

Derek made sure to travel down to his hidden family vault that was beneath the Beacon Hills high school at least once a month. A thing he started to do to check and make sure everything contained inside was accounted for after the incident they had where someone had broken into the vault.

The vault contained many old and valuable relics, rare herbs, and other things Derek wouldn't want falling into the wrong hands. Usually Peter will tag along with him, his uncle using this time to annoy Derek while Derek busied himself checking the inventory. This time though Derek was alone, his uncle giving a lame excuse he was busy and couldn't join Derek. Which Derek wasn't bothered by, it would be nice to be able to work like he likes to in peace without his uncle's chattering.

Sticking his claws into the stone door, Derek twists them and opens the door to the vault, stepping inside, he flicks the lights on, illuminating the darkened old room with bright lights.

He always finds himself calm when he is down here, feeling closer to his family, the Alpha's of the Hale pack who've come before him. It's nice to be here alone for once, so Derek can truly appreciate it. Maybe he will stay a little longer this time just to study more of his family's history.

When Derek turns a corner, his peaceful atmosphere is shattered when he sees a face staring at him. He's proud of himself for not overreacting, Derek simply jerks back in surprise, his eyes glowing red and his fangs extend and he prepares for a fight when he realizes the face doesn't belong to a person, just a mask.

'Strange.' He thinks as he observes the mask. He has never seen this down here before in his past visits. This mask would definitely be something he would remember seeing. The mask has such detail to it. The rubber-latex texture of it has been carefully decorated in such detail that makes it look almost real. It kind of makes Derek think of those special effects movie masks actors wear in movies.

That thought makes Derek realize where the mask could have come from, he groans in annoyance, getting out his phone to text Peter not to store his personal collection down here, or at the very least put it somewhere not in the way. Only Derek isn't able to send the text, for some reason his phone has no signal down here. Which is odd since Derek usually did have cellphone service when he was down here in the vault.

Sighing he just pockets his phone and decides to just talk to Peter after he is done down here. For now he will just move the mask to be out of the way, only when Derek grabs it and carefully lifts it up, he pauses, locking eyes with the two empty eye sockets in the mask. Derek becomes almost mesmerized by the mask, unsure why that is, or why he feels this desire to try it on.

It will just be quick, he tells himself, his uncle would never even know Derek had put it on in the first place. Stepping over to a mirror that hung on the opposite side of the vault, Derek stood

there in front of it. Carefully he pulls the rubber-latex mask over his head, wincing a little as it runs his skin a little roughly, but he gets it settled over his face.

When he looks at his reflection he can't help but find how ridiculous he looks. The mask makes him look like a ugly brute. He can see the mask is a little big on him, hanging somewhat loosely and making it clear this is a mask he is wearing. He stares at himself for a moment more, thinking of taking a picture to show to Stiles when Derek has to do a double take, swearing the black hollow eye holes he is looking through blink in the reflection.

"What the hell?" He murmurs, wondering if he imagined it at first, but then the mask feels warm against his skin, it also feels like it is sticking to his face. Derek growing frightened he begins tugging at the mask, trying to take it off. Only the mask doesn't budge, it feels warmer, sticking tighter to his skin, making Derek pull as hard as he can with his werewolf strength and yet the mask doesn't come off or rip apart like it should with how strong Derek is.

"Get off me!" Derek roars, tugging at it with both hands, thrashing and stumbling around to get it off. He feels himself grow weak, like he was hot with wolfsbane and his werewolf side is hindered, feeling that part of himself he was born with fade away from his very being, leaving Derek very much a normal human.

He rushes back to the mirror, his hands touching his masked face. He can see how wide his eyes are through the eye holes, wide with fear and confusion. Derek feels a phantom touch on his scalp, as if fingers are kneading into the top of his skull, massaging it, he runs his hands over it as if to get the ghostly touch to stop, but he only feels that the top of the rubber-latex mask feels a lot less fake, and a lot more real.

With a cold dreadful feeling Derek realizes the mask is fusing to his head. The top portion has already merged to his head, making Derek bald now. Derek tries to get to his phone to call for help, only he ends up dropping the phone when his hands cramp up, he watches with horror as his fingers get thicker, rougher and calloused as if he spent years doing labor based work with them.

"Fuck, it's not just my face changing?!" Derek yells, his voice booming in a deeper baritone. He snaps his attention back to the mirror, seeing the mask shrink more around his face. So now when Derek tugs at it, it doesn't stretch that far, in fact it doesn't stretch at all, Derek's lips that he could see through the mouth of the mask having now fused with them, his nose getting bigger as it settles and fuses to the nose of the mask with the rest of Derek's face following along so now it is no longer a mask Derek wears, but his very face. With that realization his face itches around his mouth, watching a salt and pepper goatee grows around his mouth.

"Oh fuck, this has to be a nightmare. A bloody fucking nightmare!" Derek says, his voice gruffier, a British accent lacing his speech now. He feels his neck thicken and get a little wider. His shoulders and back become broader and stretch out his t-shirt. His biceps double in size and

force his shirt sleeves to tear apart, his pants constrict his legs and ass when his lower half also gains in size like the rest of him.

Derek stares at his reflection, glancing down over his body, his fear turns to confusion, which then turns into content, starting to feel his mind go dull with his old self washing away from every aspect of his mind. His mind isn't left vacant for long, his new persona creeps in soon after. The blank glazed look in his eyes disappears as Derek's irises turn from hazel to a rich brown color, he raises a large hand up, tugging at the collar of his shirt and the shirt gives way, revealing Derek's bulkier dad bod.

"Fucken hell, hadn't had a blackout like that since I was a young bloke." He says to himself. Daryl Hawkins stretches himself, groaning as his body pops a little from his e stretching. The werewolf hunter glances around him, his eyes catching a familiar sigil painted on the wall. He walks over to it, placing a hand over the three spiral markings, a grin spreading on his face when he realizes why it looks so familiar.

"Ahhh so this must be the vault from the infamous Hale family." He muses. Looking around once more, eyeing all the shelves covered with valuable artifacts that are just ripe for the taking.

"Daryl old boy you just hit the jock pot!" The older man says and gets to work picking and choosing what he can steal, no recollection of his old self whatever as he takes fro, his former self.