

CANADIAN JOURNAL OF

# Disability Studies

Published by the Canadian Disability Studies Association · Association Canadienne des Études sur l'Incapacité

*Canadian Journal of Disability Studies*

**Published by the Canadian Disability Studies Association**

**Association Canadienne des Études sur l'Incapacité**

**Hosted by The University of Waterloo**

[www.cjds.uwaterloo.ca](http://www.cjds.uwaterloo.ca)

**It's Not Weird... Like Werewolves.**

Bridget Liang, PhD Candidate, Women, Gender, and Feminist Studies  
York University  
[b.jianjian@gmail.com](mailto:b.jianjian@gmail.com)

**Abstract:** This paper is both a theoretical and creative exploration using fan fiction. Monsters have drawn my interest because they are often metaphors for marginalized folks. Through histories of marginalized experiences represented as monsters and villains, I claim the monster as my own. In more recent iterations of the monster, I have observed this pull towards the normate looking at the show *Teen Wolf* in comparison to the 1984 movie by the same name. The monster becomes the protagonist, but in doing so, ends up becoming predominantly white, heterosexual, cisgender, abled, thin, and conventionally attractive. Furthermore, the representations of the monster consist of bodies that draw closer to the normate, but are exemplary of the norms of desirability. In short, they find the hottest models to play as monsters. The monster is no longer the marginalized subject, but becomes an expected, unattainable norm of desirability like Audre Lorde's "mythical norm".

In response to this mythical norm, I have rewritten the scripts as fans sometimes do. In *Teen Wolf*, the protagonist, Scott McCall becomes abled upon becoming a werewolf. What if he stayed disabled and wasn't drawn closer to the normate? What if instead, he stayed a disabled nerd and ended up in a relationship with his best friend, Stiles, another disabled nerd? This little slice of life explores a little about what it's like to be disabled, queer, racialized, and a monster that's a little more representative of what it's like to be marginalized.

**Keywords:** disability; fanfiction; intersectionality; monsters; storytelling

**It's Not Weird... Like Werewolves**

Bridget Liang, PhD Candidate, Women, Gender, and Feminist Studies  
York University  
[b.jianjian@gmail.com](mailto:b.jianjian@gmail.com)

**On Monsters and Marginalization**

I fell in love with monsters while reading an essay from Jeffrey Jerome Cohen's book, "Monster Theory" (Cohen, 1996). In their essay, they described how monsters were often stand-ins for marginalized folks that the broader population feared. Those given the privilege of being "normal" fear racialized folks, they fear disabled bodies and becoming disabled, they fear minds that function differently, they fear the gay boogiemani waiting to jump out at them, and they fear the lady "who isn't really a lady after all". *Those* people who show up as villains in popular culture, *those* people who have to die in order for the (white, heterosexual, cisgender, non-disabled, non-fat) protagonists to have their happy ending together.

Frankenstein's Monster and Medusa were monsters whose stories resonated with me. They were called monsters by people and were treated as less-than-human for just existing and being different. And being less-than-human meant being treated terribly. Frankenstein's Monster (Shelley, 1818) yearned for community, acceptance and love but found none because of how he looked. He repeatedly demonstrated he was a living, feeling, fully sentient being, but was still met with rejection and abject horror based on his appearance which he had no control over. When he asked for a companion to make his existence less lonesome, he was betrayed and denied personhood by his very creator. He dies alone without ever experiencing love or kindness.

Meanwhile, Medusa was blamed for her rape at the hands of Poseidon and subsequently transformed into a loathsome form whose gaze is so horrible that she turns men into stone. She gained the ability to protect herself, but her ability made her a monster in the eyes of the people around her. What could be reinterpreted as a gift that could be used to

protect herself from being hurt ever again made her a threat. Because obviously a woman who can fight back is a monster. She had to die. Many *men* who tried to kill her, and the one who was finally successful was hailed as a "hero" for killing the woman who had the power to defend herself.

I realized that these monsters are my people. I recognized their pain because it was like my own. They experienced rejection because their bodies were *different*. They were denied respect and love. The way Frankenstein's monster was seen as repulsive to look at reminds me of how kids were horrified by my deformed ear. When I was sexually assaulted, I took solace in Medusa's story as a fellow victim who fashioned herself anew as someone terrifying and powerful from the tools she had available to her. As a child I was seen as a freak. I was that fat, effeminate, disabled, scarred, mixed race kid. I was taught that there is something wrong with me from a young age. I dreamed that I would wake up and my right ear would bloom like a flower and gain hearing. That my scars would magically knit into smooth skin. That my fingernails would reshape themselves to look more normative, and that my stomach would flatten. It's always a challenge to unravel the multiple layers of my experiences just due to how they all bleed into each other. Disability bleeds into gender bleeds into race bleeds into disability bleeds into sexuality. It's hard to tell where one ends and the others begins.

I was picked on for being disabled, Asian, feminine, and fat. I tried to fit in with boys because the doctor and everyone around me said I was a boy and should be friends with boys, but I failed miserably. I spent most of my childhood with very few friends because I was a little ball of abuse and trauma. I was also an unrecognized autistic child that wanted friends but wasn't like other kids. I wasn't happy as I tried and failed to fit in. It was only after I came into my queerness and found queer, trans, and disability community that I was able to find value in my life. I learned to (somewhat) accept the traits that were seen as undesirable. I

*didn't* find transformative self-love in the body positivity movements. It was finding value and beauty in my fatness, in my transness, in my disabilities, in my mixed raceness, in all the pain and suffering produced from social pressures that tell me to be someone I'm not. There is nothing wrong with me and everything wrong with the oppressive systems that do not want bodies like mine to exist. The issue is that other people around me do not value a body like mine. Especially since I occupy multiple oppressed groups.

I am expected to not be disabled or fat. I am expected to follow gender norms imposed on me and to find an appropriate woman to procreate with as an adult. (Even while a body such as mine is understood to be undesirable for procreation). And I am expected to integrate into Canadian society leaving behind the Chinese half of my roots. I didn't and don't buy into weight loss culture. I refused to undergo further surgery to "correct" my physical disability or change my behaviour to fit in with neurotypicals. I not only transitioned but also removed any possibility of procreation, and I took my mother's *Chinese* family name. For my transgressions, I have been punished for it by both mainstream and marginalized communities through things such as fewer job opportunities, sexual harassment, and fewer quality romantic interests. I have had to fight tooth and nail for most everything that I have. Like Frankenstein's Monster and Medusa, I was made to feel like an outcast, unwanted, and monstrous.

But still, despite the resonance between our monstrous stories there was always something missing for me. While I felt their pain, that's all there was. Both Frankenstein's Monster and Medusa, and countless other monsters, end up dead and alone. And that didn't sit right with me. If the beings that I identified with were slated for death, what did that mean for my existence, my future? Where were people like me in the future? Did we have any future or are we supposed to be dead lost in the mists of the past?

### **Finding Myself in Fanfic**

I've been reading fan fiction (also referred to as fanfic or fic by fans) since I was fourteen years old. Fan fiction has influenced my sexuality and was my first queer community. It was part of why coming to terms with being queer was a non-issue for me. Queerness was everywhere and normal in fanfic. As I gradually developed a feminist, anti-oppressive understanding, my relationship to fan fiction changed. I enjoyed fan fiction then, and still enjoy it now, but I have developed a sense of ambivalence towards it.

The bodies and experiences I read were of primarily white, male, able bodied, thin, conventionally attractive individuals who found love from similar demographics. I would live vicariously through these privileged individuals as they fell in love, had tons of amazing sex, married, and adopted/had kids. And I would pine and wish I could have some of those things, but they always seemed out of reach for someone like me. Although fandom is sometimes touted to be an alternative to mainstream media that tells the stories that are left untold by oppressive creators, I still struggled to find bodies like mine represented in fanfiction. Despite all the potential and possibility for transgressive rewritings of beloved characters, conventional representations of bodies that are considered attractive, desirable, and beautiful are still reproduced. The protagonists are rarely of colour, disabled (and not cured), transfeminine, fat, autistic, and even more rarely more than one of these. We don't get to be the heroes, not even in fanfic. We don't get the love and fans that white boys in love get. We don't get the amazing sex, marriage, or procreation if that's something we want. We also don't get to go on many amazing adventures and get insightful character development. Like in other forms of media, the marginalized body is still not represented adequately. This argument isn't anything new, but it needs to be levelled against fan fiction like any other form of media. We need to always be critical about the media that we consume.

### The Monster in Teen Wolf

I got into *Teen Wolf* (Davis, 2011) and its fandom for the same reason many fans likely do. Pretty, oiled up, shirtless mostly white guys biting and scratching each other and growling possessively. No? Alright, it's probably mostly me.

My relationship with *Teen Wolf* and its fandom is ambivalent and conflicted as most of my media relationships are. Like with fandom generally, I take enjoyment from shipping<sup>1</sup> and squee<sup>2</sup> over the homoerotic subtexts. But at the same time, I remember that I'm queeing over white, conventionally attractive boys who are often paired up with the same.

In a show about monsters, *Teen Wolf's* narrative is radically different from Medusa or Frankenstein's Monster. In this show, the monster is the protagonist. In theory, this should be a celebration. Finally! A chance for metaphorical marginalized individuals to be showcased as heroes! On top of it, the title character is a mixed person of colour! But that's not exactly how the show plays out. While the title character is mixed Mexican, his race is never brought up in any meaningful way. There's no mention of being Mexican or being part of any Mexican communities.

Instead, the monster (werewolf) is made more conventionally attractive, to the point where the monster becomes hyper-desirable. Traits that are socially constructed to be desirable are emphasized such as pronounced chest and arm muscles on the males. This is further compounded when the actors chosen to play the werewolves are the epitome of conventionally attractiveness. The monster becomes a new iteration of the unattainable, mythical norm that Audre Lorde wrote about (Lorde, 1984). It is now the hyper desirable, the thing that people desire to be/fuck, but never something attainable.

---

<sup>1</sup> Shipping is defined by Fanlore.org as, "the act of supporting or wishing for a particular romantic relationship[...] by discussing it, writing meta about it, or creating other types of fanworks exploring it."

<sup>2</sup> Squee is defined by Fanlore.org as, "an onomatopoeic expression of enthusiasm and joy. The word sums up fans' feels of wholeheartedly embracing one's favorite story, or character, or fannish moment".

Compare the werewolf in this show versus the werewolf from the 1984 movie, *Teen Wolf* (Daniel, 1984), where the main character, played by Michael J. Fox, a white man, is petit and could be (and is) tossed around like a ragdoll. As a werewolf, Fox gains a lot of hair and there aren't many shots focusing on Fox's shirtless physique like in the TV show. The werewolf in both *Teen Wolf* the movie and the show posit the werewolf more as a superhero. They have superior reflexes, speed, strength, hearing, smell, sight, and healing factor than humans, and are athletically superior to humans as well as more desirable to others. The *Teen Wolf* TV show appears to have put a lot more effort into designing a werewolf that elicits desire than the 1984 movie. In the show, becoming a werewolf even heals physical disability<sup>3</sup>, barring amputation or deformity, somehow becoming more conventionally attractive after the bite. Suddenly, disabled and/or socially outcast characters such as Erica Reyes, a white, supposed nerd, toting geek glasses and messy hair, who lives with a grand mal seizure condition, Vernon Boyd, a black, stoic, outcast who blames himself for his sister's death, and finally Isaac Lahey, a white, nervous boy who's being physically abused by his father. They all begin wearing leather jackets, gain muscle, better haircuts, and gain popularity because of becoming werewolves.

This normalizing of the monster from outcast to more desirable subject is a trend that I've noticed in popular culture more generally. I can't pinpoint exactly when this change happened, but I blame *Twilight* (Meyers 2005). While the monster is still a marginalized subject in some respects, in order to become palatable for mainstream audiences as a hero, the monster has to become closer to what is desirable, what is "normal" for the mainstream. Rosemarie Garland Thomson, in conversation with others, came up with the term of the

---

<sup>3</sup> In *Teen Wolf* the TV show, we see a few cases where disabled characters lose their disabilities upon becoming a werewolf. First and foremost, Scott has a serious asthma condition which is gone as well as his need for glasses. The character, Erica, chooses to become a werewolf in order to stop having (grand mal) seizures. The only case where disability is not erased by lycanthropy is that Deucalion, the villain of season 2 is blind (but has some vision if he switches to his Alpha red eyes). But this is an example of the Evil Cripple trope found here: <http://tvtropes.org/pmwiki/pmwiki.php/Main/EvilCripple> .



"normate" (Thomson, 1997). The normate refers to the body that is seen as normal and the body that is worthy of legal and social recognition. It is the every-body, the protagonist, the legible subject, the one whose experiences are centered and made invisible because they embody the norm. The norm as I understand it is: white, male, able bodied, heterosexual, thin, gender normative, and other markers of privilege. In short, the normate is a way to make intelligible the complexities of multiply intersecting identities and how multiply marginalized folks experience more kinds of oppression the further they are from the normate. The monster in more recent popular culture thus, has become more *relatable* to the mainstream media. The monster can't stay disabled, queer, and racialized and *also* be protagonists anymore. The space to be multiply marginalized, a monster, and a protagonist worthy of fan squeeing is extremely limited in both media and fanfiction. As Regina, the Evil Queen in *Once Upon a Time* said, "Villains don't get happy endings" (Hemecker, 2013).

The experience of pulling the monster closer to the normate feels like trends found within many marginalized communities. The pull towards the normate is intoxicating. It's hard to refuse power and Nice Things like housing, a steady income, respect, and love. But on what terms? History is rife with examples. White women and men of colour pushing women of colour (especially black women) under the bus in an effort to be accepted by white men. Skin bleaching in efforts to become whiter and hopefully more readily accepted by white people (but also because of shadeism that pre-dates colonization). White gays and lesbians emphasizing how they're like heterosexuals but with this one difference while excluding everyone not like them. The list goes on.

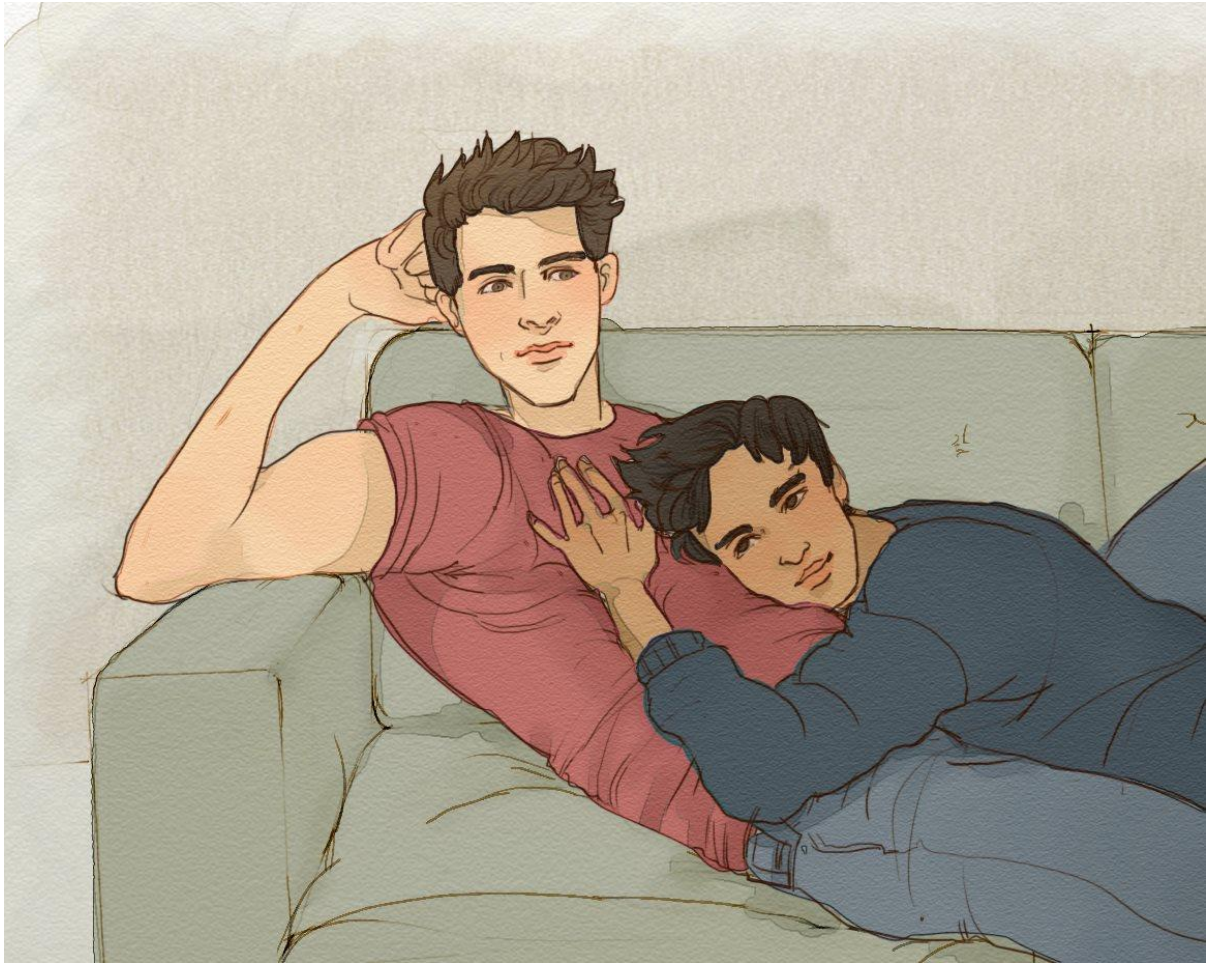
*Teen Wolf's* werewolves feel the same way: becoming a werewolf literally brings someone closer to the normate. . The only difference within the werewolf cast is that Scott is never able to attain the same level of popularity in the fandom despite being the title character of the show, in part because he's racialized (Fazekas, 2014). He's brought closer to the

normate, but can never quite attain the mythical norm. In contrast, the white male werewolves (Derek especially), enjoy considerably more popularity in fanfiction, while Boyd, a black male and Erica, a white female, end up dead in the show itself. I want to have my happily ever after too!

For this special issue, I wrote a fanfic to center the experiences of a disabled, queer person of colour. My motto for my published fiction is to write stories my teenage self would have dreamed to read about. So I wrote *Teen Wolf* fanfic about Scott, a mixed Mexican boy who has asthma, comes from a single mom family, plays second string on the school lacrosse team, and is an outcast. Stiles is Scott's best friend, a white boy from a single dad family, has ADHD (and I'd argue he's autistic-coded, see Mullis, this issue), and occupies the same social spaces as Scott at school. This fic takes place in an alternate universe (AU) where Scott stayed his disabled self after getting bitten. He and Stiles end up in a romantic relationship prior to the beginning of this fic because they've always been borderline codependent best friends there for each other and it surprised no one that their relationship turned romantic and sexual. I'm bringing knowledge from my communities using the medium of fic into academia. Namely, the power of telling stories in the hands of a multiply marginalized person. I hope to make a space for multiply marginalized folks; this is for the freaks, geeks and weirdos who've ever been made to feel like a monster.

## Works Cited

- Cohen, J. J. (Eds.). (1996). *Monster Theory: Reading Culture*. Minneapolis: MN, University of Minnesota Press.
- Daniel, R. (Director). (1984). *Teen Wolf*. [Motion picture]. US: Wolfkill Productions.
- Davis, J. (Executive Producer). (2011). *Teen Wolf* [Television series]. US: MTV.
- Fazekas, A. (2014) *Queer and Unusual Space: White supremacy in slash fiction*. Unpublished thesis, Queen's University.
- Horowitz, A. & Kitsis, E. (Writers), & Hemecker, Ralph (Director). (2013). Going Home [Television series episode]. In ABC (Producer), *Once Upon a Time*. US: Kitsis/Horowitz.
- Lorde, A. (1984). Age, Race, Class and Sex: Women Redefining Difference. In *Sister Outsider* (p. 114-123). California: Crossing Press.
- Meyers, S. (2005). *Twilight*. New York: NY, Little Brown and Company.
- Shelley, M. (1818). *Frankenstein: Or the modern Prometheus*. Oxford, U.K.: Oxford University Press
- Thomson, R. G. (1997). *Extraordinary Bodies: Figuring Physical Disability in American Culture and Literature*. New York: NY, Columbia University Press.



Amazing art by Eli [http://instagram.com/mercury\\_bones](http://instagram.com/mercury_bones)

Alt text: There are two older teenage boys cuddling on a grey couch. One of the boys is propping a head up on his arm which is resting on the couch arm. He's white with short, spikey brown hair and brown eyes and is wearing a dark red t-shirt and blue jeans. His name is Stiles Stillinski. The other boy is laying between Stiles' legs using his chest as a pillow with a hand resting on Stiles' chest. This second boy is mixed Mexican with black hair and dark brown eyes and is wearing a navy blue sweater. His name is Scott McCall.

It was a Friday night at the McCall house. And that meant movie night for Stiles Stillinski and Scott McCall. They took turns picking the movie every week. The rules were simple: Friday night movies were reserved for anything cheesy and terrible. Plus points if it was a horror film; which was more Stiles' thing than Scott's to be honest. But Scott humoured Stiles' interest in horror movies because it meant quality, uninterrupted cuddle time. And he liked listening to Stiles' running commentary about the film and the random trivia he knew about literally every single film they watched.

It was a tradition they started when they were middle school kids trying to cope with the death of Stiles' mother and Scott's abusive father and subsequent leaving. They didn't have much. Both were a little too weird to have many friends. With single parents working all the time in order to keep food on the table, they really just had each other. Maybe the years of comments about their codependence had a grain of truth to it. So what? It's not as if the other students at school were willing to be their friends. So they had each other and their nerd interests and that was enough.

They'd been joined at the hip since Scott moved to Beacon Hills just before he started kindergarten. Scott was the weird Mexican kid with asthma and no one wanted to play with him. One day, he was making a sand castle (by himself) when Stiles came along and peed on it. It turns out that Stiles was trying to help and make a moat. ...Which didn't go according to plan, but they somehow became steadfast friends. So the asthmatic kid and the kid whose brain was always running around became friends.

This particular Friday night, they were curled up in a mess of limbs that might look uncomfortable to any parent that might walk in and see them (again), but it worked for them. Scott's face was smooshed into Stiles' belly with one arm squished between Stiles' back and the couch, and the other resting possessively on his chest. Scott was pretty touchy feely, especially since "the Accident." But Stiles surprisingly didn't mind it. It took a while to work

out how they could fit their bodies in each other's spaces. Stiles was secretly a cuddlebug and a little touch-starved since his mom died. His dad wasn't so demonstrative so it worked out great that Scott like touching. It was easier than asking for touch.

They got together romantically a couple years ago, just after "the Accident." The "Accident" being when Scott got bitten by a werewolf and that year of fear and death that they didn't like talking about. Needless to say, Stiles and Scott discovered that supernatural beings existed. They also learned that the pack that Scott potentially would join weren't very happy with the prospect of having an asthmatic werewolf in their pack. Scott also refused to let go of his annoying friend who talked too much. So they did their own thing and figured out how to werewolf via Stiles' amazing research skills and coaching. And gradually, between Stiles coaching Scott how not to wolf out (which felt a lot like trying not to get a hard on) and dealing with new urges (being a werewolf was seriously like puberty), Scott fell for his best friend. It hit him like a ton of bricks one day and his realization was quickly followed with, "I can't be gay" and "why would Stiles want a brown, asthmatic *monster* as a boyfriend?" But then he remembered that his teammate, Danny, was openly gay and that Stiles was pretty obviously bi to anyone who cared to look.

But that didn't solve his insecurities. They lived in a small town and no matter how much the townspeople said they weren't judgmental, they really were. It terrified Scott to admit how he felt towards his best friend. But over a round of video games and with a lot of stammering, wheezing, and hand wringing, Scott managed to confess his feelings to Stiles. Which immediately led to kissing. A lot of enthusiastic kissing. With tongue. And then sweaty, awkward fumbling. Scott's heart felt like it would burst out of his chest and he couldn't breathe in a good way? Not in a way that he'd need his inhaler if that made sense. But anyways, for the first time in Scott's young life, he got what all those teen movies were

all about. Sorta? They were still two guys and had to figure out what to do via Stiles' research skills because they didn't teach how gay sex works in sex ed. But it was good. Very good.

Luckily, they weren't found by a parent the next day when they woke up sticky in bed with each other and actually had the time to figure out what they neglected to do the night before and tell their parents how they wanted to. Both parents took it well and they didn't even have to close their bedroom doors when together! ...Neither parent wanted to catch them in a compromising position.

On this particular night, they (grudgingly on Scott's part) agreed on the classic 1985 movie, *Teen Wolf*. Because Stiles thought it was hilariously ironic for them to watch it. And it *was* a classic! Stiles had seen it often enough that he could mouth the entire script off by heart and was doing so while idly carding a hand through Scott's messy black hair. When the character, Scott, fell down in the basketball match and his best friend, Stiles, was introduced, Scott broke the silence and lifted his head up.

"Hey, did you notice that like, they have the same names as us? We're also best friends. And I'm a werewolf like movie Scott!" He laughed.

Stiles frowned and scratched his head. For once, he was speechless. For a moment. Then replied, "Yeah... It's spooky. Maybe even spooopy! I really hope our lives don't end up like an episode of Buffy because of this."

"You think our relationship is like theirs?" asked Scott stroking Stiles' belly emphasizing what he meant.

Stiles didn't catch on to what Scott was trying to hint at and said, "Well, you're on a losing high school sports team. But I'm also on the team, unlike movie Stiles, and we play lacrosse, not basketball. We're both school losers and I was kinda your gay best friend so, yeah, I guess we're like movie Scott and Stiles."

"No, I meant, do you think they might be secretly boyfriends or something," Scott clarified.

"Oh... Yeah. I definitely think they were playing tonsil hockey. Or at least movie Stiles had feelings for Scott. Wish they could have actually gotten together instead of Scott and Buffy." Stiles sighed and stared off into the distance. Scott recognized that look as Stiles' "stewing over something intensely" look and turned to face the TV and watch the movie. Stiles would likely have something to say after the movie, but Scott was patient.

Eventually, Stiles came back and they were soon back to watching the movie again. They laughed, devoured popcorn and Reese's Peanut Butter Cups, and made lewd remarks whenever movie Stiles and Scott did something that proved to them they were gay for each other. Scott ended up spooning against Stiles' back arm instinctually slung around Stiles' hip protectively. By the end of the movie, Stiles had gotten Scott to rub slow circles around his belly.

Scott broke the silence surprisingly and said, "I wonder what would happen if I was a werewolf like in the movie. Like being athletic. And not asthmatic."

Stiles was broken out of his dozing with a snuffle. He didn't say anything for a moment. He was collecting his thoughts likely unsure of which words to use. But that was okay, Scott was used to it. Stiles put up with his inability to run up a flight of stairs without needing his inhaler.

"If werewolf superpowers were real, I'd ask you to show me what the rom com staple of wall sex is all about. But I don't think that much would be different. Can knotting be real? I'd be down if you were able to knot."

Scott smacked Stiles with a pillow. "Serious answer! I'm feeling a little insecure since I can't do any of the stuff that movie Scott can do even though I'm a real life werewolf."



They'd established a long time ago that Stiles liked it best when Scott was explicit about pretty well everything. Especially feelings.

Stiles took a deep breath and promptly pulled Scott up into a bear hug in his spindly arms. "You're perfect just the way you are. So what if you're not like the werewolves in movies? That's TV and not real life. You're a *real* werewolf. Those other ones are made for Hollywood."

"And Derek..."

"Fuck Derek. Not literally. He's a disappointing sourwolf and an asshole for not wanting you in his pack. Just because you have asthma? We were the ones who found out how to trap the Alpha, not him. All because of your hero complex and refusal to give up and my megalomaniac brain for making plans. I knew watching every season of NCIS would come in handy someday!" Stiles flapped gesturing wildly as if it would convey how much he cared for Scott with his whole body. And also how excited he was to take over the world.

"But I'd be so much better for you if I didn't have asthma. I'd make a better boyfriend." Scott looked away sadly, his eyes focused on the carpeted floor.

Stiles squawked. "If you didn't have asthma and had superhuman skills, I'd be afraid you'd become like movie Scott and leave me in the dust. I'm the annoying weirdo that gets shoved into lockers even though I kinda like being roughoused like that!"

"But he still went back to Boof at the end! Don't you trust me?" Scott said trying to catch Stiles' constantly wandering gaze.

Scott looked stricken. So Stiles didn't trust him. Figures. Who'd trust a monster after all? He could really hurt Stiles if he wasn't careful. What he didn't expect was Stiles' response when he said, "I love you, Scott."

Scott blinked and looked back at Stiles his eyebrows knitting. Then Stiles added, "Sorry for worrying you. I wanted to say it right for once." He scrunched his nose and

fidged with a spinner he always kept with him. "I'm just like... sometimes I'm afraid I'm going to lose you? Like I know. I'm a white American and you're half Mexican. But I imagined you in TV Scott's place and imagined how a bunch of girls and maybe Danny would be all over you. That you'd get a girlfriend and not ever notice how many years I was pining over you. All because you'd be a superstar athlete with muscles and stuff."

Scott was about to say something in response but stopped. Why would he pick some girl over Stiles? He didn't get it. He liked girls mostly, but he wouldn't take Stiles for granted like that if he didn't have asthma! Besides, Stiles was white. How hard would it be for him to find a boyfriend or girlfriend? So he said: "I'm also afraid of losing you... You're smarter than me. And people don't pick on you for the colour of your skin. If anyone could get with Lydia, it'd be you."

Stiles rolled his eyes. "That ship sailed years ago. Lydia's said no to me years ago. It's creepy when guys keep on trying to ask someone out according to the Tumblr hivemind. Besides, I've had a thing for you since puberty and figured out I could be into anyone. I chose you! You're stuck with me, Scotty. Who else would put up with your smelly socks in their face? And you know I don't like to let go of the people I care about."

Scott wasn't sure how to respond to what Stiles said. On one hand, it was great that Stiles was pretty devoted to him. On the other hand, he wished that Stiles better understood what it meant to be a mixed Mexican boy in a largely white small town. Or to have a medical condition that stopped him from doing a lot of things. Then again, he didn't have to deal with Stiles' brain. Something about ADHD and autistic traits... "Alright... I believe you. I love you too Stiles. No one else could change that."

"I love you more," Stiles said grinning knowing the game they play.

"I love you most," Scott responded placing a quick kiss on Stiles' lips.

"You know I don't think of you as a big, scary monster, right?" Stiles said.

"I know... But I feel like I've lost something. My life is so different now. I have to manage my emotions so I don't wolf out, and I can't tell anyone except you. It's like being in the closet." Scott said.

"It's like you have a disability and are queer." Stiles teased.

"Maybe?" Scott felt a little lost and wasn't sure how to say what he was feeling. He wished he knew someone not Derek and friends to talk to about being a werewolf. And everything else. "Like, life has never been easy. You know all about it. And this is another issue on top of everything else. I turn into an anthro wolf. I'm even hairier and have fangs and claws! I could kill you so easily!"

"But you don't. Because you're better than that. You've been nothing but careful with me and even if you did accidentally hurt me, I wouldn't hold it against you. You are not evil. You are not your father. And I like the hair, fangs, and claws." Stiles said making himself look Scott in the eyes. And Scott knew how significant it was that Stiles' maintained eye contact.

"Alright... I love you Stiles. I just... I just feel so much like a monster. I feel ugly. And I'm afraid that I won't get into nursing and I'll be stuck in this small town." Scott said.

"I love you too Scott. I feel like a freak too. But yeah, I don't know everything you're going through, but I feel you. You're not alone. You have me. You have your mother. You have my father. And we all love you, dude. Remember when we had to come out to them about being bi/pan? And then a year later about how you were a werewolf?" Stiles chuckled at the memory.

Scott smiled in response thinking about the memory. "Your dad didn't believe we were together at first. Then you kissed me in front of him to prove it. He nearly shit a brick. And by the time we told him I was a werewolf and let him in that the supernatural world existed, he wasn't surprised. I think we broke him. But he went to those PFLAG meetings the

next town over and made the whole police force join him. And he really cracked down on homophobia in town."

"And don't forget your mom. She just took it and hit the ground running. Made sure we were safe and got us in contact with your uncle in Puerto Vallarta that we never knew was gay. And then the second coming out, she grilled us to make sure we weren't still involved with Derek's group. And then tracked him down to make sure he'll never get us involved in anything again. She's the best when she's on our side." Stiles cackled gleefully again.

"You know, If it wasn't for how racist and homophobic Beacon Hills were, I'd want to stay here. I like being close to our family. If we could go to college here, I would." Scott mused to himself.

"Well, our parents are working to make it better. And if you want to come back after college, we could make it better. You'll be a nurse like your mom. And I'll be busy digitizing the library. Try and make our town a little less bigoted like our parents are doing." Stiles suggested.

"Maybe. I just want to have a good life. With you. But the world sucks. It's really like I'm a monster and not just because I'm a werewolf," Scott said with a sad note in his voice.

"We can do it! You're not the first gay mixed Mexican guy. Or the first guy with asthma. Or the first werewolf. Maybe the only gay mixed Mexican werewolf with asthma. You've got good grades, you've got a lot of patience, and you've got me. If Berkley doesn't want you, there plenty of other schools," Stiles said.

"It'd be easier if I saw someone like me doing well." Scott said.

"Yeah. We don't see guys like us living the American Dream. You especially. Like, the Scott in the movie isn't gay or Mexican. And he doesn't have asthma. No matter how much we want him to be gay, he's not." Stiles sighed.

"I'd kill -not literally- to see werewolves like me. Either in real life or in a movie. It makes me feel like I'm like, twice the monster. For being a werewolf who they want to kill. And for being... Me. All of me." At least Derek was hot. Scott... He didn't have Derek's muscles, square jawline, and stubble. Scott was scrawny and was nowhere near as masculine. He also couldn't grow that much facial hair and his body hair was scraggly. He wasn't hairless or have the perfect treasure trail. He was surprised that Stiles found him hot but was always grateful that Stiles wanted him.

"Hollywood sucks. It's either they kill the werewolf or they turn the werewolf into a superhero. Get this! Superwolf! Super fast, strong, with amazing reflexes and instant abs and killer stubble! And now for the most important part. He's white!" Stiles sat up getting into the role gesturing wildly and flexing his skinny arms.

Scott laughed and wolfed out. "Hey Mr. Superwolf. Think you could show me how to be a werewolf like you?"

"Sure citizen! Just get rid of that asthma, douse yourself in skin bleach until you're as pale as me, wax off all your body hair, work out until you have abs like mine, get a professional team to do your hair and wardrobe, and you'll be just like me!" Stiles played along doing a (bad) impression of Captain Hammer from Dr. Horrible's Sing-Along Blog.

Scott nodded casually and smiled. "I'll make sure to remember that. I can't believe I've been doing this werewolf thing wrong the past couple years. Between trying to coming out of the wolfie closet, getting away from the snobby werewolf drama, and control my emotions around the bullies that still pick on me and you, I never knew all I had to do was stop being myself and become a Ken clone." Scott deadpanned.

Stiles grinned breaking character. "I got your sarcasm loud and clear. And you're right. It's like Hollywood is skipping over us. To become a real werewolf, you can't be anything but a sexy clone. Like, I don't think there's a werewolf with ADHD or is autistic. A

werewolf getting sensory overload makes sense though. Or a gay werewolf? Have you ever seen a gay werewolf?"

"No? Does that website about gay werewolf armpit taco porn count?" Scott snorted and giggled remembering the weird website he found while trying to find gay werewolf porn.

"Really? I gotta look that up later. That's another reason why werewolves today suck." Stiles said.

"Yes homo. I'd make an excellent gay werewolf." Scott deadpanned again.

"Totally. An asthmatic, mixed Mexican, gay werewolf." Stiles deadpanned in return.

Scott started laughing hysterically eyes crinkled in mirth. "I love that we can be weirdos together. We're different kinds of weirdos, but we somehow fit together. I don't think I could have survived school without you."

Stiles raised an arm and held a hand up as if he was showing something off to Scott. "Think about it. In a short few months, we'll be leaving Beacon Hills. We'll be moving to San Francisco. And we'll hopefully be able to meet other werewolves who aren't grumpy drama queens. There's gotta be Mexican werewolves out there. There's definitely Mexican gay guys in San Fran at least."

Scott felt a little better about himself. Stiles described himself as an asshole, but he wasn't. Well. Much. Stiles just wasn't the best at reading the mood of a room. But he was so loyal to Scott. "Yeah, San Francisco will be awesome. You'll take over the city and I'll be there as your minion."

Stiles snickered and shook his head. "While taking over San Francisco sounds awesome, I think I'll just use my 1337 skills to find where the city supernaturals meet up. And you're smarter than you think you know? You help pull me back to the ground when I get too distracted and make me eat. And don't think I haven't noticed you studying from your mom's

old nursing textbooks. You work hard and you're going to acknowledge you're amazing."

Stiles jabbed Scott's chest accusingly.

Scott mock winced and grabbed Stiles' finger as if he were afraid of getting poked again. "Ouch! You're going to leave a bruise! You're being all dominant right now. I think I like it."

Stiles said hopefully, "Then maybe you'll let me be the big spoon for once?"

"No. You're always the little spoon, little spoon," Scott teased. "Seriously, you can pull me into a cuddle whenever. I really don't care if I'm big or little spoon as long as we're cuddling."

"I knew there's a reason I loved you. Good Scott. Best boyfriend." Stiles teased.

Scott rolled his eyes. "You're limited to one Internet reference I don't know an hour. But actually making you do it is like telling you not to breathe."

"That's what I'm here for. Thinking too much and obsessing about memes and supernatural beings. Especially ones that I'm in love with. You wanna help me do a late night grocery run? I could use your wolfie senses to tell me what food is good and what's rotting."

"My body is ready." Scott said his eyes crinkling as he smirks at Stiles finally getting in an Internet meme in over Stiles.

"Gaming references? I knew I loved you for a reason. I'm going to marry you so hard someday and our parents will weep at how awesome our love is." Stiles said gleefully before tackling Scott in an over-enthusiastic hug. The grocery run was forgotten for the evening as they ended up play fighting and watching that Del Torro movie about the Fish Man. A typical Friday night for the McCall-Stillinski household...