

Episode 1 - Wolf Moon

Friends.

It's a strong word that gets thrown around lightly.

I thought I had plenty of friends back home, turns out I was wrong.

I got thrown to the curb for some kid with a powerful daddy, even my girlfriend and my best friend tossed me aside like trash.

Thank gods I had a place to run, a place to hide, a place away from everything.

"Percy! Sally! It's been too long," My mom hugged Uncle Noah.

They had a close relationship until my uncle lost his wife and isolated himself, speaking to a few bar his son.

Speaking of him...

"Stiles." I smile and we do our special handshake and end it with a hug.

"Percy! Man, how've you been?" Stiles takes my bags and leads me inside.

"Honestly? Pretty shit."

"Well forget about all that and enjoy your new life in Beacon Hills!" He throws his hands in the air, almost throwing himself off balance. I laugh as I reach the top steps.

"You've always sucked at video games." I say placing the controller down and propping my feet on the table.

"Rude. I think dinner's done, come on." He pushes me onto the couch and runs off giggling maniacally, I get up and follow him down the stairs (resisting the urge to push him down them).

"Alright, I'm gonna be gone for the rest of the night, please, Percy, help yourself to anything," Uncle Noah smiled as he attached his walkie talkie to his belt, "Stiles?"

Stiles looked up from his plate, the spaghetti in his mouth making a sort of mustache.

"Mhm?" he manages.

"Behave and treat our guest well. I have a case, I'm so sorry." He smiles apologetically and grabs his jacket.

Stiles scrambles to his feet, swallowing the remains of his spaghetti.

"Wait!" He shouts.

"Stiles, it's a serious case and I don't want you getting hurt. Just stay home and look after Percy." Noah pats Stiles' shoulder and heads out the door.

Stiles flips from looking downtrodden to upbeat in a second.

"Leftovers?"

I shake my head and lean back feeling full.

"So what's your dad's case?" I ask.

"Murder." Stiles says nonchalantly.

Stiles seems to be oblivious to my shock as he stuffs his face with more pasta. He looks up and swallows quickly.

"They think it's a coyote, but if you look at the claw marks, they don't match," he clears up.

I sigh, slightly relieved. "You know this, how?"

Stiles winked in response.

"Anyways," Stiles started, "I'm gonna hit the hay, toilets are down the hall and I'll see you all in the morning," Stiles grabbed our plates, put them in the dishwasher and rushed upstairs in about ten seconds flat.

"Well, I guess we should get to bed too, it's pretty late," Mom smiles at me "Goodnight Percy."

I stared blankly at my ceiling, my mind fogged by ghosts of my past.

Gods, this move will be good for me.

I was disturbed by rustling from my window.

"Psst, hey, Perce! You coming with? You can see something pretty cool," Stiles whispered loudly, grinning widely.

I groaned and threw on a hoodie.

I skirted down the roofing outside my window and jumped straight into a bush. Stiles and I grinned before bursting into laughter, and then remembered we needed to be quiet.

We jumped into his jeep and set off down the road.

"Just stay here for a second," Stiles whispered as he climbed a house.

I smiled and rolled my eyes.

A loud scream came from the porch Stiles had crept above.

Stiles dropped down and hung upside down.

"Stiles! What the hell are you doing?!" Shouted a boy with a red hoodie on. His jaw was crooked slightly and held a baseball bat accusingly at Stiles.

"You weren't answering your phone!" Stiles shouted back as if this made all the sense in the world, "Why do you have a bat?!"

"I thought you were a predator!" The kid shouted back, waving his bat in the air.

I could feel my hope for lasting the night in the woods slipping quickly.

"A pre - " Stiles wheezed, "Look, I know it's late, but you gotta hear this, my dad left twenty minutes ago. Dispatch called, they're bringing every officer from the Beacon department and even some from the state police!" Stiles explained, trying to act calm.

"For what?" the boy asked skeptically.

"Two joggers found a body in the woods..." Stiles fell from the roof.

"A dead body?" the boy asked.

"No, a body of water," I said sarcastically, walking towards them.

"Who's he?" the kid asked Stiles, nodding in my direction, eyebrows raised.

"My cousin Perseus," Stiles grinned as I cringed at the mention of my real name, "Scott, this is Percy. Percy, this is Scott." Stiles said pointing to us respectively.

"Sup," I greeted Scott. Stiles turned back to Scott.

"He's just come from New York, so he's gonna be tagging along with us," Stiles grinned at me and Scott gave me a smile. "Anyway, dead body in the woods," Stiles said, exasperated that we weren't talking about his idea.

"Like, murdered?" Scott asked, concern evident in his eyes.

"No idea yet, just that it was a girl, probably in her twenties," Stiles explained, hands on his hips.

"Hold on, if they've found the body, then what are they even looking for?" Scott asked.

"They've only found half the body," I told Scott, relaying the information Stiles had told me on the way here. Scott's eyes widened.

"We're going," Stiles grinned.

Stiles and Scott and I arrived at Beacon Hills Preserve. Scott and I both tried to point out the 'NO ENTRY AFTER DARK' sign to Stiles, but he was adamant we enter.

"We're seriously doing this?" Scott asks.

"You're the one that's always bitching, nothing ever happens in this town." Stiles replies.

"I was gonna try and get some sleep before school tomorrow," I say.

"Same here," says Scott, "To make sure I'm ready for practice tomorrow."

"Right, because sitting on the bench is such a grueling effort," Stiles mocks.

"No, because I'm playing this year," Scott sounds unsure, "In fact, I'm making first line," he sounds more confident this time.

"Hey, that's the spirit. Everyone should have a dream, even if it's a pathetically unrealistic one." Stiles replies.

Scott sighed. "Hey, are you trying out for lacrosse this year?"

"Nah," I replied. "Never been a particularly sporty guy to be honest."

"Oh, that's a shame, you have the right build for it." He sounded kind of relieved he wouldn't have to try out against me, I don't blame him, not to toot my own horn but years of demigodding around has given me some pretty good reaction time. "Hey Stiles, just out of curiosity, which half of the body are we looking for?" Scott asked.

Stiles paused for a second. "Huh! Never even thought about that."

"Oh, great," I muttered.

Scott continued, "And, uh, what if whoever killed the body is still out here?"

"Also something I didn't think about."

"It's good to know you've planned this out with such attention to detail," I said sarcastically.

Stiles grinned and scrambled up a small hill, "I know right?"

"Hey, maybe the severe asthmatic should be the one holding the flashlight, huh?" Scott perked up whilst shaking his inhaler.

We dropped to the ground when we heard police dogs barking. "You okay Scott?" I asked. He nodded and took a puff of his inhaler.

Stiles got up and started sprinting to a denser patch of trees, "Come on." He whispered. I scrambled to my feet Stiles got up and started sprinting to a denser patch of trees, "Come on." He whispered. I scrambled to my feet and caught up to him, only remembering Scott after he shouted for us to wait up. I instantly felt guilty for leaving the asthmatic boy behind. A loud bark behind me brought me back from my reverie. Stiles and I turned only to be blinded by a cop's flashlight.

Busted.

"Hold it right there!" A cop shouted at us.

"Wait a second, these two belong to me," Uncle Noah's disappointed voice shook me.

"Oh, hi dad." Stiles said sheepishly.

"Um... hey..." I add. Uncle Noah gave me a scathing look but quickly turned onto Stiles.

"So, do you listen to all my phone calls?" he asks.

"No... Well, not the boring ones."

Noah sighed and shook his head, "Well, I see you've coerced Percy into this, but where's your usual partner in crime?" I could tell Scott was shaking behind the tree close behind us.

"Who? Scott? No, Percy couldn't sleep so we went on a walk, no Scott here, right Perce?" Stiles kicked me subtly.

"Yep, no one here but us... and you of course... and the other police dudes... um..." I lied badly whilst scratching the back of my neck nervously. Sheriff Stilinski looked unimpressed and proceeded to shout for Scott, after getting no reply he shrugged and dragged Stiles and I back to Stiles car whilst berating Stiles about invasion of privacy and telling me how I shouldn't get mixed up in Stiles' hijinks. I didn't pay attention though; Scott was alone in the woods, possibly with a murderer on the loose.

"So I'll see you around then?" asked the cute brunette.

"Yeah, sure, make sure to say hi," I reply grinning, she giggles and we part ways, I walk over to Stiles and Scott and overhear part of their conversation, "... don't believe me about the wolves, then you won't believe me when I say I found the body," Scott says.

"No way," I exclaim.

"You're kidding right?" Stiles asks.

"Man, I wish. I'm gonna have nightmares for months." Scott says tiredly.

"Oh, gods, that is awesome!" I exclaim.

"That has to be the best thing to happen to this town since, since, since Lydia Martin," Stiles waves to a pretty redhead. "Hey Lydia, you look... like you're gonna ignore me." Stiles' upbeat attitude was deflated as Lydia walked straight past him, though I swear she gave me a quick look.

I grinned evilly, "Does Stiles have a crush?"

"Not a crush, my big biceped friend, 'tis love," he replied, a little starry eyed.

"And does she know it's love?" I asked rhetorically.

Stiles ignored me and pointed at Scott, "It's his fault you know, it's Scott dragging me down to his nerd depths, I'm a nerd by association."

Naturally we all cracked up. The bell rang and Stiles turned to me "Alright, just stay here, I gotta go but the principal will show you around and stuff."

Him and Scott walk into the school as I find a seat on the bench. A couple of minutes later a girl sits by me talking on her phone.

"Alright mom, I don't think three calls on my first day is healthy," I smiled, thinking about how my mom had fussed this morning, "And neither is not bringing a pen," she added. Shit, I don't think I have a pen other than Riptide either. "Okay, love you, bye" she finished.

I smiled at her, "Your first day too?"

"Yeah, I came from San Fran, I'm nervous as hell, you?" she asked, looking slightly flustered.

"New York, but I've done this kinda thing a lot so I guess I'm used to being the new kid."

"Well maybe you can help me?" she joked and we chuckled until the principal came out to take us to our first lesson.

The principal held open the door for us and introduced us to the class, we then found seats, I took one behind Stiles and she sat behind Scott. Speaking of Scott, he was making googly eyes at Allison whilst giving her a pen. I grinned. I know that look, smitten already. But how did he know she needed a pen?

After a rather uneventful first couple of lessons (other than Stiles being screamed at for a lot of them), Allison and I made our way out of the classroom after being held back so the teacher could tell us good luck.

"Thanks for being so nice," she said, opening her locker.

"No problem, it's always good to make friends." I smile.

"That jacket is killer, where'd you get it?" Lydia Martin had appeared out of nowhere, something I took as a cue to leave.

I made my way to Stiles and Scott, "How is it the new girl has been here for like 5 minutes and is already with Lydia Martin's clique?" I heard a girl say.

"She's hot, hot people herd together," Stiles replied. Scott stared blankly at Allison, I grinned. "Looks like Scotty over here has a thing for the new girl," I joke. No reaction from Scott. "Scott?" He looked like he was listening to Allison's conversation, but she was at the opposite end of the corridor... "Scott!" I waved my hand in his face. He blinked and acknowledged me.

"Are you coming to watch us try out?" he asked.

"No," I replied, "I kinda want to try and get my grades up this year, so I think I'll go to the library or something."

Scott nodded understanding and he and Stiles guided me to the library before going to tryouts.

The library was painted a sickly, horrible light yellow color, with worn down bookcases filled with vandalized books stacked tightly together. I ran my fingers over the spines of the books, hardbacks tickling my fingers. Annabeth would laugh if I - Don't think about her. In my trance I hadn't noticed I had knocked some books off the top shelf. "Ow," a quiet voice exclaimed.

"Oh, shit. I am so sorry!" I ran around the bookcase to see who I'd harmed. Unkempt golden hair hung over her face casting a shadow over the crimson flushed acne ridden skin. Trembling hands held the crown of her head, the offending books scattered around her. She wore a gray sweatshirt and baggy jeans with scuffed trainers poking out from under them.

"I am so sorry, are you okay?" I exclaimed. She mumbled in response and nodded her head.

"Do you need any help?" I asked. Again, a mumble and a shake of her head. "Um... What's your name then?" I asked.

"Erica." She whispered under her breath.

"Can I sit?" I asked, she seemed the lonely type. I could relate, Yancy Academy would have been murder if not for Grover - Don't think about him. She seemed shocked by my question but nodded meekly. "Aren't you in my chemistry class?" I asked. She nodded again, slightly more enthusiastically this time. "Would you help me revise?" She nodded vigorously. I took a seat next to her and she picked up one of the books.

"What do you need help with?" She mumbled softly.

"Moles, I can't calculate them, dyslexia and all..." I scratch the back of my neck as I stare down at the letters doing cartwheels and flips and generally things that make it hard to read.

"You have dyslexia?" She asks in slight shock.

"Yeah, is that bad?" I said, getting a little defensive.

"No! That's fine!" She hurriedly exclaimed, "It's fine, I just didn't expect someone so... doesn't matter,"

"Okay... So... Uh... How do I calculate moles?" She stared at me for a while after I asked. I stared back, she was actually quite pretty now I could see her properly.

Erica mumbled and stuttered for the next hour or so and somehow managed to teach me something that professionals had struggled with for years. Over the course of this hour I discovered she was actually epileptic, and after joining the dots, I was fairly sure she'd been bullied because of her epilepsy, something that, to say the least, pissed me off a bit. I made a silent vow to help reestablish this poor girl's confidence.

"Perce! We need to go now!" Scott's voice rang out through the library. I turned to Erica and made a rushed apology about my friend needing my help. She just nodded sadly.

"Where can I meet you again?" I asked quickly, aware Scott was about to explode in anxiety. Erica seemed taken aback.

"W-well, I-I, um, here! I'll be here, around school, I mean!" she stuttered. I smiled, grabbed my backpack and sprinted out of the school with Scott and Stiles.

As we trudged through the leaves that coated the preserve's ground, Scott and Stiles told me what had happened at the tryouts.

"I-I don't know what it was, it was like I had all the time in the world to catch the ball." Scott sighed as we trudged through a brook. "And that's not the only weird thing, I-I can hear things I shouldn't be able to hear. Smell things."

"Smell things?" I raised my eyebrow.

"Like what?" Stiles asked. Scott paused for a fraction.

"Like the mint mojito gum in your pocket," Scott said confidently. Stiles stopped and reached into his pocket.

"I don't even have any mint mojito-" Stiles' sentence stopped as he brandished some green gum.

I took a step back. "That's freaky."

Scott shrugged in response and carried on walking. Stiles and I exchanged worried glances.

"So all this started with a bite?" Stiles pressed Scott for answers.

"What if it's like an infection, like my body's flooding with adrenaline before I go into shock or something?" Scott ignored Stiles' question.

Stiles grinned at me and winked. "You know," he started, "I actually think I've heard of this, it's a specific kind of infection."

Scott stopped and turned around. "You're serious?"

"Yeah, I think it's called lycanthropy."

I bit my lip to stop laughing. "Really? You think it's that bad Stiles?" I played along, face solemn.

"What? What's that? Is it bad!? Scott asked frantically. I gave him a grave look, but on the inside I was pissing myself laughing.

"Oh, yeah, it's the worst." I started.

"But only once a month..." Stiles finished, behind his sad eyes you could see the untold mirth he was getting from the situation.

"Once a month?" Scott's head cocked to the side, confused.

"Mhmm," I said as I leant against a tree shaking my head sadly.

"On the night of the full moon," Stiles explained, hands on hips. Scott looked around confused, so I decided to end his misery by making a crude wolf howl. Scott pushed Stiles and walked ahead angry.

"Hey, hey, you're the one that heard a wolf howling," Stiles jokes.

"Guys, stop, there could be something seriously wrong with me!" Scott insisted.

"I know! You're a werewolf" I exclaimed, throwing my arms to the side to emphasize my point. Stiles made growling noises to the side of me.

Scott walked ahead. "Okay okay, obviously we're kidding," Stiles tried to brighten Scott's mood.

"But if you see us in shop class trying to melt all the silver we can find, it's cause Friday's the full moon," I joked.

Scott stopped and looked around. "No, I-I could have sworn this was it. I saw the body, the deer came running. I dropped my inhaler."

"Maybe the killer moved the body?" Stiles suggested.

"If he did, I hope he left my inhaler, those things are like eighty bucks," Scott muttered with a surprising amount of malice in his voice.

Stiles froze and started tapping Scott and I on the shoulder. I turned to see some creepy ass looking dude with a leather jacket staring at us. As he walked towards I felt apprehensive, after years of being hunted I could tell when someone was more than what they put on, and this guy was setting off all sorts of alarm bells. "What're you doing here?" he asked. Stiles brushed his hands over his buzzcut. "This is private property," Creepy Dude added. Scott and Stiles seemed transfixed by him so I spoke up.

"Sorry man, uh, we didn't know."

"Yeah, we were just looking for something, but-" Scott drifted off mid-sentence. Creepy Dude motioned for him to continue but Scott told him we'd just forget about it. Creepy Dude reached into his pocket and I tensed up, this was going to end badly. But then he threw something blue to Scott, his inhaler! How the fuck did he get it?

Creepy Dude walked away and Scott seemed to be wondering the same as me as he stared at his inhaler. "Um," Scott started, "I got to get to work."

Stiles flipped out beside us, "Guys! That was Derek Hale! Scott, you remember? He's only like a few years older than us!"

"Remember what?"

"His family?" Stiles said, "They all burned to death in a fire, like, ten years ago."

"Wonder what he's doing back." I thought out loud. "Come on" I nodded my head in the direction we'd come from.

I managed to get to the animal clinic just before Scott closed it up, Stiles had gone with his dad to the police station and there was nothing to do at home so I decided to keep Scott company. I took my sodden coat off and didn't use my water powers to dry myself (stupid mortals making me have to dry myself manually) whilst Scott went into the bathroom to change the dressing on his bite mark.

"Perce! Look at this!" Scott came out with his shirt off, and to my surprise the side of his abs held no indication of a bite mark or any kind of trauma for that matter.

"Woah..." I tried to speak but no words came out.

"What do you think it means?" Scott asked worriedly.

"I don't know, I wish I could help," Scott and I exchanged glances before he went off to feed the animals, I followed, ironically, like a little lost puppy.

As I tidied up the surgery area for Scott, I heard the cats growling and howling. I rushed in to see what the problem was, Scott was standing with the cat food as all the cats launched themselves at their cages and hissed at him.

"Scott, back away," Scott took my advice and slowly treaded backwards until he could close the door, at which point the cats became silent. Scott and I stared in shock at each other until frantic knocks brought us from our reverie.

We rushed to the door to see a soaked Allison nervously putting her hands through her hair and pacing. Scott opened the door to a torrent of 'sorry's' and 'I didn't mean to's' We managed to calm her to the point where she could tell us a coherent story about how she was driving, looked away to change songs, and hit a dog that had wandered into the road.

"Do you know where you hit it so I can send Animal Control to find it?" Scott asked, trying to calm her further.

"No! I mean, yes, I know where I hit it, but the dog is-" She mumbled the rest.

"Allison, where is the dog?" I asked calmly.

"It's in my car." We hurried into the rain, to the trunk of her car. As the trunk lifted, a white dog barked at us. Allison and Scott jumped in surprise.

"You okay?" Scott asked her, "She's just frightened."

"That makes two of us," she joked.

"Three of us," I muttered. Scott shot me a look, no way he heard that, right?

"Let me see if I have any better luck," Scott said, squatting down to the dog's level, he bowed his head and the dog shut up. So now Scott has dog telekinesis?

I carried the dog and set him on the table as Scott tried to flirt awkwardly with Allison.

"Guys?" I said, "I think her leg is broken." Years of monster related injuries had given me a basic knowledge of how to recognise injuries.

"I've seen Deaton do plenty of splints," Scott started, "I could do it myself and give her a painkiller for now." Whilst Scott fussed around with the dog, I noticed Allison was shivering still. I kicked Scott under the table and mouthed 'give her a shirt' to him, Scott's eyes widened and he nodded dramatically. I swear, I'm the only person out of Stiles, Scott and I that has any

semblance of social skills. "Um, I have a shirt in my bag, if you're cold obviously... uh..." I cringed at Scott's ineptitude with women but Allison seemed to find it endearing. Was I this bad with Anna - no, Percy, stop thinking about her.

"I don't want to trouble you." Scott ignored Allison and handed her his spare shirt. Allison smiled and walked away to change in the other room. I waggled my eyebrows suggestively at Scott, to which he flipped me the bird.

Such friendship.

Out of the corner of my eye I saw Scott looking in the direction Allison was changing in. I kicked him again and shot him a disapproving look, as did the dog.

"What? I didn't see anything."

I rolled my eyes and let him get on with the splint.

"Thanks for doing this," Allison said, "I feel really, really stupid."

"How come?" Scott said.

"I don't know, cause I freaked out like a total girl."

"You are a girl." Scott grinned, glass eyed.

Wow Scott, you really are Casanova, aren't you?

"I freaked out like a girly girl, and I'm not a girly girl," Allison muttered.

"What kind of girl are you?"

"Tougher than that." Allison said, flashing a smile, dimples on show. "At least I thought I was."

"Hey, I'd be freaked out too." Scott reassured her. "In fact, I'd probably cry."

"Like the biggest girly girl ever," I chipped in. Scott glared at me, at which point I slowly shuffled out of the operating theater.

I overheard laughing as I checked my phone. I'm not sure what it was, but something about Beacon Hills seemed to repel monsters and myth-y stuff, so I had taken the liberty to buy myself a phone.

Stiles: Perce, come home quick, got a big break in case.

I typed in a reply as quick as my untrained texting fingers could type, said bye and left as Scott said something cringey about litigious dogs.

"You gotta tell him soon, practice is in like 5 minutes." I look down at my watch as I lean against the locker by Stiles. He slams his locker.

"I know, let's go then." He grabs his helmet and runs past, almost knocking me off balance. I sigh and run after him.

"Scott! Scott, wait up!" Stiles scurried to Scott and grabbed him by the shoulder.

"Stiles, I'm playing the first elimination game, can it wait?" He seemed irritated and in a hurry.

"Just hold on alright." He tries to stall him. "I overheard my dad on the phone, the fiber analysis came back from the lab in LA. They found animal hairs on the body from the woods!" Stiles tries to grab Scott's attention but fails miserably.

"Stiles I gotta go." Scott grabs his gear and walks onto the field.

"Wait, no! Scott! You're not gonna believe what the animal was!" And by this point Scott had vanished in, amongst all the other players. "It was a wolf." Stiles breathes out exasperated.

"You'll tell him next time cous, don't worry." I wink at him and push him onto the field. He turns back and gives me a 'piss off' look. I just chuckle and take a seat in the stands.

The players gathered in a huddle around Coach as he rambled on about making first line and girlfriends.

"Hey," I turned to see Allison, she'd obviously come to see Scott play. I felt a pair of eyes on me, demigodding around does that, a few rows above me and a little to the left Erica was staring at me through her hands. I motioned for her to come over and she flushed red and pretended not to see me. "Who're you waving to?" Allison asked.

"Erica, over there, I met her yesterday in the library."

"You sure she's seen you?" she asked.

"Oh yeah, she's just shy, I'll go over" I said, getting up as the players dispersed from the huddle. I climbed the steps Erica, who was sitting on her own and seemed to have no actual interest in the game, seemed to shrink down to avoid my gaze.

"Erica! Hey!" I shouted walking down her aisle, getting a few dirty looks from watchers on. Erica waved feebly whilst trying to hide her face behind the other hand. I squatted next to her. "Come sit with me and Allison."

"N-No, it-its fine, I-I don't want to- to intrude on you and your girlfriend," she stuttered.

I laughed loudly, gaining more dirty looks from the sports fans.

"Allison and I aren't dating, we're just friends," I assured her. "Besides," I whispered, "Scott would kill me."

Erica cracked a small smile, it wasn't much but it made me feel warmer inside. "Come on," I led her by the hand. As we sat down Scott caught the ball but was pretty much tackled immediately by Jackson. "I hate that dick" I whispered under my breath.

"Allison, this is Erica. Erica, this is Allison," I introduced the two girls. Both waved awkwardly to each other.

Scott was playing great, he'd dodged past multiple players and was heading towards the goal rapidly before being confronted by three defenders.

"Pass Scott!" I yelled.

Scott ignored me and flipped over the defenders. I swear Stiles said Scott was trash at lacrosse? Scott scored and Allison and I cheered with the rest of the spectators. Erica punched the air a little before stopping pretty quickly.

"McCall!" I heard Coach shout. "Get over here! What in God's name was that? This is a lacrosse field! What, are you trying out for the gymnastics team?"

"No Coach," Scott responded.

"What the hell was that?"

"I-I don't know, I was just tryna make the shot." Scott stuttered.

"Yeah, well you made the shot. And guess what?" Coach paused. "You're startin', buddy. You made first line."

Everyone cheered as Scott stood wide eyed, grinning.

"So you're completely sure about this?" I asked Stiles as I lay spread eagle on his messy bed.

"All the evidence points that way, I can't find anything else to explain it."

Personally, I believed Stiles, I've seen enough impossible shit to know Scott being a werewolf was entirely feasible. And credit to Stiles for finding out about lycaon, the original Greek wolf dude. If this was Greek related, there was a possibility I could contact my dad or someone and get help.

Hours of research was scattered all over Stiles' already cluttered desk. Stiles had become distracted again, leaning closer and closer into his laptop screen until banging on his door brought him from his trance. I opened the door to see Scott beaming at me. "You better come in," I said.

"I've been up all night reading websites, books. All this information-"

"How much Adderall have you had today?" Scott cut Stiles off.

"A lot," Stiles answered.

Scott turned to me, noticing my leg bouncing and my finger tapping. "And you?" He asked.

"None, all this hyperactivity is all natural baby," I answered, grinning cockily.

"That doesn't matter," Stiles interrupted, "Scott, just listen."

"This about the body?" Scott asked. "Did they find out who did it?"

"No, they're still questioning people like Derek Hale."

"Oh, the guy in the woods that we saw the other day?"

"Yeah, Yes! But that's not it, okay?"

"What then?"

"Remember the joke from the other day?" I asked.

Scott nodded.

"Not a joke anymore," Stiles added.

Scott raised an eyebrow, confused.

"The wolf bite in the woods," Stiles started. "I started doing all this reading, do you even know why a wolf howls?" Stiles was becoming sidetracked.

"Should I?" Scott asked, bewildered.

"It's a signal, okay? When a wolf is alone, it howls to signal its position to the rest of the pack." Stiles became more and more animated as he talked.

"So if you heard a wolf howling, that means others could be nearby. Maybe a whole pack of them," I explained Stiles' crazy rants to Scott.

"A whole pack of wolves?" Scott asked to try and clear things up.

"No," I said, leaning against the wall.

"Werewolves," Stiles finished.

Scott's eyes narrowed and he stood up. "Are you seriously wasting my time with this? You know I'm picking up Allison in an hour." Scott was visibly pissed.

Stiles tried to push him back onto the bed, but Scott pushed his hands away. "I saw you on the field today, Scott. Okay, what you did out there today wasn't just amazing, all right? It was impossible."

"So, I made a good shot?"

Scott tried to move but Stiles pushed him back again. "No, you made an incredible shot, I mean, the way you moved, your speed, your reflexes. People can't just do that overnight." Stiles threw the papers onto the bed. "And there is the vision and the senses, and don't think I haven't noticed you don't need your inhaler anymore."

"Dude! I can't think about this right now. We'll talk tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?! No! The full moon is tonight! Don't you get it?" Stiles looked to be on the point of exploding with how red he was from all his moving.

Scott turned to me, eyes narrow and glaring.

"You don't believe this, do you?" He asked, voice low and growly.

I pushed myself off the wall and walked toward him slowly. "I think we need to consider every possibility, what you can do is beyond what any human can do. Maybe we need to start thinking about the supernatural." I talked slowly, choosing every word carefully. Scott was a time bomb at this point and he'd obviously hit his boiling point.

Scott glared and turned on Stiles so fast I thought he'd get whiplash.

"What're you trying to do? I just made first line, I got a date with a girl who I can't believe wants to go out with me, everything in my life is somehow perfect now, why're you two trying to ruin it?" Scott's voice was rising more and more.

"Scott," I said carefully, "we're trying to help."

Stiles sat down in his office chair. "You're cursed, Scott. And it's not just the moon that will cause you to physically change, it also just so happens to be when your bloodlust will be at its peak." Stiles said, sinking into his chair.

"Bloodlust?" Scott was monotone.

"Your urge to kill," I explained. Scott shot Stiles and I a glare.

"I'm already starting to feel an urge to kill," Scott growled out threateningly.

Stiles, not understanding the threat carried on. "You gotta hear this," Stiles reached for a thick, red, hardback book. "The change can be caused by anger or anything that raises your pulse. All right? I haven't seen anyone raise your pulse like Allison does."

I leant back on the wall, "You have got to cancel this date Scott," I said crossing my arms.

Stiles reached into his backpack and grabbed his phone, "In fact I'm calling her now to cancel the date-"

I jumped to attention as Scott slammed Stiles into the blue wall, fist raised.

"Give me the phone!" Scott yelled. I tried to pull Scott off of Stiles but he hit me and I flew into Stiles' bed. Scott yelled and threw Stiles' chair across the room. I approached Scott warily, hand out in front of me, he was panting aggressively. He muttered something about being sorry and getting ready for the party. He shuffled past me, my eyes never leaving him for a second, he grabbed his backpack and left the room after mumbling out an apology.

I ran over to see if my cousin was okay, but he was fixated on his chair, the one Scott threw.

The one that had large claw marks down the back of it.

I just wore some fitted jeans, a shirt that fit me nicely and a jacket to the party and still girls were eye raping me.

Multiple girls had rubbed up against me, the generic dance/pop music was terrible and I've never been a fan of drinking. What a great person to invite to a party, eh?

Some blonde chick in a tight fitting red dress handed me a cup and fluttered her eyelashes at me, as well as pulling the dress down slightly in the chest area to give me a better view of her... um... assets...? "You new here?" She asked me to dance in very close quarters. I was surprised she could talk to be honest as she had that much make-up on. I assumed she wouldn't be able to move her mouth. I realized I hadn't spoken yet. "Cat got your tongue?" she said, grinning like she'd won a prize, "I have that effect on your gender a lot it would seem." I froze, mind blank. Is this chick for real? Suddenly I was shaken from my thoughts as I felt her cupping my 'Percy Places'.

I'm not scared to say that I ran away like a little bitch.

Besides, I had to keep an eye on Scott. He was dancing with Allison near the pool. I stood in a dark corner behind some Corinthian style pillars, Annabeth would be so surprised I remembered what style they were, in fact the whole house was obviously very influenced by Greek architecture, Annabeth would have loved it.

She didn't love me though - Dammit Percy, stop thinking about her, you pathetic child!

Whilst I had been having a mental war, Scott seemed to be having a sexy dance off with Lydia. Lydia and Jackson were against a pillar, grinding and kissing each other whilst Scott and Allison did the same on the dance floor.

Scott stopped dancing. He was holding his head and left Allison to go inside. I came from my hiding spot, snuck past a red dress girl (who I'm pretty sure was being fingered by two guys in a corner), and followed Scott. I met Stiles' gaze and we both snuck out. Scott had driven off in his car, Allison not far behind him, was being approached by... Derek Hale?

We gave them a strange look as they got into Derek's admittedly good looking car, but we mostly ignored them and cycled over to Scott's house. I waited outside to check that Scott wasn't going to run off anywhere whilst Stiles went in to talk to him. A couple of minutes later I saw a dark figure come out of Scott's window. I managed to tackle him to the ground as he jumped down. I looked down to see who I'd taken down. It was Scott. Scott, but his brow was extremely pronounced, his teeth were canine, his ears were pointy, he had fur like hair that looked like sideburns. He had a feral look in his golden eyes. I quickly flashed back to Luke when Kronos took over his body. Scott was a monster. And I'd pissed him off.

He brought his feet to his chest and kicked me into the air maybe 10 feet. I fell back down and landed on my back. Scott jumped onto my chest and thrust his body forward to bite my throat but I moved my head and flipped us and brought my hands to his neck. His claws cut into the back of my shirt, shredding my back muscles. I struggled to keep him down, he writhed around

and snapped his teeth at my head a few times. After a couple of seconds he lifted me up so that my hands weren't around his neck, he threw me into the air again and slashed my chest when I came back down. Scott ran on all fours into the woods.

Luckily the ground was water logged, so I started healing straight away, but I'd already taken enough beating. I began to slip into blackness.

Two gold dots.

I saw two bright golden dots in the distance.

They were getting bigger and bigger. Eventually my entire world was gold.

Out of that gold, the silhouette of a girl came into view.

Fuck, this is one of those blackout epiphany things, isn't it?

Fucking Morpheus.

The girl's features became more visible. She was tall, tan, wearing an orange shirt and denim skinny jeans. Her long blonde princess curls- blonde princess curls. Shit.

Fuck you Morpheus. Seriously, not cool.

I tried to get up and run away but I was paralyzed.

Annabeth walked closer, and with purpose.

I was hyperventilating.

She knelt next to me, her long, soft fingers tracing imaginary lines through my hair. I'm ashamed to say I longed for her embrace. Her skin was flawless. Her perfect pink bow lips curled into a smile, her grey eyes shone with love.

"Go away," I muttered half-heartedly.

"Come on Seaweed Brain, lighten up."

"Go away Annabeth!"

She pouted and leaned over me, her hair tickling my face, the smell of lemon shampoo infiltrated my senses. I quivered under the familiar smell.

"Since when have you been so moody?" she joked. Her giggles hammered through my rib cage and into my heart.

"Since you and every-fucker else abandoned me for -"

"Seaweed Brain, you know how I feel about profanity."

"I don't give a flying fuck what you feel!" I hissed. "You lost any fucking control over me when you started -"

Annabeth put her fingers on my lips and lowered her head so her lips traced mine every time she exhaled.

"You need to wake up Percy." Her breaths made me shiver. "I want you to wake up." She stressed the 'I'.

You don't own me Annabeth! I'm over you! You obviously didn't want anything to do with me otherwise you wouldn't -" "Who ever said I wanted nothing to do with you?" She moved her head and rested her lips on my forehead.

"It was kind of inferred when you -"

"I know you still love me. No matter how hard you hide it. No matter how hard you try to run from me, from your past, you'll never forget us. You'll never forget me. We will find you. I will find you."

"You are NOTHING TO ME!" I screamed.

"I know when you're lying Percy. I want you to know I've become quite influential since you ran away from us. From me. This influence, Percy, allows me to get what I want." My breath hitched as she spoke. "I want you back Percy, and I WILL get you back Percy, one way, or another. Either way, you end up with me." There was a crazy, glazed look in her eyes, one I hadn't seen before, or ever. She started giggling. She kissed my head and sat up, trying to braid my hair, just like she used to before she -

Her giggling got lower and transformed into a maniacal cackle.

I strained my eyes to look up at her in the darkening light. Her cute smile had morphed into a wide, toothy one. She shrieked madly, rocking about and pulling my hair.

I saw her eyes.

Her startling grey eyes were solid gold.

Kronos had infected her.

Episode 2 - Second Chance At First Line

I woke up surrounded by white.

White walls, white curtains, white bed covers, white table. Hell, they even had a white flower in a white flower pot on my table.

I was in a hospital.

Shit, how was I supposed to explain my miraculous healing to the doctors?

"You look a lot better." I didn't notice the nurse come in. She was tan with dark hair and a face that was attractive but had obviously been aged from working in a stressful environment like a hospital. "Just came in to check if you'd woken up. I found you passed out outside my house." This must be Scott's mom.

"How long have I been out?" I asked, holding my head.

She raised an eyebrow amused.

"They always ask that first. Not too long, a couple of hours. No other injuries apart from a mild bump to the head when you dropped I assume. We're gonna keep you in for a bit, do some check-ups, you've missed school by the way." She checked my blood and some other medical stuff before leaving. I pulled my shirt and inspected my chest, nothing.

Thank gods for waterlogged ground.

Scott's mom and some other people came in to do the tests but thankfully I was out soon. Stiles picked me up and we went back home. He sat in silence whilst I explained what had happened with Scott, we agreed not to tell Scott or else he would feel guilty and we needed to make sure he was concentrating on controlling his wolf powers.

Speaking of Scott, apparently he'd injured Jackson at practice today by accidentally wolfing out, he'd then attacked Stiles in the locker room.

The one day I miss school and everything cool happens.

"Well, at least Allison forgave him. That's something, right?" I said as Stiles set up his webcam. Scott flashed up on the screen and Stiles shot him with his alien gun toy thing. I swear he's a teenager, honest.

"Perce, where were you today?" Scott asked, dark circles forming beneath his eyes.

"Just getting a prescription for my meds," I lied easily whilst wrestling Stiles to get on screen.

"Oh, Stiles, what did you find out?"

"Well Jackson's got a separated shoulder," Stiles said, seeming kind of pleased that the Jackass got injured.

"Because of me?" Scott asked, looking depressed.

"He got injured because he's a tool, Scott, don't worry about it," I tried to cheer him up.

"Do you know if he's gonna play?"

Stiles shrugged in response.

"Well, they don't know yet, now they're just counting on you for Saturday."

Scott sighed and shook his head. Stiles scrunched his eyebrows and studied the screen.

"What?" Scott and I asked in union.

The connection got fuzzy so Stiles had to type out his answer.

"Look in the corner, Perce, looks like someone's there." My eyes widened when I saw what he was talking about.

"Derek!" I whispered.

The connection broke and Stiles and I held our breath.

Was Scott okay?

I was late.

I'd waited all night for Scott to text if he was okay, thankfully he did but it was late when he did.

I shoved on a white and navy blue raglan shirt and some jeans from the floor and rushed out the house with my backpack and jumped into Stiles' jeep. Thank gods he'd waited for me.

We ran like Tartarus through the hallways to get to chemistry on the other side of the school, we were about halfway across when the second bell rang. We slowed down instantly, if we were gonna be late, might as well make the most of it.

"So, how's Scott holding up?" I ask, "Werewolf wise?"

"Not too good, he tried to get Coach to understand why he couldn't play on Saturday and it went horribly apparently." Stiles responded, kicking his feet into the floor so they made a squeaky sound.

"What if we injured him?"

"Nah, he's probably got some sort of weird wolf healing thing." Stiles said glumly. We stopped in front of chemistry, and we could see that Mr Harris was lecturing the class. We looked at each other, sighed, and walked into a barrage of yelling from Harris. Feels like it's gonna be a good lesson already.

I went to take my normal seat next to Stiles when Harris cleared his throat behind me. I turned slowly, delaying the inevitable seat change.

"I feel you and Mr Stilinski here could use some separation?" Harris' smug look made it look like his face was melting in on itself. "Stilinski, over by Mr McCall," Stiles' face lit up, Harris didn't realize the mistake he'd made, "Mr Jackson, sit at the back, there, next to Miss Reyes, maybe she will teach you punctuality?"

Erica's face was flushed crimson when I sat down next to her, and I swear I heard her hyperventilating, but she did manage a small wave before hiding behind her sweater sleeve again.

I grinned.

Maybe chemistry wasn't as bad as I thought.

Stiles grabbed Scott by the shoulders and dragged him away from the lockers we were leaning against.

"Tell me what they're saying." Stiles said, pointing to where his dad was talking to the principal. Scott sighed and pushed himself into the wall, focusing on Uncle Noah's conversation. For a while he looked blank.

"Can you hear them?" I asked. Scott shushed me and went back to Noah's conversation.

"Curfew because of the body." Scott said, turning to us finally.

"Unbelievable," Stiles exclaimed, hands in the air in exasperation, "My dad's out looking for a rabid animal, while the jerk-off who actually killed the girl is just hanging out, doing whatever he wants!"

"Well, you can't exactly tell him the truth about Derek," I sighed.

"I can do something." Stiles urged.

"Like what?" Scott asked, annoyed.

"Find the other half of the body." Stiles said nonchalantly before speeding off.

Scott and I looked at each other wide eyed. "Are you kidding?!" We said in unison. I sighed, I expected to hear Scott do the same but he had turned away and was focused on something. I looked over to see Allison shaking some lacrosse player's hand whilst Lydia looked smug. Scott walked toward them. Ah, fuck. I chased behind to see Lydia flash a cocky grin to Scott before leading the lacrosse player away leaving Allison and Scott alone. Well, I'm here too, but I don't think I count.

"So Lydia's introducing you to everyone?" Scott said warily. Not a good start.

"She's being so unbelievably nice to me," Allison said, oblivious.

"I wonder why." I muttered.

"Maybe she gets how much being the new girl sucks," Allison said, hearing my hushed tone.

Scott stared at the jacket in her arms.

"Where'd you get that?" Scott asked, nodding his head toward the jacket.

"My jacket?" Allison asked, becoming skeptical, "It was in my locker, I think Lydia brought it back from the party, she has my combination-"

"Did she say she brought it back?" Scott asked, a little bit aggressively in my opinion, "Or did someone give her the jacket?"

"Like who?"

"Like Derek?" Scott asked quickly.

"Your friend?"

"He's not my friend. How much did you talk to him when he drove you home?" Scott was getting a little creepy now, and from the look on her face, Allison thought so too.

"Not much at all."

"What did you say?" I kicked Scott after that, he was giving off some serious weirdo vibes there. Allison made a lame excuse about class and left in a hurry.

"Dude, what was going on there?" I asked. Scott's face twitched and he stormed past me.

Stiles bursts through the door of Scott's house without any invitation at all. He ran like a mad man up the flight of stairs and I followed behind him.

"What did you find?! How did you find it? Where did you find it? And yes I've had a lot of Adderall." Stiles squealed. At this point I reach their location and lean against the doorway as Scott repairs a broken net on his lacrosse stick. It almost looks like it's been clawed.

"I found something at Derek Hale's." Scott says calmly, not looking as startled as I expected, like he was expecting us, probably used his super dog senses and sniffed us out. He could be a real help to Noah, sniffing out a crack dealer's cocaine and stuff.

"Are you kidding me? What?" Stiles asks excitedly. He's like a little kid, not a teen.

"There's something buried there. I could smell blood." At this point my eyebrow raised and I slowly waltzed into the room. The killer of Beacon Hills (almost) caught red handed. I'd make the newspapers and make everyone back home jealous. As well as aware of my position now that I think about it - bad idea.

"That's awesome!" I exclaim anyway.

"No, he means that's terrible. Whose blood?" Stiles butts in before I could finish.

"I don't know. But when we do, your dad nails Derek for the murder. And then you help me figure out how to play lacrosse without changing. Because there's no way I'm not playing that game." Scott throws his stick down on the bed and walks out.

"You just wanna impress Allison." I shout as he makes his way downstairs. Stiles shakes his head and follows along. I shrug my shoulders and tail after them.

We walked into the hospital looking like the most suspicious group of teenagers ever. Hushed voices and pointing, I'm surprised we weren't asked to leave.

Scott slipped into the morgue whilst Stiles and I stood guard at the waiting area.

Stiles tensed.

I went stiff.

Shit. What danger was it? Monsters? Gods? Oh gods, what if it was a half-blood looking for me?

No, no, it was Lydia, Lydia fucking Martin.

I yanked my arm away from Stiles as he tried to check his hair in my watch's reflection.

"Dude, just talk to her already." I pushed him towards her chair.

He stumbled and glared at me before putting his happy face on and turning to her.

"Hey Lydia. You probably don't remember me, um, I sit behind you in biology," Lydia responded by cocking her head in vague recognition. Stiles carried on, "Uh, anyways, I always thought that we just had this kind of connection. Unspoken, of course. Maybe it'd be kinda cool to get to know each other a little better." I was surprised, Stiles had come out about it completely, that takes guts. Props to him, man.

Lydia fumbled with her ear.

"Hold on, give me a second." Lydia took out a bluetooth headset. "Yeah, I didn't get any of what you just said, is it worth repeating?"

I stood wide eyed for a solid minute. Is this bitch for real? What a self-centered, selfish - Stiles tugged my arm and dragged me glumly to a seat. We sat in silence for a while, taking in what had happened.

"Did he do it?" The bitch's voice brought us from our trance. Her and Jackass were talking.

"He says not to make a habit of it, but one cortisone shot won't kill me." Jackass was holding his shoulder. What I wouldn't give to fuck up the other shoulder for him...

"You should get one right before the game too," Stiles, Jackass and I were shocked. "The pros do it all the time," Lydia reasoned. "You wanna be a little high school amateur? Or... do you want to go... pro?" She leaned into him. I cringed as Stiles winced at the two kissing. Poor guy.

The 'happy couple' walked off and Scott shook us.

"The scent was the same." He said simply.

"You sure?" I asked, pulling Stiles up from the seat.

"Yes."

So he did bury the other half of the body on his property?" Stiles asked.

"Which means we have proof he killed the girl." Scott finished for us.

"I say we use it." I say, leading us out of the hospital.

"How?" Scott asks.

"Tell me something first," Stiles interrupts, "Are you doing this because you want to stop Derek or because you want to play in the game and he said you couldn't?"

"There are bite marks on the legs, Stiles, bite marks." Scott insists, not really answering the question.

"Okay. Then we're gonna need a shovel." Stiles sighs, twisting the key into his jeep's lock.

It was almost pitch black as the jeep rumbled through the woods. We waited under the ebony sky, waiting for Derek to get in his car and leave. As Derek's sleek black muscle car drifted out of eyesight, we padded our way across the leafy ground to the mound of fresh earth. Shovels clanged as we stepped, Stiles' flashlight casting yellow circles onto the creepy Hale house ruins.

"Wait, something's different," Scott breathed out.

"Different how? I asked, being blinded by Stiles' flashlight for like the one millionth time.

"I dunno," Scott muttered, "Let's just get this over with," he said, slamming his shovel into the earth.

Five minutes of digging brought us nothing.

"This is taking too long." I muttered.

"Just keep going." Stiles encouraged.

"What if he comes back?" Scott asked nervously.

"Then we get the hell out of here." Stiles said, not missing a beat in his digging.

"What if he catches us?" Scott tried.

"I have a plan for that." Stiles replied.

I groaned.

"Which is?" I feared the answer.

"You run one way, I run the other, Scott runs another. Whoever he catches first... too bad." I groaned again. Stiles shot me a look.

"I hate that plan," Scott muttered.

Stiles' shovel crunched into something. We threw our shovels out of the way and used our hands to excavate the hole further. We fumbled around with knots on a bag. Scott and Stiles jumped at the sight of the severed wolf's head.

"What the hell is that?!" Stiles shouted.

"It's a wolf, you dip. Now shhh," I say, hitting him over the head.

"Yeah, I can see that!" Stiles turned to Scott, "I thought you said you smelled blood, as in human blood?"

"I told you something was different. This doesn't make sense. We gotta get out of here."

"Yeah, okay, help me cover this up." And with that said, Stiles suddenly became transfixed onto something else.

"You alright there, bud?" Scott shakes his arm but he only gets up and moves over to a brightly colored blue flower.

"You see that flower?" Stiles asked us.

"Yeah, what about it?" Scott and I ask in unison.

"I think it's wolfsbane."

"That being...?" I asked, raising an eyebrow and motioning my hand for him to elaborate.

"Haven't either of you seen the wolfman? Stiles asked. We mumbled a no. "The original, classic werewolf movie? We stared blankly at him. "Am I the only one that's been researching anything?!" Stiles grumbled about us being unprepared under his breath and scooted over to the flower.

He pulled it up. It had a rope beneath it, buried under the earth. Stiles pulled the string, and it formed a spiral around the hole we'd dug. I looked down back into said hole. The wolf was now a girl. I jumped in surprise, as did Scott.

"Stiles..." Scott muttered.

"Woah!" Stiles exclaimed.

The girl was naked and covered in dirt, her dead eyes stared through me.

I leant next to a tree, half asleep.

We had spent all night keeping watch over the body until the police arrived. Stiles had refused to let us do a shift as he would have no one to talk to on his shift.

Two officers hauled Derek out of the decrepit Hale house as he glared daggers at us.

I surveyed the area; there were cops checking the house, another bunch setting up yellow tape around the hole by the body and an officer taking notes of the body. I felt Scott nudge me, he pointed at the car where Derek was being held. Stiles had snuck into the car and was confronting Derek.

Scott and I looked away before Sheriff Stilinski pulled him out of the squad car and chewed him out.

Stiles hurried over and pulled us into his jeep.

"Perce, Scott, look up some wolf stuff"

The jeep lurched forward and we sped out of the Hale house vicinity, splashing puddles, and drifting through mud.

"Can't find anything about wolfsbane being used for burial," Scott said, skimming through another werewolf article.

"Just keep looking... Maybe it's like a ritual or something? Like they bury you as a wolf," Stiles thought aloud.

"Or like a special skill, something you have to learn," I muttered idly, looking at wolfsbane's wiki page.

"I'll put it on the to-do list," Scott said sarcastically. "I still don't know how I'm playing the game this Saturday..." he added.

"Maybe it's different for girl werewolves?" I blurt out. Damn ADHD.

"Stop saying it!" Scott snarled.

"Saying what?" Stiles asked.

"Saying werewolves! Stop enjoying this, both of you!

"You alright Scott?" Stiles peered over at Scott who was red in the face.

"No! I'm so fucking far from okay!

"Dude, speaking from experience, you need to accept this crazy shit sooner or later." I tried.

"Can't -" Scott started.

"Well you're gonna have to!" Stiles exclaimed.

"No, can't... breathe..." Scott steadied himself with the roof of the jeep to let out a low growl.

"Pull over!"

"W-Why, what's happ - " Stiles started.

"You kept it!?" Scott shouted holding up the wolfsbane from Stiles' bag.

"What was I supposed to do with it!?" Stiles shouted back.

"JUST STOP THE CAR!" I screamed.

We lurched forward as Stiles slammed the breaks and scrambled out the car with the backpack flinging it haphazardly into the woods.

"Okay! We're good!" Stiles panted. I turned to Scott to find the jeep door ajar.

Shiiiiit.

"Stiles, you know you can't call the dispatch when I'm on duty." Uncle Noah's voice garbled through the phone.

"I just need to know if you've had any odd calls.

"Odd how?"

"Uh, like an odd person or, dog-like individual roaming the streets?"

"I'm hanging up on you now."

"No, wait, wait, wait!" We shouted in unison.

"Goodbye..."

The phone beeped. The jeep rocketed around another corner, sending leaves flying into the treeline.

"Shit." I sighed.

"Shit," Stiles agreed.

We sat in silence for a couple of seconds as Stiles sped around another corner.

"He'll be fine right?" I asked.

"Yeah, yeah, it's Scott, he'll, um, he'll, uh." Stiles searched for an answer. "He'll be fine." He breathed out, I'm fairly certain he was trying to convince himself more than he was reassuring me.

Stiles slowed the car and parked at the side of the road. Stiles put his head on the wheel and took a few breaths.

"So," he said, perking up slightly, "How is my cousin? How're you liking Beacon Hills? Any senioritas I can help with?," he joked, desperately trying to take his mind off of Scott.

"Um, not really..." I said, I wouldn't say I was lying because I'm not sure how I feel about Erica yet.

"Really?! A stud like you comes here and doesn't have any luck with the ladies?" He joked halfheartedly. "How 'bout back in New York? Anyone back there that tickled your fancy?"

The air seemed to become heavier and the mood in the car darkened further. "Yeah... you could say that..." I managed.

Stiles gave me a pitying smile.

"That bad, huh? You still like her or is she cheating or something like that?"

"I, uh, I think I might walk home, uh, text me if you find Scott," I muttered and slipped out of the car and started pacing back from where we'd come from. I pulled my hood up and refused to look back. I didn't cry.

I didn't.

I heard the jeep start up behind me and trundle away.

It was weird to walk alone in the woods, for the longest time I had Annabeth or Grover or someone with me when I was exploring the woods back at Camp Half Blood, I felt myself wanting to hold my hand out for Annabeth to hold or to playfully shoulder bump my friends or... anything.

Being alone was a pretty new feeling in all honesty.

In the dark period before all my Demigod-ness kicked off, I had always had Mom, when I was at Yancy I had Grover. Even when I was away from camp I could always think about camp or IM one of my friends.

Now I don't have anyone. True, I've still got Mom, but it just doesn't feel right to go from so many friends, with an entire camp praising you for winning a war, back to just your mom.

I longed for my friends, for Annabeth, but at the same time I hated their fucking guts.

I trudged through the leaves solemnly, until the dirt road came into view through the treeline.

I sat down underneath a large tree and rested my head against it.

"Fuck," I sighed.

"Hi."

I jumped out of my skin and turned to see Erica giggling behind her sleeve, eyes crinkling in the corners.

"Erica! Jeez, you can't sneak up on people like that!" I exclaimed, hands flailing.

"Sorry," She managed through breathes.

"Haha, very funny," mumbled, "Why are you out here?"

"Um, running, in the woods, away from people..." she said quietly.

I noticed the skin tight running clothes. Erica seemed to remember she was wearing them too and flushed bright red.

"So, um, you watching the game tonight?" I asked, trying to continue the conversation.

"No, probably, not really my thing," she squeaked out nervously.

"Oh, um, do you maybe want to go, like with me, to the game I mean," I spluttered, still awkwardly.

Erica went crimson again.

"Like a date...?" she whispered, breathing heavily.

"No, no, no, just as friends," I tried to calm her, but she seemed upset by my words.

"Ye-yeah, great, yeah, g-good idea, mhm." She stuttered.

"Erica, are you okay?" I asked hurriedly, hoping I hadn't said anything wrong.

"Yep, yeah, fine, I-uh, I need to get home." Erica sprinted away leaving me alone with my thoughts again.

"You're gonna try and convince me not to play?" Scott asked absentmindedly, tying his shoes.

Stiles had snuck me into the locker room in a sort of last chance to convince Scott not to play.

"I just hope you know what you're doing," Stiles said glumly.

"Look, if I don't play then I lose first line and Allison."

"Allison's not going anywhere! And it's one game you don't need to play,"

"I wanna play! I wanna be on the team! I wanna be with Allison! I want a semi - fucking - normal life!" Scott yelled in exasperation, garnering a few looks.

"We get it," I sigh, sitting down on the bench half arsed.

"Just try not to worry too much while you're out there, okay?" Stiles slumps down next to me.
"Or get too angry..."

"I got it," Scott muttered.

"Or stressed," I helped

"Yeah, I got it."

"Don't think about Allison in the stands." Stiles looked into the distance, "Or the fact her father wants to kill you..."

Scott tensed. I nudged Stiles.

"Or that Derek's trying to kill you..." I nudged Stiles harder. "Or the girl he killed... or that you might kill someone... if a hunter doesn't kill you first..."

Scott glared at Stiles who seemed to only have just realized what he was doing and mumbled an apology. I put a hand on Scott's shoulder.

"Don't worry man, just go out there and play. Good luck man," I tried to reassure Scott. Scott grumbled and walked away.

I made my way through the crowds and looked out for the familiar frizzy locks of blonde hair in the mass of cheering fans. I spotted the golden hair and quickly bustled through the crowd.

"Hey!" I greeted Erica happily. Erica's eyes lit up and she patted a seat next to her, moving a coffee cup out of the way.

Scott made his way onto the field and took his position in preparation for the face off, keeping his head down and muttering to himself.

The whistle shrieked and Scott surged forward into an open position, throwing a hand up for a pass. Jackson ignored Scott and passed to someone else.

"Gods, I hate that prick..." I muttered under my breath, rubbing my gloved hands together.

"Gods? Plural?" Erica asked. She tilted her head slightly and her brow furrowed in confusion.

"It's a... family thing..." I stuttered out.

She rolled her eyes, thoroughly unconvinced. She looked so much like Annabeth. My heart twinged. I looked at her again. Golden hair peeked from under her beanie, a steaming cup of coffee to keep her hands warm. Erica glanced back at me again, her face started to flush.

"What?" she squeaked. Her eyes were so different from Annabeth's. Erica's eyes were brown with tiny flecks of gold, welcoming, I guess. Like hot chocolate and warm fires and sentimental shit like that. A far cry from the logical, stormy grey I was used to getting lost in.

"-Percy?" Erica asked again, eyes twinkling with concern.

"Hmm? Sorry, I zoned out there." I shook my head and focused back on the game. Jackson had scored the first goal and Coach was shouting like a madman.

"He's not right in the head, is he?" I thought aloud.

"No, no he's not," Erica muttered, eyes darkening.

"He rubbed you the wrong way I assume?" I asked her. She looked up at me and her lip quivered.

"E-Every year w-we do rock climbing, i-in the gym, and- and last year, I... had some issues g-getting up the wall, and he pulled me in front of everyone and..." Erica's eyes started to water. I put an arm around her and pulled her in for an awkward sideways hug.

"It's okay. Don't worry." I tried to console her, "I'm starting to think Coach is a bit of a dick." It was barely a joke but it made Erica smile. I grinned back at her and checked on the game.

Scott stared past me then prowled back into position. I turned around to see Allison and Lydia putting down a paper sign with "WE LUV U Jackson" in bubble writing. Using my world famous deduction skills I figured out they were probably on about the blonde haired jock on the field and not me. I looked back for Scott, hoping he was taking this well. I met Stiles' eyes, he held up crossed fingers and we both focused on Scott.

He had his head down and was breathing heavily.

Shit.

Scott looked over at me, I looked behind me quickly and saw Allison and Lydia holding another sign. I whipped my head to Scott. His eyes flashed a familiar shade of gold.

Double shit.

The whistle blared again and the ball was shot up into the air. Scott's head snapped towards it.

Who would have thought he was half dog?! joked in my head before realizing this was a really bad time.

Scott leapt forward, using the opposing player's shoulder as leverage to propel himself towards the ball, snatching it mid-air with the lacrosse stick. He sprinted and sidestepped toward the goal and swung his stick so fast I swore I heard the wind whistling as the ball careened into the net.

Erica cheered quietly by my side, careful not to make her voice too prominent over the celebrating crowd. I just hoped Scott had vented his frustration now.

I could have laughed at the expression on Jackson's face if I weren't so worried for his health.

Erica turned to me, beaming. "Where did Scott learn to play like that? He was trash last year - no, uh, no offense, it's just that, uh, Scott's improved."

I laughed and she brightened up a bit.

"He's just been putting in the hours I guess," I lied smoothly.

I looked up as the crowd cheered again to see the opposite team's goalie staring dumbfounded at a broken net.

That's not good, Scott is exposing himself. I thought frantically.

I looked behind me again; Allison's father didn't look like he suspected anything but that could easily change if Scott keeps this up.

The whistle blared once again and the ball was quickly passed to Scott, who simply walked past most of the defenders and stood with the ball. Allison muttered behind me.

One of the defenders rushed Scott, Scott turned and I got a brief look at him.

Golden eyes and fangs.

Oh fuck.

I closed my eyes and let out a breath as I heard the ball hit the goalie's net.

A horn signaled the end of the game as Scott ran away to the changing rooms with Allison close behind.

My eyes snapped to her father, who was transfixed by one of Scott's discarded gloves.

They had holes at the end of the fingers.

"Hey! Percy! How're you holding up?" I turned to see Melissa, Scott's mom beaming at me.

"Uh, yeah I'm, uh, doing great, just fine, nothing wrong!" I replied, trying to see where Scott had gotten off too.

"And who is this lady then, huh?" Melissa asked, eyebrow raised, smirking.

"WHA- we aren't, this isn't, it's not!" Erica managed to say whilst hyperventilating, fanning herself as her face flushed crimson. "This - I need to - uh, toilet, yeah, toilet!" Erica sprinted away to the ladies bathroom.

"You're a good guy Percy, I know her, comes to the hospital every three months to get pills for her epilepsy, it's really nice of you to do something like this with her -"

"Percy!" Stiles shouted as he yanked my arm. His eyes were wide with fear.

"Sorry Miss McCall," I said quickly before sprinting off with Stiles, murmuring a thank you to him as we ran.

We tore round the corner and into the changing rooms to find Scott and Allison making out in the shower. Stiles and I shifted as we awkwardly watched two people kissing.

Is this what it was like for everyone when they found me and Annabeth going at it?

Allison separated the kiss and giggled.

"I, uh, need to get back to my dad," she said as Scott smiled gormlessly. She gave him a quick peck on the cheek and walked out.

Stiles and I scrambled behind one of the lockers, hiding ourselves.

"Hey guys," Allison said, walking past without even looking at us. A murmured 'hey' from Stiles was our only response.

Scott walked towards us, with the same dumb smile he always wore when he was around Allison.

"I kissed her!" he said dopily, wiping her lip gloss off his lips.

"We saw." Stiles said, trying to act happy for his friend, despite how uncomfortable the whole experience was for us.

"She kissed me!"

"We saw that too..." I said, "Feels pretty good, doesn't it?" I added wistfully.

"I - I - I don't know how but - but I controlled it, I pulled it back!" Scott looked around happily, "Maybe I can do this! Maybe it's not that bad!"

Stiles sighed and motioned for us to leave.

"See you later then buddy!" We tried to leave as quickly as possible but Scott caught our arms.

"What is it?" Scott asked Stiles.

"Medical examiner looked at the, uh, half of the body we found," Stiles sighed and Scott motioned for him to continue, "To keep it simple, the medical examiner determines the killer of the girl to be animal, not human."

"Derek equals human, Derek equals not the killer," I thought aloud.

"Derek let out of jail," Stiles finished, smiling half heartedly.

"You're kidding right?!" Scott asked, shocked.

"No and here's another kick in the ass, my dad IDed the dead girl, both halves," Stiles sighed again, "Her name was Laura Hale..."

My eyes widened. "Hale!?" I asked just to make sure I'd heard it right.

"Derek's sister..."

Episode 3 - Pack Mentality

I stared up at the white ceiling of my room, still awake at two in the morning.

I'm gonna be miserable in the morning.

The Stilinski house wasn't particularly big, certainly bigger than my apartment back in Manhattan, but it was weird not having an entire cabin to myself. The guest room was just big enough that if I stood in the middle with my arms outstretched, my fingertips would scrape the walls, and the walls were a particularly boring shade of cream that made me want to gauge my eyes out purely from lack of stimulus. The place was a nightmare for an ADHD kid but it was better than being in New York, so fuck it, I'll take it.

I sighed and swung my legs off the bed.

What the fuck is my life?

Not to sound too pessimistic or anything but seriously, at twelve I found out my dead father is an all-powerful water god and supplied my mother with the weapon that killed (well, froze into stone) my step father, at thirteen I sailed into the Bermuda triangle to rescue a goat man in drag and resurrected a tree lady, at fourteen I rescued my now ex-girlfriend and the moon goddess, held up the sky and then watched my friend get turned into stars, at fifteen I blew up my school's band room, blew up a volcano, blew up a relationship with a Titaness and fought in a battle, at sixteen I swam in a river to become invulnerable, led a war, killed my grandad and turned down being a god.

Now I'm in California with my cousin and his werewolf friend.

All things considered, getting Scott through this should be easy.

My fingers felt their way towards the scars all over my body. I'd somehow avoided getting a call from social services concerning them by changing in a dark corner during gym class. I traced one particular scar on my forearm.

The white skin was carved into an Omega (Ω).

I winced at the memory.

"I hope this has made it clear Perseus, I want you to get the fuck out of my camp."

I hadn't realized I'd been moving till I heard the door slam behind me.

I flipped up the hood of the hoodie I apparently had put on and started walking.

My eyes were still trained on my arm. It was an embarrassment. I had been so weak.

My converse slapped against the wet pavement. I turned left and into a tattoo shop called INKZ.

If anyone would give a minor a tattoo it looked to be this place. A bright green and pink neon sign showed the name off and the grimy windows were framed by crudely drawn pictures of bikini clad women and flaming skulls. A bell jingled as I passed into the shop.

A woman behind the desk grinned up at me with her remaining yellowed teeth.

"Wha' d'ya want then, hun?"

Jagged white lines crept from behind the dark green trident imprinted onto my forearm and could be seen pretty easily if you looked with a bit of scrutiny. Still, the scar was significantly less visible and that was all that mattered.

Now came the task of hiding the tattoo from teachers and more importantly, my mother.

I shuddered at the thought as the streetlights blared sickly, yellow light onto me.

I relished in the relative silence being up this early gave me, only the occasional car and the weird noises coming from the school ruined the atmosphere.

I breathed in and out heavily and watched as my breath turned to vapor against the brisk January air. I tried to formulate ideas to keep my tattoo hidden, at the moment it was still covered by some saran wrap and I could wear my sleeves over it but the flesh would still be tender when I take the wrap off and having my scratchy ass clothes rubbing it constantly sounded horrible.

More weird noises from the school.

Probably a couple of teens making out or something like that.

The thought of being seen by two teens having sex made me walk quicker.

I rounded onto the road the Stilinski house was on and sprinted home to catch some sleep before the sun rose.

"So you killed her?!" asked Scott after he told us about his dream.

"I don't know! I just woke up!" Scott said, holding the door for me and Stiles, "And I was sweating like crazy, and I couldn't breathe, I've never had a dream like it, it was so weird."

"Dreams like that don't normally end well," I muttered darkly. *Fucking Morpheus.*

Scott and Stiles gave me a weird look.

Did I say that out loud?

"Anywaaay," Stiles started, glancing at me then turning to Scott, "Normally, dreams involving me and a girl normally end up a little differently," he joked.

"A, I meant -, " Scott stopped me and Stiles could stop giggling, "I mean I've never had a dream that felt that real before, and B, never give me that much information about you in bed again," Scott said seriously.

"Noted, let me take a guess here though-" Stiles was cut off by Scott.

"I know, I know, you think it's got something to do with me going out with Allison tomorrow. Like I'm gonna, lose control or some shit," Scott huffed, barging past people as we walked down the corridor.

"No, of course not," Stiles responded before quickly adding, "Yeah, yeah, it is..." he trailed off.

I bumped Scott's shoulder and gave him a reassuring smile.

"Hey it's gonna be fine, to be completely honest Scotty, I think you're handling this pretty fucking well," I say.

"Yeah," Stiles adds quickly, "it's not like there's any sort of lycanthropy for beginners class you can take or anything."

"Maybe not a class, but maybe a teacher..." Scott says, looking hopefully at us.

"No Scott, you aren't taking lessons from Derek fucking Hale," I say harshly.

"Besides, did you forget the part where we tossed him in jail!" Stiles exclaims, slapping Scott upside the head.

"Yeah, I know! But, chasing her... dragging her to the back of the bus... it just felt so real..." Scott mutters, a thousand yard stare in his eyes as we open the doors to get to the gym so Scott and Stiles can drop their lacrosse stuff off.

"Um, Scott?" I ask in horror, looking at the bloodied and bent bus in front of us, "How real?"

"Dude, chill, she's probably fine!" I reassure Scott as we pace down the corridors.

"She's not answering my texts..." Scott exclaimed, eyes trained on his phone.

"It could easily be a coincidence," I tried to reason with Scott as he looked around frantically.

"One amazing coincidence..." Stiles muttered. I sent him a glare.

"Just help me find her!" Scott said, breaking up the mini face off me and Stiles were having.

We craned our necks and looked about for Allison, we must have looked like mad men but Scott was clearly worried so I didn't care about the embarrassment.

Scott huffed and slammed his fist into a locker, bending it off the hinges. He rested his head on the cool metal and took some breaths. I put my hand on his shoulder.

"Scott, chill, we'll fi - " Scott stormed off halfway through my sentence. Stiles and I shared a look of concern and followed after him.

As we found Scott on the floor helping Allison (thank the gods she's here) with her books, the speakers squeaked and the principal's voice garbled through.

"Attention students, I know you're all wondering about the incident that occurred last night to one of our buses, while the police work to determine what has happened, classes will proceed as scheduled."

A large groan thundered through the school, no one else's groan louder than mine I can assure you.

"Save me a seat at lunch?" I heard Allison say to Scott.

"Yeah," Scott replied, dazed as Allison walked away.

Dam, that boy is whipped.

Scott, Stiles and I heard metal scraping behind us. We turned to see Jackson messing around with the locker Scott bent. He glared at us.

"What do you want, asswipes?" he grunted angrily. I threw my head back and cackled with laughter, maybe this wouldn't be so bad after all.

My enthusiasm was quickly extinguished.

Chemistry with Mr Harris... some say the Furies torture souls to sound of Harris lecturing....

"Kill meeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee," I groaned to Erica quietly as Harris drew a diagram on the board. Erica held her sleeve against her mouth to stop her giggling.

"Maybe it was my blood on the door?" I heard Scott ask Stiles from four seats away.

"Could it have been animal blood?" Stiles tried to reason, "Maybe you caught a rabbit or something?"

"And did what?" Scott asked not realizing Harris was staring right at him.

"Ate it," Stiles continued, still not seeing Harris.

Are these guys blind?

"Raw!" Scott exclaimed, looking at his hands in horror.

"No, you stopped to bake it in a little werewolf oven! Christ Scott, you're the one-"

"Mr Stilinski. If that's your idea of a hushed whisper, you might want to pull the headphones out once in a while." Mr Harris deadpanned whilst everyone else in the class sniggered. "I think you and Mr McCall would benefit from some distance, hmm?"

Scott picked up his things and moved to the seat Harris pointed at.

"Let me know if the separation anxiety gets too much for you," Harris taunted.

Gods, he's a dick.

Scott and Jackson had a glare off before the girl Scott was now sitting next to rushed to the window.

"Hey! I think they found something!"

The class leapt to their feet and rushed to the window.

I stood behind Scott and Stiles with Erica trailing behind me to my right.

Outside a stretcher was being loaded into an ambulance, I tried to make out the face -

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAGH!" The man on the stretcher let out a blood curdling scream and thrashed around.

I caught Scott as he fell back and Erica grabbed my arm in surprise.

"That's not a rabbit..." I whispered to Scott.

"Thi - this, this is good, this is good," Stiles stuttered, "He got up, he's not dead! Dead people can't get up!" Stiles tried to reassure Scott. Scott just turned to us slowly, eyes wide with panic.

"Guys, I did that..."

I grabbed a sandwich and made my way to Stiles and Scott on our table.

"But dreams aren't memories, Scott!" Stiles insisted as I pulled up a chair.

"Then it wasn't a dream," Scott said, hushed, "Something happened last night, and I can't remember what."

"Well, what makes you so sure Derek even has all the answers though, Scott?" I ask incredulously.

"Because," he stressed the 'because', "During the full moon, he wasn't changed; he was in total control," Scott sighed, "Whilst I was running around attacking some innocent guy!"

"You don't know that," Stiles tried.

"I don't not know it!" Scott insisted.

I felt a figure sit next to me, I turned to see Erica looking up at me hopefully. I smiled at her to let her know she could sit with us. She smiled back weakly and turned her head so her frizzy hair covered her face.

"I have to cancel with Allison," Scott said looking heartbroken.

"No Scott, you can't cancel your entire life," I tried to convince him.

"Scott, we'll figure it out," Stiles adds, smiling at Scott.

"Figure out what?" Lydia's sickly perfume invaded my nostrils. I sat scratching and twitching my nose whilst Scott and Stiles stare at her in shock and Erica shrinks away from the Queen Bee of Beacon High.

"Um, homework?" I try to lie. Lydia gives me a condescending look for lying to her and turns to look at Jackson and the other popular kids now sitting around our table. I pull Erica's chair closer to me.

"Why is she sitting with us?" Stiles asks, quietly hyperventilating. Scott ignores him and pulls a seat for Allison to sit on. Stiles and I chuckle at the awkwardness around the table.

Must run in the family.

"Why is the freak here?" he nods towards Erica.

"Why not, Jackass?" I say harshly, giving him the worst glare I can, muscles tensing. The atmosphere changes and the air thickens with tension. Jackson stares wide eyed at me, scared. Danny coughs.

"So... I hear it's some kind of animal attack?" Danny asks everyone tentatively, trying to diffuse the tension, "I'm thinking cougar?"

"I heard mountain lion," Jackson says, leaning back on his chair to look like the ultimate douche.

"A cougar is a mountain lion," Lydia and I say at the same time. Everyone looks at us, I assume because we're the 'dumb ones' in the group, but I see through Lydia, she puts on a persona to be the popular kid, but I can tell from her eyes that she's smart. Hanging around with Annabeth made me notice shit like that, I guess.

"Who cares?" Jackson asks us, "Guys probably just some homeless tweaker who's gonna die anyway."

"Funny how those who least deserve it, get the shittiest end of the stick," I say through ground teeth, glaring at Jackson once again.

"You got a problem, *Perce*?" Jackson asks, squeezing the table with his hands and leaning toward me.

"And if I do?" I ask, making sure to stress every syllable.

Stiles cleared his throat.

"Actually, I just found out who it is, check it out" Stiles held his phone out for everyone to see.

Footage showed Uncle Noah checking the bus. A male reporter spoke nasally.

"The sheriff's department won't speculate on details of the incident, but confirm that the victim, Garrison Meyers, did survive the attack, Meyers was taken to a local hospital, where he remains in critical condition."

"I know that guy!" Scott exclaimed. We looked at him expectantly. "Yeah, when I used to take the bus, back when I lived with my dad, he was the driver." He elaborated.

Stiles and I slunk back in our seats and shot Scott a pitying look as an awkward silence fell over the table.

"Can we talk about something slightly more fun please?" Lydia's voice cut through, "Like... ooh, what are we doing tomorrow night?" she asked, looking over expectantly at Scott and Allison. "You said you and Scott were hanging out tomorrow night?" she asked Allison expectantly.

"Uh," Allison looked around nervously, "We were thinking of things to do..." she tried to close off the conversation.

"Well," Lydia whipped her head back to Jackson, glaring, "I'm not sitting home again watching old lacrosse videos, again. So if the four of us are hanging out, it'd better be something fun."

Scott looked as if he'd been shot and whipped his head round to Allison.

"Hanging out?" Scott tried nervously, "Like the four of us? Us and them?"

"Yeah," Allison said, giving Scott puppy dog eyes, "It could be fun?"

"You know what else sounds fun? Stabbing myself in the face with this fork," Jackson hissed, picking up a fork and thrusting it in our faces.

I'll stab it in for you if you don't shut up, Jackass. I growled in my head.

"Oh, bowling!" Lydia exclaimed, turning to Jackson, "You love bowling," She insisted.

"With actual competition," He grumbled.

"How do you know we're not actual competition?" Allison asked accusingly, "You can bowl right?" she asked Scott.

Stiles and I snickered and rolled our eyes at the sudden competitiveness.

"What? Allison turned on us. "What's so funny?" she asked us, eyes blazing.

We shut up quickly.

"Hey, Percy?" Lydia grinned at me, "Why don't you come with us? I could set you up; there are a thousand girls that want a date with you."

Erica shuffled in her seat beside me.

"Yeah Perce, come with?" Allison jeered, obviously still annoyed with us laughing at her.

"Huh? Why not?" Lydia pressured. leaning forward in her seat, "What are you doing that's so important?"

"You have about three friends, Percy, you're hardly busy," Jackson sneered.

Scott looked at me.

"You don't have to." He mouthed.

"I... uh... I ha - I have a date!" I stuttered, blurting out the last part. All eyes focused on me, eyebrows raised.

"With who?" Lydia grinned devilishly.

"Um..." I looked around the room frantically, trying to find someone that could help me, "Um, Erica?" I said quietly, unsure of myself, it came out as a question.

The eyes flicked to Erica, face flushed scarlet.

"Erica?" Allison asked, eyebrow raised, The Rock style.

"That Erica?" Lydia asked, mouth open, pointing at Erica. I squeaked out something that sounded like a yes. "Erica? You're going on a date with Percy?" Lydia asked Erica, harshly, as if not believing Erica was allowed to.

I gave Erica a pleading look.

Erica swallowed and looked around nervously.

"Mhm..." she managed quietly.

"That Percy? With the handsome face and muscles? That Percy?" Lydia asked quickly, harsher still.

Erica went red and hid her face in my side. I breathed shakily.

"So... um... Scott? Can you bowl?" I asked quickly, desperate to get the attention off of Erica and I.

"Sort of..." Scott mumbled.

"What is it? Sort of, or yes?" Jackson glared at Scott with his arms crossed.

"Yes," Scott returned shortly, glaring back at Jackson. "In fact, I'm a great bowler."

"You're a terrible bowler!" Stiles dragged Scott out of the lunch room, with me and Erica in tow.

"I know!" Scott complained, stomping down the steps from the lunch room. "I'm such an idiot!"

"It was a little bit like watching a car crash," I agreed, cringing at the memory and sliding down the stair railings.

"Shut it, lover boy!" Scott snapped.

"I mean, first it turned into the whole group date thing." I justified, throwing my hands in the air.

"And then out of nowhere comes that phrase," Stiles agreed, running his hands through his buzzcut.

"Hang out?" Scott asked, sounding tired.

"You don't "hang out" with hot girls, okay, it's like," Stiles threw his hands about in the air trying to think of a good enough word, "Death, it's like death! Once you start hanging out, you might as well be her gay best friend, hey; you and Danny can hang out!" Stiles said sarcastically.

"I don't think Danny likes us very much..." I wonder out loud, my ADHD brain taking over. Scott looked over at me questioningly whilst Stiles seemed to consider my ramblings.

Scott groaned.

"How is this happening? First, I have a weird dream and some dude gets attacked..." Scott trailed off, wanting to say more but seeing Erica at my side.

"I think Percy might be right..." Stiles said absentmindedly.

"I ask Allison on a date and now we're "hanging out".." Scott continued with his rant.

"Am I not attractive to gay guys? I mean, obviously Percy is, look at him, but the rest of us..."

Stiles continued.

Scott shot him a glare.

"I make first line and the team captain wants to destroy me, and now..." Scott checked his watch, "And now I'm gonna be late for work!"

Scott stormed off down the hall, leaving Stiles, Erica and I in the hallway alone.

"He didn't answer my question..." Stiles turned to Erica, "Do you think I'm attractive to gay guys?"

Erica giggled. I sighed and made my way to Stiles' jeep.

I slid next to Erica as we walked.

"Thanks for helping me at lunch," I whispered so Stiles wouldn't hear. Erica smiled sadly and muttered something under her breath.

I walked her to her bike and waved goodbye.

As I slammed the jeep door shut Stiles nudged my arm.

"So? Since when has Erica been a thing?" he said wiggling his eyebrows slyly. I laughed and pushed him lightly.

"Just drive before Lydia catches you staring at her." I smile.

Stiles dragged me from my XBOX and into his wrecked jeep, basically stuffing me into the backseat and driving away to Scott's house. Scott greeted us, climbed into the front and told Stiles to drive to the school. I tried to notice more details but last night's lack of sleep was catching up to me.

During the bumpy ride in Stiles' jeep through the dark woodland roads toward the school, Scott told us of his visit to Derek and needing to let his senses remember what happened last night.

The jeep rumbled to a stop and Scott and Stiles jumped out and snuck over to the fence whilst I stayed in the back seat. Stiles put his foot on the fence and grabbed onto the rings to climb over before Scott pulled him down.

"No, just me, someone needs to keep watch," Scott whispered.

"Percy can! He's still in the car," Stiles argued, trying to climb the fence once more.

"What if I wolf out Stiles?" Scott hissed, pulling him down again, "Percy might be able to fight me off long enough for you two to escape."

"Why can Percy fight you but I can't!?" Stiles half whispered, half shouted, waving his arms about like a mad man. Scott pointed to Stiles' arms and then pointed to mine.

My arms aren't even that big.

Stiles huffed and crossed his arms.

"Sure," Stiles sighed defeated, "But I kinda feel like I'm the Aquaman to your Superman and Batman."

I laughed at the irony.

Scott threw his hands in the air.

"Just. Stay. Here." Scott growled quietly, latching onto the fence.

"Ugh, fine!" Stiles moaned as he slunk back to the car. I chuckled and decided to get some sleep to make up for last night.

I closed my eyes, lay across the backseats and drifted into sleep.

The hearth's warmth licked my skin and illuminated the amphitheater with flickering patterns of light as the campers laughed and sang, toasting marshmallows and making s'mores, the Stolls were even making toast over the flames. I scanned the crowd for more familiar faces, Will Solace and the Apollo kids were spearing marshmallows onto arrows, Jake, Mason, Nyssa and a few more of the Hephaestus cabin were tinkering quietly in a corner with the Athena cabin (who were all reading), Clarisse and her brothers were having an arm wrestling competition (I say competition, Clarisse was slamming everyone's hands down instantly) and a couple of Hermes kids were fleecing some girl out her money. Grover and Annabeth sat in a dark corner whispering. My heart skipped when I saw her. Her hair looked thinner, darker and it was swept into a messy bun with a few hairs falling past her pale, sickly face, her cheekbones looked as if they were about to cut through her skin. Her orange t-shirt hung from her skinny frame, like she hadn't eaten in weeks. I took notice of her eyes, they were a tired, dull gunmetal grey, surrounded by dark circles, a far cry from the stormy orbs I had often found myself lost in before.

But at least they weren't gold. I shuddered as I thought about my dream. Had she really fallen to Kronos or was someone trying to scare me?

Grover's horns poked through his brown hair even further than when I had left. He wore a pastel green hoodie with 'I <3 The Environment' printed in white on the front. His eyes bore similar dark circles to Annabeth's but not nearly as dark and intense as hers. He bleated in surprise when Juniper tugged on his arm.

"Chiron wants you two," she told them quietly. I heard her somehow despite the fact I was like 10 meters away with a load of rowdy teens making noise. Annabeth drew in a shaky breath and stood up. The amphitheater fell silent, nothing could be heard other than the crackling of the fire as she made her way to a raised platform Chiron stood on in centaur form.

"Demigods," Chiron said darkly as Grover and Annabeth stood by him, "There is grave news, but I feel it is only appropriate that Annabeth and Grover break the news as they have been affected the most," he clopped backwards and gestured for them to start.

Annabeth drew a few more breaths and tried to stutter something out. She flinched as Grover put a hand on her shoulder. He gave her a half smile and stepped forward.

"We have news about Percy..." he tried cautiously. The amphitheater exploded into a chorus of boos and jeering. Annabeth flinched again and looked down. Chiron stomped his hoof and the noise subsided.

"Why should we care about that fuck up?" someone shouted, receiving a piercing glare from Chiron for his language.

"As we all know, Percy left camp a month ago, we assumed he had gone to his mother's apartment in New York, but our scouts have told us that only his step father is living in the apartment at the moment. The gods won't tell us where he is and because of this, Percy is officially missing." Grover said with no emotion.

"And? No one cares about that loser anyway," the same boy piped up again.

"We didn't care until today, but we found Jayden, son of Zeus, moving a pile of stolen fireworks into the Poseidon cabin this morning, we can only assume he was attempting to further drag Percy's name through the mud after all of the horrible things Percy did before he left."

"And?" the boy said again.

"This got us thinking, Percy's fatal flaw is loyalty, especially to his friends, and all of the horrible things Percy said were so out of character..." Grover continued, taking a deep breath.

"Maybe Percy was framed." Annabeth finished Grover's sentence.

The amphitheater went quiet, and for once that kid didn't say anything.

"Guys, we made a massive mistake," Annabeth said, looking off into the distance.

HOooooooooooooooooooooooooooooONK!

I scrambled awake in the backseat whilst Stiles smashed his hand against the horn of the jeep.

"Stiles!" I yelled, "What the fuck!?" I glowered, giving him the worst glare I could.

Stiles froze in fear for a second before pointing at a beam of light on Scott's silhouette running toward us. Security must have found him. A red pick-up creaked as Scott used it as a launchpad over the fence, Scott landed in a roll and slid over the jeep's hood. He threw the door open and jumped in.

"Go! Go! Go! Go!" Scott and I chanted as Stiles threw the jeep into reverse and we sailed backwards before Stiles drifted the jeep into a standard driving direction.

"Did it work, did you remember!" I asked excitedly, still buzzing from the adrenaline.

"Yeah, I was definitely there last night. The blood? A lot of it was mine," Scott panted, glancing behind me for anyone tailing us.

"So you did attack him?" Stiles asked, eyes scanning his wing mirrors for movement.

"No, I saw glowing eyes on the bus, but they weren't mine, it was Derek..."

"What about the driver?" I ask, leaning over the front seats so I was between Stiles and Scott.

"I think I was actually trying to protect him," Scott said, reassured.

"But why would Derek tell you to come here to remember he attacked the driver?" Stiles asked.

"That's what I don't get," Scott sighed.

"It must be some kinda pack thing," Stiles reasoned, "Like an initiation. You do the kill together."

"Because ripping someone's throat out is a real bonding experience, huh?" I added sarcastically.

"Yeah, but Scott didn't do it, that's the important part, which means he's not a killer!" Stiles exclaimed happily, but the smile dropped when he saw that no one had caught on yet, "Which means...?" he asked like we were children.

"I can go out with Allison!" Scott figured it out happily.

"Or he won't kill us?" I added sarcastically again.

"I was going for Percy's but, yeah! Your answer too, Scott!" Stiles said, grinning.

I stared at my ceiling again, spread eagle on my bed. Mom was leaving for New York soon; she had come with me so I could settle in and spend time with me (being a demigod doesn't leave much time for family bonding). She would go back to New York to Paul and her writing and I would be in California with almost no mention of my previous life.

My world was so fucked up.

I thought back to the dream I had in Stiles' jeep. There was a ninety percent chance that the dream was real, or was about to be, as demigod dreams are exclusively real time or prophetic in some way. Grover and Annabeth had seemed so down, like they were guilty. I wanted to forgive so badly but I just couldn't. They were my closest friends, they should have known I wouldn't have done such fucked up shit. And Annabeth, had she given into Kronos? Or some other crazy golden deity? Or was I being tricked by someone, maybe Aphrodite was trying to spice up my love life again?

"Hun, I'm not that messed up." Aphrodite strutted out of a poofy pink cloud in a mini dress and high heels so tall I was surprised she could walk. Her hair was as perfect as ever, with perfect make up and perfectly startling eyes.

"Thanks Perce!" she squealed, reading my thoughts, "This is just something I threw on, but I'm glad you like it!" Aphrodite stalked around my bed, looking me up and down, eyes drowning in an emotion I couldn't bring myself to think about.

Lust.

"You grew up quickly didn't you Perce?" she purred, batting her eyes and bending forward to give me a view of her chest.

"What do you want, Aphrodite?" I scowled, careful to look only at her eyes and not let my eyes wander to the valley of clea - No! Focus Percy! Aphrodite grinned like the cat that got the cream and sat on my bed next to me. Very close to me I might add.

"Who says I can't check up on my favorite demigod?" she explained, nonchalantly running her hand up my thigh, making me very uncomfortable. "Olympus is conflicted, me, your father and a couple of others are adamant that you be left alone by the other demigods, and the others think that the demigods should be hunting you down." She continued, I tried not to get too distracted by her bow lips - Percy! Focus!

"Why do they even want me back?" I asked, tearing my head away from her, focusing on the floor and shuffling away from her discreetly.

"Probably because they need some eye candy in camp, and by gods you're giving it out..." she muttered under her breath, she straightened and put her hands in her lap, "Because you're the most powerful demigod to live for about a millennia! And more importantly, Annabeth wants you back, and with the way the camp looks at her now, after the war? She's a legend to them. So what she wants, she gets, if they can help it."

"Well, they're not having me back, they burnt that bridge. And Annabeth, can go fuck herself. How fucking dare she - Aphrodite put her finger on my lips to stop my rambling.

"Percy, I'm on your side, Annabeth ruined the greatest love story written in ages! Don't worry about getting found out, I'll personally make sure you stay a secret..." Aphrodite calmed me, pulling me back next to her with her godly strength.

"Phew, thanks Aphrodite, I owe - ." Aphrodite shushed me again, and tapped me on the nose.

"I'll do it, if you let me become your patron," Aphrodite grinned at me knowing she'd already won.

"But my dad?" I tried, hoping to change her mind.

"Says it's fine, just wants his boy to be left alone. Please Percy? It'll be fun!" Aphrodite pressed herself against me and dropped her hand to my groin, "I'll even throw in some extra benefits in the offer," she whispered sultrily into my ear. I felt her hand creeping down the waistband of my boxers. I jumped from position and stared wide eyed at her.

"Fine, whatever," I panted, "Just keep them away from me, and don't do that again!"

Aphrodite shifted on my bed and cocked her head sideways.

"Do what Percy?" she feigned innocence. I sighed and slumped to the floor.

"What now then?" I asked, exhausted just by being in her presence.

"I give you my blessing and you throw some food into a fire for me every once in a while, easy as that!" Aphrodite stood up, showing me a lot of leg before she adjusted herself. "Shall we get on with the blessings?" she asked, whilst touching up her makeup in a mirror that had appeared from another puff of pink smoke.

"What do I need to do?" I asked cautiously.

"Just sit there and look handsome." Aphrodite's eyes glowed a bright pink and I felt a surge of power sweep through my veins, I felt the annoying zit next to my jaw shrink as my skin smoothed and purged itself of dirt, sweat and all that gross stuff. My muscles tightened and the small amount of fat on my body decreased even more. I looked above my head and saw a green trident with a dove sitting on one of the prongs beginning to fade already.

"Fabulous!" Aphrodite squealed and clapped her hands frantically, "Now, Percy, as you can probably tell, I've improved your appearance slightly, I'll be honest, you didn't need that much of a touch up," Aphrodite giggled to herself, "But other than that, I've given you a charm that will let you keep that physique no matter what! Isn't that great!? We can eat all the food we want on date night and - ."

"Wait, WHAT!?"

"Doesn't matter, what's important is that I'm gonna set you an outfit to wear to school every day, because I can't have my champion looking like a slob..."

I drowned Aphrodite out. I looked down at my hands and clenched them into a fist, I felt more powerful than ever. I felt like a god. I felt like I was in control again. But the best part of being Aphrodite's champion was knowing that my old life couldn't find me.

Episode 4 - Magic Bullet

"So the bus driver died?" I asked, clarifying with Scott what had happened. Scott rolled his eyes from his desk next to mine.

"Yes, we covered this ages ago, keep up man," Scott sighed exasperated, looking around the room for the test results that were being handed out.

"So Derek isn't the alpha and he's not the one that bit you? Then who is?" Stiles piped up from his seat, he had been sitting staring into space, thinking for like 5 minutes before speaking.

"I don't know," Scott groaned, mainly because we'd asked him the same question all day.

"So the alpha killed the bus driver?" I asked, just making one hundred percent sure I knew what was going on.

"I don't know," Scott hissed at me. Stiles and I slumped back in our chairs and sighed.

"So does Allison's dad know - " Stiles started.

"I. Don't. Know!" Scott half whispered, half yelled, causing everyone to look at us. I smiled awkwardly at everyone as Mr Allan gave me my test results. On the pale, yellow paper, drawn in

bright, bold red pen was a F. I sighed and hid the mark under my hand. Next to me Scott tried to do the same before Stiles saw.

"Dude, you need to study more," Stiles advised, leaning over Scott's shoulder. Scott bowed his head and said nothing.

"It was just a joke, man, you'll make it up easy!" I tried to reassure Scott, whilst covering for my cousin.

"Do you need any help studying or anything? I'm happy to help." Stiles tried.

"Nah, I'm studying with Allison after school today,"

I smirked and elbowed Stiles, making kissing faces.

'Whipped'. He mouthed back.

"That's my boy," he chuckled, clapping Scott on the shoulder. Scott shrugged it off.

"It's just studying." Scott mumbled.

"Trust me, you won't be studying." I chuckled to myself thinking of Annabeth before quickly stopping myself.

"I won't?" Scott asked, staring at me brows furrowed in confusion.

"Not if I'm forced to live vicariously through you!" Stiles exclaimed as if it were obvious, "If you go to her house today and squander this golden opportunity, I swear to god I'll have you de-balled!"

My mind flashed to the Hunters of Artemis and my hand instinctively went to the crotch of my Aphrodite selected grey skinny jeans to make sure my crown jewels were protected.

I shuffled in my seat, my ADHD was kicking in and I didn't feel entirely comfortable in the clothes Aphrodite had given me. I was wearing grey skinny jeans (that showed off my ass according to Aphy), a grey V neck t-shirt, and a brown leather jacket. I had thrown on a beanie because it was getting chilly.

"Right, no more questions!" Scott hissed at us both. Stiles put his hands in the air.

"No more questions, I get it man," he said, "No more questions about the alpha, or Derek... who still scares me..."

I subtly slid my paper crane over to Erica as we watched Harris drone on about fractional distillation or some bullshit. I had taken to crappy origami whilst Harris lectured the class, to keep my hands busy, and then Erica would explain the subject to me later. Erica rolled her eyes at me and nudged my leg whilst nodding her head at the whiteboard Harris was doodling on.

"Like I'm gonna learn anything from him," I whispered jokingly, bouncing my leg on the bar at the bottom of the bench we were sitting on.

Erica smiled softly and returned her attention to Harris. I groaned quietly and rested my head on the table, pretending to listen until the bell rang. Erica and I rose and made our way to the door with everyone else.

"I assume you'll need me to explain this to you tomorrow?" Erica asked, staring up at me and running her fingers through her hair as a comb.

"Why tomorrow? Just skype me tonight or something?" I smiled, handing her my details (Phone number, Skype, that kinda stuff) whilst we rounded a corner and went outside to the buses.

"I...I'd I-like that..." she stuttered, a small smile creeping upon her lips.

"Well," I said cheerily, "It's a date!" I finished jokingly.

A familiar red flush swept across her face, and she hurried onto her bus whilst squeaking out a goodbye.

Was it something I said? I wondered as I made my way over to Stiles' jeep.

"Percy!" Stiles greeted me as he hopped into the passenger seat, "Just the dude I wanted to see."

I groaned.

"What is it?" I asked as the jeep revved out of its parking space.

"No, no, no, cousin dearest, you misread me! All I'm saying is I heard a couple of girls in my math class say that they were gushing about you, just a heads up that's all!" Stiles insisted.

"Is that it?" I asked cautiously.

Stiles grinned devilishly.

"Well... if you could put in a good word for me - OH FUCK!" My head jolted forward as Stiles hit the brakes.

Derek stumbled in front of us and gripped the car for balance, denting the hood inadvertently with his were-strength. Stiles and I scrambled out of the car to grab him before he fainted.

"What the hell!? What're you doing here!?" Scott hissed as he jogged over to us.

"This guy is fucking everywhere..." I muttered under my breath, earning me a glare from Derek.

"I was shot..." he grumbled as we propped him against the jeep.

"No shit!" I exclaimed, pointing at the bloody hole in Derek's black leather jacket.

"He's not looking so good dude..." Stiles warned me.

"Why aren't you healing?" Scott whispered.

"I... can't," Derek stumbled between breaths, "Different... kind... of bullet..."

"Silver!?" Stiles asked, hoping his pop culture reference was the right answer.

Derek glared at him and Stiles seemed to deflate.

"That must be what she meant by 48 hours..." Scott pondered.

"What? Who said I had 48 hours?" Derek asked, alert evident on his newly pale skin.

"The one who shot you." Scott answered as if we all knew.

Derek's eyes flashed blue and he flinched in pain, grabbing his arm tightly.

"Woah! Stop! Stop doing that!" Scott hissed urgently.

"I can't!" Derek seethed through clenched teeth.

"We need to get him into the car," I said, very aware of the honking from the traffic we'd created in the parking lot.

I lifted Derek up and carried him into the jeep, and scurried into the backseat whilst Stiles got into the driver's seat.

"I need you to find out what kind of bullet they used..." Derek panted to Scott through the window.

"How am I supposed to do that!?" Scott exclaimed.

Derek sighed and nodded at Allison who was coming to check out what the holdup was.

"She's an Argent. She's with *them*" Derek hissed.

"Why should I help you?" Scott replied angrily.

Derek's eyes rolled back before snapping back onto Scott.

"Because you need me..." he panted, collapsing into the seat.

Scott turned to Stiles and I. "Go! Get him out of here!"

We sped out of the highschool gates and onto the main road.

"For fucks sake Scott!" Stiles groaned into his phone, "Pick up!"

"Pass it here and focus on driving," I said, Stiles threw the phone into the back seat and tapped his fingers on the steering wheel as the jeep rumbled along the suburban roads. The phone buzzed and lit up.

Need more time. I groaned and typed that he needed to find it now.

"Scott says he needs more time?" Derek panted. His skin had begun to pale and sweat dripped from his face. I nodded.

"Can you not, like, bleed on my seats?" Stiles asked, annoyed, gesturing to a small puddle of red that had gathered where Derek's bloody arm lay.

"We're almost there guys," I said, praying they could not rip each other's throats out before we got to the Hale house.

"Almost where?" Derek groaned.

"Your house, where else would we take you?" Stiles rolled his eyes.

"What!? No. No! You can't take me there!" Derek was wide eyed and sitting bolt up in his seat.

"Why?"

"I can't protect myself," Derek muttered under his breath. Stiles huffed and pulled over.

"What happens if Scott doesn't find your magic bullet or whatever? Are you dying?" Stiles asked pointedly.

"Not yet..." Derek puffed, "I have a last resort..."

"That's not ominous at all..." I muttered to myself.

Derek pulled up the sleeve of his shirt. The hole was pulsating and pumping out a mixture of blood and some sort of metallic liquid.

"Oh my..." Stiles gagged, pulling his shirt over his mouth.

"Poison?" I leaned over the seats.

"God, is that contagious, yeah you should just get out, just... just..." Stiles ignored me and tried in vain to push Derek out.

"Start the car. Now." Derek half growled, half panted.

"I don't think you should be barking orders with the way you look right now," Stiles said accusingly.

"Stiles..." I warned with a low voice.

"No, Perce, we don't need to worry about this dick, hell, if I wanted to, I could probably drag his werewolf ass out into the middle of the road and leave him for dead!"

"Start the car. Or I'm gonna rip your throat out. With my teeth." Derek glared at Stiles and bared his fangs.

The engine rumbled back into life pretty quickly.

"What am I supposed to do with him?" Stiles groaned out every syllable. I sighed and pressed my head into the seat in front.

"Take him somewhere! Like, anywhere!" Scott garbled through Stiles' speakerphone. The lights on the road beside us flickered on as the moon emerged from the horizon, Stiles' phone blared light into the car, illuminating the seats and shining through Derek's almost translucent skin. He was still sweating bullets and his face more and more gaunt by the minute. I had horrible flashbacks to Annabeth and Grover at the amphitheater at camp. I tried to feel sorry for them but, honestly... I fucking hate them. After all, they...

I stopped myself.

Try not to think about it. I recited over and over in my head.

But what if they find out where I am?

It's fine. I have Aphy on my side now, she'll keep them away.

But you never know. You've done things without the gods' help, you do it all the time, do you expect they can't do the same?

I pressed my face further into my hands. What if they found me? Annabeth was obviously in control and she looked out of her mind. Would she try to convince me to come back? What if she came to Beacon Hills? Gods, everything would crash and burn. Having to explain to Scott and Stiles, Allison would pester me about my ex. Lydia and Jackson would have a field day with the emotional torment I'd be going through. Gods, Erica... What would she do? Other than that, what if Annabeth and the camp went crazy and kidnapped me or some shit? No, surely she wouldn't go that far?

Right?

"Just take him to the animal clinic or something man! I don't know!" Scott exclaimed through the phone. Derek shot a withering glare at the phone, mumbling about not being a dog under his breath.

"What about your boss?" I asked Scott.

"He'll be gone by now, don't worry." Scott insisted. "There should be a spare key in a box behind the dumpster."

Stiles sighed again and ran his hand through the bristles of his buzzcut. He thrust the phone over to me and slammed his head into the steering wheel.

"Have you found it?" Derek wheezed.

"How am I supposed to find one bullet? This house has like a million! It's like a Walmart for guns!" Scott spit venomously.

"Take them all?" I tried, half joking. Derek's piercing eyes bore through me and his brow furrowed with contempt.

Not the joking type, I concluded.

"If you don't find it I'm dead, alright?" Derek's eyes were glazing over.

"I'm starting to think that's not such a bad thing..." Scott's voice barely came through the speakers.

"You need me, Scott. What if the alpha calls out your wolf side against your will when you're with your little girlfriend and you end up tearing her face off. If you want to get rid of the alpha, you need me. Find the bullet," Derek explained calmly through ragged breaths. Derek switched the phone off and collapsed forward in his seat and clutched his arm, wincing.

Stiles and I shared a look. Stiles pulled off from the side of the road and we made our way to the clinic.

My phone buzzed and lit up, showing a text. It took maybe a minute or two for the letters to unjumble, but I figured out what it said.

Hey Percy. It's Erica, when do u want to start revising?

"Fuck..." mumbled.

"What is it?" Stiles asked, looking at me through the rear-view mirror.

"I'm supposed to be revising with Erica, that's all."

"You got a study date as well? Damn, I'm gonna be all on my own if my friends keep getting girls at this rate." Stiles jokes, lightening the mood.

"No, no, it's not a date, we're not together or anything, it's just revision." I explained.

"Is it just a revision to her though?" Derek chimed in.

I wouldn't have put him as an expert in women.

"Derek's got a point, as much as I hate to admit it. I've seen the way she looks at you, she's totally into you."

"Is she?" I said, dumbly.

"Uh, yeah, it's pretty obvious. Then again every girl is into you so I guess you probably wouldn't be able to tell..." Stiles laughed to try to hide the jealousy in his voice.

"I'm nothing special, I'm sure loads of girls look at you, you just need to start looking for them instead of trailing after Lydia." I said.

"Don't try to change the subject, Perce," Stiles grinned toothily, "Erica likes you."

"I'm sure she just wants a friend." I tried. Stiles gave me an eye roll and carried on driving.

I squinted at my phone, typing was easier for my dyslexia but it was still challenging. Slowly I formed a semi-coherent sentence.

Sorry, I can't tonite, some stuff going down with Scott, but I might be able to tomorrow?

I was about to put my phone back in my pocket when it buzzed again.

Oh. Okay. What's up with Scott?

I cringed at the thought of her disappointed face. I quickly thought of a white lie and attempted to type it in.

Bad date, Stiles and I are coaching him through what to do. I can 100% do tomorrow tho, don't worry.

I turned my phone off quickly before I got caught up texting her all night.

Gods, I almost feel like a normal teenager.

Stiles pulled up behind the clinic and jumped out of the car. I scrambled over the front seats (careful not to hit Derek) and helped him push the dumpster away. Stiles and I slung Derek's arms over our shoulders and hauled him through the garage doors, lowering him onto a mound of bagged dog food.

Stiles leaned against the white walls of the clinic and looked at his phone.

"Hey, does Nordic blue monkshood mean anything to you?" Stiles asked Derek.

Derek grunted and shifted on his dog food chair.

"It's a rare form of wolfsbane. He needs to bring me the bullet."

"Why?" Stiles insisted.

Derek groaned in pain.

"I think it acts as a poison, if we get the source of the poison we can maybe make an antidote?" I theorized. Derek nodded in my direction.

"Kinda," Derek gasped for air, "But I'm gonna die if he doesn't get the bullet."

I picked Derek up bridal style and walked him through to the operating theater.

"Is there no other way?" I asked, tearing Derek's shirt in half and throwing it in the trash can. Derek's arm had thick, black veins weaving across the muscles in his forearms, creating a spider's webs of poison circling the wound.

"If the infection reaches my heart, it'll kill me." Derek grumbled, wincing as I lifted him onto the operating table.

"Positivity just isn't in your vocabulary is it?" Stiles asked sarcastically.

I shot a glare at Stiles hoping it might shut him up.

"If he doesn't get here with the bullet in time..." Derek panted as I searched through the cupboards for some sort of pain relief tablets. "Percy needs to cut off my arm." Derek's arm shook as he raised it to point at the saw in the corner of the room.

Stiles and I grimaced.

"Wait, why Percy? I could do it!" Stiles yelled, angry for some reason. Derek and I stared at him incredulously. Just yesterday Stiles had run out of biology because we were dissecting hearts. Stiles sat down in a corner grumbling to himself.

I fumbled through some drawers and found some string that I could use to cut off the blood supply to the arm.

"This is gonna hurt man, I'm sorry." I apologized as I wrapped the string around Derek's upper arm. Derek winced at the string bit into his skin.

"Stiles, give me your belt." I commanded.

"Percy! You're going through with this? Are you fucking nuts?" Stiles paced around the room.

"Stiles! This is not the time for panicking! Give me your belt and go into the reception." I ordered him harshly. Stiles was taken aback but obeyed and gave me his belt.

"You're fucking insane, man." He muttered as he stood by the door to the reception. Derek heaved behind me, throwing up black liquid into the bucket I gave him.

"My body," Derek explained, lightheartedly, "It's trying to heal itself."

"It's not doing a very good fucking job," I sighed, "Let's get this over with..."

I trudged over to the table and bound Derek's arm to the table and placed the belt in his mouth. The saw's teeth glinted with malice as I pressed them into Derek's tricep.

Fuck, fuck, fuck, fuck.

"On three," I said gruffly, swallowing my fear. Derek looked me in the eyes and nodded solemnly. "One... Two... Thr -"

"I'm here!" Scott's voice pierced the silence. Derek, Stiles and I let out the breath we didn't realize we were holding in. Scott ran into the room and stared at us wide eyed.

"What the fuck!" he exclaimed frantically, pulling me away from Derek.

"You just prevented me from a lifetime of nightmares..." Stiles thanked Scott and collapsed in the corner.

"The bullet?" I asked Scott sternly, very aware of the flecks of black spittle Derek was spraying on me every time he exhaled. Scott fumbled around in his pockets and brought out a brass bullet.

"What do you need to do with it?" I asked Derek.

"I'm gonna... I'm gonna..." I caught Derek as he collapsed off of the table and onto the floor. The bullet dropped from his hand.

Time slowed as Scott dove for the bullet.

As soft clattering was heard as the bullet pinged between the strips of metal covering the drain before rolling between them.

"Derek, wake up, wake up!" I slapped Derek's face lightly. Scott grunted as he tried to fish out the bullet.

No reaction.

I reared my hand back and gave Derek the biggest slap I could muster. Derek jolted awake.

"The bullet!" he gasped, "Where is it?"

Scott turned around with golden eyes and the bullet between his claws.

I practically threw Derek to his feet and snatched the bullet from Scott, passing it over to Derek. The bullet was shoved between his teeth and he cracked the top open, pouring the weird pale herbs inside into a pile on the stainless metal table. He grabbed a lighter from somewhere and

lit the herbs on fire. White sparks lit the room and embers shot past us all, cooling quickly on the table. A wispy, blue, rotten egg smelling smoke came from the mush. Derek gathered the stuff into his hand and braced before rubbing it into his bullet wound.

Derek collapsed to the floor screaming and writhing in pain. Scott and I stood by like idiots, but what else was there to do?

The darkness in Derek's veins crawled back to the festering purple wound and the hole closed up in record time. It was like he'd taken ambrosia or nectar or something.

"You okay?" Scott asked after Derek regained some of the color in his skin.

"Other than the agonizing pain? Yeah pretty good," Derek remarked sarcastically as we helped him to his feet.

"We saved your life, are you gonna leave us alone now?" I half asked, half demanded. Derek raised an eyebrow.

"Yeah," Scott joined in, "And if you don't, I'll go to Allison's dad and I'll tell him everyth -"

"You're gonna trust *them*?" Derek mocked, his piercing eyes bore into us, "You think they can help you?"

"Why not? They're a hell of a lot nicer than you!" Scott yelled.

Derek stood, gawping at us like we were stupid kids.

"I can show you how nice they are... Scott, with me. Percy, go take Stilinski home."

"Why? What's happening?" I asked, panicked.

"NOW!" Derek roared, dragging Scott out of the surgery.

Episode 5 - The Tell

"So, Derek's uncle is alive, the argents set fire to Derek's house, killed a load of people as well as werewolves and he says Allison is gonna do the same..." I whistled, "Dam..."

Through the screen of Stiles' computer I could see Scott leaning back on his chair.

"Yup, and now I've got to go meet up with him, apparently there was another attack..." Scott garbled through the speakers.

"No doubt Stiles will get us some info on it whilst he's riding around with Uncle Noah." I smiled and checked my watch for the time.

7:30, I should go and revise with Erica.

"Woah, dude, what's on your arm?"

Shit.

I hastily pulled my sleeve back down over my trident tattoo.

"It's nothing, dirt or something..."

"Dude!" Do you have a tattoo!?" Scott asked excitedly.

I winced and looked around nervously, hoping mom hadn't heard Scott. "Keep it down man!" I hissed. "And yes, fine, I do."

Scott grinned. "So why'd you get a tattoo? Does Erica like bad boys or something?" He teased.

I shut the computer off.

"Friendly reminder," Mr Harris drawled, "Parent-teacher conferences are tonight, all students below a C average will be required to attend," Shafts of light created by the blinds, darted around the dim classroom as Harris slunk between desks, leering down his nose at the students he deemed, 'inadequate', as he put it. "I won't name you because of shame and disgust," he spat, glaring at me and the F on my latest chemistry test, "Should be more than enough punishment."

He loomed over Stiles, who was highlighting another textbook.

"Has anyone seen Scott McCall?" Harris asked the class, but his eyes were trained on Stiles and the bright, yellow bars that streaked across his textbook.

I winced at the squeaking hinges of the door being opened. Jackson shuffled to his seat in front of me, skin pale and blotchy, his eyes shifted nervously in their sockets. Harris sulked toward Jackson and laid a hand on his shoulder, leaning in to whisper something to him. Erica and I leaned forward subtly to eavesdrop.

"Jackson, if you need to leave early, for any reason, you let me know, okay?" Harris clapped Jackson on the back and sent him a reassuring smile.

"Why is it all the dicks band together?" I asked Erica under my breath. She grinned and elbowed me playfully.

"Everyone, start reading chapter nine," Harris started writing something on the whiteboard, "Oh, and Mr Stilinski? Try putting the highlighter down between paragraphs, it's chemistry, not a coloring book."

Erica prodded my arm with her pen and tore me away from glaring at Harris. She started explaining the diagrams and telling me about pure and impure substances and for a brief second I felt like I was back at Camp Half Blood, sitting in the amphitheater, holding Annabeth in my arms as she read aloud paragraphs of facts about some architect called Alexandros Tom-something or other.

"Hey Danny, can I ask you a question?" Stiles' whisper broke me from my reverie.

"No." Danny continued writing down a formula.

Stiles paused, confused. "Well, I'm going to anyway. Did Lydia, by any chance, turn up to your homeroom?"

"No." The reply was more apprehensive this time.

"Can I ask you another question?"

"The answer is still no!"

"Does anyone know what happened to her and Jackson last night?"

Danny paused and let out a breath. "He wouldn't tell me..."

"But he's your best friend?"

No answer.

"One more question," Stiles started, "Do you find me attractive?"

A sharp pain erupted from my ribs.

"Work!" Erica hissed at me, nodding at Harris who was checking people's progress.

"What?" The voice buzzed through the speakers of Stiles' speakerphone.

"Finally!" I cried, "Where the fuck have you been?"

"Have you gotten any of my texts?" Stiles asked frantically, dodging through students as we passed through the halls, Erica tailing behind closely.

"Yeah, like all nine million of them," Scott's voice was hushed, and I could swear I heard faint music in the background.

"Scott? Where are you? I hear a car..." I voiced, words etched with concern.

"More importantly, Scott, do you have any idea what's going on?" Stiles hushed me and we rushed round the corner to the lunch room. Gods, it smelled good. I'm not sure what the lunch ladies put in the apple pie but it is like nectar. My stomach rumbled thinking of it.

"Lydia is M-I-A, Jackson looks like he's had a time bomb inserted into his face, some random guy is dead, what the fuck is going on?" Stiles pestered Scott as we sat down at our usual table.

Erica looked over at me puzzled.

"What are they on about?" She mouthed to me, cocking an eyebrow. I shrugged and muttered something about it being a guy thing.

She didn't look convinced.

"He hung up on me! Can you believe the nerve!?" Stiles paced back and forth in front of the table, before throwing his hands up and sulking into a chair.

Time passed awkwardly.

"So, what do we talk about? Normally Scott has an issue and we go and fix it, but..." I started, leaning back in my chair.

"Twenty questions? Truth or dare? Something else like 'Twenty questions? Truth or dare? Something else like that?'" Stiles suggested halfheartedly.

"Erica?" I asked, using my best puppy eyes to beg her to say something that would break up the awkwardness.

"Twenty questions sounds good I guess?" she mumbled into her sleeve, barely intelligible over the noisy bustle of the heaving lunch room.

"Great!" Stiles perked up, "Since Percy is new, he needs to go first." Stiles grinned evilly, "What was your first kiss like?"

"Horrible, next question." I stated flatly, I came to Beacon to get away from my old life and everything keeps reminding me of it.

"That bad? Christ, Perce, tone down the angst for a sec." Stiles jokes.

"Next question!" I grumbled, stabbing my food with my fork.

"Was it an ex?" Erica asked tentatively.

"YES!" I snapped harshly, "Now leave it alone!"

Erica's eyes darkened and welled with tears. She sniffled and shuffled out of her seat. I watched as she ran away in a flurry of sobs, guilt crushing my insides.

I realized the lunchroom was silent and everyone was looking at me.

"Nice one asswipe, you made the freak cry," Jackson joked, leaning back in his chair, smirking smugly at me behind his wall of jocks.

D'you know what? Fuck this! Fuck this arrogant prick, fuck Annabeth, fuck everything. I screamed internally.

I stood up from my seat and straightened my shoulders.

Fuck this guy for making fun of Scott.

I stared at Jackson.

Fuck this guy for making fun of Stiles.

I walked towards him slowly, the entire lunch room tensely watching my every step.

Fuck this guy for making fun of Erica.

I felt my stomach clench as the water pipes in the lunchroom began to shudder.

Fuck this guy for bullying kids in the hallways.

Jackson and I stood nose to nose, staring daggers at each other.

Fuck this prick.

I shoved my head into his and grabbed his hand, wrenching it violently, twisting it as far as I could as Jackson stumbled around, dizzy from the head butt. I heard a splintering crack as his

wrist broke. I stomped on his knee as he slumped over, cradling his arm. He fell to the floor ungracefully in a jumbled mess of limbs. I observed his face with a sick fascination. His brow creased in pain and a dark bruise was already forming above his right eye. I felt a surge of power crash through me as I stood over the bully. The sprinklers exploded behind me, sending the lunch room into a frenzy. My lip curled with malice as I stood over a whimpering Jackson.

This bullying dick deserved no fucking mercy.

I launched myself at Jackson's battered body, swinging my fist at his face as I rocketed toward him. I felt my knuckles crunch against his face again and again and again. I promised myself I would cave the prick's face in if I could. My fists squelched against the bloody mush I was turning Jackson's face into. Strong hands gripped me from behind and threw me off of Jackson and onto the wet floor. A tall man in a baby blue tracksuit with SWIM COACH on the back was kneeling over Jackson's prone body. He turned slowly, he had messy jet black hair poking through his cap, and his thick brow wrinkled in anger. I met his eyes. Two stormy oceans collided as our sea green eyes met. He shook his head sadly.

"Dad?" I muttered.

"WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU WERE DOING!?" Poseidon bellowed, spittle flying from his mouth as roared in my face.

The pool was in a tall room with strips of glass in the ceiling so you could stare at the grey clouds as you did backstroke. The pool itself had recently been refurbished with new tiling and a fancy mosaic of fish and marine life clustered around the letters BHHS (Beacon Hills High School). I leant against the side of the bleachers as my dad stood over me and rained abuse upon me.

"He's a dick, he had it coming!" I implored.

"Percy! You nearly killed him!"

"I did not, he'll be fine!"

"You broke four of his bones!"

"He deserved it!"

Poseidon sighed and held his head in his hands before running his fingers through his mop of black hair.

"I've manipulated the mist and convinced the principal to let you stay in school, if I make sure something like this doesn't happen again and you take extracurricular activities after school." Poseidon laid a hand on my shoulder and his eyes softened, "The principal has made it clear you are only getting one more attempt, one more outburst and you're going to have to find another school. Percy, what if this goes online or something? How are we going to stop Camp Half Blood finding you? Huh?"

Poseidon pulled me to the side of the pool. We sat down, letting our shoes dip into the water (It wasn't like they'd get wet) and staring at the small waves I made as I dragged my hand through the water.

"What are my extra-curricula's then?" I mumbled, wishing I could just slide to the bottom of the pool and think, but I knew Dad would follow me in.

"I've put you down for my swim team; I want you as my star player." Dad's reflection smiled and he gripped my shoulder for a weird side hug.

"Isn't that kind of cheating?" I asked, turning my head to look at him.

"Not if you don't use your powers, and I'll know if you do!" Dad jokes, trying to lighten the mood. "But we do need to be careful, if you do too well then camp might catch wind of 'The Torpedo Of Beacon Hills'."

I laughed half-heartedly, staring back into the water of the pool.

"'The Torpedo Of Beacon Hills'!? Is that the best you could come up with?" I mocked. Dad and I chuckled together.

"I was on the spot! Not all of us are Athena, burying our heads in books and being master wordsmiths or whatever!" Poseidon laughed out, but stopped after realizing he'd mentioned Annabeth's mom. "How you holding up about that?" Dad asked, pulling back into a side hug.

"I don't want to talk about it," I grunted, pulling myself away from him.

"I figured you didn't from the way you screamed at that blonde girl..."

I sighed. "You saw that?"

"No, but I always have someone keeping tabs on you." Poseidon explained, making little water horses jump out of the pool.

I nodded and we sat in silence for a while, listening to the water slap against the side of the pool and watched two water horses race around the pool.

"You need to confront your emotions at some point Percy, otherwise that bitterness is gonna end up hurting you more than she ever did." Poseidon clapped me on the back and jumped into the pool, disappearing into a plume of bubbles underwater.

The school day had ended hours ago so I walked home alone, head bowed in shame. I rolled up my sleeve, exposing my tattoo to the biting cold of the January air. I looked closer at the scarring underneath. I could still feel the searing pain of Jayden's penknife scratching out my skin.

I trudged up the steps of the Stilinski home and into my mother's room. Suitcases were packed and ready for her return to New York and Paul. I slipped my sleeve back down over my forearm and coughed. Mom turned around from her laptop and ran over to embrace me.

"What happened?" she asked sternly, sitting me down on the bed and shoving a bag of gummy worms into my hands. They weren't blue but they were still like home.

"I guess I kinda just lost it Mom, I'm sorry." I muttered, hiding my shame by eating mountains of gummy worms.

"You're better than this Percy, what will your Uncle Noah think? He's just put you under his protection, out of the love of his heart, might I add, and here you are getting into fights." Mom berated me.

I hid my face in the purple sheets of her bed. Mom pulled me up and into another hug.

"I'm sorry," I cried into her shoulder. "I'm gonna miss you."

Mom smiled and teared up.

"I'm gonna miss you too, baby," she pulled me into an even tighter hug and we muttered 'I love you's until she stepped onto the bus going to the train home.

I felt a hand on my shoulder as I watched the bus drive past the horizon.

"Come on Bud, let's go to this parent-teacher conference," Uncle Noah smiled at me.

"I call shotgun!" Stiles cheered, racing to the police car.

I smiled. This was my home now.

"So what did they say about me?" Stiles pestered his dad as we walked away from economics. "Am I failing? Did you speak to Coach? If Coach said I'm doing bad, I-I-I, I'm trying, honest Dad, I am!"

"Actually he said you're a smart kid, you just need to apply yourself more." Uncle Noah smiled at his son and turned to me. "Minus 'the incident' today, the teachers say you're a good kid, you're just going to try even harder than everyone else, 'cuz of your... issues." Noah stumbled on the last word, thinking of the right word to say.

"Pretty standard for me," I agreed as we exited the school and the winter air swept over us.

"Oh, and uh, I never knew you swam? I've always wanted an athlete in the family!" Noah persisted; his eyes shining. I saw Stiles scowl from the corner of my eye.

"I only got added today - "

A girl's scream cut off my sentence.

A mass of bodies started to rush around, pushing and shoving to get to safety. "Stay here boys!" Noah ordered and rushed over to the cars.

"MOUNTAIN LION!" someone screamed. Stiles and I gave each other a worried glance and came to the same conclusion - The alpha.

I jumped down the steps to the car park and tried to direct people to their cars, the more panicked the crowd grew, the worse the situation would get. Noah gave me an appreciative nod and went back to doing whatever sheriff's do in this situation.

I saw a blur of color jump towards Uncle Noah. I dived in front of the sheriff and felt claws tear open the flesh of my shoulder before hearing two gunshots. I winced as I looked over to the corpse.

The glassy yellow eyes of a mountain lion stared back at me as its fur began to run crimson from the pool of blood it lay dying in.

This meant one thing; the alpha was still out there, and still wanted blood.

Episode 6 - Heart Monitor

I hurled my phone at my bed.

Fifteen times I'd called her.

Fifteen embarrassing apology voicemails.

Fuck my life.

I groaned, picked up my phone again and dialed Erica again.

Ring Ring.

Ring Ring.

Ring Ring.

"This is Erica Reyes, I'm sorry, I couldn't get your call, please leave me a message after the beep."

I sighed, another embarrassing voicemail to add to the list.

"Hey Erica, it's me... again... I just want you to know, you did nothing wrong, I overreacted and I'm so, so, sorry Erica, I - I," I ended the voicemail before I embarrassed myself even more.

I sat on my bed and stared at my beige wall blankly.

"You holding up alright, Perce?" Aphrodite asked, sliding next to me and laying her head on my shoulder. Her hair smelt of lemon. Just like Annabeth's...

"I'm not very good at this romance thing, am I?" I said blankly, falling back onto my bed so I could stare at my ceiling. Aphrodite curled around me, wrapping her arms around my chest, binding me to her.

"So you admit you like Erica?" she said, resting her head on my chest.

"I mean, you don't send someone sixteen voicemails if you aren't interested, do you?"

Aphrodite looked up at me from her position on my torso. "This isn't me you know? I'm not playing around with your love life anymore, not after the debacle with Ann -"

"Don't. I've got enough on my plate without thinking of her."

Aphrodite lifted herself off me and sat cross legged opposite me, her kaleidoscope eyes bore into mine as she examined me.

"What's up?" she asked, tying her hair up with a bobble that had puffed into her hand with some pink smoke.

"Doesn't matter, how're things on Olympus?" I rolled over to my front and buried my face into my bed.

"No, as your patron, it is my duty to make sure you're okay," she pouted adorably and gave me the cutest puppy eyes I'd ever seen.

I sighed. "You're not gonna leave till I tell you, are you?"

Aphrodite shook her head enthusiastically.

"My buddy Scott was bitten by a werewolf so we're trying to stop him from being killed by another werewolf, but at the same time, I'm failing almost all my classes, dad is my swim coach and the looming threat of camp finding me is swallowing my life." I hurled my words out as quickly as possible.

"And Erica." Aphrodite added.

"And Erica." I agreed.

Aphrodite appeared behind me, wrapping her arms around me and pressing herself into my back. She leaned into me and started to suckle on my neck.

"What're you doing!?" I asked, frantically scurrying away from her.

Aphrodite knelt on the bed in just a tight t-shirt and underwear, pouting at me dejectedly.

"I'm trying to help you relax!" she enthused, walking towards me, pulling her t-shirt off.

"Gods! Stop! What if someone walked in!?" I exclaimed, desperately holding her hands to her sides to stop her from taking any more clothes off. "Besides, you're like my aunt! That's weird! You're weird!"

"Oh hunny please, you fucked Annabeth and she's like your cousin or your nephew or something!" Aphrodite ripped her hands away and pushed me against my wardrobe.

"Don't bring *her* into this!" I hissed as Aphrodite began sucking on my earlobe.

"Just shut up and let this happen Percy! I'm just trying to help! I'm distracting you!" Aphrodite hissed back, eyes glowing with godly light. I felt her hand sliding underneath my boxers.

Think fast Percy, for fucks sake.

"If you do this... I'll, um, I won't be your champion!" I tried urgently, closing my eyes and trying not to groan as she squeezed.

I swear to the Styx, if I have to face him again...

"Just some activity we've noticed, it could easily just be some sort of city destroying monster awakening, I wouldn't worry about it Perce."

"How should I not worry!" I exclaimed.

Poseidon patted my back. "Perce, we can easily just send a demigod to fix it."

I grumbled and trudged over to the changing room. I hastily threw on my jeans and my shirt before racing out of the door, hoping I could make it to first period before the bell rang.

I trudged down the corridor towards English, my *favorite* lesson (Note the sarcasm). I hoped to see Erica in the corridors somewhere but she seemed to have vanished.

Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrriiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiinnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnng.

The bell rang, deafening me as I walked past it in English.

I sat to Stiles' left and grabbed my things from my bag.

"Sorry I couldn't give you a lift today dude, I had to drop dad off at work cause of his ankle," Stiles explained, turning to me in his chair.

"No worries man, I had to get to school early anyway, with swimming and stuff."

Stiles wrinkled his nose at the thought of coming into school early.

"What do you even do in there? Like just swim until you get faster? Isn't there like any drills or any..." Stiles trailed off and scowled in his seat as Scott made his way bashfully making his way towards us.

I gave Scott a small smile to show that I wasn't angry at him. According to Stiles, one of the cars had bumped into Uncle Noah yesterday, dislocating his ankle, and Scott had the opportunity to save him. I just think Scott was disorientated by the noise and commotion of the crowd.

"Still not talking to me?" Scott asked, leaning forward in his chair and tapping Stiles on the shoulder.

Stiles shrugged it off.

"Can you at least tell me if your dad's okay?" Scott asked. No reaction again. "It's just a bruise, right. Some soft tissue damage or something?"

Stiles scowled more and buried his head into the desk. "His ankle is dislocated." I told Scott, so Stiles wouldn't flip out over Scott pestering him. Scott nodded and turned back to Stiles.

"You know I feel really bad about it, right?" Scott sighed and continued. "What if I told you that I'm trying to figure this whole thing out, and that I went to Derek for help?"

Stiles straightened his back and poked me, "Tell Scott that I think he's an idiot for trusting him."

"I'm not doing that Stiles, what are we? Seven? Talk this out." I hissed at him. I turned toward Scott, "You heard him right?"

Scott nodded and opened his book to start writing. Stiles shifted in his seat uncomfortably and turned round to Scott.

"What did he say?" Stiles asked impatiently.

I smiled as Scott and Stiles started rambling about werewolf stuff.

A blonde in ratty jeans and a baggy hoodie walked past my desk hurriedly.

"Erica!" I fell off my seat trying to grab her. She stared sadly at me.

"It's fine, Percy, I shouldn't have asked, I'm sure you don't want to talk about her," she rushed and sat in her seat, her hair falling to cover her face from view.

"No, Erica, it's my fault, I shouldn't have overreacted," I sighed and brushed her hair behind her ears. "Yes, my first kiss was with my ex, you were right."

Erica smiled softly and turned to her work.

I rested my head on the table and found myself being lulled into sleep by the relaxing drone of Mrs Potters' voice.

Annabeth paced frantically around the ping pong table at the Big House. She looked even worse, her hair was greasy and knotted and her eyes seemed to be permanently looking a thousand yards in the distance.

"- He's not even in Atlantis with his dad! I asked Tyson and everything!" Annabeth shrieked madly, "Paul won't say anything because Sally is gods know where! Speaking of the gods, why won't they help me!?" she looked on the verge of tears, and for a fraction of a second, I wanted to go and comfort her.

The camp leaders looked at each other nervously, having never seen their leader so broken. Chiron trotted toward her and pulled her into an embrace, hugging her softly as she blubbered into his arms.

Clarisse stood up awkwardly and coughed into his hand. Annabeth turned towards her, her grey eyes filled with hope and tears (mostly tears).

"My scouts have reported back from New York, he's not there." Annabeth gave a soft whine and burst into tears again. Clarisse laid a supportive hand on her shoulder and turned to Chiron. "We need a quest, it's the only way we'll be able to find him."

Chiron looked forlornly out of the window. "I suppose I would be necessary at this point... Can someone Iris message Miss Dare?"

Annabeth yelled as if she'd been kicked. "HER!" She shrieked. "SHE'S ALWAYS WANTED HIM, SHE'LL KNOW! She probably has him right now! Captive! No one does that to MY Seaweed Brain!" Annabeth screamed and flicked out her knife, running out of the room before Clarisse and Will Solace grabbed her and tackled her to the floor.

Chiron muttered words into Annabeth's ear, calming her to the point she sobbed weakly into the gaudy shag carpet of the big house.

"I think Annabeth should perhaps sleep in the Big House for a while, Will? If you could help me escort her to the infirmary? And Katie? Could you inform Malcolm he'll be filling in as Athena counselor for now?"

Annabeth's watery eyes glowed gold with ancient power as she was shuffled out of the room.

Brrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrrriiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiinnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnnng.

I jerked awake to the sound of laughter as Scott and Stiles rolled on the floor giggling to themselves, marker pens in hand.

Fuck's sake...

Students filed out of the classroom giggling to themselves. Stiles wheezed on the floor in front of me.

"Y-Y-Y-Your, face!" Stiles sputtered, hunched over giggling maniacally. I sighed, over to the window and gazed at my reflection. A large penis complete with hairy balls was scribbled across my cheek.

I sighed, collected my bags and trudged over to my next lesson, knowing my social life was now non-existent. Scott tried to calm Stiles down as they followed me out of the classroom.

"Stiles, I swear to the gods, if you say this was traced..." I growled.

Stiles was launched into another fit of giggles.

"Gods? Plural?" I heard Scott mutter and Stiles stopped laughing abruptly.

Shit.

"My, dad's, um, side, I picked it up around them, they're quite religious, uh..." I lied terribly, evident by Scott and Stiles' unconvinced looks. "So... Derek?" I asked quickly.

Stiles' head whipped over to Scott.

"So Derek wants you to tap into your animal side and get angry?" Stiles confirmed, Scott nodded and Stiles continued. "Well, correct me if I'm wrong, but every time you do that you try to kill someone, mainly me and Percy." He added as an afterthought.

"I know, I think that's what he means when he says he doesn't know if he actually can teach me!" Scott sighed, "I need to control it."

"Well, how's he teaching you that then?" I chimed in, wiping my face with a wet wipe, "Is this in permanent marker?"

Stiles smiled.

"I don't know, I doubt he knows either." Scott said solemnly.

"When are you seeing him next?" Stiles sighed, exasperated.

"Just told me not to talk about, act natural, shit like that."

Stiles stopped Scott and clicked his fingers in front of his face.

"When? Scott?" Stiles exaggerated his words.

"He's picking me up at the animal clinic after work, why?"

Stiles sighed and ran his hands over his face.

"Shit... that only gives me to the end of the school day then..."

"To do what?" I asked.

"To teach Scott myself!" Stiles said, as if it were obvious.

"So... you gonna tell me about New York? Your old life?" Erica asked, fumbling with her hoodie sleeves as we sat on the grassy bank overlooking the lacrosse field, the cool February air washing over us, causing us to huddle together for warmth. Erica's breath steamed in front of her while she looked up at me, doe eyed and hopeful. I sighed.

"What is it you want to know?" I murmured quietly, silently hoping she would be distracted by Stiles hurling balls at Scott on the lacrosse field.

"Everything." She smiled warmly at me, encouraging me to open up.

"Uh, okay. So, ever since I was born, trouble has followed me, finding ways to fuck up spectacularly come naturally to me. and because of that I moved schools a lot and didn't really have many friends because of that till I was twelve, I got close to a kid called Grover. He had wild, curly hair and he had crutches because of some muscle disease and during the summer he was introduced to some of his friends at a camp he went to. I joined the camp and we used to do some really crazy shit, adventures and stuff," I laughed and slung an arm around Erica because she was snuggling into my side for warmth. "Over the years, I started liking this girl, Annabeth, and I mean *really* liked her, I was crazy about her, I just didn't realize it yet, same for her. All our friends realized but we were completely oblivious until my sixteenth birthday when she kissed me."

Erica was silent and we looked out at Scott being pummelled by lacrosse balls. The breeze crashed into us again and Erica shivered against me.

"What happened next?" she asked.

"This guy came to camp, started messing with people and blamed it on me, and drove everyone away from me. Even Annabeth..." I trailed off, lost in my own world of self-pity before seeing Scott tense up. "Stay here," I told Erica before sprinting across to Scott and Stiles. Stiles stood in shock as the beeps on the heart rate monitor increased. Across the pitch, Scott dug his claws into the ground, groaning and growling. I ran over to him but only got halfway before he relaxed and looked up at me with normal brown eyes.

"Scott? You started to shift? You good?" I asked, cautiously approaching and placing a supportive hand on his shoulder.

"From anger, but it was more than that, the more I got angry, the stronger I felt" Scott panted, hunched over and looking very pale.

"Like the hulk?" I joked. Stiles punched me in the side and gave me a dirty look.

"So it is anger then, Derek was right?" Stiles looked solemnly into the distance.

"I can't be around Allison, can I?" Scott almost cried into his hands. I sunk down to a sitting position next to Scott.

"Just because she makes you happy?" Stiles asked from above us.

"No, because she makes me weak." Scott sobbed.

After telling Erica I'd meet her later in class, Scott, Stiles and I trudged into the locker rooms so that Stiles could return Coach's heart monitor and Scott could cool off.

"Why not just stay away from her for a few days, say you're sick and you don't want to give any illness to her. Boom! You stay away and you're a great boyfriend for looking after her health!" I smiled at my genius idea.

"You're a fucking idiot dude." Stiles shot down my ego quickly, "How long does he do that for? Days? Weeks? Months? Hell, he could be doing this for the rest of his life if we don't figure this out!"

"I don't want to end up like Derek, guys, you've seen him. He's totally alone!" Scott leaned his head forward onto the cold metal of the lockers.

"You've got us?" Stiles tried.

"Yeah, but what if I can never be around her again?" Scott muttered sadly.

"This whole 'women make you weak' thing is really depressing." I thought aloud.

"Look Scott, would you rather not talk to Allison for a while or be dead?" Stiles asked brashly, throwing his hands up in the air.

"I'd rather die..." Scott mumbled under his breath, his brown hair hung over dark eyes.

"That was... not the answer I was looking for," Stiles stuttered in shock, "We'll figure it out Scott, don't worry. Come on, let's go."

"Yeah, besides, it smells weird in here," Scott joked half-heartedly, though I think there was possibly some truth in his words.

"Who would have guessed something smells in a boys locker room!" Stiles laughed and threw his arm around Scott's shoulders, leaving me to trail behind.

We walked past the students in the locker room, making our way to the door before I noticed Jackson punching a mirror and scratching at his mouth. I wanted to confront him and possibly give him some more stitches, but the prick probably had a restraining order on me. I clenched my fist and felt the muscles in my forearm contract under my trident tattoo. Remembering it and the sea cooled my boiling rage and I slunk back after Scott and Stiles.

Small waves lapped against the tiled walls of the pool as Erica's laughter reverberated across the room. Erica and I decided to study here during our free period as no one came here and I understood things more by the pool.

"So," I stifled a laugh at her Aquaman joke, "We always talk about me, and as much as I love me," Erica giggled, "I'd love to talk about you." I finished.

Waves of light reflected from the pool and played on Erica's hair, giving it a glowy look I'd only ever seen on goddesses.

"What is there to talk about? My life isn't nearly as interesting as yours, the biggest thing I blew up was some rice in the microwave!" she joked, light glinted off of her white teeth.

I grinned and leant back into the concrete stands where we were sitting. "Well, with time and effort we can build you up to demolishing a few buses like me!"

Erica giggled into her hoodie sleeve and punched me in the arm.

"But seriously though, let's talk about you." I asked again, wanting to learn more about Erica.

"Uuuuuh, I don't know where to start."

"What's it like to have epilepsy?" I asked, thinking of ideas for us to talk about.

Erica's eyes darkened to black.

"I hate it. Every day I wake up to my mother with four pills in her hand for me, and the pills make me feel horrible, bloated constantly, anxious, they make my acne horrible, I look disgusting constantly. And I can't put any makeup on because the pills make my skin too sensitive!" Erica seethed, digging her fingernails into her palms, I tried to interject, fearing I'd opened Pandora's box but Erica kept talking, "- and I can feel their eyes on me as I walk the hallway, I feel them

judging me, I hear them making fun of me. They bully and harass me constantly, and if they aren't torturing me, they ignore me. Everyone, but you. "

She looked up at me for a second before launching herself into another tirade.

"One time, I could feel it coming, the seizure, I could taste bl- metal in my mouth and I knew it was gonna come, but Mr Harrison didn't believe me. And then I blacked out, I couldn't do anything, I was helpless, and those bastards started recording me, thrashing about, I even peed myself, and they did nothing. I hate them, all of them. It was three fucking minutes before one of them thought to put something cushioned under my head to stop me bashing my own fucking brains out onto the floor!"

Erica's head began to shake and I was worried she had caused herself a seizure before she threw herself into my chest and I felt my shirt dampen with tears. "I didn't come in for 3 weeks. I was so embarrassed, and even then they bullied me." She wept into my chest. I wrapped my arms around her and just held her until she stopped shaking, running my hands through her hair, trying to comfort her. She looked up at me with large brown eyes, red raw with tears. "I'm so sorry Perce, if I can ever protect you the way you protect me, I swear, I will."

She buried her face back into my chest and began to weep again.

"Alright kiddos, we have a lot to cover, sit, sit, QUICKER!" Coach demanded as students filed through the door to their seats. Scott sat down and tried to pull me and Stiles into the seats around him before Allison sat next to him. Allison gave Stiles an eyebrow causing him to scramble from the seat behind Scott to next to him. Scott glared at him. Erica tugged on my sleeve and pointed to Scott and Allison with a questioning look. "Relationship issues," I whispered low enough so that Scott and Allison wouldn't hear me.

"Hey, I haven't seen you all day," Allison smiled at Scott whilst he looked straight ahead looking like he wanted to cry.

"I've been like, super busy today..." Scott trailed off.

"So when are you getting your phone back? I feel really disconnected from you." Allison pouted, leaning forward on her desk.

"Uh, soon, I think, I dunno, could be for ages, who knows?" Scott laughed awkwardly.

"I changed lab partners by the way," Allison said, straightening herself up proudly.

"To who?" Scott asked dumbly.

Allison seemed taken aback by Scott. "You..." she said, rolling her eyes at her boyfriend.

"Me! Why? I'll bring your grade down!" Scott exclaimed, worried.

"Maybe I can bring your grade up?" Allison explained.

"But I'm uh, lab partners with Stiles!" Scott desperately tried to get out of his situation.

"He's gonna be partnered with Danny, what's wrong with me!?" Allison jokes, leaning back in her chair in protest.

Stiles looked at me for support, clearly not liking the idea of a new lab partner.

Scott looked around, panicked. "No! There's nothing wrong, I just, I..." Scott stuttered, interrupted by Allison's laugh.

"Be at mine at eight thirty tonight. Come on, lesson is starting," Allison looked up at Coach who was glaring at them for talking.

"Alright cupcakes, let's settle down!" Coach growled at the class, smacking a book onto a pile of other books on his desk. "Let's start with a summary of last night's reading, McCall! You seemed pretty talkative earlier, I assume you were discussing the reading?" Coach prowled toward Scott.

"Last night's... reading?" Scott questioned, confused.

"No, McCall, the reading of the Gettysburg address. Yes McCall! Last night's reading!" Coach taunted, leaning back on his desk.

Scott made a few small noises in response.

"Did you do the reading or not?" Coach glared at Scott.

"I must have forgotten or something..." Scott trailed off, staring at his desk and playing with his fingers.

"Nice work, I mean, it's not like you're failing this class or anything." Coach grumbled.

Scott looked over at me confused.

"McCall? You are aware of what sarcasm is? Right?" Coach rounded on Scott.

Scott looked over at Stiles and nodded.

"Come on buddy, I can't keep you on the team if you're averaging a D!" Coach sighed, "How about you summarize the previous night's reading?"

The air thickened as I heard a heart monitor beating faster.

I thought Stiles was gonna put that back?

Scott said nothing as the beeping got quicker.

"How about the night before that?" Coach asked.

Scott said nothing.

The beeping grew faster still.

"How about you summarize a blog you've read recently? No? How about the adults only warning from your favorite porn site!? Anything!?" Coach was incensed.

Scott stared at his desk and the beeping began to fade. I looked over to him to see Allison holding his hand behind his back.

So Allison calms him down?

"Coach, he's been helping me catch up with homework, he hasn't had time," I decided to intervene before not even Allison could calm Scott down.

"Great! Maybe you can tell me about last night's reading!" Coach taunted me.

"I haven't had time, sir." I muttered.

"Doing what!? Smashing my star players face in!? Let me tell you something about you and Jackson, because you two are very similar! You've both got girls hanging off you, you're both athletes, the difference is, HE WILL ACTUALLY AMOUNT TO SOMETHING! Because he puts in the effort, you're too lazy to even read two chapters of a book, or maybe, you can't even read two chapters! I don't care how hard it is for you to read! You're averaging an F Percy. YOU. ARE. GOING. NOWHERE. I have seen a thousand kids just like you, strolling through life, parents are too stupid to see how stupid you are, too lazy to put any effort, I bet you think the world is your playground. I sincerely hope I am there to see your face when you finally realize that you have no hope." Coach screamed, spittle flying everywhere, his hand gripping the desk so hard that his knuckles turned white. His hand shot down and grabbed my wrist, pulling my sleeve back to reveal the tattoo. "Do you think this makes you cool? Where are you going to be employed with this on your arm? Where do you think you're going?" Coach screamed as I wrenched my arm from his grip and stormed out of the room, grabbing my bag on the way out.

I ran down to the pool area, my eyes stormy and dark. I felt the water in the pipes churning in their metal prisons, begging to be freed. I kicked off the door to the pool and watched as the

water ripped through the air crashing and cracking against the walls. I felt the water spin around me faster and faster, my stomach convulsed and contracted with every wave of power that swept through me. I felt Riptide appear in my hand, I had missed its familiar weight as I slashed through tile and brick. Eventually I gave up on technique, dropped my sword, and punched the wall, again and again, aided by several gallons of water that replenished my stamina and healed the brutal, bloodied mess my hand became.

Eventually I slid down bloodstained tiles and let my exhaustion consume me.

I woke to Stiles shouting and pulling me out of bed.

When did I get into my room?

Stiles hurried around the room, grabbing random articles of clothing from drawers for me to wear.

"So, after you ran out, I figured that Allison only triggers Scott's wolf-ness when things get arousing and stuff, the rest of the time she's like his anchor, so we tested it out when he got beat up by some dudes - he thought about Allison, boom, no wolf, but now, Derek thinks Scott's boss is the alpha, so we're going to the school, so we can prove that he's not by luring the real alpha there!" Stiles didn't waste a single breath as he rushed his explanation as to why we were now skirting down the gutter outside my window to jump into Stiles' car.

Water splashed up from the sodden ground as Stiles' jeep pulled out from his drive.

Scott appeared in the seat behind me, "Hey Perce, you good?"

"Uh, yeah, sure?" I mumbled dazedly.

They couldn't have left me for 5 more minutes?

"Has Stiles filled you in?" Scott persisted.

"Uh, yeah, we're going to the school, right?" I half yawned, "What time is it?"

"Half twelve, I think." Stiles replies perkily.

"Gods, give me strength..." I muttered darkly as we pulled into the car park.

Derek stood by his black camaro, scowling and glaring at us in his leather jacket, and generally being depressing.

"Why did you bring him?" Derek pointed at me.

"What's wrong with him?" Scott asked, almost offended at Derek's judgment of his friends.

"He smells weird, like the beach, I don't trust him," Derek sniffed, turned his nose up and glared at me.

Scott raised his head and sniffed the air and looked questioningly at me.

"It's a cologne." I lied smoothly, crossing my arms in defense.

"Your heart up-ticked - liar!" Derek snarled, baring newly sharpened teeth.

"Does it matter what I smell like?" I asked defiantly, "More importantly, why is Scott's boss in your car?"

We all swiveled toward Derek's car, where Scott's boss was thrown in a heap in the backseats, his bald head shining from the moonlight beaming down onto him and the restraints that cut into his feet and hands.

"Looks comfy..." Stiles stared, swallowing the fear rising in his throat.

Scott, Stiles and I turned and trudged over to the doors of the school, their navy blue melting into the darkness in the halls.

"Woah! What're you doing?" Derek asked frantically, slamming the door of his camaro.

My eyes rolled in their sockets.

Tail firmly between your legs there, scaredy-wolf.

"You said I was linked with the alpha?" Scott looked nervously up the steps into the school.
"Let's see if you're right..."

Shafts of yellow light streamed from the windows from passing cars as we snuck through the halls of the school. Muscles in my back burned as we bent down, crouching and dashing around corners to avoid the janitors that were milling around, cleaning and mopping the school's floors, Stiles slipped on the slick floors a couple of times, careening into lockers with a deafening crash as he hit the metal, Scott and I would have to grab him and run into a classroom to avoid the searchlight of the janitor's flashlight. The light from it would blind us as it bounced and reflected from the lockers into our faces, taking us off guard as we were used to the dark shadows that painted the walls of the school's halls.

We ducked into the main reception, where most of the announcements were made from. We figured we'd use the speaker system to lure and trap the alpha, where we could prove whether or not the alpha was Scott's boss.

"One question, what're you gonna do if the alpha doesn't show up? Stiles pondered, propping his torch on the desk.

"We haven't really figured out what we will do if the alpha *does* come..." I muttered traitorously. Scott glared over his shoulder at me.

"We'll think of something, we have Derek, he knows what he's doing." Scott muttered something that sounded a lot like 'I hope' under his breath.

"Great plan..." Stiles ran his hand through the short spikes of bristly hair that made his buzzcut.

Scott glared at him too.

"All right," Scott said, visibly shaking at the thought of what he was about to do, "A wolf howls to signal its position to the rest of the pack, right?"

Stiles and I nodded to this. Stiles' eyebrows crinkled in confusion.

"But does bringing him here mean that you're part of his pack?" He questioned, looking deeply worried for Scott, his eyes were a battleground of emotions.

"I hope not..." Scott whispered.

"Don't we all?" I hushed sarcastically, grabbing the speakerphone for him to howl into - better to get it over and done with than to play around debating and worrying for the future. I turned the volume dial on the speaker system up. "All right, Scotty, s'all you." I clapped him on the shoulder and slunk into the shadows of the corner.

Scott cleared his throat and grabbed the microphone.

A shrill wail erupted from the speakers, piercing the serene silence that had nestled into the school's night time atmosphere.

I winced in half pain, from the splitting of my eardrums, and half cringe. "Scott?" I asked, "Are you in pain or something?"

Scott flushed red sheepishly. "Was it that bad?" he asked half-heartedly, he already knew the answer.

"I mean, it was kind of a how!?" I tried to give Scott a reassuring smile that I'm pretty sure looked like a grimace.

Stiles stared at me as if I'd help him find the words to say, I shrugged and he turned to Scott.

"You sounded like a cat being strangled and run over, then put in a meat grinder and run over again."

Scott sighed. "How am I supposed to do it then?" he asked us pointedly, jabbing his finger in our direction. "Tell me!"

Stiles sidled up to Scott and massaged his shoulders. "Listen to me, don't be a man, be a werewolf - not a teen wolf, be the beast!" Stiles beamed at Scott and slapped him on the back. "Now, go get it!"

Scott focused on the beige, wooden floor below us and let his eyes flicker gold.

My mind flipped to my dream of Annabeth with golden eyes before I suppressed it in time for Scott to let out a low guttural sound from his throat that echoed and reverberated around the halls of the school, rattling the locks on lockers and making chalk rattle in place.

Derek stormed toward us as we exited the school, doors banging behind us.

"I'm gonna kill all three of you! What the fuck was that!?" Derek growled, "Are you trying to bring the entire fucking state here?" Derek's boots thundered against the dull grey of the tarmac as he stomped around us in a hissy fit.

"Sorry, I uh, I didn't realize it would be that loud..." Scott trailed off, looking into the starry sky and to the silver ball that was the moon.

Derek paused and stared at Scott incredulously. Scott shrugged.

"Loud and *awesome*!" Stiles squealed in excitement, wrapping his arm around Scott in support.

"Shut up." Derek dead-panned.

"Sour puss much?" I teased, giggling to myself.

"Ah! Sour wolf!" Stiles corrected, smiling smugly at Derek as we laughed appreciatively at his wordplay.

Scott looked around and in Derek's car. Scott's boss was gone. An empty, black, leather seat soaked up our attention and we didn't notice a faint growling from the trees behind Derek.

"Where'd you put him Derek?" Scott circled Derek cautiously, eyeing him suspiciously as he returned round to Stiles and I.

"What? I haven't touched him!" Derek explained, frantically trying to get us to believe him.

Derek's eyes widened and red spittle hit my face as Derek vomited blood. Dark claws poked through his shirt, with bloody red spots encircling them. At last we finally looked up to see the shadowy monster looming above Derek's pasty white body. The alpha's lips curled back into a disgusting sneer, white froth pooled along tall, thick, yellowing fangs that would cut into the alpha's gums if they were any longer.

Derek's fading eyes flickered to us.

"Run..." he almost breathed with such weakness, its sound had been carried away by the breeze by the time it reached Scott, Stiles and I. Despite this, we heeded his advice and ran like hell to the school.

Episode 7 - Night School

"Lock it!" Scott screamed, throwing his body weight onto the door.

"With what fucking key!?" I screamed back through gritted teeth, the treads on my grimy converse sliding along the floor as I pressed myself into the door.

Scott's wide eyes flickered to Stiles.

"Grab something!" he shouted frantically.

"Like what!" Stiles stumbled.

"The bolt cutters! We can wedge the door shut!" I hissed at Stiles, eyes fiery.

Stiles' face sunk into his hands as he sighed and glanced at a patch of grass outside. Startlingly yellow bolt cutters shimmered with the dew from the emerald blades of grass tauntingly.

Fucks sake...

Stiles and Scott yelped and grabbed at me as I slipped past them out of the doors. It was eerily quiet outside, I could hear nothing but the wind as it whipped past my crouched form and the panicked whispers of my friends behind me. My ratty converse connecting with the concrete sounded like thunderclaps in comparison and I winced at every step I took. I ran my fingers in the dew of the grass and felt invigorated.

A low rumble came from behind Stiles' jeep and dark paws padded softly along the grey carpark.

Blood red, malice filled eyes stared through my head and I felt the alpha study my every movement. I did the same. The wiry muscles in the alpha's leg tensed, I grabbed the cutters and rolled sideways as the alpha's claws ripped through the air my throat used to be. I scrambled to my feet and sprinted clumsily to the door Scott held open for me as the alpha's teeth gnashed together with part of my jeans between.

Scott slammed the door behind me and I cradled the small cut in my leg where the werewolf's teeth had grazed it. The small cut oozed crimson blood onto the corridor.

"Does that count as a bite?" I asked Scott nervously. Scott looked down at the cut wide eyed and nervous.

"Mine was bigger, and it went in a couple of days, we'll have to see." Scott replied as calmly as he could.

Stiles jammed the bolt cutter into the doors, preventing anyone from getting in.

Or escaping. I thought cynically.

"They won't hold, will they?" Scott asked Stiles tentatively.

Stiles grimaced in response.

We looked behind us at the dark corridor that stretched into an abyss of lockers in the distance.

Shadows danced on the locker doors and I could imagine Nico having a great time here.

How is Nico? Does he know where I am? If any demigod knew, it would be him, and I'd doubt he'd tell anyone else, he hates half of them.

I shook from my thoughts as I writhed from Scott placing some bandaging on my leg to stop the blood flow. Distant howls reverberated down the halls.

Scott, Stiles and I glanced at each other and sprinted to the next classroom.

Just as I limped into the classroom, Scott and Stiles slammed the door and ran to the desk, pushing it toward the door.

"Stop!" I shouted over the scraping of the desk on the ground, "The door's not gonna keep it out!"

Stiles stopped and smacked his hands on the desk, "He's right, all it's gonna do is keep us trapped with your boss!" he explained between huffs.

"What! How do you know it's my boss!?" Scott jumped to his boss' aid quickly.

"Scott, think about it," I said, trying to de-escalate the situation, "Your boss disappears and two seconds later the alpha pops up to say hello!"

"That seems like pretty concrete evidence to me!" Stiles agreed heartily, rigorously nodding his head.

"It's not him!" Scott pleaded with us.

"He killed Derek! Like, right in front of us!" Stiles threw his hands in desperation.

"Derek didn't die! He can't be dead!" Scott tried half-heartedly.

"Blood spurted out of his chest, Scott! That's not exactly a bruise, is it!" Stiles almost screamed.

"Guys! Chill the fuck out! We need a plan to escape." I stepped between the two as they started to stalk toward each other.

Stiles sighed and leaned on a wall, sinking down and massaged his forehead like he had a migraine.

"We need to get to my jeep, check the windows to look for a route..." Stiles muttered into his hands.

Scott and I scampered over to the large wall of glass behind us, light against the blinds created bars of shadows. I searched the windows for some sort of latch I could use to open the windows.

"The windows don't open, the school is climate controlled, besides it's like a ten foot drop from this room to the ground," Scott explained.

"You have werewolf strength, you could probably jump down uninjured and catch us."

Scott shook his head. "Even then, we'd have to break the glass to jump out, it'll make too much noise." Scott said quietly, glancing around the room for another exit.

"Then we'll run to Stiles' jeep" I looked over to the rusty, blue death-trap, "Holy shit, Stiles! What's wrong with your jeep?"

Stiles was by my side a second later. "What's up with it!?" Stiles panicked.

"The hood, it's bent!" Scott exclaimed, looking over to it.

"Someone dented my jeep!?" Stiles seethed, pacing back and forth.

I shook my head. "No, Stiles. Like the hood has been..."

The glass erupted the side of us, cutting our faces and skin as we ducked. A large clang shattered our ears as a large metal box cracked the tile floor.

Scott and I panted and hid under the window. Stiles eyes flickered to the box. The flashlight glimmered against the silver claw marks.

"Is that my battery!?" Stiles hissed before we pulled him away from throwing himself out the window to search for the alpha and almost certainly died.

"Don't move," I whispered, the cool, white brick on my back as I leaned into the wall.

"We have to move!" Scott hissed back, "He knows where we are!"

"He could be right outside, waiting for us to move." I tried to explain calmly.

"He is outside! That's why we need to move!"

I sighed. "Just, let me take a look."

I slowly raised myself, my eyes just above the wall, looking through the glass into the empty parking lot below. No alpha.

"Anything?"

"Nope." I replied, breathing heavily.

"Move now?"

"Move now."

Traveling through the halls at night wasn't nearly as fun the second time. Any sort of adventure had vanished and been replaced by a deep seated, creeping sense of dread. We reeked of sweat and fear, and my wound was dribbling blood onto the floor. Scott and Stiles crept alongside me, fear and panic swirled in their eyes like whirlpools, but oddly, I felt nothing. This was my life. Running from certain death is what I'd done since I was twelve; this is second fucking nature to me.

"We need somewhere without windows..." I muttered to myself.

"Every room in the building has windows," Scott whispered back, shining his flashlight down the dark corridors.

"Anywhere with less windows?" I asked.

"The locker rooms? Stiles suggested, "They're this way!" Stiles turned a corner and held the door open for us as we rushed into the room.

The place stunk of body odor, probably from the damp pile of spare lacrosse kits in the corner. A thin layer of mist hung over the place from overuse of deodorant and body spray. We gagged as we walked around but the stench might overpower the alpha's bloodhound like nose and give us some time before he figures out where we are.

"Call your dad," Scott ordered Stiles.

"And tell him what?" Stiles shot back sarcastically.

"Anything! Say there's a fire or something!" Scott leaned on one of the lockers, "If the alpha see's the parking lot filled with cops it'll take off!"

"What if it doesn't!" Stiles exclaimed, "What if it goes full terminator mode and kills every cop in sight! Including my dad!"

"They have guns." Scott tried.

"Yeah, and it took a silver bullet laced with wolfsbane just to slow down Derek - who might I add, is a beta!" I spat violently. "Enough people have been killed by this thing, bringing the police here is just gonna create a bloodbath!"

Scott sank to the ground and shook his head. "Then... then we have to find a way out of here ourselves and just run for it."

"To where? There's nothing surrounding the school for like a mile!" Stiles explained quietly.

"Derek's car?" I asked, slumping onto one of the splinter filled wooden benches.

"That could work!" Scott's eyes lit up in the darkness of the room.

"Yeah!" Stiles paced excitedly, "We... We get outside, get the keys from his body," Stiles gagged, "And then we take his car!"

"And him." I interjected, Derek was a dick but he deserved a proper funeral, not having his corpse eaten by an oversized mutt with anger issues.

"Yeah, sure, whatever. Let's go!" Stiles and I turned to the door before we felt Scott's hand on our shoulders, holding us back.

"Stop..." he whispered, "There's something there... I heard something move."

Stiles and I glanced at each other nervously.

"Hide!" I hissed at him.

Scott and I ran to the lockers, clanging as the doors closed with us inside, whereas Stiles had dived head first into the sweaty pile of spare kit.

The handle on the door creaked as it turned in place, hinged squeaking as the door opened. The soft pats of something prowling closer to our hiding places stopped my ability to breathe properly, exhaling randomly and only inhaling as my lungs began to burn. I saw a dark, black mass pass by my locker. My breathing hitched again.

My locker was flung open and I looked into the very human eyes of a janitor.

I felt as if I'd been punched in the gut. There was another person stuck in the building with the alpha. Scott jumped out of his locker.

"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS!" the janitor roared, pudgy face pulsating purple and dark eyes bulging from their sockets.

"Shh, you need to be quiet!" I warned him, holding my hands over his mouth.

The janitor grabbed my arm and wrenched it down, his rough hands had a vice-like grip on my wrists, cutting off the blood supply to my hands.

"QUIET, MY ASS! OUT! NOW! BOTH OF YOU!" the janitor roared again.

The piles of clothing in the corner shifted as Stiles crawled out, beads of other people's sweat ran down his face, soaking his hair to his head. Stiles flung a pair of shorts stuck to his foot, back into the pile and trudged over us.

"Listen!" Stiles started, but gagged after sniffing himself, "We all need to get out now!"

"No! You three do!" the janitor grabbed Stiles and Scott's arms in his other hand and practically threw us all out the door. We slid across the floor but scrambled to our feet in time to see a pair of red eyes in the darkness behind the janitor.

I tried to scream, but no sound came out as the janitor was flung back and the door slammed shut. I ran to the door and jiggled the handle, even slamming my weight into the door to get it open. I jumped back as the glass cracked. The janitor screamed as his head smashed into the glass, his sandy blonde, retreating hairline ran crimson as it pumps blood into the cracks in the window.

The locker room fell silent.

We threw ourselves into the door but it didn't budge. We'd been trying for about three minutes but the big double door would not move. Scott poked his head through a small gap we made. "No use, there's a big ass dumpster in the way." He said, running his hands through his mop of hair.

"Of fucking course!" cursed, cracking the wall with a punch, rebreaking the bones in my hand from earlier in the day. I wish I had some water now to heal my bleeding leg.

"He's blocked us in!" Stiles hit the door again. No movement.

"Stiles, stop, there's no point." I muttered sadly.

"I'm not dying, not here!" Stiles vented as we walked down one of the corridors, windows letting in pale moonlight.

"Look, Stiles, I don't want to die in school either! But bitching about it is gonna do fuck all!" I spat venomously.

"Forgive me for expressing myself! Some of us don't mope around in our room all day, staring at fucking everything like you're having a fucking wartime flashback!" Stiles bit back.

"Uh, guys..." Scott tugged on my arm.

"And who says I haven't been in a war! You know fuck all about me!" I towered over Stiles, my brow furrowing into a glare.

"Well maybe if you actually spoke to someone about anything remotely deep, other than fucking Erica, I'd know something about you! Who knows, maybe if your mom had stayed in California with her loving brother instead of pissing off to New York with a deadbeat boyfriend, we'd - " my hand flung out and cut Stiles off by grabbing his throat and throwing him into the wall.

"Don't ever fucking disrespect my mother."

"GUYS!" Scott screamed, "The alpha!" Scott pointed out of the window where a looming, shadowy figure, complete with blood red eyes, prowled around on the roof of the opposite wing of the school, watching us.

We stared at it, neither of us moving. The alpha stopped and stared right back.

"Why isn't it doing anything?" I asked Scott under my breath.

"Because you two are with me, and it doesn't want me dead." Scott muttered back.

"Didn't stop it from trying earlier..." I whispered, eyes still fixated on the alpha.

"He's toying with us, he wants me in his pack, maybe he's trying to show how weak I am without him. Derek says werewolves are stronger in a pack..." Scott explained quietly.

"So you're all just furry psychopaths into teamwork? Isn't that great?" Stiles muttered.

"How long do we stand here?" I asked. The alpha's eyes snapped onto me and started bounding toward us, jumping from the side of the roof. We sprinted away seconds before the alpha burst through the window, tiny fragments of glass bouncing off my shoes.

We skidded around a corner, the alpha less than three meters behind. I jumped down a flight of stairs, I heard two soft smacks as Scott and Stiles followed me down and caught up with me as we sprinted past our chemistry room.

Stiles pulled me into another stairwell, going into the basement. We ran past boilers and other metal contraptions. I'm sure the Hephaestus kids could improve with wires and some bluetack.

We ducked behind some grey storage containers. We heard soft growling growing louder.

Stiles and I turned to Scott. He mouthed the word 'go' and we rushed out of the boiler room. Stiles' flashlight swung round wildly as we ran.

"We have to do something!" Stiles said urgently.

"No shit Sherlock." I whispered back.

"No, like kill it, hurt it, insult it so much it leaves us alone! I don't know, just something other than running!" Stiles snapped.

We heard glass shatter and howling in the distance. Stiles and Scott flinched.

"Stiles, your keys..." I thought aloud. Stiles looked up at me with wide eyes and reached into his pocket. Scott tried to stop the keys from jingling and clinking together but I helped him back. I pushed him behind a stack of boxes and crouched behind him, peeping over to look at Stiles.

Stiles brought the keys up, shaking nervously. He shook the keys violently and threw them into a side room. An ear-splitting roar tore into the room as the alpha pounced into the sideroom. Stiles slammed the door behind the alpha, I raced to my feet and blocked the door from opening with a desk.

Stiles looked at me wide eyed and squeezed me into a hug.

"Look man, I said some shit, but I was just - " Stiles started, giddy with happiness.

I shook him and looked him in the eye, deadpan. "It's fine, it's forgotten. But if you ever talk shit about my mom again, I'm gonna rip your testicles off and use them as ping pong balls..."

Stiles nodded his head violently.

The desk slammed into the wall behind us as the alpha tried to break open the door.

"Come on guys let's go," Scott clapped us on the back and smiled.

"Wait!" Stiles exclaimed, "I wanna get a look at it..."

"Are you nuts!?" Scott and I exclaimed in unison.

"It's fine, it's trapped! Safe!" Stiles' eyes were wide with excitement. The alpha growled in its makeshift cell. Stiles' eyes flicked back to Scott and I before he crawled onto the table.

"Stiles..." I started. Stiles waved his finger in my face to shut me up. I started again. "I have a really bad feeling about-"

Stiles flew off the desk and crashed into the wall behind as the alpha smashed into the door again. Stiles scampered to his feet and hid behind Scott and I.

"We're not scared of you!" Stiles stammered, "Cuz, you're trapped in there and we're out here, you aren't going any -"

Tiles from the roof cracked and bent as the alpha propelled itself through the roof and into the ventilation system.

"Run..." I whimpered.

Steam from the boiler rooms blasted our faces red raw as we snuck around the labyrinth of the school's basement.

If only we had Daedalus here.

Scott froze. "Do you hear that?"

"Hear what?" I whispered, conscious that we needed to keep moving.

"It sounds like a phone ringing..." Scott paused, panicked, "That's Allison's phone!"

Scott nearly dropped Stiles' phone as he wrenched it from Stiles' pocket and whipped it up to his ear, muttering unintelligently to himself under his breath.

"Where are you!?" he demanded.

A garbled response came through the speakers, reverberating around the confined boiler room.

"Where are you right now!?" he demanded again.

Another garbled response from the phone.

"Head to the lobby right now, we'll meet you there."

Scott flicked the phone off and slammed it into Stiles' pocket and sprinted to the stairs up to the lobby, us close behind. We meandered through dim corridors and stumbled up stairways until we burst through the doors to the lobby.

A large glass case of trophies was proudly displayed, with most of the trophies being awarded to Jackson. We slid across the laminate floors to Allison where she was greeted with a back-breaking, bear hug from Scott.

"What're you doing here?" Scott mumbled into the crook of Allison's neck.

"You asked me too..." Allison broke from the embrace, confused. She raised her phone to show message from Scott:

Meet me at the school. URGENT - Scott

Scott looked up confused.

"You didn't text that, did you?" Allison questioned. Dread filled the lobby.

"No, I didn't..." Scott looked out of the large window and into the starry, black sky. "Did you drive here?"

Allison shook her head, "No, Jackson did."

"Jackass is here?" I groaned and threw my head back.

Couldn't I have one day away from him?

"And Lydia is here too," Allison continued, "What's going on?"

The door behind us burst open to reveal the poisonous pair. Lydia clicked ahead of Jackson on her heels. "Finally!" she sighed, "Can we go now?"

Jackson glared at me through his black eye.

"Problem big man?" I taunted.

Jackson and started to close the distance between us before we heard heavy thudding above us.

The Alpha...

"We need to go," I muttered. The thudding grew louder. "Now!"

Scott grabbed Allison's hand and ran, quickly followed by Stiles and Jackson.

I grabbed Lydia, hauled her over my shoulder and sprinted away from the lobby.

A giant crash sounded behind me and pieces of roof tiling skidded across the floor as the alpha smashed onto the lobby floor. I didn't bother looking back but I could hear the beast bounding after us. The floor creaked underneath the alpha's weight and my lungs burned as I sprinted to the classroom where Scott and Stiles were holding the door open. My shoulder ached from Lydia's writhing as she wept and screamed.

I could hear the pounding of wood getting further and further away as Lydia and I grew closer and closer to Scott and Stiles.

I fell through the door and heard it slammed behind me. Lydia tried to scream underneath me but I held my hand over her mouth and stopped any sound coming out. Soft patting could be heard outside the door and I could almost feel the alpha's hot, panting breaths on the back of my neck as he passed by our classroom.

After several minutes I took my hand from Lydia's mouth and smiled apologetically. "I think it's safe now, sorry for grabbing you like that, but you're in heels so..."

"It's... fine..." Lydia panted, blushing crimson.

"Hey," Jackson growled, "Get the fuck off my girlfriend!"

I scrambled to my feet and pulled Lydia to her feet.

"Doesn't matter!" Scott hissed, "Help me block this door!"

Jackson and I glared at each other and set to moving the desk in front of the door. Scott, Allison and Lydia stacked chairs on top of it, completely obscuring the door from view. We stepped back, panting, to look at our handiwork. Mocking clapping came from Stiles behind us.

"Great work!" he mocked, "Now! What do we do about the twenty foot wall of windows!?" he pointed behind him at a wall of glass and blinds.

"Can someone explain to me..." Allison panted calmly, "What the fuck is going on!" she shrieked.

She looked over to Scott. Scott kept his head and gazed down to avoid her and walked over to me and Stiles. He sat down silently and stared at a desk. Stiles and I glanced at each other for a second.

"Somebody killed the janitor..." I said bluntly, staring directly at the newcomers.

"What!?" Lydia squeaked from behind Jackson.

"Yup, janitor is dead." I confirmed.

"Is this some kind of joke?" Allison accused, "Because it's not funny!" Scott stared blankly at his desk still.

"Who killed him?" Jackson asked, eyes fearful. Lydia cowered behind him.

"No! No! This was supposed to be over! The mountain lion killed -"

"Don't you get it!" Jackson snapped at her, "There never was a mountain lion, dumbass!" Lydia's eyes were puffy and red from tears and her mascara streaked down her face.

"Who did it!" Allison demanded, her own eyes threatening to tear up. I looked around and realized how broken everyone was. And I felt nothing. After seeing a thousand funeral pyres with my friends bodies on, after going on hundreds of suicide missions, after leading hundreds

of teenagers to their deaths in the Battle Of Manhattan - this was nothing. I felt no fear for my own life and I felt disgusting for realizing that. Years of quests had beaten any sense of self-preservation out of me. I stumbled to the ground and leaned my head on a wall. My adrenaline rush had stopped and I felt woozy. Or maybe I felt woozy from the blood loss from my wound.

I wish I was by the pool.

"What's happening?" Someone asked.

"Scott!" Allison yelled, glaring at him.

"I don't know!" Scott stammered, shaken from his thoughts. "I just... know that if we go out there he's gonna kill us!"

"Us!?" Lydia squeaked again, "He's gonna kill us!?"

"Who?" Allison steeled, boring through Scott with her eyes. "Who is it?"

Scott gasped for words and fumbled with his fingers. He sighed.

"It's Derek." He mumbled, "It's Derek Hale."

Lydia whimpered.

"You sure?" Allison's voice softened.

Scott stared back down at his desk. "I saw him." he muttered.

"But, the mountain lion - " Lydia started.

"No! It was Derek! Derek killed them!" Scott glared at her.

"All... of them?" Allison breathed.

"Yeah, starting with his own sister..." Scott lied.

"And the bus driver?"

"And the guy in the video store too, it's been Derek the whole time," Scott finished, slamming his hands onto the table in frustration. "He's in here with us, and if he doesn't get out now, he'll kill us too!"

"Call the cops!" Jackson demanded. Scott turned slowly.

"No!" Stiles butted in.

Jackson puffed his chest out and looked down at Stiles. "What do you mean, no?"

Stiles squared up to Jackson, puffing out his own chest. "You wanna hear it in Spanish? *No!* Derek killed three people, we don't know what he's armed with!"

Jackson rolled his eyes.

"Your dad is armed with an entire police force!"

"I'm calling!" Lydia stepped forward, phone in hand. Stiles tried to protest but was held back.

"Hey!" Lydia started, "We're at Beacon Hills High School, we're trapped and we need you to - "

Lydia stared in horror at her phone. "They hung up!"

"The police hung up?" Allison questioned.

"They got a tip, a prank call about a break in at the school, she said if I call again they'll trace me and have me arrested." Lydia almost cried.

"Well... call again!" Allison crowded around the phone.

"They won't trace the cell, and they'll send a car to your house before they come..." Stiles said glumly.

"What is this!? Why does Derek want to kill us!? Why does he want to kill anyone!?" Allison asked, gradually growing more and more frantic.

Everyone's heads swiveled to Scott.

"Why's everyone looking at me!?" Scott asked, panicked Lydia rounded on him, tears streaming down her face.

"Is he the one that sent her the text?"

"I... I don't know!" Scott looked round for support.

"Is he the one that called the police?" Allison questioned Scott.

"I don't know!" he spat venomously. Allison took a step back, scared and shocked. Scott's eyes widened as he realized what he'd done. I pushed myself from my sitting position and joined Stiles by Scott's side, we pulled him away from the group and led him to the windows.

"Hey buddy, let's ease back on the throttle, okay?" Stiles clapped his hand on Scott's shoulder. "First off, throwing Derek under the bus, nicely done."

"I didn't know what to say! I had to say something!" Scott stammered. "And... And if he's dead then it doesn't matter, right?"

"Except if he's not..." I chimed in helpfully. Scott and Stiles glared at me.

"I totally bit her head off..." Scott trailed off, looking sadly into the night sky.

"Dude, honestly, I doubt she'll care, there are bigger issues here." explained, leaning on the wall.

Stiles nodded vigorously.

"Like getting out of this school in something other than a body bag!" Stiles added, "How do we get out alive?"

"But we are alive! There are thousands of times where it could've killed us! It's playing with us, man!" Scott ran his hands through his mop of hair. "Derek said it wants revenge."

"Against who?" Stiles asked.

"Allison's family?"

"Maybe that was what the text was about, to lure her here?" I wondered. Scott's eyes were filled with panic.

Jackson stormed over to us and smacked his hand on the window.

"Okay asshats, new plan! Stiles calls his useless dad and tells him to send someone with a gun and decent aim. We all good with that!?" he asked us all accusedly, glaring over at Scott, Stiles and I.

Stiles looked over to Scott and I for help. We shrugged.

"He's right, tell him the truth if you have to, just call him..." Scott begged Stiles.

Stiles looked back, a horrified expression plastered onto his face.

"I am not watching my dad be eaten alive..." he hissed.

Jackson grabbed Stiles's jean jacket. "Alright, give me the phone!"

Stiles whirled round and re-broke Jackson's nose with a punch. I grinned and held my fist out for a fist bump over Jackson's bloody figure but Stiles waved me off and reached into his jacket for his phone. Allison ran over and knelt by Jackson as he writhed in pain, she looked over her shoulder and gave Stiles and I a withering look of contempt.

Stiles punched in the digits for his dad's number and stared at the phone angrily.

"Hey dad! It's me, Stiles... and this is your voicemail..." Stiles said sadly.

BANG!

The furniture in front of the door shifted, with chairs flying off the desk.

Stiles looked back at his phone and brought it to his face.

"Look, dad, we're at the school..." Stiles hung up and backed away from the rumbling doors. The locks creaked and chairs wobbled in front of the door.

"The kitchen," Stiles muttered, "The door out of the kitchen leads to a stairwell."

"That only goes up?" Scott questioned, panic in his voice.

"Up is better than here," I yelled and sprinted to the door. I ran up the stairwell and into the hall above, the others close behind me. I barged into doors hoping they would open up classrooms to hide in.

"Over here!" Lydia whispered and pointed to an unlocked chemistry lab. We rushed in and stuck a chair under the handle so it wouldn't open. We pressed our backs to the wall as the alpha padded toward our room. I held my hand over Lydia's mouth again, held my breath and closed my eyes.

I could hear the alpha's panting as it passed by the door.

Keep walking, please, keep walking...

The footsteps grew weaker and I let out my breath.

"Jackson," Scott's voice was deep and commanding, "How many people can fit in your car?"

Jackson looked around, flustered.

"Um... five? If someone sits on someone's lap?"

"There's six of us..." I muttered. Jackson sneered at me.

"It doesn't matter," Stiles panted heavily, "There's no getting out without drawing attention."

"What about this?" Scott jogged over to a blue door near the teacher's desk. "This leads to the roof! We can go down the fire escape!"

I shook my head and pointed to the silver lock.

"That's a deadbolt, you need a key."

Scott looked down for a second.

"The janitor!" Scott looked up excitedly, "We can get the keys from his body and get out!"

"And how are you finding the body?" I asked, "The alpha could have moved him anywhere."

"I can track him, by blood." Scott whispered excitedly.

"Werewolves can track by blood?" I hissed quietly, feeling my heart rate rise, Scott nodded happily, "And you didn't think to tell me this when I've been bleeding out this entire time!" I snapped.

"That's how it must be finding us!" Stiles groaned.

Scott looked at the floor ashamed, "I'll get the key," he promised and walked toward the door.

Allison put a hand on Scott's chest.

"Are you serious about this!" she asked, eyes threatening to weep.

"It's the best plan..." Scott replied sadly. "Someone has to get the key if we want to get out of here..."

Allison stammered. "You can't go out there unarmed!"

Scott glanced around the room and settled on a pointer stick, proudly holding it like some sort of club.

His stance is off.

Jackson scoffed and Scott backed down, offended.

"It's better than nothing?" Scott grumbled, "What else is there?"

Lydia raised her hand slowly and timidly, "We're in a chemistry lab, and we have everything we need to make a fire bomb." Lydia pointed to a glass case full of multi-colored bottles of chemicals and acids.

We stared at her gormlessly.

"What? I read it somewhere!" she defended, crossing her arms with a pout.

"We still need a key to get into there too," Stiles complained. Jackson and I glanced at each other, sighed and punched the glass case, shards flying everywhere.

I grabbed some beakers and shiny liquids and handed them to Lydia, who immediately got to work mixing stuff together.

"Jackson? Could you pass me the sulphuric acid?" Lydia asked absent minded, swishing beakers around without worry.

Jackson stared blankly at the bottles in front of and grabbed the first he saw. Lydia took the bottle and added it to the mix. I winced waiting for an explosion, but none came.

Jackass must have grabbed the right thing... I guess even he's not that stupid!

Lydia handed the beaker of murky fluid to Scott, who took it and nodded in thanks.

Allison grabbed Scott's arm. "No, no, this is insane! You can't do this, you cannot go out there!"

"We can't just sit around, waiting for Stiles' dad to check his messages!"

"You could die Scott!" Allison cried, "Don't you get that!? He's killed three people!"

"And we're next..." Scott muttered glumly, "Somebody has to do something."

"Scott! Just stop!" Allison seethed, tears beginning to pool in her eyes. "Do you remember when you told me you knew when I was lying, that I had a tell? So do you, Scott! You're a horrible liar, and you've been lying all night! Please! Please don't go!" Allison sobbed into Scott's chest, her body shaking with tears. Scott looked up at me, eyes wracked with guilt.

I sighed. I remembered the campers who fought at the battle of Manhattan, they were all just scared kids, thrown into a reality they had no control over. I refused to let another innocent child die because of some fucked up sense of honor and duty.

"I'm coming with you." I demanded, cold steel in my voice. Scott looked over at me in protest, and I stared back at him in defiance. Scott gave in.

"Lock the door behind us." He told Stiles.

Allison cried and pulled Scott back to her, kissing him.

I looked back sadly, thinking of all the goodbye kisses Annabeth had given me before I did something stupid. Would Scott end up the same as me?

I stood by the door and held it open for Scott, and stepped through after him. The lock clicked back into place as the door closed, the sound burned my brain and for a second I wanted to run back into the classroom and hide.

Scott stared at me, fear as clear in his eyes as it was in mine.

"Shall we?" I asked.

We wandered the lightless halls aimlessly until Scott's ears perked up and his nose started twitching.

"You get a scent?" I whispered as we rounded a corner.

Scott nodded.

"Coming from the gym," he whispered, confused.

"The janitor died in the locker rooms though?"

"That's what I thought..." Scott trailed off as we reached the basketball courts.

The polished floor of the gym bounced the light from Scott's flashlight in every direction, creating new shadows for us to see things move in.

I half-heartedly hoped it might be Nico pranking me.

A rancid smell hit my nose. I knew what it was instantly.

Flesh. Rotting flesh.

A small splash broke the silence of the gym. I looked down to see the sole of my shoe painted red with blood. A small line of crimson meandered its way from the back of the bleachers to my foot. It wasn't until then I heard a soft dripping noise.

I looked at Scott, our eyes met in a mutual showing of fear.

"I'll go in, you stand guard." I whispered to Scott, barely audible I spoke so low. Scott nodded relieved.

I looked into the blackness of the space behind the bleachers, the supports holding up the seats framed the eerie scene like prison bars. The rancid smell from the janitor's nose wafted from the darkness. I wrinkled my nose and stepped into the abyss.

The bars creaked around me, groaning and hissing every time I applied any weight onto them in my hunt for the janitor's body. Every now and again I paused to listen for the dripping noise. I traveled through the metal jungle further, the gunmetal grey bars were cold and wet to the touch, repulsed, I whipped my hand away, causing me to stumble over a bar on the floor. I lay on the floor, the cool floor on my back, giving me goosebumps on my forearms.

I felt something drip onto my forehead, trickling down my face and into my eyes. I gagged and blinked away the liquid, incessantly rubbing my eyes. I opened my eyes and looked into the glassy eyes of the janitor. I stumbled backwards. The janitor's face was contorted into a permanent, petrified scream. A wet thump echoed around under the bleachers. I tried to see what it was but it was too dark. I grimaced at the thought of it being some sort of organ.

A loud crashing sound erupted from my right as the bleachers started to collapse in on themselves, shrinking the room around me.

The alpha is trying to crush me!

I leapt to my feet and fumbled around for the key, crashing behind me growing louder and louder as the wooden mass grew closer.

I felt something cold in my fingers and jingled when it touched. I yanked the key and bolted away from the body. I spared a look behind me as I ran, the bars crashed together, squishing the body between their cold, grey metal. I looked back ahead to see Scott, eyes wide and panicked waving for me. The bleachers clipped my foot as I ran.

Time slowed.

I jumped for Scott and felt my body emerge into the light of the moon through the skylight. I looked up at Scott beaming.

Crunch.

My leg erupted into pain as the bleachers obliterated the bones in my foot, crunching and cutting through flesh and muscle. I tried to scream but no word came out. I whimpered silently as the alpha emerged from the shadows. Scott rushed into action, throwing the makeshift

Molotov at the alpha. Glass smashed onto the beast's skin, cutting him, but there were no flames.

For fuck's sake Jackson...

The alpha tossed Scott by his throat. Scott sailed through the air, hitting the ground in a mangled lump and slid over to me. I crawled over to Scott and lay myself over him as the alpha prowled toward us.

I staggered onto my good foot and reached into my pocket for Riptide.

"Come on, you flea covered cunt!" I growled, brandishing Riptide, its bronze glow lighting the area. I looked at my bloodied arms and down to what remained of my foot. The alpha wasn't much better looking. The glass shards had spouted several red leaks from his wiry body. Blood matted the coarse, black hair that covered the alpha. The beast made a noise, low, rumbling and guttural from its throat.

I tried to chop at its hand as it shot towards me but pain spiked through my leg and the alpha caught me by the throat.

"You are... different..." the alpha snarled. Its wolfish face bared its teeth, lips curling in malice, yet its eyes looked at me confused.

Through my choked and rare breaths, I found the strength to spit on the alpha. I watched as the spittle sailed pitifully onto the floor near the alpha's feet. The alpha snarled again and I felt the air whip at my face as I shot through the air into the wall.

My vision started to wobble and fade as Scott finally woke from his stupor and attacked the alpha.

I grimaced as I felt myself slip into the black once again.

"Where the fuck is he!" Annabeth panted as she smacked her fists into Chiron's torso.

Annabeth's hair looked as if it hadn't been washed in weeks and her eyes were glossy and feral, like a cat backed into a corner. Her fingernails were going black with dirt and the circles under her eyes weren't much lighter. Her face was covered with acne, it was red and blotchy and seemed to have random cuts and bruises dotted around on her cheeks like she'd been tearing at her face, the same could be said for her wrists and forearms, the nasty shades of purple and red were a stark and unnerving clash against her ghostly pale skin. Annabeth's dirty, torn clothes hung from her malnourished body as she twitched randomly and uncontrollably.

Chiron's face aged more and more every time I saw him and his wrinkled face softened into a tired, lonely sigh. He led Annabeth easily into a chair, where she curled into the pillows and whimpered.

This couldn't be my Annabeth...

"The Athena cabin won capture the flag yesterday Annabeth, and Nyssa has come back from her quest, as have her brothers..." Chiron spoke softly, running his fingers through Annabeth's matted locks. Annabeth tensed and so did Chiron, his tired expression deepening.

Annabeth shot to her feet and stomped around the spare room of the Big House, customized with barred windows and no sharp edges on anything so Annabeth wouldn't do anything 'drastic'.

"What about Percy!?" she shrieked, voice cracking horribly. Annabeth kicked her mattress aggressively for a couple seconds, panting heavily after.

Chiron sighed. "We've sent another search party out to Florida for you, but we're going to have to start sending satyrs and dryads at some point Annabeth. We need campers here, I've told you how many monsters are attacking camp, and we can only hold them off for so long without all our demigods here." Chiron explained as calmly as possible as you can with a seventeen year old girl punching the fluff out of a pillow.

Annabeth screamed and sunk to the ground, bringing her knees to her chest and rocking back and forth, glossy grey eyes trembling, threatening to tear up.

"No! I want him back! I need him! I neeeeeed him!" Annabeth hummed to herself softly and rocked faster.

Chiron walked out, eyes red with grief. The door clicked, locking behind him and I was alone with Annabeth.

I looked around the room. It was small and mostly torn to shreds, minus two pictures on the desk by Annabeth's bed. One was a small photo of me in a simple frame, distorted and blurred by tear drops dried onto the glass cover. The second photo was of Jayden, the son of Zeus that forced me from the camp. The omega shaped scar under my trident tattoo heated up painfully from the memory. The picture had been scribbled on messily, the words 'Kill' and 'Traitor' were scrawled haphazardly around his smugly grinning face.

I tried to move closer to the photos but my feet stayed firmly rooted in place.

Annabeth moaned weakly.

"Miss him, want him, need him..." She muttered to herself. Annabeth crawled over to the desk and reached up, grabbing the photo of me loosely in her grip.

"I'm sorry!" She sobbed, "Please come back! I'll do anything! I'll treat you better than anyone can; We can be Olympus' star couple again! Please Percy... I love you..."

Two golden dots grew larger and brighter in the shadows of the darkest corner of the room.

"You'll have him soon, child... just have patience," a low, growling voice drawled.

Kronos.

I trembled.

Annabeth stiffened and bowed her head to the floor.

"When?" Annabeth wept.

"In time, child." He chuckled darkly, "But trust me, you will be reunited with him..."

"But I need him now!" Annabeth cried as she was flung across the room, hitting her wall painfully and falling in a heap on the floor.

"Do not speak back to me! Do you want him back or not!? I'll give you nothing if you continue to disgrace me!"

Annabeth whimpered in reply.

"But, I am feeling generous, " Kronos said smugly, "If you want a taste of what I can give you... turn around..."

The golden light retreated from the room into the shadowy corner. Annabeth's breath quickened and her hair swayed as she slowly turned around. Her glassy eyes flashed back to their intense, startling stormy grey as she stared directly at me.

"Percy..." she squeaked. We stared at each other from across the room, grey eyes clashing with my own stormy sea green.

She lunged for me, eyes crazy and long, unkempt fingernails inches away from my chest before I felt myself dissipate to nothing.

Annabeth wept once again.

I gasped as I sat bolt upright in the hospital bed. Scott and Stiles jumped in their chairs beside the bed.

"Holy shit!" I exclaimed. "Did we all get out?" I asked frantically.

Stiles ran over and hugged me, sobbing into my shoulder. "We thought... when you didn't come back... that... that..." Stiles choked out, wiping the tears from his eyes. I smiled and wrapped my arms around Stiles.

"Chill cous, I'm fine..." I smiled.

Stiles let go of the hug after several more snuffles. He wiped his face again and composed. "Scott says you tried to take on the alpha with a lead pipe," Stiles grinned, fooled by the mist. "That's pretty fucking badass man, even if you did get knocked on your ass!" he joked.

I laughed and looked over to Scott, who was staring at his hands blankly.

"He's been like this for a couple hours now, ever since Allison broke up with him..." Stiles whispered to me.

"We're just taking a break!" he growled at Stiles, eyes momentarily flashing gold. He looked at me, "I guess you wanna know what happened then? With the alpha?"

I nodded enthusiastically.

Scott sighed. "There's no way we survived on our own... when we were in the chemistry room, the locker rooms? The alpha knew. He could have killed us at any time, but he didn't."

"Why?" I asked, pushing myself up into a sitting position.

"I think it was some kind of test, to judge me. Like, he wants me in his pack, so he was testing me to see if I was good enough." Scott paused and looked at his hands again, "But to be in his pack, I need to get rid of my old one..."

My eyes darkened when I realized what he meant. "So... Why didn't he just kill us then? Allison, Lydia, Jackson, Stiles and me? He had plenty of opportunities?"

Scott shook his head sadly. "He wants me to do it, and worse than that... for a second, I went wolf and..." Scott ran his hands through his hair, "For a second, I wanted to do it."

Episode 8 - Lunatic

Stiles led us on a muddy path through the woods of Beacon Hills, kicking up leaves and sticks that had been thrown to the ground in the brisk, February winds, the same winds that now whipped our exposed flesh with cool air. I pulled the drawstring on my hoodie tighter, leaving a small hole for my eyes and nose. My foot was in a cast but I could hobble along quickly enough to keep up with Scott, who charged ahead trying to catch up to Stiles.

"Where are we going?" Scott panted, stumbling over a root that had grown out of the ground. I chuckled quietly to myself, thinking of Katie trapping the Stolls with plants after a prank.

"You'll see," Stiles said confidently. I could almost hear the grin on his face through his voice.

"Because I really don't think we should be out here," Scott explained, nervously glancing around the black outline of the trees, "My mom is in a constant state of freak-out from what happened in school..."

I scoffed and limped faster to catch up to Stiles' manic pace. "We live with the sheriff, Scott! You think your mom is paranoid? Uncle Noah is making us a timetable for where and when we need to do something at home! I have to wake up at six in the morning to have breakfast!" I complained.

Scott shook his head in disbelief. "Can you at least tell me what we're doing here?" Scott huffed grumpily.

Stiles sighed. "When one of your best friends gets dumped -"

"We're taking a break!" Scott interrupted angrily.

"Well, when one of your best friends gets told by his girlfriend that they're taking a break, you get that friend drunk enough that he forgets!" Stiles smiled and held up a bottle of Jack Daniels.

"Starting kinda heavy there Stiles..." I pointed out to Stiles as he poured him and Scott a cup (I don't drink.).

Stiles waved me off, "Trust me Perce, I know how to hold my drink, m'kay?" He slurred, already swaying from his first sip. I sighed and waited for disaster.

Thirty minutes later and Stiles was completely shitfaced.

"She's just one girl, dude! Bro, there's plenty more womens in the sea!" Stiles blurted out, head rolling everywhere. I ran over and caught his head before he smashed his skull in on a rock.

"Do you mean, there's plenty more fish in the sea?" I asked, propping his head on some grass.

Stiles looked up at me appalled. "No! Percy, get your fish fetish out of this! Scott and I are talking about girls..."

Scott and I giggled as Stiles looked at us drunkenly perplexed.

"I love girls! Especially ones with strawberry blonde hair, green eyes, five foot three..." Stiles rambled to himself.

"Like Lydia?" Scott asked, smirking.

Stiles stumbled to his feet, shock plastered over his face. "How did you know!? Are you psychic too?" Stiles slipped over his word a couple of times.

Scott chuckled and stared into the small fire we'd made in a nearby barrel, every now and again the flames would splutter and I would have to find some sticks to throw in there so the fire wouldn't die and we'd all freeze. Scott looked into the dancing flames, the tongues of orange flames lighting up his darkened face.

"Hey!" Stiles slurred, "You not happy! Take a drink!" Stiles reached over for the bottle, knocking it over into the grass. I snatched it up before we lost too much drink.

"I don't want anymore." Scott muttered into the flames.

"You're not drunk?" I asked, noticing Scott's perfect speech, "You've had like half a bottle?"

Scott shrugged and looked back into the fire.

"Hey! Maybe it's like not needing your inhaler anymore! Like you can't get drunk now you're a wolf!" Stiles chimed in sloppily.

Scott shrugged again.

"Come on man, I know it hurts! Well... No, I don't personally, but I've been told that it hurts a lot!" Stiles tried to stand up but fell back onto the grass.

I turned to Scott and placed a hand on his shoulder. "Look man, it hurts like all hell right now, every time you think of her, it feels like having your chest smashed in, but it gets easier, trust me." I smiled.

Stiles threw his hand into the air, "Ooh, I know this! As much as being broken up hurts, being single and alone is way worse!" Stiles giggled and reached for the bottle.

"Look at the little bitches getting their drink on!" A tall, bald man in his twenties and another smaller guy with rat like features stood above us. Both were wrapped in puffer jackets and had

heavy clothing underneath. The lead man stepped forward, the bright flames sent light dancing across his dark skin, and snatched the bottle from Stiles' grasp.

"Give it back." I asked, deathly calm.

"What's that pretty boy?" The lead man stepped forward again, brow creasing and giving me a dangerous look.

"You need a fucking hearing test?" I stormed toward him but felt someone throw me back. Scott prowled past me, eyes glinting gold.

Ah, shit...

Scott's hand clenched in a fist as he walked toward the guy.

"Give me the bottle." He growled, low and guttural. The lead man's brown eyes flashed with fear and he thrust the bottle over to Scott, who gladly snatched it back.

The two guys rushed away and Scott threw the bottle after them, smashing against the tree and sending glass everywhere.

"Um Scott? Please tell me if it was because of the breakup or because tomorrow is a full moon?" Stiles asked worriedly, sobering up quickly as we rushed back to Stiles' jeep.

"We're going home." Scott muttered darkly.

"I'll drive," I said but Stiles grabbed my shoulder.

"I don't care if I'm drunk, nobody drives my jeep other than me." he glowered and threw open the door to his jeep.

I rolled onto my front as the alarm on my phone blared around the room and pounded my head. Blinking the sleep from my eyes, I stretched and sat up in my bed, my covers and blankets falling and exposing my bare torso to the cold breeze racing through my open window.

I must have left it open coming back from the woods and been too tired to notice.

"You don't drool nearly as much when you sleep now." Aphrodite commented idly as she sat stunningly in my desk chair.

"What do you want now?" I groaned, too tired to deal with Aphrodite's sexual harassment.

Aphrodite feigned disgust and placed a manicured hand on her chest.

"Can I not help my champion pick out his clothes for school?" She smoothed out her mini skirt and adjusted her top.

I rolled my eyes, "Why are you really here?"

Aphrodite huffed like a child and crossed her arms as she walked over to me.

"You look cute when you sleep, you stop looking so angry and moody and look like the old Percy!" she squealed, "But seriously though, I need to fix your outfits."

I shifted uncomfortably knowing she'd been watching me sleep. Aphrodite sighed and sat on the bed next to me.

"Seriously!?" She exclaimed, "A goddess just said you look cute and you're thinking about her watching you sleep! Ugh! You're so weird, besides, I've done way creepier stuff than that!" She crossed her arms and fell backwards onto my bed.

"You've done what?" I asked tentatively.

Aphrodite went rigid and sat bolt upright before smiling sweetly at me and throwing her arm around me.

"Don't worry about little things like that!" she said, batting her eyelashes at me, "Let's talk about your... wardrobe!" She leapt to her feet and dragged me to my wardrobe with surprising speed for someone in heels.

She stood me in front of a white mirror that had appeared in my room with a puff of pink smoke. She placed a pair of leopard print glasses on her face and started taking my measurements, taking special care near my waist and legs. Aphrodite looked up at me hungrily.

"Uh... outfit?" I asked feebly.

Aphrodite shook herself from her thoughts and began rummaging through my clothes, throwing out ones she hated (most of them) and added a lot of her own ideas.

"Right, put these on and go to school, you're gonna be late by the way," Aphrodite tutted and shook her head, "Kids these days, you're lucky you're hot..."

"What! You made me late with all this - " Aphrodite shushed me and placed a finger on my lips. She clicked her fingers and the clothing leapt to life, clambering over each other and grabbing me. The white V-neck and jacket pinned me down and hooked themselves onto my form whilst

the jeans crawled up my legs. The clothing shrank suddenly, fitting around my muscles nicely. I clambered to my feet, feeling very violated.

Aphrodite clapped as my socks and shoes stalked towards me.

I climbed out of Stiles' jeep after a very quiet journey.

Those jeans were very handsy for an article of clothing that goes on your legs.

I glanced around nervously at the sea of students filing into the school.

"Hey..." Erica's blonde hair bobbed up and down as she jogged toward me, "Have you heard? Why did the school shut down?" Erica glanced down at my cast, "What happened to you!?"

"Boating accident..." I lied terribly.

"Anyway..." Erica didn't look convinced. "They're saying apparently there was a break in!" Erica squealed excitedly, "This is the first exciting thing to happen here in years!"

"Yeah..." I muttered, "That's crazy... So, fancy walking me to my locker?" I gave Erica the most obnoxious, jerky smirk I could muster.

Erica giggled and slapped my arm with her hoodie sleeve, grabbing me by the wrist and dragging me through the doors to school.

"Come on! We have a test to get to!" Erica smiled confidently and I felt my heart warm, Erica was becoming much more confident. She was still very much reserved and introverted, (which was in no way an issue, I'm becoming quite introverted myself) but she was much less timid and scared.

"Percy!" Stiles shouted to me, beckoning for me to go to him. I apologized to Erica and promised I'd get to the test in time before stumbling through the crowds to get to Stiles. Stiles sunk low against the glass wall of the principal's office and motioned for me to sit next to him.

"Dad left before we did, I just need to convince him to be safe tonight - with the full moon and all, and I figured you could help convince - " Stiles was cut off by the creaking of the office's door opening. Uncle Noah stepped out discussing how they were monitoring a house before his head flicked in our direction. He paused and excused himself from his conversation before storming over to us.

"Why are you two here!? You said you had a test today?" He hissed quietly, careful not to attract the attention of passing students.

"Have you found Derek yet?" Stiles blurted out.

Uncle Noah sighed and crossed his arms, "We're working on it, now go, focus on your test," he paused, "Both of you..." he added, glaring at me.

"Dad, I just want you to know -"

"Go!"

"Seriously, Uncle Noah, we need to talk to you." I chimed in, causing the Sheriff to pause. Stiles sent me an appreciative smile.

"You need to be careful tonight, okay?" Stiles said sincerely, placing a hand on his dad's shoulder.

The Sheriff scoffed, "I'm always careful Stiles!"

"No! You don't understand! You've never dealt with this kind of thing before, it's dangerous!"

Stiles insisted.

"That's why I've brought in people who do have experience," The Sheriff pointed to a man in an oversized black suit with a gaudy purple tie, "State detective, deals with all sorts of homicide and murder cases, now please! Take your test!"

Stiles struggled for words. I sighed and dragged him to Harris' temporary classroom. Desks were put in ascending rows, sort of like an amphitheater. I looked around for a familiar mess of blonde hair. Erica sat right at the back and on the end of the rows, with a wall to her left. I scrambled up the steps and took the seat next to her, Stiles following close behind and sitting diagonally from me. We waited for a couple of minutes as more students streamed in and filled up places, meanwhile I bounced and shifted in my seat uncomfortably, the boredom already consuming my will to live. I saw Scott wander in and rush to Allison.

"Mr McCall, please take a seat." Harris glowered, looking down at Scott. Scott huffed and made his way up to Stiles' seat, giving us all a small smile as he did.

"You have forty five minutes to complete the test," Harris hollered, "Twenty five percent of your grade can be earned simply, by just writing your name." Students hurried to scribble their name onto the paper. Harris cleared his throat, "However, as happens every year..." he spat, "One of you will inexplicably fail to write your name and make me question my decision to become a teacher." Harris glared at me before raising his hand and clicking a stopwatch. "Your time begins now."

I sat back in my chair and scribbled doodles of horses and swords onto my white sheet, trying to ignore the feeling of dread rising in my throat. I could hear every noise in the silence, every pen click, every tap and every whispered answer. I closed my eyes and tried to imagine the beach. I tried to imagine the cool waves splashing my feet and the sand crumbling underfoot. The noises grew louder.

Fucking ADHD.

My mind flickered from one scene to another. One minute I was in Olympus, Luke crying out for me to give him the dagger, the next minute I was watching Annabeth pulling her hair out. Kronos' laugh echoed through my head. He must have poisoned her mind; surely the Annabeth I knew wouldn't devolve into the mess she was now. What did Kronos want with her? There was no way he'd be able to reform to his full power this quickly. A dark thought fluttered around my mind.

Maybe he's just using her to ruin me? Purely to spite me?

A sudden bang shook me from my thoughts. Scott slammed his fist onto the table and ran out the room, clapping his hand over his ears and moaning in pain.

"Mr McCall?" Harris called half-heartedly.

Stiles' head swiveled toward me, face flushed with worry before jumping out of his seat and following Scott.

"Mr Stilinski!" Harris' voice grew louder as his patience slipped.

Many eyes flickered to me, to see what I would do now my two friends had left.

I sighed.

"Fuck it..." I muttered, "I've failed the test anyway." I hopped out of my seat, told Erica I'd wait by her locker at lunch, grabbed my bag and strolled out of the test.

Stiles' foot whipped round the corner just as I left the classroom. I jogged after him and caught up to him as we got to the boy's locker room, the sound of Scott's phone ringing growing louder the closer we came.

I felt the pipes gurgling with water as we entered the dark locker room, with the noise of water hitting tiles echoing around the quiet room. We stalked closer to the showers, fully aware that Were-Scott could ambush us at any moment. I felt the bones in my foot shifting into place as splashes of water patted against my skin. I turned the corner to see Scott bent over, breaths ragged, being pelted with water from the shower.

"Woah! What's up!? Are you changing?" Stiles hurried to his friend, helping him to his feet.

"Can't... breathe..." Scott wheezed, doubling over again.

Stiles hurried round the corner and searched his bag, "I thought you couldn't get asthma attacks anymore?" he questioned. Stiles threw an inhaler over to me. Scott snatched it from my hand and shoved it into his mouth, puffing three times before collapsing on the wet floor.

"I was having an asthma attack?" Scott asked with new strength.

"No, I'd doubt it, more likely you were having a panic attack, but by thinking you were having an asthma attack, you stopped the panic attack." Stiles explained, grimacing at his now wet shirt that clung to him. Stiles looked over at me confused. "Why aren't you wet?"

"How did you know to do that?" Scott butted in, leaning on the slick walls as he regained his breath.

"I used to get them after my mom died..." Stiles trailed away.

"I looked at her and it was like someone hit me in the ribs with a hammer..." Scott whimpered, running his hands through the slick messiness of his hair.

"I told you, it's called heartbreak, Scott, there's like a million songs written about it," I shrugged.

"I can't stop thinking about her..." Scott sighed.

"You could think about this, her dad's a werewolf hunter, and you're a werewolf... it was bound to become an issue!" Stiles tried to joke.

"It's more than that, it's like I could hear everything, I could feel everyone's emotions," Scott explained.

"Yeah, something similar happens to me sometimes, like everything in the room is happening and you can't get away from it." I threw a towel to Scott, "You just have to learn to ignore it, though, your issue is probably connected to the full moon."

"So, we'll lock you up in your room tonight, like we planned. That way, the alpha, who is your boss by the way, can't get to you." Stiles slapped Scott's back happily.

"I think we need to do more than just lock me up..." Scott's eyes darkened.

"Because the hunters will trap you if you get out?" I asked.

Scott's eyes darkened further.

"I think if I get out tonight... I'm going to kill someone."

I winced in pain as the bell rang out for the end of lunch.

Erica groaned beside me. "Gym class..."

"What's up with gym class?" I asked, shouldering my bag and tucking in my chair.

"What do you mean 'What's up with gym'!? Gym is horrible! It's just an excuse for the popular kids to show off how good they think they are!" Erica moaned as we trudged over to the gym.

"I wouldn't know, I've been swimming for the past couple of weeks." I held my hands up in defense.

"Ugh, that sounds like my idea of hell..."

I gasped for air, clutching at my chest comically as Erica giggled. "You don't like swimming! I'm sorry, but this friendship has ended!" I joked.

"I like swimming, just not what you wear to swim in..." Erica mumbled, her brown eyes sad and downcast.

I shut up quickly realizing this was a sensitive subject. We walked awkwardly down the corridors to the gym, waving each other off when we reached the locker rooms.

You fucking idiot. I thought to myself as I stripped into my swimming gear, the cold air from the open windows giving me goosebumps. I sat next to Stiles and Scott with a towel round my neck, waiting for my dad to lead me and the swim team into the pool.

"Woah dude, you cold? Your nipples look like rockets!" Stiles giggled. I slapped him upside the head as we laughed.

A shrill whistle ripped through our laughter as Coach entered the locker rooms with my dad by his side.

"Alright geniuses!" Coach shouted, gathering all the guys around him, "First off, due to the recent pink eye epidemic, thanks Greenberg!" Coach Finstock hissed, "The following have made first line for the lacrosse team on a probationary basis." Coach cleared his throat, "Rodriguez, Taylor and..." Finstock squinted at his flashcard, "Christ, I can't even read my own writing, what is that?" Coach Finstock showed the piece of paper to my dad.

"I think that's an S?" Dad said, squinting at the paper himself. Stiles tensed up beside me, muttering to himself.

Coach snatched the paper away. "No, I think... I think it's a B, yup, it's definitely a B!"

Stiles' shoulders slumped.

"Okay!" Finstock called, "Rodriguez, Taylor and Bilinski, you made the team!"

Stiles gasped. "Oh my god! I made it! I made it!" Stiles whooped before another sharp whistle shrieked through the locker room.

"Bilinski! Shut up!" Coach hollered. "Secondly, from here on out the lacrosse team is switching to co-captains!"

Jackson stiffened, glaring holes into the ground and cracking his knuckles. Coach turned to our group. "Congratulations McCall!"

"Right, so, swimmers with me, lacrosse team, get your asses on the field," Dad blew his whistle as we filed out from the locker rooms. "Move it, come on!"

"Congrats man! Co-captain!" I slapped Scott on the back and hauled him into a side hug.

"Man! Everything is great! I'm first line, you're co-captain and Percy's gonna be captain of the swim team from what Coach Reef says!" Stiles exclaimed happily. I chuckled under my breath at my dad's fake name.

Scott groaned, "Whatever, I could smell the jealousy in that room..." Scott huffed.

"That's probably just me and Stiles, our shower's been broken for the past couple of days..." I apologized. Scott snickered but shook his head.

"No, like I could actually smell the jealousy," he explained as we entered the corridor where we'd split to go to our respective training. I winked playfully at some girls wolf whistling at me.

"So you can smell emotion? Can you smell different things? Like..." Stiles glanced over at the wolf-whistling girls and then over to a certain five foot three, strawberry blonde girl, "Like desire?" he asked, failing to act innocently.

"What do you mean?" Scott teased, clearly not confused by what Stiles asked.

Stiles groaned and glared at us hatefully. "Like... sexual desire..." he whispered nervously.

"I don't think we understand what you mean, dear cousin," I feigned confusion.

Stiles muttered under his breath, "Lust! Passion! Arousal!" Stiles hissed, rolling his R's.

Scott fell into my arms, mimicking shock. "Who could be so lucky as to catch the eye of the great Stiles Stilinski!?" Scott giggled to himself.

"From Lydia!" Stiles snapped, "I've been crushing on this girl since the third grade! Please! I need to know if I have a chance!"

"Hey, Jackson, get your ass to the pool!" Dad grabbed my arm and dragged me to the pool area.

"Um, dad?" I said, suddenly remembering my vicious attack on the pool after Finstock's scathing words.

Dad raised an eyebrow.

I coughed to clear my throat, "I may have had a bit of a meltdown in the -"

"I know, trust me, the entire council felt it..." Dad interrupted, "Do you not remember our talk? After you smashed Jackson's face in? You need to keep your emotions in check! How long before others start to notice surges of power in California?"

I mumbled an apology.

"Just get in the pool, I want fifty lengths, backstroke!" Poseidon blew his whistle and a row of swimmers dived into the seven foot deep water.

Stiles slammed his head into the headrest on his seat and punched the steering wheel, blaring his horn.

"I just... I've got this bad feeling, with how funny he's been acting because of the full moon and then Lydia's lipstick was smudged at practice after he talked to her..." Stiles moaned into his hands.

The wind whistled around the jeep as we pulled up on the curb next to Scott's house, the chains in the backseat clunked every time Stiles braked.

I slung my arm around Stiles and opened my door. "Let's just get him through tonight; we can worry about this stuff tomorrow." I smiled.

Stiles sighed and took his keys from the ignition and jingled them about until he found the one for Scott's house.

We jogged up the steps of Scott's porch, wind whipping through our hair. Stiles fumbled around with his keys and opened the door.

"Scott?" I heard Melissa's voice from the other room.

Stiles cleared his throat, "Uh, no. Stiles and Percy."

Melissa popped her head around the corner. "Key!?" She asked nervously.

"Yeah, I had one made since you guys always complain about me coming through windows."

"That doesn't surprise me, it scares me, but it doesn't surprise me..." she sighed, smoothing out her purple uniform.

I dropped the bag of chains to the ground with a clunk.

Percy, you fucking idiot. I cringed internally.

Melissa coughed and smiled nervously. "What... What is that?"

"School project..." I lied. Melissa sighed.

"He's okay, right? Scott, I mean..." Melissa asked bluntly.

Stiles and I scratched the backs of our heads nervously. "Scott's just been going through some stuff with school, that's all, just a rough week." Stiles assured her.

"It's just, he doesn't talk to me as much anymore, not like he used to..." Melissa trailed off sadly. I thought of my own mom and how distant we'd become over the years, how many times she'd be worried I'd died, I think shipping me off to California where she assumed I wouldn't get into as much trouble was reassuring for her. "Well, I'd better get off to the hospital, it's a full moon tonight." She groaned.

"What!?" Stiles blurted out.

Melissa stepped closer to the door, "It's a full moon tonight, brings all the crazies to the hospital..." she explained, turning the handle on the door, "It's where they came up with the word lunatic, fun facts!" she added, slipping out the door quickly away from the weird teenagers in her house.

Stiles and I sighed and hurried up the steps to Scott's room.

I burst through the door and flicked the light on.

"Oh my Gods!" I screamed. Scott sat in a shadowy corner staring at us blankly. "You scared the shit outta me man!" I laughed, clutching my chest as I got my breath back.

"Your mom said you weren't home yet?" Stiles questioned, cautiously lowering the bag onto Scott's bed.

"I came in through the window..." Scott mumbled.

"Okay... Well, let's get this set up." Stiles hauled the bag, clattering onto the floor.

"Don't bother, I'm just gonna lock my door and go to bed early tonight..." Scott mumbled again, glancing up at the silver ball in the sky that was the moon.

"You sure dude?" I asked, "Because you have a kinda murderous look in your eye..."

"I'm fine..." He growled. "Just go now..."

"Okay then..." Stiles muttered, before sinking back onto his heels. "Can you at least look at the stuff brought? Maybe you use it, maybe you don't?"

Scott stared at us before crawling toward us and the bag and ripping the bag open, chains spilling out. Scott snatched up a chain and growled.

"You expect to chain me up like a dog?" Scott snarled.

Stiles' hand wandered slowly to a pair of handcuffs.

"Actually no."

Stiles and I shot forward and tackled Scott. Scott's claws dug into my back as I held him down whilst Stiles handcuffed him to his radiator. Wincing, I raised myself from Scott and ran to his bathroom and shoved my hand under the tap, feeling the skin on my back pulling itself back together.

"You've been a real piece of shit lately, and I know it's the full moon, but kissing Lydia is too far!" Stiles paced around Scott room waving his hands wildly.

"I didn't kiss her..." Scott chuckled darkly, "She kissed me..."

I tackled Stiles just as he was about to dive at Scott, telling him to wait outside the door.

"She would have done more!" Scott jeered, rattling his handcuffs. Stiles hit something the other side of the door. "Anything I asked! Her hands were -" Scott was cut off as I punted him in the head. Scott recoils in pain, whimpering and cradling his re-healing nose.

"Scott, for your own sake, shut your mouth!" I threatened. Scott laughed, blood staining his teeth.

"Erica is next!" He licked the blood from his teeth and spat it near my shoe, "I know you're into her! I can feel the desire rolling off you two when you're together, how about I -" Scott was cut off by another boot to the head.

"Scott, shut *the fuck* up!" I snarled, kicking open the door and storming out, slamming it behind me.

Stiles cradled his head in his hands and smashed his head into the wall. "It's just the full moon..." he muttered to himself.

I stood across from the door and glared at the floor, nose flaring and my gaze cold and hateful. We kept this up for hours, my anger continuing to bubble. I focused my attention on the radiator Scott was handcuffed to, feeling my rage, the water started to boil and in turn heated up Scott's handcuffs.

"Stiles!" he shrieked, "Stiles, it's starting to hurt!"

Stiles said nothing, eyes glued to the ground.

"It's the full moon! I swear! You know I wouldn't do this on purpose!" Scott breathed heavily and sighed. "It's not like the first time, it's not just the full moon... it's Allison..." Scott paused for a response.

He got none.

"We're not taking a break, I know it. She broke up with me, and it's killing me..." Scott muttered, barely hearable through the door.

"I can't..." Stiles sniffled. I glared at the floor some more.

"Stiles! It's happ - No! No! No!" Scott screamed, rattling his handcuffs more and pounding on the floor. Stiles winced but did nothing.

Scott's screaming deepened into a growl and the rattling stopped.

"Scott?" I asked. No response. "You okay?"

Stiles and I exchanged worried glances before bursting into Scott's room.

Only a puddle of blood by the radiator.

"Shit!" I glanced at the open window and the red hand marks on the radiator in front of it. "Stiles, go in the jeep, check for any attacks over the police scanner, I'm gonna go follow Scott's blood trail." I commanded, sending Stiles scurrying out of the room and down the stairs. I climbed through the window and jumped to the wet grass below. I closed my eyes and placed my hand in the muddy water, sensing the small amounts of blood dispersing in the brown water. I straightened up and ran into the misty treeline.

Thick sheets of fog rose from the woods, obscuring everything with a veil of mist and dew. The trees were dark, thin and wiry and did nothing to stop the cold winds tearing at my skin. I shivered when I pulled my hood up so my ears would stop stinging and every exhale left a string of vapor from the condensation. I crouched again and placed my hand in the sodden ground, my stomach lurching and pulling in the direction of Scott. I looked through the white haze and the trees at the school.

A werewolf loose at the school... déjà vu much?

I ran onto the parking lot, pacing around the cars looking for Scott. I kept low so that Scott wouldn't ambush me. I looked up to see Scott perched on top of a red SUV, staring at a grey car. Something was moving around in the car, I could see through the window. I squinted and realized it was Allison and Jackson. Scott leapt from the car, shifting it backwards toward me. I sprung backward to avoid being crushed, looking up I saw Scott bounding across the car park toward Allison and Jackson, snarling and frothing at the mouth. Scrambled to my feet and chased after Scott, who jumped on top of the grey car, pounding and hitting the car's roof before being swatted down a hill by a dark figure. I ran down the hill and saw Scott and Derek circling each other.

"Percy!" Derek growled, "Grab him!"

Scott swung wildly at me whilst I ran toward him. I slipped under one swipe at my head and countered with a hook to the side of the body, hitting just under the ribs. I felt my fist connect, Scott's ribs fracturing under the pressure and his liver wobbled in place. The trauma to the liver forced Scott to the ground, Scott's werewolf healing would lessen the impact but it still gave Derek enough time to deliver a swift punch to the face and claw across his chest. Scott whimpered as the murderous gold glow in his eyes retreated.

"What's happening to me!" he panted, writhing around on the ground as his body knitted itself back together.

"Exactly what he wants to happen." Derek's voice softened as his werewolf features shrank away.

"Come on Scott, let's get you home," I grunted as I hauled Scott up from the ground.

Derek and I had Scott's arms slung over our shoulders, spreading the weight between us. Scott's head sank forward onto his chest as he started to fall asleep, exhausted from his 'adventure'.

"So, what are you?" Derek growled under his breath. I stiffened, but carried on walking.

"I'm just Percy." I mumbled, careful to look straight ahead.

Derek snarled. "Then how the fuck can you take on werewolves, regenerate almost instantly, fight like an MMA fighter and look like a fucking god whilst doing it!?" he laughed humorlessly.

"I'm not the alpha, if that's what you're insinuating." I spat, readjusting Scott's arm over my shoulder.

"I know you aren't the alpha, your fighting is too polished to be a werewolf, and besides, if you were, we wouldn't be talking right now, would we?" Derek stared ahead of him, into the murky darkness of the woods. "But you are different, and you are powerful, aren't you?" Derek smiles darkly, "I'm just making sure you're on my side."

"I don't know what you're talking about! I'm just a random dyslexic kid from New York! There's nothing special about me!" I exclaimed.

"Even if I couldn't hear literally every uptick in your heart rate when you lied just then, I'd still know you're trying to bullshit me. Percy, you radiate power, you reek of the sea! Just tell me what you are, because it won't be long before the alpha bites you and you become part of his pack with me and Scott." Derek pleaded as Scott's house appeared through the fog. I thought about the alpha's teeth cutting through my calf on the night we broke into the school, I had lain in bed the night after I was released from hospital, with my hand in a bowl of salt water, staring at the roof grimacing as the lycan disease was flushed from my body, leaving me werewolf free and my calf smooth and bite-less.

My phone rang in my pocket and I shuffled around to get it, I clicked the answer and Stiles' relieved voice came through the speakers.

"Dad is fine, zero deaths tonight, to my knowledge," Stiles reassured me, "However, you know those dicks from yesterday?"

"That took the drinks from us?" I asked as Derek reached for Scott's keys to his house.

"Yup, dead. Found them burnt in that fire we made..."

"Holy shit! Does it look alpha related?"

"I would say so, but I'm gonna wait till dad gets some more info on the bodies."

"Okay, well, Scott is safe, no murders, but he did come close to tearing Allison and Jackson's throats out." I informed Stiles as Derek and I hauled Scott up his stairs.

"Nice, talk to you when I get back, see you dude," Stiles hung up just as Scott began to come back into the world of the conscious.

Scott groaned as we sat him down onto the soft, green blanket on his bed.

"I can't do this anymore; I can't be *this* and be with Allison, it's too much..." Scott muttered.

I turned to Derek, who was leaning against Scott's door frame. "Is there a cure?" I asked.

Derek sighed. "There is one for people who were bitten; I don't know if it's true," Derek glanced at us, "You need to kill the one that turned you..."

"Kill the alpha!" Scott groaned, falling back on his bed in defeat.

Derek pushed himself from the door frame and crouched to be level with Scott, looking him dead in the eyes.

"Scott. If you help me find him, I'll help you kill him..."

Episode 9 - Wolf's Bane

Derek's black camaro screeched around the winding roads of the iron works, the lights of the Argent car behind us shining over the car's smooth, black paint.

"Um, Scott, could you drive a bit faster? I can feel the hunter's breath on my neck!" I shouted from the backseat, thrown against my seatbelt as Scott whipped around another corner.

"Faster!? Any faster and I'll kill us all!" Scott snarled over the rock music on the radio.

"Any slower and they'll kill us!" Stiles quipped, nervously fingering his seatbelt.

Scott sighed and the car lurched forward as he pressed his foot down. The engine roared as we drifted around another corner.

"They're gone!" I said, looking behind me at the empty road behind us.

"All units, suspect is on foot and heading into the iron works." blared Stiles' police scanner. Scott flung the wheel round and headed into the iron works. Flashes of bright silver blinded us as we slowed down so that Derek could get in the car with us.

"Derek!" I shouted. Derek turned around and sprinted for the car, bullets tearing up the concrete behind him. Stiles clambered over the seats to be in the back just as Derek flung open the door, threw himself in and the car flew forward.

"What part of laying low don't you understand?" Scott grumbled.

"I wouldn't need to lay low if *somebody* hadn't made me Beacon Hills' most wanted criminal!" Derek snarled back. "I had him! the alpha was right in front of me and the police showed up!"

"Well, you know, they're only doing their jobs, keeping the people safe - " Derek cut Stiles off with a glare.

"Again, they wouldn't need to if someone hadn't made me a fugitive!" Derek roared angrily.

Scott shifted nervously in his seat. "Can we move past this!? I made a mistake! I get it!"

"Alright!" I shouted, "I'm fucking sick of this bitchiness! We are in the situation we are in, the question is, what do we do now to get out of it!? First, Derek, how did you even find him?"

Derek grunted.

"Can you try to trust us? For half a fucking second?" Scott complained.

"Look, the last time I talked to my sister, she was close to figuring something out. She found out two things, something to do with a guy called Harris - "

"Our chemistry teacher!?" Stiles interrupted.

"I knew he was a dick!" I mumbled.

Derek glared at Stiles, who slowly lowered himself back into the back seat.

"The second is this symbol," Derek pulled out a piece of paper with a wolf drawn on it.

"Hey, Scott? That looks kinda like - " Scott shushed me and sighed, banging his head on the seat's headrest.

"It's on Allison's necklace..." He muttered sadly, drumming his fingers on the steering wheel as he drove.

"It's gonna be impossible, you know? Right?" I told Scott as we entered the school.

"Just ask if you can borrow it?" said Stiles, absent-mindedly fiddling with his lacrosse stick as we walked down the halls.

"How?" Scott laughed humorlessly.

"Easy! Just say, 'Hey Allison! Could I borrow your necklace?'" Stiles mimicked Scott's voice.

"That's not how it works Stiles," I turned to Scott, "Why not just talk to her? Become her friend again, get the necklace, kill the alpha, get back with her!"

"I would if I could, she won't talk to me!" Scott complained, "What if she only takes it off in the shower or something?"

"That's why you ease back into it, get back on her good side, and remind her of the good times!" Scott stared blankly at me, "You're thinking about her in the shower?"

Scott nodded and I slapped him on the head.

"Stay focused! Get the necklace, get cured, get Allison!" Stiles and I chanted.

Erica sidled up to me.

"What're you talking about?" she asked quietly.

"Nothing." I said hurriedly, "You ready for first period?"

"Yeah, have you done the homework?" she asked, a small smile on her face and a knowing gleam in her deep brown eyes.

"Shit!" I groaned and looked up at the clock. had ten minutes. Erica pushed a piece of paper into my hands and sat down at a table. I scrambled for a seat and roughly scribbled her answers onto my own sheet.

"Thanks Erica, I really owe you," I panted as we raced to our English class.

"I'll hold you to it," she giggled behind her sleeve. We rushed into the classroom and slapped our sheets onto the teachers desk, before rushing off to our seats. The teacher coughed and straightened her skirt before standing and writing on the board. My eyebrow raised in confusion.

Mrs Potters doesn't wear skirts.

I looked around the classroom in a cold sweat. Stiles, all the boys and one or two girls stared longingly toward the front whilst Erica, Allison and Lydia glared spitefully at the new teacher. I looked up to the blackboard, pale and dripping with sweat. In long, white, cursive writing was Miss Amour.

Aphrodite smiled sweetly at me, flicking her long brown hair and adjusting her shirt.

"All right class, due to Mrs Potters' nasty illness, I will be your teacher for the time being!" Aphrodite's heels clacked along the floor as she strutted down the lines of desks towards the back of the room and me... "Because of this, we are going to play a game so that I can remember all your names, tell me your name and then your hobbies. Everyone understand!?" Aphrodite twirled around and sat on my desk. "Let's start with you!" Aphrodite pointed to Stiles.

Stiles smiled dazed, "Hi, I'm Stiles Stilinski and I like... you..." Stiles announced, eyes glazed over. Laughter swept through the classroom and Stiles flushed red as he realized what he said. Aphrodite giggled nicely and pointed to the girl next to Stiles. This happened for a while with little notable events other than Lydia glaring at Aphrodite, Allison saying she likes archery (a shock to me and Stiles.) and Erica blushing and saying nothing. Aphrodite wiggled on my desk (Stiles and a couple of others seemed quite engrossed by this) and peered down at me down her perfectly straight nose and her beautiful blue eyes shimmered and morphed into stormy grey.

"And what about you?" Aphrodite purred and bit her lip sensually. My jaw clenched and shifted in my seat.

"My name is Percy and -"

"Is that short for anything?" Aphrodite raised her perfectly sculpted eyebrow and her now grey eyes sparkled with humor.

"It's short for Perseus..." I growled as the class launched into laughter. Aphrodite winked down at me subtly. "And I like to swim," I added hastily, trying to get the game over and done with.

"And are you a good swimmer?" Aphrodite asked, prolonging my torture. The light framed her head, giving her a sort of halo. The light was on the other side of her so her shadow gradually enveloped me.

"He's amazing, easily the fastest swimmer we have, and he'll be captain soon!" Stiles exclaimed. Stiles nodded at me smiling and mouthed 'go get her!' to me. Aphrodite gave an excited squeal, leaning forward to ruffle my hair and give me a 'pleasant' view down her blouse.

"I'll be sure to cheer you on at your next practice," She purred and wiggled off of my desk (Another 'pleasant' view). Erica stared sadly at my wandering eyes and lowered her head to look at her baggy clothing.

Percy! You fucking stupid pervert! I screamed to myself.

Don't belittle yourself Perseus. You saw everything I wanted you to... Aphrodite's voice penetrated my head. I still felt disgusting and screamed internally. Aphrodite winced slightly as she strutted back to her desk which must mean she was reading my thoughts still. I sank my head down and glared at my desk.

Just one day in peace... that's all I want!

"Now we have our little game finished, we will be looking at Greek tragedies, such as - " I blocked Aphrodite out and sighed. What was the point of coming to California? I came to escape my demigod life, and while admittedly Camp Half Blood doesn't know where I am, there are still two Olympians teaching me.

"How the fuck does he know!?" Stiles shrieked as we stormed round the corner. Scott had cornered Stiles and I as we escaped from Aphrodite's lesson.

"I have no idea!" Scott panted nervously.

"Did he say it out loud? The word?" I asked, trying to calm everyone down.

"What word?" Scott asked as we rounded a corner, meandering through students.

"Werewolf!" I whispered, careful not to be heard.

"It was implied pretty fucking clearly!" Scott hissed back.

Stiles ran a hand through his buzzcut, "Maybe... maybe it's not as bad as it seems?" he tried half-heartedly, "I mean, he's got no proof, right? And if he wanted to tell someone, who's gonna believe him anyway!"

"Other than Allison's family?" Scott and I said.

Stiles groaned. "Okay, it's bad."

Scott hurried through the door, holding it for Stiles and I. "I need a cure, now!"

"Does Jackson know about Allison's dad?" I asked Scott.

"No, I don't think so..." Scott mumbled.

"Okay..." Stiles said to himself, "Where's Derek?"

"Hiding, like we told him to, why?" Scott said, confused.

"I have an idea, but it's gonna take some time and skill..." Stiles stopped walking and pulled us into a lonely corner.

"Dude, you have quarter finals tonight and I have my first swim meet. It's like your first game, Stiles!" I exclaimed, leaning into the wall.

"Yes I know, but..." Stiles turned to Scott, "Do you have a plan for Allison yet?"

"She's in my next class..." he muttered.

"Get the necklace!" Stiles said before dragging me to my next lesson.

Erica's baggy sweater tickled the back of my neck as she shimmied past me to get to her seat. I smiled at her as she set her tray down on the table, to which she grimaced back sadly. She sunk into her seat as Scott and Stiles bounded over, slamming their trays onto the table.

"Did you get the necklace?" I asked, opening the tuna and pasta I made.

"Not exactly..." Scott grumbled.

"How badly did it go?"

"She doesn't want me to talk to her, like at all..." Scott stabbed his food angrily.

"Bummer..." I said, mouthing the words 'Steal it' so that Erica wouldn't get suspicious. "I just wish we could talk to Harris..." I added.

Erica looked at me puzzled with her mouth full of food. I chuckled and explained how 'Scary murderer, Derek Hale' had visited Harris late at night.

"My dad placed him under a twenty four hour protective detail; no way are you talking to him." Stiles explained, spooning yogurt into his mouth.

Scott stared past me nervously. "Guys, Jackson's watching us..." He warned. I started to rise from my seat to blacken Jackson's eyes again but Erica pulled me down, glaring at me. I

continued to stare at Jackson hatefully. Jackson flipped the bird at me and reached for an apple, crunching it between his teeth.

Scott winced and Jackson smirked evilly. "You can hear me, can't you?" Jackson muttered under his breath.

"Jackson's talking to me..." Scott whispered to Stiles. I glanced over at Erica to see she was playing on her phone, blissfully unaware of the drama unfolding in front of her. "Just act normal, talk to me! Pretend you can't hear him!" Scott hissed at us worriedly. Stiles and I stumbled over our words trying to think of something to say.

"You're pretending not to hear me?" I read Jackson's lips as he muttered again.

"Scott, he's not even sitting with Allison and Lydia anymore," Stiles nodded his head to where Jackson used to sit.

Scott stiffened and put his head on the table whilst Stiles and I searched for where Jackson had moved to.

"What is it? Is he talking to you? What's he saying?" Stiles and I asked Scott frantically as the werewolf covered his ears.

"Taunting... Allison..." Scott stuttered, hiding under his hands again.

"What's happening?" Erica piped, looking up from her phone in confusion. I reassured her hurriedly whilst Scott continued to wince horribly in his seat. Scott's hand shot out and grabbed his water bottle, squishing it and sending water everywhere. The room went quiet as everyone's eyes swiveled to Scott as his tray went clattering onto the floor.

A sense of euphoria washed over me as I dived into the water, the cool water seeping into my pores. My blood pumped faster and smoothly around my body as I effortlessly glided with the water, passing Allison and Jackson multiple times before they finished their first length. I desperately wanted to sit at the bottom of the pool and think but I was fairly sure half of the school was watching, I could feel hungry eyes analyzing my every move. Every now and again I saw Aphrodite, shifting in the seat as the water poured from me when I took a break. I floated in a corner of the pool and wiped my slick hair out of my face, trying to ignore the uncomfortable amount of staring Erica was doing.

Gods. It's like these people have never seen someone swim before.

I smiled at Danny after he winked at me like the nice guy that he is while Allison and Jackson splashed against the side of the pool. I felt the water heating as my anger increased. Allison

giggled at one of Jackson's stupid jokes about cheek bones or some shit, batting her eyes flirtatiously.

Does she even remember who Scott is? I thought bitterly, thinking of my heartbroken friend. Scott had pretty much welcomed me with open arms when Stiles first showed me around, and this girl goes and breaks his heart after he risked his life for her.

"So you're coming to the game tonight?" Jackson asked between breaths.

"I was thinking no... with Scott and all, I thought maybe I'd just watch the swim meet instead. I'll cheer Percy on instead!" Allison smiled at me, flicking her wet hair out of her face.

"Please don't..." I spat involuntarily. Allison's smile dropped and I rushed for a believable lie. "It's just... I can't... I need to focus on my swimming, I can't have any distractions!" I fake laughed awkwardly but Allison nodded and turned back to Jackson, who was glaring at me spitefully.

"Scott actually asked me to ask you if you were going, he says that we need all the support we can get, I mean, we win and we go to the semi-finals Allison!" Jackson lied smoothly. I dunked my head underwater to stop me from slapping him.

"He did?" Allison asked nervously, looking away into the crowds of people. Jackson nodded his head vigorously.

"He's a nice guy," Jackson manipulated, "He's just a little immature for a woman like you." Jackson was blatantly hitting on Allison whilst Lydia watched sadly in the crowd. I tried to smile to reassure her but I don't think she saw.

Allison giggled and shoved Jackson's head underwater and slashed over to me, putting her cold hands on my shoulders and hiding behind me. I grunted and let the water help me out of the water. Allison looked over at me sadly. Somebody in the crowd wolf whistled as I walked to the changing rooms (I suspect Aphrodite).

Stiles and I ran into his room, ready to play some 'Call Of Honor: Secret Ops'. I jumped over his bed and switched on the Xbox. I heard Stiles gulp and tap me on the shoulder.

"One sec..." I fumbled with the controllers, untangling them from their wire spaghetti.

"Boys!" Uncle Noah called up the stairs.

"Yes Uncle - Derek!?" I jumped back as the wanted werewolf stepped out from the shadow behind the door. He glanced out of the door where Stiles' dad was coming up the stairs and

frantically motioned for us to talk to the Sheriff. Stiles raced out the door and leaned awkwardly on the door frame, blocking the room.

"Listen boys, I have some things to take care of, but Stiles, I promise I'll be there for your first game. I'm sorry Perce, I'll watch you next time." Uncle Noah apologized profusely.

I waved him off, "It's fine! Honest!" Uncle Noah smiled at me, turned to Stiles and beamed.

"I'm so proud of you!" The burly Sheriff pulled Stiles into a bear hug, popping a few of Stiles' joints back into position.

"Thanks..." Stiles squeezed out of the hug, catching his breath, "I'm proud of me too!"

"So you're really gonna play, huh?" Noah grinned happily. Stiles nodded, glancing nervously into his room. Uncle Noah ignored this, pulled us into a hug and practically skipped down the steps humming to himself. We waited till we heard the door slam to rush back into Stiles' room where Derek immediately grabbed us and threw us up against the wall.

"If I hear any of you say one word..." Derek threatened, baring his teeth.

"Like what?" I asked.

"Oh dad! Come quick, bring your gun! Derek Hale's in my room!" Stiles mocked. Derek paused and Stiles grinned savagely, "If I'm harboring your fugitive ass in my house, you can be damn sure you play by my rules!"

Derek considered this for a second before letting us down. "Scott didn't get the necklace?" Derek grunted, adjusting his torn leather jacket over his bloodied clothes.

Stiles shook his head, disappointed. "No, but he's working on it. But there is something else we can try..." Stiles said. Derek sat down slowly onto Stiles' bed. "That night at the school, 'Scott' sent a text message to Allison to meet us there." Stiles explained.

Derek shrugged, confusion painted evidently on his face.

"It wasn't Scott..." I explained to Derek.

"Can you figure out who sent it?" Derek asked optimistically. Stiles shook his head and Derek's face fell.

"But I do know someone who can..." Stiles grinned evilly.

Twenty minutes later, Danny was knocking on the door to do homework.

"You want me to do what?" Danny asked, throwing his bag onto the chair.

"Trace a text, that's it!" Stiles pleaded.

"No! I came here to do lab work! We are doing lab work!" Danny exclaimed. Derek and I sniggered at the back of the room, playing cards on one of Stiles' books. Stiles glared at us.

"We'll do that once you trace the text!" Stiles assured.

"What makes you think I know how?" Danny asked, getting annoyed.

"He looked up your arrest report." I shouted from the back of the room.

Danny sighed and sat in a chair. "I was thirteen! They dropped the charges!" Stiles groaned as Danny reached into his bag for his stuff. "Who is he by the way?" Danny asked, nodding his head at Derek.

"Um, my... that is... Miguel... my cousin!" Stiles stammered, rubbing the back of his neck. Derek looked up slowly, glaring at Stiles.

"I thought Percy was your cousin? You have two cousins around at the same time?" Danny asked, perplexed.

"Uh, Miguel is from my side, there was a mix-up on dates..." Stiles lied badly. Danny nodded in realization but cleared his throat.

"Is that blood on his shirt?" Danny said

"Nose bleeds!" Stiles blurted out. Stiles glanced at Danny, an evil smile growing on his face. "In fact, Miguel? I thought I said you could borrow one of my shirts?"

Derek slammed his deck on the bed (I cheated and looked, I admit it) and stormed over to Stiles' dresser, pulling his shirt over his head to reveal bulging muscles. Danny tried to look away but seemed to be drawn to Derek.

"So, you and I both know you can trace that text." Stiles said slowly. Danny nodded distractedly and stole a few more glances at Derek.

"Stiles?" The moody werewolf growled, "Too small..." Derek stretched the small t-shirt in his hands.

"Oh no!" Stiles grinned at me. I shook my head in protest. "Hey Percy? Can Miguel borrow your shirt? It looks more his size."

I grimaced and whipped my shirt off, thrusting it into Derek's hand. Danny licked his lips nervously at the two half naked men before him. Stiles leaned closely toward Danny.

"You swing for a different team, but you still play ball, don't you Danny boy?" Stiles chuckled evilly, "Let's trace this text, shall we?"

Danny sighed, grabbed the laptop and started typing. Within five minutes he was done.

"There," he sighed, "The text was sent from that computer, from that account name." Danny pointed to a scrawl of text on the screen. I squinted for a while before the letters unscrambled.

Beacon Hills Hospital - Melissa McCall

"Did you get the picture?" Scott's voice warbled through the speakers and around the freezing jeep that Stiles, Derek and I sat in.

"Yup, it looks just like the drawing." Stiles said, dithering under the blanket we draped over us all.

"Hey, is there anything on the back of it? Like an inscription or anything?" Derek yanked the phone from Stiles' hand.

"Nope, the thing's flat and it doesn't open, I checked..." Scott paused, *"Where are you guys? You're supposed to be at the school!"*

"Scott, it's fine, this is more important than any swim meet." I reassured Scott.

"Stiles? You're first line! If you aren't here to start -"

"Scott, just... if you see my dad, tell him I'll just be a little late..." Stiles muttered sadly, ending the call, hands shaking in the cold of the jeep.

"You won't make it..." Derek said, sounding almost concerned.

"I know..."

"You didn't tell him about his mom either..." I added.

"I know... And I won't, not until we find out the truth..." Stiles looked out of his window at the blinding light coming from Beacon Hills Hospital.

"Oh by the way, one more thing." Derek slammed Stiles' head into the steering wheel.

"What the fuck was that for?" cried Stiles, holding his bloody nose.

"You know what that was for!" growled Derek. "Now go! Both of you!"

Stiles and I scampered out of the jeep and into the long term care center of the hospital.

"Where is everyone?" I asked as we wandered down the lonely, white halls.

"Ask for Jennifer. She's been looking after my uncle." Derek commanded us through the phone. I looked into Peter Hale's room. An empty wheelchair rocked slightly in the corner. I felt a cold chill go up my spine.

"Stiles, get out now." I ordered.

"What!?" Stiles scoffed.

"He's the alpha!" I shouted. I felt a hand on my shoulder. I turned slowly. Peter Hale was a tall man out of his wheelchair, with half the skin on his face burnt and misshapen. The good side of his face fluttered into a smile and he flapped his trench coat, looking like he was being mildly entertained.

"I've heard so much about you both!" Peter's voice was soft and low, and for a second it was even relaxing before I remembered who this man is. Stiles and I started to back away slowly.

"What are you doing here? Visiting hours are over." Jennifer informed us, playing with a giant needle.

Stiles whimpered, "We're gonna die!"

"Like fuck we are!" I roared, launching myself at Peter, who simply sidestepped me and I went flying into the wall.

"Now Percy, I don't want to hurt you, you're too valuable in the future," Peter reassured me.

I heard a thump as Jennifer hit the ground with Derek standing over her, glaring at his uncle viciously. Peter tutted, still standing motionless in the shadows as Stiles and I looked around frantically, trying to find a way out.

"That's not very nice..." Peter chastised, stepping forward, the light shining on his burnt, leathery skin, "She's my nurse!"

"She's a psychotic bitch helping you murder innocent people!" Derek growled, his brow thickening as he began to transform. "Move!" He roared at Stiles and I.

I gulped and dragged a whimpering Stiles away, hiding behind a desk. I peeked over the top to see Derek decked by a wild flurry of punches from Peter.

"You think I killed Laura on purpose?" Peter asked, calmly addressing Derek. "One of my own family?"

Derek charged at Peter, claws bared and ready to slice Peter's throat. Peter simply jerked his knee up into Derek's face, smashing his nose. Peter snarled and grabbed Derek's throat, raising him from the ground and pressing him into the wall. Derek flailed around until Peter started to squeeze.

"My mind, my personality, were literally burned out of me!" Peter's lips curled distastefully as he dragged Derek, kicking and screaming, across the floor to the nurse. Peter slammed Derek into the floor, Derek's head hitting the floor with a sickening crack. Peter bent down to fish a key from the nurse's pocket. Derek's claws popped out and he slashed Peter's ankle, then scrambling to his feet to try and run away. Peter grabbed his foot and wrenched him backwards. Peter snarled again. "I was being driven by pure instinct." Peter slammed Derek's face into the floor, "All I'm asking for is a little understanding..."

Derek made a weak swipe at Peter's legs. Peter stomped onto Derek's hand, savoring the popping sound of Derek's fingers breaking as he twisted his foot.

"Do you have any idea what it was like for me during those years? Slowly healing, cell by cell, slowly coming back to consciousness." Peter's calm demeanor returned as he paced back and forth, "Yes, becoming an alpha, taking that from Laura pushed me over a plateau in the healing process. I can't help that..."

Derek flung himself at Peter again, only to be head-butted and fall to the floor, writhing in pain.

"I tried to warn you..." Peter taunted before grabbing Derek and throwing him through a window, glass flying everywhere. Derek's face was pouring blood from every hole on his head as he crawled towards Stiles and I. "Derek, you need to give me a chance to explain," Peter's burn marks started to heal, the pink and red flesh started to fade as skin started to crawl back over the scarring.

"After all Derek, we're family..."

Episode 10 - Co Captain

I shook Stiles, who was staring at the two werewolves. "We need to warn Scott!" I whispered. Stiles nodded and followed me out of the hospital as Peter started monologuing about accidents and vengeance. We ran to the jeep, hoping desperately that Peter hadn't seen us run out. Stiles drove manically, weaving through cars at illegal speeds. We drove in silence, letting the reality wash over us.

We bust through the doors of the locker room to see Scott, sitting in the dark with blood dripping down his neck.

"Scott, we have a big problem!" I shouted urgently, rushing over to him. Scott turned to me; his eyes looked distant and haunted.

"Trust me, I know..." He muttered.

"Scott, what happened?" I asked, checking out the gash on the back of his neck.

"Peter clawed my neck and I collapsed on the floor..." Scott bowed his head and stared at the floor.

"What else?" I demanded.

Scott sighed, "All these images flashed in my mind, about the Hale house fire and Peter recovering," Scott muttered, standing up and kicking one of the trash cans over.

"It must be some kind of memory thing..." Stiles wondered, absentmindedly playing with his fingers.

"Derek's with him..." Scott yelled suddenly and kicked the trash can again, crushing it against the wall.

"What! Why!?"

"Some shit about killing Laura being an 'accident'!" Scott yelled, pummeled a locker till it bent. I ran up and grabbed Scott's shoulder and wrestled his arms to his side.

"Calm down!" I yelled, "We need to figure out our next move!"

Scott stopped thrashing and sunk down the lockers onto the floor. "What's next?" He muttered.

"Jackson..." Stiles explained, "We have to keep an eye on him, or he'll get himself killed."

"Good morning class!" Aphrodite squealed insufferably, "I hope everyone is having a good Thursday!"

The class muttered incoherently back. Aphrodite's beaming smile dimmed slightly but quickly grew back.

"Today's lesson will be focused on the tragic hero, as documented by Aristotle. Can anyone perhaps tell me what a tragic hero is?" Aphrodite looked around the sea of hands in the air. I groaned and slammed my head on my desk, anticipating Aphrodite's next call. "Percy? Do you know?"

"No."

"Could you tell me a trait of a tragic hero?"

"Probably not." I said, earning a laugh from the crowd. Aphrodite smiled politely and licked her lips.

"Well, a tragic hero is most often a morally good character, but is subject to human error, and can be led down a darker path due to a fatal flaw, oftentimes this flaw is hubris, or pride..." Aphrodite had a sad gleam in her eye before looking directly at me, "Or the hero could have a good trait that is turned into a flaw, such as loyalty."

I winced and Erica nudged me from my side. "You okay?" She whispered, brow furrowed with concern. I nodded silently and tried to ignore Aphrodite's words. Erica hesitated, as if she wanted to ask more. After a couple of minutes of more talking, Aphrodite told the class to answer the questions on the board before she flopped over to me in her high heels and sat on my desk again, gazing down at me through her designer glasses.

"Has Poseidon told you?" She asked under her breath. "About the search parties?"

"Yeah," I muttered, "I had a dream about them sending people to search in Florida?"

Aphrodite shook her head sadly. "They're way past that, in a couple of days a Satyr will start making its way to California, then it will start searching the state thoroughly." Aphrodite sighed and placed her manicured hand on my shoulder. "You have a couple more months here before the satyr finds you, then you'll have maybe two weeks before the camp arrives here to reclaim you."

"Is there any way I can avoid being caught?" I nearly wept, but no one seemed to notice.

Aphrodite must have placed a charm or something.

"You could hide at home when the satyr comes to this school or something but we don't know when that is." Aphrodite explained, tossing her hair back.

"You're a goddess! How do you not know!?" I shouted, still gaining no reaction from my class.

Aphrodite placed her finger on my mouth and glared at me sternly.

"Your father and I are baffled that the Fates are letting us interact with you this much! Telling you exactly when something important is coming would incur their wrath!" Aphrodite chastised, seemingly slipping into old English at the end. Aphrodite sighed and ran her hand through my messy hair. "The most we can do is warn you to be prepared for the next couple of months."

Scott knocked on the door of my room and poked his head round, his crooked grin matching his jawline.

"Are you joining me and Stiles? Or are you just gonna hang around in your room for the rest of the day?" He asked, grinning wickedly. I sighed and followed him out to Stiles' room whilst Stiles whooped from down the hall. "Come on man! All you do is mope around in your room, come hang out with your buddies!"

Stiles lounged on his bed as we walked into the room. Scott sat on Stiles' desk chair whilst I sat on the floor cross-legged. We sat like this for a while, doing nothing, before I got bored and piped up.

"What do we do now?" I asked, shuffling on the floor, "Like, normally we do something werewolf related but..."

"Girls!" Stiles cheered, "Let's talk about girls!"

Scott grinned evilly. "Like a certain blonde, perhaps?" Scott and Stiles wiggled their eyebrows stupidly. I sighed, not sure whether to laugh or throw myself off of Mount Olympus.

"I have no idea who you're talking about..." I tried to lie.

Stiles scoffed. "It's so obvious you like her!" He almost screeched, "And she is like, obsessed with you!"

I rolled my eyes and shuffled into a dark corner. "Whatever..." I muttered and thought of a weak lie, "But, if I did like her, which I don't, how do you know she likes me back?" I asked feebly.

Scott and Stiles smirked and began to snigger. Scott patted my back. "Trust us Perce, she likes you, just look at the way - " Scott sat bolt upright and looked around panicked.

Stiles and I jumped to our feet. "What is it?" We asked, throwing our shoes on in preparation.

"Jackson..." Scott muttered and sprinted down the stairs and out of the house, Stiles and I close behind. I clambered to the back of the jeep as Scott and Stiles climbed into the front, I fell forward into the bench seat as Stiles launched the jeep forward. We sped downtown, dodging and weaving traffic, with me holding onto the front seats in terror as the back seats of the jeep had no seatbelts. Every now and again Scott's head would shoot up, his ears wiggling and Stiles would swing the jeep around to where Scott said Jackson was, sending me flying around in the backseat.

The blue jeep tore around a corner into a large back alley with circular, black tire marks painting the concrete. I smacked my head into the fortunately cushioned front seat, just behind Scott's neck. Scott's door flew open and I saw Jackson and Mr Argent standing around Jackson's silver porsche. Jackson stood awkwardly as Mr Argent leaned over the car, fiddling with the engine. My eyes flicked over to the red SUV I presumed Mr Argent came in, something moving behind the blacked out windows.

"What's up!?" Stiles called to Jackson and Argent in greeting.

"Everything okay?" Scott asked, nodding his head toward the engine on show.

"Hey Scott..." Argent greeted with feigned enthusiasm, "Your friend here was having a little car trouble. We were just taking a quick look."

"Well, there's a shop downtown?" I called from the backseat, waving at Mr Argent. "I'm sure they have a tow truck..."

"We could give you a lift down Jackson?" Scott added, tapping his fingers nervously against the dashboard as Argent's glare bore into him.

Jackson looked around nervously and started shuffling over to us before stopping and glancing back at Argent.

"Come on Jackson!" Stiles called, leaning onto the steering wheel, "You're way too pretty to be out here by yourself..." We all stared at Jackson expectantly.

Jackson swallowed nervously and paced quickly to us, not daring to look back at Argent and his prized sports car. Argent sneered and turned to fiddle with the engine.

"Hey! Boys!" He called as Jackson started to clamber into the car. Argent stalked toward the driver's seat of the porsche and stabbed the keys into the slot and the car purred back to life. Argent grinned smugly. "Told you I knew a few things about cars, Jackson..."

Argent swung himself into the driver's seat of the suv and high-tailed it out of the alley. Jackson's head whipped over to us and sneered with all the contempt he could muster.

"What!? So you're following me now!?" He snarled.

"Yes!" Scott shouted, grabbing Jackson by the shoulder, "You stupid fucking idiot! You almost gave away everything right there! He thinks you're the second beta!" Scott roared and slammed his fist into the jeep's door angrily, denting it slightly and causing some rust to crumble onto the ground. Stiles winced and muttered about not hitting his jeep.

Jackson stared at Scott with his eyebrow raised in confusion. Scott growled, "He thinks you're me! I could hear your heart beating from a mile away! Literally! Now he thinks that there's something wrong and we have to keep an eye on you so that he doesn't kill you too!" Scott roared again and went to slam his fist into the jeep's door. I caught the fist and calmed Scott down.

"Dude, can we step away from the jeep? This is like my only way to school..." I muttered.

"This is your problem, not mine!" Jackson yelled, running his hands through his stupid mohawk. "I didn't say anything! Which means that you're the one that's gonna get me killed! This is your fault!" Jackson pushed Scott into the jeep, metal crunching under the impact.

Stiles winced. "Can we please stop hitting my jeep?" he moaned before jumping between Scott and Jackson as they started to pace towards each other dangerously.

"When they come after you, I won't be able to protect you." Scott said, breathing through his nose to calm himself down. "I can't protect anyone..." he added as an afterthought looking at Stiles and I.

"You know what? Now you have to do it. Get me what I want and I can protect myself!" Jackson sneered, speaking through clenched teeth.

"No you won't! Just trust me! All it does is make things worse!" Scott pleaded as Jackson started to swagger over to his porsche.

"You can hear everything! You can run faster than humanly possible! Sounds real hard McCall!" Jackson yelled over the wind as he stepped backwards to his car.

"Yeah, he can run fast, but ninety percent of the time he's running from people trying to kill him!" I yelled to Jackson, who shrugged and continued to mock Scott.

"And I can hear stuff now, like my girlfriend telling people she doesn't trust me, right before breaking up with me!" Scott added sadly.

Jackson reached his car and turned to us. "Sounds to me you had all the power in the world and you had no idea what to do with it!" He jeered, "Actually, it's kinda like you turned sixteen and someone brought you a porsche, when they should have brought some shitty baby blue jeep." Jackson climbed into his car and slammed the door before rolling it down to mock us some more. "Now look at me. I drive a porsche..."

Jackson's porsche tore away into the distance.

Scott waved goodbye to us as he wandered into the woods to give Allison's necklace back. As Scott's form disappeared down a leafy track used by runners, Stiles started up the jeep and we started bumping down the dirt roads.

Stiles drummed his fingers against the steering wheel. "So about Erica..."

"Can we please stop talking about Erica!" I yelled, sick of my friends bothering me about it. Stiles stared at me in shock.

"Dude! Chill! I was just gonna say that she's a little, um..." Stiles fumbled with his words, slapping his thigh as if it would help. "She can be a little off, if that makes sense?"

"No, it doesn't. But it's fine, because I don't like her!"

Stiles rolled his eyes at my words and drifted over the muddy roads around another corner. "You can tell yourself that all you want, but trust me, you like her." He said calmly. I grumbled in response. Stiles cleared his throat and continued, "I'm just saying that... Erica used to have a crush on me when we were like ten, and she was a little intense then, so I don't know what she'd be like now..."

I sighed and looked out of the window into the woods. The leaves danced in the wind and I thought of all the dryads that could have ratted me out to Camp Half Blood but didn't. I said a silent thank you to Aphrodite and Poseidon for scaring the tree spirits into silence.

"It's no problem hun!" "It's no problem hun!" Aphrodite squealed in my head. Stiles looked at me weirdly as I winced in pain.

"So what was this camp like then?" Stiles asked casually.

I ripped my gaze from the window and stared fearfully at him. "What camp!?" I shriek, my voice cracking.

Stiles glanced at me, concern blatant in his eyes. "Sometimes you talk in your sleep, one night you were talking about a camp, I was gonna ask you but I just kept forgetting..."

I steeled my fear and cooled my nerves, settling back down into the seat I hadn't realized I'd jumped out of.

"Well, there's nothing much to be said, it was a camp for ADHD, dyslexic kids that I went to in the summer..." I said keeping my answers vague as we neared Stiles' house, the sun slowly setting behind the trees.

"What about Anna? You were sleep talking about her and you're always so defensive about the break up, what happened that was so bad?" Stiles asked.

I chuckled heartily, thinking about how adorably angry Annabeth would get if you shortened her name. I remembered calling her 'Beth' once out of stupidity and I ended up speaking several octaves higher for a week. Annabeth had taken great care to 'nurse' my injured areas back to health. Stiles clicked his fingers in front of my face. "Oh!? Sorry Stiles, got caught up in some memories..." I answered subtly, "She cheated on me, nothing too big but she was more than just my girlfriend. You know? She was my best friend, my partner in crime, we'd been inseparable from age twelve and there she is sucking some random jerk's face off. It just... hurts... Can we stop talking about this?" I asked, feeling very sad all of a sudden. Stiles nodded silently as we slammed the jeep's doors shut and headed into the house.

"You want some milk?" Stiles asked me, opening the fridge and offering me the jug of milk he'd just chugged and spilt all over his face. I shook my head, grimacing as the white fluid dripped from the edges of Stiles' lips.

"Hey boys." Uncle Noah called out from the darkened room he sat in. He sat slumped in his chair, shuffling through papers filled with grotesque autopsy reports and twisted eye witness accounts.

"What'cha doin'?" Stiles asked, pulling me to the Sheriff's table.

"Work." Noah replied, monotone.

"Anything we can help with?" Stiles asked, creeping his hand to a report with a picture of a bloodied man attached.

"Could you pour me an ounce of whiskey? I could really use it..." Noah mumbled, searching through his documents, thanking me with a nod as I handed him his drink. The Sheriff spotted Stiles' hand inching toward the paper and he smacked it away. "You can't touch. I can't just discuss this with you." Uncle Noah berated.

Noah placed his empty glass onto the table and asked Stiles to pour him another ounce. Stiles turned to me sadly and placed a finger on his lips, telling me to shush. Stiles filled the glass to the brim with whiskey, and pushed it into Uncle Noah's hand.

Noah stared, analyzing his papers, not paying attention to his drink, before letting the burning alcohol slide down his throat. "You know, Derek Hale would be a Hale of a lot eas- Hale of a lot... Hale..." He slurred, almost slamming the empty glass onto the table as his arms began to give into his tiredness.

"Hell of a lot easier." I helped. Noah grinned and pointed to me, muttering how I was a smart kid to himself.

"He'd be a hell of a lot easier to catch if we could just get a mugshot of him..." Noah threw a picture at Stiles and I. Derek's mugshot was enveloped by a bright light coming from his eyes.

That's a pretty neat were-trick Derek, I'll give you that. I thought.

Noah groaned as his shoulders slumped and he placed his head on the table. "Woah, that ounce hit me like a pile of bricks!" He chuckled to himself. Seeing our opportunity to learn more slipping, I snatched the empty whiskey glass and filled it up again, handing it to Noah.

"Come on, uncle!" I cheered, "You deserve another, for being such a good Sheriff!" I lied horribly and I felt disgusting and slimy.

There isn't a pit in Tartarus deep enough to hide the evil you just did. A dark voice in my head mocked.

Noah downed another glass and threw another piece of paper to us. "They're all connected, you know? The bus driver that got killed was an insurance investigator to the Hale house fire!" Noah slurred. Stiles' and my heads popped up at the mention of the Hale house fire. Noah continued. "Then he got terminated under suspicion of fraud... The video store clerk that got his throat slashed? History of arson. Those two guys in the woods are the exact same thing..."

The cogs in Stiles' head started to whirl. "Maybe they all had something to do with the Hale house fire..." He muttered to himself.

"If he wanted to kill the people related to the fire..." I started thinking about Peter.

"Then why would Derek start with his sister? I thought the same thing, Perce!" Noah drunkenly slapped my back. "There's just so many questions..." Noah gulped another ounce of whiskey.

"Like what?" Stiles asked instantly.

"Like, why make the murders look like some kind of animal did it?" He slurred horribly, his head wobbling on his neck. "When that cougar ended up in the school parking lot, I checked with animal control and, and, and," Noah stuttered before catching his breath, "I checked and

instances of wild animal reports are up seventy percent over the last few months... They're just going crazy, running out of the woods like that!"

"Or they're being scared out..." Stiles pondered, staring into the distance.

Noah smiled weakly at Stiles. "You know, I miss talking to you... it's like we never have time..."

Stiles fumbled with his phone and tried to leave the table to tell Scott the news we'd found out but I pushed him back to his chair. Noah grinned again. "I miss it... I miss my sister, how close we used to be..." Noah said, smiling at me. "You're so much like her... So, so much..." A tear began to roll down Noah's cheek and he turned to Stiles. "And I miss your mom..."

Stiles and Noah sobbed into each other's arms as I slipped away to call Scott, letting them have some time alone as father and son.

Stiles rushed into my room and dragged me from my bed and into his jeep, talking to Scott over the phone the entire time.

"Stiles? Why are we rushing out this time?" I asked, rubbing the sleep from my eyes.

So much for my early night...

"Scott says that Peter is taking his mom on a date to turn her into a werewolf, we're gonna go ram their car..." Stiles said calmly. I sighed sadly, knowing that something this absurd should shock me.

"Wait, Stiles, what did you say about ram -"

"Brace!" Stiles screamed as we bumped gently into the parked, black sedan, painted metal crunching under the minimal pressure the jeep had rolled into it with.

"That was the world's boringest car crash," I teased Stiles, who looked back at me nonchalantly.

"Boringest isn't a word." He stated smugly before throwing his car door open and greeting Scott's furious mother. I sighed again and followed Stiles out.

"Stiles!" Melissa thundered, charging toward the gangly teen.

"Wow! This is crazy! What a coincidence seeing you out here! Percy and I were just driving - " Stiles stammered in fear, scratching his head nervously.

"Just shut up! You hit us!" Melissa screeched, turning red. Peter left the black sedan and glared at us before turning and started whispering into the air so that Scott could see him. Scott hid behind a nearby car, watching the carnage.

"I dunno what happened! You guys just came out of nowhere!" Stiles fumbled around with his words nervously.

Melissa grabbed her hair to rip it out, "We were parked on the side of the road!" she seethed.

"How crazy is that!" I tried, throwing my hands in the air to feign shock, "We should probably call the cops, do an accident report thing, huh?" I stalled.

Peter stalked over and placed a chilling hand on my shoulder, "That won't be necessary..." He drawled.

"You sure?" Stiles grabbed the back of his neck and massaged it. "Cuz I think I'm feeling a little whiplash..."

Melissa shouted again as Peter walked back out into the middle of the street, muttering to himself and Scott. I slipped away from the bickering drivers and knelt by Scott behind the car.

"What's - " I started before Scott shushed me.

"He's bragging... He's making fun of Jackson... Jackson's in trouble!" Scott rushed away from the car and into the woods.

Can I please take a break?

I ran after him, lagging behind and dodging through trees and low hanging branches till I caught up to Scott by the Hale house. I followed Scott's footprints around the back of the house and through an empty window. I hauled myself over and searched the house, following the sound of Derek's angry shouts. I crept behind a blackened door next to the staircase. Jackson was trembling, scurrying away from Derek who loomed over him in his dirt ridden, and bloody clothes.

Jackson fell back onto the stairs, "No! Please don't! I'll shut up! I'll never say a word again, I promise." Jackson pleaded, "I'll leave Scott alone! Please! You can't do this! I don't... I don't deserve it..." Jackson wept openly, tears thudding against the burst steps.

Derek dragged his claws over the bannister of the stairs. "I think you do." Derek said, slowly edging closer to Jackson. The jock tried to plead his case but Derek cut him off. "Look around you! Don't you think that there should be someone here!? To save you? There is no one here! No one cares if you drive an expensive car! No one cares about your hair! And no one cares

that you're captain of the lacrosse team!" Derek screamed, boring through Jackson with a wolfish glare.

Scott coughed from the top of the stairs. "Co-captain actually..." Scott glared down at Derek, who glared back with equal anger.

I stepped out from behind the door. "Um, hey? I came as well..."

Derek's face battled between anger and confusion before settling on anger as he looked back to Scott, who'd jumped from the top of the stairs, landing with a thump in front of Derek. The two werewolves' eyes flashed as they transformed, grappling and swinging at each other, destroying furniture and crashing through weak walls.

"Jackson!" I hissed, "Run!"

Jackson sniffled and ran out of the back door and into the dark wood. I turned to the fight, trying to grab Derek from behind but I was sent flying into a post. Derek barrelled towards me, claws glinting before Scott tackled him to the ground. Glass shattered behind us and a faint whistling could be heard before a thick thud as an arrow embedded itself into the wooden floor.

"Cover your eyes!" Derek ordered. The arrow sent sparks of silver across the room and emitted a blindingly bright light. Bullets tore holes through the walls, sending weak moonlight through and spotlighting the floor. Scott grunted and I turned to see his shirt soaking with blood. Derek grabbed me, "The hunters, they're here! Take Scott and go, I'll try to hold them off!" Derek stormed through the door into a hailstorm of bullets, roaring as they cleaved through him.

I ran to Scott, vaguely feeling a bullet rip through my thigh before lifting the young werewolf bridal style and sprinting out into the woods I stumbled over branches and roots, Scott coughing vile black blood over my shoulder. I ran as far as I could before my adrenaline started to drop and the pain in my leg started to overpower me. I stumbled to the ground with Scott and I landing in a mess of limbs of blood.

If I end up dreaming about camp again, I'm going to write a very strongly worded letter to Morpheus.

Episode 11 - Formality

My eyes snapped open to a bright light. "Wha -" I muttered, wincing at the soreness in my leg.

"Ah, you're awake!" Scott's boss informed me helpfully, "Scott's been awake for hours now," He pointed me to a table next to me where Scott was leaning up, bandages covering his bare torso.

"But, you're a vet?" I asked feebly.

"I said the same thing," Scott chuckled, "He is, most of the time."

The bell jingled as I carefully swung my legs off of the metal table and sipped some water. Scott's boss put his finger on his lips and walked out of the operating room to greet the visitor at the desk.

"I'm sorry, but we're closed," Deaton said (I read his name from the degree on the wall).

"Hi there, I'm here to pick up." Peter's deathly calm voice echoed through the operating room, stunning Scott and I into freezing.

"I'm not sure I remember you dropping off..." Deaton responded skeptically.

Peter chuckled, "I think these two wandered in on their own..."

"Even if they did, I'm sorry but I can't help you, we're closed."

"Surely you can make an exception? Just this one time..." Peter's steps grew louder.

"I'm sorry, that's not possible, maybe come back during regular hours?"

"You have something of mine." Peter paused, "I would like it back..."

"Like I said, we're closed." Deaton said, starting to threaten Peter. I looked around for a backdoor out but found nothing.

Peter winced at something, "Mountain ash for your desk? Very clever, it's an old one, but still very clever..." Peter congratulated sarcastically, tapping his claws onto glass somewhere. Something crashed and Scott ran to help his boss, but I held him back.

"Let me be as clear as possible," Deaton threatened slowly, "We. Are. Closed."

Peter huffed and whispered something unintelligibly. Scott froze and fell back into me. The bell jingled again as Peter left.

"Allison..." Scott muttered.

"Call it again!" Scott called, looking under his bed for the fourth time. Stiles and I groaned; we'd been looking for his phone for the last three hours.

"It's not here Scott!" Stiles moaned, slamming his head backwards onto Scott's bed. Scott scrambled around, looking under his bed, throwing random items around under there. "So you

lost your phone? Just buy another!" Stiles rolled his eyes as Scott chucked more stuff around his room.

"I can't afford a new one. And I can't do this alone, we need to find Derek!" Scott huffed, staring dejectedly at the messy, phoneless underside of his bed.

"Well, for starters, you aren't alone. You have us!" Stiles and I smiled cheerily at Scott, "And secondly, apparently he walked headfirst into gunfire, he sounds pretty dead to me!" I tried as Scott ran into his bathroom.

"Argent's plan was to use him to get the alpha, they won't kill him." Scott explained, rooting through his toiletries. I tried to tell him that his phone wouldn't be in a bag of shampoo but Scott ignored me and carried on.

"Well, let them do what they're planning! Let them use Derek as bait!" Stiles said, watching Scott throw clothes around amused. "They use Derek to get Peter, problem solved!"

"Not if Peter's going after Allison to find Derek!" Scott hissed angrily, "I can't protect her on my own! Which is why we need to find Derek first!"

Stiles spun on Scott's desk chair, staring into the middle-distance, thinking of a plan.

"You probably lost it when you were fighting," I said, absently spinning my phone in my fingers, "Remember? When he was trying to kill you? Or when he was trying to kill Jackson? I mean, Jackson's a dick, but he doesn't deserve to get his fucking throat torn out!"

"Do you not see a pattern of violent behavior here?" Stiles added, spinning on his chair for good measure.

Scott glowered at us as he leaned over his desk, "He wasn't going to kill anyone..."

"Seemed like it to me..." I muttered.

Scott glared at me. "We're not letting him die." Scott ordered.

"Can you at least think about letting him die? For me?" Stiles whined. The faint squeaks of a car braking echoed into the bedroom.

"Mom's home from work," Scott informed us, pushing himself to sit on his desk. Scott sat silently, listening.

"Is she alright? After yesterday?" I asked, feeling guilty for ramming her car yesterday.

"She's calling Peter about the date." Scott said sadly. I felt a lump form in my throat as I tried to answer, the guilt stopping my ability to speak. Scott's posture sagged and his eyes grew watery.

"What happened?" Stiles asked carefully.

"She's crying..." Scott muttered and threw himself onto his bed.

I stood up and sat next to Scott. "I know how it feels, but you need to know that not everything is your responsibility, you can't protect everyone, I know, I've tried."

Scott looked up at me sadly, "I have the power to protect them though, I have to!"

The locker rooms bustled with life as we got changed after gym class, the smell of sweat and the moist heat from the showers left the room dank and disgusting. I sprayed some cologne into the air near me as I changed so that I could breathe without gagging. The door to my right burst open and Scott stormed after Coach as he left his office.

"What do you mean I can't go to the formal?" Scott asked, panicked.

"McCall you're failing my class and two others. The higher ups said I should cut you from the team, I said I'd sooner cut off my last remaining testicle than cut my best player!" Coach slapped Scott on the back and smiled happily.

"So the compromise is that I can't go to the dance?" Scott asked sadly. Coach nodded. Scott sighed, "Then I quit the team..."

Coach giggled to himself. "No, no you don't," Coach walked away snickering, "Oh, and by the way? If I see you at that dance, I'm gonna drag you out by your teeth."

I pulled my shirt over my head, walked over to Scott and clapped him on the back. "If it makes you feel any better, I'm banned as well, Dad - Coach Reef just told me."

Scott groaned, grabbed Stiles and led us over to Jackson. Jackson glanced up at us nervously, pretending not to see us.

"Jackass! We need to talk!" I commanded. Jackson sighed and turned to face us.

"You're taking Allison to the formal." Scott ordered.

Jackson slammed his locker and glared at us. "You want me to take her to the formal?"

"I don't want you to, I need you to!" Scott begged.

"Fuck you!" Jackson replied intelligently. "You know what? Fuck all three of you! Maybe you could all fuck each other in some weird threesome!"

Stiles scoffed and pointed to Scott, "He saved your life last night! You owe him, bigtime!"

"He left me for dead!"

"I got shot for you!" Scott yelled, insulted. Jackson rolled his eyes.

"Show me the wound." He smirked cockily.

"It's healed now," Scott explained.

"How convenient!?" Jackson grumbled and turned away to button his shirt.

"Dude, just do it for Allison! She's in serious danger" Scott pleaded again, "Like all the time! I can't protect her at the dance, I need you to help me!"

Jackson groaned and checked his jawline in the reflection of his locker.

I'd be happy to rearrange it for you, Jackson. I grinned to myself.

"Just have her dad do it or something." Jackson brushed off Scott's begging. "He's actually equipped to handle this!"

"How the fuck are we supposed to do that!?" I asked incredulously. "He'll find out about Scott instantly!"

Jackson shrugged. "Sounds like a you issue, not so much a Jackson issue." Jackson smirked cockily and tried to barge past us. I grabbed him by the collar and threw him back.

"You're her friend too," Scott told Jackson, "All the time you spent with her to get to me, you can't tell me you didn't get to know her and like her! It's Allison! It's impossible not to like her!"

I bowed my head shamefully. I wasn't sure why I didn't like Allison. I thought it was out of loyalty to Scott, but I just get weird vibes from her. She just seems off, like dangerous.

"What if I get hurt? You seem to think I care about her enough not to want to see her get hurt, but what about me?" Jackson hissed nastily.

"Then it'll be worth it, to save her!" Scott begged.

Jackson's lip curled. "Not to me..." He pushed past us and made his way to the door. I shot my hand out and grabbed Jackson's shirt and threw him into a locker with a loud bang.

"Scott?" I asked pleasantly. Scott smirked as his eyes flashed and his canines grew. He slowly made his way to Jackson, whose eyes were wide with fear. I held him down as he wriggled in fear.

"Fine! I'll do it!" He screamed in terror.

Erica sunk into her seat next to me and placed her tray onto the table.

"Where are Scott and Stiles?" She asked, looking around the lunch room confused.

"They're discussing the formal and making sure Jackson has the courage to ask out his date..." I answered vaguely. Erica seemed to accept the answer and munched on her sandwich.

"So... Who are you taking to the dance?" She asked, looking up at me through her eyelashes.

"Oh! I'm not allowed to go. I'm averaging like an F in every subject." I told her, picking at my cold pasta with a crappy plastic fork.

"Oh..." She mumbled.

"Are you going?" I asked, trying to spark up another conversation.

"I... uh... I think I'll just stay at home or something." She muttered, placing her sandwich back down, seemingly losing her appetite.

"I think I'm just gonna stand on the door, let people in, you know," I told her, "You're always free to join me if you get bored at home."

Erica's face brightened immediately and she straightened up. "I think I might..." She giggled.

"Could I sit here?" A sickly sweet voice asked us. I looked up to see Aphrodite peering down at us, straightening her mini skirt. She had already put her food on the table before we said anything. I nodded half-heartedly and Aphrodite squealed happily. "It's just, there's no other place to sit in here..." Aphrodite sat down and pointed around the empty room as if it proved her point. "So, how are you kids?" She asked.

Erica mumbled something and I felt something rubbing against my leg.

For fuck's sake...

Aphrodite smirked at the way I shifted awkwardly in my seat.

"We're fine, just discussing the formal." I said blankly, trying to avoid conversation.

"Oh, but surely you can't go, Percy? With your grades?" Aphrodite feigned innocence and cocked her head sideways, sending luscious hair tumbling gracefully from behind her ear where it had been.

"Yep, but I was just going to stand guard outside, checking for tickets and stuff" I prayed Aphrodite would grow bored but to my dismay she kept talking.

"Well, if Erica needs to go dress shopping or something, I'm happy to help..." Aphrodite beamed at us, eyes lighting up at the idea of going shopping.

Erica flushed red. "Uh... I'm fine, I think I'll just stand with... Uh... Percy..." Erica stammered nervously.

Aphrodite's startling grey eyes rolled. The goddess pulled a small mirror from her bag and fixed her already perfect eyeliner. "Nonsense, I can tell you want to go, I'll tell you what Erica, I'll take you dress shopping whilst Percy gets dragged into shopping with Stiles." Aphrodite said, laying down her makeup. Erica mumbled and Aphrodite grinned stunningly. "Great, I'll pick you up later."

Aphrodite's foot, that had been toying around with mine, shot up and nudged my inner thigh before the love goddess strutted out of the room, greeting Scott and Stiles as they passed.

"Why was Miss Amour here?" Scott asked quizzically, laying his apple on the table.

Stiles scoffed. "Other than the fact she blatantly has the hots for Percy?" He teased me. I grimaced as Erica's eyes darkened in sadness. Stiles saw the awkwardness and cleared his throat. "Hey Perce? Could you come shopping with me, Lydia and Allison? For support?" He asked, his eyes pleading with me silently.

How did Aphrodite know this would happen?

"I'm a goddess, you beautiful idiot!" Aphrodite's voice invaded my thoughts. I shuddered and looked back to Stiles.

"I assume I'll be stuck with Allison?" I asked, grimacing sadly. Scott's brow furrowed.

"What's wrong with Allison?" He defended her quickly. I put my hands in the air in surrender.

"Nothing, I just don't mix well with her." I responded as calmly as possible.

"What do you mean? She was being nice to you in the pool last week and you totally exploded on her!" Scott roared angrily.

"You were there?" I asked, "Dude, it's fine, it's just I get weird vibes from her, it's just a gut instinct."

Scott glared at me and ate his apple angrily. Stiles looked around nervously and sat down to eat his food. Erica stared blankly at the table, her eyes seemed to shimmer with wetness. Stiles cleared his throat awkwardly again. "So is that a yes, Percy?"

I stood awkwardly next to my seemingly spastic cousin as he sprayed cologne into his mouth accidentally for the seventh time. Stiles gagged as I snatched the bottle out of his hand and gave it to the scared girl behind the counter. I smiled at her apologetically and she flushed red. Stiles straightened up and fixed his tie (he'd decided it was a good idea to dress up for him and Lydia's first 'pre-date').

"She's coming! How do I look!?" He asked, frantically trying to spike his hair.

"Like you're trying too hard, chill out Stiles!" I said, placing a supportive hand on his shoulder.

Stiles sniffed his armpits, "I can smell B.O. Can you smell that?"

"Stiles, you sprayed about half a liter of Hugo Boss cologne onto yourself, how do you smell anything other than that?"

"Oh god! I feel so overdressed!" He worried, stuffing his tie into his pocket and unbuttoning the top button of his shirt.

"I did say...just calm down Stiles, she'll know what she wants to buy probably, just hold her bags and stuff, go with the flow!" I tried to help. Allison and Lydia strutted towards us, large shopping bags already bulging.

How do they lift those things?

Stiles turned to me suddenly, "You said she probably knows what she wants, but what if she doesn't!? What then Per - Hi guys!" Stiles stopped to greet the two girls. Lydia huffed and dragged Stiles away.

Allison smiled at me. "So are you my dress carrying bitch for today?" She giggled.

"It would appear so." I smiled politely as we wandered towards a red dress Allison liked. The hanger clinked against the metal rail the dress was on as Allison fished it off and pressed it to her body.

"Does it look any good?" She asked, twirling around. I was about to say something when I saw something in the mirror. Standing behind me was Peter Hale, dressed in his seemingly signature trench coat. Peter smirked and walked past me, to Allison.

"That's not your color." Peter said, deadpan. I stepped closer to Allison and gripped my leg so that I could feel Riptide in my pocket. "I'm sorry if that was intrusive, but considering your skin tone, I'd go lighter..." Peter continued.

"Cause I'm pale?" Allison asked, stepping backwards into me.

"Well, I'd say fair." Peter defended hastily. "You can't call skin like yours pale, not skin that perfect..."

I shuddered at the creepiness and Allison squirmed at the comment before we regained our composure.

"Okay, thanks?" Allison tried to laugh it off and turned back to the dresses.

"I have a unique perspective on the matter..." Peter stared blankly at Allison.

Fucking weirdo...

"Well, thanks for the help, Allison, do you want to look at some lighter dresses?" I asked, already leading Allison away from the creepy, skin liking werewolf. Peter grabbed a silvery dress from the rack behind him.

"Do you mind? I think this dress would look great on you." Peter held the dress up to Allison and his lips curled upwards in satisfaction. "Much better..." He muttered. "Is this for some kind of dance?"

"Formal." I responded shortly.

"Oh..." Peter turned to look for another dress. I felt my phone buzz in my pocket. I subtly looked at the text Scott had sent me.

Out now. Say that her car is being towed or something.

I looked out of a nearby window at the sea of cars outside, feigning shock and confusion. "Hey Allison! That car being towed looks like yours!"

Allison instantly ran outside with me close behind.

"I knew I shouldn't have parked there!"

The cold air blew through me as I stood on the door for the formal. I figured since I couldn't keep a lookout on the inside, I could at least monitor what was going on outside. My breath steamed out in front of me as I shuddered and shakily pulled my coat together. Many excited faces walked past me, flashing their invitations to the formal at me. I groaned realizing this is what the rest of my night would be.

The low rumble of Jackson's Porsche pulling into the parking lot shook me from my boredom. Jackson stormed out of the car, necking something I presumed to be alcohol from a flask before wrenching Allison's door open and walking off. Allison closed the door and quickly hobbled to him in her heels. I saw Stiles' jeep roll in next to the Porsche. Stiles hopped out quickly and held Lydia's door for her, holding his hand out for her to hold so that she could hop down from the jeep easier. Lydia grumbled and ignored him before noticing Jackson swaggering toward her.

"Jackson!" She squeaked. "You look handsome..."

Jackson rolled his eyes and carried on walking. "Obviously." He muttered smugly.

"Lydia mumbled something to herself about not wanting compliments. Stiles looked distraught. "I think you look beautiful..." He said simply. Lydia gave him a small smile and hooked his arm, leading him past me and into the hall. I gave Stiles a thumbs up as he walked past, seemingly drunk in love.

"I brought you a blanket..." Erica smiled and thrust a warm looking, blue blanket toward me. Erica pulled a chair close to mine and sat next to me.

"Thanks Blondie." I smiled, pulling the blanket over us.

"Where'd Blondie come from? What happened to Erica?" She giggled, bringing the blanket over her exposed neck.

"I normally have nicknames for everyone, but I seem to have stopped since I came here. I figured I'd start nicknaming again."

Erica wiggled closer to me. "Could I at least have something more personalized than Blondie?"

"Like what? Is my nickname not good enough?" I joked. Erica giggled and pushed my side.

"I don't know!? But Blondie could be anyone!"

"Ugh, fine..." I faked annoyance at which Erica gave a small smile. "Well what do you like then? I need something to work from."

Erica thought about this for a while. "I like comics and stuff, Batman is pretty cool!"

"You're Catwoman then! You always sneak up on me randomly when I don't expect it."

Erica laughed loudly, her big brown eyes shining with happiness. I felt a warm sensation in my stomach seeing her happy.

"Catwoman..." She pondered after a while, "I like it!"

We sat together for a while, wrapped up in our blanket like a cocoon, listening to the thumping music indoors. Every now and again a couple would stumble out of the double doors, arms wrapped around each other, lips tied together, making their way to a car. Erica would stare at them enviously. Jackson burst through the door next, swearing at me before running into the woods. Erica and I snickered and got back to bobbing our heads rhythmically to whatever song was on.

"So why aren't you in there?" I asked, nodding my head backwards towards the dance.

Erica stared at me like I was an idiot. "Because you're out here, dummy."

My brow furrowed. "But don't you want to go dancing or anything?"

"With who? I have no close friends other than you. Scott and Stiles are pretty cool but Scott can't go and I'll be damned if I split Stiles and Lydia up!" She said, squealing happily about Stiles and Lydia.

I stared at the ground, feeling guilty. I stood up, letting the blanket fall to the floor. "Let's... uh... Let's dance now then..." I said nervously, grabbing Erica's hands. Erica smiled and pulled herself to her feet. Erica pulled herself into my chest and I realized how tall I'd grown. When I first came to California, Erica came up to my forehead, whereas in just two months she was now equal to my nose. We danced badly around the concrete steps giggling at how bad we were, only stopping when Scott and Allison came out and when Lydia burst through the door, calling for Jackson. Erica's chin rested on my shoulder and her warm breaths tickled the hairs on the back of my neck.

Erica pulled away and looked into my eyes, her warm, brown eyes connected with the deep pools of sea green that were mine. "I've been wanting to say this for a while Per-"

"Jackson!" Stiles burst through the door and yelled at the disheveled mess that was Jackson. "Where have you been? Did Lydia find you?"

Jackson said nothing.

I split from Erica and looked into Jackson's watery eyes. Waves of fear rolled off him.

"Jackson. What's wrong? What happened?"

"I... I was out behind the school..." Jackson stammered, "And I... They..."

Lydia's scream echoed through our ears.

Episode 12 - Code Breaker

"Don't kill her!" Stiles shouted at Peter as we ran. Peter loomed over Lydia's bloody form, thick, red blood dribbling from his mouth.

"I would never!" Peter put his hand on his heart and nodded sarcastically. Stiles dived to cover Lydia's body from Peter. "Just tell me how to find Derek..." Peter growled lowly.

"What...?" I asked. "How would we know that?" I asked, more panicked this time as Peter circled Lydia's neck with his claws.

"Stiles would," Peter stared at Stiles. "You are the clever one. Aren't you?"

"Uh, no..." Stiles lied badly, staring in horror at Lydia's lifeless eyes.

Peter tutted. "Deception has a particularly acrid scent, Stiles, I should warn you..."

"I have no idea, I swear to God! Please!" Stiles cried.

Peter placed his hand by Lydia's throat. "Tell me, or I'll rip her fucking throat out Stiles." Peter said calmly, as if chastising a child.

Stiles whimpered, "I think he knew... Derek I mean... I think he knew he'd be caught by the Argent's... When they were shot, him and Scott, I think he took Scott's phone..." Stiles turned to me, "That's why we couldn't find it in his room. Maybe, maybe we could trace it..."

Peter smiled and stood up, the faint February wind whipping his brown hair. "Follow." He ordered.

"What're you doing? You can't just leave her here!" I shouted.

"I'm not moving unless she's safe!" Stiles cried, warm tears trickling down his face.

Peter scoffed. "You act like you have a choice. You *will* follow me."

Stiles looked down at Lydia's bloodied form and sobbed. "Just kill me! I don't care anymore!"

My eyes widened and I threw myself in front of Stiles as Peter stalked forward. "Don't listen to him! Just let us call Jackson or something!" I stumbled over my words panicking and throwing out my hand as a weak barrier between Peter and Stiles.

Peter smirked and raised an eyebrow, like we were children that had done something vaguely entertaining. "That's all you get."

The jeep rolled into an empty, white parking lot, multiple stories high. Stiles trundled the jeep up the gentle slopes up to the third level, parking next the other car on the level by Peter's instruction.

Peter stormed out of the jeep and dragged Stiles and I by our ears over to the sad grey sedan next to us.

"Whose car is this?" I asked timidly.

"My nurse's..." Peter said blankly.

"Whatever happened to her - holy shit!" I exclaimed as Peter popped open his trunk to reveal the rotting corpse of a red headed nurse. Peter carelessly tossed the body's arm off of a brief case and slammed the trunk shut.

"I got better." Peter answered simply and opened the briefcase, placing a silver laptop that reminded me of Daedalus' onto the trunk.

"Good luck getting a signal in here..." Stiles scoffed, reveling in the small amount of power we'd been dealt by the Fates. Peter shot him a look and whipped out a small cartridge. Stiles' cockiness flew from his face. "Oh, MiFi... That a personal preference or are werewolves naturally drawn to that brand?"

I snickered whilst Peter glared at Stiles. Peter wrenched the silver laptop open and pushed Stiles towards it.

"You still need Scott's username and password." Stiles said, connecting to the MiFi.

"It's a good thing I have Scott's two best friends with me then, isn't it?" Peter stared smugly at Stiles' annoyed face. "In fact, you're such good friends that you even know his username and password, now get to work and stop delaying."

Stiles shut up and typed rapidly, the keystrokes echoing around the empty parking lot.

"What happens when you find Derek?" I asked, sat against the car with my hands behind my head.

"Doesn't matter," Peter turned to Stiles, who'd stopped typing to listen to us, "Type Stiles!"

"You're gonna kill people aren't you?" I asked, ignoring Peter.

"Only the responsible ones." Peter answered shortly, glaring at Stiles, who'd slowed.

"If we get Derek back for you, you have to promise to leave Scott out of your pack." I threatened weakly.

"Wolves hunt in packs for a reason Percy, their favored prey is too large to kill on their own. I need Derek *and* Scott." Peter hissed, baring his growing canines.

"He won't help you." I said, trying to get a reaction from Peter.

"Yes, he will. Because it'll save Allison," Peter taunted, "And you two will, because it'll save Scott."

"Why do you even need me here?" I asked, leaning my head against the car, "Scott's the werewolf, Stiles is the smart one, I'm just a guy!"

Peter scoffed. "Just a guy. You and I both know that you're more powerful than you put on, I can smell it, you reek of raw power. I'm surprised Scott hasn't realized it yet, maybe his smell is still developing, I don't know. I know I want you in my pack at some point." Peter ranted, his movements growing more erratic as he went. Peter calmed himself and smoothed his hair, looking over at Stiles and the computer. "Scott's username is Allison?"

Stiles and I nodded.

Stiles typed some more and Peter's eyes grew wider. "His password is also Allison?"

"We told him to add some numbers to make the password safer, but he just wasn't having it." I added helpfully.

Stiles looked up at Peter, amusement dancing in his eyes. "Is this *really* the guy you want in your pack of super scary werewolves?"

A distant howl reverberated around the white pillars of the parking lot. Peter looked up for a second before shaking his head and staring at the laptop. Stiles exclaimed suddenly. I sprung to my feet and raced to Stiles' side.

"That's where they're keeping him!?" I exclaimed, looking at the GPS location showing the ruined remains of the Hale house. "At his own house?"

"No," Peter chastised, "Under it. I know exactly where that is, and judging from that howl a couple of seconds ago, Scott's figured out where it is too." Peter slammed the laptop shut and threw it back into the trunk, smashing nastily into the bloody nurse's nose. Peter turned to Stiles, "Give me your keys." He demanded.

Stiles handed Peter the keys hastily. "Please be careful with her..." He said, sending a longing glance at his jeep, "She grinds in second..."

Peter grinded the keys in his hand, bending them way out of shape as well as stopping us from helping Scott.

Stiles sighed. "So you're not gonna kill us?"

"Do you want me to?" Peter advanced on us slowly, "Don't you understand yet? I'm not the bad guy!"

"You turn into a giant dog monster with red eyes and fangs? In what world are you not the bad guy!?" I quipped.

"I like you boys, and since you've helped me, I think it's time to help you. Stiles, pass me your arm." Peter said darkly. Stiles hid his arms behind his back and Peter groaned. "Do you want the bite or not?" Peter saw Stiles' apprehension and continued, "That night in the woods, I took Scott because I needed a pack, it could easily have been you or your cousin. You'd be every bit as powerful as him, you could all grow together. No more standing around, watching your best friend and your cousin become more and more popular, getting the girls whilst you pine over some redhead." Peter had slowly been drawing Stiles' arm towards his mouth, eyes flashing blood red. Stiles looked tempted before ripping his arm away, clutching it like it was his life line. Peter licked his lips. "Percy? I don't know what you are now, but you could become one of the most powerful werewolves alive, imagine it Percy, all that power, all yours!"

"No thanks, I've turned down something similar before, I can do it again." I said calmly, leading Stiles out of the car park.

"I know you want it, Stiles, no matter how much you convince yourself you don't, I can smell it on you!" Peter called, laughing maniacally.

Uncle Noah stormed up to Stiles and pulled him into a corner, which I awkwardly followed them to.

"You are so lucky we are in a hospital, because I am going to kill you! Noah seethed but Stiles stared hopelessly at Lydia's prone form in the hospital bed.

"He lost the keys to his jeep, we had to run all the way here." I lied but Noah flicked back to Stiles.

"Stiles. I don't care if you had to canoe here! I -"

"Is she gonna be okay?" Stiles cut off his dad.

Noah gulped. "They don't know. Partially, because they don't know what happened, she's lost a lot of blood but there's something else going on, like she's having an allergic reaction, her body keeps going into shock."

Stiles' breathing deepened and he began to shake softly. Noah placed a hand on his shoulder. "Did you see anything? Do you have any idea who or what attacked her?"

"No, no, I have no idea..." a bead of sweat rolled down Stiles' face. Noah wrote something down onto a pad and looked back up at Stiles.

"What about Scott?" He asked, pen hovering over paper to jot down the answer. Stiles opened his mouth to answer.

"What do you mean? What about him?" I cut Stiles off.

"Did he see anything?" Noah clarified.

"Is he not here!?" Stiles and I yelled in unison. Jackson stirred, broken from his trance, looking away from Lydia to stare at us.

"I've been trying to call him, but I've gotten no response." Noah calmed us, shushing us and pushing us further into a corner. After a while Noah sighed and pushed us out. "Just go wait with your friends, alright? Percy? Look after him, okay?"

Stiles turned to his father. "Dad! Just tell me! You know it has something to do with Derek!"

Noah stopped in his tracks and stared at us suspiciously. "I thought you two said you barely knew him?" He asked, narrowing his eyes at us. Stiles and I paused. Noah grabbed our ears and pulled us towards him. "I hope you both know I'm elected into this job!" He hissed.

"And if you let us help you, you'll be re-elected!" Stiles said enthusiastically.

"That girl in there?" Noah pointed to the door to Lydia's room, "She has nothing to do with a six year old arson case!"

"We don't know it's definitely arson!" I piped in, following the father and son as they started walking again.

"We have a key witness." Stiles opened his mouth to respond but Noah shushed him, "No! I'm not telling you who it is! But it's definitely arson, probably organized by a young woman, probably in her late twenties by now." Noah's phone began to ring, "I have to take this. All we know is that she had a very distinct pendant." Noah walked away hurriedly, talking to his caller.

"What the fuck is a pendant?" Stiles asked himself angrily.

I looked at him, confused. "Dude, how do you not know what a pendant is? It's like a necklace, do you not go to school or something!?" I asked him incredulously. Stiles stopped in his tracks and turned to me.

"Dude, a distinct necklace? Kinda like Allison's?" he said worriedly.

"And? Allison is way too young to be an arsonist." I pointed out.

Stiles clicked his fingers in front of me. "But her aunt is, and guess who gave her that necklace?"

Realization washed over me.

"Boys." A dark, rough voice grated my ears. "I was wondering if you could tell me where Scott McCall is." Chris Argent grinned.

"Scott McCall? I... uh... I don't even know who that is, sorry, can't help you..." I hurried, dragging Stiles away from the hunters. I felt strong fingers claw into my shoulders and drag me into a dark room, throwing me onto an operating table, Stiles landing on top of me and rolling off onto the hard floor.

Argent cleared his throat and locked the doors out. "Let's try again. Where is Scott McCall?" He glowered, stalking towards us, flanked by his muscles. I jumped to my feet and got a lucky strike on a huge guy with a buzzcut, feeling his nose crack from my hit. Argent and the other bodyguard tackled me and threw me into a wall. "I like you Percy, I'm doing this for your good, as well as everyone else in Beacon Hills. Have you ever seen a rabid dog?" Chris shouted.

"I could put it on my to-do list if you let me go..." I squirmed, writhing in the hunter's grip.

"Well I have, and it was remarkably similar to when a friend of mine turned on a full moon. Do you wanna know what happened?" Argent threatened.

"Not particularly. No offense to your storytelling skills." I grinned at Argent's annoyance.

"He tried to kill me, and I was forced to put a bullet in head!" Chris slapped my forehead, "And whilst he lay there, dying in a pool of his own blood, he was still clawing at me, trying to kill me, like it was the most important thing he'd ever do! Do you have any idea how that feels!?"

"I've had similar instances back in New York..." I taunted. Argent slammed my head into the wall behind.

"Did Scott try to kill you or Stiles on the full moon!?" He yelled, "Did you have to lock him up?"

"We chained him to a radiator. Or would you prefer we locked him in a basement and burnt the fucking house to the ground around him?" I seethed, tempted to spit on Argent's face.

The hunter breathed deeply, calming himself. "That's nothing but a rumor Percy, but that wasn't us."

"Derek says you have a code..." Stiles mumbled, picking himself up from the floor, "Obviously nobody has ever broken it..."

"Never..." Argent muttered.

"And if someone does?" Stiles asked, dusting off his clothes, wincing in pain.

"Someone like who?" Argent rounded on Stiles, letting me fall to the ground.

"Your sister."

Argent grabbed me and dragged me into the back of a dark suv with limo tinted windows, climbed into the car and sped into the forest, winding around trees and dirt roads. Slowly I saw the charred remains of the Hale house through the trees, with flashes of bright light and a gunshot.

"Shit!" Argent spat through gritted teeth, skidding the car into parking. Argent jumped out and shot into the air. I looked over to see Kate Argent standing over Scott, gun raised to his head, Scott whimpering as Allison lay on the leafy ground with a bow in her hand.

"Let him go!" I screamed, charging at Kate. I felt something sink into my leg and I exploded in pain. I looked down to see the tail of an arrow wobbling around as it caved into my upper leg. I glared at Allison, sinking to my knees and felt my body go weak. I rolled into the muddy ground

and tumbled next to another body. I struggled to reopen my eyes and saw Derek next to me, an arrow into his torso and his leg.

I knew I had a bad feeling about her!

"I know what you did Kate!" Argent shouted, pointing his gun at his sister, "Put your gun down."

"I did my job." She sneered, keeping the handgun trained on Scott's head.

"It's not your job to murder innocents!" Chris yelled, falling onto the deaf ears of his sister, "Look what you're doing! You're holding a gun to a sixteen year old boy's head! There's no proof he's spilled human blood!" He motioned for Kate to lay down her weapon. "We go by the code..." He muttered something in French. Chris fired into the tree, just above Kate's head. "Put the gun down, before I put you down."

Kate groaned and lowered her gun. No one spoke. A small squeaking sound interrupted the nervous silence that had fallen.

"Allison, get back!" Chris screamed, training his gun onto the door as was Kate's. Scott hopped to his feet and lowered himself into a fighting stance. A low rumbling came from the inky blackness beyond the red door that gently swung open.

"What is it!" Allison whimpered.

"The alpha..." Scott muttered as he, Kate and Chris created a barrier between the alpha and Allison. Something whipped out of the house and Kate fell to the ground, clutching her leg screaming. Chris, Scott and Allison followed soon after. Peter walked over my body and picked up Kate easily, snapping and grinding her wrist horribly until white shards ripped through the mangled flesh that used to be Kate's arm. Kate was dragged, kicking and wailing into the house. Allison got up and ran after her aunt stupidly, the door slamming behind her. Inside the house all that was heard was muffled screaming and the faint impression of Peter's calm vitriol before a red splatter was sent up the windows. Scott roared and smashed through a window, jumping inside and throwing himself in front of Allison. I felt Derek stirring beside me. Derek growled quietly and sped towards the house, jumping through the hole in the window Scott made.

Allison rushed out and crouched next to her father. "Dad! Dad! Dad!" she screamed, pushing his body, begging for him to wake.

I stumbled back to my feet, ripping the arrow out of my thigh, seething in pain as it tore the muscles in my leg. In the distance I heard car engines roaring. I leant against the tree and caught my breath, glaring at Allison for the wound now pouring blood on the leaves.

Scott flew through the open window and skidded brutally across the ground. I hobbled towards him and helped him to his feet before I felt Peter's gigantic hands wrap around my throat,

throwing me towards the house. My head smashed into the windowsill and I felt my body spin out of control in the air. Peter lifted Scott high above him and howled into his face, spittle flying everywhere. Scott kicked the alpha backwards toward me, where I dived out of the way just as Peter crashed into where I'd lain milliseconds earlier. The bright light and roaring engine of Jackson's Porsche invaded my senses. Stiles ran out of the hijacked car with two beakers in his hands. Stiles hurled one at the alpha, who caught it easily.

"Allison!" Scott shouted, nodding his head toward the bow and arrow lying in the grass. Allison rolled towards it, knocked an arrow, aimed and shot in such a fluid motion, the Apollo kids would go green with envy. The arrow pierced the glass, sending flames and glass into the alpha. Peter writhed as the fire quickly consumed the fur on his arms.

"Stiles! The next one!" I shouted. Stiles looked at his hands and hurled the second at the alpha, breaking into tongues of fire on his dark, wiry body. The flames began to melt at Peter's flesh, leaving him as red and scarred as when I first saw him. Peter howled in agony before falling onto his front, scratching at his melting flesh. We watched as the orange glow dimmed and the writhing slowed to a harsh twitching then to nothing. The beast began to shrink into a charred man and Peter gagged on the molten flesh restricting his airways.

Scott and Allison decided that this was the appropriate time to get back together and started to kiss, shyly at first but soon turned into something more energetic.

Derek stumbled out of the Hale house, barely making it down the steps of the porch on his torn up legs. He limped over to where Peter was slowly rasping out his dying breathing, the grim tune of his death rattle permeated around the woods. Even now, with his face burst and lopsided, Peter grinned smugly. "Do it..." He rasped.

"Wait!" Scott panicked, "You said you'd let me kill him! You said it was the only cure!"

Derek looked back at Scott sadly. "He killed my sister... He lied to me..."

Peter gasped for breaths. "You've... Already... Decided..." He choked.

Derek snarled.

Derek brought down his claws, slicing open Peter's neck.

Derek looked up at us, spots of blood on his cheek, his eyes scarlet.

"I'm the alpha now."

Scott, Stiles and I snuck into Lydia's room, where she still lay unresponsive on her hospital bed. Stiles cringed as he closed the squeaky door, locking it shut with a loud click.

Monitors beeped steadily as we approached Lydia's sleeping form, bruises adorning her face and arms. Stiles still winced every time he saw her. Scott lifted her shirt slightly and undid the dressing on her hip. The wound was black and moist still, pumping dark, oozing liquids from it every few seconds. Scott quickly put the dressing back on and pulled her shirt back down.

"It's not healed." I said, looking at Scott nervously, "Like at all"

"I don't understand, the doctor said she'd be fine!" Stiles paced around the room, frantically waving his arms about.

"But the bites are not healing like it did with me, which means she's not a werewolf..." Scott looked at Lydia skeptically.

"That's good! Right?" I asked, confused at everyone's negativity.

"Then what is she?" Stiles muttered to himself.