



I am Everywhere and Nowhere

by Myztic Myan Moon

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PART I

The pack had split for college; Lydia and Danny at CalTech, Erica, Boyd and Isaac at UCI, Jackson was back in London studying at UEL and Scott with Alison at UC Davis. I had gone to Berkeley and Derek had followed.

Life was good, not great but good. The shit storm that was junior through senior year had finally come to an end. Word had gotten around [according to Deaton anyway] that Beacon Hills was occupied, fighting back and taking no shit; we were finally safe and it showed.

Dad kept me updated to the comings and goings, surprisingly the town was attracting new families almost in the droves. We even had a whole new set of Werereatures; the Foxes had moved into the old Tate house on the other side of the preserve, the Cats at the Whittemore mansion and the Bears? Well I'm unsure exactly where they are staying but Derek appeared to be amused by them.

Which is why it was so unexpected. The Zombie Apocalypse. The big fuck you to the world. After everything i had been through? I was really NOT expecting the dead to start an uprising.

Strangely I had missed all the signs. Looking back I can't believe that 'I' Stiles Stilinski had missed an opportunity to research the bejeezus out of this. I mean come on! After all that supernatural shit, what's a few sniffles gonna be?! Though Derek had been frowning a lot more lately....

What I can tell you though, is that George A.Romero totally knew this was gonna happen.

At first it was just a cold, then they said it was some sort of bird/swine flu, next they had quarantined certain parts of the city. I finally

lifted my head out of mid-term fugue when Dad called to tell me that Martial Law had been enacted in Georgia.

Queue inevitable montage of the world going to shit and you know ‘the unwashed masses’ looting, killing and then a nice idyllic farm house in the middle of corn bread nowhere country.

This is where the real ‘STORY’ starts.



PART II

3-4 MONTHS HAS PASSED...

We haven't done much since holing up at The Farm. Oh, we did manage to get halfway across the country without dying [so I'll take that as a win] and we'd picked up a few strays along the way. Go figure that 'supes are unattractive to walkers.

Derek had made contact at one point with another group of 'survivors' but apparently they were too focussed on getting to the CDC to actually be any help. He explained later that the two 'leaders' [a pair of cops] smelt of distrust.

About 10 days into the full on Apocalypse we had met up with Lydia, Danny and Jackson [apparently Jackson had been visiting just before all flights had been grounded] – I'm still suspicious of the how, I mean, I know they're Pack but how in the holy hell did they find us in this mess???

So here we are; Me, Derek, Lydia, Jackson and Danny, along with a the new satellite members of the group – Jordan Parrish [a Phoenix], Malia Tate [a Werecoyote], Kira Yukimura [a Kitsune] and our youngest member Liam Dunbar [another Werewolf! Like we need anymore?]. We'd met up with them pretty much one by one, apparently me and Derek are projecting safety – whatever that means... Anywho, it turns out we're all on our way back to California [family, friends, suspicious activity etc etc etc...] So like I said, here we are, in the middle of nowhere. Fending off dead things all over the place when who rolls up the driveway, pleased as punch? Scott! Motherfucking Scott McCall drives up in a mum-mobile with the rest of the pack in tow!!!

WHAT THE HELL IS HAPPENING?????????? THIS IS A ZOMBIE APOCALYPSE PEOPLE... YOU DON'T JUST FIND YOUR LOVED ONES WILLY NILLY!!!!!!



But I digress....actually I'm about to tangent. Did you ever see that one episode of animal planet where the ants leave the anthill and eat that racoon? No? Well never mind, the point is that ants like zombies are EEEEEVEEERYWHEEEERE. Swarming all over my nice lawn, getting stuck in the fence, smelling up my roses - they're not mine, but they sure are pretty and I'm keeping them alive. So there. And back on track... the point I was trying to make is that one minute I'm smelling the roses, thinking we're on the up'n'up and BAM!

Dead Man Walking.

Like all over the place.

And I mean. All. Over. The. Place.

Turns out Scott's not just a bleeding heart but also a complete potato. A moron. A few slices short.

He's been luring and storing the dead since he got here, except now there's too many and they've overrun the old barn.



PART III

All of us bar Scott and Allison prepared for the inevitable. Maybe this time would be it. The End.

I love Scott, he's my brother, but I have never been so angry or betrayed. The idiot will never learn apparently. He may be a True Alpha but he's still an idiot being led around by his dick.



His belief that all can be saved was cute when we were juniors but now it's just tiresome.

We had all come a long way; Derek was an Alpha that we loved and believed in, Erica, Boyd and Isaac had grown up and stopped believing in the fairytale that is the All-Powerful-Werewolf, Jackson and Lydia had finally come to terms with their relationship goals and were maybe heading somewhere healthy [well I hoped so anyway]. Danny was Danny, always on the fringe but still holding everyone's confidence.

But Scott and Alison. They had stopped progressing as people and as a couple sometime in the middle of senior year. Their holier-than-thou attitude was grating but easily ignored most times, but not today.

Today we are preparing for what I hope to be the last battle. The hope that we'll come out on top is palpable.

So hopefully I'll see you on the other side...

Queue battle montage of epic proportions and gratuitous gore.







FIN.