

Spark My Interest

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Spark My Interest

by [RageBiter](#)

Summary

Derek finally comes home after being away getting his Masters to find the Hale Pack is absorbing a smaller pack, some of which were turned by a rogue alpha. The small pack, a ragtag group of supernatural creatures who have bonded together through hardship, come with Emissary Stiles Stilinski who is being trained by Deaton to take his place as Emissary to the Hale Pack.

Derek finds the kid to be annoying to say the least, but still there's something about him that Derek quite can't figure out.

Very loosely based on this gifset [X](#)

Notes

I really like the idea of this fic and I hope you guys enjoy it!

Hale Family

The air was warm and comforting. The soft breeze rustled the leaves that would begin to change in the next coming months. Derek slowed his pace and took a deep breath, filling his burning lungs, his eyes falling closed. His heart beat steadily and familiar in his chest. He could smell the sharp scent of the grass and the trees and the reassuring presence of his pack. The dirt felt cool under the heavy weight of his paws. The long summer months were slowly winding to an end and Derek found himself missing it before it was even gone.

The summer seemed to be the only time his pack could run together, the only time they could bond like this. During the school year, everyone seemed too busy, too frantic. His Mother, Talia, in addition to being the alpha, was a lawyer in Beacon Hills and a prominent member of the community. His father was a writer who worked from home, so while he was physically there, his mind often wasn't. They worked hard for their pack, for their family. Derek's grandmother lived with them and while she could be counted on to tease and tell stories, she was far too old to run like she used to.

His Uncle Peter and his wife, Olivia, had lives of their own but often were over at the Hale house for dinner and his three children Malia, Jack, and Gracie were over even more often than not in general. Malia was Cora's age and would often hang around with her when they were both home from school and had nothing better to do. Jack and Gracie were 10 and 8, and spent quite a bit of time over because the Hale children tended to get stuck babysitting.

Derek had two siblings himself. Laura was the oldest and by far the most annoying. She, like their mother, was following a career in law and was currently being groomed to become alpha. Cora was the youngest, a few years under Derek, and by far the angriest Hale. While Laura often teased him for "looking like a murderer", Cora had him beat. Where Laura smiled and laughed, she scowled and kept quiet. She watched and she listened. Their Mom liked to say she was more wolf than person at some points. Now you'd think that meant she wouldn't tease Derek as mercilessly as Laura did. You'd be wrong. As different as the two seemed, they both truly loved making Derek's life miserable. Over the years, Derek's pain had become the thing that bonded them the most. Derek took comfort in the time Cora would be away at college, but he despite himself, he still missed her.

Derek had only recently fully returned home. He visited when he could, but for the last couple years he was getting a masters in History in New York. He missed home and he missed his pack. But not everything was the same as when he left.

"Come on Derek it won't be that bad." Laura said. They had gotten back from their run, but when Laura brought up this subject he still felt the urge to bolt for the woods.

"He's a kid." Derek argued. He dropped down into the armchair in the livingroom. The house was cool from the dropping temperatures outside and smelled just as the woods around them did, rich and welcoming. Derek could see the window in the kitchen still open from the heat of the day and a breeze blew the light maroon curtains around them slightly. The house was all dark browns and warm tones and no matter the season, it always felt cozy, welcoming. He

could hear the animals and the rustle of trees just outside and his Grandmother singing on the porch. It was nice to be home.

Laura huffed and crossed her arms. “He’s twenty-three! He’s Cora’s age.” He was reminded of Laura’s annoying presence when she spoke. Well, sometimes it was good to be home.

“Yeah, and Cora is a kid.”

“Hey! You’re only like 4 years older than me.” Cora protested from where she was laying on the couch. She had her feet propped up on the arm and her head on one of the throw pillows on the center cushion, only taking up half the couch with her short body. The older Hale’s ignored her.

Derek was growing more annoyed and he knew Laura wasn’t going to let it go. “He’s too inexperienced to be the emissary to a pack this big, this old, or this important. He can’t help protect us if he can’t even protect himself.”

“Look Der, Deaton is training him to take over as our emissary whether you like it or not, Mom has already decided and I agree. He has already been protecting the new pack without any training before. Deaton says he is one of the most talented and powerful sparks he’s ever seen.” Laura moved into her Alpha voice and Derek had to bite back saying that she wasn’t the alpha yet. “He will be our new emissary.”

Derek crossed his arms. “Whatever.” He grumbled.

Laura’s smile came back full force and she ruffled his hair. “That’s the spirit.”

He swatted her hand away. “What’s this kid’s name again?”

“Stiles.” Laura said.

Cora sat up on the couch quickly, her ponytail bouncing with the force. Her eyes were wide and alarmed. “Stiles Stilinski?”

Laura looked confused. “Yeah, the Sheriff’s son.”

Cora burst into laughter, harder than Derek has ever seen. She gripped her sides and doubled over with the force of it. Laura and Derek stared at her in shock. Her laughs slowly died off and she got off the couch, wiping the tears from her eyes. She started to walk out of the room and Derek could hear her say, “God, this is going to be interesting.”

Derek tried not to think too hard about that and turned his attention to his older sister, who was still staring after Cora. “What the hell kind of name is Stiles?”

“Absorbing a smaller pack is never easy.” Derek’s mother was standing in the kitchen, her dark hair pulled back from her face. The enticing smell of Roast filled the house. It was that smell that had pulled Derek down to the kitchen in the first place. The sound of a knife on a wooden cutting board echoed through the room as Talia chopped carrots.

“So why do we have to do it at all?” Derek knew he was pouting, but he couldn't help it. He leaned his elbows on the counter. “We have plenty already.”

Talia barely glanced up at him and shook her head. “You know good and well that we are not doing this for us. We’re doing it for them.” She sat the knife down and gathered the chopped carrots to drop into the bowl next to her. “They're young and lost. They don’t know the rules or our ways. It is our job to teach them. It was our job to protect the town from things like a rogue alpha and we failed. We won’t fail them again.”

Derek huffed. “Fine.”

Talia smiled at him fondly. She reached across the counter to place a warm hand on Derek’s. “My sweet boy, all will be well.” She rubbed his hand slightly and then patted before pulling back. “Now help your mother chop these carrots.” Derek smiled and made his way around, he took the knife from her and tried to concentrate on the size of the pieces he was cutting. Talia moved around the kitchen, working to finish dinner. Her voice carried to Derek’s ears, “This introduction dinner will be good for us to get to know them.” Derek didn't look up. She reached up and patted the top of his head. “So try to play nice.”

Derek considered swatting her hand away, but let it happen, smiling softly to himself. “I'll try, but I can’t say the same for Cora, Peter, or Malia.”

Talia’s eyes narrowed almost playfully as she moved around the counter. She pointed a wooden spoon she was using towards Derek. “I'll handle those three, don’t you worry.” Derek only laughed. “Speaking of handling pups, where are your sisters? They should be helping.”

Derek shrugged. “Probably hiding. Maybe we should let them. Laura will probably burn all the food, or worse the whole house.”

Talia’s laugh was light and her happiness seeped into Derek. He let the smell of pack wash over him as he chopped and tried to forget that the smell would soon be overwhelmed by strangers. He let out a sigh. “How many of them are there again?”

“Well...” Talia paused, causing Derek to look up.

He groaned. “Come on. Are we taking in all of Beacon Hills?”

“You hush.” She waved a hand at him, as if this would remove his annoyance. “Including the Spark, there are eight of them.”

Derek’s knife clattered onto the counter. “Eight?” He looked at his mother with wide eyes, his eyebrows almost at his hairline. “So there are seven new werewolves.”

Talia looked sheepish, which was not a common look on her face. “As it turns out, the smaller pack seemed to have bonded to each other rather quickly and are completely inseparable in regards to a pack. They have been through a lot. Much of which, we had failed to shield them from. However, there are not seven werewolves. Only four of them are wolves.”

Derek stared at her, waiting for an explanation. The conversation felt like it was becoming less and less real as words passed through his Mother's lips. "What do you mean?"

"In all eight, there is the Spark, four wolves, one Banshee, one Kitsune, and one Kanima." Talia turned away from him, seeming to busy herself with cooking, but Derek knew she was letting him process this information without have to meet his eye. "And all of them are around Cora and Malia's age, I believe."

"So we're running a supernatural day care?" Was the only thing Derek could think to say. He regretted it the moment it left him.

Talia turned around to face him, her demeanour every bit of the powerful alpha that she was. "They are our responsibility and from now on, they are our pack and our family, so you better start acting like it." Derek felt himself cower slightly and at this she seemed to calm herself. "I know right now you see them as more younger siblings you didn't ask for, but I can assure you they are not all that you expect. They have been through so much." She reached out and ran a comforting hand over the back of Derek's head, grounding him. "They deserve our kindness."

Derek nodded, feeling guilty for wanting so badly to turn them away. He turned towards his mother. "What kind of things have they been through?" His curiosity got the best of him.

Talia looked sad and pulled her hand down to his shoulder. "It isn't my place to say." Derek nodded again and Talia turned away to continue preparing dinner. Derek picked the knife back up.

Introduction Dinner Part 1

Chapter Summary

The two packs finally meet and Derek doesn't know how to interact with boys that smell too enticing for their own good.

Chapter Notes

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

They set up for dinner outside. Even though the Hale House was big, it was not quite big enough to host this many people all at once. There were multiple round wooden tables set up around the backyard, and plenty of chairs to go around. Talia had set up the Kitchen and Dining Room to run like a buffet, a large number food spread out on every square inch. It smelled wonderful.

The new pack arrived together, all smiles and playful laughter, though everyone could smell the anxiety pouring off of them in waves. Derek could smell it before they even got up the driveway. Half of them rode in a busted up blue jeep, that Derek was sure wasn't at all safe, and the other half rode in what looked like a brand new Porsche. The cars were almost cartoonishly opposite from one another. The two boys driving them seemed just as different. Introductions were made and though Derek tried to keep his distance, he could overhear the conversations they were all pulled into.

They all seemed nice enough. Scott, one of the wolves, and Kira, the Kitsune were almost too nice, but their smiles never felt fake or forced. They were making polite and horribly cheerful conversation with Derek's parents and Derek could see them soon becoming the new favorites, over their own children. Derek understood.

Jackson was the Kanima and while he seemed to want to be anywhere but here, he made civil conversation with the Hales, but generally stuck close to Lydia. Lydia was a whirlwind of girl. You could feel her power from her presence alone and even if she wasn't supernatural, you might be a little scared of her. Derek could see a scar on her neck, a thin line that went all the way around, as if someone tried to strangle her. Derek was suddenly struck with the realization that he really had no idea what they had been through. Lydia always seemed to have a calculating look in her eyes whenever someone spoke to her. Derek wasn't really sure if he trusted her. Unfortunately Laura had already found her, or she found Laura. All Derek knew is that he would put at least 20 feet in between him and that pair whenever they are together.

Three wolves huddled off the side, looking somewhat frightened of the proceedings. Erica, Isaac, and Boyd. They only spoke to one of the Hales when they spoke to them, but other than that they kept to themselves, smiling and joking only with each other. It would take

time, Derek could relate to that. He watched as Cora approached them. They didn't go still like they had when anyone else approached them. Isaac even smiled at her and pulled the chair next to him out for her to sit. It seemed very comfortable, familiar.

But the one Derek couldn't seem to stop watching was the Spark. Stiles moved with more energy than anyone he had ever seen. It was certainly an interesting thing to watch. His family seemed to find him the most amusing. Derek's Grandmother had zeroed in on him early on, curious to know more about the boy, for he did not seem to fit with his reputation. She was always sticking her nose in business that she deemed interesting and from the playful look in her eyes and Stiles' awkward laughter, Derek knew she was having fun teasing him. He was a little gangly and wild, but had broad shoulders and strong looking hands with long wiry fingers. His face made him look younger than he was, with big brown down eyes, moles scattered across his pale skin, and an upturned nose that looked far too innocent for someone that had been through as much as people say he had. Derek's eyes kept finding their way over to him, tracking the scattered movement of his hands and the quick twists of his body as he spoke. From the distance, Derek could see the way his gaze would dart to a member of the newer pack every so often, as if making sure they were still there, that they were still safe. He also had tattoos and scars on the exposed skin of his arms. On his left forearm were dark runes that Derek couldn't make out and on the right was a large black tree. It reminded him of something, but he couldn't quite place it.

"See something you like, my dear Nephew?" Peter said from behind him, making him jump a little. He turn his head to glare at his uncle. "Now, now don't stop on my account." He teased, his mouth pulling into an annoying and somewhat creepy smirk. "He is a beautiful boy." Peter leaned in slightly, his voice barely above a whisper. "And he smells delectable."

Derek shoved him away. "Go away, Peter."

Peter put his hands up in mock surrender and backed up. His eyes darted away and back to Derek's for a moment. "It seems Bambi is switching up the game. The predator becomes the prey." He smiles again before turning around and walking off.

Derek stands there for a moment, trying to piece together what his Uncle had meant, when a finger taps on his shoulder. He whips his head around and before he sees them he already knows who it is. Stiles Stilinski is standing in front of him, a crooked grin on his face and his light brown hair in a halo of the sunsets glow as it dips behind the trees.

"You must be Derek." He says as he reaches out a hand. Derek stares at it for a moment. "I'm Stiles Stilinski, Emissary in training." Derek makes a grunting noise that doesn't sound at all friendly, even to his own ears and looks away from Stiles' hand, not reaching out to take it. Stiles lets it hang between them for another moment before letting it drop and clearing his throat awkwardly. "I can't wait to learn about your family history. I hear the Hales are a big deal in the Werewolf world." His confidence had dropped slightly, but he continued to speak.

Derek snorted in response. It was odd for anyone in the supernatural world to not know about the Hales. They were almost like royalty. Derek found it a little refreshing. "You could say that." He crossed his arms and looked away, hoping that someone in his family would come over and save him from having to look back at the glint in Stiles' eyes and the small upturn of his mouth. Not to mention the smell. Peter wasn't wrong when he said he smelled good.

Derek couldn't quite put a finger on what it was, but it reminded him of the warm, fresh smell of trees and the sharp scent of cinnamon. It smelled like earth and electricity all at once. It was almost overwhelming.

"We're kind of new to all the history. We were just kind of thrown in." He moved his hands as if he was tossing something when he said it and he laughed a little, but it didn't quite feel real. His eyes darted away from Derek to where Scott and Kira were, then to Lydia and Jackson, then to the other three, Erica, Isaac, and Boyd. Then they were back on Derek.

Derek's eyebrows furrowed as he watched the boy. "They're safe here." Stiles' eyes widened slightly in surprise and his mouth opened as if to speak, but Derek interrupted him. "You're our pack now too. We won't let anything happen to them." He paused for a moment. "Or you." Stiles only stared and then finally he closed his mouth and nodded. Derek excused himself and turned away.

Chapter End Notes

This is only the very beginning of the interaction with the two packs!! The dinner hasn't even happened yet, and Derek is already too interested in Stiles for his own good. I'm

Introduction Dinner Part 2

Chapter Summary

Tensions rise as the packs meet, but it has nothing to do with the Hales. The new pack has to come to terms with joining strangers just as the Hales have to come to terms with bringing them in.

Chapter Notes

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

Something about the atmosphere had began to feel right. The previous smells of anxiety had lessened and everyone seemed to find their footing in awkward conversations. The sun was spilling golden light through the trees as it lowered and the temperature began to drop slightly along with it. Derek was beginning to get used to their smells mixing in with his family's though it was still odd. The only scent that didn't seem to blend was Stiles'. It stood out against all the rest, no matter where he was or how far away he moved from Derek. It was extremely unsettling.

They all sat at the tables assigned to them, because god forbid Derek's Mother trust her children to integrate themselves amongst the new pack. Okay, maybe she was right. Derek would rather be anywhere but surrounded by strangers that he was expected to make small talk with. He took his assigned seat, as if he was in elementary school and immediately regretted it. The second he lowered himself into his chair and sat his food down, another person flung themselves into the one next to him.

"Yo Derek!" Stiles said with smile that was just a little too bright. "I guess we're table buddies." He bumped his elbow against Derek's and took a bite of his food that seemed too big for his mouth. His cheeks puffed out like a chipmunk as he chewed.

"Stiles." Derek greeted and took a drink of his water that was sitting on the table in front of him.

Boyd, Erica, and Isaac came to sit at their table, across from Stiles and Derek. Isaac leaned over, looking at Stiles' place card as he pulled out his own chair. "Stiles, what are you doing over here?" Stiles gave Isaac a warning look that he either didn't notice or completely ignored. "I thought Malia was supposed to sit with us." Stiles glared harder and Isaac smirked just a little bit. "That is her name on the place card, is it not?" Erica laughed and leaned on the arm of Boyd's chair, who seemed unconcerned with the proceedings. Derek liked him the best. "Or did I read it wrong just now?"

Derek leaned over slightly to look at the place card. He could make out an "M" before Stiles hand moved across it smoothly. It then read, "Stiles Stilinski". Derek blinked in surprise.

Stiles smiled at Isaac. "I guess you read it wrong." Isaac rolled his eyes and slumped down in his chair slightly.

"But..." Derek heard himself say. He pointed towards the place card. "There was an M." He tried to think if he read it wrong, but he was sure he hadn't.

Isaac huffed. "He always uses magic to cheat. It said Malia. I saw it."

Erica's smile looked almost predatory. "Aw Stiles. Don't tell me you changed the name just to sit near us." Her gaze shifted to Derek and she looked him up and down slowly. Derek suddenly felt very uncomfortable by the attention. "Or was it to sit next to Derek, hm?"

Stiles practically squawked. "I do not cheat!" He crossed his arms and pouted slightly. "Maybe it just had my real name on it? Did you ever think of that?"

Erica and Isaac gasped in unison. Boyd suddenly looked slightly more interested than he did before. He leaned forward slightly. "So you're saying your real name starts with an M?"

Stiles looked like a deer caught in the headlights. His eyes were wide and his mouth was hanging open slightly. "N-no!" No one seemed to believe him. "It doesn't!"

"Stiles isn't your real name?" Derek said, unable to hold back his curiosity.

Stiles laughed at the question. "God, no! Stiles is nickname I gave myself as a kid. My real name is a polish monstrosity."

"And now we know it starts with an M. That narrows it down." Erica laughed and leaned back in her chair.

Isaac looked at Derek and seemed to notice his confused expression. "Stiles refuses to tell us what his real name is. So we started a betting pool. Every time you make a guess and get it wrong, you put in \$5. Whoever gets it right, wins the pool."

Boyd nodded. "We're up to almost \$300."

"You won't even know if you get it right!" Stiles threw his arms out. "I'm not gonna tell you."

"Good thing your Dad said he would tell us if we got it right." Erica said, before taking a bite of her food.

Derek could hear Stiles mumble "traitor" under his breath.

Isaac shook his head. They all ate in relative silence. Derek could see Stiles' leg bouncing under the table and it looked physically painful for him to not be speaking for the moment. He watched the three at the table and then his eyes bounced away again, still nervous. It seemed to calm him down slightly, just knowing his Pack was okay. The silence stretched longer, only the clank of silverware coming from their table. His family must have noticed. Because Laura had decided to interrupt their quiet.

“Hello!” She said from behind Isaac. No one seemed to notice that she was there, all to engrossed in their meals or for Stiles, looking at the others. They all startled. It would have been almost funny if their fear wasn’t so real. Stiles jumped up, his chair knocked back and his stance defensive. Erica and Boyd were holding hands so tightly that Derek was a little afraid they would crack. Isaac had curled in on himself slightly, hunched over his own plate. He kept his eyes down. Derek and Laura’s eyes met, surprise written across both their faces.

Stiles was the first to realize their mistake. “God, you scared the shit out of me!” He tried to laugh, but there was still something tense about him, the hard line of his shoulders, the tightness of his clenched fists. He sat back down. “Sorry about that.”

“No. No, I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to startle you.” Laura looked worried, her gaze falling on the other three. “I just came over to see how everyone was doing.” She tried to seem friendly, non-threatening. It had never been one of Laura’s strong suits. There was always something about her that seemed powerful and she had been practicing on making that a comforting thing rather than a dominating one around the new pack.

Erica and Boyd calmed slightly and Erica smiled. “We’re great. You guys have an amazing house.” For a moment, to Derek, she had looked so tired.

Stiles quietly reached over and put a gentle hand on Isaac’s wrist. Isaac took a breath and looked up. Stiles nodded as if to reassure his safety and then slowly pulled his hand back. Isaac seemed to come back to himself. He cleared his throat. “We’re not dead, so we’re doing as good as can be expected.” His mouth turned up in a sarcastic smile. “No matter how nice your house is.” Isaac’s tone was a little clipped. Stiles looked at him as if he had lost his mind and kicked him from under the table. It was an odd change from their previous behavior a moment ago. Isaac yelped. “What was that for?”

“Are you serious?” Stiles asked. “Quit being a dick.”

“Hey she asked!” He crossed his arms. “I just answered.” He slumped further down into his chair. “I didn’t want to be here.”

Stiles leaned forward in his chair, his voice lower than it was before, not that it mattered considering every one with supernatural hearing could still hear him just fine. “If an actual pack doesn’t take us in, we’re as good as dead.” The air crackled slightly as he spoke. It felt like a warning and Derek wasn’t sure he even realized it was happening.

Isaac’s face had gone defensive, his hands clenching the arms of his chair and he was leaning forward, his jaw clenched tightly. But it was Erica who spoke. “Well, we have survived this long.” She was twirling her hair in one hand and she wasn’t looking at the group, as if she was trying to appear disinterested. “Maybe we don’t need this.”

Stiles rolled his eyes. “You weren’t saying that when I was pulling chinese ring dangers out of your chest!” He said it louder than he obviously meant to. Everyone in the yard stopped moving, all the sound stopping. Derek felt the hair on the arms stand up. The electricity in the air made his fingers tingle. Stiles took a breath and stood up. He closed his eyes for a moment.

Everyone in both Packs were watching them and Talia stood up, ready to step in if need be. Derek looked at Laura who was watching Stiles with wide eyes, at a loss for what to do. Scott was behind Stiles in an instant. "Hey man." He tried to put a hand on Stiles' shoulder, but he shook it off and stepped back. "Stiles?" His voice was calm and sure. For a moment, Derek thought he might make a good alpha in his own right.

"I can't right now." Stiles was saying and shaking his head. He turned and walked off into the woods quickly. With every step the air seemed less charged and the grass underneath Stiles' seat was scorched and charred. Derek looked from the ground to Laura and then to Scott, who looked worried and apologetic.

"I'm sorry about that." He was saying. "Sometimes Stiles..." He thought over his next words. "Deaton says his power is unchecked. He doesn't have anything to ground him when he gets emotional."

"He doesn't have an anchor." Derek said and Scott looked at him with what could only be described as sad puppy dog eyes. He nodded.

"This is new for all of us." He looked pointedly at Isaac who cowered slightly, looking away. "But it is for the best." There was something about Scott that was soft, yet commanding. Derek respected that in him and suddenly it made sense that him and Stiles were best friends. They had a balance to them.

Laura shook herself out of her surprise. "We want you all to feel welcome. We are happy to accommodate any of your needs. It's no problem."

Scott nodded. "Thank you." He looked towards the spot in the woods that Stiles had disappeared. "I should go after him." Scott moved around the table, giving a polite wave and jogged into the woods.

Laura gave Derek a worried look and he shrugged. He knew this wasn't a good idea. He took bite of his food, trying to ignore the overwhelming scent of anxiety around him. Laura huffed and rolled her eyes at his indifference before stomping off. The three wolves at the table watched him nervously for a moment and then slowly began to eat their own food. This was certainly going to be interesting.

Chapter End Notes

okay, so I'm really into this story. It has more angst than I'm used to doing in fics, but I pretty much only do angst in other mediums so it's really interesting.

Feel free to comment!

A Real Page Turner

Chapter Summary

Derek is practically ambushed in his own library. Stiles just doesn't want to hurt anyone.

Chapter Notes

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

So the Dinner wasn't a total disaster. After Scott was able to coax Stiles back to the party, everyone seemed rather calm, though it felt more like they were walking on eggshells than actually enjoying themselves. Stiles was the best at pretending nothing had happened. He laughed and joked and spoke faster than most people could keep up with. He would jump from subject to subject, always talking, always moving. It seemed like a distraction for the group's benefit more than his own. He didn't try to approach Derek again.

The night came and went and Derek was glad it was over. He realized the next day, however, that this new pack wasn't something that could be so easily ignored.

Derek was sitting in the library of the Hale house, flipping through the pages of a book that smelled like leather and seemed older than the house itself, it very well might have been. It was thick and heavy in his hands and it was easy to lose himself in the words on the page and the cozy atmosphere of the room. There weren't many windows in the library so the only light was from lamps, one on an end table beside a red leather couch, one on a writing desk and one in the center of a long brown table. The only window was across the room, it wasn't very long, but it was tall and it let the late morning light spill into the room and onto the dark wood of the table. Derek was sitting in a maroon armchair near the couch, the farthest seat from the window, his back to the door.

He should have heard them coming, should have smelled them coming, but he didn't. He was too engrossed in what he was reading. The door burst open, making him jump a little.

"I'm telling you Lyds, the guy hates me." Stiles came in first, his neck twisted at an uncomfortable looking angle to look back at Lydia who was following behind. The door shut with a soft thud.

Lydia scoffed. Stiles faced forward again and walks right by Derek. "He doesn't hate you." She walked past him slightly, not looking back him, and stopped. "You don't hate him do you, Derek?" He knew he was being addressed, but was too surprised to say anything.

"Derek isn't here Lyd-" Stiles finally looked back, his previous look of confusion, morphing into terror, and he jumped a foot off the ground. Derek could hear his heart skip a beat and then pick up speed. "Oh my god, Derek!" He clutched his chest dramatically. "You can't do that to a guy, man! Are you trying to kill me?"

Derek lifted a hand, his eyebrows scrunching up in confusion. “You’re in my house.” Indignation bled into his tone, despite his internal efforts at remaining civil.

Stiles flailed slightly, his arms moving around himself in a flurry. “That doesn’t mean you gotta hide in the shadows, being a creeper.”

“I live here.” Derek gritted out. “This is my family’s library.” He tried to emphasize his earlier point. “I wasn’t being a... creeper...” The word felt odd coming out of his own mouth. “I was reading.”

Stiles’ attention was suddenly derailed. “Oh, what are you reading?” He moved over to Derek, his eyes zeroed in on the book in his hands. Stiles leaned over him, looking at the pages. Derek tried to fight the urge to lean away from him, or worse, lean into him. He could feel the warmth coming off of him and that intoxicating scent was even more overwhelming this close. Derek could see the long expanse of Stiles’ neck, open and unguarded in front of him. He had moles that trailed down off his cheek, over his jaw, and down his neck. Derek found himself wondering if the trail kept going below the neckline of his shirt. “It’s in Spanish.” He heard Stiles say. Derek looked away just before Stiles turned his head to look at him and he silently thanked his timing. He’s not sure if he could handle Stiles’ eyes that close up. “You read Spanish?” He sounded more impressed than mocking, but the teasing was still present, if only a little. Derek doubted Stiles could say anything without a little teasing behind it.

He cleared his throat. “Yeah.” He looked up to find Lydia watching him with a knowing look. “I studied it in college.” Lydia raised an eyebrow at him, seemingly unimpressed.

Stiles didn’t notice. “I can read Polish, Latin, French, and just a little bit of Archaic Latin that Lydia has been teaching me.” He said it in such a dismissive tone, that Derek suddenly wasn’t sure if he had heard him right. Derek’s eyebrows rose, both surprised and impressed by the boy leaning close to him.

“Archaic Latin?” He looked to Lydia.

She only shrugged. “I got bored with regular Latin.” She moved from where she was standing, bored with the conversation that had been happening. She sat bag down on one of the chairs before drifting off to the shelves.

Stiles’ attention had, surprisingly, not so easily shifted away. “Can you speak any Spanish?” Derek nodded. “That’s cool. I’m pretty bad at speaking different languages. I can only really speak broken Polish, but that’s only because my Babcia couldn’t speak English very well.”

Derek finally let his eyes drifted up to Stiles’ face. He was grinning down at him and something in Derek twisted. He closed his book and stood up quickly, trying to put some distance in between him and the other boy. “Do you guys need help finding anything?” He addressed Lydia, too afraid to look directly at Stiles again.

She barely glanced back at them,, her red hair falling off her shoulder and down her back in waves as she shifted. She already had two books in her hands, both in languages Derek didn’t understand. “I’m just looking. We’re really here for Stiles.”

Derek let himself look back at him. He had his hands in his pockets and he looked almost nervous. Derek raised his eyebrows in question. Stiles' pulled one hand out and scratched at his chin and looked away from Derek. "Anything you have on Emissaries, Sparks, or Magic users." Derek nodded. Stiles continued in a small voice. "Specifically how to subdue them or repress magic."

"Are you having a problem with another Emissary?" Derek felt oddly protective at the thought. "If so, my family can help you."

Stiles laughed, but there was no humor behind it. It sounded hollow. "Not exactly." He looked back at Derek. "It's for me."

Derek was taken aback. He looked at Lydia for some sort of answer, but she was flipping through a book with a sad look on her face. When she didn't look up, Derek turned back to Stiles. "Why?" He couldn't hold back his confusion. Stiles shrugged. "Why would you want to repress your magic?"

"I don't have a handle on it. If I can't learn to control it, I shouldn't have it. I don't want anyone else..." He stopped, his eyes darting away. "I don't want anyone to get hurt because of me." Stiles waved his hand, dismissing him. "Look, it's not a big deal." Stiles tried to grin again, but it wasn't the same. Derek could see the dark circles under his eyes and the emptiness that was hidden by shades of light brown. It wasn't often, but Derek kept having glimpses of this new pack, every so often he could see just how tired they looked, just how broken.

Derek wasn't sure what to do. He didn't even know Stiles. He couldn't provide comfort. It wasn't his place to offer advice and even if he could, he wouldn't know what to say. But for some reason, he felt like he should be doing something. He nodded, making a sound of acknowledgment. He suddenly felt angry for the pack, felt angry for Stiles. This wasn't fair. He dropped his book on the table and stomped out of the room, leaving the door wide open as he left.

Lydia and Stiles stared after him in shock. Derek could just barely hear Stiles say, "I told you he hates me.", as he made his way out of the house.

Chapter End Notes

Derek is getting protective of the new babies! But one in particular. I love protective Derek tbh. He also has no idea how to handle his emotions. I wonder what he's going to do ??

I hope you guys are enjoying the story.
Feel free to comment!!

Soft Spot

Chapter Summary

Derek gets irrationally protective of Stiles.

Chapter Notes

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

The run was a blur of trees, streets, cars, and maybe a couple people yelling. Derek really didn't register them. All he could hear was his heart beating in his ears and the quick thuds of his feet slamming against asphalt and dirt and pavement, pushing his faster and further. Before he knew it, he was bursting into the waiting room of Deaton's Vet Clinic. He was could feel a light sheen of sweat that had formed on his forehead and his chest was heaving as he panted. Waiting pet owner's heads snapped up to him, all with matching looks of astonishment and fear. Derek froze, suddenly sobered to what he was doing, very aware of how insane he must have appeared. He looked around. One woman pulled her Chihuahua closer to her chest as if Derek would try to eat it at any moment.

"Derek, to what do I owe the pleasure?" Deaton had stepped out from the back and was looking at him with his normal irritatingly calm expression.

Derek pointed a finger at him. "We need to talk."

Deaton stepped forward and opened the small swinging door attached to the desk, so Derek could pass through the Mountain ash. He held it open for him. "Well, come in then." Derek passed through and into the back room. He felt his pulse slowly dropping, anger bleeding from him, a little at a time, yet never quite leaving. He turned and faced Deaton as he entered and crossed his arms. "What is it Derek?"

"You were supposed to be helping him." Were the first words out of Derek's mouth. He felt overwhelmed with frustration. He let silence fall between them.

Deaton busied himself with various jars on the counter, his back to Derek. "I don't know who you are talking about." Derek stayed silent. Deaton said quiet for a moment before saying, "I have many talents, but mind reading isn't one of them."

Derek grunted, frustrated with himself for not truly knowing what he was trying to say. "Stiles." He took a breath. "You were supposed to be helping Stiles."

Deaton finally turned to face him. "I am helping Stiles. I've been training him for months."

The anger was gradually coming back to Derek, but that isn't an uncommon effect of trying to have a conversation with Deaton. "Then why is he looking for ways to subdue himself or

repress his magic? How is that helping him?" He asked through gritted teeth, his voice raising slightly.

Deaton seemed unconcerned. "You'd have to ask him that. I can assure you, I did not suggest these things to him. But Stiles' magic belongs to no one but himself. He should be able to choose what to do with it." His eyes met Derek's, calm and unwavering. "Stiles is an extremely powerful Spark. He has more power than I have ever seen in someone so young and he has been through more than most." He took on the same sad expression that everyone seemed to when they spoke about the small pack's past. He paused as if he was uncertain if he should say something. "His magic has had a high price and costed him the lives of others before." Deaton's gaze seemed more intense, boring into Derek. "If I'm not mistaken, you would be someone who could understand having the blood of a loved one on your hands."

Derek froze, suddenly taken aback. He didn't like to think about it, didn't like to dwell on the things that hurt that much, that made him feel so guilty. He tried to push down the sick feeling in his stomach. He stepped closer to Deaton, rage bubbling inside of him, his fist balled tightly at his sides, claws coming out and digging into his palm. "Help him or I swear I will."

"I wouldn't finish that sentence, Derek." Talia's voice washed over him and he felt a cold dread. He stepped back from Deaton slowly, not taking his eyes off of him. "Go home." That was all she said, her face hard and her voice commanding. He had no choice but to obey.

Derek made his way home, through the waiting room filled with curious glances and the woods until, with heavy feet, he made his way into the house. When he walked into the living room, he was met with a smirking Laura. He groaned. "You're so dead." Derek could hear the laugh waiting to bubble out in her voice. He rolled his eyes and huffed. "What were you thinking, baby bro?" He shook his head. Honestly, he had no idea.

His mother came into the house not long after, her anger held behind respectful composure that she always had in public, that was now starting to crack. "Derek Hale, what were you doing? You run out of the house, all the way across town, almost getting hit by cars, to yell at and threaten are friend and emissary in his place of business! I got five calls from people telling me you were running around like a madman. What has gotten into you?"

Derek ducked his head, shame and guilty flowing into him. "It won't happen again."

Talia sighed. While Derek could still feel her anger, she looked a little defeated. "You can't know that." She thought it over for a moment. "I hadn't realized you had bonded with the new members so quickly."

Derek's head snapped up, his eyebrows pulled down in confusion. "I haven't." He looked back at Laura, as if she would provide a reason for the conclusion their Mother had came too. Laura, as always was no help. She was leaning on the arm of the couch, her arms crossed, with a smug and teasing look on her face.

Talia raised an eyebrow at him. "Then why were you so protective of them? Why defend them against someone we trust?" She seemed genuinely curious to his reasoning, but he was at a loss for words. "A wolf doesn't fall that far into their protective instincts if they don't

care.” Derek opened his mouth to speak, but nothing came out. He didn’t know why he had done it.

He wished he had said something, because Laura chose that moment to pipe in. “Oh, it’s not all of them. It’s just Stiles.” She said his name in a sing song voice that made Derek grind his teeth.

Talia looked surprised. She watched Derek carefully, waiting for him to argue the suggestion or protest. When Derek didn’t answer, her features morphed into something softer, more Mother than Alpha. “Derek, is that true? Is it just Stiles you care for?”

Derek groaned and put his face in his hands. “No! He’s an annoying kid. He talks all the time and he has no sense of personal space. I don’t care about him at all.” He let his hands fall away and let out a breath. “You said we had failed them.” He paused. “And that we wouldn’t fail them again.” His Mother nodded in understanding. “We’re failing him already.”

The two women were silent and Derek crossed his arms, hoping they would let this go quickly. He wasn’t so lucky. “I will speak to Deaton, but Derek” She smiled at him fondly. “it’s okay if you care for the boy.” The tense air felt lighter.

Laura laughed loudly and suddenly, as if she had been holding it in. “Derek has a soft spot for Stiles!” She cackled and Derek watched his Mother try and fight back a smile.

Derek groaned and closed his eyes. “I don’t.” The protest sounded weak to his own ears.

His mother leaned forward, her hand wrapping around the back of his neck and pulled him forward. She planted a kiss on his forehead. “Oh sweetheart. It’s good you care. He is pack now. Just remember, so are the rest of them.”

Derek shook his head as his Mom stepped back. Laura slapped his back. “Yeah Der-bear don’t focus all of your gooey insides on Stiles.” She had an exaggerated pout on her face. “Save some love for the rest of us.” She pinched his cheek, making Derek wince.

He pushed her off of him and she laughed and pushed him back. Before he knew it, she was tackling him and they were rolling around on the floor like they had when they were kids. Derek found himself laughing. Laura had one of his arms behind his back when he heard his Mother sigh, though Derek knew she was smiling, and said “Try not to break anything.” She walked out of the room.

Derek flipped Laura off of him. Both of them scrambled up. She came at him and kneed him in the side and then swept her leg under him, knocking him off his feet. He fell back with a huff, taking a lamp, that had been sitting on the end table, down with him. There was a loud crash and both of them froze, waiting to hear their Mother’s yelling.

“What did I just say!” She said from the other room, her footsteps heading back. Derek and Laura both let out a laugh. Laura looked at him for a moment and then darted for the back door. He jumped up and followed behind her.

They pushed by their Dad who was walking in, glasses slipping down his nose and his attention focused on the papers in his hands. He looked up as they moved past. Laura shouted, “Hi Dad! Bye Dad!” They just made it to the treeline when their Mother entered the room, hands on her hips. Their Dad looked at her with his eyebrows raised in question.

She shook her head and pointed at him. “They are grown adults and they still act like children.”

He made his way towards her smiling warmly and let out a chuckle. “Let’s hope they never stop.” He kissed her cheek and she smiled slightly.

Chapter End Notes

I love emotionally constipated Derek, I swear. I love Laura and what the fandom has created to her be and I love the idea of them being annoying siblings for each other.

Feel free to comment!

Scrimage

Chapter Summary

The new pack and the Hale children go head to head. Just a bunch of dumb carefree children.

Chapter Notes

Sorry it has taken me so long to update! I've been really busy with school. I hope you enjoy it.

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

Derek stood at his window on the second floor and looked down at the back yard. The sun was bright and highlighted the yellowing of the grass nicely. The whole day had an almost bronze hue about it that only came with the end of Summer and the beginning of Autumn. He crossed his arms over his chest and watched the new members of the pack train. Well at least that's what they were supposed to be doing.

Scott and Stiles, with matching grins, were trying to take down Boyd and Jackson. The trick to it was none of them were allowed to use their hands. Jackson and Boyd looked more annoyed than anything, but were participating nonetheless, hands carefully held behind their backs. Stiles had been knocked onto the ground more than anyone, dirt and grass clinging to his clothes, and yet his smile never faltered.

Lydia sat off to the side, a large book she probably got from the Hale library in her hands. Every so often she would glance up to watch the others. Erica and Isaac were taking turns playing with Kira's katana. There were a few times one of them would swing it wildly and Kira would have to jump back, an anxious look on her face, but she would smile anyways and try to teach them how to move it properly. Everything about them seemed young, full of energy and light.

"You're being creepy again." Cora's voice came from behind him.

He glanced over his shoulder at her. She was leaning in the doorway, her hair pulled back and her arms crossed over her chest. She looked as serious as she always did, but Derek knew when he was being teased. "I'm not being creepy."

"Yeah, lurking in your room and staring moodily out your window at them isn't creepy at all." Sarcasm dripped off of her tongue. She rolled her eyes. "They're not diseased. Just come

outside and help us train them already.” She sounded more annoyed with him than anyone else would have. She didn’t have Laura or their Mom’s gentleness. She was blunt and impatient. Derek kind of liked that more.

Derek turned to look back out the window, thinking it over. His eyes roamed over the group and then were suddenly caught on Stiles, who was looking back at him, right up into the window. Derek felt very exposed even at that distance. The edge of Stiles’ mouth curved up slightly and he lifted his hand to gesture for Derek to come down.

“Okay. I guess I could help.” Derek cleared his throat and went to leave the room.

Cora groaned. “God, you are into Stilinski aren’t you? I was hoping Laura was wrong.”

Derek pushed at her arm slightly. “I’m not into him.”

Cora pushed back at him and moved past him to the stairs. “Sure you’re not. Is that why you ran all the way to Deaton’s to yell at him over how he wasn’t helping Stiles?”

Derek huffed and followed behind her through the house. “Laura needs to learn to keep her mouth shut.”

They stepped out of the house and into the yard. Everyone had turned to stare at them. Well, stare at Derek really. Stiles was grinning and Derek’s stomach dropped slightly. “Did you really?” He asked, seeming way too excited.

Derek stopped short in surprise, his body locking up. “Could you-” He hooked a thumb over his shoulder to point back into the house. He turned to Cora. “Could he-” She rolled her eyes.

“I couldn’t hear you.” Stiles supplied, but Derek didn’t let himself be thankful. Stiles pointed towards the group of Werewolves who looked torn between sheepish and smug. “But they could.”

Derek felt his ears heat up, but tried to keep his expression neutral, though it may have looked more angry than anything. “Whatever.” He could hear Cora snicker beside him. “Aren’t you supposed to be training?”

Stiles rolled his eyes. “Well, why don’t you show us what you got, Sourwolf?” Derek raised his eyebrows at the challenge and the group let out mocking “oohs” at them, but he kept his eyes on Stiles.

He stepped out on the grass, slow and deliberate. “Fine.” Stiles’ grin bloomed into a full on smile. “Cora, go get Laura and Malia.” She disappeared back into the house. “Us four Hales, against all of you.” He pointed his finger and moved it slowly across the group.

Stiles scoffed, his whole head moving back with the force of it. “Oh you’re so on.” They all looked a little smug. That wouldn’t last long.

They divided themselves across the yard, Derek, Laura, Cora, and Malia on one side and Scott, Kira, Jackson, Boyd, Erica, and Isaac on the other. Lydia kept off to the side, watching every move they made, every flinch, every twitch. Stiles stood a little ways behind the group, as if he was being protected, like the king in a game of chess. From the way magic was coming off of him in waves, Derek might dare to guess he was more of the Queen, the most powerful piece on the board. He could tell, even from the distance that Stiles was smirking at him, challenging him.

“Keep an eye out for Stilinski.” Cora kept her voice barely above a whisper so the Hales were the only ones who could hear. She was familiar with the other pack in a way the others weren’t. “He’s a quick thinker, probably the ADHD. Don’t let him out of your sight for too long.”

Laura hooked a thumb towards Derek. “Der-bear here can distract him.” Derek looked at her, his eyebrows pulled down in confusion. “What? Like this isn’t about him trying to play with you.” She shimmied in a ridiculous way. “You’re not the only one with a crush.”

Derek shoved at her shoulder, his jaw clenched tightly and his ears burning. “Shut up.”

Lydia seemed to be doing the same thing Cora was doing, informing the pack of the other’s strategy, their weaknesses. All eyes were trained on her and her lips were moving just slightly. Stiles had moved closed to her so he could hear.

“Isaac, Erica, Boyd, and Jackson are all brute force. They have some finesse, but they’d rather charge first ask questions later.” Cora continued, ignoring her sibling’s interruption.

“They should be easy to take out, use that against them.” Laura nodded.

Cora smiled just slightly. “Maybe. Now Scott and Kira look sweet, but they don’t know they’re own strength. Kira has powers we’re not familiar with and Scott won’t go down easy.”

“What about Lydia?” Laura asked.

Malia scoffed. “She’s a Banshee and a bookworm. She won’t join the fight. She might break a nail.”

Laura watched the redhead from across the yard, watched how everyone looked towards her. “No.” Laura’s voice was confident. “She’s in charge. She’ll be one of the last ones standing.”

Derek crossed his arms. “Scott’s their leader. They follow him, it’s not Lydia.”

Laura rolled her eyes as if her train of thought was obvious. “Scott would be the Alpha, he can lead and hold them together. Stiles is smart and powerful, but he’s too unpredictable and they don’t listen to him.” She paused, her eyes finally coming back to the Hales. “She’s the brains. She knows what to do and how to do it. I’m willing to bet she’s the thing that has kept them alive this long. She may not look like she’s in the fight, but she is. Watch her.”

The events that followed were whole heartedly unexpected by Derek. The new pack could certainly hold their own. But the Hales were not defenseless. They had the fact that they were born wolves and their extensive training all their lives on their side. However, the small pack had a desperate sort of fighting, the kind of fighting you only learn by experience, by necessity.

The rules had been pretty simple. If you get knocked down and didn't immediately get up, or if you stepped out of the bounds of the yard, you were out. You could use whatever resources you had at your disposal. Currently, Derek and Laura were the only Hales left in the fight. Malia took out Jackson and Kira before a root of a tree had lifted off of the ground and flung her out of bounds. Stiles had only smirked when she shouted at him. Cora tricked Boyd and Isaac into pushing each other out of bounds, but didn't account for Erica and ended up on the ground for longer than was allowed. Laura took out Erica pretty easily after that and focused her attention on Scott, who was knocked down more often than standing, but no matter how hurt he was, he always got back up quickly.

That left Scott, Stiles, and Lydia in total. Derek had never been the most agile of the Hales and yet he found himself spending every second of the fight dodging magic thrown at him and stray tree roots. He kept his eyes trained on Stiles, listening to the racing of his heart and smelling the spike of excitement in the air around him. He was smirking, obviously enjoying torturing Derek like this.

He heard Laura shout and suddenly he realized his mistake. He had taken his eyes off of Lydia. He glanced back just in time to see Lydia and Scott try to toss Laura out of bounds, but she was never one to go down easy. She dug her claws into both their arms and yanked, causing them all to tumble out of bounds together, with matching expressions of surprise.

Stiles' laugh is what brought Derek back to him. He jumped back, feeling the sting of magic just barely grazing against his arm and the hair on the back of his neck stand up from the electricity of it.

Stiles was smiling, like he seemed to always be doing, carefree and wild. "Guess it's just you and me, Big Guy." He flicked his wrist and another tree root ripped itself from the dirt under Derek.

Derek let it push under him and used it to lift his weight off the ground. He felt the force of it. He shifted and let it catapult him towards the Spark. His body collided with Stiles', knocking them both to the ground. He heard a soft "Oof" pass through the other boy's lips and the cheers from the sidelines, as they fell.

Stiles was a warm line of heat under him and Derek had to keep himself from thinking how nice it felt. He lifted up on his elbow to make sure Stiles was alright, their noses close enough to brush together, their breath mingling together in a way that made Derek feel a little light headed. His eyes were bright, his soft looking lips tilted up on one side. They stared at each other for a long moment and Derek forgot how to speak, his tongue feeling heavy in his mouth, tasting like cinnamon and electricity.

Stiles tilted his head to the side, his eyes soft. His pale skin looked flushed and Derek felt the urge to slide his fingers over the apple of his cheek. Someone cleared their throat behind him,

making Derek jump slightly. “Uhh..” He scrambled off of Stiles, his ears burning and suddenly away of the position they were. Though embarrassed, he still had enough dignity left to reach out his hand to help the other boy up.

Stiles’ hand felt hot against his and when he winked Derek felt himself blush even harder than before. “Draw?”

Derek nodded, not fulling believing he would have disagreed with anything Stiles asked. He heard Laura protest behind him, but he didn’t think it was necessary to look anywhere, but Stiles at the moment.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter is pretty soft, pretty fluffy. But mark my words the angst is coming.

Feel free to comment!

Softly Lit and Lovely

Chapter Summary

Stiles and Derek spend a little time together. Everything is soft.

Chapter Notes

I lied just a little bit! This chapter is pretty fluffy, but the angst will 100% be delved into in the next chapter.

I'm sorry it's taken me so long to update, but I am a horrible college kid trying to keep my head above water. Thank you to everyone who has been patient with me!

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

Stiles seemed to feel more comfortable at the Hale house after the first day of training. He was everywhere Derek turned. He wasn't sure if it was blessing or a curse. Right now he was spread out on the couch, limbs taking up more space than necessary, and smelling better than anyone had a right to.

"Hey, Der-bear!" He practically shouted when Derek walked into the room. His smile was bright and teasing. His long fingers were twisting at an intricate leather knot he was tying and there were powders and liquids in clear glass bottles scattered on the coffee table.

"Don't call me that." He crossed his arms, trying to ignore the tightness of his chest.

Stiles practically pouted. "Don't be like that. You can admit you don't hate me now." He wiggled his eyebrows and heat rose to Derek's ears.

He let out a huff. "Not gonna happen."

Stiles only laughed, his head tilted back just slightly, showing off the pale column of his neck. "Oh come on. I have all this homework because of you." He gestured to the materials scattered in front of him. For a moment, Derek felt a little guilty, but Stiles didn't sound angry, not even a little.

"So you're not quitting the?" He tried not to sound too hopefully.

Stiles looked down at what he was doing. "Nah, not now at least."

Derek shifted towards Stiles, trying to peek at the things in front of him. “What are you doing?”

Stiles shrugged. “A protective charm. Pretty simple stuff, but effective.” Stiles focused his attention on the knots. Derek sat on the arm of the chair closest to where Stiles was sitting, watching him. “I could do this in my sleep. Deaton has me going back to the basics as if I can't do more. I think he's trying to Mr. Miyagi me. He knows I've done this loads of times. I mean, the amount of protective charms I've made since...” He trailed off, his face dropping suddenly. He was quiet for a long moment. Derek didn't move, didn't want to startle him. He cleared his throat and smiled wider than seemed comfortable, obviously trying to lighten the mood again, but his eyes still looked sad. “But whatever, you can never have too much protection I guess.”

Derek only nodded. He wanted to ask what Stiles had been about to say, but he didn't. He held his tongue.

Silence fell between them and Stiles continued his work for a moment before standing. He stepped into Derek's space, his eyes cast downwards on the twisted leather in his hands. He looked almost embarrassed. “Here, give me your hand.”

Derek raised an eyebrow in question, keeping his arms crossed tightly.

Stiles scoffed and rolled his eyes at Derek's reluctance. “Come on, what do you think I'm gonna do, bite your finger off?” Stiles smirked and his scent spiked slightly. “Unless you're into your fingers in my mouth?” He winked as if his sole mission was to ruin Derek's life.

Derek, the smooth guy that he is, choked on his own spit, his ears aflame and his eyes wide.

When he finished coughing, Stiles laughed. “A simple no would be enough.” He teased, not meeting Derek's eyes.

“That's not-” Derek tried to get out, but Stiles just grabbed his arm, cutting off his sentence.

“Just trust me okay?” Stiles tied the intricately knotted leather around his wrist with a gentleness Derek didn't know he was capable of. “There.” Stiles let his hands drop away after a moment too long of holding Derek's arm. His fingers left a warmth on Derek's skin. He stared down at his wrist and Stiles shifted on his feet. “Now you're protected. You know, to an extent. It won't bring you back from the dead or anything, but it'll repel any curse or hex, basically anything dark magic related.” He rubbed at the back of his neck.

Derek felt warm all over. He touched the charm on his wrist in awe and suddenly felt incredibly undeserving. “Maybe you should give it to someone else. I'm sure they might need it more than me.”

Stiles laughed, almost nervously. “Well that one is kind of made specifically for you... It won't work for anyone else.”

“Oh.” Was all that came out of Derek's mouth. The leather felt cool against his wrist. The new weight felt like a comfort. The magic was subtle, but Derek could still feel it throbbing

slightly, like a heartbeat.

Stiles hooked a thumb over his shoulder towards the back door. "I gotta get more herbs from the woods, do you wanna come?"

Derek nodded, trying to hold on to what little casual air he could muster. Stiles led the way, his hands always moving, tapping out a rhythm on his jeans or flailing through the air as he spoke. Derek watched him and listened, not offering much in way of conversation. Stiles didn't seem to mind.

"I've done loads of spells before." Stiles was saying. "Charms and runes are pretty easy if you have enough power behind it. The more powerful the spark, the more effective the magic, obviously. But I can do magic without them too. Deaton says it's pretty rare for someone to be able to do magic without some sort of channel, like a spell or something. Magic is too chaotic, it has to be concentrated on something." He laughed slightly. "I've never been one for concentration ADHD and all. It's more controlled now, but if I was every upset as a kid, it was wild." He spun to Derek, a whirlwind of a boy. His eyes were bright and full of amusement. "Did I tell you I broke Jackson's leg once?"

Derek smiled a little at that. Jackson certainly wasn't in Derek's favor. He was entitled and whiny. "I'm sure he deserved it."

"Oh he definitely did. We were in the 3rd Grade and he was dating Lydia, who I was in love with." Derek felt his heart sink a little at that. "Scott helped me pick flowers for her. We got chased a couple of times for stealing out of Mrs. Cooper's garden." He laughed again, but looked away from Derek, as if he could see the memories in front of him. "I gave them to Lydia on the playground. She said something about flowers without wrapping or a vase being dirty, but she took them anyways. Jackson, like the dick he is, took the flowers and stomped all over them." He shrugged and put his hands into his pockets. "Of course I started to cry. Scott saw this all happen and before I knew it he was tackling Jackson to the ground. It was amazing!" They moved through treeline, the shade making the air chilly.

"Scott sounds like a good friend."

"He's the best. But Jackson was tougher, broke his nose. I was so mad. I couldn't even think. Next thing I know a tree root pushes up out of the ground and wraps around Jackson's ankle. Snap!" Stiles shook his head. "I felt bad after. I knew it was me. I don't know how, but I did. But then he came back to school and everyone wanted to sign his cast and Lydia was doting on him left and right. I didn't feel very bad after that."

Derek chuckled a little. "So you have a thing for trees?"

Stiles looked confused for a moment and Derek looked pointedly at the tree tattoo on his arm. "Oh! Well, I'm not sure. The tree thing just kind of happens, so I go with it. Deaton thinks I'm connected to the Nemeton or something. I don't know. He speaks in riddles." He lifted his arm, showing off his tattoo. "The tattoos are a manifestation of my powers. They appear and change on their own."

“Really?” Derek watched as Stiles flexed his long fingers and the leaves on the trees shook slightly. They were more colorful than Derek remembered them being. The dark green was bleeding into the golds and red of fall.

“Yeah, I’m kinda terrified of needles. When Scott got bands around his arm, I passed out just from watching it. Like completely collapsed.

Derek tried to recall noticing any ink on the other boy’s skin when they had met. “I didn’t know Scott had any tattoos?”

“Oh, he doesn’t.” Stiles’ expression morphed into a cartoonish disgust, his mouth pulled down far on both sides. “Werewolf healing and all, it was gone within an hour. Thank god, I hated that thing.”

“You know there is a way to tattoo a werewolf.” Derek could remember the pain that burned into his skin years ago. “I have one.”

“Scotty will be thrilled to know.” Stiles however, did not sound too thrilled. Suddenly his eyebrows perked up and he looked at Derek out of the corner of his eyes. “You got a tattoo?” He moved his gaze up and down Derek’s body. “Can I see it?”

Derek walked ahead of him, well aware that the other boy was smirking. “Maybe one day.”

Derek stopped at a clearing filled with bright plants blooming in the grass. When Stiles passed him to gather his ingredients, he was pouting slightly. Derek watched him as he worked. The sun was filtered through the canopy of orange and red leaves of the trees and it made Stiles look like he was glowing softly. He was beautiful, Derek could admit it, at least to himself. Stiles filled his hands with supplies, trying to keep the plants from tumbling out of his long arms. He looked up and smiled at Derek, proud of his accomplishment. Derek looked at him fondly, everything softening inside of him, melting at Stiles’ smile.

A howl, desperate and soaked in pain, ripped through the air and the mood dropped, the light suddenly felt dimmer and the air colder. Stiles’ smile fell away and he let the plants fall from his hands. He clutched at his chest and his features contorted in pain.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys enjoy the fic so far. feel free to leave a comment!

Bonded

Chapter Summary

Isaac is in trouble and Stiles is the only one that can save him, but if he can't, what will it cost him?

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! I know it's been awhile, but life kind of hits you like a truck sometimes I guess and you get distracted. I really do like this fic and I don't want it to go unfinished at all. Be forewarned that this chapter does end in another cliff hanger and is on the angstier side.

But please feel free to comment anything!

Derek's not sure what happened. One moment Stiles was standing in the clearing, arms brimming with plants and a smile on his face, and then the next he was hunched over and screaming in pain. Derek rushed to his side, arms bracing him as he started to sway.

"Stiles?" Derek felt panic rising in his throat. "What's wrong?" He wrapped his hand around Stiles' forearm, partly to steady him and partly to seep whatever pain he could find out of him. The veins on his hand went black and the pain washed over him. He ground his teeth and bared through it.

Stiles was breathing heavily beside him, but his screams had gone silent. Derek felt the pain leave him, but he didn't let go of Stiles. "Are you okay?" He kept his voice quiet, afraid to startle the spark.

Stiles stood quickly, detangling himself from Derek's grasp. "We have to go." He took off the way they came, the crackling of electricity behind him.

"Wait! Stiles!" Derek follow after him quickly, but he didn't turn around. "What just happened?"

Stiles kept moving, his voice oddly calm, but his pace picked up. "Something's wrong with Isaac." He didn't sound afraid, but he smelled like it. His face didn't show any emotion actually. It was devoid of it. That's what worried Derek the most. Stiles didn't have the face of someone in shock, of someone who couldn't believe this was happening. He had the face of someone who had felt this kind of fear before. He could put on a brave face easier than

breathing, but he must have never quite got the hang of suppressing the scent of his emotions, because right now it was clouding Derek's head with worry.

"What's wrong with Isaac?" Stiles didn't say anything, just kept moving. "Stiles?"

Frustration poured off of him. "I don't know." His voice was soft and desperate. He was facing fully away from Derek, not looking at him. "We just have to get back to your house."

Stiles had broken into a full on run when the house came into view, Derek following behind him. He could hear the wails of pain coming from inside. When they stepped inside the living room, he could almost feel the tension in the room. Stiles rushed forward to the center and crouched beside a crumpled up Isaac on the floor. The Hale's were standing at the edges of the room, keeping their distance. Derek stopped beside Laura, they shared a worried look and then he turned, watching the smaller pack in the inner circle around Isaac.

"Hey, buddy." Stiles said gently, rubbing his hands along Isaac's arm. He looked up at Scott who was on the other side of Isaac. "What happened?"

Isaac's wailing had died down to a whimper between them. Scott ran a hand through his hair. "We were on the edge of the preserve. He felt kind of wound up lately from the pack being taken in. So..." Scott took a breath, and raised his eyebrows, as if he couldn't believe anything could go wrong. "We went for a run, just to get some energy out. We were racing and I pulled ahead. Then he yelled and I looked back and there were these two guys, they shot him with something and then threw him in the trunk." Scott let out sucked in a breath quickly. Kira put a comforting hand on Scott's shoulder. He closed his eyes and leaned into the touch. He cover her hand with his and opened his eyes again after a moment. "I got to them as fast as I could. Isaac was screaming so loud. I fought them off and got Isaac out and I just grabbed him and ran."

"What did they shoot him with?" Stiles began to turn Isaac on to his back. His shirt was torn open and there was a open wound on his stomach. It wasn't bleeding, but it was turning black around the edges, poisoning him. Stiles pushed his fingers around the edges of the black skin, making Isaac yell out. "Shit. Shit. Shit." Stiles gritted his teeth and hunched forward slightly, like he was in pain too. It reminded Derek of the way he had looked in the clearing. It made him feel sick. "Why does it always have to be wolfsbane?" Stiles sat up. "Okay, all the werewolves out now." He spoke with such clear authority that at least half of the wolves in the room were already moving to leave.

Derek and Scott remained where they were. Stiles looked desperate towards Scott. "Please man, let me do this."

Scott gripped Isaac's hand for a moment and nodded. He let go and wiped at his nose and sniffed, holding back the tears. "We can't lose anyone else." He stood up.

Stiles let out a hollow laugh. "No pressure." Scott left the room, making eye contact with Derek for a brief moment as he went. His eye found Stiles again to find that he was already looking back. Stiles looked sad and desperate and wild. "Please go. It'll be fine." Derek felt himself nod and he turned to leave, even though everything in him was telling him to stay, to

not leave Stiles hunched over a member of his pack. The last thing he heard before the door shut behind him was Stiles telling Lydia to grab his bag for him.

Everyone else waited outside while the non-werewolves worked to help Isaac. But even through the wood, they could still hear his screams. Any hint at crying from Scott was gone when he was with the rest of his pack. Even though you could tell he was worried by the tense line of his shoulder, he kept his expression light. "He's not going to die, Erica." He had one arm slung around her shoulders and he smiled.

"How do you know that?" Erica wasn't looking at him, only towards the house. She had her arms crossed and she was close to chewing a hole right through her red stained lip.

"Stiles will save him." Scott said quietly.

"He can't save everyone. You know that." She turned to look back at Scott. "You doubt him the most out of all of us." And that was all she said before pulling away and walking over to Boyd.

Derek was about to make his way towards Scott when a hand stopped him. Laura stood behind him. "Leave it alone for now." Derek looked back at Scott one last time before facing her again and nodding. Laura shifted from one foot to the other and looked at the house. "Derek." She looked back at him and for the first time in long time, she looked hesitant. "How did Stiles know that Isaac was hurt."

Derek's eyebrows pulled together. He looked at Laura's worried face and a part of him felt defensive, like she was accusing Stiles of something. But this was his older sister. One of the people he trusted most in the world. He shrugged. "I don't know really." He crossed his arms and thought back to that moment in the clearing, when Stiles collapsed. The memory left a bad taste in his mouth. "One minute he was fine, smiling." He looked back at the house. "And the next he was on the ground, screaming. Then after a minute he just got up and said something was wrong with Isaac and he we had to get back to the house." He turned back to Laura who was staring at him with a serious expression.

"Derek, I think he might have..." She shook her head, Derek could almost see the thoughts flying around behind her eyes, analyzing the situation. "I have to talk to Mom." She turned to walk away, but Derek reached and grabbed her hand to stop her.

"What is this about, Laura?" She looked suddenly very guilty, like a kid again. That face made Derek's stomach turn. "What do you think he did?"

She looked around and stepped closer before looking back to Derek. "I don't even know if I'm right, but it sounds like he bound himself to Isaac, probably the whole pack too. If you create a magic bond between two things, they can feel each other's pain if it's life threatening and sense where they are. I think that's how he knew. I think he felt Isaac's pain."

"Okay?" Derek kept his head low as he spoke, afraid the others might hear.

"Derek, if one of the bonded dies the link might be too much for the other to handle." Derek felt himself still, his heart quickening and thundering in his ears. He already knew what she

was about to say. “If Isaac dies, it could kill Stiles too.”

Constant Sacrifice

Chapter Summary

The pack has to deal with not being able to help Stiles and Isaac and things get heated. The Hales are starting to find out things about the small pack that they didn't know before.

Chapter Notes

Hey guys! Thank you for all your super super nice comments. I know it's frustrating that I haven't posted in a while, time hasn't been on my side. But thank you sticking around or taking a chance on reading this fic. It means a lot to me that you guys enjoy the story.

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

Derek was angry, boiling over with it and there was nothing he could do, but pace back and forth, waring down the dirt driveway a little more with every step. His Mother, his Alpha, commanded him to stay out of the house and he couldn't disobey a direct order. So he was forced to be useless.

Stiles could die. He just met Stiles and already he might lose him. Laura had told Talia of her suspicions. Thinking it best to know the truth from someone more well versed in magic, Talia called Deaton. Deaton was being his usual calm and frustrating self by letting them know that he had already known about the bond and hadn't cared to inform them. Talia didn't take too kindly to that, but seemed to care more about the situation at hand than getting angry at what the man had withheld from the pack.

"Bonds are not easily broken and with a power as strong as Stiles', trying to sever it myself, could kill us both. It was best to leave it be." Deaton was looking towards the house, expression thoughtful.

Derek stopped pacing to face the group. "But it could kill him if Isaac dies." He chimed in, one more cryptic answer away from pushing Deaton aside and going back into the house regardless of the dangers and his orders. "What if he isn't strong enough to live through the bond severing? They would both die."

This time it was Scott who chimed in. "He's done it before." He wasn't looking at them, but at the house, his face hard. He kept his arms crossed over his chest.

Talia kept a diplomatic air, trying to keep everyone calm. “We know he has healed many of you before, but we have to consider what might happen if he can’t this time.”

Scott shook his head, his mouth pulled tight and his crooked jaw clenched tight, almost as if he was angry. “No. He hasn’t always been able to save them.” He closed his eyes and took a breath before looking at Talia. “I mean he has lost people he was bound to before.”

Everyone stilled, except the smaller pack. They looked sad, Erica glared at Scott, her brow pulled tight and eyes watery. Boyd put an arm around her. Derek was suddenly glad Jackson and Kira had stayed inside to help, the pained look of the three werewolves in front of him was already too much. He could feel the grief pouring off them in waves, could smell it in the air.

Laura’s eyes found Derek’s, shocked and filled with sadness for the small pack that had found their way to the Hale’s. After a moment, she spoke up, voice slightly weakened by unshed tears she was holding back. Laura had always cared too much about broken things, always wanting to fix them. “How many?” She cleared her throat and looked at the pack, her voice stronger now. “How many has he not been able to save?”

It was silent for a moment and to Derek’s surprise it was Boyd who spoke up. “Two, Allison and Liam.”

“Those are just the ones he was bonded to.” Scott shook his head. “We are well aware he can’t save everyone. But he can try.” He was defiant and bitter as he lifted his chin high and suddenly Derek was filled with anger.

“You’re willing to sacrifice Stiles in the chance that it might- might” his voice raised slightly and he felt his claws stab at the ends of his fingers, “save someone else.”

Erica sniffed and tossed her blonde curls over her shoulder, fighting the tears. “He has saved all of us more times than I can count. The bond might be dangerous, but it is one of the only reasons weren’t not all dead. We’re not sacrificing Stiles, he’s sacrificing himself for us. We do it every day for each other and some days people don’t make it.” Derek took a step back, anger dissipating. She was defending Scott and Stiles with a fierceness that shown through her eyes and bore into him, threatening him, warning him to back down.

Laura stepped between Derek and the group, her stance defensive, but her face was soft. “You’ve been through hell, but we’re a pack now, all of us.” She swept her arms around the yard. “We’re here to help you, but we need to know these things.”

The smaller pack backed down, shoulders dropping, but not looking entirely convinced. Before they could anyone else could speak, Lydia stepped out the front door. Her hair was falling out of her long braid and while her face was composed, she smelled of worry and wolfsbane. All faces turned to her.

Scott uncrossed his arms and took a step forward. Lydia’s heels echoed on the wood of the porch as she took another step. “Isaac is alive and healing so far, but he passed out not long after we started and he hasn’t woken up yet. Kira and Jackson are moving him to one of the

guest rooms to rest.” She gestured behind her towards the door. “Stiles is casting a couple of protection spells on the house again, just to be safe.”

“Is he okay?” Scott was the one who asked. “Can we see him?” He stepped forward again, eager to go back in and Derek was waiting for the answers, his breath stuck in his throat.

Lydia nodded. “He’s weak, but he’s okay.” She stepped to the side and looked to Talia. “The wolfsbane is cleared out, you can go back inside.”

The pack hurried inside, Derek and Scott leading them into the living room. They stopped at the edge of the room when they saw Stiles. He was sitting on the floor, his feet folded back under him and he was swaying slightly as he stared out into space with a blank look in his brown eyes. His mouth was parted and it was twitching as he spoke out a spell they couldn’t hear. His voice was no more than the breath living his lips. The dark circles under his eyes were more pronounced against his skin that seemed a shade or two paler than normal, the normal flush of his cheeks unaccounted for.

He didn’t seem to notice that they had entered the room. He just sat there, his hands extended in front of him, unmoving, as steady as Derek had ever seen them. Scott was the first to step forward. He held out a hand and tentatively moved into the living room. “Hey Stiles.” His voice was smooth and gentle, like he was coaxing a wild animal.

The burning, sharp smell of electricity filled Derek’s nose and for a moment Scott paused before continuing forward. “Stiles, buddy. It’s me, Scott.”

The rest of the pack had filled in behind them, just outside of the wide opening of the living room that moves into the hallway and then to the kitchen. They all stayed silent as they watched Stiles and Scott.

Scott was barely a foot away now. He slowly stretched his arm out to Stiles’ shoulder. Tendrils of blue electricity jumped from finger to finger on his outstretched hands. For the second time, Scott hesitated before taking a breath in his nose. He dropped to his knees and wrapped his arm around Stiles’ shoulders and used the other to pull his arms down and brace them against his lap. In the instance, two things happened. One, Stiles closed his eyes and went limp, his body falling into Scott’s arms. Second, He let off a wave of electricity that ran through Scott. The bolts crackled into the air and ran into Scott, who threw his head back and clenched his teeth, fighting the pain. Derek ran forward and dropped to his knees on the other side of Stiles, facing Scott. He lifted his hands to pull them apart, but then stopped, realizing that with the current running through them, he wouldn’t be able to touch them. He just stared at them, his arms hanging in the air uselessly.

Then, just as quickly as it started, the electricity died. Scott was breathing heavily and his arms began to weaken. Derek moved forward to help him support Stiles’ weight. Kira burst in from the stairs, Jackson trailing after her. “Scott?” She rushed to his side, letting him lean on her slightly. “We agreed that I would do this. I can take electricity safely, you can’t.” She brushed her hand through his hair. “Let me do it.”

Scott shook his head, but smiled a little in her direction. “There wasn’t time. He was going to blow.” He looked her in the eyes, more awake than he had looked a moment ago, his healing

already kicking in. "I'm fine." She still looked worried. Scott leaned over, kissed her cheek, and grinned at her goofily, making her smile.

Derek suddenly felt like he was intruding on a moment and looked away. His gaze found Stiles, who's eyes were still closed as Derek and Scott held his weight. He looked more at peace now, not like he had before he passed out, strained and empty. The color was slowly coming back to his face, but he still looked paler than usual. The moles on his cheek and neck stood out more in contrast.

Talia stepped up to the group on the floor. "We should get him in a room so he can rest." She looked to Derek. "You can take him to your room for now, Derek. The only guest room that is ready for the new pack is the one Isaac is in." She looked at Scott. "Each of you should have your own rooms by the end of the week, so you have somewhere to stay here if you need to." Scott nodded and thanked her, looking grateful. She turned back to Derek. "But for now, you wouldn't mind giving up your room for Stiles to heal would you?"

She had asked, but she knew he wouldn't say no and even if he wanted to he wouldn't deny her, or Stiles for that matter. He nodded. "That's fine." He moved to face Scott and shifted his arm behind Stiles. "I'll take him. You should get some rest too." Scott smiled and slipped his arms out from behind Stiles and let Derek take his weight. He slipped his other arm under Stiles' knees and stood up and carried him, bridal style, towards the stairs. When he left the company of the pack, the only noise was the creaking of the stairs and the soft sound of Stiles' breathing.

Stiles shifted as he walked into his room. The top of his hair tickled Derek's neck and he felt his ears burn as Stiles rubbed his nose into his chest sleepily. Derek gently laid him on the bed and saw that Stiles had cracked his eyes open and he was pouting, his bottom lip stuck out almost cartoonishly. Derek forced his lips into a frown to keep from laughing, but he didn't think it fooled Stiles. "Why are you pouting?" He couldn't keep the amusement out of his voice.

Stiles curled up slightly, still pouting, as Derek put the dark green blanket over him. "I'm not pouting."

Derek laughed this time, a small chuckle, but it was enough to make Stiles pout harder. "Right. Not pouting."

"Don't laugh at me." Stiles rubbed his nose with the back of his hand and let his eyes fall closed. Derek felt his face go soft as he looked at him. He tried to school his features back to something less embarrassing when Stiles cracked his eyes back open at him. "Just didn't want you to stop holding me. It was nice and you're warm." He pulled the blanket up to his neck and shoved his face into the pillow as he spoke. His eyes fell closed, leaving Derek staring at him in shock, with his chest bursting with warmth.

Stiles' snores broke Derek from his shock and he smiled down at him. He lifted his hand brushed his wild hair back slightly. "I'm not laughing at you." He said quietly.

He left the room and shut the door carefully, afraid to wake Stiles. When he got back down stairs everyone, outside of Isaac and Stiles, had gathered in the large dining room. Talia was seated at the head of the table, her posture ridged. She looked serious when Derek entered the

room. "Sit down, Derek. We're about to have a pack meeting to discuss-" She paused and considered her words. "Recent issues. The rest of the pack are on their way."

Derek sat down beside Laura and met her nervous gaze, silently asking her what this was about, but she only shrugged and shook her head. After a few moments of silence, Derek heard the front door slam open and shouting. His mother stood up as Cora came bursting into the room, her teeth and claw extended, rage pouring off of her. Malia came running in after her, looking confused. Peter and his wife, came in next, much calmer than the other two. The youngest children, being omitted from the meeting, must have been left with a sitter.

"What happened to Isaac?" Cora almost shouted.

Their mother put up a hand. "He's fine. He's resting."

Cora growled and the whole room stiffened, shocked at the aggression towards the alpha. "Why did no one call me?"

Talia walked around the table slowly and then came to a stop in front of Cora. She let her eyes glow red as she spoke. "We called you when he was safe. Now sit down." She let her alpha power bleed through the last sentence.

Cora's eyes went gold in response, her teeth and nails disappearing, and she took a seat at the table, the rest filing in behind. Talia went back to her seat and stood for a moment. "We have some things to discuss." She sat down and no one moved, the room filling with tense silence, waiting for the inevitable.

Chapter End Notes

I've enjoyed all of your comments and I hope you leave me more! I'll try to update quicker, I really do love this story and these characters.

Pack Meeting

Chapter Summary

The Hale Pack discuss the new information that has come up about the new comers and have to vote as a family on if they stay or go.

Chapter Notes

Hello everybody. What's it been? 2 Years? Wild how time keeps moving forward and stuff. I would totally promise to do better but I am going to post 2 chapters in one night so isn't that enough.

Most of the people who were reading this before probably wont ever see this update isn't that fucked up. I mean the show is over the fandom is at least half dead but I love them so it's fine. Anyways here you go and to any new readers, I'm sorry in advance.

Also I proofread nothing

“Shouldn't the rest of our new pack be present when we talk about this?” Laura asked. Derek wanted to chime in and agree, but from the look on his Mother's face, it was best to wait. They had all gathered in the study and shut the doors. The smaller pack, along with Peter's children and his wife Olivia were in the livingroom resting and recuperating. Olivia often took the children in a separate room during pack meetings, trusting Peter to vote on her behalf while she cared Gracie and Jack until they are old enough to vote.

Talia stood by the window looking out. “Usually I would say yes.” She turned to face the rest of the pack. “But there are things we did not know when we took them in.” The pack sat in silence waiting for her to continue. “The people who attacked Scott and Isaac are with the Argents.”

The room tensed, and Laura looked to Derek, worry in her eyes. Derek sat up straighter in his chair, shifting uncomfortably. “I thought they left town a couple years ago.” Talia's eyes fell to Derek as he spoke up. She looked sad. Derek hated when they looked at him like that. It felt like pity.

Talia nodded. “They did. But they're back now. From what I've just learned, they have returned because a certain pack responsible for the death of two of the prominent women in their family has resurfaced.” She paused for a long moment to take a breath. “And are now merging with the famous Hale Pack.” She smiled bitterly at the end.

Cora tilted her head back looking at the ceiling and laughed, but there was no humor behind it. "Allison Argent." She shook her head.

Everyone looked at her expectantly, but she just shook her head and turned away. Malia was the one who piped in. "She dated Scott in High School and was Lydia's best friend." Malia laughed, she always had an odd sense of humor. Just like her father. "I think she even dated Isaac for a while after Scott and her broke up."

Cora turned back around, her face serious. "We all heard about it when Allison died, but they said it was a hunting accident and with the Argent's history we didn't think anything of it."

"That's the Allison that must have died while Stiles was bonded to her." Derek said quietly. Talia nodded in response, her eyes cast down in thought.

"It's not your fault." Laura rested a hand on Cora's shoulder. "None of us even knew any of them were supernatural. Stiles had them cloaked for years."

Talia nodded. "Stiles is the Sheriff's son. I saw him at the station when I was there many times in his life and I never even noticed. But we know more now. And they have made a powerful enemy that we didn't foresee. An enemy that has almost brought us down before." Talia didn't look at him directly, but he could feel everyone else stealing glances his way. "So, I'm putting it to a vote."

Everyone seemed confused. Derek finally spoke up. "You want to kick them out of our pack after we just promised we would protect them?" He looked up at his Mother, filled with angry disbelief.

Talia looked hurt, but she lifted her chin up. "It's not about just what I want. I didn't ask all of you when I brought them in. I felt responsible and I didn't know the risk I was taking or the danger I was putting you all in." She looked at Derek. "We all have to decide, as a family, as a pack." The room fell silent. She took a breath through her nose. "All those in favor of keeping the new pack as our own?" She raised her own hand and looked around the room.

Derek raised his hand in unison to Laura, without hesitation. Cora followed after, then Derek's father, and then his Grandmother. Malia looked to Peter who stood towards the back of the room with his arms crossed, as if waiting for his signal. When he made no move she slowly raised her hand.

Talia looked to Peter. He pushed off the wall he was leaning against. "Olivia and I vote no."

Everyone looked at him, but Talia simply nodded. "You have young children. I understand. You are outvoted."

He looked to Malia, but she would not catch his eye. He looked back to Talia. "If it comes to it and my children's lives are threatened, I will choose them over the pack." He turned and left the room. Malia watched as he left, but made no move to follow. She always struggled with when to follow and when to rebel, especially with being the first kid from another woman. She was not Olivia's daughter, but with her temper and odd way of seeing the world, she was definitely Peter's, even though she was a coyote and not a wolf.

Talia took in a deep breath, obviously trying to hold back her anger. "It is decided. The pack stays. But we still need answers. Be prepared. We're going to have our first full pack meeting and with the questions I am going to ask, it's possible that they will choose to leave us instead of answering." She began to make her way towards the door. "Dismissed. The pack and rest and heal and in a few days, we will meet." She stopped and turned back to them. "From now on they are family to us, unless they choose otherwise." She disappeared through the doorway.

The rest of the pack started filtering out, but Derek remained seated, eyes staring off at the wall. Laura lingered, watching him, waiting. It was a long moment before Derek spoke. "Do you think she's back?"

Laura rested a hand on his shoulder, almost making him jump just a little, but then he leaned into the touch. "Yeah, I do." She took a breath, her thumb rubbing circles into the soft material of his shirt. "You probably don't need reminding anymore, but just in case." She sat on the arm of the chair, her arm moving over Derek's shoulder to hold him, and pressing her cheek against the top of his head. "It wasn't your fault." Guilt burned in his chest. He tried to focus on the scent of Laura, on the familiar air of home and family and pack all around him. A pack that was still alive, but in another life, maybe wouldn't be. Laura pulled back and looked him in the eyes. "And this time if she comes here, I'll kill her myself."

Derek couldn't tell if Laura was joking or not, but her heartbeat was steady and her gaze was unwavering. Derek nodded and tried to smile. "Thanks."

She kissed the top of his head loudly and laughed when Derek pushed her off of him. "Why don't you go see if Stiles is awake." Derek slumped back in the chair and put his hands over his face as Laura left the room laughing.

Nightmares and Memories

Chapter Summary

The Hales have agreed to keep the pack but some questions need to be asked. Before that can happen Stiles and Derek share their nightmares and Stiles comes clean about something the pack has been wondering about.

Chapter Notes

Two chapters in one night? She's a mad woman! She's crazy! We haven't heard from her in two years! Well it's true people! A stroke of inspiration and procrastination of other things and here we are. Also its been long enough where I reread the fic loved it and wanted the author to write more. Usually that means I just get mad at myself and open another fic but today is your lucky day.

Also I proofread nothing.

Stiles slept for a long time. The day turned to night and he kept sleeping and Derek waited. He sat at the side of the bed, across the room, the window spilling in moonlight, illuminating the space between them. The chair wasn't uncomfortable and he felt too wired to sleep anyways. So for a while he read. Plus watching Stiles sleep had felt creepy after about 20 minutes.

Around 1am, he felt his eyes drooping. The exhaustion of the day taking over. Time passed in darkness and then Derek was in a room. His room, but not his room now. When he was a teenager he had posters on his walls and trophies on the bookshelves that have long been taken down and replaced with books and pictures. He looked around, Stiles wasn't there. The bed was empty except for the book bag he had in high school sitting out the end of it. The chair he sat in was the same and light from the setting sun was pouring in through the window, hitting his eyes, making him squint. He stood up and a book fell from his lap, papers scattering onto the floor at his feet.

He picked up a sheet of paper. Biology notes? It was his handwriting. Or at least it had been. Suddenly there was a knock on the window, light and familiar. He turned around, the first feeling was excitement, before he realized what was happening.

Kate was sitting on the roof looking through the window. She was young and smiling. Derek made his way over and opened the window, unable to stop himself. She crawled through and

jumped up and hugged him. She still smelled like he remembered, lavender from her shampoo. His body pulled her in on instinct, losing himself in the embrace.

"I missed you." She whispered, her breath tickling his neck. He closed his eyes. "We should run away together." Her voice was sweet.

He laughed and pulled back. "You know I can't leave my family." His voice was different. Younger. She pouted back at him. "The pack needs me."

She rolled her eyes, but smiled anyways. "My super important werewolf boyfriend." She whispered the word "werewolf", like a playful secret. She kept her arms around his neck. "Well, I guess if they won't let me have you I'll just have to kill them." She was still smiling sweetly. "Just like you killed Paige." When she said Paige's name she gently tapped him on the nose.

He reeled back, pushing her away. She was still smiling. "This is wrong." He looked around the room. "All of this is wrong."

"Oh come on, Derek." She stepped up, running her fingernail across his chin and then down the center of his chest. "It'll be fun and after I kill them, I'll put you down too."

The dream shifted and suddenly he was in his hallway, the house filling with smoke. He could hear his family screaming in the rooms around him, banging on the doors. He tried to pull them free, but they wouldn't open. He could hear them screaming his name hoping he could save them. "Derek! Derek! Derek!" The voices shifted and mixed together, he couldn't breathe, the smoke choking him. The voice changed again to newer, but still familiar one.

"Derek!" He shot up in the chair at the sound of Stiles' voice, almost colliding with him. "Hey man are you okay?" Stiles was in his pajamas that Scott had helped change him into earlier. He looked tired, but better than before. He had one hand on Derek's shoulder and a worried look on his face.

Derek fell back and tried to breathe. The cold air of the room felt nice against his overheated skin. He closed his eyes trying to calm down. It was only a dream. Stiles' hand lingered on his shoulder. After a moment, Derek opened his eyes to find Stiles still watching him. Derek looked out the window. It couldn't be past 3am. He hadn't been asleep for very long. Derek rubbed a hand down his face. "Sorry, did I wake you up?" Guilt pooled in his chest again. Stiles needed his sleep.

But Stiles just smiled and shook his head. "No I was already awake." He shrugged. "I had a nightmare too." Derek nodded and Stiles moved to sit on the bed across from him. His leg bounced a little and he looked away. "Do you want to talk about your dream?"

Derek raised an eyebrow as Stiles looked back at him. "Do you want to talk about your's?" He knew he was deflecting, but fair is fair.

Stiles laughed at that. "No." They sat in silence for a moment. "But I will if you will."

The silence hung heavy between them. Stiles' seemed honest and more vulnerable than he had seen them. But it also felt like a challenge. "Alright Deal." Stiles seemed surprised, his eyebrows going up a little and the steady beat of his heart ticking up just a bit. "But you have to go first."

"Oh come on! I asked first." Stiles threw his hands up and Derek couldn't help but let out a small laugh. Stiles rolled his eyes. "Fine." He looked down at the floor and began to twist his fingers together. His eyes flicked back up to Derek's. "But you might hate me again after."

Derek rolled his eyes. "I never hated you." He smiled a little, if only to see Stiles return it before it dropped away again as he looked away.

He sighed heavily. "I have dreams of people I care about dying." He shrugged. "Who doesn't? But in my dreams, I'm the one killing them."

Derek leaned forward, bracing his elbows on his knees, hands folded together as he listened.

"I can't control my magic all the time. I have a connection to some stupid magical tree that calls supernatural creatures to it. Like a..."

"A beacon."

"Yeah." Stiles looked up at Derek and then away again. He laughed dryly. "A supernatural beacon in Beacon Hills where your best friend gets turned into a werewolf, and you have magic, and somehow your Dad keeps getting mad at you because you're lying all the time to cover up the fact that you almost get killed twice a week. So your weird connection to the beacon also somehow makes you kind of a beacon because power attracts power." He pushed the palm of his hands into his eyes. "Why am I talking in second person?"

"What was the dream about, Stiles?" He tried to keep his voice calm and soothing.

"Right." Stiles pulled his hands away. "Well I basically relived the time I shoved a sword into Scott's stomach and twisted it then left him impaled on it and then I murdered the first girl he ever loved." Stiles lifted his hands up in an exaggerated shrug. His eyes filled with panic and grief.

Derek got up and moved slowly to sit beside him on the bed. "Allison Argent?"

Stiles nodded and looked at the floor sadly, his fists clenching in his lap. Derek could see his jaw tighten. "Because of my magic and inability to control it a demon, a nogitsune, saw me as a great host. He possessed me and basically went on a supernatural rampage and tried to kill all my friends. Succeeded in killing one and a whole lot of innocent people. And he used my body to do it." Tears were forming in Stiles' eyes, but he was holding them back.

"Stiles, that wasn't your fault." Derek reached out and put his hand over Stiles' clenched fist.

Stiles laughed. "That's what they tell me."

"How did our pack not notice all of this. I mean I was in New York, but Mom? Laura?"

“The nogitsune was weirdly good at covering his tracks for someone who literally attacked the hospital with a crew of shadow ninjas. And afterwards, I broke into my dad’s office and planted evidence of a terrorist attack. Scott’s asshole Dad with the FBI came to town and I used magic to plant more clues and they covered it up for us. I kept cloaking us too. I hid our scents, magical traces, all of it. Allison had just died and her family blamed us, but her Dad was in a lot of grief. It was kind of our fault his wife died years before too. I guess it was too much for him. They left town, moved to France I think. That’s where Allison’s family was from.”

Derek rubbed his thumb on the back of Stiles’ hand. “We’re having a pack meeting in a couple days and my Mom is going to ask questions about this. About what you guys have been through.”

Stiles put his hand over Derek’s and nodded. “We shouldn’t have kept it from you guys. It was my idea to lie.” He finally looked up at Derek, a sad smile on his lips. “Scott wanted to come clean, but I was scared you guys wouldn’t take us in if you knew everything.” He squared his shoulders, emotions leaving his eyes a bit. “If you guys want us to leave after, I get it. We’ll survive. We have before.”

“We put it to a vote today. You’re officially a pack no matter what. Unless you decide to leave on your own.”

Stiles’ shoulders sank in relief and he laughed a little. “Oh thank god, we would totally die.”

Derek laughed at that. After a moment of silence, Stiles leaned over a little, his eyes squinted in suspicion. “So what was your nightmare?”

Derek thought about it, his face going deadpan. “My girlfriend in high school sneaking into my room in the middle of the night.”

“What?!” Stiles pulled away to shove Derek who just laughed. “That’s it? What were you afraid of getting caught with a girl in your room?”

“Uh no, she was actually a good bit older than me and basically used me to try and trap my whole family in the house, during what was basically a family reunion, and burn them all alive, except for me and Laura who were at school. Cora and Malia too if they hadn’t convinced Mom and Peter to let them stay out to help prepare for the party.” Derek watched as Stiles’ face went slack, his mouth hanging open. “Also, she was Allison’s aunt.”

“WHAT?” Derek tried not to laugh. It wasn’t funny really. But it was late and it was insane. He couldn’t help it. After a moment, Stiles started laughing too, using one arm to brace his weight on Derek’s shoulder. After the laughs died down, Stiles signed. “God we’re fucked up.”

Derek laughed a little bit at that. “Yeah, and we need some sleep.”

Stiles shuffled backwards so he was sitting up at the pillow, his side pressed against the wall. He patted the bed beside him. Derek stared at the space, feeling his ears heat up. “Come on. We bonded! We can share the bed. That chair can’t be nice to sleep in.”

Derek looked back at the chair and then at Stiles and then shifted around to crawl under the covers beside him. He could almost feel the force of Stiles' smile as he climbed in and turned his back to him. He reached up and turned off the lamp on the nightstand.

After a long moment, Stiles' voice broke the quiet and stillness of the dark. "Goodnight, Derek."

Derek tried not to smile and waited for the erratic beat of Stiles heart to even out before shutting his eyes.

Making Room

Chapter Summary

The Hales are working to make room for the new pack by renovating and putting the last touches on the rooms they have built. The room plan gets a mix up and everyone has to prepare for the pack meeting.

Chapter Notes

I did it again and so soon! Wow I can't believe it, also I'm going to upload another chapter today after this lol

Derek woke up alone, sunlight pouring in the open window. He blinked and rubbed his eyes before rolling over. If it wasn't for the scent of Stiles still clinging to the sheets and the warmth that still lingered, Derek would have been afraid it was all a dream. As he sat up, pushing the blankets back, a small scrap of paper fluttered off the bed and into the floor. He reached down to pick it up, turning it over.

Had to run, didn't want to wake you. Thanks for the talk. - Stiles. Was scribbled in messy handwriting across it. Derek smiled a little, letting his fingers smooth out the wrinkles of the paper.

"Derek!" His head shot up at the sound of Laura's voice. His door flew up open, his sister on the other side, smiling. He sat the paper to the side quickly and stood up. "The new pack's rooms are almost done. Mom says you have to come help move some furniture."

Derek rolled his eyes. "Fine. I'll get dressed and be down in a minute." Laura nodded and left, shutting the door behind her.

The Hale house was a good size, but it wasn't huge. At least not big enough to take on the new pack. After his Mom decided to bring in the new pack, construction had started immediately and most of the heavy lifting had been finished before they arrived. However, smaller things still needed to be completed that the family had all been helping out to finish. Painting, decorating, moving or building furniture, nothing a group of werewolves couldn't handle.

However, his Mom had also wanted to push for the idea of integration. The basement had been widened and divided to create the eight rooms and a large bathroom, all big enough to

be comfortable, none of them were any bigger or smaller than Derek's own room. However, some of the pack would and the Hales would be switching.

Cora had volunteered to go to the basement first. She had said that it was because she already knew some of the pack well enough to be neighbor's, but Derek guessed it had more to do with Isaac's fear of enclosed spaces. With that in mind, he would move up to Cora's old room. Derek had kept quiet through that volunteering process, hoping he wouldn't be noticed and his prayers were answered when his Mom volunteered Laura.

Laura had pouted a bit, but after a good Alpha speech about Laura learning to be alpha and getting to know the new pack, she caved. That two rooms open upstairs, the others now being occupied by Derek and Isaac. His parents' room was on the ground floor. One had been Laura's old room, across the hall from Derek, and the other a spare room that they had kept for family that wanted to stay, but was more often than not used by Malia when she stayed over. The spare room was going to be kept, but in an open room in the basement. However, a lot of the rooms could be vacant at any time. The Hale house wasn't a permanent residence for the new pack if they didn't want it to be. It was to make them feel like family and give them a place to stay in case they needed it. Isaac, Erica, and Boyd seemed to be the only ones in need of a full time place to live. Stiles still lived with his Dad, Scott with his mom, and Lydia, Jackson, and Kira all stayed with their own families as well. If they ever wanted to move in full time, they always had the option.

When Talia asked the pack about the two open rooms, Scott offered the option that he and Kira share a room, Lydia, and Jackson, Erica with Boyd, however that was shot down. Talia had no issue with them sharing a room, they were technically adults, but she wanted to make sure that they all had their own space, just in case. A place to go not as a couple, but as a member of the family. They seemed touched by this and understood, but Derek had no doubt that the couples would still be sharing rooms.

Eventually, Stiles volunteered to move upstairs. He said it was closer to the library and that's where he would spend a lot of his time anyways. It wasn't any closer than the basement. But he ended up claiming Laura's old room. This had been before Stiles and Derek had actually met, all settled by Talia and Laura beforehand. Lydia ended up taking the other spare room. She seemed more inclined to have space from Jackson. A place for her own things at the very least.

Derek made his way to the basement. His Dad and Cora were bringing in pieces of a bed from the stairs, to the door leading to the backyard. He could hear Malia and Laura arguing in one of the rooms about the placement of a dresser and Talia was standing in the hallway, studying a piece of paper. Derek came up beside her, looking over her shoulders. She was holding a blueprint of the new basement, the names of the person moving into the rooms written in her graceful handwriting.

"Are you okay?" Derek asked. Talia smiled and nodded, but her brows were pinched. She always got like this when planning. Every family gathering, every vacation, every birthday. Derek put a hand on her shoulder. "They're going to love it, Mom."

She looked at him, her eyes soft. "You really think so?"

“Of course.” He leaned to look in one room that still had furniture waiting to be assembled and one of the overhead lights flickering. He leaned back, his face blank. “At the very least they will pretend to.” Talia looked up at him, rolling her eyes. He couldn't help, but crack a smile.

“Go do something useful please.” She smiled and shook her head, pushing Derek's shoulder.

Derek relieved his Dad from moving furniture. He could move things as good as any man, but was still human. Cora and him had most of the stuff unloaded and ready to be put together in an hour, even the stuff to go upstairs for Isaac, Lydia, and Stiles. Derek helped put stuff together, got into a pillow fight with Laura while trying to make one of the beds, broke a lamp, got scolded by their mom, and got to watch Cora hit herself in the face with a door that she was trying to fix one of the hinges on, all before dinner time.

The rooms didn't have any windows, but he could feel it getting late. Finally, his mother called them all up for dinner, the rooms at least mostly complete. They stood in the kitchen, around the island, eating and talking.

Derek sat in silence for a while, listening to Talia talk about things happening at work to Laura and Cora and his Dad listing the best ways to fix the patio for more people. After a few minutes, his thoughts drifted. He hadn't fully realized what it meant to have the new pack move in. They were all doing their own thing today, telling their families where they had been, gathering up their stuff to move in. They would be back in the morning for the pack meeting and if they decided to stay, they would come back the next day to move in.

Derek found himself worrying about them saying no and leaving. Stiles seemed pretty clear that they needed to stay, but what if he didn't want to really? What if all the others didn't want to or didn't feel safe? They were protected by wards right now that Stiles and Deaton had put on them so they were less likely to be detected by anyone hunting them. But he still felt worry tighten at his throat. He couldn't help, but remember the look on Stiles' face when he talked about what happened with the Nogitsune. Could they protect them?

“Derek?” Cora leaned into his shoulder, just a little. Derek broke from his thoughts and looked up.

“Yeah?”

“You worry too much.” She poked one finger in between his eyebrows where they were pulled down tightly. “You're gonna get wrinkles.”

He swatted her hand away. “I'm not worrying.”

She looked away. Their family wasn't paying any attention to them, caught in their own conversations. “It's okay to worry about them. They're family now.” She almost seemed to be speaking to herself.

“What if they don't want to be family?” Derek pushed the food around on his plate and leaned one arm on the counter.

She looked back up at Derek, she was almost a foot shorter than him. Sometimes when they stood side by side like this he could only think of her as a little kid, but she wasn't. She had never really acted like one anyways, always serious and a little angry. But the look he saw in her eyes wasn't anger this time. If anything it was a little sad. "Then we do what we can." She shifted away, taking her empty plate to the sink. Derek sat in thought for a moment before doing the same and heading to his room.

It was odd not having Laura across the hall or Cora next door. He was alone upstairs and he could feel their absence. He tossed and turned in bed for a bit before that proved futile. He finally got up and padded down to the living room, dropping down onto the couch. He listened for the beat of his parents' hearts in their room, louder now than they had been upstairs. He could also hear Laura, Cora, and Malia's now from downstairs. His eyes slid shut and he fell asleep to the comforting scent of family, of pack, both old and new.

History Revealed

Chapter Summary

The Hales have questions about the new pack and things and emotional pasts come to light.

Chapter Notes

This is kind of an origin story dump for this AU. But hey two chapters in one day! And I've been writing all day and have edited and proofread none of this I'm sorry.

Derek woke up to the sound of voices. A lot of voices all around him. He rolled to bury his face in the leather cushions and pulled a throw pillow up to his ear to block out the noise. He groggily thought there were too many voices before one broke through the fog.

“Rise and shine!” Laura’s hand slapped down on his bare ankle hard. He kicked out at her and grumbled. “Oh come on. Don’t be like that.” She pulled the pillow out of his grasp, the light harsh against his senses. “The pack meeting is soon and you need a shower. Everyone is already here.”

Derek groaned and rolled over, slowly peeling his eyes open to find a portion of the new pack on the other couches. When he lifted his head he could see the other half standing in the kitchen eating some sort of breakfast his Dad probably made. Isaac, Erica, Boyd, and Jackson were in the livingroom and paid him no mind aside from the slight amused smiles. He stood up and stretched, he could feel his shirt ride up. He felt a gaze on him and when he looked back towards the kitchen, his eyes caught Stiles’. Stiles gave a half smile and a wave, but didn’t look away. Derek waved back, his hand only coming up for a moment before he turned away and headed towards the stairs. For some reason he could feel his ears heating up and was very aware of how disheveled he probably looks.

By the time Derek entered the Library, his hair still a little wet from the shower, everyone else was already there. All of the new pack were seated at one of the long wooden tables, Talia sat at the head of it. Derek’s Dad stood back on her left and Laura stood to her right. Peter, his wife, the kids, and their grandmother were all standing near the sofa’s, leaning back against them. Cora and Malia were on the other side of Laura, their backs to the windows. Derek walked in and went to stand in between Laura and Cora. And Deaton was on the other end of the table as Talia, standing by a bookcase. Despite the formal positioning of most of them, the air was fairly casual.

He nodded to Cora before leaning back and looking forward. Scott had his back to him on the right side of Talia and Stiles was across from him. When Derek looked up he was facing directly towards Stiles and couldn't help but catch his eye. Stiles smiled and winked before turning to look at Talia, who had just called for everyone's attention. Derek felt his face heating up and looked away, only to find Laura smirking at him with a raised eyebrow. Derek shrugged and she smiled wider before looking at their mother.

"Before we get started, I would like to assure every one of you that you are our pack, our family. Even in light of the things that we have found out since taking you in. We have put it to a family vote. You are all welcome, no matter what comes up today. You're safe. We just need to know what we are dealing with." Talia paused for a moment, the tone of the room shifted to something more somber. "You can leave if you so choose. We're not holding you hostage. But if you stay, you will be our family and we will be yours' as well."

The small pack all nodded. Scott looked around at his friends and then back at Talia. "We'll answer all your questions." His voice was confident, but it faltered slightly, not in fear, but almost in grief, or exhaustion.

Talia smiled a little. "How did you all stay hidden so long? Even from us?" Her voice was strong, that of an Alpha, but Derek could see the guilt in her eyes as she said it.

The pack looked to Stiles. "Oh, that was me." He laughed a little, nervously. "And Lydia too." He pointed towards the redhead who nodded. "I created wards to suppress the magical footprint. I had to make one specific to each of us for it to work."

Lydia pulled out a necklace that had been tucked into her shirt. It had a dull gold gem hanging from the end of the silver chain. "The magic is mostly gone from them right now, but Stiles had to redo the spell every day for all of them or it would wear off." She sat the chain back down gently. "We all had one to wear."

"Every day?" Laura asked quietly. Stiles nodded. "That's a lot of magic to expend. You must have been exhausted."

Stiles shrugged, still smiling, almost smug now. "When you have ADHD you have a lot of energy to get rid of, I guess." His fingers were tapping on the table as he spoke.

Laura didn't smile back, she looked worried. The same expression he had seen on their mother when one of them pushed themselves too far.

Talia sighed. "How did this even happen? Really? How did you all happen? We know those basics, but no details." She leaned back "And how does it involve the Argents?"

The room grew quiet. Stiles was again the first one to speak up. "Scott got bit towards the end of high school. Allison had just moved to town about the same time."

"Allison Argent?" Talia clarified.

Stiles nodded. "And well.."

Scott put a hand out on the table and shook his head before turning to Talia. "I got bit by some rogue Alpha. Back then it was just me and Stiles. And then Allison came. She was..." He smiled a little. "She was my first girlfriend and my first love. She didn't know about any of it." He shook his head and if Derek could see his face he would think he would be able to see slight tears starting to form. Kira was still next to him, but it wasn't awkward talking about this. She reached out under the table and held his hand. "She didn't know I was a werewolf or about her family being hunters. But she found out eventually. So did her Dad."

"A lot of us didn't know then." Lydia said. "Allison was my best friend." Where Scott sounded sad, her grief felt like anger. She spoke through a tight jaw and almost clenched teeth.

Stiles had slouched in his chair slightly. He was staring at the table, not moving, his eyes almost empty, distant.

"I know this is hard." Talia said. "Why don't we just go around and tell us how you came into this. Scott, you said you were bit by a rogue Alpha."

Scott nodded. "I was in the woods looking for my inhaler. Stiles and I had snuck out to look at some crime scene his Dad was investigating. Stiles helped me through it." Stiles looked up and smiled a little at Scott, a reassurance.

Talia's gaze moved to Kira. "I- I'm a kitsune." She seemed nervous. "A fox spirit. My mom is one too and she taught me about it, but not until after I moved here and we had to fight a..." Her voice trailed off and she looked at Stiles. "A nogitsune." She looked back at Talia, suddenly confident. "But I don't think that's my story to tell."

Talia glanced at Stiles, but moved on. Erica looked at her nails as she spoke up from the other side of Kira. "I wolf that bit Scott found me, told me he could kill me or give the bite. I had epilepsy. My life was shit so I took it."

Then Boyd, "Same for me. I didn't have anything else going for me. I asked for the bite."

Isaac was after that. "I was abused by my Dad. I took the bite too." He looked at Erica and Boyd. "We fought on the wrong side for a bit. But then Scott helped us."

Jackson was after. "I wanted to be a wolf. I knew something was up with McCall. I wanted that power. I went looking for it. I got scratched, but something went wrong. Some creep took control of me when I became a Kanima." He lifted his head, still proud even though doubt crept into his voice. "He was obsessed with Allison and would take pictures of her and follow her home. Allison was my friend too. He made me kill a bunch of people, including Isaac's asshole Dad. It was revenge for people who bullied him. He even almost killed Stiles' Dad. The freak's dead now so whatever."

Derek heard Laura suck in a breath beside him. Her fists were clenched and her face was barely concealing the pain she felt for them.

Lydia sat forward. "I found out I was a banshee later. I had figured out everything about the werewolves on my own. I mean it wasn't hard and Scott and Stiles aren't good liars." Scott

and Stiles both lifted their hands in offense at the same time. It was almost comical. Lydia rolled her eyes. "I kept hearing voices, whispering." Her eyes went distant as she spoke. "I would be doing one thing and I would come to, somewhere else, miles away. I was always finding the bodies." She looked up to Talia. "And then I could feel when death was coming. I could sense it. I would just scream. I never had much control of it." She took a breath and looked to Stiles.

"I'm just going to say, this feels like icebreakers in high school, but like super fucked up." He laughed a little, but no one else did, but Derek could see a couple of them crack a smile. "When I was a kid, I could do things. I wasn't really sure if it was me, but now I know it was. I mean I broke Jackson's leg when we were kids with a tree root."

"That was you!?" Jackson slammed his hands on the table. Lydia put a hand to his chest to sit him back. "I knew I didn't fucking trip." He mumbled.

Stiles smiled at Jackson and shrugged, but his smile faltered when he turned back and he grew quiet for a long moment. "And then my Mom died. After that, it all stopped. I thought it was just my imagination, but then Scott got bit and it started happening again. It started small. I could control mountain ash in weird ways and I felt drawn to the woods. Then I would get angry or scared and it would just come out of me. I couldn't control. I don't think I can't really control it now."

Stiles paused, but then spoke again. "Because of my magic and my connection to the Nemeton, I became a beacon for supernatural creatures." He looked at Derek for a moment, before turning his focus back on Talia. "I slipped up. I had bound everyone to me. I knew it was dangerous, but I needed to try and keep them safe and it worked. I could feel when the magic suppression would fade on them. I could feel when they were hurt. I was reckless, but I don't regret it." He paused and folded his hands on the table, picking at them. "But I overused my magic. There was never an end to it, but one day there was. I had finished everyone's charms that kept them hidden, and I was warding my house. My Dad doesn't know about all of this. I had to protect him, but for that whole week I was losing time. I was having nightmares all the time and I wasn't sleeping. He had gotten hurt not the job and I was worried. So I warded the house and when I finished it had taken too much out of me and I passed out." He rubbed his face with one hand. "I didn't get a chance to redo my magic suppression charm though. I don't remember a lot of what happened in the next couple of days."

"He just disappeared." Scott said to Talia. He looked at Stiles. "We couldn't find him anywhere."

Stiles leaned forward, pressing into the table. "When I woke up I wasn't me, not really. I could see what I was doing, I could feel it, but I couldn't control it. A nogitsune had taken over my body." Silence hung in the air. Stiles looked up at Derek. He nodded, hoping that it was encouraging or comforting. Stiles nodded back. "During that week, I tried to kill all of my friends and I did kill one. I killed Allison."

Talia reached out a hand, but hesitated. "Stiles you were possessed by a very powerful Demon. I've heard stories of nogitsune. It wasn't your fault."

Stiles smiled, but from the look in his eyes, he didn't believe her, not really. "I begged my Dad to shoot me. I remember it. Chris Argent wanted to put me down. We finally got rid of it. But Allison had died and I could feel it, the bond was severed. I was weak from the nogitsune and from that. And then, Liam. A kid we had taken in that got bit, died. It was a stupid mistake and I hadn't been bonded to him long, but it almost killed me. I lost control of my magic and people got hurt. After I came down, I erased my Dad's memory of the supernatural and Scott brought me to Deaton."

"I have been working at the vet clinic since high school. Deaton helped him and then brought us to you." Scott said.

Talia nodded. She was barely holding back tears, but was practiced enough to hold appearances that only her family would have noticed. "And what of the other Argent?"

"I bit her." Scott said. "She was trying to kill us. She attacked Erica and Boyd. I panicked."

"She killed herself so she wouldn't turn." Lydia said. "I wasn't involved that much during that time, but Allison's aunt Kate came to town for a bit after that. Allison got distant. I found out what happened later, but Allison didn't know she killed herself."

Derek is stiffened at the mention of Kate. He looked to Laura who was already looking back. If Kate had been in town, how had they not known. Derek had been in New York probably. But the thought of her being here at all made his blood run cold. He looked back to find Stiles looking at him worried. He only shook his head and Stiles looked away.

"Allison was angry and became a hunter. She tried to kill all of us." Scott said. "It wasn't her fault. It was grief. It took awhile, but she changed her Dad I think. They didn't want to kill us anymore. Allison was herself again. She was pack and Stiles bonded to her. She dated Isaac. We were all friends and we were happy." He was silent for a moment. "And then she died. Her Dad left town. That's the last we heard from them."

Talia sat back in her chair and sighed. "So now we have to figure out what's changed and why the Argents want you dead now, if peace was made." She stood, her back straightened. She put on a smile. "But that is for another day. If you wish to stay, I do have good news. Your rooms are ready. Would you like to see them?"

And just like that the air lightened, the smaller pack jumped up suddenly excited. They all began to filter out, but Derek stayed behind. Stiles paused at the door as everyone filtered out past him. He smiled and disappeared through the door. Derek found himself smiling back.

He felt Laura step up beside him. "Kate was in town and we didn't know." His smile dropped as he turned to her. She looked desperate and upset. "Stiles was possessed."

"I know."

"Do you remember us at their age? The things they've been through, but Stiles I can smell the guilt on him, Derek." A tear fell down her cheek and she wiped it away angrily.

Derek put an arm around her shoulders. "Stiles told me about Allison the other night. He feels like it was his fault, but it's not just his responsibility anymore. It's all of our's."

"They're pack now." She nodded. "They're family. We'll protect them." Derek thought she was trying to convince herself more than she was him.

There was a crash somewhere in the house filled with laughter and the silence of kids waiting to get in trouble. The image almost made Derek laugh.

"Come on. Let's go see what these idiots have done to their rooms already." He pulled her towards the door and she wiped her face.

"So you've been having emotional talks with Stiles, huh?" Her voice was still a little stuffy from the tears, but carried a devious edge.

"Shut up." Derek frowned and pushed her away from him as he walked out the door. Laura only laughed.

Finding a Focus

Chapter Summary

The pack is set out on their different tasks to help protect the pack, but when Derek finally runs into Stiles after days of only seeing each other in passing and tries to offer whatever help he can in anchoring Stiles magic.

Chapter Notes

What's up what's up whats up! I'm on a roll guys, I'm posting like never before. how long will it last? Who knows! But lets ride this wave while we can. Thank you guys who have stuck around to read it! It means a lot.

With the new pack moved in, the house was almost never silent. Derek didn't mind. He had grown up accustomed to the sounds of voices and laughter with a family as big as his. He found it almost comforting. Despite the filled house, he felt that he didn't see much of some of the new pack of the next few days.

Derek's Mom had them all working, in one way or another, to help protect themselves against the new threats they faced. More often than not, Derek was running the perimeter of the preserve with Cora or Laura, and one rare occasion where Pete joined him. The chance of the Argents attacking a Hale on their own property was slimmer than the new pack being attacked unaware. So far they had found nothing of note. He didn't mind, he had spent most of high school running these trails to calm down or get his mind off things. He liked the peace of the woods.

Talia had Lydia in the library doing research occasionally with the help of Stiles, but mostly with Derek's Dad or even their Grandmother. Jackson was also often seen laying napping or listening to music on one of the couches, keeping her company. Talia spent a lot of time in the office over the next few days, partially to keep up appearances, but also to gather information about the Argents from the town, prying when she could. The new wolves were subject to training most days and helping prep the house and area for potential threats. Nothing too rigorous and Derek thought Talia was going easy on what they were helping with. She wanted to keep them safe, he knew that, but sooner or later they were going to get restless.

Stiles had been spent most of every day with Deaton, training and trying to control his magic. The time that he wasn't doing this he spent with his Dad, visiting home or the Station or in

the library with Lydia. Derek barely saw him except maybe in passing as one of them came in the house while the other was leaving.

A few days had passed until he saw him again. Derek had just got back from a run around the Preserve with Cora. The jogged up to the back of the house to find Stiles sprawled out on the grass, his eyes closed. The air was getting colder, but it was still warm in the sun and Stiles was right in the middle of a patch of it where the trees and house didn't block it from reaching the grass. Cora shook her head and jogged passed towards the house, but not before giving Derek a meaningful look out of the corner of her eye.

Derek walked up to Stiles, his shadow blocking the light from Stiles' face. Now that he was closer, Derek could see that Stiles' mouth was hanging open, deep breaths coming in and out and his limbs were stretched out in a way that looked uncomfortable. Derek crouched down and looked at him. His eyelashes were dark against his light skin and his moles stood out more in the sun, dotting across his face and neck. Derek sat for a long moment, just watching him. He looked so peaceful, more calm than Derek had ever seen him.

And then Stiles let out a loud snore. The sound startled Derek, almost causing him to fall back. He righted himself and had to fight back a laugh that threatened to bubble out. He shook his head and reached out and flicked Stiles in the nose.

Stiles jumped up, his limbs moving up with him like a marionette when you pull at the strings. He let out a loud yelp, his eyes going wide, before he realized what was happening. "Oh shit! God you have got to stop doing that!" He dropped back down with a soft thud and put his hand over his heart. Derek could hear it thumping in his chest, like the beat of a hummingbird's wings. Stiles closed his eyes again and took a breath, his heart slowing down again.

Derek couldn't help but smirk down at him. Stiles finally opened his eyes, squinting up at Derek. "You're going to give me a heart attack one day, you know that?"

Derek laughed and stood up. He walked around Stiles and sat in the grass in front of him. Stiles pulled himself up to face him. "What were you doing?"

Stiles shrugged, "Deaton has me trying to meditate, try to find peace or an anchor or something. But sitting in silence is super boring."

Derek nodded, understanding. "And you fell asleep."

Stiles stuck his lip out a little, pouting and lifted his hands up innocently. "Can you blame me?" He dropped his hands and started picking at the grass at his side. "It's stupid anyways. If I haven't found an anchor yet, maybe I don't have one. All the wolves have an anchor to control their shift, it seemed easy for them."

"Well what's Scott's anchor?"

Stiles rolled his eyes and flopped back to put his weight on his hands, the sun highlighted the lightness in his brown hair, like a halo almost. His face, however, was like he bit into a

lemon. "I don't know, like love or something." He threw up one hand, a few blades of grass flying up with it. "Something cheesy like that."

Derek laughed a little, but stayed quiet. He looked out at the woods, watching the trees, letting silence fall between them. It was comfortable, but maybe a little odd that Stiles could keep quiet. A few minutes passed and then Derek looked back at Stiles, to find him already looking at him, his nose scrunched up a little, his eyes focused. The laser-like attention made Derek shift uncomfortably. He could feel the heat building beneath the skin of his ears and he hoped he could blame it on the sun. But he stayed silent and held his gaze. Stiles sat up, closer to him now. Derek could see the light brown and amber color of his eyes better now as they watched him, almost tracked him.

"What's your anchor?" He said it quietly, not that far above a whisper. The way he asked it made it feel like such a personal question and maybe it was.

Derek kicked the ground a little and looked down. "It's changed a bit since I was a kid." He felt oddly embarrassed talking about it now. "It used to be anger. When I was younger, after some things happened, I couldn't control my shift. I would lash out or change when I shouldn't. I kept letting my temper get the best of me." He paused and looked up at Stiles again, meeting his eyes. "So I used it. I let all the anger build up and I focused on it. It was all I had. It was my channel and stopped letting it control me, I controlled it." He lifted his hand to punctuate the last sentence. He furrowed his brow thinking back. "It worked, for a while. But it was eating me alive. The dam broke. I had my family to support me and I got through it, but it was one of the reasons I left. My family being there for me was one of the reasons I was even able to."

Stiles' attention never wavered from Derek. "So what's your anchor now?"

"My family, my Pack." Derek smiled a little. "They're the only thing that lets me know I can get through it, the only control I feel like I have. Laura came with me to New York for a year, but she had to come back. Being on my own, away from them was hard, but I had to leave. But they're also the reason I felt like I could finally come back."

Stiles nodded, but seemed a little lost in thought. "I don't know if that's my anchor."

Derek shrugged. "It doesn't have to be. Everyone is different." Silence fell between them again. It was Stiles' turn to look away while Derek watched him. An idea came to him. "Here, give me your hands." Derek shifted, crossing his legs, his hands held out.

Stiles' head shot up, eyes slightly wider than normal. Derek heard his heartbeat trip up for a moment for speeding up, just a little. He looked at Derek's hands and then back to his face. "Why?" But he shifted to mirror Derek anyways. He held his hands back. "You're not going to try and kill me are you?" Stiles narrowed his eyes.

"No, stupid." Derek rolled his eyes. "Just try it." Slowly Stiles slid his hands into Derek's. "Now close your eyes." Stiles eyed him suspiciously before letting his eyes fall closed. Derek could feel the quick thrum of his heart through his palms. He let his eyes fall closed too. He let Stiles surround him, the feel of his skin, a little rougher on the fingers than he imagined that would be, but smooth on the back of the hand. His scent, like electricity in the air and

earth. It reminded him of the smell in the air right before a storm. The sound of his breath, and heartbeat. He took a deep breath. "Focus on me." He said in a low voice.

Stiles shifted a little, but only hummed in acknowledgement.

Derek could almost feel his magic through his fingertips. "Show me some of your magic." He said again, keeping his voice low and his eyes closed. He could feel Stiles tense. "Don't use a spell, just let it reach out."

"I can't control it, Derek. I could hurt you or kill you." His voice rose a few octaves by the end of the sentence.

Derek felt Stiles try to pull his hands away, but Derek held him still, careful not to hold too hard. If he really wanted to he could pull away. "I can take it." He used his thumb to rub circles in his hand. "Just a little bit. You can do it."

He heard Stiles take a shaking breath before it evened out. A moment passed without anything happening and then Derek felt it. It was like a pulse passed from Stiles' hands to his, a thrum just under the surface. He felt the hair on his arms stand up as it traveled through him. The vibration traveled up his spine, making him shiver. His skin was alive with the feeling, it was everywhere. Derek slowly opened his eyes.

Stiles was sitting in front of him, the energy around him shifting and swirling, you could almost see it as it pushed and shifted Stiles' hair and clothes. His eyes were still closed, eyebrows pulled down in concentration. Something moved out of the corner of Derek's eye and looked over. All around them, leaves that had fallen with the changing of the seasons, were rising off the ground, floating around them. The ground around them was breaking in some spots, tiny roots pushing up through the surface. Derek had never seen anything like it. He looked down and spirals of lightning were jumping out from Stiles' arms, encasing their hands, where they were connected. It started Derek at first, but it didn't hurt. It was cold and shifting, but not in an unpleasant way. He almost felt himself laugh as he watched, filled with awe.

And then came the pain. The vibrations quickened, shooting through his hands and up his spine. He braced himself and grunted and spasmed in pain. He tightened his grip on Stiles involuntarily. He took a deep breath through his nose and shut his eyes, grounded himself, fighting through the shock. He opened his eyes again, he knew they were glowing blue now, his wolf trying to come out to protect him.

"Stiles!" The air was thick around them and his voice wasn't as loud as he thought it would be. The leaves began to spin and shift in the air, even the light seemed a little darker around them. "Stiles." He said again, gentler this time. He squeezed his hands, willing Stiles to look at him, but his eyes were shut tightly, his expression looking panicked and desperate.

Derek jerked at his hands, not trying to pull away, just trying to pull at Stiles to get his attention. At the movement, he received another jolt. He clenched his teeth. "Stiles." He shifts his gift to hold onto Stiles' forearms, pulling him and Stiles closer together.

Stiles' eyes flew open, the movement breaking his trance, but the magic continued. Their faces were less than a foot apart and Derek could see the pupils in Stiles' eyes over taking the honey brown color of his irises. "Stiles." He said quieter this time. Stiles almost like a wild animal, his hair shifting, eyes wide.

"I'm sorry." He said in a broken voice, close to a sob, but there were no tears. "I can't control it."

"Look at me." Derek said, keeping his grip on Stiles, trying to keep his voice low. "Just breathe. I'm fine. You're fine." He tried to smile a little through the pain, but he wasn't sure that Stiles would buy it.

But Stiles took a breath anyways. In and out, in and out.

Derek pulled him a little closer. "I'm here. Just pull it back."

Stiles kept his eyes on Derek and nodded, taking another breath. Another moment passed and the anger that had filled the magic, faded. Derek didn't feel any pain, only the soft vibrations from before, almost soothing the pain away. The leaves floated gently again and the light returned, the warmth of the sun hitting them. Derek smiled. "You did it."

Stiles looked around, the beauty that his magic had before hanging around them. He let out a relieved laugh and then looked back at Derek, his eyes fond and happy. "I did it."

Derek smiled wider, letting the look on Stiles' face and the smell of his joy wash over him. He let it hang for a moment. "Now pull it back." He said again, almost a whisper.

The leaves dropped gently to the ground. The roots burrowed back into the ground, the lightning dissipated as did the vibration that connected them. The yard quieted around them. Stiles let out another laugh, bright and happy. It left a lightness in Derek's chest to hear it. "I did it!" He said again, buzzing with excitement.

Suddenly Derek was being lunged at by Stiles, enveloping him in a tight hug. Derek was taken aback, but the shock only lasted a moment before he was slowly wrapping his arms around Stiles' waist and pulling him closer. He got even better this close and Derek found himself getting lost in the feeling of Stiles against him.

"Thank you." Stiles said into his shoulder, the vibration of his voice soothing against him. Derek only held him tighter.

"What the hell is going on?" He felt his Mother's anger in her words, causing the boys to jump apart. She was standing at the back door, Deaton behind her and the heads of the rest of the pack pressed to the windows and behind the doorway. The yard was a mess, patio furniture was knocked over and one of the windows and a large spider web like crack in it. Derek looked at Stiles and felt his stomach sink. Stiles looked back almost sheepish.

"Inside now." Talia growled from the door. The boys got up and made their way across the yard to meet their fate.

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