

## The Hale Academy for the Young and Gifted

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# The Hale Academy for the Young and Gifted

by [Staleinskii](#)

## Summary

In a world where the government chooses to hide those with special abilities, dubbed “Uncommons”, teens are forced into special boarding schools designed to help them control such powers. When Stiles Stilinski’s abilities unexpectedly manifest three years later than everyone else’s, he causes a traumatic accident that takes the life of his ex-girlfriend and is thrown into the Hale Academy. The only problem? Stiles is a ticking time bomb and has to keep the true extent of his power hidden around the new friends--and enemies--he makes.

Stiles’s new school brings along many new discoveries, however, including what true friendship looks like, a diabolical plan to overthrow the headmaster, and a brooding shapeshifter that makes him question everything he ever thought about being a straight male.

Welcome to the Hale Academy for the Young and Gifted, where you’ll never know common again.

## Notes

Welcome to my new story! I am so excited to share this with you. I don't know if anyone has ever made a story like this before, so if you have seen one just know I haven't read it and am completely making this up from my mind. This is, however, very very loosely inspired by the Salvatore School for the Young and Gifted from Legacies, but instead of supernatural creatures it's teens with superpowers.

I have tried to put as many tags to warn and hint at what is to come, but more will be added later. Please note this story includes explicit language, past trauma, dark humor, sexual content, and possible violence later on. Also there will be minor stidya, but do not fear for this is definitely a sterek story.

I hope you enjoy and please check out my other sterek stories if you'd like. I have another superhero one called Triton, and one I just recently finished about Sterek, the beach, rich society, and surfing. As always, comments and kudos really motivate me to know what I can improve on, so if you wanted to leave some that'd be amazing! Also, obviously, majority of the characters belong to Jeff Davis and Teen Wolf.

# Chapter 1

As the cold glass of the car window pressed against Stiles's forehead, his father's voice muffled in the background, he watched the town he had grown up in blur on by. *Now leaving Beacon County.* He barely missed the words as they passed on a small street sign. The sign marked the border to the beyond, a border that Stiles had never crossed before.

"Stiles...Stiles! Are you even listening to me?"

The teen let out a frustrated sigh and sat up, a mark on the window from his glands. It was gloomy weather for a melancholy day like the gods had it out for him. Stiles was sure someone up there was smirking down at him, telling their buddies hey, let's piss on this kid's last day of normality. "Yes dad," he mumbled.

"No you're not," Noah Stilinski said. He rolled to a stoplight and turned to face his son. "You've been moping out the window like a damn music video."

Stiles stared at the man in disbelief. "I think I have every right to mope however I want to thank you," he retaliated. "You're the one sending me away to a boarding school. *A boarding school, dad.* Screw music videos, this is like the start of a fucking murder mystery."

"Language!"

Stiles just rolled his eyes and stared back out the window. He was going to mope all he wanted to and his dad couldn't say anything about it. He even moped extra hard as the next town passed by, then the next, then the last before they turned onto a dirt road in the middle of nowhere. The skies had opened up slightly, but there was no improvement in Stiles's mood. The only thing that had grown inside of him was a pounding headache that he tried to ignore. Headaches were a usual thing recently, ever since the accident. All he could do was push them back and load up on as many painkillers as possible.

The car rolled to a stop in front of a large iron gate. A burly man walked up to the driver's side window, which Noah rolled down with a smile. Their new friend kept a brooding grimace, though, instead just grunting out, "How may I help you?"

"Stilinski, Stiles Stilinski," Noah responded, trying not to wince under the harsh and suspicious stare of the man. "For move in?" The guard disappeared into a booth for a second before reappearing. He just gave a firm nod and held a hand up.

The gate before their eyes started to slowly open from the man's lifted palm. Stiles and his father gaped in awe as they slowly rolled through and onto the grounds of the boarding school. The dirt road turned to paved cobblestone, and the overgrown trees of the forest thinned down to perfectly hedged landscaping. Once the car rounded a corner, then the true beauty came into sight. Stiles was transported to Downton Abbey from the literal castle in front of him. The building was massive, decked out in all old stone with dozens of towers and hundreds of windows. Under the cloudy sky it was a grand, ominous structure that looked like it should be the home of thousand year-old spirits and ghosts. The place was given life,

though, by the many students and faculty roaming the grounds and entering and exiting the building's wings.

"Wow," Stiles said, unable to hold back his shock. He didn't want to enjoy the place for his pride's sake. Ever since his father had sprung it on him that he was being sent away to a school made for 'people like him', Stiles was dead set on being the grumpy, resistant teenager. The boarding school was truly beautiful, though, and housed truly amazing people.

Noah parked the car in front and the father and son hopped out. Around them, kids exhibited the inhuman abilities the place was known for. Stiles jumped back when one boy landed with a loud thud onto the ground a few feet away. The teen had come from the sky, *the sky*. He had run to meet up with a girl juggling balls of electricity between her bare hands. Stiles was amazed, not used to other kids like him.

"Ah! You must be the Stilinskis," an older, formally dressed woman approached them with open arms. She shook their hands, her grip nearly breaking Stiles's hand from how shockingly strong it was. "Stiles, I presume?" He nodded, still a bit cautious towards the people around them. A tall man stood next to Talia, his head held high sitting on blazer-clad shoulders. "I'm the headmaster, Talia Hale, and this is assistant headmaster Jordan Parrish." They shook Jordan's hand too, whose presence intimidated Stiles a bit less than Talia. His mom has always told him to fearfully respect a woman in power, and he lived by it.

"I'm his father, Noah," Stiles's dad introduced himself then clapped Stiles on the shoulder, causing the teen to roll his eyes. "Yes this is Stiles. He's very excited to be here, right son?" His hand squeezed warningly hard.

Stiles smiled through gritted teeth. "Absolutely," he lied. If Talia noticed his fib, she didn't seem affected by it. Instead, the woman just maintained her professional composure and turned to lead them towards the large main doors of the school, Parrish hot on her heels.

If the outside of the school was Downton Abbey, the inside was the goddamn Sistine Chapel. Stiles's mouth dropped at the smooth wood and stone interior. The place was a frozen piece of the Renaissance Era modernized with a few television screens and bulletin boards expressing upcoming school events. The ceilings were tall and a massive marble staircase stood straight ahead to the next floor. Kids with ages ranging from 13 to 18 ran back and forth to their next classes, some socializing down the halls next to tall lockers. Stiles was starting at the school a few days after everyone else's first day, so he had a bit of catching up to do.

"This is the main foyer," Talia said, gesturing all around her. "That staircase right there will take you to the halls where most classes take place. The first floor just houses some lockers, the dining hall, the gymnasium, and our library. If you head to the right on any floor it'll take you to the girl's dorm wing, and the left will take you to boy's."

"Holy shit," Noah muttered.

"Language," Stiles teased, but felt the same. His dad slapped a hand over his mouth and apologized to the headmaster. Parrish then handed Stiles a large manilla folder with his name printed up top.

“That right there has any paperwork you need,” he said with a welcoming smile. “You’ll find your class schedule, room assignment, locker combination, health and ability forms, and many important dates to know as a student here.”

“Health and *ability* forms?” Stiles questioned, opening the folder in his hands. He was hit with a neon orange flyer advertising in big bold letters: *Support Group for Troubled Uncommons. Join us every Tuesday for a safe place to talk about any concerns you may have regarding adapting to Hale’s, learning to control your abilities, and living as a special and unique being in society.* Stiles gave his dad a look that said ‘really?’ He knew a requirement of him coming to the school would be a weekly therapy session with their guidance counselor after all of the trauma Stiles had endured. He insisted he was fine, that he didn’t need to wax poetic to some stranger about how fucked up his life was. Of course, though, his father hadn’t taken no for an answer.

“Yes,” Talia jumped in. “Your father and Parrish will go and sign those forms in the main office. They are just a precaution in case anything were to happen to you that we know how to handle the situation.”

“And how to handle my powers?” Stiles questioned with a pointed look.

“We prefer to call them abilities here,” Talia said, hands crossed in front of her and her stoic expression never wavering. She waved a hand that dismissed Parrish and the man gestured for Stiles’s dad to follow. “If you’d follow him now Mr. Stilinski. I promise Stiles is in great hands here. We are dedicated to teaching every student how to live like a common teenager while still understanding the amazing gifts they have been blessed with.”

“Well I guess this is it,” Noah said, voice slightly cracking as he turned to his son. Stiles had held a grudge for his dad sending him away, placing him in a school that knows how to ‘deal’ with him. He also knew, however, that it was from a good place as Noah had always looked out for him. Stiles couldn’t expect the man to, as a single common father, deal with the ticking time bomb of a son he had that had already exploded once. These people--Talia, Parrish, the school--were equipped to handle any students thrown their way.

“I guess so,” Stiles said. He gave his dad a sad smile and wrapped him in a hug. “I’ll be good dad, I promise.”

As the sheriff of their town, Noah Stilinski had always tried to keep a brave face on. He never could hide his emotions around his own son, though, and sniffled into Stiles’s neck. Once their hug ended, he squeezed the teen’s shoulders. “I know you will. Call me if you need anything please.”

Stiles nodded to reassure his father, then Parrish led the man through another set of double doors. Now it was the headmaster who placed a hand on Stiles’s shoulder and turned him towards the left hallway. “Let’s show you to your room.”

It was blatantly obvious that Stiles was the new kid. First, he was being escorted by the headmaster with a backpack on and a huge duffel in his hand. Second, every student around him was wearing a grey blazer with navy blue trim and school emblem on the breast. To

match, they were also sporting either a navy skirt or pair of slacks. Stiles himself was dressed up in black skinny jeans and a red hoodie. He stuck out like a sore thumb.

Keeping his head down to avoid all of the stares, they eventually made it to a walkway between the main building and the left wing. As soon as they crossed over, the absolute smell of testosterone and body odor punctured Stiles's nostrils. This was definitely the boys dorms. Teenagers were running back and forth, chatting loudly as they hopped out of their rooms and into neighboring ones. There were kids in just towels, some in gym uniforms, and others still in pajamas scrambling to get ready in the communal bathrooms and make it to their next class. Each student, however, immediately composed themselves and stood tall as the headmaster walked through. Talia led Stiles to a door on the far end of the hallway and knocked twice.

Once the wooden door swung open, Stiles was met with the bubbliest man he had ever seen. The guy was his age, black wavy hair and brown eyes. His jaw was slightly crooked, something Stiles would learn to overlook, and the big grin on his face made Stiles have to suppress an eye roll. Great, he was rooming with freakin' Happy from the Seven Dwarfs.

"Stiles Stilinski," Talia said. "Meet your roommate, Scott McCall. I trust Mr. McCall will continue your tour with you during his free period right now. I have to go finish dealing with two students who nearly clawed each other's faces off." She turned on her heel and walked back down the hallway, her loud pumps clicking with a resonance that inspired fear in whoever heard them. Stiles stared after the headmaster with a gulp. Students clawing each other's faces off, totally normal.

"Hey! Come in!" Scott greeted him and dragged Stiles through the doorway. The room was pretty typical boarding school style: two twin beds on opposite walls with a dresser in between them, one window over the dresser that looked out towards another cobblestone wall outside, a desk at the foot of each bed, and two small closets. The left side of the room was already decked out in Scott's belongings. He had music and sports posters on his wall. His desk was cluttered with school supplies and framed pictures of him and other kids wearing the Hale uniform. Both beds had matching dark blue comforters to keep the aesthetic, but Stiles's walls and desk were bare, ready for him to move in.

He walked over to the right side and threw his duffel down, immediately starting to unpack into the closet. "Scott, right?"

Scott nodded and sat on his own mattress. "Yeah, that's me. Stiles is a cool name."

"Thanks," Stiles shrugged, still keeping his back to the other boy while he hung his sweatshirts up. That's when he noticed a grey and navy uniform identical to the one Scott was sporting already hanging up for him. He took it out and laid it on the bed. "Damn, they already got me one?"

Scott's ears perked up at the question and he walked over to look at the uniform too. "Yep. Talia has them specially made as soon as she hears about a new student's abilities."

"What?" Stiles asked curiously, not sure how the headmistress hearing about powers and having to supply a uniform correlate. He turned to look at Scott, only to find the teen

completely missing. “Scott?” He panicked, not remembering the sound of their door opening and closing. Then suddenly a hand was on his shoulder. Stiles screamed and turned around to see Scott grinning wickedly at him, suppressing a laugh. What really caught Stiles’s eye, though, was how the man was slightly transparent and slowly becoming more and more opaque. “What the hell dude!”

Scott held up his hands proudly. “Each uniform has been altered to adapt to every student’s power. Have you ever seen the Incredibles?” Scott said. “Mine turns invisible with me. Shapeshifters’ uniforms shift with them, flyers have aerodynamic ones, and so on.” Stiles was just still staring in shock, not used to other kids with powers yet. That’s something he is definitely going to have to grow accustomed too though in a school like this. “What’s your ability?”

The question threw him off and snapped him out of his shocked state. Stiles cleared his throat and stared down at the uniform. He didn’t like to share about his powers since the accident, but it was clearly something Talia already knew about if she had the uniform pre-made just for him. “Um,” Stiles started, not feeling totally comfortable sharing everything with Scott yet. “Telekinesis.” It wasn’t a total lie, he was telekinetic, it just wasn’t the full *extent* of his power.

“Dude, cool!” Scott said, then two seconds later he was chucking a football at Stiles’s head. It smashed into the teen’s skull, causing him to let out a loud groan and glare daggers towards his new roommate.

“Ow! What the hell was that for?!”

Scott’s face twisted into an expression of extreme guilt. “Sorry,” he said sheepishly. “I guess I was expecting you to like, catch it with your mind and shit.”

Stiles picked up the football, mentally telling himself to calm down as he knew Scott was just messing around. A ball ramming into his head, though, was not helping the headaches. To enact some revenge, Stiles chucked the football back towards Scott. He was fully expecting the guy to suffer the same pain he did, but instead Scott held up an arm and a translucent shield of blue energy blocked his body. The ball simply hit the shield and bounced to the floor.

Stiles felt a bit offended as his revenge failed. “You don’t only have invisibility, huh,” he said in awe.

Scott put his arm down and the energy disbanded. “Nope, also a force field,” he said proudly with a shrug. “You’ll see a lot of powers here Stiles, some stronger than others. Now how ‘bout that tour?”

Two minutes later Stiles had his uniform on and was following Scott across the walkway and into the main building again. Scott high fived and greeted many people as they walked by, clearly Mr. Popular in the school. That made Stiles feel a little bit better, that he was already protected by the rigid social rules of high school that thrived on the unjust separation of kids by popularity status. He was starting to like Scott a bit more.

Before they made it back to the main foyer, Scott took a sharp left down another hallway. At the end of it was a large archway he walked through. They came out into what was clearly the library, with multiple stories of rows and rows of books. "Well, here's our first stop," Scott said excitedly and gestured all around him. "This is the library. A lot of people come here to have study groups, conduct meetings, all that crap. It's your fairly standard library. Not too exciting."

Stiles looked around at the crowded tables. For a library, it wasn't very quiet. He had also never seen students actually utilize a library in their school like the students here did. There were at least a couple kids down each aisle of books, and every table was occupied. People were laughing with friends, tutoring, practicing presentations, or just reading silently by themselves. Scott led him over to a large desk with a friendly looking woman behind it.

"This is the librarian, Ms. Blake."

Ms. Blake was younger than the stereotypical, crotchety old woman Stiles was used to in his library back in Beacon Hills. She seemed no older than her early thirties with long brown hair and a kind smile. She was stamping some books when they approached and greeted Stiles with warm eyes.

"Hello there," she said kindly. "You must be new!"

Stiles nodded and accepted her outstretched hand. "I'm Stiles. It's my first day."

"Stiles," she repeated and gave him a onceover. "Welcome to the Hale Academy. I'm sure Scott here is giving you a stellar tour of our school." Her voice was almost too sickly sweet that it made Stiles uncomfortable.

"He sure is," he replied with his own feigned enthusiasm.

Finally, they turned to head out of the library. Stiles was a slightly above average student back home and used to study in the library all the time. Now, however, it just reminded him of the teen he used to be before getting involved with the wrong crowd. A small body bumped into him as he exited the library, snapping him out of his thoughts. It was all books and papers flying and a flash of red hair before Stiles comprehended that he had just ran into a girl. "Sorry!" he quickly apologized and knelt down with her to help in picking up the dropped items.

Stiles looked up to make eye contact with the girl, and was taken back. She was beautiful with strawberry blonde hair and wide, hazel eyes. Her plump lips and round cheeks were subtly dressed up with makeup. She ducked a piece of her long hair behind one ear before standing back up. Stiles offered her a book which she grabbed with a huff.

"It's fine," she grumbled, clearly anxious to get into the library.

"Lydia, hey!" Scott then stepped up. He side hugged the girl casually, and a deep part inside of Stiles hoped for it to be platonic. "I see you've met Stiles. He's new."



The girl, Lydia, looked Stiles up and down and narrowed her eyes like she was assessing him and knew everything he had ever done since he was born. He shrunk under her intense gaze, feeling guilty for running into her and really interested if she was single. *God Stiles, stop that. You just sent all of her stuff to the ground, it wasn't a good first impression.*

Lydia giggled and cracked a small smile. "Nice to meet you," she said. "And to let you know, I'm a big girl. It wasn't the first time someone knocked into me. Also...I am single."

Stiles gaped at her, trying to remember if he had said those words out loud. He was positive he didn't, and wondered if he had accidentally bumped heads when he ran into the girl.

"Don't be freaked out," Scott laughed and squeezed Lydia's shoulder. "Lydia's telepathetic."

And oh, that made a lot more sense than Stiles having a breakdown and hallucinating. He was grateful he wasn't going crazy, but also incredibly embarrassed that she was capable of reading his thoughts. His face grew warm as he tried to think about anything other than how pretty Lydia looked in the school uniform.

"Thank you," she replied, and damn it if this was going to be a regular occurrence, Stiles would have to stay far away.

"Knock it off Lyds," Scott teased. "Stop messing with the new kid. I promise she doesn't usually read your mind Stiles. She just likes messing with a guy's head sometimes."

"Can you blame me?" Lydia smirked, still keeping her curious gaze on Stiles. "Best way to get to know someone is to listen to their thoughts." Stiles awkwardly laughed, feeling incredibly vulnerable and unsure if and when Lydia was digging through his mind. *Sports, yeah think about sports. Oh, and food. Food's good. I could go for a milkshake.* He watched Lydia's reaction as he changed his internal monologue, and her lack of one told him she probably was done reading his mind for now.

"So do you all just use your powers whenever?" Stiles asked excitedly.

Scott sighed and looked around them as if he was afraid of someone eavesdropping.

"Technically we aren't supposed to," he said quietly. "The goal here is to control our abilities. The top rule is to never use them for personal entertainment or gain, only in classes dedicated to learning with them. Lydia's lucky no one really knows when she's using hers. I, however, am pretty obvious."

Stiles nodded in understanding. He had been wondering why he didn't see many kids flying through the halls and teleporting to their next classes. If this was like any other school, though, teenagers liked to break rules. Just not in front of authority.

"Well I gotta get going for my study group," Lydia announced and hugged Scott again. "Bye Stiles, nice to meet you." She gave him a flirty wink before turning on her heel and disappearing into the library. Stiles watched her go, already in awe of her powerful personality. Scott was staring at him, a growing smirk on his face. Stiles noticed and quickly turned to walk back down the hallway.

Their next stop was the gymnasium. As it was the majority of the upperclassmen's free period, it was open for anyone to come in and use it. Kids were playing basketball, running around the room, and just sitting on the bleachers to talk. Stiles could see through to a large, fancy weight room that many people were working out in. That's where Scott brought him next.

"The weight room got a major upgrade a few years ago by Headmaster Hale's brother. I like to come in here a lot," Scott said. A man near Stiles was benching nearly 800 pounds, clearly having superstrength. That's probably why the weight room had to be so up to date and fancy. "Oh! Come meet Liam."

They approached a younger looking kid, probably only by a year or two, who was squatting with a barbell over his shoulders. He noticed Scott in the mirrored wall and put the weights down, greeting the guy with a handshake and a smile. Stiles was introduced too just like he had been with Ms. Blake and Lydia. He had moved to a new school once before, and he always hated the first day introductions, having to repeat the same greeting over and over again.

"Liam can fly, it's pretty sick," Scott said.

Liam ducked his head humbly and squeezed a water bottle into his mouth. "A lot of people can, it's nothing too special."

"Then wait till he sees your sonic boom," Scott hyped the kid up and punched his shoulder. Liam laughed and brushed the guy off, using the bottom of his grey tank top to wipe the sweat off of his forehead.

A wolf whistle made the three guy's heads turn to see who was the source of the sound. Another kid their age approached, very bluntly checking out Liam. He put a hand on the rack above him, leaning in close with a cocky smirk that had Liam's face blushing bright red. "We talking about how impressive Liam's abilities are? That's a conversation I can gladly jump into." As he spoke so close to Liam's skin, a visible brush of air gently brushed against the boy's cheek, leaving it even pinker like he had just come in from playing in the snow.

"And this is Theo," Scott said. His tone was clearly antipathetic in comparison to the lighthearted one he had used when introducing Liam. Theo's confident smirk never wavered from his face as he shook Stiles's hand, and Scott just rolled his eyes.

As soon as their skin touched Stiles jumped back. Theo's skin was ice cold, and not the type of ice cold one feels from holding a soda can that has been sitting in a cooler all day. No, this was polar plunge cold, like his body had been dipped into the Arctic Ocean and if he held on for any longer his hand was about to fall off from hypothermia.

"My bad," Theo laughed. "Sometimes I forget to warn people about my...abilities." He held his hand up and moved it around, his human flesh forming into cold, hard ice.

"Cut it out Theo, he just got here," Liam said, arms crossed as if he was shielding himself. Theo turned down to look at Liam again with his arm still caged above the boy's head. He

gazed at Liam with a passionate hunger in his eyes, causing the boy to remain flustered. Even Stiles could feel the sexual tension in their air so thick it could be cut with a knife.

“Whatever you say sweet cheeks,” said Theo and he pushed off of the weight rack, only leaving them after giving Liam one more once over and Stiles a suspicious stare.

“Well he seems nice,” Stiles said sarcastically once the boy was out of earshot.

“That’s one way of putting it,” Liam responded, awkwardly adjusting his shorts and turning to pick up his gym stuff as a distraction.

Scott turned Stiles back towards the gym and led him away after they said goodbye to Liam. Instead of walking back across the court to the halls again, though, they turned and headed outside. The midday sun was finally completely out, causing Stiles to hold up a hand and shield his eyes. They had come out into a beautiful and massive courtyard surrounded by the walls of the school on all sides. Cobblestone paths wove through luscious green grass and flowerbeds. Kids were just as active here as every other part of the school, some playing catch, reading under trees, and having their lunches on picnic blankets.

“And finally we’ve come to my favorite part,” Scott beamed. “Everyone calls this place ‘The Quad’. We all love to come out here on nice days and eat, chill, whatever. Just whatever you do, do *not* step on any of the flowerbeds. The botany students and chlorokinetics in this place will freak and probably roast your head on a stick for dinner.”

“Yes sir,” Stiles said, slight fear trembling in his voice. The pair walked deeper into the center of the quad, serotonin filling Stiles veins at the sounds of nature and community coming together. He loved going off into the woods back home with his old friends. Sometimes they’d sneak down to the river, and while most of them used it as an opportunity to get drunk and high away from prying eyes in their town, Stiles enjoyed actually swimming in the water and sitting under the trees.

That’s when Stiles saw *him*. He was ridiculously good looking, only enhancing Stiles’s own insecurities. The man was leaning back on his elbows, nursing a novel while a curly haired guy ran his mouth off next to him. The man Stiles was looking at didn’t open his mouth, just nodded along while never taking his eyes off of his book.

Then the stranger’s ears perked up. He looked up from his book and made direct eye contact with Stiles. They both held their gaze for a bit, the guy’s eyebrows furrowing, until Stiles finally broke his stare and looked away. Scott was going off about annual kickball tournaments in the quad or whatever, but it was all muffled in Stiles’s ears. He didn’t know why his face grew hot under the stranger’s intense stare. The man was wearing the same uniform as everyone else, but his presence across the lawn was dark and mysterious.

“Hey, who’s that?” Stiles asked and gestured over to his unknown staring contest competitor. Scott followed his finger, and his eyes grew wide as soon as he saw who Stiles was talking about.

“Oh no, don’t mess with him,” he said seriously. “That’s Derek. I guess you could say he’s the resident bad boy around here. No one has ever seen his abilities in action, but rumor has it

he's a shapeshifter and ripped a guy's throat out before I got here...with his *teeth*. The dude's been here longer than anyone, probably held back because of such issues."

"Hm," Stiles responded and took the risk to look back at Derek. The brooding man was still staring, a permanent scowl upon his face. "I believe it. Who's next to him?"

Scott's face instantly softened and crimson rose up his neck. "That's Isaac Lahey," he said fondly. "Derek's best friend, and only friend I guess. He's the only one the guy will really talk to. Isaac's kind of at the bottom of the totem pole here as no one's really seen his abilities, so they believe he has none."

"Is that how popularity is determined?" Stiles questioned while observing the way Isaac continued his bubbly rant while Derek still expressed abnormal irritation in Stiles's direction. "By pow-I mean abilities?"

Scott shrugged and kept walking, Stiles scrambling to catch up as he tried to ignore the way his ears burned, just knowing Derek was still staring. "Pretty much," he replied. "It sucks but it's just kind of how it is. I feel blessed to have my abilities and people see it as strength. They believe the weaklings of the pack belong in the back. No one messes with Isaac, though, because of Derek."

The tour included a few more stops: the cafeteria, the entrance to the girl's wing (without being allowed to enter), the guidance counselor's, and where most of Stiles's classes would take place. It came to the time where Scott's free period was over, which meant it was also time for Stiles's first class.

Scott kindly walked him to the classroom--history of manifestation 101--but then had to head to his own room down the hallway. Stiles nervously entered, now not knowing anyone in the class. He scanned the rows of desks and saw only a few remained unoccupied, so he just sat in the closest empty one he could find.

Then finally, a familiar face joined him. Lydia entered the classroom with her head held high, nude heels clicking on the stone floor. Stiles couldn't help but stare as she greeted almost everyone with a dazzling smile that would put any beauty queen to shame. She kept walking past his desk, though, having not seen Stiles yet, and sat far away. He stared at her petite frame enthusiastically gesturing while she spoke to another girl. A deep voice cleared its throat, though, causing the teen's head to whip back around.

"You're in my seat."

And if that wasn't the most cliché first day thing Stiles had ever heard. He held in the laugh, though, as the owner of said voice was none other than Derek. The man's face was still twisted into a dark frown, and he narrowed his eyes once Stiles made eye contact again.

"The board says no assigned seats," Stiles then noticed and pointed up towards the front of the room with his pen. He wasn't sure why he was challenging Derek. The man could clearly kill him with one single punch, but he wasn't feeling like dealing with a bully on the first day. Smartass wit was his defense mechanism instead.

Derek grunted and his glare only grew angrier. He put two hands on the desk and leaned close until he was in Stiles's face; however, Stiles only kept his composure and tried to match the intense stare. He'd give his fury brows a solid 6, no match to Derek's perfect 10.

"I'm not gonna say it again, *move*," Derek snarled, literally snarled at Stiles. His upper lip curled back and he bared his teeth like an animal. Stiles then recalled how Scott called him a shapeshifter, and now he was wondering exactly what shape the mysterious stranger shifted into.

Stiles tried to hold his own, but now he had caught the attention of a few nosy bystanders. He dramatically rose out of the seat, accidentally (purposefully) shoving the desk forward a bit so it hit Derek's shins, and stormed to the last empty seat in the back. Lydia noticed him this time, offering a pitiful smile as Stiles passed her.

The class fell silent when the door opened. A probing cane appeared in through the room before anything else, then a slow-moving body followed behind. Stiles could feel the change in the atmosphere from relaxed to serious. He tried to match as much as he could and stay alert and unaffected like the rest of the class. The teacher freaked him out right away, though. He was tall, older, and clearly blind from the cane in his hand and the blacked out glasses on his face.

"Hello class," a deep british accent echoed through the silent room. "Please take out your homework from last time. We'll go over it first thing."

Stiles panicked internally as everyone around him obeyed and pulled out identical worksheets. Should he raise his hand? Look off of the person next to him? No, definitely not that option. She had snake fangs sticking out of her mouth.

"Is there a Stiles Stilinski here today?" the teacher then said, solving Stiles's problems for him. He shyly raised his hand as everyone turned to stare. Lydia then motioned to her eyes, and Stiles remembered the dude was blind. Idiot.

"Um, present," he responded, and the blind man's covered eyes turned straight to him.

"Welcome to the history of ability manifestation Mr. Stilinski," the teacher greeted him. "Everyone just calls me Deucalion here." He used one finger to push back up his glasses and swished the cane back and forth as he took a step forward. The teacher's lips curled into a suspicious smile that made Stiles squirm. "I can't wait to get to know you."

The whole class kept giving Stiles looks even when Deucalion turned his body back towards the front and sat at his desk. Well, everyone except Derek, whose head was down and shoulders tense. Stiles just rolled his eyes, not really caring about the man's opinion towards him.

They ended up going over the homework in five minutes, something about how the first humans were element benders. Stiles tried to fake alertness to not completely get on Deucalion's bad side the first day, then kept remembering that the man couldn't *see* him.

Halfway through class the lights went off and a movie came up on the screen. There was an audible sigh of relief from everyone that they could just nod off and not have to pay attention anymore. Stiles thought he would do the same, but when the movie came on he couldn't help but watch. It was a documentary on early uncommons during the 1940s. They used their abilities to help in the war, but had to remain under the radar as the government was rounding them up for experimentation.

Stiles had grown up with knowledge of uncommons. Of course he did, his mother was a telekinetic just like him. When he was little, she would put him to bed by making paper butterflies dance around his room. His parents were always adamant, though, on remaining quiet about his mother's abilities. *There are bad people out there who want to take mommy away*, they had said to him over and over again, and Stiles obeyed.

Claudia Stilinski passed away when her son was 11 years old. Medical issues were what his father had claimed, but Stiles was always suspicious of him not being allowed to visit his mother within her last couple days. She left behind, however, the knowledge that Stiles would gain his powers when he turned 13...that is, if he had any. That was the rule of thumb for any uncommon. They manifest when you hit teenage years if you're lucky, and if not you're a common. Households of two uncommon parents bred uncommon children 98% of the time, one uncommon parent had a chance of 70%, and two common parents was usually 15%. Stiles knew there was the possibility he would develop no powers like his father, and when he turned 13, that was proven right.

There was no sign of abnormalities in the teen besides his ADHD and quick wit. To say he was sad would be an understatement. Stiles was devastated, heartbroken, and angry that he couldn't carry on the amazing things his mother had shown him. So he took out his anger and depression by falling in with the wrong crowd once he got to high school.

It wasn't until Stiles was 16 years and 9 months old that his powers developed, something completely unheard of in the uncommon world. The damage he caused is what put him in the boarding school in the first place as soon as he turned 17, so he could 'calm down' and 'learn to control it'. The government didn't like uncommon kids who couldn't handle their abilities, hence why such schools were built. Hale's Academy was one of the most well known across the west coast.

That being said, Stiles experienced normal middle and high school for a bit. He was never able to learn about the history of who he was, or see other kids like him. Now, being in Deucalion's class, watching the documentary, it was all so eye opening. He felt like this school really could be a fresh start to erase the mistakes he had made, now all he had to worry about was not getting his throat ripped out by Derek Hale.

## Chapter 2

### Chapter Notes

This chapter is a little bit shorter than the last, and most chapters from here on out will be roughly the same. The first chapter was longer for the introduction aspect. Enjoy!

*"Stiles! Would you calm down for one second and listen to me?"*

*Stiles stopped dead in his tracks. He had stormed out of the door and was walking down the sidewalk when Heather called his name. He reluctantly turned around, white rage blinding his eyesight, and couldn't stop himself from storming back up the porch steps to get in the girl's face. The loud party inside was still going hard, unaware of the couple's quarrel out front under the night sky.*

*"Listen?" Stiles seethed. "I've listened for months Heather. I've listened to every lie that's spewed out of your mouth while you were screwing my friend behind my back! I'm done fucking sitting down and listening."*

*Heather was sobbing into her hand, sobered up now from their fight. She reached out towards her boyfriend, but Stiles stepped back, not wanting to be touched by the blonde. He was still a bit tipsy, but knew enough to remember the next day. In front of him was a girl he had known his whole life, his girlfriend for the past year and a half, but it was like he didn't know her. She was a stranger now.*

*He turned and started walking away again, fumbling with his jeep keys on the way. Stiles tried to ignore the rapidly approaching footsteps as Heather scrambled to catch up. She threw her body in front of his, between him and the jeep. "Please, it's not what you think!" she cried out. "I love you Stiles. You! Not Nick! This...this was a mistake-*

*"Yeah it was," he said, face twisted into an expression of heartbreak and betrayal. "It was a mistake for me to trust you after the last time I caught you kissing him and you claimed it was a drunk dare that meant nothing. Now move Heather!" His head was pounding as he tried to unlock the door, but she didn't budge.*

*"No," she said sternly and ripped the keys from his hands. "You're still drunk. At least let me drive you home! Please, it isn't safe, especially with your mind racing like this too."*

*Stiles knew she was right, and there was no way he was walking all the way from Stone Creek to Beacon Hills. It was at least a thirty minute drive alone. He also had no one else to call, as every 'friend' he knew was back inside of the house, drunk or high off their asses and not giving a shit about him. "Fine," he said reluctantly, and stomped around to the passenger's side.*

The loud sound of someone slamming a door awoke Stiles from his power nap. He sprung up in his seat, trying to brush away memories he had tried to suppress.

“Stiles Stilinski?” A man was peering out of his office right at him. Stiles nodded and stood up, grabbing his backpack and following inside. The average sized office was warm and inviting, handwritten notes and pictures decorating the walls. The guidance counselor sat in a large roly chair behind his desk, gesturing for Stiles to sit down as well. His chair was large and comfortable, like a warm hug engulfing his whole body. “My name is Dr. Alan Deaton, but everyone just calls me Deaton here. How are you enjoying your first day so far?”

Deaton had a warm smile and kind eyes, and right away Stiles felt comfortable in the man’s presence. That was a good thing, as these visits were required weekly as therapy. “It’s been good,” Stiles mumbled and slouched a bit in the chair. Deaton was studying him closely.

“But difficult to adapt, hm?” he said, hands crossed on top of the desk. “You’re nervous about the change. Something’s holding you back from reaching out to make new friends.”

Stiles squirmed as he was practically interrogated. He got plenty of that back home from his cop father. “You a telepath too or something?” was the defensive remark that came out of his mouth.

Deaton just chuckled and shook his head. “My bad,” he said apologetically. “I’m an empath, meaning I feel your emotions, understand your pain points and what you need emotionally.”

“Isn’t that what every therapist can do?” Stiles asked.

“Not exactly,” Deaton responded and leaned back in his chair. “I physically, mentally, and emotionally feel what you’re feeling. I can tell you how you are deep inside even when you don’t know the answer to that yourself, and I know exactly what is flowing inside of you. Sometimes I am even able to read emotional imprints left in the environment or objects. Pretty fitting they hired me as a guidance counselor, huh?”

“Hm,” Stiles hummed with a nod, genuinely impressed. He occupied his hands by fiddling with the hem of his school blazer, still feeling small under Deaton’s stare. Maybe this wasn’t going to be so bad, though. The man was kind and welcoming, and Stiles knew he’d truly understand him.

“Tell me why you’re here Stiles.”

Never mind. This was awful and invasive. Stiles didn’t do feelings. He didn’t sit around the campfire and share his life story with whoever wanted to lend him a shoulder to cry on, empath or not. He completely shut down at the question and looked anywhere besides at the counselor. “Cause I’m like the other kids here.”

Deaton narrowed his eyes. “You and I both know that’s not true,” he pointed out. “You manifested at nearly 17 years old.”

“Yeah I don’t really need to be reminded thanks,” Stiles spat out, pushing the flashback that had come up in his mind while napping back down again. “Does everyone just *know* that?”



The guidance counselor shook his head and reached into a drawer, pulling out a similar manila folder to the one Stiles had received earlier from Parrish and was now sitting in his backpack. “No,” he answered calmly and opened the file, unaffected by Stiles’s sarcastic tone of voice. “Only Headmaster Hale, Assistant Headmaster Parrish, and myself are aware of the circumstances which brought you to us. The truth is all in your file here. As far as everyone else knows, though, you were transferred from another boarding school.”

Stiles sighed in relief, shoulders easing from the tension that had built up. He didn’t need everyone at his new school knowing about his past, especially not on his first day. It was something he wished to keep buried, choosing to forget that dreaded night. “So…” he started, sitting up more in his seat and feeling more relaxed now. Something about Deaton’s presence just made that happen. “Then are you supposed to fix me? Did my father tell you about the fucked up shit I did back home?”

Deaton smiled and fiddled with the file in his hands. “I kindly request that you refrain from explicit language here. Positive environment and all that,” he said with no harshness to his voice. “Your father wished for us to meet to simply help you through a traumatic event that occurred. I know you wish to forget about it for now, but my wish is that we can continue to talk and slowly open you up to forgiving yourself for past events.”

Stiles scoffed, hiding the growing lump in his throat with a sharp laugh. He was very very far off from forgiving himself. If Deaton could achieve that it’d be a damn miracle in his book.

“You’re doubtful,” the counselor continued with an understanding smile. “That’s alright. Like I said, we’ll take this slow.”

Stiles nodded, and then a loud bell overhead signaled that it was time for him to move on. Next on his schedule was lunch. “Thanks,” he said while standing up, giving Deaton one last nod before turning on his heel and marching back out into the hallway.

Oh the dreaded cafeteria. Anyone who has seen *Mean Girls*, or has even spent a *day* in a public high school, knows how cliquey and anxiety inducing the cafeteria is on the first day. This dining hall was a lot nicer than Beacon Hills High, that was for sure, and Stiles panicked as he entered into the crowded room. There were tables everywhere in the grand space, but every one was occupied with a different friend group. He scanned the unknown faces until finally he settled on Scott.

Stiles quickly walked over to his roommate, who greeted him excitedly and invited Stiles to sit next to him. Thank the Lord. Maybe Stiles could do this if he stuck with Scott, and didn’t have to be the socially awkward new kid for long.

“Stiles, I’m glad you found us!” Scott exclaimed. They were joined at the table with Liam, Lydia, and another boy and girl Stiles hadn’t met yet. “This is Mason, Liam’s roommate. And that’s Malia, Lydia’s.”

Stiles greeted them in the same way he had everyone else, and didn’t miss how Malia gave him a flirty smirk as she looked him up and down. What made Stiles hyperaware, however, was the way Lydia’s knee accidentally brushed his under the table. It sent heat coursing

through his body, and he was really happy she was chatting animatedly with Liam and not reading his mind.

“Mind if I join?” Theo approached, a tray stocked with various foods. He slid in right next to Liam, pressing their bodies flush together despite their being plenty of room for everyone. The guy then stole a carrot stick off of Liam’s plate and maintained eye contact with the boy while he bit it, winking after it was gone.

Stiles leaned in close to Scott to whisper in his ear. “Are they dating or something?”

Scott chuckled and looked over to where Liam’s face was once again blushing dark red. Lydia, Malia, and Mason were all trying to stifle their own laughs at the guy’s distraught composure. Theo, however, was having way too much fun making Liam squirm underneath his touch. “I think everyone here wishes they’d just jump each other’s bones already and get it over with,” Scott responded quietly. “Theo’s had the hots for Liam for, like, ever. Liam keeps claiming he’s not into him, but we all know the truth. Lydia caught him thinking about how hot Theo looked during gym once, and now she makes sure to stay out of both of their dirty minds when they’re together.”

“Wow,” Stiles said and sat back up straight. There was already some drama in his new found friend group. It just made this school all the more interesting.

“Do you like the academy so far Stiles?” Lydia spoke up, distracting everyone before Theo and Liam ripped each other’s clothes off right there and did it on the dining hall table.

Stiles nodded and opened up his mouth to respond, but he was cut off by a loud growl coming from the other side of the cafeteria. The whole room went almost completely silent at the sound and all heads snapped towards the source.

Derek was holding a guy up against the wall by the collar of his shirt. He was baring his teeth and glaring so hard Stiles was surprised the man’s head wasn’t exploding from rage.

“Put me down!” the boy in Derek’s grip pleaded and put his hands up in defense. “It was an accident, man.”

That’s when Stiles noticed Isaac sprawled out on the ground next to the commotion, desperately trying to pick up dozens of papers that went flying across the ground. Stiles observed how no one was paying attention to Isaac, instead focused on if Derek was about to murder the guy against the wall or not. Feeling bad for Isaac, Stiles ran over from his seat and started to help him pick up his things.

Isaac looked up in surprise at Stiles, and a small smile came over his face. “Thanks,” he said quietly and they stood up together.

Derek slowly put the boy down until his feet touched the floor again. He pointed a threatening finger in his face. “Save your accident bullshit,” he spat. “Don’t ever fucking push him again or I’ll smash you *through* the wall next time, got it?” The boy quickly nodded and ran away once he was free, looking to be seconds away from peeing his pants. Derek then turned to see Stiles standing close to Isaac, handing him his last dropped paper. The fury

never left his face as he stormed over and grabbed Isaac's arm, pulling him away from Stiles while simultaneously snarling at the teen. "Come on." Isaac just nodded, giving Stiles an apologetic look before following his grumpy friend out of the cafeteria. Stiles just watched after them in shock of what happened.

Once he arrived back at the table, everyone was staring at Stiles with wide eyes. "What?" he questioned and sat down, finally diving into the grilled cheese he had grabbed from a lunch lady with four arms.

"You just interacted with Isaac Lahey," Scott gaped.

"In front of Derek," Liam continued.

"And Derek didn't kill you?!" Malia added on.

Stiles had half of a bite hanging out of his mouth as he stared around at the group. "Yeah?" he mumbled through the food. Lydia rolled her eyes and offered a napkin, which Stiles graciously accepted and used to wipe his mouth. "It wasn't like I tripped the guy like that other douche Derek was threatening. I was helping Isaac with his things."

"Scott, no need to be jealous," Lydia said and turned her head to smirk at Stiles's roommate who was hiding his rosy cheeks.

"What?!" Scott said. "I am not jealous, stay out of my head! I think what Stiles did was great."

"Yeah, you just wish it was you who got to Lahey instead," Theo teased with a laugh, and Scott threw a french fry at his face. "Have you ever even spoken a word to the guy?"

Scott ducked his head down as his friends laughed. Stiles, the good new friend he was, patted Scott's shoulder reassuringly. "Yes," Scott mumbled to himself. "Like twice."

"Wait," Stiles spoke up, finally catching on. "Do you have a *crush* on Isaac?"

"No!" Scott exclaimed, while everyone else at the table said "Yes" at the same time. Scott looked at his friends like a kicked puppy, clear betrayal on his face.

Stiles chuckled and swallowed his bite. "Don't worry dude," he reassured the teen. "He's all yours. I'm not into guys."

"Just admit it Scott," Malia spoke up, a mischievous glint in her eye. "You so want to get with Lahey."

Scott was squirming under the table's prying eyes and tried to act busy jamming a fork into his mac and cheese. "I..." he started with a nervous tremble in his voice. "I doubt he even knows who I am."

His response brought upon more incredulous laughter. "Are you kidding?" Liam said. "You're one of the most popular guys in school. He definitely knows."

The remainder of lunch was spent teasing Scott about his crush, shoveling the best cafeteria food Stiles has ever eaten before into his mouth, and learning more about the group of friends. Malia apparently had enhanced agility and super speed, which she showed off by swiping Stiles a cupcake from the dessert bar in 0.2 seconds. There was only a brush of wind, and it was like the girl didn't even move from her seat with how fast she was. Mason was a chlorokinetic, meaning he could control and emotionally bond with plants and nature. Stiles already knew the rest of their powers.

They all grilled him on his own abilities of course, and he just spewed the same story that he told Scott: that he was a telekinetic relocated from another boarding school, nothing too exciting. They didn't need to know that he was a telekinetic with an obscene amount of power threatening to leak out of him like a nuclear reactor and blow up everything. Stiles tipped back a few more painkillers after he was done eating.

The group walked out of the dining hall together, all having some free time to digest before their next class. Stiles was happy everyone besides Lydia and Mason had defense and physical education with him next. There was no way he was walking into that class without knowing anyone. He'd be a sitting duck.

They decided to spend their ten minutes in the quad, grabbing a seat on the grass. Malia laid down, staring up at the sky. "So Stiles, you single?" she said bluntly without looking at him.

"Subtle Malia," Theo snickered. Liam glared at him.

"What, it's a valid question," Malia said, eyes still on the clouds. "I'm sure we were all just curious, like if he has a girlfriend back home or at his other school."

"You for different reasons, though." This time Liam punched Theo in the arm.

Stiles awkwardly fiddled with his hands and tried to ignore the pain and tightness growing in his chest. He was still suffering from an open wound that he slapped a bandaid over, and it felt like the injury was starting to ooze out of the sides. "Um, yeah," Stiles said quietly, hoping to change the subject quickly. "I'm single." It had only been three and a half months since being so, though, and not in the way he wanted.

"Hm, nice," Malia replied, a small smirk on her lips.

The bell eventually rang again for them to head to the gymnasium. As soon as they entered, Stiles noticed the piercing eyes of who he assumed to be the teacher watching him closely. The man wore an unreadable expression as he scanned the class. His white polo was probably unbuttoned a few buttons too many and his hair was perfectly gelled back.

"I'm guessing you're my new student, Stiles," the man said once Stiles passed him. The teen stopped in his tracks and nodded, subconsciously playing with his backpack strap due to the off vibes the teacher gave off. A navy t-shirt and black shorts were then shoved into his hands. "There's your uniform. You may follow your classmates into the men's locker room and change. I'm Coach Peter, and you will only address me as such, or just Coach. Got it?" Stiles nodded nervously. "Good."

He ran after Scott, trying to ignore the way Peter's eyes bore into the back of his head. "What's up with him?" Stiles asked once they were in the locker room. He grabbed an empty locker next to his roommate and started to change.

"Coach?" Scott asked and Stiles nodded. The guy then lowered his voice. "Careful. Dude's a wolf shapeshifter just like his sister, so he's got super hearing. He likes to come off cold and inspire fear in students, especially new kids, but he's harmless from what I know. So don't take it personally."

Stiles hopped into the loose fitting shorts and tied them at the waist, then slipped on a pair of sneakers he stuffed into his bag specifically for this class. Nearby, Liam was blushing beet red under Theo's hungry gaze as he stripped off his shirt. "Like his sister?" Stiles asked.

"Headmaster Hale," Scott replied as he sat on the bench to lace up his own shoes.

Stiles eyes went wide in surprise. "Wait, that guy is the headmaster's brother?" he said. "She's a *wolf* shapeshifter?" That explained her monster grip when he shook her hand earlier that day.

Scott shrugged as they walked out like it wasn't completely crazy that people could turn into wild animals at will and it gave them superhuman strength and senses. That was just the norm Stiles was going to have to get used to at the academy. "Yep," he said nonchalantly. "And so is he, so just be cautious."

The whole class gathered around Coach Peter who was standing on a raised, makeshift stage above them, a clear power move to hold authority over every student. Stiles stayed close to Scott, Liam, Malia, and Theo, afraid to get lost in the sea of unknown faces. "Today is my favorite day in defense and physical education," Peter announced with a suspicious grin. "It's ability day."

Majority of the class hollered and high fived while few kids in the back buried their faces in their hands. "What's ability day?" Stiles whispered to his new friends.

"It happens every year at the beginning of this class," Liam responded while keeping his eyes forward on the coach. "Everyone basically gets to show off their powers so Peter knows what he's working with. The class is called *defense* and physical education for a reason. We learn to control our abilities in case a time comes when we have to use them. Most kids like it because they don't get to use their powers many other places here."

Stiles audibly gulped and wrung his hands together. He couldn't stand up in front of dozens of people he didn't know and use his powers. He didn't even fully comprehend the extent of them himself. He hadn't used his abilities once since the accident, fearful that something so fatal and traumatic would happen again.

Peter started in alphabetical order, a kid with the name Major Atkins walking up on the stage with a dopey smile on his face. A group of fraternity looking douchebags cheered him on as the coach gave a thumbs up, then Major put his arms out. Two sharp spears emerged from under the kid's forearm skin and extended past his hands. Stiles mentally reminded himself never to get in a fight with that guy.

“Very nice Mr. Atkins,” Peter said and circled the kid, a hand stroking his chin. He wrote something down on a clipboard, then hollered, “Next!”

They continued to go through the list, some powers more impressive than others. Some guy’s arms stretched all the way to the ceiling; A goth girl’s hair turned to snakes; One chick even had the confidence to go up to some kid and kiss him, her lips putting him under a sleeping spell. It was all so fascinating for Stiles to watch, as he had never been surrounded with people like him before. Hell, they only became people like him a few months ago.

Liam was the first to have a turn out of their small group. “Do your thing Mr. Dunbar,” Peter said with a wave of his hand. Liam nodded confidently, then shot himself into the air. It was unlike anything Stiles had ever seen. He watched in awe as the teen flew through air, high above them thanks to the tall gym ceiling. When Liam came back down, he didn’t land gracefully. Instead, he came in hot and struck the ground with so much force it made the whole room shake and everyone grab onto each other to steady themselves.

“Impressive,” Coach Peter said and checked something off on his clipboard. “Is that the hardest your sonic boom goes?”

Liam bashfully shook his head. “Didn’t want to split the floorboards,” he said humbly. Peter looked genuinely impressed, then motioned for the next girl to join him.

Scott followed soon after, walking up on the stage confidently. He looked out into the crowd, then suddenly disappeared from sight. Everyone looked around them, confused as to where he went, when suddenly a hand appeared on Stiles’s shoulder from behind, causing him to nearly leap out of his skin and let out an embarrassing yelp.

“Whoops,” Scott laughed, then ran back up on stage. Next, he put both his arms in front of him in an X position. With a deep breath, Scott moved them up, then separated his arms to bring them back down. The movement caused the same blue energy from before to surround him this time bigger than a small shield set to block a football. The force field surrounded Scott like a translucent bubble. Peter walked up to it and knocked as if it was a door. After seeing it was impenetrable, he nodded approvingly and wrote on his board.

“Good job, next student please,” he said. More kids went on, some impressing the teacher and some not. Peter didn’t try to spare any feelings, which only made Stiles that much more terrified for his own turn.

Theo’s performance was done with an air of superiority. His whole body turned to ice, causing him to look like a statue belonging in Queen Elsa’s palace. That wasn’t his only move, though, as he grabbed a nearby basketball and completely froze it to the core. He ended his turn with a wink and a kiss blown in Liam’s way, who only rolled his eyes in return.

“Stiles Stilinski,” Peter eventually read off of his clipboard.

Stiles froze as all eyes turned to him. He couldn’t do this. Scott gave him a little nudge, and Peter stared at him with annoyance and impatience, motioning for the teen to walk up on the stage, so Stiles complied. He stood in the center of the platform, his hands growing even

clammier and the headache in his mind pounding like someone was taking a hammer to his skull over and over again.

“Mr. Stilinski,” Peter said in a frustrated tone. “We don’t have all day.”

“Right,” the boy said shakily. *Come on Stiles, you can do this. All you have to do is show him you’re telekinetic. Easy peasy. Come on, make his pen float or something. Lift Theo’s frozen basketball into the air.* As Stiles tried to focus on only allowing a small sliver of his powers slip out, the pain in his head grew immensely. Everyone was staring at him, anxious for something to happen, anything.

Peter sighed and checked his watch dramatically. “You got anything for me today?” he asked mockingly.

Stiles nodded and held a finger up, telling the teacher to hold on for a second. Something will come. It had to come, or else he was going to be the laughing stock of the school.

“You got it Stiles!” he heard Scott cheer encouragingly from the crowd. Yeah, he got it. Stiles kept repeating that in his head, trying to push down the growing pain. He clenched his eyes shut, zeroing in his focus so he could pinpoint it on one item. There were a million things going on in his head though, making it nearly impossible to get it under control.

Stiles knew something was about to go wrong when the migraine got so bad he had to hold his head in his hands. He let out a cry of pain as he fell to his knees. The class immediately surrounded him with worried looks and mumbles amongst themselves.

“Get back!” Peter yelled and held his hands up to disperse the students from crowding around Stiles. He was in agony. The resistance he had to use against his powers threatening to explode inside of him caused the pain to rapidly skyrocket inside of him. “Scott, get him to the nurse!”

Stiles couldn’t stop crying out, everything muffled by the ringing in his own ears. He was only vaguely aware of his roommate’s hands guiding him out of the gym and into the hallway. Scott let him go for one second, and Stiles nearly collapsed if the guy hadn’t caught him again. They quickly made their way to the nurse’s office. Scott kept asking if Stiles was okay, but he couldn’t form comprehensible words for a response.

“Help! Mom!” Scott called out as they barged into what Stiles assumed was the nurse’s office. A woman ran over to them right away and assisted Scott in getting Stiles to sit in a chair.

Everything was growing more and more distant as the pain continued. Stiles could barely make out the nurse asking Scott what happened, and him just responding with, “I don’t know, he just collapsed and started yelling. I think he’s in pain!”

The nurse ran around the room, anxiously digging through drawers for Lord knows what. Stiles was fading fast, though. “Make it stop,” he cried out, hands still over his ears. The room then started to shake all around them, medical supplies clattering to the floor as they fell off of shelves.

“What the hell?!” Scott exclaimed and grabbed onto Stiles’s shoulders. “Stiles! I need you to calm down!”

He couldn’t calm down. He couldn’t make it stop. The shaking grew like an earthquake, only rising greater and greater in strength. Scott and the nurse both had to grab onto the counters to steady themselves, and Stiles threw himself onto the floor. The world was blurry, everything around him becoming unrecognizable as he screamed even louder. The window then shattered, sending glass through the air as the earthquake didn’t stop. Scott threw up a forcefield around the three of them just in time to avoid shards piercing through their skin.

“Stiles!” he tried yelling again, but nothing worked. Stiles’s head was on the verge of exploding. All he could focus on was doing anything to make it stop, so he dug his fingernails into his palms so hard they started to bleed.

Then suddenly Stiles let out one last cry, and everything went black.



## Chapter 3

*"Would you please just talk to me?" Heather cried as she turned onto the highway. "We can't get through this if you don't fucking talk to me!"*

*Stiles didn't look at her, just kept his eyes forward on the road and his arms crossed in front of his body like a shield. He let out a sharp laugh. "Get through this?" he repeated loudly. "This isn't something we can have a quick conversation about then flush down the toilet!" He felt so angry, mere seconds away from punching his fist through the dashboard.*

*"I want to just explain," Heather said. "Please just look at me Stiles. Stiles!"*

"Stiles!"

Stiles was barely able to blink his eyes open. He heard people calling his name all around and could only make out shadows running back and forth around him. "What happened?" Talia's voice was muffled.

"He just started screaming during gym," Scott replied. "Looked like he had some sort of migraine attack? I ran him down here, but then he just...shook the whole room!"

Talia sighed, her heels clicking as she walked over to Stiles. He was slowly able to open his eyes more and more. "Welcome back Mr. Stilinski," she said with a warm smile, then turned back to Scott and the nurse. "Good thing the earthquake was contained to only this wing. We explained to the faculty in nearby offices it's nothing to worry about." Stiles was gradually coming back to reality and eventually able to sit himself up from where he was laying on the cold linoleum floor of the nurse's office.

"Scott, I'm going to have to ask you to leave us alone for a second," the headmaster said while ushering Scott out of the room. He put up a fight but eventually understood Stiles needed to be given space. Talia then walked back over to Stiles and helped him stand up. He was wobbly on his feet, but with her assistance and a nearby counter to grab on to, he eventually got his balance back. There was broken glass near the blown out window, contained to one side of the infirmary thanks to Scott's force field.

"What happened?" Stiles asked, holding a hand up to his head. The headache had subsided, but was still very much present inside his skull. "Did I do this?"

Talia sighed and nodded. The nurse was also still in the room, a syringe in her hand and face white from the events that occurred. "This is our nurse, Melissa McCall."

"McCall," Stiles said groggily. "As in-"

"Scott's mom, yes," Melissa said. "I had to inject you with six milligrams of Midazolam, so you might feel a bit out of it for another hour or two."

Stiles still braced himself on the counter, confused and missing bits of memory as to what really happened. The last thing he remembered was being struck with an immense amount of pain during gym. “Isn’t the usual dosage for that shit like one milligram?”

Melissa nodded and set the syringe down. “Yes, but let’s call you a special case.”

Talia stepped in, helping Stiles sit down again, and put on her best headmaster voice. “You had an attack, Stiles, when you tried to use your powers,” she said calmly. “The sedative will help bring them back down. Melissa and I strongly believe you should receive injections at least twice a week to help you control them. I’ve filled her in on your past, too, but I promise she is completely trustworthy and wants to help you as much as I do.”

Stiles eyed the nurse. She looked trustworthy for sure, but so then do a lot of people before they stab you in the back. It was too late now, though. She knew his past, knew what he did, even witnessed his powers first hand. He’d have to fill her in if he was to come in and get the doses. “Okay,” he responded and stood up again. He made it to the door, albeit wobbly, and opened it to see the school day ending for the day. If he remembered correctly, it was free time until dinner. Scott was down the hall waiting for him, back turned as he texted someone on his phone. Before leaving, Stiles turned to face the two women again. “Thanks. I’m sorry for...all this.”

“It’s quite alright,” Melissa said kindly and gave him a reassuring smile. “I’ll talk to Peter about what happened too.”

He gave her one last grateful nod before finally leaving the clinic and closing the door behind him. Scott turned around and eagerly ran over to Stiles. “All good?” he asked, garnering a nod from his roommate. “What the hell happened, dude?”

Stiles kept his eyes on the floor and just shrugged. “Anxiety attack I guess,” he lied. It was more than that. “Not really too good with standing up in front of a crowd and using my powers. Telekinesis went a bit awol.”

They made their way back to the gym to change out of the t-shirt and shorts both boys were still wearing. “That’s the craziest telekinesis I’ve ever seen,” Scott said, but then luckily dropped it. Liam and Theo were already changed when they made it into the locker room, Theo’s arm swung over the shorter boy’s shoulders as they greeted the roommates. Liam shrugged it off.

“You okay Stilinski?” Theo asked.

“Yep, all good,” Stiles lied again and gave a faux smile, occupying himself with changing back into his school uniform.

...

Later that day before Stiles joined his new friends for dinner, he just laid in bed staring up at the ceiling of his new home. Scott was off in Liam and Mason’s room, and he had extended the offer to Stiles. The teen wanted to be alone for a bit, though, after a grueling first day. He was mentally exhausted from the pain, but the sedative was doing wonders. A sharp knock at

the door snapped Stiles out of his serene state. He let out a deep sigh as he jumped to his feet and begrudgingly.

On the other side was Isaac Lahey, hand positioned up to knock again. The curly haired boy jumped when Stiles opened up and awkwardly moved his suspended fist to scratch the back of his head.

“Hey,” Isaac said. “You’re the new kid, Stiles right?” Stiles nodded, confused as to what the guy wanted. “I just wanted to say thank you for earlier. Not many people in this school would stop and help me.”

“Oh,” Stiles said. “Um, no problem I guess. Happy to help.” Isaac stood for a bit longer in silence, obviously wanting to say more but struggling to find the words to do so. Down the hall someone slammed their door, causing the boy to jump. “Is that all?”

“No! Uh, no,” Isaac stammered. “I...well, Derek kind of locked the door to our room across the hall and I don’t know where he is right now and I forgot my key. Do you possibly have something that can pick the lock?”

Stiles just stared for a second, then nodded and searched through the school supplies he had put out on his new desk. He grabbed a paper clip and met Isaac across the hall, kneeling down to start wiggling it around. Being a rebellious teen with a sheriff as a father, you learned how to pick a few locks. Seconds later, a satisfying click signaled that it worked.

“Thank you,” Isaac breathed out in relief and threw the door open. Stiles stood awkwardly in the doorway as the guy rummaged around his room. He couldn’t help but look over to Derek’s side, the man a complete enigma to Stiles since being here.

They had the same colored comforters as Scott and Stiles, but Derek added a black blanket overtop to mask any color. He had barely any posters up, but Stiles noticed a few frames sitting on the man’s desk. The photographs were too far away to make out clear faces, but he could tell one was of Derek and an older woman, probably his mother.

“Are you all good now?” Stiles asked.

Isaac looked up like he forgot Stiles was still there. “Oh! Yeah, thanks so much,” he said with a kind smile. His happy and positive temperaments were the complete opposite of the vibes Derek gave off. Stiles wondered why the two were such close friends.

As he turned around to head back into his own room, he was stopped by an angry snarl coming from down the hall. Before Stiles could react, Derek grabbed him by the collar of his blazer and threw him against the wall, their faces inches apart and the man breathing heavily.

“What the hell were you doing in my room?” the shapeshifter growled.

Stiles rolled his eyes, unfazed by the man’s angry approach to solving problems. It only made Derek push him higher up the wall and get closer. “I wasn’t *in* your room buddy,” he scoffed. “Isaac asked *me* for help, thank you very much, when you locked him out.”

Derek looked Stiles up and down, grip loosening just a bit and letting his feet touch the ground again.

“Knock it off D.” They both turned to look at Isaac who was leaning against his door frame, arms crossed and a ‘done with this shit’ expression on his face. “He’s right, I asked him.”

Derek let Stiles go reluctantly, but still sent one last growl in his direction that caused the teen to jump a bit. “Yeah that’s right big guy,” Stiles fought back and slapped the man’s chest. He regretted it when Derek bared his teeth.

“Whatever,” Derek stormed off into his room, pushing past Isaac without another look.

“Ignore him,” Isaac said with an apologetic smile. “He’s usually not this cold to new people. Something’s just got his panties in a twist.”

“I heard that!” Derek’s voice came from inside the room.

Stiles rolled his eyes again and adjusted his blazer. He checked the time: ten minutes until dinner. Scott and them were meeting him outside the dining hall in five. “It’s fine,” he replied. “I’ve dealt with guys like him before.”

Isaac nodded and looked down at his feet. “Alright, well I’ll see you around.”

After his odd and confusing interaction with the pair, Stiles headed down to the dining hall. He didn’t miss the concerned looks some people gave him on his way. The story surely got out by now about his major meltdown in the gym. Ignoring the prying eyes, he met up with the group.

“Stiles!” Lydia greeted him with a bright smile that caused butterflies to erupt in his stomach. “I’m glad you’re okay.” He didn’t know why the girl already had her hooks deeply buried inside of him, but Stiles was undoubtedly developing a crush. How could he not? Lydia was gorgeous, intelligent, kind, and not afraid to speak her mind; and Stiles had just discovered that from knowing her for one day.

They sat at the same table as earlier after grabbing food from the buffet line. It was pasta night, and everyone stuffed their faces from hunger.

“I had another interaction with Derek earlier,” Stiles spoke up and relayed what had happened. Everyone immediately stopped eating, dropping their forks as they gaped at the boy.

“And yet again I ask, how did you *live*?” Malia said.

Stiles shrugged and continued to eat under their curious gazes. “Why is everyone so afraid of him?” he asked, genuinely curious. “Dude’s all bark and no bite.”

They looked even more shocked. Theo let out a sharp laugh. “I like this kid,” he announced to the whole table. “He’s got balls.”

“You know how I feel about that expression,” Lydia said. “Why are balls the symbol for strength and bravery when one little kick to a boy’s crown jewels sends them crying to the ground?”

“Oh bite me,” Theo responded and stuck his tongue out at the red head.

“Theo’s right though,” Scott said to Stiles. “The last time someone tried to stand up to Derek he sent them to the infirmary for *weeks*. I still don’t know why he hasn’t been expelled.”

They all looked at Stiles like he was some sort of superhero for being able to stand up to Derek. He just looked over to the man in question, who was shoveling spaghetti into his mouth while Isaac did all the talking. There was something suspicious about Derek. He recalled what Isaac said earlier: *He’s usually not this cold to new people*. So why was Derek now once again staring at Stiles like he wanted to drive a knife through his chest? Something was off, and Stiles was going to find out everything he could about the mysterious bad boy of the Hale Academy.

Dinner finished quickly and Malia and Lydia went their way to the girl’s wing. All the boys headed up to their rooms together, Liam and Mason separating first. Theo leaned in for a ‘goodnight kiss’, but was only met with a door slammed in his face. He left them next, disappearing into his dorm. Apparently his roommate was barely ever around, his ability to teleport useful in allowing him to sneak into his girlfriend’s room on the other side of the school.

Scott and Stiles headed to their dorm, just chatting and getting to know each other more on the way up. Once they got to their hall, though, Isaac was walking the opposite way from the bathroom, clad in nothing but a towel draped low across his hips. Scott’s demeanor changed instantly, his eyes growing wide. He stopped to do a full 180, but Stiles stopped him by the shoulders and turned him back around. “You are not chickening out,” he said supportively. “Now’s your chance.”

“I can’t talk to him while he’s half naked!” Scott hissed quietly, putting up resistance as Stiles pushed them down the hall. “Stiles!”

“Hey Isaac!” Stiles said loudly, causing Scott to punch him in the shoulder. He ignored his roommate, instead throwing on a bright smile.

Isaac looked up from where he was about to open his door and waved back. “Hey Stiles,” he said, then his eyes darted to Scott. “S-Scott.” The name came out as a stammer, then he quickly disappeared into his room.

The pair finally entered their own dorm and Scott threw himself onto his bed and covered his face with a pillow. “Did you *see* how he looked at me?” he groaned. Stiles sat on his own mattress and gave the boy a pitiful look. “He hates me! Oh god, he couldn’t wait to get away.”

“Oh please,” Stiles scoffed and grabbed the pillow so he could look Scott in the eyes. “You had the exact same expression when you saw him first. That wasn’t hate.”

“Yeah, but running away from me was,” Scott whined again and made grabby hands for the pillow back, but Stiles refused to oblige.

“Or he was just nervous,” Stiles said matter-of-factly. “Again, just like you were planning on hightailing it out of there as soon as you laid your eyes on him. I’m totally making it my mission to get you two together. I can feel the sexual tension.”

Scott looked at him like Stiles was speaking in a different language. “Good luck with that,” he laughed, then sat up against his headboard after stripping off his blazer. “What about you? I saw you making eyes at Lyds.”

Stiles ducked his head and wrung his hands together. “I was not,” he said defensively, to which Scott just gave him a glance that said he didn’t believe it. “She’s pretty cute I guess.”

“Mhm,” Scott replied with a waggle of his eyebrows. Stiles threw the pillow back at his face.

...

Stiles made his way to the communal bathroom ten minutes before lights out. It was weird being away from home already, him not used to a boarding school and definitely not used to so many kids with powers. So much had happened in just his first day, which only meant way more was to come.

He set a shower bag with toiletries onto the counter. Luckily no one was in there so late, everyone else already headed to bed. He chose one of the many open showers, hung his towel up, and stripped to his birthday suit. The shower stalls were built so a half wall around it protected Stiles’s dignity. The hot water felt amazing after the long day, and he ran his hands through his hair, closing his eyes.

Despite the steamy and relaxing water beating down on his bare skin, Stiles still couldn’t help but think about earlier. He just knew trying to use his powers again would cause something to go wrong. It was exactly like that dreaded night, a migraine growing in his head and him losing consciousness as the energy inside of him burst at the seams, destroying everything in its path.

*Damn it*, he thought to himself for letting the negative thoughts enter his mind. This school was supposed to be a blank slate. He could erase everything he had done and learn control from the teachers here. If today was any sign, though, it was going to be very hard to control what he could do.

The door creaked open and Stiles jumped, the shampoo bottle in his hand dropping to the ground as his long limbs flailed all around. He kept his back to the new bathroom occupant, but was able to barely glance over his shoulder and catch Derek walking over to a shower on the other side of the room.

The man didn’t look at him before proceeding to strip *outside* of the shower stall and show his manhood to the world. Unfortunately in this instance, the world only consisted of Stiles. He quickly turned to face the wall again, a blush growing on his cheeks.

“Like what you see new kid?” Derek said and proceeded to finally step into his shower cubicle and turn on the water. Now they were facing the same direction, both protected by the half wall but able to see each other from the waist up.

Stiles didn’t look at Derek, though. “You wish,” he said and quickly finished up. He could feel the shapeshifter’s eyes on him still and turned off the water. With a towel wrapped around his waist, he grabbed his things and walked over to the long counter of sinks. He was now along the opposite wall from Derek, and could see his back in the mirror. The man had a black tattoo in the middle of it: three swirls connected. “Cool tattoo.”

Derek’s shoulders tensed and he glanced at Stiles over his shoulder, who proceeded to start brushing his teeth. “I didn’t ask for your opinion,” he grunted and scrubbed his hair.

Stiles glared into the man’s back with a toothbrush hanging out of his mouth. Excuse him for trying to give the dude a goddamn compliment. He brushed his teeth vigorously from frustration and spit into the sink. “And I don’t care,” he threw back. “Take a fucking compliment.”

Derek was now turned towards him, making eye contact through the mirror. His eyebrows were raised in surprise at someone fighting back with their own quip. “Oh, so new kid’s got a mouth on him,” he said patronizingly and turned off the water. Seconds later the man was purposefully stationed at the sink right next to Stiles. “I’d watch that if I were you.”

Stiles glared at him through the mirror. Derek was close to him, too close. He packed up his stuff, tightened the towel around his waist, and turned to face the man. It was Derek’s turn to look at Stiles incredulously with a toothbrush in his mouth. He wore a cocky expression, the start of a smirk tugging at the corner of his lips. Oh boy was Stiles’s blood boiling. “I’m sorry,” Stiles said sarcastically. “But I didn’t ask for your opinion.”

He relished in the way Derek nearly choked on his toothbrush and turned on his heel to head out of the bathroom without another word. Before he could make it to the door, though, the man was in front of him, the same angry expression like always overtaking his facial features. Stiles was a bit shocked at the dude’s speed, but supposed it came from whatever animal he shifted into.

Derek was in his face the same way he had been earlier in the hallway. They were barely an inch apart, both half naked bodies still damp from their showers. “Was it something I said?” Stiles asked with a smile.

“I don’t know who you think you are,” Derek sneered, “but let’s get one thing straight. *You* are the new kid. You don’t get to come into *my* school and act like you fucking run the place. Watch yourself Stilinski, because you never know who’s going to sneak up on you and bite you in the back.” He brought home his point with a flash steel blue eyes and sharp canine teeth. Well that was new.

“You’re a wolf,” was all Stiles got out of Derek’s little temper tantrum. He had dealt with bad boy bullies like him before and didn’t care about the rest. What really surprised him was the animal inside. “You’re a wolf shapeshifter.”

Derek pinned him to the wall again with a loud roar, the inch of space closing as their bare chests pressed together. His hot breath hit Stiles's cheek. "Don't you dare tell anyone, or I will rip your throat out."

Stiles had to admit, he was a little bit terrified, but of course refused to show it. Instead, he simply decided to nod and hold his hands up in surrender. Derek backed off, the ghost of his body against Stiles's lingering for too long. "Why don't you want anyone to know?" Stiles asked curiously once the man had calmed down and his face shifted back to normal. A loud chime came from outside in the hallway, signaling lights out. "They already know you shapeshift into some animal."

Derek turned away from the boy and started to gather his belongings. "That's none of your business," he said sharply, then stormed past Stiles, crashing into his shoulder before disappearing out into the hall without another word.

Stiles was left alone, a feeling settling in his stomach that he wasn't quite able to identify. He let out a deep breath he didn't know he was holding and quickly ran out into the hallway too. Derek was already gone, so Stiles hurried into his bedroom. Scott was reading a book in bed and paid no attention to his new friend's panicked state.

They turned their lights out five minutes later, Scott immediately rolling over to fall asleep, but Stiles restless and staring up at the ceiling. He tried to fill his mind with any thought other than Heather. He focused on Scott and his new friend group, on Liam and Theo's unresolved tension, Scott and Isaac's obvious mutual pining, Malia's interest in him, and his own interest in Lydia. Stiles thought about Talia Hale wanting to help him. It was comforting after a lack of a mother figure for years. He thought about Deaton and the meeting they had scheduled early in the morning. Maybe this wasn't going to be so hard.

The one person that refused to leave his mind, though, was Derek and their brief interactions so far. Wait till Scott and them hear about this one. Their surprised reactions so far tell Stiles that Derek's behavior to him is abnormal. Why was the guy such a dick? Why did he feel so entitled and like it was necessary to spark fear in every student at the academy?

And why was Derek so against people knowing what he shapeshifted into? There wasn't anything wrong with being a wolf. In gym class alone Stiles saw a student shift into a snake, and another into a cockroach. A wolf was a badass animal, and for some odd reason Derek wanted to hide that. *Don't you dare tell anyone, or I will rip your throat out.* The words echoed around him.

There were so many layers left to unfold, so many questions already needing answers. Stiles rolled over onto his side and faced the wall, trying to shut his eyes. His headache was dull enough for him to sleep, yet it was Derek who still bombarded his mind. It drove Stiles crazy. *Think about Lydia. You could totally make a move on her, Stiles.* No luck.

Stiles associated the uneasy thoughts about the wolf with just them having interacted so recently. There was still rage built up in his chest at the way Derek talked down to him. This wasn't *his* school, new kids came all the time, that's how schools are formed. This was just as much Stiles's school now as anyone else's. Fuck Derek.





# Chapter 4

## Chapter Notes

My posting schedule has been pretty consistently every other day for now, so I will try to stick to that as best I can so everyone knows when to check back for a new chapter. Also things will pick up after this chapter! Sorry if it's been a bit slow. Enjoy!

Stiles dreaded walking into Deaton's office the next morning. He knew what was coming: How was your first day? How are your classes? How are you feeling after almost blowing up part of the school? All he wanted to do was get to his next subject and move on.

"Come in," the guidance counselor announced from the other side of the door after Stiles knocked. The teen took a deep breath and entered, sitting in the same chair as the day before. "Stiles. I'm glad you haven't decided to ditch our meetings already."

Stiles just shrugged and melted into the seat. He had finally been able to fall asleep for a couple hours after a restless night. This morning, however, he had to be up at 7:30 for his first class, and now had another therapy session. Deaton explained that this week they'd meet every day to get to know each other and make Stiles feel comfortable, but it'd soon turn to only once a week.

"I'll save all of the questions you're probably dreading," Deaton continued, probably sensing Stiles's emotions towards the matter. "I do think we should talk about what happened in defense and physical education, though."

"I'm getting sedated like a goddamn horse," Stiles said with a wave of his hand. "I'll be fine from now on. It was a fluke."

The counselor gave him a pointed look at his choice of language. "It was no fluke, Stiles, if you've only used your abilities twice and this has happened each time," he said and stood up, sitting on the edge of his desk closer to the teen. "Hopefully the sedative will keep your abilities at bay, but I will also help you learn to control what you can do."

Stiles shifted awkwardly under Deaton's intense gaze. He felt like a science experiment. "How would you know how to help me?" he asked. "No offense, but you're just an empath, not telekinetic."

Deaton just chuckled and crossed his arms. "I've had experience with people like you. You really don't know how unique you are, hm?"

That caught Stiles off guard. He knew he was a telekinetic on steroids, but assumed out of everyone with the same powers as him, he was just a bad batch. His mother had it completely under control, being able to lift and move anything at will like it was second nature. Stiles

envied that, but maybe this academy was his start to getting there. “Unique?” he said. “What do you mean?”

“We’ll save that for another conversation,” Deaton replied and sat back down in his chair. He reached under his desk to pull out the same manila folder from before, the one that had everything about who Stiles Stilinski was. “How about for now, we start from the beginning?”

The rest of their session went on with Stiles spilling details about his childhood to outline how he got from point A to point B: normality to a ticking time bomb. By the time the bell rang for him to go to his next class, they had only made it to sixth grade, promising to pick up the rest of his timeline tomorrow.

Stiles was able to find his next classroom on his own thanks to a map Parrish had given him of the school grounds. It was Civics, a fairly normal class for an abnormal school. Walking in, Stiles immediately knew it was going to be a struggle.

First off, he had no friends, but supposed he had to make more with it only being his second day. The only person Stiles recognized was Isaac, so he happily walked to the empty desk next to him.

“This seat free?” he asked, not wanting to repeat another Derek incident. Isaac looked up from where he was doodling on the edge of his agenda and smiled at Stiles, eagerly nodding. Stiles was just able to catch a glimpse of the drawings before the guy put them away, and secretly smiled at the sight of I+S in a heart.

Speak of the devil, Derek then walked in with his backpack slung over one shoulder. He walked down the aisle to sit in the empty seat on the other side of his friend, but once he saw Stiles his face twisted into his signature murder brows. Stiles just rolled his eyes.

The second sign that this class was obviously not going to be his favorite was the death glare the teacher in the front of the room was giving over her desk. She was clad in a leather jacket and jeans too tight for any teacher. Her long blonde hair was curled perfectly and her eyes were daggers behind black eyeliner.

“What’s her deal?” Stiles leaned over to whisper to Isaac as they started on a bellringer up on the board.

Isaac looked to where the teacher was and audibly gulped. “That’s Kate Argent, but only call her Ms. Argent. People here also call her the seductress, though.”

“Is that her power?” Stiles asked.

“No, but she doesn’t need it to be,” the boy next to him said. “I heard she slept with a student six years ago, but there was never any proof. The dude transferred out a month later without a trace. Her ability is sharpshooting, but she can also master any weapon you put in her hand right away.”

Stiles's eyes widened and he risked another glance at Ms. Argent. He didn't miss how her eyes lingered on Derek a bit too long with a mischievous smirk on her lips. "Like Deadpool? Cool."

Isaac chuckled quietly, putting his pen down after already finishing the assignment. Stiles hadn't even started. "Sure, like Deadpool," Isaac said. "She also has this thing though about the government. Teaches all about it, but claims it's corrupt in trying to hide uncommons and force us into schools like this to tame us like wild animals."

"Isaac!" the teacher sneered from the front of her room. "Is there something you're so eager to tell the new kid that you'd like to share with the rest of the class?" She didn't look to be that much older than them, but her presence was intimidating enough to put any age to shame.

Isaac quickly shook his head and stared down at his desk. "Sorry Ms. Argent," he apologized. Derek's shoulders had tensed at the tone the teacher took with his best friend. That was the one thing Stiles supposed he could admire about the man: he was very protective of his friend.

Kate quickly stood up from her desk, catching the attention of the whole class. She paced back and forth, sharp stare never wavering. "Alright class, let's get started," she said with a smirk and crossed her arms over her chest. "Does anyone remember where we left off from last class's discussion?"

Some kid volunteered and Kate called on him with a wave of her hand. "We were talking about the government's autocratic control over uncommons and their discriminatory agenda to hide who we are."

"Very good," Kate said.

Stiles gaped, not expecting such one-sided discussions in civics class. It seemed as if the teacher was not afraid to push her political ideals onto the class, which didn't feel so right. He raised his hand.

"Yes? Mr..." Kate said in surprise at Stiles's eagerness to volunteer.

"Stiles," he responded. "Stiles Stilinski." People turned their heads towards him and looked like he was crazy. "I was just curious, and take this to no offense Ms. Argent, but aren't we not supposed to discuss personal opinions on government actions in classes? Isn't the whole point of civics to learn about the history of both sides?"

The room grew so quiet you could hear a pin drop. Half the room's mouths were agape, including the teacher herself. Derek let out a snort two desks next to Stiles, the most emotion he'd seen the man show besides rage.

"Well Stiles," Kate spat out his name and moved her hands to her hips. "If you actually looked at the history and were here for our first class, you would know that it is factually proven in the history of uncommons that the government has oppressed us for decades. They started boarding schools like this very one with original practices of electrocution,

trepanation, and such to *fix* us. It is not a personal opinion, it is the truth. So think twice before you try and challenge me again, okay? It's not a good look on you." A few people let out a laugh, but most were so invested in the debate going on they couldn't do anything but stare.

Stiles tried to hide his smile. He liked a challenge, and that was always one of his worst personality traits. "Understandable," he replied, then leaned forward on his elbows. "But if these boarding schools were so bad...why work at one and support a government-run institution? Seems kind of hypocritical to me."

...

Stiles found himself sitting outside of Talia's office ten minutes later. It wasn't his fault Ms. Argent couldn't take the heat, though he supposed he did take it a tad too far in calling her out.

The headmaster opened her door and looked to the boy on the bench with a heavy sigh. She just waved him in and disappeared back in the office. Stiles quickly threw on his backpack and followed inside, taking a seat at one of the armchairs in front of her desk.

"Do I even want to know Stiles?" she said and pinched the bridge of her nose. "You've been here two days."

He gave her a guilty smile and shrugged. "I just gave an opinion in civics class. That should get me some class participation points to be honest, not a visit to the head master's office," he argued. "I think you have the wrong perp."

Talia shook her head, already fed up. "Well Kate certainly gave me her side of the story, which you can imagine favored her interests," she said and wrote something down on a small slip of paper, handing it to him with a wink. "I have to give you detention to uphold my strict reputation. But between you and me, Ms. Argent would be out of here if her family didn't donate so much money to the school. Now get out of here so I can get back to paperwork that matters."

Stiles beamed, gladly accepting the detention slip as a price for hearing the headmaster's true opinions. "Thank you Ms. Hale, uh headmaster Talia, ma'am," he stuttered and stood up to head out the door. "I'll try to be on my best behavior."

"You better be," she said sternly with a finger pointed at him, but her tone held no bitterness. "And Ms. Hale's fine."

He gave her one last nod and a smile before heading out of the office. He could do detention, what's detention for a bunch of superhuman teenagers anyways?

Stiles headed down the hallway back to class, but jumped out of his skin when someone appeared suddenly next to him out of thin air. "Scott?!" he said in shock. "Where the hell did you come from?"

His roommate scratched the back of his neck shyly. "I was maybe walking down this hall back to class and overheard the headmaster and you talking, so I sorta went invisible to eavesdrop."

Stiles eased his friend's guilty conscience and squeezed his shoulder. "It's cool buddy," he said and showed Scott the detention slip.

"Damn, you got this cause you stood up to Ms. Argent?" Scott asked and looked at the slip of paper. "That's unheard of bro. No one gives her any shit."

Stiles just shrugged and stuffed the slip into his pocket. They came upon an intersection of hallways, Scott having to head one way and Stiles the other.

"Oh hey," Scott said, starting to back away. "After your detention the groups meeting in the quad for a late night bonfire. Join us?"

Stiles eagerly nodded, the sense of belonging overpowering any upset feelings about detention. He was so happy Scott ended up being his roommate and not some antisocial dude who barely wanted anything to do with him. This was the start of a beautiful friendship. "I'll see you there," Stiles responded.

...

Detention was held in a classroom tucked in the back corner of the second floor. The room was more inviting than other detention rooms Stiles had seen with big windows and warm colors. He walked in and headed to the teacher's desk at the front to turn in his slip. Just his luck, the teacher overseeing detention was Coach Hale, who analyzed the paper and gave Stiles a once over.

"You're the kid who nearly had a heart attack in my class," Peter chuckled.

Stiles nodded shyly and found an empty chair once he was dismissed. Luckily in this type of detention, people were actually allowed to chat, as long as it was quiet. Back in Beacon Hills, Stiles had his fair share of detentions, constantly getting caught up in his drug addicted friend group's antics. It was a prison.

He occupied himself with doodling in a notebook while he very much listened in on other kids' conversations. Most seemed to be in for using their powers when they weren't supposed to. One kid complained about how the classroom was supposedly "ability-proof", meaning no one could use their powers in here.

The door opened and another student entered. Stiles immediately perked up when he saw who it was.

"Derek," Peter greeted the guy with a laugh, eyes not even looking up from his magazine.

Derek rolled his own eyes and just walked past the teacher's desk. "Peter," he said back. He froze, though, when he saw the only empty chair was next to Stiles, taking it with a grunt.

These seats were situated at tables of two, so Derek and Stiles shared the same table space and were closer than either probably preferred.

“What are you in for, big bad wolf?” Stiles asked with a cocky grin.

Derek growled at him. “Shut up,” he hissed. “Skipping class. You’re in here cause of Kate, right?”

Stiles was shocked the man was actually making conversation. “Uh, yeah,” he responded.

Derek nodded, keeping his eyes forward towards the front of the classroom. Stiles never really realized how *old* Derek looked for a high schooler. Not like, old man old, but definitely older than any guy Stiles had ever seen back at Beacon Hills High. He supposed it was because of the guy’s dark stubble and expressive eyebrows. Not to mention there was clearly a very muscular body hidden underneath the school uniform stretching around his biceps. Stiles shook his head, tearing his eyes away from Derek as he forced the thoughts out of his head.

“That was actually pretty cool,” the wolf mumbled, and Stiles had to lean closer to hear him. “How you stood up to Kate. It was about time someone did. Even if the government is corrupt for forcing us into schools to hide from the rest of the world until we’re of age to learn control, she takes it too far. Not to mention she’s creepy.”

That was probably the most words Derek had ever said to him without a hint of indignation dripping off of every syllable. And was that even a compliment buried in there? “Wow, thank you,” Stiles said proudly, feeling a bit more confident in himself.

“Don’t get too used to that,” Derek then snapped, and there was the grumpy bad boy persona again. “You’re still annoying.”

“And you still have anger issues,” Stiles fought back. “What’s your problem with me anyways? I haven’t seen you act like this with anyone else. Even Isaac said you’re not usually this cold, so what is it? Is it cause I’m new? Cause I don’t buy your little bad boy act? Or maybe you’re just so obsessed with me you-“

He was cut off by Derek stabbing a pencil so hard into the desk that it stuck inside. If the room was ability-proof, the dude was just really damn strong.

“Derek!” Peter yelled from the front of the room. “We’ve already had to replace three tables because of you. Watch it.”

“Struck a nerve?” Stiles smirked at the shapeshifter.

Derek huffed and ignored the coach, instead turning to Stiles and whisper yelling under his breath. “Don’t flatter yourself Stilinski,” he said. “Wanna know what my problem is with you? You just...you’re everywhere. You’re across the hall from my dorm, in the bathroom when I usually shower, talking to Isaac, in my classes, like a fucking parasite. You’re everywhere, your smell flooding my senses, and I can’t get you out of my goddamn head!”

He stood up from the table and stormed out of the classroom without looking back. Peter yelled his name but didn't bother chasing after.

Stiles cleared his throat awkwardly as he stared wide-eyed after Derek. That certainly was not what he was expecting. How was he supposed to behave after a response like that? He just raised his hand.

"Yes?" Peter asked.

"May I, um, use the restroom?" Stiles stuttered, trying to comprehend what Derek said to him. Peter nodded and shooed him out the door.

Stiles walked quickly to the nearest bathroom, throwing open the door and immediately leaning over the sink to catch his breath. "What the hell just happened?" he whispered to himself, thanking the heavens that the restroom was empty. His head was spinning, pain starting to worsen.

"Ah shit," Stiles whispered. He knew what was happening. The migraine was the first sign, then every mirror in the bathroom started to shake. Stiles tried to calm down, but it was getting harder to breathe. The glass then started to shatter mirror by mirror and he jumped back, crashing into a stall. The room was spinning as the doors started to shake too, and toilet paper went flying off of the rolls and circled around him. Stiles collapsed to his knees and grabbed his head, unable to gain control. It was a bit better with the sedative coursing through his veins, but one dose so far clearly wasn't enough.

He hardly noticed the bathroom door flying open and two arms catching him before he passed out again.

...

*The road was empty on their way back to Beacon Hills. Heather kept trying to get Stiles to understand her point of view, but he was so full of betrayal. It felt like she had ripped his heart clean out his chest and stomped all over it.*

*"Save your bullshit!" he screamed, both of them fighting back and forth so loud she nearly swerved out of the lane. "I walked in on you two, so you know what? Nothing's really gonna convince me that 'it was a mistake', and 'it'll never happen again'." His head was pounding as he clenched his fists so hard his knuckles turned white.*

*Then the pain became so unbearable Stiles couldn't help but keel forward. Heather looked over him worriedly. Rain started to pour down from the sky, the jeep's old windshield wipers barely working to keep up. "Stiles?" she asked. "Are you okay?" The car then started to vibrate violently, the wheel having a mind of its own as it turned back and forth. "What's happening?!"*

Stiles didn't wake up on a cold, hard floor in the nurse's office this time. He was on a mattress in a very comfortable bed, the smell of cologne and firewood filling his nose as his fingers dug into the soft blanket beneath him.



Slowly, his eyes blinked open as they adjusted to the dim light of the room. He rolled over to his side and immediately sat up when he saw familiar green eyes staring back at him.

Now he knew where he was. Stiles was currently laying on *Derek's* bed in *Derek's* room. The man himself was sitting on Isaac's side of the dorm.

"What the hell am I doing here?" Stiles asked, the brief memory of having a meltdown in the bathroom flashing through his mind.

"I heard you in the bathroom," Derek said. "You were screaming so I ran inside. The room was shaking and things were flying until you just passed out. I didn't know where to take you, so..."

"So you didn't take me to the nurse?" Stiles asked and rubbed his head.

Derek looked down at the ground and shuffled his feet. "I guess that would've been a better solution."

Stiles sat on the edge of the bed so he was directly facing the wolf. "Why help me? After everything you just said..."

"I'm not that much of an asshole that I was going to leave you in pain passed out on the bathroom floor," Derek snapped, but then immediately caught his harsh tone and calmed himself down. "Sorry, I just...I'm not angry all the time."

"Could've fooled me," Stiles said with a shrug. "But thanks, I guess. What about detention?"

"I'll explain to Peter later," Derek brushed it off. "He won't get mad at me."

Stiles eyed him suspiciously, but just nodded in thanks. They sat in silence for a few seconds, neither quite knowing what to say now that Stiles's meltdown had passed and the deeper meaning of Derek's outbreak lingering in the air.

"That's what happened in gym, isn't it?" Derek finally spoke up.

"Yeah," Stiles said shyly. He was embarrassed enough about having a breakdown in front of random kids in his P.E. class. Now, for some reason, being vulnerable in front of Derek was even more terrifying. "Sorry you had to see me like that."

"Don't be," Derek said. It was weird to Stiles, seeing the man calm and sort of caring towards him.

"About what you said in detention," he finally spoke up.

The kinder side of Derek didn't last long. The words immediately made him tense up again and his eyebrows went down. "Forget it," he grunted.

"It's okay to be vulnerable sometimes, Derek," Stiles said and stood up, cautiously walking over to sit next to the man on Isaac's bed. "Why put on this armor to hide it?" He hesitantly

laid a hand on the wolf's shoulder, a thought in the back of his mind fearful that Derek was going to bite it off.

He didn't, though, but did turn away from Stiles and remained closed off. "Not everyone can just spill their heart out to the first shoulder that's offered for them to cry on, okay?" his voice was muffled slightly, but Stiles could still make out the sharp tone to his words. "Some of us have been betrayed before."

"And you think I haven't been?" Stiles asked, anxious memories threatening to crack through his own armor.

Derek finally turned to look at him, and their faces were dangerously close. Stiles couldn't explain how he was feeling, something weird hanging in the air and making the room feel smaller and smaller.

A loud ring snapped both boys out of whatever weird moment they were locked in and Stiles fondled around for his cellphone in his pocket. Fortunately he was still allowed to have a phone in the academy, but it was somehow blocked by a teacher with super technology powers to only allow texts and calls within the school. To call his dad he'd have to use one of the landlines in the front office.

"Um, it's Scott," Stiles coughed and stood up. "I have to meet them for the bonfire."

Derek looked down at the ground and nodded. "Right, yeah. I'm meeting Isaac."

There was another horribly long pause of silence before Stiles finally opened the door. "Um, thanks again," he said, his heart beating so loud he could feel it against his chest. Derek just nodded and put back on his stoic, brooding expression.

Stiles closed the door behind him once he got out into the hallway and leaned on it for a second, just processing everything. He had fluked out again and fucking *Derek* had been his knight in shining armor? The whole situation just messed with his mind, so he headed down to the quad in hopes of forgetting about it for a while.

His new group of friends were happy to see him. Malia instantly ran up and hooked her arm into Stiles's to pull him over to the group. They were all seated across multiple picnic blankets near the large fire pit in the middle. It seemed to be a popular school event with students and faculty alike gathering and chatting happily.

Stiles was pulled down between Malia and Scott, her sitting just a tad bit too close. Lydia was on the other side of his roommate, bright eyes watching assistant headmaster Parrish's arm ignite in flames and touch the bonfire to make it bigger.

"Wait," Stiles gaped. "Parrish is a fire bender?"

Scott nodded. "Pretty cool, huh?"

"And hot," Lydia said, mesmerized by the show. She then shook her head and snapped out of it. "I mean, the fire's hot, totally not Jord—I mean Parrish. It's...it's cool."

“Meh,” Theo piped in from where he was leaning in close next to Liam. “What an overrated ability.”

“You know fire *melts* ice, right?” Mason said, eliciting a laugh from everyone. “You’d totally lose that fight.”

Theo glared at the boy. “I would not,” he said. “I’d put out his fire before he could get any hit on me. You think I’d win, right Liam?” He was dangerously close to Liam’s ear when he asked in a seductive tone. Liam’s blush was still evident under the warm glow of the bonfire. He just let out a shaky breath and shrugged, trying not to show how much Theo was affecting him.

“God, just get a room and fuck already!” Malia announced and threw a piece of popcorn from a bag she was holding at the pair.

Derek then walked across the quad right in front of them, joining Isaac on a blanket under a nearby tree. Stiles stole a glance to find the man already staring at him. This time, however, instead of glaring back, Derek just ducked his head and occupied himself with talking to Isaac.

Stiles shook it off and looked back towards the fire. The dynamic just felt weird now with Derek. Was Stiles still public enemy number one in the dude’s eyes? It felt like it, but it also felt like they sort of had an unspoken connection now after Derek witnessed how bad one of Stiles’s breakdowns was.

He had set off two minor earthquakes in just the two days Stiles had been there. Luckily the second one was only contained to the restroom thanks to the sedative, but he was still a long way from gaining control, or even figuring out the truth about why he was so ‘unique’ according to Deaton. Telekinesis wasn’t anything that special, right?

Stiles kept scanning the crowd, just taking in his new community. Then his eyes stopped on someone else, Kate Argent. She was glancing around suspiciously as she hurried over to a corner of the quad. She was far away, but Stiles could make out three other people she met up with: Coach Hale, Deucalion, and Ms. Blake. It was an odd mix of faculty and they all looked completely suspicious as they talked amongst themselves. A minute later they disappeared into the empty school, leaving Stiles to feel uneasy about the situation. He didn’t know why he could tell, but a feeling deep in his gut just said they were up to something.

# Chapter 5

## Chapter Notes

Sorry for the delay! I like this chapter and I hope you do too >:) I think the next one will be even better though

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

Before Stiles knew it, it was the Friday at the end of his first official week at the Hale Academy. His days were filled with bonding more with Scott and the group, awkwardly avoiding Derek (and still being glared at if they crossed paths), befriending Isaac a bit more, plotting how to get him and Scott together, and catching suspicious glimpses of the four teachers from the bonfire having hushed conversations.

He was on his way to meet Lydia in the library before Deucalion's class to last minute cram study for a small reading quiz they had at the beginning of the block. Well, the studying was just for Stiles. Apparently Lydia's abilities did not stop at being a telepath, but she was also blessed with super smarts. Each teacher had to give her advanced versions of tests and quizzes, but there was really no point to her going to classes because she just aced everything. She was only in the school because she was a 17 year-old uncommon not trusted out in the world on her own yet.

"Hey Lydia," Stiles greeted the strawberry blonde as he sat down at the library table across from her. She looked effortlessly flawless like always with pink lipgloss on and her hair thrown up into a messy, but stylish bun.

Lydia looked up and smiled at the boy. "Hey Stiles," she said back and moved some things so he'd have room. "You ready? I made some flashcards to help you out." He eagerly nodded and quickly looked over his study guide again. "Oh hey, are you trying out for anything today?"

He looked up at the girl and cocked his head in confusion. "Trying out?" he asked. "For..."

"Oh! I guess you don't know," she laughed. "Today after fourth period is tryout day. Everyone who wants to try out for a sport meets on the fields behind the school. Then you sign up for whichever sport you're into and try out with the coach for it."

"There are sports here? At a school with *superhuman* teenagers?" he said in a shocked tone. It seemed kind of unfair to pit those blessed with heightened strength or speed against the kids whose only ability was to talk to animals or photograph anything with their mind.

Lydia just nodded and shrugged like it was completely normal. "We're still a school, Stiles, with a mascot. Why do you think the gym teacher is *Coach* Peter?" she chuckled and shuffled her flashcards. "We play other uncommon academies. There's a strict no ability rule, but of

course some people try and break it, but if you get caught it's no sports for the rest of the year and detention every Friday."

Stiles looked down at his blazer, just noticing the navy blue wolf in a howling position in between the name of the school. He looked around at the library too, and a large banner above the reception desk caught his eye: *Home of the Timberwolves*. "Huh, our mascot is a wolf?" It made sense with the headmaster being a wolf shapeshifter, and her brother Peter, and...Derek.

"Hey Lydia," Stiles interrupted from where she was about to start reading off of the flashcards. She gave him a warning look that said if they didn't get started, they weren't going to have enough time to study. "Just one more question. How much do you know about shapeshifters?"

Lydia set the cards down with a sigh and pursed her lips. "I pretty much know everything about anything," she said, but not in a bragging tone. "Why?"

Stiles looked back over to the banner. "Does the type of animal or whatever you shapeshift into run in the family? Like with the headmaster and Coach Peter, they're both wolves. Can there also be other wolf shapeshifters not related to them?"

The girl followed his gaze and narrowed her eyebrows in confusion, not sure why Stiles was so curious about the headmaster's life. "Yes there can be others not related to them," she said matter-of-factly. "But shapeshifters often express behavioral patterns of the creature they shift into. Wolves, for example, are territorial. My guess is any other wolf shapeshifter wouldn't be found for miles unless they were related to the Hales in fear of having to share territory. Also shapeshifters in the same bloodline are about 95% likely to shift into the same thing. The Hales have a reputation and a large family that are all wolf shapeshifters. I think Talia has a son."

Stiles froze, everything around him growing muffled as his mind started racing a mile a minute. "A...son?" his voice wavered.

Lydia just nodded. "Yeah but he's apparently estranged. No one knows anything about him," she said and shoved the flashcards into Stiles's face. "Now pay attention if you want to ace this quiz."

Stiles shook his head, trying to come back to reality. He nodded, a million questions threatening to come out but they only had fifteen more minutes until Deucalion's class. He sucked it up and let Lydia quiz him, and soon after they headed down towards the class.

There was so much racing through Stiles's head that he almost forgot Derek was in the class too. The guy was slouched in his chair, arms crossed over his chest and a clear expression that said he'd rather be anywhere else but there. They made eye contact at the same time, and Derek's nose scrunched up as if he caught a whiff of month old milk in the fridge. Stiles just quickly ignored him and sat down, preparing himself mentally for the quiz instead.

Deucalion forced one of the suckers in the front row to hand out the sheets and threatened everyone to keep their eyes on their own paper or he'd use his laser vision to burn up every

test and fail the whole class--an ironic power for a blind man. Stiles just had a feeling the teacher would know if he cheated, so he made sure to not take any peeks. After a grueling twenty minutes was over, they spent the rest of the block getting together with partners to start reading the next unit. Stiles looked to Lydia hopefully.

“And before you all get any ideas,” Deucalion smirked. “I’ve picked your partners. Jenny and Paulo, Fiona and Lydia, Xander and Kai, Stiles and Derek...”

The rest of the names faded to background noise as Stiles audibly gulped and risked looking over to his partner for the rest of the class. If Derek looked uncomfortable before, now he looked to be on the verge of throwing up. Everyone shuffled around to sit next to who they were assigned with. Derek clearly wasn’t moving, so Stiles begrudgingly shuffled his feet over and took the empty chair next to the wolf. He opened his textbook, chatter already spreading across the room as students started the assignment. Derek remained silent, though.

“So...” Stiles started nervously. “Do you want to start reading or me?” Derek was very obviously going out of his way to look out the window and away from Stiles. “Derek?” No response. Stiles rolled his eyes and decided to start the task on his own. He made it three seconds in before he slammed the book shut and turned his body to completely face the man.

“Ok I’ve had it,” Stiles hissed quietly. Derek turned a bit more towards him, but still kept his eyes down. “God, you can’t even fucking *look* at me? You can’t just...treat me like shit because I’m in your head or whatever. That’s so stupid. And you saw me in my most vulnerable state so I kind of think that garners me some pity points here to at least hold a civil conversation and try and get past you wanting to murder me every second of the day.”

“Stilinski!” Deucalion yelled from his desk. “I hope you and your partner are learning about the types of brainwashing abilities and not discussing less important matters?”

“Yes sir, sorry sir,” Stiles replied, then turned back to Derek. “Can you at least start with telling me your last name? I haven’t heard anyone say it.”

“Because no one knows it,” Derek finally mumbled under his breath, eyes darting up for a second. “And I like to keep it that way, and I don’t want to murder you.”

Stiles threw up his arms in exasperation. “Well it sure feels like it,” he sputtered. Then he mustered up the courage to ask what had been running through his mind. “Is your last name...Hale?”

Derek immediately stood up from his desk, grabbed Stiles by the collar of his blazer, and walked him up to the front of the room. “Deucalion, Stilinski here has to go to the nurse,” he said. The teacher just nodded with a sigh.

“Woah woah, wait. Derek!” Stiles flailed as the man dragged him out the door and into the empty hallway. They didn’t stop until Derek shoved him through the doorway of a janitorial closet and closed the door behind them. Cliche, much?

The closet was a lot smaller than the ones Stiles had seen on television. The pair were forced to be flush up against each other, Derek’s back against the door so Stiles couldn’t escape.

“Where the hell did you hear that from?!” Derek yelled, finally raising his voice above a grunt and a mumble octave. He fisted both hands into Stiles’s jacket. “Who told you?!”

Stiles couldn’t help the fear that overtook his face. Derek’s eyes were glowing a menacing blue and both claws and fangs were out, the sharp nails poking into Stiles’s chest. “No one!” he exclaimed with his hands held up in defense. “I swear! I just sorta pieced it together. I won’t tell anyone if that’s what you’re worried about.”

Derek relaxed a bit, but still blocked the door and glared into Stiles’s soul. His blue eyes made it pretty easy to see his expression in the dim light of the closet. “You better not,” he growled. “Or else-”

“Yeah, yeah, you’ll rip my throat out with your teeth,” Stiles finished. “I won’t, I promise.”

Derek’s eyes fluttered down to Stiles’s chest then back up, sending a nod in the boy’s direction. “Good,” he said, but was still clearly riled up.

“Why is it such a big deal that the headmaster is your mom?” Stiles whispered. “That’s why you didn’t want anyone to know you’re a wolf. They’d piece it together like I did, but then why flash me your fangs and eyes?”

“I couldn’t help it, okay!” Derek exclaimed and grabbed his head in his hands. “I can’t *control* myself around you and I don’t fucking know why! If people knew, I’d just be seen as the headmaster’s kid, privileged and afraid to do anything with my mom just down the hall.”

“That’s it?” Stiles asked pointedly and tried to stifle his laugh. “You’re afraid of losing your reputation as the *bad* boy?”

Derek sighed and dug his claws through his hair to pull at it from stress. He still hadn’t shifted back yet, his lack of control showing. “I have to keep this reputation,” he said quietly. “I’ve been hurt by a lot of people in this school Stiles. I can’t let anyone get through to me again.”

They were both breathing heavily, bodies still forced to be extremely close. Stiles noticed how Derek was a little bit taller than him, shoulders broad and wide. He also noticed how Derek had really nice eyes, even when glowing blue, and a jaw structure chiseled by the gods. Not to mention the man’s stubble, it just made him ten times more attractive and--

He instantly cursed himself. *What the hell is wrong with you Stiles?* he thought. *Yes, Derek’s an obviously good looking guy, but this is not the time to be thinking about that.* He couldn’t stop those thoughts from invading his mind, though, and it terrified him.

Derek’s face was so close to Stiles’s he could feel the man’s breath. It had grown silent in the closet besides Stiles’s heart beating heavily in his chest. There was an unexplainable urge inside of Stiles’s chest to step a little closer. “Derek,” he finally breathed out. Derek’s eyes had faded and his fangs and claws retracted, but they were still staring intensely into each other’s eyes. “I-”

He was stopped by the man's ears perking up. Derek held a finger to Stiles's lips to shush him and he turned to place his ear on the door. "What is it?" Stiles whispered and tried to get as close as he could to listen too. Derek shushed him again.

"What's the update on the trial run?" It was Peter's voice coming from outside in the hallway. Even Derek looked confused as to why the man would be on this side of the school far away from the gym.

"Only about 60 percent of subjects were successful," a female voice responded. Stiles instantly recognized Ms. Argent. "But that's a five percent increase from last week."

"I don't want five percent!" Peter snapped back, anger clear in his tone. "I need at least above 80 to start the injections, or this will all be for nothing. Tell Jennifer for the both of you to speed the hell up. Time's ticking."

Stiles had no idea what trials or subjects or injections the teachers were talking about, but it didn't sound good, especially from their hushed tones. Derek seemed just as concerned, face twisted into confusion. When Stiles tried to shift to hear better, his movement caused a broom to clatter to the floor.

The wolf glared at him and they both started to panic as the conversation outside halted. "Did you hear that?" Peter's voice came from under the door crack and his footsteps started approaching the closet.

Stiles looked at Derek in panic. They were about to be caught for eavesdropping on a conversation they definitely weren't supposed to hear. Derek looked around the closet for something that might magically be able to help them, but no luck. Peter was getting closer, and hand grabbed onto the doorknob.

Before Stiles could react, Derek's body was engulfing his in an embrace and there were lips pressed against his. Actual warm lips were kissing his own passionately. Derek Hale, the dude who has given him hell since he first stepped on campus, was voluntarily kissing Stiles like they were the last two people on earth. The teen internally panicked, but found himself subconsciously melting into Derek's arms.

They made out as the door swung open, light flooding into the dark janitor's closet. "Derek?" Peter exclaimed in shock. "And...the new kid? My my have your standards dropped."

Derek and Stiles leaped apart, feigning surprise at being caught by Peter. Stiles was freaking out for real internally, though, not really able to grasp onto what just happened. Luckily, Derek kept his cool and put on the act for the both of them. "Peter!" he responded. "Shit, um...we were just on our way back to class. Please don't tell the headmaster."

Peter chuckled and pulled the two boys out of the closet, holding onto them by the backs of their collars. Kate was watching with just as much confusion on her face. There was also another expression Stiles couldn't quite put his finger on. Was that...jealousy?

"Ah the hormonal drives of being a teenager," Peter said with a smirk. "I miss those days. Get back to class gentlemen." He pushed them forward and the two nodded, starting to



quickly retreat down the hallway. “Oh! One more thing. You guys didn’t...hear anything while you were in there, right?”

Stiles found himself unexpectedly speaking up for this one. “Nope!” he laughed. “Not at all. I was too caught up, uh, kissing Derek here.” He awkwardly clapped the man on the shoulder.

Peter eyed them suspiciously, but just shrugged and let them carry on. Derek immediately pulled Stiles around the corner and waited until he could hear Kate and Peter retreating to speak up. “That was too close.”

Stiles damn nearly screamed from the confusing feelings flying through his head. “What the hell was that?!” he exclaimed. “You...you can’t just go and *kiss* me, the fuck? I’m-I can’t-you’re what-I’m not *gay*!” He could barely form coherent sentences, too angered and frustrated.

Derek leaned against the wall and just shrugged like he didn’t just take Stiles’s kissing-a-dude virginity. “It was the only thing that wouldn’t have made it suspicious for us to be in a janitor’s closet,” he said calmly. “And everyone’s a little gay.”

“I am *not*!” Stiles yelled again and started pacing back and forth, a death grip on his own hair. “I am very much straight. I like girls, boobs, *vagina*. There was probably something else we could’ve done.”

“You weren’t doing anything helpful,” Derek said with an eye roll. “Plus you didn’t exactly react to it like a straight guy.” He had a dangerous smirk on his lips that made Stiles even more furious.

“It was for the act,” Stiles huffed.

Derek gave him a look and his smirk grew. “Sure,” he said sarcastically.

“Fuck you Derek,” Stiles said and crossed his arms, pouting like a child.

Derek rolled his eyes again and pushed off the wall, standing in front of Stiles to force the teen to look at him. “I’m sorry, is that what you want to hear?” he said. “Kate and Peter won’t tell anyone, though. I knew what I was doing. Trust me, it was the best solution.”

Stiles inhaled deeply to calm himself down. “It’s fine,” he finally caved in. “Just as long as it doesn’t happen again.”

“It won’t,” Derek said with his hands up in surrender, but the expression on his face said he thought otherwise.

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Stiles walked up to the fields behind the academy after the school day was over. It looked like an elementary school field day with groups of kids spread out all over, partaking in different sports. There were an overwhelming amount of options: soccer, lacrosse, cheerleading, volleyball indoors, cross country, and so much more.

“Hey dude!” Scott ran up to him with a huge grin on his face. He was already dripping sweat and decked out in a lacrosse pinnie with the school mascot across the front. A lacrosse stick was in his hand. “Are you trying out for something? That’s so great.”

Stiles shrugged and looked around, just taking everything in. “Maybe,” he said. “I’m going to assume you’re trying out for lacrosse?”

Scott looked down at his attire and nodded excitedly. “Everyone who made the team last year is pretty much guaranteed a spot, but yeah,” he said. “This will be my fourth year on the team. I used to play when I was younger before my abilities manifested.”

“That’s really cool,” Stiles said earnestly. He could tell how much the guy loved the sport. Lacrosse was a huge deal back at Beacon Hills High too, Stiles even played himself for two years before everything happened. He probably sucked now, but wouldn’t mind picking it back up again. “Take me to lacrosse.”

“Really?” Scott said giddily. He pulled Stiles over to the main field where Coach Peter was flipping through some sheets of paper on a clipboard. Stiles’s face grew red when the man caught his eye and looked him up and down with a smirk. He hadn’t been able to get what happened with Derek out of his mind the rest of the day. Maybe getting sweaty and dirty would help distract him.

Liam and Theo were also there, dressed up in navy blue pinnies, already ready to go. “New kid!” Theo clapped Stiles on the shoulder. “Glad you’re here.”

“Stilinski,” Peter stepped in and crossed his arms. “I’m surprised to see you here. Tennis tryouts are over there.” He pointed across the fields with a grin and a couple of players around them snickered.

“Coach,” Scott spoke up. “Stiles is here to try out for lacrosse.” He sounded so proud it just put more pressure on Stiles to do well.

Peter gave him a once over, then shoved a white pinnie in his face matching the one Scott wore. “Fine,” he said smugly. “We’re starting with a scrimmage so grab a long stick and a helmet. You’re on defense with McCall. Dunbar, Raeken, get your asses on the field.”

Stiles did as he was told then joined his roommate back near the goal. Liam and Theo were on the other team, and Stiles watched as Theo sent Liam a flirtatious wink before putting on his helmet. God, those two needed to be locked in a room together.

It was a bit nerve wracking to be on a lacrosse field after not playing for a while. Stiles had been alright at Beacon Hills High, second string on varsity, but this was a whole new ballgame. These guys were intimidating beyond all hell. Those with clear enhanced strength towered over Stiles like wild beasts, snarling and threatening him with their primal behaviors.

Peter walked to the center of the field where two midfielders were ready to face off. After putting the ball down, he raised his hand, blew the whistle, and signaled for the game to start.

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“Holy shit,” Stiles groaned and threw his helmet onto the ground before doing the same with his whole body. Scott laughed and grabbed a water bottle from the bench. “My everything hurts.”

“You did well, though,” Liam pointed out and sat next to Stiles on the ground. “I say you definitely make it.” After the scrimmage they had moved on to shooting and defensive drills. There was never a time to take a break until now, so Stiles was sweating through every fabric on his body.

“Might make it, but won’t start,” he said and made grabby hands towards the water bottle in Scott’s hand to have a turn. He drank it like he’d been dehydrated for years in the Sahara Desert. “You guys were amazing though.”

“Oh stop,” Scott joked and playfully hit Stiles’s shoulder.

Coach Peter walked over to the group of boys sitting around on the sideline, his clipboard in hand. “Good work today gentleman,” he said. “I saw real talent out there, but there are also a few of you who play worse than my grandmother, and she’s a dead common. Meet back here tomorrow at noon for first team and second team placements. You’re dismissed.”

Thank the heavens above. Stiles jumped to his feet and threw the helmet and stick he borrowed down into the equipment pile that the 13 year-old first years were forced to carry back to the school. Him, Scott, Liam, and Theo then all walked back towards the school together to shower and enjoy the start of their weekend.

“Hey guys!” Lydia called from the side. Her and Malia ran up to join them, the two girls also sweaty. Malia was sporting a tight tank top and spandex shorts, a duffel bag over her shoulder and a volleyball in hand. Lydia was dressed similarly, but had no indication of what sport she chose.

“What’d you try out for Lydia?” Stiles asked.

“Cheerleading,” Lydia said with a shrug.

Malia scoffed and shoved her friend. “Don’t be so humble. Lydia’s the cheerleading captain.” Color Stiles impressed. *Head cheerleader*. Of course she was perfect.

As thoughts of Lydia ran through his mind, though, they were accompanied by images of dark stubble and green eyes as well. Stiles shook his head, trying to get them out. Derek was invading every thought now, and Stiles hated it. He hated that the guy thought he could just kiss him and act like it wasn’t a big deal. It was a huge deal. Stiles wasn’t gay. He didn’t like boys.

“You guys wanna meet in my room tonight to hang?” Theo asked with a waggle of his eyebrows. “Made a deal with my roommate that he can teleport Malia and Lydia in if I don’t snitch about him going over to the girl’s wing.”

Lydia pumped her fist in the air with a holler as they walked through the doors of the school. The cool air conditioning felt amazing against Stiles’s sweaty skin. “Hell yeah,” she said.

They made it to the locker room entrances where it was time to separate. “Won't we get in trouble?” Stiles whispered. “With superhuman teachers everywhere?”

Scott laughed and patted Stiles's back. “Dude, trust me,” he said. “We're still high schoolers. We know how to get away with things.”

“Plus Parrish does his last sweep of the dorms at eight,” Malia chimed in. “We just do it afterwards.”

“Then it's settled!” Lydia said excitedly and clapped her hands. She made eye contact with Stiles and gave him a smirk. “Time to show you how the Hale Academy hangs.”

## Chapter End Notes

Let the party games commence

# Chapter 6

## Chapter Notes

Me: says i'll have a consistent posting schedule  
also me: posts the last two chapters late

Sorry for the delay! I apologize in advanced for any spelling or grammar errors

*The jeep continued to shake uncontrollably. Stiles was still occupied with holding his head and screaming in agony as Heather tried to grip onto the steering wheel. The rain only beat down harder and harder to the point where they couldn't see anything in front of them. "Stiles!" Heather screamed, but she couldn't get through to him. He was in so much pain, and it felt like his head was going to explode.*

*The car swerved across four lanes back and forth. Heather couldn't do anything to stop it. They were lucky no other cars were on the road this late, but the pavement was slick and dangerous. "I can't stop it!" she yelled.*

*Suddenly, Stiles let out one last scream at the top of his lungs, tears escaping his eyes. "Make it stop!" he exclaimed. The windows of his precious car shattered, glass caving in on them.*

*"Shit!" Heather said, small cuts on her arm from the glass. She let out one last cry of "Stiles!", then the entire car flipped up into the air.*

"Hey dude, you ready?" Scott's voice snapped Stiles out of his daydreaming. It was more like day-nightmareing.

Stiles eagerly nodded, wanting to just distract himself from thoughts about that night creeping back in again. He followed his roommate out their door, and towards Theo's room. Before they could make it down the hall, however, Scott froze at the sight of Isaac about to enter his own room.

"Hey Isaac," Stiles said with a knowing smirk and looked between the two boys who were both wearing matching, bright red blushes on their cheeks.

"H-hey," Isaac stuttered, keeping his eyes on Stiles. "You guys heading out somewhere?"

Stiles nodded, but then nudged Scott a bit, motioning for him to be the one to respond. Scott glared at his friend, but just took a shaky breath. "Yeah, to Th-Theo's," he said, his face growing redder.

"You should come!" Stiles then piped in.

Both guys looked at him, simultaneously saying, “What?”

“Yeah, you should totally join us Isaac,” he said again, stepping between the two to put a hand on each of their shoulders. Scott and Isaac were doing everything in their power not to look at each other. This was the perfect time for Stiles to enact some sort of devious plan and get them to confess their feelings. “Meet us down there?”

Isaac hesitated. “Um...” he started. “I, uh, guess so? Sure.”

Stiles let out a holler and pumped his fist. His smile grew a little when he saw Scott’s shoulders relax and a tiny grin form on his face. “Perfect, see you there!”

He then dragged his roommate down the hallway to Theo’s room. Scott was stunned all the way until Stiles knocked on the door. Theo answered only a second later and pulled the pair inside.

“The party’s here!” Malia cheered from her place on Theo’s roommates bed. Lydia was sitting on the floor at her feet, Mason next to her. Liam was on Theo’s bed, and Theo walked over to sit next to him extra close. Stiles grabbed a seat on the ground near Liam’s feet, and Scott claimed his territory in Theo’s desk chair. The group all formed a circle where they could see each other.

“I’m glad you came Stiles,” Lydia said with a sweet smile from her place on the floor across from him.

He ducked his head and reciprocated the grin. “Me too.”

They all started chatting, catching each other up on the day and how tryouts went for everyone. “I’m happy with my place in the bleachers,” Mason said with a chuckle. “I’ll be the lacrosse team’s number one supporter.”

Seconds later a loud knock came from the door. Everyone’s heads turned, eyes wide in surprise. “Who’s that?” Malia asked, voice nervous in case it was a faculty member here to bust them.

Stiles stood up with a knowing smirk and patted Scott’s shoulder as he walked by him and to the door. He opened it eagerly and was met with a nervous looking Isaac. Next to him however was none other than Derek Hale, the man who had occupied Stiles’s thoughts all day.

“Isaac,” Stiles greeted him. “I didn’t know you were bringing...*him*.”

Derek narrowed his eyes at Stiles, sensing the disdain dripping in his tone. “I hope it’s okay,” Isaac said quietly. It was too late now for Stiles to say no, it actually wasn’t okay. It wasn’t okay that Derek kissed him earlier and acted like it wasn’t a big deal and it sent Stiles into a state of anxiety all day as he tried to get the feeling of the man’s lips on his out of his head, but he couldn’t

“Sure,” Stiles said through gritted teeth and let them in, closing the door behind them.

There was a few seconds of awkward silence as everyone took in the new guests. Stiles pulled the other desk chair next to Scott and motioned for Isaac to sit down. There was no way he wasn't putting the two of them next to each other. That left the only other place for Derek to sit on the ground in between Stiles and Isaac's feet. He kept his murder brows on as he slumped to the floor. To say people were shocked to see the pair in the room would be an understatement.

"I invited Isaac," Stiles spoke up. "Hope everyone's cool with that."

Lydia was the first to send a welcoming smile towards Isaac. "Of course, welcome," she said. It made the man visibly relax, not used to so much attention directed towards himself.

"Was Edward Scissorhands over here invited too?" Theo said and hiked a thumb in Derek's direction. Derek growled in his direction.

Liam elbowed Theo in the stomach, eliciting a grunt from the guy. "Be nice," he hissed. Theo just made kissy noises at the boy which made Liam roll his eyes and shove his face away.

"The more the merrier," Stiles said to save Isaac from the embarrassment the guy was already clearly feeling. He wasn't exactly super ecstatic about Derek's appearance either, but for different reasons than everyone else.

"Well I think it's great to have new faces," Lydia said, then rummaged into a tote bag sitting on the floor next to her. When she produced two ginormous bottles of vodka, Stiles's jaw was to the floor. Everyone cheered excitedly as she set them in the middle of the circle next to a few shot glasses.

"How the hell did you get those?" Stiles hissed. He felt like there had to be some sort of hidden camera somewhere.

Lydia shrugged with a smirk. "Let's just say I'm close to someone who was able to sneak it out of the teacher's lounge," she replied. "They won't miss it. Now who's down for some truth or dare? But if you back out, you have to take a shot." Everyone nodded excitedly, but Stiles was feeling a bit nervous. Who knew what would come out of him if he was pumped full of alcohol. It was never a good experience for him back home when he got drunk, and the last time it happened he flipped a car.

"Ooh, I'll go first," Malia scooted forward on the bed and looked around the room, eyeing the group like a bird watching its prey. Her first victim was Mason, who swallowed nervously under her intense gaze. "Alright Mason, truth or dare?"

"Truth," he said right away. "You're crazy, who knows what dare you'd make me do."

Malia rolled her eyes. "Fine, understandable," she said. "I'll start out tame. Are you totally crushing on that Corey kid from math class?"

Mason's eyes went wide and he stared at the floor, ringing his hands together. "Yes," he said quietly.

“I knew it!” Malia exclaimed, and Liam just stared at his best friend in shock, seeming to not know about his crush either.

The game carried on, starting with lighter questions and dares until almost everyone at least tipped a few shots back. Malia was dared to speed to the boys bathroom and back, Lydia was asked what her guilty pleasure was (reading the minds of teachers), and Scott’s truth was to say who he thought the hottest person in the room was. He gladly took a shot with crimson cheeks. “Stiles!” Scott turned to his friend to take the attention off of himself. “Truth or dare?”

Stiles was too aware of the way Derek’s shoulder was lightly brushing against his, the touch radiating heat through his arm. He let out a shaky breath and said, “Dare.”

Scott looked around the room for a second, thinking about what he could ask. “I know,” he said and stood up, walking over to stand in the middle of their circle. “Make me float.”

“What?” Stiles asked with a nervous laugh.

Scott held his arms out wide. “Come on,” he said. “I’ve seen other telekinetics here make a person levitate. Not fair Liam is the only one who gets to enjoy what it feels like to fly.”

Those telekinetics had much more control over their powers than Stiles did, though. So far he was 0 for 3, so the thought of trying to use his powers on a person, rather than just an object, did not seem like a good idea. “I don’t know Scott,” he said nervously. He lowered his voice and ducked his head. “You know what happened in gym.”

“You said that was just an anxiety attack from the crowd. We’re all friends here!” Scott tried to reassure him, and everyone else nodded in agreement. They urged Stiles on, trying to tell him it was no big deal. Just lift Scott a few inches.

“I’ll drink,” Stiles said without another thought and reached forward for the bottle of vodka and a shot glass. He felt like he was going to throw up already, and he was barely tipsy.

“Oh come on,” Theo said. “I haven’t even seen you use your powers. What kind of telekinetic can’t levitate someone a few inches?” Liam glared at him again, and Theo just held up his hands in defense.

“He said he’ll drink.”

They were the first words Derek had spoken since the game started, and they were combined with a warning look in Theo’s direction. Dare Stiles say it, but Derek almost sounded protective of him, like he dared anyone to try and touch the teen and see what happened. The group grew silent as Stiles awkwardly poured himself a shot and downed it, grimacing as the liquid burned his esophagus. “Alright,” he said with a cough to keep the game moving. “Isaac, you’re next. Truth or dare?”

“Um...” Isaac hesitated and kept his head ducked down. “Dare, I guess.”



Perfect. This was Stiles's opportunity to give the two men next to him the little push they needed to finally admit their feelings for each other. "I dare you," he said with a waggle of his eyebrows. The tension in the room had died down now from Stiles's upbeat demeanor. "To spend seven minutes in heaven with Scott down the hall in our room." Both Scott and Isaac looked to Stiles like he was absolutely crazy. Stiles just shrugged smugly, and gave Isaac a look that told him to not choose to drink instead.

Scott stood up first, legs shaky as he headed towards the door. "You coming?" he asked Isaac, who quickly rose to his feet and stumbled after Scott, the blush never fading from his cheeks.

Once they disappeared out the door, everyone just looked at each other with their jaws dropped. "I've got the timer on," Lydia said with an excited grin.

"Ten bucks they kiss," Malia said as she laid down on the mattress. Somehow one of the vodka bottles had found itself in her hand despite it not being her turn, and she started passing it around for everyone to take shots and get things moving.

Theo accepted the bottle and took a swig. "I'll match that, but I say they bang instead," he chuckled and leaned his head on Liam's shoulder. Stiles was actually surprised to see him not shrug it off.

"Well with them gone we have to get the game moving," said Lydia. "Stiles, ask someone else something."

"Okay," Stiles said and looked around. He had taken a few more sips of the vodka too, and his head was starting to feel a bit dizzy. He realized the only person who hadn't been asked a question was Derek, so he turned to the man with a grin. "Truth or dare, big guy."

Derek rolled his eyes at the name. "Dare," he said simply.

It was time to turn the heat up. "Kiss the hottest person in the room," Stiles said and giggled. He didn't know why the question came out of him, but he wanted to see Derek unwind and play party games like a teenage girl. He was expecting the guy to get up, walk across the room, and grab Malia or Lydia. Both girls were gorgeous, there was no denying that.

"Fine," Derek huffed, but he didn't stand up. Nope, all he did was lean over, grab Stiles's face in two hands, and lay one on him.

"Holy shit!" Liam exclaimed, and everyone let out similar remarks.

Stiles was the most stunned of all as he felt the same lips from earlier latch onto his again. That was *twice* now that Derek Hale had kissed him, in the *same* day. His mind couldn't catch up with his body, which had subconsciously melted into the kiss again. Derek's lips were warm and soft, but sharp stubble still scratched at Stiles's face. There was a large hand cradling his cheek to hold them together. There was no tongue, but it was definitely a more passionate kiss than a peck. When they separated, Stiles stared into Derek's eyes in shock. The man swiped a thumb across his lips nonchalantly and tried to hide the growing smirk on his lips.

“What the *fuck* just happened?” Theo said in an astonished tone. No one really knew the answer, Stiles included.

“I...” Stiles stuttered, only sounds and broken syllables escaping his lips as he searched for anything to say. He ended up just muttering, “I have to go,” then running out the door.

Stiles’s whole world was spinning as he made it into the hallway. Halfway to his room, he realized it was occupied with Scott and Isaac, so he headed towards the main building instead. The halls were empty, only the occasional student or faculty member here and there finishing up late night work or heading to bed. Stiles wasn’t nearly drunk enough for this.

His feet ended up leading him outside and onto the quad. Outdoor lights lined the paths winding through the gardens, but Stiles headed out into the middle of the great lawn. “No, no, no,” he mumbled as his head started to pound. “Not right now!” He feared what was to come, but then a sound of footsteps approaching from behind made him turn around.

“Stiles,” Derek said and held a hand out, but Stiles just stepped back. “Please, just-”

“No!” Stiles exclaimed. “You...you can’t keep *doing* that!”

“Doing what?”

“You know what!” Stiles let out a groan and collapsed onto the grass, hugging his knees close. Derek hesitantly sat down next to him, but kept his distance. “Messing with my mind and shit.”

The wolf was leaning back on his hands, still not seeing this as such a big deal like Stiles was. It angered the teen. Why wasn’t Derek freaking out too? How was he so calm about it? “You dared me to do something, and I did it,” Derek said with a shrug.

Stiles gaped at him, trying to push down the growing pain in his mind. “What the hell is your problem?” he yelled. A nearby landscaper gave them a dirty look, to which Stiles apologized and lowered his tone. “You can’t just kiss a guy out of nowhere, let alone twice! Are you...are you gay?”

Derek gave him another one of his signature eye rolls and laid back completely, putting his arms behind his head. “I like what I like,” he said smugly. “And I think you do too, from how you reacted. That’s, what, twice now that you’ve *reciprocated* said kiss?” He was looking at the stars, but the self-assured smile on the guy made Stiles punch him in the stomach. He could take it, he was a wolf.

“Shut up,” Stiles groaned and buried his head into his hands. “Or you’re going to make me lose my shit again.”

Derek’s head perked up at this, and he sat up, scooting a bit closer to the teen. Stiles tried to ignore the way the man’s presence sent an unfamiliar feeling through his stomach. He was supposed to hate Derek. Derek was the school bad boy, the bully who had given Stiles hell since he arrived. There weren’t supposed to be any butterflies and confusing emotions with Derek of all people.

“Just...calm down Stiles. It’s okay,” Derek said in a kinder tone when he noticed Stiles start to grip onto his own hair.

And Stiles didn’t know why, but the simple command actually worked. That combined with the tender touch of Derek’s hand on his shoulder made it feel like he was able to grasp control of his powers and suck it back down before he went apeshit crazy and set off an earthquake the size of the school. Stiles looked up and stared at Derek in shock.

“What?” Derek asked, eyebrows raised in concern. They were staring into each other’s eyes under the night sky, the lights in windows around them starting to go out as people headed to bed. Scott and Isaac were probably back by now, hopefully with some juicy new revelations. But in this moment, the pain was gone from Stiles’s mind and replaced with thoughts of Derek.

There was something between them, something unspoken that made Stiles immediately calm down when the man touched him. He had never been able to gain control of his powers until Derek Hale entered his life. *It doesn’t make sense*, Stiles thought to himself.

“Um, nothing,” Stiles tried to shake the thoughts off and stare back down at the grass, but a hand was grabbing his jaw and turning his head back to look at Derek again. They were closer this time, lips an inch apart.

“Tell me Stiles,” Derek said quietly. The landscaper had disappeared into the academy and there was no sound besides Derek’s smooth voice, the chirps of the nighttime wildlife, and Stiles’s racing heart. “What do you like?”

Stiles had always been so sure of what he liked. He used to like to hang with his friends, he liked to party and rebel against his cop father, he liked to get drunk and high and have sex, he liked to be common, and he liked girls. He really liked girls, but in that moment with Derek it felt like that was the wrong answer.

“I’d like you to kiss me again,” Stiles found himself whispering against Derek’s lips. He didn’t know why, he had never had such thoughts before, but he needed to just feel it one more time to help figure out his confusing emotions.

Before Derek could fulfil his wish, there was the rapid click of high heels heading towards them. “Derek?” Talia called as she approached the boys. They immediately separated, acting as if nothing had happened and they were two buddies just chatting on the lawn. “And Stiles? What the hell are you two doing out here? Get back to your rooms!”

Derek hung his head and stood up, Stiles following suit. “Sorry mom,” Derek said, and Talia’s eyes immediately went wide and she looked to Stiles nervously. “It’s fine, he knows.”

“Oh, I see,” Talia said and relaxed, but she still looked cautious as to why the new kid would be the one person to know the Hale family secret of the academy. Her nose then scrunched up in disgust and her face twisted into rage. “You two *reek* of alcohol! I don’t know where the hell you got it, or what the hell you were thinking, but get to your rooms now, and join me tomorrow afternoon for saturday detention.” It must’ve been the wolf nose.

“What?” Derek asked, feigning innocence. Stiles had never seen the guy so submissive and relaxed, usually maintaining his brooding exterior and low, grumpy voice.

Talia flashed her son red eyes and bared her fangs. “Now!”

Derek hung his head in shame and nodded, walking off. Stiles awkwardly stumbled behind him, shrinking under the intense glare of the headmaster. He wasn’t a wolf but he knew her flashing her eyes at her son was not a good thing. It sent Derek cowering like a kid caught with his hand in the cookie jar.

They made it back to their hall in awkward silence. The group was still in the room, Scott and Isaac back with matching shy smiles.

“Stiles!” Malia announced. “I won the bet.”

Stiles turned to his roommate in shock, trying to distract himself from Derek’s hand brushing against his back. Everyone seemed to have forgotten about the kids, or just didn’t care, too drunk or apathetic. “You two...” he looked between Scott and Isaac. “Alright buddy!” He clapped his roommate on the back. Even Derek gave Isaac an approving smile and squeezed his shoulder as him and Stiles took their seats back on the ground. Stiles took no time in taking another swing of vodka, his conversation and almost-another-kiss with Derek was driving him crazy.

The group had moved on from truth or dare to only truth or drink, deciding to get into the dark secrets of each individual. “Theo!” Lydia said with a giggle, slightly slurring her words. “When you turn fully ice, does *everything* turn to ice?” She brought home her question with a suggestive wink.

Theo just smirked and suddenly transformed his body into solid ice. He was still able to move and talk, his skin just cold, hard, and blue. “Why doesn’t Liam here tell you for himself?” He looked down at his crotch and back at Liam with a wink.

“Gross!” Mason complained and shielded his eyes.

Liam looked like he didn’t know what to do, but he was a drunk and horny teen, so he quickly put his hand on Theo’s crotch with a laugh, pulling it back and nodding. “Yes, I can confirm it does.” Stiles was gaping at the pair’s confidence, but everyone could collectively agree their sexual tension was starting to fill up the room so much it was going to explode.

“Woah!” Lydia giggled but nodded approvingly. “Didn’t need a hands on demonstration!” Theo leaned back against his wall and turned back to normal, pulling Liam against his side with an arm slung over his shoulder.

“My turn!” Theo hollered, clearly wasted. “Malia, smash or pass everyone in the room.”

Malia shrugged like it was the easiest question ever. “Alright. Theo smash, Liam pass, Mason pass, Scott smash, Isaac pass, Derek smash, and Stiles *definitely* smash.”

“And moi?” Lydia said with a hand on her chest.

Malia leaned down and smacked a big kiss on her cheek. “Definitely smash if I was into that,” she said.

“I can’t decide if I’m offended or not,” Mason said. Liam nodded in agreement.

Meanwhile Derek had grown tense after Malia emphasized she’d *definitely* smash Stiles. Stiles tried to brush it off, but couldn’t help but notice how their bodies had shifted closer. Their shoulders were now completely flush together, and Stiles blamed it on the small dorm room.

“Lyds,” Malia hiccuped and turned to her friend. “When was the last time you hooked up with someone?”

Lydia wasted no time in grabbing a shot. Scott gasped. “Why can’t you tell us?” he asked. “Was it recently?!”

Lydia’s face was red as she downed the alcohol. “I took the shot, I don’t have to answer.” But no one took that as an acceptable response. All attention was on her now, and Stiles had to admit he felt slightly hurt that she had supposedly hooked up with someone recently, but not as hurt as he expected he would be.

“And you didn’t tell *me*?” Malia asked in a hurt tone. “Oh my God, who?”

“I’m not saying anything else!” Lydia exclaimed and tried to move on.

They eventually got back on track and everyone was asked a few more questions before the lights out bell rang and they were forced to head to bed before the second late night check in case around. Stiles, Scott, Isaac, and Derek walked towards their rooms together with them being across the hall. Scott and Isaac were giggling ahead of the other two, supporting each other and whispering in hushed tones. Stiles was happy something finally happened, but hoped they’d both remember it in the morning.

Soon, the two budding lovebirds had separated and it was just Stiles and Derek in the hallway. They both looked down awkwardly, not sure how to bring up how Stiles basically ripped into the wolf for kissing him, then begged for it again.

“Um, goodnight I guess,” Stiles said and scratched the back of his head nervously.

Derek stepped forward, deciding for the both of them to just press a chaste kiss to Stiles’s cheek. “Goodnight Stiles,” he said, then disappeared after Isaac into his dorm, leaving Stiles alone in the dark hallway, trying to piece together everything that happened.

...

The sunlight shined through the small window in the dorm the next morning, landing on Stiles’s face to wake him up. His head hurt from a different type of headache this time, and Scott seemed to be suffering the same type of fate from where he was doubled over on the edge of his own mattress.

“Good morning,” Stiles groaned and sat up slowly, blindly feeling around for the water bottle he had stuffed somewhere and downing it in one sip.

“I kissed him,” was all Scott said in a panicked voice. He looked up at Stiles with bloodshot eyes and unruly hair. “Holy shit, I kissed him dude!”

Stiles tried to comprehend what was going on, and eventually his tired brain started to replay all the events of last night. The games, the vodka, Scott and Isaac finally figuring their shit out, and Stiles digging himself into a deeper pile of his own shit.

He stood up, his bare feet stretching across the wooden floor, and stretched his arms to the sky. At some point during the night, Stiles got hot and stripped off his shirt. Now he was just left in grey sweatpants as he made his way to the door to go to the bathroom. “Hell yeah you did buddy,” he said slowly, still trying to wake up. “Now I gotta take a piss.”

It was only nine in the morning on the first Saturday of Stiles’s time at the academy. Some people were out and ready for the day, and others were clearly still slumped in their rooms. As he made his way to the bathroom, he tried to ignore the way seeing Derek’s door made his stomach flip upside down.

Just his luck, when Stiles arrived at the communal bathroom he was met with a bright yellow sign reading *Out of Order* on it. He groaned and opted to go out into the school to the next closed bathroom. He was still shirtless, which got him a few looks, but he was too tired and slightly hungover to care.

The next restroom he found was next to a dark hallway Stiles had never seen before. He quickly took a peek down it, his curiosity bone getting the better of him and taunting his legs to walk forward and investigate before he could reward himself with relieving his bladder.

The hallway was bare besides an elevator at the very end. There was a large sign that read *Students prohibited. Faculty Only* that made him just want to see where the elevator headed even more.

”Mr. Stilinski!”

A female voice made Stiles jump and turn around, long limbs flailing as he calmed his spooked heart. “Ms. Argent!” he said. “Uh, I was just heading to the restroom. Does that go to like the basement or something?”

Kate Argent had her hands held behind her back as she looked Stiles up and down. It made him squirm and feel extremely vulnerable standing shirtless in front of her. “That elevator is prohibited for students,” was her answer. “You seemed to miss the restroom, funny since it’s right there.” She was sporting a maniacal smile that threatened to tear apart Stiles limb from limb.

“Right,” he snapped and awkwardly shuffled around her until she was now the one standing closer to the elevator. “I’ll just, um, go pee now.”

Kate nodded and shooed him away, not taking her eyes off of the teen until he was around the corner. Stiles stood outside the restroom entrance, but didn't head inside until he heard the chains of the elevator start to rattle. He waited a few seconds before peering back down the hallway. The doors were just closing, Kate Argent standing inside, then it started to descend. There was something very suspicious about the elevator, and about Kate Argent. It made Stiles feel queasy, but that could also just be the dozen shots sitting in his stomach threatening to come out one end or the other if he didn't get into the bathroom fast.

## Chapter 7

“Stiles, please come in and grab a seat,” Headmaster Hale greeted the boy as he walked through the door to Saturday detention. It was only him and Derek in this room. Stiles doubted many people fucked up enough to get detention with the headmaster.

Derek was already in one of the desks, body slouched and head supported on one arm in a standard bad boy who hates school pose. Stiles paid extra attention to the way the school blazer stretched around Derek’s bicep and shoulder of his bent arm. The man then looked up to make eye contact, and Stiles immediately diverted his gaze to the floor and took a seat in a desk a few rows away.

“I hope you boys can take this time to reflect on your actions,” Talia said as she stood up and walked around the desk, sitting on the edge and looking between the two troublemakers. “Derek, I’m very disappointed in you.”

“Just me?” Derek scoffed. “What about Stiles? He’s just as guilty!”

Stiles glared at the wolf. “Wow thanks,” he said. “I guess it’s every man for himself.”

Talia sighed and took a deep breath. “I am not happy with either of you, but you’re my son, therefore-“

“Therefore what?” Derek fought back and narrowed his eyes. “You’re just going to automatically start parenting me as soon as I get in trouble? Where’s this motherhood the other 23 hours in the day?”

The room was full of heavy tension and grew silent. Stiles awkwardly observed how the headmaster’s face turned hurt, her shoulders tensing at her son’s harsh words. “If you’d excuse me for one minute,” she said as she stood up straight and flattened her blazer. “I have to go...do something. Take a second and compose yourselves.” Then she walked out of the classroom.

There was more silence, but Stiles was painfully aware of Derek huffing heavily on the other side of the classroom. The awful sound of nails scratching against wood came when he popped his claws out and gripped onto the desk tightly.

“Derek?” Stiles treaded lightly. “Are you okay?” He took the chance and stood up, opting to sit at the desk right in front of the man backwards on the chair.

Derek was staring intensely down at the table, his claws still piercing holes in the wood. Stiles reached out slowly and put a hand on his wrist, and he immediately relaxed, breathing slowing down. Derek looked up into Stiles’s eyes, so many emotions flowing through his orbs at once. Pain, sadness, confusion, betrayal, and who knows what else.

“I’m guessing...” Stiles started, “...you and your mom don’t have the best relationship?”



Derek clenched his eyes shut, claws finally retracting. “Not really,” he said quietly. “I don’t want to talk about it.”

Stiles nodded and backed off a bit. “Yeah, I get that,” he said, and it was back to silence. Stiles just sat in the chair, scratching at Derek’s desk with his fingernail to busy himself. The wolf was still staring down, but he had calmed down a bit. Stiles decided to stand up and head back to his desk before Talia got back, but he was stopped by a hand on his wrist.

“Stay,” Derek grunted, and Stiles immediately complied and sat back down. They were looking at each other now, and that was always the danger zone. Whenever Derek Hale stared with those beautiful green eyes, Stiles started to notice every other detail of his handsome face and sooner or later he couldn’t help himself but lean in, drawn like a magnet.

The door opened again and the boys sprung apart. Stiles’s heart was racing as he awkwardly shifted to sit forward and face the headmaster. She was fortunately distracted with calming herself down and taking a deep breath before taking a seat back behind the desk and looking at them. She didn’t have any reaction to Stiles’s seat moving.

“You and I will talk later Derek,” she said. “Now you two have twenty more minutes in here. I’m not going to ask you how you got the alcohol, because I know you won’t tell me. Just please, be smarter. It’s very dangerous in a school like this to not be in your best state of mind.”

...

Stiles walked out of the detention room first, just needing space from Derek. His mind kept replaying the previous night: the kiss, the way he asked for Derek to kiss him again. What was he *thinking*? Stiles’s mouth spoke without a filter, but clearly somewhere deep down he liked kissing Derek, and that was the second most terrifying thing he had ever felt.

“Dude!” A body running fast crashed into Stiles, and he put his hands on the person’s shoulders to stable them.

“Scott, what’s up?” Stiles asked in confusion at his friend’s hyper state and the shit-eating grin on his face.

Scott just waved a piece of paper in Stiles’s face and jumped up and down excitedly. “Lacrosse placements!”

“Oh shit,” Stiles said with a groan. “I had Saturday detention. I completely forgot.”

They continued to walk down the hallway together, Scott dancing around and still thrusting the sheet at his roommate. “No worries, I got your response for you. Dude...we’re on first team together!”

To say Stiles was stunned would be an understatement. He thought he played mediocre, but not great. Scott, Liam, and Theo were amazing, and would definitely start on first team. A lot of other guys were decent too, so Stiles was positive he was going to get second team. “Oh my God,” he laughed and grabbed the paper. Sure enough, there was a typed up letter with

the school logo on top and *Hale Academy Athletics* printed next to it. *Stiles Stilinski, Congratulations on being picked for a spot in the Hale Academy for the Young and Gifted's men's lacrosse program, first team. Please see Coach Peter Hale if you have any questions or concerns.* Stiles read the words over and over again. Maybe he was really starting to find his place and people in this school.

"I mean I'm definitely not going to be a starter but this is awesome," Stiles said. They turned the corner and walked past the counselor's office. The sign on the door caught Stiles's eye. "Hey Scott, you go ahead," he said. Scott just nodded, disappearing down the hall.

Deaton's door was open, but Stiles still knocked as he stood in the doorway. The man looked up with a warm smile and eagerly motioned for the teen to come in. "Stiles! What a surprise," he said. "I wasn't expecting you until monday."

Stiles smiled sheepishly and closed the door behind him. He sat down in his usual seat, a chair he would have to grow used to for the rest of the year. "I know," he replied. "I was just wondering if we could maybe talk right now? Not as my therapy session, but just some counselor advice."

"Of course," Deaton said and folded his hands on top of his desk. "Tell me what's making you so scared. There's a hint of excitement there too, though."

"Yeah," Stiles let out a deep sigh and ran a hand through his hair. "I made the first team for lacrosse, so that's pretty exciting. But, I don't know how to say it..."

"What's bothering you?"

The man's soft voice comforted the boy, who was growing more and more nervous. "I'm having a crisis," Stiles mumbled and gripped onto his hair with both hands this time. "I'm just so...confused, and scared what it all means."

Deaton hummed and studied Stiles closely. "I see," he said kindly. "May I ask what type of crisis you mean?"

Stiles resorted to leaning forward and banging his head against the man's desk. How was he supposed to say hi, the headmaster's son has been a total asshole to me ever since I got here until he suddenly kissed me (twice!) and now my head won't stop spinning. Oh, also whenever I lose control he somehow can ground me again and I don't know what that means and it's terrifying.

"A..." he started. "A sexuality crisis?" Stiles said it like a question, not even sure if that was what was going on. Who was he kidding, so much was going on.

Deaton looked taken back. That was clearly not the type of response he was expecting, but his face relaxed and he leaned forward to pick Stiles's head up and squeeze his shoulder. "Hey, that's perfectly normal," he reassured the boy. "You're a teenager in a new school with new people. It's okay to feel like that, it shouldn't be scary. I know, though, that you think it is because you've never had such feelings before. What happened that sparked this?"

Stiles's knee was bouncing rapidly and he leaned his elbows on his legs, hands pressed together in front of his mouth. "Well, good question," he said nervously. "There's this guy...and he sort of...kissed me. And I thought I hated him for it but now it's kind of all I think about and I want to do it again but he's an ass-I mean jerk, and I shouldn't feel this way."

"Hey, that's understandable," Deaton said. "You're scared to feel that way, but maybe you should let yourself. See where it goes to truly figure out what it is you're feeling. It's clear there's attraction there, and that shouldn't be something you're afraid or disgusted by. This is the time of your life to explore these feelings."

"I'm just nervous," Stiles said quietly, and Deaton walked around the desk to get close to him and put a comforting hand on his back. "He also helps me gain control."

That also seemed to take the counselor by surprise, and his face turned very serious. "Control of your abilities?" he asked. Stiles just nodded. "That's very big Stiles, very very big. You should've told me earlier." He quickly walked back over to his seat and started writing something down.

"Uh, why?" Stiles asked.

Deaton sighed and looked at the boy with a sad smile. "You hold a great amount of power," he said. "More than you realize, and it is a very dangerous amount of power if not controlled. If there is something, *someone* out there, that can control such power, then you must hold onto them."

Stiles stared at the counselor in shock, not sure how to respond. "What do you mean it's dangerous?" he asked nervously, but Deaton started to usher him out of the room. "Deaton please! What am I? I'm not just telekinetic, I know that."

The man had led him all the way to the door and didn't open it until after he spoke. "I have to get to a meeting, but we'll talk about it on monday," he said in a serious tone. "Stay close to this boy, though, especially if you have to use your powers."

"What?" Stiles asked, but it was too late. He was fully shoved into the hallway and the door was closed in his face. "What does that mean?" There was no response.

Stiles groaned and turned around to head to the front of the school. It was field trip day for the older kids, which apparently meant lots of busses and chaperones took them out into the town to experience a sense of "normality". The community knew about the school tucked away into the woods, but were denied the truth by the government. People were told the Hale Academy was an exclusive boarding school one must be recruited for to join. It certainly had a bad rep with the public high school kids.

He met up with Scott and the others, all boarding the bus. Mason sat with who Stiles assumed was Corey, Malia and Lydia were together, Theo and Liam, and to Stiles's surprise, Scott sat with Isaac. He couldn't feel betrayed at the sight of his friend's happiness. The two were blushing so hard, it was disgustingly adorable.

That meant, however, that the last seat left was next to Derek in the very last row. Derek was sprawled out like he owned the place, arms wide and legs up on the bus bench. "Move," Stiles said and shoved the dude's legs off.

He was met with a glare, but it held less intensity than others, and the wolf ultimately complied and made room for Stiles. The seat was still fairly small, though, for two grown teenagers (if Derek was even still a teen, who knew with that facial hair and body), so they were pressed tightly against each other.

Stiles's conversation with Deaton echoed in his mind as the busses started to roll out. He was totally having a sexuality crisis. What the hell was he supposed to do? He was saved from his racing pulse by Parrish standing up at the front and using the overhead microphone to make an announcement. "Alright everyone," the assistant headmaster said. "Most of you have been on a field trip before. To anyone new and to anyone who has forgotten, let me remind you of the rules. Number one, absolutely *no* abilities are to be used. Failure to obey will result in serious consequences and the risk of outing yourself to the commons. There are people out there who wish to take you and experiment on you. Please be safe. Rule number two, stick with a buddy at all times at least, if not more..."

Stiles tuned out the rest of the spiel, due to the fingers lightly touching his thigh. "What the hell are you doing?" he whispered at Derek with a glare, but the touch made his heart beat only faster.

Derek wasn't looking at him, still focused on Parrish, but a devious smirk was upon the man's lips. "You know new kid," he whispered back. "Wolves have a very heightened sense of smell."

"So?" Stiles asked, but it came out shaky and broken. Derek's hand was now fully on his thigh and dangerously close to a certain area that made his stomach do somersaults.

"So," Derek said, smirk bigger. His nostrils flared as he obviously smelled the air. "I can smell things others can't. You've always heard of how an animal can smell fear, right?" Stiles nodded with a loud gulp. Derek was now turned to look at him, face leaning dangerously close to his own. The man didn't go for his lips, though, instead bringing his mouth close to Stiles's ear. The hot breath sent shivers down the teen's spine.

"Well I can smell fear," Derek continued quietly. Everyone around them was oblivious, either too caught in their own conversations or turned away. "And happiness, sadness, anger... *arousal*."

The last word was spoken so deep and slow, Stiles was about to burst. His face was surely dark red now, and Derek's grip had tightened on his thigh. "R-really?" Stiles asked. "I'm not...I'm not aroused."

Derek had to stifle a laugh and he finally took his hand off. "Sure Stilinski," he said and leaned back against the window in a pose that made him look effortlessly cool. "Whatever you say."

The bus ride didn't take very long, and Stiles praised whatever gods above when he was able to get off of the enclosed vehicle and into fresh, open air. He was suffocating in all things Derek. With the man so close to him, though, he didn't feel like losing control of his abilities, whereas he usually would've from how freaked out he was.

"You all have an hour and a half of free time," Parrish said. Some kids already started to run to the strip of stores across the street. "Stay together! Meet me back here at the entrance to the park for the tour of town hall."

Everyone dispersed, Stiles immediately latching on to his group to get away from Derek. The issue was Isaac now wanted to latch onto Scott's side, so Derek came along. They all walked along the sidewalk, taking in the scenery. It was a beautiful town, a large park in the center of many buildings. They stuck out like a sore thumb, though, in their school uniforms.

Stiles made sure to put as much space between him and Derek, opting to walk in between Lydia and Liam. Theo was on the other side of the boy, arm over his shoulder.

"May I just ask," Stiles said with narrowed eyes at the pair. "Why *aren't* you two dating?" It was obviously a sensitive topic as Liam immediately stared at the pavement. Theo even looked like he didn't know what to say for someone usually full of quick and witty quips.

"I've been asking the same question for months," Lydia sighed.

"We just aren't," Liam said defensively, brushing off Theo's arm and stomping over to join Mason and Corey instead.

Stiles gave Theo an apologetic smile. "Sorry, I didn't know it was a sore subject," he said as they all entered a department store that Malia and Lydia led them into.

Theo just shrugged, staring longingly after Liam who started to browse the shoe aisles. "It's okay," he said, a slight pang of sadness in his voice. "I can't say I don't want to be with him, of course I do. I just...am not good at romance. I come across flirty and sexual but it's to joke around."

"And hide the fact that you just want a romantic relationship with him?" Stiles finished and squeezed the guy on the shoulder. They were a bit more separated from the group so no one heard them, and Stiles was appreciative Theo felt comfortable enough to open up like that. He did notice, however, Derek glancing over ever so often, ears perked up. Stiles rolled his eyes.

"Yeah," Theo mumbled and shrugged. "I don't know if what we have is just suggestive banter and innuendoes, or something more."

Stiles looked over to where Liam was busy occupying himself with trying on a pair of sneakers, but his cheeks were still rosy and he kept stealing looks at Theo. "I think there's more," he said and clapped Theo on the back. "You should try and figure that out for yourself though."

He left the guy to walk over to Scott, Isaac, Malia, and Lydia, who were rummaging through sales racks. “Commons have it so easy,” Malia groaned and held up a grey crop top to her torso. Lydia nodded approvingly. “They can come here whenever they want, wear whatever they want, live wherever they want. I can only wear clothes like this to bed or on holiday breaks.”

“Keep your voice down,” Lydia hushed her. “Anyone around us could work for the government. We’re not supposed to discuss the coexistence between commons and uncommons. Bringing any attention to who we are is illegal.”

“It is?” Stiles spoke up. These were people who had been used to hiding their powers since they were kids. Stiles was still brand new to it all. A few months ago he was a normal student at Beacon Hills High, only worried about acing his chemistry exam and getting drunk on the weekends.

“It is.” Derek appeared out of nowhere, Isaac by his side. He stepped up close next to Stiles, who awkwardly cleared his throat. “There are very few people out there who know about us that aren’t in the government. But word travels fast. They want to contain us and control us, so exposing ourselves to the public is a federal crime to, as they say, *protect* the people.” He put the word in air quotes.

“They think us, a couple of teenagers, are a threat?” Stiles laughed incredulously. “I’d say all of you have your powers under control.”

“But not you,” Theo chimed in. He held up his hands when Stiles glared at him. “We’ve been training to control them for years. Everyone knows about your gym incident, and that’s what the government is trying to stop.”

Stiles just stared around at the group with his mouth agape. He wasn’t some puppet to be controlled by commons in power who think he’s a threat to national security. He was a normal human being, who just happened to be born different, and that got him thrown into a school to be locked away until he learned to hide what he could do.

It made him angry, no, it made him *enraged*. Stiles didn’t like to be controlled, not by anyone, and especially not by the government. He felt his pulse rising and the clothes rack next to him started to vibrate.

“Stiles, no!” Lydia exclaimed and tried to calm him down by grabbing his head. “You need to calm down before you expose us all!”

A nearby mom and her daughter started to notice, and they gave the group a shocked look before darting away. “Crap,” Scott muttered when he saw them. “Get him out of here!”

Liam and Theo grabbed onto Stiles’s arms and pulled him towards the exit. Stiles’s head hurt so bad, and flashes of rage and anger went through his mind. He tried to calm down but it wasn’t working. They got him into a nearby alleyway away from prying pedestrian eyes, but soon the dumpsters around them started to shake too. The noise was deafening. Someone was sure to stop by and check it out soon.

“Stiles!” Malia tried, but no luck.

Then Derek approached the teen fast. “Move,” he grunted at Theo and Liam, and nearly shoved them to the ground to get off of Stiles.

“And what the hell are you going to do?!” Theo exclaimed, nervously glancing back towards the alley entrance.

Derek didn’t reply to him, just grabbed Stiles’s head and put their foreheads together. “Breathe Stiles, breathe.”

The words were echoey in Stiles’s mind, but it was like a bright light in utter darkness, a way out of an endless tunnel. He started to take deep breaths, eyes wide with panic as he stared at the wolf. Derek was breathing with him, rubbing his hands up and down Stiles’s arms. “That’s it,” he said calmly.

The rattling of the trash bins subsided as Stiles’s heart rate settled back to normal. The pain faded away like it always did, but this time quicker. Deaton’s words came back: *If there is something, someone out there, that can control such power, then you must hold onto them.*

Stiles buried his face into Derek’s chest when the panic and anger had disappeared. He was breathing heavy, only focused on the strong arms wrapped around him.

“I prove my point,” Theo said and gestured at the scene. “No control.”

Stiles slowly stood up straight, eventually able to lean off of Derek and compose himself, but he still stayed close to the wolf. “It...” he croaked. “It was only a few dumpsters. No one noticed.”

“Uh, guys?” Mason called from the entrance to the alleyway. Him and Corey were peering around the corner and out towards the park. “I don’t think it was only a few dumpsters.”

They all ran quickly out of the alleyway to see what he was talking about. “Holy shit,” Scott said when they were all out on the sidewalk.

It was definitely not just a few dumpsters. Around the town, trees had fallen down, store signs were splintered, and cars had run into fire hydrants. Everyone was in panic, muttering about an earthquake as they ran around and hid under objects. It looked like a freaking hurricane had blown through the town with the amount of damage.

“You did *this*?” Malia said in shock. Everyone turned to look at Stiles, who was just as surprised.

“What are you?” Theo asked. “No telekinetic has a panic attack and sets off an earthquake through a whole town.”

Stiles glanced between all of their fearful faces nervously, mouth open but unsure what to say. Derek stepped close to his side, setting a hand on the small of his back to keep him grounded. “I don’t know,” Stiles said.

They quickly ran back to the entrance to the park. Parrish was blowing a whistle and gesturing for everyone to get back on the busses. Kids in the Hale Academy uniform ran out of shops and over to the assistant headmaster and chaperones quickly guided them.

“Do any of you know what the hell happened?” Parrish interrogated the group in a concerned tone. They all feigned innocence, and Stiles was so grateful. He had a feeling, though, that him and Talia were going to find out sooner or later. “Just get on the bus before the cops show up.”

They quickly obeyed, hopping on and taking their seats. Stiles was in the back next to Derek again, but this time shoved into the corner, the man blocking the aisle protectively. “How do you feel?” Derek said quietly.

Stiles shook his head in disbelief, not sure how things had escalated so quickly. He remembered Deaton saying how dangerous his powers were, and this was the first time he had seen them act in such a way that proves his point. “I don’t know,” Stiles panicked.

Derek scooted in as close as he could. The bus engine came to life and they pulled out of the parking lot. The wolf put an arm around the teen’s shoulders and pulled him close, calming his heartbeat once again. Stiles let it happen and dropped his head onto Derek’s shoulder. He was terrified of what happened, terrified of himself. What he knew for sure, though, was that he wasn’t going anywhere without Derek again.



## Chapter 8

### Chapter Notes

Phew sorry for the delay. Hopefully we'll be back to my regularly scheduled posting after this

"As you can see behind me, the unexpected earthquake that happened here only hours ago left extensive damage to our town. Authorities strongly advise people to stay alert of any fallen trees or power lines that may be on the roads."

Nearly the whole school was gathered in the main foyer of the academy where the large television above played the local news. Stiles chewed on his nails nervously, his friends crowded around him. Scott's hand was on his shoulder protectively, and Derek was pressed into his side. He felt protected, but also terrified that somehow everyone around them was going to know it was Stiles who caused the damage.

"Alright, alright, break it up!" Talia said and came crashing through the crowd. The students groaned and started to disperse. She turned to speak to Parrish, and the two of them were close enough for Stiles to overhear. "This has gotten out of control. I got a call from the state, and they interrogated me on the unexpected earthquake that only happened in this town, and nowhere else on the day we bring our students there for a field trip."

"Crap," Stiles whispered.

"It's okay," Malia said quietly. "They don't know it's you, so we're good!"

"Stiles!" the headmaster was walking straight towards him, arms crossed. "I need you to come with me." She gave the group around him pointed looks that made everyone back away and head to their rooms, leaving Stiles with pats on the backs. The one person who stuck around, though, was Derek, who challenged his mom to try and send him away.

The woman turned on her heel and walked towards her office, and even though she didn't say anything, Stiles knew to follow. It calmed him down to have Derek close behind. He entered the office, him and Derek taking the two chairs in front of Talia's desk. The headmaster sat in her chair on the other side, Parrish and Deaton standing on either side of her.

It was painfully quiet for a few seconds, and Stiles's knee was shaking uncontrollably. The woman in front of him finally took a deep breathe and crossed her hands on the table in front of her. "I want you to be completely honest with me Stiles," she said sternly. "You know we only want to help you. You aren't in trouble in any way, but I have to know if you caused this. Also I must tell you wolves can sense when you're lying."

It felt like Stiles was being put on the stand in front of the court, clear guilt written across his face and the death penalty awaiting him on the other side of the trial. He couldn't get out of this, though. "Yes," he said quietly, refusing to meet the headmaster's eyes. Talia sighed and rubbed a hand over her face, a clear sign of stress.

"We fear that the government has noticed," Parrish spoke up for her. His eyes were kind and sympathetic, but his posture was stern and serious.

Stiles looked between everyone, even Derek, whose face held concern for the teen. "What does this mean?" Stiles asked in panic. "Am I being arrested? Detained?"

Talia quickly shook her head. "Not at all," she responded. "They don't know it's you, and we intend to keep it that way. What it means is we are more on the government's radar now. They like to control us, which is why we need to control you. Your abilities are too strong for them to comprehend, and if they find out about you, they will want to run some...tests."

"Tests?" Stiles was gripping the arms of his chair so hard his knuckles were white. "What kind of *tests*?"

"Like the Headmaster Hale said," Deaton spoke up. "They don't like what they can't control. Uncommons that exhibit dangerous behaviors with their abilities are detained within the state compound, in a wing of a psychiatric hospital on ground. We've been lucky here to never have any of our kids taken before, but there are many others in the world who aren't as fortunate."

"So let me get this straight," Stiles held a hand up, just trying to comprehend everything he was hearing. "If I don't control myself, and if they find out that I'm potentially dangerous, which very much terrifies *me* already, I'm going to be taken and experimented on like a lab rat?"

There was a moment of awkward silence, then Talia sheepishly nodded. "Which is why we will do everything in our power to prevent that from happening," she tried to reassure him. "You will continue sedative treatments with Melissa, and Deaton and Parrish will help privately train you away from the other students so no one catches on. It is *imperative* that you do not lose control again. Everyone is on high alert now."

"Let me help," Derek finally spoke up, anger on his own face after hearing about the danger Stiles may be in. "Let me stay with him."

The three faculty members looked at the wolf confused, but Deaton was the first to catch on. He looked quickly between the two boys on the chairs and his face said that he knew the guy Stiles was talking about in his office earlier was Derek Hale. "That's a good idea," Deaton said, and gave Stiles a private smile.

Stiles nodded in thanks. He was still very much freaking about his feelings for Derek, but it had been established already that the wolf was currently the only one who could ground him, especially with the way he was able to do it in the town.

“One more thing,” Talia said, and her tone grew more serious. “No one else in this school must know that we are doing this, or that Stiles caused the earthquake.”

“Why not in the school? I thought teachers were supposed to help me control myself,” Stiles asked.

“Because,” Talia sighed. “I fear there are those even within these walls that wish to exploit the power you hold. Just be careful who you trust Stiles.”

The teen nodded, but was pretty terrified at the headmaster’s words. Not only did he have to deal with adapting to a new school, but now people were out to literally lock him up. It made him more nervous, but Derek calmly led him out of the office and into the hallway. It was empty now, the night getting late and everyone getting ready for lights out. As the pair walked towards the boy’s dorms, their footsteps echoed in the eerie silence of the school.

“Thank you,” Stiles spoke up quietly. “For helping m-oomf!” He was cut off by Derek yanking him around a corner, shoving him against the wall, and putting a hand over his mouth. The wolf held up a finger slowly to his own mouth, signaling for Stiles to be quiet. The teen just looked at Derek in confusion as he didn’t know what was going on, only that their bodies were pressed close against each other.

Derek was peering around the corner, ears alert like he was listening in on a conversation. He slowly dropped his hand so Stiles was able to crane his neck enough to just make out Peter and Jennifer. “What are they saying?” he whispered, and Derek immediately shut him up again.

“That’s what I’m trying to figure out, so shut up,” the wolf hissed.

All Stiles could do was observe Derek’s face and breathe through the hand over his mouth. The man went through many different expressions: confusion, surprise, anger. Each one left Stiles more and more curious as to what the teachers were talking about.

“Holy shit,” Derek muttered, then he dragged Stiles down the hallway, away from the teachers. They ran through the corridors, Stiles just following blindly with full trust in the wolf to get him away.

“What did they say?!” Stiles exclaimed, but Derek didn’t respond. They didn’t stop running until Derek was pushing open a random door and pulling Stiles inside. “Derek!”

The man closed the door behind them and turned a lock. There was a moment of darkness before he flipped a switch on and suddenly the new room they were in was illuminated with warm naked lightbulbs. “Woah,” Stiles said as he turned to look over the space. It was a small room, the bulbs hanging from exposed beams in the ceiling. There was just enough room for the two of them and the small mattress on the floor, decorated in pillows and blankets to be extra cozy and inviting. “What is this place?”

Derek sighed and slumped down onto the bed. Stiles slowly sat down next to him. “My panic room, I guess,” Derek said shyly. “I used to come here a lot when I was younger and just wanted to get away from everyone, from my family.”

“How long have you been at this school?” Stiles asked, drawing his knees up to his chest. His butt was only inches off the floor, the mattress old and thin, but it felt comfortable being in the tight space with Derek.

Derek shrugged and picked at the old floorboards of the school. “My whole life,” he said. “Did you catch on that it’s called the *Hale* Academy? It’s been in my family for decades, ever since the government first found out about uncommons and chose to lock us away.”

“Wow,” Stiles exhaled. “I guess I should have figured that out. I like it in here.” He rested his head on his knees. “So what did you hear Jennifer and Peter say that made us have to hide?”

Derek’s face grew cold again, and he made tight fists at his side. “They think the earthquake was you,” he said with a low growl underneath. “They want to get you to use your powers again to make sure, though.”

“Oh shit,” Stiles ran his hands through his hair. Derek immediately put an arm around his shoulders though to calm him down. “I’m afraid to ask if that’s all.” He found himself laying his head on Derek’s shoulder.

“They were talking about some tests,” the wolf said in a confused tone. “Something about the trials being 80 percent successful.”

Stiles sat up and stared at the man next to him, his brain slowly starting to piece it together. “Do you remember when we overheard Peter and Kate?” he asked, hands moving rapidly around as he spoke. “He said something about test subjects needing to be 80 percent successful for them to start injections.”

“But what injections? What tests?” Derek replied.

Stiles shrugged. “I don’t know, but it doesn’t sound good,” he said. “I found an elevator to the basement and Kate went crazy trying to keep me away from it. I think we can find our answers down there.” He let out a long yawn. “Tomorrow though, I’m exhausted from today.”

Derek nodded and hopped up to his feet. “Come on,” he said fondly “I’ll get you back to your dorm.”

Stiles put his hand in the man’s outstretched one, but hesitated. “Actually,” he said nervously and looked down at the bed he was on. “I don’t really feel like dealing with Scott’s burning questions tonight. Could I maybe sleep here?”

“Oh,” Derek said, eyes wide in surprise. Stiles was afraid he crossed a line and was invading the wolf’s personal safe space, but the man’s expression softened and he nodded. “Of course Stiles. Do you...want me to stay with you?”

The question made Stiles’s breath shaky as he thought about what that meant. They were alone in a tiny, dim room with only one mattress taking up the space. It wasn’t a very large space, meaning they’d most likely be very close to each other all night. Stiles was scared what would happen being alone in such an intimate place with Derek, but a part of him also

said to let the man stay. Let himself explore the confusing feelings going through his head every second of the day. Let Derek keep him in control and ease his nerves about facing the world tomorrow.

“Yeah,” Stiles said quietly. The silence was deafening as Derek just nodded, turned off the lights, and slowly sat back on the edge of the mattress. They were in the dark, but Stiles’s eyes adjusted quickly thanks to the tiny sliver of moonlight allowed in by a small window near the ceiling. He kicked off his shoes to get ready for bed, the wolf following suit. Stiles didn’t know what the proper protocol for this was. They were both still in their school blazers, and Stiles didn’t really feel like sleeping in the scratchy fabric.

Derek beat him to it, though, stripping down to nothing but his boxers casually like it wouldn’t make Stiles’s jaw drop to the floor and ogle at the guy’s extremely muscular body. Derek noticed and froze with one pant leg still hanging off his foot. “Is this okay? I run hot when I sleep,” he said, genuinely concerned he was crossing a line. His tone differed greatly from before when he had no care for Stiles’s feelings and got butt naked in front of him in the shower. Now things were different, more vulnerable.

“Uh, yeah,” Stiles coughed awkwardly, hoping the growing tightness of his pants was a very short and temporary hindrance that wouldn’t interrupt his sleep. He remembered Derek’s little tease on the bus. The man’s nose was sure going to get a whiff of a lot tonight.

Stiles settled for his boxers and undershirt instead, just a plain white tee. Going full bare chest was a little nerve wracking next to a Greek God of a man.

When he looked up, though, Derek was still staring at him. The small amount of moonlight cast a blue glow over his features, and the thought ran through Stiles’s mind that Derek had never looked more beautiful than in this moment now.

They just stared at each other, dangerously close for both of them to know what was going to happen next. Derek’s hand came up slowly and rested on Stiles’s cheek, his thumb swiping down across the boy’s lips.

“Derek,” Stiles breathed out, voice quiet and soft. He was itching to get his hands on the man, but something inside stopped himself due to his fears of what that meant. Derek was blatantly staring at his lips now, causing Stiles to subconsciously run his tongue across them. A deep, guttural growl came out of the wolf, then he pressed their lips together hard.

The kiss was passionate and hungry, Stiles immediately reciprocating with just as much force. Derek’s hands were possessive as they ran through Stiles’s hair and around his back, pulling him forward until the teen was straddling his lap. Stiles happily obliged while never breaking the kiss, relishing in the way the man’s mouth sent him to another world with how amazing it felt. He locked his ankles behind Derek’s waist and ran one hand slowly down the hard and muscular torso underneath him.

“Fuck,” Derek whispered against his lips. “You don’t know how much you drive me crazy.”

Stiles moaned and just crashed their lips back together, both hands threading through the man’s air. It was the best kiss of Stiles’s life. His skin was on fire with every touch, his

tongue diving into Derek's mouth.

They made out for what felt like hours, but was probably closer to ten minutes. Eventually they separated, Stiles still on the wolf's lap and their arms wrapped around each other.

"Holy shit," Stiles mumbled, head nearly about to explode from everything he was feeling. His groin had indeed betrayed him, and it was painfully obvious how turned on he was, but Derek was suffering the same fate. Stiles scrambled off of the guy's lap and shoved a pillow over his own as he tried to catch his breath.

Derek just leaned back on the mattress and put on a devilish smirk. "What's wrong new kid?" he teased and made an act of sniffing loudly into the air. "I smell something—" Stiles cut Derek off by hitting him in the chest with the pillow.

"Shut up," he laughed and ran a hand over his face. The room then grew silent again, and panic started to rise. "I...I've never done that."

Derek leaned up on his elbows and ran a hand down Stiles's spine. The boy was turned away, though, staring at the ground. "Made out with someone?" Derek asked.

"No," Stiles shook his head. "I have, plenty of times, like *so* many—that's besides the point. I've never done it with a guy, though."

"Oh," Derek said, and Stiles didn't have to turn around to know the cocky smirk was back on his face. "Well did you like it?"

"What do you think?" Stiles said. They both knew Derek already knew the answer to that question based on how Stiles was still shoving the pillow over his crotch.

The wolf chuckled, but then he sat up completely, pressing his side against Stiles's. "You smell nervous," he said and rested a hand on the back of the teen's neck.

Stiles shivered under the touch and forced himself to make eye contact. "Of course I...I liked it," he muttered. "I don't know, though. I've never felt like this with a guy before. I've only ever had girlfriends, I've only ever been attracted to girls. But then..." he faded off.

"Then what?" Derek said quietly and nuzzled his nose into Stiles's neck, dropping a light kiss that really sent shivers down the boy's spine.

"Then," Stiles started in a shaky voice. "I met you. And I thought I hated you and you hated me but then the night in the showers, and the way you'd get close to me and stare at me, every time you touched me I wanted more. Then the closet kiss really made me lose my freakin mind." He groaned and buried his head into his hands. "I got here a week ago and you're already buried deep under my skin."

He didn't look up, just waited for a response from Derek. When nothing came, he peeked an eye at the man to see his head turned towards the door, eyebrows furrowed and ears perked up.

"Derek?" he asked nervously.

“There’s someone out there,” Derek whispered and put a hand protectively on Stiles’s knee, motioning for him to stay quiet with the other hand as he stood up and pressed his ear against the door. “I heard a ding and now a tapping noise, like a-“

“A probing cane,” Stiles whispered and stood up to join him and stick his ear against the door. “It’s Deucalion again, I can hear it faintly. The ding must’ve been the elevator. Where’s he going?”

Derek closed his eyes to focus. “To the staff quarters,” he said. “I think he just got off the elevator.”

“That means the basement is probably empty right now,” Stiles said excitedly, a plan brewing inside of his mind.

“I thought you wanted to wait until tomorrow,” Derek replied, but Stiles was already pulling his pants back on.

“Screw that,” he said as he fastened the final button. “When an opportunity comes, Derek, you sneak into ominous basements through a creepy elevator.”

He opened the door and ran out into the hall, leaving Derek barely enough time to throw on his own shoes and pants and follow him out. The man was still shirtless, but Stiles tried to not let it get too distracting.

They turned a couple corners until making it to the small hallway with the elevator at the end of it. Derek quickly dropped to the floor and put his ear to it. “I don’t hear anyone down there,” he said. “We’re good.”

Stiles nodded and gave one last glance behind them before nervously pressing the button to go down. The doors opened immediately, and the pair stepped inside. The elevator was definitely old and very creepy as it closed and creaked all the way down to the basement.

“I can’t believe we’re doing this,” Stiles said, his nerves growing. It was kind of on impulse that he made the plan to sneak down, but now he had no clue what they’d find on the other side of the elevator.

It came to a stop and the doors slowly slid open. Derek went first, keeping Stiles close as he listened and sniffed around for anything suspicious. They came out into a dark room, no light from lack of windows giving them any way to see. Well, giving Stiles any way to see. Derek was able to look around in the dark for a light switch, which he flipped on.

Stiles gasped as the room lit up by fluorescent overhead lights. It still wasn’t that bright, which made it still creepy. What took him by surprise, however, was the dozens of high tech looking computers and lab equipment. There were graphs and data written on whiteboards, test tubes scattered on tables. The scariest part, though, was the examination table in the middle of the room with arm and leg straps on either side, as if it’s meant to hold someone down.

“What kind of experiments were they talking about?” Stiles gulped as he squinted his eyes to read the whiteboards. There were just trial numbers and percentages written down that he couldn’t decipher. He was afraid to discover what they really meant, though.

“I’ve lived here my whole life and have never been down here,” Derek said. He was on the other side of the lab, sniffing around mysterious liquids and grimacing at their scents. “I had no reason to, but now I want to know the same thing.” He flipped through a notebook, then his face grew pale. “Uh, Stiles. Come look at this.”

Stiles quickly walked over and peered over Derek’s shoulder at the notebook. There were hundreds of pages filled with names, *their* names. Scott, Lydia, Isaac, Theo, Malia, Mason, Liam, everyone in the school was in there. That wasn’t all, though. Next to each name was a detailed description of their abilities.

“They’ve been keeping track of us,” Stiles said, and usually he wouldn’t be so surprised by that in a school dedicated to helping to control such powers. Finding it down where Peter, Kate, Jennifer, and Deucalion have been, though, made him uneasy.

“Look at your name,” Derek said and pointed to the paper. Sure enough, Stiles was up there with the rest of his friends. The difference, however, was a big question mark instead of a description of his powers.

“They don’t know what I can do,” he said as he observed the paper closely.

Derek sighed. “Not yet, but they’re getting close.”

Stiles looked up at him, fear in his eyes. “And what will happen when they do find out?”

“I don’t think we want to find out,” Derek said, and the matching nervousness in his own voice made Stiles that much more scared.

They decided to call it quits for the night in fear of one of the teachers coming back. When they made it back up to the main floor of the school, a million questions ran through Stiles’s head: What type of trials were going on down there? Why did they have a detailed journal of every students’ powers? Most importantly, why were they so intrigued by Stiles in particular? *People like to control what they don’t know*, he thought.

They walked back to the room tucked in a remote corner of the academy, both processing everything. Derek put his hand on the doorknob and seemed to sense how tense the boy behind him was, so he stopped and turned around. “What is it? Do you still want to stay here tonight?”

Stiles looked up from where he was wringing his hands together and nodded. “Yes,” he said quickly. “A lot has just happened today.” The field trip, the basement, the incredibly hot and steamy make out session held in the very room they’re about to walk into only like ten minutes ago.

“Come on,” Derek gave Stiles a small smile and pulled him into the room, locking the door behind them. “Try and sleep.”



They both pulled their shoes and pants off again, and this time actually settled onto the bed under thin sheets. Derek laid on his back and immediately closed his eyes, but Stiles was restless. He was sharing a bed with *Derek Hale*, the subject of his gay crisis. It wasn't a huge mattress, too, so his face was inches away from the guy's broad shoulder.

Derek opened one eye, catching Stiles in the act of staring at him. "You okay?"

Stiles nodded, but didn't believe it himself. "I just...you never responded to what I said earlier."

With a heavy sigh, Derek turned on his side to face the teen. Without hesitation, he pressed a light kiss to Stiles's forehead. It was barely a brush of skin, but still sent butterflies through Stiles's stomach. "I think you should sleep on it," Derek said softly. "You've had a rough day. I'll be here in the morning."

He couldn't admit he was disappointed to not know how Derek felt in that moment, but Stiles knew the man was right. He nodded and tried to close his eyes, the comforting presence of the wolf close allowing Stiles to finally drift off to sleep, forgetting about how much crazier his life might be about to get.

# Chapter 9

## Chapter Notes

TW: Some graphic injuries described at the beginning of this chapter

*Stiles woke up to an excruciatingly painful migraine and pressure in his head so bad it felt like his skull was about to explode into a million pieces. His vision was blurry, and his whole body was being dragged upwards. Or downwards, because he was upside down somehow, neck awkwardly bent against the ground. He let out a groan as he tried to look around at where he was. Then it all flooded back to him. The party, seeing Heather banging Nick in the bedroom, their fight, her driving them home, then the rest was a blackout.*

*His eyes slowly started to focus in the dark. A smell, the mix of metal and fire, filled his nostrils. He let out a cough, the movement causing glass to shatter onto him. "Heather?" he croaked out, throat scratchy. There was no response. Stiles managed to turn his head enough to see his girlfriend in the driver's seat, body bent in an unnatural angle. "Heather!" He let out a cry as he reached out to feel her pulse, but his arm was caught on the twisted seatbelt and was just a hair too short.*

*So he settled on digging into his pocket for his cell phone instead. The screen was completely cracked, but Stiles let out a small sigh of relief when it turned on. Instead of dialing 911, though, his thumbs went for his dad's number. It rang two times before Noah picked up.*

*"Stiles?" the sheriff asked in a tired voice that most likely meant he just woke up. "What's up? I thought you were staying at Nick's tonight."*

*Stiles could only sob, blood dripping into his eyes from Lord knows where. He was too in shock to feel any pain yet. "Dad," he managed to get out in a shaky voice. "Please dad. Somethings happened, a crash, Heather-"*

*There was shuffling around on the other end of the line, then the sheriff's nervous voice came through. "Where are you? I'm coming Stiles. I'm coming."*

*Those were the last words he heard before passing out.*

Large arms tightened around Stiles's waist as he blinked his eyes slowly open. It took him a second to register where he was, then recalled opting to stay in Derek's panic room for the night. He craned his neck to look at the wolf pressed up against his back, a warm comfort after a tragic nightmare.

"Good morning," Derek said softly, already awake with his nose buried into the back of Stiles's neck. Nothing felt weird for them to wake up this way. They both knew without

saying anything that they felt safe in each other's arms. "You were shaking in your sleep. Are you okay?"

Stiles just nodded and slowly sat up, missing the feeling of Derek against him immediately as he stretched his arms above his head. "Nightmare, I guess," he said, not wanting to remember it any more now that he was back in reality. "What time is it?"

Derek leaned up on his elbows and dug around on the floor for his cell phone in his pants pocket. "Eight," he said. "But barely anyone gets up this early on a Sunday morning."

The teen slipped on his discarded pants from the floor. If anyone were to walk in right now, it'd definitely look like the two of them had quickly shed their clothes and did some inappropriate things. A small voice in the back of Stiles's mind didn't think it'd be so bad if that was actually how the night went, though.

"I should still probably head back to my dorm now before the halls crowd up too much," he said reluctantly. "Scott was probably worried I didn't come back last night."

Derek nodded and also started to dress himself. Stiles let out a little sigh when he put his shirt back on, missing his freedom to admire the man's shirtless torso. Standing up, he finished pulling back on the rest of his uniform and walked towards the door, but stopped right before he opened it. "About last night," Stiles started, his stomach starting to turn inside of him. "I'm just..."

"Confused," Derek finished for him, standing up as well. "I can tell. I'm not going to rush anything Stiles. I'll be here when you figure out what you want."

Stiles just stared at him for a second, not sure how to respond, so instead he nodded awkwardly and quickly slipped out of the door and into the hallway. He was fortunate that there were no students or teachers on this side of the school yet, so he didn't have to explain to anyone what he was doing coming out of a mysterious room with the resident bad boy.

The entire walk back to his dorm, Stiles kept replaying the kiss him and Derek had shared the night before. It was amazing, no, scratch that, *goddamn incredible*. He wanted to do it again and again and never stop, but Derek was right. Stiles was confused about a lot in his life right now. Not just his sexuality, but also what it meant that he caused a literal earthquake just from a rage attack.

He turned the corner towards the boy's dorms, but bumped into a hard chest that sent him backwards with a loud "Oof!" Stiles looked up to see Coach Peter smiling creepily at him.

"Good morning Stiles," Peter said. He was sporting a deep black v-neck and jeans today, different from his usual athletic coaching attire. "Up so early on a weekend?"

"Uh, yeah, light sleeper" Stiles laughed and scratched the back of his neck. He could see the dorm rooms over the man's shoulder, but Peter was like a wall in front of him refusing to budge.

“And where are you coming from?” the man continued to interrogate the teen. “Last time I checked your dorm’s that way. You’re just wandering the halls alone so early?”

Stiles just knew the man could smell the nerves wafting off of him from the way Peter’s smirk grew. He probably, definitely, smelled like Derek, too. The coach already saw them making out in a closet, though, so it wouldn’t be the worst thing to uphold the facade that they have a thing going on to hide the fact that Stiles is suspicious of something going on in the basement. “Spent the night with a friend,” Stiles gave his own smirk, knowing exactly what was going through Peter’s mind when his expression twitched for a second. With a pat to the man’s shoulder, Stiles walked around him with a skip in his step.

Scott was still asleep when Stiles snuck into the dorm. Their door seemed to be extra squeaky when he needed it to be quiet the most. His roommate stirred on his side of the room as Stiles slowly sat down on his bed. That’s when he noticed not just one body, but *two* in Scott’s bed. “Holy shit!” Stiles exclaimed.

Scott immediately shot up, covering his naked chest with his bedsheet. Isaac’s sleepy face peeked out around his shoulder. “Stiles!” Scott said, expression like a deer caught in the headlights. “You...you didn’t come back last night.”

“And I see you took advantage of that,” Stiles laughed, relishing in the way both Scott and Isaac’s cheeks turned bright red. There were a few very obvious hickeys on both of their necks. “Had fun boys?”

“We...we um,” his roommate hesitated, then panicked and proceeded to turn invisible.

“Not fair!” Isaac groaned, his only option to bury his face under a pillow to hide his embarrassment.

Stiles laughed, still just enjoying the moment but also very happy for his friends. “Well, I’ll let you two get decent,” he said and walked back towards the door. “You were safe, though, right?”

“Stiles!” Scott yelled, reappearing in time to throw a pillow at Stiles’s face before the teen chuckled and left into the hallway.

Derek was starting to enter his own room when Stiles closed the door behind him. “You’ll never guess what I just walked in on,” he said excitedly to the wolf.

Halfway through his doorway, Derek turned around to face the teen. “Oh trust me, I can smell them from here,” he joked. “You can stay in here until they’re done if you want.”

Stiles did want. He wanted that very much, and to kiss Derek all over again. “It’s cool,” he shrugged, opting to not take the wolf up on the offer. “I’m going to go talk to Deaton instead.” His head was spinning with so many questions, maybe kissing Derek again right now was not a good idea.

They parted ways again, Stiles light on his toes as he headed to the counselor’s office. The man was fortunately awake and already behind his desk, typing furiously on a desktop

computer. Stiles didn't knock this time, just entered through the open door and closed it behind him. Deaton glanced up for a second before returning to his computer, clicking a few more things, then folding his arms in front of him on the desk. "What's up?"

Stiles slumped into the already familiar chair with a sigh. "How do you know so much about what I can do?" he asked, deciding to just jump straight to the point and get Derek off of his mind for at least a few minutes. "And why won't you tell me the full extent of what I can do?"

The counselor was clearly taken by surprise, not expecting such an interrogation. "Well," Deaton awkwardly coughed. He was hiding something, Stiles was sure of it. "You're telekinetic."

"Bullshit," Stiles interrupted, ignoring the man's pointed look at his choice of word. "I'm not just telekinetic Deaton, am I." It came out more a statement than a question

There was a brief pause as the man tried to find the way to word his next sentence. "Not exactly," he said quietly, then quickly stood up to lock the door. "I fear telling you the truth, though, may get in your head. Once you're aware of your capabilities who knows what your subconscious will do next time it takes over."

"My subconscious?" Stiles furrowed his eyebrows in confusion as the counselor sat back down. "Tell me the truth please." His tone was pleading, begging for the man to share what Stiles really was.

Deaton took a big breath before beginning. "You do have telekinetic abilities, but they are far stronger than any average psychokinetic. The amount of power inside of you is so great, your body has not become used to it. When you try to use your powers, or your brain is overstimulated, you shut down and your subconscious takes over, unleashing such power because you aren't strong enough to contain it. Yet. I believe you can get there, and you must, for there are people in the world who fear the type of abilities you possess."

"So I'm a telekinetic on steroids?" Stiles asked.

The counselor cracked a small smile and shrugged. "If you want to put it that way, yes. It's so much more than that, though. There's a very special type of kinetic power that is so rare it's barely ever heard of, but also because it is very dangerous." Deaton glanced over Stiles's shoulder nervously like he was afraid anyone could walk in despite him locking it moments before. "You're omnikinetic, Stiles."

"I'm oma-who now?" the teen said, not a clue in the world as to what that word meant.

Deaton sighed and rested his elbows on the desk. He looked almost nervous to tell Stiles the truth, and Stiles didn't have to be an empath to see that. "Omnikinetic. It's like telekinesis, only you don't just have the power to control physical objects in front of you. Stiles, you can control anything and everything, down to the molecular level. You...you could snap your fingers and make the world implode."

Stiles was frozen in shock, trying to grasp onto it all. He let out a shaky breath and rested his elbows on his knees. “Um...wow,” was all he could say. All of that power was inside of *him*? Him, a confused, spastic 17-year-old whose life was completely normal a few months ago.

The counselor stood up and walked around the desk, sitting in the chair next to the boy. “I know it’s a lot to grasp, and you’re feeling overwhelmed and confused,” he said to Stiles. “It is imperative that no one must learn about this. You are still just an average telekinetic who needs a little extra help in learning his abilities. We’ll get you to the point where you’ll be able to pass as that and gain control.”

“Before my subconscious takes over, and I end the world,” Stiles said and couldn’t help but throw in a panicked laugh to mask the complete anxiety overwhelming him. “Holy mother of freakin shit--sorry, I just...what do I do?”

Deaton squeezed his shoulder comfortingly. “Like we said yesterday, Assistant Headmaster Parrish and I will help you control it. He may not be the exact same as you, but he used to be a student here long ago in a very similar situation. Jordan didn’t know how to control his pyrokinesis, setting things on fire accidentally. We can help you.”

Stiles nodded, finally able to catch his breath again and ease his anxiety before he did exactly what Talia told him not to do: lose control again. Anyone could be watching--a government spy, Peter, Deucalion, Jennifer, Kate--anyone could see how strong he was. “Yeah, okay,” he breathed out heavily. “When do we start?”

Deaton checked the time on his phone, smiled at Stiles, and said, “How ‘bout now?”

...

That’s how Stiles found himself standing in a clearing in the middle of the woods ten minutes later. Parrish and Deaton stood in front of him, Derek sitting to the side against a tree just observing and being Stiles’s metaphorical safety net in case things went to shit.

The teen was allowed to change out of his school uniform and into a pair of basketball shorts and a blue long sleeve shirt. Even Parrish and Deaton were dressed down into more casual wear to handle nature. Derek was beautiful as always in black jeans and a green henley that hugged his shoulders and biceps in a way that made in between Stiles’s thighs tingle.

“Alright Stiles,” Parrish said, rubbing his hands together to get ready. “I struggled a lot when I was a student here, too. Deaton even helped me through this, so we’ll follow a similar process.”

Stiles nodded, allowing Parrish to set a few things up while the boy surveyed the area. They were still on school grounds apparently, the gate around the property stretching around dozens of acres of land. They had ventured far enough from the school, though, and into the woods, to get away from any prying eyes, and ears. The clearing was circular, tall trees overhead providing a good amount of shade from the morning sun while still letting enough light in to see.

“How do you even know how to, ya know, help me?” he asked Deaton. “No offense, but you’re not exactly familiar with having this much power inside of you threatening to burst at any second.”

Deaton laughed and crossed his hands behind his back. “I have a lot more experience than you think, Stiles,” he said. “Do you think you’re the first omnikinetic that has crossed my path?”

“Omni-what?” Derek’s head shot up, just as confused as Stiles was when he heard the word.

Stiles waved his hand at the guy, brushing it off. He would tell Derek all about it later. “Don’t worry ‘bout it, big bad wolf,” he teased, causing Derek to flash his eyes a bit, but it was accompanied by a devilish smirk.

Parrish rolled his eyes fondly at the two, then snapped for Stiles to turn back around and pay attention. “We’ll start small,” he said and set a plastic spoon on a tree stump. “Move it.”

Stiles laughed, but immediately stopped at the assistant headmaster’s stern expression. “Oh, you’re serious, alright,” Stiles said and rubbed his hands together and let out a deep breath. “I’ve totally got this.” He narrowed his eyes in on the spoon, trying to channel all of his energy into focusing on just moving it a bit.

He should’ve known, though, that it wasn’t going to be that easy. The spoon did vibrate, but so did the stump...and the ground...and the trees. Pain grew inside of his mind as he tried to control his power but it was overtaking him again. Stiles cried out in agony, but Derek was suddenly on his feet and by the boy’s side in seconds, calming him down right away. The shaking subsided, leaving a conflicted Parrish, concerned Deaton, and a frustrated Stiles.

“I’m fine, I’m fine,” he said to Derek and held his hands up.

“Maybe stay extra close just in case,” Deaton said to the wolf. “Stiles, you’re overshooting it. In the back of your mind, you believe you can’t do it, so you’re pumping out more power in order to make up for the control you believe you don’t have.”

“Well if it’s in the back of my mind, how can I stop thinking like that?” Stiles fought back, just feeling frustrated already at his failed attempt.

Parrish walked up next to him and turned towards the spoon. “This should become second nature to you,” he spoke while simultaneously lighting his own hand on fire without a flinch. “I strained my brain so hard trying to light a match, my powers went awol and burned a whole shed down. Don’t focus so much on the little things.” He made an act of waving his hand towards one little tree growing out of the ground. Fire shot at it, lighting up only one branch immediately, before Parrish waved his hand again and the flames vanished.

“So I’m focusing too much,” Stiles repeated, feeling more confident in his second attempt. “Alright, I’ve got it this time.”

Famous last words. His second try ended in a nearby tree falling over, one of the branches impaling Derek’s shoulder. Stiles gasped, feeling insanely guilty, but the wolf just shrugged

and yanked the branch out, the wound healing immediately.

They carried on with trial and error, Parrish and Deaton giving as much advice as they could as Stiles tried time after time to just move a tiny plastic spoon. Trees fell, wood split, Parrish got thrown into the air and rammed into a boulder, Derek was stabbed with many more sticks, yet still the spoon stayed upon the trunk.

After what felt like thirty failed attempts, Stiles slumped to the ground, mind and body exhausted. "This is useless," he groaned and stared up at the tall trees.

"It is also only the first day," Deaton said and patted him on the shoulder as he walked past. "You'll get there Stiles." The counselor headed towards the edge of the clearing to talk quietly with Parrish, leaving Derek and Stiles alone.

It was Derek's turn to give the teen a comforting pat on the back. "I wasn't able to gain control under a full moon until a year after my powers manifested," Derek said in a tone that tried to reassure Stiles he wasn't alone.

Stiles sighed and turned to face the man. He was glad Derek was there with him, able to ground him if need be. "And how did you do it?" he asked.

"Well, it took practice," he said. "But my...my mom helped me through it a lot. It was all about finding something to anchor yourself down that would slow my heartbeat and calm my nerves. The full moon makes wolves go crazy and erratic. I just had to fight that."

"What was your anchor?" Stiles said, drawing his knees to his chest and studying the wolf's face closely as many emotions flashed on it at once.

"It was my family," Derek said quietly and fumbled with a pile of fallen leaves on the ground next to them. Stiles scooted a bit closer until he was able to rest a hand on Derek's thigh. The man immediately relaxed and looked up. "Until recently."

"If you don't mind me asking, what happened?" Stiles treaded lightly, not wanting to upset Derek.

It was too late, though, as the guy blinked harshly, as if he was trying hard to avoid crying in front of anyone. "My family has run this academy for decades, like I said," Derek started. "I grew up here, believing it was necessary for me to stay within these walls to be safe from the bad, common men out there. I had a huge family: my mom and dad, uncles and aunts and cousins, my sisters-"

"You have *sisters*?" Stiles couldn't help but interrupt. "Do they go here?"

Derek's jaw clenched and he shook his head. "No, they don't," he mumbled. "A lot of drama broke out in my family after my father died. They all had different opinions on how we should act as uncommons controlled by the government. Some, like my mother, believed the academies were good, that we needed to learn to fit in with the commons and control our abilities. Others, like Peter and my sisters, said we should stay true to who we are and not



fear authority, but instead challenge their rules. My sisters ran off to avoid having to be taught in a school that was mandated by the government.”

“What was your opinion?” asked Stiles. “I mean, you’re still here.”

Derek shrugged and let out a deep breath. “I guess I felt like I couldn’t leave my mom. I was conflicted, not sure which side to follow, so I stayed. This was my home, the place I was raised. As far as I knew, the world beyond these grounds hated who I was. Peter stayed too, which always confused us, but now I think he’s up to something that may just give me the answers I’ve searched for for years.”

He finally finished with a heavy sigh, letting Stiles grab his hand and squeeze it. “We’re going to find out what it is, Derek, I promise,” Stiles said confidently. Deaton and Parrish then walked back over, forcing the two budding lovebirds to stand up and drop their intertwined fingers.

“I got a call from Talia,” Parrish said, and his nervous tone immediately told Stiles something was wrong. “We need to head back to the school.”

“Why? What’s happening?” the teen asked, but followed the faculty members anyways, Derek close beside him.

They came out of the woods and walked across the school grounds. It was later in the morning now, and a beautiful day, so Stiles expected more students to be out and about on the sports fields, sitting on the grass, or just walking on the paths. It was empty, though, not a soul in sight besides the three men with him.

“Emergency assembly,” Parrish said, his pace picking up towards the school doors.

“Um...for what, though?” Derek said in an impatient voice. They all entered the building, and still no one was in the hallways. Loud chatter was coming from the gymnasium, though, where Stiles assumed the assembly was being held.

Parrish stopped in his tracks before they entered, turning to the students with a sigh. “The government’s here. Agents from the Department of Uncommon Affairs.”

“Holy shit, that’s a thing?” Stiles gawked, and Derek lightly hit him in the chest to be quiet.

“Yep,” Parrish said, clearly panicked about the scenario. “And they’re looking into the school about the earthquake. They forced Headmaster Hale to hold an assembly where they could pull students and test their powers. If they find anyone who has the amount of power to tear down power lines and flip cars, they’re going to take them.”

Stiles stared into the doors of the gymnasium, hundreds of students already filed in and chatting amongst themselves while the headmaster stood in the middle of the basketball court with three formally dressed men next to her. She caught Parrish’s eye through the window and quickly ushered for them all to enter.

Parrish went first, Deaton right behind him. Stiles's feet were frozen to the ground, though, tightness growing in his chest. "Stiles?" Derek asked in the middle of holding the door open. "You have to come. It'll be okay." Stiles nodded and accepted the wolf's hand to calm him down. All he had to do was act normal and perform like any other telekinetic. Yeah, he could do that. It was as easy as moving a plastic spoon.

# Chapter 10

## Chapter Notes

Woo, a lot happens in this chapter, but I hope you enjoy!

“Good morning students. I appreciate you all behaving and showing up on time to this...unconventional assembly.”

Talia’s voice was shaky and strained, a fake smile plastered to her face. The woman was usually a strong presence, composure fearless and stoic. Now, however, with the men in suits next to her practically breathing down her neck, the headmaster showed a slight falter in her expression. Parrish had taken his place next to her, Deaton joining the line of staff standing against the wall.

The crowded bleachers quieted down as every student turned to pay attention to their headmaster nervously. Stiles’s knee was bouncing uncontrollably and he was biting his fingernails nearly to the bone. If it wasn’t for Derek on one side with his hand on the teen’s knee, and Scott pressed in on Stiles’s other side, he surely would’ve lost control and nearly blown up the room.

“Agents Castro, Mitchell, and Briggs are here today from the DUA with all of your best interests in mind,” Talia continued, hands gripped tight around the podium in front of her. “Just remain in your seats and on your best behavior. The agents will call you in small groups and take you into the rooms off to the side of the gymnasium.”

One of the agents, a middle-aged man with salt and pepper hair, gently pushed Talia aside and leaned down to speak into the microphone. “Nothing to worry about,” he said in a deep voice. “My name is Agent David Mitchell. This is merely a precaution to protect both you guys, and the commons outside these school grounds. We just want to run some tests, see what you all can do.”

Whispers and murmurs echoed across the stands as the DUA agents started with the front row of the bleachers, taking a small group of students at a time. Stiles watched them filed into a few empty rooms, his nerves growing more and more. He was far from ready to use his powers again, especially in front of men who were searching for the ticking time bomb that unleashed the earthquake.

Derek squeezed his thigh, sensing his anxiety. “It’ll be okay,” he said calmly into Stiles’s ear. “Just go in there, remain calm, and remember Parrish and Deaton’s words.”

“I’ve only had one day of training,” Stiles hissed. There was a lump in his throat that started to suffocate him. “I can’t do this, Derek.”

“Why are they here?” Theo asked from his seat in front of Stiles. Liam was on his right, followed by Mason and Corey. Lydia and Malia were further down in front of Scott and Isaac. They all just sat and watched as student after student filed in and out of the rooms. “They’ve never come into the school before.”

Stiles forgot his friends didn’t know the true reason for the agents’ appearance. “No idea,” he laughed nervously, not wanting to reflect his own panic onto the group. Scott gave him a suspicious glance.

“I have a bad feeling about this,” Malia gulped. They all agreed, the government agents intimidating to the teens. The row in front of the friends was next, which made Stiles realize this was actually happening. Soon enough, he was going to be called up to show his abilities.

“Just go in, show them your powers, and get out,” Scott reassured them all. Stiles wasn’t the only nervous one, apparently, as Isaac’s face had gone pale and his eyes were wide and glazed over in front of him. “Isaac, you okay?” Scott put a hand on his shoulder worriedly.

They all turned to face the boy, Derek’s eyebrows raising. “Shit,” he said and leaned over both Stiles and Scott to lay a hand on Isaac’s leg. “You’ve got this, okay?” He knew something the rest of them didn’t, but Stiles didn’t pry. Isaac still looked scared out of his mind, though.

“Rows five and six of this section, please,” one of the other agents said and waved them all down. Stiles took a deep breath in and followed the man over to a closed door. He made the friends all stand in a line while they waited for the student inside to finish.

A girl came out, Agent Mitchell right behind her. He looked to Liam, who was first in line for the friends, and gestured for the boy to follow inside. “Next please.”

Liam let out a heavy sigh and gave one last look to the group before disappearing inside. Theo watched him go with a panicked look, and Mason had to put a hand on his shoulder to calm him down. “He’ll be okay, he’ll just fly a little,” he said in a reassuring voice. Five minutes later, Liam reappeared with a tension in his body, and was ushered back towards the bleachers. They all watched him go, not sure what to expect.

“You, next,” the agent said and pointed to Theo.

One by one, Stiles’s friends went into the room and came back out a few minutes later with unreadable expressions. Soon there was only Isaac in front of Stiles, then Derek behind him. After Isaac’s turn he was screwed. Stiles wished the boy luck and kept fidgeting the whole time he was in there. He wasn’t the only one, though. Derek had his ear to the wall, panic on his face.

“What is it?” Stiles asked.

The door opened abruptly, and it was finally his time. Instead of telling Stiles to come inside, though, the agent led Isaac out of the room with a tight grip on his shoulder. They walked past Stiles and Derek and towards the other two agents. Isaac’s eyes were starting to water as he pleaded for the man to let him go.

“What’s going on?” Talia ran over and asked. Stiles and Derek got closer too so they could hear the conversation.

“We’re taking him in,” was all the agent said, though. Everyone started staring as Isaac was pulled towards the exit.

“Stop!” Derek screamed and ran after his best friend. “What the hell are you doing? This is a mistake!”

“Why? Agent Castro, please” Talia argued aside her son, but the men didn’t let Isaac go.

An agent with black hair and a five o’clock shadow put his hands up to stop the headmaster from coming any closer. “You were aware of our intentions when we first got here, Ms. Hale,” who Stiles assumed to be Agent Castro said pointedly. “Your student, Isaac Lahey here, refused to show us his abilities. His refusal to comply gives us reason to believe he is hiding something. If we don’t know his powers, they could be potentially dangerous.”

“He’s not fucking dangerous!” Derek yelled, eyes flashing blue. The third agent, Agent Briggs, put a warning hand on his hip.

Talia stepped forward and gently pulled her son back. “I promise Isaac is innocent,” she said and tried to reason with the men. They didn’t listen though, continuing to drag the boy towards the doors.

“Derek,” Isaac pleaded one last time before he was pulled outside and disappeared.

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“We have to go after him!” Derek exclaimed as he stomped after his mother into her office. Stiles was right behind him, trying to calm down the wolf. Scott and the rest of their friends stayed out in the hallway, nervously biting their nails and pacing back and forth. “We have to get him back.”

“Derek,” Talia sighed and sat down at her desk, pinching the bridge of her nose. “We will. We just have to do it the right way. Once they find out Isaac’s not the one they’re looking for, they’ll set him free.”

“They never will find that out, though, and you know it,” Derek continued. He was leaning both of his hands on the desk, getting into his mother’s face. Stiles awkwardly hung near the door, not wanting to get in between mother and son.

He couldn’t help but speak up a little bit, though. “Um, sorry,” Stiles butted in with a sheepish smile. “But why not? Why won’t Isaac show them his powers?” He realized he had never seen Isaac’s abilities in action before, wasn’t even sure what they were.

The two wolves halted their argument to nervously look at Stiles. Derek’s eyes flitted between the teen and the door, making sure no one was eavesdropping. “He can’t,” Derek said quietly.

Well that didn't answer any of Stiles's questions, only brought up more inside of his brain. "Why? What are they?"

Before he could get an answer, though, Parrish and Deaton stormed into the office. The adults all started to discuss what had happened in hushed whispers. Stiles stood clueless on the other side of the room, instead distracting himself with running a comforting hand up and down Derek's back. "Why don't you boy wait outside for a bit?" Parrish asked kindly. Stiles nodded and pulled Derek out into the hallway, though the wolf didn't go without a growl and a flash of his fangs.

Scott immediately ran up to the pair, eyes red and puffy from crying. "What's going on?" he cried. "Is he okay? Are we going after him?"

They all sat together on the hallway floor, Stiles leaning off of Derek for a second to be a shoulder to cry on for his roommate. Everyone was quiet, an air of melancholy suffocating the hallway. All of the other students had been told to carry on with their days, but most were tucked away in their rooms afraid to be taken like Isaac, so the halls were vacant save for the friend group.

"I don't know," Derek said in a strained voice and brought his knees to his chest. He was just as worried as Scott, if not more, and it made everyone more anxious to hear the man's uncertainty.

Stiles jumped to his feet and started pacing. "This is all my fault," he cried out. "The agents were here looking for me! Fuck, if I had just been in front of Isaac in line, they'd have me instead-

"And you'd have dozens of scientists poking and prodding at you right now," Lydia said in a calm voice to ease his nerves. She turned to the whole group, giving them all a sad smile before looking back at Stiles. "Isaac is just a suspect right now. If he didn't show them his powers, he can't be accused and drugged up for them to run their tests. Even the DUA has *some* morals. If they got you, Stiles, after you showed them your powers, they'd have no mercy. You'd be labeled as unstable and we'd probably never see you again. At least Isaac has a chance, well, if he shows them his abilities at least. Which are..." She stared Derek down, everyone's heads turning to do the same.

The wolf sensed all of the eyes on him and looked up, raising his eyebrows in surprise. "I...I, um," he stuttered, and Stiles had never seen the usually confident bad boy so hesitant and nervous. "I'm not supposed to tell."

"Even to us?" Scott asked, voice cracking from the tears he was holding back. Derek's face softened at the boy's pleading question, understanding that these people cared about Isaac now too. "Why is it such a big secret?"

Derek sighed and wrung his hands together. Stiles took his place back down on the ground next to the man and rested a hand on his shoulder. "Yeah, what's Lahey got to hide?" Theo spoke up. "There can't be nothing worse than that chick Bethany whose only ability is to read books really fast."

“Phsh,” Malia scoffed. “I could do that in my sleep.”

Derek ignored their comments, just taking a deep breath before speaking. “Isaac physically can’t show his powers to the DUA because he isn’t around any other uncommons.” They all blinked at him in confusion, silently asking for more information from the still cryptic information Derek was giving. The wolf rolled his eyes and continued. “I can’t put his life more in danger than it already is. I’m sorry but that’s all I can give you.”

Shouts and murmurs echoed across the friend group, but Derek didn’t budge. They were still left in the dark, left to wonder what was happening to Isaac and how in the hell they were going to break him out of a government facility.

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Everything was dark, the only sounds around Isaac rapid footsteps and hushed whispers. His hands were bound in front of him for ‘his own safety’, as the agents said, but he knew that was bullshit. He was forcefully guided by his arm through twists and turns. Wherever they took him, it was cold and damp in the air, almost like a basement. Isaac grunted as he was shoved down into a chair and the hood over his head was finally lifted. He blinked a few times as his eyes adjusted to the low light hanging above the table he was at.

A bald man with glasses and an expensive-looking suit sat across from the boy. His hands were crossed on top of the table, a smug look on his face. “Hello Mr. Lahey,” the stranger said. Two of the three agents who had been at the school, Agents Mitchell and Castro, stood against the sides of the room. “I’m Doctor Michael Hawes. Do you know why you’re here today?”

Isaac looked around at the three men in the room with him, the ones standing up with cold and serious expressions. He rolled his eyes and lifted his handcuffed hands onto the metal table in an exaggerated manner, them coming down with a loud clang. “I’m gonna take a wild guess and say you don’t like what I am very much,” he said.

The doctor let out a chuckle and opened up a laptop that was sitting closed next to him. He turned it around to face the teen and hit the spacebar. A video started playing in poor quality, seemingly from a traffic cam. “Cameras caught this little incident in your town yesterday after your school let you all come out for a little field trip.” The video carried on of what looked like a normal day, until the footage started to shake. Trees came down, signs fell from store fronts, and bulbs burst along the street. It was the earthquake, Stiles’s earthquake.

“This wasn’t me,” Isaac argued. “We’re in goddamn California. Hello, earthquake central over here. You can’t hold me, you have no proof.” He rattled the handcuffs to make his point.

Hawes shut the computer and sighed. “You’re right, we don’t,” he said. “But our department is dedicated to keeping this country safe from dangerous threats. We have reason to believe a student at the Hale Academy is responsible for endangering hundreds of lives after scientists carefully examined the scene after the incident. This was no ordinary earthquake. All you have to do is show us your abilities Isaac, and this can all be over.”

Isaac slumped back in his chair and kept his head down towards the ground. "I can't," he mumbled.

"Come on kid," Agent Castro spoke up. "You're only making this harder for yourself."

Isaac glared at the man, but kept his cool. "I can't! Okay?!" he said in an irritated tone. "But I promise you, I'm not the one who did that!"

"Well then, you should have no trouble telling us who did, then," Hawes said, a testing look in his eyes.

Isaac opened and closed his mouth, hesitating before he spoke. His head dropped again, tension rising in his shoulders. "I can't do that either," he said quietly to the floor. Stiles had been a good friend to him, he wasn't going to betray the teen if it meant locking him up for good. The doctor nodded and waved his hand. The two agents walked forward and pulled Isaac to his feet. The boy thrashed and kicked, but the men were too strong to get away from. "I didn't do this!" he screamed.

"Then show us your powers!" The doctor's voice was impatient and angry now. Isaac could only shake his head, though, tears welling in his eyes. "Very well then, take him away for now to the holding cell." The men led Isaac out of the room and down the hall. Isaac was right, this was definitely some sort of underground facility with no windows, concrete walls, and pipes running along the walls. Wherever he was, it was far below the surface. He only hoped Derek and the school would be able to find him down there.

Isaac groaned when he was thrown into a small room after his hands were set free. Agent Mitchell shut the thick steel door closed behind him, the sound of heavy duty locks turning. Once the agents left, Isaac looked around at his new room for the moment. There were fluorescent lights up above that hurt his eyes, and a single twin bed shoved into a corner. A metal toilet stood attached to the other wall. This was literally a jail cell.

He quickly scrambled to his feet and peeked out the small window on the door. "Let me out of here!" he yelled to no one. The agents were long gone, and not another body was in sight from his small field of view. All Isaac could do was turn around and sink slowly to the floor, his back sliding down against the door. He put his head in his hands and cried, feeling more helpless than he ever had before.

...

Lunchtime rolled around for the academy, but no one was in much of a mood for eating. Across the dining hall, murmurs about Isaac's fate swept through the tables. Stiles could pick up on some bold assumptions here and there: *Do you think they've cut him open and are picking apart his brain? I bet they disposed of him as soon as they saw the dude has no powers. Poor Lahey, the kid doesn't belong with commons or uncommons.* Many of these were followed by snickers that caused Derek to grip onto the table until he formed dents.

Stiles rested a hand on the man's thigh underneath the table to try and calm him down. "Don't listen to them, tune it out," he said, knowing the wolf could hear way more than his



normal ears could. Scott didn't touch his food. He kept stabbing at it with a fork, face blank and pale. "Scotty?" Stiles shoved his friend's leg with his foot.

"I just got him," Scott said quietly. Their friend around them all gave the boy a pitiful look. "Things were going so great." All Stiles could do was keep apologizing, but he knew it wouldn't get them anywhere.

Lydia then approached the table and eagerly sat down. She had told them she was going to stop by Parrish's office first before joining them for lunch, and now it looked like she came bearing news. "I may know something that can help," she said. The glum crew looked alive right away, throwing questions towards the redhead. She held up her hands to stop them and be able to speak. "I read the agents' minds when I was in the room. First off, I am a *minor*, and I did not appreciate some of them viewing me as an object of desire for them to stare at--"

"Yeah, yeah," Theo interrupted. "Get to the point."

The girl rolled her eyes. "Anyways, one of them was thinking about where they were taking Isaac," she continued. "I didn't get an exact location, but he mentioned--well, his mind mentioned it, I guess? Besides the point, I heard him think about a warehouse and how they had a two hour drive back there to detain Isaac for questioning."

"So all we have to go off of is a warehouse?" Malia questioned. "Aren't there, like, a million of those all over?"

Lydia gaped at her, then shrugged. "It's a start," she said. "I told Jordan the same thing, who's going to tell the headmaster. We know he's only two hours away."

"Yeah, but in which direction?" Theo argued again.

Stiles held up a hand to calm everyone down. "Hey, she's right," he said. "It's a start. We'll talk to Deaton, figure out how to track them down. We're going to get him back." He put a hand on both Scott and Derek's arms, then turned back to Lydia, narrowing his eyes. "Since when did you call Parrish *Jordan*?"

She opened her mouth to say something and just awkwardly laughed. "Did I?" she squeaked out. "Whoops, that's what I meant to say. Anyways! Deaton told us to meet him in Headmaster Hale's office in an hour. "See you all there!" She hastily stood up, gathered her things, and scurried out of the cafeteria.

"That was weird," Malia said, staring after her roommate. "Oh well." She shrugged and dug into an awaiting chicken leg.

...

An hour later the gang found themselves scattered around Talia's office. Malia and Scott were sitting on the floor with their backs against the wall, Liam and Theo occupied a small loveseat in the large office, Lydia was in an armchair next to them, and Stiles and Derek were in the two seats in front of Talia's desk. Mason had opted out of this one, and they let him go

as the boy was panicked enough about studying for tests and feeling useless as someone who could only grow some plants. Stiles made sure to reassure him no power was useless, though.

Talia sat in her chair, Deaton and Parrish standing on either side of her as usual. Melissa was in the room now, too, though, standing near her son on the floor. She had given Stiles another dose of the sedative before this meeting, and he was feeling very at ease. It was exactly what he needed with how much anxiety was coursing through his body right now.

"I talked to our technokinetic computer science teacher," Deaton started and turned on a large screen for everyone to look at. "He managed to hack into the traffic cams starting outside the road to the academy." Pressing a few buttons on a small remote, Deaton flipped through footage of the roads. The videos he played tracked a large black SUV that clearly belonged to the agents. "Unfortunately he was only able to follow them to the Fort Baker Tunnel, then they disappeared off the grid. The DUA has experience with uncommons, so they know how to hide from us."

"This is, of course, a last resort," Talia spoke up. "We know which direction Isaac is in if we must go get him. For now, however, I am going to make some calls to the local government and the DUA's office to negotiate civilly about getting him back."

Derek snorted, ignoring his mother's death glare. "That's not going to work," he stood up and turned to the group, but kept his eyes towards the headmaster. "You know how the DUA works. They claim they want to help both sides, both us and the commons, but you know that's not true. If they could eradicate us as a species, they would."

"Derek, that's enough--"

"No," Derek interrupted his mom. "They don't show rogue uncommons any mercy. If Stiles was in there right now, with them knowing how powerful he is, they'd probably have already gotten rid of him by now."

"Wow, thanks for really making me feel better," Stiles gaped.

Derek sent him an apologetic look, but carried on. "I'm going after my best friend in the only way we can, and that's to storm the place," he said confidently. Talia looked furious. "These people don't want to negotiate. Yeah, they'll probably eventually find out Isaac's not the one they're looking for. But do you seriously think they're going to give him back?"

The headmaster stood up and pointed a finger in her son's face, the rest of the room watching the encounter nervously. Her eyes flashed red, a warning sign for Derek to stand down. "That is a death wish, and you know it!" she yelled, but her voice broke a little bit, a sign of worry for what would happen to her son if he went after Isaac. "They *will* give Isaac back if you let me make the right calls."

Derek didn't back down, though. He got into the woman's face, challenging her with his own bright blue eyes and fangs. She looked taken back at him not obeying. "You always thought they were on our side, that controlling us was a good thing," he said in a lower tone, but everyone could still hear them. "Ever since dad died, you tore this family apart!" The room grew silent. Even Talia was at a loss for words. "Before that, though, he raised me to be the

wolf I am. I'm going to save Isaac, mom, because I know I can." Without another word, he stormed out of the room. The group stared after the door, every face in shock. Stiles hesitated, not sure if he should follow after Derek or not.

"Woah, woah, wait," Theo spoke up in a shocked tone. "Did he say...*mom*?"

# Chapter 11

## Chapter Notes

I apologize in advance for any spelling and grammar mistakes this was unedited to get it out :)

“Derek! Derek, wait!” Stiles ran after the man who was hastily marching towards the front of the school. Even the wolf’s walking pace was fast enough for Stiles to struggle to catch up. “Will you just stop for one second and think about what you’re doing!”

Derek did stop. He halted in his steps, Stiles running into his back with a grunt, and turned around to face the teen with rage in his eyes. “I’ve thought about it plenty, Stiles,” Derek growled. “I’m going to get him back whether she wants me to or not.” His claws were going in and out, his eyes flashing between green and blue. Stiles tried to put an arm out to calm him down, but it barely worked, the man so angry from the fight with his mother and his best friend being taken. When Derek turned around again towards the front doors, Stiles quickly ran around to stand in front of him. Derek rolled his eyes. “Move.”

“Look,” Stiles said in a calming tone and put his hand on Derek’s chest. The touch made both of them stare down at it, something heavy lingering in the air between the two. “I want to get Isaac back, too, we all do. Your mom was right about one thing, though. This would be a suicide mission if you go in alone.”

“And something could happen to Isaac if I don’t,” Derek fought back, shoving the teen out of the way and finally making it through the doors and outside.

Stiles kept following him, though, refusing to give up. “Then at least let me come with you!” he yelled.

This finally made Derek stop on his own accord and turn around with raised eyebrows. “What?” he questioned. “No! I can’t put you in risk, too.”

Stiles huffed, walked fully out of the doorway, and got right in the wolf’s face. “That’s not for you to decide,” he said angrily. Derek looked slightly amused. “Last time I checked, I am an extremely power omnikinetic, or whatever-”

“Who’s extremely unstable,” Derek laughed.

“That’s besides the point!” Stiles yelled and threw his hands up. “What I’m trying to say is I could tear down that whole building with the power I have, so shut up and let me fucking help you.”

“Us too!” A voice yelled from behind them. Stiles turned around to see Scott now standing in the entrance to the school with Theo, Liam, Malia, and Lydia surrounding him. “You can’t march into the Department of Uncommon Affairs alone,” Scott continued, determination set in his features. “I care about Isaac, we all do, even if he hasn’t been a part of this group for very long. We can do it together.”

Derek looked between everyone before his eyes settled back on Stiles. The teen was nodding eagerly, feeling excited that his friends were willing to help. “Come on Der,” he said softly so only the wolf heard him. It was a new nickname, but it immediately made Derek’s shoulders relax a bit and his angry glare fall.

“Fine,” Derek finally grunted after a few seconds. “We meet here in a few hours.”

Everyone cheered and hollered. Liam then stepped forward with a confused expression. “What do we do about the headmaster--um, your...mom? Won’t she find out or be on alert about us?”

“Leave that to me,” Lydia said with a smirk and flipped her long braid over her shoulder. “I’ll get Jordan to distract her.”

Stiles eyed her warily. He still thought she was beautiful, still often found himself stuttering over his words in front of her, but it was all platonic now that he thought about it. Stiles found himself staring between Derek and the girl, and only really getting butterflies in his stomach for the wolf. “And how exactly are you going to convince him to do that?” Stiles questioned.

Lydia’s cheeks grew red as all eyes turned to stare at her. “I just have my ways,” was all she said, then turned on her heel and strutted back into the school.

...

Later that day, Stiles and Scott snuck out of their rooms and quietly made their way through the halls of the school. The friends were dressed in casual attire, not wanting to immediately set off alarms with their Hale Academy uniforms. They were banking on no one at the DUA recognizing their faces to assist them into lying their way to Isaac.

Scott was visibly nervous, shaking and breathing heavily. Stiles squeezed the boy’s shoulder. “You alright, dude?” he asked. “We’re going to get him.”

Scott nodded a bunch of times, clearly more to reassure himself than Stiles. “Yeah, yeah, I know,” he said and offered a sad smile. Finally they arrived in the front courtyard of the school where everyone else was already waiting. Everyone but one.

“Where’s Derek?” Stiles asked, trying not to sound too obvious about his longing for the man.

Just then, a large black van came speeding from around the corner and parked right in front of them on the street. The tinted window rolled down, revealing Derek in the passenger’s seat clad in a black leather jacket and aviator sunglasses. Stiles had the overwhelming desire to

jump the man's bones right then and there, but was unfortunately cockblocked by the five other students with them. "Get in," Derek said and quickly ushered everyone in.

Stiles hopped in the passenger's seat while the rest of the crew filed into the back. The van had benches along the side so there was plenty of space, and Derek wasted no time in slamming on the gas again and zooming away once everyone was inside. A few people got thrown around by the sudden increase in speed and sharp corners, but Stiles suspected Derek really didn't care.

"Holy shit we're doing this," Liam squeaked as the car winded through the forest roads of the school grounds and towards the entrance gate. "We're going to break into the DUA, holy mother of fucking shit."

Theo wound an arm around the boy's shoulder and pulled him close. "Calm down," he said gently. "Your anxiety is giving me anxiety." He rubbed Liam's arm up and down, the guy instantly calming down and leaning into the touch. Theo then noticed everyone staring at the pair with smirks and sent a glare in their directions. The tough guy was all mush when it came to Liam.

The van rolled up to the large, intimidating gates. There was a camera aimed directly on them, and Stiles prayed whatever Lydia made Jordan do to distract Talia was working. The guard came out of his guardhouse and approached the vehicle with a confused look. "Mr. Hale," he said to Derek and examined a clipboard. His mannerisms were way nicer and more relaxed with Derek than they had been when Stiles arrived at the school. "I didn't think there were any field trips scheduled for today."

While Stiles was internally freaking out, sensing this to be the end of their rescue mission already, Derek kept his cool and smiled at the man. "Running an errand for my mother, Marcos," he said cunningly. "She is extremely stressed with everything going on right now, so I thought I'd take a load off for her."

The man, Marcos, hesitated and reached for his pocket. "Maybe I should just call her to make sure--"

"Oh, no," Derek quickly said, keeping his composure. "I tried asking her a question before I left and she nearly ripped my head off. I wouldn't want to interrupt her anymore with how much she has to get done with all of the DUA drama." He added in a lighthearted laugh. "I'll let her know you were cautious, though, when I get back. She'll appreciate it so much."

Marcos nodded, giving Derek a smile before waving his hand and opening the large iron gates. With one last thank you, Derek drove through and rolled up the window. "Oh my God," Stiles said once they were far away from the guard. "How the hell did you do that?" Derek just shrugged, a smug look on his face.

After a few minutes they made it out of the forest roads and onto the busier streets of town. Derek headed in the direction the traffic cams had signaled towards Fort Baker tunnel. It felt weird to Stiles to be in a car in normal clothes, driving through a town of commons like nothing was wrong. The field trip the other day didn't count, having to stick with the school in their uniforms. Not to mention the part about almost sending the town into a giant

sinkhole. This was nice, though, as Derek turned up the radio and the friends drove through traffic. It was nice if Stiles didn't think about where they were headed, though.

A little bit into the drive, Theo snuck up and stuck his head in between the front seats, nodding at Stiles in welcome before turning to Derek. "So, like, the headmaster's your mom?" he questioned, his blunt tone causing Stiles to pinch the bridge of his nose.

Derek sighed and nodded. "Yes," he deadpanned.

Theo kept going though, sparking a full on interrogation everyone was now listening in on. "Woah, I guess that's why no one ever knew your last name," he said. "Why'd you hide that? And does that mean you can shapeshift into a-"

"A wolf? Yes," Derek interrupted. "I'd have a very different reputation if people knew I was the headmaster's son. You wouldn't be as afraid of me as you are."

"What?" Theo scoffed. "I am *not* afraid of you."

Derek quickly turned in his seat to roar at the boy, fangs coming fully out in a menacing snarl. Theo immediately sprung back with a yelp, and everyone giggled at the sight. "I can smell the fear radiating off of you," Derek said with a smirk once he turned back to look at the road.

"Whatever," Theo said and sunk back into his seat next to Liam, the boy pitifully patting his thigh.

Eventually they came across the tunnel, driving through it before Derek pulled off to the side and put the car in park. "What's happening?" Stiles questioned as the man took off his sunglasses and hopped out of the vehicle. They had come out into another forest road, a canopy of trees shading the street. The area was empty with no other vehicle in sight. Everyone filed out of the van through the side doors too, curious as to what Derek's next plan was.

"This is as far as Deaton was able to track the agents," Derek said, and proceeded to shrug off his jacket and shirt next. Once he was standing half naked in front of the group, everyone gaped at the ripped body, Malia throwing in a wolf-whistle (pun intended).

"Damn, didn't know you were hiding that underneath your brooding exterior," Lydia said with no hesitation. Stiles, however, was completely flustered. He had seen Derek shirtless multiple times now, but it never failed to leave him rosy-cheeked and having to adjust his pants.

Derek ignored the stares, though, only sending a wink in Stiles's direction before continuing. "I have Isaac's scent, which means I can track him now. Stiles will drive the rest of the way and follow me." His hands moved to his belt buckle next, and many murmurs echoed across the group, some very eager to see where this was going.

"Derek, what are you doing?" Stiles asked, but he wasn't mad about it.

The man dropped his pants without a care in the world, but the underwear came right with them. He was standing butt naked in front of the others with absolutely no shame on his face, like it was completely casual. Scott and Theo immediately looked away, and Theo punched Liam's arm when he caught him subtly glancing down. Malia and Lydia were just smirking at the Greek God of a man in front of them. Stiles, however, was now full on staring at Derek's very *largemanhood*. He had seen all of Derek in the showers, but hadn't fully comprehended his bisexual awakening yet. Yep, he was definitely bi.

"Have you all had enough?" Derek said and threw his discarded clothes into the back of the van. "Hop in."

They all obeyed, Stiles jumping into the driver's seat and Lydia taking the passenger's side now, but were all still very confused why the man had to get fully naked. Staring out the dashboard of the van, though, finally answered their questions. Derek looked back and gave Stiles a thumbs up before leaning down. His whole body started to morph, bones twisting in painful-looking angles and skin stretching to reveal thick, black fur. Where once stood a man was now a large wolf with striking blue eyes.

"Holy fuck," Stiles gaped.

"That's hot," Malia added in shamelessly, but they all had barely any time to react before Derek's muzzle was to the ground and sniffing around. He suddenly took off running and Stiles had to put the van in drive and press on the gas to catch up.

It was a blessing no cars were on the road as Stiles had to basically drive in the middle, swerving back and forth to follow the wolf in front of him. "Stiles!" Scott exclaimed as he was thrown to the floor for probably the tenth time.

"I'm sorry!" Stiles said. "You tell the wolf shapeshifter man to slow down!" Derek took them around curve after curve, over bridges, and through more tunnels, until he halted right in front of a sign that read *Government property. No trespassing. Violators will be prosecuted.* The teen pulled the van off into the trees before everyone hopped out. Derek had shifted back now, and thanked Theo who threw him his clothes, pulling them back on to Stiles's dismay. There was an ominous looking large building just visible through the tree line. The road led into a large parking lot buzzing with people going in and out.

"I guess this is it," Lydia said. "What now?"

"How 'bout Scott and I go check to see what it looks like," Malia spoke up. "I can speed him around, he'll keep me invisible, and we'll report back what we see."

Derek nodded and sent them off. Malia grabbed Scott, then they both disappeared, leaving with only a rush of wind to signal they had passed. It took only about 30 seconds for the pair to return and relay vital information to the group. "It's pretty heavily armed," Scott said. "Guards on the roof, cameras all around. There are a lot of people walking around, though, so we may be able to get in if we can get past the watchmen. Also, it seems they work off of a keycard system to get in."



"I can get the roof," Liam said, eager to play his part. Theo looked at him nervously. "Alright, *we'll* get the roof."

"Perfect," Derek said, pulling on his final article of clothing: a shoe. He turned to Lydia next. "Think you can disarm the cameras if you get in there first to the control room?"

Lydia scoffed at him like he just asked if she knew how to ride a bike. "Obviously," she replied.

"Wonderful," Stiles spoke up. "Malia can swipe a keycard, and Derek and I will walk in casually, acting like we're meant to be here." He gave the wolf a once-over. "Maybe lose the leather jacket, though."

Derek rolled his eyes but complied, throwing it back into the van. He came out with something else in his hands and handed a small object to each individual. "Put these in your ears," he said. They were earpieces just subtle enough to be hidden well from suspicious eyes. "I swiped them from the robotics lab," he said once he noticed Stiles's questioning look.

Then they were finally able to put their plan into action. Liam grabbed Theo and disappeared back down the road before launching into the sky so that no one would see them. Stiles barely made out their figures dropping onto the roof, though, probably six armed guards rushing at them. After a few minutes of grunting and swears in their ears, Liam's voice rang through. "*All clear*," he said confidently. Stiles waved for Malia to go next, who moved like a blur towards a lone woman in the parking lot. In the blink of an eye, she returned with a key card and a maniacal smile. Scott went next, grabbing onto Lydia's arm and the keycard and, Stiles assumed, running towards the building.

While they were waiting for Scott and Lydia, Stiles slumped against a tree. "This is insane," he said. "If I just hadn't lost control, Isaac would be safe, we wouldn't have-"

"Stop that," Derek cut him off and knelt down in front of the boy, taking Stiles's face between his hands. Stiles barely missed the flash of jealousy and confusion on Malia's face before she quickly looked away from the pair. That's when he realized no one really knew what had been going on with him and Derek, hell, Stiles didn't even really know. Yeah, they had kissed in front of everyone, but it was a drunk dare that no one really remembered.

Stiles was brought back to reality by Derek's comforting touch. "This was not your fault," the man continued. "We're going to get him out."

"*Camera's are down*," the earpiece echoed with Lydia's voice. "*You know, I'd expect the DUA to have some more advanced tech. This panel is like ancient, also only one dude was in here that Scott knocked out easily.*"

"Got it!" Stiles stopped her before she talked his ear off and wasted time. He turned to Derek and Malia. "We're next, I guess."

"Wait," Derek said first, then ran towards the parking lot. Stiles called after him, but couldn't raise his voice too high or someone was bound to hear them. They observed the man sneak

up on two guys and a girl in a secluded corner of the lot where no one else was around, then he proceeded to knock them unconscious and strip them of their expensive-looking blazers and name badges. He ran back over when no one was looking and handed two of each to Stiles and Malia. “Interns, perfect.”

Stiles pulled on the blazer and clipped the badge onto his breast pocket. “Leonard Hargecastle? Good Lord.”

“Sorry I couldn’t exactly pick and choose,” Derek said with a chuckle.

Easy for you to say,” Stiles scoffed and pointed at the man’s chest. “You’re Dominic McAllister, that’s like so fuckin’ dope.”

“Can we just go? Isaac is waiting,” Malia said and stormed towards the building with a huff. Stiles looked after her, confused at her reaction, but just shrugged and pulled Derek along.

They made their way quickly to the front doors, acting as casual as possible. It was a rectangular warehouse-like building, but had a large sign that read *Northern California office of the Department of Uncommon Affairs*. Subtle. They managed to slip in through unnoticed and came into a large foyer. There was a front desk straight ahead with formally dressed receptionists. It was so busy no one even paid them any mind.

Stiles walked up to the front desk, clearing his throat so the woman looked up. She had thick-rimmed glasses and short brown hair, maybe in her early 30s. “May I help you?” she asked the group, but when her eyes settled on Derek her breath hitched and she nervously fixed her hair. “Oh, hello.”

Stiles looked between the man and the woman, realizing what was going on and tried to hold back an eye roll. “Hi, yes, we’re part of the...internship program?” he said, trying to keep his voice steady. “We’re a bit lost.”

He prayed the lie would work, but the woman was so distracted with Derek, she just absentmindedly nodded and pointed towards a hallway. “That way,” she said with a nervous smile.

Stiles tried to not let the little green monster overtake him, thanking the woman and stomping away. Derek and Malia were hot on his heels.

“We’re in. Are we still good on the cameras?” Stiles whispered into his earpiece.

“*All good,*” Scott replied.

“*We have a map of the building in here,*” Lydia said. “*Once you guys pass the front desk, head down the hallway and take your second left, then first right. There will be an elevator to the basement.*”

“Not another fucking basement,” Stiles groaned. “How do you know that’s where he is?”

“*I’m going to guess because it’s labeled Restricted Access, seems suspicious,*” she said matter-of-factly.

“I’ll take it,” Stiles said, and the three of them started following Lydia’s directions. No one paid the group any attention with their name tags. Derek stayed on alert in case anyone smelled suspicious, though, but they were able to find the elevator no problem. Malia walked up and swiped the keycard, the doors opening with a ding.

“Here we go,” she said and hopped on, Stiles and Derek right behind. “We’re heading down now,” she said to the rest of the group through her earpiece.

*“We’ll be on the lookout around outside and find an exit for you to slip him out of,”* Liam said.

The elevator started to descend, a metal contraption to a basement that held Lord knows what. Stiles tapped his foot anxiously, Derek sensing and resting a hand on the small of the teen’s back, this time out of Malia’s view. Everyone took a deep breath as the machine came to a stop and the doors opened. They were met with a cold, concrete hallway and stepped out. “I can smell him,” Derek said eagerly and started to guide the other two. “This way.”

Before they could make it very far, though, probably a dozen men appeared behind the corner and immediately drew their guns when they saw the kids. “Who the hell are you?!” one man yelled.

They all held their hands up in defense. “We work here!” Malia yelled.

The men didn’t back down, though. “We know everyone who has access to down here, and you kids aren’t on the list.”

“Well, we tried,” Derek said before letting out a large roar and charging towards the guards. They didn’t have any time to react before he was ripping guns away and bashing them back into skulls. Malia followed suit, speeding around to yank weapons out of hands and flipping off of walls with her enhanced agility.

Stiles stood useless to the side, not sure what to do as some men were able to fire off shots. He threw himself to the floor, narrowly missing a bullet that ricocheted off of the wall. “Shit!” he exclaimed as a man aimed their gun towards him, but Derek was able to grab the weapon just in time and lift the man in the air with ease, throwing him to the ground.

“Get out of here!” Derek yelled towards the teen in between roars. “Go find Isaac!”

Stiles nodded and scrambled to his feet, ducking around flying kicks and fists. He made it past the fight and around the corner, navigating himself through the cold, dark corridor. He sprinted until he came to a fork, having to decide which way to go. If only Derek was still with him, able to sniff Isaac out. Stiles just said fuck it and chose to go straight. It seemed to work in his favor, though, as he came across a long hallway with heavy steel doors. “Isaac!” he hissed quietly, nervously glancing all around afraid someone was going to come out of nowhere.

“Stiles?” A voice echoed back, though, and Stiles let out a cry of relief as he ran to the door with eyes peering out the small window. “Oh my God, Stiles!”

“Did you think we were gonna leave you in here?” Stiles said with a laugh and tried the door, but it was bolted shut. He looked around for any key, but no luck. It was a keypad underneath a large padlock, so the keycard wouldn’t work. “How do I get it open?”

“You’re going to have to open it yourself,” Isaac said and backed up.

Stiles froze, panic rising in his chest. “I...I can’t,” he said.

“It’s the only way,” Isaac responded. “Come on, you can do it Stiles. Just focus.”

He tried to, but his head was starting to pound with overwhelming pain. Stiles held a hand out, focusing on the door, focusing on saving Isaac, and focusing on Derek. He screamed as it felt like someone was taking a hammer to his skull, but he didn’t stop. The steel started rattling violently, the sound of metal bending deafening to his ears. With one last yell and a bang, the heavy door flew off its hinges to the floor.

# Chapter 12

## Chapter Notes

Sorry this is so late and so short, but I hope you enjoy! We get a glimpse at everyone's powers here so I'm excited :) Big things happening in these next few chapters

Stiles Stilinski was raised a good child. He did his homework on time, paid attention in class, never spoke back to adults, and was tucked in bed an hour after dinner time with his mom and dad kissing him goodnight. He had lived a mundane life, the only interesting part being his new pet turtle that sat in the tank opposite his dresser, and the fact that his mother had superpowers to make anything move with her mind.

The world didn't know about Uncommons, though, so outside of the house he was still normal. Only those who were uncommon, or knew people who were kept the secret. The government knew about them too, something that always made Stiles's stomach uneasy when he occasionally accompanied his mother to her annual psychological evaluation at the local administration building. Apparently living life amongst the common called for Uncommons to be periodically tested to ensure they kept their powers under control. He had heard about the schools that prepped uncommon kids for the real world, and how his mother had attended one in her "glory days", meeting Noah after she finally graduated and was able to go to a normal university.

Stiles would go to bed dreaming about the schools for the uncommon and what his time would be like when he got there. He was going to be a telekinetic like his mom, he just knew it, and he'd become so popular at his fancy boarding school, make so many friends, maybe even save the world one day as a superhero.

After his powers didn't manifest, the good child was thrown out the door. He started at an ordinary high school with common kids just like him, and the disconnect from who his mother was sparked feelings of loneliness. To ease the pain, he turned to drugs and alcohol, opting to get high or drunk every weekend instead of studying for his tests. He was always good at avoiding his sheriff father by listening in on police scanners and paying attention to what dealers the cops had their eyes on.

Stiles never really had any true friends. He was in the carefully constructed social group of potheads and sex junkies, only choosing to spend their time together passing a blunt or screwing anything with two legs. Stiles never really felt like he belonged there either, though, but Heather made it a little bit more bearable. She fed into his vulnerability, sparking a life of rebellion and anti-sobriety. When he lost her, he lost everyone from that crowd, finding out that they only really tolerated him to keep her around.

Part of Stiles's childhood dream had come true at the Hale Academy, though. He had made amazing friends already, ones he trusted and cared about so deeply after only a week of knowing each other. Everyone had a story and an ability to go with it, which immediately made them fit together as different pieces to the same puzzle. Neither Scott, nor Lydia or Malia or Theo or any of them judged Stiles for coming in later than most kids. They didn't question why his powers came so late, only stood by his side as he navigated the truth behind how much strength was stored inside of his pale, lanky body. Stiles would do anything for them now, which is why his overwhelming need to save Isaac took over autopilot.

Back to the present, he gaped at the door that had come off so cleanly and smashed to the ground with a loud bang. He actually just did that. He moved a hunk of steel with his freaking *mind*. It was the first time Stiles had used his powers successfully, and oh what a rush it was. "You did it!" Isaac exclaimed, running out to tackle Stiles in a hug.

"Holy shit...I did it," Stiles said in awe, his brain trying to catch up with his body after what just happened. "How...the fuck...what?"

"I don't know how, but what I do know is we need to get out of here," Isaac said and grabbed Stiles's arm, pulling him down the hall. An alarm had started to go off throughout the building and was deafeningly loud, which meant the DUA knew there was a break in.

The pair turned around corner after corner, stopping when more guards came running at them. "Stiles!" Isaac yelled.

Without hesitation, Stiles swiped his arm through the air mid-run and every man went flying to the walls, backs hitting concrete with a painful crack. "Fuck!" Stiles hollered, and Isaac grabbed him to keep running past the unconscious men. "Did I kill them? Shit, I didn't right?"

"No, you didn't kill them," Isaac laughed and just kept pulling his friend along. Stiles was riding a high of adrenaline, a control overtaking his body like never before. They ran until they came to the elevator, Derek and Malia nearly running into them. The wolf immediately took Isaac into a bone-crushing hug and the friends embraced for a second, but everyone knew their time was limited.

"*We're at the top of the elevator!*" Lydia yelled in the earpiece. Stiles nearly burst an eardrum from her loud voice.

Sure enough, once the four friends arrived on the ground floor, Scott and Lydia appeared out of thin-air, becoming visible again from Scott's powers. "Theo and Liam led the guards away from here," Scott said, ushering everyone out of the elevator. His eyes landed on Isaac then, and in three strides he stomped up to the boy and laid a bruising kiss on his lips. Isaac melted into the touch, a smile growing on his face when they separated.

"How sweet," Lydia cooed. "But save the reunion for the car, okay?"

They all quickly nodded and stood on high alert again. "Everyone grab each other," Scott said, fingers interlocking with Isaac's. Isaac grabbed onto Derek, who held Stiles, then Malia and Lydia. All of a sudden, everyone in front of Stiles's eyes started to change. Because he

was invisible too, he could see each individual, but they were translucent like glass sculptures.

“Woah,” he said with a laugh. “This is like an acid trip, Scotty. You get to experience this all the time?” Scott nodded excitedly and the train of bodies slowly made their way along the sides of the wall, careful to not let a limb escape into the middle as agents ran back and forth. It was working perfectly with Scott’s abilities. The exit door was in sight.

Right before Scott could reach out and open it, though, an agent and large guards blocked the exit. The agent seemed to be looking right at the group somehow. Then he reached into his pocket, held something in his hand, and threw it into the air. A dust of who knows what settled onto the group, causing them to cough and separate, Scott’s invisibility failing.

“I assume these are your friends Mr. Lahey,” the man said in a condescending tone. Stiles turned to Derek with panic in his eyes, fearing they were caught now and the mission was failing. He managed to read the badge on the agent’s chest: *Dr. Michael Hawes*.

“Let us go,” Stiles stepped forward and spoke with courage he didn’t know he possessed. “Isaac is innocent.”

“Then you don’t mind me asking which one of you isn’t?” Hawes said with a grin. “I understand you are all...special individuals. One of you, however, is a danger to society, and it is my job to protect the people.”

“You mean the commons,” Derek spoke up, a low growl under his words. “No one here cares about us. You’d lock us all up if you could.”

The doctor clasped his hands behind his back, not finding Derek’s furrowed eyebrows and snarl intimidating in the least. “You’re right,” he said. “I would. That would normally be against the ethical protocols of the department. However, I am running a government-approved investigation and as of right now, all of you are on my suspect list after breaking into this facility. That gives me every right to hold you here.” He gestured to the men around him. “My colleagues here have tranquilizer guns. Non-lethal, but still very painful. I advise you all to come willingly so they won’t have to use them.”

“We’re not going anywhere with you,” Malia scoffed, fists tightening at her side. Everyone else nodded in agreement.

The agent laughed, the men around him joining in. “You kids think it was seriously this easy to break in and out of a government facility?” Hawes asked. “I’ve been dealing with your kind a lot longer than you’ve been alive. If Isaac isn’t the one I’m looking for, we’ll just have to find out who is, and now you’ve allowed for that to happen.” He waved his hand, then all of the armed guards started running at the friends.

It immediately turned into a full fledged fight scene. Weapons came out, fists went flying, all while the loud alarm was still blaring overhead. Isaac threw himself to the ground as Derek slashed his claws across a guard’s arm with a loud roar. The man immediately came back with some sort of electroshock weapon, though, and dug it into the wolf’s side. He went down with a growl, and Malia had to step in to help and sweep the guard’s feet out from

underneath him in one rapid movement. Scott was turning invisible left and right, throwing force fields towards men to catch them off balance before he'd drop it and punch them by surprise.

"Forget about us?" Liam appeared out of nowhere, Theo right by his side. They ran into the battle, more guards on their trail. Liam flew up into the air only to come back down with a large boom, wiping out a group of them and sending weapons clattering to the ground, leaving a crack in the floor behind him. Theo froze the guns to incapacitate the guards before turning his body fully ice. One guy's fist made contact with Theo's chest, but the man's bones broke instantly and he let out a cry. Theo used that moment to bend the guy's whole hand backwards and blast him with ice.

"Lydia! Get down!" Stiles called out as the redhead was still standing in the middle of everything. She only gave Stiles a smirk, though, and grabbed the head of a man who was about to shoot Derek with a tranq. The guard dropped to the ground in a deep sleep.

"I can get into people's minds in more than one way, Stiles," she said with a wink and continued to sneak up on many more gunmen to do the same trick and drive them mad from the inside.

Stiles, meanwhile, was guarding Isaac off to the side. He threw a hand towards someone who was about to shoot Scott, but he had no luck and his powers didn't work. Fortunately Liam came out of nowhere and flew the man up into the ceiling with a crash, but Stiles felt useless again. His high of success was over with too much happening around him, too many loud noises and flying bodies.

"Stiles, do something!" Isaac yelled, ducking out of the way in time for a guard to hit the wall and crumple to the ground.

"I'm trying!" Stiles hissed back, but he was overstimulated by the fight. How was he supposed to focus, but not focus too hard, all while panicking about his friends around him? The teen tried over and over again to do what he had done to the men downstairs, but no luck. His head was spinning around on his neck and he felt like he was about to throw up. "It's not working," he cried out to Isaac.

Isaac scrambled over to Stiles, both of them crouching down low on the ground to stay out of the line of fire. "What made it work before? You did it Stiles, you can do it again," Isaac reassured him. Stiles clenched his eyes shut and yanked on his hair, the pain starting to rise in his head. If he didn't calm himself down soon, his moment of success would go down the drain and he was going to have another attack. The whole building could implode.

It didn't implode, but it did start to shake. Another earthquake came, everyone stopping as they tried to catch their balance from the vibrating floor. "Who is it?!" Doctor Hawes yelled to his men. It was clear he hadn't seen Stiles yet. "It's happening again, goddamn it, take them all!"

The earthquake had thrown everyone off their game, though, and the guards recovered first, aiming their tranquilizer guns at each kid. All of their expressions said they knew they were



screwed now. Stiles opened his eyes for a second to see Derek staring straight at him, worry set in his face as a gun was held to his chest. “Stiles!” he yelled.

“I...I can’t control it!” Stiles said as he felt the power starting to slip through his fingertips. It was becoming too much, and he feared if he didn’t stop it now no one was making it out alive.

A warm hand then grabbed onto his own and Stiles looked up to see Isaac smiling down at him. “Let me help,” he said, then closed his eyes. All of a sudden, it felt like a great weight was being lifted off of Stiles’s chest. Blue lines started travelling down his arm and into Isaac’s, then Isaac lifted his own hand.

“What are you doing?” Stiles gaped.

“Just trust me, use your powers!” Isaac replied. Stiles obeyed and raised their arms up. He had way more control now and let out a loud scream as he threw his arm out to the side, hand balled in a fist. It felt like they were physically lifting the whole building as the earthquake grew even stronger with the louder Stiles’s yell got.

“It’s him, you idiots! Or...both of them! I don’t know, just do something!” Dr. Hawes exclaimed from where he was doubled over on the ground, holding onto whatever he could as the whole building vibrated. There were screams coming from down the hall and the sounds of things crashing to the floor. A loud crack rang through the air and the linoleum floor tiles started to split. Hawes tried to get to his feet, but Stiles threw a hand towards him and he immediately was pushed against the ground by an invisible force.

“Go!” Stiles yelled to his friends, sweat starting to bead on his forehead. His head hurt more than it ever had before, but it was a necessary pain to hold everyone down and destroy the warehouse while his friends got out. Malia grabbed onto Lydia and sped out, Liam flew Theo through the large hold that started to crack in the wall, and Scott gave Stiles and Isaac one last worried look before putting his force field around himself and running out. Derek was soon the only one left, reaching a hand out towards the two. “Go, Derek!” the teen screamed.

“Not without you guys! Come on!” Derek yelled back. It was clear he wasn’t going to budge, so Stiles just nodded and dropped his arms, Isaac following. The building started to settle again as the three of them ran towards the exit. Stiles intertwined his hand with the wolf’s.

“Get them!” the doctor yelled, but his men were all groaning in pain from being thrown around by Stiles’s powers.

The group of friends didn’t stop running as they all sprinted across the parking lot and towards the tree line. Stiles risked looking back once to see half of the warehouse caved in on itself, the alarm still somehow going off inside. He couldn’t help but feel a little smug knowing he was the one to do all of that, with Isaac’s help of course.

They finally made it to the van, Derek hopping into the front seat and quickly ushering everyone inside. The door was barely closed before the man was revving up the engine and hightailing it to the highway.

No one knew how to react once they made it to the main road again, all internally freaking out about what the hell just happened. Stiles could barely breathe as he was panting so loudly, and his hair was stuck to his forehead with sweat. "That..." he started between breaths, "...was freakin' awesome!"

Everyone laughed and started hollering right alongside him. "Lahey!" Theo exclaimed and grabbed the boy's shoulders. "What the hell was that and where has it been this whole time?" Derek looked at Isaac in the rearview mirror with a fond smile. His and Stiles's hands were still clasped together over the middle console.

"Yeah, what the actual fuck?" Malia said in awe. "So you can like...use the powers of someone else?"

Isaac shrugged and tried to hide the blush on his cheeks, not used to so much attention. Scott put an arm around his shoulders and pulled him close, just as impressed as the rest of them. "Yeah, I guess," Isaac said shyly. "I was taught ever since my powers manifested to hide them. Siphons are high on the list with omnikinetics as very dangerous uncommons, as we can pretty much become omnikinetic if we touch one of them. We have a better chance at controlling the power, though, because I have to grab someone and focus on their ability. I never showed what I could do before because I didn't want to risk anything, but people assumed I had some lame ability I wanted to hide." Theo awkwardly smiled and offered an apology, having been one of those people.

"And you knew?" Stiles asked the man next to him.

Derek nodded, keeping his eyes on the road. "Isaac trusted my mother, Deaton, and I with his secret," he said. "I always wanted to keep him safe because I knew he wasn't going to do it himself."

"I was perfectly fine at keeping myself safe, thank you very much," Isaac scoffed, but his tone was fond. "But I guess I appreciate you."

The rest of the ride back was lighthearted, everyone nursing aching bones with jokes and banter to try and hide the fact that they were probably all on the DUA's most wanted now, especially Stiles. Eventually they made it back to the gates of the academy, Marcos letting them in with a wave of his hand. Derek pulled the van up to the front of the school. Stiles imagined people would be out and about by now, but the grounds outside were still empty with no student in sight.

They all decided to just face the music now and headed to Talia's office. The halls were eerily quiet like before. Surely everyone wasn't still shoved up into their rooms. Maybe the school had gotten a call about the DUA incident and was trying to keep everyone safe, or maybe there was another emergency assembly.

Derek stopped in his tracks once they got close to the headmaster's office, brows coming down in confusion. Everyone stared at the wolf, awaiting his reasoning for halting so abruptly. "Something's not right," he said, then threw open the door to his mother's room.

Instead of Talia, though, they were met with Peter sitting in her desk, feet crossed on top of the wooden table and arms folded behind his head. He had a devious grin on his face like he was waiting for the group and knew that they were about to walk in. Werewolf hearing, Stiles guessed. What was more concerning, though, was how Kate was standing to the side of him and how the two faculty members each had an ominous presence. It immediately put up red flags in Stiles's mind.

"Nephew!" Peter exclaimed excitedly. "I was wondering when you were all going to return from your impromptu field trip."

"Peter," Derek grunted. "Where's my mom?" The whole group filed into the office, Kate shutting the door behind them with a slam. To Stiles, it felt like he had just waltzed into the belly of the beast.

"Oh, her?" Peter feigned innocence. "I'm not sure. In my opinion, that's pretty poor headmastering skills if she isn't even here to welcome back the heroes of the day! Hi there Isaac, welcome home." Isaac rolled his eyes at the man.

"What's going on?" Stiles stepped forward.

Peter eyed him up and down and his smirk grew. "Ah, Stiles," he said and put his feet back on the ground, leaning forward. "I have been waiting especially for you."

"Cut it out," Derek said in a threatening tone, a low growl coming out.

Peter challenged him back, though, with his own fang and eye flash. "Watch it Derek," he said. "You'll see my big sis soon enough when you join the rest of the school."

Lydia's face then grew pale. "W-why?" she squeaked. "Guys, we need to go." It was clear she was reading Peter's mind and found something important buried deep in there.

"What is it Lyds?" Scott asked her.

"Can I tell first? Please? Don't spoil my plans yet," Peter said and stood up, walking around the desk slowly to stand closer to the teens. "You all did me a great favor tonight by taking care of some of the DUA agents. They've always been a colossal pain in our ass, so my colleagues and I have decided to finally take matters into our own hands. Down with the government! And...you all are going to help us."

"What do you mean?" Liam asked, voice shaky from fear.

Peter pouted patronizingly towards him. "As we speak, Deucalion and Jennifer are prepping the students and faculty of this school to march into battle alongside me," he said and gestured something to Kate. "Now it's your turn."

The woman moved as swift as a cat and pulled out some odd-looking weapon. Her enhanced marksmanship abilities allowed her to shoot something at each student at the same time. They all yelped, a dart-like object sticking out of their necks. Stiles reached up to pull the item out with a sting.

“What...what is this?” Derek asked, but he was starting to grow loopy. One by one, the students fell to the floor. Stiles was the last to go, giving the teachers one last confused glance before everything turned black.

## Chapter 13

*Stiles drifted in and out of consciousness, only mildly aware of the doctors surrounding him, poking and prodding at his body. It felt like a dream, the voices echoey and the figures blurry. He couldn't put together where he was, but as he slowly revived, it started to come back to him. "Heather," he choked out, his voice struggling to form words. "Where's...Heather?"*

*"Calm down son, it's going to be okay," a nurse said and rested hands on his shoulders.*

*Her refusal to answer his question, however, made Stiles start to panic. An oxygen mask was over his mouth and he ripped it off, raising his voice. "Heather! Where is she?!" A nearby machine started to beep loudly and someone stuck Stiles with a sharp needle. He started to calm down again, his vision growing dark. "Please," he cried.*

*But it was too late. No one gave him an answer, and no one told him what was going on. All Stiles could do was accept unconsciousness again to avoid the immense amount of pain his body was in. His eyelids fluttered closed, his mind only slightly aware of the oxygen mask being placed back onto his face.*

Stiles woke up on a bed. It wasn't his dorm room, though, or any bed he had been in before. It was stiff and small, the room around him pitch black save for an emergency light across the way. Stiles tried to sit up, but then noticed the restrictions tied around him that prevented any movement. He pulled against them, but groaned at an ache in his neck unlike any pain he'd ever felt. It felt like something was buried under his skin.

The quiet noise of shuffling all around him caught Stiles's attention and he blinked his eyes to adjust to the dark light. "Derek?" he asked when he caught the familiar sight of the wolf standing near him. That's when he looked around and noticed everyone in his friend group in the same situation, but they weren't freaking out like him. Their faces were expressionless like robots. "Scott? Lydia?" No one reacted. It wasn't just his friends, though, it was the whole school. Stiles looked around and recognized he was in the basement of the academy.

"What the hell is happening?!" he exclaimed. Everyone was frozen and staring towards him with empty eyes. "Derek." His crying tone caused no flinch in the wolf.

"Good morning, Stiles," Kate's voice came out of the dark and she slowly approached where Stiles was strapped down. She ran a manicured finger down his arm, and he flinched under the touch but couldn't move anywhere.

"What did you do to them?!" he cried.

Kate looked around at the stunned students with a smirk. "Isn't it amazing? It took months of trial and error, but Jennifer and Deucalion finally got the recipe right," she said. "The formula adapts to every Uncommon's power, taking over their mind while still allowing them to use their abilities. They can see, hear, think, but their mind's are overpowered with the urge to serve Peter and I."

Stiles gaped at her. “What?” he sputtered. “Wh-why?”

“Oh come on, Stiles,” it was Peter now, sporting his own matching smug expression as Kate. He leaned over the teen, getting uncomfortably close to his face. Stiles turned his head away as much as he could but Peter’s breath was hot on his cheek. “You saw firsthand what those arrogant dicks in the DUA want to do to us. I’m taking the initiative to finally put a stop to it. After your incident at their warehouse, I can imagine they’re making their way to the school now with every weapon in their arsenal. Everyone here will be my own army to stop them.”

Kate snapped her fingers, and the crowd turned to follow her down a dark hallway in the distance. Stiles tried to get up, but the restraints held him down again. He watched as his friends disappeared one by one, and his heart ached at Derek’s retreating form.

“You, on the other hand,” Peter continued once everyone was gone to Lord knows where. “You were resistant to the injection. I assume it has to do with your unique abilities. I had my suspicions you were an omnikinetic, but now I can see that I was right. How fascinating.” He stared Stiles down like a museum exhibit, then proceeded to grab some nearby wires and needles. He stuck them into Stiles, the teen grimacing at the sharp stings. “These should keep your powers at bay for now. I know how powerful you can be, and I can’t have you stopping me.”

Peter stood back up and started heading down the hall towards where everyone had disappeared through. “Wait!” Stiles screamed and thrashed around. “You can’t leave me here!” The man paid him no attention, though, disappearing from sight completely.

Stiles was alone in a dark basement, things shoved into him like the science experiments he feared from the DUA. Only this time, it was another Uncommon, his own kind, who strapped him down like a rabid animal. He frantically looked around for anything that would help, but nothing was in reach. Stiles tried to close his eyes and use his powers, but the action sent electric shocks through his body that caused him to scream bloody murder. “Shit!” he exclaimed as the wires attached to him buzzed.

Tears started to roll down the teen’s face as he started to lose hope. Derek and his friends were about to be used as weapons against the government and a lot of people were probably going to end up dead. They’d never forgive themselves after they came back and realized what had happened. Stiles had to stop it before things got bloody.

He tried to focus on his powers again, but it was like lifting a thousand pound weight off of his body. Sweat dripped from his forehead, mixing with the tears. He was being electrocuted over and over again and couldn’t move his arms or legs to get the wires off. Stiles let out one more loud cry as he tried to use his abilities again, but it drained so much out of him he started to lose consciousness. His mind started to drift to his dad, how he hadn’t bothered to call the man yet. He thought about Beacon Hills and the life he left behind, about his old friends and Heather. He thought about his new friends and the school, Talia and Deaton’s protectiveness of Stiles, of Derek’s love and care for the teen.

“Derek,” he whispered out into the dark again. He wanted nothing more than to be in the man’s arms, to kiss him over and over again. Stiles knew what he wanted. After that night in

Derek's panic room, he was filled with more questions, but brushing with death told him that Derek was right. Stiles was totally in love with him.

"Stiles," a voice replied, but it didn't sound like Derek. He looked around but his vision was blurry. It reminded him of that dreaded night when Stiles was drugged up and kept away from seeing Heather. She had died in the hospital an hour later without him knowing or ever seeing her again.

He wasn't going to let that happen to Derek.

"Stiles!" the stranger hissed again, then suddenly the needles and wires were being pulled out of his arms. "We need to get out of here."

"Headmaster Hale?" Stiles choked out, just able to make out the woman's face, her defining features that reminded him so much of the man he was missing. "Wh-what are you?"

"No time for that," she said in a hasty tone. A loud sound signaled her claws coming out and she sliced through the restraints in one clean swipe. Talia slowly helped Stiles sit up, eliciting a loud groan from the teen. "We need to go."

With one arm slung over the headmaster's shoulders, Stiles hobbled down the same hallway everyone had gone down. It turned into dark tunnels with exposed pipes dripping water onto the ground. It was cold and dark, just like the room he had been in, but Talia's wolf senses guided them easily.

"What happened to you?" Stiles asked. He hadn't missed the woman's unruly exterior. Mascara and tear stains were smudged down her face, dirt was rubbed on her arms, and her usual formal attire was replaced with a ratty t-shirt and ripped pants.

Talia kept navigating them through tunnel after tunnel. "Peter, Kate, Jennifer, and Deucalion took me by surprise. Whatever science experiment they've been working on took out Deaton and Parrish. I guess my brother wanted a more horrible punishment for me. I was beaten and locked up until I found a loose nail in the wall, picked my way out of some cell down here. Couldn't do it with my claw because they coated it in wolfsbane." She held up her hands to show the burns to prove it.

"So what now?" Stiles coughed. His body was still aching, so Talia set him down for a second so they could both catch their breath. He grimaced as his hand landed in some suspicious looking puddle.

The headmaster sighed and pointed up towards the ceiling. Stiles looked up to see a ladder leading to a hatch. "I can hear them," she said. "The DUA is here, surrounding the school with their weapons. Peter has the students and faculty hidden strategically."

"Goddamn guerilla warfare," Stiles sighed.

"It's going to turn into a bloodbath, Stiles," she said frantically. "You're the only one who can stop them."

“I’m not feeling very powerful right now,” Stiles scoffed, leaning his head back against the wall. He was physically drained, and just the thought of trying to use his powers right now made his head pound.

Talia forced him up again anyways, walking them over to the ladder. “You don’t have a choice,” she said in her stern headmaster voice. “My son is up there, Stiles. I know you two have something special, so I’m begging you to help me stop this and save him. People on both sides are going to get hurt if we don’t.”

It took an unbelievable amount of effort and loud groans for Stiles to make it up the ladder and through the hatch. They came out of a storm drain near the front gates of the school. The sun was setting through the forest, a bright fire on the horizon. It would’ve been beautiful if there wasn’t a full out war about to break out. Talia closed the hatch behind them and they started towards the school, keeping low and out of sight. She let out a shaky cry, though, when she caught sight of a body on the ground.

“Marcos!” the woman yelled and dropped to her knees. The guard was far gone, though, a wound in his chest leaking a mysterious purple gas. “The DUA,” Talia said and gently closed the eyes of her fallen friend. “Come on.”

She quickly composed herself, remaining stoic through the grief, and they ran up the road. Once the pair got close to the school, they stayed low to avoid being seen. Talia was right, the agents were circling the grounds, preparing to go in. Stiles caught sight of the agents who took Isaac, and Dr. Hawes. The guy’s arm was in a sling, but he still barked orders to his men.

Suddenly, there was a loud yell and the agents ran inside. Stiles could already hear gunfire and screams, and assumed it was even worse in Talia’s ears. “Shit,” he muttered.

“You have to gain your strength,” Talia pleaded.

Stiles clenched his eyes shut and tried to focus. “I...I can’t,” he said.

Talia put her hands on the teen’s shoulders and forced him to look her in the eyes. For a second, Stiles’s mind flipped to his own mother. She would do the same thing when he panicked, just kept his tunnel of vision focused on her. He missed having a mother figure in his life, and the care Talia had for him felt good.

“Yes, you can,” she said. “What’s some electric shock to an Uncommon who can manipulate anything down to its molecular level?” She let out a deep sigh, even offering a kind smile. “Think about Derek, Stiles.” It took him by surprise, hearing those words from her, but it helped. The wolf came into his mind, all large muscles and dark scruff; green eyes and broad chest. What really stuck out, though, was how much Derek cared for Stiles. After everything he had endured in the past couple months, nothing made him feel safer and calmer than being with the man. “Think about how he’s in there right now, forced to use his abilities against his will,” Talia continued. “They all are, all of your friends, all of mine. If Derek grounds you and gives you power, think of nothing else.”



So he didn't. Stiles let the overwhelming love he had for Derek Hale take over every nerve and thought in his brain. He stood tall, a newfound strength distracting from the pain. As he headed towards the school, Talia was hot on his trail. The agents who remained outside noticed and started yelling. Guns came up to aim at the teen, but he didn't stop for them. This caused the men to start shooting, but Stiles held his hands up just in time. Every bullet stopped mid-air, suspended with nothing holding them up besides his mind. "What the-" a man started to say, but he was cut off by Stiles lifting his arms, causing every weapon to fall out of the agents' hands. After they were unarmed, the teen sent each individual up into the air and flying backwards. It was a high, a control of his powers Stiles had never felt before.

Once they were cleared, Talia kept pulling him in through the doors. It was a real life battle scene, Uncommons vs Commons, both sides equipped with enough firepower to destroy everything in their path. The only difference was the firepower of the Uncommons was their God-given abilities. There was electricity sent out of kids' hands, some flying through the air, and other smashing down walls. The school was being torn apart. The DUA fought back with enhanced-looking weapons that knocked a teacher out in one blow. A man started running towards Stiles and Talia, but Stiles sent him back with his hand. He felt like he could do anything.

"We need to find Derek," he said and they kept running through the crossfire. Now and then, the headmaster flashed her fangs and let out a roar as she knocked agents unconscious. It was exactly like her son.

The two ran all the way to the gymnasium, Talia tracking Derek down by scent. The wolf was fully shifted into his animal form, leaping onto agent after agent. He wasn't alone. Scott was phasing in and out of invisibility to catch men by surprise. Liam was up in the rafters, coming down to unleash a sonic boom that shook the whole room.

"Derek!" Stiles screamed and ran towards the wolf. He was feral and out of control, though, and turned to Stiles with cold, blue eyes. Stiles held his hands up as Derek slowly stalked forwards towards him. In the blink of an eye. Derek pounced on the teen, taking him by surprise. Stiles was sent sprawling to the floor, fangs snapping at his face. He used his powers to keep Derek back, but the man didn't give up. "Calm down, Derek."

He stared directly into the wolf's eyes, looking for any part of the man he loved. "Come on," Stiles pleaded. "It's me! It's Stiles! Snap out of it, Derek!" The wolf kept lunging at him, and it took energy to hold him back. "Derek..."

Something seemed to click inside of the man at Stiles's pleading tone, and even in animal form, he looked confused. Stiles risked stopping Derek from coming at him, and the wolf saw his opportunity and stood over the boy. It was less violent now, though, and Derek only stared at the teen under him.

"That's it," Stiles said, hopeful it was working. He slowly raised a hand up and ran it through the thick black fur.

Suddenly the wolf started to change. Stiles stared in awe as fur traded for human skin again and the familiar face of human Derek eventually looked down on him besides the previous animal one. "Stiles?" Derek said. "Oh my God, Stiles."

Warm lips pressed against the teen's like they had been deprived of a kiss for years. Stiles grabbed Derek's face in his hands, relishing in the feeling of the man's body laying on top of his. They passionately kissed until reality settled back in. Derek looked around at the fight scene around them and caught sight of his mother watching them with fond eyes.

"Peter," he growled and stood up, helping Stiles to his feet. Stiles couldn't help the blush that rose to his face at Derek's very naked form. The man's discarded clothes were off to the side and he quickly slipped them back on.

A gun cocked nearby and aimed at the pair. Derek wound up to stop the man, but Stiles stepped in first, thrusting a hand towards the agent to knock him down. Derek stared at the teen in shock at the control he had. Stiles couldn't help but smirk, feeling proud of himself for gaining control. All it took was an extremely stressful situation that made him realize how much he had fallen for the man in front of him.

"Oh Derek," Talia came up and hugged her son. It made Stiles happy to see Derek melt into the touch and hug his mother back. They separated, the headmaster turning to the omnikinetic. "This is up to you now, Stiles."

He nodded, knowing the job he had to do. Now that Derek was with him and gripping onto his hand like they were never going to let go of each other again, Stiles had enough strength. He walked into the center of the room, subconsciously blocking any ammo from hitting him. He took multiple deep breaths and dropped to his knees. Stiles put his hands on the floor, feeling every vibration, every atom of the whole building.

As he drew up enough energy, he thought about Heather. He had messed up with her, lost control and taken the life of someone he deeply cared about. Now was his chance to do better by his actions, to start over and save people in a way he couldn't before. An ear-splitting scream released from Stiles's mouth as the building started to shake. He felt the presence of every agent, every student, and every teacher in the whole academy. He felt connected to their minds, to the building blocks of their soul. Derek knelt down in front of Stiles and grabbed his face. It was all Stiles needed, that extra point of contact with the man who grounded him through it all.

Suddenly, everyone around them dropped to the ground, rendered unconscious, save for Derek and Talia. Once he sent one down, they all fell. "Holy shit," Derek smiled and kissed Stiles again. "You did it." The teen collapsed against his chest. Sweat was pouring down his face and his mind hurt, but it was so worth it.

Talia joined them on the ground and hugged both boys tightly. "Thank God," she cried. "It's over."

...

Stiles watched as Peter, Kate, Jennifer, and Deucalion were shoved into the back of large DUA vans. Peter growled at him, and Deucalion tried to smite him with his laser eyes, but the agents had some sort of power-restricting handcuffs that prevented the foursome from using their abilities. Talia had found her brother unconscious like the rest of them. Everyone

besides her and Derek were a victim of Stiles's powers. It had knocked every Uncommon out of their fugue state from the injections.

Stiles stood with his friends, Talia, Parrish, Deaton, and Melissa. It took some explaining as to what had happened, but they were all just happy to be back to normal. The school had lost a few more students and teachers from the fight, the DUA losing even more agents. It was a sad day of grieving, but everyone praised the small victory that the department wasn't continuing their ambush due to the clear evidence they were all manipulated against their will.

"Ms. Hale," Hawes approached the group, eyes set on the headmaster. "We are taking your faculty members to our most secure facility in southern California. Unfortunately, there is still a case against your student here." He gestured to Stiles. "He destroyed a DUA warehouse, and many of my men were injured by your kids breaking and entering. I'm going to have to take Stiles Stilinski with us too."

"What?!" A simultaneous yell came from all of Stiles's friends. They started arguing all at once, confused as to why Stiles was still in trouble.

"You can't take him!" Scott yelled.

"Yeah, he just saved all of our asses!" Theo joined. Everyone agreed, adding in their own reasons.

Talia held up a hand to quiet the group and turned to Hawes with a serious expression. "Please agent," she said in a desperate tone. "He was unstable, yes, but being at this school has brought him control. They're right, he did save everyone here today because of his powers."

Derek stepped forward. "Stiles now has more control in his mind than most of your trigger-happy men do," he argued, intertwining his hand with the teen's. It made Stiles's heart flutter. "Locking him away will do no good. He messed up, but it wasn't his fault, and we only had to go break Isaac out because you took him unlawfully."

"He is right about that." It was Lydia this time. She approached the agent with a smirk on her red lips. "California law under the Uncommons Protection Act states that no Uncommon shall be detained without proper evidence of an inability to control their powers. You merely suspected Isaac was the culprit, when he didn't show you any abilities at all. We could sue you for that. And yes, Stiles caused the earthquake and destroyed your warehouse, but you came in here and shot up our school under the influence of *no* mind controlling serum. An eye for an eye."

It was a great sight to see Dr. Hawes at a struggle for words. He looked back and forth between everyone flustered. "Fine," he finally spat out, and everyone cheered. He shoved a finger in Stiles's face. "I'm putting you on watch, though, kid. If you don't actually have these powers under control, I will be back on these grounds to take you away myself. Let's go!" He turned to his men and motioned for them all to head out.

They watched the large SUVs drive off. Stiles felt so relieved, but also so exhausted. He leaned on Derek's chest and the wolf snaked an arm around his shoulders. As everyone headed inside to clean up Peter's mess and properly mourn their fallen peers, Derek and Stiles hung around for a bit longer outside.

"How'd you do it?" Derek said with a bright smile that lit Stiles up from the inside out. Wow, he was so gone on this man. "How'd you gain so much control?"

Stiles shrugged and stepped closer. Derek rested a hand on the teen's cheek. "I thought of you," he said shyly.

That was all it took for Derek to kiss him hard and passionately again. Stiles's arms wound around the man's neck as their lips molded together perfectly. It was one of the greatest feelings in the world. Stiles felt completely in control now because of the wolf right underneath his fingertips. He never thought he would have such overwhelming love and support after his messed up past, but he was proven wrong.

"Let's go inside," Derek said, a sad smile on his face as they came back to the present. Stiles nodded, allowing himself to be pulled close to Derek's side. The man kissed his forehead lightly, burying his face in Stiles's hair as they walked towards the doors of the academy. Although it hurt Stiles that he let things get so bad a few lives were lost, he knew the school was going to repair itself and get through this because it was a community, a community he was now a part of and never wanted to leave again.

# Chapter 14

## Chapter Notes

Here's the final chapter! I am genuinely so sorry for how long this has taken to come out. I wanted to end it right and wrap up everyone's stories, so I hope I've done it justice. Thank you to everyone who has stuck around this long and made it to the end. All of your kudos and kind comments have motivated me along the way and seriously make my day every time I see them. Enjoy!

Also disclaimer: this chapter has non-graphic sexual content.

*Two weeks later*

“Another goal by McCall! That’s six for the Hale Academy Timberwolves, with the Sully Prep Vikings trailing by three.”

Stiles let out a loud holler from the bench as Scott performed a little victory dance after his goal. They were halfway through the game now, so the referee blew his whistle for both teams to go over to the sideline. “Gather around guys,” Parrish called and started to go over the game plan for the second half.

After Peter was taken away for his conspiracy to overthrow Talia and use the students as his own personal army, Parrish stepped up to be a temporary lacrosse coach. He had played a bit when he attended the academy himself, but the keyword was *temporary*. Scott was coaching the game more than the assistant headmaster, and they were actually doing well after their first two weeks of practices. It was only a scrimmage, but Scott was the top scorer and Theo and Liam were unbeatable on defense. Stiles warmed the bench, which he wasn’t surprised about, but cheered on his friends with a big smile.

“Let’s do the same thing in the second half boys!” Scott cheered and led the team back out onto the field to take their positions. The crowd of students and faculty, both home team and rivals, went crazy and lit up the stands. Stiles couldn’t help but look around and feel overwhelmed with belonging and happiness. Despite the start of his academy career being full of chaos, drama, and danger, it had brought the school together even more. Everyone came up to Stiles now to greet him. He was no longer the new kid.

“Going in soon?” someone said from behind Stiles and forcefully shook his shoulders.

“Dad!” he laughed and brushed the man off. “Go back to the stands.”

“Just want to see my son in his first game,” Noah said with a fond smile and ruffled Stiles’s hair. He complied, though, choosing to go back to his place in the stands sitting in between

Melissa and Lydia. Stiles was happy his dad and Scott's mom had hit it off since meeting at the beginning of the game. They were becoming fast friends like their sons.

"Stilinski! You're in for Thompson on mid," Parrish yelled and hastily gestured for Stiles to come to the halfway line.

Stiles was stunned for a second, not expecting to hear his name called already. "Me?" he double checked. When the man nodded, he quickly scrambled to put his helmet on and grab his stick before running up to where Parrish was. His teammate was running off the field, and Stiles was given a quick shove to get him going.

He ran into the action, adrenaline pumping through his veins. "Go Stiles!" he heard his father cheer from the crowd, and his friends all joined in. Scott gave him a thumbs up nearby as the ball started to shift towards their side of the field. Holy shit, this was happening.

Liam was able to stop the rival team's attack and get the ball, then he threw it straight towards Stiles. Stiles easily caught it, as he was wide open, but now he panicked. "Run!" Scott called, and it snapped the teen out of his daze. He booked it towards the goal, managing to dodge swinging sticks left and right. Stiles ran until he came upon a tower of a man who looked in his thirties and not his teens with how big he was. He wasn't going to get past this dude, so he threw the ball towards Scott, who easily shot it into the back of the net.

"Hell yeah!" Stiles yelled, and his whole team came to knock him and Scott on their helmets and pat them on the backs.

"Yes Stiles!" a familiar voice called from the bleachers, and Stiles turned to see Derek staring at him with a proud grin. It made his insides erupt into butterflies and his cheeks flush red under the helmet.

The game ended with the Hale Academy Timberwolves winning 12 to 4. Scott, Stiles, Theo, and Liam walked over to join their friends and family waiting on the sideline. Scott immediately kissed Isaac on the lips, the guy blushing under the winks and giggles it brought out of the group. Stiles snuggled up against Derek's side, the man's arm coming to sneakily rest on the small of his back. They hadn't really told anyone about them. Stiles didn't even really know what was going on himself. He wanted to date Derek. He wanted to buy him flowers and kiss him all over and hold his hand down the hallway, romancing the shit out of the wolf. Right now it was still just stolen looks, subtle touches, and the occasional hot make out in a supply closet or dorm room when no one else was around.

"I'm going to get home, but good job tonight son," Noah came over and pulled Stiles into a bone-crushing hug.

"Dad, can't breathe," Stiles squeaked out, his airways being blocked by a shoulder. The sheriff laughed and finally let him go.

"Sorry, I know," Noah said and held his hands up. "Can't blame me for being overprotective or over-affectionate after...the incident. You're only still in this school because you're an all powerful omnikinetic who can apparently manipulate literally anything, and therefore saved the day."

Stiles rolled his eyes, but knew his dad was coming from a sensitive place. The sheriff was outraged after hearing about everything that went down at the DUA and the academy in just the one week Stiles had been attending. Noah calmed down a bit when Stiles explained his own role in the matter and that it was his fault, but things were okay now. Still, his father now called almost every single day to check up on him and promised to be at every lacrosse game.

The sheriff headed for the parking lot, Melissa left to tend a player's twisted ankle, and then it was just the group of friends. "I need a shower," Liam groaned and sniffed the inside of his jersey, grimacing at the stench. He turned to Theo with a devilish look in his eyes. "Care to join me?"

If Theo had been drinking something he surely would've choked it up and spat everywhere. His eyes went wide and his cheeks grew dark red, not used to being on the receiving side of the teasing. Stiles had noticed Liam feeding into Theo's ways more often now after they went through everything together.

"Yes," Theo choked, and took two steps forward to crash his lips against Liam's. They kissed quickly, but passionately, still aware of the crowd watching them. That was a new thing too, them kissing and touching, finally able to get out the sexual tension that had been built up for years. Stiles didn't know if they were official yet, but if the loud and inappropriate noises he heard coming from Theo's room the other night were anything to go by, he'd say it was happening pretty soon.

The lovebirds ran off, leaving it down to six. "I'll walk up with you guys before showering," Scott said, laughing at the boys running towards the school.

"Me too," Stiles agreed. "I don't think I want to be anywhere near the showers with them in there together." The friends started up towards the academy, following the other students and faculty celebrating the victory of the game. There was another bonfire in the quad tonight to commemorate the athletic season starting.

"Tell me about it," Malia whined. "I went to the chem lab early a few days ago to get my homework done and walked in on Theo bending Liam over a-"

"Alright!" Lydia squealed and threw her hands over her ears. "I get enough of that picture when I accidentally read their minds!" She visibly shuddered at the thought.

They all laughed, still happy for the pair sort of figuring their shit out. Once they made it into the school, they decided to part ways before the bonfire. Malia and Lydia went towards their room, Lydia claiming she needed to change outfits for the party even though it was already eight at night. Scott hit the locker room, asking Stiles if he was coming with.

"Um, I'll meet you in there," Stiles said. Scott looked between him and Derek and smirked, knowing exactly what was going on. Once he left Isaac caught on too, not wanting to third wheel. He went up to his and Derek's room with a wave goodbye, and then there were two.

"You did great tonight," Derek said and pulled the teen in close by his waist.

Stiles dropped his helmet and stick onto the ground to wind his arms up around the man's neck. "I did alright for a benchwarmer," he said cheekily. "But thank you."

Derek swooped down to catch Stiles's lips into a kiss. Stiles immediately melted into it, parting his mouth to let the wolf in. It was amazing every time he kissed Derek Hale. There were always fireworks ignited in his bones. Eventually they parted, to Stiles's dismay, but Derek's mouth moved to press a light kiss to Stiles's nose, then his cheek, then his neck. The neck really got him weak in the knees, and he just knew Derek sensed the tick in his heartbeat from the man's dark eyes and smirk.

The wolf leaned down close to Stiles's ear, his breath sending shivers down his spine. "Meet me in the panic room after the bonfire," he said in a low, growly voice. Stiles thanked the heavens above the hallway was empty, but was still embarrassed Derek could feel his growing boner poke the man's thigh.

"For what, may I ask?" Stiles said in a sarcastic tone, but he couldn't hide the way his voice cracked. The things this man did to him.

Derek smiled and pressed another bruising kiss to the boy's lips. "Some alone time," Derek said, then he turned Stiles towards the locker room. "But first, shower. You stink."

Stiles headed towards the door with a hurt expression on his face. He held a hand up to his chest and scoffed. "You wound me wolfman," he joked. "Not fair you can be all sexy and seductive one second, then force me to scrub off my natural musk."

"That natural musk isn't getting anywhere near my wolf nose anymore," Derek replied with an eye roll. "Shower, then we can pick up where this left off." He winked and slowly started to back away, not breaking eye contact with Stiles until he had to turn a corner and disappear.

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The bonfire was alive and bumping by the time Stiles walked out into the quad. Students were listening to music, dancing, throwing footballs and frisbees, and making s'mores. Even teachers were gathered in on the fun, joining the kids for games and chit chat. Stiles walked over to his friends sitting across two big picnic blankets. He thanked Liam when he handed Stiles a cold sprite and sat down right next to Derek.

Isaac's head was in Scott's lap, and Theo and Liam were snuggled close. Malia was sitting by herself, eyeing the way Derek's shoulder was brushing against Stiles's. She had confessed her crush to Stiles after the Peter debacle, but admitted she knew him and Derek were getting close. The conversation had ended with both of them smiling and hugging, happy to just be platonic friends. Stiles still noticed her occasional flash of jealousy, though, but it was less now than before.

"Where's Lyds?" Stiles asked, looking around when he saw the redhead was nowhere to be found.

Malia shrugged, maneuvering her mouth around an oozing s'more. "No clue," she replied. "I left before her, said she'd meet us down here. That was an hour ago."



Stiles hummed and tried to distract himself with his drink, but he couldn't help but get worried now when his friends were unaccounted for. "I'm going to go find her, see if she's still getting ready," he said and hopped up onto his feet.

Stiles entered back into the building, which was pretty much empty now. He started towards the girl's wing. If no one was around, they wouldn't get mad at him for just walking over there to check on a friend. As he made his way down the hallway, a noise in the distance caught his attention. He walked closer towards the door it was coming from: Parrish's office. Stiles pressed his ear against the wood, and the sound got louder. It was easily recognizable as loud moaning.

"Holy shit," Stiles caught himself saying once he realized what was happening, and the moaning immediately halted. The door was thrown open and a very scared Parrish stood in the doorway, half naked with pants on, but unbuttoned.

"Stiles?" the assistant headmaster said, his eyes wide with shock and fear. "You...y-you can't-"

The man stopped when Lydia shoved him aside and gaped at Stiles. "Oh god," she said in the middle of buttoning up her blouse.

"What the hell is going on here?" Stiles asked, but couldn't hide the laugh that escaped from his mouth. It came from having no idea how else to react.

"N-nothing," Lydia said. Parrish was just awkwardly staring at the ground, refusing to make eye contact. "Jordan and I were...um..."

"I heard enough of what you were doing," Stiles said. "Since when has this been a thing?"

"Uh..." Lydia said and thought to herself. "It's been off and on for like...six months?"

"*Six months*? Stiles gaped. "This started last school year?"

"Please don't tell anyone," Parrish pleaded and threw on his shirt. He looked like a kid caught with his hand in a cookie jar on the verge of tears. "I know it seems bad, but this is consensual and I'm only 26 and-"

Stiles held up a hand and looked between the pair, still in shock from everything. "I won't," he said, which made them both audibly sigh and relax. "But I'd be a bit more careful next time in a school full of Uncommons. I found you without super hearing or x-ray vision."

Lydia nodded, a guilty look on her face as she finished getting dressed. Stiles left them with another laugh, and headed back towards the barbecue. He couldn't say he was totally surprised with how Lydia talked about the man, but it was still totally weird to see them. He's sure if news got out about them Parrish would have a stern talking from Talia to suffer from. No one wanted that.

Joining his friends again, Stiles tried to keep the flustered look off his face. "Any sign of her?" Scott asked.

Stiles feigned innocence and shook his head. “Nope,” he said, but the look Derek sent him said the man knew it was a lie. He’d explain later.

The night went on, everyone laughing and enjoying themselves. Despite everything the school had been through, they were back stronger than ever. Later into the evening Stiles found his back against Derek’s chest, the man’s arms around him as they sat on the blanket playing dumb games with their friends.

He made grabby hands for his sixth sprite can sitting on the grass just out of reach. Stiles really didn’t want to move out of Derek’s hold. Theo reached to give it to him, but before he could, Stiles straightened his fingers and the can soared through the air and right into his hand.

Stiles sipped his sprite with a smug grin. He had gained even more control over his powers since using them to stop Peter. He still trained with Parrish and Deaton to really master everything he was able to do. Moving small objects came easy (he finally got the spoon), and Stiles was in the middle of elemental manipulation. Because he could control the molecular level of objects, he basically had the power of any other Uncommon in the kinetic family. Parrish was very defensive when Stiles got pyrokinetics down, lighting a piece of paper on fire mid-air.

“Still so cool,” Theo said in awe. “Telekinetics have always been super fascinating, but you’re next level.”

Stiles winked at him and downed the rest of his drink, enjoying the cool liquid slide down his throat while a warm chest pressed against his back. Lydia then chose to join them, her appearance back to properly preened, like she wasn’t just hooking up in the assistant headmaster’s office with said man.

“Finally!” Malia cheered and side hugged her roommate. “The party’s complete.”

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Stiles’s heart was beating out of his chest later that night as he tiptoed down the empty halls of the school. Everyone had gone back to their rooms, some still hanging. He knew Theo and Liam were together, and he gave the room to Scott and Isaac, claiming her had some business to attend to. The lack of Derek present told the pair all they needed to know.

The school was empty at this hour, only the bright moon outside and emergency lights lighting Stiles’s way. It was kind of eerie being in a huge building with no one else around. It was less scary, though, knowing you were an all powerful omnikinetic who could smite anyone on command.

He couldn’t help but look around as he made his way towards Derek’s panic room. The academy was really starting to feel like a home away from home. He still hated homework and studying, but his classes were bearable. They were in a transition period of finding staff members to replace the four teachers who went against everyone.

Stiles walked up to a display case full of trophies, medals, and pictures from past sports of the school. There was so much history to the academy he wanted to learn. It was Derek's history, too, as this was his family's legacy.

A familiar face caught his eye in one picture and Stiles looked closely. It was a picture of the basketball team from a few years ago after they won a conference championship. There, front and center, was none other than Derek Hale. Stiles read the caption underneath: *Senior team captain Derek Hale leads the Hale Academy Timberwolves to victory against the McHenley School Pythons in the 2017 Northern California Uncommons Conference Championship.*

"Senior?" Stiles gawked. He always knew Derek looked a bit older than the rest of them, but apparently the man had been a senior for the past three years.

Stiles gathered himself when a noise down the hallway caught his attention, and he hastily made his way to the room. He didn't even have to knock before Derek was opening the door, pulling him inside, locking it, then kissing Stiles like their lives depended on it. The kiss was hungry and full of want, and Stiles really did want, but he had to get his questions out first.

"Woah there Der," he gently pushed the man back and sat him on the mattress on the floor, and Derek took it as an invitation to pull Stiles down onto his lap to straddle him. It was just like the last time they were in here, dim lighting and the moon shining in. Only this time, Derek had decorated the space with a few candles to set the mood. "I need to ask you something first."

"Shit, am I moving too fast?" Derek paused and panicked, hands coming to rest hesitantly on Stiles's hips.

It was sweet, but Stiles immediately shook his head. "No! No, not at all," he said and pecked the wolf on the lips. "I just...I saw a picture outside. You were the basketball team captain in 2017? As a senior?"

Derek furrowed his eyebrows in confusion for a second, then eventually caught on and his face relaxed, features twisting into a smile. "Oh that," he said. "Yeah, I was. I had some anger issues, mom didn't want me out in the world yet. Also this is my home and where I felt comfortable away from the poking and prodding of Common doctors thinking they can tell an Uncommon how they should act. People think I was held back for hurting a guy."

"That's not true? Oh thank God," Stiles chuckled and smiled sheepishly at the playful glare Derek gave him. "So does that make you...not 18?"

The wolf's face fell and he took his hands off of Stiles. "I'm 21," he said nervously, and seemed to sense the catch in Stiles's breath. "I thought you knew. I...I, um, totally understand if you don't want to do this Stiles. I'm not going to force you especially because you're underage and-"

Stiles cut him off with a bruising kiss, bringing his hands up to cup Derek's face. He separated and pressed their foreheads together. "I want this. I want you," he said, and that's all it took for Derek to reattach their lips and pull Stiles in as close as possible.

They made out passionately with hands roaming everywhere. Stiles's heart was beating a mile a minute, and he knew it had to be loud in Derek's wolf ears. The man kissed and bit at his lips, leaving them plump and red, before moving down to attach his mouth to Stiles's neck. The teen couldn't help but let out a low and drawn out moan, which made Derek's eyes flash blue and his claws pop out for a second. The sharp nails pressing into his back made Stiles jump, and Derek immediately apologized. Stiles didn't mind it though, which he let Derek know by unleashing another dangerous noise. He never thought he'd find animalistic qualities on a man so fucking hot.

"You're perfect," Derek groaned into Stiles's neck, nipping and licking at the skin. There was definitely going to be a mark later, and their friends were going to take every chance to make fun of Stiles for it. Those thoughts were immediately replaced, though, with the happiness filling Stiles's body at the compliment.

One hand came up to thread through Derek's hair as he still went to town on the teen's neck. Stiles's hips started to get into the action too, grinding down into the man's lap. "No, you," Stiles couldn't help but let out with a small laugh. His smartass tone ended in Derek biting down harder, and Stiles nearly screamed.

"Can't be too loud," Derek said, hands roaming until they settled on Stiles's ass and gripped tightly. "Werewolf mom. She'd be pretty pissed to find us in here."

"Don't talk about your mom right now," Stiles said and pulled Derek's head up to kiss him again. He couldn't get enough of the man's lips, and Derek seemed to feel the same. Derek put a hand on Stiles's back to flip him over on the bed, never separating their mouths.

Soon the make out session elevated with shirts and pants coming off, leaving the pair in only their underwear as their bodies twisted together. Stiles was in paradise, his mind fully occupied only with thoughts of Derek. He didn't feel self conscious or afraid, even when Derek's hands softly trailed down his stomach and settled on the waistband of his boxers. The man's fingers left goosebumps in their path, and Stiles nodded, giving Derek the go ahead to completely see him in all his vulnerability.

Once they were both fully naked, their bodies pressed back together completely. If they were standing up, Stiles surely would've collapsed as his knees felt weak. The heavy, but comfortable weight of Derek above him pressed him into the mattress. He was ready for Derek to take him completely. Everywhere the wolf touched, kissed, and licked, set fire to Stiles's skin. It was unlike anything he had ever felt before.

"Fuck, Stiles," Derek groaned out as he grinded down, skin on skin. Stiles met his groan with his own pleading whine. "I want you so badly."

"Take me, fucking take me," Stiles replied and ran his hands down Derek's muscular back. "I'm ready."

Derek leaned up for a second to stare into Stiles's eyes. His orbs were full of so much love and care for the teen. In that moment Stiles knew everything was right. He was totally in love with Derek Hale and wanted to tell the whole world. He gave all of himself to the man, fully and with every inch of his being.

This was exactly where he was supposed to be.

...

“Alright Stiles, just start whenever you’re ready. I can sense your nervousness and hesitation, but this is a safe space,” Deaton said with a friendly smile. Stiles reciprocated it from across the desk, feeling completely comfortable with the man in front of him. Deaton had become a mentor in Stiles’s life, listening to all of his problems with no judgement.

Stiles was finally ready, though, to get into the detail of his life in the past year. He had held onto so much guilt and sadness over what had happened and who he had lost, but he’d slowly been able to accept that it was out of his control.

He had plans to visit Heather’s grave after his therapy session and drop off flowers. It was going to be good to see her, Stiles thought at least. He was ready to apologize to her, something he hadn’t been able to do in the hospital. Heather’s family had had a memorial service after the accident, but Stiles felt too guilty and out of control to attend. This was his chance to make things right.

“I want to talk about her,” he finally replied to the counselor. “I want to talk about everything I did, how I destroyed my dad in the past year and made mistakes. I’m slowly learning to forgive myself for them.”

Deaton beamed and reached across to squeeze Stiles’s hand reassuringly. “That’s good,” Deaton said. “I don’t want you to bottle these things up. I think that was a big part of your lack of control over your abilities. Your mind and heart were heavy, stopping your body from learning how to handle your powers.”

Stiles nodded and wrung his hands together, a nervous tick he could never shake. His life was finally getting together with an amazing group of friends, a closer bond with his dad, caring teachers, and a boyfriend who loved him more than anything. Oh, did he mention that? After his and Derek’s steamy night in the panic room, they had finally settled their label confusion, opting to become boyfriends and share the news to all of their loved ones.

The whole group had been ecstatic, Theo and Liam immediately jumping into planning a “quadruple homosexual date” with them, Scott and Isaac, and Mason and Corey. Lydia was super supportive of course. “About goddamn time,” she had said and gathered Stiles and Derek in for a hug. “I got tired of accidentally slipping into you twos’ thoughts and listening to how badly you wanted to bang each other. I got enough of that with Liam and Theo.”

Even Malia showed her genuine support, finally accepting that she needed to move on. That was done with her immediately hooking up with some random senior who could transform his body into orange goo. (“Totally weird,” she had said when she told them all the details of her wild night. “But he’s mega packing downstairs.”)

Stiles let a fond smile spread on his face as he thought about the people in his life. “You’re much more calm now,” Deaton pointed out. “Are you ready?”

Stiles looked around the room, taking in the motivational quote posters and letters to Deaton from past students. “Yeah, I really am,” he nodded and finally made eye contact with the counselor. “Let me tell you about a girl named Heather.”

## End Notes

Questions, concerns, feedback, and kudos, are greatly appreciated.

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