

Grapes

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Grapes

by [Pegggy21](#)

Summary

Stiles wakes up alone, and that's weird

They were once again laying in bed. It was late, just after midnight, and they had been fighting monsters all day. Stiles stretched out on the bed. Groaning he rubbed his stomach.

“My stomach is full but I want to eat.” Stiles groaned.

“Grapes are always good?” Derek mumbled into his pillow.

“Oh my god, Derek, that sounds perfect. You should go get me some grapes. You know how many monsters I killed today? I totally earned some grapes.”

Derek groaned and got up. Stopping at the door he turned to Stiles. “You’re an asshole.”

“Maybe, but you’re the one getting me grapes.” Stiles smiled from his pillow. Derek returned promptly, grape clusters between his teeth. “Oh my god Derek, I love you.”

As Derek came to bed Stiles broke a few grapes off and popped them into his mouth. Derek smiled at Stiles’ antics and splayed on his side, still holding the grapes in his mouth. They sit in the moments of being together and peace. Derek is visibly healing, Stiles will likely be sore for weeks. But in this moment it doesn’t matter. They’re happy.

The next day, Stiles woke up alone in bed. At first he wasn’t concerned. Sometimes Derek went on early runs, other times one of the pack needed him. He always left a note on the swipe board on the fridge for Stiles. So he stretched in bed, went pee, and made his way over to the kitchen. He frowned when the swipe board was empty. Stiles felt something akin to dread hit his stomach. He called Derek’s phone, only to hear it ring on his charger by their bed. Derek was religious about always having his phone on him. Something was very wrong. Stiles’ next call was Scott, then the rest of the pack. As they gathered Stiles sat in his rune room. He had, through trial and error, figured out how to manage the spark deep in his soul. His tattoos helped him focus, the runes and herbs in the room amped his spark up. Gave him more range. He let the pack sniff around for signs of an intruder while he did his own thing. He sat in the middle of the bare room. He had painted the runes and spells in concentric circles from the center, where he sat. They went from the floor to walls to ceiling. The walls and floor, under said runes, where infused with herbs and plants, everything he could get his hands on. Everything for protection, healing, magnification, anything to ward off evil. When he wasn’t in the room he wasn’t sure how much power the mix had, but he had successfully hidden here from monsters several times. He sat in the middle of the circles, holding Derek’s favorite red henley. He focused his spark on Derek. His anchor in this life, his person, all the things he felt for Derek. When he spread the map out before him he let a small handful of bones drop. He felt his spark ignite. Felt the power coarse through him and the bones all landed on one spot. An old warehouse just outside of town. He reported his findings to the others, and asked what they had found. They had found one scent. Kate.

Something deep in Stiles’ chest snapped when he heard her name. He could feel something grow inside his chest, it felt like his spark but much more angry. The pack stared at him. It began in his eyes. They glowed like whiskey in the sunlight, he seemed to grow in height and mass, his tattoos looked almost alive.

“Lets go kill the bitch.” His voice was different, definitely more intimidating. Without waiting for the others he jumped in his Jeep and took off. Driving over he felt like to was powering up, the power in his chest creeping through the cracks in his mind. When he pulled up there was one guard outside, a human that fell under Stiles’s bat without eve realizing what happened. The pack was close behind him but he didn’t wait. His man, his mate, his person was in this building. He was going in.

As he walked down the hall he could hear Derek howling, it sounded angry but Stiles couldn’t tell if it was anger at being hurt or just pissed at being tied up. As he came around the corner he saw Kate. The bitch had Derek strung up in electric cuffs, she’d been cutting away at his side with a knife. It had to have some sort of wolfsbane in it because his side wasn’t healing. He was in his beta form, his eyes glinting icy blue in anger and pain, his eyebrows migrated down to his sideburns and beard. He howled in warning when Kate saw Stiles. It was his ‘get-the-fuck-outta-here-Stiles’ growl.

Stiles heard nothing. He took in Derek’s pain almost as if it was his own. The throb of electricity pulsing through him, the sharp bite of the deep cuts in his side, the almost acidic burn of the wolfsbane added to the cuts. Stiles felt his insides break even more powerfully. He didn’t know but his eyes shone in that moment, his tattoos writhed in anger. He stepped over to Kate and beat the knife out of her hand with his bat before dropping it. He radiated power as he put his hands on her neck and pushed her against the wall. His clothes and hair moved as if he was in a wind tunnel, all his anger pointed at the vile woman. He lifted her off the ground by her throat.

“Die, perish, never come back. I BANISH you from my realm and all those populated. Cease existing, stop breathing. I Mieczyslaw Stlinisky, of the Hale pack, COMPEL you to LEAVE.” Each word he spoke rang true with power and anger. The pack came in just in time hear, and see Kate turn to dust.

Stiles turned to Derek and took the shackles off. He helped Derek down and placed his hands on Derek’s side. Almost immediately the black lines receded and the deep wounds healed. Stiles then put his hands on Derek’s wrists and healed them as well. Stiles kissed Derek deeply and passed out.

When Stiles woke up he groaned, he had really fucked up this time. He’d way over extended his powers, he felt like he’d been run over by a truck. He opened his eyes and sat up slowly. The pack was all asleep, Derek at his side. Issac, Boyd, Erica, Theo, Liam, Jackson, Ethan, Lydia, Malia, Mason, Cory, Kira, and Scott all draped around their room and on their bed. Stiles chuckled and Derek woke.

“I didn’t think you were gonna wake up.” Worry was etched on every line of Derek’s face. “I’ve never seen you like that before. You- your eyes glowed.”

“I don’t know what happened. I heard she had you again and my Spark snapped. I couldn’t stop it, I knew what I was doing. I was in control. I could feel the trees growing and the world spinning. I felt your pain and I knew she had to die. God, she’s done to much to all of us. She’s tried to kill you too many times. She had to die, and it had to be final. Permanent. I had to do something.” Stiles put his hands on Derek’s jaw and kissed him. “We’re safe now. Safe from her.” Derek would never admit to anyone else this, but he cried. They held each

other and silently let the tears of relief fall. Surrounded by the pack, safe and at home. Everyone slept a few more hours.

When everyone woke someone ordered a few pizza, a movie was turned on. A huge puppy pile ensued. Derek and Stiles laughed as Scott and Kira wrestled for the last of the Pringles, how Ethan and Jackson pretended to be too good for them but smelled of contentment and happiness. Mostly at how everyone talked over each other and were a family. They were a mismatched, angry, weird, sometimes dysfunctional, but always good family. Always together. Of course they all groaned and cat called when Derek kissed Stiles, what family wouldn't?

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