

Wolves And Their Gods

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Wolves And Their Gods

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Summary

Derek is a delusional cult leader, raising a pack in order to make offerings to his gods.

And Stiles is his perfect sacrifice.

- Inspired by [\[Fanart\] We'll Hide in Sin](#) by [oldmanrenkas](#)

Chapter 1: Summer Solstice

His gods are merciful.

Well. They are capable of mercy. Derek has never asked mercy of them. Why should he, when they have been nothing but generous? They demand much from him, yes, but it's never outside of his means. He may have thought so, once upon a time, but he quickly learned to set aside any mundane, man-made limitations. He learned that committing himself fully meant leaving behind the world's notions of right and wrong.

With his gods he is above such black and white morality. With his gods he is exceptional.

So killing these sons and daughters of man is easy. His hand no longer shakes around the grip of his knife. He no longer wonders who they might have been. Because, in essence, he is making them more than what they used to be - he is giving them purpose and worth at the edge of his blade.

One day his gods tell him to find others. They are not appeased with his sacrifices alone anymore. He doesn't let himself feel slighted by this. Exceptional though he may be, it's only natural that his gods soon demand more. And he'll admit the life he has chosen is not without loneliness.

It's easier to find his followers than he anticipated. Three of them - lost lambs, left to wither and despair on the outskirts of humanity, dreaming of the day that they could become wolves.

He has made them wolves.

He's given them a pack in each other; he has given them coats of fur in the leather jackets they wear; he has given them claws and fangs in knives and bones. He teaches them to howl in their prayers to his gods. He starts them off with small blood gifts first; rabbits, cats, birds. He teaches then how to pull teeth and pluck feathers for his shrine. It isn't long until they are ready for larger game.

The deer runs from them as they give chase. They keep their distance, but guide the deer exactly where they want it. Erica takes point - she always does. She has taken to this act with a fevered passion, so sure that every animal she offers up to her new gods puts herself closer to a life without seizures. She tells him that her episodes are already lessening. He tells her to thank her benefactors with blood. She does so with abandon, forcing the deer to run into the wall of razor wire they had set up between the trees.

Her eagerness spurs the other two, pushing Boyd into action and inspiring Isaac. Derek knows his gods are pleased with her, knows that she is special among his pack.

But she is not the one. The Summer Solstice is coming, and a sacrifice unlike the others is demanded. This is when he'll graduate them to proper offerings. And whenever he sees Erica, he can't imagine a better gift to give.

Not until he sees *him*.

He's waiting outside of the school to pick his three up. It's important to maintain appearances, and as much as they would like to drop out, he refuses. It's on this day, unremarkable by any other means, that Derek sees those brown eyes and broad shoulders and *knows*.

This is his perfect sacrifice.

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His followers tell him his sacrifice is the son of the Sheriff. They're uneasy when he shares with them their next task, more so now that they know who their prey is. It takes a day and a half of damning them, shaming them at his gods' altar, to remind them who they owe everything to. He cut three slashes into Boyd's back, the young man having volunteered to take the punishment for all three. Erica and Isaac watch pitifully, letting Boyd's blood cleanse them of their transgressions on that wide, unyielding stump of a once powerful tree.

While Boyd recovers, it's up to the others to bring Derek his prize.

He doesn't pick them up from school that day. He has to prepare the cellar for it's future tenant. The solstice is still days away, but he wants to secure this boy quickly. To do so, he'll need a space for him, a place to keep him quiet and subdued. He imagines the boy will be so scared, that he will plead and cry pretty tears.

He really hopes the boy cries.

It's late when his pack returns to him, with Isaac driving a light blue Jeep. Erica hops out of the side with a smirk on her red lips as she pulls something heavy from the back. An oblong sack hits the ground with a thud, and a cry rings out. Soon, something begins to struggle from inside of it.

"H-hey! *Hey!* Let me out! What the hell is this?"

Derek takes a moment to find where he thinks the head is before he reaches down and wraps a hand around the boy's mouth and nose. His struggling becomes frantic and jerky, he even manages to elbow Derek in the face a couple of times. But soon his movements lose coordination, and then they stop all together. Derek immediately lets go, letting air return to the boy now that he is unconscious.

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The boy, *Stiles* Isaac tells him, doesn't cry, not the first few days, anyway.

"You realize my dad is a cop, right? He *is* going to find me, and he *is* going to shoot you!"

Derek says nothing as he circles him, deftly avoiding the roots of his altar in his pace. If anything, his silence unnerves Stiles the most. But it doesn't frighten him into silence. It just sparks the fire in his eyes and makes him vocal.

"Look, if you're wanting ransom, you might have tried a politician's kid, okay? Or hell, a lawyer. I'll help you out - there's this guy in my class, Jackson Whittemore. Real bag of dicks. His parents are fucking loaded, alright? They'd pay you anything!"

Derek begins flicking his knife open and closed.

"A-and I wouldn't say anything! If you just let me go home, I won't say anything to-"

"The Sheriff?" Derek suddenly asks. It stuns Stiles into silence. For a moment.

"Y-yeah. The Sheriff. Who is my dad."

"You've said that already," Derek tells him, kneeling down to be eye level to where Stiles is tied up. "Why do you think he hasn't found you yet?" Derek asks. He sees the confusion in Stiles' eyes. "It been two days. These woods aren't that extensive, and isn't this usually the first place they look for missing persons? If your father was looking for you, wouldn't he have found you already?" No. Because Derek had Isaac take the Jeep out of city limits several towns over. The police are chasing a ghost outside of Beacon Hills.

But Stiles doesn't need to know that.

And there's something in the boy's eyes, a wavering of faith that Derek zeros in on. There, he thinks. That's his angle. Perhaps tactics similar to the ones he used on Isaac will work here.

"What did you do?" he asks. Stiles stares at him. "For a father to not even look for his only child. What did you do to make him hate you like that?"

"What are you talking about? I didn't do anything." There it was again. That glimmer of doubt.

"It's alright," Derek tells him. "Whatever you've done, it doesn't matter now."

"W-what do you mean?"

"Because you're here. The gods want a sacrifice and they brought you to me. Whatever you've done? Means nothing now that they've chosen you."

"... What the hell is *wrong* with you? Are you completely insane? Let me go! Let me-" Stiles pulls harder against his bonds, hard enough to make dust from the ceiling fall. He's secure though, so Derek lets him wear himself out.

He doesn't talk to him again for several days.

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Though they've been giving him small amounts of water and food, Stiles is borderline delirious by day five. It hasn't been easy to keep the police at bay, but they've managed. Stiles still calls out for his dad anyway, voice hoarse and tears finally choking him until he's too dehydrated to cry.

Eventually he doesn't even acknowledge Derek as he cleans whatever new wound Stiles has given himself trying to escape. He's fallen so quiet, the fire in his eyes diminished. His fight is gone. Now, Derek thinks. Now is the time to make him understand what Derek is truly giving him.

"It won't be painless," he whispers to him. "But every hurt you feel will give power to them. They can't be whole without you. It won't be painless until the very end when they consume you and you become part of them. Do you get it? You're perfect for them."

The words leave his lips and Stiles flinches. But instead of pulling away, he looks up at Derek with wide eyes, a hope burning within them.

"What did you say?" he breathes. Derek pulls him close, running his lips along the shell of Stiles' ear.

"You're perfect."

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On the seventh day, Stiles asks to see the altar. It's the dead of night, warm and hazy, and his pack is elsewhere. Derek is cautious when letting Stiles topside, but the boy never looks beyond the trees, instead keeping his eyes focused on the flat plane of the broken tree.

"You'll do it here?" he asks. "You'll kill me here?"

"Yes," Derek says. Stiles walks around it until he's back in front of Derek. Slowly, he turns to him, sitting himself down on the stump.

"Show me?" he says. "Show me how you'll do it." Derek raises an eyebrow, but steps forward.

Once Derek is close enough, he uses his knee to spread Stiles' legs, with hands on his shoulders as he pushes him to lie flat. Stiles complies, legs bending at the knees as his back touches the altar. Slowly, Derek uses a hand to push Stiles' shirt up, following the dark trail of hair to his navel. He uses his other to produce the knife from his pocket, flicking it open and drawing the flat of the blade against Stiles' stomach. Stiles flinches from the cold contrast of the metal on his skin, but otherwise stays still, watching Derek's hand make lazy patterns with his knife.

Feeling the boy's jumping pulse underneath his fingertips is exciting, letting his hand move up and down with his increased breathing. When he looks up into Stiles' eyes, he loses himself, because within them he can see faith renewed. Faith in him and his knife.

Derek suddenly draws the knife up, catching on Stiles' shirt and cutting it up the middle. He pulls the rest of it away, baring sacrificial flesh to the night air. Stiles lets out a rush of breath but does nothing to stop him, instead letting his hands drop to the top of his own jeans.

Derek fucks him that night - roughly, *wetly* - on the altar of his gods. He feels the power course through his body, and he feels the submission in Stiles' hands. Every cry they let out is

a prayer, every drop of blood spilled is an offering.

Derek is more sure now than ever that Stiles is perfect for him.

For his gods. Stiles is perfect for his gods.

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The night of the Summer Solstice comes much quicker than Derek expected. It makes little sense, as this is what he's been preparing for for months. Still, it seems like he turned around and there it was, the day his gods have marked as holy.

Stiles won't be the only sacrifice today. His followers have each found an offering of their own. The girls scream and cry and the boy pisses himself at the sight of the altar. They don't understand that their lives are about to be given *meaning*. They do not, but Stiles does. Stiles looks upon the pillars of fire, and the decorations of bone and feathers, and Derek knows he sees something beautiful.

He allows Erica the honor of going first. As with all things, she approaches her task willingly and with eagerness. She drags one of the girls to the altar and positions her head over the rings of the tree before drawing her first bone knife across the girl's throat, the jagged tearing of flesh silencing her screams. The blood spills out over the stump and onto the ground, enriching the soiling and tinting the air with the smell of copper tributes.

Boyd lays the young man out flat on the altar, choosing instead to drive his bone knife into his sacrifice's center, pulling up sharply and letting the blood bubble forth from his mouth. He's quick about it, doesn't truly take the time to savor the act as Erica had, but they'll have time to work on that.

Isaac is the last of his followers to offer, but his hands shake and his steps are hesitant. When he throws the girl down on the blood soaked altar, he isn't prepared for the kick she gives him to his stomach. He doubles over, knife flying back and out of his hand.

Derek moves quickly, grabbing the girl as she tries to run off into the darkness of the woods. She kicks and screams, but Derek is stronger. He works his way backwards, back to the ritual circle. With a powerful jerk, he swings her around-

-impaling her on the bone knife in Stiles' hand. The girl cries out in shock as much as pain and Stiles stares at her with wide eyes. Looking down at where his hand presses the knife into her, he slowly turns it fully before pulling up. The girl shudders in Derek's hands before becoming dead weight. But Derek hasn't looked at her, can't tear his eyes away from Stiles and the blood on his hands.

Stiles releases the handle of Isaac's bone knife, bringing his hands into himself. Absently, he wipes at the tears that have begun to fall down his face, smearing blood across his cheeks and his mouth.

Derek flings the girl's dead body to the side, letting her fall heavily into the altar. He reaches forward and pulls Stiles to him, slamming their mouths together. The kiss is wild and

seasoned with the coppery taste of sacrifice and Derek wants all of it, can feel it surging in his veins. He lets his tongue delve deep, taking everything that Stiles willingly offers to him.

"Clean up," he tells the others when he pulls away. His followers shift with uncertainty, and even Stiles looks at him confused. "You're perfect," Derek tells him. "Too perfect for this." He caresses Stiles' blood streaked cheeks and kisses him again.

"I'm saving you for Winter Solstice."

His gods are merciful.

They will understand not receiving their fill tonight. They will forgive him for making them wait. Because on the night of the Winter Solstice, they can have them both.

Chapter 2: Winter Solstice

Chapter Notes

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

The offerings they make together are beautiful.

Each life left broken at their altar is yet another step toward the divine. Torn flesh and shattered bone pave the way for their transcendence, as they open a direct channel to his gods. He's never heard them speak so clearly.

The months pass in a haze of blood and power, a never ending wave of ecstasy he hardly thought could be real. Every ritual they complete together leaves him wired and needing, makes him a force of nature that demands release, as quickly and as openly as possible. How many times have they offered their bodies on that altar of blood, writhing in the remnants of their sacrifices?

It isn't easy staying out of sight of the local law enforcement. Harder still to keep Stiles' mind off the Sheriff, but Derek knows it's only a matter of time before they'll have nothing left to fear or to hide from. In a matter of days, their naked skin will be torn to ribbons and left for the birds to eat, to be taken to his gods. Their bones will be worn by his followers, and Erica will lead a new pack out of Beacon Hills and into greater glory.

He thinks about it often, how wonderful it will be to die with his perfect sacrifice. It's what keeps his blood warm on full moon nights when they search out their prey. Sometimes, like tonight, he can't even wait until after they've killed, ignoring the unconscious body of their offering and pushing Stiles to his knees. He fumbles with his belt and tears open his jeans, letting his erection free. Stiles doesn't even hesitate anymore, grabbing him by his hips and taking Derek into his mouth.

The heat of his mouth is an electric contrast to the autumn air, causing Derek to growl low in his throat. He grips the back of Stiles' hair, forcing him into a faster pace. Eventually, Stiles stops trying to match his speed and merely relaxes his tongue and jaw, stilling his head and looking up to Derek. There's a challenge there, permission to do as Derek pleases.

And Derek takes. He molds his other hand around the nape of Stiles' neck, holding the boy's head in place. He starts slowly, hips pumping at a languid pace as he enjoys the feel of Stiles' mouth and tongue around his cock. Soon, though, the pace increases and his thrusts get deeper. He plateaus his movements when he is repeatedly hitting the back of Stiles' throat.

The boy chokes a time or two and tears begin to form at the edges of his eyes, but it does nothing but make Derek press harder, move faster. He feels Stiles' fingers dig into his jeans and Derek can feel his own end coming. It's a sense of urgency and pleasure that he wants to chase forever, and it forces his hips even further. He forces the head of his cock past the back and down Stiles' throat, holding the boy's head in an iron grip as he comes, reveling in the tightness of Stiles' choking.

Stiles sputters and coughs hoarsely when Derek finally pulls away and releases his head. There are tear streaks down his cheeks that are begging for Derek's lips, so he kneels down and kisses them, cupping Stiles' face with a gentleness he didn't have just moments ago.

How perfect his sacrifice looks when he's used.

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He wishes they had more time together, but though his gods are merciful, they do not forget. Stiles is theirs in the end, and Derek must give to them what they're owed. The night of Winter Solstice carries a chill in the air, but he and Stiles stand naked as Erica, Boyd, and Isaac make their offerings. After tonight, Erica will lead the others to a new holy ground and begin again, free from constant vigilance of local law enforcement.

Blood stains their altar as Derek makes Stiles to lie on it. The reddened rings of the tree are a lovely contrast to the dotted skin of Stiles' body. He can't help but bend down to suck a mark into his neck, the bruise standing out proudly.

He picks up his knife, runs the blade lovingly over the palm of Stiles' hand before drawing it across his wrist. Stiles makes a sharp inhale, but merely squeezes his fist to aid the blood flow. Derek does the same to the other, pressing a kiss over this wound as blood spills to the surface. He rises up, dragging his lips across Stiles' jaw before slotting their mouth together. Stiles' movements are sluggish and he's losing color, but the kiss has to be the sweetest they've shared.

Repositioning his knife between Stiles' ribs, Derek looks into his eyes, ready to watch moment when his perfect sacrifice transcends.

"Derek Hale! Hands in the air, right now!"

Derek's head spins around to look over his shoulder at the sound of the Sheriff's voice. His followers are beginning to scatter as a swarm of officers give chase and surround them. No, Derek thinks, not when they're this close. Turning back, Derek raises his knife to finish.

The bullet that pierces his back startles him at first before pain begins to blossom outwards. A second and third shot have him pitching forward onto Stiles. His knife falls from his hand, but to his joy, he feels no life left in the body beneath him. Something as simple as breathing hurts and he can't move his legs, but looking up, he takes in Stiles' unseeing eyes with a victorious laugh as blood bubbles out of his mouth.

"Stiles! Stiles, please!"

He hears the Sheriff run over to them, feels the man's hands rip him away from his sacrifice, letting his body slide from the altar. But even as the world darkens in his vision, he laughs his choked and bloodied laugh.

His gods are merciful and have let them become a beautiful offering.

Chapter End Notes

(Did you know you can find me at jettiebettie.tumblr.com? It's true.)

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