

The Only One left

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The Only One left

by [ExcaliburStuckInMyStoneHeart](#)

Summary

Everyone was dead. Only one person left. The human. The weak one. The one that should've died first.

But no. Everyone wanted to protect him. So now he was alone.

But he wasn't gonna give up so easily. He would fix it even if he died trying.

Notes

Okay so please stop and read the tags.

It's not a happy story at first.

It's sad and if suicide bothers you please don't read.

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

The End? Or Is it The Beginning?

Chapter Summary

Stiles does a spell. Is it going to work? Stiles has no clue but he's out of options with Eichen House on his back.

Chapter Notes

{EDIT: 12/28/2020}

Just cleaning up my style and small grammar errors.

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

It's been a week since everyone had passed. Stiles was about to be put back in Eichen House.

They had said because they were afraid he'd take his own life, which was definitely a thought that had crossed through Stiles' mind *more than once*. But he wasn't going back there, *never again!* Not after what they did to Lydia.

So that day, Stiles got out of bed and pushed his emotions back, deep into the recesses of his mind. He only focused on one single thing. **Get his friends back.**

Now there was no easy way for this to happen. But there were quite a few ways to do this. One is to make a terrible deal with a nasty monster. Or trying his hand at witchcraft to find a magical solution. And last but not least, time travel, back in time obviously, as the present was already shit.

All these options had downsides; they were dangerous and unpredictable. But nothing was going to be as bad as what he was feeling right now.

After some deliberation, Stiles made up his mind and set about gathering ingredients.

He went to Deaton's to scavenge for ingredients as there was no one there. It was now empty like everything else in Stiles' life.

Stiles only took what he needed from the clinic. If things worked like Stiles had hoped they would, he wouldn't need to worry about anything else *after* today.

The form in which he decided he was going to fix things was time travel. It apparently wasn't as impossible as one would think. But still extremely hard to do. It had many downsides, like never returning to your own time or dying if it failed. But those were things Stiles was okay with. He'd already given up on his current time anyway.

Stiles took his battered up jeep and drove it into the preserve; he went off the trail as far as the jeep could take him. Eventually had to abandon it. Stiles patted the hood one last time for good measure and grabbed a duffle bag inside his trunk, and kept heading into the dense forest before him.

He kept going without stopping until he reached the Nemeton. It looked as big and creepy as the last time he saw it. But Stiles trudged on and came to a halt at the base. He needed powerful magic for this to work. And even though he has a spark or whatever Deaton had said it was, Stiles made sure to get an extra push by using the Nemeton as a conductor.

Stiles took out a large bowl from the bag he placed it on the center of the Nemeton. He then added the necessary ingredients for the spell. The last ingredient, which was more for the Nemeton than the actual time-traveling spell. It was his own blood... and the instructions said it would be better to use a lot of it.

.....So he slit his wrist.

Stiles knows that he probably could've done it somewhere else, could have been safer about it. But if this failed, Stiles didn't really want to come back here. To this state of being numb and empty.

As he watched the blood pour into the bowl, he started to chant, closing his eyes to focus.

Tolle quod tuum cibus et sanguis et utuntur. Omnes rapiunt illud. Suscipe me, et tempus pacis. A diebus coram me est. Uti diximus propter magnitudinem ductum. Hoc corpus percurrat tempore quo me figere omne malum.

After finishing, he slowly opened his eyes, and **nothing happened**. Stiles waited for a beat, and..... **nothing happened**.

He failed.

The moment he realized that *this* was it. He picked up the knife again and cut his other wrist.

Stiles silently cried as his mind slowly faded into nothingness.

It gets better.

P.S. The Latin is off of google translate and It basically says take my blood and my everything. To let me travel in time and fix all the wrongs. Kind of. It was more complex the first time I wrote it but I closed the tab so I don't exactly know what I typed. But that was the gist of it.

Waking Up

Chapter Summary

Stiles did it. He didn't fail.

Chapter Notes

So I'm back with more.

Enjoy.

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

It felt like eons before his senses came back to him. It was all sluggish at first. He couldn't move. He could only hear the sound of a forest. He heard the wind blowing the dead leaves through the air. He heard the birds singing like something out of a fairy tale. Next function of his body to adjust was the nose. He could smell that wet forest smell. That smell wafted up from the forest's floor. Next was his eyes. He had to squint at first. It looked to be dawn. Maybe? It was definitely early morning. He was in fact in a forest. It was beautiful. Everything looked unreal. Especially that giant tree. Which he was lying beneath. He could slowly move at first. Then he worked his way up into a sitting position. Everything around him looked so surreal. He assumes the spell worked. But for the Nemeton to look like this. How far.

It's been one hour. Since he came to this new time. The air was fresher. The greens were greener. Everything was just vibrant. He looked around to try to see anything that was the same. But nothing looked familiar. He decided to head into town. He went under his own name. Of course, he dropped the Stilinski. If he wasn't too far back his dad could still be here. So no need to cause unnecessary problems. He headed to the diner. That he hoped was still there. Or was built. And it was. It looked newer. More fresh. Like it had been built recently. He walked in. And sat in a booth. He reached into his pants pocket and drew out his wallet. Which still had money. He had missed meals. Well, he didn't even try to eat before. He couldn't. He'd throw it all up anyway. But he needed fuel. If he was to change anything.

He ordered a hamburger and a side of curly fries. He ate it gingerly. Trying not to puke. He asked the waitress if she could bring him a newspaper. Halfway through the meal, she brought the paper.

“Here you go, sir.” She said smiling. Stiles looked up.

“Thank you.” He started to grab some money out of his pocket. To pay for it. But she waved it away. So he smiled again. Once she was gone he checked the date. It read, January 5, 2006. Ok, he traveled at least still in his time. Wait, 2006. Something happened in 2006. He tried to remember. What happened. It was before he knew about the supernatural. So... Oh... The Hale fire. Crap. It also happened in January. But January 28. So he had time. Maybe he had to stop the Hale fire. It made sense. Without the Hale fire. Scott would never have gotten bit. Because Peter would never have been the Alpha. And a plus would be that the Hale family would still be alive.

He finished his food. As best as he could at least. Then he left the diner. He needs to warn the Hales. But that was a hard thing to do without revealing everything. So he needed to come up with a plan. He sat down on a bench somewhere on the side of the road and just thought. He needed to meet with them personally. Preferably not the Alpha. Maybe with someone he knew. He thought of Derek at first, but at this point, he trusted Kate too much. Cora would be too young. He never really meets Laura. Except for her dead body. So Peter was the only choice. At least he wasn't a psychopath at this point. At least he hoped that the fire was the main cause of that development in character.

After some deliberation. He had decided to send Peter a letter with a time and a place. He thought it would probably interest Peter enough to come. He stopped by a store. He bought some paper and an envelope. He wrote on the paper:

Dear Peter Hale,

I have some information that would benefit you and your family. If you would like to hear it come to 40.735801, -122.338670. January 6. At 7:00 pm. Come alone.

He left coordinates in the preserve. Because at a more public place the conversation could've been overheard by hunters. The coordinates were far enough from the Hale house that he wouldn't be found by accident. He handed the letter to a postman that was just leaving the post office to deliver the mail. And headed to Deaton's. But he didn't go in. He knew Deaton was the Hale packs emissary. And he didn't trust Deaton normally. So yeah no. He was about to close up anyway. Judging by the sign on his door. He waited for a half an hour. Before Deaton locked the door. He locked the front of the shop and got into his car and left. Stiles wait a bit longer just in case. But no one came. So he went to the door. He looked around once more. And after he was sure nobody was there. He unlocked the door. He knew how to unlock things since he was little. His dad had thought locking things up would keep things from Stiles' grubby little fingers. But after a while, he learned to unlock the locks and doors. So it was pointless.

After unlocking the door he walked straight past the Mountain Ash barrier. And headed to the cabinet that used to hold the supernatural stuff. Back in his time. And apparently in this time too. He grabbed some gloves and opened the jars and took a little bit of all the useful things. He placed it all back how he found it. He searched for cameras just in case. But found none. Stiles then moved to the drug cabinet. He grabbed a few things and made a bit of a mess. He was doing this to distract from his other stealings. He left the cabinet open and turned on a small lamp. And moved some needles around. He made it look like someone had come to steal some drugs. He then opened one of the more potent bottles and left it open on the table. To erase his sent as best as he could. And he quickly got out. He didn't lock the door. To make it more believable.

He went to a hotel after that. And slept for the night. He didn't like sleeping. The nightmares were the worst. Their deaths would just be on replay. Over and over. And always before he woke up he would be standing all alone. That was the worst part because even when he woke up, it'd seem like the nightmare never ended. Because he was still all alone.

He slept until late in the afternoon. He got lunch at 2:30 pm. And used up the rest of his money. He heard some workers at the diner talking about how some druggies broke into the animal clinic and stole a bunch of drugs. He sighed. Good, they bought the story. He asked to wrap up the food and quickly headed to the preserve. He dumped the food after realizing Peter would probably smell it. If he came. He hoped he did.

He got to the coordinates and started to set up. He made a few safe places. Near trees, he would make a circle of mountain ash. So if things went south he could go in them and at least

have an advantage. He blocked his sent by opening the other bottles of drugs and placing them around the clearing. Peter would easily be able to know where he was but a harder time pinpointing where exactly in the scent of drugs. He finished it all by 5:00 pm. So he sat back in one of his circles and waited. He was looking at his watching and keeping an ear out.

Chapter End Notes

Did you like it? Tell me.

How Peter Got The Letter

Chapter Summary

So this is Peter's POV of how the 2 days went.

Chapter Notes

Two chapters in one day. I'm on a role.

Whatever Hope you Enjoyed.

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

It was January 5. And Peter's day started out like it normally did. He woke up in his house. He could hear the sounds of others waking up. It was a school day so he could hear the kids around the house grumbling. He laughed. It was the same every school day. Peter didn't envy them. He was glad he was long done. He still went there and checked up on his favorite nephew Derek, Or went there to just annoy him sometimes. But he had to go to work today. He worked at a law firm. Just on the edge of Beacon Hills. He got ready. He was wearing a sharp cut gray suit. That fits him perfectly. In every way. After he made sure he looked good before he left his room and headed to the main room. The kids were eating food. Very sloppily. If it wasn't so disgusting they would look cute. He grabbed a plate and sat next to Talia. She nodded to him. He returned the gesture. And ate his food.

Once he was done. He packed up his suitcase and grabbed his keys. He headed toward the door.

"Whoever wants a ride to school I'm leaving now." He said leaving the house. He smirked as he heard kids tripping and grabbing their things trying to get to the door as fast as they could. Apparently, all 3 of Talia's children tried to leave at the same time and fell in a heap at the front door. Peter was straight up laughing at them now. Derek and Laura started to growl at each other. It was hilarious. Until Derek flashed his eyes and Laura did as well. Then Cora's claws came out. She didn't have full control yet. Peter stopped laughing when they all heard a low growl. And then a voice,

“Peter, Hurry and take them to school. Derek and Laura. Control yourself. Cora put your claws away.” Talia growled from the table she had been sitting at the whole morning.

Peter sighed.

“You ruin all the fun, Talia.” He got a louder growl in return.

“Ok ok. Come on kids lets go.” He said as he slid into his car. The kids scrambled to get the front seat. Laura won. And then Peter drove them all toward school. Cora got dropped off first. Her school was closer than the high school. She waved and ran to join up with two other girls. Derek and Laura went to the same high school so they were next. When he dropped them off, Derek didn’t even say goodbye and just hurried to school. Laura left but said goodbye to Peter.

Peter sighed. He didn’t understand Derek sometimes. Whatever he had to work today. So he headed in the direction of His law firm. He was the manager or boss at the firm. So he could come in late and not be bothered. He normally did high paying jobs. Or he would represent his family. But today just consisted of office work. It was a truly slow day. Until about closing time. One of his secretaries came in and handed him a letter. It had no address or any return address. But his name was clearly printed on the front. His secretary said that someone gave this letter to the postman but was gone before the man had seen that the letter didn’t have a sender address. But that the man had delivered mail here under his name before. So that's how Peter was now sitting in his chair with this mystery envelope. He smelled it. He had smelt this scent before. In Beacon Hills but it was different. Weird. He made sure there were no harmful things inside the envelope. Before opening it. There was a single sheet of paper in it. With a handwritten note. It said to go somewhere in the preserve and to come alone. He wasn’t stupid. But he was curious about whatever information this person had on his family. It said to go there tomorrow. So on his way home, he passed by it. And stopped the car if there was anyone shady. Or shadier than they already seemed. They would be camping the place out. But he walked around and didn’t smell any scents. Not even the scent from the envelope. Just the normal forest smell. He did a quick check of the area just in case someone was blocking his smell. But there really was no one.

So he decided. They probably wouldn’t show until tomorrow. And headed home. He didn’t say anything to anyone. If they contacted him they probably wanted to avoid the rest of his family. And he didn’t want to endanger anyone if this was a trap. So he decided to go. So he went to sleep. If he did it with one ear always listening no one would blame him.

He woke up the next morning quite early he had a case today. He really wanted to check the preserve again but he'd just go there an hour early. Because if this was a prank he would be angry. He went to work without taking the kids. Talia's husband could do that today. He quietly said goodbye to Talia. And got in his car and drove to work.

The day went by fairly quickly. And in no time at all, it was 4:00 pm. He told his office he had an appointment he needed to get to. And he drove to the preserve. He wanted to get there early but he arrived at 6:00 pm on the dot. He got out of the car and headed into the preserve. He headed straight for the coordinates. As he got closer he smelt something. It was a really strong odor. It made him hold his nose for a second. It was a mix of chemicals. Drugs. None of them were harmful. But they surrounded the clearing he checked out yesterday. He heard one heartbeat. So the person who sent him the letter had come. He walked into the middle of the clearing and saw a figure hiding in the shade of a tree. The person looked no older than Derek or maybe Laura. He decided to make his presence known.

"Hello," Peter said loud enough to be heard from his distance. The boy started. And looked at Peter. He slowly got up but didn't move.

"Hi. Peter."

Chapter End Notes

How was this chapter?

Peter's A Nice Guy

Chapter Summary

Stiles tells Peter about the fire. And Peter's really nice.

Stiles had woken up to someone saying hello. He looked up and saw a slightly younger version of Peter. He responded. And Peter had given him a weird look.

“You seem to know my name. Can I know yours?” Peter said giving Stiles a fake smile as he walked closer. Stiles sighed and said.

“My name is Stiles.” Peter stopped about a 5 feet before Stiles.

“So Stiles was it. You said you have something to tell me.” Peter was watching the boy closely. It seemed he wasn’t a hunter. But he had an idea of what Peter was. By how he tried to mask his smell. But how much did the boy know?

“Right. Uh... I can’t tell you how I got this information but I know for certain it will happen.” Stiles said. The boy wasn’t lying so far.

“Right well out with it,” Peter said getting tired of Stiles trying to stall.

“Ok. Derek your nephew he's in trouble. Well, your whole family actually.” Peter growled low in his throat and took one step forward.

“Hey don’t get mad at me I’m trying to help,” Stiles said standing his ground. Since he was still in the mountain ash circle.

“What kind of trouble?” Peter said.

“Right so, There’s a teacher in Derek’s school. She’s not a teacher. She’s a hunter.” Stiles said quickly. Peter was mad. How did they let a hunter go unnoticed in the school? And why was Derek so stupid sometimes.

“Thanks for the information,” Peter said as he went to leave.

“Wait!” Stiles said as he took a step toward Peter. “That’s not the problem. Well, it's the start of it I guess.” Stiles said lost in thought.

“Really I think a hunter at school with some of *my* family members is a problem,” Peter said turning to face Stiles again.

“No, you're right but the hunter isn't only targeting Derek. You're having a family gathering at the end of the month right?” Stiles said to Peter trying to get confirmation.

“Yes. Why?” Peter said wondering how the boy could know so much about his family.

“Because Derek told the hunter. That's when she'll go after your family.” Stiles said. Then his voice changed and he said solemnly.

“She's going to trap you all in there with mountain ash and set your house on fire. You're all going to burn.” Stiles was sick. He couldn't imagine watching everyone die. Wait. Yeah, he could. It had happened to him.

Peter was stunned, disgusted, disturbed. All these emotions swimming in his head imaging what the boy had just told him.

“How do you know?” Peter said looking at Stiles.

“I said I can't say. Just it's the truth and please believe me. The hunter's name is Kate Argent. She's a teacher at Beacon Hills high school.” Stiles said trying to draw Peter away from asking him things he couldn't answer.

“Argent? You mean that hunter family that we have a deal with.” Peter said.

“Uh yeah. Chris Argent is not a bad dude. But I can't say anything for the rest of them.” Peter hummed that he heard.

“So why did you come to me with this information. Why not go to someone else.” Stiles got what Peter was saying.

“You mean why didn't I go to your Alpha Talia Hale.” Peter was surprised Stiles knew who the Alpha was and by name. He nodded his head.

“Well, she seems intimidating. And I've never got the chance to meet her.” Stiles said truthfully.

“So we've met before?” Peter said catching the boys slip up. Crap.

“Uh yeah. But you wouldn't remember it's fine.” Stiles said looking anywhere but Peter.

“Well thank you for this helpful insight into what has been happening to my family. But it seems I have a busy schedule this month.” Peter said to Stiles sincerely. Hoping that what the boy said was wrong. They didn't need a war with the Argents.

“Uh right.” Stiles didn’t know what he was going to do now. He ran out of money earlier. And he only got the hotel for one night. He was screwed.

“Bye Peter.” Stiles half waved.

Peter was going to leave it but the worry coming from the boy was disconcerting.

“What’s wrong with you?” Peter said turning around to look at Stiles.

“What nothing.” Stiles lied.

“Right. You smell like worry you know.” Peter said giving Stiles a look that said he didn’t buy his bullshit.

“Oh. It’s nothing.” Stiles said kind of weirded out by Peter’s kindness.

“If this turns out to be true my family owes you one. So what's wrong.” Peter said about to leave it alone.

“It's just I was wondering what I was gonna do. I didn’t bring any money with me. And I ran out earlier today. And so I have nowhere to go really.” Stiles said kind of embarrassed he didn’t bring anything with him.

“So you have nowhere to go and no money. What about your family?” Right after Peter asked the question he knew it wasn’t a good one. By the smell of sadness spreading through the air.

“I don’t have any. Not anymore.” Stiles said completely void of anything.

“Right. I’m sure you could stay at the house for a bit. It’s not like we have to hide anything. You seem to know what my family is.” Peter said. Stiles looked up at his face.

“Are you sure? You don’t have to. I wasn’t trying to ask you for a favor or anything I just wanted you to know.” Stiles word vomited.

“Yeah, I’m sure. Come on I have my car parked on the road.” Peter said walking away. Stiles nodded and ran to catch up.

On the ride to the Hale house. Peter turned to Stiles.

"Is your stuff at the hotel. Do you need to get it." Stiles' face was a complete blank.

“What stuff?” He was confused.

“You know. Clothes personal stuff.” Oh.

“I don’t have anything,” Stiles said looking down.

“Right,” Peter said as he kept driving.

They arrived at the house in 10 minutes. Peter got out of the car and looked at his watch. He was talking to Stiles longer than he thought. It was already 9:00 pm. They had talked for 3 hours. Stiles also got out of the car. They walked to the door.

“Are you sure I could stay?” Stiles asked suddenly nervous.

“Yes. If not I’ll get you a hotel. Okay?” He said trying to calm the boy down.

“Kay.” Peter entered the house with Stiles right behind him. Stiles was in awe. He’s been in the burnt-out Hale house plenty of times. But damn. This place was amazing. It was also bigger than he thought.

They entered the dining room. There were a few people sitting there. One was Derek. As a kid though. The other was Laura. She looked better this time around. And Cora. She looked similar just younger. At the head of the table, he assumed it was Talia. He’d never meet her. But he heard enough from Peter and Derek.

As soon as they noticed Stiles everyone went quiet. It was awkward. Stiles chose this was not the time for him to speak.

“Talia, We have to talk privately.” She nodded but didn’t move.

“Aren’t you going to introduce us to your friend.” She gave a polite smile to Stiles.

“Right. This is Stiles. He’s gonna stay here for a bit.” The kids all looked at Stiles then their uncle. The major thought going through their heads were, why would a human they’d never met stay here? Peter saw their faces.

“He knows what we are.” He sighed. Talia now looked at Stiles more closely. It unnerved him a bit.

“Talia you’ll understand. We should talk now though.” Peter wanted to make sure the real problem was dealt with. Sure Stiles was lying about something but he could deal with that later.

“Okay. Stiles are you hungry?” She said getting up.

“No,” Stiles said. He was but he felt out of place here.

“You know you can’t lie to our kind. Derek makes him up a plate.” She said as she walked with Peter out of the room. Derek made Stiles food and they ate in silence.

The Talk And Stiles' Realization

Chapter Summary

Peter and Talia talk about the information Stiles had given them and figure out what to do. While Stiles lets his mind wander to bad places.

Chapter Notes

I'm sorry it got dark again. I don't know I just write what comes to my mind. And this is the result. It gets better at the end. But alas this isn't the end.

In a soundproof office room. They had made so that they could have private conversations. Without the prying ears of the other family members. Peter sat in a chair across from Talia.

“So what’s up with the boy?” Talia asks Peter.

“So the boy Stiles he had sent me a letter to come meet him all alone in the woods yesterday.” Peter was saying when Talia paused him.

“And you went along. It could have been a trap.” She was a little angry.

“I’m not stupid Talia. I figured it could be a trap. So I checked it out the night before. But there were no signs of anyone so I went.” Peter sighed.

“So what did he have to say.” Peter's face grew reluctant.

“He said that there was a hunter at Derek and Laura’s school. And that she was tricking Derek into giving her information.” He paused to let that sink in before he brought out the real problem.

Talia stood up angrily.

“How do they let, some random psycho into the school. I’m going to have a word with the school board.” Talia said already planning on what to do next.

“Talía,” Peter said to bring her back to the conversation.

“That’s not all he told me.” Talía looked at him.

“There’s more?” She said.

“Yeah. I don’t know how he knows this but he said that the day we have the family get together the hunters are gonna strike and take us out. He said we’d all die.” Peter was angry and scared deep down of losing all his family.

Talía stood to her full height.

“What Hunter’s?” Peter looked her in the eye.

“The Argents. He said that they were all crazy. Except for Chris Argent.” Peter said exactly what Stiles had said earlier.

“So he knows the hunters. Do you think that’s how he came by this information?” Talía asked Peter.

“I don’t know he could be. That could be how he knew to mask his scent when I saw him. All I smelt was drugs.” Talía tilted her head in thought.

“Drugs? Are you sure?” She asks Peter.

“Yeah. Not harmful. But I don’t know how he got them.” Hmmm.

“Well Deaton said he was broken into this morning, He said someone raided his drug cabinet and his other cabinet. And the person had also masked their scent with drugs.” Peter looked thoughtful.

“You think it was the boy. How would he know where to go in Deaton’s and to mask his scent in there?” Talía shook her head.

“I don’t know. But the boy is definitely not telling us everything.” Peter laughed.

“You think. He’s obviously lying about a lot. But if he’s right about what’s going to happen we owe him. Hence me letting him stay here.” Talía looked to be in deep thought. Peter also was wondering what to do next. And what to do with Stiles.

Out in the other room. Stiles was silently eating. He could tell all eyes in the room were on him. He felt out of place. He was in his home and he had friends here. Derek, Cora, Deaton and even Peter. But they weren’t his friends. They were younger, And they didn’t know Stiles. He felt like he didn’t belong. He was sad. Because he knew he couldn’t go back. There

wasn't anything to go back to. He had no friends no family. He had Nothing. He was pretending in this time. Just telling lies to gain trust and make a good future for his friends and his past self. But he was an anomaly. He didn't belong. He would have to leave sooner or later. He couldn't stay here.

Once Talia and Peter left the room. And they walked back into the dining room where they left Stiles and the kids. The smell of sadness hit them hard. And it was all was coming from Stiles.

"Stiles whats wrong?" Peter asked wondering what had happened since they went to talk. Stiles looked up at Peter. He looked one second away from crying.

"Nothing. I just think I should leave. I just can't be here. I'm sorry." Stiles got up and walked out of the house with tears wetting his cheeks. He realized that even though he helped save the Hales from the fire and probably saved all his friends from going through all the bad shit that would happen to them. He would never get *his* friends back. And he was truly all alone. Even now.

Stiles' Sadness Runs Deep

Chapter Summary

Stiles leaves the house only for Peter to find him. Some truths about Stiles past comes to life. And Peter doesn't understand what's gotten over him.

Chapter Notes

I'm on a roll. I updated 2 stories today. Yay. I feel accomplished.

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

Peter watched the boy leave. He didn't understand what happened. He turned to Talia. But she shook her head. She didn't understand either. Peter left the house and followed Stiles into the preserve. The scent of sadness was clinging to Stiles. Peter didn't understand things were going so well. He knew the boy had lost some family. It must have been recent. He finally caught up to Stiles. He was sitting by a tree. Silently crying. He had curled himself into a ball to make himself as small as possible. Peter slowly got closer. But made sure not to scare Stiles. This kid made him feel weird. Like a protectiveness. Like he was his pack. But he knew he wasn't. And it was weirding Peter out in general. He'd ask about it some other time. He focused on Stiles right now.

"Hey, Stiles. What happened?" Stiles looked up. His eyes were red and puffy and there were tears sliding down his face. His face was the definition of miserable.

"I-It's never gonna be the same." Stiles started to cry again.

"You're all alive but so different. You'll never be my pack again." Peter had no idea what Stiles was talking about. Had the kid been part of a pack? Did he lose his pack? Was that why he was helping Peter. Stiles whispered something. Peter almost didn't catch it.

"I'm all alone. Forever." And after that Stiles had passed out. Probably from exhaustion.

Peter picked him up bridal style and brought him back to the house. Talia saw the kid in Peter's arms.

"What happened?" Peter sighed.

"I think he was part of a pack." Talia was intrigued.

"Why do you say?" Peter looked at Stiles' face.

"He said some weird things. First, he said his pack was gone. Which I thought meant they died" He said solemnly.

"But then he said that they were all alive but different." Peter didn't understand. Talia hadn't heard of another pack that was close to here. She owned most of the territory surrounding Beacon County.

"We'll question him a bit when he wakes. But for now, let him sleep in the guest room." Peter started to take Stiles upstairs. But Talia called out to him again.

"Peter." He turned to face her.

"Come back down we have a lot to discuss the other thing. Your friend told us about." Peter nodded his head. And continued up the stairs. Talia's 3 children were sitting there staring at their uncle going up the stairs and the boy in his arm.

"Alright." They all jumped in their chairs a bit. They faced their mother.

"Time for bed." They all nodded. But didn't move.

"GO NOW!" She said louder. They scrambled up the stairs. All wondering. What was going on? And what was a Stiles'?

Chapter End Notes

How was it?

I'm Sorry

Chapter Summary

Stiles can't be left to his own thoughts. They always take the wrong turn. And Talia has some questions that Stiles tries to answer.

Chapter Notes

It gets dark again. Hence the title. I do apologize. I bring back things from part one. of this series. And it gets sad. Poor Stiles.

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

Stiles hated sleep. Especially since he learned about the supernatural. The nightmares didn't start there but they definitely got worse. At first, they were of his mom. She would scream at him and tell him so many hurtful things. He had those nightmares for a while. Then he had nightmares of Peter. Him in his twisted grotesque Alpha form. Chasing him through the woods. And Stiles always being too slow. Then he had nightmares of Gerard. And what happened in his basement replaying over and over. Then his dad being taken by the Darach. And of course, the hell that was the Nogitsune. All the fucked up nightmares that added to his ever-growing list. His father dying set his soul on fire. He was the only one who held him up and then he left Stiles. Then Scott. It was his fault Scott got dragged in and it made it his fault when he died. Lydia dying broke his heart. He loved her so much but he knew the feelings would never be returned. Derek's death hit him hard. Even though they fought on everything they were close. After Liam died he lost all that Scott left behind. Malia's death was harder than most. She was his anchor as much as he was hers. Even though the Peter in his time was a devious man. His death played in Stiles nightmares. And now he could never escape them. Even when he woke. He was alone. Even though he went back in time and is fixing the world order. Things will never be the same. He'll never see his friends again. And that was the worst nightmare of them all.

When Stiles woke he was exhausted. His eyes were puffy and he had a headache. He wasn't sure where he was for a second. Obviously a bedroom. But not his or any he's ever been in.

There was a slight knock on the door. It was quiet but Stiles still jumped a bit. He did a quick finger check. And said

“Yes?” In question. Peter walked in.

“There's food downstairs.” Stiles nodded. But he wasn't hungry.

“We'd like to ask you some questions as well.” Peter was trying to be sensitive. It was new to Stiles. His Peter wasn't like this. It was basically evil and sass. He kinda missed it. Especially there back and forth. It was good times.

“That's fine.” Stiles slowly got himself out of the bed. And followed Peter out of the room. As they walked Stiles took in his surroundings. It was definitely the Hale house. But it was more than he imagined. It had a real homey feel to it. There were many pictures of Talia's kids on the wall. They eventually got into the dining room and Peter gave Stiles a plate full of food. Stiles took a seat. He started to move his food around his plate. Talia watched him closely.

“So Stiles.” Stiles looked up.

“Yeah?” He asked a little startled.

“I appreciate that you shared this information with us. But I'm curious how you came across it?” Stiles looked at Peter.

“I said I couldn't explain it.” Talia nodded

“That's fine.” She said as to placate Stiles.

“How do you know the Argents?” Stiles face turned angry at remembering Kate and scared at Gerard. But then sad because of Allison.

“I've been in contact with their family a few times.” He would answer Talia's questions but it didn't mean he had to give good answers.

“I see. How do you know so much about my family?” Talia straightened a bit more. This was a hard question to answer. All that he learned about the Hale family was from the remaining family in his time and computer research.

“I can't answer that either.” Stiles scratched his head and looked at the table.

“Fine. Did you come from another pack?” Stiles looked at Talia again.

“Yes.” She nodded.

“Who was the Alpha?” Stiles' lips thinned.

“I can't say.” Talia sighed.

“Are they making you not tell us?” Stiles shook his head.

“No, I just can’t tell you.” Talia hummed. She turned to Peter and asked turning back.

“Did you raid the vet?” Stiles looks sheepish.

“Uh yeah. My bad. I was trying to hide my scent. Tell Deaton I’m sorry.” Talia tilted her head. Very animal-like.

“You know Deaton?” Crap.

“Uh... Yes, but he wouldn’t remember me.” She nodded.

“You have no belongings are you not from here?” Stiles thinks about telling a lie but ops for the truth.

“No. I lived here my whole life. I just have nothing left.” Stiles face changed. Talia stood.

“Thank you for answering my questions. I may have more for you later but you're allowed to stay as long as you like.” Stiles got up as well.

“Thank you, Alpha Hale. I was thinking of going for a walk through town to clear my head excuse me.” Stiles politely half bowed and left.

Chapter End Notes

So was it as sad for you as it was for me?

Mom

Chapter Summary

Peter and Talia decide what to do with the psychotic child molester. (Kate if you couldn't tell)

Stiles goes on an adventure, (I thought adventures were supposed to be fun though)

And who could that hand belong too?

Chapter Notes

Yes, I've been away. Sorry really. But I'm back and I bring the tears with me. For some reason whenever I feel the need to right stiles in this story he always goes to a bad place sorry.

But enjoy!!!!!!

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

~Peters pov~

Stiles just left again. He seems to do that, a lot. Stiles was a mystery. He came from practically nowhere and he knew so much. If what he said was true things were going to get bad. Really bad. I turned to Talia, she looked contemplative. Which I didn't blame her there's a lot of information to take in.

I see Talia stand and clap her hands together like she's made up her mind. She heads to her office and says,

“Peter we have things to discuss in private. Let's talk shall we.” I get up to follow. I glance at the door before I completely lose sight of it.

Once we're seated in her office she sits in her chair and leans on her elbow.

"So what should we start with?" I ask her since I know where this meeting is leading. She sighs, then straightens up.

"First we get that psycho away from Derek. And we make sure she stays far away!" Talia growls, slightly sleeping with her control thinking about that Argent is hurting Derek. I think she's right of course, however,

"Maybe we should let her be." Talia's eyes glow an iridescent red. Okay, maybe wrong choice of words.

"You think I should let this all play out are you insane." Talia actually stands like she's about to rip my face off. I raise myself from the chair and back up.

"No. No, Listen, Talia, I just meant if your planning on killing her right now then do it. I won't stop you. However, if your thinking of arresting her, Why just let her get off with just sexual abuse when we can get her locked up for good on conspiracy to commit murder. If we just get some facts we could put her away for life." Talia calmed down and looked to be thinking over my words. She looks me in the eye.

"I understand what you're saying but we don't have the time to, research these things." She sighed. Oh yeah, Stiles said *it* was going to happen at the end of the month. I shudder just remember Stiles telling me about *it*. Wait,

"What about Stiles." Talia glances at me, and asks,

"What do you mean?" I got it,

"What if Stiles has the information we need. He won't tell us where he's getting the information but that doesn't mean that's all he knows. He could know everything else we would need to pin this all on the Argents." Talia smiled.

"Good go and bring him back, I'll set a meeting for all those old enough to hear this tonight." Peter nodded as head opened the door he stopped and asked Talia one last thing,

"Derek too?" Talia looked sad, but sighed deeply and said,

"Yeah it's about time I had a talk with him." Peter nodded and left to go find where ever Stiles disappeared to.

~Stiles POV~

I briskly walked away from the Hale property. As much as he missed everyone he couldn't stand how different they were. It was suffocating. Just looking at them, everything was so

different. Peter was snarky and sly but he didn't have as much hate and spite as he used to. Laura even though he only saw her in his own time dead. It's weird to see her alive, only Creeper wolf could do that. I mean that was normal for him at least. And Derek that weirdest change. It has been awhile since he saw his Derek. But this was not his Derek. This Derek doesn't have the guilt of killing his entire family on his shoulders. He's not grumpy or even sour. It's so different it hurts. The pain in his chest throbs every time he sees a smile that shouldn't be there a laugh that doesn't belong on their faces. It's so painful. He was supposed to fix everything. But if he was helping everyone else who was gonna help him.

I stopped walking lifting my gaze to figure where my legs subconsciously carried me. I choke on the air that suddenly filled my lungs. I was in a place I visited far too recently in my time. *Beacon Hills Cemetery*. I walked down a path my feet knew by heart. I came to a stop in front of a grave that looked so new, so fresh. My knees hit the floor suddenly. I openly stared at her grave. No matter how much time passed I will, never not miss her. Tears fall freely down my face. I sob as my body rocks as I cry for my mom. I hear something to my left but I can't bring myself to care. I just sit in the dirt and cry. Right now I feel like I'm back to when I was ten and my mom died two years ago. And I cry like the child I feel like. I let out all the grief for everyone I've been bottling up inside me. I let everything out until my voice is raw and my body goes numb. Or maybe it's when I feel a strong hand grip my shoulder.

Chapter End Notes

Guess whose hand I wonder if you'll be right?

Comment what you think. Or just review either is cool.

Dad

Chapter Summary

Mom. First, then Dad.

/Stiles and Peter's perspective of the same day.

Chapter Notes

So I wrote another chapter in like an hour of uploading the last one. Yay. So If ya guessed yay.

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

~Stiles POV~

I shift my gaze to the sky. My eyes have reverted to their usual foggy, stuffy state. I look at the hand gripping my shoulder. It seems familiar. For a second I think it's Peter because who else would know me. But then I remember where I am. I look straight into those familiar blue eyes. I feel the new fresh tears. Dad. he's alive. I stand up and hug him. I hug him so tight. It's been too long since I've seen him looking so young, so happy, so alive. I tighten my grip and cry. I mumble echoes of "dad" softly into his shoulder. I feel a gentle pat on my back and soft-spoken words of comfort. I sigh into the feeling of safety. I slowly back away. My eyes fell downcast. I sniffled one last time for good measure. Now I'll have to put on an act. Pretend so this man, who is so important to become nothing more than a stranger. I stand up tall. Wiping my tears and clearing my throat.

"S-sorry," I mumble. He gives me a small smile.

"It's alright son, we've all had our bad days." He says as he looks at moms grave. He notices the knee marks in the dirt in front of her grave. Then he looks at my dirty worn down clothes.

"Are you alright?" He asked concern in his voice. I wanna say no. I wanna tell him everything. I want to confide in my father. But I can't. So I sigh deeply.

“I’ll be fine. Don’t worry.” I move as to walk past him. But there's a hand across my chest. I look down at it. The I meet those steel blue eyes again. Dad looks unsure but he asks anyway, curiosity winning out.

“Uhh... Did you know Claudia?” I stop and glance at my mom's grave, sadness fills my soul. But my mouth says something different.

“No. I just broke down here. Sorry.” I lie. As I push his hand back and keep walking heading back into the woods. Not turning back, because I know if I do I’ll break and I don’t think I could lie to him again.

I walk into town. I pass by shops that look so clean and new. Even though I’m used to the worn-out state of aging on most of these buildings. I pass by people who look so young and untainted by time. It seems so much simpler. So peaceful. So nice. Something I never thought I’d see again. So I found a bench and just watched the day drift on. Trying to let the peace settle within me. Or at least I was trying. It was nice to let my mind drift back to nicer times. So I stayed there until dusk flooded the area. Families started there commute home and businesses started to close up shop. The world started to fade into black.

Until a bright light caught my eye as it came closer. It was blinding when everything else was so dark around him. As it grew closer. I could start discerning that it was the headlights of a car. Peter’s car I think. I was right as a concerned Peter got out. He walked up to me. I was tired hungry and kinda out of it. So I was sort of staring past him. Until he knelt in front of my face. I looked into his eyes. Eyes filled with worry that’s normally not there.

“Stiles are you okay?” I nodded my head. I was sleepy. So I got up and headed past Peter.

“Let's go.” He nodded and drove me, Home. Or well as close as home would come at the moment.

~Peter POV~

I left Talia and the house in search of Stiles I started walking on foot. But I realized he went far away. So I took the car to catch up faster and I assumed Stiles might be tired. I was an hour behind him already. As I drive I wonder where he’s headed but I smell him strongly in the Cemetery. I park and head to wear his scent is the strongest. As I rely on my nose I don’t realize the man in front of me till his scent hits me. I look at a man leaning over a grave. He’s

sad. But there's confusion, there too. Stiles scent is also very heavy right here. I chance to ask his man if he's seen him.

"Excuse me, sir?" I say to get the man's attention. He quickly looks up at me. He must have been expecting someone else. Cause he looked sad I wasn't the person he was hoping to see. He dusted himself off and faced me, looking more professional.

"Uh... Yes *cough* sorry. Yes." I meet his eyes,

"Did you happen to see a man with hazel eyes, brown hair, and moles covering his body." I felt a little weird describing Stiles. I pictured him in my mind to easily. The man looked more alert now. Yet his face suddenly turned distrustful.

"Why are you looking for him?" I don't understand what I did to get that reaction. Or what Stiles did. I sighed.

"I don't know why you think I'd have ill will or anything. But Stiles was with me earlier but he went for a walk and I'm just looking for him now, so if you're..." The man interrupted me.

"Stiles? His name is Stiles?" I look at him weirdly.

"Uh yeah. Do have you seen him? Did he tell you where he went." But apparently, that question was lost on the man before me. He was radiated confusion and shock. I heard him mumble "no way". He stared at the grave before him and looks struck with a sudden realization. It's pissing me off.

"Listen have you seen him or not?" I was getting annoyed. The man looked at me like he just remembered I existed.

"Oh... Sorry... again, I saw him earlier, he was paying respects. And he was upset about something. And left to the forest." I looked at where he pointed. I skimmed at the grave *Claudia Stilinski*. Huh. I wonder if Stiles knew her. I turned back to the man and said my thanks. I got in my car and heading back to town. Leaving the stunned man staring at the grave in shocked silence.

It's dark by the time I get back into the city. I drive around Stiles could be anywhere. It takes me a good 30 minutes of driving to find him sitting on a bench kinda spaced out. I get out to ask him what's wrong, but he just gets in the car tiredly. I wonder if his attitude has something to do with that man and that grave.

I make the long drive to my house. When I finally pull up I see my home filled with lights, sounds, and people. I look at Stiles. But he's fast asleep. He looks so spent. Yet there's a peaceful air about him that's never there when he's up. I didn't want to wake him. I was

debating just bringing him into the house and putting him to bed. But Talia and I needed him to answer some important questions. *sigh* I opened the door on my side and got out and strode over to Stiles side. I carefully opened his door, slowly unbuckling him and carrying him to the house. My heart clearly beat my right of judgment but I wasn't complaining. Not concerning Stiles. Weird.

Chapter End Notes

So ya heart broken yet? Mine sure is.

In French Argent Means Silver

Chapter Summary

Stiles is questioned by the Hale family and He reveals his relationship with the Argent family. It's not really a good experience if Stiles' is telling the truth.

Chapter Notes

So it's been awhile but rejoice for this is a really long chapter. I normally write two pages and then upload it as a chapter, But today you get four pages.

...It's not that big of a difference but hey more story, right? ...

Oh yeah Talia's POV is new. I'm not too sure about her but that's my take on how she would have been like.

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

Peter POV:

As I walked into the house with Stiles in my arms I saw Talia look at me. She looked at Stiles then back to me in askance. I whispered,

“Let’s eat, then wake him.” Talia nodded in understanding. After I got “permission”, so to speak, I headed up the stairs to lay Stiles down in the guest bedroom he was using earlier. After I made sure he was okay, I slowly and quietly left the room, trying not to wake the boy. I headed back downstairs where my family was enjoying each other's company. I stepped up to Talia and said to her privately, well as privately as you could get in a family full of wolves.

“Talia, maybe we should give a pre-announcement warning as to what will be discussed later tonight.” Talia thought about what I said and slowly nodded her head. She made her way to

the table and sat down, which signaled that dinner was starting. All the family members who came took their places and waited for Talia, to start. But today was different. Once everyone was seated, Talia rose from her chair with the air of her Alpha nature surrounding her. Everyone shut up immediately. And then Talia spoke,

“Before we eat I have something to say. Everyone who is old enough stays after dinner today, and come with me to my office we have much to discuss. Also Derek,” At this, she looked at him,

“You will be there as well. Let’s eat.” She sat again and started eating. Everyone else took a minute but soon their hunger got the better of them. I looked toward Derek as he was the only one who left his plate untouched. He had fear etched into his eyes. I sighed, and also began to dig in. No point in being hungry, Not when there were important things to do later.

Dinner went along fine. Once Talia stood she called attention to all the parents and said that they could put their children to sleep then join us in the office. She looked towards me and motioned with her eyes upstairs. I understood what she meant and started my descent towards Stiles’ room.

Stiles POV:

I woke up from a dreamless sleep. Which was a reprieve to my normal waking nightmares. As I sit up in the dark. I was scared not knowing where I was. But soon the fear left me as my eyes adjusted to the dark and I saw similar things, they weren’t my things. I don’t have ‘things’ anymore but I now know this room, my new yet *temporary* living arrangement. What I am curious is how I ended up here. The only logical explanation is Peter. I sigh. I put my feet on the cold floor, which wakes me up some, and I slowly tread to the door. But before I could get to it. It opens. I stare at Peter. Who had just opened the door. He also stares at me. Shock written across those younger features. He starts

“Stiles? Your up good.” He smiles. It’s so weird, but I don’t hate seeing the Hales happy. I nod. He then gestures to leave the room. I walk past him into the blinding light.

“So. Is there something you wanted?” I ask as I can see Peter’s face clearer. He nods.

“Yes, actually. Talia called the family over and was going to talk to everyone about *it* and was going to talk to Derek as well. But we wanted you to come as well. If you don’t mind.” I was a little surprised that Peter just didn’t drag me there. But I also realized he’s not all into manhandling Stiles like the future version. I decided to cooperate. Because I’m the one with the most information in this instance.

“Okay... Lead the way.” Peter smiles and leads me to a door farther down the corridor. I don’t hear anything in from here, it must be soundproof. Smart. For a house full of super hearing puppies.

Peter opens the door and we walk in. All the wolves look at me. Assuming it’s because I smell different. And not like a pack mate. Everyone was quiet. Their gazes shifted between Peter and me. I wasn’t feeling any emotions. I didn’t know these people I hadn’t the chance. They were all gone in my time. That thought made me a little sick. But Talia cleared her throat and gestured us forward. Peter parted the crowd and I stuck close following his path. Once we reached Talia everyone’s eyes were on me. I got a bit self-conscious. I wasn’t embarrassed just I’m not usually the center of attention. Or more so like it’s been a long time since.

Talia POV:

Peter and Stiles enter I see all eyes go to Stiles. I can see why. His scent is foreign. Yet there’s something that has been on my mind since I met the boy. He smells new. But he smells distinctly like pack. I don’t feel the bonds. Peter might. It would explain why he’s so close with the boy. But I know that he’s not pack. And it’s something the boy isn’t going to bring up. He might not even notice it. I drop it for now. It’s not as important as the other information the boy gave us. I motioned them forward. And once they reach me I call everyone else to attention.

“I called this meeting tonight because I have been warned that hunters, plan to attack us.” That set the room to life I could smell the fear.

“But, I was also told when and how they were going to attack. So we can prevent it.” The adults in the room were nervous but they don't doubt me. My husband speaks up

“Who could possibly know where and when besides the hunters planning this.” I see him eye the boy more alert than before. Everyone's gazes went from curious to cautious. I wasn't too sure about how the boy got this information. He said he dealt with the hunters before, but not why. I turn my gaze to the boy who was not dripping in sadness like normal. He looked rather normal, emotion wise. He caught my eyes and stepped up. I didn't expect him to hold confidence like how he was right now. But he just keeps things interesting.

Stiles POV:

Talia's husband speaks his suspicions. I realize that everyone in the room thinks I probably a hunter. But I decided that the Hales as a whole needed to trust me. Not just Peter. So I see Talia eyes looking at me in thought. I take a step forward and speak up. I'm confident because I have not much to lose.

“I'm not a hunter, But I am the one who provided the information,” I look to Talia,

“Alpha Hale is speaking of.” I see a few shocked expressions at me saying Alpha. But everyone looked to Talia in question. She nods at my statement.

“This is Stiles. Though he has said he won't say how he has acquired this information, he says it will happen.” One of the adults speaks up. I don't know this woman. But she has a resemblance to Talia.

“How do you know it true and will happen for sure if you're not working with the hunters. It's not like if they planned to kill us the information would be out in the open for some stranger to hear.” I look at Peter deliberately but respond with an answer no one will like.

“I'm sorry I can't say. But I assure I'm not a hunter. And I would never work with the person planning this.” I say remembering Kate's face. Then I see Gerard's face and I grimace in reminder of what he did. I see Peter and Talia notice my change, But they say nothing. However, a younger man asks,

“You know the hunters personally?” He said he must have noticed my distaste as well. Talia didn't interrupt so I sigh and answer.

“Yes, I've met the women who is going to attack. And though I didn't know her for long her other family members made quite an impression.” I still after all these years have nightmares of Gerard but they're not as bad as the nogitsune. I hear Peter growl.

“They hurt you?” He asks. I look at him.

“It was a long time ago. So long ago. It’s fine.” I say looking down. Peter obviously upset at this. And when I see Talia she doesn't look pleased either. I didn’t realize they liked me that much.

I’m surprised when a new question is asked. It was Laura who asks.

“Who are the hunters that are going to attack us? You know their names don’t you?” I nod, I look towards Derek to see his reaction,

“The hunter's name is Kate Argent.” Derek locks eyes with me. His face goes pale when he notices my gaze back at him. I continue anyway.

“The Argent’s is an old hunting family. Actually their part of the reason why people think werewolves are killed by Silver. They date back to France and were one of the original hunters. Of course, Argent is French for silver, hence the myth. The hunters that I know of are G-Gerard Argent, Kate Argent, Victoria Argent, Chris Argent, Alli-.” I stop myself, But continue,

“They follow a code. Normally of course. *We hunt those who hunt us* , But Gerard never followed the code and has been kill, no murdering people with no consequence. Unfortunately, his daughter Kate has followed in his footsteps and is a psycho murderer as well.” I take a breath and close my argument.

“I know the hunter Chris Argent. He’s a good man. He follows the code and escaped his father's mind control. And while Victoria is dangerous she is only trying to protect her family.” I finish and zone back into everyone's faces. I look to Talia she looks surprised.

Talia POV:

“That’s quite a lot of information you know about their family,” Talai states not sure what to think. Of course, she knew of Gerard Argent and as well as there family. They were one of the most well-known Hunters in the game. But the boy talked about them as if he knew them personally. As well as the slip of his tongue at one point mentioning someone named Alli. The boy looks at her,

“Well know thy enemy and all that right.” He scratches his head and looks away. Hm. Why would the Hunters be an enemy to the boy? Hmm indeed.

Chapter End Notes

So not as sad as my the rest of this story is, Right?

But I promise there only a few more sad moments.

If you couldn't tell I like Chris Argent so Stiles portrays him as a good guy, even though they had a rough start and then the whole Allison thingy. But I want friendship. So it shall be.

Grandfather paradox

Chapter Summary

Stiles is in a room full of wolves. He should be more careful about what he says.

Some big truths come out in the open. What will Stiles do? And when did Derek get so smart?

The titles always a bit of a hint. Just saying.

Chapter Notes

So I really wanted to write another chapter and lo and behold here it is. I start school up again in like two hours. And I'm probably going to crash and burn today. But oh well.

I really like having Talia's POV, even though I don't know if I'm portraying her well enough.

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

Talia POV:

“I have another question, Stiles. Peter told me you were part of a pack. Did the Argents kill your pack?” I asked with curiosity. Stiles looked up a little shocked. Probably that I knew he was part of a pack. His gaze moved to Peter for a quick second when he then met my eyes again.

“I was part of a pack, We were all new to the whole supernatural aspect of the world.” He said with a smile on his face.

“But no the Argents didn’t kill my pack. Sure I mean hunters ki.. killed some of my pack, and family. But no there are other deaths that happened that...” The boy’s hands started to tremor. But he continued on.

“...Were on us.” The boy looked close to crying.

I nodded my head.

“That’s fine Stiles.” He nodded at a more sedated pace. Peter spoke up unexpectedly. And said something he never told me,

“Stiles’ you said you knew me before we meet. I’m almost positive I’ve never met you before. What did you mean when you said I wouldn’t remember?” The boy looked shocked at the question. He bit his lip and looked down. His response was short.

“I can’t say.” Peter nodded but was obviously unsatisfied. My eldest daughter spoke up again,

“Do we know when they're going to attack and why?” The boy looked at her and said yes.

Stiles POV:

I said yes in response to Laura’s question.

“They plan to attack on the 28 of this month and um...” I look to Talia not sure if I should go into detail. But she nods and I grimace.

“Uh well, they plan to attack when your whole family/extended family is eating dinner and they trap you in mountain ash and... uh, they set the house on fire.”

Everyone in the room looks sick at the news. The husband speaks.

“You're telling me we all die on the 28.” I didn’t realize at that moment what he asked but I responded.

“No Laura and Derek are at school. They survive. As well as Peter and Cora. Who escape. But Peter winds up in a coma for years and Cora runs far away.” Now I see all eyes on me. I don’t think I said anything wrong. Talia speaks up before anyone else gets the chance.

“And Stiles how could you possibly know that?” This time I see the determination in her eyes. Which means me saying *I can’t tell you* isn’t going to cut it this time around.

“Well... I don’t know if telling you will be dangerous or not.” Cause you know the grandfather paradox, Which is a paradox of time travel in which inconsistencies emerge through changing the past. I didn’t want to mess up the fabric of time more than I probably am already. Oh god, why didn’t I think of this before? I sigh to myself at the mess I’m probably making.

“Why would you telling us, be dangerous?” Talia questions. But it doesn't shock me as much as what Derek half whispers in awe,

“Are you a time traveler.” I stare at him cursing my slip of the tongue and my sudden loss of thought. By now everyone heard Derek’s theory. Most look at him in childish musings but then when they see my face they look at Derek in wonder if what he said was in fact true.

Talia POV:

We all heard Derek's musings. But to see the boy not discredit him or laugh it off. Has me in awe but in understanding.

“So if what Derek says is true, which I can’t seem to believe, But if it’s true how far in the future.” Stiles looks up quickly,

“Uh give or take 8 years...” He says hesitantly.

“And this pack your part of is probably the one who takes over after we’ve all died.” Stiles nods but says,

“We're all still kids now, carefree and unknowing of the hard truths of the world. But around when I start high school an...” He takes a pause,

“Alpha bites my best friend Scott. And then we get pulled in.” I nod. But I have one last question.

“Now that we know you're from the future, can you tell us your story.” The boy sighed a long deep sigh. He mumbled fuck it. And started his story of the future. A future unlike we all expected.

~So it's all out there huh. Stiles is a time traveler. Derek guessed it. Not expecting myself to write that so it's surprising, to be honest.

I have most of this fic planned out to be honest. I just am at a lost on how to end it. I don't really know what to do with poor Stiles.

Also, I really like this whole time travel fix it thingy so I have thoughts of doing more. If you can give suggestions on fandoms or maybe I'll continue this one after... Like an epilogue. Just let me know.

I'm just giving my self-more work. *sigh* But feedback is much appreciated.

Sorry for the long note. I hope you enjoyed.

Teen Wolf

Chapter Summary

Stiles' retelling of teen wolf season 1.

Chapter Notes

Hi, it's been too long.

I'm sorry, no excuses I really just didn't feel like writing. Trying to rectify that, so heres step one. Uploading at least something, to show I didn't give up.

I'm also working on like six stories at once so sometimes I'll write but it will be for another story. Also I'm trying to not write fanfiction and write my own works. So thats a whole new thing.

Hopefully this will quell you for a bit.

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

Stiles POV:

“Well, it all started in my freshman year of high school. See my dad he’s the Sheriff. Um, not yet but he will be. Anyway, I hacked into his radio and heard that they found half a dead body in the woods. We set out to find the other half.” Talia looks at me with a look.

“You heard there was a dead body in the woods and you decided to go out and find the other half.” I smile sheepishly remember the conversation Scott and I had all those years ago When we were out there.

“So anyway we were searching and my dad’s search party comes and I cover for Scott and my dad drags me home. But Scott not wanting to get grounded before school starts heads

deeper in and evenly stumbles into the other half of the body.” I pause not really wanting to share that the body is Laura’s but I kinda wanted to get it out.

“Which is Laura.”

I pause and let everyone take that in. I hear gasps and I see people grabbing Laura. And her eyes are now solely on mine.

“I thought you said I survived?” I nodded

“Yeah, y-you do. But this happens 6 years after the fire.” Talia coughs telling me to continue.

“Right he told me he found the body but he also ran into an Alpha who bit him. The Alpha was Peter.” Peter’s eyes locked with mine then shifted to Laura.

“When did I become Alpha?” Peter asked hoping he didn’t hear what he expected.

“When you killed Laura,” I see the guilt and regret on his face,

“But you weren’t yourself,” Talia questioned it,

“What do you mean?” I look at Peter when I say this.

“You were one of the survivors but I wouldn’t call it that. You were stuck in a coma for 6 years by yourself no pack or anything to keep you grounded I later heard that all you thought about was revenge and killing the people who killed your family. So when Laura came back into town it woke you and you attacked her. But you in that state couldn’t have taken on an Alpha. But she was already hurt by hunters you just gave her mercy.”

I let everyone take that in, especially Laura who just found out she was an Alpha and she died in a horrible way too. If you asked me a few years ago I wouldn’t have stuck up for Peter as much. But well seeing him now and how different he is to my Peter, I can see the fire really messed him up as well as the constant need for revenge, which I now get.

We all sat in silence for a short while and Talia told me to continue again, So I tell them about how Scott doesn’t believe he’s a wolf and How we meet Derek. And how we originally thought he was the one who bit Scott because we didn’t know anything about werewolves at the time. So it was the first time we saw anyone even remotely related to Scott ‘condition.’ Then I told them about how Scott fell in love.

“He, of course, had to fall in love with A-Allison who was the daughter of Chris Argent. Which wasn’t a smart choice but well we found out she wasn’t raised as a hunter.” One of the other wolves in the room speak up,

“So he goes through the whole Romeo and Juliet thing.” I give a fake laugh,

“Yeah, it was like that.” Even down to them both dying in the end. And the sadness was back. But It was pushed down, later, Story now breaks down later Stiles. So I start my story up again. Not without a hand on my shoulder from Peter. They must smell the sadness great.

“Then Derek gets arrested because we found Laura buried on your property and we call the cops thinking it was Derek who killed her because we still thought Derek was the Alpha. But they let Derek go because they ruled Laura’s death as an animal kill. Then Alli’s Aunt Kate Argent comes back to beacon hills. That’s when Derek gets shot, by Kate. And almost scarred me for life by asking me to cut off his arm, Not cool dude.” I grimace remembering Derek’s bullet wound. Talia speaks up again, it seems like she’s the only one who can speak by now.

“You knew nothing of the supernatural when this started right, you seemed to be taking this well.” I laugh,

“Well I was freaking out but we didn’t get the chance there was always new big bads at every turn. And most of them weren’t “monsters” the humans had their fair share of evil in them. Trust me none of us were kids anymore after Scott got bit. I mean everything went downhill since” Talia nods motioning with her hand to continue.

“Right, while we’re still trying to figure out who the Alpha is. Derek had this plan to lure the Alpha out by having Scott call to it. At some point Derek thinks its Deaton, then I and Scott get trapped in the school after we thought we saw Derek kinda get killed by the Alpha, but soon we learned he’s survived After we kinda blamed him for killing someone.” Derek, well younger Derek gave me a look.

“What? We thought you were dead and we still didn’t know who the Alpha was.”

“Anyway later we catch up with Deaton and he concedes he is aware of the supernatural world and becomes an ally of sorts, but not until later down the road really.” Now that I think about he didn’t really help to his full potential at any time. But I guess that’s just Deaton. Some emmesairy.

“Then I and Derek try to find the Alpha because Scott decided to become a moody teenager. Because he doesn’t want to be a werewolf. But I get Scott and his wolf under control through training.” Peter looks at me,

“You figured out how to control a wolf?” Oh right,

“Uh well, I figured that the change was triggered when you got angry when Scott tried to maim me that one time, so I tried to see what got him angry and stole the coach’s heart rate monitor and we went through a bunch of tests I made. Sure they weren’t the smartest but they worked. Enough.” Peter gave me one of those surprised awed looks, it didn’t really match him, to be honest.

“Stiles you don’t really give yourself enough credit. In your story so far you did some great things.” I look at him with an attempted smile. I may have done some cool things but I did more than enough bad things, not even with the nogitsune just pure old Stiles. I got this sick feeling in my gut remembering all those things. Those horrible things.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading.

If your bored and can't wait for more. Read some of my other stories.

Maybe. I don't know.

Do whatever. Comment? Like?

If you wanna support me and buy me a cup of coffee. <https://ko-fi.com/J3J38QYL>

Author's Note

Chapter Summary

Ahhh Sorry this isn't an update

Chapter Notes

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

>Hi this is the Author. I just had a question that kinda needs answering before I continue updating because I'm so close to the end that I was just gonna forget this but I wanna have your opinion because your reading this story.

/>/

So I have a question for the No One Left series. I have some endings planned out and I wanna know, Can ya'll handle heartbreak. Or should I go a happy-ish route? It won't affect the coming chapters but the ending. Should I write a good/happy ending or a Sad/depressing ending?

I personally would write the depressing one but I promised a happy ending and I don't want you guys to hate me.

Chapter End Notes

I'll take a vote just comment what you want.

Happy ending
Sad ending
Or you don't care

Kate Argent, So We Meet

Chapter Summary

Stiles finishes his summary of season one.

Peter and Stiles share some feelings.

Who is this deputy Stilinski?

The Argents roll in.

Broken doors.

Chapter Notes

So yep everything is planned out. Ending and everything. I really wanted to break your hearts with a sad ending but I settled and decided on a nice-ish one. *sigh*

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

“Anyway, after Scott kinda got a hold of his wolfie powers, There was a manhunt placed on Derek. Which was totally our fault. But I helped Derek hide in my house, which was the safest place, because who would think you would be in the sheriff's house. Then I enlist the help of one of my friends Danny to help hack some stuff that would help in the search of the alpha. Then I guess Peter tells Scott he's the Alpha. I don't really know what happened.” I say confused because it's probably because we already found him out when we searched the hospital.

“Then there's a school formal in which Scott gets banned from. And he's pissed because this guy who we hated called Jackson took his girlfriend to it. He snuck in any way though. I got to take Lydia the smartest/prettiest girl in the school.” I said with a smile on my lips. Lydia will always be in my heart even if things didn't work out in the end. I still love her. I seem to get caught up. I hear a cough from Peter.

“Ah right next is apparently ah Derek gets kidnapped by ...” I paused not sure how to break it to younger Derek. But Talia nods her head. So I sigh once more,

“Kate Argent.” I look to younger Derek and I see the pure shock.

“What?” He looks at me looking betrayed and scared that he's the cause of all of this. Derek is smarter than one gives him credit for. He seems to have come to the same conclusion my Derek did, which it's all his fault. Which let me tell you is utter bullshit.

“Derek...” I start saying, But he jumps up,

“What do you mean. Did I... “ But he can't finish he starts to kind of shake. Talia and her husband grabs him and consoles him. I make the decision to just sum up the rest.

“So to make things go quicker, in the end, Peter kills Kate in revenge, then a collaborated group killed Peter and Derek became the Alpha. Then a bunch of other bad things happened and everyone I loved died in the end. Basically.” I get a look from Talia that clearly says that this isn't the end of this but I think she agrees that this enough for everyone else and I don't really want to talk about what comes next, cause this story consists of mainly death and I don't need to relive that again.

So Talia and everyone but Peter leaves the room. They all were either consoling Derek or making plans on how to deal with the bitch Kate Argent. I sighed thankfully that this all ended, well for now. I hear movement to my left and see Peter looking out the window. I walk up closer curious if he sees something.

“Peter?” He looks at me with a look I don't remember ever on his face. Maybe when he was looking at Malia when he thought no one else was looking. But no this was quite different at least the feeling. He had this gentle look that didn't fit him yet it did. I liked it, it didn't really give him the creeper vibe but a warm welcoming feeling. He moved his hand to touch me but stopped midway, I felt a little sad. I wanted him to touch me. I blush, what am I thinking, this is Peter. Yet it's not.

However, our moment gets interrupted. Peter turns to the door. I look as well curious as to what he heard. But soon he moved to my side and graced me. He started growling like in his throat. Talia came into the room.

“Stiles? Do you know a John Stilinski?” I froze. What? Why would he ask for me? I started to panic. He couldn't know about me. Why does he know about me? I fall to the floor having a panic attack. I hate the feeling of not breathing, the feeling that I can't get any air into my lungs. I try to regain my breath, my control. But I can't. I feel two warm hands on my face. I look at the glowing blue eyes that are staring at me. They are enchanting to look at. You could get lost in them.

"STILES!" Peter yells. I suddenly catch my breath again. Having lost it looking at Peter. If that even makes sense. But either way, I can breathe again. I greedily gulp in large breaths trying to get my heart back to normal. Peter seems like he doesn't want to but he lets go of my face. But he never stops touching me. His hand acting as an anchor on my arm.

"Sorry, panic attack." I sigh grabbing my chest. Peter looks worried,

"Stiles, why'd you have a panic attack?" I looked at Peter then to Talia, not really wanting to say why. I felt like I could trust them, of course, but I felt like meeting my dad in front of them would only lead him to getting involved in the supernatural crap. And I know it's inevitable in Beacon Hills but I want him to have peace for a little longer.

"It's nothing Peter." I'm obviously lying but I stand with Peter's help. "Let me talk to him alone. Please?" Peter looked ready to argue with me. Talia looked like she didn't like this idea either not yet trusting the young deputy, also from my reaction to hearing his name. Neither knew he was my father and I think I'll wait a bit until I tell them.

So I step out of the house into the now afternoon light, it felt like a few hours not half a day. No wonder everyone looks haggard. I'm donned in the same clothes as yesterday when I had first meet dad from this time. He looks at me as soon as I exit the house. He looks me up and down. I realized he's looking for similarities. Which means he figured out I'm Stiles. But all grown up. I point to the car he looks confused but then I point to my ears. He gets the message so he opens the car and we pull out and down the road. I swear I see in the rearview mirror the door break in half but we turn the corner before I'm sure.

After we were a good ways away he stops the car and turns to me.

"Stiles? Is that you?" I nodded unsure of what to expect from him. "H-how? You're sitting in my living room right now with Scott and you're at least 10 years younger." I nod again,

"Well, dad what if I told you time travel was real and I managed to do it." I see my dad's face go from 'are you kidding' to 'no fucking way'.

"You can't be serious, time travel that's impossible, isn't it?" I looked at him sympathetically,

"Yeah, I thought so too until It worked. Which is how I'm here." My dad seemed to believe me cause he couldn't deny what he was seeing.

“Okay, let me wrap my head around this you somehow time traveled back in time at least 9 years, but for what? Why now? Why come back here? Does something big happen now?” He looked to be thinking if anything was wrong with the world that would cause time travel.

“Well I didn't plan to come here but yeah something does happen in about a few weeks that will cause a lot of problems in Beacon Hills in the future. So I assumed I should stop it from happening, which I think I'm halfway there.” My dad didn't ask what and thank god, I could see he was curious but he reigned it in.

“Is there anything I could do?” Dad asks still seeking to learn what I was sent to do. I shake my head

“No I don't want you getting in trouble, plus it's more like a family feud than anything else but if we need a cop for anything I'll be sure to mention you to the Hales.” My dad nods his head ready to drop this.

“So you still like curly fries right?” I look at him and smile, my dad knows me best sometimes.

“Who do you think I am? My love of curly fries will never disappear no matter how long passes.” He smiles,

“Well good because the dinner has a lunch special and I could use someone to eat with.”

We had a good lunch and we talked about some things nothing from the future really just some funny things that wouldn't really affect much if I told him. Not that I should really care after the bomb of information I dropped on the Hales yesterday. So we had a really calming chat. I feel like I'm being watched but I leave that feeling to it being Peter being a creeper again. Well, that is until I'm standing outside waiting for my dad to pay. I see an SUV pull up. Out steps Gerard and a younger Chris. I freeze. I see someone walk out of the dinner. It was Kate Argent in the flesh. She walks down the steps words me. I flinch instinctively. I back up and hit the cruiser. My dad's not back yet. And the Hales were actually giving me privacy the one time I didn't want it. She seductively or as seductive as she can get. Walks up to me. I see Gerard and Chris holding their weapons in case.

“Hey, there handsome” she winks and touches my arm. And it's got bad touch written all over it, I'm overly disgusted.

“I was curious I saw you and the deputy leaving that house in the woods, do you by chance know them?” She smiled and pushed her boobs in my face. I decided to play innocent, it's

not like they could do much here. At least I hope.

“No, not really. I mean I met them yesterday because I was lost and then they called the deputy to come to pick me up. But we had some lunch cause we were hungry but now we are headed to the station.” I act as if I amored by her beauty yet inside I feel like I’m gonna puke. She looked disappointed.

“Oh okay. Bye” She completely drops the act and the Argents all climb into the SUV and leaves. I take a deep sigh and wait for my dad. I need to get back to the Hales quick.

The drive seemed quicker, it’s like my dad sensed my urgency. Once back we hugged a much-needed hug. Man, I missed my dad’s hugs. Stilinski hugs are the best hugs. He soon left. And I was soon faced with Talia and Peter. Peter grabbed me and pulled my arm to his nose. His eyes flashed an iridescent blue.

“Kate Argent?” I sigh nothing gets passed wolves.

“Yeah, she and the Argents kinda cone red me in the parking lot.” Both wolves growled. Talia also touched me glaring a bit a Peter when growled at her.

“Did they hurt you or threaten you?” I shake my head,

“No, they were just curious how I knew you. I said I didn't and she lost interest quickly but I think we should move up any plans you have cause she must’ve been watching the house. Because she saw me leave the deputy.” Talia nods and heads inside. I practically get pushed inside, the now doorless house by Peter.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you enjoyed!

* if there's any mistakes blame me typing on my phone. Which I hate doing FYI.

Alpha Orders

Chapter Summary

It's getting closer to the end.

The end goal on everyone's mind. Take down the bitch Kate Argent.

Chapter Notes

Short Chapter. I know but this is just an update cause it's been a while. But I just need to figure out the wording but I have the ending(s) done. I just got to get to the end. LOL

Anyway, enjoy!

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

The plans to take care of Kate Argent was now in the works. We were spitballing ideas back in fourth. A great idea from Peter, when he said,

“We should light her on fire and see how she likes it.” I personally was okay with that, but it was shot down by Talia right away. Her husband said,

“Why don’t we file a lawsuit against her.” But Peter shot it down saying

“There are way too many loopholes where she could get out of it.” Laura put in that

“Maybe we could tell the police that she was stalking Derek and other things.” Which could work. I add to her idea saying,

“Remember that guy I meet the other day. He’s a deputy, if I ask he would take the case and help in any way.” Peter speaks up,

“Why would he do that for us. I mean he doesn’t know about us does he?” I see the scared looks,

“No no he doesn’t know. But he trusts me, If I ask him he’ll do it.” Peter looked upset but said nothing. Talia nodded her head and agreed,

“Okay, it’s decided Stiles you and Peter go to the police and report it. Laura pick a few of us, you choose to take with you and scout the Argents. However don’t let them see you. Were still in the treaty. Everyone left is with me setting up perimeters around the house. If you see a hunter anywhere nearby. Come back and leave the house. Understood?” Everyone nodded and set to move at the Alphas orders.

Peter and I were in his car driving toward the station. It was late. I wasn’t sure if he was even still there. I hope he was because, I didn’t want to have to go home. And have the chance of running into the mini-me. But soon enough we pulled up into the parking lot. I realize I could’ve called his number should still be the same. I think. Whatever, we stepped out of the car and headed inside. Peter was oddly close to me since we entered the building, but I brushed it more important things to do. I head up to the desk and see Tara. Oh my god that’s right Tara is still alive. She didn’t die yet. We walk up to the counter. She looks at me and seems to do a double take.

“Stiles?” I look at her wide-eyed. How’d she figure it out so quickly?

“Uh no. Though I’m told we look alike.” Peter gives me a look but I wave him off for now.

“Oh, really you look just like him. Older of course. Are you a relative? Did you come to see John? Hold on let me get him.” She says as she heads deeper into the station.

Peter grabs my hand. I look at him, he’s angry.

“What do you mean you look alike. Is your name not Stiles? Why did you lie?” Peter looked sad by the end of his questions.

“No Peter I didn’t lie to you. I lied to her. She knew me once, but I didn’t want to go back to that. Never mind, I didn’t lie to you my name is really Stiles.” Peter looked at me and tilted his head.

“Why did you lie just now?” Huh, I didn’t lie my name is ... Oh oh.

“Oh yeah. I forgot, well not forgot more like I don’t tell anyone my real name is super hard to pronounce but I really do go by Stiles.” Peter nodded looking better. I smiled, just as my dad showed up. He looked between us and smiled but spoke up instead of commenting on what he was thinking.

“So kid needed something after all?” I smiled,

“Yeah, It seems I did need a bad cop in the end. This is gonna be a big case you don’t mind taking it right?” Dad sighed,

“I shouldn’t expect less with you so what’ve you got for me?” I look towards Peter,

“Right we’d like to press charges against a woman called Kate Argent for sexually abusing a student in her care.” Dad looks at me with wide eyes.

“Who’s the kid?” Peter steps up.

“My nephew. I’d would also like to be the lawyer in this case. If you don’t mind working together.”

“Uh right the more help the better. What do we have on her?” I touched Peter arm and brought something up we hadn’t discussed.

“We’ll also be pressing charges on an attempt to commit mass murder.” Peter and dad looked shocked.

“What Stiles we didn’t talk about this.” If she was going to be put away it was going to be for what that crazy bitch deserved to go down for.

“I have all the evidence I need in my head. I remember everything about the arson that she’s planning. I know every person she interacted with and I know where to search if you get the right warrants.” Peter looked at me,

“Stiles!” Huh.

“What I know we didn’t discuss it before but you need justice even if it didn’t happen in this time, it happened in mine and I’d like to see her pay.” He pulled me to the side

“Stiles stop talking about time traveling out loud not everyone knows.” Oh.

“Oh I told him.” Peter froze,

“Why?” I sighed why not?

“He’s my dad Peter.” Realization dawned on Peter’s face.

“Oh?”

“Yeah so don’t worry he’ll help.” I walked back to my dad and we talked some more about all the little details.

Chapter End Notes

How was it?

What will happen next? Who knows? I do. LOL

If you enjoyed it please tell me!

The End Or Is It?

Chapter Summary

It all happens so fast, so unexpected.

This story takes a turn, for good or bad who knows.

Seems you have to read to find out.

Chapter Notes

The last chapter of my wonderful story, I'm sad to see it go.

If your curious about the next chapter that will be uploaded right away, it's the sad ending, it's short and just something extra for those who want to see how mean I could've been.

But anyway, Goodbye guys as this is the end and final chapter of the No One Left series.

I hope you loved it as much as I have.

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

Once we piled together enough information to set up a case. We called Talia and told her what we were planning and she had no problems with arresting Kate for longer or making her pay more. She was frankly all for it. Which was obvious because she just came out of a conversation with Derek. And she had told my dad over the phone it's taking all her strength not to go stomp over there and kill that bitch. Peter and I seemed to be okay with it, but my dad told us to chill he didn't want to throw us all in jail.

Stiles POV:

So as Peter and I were driving back, I look out the window and watch the scenery go by. I start to think about my adventure so far. I actually for one time traveled. Then I warned the hales of the fire that would've wiped them out. I ended up meeting my dad, and he's helping the case even. And soon Kate's going to go to jail for life hopefully. But then I'm not needed anymore. I'm sort of an anomaly now. I couldn't really exist because my younger self definitely exists. I wonder if I'll go back to my time or a changed time. Or maybe I'll just cease to exist. I hadn't really thought about what happens next. When I first got here all I want was to save everyone. But now what. I wonder how long I have left? I look over to Peter and he looks serious but happy, it's a nice look. I do hope if anything changes I hope he's happy this time around.

Wait... What about Malia, he doesn't know. Or I assume he doesn't. He hasn't said anything. Hmmm.

"Peter" Peter looks at me briefly keeping his focus on the road.

"Yeah?" I sigh,

"When we get back I'm gonna give you a list of things that was going to happen in my time, that should happen in this time too. Will you do me a favor and make sure they happen." Peter gives me a strange look,

"Sure? But you can do them too, your not leaving right?" He looked panicked, weird.

"No I don't plan on it, but in case I forget or something, you know." He nodded. And pulled into the driveway.

We both opened the doors and as I closed mine Peter froze. I looked at him,

"What's wrong Peter?" He looked out past me in the trees and all of a sudden pulled me forcefully over the car onto his side. Just as a bullet implants itself into the car door that I was standing in front of. I try to catch my breath.

"What's happening?" Peter shushes me and pulls me down away from the window.

"Hunters." I panic, this doesn't happen or at least it shouldn't happen yet.

Peter POV:

Peter looks towards the house and back to the open door. He hears his family inside, there listening to see what he says,

"Stiles, I'm going to distract the hunters, you run inside and hide." The boy looks upset,

"What? No, I'll help." I smile at him,

"No, if you wanna help go inside I can take 1 or 2 hunters go inside and get me back up." Stiles the boy looks unsure but eventually nods,

"Don't you die." He says as he runs. I jump over the car and run straight at the hunters in the bushes.

Stiles POV:

The moment I get in the house I hear gunfire and growls. I see Talia move outside. Laura and Derek usher me into the soundproof meeting room. Then they close the door. And lock me in. Crap. I can see the movements of fighting from the window. Talia must have told them to hide me. I grab a paper and make that stupid list. I know the timing isn't great but I might not have time later.

Peter's To Do List:

By Stiles

- 1) Find Malia Tate
- 2) Help Isaac Lahey

- 3) Stop Ducalien from talking with Gerard
 - 4) Kill Gerard, for me.
 - 5) Lydia Martin is a banshee
 - 6) Scott McCall becomes a true Alpha in my time
 - 7) Turn Erica Reyes
 - 8) A deputy will come to town in a few years, his name is Jordan Parrish, He's a hellhound.
 - 9) DON'T activate the Nemeton
 - 10) Don't release the Nogitsune, Please don't.
 - 11) My name is Stiles Stilinski, come to find me:)
-

I look over the list a few times and then pick up a paper clip from the desk. I use it to unlock the door. I as quietly as I can run through the house. I see the family is distracted near the window watch or rather listening to the fight that seems to be moving back out into the front of the yard. I pass by, maybe, Derek's room? And I see a baseball bat. I grin and grab it. I run out the front door. I hear yelling behind me. But I'm only focused on Peter in front of me on the ground. He's lying on his back with a wolves bane covered knife in his stomach. I lift the baseball bat high in the air and try to use that spark in me to make the bat heavy as I swing it on that bitch's Kate's head before she can shoot Peter. You can hear the sickening crack as her head connects with the bat. And she drops to the floor, barely alive. I hold out my hand to Peter smiling. He grins up at me and I pull him up.

We see Talia and Gerard break through the foliage, Gerard looks at Kate than me. He yells and shoots. Peter can't move in time. The bullet pierced my chest. I look down and gasp in pain. I fall to my knees. Kate tries to stand but Peter kills her brutally before rushing to my side. I can hear the cry of anguish from Gerard before he ultimately drops dead. I see Talia and Peter crowd my vision. Peter is holding me crying a bit. Talia looks sad, and she kneels. I can hear more people come near me but I can only see Talia and Peter. I smile at them,

"Looks like we did it." Peter is angry,

"Why the hell did you come back out?" I sigh shakily,

"Couldn't let you die Zombiewolf. You don't have a contingency plan this time around." I laugh at something only I get but then grimace.

"What? Stiles, I don't understand." I wave it off,

"I left you a list, I managed to write it." Peter looked sad,

"You said you weren't going to leave." I look at him, and I see a sad, hurt expression on his face.

"Meet me again Peter, I might not be here but I'm from the future, the original Stiles is still alive."

"You're still alive, You can heal. Talia can give you the bite." I laugh,

"Peter I take pride in the fact that I survived this long as a human. But even so I... I... What the h-?"

"Stiles!"

Peter POV:

"Stiles!" I say as I see the boy start to close his eyes,

"STILES!" I yell as I see him fall into sleep. But now he's not sleeping he's dead. The boy's dead, he died, I didn't get to say... I didn't get to tell him I love him. I start to cry. I can see Talia and everyone else cry when they can no longer hear his heartbeat. We all cry in mourning over the death of Stiles. Are family, no pack.

{At this point, if you want the bad ending you can go to it, but otherwise, enjoy}

Stiles POV:

Stiles wakes up. He's groggy not sure what happened. Last he remembers he was with Peter and Talia and he was dying from getting shot by Gerard, that freaking monster. Kate Argent had died and so had Gerard. He was losing consciousness then there was this bright flash of light. I felt like I was lit on fire. And now I'm lying on my back in some grassy field. I slowly sit up. My wrists hurt a lot. I look down and I see almost healed slit wrists. I freeze. I sit up quickly. The sudden shift causes me to puke. I look up and I'm a few feet from the Nemeton. Which is cut now. What?!? Why am I back? Has nothing changed? Was this all a dream? But I force myself to stand. Things are the same but different. The spell is just the way I left it. But I'm wearing clothes that Peter had given me yesterday. Or however long ago that was. I hear something in the background. I look out trying to see what now. But a Peter pops out of the foliage. My Peter. At least he's the same age now. He looks shocked. He stops moving like he can't believe I'm there.

"Stiles? Is that you?" I look at him hoping this wasn't a dream. That I changed something.

"Yeah..." He laughs. And runs up to me he then proceeds to kiss me. Which is not disliked on my end just extremely surprised.

"Stiles! You're back where did you go your dad said you just vanished in front of him. Everyone was in a panic. Especially me you know when you disappear like that I tend to go crazy you being my anchor and all. Where you testing out new magic again. How many times did I tell you to keep your phone on you when you do that." What the hell is happening?

"Um, What?" Peter stops talking to me, then he looks at me. Like really looks. He sees my clothes like he didn't notice before. And he stares at my arms where I'm hurt. He grabs my wrists. And growls at me.

"What the *hell* is this? Stiles' what's going on?" I look at my hands in Peters and I'm not sure when this developed but apparently, I replaced my new future self. Where all the Hales are alive. Where the fire never happened. Where I'm Peters anchor. Where I do magic. Where I and Peter are 'together'. What is my life? Like no seriously.

"Um, this might sound weird and uh surprise on both ends here. But I think I'm not your Stiles. Well, I'm definitely me, but the last thing I remember is you and Talia killing Gerard after he shot me. And then I woke up here." Peter looks shocked, to say the least.

"Y-you don't remember *anything*?" He looks devastated. I shake my head. But I get the feeling like I remember some memories that I don't remember living.

All too soon I feel this great force of energy slam into the side of my head. I can see me and Peter sitting in my Jeep under a full moon. We are leaning on each other smiling and laughing sharing curly fries. Then I see my dad and Scott's mom getting married. As my date, I bring Peter, who looks gorgeous in a form-fitting suit. Yet no one seems to care that he's my date. I then see Scott and Allison getting married. It's big and beautiful. Then I see Allison and Scott telling us that they are going to have a baby. I remember seeing how happy Scott looks at the news. I see an annoyed but semi-happy Chris in the background. I then see myself all dressed up in a tux and I'm standing nervously with my dad behind these large oak doors. Once they open I see Peter smiling at me near the altar, He looks as beautiful as ever. My dad walks me up to the aisle, I see the smiling faces of all my friends and family. The Hale pack is there and most of my friends who I thought to be dead. I hear Peter read his vows to me, how he looks at me with such love in his eyes. Then I see myself surrounded by 20 books that are in a bunch of languages I've never seen before, I get this homey feel. My surrounds are messy yet they looked organized in my own special way. I then see my eyes glowing a lilac purple and I see a flame sprout from my hand. Then I see a blurry version myself and my dad sitting at a table eating breakfast and I hear myself fall to the floor with a shout and I feel a burning sensation like before. I then see the darkness receding and I wake up.

I'm lying in Peters' arms. He's calling my name. And gently caressing my face in a loving manner.

"Peter?" I ask tentatively. He looks at me with love in his eyes but he's scared. Scared that I don't remember him. Scared that I'd leave him. But he just didn't I was already kinda into him before.

I reach up and cup his cheek. I go in for a deep almost hungry kiss. We separate and I whisper inches from his mouth, "I remember everything Peter." He sighs in relief and he kisses me back just as desperate. He puts his hands under my legs and back and he carries me away into my new, yet old life. I smile, I'm as happy as I've been in a long time.

Chapter End Notes

Omg, How was it?

This was a sad emotional story, but in the end, it turned out really nice I think. I hope you enjoyed and lots of love for those who read and enjoyed my story.

P.S. Next chapter is the sadder ending. So read if you want.

Love ya guys, THANKS FOR READING!!!

The Bad Ending

Chapter Summary

Yep, this is what could've happened were I cruel-er to Stiles.

/WARNING/Very sad and creepy be warned.

Chapter Notes

So that's all folks. This is the end officially.

It's short and sad. But it's not what happened so you can put your tissue boxes away.

Thanks for reading :)

P.s. If you like Stiles POV I have another series running at the moment. Book 1 Is called, The Cousins He Never Mentioned. It has 5 parts out at the moment, so lots to read. So if you would read it, it would mean the world, love ya:)

WARNING IT'S REALLY A BAD ENDING AND IT GETS A BIT GROSS IN A SENSE SO BE WARNED.

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

Last he remembers he was with Peter and Talia and he was dying from getting shot by Gerard, that freaking monster. Kate Argent had died and so had Gerard. I started to fall unconscious from the bullet wound, there faces start to blur. I try to finish talking to Peter, to tell him not to cry but I can't. I feel trapped in my own body. Like back with the nogitsune. I'm scared. All too soon the excitement of the fight and winning is gone. And all I see is the blurring of the image in front of me.

All too soon darkness fills my vision again. And I sink, I sink into a black abyss of nothingness. After what feels like a century I wake up. My movement feels constricted and sluggish, I then realized that I'm strapped to an all too familiar bed. I pull on the straps but they

don't give. I hear someone at the edge of my bed. It's an orderly, he's smiling at me in a creepy way.

"Oh, you've awoken, kid," He says in a cheery voice and with an evil, messed up smile. He was older than me but tall. He stepped right up to my face and his hand gently caressed my face, but instead of feeling the love like when Peter did it, I feel disgusted and I try to pull away. But he just grabs my face harder.

He makes me look at him as he says, "Well, Welcome back to Eichen house Stiles. It would have been so boring had you been asleep this whole time." He moves to a cart and rolls it into my field of view. It's filled with what looks like torture items and *toys*. I'm disgusted. I scream at the man, I tell to get away. To not touch me. I sound loud and crazy, I'm trembling, was that all a dream had nothing really changed. He chuckled evilly and slowly walks back up to me and picks up a cold metal syringe off the table beside me.

He presses it and cold liquids squirts out and hits my cheek. He rubs a finger to wipe it off. But his finger glides over my lips and pushes them a bit. I clamp my mouth and try to turn. He frowns but just grabs my head and moves it to the side, He licks his finger and touches a spot on my neck. He blows on it and I cringe at the coldness of my wet skin. All too quickly he painfully jabs the thick needle in my neck. I scream in pain. I can hear him laugh. He drops my face, yet as he moves away I can still feel the syringe in my neck. I try to struggle against the restraints but I suddenly feel a chill. I can't move. I'm paralyzed. I can't move, but I can still feel. I'm broken out of my thoughts by a cold hand brushing my arm. I look and see the orderly.

"Oh, the *fun* we're going to have Stiles." I feel tears fall from my eyes as my vision blurs. I can't scream but I try god do I try. The man touches my face and clears the tears,

"Don't worry Stiles I'll take *extra* good care of you." He says and winks. I gag, this is hell. But it dawned on me, that now and forever this would be my life.

The End! :(

Chapter End Notes

THANKS FOR READING !!!

I hope you enjoyed.

If you want to recomend another story or whatever just comment and I'll get back to you. :)

~Jenelle (AKA the author)

P.S. it got really dark, since I edited it, Sorry not sorry. I just know that I have to add a few more tags/warnings.

End Notes

Thanks for reading and lasting throughout this sad-ass journey.

I really love this story and I really don't know why I wrote that second ending.

But thanks for reading and enjoying my work.

I love y'all

:)

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!