he ignored you the whole summer. That isn't like him." Allison chimes in.

Isaac raises his hand, too, and Stiles bites back a snarky comment before sighing. "You guys don't have to raise your hand to speak, but Isaac, please share with the group," Stiles says while waving his hands enthusiastically.

"At work, he seems fine. He doesn't talk much, only with Deaton-

"Deaton? Isaac, quick question, when you told Deaton about what was happening last week when Derek called, did you tell Scott first?"

Isaac blinks a couple of times before nodding. Stiles immediately fires a follow-up question. "How did he react when you told him there was trouble?"

"He didn't react at all, he shrugged,"

"But then you told Deaton, and he told Scott to come with you. How did he act then?"

"He was suddenly focused and eager to help," Isaac says with a frown.

Stiles starts pacing. It doesn't make any sense. Scott doesn't react to Stiles, ends things for good with Allison in a harsh way, doesn't want to help when there is trouble, and now he's

with the Alphas? The only connection Stiles has is Deaton. He reacts and listens to Deaton. Maybe Stiles needs to talk to the vet, try and ask if Deaton noticed anything.

Stiles heaves a sigh. "I think I need to talk to Deaton. Maybe he knows what is happening with Scott."

"Possibly, but maybe we need another approach. Deaton isn't going to tell you anything. You already know that." Lydia says in a matter-of-fact voice.

Stiles sighs and sits down on the edge of the couch next to Allison. "Yeah, I know. What do you propose then?"

"Back off. We need to act like it doesn't bother us at all what is happening with Scott, just focus on our own group and alliance. The Alpha's aren't going to accept that. They will hate it that they aren't getting the attention they want."

"You talk like they are attention-seeking teenage girls," Erica says with a frown.

Lydia rolls her eyes at the blonde wolf. "They are. Alpha's are prideful creatures. They ache for attention-" "Hey! I'm not like that!" Stiles interrupts Lydia with an indignant tone.

"I know, Stiles, you're an exception on that rule-" Now a growl interrupts her, and Lydia aims a glare at Derek. "You sure you want to deny it? Because if I remember correctly, you bit three teenagers for power. Cute that you are forming a pack now, but at first, it was just for power." Lydia snaps at Derek.

Derek growls and flashes his eyes at Lydia and HA. Stiles isn't having that.

He snaps his fingers, and Derek's growl dies in his chest. "Yeah, no growling at my pack. Lydia is telling the truth. Even if you're not like that anymore, you can't deny it was like that at first. She is just stating facts." Stiles says with a glare aimed at Derek.

They keep glaring at each other for quite some time, and Stiles feels agitation coming from his pack. But he won't back down. It isn't until Allison places a hand between his shoulder plates that he relaxes a little and sits back down.

"Fine," Derek growls out finally. Lydia lets out a put-out sigh before talking again. "Like I was saying before, I was interrupted-" She glares at Stiles and Derek this time. Both avoid her glare. "-Alpha's want attention. They are targetting us, that much we know for sure. Even if they don't know exactly who Stiles is, they will target you too, Derek. They probably already know who is in your pack. That's why the twins are at school. They will try to make us react. That's why Scott was with them. I'm almost sure of that."

"They already attacked us. They tried to take Boyd, Erica, and Isaac on separate occasions. Don't you think that bating them will set them off again? That they will try again taking someone?" Derek replies.

Lydia deflates a little before perking up again. "Then it's very good that we're allies now. We couple up, everybody needs to check in every half hour, and we can form stronger bonds while we're protecting each other. We keep training together, and if something is happening in town, we will inform you, or if you know it before us, you will inform us. We are in this together." She says firmly, and Stiles can't help himself but beam at her.

Derek's eyebrows rise on his forehead at that. "So nobody goes alone anywhere, and everybody checks in regularly," Boyd repeats before nodding. He then turns to Derek. "It could work, Alpha. But there is only one fault in that plan." Boyd then turns around again to the rest of the pack. Stiles sits back a little. Boyd is a very good right hand. He is calm and collected and has a sharp mind. "At school, we are already together, but we need to make sure Derek's not alone too."

"I'm the Alpha. I can take care of myself," Derek says, sounding a little petulantly.

Stiles snorts, and Derek turns his glare on Stiles again. "You can be the Alpha all you want. That doesn't change the fact that you're not stronger than two or three Alpha's combined. You will lose that fight."

Derek makes a face, but he knows that Stiles is right. "What do you suggest then? I can't go to school like the rest. I'm a little too old for that." Derek snarks and Stiles's smirk turns feral.

"Oh, I have a great idea for that."

"I don't like the sound of that."

"You're probably going to hate it," Stiles says with glee before pulling out his phone. He dials the number he has remembered from the age of eight and smirks when it's answered.

"Yooo pops! You're still looking for new deputies, right? I think I've found someone that will be perfect."

When Stiles looks back at Derek, he sees sheer terror on his face, and Stiles can't help but laugh.

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Setting Derek up to be a deputy was way easier than Stiles thought it would be. Within a week, Derek was signed up for the tests he needs to pass, and Stiles was helping him study for it. Stiles knows a lot about the ins and outs from his dad and a couple of books he read when he was younger and at the station when dad couldn't find a babysitter.

His dad was even a little excited for Derek to join the force. But Stiles thinks it's because he wants to make Derek pay a little, so Derek will probably get a lot of shit tasks the first year of being on the force. And because a lot of his deputies died in the Kanima attack.

Derek actually tries his best to study for the tests and dare Stiles to say it? He seems excited to join. \*gasps\*

"So you think you're ready for the tests?"

"Stiles, I think I can handle running a few miles and climbing an obstacle course," Derek says with a roll of his eyes.

"And how about the theory? Can your wolfy brains figure out how humans treat bad people? Or should we photoshop a couple of mountain lions in pictures, so people still think that's a problem?" Stiles snarks back.

Derek's lips twitch, and Stiles almost falls off his desk chair. When he looks back at Derek after flailing and not falling (thank you, dear Lord, for small mercies). He sees Derek scowling again.

"I can control myself, I could since I was five."

"Really? Never had thought that, with the red eyes on display whenever we talk."

Derek snorts. "That's because you're an annoying little shit."

Stiles gasps and clutches his chest.

"I'm hurt, Sourwolf! Me annoying?! Ally, can you believe this?"

Stiles turns to the bed where Allison is reading one of his books, and she looks over the top to smile sweetly at him.

"I can. When I met you, you were really annoying."

"But I grew on you! Like fungus!" Stiles declares before frowning, that was actually a pretty bad description, but he's pulled out of his thoughts by a soft chuckle and a giggle.

To see Derek laughing is something like seeing a double rainbow. It's weird but beautiful, and Stiles is going to stop his thoughts right there.

Just when Stiles opens his mouth to talk about something else, anything else besides Derek's laugh, his dad knocks on the door.

"Hey, kiddo, Allison, Derek, I've just got information back on Griselda. Apparently, no one will inherit the store. And the landlord of the store wants to have it cleaned out by the end of the month because nobody is going to pay rent. He was ready to sell it all himself, but when he tried to touch a couple of things he got zapped or something-" the Sheriff says with a smirk. "-So when I contacted him, I told him that you worked at the store from time to time, and he was fine with you cleaning the store out. So you have permission to that."

Stiles throws his arms in the air, he had hoped he could go back to Griselda's store about a week ago after the first day of school, but his dad had stopped him and told him to wait. It has now paid off!

The rest of the week at school was pretty much the same as the first one. Only Stiles did his best to ignore Scott and the twins now like they had agreed on with the packs. Stiles could even sense the twin's irritation about being ignored and told Lydia that she was a genius goddess.

Which she knew already, of course.

"Great! When can I go?" Stiles asks enthusiastically.

"Whenever you want, you just need to ask the landlord to open the store for you."

Stiles makes grabby hands at his dad, and his dad rolls his eyes at his son's antics. Then he pulls out a card with the phone number, and Stiles hugs his dad in thanks.

Stiles first calls Lydia because he knows that she wants to be with him if he's going to loot the store.

"Lyds! Ready to go shopping?"

"Oh my god, Stiles, I thought you never would ask!" Lydia responds with a fake gasp.

Stiles snorts before explaining that they have permission to go to Griselda's store. Lydia said that she would come by within the hour and would take Jackson and Isaac with her because they were with her at the moment.

After that, he calls the landlord, who tells him that he isn't going to wait for Stiles but will put the key in a place he can reach to open the door. Stiles grimaces a little at it, but he doesn't really mind it that much.

"Well, when Isaac gets here, you can go do your wolfy things, but please study some more so you can ace the test!" Stiles says excitedly while clapping his hands.

Derek frowns at him, and Stiles narrows his eyes. What is wrong now?

"Why can't we come with you?" Derek asks, and Stiles is a little taken aback.

"Because I didn't think you would want to?" Stiles says, but it sounds more like a question before glancing at Allison, who is watching them like a tennis match.

"You told me that she also has a lot of information about packs. Maybe we can learn from it too." Derek reasons and Stiles can't really argue with that.

"Fine, your party, you can go with us, but let me and Lydia handle everything first because I don't know if she has any supernatural traps or something like that."

Derek shrugs, but Stiles sees it as acceptance. It doesn't take long after that before Jackson, Lydia, and Isaac trudge through the door, and they leave for Griselda's store.

"Okay, team! Lydia and I will go first, and I would suggest you all stay back and-" Stiles stops talking when Derek and Jackson, of all people, push him aside and enter the store with a growl.

"-and please don't listen to the badass mage who is looking out for your sorry asses," Stiles grumbles before running after Derek and Jackson.

He looks back for a moment and sees Allison already with her bow in hand and Isaac and Lydia also ready for action.

"Ah, nephew, wonderful seeing you again, and you brought friends!"

Stiles groans before pushing Derek and Jackson out of the way to see the menacing shit for himself. "Stiles, I knew you had potential," Peter says with a smirk while sitting behind Griselda's desk with his feet propped on the desk itself.

"Peter, how awful seeing you here. What the hell do you think you're doing?"

Peter raises an eyebrow before rolling his eyes and slapping the book shut he had on his lap. Then he leans forward on his elbows and his chin on his hands.

"Well, I came to pick up an order, but the Witch who was holding something back for me, wasn't here, so I thought I take a look around," Peter responds with a sarcastic drawl.

"Of course, you would be buying shit from an evil Witch. Why doesn't this surprise me?"



Peter rolls his eyes again. And seriously, is that a special Hale treat? Derek and Jackson are both exceptionally good at it.

"Evil? Do tell. I think I missed something." Peter says with a smirk.

"How about no. Just leave-"

"Stiles, can I?" Jackson grounds out, and Stiles whips his head towards Jackson, as does Derek.

"You sure you wanna do this now?" Stiles asks grudgingly.

"No, but I need to." Jackson seems sincere, and Stiles will never hold him back if he wants to do this.

"Fine. Peter, a little warning, if you hurt any of my pack, or Derek's, I will burn you again, this time for good." Stiles says menacingly while flames lick up his arms.

Peter looks shocked but quickly blanks his face. Stiles smirks at him, at least one thing Peter didn't know about.

"Now, you two got me all excited. What is it?" Peter snarks.

Jackson levels Peter with a glare and takes a deep breath. "My real mother's name was Maddie O'Conner," Jackson states without any emotion on his face. But Peter gasps and stands. "That-that's not possible, she-she died before-"

"She died in a car crash, but the EMTs saved the baby."

Peter's face is drained from every color. "She-but, no. **No** ." Peter snarls, his eyes flash blue, and Derek and Stiles both flash red at him. Peter startles from the double Alpha eyes and sits back behind the desk.

"She died eight months after I broke up with her-" Peter mumbles, and Stiles feels a little sorry for Creeperwolf.

"Do the math, Peter," Stiles tells him with a glare. What? Stiles never said he wasn't a little shit.

Peter's eyes snap from Stiles to Jackson, Jackson shrinks into himself a little, like he is expecting a blow or something. Stiles quickly squeezes his neck for comfort, and Jackson melts in the touch and gives Stiles a small thankful smile.

"You-You're mine?" Peter says in a strangled voice.

"Yeah, according to the Nemeton, I am."

Peter rubs a hand over his face, and for the first time since Stiles had known Peter, he sees the cracks in his facade. Gone is the cocky older wolf. Before him sits a broken man, who has burned with his family only to survive and go mad in his own head—then killing his niece in a drunk haze of madness before being killed again by his own nephew. And then rising from the death, yeah, Peter is probably fucked up.

"I didn't know, I didn't know, I'm - your mother was the most amazing human being I ever had the chance to know," Peter says vehemently.

Jackson shifts a little, and Stiles sighs. He sends some reassurance through the bond, and Jackson lifts his head again to look at Peter.

"Could I talk to you?" Jackson says finally, and Peter nods stiffly before they walk to the backroom for some kind of privacy.

"Okay, well, let's start with packing," Stiles states after a couple of moments. Stiles and Lydia start to scan the store for any magic jinxes or traps, but Stiles is surprised that everything magic is faded. Some books still have lingering traces, but as soon as Stiles touches them, they spark, and the residue is gone.

"It's probably because you absorbed her magic." Lydia finally says after an hour of frustration when she can't touch the same books Stiles can.

"That actually makes sense." Stiles muses.

"Hey, Stiles? I think I've found something you wanna take a look at." Isaac yells from the front of the store. Lydia and Stiles look at each other before hurrying over. Derek is standing beside Isaac, and they both are frowning at a leather binder.

"What is it?" Stiles asks, and he's already reaching out to take the binder from Isaac.

"It's some kind of history of orders. I saw a pretty interesting name on there." Isaac says while handing the ledger over to Stiles. Stiles feels Allison's curls grazing his shoulder when she looks at the ledger from next to Stiles.

"Dr. A. Deaton. Well, we now know where he gets his stuff from." Stiles says.

He looks better at the order history, and he can't really place all of the stuff. Then Peter and Jackson walk back in, and Stiles sees that they both have a little red-rimmed eyes. Nobody comments on that, though.

"Peter, do you know what most of this stuff is used for?" Stiles suddenly asks before handing over the ledger.

Peter frowns at the book and scans the contents. "Most of it is pretty common for the healing of supernaturals, but a couple of them are strange, like grey monnikswood and Elpen ash. They are generally used by hunters. At least, they were used by hunters back in the Middle Ages. They are supposed to help control werewolves if mixed. Hunters decided that torture is a better and more fun way, so they stopped using it."

Stiles's blood runs cold by Peter's explanation. Why the hell does Deaton needs something like that?

"How will it control the werewolf? And does it need to be ingested or something?"

Peter shrugs but still talks. Stiles thinks that he only wants to impress Jackson or at least try to make amends or something. He still needs a lot of groveling if he wants Stiles to accept him.

"Yes, you need to ingest it. But you can put it in food or a drink so the werewolf wouldn't know, and it controls everything the werewolf does. It's like-" Peter glances back at Jackson for a moment with a frown before speaking again. "-it's like a Kanima with his master. The werewolf has no other choice than to obey."

Stiles scrunches up his nose. Why does Deaton-

"Fuck." Stiles leans down on the desk and puts his face in his hands.

"Stiles? Are you okay?" Jackson asks worriedly, he can probably hear Stiles's breaths coming faster and shorter and his heart speeding up. Stiles knows he's on the verge of a panic attack, but he needs to get it together. His pack is counting on him.

But breathing is a lot more difficult at the moment until a body is pressed against his back with two small hands pressed against his chest.

"Breathe with me, in - one, two, three. Out - one, two, three. That's it, breathe, Stiles." Allison whispers in his ear. All the other sounds are filtered out, and Stiles only focuses on Allison's voice and her chest pressed against his back.

After a couple of minutes, he feels tired but good enough to address the group. He quickly reassures Jackson and the others that he's okay before talking. Peter is watching with rapt attention when he scent marks Jackson. But Stiles is going to ignore that for now.

"Sorry for that. I - I just suddenly understand why Scott is acting like how he is acting for the last couple of months." Stiles says with a grimace, and from the sharp intake of breath, everyone seems to understand it too.

"Deaton is controlling Scott," Derek says with a grave expression. Stiles looks into his eyes and nods.

"Well, fuck." Jackson states, and Stiles can't help but agree.

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If it was up to Stiles and Derek, they would've gone straight to Deaton to confront the druid. But some people (Lydia and Allison) stopped them to see that it wasn't a smart idea to go off running when they have the advantage now.

They first start to pack away most stuff in the store, but it soon becomes clear that they can't do it in one trip. Stiles decides to call the number of the landlord, but as soon as it rings, he hears a cellphone ringing from just behind him. He turns around and gives Peter an incredulous look.

Peter just fishes out his phone and answers. "Hello?"

" *Seriously* ?!" Stiles screeches, making Peter flinch.

"What? Did you actually believe me when I told you that I was snooping around for an order I placed? When you asked for the keys, I wanted to know how you would be able to move the books, but apparently, I underestimated you."

Stiles snorts. "Everybody always underestimates me."

"I can see that, see it as a lesson learned."

Stiles narrows his eyes at the man. "I expect that this means I can come back here whenever I want?"

"Are you going to pay rent?"

"Seriously, you mother fu-" Stiles starts while his hands catch fire. Peter backs up with a smirk and raised hands.

"Okay! Peter, let us just take everything whenever we want. You will have the place back to rent out before the end of the month." Lydia interrupts Stiles's rant.

Peter pouts at Lydia, but one raised eyebrow from her has him backing down. Stiles is amused and a little afraid of that.

"I want a puppy pile," Stiles says while scrubbing his face with his hands.

"I'll call Danny," Jackson proposes with a smirk. Allison sidles up to Stiles's side, and he nuzzles the side of her head.

"Puppy pile?" Isaac asks when Derek and Peter are talking a little away from the rest of the group.

"I call it that, but it's just a sort of extreme sleepover kind of thing?" Stiles says with a shrug. "We all sleep in the same bed,"

Isaac's eyes grow wide at that, and he gapes like a fish. "Really?" He squeaks.

"Yup," Stiles says with a waggle of his eyebrows.

"That sounds weird." Isaac then scoffs, but Stiles can see a longing look.

"Awh, maybe you can convince Derek to a puppy pile," Stiles says with a smirk. "Think about it, cuddling up to Derek, Erica, and Boys, ah, sounds like a good time, like cuddling with a cactus." Stiles teases. Earning a slap on the back of his head from Allison.

"Danny will be there in an hour. He, Erica, and Boyd are bowling." Jackson says with a frown when he joins the group again.

"Good for them. Text him that he needs to look out for loose car parts."

"What?" Jackson says with an incredulous look, but Stiles waves him off.

"Let's go home, Isaac. I think you're sticking to Derek tonight?" When Stiles gets a nod, he continues. "We will send Erica and Boyd over when we get home. Derek! Good luck with your test tomorrow!" He calls over with a smirk making Derek roll his eyes at him.

Jackson, Lydia, Allison, and Stiles climb into Stiles's jeep and go home for the night. Tomorrow they have school again, and Stiles is not looking forward to it.

Now he knows Scott is being used and controlled, Stiles wants to go help his best friend, but he knows that they need to wait for a moment before they go storming in and fucking shit up.

When they get home, his dad is at home, and Danny, Erica, and Boyd are also there. They are all in the kitchen, gathered around a box of pizza.

"DAD!" Stiles yells aghast when his dad just shoves a meat lover's piece in his mouth.

"You didn't see anything." His dad says while waving his hands. Stiles just narrows his eyes at his father.

"You are incorrigible, and you are all horrible for helping him cheat on his diet!"

Erica, Boyd, and Danny don't look fazed and just keep eating, then Jackson just walks over and also gets a piece for himself.

Stiles lets out an indignant noise until Allison pats him on the shoulder and kisses him on the cheek. "It will be fine, babe," She smirks at him. Making Stiles pout in retaliation.

"Ah, no, no, don't pout at me, pout at them, I didn't do anything!" Allison hurriedly says, not up for Stiles's puppy eyes and pout.

Stiles turns to the others, and Jackson and Danny both look away, which is pretty hilarious. Erica and Boyd are both frozen for a moment before making excuses and rushing out of the house.

Then Stiles can't hold it in any longer and burst out laughing. The pack quickly cleans up after that and gets ready for bed before falling into a pretty deep sleep.



The next morning they need to rush a little, so they all are at school in time. Stiles only can't get his hair to act normal and sighs in defeat when he steps out of the jeep.

"It won't stay like this-" Stiles says, a little irritated while trying to fix it.

"Come here, Stilinski," Jackson suddenly tells him, then Jackson is manhandling him and fixing his hair.

"Oh, Jacks, you do the craziest shit in the morning." Stiles jokes while Jackson is mussing with his hair.

Jackson growls, but Stiles can feel the amusement. Jackson steps back when he's done, and he cocks his head a little before deeming Stiles's hair fixed.

"I really should just shave it off again," Stiles grumbles.

"If you don't shave it off, you have a possibility of blow jobs in your future," Allison states sweetly, making Stiles stumble on air.

His head turns red, and he looks around if anyone heard, but thankfully nobody could hear her except the pack.

"Ally! You can't say shit like that." Stiles whispers in her ear before pulling a little on her earlobe with his teeth, making Allison gasp.

"Sure I can, babe," Allison says with a wiggle of her eyebrows before walking away from Stiles. Stiles does not stare at her ass. He does not. Shut up.

The bell rings again, and Stiles hurriedly follows his girlfriend.

The day goes by pretty quickly, and again they ignore the twins and Scott, who seem to be inseparable. It makes Stiles grind his teeth in annoyance. Does this mean that Deaton is also working with the Alpha pack? Or has this nothing to do with it? What is worse?

Stiles does know that he can't wait much longer to help Scott. It just feels wrong to leave his best friend struggle like this because he's pretty sure that Scott is struggling.

They walk into their last class of the day, and it's English. They have a new teacher this year, a Miss Blake, who seems nice enough. Only Lydia acts a little strange around her. Like she can't concentrate or something, so that's pretty weird because Lydia is always hyper-focused during classes.

Miss Blake is in the middle of a lecture when there is suddenly a thump against the window. Stiles whips his head around to see a crow thumping against the window.

After another moment, another crow crashes against the glass, making the glass crack.

Miss Blake actually walks to the windows to take a look. But Stiles can see that something is going to happen. A herd of birds is swarming through the air until they have seen their target.

"EVERYBODY DOWN!" Stiles yells with magic tinting his voice. He quickly grabs Allison and Lydia and places a quick charm on them, so they're safe from the glass that splinters inwards when the birds clash against the large windows.

Stiles looks around him frantically, and he sees the students all scream and panic. Miss Blake is protecting a student, and Stiles admires her for it. After a couple of minutes, the ruckus dies down, and he calls his dad.

"Dad! A hoard of birds just flew into the classroom window. There are students hurt." Stiles yells into his phone. Wincing when he thinks about how his dad's ears are suffering for a moment.

"I will be right there with help." His dad curtly responds before ending the call.

The rest of the day goes by in a haze. Stiles doesn't leave his pack's side and hovers around them, checking if they are really okay, even if he has already checked them about fifteen times.

Finally, his dad walks up to them.

"Go home, and rest, we don't know what caused it but-"

"But it's probably something supernatural?" Stiles says quickly while biting his thumb.

His dad sighs and scrapes a hand over his face. "Probably, but it's not like I can explain that to your fellow classmates or teachers."

Stiles grimaces and shakes his head. He then texts Derek to meet at Stiles's house.

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"You're not going alone," Derek says gruffly. Stiles raises his eyebrows at the man.

"Why not?" He challenges.

"Because I don't trust Deaton." Ah, yes, Stiles wants to go see Deaton, act all innocently, and ask about the birds that terrorized his class today. The pack already protested when he said he wanted to that, but now it's Derek's turn.

Stiles smirks at Derek. "Same here, big guy, fine. You coming with me?" Jackson gives an indignant squeak.

"Why can he come with, when you didn't want us to come with you?"

"Because I don't want you to get hurt, not that I want Derek to get hurt, but he will be just as vigilant as me, while if you go with me, I will worry about you the whole time. I can't risk that now." Jackson shuts up but is still glaring petulantly. Stiles just rolls his eyes.

Derek nods before turning to his betas. "You can go back to the loft if you want." The betas seem to think about it for a moment until Lydia pipes up.

"Why don't we watch a movie here until you guys come back?"

Jackson pouts at Lydia, and Stiles hides his laugh in a cough before he receives another glare. Boyd and Erica look a little uncomfortable but stay put. Isaac actually blushes when he wiggles in his spot next to Danny. Danny just beams at Isaac, and Stiles turns to look at Allison and nods his head at Danny and Isaac in an 'Oh my god, are they for real' kind of way, which makes Allison giggle.

"Fine with me, you guys know where everything is. Make yourselves at home."

"Stiles, we practically lived here during the summer. I think we will be fine." Allison says with a roll of her eyes. Stiles plants a kiss on the top of her head before darting out of the living room with Derek following him.

"We are not taking your jeep." He growls when Stiles reaches for his baby.

"Why not?"

"Because it's a death trap about to happen." Derek snarks back at him. "Rude! My Roscoe is precious and a gem, don't bitch at that."

Stiles then turns to the jeep to pat it on the hood before scrambling after Derek, who is already at the drivers' side of his Camaro.

"Fine, but you need to drop me off after because I can't apparate just yet!"

"Apparate? You're not a freaking wizard, Stiles."

"I'm going to file this away for later because holy shit, you read Harry Potter, give me a high five!" Stiles says with a big smile.

"How about no."

"Dude, don't leave me hanging!" Stiles whines, Derek groans like everything that is wrong with the world is Stiles. But then he does put his hand up for a high five while Stiles crows like a little kid.

When they finally reach Deaton's office, Stiles is still talking about Harry Potter, how Sirius Black didn't deserve anything but a lot of love and how he was destined to be together with Remus Lupin. Too much annoyance from Derek.

"How the Hell did you even gather that from the books!?" Derek finally asks after parking the car.

Stiles gasps, "Don't tell me you haven't read any fanfiction!"

"What is fanfiction?"

"Oh my god, I-I, no. Nope. Just no. I can't with you right now." Stiles says while grabbing his chest as if shot through the heart.

When Stiles glances at Derek, he sees Derek's shoulder shake, and holy shit, did he just make Derek Hale laugh? He is gaping at Derek while Derek tries to control his laughter.

"Stop talking. You lower the IQ of the whole street," Derek says before getting out of the car. Stiles's stomach did a nerd flip, the kind you get when you find another nerd with the same interest and just almost immediately think; YOU'RE MY PERSON!

He scrambles out of the car after Derek and really wants to continue bantering, but when they reach the door, Derek turns to him with a serious expression and holds up his hand.

"Alphas," Derek says, and he flashes his red eyes. Stiles gathers his magic in his hands and nods at Derek that he's ready. It's clear that Derek doesn't like it, but he can suck it.

Derek opens the door and walks inside, only to be stopped by Deaton's counter that is laced with Mountain Ash. He looks seriously disgruntled when Stiles smirks and opens the gate.

They walk into the room behind the counter and see Deaton, a big bald man, probably an Alpha, and Scott. But Scott is whining in a circle of Mountain Ash, making Stiles see red. Forget acting all innocently. That man is going down.

He flicks both of his hands out, making them fly against opposite walls, and snarls at the Alpha and Deaton. "What the fuck did you do with him!?"

"Stiles! No! Go away! Don't-" Scott yells before it turns into whimpers, he seems to claw at his arm, but Stiles doesn't understand.

"I'm here, buddy, I'm here." He tries to soothe Scott, but Scott only starts to sob and is scratching so badly at his arm that Stiles is afraid he will bleed out if he keeps going like this.

"Scott, please stop!"

"No, no, no, no," Scott is chanting, making Stiles's heart break for him. How could he have missed this? How could've he just ignored Scott the last couple of weeks? He should've helped Scott immediately when they found out he was being controlled by Deaton! He was angry at the beginning of the summer at Scott after everything that happened with Gerard, but seeing his best friend like this, all his anger shifts towards Deaton.

"Deaton. What did you do?" Stiles says in a deadly voice.

Deaton is baring his teeth at Stiles, but he doesn't care. Derek is behind him, growling at the big bald Alpha, but Stiles has it under control. At least, for now. He quickly scans the room and spots Mountain ash. He walks towards it and opens the pot. He then throws the Mountain ash in the air, willing it to fall around the Alpha and trapping him. It works, and he releases his magic from the Alpha. He won't make the same mistake twice. No sir.

"Now I have my full attention to you. Speak asshole." Stiles snarls at Deaton, willing his magic to listen. Deaton is struggling against his magic and hold, but he's much weaker than Stiles is.

"Well, well, well, isn't this a sight." A British voice speaks from behind him, and Stiles curses himself for not noticing that someone was approaching sooner. He turns around to see an older dude with sunglasses and a blind stick.

"Sight? I don't think you **see** anything at all, dude." He knows it's not his best work. Shut up. He's under stress.

The British man snarls and snaps his fingers, a woman jumps forward, ready to lunge at Stiles, but Derek is there sooner and slams the woman down to the ground before roaring in her face.

"Derek Hale, fancy meeting you here. I was hoping for a meeting soon. And this-" The man says while gesturing calm and collected towards Stiles. "would be your emissary?"

Derek growls at the man, but he's struggling while holding the woman down, so he can't really lunge himself at the other Alpha. Stiles can still hear Scott whimpering behind him and just wants to help him.

"I'm not his emissary. I'm Alpha Genim." Stiles spits out, probably not a good idea, but he, Stiles, can be pretty impulsive.

The smirk on the British man turns almost feral.

"Ah, so you're the Mage I've heard so much about?" A gasp is heard from behind him, and Stiles glances back at Deaton, who has become completely pale.

"Guess so," Stiles replies through clenched teeth.

"Good to know," The Alpha says before transforming into a beast of a werewolf, and Stiles is pretty sure that he can see with his Alpha eyes. They are blazing at him.

The Alpha lunges, but Stiles already sees it coming. He freezes the Alpha in his tracks, but what he didn't see was that the Alpha was holding some kind of dust in his hand. With the lunge and the sudden freezing of the Alpha's body, the dust spreads through the air, and Stiles inhales it without meaning to.

Stiles starts to cough immediately, and Derek sees that something is wrong. Scott is sobbing now, and Stiles's sight wavers. He feels a bit of panic shoot through the bond before he collapses to his knees, gasping for air. He hears his name being shouted, but he hears it from a far distance. He looks up and sees the Alpha wolf come closer. His magic broke, and whatever hold Stiles had on the man is gone.

He sees the Alpha's mouth move but can't understand anything he's saying. He tries to dislodge the drowsiness but fails. The last thing he sees is Derek screaming for him and lunging at the Alpha in front of Stiles before his eyes close, and he falls down on the cold hard tiles.



## Chapter End Notes

Welp, I wanna say I'm sorry, but I'm really not, so why lie?

Hope you like it!!!! 🤖🤖

xx MBlack93

# Free Stiles!

## Chapter Notes

Multiple points of view in this chapter!

And a little action, just a smidge!

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

### ***Derek's POV;***

"STILES!" Derek screams as soon as Stiles starts to cough. He wants to reach for him, but he still has a struggling Alpha beneath him. He bashes the woman's skull on the hard tiles until she blacks out from the force of it.

He scrambles up only to see Stiles's eyes go completely white. Stiles is looking at him, but he doubts Stiles is seeing him. Scott is sobbing and chanting "No, no, no," in the background. Derek is torn for a moment who he should be helping first. Scott is clearly being hurt, but Stiles is now out cold!

"Your magic is going to be *extraordinary* when I'm done with you," Deucalion says in awe while cupping Stiles's cheek. And Derek snaps. He can't have that. He will not have Deucalion take Stiles! He fears for what Deucalion can do to him. The stories that he heard about the Demon Wolf can be vomit-inducing.

Stiles collapses onto the floor, and his eyes close. It's that Derek can still hear his heartbeat. Otherwise, he would panic even further. Allison is probably going to kill him if anything happens with Stiles while under Derek's watch.

He never thought he would feel fear like this again, not after his last pack bond broke when Laura died. He doesn't fear being killed by Allison, but for what will happen with Stiles. This teenager has grown under his skin in just a year.

Derek roars and tries to lunge at the Demon Wolf, but the spell that Stiles had on Deucalion and Deaton was gone. So, just before Derek can reach the wolf, he crashes against an invisible barrier. He looks down and sees the Mountain Ash barrier that Deaton must've thrown up just now.

Derek snarls at Deaton, who just looks smugly before opening the ash line of the other Alpha and the one where Scott is still huddled. Ennis, the Alpha wolf that bit Paige all those years ago, runs to Kali, the female wolf who is still out of it. Derek would love to rip the man apart, but he can't get out of this barrier.

Derek pounds against his barrier. Even if Scott betrayed him in the worst way possible just a couple of months ago, he could see how much Scott is hurting. How much Scott has been struggling.

"No, no, no, I did as you asked, don't hurt him, don't hurt him!" Scott sobs out, pleading on his knees and scrambling back and away from Deaton. Derek's heart breaks a little for the stubborn beta. Could it be that Scott always has been influenced by Deaton? Derek knows about the Elpen ash and the grey monnikswood. Could it be that Scott was under the influence longer than they thought? Derek feels the familiar guilt rise in him. It tastes sour in his mouth.

"Get away from him!" Derek roars, not entirely sure he means if they should get away from Stiles or Scott. But both would be good. He keeps pounding on the ash line, but it won't move an inch.

"Derek Hale, my sincere apologies for cutting our time short today, but to have been delivered such a *delicious* present, well, I can't wait to get my hands on it," Deucalion says with a smarmy smirk, making Derek bite back bile. What is this man going to do to Stiles? He can't hurt him! He can't!

"If you touch him, I'm going to rip you to shreds!" Derek roars.

Deucalion just chuckles, "I think you need to be able to get out of that barrier first." He muses.

Then Deucalion turns to Ennis, who has Kali cradled in his arms, he is growling at Derek, but Derek doesn't care. He can't get out of the barrier, but that also means Ennis can't get in.

"Ennis, take Kali back to our place and call the twins. They can deal with mister Hale."

Derek pounds against the barrier again and roars as hard as he can, hoping that his betas will hear him.

"They will be here too late," Deucalion chuckles.

"You sure about that?" A deadly cold voice comes from just behind Deucalion.

Deucalion whips around surprised, with a snarl on his face.

Allison is standing behind him with her crossbow raised, Jackson, Lydia, Danny, Isaac, Erica, and Boyd all behind her. It should surprise Derek that Allison is at the front, but he can't imagine her at any other place. She is fearless and fierce, the perfect second in command even if she's a hunter. And, of course, she is the Matriarch of the Argent Clan. Derek can imagine her at the front of every battle.

Allison glances at Derek and then down at the mountain ash line that is holding Derek back. She then lowers the crossbow a little and shoots.

The arrow shoots through Derek's legs, and he makes a shocked noise before noticing that the barrier has fallen away. She shot the ash line. Wow, the little show-off. When he looks back up at her feeling a little awed, he's not surprised to see a smirk on her face.

He shifts into his beta shift and goes for the attack on Deucalion, the biggest threat in the room.

"McCall! Take the Mage and go!" Deaton snarls before tossing a vial at the group of betas while Derek is fighting with Deucalion.

Scott whimpers before running to Stiles to lift him up. He looks back at the betas, who are all coughing and on their knees, even Allison, "I'm sorry!" He yells before bolting after Ennis, who is still carrying Kali.

Derek wants to growl in frustration, he thought he could save Stiles from being taken, but it didn't matter! He's still gone. Deucalion is stronger than Derek, and Derek doesn't know if he can come out of this alive.

The 'blind' Alpha places punch after punch and delivers swipe after swipe. Derek is bleeding heavily, and he's worried about his betas, who are still on the floor coughing, looking like they're about a moment away from coughing up their lungs. And let's not forget Stiles's betas. Allison is just human, and Lydia only has human healing powers! Derek wants to rip out Deaton's throat for throwing that concoction at them. Whatever it was.

Derek suddenly feels white-hot pain flair in his chest and only sees Deucalion's smirk in front of him. When he looks down, he sees Deucalion's claws in his chest. He knows instantly that it's too deep. There is no chance in hell he's going to survive this. He feels blood bubble in his throat, the copper taste of it on his tongue. He coughs, and some blood splatters on Deucalion's face. Derek feels a little pride for the disgust that shows on Deucalion's face until the man starts to howl and rips his claws out of Derek's sternum.

Derek falls to the ground but sees two, no three arrows sprouting out of Deucalion's back. The way Deucalion is panting, it can only be laced with wolfsbane. Deucalion starts to turn to the betas with a snarl on his face, but then Deaton is there.

"Come on!" Deaton yells, and he pulls Deucalion with him out of the office.

Derek tries to look at the betas, check if they're alright, but he thinks he loses some time because he's suddenly lying on his back with a pale Allison hovering above him. She is putting pressure on the wounds in his chest.

"Lydia, what do I need to do?" She sounds panicked, and Derek can't really understand why. She's a hunter. Shouldn't she be happy to finish her aunt's job?

He tries to shake any thoughts of Kate away and feels guilty about thinking like that about Allison, who has proven the last month that she isn't out to get them.

"Alli-" He tries but starts to cough up blood again, a wound from an Alpha always heals slower, but he thinks that this will heal too slow. He's going to die in a veterinarian's office. Derek believes that Stiles could appreciate the joke in that.

"Don't talk, Derek." She shushes him while pushing on his wound a little harder, making him flinch and groan. "You're not allowed to die on me, okay? You're going to help me save Stiles, and we're going to have the best fucking alliance packs have ever seen, and we're going to kill Kate and Gerard together. You're not allowed to die." She says vehemently.

He wants to laugh at her ramblings but really wishes what she's saying is true. He wants to see the light in Kate's eyes die. He wants to torture Gerard as he did with his betas and Stiles. He **wants** revenge on them. And when he looks into Allison's eyes, he only sees sincerity, she wants the same, and he can't help but ask. "Why? Why do you want them dead? You're family." He grounds out through the pain. Making Allison shush him again with shining eyes, she combs a couple of strands of hair out of his face. The action is so tender he's shocked by it. Is she seriously afraid for him? How or why did he deserve that?

"Because they hurt too many people, family doesn't mean anything to them. What I have with the pack, that's family. I hate them, Derek. I hate them so much for what they did to you and your family, what they did to Stiles, and what they did to me. I'm fucked up, and that's on them." Allison says with tears rolling down her cheeks.

Allison then snaps her head back, "Where the hell are those supplies?" She yells. Derek doesn't know to who, but it doesn't take long before he sees a frantic Lydia kneeling on his other side with a lot of bandages and other supplies.

Lydia gets to work immediately, and Derek is surprised by her steady hands. He then looks back at Allison, who is still putting pressure on his wounds. She isn't looking at him, and he feels that he has lost too much blood. He isn't going to be awake for much longer.

"We're all - fucked up," Derek says while still looking at Allison. She snaps her gaze back to him and gives him a small, sad smile. He thinks he returns the gesture, but he can't be sure because he soon loses consciousness.

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### *Allison's POV*

"No! Derek! Stay awake!" She yells at the passed-out Alpha, shit, shit, shit! She doesn't know why she's feeling like her chest is being crushed at the moment. Well, partly because Stiles has been taken. But another part feels like it's because Derek is losing this fight, and he doesn't deserve to fucking die!

"Lydia!" She screeches, not knowing what to do. When the vial broke in front of the betas and her, she thought for a moment they would die, everything hurt, and it was like her lungs were on fire. Then she saw the blood coming from Derek's mouth, and it didn't matter. She needed to help the Alpha.

She was already shocked that she couldn't do anything to stop Scott from scooping up Stiles and run out of the room. What the fuck did he mean with his 'I'm sorry'?

She quickly placed three sloppy arrows in the other Alpha's back, but it was enough for him to let Derek go. Then she struggled to breathe for a moment, but when she got her breath back, she saw that the other betas also were coming to themselves. Thank god Deaton didn't kill them. She quickly ordered all the wolves to follow Deaton and the Alpha at a safe distance, so they could hopefully find their location to save Stiles and Scott.

She then crawled as fast as she could to Derek's body and put pressure on the wound. She kept babbling while Lydia was hunting down some supplies to help him. When Derek opened his eyes again, she felt such relief she almost slumped down until she remembered to keep pressure on the wound.

And now they finally had the right supplies, he goes and blacks out, again! The asshole!

"I'm working on it!" Lydia snaps back while already preparing a needle to put stitches in Derek.

"Should I wake him up?" Allison asks. She can't lose him, not now. She hasn't done enough to help him. She hasn't done enough to help him back to his feet after everything her family did to him. He doesn't *deserve* this!

"I really think being out of it while being stitched up is better." Lydia snarks, making Allison glare at her.

They stay silent for the time being, but Allison has her hand against Derek's pulse point in his neck, just making sure he's still alive. When finally the last wound is closed, she releases a deep breath before pulling out a little pouch from her belt. In it are very powerful smelling salts. She holds the pouch under Derek's nose and does not think it's cute how his nose scrunches up. Why the hell did she think that was cute? Get a grip, Allison. Your fucking boyfriend is missing.

Derek finally opens his eyes again and groans. "Where is Stiles?" He says before trying to sit up, the freaking idiot!

Allison pushes him down without using any strength. Derek is still too out of it or too weak to fight back. He does try to glare at Allison, though.

"Calm down, dumbass, you almost died on us. You need to heal before you're going wild." Allison says with a roll of her eyes.

"I can heal on the way. Where are the betas?" Derek tries to sit up again, but two glares from Lydia and Allison pin him down, and he keeps lying down. Smart move.



"The betas are following Deaton and Deucalion on a safe distance. When you're healed, we will follow them."

At that moment, Allison's phone starts to ring. When she reaches out to pull her phone out of her pocket, she suddenly notices how she's still holding Derek at his pulse point. Her eyes widen, and she quickly takes back her hand and pulls out her phone, trying to act normal. Jackson is calling her, and she answers directly with, "Yes?"

"We've lost them. Deaton used some kind of potion again." Comes Jackson's annoyed voice.

"Fuck! What do we do now?" Allison is at a loss for the moment. She never thought someone could snatch Stiles away. Not again. He's so powerful and strong, and still, those assholes got him!

Derek taps her hand, and she looks down at him. He gestures for the phone and tries to sit up again. She glares at his wounds, and he just raises his eyebrow at her.

Allison then sighs and rolls her eyes before handing the phone to Derek, knowing that she will lose the glaring contest.

"Do you still feel the pack bonds?" Derek asks Jackson. Allison can't hear what Jackson replies, but she immediately feels for her own pack bonds. She feels them deep in her chest and is glad to feel Stiles's too. It's a little dulled but still strong.

"Good, then we can track them to where they are holding him," Derek says before ending the call and trying to get to his feet with a lot of groaning. Allison is this close to punching him in the wounds so he will sit back down and heal properly, dammit, but she isn't completely heartless.

"Let me help you," She says in a soft voice. Derek looks at her and nods, so she grabs his arm and throws it over her shoulder before hefting him up. He groans the whole way but is standing at least.

"How can we track them through the pack bonds? I've never heard of it." Lydia tells Derek with narrowed eyes. Allison is a little afraid that Lydia won't believe Derek until she has all the facts, but they don't have the time. Who knows what those Alphas are going to do with Stiles?!

"Focus on your Alpha's bond, and try to envision it before you," Derek says while pulling off the bloody tatters of what was once his shirt. Allison absolutely is not gaping or blushing. Shut up.

She closes her eyes to focus on the bond, it doesn't take long before she can feel the bond itself, and she tries to see it as a rope that has her bound to Stiles, her Alpha, her boyfriend. Only Allison doesn't really have magical powers, so it's hard. She is panting after just a couple of minutes of trying, and then she hears Lydia. "Found him!"

Allison feels disappointed in herself. She couldn't even find her Alpha, her boyfriend, only because she can't do magic. She can't even form a Mountain Ash circle. It just won't work. She tries not to feel jealous that Lydia could find Stiles before she could, but she thinks she still reeks of frustration because Derek suddenly squeezes her shoulder.

When she looks at him, he has a soft smile on his face. She gives him a weak smile back before checking the weapons she has on herself to occupy her mind.

"They are in the old bank, on the edge of the town," Lydia explains when they walk to the car, Derek is thankfully completely healed now and can walk for himself. He is scowling at the shirt he's wearing, though. It's one of Deaton's scrubs, and Allison just barely can hold her laughter.

"We need a plan before we go in," Allison says, trying to be practical. She suddenly has an idea but is pretty sure Stiles is going to hate it. She bites her bottom lip in doubt. "What are you thinking, Allison?" Lydia asks, pulling her out of her thoughts. Allison blinks a couple of times at Lydia and Derek, who are both looking at her with expectant eyes.

Allison squares her shoulders before telling Lydia and Derek the plan. Derek hates the plan but agrees in the end. Lydia doesn't dismiss it and also thinks it could work.

Allison gives them both a smile before taking action. Time to get her boyfriend/Alpha back.

She takes out her phone and dials the number. Stiles is going to kill her probably, but they need the help. She just hopes she's making the right call. The line connects, and Allison rushes out her words.

"Sheriff, we need your help."

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"Stiles-buddy-please, please, please wake up! Stiles!" Is what Stiles hears when he comes out of his forced sleep. He groans and shuffles before burying his face in his arms. He smacks his lips together. "Just five more minutes, dad." He grumbles.

He is roughly pushed, and he rolls over forcibly. "What the fuck-" He finally opens his eyes to see two sets of golden eyes aimed at him. He immediately sits up and looks at his surroundings, but everything is dark. He can't even see the shapes of the people in front of him—only their golden eyes.

"Where the fuck am I?" He reaches for his spark, so he can defend himself if necessary but finds his spark blocked, he doesn't feel the warmth in his chest, and he panics. "Where is it? Where is it?!" He starts harshly patting his chest, he should be feeling the pack bonds, his spark, his fucking magic, but he can't feel anything.

"Stiles! Breathe!" The voice that tells him to breathe pulls him back to the present in shock. "Scott?" He questions. What the hell is happening?

Two arms engulf him in a tight hug, and before he knows it, he's clinging back to his best friend, who is sobbing in his arms. He heavily sighs. He had missed his best friend so much, even if he has been angry at Scott.

They knew each other since the sandbox. You never forget the first boy that shares his pudding cup with you. It was fated to be an epic friendship. And here they are now, thirteen years later, and a whole lot of supernatural shit behind them.

"I'm sorry - I'm so sorry! I never- I never wanted anyone to get hurt." Scott sobs out, and Stiles is at a loss for the moment.

"It's okay, buddy, I know you woul-"

"No! You need to listen to me! I was so stupid-"

"That's probably an understatement." A snappy voice comes from right next to them. Stiles whips his head around to look at the figure, but it's too dark to really see anything.

"Who the hell are you?" Stiles asks while still patting Scott's shaking shoulders. He wants to glare at the person that is shattering this heartfelt moment.

"Does it really matter? They've taken me too." The girl snarks back.

"Oh, I'm sorry, but a little more information over what the hell fucking happened would be maybe helpful? I don't know about you, but I was just drugged and dragged to somewhere I don't know where, so excuse me if it's inconvenient for you to tell me your name." Stiles replies in his most dry voice, every word dripping with sarcasm.

The girl growls at him, and yeah, fuck no. "Shut up, I'm used to Derek Hale's eyebrows. Your growl doesn't even get in my top 100 list with scary shit." He snarks at the girl.

The growl shut's off immediately, and Stiles feels kind of proud of himself. He just wants to go back to comfort Scott and figure out how to get the hell out of here when she speaks again. "You know my brother?" The girl says in a small voice, making both Stiles and Scott look up now.

"Brother?" They both repeat in a surprised voice.

"Did I stutter?" The she-wolf growls again.

Stiles goes over the files of the Hale fire in his head. He knows Derek and Laura survived, but who could-

"Cora, you're Cora Hale. But you- everybody, thinks you're dead, dude!"

"Don't call me dude!"

Oh, yeah, definitely Derek's sister. "How sweet, your brother also says that to me. I already see, well, hear the family resemblance."

"You're an idiot."

"You're pretty bitchy,"

"Shut up!"

"Oh, good, come back," Stiles snarks, and he starts a slow clap because, yes, he is a little shit.

Cora snarls and is probably on the verge of attacking when Scott interrupts. "Shut up, the both of you! Shouldn't we try to get out?"

Stiles pouts because he actually kind of liked to rile up Cora. But fine.

"I can't access my magic. Something is fucking blocking me." Stiles grumbles out.

"It's probably that collar you got on your neck." Cora simply says, and Stiles can practically imagine the Hale eyeroll.

Stiles's hands fly to his throat, and yelps when he is burned when he tries to touch it.

"They collared me?! What the hell? This is so not a kink of mine," He asks incredulously before groaning when he is suddenly blinded by fluorescent lights. Both wolves flinch, too, and Stiles blinks the stars out of his eyes before looking around again. Scott is bloody, sitting just on Stiles's right. He sees the tear tracks on his best friend's cheeks and feels his heart break when Scott crawls back to a pillar and starts to whimper. Cora is growling and completely wolfed out. She lunges but is stopped by a Mountain Ash line before she can reach Deaton and the twins that just walked in.

"The collar is necessary, mister Stilinski. We can't have you interrupt any more rituals that are in the works for several years." Deaton says with a smirk.

"Fuck you, you cryptic asshole," Stiles snarls, and he goes to stand next to Cora, shielding Scott from Deaton.

Deaton simply chuckles, and Stiles bares his teeth, Cora seems mildly impressed that he acts like a wolf, but Stiles doesn't care.

"Take the collar off, and then you and I can see what I can interrupt, maybe your fucking bloodline," Stiles says with a sneer.

"That's not going to happen, mister Stilinski. Those rituals should've been the gateway to finally achieve my lifelong goal. And you almost ruined it. Thankfully we can still sever your connection to the Nemeton."

Stiles lunges at Deaton without warning. He punches the asshole Druid straight on the nose. Apparently, they forgot that he could cross the Mountain Ash line. Suckers!

His victory is unfortunately short-lived when he's roughly pulled back and thrown back in the circle. He lands on his elbow and feels that he landed wrong immediately. "Mother fucking ow!" He yells when he tries to sit up, but a flare of pain shoots through his entire left arm.

The twins were smirking and wolfed out. Deaton is cursing and holding his nose, but Stiles can see the blood pooling from it. He feels a little vindicated but really wants to punch the asshole some more. Cora is next to him instantly and helps him up while he hisses through the pain in his arm. The collar blocks all his magic, even his healing one, so this is pretty shitty.

"Thanks," He mutters at Cora. "I should thank you, that was awesome." She says back, and he smirks at her. He gets an amused smile in return before she lets it fall into the Hale scowl. Seriously, they should get their own trademark or something.

Stiles focuses back on the Druid and two Alphas. "You'll never sever the connection I have with Nem. He trusts me." Stiles snarls at Deaton.

"We will see about that." Deaton mutter through his broken nose before turning away and walking back up. The twins linger for a moment.

"Deucalion is going to have so much fun with you." The twin standing on the right chuckles with a smirk.

"He will love to see you break." The other one adds.

"He can try," Stiles replies with a glare.

The twins both snort and walk out of the vault, closing the big door behind them.

Stiles growls in frustration and tries to touch the collar again. He hisses when it pulls at his elbow and when his fingers burn at the touch.

"Fuck! I need to get this thing off."

"Come here, let me try," Cora offers, and she gets out her claws and advances. Stiles stumbles back a little before he hits Scott's legs. He yelps and falls down. Again.

"Fuck! I think my elbow is broken." He groans from where he's wittering on the ground. He feels like such a badass Alpha right now. Not.

Cora clicks her tongue in clear annoyance before reaching out again to touch the collar. But when she touches it, she also yelps.

"Okay, okay, okay, let's stop for a moment because this is not going to work." Scott pleads. Stiles reluctantly agrees, as does Cora.

Stiles lets out a sigh before turning to Scott. "Scotty, what the fuck happened?"

Scott seems to curl even more inside himself and lets out a small whine before rubbing his hands roughly over his face.

"The first day I came to work after being turned, Deaton tried to control me. I - I didn't know at first. I just thought his ideas made sense, you know?"

Stiles tries to stay calm but to hear that his best friend has been struggling with the asshole Druid makes his blood boil. He reaches a hand out and puts it on Scott's shoulder, rubbing his thumb in small circles. Scott lets out a shuddering sigh before talking again.



"Then everything with Jackson and Gerard happened, and Deaton told me the idea of switching Gerard's cancer meds with Mountain Ash pills. And then go ahead with Gerard's plan and make Derek bite him-" Cora lets out a small gasp. "-but I refused. I know how Derek felt about the bite. I couldn't do that to him. I admit I didn't like the guy, but Deaton kept whispering in my ears how he couldn't be trusted. That's mostly where all the hate came from, you know." Scott admits with a shrug. Stiles has moved his hand to Scott's neck and squeezes it just as he does with his betas.

"What happened when you refused?" Stiles softly asks when Scott melts against Stiles's touch.

Scott's lips start to wobble, and he wipes his hand against his eyes to make the moisture go away.

"I didn't know anything was wrong at first, but Deaton gave me a bottle of water at work, and then everything he told me - I - I just immediately did it. Word for word... I was forced to listen to him. I tried to fight back, I really did! But nothing worked. He forced me to paralyze Derek and force him to bite Gerard, then after he made me act like everything was fine to my mom. And he wanted me to break up with Allison completely, and not to contact you because he thought you would notice it when something was wrong." Scott rushes out with pain in his voice.

Stiles flinches involuntarily. Crap. "So that's why you ignored me the whole summer and at school?" He carefully starts with.

"Yeah, I'm so sorry, Stiles! I know you were hurt that night with Jackson and the end of the Kanima, but Deaton didn't let me say anything to you."

They are silent for a moment, Stiles keeps his hand on Scott's neck, and he sees Cora lying down in the corner of his eye. He's glad she's given them some privacy.

"And- and Allison?" Stiles finally says with a dry throat. Scott shuffles a little. Stiles is afraid of what Scott will tell him. Will he hate him for being with Allison? Scott clearly didn't want to break up with her.

"I didn't want to lose her, but the last couple of months, I did see that we weren't right for each other. I hope we can be friends in the future, but I'm glad you two found each other, though." Scott tells him with a sincere smile. And Stiles pushes out a relieved breath.

"Come here, dude," Stiles says while pulling Scott into a tight embrace. Scott immediately tries to push his face into the crook of Stiles's neck, but the collar is holding him back a little.

"Stupid collar," Stiles mumbles.

They stay like that for a couple of minutes, but it's clear that Cora has lost her patience. She scuffles over to them and opens her mouth a couple of times to start a question, but it never comes.

"What is it, Cora?" Stiles finally asks, sounding a little exasperated. He really doesn't know how to act around Cora. She should be dead. He's sure Derek and Peter both don't know about her. And she was pretty bitchy when he just arrived.

"You-You act like an Alpha, but I only heard about a Hale Alpha in this territory."

Stiles snorts. "I became Alpha this summer when my magic came to me and my first beta submitted to me," Stiles explains.

Cora lights up. "So you have pack bonds?"

Stiles frowns a little at her but nods. "Yeah, I have pack bonds with all of my pack. Even my human girlfriend and my human father."

"Wow, okay, then maybe we have a way to get out of this." She says with hope.

"What do you mean?" Stiles asks with a frown, but when she opens her mouth to answer, they are interrupted.

The ominous steps they hear with the clinking of a cane make them all stand up and square their shoulders. Deucalion and Ennis enter and stand just in front of the Mountain Ash line. Just out of reach for the wolves, and Stiles knows he can't surprise the two Alphas now as he did with Deaton.

Stiles feels his blood boil again and snarls at the two Alphas.

"What do you want?" Stiles says while stepping in front of the two betas, his inner Alpha instinct drives him to protect them.

Another person steps in sight, and Stiles is confused, he doesn't know who she is, but even with his collar, he can feel the magic pouring off her.

"What do you want?" Stiles grits out again. Getting agitated with the silence.

Deucalion starts to chuckle, and it makes every hair on Stiles's body rise. He swallows heavily and waits. Knowing that it will be bad if he talks again.

"We want you, Mage. Alpha Genim, I've heard quite some tales about you. It had me intrigued, but alas, I was disappointed when I found you. So easily caught." Deucalion taunts, making Stiles grit his teeth, he hears two growls from behind him, but Stiles waves them off.

"Believe me, old man, I will not disappoint again."

"Duke, the magic the collar is registering is extraordinary." The woman says, and Stiles is pretty sure she's a witch.

Stiles smirks at her and sees her flinch just a little.

"Should that mean something to me?" Deucalion reacts, sounding bored. "Only that you should never take off the collar." She simply replies, but she gets an irritated look in response.

"Make him come with us." Deucalion then states with a smirk. The woman sighs and shakes her head as if she knows that this is a bad idea. She then stretches out her hand, and a leash appears in her hand. The leash goes all the way to Stiles's collar, and he snarls. Feeling humiliated and a little afraid, but mostly angry that they think they can get away with treating him this way.

When she pulls on the leash, Scott immediately throws him in front of Stiles to stop him from crossing the Mountain Ash line, but with a simple flick of the witch's hand, he's being thrown against another wall.

"Don't hurt him!" Stiles bellows. His voice carries, and the Alphas and witch cringe at the sound and the command in it. Deucalion snarls and fights the compulsion, Stiles doesn't have his magic, so it's easy to shake off in the end, unfortunately.

"How are you doing that?" Deucalion then questions, but he won't let Stiles answer. He just waves his hand at the witch to continue with the pulling. Stiles curses and struggles against the collar and sputters with hard pulls. His breathing is getting harsher and harsher. He doesn't know if it's a panic attack or because of the hard pulls of the collar.

He glances back at Scott and sees Cora kneeling next to Scott, eyes on Stiles and clearly afraid. "Take care of him!" He shouts at her, and she nods immediately.

Finally, they succeed in pulling him out of the room. They bring him to a high ceiling room with balustrades, and he finally understands where he is. He is in an old bank. Stiles remembers that he has been here with his mom once before it was robbed and the bank was abandoned.

He also knows it's on the outskirts of town, so he knows for sure that nobody will find them here soon. Fuck his life.

Stiles is being pushed harshly to the ground and glares at the Alphas and witch. He sees the twins in the corner of his eyes, the only one he doesn't see is the female Alpha and Deaton.

He is still cradling his arm. It hurts like hell, and being jostled around doesn't really help it.

"Marin, please tell me again, how can we get his powers?" Deucalion asks in a pleasant voice. Marin, the witch, answers clearly, but Stiles's ears are already ringing.

"Killing him. His magic would go to me, but because he's also an Alpha, your Alpha spark will also be fed with his death." She sounds clinical and not at all interested. Stiles glares at her, but she just looks bored.

"Mh, interesting. But so tedious, it would be a shame to only just kill him, don't you agree, Ennis?" Deucalion says with a smirk. Stiles shivers from the indication it brings with it.

The big, bald Alpha laughs a deep laugh. Stiles immediately thinks of a couple of evil villains from his comic books.

"A waste, if you ask me," Ennis says with a smirk. Stiles grits his teeth again and gives them his best glare.

"So what? You want to hurt me first? Torture me?" Stiles spits out.

"Pretty much," Ennis shrugs before stalking forward. He grips Stiles's chin in his hand and shakes, making Stiles bear his teeth at the Alpha. But Ennis only chuckles. Amused with the Mage's antics.

"Pathetic. You're a big bad Alpha, and now you wanna punch a human Mage a little around before killing him? Kind of weak, don't you think? Let me at least fight back. Or are you afraid you're going to get your ass kicked?" Stiles taunts, his heart going a million beats per minute, but he doesn't care. He isn't going to take this beating kneeling. He isn't in the

basement with Gerard anymore. He trained so much. He wants to be at least able to kick back.

Ennis snarls and pulls his fist back, but Deucalion stops him.

"We aren't going to release your collar, so it won't be a fair fight either way."

"Who says I need my magic to kick his ass?" Stiles smirks.

Ennis looks back at Deucalion, waiting for his order. Probably also eager to show Stiles exactly how weak he is in comparison. Stiles really hopes he gets a chance, he isn't going to make it the Alpha easy, and hey, maybe he can stall enough for someone to show up.

"Let the boy fight. We will have at least a little entertainment." Deucalion says with a wave of his hand. Marin sighs again and lets the leash disappear. The collar remains, of course. Stiles quickly stands on his feet and takes a couple of steps back, so he isn't in Ennis's direct reach.

Marin and Deucalion step back, and Deucalion sprawls over a big chair. Stiles rolls his eyes. The Demon Wolf clearly thinks he's the top dog here. Stiles would like to hurl now.

Stiles feels the shift in the air and ducks before planting his hands on the floor and kicking his legs up. He throws Ennis a couple of feet through the air, and he hears Ennis grunt when he lands.

"Oh yeah, one - zero for Stiles!" He crows with a feral smirk. Ennis looks murderous when he stands again, his face already in his beta shift and ready to lunge.

Stiles quickly turns serious and focuses on the fight. He is faster than Ennis, and that's the only reason he hasn't been scratched yet. But Ennis is getting angrier with the minute.

Stiles's arm still hurts like a bitch, the first move was already too much for it, and it throbs. He's only ducking and running now, he has planted two good kicks, but the Alpha is already recovered from them.

Stiles knows he's going to lose, but that doesn't mean he will give up. He's panting and sweating like a pig, and then he makes a mistake. Ennis is on him the second. He's just a tad too slow. Ennis takes him by his throat and roars in his face. Stiles is stunned and scrambling for air. How can Ennis touch the collar?

Stiles is struggling against the hand that is holding him up from the floor when he glances at Deucalion and Marin. Marin sees him looking at her and brings her hand to her throat before mimicking claws. Could she-?

Stiles stretches his neck as if he's going to submit, and he can see Ennis's eyes widen, and something akin to lust is in them. Making Stiles gag. Then Stiles shifts his neck, so Ennis's claws cut through the collar.

Ennis roars, but the euphoria of feeling his magic is enough to make Stiles laugh. His arm heals immediately, and he pushes both arms forwards against Ennis's chest to make him fly against the other wall. He crumples to the floor after being tossed against the wall and doesn't get up again.

Stiles feels his magic whirl inside him, his eyes are probably blazing purple or green, and he sighs in relief.

Stiles kneels on the floor and pants for a moment, getting his breath back, but then he feels the twins and Deucalion move, Marin is suddenly gone, and Stiles is pretty sure that she helped him before fleeing the scene. He doesn't know how to feel about that.

"Deucalion, feeling impressed yet?" Stiles can't help but taunt. He stands again, and the twins are doing something weird. It's almost as if they are climbing into each other, a gruesome sight, to be honest.

But then all the glass in the windows shatters to the inside, making everyone flinch and take cover.

***"This is the Sheriff's department. Everybody lower your weapons and on your knees. We're coming in."*** Sounds a very familiar voice. Stiles doesn't know if he wants to sob in relief or to get angry that his fucking father is here in the middle of a supernatural showdown. Which he pretty much got handled, thank you very much!

The twins are startled so much that the weird climbing in each other is stopped and reversed. They are kneeling immediately on the floor with their hands behind their heads, and looking around with terror in their eyes.

"You guys are so screwed." Stiles can't help but cackle.

Deucalion, on the other hand, has other ideas. He snarls at Stiles before turning and running. Ennis, who just had woken up, scrambles after him right after piercing Stiles with a menacing glare.

"They're getting away!" Stiles yells just before the door is kicked in, and a team of deputies is pouring in.

A couple immediately goes to the twins while others follow the direction Stiles is pointing in. Hopefully, the wolves are already gone. Stiles would feel guilty for his entire life if somebody gets hurt by werewolves right now.

Then his father steps inside and only has eyes for Stiles. He rushes to his side and pulls Stiles in the tightest embrace they have ever been in. Stiles struggles for breath after a moment but refuses to leave his father's embrace.

"I was so freaking worried, kiddo, when Allison called and told me you were taken I-"

"I'm okay,"



"You're not,"

"..."

"Stiles?"

His dad pulls back from the embrace, and Stiles lets out a small whine before meeting his dad's eyes. "I can't believe she called you." He mutters.

"She thought it was the best plan of action when they knew where you were. They can't kill an entire Sheriff's department and want to keep the supernatural a secret."

"It isn't as if nobody has already tried to kill an entire Sheriff's department." Stiles snarls, feeling more afraid than angry at what could've happened.

"Stiles-" His dad starts, sounding more tired than Stiles expected.

"I'm okay," He repeats.

"Stiles." His dad says in his no-nonsense tone, making Stiles flinch.

"I-uh, will be fine. Shit! Scott and Cora!" Stiles suddenly yells with his hands in his hair.

"Scott and who?" His dad has a very confused expression on his face. He knows Stiles can jump from one thought to another, but this is a pretty weird leap.

"Scott and Cora Hale are downstairs in the vault! They were being kept here too!" Stiles frantically explains before running towards the stairs.

His dad is on his heels, and they finally reach the vault, Scott and Cora are huddled together in a corner, and Cora growls as soon as the door opens before stopping when she sees it's Stiles.

Stiles flicks his wrist, and the whole line of Mountain Ash disappears. He rushes over and pulls them both into a tight embrace. A little surprised that Cora even lets him. But he isn't going to comment on it or comment on the fact that she buried her face in his neck.

"How the fuck did you survive them?" Cora asks with awe in her voice.

"I'm like a cockroach, very hard to kill." Stiles snarks back with a smirk before helping them both up. Scott is shaking, and Stiles really wants to check out his best friend. Making sure that the compulsion Deaton had on him is entirely gone.

The next hour is tedious with giving statements. The deputies are all floored by the reveal of Cora Hale. Instead of keeping silent, like Stiles thought she would do, she simply says that she was with family in Puerto Rico when the fire happened and that she thought everybody died in the fire, so that's why she never came back. Until a couple of months ago when she heard Derek had returned to Beacon Hills. When she came looking for him, she was taken by Deucalion, who she thinks was some kind of cult leader—making Stiles and Scott almost collapse down in laughter. But they can hold it in, barely.

After an hour, the Sheriff has had enough and tells the deputies that they have enough information and that the kids should be checked out in the hospital and that he will drive them. The deputies agree without fighting, and the Sheriff drives them over to the Stilinski household instead of the hospital. But he needs to leave for the station to clear everything up. He quickly gives Stiles another hug to reassure himself that his son is okay before leaving again.

As soon as Stiles steps into the house, he's crushed into a group hug by Allison, Jackson, Danny, and Lydia. He feels extremely glad to have his pack surround him again, and he touches every beta as soon as possible to scent mark them.

They are pretty much blocking the entire hallway until Cora lets out a small whine.

"Oh, shit! Derek!" Stiles yells, and he pushes everyone away until he can lead Cora to the living room, where Derek is already standing and flaring his Alpha eyes.

"What-" But the words die in Derek's throat when he sees Cora. Cora flies past Stiles and into Derek's arms, who collapses to his knees—burying his face in Cora's hair. Stiles quickly guides everyone to the kitchen so he can drink something while he lets Lydia order pizza.

"Who is that?" Erica asks with a pout, still looking in the direction of the living room where even Stiles can hear the small whines both Hale's are emitting.

"Cora Hale. So let's give them some space." Stiles says in his no-nonsense tone. Making everybody nod, he sees Jackson's jaw go slack, and he pulls the beta in his arms.

"You'll get your chance, pup. She's just as bitchy as Derek, though." Stiles jokes. Making Jackson chuckle.

"So, are you going to explain what happened? And more importantly, what the hell *he's* doing here?" Lydia says with a glare aimed at Scott, who was trying to become one with the wallpaper until now.

He looks like a deer caught in headlights, and the pout on his lips is just plain ridiculous. So Stiles starts explaining immediately.

"Deaton was controlling Scott with the grey monnikswood and Elpen ash. He isn't responsible for his actions the last couple of months. That's the only important thing right now. He's a victim, and we're going to help him." Stiles says firmly to his pack, who all nod in acceptance, even Jackson, who seems more sympathetic towards Scott than he ever has been. But maybe that's not that strange because Jackson knows how it is to be used and controlled.

Allison looks between Stiles and Scott, seeming torn with what she should do. Stiles walks towards her and kisses her on the head before whispering in her ear. "You should talk to him, but he already told me he was glad that we found each other."

Allison nods before tugging him into a tight hug, and he loses himself for a moment in holding his girlfriend. He feels his pack hustling around him in the kitchen, Jackson and Danny are even talking with Scott about the pack, and it warms his heart. He has the best puppies.

Stiles feels that he's exhausted and just wants to sleep, but food is more important at the moment. When the doorbell rings for the pizza delivery, he's more than relieved. They all migrate back to the living room, where Derek and Cora are still catching up and constantly touching—checking for themselves if it's real.

After just three pieces of pizza, he finds himself nodding off against Allison's shoulder. "Maybe we should go," Derek proposes when he sees that Stiles is barely awake. But then the Sheriff walks back into the house.

"Nonsense, Lydia, Jackson, Danny, you know where everything is. Make a puppy pile. God knows everybody needs one after yesterday and today's events." If anyone tries to object, it's lost to Stiles.

His dad then quickly snatches a box with meat lovers pizza. Stiles tries to grunt a protest against his father eating pizza, but he's too tired. He lets himself being manhandled until there is a puppy pile with his pack and Derek's pack. Derek seems highly uncomfortable lying down with a bunch of teenagers but is soon pulled down by Cora and Allison, of all people.

Stiles doesn't know who is touching him, but he thinks that it are at least four different people. He doesn't care. The only thing he now cares about is sleep. Shuffling closer to the body next to him, not even knowing who this muscled shoulder belongs to, he nuzzles it before promptly dropping off.

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### *Derek's POV*

Derek really tries to relax and not panic, but Stiles just literally nuzzled his shoulder before dropping his head there and falling asleep. The guy is seriously exhausted if he didn't even notice that it was Derek's shoulder. When Derek lifts his head a little to look around who is still awake and maybe has seen this, he sees Allison behind Stiles, looking amused at him.

He mouths, 'What the hell?' at her and sees her shoulders shake in silent laughter before tightening her grip on Stiles and biting her bottom lip.

'He trusts you.' She mouths back, which baffles him, to be honest. Stiles trusts him?

But when he really thinks about it, he also trusts Stiles. He never truly believed that Stiles betrayed him with Scott, and now it turns out that Scott possibly didn't even betray him, or at least, not wanted to. But he knows Stiles can be trusted. The guy saved his life more than Derek likes to admit.

It hits Derek on the head out of nowhere. He trusts Stiles.

Stiles knows Derek has trust issues. Hell, he told him exactly that when Derek said that he didn't have pack bonds yet. That's mostly *why* he doesn't have a pack bond with his beta's yet. But if he can trust Stiles Stilinski, it should be possible for him to trust more people, right?

His sister and betas would be first, of course, but he can't help it if his mind wanders to Allison. Who saved his life just yesterday when Deucalion took Stiles and Derek was heavily wounded. He's sure that if Allison hadn't put pressure on the wound, Derek wouldn't have survived it.

He really doesn't like the thought of being in Argent's debt, but Allison is nothing like her family. At least, not anymore. He can see how hard she's working to prove she's more, better.

He glances at Allison again and sees that her eyes are closed now too. Her arm is thrown over Stiles's middle, her face pressed against Stiles's neck, and the back of her hand is touching Derek's side. The soft, relaxed look on her face tells Derek that she's asleep too now.

He can't help but trying to compare Allison to Kate. Maybe trying to find the resemblance, so he has a reason to mistrust her. But it's impossible. Even asleep, they look nothing like each other. For some reason, Kate even had in her sleep a cruel twist to her features. At the time, he found it somewhat endearing, thinking that she was tough. Nothing could surprise her and take her down. He knows better now, of course.

Their scents are completely different, too. Kate always smelled sharp, spicy, and a little of gun oil.

Allison smells like her crossbow, not of gun oil, and mostly like cotton candy and apples. With Kate, the gun oil ruled her scent. Allison also smells like Stiles, and Stiles smells a little like Allison. Which isn't strange for a couple, of course, but Derek is surprised to find the scent this soothing.

Kate never smelled like him. She always immediately showered with heavily scented soap whenever they had been together. It hurts that now he thinks back, he sees the signs, how she never really wanted him but only used him. He swallows back bile and tries to think about better things. About how this alliance is a good start to finally let more people in his life and to feel more like himself than he has in more than six years. He has felt like himself whenever he started to snark with Stiles the last couple of weeks. So it really feels like a fresh start.

He looks to his other side, careful, so he doesn't dislodge Stiles, and sees his beta's curled around each other. Isaac is pressed against Danny and a little against Scott but still touching Boyd. Erica is almost entirely sleeping on top of Boyd, who just has an arm curled around her middle, and Cora is pressed against his own side. She isn't asleep yet, and he moves his arm so she can cuddle with him. He tells himself that it's for her, but he loves to have his sister back with him. To hold her close, he couldn't believe his eyes when she stood there suddenly just behind Stiles. At first, he thought he saw the ghost of Laura, but Cora just looks so much like her. It's a blessing because he probably will never forget how Laura looked, but it also hurts so much, thinking back of his former Alpha, but mostly his sister that died just a little over a year ago. His heart aches for Cora that she didn't meet Laura again.

Shit, he probably should tell Peter about this... Well, that can wait. It will be another shit fest to explain to Cora how Laura died. Yeah, he isn't going to open that can of worms just yet.

"I missed you, Der," Cora whispers as if it's a secret. He presses his lips against the top of her head before whispering. "I missed you more."

## Chapter End Notes

Note! Stiles lost some time in the bank, it took the Sheriff's department almost a day for they could get them out, in the vault was no daylight, so Stiles really didn't know how long went by. And he was out for most of the time.

I hope you all liked the new part of the story!

xxMBlack93

# Escapades

## Chapter Notes

Hello! I'm back!

Little warning, there is some fighting and non-con drugging in this one.

And a little smut, just a smidge!

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

Stiles is seriously irritated at the entire student body of Beacon Hills High School. He just returned three days after being taken, and everybody is gossiping. Unfortunately for Stiles, one of the deputies blabbed to his niece, who also is a student at BHHS.

So everybody knows about Stiles and Scott's abduction and the return of Cora Hale. They also know that Scott's boss is somehow involved, the veterinarian's office is closed, and Stiles had been bloody, so everybody who already wanted a piece of him is now even more interested because Stiles could have scars! Since when did scars become a good thing?

So he's irritated and a little afraid of what will happen when he's alone in the locker room.

"Bilinski! McCall!"

Stiles tuds his head against his locker, just what he needed, Coach.

"Yes, Coach?" Scott asks, looking like an eager puppy, he subtly steps in front of Stiles, and Stiles tries to contain his smirk. Since Scott was freed of Deaton's compulsions, he immediately wanted to become Stiles's beta and submitted. The pack bond that formed was like steel, and Scott cried a little. Stiles didn't. He really didn't. Well, at least not when anyone saw it.



"You missed tryouts! I already spoke with Whittemore and Danny since they also missed it because they were 'worried' about you two." Coach says with quotation marks. Stiles raises his eyebrows, feeling a little amused. Coach isn't one for emotional shit.

"They are going to come tonight. I'm ready to give you two meatheads a second chance as well! But you need to earn it! Don't let me down cupcakes!"

"Cupcakes?" Scott questions. With a weirded-out expression on his face.

"Sure, coach, we will be there," Stiles says while elbowing Scott in the side.

"Great! See you tonight, game faces on and everything, don't make me regret it!" Coach threatens before storming off, yelling, "Greenberg! Get your sock out of your mouth!"

Stiles shakes his head at the mental image of Greenberg with a sock in his mouth. Scott is almost bouncing next to him from excitement. "Dude! I really thought I wouldn't get to play this year! Do you think I can be co-captain again?"

Stiles shrugs, "Maybe, Jackson is the one that is going to be on your ass for the title, probably."

Scott groans. "I still can't believe he's your right hand," Scott grumbles, as he did every time since he found out. Stiles rolls his eyes and claps his friend on the back.

"Just think about it like this, Jackson was my first pup, but you're my best friend."

Scott gets his thinking face on before enthusiastically nodding with a dopey smile. "You're my best friend too,"

Stiles can't help himself but hug the guy. What Scott has been through this summer is awful. Thankfully he doesn't remember much—only feeling extremely lonely, which is Stiles trying

to fix with his pack.

They quickly start to run to the next class when the next bell rings. They're just in time for chemistry, but of course, Harris sneers as soon as he sees Stiles.

"Almost late, mister Stilinski, don't let me catch you again this late to my class."

Stiles just turns around without reacting to him and rolls his eyes at the rest of his pack that is in the class. Harris is always on Stiles' ass, and it's freaking annoying. He didn't even write about the male circumcision in Harris's class! He doesn't deserve the hate.

The day goes by rather quickly, and the pack stays close to Stiles and Scott. It's great to see that even if Jackson and Danny didn't really like Scott before, they are trying their best. And Stiles can even feel a little fondness through the bonds.

He hopes that with the next full moon, the bonds between everyone will even be stronger.

They are at lunch, and Allison sits sideways on the picnic bench with her legs thrown over Stiles's legs while he's stroking her leg absentmindedly when Stiles's phone starts to ring.

He sees that it's Derek and also sees the leather gang walking his way. "Sourwolf, to what do I owe this pleasure today," Stiles says with a smirk.

"There is something in the Preserve. I think it's one of the Alphas." Stiles can hear a door closing, and it's a lot quieter after that. He probably is using the Sheriff's office to place this call.

"You want us to check it out?" Stiles sits up a little. His pups are all at attention. The leather gang, or Derek's pack, is now also within hearing.

"Yes, I can't leave on my first day, even if your dad will understand." Derek grouches. Stiles can almost hear the pout in his voice. Derek had passed the deputy tests with flying colors and has his first day at the station today together with another newbie, Jordan Parrish.

"I have a study hour after lunch, so I will go. Does anyone else have a study hour?" He asks his and Derek's pack.

Stiles also didn't want any of the betas to go alone without one of the Alphas, so even if he didn't have a study hour, he would go. Jackson, Boyd, and Isaac say that they also have a study hour, and when they're finished eating, they immediately go to the jeep to go to the Preserve.

Derek had let them know where they could start searching, but they hadn't found anything after forty minutes. Stiles even made contact with Nem, to be sure, but according to him, the Alpha's or Deaton weren't there.

It's frustrating, to say at least, but Stiles is sure that nobody of the Alphas or Deaton actually left the wards. So he's sure the Alpha's and Deaton are still in town, only laying low, too much annoyance of Stiles and the others.

He calls Derek back to report back, and he can tell that Derek doesn't like it either, that they haven't found anything. He ends the call and starts the walk back to the jeep, the beta's close on his heels.

They are passing a river that runs through the Preserve when Isaac stops and turns.

Stiles notices immediately and frowns. "Isaac? Did you hear something?" But Isaac doesn't respond. He just starts walking towards the river. Stiles blinks in confusion before walking after him. "Dude! Isaac!"

But still no response, Jackson puts on an extra burst of speed to walk in front of Isaac, and he waves his hand in front of Isaac's face.

"Stiles, there is something wrong." He calls, and Stiles and Boyd immediately run to meet them, Isaac is still walking, and Stiles decides it's time for the big guns. He flicks his fingers, and Isaac is rooted to the spot, but he's still trying to force himself further.

"Isaac! Come on, dude!" Stiles says in worry when Isaac isn't even making eye contact. He just keeps staring straight ahead. Stiles looks behind them, trying to make out what is calling to Stiles, but he doesn't see or hear anything, just the water.

He snaps his fingers in Isaac's face, but still no response. He shakes his head and calls on his magic to try his Alpha voice.

"Isaac! Snap out of it!" He orders, and immediately there is a reaction. Isaac blinks and seems confused before whining and clamping his hands over his ears.

"Make it stop! Make it stop! Please! Stiles! Make it stop!" Isaac starts to sob, his claws almost digging in his head. Stiles is horrified, and grabs hold of his wrists. Isaac's knees crumble, and he sags against the forest floor.

"What is it!? What do I need to stop!? Isaac! Tell me! Then I can help you!" He tries frantically, but Isaac only sobs louder.

"Vo-voice, tell- telling -" Isaac starts, but it soon ends up in screams after trying to say anything, and Jackson's and Boyd both snarl.

"I smell blood!" Boyd growls out, and Stiles sees blood starting to trickle from Isaac's nose.

Stiles clamps his hands over Isaac's and decides that Isaac needs to sleep. He needs to be asleep and not tortured by whatever thing is doing this to him.

Stiles takes a deep breath and lets it go chanting in his head and pushing a little magic into Isaac. Isaac's eyes close, and Stiles guides him to the ground so he can lie down. "What did

you do?" Boyd growls. His claws are out and on display, clearly agitated that his packmate is unconscious.

"I made him sleep, so he wasn't in pain anymore," Stiles responds calmly before turning to the river, narrowing his eyes. "Stay with him, do not come after me." He orders with his Alpha voice before stalking towards the river.

He let his magic feel around him and- Ah. "Hey, hey asshole! Come out of there. And face me, you coward!" Stiles yells at the water, which probably seems pretty crazy, even for him.

Just a couple of feet away from him, the water splashes up in a wall. Stiles throws an arm up to shield his face. When the water is finally normal again, he looks up to see a beautiful woman standing there.

"You don't have permission from the local Alpha's to be here, and I didn't feel you pass the wards. What gives?" Stiles demands while crossing his arms and glaring at the kelpie. The woman snarls at him.

"I've been here longer than your wards, and I've never hurt anyone. They all come to me in their free will!"

"Uhu, sure, free will. Only do you see my buddy over there, the long one with the curls and ridiculous jawline? Yeah, him, it was pretty clear that he wasn't coming to you in his own free will." Stiles says sarcastically. The kelpie only seems annoyed, and Stiles needs to look out because he maybe can't be possessed by the kelpie, but that doesn't mean that the others will be that lucky.

"I only take the single ones. He needed some relief. I wanted to help. I don't see why he wouldn't want that."

"And then? What happens after? Drown him?"

"I would've let him go. Eventually."

"For some reason, I don't believe that. So I'm giving you a choice here. Option number uno, you leave as fast as possible and never come back, the second option, I kill you." Stiles says with a flash of his eyes.

The kelpie takes a step back, and he sees a little fear in her features.

"You won't kill innocents!"

"But you aren't innocent, are you? You were going to have sex with scarves over there without his consent."

The kelpie blushed, and Stiles could hear Jackson and Boyd growl. "I-I just wanted some company," The kelpie tries, but Stiles knows about kelpies. They lure someone in, have sex with them, and then decide to drown them or marry them. Yeah, he doesn't think that Isaac would've liked either. He and Danny maybe not be official, but Stiles doesn't think that will take much longer.

"I'm not going to repeat myself, option one or two, lady?" Stiles says with a smirk before he starts counting down from three.

"Three-two-o-"

"I'm going! I'm going! Sorry, Alpha Mage, I will not disturb your territory any longer." The kelpie interrupts Stiles before he can finish counting.

She dives back into the water, and Stiles tracks her with his magic until he finally feels her escaping through the wards a couple of miles further.

Stiles then turns back to Isaac, who is still sleeping on the ground. "Boyd, I can wake him, but maybe it's a good idea to let Derek be there when I wake him, just in case," Stiles says while crouching down next to Isaac.

"I already called him. He's on his way. He should be here within a couple of minutes." Stiles nods and raises his hand for a fistbump. Boyd first rolls his eyes before bumping his fist. Jackson shifts a little next to Stiles until Derek burst into the little clearing, a cute deputy on his heels. And damn. Derek Hale in a deputy uniform should be illegal. Stiles shakes himself quickly because wow. Why did his mind go there? Well, it wasn't the first time he noticed that Derek is hot, but he has Allison now.

"What happened?" Derek says with wide eyes when he sees Isaac lying on the ground. "Were it the Alphas?" Stiles gapes at Derek. Why the hell is he talking about Alphas while there is another deputy behind him?

Derek rolls his eyes and kneels next to Isaac. Then he waves his hand between Stiles and the deputy.

"Jordan, this is Stiles, the Sheriff's son. And other Alpha of this territory, as I explained, you can join my pack or Stiles' pack, but if you don't want to join a pack, you don't have to."

Jordan nods at Stiles with a smirk, and Stiles falters a little. What the hell? "What are you?" Stiles just goes straight for the question he wants to have answered because Stiles is sure the deputy isn't a werewolf at least. Otherwise, he would have needed to be in a pack.

"Hellhound, I don't need a pack, but when I walked into the station and saw an Alpha werewolf, it seemed convenient to at least introduce myself." He says with a shrug.

"Ah, I have a banshee in my pack. Maybe you could talk with her, she just came into her powers this summer, but she is already very skilled." Stiles replies with a smile.

"A banshee? Nice." Jordan says with an impressed look, earning a growl from Jackson. Jordan doesn't really seem intimidated and just flashed his orange eyes making Jackson grumble.

"Okay, let's drain the tension here!" Stiles exclaims while clapping his hands, making the wolves and hellhound jump. Stiles grins in response.

"No, it weren't the Alphas. It was a selkie. She tried to lure Isaac to her. I froze him at first, but he kept struggling, and then he snapped out of it when I ordered that, but he could still hear the call, which hurt him. That's why he's bleeding. He's okay now, but I thought it would be better to wake him with his Alpha present." Stiles explains to Derek and Jordan.

Derek frowns before speaking, "Why didn't you notice it when she entered the wards?"

Stiles tries not to be annoyed with the question because it was his first question too. "She said that she was already in the river before the wards were active, which is possible, of course, because they are just a couple months old."

Derek nods in acceptance and waves his hand as if to say, 'well, get on with it,' which is rude. He could've just asked. With words. Stupid handsome Alpha Sourwolf. Stiles snorts out loud from the name he just came up with, earning a couple of raised eyebrows. He waves them off. Jackson tries to hide his smirk, but Stiles definitely saw it. He flips Jackson the bird before putting his hands on Isaac's head and using his magic to bring Isaac back.

Isaac wakes up with a roar, and Stiles is quickly pulled back by Jackson to evade a couple of claws. He could've handled himself, of course, but Jackson is just worried. Let's go with that.

Derek roars in Isaac's face, and he calms down immediately. Derek claps him on the shoulder, and Isaac looks around with wide eyes.

"Is it gone?"

"Yeah, she's gone. You were almost married, dude, or drowned. I don't think she knew what she wanted to be honest." Stiles says with a shrug. Boyd and Derek both growl at Stiles, but Isaac snorts out a laugh.



"Thanks, man, I'm way too pretty to be married already." Isaac jokes, and Stiles barks out a laugh.

"Especially to a half horse, so you're welcome, dude,"

Isaac's eyes grow large again, and he gapes at Stiles for a moment. "A half horse? What the fuck?"

Stiles just shrugs again, "yeah, a selkie man, they're shapeshifters, but, you're okay, you didn't drown and are still single, so are we going back to school?"

Stiles smirks when Isaac and Jackson both groan. Derek just rolls his eyes and helps Isaac stand. "You four are going back, right now. Stiles, your father needs to work late today. He told me to tell you when we went out on patrol."

Jackson whoops, and the rest of them look a little confused as to why. He starts to blush a little. "If the Sheriff isn't eating at home, we can order pizza or Chinese," Jackson admits making Stiles roll his eyes.

They quickly go back to school and explain in whispers to the rest of the pack what happened. Danny didn't take it too well that Isaac was almost drowned or married, so he finally decided to make a move and asked Isaac out.

The rest of the day went by quickly, and then they needed to go to Lacrosse tryouts, at least tryouts for Scott, Jackson, Danny, and Stiles.

The rest of the wolves didn't feel like doing Lacrosse this year, but it was funny to see Cora glare at Coach when he found out she was a Hale, and he tried to persuade her to try out too.

Stiles was talking with Scott when they walked into the locker room and didn't really pay attention to the rest of the team. He pulled his shirt over his head and kept talking with Scott until he noticed that the rest of the locker room had gone silent. He looked around and flushed when he saw that almost everyone was staring at him.

"Uh, you okay?" He asked, a little confused while looking around.

"What the fuck, Stilinski, what happened to you?" Barry asked with wide eyes. Stiles looked down at his torso and even tried to look over his shoulder to see what they were talking about.

"What? Do I have something-?"

Jackson and Danny chose that moment to walk in and scrunch up their noses as soon as they smell the locker room.

"Okay! If you're all done drooling over Stiles, could you hurry up? I don't want to do suicides the rest of the training." Jackson barks out, making almost everyone flush with embarrassment before they hurry out of the locker room.

Stiles maybe made a 'meep' sound because what the fuck?

"Jacks, what the hell?" He hissed when he found his voice finally.

"It stank of arousal and jealousy in here. Everybody was eyeing you up. It was annoying." Jackson says casually while changing his clothes.

"Don't be ridiculous." Stiles snapped. Stiles knew he wasn't ugly, but no way in hell that everyone was eyeing him up in the locker room. Last year they didn't even pay him any attention.

"He's telling the truth, and yeah, it stank of arousal in here. I was ready to run out."

"And leave me here all by myself? Who would've protected my virtue, Scotty? You hurt me." Stiles jokes with his hand on his heart, earning a push from Scott and a laugh.

"You can put them all on their asses, so your virtue would probably be safe. Now come on, Allison and Lydia are sitting in the stands." Scott tells him with a roll of his eyes.

They all quickly follow Scott onto the pitch and start the exercises Coach puts them through. Stiles was a little afraid of making an ass out of himself, but thankfully he didn't fall down. Only when tackled, and that only happened once, with Barry ending up straddling him.

Stiles was a little winded for a moment, and when he looked to his right, he swears he saw a flash of red in the Preserve. He shakes his head and pushes Barry off him, but Barry stays seated for a moment with a smirk on his lips. "Dude, get off," Stiles says with another push.

"Would rather get off with you," Barry says with a wink, making Stiles splutter. Before Barry gets up, he roves his hands all over Stiles's torso. Making Stiles cringe. Barry then stands up with a wink and strolls away. Stiles keeps lying down for a moment. That was creepy and weird but mostly disturbing. He shudders before standing. He sees Jackson, Scott, and Danny, almost wolfing out, clearly heard and seen what Barry did.

"Calm down, pups, I don't need you to fight my battles." He whispers quickly, they all calm down a little, and the game goes on.

If Stiles uses his magic to make Barry trip a couple of times, nobody noticed. But Barry seemed really annoyed. Small victories!

"Gather up, Cupcakes!" Coach yells after another hour of training.

"McCall, Whittemore, Danny, and Stilinski, you're first string," Coach announces, making them cheer from excitement.

"Coach! You even said my name correctly!" Stiles says with a grin, earning a manic smile from Coach.

"Keep up what you were doing today, and I won't forget it again. Okay! Shower and go home!" Coach barks. Stiles rushes to the stands to kiss Allison and spin her around.

She giggles and kisses him back. When Stiles opens his eyes, he sees Barry wink at him. Stiles shudders again. Barry is like double Stiles's size and ugly as hell. Stiles may be bi, but he had never seen Barry as attractive. He also never paid Stiles any mind, only since today when Stiles got out of his shirt. Stiles shivers a little when he thinks back at how Barry touched him. Creepy uncle Peter didn't even give him the creeps like Barry.

"Stiles? You okay?" Allison asks with worry in her voice.

"Yeah, Barry was just being creepy. Did you see him take me down earlier?" She nods after thinking about it for a moment. "Well, when I told him to get off, he told me he rather got off with me, then he touched me all over my torso. I made him trip the rest of the practice." Stiles said while making a face.

Allison's face turns thunderous, and she stalks into the locker room. Stiles is stunned for a moment and frowns until he hears yelling and rushes after her. Barry is pressed against the lockers with a terrified expression on his face, which is hilarious because Allison is like a foot smaller than him.

The other guys of the team are looking with weary and amused expressions. However, Scott, Jackson, and Danny are mostly looking amused.

"Listen very carefully, you piece of shit, Stiles is taken, so if you want to keep your balls in the same place, it's advised to take a step back. Am I clear?" Allison hisses to Barry, who turns another shade of white.

"Yeah, yes, I was just- he's hot, I just wanted to try, not harm no foul, right?" Barry tries with a fake laugh, making Stiles feel a little sick to his stomach.

"I know he's hot, and now you know that you need to keep your hands to yourself." Allison snarls before pushing him against the lockers again. Barry nods frantically and scrambles away. When he passes Stiles, he mumbles an apology, and then he's gone.

Everybody is staring at Allison with something like awe on their faces, but she just strolls to Stiles. Stiles grins stupidly at her. He loves it when she being is scary.

"Do you think it's disturbing that that really turned me on?" He whispers in her ear, making her laugh.

"Go shower, and I see you at home, okay?" Allison says back before kissing him quickly and darting out of the locker room.

When Stiles turns back to the locker room, everybody is staring at him, "What?" He says with a frown.

"I'm not sure to be jealous of you or sad for you. Because she clearly has you by the balls, man." One of his teammate's muses, and Stiles rolls his eyes.

"I don't care what you think. She's awesome, and she's mine." Stiles says with a feral smirk.

Jackson, Scott, and Danny all scrunch up their noses as if smelling something foul, but Stiles doesn't ask. He just goes to the shower for a quick scrub before dressing in sweatpants and a shirt.

\*\*\*\*\*

The next couple of weeks are calm. And it irritates Stiles extremely because he really hoped that they would have found the Alphas or Deaton in the meantime.

The twin Alphas that were arrested were transported to a maximum-security prison. Stiles isn't convinced that they won't escape, but apparently, Chris Argent would make sure that wasn't a possibility.

Stiles is also pretty convinced Chris hates his guts, but that could be because he's dating Allison.

Derek's pack and Stiles's pack train twice a week, and Stiles is glad that there is progress between the two packs. Scott was the one that needed the most training to work with others. But after three weeks it was already improving.

They are just training when Stiles feels something entering the wards. He frowns because the power felt pure and good, not malicious or anything.

"What's wrong?" Erica asks when she sees that Stiles's pack is all looking a little worried. They haven't given Derek's pack the feeling of the wards just yet, not because they don't want to, but because Derek is a little against it.

"Something entered the wards," Stiles responds automatically while scanning the woods and letting his magic flow around him.

Derek is next to him in a second. "What is it?"

"I don't know, but -"

Stiles is lost for words for a moment, he can't describe what he feels, but he wants to go check it out.

"It feels good." Danny offers, and Stiles's entire pack nods in agreement. They decide to all go, as an exercise for tracking, and because they all are too curious about what it is.

When they are at the wards that were breached, they find hoofprints.

"Is it the selkie again?" Isaac asks with a shudder. Danny quickly sidles up close to him and throws an arm around his shoulder. Isaac gives him a small thankful smile.

"Nah, she would go through the water, and it didn't feel like her," Stiles says a little distractedly before following the hoofprints.

They reach a clearing after a couple of minutes, and everyone gasps when they see what they're dealing with.

In the middle of the clearing is a unicorn grazing. The sunlight reflects on its coat, and the coat shimmers like a rainbow. It's freaking beautiful, but Stiles can see how sharp the horn is.

"What do we do?" "Wow, she's so cute." "I'm gonna pet it." The pack exclaims at once. Erica even takes a step forward, her eyes wide in wonder.

Stiles slashes his hand through the air to stop everyone from moving any closer.

"Yeah, I'm gonna stop you right there. Nobody is going to touch the unicorn. They will kill you. Unless you're a virgin, nobody is getting anywhere near it." Stiles says with a sigh. Erica pouts but seems to accept it.

"So what do we do? We can't let it roam free, can we?" Scott asks with an awed expression on his face. If he were still a virgin, Scott would've probably bounded up to the unicorn already to pet it.

"No, they are mostly people shy, so they won't wander into the town, but we need to make sure they stay out of sight from everyone."

"And how can we do that?" Derek asks, also staring in wonder at the unicorn.

"With a spell," Stiles explains with a frown. But he stays where he is. The pack waits for a moment until Derek is getting impatient. "Well, get on with it?" Derek snarks when Stiles keeps standing.

"I need to touch it for this spell."

"But you just told us that nobody could touch it if you're not a virgin?" Isaac questions with a worried expression.

Stiles flushes from head to toe. "Well, then it won't be a problem." He mumbles, and he steps forward.

The unicorn raises his head and watches carefully when Stiles approaches. Stiles can hear Cora and Erica starting to laugh, and he quickly silences them with a spell. He needs silence right now, and fuck them. He may have done some things with Allison, but they didn't have full out sex yet. Which is fine, but it would be great if not the whole pack, and Derek, knew he was still a virgin right now.

The unicorn takes a step back when Stiles gets closer, and he raises his hands in a placating manner. "Hey, hey, beautiful, I just want to make sure you're okay, okay?" Stiles says softly, trying to placate the wild unicorn.

The unicorn tilts his head and nods, and huh, Stiles hadn't expected that it would understand him, but he beams at the unicorn in response.

"Awesome, just stay still. I won't hurt you." Stiles whispers before taking the last step to stand in front of the unicorn. He places his hands on the unicorn's head and casts the spell. It will



keep away from all people, and if Stiles also puts a little protecting spell on the unicorn, that's nobody's business.

He lets the unicorn go, and the unicorn nuzzles his face for a moment before strolling away. He then turns to the packs and braces himself.

He lifts the silencing spell, and Erica and Cora immediately laugh harshly.

"Yeah, yeah, laugh it up," He says while rolling his eyes, but he can't help it when he still blushes. He feels a little humiliated, but it isn't as if he's going to jump in bed directly with Allison. They are taking it at their own pace.

Allison just bounds up to him and kisses him on the cheek. "Don't worry, babe, they're just jealous." She says with a beaming smile. He snorts because he doesn't believe it, but it's sweet that's she tries.

"About what would we be jealous? We at least have had sex, the oo great Mage of Beacon Hills can't say the same, and he even has a girlfriend." Cora sneers with a nasty smile. Stiles hears Derek growl, and Erica laugh, he isn't really hurt by that, but he is when his own pack starts to laugh.

"I think Allison means that you're jealous because Stiles is-"

"I'm gonna stop you right there, Scotty," Stiles quickly says because he was pretty sure what his best friend was going to say, and yeah, nobody has to know that he has a big dick outside the people who already know. Ah, that's why they were laughing, probably. Weirdos.

Scott at least seems a little contrite, but Erica and Cora are still laughing. "Cora, Erica, stop it," Derek growls, and it's nice that Derek tries to stand up for him, but he really doesn't need it.

"Yeah, Cora, Erica, stop it," Stiles taunts with a smirk, a mischievous little plan already forming in his mind.

"Or what?" Cora retorts.

"Or you're going to learn what the 'Great Mage of Beacon Hills can do,' do you wanna risk it?" Stiles quotes with air quotes, a challenge in his mind. Cora is a bit of a bitch sometimes, but that's probably just a shell, so nobody can come close to her. At least, that is what Stiles thinks. And Erica, well, she may be Stiles' Catwoman, but that doesn't mean that she can get away with this.

Allison squeezes his hand a little, she doesn't know what he's going to do, but she is there to support him. Stiles isn't letting anyone walking over him ever again. His own pack already takes a couple of subtle steps back.

Derek is frowning, "Stiles-

"No, Derek, let him finish. I'm very curious what the virgin Mage is going to do." Erica says with a smirk.

Stiles winks before rolling his shoulders. Then he trusts his right hand in front of him and brings his fingers to his thumb. Erica and Cora both shriek when they are pushed side to side. Stiles's eyes flash, and then it's done.

"What did you do?!" Cora yells.

"Oh, I just brought you two together, you know, pack bonding and shit." He taunts.

"We are stuck!" Erica says, sounding horrified while trying to get away from Cora.

"I know, have fun!" Stiles says before strolling out of the clearing, leaving a yelling siamese twin of Cora and Erica and a couple of stunned betas and Alpha behind in the clearing.

His own pack quickly hurries after him while he walks hand in hand with Allison back to the cars.

When they arrive home, he sees a couple of missed calls and texts from Sourwolf.

**Sourwolf: 14.34**

*Stiles! Come back!*

**Sourwolf: 14.39**

*Stiles!*

**Sourwolf: 14.43**

*They're crying!*

**Sourwolf: 14.45**

*I will rip your throat out!*

**Sourwolf: 14.50**

*I can't believe you just did that!*

**Sourwolf: 14.56**

*They say they're sorry.*

**Sourwolf: 14.59**

*Please reply.*

Stiles chuckles when he has read all the messages before texting back.

**You: 15.06**

*The spell lasts 12 hours, apology accepted. Don't mess with the Mage of Beacon Hills.* 😊

**Sourwolf: 15.10**

*You're ridiculous.*

**You: 15.11**



He doesn't get a response on the last one, but he didn't expect one. He puts his phone away before starting a movie with his pack.

"Are we going out tonight?" Danny asks after some time while texting.

"Yeah, sure, could use some fun," Stiles says while stretching on the couch.

"Can Isaac come?"

"Sure, dude, only Erica, and Cora can't come," Stiles said with a smirk.

Danny beams at him and starts texting again, probably with Isaac. Stiles is playing with Allison's hair a little absent-mindedly. Jackson and Lydia were making out, and Scott was glued to the screen. Allison turns to Stiles and has a concerned expression on her face.

"What is it?" He whispered, not wanting to disturb the rest of the pack.

"Do you mind that we didn't have sex yet?" Allison asks with a blush.

Stiles chuckled and pulled her closer to kiss her neck, making Allison shiver.

"No, because our relationship doesn't revolve around sex, and the stuff we're doing now is pretty amazing, at least, that's what I think," Stiles says with a smirk.

Allison bites her lip and suddenly stands before dragging Stiles upstairs. Apparently wanting a little more privacy, Stiles quickly puts on a silence spell, and then Allison is kissing him.

"Ally, Ally, we don't have to have sex now," Stiles says with a smile between kisses.

"I know, that's not what I'm going for right now," She says before sinking to her knees. And holy shit. Stiles gets a little light-headed seeing Allison on her knees in front of him. All his blood rushes to his cock, especially when Allison opens his jeans and pulls down his boxer.

"Fuck, Ally!" Stiles yelps when she puts her hand on his dick and licks over the tip.

She starts kissing all over his shaft, and Stiles groans out loud. He places a hand on her head and cards his hand through her hair. He bites his lip while he tries to hold his hips still. She then takes his cock in her mouth, Allison tries, but he's too big for her to swallow him completely down.

"O, God, fuck, Allison, that feels so good." Stiles pants while she works him with her hand and mouth. He thinks she tries to smirk, but her mouth is a little full for that. Stiles already knew that he wouldn't hold out for long with a blowjob, but feeling this wet heat around his cock is amazing. He hisses when he feels close, his hips stuttering with wanting to buck, pushing his cock deeper in Allison's mouth, but he doesn't want to hurt her.

Allison moans, and he feels the vibrations through his cock. Stiles is panting, and his eyes roll in the back of his head. "Fuck, fuck, fuck, Ally, so close," When he looks back at Allison, he almost can't hold it any longer, so he looks somewhere else, not wanting it to be over already.

He gasps when he sees Derek gaping at him through his window, Derek's eyes are flashing red, and Stiles can see the blush on his cheeks. Without warning, he comes down Allison's throat, who, thank God, doesn't mind if her moaning is anything to go by. Stiles's eyes are still locked on Derek, and Stiles flushes.

Why was he even more turned on when he noticed Derek watching?

Allison releases him with a pop, and Stiles sinks down to the floor to kiss her, his eyes only leaving Derek when he's already kissing Allison.

He then pulls back a little and sees that Derek is gone. He sighs and really needs to tell Allison... He hopes that she won't break up with him because it's a bit weird not to react when you catch someone watching you. Okay, a lot weird.

"Allison-"

"I saw Derek in the mirror," Allison says with a blush. And wait, what?

"Wh-what?" Stiles stammers, thinking he heard it wrong, and Allison only blushes harder.

"I saw something red flash in the mirror, so when I looked better, I saw Derek through the window. I know he was watching us."

"And-" Stiles stops for a moment to get his thoughts in order. "And you didn't mind him watching?" He asks uncertainly.

Allison ducks her head and bites her lip, but Stiles is having none of that, so he cups her cheek and guides her face back so he can look her in her eyes.

He raises his eyebrows, and she rolls her eyes in response before answering. "No, I'm sorry if that's weird," She admits with a sad look while biting her bottom lip, as if afraid for the consequences of her confession.

"God, Ally, that's not weird. Well, maybe other people think it's weird, but I think it's hot." Stiles replies with a smile and a kiss. She giggles, and they keep kissing for a moment until Stiles is getting a little restless, so he picks Allison up and lays her down on the bed before going down on her. Making her cum with his fingers and tongue. He really loves giving oral.

When they finally get downstairs, Lydia already has ordered dinner, and after Lydia and Stiles go outside to practice a little magic, Scott, Danny, and Jackson spar a little, and Allison is reading a French tome.

They keep going at it until Lydia declares she needs to get ready for tonight, she quickly drags Allison with her, and the boys just get a little rough with each other. Not too much. It still needs to be all fun and games, of course.

Around ten, they drive to the club, the Jungle again, where they meet up with Isaac. The rest of the pack didn't come. Cora and Erica, with a good reason, of course, and Boyd wanted to stay with Erica.

Nobody expected Derek to show up or Peter, who isn't really in the pack if Stiles understood correctly.

It didn't take long for everyone to have a good time and dance. Stiles was having a lot of fun with the whole pack, taking shots with Allison, and Lydia because they were the only ones that could get drunk with him—supplied by Danny's fake ID.

After a couple of hours, Stiles was dancing with Allison when he suddenly feels someone behind him, gripping his hips and grinding against his ass.

Stiles looked back and was surprised to see Will standing there.

"Will, hey man, I'm kind of dancing with my girlfriend over here," Stiles said warily, also stopping with dancing. Allison turns around and narrows her eyes at Will.

"I see, but I thought that you two maybe wanted some company," Will says while biting his lip, looking at both of them. Allison seemed surprised but also a little annoyed, so Stiles quickly responds to Will.

"Sorry, dude, but not tonight."

Will shrugs and walks off, Allison lets out a heavy sigh, and Stiles pulls her against him before whispering in her ear.

"I didn't do the wrong thing, did I?" Stiles jokes while swaying his hips with Allison.

"No, you didn't."

"What's wrong then, Ally?"

"It's- it's nothing, I'm being silly." Stiles pulls back a little and pecks Allison on the lips.

"No, you're not, tell me, please?" Stiles says while making his eyes as big as possible. Allison huffs out a laugh and blushes. Even with the dimmed lights, Stiles can see that she's a little embarrassed.



"I just thought he didn't have enough facial hair, and he was clearly a bottom, so he didn't fit with us."

Stiles gapes at her, and his mind flashes to Derek immediately.

"Wow, I didn't think you would say anything like that, my mind is kind of blank right now, but for some reason, it flashes to Derek," Stiles says with a chuckle.

Allison stammers, and her entire face turns a really nice shade of red, and Stiles suddenly connects the dots.

"Oh my god, you like Derek, don't you?" Stiles gapes at Allison. That's why she didn't really mind that he was watching when Allison gave him a blowjob. Allison splutters for a moment until her lip wobbles a little, and she starts talking.

"Yes, but I like you too! Love you even, I would never break up with you for him!" Allison says frantically, trying to amend.

Stiles holds up his hands to calm Allison down. "First, that's the first time you said that you loved me, and before I'm going to say anything else, I just want to tell you that I feel the same, I love you too," Stiles says with a small smile, he darts forwards and pecks Allison on the mouth, she wants to lean in, but Stiles quickly pulls back, because he really wants to address the other thing.

"Second, to be honest, I like Derek too, a lot. I would love to watch him while he takes you apart." Stiles whispers in her ear, making Allison whimper.

Allison leans into Stiles's space and discreetly pushes his hand under her skirt. He feels how wet she is at this moment and groans. "Take me home because I'm not going to wait until Derek joins us for you to fuck me." She whispers. This wasn't at all what Stiles had in mind for tonight, but he isn't complaining, he did tell Allison that they didn't need to rush anything, but this offer he can't refuse.

Stiles immediately grabs Allison just beneath her ass, and she jumps to put her legs around his waist. She giggles before Stiles kisses her passionately. They keep kissing while he rubs his hard dick against her clothed heat. Oh God, he's going to lose his virginity! Take that unicorn! They just want to leave the club when someone slaps a hand on Stiles's shoulder.

Stiles puts Allison down before turning around, freezing when he sees it's Ennis. The big Alpha. Well fuck. Ennis smirks at Stiles, and he knows pretty sure that he's doomed. He can't fight back with magic right now. Otherwise, everyone will see.

"Ally-" Stiles starts while pushing Allison behind him. "Call Derek." He says before Ennis lunges at Stiles, and Stiles tries to dart out of the way while also shielding the people around him. Chaos starts immediately, and people thankfully start to dart out of the way. Ennis is just laughing and chasing Stiles like a mouse through the club.

The bouncers that try to stop Ennis are thrown away like ragdolls, and Stiles really hopes that his pack and Isaac are safe.

Thankfully Ennis also can't fully wolf out right now, and Stiles uses that to his advantage. He slows Ennis a little down with his magic, nothing noticeable, only for him and Ennis. And he starts to fight back, he's quicker than Ennis like this, and he gives it as good as it can be.

He sees his pack herding people away, and it doesn't take long for the whole club to be empty. The bouncers are lying on the floor, but they are the last ones.

Ennis is not laughing anymore. He's getting annoyed with the fact that Stiles isn't hurt. He lashes out and doesn't even try to hold back his wolf. Stiles kicks against Ennis's knee, and he hears a satisfying crack. Ennis howls, and suddenly, Stiles isn't alone anymore. He feels a hand on his shoulder pulling him behind a broad back, and Stiles has never been so glad to see Derek Hale. Well, wait, nah, that's a lie. This happened already three times before, two times with Peter and with the Kanima. Derek Hale is just his saving angel most of the time.

"I'm gonna tap out now for a moment, be my guest," Stiles says while panting. Clearly, the fight took a lot out of him, even when he wasn't hurt.

Derek and Ennis fight brutally, and Stiles is pretty much convinced that there is some unfinished business between the two of them. Stiles looks around and sees that the rest of the pack is watching the fight, ready to jump in when needed, but they know that if they jump in now, it only can hurt Derek.

Stiles sees one of the bouncers beginning to move and quickly signals Jackson to take care of it, he knocks the bouncer out again, and Stiles has a sudden flashback to when Jackson was hit unconscious by Scott in the back of the car.

Ennis roars, and Stiles is sucked back into the fight. Derek is doing some serious damage and looks ridiculously hot doing so. But Stiles can also see him bleeding and really wants to help.

Derek jumps over Ennis and kicks him in his spine. Stiles definitely heard the crack and gags with the knowledge that Ennis just broke his spine. It won't kill him, but it will hurt him. Ennis is knocked out, and Derek is panting hard.

"How are we getting him and us out of here without someone noticing?" Scott asks finally when they know for sure that Ennis is knocked out.

"I could turn him into something else, or like shrink him, and we can leave through the back door?" Stiles proposes, but Lydia rolls her eyes. She sees how exhausted Stiles is.

"I'll glamor him, and a couple of us carry him outside." Lydia immediately takes over, and Jackson and Danny carry Ennis Isaac following, while Lydia made him invisible. Allison and Stiles are left with Derek, who is still panting, and his healing has not completely kicked in yet.

"Come on, let us help you," Stiles says while crouching before Derek. Who looks at him with a wary expression.

"Don't you hate me?" Derek rasps out, and Stiles is taken aback. Derek looks between Allison and Stiles like someone kicked his puppy and- oh!

"Oh, you mean because of what you saw earlier? Nah, dude, we aren't mad about that." Stiles says while putting his hand on Derek's shoulder. He's putting pressure on a wound, just like Allison is doing on his side, but Stiles can't help it but think that they are scent marking him a little.

Derek inhales deeply and shudders. "Why not?" And Derek sounds really small, which makes Stiles melt a little.

"Because we both thought it was hot," Allison says fast, making Stiles and Derek gape at her. "What?" She adds innocently. "As if Derek didn't think it was hot too."

Derek starts to splutter and turns an incredible lovely shade of red.

"I-no? Your dads are going to kill me." He groans out before putting his face in his hands.

"Oh my god," Stiles snorts, and Allison starts giggling too.

"Not the most important part, but fair enough. We should talk about this." Stiles says nervously.

"No, nothing can happen," Derek says harshly before standing up and swaying on the spot. Clearly more hurt than he thought.

Stiles grips his shoulder to keep him standing. "What do you mean nothing can happen?" Stiles asks, confused and more than a little hurt.

"You're both too young. Nothing is going to happen. That's the end of it." Derek says before rushing out of the club, leaving a bewildered Allison and Stiles.

\*\*\*\*

***Derek's POV;***

Derek rushes out of the club. He can't believe what Stiles and Allison just proposed. He can't believe that he even considered it. He is attracted to both of them, which is seriously messing with his mind.

Firstly and mostly because of Allison, another Argent, messing with his mind. How can he keep his pack safe if he falls for her trap. But what if it isn't a trap? He likes how ruthless she can be. He did hear what she told that guy in the locker room after the guy practically assaulted Stiles on the field. She is dangerous but also sweet and beautiful. She is *nothing* like her aunt.

And Stiles, he trusts the Mage, and Stiles is special. He saved Derek almost as much as that Derek repaid the favor. And he's also a good Alpha. Derek almost wants to give up his own spark and just submit to Stiles. He shakes his head, he can't think like that, Derek can't fall in love with these two teenagers, and okay, he will turn 21 in a couple of months, so he isn't that much older, but still! The Sheriff and Chris Argent would kill him.

Derek finally reaches his Camaro and is ready to climb in when he hears a yell. He scans the surrounding area when he sees a woman getting robbed.

He runs towards them and pulls the robber off the woman. He growls at the man, who turns as white as a sheet before collapsing on the floor. Derek frowns. He didn't even wolf out. Why did the man collapse?

"Oh my god! Thank you so much! I need to repay you for your good deed!" The woman gushes, and Derek turns around to look at her. He is immediately captivated by her big brown eyes, so much like Stiles' and Allison's. Her hair color is just like Stiles's, and her curls remind him of Allison. She's a gorgeous combination of the two teens that are in his mind.

"Uh, hi, no need to pay me back, I only don't understand why-" He turns back to the man that collapsed, only to see an empty parking space, he didn't hear anyone getting up and away,

he's hit suddenly with a little dizziness. What is happening?

"Oh! Are you okay? Are you bleeding? Do you need help?" The woman rushes out while petting at his shirt, where blood is splattered. Suddenly it all seems wrong, and he swallows back bile. This woman, he- he needs to get away, this is wrong. He needs to go back to Stiles and Allison, not standing here with-

"Who-who are you?" He slurs out, feeling suddenly drunk and sick.

"Ah, Derek, sorry how rude-" How does she know his name? "My name is Jennifer Blake, and I'm here to get the magic from that little Mage, and you, Derek, are my ticket to it."

Derek tries to snarl, but his knees buckle. He can't even growl. Is she doing this to him?

"Hush, sweet dreams." She says with a smirk, making Derek cringe in his mind, but soon he doesn't think anything anymore, and around him is only darkness.

## Chapter End Notes

I hope you all liked it! Please let me know what you thought!

The non-con drugging is as you could guess Jennifer drugging Derek!

xx MBlack93

# Hurt feelings and weird dreams

## Chapter Notes

I'm not gonna lie, this one is going to hurt.

A warning for rape and non-con drug use!

Disclaimer; I don't own anything from Teen Wolf!

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

### *Allison's POV;*

Allison was still disappointed about Derek's quick dismissal two weeks ago. She really thought that he wanted the same as them. He hadn't even shown up when they would train with the pack, only Isaac, Boyd, Erica, and Cora trained with them and wouldn't say anything about their Alpha.

Stiles was too stubborn to admit that he was hurt, so he just dismissed the fact that Derek wasn't there. But Allison knew that Derek was avoiding them. Allison wanted to ask where Derek was, but she hadn't had the best relationship with Derek's betas. So it seemed better to keep that particular question to herself, and Stiles refused to ask.

Allison looked at Stiles from where he was goofing around with Scott. They were on their way to lunch when Scott suddenly froze. Stiles noticed, of course, and waved his hand in front of his friend's face, but Scott stayed frozen. Allison followed to where he was looking and snorted. Stiles looked at her before also following Scott's look and then groaned out loud.

A cute Asian girl with long black hair and dark brown almond-shaped eyes walked down the stairs. Allison thinks that she has a Japanese heritage, but she isn't sure. The girl is trudging down the stairs before she flails and falls down the last two steps. She quickly stands and stammers out that she's okay with a big beaming smile. Oh god, she's perfect for Scott.

"Scott, you're drooling." Stiles stage whispers, making the pack laugh while Scott wipes his mouth before scowling at Stiles. Allison giggled at her boyfriend's antics and sidled up close to him. He kisses the side of her head after throwing an arm around her shoulder, and she melts in his side.

"Go talk to her," Stiles says when Scott still isn't moving. The girl is looking at her schedule, clearly a little lost. Scott nods, and Allison is almost afraid of his head falling off before he bounds over to the girl who beams at him when Scott introduces himself and proposes to help.

Stiles steers the pack away, so Scott has a little privacy with the new girl before they walk to their next class.

The new girl is apparently Kira, and her father is the new History teacher. Kira is quick to join them at lunch, and she is just a big ball of positive energy. Allison and Stiles quietly snicker at Scott's dreamy expression through lunch.

Allison was just talking with Lydia when Cora and Isaac walk over.

"Stiles, can we talk?" Cora grits out. Stiles sucks in a breath through his teeth before nodding and walking with her. Allison quickly follows and ignores the weird look Kira is giving them. Jackson starts distracting her with a couple of questions, which is pretty hilarious because Jackson would've never done that before he joined Stiles's pack.

"What is it?" Stiles asks as soon as they put a little distance between them and the pack.

"There is something in the Preserve again. Derek is sure it's an Alpha." Cora says with a scowl, clearly not amused to even be here.

"He isn't going after it alone, is he?" Allison asks through gritted teeth because it wouldn't surprise her.



Cora gives her best bitch face at Allison, who just glares back.

Cora sighs but still sneers at Allison before responding. "He is there right now, searching. Look, I don't know what you did, but he didn't even want us to ask you. But I thought he was being stupid, and I'm not getting captured again." Cora snarls out, but Allison can read between the lines. She is also afraid of losing Derek again. That's why she is telling Stiles that Derek is doing something stupid.

Stiles's face hardens, and it's clear that he isn't happy with the fact that Derek is throwing himself into danger.

"Let's go," Stiles says resolutely. Cora nods, and her shoulders sag a little in relief. Allison sends a text to the rest of the pack, and she knows they will follow as quickly as possible, but they can't say anything out loud if Kira is still there.

Allison climbs with Stiles into the jeep and reaches behind her seat for her weapons. Her bow, gun with wolfsbane bullets, and a couple of knives. She quickly holsters everything while Stiles is driving like a lunatic, following Cora and Isaac, who are in front of them in Cora's car.

Allison hears a pained howl and immediately grimaces. Cora's car swerves in front of them before they park rapidly. Isaac and Cora bolt out of the car while Stiles and Allison quickly follow. They aren't as fast as the wolves, but Stiles' magic helps them get there as fast as possible.

Allison can feel that the pack is on their way, but they are not there yet for another ten minutes. She's a little glad because she is suddenly terrified of what is happening with Derek, and she doesn't wish it on her own pack. They burst into a clearing, and Allison immediately knows it's bad. There is blood everywhere, and two foreign Alphas are closing in on Derek. Cora and Isaac are already knocked out, there is blood, and Allison hopes they are okay.

Allison doesn't even stop to issue a warning. She just starts shooting. First, only her bow, but soon she switches to her gun because it takes too long to reload her bow. Stiles is next to her using his powers. His eyes are flashing a dangerous shade of purple.

The female Alpha snarls and lunges at Allison, but Stiles freezes her in her tracks. Allison smirks at the Alpha, but she isn't backing down.

"Where is Ennis?! Where is he!? What did you do to him?!" She yells while struggling against Stiles's bounds.

"Oh, was he someone important?" Allison taunts. Knowing perfectly well that Ennis is her significant other.

"You bitch! If you did anything to him, I'll-"

"You'll what, bitch?" Stiles snarls with a glare, not even breaking a sweat while the Alpha is still struggling against him.

Kali - that was her name - roars, and suddenly more people jump out of the bushes. Allison sees Stiles freeze. He clearly hadn't expected this, they knew the Alpha pack only had five members, but this is a lot more. Allison scans the wolfed-out faces of the werewolves that joined the fight and sees only flashes of blue.

She counts eight extra werewolves, Allison sees Deucalion and Derek still fighting, but it's clear that Derek is losing.

"How far out?" Allison says without taking her eyes off Kali. Stiles responds just like she knew he would. "Five miles out."

"Cover us?" She whispers, but she knows he heard her when he resolutely responds with, "Always."

Allison then reaches out behind her back and pulls the pin of one of her wolfsbane grenades. She counts to three in her head before throwing it in the air above the whole fight.

Stiles lets go of Kali, but she is too surprised to take advantage. Stiles puts a shield over Derek, Cora, and Isaac before pulling Allison in his arms and doing the same to them.

The grenade explodes above them, and the blast rocks Allison and Stiles off their feet. All the wolves are clawing at their faces, and their expressions tell Allison that they are screaming, but she can't hear them, her ears are ringing from the blast, the shield Stiles threw up is gone, and she sees that Stiles is blacked out. She sees blood on his temple and streaming from his nose.

Before she can say or do anything, she's pulled away. She tries to fight back until she sees it's Danny. He is saying something, but Allison can't hear what the words are. Jackson is now lifting Stiles up, and Allison is pulled back from the sight when she feels Danny's hands on her cheeks. He's wiping something away, but it takes a couple of moments before Allison understands that it is her tears.

"Is he okay?" She tries to say, but her ears are still ringing, so she doesn't know if she forms the words as she wants.

Danny is nodding, so she thinks he understood. She then glances back, and most of the wolves are gone. Three are lying on the ground, one of them is Kali, and it's clear that she didn't survive the blast, which is not surprising. She was the one that was closest to them.

Allison grimaces when she sees that Deucalion is gone. Derek is lying unconscious on the floor, Boyd is next to him, and Erica is kneeling next to Cora and Isaac. They are barely standing, but alive at least.

A touch brings Allison back to her own pack. Jackson is already gone with Stiles, but Scott and Danny are still with her. Checking if she is wounded.

"I'm fine. Where is Stiles?" She grits out.

The ringing is finally subsiding a little, and she hears Scott say "hospital."

Allison wants to stay to check if everyone is okay, but she can't deal with them without Stiles, they won't let her, and her own emotional state isn't good enough to see Derek without Stiles after the rejection. She glances back at the scene of Derek's pack and throws them a packet.

"Here, Stiles tried to shield you, but if there is some wolfsbane poisoning, this is the right strain."

Boyd and Erica nod in understanding, and Allison turns back. She tries to take a step but almost immediately crumples to the floor. Danny and Scott just catch her in time. Her hearing is fully back, and he hears their worried exclamations.

"Take me to Stiles." She grits out while clamping their arms to stay upright. She stays upright with their help, and they help her into the jeep. Scott knows where Stiles hides the spare key and starts the jeep as soon as they're seated.

Allison then pulls her phone out of her pocket and grits her teeth. There is blood on her leg. She is wounded from some shrapnel because of the adrenaline she didn't notice earlier. Thankfully they are already on their way to the hospital.

She calls her dad first to give him the coordinates to the bodies, knowing that Derek's pack will be gone before her dad shows up.

Next, she calls the Sheriff. Apparently, Jackson had already called, and he is at the hospital already. Allison frowns. Did she lose time? She shakes her head. Those worries are for later.

She sighs in relief when they turn into the parking lot, she wants to walk into the hospital by herself, but Scott, good, sometimes stupid Scott, lifts her up before she can even take one step—remembering how she crumpled because of her wounded leg she lets him do it for now.

After that, it's chaos for some time. Nurses and doctors worry about her but tell her that the wound on her leg is shallow, so stitches will be enough, just be careful with it, is what they tell her about ten times.

Allison tries to glare them away when they won't answer her questions about Stiles, but they won't budge. Derek would've succeeded, she thinks morosely.

At some point, after she already had stitches, her father shows up with a thunderous expression. She needs to stay for a while longer so they can check her hearing, but after she is free to go, she is now lounging in a hospital bed because they won't let her go off by herself.

"You didn't tell me you got hurt." He grits out with worried eyes. He is putting on a tough front, but Allison knows better.

"Because that wasn't important." Allison retorts.

"Of course, it is!" He yells while spreading his arms wide. He looks at her frantically. "Of course, it is important, Ally. You can't - you're all I have." Her dad says in a soft voice, which brings tears to her eyes.

"I'm okay. It's all stitched up. They only won't tell me how Stiles is. Do you know? Have you seen the Sheriff?" She asks frantically.

Scott and Danny disappeared when she was being stitched up because they weren't family and couldn't stay. She doesn't know anything at the moment, and it's driving her crazy.

She expects Jackson and Lydia with Stiles or the Sheriff. After the summer they had together, they won't leave his side if he's seriously hurt.

Her dad chuckles and shakes his head. "I should have never let you join the pack, but-"

"Don't you dare-" She starts hotly, but she can't finish her sentence when there is a commotion in the hallway outside her room.

"WHERE IS SHE?!" Comes a booming voice from the hallway, and Allison's heart skips. She knows exactly who that is.

Her father rolls his eyes, and she can't help but laugh a little. He then stalks to the door and rips it open.

"In here." He simply says to someone in the hall before turning back to Allison. It takes about ten seconds before Stiles runs in, still in hospital clothes. She quickly scans him but sees no sign of bandages or blood. He seems fine, thank God.

He runs to her and throws his arms around her, "Are you okay? They didn't tell me anything!" He asks while touching everywhere to check if she is really okay.

"Did you just flash the entire hospital looking for me?" Allison asks, amused, not letting show how relieved she really is for Stiles being here, seemingly okay.

Stiles yelps and pulls the hospital robe around his ass so he won't flash her father anymore. Her father groans, rubs the bridge of his nose, walks out the door, and closes it.

Allison starts to laugh but still clings to Stiles. Not wanting him out of her sight, Stiles crawls into the hospital bed with her and kisses her entire face.

"What happened? You were unconscious," She whispers in the tiny space between them when they both are settled down.

"I don't know, I think my magic healed me, I woke up when they were checking me, and I only could think about if my shields had stayed active long enough. I didn't see any of the pack, or you, or Der-" He cuts himself off abruptly with a twist of his mouth.

Allison cups his cheek, "they're fine. Only Derek wasn't awake yet, but his pack is taking care of him."

Stiles nods but leaves it at that. They lie there in silence, just softly touching each other until the door bangs open again.

They're both up and ready for an attack, but thankfully it's only the pack. Who don't seem impressed by their ready response.

"Seriously?" Lydia demands with a glare aimed at both of them, but Allison knows her well enough that she's worried.

"We're fine, Lyds, they just wanted to check the last couple of things, and then we can go," Allison says with a smile.

"Sure, that's why they want to take you for a brain scan." She snipes back.

Allison balks. She didn't know that. Stiles immediately focuses back on her and puts his hands on her head. The relief that floods through her when her ears completely stop ringing and the pressure suddenly gone from her head makes her sag against him.

"Oh, maybe there was something wrong. But I didn't feel it, really." She admitted sheepily with a dimpled smile when Stiles and Lydia glare at her. Finally, her dad and the Sheriff enter.

"Stiles healed me, can you sign me out?" Allison asks before her dad can say anything. Her dad narrows his eyes at Allison before turning to Stiles.

"Thank you." He says sincerely before promptly walking back out to find a nurse. Stiles seems stunned for a moment before he speaks again.

"I can't heal your leg because they already put stitches in it," Stiles says with a glare.

"That's fine. I can still stand on it."

"Are you sure about that?" Danny says with raised eyebrows, probably thinking back how her legs crumpled when she tried to stand.

"Yes, don't worry," She shows them by standing up and walking with only a slight limp to the bathroom to dress with clothes Lydia has brought for her.

Stiles walks after her to change clothes too. She raises an eyebrow in question before he ducks his head and admits in a soft voice. "I can't stand it if I don't see you right now."

She smiles at him and nods in acceptance. They both get dressed, and Stiles helps her a little with the sweatpants. When they walk out, she holds Stiles's arm, feeling a little shaky on her legs, but she won't admit that to anyone.

"Come on, Allison, I'll take you home."

Allison gives her dad a deadpan look.

"Since when are you alright with werewolves in your house?" She says in her most innocent voice.

Stiles purses his lips next to her and seems ready to burst out laughing. Jackson, Scott, and Danny are all looking the other way, trying not to be noticed by the big bad wolf hunter, and Lydia openly glares at her father.

The Sheriff just rolls his eyes when her dad starts to splutter.

"Chris, let her come to my place. The pack isn't going to let her out of their sight as long as she's hurt."



"I don't want her out of my sight either! She's my daughter!" He yells in response, but the Sheriff doesn't seem fazed.

"I know, why don't you come with us."

"Dad-" Stiles tries, but he shut's up when the Sheriff points at him.

"Don't you dare, 'dad,' me young man, I can understand what Chris is going through, and I wouldn't want you out of my sight either. I would ground you if I could right now."

"I'm the Alpha!" Stiles says with a flail, making Allison almost fall over, but she quickly grabs the bed. Thankfully nobody saw it. Otherwise, they wouldn't let her walk by herself.

"I'm the Sheriff and your dad! I changed your diapers. Who do you think is going to win this?" The Sheriff says while crossing his arms and glaring at his son.

Allison snorts out a laugh, and Stiles glares at her, but the whole pack knows that the Sheriff has won.

"Fine! But we're going to check on Derek first," Stiles argues just for the sake of argument.

"Fine, but let one of the wolves drain Allison's pain first." The Sheriff says before guiding Allison's dad out of the door.

All three wolves step forward immediately to help Allison with the pain, and she is relieved. They finally get out of the hospital, and Stiles sends the rest of the pack to his house, wanting to check on Derek with only Allison.

"Do you think he will let us in?" She asks when they are almost at the loft.

Stiles shrugs and gives her a smirk. "As if I don't have a key to his loft." Allison laughs in response and carefully climbs out of the jeep when they park before following Stiles up to Derek's loft.

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***Derek's POV;***

Derek is panicking. He had heard the jeep park on the gravel in front of the building. He had heard the steps they took on the stairs. He even listened to their heartbeats and knew that this would go horribly, horribly wrong.

The door slides open, and before Stiles can talk, he gasps as soon as he sees Derek. Allison makes a noise in the back of her throat that others would call a pained whine, but she won't ever admit to that. She's too strong to let anyone know that she can break.

"Oh my god! Derek, I thought the door was locked!?" Jennifer screams while scrambling off him to gather herself in a blanket. Trying to shield her students from her naked body.

Derek struggles and screams, but his voice and body don't listen. "What are you doing here?" He growls at the two teens.

He's greeted with silence and screams and roars inside his head, trying to let them know that this isn't him, he isn't pulling the strings, it's only his body, but not his mind. And please, please, please help me...

But that's not what comes out of his mouth. "Are you two done gawking? We were in the middle of something."

Stiles and Allison's eyes harden, and their postures stiffen almost at the same time.

No, no, no, no, no, no, no, no. This isn't what he wants. Why don't they see that? Why don't they see what is happening?

But he can't blame them. The picture Jennifer painted is enough for Stiles and Allison to believe. It's his own fault, really. He should have never pushed them away, so what if they are younger? He could've just explained that he can't touch them until they turn eighteen, wouldn't touch them because of what happened between him and Kate. They would've understood.

And now, Jennifer. Jennifer who drugged him and is controlling him since that night. Shit, he needs them to get away, to keep them safe. He knows Jennifer wants Stiles's power, but she never explained how she wants to take it.

From what Stiles had explained, it would definitely mean killing Stiles. And that's unacceptable.

Stiles squares his shoulders and glares at Derek.

Yes, yes, yes, be angry at me, and go. Go away, and be safe.

Stiles grabs Allison's hand and tugs, she flinches a little when she takes a step, and Derek really hopes she's okay. His betas did explain what happened in the clearing when they woke him up, but he had sent them away when they were back at the loft, knowing that Jennifer could show up at any minute.

They argued, but the Alpha ordered them, not wanting them there when Jennifer would take advantage, or even worse, would turn on them.

"We were coming to check on you, asshole. You were hurt." Stiles grits out with a glare before tugging at Allison's hand again. "Come on, Ally. He made **it** clear."

The broken look in Stiles's eyes betrays how he really feels, even if his voice doesn't waver. Derek knows that he hurt them, all because of Jennifer. He wants to slash her throat, cut her into pieces and offer them to Allison and Stiles, but it's too late. He isn't in control of his own body. And he doubts they want anything to do with him now.

Allison is trained not to let her feelings show as Matriarch of the Argent's, and she's trained well. The steel look in her eyes makes Derek shiver from fear or want. He doesn't know.

They leave without another look, the loft door slamming behind them, and Derek keeps screaming in his head, on the one hand wanting them gone so badly, so they are safe. At least for now. Or keeping them there so they can help him.

He doesn't want to be used, not anymore. When he was younger, he fell for it, and it burned his family. Now he has no choice, and he hates it with a fiery passion, but the drugs she uses are too strong for him to break.

It's all so wrong. It feels all so wrong.

Jennifer slides her hand over his arm while the other comes around to stroke his stomach. He wants to puke, but his body isn't listening.

"See Derek. Everybody leaves you. Nobody wants you. You thought they could stop me? That they would even notice that something is wrong with you? You screamed and screamed, but they didn't listen. Did they?" Her poisonous voice whispers in his ear, making his skin crawl.

Derek flinches but can't move any further. She's right. She's right. He shakes his head to get rid of the cotton feeling in his brain. He feels wrong and used. But that isn't a strange emotion for him. He was used since he was sixteen.

"They aren't going to stop me, Derek. Do you want to know what is going to happen to them? Well, do you?" She's still rubbing her hands all over him, and Derek doesn't know how long he can take this. But he doesn't have a choice in the matter.

Derek shakes his head again, now only in denial. No, no, no, nothing can happen to Stiles and Allison. They are both too strong to let anything happen. Derek will kill himself if anything happens to them.

"Awh, you don't want your underage lovers to get hurt. How cute. Only too bad because Stiles is the one I want. When I first came here, I thought I was going for the Nemeton, the most powerful thing in the United States, but then color me surprised when I find a Mage in my own classroom, not only a freaking powerful one. But also one bound to the Nemeton. It's like a dream come true." Jennifer sighs while pushing Derek back down on the sheets.

She pushes a little magic in Derek again, and his hand strokes his cock into full hardness without his consent. His body is moving without him doing anything. If he could fight, he would, but everything is just **wrongwrongwrongwrong** around him. And he can't resist her. He can't fight the drugs she used or the magic she's still using. If only he could give Stiles and Allison a warning or a sign.

Jennifer hovers above him before sinking down on his cock, she sighs in pleasure, but Derek only wants to be sick.

She starts moving and talking again. "First, I'm going to kill the huntress. She has no importance to me at all. She's just someone that will stand in my way. Maybe I will let you do it, so you can look into her eyes when she looks at you all betrayed." Jennifer tells him while moaning and gaining speed.

"Then I'm going to kill the Mage because he isn't going to take the killing of his huntress without retaliation. And when he's distracted with his revenge and grief, it will be easy to end him. Then his magic and bond to the Nemeton are mine and mine alone. And then I can finally take my revenge on the Alpha pack." She says while panting and moaning.

She takes, and takes, and takes until she comes with a scream. Derek wants to roll in a ball, cry and possibly die. But he needs to protect his pack, protect Stiles's pack. But especially protect Stiles and Allison.

When they're alone, she lets him speak, so he takes the opportunity now she's still high on her orgasm.

"The twins are in custody, Ennis is in the hands of hunters, and according to my pack, Kali is dead." He whispers with a cruel smile. Only wanting to cause her pain, like she's causing him.

Jennifer sits up sharply and glares at him.

"What?" Her voice is like ice, cold and hard, but one wrong step, and it will break.

"The twin Alpha's were arrested when Stiles, Cora, and Scott were broken out of the vault." He croaks out when she puts her hand on his throat.

She waves her other hand in dismissal. "I knew that. Tell me about Kali." She snarls.

Derek raises his eyebrows. Could it be that her revenge was only aimed at her?

"Deucalion and Kali attacked me this morning. My pack, Stiles, and Allison came to my aid. There was a blast, and she died."

He isn't going to tell that it was Allison that threw a grenade. He doesn't know how she's going to react to that.

"You're lying." She snarls, tightening the hold she has on his throat.

Derek smirks at her. "I'm not."

Jennifer screams loudly and in anger, making the windows above Derek's bed splinter. She then punches Derek's chest. It doesn't really hurt, but she still controls him with her magic, so he can't fight back.

"She was mine, mine to kill!" Jennifer snarls before suddenly standing and dressing herself.

"I will kill them. Kill them." She mutters to herself.

"Revenge doesn't do anything for you. I can know." Derek says softly, still lying on the bed naked. Bound by her magic to stay like this until she orders otherwise.

"You know nothing. **Nothing** from what she took from me! What she did to me!" Jennifer screeches while scratching Derek's face in anger. Her control is completely gone. The wounds will heal, and it only stings for a moment. And Derek just laughs a humorless laugh.

"Kate raped me and burned my family. I think that I win." Derek says in a monotone voice. He can't even become angry anymore. He knows now that Kate raped him, he was sixteen, and she was twenty-four. That's mainly the reason he wanted to distance himself from Allison and Stiles. He doesn't want to become anything like her.

Jennifer freezes before snarling and dropping the glamor she was apparently wearing. A horrible creature is standing in her stead. Her face was deformed with claw marks all over it.

Derek cringes in disgust. He wants to gag in repulsion but stops himself.

"You win? **You win?** She did this to me. ***She*** almost killed me." Jennifer grits out.

"If I could look like you but still have my family, I would trade it in a heartbeat," Derek replies, and he knows his heart is beating steadily. There is no lie there.

"You're delusional-" Jennifer snarls. "-But don't worry. I will get my revenge. Just wait and see."

She flicks her hand, and Derek is flung against the wall and kept there with bounds around his neck, wrists, and ankles. Jennifer pulls her glamor back on and steps closer to Derek, searching his eyes for something. He doesn't know what.

"I'll get what I want, Derek. And what I want is power. Power to overthrow those who undermined me. Your Mage and huntress are the first steps."

Derek roars at her, shocked that he can feel a little strength return to him, and Jennifer takes a startled step back before she smirks. Derek's stomach drops. He really thought he was fighting back her compulsion for a moment.

"Derek, *oh* , Derek. Your protective streak is showing. Just what I needed. Hold still. This is going to hurt." She says with glee before planting her right hand over his heart and her left on his forehead.

Derek feels agony shooting through him and chokes on a scream, his eyes roll back in his head, and it doesn't take long for him to lose consciousness.

His last thoughts are that Stiles and Allison need to be warned as soon as possible. But he doesn't know if he will get the chance.

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***Stiles's POV;***

It's silent in the jeep when they drive back to the house, but Stiles doesn't know how to fix it. He doesn't know what to tell Allison to make it alright. They knew that Derek didn't want them because they were too young or whatever bullshit reason he has, but to jump into bed with their English teacher is something else. And Stiles knows that Derek could've heard



them coming. He could've stopped what he was doing before Stiles and Allison would see. He fucking knew and did nothing.

"Stiles, I understand that you're angry, but you need to calm down," Allison says in a soft voice. Stiles scoffs.

"Calm down? **Angry?** Fuck that. I'm furious. And telling someone to calm down when they don't want to is a real stupid thing to do." Stiles sneers, knowing he's lashing out, but it just feels like his heart was ripped out, which is ridiculous because they weren't even together with Derek.

His mind keeps flashing to the scene they walked into, miss Blake riding Derek's cock while he was lying on the bed, the glare they received when they walked in and didn't answer his first question. The jealousy he felt for seeing someone else with Derek like this.

Allison is silent for a moment, and Stiles refuses to feel the pack bond to know what she's feeling. "Your fingers are sparking. That's why you need to calm down." She says calmly without even looking at him.

Stiles flushes, fuck. He didn't even notice. He shakes out his hands, but they keep sparking. Thankfully they just arrived home. Jackson already rips the door open, probably feeling what Stiles was feeling, and Stiles feels a little guilty now. He didn't want to project his feelings to his pack. He kneels down to push the excess magic he feels in his hands into the wards around the house, his fingers finally stop glowing, and he calms down a little.

"We're okay," Stiles says as soon as Jackson reaches them. Jackson doesn't speak, but scent marks Stiles. "I just want to sleep," Stiles says. The day is finally catching up to him. Jackson nods in agreement and walks to Allison to do the same. He also helps Allison walking. Her pain probably is back, and she's too stubborn to have told him.

Stiles stops for a moment in the kitchen to hug his dad before walking upstairs. Allison does the same with her dad, who is still at their house. He looks a little grumpy, but Stiles can't care about Chris Argent right now.

The whole pack is already in his bed, and Stiles couldn't be happier with them. Without having to tell them anything, they are there for him, and it feels amazing to have them in his life.

It's a freaking tight fit on the bed, so he decides that they need a larger one. He pushes his magic in the bed with the belief of enlarging it and is happily surprised when the bed grows until it's touching both walls. The pack groans in appreciation, and Stiles chuckles before joining them with Allison on the bed.

It doesn't take long before they fall asleep, tired from the exhausting day. Hopefully, tomorrow will be better.

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Stiles is on a run through the forest. At first, he's a little surprised because he's all by himself, normally he goes running with his pack. He shrugs and keeps running.

He runs past a big oak tree and feels the magic rolling off it. He stops and smiles because this feels familiar. He plants his hands on the tree but regrets it immediately. Piercing pain wrenches itself in his brain, almost knocking him off his feet.

In his mind, he sees flashes of what was and what was to come, and he's disgusted by it. A fire that burns down a house full of people, a rogue wolf killing an Alpha for power in his feral state, a Kanima under control of hunters, multiple Alpha's attacking a smaller pack, a Darach killing thirteen innocent people for a ritual, a Nogitsune slaughtering people to create chaos, assassins hunting supernaturals, dread doctors and chimera's raising hell, the Hunt erasing people from existence and more.

Stiles always knew about Beacon Hills being, well, a beacon, but this is ridiculous. So much hurt and pain is going to happen. He doesn't see the people in the flashes, but his mind is triggered by some of the happenings. He could've sworn that he knows something about a fire and Kanima, but the memories slip away from him.

He rips his hand away from the tree and finds himself panting and kneeling in front of the tree.

"Why did you show me that?" He grits out, his head still pounding from the onslaught. He is shocked when he gets an answer.

"You've brought change." An ethereal voice sounds around him. He looks around and doesn't know where the voice is coming from until a man steps forward.

If Stiles believed that Harry Potter was real, he would've thought Albus Dumbledore stepped forward. This man was only shorter and a lot fatter, but the beard was practically the same. Oh, and he was dressed in a regular sweater and khaki pants instead of in ridiculous purple robes.

The man scowls at Stiles.

"I hate those books and movies. They totally warped the minds of many people of thinking how wizards would live." The man grumbles.

"Are you reading my mind?" Stiles asked, a little perplexed and uncomfortable. "Of course, lying is dreadful and unnecessary. I want to know upfront what people think of me and if they're going to betray me."

Stiles's eyebrows rise on his head, and he feels a little like he's being pranked.

"And what do you think of me?" Stiles asks, too curious for his own good as always. The man looked Stiles up and down and nodded as if deciding something.

"I think you altered the timeline already, for the good of it all. Thank Hecate. But still, bad things will happen. That's why I've decided to show myself to you."

Stiles frowned and crossed his arms. "What kind of bad things? And altered the timeline? Do you mean that what you just showed me is a timeline that could've happened?" He demanded. Suddenly afraid for his pack.

The man smirked at him. "Don't you want to know who I am before you ask those things?"

Stiles blushed a little because the man was right. The man chuckled before speaking again. "I'm a wizard who has lived in the Preserve since the early nineteen hundreds. My name is River, and I'm five-hundred years old."

"Wait, what? How can you be that old?" Stiles blurted out, making the man scowl at him again. "You're really rude, do you know that?"

"So I've been told," Stiles replies with a smirk. Making River roll his eyes at him.

"Be glad I don't bombard you with other questions. You already know my name, so tell me, what kind of bad things will happen? And you didn't answer the question about the timeline." Stiles said, coming back to the point of discussion.

"I can't tell you the future-" River started, making Stiles splutter. "-but, I can tell you what is happening right now. The Darach you saw is still active at this moment. It only changed directions when she met you."

Stiles paled. What he had seen of the Darach was horrible. Why did it change directions because of Stiles?

"As for the timeline question, what the Nemeton and I showed you is indeed an alternative timeline, one that happened because you didn't get your magic powers."

Stiles flinched. Even if he hasn't had his magic for that long, he couldn't imagine his life without it now. He feels sympathy for the other him, the one that won't have his magic.

"Why didn't I get them?" He muses out loud while looking at the man, wizard? Well, old dude, at least.

"Because you didn't get the care of your pack, the banshee changed course and saved you from a dreadful future. In the old timeline, Druid Deaton took your magic away before you could develop them further. He made you sacrifice yourself to save your father from the Darach. During the time you were technically dead, he drained your powers so you couldn't use them. It wasn't enough because you still got possessed by the Nogitsune." River stated.

Stiles was on the edge of falling into a panic attack. The Nogitsune would have possessed him? No, he could've stopped it. He **should've** stopped it. And his dad in the hands of the Darach? Technically dead? What the actual fuck!?

Flashes from a tub full of ice, and Scott and Allison drowning next to him, crash through his mind. The hospital slaughter and everything bad happening during the Nogitsune follow it up. Only now he can see his own face on the Nogitsune, feeling its glee in creating chaos. He could even see the people who died. Stiles starts retching when he sees Allison die. Tears are streaming over his face, as in her dying moments, she declares her love to Scott as her first love. It was clear that they didn't share the same bond as they did now, and he mourns the fact. He's even more horrified when he finds out that the Nogitsune was behind her death.

A slap on his cheek brings him back from spiraling any further.

"Ow! What the hell, dude!"

"It isn't going to happen anymore. You already changed it. This is important, so get yourself together." River snarled in front of him. Stiles glared but decided that the man was right. He squared his shoulders and hoped he wouldn't have nightmares about what will never happen.

"Fine. What is the Darach's plan?" Stiles snapped, still irritated at the man.

"She's going to kill you and the huntress, using the other Alpha."

Stiles flinched again, "What is she going to do with Derek?" He said forcefully, wanting to know what could possibly be used against him and Allison. He doesn't want to admit that he also wants to shield Derek from any harm.

"She isn't going to do anything with Derek because she's already done it. She drugged him and uses his body for sex magic. He isn't in control of his body or mind not since about two weeks." River states without any emotion.

But Stiles's stomach plummeted. Derek was being used and controlled, and they didn't even notice? What kind of awful person was he. Derek deserved so much better. No wonder he rejected Stiles.

"For Hecate's sake, kid. Focus! You and your pack can still stop her!"

Stiles tries to keep it together, but it's hard. After a couple of minutes, he feels like he's back in control. "How? What can we do?" Stiles asks the weird man.

"Come find me when you wake up, then we can get a plan together." River says before turning around.

"What? Waking up? But-"

Before Stiles could even finish his sentence, he was pulled back to 'real' consciousness. He woke up panting and clutching his chest in the middle of his bed.

"Stiles? You okay?" Jackson asked sleepily.

"No. No, fuck no, I'm not okay." He pants before bolting out of bed and running to his bathroom before retching again. Images of what happened still plaguing his mind.

He hears his pack gather in the door, Allison is kneeling next to him, rubbing his back to console him, but everything just was so fucking wrong!

"Did you have a nightmare?" She asked softly.

"I-No, it wasn't a nightmare. It was something else. And it was fucking awful." He said with a hoarse voice, his throat hurting from the retching.

"What happened, Stiles?" Lydia asked with a worried voice. Stiles looked up into her green eyes and felt his tears well up before launching himself at her and hugging her tightly.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you, you saved me." He repeats over and over again, shocking the banshee, but she hugged him back firmly. She looked confused to the rest of the pack, who all were shocked by Stiles's weird behavior.

"Why don't we sit down, so you can explain what happened?" Jackson proposed in a concerned voice.

Stiles nodded and let himself be guided back to the bedroom and onto the bed, where he explained what happened while he was 'sleeping.'

"Lyds, you saved me that day after Jackson's resurrection. If you hadn't come-" He couldn't even finish his statement, but they all knew now what would've happened. The pack was shocked into silence.

"I knew I did the right thing following the feeling that I needed to be with you. I just didn't realize the expense of why I felt so strongly." Lydia said softly, holding Stiles's hand and rubbing her thumb over it.

Stiles chuckled humorlessly, "Now you do."

"So what is the plan now?" Allison asked from her place on the other side of Stiles.

"Tomorrow, I'm going to find River, and after we're going to kill the Darach. That bitch will die from what she did to Derek - what she's still doing to Derek." Stiles snarls out.

"We're going with you." The pack replies almost immediately. But Stiles waves them off.

"No, you need to go to school. We can't all ditch, plus Blake will be suspicious if we all would be gone. I will explain it to my dad. I also don't trust the man, River. I want to know more about him before I'm going to trust my pack with him." Stiles said firmly, not leaving room for argument. The pack didn't like it but agreed.

When Stiles was telling the story to the pack, the memories floated back to his mind, and now he also knew who the Darach really was. Miss Blake, Stiles had already an idea when River told him about the sex magic and the drugged state of Derek, but now he knew it for sure.

It was only three am, but it was clear that the whole pack couldn't sleep anymore. Allison snuggled close to Stiles, holding him while he still cringed about what he had seen. Flashes still plagued him, and he cringed with every new fact he was presented with. He decided against telling the pack everything, like Scott becoming True Alpha because of the magic Deaton would've stolen from Stiles or Jackson moving to London and leaving Lydia. But also Danny, who wouldn't have been included in anything. He had told them about the big lines happening, but not explicitly about the people involved. It gave them a little edge, though, because he believed that Kate was a werejaguar now, as she was in the other line. Gerard was another problem completely, but Stiles believed they could take him when the time came.

"I feel guilty about how we treated him." Allison finally said after an hour of silence.

Stiles thought about it for a minute before responding. "We have nothing to feel guilty about, the situation we found ourselves in was something we could feel angry about, and it's not our fault that that bitch is controlling him. I only feel bad that we can't save him right this minute."



"Should we tell his pack?" Lydia asked her Alpha.

Stiles shook his head, "no, Cora will be too emotional to think rationally and attack her. Derek will be crushed if she's hurt. The same goes for Erica. Boyd and Isaac maybe could keep their cool, but I don't want to risk it."

"What about Peter?" Jackson proposed. Stiles scrunched up his nose in distaste.

"He could be useful." Lydia mused. "How so?" Stiles asked incredulously.

"Think about it. He's a master in manipulation. We could ask him to help."

Stiles, Danny, Scott, and Allison snorted. "Why do you think he would help?"

"Because he's not as evil as you think," Jackson replied, sounding irritated. Stiles calmed down a bit. "I know he's your biological dad, but don't expect too much of him, okay?" Stiles said while looking at the blonde werewolf.

"I talked to him a couple of times, and he was normal, even a little nice," Jackson grunted. Stiles could feel his anxiety through the bond, and he felt bad that he made Jackson feel like that.

"To be honest, I've never thought we would describe Peter Hale as 'nice'. But if you two believe he could be useful, I will discuss it with River," Stiles said, making Jackson smile at him.

After another hour, Stiles became restless, and the pack kicked him out of bed. "You're all horrible, horrible, people." He grumbled when he was sent downstairs to make an early breakfast.

"You love us!" Scott yelled after him making Stiles flip him off before he trudged down.

Chris Argent was slumped over the kitchen table with a mug of coffee, and he blinked blearily at Stiles.

"You're early. Is Allison okay?" The hunter said, sitting up straighter.

"She is. I was just becoming restless, so they kicked me out of my own room." Stiles grumbles while starting coffee for himself.

Chris eyed him warily, but Stiles chose to ignore him while he started making breakfast for a couple of hungry wolves.

He was just making up a batch of pancake batter when Chris started talking.

"You know, I hated the fact that Allison joined your pack."

Stiles stilled and turned slowly to look at the hunter.

"Why?" Stiles knew goddam well why, but he wanted the hunter to explain it to him so he could stump it back through his bigotted throat.

"Because our family has hunted supernatural creatures, especially were's, for centuries. We've been taught from a young age about how dangerous supernatural creatures are. I don't want Allison to be in any danger." He simply stated.

Stiles gave Chris a smirk. "And why would she be in less danger if she would go hunting for said supernatural creatures?"

Chris glared but didn't respond.

"You know Chris, I want to give you the benefit of the doubt, but I can tell you this if you're going to push Allison to choose between you and the pack, you should know that you're gonna lose her." The young Alpha said simply.

Chris sat up a little straighter, "do you really think she would choose you over her own family?"

"I already know she would. Your family has made some batshit crazy decisions and done some really fucked up shit. Your own sister manipulated her, and when she died, your father stepped in, your wife, her own mother, tried to kill her first boyfriend and killed herself after. What have we done? We're surviving and saving the people in this town before something bad can happen to them. We're the good guys, but because we're supernatural, you are biased against us, but even you need to admit that everything my pack did the last couple of months was for the good of the town. And yes, we're supernatural. I'm a human Alpha, and your daughter is my left hand, all her friends are in this pack, and we fight for each other. I would die for her, just like she would do for me."

Chris stared at Stiles, but Stiles refused to look away first. The Alpha in him wouldn't let the hunter intimidate him. Stiles took a sip of his coffee and just stared right back. After five minutes, it became a little ridiculous, and it seemed that Chris finally started to break.

"You would die for her?"

"For my whole pack, but you and I both know that she's special to me. I would do everything in my power to protect her." Stiles resolutely answered before turning back to finish making breakfast.

"Good to know-" Chris mused, "-but why did you call yourself a human Alpha? We both know you're more than that."

Stiles slowed down for a moment before responding. He didn't actually know if Chris knew what Stiles was.

"You're right. I'm more but still human."

"If Gerard finds out what you are, he'll use Allison to get to you," Chris stated as a fact. Stiles's anger flared up, and he slammed the knife he was holding into the cutting board he was using before turning around with a glare.

"Is this your new plan? I just told you that I would do anything to keep Allison safe, and you try to manipulate me into pushing her away because your fucked up father is still alive and ready to create havoc? Telling me that he'll use Allison to get to me is low. Even for you." Stiles snarled.

"I'll do anything to keep Allison safe." Chris simply stated.

"Even hurting her more in the process, I see. It appears that you are more like your father than I originally thought. What a shame."

Chris stood from his seat so fast that the chair fell down with a hard noise. Magic was already gathering in Stiles's hands, and Chris flicked his eyes down before planting his hand on his gun.

"That's enough!" Allison's snarled from the entrance of the kitchen. The whole pack was behind her. Danny is holding her elbow because she was still hurting from the injury she acquired the day before.

Stiles and Chris both didn't stand down at first, so Allison snarled again. "Enough. Dad, if you are against my pack, you're against me. I will not repeat myself. The Sheriff already said that I could live here if I ever wanted. If you keep pushing, that is exactly what's going to happen. You'll lose me. I don't want that, and I know you don't want that either. So please, try to accept it."

Chris's expression softened while looking at his daughter, and it was clear for Stiles that Chris really loved Allison, but even parents can fuck up. Chris's shoulders sagged, and his hand left his gun. Stiles relaxed a little too, his magic dispersed, and his hands weren't glowing anymore.

"I'm sorry, I- it's just hard, everything I've learned from a young age, and you're breaking every rule I've been taught," Chris said softly.

Allison nodded and walked up to her father and hugged him. "I understand, but I don't want to be like Kate or Gerard, or even like mom. I'm making my own choices, and I hope you can trust me when I tell you that I trust everyone in this room. I'm not going to leave them." She said with a little moisture in her eyes.

"And we will never leave her," Lydia said resolutely while the rest of the pack nodded in agreement.

"I believe you, but that doesn't mean I won't worry," Chris stated.

Another snort came from behind the pack, and Stiles's dad walked in, already dressed in his Sheriff's uniform.

"When do we even stop worrying about our kids?" He said while leveling Chris with a look.

Chris nodded and smirked. "Fine. I won't do anything to stop you from being in this pack, but please call me whenever you need help."

"Why do you think I call you when there are dead bodies to clean up?" Allison replies with a smirk.

Stiles's dad grimaces, but he knows it happens, and you can't really explain a dead body of a supernatural creature when they don't exactly look like humans.

Stiles serves the breakfast that was now ready, and the pack and the fathers attacked it as a bunch of hungry wolves. When Stiles commented on it, though, he got a real death glare from Chris Argent—making Stiles just smirk back at him.

The Sheriff and Argent left the house. First, his dad to go to the station for his shift, and after that, Argent went home so he could freshen up before he started his daily activities.

The pack was hurrying through the house so everybody would be ready on time for class. His dad had already called the office at school to let them know not to expect Stiles today. His dad wasn't exactly fond of the idea of Stiles going into the Preserve alone to find some five-hundred-year-old dude, but he relented when Stiles mentioned the Darach and what was happening with Derek.

His dad had shot a nervous glance at Stiles at that, but Stiles put it aside, worried about how they could stop the Darach and save Derek. And Deucalion was still on the loose, as was Deaton. They now knew that Deucalion has some betas who could come to his aid, so they needed to be careful.

Kali was dead, Ennis was taken into custody by hunters (Stiles really didn't want to know what they would do to the Alpha), the twins were in a human jail but were also being monitored by hunters, so they won't break out. Stiles knew that the people who were pushed into corners lashed out the hardest. They needed to be cautious if they would see Deucalion again.

And Deaton, Stiles wasn't sure, but he was positive that Deaton wasn't even remotely as good in magic as Stiles was. So Stiles was pretty sure he could take Deaton without any trouble, but he refused to underestimate the man. He had shown that he could be manipulative and dangerous. Just see what he did to Scott.

"See you tonight, okay?" Allison said softly when the pack spilled out the house after scent-marking Stiles.

"Yeah, I will try and keep you updated through the day. I hope I find the man." Stiles replied while taking Allison in his arms for a hug and a kiss.

"If anyone can, it's you, didn't you tell us that he has lived in the Preserve for like a hundred years but never came out? He came out of hiding for you." She said with a soft smile, Stiles

thought about it, and Allison was right. The man had reached out because he was sure it was necessary.

"And he wants you to find him, so maybe he will make it hard on you like some kind of test, but you're Stiles Stilinski, Alpha Genim, you are special."

Stiles blushed under the praise but held Allison a little tighter before kissing her again. When the pack was also gone, Stiles hurried through his morning routine before setting off to the Preserve, he thought about using his jeep, but he wanted to walk for some reason. So that's exactly what he did.

He walked through the Preserve and was surprised by how his magic reacted. It felt content as if Stiles was in the right place. He kept following his magic, for some reason sure that it would guide him to the right pad and to River.

When he came into the clearing with the Nemeton, Stiles immediately went to the tree, he wanted to push a little magic into the tree, but remembering his dream, he hesitated with touching the bark. The Nemeton was not like in his dream though, that Nemeton had been huge. The real one is not like that. At least not yet.

He just decided that he could touch the Nemeton when a voice sounded behind him.

"You've been healing the Nemeton. When it's back to his original health, it will attract more magic to it. Witches, elves, pixies, you can expect a lot more magical encounters in the future."

"River, I thought you would make it harder for me to find you," Stiles said without turning around.

River was silent for a moment before replying. "I didn't see a reason to, come on, we have much to discuss."

Stiles turned around and followed the man without a second thought. He was still wary of the man, but he needed to help Derek. No matter what.

He only hoped he wouldn't be stabbed in the back again, as he was with Griselda.

#### Chapter End Notes

Jup, this one hurt writing! But I hoped you all enjoyed it!

Poor Derek!!! I just want to bundle him up in a blanket and give him some hot chocolate.

Please leave kudos and reviews!

xxMBlack93



# Kill me

## Chapter Notes

Hi! Sorry for the late, late, late update!

I fell into a hole of HP time travel fanfics... And just barely came out of it.

But I'm back with another chapter!

There will be smut in this one!

ENJOY!!

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

Stiles knows he should be wary of walking into a home he doesn't know, but as soon as River led him into his house, Stiles was practically ecstatic. And the Alpha was rather poor in hiding it.

"Oh my god! Is that a head?! Holy shit! Did that painting just move? Please tell me that this is a real dinosaur bone!" Stiles rapidly asked, or rather squealed, when he looked around the house that was invisible until River bodily moved him to the right spot in the forest.

"Dude! You have the most amazing house ever! Can I live with you? I don't know if my dad will agree, but I think I can talk him around." Stiles said while poking at one of the weird-looking jars on the wall before his hand was slapped away by an irate-looking River.

"Absolutely not. I rather swim through a sewer than have you living here." River replied with a sneer. Stiles pouted at the older man, but the man wasn't swayed by his puppy dog eyes. Dammit.

"Ah! Come on-"

"No. And if you keep this up, I will kick you out, and you can find another to help you save yourself and your pack. And that other Alpha." River added with a wave of his hand as if that

was final.

That did shut Stiles up. He was here on a mission. He needed River's help, or at least he was ready to listen to the guy, and hopefully, his pack would kick the Darach's ass for abusing Derek like this.

Stiles could still see how Derek reacted when he and Allison barged into the loft just a couple of days ago. And he regretted every second of not noticing that something was wrong with the Alpha.

*He held Allison's hand while walking up the stairs towards the loft. He doesn't even have to use his key to open the loft door but is halted in his steps as soon as he looks towards the bed.*

*Derek is on his back with an ecstatic-looking miss Blake above him. She is moaning with her head thrown back, that is until Stiles lets out a gasp. Then she scrambles for the blankets and tries to cover herself up while practically shrieking at Derek. "Oh my god! Derek, I thought the door was locked!?"*

*Derek growls and does nothing to cover himself. Stiles can't help himself but look at the man. He can't help it. He knew that Derek was gorgeous, but see him naked really did fry Stiles' brain for a moment. "What are you doing here?" Derek snarls out.*

*Stiles feels his heart plummet and his stomach roll. Allison and Stiles thought Derek didn't want them because of their age, because everything else seemed to fit just perfectly. They were ready to wait for a couple of months, just until Stiles was eighteen too, before trying again, not quite seducing him, but just 'suggest' a couple of things.*

*They weren't stupid. Stiles and Allison both knew it was more than just attraction. So they were more than ready to wait. But this? This is just.. Stiles just doesn't have words for it, and that never happens. They never expected someone else to warm Derek's bed. Since they have known him, he wasn't even remotely interested in someone. Well, only in them, but he even kept his distance from them.*

*"Are you two done gawking? We were in the middle of something." Derek says with a sneer.*

*Stiles feels something snap inside him, and rage, anger, jealousy, everything just takes over. Fuck no. Derek doesn't deserve anything from Stiles now, certainly not longing emotions.*

*Stiles grabs Allison's hand again and tugs a little so they can take a step back towards the door. Stiles doesn't want to stay here any longer than necessary. He ignores Allison's flinch for the moment. He will apologize when they're alone, not wanting to give Derek any more ammunition for the moment. He at least thought they were turning into friends, but apparently only Stiles thought that.*

*"We were coming to check on you, asshole. You were hurt." Stiles grits out with a glare before tugging at Allison's hand again. "Come on, Ally. He made **it** clear."*

*Stiles wishes that his eyes don't betray how broken he feels on the inside, but at least his voice is steady. He then turns on his heels with Allison and walks out the door without another look.*

Everything is now turned upside down. Derek is being used, forced, controlled. And Stiles will do anything to stop it. Derek doesn't deserve that. Hell, he can only imagine that Derek is furious that Stiles let it happen. He probably tried to warn Stiles, but Stiles was too stupid to pick it up.

"Sorry. Okay. What can we do to stop that bitch?"

River lets out a sigh. Already done with today, by the looks of it.

"**We** aren't doing anything. I will only help you with a plan, and only because I know what can happen if that 'bitch' gets a free reign."

"Why won't you help?" Stiles asks, not judging, just curious.

"Because I have no intention at all to be in the middle of the mess that is bound to happen. I just want a peaceful life, alone, in the middle of the woods with my books. That I even want to help you, of my own free will, is pretty special. You should feel special." River says while guiding Stiles to a room that is pretty much a small library.

"I feel unique." Stiles deadpans.

"You should. Well. We need to start making a plan to stop the Darach."

River is nodding to himself, and Stiles seriously doubts his mental state when it suddenly hits him. What is in it for River?

"Wait, why do you want to help me make a plan? And don't just say because you know what can happen, I need more than that if I'm going to trust you with my pack's safety." Stiles asks while looking at River. River freezes before his shoulders sag.

"Kid-"

"Don't start. Tell the fucking truth." Stiles snaps, suddenly done with more excuses.

River eyes him warily but sighs again.

"The Darach will come after me after she has killed you. She will continue to hunt for the most powerful thing in the area. At first, it was always the Nemeton. That's why I settled down here. It distracted power leeching witches and others from me." River tells him with a little shame. But Stiles can appreciate the harsh truth and understands it in some sense. Stiles could never leave his friends and family, but not everyone is the same.

"Fine. So you're helping me to save your own skin. I then at least trust you to help with the best plan and not stab me in the back." He firmly stated while looking River in the eyes.

River narrows his eyes at Stiles but nods before turning to one of the bookshelves.

"We need to drain her of her power. The simplest thing is killing her, but-"

"I'm okay with just killing her," Stiles interrupts him. For what she did with Derek, she deserves nothing but pain.

River seems thoughtful but nods before talking again. "And what about the magical backlash? That much dark magic isn't good for anyone."

Stiles grimaces. No, that would be awful. Griselda was still something like a light witch, so her magic was barely tainted.

"So what? We plan to kill her, but we need to do it from a distance?" Stiles asked, a little skeptical.

"Exactly."

Stiles throws himself on a couch and starts coughing when a lot of dust wafts up in his nose. He earns a glare from River, but the man keeps silent.

"What we need is an evil mastermind." Stiles muses after a tense silence.

"Aren't you one?" River snarked at him, making Stiles chuckle.

"I know someone that is far more suitable as 'evil mastermind,'" Stiles explains while pulling out his phone. River groans but doesn't stop him from making the call.

The phone rings and a sultry voice filters through the phone speakers. "Stiles, pleasure speaking with you."

"Evil mastermind. You're just the asshole I need." Stiles answers with a grin.

\*\*\*\*

Prowling through the bushes, he smells the scent of a deer and starts the hunt immediately. The deer hasn't noticed him yet and is still eating a little grass.

The wolf hears his master growling in his head, but he ignores it for his feast. His master wants him to hunt others, but he needs to be stronger. With this meal, he will be strong enough. Soon he will be ready to hunt the others his master wants him to.

He attacks the deer and rips through the artery in its neck. Killing the deer instantly. The wolf tears into the deer with gusto and decides on a nap before hunting again. Feeling satisfied and full, he slowly falls asleep on the ground.

Ignoring his master again when she rants in his head. But she sent him into the woods with just two scents and an order to kill, but he feels that he's the Alpha. She should have given the order more priority.

\*\*\*\*

Stiles' phone rings and pulls Stiles from his discussion about wizarding magic and eternal life with River. He smirks at River when the man downs his drink in one go. Clearly not wanting to talk to the asshole himself, but accepting the help. Stiles answers his phone and knows that Peter is at the spot he needs to be. Stiles bounds out of the house and moves a bewildered Peter to the correct spot to reveal the house.

"Peter! Wonderful to see you here!" Stiles exclaims with drama while waving the man inside. River was not happy that Stiles invited Peter to his home, but he knew that it was necessary.

Peter looks around the room with a gleam in his eyes, and Stiles smirks at him. Stiles claps his hands when Peter reaches out to take something off a shelf to get his attention. Peter shoots him an annoyed look, but Stiles just ignores him.

"Right! The reason you're here is because we need some advice, and who better to ask for murder than a mass murderer?" He even throws in some jazz hands and chuckles when Peter grimaces at him.

"Reformed mass murderer if you please," Peter replies in a sultry voice.

Stiles just gives him a look, and Peter seems a little amused. River scrapes his throat, gaining attention from the other two.

"So, just to be clear, we have most of the idea. But we need a distraction."

"I'm sorry, but you two haven't even told me what we are going to do exactly," Peter says with a raised eyebrow.

"Oh, yeah, Derek is possessed by a Darach. The Darach wants to kill Allison and me. We, my pack that is, are going to stop the bitch and save Derek."

Peter's eyebrows rose on his head while hearing the short explanation.

"So you're just telling me my dear nephew is possessed by a Darach? What is she doing to him?" Peter asks, sounding a little worried, which surprises Stiles. He wasn't expecting Peter to actually care, but maybe Jackson was right. Maybe he is changed.

"He has no control over his body, and she's using him." River bluntly says. Making even Stiles flinch. He feels so bad for Derek.

Peter's eyes flash, and a growl escapes. "She's raping my nephew?"

He sounds more wolf-like than Stiles has ever heard, and he's heard him in his psychotic episode before he was killed.

"Yes, and I'm going to kill her," Stiles tells him without a doubt. Peter takes him in for a moment and nods.

"What is the plan?"

"Well, as we said, we need a distraction. We want someone to distract the Darach while my pack can close in. I will kill the Darach while shielding everyone from the backlash it will create." Stiles states with determination.

Peter seemed a little dubious but nodded. "What about Derek? He will probably be some kind of guard."

"Jackson will use his venom to stop him. Not even possession will stop the venom from working in his system. He will be out for count for at least twenty minutes. Allison will also dip her arrows in the stuff for if Jackson can't come within reach." Stiles quickly explains.

"Sounds good, but she is clearly powerful if she can possess an Alpha. You shouldn't underestimate her." Peter pointed out, and Stiles couldn't help but smirk at the man.

"Peter, do you actually sound worried? I didn't know you knew that you cared," Stiles responds with a smirk.

"Please, I'm just looking out for my son and nephew. He doesn't deserve any of this." Peter says without a hint of teasing.



That sobered Stiles right up. "You're right. I won't underestimate her, I don't know how powerful she is exactly, but I do know that she will end up dead."

Peter is scrutinizing him before he nods. "I'll help. I will pretend to side with the Darach and try to convince her to let me kill Derek for the Alpha powers. She will probably not agree immediately, but it's worth a try."

"You're not actually going to kill him, right?" Stiles asked with a raised eyebrow. Earning a very disgruntled look from Peter.

"Of course not. I want a pack again. If I kill Derek, I won't have one, ever."

Stiles blinks for a moment, that was pretty honest, or at least it sounded honest. Not something he was expecting at all today. Hmm, maybe people can change, especially after dying one time already.

"I'm going to give you the benefit of the doubt. Don't disappoint me, Peter. You won't like the results." Stiles said while pointing a finger in Peter's face.

There was a tense silence for a moment before it was interrupted by River slurping on his tea while watching Peter and Stiles like a tennis match.

They both looked incredulous at the old wizard, but River merely shrugged.

"We should check how much magic you actually have and know." River says while vanishing his cup of tea with a flick of his hand.

Stiles nods enthusiastically, and Peter actually seems intrigued but stops himself.

"I should go and try to weasel myself into the Darach's good graces. The sooner, the better."

Stiles was a little conflicted, it was freaking dangerous for Peter to do, but he is going to do it so he can have a pack again. If it worked, Stiles would do anything to let Derek know how much Peter could mean for his pack, and if Derek wasn't swayed, Peter was welcome to join his pack.

"Good luck, Peter, and don't die. I don't think Lydia wants to bring you back. Again." He snarks at the older wolf.

Peter barks out a laugh before walking out of the house. Stiles had his back turned to River, but his magic told him to spring sideways. Just in time, he sprung to the side to evade an attack.

"What the actual fuck, River?" Stiles seethed while turning a murderous look at the old wizard, who looked completely un-apologetic.

"I told you we need to test you. Good job evading. I'm curious about what you can do further." River mused.

Stiles forcefully calmed himself down, not wanting to kill the bastard. He took a couple of deep breaths, and he heard River chuckle.

"You laughing is not helping if you want to live." Stiles grits out with a glare.

That made River snort. "As if you could kill me. I'm five hundred years old, and I've been practicing since my sixteenth birthday. Maybe a wizard is not as strong as a spark, but I've got more years on you."

Stiles suddenly feels quite intimidated, something he really didn't like. "Fine. Help me then, train me, teach me your ways, and I will do everything to protect you." He snarks with a roll of his eyes.

River's eyes widened before a pleased grin took over his face. For some reason, this statement pleased the wizard. Stiles wasn't sure if this was a good thing or a bad thing.

They worked relentlessly for hours, and Stiles was sweating and panting like a pig at the end of it. Thankfully, River seemed worse for wear too.

"You're further than I expected, Spark." River finally commented when they were done for the day.

Stiles grimaced before responding. "Yeah, I think Griselda taught me everything she knew so I would become more powerful. So when she was ready to kill me, she would get more power." His voice is flat, but River stops for a moment.

River seemed to think about that and nodded. "That's possible. She was despicable to do it like this, earning your trust and betraying you, especially because she only wanted to kill you in the end for power. A student should always feel safe with their teacher."

He sounded so solemn that Stiles almost was sure that River had been through something similar. Stiles felt for the man. He never thought it could hurt this much to be betrayed by someone you trusted, but it did. Stiles didn't let it show, but the betrayal Griselda had done had brought more pain than you would think.

Stiles shook himself, he really doesn't like to think about it, but River seems to bring it back to the forefront, maybe because River fills into the teacher form just as easily as Griselda had. Only not like a grandmotherly way, and more like a reluctant professor who had already seen too many students fail to be hopeful for anything different.

"Are we done for today?" Stiles asks, wanting to go home, shower, and be with his pack more than anything at the moment.

"Yes, can you come back tomorrow for another lesson?"

"I do have school until four, but after I'm available," Stiles responded with a small frown.

"Good, then I will teach you how you can guide someone's magic." River says it a little offhandedly like it isn't a big deal, but Stiles knows better.

Stiles perks up before talking. "Guidings someone's magic? Like if they attack that you can redirect it or something?"

River shook his head a little as if thinking about it. "Yes and no, magic is almost tangible if you know how to feel it. If you train that feeling enough, you could grasp the magic and redirect it." Stiles's eyebrows shot up on his head by the implications of it.

"I've never heard anything like it."

River snorted. "I hope not. It's something most witches don't know about. So I was hoping that Griselda didn't know about it. I was taught about it almost four hundred years ago. And I'm going to teach you, but now you need to go. You are starting to smell." River stated while wrinkling his nose.

Stiles made an indignant noise that River ignored, and Stiles was almost pushed out of the house. At some level, Stiles found it amusing. He didn't trust River yet, but maybe with enough time, he could learn to trust the man.

\*\*\*\*

The scent that he was sent after was almost tangible in the air. The wolf quickened its pace and growled in anticipation for the hunt.

The scent was heavy with sweat, and the wolf could taste the human's emotions.

The human was tired but satisfied. The wolf couldn't smell any mating, so the human has done other things to feel this satisfied.

The wolf was fully sprinting now, wanting to catch the human before they reached the road. Thankfully they were still far enough in the Preserve for that.

The wolf could now also hear the quick pace of the human's heartbeat and the soft humming of the human's voice.

The wolf leaped over the bush and saw the startled human standing there with wide eyes, the wolf could smell a little fear, but the human didn't let anything show.

He growled to scare the human while he lowered himself to the ground, ready to pounce any moment-

"Derek?"

The wolf flinched suddenly, startled by the breathy whisper of a name that sounded familiar but yet foreign.

The wolf-Derek- shook his head, why did he feel so- a whine escapes his throat, and before the wolf could react, the stupid human was on his knees in front of him, looking into his eyes. And Derek - yes, his name was Derek - fell into those honey-brown eyes that were full of worry.

"Derek, Derek, shh, it will be okay, it will be okay,"

The human - no, he knew this human, this, this was Stiles. Stiles kept repeating it while carefully petting Derek to soothe the wolf. Only Stiles could be so reckless. Petting a wild wolf to make it calm down. Ridiculous.

Another whine escapes Derek's throat, and he burrowed his nose in Stiles's neck, taking in the strong scent of the other Alpha. Stiles's arms were now around his thick wolfish neck, and it calmed Derek down.

The order he had received when he was turned into a wolf still sounded in his head, but he couldn't do it. He couldn't hurt Stiles or Allison, for that matter. He fought against the order, but he didn't know if he could fight it off for long. He only knew that he wanted to keep Stiles and Allison safe.

He tried pushing the wolf back in his mind, and for a moment, nothing happened, but then he felt his bones break and rearrange, he thought it would hurt, but Derek didn't really feel it.

Derek rested his forehead against Stiles's shoulder. Stiles had stiffened when he noticed Derek changing back to human. But he politely ignored the fact that Derek was naked in his lap right now.

"Stiles-"

"Shh, it's okay, Derek, we know that that bitch is manipulating you. We are going to do anything we can to help you." Stiles rambled, and Derek let out a fond chuckle before sobering up.

"Stiles, I don't know if I can fight her order any longer." Derek rasped while trying to focus on the teen in front of him.

"Wha- what are you talking about? You are here. You were even completely wolfy!" Stiles responds with a lot of flailing.

"She did that to me. She sent me here to kill you and Allison. Stiles, you need to stop me." Derek gritted out, feeling already strain on his consciousness. Jennifer is trying to take back control, and Derek is losing to her.

"Stop you how?" Stiles's tone was flat as if he already knew what Derek was implying. Derek pulled his head back to look into Stiles's eyes, they were hard and determined, and Derek swallowed heavily.

"Kill me-" Derek uttered. Stiles was silent for a moment, his face paling rapidly before he started spluttering. But Derek started talking again. "I won't be the reason for another pack dying. If I kill you and Allison, the pack's will both fall to Jennifer. She will kill everyone. You need to stop me, Stiles. You're the only one who could." Derek started to pant and closed his eyes in a pained grimace when he felt Jennifer trying to take hold of him again.

"You're fucking insane if you really think I'm going to kill you, Derek. I saved your ass enough times. We're not going to throw that all away because of some bitch. Do you understand me?" Stiles demanded with a hard glare.

Derek whined again and felt himself fall to the side. His muscles spasmed, ready to turn back into a wolf. He scratched the ground with his claws, trying to anchor himself, but it didn't work. He was already starting to feel feral again, his mind behind a layer of cotton. Screaming in himself to fight for control, but nothing helped.

Then he felt two hands on his face, and he was turned to look back into honey-brown eyes that seemed to start glowing. Then the iris turned purple, and Derek could feel the magic invading his head.

"Sleep. We will fix this." Stiles commanded with a voice that didn't sound like his own. Derek was glad to succumb to Stiles and fell into deep darkness, knowing that Stiles would help him, one way or the other.

Why he always felt safe with the teen was a mystery to Derek, but he gladly drifted while knowing that Stiles would be there on the other end.

\*\*\*\*

Stiles cursed as soon as Derek fell unconscious. Stiles was kneeling next to the Alpha, his face worried and thinking about what he could do. But there was really only one option.

He enveloped Derek in his magic to make him light enough for Stiles to carry, then Stiles started to trudge back the way he had come. Back to River's home.

Stiles felt a shiver crawl over his back with just thinking back at how devastated Derek looked when they talked as if he already had given up. Stiles couldn't stand it. And he will make the Darach pay for everything she did.

He stands in front of the house again after half an hour walking with Derek in his arms, he already was tired, but this is becoming tougher with every minute. He is on the verge of collapsing when the door opens, and River takes one look at him before waving him in.

Stiles lays Derek down on the couch and falls on his knees next to him. He explains to River what happened and that he put Derek in some sort of coma until he can stop the enchantment the Darach used. River nods along before grabbing a blanket and draping it over Stiles.

"I'm guessing you're not going to leave him here alone, so get some sleep. Tomorrow is going to be a long day." River says in a grave voice before leaving Stiles. Stiles manages just enough energy to get out his phone and calling his dad.

"Dad, look-"

"Stiles, are you okay?" His dad quickly asks before Stiles can say anything else. Stiles smiles a little but also feels guilty for making his dad worry and probably his whole pack.

"Yeah, Dad, I'm fine, but- but something happened, and I'm not coming home tonight. I will be there in the morning."

Stiles can hear a couple of whines in the background, and he smirks a little to himself. Jackson and Scott will probably hate the fact that he isn't there. But he can't do anything about it right now. He is already nodding off to sleep while still talking with his dad.



"If you're safe, it's okay, just keep us up to date, okay, kiddo?"

"Sure thing, Dad, I'm just going to sleep now." He murmurs while stroking his hand that isn't holding the phone over Derek's arm.

Werewolves always run hotter than regular humans, and Derek is thankfully warm, but still, Stiles gives his blanket to the unconscious Alpha. Wanting him to be as comfortable as possible, even in this magic-induced coma.

"I'll see you tomorrow, kiddo." His dad replies softly. It doesn't take long for Stiles to fall asleep with his head on his crossed arms.

When he wakes up, he groans. He really shouldn't have fallen asleep in this position. His neck is hurting, and his back is aching. He looks up and is for a moment disorientated until he sees the still unconscious form of Derek. Everything comes crashing back down at him in one rush, and he carefully combs his fingers through Derek's black hair. The wolf is dead to the world, and Stiles is glad.

He remembers how Derek looked yesterday, and he seemed to be in pain. Stiles doesn't want that for Derek, and hopefully, this 'coma' helps.

"We need to stop the influence the Darach has on him." Muses a voice from just behind him, making Stiles jump in fright. He is clutching his chest dramatically while River chuckles at his antics.

"I'm aware, thank you." Stiles grits out when his heart isn't beating out of his chest anymore.

"I can look into a couple of rituals, but they will at least take a couple of days to prepare."

Stiles perks up a little and nods at River in thanks. "That would be great. I'm pretty good at research, but you have more knowledge."

River smirks at Stiles, and he responds by rolling his eyes. "Yeah, yeah, I gave you a compliment. Soak in it because they are rare," Stiles says sarcastically.

"Tsk, so touchy, the Alpha can stay here. You probably need to go back to your pack and to school before they are starting to ask your father questions he cannot answer." River says with a wave of his hand.

Stiles feels his stomach drop. He knows River is right, it aches inside of him to be so long without his pack, but he can't leave Derek here. He still doesn't trust the man.

River sighs but smiles at Stiles. "I understand how hard it is for you to leave him here. I'm actually glad that you're so torn up about it. It shows that you're careful. I'm going to make a vow to you. I will not harm the Alpha and only help with his predicament. Then you can come back after school to check on him, and if I already found something about the ritual, you can look into it too to double-check it. Does that sound like a deal?"

"What kind of vow? Is this like in Harry Potter with the unbreakable vow?" Stiles asks, barely hiding his amusement when River groans out loud.

"I vow to help Derek Hale become himself again and not to harm him. He will be safe in this house as long as I take a breath. So mote it be."

A golden light engulfed River and Stiles took a shaky breath. The power that rolled through the room with the vow was stifling but also addictive.

"Wow," Is the only thing he actually manages to say before River is making shooing motions with his hands at Stiles.

"Now shoo, you really need a shower if you're going to school today." River says with a disgusted look on his face, making Stiles feel a little self-conscious. If River could smell it this clearly, he doesn't want to know how he smells to werewolves.

He quickly makes his way out of the house and runs all the way to his jeep before driving home. When he checks the time, he's glad he still got a couple of hours before school will start. The house is silent, but he feels that his pack is upstairs through his pack bonds, probably still asleep, so Stiles quickly undresses in the downstairs bathroom and scrubs himself clean.

He's enjoying the warm shower for about a half-hour when the bathroom door opens softly. When he turns around to scold his pack for not giving him any privacy, his words die in his throat. Allison, beautiful, strong Allison, is standing there with a smile on her face while she undresses in front of him.

Stiles quickly puts up a couple of silencing spells while his eyes darken with lust. Allison steps under the shower spray next to him and tips her head up to wet her hair while placing her hands on Stiles's chest.

"I missed you," She whispers before leaning forward to kiss Stiles's cheek.

He chuckles and flushes, "Missed you too, but I was only gone for one day." He replies while kissing her forehead. She's completely naked in front of him, and he feels his body taking an interest.

She's also blushing, and it doesn't take long before they're kissing. He groans when she presses her naked body against him, and his hands drop to her hips.

He grips her tighter and grinds his erection a little against her. "God, Ally-"

"I want you to fuck me," She whispers, and he freezes for a moment before nodding wildly. He already wanted to fuck her a couple of weeks ago when they were in the Jungle, but then Ennis happened, and since there hadn't been an opportunity.

"Fuck, yes, but don't you want it to be in a bed or something?" He asks because fuck if he isn't all for it, but he does want it to be good for her.

"Your dad is already gone to the station, and when the pack noticed that you were back, I asked them to leave and meet us at school. Lydia thankfully understood my intentions and helped me get them out of the house." Allison says with a smirk.

"So, we're alone in the house?" He asks in a husky voice, his hands skimming over her torso. She nods and smiles at him before turning around to turn off the shower.

Stiles pulls her back against his chest and grinds his hips against her ass, making her breath hitch and her cheeks flush. She tilts her head, so he has a lot of room to kiss all over her neck, which he takes immediate advantage of.

When he lets her go so she can turn around, she quickly pulls out two towels, much to Stiles's dismay, but he accepts the towel, and when they aren't dripping everywhere, they make their way to his bedroom kissing and touching the whole way.

Stiles pushes Allison down on his bed and follows her down almost immediately. He grinds down while she lifts her hips up. He's still kissing her while he grabs around for his lube and a condom. Allison giggles when Stiles lets out a triumphant noise after locating the lube.

Stiles smiles down at his girlfriend and kisses down her neck until he's level with her breasts. He then kisses all over it before taking one of the nipples in his mouth.

She moans and pushes her chest even more against him. Stiles then finally also finds a condom and already rolls it over his cock while also opening the lube. "Is this okay? You sure you want to do this?" He pants against her mouth while he uses the lube to guide his fingers inside her.

"Yes, Stiles - please, I know you're going to make it good," She moans, and Stiles's resolve snaps. He slatters lube on his dick and carefully guides his hard cock to Allison's entrance.

It feels like his dick is being strangled, but it also feels freaking amazing. She's so tight and warm, he thought her blowjobs were amazing, but this is even better.

"Oh God, this is going to be over so fast." He groans out while slowly entering Allison further. When he looks down at Allison, she's biting her lip and has her eyes closed. He stops for a moment and puts a hand on her cheek.

"I'm not hurting you, right? Ally, baby, please tell me I'm not hurting you," He pleads. Allison's eyes fly open, and she shakes her head. "No, no, it's just a little overwhelming, but it feels good, please, Stiles, don't stop."

Stiles looks her in the eyes for a moment before nodding, feeling content that she's telling the truth and also really not wanting to stop because it feels truly amazing.

He's panting but pushes in even further, earning a moan from Allison. "Fuck, Ally, you feel so good, baby." He moans while starting to trust, his hands are on her hips, and he grips her even tighter when her entrance clenches around him for a moment. He gasps and ducks his head down to kiss Allison.

They're both moaning, and Stiles knows for sure that it's going to be over in just a couple of moments. Then Allison shifts her hips up and lets out a loud moan, and Stiles is done. His hips stutter when he climaxes inside of her, and his head falls onto her shoulder.

"Jesus, that was amazing," He says after a couple of moments. He lifts his head and sees Allison beam at him, she kisses him again, and Stiles feels like he's over the moon.

"I love you," He tells her honestly, "I love you too," They kiss again, but Stiles reluctantly pulls away after a couple of moments.

"Come on, I think we need another shower," He says with a chuckle before tugging Allison out of bed after disposing of the condom.

In the shower, he makes sure to clean Allison thoroughly and makes her climax while standing. Her knees shake, but Stiles had her in a strong grip so she wouldn't fall.

When they go down to the kitchen, Stiles tells her everything about what happened, and the worry is clear on her face.

"I'm going with you to River today." She states, and it isn't a question. Stiles smiles at her. He already expected as much.

"Sure, I don't think I could stop you otherwise."

"Nope!" She says while popping the 'p'.

After breakfast, they go to school, where the whole pack is already waiting. Thankfully nobody comments on what they did that morning, probably because Stiles would hex them if they even tried. Jackson, Danny, and Scott all scent mark him thoroughly to much amusement of the girls.

During lunch, he calls his dad to explain about Derek, and his dad makes sure that Derek will be excused from work.

Then came the hard part.

"Yo, leather gang." He yells when he sees Erica, Cora, Isaac, and Boyd in the hallway at school. They turn around and look confused for a moment when he waves them into the locker room. They follow him nonetheless, so that is kind of a win.

Scott, Jackson, and Danny are already waiting inside, making Derek's pack stiffen when they enter.

Stiles claps his hands to gain attention, and all the wolves cross their arms in a defensive position. Stiles refrains himself from complementing on it and bites his lips so he won't burst into laughter.

"Listen up, I need you all to stay away from the loft a couple of days. I'm not sure for how long, but I will let you know when you can go back."

"And why would we do as you say?" Erica asks with a mean smirk on her lips.

"Because I'm the only one that knows what is happening with your Alpha."

That gets an immediate response and a snarling Cora in his face.

"What did you do to Derek?"

Stiles doesn't react in the slightest, and Cora grabs his shirt. Jackson, Danny, and Scott all growl in warning, but Stiles already ordered them not to react physically.

"I did nothing to him. But I do know where he is, and he is not well. The loft is not a safe place at this moment, so that's why I'm asking slash ordering you to stay the fuck away."

"Where is my brother?!" Cora snarls while pushing Stiles against a locker, making him flinch for a moment.

Well, fuck her too. He pulls on his magic and throws Cora against the lockers on the other side of the room. She lets out a pained yelp, and the others growl at Stiles, but Stiles doesn't care.

When Cora stands up again and seems ready to lunge at Stiles again, but Boyd stops her with a hand on her sternum. He doesn't say anything but Cora holds herself back for now.

"Listen to me, and listen very carefully. I care about Derek, and I won't ever hurt him. There are some things I can't tell you yet because I know that you're going to get yourself killed by

doing something incredibly stupid." Stiles spits out with a glare aimed at all four betas.

"Just know that Derek is safe now and that I'm going to help him. As soon as the plan is ready for action, we will tell you what is happening, and you can help. But until that time, I need you to lay low, and not, I repeat, **NOT** go to the loft. If you don't have a place to stay, let me know, we will find you something. Am I clear?" Stiles uses his Alpha voice, and all the wolves look down in submission. The wolves are all silent for a moment before Boyd, of all people, breaks it.

"Isaac and Cora can stay with me and my grandmother. Erica is over most of the time, and my grandmother won't mind." Boyd says with a nod.

Stiles gives the stoic teen a grateful smile. "Thank you. That's good to know. I will let you know what is happening when the plan is ready for action. I hope you can trust me until then."

All four betas look a little troubled but nod carefully. They then flee the locker room, and Stiles feels the tension in his shoulders leave, and he lets out a big sigh.

Jackson claps him on the back and pulls him into a one-armed hug. "You did good, Stilinski."

Stiles snorts and pushes him away when Jackson starts ruffling his hair. They need to get to the next class.

He mentally lists off what they need to do. He only needs to break Derek from the Darach's hold while also watch out for Deucalion and Deaton. And they still haven't found Kate and Gerard... Freaking great seems easy enough.

But first, he needs to get through English without killing his teacher. Oh, joy.



Thank you so much for reading!

Please let me know what you think of the chapter! Your comments are my writing fuel!

xxMBlack93

# The start of the battle

## Chapter Notes

Hi!

I'm back! \*throws a new chapter at you after two months\*

ENJOY!

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

Just thirty long minutes, and he was out of there. He tried to ignore Miss Blake as much as possible. Thankfully, she acted embarrassed because Allison and Stiles had seen her in a very *compromising* position. So she already wasn't looking at Stiles at all. But still, he couldn't quite help it that the temperature dropped when she stepped into the classroom.

He had been listening to her for the last twenty minutes and resolutely didn't let his eyes stray from his English book, he would've had succeeded, but the bitch decided to call on him.

"Mister Stilinski, are you even listening to the lecture? Or are you further in your syllabi that you don't need to listen?" Miss Blake snaps.

Stiles's head snapped up, and a couple of students snorted in amusement. He tried to hide his glare while trying to look abashed instead of hateful. Allison thankfully settled her hand on his bouncing knee without looking at him.

"Sorry, miss Blake, I was just distracted." He says in his most innocent-sounding voice.

"Don't let it happen again." She scolded, making Stiles's anger rise again. He really shouldn't open his mouth, but, well, she practically asked for it.

"Can't really help it, Miss. ADHD mind, you know, one moment it is English text, next math problems, then Econ rears its ugly head before my mind jumps to the history of male

circumcision, and then I suddenly see my English teacher sitting on a di-" Stiles rambled before **rudely** interrupted by Miss Blake's scream.

" **MISTER STILINSKI!** " Miss Blake screeched, making his ears almost burst like they would with a Banshee scream. Her eyes were bulging out, and her face was as red as a tomato. Stiles knew it was an act, but she sold it pretty well. He was a little impressed with her acting skills.

"Detention! The rest of the week." She tried at a much calmer tone.

Lydia, beautiful, smart, cunning Lydia, raised her hand in a bored way. "For what exactly, Miss Blake? He only was giving information about how his mind sometimes jumps to other subjects. You can hardly blame him for something he can't control, right?" She said in a sweet voice, making Stiles send his glee through the bond. He saw her shivering from it, and the little uptick at her lips let him show how amused she was with his antics.

"He just stated that - that - he -" Miss Blake spluttered while blushing furiously, but she didn't finish the sentence. So Stiles decided to help. Not even Allison's nails digging in his leg stopped him.

"I just wanted to say that I thought of you sitting on a *dic* tionary," He replied with an innocent look and a pouty expression. Jackson had slapped his hand for his mouth to hide his snort, and Scott was biting his knuckle hard. Thankfully, Allison, Lydia, and Danny were composed, and Stiles could only hide his amusement from seeing her spluttering because he knew how the bitch really was underneath it all.

Miss Blake finally composed herself and decided to go back to ignoring Stiles all together. Stiles could work with that. He was afraid to use his magic because he was pretty sure she would pick up on it, so he was keeping to himself, staring angrily at his text.

When the bell finally rang, he was up and running out of the door as soon as possible, knowing his pack would follow quickly.

He waited by his jeep until Allison joined him. He then texted the whole pack that he and Allison were going to River and that the rest of the pack needed to stick together. He got some protests from the rest, but he knew they would listen to him.

The ride towards the closest spot of River's house was silent until Allison started giggling.

"You really couldn't control yourself, could you?"

"Well, she did deserve it."

"Oh, she did, and she deserves even more, but we need to wait with that for a moment, unfortunately," Allison murmured, irritated.

Stiles grabbed her hand before pulling it to his mouth and kissing her knuckles.

"She will get what's coming to her. She messed with the wrong packs."

Allison only hummed in response. After they had parked, Stiles sent out his magic to check if everything was safe. For now, it was, and they quickly made their way to the hidden house.

When they entered the house, they made their way towards the living room, where they expected to see Derek on the couch, but Derek wasn't there.

"River!" Stiles bellowed, immediately worried when they didn't see Derek lying on the couch.

He felt Allison grab a couple of knives she had hidden on her person and felt magic gather in his palms, ready for an attack if it came to blows.

A panel in the wall opened up, and a coughing River waved them inside. Stiles looked at Allison, and they both seemed wary to follow the man but still did as ordered.

When they entered the room behind the panel, they found themselves in some kind of ritual chamber, and Stiles shivers from the magic he feels in the room. The air is thick with it, and it pushes down on him. Then in the middle of the chamber, they see Derek lying in his wolf form again. He seems asleep, and Stiles is glad that he doesn't seem to be hurt.

"You told me it would take a couple of days," Stiles says with an accusing tone. River just rolls his eyes.

"The spell the Darach is using is simpler than I expected. With you here, we can break the enchantment. It helps that she's here too." River tells them while pointing at Allison, who frowns.

"I don't have a magical bone in my body." She deadpans, making Stiles chuckle until she punches him on the shoulder.

"Good thing that you have us for the magic part. Your task is going to call Derek back to us." River snarks making Allison frown at him.

"Call back? He's already here?"

River groans out loud and slaps his hand against his head, making Stiles frown at the man. It wasn't that stupid of a question, was it?

"In his mind, he's not there, so you need to call him back in his mind." River sighs.

"And how the hell am I supposed to do that?"

Another groan. "Just let us do our thing, and you can do yours when I tell you to. Deal?"

Allison still looks doubtful, and Stiles tilts his head in question.

River sighs. "Just trust me. The Alpha wolf will be fine after this. And then you can go and kill the Darach." River palms his head like he feels a headache coming.

"Fine. Fine. Fine. We will listen. Just tell us what to do."

After explaining, River and Stiles are standing outside the circle with a still sleeping Derek and a kneeling Allison, who is looking a little worried but still ready for anything.

Then River starts to chant, and Stiles follows. He feels his magic being grabbed by River, just as he had explained. He's going to direct Stiles's magic to ban the Darach from Derek's head. And hopefully, she doesn't notice it. Hopefully, Peter is being the distraction they need.

A blue mist erupts around Derek, and he starts to trash. Allison can't hold him down. He's way too strong for that. A groan is heard, and they see the fur receding from the wolf's form. Then River nods at Allison, and she puts her hands on Derek's face that is now slightly more human than seconds ago. He's in his beta form now.

"Derek! Derek! Derek! DEREK!" Allison starts screaming right in Derek's face.

Derek's eyes fly open, and he roars in Allison's face with blazing red eyes, but she holds on and doesn't even flinch. Stiles feels extremely proud of his girlfriend.

Then it all calms down, and Stiles realizes he's panting and sweating like a pig. When he looks at River, he sees that he isn't looking any better, and the older wizard even sits down against the wall.

Stiles is still standing, even if it's on shaky legs, and he makes his way slowly to Allison and Derek, they are still staring at each other, but Derek seems thankfully back in control.

"Ally? Der?" Stiles says, and when they both look at him, he sighs in relief and sits down on his knees next to them.

"Fuck, let's never do that again," he groans before resting his hand on Derek's shoulder.

"Believe me-" Derek croaks, "-Never wanted it in the first place," He tells them before coughing up a black sludge. Allison rubs his back while Derek is spitting out the sludge. Stiles vanished it with a frown and brushed Derek's hair out of his face.

"How are you feeling?"

"Like shit." Comes the deadpan raspy response from Derek.

"Sounds like you're going to be fine," Stiles concludes before he helps Derek stand. Well, actually, it's more like Allison is helping Derek stand, but Stiles did put in some effort! But seriously, he feels drained from the magic use of banning the Darach out of Derek.

They make their way back to River's living room, where they drop Derek back on the couch, earning much grumbling from the cranky Alpha. Stiles sags against the couch at Derek's hips, and he leans his head back, resting it on Derek.

Derek lets out a sigh like he's glad for the contact. Allison takes a chair and sits next to Derek's head, brushing his hair from his face while watching them both worriedly.

"Just need a moment, Ally," Stiles sighs but makes no intention to move at all. If he stays like this, he could fall asleep.

Derek shifts, and he places a hand on Stiles's head, making Stiles look at him. A barely-there smile is on Derek's face.

"Thank you," Derek sounded so sincere that Stiles needed to look away. "You're welcome, dude. Now let's make a plan to kill that bitch." He said while still not trying to move from his spot on the floor.

"Maybe you both need to rest before you are going to plan a Darach." Allison deadpans before standing up and leaving the room. She comes back in with an equally exhausted River on her arm. Stiles winces. "Sorry, man, forgot for a moment that you were there."

River waves a hand in Stiles's general direction but doesn't even open his eyes when Allison pushes him down. He only groans.

"Get some sleep, all of you." She then orders, and really, it isn't a hardship to listen to her. Stiles closes his eyes and feels a blanket settle over him after some time. Derek's hand stays on Stiles's head, but Stiles doesn't think that Derek himself notices. He even hears soft snores, and it doesn't take long for Stiles to follow him into sleep.

Stiles wakes up after some time but keeps his eyes closed and listens to the soft whispers around him.

"-sorry,"

"You have nothing to be sorry about,"

"I do. I kept comparing you to her."

It's silent for a moment, and Stiles is just about to open his eyes and tell them he's awake when Derek talks again. "But you will never be her, and I'm sorry."

"Derek, what she did to you-" Allison seems lost for words for a moment, something Stiles can understand. He really wants to give comfort to them both, but he knows that Derek and Allison need this. "-there are no words, I wish I could fix it, but I can't. But I will tell you this



when I catch her. She's going to regret everything she has done to you and to others. I promise you that."

Derek makes a soft huffing sound as if he's amused. "You're amazing, as is Stiles, even if he thinks I wouldn't notice it that he has woken up." Derek then scratches Stiles's head, and Stiles hums in response, not even bothered about being found out.

"How are you feeling?" Allison asks, and Stiles opens his eyes to see her sitting on her haunches next to him.

"Fine, a little better-" He then turns to Derek, who is watching Stiles closely. As if looking for a lie. "-and you?"

"Fine, just want it all to be over."

"Uhu, I'm with you there, big guy."

Stiles then groans and hoists himself up from the floor. River is still sleeping in the chair, and Stiles is pretty sure he's drooling. He then looks back and sees that Derek is now sitting on the couch instead of lying down.

Allison and Stiles both help Derek up, and he seems fine but still a little winded, which is not weird after being possessed by a fucking Darach.

They get to the kitchen, and Allison starts looking around for something to eat and drink while Derek and Stiles are glad to be seated again. Stiles knows that after a day or two, they will be fine, so it's perfect to start planning now.

"So, about that bitch-"

Derek growls a little but settles down quickly when Stiles touches his wrist.

"We need her gone. Deaton and Deucalion are also still loitering around with those betas you fought a couple of weeks ago. So we really need something to end them all."

"First things first, the Darach is the main priority. She is the most dangerous of them," Allison says while putting some coffee in front of Stiles and Derek. Stiles looks up at her with a big smile, and she leans in for a kiss. Stiles hums into the kiss, and when they part, he looks at Derek, who quickly ducks his head.

"You want a kiss too, Derek?" Stiles teases, but Derek tenses. "You're still too young." He says with a sigh.

Stiles rubs his thumb over Derek's wrist again. "Hey, it's different with us, you know that, right?" Stiles says softly, making Derek's eyes snap to his.

"What?"

"You know what I mean, and I'm telling you it's different, but I will back off if you are more comfortable with that. Ally and I were serious, Derek, we want you, not for just one time. So I want you to be comfortable, and if that means waiting until I'm eighteen, that's fine."

Derek swallows harshly and looks away. "I-I just can't, not right now."

Stiles feels a little disappointed but nods in understanding. "We understand, and that's fine. But don't push us away,"

Derek nods, and Allison steps up next to him, making Derek look at her warily.

"You do know that I'm already eighteen, right?" She says with a soft smile. Stiles smirks when he sees Derek shake his head with wide eyes.

Allison leans down a little, but just before she touches Derek, she looks him in his eyes earnestly. "Can I kiss you?"

Derek is almost gaping, and Stiles tries to swallow, his mouth feeling a little dry at the picture in front of him. He feels a little jealous, more because he can't join them yet. Derek gives a slight nod, and Allison brushes her soft lips against his. Derek's eyes flutter shut, and he leans into Allison while brushing his hand over her cheek. It's all very soft, but Stiles can't help it but be turned on by it.

They break apart, and Derek takes in a breath through his nose before turning to Stiles with a raised eyebrow. "Seriously?"

"Seriously, you two are ridiculously hot. I'm not even apologizing for getting turned on by that." Stiles says with a smirk.

Derek rolls his eyes, and Allison smirks at Stiles before leaning down to say something to Derek. Derek's eyes go wide, and his cheekbones are tinted pink.

"What?" Stiles asks with a frown. "Nothing," Derek and Allison both reply at the same time, but Stiles narrows his eyes. He doesn't believe them at all.

At that moment, River walks into his own kitchen, seeming grumpy. Or, well, more grumpy than normal.

"Great, make yourselves at home," River says sarcastically.

"We will," Stiles responds while taking a sip of his coffee.

River groans and rubs his hands over his face. "I can't believe I'm helping you."

"You're helping yourself, at least. That's what you told me."

"I'm helping you helping me, or something like that." River says with a wave of his hand, making coffee appear in his hand.

Stiles just rolls his eyes, and they bounce and propose some ideas to get rid of the witch when Allison suddenly has a thoughtful expression on her face.

"What about the hunter in Snow White? We could pretend I'm Snow White and-"

"Wow, wow, wow, Ally, I know you look like a fucking Disney princess, but what are you saying?" Stiles interrupts her. Making her blush and beam at him. Derek groans and rolls his eyes, and River seems to gag.

Stiles then turns to Derek, "what? Don't you agree that she looks like a Disney princess?"

Allison also turns to Derek and puts on her biggest doe eyes while looking at Derek with a pouty lip. Derek blinks a couple of times before leaning towards Stiles, still looking at Allison as if he can't look away. Stiles can't blame him. She's beautiful.

"That's so not fair. Why does she look like a Disney princess? How can she be real? She shoots people?!" Derek fake whispers to Stiles, making him laugh and Allison huff.

"Be glad I haven't shot you," She says, but it's with a teasing tone, and Derek ducks his head with a smile. Stiles chuckles and leans his chin in his hand while watching Derek and Allison. He can't believe he is this lucky.

Derek then turns to Stiles. "She is going to have us by the balls, isn't she?" Stiles sighs wistfully. "Yeah... Do you mind it?" Stiles asks, but Derek shakes his head with a fond look. "Nope, not at all."

"I think I threw up in my mouth." River says with a disgusted look at the three of them.  
"Teenagers. Blegh."

"I'm twenty-two," Derek says indignantly. "And I'm five-hundred and sixty-three. You're a teenager to me. Actually, you more a toddler in comparison," River says before turning to Allison, not noticing the outraged look Derek has on his face.

"You said something about Snow White until these two got distracted with you. What did you mean."

"I meant the old fairy tale, where the hunter brings back a heart of a deer to show the queen he killed Snow White."

They are all silent for a moment until Stiles jumps up and spins with Allison in his arms.  
"That is brilliant!"

"So, we pretend Derek is still under her influence and has killed Allison?" River asks. And Allison nods.

"It could work. I'm pretty sure that she hasn't noticed the break from her spell." River says with a shrug, looking at Derek. Derek is quiet for some time but nods eventually.

"I can pretend as if I'm still listening to her. As long as she isn't going too far." He shudders slightly, and Stiles and Allison both put a hand on his arm.

"We will be there and if Peter did his part. He's already there and on our side." Stiles says, trying to comfort Derek, but Derek only seems to tense more.

"What is Peter doing?" He says in a quiet voice.

"He's being the distraction we need. He is convincing her that he should work with her and could kill you for the Alpha powers."

Derek nods stiffly, and Stiles raises his hand carefully to Derek's neck. He doesn't know if Derek's Alpha side will let him, but he wants to try to calm Derek down like he would with his own pack. Derek stiffens at the first contact but then sags against Stiles.

"He will be fine. He's a tough son of a bitch."

Derek chuckles and stays in Stiles's embrace. "I was never meant to be Alpha." Derek whispers, and Stiles places a soft kiss on Derek's cheek.

"I know, but you're doing what you can, and you're doing great."

"How are you such a natural at this?" Derek whispers while nuzzling Stiles's neck in comfort.

"I always took care of everyone. Being an Alpha isn't any different. It only brings more worrying."

"SO, the PLAN!?" River says hard, startling Derek and Stiles, who both blush. Allison is watching them intently with a happy smile on her face.

The next couple of days go by quickly. Stiles and Derek rest more, and they are getting back to their regular strength quickly. Allison gathers more weapons, and Jackson makes sure they have enough Kanima venom. Both of the packs are in on the plan, and Stiles had put a spell on Erica and Cora so they would keep their calm when seeing Miss Blake in class after hearing what she did to Derek.

Jackson hasn't heard anything about Peter. Stiles hopes he's still fine for now. He sincerely wishes Peter is as good as a manipulative liar as Stiles thinks he is. Jackson is worried, and

Stiles can't blame him. When Jackson stays more on Stiles's side, scent-marking him more, he doesn't mention it.

River is grumpy that his home is being invaded by werewolves, but he keeps his grumbling to himself thankfully.

Then finally the day is there! The day the bitch is going to pay! Stiles is maybe a little excited. Just a little. He should probably let someone take a look at that because it's probably not healthy.

The pack is all waiting at the Stilinski home. Derek, Stiles, and Allison are still at River's house, from where Derek will go back to the loft. Stiles and Allison will rally the troops/packs before descending on the loft.

"Be careful," Allison whispers against Derek's lips before she gives him a quick kiss. Derek has gone hunting just before and has the heart of a deer with him. Stiles really wants to kiss Derek too, but he knows Derek isn't comfortable with that yet as long as he's underage, so he holds back and just kisses Derek on his cheek with a smack. Earning an eye-roll from Derek.

"I will, you too," He tells them seriously before turning and running out of the door like some kind of greek gladiator.

"Are you ready for this?" Stiles asks, and Allison turns to him. Her eyes are glittering with determination, and Stiles smirks at her. "Of course I am, Alpha."

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### ***Derek's POV***

Derek made his way to the loft, something he had called his home carefully the last couple of months. He grimaced at the idea of the Darach/Jennifer being there. He probably should look at something else. Maybe it was time to rebuild the old house or at least a house in the

Preserve. He really liked the feeling he had at River's house the last couple of days. He could feel himself more at home there than he ever had in the loft.

But that was something for another day. He squared his shoulders and stalked into the loft. Dumping the deer heart on the floor in front of the couch where Jennifer was seated.

She gasps and looks disgusted at the heart before looking up at Derek.

"Kneel and tell me what you've done."

Derek clenches his jaw but sinks to his knees obediently.

"I've killed the huntress, she struggled, but I ripped out her heart."

Jennifer grins and pats Derek on the head. He barely holds back a flinch, but she doesn't seem to notice it.

"Good boy, maybe you get a present soon. I do have a surprise for you." She croons. Derek counts to ten in his head to try and calm down, it takes some time, but it works, thankfully.

"What for surprise?" He asks, trying to sound dull as if he's still listening to her.

"Let me show you!" She says excitedly before pulling Derek with her to the kitchen, where three men are waiting with sour looks on their faces.

Derek tries to hide his shock when he sees Deaton, Deucalion, and Peter sitting there like a couple of petulant toddlers.

"Surprise!" Jennifer says, and Derek just blinks and grunts for a moment.



Peter looks at him with a glint in his eyes, as if he knows what is happening. Deucalion seems furious but keeps sitting with a cup of tea in front of him, and Deaton seems resigned.

"What are they doing here?" Derek asks in an even tone.

"Well! Deaton is here because he wants a little of the brat's magic, just like me!" She sounds practically deranged and bulldozes on. "Deucalion is bound to me because he gave Kali the command to kill me!"

Derek's eyebrows rise higher on his face, and Deucalion growls at Jennifer. "And Peter, Peter is here for you, Derek."

Derek's head snaps to her, then to Peter, who has a smirk on his face that doesn't reach his eyes. Thank god, that Derek knows about his distraction from Stiles's plan. Otherwise, he would've believed it.

"What does he want with me?"

"Well, dear nephew-" Peter says before sauntering towards him. "-I'm here so the Alpha spark can always go to me when you're done with it."

Derek stiffens, but Peter doesn't stop. "Jennifer and I have come to an agreement. I help her, and she helps me with what I have wanted since I came back to life."

"Which is?" Jennifer says with a big smile.

Peter looks at her indulgently, "be Alpha again, this time with my mind intact."

The barest skip of his heartbeat is the thing that anchors Derek to trusting his uncle. Deucalion flinches the barest of bits but doesn't say anything, so that's a good thing for now.

"Derek-" Jennifer purrs in his ear. "-Tell him what you would do if he tries to kill you."

"I will kill you again." He answers, and Peter nods with a smirk before turning back to Jennifer.

"Just let me know when the time comes. Do you need me anymore today?" He asks Jennifer, and she seems to think about it.

"Not yet, but stay." She sends a little command through her voice, and he sees Peter stiffens.

"You could've just asked," He snarks, but Jennifer just laughs. "What's the fun of that?"

She then turns back to Derek and pushes him out of the kitchen again and towards the bed.

"Now, Derek, show me how much you've missed me." She whispers against his lips, and Derek pulls away in a flinch. Jennifer's eyes cloud over, and she growls before grabbing Derek at the throat.

"WHAT HAVE THEY DONE?!"

Derek chuckles darkly, letting his eyes glow red. " **Enough** ." He says, then he howls. The howl is so loud that the glass in the window above him shatters, and Jennifer releases him with a scream while clutching her ears.

When he hears the answering howls of his pack and those of Stiles's, he feels warmth spreading through him. He gasps when he feels his first pack bond since Laura died snap into place.

The bond feels familiar, and he knows it's Cora, the second, third, fourth, fifth, and so on all snap into place, and Derek feels more powerful than he's ever has felt. The bonds he feels towards Stiles and Allison are amazing, he didn't even know he could bond to another pack like this, but he doesn't question it. He revels in it and howls again before stalking towards Jennifer feeling invincible.

She looks around furiously and calls on Deucalion and Peter, but Peter seems busy with maiming Deaton, which Derek pays almost no mind. The loft door is blasted off its hinges, and Stiles saunters in with his, no, **their** pack.

Deucalion howls too, and Derek suddenly hears wolves upstairs descending on him and his pack. He growls, he wants to destroy Jennifer, but he needs to help the betas. When he sees Stiles stepping in front of the pack and aiming his purple eyes at Jennifer, he knows they will be fine, and the betas need help with the wolves.

He turns around and collides with the beta near him. He slashes and throws, dodges and pushes until he's facing Deucalion again. Peter is standing just behind Deucalion, and they close in on him.

"Deaton has been taken care of." Peter just says quietly.

Derek nods and growls when Deucalion steps to the side.

"Boys, boys, let's talk about it, like civilized people."

His throat bops with the swallowing he's doing, and Derek can smell his fear.

"Too late for that," Derek answers in a raspy voice before descending on Deucalion at the same time as Peter.

I hope you liked it!!

The next chapter is going to be the last!

xx MBlack93

# The end!

## Chapter Notes

The last chapter! So sad..

Well, I hope you liked the story!

Little warning; There will be smut and blood and gore in this chapter, not your thing?  
Sorry 'bout that!

Enjoy!

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

Stiles blocks out all the surrounding noises of battle around him. He is only focused on the bitch in front of him. He knows his eyes are blazing purple. He had never felt like this when he felt the extra pack bonds to Derek's pack snap into place when Derek howled, power coursed through his veins and into his spark.

Blake drops all pretend and with it, her glamour, letting him see her pale and scarred face and the beady eyes that glare at him with hatred.

"I almost feel sorry for you," Stiles tells her while easily sidestepping one of her blasts.

"I don't need your pity!" Blake yells at him before attacking again. They go at it for a long while, and even with the extra strength Stiles had gotten from the extra pack bonds, he feels himself tiring.

He doesn't know how long they have gone at it, but he knows that if they don't finish it quickly, he isn't going to win. And he can not lose to her, he can't lose his pack, he can't lose his dad, he can't lose Allison or Derek. He can't lose anyone.

Maybe it's that desperation that makes him extra vicious, but unfortunately also reckless. He isn't pulling his punches and advances towards Blake. It's when he's almost upon her that he realizes his mistake.

He didn't have a backup plan.

She has grown claws on her fingertips like a werewolf and punches her hand straight into his stomach and twists. Everything seems to halt for a moment. He hears somewhere behind him a scream of denial, but who the scream came from is lost on him.

He coughs and realizes with a dawning horror that he's coughing up blood. He feels a little satisfaction that Blake's face twists even more in disgust when her face is splattered in his blood.

Stiles's knees collapse beneath him, and Blake follows him to the floor, a mask of excited glee on her face, while Stiles can feel his magic ebb away and, with it, his life.

"Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!" She chants, and she rips her fingers out of Stiles's chest. He releases a scream of anguish because that seriously hurt more than the entering of the claws.

"Give me your powers! Come on, Stiles! Give them to me!" Stiles hears her but can barely focus. He knows he shouldn't give up. There was a reason why he shouldn't, but the pain in his stomach and the cold that is creeping up on his spine make his mind fuzzy, and he doesn't remember why he shouldn't.

It was something important. Right?

"N-no." He stutters out because he knows it's important not to give up. He can't.

But the cold and darkness call to him, *no*, pull at him, and he doesn't think he's strong enough to hold on. Just when Stiles knows for sure he's done for, a loud roar sounds, and he's suddenly pulled back to the present. He knows immediately who's roar that was. *Derek*.

He can't give up. He can't leave his pack!

Something primal inside of him snaps, and he answers the roar that pulled him back from the edge with one of his own. His vision turns red, and he sees Blake's shocked expression before he gathers all his magic and feral strength inside of him and pushes.

The explosion that follows throws Blake against one of the pillars inside the loft with such force that the concrete cracks, and Blake's spine snaps.

Stiles is panting and barely holding on, but he knows Blake isn't dead yet. Otherwise, there would've been an explosion with her powers.

He wants nothing more than sleep, close his eyes and lay down, and let unconsciousness pull him under, but he can't. Not yet, that bitch has to die, and the power she will release needs to be expelled.

Stiles puts a trembling hand to the wound on his chest and sits up, groaning all the way up. He rolls to his knees, whimpering from the pain while placing pressure against the wound on his chest. He grits his teeth. Now is not the time for being weak.

He feels inside of him for the magic and spark he knows. It's not the roaring fire he always feels, and he knows that his magic is almost next to nothing, but giving up is not something that is in Stiles Stilinski's dictionary.

Stiles crawls towards her body, and he sees that she is panting in a panic. She can't move because of the fracture in her spine, but glaring is still something she's capable of.

Stiles looks around him for the first time since his fight started with Blake when someone crashes down next to him. Allison's eyes are red, and tears are streaming over her cheeks while she tries frantically to push Stiles down to the floor to rest.

"Stiles! Stiles, please, please, tell me you're okay, come on, tell me!"

"Ally-" His voice comes out in a whisper, and it seems like that is something that pulls Allison over the edge in frantic sobbing.

"We thought we lost you, you dick!"

"I'm fine. Pe-peachy." He replies, even if it's only to soothe her. He's so far from fine that he doesn't even know how it felt when he was.

"Al-All, you need to help me." He grits out before grabbing her wrist to pull her hand away from the gaping wound in his chest.

"Stiles! We need to get you to the hospi-"

"No." He is panting and can't look her in the eye, he needs to finish this, and then, well, he doesn't know what, he doesn't know if he can survive the trip to the hospital, to be completely honest.

"I-I'm gonna throw up a shield. Y-you need t' put a b'llet in 'er 'rain," he's slurring now, and that's definitely not a good sign.

"No, no, Stiles! You need medical hel-"

"Do it." He says while gritting his teeth, and without waiting for her answer, he puts a shield over Blake, so her magic won't taint anyone.

Allison glares at him, but he can bear that. She quickly pulls out the gun at her hip before turning to Blake and firing one clean shot at her head.



It's silent for about two seconds. Then Stiles hears Lydia scream and the magic blasts out of Blake's body.

Stiles screams with the blast until it's over.

He opens his eyes. When did he close them? And he sees the ceiling, he frowns, or at least he thinks he frowns because he can't remember lying down again.

Then two faces appear above him, and he smiles, Allison and Derek, Derek and Allison. He loves them so, so, so, much. He should probably tell them.

"We love you too, Stiles," Allison says, but why is she crying when Stiles feels so happy?

He tries to raise his hand to wipe away Allison's tears, but his hand doesn't appear in his vision. Stupid hand, betraying him when he needs it.

"-les! Stiles! Stay with us! Come on, baby! You can do it!"

Stiles blinks his eyes open again. Why did he close them? And why does he needs to open them? Sleeping is good. Sleeping is the best.

"Don't you dare!"

Stiles feels a pressure on his chest, but he can't really place what it is.

He turns his head a little to Derek, and then he sees something disturbing. Is Derek crying? No, no, that can't be.

"Der, 'on't cry, 'love you."

A little hiccup escapes Derek's mouth, and even while Derek is crying, his mouth tilts up on one side.

"Love you too, Stiles."

"Knew you weren't 'lways sour, Sourwolf," Stiles murmurs before it's dark again.

\*\*\*\*

"Where the **fuck** is that ambulance!" Allison yells when Stiles's eyes slip closed again. She can't fucking lose him. She can't. It almost destroyed her to have lost her mother and to lose her grandfather and aunt to craziness. To lose Stiles, now- NO. She can't even think about it.

"It's still five minutes away." A frantic Lydia tells her. All the betas have been disposed of, thank god, but seeing Stiles almost losing the fight with Blake was something she doesn't want to see a repeat of ever again.

Lydia is leaning heavily on Jackson, who is barely standing himself. Erica is cradled in Boyd's arms with Isaac and Scott hovering nearby. Leaching pain as much as they can while glancing worriedly with tears in their eyes towards Stiles.

Peter, Cora, and Danny are quickly moving the bodies out of sight, so when the ambulance comes, it won't look like a slaughterhouse. Well, except for all the blood...

She probably should be more worried about that, but her boyfriend is literally dying in front of her, something that demands her attention more than anything else.

Derek is with her at Stiles's side and is trying to keep pressure on the wound.

Suddenly his eyes go wide, and he starts shaking his head in denial. "No! No!"

It takes Allison a second too long to figure out what is exactly happening, but then she sees that all the wolves have frozen with horror evident on their faces, and she can take an educated guess. Stiles's heart is failing.

Suddenly Peter, of all fucking people, lands next to them and next to Stiles's body. Allison wants to snarl at him and pull Stiles into her arms and sob, but something in Peter's face stops her.

"Derek-" Peter starts with an eery calm while Derek just looks broken beyond belief. "Derek, you can fix this."

This gains Derek's attention immediately, and his eyes burn red.

"What do I do?" Allison can hear the command in the simple question, but also the desperation. Losing Stiles would break every single one of them. The Sheriff, Derek, and Allison, most of all.

"If you give up your Alpha spark, it can heal him."

Derek doesn't even hesitate but nods firmly. "How?"

"Take his hands, close your eyes and find your Alpha spark, and then push it into Stiles. It will hurt like nothing before." Peter tells him honestly.

Derek immediately does as told, and Allison can't help but question, "but it will help him?"

Peter wavers for just a second before he nods. "It should kickstart his healing. He will get the healing of an Alpha."

Derek seems to believe his uncle and grasps Stiles's hand even firmer before closing his eyes. Allison is waiting with bated breath, just like everyone else in the room.

Then she sees Derek's face contort into a grimace, and the veins on his hands and arms are turning black.

"That's it, Derek," Peter whispers, looking in awe at his nephew. Derek goes rigid, and his eyes open with Alpha red, then he roars.

It's similar to the roar he let out when he saw Stiles going down with Blake's hand in his chest, the one Stiles echoed just moments later before he threw her off him.

Allison watches Derek and Stiles with tears in her eyes while Derek's roar tapers off and his eyes turn blue.

It's eery silent for a second until Stiles sucks in a surprised breath and opens his eyes. His eyes are startling red, and Allison can feel the wound closing on his chest beneath her fingers.

Derek slumps down while Stiles is panting and looking around him wildly as if he can't believe he's there. Or rather, as if he doesn't know where he is.

"Oh, thank God," Allison whispers before throwing her arms around Stiles and Derek's necks.

"Don't ever do that to me again. Both of you!" She scolds.

"Gee, I was **really** planning on almost dying again," Stiles murmurs sarcastically.

Allison does the only thing she can do in this situation and slaps him on his arm.

Then Derek pulls back, and Allison and Stiles both look a little put out at him, that is until Derek puts his hands on Stiles's cheeks and kisses him.

Stiles seems frozen for a moment until his eyes flutter shut, and he groans. Allison bites her lip to suppress a smile, but she's too happy that they all got out of it alive to stop smiling altogether.

Then Derek pulls back, and Stiles has the most soppiest smile on his face until Derek also slaps him on his arm. "Don't ever do that again!" He orders, but it's softened with a shy smile and a blush.

Stiles rubs the back of his neck and ducks his head. "Wasn't planning on it,"

"Good." Allison and Derek both respond before Lydia flings herself in between them to strangle Stiles in a hug.

Allison can't hear what she's saying to Stiles, but it's clear that Lydia is deeply affected by what was happening. Before Allison can fully register it, more bodies are piling up, and they are all crushed into a big puppy pile.

Then Cora speaks. "Does this mean that Stilinski is now our Alpha?"

"Wait, what?" Comes the murmur from Stiles from somewhere beneath all the bodies.

Cora pushes Scott and Jackson to the side until Stiles is visible again to glare at him. "My brother gave up his Alpha powers to save your sorry ass, so are you my Alpha, or aren't you?"

Stiles seems even more bewildered now and glances at Derek, who has ducked his head with a blush on his cheeks.

"Well, if you wanna, I mean, I have heard that I can be annoying as hell, sarcastic as fuck, and most of all a dick." Stiles rambles, making everyone chuckle.

Then a wolfish grin appears on Cora's face. "Is that so? I mostly heard that you have a real big di-"

"Oh my God! Do not finish that sentence!" Stiles shrieks while everyone else burst into laughter again.

Allison then sees the wolves turn towards the street, and Peter quickly stands.

"I will meet the ambulance and the police. Stiles, are you feeling okay?"

"Yeah, yeah, send dad up if he's there, okay?"

"Sure thing, Alpha," Peter responds with a smirk before striding downstairs.

"Oh, God, now I have Peter in my pack." Stiles groans, but Allison can tell that he doesn't mind.

A couple of minutes later, Peter walks back into the loft with the sheriff on his heels. The sheriff frantically checks Stiles for any damages before pulling him into a crushing Stilinski trademark hug.

The aftermath of the fight is gruesome, and the loft needs to be condemned. It certainly doesn't seem like anyone is going to live here for some time.

Allison knows for sure that she wouldn't want to live here anymore with all the bad memories.

After some time, her dad also strolls into the loft and promises to clean everything up before almost ordering them all to go to the Stilinski home to clean up and rest.

Now they're all in the same pack it doesn't even feel strange to go there with everyone. Stiles is leaning heavily on Derek and seems pale when he's finally up from the floor. It has taken more out of him than he is ready to admit.

When the pack arrives at the Stilinski home, Stiles has already passed out from exhaustion, Erica a close second. She had taken a couple of severe wounds from protecting Boyd and Lydia.

Derek helps Allison bring Stiles to the bathroom to clean him as much as possible before they put him into bed. Then they quickly clean themselves before crawling into bed with him, it doesn't take long before the whole pack surrounds them, and they fall into a deep slumber.

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Stiles comes back alive, feeling warm. He is surrounded by bodies and snuggles closer into the shoulder where his head is resting. Well, alive, he just was exhausted after dealing with Blake, almost dying, and finding out he's now the Beacon Hills only Alpha. How bizarre.

"Hey," A whisper sounds above him. He tilts his head with minimal effort and opens his eyes to look at Derek.

"Hi, did I wake you?"

Derek shakes his head. "No, you were the only one that was still asleep."

Stiles groans before lifting his head to look at the rest of the pack, who are just lying around in bed doing nothing. Even Peter is there on the edges.

Stiles feels warmth spreading through him and sends fondness through the bonds to his pack. He mostly gets exasperation back but also a little love. He can work with that.

He turns with a groan, still feeling sore, but immediately it starts to dim when Derek places a hand on his shoulder and sucks his pain. He sighs and pecks Derek on the cheek before turning fully to give Allison a kiss that is on his other side.

She hums against him, and he feels better immediately.

He grabs Derek's hand that's still on his shoulder and entangles their fingers without a second thought, still kissing Allison. It feels too good to let go.

Derek shuffles closer and kisses Stiles's neck until someone kicks Stiles.

"You're stinking up the bed!" Jackson grouches.

"Well, to be honest, I thought it was **my** bed." Stiles snarks back.

"Not since you've become Alpha."

Stiles groans and bashes his head against Derek's shoulder in annoyance. But he stops kissing Allison and smiles when the pack decides that they should eat in bed and have an all-around lazy day. Even his dad shows up at some time to join them.

The next couple of months go by easily, well, not entirely easy. There are still big bad's every other week, but now they are one big pack, it's easy to protect the town.



They train, go to school, fight, have pack nights almost every night, and they grow closer and closer. Derek has almost permanently moved into the Stilinski home when his dad found out that Derek hadn't had anything else but the loft. He just didn't accept no.

Peter and Derek decided that the Stilinski home was a good packhouse but too small, so they decided to rebuild the old Hale house. When the pack isn't at school or practice, they are there to help the build, and it's coming along great. Derek even expects the house to be ready before next summer.

Stiles is the Alpha, but he still asks everyone their opinion on something before they rush into anything. They settle in an easy rhythm.

Lydia and Stiles go to the Nemeton every week to check on the three, and it's growing exceptionally. Stiles and Lydia also visit River occasionally, and the man seems to be opening up to them and gives them books that they haven't read yet and sometimes even shows them magic they could learn. Even if he still acts hostile most of the time and doesn't want any other bleeding Alpha all over his couch, he is training them. Stiles was weary in the beginning, afraid that River would betray them just as Griselda had done, but if that happens, he will be ready.

Stiles, Allison, and Derek work on their relationship, and it's going along great. Stiles can't actually believe half of the time that he has such amazing lovers. Yeah, he doesn't have shared anything more than kisses with Derek, but he's almost eighteen now!

And that doesn't mean that there haven't been other - things. Like the time he watched Derek go down on Allison and came harder than he ever had. Or the time Derek held Allison up while Stiles was fucking her, because even if Stiles is a lot stronger than he was a year ago, he can't actually hold his girlfriend up for a long period of time when he's also concentrating on not blowing his load too soon. That would be asking for a concussion on Stiles's side.

Derek and Allison also haven't fucked, yet. Something tells Stiles that Derek wants their first time to be with the three of them all participating, and Stiles can't fucking wait.

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A day before his fucking birthday, everything goes to hell.

The house is almost finished, just a couple of the bedrooms needs to be painted and finished, and then it will be ready. Stiles doesn't know if he will leave his dad's house permanently to live here, but he certainly knows he will spend most of his time here. The house is huge, the kitchen is amazing, something Stiles almost demanded from the Hale's during the rebuild, not that they minded as long as Stiles makes his signature brownies, there are six bathrooms and twelve bedrooms. Also, one of the bedrooms is a packroom so that they can sleep in a puppy pile.

Stiles is busy warding the entire house, so they will be safe from harm, any harm, the house can even be attacked with a rocket launcher, and it wouldn't put a dent in it.

He feels Danny approaching and frowns. He shouldn't be here until tomorrow. He should be going out with Isaac.

Stiles brushes off his hands before turning towards the road where Danny will be arriving. As soon as the car stops, Danny is out of it and sprints towards Stiles.

"There has been sighting." He doesn't have to say anything more. They have been waiting for this since the Nemeton had told Allison about it.

Stiles immediately pulls out his phone to call Derek.

"Der, where are you?" Stiles tries to sound calm, but his internal panic is clear as day through the pack bonds. Unfortunately, his boyfriend picks up on it.

"Just finishing up at the station, why? Is something wrong?" Derek asks in a worried voice, Stiles can hear his dad in the background asking what is wrong, but Derek seems to silence him.

"Yeah, you can say that. Can you stay there until I'm there?" He doesn't trust Kate for shit that she won't go after Derek alone, at least inside the station with his dad in the know he's moderately safe. He doesn't want Derek alone at all at this moment. The same goes, of course, for Allison, but he doesn't think that Kate will go for her niece first.

"Stiles, what's wrong?" Derek's concern flows through the pack bond, and it's clear as day in his voice.

Stiles hesitates. He doesn't want to say this over the phone, but Derek needs to know how serious this is. How much in danger he is.

"Kate and Gerard." That is the only thing he says, but it's enough for Derek. He can hear Derek suck in a breath and growl.

"I'll wait here. Have you called Allison?"

"No, she was my next call," Stiles responds honestly. He knows that the rest of the pack must have felt something through the bond, that he hasn't already had a couple of missed calls is certainly something.

"Hurry, I will see you soon," Derek responds before Stiles hears him turning towards his dad to tell him what happened.

Stiles ends the call and immediately calls Allison. He sees that Danny is already calling the others and is relieved for that.

The phone rings, but it takes a second too long for Stiles's taste, and a sense of dread is spreading in his stomach. Something is seriously wrong.

"Hello, loverboy," Comes the sugary response in a voice that makes Stiles's hair stand up. Stiles lets out a growl, and he knows that his eyes are flashing red. Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! He

really thought that Kate would go for Derek first and Allison maybe second. Chris would also be very high on that list, but he really didn't expect her to take Allison first! Shit!

"Where is she?!" He bellows into the phone, not wanting to pretend anything and not wanting to play games at all with this psycho.

"Tut-tut-tut, that's for me to know, and for you to dot, dot, dot," Kate then starts to laugh, and it takes everything from Stiles to not crush his phone into a thousand pieces.

"If you hurt one hair on her pretty little head, I will rip your spleen from your body and make you swallow it." Stiles threatens. He will do it too, he knows Derek and Allison both still have nightmares about Kate fucking Argent, and Stiles is all too happy to kick her to the afterlife.

"Oh, you can really talk dirty. I like that in a guy. It makes me feel special." She is almost purring, and Stiles scrunches up his nose in disgust. He may throw up a little in his mouth, but only Danny is there to witness it.

"To be honest, I'm surprised. I thought that my dear niece was still together with McCall, or are you the type to share? The last I heard was that she was fucking a wolf, but we all know that you're too pathetic to be one." Kate cackles then, and Stiles is ready to kill her, bring her back to life, and kill her again.

"I'm going to make fucking sure that you will stay buried." He seethes.

"Promises, promises-" Stiles then hears a soft groan in the background, and he can tell Kate is distracted by it. "Ah, sweetie, I need to go. I need to teach my beloved niece what her place is. Bye now."

Stiles lets out a scream when the call ends, and the ground ripples around him as a response to his magic. He feels his fury rising. It is answered through the pack bonds.

"Alpha?" Danny says next to him. It's more a question than anything else, and his eyes are glowing gold.

"We're going hunting," Stiles growls out before he pulls Danny with him. They need to gather everyone else and then find Allison. Thankfully, he can find her easily enough through the pack bonds—something Kate and Gerard clearly hadn't expected.

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Allison wakes up bound to a chair. She lets out a soft groan and starts to take in her surroundings. She thinks she's alone, but then she hears someone talking. All her training kicks in, and she immediately checks herself for injuries, but other than a heavy head and a taste of cotton in her mouth, she is fine. It's clear they have drugged her to take her. She is a little grateful it wasn't a blow to the head, at least. Now the drug is leaving her system. She can focus better than she could've with a headwound.

She hones in on the voice she heard and heard the end of what sounds like a phone call.

"-sweetie, I need to go. I need to teach my beloved niece what her place is. Bye now."

Fury, like she has never felt before, burns through the pack bonds, and Allison knows her boyfriends and pack are on their way. She sighs in relief before focusing on the soft steps that are coming her way. Then the blonde woman steps into the light with a smirk.

"Auntie Kate, long time no see." She says in a voice that drips with sarcasm. Stiles would've been proud, Derek would've frowned, but she and Stiles can not resist taunting the big bad. Stiles always more, but he's a mage who is also an Alpha. He can get away with a lot more.

She looks up and sees green eyes watching her. "Allison. My *favorite* niece." Kate is almost crooning the words as if spoken to a baby. It's disturbing, to say the least.

"I'm your only niece," Allison responds with an eye roll. She leans back in the chair and tries her chains. They're metal, not rope, a lot harder to break for a human, unfortunately.

Kate tuts in disapproval before stalking towards Allison in a predatory strut. The walk is something Kate already had when she was still human, now she's a 'were it has only added to her dangerous appearance.

Kate then grabs Allison's chin and forces it up so she can look her in the eye. She then shakes it roughly before releasing it again as if she's burned. The look of disgust aimed at her is fully returned. Kate then clicks her tongue in a disapproving manner.

"I'm so disappointed, Ally-cat. I thought I showed you what to do with the dogs, and here I hear that you've been playing bitch for them." Kate taunts, making Allison snarl.

Then Allison smirks. "Well, you licked him too."

Kate seems shocked for a moment before she starts cackling with glee. Then Kate is back in her face, and Allison can feel the pinpricks of her claws at her chin. Allison doesn't dare to move her face. If she would, she is sure that she would have claws in her face.

"Never thought you would like sloppy seconds, Allison." Kate jeers before releasing her chin again. Allison feels something dripping along her throat. It looks like it didn't matter that she kept still. Kate isn't fully in control of her claws. Or maybe it was on purpose. Allison can't be really sure.

"He's hot. I give you that, and if you put out, he gives you everything, but you already knew that, didn't you? Tell me, does he still shows his wolf eyes when he comes?" Allison knows that Kate is rallying her up, but she still bears her teeth and growls. She's spent a little too much time with Derek probably.

"You should've stayed dead. It truly is a waste of oxygen. Grandfather here too?" And that is her inner Stiles. He would've been pleased. Probably. Maybe he will yell at her for being reckless. But it's not like he's not exactly the same in that respect.

Kate's eyes flash in anger, and she snarls before a dark chuckle is heard from somewhere in the shadows.

"We never expected you to stay a wolf lover, Allison. We really thought you found your way after your mother was killed, and now you're sleeping with the one that caused her death? How much lower can you sink?"

Gerard steps out of the shadows, and Allison gives her most hateful glare.

"Imagine my surprise when I hear that an Argent-" He spits out the name as if it's a disgrace, well, it is, but that's from what Kate and Gerard had done. It has nothing to do with Allison herself. "-is together with not one but two of them. One is an Alpha and one beta."

Allison smirks but says nothing. They don't know anything about Stiles's powers. How they could've missed that is a mystery, but it can work to their advantage now.

"One is apparently Derek Hale, but we don't know for sure who the other one is. So, what? Is Hale the Alpha? Is McCall the other wolf?" Gerard asks her, but Allison will not answer. She only glares at the two of them.

Allison doesn't answer, not wanting to give them the satisfaction of angering her.

She feels a slight pull on the pack bonds, and she knows that her pack is near. It calms her down a little.

"McCall was a real cutie when I saw him last, but that Stilinski boy seemed very protective of you too over the phone."

Allison rolls her eyes. Scott is now in a very happy relationship with Kira Yukimura. They are sickently sweet together and very cute. Stiles teased Allison mercilessly at first when she

first remarked on that, feeling like she and Scott were even worse, especially when he was their message pigeon.

That Kira is now also in the pack because she's a Kitsune wasn't something they had expected, but after a high five with Stiles, her inner Kitsune was awakened, and Stiles adopted her into the pack instantly.

Thankfully her mother trains her, and she trains with the pack. She is a real kickass with a samurai sword and not someone to mess with.

Apparently, staying silent is something Gerard doesn't like.

"You're a slut! Being with two wolves, it's already disgusting that you're with two men at the same time, but two wolves?! How can you live with yourself?" Gerard spits in disgust before wiping black goo from his nose.

Allison glares and spits at his feet. "How can I live with myself?! How can you two live with yourselves after killing hundreds of innocent people!?" She yells at them, only to have Kate laugh at her with a pitiful expression.

"Oh, sweetie, they were never innocent. They all got what they deserved." The way she says it, so matter of fact, it's clear for Allison to hear that Kate is very, very, twisted.

"Being a 'were, or another creature doesn't mean you deserve to die!" Allison knows it's futile to tell them this. They are too crazy to see the truth and to listen.

"Yes, it does! They're vile! They don't deserve to live on this planet!" Gerard bellows before slapping Allison across the face.

Allison moves her jaw before turning her gaze back to her two 'relatives'.



"You're both creatures now." She tells them with a smirk.

The hit she now got was expected, and she spits out blood. She prods her lip with her tongue and feels that her bottom lip is split from the hit she received.

"Who is the other wolf, Ally-cat? For you, we will make their death's quick." Kate tells her with a wicked grin. Something that tells Allison that she's lying. Their deaths will be the most painful if she gets the chance, and she would make Allison watch.

"You're sick." She snarls in reply.

"Tell us!" Gerard demands with hatred in his eyes.

"Well-" the sudden voice has both Gerard and Kate swirling around to the sound. But they don't see the source of the voice. "I'm not the other wolf, but I am the Alpha."

Allison smirks and rolls her eyes, leave it to Stiles to make a dramatic entrance.

He's still hidden in the shadows and glimmers, but Allison can feel him getting closer.

"How can you be an Alpha if you're not a wolf?!" Gerard demands while looking around frantically.

"Because magic, baby," Stiles says in a whisper, but it's loud enough for even Allison to hear, and she can't repress the snort that leaves her mouth.

Stiles chuckles darkly, and suddenly they are surrounded by eleven copies of him. They are all standing around them nonchalantly. Like they aren't bothered with them at all.

But Allison knows better. She sees the tension in his jaw, the slight hunch in his shoulders, and everything about him screams DANGER.

"Magic? You weren't magic the last time we saw you!" Kate snarls, her claws and beta shift have taken over, and Allison grimaces at the sight.

"I know, I'm just full of surprises." All eleven copies shrug their shoulders.

"What are you?" Gerard asks with hunger in his eyes, something Allison hates seeing. If Gerard got the chance, he would use Stiles for his twisted and sick games. She's sure of that.

"Something for me to know, and for you to dot, dot, dot," Stiles taunts, and Allison hears Kate growl.

Then Gerard scoffs, "you can't be just the Alpha. You don't have it in you,"

"Oh, but I am. You're right, though. I'm not just the Alpha. I'm also something much worse." A feral smile takes over Stiles's face, and his eyes turn dark, almost black, but Allison knows they turned dark purple. Only in this lighting, it looks black like a demon.

Allison rolls her eyes at her boyfriend's antics and keeps quiet when hands suddenly start to work on her bindings. Someone starts tapping morse code on her wrist, and she nods in response. She keeps her eyes on Kate and Gerard, but they are watching Stiles.

Kate is barely holding onto her control. Probably a little freaked out by Stiles's magic tricks. Gerard seems in control, or he can't shift. Both are possible with that man.

Her binds fall, and her crossbow is pushed into her hands. She rises from the chair she was attached to and kicks it away, making a lot of noise, but not caring.

She takes aim and walks to one of the Stiles's. As soon as she has reached the first one, the others disappear. Only the one nearest to Allison remains, and he checks Allison while she is still watching her aunt and grandfather. When he deems her fine, except for her split lip, he turns back to Kate and Gerard and snaps his fingers—revealing the whole pack that was glamoured.

Kate and Gerard are again surrounded, but now by the pack instead of a lot of Stiles's.

They don't seem impressed, only shocked when they spot Chris with the pack. Her dad joined just a couple of weeks ago after another big bad. He's a little on the outside, just as the Sheriff and Melissa, but he comes when they need him, and he's now invited to all the pack gatherings.

Derek reaches out, and Allison lets him scent mark her without shame, knowing that they both can use the reassurance. His shoulders unwind a little, and Allison is glad he can calm down by doing this, by making sure she's really fine.

"How can you approve of this, Chris!?" Gerard bellows, snarling in disgust at the whole pack.

Chris levels him with a look. "Simple, I don't want to lose her." After a couple of growls and grumbles, Chris smirks.

"And they have grown on me, like fungus-" With that, he glances at Stiles, who rolls his eyes and grumbles, "One time!" "-They are like family, more than I've ever had before." Her dad declares, making Allison smile at her dad, feeling incredibly proud.

"You can't do this! I'm your father!"

"You're no father of mine," Chris tells him coolly before raising his gun.

"Alpha, do I have permission to finish him?" Chris asks casually, making Kate and Gerard sneer at him in disgust.

"Yes." Stiles simply replies, and then the sound of a gun going off is the only sound that echoes through the building. The thump of Gerard's body follows the gunshot. Allison can't help but feel satisfied with the surprised expression on Gerard's face.

"How could you!" Kate screams, lunging at Chris before she's being intercepted by Peter.

"Alpha?" Peter asks while holding Kate like she is no more than a puppet. She is struggling against him but clearly not a match. His claws dig a little deeper into her throat, and she glares at him with all she has.

"I did promise her that I would rip out her spleen and feed it to her. But you, Derek, and Cora have the first choice with her. Sorry, Ally, Chris."

"It's fine. I didn't want to do it." Allison replies, her eyes not leaving Kate's struggling form. She needs to see this, she wants closure, and she is getting it now.

She thinks the same goes for Derek when he reaches out and grabs her hand. "Me neither."

Allison sees her dad also shake his head, and Cora shrugs, not really caring. So Peter grins like a cat that got the canary and rips her throat out. Again. This time far enough for her head to separate from her body.

Allison watches with a little detachment how the head falls to the ground before the limp body follows.

Then she takes a deep breath and leans against Derek.

She feels safe.

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Stiles is sitting in one of the bay windows of the new Hale house when he finds himself suddenly not alone. He's reading a book about an ancient creature that River had lent him, and because it's really fucking interesting, he doesn't even look up from it when he says "hey,"

A hand travels over his arm to his neck, and he leans into the touch before looking up. He smiles at Allison.

"Can I help you?" He asks when she's still not talking but running her hand through his hair which feels awesome, and he wouldn't mind falling asleep like this.

"Mmh, maybe, we haven't celebrated your birthday yet." Allison's expression doesn't change while she keeps running her fingers through Stiles's hair which is getting pretty distracting.

Stiles stiffens when the words sink in. "I had other priorities than my birthday."

She hums again. "I know, thank you for coming for me,"

"Always," He tells her sincerely, and she smirks at him. "Gonna quote Harry Potter to me? That's more a thing between you and Derek." She asks him with a raised eyebrow.

Stiles grins at her, "can't help myself,"

Allison laughs and leans down to kiss him, but just when he closes his eyes and leans in, she pulls out of reach. He lets out a disgruntled noise. He wanted a kiss, dammit.

"Derek and I have a surprise for you,"

"I hate surprises," He breathes out against her lips, just an inch, and he can feel her soft lips on his, but she keeps pulling back a little, the little tease.

"We know, but we think you will love this,"

"Oh, and why's that?" He asks warily. He really doesn't like surprises. It's why they have extra wards all over the preserve. He doesn't want to get surprised by any hunter or creature of the night.

Allison leans closer again, but not to kiss, this time to lean down and whisper in his ear.

"Because it's the kind of surprise without clothes-" Stiles's breath hitches, since the upfuckery of the day before his birthday they didn't celebrate it, and they didn't have the mind-blowing sex Stiles has maybe secretly - not so secretly - been waiting for since they became two boyfriends and a girlfriend. "-and Derek is already waiting for us."

"Oh my God, you two are going to kill me." But he doesn't mean it and is grinning while saying it. Stiles is already scrambling up, his book completely forgotten. But before he rushes upstairs to Derek's bedroom, he pulls Allison closer and kisses her with everything he has. She moans against his lips, and it's everything he wants and needs.

They stumble into the bedroom together, and a soft chuckle brings Stiles out of his haze. He looks up and groans out loud. It's so unfair to have such beautiful people surround him on a daily basis. They should wear warnings or something.

He gives Allison another peck before walking towards the bed where Derek is spread out. He's already naked, and only a thin sheet is covering the bulge between his legs. He just stands there looking at Derek for a moment, and Derek lets him. Derek looks relaxed, comfortable, and it's everything Stiles wants for him.

He has one hand behind his head and a little smirk on his face. Just when Stiles wants to ask how they are going to do this, Allison jumps on the bed, already naked, and Stiles's brains

melt out of his ears or at least stop working completely, especially when she straddles Derek and starts kissing him enthusiastically.

"Oh God," Stiles doesn't whimper. He does not. There is no proof of any whimpering happening in his near vicinity.

He totally whimpers when Derek bucks his hips a little to seek friction, and Allison responds with a moan from her own. It's perfect. Stiles almost trips in his haste to get rid of his clothing while also looking intently at Allison and Derek. He can't take his eyes off of them.

"Are you going to join us, or are you going to keep staring?" Derek asks with a smirk when Stiles is finally naked and just watching them. Stiles licks his lips, and Derek follows the path his tongue takes with barely hidden interest. It's Stiles's time to smirk.

He crawls onto the bed and pulls the sheet that was covering Derek off him. Now they are on even ground, and Stiles really wants to have Derek in his mouth. He loves licking Allison, and he thinks he's going to love Derek's dick in his mouth too.

Allison is still straddling Derek, but she is looking over her shoulder to Stiles while he settles in between Derek's legs. Derek is kissing her neck and going down to her breast. Allison bites her lips but doesn't lose eye contact with Stiles.

Stiles lowers himself on the bed while his hand comes up around Derek's cock. Derek lets out a groan when Stiles starts pumping his hand up and down before leaning down to lick over the top.

Stiles hums before licking all over Derek's length, wanting to make it as wet as possible before he takes it in his mouth.

He shifts a little, so his own boner is somewhat comfortable before he finally takes Derek's cock in his mouth fully. Allison is clambering off Derek and kneels next to Stiles. She puts her hand on his head and combs her fingers through his hair.

Then she pushes a little, and both Derek and Stiles groan from the feeling. She does it again, and Stiles is so glad he practiced a little with a dildo so he wouldn't choke on Derek's dick the first time they did this.

Allison starts fucking Stiles's mouth on Derek's dick, and Stiles could come from the feeling alone. She then pulls him off entirely before kissing him and moaning.

"My turn," She brushes her hair over one shoulder and kisses Derek's shaft before taking him in her mouth. Derek is moaning and panting, and Stiles kisses up his chest before kissing his mouth.

Stiles groans when he feels Derek's hand around his own shaft and starting to stroke.

"I don't think I can take this yet," Derek murmurs against his lip before squeezing his hand, making Stiles buck into his warm hand. Stiles sometimes really hates having a bigger-than-normal dick, but it doesn't matter now.

"Doesn't matter, you can fuck me," Stiles tells him sincerely. He really wanted to try that. He already knows how it is to fuck someone but is really curious how it will be when someone fucks him.

A lewd pop is heard behind him, and he looks back to Allison. "Why don't you fuck Stiles while he fucks me?" She suggests it very casually, but the blush that gathers on her cheek and chest tells him that she's a little nervous.

"At the same time?" Stiles groans. He has only ever seen that in porn, but it sounds awesome. He starts nodding enthusiastically, "yes, yes, yes, let's do that."

Derek seems on board too and sits up while still kissing Stiles before he pulls Allison closer to lay her on the bed.



"You open her up, and I open you up." He murmurs, and Stiles quickly grabs his own erection to squeeze so he won't come yet, because holy shit, yes!

"Where is the lube?!" Stiles exclaims, making Derek chuckle and Allison scramble to grab the lube from the nightstand. She gives it to Stiles with a flourish, and he pecks her on the lips before settling between her legs. He himself is also on his knees and hands and is glad for the huge bed that is in Derek's bedroom.

He warms some lube between his fingers before giddily giving the lube to Derek, who is now kneeling behind Stiles and squeezing his ass a little.

He then leans down to suck on the bud above Allison's entrance, making her mewl. Stiles then slowly enters two fingers inside her, knowing she can take those without a problem. He's just starting to pump his fingers in and out of Allison while still licking the bud when he feels Derek's warm finger circle his entrance.

He moans at the feeling, making vibrations shoot through Allison, who curses and tries to find something to hold on to in between the blankets.

Stiles stretches out his hand towards her, and she grabs onto it. The first finger Derek pushes in feels a little strange, but Stiles knows that it's the same with his own fingers if he does this.

"Another," Allison asks with her head thrown back in the pillows, clearly enjoying herself.

Stiles wiggles his ass a little at Derek to make the message clear that he also wants another finger inside of him. Derek huffs out a laugh but obliges.

"Fuck- feels so good," He moans, still a little mouthing at Allison and pumping now four fingers in and out of her. Derek is holding Stiles's hip still with one hand, damn werewolf strength, otherwise Stiles would be fucking himself on Derek's fingers.

Then Derek's fingers leave him, and he lets out a small whine. "No! Don't stop," He begs, but he knows that Derek can be a tease, so he doesn't have much hope.

"Oh, fuck! Stiles!" Allison says, and Stiles looks up to her, seeing that she's almost at her climax. He moves his hand a little quicker and almost misses the fact of ripping foil. Now he knows what Derek was doing!

"Come for me, baby," Stiles says while squeezing her hand that is still holding him. Then he starts sucking at her bud a little harder, and it's enough for Allison to fall over the edge, she moans loudly, and Stiles dry humps the air a little until Derek suddenly rolls a condom over his aching member.

"Shit! God-fuck!" Stiles can only curse for a moment because he almost comes from that simple touch, and he doesn't want to, not yet!

Stiles sits up on his knees and leans back against Derek who's chest is against Stiles's back. Derek is mouthing his neck while rubbing his own dick against Stiles's empty hole. Stiles then pulls out the fingers he had still inside of Allison before holding them up for Derek to taste.

Derek sucks the fingers inside his mouth eagerly, making Stiles moan at the feeling.

"Okay, okay, okay, stop, before I'm going to come like some virgin here," Stiles jokes before kissing Derek over his shoulder, tasting Allison on their tongues.

Stiles then crawls forward a little before holding his dick at Allison's entrance. He looks at Allison and is met with a look full of love and devotion, and above all at the moment, lust. He leans down and kisses her while pushing in slowly.

Allison moans and wriggles beneath him, trying to get used to him. When he's finally settled between her legs, he feels a push at his own hole. Derek pushes in even slower, groaning all the while. Stiles closes his eyes from the onslaught of feelings. He is not going to last long, not long at all, holy shit!

"Fuck-" Stiles says, drawing it out while trying to keep still so he can get used to the feeling of Derek's dick.

Then Derek stops, and Stiles feels full and warm. It's a great feeling. He projects the love he feels for them through the bonds, and they respond in kind.

"Derek- move," Stiles moans out, knowing that it's best if Derek moves in this position. Derek grabs Stiles's hips before pulling out and pushing back in, making Stiles move with him, so he's fucking Allison's pussy at the same time.

They go slow in the beginning, mainly because Stiles tells them that he will blow his load way too quick if they start pounding away. He's sweaty, and panting, but he feels amazing.

"Okay, okay, okay, fuck! Derek, faster, please, faster, I'm going to come so hard, fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck!" Stiles babbles, but Derek listens and starts to fuck Stiles harder, the dual stimulation of Derek's cock in his ass and his own in Allison's pussy, feels amazing, and just as Derek has picked up the place, he is coming harder than ever before.

He thinks he screams a little, it feels like he screamed a little, but it was so fucking good. He also hears Derek groan behind him and making abortive trusts, apparently coming from Stiles's orgasm.

He's basking in the afterglow and feels Derek pull out of him and help him on his back to lie down next to Allison. Allison pats his cheek a little before kissing him.

"That was fucking amazing. When are we doing this again?" Stiles asks breathlessly when his brain is functioning again.

Allison giggles and snuggles up next to him. Stiles then turns when Derek crawls in behind him and arranges himself against Stiles's back.

"Whenever you feel ready again," Derek murmurs against his neck. Stiles shivers a little in response.

"Dude, then we will not leave this bed for the next forty-eight hours."

"What about food?" Derek asks with a serious tone, but Stiles can feel the grin he presses against Stiles's skin.

"I'm the Alpha. I can always ask Scott to bring us food," Stiles replies, not seeing a problem at all.

Allison laughs. "You would give him a heart attack, and he won't be speaking to any of us for like three weeks."

"But it's worth it!"

They burst into laughter before settling down. It doesn't take long before sleep takes them.

Stiles can't help but think that his life is pretty damn good.

The End.

## Chapter End Notes

That's it! It's a wrap!

I hope you liked it! If you did, please let me know!!

Thank you!

xx MBlack93



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