Your Baby and Me

by tearsandholdme

Summary

“Him, you recommended, and he seems fit for the job,” Derek said, handing the application to her flashing a charming smile. “Stiles Stilinski, he's going to carry my pup.”

Notes

Prompt - Derek’s family keep pestering him about settling down and having a family – a child. Derek is not good at making plans but he thinks this one is pretty good: he hires an omega to carry his child only he didn't plan to pick the one omega who doesn't bend by conventional rules or to fall crazily in love with him.

Both Stiles and Derek will be the child’s genetic parents but according to the surrogacy laws in this universe, only Derek will have legal rights to the child/children once they are born. Stiles also worries about this. He's had a hard life so he entered the program because he needed the money, but he never imagined he will get so attached to his cub(s) or to the infuriating sourwolf for the matter. Now, he dreads the time when they have to part ways as the date of birth approaches.

---

I've never seen or written a surrogacy fic before and it was an interesting prompt. I apologise for any mistakes.

If you read and like then please leave feedback! It's gold dust for authors.
Chapter 1

If there is anything Stiles is known for it's bad decisions. Decisions he makes and then regrets in the long run when he's burying his head in the sand and not giving a damn. Being an omega in werewolf society though meant you were the lowest, the most desired by alphas for families and mating and pups, but apart from that no one gave a damn about you. Alphas and betas were higher in society and Stiles hated it. He hated how his heats locked in a room for a week and a half when he thrust his hips into the air and fucked himself on an eight inch dildo needing that relief. His thighs and ass cheeks painted with slick. They were worst two weeks and they came along every three months. It all started the moment he turned fourteen and thought he was dying when a fever broke out and his slick arrived. It had been the most embarrassing encounter with his parents to date.

Stiles was unmated, had no romantic interests on the line, and was currently twenty one, out of college, and was now living in debt. It didn't help that his job as a bartender had knocked his hours down, his rent and bills were on his ass for payment, and he was stuck in a rut needing the money to pay them off.

“I'd help you out kiddo, I would, but times are hard, and with the mortgage payments...” his dad said when he tucked his metaphorical tail in between his legs and went to him for help.

“Hey, no, dad, it's fine! I'll deal with it, I promise, I'm an adult now right?” Stiles said in quick protest and argument not wanting to cause his dad any more stress. “You don't have to worry about me. I'll be fine.”

Stiles returned to San Francisco and instantly called Scott the moment he got back needing his best friend and coffee. Starbucks was open to him when he ordered a caramel macchiato and a cookie sitting in the comfortable chairs. His fingers pushed his phone on the table so it spun and he inhaled deeply catching the particular scent of Scott walking in. Scott was an alpha, mated, successful as an intern in a firm, and he was doing well. Stiles kind of hated it but he was happy for him.

“Hey buddy,” Scott said greeting him with a hug. “How you doing? What did your dad say?”

“I feel...fine. Um, no, he – he can't help and I didn't want him too, Scott, he shouldn't have to bail me out. I can do this, just need to get a new job, pay my rent and my bills, and I know I owe you that two hundred...”

“Stiles, hey, no, okay? Forget about that, you're my best friend and you needed it. All you need to do now is sort your life out. Allison and I, we're here for you no matter what. If you lose your apartment then we have a couch that is open, you know this,” Scott said gripping his wrist and flashing him a small but genuine smile. “I mean there are loans...”

“Scott, I'm already in enough debt! I don't need them chasing my pert ass too.”

“Well there is stuff out there, you know...donating sperm for money, giving blood, or even medical testing.”

“You mean tests? I'm not keen on blood and needles,” he mumbled shaking his head to clear his thoughts.

“Yeah,” Scott agreed stealing a piece of his cookie. “But it'll sort out. I promise.”

Stiles knew Scott wanted to help, he could appreciate that. But his mind was telling him it wasn't
going to be okay, his mind also told him to get Lydia and the alcohol that could get him drunk.

“I don't know why you drink this vile stuff,” Lydia said the moment she walked into his apartment. She didn't understand knocking before entering and his pleas with her to do this were ignored. He sighed reaching out for the bottle of vodka laced with wolfsbane and pulled the glass towards him.

“Well we can't all be a banshee can we?” he said ignoring her roll of her eyes when she sat undoing her purple coat and removing her hat. “I have had the day from hell. I need vodka, lots of it, and conversation that doesn't leave me wanting to rip my own throat out!”

“I take it the conversation with daddy Stilinski didn't go too well?”

“I am swimming in money problems, it's ridiculous, and no you're not bailing me out.”

“I didn't say I was.”

“I can sort out my own problems,” he muttered bitterly taking a gulp and wincing at the taste. “How's the new job? You working in fashion...you have the eye. You'll be an editor one day no doubt. It's like good alternate universe and you're ugly betty but really pretty and kind of a bitch.”

“That's so sweet,” she cooed stealing the bottle off him. “Why don't you stop the pity party and get a grip! You're a werewolf, an omega, you have your uses.”

“What become a prostitute? I can barely kiss someone!”

“Yes, yes, we all know you're a bit of a loser when it comes to relationships. Danny says hi by the way.”

“Oh my god, it was a drunken mistake, yes, yes it was good sex but sex...it's all it was. He said I was cute,” he murmured trailing off with a horrified gasp. “Oh my god! Am I easy?!"

Her knowing smirk left him whining when he sat back shutting his eyes. “What uses do I have? I can barely kiss someone!”

“You have a very unique talent that can be put to use.”

“What do you mean?”

“Oh come on, Stiles, you're clever. What do you and other boy and girl omegas have?”

“Good looks?”

“The ability to have a child,” Lydia said with a heavy sigh staring at him. “One ability that some others do not have. An alpha couple who are barren needing a pup, an alpha wanting a pup, a beta couple, anyone who isn't an omega wanting a baby and cannot have one.”

Stiles stared at her stunned. His mouth opened when he gaped attempting to deal with that bundle of information and not doing the best job of it.

“So...selling my ability to carry a pup? Are you insane?!"

“I know of one girl who did this and they paid her eight thousand dollars plus expenses and paying for the hospital bills, new clothes, everything. All because a barren woman wanted a baby or a pup as you call them.”
“Eight thousand dollars?” he whispered stunned.

“It varies, depends on who the person is wanting a baby. Surrogates are highly valued. I mean you get the illegal organizations but if you get in the right company you can get the right cash. Plus you're not being used.”

“I could do with eight thousand dollars, that could pay my bills, my rent, everything,” he mumbled staring down at the glass. “But...but it's insane! I mean...surrogacy is a big deal. I mean the baby wouldn't be mine.”

“No, you would be the child's genetic parent but according to omega surrogacy laws all rights go to the donor and not you. You have the pup, you hand it over, and done. You've given a family a piece of life and they pay you,” she said with a sweet but evil smile.

“That is your solution for me?”

“No, I am advising you, I can't make you do this, Stiles, but it's an option. It's an option that could save your ass from being homeless or the court coming to get your stuff for not paying debts.”

The thought prickled and tossed around in his head when he drank the vodka down feeling it slowly and surely starting to effect him. The wolfsbane was doing it's job weakening his system and he was thankful to be drunk hours later. The subject of surrogacy dropped when they curled in front of the television but it didn't stop him thinking about it. The thought of babies had never occurred to him and he had always been told on doctor appointments he was very fertile. That when he was finally mated he could give his alpha pups without a problem.

It was a proud feeling to have but now the idea of carrying a pup for someone he didn't know but also being paid was appealing but terrifying. Giving birth was something he never imagined doing for a long time if it came to it and he wanted babies further down the line. It was a lot of pressure on his body for someone else.

Sleep was uneasy that night, his mind a whirlwind of thoughts when he finally woke up the next morning feeling sick and achy from the alcohol. Lydia already gone with a note left on his coffee table.

'Think about my option! It could solve a lot of problems. X'

That option plagued his mind when he went throughout his day eating breakfast, taking a shower in his small and slightly damp bathroom before heading outside. It was mid April and spring was here when he walked down the sidewalk to look for jobs. In the end he ended up in a cafe using the wifi to look this up. There was a program for omegas, the website fancy and white when they portrayed pictures of happy couples and omegas. Stiles copied the number and address of where to go down on a napkin before making the decision to visit Scott and Allison.

“I need your help,” he said the moment Allison opened the door wearing a tracksuit and looking sweaty. “Am I disturbing you?”

“No, no, just got in from running, what's up?”

“Lydia came around last night,” he said walking into her kitchen and spinning to face her. “Things were said...”

“Oh my god, did something happen...?” she whispered shocked.

“What? No, no, oh my god, no, I mean I know I had that big crush on her but it's gone and gone
forever but no just,” he said knowing he was rambling when he leaned back bracing against the counter. “You know my money problems, right?”

“Scott mentioned them, you know we would help you out if we could but with the wedding...”

“Allison, I know, I don't need the help, I can find the money on my own. Like...you know...being a surrogate,” Stiles muttered looking at his nails listening to Allison exhale sharply.

“What?”

“Yeah...”

“Lydia told you to be a surrogate. Stiles, you can't be serious!”

“She told me some girl got eight thousand dollars for carrying a pup for a couple who couldn't have children. That is just her, I could have more or less, but eight thousand dollars could pay my bills, pay my rent, I could even get a new apartment! I would also be giving life!”

Allison gaped at him as she stood hands on her hips before she sighed deeply pushing her hair back. “Stiles, are you even listening to yourself? This isn't like taking a summer job, this is you putting yourself through morning sickness, the aches, the pains, the labor for someone else. It would be there baby alone. You're doing this for money.”

“Yeah, I am, well I might, but I could give someone a pup and get money in return for it. I get paid for everything and I give someone a baby. I thought you of all people would support me on this.”

“Stiles,” she murmured stepping forward pressing her hands to her chest. “I will always support you in anything you do but this – you really need to think about this. This isn't something you should do without proper consideration. I mean can you really carry a child and then at the end of the pregnancy just...hand it over. It would be your child as well.”

“Not according to the laws.”

Allison grimaced looking away from him and he swallowing knowing what she was thinking. It probably wasn't the best decision but it was the only decision with a shit job, a ton of debt, and no way out. The idea of it was scary but also a little exciting.

“Look, whatever you do, I will support you, we will support you. I just want you to think about this clearly. Okay?”

“Yes, fine, I will really think about it!” he cried wanting to give her peace of mind when she walked away from him to get two bottles of water out of the fridge.

Stiles didn't have to think about it and he didn't the moment he left heading to the address. The cab took him there when he stepped out staring up at the building. It was all about the business when he deliberated before stepping up the doors and ringing the buzzer to get in. His converse squeaked on the pristine white tiles when he made his way to the reception desk. The woman behind clean cut and very beautiful when she waited for him to step up.

“Do you have an appointment?” she said in a cool soft voice. His eyes flickered to her name tag informing him her name was Candice.

“No, um, no, I just...this is the place were you can sign up to be a surrogate or...whatever,” he muttered trailing up nervously rubbing the back of his neck. “I looked you up, a friend – a friend recommended me.”
“Right,” she said with a small nod looking at her computer. “Can I take your name please?”

“Uh, sure, Stiles Stilinski.”

“Stiles...Stilinski,” she repeated raising an eyebrow at him. “Is that a nickname?”

“Yeah but my first name is like a spelling mistake gone very, very, wrong, so call me Stiles.”

Candice nodded once typing on her computer with a speed that left him reeling when she suddenly turned to him, a fake but gentle smile on her face. “If you'd take a seat and someone will be with you in a moment.”

“Okay,” he muttered feeling awkward in such a posh place when he sat pushing his hands in between his legs looking around. It was a short wait when he looked up to see a woman in her mid twenties walk in a blazer and pencil skirt. She was stunning and he clammed up watching her when she approached holding a board.

“Stiles Stilinski,” she said raising a perfectly manicured eyebrow at him.

“Yeah, that's me!”

“Follow me.”

“So I don't need an appointment? Wow, you can really just walk into these places and just sign up to be a surrogate,” he murmured stepping into her office.

“No, normally you would have to have an appointment but the person originally supposed to be in this office canceled so I'm free. It seems luck is on your side, Mr Stilinski. You can't just walk in here and become a surrogate. There are procedures,” she said sitting behind her desk. Stiles looked at the name plate in front of him informing him her name was Kali Stone when he took a seat.

“What kind of procedures?”

“Oh the simple stuff, security checks, contracts, doctor referrals on whether or not you're fertile. Oh and a lot of paper work before you're even put on the list to hire.”

“Oh, I am fertile, I had a checkup not so long ago,” he said swallowing hard when her eyes narrowed slightly. “But you know, why not check again.”

“Why are you here, Mr Stilinski? You're a young man, unmated of course, a lot of potential, but is there a particular reason you have to come to us today? This is a big feat and something not to be taken lightly,” Kali questioned folding her hands together facing him ever patient.

Stiles knew she'd hear the lie when he licked his lips gently. “Cash. I need the money and like my friend said...I can have pups, something some couples or some people can't. I know what I'm doing.”

Kali hummed gently moving when she pulled the paperwork out. “I hear that particular phrase daily. Omegas believing they can be a surrogate, coming in wanting the money but the reality of it is just too much sometimes. Some believe they are fertile and they're not. Some can't become pregnant in the first heat and that stain is forever on their records. Some unable to go through it till the end and a rare few miscarrying.”

Stiles felt overwhelmed when he sat back wriggling till he felt comfortable. “Well I'm not them and I can do this. I'm fertile, I need the money, and I can carry a pup giving them a child or children...I
Kali smiled but it sent an uneasy feeling running through him. “Of course, shall we begin with the paperwork? There's a lot to get through. You will also be scheduled with our doctor for a series of tests in the upcoming weeks.”

Stiles took that moment to take this in when he scanned his eyes over the paper, her eyes cold but determined when he inhaled deeply and nodded.

“Sure, let's do this.”

~*~

“You need a mate, you need a family, Derek, you're not getting any younger…”

“I worry about you, you have always said you wanted a family and a mate…”

Derek had heard them all. His family's constant worry at the fact he was an unmated alpha nearly in his thirties with no desire to mate. He hadn't had the best luck in relationships with people either trying to use him for power and money, manipulating him to discard his family and be focused on them, or them dying after being killed at an early age. It was all a little too much and for now he was happy how he was. His family however was not. Derek had no desire to be mated but his desire to have a little family of his own was buried deep within him screaming to be let out.

Derek was an uncle, he watched Laura and her little girl Emma with a small amount of longing, his big brother Mark and his twins Harry and Haley with another amount of longing. He believed he handled them well, he loved seeing their smiles, watching them laugh and learn, and he longed for that also.

“You need to get over your commitment phobia and realize that these good looks are fading and they're fading fast,” Laura said when they sat at the kitchen table and he stuck up his finger in her face in response. “I'm serious. Mom is worried. She doesn't understand, neither do I.”

“Well you all need to back off and leave me alone,” Derek argued pushing to lean back. “So what that I have someone, does it really matter?”

“No, Derek, but we want you to be happy. I see the way you look at Emma,” she said nodding at the pram currently holding his sleeping niece. “I see the way your eyes go soft and loving and I want to see that for your own pup! I'm an auntie to Mark's pups and I never see them, we never see them. Cora is no way there and you're going to turn thirty in six months.”

“So that means my life is over?”

“No it means you need to realize you're missing something! You have a gorgeous house, lots of rooms, you have a good job being a CEO in Hale & Whittemore but you have something missing in your life. I know you don't want to be mated till you find the right person or hell even find your beloved mate but there are ways…”

“Ways?” he questioned raising his eyebrows at her when she reached into her bag pulling out a booklet that he took. His eyes scanned over it when he looked at her expectant face confused.

“I've been doing some research over the past few weeks, plus I have a friend who recommended it a while back…”

“Surrogacy.”
“Yes, omegas picked on a highly recommended register to hire, you pay them, they carry the baby, give birth, and hand over the bundle of joy at the end. All rights are given to you, the omega leaves with the cash, and you have your own child without the hassle of you and...dating.”

“So the easy way out?”

“It's not particularly easy, it takes work and time of course, but if you hire someone who listens and isn't a liability then yes it is the easy way out. Of course there is payment...”

“I have the money for that, Laura, there's no issue for money.”

“I know that.”

“So will you consider this? Just look into it, you never know, you could hire someone and in nine months time have a little pup to look after,” Laura said with a soft smile. Emma chose that moment to wake up needing a diaper change which he opted to do when he took her upstairs to get it done. Derek leaned down kissing her nose when she giggled reaching up to grip his hair when they were done and he scooped her up cuddling her. Her giggles warmed a spot in his chest when they spent the rest of the day with them both till it was six and they had to leave.

“Are you going to consider this?”

“I'll look into it.”

“You'd be an amazing father you know, I want this to happen for you,” she murmured petting his cheek so he rolled his eyes shoving her hand away. Laura laughed carrying Emma to her car and getting her in. He waited on the porch watching her raise a hand in goodbye from the car window before she drove off home.

The house was a little on the side of quiet when he walked back inside and picked up the leaflet on the kitchen table. It had never occurred to him. He had heard of it from far back when a couple hired an omega to carry their pups. They ended up having triplets and the joy in their faces when they brought them in had left an impression. Derek sighed dropping it back down needing a drink when he pulled out a beer taking a long drag.

His salvation came in Isaac when he sent a text to him hoping he was free.

“This better be good,” Isaac announced walking in when he opened the front door to let him in. “I left a potential date for you. I hate you. I regret these six years of friendship”

“No you don't, I need your advise.”

“You need a smack around the head,” Isaac argued pulling off his jacket and scarf. “Do you have a cold drink?”

“Beer?”

“Fine.”

“Laura's been pestering me about starting a family again. She brought me this,” he said handing over the booklet and the beer. Isaac frowned reading over it when he sat down heavily on his sofa glancing at him and away.

“Hiring an omega to carry the child? Wouldn't fucking a random date and getting them pregnant be easier than the hassle.”
“No, that's why it called surrogacy.”

“Seems like a lot of work for a child, plus money, hospital bills,” Isaac murmured tossing it back to him. “You really thinking about this?”

“Considering it, unsure at the moment. I need the pros and cons.”

“Well, pros, you get a baby, the baby would be yours and yours alone, you'll have an omega following your rules and the rules of the contract. Cons, you're dealing with a hormonal pregnant omega who isn't your mate but carrying your child, paying the hospital bills, the clothes, the sum of money at the end, and there's no guarantee what will happen throughout the nine months and then afterwards. You'd need an omega that follows the conventional rules, an omega who isn't needy and will carry baby Hale without a problem or a doubt.”

“So you think I should do it?”

“I think – I think you should do what you think is best for you. Whatever decision you make will either get you a child or not,” Isaac said shrugging his shoulders. “Or you don't do it and you endure your mom and dad and sisters and brother all telling you need to settle down and quick.”

Isaac made good points, points he was listening to when he made the choice to call them tomorrow to arrange an appointment. Derek successfully made one for that very same day taking time off work to go to the building. The interior a surprise when he walked in and caught a wave of arousal coming off the receptionist. His disgust for it was palpable when she gestured at him to sit down and she could no longer meet his eyes.

“Mr Hale, my name is Kali Stone, a pleasure to meet you,” Kali said handing out her hand which he shook eying her closely. “If you'd follow me please.”

“So how does this work?” Derek questioned the moment they were sat down facing each other.

“First of all we would have to take down some details from yourself and we have a selection of omegas, ones specially chosen who have gone through the correct procedures, doctor examinations, and have proven fertile. Surrogates who can carry the child for yourself and...partner?”

“No, just myself,” he said carefully watching when she plastered a fake smile and nodded pulling paperwork out of her drawers.

“Of course, when you have chosen an omega you wish to hire then meetings will be taken place with our lawyer. Contracts signed, you'll be able to meet the chosen omega and everything will go from there. We will discuss that further down the line but for now let's start by filling out your paperwork.”

It took time and an awful lot of writing down when they finally finished up and Kali pulled out a white folder from the bookshelf smiling.

“We have a selection of omegas from man to woman all fit, young, and eligible to carry a child without issue. Of course if you have any questions about the omega they can be answered when a meeting is taken place,” she said handing it over and taking a seat when he opened up to see candid photos and applications.

“I was told surrogacy can take months, even years, how can I know that if I chose omega they wouldn't turn on me months down the line. I need an omega who isn't going to do that.”
“Mr Hale, you have no need to worry about your chosen omega...turning on you as you said. There will be contracts in place, guidelines to follow, all omegas who come into our program know these procedures,” Kali explained sitting up straighter, her eyes flashing a hint of red. “We offer the best of services.”

Derek didn't doubt that when he flicked through the pages of omegas ranging from young to old, big to small, and he understood why people would struggle. This was a stranger carrying your child, you had to make sure the chosen one was the best and only the best.

“Who would you choose, if it was you?”

“I don't think it's my place...”

“Yeah well I'm asking you, who would you choose for yourself or for me? You've seen these people, interviewed them, seen their doctor examinations, so go on...choose one,” he said pushing the file towards her. Kali reeled back a little but clenched her jaw gripping the folder to flick through them.

“This one,” she said turning it towards him. “He stuck out to me, came here without an appointment, a little side of the desperate. I don't think he has a paternal instinct in his body, not enough to want to raise a child, and he's fertile, extremely. He could easily get pregnant in the first heat and all he wants is cash. He understands the rules, the guidelines, the contract. I don't think he'll be too much of a hassle, he'll carry that baby without a problem. But this is not my decision...plus he's pretty. Good genes.”

Derek took the application out of the wallet despite her small sound of protest to look over it properly.

“What is a Stiles? That can't be his real name.”

“No, nickname, his real name is unrecognizable.”

“Right, well I want him.”

“Are you sure? There are others, Mr Hale...”

“Him, you recommended, and he seems fit for the job,” Derek said handing the application to her flashing a charming smile. “Stiles Stilinski, he's going to carry my pup.”
“Are you insane?!"

Stiles was beginning to feel like a scolded child when he sat in Scott and Allison's living room, his eyes following him when Scott paced in front of him. Allison in the kitchen making dinner for the evening but keeping an eye on both of them.

“I mean you're thinking of now, of the the present, and the fact money is going to come into it at the end and everything will be resolved. Simple as that, all sorted, but what about during and after?! What about when you feel the baby kick, see if for the first time, or when it's born and you have no legal right to the baby at all! Nothing, Stiles, you will have nothing but a few bits of paper whilst your child goes off with an alpha and that's that,” Scott argued rubbing a hand down his face. “You're not thinking straight!”

“I'm thinking fine, Scott, I know what I'm doing!”

“No you don't! Can you honestly go through with this? Nine months of carrying a baby that isn't going to be yours.”

“Yes.”

“Really?”

“Yes! Fuck, stop treating me like I'm some sort of little kid here. I'm a grown man making grown ass decisions and I signed up to this. If I get picked, I'm doing this. I'm doing this not only to give some alpha couple a baby but for the money. I need to do this, what other option do I have?!” he cried feeling angry now when Scott pulled back to glare at him. “I need your support in this, Scott, because I can't do this without you. I just can't. You're my best friend so stop telling me what to do and just...support me!”

Silence filled the space between them when they both breathed angrily till Scott seemed to crumble moving towards him. The hug was welcomed and needed when he wrapped his arms around him and held tightly. It was disturbed when Allison poked her head around announcing dinner was ready. It was spaghetti and meatballs when they sat at the table discussing anything that wasn't surrogacy. If it wasn't mentioned, it didn't exist.

It had been nearly three weeks since he originally signed and so far not one phone call had come through for him. Stiles had hope but it was fading fast. In the end after dinner he ended up staying at home with them instead of returning to an empty apartment. It was a night on their couch and a phone call at half nine that next morning that had him rolling off it.

“Oh fuck!” he hissed scrambling to reach and answer despite his bumps and carpet burn. “Hey, hi,
“Hello, can I speak to Mr Stilinski?”

“Yeah, speaking.”

“Hello, Mr Stilinski, this is Candice speaking I'm...”

“Oh my god! Yeah, yeah, I know who you are,” Stiles cried interrupting her. “Oh shit...sorry.”

“Yes, I'm calling on behalf of Kali Stone and the fact your application has been chosen and the alpha who has chosen you would like to arrange a meeting.”

“Oh my god,” he breathed sitting down heavily. “Someone has chosen me?”

“Yes, Mr Stilinski.”

“Okay, um, god, when – when am I meeting them?”

“Are you free this Thursday at eleven am?”

“Yeah, sure.”

“That's excellent. I will email that confirmation to your given email address, if you have any additional questions please do not hesitate to give us a ring.”

Stiles felt a little overwhelmed when he sat on the couch staring ahead and attempted to deal with the fact an alpha had chosen him. It felt like forever when he eventually moved and found Allison in the kitchen making coffee.

“Hey, you want some?” she said turning towards him with a soft tired smile. It fell when she noticed his facial expression and she walked towards him. “Stiles? You okay?”

“Um, no, yes, I don't – I don't know. I got a call from the surrogacy place, whatever they're called, and I have an alpha...who has picked me.”

“Oh my god,” she whispered pressing a hand to her mouth.

“Yeah, I have a meeting on Thursday to meet the alpha who's picked me. This is real, this is really happening.”

Allison sat him down bringing him coffee and milk when he stared at that instead of her feeling the butterflies in his stomach flutter. Now that it was happening, it was a little daunting. The coffee was a little too bitter but he drank it anyway when he circled his hands around it staring at Allison. The clock ticked in the background and he exhaled heavily causing Allison to jump out of her skin.

“Are you ready to do this?”

“Yeah, of course I am, got three weeks to my heat so I've got time to get to know...who ever this is. Doctor said I'm fit and healthy and fertile and can easily could get pregnant during the first heat. If not...they'll get rid of me. They'll choose a different one.”

“It's a big thing to do though, really big, I just,” she said reaching out to take his hands into hers. “Just make sure, okay? One hundred per cent, no doubts, no nothing, because this won't be about you or this unknown alpha. It'll be about this baby and this baby, no matter what the laws say, how you feel, how you don't, he or she will be most important part.”
Her words hit him in an unexpected way but he nodded accepting them and knowing she was right. He skipped breakfast choosing to let Allison break the news to Scott and left needing a walk. Fresh air was needed now when he walked down the sidewalk finding a park in his travels when he sat on the grass staring ahead. The thought of telling his dad terrified him to his core. Scott and Allison could understand, Lydia being her usual self about the whole thing but his dad? It was scary to imagine. His fingers pulled at the grass when he thought of the meeting and he prayed it went well. It was in two days and he needed to mentally prepare for it before he could even sit in front of strangers electing to carry their pup for nine months.

Stiles spent the rest of the day in the park before heading to work. He pulled on his black work top before keeping his head down and working hard.

“Red wine.”

“Oh god, why are you here?” he muttered eying Lydia carefully when she sat in the chair in a tight black dress.

“Came to see you. I got an interesting and slightly hysterical call from Scott earlier.”

“Yes,” he mumbled sliding the wine glass over to her. “Do you have anything to say about it?”

“Why would I? I suggested it,” she said taking a sip and flicking her hair over one shoulder. “I think it's amazing. I think you'll do very well.”

“You think?”

Lydia nodded flashing him a small smile. “So when is it?”

“Thursday, eleven, I'm a little nervous. No idea who they are or who he or she is. I mean could be a complete psycho or someone who's going to lock me in a room for nine months like a baby over. You know...all my rights revoked. Everything taken away from me.”

“I don't think that will happen, Stiles, this isn't the middle ages. You'll have all your rights, the ones entitled to you.”

“You're a regular ray of sunshine aren't you? Give me the money,” he said holding out a hand for the wine. “If you're not going to say anything nice, don't say it at all.”

“Why are you quoting Bambi?”

“Getting into my babies and getting pregnant mood.”

“Right,” Lydia murmured raising an eyebrow at him so his only choice was to flip her off and walk away to serve other customers.

They worked him till two, he ended up going home exhausted, sweaty, and reeking of booze to fall into bed with a deep sigh. Stiles spent the rest of the night and most of the morning and afternoon sleeping, his dreams a mess when he dreamed he slept through the meeting missing his chance.

The meeting though couldn't come quick enough when he woke up at nine showering and dressing. His converse and plaid shirt and top were enough when he stood in the mirror and ran a hand through his hair.

“You're doing this for the money, nothing more, nothing less. You can do this,” he whispered staring into the mirror. “You can do this.”
Stiles got there fifteen minutes early when he stood outside, his thumb in his mouth when he nibbled it hard feeling nervous. It was his nerves though that had him walking inside, his hands pushing into his pockets when he reached reception.

“Ah, Mr Stilinski,” she said remembering him when she typed on the computer. “If you take a seat, Miss Stone will be with you in a moment.”

“Sure,” he mumbled moving to take a seat and fiddling with his cuff staring around the place. He was looking for a sign of anyone who could be the alpha or part of an alpha couple but found no one when Kali turned up wearing a pant suit.

“Mr Stilinski, if you'll follow me,” she said holding out a hand for him to follow when they walked together and he walked into a room containing two males. The first being the eldest in his late fifties, a fuzz of gray hair on his head. It was the other guy that caught his attention though when he found himself gaping at him.

He was an alpha without a doubt, an air of power and superiority graced him plus he was totally drop dead gorgeous. His eyes calculating when they scanned him up and down but god they were beautiful. It was the only word that entered his head when he stared at him and he couldn't quite believe it.

“Wow,” he breathed stumbling when he sat down and swallowed when three pair of eyes zeroed on him. “Hi, I'm Stiles.”

“Yes, we know,” Kali said in a bored tone when she turned her smiles to the lawyer and Stiles couldn't look away from the alpha. It made no sense for him to be here.

“Derek Hale,” a voice said interrupting Kali who was talking to the lawyer. “This was getting boring and we hadn't even made introductions yet. Kind of rude, Miss Stone.”

Stiles could smell the tinge of humiliation coming off Kali who straightened making her apologies but they were silenced when he waved a hand at her.

“So is it just you or is there a wife kicking around here I don't know about it.”

“No wife, just me.”

“So...you, you want me to carry your pup for you,” he said softly swallowing when he nodded once. “Really? So this isn't a joke here because I was expecting a couple or someone who doesn't look like you...not like it's a bad thing! I'm just...a little confused.”

Kali was looking a little horrified when she looked between them and opened her mouth to speak when Derek held up his hand a second time.

“I want a pup, not a mate, and I've chosen you for the job. It's your decision whether you back out or not but once these contracts are signed, there's no going back. Kali,” he said turning his head to address her so she swallowed sitting up straighter.

“As Mr Hale has said, it is both of your decisions, but you sighed willingly and you knew what you were signing up for. This here is Mr Baxter who will go through the legal terms, you will sign a contract, Stiles, agreeing to the terms of the surrogacy before taking a copy home with you. We will then go into any questions you have and any questions of payment will be talked about at the end.”

“Okay,” Stiles agreed glancing at Derek before sitting forward ready for the legal of it all. It was
boring and time consuming but the contract was signed when he looked down at it for a long 
minute before pushing it forward.

“Payment?” he questioned raising his eyebrows.

“You carry my pup to term, he or she is healthy, then you'll receive ten thousand at the end of the 
nine months. Everything else will be paid for during the pregnancy.”

Stiles felt his stomach drop when he stared at him stunned and he could even hear Kali inhale 
sharply.

“You...oh my god,” he breathed sitting back. “Ten thousand, okay, deal.”

“What's your job?”

“My – my job? I work as a bartender.”

Derek nodded clasping his hands together when he sat up and looked him in the eyes. “I can't force 
you to quit your job but I would recommended taking a leave of absence for a while. Nine 
months.”

Ten thousand dollars flashed in his mind when he nodded accepting it. His job was a load of crap 
anyway, the hours and money shit.

“When is your next heat due?”

“Three weeks, around about that time, I’m quite early. I know that I have to get to pregnant in the 
first heat,” Stiles muttered glancing at Kali who nodded once. “I know I can do that.”

“Of course he can, the doctor referral proved that,” Kali said interrupting. “Now...”

“I'd like to talk to him alone, can that be arranged?” Derek said turning to Kali who paused, her 
eyes narrowing before she nodded standing up. Her hands brushing down her thighs when Kali and 
Mr Baxter left the room and he was left alone with him.

“I'd like you to stay at my house a week before your heat is due. So you can familiarize yourself 
with my house and scents and if it is early we can catch it in time. The first days of your heat are 
important.”

“Okay,” Stiles agreed feeling his mind tick over the fact this would be his first heat that an alpha 
would take care of him. “That seems reasonable.”

“You know what happens, if you can't get pregnant, the deal is off. You'll leave with no money 
and I'll pick another omega who can get pregnant in the first heat. If you get pregnant...we'll go 
from there.”

“I know that, it was in the contact, and I can do this.”

“Sure,” Derek muttered pulling back. “Let's see shall we.”

Stiles felt an itch of irritation watching him but didn't voice him when he sat back. “So...where do 
we go from here? Do we meet up in two weeks and have sex?”

“No, I think we can use these weeks as a way for me to get to know the surrogate of my pup. I 
want to know I've picked the right one, I have three weeks to make sure you're the right candidate 
for my unborn child.”
The itch deepened when he swallowed bobbing his head in agreement. Derek pulled out his phone and held out his hand raising an eyebrow at him till he pulled it out.

“I'll ring you when I have time free to have a chat. Don't do anything drastic and stay off your heat pills. I don't want anything ruining the chances,” Derek said standing up and walking out when he watched him leave. There was a part of him that longed to go up and punch his smug face but he kept seated staring ahead. The money ticked over in his mind when he twisted his hands into his lap. The copy of the contract was given to him and he was wished luck when he walked away and out of there. Derek long gone when he stepped outside breathing in the fresh air and attempting to deal with what had just happened.

Derek was gorgeous but had the personality of someone he wished he could punch. Smug, a little overbearing, and completely in control. His destination was home when he tossed the contract down and his body on the couch. The television was turned on when he laid down watching it and he attempted to forget the whole meeting. Scott rang around eight that evening when he picked it up staring at the ceiling.

“How did it go?”

“Okay, it's an alpha on his own, his name is Derek Hale. Really hot, the baby if it's conceived will be very pretty. He's also a bit of an irritating dick, but he's giving me ten thousand...”

“He's what?!?”

“Yep, you heard, ten thousand dollars, Scott!” he cried sitting up.

“For carrying his baby?”

“Yes! I know, I was surprised too. But I am so ready to do it.”

“Holy shit,” Scott breathed. “So what happens now?”

“I have other two weeks to my heat, we're getting to know each other over the upcoming weeks and on the week before I'm staying at his house. I finally have a heat that doesn't leave me alone.”

“Yeah...to make a baby, Stiles.”

“Don't start, please,” he pleaded rubbing his forehead. “This is happening. You have to get used to this.”

“Fine, but don't come back to me when it fucks up.”

“I really won't because it's going to be okay.”

“Okay,” Scott muttered. The silence was awkward after that when he sighed deeply saying his goodbyes and hanging up on him tossing the phone aside. His heat was a daunting thing and in way he couldn't wait for it to be over and done with. Getting it over and done with was part of the deal.

It was a good three days before Derek contacted him again at the weekend inviting him to lunch in a nice restaurant. The outside and inside more expensive than two monthly wages when he found his table sitting opposite him. Derek was waiting expectantly when he looked over to him and grabbed a bread stick nibbling on the end.

“This is weird.”
“Weird?”

“Just... weird. I never imagined I’d be doing this and here I am.”

Derek nodded like he agreed when he folded his arms across his chest eying him carefully. “Does your family know?”

“No, well my dad doesn't, but my friends do. It was actually a friend who recommended I do this... I have a lot of debts to pay off, no job, shit apartment, and I can give birth. I have nothing holding me back, no relationship, nothing,” he admitted swallowing hard and staring down at the tablecloth with a soft sigh. “Have you told your family?”

“Yeah.”

“Are they – you know are they happy?”

“Well enough, it isn't exactly what they wanted for me but a pup of my own will do me good.”

“Yeah,” Stiles agreed despite not knowing really and letting it hit him there and then that he honestly didn't know this guy. “What job do you have?”

“CEO of Hale and Whittemore.”

“Oh my god, seriously?! One of my best friends used to date Jackson Whittemore. Total fucking dick!” he cried sitting back and biting his lip when Derek raised an eyebrow at him. “He's like your boss isn't he?”

“No, I'm my own boss. But Jackson... he's a dick.”

Stiles couldn't help the smile that he agreed. They ended up ordering food and talking. Talking about the surrogacy, what it meant, who his family was, and sharing the odd bits of information that made him know Derek a little bit more. It was all they needed though when they eventually parted for the evening and he went home hurriedly needing his heat to hurry the hell up.

It was a week before his heat when he packed a large bag of clothes, a slip of paper with his address on, and his car satnav telling him where to go. It was a large house on an estate he didn't recognize too well when he found it and parked gaping at the house. Derek was obviously rich and had the house and large gates in front to prove it when he leaned over buzzing the intercom. The gates swung open for him after a couple of minutes and he swore softly driving up the driveway. It was completely ridiculous and he suddenly realized that he maybe, just a little, was over his head.

Derek was there to greet him when he parked getting out and tugging his bag over his shoulder to join him. It was silent when Derek stepped aside so he could step into the hallway, his throat convulsing when he swallowed.

“Am I going to get the grand tour?”

“Sure,” Derek murmured. “Living room, kitchen, dining room.”

Stiles observed taking it all in when he looked around at the modern décor of the place. The kitchen big enough for him to crave wanting to start a three course meal and impress a party of guests. The living room lavish with a huge leather couch he wanted to roll around with.

“This will be your bedroom,” he said pushing open the door to a spare bedroom when he walked into see a double bed. It was gray and black in color when he dumped his bag on the floor and
nodded letting Derek show him the other rooms.

“You can go anywhere bar my room, I'll know if you go in there.”

“So we doing it in my bedroom?”

“Yes, it'll be easier.”

He nodded once pushing his hands into his pockets, he saw Derek out of the corner of his eye leave him alone. There was an odd moment when he felt like Belle from Beauty in the Beast and wondered if he should throw himself on the bed fake sobbing. All they needed now was a talking teapot. Stiles sat on the bed staring towards the window. The garden was huge when he looked out and pressed his forehead against the cool window.

“This is either going to be really boring or really fun,” he murmured to himself.

In the end it was really boring. Derek was gone most of the day and with nowhere to go he spent his days watching television feeling tired and sleeping for most of it. It was one of his symptoms of his coming heat, he also ate everything he could fit into his stomach. No one ever came to the house when he was there and Derek only returned in the evening. They barely talked to each other, Derek watching television with him before he went upstairs to his study claiming to do 'work'.

It was in to day three of the week when Scott called him to check up on him. It was a little predictable.

“Just double checking you're not dead.”

“Still kicking, just waiting for this heat to come on, it's pissing me off. It's like it knows we're waiting for it to come on and it's going to be a piss take.”

“Well the sooner it happens then you can find out if you're pregnant or not.”

“Let me guess what you're hoping for...” he muttered leaning against the wall outside in the garden.

“I'm supportive, you know I am, I'm just...worried! I can't help it, Stiles. I just think this could be a bad idea in the end.”

“Well it's not.”

“If you say so,” Scott replied trailing off with a soft sigh. “Just...give me a call this week if you can, okay? Let me know you're okay.”

“I promise,” he said with a small smile.

Stiles wasn't entirely sure he could keep that promise though. Heat week was extreme for being horny but also losing his mind and every rational thought when all he wanted was sex. Food, water, needing the toilet, none of it mattered as long as a cock was deep inside of him and he was fucking something. It was Friday night though that he woke up in the middle of the night boiling hot. It felt like his skin was on fire when he swore loudly pushing the comforter off. His t-shirt soaked along with his briefs when he tugged them off pushing to the side with a whimper.

The door of his bedroom slammed open when he breathed heavily out of his mouth staring at Derek through the darkness. The red of his eyes gleaming when he stared at him with intent and he knew what he smelled like. Alphas often told him and he knew he smelled insatiable, fertile, and
ready to be fucked when he whimpered needing him to claim him. Derek was on him quick enough when he growled sending a shiver running through him, his hands pushing against his feverish skin when his back hit the mattress. The first kiss between them initiated by Stiles when he gripped the back of his neck needing that warmth against his lips.

There was no way he was having sex without kissing him. Surrogate or not, this would be the only sex he would have for nine months, and heat made him insane anyway. Derek obliged though kissing him in return when he hands cupped his ass cheeks, his nails digging into the meat of them so he whimpered thrusting towards him.

“Please, fuck,” he pleaded tossing his head back and squeezing his eyes shut panting hard. It was overwhelming when two fingers pushed up inside of him.

“You ready?” Derek whispered staring into his eyes, the red of them appealing to his wolf who whimpered deep within him. He knew his eyes were glowing yellow when he nodded spreading his thighs.

“Let's get me pregnant.”
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

Everyone who has commented saying the angst will be heavy - you're right. Everyone who said that Stiles is doing this for the wrong reasons - you're right. Lessons will be learned.

Thank you so much for all the comments and kudos! Feedback is awesome.

Stiles was achy, exhausted, and horny all wrapped into one. His mind corrupted when he laid flat out on the bed for Derek that first night, his fingers careful when they traveled down the length of his naked body. His inner thighs dripping when Derek spread his legs wide inhaling deeply and it shouldn't have been so hot. He used his wolf to see him through the dark, his words stuck in his throat when he stared at him naked for the first time. His cock bigger than he imagined when he trailed his fingers over the shaft, Derek's groan of approval shattering through him when he guided it to him. The first push of penetration was a shock to his system, the feel of him pushing gently up so he gasped clawing at his back. It was his first time without a condom and also the first time he would experience knotting.

He was attentive though, his needs met when Derek thrust into him hard and fast, and he knotted him for the first time. The swell of it was painful at first but his body adjusted to him, his hands gripping into his hair needing him to fuck him till the ache disappeared. Forty eight hours later he was lying on his chest, his ass hurting, his heat gone temporarily, and his eyes itching for sleep.

“Stiles,” Derek murmured shaking his shoulder so he whined rolling onto his back. “You need to eat, come on.”

“Not hungry.”

“I know but you haven't eaten since yesterday morning, you need food and water,” Derek urged rolling him over so he snarled fighting back. Derek was having none of it, he manhandled him to sit up, his claws pricking into the back of his neck when he forced him to bare his throat in submission.

“I don't want food, I want your cock,” Stiles pleaded touching his neck. “Please, Derek, don't want food.”

It was compromise in the end when he climbed into his lap guiding his cock inside of him, the push and stretch delicious when he groaned rocking his hips to ride him. It didn't take him too long to knot him when he felt the swell, the painful stretch till it was rooted deep within him. Derek passed him the crackers when he fell against his chest pushing them into his mouth. His hunger appearing when he shoveled them in and Derek watched vaguely disgusted.

“I never imagined doing this. We barely know each other, three weeks and we're fucking to make your child. I bet you never imagined it either.”

“No I didn't, you eat like you're starving,” Derek commented passing him a bottle of water. Stiles gulped it down, his tongue stroking across his bottom lip to collect the stray drops. Derek's eyes
fixed on him when he did it and he raised his eyebrows.

“What's that look for?”

“Nothing.”

The skip to his heart told him otherwise but he pushed it away eating the rest of his crackers and drinking his water till his knot died down. The come dripping out of his ass and down his thighs slowly was the telling of what they had just done when they lay there side by side. His hand straying to his stomach when he wondered if he was pregnant. The knotting doing it's job in creating life inside of him when he shut his eyes slowly needing that good couple of hours sleep.

He woke up in the middle of the night yet again boiling hot with Derek in between his thighs, his nose brushing against his neck inhaling deeply. His skin was slick with the sweat and his hair clung to his forehead when he moaned greedily feeling like a whore.

“God, just fuck me, stop holding back,” he muttered shoving him hard so Derek pulled back in surprise hitting the mattress. “Do you want a pup? Then stop fucking around and make me feel every inch so I can't fucking walk!”

Stiles knew he sounded insane but it was the right talk for Derek who snarled surging up to him seizing his lips in an almost furious kiss. He got exactly what he wanted when Derek pushed inside of him, his groans echoing in the bedroom along with the wet slaps of their skin against each other. His claws made their own appearance tearing into the sheets and into his back when Derek thrust into him, his fingers digging into his hips when he did. It was overwhelming almost, but the good kind, the kind that had pleasure pulsing through his veins so he climaxed onto his stomach with a satisfied moan.

“Do you think we've done it?” he whispered pressing his hands into his shoulders when he breathed hard staring up at him. His legs firmly wrapped around his hips when Derek's knot swelled pulsing come into him.

“I hope so.”

“I've never had this much sex before,” Stiles mumbled trailing his fingers through the drying come on his stomach with a sigh. “I hope it does us justice.”

“It will,” Derek murmured rolling them so they settled comfortably on their sides.

The rest of the week was much of the same, his heat sparking the fire inside of him which was soothed by Derek's touch when he covered his body with his. His hands trailing over his skin, pressing into hips, ass, his cock, everything so he shivered and moaned throughout it all. Derek's lips against his whenever he needed them, they trailed over his collarbone once or twice like a butterflies wing.

“What normally happens when your heat is over?” Derek whispered at two in the morning day eight into his heat.

“I eat my weight in food and normally sleep for three days solid.”

“You can stay here for that,” Derek murmured.

“Thanks,” he whispered glancing at him with a small smile. His heat had officially died down on day nine of his heat and he was able to walk around without a problem. The shower at the end of it was the best, dried come and sweat washing down the drain when he scrubbed himself till he was
pink and clean. The smell of food enticed him downstairs when he walked down to see Derek cooking him food.

“I want you to stay here till we find out the results, when we do we'll go from there.”

“Sure, sounds good,” he said sitting at the table gingerly. His muscles protesting but his hunger winning when he shoveled it into his mouth chewing till his jaw ached and his stomach protested. It was after that he went into the bedroom, the sheets stripped but the bed comfortable enough for him to slide under the comforter shutting his eyes. His dreams were non-existent but he felt heavy in his mind and body when he woke up to see it was light outside.

His bladder full, his muscles aching from lack of use, but his mind clear when he sat up looking at the time. It was three in the afternoon when he reached for his phone to see seven missed calls, thirty messages, and five voice mails. They were a mix of Scott, Lydia, his dad, and work when he tossed it aside realizing he had slept for two days straight. The house was too big, too silent, and he didn't like it when he pulled on some clean clothes heading to the bathroom.

Derek wasn't home when he used his senses feeling and hearing no one home when he headed downstairs for food and drink. Scott was the first to call when he sat on the couch turning on the television.

“Stiles, fuck, I was worried! You promised me you'd call me!”

“Scott, I was in the middle of my heat, the important heat, the one that will determine whether or not I will be carrying baby Hale. I had a cock up my ass!”

“Oh god, too much information, look...tell me you're okay,” Scott pleaded.

“I'm fine buddy, promise, the heat went well. I am more than satisfied. Heat sex is fucking fantastic, knotting painful but god...” he whispered trailing off with a groan. His lips twitching when Scott cried out at the end of the phone in disgust.

“God, Stiles, you need to know when to stop. When can I see you?”

“I don't know, I'm staying here till I can take a test and then...who knows. I'm still a little sore and hungry and tired so I can't see you today. Just tell Allison I'm okay and I'll see you both soon with either good news or bad news.”

“I think our definition of good news and bad news is very different, Stiles.”

Stiles sighed understanding that when they said their goodbyes and his next call was to Lydia. Lydia who demanded to know every dirty detail which he refused to give, not yet anyway, and the last was to his dad. That was the hardest. The hardest was lying to him about his noticeable absence and lack of calls. Stiles promised to never do that again, hopefully he wouldn't have to. His last heat for a good nine months.

He spent the rest of his afternoon in front of the television. Derek coming back in his suit, his expression tired when he registered he was awake.

“How are you feeling?”

“Good, you know for someone who's just been horny and intoxicated on the hormones for a good week and a half. We won't know anything for a week, maybe more, I mean I don't feel any different.”
“Give it time.”

Stiles nodded, it was all he could do, there was a part of him more worried than anything else about it not happening. There was always a chance of failure but while it occurred to him he didn't want to dwell on it. Dwelling on it made his mind run for the wrong reasons. He kept his silence though when Derek left him alone, his footsteps moving upstairs to the study were he would lock himself away for hours.

The hours alone were the worst and he eventually fell asleep on the couch. He woke up in the morning with a blanket covering him and a pillow stuffed under his head. The small act of kindness surprised him when he sat up rubbing the back of his head. The house yet again silent with Derek being gone and Stiles couldn't handle it any longer. He dressed and showered getting the hell out of there when he called Lydia and forced her to meet him in his favorite cafe.

Lydia was waiting for him when he finally arrived, two cups in front of her when he joined sliding onto the red cracked seat.

“I don't know why you choose this place,” she said observing, her nose turned up at the whole interior design of it. Stiles adored it and refused to be told otherwise.

“Because it's nice and cheap and the food is awesome. You bought me coffee, seriously?”

“You may or may not be pregnant.”

“I could be, Derek will smell this, and then be seriously pissed at me for drinking it. Coffee is bad for pregnancy.”

“You have no idea though,” Lydia pointed out bringing the cup to her lips to take a sip. “This is good actually. I'm surprised. I also want every dirty detail of what happened.”

“What do you want to know?” he muttered biting his lip, his cheeks flushing enough that he could feel the heat of them.

“Everything.”

“All you need to know is that it was without a doubt...the best sex I have ever had. Different positions, knotting, licking, kisses...”

“He kissed you?”

“No, I wanted kissing, it'd be too weird not to do it.”

“So you think it's done?”

Stiles shrugged circling his finger around the rim of the cup. “I really fucking hope so.”

“You told your dad?”

Stiles groaned pushing his head into his hands shaking it and unable to answer her when she sighed deeply.

“You're an idiot, Stiles.”

“Tell me something I don't know. I know I need to tell him but I know he's going to freak out! I'm carrying a baby for another man and it won't be mine and he won't be a grandpa. Not really,” Stiles explained to Lydia who was having none of it. “I will tell him. I'll tell him when I know what the
hell is going on and maybe when I'm past the first trimester. You know what the first trimester's like.”

“Just make sure you tell him, I don't need a phone call from him again demanding to know whether his son is alive or not,” Lydia argued poking a finger in his face so he swallowed and nodded. “But no matter what, you have my support.”

“That's all I need.”

The support of his friends was all he needed when he made an order for some orange juice and drank it down. Lydia pushed the subject onto him when she ranted about work and office bitches and Stiles simply listened. It felt good to be out and listening to the real world despite inwardly panicking about it all. It sometimes felt easier to bury his head in the sand but he had a feeling this time around it wouldn't work.

“I need to get back to work but call me when you know the results,” she said kissing his cheek. “Promise me.”

“Yes, I promise.”

Stiles was left alone when he stared up and down the street with a sigh. Everyone would be in work when he really thought about it and he couldn't help but feel lonely. It was back to the house but he wasn't the only one there when he walked in to see a young woman waiting.

“Ah, you must be Stiles,” she said stepping forward smiling at him warmly. “I'm Laura.”

“Oh, the sister,” he said seeing the resemblance in the eyes and hair when she shook his hand eying him closely. “Derek's mentioned you once or twice. I didn't think he wanted me to meet you just in case I don't get pregnant.”

“Yep, that's my brother for you, but I wanted to meet you just in case. I wanted to see you,” she said stepping back and taking his hand to drag him into the living room. “You're doing an amazing thing for my brother. I don't think I could ever do it but then again I have my daughter.”

“Daughter?” he murmured waiting patiently when she whipped out her phone showing him pictures of a baby with curly brown hair and big green eyes.

“Her name is Emma, looks like her dad more than me,” Laura said fondly. “She's my little angel and Derek is so good with her. I know he'll be an amazing father. That's why I'm so glad you're giving this to him, he needs this.”

“Well yeah, that's what a surrogate is for.”

“It's more than that,” she said smiling when she pocketed her phone. “So tell me about you?”

“You want to get to know me?”

“Of course I do! You're potentially carrying my nephew or niece and you're going to be around for a good nine months so it's my job as an auntie to do this,” Laura said slapping his back so he swallowed and she stood leaving to get drinks and food. “Come on, what's going on with you?”

“I don't have anything really. Shit apartment, shit job, this was my last resort really.”

“Come on, you've got to have something,” she said handing him a bottle of juice.
“I have my dad, I have my friends, they're all I really need in the end,” Stiles said softly realizing how depressing it sounded in his ears. “I'm only twenty one though, got plenty of time to screw my life up and start over again. The ten thousand at the end of this will be the jumping start though.”

Laura's eyes were calculating when she nodded slowly taking a bite of the apple she had. She was practically the female version of Derek when he looked over her and she smiled brightly at him. They settled for watching television though, Laura talking more about her life, her baby, her mate, and the Hale family. It was interesting to hear but he stiffened the moment he heard Derek's car pull up in the driveway. Laura not the least bit fazed when she straightened up turning when Derek walked in.

“Laura?”

“Little brother,” she said saluting him.

“What the hell are you doing here?”

“I came here to see Stiles, ignoring your request to not to of course,” she said standing up to fold her arms across her chest. “Which was rude by the way. Just because it may or may not happen doesn't mean we can meet him, Derek. He's doing an incredible thing for you. You should try being a little more grateful.”

Derek straightened up, his jaw clenching and tensing when he looked between them, and Stiles could see the storm brewing in his eyes waiting to explode.

“Fine, do you want dinner?”

“Yes,” Laura replied with a grin. “What we having?”

It was salad and chicken for dinner when the three of them sat in the dining room, the awkward tension between the three of them lingering. Laura glanced between the pair of them when she chewed on a tomato but nothing was said. Dinner was finished when he put his plate into the sink to wash it listening to Derek and Laura bicker behind him. The baby brought up eventually and he had to escape even if only for a few minutes in his bedroom. It was a few minutes of silence in the dark before Laura shouted upstairs for him to say goodbye.

“It was lovely to meet you and hopefully we'll be seeing more of each other,” she muttered patting his cheek so he half smiled.

“I'll call,” Derek said opening the front door for her when they walked out and he was left in the house.

“So that was Laura, she's nice,” he said the moment Derek walked back inside.

“She is when she wants to be.”

“She loves you a lot.”

“Yeah,” Derek agreed looking up at him. “I wanted to wait for the pregnancy test before I let them know about you properly. Laura is persistent, ignores what she's told, always has done.”

“I don't mind, she's nice, I don't know what it's like to have a sister. I mean Scott's like my brother and I'd say Lydia but she's more of...I don't even know. She's Lydia!” he exclaimed shoving his hands into his jeans pocket. “Hey, how about instead of you going upstairs into your study for hours and hours leaving me alone and bored...we talk. We get to know each other a little more. I'm
going to be hopefully carrying your baby and there's this awkwardness. I'd like to get past that.”

“I go into my study to work, I'm a CEO.”

“Yep and I'm a surrogate.”

Derek exhaled deeply, his lips pursing when he considered this. Stiles was relieved when he gave in and they walked into the living room together.

“I mean we've done the whole package, I have seen you naked,” he said sitting on the couch and sitting cross legged. “I mean this awkwardness shouldn't be here.”

“Well maybe it is because we've seen each other naked and barely know each other.”

“Like a one night stand,” he mock whispered. Derek rolled his eyes joining him on the couch when they faced each other and he leaned his cheek into the cushion.

“I am grateful you know, if he doesn't seem that way...I am. I never considered surrogacy before until Laura said go for it. So I am,” he said softly after a minute of silence between them.

“I know, I never doubted that, but we have time, days even, and I want to get to know you, the real you. Not the CEO, the real Derek Hale,” Stiles said with a nod in his direction. “What do you say?”

“I think we can do that.”

~*~

For women, they either knew they were pregnant in the first, second, or third week or they finally clicked on when they skipped their period. There was the other symptoms too of course but Stiles didn't have that luxury. It was the waiting around and not knowing when they waited for the days to fly back so they could finally take a test. Stiles took those days to see Scott, Allison, and Lydia when he could, spend time getting to know Derek and realizing that despite good intentions he was a dick some of the time. People had their faults though and no one was perfect so he couldn't condemn him.

Now though he was stood in the bathroom holding the box of a pregnancy test with his stomach in knots. His scent hadn't changed but that wouldn't be for weeks according to the books. Apart from the occasional odd ache and pain he hadn't had much symptoms of pregnancy and it concerned him.

“How are you doing?” Derek called through the door making him jump.

“Yeah, yeah,” he muttered opening the box and pulling out the stick and the instructions. His bladder was full when he emptied it out on the stick shaking it out before resting it on the bath.

“Fuck,” he whispered flicking his eyes to the ceiling when he paced waiting out the three minutes. The longest three minutes of his life when he waited anxiously till the fourth to pick it up. His eyes shut inhaling deeply and turning it over to see a positive sign. Stiles exhaled in shock and relief moving backwards to the door. Derek was waiting patiently against the wall when he walked out holding the stick up in triumph.

“You're going to be a daddy!”

Derek's eyes grew wider when he stepped towards him, his hand taking the stick to look at it for
himself.

“We did it.”

“Of course we did!” he cried shoving his shoulder gently grinning at him. “I told you I'm fertile and we had a lot of sex during heat week. It was bound to happen.”

“Yeah,” Derek agreed nodding his head. “Thank you.”

“You're welcome. Now I just have to tell my dad, he's going to freak out.”

“I better tell my family the good news.”

“Yeah, but it is the first trimester,” Stiles said pressing a hand to his arm when he went to move. He slowly removed it when Derek eyed it and looked at him. “I mean the first trimester is a risky few weeks. I could miscarry, not saying I am, but there's always a small chance of it happening. Maybe before you start telling everyone you could maybe wait, tell a few of the people we need that this is happening. No one else.”

“Fine, I'll tell my family but everyone else can wait,” Derek agreed moving away pressing his cell phone to his ear. Stiles licked his dry lips pressing a hand to his stomach when he too moved into the bedroom to call Scott.

“Can I see you?” he asked the moment Scott picked up.

“Yeah, come round, Allison is out.”

Stiles left the moment the call ended driving over there, his hands wrapped around the steering wheel tight when he arrived at the house. Scott opened the door to him before he could even knock, his eyes filled with concern and question when he stepped inside.

“I don't even have to ask do I?”

“No.”

“You're pregnant,” Scott confirmed with a nod shutting the door behind him. Stiles nodded wordlessly shuffling into the kitchen. “This is really happening.”

“Yes.”

“You're going to have a baby in nine months time, hand it over, be paid, a job well done,” he said following him in.

“Are you going to be this negative throughout it all? Should I expect this every single time I come over to you? Allison is one hundred per cent supportive, Lydia, fucking Lydia, is supportive of me. I need them but I need you more, I need you to stand by me, okay? Stop the negativity because I know what I'm doing, Scott. It's done, I'm pregnant with his little bundle of joy. I'll handle the baby over at the end and get my money.”

Scott was silent throughout his rant when he waited patiently, his eyebrows furrowed in a frown watching him. His arms wrapped around him slowly in a hug which he gladly accepted. Scott's hand rubbing up and down his back slowly so he relaxed against him willingly.

“I am supportive, Stiles, I am and I always will be. But I need to be the rational side of this, the one that knows that you're in over your head here. I'm just worried,” he muttered clinging to him a little
tighter. “Nine months is a long time. Who knows what can happen in between them. So I don't think I can stop being negative. I'm here, I always will be, but its' my job to worry about you.”

Stiles didn't know how to respond to that when he clung back and he buried his head into his neck breathing in the warm comforting smell of his best friend.

“I know, but just be there for me,” he whispered staring ahead at the wall when Scott made a small sound of agreement in his ear. “It's going to be fine.”
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

I feel like I should explain it here about the pricing of the surrogacy which has been addressed a couple of times. I had no idea about the pricing since over here in the UK it is illegal. I made a wild guess and that guess was actually very, very low. In the real world it would be so much higher but in this world it's a measly ten thousand. To appease this I am thinking of letting him add towards it at the end so it's around thirty thousand. For those feeling it's too small. Sorry for the error!

---

Thank you so much for all the support, comments, and kudos! Feedback is greatly appreciated.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Derek loved his family. He loved how active and loud and how there was so many of them. His mom and dad, Cora in the corner ignoring them all when she listened to her iPod, Laura, Emma, and Joe in the living room with them, Peter, his daughter and son, Tony and April, and the only person missing was Mark and his little family. Other family members visited sometimes, his old grandmother who lived in Arizona drove up once and twice and his dad's sister and brother also. They were gathered around now though, excited with the news that Stiles was pregnant with his pup. He was going to be a father in nine months and whilst the idea scared him it also thrilled him.

“I am so happy for you sweetheart,” Talia whispered cupping his cheeks when they stood alone together in the kitchen. “Shame you couldn't bring him. I would have liked to meet the young man giving my son a child.”

“It was mutual decision that he would give up his apartment for now and come live with me for the months of the pregnancy. I gave him the money to pay his arrears before he moved in.”

“That was kind of you.”

“He's carrying my pup, it's the least I could do.”

“Well you have to bring him around for dinner so we can get to know him,” Talia said opening the fridge.

“You sound like Laura,” he muttered with a tired sigh.

“Like mother, like daughter.”

“Yeah, you're both pure evil,” he said under his breath dodging out of the way when she moved to hit him around the head and scold him. “I'll bring him around soon.”

“You been to the doctors yet?”

“No, he's only around two weeks pregnant pregnant. The baby will be nothing but a bunch of cells. We'll have the first scan around ten weeks as usual.”
“You should get him vitamins to take, get the baby books,” she said slapping a list into his hands. “I did a little research again like I did for Laura when she found out she was having Emma. The earlier, the better, the more you can be prepared and so can Stiles. He's the one who has to deal with it all so be kind.”

“Fine,” he murmured leaning his cheek when she kissed his cheek.

Derek did just that though when he went into the local store to get prenatal pregnancy pills for Stiles to take and got baby magazines. Stiles was already when he walked in to see him lounging on the sofa. His expression bored but he brightened the moment he saw him.

“What's that?”

“For you,” he said handing the white plastic bag.

“You do realize I am two weeks pregnant right? Don't you think this is a little premature,” he said raising his eyebrows when he took them out.

“No, the pills are for you, these are for me,” he snapped taking it back. “You won't need them, you're the surrogate. I'm the father.”

Stiles blinked at him in confused surprise but he paid it no mind heading upstairs and locking himself in his bedroom to read. Reading over them was like reading a book he couldn't he understand when he flicked through the shiny pages of babies and diapers and the babies first smile. Their development and even style was involved when he tossed it aside exhaling slowly. It was the smell of food that brought him out of his bedroom when he walked down to see Stiles in the kitchen cooking.

“Hey, I'm making spaghetti and meatballs,” he said looking over his shoulder. “I made enough for two. You want some?”

“Sure,” he agreed walking to stand near him and watch carefully when he stirred the meatballs and sauce together adding salt and pepper. It was cooked and served when they sat at the dining room table and he tucked in to it. It was hard to not make agreeable sounds because Stiles was an excellent cook.

“You like?” Stiles teased resting a meatball against his lips before taking a tentative bite. He raised an eyebrow but he nodded once in response cutting the spaghetti up to eat it.

“Maybe a little bit too much salt, salt is bad for you.”

“Oh please, it's a perfect amount!”

“My tongue says differently,” he argued rolling his eyes when Stiles scoffed shaking his head.

“Blasphemy. Allison makes a better one though, her cooking is heaven. I think it's part of the reason Scott stays with her, also he loves her more than anything, and their wedding is in August. It's June now and I'll be around two to three months then and I am going. I'm best man,” he said warning him when he pointed a finger at him.

“I would never stop you from doing that.”

“Good, I know I agreed to move in here, but I have my own rules, my own freedom, everything. I won't be locked away.”
“I never said you would be.”

“I know but laying the rules down, got it,” he said pointing a finger at him when he stood with his empty place moving to wash it. Derek was honestly feeling a little baffled when he watched Stiles wash the dishes and clean down the sides. He wiped his hands with the towel when he was done, his smile faint but visible on his lips when he walked out. Derek could hear him humming under his breath when he flopped on the sofa with a long drawn out groan. The sounds of reality television filled the house and for the first time in a long time he didn't feel lonely.

Derek washed his plate tucking it into the drying rack before joining him. Stiles moved his feet shooting him a small smile when he sat down.

“Jersey Shore?”

“Jersey Shore,” Stiles grinned hiding the remote control. “Don't even deny it, reality television is awesome.”

“It's not, it's fake and tacky and it's all scripted,” Derek protested reaching over and fighting him for the remote control and winning when he growled flashing his eyes. Stiles submitted baring his throat, his eyes glowing a molten gold when he sat up whimpering softly and he appeased him cupping the side of his neck. He had moments of forgetting that Stiles was an omega and there was the little ways of calming them down when they got agitated.

“Better?”

“Yeah,” Stiles muttered nodding and inhaling deeply. “Sorry.”

“No, don't be, I shouldn't have done that. Here, watch what you want.”

“Lets watch a film, something we both like,” Stiles reasoned with a grin getting up and moving to his stash of DVD's. They ended up watching Iron Man, Stiles stretched out with his feet in his lap, and his hand resting against his stomach. It was oddly relaxing and he kept his eyes on the screen till the film ended and he glanced at Stiles snoring softly.

Derek exhaled gently pushing up to turn the television off and lock the door when he stood over him. Half of him wanted to leave him there till morning but the other half shouted at that. It was listening to reason when he scooped him up gently so he moaned frowning in his sleep. He carried him upstairs putting him in Stiles' bedroom and onto the bed gently. Stiles sighed rolling away from him sprawling out with a soft snort. He couldn't help but roll his eyes and leave him to it when he turned moving to his own bedroom.

His sleep that night was deep and dreamless when he woke up that next morning feeling a sense of calm and peace in the early morning. He could hear the birds outside when he lay there staring up at the ceiling and he liked it. Derek could get used to it when he picked up on Stiles' snoring down the hall.

The weeks that went by were filled with going to work and wondering why people were so stupid when they filled paperwork out wrong, coming home to cooked meals from Stiles who went all out being a little chef, and dealing with demands from his family. They had stuck vigilant to the telling no one till after the first trimester.

It was Stiles fifth week into pregnancy when Derek was woken up around half five in the morning to retching coming from the bathroom. His eyes burned from lack of sleep but he moved anyway to check up on him. Stiles vomited into the bowl of the toilet and he couldn't help but feel a twinge of
sympathy for him.

“Here,” he said returning from going downstairs to get him a glass of water.

“Thanks,” he mumbled taking it and swilling the water around his mouth before spitting. “I think if any of us had any doubts...they can leave the house and never return. I am so pregnant.”

“I never had any doubts.”

“I did.”

Derek was surprised by that when Stiles glanced over with tired eyes. “You did?”

“Yeah, I mean I took the test but I had no symptoms. It's not like I can skip a period or feel tenderness in my nonexistent breasts. I had the odd ache and pain but apart from that...nothing,” he said drinking the water in sips. “But hello morning sickness! My mom was terrible with me according to my dad.”

“You've told him?” Derek questioned sitting on the floor with him in the bathroom.

“No, not yet, I want to wait till after the first scan.”

“My family wants to meet you. They keep pestering me to invite you around. I said yes.”

Stiles' eyes went wide when he looked at him and swallowed hard. “When?”

“Saturday, mom's cooking.”

“Fuck,” Stiles whispered before gagging a little and Derek grimaced watching when Stiles vomited a second time. Stiles spent most of his morning in the bathroom till he was done and Derek watched from the kitchen when he stumbled downstairs dressed in loose clothing.

“I want a coffee!” he whined burying his head into his arms.

“No,” he answered simply yanking open the fridge door to pour him a glass of orange juice. “Not when you're pregnant with my pup. You can drink coffee when you're pregnant with your own.”

Stiles lifted his head to meet his eyes and he gestured the glass at him till he took it with a deep sigh drinking it down. He was quiet for most of the day, Stiles wrapped in a blanket on the couch when he watched television eating ginger biscuits. The sickness didn't return but it made it's appearances every morning, every early morning. Derek woke up with a sigh at five in the morning that Saturday listening to Stiles vomit and curse the world and everything in it. It was more like routine now and he pushed his cover away heading downstairs to get him ginger ale to drink and help his stomach.

“You're awesome,” Stiles whispered when he sat in the bathroom with him. His eyes brushing over the bags under his eyes and the pale sweaty shine on his face when he drank it down. It didn't stay down though and he rubbed his back when he threw it back up, his forehead pressing into his arm when he whimpered unable to move.

“I'll cancel tonight.”

“No! No, no, you know this is only in the morning, Derek, and your mom wants to meet me. I can't let her down or your family so don't cancel,” he protested meeting his eyes. “Okay?”

“Fine,” he agreed sighing softly.
“I’m looking forward to it.”

Derek was dreading it. He loved them but he knew it was going to be a nightmare before it even happened. Stiles was right though in the end about his morning sickness easing up enough for him to shower and be dressed and refreshed. It was when he was stood in the kitchen drinking coffee that he smelt it. It normally took a couple of weeks for the scent to come in but with Stiles it took longer than he thought but there it was. The tell-tale change of scent of Stiles being pregnant, a soft but sweet scent lingering in the air and around him.

It was his instinct when he approached him and grabbed his wrist bringing it to his nose inhaling deeply.


“Your scent, it's changed, you smell pregnant.”

“I do?”

“Yes,” he murmured inhaling deeply committing the smell to his memory. “Are you sure you want to meet them? You don't have to.”

“I do, because I'm giving you a pup, but I'm also giving them a grandchild, a niece or nephew, and I want to know them,” Stiles said patting his hand against his chest.

“Okay, that's fine.”

Stiles smiled brightly at him when he walked around and he shut his eyes inhaling deeply. He prayed to anyone listening it went okay.

~*~

Stiles was a nervous wreck when he stared up at the Hale house. Derek parking and locking the car when they both got out and he swallowed hard walking up. The door opened before they even reached the porch and he looked around the woods in surprise. They literally lived in the middle of nowhere but the house was beautiful and the surroundings matched.

“Derek, you made it,” a woman looking faintly like Derek greeted kissing his cheek. “Now this must be Stiles. Stiles, I've been waiting to meet you.”

“Yeah, me too,” he murmured breathlessly letting her hug him tight before she let go.

“Yeah, me too,” he murmured breathlessly letting her hug him tight before she let go.

“I'm Talia, Derek's mom if you were feeling a little unsure. Come on in,” she said stepping back so they could walk inside. Stiles swore under his breath taking in the décor of the Hale home and hating how inadequate he felt despite the warm greeting.

“Stiles!” Laura greeted hurrying down the stairs hugging him. Derek slapped a hand over his eyes when Stiles patted her back till she pulled back with a wide smile.

“Sorry, had my urge, god, you smell pregnant already!” she said sniffing his neck.

“Laura, stop it,” Derek snapped so she moved holding up her hands and winking at him when he could feel his cheeks burn in embarrassment. There was a commotion of noise when he looked up to see the rest of the family come down the stairs staring at him. Now he felt self conscious when he twitched wishing that Scott was here.
“Introductions,” Talia began with a smile. “Now we all know who you are of course.”

Stiles could see Derek out of the corner of his eye bow his head and whisper something he couldn't quite catch.

“This here is my wonderful husband, James,” she said pressing a hand to an older man with a gentle smile and a goatee. “Here with my younger brother, Peter, and his two children, Tony and April.”

Stiles met Peter's eyes feeling a little tickle of discomfort when he winked at him, his children around the ages of ten and seven hold up a hand in hello.

“Laura, of course, her little girl, Emma, and her mate, Joseph.”

“Joe,” the guy with curly brown hair and a kind smile said to Talia who rolled her eyes but let her have it.

“My youngest Cora,” Talia said smoothing a hand down the hair of Cora who rolled her eyes at him. “My eldest isn't here I'm afraid. He's Mark and he has twins, Harry and Haley, but he's away for a couple of weeks.”

“Right,” Stiles muttered feeling one hundred per cent overwhelmed. “Nice to meet you all.”

Derek seemed to sense his discomfort when he approached pressing two fingers to his arm when they moved away. He was led into the kitchen and handed a glass of water which he drunk steadily.

“I'm sorry,” Derek whispered scrubbing a hand down his cheek. “I didn't think they would do that.”

“No, no, no, it's fine,” he reassured shaking his head. “It had to be done and now I know who they are.”

“Hiding him away, Derek?” Peter said walking into the kitchen. “We've all been dying to meet you, Stiles. Honestly baffling how you're doing this for my nephew.”

“Peter, leave it.”

“It's okay,” Stiles whispered shaking his head in his direction. “I'm doing this for my own reasons.”

“I'm sure you are,” Peter muttered trailing his eyes up and down him slowly, they lingered in a way that made him uncomfortable. “It's so lovely of you.”

Derek dragged him away and out of their kitchen when they moved to the back of the house stepping outside. The garden was beautiful, Stiles couldn't help but feel in awe of it when he looked around and took a seat on the bench.

“Derek, could you give me a hand in the kitchen please?” Talia asked poking her head around the door. “Stiles, I know I shouldn't ask but Laura, Joe and Cora are popping out for a few groceries I need and I was wondering if you'd watch Emma...”

“Sure,” he agreed with a nod.

Emma was lying on her back in the middle of the living room when he walked in. She was cooing
and kicking her legs on her mat when he knelt down looking over her and caught her attention when he leaned over.

“Hi,” he whispered smiling softly when she cooed smiling up at him. Stiles could see the tips of her teeth and he blinked in surprise when she held up her hands demanding to be held. His refusal irritated her when she whimpered, her eyes glistening till he gave in gingerly picking her up to his shoulder to hold her. Emma instantly brightened when her little hands patted his face, her energy and beauty unfathomable when he held her close.

Stiles smiled at her so she twisted sitting in his lap and babbled in baby talk pulling at his top.

Cartoons played in the background when he listened and agreed to whatever she was trying to say to him.

“Cat,” she said holding out a toy cat to him so he took it off her and smiled.

“Yeah, cat, it meows,” he whispered. “Meow!”

“Cat!” she cried giggling when he meowed again and she stared up at him in delight. Playtime was over when she got bored and she settled in his lap curling towards him, her pacifier in her mouth when they settled on the couch watching cartoons. His heart beating a little too fast when he stared down at her, her trust in him so sincere for someone who didn't know him that well.

“Oh my god, this is so adorable,” Laura gushed appearing out of nowhere with her cell phone taking a picture. “Hey baby, you okay?”

“Mama,” Emma said around her pacifier staring across at her.

“Yeah baby, mama is going to help nana make dinner. You stay here with Stiles, okay,” she whispered blowing her a kiss. “Thanks for this, Stiles.”

“Sure,” he whispered.

Emma eventually fell asleep in his arms and he couldn't quite believe it. He hadn't had much experience around children at all despite everything he was putting himself through. She was sweet though, her little hand fisted into his top when she slept away and he swallowed hard. Stiles remained there watching cartoons, his arm feeling heavy and numb after a while till Emma woke up struggling a little in his arms. Her eyes still heavy with sleep when she let her head rest against his shoulder playing with his hand.

“Dinner will be ready in ten minutes.”

Derek's voice startled him when he looked up to see him leaning against the door frame, an unreadable expression on his face before he left him alone. Emma was taken from him when dinner was called and placed in her high chair at the end of the table with Laura. Stiles felt nervous when he took a seat facing Derek and looked at the meal. It was roast beef and all the trimmings when he inhaled deeply feeling starved. Chatter broke out almost instantly, people discussing their day, Talia asking questions about him that he tried to answer the best he could. But he had a boring life compared to others, this surrogacy was the only thing to ever happen to him.

He ate though to distract himself and found himself enjoying the food more than he thought. His eyes lifting slowly down the long length of the dining room table to where Emma called for him, her little hands reaching out to him so he smiled. Laura noticed this when she beamed looking between the both of them.

“Looks like my daughter has made a new best friend,” Laura said biting into her potato with a grin.
“Yep,” he agreed ignoring Derek's eyes pinned on him from across the table.

Dessert was ice cream which he tucked into it but by the end he yet again felt overwhelmed by this family. Stiles stepped out onto the porch when he stared out at the woods breathing in the clean air slowly in and out. The door behind him opened when he tensed turning to see Peter of all people standing there.

“You look how I feel,” he said standing next to him.

“Your family is amazing, just not used to it.”

“Yes,” Peter agreed with a soft snort. “Well I guess you have another eight months of us before you leave and we never see you again. Or maybe not...”

Stiles frowned glancing up to see his eyes fixed on him, a blue tinge of the wolf dwelling under the surface when he straightened up.

“What's that supposed to mean?”

“Oh nothing, I just see more than I feel, but an instinct tells me that you're not ready for this...are you?” he whispered stepping closer to him. He recoiled hitting the end of the porch and felt uneasy when fingers pressed into his neck, a gentle pressure against his pulse.

“I dare you to answer me honestly.”

Stiles opened his mouth but Derek made his appearance then when he snapped at Peter who removed his hand slowly, his fingers caressing his skin before he did it though. Peter left without a word, his eyes snapping to Derek amused before the front door closed behind them both.

“What was he doing?”

“Nothing, just being weird.”

“Try and stay away from him, Peter doesn't understand boundaries. He has a fascination over you and the whole surrogacy thing but just try and ignore him.”

Stiles nodded silently bracing his hands against the wooden railing. “Can we get out of here soon? I need a nap.”

“Soon,” Derek agreed leading him back inside. Stiles made a beeline for the living room to see Tony, April, and Emma in there when he sat down. Emma seeing him when she crawled over and he grinned picking her up.

“She likes you,” April commented from where she was lying on her stomach coloring.

“I think she does,” he mumbled in wonder closing his eyes with a smirk when she patted his face with her hands. Stiles kissed her palm when she giggled and he stayed with the children instead of the adults. Tony silent when he played on his DS and April when she colored, they were so different from Peter and he couldn't help but wonder where their mother was.

“Stiles,” Derek called indicating to them they were leaving when he stood with Emma. Laura reached out when they reached him and Emma went willingly into her arms.

“It was so nice to meet you,” Talia said cupping his cheek so he smiled.

“I'll be around soon with your new best friend,” Laura injected with a grin waving Emma's hand at
him. Stiles smiled despite everything reaching over to tickle Emma under her chin so she giggled squirming and reaching over to him.

“No, no, Emma, we better be leaving,” Derek said kissing his mother's cheek in goodbye. Stiles waved a hand at the others before he followed Derek out to the car. The radio was turned on for the journey back and he stared out the window taking in the dark shapes of the trees and buildings they passed.

“I feel like I should be saying sorry,” Derek said startling him out of his trance. “I know you were uncomfortable.”

“No, I mean isn't it always uncomfortable meeting people for the first time? They're lovely, seriously, especially little Emma. I never realized I could bond with children so much but she was adorable. She looks like Joe.”

“Yeah,” Derek agreed with a small smile. “Laura's eyes though.”

“Your uncle though, not so much, sorry, but he had a creepy vibe to him.”

Derek’s laugh surprised him, his hand flexing over the steering wheel like he seemed to agree.

“It takes a bigger man to be able to deal with Uncle Peter. You did well, seriously, they all seemed to like you.”

Stiles nodded turning his head to look out of the window thinking of Peter's words. They didn't make a lick of sense but in a way he could hear Scott through them, the doubt he could do this, the doubt he could carry a baby for nine months before handing it over. The doubt should make him angry, he was strong, strong enough to be able to do this, and he would prove them all wrong. But there was a small part of him, small and in the background that agreed with this doubt, agreed with the fact that maybe he couldn't do this. Stiles could ignore it for now, he could push it far back that it disappeared but it still lingered.

“Hey, you okay?”

Stiles paused looking up to see Derek's eyes filled with concern and question. So he did what he knew was best, he said the only thing that would stop him worrying despite everything he was feeling.

“I'm fine.”

Chapter End Notes

Oh sadness. Writing that end bit left me feeling glum because it just gets so much worse...
Having no work meant life was very boring for Stiles as the weeks went by. Stiles loved the moments when he could go to Scott and Allison's and be with them, Scott challenging him on the PlayStation, Allison sitting with him when they pored over baby books. He liked to know what was happening to him despite the baby not really being his. It was good to know how the baby was developing and each day that passed was a step closer to the first scan. Lydia was also there for him when he went over to her house watching her drink wine and he longed to do the same when he sipped orange juice or lemonade. It was frustrating as hell but he wasn't going to complain about it.

His dad occasionally called him and Stiles had to lie. He hated lying to him, felt the deception itch under his skin but he wanted to wait till after the first scan. Derek making the arrangements for him to see his local doctor who would help during the pregnancy. This would be the 'dating scan' and they would find out the due date. Stiles ended up being pregnant around the end of May so he guessed some time in February next year. It would be a winter baby for him.

“You nervous about the scan?” Lydia questioned when they lay on her double bed together. His hand linked into hers when they stared up at the ceiling together.

“No and yes, we go through the regular tests, I get told when I'm due, and so on and so forth,” he mumbled glancing at her. “Also scared of what he'll say. What if I'm carrying triplets?!”

“Then you carry triplets, nothing you can do about it.”

“Fuck,” he whispered closing his eyes tight.

“Danny mentioned you the other day. He still likes you,” she said casually tugging on his hand. “Just because you're pregnant doesn't mean you can't date and have fun. You're a surrogate, not his mate, not his in anyway. Danny is cute.”

“Lydia, I can't date someone like this!” he protested. “I can see it now! 'Hi Danny, no we can't go for a drink because I'm pregnant with another man's child. No we're not together, I'm popping out his baby and he's paying me at the end. Should we go get food?' I don't think that will go down so well.”

“He knows.”

“He what?!”

“It slipped out,” she argued when he gaped at her. “He was curious, surprised even, but he was also
supportive of your personal decision. It means he doesn't care and he still wants you. You've already had sex.”

“What is it with you and you pushing ideas onto me,” he muttered shoving her shoulder so she glared at him. “The surrogacy idea? Yours. Now you're pushing Danny onto me. He doesn't need to be caught up in this freak show.”

“Isn't that his decision as well?”

“It's not happening. I like him well enough but...I don't see Derek being down for it.”

“Derek? He doesn't control you, he controls the part of you giving him a pup. Your heart is your own,” Lydia argued tapping over it. “You can use it and give it to whoever you want no matter what's happening in there.”

“Maybe after I've given birth.”

“Your choice. But I know I'd like someone there when you're feeling hormonal and horny enough to crave sex and not get any. Your body is changing.”

“No, really?” he mumbled sarcastically grabbing her pillow and hugging it to his chest and stomach with a soft sigh. “My morning sickness is terrible plus I keep getting these headaches. I never get headaches and my body aches like a bitch. I just want coffee and it's forbidden.”

“Poor baby,” she murmured petting his head so he leaned into her resting his head on her shoulder. “You're going to be fine.”

Stiles couldn't be bothered to argue with her, her fingers trailing through his hair so he felt soothed when he breathed in her scent. It was a soft scent mixed with artificial smell of her perfume. It was eventually time to leave when he kissed her forehead in goodbye and drove back to Derek's to see him already home.

“Where have you been?” Derek questioned the moment he walked in. Derek was still in his work clothes, the tie gone, but his shirt open to reveal the 'v' of his chest. There was no use ever denying that Derek was attractive because he was and wearing a suit only made it ten times worse.

“Lydia's, some TLC with her,” he answered tugging his coat off and hanging it up. “You cooked?”

“Yeah, burgers,” Derek answered opening the oven and pulling out a plate with a burger and salad on. Stiles smiled walking towards him to take it off him with careful hands.

“Thanks, this is great.”

Derek despite having already eaten sat with him in the dining room when he tucked into the burger, the hum of approval making it's way up when he gave him the thumbs up.

“Good day in work?”

“It sucked, as usual” Derek admitted honestly taking the plate away from him. “The scan is on Friday at one. I got a call from Doctor Marlowe this afternoon.”

“Oh, okay, that's great,” he muttered watching when Derek took his plate walking out. “Hey, Derek, can I ask a question?”

“What?” he called from the kitchen. Stiles stood not wanting to shout it out when he joined him to
watch Derek washing up.

“I've been with Lydia, Lydia who suggested somethings to me. Just something small but, um, she – she mentioned dating. Dating and a particular guy who's still interested in me. I mean we have history, well more like a one night stand with...sex. Um, fuck, I just wondered how you would feel if I dated? I mean he knows about the pregnancy, Lydia and her mouthing off without my permission. He's okay with it, there wouldn't be anything serious at all, but company would be good.”

Stiles knew he was ranting, his hands twisting and twining together when he watched Derek who had turned towards him slowly. Derek was frowning deeply when he dried his hands slowly, the silence between them tense till Derek tossed the towel on the side.

“I can't control you, I can't control anything you do, but I'd prefer if you didn't. Just for now, like your job and apartment. While you're pregnant I'd prefer if your thoughts were on my pup and not on other things. Until the baby is born and then you can do whatever you want, date whoever you want, and even fuck whoever you want. But, again, I can't control what you do I'd just prefer not to.”

“Right,” Stiles agreed with a nod. “Yeah, you're probably right. Thanks for dinner, it was great, it was nice not to cook. I'm going to lie down.”

Stiles retreated exiting the room and heading upstairs to his bedroom. He closed the door leaning against it and switching on the light when he sighed deeply. It was probably the stupidest question and Stiles didn't even have any real feelings for Danny. He was cute, funny, ridiculously handsome, but despite good sex that was about it. Loneliness though was a factor here and while him and Derek got along well enough, the awkward tension finally gone, he still felt lonely.

His hand pressed to his stomach when he stood looking in the long mirror, his body turning when he smoothed it down. There was nothing there just yet but life was growing in there every second, new cells, new organs, and it was happening right now. Stiles sighed letting his hand drop and returned to the bed climbing on top of it with his DS to play on it. He spent the remainder of his night in his bedroom till he fell asleep.

Friday couldn't come soon enough and when it finally arrived he realized Derek had taken the day off to be at the scan with him. Scott wished him good luck through text and the butterflies in his stomach spoke volumes to him about how he was really feeling. The doctor's surgery was twenty minutes away from the house when they drove there, the car window down when he inhaled the fresh air. The sun was high in the sky and it was hot enough to not wear a jacket when he waited and watched the passing sights.

It was fancy on the outside and he rolled his eyes at Derek when they finally parked.

“What?”

“Only the best, right?”

“I don't trust any other doctor, he's been in my family for years. He took care of Laura when she was pregnant with Emma.”

“I thought I needed a nurse or a sonographer or whatever.”

“He's both, he's trained for this, Stiles, don't worry.”

“Fine,” he muttered climbing out of the car and slamming the door behind him when he stood
staring at the building ahead of him. Derek led the way when they walked up the stairs and through the doors to book them in. The seat was hard underneath his back when they sat in the waiting room, Derek picking up a magazine to flick through it when he waited nervously. Doctor's waiting rooms always made him nervous, the smell hitting him when he waited and he jumped out of his skin when his name was called.

Doctor Marlowe was an elderly gentlemen with kind eyes and a fuzz of white hair when they walked into the room together.

“Derek, it's good to see you,” he greeted in a deep voice shaking his hand. “This must be Mr Stilinski. I'm Doctor Marlowe, I'll be looking over your pregnancy over the next few months.”

“Yeah,” Stiles agreed unable to say anything else when he was instructed to lay down on the bed in front of all the equipment. It was slightly unnerving but he trusted Derek's instinct that his family doctor knew what he was doing.

The gel was cool on his abdomen when lifted his shirt leaning back to get comfortable. Derek hovering over Doctor Marlowe's shoulder when the transducer was pressed against it and the screen was turned away from him. Stiles had did his research on the first scan or the dating scan as they called it. Doctor Marlowe taking in the date he conceived to the weight and size of the baby.

“Well I can safely say that you're carrying one baby,” he said writing down some notes before turning the screen towards him. There was some relief about that, his eyes flicking to Derek who seemed pleased. Stiles swallowed staring at the grainy black and white screen showing him the tiny size of the baby inside of him.

“That – that's the baby?”

“It is.”

“It's so small,” he whispered.

“You're around ten weeks meaning the embryo is now a fetus so to estimate the baby is around the size of a bean. The baby is about three point one centimeters long from crown to rump and weighs less than four grams. They may be small now, but baby is very active, swallowing fluid and kicking their new limbs. The vital organs – liver, kidneys, intestines, brain and lungs – are fully formed and functional, while the head is almost half the length of the entire body,” Doctor Marlowe said glancing between him and Derek. “I would say you conceived around the end of May and I'm going to give you a due date of February fifteenth next year. I need to take some blood now and check your weight, is that okay?”

“Sure,” Stiles muttered swallowing hard at the thought of needles and blood. He turned his head away when the needle was stuck into his arm and blood was drawn out. His weight was checked next and he was confirmed a healthy weight.

“That's great,” Doctor Marlowe said removing his gloves. “Derek, if we could take a step outside and discuss payment.”

“Sure, you'll be okay for two minutes?”

Stiles nodded watching the two of them walk out. The gel was wiped away and he tossed the papers into the basket before turning back to the machine. The screen facing him when he stared at the tiny bundle of life there. His hand straying down to brush against his abdomen and it suddenly all at once felt so real. It was like a punch to the mouth.
“You're real,” he whispered staring down at his stomach. “Ten weeks old but very real.”

The door opening again had him pushing back to perch on the bed. The two of them reappeared with Derek glancing over at him and away.

“I can get a scan picture for you in a moment,” he said nodding between them. “You are a healthy weight, Mr Stilinski, and from what I can see the baby is developing well. You will have a second scan with me around twenty weeks to get a better look at the little pup.”

“Yeah, sounds good.”

“Thanks, doc,” Derek muttered shaking his hand a second time when he left leaving to get their scan pictures. “How are you feeling?”

“Good,” Stiles admitted truthfully. “Baby is healthy and in two weeks I'll have passed the first trimester. I can tell my dad and...yeah. Plus I'm only having one baby which is a huge relief! I don't need the cast of Fame coming out of me.”

“Yeah, I don't think I'm quite ready for twins or triplets.”

Stiles smiled at him softly looking up when Doctor Marlowe returned with two scan photos for them. He took his staring down at the black and white of it, the baby nestled in between so tiny that he could barely make he or she out. Derek thanked the doctor for them both when they left the room heading out.

“Will you drop me off at Scott's?”

“Sure.”

“Thanks,” he murmured looking out of the window.

“Do you want me to pick you up?”

“No, I'll get Scott to drop me off.”

It was silent between them till they arrived at Scott's and he said his goodbye softly before getting out and walking up to the house. Allison opened the door for him when he walked inside and she smiled at him warmly.

“How was the scan?”

Stiles handed over the scan picture which she took cooing over it already. “You can barely see it. It's so small.”

“It's still a baby,” she said smiling when they sat in the living room. “How are you feeling?”

“Fine, I guess,” he said shrugging his shoulders up and down. “Derek's happy.”

“It's not about Derek, it's about you, you and your feelings.”

Allison handed him the scan photo which he tucked into his back pocket. “How are you really feeling?”

“Fine.”

“Stiles, you're lying.”
“Fine, I don't know how I'm feeling. I feel...winded. Like I've been punched and I'm only just realizing how fucking real this is. The morning sickness, that's fine. The waking up in the middle of the night needing to pee, that's also fine. The aches, the pains, the food cravings, my hormones, and my body changing is all fine but seeing that little tiny human on the screen was..." he trailed off shaking his head. "It just finally feels real."

“Well of course it does,” she said moving to sit next to him and taking his hand. “You told your dad yet?”

“God, you sound like Lydia,” he muttered shutting his eyes. “No, not yet.”

“I guess you're dreading it...”

“Understatement.”

“He's your dad, he'll be there no matter what.”

“You think?” he whispered turning his head to look at her. Allison's smile constant when he moved closer to him and nodded squeezing his hand tight into hers. Her presence was reassuring when she held his hand tight into hers and he shut his eyes leaning his head against hers. Scott was at work so it was just the two of them until he came home and he was glad to have her before mister negativity arrived.

Scott came home around six, his smile brightening when he saw him before it faltered when he brought out the scan photo.

“When you due?”

“Doc says around February fifteenth. Winter baby and all that. It's tiny,” he said when they stood in the kitchen together. “I didn't realize till now, I mean I'm not even showing yet but...”

“Yeah,” Scott muttered handing it back. “Must of been overwhelming, seeing a baby that's not yours.”

“Don't.”

“I'm sorry. I sometimes like to imagine that you're not doing this.”

“Well I am. I'm going to tell my dad soon, go up there and see him for a few days. Let him know what's going on. I know he's going to freak and be pissed off and I don't know how to calm him down. I mean we've had this talk, the chat about safe sex and babies and he always – he always said he wanted me to settle down with someone I love before I had a baby.”

“Well he's probably right,” Scott said cocking his head and grimacing.

“Thanks, Scott, really. Just feeling the overwhelming brotherly love and support for this,” he cried sarcastically smacking his back so Scott frowned guiltily.

“Sorry.”

“You don't mean that and I know you don't. You're not sorry for worrying about me. I just – my dad is going to be the same. The only people on my side are Allison and Lydia!”

“Allison is because she can't be negative with you and Lydia is the one who suggested this so of course she's going to be okay with it! I'm the one who knows this is going to fuck you up, Stiles.
Because I'm your best friend, I know you better than anyone in this world, and I know you're doing this for your own selfish and fucked up reasons. You really think that in February you can go into a room, give birth, and look down at a baby which is half yours and feel nothing? You feel everything, you love people, and you're going to love this baby whether you convince yourself you won't or not.” Scott ranted trailing off with a heavy sigh. “It's the same argument I keep saying over and over again and I won't stop until you realize. I love you buddy, I really do, but you can be so stupid sometimes.”

Stiles was left dumbstruck when he stood watching when Scott left him alone calling for Allison about wedding plans. His stomach swirled when he moved wobbling slightly to run upstairs and throw up into the toilet. His eyes burning from tears when he stared into the sink afterwards.

“You're fine, it's going to be...fine,” he whispered looking up to stare at his reflection and desperately tried to believe it.

~*~

Staring up at his old childhood home brought back a rush of emotions he really didn't want to be feeling. Stiles was now officially fourteen weeks pregnant. His first trimester over and his second trimester beginning with the baby still living and breathing inside of him. If he closed his eyes and listened closely he could hear the baby's heartbeat. Derek had been joyful the first time he heard it, his hand fastening around his wrist to keep him in place to press a hand to his stomach. It had been a moment for the both of them, more for Derek than anyone, but the rush of feelings around his body left him reeling. Derek didn't question anything of course when he left him alone and he was left to deal with this on his own.

His stomach was a little rounder, the signs of his pregnancy coming through with his growing abdomen. Stiles exhaled sharply tugging his bag out and walking up the path to the doorway. His key fitting in when he opened the door and smiled when his dad appeared looking at him with surprised joy.

“It's good to see you son,” he said wrapping his arms around him in a tight hug. Stiles nearly whimpered when he clung back, his head tucked into his shoulder breathing in his scent and the smell of his aftershave.

“How you been? These phone calls do not do justice,” his dad said leading him into the living room.

“Oh you know, a lot better than I was. I am here for a reason, dad. I need to tell you before I chicken out of it so sit down...please,” he pleaded sitting on the couch. His dad frowned confused but obliged sitting in his armchair to face him, his hands clasped together, and a serious expression on his face.

“I'm listening.”

“You know I've been having money troubles and no way out and I didn't know what to do. Lydia suggested I use an ability I have, that I sign up with – with a company that handles surrogates. To give a couple or a person a baby and then they pay me a sum of money at the end whilst paying for my clothes, my hospital bills, and everything in between. I've been a shit excuse of a son and I've been lying to you for these past fourteen weeks. It's pretty obvious by my scent and if you listen closely...” he said trailing off and ducking his head when his dad swore.

“Stiles, tell me...tell me this is an elaborate lie to cover something else up...you're pregnant?!” he demanded angrily.
“Yeah.”

“But not just pregnant for you but pregnant for someone else? Who!?”

“His name is Derek Hale and he hired me to carry his pup. I went through my heat week with him and now I'm fourteen weeks pregnant with a pup. It'll be his by law but both of ours in genetics. He'll pay me money at the end of it,” he muttered feeling sick watching his dad stand up. His hands cupping his cheeks when he stared away from him and began to pace the length of the living room.

“I know you are many things, Stiles, some wonderful, some bad occasionally, but I never ever imagined you to be so fucking naïve and stupid!” he shouted so he flinched back whimpering under his breath. “How could you be so stupid?! Carrying a baby for another man for cash? It's – it's ridiculous!”

“I saw no way out!”

“Saw no way out? So your last and final decision was to become a surrogate! Do you have any idea what you're about to put yourself through?!”

“Dad, I -”

“No, you sit there and you keep your mouth shut,” he said pointing a finger at him sternly. “You may be twenty one and an adult but you're still my kid. I'm still your dad and I'm here to tell you kiddo that you have absolutely no idea what you're putting yourself through. Fourteen weeks pregnant with a baby for another man, the morning sickness, the food cravings, the desperate need to pee twenty four seven all for someone else.”

“I know what I'm doing! I knew when I signed up for this!”

“No, you knew in that moment, in that single moment in the present you believed you could do it. But that's not speaking for six months down the line when you're holding a baby in your arms and you have to give them up!” his dad cried rubbing a hand down his face. “Do you honestly feel nothing for this baby right now?”

Stiles opened his mouth to protest but found nothing coming out. His dad sighed deeply from where he stood, his knees bending when he stooped clutching his shoulder to look at him.

“That little heartbeat, I can hear it, and I can bet you can too when you're not desperately trying not to. Do you feel nothing, Stiles? I know that when your mom was pregnant with you and I heard your little heartbeat for the first time...I was so happy. You were alive and your mom cried in happiness. Claudia loved you more than ever the moment she heard it.”

Stiles squeezed his eyes shut feeling the tears hit and break over the barrier when he sucked in a deep shuddering breath. His dad's hands wrapping around his when he cried silently keeping his head ducked down. Fingers were gentle when they stroked away the tears and he moved into his dad's arms when he hugged him tight.

“I'm sorry dad, I'm so sorry,” he whispered fisting his hands into his shirt.

“You're an idiot,” his dad muttered rubbing his back gently before he pulled back. “I think you do care about this baby, whether you don't want to admit or not. But you're under the surrogacy agreement, a contract binding you to give this baby up whether you like it or not.”

“I can go to prison if I break it,” he whispered clearing his throat.
“Yes, you can. I need a stiff drink.”

Stiles sniffed wiping his cheeks when his dad moved away to collect the bottle of whiskey from the side. His dad sat opposite him again cradling a tumbler of whiskey in his hands, he took occasional sips amongst the silence between them.

“This Derek Hale, he a good man?”

“Yeah, bit moody, emotionally repressed sometimes, and likes to hide away but he's a good man, a good alpha, and has a huge family. They're great. His mom and sister and he little girl Emma are amazing.”

“Right.”

“I know you're angry and I know you're probably hating me a little right now for doing this but don't...just support me. I already have Scott on my ass about this...”

“Oh so he feels the same way about it like I do?”

“Yeah.”

“I always liked that boy.”

Stiles rolled his eyes knowing he would take his side, he knew that from the beginning.

“Stiles,” he began with a long suffering sigh. “I think this decision is one of the worst possible decisions you could have made. Worse then when you climbed that tree for Scott and fell from the highest branch breaking your arm. I know it healed soon after that but I could only think of that one. I honestly don't believe you know what's about to happen. You're so like your mother, a little naïve, very brave, but reckless in making decisions without proper consideration.”

He swallowed the lump in his throat hard knowing he was right but he didn't want to acknowledge it. He couldn't acknowledge it.

“But I'll support you, no matter what, I'll be here till the end. You're going to need me son.”

Stiles moved to stand when he walked over needing that hug when his arms circled him so he knelt in front of him. His dad's hand rubbing his back whilst the other cupped the back of his neck and the tears made their appearance known yet again. They slid down his cheeks slowly when he inhaled shakily staring at the wall ahead of him. The only photo on the wall being his mother, her smile radiant when she cradled him in her arms when he was just a baby.

His eyes shut tight when he clung tighter, his emotions all over the place but there was one sure but certain thing there within. The single and quick heartbeat of a baby nestled deep within him, so tiny and precious, but so unaware. It echoed in his ears like a constant reminder, a ticking clock, and it wasn't going anywhere any time soon.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for the comments and kudos. I am overwhelmed you all like it so much.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Derek sat at the dining room table when he poured over magazines looking at designs for nurseries. They didn't even know the sex yet but he couldn't resist looking at designs possible for a boy or girl. There was a particular one he found for a little girl, the room painted gray and pink with a tree painted on the wall. Blossoms of pink and white flew off onto the other wall and the furniture was a dark oak. He knew it was something he could achieve but for now it was about waiting to know the sex.

The sounds of Stiles coming down the stairs caught his attention when he looked over his shoulder to see him walk in. Stiles was wearing plaid pajama pants and a top tight enough to show the small bump he had. It was just enough for his throat to constrict staring at it, the soft scent of his pregnancy hitting him full force. He grabbed a milkshake out of the fridge before spinning to face him, his lips twitching into a smile when he spotted him watching him.

“What's that look for?”

“What look?” he muttered straightening and blinking to remove his expression hopefully.

“All fond and hopeful, it was kind of weird but cute,” he muttered walking over to join him. “What are you doing?”

“Looking at nursery designs,” he answered sitting back, his eyes flicking over to him when Stiles sat down next to him slowly. He reached out taking one gently between his fingers looking over it with a hum of approval.

“I want to design the nursery myself but only after we know the sex of the baby.”

“You want to know the sex of the baby?” Stiles said softly in surprise.

“Yeah, you don't?” Derek questioned in surprise. Stiles sat up looking down at his milkshake when he unscrewed the cap off before taking a long gulp. Derek eyed his throat working before meeting his eyes.

“I hadn't really thought about it. I didn't know if you wanted to wait for the birth or you know...the second scan. I mean we can of course! It'll make it a lot easier to choose nursery designs and baby clothes and baby names...” he muttered trailing off when he tossed the picture down. “I like that one.”

Derek blinked slowly looking at Stiles who fidgeted with his milkshake before he stood up, his hand brushing against his shoulder slowly before he retreated back upstairs. There was a part of him that knew something was wrong, something had been hidden and wrong since Stiles came home from his week with his dad. Stiles hadn't said much about it but he knew the confession
hadn't gone down too well with his father. Since then he had been secretive, retreating to his room when he could, or lingering around him asking the odd question about his life now again. Now that he didn't mind, he liked the company. Stiles was in the height of his second trimester, his morning sickness gone and his food cravings kicking in.

It was currently strawberry milkshake and pineapple chunks he was craving at odd hours. Derek didn't want to endure the emotional breakdown when they ran out of pineapple and milkshake again. Stiles' eyes had filled with tears when he turned to him pleadingly and he was out of the door before he could even answer him. He also had the pregnancy glow all omega men and women had whilst pregnant.

Derek pushed away from the table heading upstairs when he crept silently as he could, the door of Stiles' bedroom cracked open when he stood looking into the room. His music played softly in the background when he spotted him by the mirror. Stiles was turned on his side, one hand pulling at the back of top so it pulled taut around his bump. His other hand smoothing down over it slowly up and down. There was a soft but haunting expression on his face that puzzled and confused him till he made his presence known tapping on the door.

“Yeah,” Stiles cried startling turning towards him and dropping his hands. “Derek, hey, what's up?”

“I was going to order some Chinese in, you want some?” he said instead of the real question he wanted to ask. Stiles brightened the moment he said Chinese and he nodded enthusiastically.

“Yes, sweet and sour chicken sounds awesome right now. Plus noodles and prawn crackers...” Stiles murmured trailing off licking his bottom lip. “I'm a little hungry.”

“I can tell.”

“Fancy watching The Avengers? I was going to watch it tonight by myself but...I'd kind of like company. It get a little lonely up here.”

Derek licked his lips gently considering that and found himself nodding anyway. There was happiness tinged with his scent when Stiles grinned moving to collect the DVD from his bed and head out with him. He ordered off the menu watching out of the corner of his eye when Stiles put the DVD on before sitting down heavily on the couch.

“Should be here in about fifty minutes.”

“Yeah, I give it forty five minutes with that horny delivery boy we always get,” Stiles teased pressing play.

“What's that supposed to mean?”

“Oh come on! He reeks of arousal every time you open the door plus he blushes and calls you sir,” he said with a soft snort of laughter.

Derek frowned realizing everything he was saying was right when he sat with him and chose not to answer despite the smile on his lips. Stiles smirked shoving his shoulder gently when they settled back watching the film.

“Iron Man or Captain America?”

“Captain America.”
“Oh my god, why? No, Iron Man, all the way!” Stiles protested shaking his head. “He can fly plus Jarvis is incredibly brilliant.”

“He's a douche who is up himself.”

“Blasphemy and lies and denial over how awesome Iron Man is and how Captain America could never measure up! They do become bros though near the end,” he muttered tiling his head in consideration.

The Chinese ended up being early and he ignored Stiles who laughed softly when he stood collecting his wallet. He opened the front door to the delivery boy, the same one every time, and witnessed the soft flush of pink flood his cheeks. There was a scent of arousal lingering in the air amongst the scent of the food.

“Hey, that will be twenty two dollars exactly,” he said shifting on his feet. “You haven't ordered in a while. It was kind of good to see your name pop up again...”

“I don't order in a lot, I have an omega who likes to eat junk food,” he said taking the food into his arms. The delivery boy's smile faltering when he took the money off him.

“An omega?”

“Hey, sweetheart, you're missing the movie,” Stiles said appearing out of nowhere wrapping his arm around his waist so the delivery boy startled stepping back looking between the pair of them. His eyes finally landing on the bump so he made a small scared sound before hurrying away and back to his car.

“What the hell was that?” Derek demanded once the door was closed.

“That was me being Iron Man and saving your pretty ass! He was one second away from asking you out so I spared you the hassle and him the embarrassment. I am incredible,” he said snatching the food and walking away smirking smugly.

“I could have handled it.”

“Probably but that was funny and I bet you we will never see him again. I'll get plates,” he called over his shoulder walking into the kitchen. He dished it out between them handing Stiles his plate when he demanded it hungrily.

“You eat like you're starving.”

“I eat what this baby demands, I eat and I swear he or she steals every last bit because I'm starving afterward. I need this food in me,” he muttered sitting cross legged on the couch pressing the play button for the film. “You told your co-workers about the baby yet?”

“No, it's none of their business. The rest of my family know though but if Laura has her way she'll make sure every person knows I'm having a baby.”

Stiles seemed to hum in agreement around his food when he speared a piece of chicken and chewed it thoughtfully. It was mostly quiet between them when they ate watching the film and Stiles managed half of it before groaning in defeat. His hands resting against his stomach when he lay back and sighed deeply. Derek watched him out of the corner of his eye feeling faintly amused by his antics. Once he was done his feet ended up in his lap and he couldn't help but raise an eyebrow in his direction.
“Something you want?”

“Foot rub, come on,” he murmured egging him on by wriggling his toes. “They ache like hell. I think they're swelling up because of the baby and my body being a bitch changing and that. Please?”

Derek gave in when he pulled his right foot towards him pressing his thumbs into the heel. Stiles let out a groan of appreciation when he stroked down the arch and there was a tightness to his chest he hadn't felt before. The small moans of pleasure shot through him when he stroked and rubbed both of his feet. It wasn't just his mind and heart taking notice but his cock also when Stiles let out a drawn out moan of pleasure shutting his eyes. He swallowed hard letting go and licking his dry lips slowly.

“I think you're done,” he muttered shoving his feet away. Derek ignored the muted protest when he took the plates back to the kitchen and braced himself against the kitchen counter. His fingers digging into the cabinets when he inhaled deeply and exhaled slowly staring ahead at the kitchen wall. Stiles, thankfully, didn’t join him and he could be alone thinking of anything but sex, moans of pleasure and Stiles together. The dishes were done and the sides wiped before he walked back in to see Stiles turned on his side napping.

Derek sighed softly grabbing the comforter off the other chair and draping it over him gently. Stiles shifted slightly in his sleep once before settling down and he took that excuse to go do some work in his office. The door shut tight behind him when he sat down heavily in the chair, his hand cupping his jaw when he stared ahead down the length of his office. The scan framed and sitting on the corner of his desk caught his attention when he brought it forward to look at.

The baby's existence was everywhere, from the scan photo, to the scent, the constant heartbeat, and everything in between. But that was all thanks to Stiles. With the baby came Stiles and they were intertwined until the nine months were up. His fingers traced over the small blob of the baby when he smiled softly loving them already. His son or daughter would be here in a matter of months, a new year beginning with the arrival of his baby. It warmed him to his core thinking about it and the sooner they arrived the better.

~*~

Stiles was comfortable. He was sat with Allison and Scott in their living room, their fan was blowing cool air onto him and he could finally enjoy summer without feeling bloated and sweaty. The television played in the background when they talked about their day, Scott going into great detail of a case he was currently working on. His eyes growing excited with each word and he couldn't help but feel fond. The doorbell rang though disturbing him halfway when Allison hummed in interest moving to go answer it.

The scents of not just Lydia but Danny hit him when he sat up straighter and swallowed hard when they walked in greeting Scott and Stiles in turn.

“What the hell are you doing here?” he hissed gripping her arm and tugging her down.

“I didn't know you were here! Hello,” she said kissing his cheek so he grimaced and looked at Danny waving a hand in hello.

“Sure you did.”

“We wanted to see our friends, they're not just yours,” she hissed poking him hard in the side. “Shit you're showing more than ever.”
“I know, nineteen weeks, I think it's because I'm skinny and this baby is going to be fat,” he said smoothing a hand down his bump gently. “I keep feeling these little movements. Like the wriggles and I think he or she is going to kick soon. Plus we have the scan next week and we get to see if I'm having a boy or a girl and we'll see a little baby this time and not a blob...”

He trailed off feeling her eyes on him while the others talked to Danny in the background and he knew already how fond his voice sounded. Lydia stared at him till he met her eyes and swallowed hard.

“What?”

“You love it.”

“Love what?”

“Please don't act coy, you love,” she said nodding at the bump. “I can see it...”

Stiles pressed his lips together wrapping his hand around her wrist when he tugged her up and into the kitchen shutting the door tight behind him.

“Don't even try and protest this,” she argued holding up her finger when he opened his mouth. “I can see it in your eyes and the way you hold yourself. Plus your excitement and the fact you keep saying us. Which means you're seeing this as both your child and not just his. I didn't think you'd do this.”

“No, that's – that's not...” he said trailing off again when she folded her arms and sent him a cold glare. “I don't know what I feel!”

“Stiles...”

“No, don't, okay? I don't need this right now!” he cried turning to give her his back. “I don't need to explain this. We have company.”

Stiles left her in the kitchen when he returned to the kitchen sitting down and blinking in surprise when Danny joined him.

“Long time no see stranger.”

“Likewise,” he said sending him a small smile. “How you been?”

“Good, I'm good, I heard about the baby and surrogacy,” Danny said nodding at his bump. “I was very surprised but if anyone can give someone a baby you can.”

The compliment was there and he couldn't help but blush glancing at Allison who was watching them with a secret smirk. His stomach ended up in knots though when he chatted to Danny for most of the evening and he could feel the others giving them snide and sneaky looks. Lydia who was her usual self but he could feel some of the frostiness of their previous conversation lingering.

“I better head back,” Stiles muttered pushing to stand up.

“I can give you a lift back?” Danny suggested joining him. “I was thinking of heading off my self but was waiting for someone to say if first.”

“Oh, what about Lydia?”

“Oh no, no, no, I'm not ready to go back yet. You take him home,” she said with a sweet smile but
he knew exactly what she was doing. Stiles glared at her the best he could without the others noticing when he said his goodbyes hugging them all. Lydia kissing his cheek leaving a lipstick stain when he pulled back walking out of the house closely followed by Danny.

“Nice car,” he said with a low whistle bucking up.

“Yeah, twenty first birthday present from the parents. So the address?”

Stiles let the radio wash over him when he waited for Danny to arrive and he parked outside the house when the gates let him in.

“I was waiting till we were out of there to ask this but do you fancy getting something to eat tomorrow? Normally I'd say drink or coffee but since you're pregnant that's out of the question.”

“Oh, wow, um,” he muttered turning his head to look out of the window and up at the lit house. “Yeah, sure, that would be nice. I can call you or you call me.”

“I'll call you, I have your number,” he said smiling at him warmly. “I'll see you tomorrow.”

“Yeah, thanks for the ride.”

Stiles waited and watched when he drove away and the tingle of excitement in his stomach was just enough to make him smile. The front door opened only for him to reveal Derek standing there in the hallway, his arms crossed over his chest, and an annoyed expression on his face greeted him.

“Fuck, Derek, what the hell dude?” he cried reeling back and shutting the door behind him.

“Who was that?”

“What?”

“In the car, that didn't sound like your friend Scott. Who was it?”

“Oh! That was just Danny,” he explained casually shrugging his shoulders up and down. “I mentioned him the other day? No, we're not dating before you say anything like that! He's taking me out for something to eat.”

“Yeah, he asked you out, it means a date.”

“No it doesn't! What has the world come to when two guys can't go out and get food together as friends,” he argued stepping forward and patting his cheek staring up at him. Derek's cheeks pink with anger when he clenched his jaw and he huffed harshly. “Why are you so angry? It's not like I'm dating him.”

“I'm not angry.”

“Well that's bullshit, look I want a nice hot bath with nice smelly bath salts and to chill before eating my weight in food. I really need a strawberry milkshake,” Stiles said moving around him to head upstairs.

“I took the day off.”

“What?” he called turning on the stairs to stare down at Derek who had turned towards him slowly.

“Tomorrow, I took it off.”
“Why?”

“Because I knew you were feeling lonely lately what with nothing to do and everyone in work and I felt bad. I took the day off, I thought I'd spend time with you so you wouldn't feel lonely,” he explained shoving his hands into his jeans pockets.

Stiles was baffled when he stood on the stairs and stared at Derek's earnest expression, his heart not skipping once meaning he was telling the truth.

“You willingly took time off work to spend time with me?” he questioned softly.

“Yes.”

“Wow,” he breathed blinking several times trying to let that sink in. “I'll cancel. I can eat with Danny any time I want.”

“Okay,” Derek said with a nod spinning on his wheel and walking heading into the living room. Stiles stood on the stairs still attempting to let it sink in when he too moved upstairs and into the bathroom running his bath. The water was just the right kind of warmth when he finally sunk into it letting the bubble bath invade his senses. Normally it would be overpowering but Derek bought the right kind, the kind designed for werewolves to enjoy without gagging on the scent of flowers. His fingers trailed over the water before he touched his bump gently.

Lydia's words echoed in his head like a bell and his eyes shut with a sigh when he really wished he could forget about it. He wished his heart didn't skip a beat when he felt him or her wiggle and move inside of him, his hands feeling clammy and sweaty when he looked in the mirror watching his bump growing. Their heartbeats intertwined when he listened to it curled up in his bed. His hand often straying to the bump when he slept or when he was alone. The attachment to the pup was growing and that was something he couldn't deny when he drew his hand away.

“Fucking fuck,” he whispered rubbing the space between his eyebrows like a headache was coming on.

The knock on the door startled him when he breathed out shakily looking over when Derek walked in holding a glass of milkshake.

“Oh my god, that is awesome!” he cried reaching out to him. “You do know I'm naked in here right?”

“Yeah but you're covered in bubbles,” Derek said handing it to him. “Manly.”

“Screw you.”

“Plus I've seen you naked, I know what you look like naked. I also know you have that little mole in your...”

“Oh my god!” Stiles cried slapping his wet hands to his face embarrassed listening to Derek chuckle. “No, stop it, I get it. This is really great, thanks.”

“You're welcome.”

“So what we doing tomorrow?” he questioned gently leaning back to sip his milkshake. “I mean you booked the day off. You, Mr CEO, booked the day off to spend the day with me. We have to do something amazing! Like go the beach or go the zoo or the aquarium. I haven't been since I was a little kid!”
“You want to stand around in some building and stare at fish?”

“Fish are cool!”

“Well we can go the zoo. We can go San Francisco Zoo, me and Laura took Emma to it.”

“Seriously?” he whispered in awe. “You'd take me to the zoo?”

“It's the least I can do.”

“This is so cool!” he cried slapping the water. “Okay, let's go the zoo.”

Derek left him to it when he sipped his milkshake and grinned around the straw feeling a little excited about his whole day tomorrow. Of course it was letting Danny down through text message but the one he received in return seemed okay and he flopped on the bed with a happy sigh.

“The zoo,” he murmured stroking a hand down the bump carefully. “I haven't been in ages. The last time I was seven and Scott got scared because of the monkeys. A werewolf afraid of monkeys...it's like a bad joke.”

It was only when he finished speaking was that he realized he had been talking to the baby. His throat constricted when he sat up staring down at his hands before up at the mirror to see his reflection.

“One day you'll see them too, I'll make sure your daddy can take you...even if I can't be there,” he whispered biting his lip when he felt the burn of tears behind his eyes. They were traitors when he inhaled deeply feeling one slip out and slide down his cheek slowly. Stiles brushed it away when it made contact with his lip and he hated how his hormones were tearing him apart from the inside out.

Sleep that night was uneasy, his body tossing and turning when he sought comfort that wasn't there. It was a measly few hours sleep before he woke up the next morning irritable and grouchy when he ate a pop tart and flipped the finger up at Derek’s soundless protest.

“Baby wants it, I'll give baby anything they want,” he mumbled brushing past him to go upstairs and get dressed for the day ahead.

San Francisco Zoo was the destination when they left early that morning heading off in the car. The morning was already warm when he had the window down and let the cool wind blow over him. His sunglasses making the world seem a little dimmer in color. Derek was silent next to him when he drove, a content look on his face when he got them there in record time and Stiles was honestly excited.

“I'm glad I canceled on Danny now.”

Derek's notable calmness dimmed when he frowned deeply looking away from him. “You doing it again sometime soon?”

“Don't know, we haven't arranged anything yet. Why? It's not like we're dating.”

“Just curious,” Derek replied a little too casually. “So what's your favorite animal?”

The change of conversation was subtle but noticeable when he frowned deeply but let it go answering him.
“Elephant. They're big, adorable, very clever, and their babies are adorable.”

“They don't have elephants there.”

“I know, one reason why they suck, but the rest is awesome! What about you?”

“Lion.”

“Oh of course.”

“What? Lions are cool.”

“Big overrated fuzzy cats,” he mumbled hiding his smile into his hand when Derek scoffed.

“No.”

Stiles couldn't be bothered arguing with him when he sat back waiting for their arrival. Considering it was Friday they weren't overly parked when they finally arrived and he was practically jumping with excitement to get out of the car.

“You're acting like a little kid.”

“Yeah, so?! This is the zoo, but not just any zoo, San Francisco Zoo. Come on slow poke. I need my animals and you're cute ass is paying for everything so...” he said gesturing at him to get out. His tongue licking his dry lips when he partly realized what he had just said about his ass.

It was seventeen dollars each to get in and he breathed in the air of the zoo once they were admitted. They grabbed a map detailing the zoo when they started their walk around.

“See, big fuzzy cat,” he pointed out at the lion currently lying there in the sun looking bored. “Plus boring. Let's get rid of this one and get some elephants in.”

Derek rolled his eyes at him when they moved along and he was bought a soda which he drunk down but regretted it later when all he wanted was to pee.

“See being pregnant has it's let downs. Like my bladder shrinking to the size of a fucking peanut,” he grumbled stepping out of the smelling toilets. “I'm starving! Can we get some burgers and fries?”

“I don't trust the place to be hygienic.”

“It's a zoo, they're hygienic. Then we can go get ice cream and watch the penguins. I like to think of them of the little penguins of Madagascar. Smile and wave boys, smile and wave!” he cried walking ahead and only just catching out of the corner of his eye when Derek smiled at him fondly shaking his head.

The meal turned out to be bland and a waste of money but the ice cream was better when he ordered mint and choc chip. They sat side by side on a spare bench watching the penguins and the little children running around. He sucked on his sticky fingers when he looked around and caught the eye of a little girl around two years old watching him. Her eyes were lit a golden yellow when she toddled away from her mother and stood in front of him.

“Hi,” he murmured waving a hand at her so she smiled reaching forward and pressing a hand to his bump. It caught him surprise when he stared down looking at the small hand there pressed against the bump like she knew exactly what was there. It tugged something deep inside of him when he
acknowledged that by touching her hand.

“Baba,” she said in a soft childlike voice.

“Yeah, it’s a baby,” he agreed smiling down at her.

“Mary! No, sweetheart, I am so sorry,” the mother said walking over shaking her head fondly when she scooped her up. “I think she can smell your pregnancy but I guess you two will know that soon enough when your little one is here.”

Stiles couldn't even open his mouth to protest that when she walked away taking Mary with her and he sucked in a shaky breath looking at Derek. Derek wasn't looking at him when he stared after the young mother for a moment longer before meeting his eyes. There was nothing to be said when he finally tore his eyes away to continue staring out at the penguins ahead.

“I need to pee again,” he mumbled standing dropping his ice cream in the bin when he walked towards the toilets nearby. Derek not following this time when he walked into the somewhat disgusting toilets and braced himself against the sink. His teeth clenched together when he desperately fought down the emotions threatening to rise. His chest and eyes burned and he swore turning away from the mirror to cup his forehead breathing Shakily in and out.

Stiles knew he wouldn't be there. He wouldn't be there to know if the baby did somehow sense pregnancy when he or she was older. He wouldn't be there to see their first smile, laugh, hear their first word, watch them crawl, walk, pull themselves up, and it killed him. It hurt a lot more than he imagined at the beginning when he moved quickly hiding himself in the cubicle.

His back hit the wall gently and he slid to sit down on the horrible white tiles of the bathroom. The tears hit of course, his eyes wide when he blinked feeling the moisture slide out and he couldn't stop them from flowing. This was what it had become, hiding in stalls to hide away from Derek to cry. His hand pressed to his abdomen when he cried silently into his arm listening to his one and only anchor that could calm him down. The heartbeat.

Chapter End Notes

I didn't cry when writing this but I read over I had tears jump to my eyes at the end.

This is so depressing and it only gets worse! I am so sorry guys.
The problem with being pregnant meant his hormones were all all over the place and the crying never seemed to stop. Most of the time he could hide it away from Derek but sometimes he was caught out when Derek sniffed at him suspiciously. It was thankfully never questioned and he could only blame the time he was watching an advert about animal abuse on the television. Stiles sobbed while Derek rubbed his back gently, his arm wrapping around him when he let him cry till he was exhausted and dozing against his shoulder. It was awkward and ridiculous and he hated how emotional and stressed he was. His lack of eating was disturbing Derek who watched him occasionally annoyed and persistent when he watched him eat.

“You're not eating enough.”

“I'm eating fine.”

“No, you're not, you've barely touched your dinner, Stiles. You don't think I've noticed over the last few days. We have the scan tomorrow. I will tell Doctor Marlowe.”

“I'm fine!” he protested pushing up again and walking out of the room when he headed upstairs. Derek not following him when he slammed the door hard behind him and dropped on the bed cradling his head in his hands. Being cooped up in the house was not helping him one bit and with nowhere to go his bedroom was all he had. The knock on his bedroom an hour late startled him to sit up when Derek appeared poking his head around the door.

“I have pineapple chunks, milkshake, and white chocolate,” he said shaking them at him. Stiles smiled softly holding out his hands for them to come into his arms. Derek sat on the end of the bed watching him when he ate them slowly bit by bit till he felt full and a little sick. He looked a little satisfied with him though when he wiped his hands and frowned guilty.

“Sorry for snapping at you.”

“It's fine, Stiles.”

“No, it's not, you're right. I'm not eating enough, it's – it's just my hormones,” he murmured shrugging his shoulders up and down with a soft sigh. “They're all over the place recently.”

“I know, it's fine, we'll get your appetite back,” Derek said squeezing his thigh gently. The warmth shooting through him when he looked up meeting his eyes and feeling his mouth dry. Their eyes stayed connected for a long moment till Derek looked away to stand up.

“I'm heading to the gym with Laura, you going to be okay for a couple of hours?”
“Of course.”

“Don't do anything too stupid.”

Stiles mocked a gasp falling back and watched hands pressed to his bump when he walked back out of the bedroom. The thought of the scan tomorrow both excited and terrified him to his core when he glanced down at his bump with a small smile.

“We're going to see you tomorrow, when you going to start kicking?” he murmured poking the bump. “Are you a little man or a little lady? I have a big feeling you're going to be a little princess but I think Derek thinks you're a little prince. I have the mother father instinct though and I'm probably right.”

It was his time to bond with his unknown child when he left the bedroom to take up residence in the living room and watch television. Stiles was warm and comfortable when he wrapped a comforter around him and occasionally talked to the bump. His eyes grew heavy around nine when Derek returned from the gym sweaty and content when he stood next to him.

“You okay?”

“Fine, how was the workout?”

“Good apart from Laura making it into a competition. She gets angry when I win and beat her,” he said with a soft sigh. “It gets very boring after a while.”

“You smell,” Stiles muttered shoving at his leg and shying away with a grin when Derek leaned down poking at his arm. “Go get a shower!”

“If you weren't pregnant, I'd be making you pay for that comment.”

“That is not the least bit threatening at all, so go away.”

He got his way when Derek rolled his eyes and walked away heading upstairs to the bathroom. Stiles hummed happily enough rolling further under the comforter. It was an early night that night but yet again his sleep was disturbed every hour when he craved comfort and warmth and cuddles more than anything. There was a part of him that ached to go into Derek's bedroom and forced him to let him stay in his bed for just one night. Stile wanted his arms around him but he knew deep down it would never work out that way. Life wasn't that kind and so far it was a son of a bitch. His mistakes biting him in the ass every single second and he hated it all.

The next morning he felt sick and achy when he dressed in sweats and his favorite red hoodie before joining him downstairs. Derek gave him a once over but didn't question him when they left getting into the car and driving to Doctor Marlowe. His leg bounced in nerves more than anything for his second scan and he prayed everything went okay. Doctor Marlowe was the same as ever when they arrived being shown right in when he stood shaking their hands.

“Well you're much bigger than when I last saw you,” he commented nodding at the bump and meeting his eyes. “How are you feeling, Stiles?”

“Good, I feel good.”

“Yes, these weeks are the most comfortable. You'll soon start feeling it though when you get bigger.” Doctor Marlowe said chuckling under his breath. “If you want to get on the table for me, Mr Stilinski.”
Stiles tugged off his hoodie chucking it at Derek who rolled his eyes folding it carefully. The gel was cool when he settled back exhaling heavily and waiting patiently for Doctor Marlowe to continue his tests. Derek stood beside him when he looked down at him meeting his eyes and smiling gently in response. The heartbeat from the monitor filled the room, his breath hitching at the sound when he looked around focusing on the monitor turned away from you.

“The little one is growing well, a perfect weight for twenty weeks,” he said turning the screen towards them and he honestly felt his breath leave him. The baby was active inside of him when they moved, their hand near their face, and he or she looked like a little baby. “Heart, lungs, brain, and other internal organs growing perfectly for the amount of time. You have one healthy pup. I'm guessing you want to know the sex of the baby.”

“Yes,” Derek said immediately before Stiles could open his mouth to answer.

“I'm ninety nine per cent certain that you're having a baby girl,” Doctor Marlowe said softly, his lips twitching into an almost smile when Stiles gasped. His heart ached in an almost painful squeeze when he stared at the monitor screen, the baby no longer he or she, but a baby girl. His baby was a princess like he thought and he swallowed hard feeling the tears burning to be let out. His eyes flicked to Derek who looked a little winded, his hand gripping his shoulder like a warm vice when he asked if the doctor was certain.

Derek's eyes were misty in a way that warmed and broke his heart to see such joy at the idea of having a daughter. Stiles knew and seen the way Derek had interacted with Emma, the way he handled her with such devotion. Devotion he knew would be passed onto this little one. The two of them left to get the scan photos and to handle the next payment and he was left with the monitor, his finger tracing over the still of the baby when he wiped the gel away.

“Hello beautiful, I know I can't see you but I bet you're so beautiful,” he whispered cupping the bump gently. His hand dropped the moment they walked back in, Derek's small smile permanent on his face when he helped him up tossing him his hoodie.

“Derek mentioned you've not been eating too well...”

“He's a worrier,” he scolded Derek who stared back indifferent. “I'm eating fine, it's just my hormones. I'm eating better.”

“It's vital in these weeks that you have a good diet.”

“I know.”

“Here,” he said handing them both a scan photo. Stiles swallowed looking at the scan photo, his stomach twisting and turning with knots and butterflies whilst Derek thanked Doctor Marlowe.

“I'll schedule a third and final scan around your third trimester, thirty two weeks will be good enough just to check on the baby's development a final time.”

“Yeah, thanks, doc,” he said shaking his hand also and moving when Derek pressed a hand into his lower back leading him away.

“I can start buying things for her now, designing the nursery. I'll have to call my mom and Laura,” he muttered more to himself. Stiles stayed silent beside sensing the excitement emanating from Derek who was talking into the phone to Laura who squealed in excitement.

“I can help,” he said the moment they arrived home.
“Help?”

“With the nursery, I can help you paint it, and choosing the furniture.”

Derek was silent when he contemplated that before turning his head towards him. “No, I can do it myself. I'd rather do it myself.”

It was a blow to his heart, one that hit him hard when he sucked in a breath nodding slowly and leaving the car quickly after that. He didn't wait for Derek to catch up and he headed upstairs wanting to be alone so he shut the bedroom door behind him tight. The scan photo in his hands when he stared down breathing in and out shakily, his emotions all over the place when he desperately tried to get a grip. The dismal hurt more than he imagined and he could understand why Derek would want to do it himself. The nursery, the clothes, the toys, the furniture, the pram, the crib, and everything would be done by him and he felt like the surrogate more then ever.

It was hard to watch after that. Derek taking time off work when he went out one afternoon without him and returned with Laura and Emma. Emma squealing in delight the moment she saw him and he opened his arms for her and cuddled her tight. The bags were filled with baby girl clothing and toys when he sat on the couch watching silently and felt his heart break slowly bit by bit. Emma's hands patting his cheeks when he looked at her and he pressed his lips together to stop the tears from falling.

“So you're doing this design, the pink and gray with the tree and the blossoms and the birds. Oh my god, Derek, it's going to look so beautiful,” Laura said from upstairs. “You and Stiles going to paint it?”

“No, just me.”

“Why? You could use the help?”

“Because I will paint my daughter's nursery by myself. I don't need the help,” Derek said in dismal to Laura who sighed and Stiles hid his face into Emma's hair exhaling shakily. He swallowed hard kissing her forehead so she smiled pressing a hand to her mouth in a kiss so he smiled.

“Kisses,” he murmured tickling her so she giggled clapping her hands. “You'll take good care of your cousin won't you? I mean she – she won't know me and, um, and you'll forget me soon enough but I want you to make me a promise. That you'll take care of her when you're both older, okay? Be there for her if she needs you. You going to promise me that, Emma bear?”

Emma cooed stuffing her hand into her mouth when he lifted her in the air and she kicked her legs. It was enough for him to know when he brought her back down and he cuddled her to him. He had her till Laura returned, her eyes clouded with something he couldn't pinpoint when he handed her over.

“Are you okay?” she questioned sitting down.

“Me? I'm fine.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah, Laura, I'm fine.”

“If you need me, at all, just give me a call,” she leaning over and kissing his cheek. “You can come see Emma and I anytime you want.”
“Thanks,” he said feeling touched when she scooped Emma up giving him a small gentle smile. Laura left when he sat on the couch wrapping his arms around his legs and and stared ahead at the window with a heavy heart. Derek didn't come down to see him at all when he remained upstairs and he could hear him on the laptop muttering under his breath about cribs and prams.

The stray tear made it's way out when he sniffed brushing it away and turned his cheek resting it against his knee. Stiles decided to get an early night that night after dinner, he ate it all and it pleased Derek who smiled at him gratefully. It was a fitful sleep with him waking up occasionally but he finally woke up in the early hours feeling strange. His senses not yet alert when he shifted in the covers feeling it again when he felt a gentle kick inside of him. It was the trigger to wake him up when he gasped covering the area with his hand feeling hopeful.

“Oh my god,” he breathed kicking the cover away when he hurried out of his bedroom and into Derek's room. Derek was on his back sleeping deeply when he knelt on the bed shaking him gently awake.

“Derek, wake up,” he whispered waiting and watching when Derek stirred confused.

“Stiles? What is it? Is is the baby?!" he demanded waking up quicker.

He was careful when he grabbed his hand silently pressing it to the spot were she was kicking him, Derek's tired eyes narrowed in concentration.

“She's kicking,” he murmured in awe.

“Finally,” he muttered feeling her kick him. “She's kicking a lot. I think she was waiting, waiting till we knew what sex she was before making her entrance. Here I am, let me kick you awake.”

“You look tired.”

“I'm not sleeping too well,” he mumbled twisting his mouth. “I keep waking up needing comfort but it's not there. I haven't been sleeping well for days.”

“Why didn't you tell me?”

“What can you do? I can't take sleeping pills or anything else.”

Derek sighed deeply removing his hand and stared at the side of the bed for a long moment. “Stay here.”

“What?” he muttered.

“If you need comfort, I can provide comfort. Stay here,” Derek explained tugging the cover up. “Come on.”

“You said I could never come into your bedroom.”

“I've changed my mind, if you're not going to then you can go if you want. I won't force you.”

“No, no, this is good,” he mumbled moving under the covers and shuffling to lie down next to him. It was only when he was laid down that he felt a brush of awkwardness looking over to him. This was a surprise, a big surprise actually, and he could probably blame it on the baby kicking or the fact Derek was half asleep. Stiles turned rolling to the side giving him his back when he stared ahead listening to Derek breathe.
They were actually sharing a bed, something that hadn't happened since the heat, and the tickle of something deep down inside of him was screaming to be let out and heard. The heat radiating off him hit his clothed back and he bit his lip shutting his eyes. Sleep was still hard to come by but his exhaustion and the scent of Derek overwhelming him triggered a sleep. It was deep and dreamless when he woke hours later feeling lighter in his mind to have his nose pressed into the cushion. There was a warm weight pressed against his back and a hand pressed against his bump when he stared down at it.

“Fuck,” he mouthed glancing behind him to see Derek there behind him, his head on his pillow when he slept on, and his bladder decided to make it’s presence known. His eyes shut and he truly wanted to make the moment last. It felt so nice to be held, his wolf curled up inside of him deep in contentment, but his bladder was protesting. Stiles pulled away as gently as he could walking out to relieve himself in the bathroom.

He turned looking in the mirror when he stroked a hand down his bump gently. It was growing bigger every day and despite every turmoil he had churning away inside of him he smiled.

“Little princess,” he whispered softly staring down at the bump feeling a love there he wasn't fully ready to admit but it was there and it mattered.

~*~

Danny was waiting for him in a chosen favorite diner when he walked in shuffling to the table. He brightened the moment he saw him walk over and slide into the seat opposite him.

“Sorry I'm late,” he muttered shooting him a quick smile. His memory of telling Derek he was going out to see Danny hit him when Derek frowned deeply not liking it one bit. Stiles refused to be talked out of it though and had to call a cab to get him here since Derek refused to drive him. It was like an odd tantrum but it hadn't been thrown yet.

“No, no, I'm just glad you're here. I'm starving,” Danny teased. “So how you been?”

“Tired, bloated, but I'm alright. I've told Scott and Allison, my dad, and Lydia but if you don't already know...I'm having a baby girl.”

“Oh wow,” he breathed. “I bet he's happy.”

“Ecstatic, doing the nursery, buying all her clothes and toys and furniture.”

“You don't sound too happy about this.”

“What? I'm fine about it, can we talk about something that isn't the tiny life growing inside of me? Let's talk about you,” Stiles pleaded putting his hands together.

Danny rolled his eyes but gave in when they ordered some burger and fries with a milkshake that he moaned sipping it down. He eyed him hungrily after that and he couldn't meet his eyes once they paid and left.

“Fancy going for a walk?”

“Sure.”

They ended up walking to a local park, it was empty and warm outside when they walked together.

“So...how are you really feeling?”
“You think I'm lying about my feelings?

“I think you could be burying your head in the sand.”

“Fuck, am I that obvious?” he demanded yanking his arm to stop. “I'm not trying to bury my feelings, not really. I just...”

“Hey,” Danny said pressing a hand to his arm. “If you need to talk to someone, someone who isn't your best friends or your dad but someone who isn't always there and will listen...I'm it. I won't judge, I'll just listen.”

“I don't – I can't even admit anything to myself let alone you, Danny.”

“Well maybe that's where you need to begin.”

“What if I can't?”

“Then you need to admit it to yourself, whatever you're holding back,” Danny urged as they walked on and he stared out at the duck pond there.

“What like...admit to myself that maybe deep down I know that without a fucking doubt that I have made the biggest mistake of my life?! That – that it breaks my heart thinking of the day when I have to give birth to her and it's going to kill me to let her go. That I have to hand her over to Derek who I know will look after her, she's going to be so loved, but I can't...I can't love her. That it hurts to know I'm not going to be there for her when she needs someone, when she smiles for the first time, when she laughs, when she falls over and she needs someone to wrap their arms around her and comfort her. It won't be me! It'll be Derek and she won't know who I am! Just some stranger. You want me to admit that?!”

Stiles blinked the moisture in his eyes despising how his cheeks felt hot when he did so. Danny looked distraught for him when he moved wordlessly wrapping his arms around him in a big hug which he gladly accepted.

“I think you just did.”

Stiles shut his eyes clinging to him when they stood by the water hugging it out. Danny's hand rubbing up and down his back slowly so he shuddered leaning into him. The hug was drawn out to the point were he had to let go to breathe in and out deeply.

“Can you drive me home?”

“Sure I can.”

Danny's hand slipped into his, his eyes focusing on their intertwined hands. He let it go though when they walked back through the park till they finally reached the car. The radio filled the silence in the car instead of the talk and he was eternally grateful for that. The gates opened was he entered the right pass number and Danny parked looking over to him. Stiles stared up at the house instead noticing the absence that was Derek.

“You fancy coming in? I could do with company.”

“For coffee?” Danny teased raising an eyebrow so he snorted softly in response.

“No coffee and no sex. I may be a hormonal pregnant guy but I am bloated enough to not need sex right now.”
"I get it," he laughed unbuckling. "Yeah I'll come in, this place is fucking huge!"

"Derek's rich. He's sitting on a gold mine plus the CEO of his own company. I know that our baby girl will be okay here."

"Our," Danny repeated looking at him once they stepped inside.

"She's not mine by law, she's mine by genetics. They can suck my dick if they think I am giving up that right. She'll always be mine that way."

Danny nodded once, pride shining in his eyes for him when they made their way into the kitchen.

"I admire that about you. I'm not going to deny that what I think you're doing is so brave, Stiles. Yeah maybe now it's the biggest mistake ever but...you're going to give birth to a little girl. She is yours, no matter what the law says."

"Thanks," he admitted leaning against the cabinets. "It's not just her though, it's – it's Derek..."

"You have feelings for him."

"I don't know how I feel."

"You're a big mess," Danny joked but Stiles only laughed half-heartedly because in truth he really was the biggest mess of them all at the present moment.

"But you're you and you'll come through this, you will, you're a fighter. You'll have Scott, Allison, Lydia, and your dad and if you let me...I'll be there for you. Not to pick up the pieces but to help you get through this."

Stiles didn't know how to answer that but he did notice the way he had stepped towards him. The noticeable look on his face when he eyed him and he swallowed hard knowing what was coming. It was obvious really and he was prepared when Danny leaned in kissing him. It was a brief brush against his lips, a tentative taste, Danny's hand resting on his hip when he leaned in closer.

It was like fate was laughing at him though when he heard the front door open and his eyes squeezed together in horror. Danny pulled back quickly enough though, his body turning to the sight of Derek who was stood with a grocery bag watching them. The sternness in his jaw and anger in his eyes was a beacon of how he felt.

"You should go," Stiles whispered to Danny who nodded. "I'll call."

Danny left without a word, he wasn't nervous walking around Derek who glared at him the whole time.

"I thought you said you weren't dating him," Derek snapped the moment Danny had driven away.

"I'm not dating him, he kissed me. We're just friends."

"Oh so you kiss all your friends like that?"

"No, god, he leaned in and kissed me. It wasn't the other way around, we're not dating!" he protested pushing away from the cabinets. "You walked in on the wrong moment."

"Why if I walked in later? Would I find him fucking you up against my cabinets?" Derek questioned with a silent snarl slamming the groceries down.
“What?! No, oh my fucking god, are you serious right now?!” Stiles cried outraged.

“Why was he in my house?”

“I invited him in...”

“Why? Why did you invite him?”

“For fucking company! God, what is it with the third degree? I get lonely, Derek, you're not always here! Scott and Allison are busy planning their wedding which is a couple of the weeks by the way! I can't believe it's September already. But anyway they're not always around and neither are you and he's a friend of mine! I don't like him like that.”

“I can be here, no matter what, if you need me then just call. You don't need him!”

“You have a job,” Stiles protested weakly watching him unpack.

“I own that company, I can take a day off any time. If you need me for company, for anything, I'm here. Am I not enough?” Derek questioned turning his body towards him.

“What?” he whispered narrowing his eyes. “Of course but it's just Danny! He's a friend, I'm allowed friends.”

“He wants more than that, he reeked of arousal.”

“Yeah, well I don't.”

“You sure about that?” Derek questioned raising his eyebrows. “I mean your hormones are all over the place. I hear pregnant people can get very horny, very fast.”

“Oh fuck you!” he hissed angrily. “I'm not some kind of slut to drop my jeans on the floor when a guy I like as a fucking friend kisses me!

“You seemed pretty into it...”

It was his first instinct to yank open the fridge when he grabbed a bottle and chucked it at his head. Derek ducking just in time so the glass smashed with a loud bang, the juice hitting Derek, the wall, and the cupboards when he stared back at him shocked.

“Fuck you!” he shouted storming away from him and up the stairs. He was angry, angry enough for his hands to shake when he stormed into his bedroom breathing hard. The anger soon turned into fear, fear over what happened, what he had just done, fear over everything when it gripped and gripped tight.

His breath shortened when he breathed feeling a cold sweat break out over his body, the room spinning when he fully realized what was happening. He hadn't had panic attacks since before the pregnancy. His hands felt tingly and numb when he breathed dropping to his knees on the floor. Stiles looked up when Derek appeared at the door. His face full of concern and fear when he quickly appeared in front of him, his hands cradling his face when he struggled to catch his breath easily.

“It's okay, Stiles, just breathe, it's okay,” he whispered bringing him to his chest.

Panic attacks were scary, scarier than he liked to think when he attempted to calm down and breathe in and out slowly under Derek's instructions. The baby's heartbeat and Derek's thumping in
his ears when he focused on them both needing that to calm himself down. Derek's hands and arms
wrapped around him when he gently rocked him till he felt a tiny bit better.

“I'm sorry, Stiles,” he whispered into his ear. “I didn't mean it. I'm sorry.”

Derek was there twenty minutes later when his panic attack had eased up and he felt better sitting
there in his lap breathing in and out calmly enough. His cheeks damp with tears and his hands
clammy after the whole ordeal of it all.

“This was my fault.”

“No, it was mine,” Stiles mumbled shaking his head looking at him through his wet lashes. “I get
them once or twice a year. This was my twice. It's just...everything.”

Derek’s mouth twisted in a grimace at the response, his hand brushing his sweaty hair away from
Stiles' forehead. It wasn't a good enough response for someone like Derek but deep down Stiles
didn't want him to worry.

“If you want to help, you can run me a bath?” he suggested.

“You sure?”

“Yeah, I could do with relaxing.”

“Okay,” Derek muttered easing him away gently to stand and walk out. “Stay there.”

The bath ran and he followed him in after fifteen minutes to see a bubble bath ran for him. He
smiled at him in gratitude stripping off. Stiles didn't care for once about his nakedness and the fact
Derek was still standing there. He could feel his eyes on him when he climbed into the bath.

“I think you should stay with me tonight, in my bed.”

“What?”

“I'd feel better if you did.”

“Derek, it was just a panic attack...”

“I know, but for the sake of my mind, please?” he asked raising his eyebrows at him. “You said the
last time was the best night sleep you had in days.”

“I...” he murmured trailing off with a soft sigh. “Fine.”

Derek left him after that, left him to wallow him in the water, the day behind him like a stressful
ball of emotions and complications and it sucked. The panic attack had left him drained when he
stared at the bump. She kicked the moment he looked, it was like her own message. 'I'm here,
everything is okay'.

He smiled though, tapped over the part of skin she had kicked in response too.

“For now, it's just you and me princess. For now...I'm your whole world,” he whispered hearing his
voice crack but he kept his strength. He could be strong, strong enough to do this. He would do
this for her.
I haven't named her yet. She's just 'baby girl' in my head for now so if anyone has any girl names for her - that would be totally awesome to pick from. I want a name unique just for her. It's hard naming characters!
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all the baby names! There was some interesting ones and a couple that caught my eyes so thank you so much!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stiles didn't just love his baby, he didn't just, maybe, have a lot of feelings about Derek he had to think over, but he also loved his family. It was pretty easy to feel an attachment to Laura, Emma, Talia, James, and Peter's children. They were amazing people, they were also a loving family, and it was shown every single time they went over for dinner or lunch. That was the hardest thing about it at the end of it all. Stiles knew his daughter would be happy here, she'd be loved and taken care of, but he wanted to be apart of that.

He watched from the corner of the couch when Talia, Laura, and Derek talked about the baby, no involvement with him of course. Laura occasionally glanced at him, a forlorn look on her face when she glanced between him and Derek but a word was never spoken. It was like she wanted to say something but something was holding her back. It eventually became too much and Stiles desperately needed an out. His escape being the woods when he walked out and went for a walk. The woods were pretty in the last desperate grasp of summer and autumn that was slowly creeping in. The leaves showing the yellow, brown, orange of autumn bit by bit and he stared up at the birds overhead. Their song being chirped and sang back to them when he leaned against a tree.

"Beautiful day."

Stiles turned at the sound of Peter's voice. Peter was walking towards him, his hands stuffed into his pockets when he walked slowly up the path.

"Yeah, beautiful," he replied standing his ground.

"Why are you all the way out here?"

"I could ask you the same question."

"I'm not five months pregnant. I hear you attended your best friend's wedding the other day," Peter commented standing in front of him. "Was it...joyous?"

Stiles frowned because it was the only thing he could do. Scott and Allison's wedding had been like any other, she was beautiful in a stunning white gown, curls framing her face, and Scott sobbed like a little baby. Stiles had stood by his side in a specially fitted suit and his feet ached along with his back but he kept a positive face. It had been a beautiful wedding, Lydia had caught the bouquet and was smug about it. They had left and were now currently in Barbados for a two week honeymoon.

"It was...a wedding. It was beautiful and lovely and I think I cried once or twice. I blame the hormones," he muttered turning his head to look down the length of the woods.

"Ah, yes, the wonderful hormones...all for someone else. Is it sinking in yet?" Peter teased.
“That I’m carrying a baby? I think her kicking me awake at two in the morning is a sign of how pregnant I am. I don't care that it's for someone else.”

“Sure,” Peter smirked. “You're a good little liar aren't you? You can mask that heartbeat well but your scent...you reek of lies.”

“What? Oh go away, Peter,” he snapped turning on his heel and walking further into the woods.

“Why? For telling the truth. You can lie all you want, Stiles, lie to Derek, lie to Laura and Talia and Joe and James, and hell even lie to yourself but I can see it in those eyes of yours,” he called walking after him. “You're regretting this aren't you?”

“Oh you think you know me? You don't,” Stiles snapped stopping in his tracks.

“I knew from the moment I met you all those months ago. Surrogates...pathetic bunch,” Peter sneered. “Desperate whores for cash.”

“What?” Stiles demanded of him in a cold voice.

“But not you,” he pointed out pointing a finger in his face so he recoiled. “No you're something different altogether because unlike most surrogates popping out babies for cash. I don't think you really want it now.”

“Your mind really is a wonder, Peter,” he said through gritted face despising how he was hitting every button. Peter's curious eyes tracking him up and down when they stood under the shade of an oak tree.

“I see things, others that people want to ignore, it's easier to see the truth. If you ignore it, it lingers but it doesn't bother you. Bit how you are now, you're ignoring your true feelings for this baby and for Derek.”

“Leave me alone.”

“Oh no, no, no, now we're getting to the juicy part of this apple,” he whispered moving to circle him. “Deep down realizing that you want this, having the baby, loving Derek, being a family. The surrogacy deal thrown under the bus and you live happily ever after.”

“Am I right?” Peter whispered in his face.

“Think what you like.”

“I think exactly that. I think you're in denial over everything, Stiles. I think you have been since the very beginning but you told yourself over and over again that you could but you couldn't really.”

“How about you stop and leave me the fuck alone before I start screaming and I'll watch when Derek rips you a new hole,” he hissed storming away from him.

“Derek would never do that, he loves me far too much to do that to his favorite uncle. Unlike you,” Peter responded jumping in front of him to stop him leaving. “I've been dying for this chat, Stiles, but you keep avoiding me.”

“For good reason that every time you come near me...you leer. Leave me alone.”

“He'll never love you, not like you want him too.”

“I never said I did!”
“Has he told you about his previous relationships? Nasty little sluts trying to get into those tight jeans of his, so desperate to be his. One for murder, one for power, and one...well she died rather tragically,” Peter said sighing softly looking up at the sky. “Derek's desire for love and to be loved resulted in three times women attempting to screw him over. I mean the first was when he was sixteen...such a young age. He eventually gave up, threw in the towel, didn't want a mate or anything to do with people like that any more. But he always wanted a child, a pup so to speak, and then along you came.”

Stiles swallowed wanting to run away but his feet remained rooted to the ground watching him, Peter so smug when he stood hands in his jacket pockets.

“All he wants is that pup. I heard Laura talking to Talia about how he was doing the nursery up, buying little dresses, the pram, the crib, the moses basket, the changing table...but wasn't involving you. Which makes sense because only the parents would do that,” he said gently meeting his eyes. Stiles swallowed looking away and down at the ground when he did, he couldn't look at him.

“Oh Derek will treat you nice, he'll cuddle you, help you when you need it, but at the end of the day, Stiles, Derek doesn't want you, he wants her. He wants that baby growing inside of you and that is all he will ever want. So your dreams of playing happy ever after are one thing...dreams,” he said cupping his shoulder.

Stiles shrugged his hand away not wanting him to touch him when he stepped back. “Fuck off and leave me alone.”

“But hey...if you want company after the baby is born. I will be more than willing to help with that,” he whispered trailing his fingers down his arm suggestively. “I can give you any information on the baby. I will be the closest thing you will ever have to communication with your beloved daughter.”

“Go away!” Stiles shouted shoving him hard so Peter stumbled back grinning and that's when he took off. This time around Peter didn't follow him when he quickly got away from him. Running was out of the question but he managed to get away, his chest heaving for breath from exhaustion but also emotion. Tears he fought desperately down rose up when he found an abandoned tree on the floor.

Stiles sat letting out a small shaky sob when he cried keeping his hands clenched together when he breathed in and out. Peter's words drumming into him like a knife to the chest over and over again. He was intelligent, his mind calculating when it wanted to be, and all Stiles wanted to do was to find him and stab him in the neck. He was lost amongst the woods, the day darkening when he stared up at the sky. The tears on his face dry when he sniffed deeply and he heard Derek.

“Stiles!” he shouted almost angry but also with a touch of fear. Fear for his daughter of course when he stroked a hand down the bump gently, her gentle kick reassuring him when he stood walking towards the sound of his voice. Derek appeared five minutes later pink cheeked and eyes wild with fear, confusion, and anger when he approached him.

“Where the hell have you been?! Peter told me you were talking before you ran off!”

“Oh he did, did he?” he muttered bitterly rolling his eyes when his hands patted him and he wriggled away. “I'm fine! I went for a walk, the overprotective shit can stop.”

“These woods are dangerous!”

“Oh yeah, the leaf falling on top of my head before was just terrifying,” he retorted sarcastically
sidestepping him to get back to the house.

“What were you and Peter talking about?”

“Nothing.”

“Stiles,” he said in a tight voice gripping his arm to drag him back and look into his eyes. “You know you can tell me.”

“I know,” Stiles muttered. “But there’s nothing to tell. He was just talking to me and I walked away...it wasn't as dramatic as he made it out to be. Can we go back now?”

“I don’t believe you.”

“Then,” he began tugging his arm back staring ahead. “That's your problem.”

Stiles walked ahead with Derek following him when they made it back to the house, Laura stood at the front door holding a sleeping Emma when he approached.

“You okay?” she questioned softly cupping his neck so he smiled in response.

“Me? I'm great.”

Laura frowned stroking her thumb up and down his neck once before she stepped away noticing Derek who brushed past them. Talia kissed his cheek the moment she saw in and walked him into the kitchen fussing about eating and how he wasn't eating enough. The ache in his chest wouldn't ease and Peter made his presence known the moment he looked up catching his eyes. Peter's expression vacant but his eyes knowing when he turned back around walking out of the kitchen.

“I'm not really hungry.”

“Nonsense, you're a growing boy, a boy who is also pregnant.”

“Yep, pregnant,” he agreed with a sniff letting her fill his plate and he ate when she watched him. There was a softness to her expression, like a mother watching her son, and it made him ache in a way for his own mom. Derek was missing from the scene and he perked up the moment he heard Emma. Emma who seemed to sense he was near when she started calling for him. It didn't take her long to pick up his name and once she learned it she didn't stop shouting it.

“I'm here, you're so loud!” he said holding out his hands when she reached for him from Joe's lap.

“She gets that from her mother.”

“I heard that!” Laura shouted from upstairs. Joe smiling when she did and he met that smile with a smile of his own. Stiles kissed Emma's nose when she smiled at him around her pacifier.

When it was time to say their goodbyes, there was a noticeable absence from Peter. Not that Stiles cared but he couldn't help but feel wary of it. Derek was quiet throughout the journey home, his fingers tapping against the steering wheel and he could feel the tension bleed through. He was glad to finally arrive at the house and he watched when Derek parked switching off the engine to finally look at him.

“Long day.”

“Yeah,” Stiles muttered. “I could do with a nap.”
Derek raised an eyebrow in agreement before they got out of the car together. “You still going to be quiet about your conversation with my uncle?”

“Oh my god, is that what you're brooding over? It was a conversation with your uncle. I went for a walk, needing to be myself, and I walked away from him. He's creepy! He keeps touching me when I don't want him too, his hands straying to my bump. It's awful.”

“Well tell me and I'll make him stop.”

“I am telling you, I'm telling you your uncle is a creepy ass fuck,” he muttered kicking off his shoes. “Who should mind his own business. I'm getting a bath.”

Stiles sat on the bathtub watching the running water instead of thinking, his hearing catching on when Derek appeared pushing open the door. He was silent when he put the toilet seat down and sat on the lid staring at him.

“Laura is worried about you.”

“Why?”

“She was a little vague, she kept asking me questions about you and your health and your mental well being. I told her you're okay and you have a sane mind. Was I right to tell her that?”

“That I have a sane mind? I think you were,” Stiles said raising an eyebrow in his direction.

“Well why would she be worried in the first place?”

“I don't know, ask her?”

“I did, she wouldn't answer me, not properly anyway. Stiles, if you have anything...”

“Derek, I have nothing,” he said interrupting him. “When I say I'm fine...I’m most probably fine. I don't need this third degree and questioning and everything on top of it. I have a sane mind and a sane body.”

Stiles gripped his shirt tugging it up and over his head before depositing his jeans and underwear to stand naked in the bathroom. Derek's curious eyes turning heated when he looked him up and down slowly and carefully. Heat bloomed in his cheeks when he attempted to turn away but was stopped when Derek reached out wrapped a hand around his wrist.

“No, don't, you look – you look incredible. You suit pregnancy well, can I?” he murmured raising a hand in question to stroke along the bump. Stiles shivered, goosebumps rising on his skins when his fingers stroked across the warm hard skin of his bump slowly. The tips tracing circles and he bit his lip embarrassed that his cock was taking notice.

“It – It feels good and plus I am like ten times more horny then usual and masturbating only does so much...” he murmured when Derek noticed the hardening of his cock.

“It's only natural.”

“I am literally standing naked in front of the hottest guy I know whilst pregnant and have the hormones of a bitch in heat. I'm surprised I'm not dripping out my ass,” he mumbled slapping a hand over his eyes.

“I can take care of that for you,” Derek muttered startling him.
“What?”

“You heard me.”

“Yeah and I'm a little...surprised? You want to...” he said nodding at his cock to see him stand and stare down into his eyes. “Are you sure? Is this because you want to or you feel obliged?”

“Obliged?”

“You know what I mean!” he cried trailing off with a soft gasp of surprise when his fingers trailed slowly up the length of his cock. His fingers soft when they stroked him and his hand like a vice when he gripped him tight. It was the perfect heat when he moaned letting his head fall back, his thumb brushing against the head so he jerked pressing into his chest. His scent filling his nose when he breathed him in, his hand fisting into his shirt needing that leverage to hold onto. It was a quick hand job when he breathed harshly out of his mouth, his toes curling when his orgasm hit him full forth.

“Oh my god,” he breathed through the high of his climax to watch Derek grab tissue and wipe it off his fingers and Stiles' stomach. “Well that was something.”

Derek hummed eying him carefully. “Are you getting in?”

“Yeah,” he muttered feeling a little dazed and lost when he slipped into the warm bath and Derek remained seated on the toilet. His hands trailed over the bubbles when they sat in silence together, his eyes drifting close when he let the steam brush over him. The company was nice for a while until Derek left to go make them some food but his own company was better. It gave him time to reflect and look over everything happening.

Stiles got out of the water once he was done soaking and everything was wrinkled. He dressed in one of his baggy tops and sweats feeling comfortable and tired when he settled on the couch. Derek came in with a bowl of noodles and chicken when they sat together eating food and he curled up in the corner. It didn't last long though when Derek tugged him over to lie against his chest, the little act just enough for his heart to squeeze and his chest ached when he thought of Peter's words. Derek's hand pressing against the bump when he wrapped an arm around his waist.

It was like a reminder and he swallowed hard pushing his nose into his chest breathing him in deeply. The spice of his aftershave, the soft sweet smell of his detergent, and he could choose to forget despite everything.

“Can I stay in your bed tonight?”

“Sure,” Derek whispered gently in reply, his hand gentle when he stroked his hip and he closed his eyes in relief. He had something no matter how small and insignificant it was.

~*~

Derek stood in the nursery looking around the room with a soft sigh resting his hands on his hips. Today was the day he was beginning to paint it. Stiles was downstairs watching television when he looked around. The furniture had yet to arrive and he popped the lid off the gray and light pink of the paint before starting to paint the walls. It was his job as a father to do this but his mind often flashed to Stiles when he stroked the walls down with the paint. He was halfway through with the first wall when he heard footsteps and Stiles appeared looking around.

“It looks good already,” he commented flashing him a warm small smile. “You sure you don't need any help? I mean the design you have looks a little difficult. I really don't mind helping and I think
two hands is better than one. I know it's you being father of the year here but she's not going to
know any different.”

“I'm fine.”

Stiles sighed deeply behind him, he could see him out of corner of his eye when he brushed a hand
down the bump before leaving him to it.

“I'm heading out, I'll see you later,” Stiles called up the stairs.

“What? Wait, where are you...” he said trailing off the moment he appeared at the top of the stairs
and Stiles was already gone. “Great.”

Derek distracted himself painting the nursery, the gray and pink ending up on most of his clothes
when he gave in during the evening tired and hungry. Stiles still gone when he showered, dressed,
and made some food leaving some for Stiles when he came back. It was gone seven when he
washed up and braced himself against the counter feeling an itch of worry in the back of his mind.

He grabbed his cell dialing his number and listening to it ring. It rang out and he listened to his
cheerful voice-mail with a soft sigh.

“Stiles, call me back as soon as you get this.”

Stiles didn't call him back. The silence worrying him when the minutes ticked by and he paced the
length of the living room ringing his mobile over and over again getting the voice-mail every single
time.

“Fuck!” he shouted tossing his phone against the couch in a fit of anger. His hands clutched at his
hair desperately trying to think of who he could be with. He was twenty six weeks pregnant now
and to be an omega, vulnerable, and pregnant was a beacon in a world like this. It made his wolf
howl deep within him to find him and get him back into safety. He didn't know where any of his
friends lived or where his dad was. Derek was a stressful mess when he left the house with his car
keys to drive around and have a look. It was a unsuccessful drive and he thumped his steering
wheel hard ringing it again.

This time it was different, it rang once before cutting off to voice-mail. Derek stared at his phone
realizing it had to be Stiles or someone he was with cutting that off.

“Ring me back, text me back, I don't care. Just – just let me know you're okay, please? You and the
baby, Stiles, this is also about the baby. Tell me you're both okay,” he said ending it and tossing
his phone hard into the seat. The car ticked over when he sat in the darkness of his car, his mind a
tornado of thoughts and worries.

The only thing he could do was return home, his first instinct to check the house in case he has
returned but his only discovery was in Stiles' room. His duffel bag missing with some of his clothes
when he searched opening the drawers and cupboards. It wasn't all his clothes, just a few for a few
days.

“Where the hell have you gone?” he muttered slamming the cupboard door hard so the wood
cracked in the middle.

His phone didn't vibrate once, his phone calls to Laura and his mom asking them if they had heard
from Stiles were unsuccessful when they expressed their worry too. Derek stayed on the couch
most of the night worrying and pacing the floor. The hours ticking by and the lack of sleep burning
his eyes. It was around nine that next morning when he woke up startled out of a sleep he didn't
know he was having to answer it.

“Derek.”

“Stiles? Where the fuck are you?” he demanded sitting up quickly.

“My dads...”

“I was calling you all night!” he shouted feeling a fury mixed with relief surge up inside of him. “You had me worried! You went to your dads without telling me?!”

“Yes! I went to see my dad because I have free will and I don't have to tell you every fucking thing,” Stiles argued back. “I kept my phone on silent, I'm sorry for worrying you but I'm fine and me and the baby are fine. I need a few days away.”

“Stiles, I don't care where you go but I'd like to know where when you are pregnant with my baby, do you understand? I was going out my mind with worry.”

“Well I'm okay, stop freaking out.”

“Freaking out? You left without a word! What if something happened to you, you could have hurt the baby.”

“I would never hurt her! But I guess that's all you care about...the baby, the nursery, the clothes, everything you want to do all on your own.”

“Yes,” he snapped feeling bitter and annoyed when he rubbed a hand down his cheek. “The baby which is mine in case you're forgetting that little detail! You're my surrogate, it's your job to carry this baby for me and you disappearing on me for a night whilst six months pregnant is not what I need right now. There are rules here, rules here you're forgetting as well. If you're going to your dads, tell me. I need to know so I can know that my baby's safety is being looked after!”

The silence on the other end of the line was disconcerting when he breathed feeling anger ebb away slowly. Stiles' breathing a little shakily on the end of the line till he swallowed.

“I'm sorry. I'll be back in a few days, maybe more,” Stiles muttered before the line ended and he pulled the phone away from his ear exhaling deeply. It was probably not the best thing to say to him but he couldn't take his words back now. The phone lay heavy in his hand when he settled staring up at the ceiling.

“Shit.”

~*~

Stiles hands shook against the couch when he stared ahead crying silently. It had been a hasty decision yesterday when he left the nursery and stood in his bedroom needing to get the hell out of there. He grabbed his duffel shoving clothes into it along with his tooth brush before he left. It was mostly out of spite that he didn't tell him, his words cut off with the loud bang of the front door. His dad was his destination when he drove shoving his mobile to the bottom of the bag.

It was a long drive before he arrived in the afternoon to find his dad's car in the driveway. There had been surprise there of course when his dad opened the door to him but he was welcomed in anyway. His dad wrapping his arms around him in a tight hug, his eyes lingering on the bump.

“I think I've made the biggest mistake,” he whispered in confession to his dad who sat facing him
on the dining room table. His dad's expression forlorn and Stiles crumbled pressing his hands into his face.

“Stiles...”

“She's not a mistake. She's not, the surrogacy thing though...” he muttered shaking his head. “You knew this would happen wouldn't you?”

“I didn't know what would happen, kiddo. I just knew that you were in over your head.”

“Exactly!”

“But you're a grown man and you make your own decisions. But you're also young, young and you went in thinking you could do this but you can't. I knew one thing, I knew you'd end up loving this baby.”

Stiles sniffed deeply nodding quickly in agreement. He was ordered to get a shower and get some sleep that evening and ended up sleeping throughout most of it and all the night. He woke up early and the first thing he knew he had to do was call Derek and tell him where he was.

The conversation was brutal, brutal enough to leave him angry and shaken listening to the real truth of it. The truth he so desperately wanted to hide away but in the end he was a surrogate, he was being paid, and in the eyes of the law and his contract his daughter was not his own.

“Oh, Stiles,” his dad said gently stepping forward smelling of sleep and coffee when he took him into his arms. His arms strong and tight around him when he cried silently into his shoulder, his tears soaking his top when he shook.

“What am I going to do?” he whispered brokenly.

“The only thing you can do,” he said pulling back to cup his chin and look into his eyes. “Face reality. The reality being that no matter what you do or you feel, that in three months time you will have to give her up. I know you love her and I know you don't want to do this but you have to, Stiles. If you don't, you'll go to prison. You will lose her anyway.”

“I don't know if I can,” Stiles muttered shaking his head desperately.

“If I know anything about you, I know you're strong, stronger than I ever would believe. If my son aged ten years old can grief and handle the death of his mother then I know he can be strong enough do this. I know you can and I'll be here, Stiles. I'll be here the whole way afterwards.”

Stiles sniffed feeling the tears slide and his nose burn when he buried his face back into his shoulder needing to cry. The truth deep down was he was so tired of crying, feeling that ache, wishing his life was different but it wasn't going anywhere. Reality was a bitch but the sooner he faced it, the sooner he realized that life was no fairytale. Not anymore.

Chapter End Notes

For anyone who wishes to know what her nursery in my eyes is going to look like the link is here:

http://www.pinterest.com/pin/133841420147727930/
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Thank you for all comments and kudos! You guys are just amazing.

I'm sorry for any mistakes as always.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stiles spent two weeks with his dad. He spent that time relaxing, spending quality time with his dad, sending the occasional messages to Scott and Lydia who worried about him, and of course Derek. Derek was sent a message every three days with updates on the baby, the baby only, he had made it perfectly clear what he wanted, how he felt, and Stiles was okay to oblige that. He was okay to oblige in cutting himself away from Derek completely to do it. Derek always responded asking how he was but he never replied. He was now twenty eight weeks pregnant, she was active more than ever when she kicked and wiggled throughout the night. It was October and the fact Christmas was coming up left a stone of dread heavy in his heart and chest. He was in no mood for Thanksgiving, Christmas, or New Year. The sooner they arrived, the sooner his due date arrived. Stiles wasn't prepared to give birth just yet.

“You need anything, call me, I'm here,” his dad said cupping the back of his head when they hugged outside. “Remember what I said. Facing reality to do the right thing for you and for her. You're still bringing her into the world.”

“Yes and Derek's an asshole,” he said with a sarcastic smile. His dad rolling his eyes when he pulled him into a hug.

“Take care of yourself.”

“I know dad, thanks for letting me stay,” he said slapping his back several times in goodbye before slipping into his car. Stiles was thankful that he still fit behind the steering wheel when he switched the engine on and blasted the radio into the car driving back. His first spot was Scott and Allison when he arrived hungry knocking on the front door.

“Hey, you're back!” Scott cried the moment he saw him tugging him into a tight hug. “It's about time! Two weeks is a long time dude, including the weekends. How are you?”

“Fine, I guess, I think I needed that time with my dad. I think parental guidance was needed. I need to face reality.”

“Reality?” Allison questioned poking her head around the door.

“That whether or not I like it or people that I love don't,” he said nodding at Scott who grimaced. “That I have to give her up. I signed a contract, a contract that has me on my hands and knees to do if I don't want to go to prison. Derek's made it perfectly clear that all he wants is the baby and despite what I want...life is no fairytale. Not for me anyway.”

“You want him, want them both,” Allison said softly reaching over to grip his hand. “Why didn't you tell us?”
“Because I couldn't. I couldn't even admit it to myself that I want her and I want him. I want to raise her with him, I have feelings for Derek, but he doesn't want me back. I know that all he wants is her now. He doesn't want me.”

Allison bit her bottom lip gently taking his hand into hers and squeezing it gently. Scott sitting down on his left to wrap a consoling arm around his shoulders. He knew what they meant and he was grateful for them both when the three of them sat together in silence.

“Have you been back home yet?”

“No, not yet, he won't be in anyway.”

“You know...if you want,” Allison said leaning forward to meet Scott's eyes before meeting his. “We discussed this and maybe you should move out, move in here for the last months of your pregnancy.”

“What? No, Allison, I can't do that! You're a newly married couple in the height of it and...all that sex...” he said gesturing at the both of them who laughed nervously exchanging smitten looks. “No, I have to stay there till the baby is born. I can then move out and then...who knows. Get a cheap apartment, find a better job with a better salary.”

“Are you one hundred per cent sure?”

“Yes, I love you both, but I need to do this. I'll be fine,” he said patting their shoulders and using them to push himself up and stand. “I'm just going to make sure he stays the fuck away from me. If I need to distance myself, I better start now.”

“You sure?”

“Oh yeah,” he mumbled zipping up his jacket. “It'll be what he wants too.”

Allison brushed her lips against his cheek and Scott hugged him tight before they left. Stiles drove back home, the gates opening to let his car in and he blinked in surprise to see Derek's car parked in the driveway too. Stiles hesitated for a moment lingering in the car before stepping out to walk up the house. The smell of the house hit him when he walked in slowly taking a good look around.

“You're back.”

Stiles swallowed looking up at Derek on top of the stairs, his arms folded across his chest in an almost defensive position. He dropped his duffel bag on the floor swallowing hard when he nodded.

“Two weeks and two days, you really needed time away I see.”

“Yeah, I did,” Stiles muttered stripping off his jacket and hanging it up. “Time with my dad, time away from everything and now...now back to reality.”

“So you're not just going to take off again?” Derek demanded walking down the stairs towards him.

“If I did or even do...it's really none of your concern. I was away for two weeks with my dad and we were fine. If I want to stay at Scott's or Lydia's or hell if I want to stay at Danny's for weeks then I will. Because I can...so if you'll move,” he snapped coldly meeting his surprised eyes when he brushed past and headed upstairs. The door of his bedroom slammed behind him and he rest against the wood breathing deeply in and out. It didn't help that being away for two weeks meant
seeing him again would be a little harder. His scent overwhelming, his looks even more gorgeous than he remembered. It was just ridiculous.

The bed was welcoming when he spread his legs a little to feel comfortable when he stroked a hand over his bump.

“I think this is going to be a tough ride princess,” he whispered tracing circle over the bump with gentle fingers.

He stayed in the bedroom till he heard the front door downstairs open and close. The house silent when he exited looking up and down the hallway, his eyes zeroing on the nursery next to Derek's bedroom. The door was replaced and a pristine white when he hovered outside till he twisted the knob pushing it open. Two weeks was a long time, it was just enough time to get it decorated. The walls gray and pink, the tree painted with blossoms on just one wall, and it was stunning. Stiles sucked in a breath taking it all in, the shelf on the wall with an empty photo frame. The cot a deep brown oak with a flowered bedding, the mobile hanging over head playing a tinkling tune when he twisted the knob.

“Oh my god,” he breathed looking around. “I guess your daddy is excited because you have a beautiful nursery. Stiles looked at the rocking chair in the corner of the room seated next to the window, the drapes open to look out at the back garden. The leaves gone from the trees with winter slowly settling in but he knew how beautiful it was in the spring. He seated resting back and resting his hands on his bump gently staring outside.

“I think is going to be very tough,” he whispered trailing off with a soft sigh.

Stiles was right about that because ignoring Derek and avoiding him was hard when he lived with him and he always seemed to be there. He was there when he cooked food for himself and ignored his questioning eyes when he retreated upstairs. Questions were asked and left unanswered when he ignored him, dismissed any conversation. The cold attitude he had was leaving Derek baffled but he couldn't pinpoint why. The more it went on, the more he felt angrier not only with himself and Derek but the whole world.

“Stiles,” Derek called behind him when he spooned pasta into his bowl. “Will you look at me?”

“What?” he muttered glancing up at him.

“I've barely saw you all day or spoken to you,” Derek said placing a hand in the center of his back so he flinched away moving to get the cheese out of the fridge. “You've been acting weird all week. I feel like I've seen ten minutes of you.”

“Yeah, well, we're both busy.”

“No, I'm not busy and you're avoiding me for some reason so tell me,” he argued gripping his arm and that was enough to make him snap. Stiles snarled knowing his eyes were glowing when Derek removed his hand and his eyes flashed a molten red in response.

“Back off and leave me alone,” he warned snatching his bowl and walking away from him. Derek was having none of it though when he appeared slamming a hand out against the wall stopping him from going back upstairs.

“What the hell was that?”

“That was you touching me when I didn't want you to touch me. Can you move please?”
“You've never had any objections before.”

“Well I do now. Move!” he demanded stepping back with a sigh, his tongue trailing across his bottom lip when Derek stood his ground in front of him.

“So you're forcing me to do stuff now?”

“I'm not forcing you to do anything!”

“You're forcing me with questions!”

“Because you've been acting weird for days, no...since you left. Two weeks, Stiles? I got one message every three days all about the baby and nothing about you. I asked, you ignored. I want to know what's going on with you,” Derek said exhaling heavily. “If it's something I've done then I'd rather know then you ignore and avoid me for days on end. You're coming up to the end of your pregnancy in a couple of months and I'd rather have the last couple of months stress free for both of you.”

Stiles stared down at the melting cheese on his pasta instead of him because it was easier that way. His fingers pushing gently at his chin when he forced him to look up and into his eyes.

“Well?”

“Do you really honestly give a shit?” he whispered forcing his fingers away from his face. “I don't have to answer any questions. I want you to move so I can go upstairs and watch my films in peace.”

“Of course I give a shit! If I didn't give a shit I wouldn't be here asking you what the fuck is going on with you.”

“Reality! Harsh, bitter, cold, and stupid reality!” he hissed shoving him back. “Now get away from me.”

Stiles managed to get around him heading into the bedroom and slamming the door behind him when he sat down on the bed. The laptop borrowed from Derek pulled towards him when he brought up Netflix and resumed Breaking Bad. He paused pushing a piece of pasta into his mouth when he heard Derek coming up the stairs and his bedroom door opened when he stepped in.

“Um, privacy?”

“My house, my rules.”

“Fuck you!” he hissed shoving up to stand and struggling a little with his bump. “Get out!”

“Reality? What is that supposed to mean, Stiles? I don't know if this is due to pregnancy related hormones or something has happened over the past two weeks for you to flip. I'm trying to help you out here. I'm trying to understand why you won't let me touch you or why you avoid every conversation...”

“Why would you want to touch me! You're so fucking hot and cold all the time! You're like that fucking Katy Perry song,” Stiles shouted dragging a hand through his hair. “Just leave me alone, Derek.”

“Hot and cold? What is that supposed to mean?”
“Nothing, it's nothing, just – just leave it.”

“Of course I would want to touch you, Stiles, I know touch is important for omegas. Why I know sleeping with me in my bed helped you out to sleep...for the baby. That's...”

“Why you let me sleep in your bed...for comfort...for – for the baby. I mean why it would it be for anything else, right?” he muttered feeling the realization hit him square in the chest. The ache in his heart causing him to turn away from him, he could Derek's eyes on his back.

“It was that and it was all because I wanted to, not obligation, but because I wanted you to be okay. I wanted you both to be okay,” Derek reasoned crossing his arms over his chest.

“Yeah, sure, whatever, Derek, just – just go away,” he said shutting his eyes.

“Why?”

“Because I said so!”

“Is this – is this because of what I said two weeks ago? Our last real conversation, Stiles, I know I was harsh but you got to understand that you broke the rules I laid down. You took off without telling me, you're my surrogate...”

“Yeah and you just fucking love to remind me over and over and over again don't you, Derek? I fucking know what I am! So this surrogate is telling his client to get...the...fuck...out,” he hissed jabbing him hard in his chest feeling his fangs slip out and he had never felt anger, upset, pain, and misery like it. The stress inducing a headache when he stepped away breathing hard watching Derek who stared at him stunned but equally pissed off.

Derek left of course leaving Stiles to breathe and blink the tears away when he let his hands rest on his hips. The stress of this leaving him feeling sick when he moved to the door shutting it tight before going back to bed. His appetite lost when he curled up under the covers to watch the rest of the episode. His mind distracted so he couldn't concentrate properly and he felt suffocated with nowhere to go.

Sleep was the answer when he turned the laptop off feeling weird and stuffed up when he pressed his cheek to the pillow closing his eyes. His mind a mess of pictures and emotions when he dreamed in and out till pain woke him up. It was like fire across his abdomen when he struggled to sit up breathing hard through the pain that struck him. Something was wrong, progressively wrong when he struggled again out of bed. The pain worse when he stood bending over with a low moan.

“Oh god,” he hissed breathing in and out deeply when he hurried to Derek's bedroom pushing the door open with a bang. Derek shot up startled when he turned his head to look at him and dove out of bed in a panicked worry.

“What is it?”

“I don't know, something feels weird...” he whispered trailing off with a hiss of pain. “Oh my god, am I in labor? Is this fucking labor? I'm too early!”

The panic seized him so he whimpered gripping onto his hand when Derek shushed him cupping his cheek.

“It's fine, breathe. Stiles, just breathe for me,” he instructed. “I'm going to drive you to the hospital right now, okay? Hold onto my hand.”
Stiles wasn't used to feeling scared, his heart pounding in his ears when he breathed heaving in and out of his mouth walking down the stairs. Derek on the phone to the hospital when they walked down the stairs and he realized he was wearing no shoes once outside. That didn't matter though when he got in the car and Derek got in breaking every speed limit to get him there. He didn't know how to speak when he clutched his hand tight breathing like he was dying when the pain hit again and he squeezed his eyes closed. Blaming himself was the easier option, the stress, the worrying, the crying, everything bad and unhealthy for his body and for his baby. It was enough to want him to cry right this second, the fact he could have endangered his baby's life all to be petty and spiteful and cut him out.

San Francisco General Hospital arrived before his eyes when he got out, Derek holding onto his hand when he led him inside. It was Derek who did the talking when they were led away and he was taken into a private room. Derek moved to remove his hand when he shook his head letting out a small sound of distress.

“I know I've been telling you to fuck off most of the evening but don't let go of my hand, please,” he pleaded holding onto it. Derek's eyes fading into something soft when he nodded helping him take his clothes off and get into a hospital gown. The doctor came in introducing himself getting in the information and taking the tests. Stiles couldn't concentrate though when he tried to breathe in and out and struggled for the first time. The baby's heartbeat was there of course. It was strong and vital and the anchor he needed to stop his crying and panic attack but it was Derek's hand wrapped into his that kept him on the ground.

“How are you feeling?” Derek murmured taking a seat in one of the blue plastic chairs.

“A little better with drugs in my system,” he mumbled holding up his arm and holding the blanket up. “I did this, didn't I? All this stress...”

“We don't know just yet.”

“Fuck,” he hissed letting his head fall back. “I know it is.”

It was mostly silent when they stayed locked together, Derek's thumb stroking across his palm till the doctor returned holding the test results in her hand.

“How are you feeling, Mr Stilinski?”

“Fine, how is she? How's the baby?”

“The baby is okay, don't worry about that, you were suffering a mild set of Braxton Hicks. I'm sure you've heard about them but they shouldn't have been that extreme. I'm also a little concerned about your blood pressure and your weight.”

“I've been..I've been stressed lately.”

“Stress isn't healthy for you or your baby, pregnancy is hard work for not just you but also the child. You shouldn't be having stress in the middle of your pregnancy, it can create a series of problems in the near future,” the doctor said with a judging look in her eyes when he swallowed staring down at his hands.

“I know, I know, I'm sorry, I am,” he said desperately.

“You need to take it easy, plenty of bed rest, three meals a day, no strenuous exercise, no heavy lifting, and take your vitamins. You're near thirty weeks, the third trimester a time for the baby to grow everything she needs. She feels what you feel, she eats what you eat, she is inside of you,
Stiles, and it's your job as her parent to do this.”

“I will, I promise,” he whispered glancing at Derek who met his eyes solemnly before thanking the doctor. He was allowed to go once the doctor allowed it and he dressed slowly feeling guilt like he had never before. Derek was quiet behind him when he turned back around and they walked out.

“It was my fault,” he muttered standing outside breathing in the fresh air. The pavement cold on his bare feet when he wriggled his toes and Derek stood in front of him cupping his neck.

“It was both of us, I wouldn't leave when you told me too. I kept pushing it.”

“It's not just today, it's the rest of the week. It's...it's skipping meals and not looking after myself, stressing over...” he trailed off shaking his head and swallowing hard. “I could have gone into labor, Derek. She's barely ready yet and I did this.”

“She's fine.”

“She might not have been! I haven't even felt Braxton Hicks yet and the moment I do it's after we have an argument. I thought something was happening, I could have lost her,” he muttered hearing the crack in his voice. “Shit, let's just go home.”

Stiles felt mentally and physically exhausted when he curled up in the passenger seat staring out of the window. His guilt just wouldn't fade when he thought through what had just happened and he shut his eyes wishing it would all go away. They got home in record time when Derek shut the engine off glancing over to him.

“Don't stress over this. Listen to the doctor...”

“I am going to listen to the doctor.”

“Bed rest, plenty of it, three meals a day with meat and vegetables. The vitamins I'll get tomorrow and the stress...it stops now.”

“I know!” he cried turning his head to look at him and away. “I fucking know, okay? I'm going back to bed.”

“You can stay with me tonight.”

“No, I don't. I'm going to my own bed to sleep. I know you want to offer comfort like the omega I am but...I can't.”

Stiles left it at that when he got out of the car slamming it behind him so it echoed. He walked till he was in the bedroom and he felt the prickle of sleep behind his eyes. Sleep that night was easier to get hold of then he imagined, his dreams dark when he slept peacefully.

He woke up that morning to a knock on the bedroom door when he opened his eyes to see Derek walking in holding a tray. The alarm clock informing him it was quarter to ten and he sighed deeply pushing to sit up when he came over with breakfast for him. The tray set with a plate of scrambled eggs and a toasted bagel, grapes in a bowl, and a glass of fresh orange juice. Stiles swallowed hard taking it of him when he Derek handed it over silently.

“This is awesome, thanks,” he mumbled taking a sip of the orange juice.

“You're welcome.”
Derek didn't leave, he joined him when he got up circling the bed and sitting next to him when he watched him silently. His eyes observant when he pushed the scrambled eggs into his mouth.

“I feel better, that sleep was awesome. I didn't wake up once.”

“I'm glad to here.”

“We have the scan on Friday, the last one before she comes.”

“I know but we know she's alright, the doctor confirmed it last night. But it'll be nice to see her, one more time before she really is here,” Derek said softly eyeing the bump. Stiles glanced down and up at him swallowing the food down and knowing what he wanted. It had been nearly three weeks to a month since he had any bump bonding time. Derek usually read to her or sang her a nursery rhyme. Those were the moments Stiles adored, the moments before everything happened here that he fell a little bit more for him each time.

“You want bump bonding time don't you?”

“What?”

“I can tell, you got that look in your eyes.”

“I don't...Stiles, it's been a weird night, a weird week, I don't need...”

“It's fine,” he mumbled popping a grape into his mouth chewing it and swallowing the juices down before he moved placing the tray on the ground. “If you want to talk to her, it's fine with me.”

“You didn't want me around you twenty four hours ago.”

“Yeah and then I thought I was losing the baby and things change, your mind changes...” he mumbled settling back into the cushions. “Do you want to or not?”

“I do,” Derek whispered gently meeting his eyes yet again for permission before he shuffled down. His cheek resting against the bump listening to her heart and he swallowed hard turning his eyes away. This wasn't his plan, his plan was to avoid him, avoid any conversation with him, but fate was a bitch and had other plans. Derek whispered endearments to her when he stroked along the line of the bump lovingly.

“I can't wait to meet you,” he murmured against the shirt of his top. Stiles grunted when she kicked him in response and he smirked huffing with laughter when Derek looked up at him surprised.

“She heard me...”

“Voice recognition, the books say she can hear voices, pick up who is who. She's not heard you in weeks.”

“Hello baby,” he murmured rubbing the spot were she kicked. “Have you missed me? I've missed you and I haven't even met you yet. You'll see me all the time once you're here though. I have a nursery ready for you and a whole family waiting just for you.”

The lump in his throat rose watching him and he pressed his lips together tight. The scene was adorable, enough for his heart strings to tug and tug hard.

“You're going to be an amazing father.”

Derek glanced up at him through his lashes in surprise, a soft smile on his lips when he pulled back
to look at him properly.

“You think?”

“Yeah, I think she's going to be the luckiest little girl. Her nursery is gorgeous, you're already amazing with Emma, and you know what to do.”

“I hope so.”

“Have you...you know, you decided on a name yet? I mean I know she'll be baby Hale but a first name?”

“I have, I've thought it over, a first name, a middle name, and on the baby websites.”

“What is it?” he questioned gently watching when Derek pulled up to lie down next to him.

“I'm going to call her Esme.”

“Esme,” he repeated. “It's beautiful.”

“It means 'loved' or in French 'beloved' and I feel it may suit her well. Her middle name...is something I decided after a long and hard thinking. I could call her any name out there to match but...I decided I needed something to honor.”

“Honor?”

“You're bringing her into the world, Stiles, for that I'm going to be eternally grateful for. I'll pay you of course but I felt I have to give something just a little more. So I'm going to name her, her full name being, Esme Claudia Hale.”

The whole world screeched to a halt when he stared back at him stunned. The lump in his throat covering his whole throat so he choked pushing on his hands to sit up.

“You're naming her after my mom?” he whispered stunned.

“I remember you telling me about her, you were quite emotional at the time.”

“Yeah because of that stupid film...”

“The Lion King.”

“He dies for his son!”

Derek snorted softly shaking his head sitting up and smiling at him softly. “It's the least I can do. I'll tell her why one day when she's older. I promise.”

His hand rubbed against his hair gently so he moved watching him walk out with the tray stunned and he exhaled shakily. The agony hit him in full force when he pushed a hand against his mouth holding back everything.

“You can do this, come on, don't cry, don't cry, don't cry,” he repeated sniffing deeply when he pushed the cover away heading to the full length mirror. The glow of his pregnancy remained but the shadows under his eyes told a different story, his eyes an ocean of pain and upset when he stared down at the bump.

“Twelve weeks and counting, princess,” he whispered patting it gently smiling a watery smile.
“How about you stop giving me heart burn so I can enjoy this? Esme Claudia...the best baby in the whole wide world. I'm sure your daddy will make damn sure of it.”

Chapter End Notes

The birth scene is coming up soon.

I get tearful myself thinking of writing it.

You've been warned...*cackle of laughter in the distance*
Winter was slowly creeping in day by day when the leaves fell decaying into the mud and the chill settled into the ground. Stiles hated winter. Winter meant frost, ice, and the chill settling in despite the fact they ran warm. It was always there to be demanded to be felt and with winter it meant the upcoming haul of Christmas. Christmas was demanded to be felt when Scott talked about it asking him to come around, his dad hinting at him staying over, Lydia and Danny talking about sharing it together and skipping dinner to get very drunk. The only person who didn't talk about it was Derek and he was eternally grateful. He had no idea where he was going to go. He didn't really care.

Today though they were going shopping for more clothes for him since he was growing everyday and his clothes were becoming stretched. Derek was waiting for him twirling his car keys around his finger when he appeared in front of him sighing deeply.

“I have heartburn, my feet ache, does it look like I can be assed walking around town?”

“You're the one who said we should go shopping for clothes and Christmas presents.”

“Yeah, well, I regret it now,” he mumbled wrapping his coat around him the best he could. “Come on then! Before I really regret it and I'll make you suffer.”

Derek raised an amused eyebrow following him out when they walked to the car getting in. Stiles blasted the radio raising an eyebrow at Derek to challenge him when the radio blasted the sounds of the top forty. Derek didn't though and he felt smug sitting back and resting his hands on the bump. It was easier that way and he stroked a hand over it lovingly. He was thirty two weeks now, his bump a lot more bigger, and he knew it caught people's attention. Especially in the public when women especially cooed over him, their hands touching him without his permission, and it was Derek half the time holding him back from ripping their hands off.

“One more person touches me and comments on how fat I am is going to lose their head and eyes,” he threatened the last time a woman touched him without his permission. “When I do you bail me out of prison no matter what.”

“Of course,” Derek consoled him, his eyes sparkling with amusement the whole time.
Stiles glared at the mall once they arrived and he met Derek's eyes when he reached over cupping his shoulder gently. “This is going to be hell.”

“When is shopping not?” Derek replied switching the engine off and unbuckling to climb out. “But you need new clothes.”

“I want hoodies and those large tops...the soft ones...plus plenty of jogger bottoms. If I am going to be heavily pregnant with the most beautiful girl in the whole wide world. Then I’m going to do it comfortable,” he cried following after him and into the mall.

They went shop to shop when he went to the maternity side for boys and girls when he pulled tops of various colors and bottoms into the basket. Derek trailing behind him like a puppy when he collected things together.

“Oh my god this is so soft,” he mumbled picking up a red hoodie and looking at the price tag with a grimace. “It's a lot though...”

“Put it in,” Derek said tugging it in with the rest of them. “Money isn't an issue. You said it yourself...comfort. I told you, you can have what you want. Now let's pay for this and then get some food and smoothies like you were craving the other day.”

“Oh my god, strawberry and banana?” he whispered gripping onto his arm and biting his lip on a smile when he smirked nodding. Stiles felt a flutter in his stomach and heart seeing the smirk of happiness there, something he liked seeing, when he smiled it was beautiful. It was such a change from weeks ago when all he wanted was to hide and push him away but now it was different. The total for the clothes baffled him when he watched with wide eyes when the credit card came out and it was all paid for.

“You're insane.”

“I'm not, I bought you clothes.”

“Yes and the value was insane! What that came to is my rent for two months plus bills. You use money like it's water!” he muttered shoving his shoulder gently. Derek nudged him gently back before placing a hand in the middle of his back to lead him through the crowds. Esme had woken up inside of him when she wriggled and he rubbed the spot were she kicked.

“She awake?”

“Yep and hungry...I think,” he mumbled rubbing the spot again walking into the cafe with the best burgers in the mall. Derek got the menu handing one to him when he he sat back unzipping his jacket to not feel constricted.

“I feel like I'm carrying a bowling ball up my top...stop staring at me,” he scolded aiming a kick at Derek who blinked meeting his eyes. “Yeah, I see you. Stop it.”

“I can look can't I?”

“No, eyes on your menu.”

“It's not my fault you suit pregnancy well.”

“Who’s the one who knocked me up? You, it is your fault, it's your fault when I need to pee every ten seconds, the constant aching limbs and heartburn, and the fact I cried at an advert of a puppy before becoming very angry that I didn't have said puppy,” Stiles muttered nudging his leg again
with his foot. Derek didn't reply but simply snorted softly in amusement.

The waitress came over taking their orders and he braced himself when she cooed noticing his bump.

“How many weeks?”

“Thirty two,” he answered wrapping a protective arm around the bump and prayed she didn't touch him. Thankfully she didn't when she walked with a smile.

“I don't think you can convey 'do not touch me' any more with your eyes.”

“I feel for women, I do, anyway they have to learn about personal space and the fact I'm not a circus freak for people to touch and awe over.”

The smoothies were delicious but the food not so much when they ate it down and he patted his full stomach once he was done. Derek paid holding out his hand for him to take when he helped him up and he glared at a group of girls watching them and he could practically hear them cooing.

“Hormonal and pregnant and angry,” he mumbled the moment Derek shot him a questioning look. They headed towards the exit and back to the car when he got in gratefully to the passenger seat and closed sitting back carefully. His lower back was protesting and he sighed deeply waiting for Derek.

“Home sweet home,” he mumbled after the long drive home. “Want help with the bags? What, don't give me that look! I'm not an invalid.”

“You're not supposed to be doing any lifting.”

“For bags!?”

“Stiles, shut up and get inside,” Derek said rolling his eyes popping the back open to get his clothes and other items out. How could he refuse that? Stiles made his way to the kitchen to get a soda before dropping on the couch with a loud and long groan of relief. His feet propped up when he heard Derek behind him dropping the bags off in the kitchen. Stiles waved a hand in dismal when Derek came back in eying his soda disapprovingly when he sipped it.

“It's one soda, I am allowed one, so stop disapproving me.”

“Just one,” he warned leaving him to it when he headed upstairs.

He could hear the tell-tale signs of the shower running when he drank the soda down watching a show about houses and people wanting to live in the country. It was boring but the remote control out of reach so he pouted letting his mind wander. It had been a good couple of weeks so far, his desire to no long shut him out effective when he allowed Derek to be around him. There was boundaries though, Stiles didn't no longer sleep in his bed. But he was still able to sleep thankfully, the pregnancy draining him of all energy.

Stiles was accepting of his feelings, there was no point denying them any longer. He had grown to love and care for his pup deeply and he had also along the whole journey fallen for Derek too. It was hard not to fall in love with him. Everyone had their flaws, they made their mistakes, and he wasn't going to deny that either. But spending time with him each and every day shown him the side of Derek he liked. The soft nurturing side, the smile, the laugh, the forgiveness in his eyes. While he knew that Derek couldn't and wouldn't feel the same way and it broke his heart daily it didn't stop him wanting to make him happy. To see the love in his eyes for their unborn daughter
and the smile and laugh when he was amused by something ordinary or something he did.

Like a crush that wouldn't fade and despite his inner heartbreak he wanted to keep a steady head on his shoulders. Show it wasn't killing him daily to realize the birth was coming up and there was nothing he could do about it. Stiles laid flat on his back when he placed the empty can on his bump and grinned amused when it moved every time it kicked.

“Derek! Come see this!” he yelled waiting for him to come down after his shower. Derek appeared five minutes later toweling his hair dry confused.

“What?” he questioned before noticing the can moving. “Really?”

“Yeah! How cool! The force is strong with the one.”

“You didn't just quote Star Wars.”

“I did, awesome films, films that will live on for generations.”

“Films that will hopefully die out,” Derek mumbled lifting his feet up and sitting down to place them on his lap. His fingers removing the can when he replaced it with his own hand, his hand cupping over where she was kicking him. The softness entering his eyes when he watched and Stiles wanted to cry.

“Such blasphemy over beautiful films, your daddy is a big fat liar,” he whispered down to the bump grinning when Derek leaned over swatting his arm gently. “Abuse!”

“Daddy,” Derek repeated looking away from him with a soft smile.

“You admitting a dirty old kink there?” he teased snorting with laughter when Derek glared at him. “I'm kidding! One hundred per cent joking, but yes...daddy or do you prefer papa? Hell how about father!”

“Daddy is fine.”

“Oh I bet it is.”

“Stiles, stop making it weird!”

He laughed because he could but unable to roll away or do anything when Derek huffed disgruntled. He winced when she kicked and wigged too much hitting his ribs so he turned rolling onto his side to stare at the television instead.

“So what you doing for Christmas?”

“What?”

“Christmas? Where are you going?” Derek questioned drumming his fingers on his leg.

“Well there's Scott and Allison but this is their first Christmas together so that's out of the question, Lydia and Danny plan to get very drunk all day so, again, out of the question, and then there's my dad's. It would mean driving out there on the icy roads heavily pregnant and I know that would kill you knowing I am out there alone. But that also means my dad missing me for Christmas if I stay here and celebrate it with you and your family,” he explained rolling onto his back with a soft sigh. “I don't know what to do.”

“Well...invite him here.”
“What?” Stiles muttered stunned.

“Invite him over on Christmas Eve to spend Christmas day with my family.”

“Seriously? My dad hasn't even met you or your family and I don't know. Wouldn't it be a little...weird? I mean it's only Christmas, it's not the biggest event of the year for us. After mom died there seemed no point, dad tried his best when I was a pup but...apart from that. It's just a dinner for two and my dad drinking wolfsbane laced alcohol so he can get drunk. He does it once a year.”

“It's your decision.”

“I'll call him, see what he says, but there's always next year and the year after that and the year after that,” he explained shrugging his shoulders up and down. “No big deal.”

The conversation in the end went in a way he didn't expect when his dad told him to stay there.

“You're not traveling up here heavily pregnant! What if something happens? You can barely fit behind the wheel of your car.”

“Well what about you? Derek suggested you come here.”

“No, no, son, it's fine. I'm having my own meal cooked for me.”

“What?” Stiles muttered confused raising an eyebrow at Derek who was stood in the kitchen listening in. “By who?”

“Melissa.”

“Melissa, Scott's mom is cooking you Christmas dinner? Is that your subtle way of telling me you and my best friend's mom are spending Christmas together?” he demanded.

“Yes and no...”

“Oh my god, I don't need to know the sordid details,” he muttered wrinkling his nose ignoring the scoff from his father.

“Stiles, it's a Christmas shared by two people who don't have their kids this year. I'll see you after Christmas, we can have our own maybe after the baby is born. I want you to be safe and comfortable and you're too far out.”

“You sure?”

“Yes.”

“One hundred and one per cent?”

“Stiles,” his dad chided so he rolled his eyes dramatically.

“Fine! Fine, so be it. Christmas with the Hales,” he muttered meeting Derek's eyes. “What could possibly go wrong?”

~*~

If looks could kill he was more than sure Derek would be dead by now by the looks he was giving him himself. They were currently stood outside the house on Christmas Eve, it was done all up
outside fancy with twinkling white gold lights and a wreath. Derek stood next to him holding their bags full of presents and clothes.

“This is going to be fucking hell isn't it?” he hissed through his teeth when they walked up together. The front door opening with Laura dressed as Mrs Santa and holding Emma dressed as an elf. Now that was adorable and he couldn't help but coo when she squealed in delight spotting him.

“God, why the grumps, guys? It's Christmas!” she said kissing their cheeks and passing Emma into his arms. “Go put those presents under the tree and Derek the spare room is yours. You'll be bunking together, okay?”

Stiles opened his mouth to protest that but she had already walked away shouting for Talia and Derek had no protests when he did as he was told. Emma smiled up at him when she caught his attention by patting his cheek gently.

“Yeah, well aren't you the cutest elf in the whole world?” he teased kissing her nose walking into the living room to see April and Tony on the couch watching television. Peter in the chair holding a glass of red wine, his eyes observing and a playful smirk on his lips when he saw him. Stiles swallowed his nausea down looking at him and he hated the way he eyed him slowly like he was the last piece of chocolate cake.

“Stiles, sweetheart.” Talia said greeting him kissing his cheek so he smiled politely. “Merry Christmas!”

“You too,” he said patting Emma on the back when she babbled shaking a wrapped candy cane.

“You hungry?”

“No, no, we had dinner before we came here but thank you,” he said softly. Derek appeared again from downstairs when he stood at his side.

“Should you be carrying her?”

“Yes, don't start moaning, she's light and on my hip.”

“If you gets too heavy...”

“Christmas or not I will kick your werewolf ass,” he warned turning his head when Peter chuckled in the background.

“He's a fiery one this one, I really do like him.”

Stiles narrowed his eyes but ignored it the best he could walking out with Emma and into the kitchen. Laura and Joe were there baking cookies when he sat there and Emma cooed sitting on the licking the icing off the spoon he offered her. It was getting late when Emma was put to bed and Stiles wanted an early night leaving the family downstairs when he walked into the bedroom. The bed inviting when he dressed in sweats and a t-shirt and climbing into the bed. It was a memory foam and he groaned lying back feeling uncomfortable but needing the sleep. It didn't take too long for Derek to join him when he walked in closing the door tight behind him.

“You're up here early.”

“I had my eggnog and came up. It felt odd without you and I didn't want you to be alone.”

Stiles hid a smile into the cushion listening to him shuffle around the room shredding clothes
before getting in.

“I can't sleep, it's hard when it feels like you have a bowling ball waiting to pop out of you.”

“Lie on your side.”

“No, my back hurts,” he mumbled.

“Do it,” Derek ordered so he sighed obliging and rolling onto his side. Derek's fingers pushing at his lower back so he groaned in relief so he massaged it.

“Better?”

“Oh god, so much, that feels good,” he muttered softly shutting his eyes. “Massages are so amazing.”

“As long as it gets you sleeping.”

“Why? Because Santa won't come?” he mumbled smirking when Derek huffed.

“Because you need sleep for the day ahead. Our Christmases are always hectic. My mom going insane cooking the dinner to perfection, the presents and wrapping paper everywhere, Cora moaning about something. Peter managing to get drunk on that wine of his.”

“Sounds hectic,” he mumbled feeling sleepy.

“It is, you'll get to be a part of it.”

“Well at least it won't be boring, boring is not good on Christmas.”

“I long for boring,” he whispered stroking his back till it felt a lot better and he removed his hand shuffling to lie down. “You ready for sleep?”

“Yep,” he whispered letting the dark flicker behind his closed eyes. The light from the lamp flicking off so the room plunged into darkness and he tuned everything out apart from Derek next to him. His heat radiating against his back, his scent overwhelming him when he inhaled deeply enough, and it felt odd but just right to lie next to him all over again. It wasn't like either of them put up a fight to bunk together despite the other rooms.

Stiles turned towards him, his eyes flicking open for just a moment to see Derek watching him through the darkness, his eyes dark in the light but he could see the hint of the alpha red deep within them. It was a little unnerving but he let it be when he shut his eyes against needing sleep. It came to him gratefully, an almost dreamless sleep with him waking up only once or twice throughout the night to struggle out of bed and go to the bathroom. Derek always awake when he returned climbing back into the bed and he placed a hand against his back helping him back to sleep.

It was seven that morning when he woke up with Esme kicking him and a hot warmth pressed against his back. Derek's arm wrapped around his waist, his chin hooked over his shoulder so he peeked to look at him. His chest ached when he shut his eyes letting himself enjoy it for just one moment. One moment of pretending they were together, together on Christmas morning, and his chest ached more in longing than anything else. It was Emma's cries down the house that stirred him behind him, Derek groaning when he rolled away slowly stretching out his limbs.

“Merry Christmas,” Stiles murmured softly rolling also to meet his tired eyes.
“You too,” he murmured when they looked at each other and he groaned when she kicked him a little too hard. Derek’s lips twitched into a smile when he moved closer to him resting a hand on the bump gently.

“Looks like someone is awake.”

“Yeah, sleeps during the day, awake in the night and very early morning.”

“She’ll get a routine once she’s born.”

“Yeah,” he murmured swallowing hard.

“Come on you two!” Laura cried disturbing them both when she knocked on the door. “When we have a little one we all get up at six thirty so up!”

“Practice for the future,” Derek muttered.

Derek got out of the bed first circling before taking both of his hands and hauling him up.

“Watch out, wide load coming through!”

“Stop it, come on.”

Derek was right about it being hectic when mostly everyone focused on the children opening their presents, gifts being passed around with everyone talking and taking photos of the children. They made sure they were looking away to do it of course so no camera flare but it was equally amazing and overwhelming. His gifts were mainly clothing for when he was not pregnant, a watch from Laura which he loved, a cologne from Peter which he sniffed immediately liking and hating himself for. Derek’s present a surprise when he opened the small rectangular gift to see an airline ticket to Madrid. It was a ticket for one when he swallowed hard meeting his eyes and thanking him. It was a nice gift, one with thought, one for something after he gave birth but deep down he would have wanted something more.

Derek wasn't a present to him, nor a trophy, but if there was anything he wanted it was him. He could never voice that though and despite the happy event of the day, the sadness crept in sliding alongside it. Laura met his eyes across the room when she smiled at him gently, he returned the smile not wanting to worry her or anyone else.

Talia ordered everyone out of her kitchen with strict orders for no one to disturb her while she cooked. It was obeyed of course, no one wanted their hair pulled out by an angry alpha on Christmas. Stiles climbed the stairs when he headed to the bathroom and stopped in the middle of the hallway when Peter appeared out of nowhere in front of him.

“Stiles, how are you feeling?”

“Fine, I need to pee, so move,” he muttered moving to go around him till Peter stopped him pressing a hand to his arm.

“What are you doing?” he snapped glancing behind him.

“Just admiring, Derek is right, you really do suit pregnancy very, very, well,” he whispered stepping closer to him. Stiles recoiled when he stepped closer, a predatory look in his eyes when he placed a hand on his bump and a hand wrapped around his neck holding him in place.

“Get away from me,” he warned shoving at his chest. “Get the fuck away from me!”
That caught everyone's attention when he heard footsteps on the stairs and it was a blur when Peter flew away from hitting the floor with a bang. Derek furious and snarling in front of him protectively, Peter on the floor with blood on his chin from a bleeding mouth and a healing split lip.

“Derek, stop it, now!” Talia ordered to Derek who was furious and shifted when he turned towards him pulling him closer to him. It was a panicked moment of chaos when he was tugged away and into the bedroom without hesitation. Derek looking him over when he patted him down and wrapped his arms around him.

“I'm fine, he didn't do anything...” he mumbled into his shoulder.

“He tried it on with you!” he hissed, his lip curling in a snarl when he glared at the door. Stiles could hear Talia ranting at Peter in the hallway, the others downstairs. Christmas was sort of ruined and Peter had done that.

“Yeah but he didn't make it very far, it's okay,” he murmured rubbing his back gently feeling the tension in his shoulders. “Just listen to her heartbeat, focus on that.”

It was the right thing to do when Derek calmed down slowly, his arms tight around him in a hug. His heart raced inside of him when Derek finally pulled back looking deep into his eyes before stepping all the way back. He had no idea what to make of it all and it was like the answer was somehow out of his reach. Derek's protectiveness over him there but he couldn't exactly pinpoint the possessiveness.

“Peter's gone, mom is pissed,” Derek murmured when the front door closed. “He didn't explain why he did it.”

“It was a little odd...” he murmured trailing off. “But it's not like it's the first time.”

“What?” Derek demanded.

“Well I told you before...he's a creep! He likes to flirt with his eyes and hands, corner me, eye me like I'm a piece of yummy cake.”

“Why didn't you tell me?!”

“I – I don't know, it never came up. I thought he was just being a creep.”

Derek huffed shaking his head. “He does anything like this, Stiles, you tell me! Family or not, he doesn't get to do that. Not to you and not to his kids. Fuck...”

“Hey, it's fine, I'm okay now and...it's Christmas. We shouldn't be doing this!”

“I told you they were hectic.”

“Yeah,” he agreed snorting amused. “You did. So lets go downstairs, forget about what just happened for one moment and eat the meal your mom made. I'm starving! This baby is demanding food.”

Derek swallowed nodding his head in agreement when he took his hand, Stiles looked at their hands shocked but didn't dwell on it when he was led downstairs. Talia cupping his cheek when she kissed it. There was an air of tension around but it was Laura clapping her hands loudly announcing to the rest of the group they should watch one of April's films before dinner. Peter's children looking a little lost and confused but willing when they settled on the couch.
“I'm sorry about Peter, he – he can be a little too much at times,” Laura murmured into his ear. “I don't know what it was all about but hopefully we'll get it out of him sooner or later. He's never been quite the same since the death of his wife Lucy.”

Stiles met her eyes with a nod not quite knowing what to say to that. Laura rubbing the back of his hair before attending to Emma with one of her many presents. Derek was away from him when he looked over to him in the corner of the room with Talia talking in hushed tones. Their eyes meeting for just a moment, a soft look there in his eyes before it disappeared the moment he looked away.

Stiles took that moment to look around the room, despite the upheaval from before, this family was happy. Laura and Joe playing Emma and her toys, Peter's children huddled together watching the film, James dozing near him. Talia and Derek talking in the corner about Peter and him and the baby. The stone of despair settled deep in his chest when he realized, the reality hitting him that in two months time he would be giving birth and handing her over to Derek. He wouldn't see them again, all connections cut, the second worst feeling to the idea of giving up his baby.

The kind of happiness he had now was short lived, the kind that propped up when you were so sad and you couldn't believe you could ever be happy. The birth was coming, there was nothing he could do to stop it. It was just a matter of time.
Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

You all got me over 1000 kudos! Thank you so, so, much for reading this and commenting and it’s so awesome.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

If there was anything he was surprised about it was the fact he was yet to have a complete mental breakdown. It was bound to happen sooner or later and with the days and weeks flying by, he was emotionally on the brink of a break down. Baby stuff was everywhere, Derek preparing in the final weeks when he waddled around the rooms feeling trapped and unable to get away. Stiles was starting to become more withdrawn from Derek, emotionally and physically needing the space away from him. Derek noticing of course but never commenting. The birth was coming up and he was terrified to his core. New Year was celebrated yet again with the Hales. Peter and his children missing from the group and he sipped orange juice watching the others bring in the new year. January finally arriving when he realized deep down that next month he was giving birth whether he liked it or not.

Stiles could plaster a fake smile on his face with others around but in his bedroom or hidden in the bathroom having a bath he could cry. Cry every single emotion he had when he realized how different his life would be. The fact he would see her for a few minutes before handing her over and probably never seeing her again. It was a bruise over his heart and that bruise was like a poison.

He was thirty six weeks when everything came to head and he sought Scott out forcing him to come meet him and pick him up.

“I can't do this, I can't,” he said pacing up the length of the living room. “I can't give her up! I don't – I can't do this, Scott, I can't. You were right, you were fucking right! Maybe – maybe I can run...pack a few bags, leave in the middle of the night. Knock him out, go somewhere he can't find us, give birth, and then contact him in a few months! I can have her and then he can see her.”

“Stiles, you're not thinking straight,” Allison pleaded.

“No! I am thinking perfectly clear here. I can't do this!” he shouted scaring her when she pressed a hand to his mouth.

“She's right, you can't run away from this, Stiles. He'll find you, he'll take his baby, you will go to prison and everything will be ruined!” Scott argued. “You're not thinking straight. You're panicking, freaking out, realizing that in a couple of weeks you'll be giving birth.”

“Yeah and I can run, you don't think I can hide?!”

“With what money? You're in debt! You really think you can run with a newborn pup depending on you. No home, no money, Derek hunting you down for his pup. Your contract broken and the police looking for you. There will be a bounty on your head to catch you because you have no legal rights. It'll be kidnap!” Scott argued moving to grip his shoulders and stare into his eyes.
“Kidnapping of my own baby?!”

“You don't have any rights!”

“I have every fucking right,” he shouted shoving Scott so he stumbled back gritting his jaw. “She's my baby, I'm carrying her, she'll be half mine. Fuck the law, fuck the fucking rights! I want her and I can have her if I run.”

“Stiles, you need to listen to him.”

“You can't run, Stiles, you're heavily pregnant with her. In a matter of weeks you'll be going into labor, a labor that will have to be paid for. The bill that Derek is paying. Derek who has hired you to be his surrogate. You're not stupid, Stiles, you're really clever. I know you know this is the stupidest idea and you know it deep down. You can't take her, not when she's so small. If not for me or for Allison or hell even Derek...don't do this for her,” he said cupping the side of his neck when he breathed hard and tears formed in his eyes. “I have no idea what you're feeling and I know I've not fully supported this the whole way but you – you agreed to do this. I'm your best friend, I know when something is a bad idea.”

“How am I supposed to say goodbye. I don't want to say goodbye,” he whispered shaking his head almost frantically. Scott's arms wrapping around him when he crumbled breaking down and it was Allison who appeared with them when she rubbed his back gently. He soaked Scott's top when he held him silently till he was done and exhausted when they sat on the couch together. Allison appearing with a glass of water for him which he took gratefully. The water almost bland in his mouth when he drank it down.

“Have you thought, maybe, telling Derek how you really feel?”

“No, he doesn't want me, he wants her. He wants a baby, since the beginning.”

“Well...people change, opinions change.”

“He's made it perfectly clear who he wants. I heard him on the phone yesterday, he was calling the bank making sure the transfer for my money was secure. Esme is all he wants, not me,” he muttered staring down at his fingers. “Who am I to get in the way of that? I should have never listened to Lydia. I'd rather be homeless and poor then give her up. How am I meant do this?!”

“You could take the easiest but hardest way out,” she said catching both of their attention. “Not holding her, not saying goodbye.”

“IT could be easier on you though to not form a bond.”

“You think?” he whispered looking between them. “But then I'll always wonder what she looks like, wonder if I should have said goodbye.”

“Whatever you do, it's your decision,” he said stroking down his arm softly. “But running away? Not an option.”

Stiles met his eyes and sighed deeply giving into that. Allison was there when she pressed a bar of chocolate into his hands and he snorted loving her for that. It was decided amongst the three of them that he would stay there tonight, Derek unhappy about the situation but he agreed to it eventually.
Scott knocked on the door when he was settling down in the spare bedroom.

“How are you feeling?”

“Uncomfortable, not with you, just in general. Feel huge half of the time, feel like she is half ready to fall out of me despite the lack of vagina. I waddle and god my ankles are swollen!” he mumbled settling into the bed. “Why are you not with Allison?”

“I know you need the company, so I'm here,” he said jumping on the bed with him. “Aside from the pregnancy, how are you feeling?”

“Shitty,” he admitted honestly. “I don't know what I'm going to do after this. Am I supposed to take the money and just leave...start anew? Surrogacy...I don't recommend it. Not one fucking bit. It leaves you an emotional wreck.”

“I think you can start again, get a new job, new apartment, hey therapy is there if you need it. Help is always there, Stiles.”

“Give birth and go into therapy. I sound like a soap drama!”

“Yeah but soap dramas deal with real life issues...as elaborate as they may be.”

“I hate my life,” he mumbled settling back and resting his hand on his bump gently.

Scott shot him a soft look of sympathy before they settled down for the night, he stayed with him to his surprise when he settled close like he wanted to watch over him. Sleep wasn't agreeing with him that night and it hadn't for many nights when he woke up occasionally to find Scott sleeping soundly and Esme awake. Her kicks and pokes wouldn't stop when he pushed to sit up sighing softly. Stiles wished he was really brave enough to run away and never look back. His heart ached for it but his mind laughed, his mind winning when it agreed with Scott. He could never run and win with a newborn depending on him and with no money and no right he was screwed.

It was a tame sleep if anything but breakfast was good when he woke up early to find Allison up and cooking pancakes.

“You know what they say, eating to convey your feelings. I need a feast for my feelings,” he mumbled drizzling syrup over his pancakes. Allison smiled at him sadly, her hand cupping over his for a just a moment.

“No one else will say this but I think you are so brave.”

“I don't feel brave.”

“You're brave, no matter what anyone says. You're amazing for doing this, not just for Derek, but also for you. She won't exist without you and I know a part of you is going to live inside of no matter what the law says and no matter what Derek thinks.”

Stiles didn't know how to answer when he stabbed the pancake and shove a piece into his mouth chewing thoughtfully. There was a part of it that was right when he thanked her by kissing her forehead and moving to drag his big body upstairs. He showered dressing in yesterday's clothes before Scott drove him back to the house before he went to work. Derek home when he got out waving a hand at Scott who smiled at him sadly before he drove off leaving him to stare ahead. The cold wind prickled at his skin when he turned slowly staring at the front door.

“Hey,” Derek said the moment he walked in. Stiles paused taking off his coat and slipping it onto
the rail.

“Before you say anything about staying at Scott's, I got no sleep but Allison made awesome pancakes.”

“I wasn't going to say anything.”

“Liar.”

“Okay, maybe I was a bit concerned you staying over at someone's so close to the due date.”

“I have weeks left, you panic too much,” Stiles muttered shuffling to sit on the couch.

“I worry for the right reasons,” Derek argued sitting down next to him. “Like you going into early labor and I'm not there. Your cell phone being dead, no one having my number and then I miss her birth. It's not something I want.”

How was he supposed to argue with that? Stiles met his eyes anyway, his hand reaching over to pat his when he smiled.

“You won't miss her birth. Why are you not in work? Seriously, you're supposed to be the CEO of a major company and you're sitting at home wearing plaid pajama bottoms and slippers. Is old age tapping you on the shoulder?” he teased.

“Again, you could go into early labor. Plus I'll be taking a lot of time off to be her and raise her so I'm getting started.”

“No, I'll pass the date, I'll be ten days past it. I know I will,” he muttered. “Are they okay with you leaving?”

“They have to be, I'm thinking...maybe leaving for a couple of years,” he said softly shocking him when he turned his head to look at him. “I don't want to hire a nanny for her because they'd be raising her, not me. So I'll leave, leave the company to Jackson for a bit.”

“You think that's a good idea?”

“It's an idea, maybe not the best one, but I know he can do it without royally screwing up.”

“Yeah, I guess,” he muttered staring down at his hands instead of looking at him. It was easier that way when he eventually had to get up with the help from Derek when he walked upstairs to pee and found himself going into her nursery. Stiles swallowed the lump in his throat which rose when he looked around, his fingers itching when he opened the drawer pulling out a red and white polka dot dress. His fingers brushing over the softness so he sucked in a shaky breath. The teddy bear Laura had gifted sat in the cot when he pulled it out moving to sit on the rocking chair. It was like being a child again when he cuddled it close to him, he knew he was letting his scent wash over the teddy but he didn't really care right now.

Stiles found himself going into the nursery over and over again over the next few days. It was probably the unhealthiest thing to do really but he couldn't help himself. It was like he had to be there and in doing he distanced himself yet again away from Derek. Spending less and less time with him as the days went by and he could feel the confused tension in the air. The question not yet asked when he casually as he could left the room to go upstairs into his bedroom or hide in the nursery.

Lydia came around when Derek was out one day in his thirty eighth week of pregnancy. Her eyes
calculating but soft when he opened the door letting her in.

“You have been avoiding me.”

“I've been avoiding everyone.”

“Not Allison and Scott.”

“Yeah well they're not the ones who suggested I carry a baby for money,” he snapped childishly. Lydia flinched back and the guilt burned inside of him but he didn't voice it when she clutched at her handbag holding her chin up.

“I advised you, I didn't force you!”

“You shouldn't have said it!”

“I did it for you, I believed you could do this without growing attached! That is not my fault,” she argued when he scoffed shaking his head. “You needed the money, you agreed to it.”

“Yeah and I wouldn't have if you hadn't introduced it to me. Now in a matter of weeks I am going to lose her and I'm going to lose him.”

“How is that my fault!” she demanded. “If you want him, tell him.”

“He doesn't want me!”

“How do you know for sure?!” Lydia cried watching him when he turned away from her and she scoffed shaking her head. “So easy to blame me for suggesting it but no blame for yourself. I merely suggested it, you agreed, you sighed the contract, and now that you have feelings for him and you love that baby does not make it all my fault, Stiles. I came here to see how you were and all I'm finding is a judgmental asshole. If you want him, tell him, make sure he knows how you really feel you might everything you want.”

“What if I don't?” he murmured meeting her eyes.

Lydia sighed deeply shoving her hands into her coat pockets. “Then you take the money and you give her up. Just like you originally meant to do. The only way of getting out of this is if he feels the same way, if he doesn't then you know and you can start to move on.”

“Just like that?!”

“Yes,” she said heading to the front door. “It's life, Stiles, we don't always get what we want.”

She left and he sat on the dining room chair burying his head into his hands. Esme awake when he groaned feeling the kick she gave in, it was like she knew what he had just done.

“Oh princess, what the hell am I going to do?” he muttered rubbing over the spot gently till it felt better and he retreated upstairs. Derek wouldn't be home for hours when he sat on the bed spreading his legs feeling a little sick with nerves. There was no one to talk to and he couldn't call anyone who would understand so it was up to staring at the ceiling feeling her move inside of him and he wished he could keep her in there.

Many mothers would be longing for their baby to be out now but not him despite how uncomfortable he felt. Everything was a big ache, his feet, his legs, his back, and everything in between. His skin stretched, his heartburn increased, and he waddled practically everywhere but
he'd take every single of that to have her inside of him for longer.

“This ride is coming to an end princess...no matter how much we don't want it to,” he whispered stroking along the top of it gently, his eyes closing slowly in defeat.

~*~

Stiles didn't counter on Derek if he had to be completely honest with himself. Derek did what he said he was going to do when he took a very long absence from work. It wasn't like he would miss out on much what with the company keeping him up to date, he was still getting paid, not all of it, but just enough. Everything was ready, the house cleaned top to bottom with everything baby proofed. It was overwhelming, overwhelming to be around and to look at and he hated it most of the time. The more time he spent away from him the more agitated Derek was. The blow out was just waiting to happen, he could practically see it bubbling under the surface every single time Derek looked at him.

The start of February arrived and it wasn't just Derek being affected by the baby fever. If the family coming by nearly every day to see them wasn't enough. Talia excited over being a grandmother again and Laura silent and observant every single time. Her hand pressed to his arm when she asked him how he was but he guessed deep down there was more she wanted to say. Laura never voiced it though, like she was afraid to say whatever it was around Derek who was always there. His thirty ninth week arriving and Derek never seemed to want to leave his side and that was the irritating part of it all.

His hand often straying to his bump, his fussiness when he wanted to help him out, and all of it was just too much. It was too much to be around him and Stiles made his excuses to waddle upstairs and lock himself in the bathroom. His excuses were heard, registered, and they were beginning to seriously annoy Derek. The blowout was waiting to happen.

“I'm going to lie down,” he muttered the moment Derek walked in the living room.

“You're avoiding me.”

“What?” he questioned eying Derek carefully.

“Stiles, do you really think I'm stupid? Every single time I come near you it's some excuse, you need to lie down, you need the bathroom and you stay in there for hours, you go into the nursery and you won't come out. You go into the garden, you go for a walk, you do everything but spend time with me. We're here again. You avoiding me.”

“I'm not avoiding you,” he protested hearing his own lie when his heart skipped and Derek's eyes narrowed on him. “Just leave it. I want to go upstairs.”

“No, how about you tell me why you're avoiding me? I thought we were past this, you did this once before and that resulted in a hospital trip. I would think after months of doing this we'd be okay, better than okay.”

“Derek, please, for once, just let me go past without questioning every single fucking thing I do! How about that!” he shouted so Derek paused straightening up. “Every single time! I go the bathroom and you fuss like it's an adventure. Now let me go upstairs and lie down.”

“I just want to help.”

“If you want to help me, how about leaving me alone till she's born,” he suggested raising his eyebrows. “Are we really going to go down this road again? I'm about ready to drop! I don't
fucking need this! You have no idea...”

“Idea?”

“Drop it.”

“No, sit down, tell me why you lied.”

“Lied? I didn't lie.”

“You lied about avoiding me, Stiles.”

“We don't have to be around each other twenty four seven!” Stiles cried bracing himself when he leaned back on the couch, his body deflating in defeat. “It's all we've been done, you're always there, your scent, your touch, everything...for nine months. I think I've honestly seen everything there is to know about you. What makes you laugh, what makes you smile, what makes you sad. You like waking up early and getting a morning run in before a nice healthy breakfast. You're a shit cook, you like to read and get lost in a book. You're a good man if anything but you got a bit of a temper on you, you're moody some of the time, but you love your family more than anything. That's what you get for being around each other for so long. Can you say the same thing about me?”

Derek was honestly stunned when he stared at him, his lips parted, his eyes wide and round in disbelief.

“I – I didn't know you saw that much.”

“I've not had a lot to do.”

“Then why avoid me?”

“Why can't you just leave it?” he whispered shaking his head at him slowly.

“Because an unanswered question would plague me. Is there a reason?”

“Derek...”

“Because if there is then just tell me. I thought we'd be anticipating the birth...together. I want to be there with you through these last couple of weeks but you're pushing me away. Why? Because of something I have said or done?” he questioned pushing him when he took a step closer to him and he couldn't meet his eyes in fear of what would come blurting out of his mouth when he did.

“You can't even look at me.”

“Just leave it!” he shouted in retaliation.

“Why should I?!”

“Because you don't want to know the real fucking reason, okay!?”

“I think I do, I think I'm grown up enough to know why after all this time you can barely be around me, won't let me in!”

“Fine! You want to know the real reason I can barely be around you, barely able to stomach you touching me, cooing over her, being around me twenty four seven? Because I can barely do it all without wanting to fucking cry, Derek! Because I have been keeping it all back, every single thing
away from you because it's not allowed. You want to know the real truth of it all?"

“Yes!”

“Because I am so stupidly in love with you that I can barely even breathe!” he shouted shoving him back so Derek honestly stumbled crashing into the wall. “That the idea of leaving you and leaving Esme is the...is the hardest thing I can possibly imagine. I can barely sleep worrying about it because I am so attached to you both. I haven't even seen her yet and I love her so much. It was never supposed to happen, I was supposed to be able to give birth and hand her over but no...no you had to come along and screw it all up,” he shouted through his tears. Derek pale but silent when he watched him braced against the wall.

“I had to fall in love with you, I had to dream about ripping that contract up in two and being with you to raise...raise our daughter because she's mine too. She is and you can't deny that! My genetics, my DNA, my daughter, and I know I have no legal rights to her but I can't help it. Everyone has been telling me that I can never have it, never have her, never have you and I should do the job. Face...reality. That reality is a cruel cold bitch and she'd never let me have this.”

The tears wouldn't stop flowing when he sniffed deeply wiping at his face and his hands shook when he did.

“So that's why I had to stay away, distance myself, but like always you kept on pushing. You had to fucking know didn't you? So there it is, my heart out in the open beating and full of life. What are you going to do or better yet what do you have to say?”

Derek was pale, paler than he imagined when he simply stared at him with wide eyes swirling with confusion and pain. The pain left him questioning also when he pulled back from the wall looking away and at everything but him.

“I...” Derek began before shaking his head and turning away.

“Derek?” he questioned softly watching him when he turned heading upstairs. “Derek!”

The slam of the office door and the lock sliding closed was his answer. It was the final break. The final say when his heart once and for all broke when he breathed harshly in and out, his eyes burning when he sat on the couch. Esme awake and moving when he winced feeling a harsh pain that joined that when he breathed through it. He was unsure whether or not it was a Braxton Hicks or a real contraction when he pushed standing up hands braced against his lower back. It wasn't till six minutes passed stood in front of the window staring out desperately convincing himself not to sob like a little baby was when it hit again. It left him doubling over when he groaned now not knowing whether to laugh or cry.

“Oh so now you decide it's time to come, do you some how know?” he whispered bracing himself against the wall. “Oh my god, you're coming, this is really happening...”

It only grew worse when he cried out in pain, his breathing kicking in when he shouted for Derek alongside it. Derek appearing this time when he hurried downstairs, his face clouded in worry and concern.

“She's coming?” he questioned stunned.

“Oh she's coming,” he murmured half laughing in pain and disbelief when Derek fussed and he swallowed back the tears letting him help him. Not a word spoken of what had just happened when he sat in the car letting him drive him to the hospital, his eyes flicking to the car seat already there
and installed into the car for the drive back. Derek refusing to meet his eyes so he swallowed hard looking out of the window.

“Guess I have my answer,” he whispered visualizing a living beating heart out in the open but this time it was crushed. Beyond repair.

Chapter End Notes

You know what's next.

You know deep down what is about to happen and whether or not he gets to say goodbye is...well we'll have to wait and see.

*evil laughing/sobbing in the distance*
WOW. Thank you so much for all the feedback! It's incredible and also a little hilarious to see all your comments. They're amazing though.

I'm moving home which means that I'm going to have no internet for a certain amount of days, I don't know how many, so I don't know for sure when the next update will be. So please bear with me. It could take sometime before I can get my engineer to come out.

“This is all your fucking fault!”

Stiles was in agony. The type of agony he had never felt when he stood in the middle of the private hospital room, the blue gown wrapped around him with his bare ass on view, and a breathing tube in his hand which he sucked on it for gas and air. Since he was a man and he didn't have the proper bodily functions to push the baby out he was being prepared soon for a caesarean. It didn't stop the contractions though when he breathed through them unable to sit down and have the agony tearing through his body. Derek hovered in the room wanting to help but Stiles wouldn't let him anywhere near him as he waited for Scott and Allison to arrive and help him out. It didn't help that they were all the way visiting Allison's parents. Esme sure chose her moment to pop into the world in his opinion.

“Do you need anything?”

“I need you to fuck off!”

“Stiles...”

“Go get me ice chips,” he snapped watching him walk out and he felt no guilt for being harsh. He laid his heart on the line and had it broken. Now he had to deal with Derek when he paced the room clutching at his lower back. Derek returned with the ice chips so he sat down taking them off him and taking small sips of it all. Derek sat waiting and watching him, a lost and guilty for his expression and Stiles didn't want him around.

“Mr Stilinski, how are you feeling?” the doctor said arriving far too cheery and Stiles immediately hated him. How dare he be so happy.

“Like someone is poking me with hot rods every couple of minutes! Doc, I need her out of me. I need to give birth here or you can give me more drugs, come on, more drugs is awesome,” he pleaded allowing Derek to help him onto the bed and he tugged his arm away glaring at Derek till he sat back down.

“We're nearly ready for you,” the doctor said with a chuckle. “Patience is a virtue.”

“Patience? I'm in labor!”
“Yes and she will be in the world soon enough. I'll come back for you in a few minutes.”

“Patience, I'll show him patience when I'm shoving a hot poker up in his fucking ass!” he muttered bitterly sucking on the tube needing the relief. “Oh god...why does this hurt so much? You're supposed to be doing a beautiful thing and it hurts!”

Derek didn't answer when he just stared pouring him another glass of water from the jug. Stiles sighed deeply rubbing a hand through his sweaty hair. His own research had told him enough to know he would be injected with a morphine with a special kind of wolfsbane that would stop the healing to get the baby out. He wasn't looking forward to it and being in pain afterwards while the medicine wore off wasn't going to be helpful.

“Do you want me in there?”

“What?” he muttered glancing over to him.

“In the room, during the caesarean, do you want me there? I can wait in the waiting room if you want.”

“God, I'm not cruel, Derek, I'm now about to throw you out! Of course you can be there, you can even cut the cord if you want,” he muttered staring at the wall instead of him.

“Thank you,” he said softly.

The words were just enough for him to shut his eyes pained and silence filled the space in between them instead. The doctor returned prepping him for surgery when he was wheeled down towards the operating theater. The prick into his arm for the special kind of drug to stop him healing and numb him from the chest down startled him. It was a surreal experience and one he was terrified of when he was laid flat out. Derek hovering near his head wearing hospital gear and he wouldn't meet his eyes yet again. It was weird to feel numb and feel the doctor and nurses fussing around you, a screen was put up in front of him so he couldn't see anything but he could feel the knife. The dull pressure cutting into him and the scent of blood hitting him fast. Now that was enough to make him feel nauseated.

It was finally here though, months of waiting for it, dreading the birth, and here he was a week early ready to have her. The doctor instructed his nurses when he waited patiently staring at the tiles and trying to breathe evenly. If he concentrated hard enough he wouldn't cry but knew it was hopeless when he heard the first cry. Derek's sharp inhale when Esme was brought out into the world and she sucked in her first real breath and she wailed loud and clear. Tears stung his eyes and the ache in his chest pounded like a bruise when the doctor asked Derek if he would like to cut the cord.

Stiles watched unable to drag his eyes away from the squirming pink baby with a fuzz of dark hair. It explained the heart burn, the old wives tale coming true when the cord was cut and the nurse took her away. Her wails echoing in his ears when he sniffed blinking the tears away till he could stand it no more. Esme was finally here and it was Derek for first hold when he turned his head watching when the nurse passed her to Derek wrapped in a white blanket. The doctor stitched him back up quickly and efficiently when he watched Derek and Esme together.

The awe and love already shining in his eyes when he attended to her. Everything he wanted and everything he could never have when he swallowed the tears looking away because he had to. Stiles remained looking away when he was eventually wheeled out of there and into recovery for a few hours to heal and wait for the numerous drugs in his system to wear off. The private room his when he was asked if he wanted a sedative to get a couple of hours sleep.
“No, thanks, I – I don't really want to sleep right now,” he said to the nurse who gave him a small reassuring smile before cupping his arm gently before walking out of the room.

It didn't feel real. His hand pushing down to the flab of skin which would eventually ping back to shape when he healed and it ached to remind him. The absence of Derek and Esme was like a knife to his heart when he squeezed his eyes shut feeling the tears yet again when he curled into himself.

The fact Allison and Scott weren't here yet was another pain when he realized that as much as he wanted them here he also wanted his dad. It was a hope that wouldn't come true though, not while he was here. The sedative didn't seem like a bad idea now when he stared ahead, the tears not stopping when he sniffed deeply and exhaled shakily picking at his hospital tag around his wrist.

There was a tapping at the door when he looked up startled to see the nurse back again. Her name tag informing him this time her name was Caroline when she stepped inside carrying a bundle in her arms and that bundle was Esme. His heart was in his throat when he turned staring at her in fear but his eyes kept sliding to Esme in her arms.

“Mr Hale is currently making calls to his family to inform them of her birth and he asked if you would like to hold her until he comes back,” she said kindly holding Esme who was awake when he stared speechlessly back.

Every instinct was telling him to say no. Allison's words in his head telling him not to hold her, not to see what she looks like, just let Derek go with her. The separation easy for both of them but his heart ached and laughed in agony of it's own accord when he listened to it and nodded. Caroline understanding when she stepped forward easing Esme into his arms. Stiles knew the hospital knew he was the surrogate, Derek informing them at the beginning. He honestly had felt like punching him in that moment. Surrogate was the vilest word and he never wanted to hear it again. It was good for some, beautiful for many, but not to him.

Esme fitted perfectly into his arms though when he held her close feeling tears fill his eyes just looking at her.

“I'll give you a few minutes,” she whispered walking back out and closing the door firmly behind him.

“Hello princess,” he whispered sniffing when tears clouded his eyes and she stared around focused and unfocussed on him. “You have my eyes...”

They were the exact same shape, the color not yet the same shade of brown but mostly there. He knew it would change over the next few months when she grew and he smiled taking her in. Her hand so small when he passed his finger into hers and he blinked tears smiling when she gripped his finger tight.

“Oh god...you're so beautiful, I knew you would be, I knew you'd be a stunner,” he whispered looking over her carefully. His eyes taking in her small button nose, she was pink and new and beautiful when she made a small soft sound triggering him to react and press a soft kiss to her forehead. Newborn pups didn't have their own scents yet, mostly she smelt of blood, a mixture of Derek and the hospital, but most importantly him. Esme let out a small wail when he shushed her gently bringing her closer to him when he rubbed her back.

“I don't even know what to say right now, what can I possibly say? So long, have a nice life, I'm sure you'll be okay,” he murmured hearing his voice crack when he looked at her. Esme settled when she blinked slowly looking moments away from sleep curled up against his chest and in that single moment he didn't know if he could love her anymore then he did.
“I love you, okay? Don't you ever forget that,” he whispered bringing her to his shoulder when he held her close and stared at the door. “I know you don't understand right now but please don't forget that. I know I wasn't supposed to but I don't care. You're mine just as much as his and I know I won't be there for any of it...but I'm never going to stop thinking about you. Don't you ever believe I never wanted you.”

He rocked her side to side till the door opened and the person he was expecting never came in when Caroline appeared.

“I'm guessing he's not coming in,” he muttered with a soft wet snort. “Doesn't surprise me.”

“He's gone to meet his family at the doors, Esme will need to go with the other pups for a rest before feeding” she explained gently. “There are two visitors here to see you also.”

Stiles swallowed hard not caring that the nurse could see his tears when he gently moved her away from his shoulder to find Esme sleeping. His lips pressing to her forehead in a last gentle kiss when he let her go and exhaled shakily passing her into the nurses arms. Caroline was kind when she smiled at him gently before looking down at Esme sleeping.

“I know it's probably not my place but...she looks like you.”

“Yeah,” he agreed with her taking a deep breath. Stiles knew he could be cruel here, tell Derek to go to hell but he had to be strong for her. She deserved to know he had kindness. “Tell him...tell him...for me... to be the guy I know he is and I know he'll be an amazing dad.”

Caroline nodded once stepping away from the bed when she walked away tucking Esme closer to her and out of the door. The moment she left was the moment Scott and Allison walked in and he met his eyes. Scott conveyed all his feelings in his eyes when he too stepped closer to the bed and he didn't say one word.

“I gave her up and I told him the truth. He ran away and I have nothing,” he whispered biting his lip hard feeling the slow warm slide of his tears.

The hug triggered his breakdown so he buried his face into his chest crying his emotions out. Stiles felt movement on the other side of him when Allison joined reaching out to grip his hand into hers and he squeezed back needing that support.

Stiles cried till he was exhausted and ready for sleep with the other two around him. It was around fifteen minutes later when he felt Scott pull away and made a small of disagreement until he whispered he'd be right back. Allison took him into her arms instead rubbing his back and consoling him the best she could. How he found sleep was remarkable even to him when he slept into the darkness. The darkness deep and silent till he woke up what felt like hours later to panic and an empty but dark room. Scott and Allison gone because of visiting hours. The absence of his baby there when he tried to breathe and felt panic knowing she wasn't there. If he tried hard enough he could still smell her when he rolled to the side pulling up the gown to see his scar gone. He had healed whilst sleeping and he knew tomorrow he'd be fine to leave without a problem with his heath. The problem was him leaving without his baby.

He had no idea what he was going to do now. Everything felt too raw, too overwhelming when he blinked the tears stinging in the corner of his eyes. He had his options though, take the money start anew. Use his ticket to Madrid to fly over and stay there, if he kept running maybe he could heal without being near them. His last desperate attempt to having a family ruined by Derek's cowardice. His inability to tell him he didn't want him back and instead he simply ran or hid away instead of facing him with the truth. It was just enough to make him feel not just pained but angry
and betrayed. It fueled everything he held when he stared up at the ceiling wishing he didn't have emotions. Emotions ruined everything and in a matter of months and just hours they had ruined him forever.

~*~

Derek had everything he had wanted from the beginning. He was finally a father and he had his pup. The baby being born had printed on his mind forever the moment he first held her. Screaming as she sucked in oxygen for the first time and her eyes the exact same shape and shade as Stiles. Her hair was his without a doubt but the eyes were windows to her soul and he could see Stiles in her already. Derek took the cowards way out when he held her till her crying ceased and he knew he had to call his family. Stood in the hospital room away from Stiles being wheeled out, the guilt burned like a hot fire in his chest.

The fact he had ran away from him after his confession had been cowardice. The confession leaving him winded after everything and even then he could do nothing but run away. The guilt stayed with him throughout the afternoon and evening till she was born and he handed Esme to a nurse called Caroline.

“Let him hold her, I need to call my family,” he pleaded with the nurse who looked a little taken back but obliged taking Esme away from him. The moment she was gone was the moment he walked out of the hospital bringing out his mobile.

“She's here,” he said the moment his mom picked up. Her gasp of delight his trigger to smile up at the sky and he could hear him telling the others.

“Should we come down?”

“Yeah, if you want, she'll be here till tomorrow since she's a little premature.”

“How's Stiles doing?”

“He's – he's good,” he admitted with a hard swallow. “Did really good and he's going to heal well. She, um, she has his eyes.

“She does?”

“Yeah, big brown eyes and dark hair,” he muttered shaking his head with a soft snort. “Don't know why I'm surprised.”

“Oh sweetheart, I am so happy for you. We're coming down now, Laura is coming with us.”

“I'll see you soon,” he said pulling the phone away from his ear to hang up. Derek lingered outside till they arrived in the car. His mom and dad and Laura with them when they got out and Talia embraced him kissing his cheek.

“So where is she?”

Caroline had her again when she came up to them holding a now sleeping Esme in her arms. Talia moving to have first hold when she passed her into his mom's arms.

“Do you want to see him? He's with two visitors now but I think if you want to see him he'll allow it,” Caroline said looking up at him.

“I, um,” he said hesitating feeling Laura's eyes on him from the side. “I think I should leave him to
“Derek,” Laura whispered staring at him in shock. “You have to see him.”

“He told me to tell you,” Caroline began hesitating also glancing at the others before indicating her head so they stepped to the side. “It's not professional and I shouldn't be doing this but he wanted me to tell you to be the man he knows you are and you'll be an amazing father. In an non professional opinion again I would advise...just see him. He's doing an incredible thing. If you'll excuse me, I have my other duties.”

Caroline left with a small smile for the others when he stayed staring down the corridor and he turned when Laura appeared.

“Go,” she muttered nodding down towards the door. Derek inhaled deeply heading to the room and the wall of misery that hit him left him breathless. Stiles scent was dark and hollow with pain and agony and he could smell the salt from his tears when he stepped towards the room looking in. Two strangers around him that he knew deep down were the Scott and Allison he heard so much about. The man hugging Stiles looked up the moment he appeared, his jaw tightening in anger so he pulled back nodding at the woman who looked between them.

“I'll be right back,” he murmured to Stiles stroking his arm gently.

The door was shut tight when he stood in front of him. “I'm going to take a very wild but probably true guess and assume you're Derek.”

“Yes, you're Scott.”

“Yeah, his best friend, the one holding him when he cries in there. The one who's been holding him all these months because he fell into this and couldn't get back up,” Scott snapped. “Why are you here? You have what you want. You have the baby so leave him be and go. You don't want him, he told me he told you the truth and you ran. The truth being his feelings, right?”

“Look, Scott, I...”

“No,” he snapped stepping closer. “I don't know you and you don't know me but I'm telling you right now if all you're going to do is go in there and break his heart even more then don't. You don't want him otherwise the moment he told you truth you would have wanted him back. You want the baby, not him, or am I wrong?”

“I wasn't expecting it! I just...panicked. I didn't know he was going to say it and Laura is right I can't just leave without saying something to him.

“What, thank you? You did a good job on giving me a baby I'll see you around?” Scott hissed glancing at the door. “I didn't want him doing this because I knew this would happen! Lydia pushing him towards something like this, did you really believe he could handle this without having any feelings? Are you really that stupid?”

Derek could feel the anger and guilt pulsing through him when he clenched his hands tight glancing at the door.

“Maybe I was ignoring the possibility...”

“The possibility? It was going to happen! Burying your head in the sand does nothing, does no justice, and Stiles learned that. Now he's in love with you and he loves that baby and he told you this, didn't he?”
Derek didn't say anything when he looked at him and Scott shook his head slowly in disappointment.

“Stiles is probably going to kill me for this when he finds out but I'll deal with it. If you're going in there to say goodbye and thank you then don't...just go. Cut the ties, take her and leave. It's already bad enough you let him hold her! It's already bad enough and he has to heal now, not physically but emotionally. So what is it you're going to do?” Scott questioned keeping his chin up and his stance strong.

That was something he could admire. Scott's determination to protect his friend from more hurt, more pain, and he did what he wanted. Derek glanced at the door once last time, the window showing him Stiles curled up against the woman who was stroking his back whilst he slept. His mind and heart at war with one another and he pushed everything he felt down when he gave into the fear and walked away. Scott's eyes on his retreating back when he returned to his family. Laura holding Esme when she met his eyes, a hopeful glaze there that turned into confused disappointment when he took Esme back.

“Did you speak to him?”

“No, his friend turned me away.”

“So you just left!?”

“Laura, drop it,” he ordered when she stood staring at him with narrowed eyes. “He did what he had to. The money will be in his account tomorrow.”

“You can't be serious!” she exclaimed. “Derek, you can't just...”

Her words trailed off the moment Talia and James appeared back with the nurse who took Esme back off him. Laura exhaling shakily when she stared at him and he could practically feel the waves of her disappointment too.

“I don't even know what to say to you right now,” she whispered shoving past him and walking towards the entrance. Talia looking between them confused.

“What was that all about?”

“I don't know, ask her.”

“You shouldn't be fighting, not on a day like this.”

“Mom, I don't know, she's been acting weird for weeks.”

Talia sighed deeply shaking her head at him. “She probably is right, you should see Stiles before you leave tomorrow. It's the least you can do after all he's done. Are you staying here tonight?”

Derek nodded wordlessly letting her hug and kiss his cheek and accept his dad's hug when they both left following after Laura. He stayed the night in the ward not wanting to leave her in the hospital and his mind often strayed to Stiles. In his defense it was much easier to hide behind lack of knowledge or failure to see the truth behind the fake smiles and the lies. It was also easier to ignore true feelings and hide behind the deeper fear of love and how it had always failed him. Women who claimed to love him with their sweet smiles, gentle kisses, and promises of forever burned him deep. They ruined whatever he thought was real and the idea of finding a mate or even someone never entered his mind.
Stiles broke every rule he held though. He came in all bright and beautiful with wit and charm and said no to his rules of surrogacy. The glow of him hitting every corner of the house when he drank strawberry milk till it was gone and he hated the smell of it. His laughter and smiles filling the house with something that had been missing for a long time. It was a loneliness filled and he sighed deeply letting his head fall back and get some sleep. It wasn't the most comfortable sleep and he often jerked awake with the sounds of the hospital.

He was grateful when the morning so he could collect the car seat and the nurse came to see him with Esme dressed in a white onesie also donned with a white hat to keep her warm. The nurse passed her into his arms so he could get her in without waking her up. His nerves flipping up and down when he watched her and realized that all responsibility was onto him.

The drive home slow when he took his time getting them there not wanting to drive over the limit with her in the car seat. Derek had read enough baby books to know baby's slept most of the time after they were born. The house empty when he stepped inside with Esme still in the car seat. He sat placing her on the couch next to him and could feel the silence of the home pressing into him.

It was hours later when he sat waiting for her to wake up after eating that she cried for her bottle and a feed plus a diaper change. But what happened after was her continuing screams and wails, nothing calming her down when he stood in the nursery rocking her. Her little face growing red by the second when she wanted something but that something wasn't him.

“Come on, Esme, there, there,” he whispered holding her head and rocking her side to side when she wailed loudly in his ear. The teddy bear lying in the cot caught his attention when he picked it up and moved to sit in the rocking chair. Esme's sobs breaking his heart when he tried a desperate attempt with a cuddly toy.

He didn't know what was happening when Esme's little hands not yet able to grab circled the bear and her small wails trailed off. The teddy bear doing something he couldn't when it rest against her and she slowly and surely dropped off into an exhausted sleep. Derek stared down at her stunned and a little uneasy till he was certain she was asleep and he picked the teddy bear up. The scent of it hit him when he sucked in a shocked breath realizing what it smelt of.

“Stiles.”

His scent clung to the bear that he had rolled around in it and it wasn't the teddy bear that had done the job but Stiles' scent. Something he couldn't give, something Esme had latched onto when Stiles had held her when she even now recognized her birth father. The connection done when he swallowed and let his head fall back feeling the knife twist. The one thing his daughter wanted in the twenty four hours he had her was something unreachable. Once a connection was done, it could not be broken. It looked like fate was having the last laugh.

Chapter End Notes

/springs out of the room and ducks flying potatoes.

The whole thing with Laura keeping quiet will be explained but it's fairly obvious in the fact of why should she be the one to tell her dumb brother what the hell is going on.
*peeks head through door* Hi! I thought I'd be very, very, lovely and give you an update before my internet is cut off for two weeks and I can find other ways of updating.

Thank you so much for your comments! I read every single one of them and that means ideas you give me are made and I use them! I was a bit sceptical on how to handle Stiles but one of you gave me an idea so...

Enjoy! I hope I can update soon but for now enjoy this.

----

Warning - Stiles/Other in chapter.

Derek was exhausted. There was no other way to put it and he could feel the heaviness of it settle into his bones with each passing day. The first week had been difficult and Esme decided to let it be known with her crying and wailing, his baby becoming more withdrawn when she wanted not only him but Stiles. Thankfully for him Stiles never returned for his stuff and a phone call was never made for someone to come to collect it which meant he had clothing. During her naps it was easy to wrap one of the tops around her and she settled instantly wrapped around it.

It was Laura who was the first to notice it when she came around three days after the birth to check up on him. Her facial expression adoring when she knelt down next to the moses basket looking in on her till she pulled back to look at him narrowing her eyes.

"Is there a reason why one of Stiles' tops is draped over her?"

"Because it's the only thing that will calm her down. That and her teddy bear, it's his scent, he explained sitting down on the couch with a heavy sigh. “She latched onto it when Stiles held her in the hospital. She's becoming more and more withdrawn.”

"Well...it's only natural. Human babies are different, they'll seek out the mother but won't focus too much on it. Pups are different, they need their mother so much more. Like an imprint and Stiles being her mother is what she seeks.”

Derek nodded slowly already knowing that when Laura sighed brushing her hands down her thighs and turning on her heels to face him.

"You look like shit.”

"Thanks,” he mumbled shutting his eyes and pinching in between his eyes. “She's becoming...a little more difficult. She feeds okay, she'll be sick and burp, take her baths, but sleep, cuddles, anything that is me and not him she'll fight me. Scream till she's red and exhausted and sometimes the top doesn't even work. I have to wear it and...trick her. I trick my own daughter.”

“Have you heard from him since the birth?”
“No, his stuff is still here, but he's not been back. It doesn't surprise me. I gave him the money though,” Derek said glancing up to meet her eyes. “Thirty thousand.”

“Thirty thousand?!”

“Ten wasn't enough, he deserved more than that!”

“Oh yes, he deserved so much more.”

“Oh don't you start,” he snapped pushing up and walking out not wanting to wake up Esme when Laura followed him. The clack of her heels following him into the kitchen when he stood folding his arms across his chest.

“You knew didn't you? Don't give me that look, Laura, you knew Stiles and his real feelings.”

“Well it didn't take a genius to figure it out, Derek,” she argued.

“Why didn't you tell me?!”

“Why was it my job to tell you what the hell was going on around you? I saw it Derek, I saw it in the way he acted around you, the way he talked to his bump. The easy way he hid it but you weren't looking for it and I wanted you to see it on your own. I'm not here to hold your hand!” she argued when he breathed out angrily.

“You're my sister, you're supposed to tell me these things regardless of anything! If you told me beforehand about his feelings for me I could have done something about it.”

“What, would you have magically fallen in love with him, confronted him whilst heavily pregnant? No, you wouldn't, believe me. Like so many people when they're told somebody likes them, you doubt it, you bury your head and you ignore it. Because it's easier than confronting it and dealing with it. So it festers, it lingers in the background, and then hearts get broken. Stiles told you himself right before the birth and you turned him away! You ran away from him leaving him broken heart and going into labor.”

“I didn't realize!”

“How?!?”

“Because it wasn't an issue I needed to think about.”

“You didn't think for one second that he could have feelings for you?” Laura demanded running a hand through her hair and shaking her head. “You didn't think that he could fall in love with you or Esme? He was here twenty four seven! You were around him, you shared the same bed. That's intimate, Derek!”

“I know!” he cried dragging his hands through his hair. “But I didn't want a mate! I never did, not even at the beginning.”

“People change, opinions change, that's life. We move forward but not you, no you have to linger in what happened to you. So hurt by love that you shut it out, close it down, run away because you're so scared to feel,” Laura ranted moving towards him and stepping into his personal space to meet his eyes. “Stiles wasn't and will never be those women. He may hurt you but it comes in the package, right? It takes two people to make a relationship work. To have love and trust and respect for one another, to make it work, otherwise it crashes around us. You can have everything you could want, you can a daughter, a mate, Esme can have her fathers but it's you who has to decide
what you want.”

“Is this you being wise or telling me what to do?”

“I can't make you do anything, Derek, you're your own man. You're also old enough to know what's rights for you and what's wrong. I am simply advising or if you like making you see what you could have.”

Derek rubbed a hand down his face so he sighed deeply glancing over to her. “What has the others said?”

“Mom is worried about you. Dad is also worried about you. Peter...well he laughed when he heard and decided to smugly say that he knew it all along,” she muttered shaking her head. “No wonder he was edgy around him. He was always...too observant.”

“Stiles hated him.”

Laura hummed nodding her head once before she sighed shoving her hands into her pockets. “It's your life, Derek. You decide what you need to do.”

“What if I can't?”

“It's been three days, technically four since the birth, do you feel any different? Do you feel his absence?” she questioned cocking her eyebrow at him.

It hit a note with him when he paused taking that in and to be perfectly honest with himself he had noticed his absence. Esme had of course, her wails of distress told him that, but when he was in his bedroom pulling out one of the many tops he did take a moment to reflect on it. The light missing from his home to be replaced by a dull sense of silence. It was oddly unbalancing and while his daughter made herself known it wasn't the same. It was a confusing swirling mess of feelings that he wasn't sure he could focus on without having his own mini breakdown.

Laura coughed in the silence when he jerked out of his thought process to see her waiting for his response.

“Yes.”

“Then does it make you want to do anything?”

“I don't know.”

“God you're so complicated!” she cried throwing her hands up before turning and placing them flat on the breakfast bar. “Let me lay it all down for you right now before I leave. You're my brother, I love you more than anything, but sometimes you are a fucking idiot. I'm not sorry for stepping back and hoping you would realize it on your own, it probably wasn't the best decision but at least I wasn't personally destroying Stiles' confidence in no one knowing his badly hidden secret. It was up to him to tell you, not me. We have a three day old baby here connected to Stiles, craving his touch, his scent, his love, and you can offer that with a couple of old tops and a teddy bear. In a few weeks time it won't be enough for her. Stiles is gone, we both have no idea where he's gone to, and you are a mess of complicated feelings you need to work out. You need to decide whether you want to go and find him and fight for the beautiful relationship this could be or you drop it and you live your life without him and you build one for you and Esme.”

Derek breathed out slowly watching her pull back and grab her car keys out of her bag.
“Up to you little brother but I'd know what I would do.”

“What would you do? If you were me and stood in my shoes?” he called after her watching when she stopped in her tracks and flipped her head back to look at him.

“I don't know your feelings but I saw enough over the past nine months to see something that could be incredible. A little family. You're not perfect, Derek, and neither was he but what's done is done and nothing can be done to change it now. I think you have feelings for him but you've buried and ignored them because you're scared. You're emotionally repressed and you fear what may happen if you say 'yes, let's do this, let's be together and love one another and work towards something better than this'. I'm your older sister, I want what's best for you but I can't force you to do these things I want you to do for yourself,” Laura said folding her arms over her chest. “Just...make up your mind. I'll tell mom and dad you send love and they'll be around soon. They're excited grandparents.”

Laura blew him a kiss before she left closing the front door quietly behind her so he was left in the kitchen twisting a kitchen towel around his hands. The hum of the fridge and tick of the clock in his ears when he exhaled deeply looking up. His hand reached for his cell phone when he gripped it tight and thumbed through the messages to find his mobile. His thumb hovering when he itched wondering or not whether to call him when Esme's small whimper drove him to put it down and attend to her.

She was awake when he gently picked her up shushing her and placing a gentle kiss on her brow when he did. Her eyes wide and open and so achingly familiar it was hard to look. Esme looked like Stiles and he held her close once he moved to go warm up her bottle. Her whines slow and deliberate when she rested in his arms, her onesie covered in ducklings and he remembered Stiles cooing over it.

“She was awake when he gently picked her up shushing her and placing a gentle kiss on her brow when he did. Her eyes wide and open and so achingly familiar it was hard to look. Esme looked like Stiles and he held her close once he moved to go warm up her bottle. Her whines slow and deliberate when she rested in his arms, her onesie covered in ducklings and he remembered Stiles cooing over it.

“Here you go sweetheart,” he whispered easing the teat into her mouth when it was done and cooled down enough for her to feed. She suckled like she was starving when he sat down carefully staring down at her and she stared back. Her hands curled towards her when she looked around and he let her drink half before rubbing her back. Esme made small sounds until she burped on her bib. The smell of milky sickness hitting him till he laid her back down and fed her the rest of her bottle.

“I know you miss him, I know I'm not the one you want, but...but I can't get to him right now. Daddy needs to think things through and I know you want him,” he said softly down to her. “You just had to make the connection didn't you?”

Esme drank all of her bottle and was content enough to rest in his arms without a fuss. It was certainly a first and not one he was about to let go. Her hand wrapped around his finger when he offered it to her and she squeezed it tight. Derek pulled her up to rest against his shoulder when he settled back and rubbed her back gently. It was a good fifteen minutes of silence with Esme eventually falling back to sleep against him. It was the first time he could feel actual relief till he looked down at his own chest realizing he was wearing one of Stiles' tops.

It was just enough for him to roll his eyes when he placed Esme in the moses basket and let her nap. He grabbed the baby monitor heading upstairs to get changed and into his clothes and he was angry when he chucked the top. It hit the wall with a thud slipping to a crumbled heap on the opposite end of the room.

“Fuck,” he hissed kicking the wall hard leaving a small dent. It was stressful enough and his head hurt like he had a headache which was pretty much impossible. Derek decided to stop thinking and took a nap. The books advised when she was sleeping he should be sleeping so he grabbed a comforter out of the linen closet heading to the couch. Esme asleep when she breathed in and out.
deeply, her teddy bear tucked at her side, her hair fluffy and dark like his when it stuck up.

His heart ached in love for her when he stroked a hand down her tiny body gently before flopping on the couch. His hand brushing back his hair when he turned on his side staring at the couch and his eyes slipped closed when he frowned himself into a deep sleep.

Sleep was essential to everything and the next few days that passed he tried to have as much as possible. It was pretty easy to forget everything with a newborn around. His mom and dad popping around with other family members to coo over her. Esme's eyes wide and confused when she stared at new people and she whimpered from time to time not wanting to be with them. Derek often stole her back after that and he couldn't get it out of his head how many times Peter or his mom or even dad commented on how she looked like Stiles.

"The eyes, the nose, the attitude as well sometimes," Peter had said with glee in his tone. "Oh it must be torture for you. With you not wanting to be with him and she so desperately needing her birth father. How awful...for you."

Derek took every instinct not to kick his ass and instead he ordered him out and ordered him not to return unless he wanted his teeth in his throat. It was two weeks after her birth that he registered her birth. His name only on the birth certificate since all rights were his and he stared at Esme afterwards. Her eyes open and staring around when she sucked on a pacifier and her teddy bear was settled next to her body. He made deadly sure not to touch it too much so he didn't contaminate the scent. The guilt burnt in his stomach when he stared down at the certificate and couldn't help but not also want Stiles name on there. Not that he knew his real name, that subject had never been approached.

Esme Claudia Hale was now fully registered and existed in the world.

~*~

Esme was a month old when he sat in a cafe with Laura who sat with Emma feeding her chunks of her fries and sandwich.

"God what is with the pity party?" she demanded when he sat rocking the pram back and forth watching Esme. Esme was awake and fussing when she kicked her legs and wailed spitting out her pacifier. "Oh the madam is awake I see. Emma, look, it's Esme. Shall we say hello?"

Derek allowed her to take her out of her pram when she cooed over the yellow and white dress he had dressed her in.

"Oh you're so beautiful, look at those big brown eyes and lashes. I am so jealous. Your Auntie Laura is very jealous," she said in a bright and happy voice kissing her nose. "Oh there, there, baby girl. You hungry?"

Derek handed her an already prepared bottle from the bag which was heated kindly by the cafe. Esme sat comfortable in Laura's arms when she fed her and she looked up at him.

"Come on, spill, you look like freaking crap, Derek. I know a baby is hard work but this is not good."

"You were right."

"I normally am, what is it this time?"

"Stiles."
Laura raised her eyebrows at him in surprise glancing at Emma who was babbling away to herself when she stuffed a fry into her mouth.

“It's been a month since our little conversation, Derek, and you did nothing. I thought you chose, you chose to build a life for you and Esme. What's different now?”

Derek stared down at his own hamburger and fries not feeling the hunger when he picked at the bread and cooling fries. Things had been very different, different in the fact that as every day passed he felt the absence of Stiles. The effect damaging the home he lived in when he wondered where he was, what he was doing, how he was since the birth, and was he even okay? Those were trivial things, questions that could be answered. His feelings though were a different matter. For once they had been buried deep but now with no block to hide them they were beginning to make themselves known. Derek missed him.

It had been a month though and a part of him realized that despite the separation being needed he had left it too long.

“Do I even want to know?” Laura muttered catching his attention again. “You're like a yo-yo half the time. Back and forth, back and forth, what are you thinking about?”

“How I may have made a mistake.”

“May?” Laura murmured snorting softly. “Derek, you really do get yourself in the worst situations! I bet I was right about Esme too wasn't I?”

Derek nodded glancing at Esme staring around when she suckled from her bottle. Her eyes in awe of anything she didn't recognize.

“Once a connection is made…”

“...it cannot be broken,” Laura said finishing his sentence. “Emma did the same with me when she was born. Joe could handle her fine but most of the time she wanted me and that is normal for pups. She's more resilient now, more independent.”

“Because she has you around!” he snapped feeling guilty when she narrowed her eyes at him in a glare. “Sorry. I'm just...tired.”

“I know you are, how about you let us take her for one night? You look like you could do with a break.”

“I don't need a break from taking care of my own daughter.”

“No but a good night sleep, a meal, and a nice shower is a must. You don't have to do this all by yourself, Derek, you have to realize that as family we are here to help. Joe can handle Emma and I'll handle little madam here for just one night. Plus...it'll give you time, maybe, to give a certain someone a ring?”

“After all this time? Laura, it's been a month.”

“Who's fault is that?”

“I needed time to think!”

“For a month!?”
With a newborn, yes, and I needed to...reflect! Realize a few things, realize that I miss him, I do, I mean for nine months he was just...there. Smiling, laughing, eating, breathing around me for twenty four seven and now...” he muttered trailing off with a heavy sigh. “I need to fix things.”

“Yeah,” she agreed cocking her head to the side. “Do you want us to take her for the night? You can get her things ready and we'll come pick her up.”

“Okay,” he agreed with a nod.

Laura smiled at him looking down at Esme and smiling brighter. “Oh you're going to have so much fun with me and Uncle Joe aren't you? Yes, you are, and then your daddy can chill and relax before you come back, you little monster.”

“Monster?”

“It's affectionate!”

He rolled his eyes watching when she burped her and Esme was handed over to him when he took her into his arms. Derek nuzzled her forehead gently being careful when he slotted her pacifier into her mouth. The whispering of gossiping women caught his attention when he looked over to them looking at him and smiling.

“I bet you get that a lot,” Laura whispered with a snort of laughter. “Shall we tell them you like cock?”

“Do what you want.”

Esme was willing and pliant when he put her back into her pram strapping her up and slotting the teddy bear next to her.

“We'll come by for her around five, is that okay?”

“Yeah, I'll have everything ready.”

“Good,” she muttered leaning in and kissing his cheek with a smack. He grimaced wiping it and finding red lipstick there. Laura grinned not bothered when she hiked Emma on her hip.

“Say bye-bye to Uncle Derek!”

“Bye-bye,” she called to him so he smiled ducking down to kiss her nose gently.

It was a long walk back to the house when the gates opened for him and he pushed the pram up the driveway. Esme asleep when he finally pushed it into the house and he left her to sleep in the pram knowing she would be okay when he went upstairs. He threw everything she would need and more into a bag before setting it downstairs. Now that he thought about it though, the idea of not having her for one night scared him. His instincts reaching for her when he got her out of the pram anyway and settled her in his arms sitting down. Derek could fully understand mothers who couldn't leave their baby even for one night and instead wanted to be with them no matter what. It wasn't like he didn't trust Laura because he knew how amazing she was with Emma. It was not seeing her or being with her for twelve hours and more.

Five arrived a lot sooner than he would have liked when she shown up on time and Esme was awake and in her car seat waiting.

“Is she ready?”
“I don’t know about this, she's only a month old, Laura.”

“Hey, all parents need a night off! Believe me, Joe did plenty for me. She'll be with me, mommy of the year, remember? I have a mug from my own daughter.”

Derek glanced at Esme with a sigh and Laura did too when she placed her hand on her hips.

“Look if you really don't want me to take her then it's fine. I'll just go back home.”

“No, no, it's – it's fine.”

“I know how difficult it is. I put up a fight when Joe made me go out for the first time without her but the sooner, the easier it is. I think…” she murmured shrugging. “So it this happening? Do I get a night in with my niece or do you want to keep her for the night?”

Derek picked up the car seat kissing Esme gently and peppering her cheeks before he handed her to Laura.

“I don't think I need to tell you anything but make sure she has that teddy bear with her. Don't touch and if you do use something that won't contaminate the scent, it is the only thing that will calm her. The tops don't work any more.”

“Scouts honor,” she promised. “I love you, I'll see you tomorrow morning.”

“I want phone calls, updates, Laura, and I mean it!”

“Yes, fine, stop panicking. I will give you hourly updates if you want.”

“Maybe not hourly, every three hours would be great though.”

Laura rolled her eyes but nodded in agreement when he stood on the porch watching when she got her in the front seat with her. The moment the car drove away was the moment it hit him and he returned indoors with a sigh. The house yet again far too quiet for his liking when he decide to clean. Cleaning took his mind off it when he tidied away her toys and blankets.

Derek got a sandwich sitting down when he stared at his iPhone and spun it with his fingers. His mind ticking over when he deliberated making the call that he had been putting off for so long. The call that would get him through to Stiles and he had no idea what he would say. What could he possibly say to him? It had been a month, one month of no contact at all, and that was partly his fault.

“Fuck,” he muttered picking it up and skimming through his contracts till he found his number. His eyes fixed when he stared and waited till he knew what to do. His thumb though pressed the call button and he exhaled shakily pushing to stand and pace listening to it ring. It rang four times before it picked up and he inhaled deeply.

“Hello?” a feminine voice answered.

“Hello?” he answered slowly.

“The caller ID on this shows up as a single letter 'D' so I don't know who you are but you're probably one of the number of people he hasn't told where he is. He's in Madrid and he's there...well who knows. For now he's there for a good while,” she said trailing off with a soft sigh. “Can I ask who this is?”
“He’s in Madrid indefinitely?” he questioned falling back against the cabinets.

“Who knows. He took off pretty quick after...well he needed to heal and healing meant being away from us. My husband isn't impressed with him at the moment.”

Allison. The name flared in his mind when he swallowed glancing to the window. Stiles had taken that present, took the money, and fled out of the country to get away from it all.

“Right, thanks for letting me know.”

“Wait, who...” she said but he cut her off ending the call and tossing his phone aside rubbing a hand down his face. Just when things couldn't be any more difficult.

“Shit!” he cried kicking his breakfast bar hard over and over again till it was dented. His breathing harsh when he moved away and he licked his dry lips feeling for the first time that he may have already lost him. That he waited a little too long. The question now was – where did he go from here?

~*~

The heat was too much sometimes. Worse than California. It smelt of heat, sweat, meat, and spices that penetrated the air but Madrid was beautiful. For the first week he stayed in a hotel before moving out of the splendor and finding cheaper rooms to live in. Stiles took that chance to forget everything back at home and enjoy the wonders of a foreign country. The sunrise and sunset every morning on the beach, the hot sun toasting his pale skin when he sunbathed, the towns, the markets, and the people. It was a wonder in itself and he fell deeply in love.

The decision to run here had probably been hasty but when Scott checked his account two days after Esme was born he had been in shock. Thirty thousand was a lot more than they agreed to and at first he had been furious. Half of him wanted to go find Derek and shove the money into his face but the side that won was the one that told him it could be put to good use.

So here he was and he stood on the pier overlooking the water. Sweat clinging to him when he stared at the light reflecting off it and he desperately tried not to think. Thinking was too hard and the ache in him hadn't healed and he missed them both desperately. His last moments with Esme were still enough to make him cry and every time he thought about her he escaped into a bar.

Wolfsbane drinks were ordered and he drank till he was drunk and he found warmth and numbness in the arms of Spanish men. To be once so afraid of even a kiss here he was now having random one night stands. Their English limited but their willingness to fuck him too good when he was pinned to the bed two weeks after she was born. The sex a blur of limbs and heat when they were done and he felt used and cheap once the guy was gone. Sex, booze, and food was his getaway and the one call a week to Scott, Allison, Lydia, and his dad when he told them he was okay.

They pleaded with him to come home. They could help, they could get him a doctor's help if he really needed it. Being out here wasn't doing good for him. But being back there meant he was in same city as them both, the possibility of running into them too much. Here in Madrid, he was safe, he could fuck, drink, and eat till he forgot about Derek and he forgot about Esme.

The cry from a pup triggered him back on the pier when he breathed in and out painfully turning to see a young mom muttering in Spanish to her baby. The baby reaching up to her when she consoled the little girl with kisses and cuddles. Stiles took off after that when he hurried down the pier and kept his head down when he walked. The tease of a panic attack gripping at him when he found the shadows and hid in them. His breathing slow but shallow when he pressed a hand to his chest.
“Come on,” he hissed opening his eyes and staring ahead. “You can do this.”

One of the many bars located around was his first destination when he ordered a wolfsbane with vodka. Stiles downed it in one, his reaction to wince when it burned on it's way down. He ordered one after the other not caring as long as he could drink and forget. Forgetting was the easy part.

It was hours later when he was drunk and watching with narrowed hazy eyes at the people around him. His attention being drawn to a guy around his age. Dark hair, light green eyes, and a teasing smile when he came over introducing himself.

“I'm Callum,” he purred into his ear. “Fancy getting out of here?”

The British accent told him everything when he finished his drink in one and nodded. They ended up in a motel that didn't belong to him when his back hit the wall and his mouth was on his when hands scrambled to get clothing off.

“You're so fit,” Callum hissed pushing him onto his back on the bed that reeked of sweat, detergent, and come when he nodded wordlessly. His fingers invaded him slowly when he penetrated him and he groaned seeking more when he rocked his hips needing him deeper. It looked like Callum wanted him on his back when he stared up at the light green eyes, the dark hair reminding him when he turned his head away breathing out shakily.

The sex meaningless when Callum pushed inside of him and he squeezed his eyes shut instead of looking at him. His memory transported him back to a place he wished he could forget but he couldn't when he remembered Derek kissing him, his tongue soft when it invaded his mouth, his hands gentle when he held his thighs and hips fucking him into the mattress hard. The swell of his knot when he held him close with gentle hands and the whole memory of it was enough to make him hard and to make him come.

Reality was a harsh slap to the face though when he opened the eyes the moment Callum came inside of him. The hot splash coating his insides and he felt foolish in that moment for not using a condom. Thank god they couldn't catch any diseases. His weight pressed into him till he rolled off him breathing hard.

“Well...I've never done that before!” he exclaimed looking over to meet his eyes. “No, I mean I've had sex before just...never on holiday. I knew I wanted you though the moment I saw you in that club...”

“Right,” he muttered rolling and pushing off the bed.

“American, right?”

“You got it in one;” he muttered dully using the tissues to wipe himself clean.

“You alone?”

Stiles was quiet when he nodded wordlessly grabbing his clothes to pull them on.

“Oh. Well you can hang out with me and my mates if you want? We're here for another three days,” Callum suggested with a shrug of his shoulders.

“No, I don't think so,” he muttered yanking on his top. “See you around, Callum.”

“Hold on, I didn't catch your name...” Callum shouted after him but it was cut off the moment he walked out the room slamming it hard behind him. He made it around the corner before he threw
up violently using the wall for leverage. Stiles hadn't been sick since he was pregnant and his eyes burned with tears after he was done. He made it down the road before he cut across to an alleyway hidden from view. His back slid down the wall slowly when he stared up at the sky desperately trying not to cry.

Everything was a mess, a mess he had created himself and he expected no sympathy from anyone. Home was a long way away, comfort gone in the form of his family and friends, but what he really wanted was unreachable. The emptiness of that hitting him when he rest his cheek against his knee and closed his eyes. The tears slipping down his face so he choked a little and he wished for home.
Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

I have the internet! I managed to get some money together to get a little dongle of internet until my engineer comes out in two weeks. It means I can update. *shocked gasp*

Thank you for your comments! For every person worried for Stiles being pregnant again don't worry! He can only become pregnant in heat with an alpha.

I am sorry for any mistakes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“You're doing what?” Laura demanded when she stood in front of him as he stood in front of her feeding Esme her lunch.

“I'm getting Esme her own passport and we're going to Madrid to get Stiles.”

“You don't even know where he is, this is insane,” she protested narrowing her eyes at him. “Madrid is a pretty big city, hell it's the freaking capital! Tell me you're at least going to try and track him down beforehand.”

“I'm going to see Scott first and if he has no answers then I go see his dad...I'm sure one of them will know and if not I'll find him. I have to bring him back, Laura, he has to know things are different. Things are different with me and my feelings and Esme and...I need to bring him back,” Derek said with a heavy sigh rubbing his hand up and down her back when he burped her against his shoulder. “I can't leave him out there in Madrid believing he doesn't have something and someone to come home to.”

“You only took weeks to get it through your thick skull.”

He frowned but let that jab at him slide when he fed Esme the rest of her bottle after she burped sick down the towel. Finding him was the easy part but in his opinion the hardest was getting his friends and family to work with him through this. Getting her passport was a hard task as well when she wasn't on his meaning she had to have her own. It was about waiting around and it was frustrating when all he wanted to do was get out there.

“When are you going to see him?”

“Tomorrow, it's a Saturday, they should both be in.”

“Do you want me to come with you?” she questioned kindly.

“No, it's best if I do it alone. Bring her for leverage,” he muttered with a grimace. “I need to find him and his best friend hates me.”

Laura hummed cocking her head in approval. “I think if he's his best friend then he'll do what it takes to get him back home.”
That was what he had to cling on to when he gently placed Esme in her moses basket slotting the pacifier into her mouth. Her eyes wide when she stared up at him sleepily and he placed the teddy bear next to her. Laura stood by his side, a hand on his arm when she too looked down at Esme and he met her eyes to see a smile there.

“You both need him and I think if fate is being nice...she'll get you to him.”

“You think?”

“Yes,” Laura replied slapping his arm gently. “I have to go. I left Emma with Joe and he has the night shift tonight so tell me what happens, okay? Don't just go flying off to Madrid without giving me notice.”

“Of course,” he murmured kissing her cheek when she leaned in and he watched and waited till she walked out and got into her car. Waiting was also a bonus in the fact he had a lot more time to think things over, push past the barrier he had built in his mind. Time to realize his errors and mistakes and fully realize what an idiot he had been. Derek sat on the couch feeling achy with exhaustion when he watched Esme kick her legs content with her teddy bear and a full stomach. He knew it was a matter of time before she fell asleep again and he could think about packing bags without even buying the tickets to Madrid yet. Money wasn't an issue. Derek had to make one hundred per cent sure he had everything ready for him and for the baby not only for when they got there but also when she was on the plane. No one liked a crying baby on plane rides and to get there he had to make double sure he had everything.

But the first thing he had to tackle was Scott and Allison. Esme did like he imagined when she dropped off to sleep and he stroked a hand over her hair gently when he checked on her. Her mood temperamental the past couple of days when she whined and cried for Stiles and there was nothing to do but bring her into his bed with him. The spare pillow used like a pretend human when he pulled the top onto of it placing it against her back so she calmed down. It was heartbreaking to watch and sad to really think about when he stared at the pillow often wishing it was a real person.

The next morning came and he left early dressing Esme in baby shorts and a white top, a sun hat on her head when she chilled in her car seat. The pacifier stuck in her mouth when he started the car bringing up the satnav to find his address. Derek prayed they were in when he rolled the windows down set on his mission to get there and get the information he needed.

It was a half an hour away from his house when he arrived parking and staring up at the home. It was nice from the outside, a woman's touch in the garden and the exterior when he swallowed and stepped out blinking into the sunlight. The rays heating his skin when he pulled Esme out with him and headed up to the house. He knocked on the front door hard stepping back and waiting. He listened to the murmur indoors and the footsteps to the front door when a young woman he vaguely known as Allison opened the door.

Her expectant face slipping when she too realized who he was and her back straightened when she regarded him.

“What are you doing here?”

“I need to talk to you.”

“Allison? Who is it?” Scott called from upstairs and Derek pulled himself straighter too when he appeared calm and cool till it faded also. “What the hell are you doing here?!”

“I need to talk to you, both of you. It's important.”
“We have nothing to say to you, you're the one who drove Stiles away!” Scott protested storming up to the door. Allison pressing a hand to his chest so he paused and he stared at her confused.

“It better be important, come in,” she said meeting his eyes, they flickered for a moment to the car seat in his hands and he was grateful enough to murmur his gratitude. Scott's eyes flared in warning when he stepped into the house and he waited patiently when they led the way into the living room and he set Esme on the couch.

“Is this her?” Allison murmured softly in awe and a little wonder when she circled the coffee table to look in. “Oh she's so cute! Stiles was right, she does have his eyes.”

Esme seemed to know she was being talked about when she whined spitting out her pacifier and he sighed gently getting her out. Scott was stood near the mantelpiece, his arms crossed and his jaw set and stern when he watched them. Allison not near enough to the same effect when she cooed staring at Esme.

“Can I hold her?”

“Allison!”

“Sure,” he said handing her over gently, Allison glaring at Scott for a moment before she took her off him and her smile brightened.

“Hello Esme, oh you're so light,” she whispered tucking her into the crook of her arm. “Now...why are you here? I'm going to take a wild guess and say this isn't a friendly visit.”

“I managed to track you both down, find your address. I was the guy,” he said to Allison who squinted confused. “The one who phoned days ago, the letter 'D' was me.”

“Oh!” she breathed. “Why didn't you say?”

“Shock,” he muttered shrugging his shoulders. “I didn't guess he'd go to Madrid yet...let alone stay there.”

“Well why wouldn't he?” Scott muttered bitterly. “What? You drove him away! He had to escape and to do that he took all that money, took his ticket, told me to not to worry and took off. He won't come because he's too afraid, too scared to come back and run into you, run into Esme, and because of that...he's stuck in Madrid.”

Derek swallowed hard staring down at his hands. “I know that...”

“No,” Scott cried stepping forward to address him. “No, you don't, because you weren't there after the birth. You weren't there to hold him when he cried, when he cried out for you or for Esme in the night, when I saw the misery, the darkness creep over him. The depression! His last desperate attempt and it was to leave the freaking country! It was all because of you and all because he was scared. Why the hell are you here? To make sure you could rub his nose in it?!”

“No!”

“Scott, please,” Allison pleaded when Esme whimpered sensing the tension and anger in the room. “I'll take her into the garden, let you two talk...nicely and calmly. Like two adults, please?”

The last sentence more directed at Scott who deflated a little at the strict instruction from his wife. The door closed behind her leaving them alone and his wolf shifted both in anger and wariness when Scott stepped back regarding him.
“I came here to find out if you knew where he was, not to rub his nose or anyone's nose in it. I've made some mistakes, big mistakes, and they've now affected not only me but Esme. I needed time, time to think and reflect and realize who and what I needed. I need him, I miss him, and I need to get him back but to do that I need to know where he is.”

“Why should I believe that?”

“I can't make you believe anything, Scott. I can only hope you trust that I regret...everything. Everything to do with running away, burying everything I felt instead of facing the truth of it all. To ignore feelings instead of facing them because it was easier.”

Scott's eyes narrowed when he faced regarding him, his hands brushing down his thighs before he sat down on the armchair looking at him.

“You couldn't have figured this out weeks ago?”

“No.”

He rolled his eyes shaking his head and Derek felt a pinch of guilt but he needed this time to think and realize what he was missing. Stiles was currently the light missing in his life, the sunshine on a gray and bleak day and he wanted that sunshine back no matter what the cost.

“I haven't heard from him in three days. He doesn't tell me much, mumbles stuff about alcohol and missing curly fries and he – he talks about you. I get drunk Stiles when he's pissed on wolfsbane vodka and he's crying down the phone to me. My best friend all the way in Spain and he's crying down the phone to me about how he misses his baby. That every time a baby cries near him he had a panic attack, how he has sex with random strangers and has to imagine you…”

Derek grunted pressing his lips together and turning his head away when Scott scoffed trailing off.

“Yeah, not too nice to hear is it, try listening and begging him to come home!? I have no idea where he is, he'll never tell me. Stiles is too scared I'll come get him. There may be one person who knows where exactly he is,” he said looking up and meeting his eyes. “His dad. He won't tell anyone. Not even when Lydia is threatening to get a hit-man on him, he always ends up hanging up on her when she does that.”

“I need to find him, no matter what the cost.”

“When you do find him, what will you do?”

“Talk to him, bring him home.”

“You think you can do that?”

“Yes,” he said meeting his eyes confidently. Scott sighed softly in response and he knew that Scott didn't know whether to believe or trust him.

“Fine, I can give you his dad's address in Beacon Hills. But you need to promise me you'll bring him back, I mean it, Derek. You did this, you drove him away, so you bring my fucking best friend back. Or I'll make sure you regret ever sucking in another breath of air once you come back.”

His eyes flashed red to emphasize the somewhat weak threat but he nodded once and slowly in agreement. Derek could tell how much he loved his friend when he stood up once Scott did and he followed him out into the kitchen. His eyes finding Allison and Esme in the garden where she was taking her around the garden. Esme in complete awe of all the colors and insects fluttering around.
The smile that tugged to his lips was needed but disturbed when Scott appeared holding out a slip of paper.

“He's normally in work but you can find him in the station. He's the Sheriff. He's also worried sick about Stiles, just like I am. Don't expect a smoother ride than this. You're damn lucky I'm not kicking your ass right now.”

Allison appeared at the door when she walked in looking a little flushed from the heat but happy when she handed Esme back.

“She's so beautiful, you both should be proud. I know he wants nothing more than to want to be with you both.”

“Thank you, both of you.”

“Find him, bring him home, it's all you need to do. Don't fuck it up,” Scott warned wrapping his arm around Allison's waist so she fell into him wrapping her own around him. Derek regarded them both silently and he nodded moving to put Esme back in her car seat and into the car outside. His next destination was Beacon Hills when he made sure she was secure and happy before driving away.

Scott's words circling his head when he thought over them wanting to make sure he did this. The journey was long and he ended up making one stop at a service station to change her diaper in a disgusting bathroom. His reluctance to let her touch anything when he laid her out on his leather jacket to do it. Derek was quick to get her out of there when he kissed her forehead slotting her back into the seat.

It was around forty minutes later when the sign to Beacon Hills welcomed him in and he let the satnav lead the way to the house. It was nice again from the outside. Stiles' childhood home stared back at him, the car in the driveway a hopeful sign when he pulled open the car door stepping out. The tension already lingered in the air when he got out Esme noticing she had fallen asleep on the way.

“Let's do this,” he muttered to himself stepping up to the front door and knocking gently. Derek stepped back waiting and wondering if he would answer the door and the wait was long enough for him to step forward to do it again when it opened. His hand hovering when he stared at the man who was his father. Derek could see the faint resemblance there, not too obvious but there was something there in the mouth and jaw line. The Sheriff currently wearing a pair of jeans and a soft green top, a casual wear for a day he was surely ruining.

“It's a very daring approach and he prayed it work when he watched silently. The tic in the Sheriff's jaw working when he stared between them before he stepped aside.

“Well you better come in.”

The house spacious on the inside when he made his way inside. The house smell hitting him when he inhaled the smell of paper, spicy apples, and furniture polish. It was an odd mixture. Derek stepped into the living room pausing at the sight of the photos dotted around the room. Stiles when he was a baby, a child riding a bike, playing lacrosse out in the field, college graduate. There was a
woman there also, a woman with the same eyes he saw daily if not a little fainter in color. It didn't take a genius to guess the woman was Claudia and she was stunning.

“Well, take a seat,” he said gesturing at him when he sat placing Esme at his feet. “You're here for Stiles I guess.”

“Not a guess, I am, I know he's in Madrid and I need to find him.”

“Well,” he said clasping his hands together and pushing forward to address him. “I know who you are and I know what you paid my son to do. I knew from the moment he told me this would be a big fucking mistake and look where we are. My son in a foreign country hiding from his problems and his client holding his baby looking for him. What do you want with him and why?”

“I,” he began exhaling deeply to lick his lips. “I want to be with him. I want to sit down, talk to him, I want to work through the problems and...I want to be with him. I made a big mistake letting him go after he gave birth to Esme and I need to correct that wrong, bring him back before he ruins himself forever.”

“You think Stiles still wants that?”

“If what Scott told me is true then yes.”

The Sheriff's lips twitched when he stared down at the carpet and away with a hum. “Maybe, but maybe he's changed.”

“I need him but so does his daughter. Esme formed a connection with him a couple of hours after her birth. His scent being all she wants and craves, something I can't provide,” he explained taking Esme out of her car seat. “I'm not just doing this for her, I'm doing it for both of us. We need him.”

The Sheriff's strict expression faltered and fell the moment he laid his eyes on her. “She's a beauty. I only knew her name was Esme.”

“Esme Claudia Hale,” he said gently seeing the flinch from the Sheriff.

“You – you named her Claudia?”

“For Stiles.”

“Oh,” he breathed staring at him. “I can honestly say I wasn't expecting that.”

“Neither was he.”

“Don't think that puts you in the green light, you are the reason he's gone,” he muttered pointing a finger at him.

“So I've been told,” he murmured with a gentle snort. “Do you know where he is?”

“I do, I know he's Barajas. He likes to stay near the airport there...just in case. He's been going to and fro places but now he's with a nice couple who are letting him rent a room. I made him swear to me that he'd stay there for a while everything felt settled. Stiles spoke to me less than twenty four hours ago and he was still there.”

“Then that's where I'm going. Do you know the address by any chance?” he questioned and almost pleaded to him. Esme curled in his arms when the Sheriff stood picking up a notepad and tearing off the page to hand to him.
“I did a background check on the family.”

“You can do that?”

“You think I got the job as Sheriff for my good looks?” he muttered raising his eyebrows at him and it reminded him of Stiles so vividly. “While the little one is asleep...do you mind?”

He gestured at him so he knew exactly what he wanted when he stood nodding and easing a sleeping Esme into his arms.

“Oh she’s a light weight, a looker without a doubt, and that hair,” he muttered staring down at her. “Been some time since I held a baby in my arms. Stiles was a heavy baby, little chunk of a thing. Big brown eyes and a cheeky attitude even when he was a baby. Grew out of it when he grew up though, the weight, not the attitude.”

“I will bring him back,” Derek said quietly.

The Sheriff lifted his eyes nodding once before handing him Esme back with a heavy sigh.

“He’s been hurt, hurt in a way that's made him want to run and hide. Stiles' never does that, not with me, I want my son back. If you think you can bring him back home, do it.”

Derek was honestly surprised that he wasn't being shouted at but a little voice in the back of his mind reminded him of how tired the Sheriff looked. The empty bottle of whiskey on the side and a desperate father's hope for his son to come back no matter what. Esme was curled to his chest when he stared down at her and all he could do in that moment was nod.

~*~

The plane ride to Madrid was a long one. The kind to have your sleeping pattern fully knocked. Esme was good for most of the flight, her boredom and irritation causing her to kick off numerous times but he managed to settle her glaring at the people who glared annoyed. Laura had argued taking Esme with him, a pup as young as her on a plane for up to fourteen hours to get to Madrid was a bad idea but there was not a chance he was leaving her behind. He would endure the tears, the tantrums, everything because it didn't matter. Derek would not leave his daughter behind.

Derek was fully relieved though despite the long hours, the one transfer, the waiting time, the turbulence, the lack of sleep to finally arrive in Madrid. Esme asleep wrapped around the teddy bear when he waited for luggage to get there. It was a journey he fully expected to never take when he waited yawning wide and knew that he had to get to the hotel first to nap before he faced Stiles. He prayed Stiles was still at the address the Sheriff had given him when he finally got the suitcase full of his and Esme's things.

Madrid was warm, too warm, the city already hectic and practically brimming with life when he stepped outside and his Spanish came to him without a problem. Getting a cab to his hotel was easy enough when he held the money he had changed close to him with Esme and he stared out of the window. Chasing him was also something he never expected to happen and the part of him still shining in hope prayed it went okay.

Fate though had been a bitch and a half up to now. The connection being made, the confession being shouted at him, the turning him down, and now Stiles being in Madrid was either pushing them together or further apart with each cruel step. The hotel reached his eyes finally when he paid the cab driver mumbling in Spanish his 'thank you' before getting out to get his bags. The check in being his first destination to get his bedroom in the four star hotel and he was pleased to discover
they had his requirements met for the baby. The cot in the room for Esme and to a nice standard when he arrived on the fourth floor.

“Hello beautiful,” he murmured bringing her out of the chair to see her awake and grumpy when she whimpered leaning against his shoulder. “I know, it's okay. I'll get you a bottle now and then you can nap with daddy, okay?”

Her whimpers turned into sobs of hunger when he prepared the bottle in the little kitchen in the room and he sighed deeply rubbing his head from a headache. Derek had the bottle and Esme in his arms fifteen minutes later when they sat on the bed and he pressed the teat into her mouth letting her suckle from it. The nap premature and lazy when she settled next to him flat on her back when he slept keeping a careful arm wrapping over her tiny body. They both got a good couple of hours before he woke up sweating and feeling disgusting. Esme still asleep and breathing deeply when he placed her in the cot very carefully before stripping out of his clothes to get a quick shower.

The water a timid temperature with tepid water but it would do for his shower when he scrubbed down his body with a sponge. His mind taking off from him when he thought of Stiles, thought of the first heat, thought of him pregnant and naked in front of him before getting into the bath. He thought of him in the bed next to him every night, his warm body pressed against his so in those moments he imagined anything but him. Stiles' moans when his back and feet were rubbed and they drove a shot of pleasure shooting right through him.

His cock took great interest when he stroked a hand down the shaft slowly, the bubbles and water help guiding him when he teased himself. Derek's teeth biting slowly into his bottom lip so he gasped fondling his balls with the other hand. The pleasure increasing slowly from his toes up to his groin and chest so he stroked his hand up and down slowly. The teasing of it tantalizing slow when he fucked his hand and thought of the wet heat of Stiles' body when he entered him all those months ago.

His climax very much needed when it happened and Derek groaned panting with an open mouth when his come splattered against the tiles of the shower. The pleasure peaking and warming his entire body so he shivered ducking his head under the water. Derek showered till his toes and fingers were wrinkled and he stood in the bathroom toweling his body dry. Esme still asleep when he stepped into the room chucking his damp towel on the bed to open the suitcase and pull out a pair of long white shorts, a gray tank top, and sneakers. The sun couldn't hurt him but he still rubbed sun block into his skin and Esme's when she slept and he grabbed the car seat picking her up. Her sling not an option in this heat when he walked out of there intending to find this address at last. The sun slowly starting to fall as the day ended.

Derek spent most of his time asking people for directions and listening to Spanish or weak attempts of English before he finally got someone who understood and knew. The woman knowing the couple when she pointed it out for him and told him the directions twice before he understood. His stomach did a flip in nerves at the idea of it, Derek pushed on till he finally arrived at the house. It was an old house but rather big, kept out of the way from everyone else but was in a lively neighborhood from where he stood staring up at it. The car seat warm in his hands that felt sticky with sweat, sweat lingering on his forehead when he breathed in and out evenly before stepping one foot forward.

He knocked on the door till his knuckles ached and he stepped back once he heard someone shouting their arrival. There was a woman in her mid fifties who answered with a bright smile.

“Oh you looking for a room tonight, young sir?” she said speaking fluent English to his surprise.

“No, no, I'm looking for someone who might be living with you. His name is Stiles Stilinski? I
need to talk to him.”

“Oh, Stiles! Little man! Yes, he's upstairs, do you want me too...”

“No, ma'am, what room is he in?” he asked quietly pleading with his eyes. “A surprise. He doesn't know I'm here with our baby, so I need to go up alone.”

“Oh,” she breathed winking at him in acknowledgment. “The second room to the right on the way up.”

Derek was thankful to her when he pressed money into her hand in gratitude and she slipped it into her bra like it was a business deal. Derek was quiet when he climbed the first flight of stairs for the house, his eyes finding the brown stained door so he hovered outside before hammering on the door.

Derek heard muttering inside, his eyes darting down to Esme still asleep and he was prepared for the shock value. The door opened with a bang when he stood tense and frowned deeply at the stranger wearing nothing but shorts, his hair messy when it stood up and he reeked of sex, sweat, and something else, something sweeter and familiar.

“Is it her or what?” a voice demanded in annoyance when he breathed in and out deeply. His wolf howling inside of him in fury, rage, murder, because he knew that voice. It was pretty obvious what happened here when the stranger looked behind him murmuring in Spanish to Stiles who appeared dishevelled and tired.

It all changed the moment he registered who he was. His eyes widening impossibly, his skin paling an almost sickly shade so he coughed violently staring at him. Stiles opened and closed his mouth like a fish unable to speak when Derek stared back taking him in also. His skin a touch of pale brown from the sun, the bags underneath his eyes potent and standing out to show how exhausted and tired he was. The smell of alcohol and booze hit him like a punch to the chest though and he too found himself unable to speak.

Stiles' eyes had dropped to Esme by this time and he saw the moment the tears sprang to his eyes.

“Stiles?” the stranger whispered poking him.

“Get out,” Stiles murmured continuing to watch Esme, his bottom lip trembling along with his hands.

“Que?” he demanded.

“GET OUT!” Stiles shouted pushing at him so the stranger stumbled back hitting the wall in shock, his stunned face twisting into rage before he spat out a few chosen words in Spanish before shoving past and down the stairs. The action had startled Esme out of her doze when she wailed letting herself known and he found himself unable to move.

“You bastard...”

“Hello, Stiles,” he murmured quietly.

The punch caught him off guard when Stiles launched punching him hard enough to stumble and hit the bannister. The wood cracking under his weight so blood exploded into his mouth and he could feel it trickle out of his mouth slowly. Tears ran down Stiles' cheeks when he stood there in the middle of the hallway breathing hard, Esme sobbing between them, and it was in that single moment of time he fully realized how truly broken they both were.
Chapter End Notes

Oh it's just a mess isn't it?

I'll sort it out, don't you worry.
Stiles couldn't breathe. His heart was pounding in his ears along with the cries emitting from Esme when he stared at Derek sucking in deep breaths and feeling no satisfaction. His hands trembled and the tears tracked down his cheeks slowly when he stared unable to physically move. Derek stood tall and strong if not for the guilt shining in his eyes. The blood drying on his chin when he turned slowly to face him.

“I think I may have deserved that.”

“You think? What the fucking hell are you doing here?” he hissed stepping forward. “How the hell did you find me?!”

“I came to get you, talk to you, and bring you home. Enough is enough, Stiles. Can I come in?” he asked politely picking up the car seat and he had no choice but to nod stepping aside. His eyes fixed on Esme who was whining and kicking her legs in discomfort when he placed her on the bed unbuckling her straps. Her whole attitude to kick and whine when he shushed her gently holding her against his chest.

“Why are you here? Is this to torment me or something?! My dad is the only one who knows so did you go to him...is this his way of bringing me back?!” he demanded. “This is fucking cruel!”

“Stiles, just listen to me,” Derek pleaded. “I'm not here to torment you or trick you or anything you believe to be negative. I'm here to get you back.”

“You took your sweet time didn't you? It's been nearly two months!”

“I know that.”

“You know that?”

“I needed time to think, you didn't give me any chance to think about what you told me. You went into labor and it was all too much at the same time.”

“Oh my god, you know what? Fuck you!” he shouted feeling furious and unable to hold it back despite Esme being in the room. Her small sob bringing him back to reality with a harsh bang when Derek consoled her rubbing her back gently.
“She formed a connection with you, Stiles,” he said staring into his eyes so he sucked in a breath looking between them. Stiles knew what that meant. He did the same with his mom when he was little, most pups do it, a connection between the parent and pup. The bond stronger, unbreakable, the need to have one another to comfort and love. Esme had formed a connection with him and he knew what that meant when his heart broke staring at her.

“The teddy bear, the one you used to cuddle,” he said nodding at the stuffed bear in her car seat. “The only thing to calm and settle her because it's drenched in your scent, your tops acting like blankets for her because she cries every single day needing you. I am only so much for you. I'm not just here for her, I'm here for me too. I'm here to get you because I miss you.”

“You miss me?”

“Yes.”

“What makes you think I would ever believe that?” he questioned raising an eyebrow at him. “I told you how I felt, I gave birth, you never came to see me afterward, you gave me five minutes with her before whisking her away and then deposited thirty thousand dollars into my account. I run and then nearly two months later you turn up with a newborn baby telling me...you miss me. Do you honestly believe I would ever believe that bullshit? What the fuck, Derek?!”

Because it's the truth, I needed time to think things over, realize a few things,” Derek said swallowing hard when he rubbed Esme's back. “Realize that not seeing you after the birth was probably the worst thing to do but what could I say? I was hiding behind a wall, Stiles, a wall I wasn't ready to be knocked down. Your confession scared me!”

“How do you think I felt telling you!”

“Most probably terrified,” he murmured so Stiles looked away at the hall exhaling shakily. The room was filled with the sounds of outside and Esme's whimpering and crying when Derek shushed her and he ached to hold her.

“Can I...” he murmured trailing off gesturing at him.

“Maybe you should shower first. You smell like you...mainly,” Derek said softly, a clench to his jaw when he eyed the bed carefully and his nostrils flared. Stiles felt guilt twist at his stomach knowing he smelt the sex. He wasn't about to explain it to him though. Stiles agreed grabbing his towel off the back of the chair and moving into the tiny bathroom. The shower awful for the most of it when he scrubbed the soap into his skin till he smelt of soap and clean water instead of the faint remains of sex, sweat, salt, and come. His stomach recoiling at the memory of it, the sex meaningless yet again and a quick fuck to let go of some of the pain he was feeling. Derek was sat on the old chair backed against the wall when he stood in the doorway watching them. Esme against his shoulder when she made small distressed sounds and he comforted her.

The love was there shining in his green eyes and yet again it twisted his gut in pain and the ache in his chest echoed. The two people in the world he never imagined to be here and here they were. Their scents overwhelming him when he inhaled deeply stepping forward. Stiles moved grabbing a pair of shorts from his case and yanking them on with a clean t-shirt. Derek watching silent and expectant when he walked over taking his chance when he nodded.

“Look who it is,” he whispered to Esme passing her over to him. His hands shaking when he took her into his arms. Esme staring up at him with wide expectant eyes, her body fitting against his chest when he moved sitting down with her on the bed.
“Hey princess,” he whispered cupping the back of her head gently when her whines stopped and she cooed staring at him. Stiles smiled through the ache in his chest, the first smile in weeks for him when she stared at him and wriggled smiling back at him. Her happiness evident when she stared up at him in almost awe. The misery all but gone.

“She's smiling,” he whispered stroking her cheek gently with his finger.

“She's what?” Derek said startled looking up and heading over to sit gingerly on the bed with him staring at Esme in his hands. “Her first smile.”

“What?” Stiles demanded stunned. His eyes flicking back to Esme when he smiled and she smiled back in return. Wide and gummy when she made a small sound of what could only be described as happiness to his ears. The sound breaking his heart in the best way when he pressed her close and squeezed his eyes closed cuddling her.

“Oh god I missed you so much,” he murmured rocking her side to side. He kissed into her hair inhaling the smell of her shampoo mixed with the heavy smell of Derek and something sweet like apples. It was intoxicating, the kind of smell that lingered. His tears wouldn't stop falling when he rocked her side to side so she cooed close to his ear. Stiles turned his head looking at Derek who was watching them with a lost look to his expression. His eyes misty with an emotion he couldn't describe but it was definitely sad.

“Why are you really here, Derek?”

“I told you.”

“Because you missed me? You think that's enough? You broke my heart.”

“It wasn't intentional. I never expected this to happen, Stiles. You broke the rules, you broke every rule I had and now I am sitting here in your hotel room chasing after you. You think I'd be here for any other reason than to get you back?”

“You think it's just as easy as that?”

Derek was thoughtful when he turned his head away staring up at the damp ceiling. “No, things never are. It takes work, I never expected to come here and to everything to fall into place. Life isn't a fairytale.”

Stiles couldn't help but agree with that when he stroked the back of her head gently, his lips pressing into her hair in a soft kiss.

“You ran away because of me though, you ran to Madrid staying here to drink and – and have sex with random men because you needed to get away.”

“I can explain the sex...”

“You don't have to.”

“Maybe,” Stiles agreed shrugging his shoulders up and down. “But I think one night stands need explaining when you're only doing it for one thing. I just wanted to forget, lose myself in alcohol...sex...anything but feel the ache in my chest. Like a black hole. It never stops, it's always there, it has been from the moment I knew I loved her.”

“Just her?”
“Both of you,” he admitted shuffling back to lean his back against the wall. Esme in his lap when he offered her his fingers to hold when she took them. Her little hand squeezing this so he watched her and Derek shifted to sit next to him. “I could get drunk, pick up a random guy and take him back to a room. I could close my eyes and forget everything. Forget my feelings for you, forget about Esme and that my whole life was in ruins around me. Is that dramatic?”

“Maybe a little bit,” Derek agreed looking at him faintly amused. “I needed time, Stiles, I think we both did.”

“What for me to fly here to Madrid in misery and for you to take your time depriving me from my daughter only to come here and think everything will be okay?” Stiles snapped lifting his head to glare at him. “I get you didn't want to break down the great wall of Derek, I really do, but you broke my heart. I didn't mean to fall in love with you. I didn't.”

“I didn't mean to either,” Derek admitted with a harsh exhale. “God, Stiles, you broke every rule! I wanted a surrogate, someone to carry my baby and that be it...”

“You really expected me to not feel a thing for her?!”

“That's what surrogates do!”

“I went into this blind! I was wrong, so wrong, I should have never done this,” he argued pushing off the bed still holding Esme who curled towards him without issue. “But if I hadn't I wouldn't be holding her right now. I wouldn't realize how much I really wanted her! How much I wanted to feel...complete! To have a family.”

“Then why didn't you tell me before?”

“I couldn't, you only wanted me as a surrogate. You reminded me several times or have you forgotten that little detail?” Stiles argued. “You wanted Esme, that's all you wanted. I was the oven to your bun and that was it.”

“Yeah, back then, but not now, not after I had time to think!”

“Yet again, so easy to finally get everything connected in that head of yours.”

“I never expected it to be easy,” Derek snapped standing to run a hand through his hair. “I thought you would at least understand that I needed time too. You are right, I did see you as nothing more than a surrogate back then. I hid my feelings well. It was easier to ignore them. But then things changed and you told me and you left and I realized it was wrong. I needed you more than I imagined. I want you to come home, I want to make this work.”

His plea was desperate when he stared at him, Stiles looking back when he stroked the back of Esme's hair. He knew it was his anger controlling his thoughts and emotions. In all honesty he couldn't blame Derek for needing time, anyone would need time to think stuff over but his bitterness was winning over him. His mind changing so he sighed turning his body away from him to look at the faint red bedroom wall. Esme was asleep against his shoulder when she rest there and he couldn't help but fall a little bit more in love with her. His lips grazed over his forehead when he cuddled her closer.

“We can do this slowly, take it one day at a time,” Derek said interrupting his train of thought. “Just...come home. Not for me and not for Esme but for your dad and Scott. You don't need Madrid, not anymore.”

Stiles swallowed the lump in his throat, his eyes looking up when he slowly met his eyes and he let
his heart win just this once.

“Okay,” he agreed bobbing his head once in a nod.

Derek looked visibly relieved when he nodded too stepping forward to take Esme off him. His reluctance to let her go shown when he gingerly handed her back to him and he missed her already. He placed her back in the car seat, strapping her in carefully.

“I have a hotel room, it's about twenty minutes away give or take. You can come with me or you can stay here for tonight. I mean it about working towards...something. Starting again,” Derek said softly. “Maybe not from the beginning but this time...you're not my surrogate and I'm not your client...so to speak.”

Stiles regarded him silently for a long moment before scanning the room slowly. It was abysmal, cheap and the landlady didn't care as long as she had her money. It was always loud with music and people and people having sex and smoking. He had barely had any sleep since he rented here. His eyes flickered between Esme asleep and Derek waiting for his answer patiently.

“Fine, I'll come with you.”

“Pack your things.”

Stiles chucked his laundry in the suitcase zipping it up and picking it the heavy suitcase up. Derek bent gripping the handle of the car seat and he trailed after him when they left the house behind. Derek murmuring in Spanish to the landlady who beamed happily once money was pressed into her hand and he left following him out. The hotel grander than the one he had first slept in.

The bedroom contained a cot and a double bed he noticed instantly when he dropped the suitcase down on the floor. Esme picked out from her car seat and into the cot in a matter of seconds to not wake her.

“I don't know about you but I could do with some food.”

“Same, I haven't eaten today,” he muttered sitting on the bed carefully. His stomach rumbling like it knew it was being talked about. “I miss food in America though. I need a good burger, curly fries, and a milkshake. Strawberry.”

Derek smiled looking down at the carpet when he read over the hotel menu. His stomach flipped a little staring at it, butterflies flooding in when he realized that tonight after months he'd be sharing a bed with him. They ordered in room service, a meal for them each. Stiles got comfortable staring at him when he opened the doors to step out on the balcony.

“It's beautiful here,” he commented.

“I know,” Stiles agreed. “One of the reasons why I love this place. It's beautiful. Loud, noisy, and full of life but beautiful in it's own unique way.”

“Reminds me of someone,” he said looking at him over his shoulder, his lips twitching into a smile when Stiles blushed. His hands twisting into the cover gently when he desperately tried to not think too much into it. It was easier that way.

Stiles was grateful when the food arrived, his hands unwrapping the knife and fork when he tucked into it greedily. The meat delicious along with the fries that came along with it. Derek sat with him on the bed when they did and Esme slept on quietly and calmly.
“How has she been?”

“Like any newborn...new to the world, crying, happy, whinging, drinking her milk like it's her first meal. But difficult because she missed you, wanted your scent and your touch. I wasn't enough for her some of the time.”

“So even if you didn't come here for your own reasons, you would have come anyway for her?”

“No,” Derek replied shaking his head violently. “I'm not cruel, Stiles.”

“Yeah,” he murmured picking up a fry, the blob of ketchup on his plate almost all gone. “I probably would have come back eventually. I just needed to stay away for now.”

“I know.”

The meals were finished when they turned the television on in the room, the programmes mostly in Spanish. It didn't take long for Esme to wake up from her nap, his feet touching the carpet when he moved to the cot looking down at her. Her eyes meeting his when he picked her up patting her damp bum.

“Diaper change!”

“You changed a diaper before?”

“No,” Stiles admitted with a grimace. “Want to help?”

“Here,” he said stepping next to him when he laid her down despite her protests and he undid the dirty diaper. Stiles was thankful it was just pee when he watched Derek carefully remove it. His hand tossing him the dirty diaper so he jumped back with a scowl, Derek smirking in amusement when he did.

“I'm sure you know how to wipe...”

Stiles shoved his shoulder gently, Derek chuckling when he moved and he grabbed the wet wipe continuing and finishing the job. Esme kicked her legs once he was done and she was fresh and clean in a brand new diaper. His hands reached to pick her up and bring her to the bed with him. Derek joined when they sat together and Esme lay on the bed staring up at him, her smile wide when Stiles smiled at her.

“Once she starts, she won't stop,” Derek murmured dropping a kiss to her stomach. “Smiles now but laughing and talking and never ending drama for years to come. Isn't that right?”

Esme made a series of small sounds when she responded to him, her hands touching his face when he rubbed his nose against her cheek scenting her. The ache in his chest still lingered but it lessened with each cute gesture, each moment with them as small as it was. Stiles watched them interact, Derek's love for his daughter evident in his touch and smiles for her. Esme responding in kind when she made sounds that he responded to because he could. He had missed that, missed the interaction from the beginning despite their connection. In his heart and mind they were his little family, the thing he didn't know he wanted at the beginning. He honestly believed he would have to find someone else in the future, build another family of his own. Stiles didn't want that now though, he wanted them. He wanted to make it work.

Esme was back in his arms again before he knew it, his hands holding her to his chest when he leaned back into the softness of the cushions. His nose buried into her hair when she slept after her bottle, her little hand curled into his top when she suckled on her pacifier. It was perfection.
“It's getting late,” Derek murmured gently when it hit eleven that night and he looked up at him standing over him. His hands offered out when he gently pried her away and Esme didn't stir when he took her away.

“We have a flight to catch tomorrow,” Derek whispered drawing the curtains over. “The flight long back.”

“Oh my god, that flight,” he grumbled thinking of the long hours ahead. Derek grunted in agreement slipping into the bed and the butterflies stirred again when he to wriggled till he felt comfortable enough to lie down. The lamp switching off and flooding the room into a complete darkness. It was there he felt far too self aware of Derek's warm presence next to him, his arm grazing his when he shifted to lie comfortable.

“Just sleep, Stiles,” Derek murmured startling him.

“Yeah, easy for to say.”

“It is, just close your eyes.”

“It's not as easy!”

Derek huffed in the darkness rolling towards him when he offered a hand. “Can I?”

Stiles hesitated knowing his intentions but agreed nodding once knowing he could see when the arm pushed him to his side and his back pressed against him. His heat warming him despite everything and he swallowed hard feeling his touch on his arm. His fingertips gentle when they stroked up and down the skin so he shivered leaning back into them.

“Taking it slow?” he whispered raising his eyebrows at him.

“If you want me to move, I'll move.”

“I wouldn't have agreed to it if I didn't want it,” he murmured turning his head and looking away from him to stare out into the darkness. His slow touch driving him towards a sleep when he listened to Esme's heartbeat in the dark. His anchor back when he simply breathed in and out looking forward to returning to America.

~*~

Getting back into America was like drinking a glass of freezing water on a boiling hot day. The relief instant when he breathed in the smell of home and his first destination was Scott's. Derek driving them there with Esme awake but content enough in the backseat.

“Nervous?”

“Understatement.”

“He's your best friend, he'll be glad you're back no matter what happens.”

“He begged me not to go and I told him very delicately to fuck off and leave me alone,” Sties admitted nibbling on his thumb nail. “Now that...that I really regret.”

“Again, he's your best friend, it happens.”

“Then I have to see my dad and Lydia and then decide where I'm going to go,” he said turning his head to look at him. “Don't think we're quite ready for moving in.”
“One day at a time.”

“Yeah,” he agreed staring out of the window.

“We have stuff to work on, Stiles.”

“You don't think I know that? I don't know whether to hate or love you half the time. You're a frustrating man, Derek. I know you're afraid of love...it's pretty obvious.”

“Not anymore...”

Stiles laughed honestly glancing at him and away. “You really believe that? Lets see five months down the line when something goes wrong, we argue majorly, we bicker, we fight, something happens to get you jealous or I get jealous...lets see how long it takes before you run away and throw up the great fucking wall of Derek Hale.”

“So all the blame is on me now?!” Derek taking a hard right.

“No, I didn't say that or mean that, I meant I'm not the one so terrified of love. I know you came out there to get me and bring me back and make this work but don't start telling me you've dramatically stopped being afraid of love and relationships. Life isn't that kind.”

Derek's eyes were narrowed with anger and confusion when he drove them down Scott's street and parked outside the house. The car ticking over in the silence when he unbuckled staring up at it.

“Do you want me to wait?”

“Please.”

“I'll be outside.”

The car door slammed behind him when he looked up at their house, the curtain twitching and he knew it was Allison. The front door opened a lot quicker than he imagined when Allison appeared stunned.

“Stiles,” she breathed when he stepped forward and he braced himself when she hurried forward hugging him tight. “You stupid, stupid, man! How could you just leave like that and not tell us where the hell you've been for weeks?!”

Her punch was hard when he recoiled rubbing his shoulder when she hit him repeatedly in the arm.

“That hurts!”

“You deserve it!” she cried looking at Derek in the car and shaking her head. “Thank god he brought you back. Plus you're tanned, very tanned, where is my pale Stiles gone?”

“Blame Madrid.”

“No, I blame you, he's at work right now but I know he's going to fucking kill you after he hugs you,” she hissed poking him hard in the chest. “Derek, bring Esme. We're going to have tea.”

“Tea?”

“Tea,” she agreed spinning on her heel and walking back into the house. Derek joined him holding Esme in his hand with her car seat.
“That was quite hot...you know for the wife of my best friend and the fact it'd be like incest,” he mumbled walking in. The house just the same when they joined her in the kitchen. Derek setting her car seat on the side when he hovered in the background a little uneasy. Allison was having none of it when she ordered them to sit and they did. It was almost comical to him when they sat at the same time and he prayed Derek was feeling the same fear he did. Allison was like a hurricane of anger when she really got going. The tea in the good cups when she placed them in front of them, cookies on a plate begging to be eaten.

“So,” she announced looking between the two of them. “What's happening now? You brought him back, well done. Scott didn't believe you could do it. I had my well judged faith. Is it on or are we going back and forth?”

It's...” he began glancing at Derek for help.

“Complicated. More like up in the air with no way down just yet.”

“Boys,” she muttered bringing the cup to her lips to take a sip. “You're parents now, responsibilities come into this.”

“Yeah but just because we're parents doesn't mean we have to be together. Too many parents do that for the sake of the babies becoming miserable in the process. That's how cheating starts and then it's intoxicated by affairs and lying and misery,” Stiles explained shrugging his shoulders, Derek sending him a look of disbelief at the response.

“You watch too much television drama,” Derek argued.

“Television drama based on real life!”

“Elaborated life.”

“We're working through it!”

Allison rolled her eyes but let the subject drop thankfully. The tea drank between the three of them with Esme in the background making small content sounds.

“She seems happier.”

“She has Stiles,” Derek answered honestly.

“No, she has you both,” Allison corrected.

Stiles didn't know how to argue against that so he let it drop. His hands wrapped around the cup when he waited wondering when Scott would come back. He got his answer though half an hour into their time there. The tea and cookies ate so he was full and feeling on edge when the front door opened. Scott stepping inside so he paused dropping his case on the floor when he spotted Stiles.

“You fucking...” Scott trailed off into a series of words that little babies shouldn't be hearing when Stiles slapped a hand over his mouth. Scott fought against it till he was in his arms, his hand rubbing up and down his back in furious sweeps.

“God, Stiles, you had me so worried!”

“I know.”

“You're going to suffer for this, I'll make sure of it.”
“I know.”

“I was just so worried man,” Scott mumbled into his neck so he smiled sadly.

“I know.”

They let go eventually. Allison smiling into her second cup of tea when she watched, Derek quiet and thoughtful also watching the two of them. Scott smiled lovingly at his wife but glared at Derek who shown no emotion at the glare.

“Stop it, he brought me back.”

“Yeah but he was also the reason you went!”

“Scott,” Stiles pleaded with him speaking to him with his eyes. Scott's anger deflating slowly bit by bit when to it and he moved away. They spent another hour with them, an awkward, sort of anger filled hour with the two of them. Derek uncomfortable and he could see that in the way everyone was acting.

“You can stay with us,” Scott said slapping his back gently. “Just till you get settled on your feet.”

“Scott, you and Allison are married now, I can't intrude...”

“No, you're staying with us.”

“Fine,” he mumbled giving into it and he stood when Derek did.

“We better get back,” he said zipping his jacket up and picking the car seat up. “I need a good shower and Esme needs a bath too.”

“Sure,” Stiles agreed, the panic filling his chest when he walked them out. The door to the living room closing behind them both when they stood in the hallway together. The tension lingered like a black swarm when it overwhelmed him once and for all and he panicked at the thought of losing them both again. Derek picked up the car seat, his eyes observing and curious when he did.

“You smell scared.”

“Feels like this is goodbye all over again but this time you're seeing me.”

“I told you things are different now...”

“Yeah, yeah, a day at a time,” he mumbled rubbing the back of his head. “I get that, I do, but at the same time...it's like goodbye. Taking her away and I'll never see her...or you.”

Derek frowned deeply at his answer, his hand flexing at his side so he bowed his head. Stiles hated that he didn't know what he was thinking or feeling at this moment in time. His stomach doing overtime when he stepped forward just in time for Derek to lean into him. His mouth soft against his in a soft kiss, his lips a teasing brush when he moved closer. It caught him completely off guard when he did so and his lips parted letting him in. Derek's fingers brushed against his cheek so he shivered deeply pressing his hand against his chest.

“Reassurance,” Derek whispered against his lips.

“So not a goodbye?” he murmured staring deep into his eyes. The green a dark mix of emotion that flared beautifully.
Derek shook his head gently, his lips pressing into his again so he whimpered low in his throat pressing in for more. His lips left his too soon though when he pulled back cupping his neck feeling his pulse before he left the house. His goodbye to Esme missing and he knew why Derek did it. The last time he said goodbye had been holding her in his arms for the first time and he wasn't about to do that again. No, the next time he held her in his arms would be in hello and this time he wasn't letting her go or him. Not without a pretty good fight first.
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Some points to clarify with others throughout this whole story.

Stiles is an omega.
He can't get pregnant out of his heats BUT it can happen in very rare occasions when he isn't.
Stiles is twenty one and Derek in his late twenties. They are both to blame for different actions they have done. One is not is bad as the other. They have made their mistakes but it's about moving forward from that. Okay?

I don't have a beta. I never have done and I know I really should. Just never found one I trust enough to read my work and to not judge. Not everyone is in to what I write. I'm not the most perfect writer but I really try. I let Briticism's slip in because I'm British. If I was American this would be so much easier. So I am sorry for any little errors.

I think that clears up any questions but if you have any more don't hesitate to ask.

Thank you so much for reading and commenting. I am so pleased with the outcome of this.

Kisses and cookies!

Getting to know Esme was like a blessing in itself. Her smiles for him more and more frequent each passing day when he took the time to visit her every single day if he could. The house startling him the first time he drove up in his car and stared at the outside for the first time in two months. The smell of the home hitting him when he first entered and he missed it so much. Stiles got to know Esme but he also got to know Derek. He got to watch when Derek interacted tickling Esme when it was playtime and she smiled wriggling in excitement. Derek was the perfect father and there was no doubt about it.

Esme was growing stronger and healthier each day, she had started to roll from her back to her stomach when she was three months old. She surprised them both doing it for the first time when they sat on the floor together watching her. Like her first smile it had been a moment for both of them.

But there was something niggled in the back of his mind. Yes, he was getting to bond and love his daughter every day, and he was slowly getting to good terms with Derek but he had no rights. Esme was his biologically but his rights belonged to Derek and Derek alone. It squirmed deep within him, reminding him each day that while he held her and he loved her she was not his in the eyes of the law.

“Derek, I think we need to talk about something,” he said walking into the kitchen holding Esme in his arms to see him folding laundry.

“What about?”
“Me, Esme, my rights as her father, the fact there is a contract out there right now stating to the fact I have no rights to my own daughter.”

Derek paused in the process of folding his tops when he looked up to meet his eyes, his own narrowed thoughtfully.

“There are always way around that.”

“What ways?”

“You could always adopt her.”

“Adopting my own daughter, it's like a sick joke,” he muttered bitterly lifting her to rest against his shoulder. Esme cooing and butting her head against his shoulder happily enough. “I don't think either of us or even the company expected this to happen.”

“No but it mustn't be uncommon for a surrogate and a client to develop feelings. We're not unique.”

“No but it must not be that common. I have no rights, Derek, what if something happens to her?!”

“Nothing will happen to her,” Derek reassured stepping towards him. “Stiles, you have every right to her. Screw the law!”

“The law comes into everything, Derek. I'm not even on her birth certificate am I?” he argued jiggling her when she whimpered. “I have nothing.”

“Stiles, you have her, she has you, that's all she needs. But if it really matters to you then we can sort something out, deal with it in our own way. But she is yours, no matter what anyone says,” he said cupping the back of his neck so he swallowed nodding once. Derek's mouth twisted when he stared at him till he leaned forward kissing his forehead gently. The warmth shooting through him so he shut his eyes leaning into it gratefully and he ached for more. Stiles ached to kiss him like he did on Scott's porch. So far it hadn't happened again, a safe distance had been placed as they slowly and surely got back to normal. Stiles still wanted more though, he craved it.

“We'll sort it,” he murmured stroking a hand down his arm gently. His other smoothing the back of Esme's hair so she smiled kicking her feet looking up at him. Derek turned going back to the laundry leaving him to stand in the kitchen alone. Esme cooing loudly so he smiled in response kissing his nose.

“Shall we go get a story book?” he whispered taking her upstairs. The nursery open to them when he sat on the seat grabbing a book about Cinderella.

“Shall we read about another princess?” he teased slotting her pacifier into her mouth holding her to his chest and shoulder. Esme quiet enough to stare at him as he read the story to her slowly, her hands curled towards her when she stared at him and the book. The tap at the door startled him to look up to see Derek leaning against the door frame watching them, a small smile on his lips as he did. Stiles pressed his teeth into his bottom lip noticing the soft fondness lingering in his eyes.

“What?”

“Nothing,” Derek answered gently shaking his head. “It's time for her nap though. If she doesn't sleep now, she won't sleep later.”

“Yeah, yeah, of course,” he murmured passing her to Derek when he stood grabbing her teddy bear
from the cot to rest against her. “I thought she didn't need that anymore?”

“I guess she formed an attachment. Laura's over the moon,” Derek murmured rocking her back and forth with his body. “Finally a present she got is worthwhile.”

“Mean,” Stiles murmured snorting softly. “I'll, um, leave you to get her to sleep.”

Stiles left the nursery shutting the door behind him when he did and he could do nothing but wait. He stood in the living room staring out of the window hearing when Derek placed Esme in her cot so she could sleep undisturbed.

“She should be down for an hour or two,” Derek said entering the living room. “You look troubled.”

“It's – it's nothing.”

Derek's eyes narrowed but he didn't speak up against the lie that was so obvious.

“You're much better at this than I am.”

“What?”

“Being a father,” Stiles snapped, he regretted it instantly when Derek flinched back a little. “Changing her diaper and getting her to sleep and...it's just stupid things. I'm sorry. I'm just being stupid.”

“No, you're not being stupid. You can do all those things, Stiles, I know you can.”

“Doesn't feel like it,” he admitted with a dry snort. “I never imagined being a dad at twenty one. I thought it'd be different, not – not parenthood, just my life. It all went downhill after university, debts, shit money, everyone moving forward and I was stuck...stuck in this vicious circle and then I did this. I don't know if it's the best mistake I ever made or it was meant to happen.”

Derek was thoughtful when he stood staring at him letting his little speech sink in. “You believe in fate?”

“No, not fate, maybe something more like...making the decisions that set you down a path and that path is the one to follow or...is that fate? Maybe it was destiny, I was supposed to become a surrogate, meet you, have Esme, and then realize all my mistakes all at once sending me on a downward spiral so I ran to Madrid. I fucked and drank myself into darkness because I fucked up.”

“You didn't fuck up.”

“I did,” Stiles admitted honestly. “Somethings we could have prevented but we didn't. Look at the mess we made! Not Esme, she is – she is the best thing I ever did but what happened afterward was a fucking mess.”

“Because you didn't tell me.”

“Because you kept telling me all you wanted was Esme. You didn't want me.”

“You still could of told me.”

“Fine, maybe,” he snapped rubbing a hand through his hair.

“Stiles, there's no point reflecting on the past...it's done. What's happened has happened. We can't
change it, all we can do is fix it.”

Stiles knew he was right. Derek sighed behind him and he felt a hand circle his wrist when he turned towards him slowly.

“We can go back to the company tomorrow, explain what has happened. See if something can be done to change the contract or in this case rip them up.”

“Okay,” he agreed bobbing his head and swallowing down the catch in his throat. Derek's hand moving to cup the back of his neck for just a moment before he let go. The warmth from his hand lingering when he wanted more but he kept his mouth shut for now.

“Fancy watching a film?”

Stiles was down for that when he agreed sitting down on the couch heavily watching when Derek picked out a film for them to watch. It ended up being Inglourious Basterds. His feet curled towards him when they watched the film but he felt his eyes straying towards him often enough. Derek relaxed, his hand cradling a beer from the fridge, his eyes light with curiosity and amusement from the film. He was beautiful and it was just enough for Stiles to ache all over. The distance between them was like an obstacle to get over when all he wanted to do was climb over there and straddle him. He missed touching him, kissing him, and most of all missed the sex. The echo of that nearly a year ago since he had him inside of him and Stiles missed good sex.

The beer was sour in his mouth when he drank his own and he waited till the end of the film to stand and fake exhaustion. Derek standing with him when he walked him to the front door and it felt like a friend meeting a friend.

“I'll see you tomorrow,” he said softly flashing him a gentle smile. Derek's mouth opened like he wanted to say something but he shut it instead smiling faintly instead.

“Yeah, we should go to the company early as possible. Get this sorted.”

“Fingers crossed,” he murmured hesitating before he turned walking out of the door mentally kicking himself. It was like before, the same mistake of not speaking his mind, not speaking up about what he wanted. Derek had flown out to Madrid to get him to come home, he had allowed him to come over every single day to be with him and Esme but here they were. Unable to speak and move forward and it was frustrating.

Stiles was angry and tired by the time he had arrived at Scott's. The door opening and he stood clapping a hand over his nose at the scents of sex hitting him.

“Oh my god, I know you guys are like still in the first year of marriage but do you really need to fuck on the couch!” he exclaimed walking into find Allison in the kitchen with messy hair and Scott looking sheepish with his top on backwards.

“Oh come on man, you know guys are like still in the first year of marriage but do you really need to fuck on the couch!” he exclaimed walking into find Allison in the kitchen with messy hair and Scott looking sheepish with his top on backwards.

“Oh come on man, you know how it is.”

“I really don't since my love life is nonexistent!” he mumbled sitting in the armchair. “We're not counting the pointless one night stands in Madrid. Crap sex! There's Derek and there's feelings there I know it but no...”

Stiles gestured sighing when Scott looked at him sympathetically. “There's no jumping to the next step.”

“I thought you guys were taking it slow?”
“We are! It's been more than a month,” he muttered running his fingers through his hair. “But that...that has mostly been with Esme. Getting to know her, talk to her, cuddle her, and Derek has always been there and we watched a film together before but there was nothing to make me think it could move into something more.”

“You tried speaking to him?” Allison questioned appearing at the door. “I think the lack of communication last time was the reason this all happened to begin with. Not speaking up, not telling him how you feel. You love him, right?”

“I – I think...well yeah!” he exclaimed tossing his hands up. “I fell in love months back with his stupid beautiful face and personality and the fact he's an amazing dad and everything. I want him, I need him, I want sex! I need sex with him!”

“Too much information bro,” Scott winced.

“Coming from the guy with his shirt inside out and back to front and the worst sex hair I have ever seen! Allison, get the shears, we're shaving his head.”

Stiles smirked when Scott pouted pushing his hair down and tugging the top off.

“He says he has feelings for me as well but I don't know if it's love...what if it's some kind of weak kind of lust?!”

“Stiles, you need to speak to Derek about this,” Allison said quietly sitting down on the couch and folding her hands into her lap. Scott nodding in agreement once he was done and adjusted. Stiles sighed deeply pushing his face into his hands and rubbing it hard.

“God! Fine, I'll talk to him tomorrow. We're going to the company to see if I can get my rights revoked. Derek has everything, I have nothing according to the law. Still Esme's surrogate and nothing more.”

“You think that will work?” Scott asked.

“It better.”

~*~

It was like returning to the start of everything when they arrived parking outside the building. Esme fast asleep in her car seat when they both stared up and he swallowed meeting his eyes. Derek's hand squeezed his knee gently before they both got out and he held Esme's car seat in his hand. It was just like he remembered it when he walked inside. The smell of polish hit him full force when he inhaled and Stiles wanted to gag on the scent of it.

“I'd like to speak to Kali Stone,” Derek said authoritative. “I don't care if she's in a meeting or eating her lunch. I want to see her.”

Candice was sitting at reception when her opened mouth of protest shut and she looked between them with a pinched mouth.

“Gladly sir, if you'd take a seat,” she said pushing on her chair to stand and walk out.

“You're hot when you're authoritative,” he whispered when they took a seat. Derek rolling his eyes but allowing the compliment when they sat in silence waiting for Kali. Candice returned, her cheeks pink with what could be embarrassment but she didn't say a word when she sat down. It didn't take long for Kali to appear. She was unchanged since the year had passed and she had a
general curiosity sparkling in her eyes.

“Mr Hale, Mr Stilinski, if you'll follow me please,” she instructed.

They were taken into the same room before this all began, the door firmly closed behind them by Kali who brushed by. Her skirt and shirt tight fitting and attractive when she sat in the seat facing them.

“I can tell this isn't about business or the business I am well aware of. I can tell by the way Mr Stilinski here is gripping onto the child’s car seat and the fondness you carry that this is...personal.”

“Yes.”

“How can I help you today?”

“I want to know if there is anyway that Stiles can have his rights. The surrogacy thing didn't really work out too well...things changed...feelings changed. The contract is the only thing with yourself and the lawyer stopping him from having his rights. I want it destroyed, erased if possible.”

“This can't be the first time this has happened,” Stiles injected.

“Yes, that too.”

Kali was quiet when she looked between them, her lips twitching into an almost amused smile when she sat back.

“Oh no, you're not the first and certainly not the last couple to fall for one another and to come in here making high demands so the little surrogate can have their rights. Most of the time it's not possible through my hands and it's the courts. Do you think I'm a miracle worker?”

“I think you can do whatever you like and not give a damn about anyone apart from you and the people you care about,” Derek said sitting up straighter. “I think you demand things they cannot give. What do you want?”

Kali smirked at him turning her head to give him her full attention. “Why do you assume I want anything from you, Mr Hale?”

“Because you're a woman of power and status. Wealth, power, anything that is higher in this society to get by and I know you'd want a high sum of cash before you even would settle to helping someone. We live in a world of greed and lust. You're one of the contenders.”

Kali's smile twitched as she sat up regarding them both. “Who isn't? This world is full of it. If you'll excuse me one moment.”

“What are you doing?” Stiles hissed glancing at Derek when she had stepped out the room.

“Whatever she wants, she can have. If she can destroy the contracts then we won't exist within the company. Our own baby made between us instead of surrogate and client.”

“Oh yeah,” Stiles scoffed. “Because it's that easy.”

“Why not?”

Stiles didn't know how to answer that but was unable to when the doors opened and Kali returned holding files. She sat looking at them both carefully, the files set out on the desk. Stiles squinted taking in his name, Derek's, the contract, and weirdly enough the lawyers contract.
“How do you have that?” Stiles questioned.

“Oh this? He's my father in law,” she said sitting back. “I got my husband to nab them all back from him. He never notices. It's my precaution. He's a lousy excuse of a lawyer.”

“Isn't that illegal?” he muttered.

Kali raised a perfectly manicured eyebrow at him and he shut his mouth knowing it was hopeless.

“I can destroy these, destroy the evidence, make sure that once these are gone you don't exist within this company. Records erased, CCTV destroyed and also erased, and you will walk out of here with your daughter and your rights. The only thing I cannot change is the birth certificate”

“How much?”

“Fifty.”

“Thousand?!” Stiles exclaimed. “Are you insane!?”

“Stiles...” Derek warned shaking his head.

“It'll probably be cheaper to go through the fucking courts!”

“You'd never win,” Kali stated. “Believe me. I've been to three cases, boring things. The surrogate always loses. They cry and I lose two weeks of my life because they wouldn't pay the asking price.”

Stiles opened his mouth baffled but Derek held up a hand shaking his head.

“Fine.”

Kali smiled whipping out a piece of paper. “This will be the only thing you need but this is mine. My contract of guarantee for the money and removing you out of the company.”

Derek signed it without hesitation and Stiles couldn't believe this was happening. Kali took the paper away folding it precisely and tucking it into her jacket pocket. The files picked up when she moved to the shredder slotting them in one by one as it shredded every piece.

“The left over paper will be burned,” she said sitting back down a final time. “I accept that money in my account by tonight.”

“It'll be done.”

“A pleasure doing business with you,” she said holding out her hand so Derek shook it standing up. “Mr Hale, Mr Stilinski, congratulations on your baby. Now if you'll kindly leave my office.”

Derek's hand pressed into his lower back when they walked out of the company together. Stiles desperate to speak once they were out and into the car.

“What the fuck!” he hissed.

“Stiles, it's nothing...”

“It's fifty thousand dollars to...her! I don't know whether she's good or nice. I mean what the fuck was that?!”
“I’d say complicated and greedy for money.”

“You’re not made of money and you’re currently out of work,” Stiles argued staring out of the window as they drove away. They were going to the Hales after this and he sat back shaking his head.

“I’m the CEO of our company and I’m on maternity leave meaning I am still being paid and I have the money. Kali was right, Stiles, even if we refused and went to the courts it would have cost us more money, appointments, trials, and the outcome uncertain.”

“She could have lied.”

“Did you smell the lie?” Derek questioned raising an eyebrow.

“No,” he mumbled.

Derek didn't answer and instead focused on the road ahead when they drove. “The contracts are destroyed, even the lawyers, and maybe it wasn't the best way to handle and go by it but it was the easiest route. The birth certificate can be altered for your name as well and you – you have your rights.”

Stiles glanced over his shoulder at Esme still fast asleep in the back of the car. That was true and with the contracts destroyed there was nothing to prove. His rights given back to him and the only people who knew he was a surrogate was them, their family and friends, and the hospital but that didn't matter. The law was what mattered in the end, something always there, something that may or may not come into their lives one day.

“Fifty thousand though,” he mumbled.

“Just forget about it. It can always be made up. One simple transfer and everything is sorted.”

Stiles rolled his eyes but let the silence fill the car instead. The Hale house came before his eyes before he knew it. He had seen them all since he had returned from Madrid but it had been sometime since he had been at the house. Derek had Esme when he sat in the car twisting his hands together before he joined them.

“You okay?”

“Yeah,” Stiles replied leaning into his touch when his hand stroked down his back gently. The front door opened when Talia greeted them, her lips touching his cheek in a kiss when he stepped inside.

“How are you both?”

“We're good mom,” Derek answered for them.

“Oh there's my granddaughter,” Talia said in awe taking the car seat away from him. The others were missing from the home and it was just Talia and James in the home when they sat down. It was them for most of the afternoon till Laura turned up with Emma. Emma squealing his name the moment she saw him and he smiled happily taking her into his arms. Esme who was awake and in Talia's arm happily enough sensed the change, her smiles turning into whimpers like she knew what was happening and her papa was being taken away from her.

“I think someone's jealous,” Talia laughed jiggling her and getting nowhere when Esme sobbed, her sobs continuing even when Derek attempted to console her. Laura took Emma back chuckling
under her breath when Stiles stepped in finally. Esme curling into him when he shushed rocking her.

“Derek told me you went to the company today to get your rights back somehow.”

“The company?” Talia asked confused.

“Surrogacy...it, um, worked. I have my rights,” Stiles explained meeting Derek's eyes in a plea for help.

“How?” Laura said baffled.

“It doesn't matter, it worked and he has his rights back.”

“Well that's good nonetheless,” Talia said looking between them with question shining in his eyes. “What about the two of you?”

That was a question he wanted answering himself but it wasn't answered by him or Derek when Emma interrupted wanting her nans attention. It was a long afternoon with Esme refusing to leave his side and each time she was placed down she cried and whined till he picked her back up.

“I thought jealously came in when they were older.”

“She's clever,” Derek said stroking her cheek with the tip of his finger when they sat together on the couch. Esme's eyes open but tired when she curled towards his chest. “She knew your attention was stolen and she didn't like it.”

“By her cousin?”

“Exactly.”

It was odd but rather remarkable when he really thought about it. It was getting late by the time they drove back and he glanced at Derek.

“How about when we get in and put her to sleep I cook?”

“Cook?”

“You got food in?”

“Of course.”

“Then I do what I can and cook a meal for us,” Stiles suggested with a shrug. “If you want or you can drop me off at Scott's.”

“No, no, it – it sounds great,” Derek said honestly, his lips forming into a small but pleased smile.

Esme was put straight to bed with a clean change of clothes, a clean diaper, and a belly full of milk once they arrived home. Stiles was left in the kitchen whilst he did that and he pulled out steaks and potatoes out of the fridge freezer to create a meal. He wasn't an amazing cook but he did a good job of it when he put his mind to it properly. The meat sizzling to perfection when he served it with the potatoes and a salad. The meal healthy and he raised an eyebrow at the wine he had found.

“Well this is...” Derek announced walking into the kitchen. “I wasn't expecting this.”

“Were you expecting fire and burnt food?”
“No, no, no,” Derek protested but Stiles heard the small skip of his heart when he did. Stiles smirked proudly despite the lack of faith in him when he set the plates down on the dining room table.

“Is this real wine or wine that can't even us drunk.”

“It has wolfsbane in it if that's what you mean.”

“Great,” he muttered pouring it into two glasses. “I don't normally do this. I can usually eat a burger and fries without a problem. But I know your hatred for fast food.”

Derek's eyes were soft when he hummed pulling out the chair and sitting opposite him, his fingers grazing over the cutlery when he looked at the meal.

“You know how I like my steak,” he muttered in wonder.

“Medium rare.”

“Yours is well done,” Derek said nodding at his own. Stiles nodded in confirmation tucking into the steak and humming in delight.

“Oh my god, I'm amazing!” he mumbled through a full mouth. Derek chuckling under his breath at him when they ate together. “So...successful day I reckon.”

“Very successful.”

The silence spread out between them when they ate and he could tell it was good by the moan of approval. That particular moan shooting through him though when he watched him, his jaw working when he chewed the meat, the glazed look in his eyes. Stiles wanted to hear that moan of approval and appreciation again in a different situation and the meat he wanted to be entirely different. The thought made him blush though when he held back the snort of laughter and shoved the lettuce into his mouth instead.

Derek did the dishes, he waved him down when he stood wanting to dot them himself and the whole domestic idea of it curled up within him. His wolf whining and curling in contentment deep within him. With both him and his wolf wanting Derek it was almost impossible each and every day to get through it out without wanting to jump him.

Stiles ended up in front of the television hearing Derek putting the dishes in the dishwasher. His fingers flicking through the DVD's as per usual when he selected Mission Impossible. He had watched it a hundreds time before but he didn't care once it was in and the starting titles began. Stiles ended up in the corner of the couch waiting for him, the questions burning on his tongue once Derek finally stepped into the living room.

“Mission Impossible?”

“Yep, it's an okay film.”

“I guess,” Derek agreed sitting on the opposite end.

Like always he couldn't stop looking over to him, Derek's eyes fixed on the television screen till they weren't and he was looking back. Stiles sucked in a deep breath, his lips pressing together so he moved towards inch by inch. The question of whether this was okay or not lingering in the air between them unspoken till he was by side.
“Stiles?”

“I need to know one thing,” he murmured gently gripping onto his shoulder and swinging his body when he straddled his lap. The film all but forgotten when Derek let his hands rest slowly on his thighs pushing gently upwards. His cock taking a great interest in that when it twITCHED WITHIN HIS JEANS.

“What do you need to know?”

“How you really feel about me,” he whispered. “Is it lust...is it love? Why are we doing this game of dodge and chase?”

“Taking it one day at a time,” Derek murmured gently cupping his jaw with his hand. “Working towards something better than what we had.”

Stiles stared at his lips wanting and needing a taste and he took it without thinking. Derek's lips soft and yielding under his when they opened up for him and he took control till Derek did. His hands gripping at his waist so he groaned trailing his tongue against his. It was slow, sensual, teasing when their tongue and teeth collided gently when they kissed. Stiles' teeth pressing into his bottom lip so Derek hissed pulling back to inhale harshly. It was the trigger to desperate when Derek brought him back so their lips collided and Stiles groaned deeply rocking his hips towards him.

“Fuck,” Stiles panted digging his nails into Derek's shoulders, Derek trailing kisses into the line of his throat and neck before he bit down harshly. The ache building up within him like fire up his spine so he groaned seeking more.

“Oh fuck, fuck, Derek, please,” he whispered trailing his hands up to tug into Derek's hair. His top was removed when Derek all but removed it with his claws and if that didn't turn him on nothing would. His cock ached in his jeans when his back hit the couch and Derek's weight pressed in between his thighs.

“Get this fucking thing off,” Stiles growled yanking Derek's top off. His hand trailing over his chest and arms when they kissed, Derek's tongue stroking the roof of his mouth so he swore loudly. Stiles had never been this aroused, never this hard before his heat, and he ground up seeking friction and relief.

“Derek, please,” he pleaded wanting to sob in his need to have so much more. Derek obliged that though when he popped the button of his jeans open. They were tugged down with his underwear so was naked and on display. Derek's lips soft when they trailed over his collarbones, his nipples sensitive when he kissed and licked over the nubs gently. His teeth grazing so he hissed grabbing his shoulder and neck for leverage.

“So eager,” Derek whispered into his stomach. “I have you, it's okay, Stiles.”

His fingers trailed down the shaft gently, teasingly, and Stiles gasped for air. His body on fire when he writhed thrusting his hips up towards Derek who smirked holding him down. His mouth wet and warm when he pressed his lips to the head before swallowing him down. Stiles let out a long drawn out moan when he did, his head bobbing up and down the length so he could already feel his toes curl in pleasure. Stiles wanted it to last though, the orgasm pending to come when he swore softly under his breath.

Derek's other hand and fingers fondled his balls gently, his finger stroking over the perineum and down to the pucker. His finger probing when he pressed it inside of him slowly, the pain there
when his body accepted it. Stiles groaned wrapping his hands into his hair thrusting his hips and cock into his mouth.

“It's okay, you can fuck my mouth,” Derek whispered meeting his eyes, the green dark with lust and fervor when Stiles exhaled harshly nodding in approval. He couldn't hold back when he did thrusting up into the hot warmth of his mouth needing his climax. It built up slowly till it reached it's peak and he swore loudly when it hit. His come spraying into Derek’s mouth and throat, his throat working when he swallowed it down.

“Oh my god,” Stiles whispered feeling exhausted when he slumped, his legs drooping down when he breathed in and out deeply. Derek was satisfied when he moved up brushing his nose against his. It was a cute movement, Stiles' lips twitching into a smile when he did, his hands cradling his face when he leaned up kissing him.

“I...” Derek began to say when a cry from upstairs startled the both of them. Stiles closed his eyes inhaling deeply, his lips dry when he licked them and Derek worked his mouth before closing it.

“You go,” Stiles murmured meeting his eyes. Derek's hands pushing him up when he quickly left the room heading upstairs to attend to Esme crying.

He didn't know what the sentence was going to be but he was dying to find out. Stiles found his jeans and underwear pulling them on, his t-shirt ruined when he sat on the couch listening to Derek attend to Esme.

It wasn't exactly the answer he was looking for but it was halfway there. The questions not yet answered meaning a conversation finally had to happen but it was a step forward in the right direction. A direction he prayed this time didn't end in disaster.

Chapter End Notes

PORN. Kind of.
Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

You're going to hate me but please read the end note to fully understand what happens in this chapter.

Again, thank you for all the comments. They're such a great motivation.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It all came to a head two weeks after their steamy make-out on the couch. It was in his wank bank for life and he couldn't get the hot wet warmth of Derek's mouth around his cock out of his mind. Stiles had missed that connection but sex was all well and good but what he really wanted was the talk. The talk of what the hell was going on between them and what was going to happen in the future. Not knowing was driving him mad. Many would say wait, wait it out, what's the point in rushing things? That would work if they were two single people dating but it was so much more than that now. They were parents now. They had a three month baby devoted and doting on them to be more than just a couple working things out. Stiles was ninety nine per cent certain he was in love with him. He had fallen in love long back because of Derek. The attractiveness not just in looks but in his soul. There something good about him, something there beneath the surface and he wanted to curl up within it.

His wolf in agreement to that but different because his wolf wanted the mating bond. The bond between mates, something final and forever. Stiles could happily raise his daughter with Derek knowing he loved him and would continue on because despite the good and the bad he was something Stiles had been waiting for. The same could not be said for Derek and it was his nightmare that he didn't know how Derek really felt.

Stiles knew he had feelings for him but was it feelings of liking him and only that. Was it lust or was it love? There was a squirming doubt in his mind that maybe he loved Derek more than he loved him and it panicked him at the thought. He didn't want to rush it, he didn't want to speed things along but he wanted to know where he stood. It was all about getting the courage to speak up though and it wasn't one of his strong points. There was closure and he wanted it more than anything.

Spring was in the air meaning warmer days and days that Derek wanted to spend out of doors. Esme dressed in summer dresses and shorts when they traveled to parks and beaches and the zoo once or twice. His arms holding her when they sat on the beach one day. Derek dipping her pacifier into some ice cream and slotting it into her mouth so she suckled it down and cried when the taste was gone. To anyone watching they looked like a perfect family. The two dads and their baby girl and Stiles knew from the fond looks from women. Women who came over all admiration and delight asking for her age, how adorable she was, and how long they had been together.

“Just over a year,” Derek said every single time someone asked.

It twisted his guts because it was a lie. Stiles didn't even know if they were together most of the time but he never voiced it. He went along with the lie of being together for a year with their daughter and happily ever after.
The days passed and before he knew it Esme was four months old and very active in her babbles and cooing and squeals. She took great delight in games and reading when she watched in awe taking in her surroundings. Her eyes fixed on his face when he interacted and she cooed happily enough with him. Her worries were only her milk and her cuddles. Her jealousy frequent though whenever Emma came around and she whined for Stiles knowing another pup was around. It was amusing for them all when he took her upstairs to the nursery and cuddled her till she fell asleep.

But enough was enough and it was only when Laura was taking Esme for the night was that he decided to voice his opinions. Not much had happened in the two weeks waiting to talk to him. There had been the occasional kiss, touches lingering, but there was always something holding them back. Stiles didn't know if it was him or Derek but whilst Stiles was all eager to get down and dirty he was not. It was frustrating as hell.

“I'll give you a call after she's gone down for her sleep,” Laura promised holding Esme in her car seat and her bag in her other hand when she walked out. Stiles sat on the couch watching and waiting when Derek waved goodbye. Derek waiting on the porch till the car was gone and he shut the front door behind him turning to face him.

“What should we do tonight?” he said raising his eyebrows at him.

It was almost suggestive but Stiles was not falling for it when he stood swallowing hard. “Talk. I think we should talk, I think things need to be said.”

“What kind of things?”

“Oh come on, Derek, don't play coy. It's a conversation waiting to happen for weeks. I've been wanting to talk to you but unable to because of Esme and everything around us. I need the talk, the talk of where we're going, what we are, our feelings, your feelings. That talk,” he said sitting back down and pressing his hands together. Derek's expression closed off and calculating when he chose to stand folding his arms across his chest.

“I thought that talk was done.”

“What? We haven't even had one yet!”

“What is there to talk about? We know how each other feel...”

“No,” Stiles argued shaking his head adamantly. “No we don't because all I know is that you have feelings for me. We're not in high school anymore, Derek, I need a little more clarification that that! You know that I – I...you know how I feel, you know that I love you. Because I do, I am in love with you I meant every word when I confessed to you how I really felt and I wanted you to feel the same but you didn't. I understand that completely. Then everything went to shit.”

“I know that...”

“So do you...” Stiles began trailing off before he mustered the courage and looked directly into his eyes. “Do you love me? Or is it something that appears to be love but it's actually lust but then again...lust is the need for each other. Sex and kissing and getting to know one another and...that's – that's not happening. I mean the last thing to do with sex was a fucking blow job on the couch which I initiated or kissing which is like kissing a friend...I give it my all and I get nothing from you!”

Derek's jaw clenched when he bit down onto his teeth and his nostrils flared alongside it. “Why are you pushing for this? Why can't you let things play out or work out like we were supposed to be
“doing?”

“Because I need to know where I stand! I think, no, no, I know that I love you more than you love me.”

“What?” Derek demanded. “Don’t presume to know how I feel, Stiles!”

“So I’m wrong? Is that your oh so subtle way of telling me you love me?” Stiles argued, his eyes following him when Derek paced the living room slowly.

“I don’t…” Derek said trailing off with a heavy harsh bark of laughter. “I don’t need to clarify anything. I thought we were working together to build something up, something better than we had before.”

“We had nothing before, Derek! I was the surrogate and you were my client. Esme was what you wanted and I am so tired of going back on it. I made my mistakes, I make a lot of them, okay? I own up to them all but throughout the whole of my pregnancy when I was falling in love and I hid to cry or I hid from you because I couldn’t bear being around you, you didn’t notice. You wanted her, you always wanted Esme, you didn’t want me and I know that now. But I’m not sorry for falling in love with you. It’s the ways things are and happened and I wanted you to know. But now… I think I’m right.”

“What, that you love me more than I love you?”

“I don’t even think you love me and you want to know why?” he muttered standing so Derek stood still facing him.

“What?”

“Because I have said once, twice, maybe a third time and not once have you protested and said the three little words you don’t want to say. Not once have you said that I was wrong and you do.”

Derek was silent yet again when his eyes drifted away from his and he looked at the wooden floors instead. His mouth working like he had something to say but he couldn’t say it.

“There’s a big difference in love. There’s being in love with someone romantically or platonically or there’s plain and simple love. The love you feel for a family member or a friend or the love you have for a favorite film or book. I’ve never been in love, I thought I was a long time ago. I thought I was in love with Lydia of all people,” he muttered snorting softly in amusement. “But it more of a want and a pretty picture. She’s gorgeous and clever and unique and my fourteen year old self wanted that enough to convince myself I was in love. It took a cock in my ass at fifteen to realize that maybe I loved her like a friend.”

“Realizing you were bisexual.”

“Yeah but I like guys more than I like girls. I like sex, I liked meeting a guy or sometimes even a girl and going home with them! I was allowed because I was in university and look what happened. I fucked up! Then I became a surrogate, I met you, we broke the rules, and then yet again… look what happened,” he said standing in front of him. “You can’t even look at me. Look at me, Derek!”

Derek did just that when he looked up, his lips a tight pinch when he stared at him and into his eyes.

“I care about you, Stiles, I came out all the way to Madrid to get you!” he protested.
“Yeah like you keep reminding me! But even if you didn't care for me you would have still tracked me down for Esme because she formed a connection with me,” he shouted ignoring Derek's scoff when he pushed him away to pace the living room. “Maybe not for a while but we all know what happens to pups who don't have the parents they form a connection with. Your own selfish need would have brought me back in!”

“No,” Derek cried shaking his head. “I would have never done that!”

“Bullshit!”

“No!” Derek shouted, his eyes flaring red in the pure heat of the moment. The tensions rising within the room and Stiles could feel his own anger pulse within him. His wolf angry and frightened underneath his skin when he held it down making sure they didn't make an appearance.

“I'm not cruel! I was told to make my mind up and I did. I made my mind up to find you because I missed you.”

“Missing someone is not the same as loving them or hell even having feelings for them. You came to Madrid and told me you missed me, you had feelings for me, what are those feelings?!”

“Wanting you! Needing you back in my life to be there for me and for Esme.”

“What to be a fucking nanny? Control Esme's crying and pining for me and you get a few quickies on the side?! Oh my god, it all makes sense now! You're happy enough to hand me Esme when she's crying but any talk about feelings and you throw your walls right back up!” he shouted furiously so Derek tossed his head side to side.

“Why are you pushing for this?! Why does everything have to happen at once, all at the same time, time is what we have, Stiles, time to reflect and for feelings to grow. You're like a toddler not getting their own way so you throw all your toys out of the pram and cry and whine and act like you're the fucking victim! Oh it can't possibly be your fault, no, not Stiles, because in your mind the whole world revolves around you!” Derek yelled angrily. “Running off to Madrid to hide and fuck and screw little whores like a slut wanting to forget something we both did! People chasing after you because you couldn't own to your own mistakes of not telling me in the past how you really felt. Leaving it to the last fucking minute so I had everything happen to me at once and I didn't want you! I wanted my daughter but then you invaded everything I had. My home, my heart, my mind, till it was like choking and I realized I needed you! You of all people in this world and I was angry and confused and yet again here we are with you pushing for more and more all at once. When are you going to grow up and realize that not everything is about you?!”

Stiles felt winded when he stared back at him in silence. The ache in his chest reopened when he watched Derek pant harshly. His claws and fangs out and his eyes glowing a shocking red when the confession settled in the air. There was no doubt in his mind that these words were truth and every word and every feeling had been held back for so long.

“Every time I have let myself fall in love with someone they have broken my heart, tore everything away from me and down. How long before I fall in love with you and you break my heart, Stiles? How long before something happens and you run away wanting to forget and fuck some random stranger or hell let's not forget Danny! I mean he's open to it isn't he? I mean you kissed him while pregnant with my baby!”

It was like slap to the face and Stiles honestly stepped back feeling yet again winded by the punch of the words. The tears stinging in his eyes knowing that once and for all Derek didn't trust him. He also didn't love him but there was no denying that Derek had feelings for him from the tender
kisses, the soft touches, and the lazy blow jobs on the couch. Life is not a fairytale, it takes two people to make a relationship work with love and trust and companionship but it also reaches a point of when should you stop? With the realization there that Derek didn't in fact trust him but Stiles could understand that. Because Stiles had let Danny kiss him in the kitchen and he had ran away to Madrid to fuck a load of strangers to forget but what hurt was the lack of trust that even with a relationship in the future he couldn't trust him.

Derek's firm belief of having his heart broken clouded over his judgment so he feared love and relationships and trust enough to doubt him. Yet again there was no hint of a lie, this was everything Derek had been holding back and now that his speech was over he could feel it settle in. Derek's resigned face when he sucked in a breath looking out of the window. The stray tear sliding down Stiles' cheek when he pushed it away and deep down he knew it was over before it could even begin. Without trust a relationship could never work.

“I could say a lot of things right now, I could argue against everything you have said but I'm not. I don't think the world revolves around me because I wouldn't want that. I just want my life to better than it was. I didn't know what I was really getting myself into when I signed up for this and maybe if I ignored Lydia's suggestion I wouldn't be here right now. But if I didn't we wouldn't have Esme,” he said hearing his voice crack and he brushed a tear away from his face with a shaky hand. “Because I love her, oh my god I love her more than anything in this world. But to have her I had to make the biggest mistake of my life. Yeah, yeah maybe I am pushing for something that time will maybe give us but what's the point? Derek, I knew back in that car when you told me you were over your fear of relationships because I knew deep down you weren't.”

“I – I said all that in anger...”

“No,” Stiles muttered shaking his head. “You said the truth.”

“I – I know that things can change, people's opinions and feelings can change.”

“You were honest,” Stiles admitted gently not wanting to press the matter. “You don't trust me and you wouldn't trust me even if we in a relationship.”

“That's not true, I would trust you.”

“Till I broke your heart. Then in your eyes I would take off and fuck some random stranger. I'm guessing one of the many women you've been in a relationship with did the same or you just can't trust me any more since Madrid.”

“In Madrid we weren't in a relationship...”

“No,” he admitted with a huff of amusement sitting down heavily feeling emotionally exhausted. The silence filling the room instead when he swallowed brushing his eyes and sniffing deeply. Derek sitting when he turned his body facing him and Stiles laughed softly shaking his head.

“We're a mess, Derek.”

“Messes can be fixed, cleaned up.”

“You think? We have so much to work on...I don't even know if we can...” Stiles admitted honestly rubbing a hand down his face. “Let's lay all the facts down shall we? We've been a mess since I gave birth. I fell in love with you and you never realized and I never told you. You have feelings for me and maybe we could make something of that but you don't trust me and you – you still cling onto that fear. Once a trust is broken it can't be fixed, it's like a mirror...like that Lady Gaga song.
It's shattered and you can see the cracks no matter how much you cover it up. I know you, Derek, and that's why it can't be done. It can't...

Stiles paused swallowing when Derek pushed into his personal space cupping his cheeks to look into his eyes.

“It can, it can be worked on, Stiles, I know it can.”

“I'm not going to be one of those parents who stay together for the sake of the baby to end up miserable themselves!”

“I'm not asking you to do that!”

Stiles closed his eyes breathing in and out deeply before pressing his hands to wrists and pulling them away. His hands falling limp at his sides when he remained there in his personal space and Stiles resisted the urge to cry. Crying solved nothing and he felt sick as he stood staring at the wall instead of him.

“I'll still see her every day, nothing will change that. I am not abandoning her because this is – this is over. I'll still be here but I'm going to get an apartment with the money and we can share custody.”

“Stiles...” Derek pleaded desperately.

“No,” he muttered shaking his head. “You know this is for the best. You know it is, Derek.”

“It's just running away again. Running from the problem instead of fixing it!”

“No! It's realizing that you and me are a fucking disaster! I love you, I do, but sometimes I feel like I hate you as well. It's a very thin fucking line and you're just as a mess as me. Trapped because your past relationships have broken that trust, scared to give your heart away again because you're afraid I'll break it so you harden the shell. You push the ones who could do good and replace it with loneliness. It was Laura who pushed you towards surrogacy and now look what we have? We have a daughter together but I think if we continue as we are, fighting for something that is out of reach right now we're going to be hurt. I'm letting you go.”

“Because you love me.”

“Isn't that generally how the phrase goes?”

“I don't want you to go.”

Stiles sighed deeply when he stepped out of his reach from Derek, his protest dying on his lip when Derek's lips collided with his. There wasn't much fight in him to begin with when he struggled feebly, his mouth and lips working against his before he hit a wall. The warm pressure from Derek filling everything till they parted to breathe. Deep lungfuls of air drawn in when he stared into the lustful gaze of Derek and pushed him back.

“We can't, I need to go,” he muttered pushing away from the wall and heading to the door.

“Stiles, please,” Derek pleaded behind him when he reached the front door and left not bothering to close it behind him heading to the car. The door slamming closed behind and he punched the engine getting the hell out of there. It was only when he was halfway home that he pulled over breathing in and out shakily feeling the trickles of a panic attack. His eyes burned with tears when he pressed his forehead to the wheel and tried to breathe. He just couldn't do it properly.
It had all came to a head. Revelations revealed, real feelings given, and it all ended not with a bang but with a pitiful whimper. It was all too much at the same time and he exhaled shakily pushing himself to sit and stare ahead. Stiles had to be strong now, not only for him, but for Esme. She would need him and he would have to start afresh. It was all up from here. Hopefully.

~*~

Laura was quiet when they sat together in her living room. Emma playing with her dolls showing them to Esme who was lying on her back sucking on her pacifier contently. There was a soft sympathy to her when she passed him a cookie from the plate and he took it breaking it into pieces. It had been a week since the breakup with Stiles and since then Stiles had found an apartment with the rest of the money he gave him. Bought the furniture he needed and was lucky enough to be offered an intern job within Scott's company. Their breakup had been the trigger point to Stiles starting anew. Every day he had been coming over to see Esme, he took her out often and returned in the evening to pass her to him and sometimes he didn't come at all allowing him his time with her. It was painful and with Stiles adamant at skipping conversations, it made things a little harder to bear with.

“You look like crap,” she stated. He shot her a dirty look in response, her shrug doing nothing for him when he tilted his head back closing his eyes.

“Maybe it is for the best.”

“What?” he snapped.

“It takes two people to make...”

“...a relationship to work. Yeah I get it.”

“I don't think you do,” Laura argued sipping her tea. “Stiles is right, you're a mess. You need to talk to someone.”

“What like therapy? I don't need therapy! A couple of bad relationships don't mean talking to some complete stranger.”

“People do therapy for a lot less! You're over thinking this, yet again cutting yourself off. How can you have a nice and healthy relationship if you're stuck in the past? Going over the same thing over and over again because a couple of women severely fucked you over? Stiles is different but you can't see it.”

Derek sighed pinching between his eyes feeling a headache coming on.

“Fine, don't fucking listen to me,” she argued pushing to stand and snatching his empty cup. “Only trying to help. You had everything...”

“I don't need this lecture! I know everything you're going to say!”

“You need to fight for each other, he needs to fight for you, you need to fight for him. Do you want him? No, fucking look at me,” she hissed being careful because of Emma and Esme on the floor playing. “Do you want to get past this? Move over this, heal to the point that this won't bite you in the ass in twenty years?”

“Yes,” he growled.

“Then be a fucking grown up and act on this. He's twenty one, barely left being a teenager, barely
left his adolescent mind so he's going to act like a twat for now. Be the bigger man, get your family together. He's right, you're both a mess,” she said pushing back and walking out of the living room. “Mom is disappointed.”

“I bet she is,” he muttered bitterly pushing up to pick Esme up.

“She's a mother herself so she knows.”

“She doesn't know about this because mom and dad are perfect for one another.”

“Yeah, they are now, but you remember the fights,” Laura argued cocking her head at the memories. “This can be sorted but it'll take work from both of you, not just you, and not just him. You're adults, parents now, if you want to love him then you need to sort yourself out. No one can do that for you. We can help you, be your guide, but not even Stiles can do this for you. He's upset right now but in time...he'll get there too.”

“What if he starts dating?”

“After a week?! Derek, Stiles is many things but he's not heartless. Plus he loves you.”

Derek grunted putting Esme in her car seat and handing over her favorite rattle. Esme shook it smiling at him through her pacifier and he smiled back sadly.

“She looks like him more every single day, the smile, the eyes, she's like a female version of him. Apart from the hair.”

“Oh my god, you're going to be like a pining housewife now aren't you?”

“Shut up,” he muttered holding still when she came over wrapping her arms around him in a tight hug. Her lips brushing against his cheek in a soft kiss.

“This will sort itself out, I promise you'll get there but please help yourself out.”

“Fine,” he mumbled kissing her cheek and hauling the car seat up. He kissed the top of Emma's head before he left getting into the car. The heat prickling him when he glanced glaring up at the sun. It didn't suit his bad mood at all and he climbed into the drivers seat getting out of there.

The house empty when he arrive putting on the radio to flood the house with news and music, Esme settled in her bouncing chair in front of the television. The cartoons the greatest distraction in the world when she stared at it in awed silence. His phone lay silent on the coffee table when he sat grabbing the phone book and flicking through it. Derek had tried therapy once before when Kate had tried to kill his family. The depression of it drove him to sit in front a psychiatrist called Karen and she helped him through it till he quit.

The number stared back at him, a voice that vaguely resembled both Laura and Stiles echoed in the back of his mind. People went to therapy for drugs, sex, violence, other stuff that they needed help with. His hand moved forward when he grabbed his cell, his eyes lifting to look at Esme when she kicked her own legs bouncing herself. Stiles coming to his mind when he swallowed hard and punched the numbers in. His thumb hovering when he deliberated before he finally pressed it and held it to his ear.

Chapter End Notes
Okay, here we go.

I, as a author, felt like I hadn't given enough for Derek to fully develop feelings for Stiles and move on from his past. That's a fault on my half for using the first half of this story heavily on Stiles POV and more Derek's POV for after the birth. I have enough for Stiles to have feelings realistically but not enough for Derek. I feel some of you may realise this as well. It's just not /realistic/. He's been damaged in the past by past relationships and sometimes past relationships when they're bad can damage a persons trust and look on future relationships. I want them BOTH to work on this.

Derek's issues and Stiles' issues. So a full blow-out and breakup is needed.

But also keeping them to human nature as possible. Because people are not perfect and neither are these two. I mean lets all take a step back from this story and look at them in the show currently. Stiles possessed, Derek all exhausted and tired trying to protect the town and keep Stiles alive. That's currently but looking into their pasts they are a mess! I wanted to keep a patch of that into this.

I am a happy ending author, I always will be. But lets have a nice realistic ending, yeah? I need to work towards that instead of making everything rosy and lovely. No thank you.

Okay?

/shuffles awkwardly away
Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for all the positive comments towards this new step in the story as depressing as it is. I need to write fluff and cuteness and smut but I can't just yet. It's so /frustrating/.

WARNING - mentions of suicide and hanging in this chapter. Do not read if you trigger. I will not be blamed.

/nudges you all forward. Enjoy.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Tell me about your first relationship.”

Derek was warm but uncomfortable when he sat in the leather chair facing his psychiatrist. Marie was calm, serene, and every bit the professional woman when she faced him hands clasped on her knee. Her pale blue eyes searching and her dark brown hair perfectly pinned back. Not a hair out of place just like her pristine room. He licked his lips rubbing them together slowly letting his eyes wander around the room. It was anything but look at her when he twisted his hands together gently.

“What do you want to know? How I fell for her or how she killed herself?” he replied finally meeting her eyes.

“The beginning,” Marie said softly.

“I was fifteen. I wasn't interested in girls or even guys. I had basketball and my friends and making sure my homework was done. Then she came along. Paige was beautiful, smart, funny, everything I didn't know I wanted back then. She kept to herself, I never really noticed her in school and there was a reason. We just...clicked. There was something there, something nice. I fell for her. It was easy.”

“Your first relationship, was she your first love?”

“I don't know,” he admitted shaking his head. “Maybe, she was my first kiss. I saw her when I could. We hung out, did homework, got a burger...just like any high school couple these days. But what I didn't know at the time was that she was sick, not in her body, but in her mind. Paige didn't let anyone know. We were together a month and I didn't know.”

“What did Paige do?”

“It was a Thursday when I last saw her. She kissed me goodbye and told me she'd see me soon. She ignored my calls and texts, she was reported missing by her mom and dad, and then a search party went out finding her two days later hanging from a tree. Paige left in the middle of the night leaving behind a suicide note and jumped from the tallest branch. She broke her neck on impact dying instantly.”

“How did that make you feel?”
“How do you think!?” he snapped pressing a hand to his mouth staring at the wall. “She said in her letter she thought someone was after her, that the shadows were coming to get her. She was sick and I never knew!”

“You feel guilt over her suicide,” Marie noted. “You feel like if you knew this you could have prevented it, stopped Paige from killing herself.”

“Yeah, I didn't know and I couldn't do anything to stop her.”

“You're not to blame for her death.”

“It feels like it sometimes,” he muttered bitterly. “What does it say about me? My first girlfriend and she killed herself.”

“It says that you dealt with grief and trauma at a young age and haven't properly mourned for her.”

“I mourned for her, I spent weeks mourning her loss. Hating myself for not seeing it! I got questioned by the police.”

“It wasn't your fault, you need to remember that, forgive yourself, and slowly adjust and move on from that time in your past. But I don't think we've reached the catalyst here.”

“Kate,” he spat, his wolf snarling in anger deep within him. Derek turned his head away breathing heavily in and out his nose trying to regain that anger. “The bitch from hell.”

“Perhaps,” Marie said checking her watch. “Your hour is up. We can discuss that more in our next session. You're doing well, Derek.”

“Doesn't feel like it.”

“Talking is key, not just with me, but also with the people you care about,” she said writing in her pad.

“Stiles,” he muttered looking down at his nails. Marie humming in agreement when she slipped a card across the small table to him.

“I'll see you this Friday, same time,” she said clicking her pen. “Oh and yes, talking with Stiles, being open and honest. It’s the key to healing, Derek, being honest with the people you love. Not just with him but with your family.”

“Communication with the people I love isn't my strong point.”

“No,” she agreed with a smile. “But now is the time for change. Make that one of your changes.”

Derek left walking out of the building to the bright sunshine and got into the car feeling doubtful and fuzzy. His mind was a whirl of feelings and emotions when he thought back to the past. Paige had been left far behind in his past that he hadn't thought about her properly in so long. Her grave long forgotten when he thought back to it and the guilt burned in his chest. Derek had blamed himself for her suicide despite everyone's claims that she had kept it quiet for too long. Her goodbye and her final kiss an imprint on his mind. It was something that could and would never fade with time and despite the many years a small part of him still mourned the loss of her.

He was back at the house before he knew it. Stiles' jeep in the driveway from where he was looking after Esme while he went to therapy. Derek opened the front door to be greeted with the sounds of Disney songs. Stiles dancing around the living room with Esme who was laughing a
sweet laugh. The sight of it warmed his chest and heart, the guilt once there burning away at the mere sight of them.

“Oh shit!” Stiles cried out when he spotted him before he bit his lip and slapped a hand over his mouth. Esme giggling and cooing when she spotted him. “Oh my god, worst parent of the year goes to me. You scared me! I wasn't expecting you back for another hour. How was it?”

“It was...okay. Marie thinks it's productive,” he answered slamming the door closed. His jacket hung up before he made his way into the kitchen for a bottle of juice. Stiles had been the first one to notice when he signed up for therapy two weeks ago. His first two sessions were a get to know basis. The real stuff only starting today and so far so good. Stiles had been surprised when he first told him he had gone into therapy, he was speechless for a long moment before he gave him his support into doing this. His own insistence for Stiles to join him was brushed aside by Stiles who was adamant he didn't need therapy.

“You should join me,” he hinted unscrewing the lid.

“This, again?” Stiles sighed standing in the kitchen.

“Stiles, you went through an ordeal. You were still a surrogate, you still went through giving her up, running away, and I think it could help.”

“I don't have the money for therapy.”

“I can pay for that,” he said meeting his eyes when Stiles turned his head to glare at him after setting Esme in her high-chair for food.

“Look just because you're a millionaire does not mean I am sponging off you for money, Derek.”

“It's called being nice. I want to do this, I think it could benefit.”

Stiles paused in the process of getting Esme's food from the fridge heating it up. Derek could see the tension in his shoulders when he warmed it up in the microwave.

“Benefit who? You or me?”

“You.”

“I don't need therapy.”

“You think you don't.”

“I have a grip on my own life, I have a job now, I have an apartment, money coming in. I'm much better than I was before...” he said trailing off. Derek knew what he meant. Their breakup lingering, always lingering in the air like a bad taste in his mouth. Their communication to each other was better than it was at the beginning when they could barely hold a conversation after meeting for Esme.

“That's not the same. I think it could be good to talk to someone who isn't me or your dad or Scott and Allison.”

“Oh my god, you get into therapy and suddenly you're mister know it all!”

“I try,” he replied flashing him a small smug smile. Stiles rolled his eyes when he drew up a seat and fed Esme some food for her lunch. Esme's mouth opening and closing like a little bird when he
slipped the plastic spoon in her mouth. The solids going down well with Esme who accepted food and her milk readily. Stiles mimicked her when he fed her and Derek leaned against the cabinets watching them closely. Paige was not something he wanted to be telling Stiles, not right now at least. They had time for that and when he was ready he'd eventually sit him down and tell him everything from scratch.

It was evening when Esme had been bathed by them both when they took the task and ended up being splashed and wet. Bubbles in eyes when Stiles laughed, his eyes open and bright when he did. Esme smiled when she slapped her hands on the water looking at the both of them in sheer delight. Their troubles thankfully didn't effect her and Derek thanked anyone who was listening for that. She was changed into her pajamas and curled up into Derek's chest sucking on her pacifier when he stood at the front door watching Stiles pull on his jacket.

“Goodnight sweetheart,” he whispered kissing and nuzzling her cheek so she turned her head towards him blinking tired eyes. Stiles met his eyes when he was done zipping up his jacket and the lump in his throat hurt when he swallowed it down. The desperate urge to pull him and kiss his lips rose up inside of him like a burn. It lingered but died down when Stiles cleared his throat stepping away and out of his personal space.

“I have overtime tomorrow before meeting with Danny so I won’t be here,” he said hand on the front door.

“Oh,” Derek murmured nodding slowly. “Like a...date?”

“What?” Stiles questioned raising an eyebrow. “With Danny? No! He's been in Brazil and he has a boyfriend. Ethan, he's seems okay, he has a twin. It's a little weird.”

“Right.”

“You honestly think I would date?” Stiles questioned staring at him in disbelief.

“No, but it's Danny. You have history.”

“Doesn't mean I want to date him!”

Derek swallowed nodding his head, Stiles rolling his eyes when he took out his car keys and tossed them in the air catching them.

“I'll be around Sunday.”

“Okay,” Derek agreed staying in his place when Stiles left closing the front door behind with a final click. Esme snuffling when she wrapped a hand around his finger so he stared down at her and he pressed a soft kiss to her forehead carrying her upstairs. The nursery smelt like the three of them. The scent of family lingering in the air when he rocked her side to side playing the soft music she liked in the background. Esme was tired enough to fall asleep without a fuss this time when she fell asleep holding onto his finger.

“There we go,” he whispered laying her down, his fingers stroking into the softness of her hair when she slept on and he raised his eyes to the ceiling. The house too quiet when he eventually made it downstairs and settled in front of the television. His phone also too silent and void of phone calls or text messages. The only people he had in reality was his family and Stiles. His friends such as Isaac and that being his only friend these days were too busy with their own lives. Isaac hadn't been to see him in weeks, the occasional text now and again but apart from that it was nothing.

It was another quiet and regretful night in the front of the television before he climbed into the
double bed at midnight. Esme fast asleep when he checked on her before slipping under the cool covers. His eyes fixed on the ceiling above him before he turned staring out across the empty space. Derek missed Stiles, there was no doubt about it. They didn't used to share a bed often but when they did his warm presence filled everything. His limbs long and gangly when he wriggled in his sleep, his arms and hands pressing into his body when Stiles unconsciously wriggled forward to be near him. There was something about waking up to see him still sleeping and pressed into his shoulder and neck. His scent like warm apples and cinnamon each morning, a taste of what could be home. It was always snatched away when he woke up and he pretended to be asleep feeling Stiles move away like he was guilty of something.

That was then though and now the empty space greeted him each and every night. His hands pressing into the cool sheets so he exhaled heavily shutting his eyes.

It was a bad night sleep nonetheless when he woke up throughout the night even without Esme's help when she woke up only once for a diaper change. He felt exhausted deciding that today would be a pajama day when he placed Esme in front of the television. Her babbling keeping him awake when he sat in front of the television eating Cheetos. The front door went at three that afternoon and he opened the door with a heavy sigh to Laura and Peter standing there.

“Oh I don't know whether to laugh or cry,” Peter commented the moment both of them entered the house. Derek flipped the finger at him when he sat down on the couch. Laura kissing Esme hello before she too turned to face him.

“What are you doing?”

“Eating Cheetos, watching a show about dogs, and looking after my daughter who I think wants a dog by the way she keeps clapping at the puppies.”

“She's a pup herself,” Laura said with a soft smile. “But seriously...you're supposed to be the cliché of a person in therapy. All happy and getting their life sorted.”

“You watch too many films,” he muttered glaring at Peter who was scanning the room and walking around slowly. “What are you two doing here?”

“We haven't seen you in a week.”

“Yeah it's called...being a parent, going to therapy, and trying to sort out my life.”

“Yes, but that doesn't mean ignoring the family you have.”

“I'm fine!”

“Obviously,” Peter regarded, his lips twitching into an almost amused smile. “From the way you and Esme are both in your pajamas in the middle of the afternoon, the more stubble, the bags under your eyes, the depressing scent you carry, and the fact you have cheeto dust in your hair and on your chin.”

“How about you get the hell out of my house before I kick you out?” he snapped ignoring Laura's heavy sigh. “No, I don't need this. You already cause enough trouble.”

“Hm, yes, you know...without my wife to calm me down,” he said glaring at Derek who felt a sharp tug in his chest. Laura snarling quietly when she stepped in between them and glared.

“Enough! We are not doing this all over again. Derek, he's right, you're not fine. Peter, go outside and take a breather.”
Peter complied surprisingly when he walked out and slammed the front door hard behind him. Esme sensing the tension whimpered kicking her feet so he stood getting her out of her chair to hold her close.

“You know he doesn't really blame you…”

“Yes, he does,” he muttered rubbing his nose into Esme's hair. “I'm just having a bad day or a lazy day.”

“Stiles not coming around today?”

“No, he's got work and he's meeting Danny.”

“You're upset about that,” she stated rather than questioned.

“No, he has a boyfriend,” he said turning his head to look at her to see surprise in her eyes. “Danny, not Stiles.”

“Oh! I was going to say...I might have had to get that frying pan in your kitchen. Well he's allowed friends.”

“Of course he is. It's not like I have any say if he wants to date anyway…” he said softly, his shoulder flinching back when Laura struck him hard on the arm. “What was that for??!”

“Stop acting all sorry for yourself and miserable with that shitty attitude! You're supposed to be fighting for this, I know you're only starting therapy but at least have some fucking common sense. Yes, he has every right to date since he's not in a relationship with you at the moment but in my own opinion...he shouldn't be dating anyone...not even you. You both have shit to work through.”

“I recommended therapy to him.”

“Did he take it??”

“Not if a hidden 'fuck you' in his words is anything to go by on. I even offered to pay for the sessions.”

“Oh no wonder he's saying no!”

“I was being kind! I have the money, he doesn't.”

“He's not a charity case, Derek,” Laura argued taking Esme off him. “Let him make that decision on his own, don't force it. Therapy would be good for both of you but he has to decide for himself even with your offer.”

Derek sighed deeply but knew she was right when Laura tickled Esme so she giggled. “I guess. He's coming by tomorrow.”

“Well that's good, something to look forward to. How are the sessions?”

“Fine,” he muttered rubbing the back of his neck. “Marie is nice enough.”

“If she can help you, she's an angel, but it's not just her. It's you as well, you need to help yourself. Stiles too if you want to make this work. I know you care about him and one day...maybe you could fall in love but let yourself do it.”

He met her eyes and shut them tight when she leaned in kissing his cheek.
“Shall we go get a bath?” she said in a high excited voice to Esme. “You smell like porridge and then daddy can also get a bath after, shave that stubble, and then me and you can play while he naps.”

“Laura...”

“Go,” she instructed. “We'll be fine.”

If Derek had anything to confess to right now it would be that his big sister was simply the best.

~*~

“Kate was a player from the start. One game in her mind and I was blind to it. Love and lust blinded me to her real motives, the evil in her heart,” Derek said slowly, his teeth biting into his bottom lip when he dragged it over slowly. “I was sixteen, nearly seventeen, and she was a TA. Beautiful, sexy, clever, so, so, clever, and she flirted. I was a horny but stupid teenager flattered by her attention.”

“Devious, you were drawn in,” Marie commented.

“She took my virginity. Flirted and slipped me notes telling me to meet her after school. No would know or guess. I did and we fucked in the back of her car. But to me...it was like making love.”

“Kate meant something to you.”

“Back then, yeah, she did. I fell in love with her,” he muttered rubbing a hand over his eyes. “I was so fucking naïve!”

“What happened to change it, what made you see the error?”

“When she tried to kill my family. It was my Uncle Peter who saw through her, the plot to burn them alive foiled by my mom and Peter. She was arrested and sent to a mental asylum...or whatever the word they use. The last I heard...she had her throat slit.”

“How did that make you feel?”

Derek clenched his teeth together when he inhaled deeply looking at the window. “Nothing. I felt...nothing.”

“But when you realized who she was, the fake persona she was hiding underneath was nothing more than a lie...you blamed yourself. Heartbroken yet again in the length of time since Paige the guilt and shame built upon. Your already broken heart once again shattered and your trust broken.”

“Yes,” he snapped feeling a sense of violation. “I was angry, so, so angry, and I could have killed my family for a quick fuck in the back of her car now and again. Her kisses, her voice in my ear telling me we were forever.”

“It wasn't your fault, Derek,” Marie said kindly.

“Yes it was!” he argued pushing up to stand and walk around the room. Marie's eyes tracking him when he did so. “I let her in, I let her into my life, into my heart, and she took it crushing it into the palm of her hand with a smile.”

“Well lets say she didn't, just imagine if she didn't trick you, if she didn't seduce you and bring you into her bed. Do you think she wouldn't have tried a different motive? Instead of tricking the
youngest son for her motives...she found another way and succeeded?"

“But that didn't happen...”

“No but what if it did? Would you blame yourself?"

“I – I wouldn't have even known her,” he said facing Marie who nodded.

“No, you would have either died or lived like your family but because Kate succeeded in gaining your trust and love she found a way in like all criminals. Using you for her own personal gain does not mean you're at fault for the attempted murder on your loved ones. You blame yourself because it's easier than saying it wasn't your fault.”

Derek's voice was gone when he stared ahead and Marie exhaled softly behind you.

“Of course your trust and heart broken alongside it which takes a little more time to heal. But by blaming yourself and lingering in the pain you let her win...”

“I never let her win!” he snarled angrily.

“I think you did and you still do.”

“She was not the last!” he protested. “She was just the beginning of every person coming in and taking advantage of me!”

“Has Stiles took advantage?” Marie questioned so he paused taking in a breath to turn and look at her.

“No.”

“Has he broken your heart?”

“Not yet.”

“But you believe he will, not now, maybe not even today or tomorrow, but sometime in the future your belief is he will hurt you like the women you dated did. Paige, who you dated and she killed herself never giving you the real truth, never saying a proper goodbye. Kate, who tricked and manipulated you into a sexual relationship using your heart and your trust to get in and then attempt to murder your family. And I believe there is a third relationship.”

It was almost like an accusation but he knew it was a statement. Marie hitting so close to home it was like being knocked down when he sat heavily nodding.

“The latest relationship?”

“No but near enough. I didn't date anyone for a while after Kate, I couldn't do it, I had one night stands but relationships...they were difficult to stomach.”

“Finding it hard to love and trust.”

Derek nodded sitting back and rest his hands on his thighs. “Then there was Jennifer.”

“You formed a relationship.”

“I met her randomly, there was a car heading towards her and I pulled her out of the way. She was grateful, touching me constantly, inviting me for coffee. She seemed nice, different, human. She
was a druid, proud of what she was and what she believed in. But yet again...a mask.”

“What kind of mask?”

“She wanted power, more power than she could have wanted or needed, and she killed to get it. I didn't realize for weeks. It was only till my aunt went missing that something was amiss with her, something underneath the surface that wasn't right. I confronted her but I could smell her lies once and for all. She pleaded she was doing it for the right reasons, she could be strong, we could be strong together. Jennifer was murdering people, innocent people, and I'd let it happen.”

“Yet again, blaming yourself.”

“I let it happen!”

“You didn't know, Derek,” Marie said checking her watch. “Did you murder these innocents?”

“No but...”

“Were you blinded yet again under the illusion of beauty and love?”

“She used the power on me, she told me herself,” he muttered kicking the table between them viciously so it slid hitting the wall hard. “It was like Kate all over again! I shouldn't have let myself fall for her but I did! She...she...”

“What did she do?” Marie encouraged.

“Jennifer kidnapped my aunt to lure my Uncle Peter, she wanted him, his death, his position of father and guardian. It didn't work.”

“Why didn't it work?”

“Because my aunt saved him and in doing so she died. Another life claimed for power but the wrong kind. Peter took his revenge.”

Marie watched silently with soft eyes when he deflated pushing his hands into his face and feeling every weight in the world fall on his shoulders. The truth of it all, saying the words out loud so they felt real was like a bullet wound to his chest over and over again. The reality of it feeling real when he deeply realized how messed up his relationships had been. Three women he had gave his heart to dead in a way that was just enough to mess anyone up. One for suicide, the other for murder, and the last a revenge when Peter took her life for the sake of his dead wife.

“I'm a hopeless case, you better give up now.”

Marie smiled as she stood brushing her hands down her pencil skirt. “You're quite the contrary, Derek. You've had a difficult past, a series of relationships with each one ending in disaster and pain scarring you for life. These marks, these scars don't go away forever but they do fade and heal and that's what I'm here for. I want to help you move past this, realize that not every woman or in this case a man is not going to trick you for their own gain or to kill themselves because they were sick.”

Derek fingers twisted together when he stared down at it and he looked up when she held out a white card for him.

“Two next week I think. Did you think about my suggestion to tell the people you care about?”
“I’m not ready to tell Stiles.”

“No, not yet, but maybe one day you can tell him and he can understand.”

“You think he’ll understand this, understand me?”

Marie smiled softly, her eyes light with emotion when she pulled out the seat behind her desk and sat down. “We make a lot of sacrifices for the ones we love. You, Stiles, anyone in this world can sit down and listen to the one they love explain themselves and you can pray they understand. Sometimes they will, sometimes they won’t, but they’ll feel better knowing they know the real you. Don’t be scared of telling him the truth, Derek. It’s one step forward, not back, all you have to do is take the chance. I’ll see you next week.”

They were pearls of wisdom. The kind to leave him feeling stunned and out of breath when he left the room that afternoon returning to his car yet again like a routine. His confessions, the fact he had spoken so much in one hour ringing in his mind. He could never speak like that to Stiles or Laura or even his own mom but Marie was different. The stranger who wanted to listen and didn’t judge.

Stiles was at the house yet again when he arrived finding him in the living when he rocked a whining Esme back and forth. Esme had been in a mood since last night and he exhaled heavily watching them. He didn't know why he did it or what drove him forward but one minute he was standing at the door, the next he was in their personal spaces hugging them.

Stiles had stiffened the moment his arms wrapped around them both. His nerves filling his scent when he pulled back his head confused.

“Derek?”

“Please,” he pleaded softly not quite knowing why he said it. Stiles was quietly resilient when he hesitantly wrapped a free arm around his waist. Esme against Stiles chest as she snuffled into Derek's chest and her whimpers trailed off. Derek longed to see what they looked like but right now he simply didn't care when he closed his eyes, pressing his face into hair breathing them in. For now, for just one moment in time, they were in his arms and despite the conversation that needed to happen everything was okay.

Chapter End Notes

I KNOW NOTHING ABOUT THERAPY. I am so sorry if this is just like absolutely no one near what therapy is really like but for this world it is and it is good.

See the beauty of having Derek's love life in the real show so fucked up is you can use it to your own advantage. It's great! I twisted it a little for my own advantage but kept aspects of the show as well. SUCH FUN.
“Why haven't you had your heat yet?”

It was a simple enough question but it startled him to pause in strapping Esme into her pram for a walk outside. Summer was finally here and with with the days growing gradually warmer he was keen to take advantage of it.

“My heat?”

“Yeah, it should have been here around...two months now. I'm sure you're due another one soon as well,” Derek commented from where he was stood in the kitchen getting her bag together. Stiles bit his lip hard feeling stupid for believing Derek wouldn't notice. Too much had been happening around them and with his therapy and getting their lives together it was almost hidden.

“I've been taking tablets for it.”

“What?”

“You heard me...”

“Anti suppressants?” Derek demanded folding his arms across his chest. “You know how shit they are for you! They mess everything up, once you come off they can bring the heat on at any time and I hear it can come on for longer.”

“Oh my god, quit it with the lecture. It's my body, my heat, my tablets, and I didn't want to deal with my heat! With Esme I didn't have to have a heat and – and I needed them.”

“Because you didn't want to deal with a heat.”

“Yeah well I don't exactly have guys lining up outside to help me out,” he cried sarcastically flinging his arm out in demonstration and feeling his stomach clench when Derek shot him a look.

“Don't do that, even without my tablets you really expect me to have a heat around you? The last time that happened, this happened!”

Esme was quiet and content sucking on her pacifier, her big brown eyes watching them both when she clung to her favorite teddy bear. He sighed deeply before meeting his eyes.

“I didn't want to deal with it, not with everything happening with my apartment, my job, you and me, and it was just too much. The tablets are good for now.”
“They can mess with your fertility.”

“Oh yeah because I am just so ready to start popping out babies!” he murmured sarcastically turning away.

“What about in the future?” Derek questioned gently, his tone hesitant behind him when he stiffened whipping around to look at him. “You could want more pups in the future and these tablets can mess with your chances.”

“What...with you?”

Derek huffed gently, his eyes downcast but there was no protest when he gaped at him.

“Oh my god, you've thought about it! Therapy is doing wonders for you! Have you got their names? Have you planed the wedding? Is our wedding color themed white and black?” he questioned, his lips twitching into a smirk when Derek rolled his eyes sighing deeply when he walked out of the living room. It was a joke for now but inside it was a whole different story when both his heart and stomach felt like they were flipping and twisting. There was a cold sweat threatening to break out and he exhaled harshly turning towards the pram. The thought of having another pup had not even crossed his mind at all. The future something he was focusing on but far into it was something a lot of thought hadn't been given into. The whole ordeal of Esme's birth still played in his mind and he braced his hands on the pram gripping it tight.

It had been a solid month and a half since Derek had started therapy sessions with Marie and he wasn't a fool to see progress being made. There was something noticeably lighter within him, their conversations easier if not limited because Stiles was sort of desperate to know what the hell they were talking about. Stiles would wait though, he had already known not to push it, and he knew when Derek wanted to talk he would tell him.

Therapy for him though was a completely different question and while Derek hinted at paying for his sessions he hadn't made his decision yet. The question and whole idea of it plaguing his mind over and over again till a headache formed. It was sometimes easier to forget but burying his head in the sand was half the reason he was in this situation.

“I'm going!” he called up the stairs waiting till he came down and handed him the bag. “You sure you don't want to come?”

“I don't think you need me for a trip to the park with Lydia. Plus you need to talk.”

“She's still upset I blamed her,” he mumbled rubbing the back of her neck. “It wasn't her fault.”

“Tell her that.”

“I plan to, I'll be back for dinner.”

“I'm cooking,” he said holding the door out for him. “Lasagna, you want some?”

“You, you're cooking?”

“Why is that such a surprise?”

“Because it's you!” Stiles exclaimed hitting him with the back of his hand gently. “Fine, lasagna sounds good. Make some garlic bread as well.”

“Demanding...”
“You know it, later grumpy!” he called over his shoulder when he pushed the pram down the path. He smirked hearing him huff behind it but he kept his mind on the task ahead. The park was a good twenty minutes out when he walked towards it. Esme awake and quiet when she settled watching him and looking around outside her pram. Lydia was there and waiting for them when she sat in the sunlight, her hair glowing under the rays when she stood seeing them approach.

“Hey,” he called to her as they took a seat on the bench. Lydia was quiet, her eyes reproachful when she looked at him. “I know what you're thinking.”

“Mind reader now?”

“No but I know you're thinking I'm probably a huge dick and probably an asshole.”

“Just a little bit,” she murmured turning her head to look out at the park. “It wasn't just my fault, Stiles, I wanted to help you out. If that means being a shit excuse of a friend then so be it but I am not the one to agree and sign up.”

“I know. I shouldn't have blamed just you. I keep doing that...” he muttered sitting back against the wood and shutting his eyes. “It was my fault.”

“Not entirely your fault, Stiles.”

“I think ninety five per cent of it was my fault. I signed up, I chose to be Derek's surrogate, I fell in love, I was angry and emotional and I blamed you and I think I blamed a few others. But here I am, I have my daughter, I have an apartment, a job, and everything nearly relatively back to normal apart from you and...Derek. But I don't know what's going on there,” he said gently meeting her eyes when she flicked her hair and looked up. “I'm sorry, Lydia.”

“It's been shit.”

“Yeah,” he agreed pouting till she rolled her eyes leaning against him and pressing her head against his. “I've missed you.”

“I know.”

He smiled huffing gently out of his nose and they stayed that way together. Stiles inhaling the soft flowery scent of her till she moved away and shoved his arm.

“Tell me everything, sick of hearing it from Allison and Scott.”

“You've been spying!” he gasped clutching his chest in fake surprise. “There's nothing to tell.”

“Bullshit! You just told me you and Derek are having troubles.”

“Yeah emotionally constipated, emotionally repressed, depressing, and hiding away feelings, emotions, confrontations, truths, anything really. We're a fucking mess but we're getting better. I don't know...it's too hard to explain,” he whined. “Half of me feels like punching him and the other just wants to rip his clothes and fuck him till we're raw...and god I want to kiss him...I want everything!”

“Tell him this!”

“I can't! He won't talk to me either. I'm waiting, being obedient and nice and waiting patiently for the speech to fall out of his perfect mouth. He wants me to go to therapy.”
“That doesn't sound like a bad idea,” Lydia commented raising her eyebrows when he scoffed shaking his head.

“You're just as bad as him!”

“What, caring for your well being?”

“I don't need therapy!”

“Stiles, you idiot, you still went through an ordeal! You still suffered nine months of pregnancy and don't get me started on what happened afterwards. You're being a child yet again hiding behind the idea of being normal and that you didn't become a surrogate for nine months. Therapy could be good for talking with someone that isn't a friend or a family member. Someone professional.”

“I hate you sometimes.”

“No, you don't,” Lydia said sweetly petting his cheek so he scowled rocking the pram back and forth before standing up.

“Come on, lets walk.”

It was a good walk, the wind light, the sun hot, and they sat on the grass together pulling out a blanket to sit on. Esme wearing a white summer dress laid between them kicking her feet when she babbled staring up at them and around. Stiles smiled watching her fondly, leaning into rub his nose against her cheek and forehead so she smiled clapping at him.

“Now that is the perfect picture,” Lydia said putting her phone away after taking a photo. “I never imagined you a father.”

“Neither did I,” he admitted leaning back onto his elbows. “I never imagined any of this, ever, I wanted a simple life.”

“That's boring.”

“Yeah but comfortable, at least you know what the hell is going on!”

“I guess,” she added grimacing. “But where's the fun in a boring predictable life? Give me drama any day.”

Stiles was silent when he stared at her, his head cocking when he realized and he laughed hard causing her to jump and glare.

“You're dating Jackson again aren't you?” he demanded, his lips twisting into a smirk when she swallowed hard turning her head to look out at the park. “Oh my god, I knew it! How long will it last this time?”

“I'd imagine a lot longer than your shithole of a relationship,” she retorted tossing her hair over her shoulder.

“Oh Miss Martin! Low blow...he's an asshole!”

“So is Derek.”

“He has his moments. You do know that they run a company together don't you?”
“Of course I do. Maybe that's where he picks up his tips and ideas.”

“God I hope not,” Stiles mumbled in disgust. “He treats you like shit!”

“Pot...kettle...that's the term, right? Don't start on me about my relationship when yours is just as bad, Stiles. We have our moments but – but I...” she said trailing off and shaking her head sharply. “I don't need to explain myself to you. Focus on your own relationship, not mine.”

“I care about you...”

“Yeah and I care about you but that doesn't mean you get to dictate to me who I should be dating and not. I have so much shit to say about Derek Hale but do you see me trying to stop you dating him? No.”

“We're not exactly dating right now...”

“Temporary glitch, you'll get there.”

Stiles let out a snort of laughter but didn't reply. Esme let herself known when she whined till he scooped her up and she nestled against him happily enough. His hand stroked down her back when they laid together and he stared up at the sky feeling her heart beat against his chest in time with his. It was a moment he wanted to last forever but the day was growing to an end and lasagna was sounding amazing right now.

“Call me,” she said kissing his cheek. “I mean it.”

“Yes, ma'am,” he murmured mocking a salute.

His legs were tired by the time he got back to Derek's. The smell of meat and pasta hitting him when he opened the front door wheeling the pram inside.

“You're home,” Derek said brightly appearing at the kitchen door and Stiles was hit suddenly and with force at the domestic bliss of it all. There was a towel slung over his shoulder, a red smudge of sauce on his cheek, and a small playful smile on his lips. He honestly wanted to cry over the whole situation when he parked the pram getting Esme out.

“Hello baby girl,” Derek greeted when he handed her over. “You smell like sunshine and grass. Did you have a good time with papa?”

Esme made a soft sound seeing his face, her hands touching his cheeks so he smiled nuzzling her. It was another punch to his chest watching them and he moved away to the oven to check on the bubbling lasagna and cooking garlic bread. It smelt like perfection and his stomach rumbled in hunger.

“It'll be about fifteen minutes, you can wash up if you want.”

“Yeah, yeah,” he murmured nodding his head when he retreated upstairs and dived into the bathroom. There was a pink tinge to his hair his face when he gripped the counter and stared at his reflection. His hair ruffled around his head so he rubbed a hand over it before turning both taps onto get a wash.

Stiles felt clean and refreshed once he was done and found Esme in her high chair being fed by Derek.

“Want me to dish up?”
“If you wouldn't mind.”

The lasagna was actually rather okay and cooked perfectly when he broke it up putting one onto two plates along with the garlic bread. Esme was halfway done with her dinner when she slapped her hands on the plastic cover excited.

“You messy pup,” Derek murmured spooning the rest of the baby food into her mouth. “Food everywhere. Just you wait till you're older, I'll make sure you remember this.”

Stiles cast his head down smiling fondly when he set the plates and she was done with her own dinner before being cleaned up.

“Here you go princess,” he whispered slotting her pacifier into her mouth so she suckled gently staring up at him. “Reckon we should put her in her chair?”

“No, she'll be fine there I think,” he said taking a seat and grabbing his fork and knife. Stiles joined him when he sat on the opposite side and tucked into the meal. His moan of approval slipping out when he nodded enthusiastically, Derek raising a surprised eyebrow in his direction.

“You like it?”

“Hell yes,” he said through a mouth of lasagna.

“Good.”

“I was so wrong about your cooking dude, it's actually really good,” he said sipping down some of the water he had.

“How was the park?”

“Good, Lydia and I talked, we sat in the sun, and we came here. It was a good day.”

“Good,” Derek repeated flashing him a small pleased smile. “I have news.”

“News?”

“My uncle from the UK is coming to visit. He's on my dad's side, I've seen him...two times in my whole life. He sends the occasional card but he's heard my news and wants to come up and see us.”

“Us?”

“Us,” Derek repeated with a nod tearing the garlic bread between his teeth before chewing it. “He's also heard about you. Very keen to meet you.”

“Right,” Stiles murmured stunned but let it slide when he too ate his garlic bread. Esme watching when she smiled around her pacifier and clapped her hands for no apparent reason but because she wanted to.

“We have a weird child.”

“I wonder why...”

“Rude!”

Stiles did the washing up that night despite Derek's protests when he fussed but soon shut up when he splashed water into his face. Derek's face and top soaked when he rubbed his lips together and
glared whilst he laughed at him hysterically.

“I’m taking her upstairs to get her pajamas on.”

“Sure,” he agreed with a grin finishing up with the washing and wiping down the sides. Stiles dried his hands on the towel before heading up too, his footsteps careful when he hovered outside the nursery to see Derek talking in a hushed tone to Esme. The nursery warm and in a dull orange light when he rocked her side to side so she slowly fell asleep in his arms. He couldn't take his eyes off them if he tried when he stepped into the room, Derek lifting his head to look at him. Esme sensing his presence when she tossed her head looking for him but settled once he appeared at Derek's arm.

“She was falling asleep,” Derek whispered.

“I know.”

It didn't take her long to fall asleep, her eyes falling closed so he gently placed her in the cot turning on the mobile above her. Stiles stood next to them when they looked down at her and he pulled back clearing his throat gently so Derek looked at him.

“I – I better get going,” he murmured.

“Yeah,” Derek replied gently, his eyes downcast with an odd mixture of sadness mixed into them when he looked hard enough.

“I have work and laundry and...yeah,” he muttered licking his lips to stop him saying what he really wanted to be doing right now. Derek nodded silently keeping one hand gripped on the cot so he stepped back a step before turning and heading out. It was frustrating walking out of there and down the stairs to get his jacket on despite the warm weather. Stiles exhaled harshly brushing his hands down his jeans before footsteps triggered him to spin around and watch Derek walk down the stairs.

“Are you coming around tomorrow?”

“Maybe, I have work, I think Scott wants me to come around for dinner...he's been weird lately. On edge, something is up. But anyway,” he said awkwardly shrugging his shoulders. “What about you?”

“I have a session with Marie in the afternoon. Laura is minding Esme.”

“Oh, okay, that's – that's okay,” he murmured feeling awkward and he swore loudly shaking his head. Derek blinked startled but didn't say anything.

“This shouldn't feel so awkward! I shouldn't feel like it's tearing me apart from the inside to fucking leave!” he exclaimed rubbing a hand down his face. “I need to go.”

“Then stay,” Derek said startling him also.

“What?”

“Then stay, Stiles,” he repeated. “If you don't want to go back home then stay here.”

“You think that's wise?”

“No.”

Stiles swallowed hard, the lump in his throat not fading how many times he did and he knew it was
a bad idea. They were the kings of them. Bad ideas all around folks.

“I don't really fancy going back to my apartment, a lonely apartment by the way, to do laundry before watching reruns of x factor and going to sleep in that – that bed.”

“Then stay here,” Derek encouraged gently.

It was how in the end he ended up giving in and pulling off his jacket to walk in the living room. The couch inviting when he sat down heavily leaning back into the softness of the cushions. Derek joining him when he sat in his corner and the television was switched on in the silence of their union. It was still awkward, he could feel it in the air and in his bones. To his relief though when the minutes ticked by he could feel it slowly ebb away to something a lot more comfortable when he stayed.

It was eleven when he eventually stood feeling tired and deep down he knew that as much as he wished to stay with him and be in that bed he couldn't. They weren't there yet and Stiles didn't honestly believe he could keep himself together if they did. The horny feeling was strong within him. It was like an echo of his long awaited heat and it wasn't fading anytime soon.

“You can sleep on the couch.”

“That thing?! I may be a werewolf but we get our aches and pains and no thanks,” he said zipping the jacket up. “I'm going to get in, turn the heat on, and go straight to bed.”

“I don't like you driving home this late, Stiles,” Derek commented, his tone laced in worry when he stepped forward into his personal face.

“I appreciate the concern but I am a grown ass man who can look after this perky ass very well. I'll be fine!”

“I still don't like it.”

“I know you don't but suck it up big man!” he cried patting his cheek gently so he scowled grabbing his hand. “What, you want me to call you the moment I get in?”

“Yes.”

“Seriously?” Stiles demanded.

“Deadly,” he whispered stepping forward again so his warmth brushed against his chest. His tongue flicking out when he licked his eyes and he watched Derek track it with his own eyes. The tension building between them like electricity when he fidgeted pulling his hand away slowly so it fell at his side.

“You're paranoid city.”

“Because I care about you?”

“No for thinking I couldn't defend myself if someone came for me. I'm stronger than you think, a lot stronger, no one would come near me. I'd rip their throats out,” he murmured feeling faint when his forehead pressed against his and Stiles exhaled shakily. His hand pressing against his chest, the fingers pressing over his heart so he could feel every thump of it.

“They'd have to beat me to it.”
“I have to go,” he whispered swallowing hard, their lips a teasing brush away from each other. It was just too much when he pulled away breathing out shakily to reach for the door handle and walk out. He felt a little too wobbly getting into the car, his eyes flicking up to see Derek waiting and watching from the doorway.

“Fuck,” he hissed switching on the engine and getting out of there when he pressed the pedal down. His hand rubbed through his hair gingerly when his other hand clutched the wheel hard and his cock throbbed in between his legs. It wasn't fair. None of it was fair and he hated how turned on he felt right now. The sexual tension bubbled through him so he swore again wishing he was that little more courageous to turn the car around and get what he really wanted.

Life was a bitch.

~*~

Meeting Derek's uncle and auntie from the UK was a lifetime experience in itself. They were a lively bunch. Their accents strong when they greeted him warmly. The uncle resembling Derek only a little bit in the eyes but the dark blond hair was a major difference. The auntie small with curly brown hair and dark blues eyes. She was a little beauty so to speak. They introduced themselves as Nathan and Eliza when he shook their hands and accepted the kiss on his cheek from Eliza.

“Well isn't she just precious?” he said in a prideful voice meeting Esme for the first time when they stood in the Hale kitchen. Laura meeting his eyes from across the room when he went to pick her up and she wailed not liking it one bit. She snorted into her hand and he fought down his own laugh when he took her from him.

“Sorry, it's probably because she's not familiar with people out of her pack. Including my own family and friends,” he said consoling her when she curled into his neck for his scent. Derek stood at his side, one hand pressed into his lower back like a warm anchor.

“Oh no, I completely understand!” he said laughing it off. “She looks just like you. Glad my nephew finally found the right one!”

“Aren't we all,” Peter commented from leaning against the wall. His smirk a little too devious when Nathan narrowed his eyes at him and Derek straightened regarding him also. Stiles moved away when he could and Derek followed him wherever he went. Nathan and Eliza were characters when they talked about their home, their businesses, their traveling.

“I have something for you, call it the many lost birthday and Christmas presents over the years,” he said slapping keys into his hands. “Two weeks in my villa in Greece, beautiful place, isn't it darling?”

“Oh yes, you'll love it, we used it last year. We like to go when we can,” Eliza said with a nod and a smile.

“Uncle Nathan, I – I couldn't...” Derek muttered in surprise.

“Don't be daft! All you need is the flights for you and your family and you can get an all expense paid holiday. It's quiet, remote, jacuzzi, and a swimming pool. Time of your lives!”

Stiles was gaping and he knew it when he stood at Derek's side staring at the keys. Nathan was taking no excuses when he moved away to give a gift to Laura and Joe and this time it was a cheque. Laura was pale when she took it and stared at the numbers.
“Is he serious?” Stiles whispered.

“Uncle Nathan was always generous.”

“Greece in his villa for two weeks?! We can't just drop everything...”

“Why not?”

Stiles opened his mouth to protest but nothing came out when he stared up at him. “My job, your therapy, everything!”

“What if its what we need?”

“I don't think a holiday is going to fix this, Derek.”

“What if it could or hell...stranger things have happened,” Derek murmured into his ear. “It's not like Madrid, Stiles, it's a holiday and this time...it's the three of us.”

Stiles was honestly speechless. Esme was a lot more settled when she made attempts to reach the keys in Derek's hand to play with them. It was probably insane, the idea of it ridiculous but then again nothing was ever simple in their lives. He opened his mouth yet again to protest but found himself laughing breathlessly before shrugging.

“Fine, let's do it, let's book tickets and go to freaking Greece,” he whispered staring into his eyes so Derek smirked amused. His hand warm when he let it rest at his hip and he could feel the eyes of Derek's family on them. Laura's pleased but skeptical when she watched them and Talia also looking at them both with warmth. Stiles knew what it looked like when he turned his head back to Derek and his eyes shut slowly when his lips brushed against his forehead in a kiss.

The feel of it brought him back to the pregnancy when Derek would kiss his forehead on the odd occasion. His throat felt closed when he glanced at Esme in his arms and at Derek who was looking around the room now and it yet again was too much. Every emotion screaming inside of him, his heart thumping in his chest remembering it all, remembering the fact he had missed two months of her life, his goodbye to her, everything in Madrid. It was all triggered by a simple kiss to his forehead and he moved away taking Esme outside with him. The front door clicking closed behind him when he inhaled deeply, the tears bursting to his eyes so he stepped down walking away from the house.

Esme was warm and heavy in his arms when he kissed the top of her head squeezing his eyes shut when the tears slid down his cheeks slowly. It was daft to cry but once they started they didn't stop. She seemed to sense his feelings when she whimpered and he shushed her gently rocking her back and forth.

“Stiles?”

He whipped around to see Derek standing at the edge of the porch, question shining in his eyes but a hesitant approach to his step.

“It's – it's nothing,” he murmured shaking his head but Derek was having absolutely none of it when he to approached.

“What is it?”

“Just the kiss brought back memories of...everything,” he murmured truthfully. “The pregnancy, the birth, everything after. I don't – I'm sorry...”
His arms were strong and warm when they wrapped around him in a hug. Esme between them when he bit his lip hard and pushed his face into his shoulder. It was a little awkward with the baby but it seemed like Cora wanted to be the one to help when she appeared.

“Emma is calling for Esme, should I...?”

“Yeah, thanks, Cora,” Derek whispered handing Esme over to her so she looked between them with a small smile.

“It's okay,” Derek whispered the moment she was back inside, his thumbs brushing under his eyes to collect his tears so he let out a small shaky sob.

“It’s really fucking not,” he croaked bracing his hands on his hips and half laughed looking around.

“It will be.”

“Why? Because you're the fucking voice of reason now?” he muttered sniffing deeply but closed his eyes moving forward to wrap his arms around his neck and hug him. Derek's hands sweeping down his back in a way that was comforting and reassuring all the same.

“No, but we're going to get through this. One day at a time. Because we're going to take this holiday, you, me, and Esme, and we're going to work through our shit. We're going to do what we should have always done, Stiles.”

“What?” he asked weakly meeting his eyes for the first time since he stepped outside.

“We're going to talk,” Derek replied tugging him forward to press their foreheads together and he let himself breathe. Inhale, exhale, repeating over and over again till a sense of calmness flooded over him. The single unit of them beating under his skin with Derek's thumb rubbing circles into his neck at the same time. It and they were long awaited.

Chapter End Notes

I like the ending...
Stiles was in love. He was in love with a country, the landscape, the smells, the luxury villa hidden in the hills, the jacuzzi and sizable swimming pool. It was heaven wrapped in a big shiny satin bow and the fact they were spending two weeks here made everything a little bit better. It took a month and a week back at home before they could fly out here. The tickets had to be booked and paid for, his two weeks booked to spend them here, and things had to be bought for the warm weather. With Esme going bigger by the days and the fact she was now six months old heading well into seven months was a factor. She was good on the plane there when she was distracted by the two of them playing games and cuddling her when she whined distressed. He was glad to finally get there and they used their hired car to drive to the address Nathan had given.

It was a pristine white from the outside. Four bedrooms to boot, conjoined bathrooms, a massive kitchen, dining room, and living room. The first day he woke up in his own bedroom to the sunlight pouring in through the window and the heat prickling his skin. It had been a mutual decision that for now they would share different rooms. Esme going in the cot in Derek's bedroom where she was well rested for now. Stiles stretched his arms over his head with a deep sigh staring up at the ceiling. He could hear the sounds of Derek awake with Esme downstairs when he pushed the cover off and headed down. The smell of bacon sizzling in the pan hit his nostrils when he moved to his side peering around him.

“Oh meat, nice lovely cooking meat,” he murmured. “Hey, princess!”

Esme smiled at him when he came over kissing the top of her head so he sat down next to her. Her face sticky from oatmeal when she slapped her hands on the plastic cover happily content to sit and watch.

“Here you go,” Derek announced sliding the plate in front of him so he sighed happily.

“Oh my god, this is heaven!” he mumbled around the meat. “It tastes a little weird because...well it's not out meat but still!”

“I can tell,” Derek replied dryly nodding at the butter smear on his chin. Stiles shrugged not caring when he devoured it down and there was a smug satisfaction shining in Derek's eyes.

“What should be do today?”

“We could go for a walk? Or drive to the beach?”

“On the first day?”

“Fine, we'll stay in. I am dying to try that jacuzzi and pool!” Stiles declared. “Should we go swimming? You've never been swimming before!”
Esme beamed at him when he scooped her up nuzzling her cheek gently. He dressed himself in swimming trunks and Esme in a brand new swimming costume. The sun screen slathered onto him and her before wandering out. Derek was keeping a close eye when he sat in the chair with his feet propped up drinking coffee.

“Okay, my little water baby,” he said holding her close when he stood with her and her eyes were wide when she stared at him and at the water.

“I give it five minutes before she's crying...”

“You shut up, she likes it,” Stiles warned pointing a finger at him. Her hands slapped the water like she did when she was in the bath and he grinned at Derek who rolled his eyes.

“Come on, you grumpy pussycat, come join us! The water is awesome.”

“You shouldn't swim after eating.”

“Why? Is a shark going to come and eat me?” he teased pushing through the water to appear at the side and pull back to splash him. Stiles laughed when it hit it's target and he scowled flinching away. “Daddy is a big pussycat isn't he?”

“Don't tell her that!”

“Too late,” he sang bouncing her gently up and down so she giggled. Stiles got what he wanted though in the end when Derek walked into the villa before coming back out ten minutes later in trunks. It would have took a man with great strength not to ogle him but he did anyway. Stiles could practically feel his mouth drop open when he strode in and dove under the water. Derek appearing wet and almost like James Bond was not fair at all and he pouted glancing at Esme. His abs glistening with water and sunlight when he swallowed passing Esme to him when he swam over. There was a playful smirk on his lips like he knew exactly what he was thinking and feeling.

Stiles took that chance to relax when he kicked back to float on the water and shut his eyes. The sun beating down on his pale but fragile skin and he prayed for a good tan. The three of them spent a couple of hours in the pool before Derek took Esme out to get dried and changed and down for a nap.

“Are you going to be staying in the water all day?” Derek questioned him when he stood eating an apple dressed in a dry white tank top and long blue shorts. It was enough for him to curse his entire existence when he dove under the water crying.

“I may do, I may not, but for now I'm okay.”

“Should I cook tonight or you?” he said sitting on the edge of the pool and dipping his feet in.

“Oh so domestic,” Stiles crooned resting his arms on the side and peering up at him. “You?”

“I found steak.”

“Oh my god, cook it!”

“Plus mini potatoes. Uncle Nathan told me he had someone come around before we arrived to stock and clean up. He said they'd be around again by the end of the week.”

“I feel spoiled!” Stiles cried pushing back and windmilling his arms to stay afloat. “Two weeks of sun, fun, and spending time like a family. I feel like I'm waiting for it to blow up.”
“Stop being so negative then.”

“Coming from you?!” he gasped splashing at him gently.

“This holiday could be the make or break of us,” Derek reminded him gently. “I feel...I feel like even with therapy I'm ready to talk to you but are you ready to talk to me?”

“Why wouldn't I be ready?”

“Because you're good at hiding...”

“Pot...kettle...so are you. What, you want to talk now? Come on then, let's talk!” he cried knowing he was reacting out of anger and fear mostly. Derek was almost calm and expressionless when he pushed up to stand, his arm flexing back when he tossed the apple hard so it flung in the air.

“Not like this.”

“Maybe over a bottle of wine when we can cry about our feelings and hug,” he muttered bitterly pinching his nose and ducking under the water. When he resurfaced, Derek was gone. His hands hit the water in anger when he sighed kicking to lie back. It was a good two hours before he came out of the water, his toes and fingers wrinkled and pruned when he wrapped a warm towel around himself. Esme and Derek were in the living room, Derek laid out with a dozing Esme curled into his chest. The picture was perfect and his chest ached when he turned heading upstairs.

Being apart from him meant he had time to relax and look out over the views. The landscape stunning and capturing so Stiles sighed blissfully. Esme's crying triggered him back to reality when he headed downstairs and he knew she wanted him. Her eyes pleading and searching for him when he took her in and nuzzled her forehead sitting down. Esme knew what she wanted when her face ended up under his chin and she scented him.

“I'm sorry...you know...about before.”

“It's fine.”

“It's not, I need to stop...being so angry. It's not your fault, it's me,” he said stroking Esme's back and meeting his eyes when he looked over. “This anger and bitterness...it's not going anywhere and I know if I let it out it's not going to be a pretty picture.”

“You need to let it out, Stiles, otherwise it'll just burn inside of you waiting for a release.”

“You want it released on you?”

“Yes.”

“That came and sounded so dirty,” he murmured shaking his head and snorting with laughter when Derek rolled his eyes.

“I'm serious, if we're going to talk, Stiles, then everything needs to come out. No more secrets.”

Stiles didn't know how to reply honestly and instead looked down at Esme snuffling at him gently. They ended up in front of the television watching shows from Greece but also mixed with English and American. It was a short first day in Greece but as the evening dawned and Esme had been fed, washed, and changed it was also perfect.

“Oh my tired princess,” he whispered rocking her back and forth in the bedroom. The smell of
cooking steak hitting his nostrils when he inhaled deeply enough. Her hand clutched at his finger when she blinked exhausted and it wasn't long at all before she fell asleep. Esme was gone from reality when he placed her down in her cot, her teddy bear tucked into her side before he left shutting it over.

“She's down for the count!”

“Well she had a good day,” Derek said glancing over at his shoulder at him with a small sigh. “Wine?”

“Funny,” he said picking the bottle up and eying it closely for a second. “Ah what the hell. It has wolfsbane as well...you're asking for trouble, Mr Hale. Get me drunk and probe me for feelings and anger and truth.”

“Or get you drunk and naked,” he commented raising an eyebrow at him so he paused from getting the cork out of the bottle.

“That's...a little arousing and I am not that easy!” he protested gritting his teeth in effort to get it out and pouring it into two glasses.

“We don't have to talk straight away, let's just enjoy our first night here.”

“Have it hanging over our heads like a wet towel?” Stiles questioned when they took their seats and he faced him bringing the glass to his lips. He felt sophisticated drinking it and he smirked when Derek rolled his eyes. The steak was nice, amazing even, he tucked into it and ate it with a hum of delight. It was a content silence that filled the air when they ate till it was gone and he sipped the wine.

“This stuff is...yeah,” he muttered blinking. “I feel a little drunk already.”

“You have a glazed look in your eyes.”

“If I start stripping...you need to stop me.”

“Or I can watch the show.”

“Not cool,” he warned pointing a fork at him. “Come on! We're going to the jacuzzi, get the baby monitor.”

“We've just eaten!” he called after him.

“Yeah...and we're going to be sitting in water! Stop being a prude, come on.”

It was Derek in the end who got it working and he eyed the jacuzzi with a grin. “So...clothed or not clothed?”

There was surprise in Derek's eyes when he turned his head to look at him before he jutted out his chin with a nod. “Not clothed.”

Stiles smirked taking the challenge when he pulled his top off dumping it on the floor before pushing his shorts and underwear down. Derek made a small sound behind him but he honestly didn't care when he climbed into the warm bubbly water with a hiss. It was absolutely incredible when he found a seat and sat down. The bubbles and steam stroked his skin and it felt weird to have no swimming trunks. Derek was still stood there when he cocked an eyebrow at him.
“Well you joining me or what?”

“Yes.”

Stiles got his own mini strip show and he bit his lip hard watching him strip and toss his clothes before climbing in. He was honestly surprised he didn't have a massive boner right now but he kept it hidden and down watching.

“I feel like we should have champagne right now.”

“We have wine.”

Stiles hummed grabbing his glass and taking a sip. “I'm going to end up drunk and you will have to deal with me. You do realize this, right?”

“I can handle you drunk, if I can handle you emotional and crying then I can handle this.”

“It's like pregnancy flashbacks, like a war not long ago.”

“I know you partly blame me, Stiles,” Derek said meeting his eyes sniffing deeply. “I also blame me for stuff.”

“Well isn't that part of the problem? Blaming each other for our problems...you did this that, you did that, I made this happen, you made that happen. I fucked it up, you fucked it up. Constantly blaming each other but never resolving it. Becoming dangerous for each other.”

“Probably, yes, but that's what we're here for.”

“You think it can just be resolved just like that?” he asked clicking his fingers.

“Life is funny that way.”

Stiles drank his glass down feeling lightheaded and a little more than tipsy with the wine and wolfsbane in his system. Talking seemed to dim and fade out after that when they stayed into the water till Derek got out and Stiles watched his ass flex and glisten with the water droplets. Sue him he thought waiting till he returned with towels and he was handed one to wrap himself in. He felt a little wobbly walking back inside and he stilled when he felt Derek's warm hand cup his shoulder.

The single touch raised goosebumps on his arms so he shivered meeting his eyes. The green dark in the dim light when they searched his face slowly.

“I don't know what's going to happen tomorrow or in a week times but I know that I want to make this work, Stiles. We need to work together, not fight. Now I need to know if you want the same?”

Stiles swallowed hard tasting the wine heavy on his tongue when he stepped forward cupping his neck with a shaky hand to press his lips against his. Heat shot through him when he parted his lips against his, Derek's low moan tangling alongside it so he swore under his breath. It was like a lightening spark to his veins and he needed so much more when Derek's hand framed his hips and their tongues slid together as they explored. His own hands sliding up into his hair so he gripped it angling his head to get it so much deeper. It was was wet, hot, and perfect when Derek sucked on his tongue gently and he moaned pushing closer. His cock was taking a great interest when it slowly started to harden under his towel.

“Yes,” he breathed against the soft red of his lips when they parted panting. “I want the same.”
He could the claws dig into his hips dangerously when Derek breathed heavily letting him go when he stepped back walking away. Derek's eyes burned into the back of his skull until he was way upstairs and into his own bedroom. The towel dropping and pooling at his feet when he wrapped a hand around his cock stroking it gently. Stiles stumbled into the bathroom blasting the water from both taps when he sat on the toilet lid stroking himself to completion. His orgasm crept up at him when he groaned clutching the sink feeling his come hit his damp stomach.

His lips still tingled from the kiss when he wiped the come off his stomach and headed for bed collapsing into it. Sleep came easily, the comforter wrapping around him when he breathed in and out slowly feeling a little sick but nothing bad. He let the darkness take him knowing this would come back and bite him on the ass.

~*~

The confrontation or better yet their talk happened a lot sooner than he expected. It was a week into the two weeks they were meant to be staying there when it finally exploded. The sexual tension and bubbling anger beneath the surface wasn't helping things in the slightest. Before that though they had enjoyed their time in Greece. The beach long and hot and breathtaking when Stiles stood at his side holding Esme. They sunbathed and enjoyed each others company, they shopped in the little markets picking up trinkets, they met the people, they swam at midnight in their own pool, and always with lingering touches and heated gazes. Their kiss on the first day had be the catalyst towards everything burning up inside of them both and he was surprised it hadn't happened sooner.

Derek was ready to tell him everything. He wanted to tell Stiles about Paige, Kate, and Jennifer, he wanted to tell him his fears, present everything forward, and see if they still had a future together. He also wanted to hear Stiles' side of the story also, he wanted to know how he truly felt.

Esme was asleep in bed after he had put her down. Her hair ruffled in her sleep and her cheeks rosy when she dreamed and he inhaled deeply walking downstairs. Stiles was on the couch flicking through the channels lazily and he stopped it grabbing the remote.

"Not cool dude," he warned attempting to snatch it back but getting nowhere.

"The first woman I had ever been with hanged herself in the woods when I was fifteen," he said startling to Stiles to stop and pause. His mouth dropping open in horrified surprise before he sat up regarding him.

"What?"

"Her name was Paige, she was my first girlfriend, she was sick...sick in her mind...and I didn't realize till too late. She killed herself."

"Holy..." Stiles breathed pressing his lips together. "Okay, well I wasn't expecting that but then again...I don't think I know what I was expecting. Oh my god, okay, so you – you loved her?"

"Maybe, I don't know, but she...she was different and I liked her and it was a good few weeks but then something went wrong. She was adamant someone was after her."

"Was there someone after her?"

"I don't know, I still don't. They called it paranoia."

"But she still killed herself."
"I couldn't help her because I didn't know."

"Fuck," he breathed sitting back. "I guess it also explains a few things..."

"It's not the end, Stiles, it's just the beginning. Then there was Kate."

"Kate?"

"Kate Argent."

"Wait, what?" Stiles exclaimed. "Argent? Like Allison? You mean you dated her...her aunt?!"

"Yes."

Stiles was stunned and he inhaled deeply glancing at the television. It was on mute now and he watched the flickering images.

"She was the first...well the first for everything. She was my TA in high school, she flirted, teased, and she was beautiful. I fell for her instantly, I lost my virginity to her. But what I didn't know whilst sneaking around with her was that she was trying to kill my family. She was a hunter, a devious little bitch who wanted to trick me into falling in love her and then murder them all. It was Peter who discovered her, mom who took care of her," he explained to a shell shocked Stiles. "It's how it happened. She took everything and tried to burn them all alive."

"What happened to her? Allison was always a little vague."

"The last I heard...she had her throat slit in an asylum."

"She's dead?!" he exclaimed. "It's weird...I feel relieved. She can't hurt you or anyone else."

"She was evil."

"So that makes Paige...dead and now Kate...dead. Is there anyone else dead?!"

Derek nodded slowly, his teeth biting into his bottom lip when Stiles gaped and he knew deep down Stiles didn't know whether to trust it or not.

"Stiles, this is the truth of it. My first girlfriend committed suicide, my second girlfriend tried to murder my family and seduced me, and my third girlfriend...Jennifer. She was a serial killer, a druid, a dark one, to kill for power. Sacrifices she called them," he exclaimed pushing to stand and pace. His wolf twitching under his skin and he could feel Stiles' eyes following him. "She's the reason that Peter's wife is dead."

"What?" Stiles breathed.

"She tried to kill him and she sacrificed herself to save him and in doing so she died. Peter killed her in revenge. Hid her body so nobody would know. Then there was one night stands, dating people for the sake of it and having them cheat because I told myself over and over again it couldn't be this bad. I fall in love and each time I get my heart broken, trust shattered!" he said running a hand through his hair. "Failed relationships, heart broken, trust shattered, like a broken mirror! You even said yourself but I'm healing those cracks, getting the superglue and gluing myself back together but this is who I am."

Stiles inhaled deeply pushing himself to sit up straighter, a calculating expression on his face. It was like a weight had come off his shoulders so to speak when Stiles licked his dry lips meeting
his eyes.

“Okay, um, wow, I feel a little overwhelmed and...fuck,” he said shaking his head. “So this is why you can't trust me and why you feel like I'm just going to hurt you months down the line?”

“It's hard – hard to explain.”

“We're having our talk now, explain it. I know you've had shit, no horrible, no almost abysmal past relationships but why wouldn't you trust me?”

“Isn't it obvious?!”

“Trust issues.”

“Yes, trust issues, what with the last three women I loved killing themselves and using me I was bound to not want to fall in love again. I didn't know if I could trust you, Stiles, you were just my surrogate.”

“Oh and don't I know it. You want talking, Derek, okay let's talk. I went through hell those last few months of the pregnancy! Falling in love with you, falling in love with Esme, dreaming of this family that I wanted, and it killed me! Did you know that I cried almost every day? Did you know that I had to hide my feelings, avoid you, anything so it could feel a little bit better because I was so scared of telling you how I really felt. I knew you didn't want anyone and now I know why! Three relationships that ruined you forever and a love you couldn't give to me.”

“I needed time to tell you! Why do you think I signed up for therapy? I didn't do it for fun and games, Stiles, I wanted to better for me and for you. I want to be able to be happy again! Don't you dare turn this around on me,” he warned clenching his hands together. “I didn't want to fall in love with you, Stiles, I wanted a baby...that was it. But then you came along and you were so different! It scared me because I knew if I let myself fall in love you could hurt me!”

“Well guess what I fell in love with you and guess what...you hurt me,” Stiles muttered pulling himself to stand. “Do you have any idea how much it hurt to say goodbye to Esme?! You never came to see me, oh but I had Scott and Allison and they were okay but I needed to see you!”

“How could I just walk in there and say goodbye to you?! I couldn't! I couldn't be cruel to you, Stiles.”

“It was cruel anyway! I had...nothing. I had thirty thousand dollars and a trip to Madrid. I would have rather be poor!” he shouted. “I missed the first two months of her life! The most important moments and I missed them because of how stupid I was, because I lost myself in sex and booze, and you were here.”

“I missed you.”

“But it wasn't enough.”

“But now you know the truth, what I've been hiding, this is the real me! I have a series of failed relationships ranging from the worst so far with three girlfriends dead! No one could match me and this – this is why I have relationship and trust issues. But I want to love you, I want to grow old with you. I want yours to be the first and last face I see every morning and night. I want...I want to do everything, get married if needs be, have another baby with you, and this time...we'd do it right,” he said resting his hands on his hips. “But it's not just me who has to work for it, it's also you, Stiles. Constantly blaming me for the fact I never came to see you and we apart for two months is not helping us. We've made our fucking mistakes! You even said yourself we have to
work through them.”

“I know, okay?!” he argued. “I'm not blaming you! I'm telling you how I feel! This is how I feel, angry, bitter, overwhelmed and stupid!”

“Stupid?”

“For falling in love. I've never done it before and so far…”

“It’s shit, didn't match your expectations, you feel cheated, undervalued, like the whole idea of love doesn't make sense. How can love fix anything?” he said stepping towards him to crowd into his personal space. Stiles nodding when he backed up.

“Like that quote I read… I read it in a book I think… and in the end, we were all humans, drunk on the idea that love, only love, can heal our brokenness,” Stiles responded bitterly crashing into the wall staring up at him. “I feel like I hate you so much sometimes but then I remember and god I want all those things you said before but then I think…”

“I know, I know,” he chanted caging him in and feeling Stiles' anger when his lips collided with his almost furiously. His hands gripping into his hair and back of the neck when he parted his own lips and he hiked him up the wall. Derek sucked marks into the pale arc of his throat, the blood surfacing and leaving purple and red marks before healing and fading. Stiles panted reeking of arousal, his cock hard against his abdomen when he pressed his hands against his ass cheeks kissing him desperately.

“Oh my god, fuck,” he whispered exposing his throat to him, an omegas bearing of the throat so he growled feeling his wolf react to it. Derek wanted more, he wanted him naked on his back, willing, spread out, and wet for him. The idea of it spurred the arousal coursing through when he dropped him to his feet, his arm pinning him against the wall when he slid to his knees pushing his top up.

“Derek,” Stiles pleaded when his lips traveled down his navel and he tugged the shorts down exposing his cock to him. The head already leaking pre-come when he pressed his lips sucking on it gently. Stiles groaned above him, his hands slamming against the wall while the other flexed in his hair. The strands tugging in protest but he didn't care when he took it all the moment Stiles climaxed. The heavy salty taste of his come hitting his throat and tongue when he swallowed it down without complaint.

“You absolute fucking…” Stiles murmured dragging him up by his top to kiss him and shove him back. Their lips never left each other when they headed to the stairs and remarkably enough managed to get to Stiles' bedroom.

“I'm not like them, I would never ever hurt you, you asshole,” Stiles whispered when they collapsed on the bed together.

“I know, you're different,” he whispered as they pulled at each others clothes. Stiles took charge when he shoved him onto his back returning the favor when he kissed down his chest heading southward. His eyes drifted closed so he spread his legs enjoying the feel of his long fingers spreading over his hips. His mouth the perfect heat when Stiles sucked him down, his hand helping him when he sucked and stroked him to orgasm. His tongue pressing into the slit so he growled cupping the back of his head.
“You can fuck my mouth,” he whispered letting his mouth go lax when he thrust into it with the consent. His orgasm like a burning need when he pushed forward spilling deep into his mouth so he panted hard afterward. Derek dragged him up when he straddled his stomach kissing him. Their conversation lingering over them not yet resolved but everything was out in the open for them. It was progress, this however was unexpected. It was a lot of sexual tension and anger bubbling to the surface and this was the outcome.

It was hours into this that his hand pressed him into the mattress to kiss down his back, soft moans escaping his lips when he wriggled exposing his ass to him. Derek shushed him gently when he kissed his lower back before spreading him open wide. His lips touching the pucker when he slid his tongue over getting him wet when he pushed his tongue inside of him. Stiles was making incoherent noises as he did, his hands digging into his hips when he licked and sucked till Stiles was literally trembling when he jerked himself off. Come splattered against the mattress in record time. Stiles was exhausted when he collapsed on the bed and he joined him rolling to lie on his side. His eyes were closed when he looked over to him breathing in and out deeply.

Derek couldn't help but roll closer to him pressing his nose into his neck breathing in his scent. His scent intoxicated with the smell of him and sex and he rumbled deeply pleased. Stiles opened his eyes slowly when they looked at each other, there was questions hidden within them not yet spoken and he opened his mouth when a small whimper stopped him. It had been a miracle she hadn't woken up throughout it all so it was only justice she did now when he met his eyes a second time.

“Go,” he whispered.

“I...”

“Derek, go see our daughter.”

Derek complied with him when he rolled out of the bedroom throwing on his shorts and moving into the bedroom to see Esme awake. Her eyes finding him when he scooped her up and she smelt of hunger when he headed downstairs to get her bottle.

“It'll be okay,” he whispered once the bottle was in her mouth and she held it with her hands. “We'll be family, I promise.”

Chapter End Notes

It is so not over. Truths have been spoken, confrontations had, they've more argued then talked but now that things are out in the open they can now work through it and over to the greener side of their lives.

I really want, and I am going to, write Derek falling in love with him because he's not there yet and it's always fun to write the fluff and cuteness of a story heading towards a happy ending.
Chapter 21

Holidays never lasted and despite the fact Stiles and even Derek were all for another week in Greece they had to return to real life. Jobs and money and getting the groceries in. It sucked big time but it had to be done. Their last week in Greece had been illuminating if anything and after the big disclosure and surprise sex things became a little easier. The sexual tension still there but a small flame between them, conversations were lighter, touches lingering and gentle when they spent time together as a family. They had their moments just the two of them of course when they shared a meal when Esme was asleep, settled in front of the television watching one of Nathan's many films. Stiles was not ashamed to admit he had often crawled up to Derek silently tucking into his side. His cheek resting against his chest when he did and Derek always let him. Derek always responded with a soft growl, his hands wrapping around his body, his nose and mouth buried in his hair as they relaxed. It was too easy now and Stiles was beginning to see a breakthrough he never imagined they could reach.

They were back though in America and already he was having holiday blues. The Hales were at Derek's house surprisingly when they welcomed them back. The smell of pack hitting them when they were hugged and their cheeks kissed by the women.

“So...how was it?!” Laura questioned with a smirk jiggling Esme who smiled at her.

“It was...good,” he said glancing back at Derek with a small smile. Derek meeting his eyes in agreement when he nodded handing his dad a beer. “Very informative, hot, gorgeous, and I wish I was still there.”

“Everything sorted?” Talia asked looking between the two yet.

“Not yet but we're getting there,” Derek answered for him, his arm around his waist so he happily leaned into his side. “Day by day.”

“Good,” Talia beamed. “Now where is my granddaughter? I have missed you sweetheart.”

Esme's eyes lit up when Talia finally had her and she cooed clapping her hands happily. Stiles hid a smile ducking his head and wandered into the kitchen to get his own drink. His phone out when he dialed the number of the only person he wanted to speak to.

“Stiles! You're back already?”

“Yeah, hey dad, how's things?”

“Not bad son, I'm missing you though. This house...it's never been quite the same. Too quiet.”

The guilt burned low in his gut at that. He had always hated leaving his dad behind in that house, too many memories, too many empty rooms.

“I know dad, I know, look I'm coming up to see you this weekend. I'll bring Esme with me.”

“Derek as well?”

“Sure, I don't think he'll want me going alone anyway,” he said looking over his shoulder. Derek nodded his head once affirmatively and he rolled his eyes. “I'll bring the photos of the holiday.”

“I'll cook dinner.”
“Low fat foods! Werewolf or not, we need to keep those blood levels down. I mean it,” he warned hearing him sigh deeply on the other end.

“I sometimes think you forget that I'm your father and your my son and not the other way around.”

“It's the son's duty to take care of his father who has a taken a great liking to fatty foods.”

“Whatever,” his dad mumbled. “Fine! Low fat foods it is, I'll see you all this weekend.”

“Looking forward to it. Love you dad!” he called down the phone.

“Love you too kid.”

He ended the call and looked up to see Derek standing there with folded arms across his chest and raised eyebrows.

“So we're going to Beacon Hills this weekend then?”

“Yeah, you don't have to come if you don't want to.”

“I'm coming,” he said without hesitation. Stiles knew this but gave him a small smile anyway, his eyes sliding shut when Derek stepped into his personal space and cupped his neck gently with both of his hands. Their foreheads brushing when he searched his eyes and Stiles ached to kiss him. So he did. His lips brushed against his in a gentle kiss, one that seemed to leave both of them wanting more when Derek let slip a soft moan. It didn't last though when a cough interrupted them to turn their heads at the same time. Laura was smirking when she watched the two of them with clear interest shining in her eyes.

“I'm not sorry for interrupting since you have your whole pack here so move your cute asses and join us.”

Derek rolled his eyes but they complied when they followed her in. Hands were kept to themselves when they sat and joined the others. Esme finding her way back into his arms eventually when they caught up on the last two weeks. Yet again Peter was missing and it sent a funny feeling working through him now that he kind of understood him. It still didn't explain why he was mister creepy with him during and after the pregnancy but he could understand the loss and bitterness he felt. It was late in the evening when they eventually said goodbye to them.

“Keep in touch, I mean it,” Talia warned kissing their cheeks and kissing Esme's forehead with a warm smile.

“Yeah, losers,” Laura said with a sly wink holding Emma's hand when she wobbled and walked with her. “I want updates.”

“Goodbye, Laura,” Derek said loudly so she smirked scooping Emma up and leaving with Joe to get the car.

“God, I'm exhausted,” Stiles let out the moment they were gone and Derek grunted in agreement. “Is my little princess tired as well? Shall we go upstairs and read a story before bedtime? I think we should...should daddy come as well?”

Derek blinked meeting his eyes, his lips twitching into a soft smile when he nodded. Stiles took that as his cue to walk upstairs with them. She was dressed into clean pajamas before he looked over to Derek sitting in the chair and he simply at him till he beckoned him over. Stiles moved curiously and let out a small sound when he was pulled into his lap, Esme blinking but not
bothered by the sudden movement when she curled towards him.

“‘The Ugly Duckling,’” Stiles read out. “‘The most depressing story. Well done, Derek.’”

“She's seven months old, she doesn't give a damn,” Derek argued wrapping his arms around his waist so he leaned back into the warmth of his chest. His heart doing little flips alongside the butterflies in his stomach when he adjusted getting comfortable. The book opened when he read softly to Esme, Derek's warm breath tickling his neck when he listened and simply breathed with him.

“She's asleep.”

“Yeah, she never makes the ending of the book,” he whispered grinning down at her asleep against his chest. Esme suckled on the pacifier contently when he moved to put her into the cot and he exhaled deeply.

“So,” he began turning his body to face him.

“I think you should stay.”

“For what?”

“To simply stay, no funny business, just you and me.”

“In your bed?” he murmured cocking his head when he stepped into his personal space. “I have work in the morning.”

“So borrow some of my clothes.”

“Because it's that easy,” he whispered, the smile appearing and disappearing when Derek leaned in kissing it away.

“It is in my eyes,” he murmured kissing his jaw so he shivered gripping his forearms gently. Stiles was staying anyway so the argument and teasing proved fruitless when he nodded giving into it. It was dinner time first though when they ended up downstairs throwing a pizza in the oven and opening a beer for the both of them. It was an early night though in the end when the food was eaten and Stiles could barely keep his eyes open. They were in Derek's bathroom as he brushed his teeth and he took that moment to take them in. Stiles was shirtless apart from the borrowed sweatpants he had used for pajamas with Derek exactly the same.

It was an oddly domestic scene with them brushing their teeth and moving around each other to get settled for the night. The king bed inviting and set in deep blue sheets so he crawled in with a sigh of bliss. Derek joining him when the lights were switched off and the monitor turned on. It was dark but he was very much aware of Derek lying beside him, his eyes on him when he turned to lie on his side and he curled his hand into the pillow.

“What is it?” he murmured seeing his torn face in the dark. “I can go...”

“No, no,” Derek protested moving to wrap an arm around his back so he was brought closer to him and he inhaled deeply taking in his scent. The scent of peppermint, leather, cologne, and faint apples hitting his senses so he wriggled closer. “Just thinking.”

“About?”

“Everything.”
“You and me everything?”

“Plus the past, it’s a lot to deal with.”

“You and me everything?”

“Yeah, plus you get to fall in love me, you get to be stuck with me. I will drive you insane, you do know this right? We’ll bicker and fight and have the best makeup sex ever...like phenomenal, up the wall, fuck me harder, Derek, you big bad boy kind of sex...” he said trailing off with a laugh when Derek growled burrowing into neck and nipping it.

“I want that, all of that,” Derek whispered kissing his throat so he exhaled softly meeting his eyes when he raised his head. “I want a future with you.”

“Okay, well let’s see if we can do that,” he murmured.

He became the little spoon in this equation when he rolled giving him his and fitting against him when Derek tucked him close. His sleep was heavy and dreamless till a wail woke him up, Esme was awake and demanding when he opened his eyes wriggling away from Derek. His eyes were open too when he moved away and out of the bedroom to go get her. It was a wet diaper when he pressed her lost pacifier into her mouth and laid her out on the changing table.

“Only you would wake up at four needing a diaper change,” he murmured dumping the dirty one into the trash. “There, there, princess.”

Esme was having none of it when she struggled going back to sleep and he sighed deeply moving into the bedroom. The lamp was on with Derek propped up on his elbow, his chest on view, his eyes sleepy, hair all ruffled and Stiles wanted to have a heart attack at how good he looked. No one was allowed to look gorgeous at four in the morning, no one and especially not Derek Hale.

“She's being a madam,” he murmured in exclamation climbing into the bed. Esme's cheeks wet with tears when she sniffed and snuffled looking over to Derek who shuffled closer stroking her cheek. “I think it's her teeth, I've been waiting for days, look at her cheeks.”

“Rosy red,” Derek confirmed nuzzling them gently.

“Come on sweetheart,” he whispered shuffling to lie down and cuddle her when he stroked her back and Derek watched pushing his nose and mouth at his shoulder. Esme snuffled whining when she buried her head in his chest before crying and spitting out her pacifier in defiance when he consoled her.

“Is it those teeth?” Derek murmured twisting his mouth thoughtfully before climbing out of the bed. Esme's sobs increasing the moment he left and his heart twisted in sympathy till Derek returned holding a teething ring and a bottle of baby medicine.

“Look what daddy has,” Stiles whispered passing her the teething ring. “Medicine, now.”

It was strawberry flavored and smelled revolting but she took it without hesitation. The teething ring in her mouth when she was placed between them and he closed his eyes still feeling exhausted and jet lagged. Derek seemed to share his pain when he met his eyes. The medicine kicked in a lot quicker than he expected when she fell asleep between them and he sighed in relief.

“So it begins.”

“It won't last.”

“She has a full set to grow, stop being in denial.”
“I'm trying to be positive.”

“It's four in the morning, fuck positivity!” he hissed sliding down and switching the lamp off. Derek snorted softly in amusement before they shuffled around Esme to get back into comfortable positions and to resume sleep.

It was seven when his phone vibrated with his alarm and he groaned pushing his face into the cushion to switch it off. Everything ached and he swore softly glancing over his shoulder to see Derek curled protectively around a still sleeping Esme.

“Sick day it is,” he mumbled turning back towards them and letting his phone drop to the floor when he watched them both. Stiles managed to fall back asleep again and when he woke up both Derek and Esme were missing. The alarm clock informed him it was ten and there was two missed calls from Scott.

“Shit,” he whispered fishing it off the floor and pressing the call button.

“Stiles, where are you?”

“Surviving on a few hours sleep after my daughter kept me up all night. It's my sick day, though technically I can't be sick. I know it's my first day back…”

“It's fine,” Scott said exasperated. “I knew you'd be jet lagged after Greece…”

“It's not just that, Esme is teething! It's awful and I want to take all the pain away from her.”

“I get it, Stiles, don't worry about it.”

“You sure?”

“Yes!”

“You're the best buddy, I love you like a lot right now,” he crooned down the phone, his lips twitching into a smile when Scott groaned. “Later!”

He was downstairs to the smell of egg when Derek greeted him turning his head to look at him and Esme was in her high chair chewing the teething ring.

“Day off work?”

“For now, Scott doesn't mind...surprisingly. He's been dead weird lately, unsure about what but...he's keeping quiet about it at the moment.”

“Allison also being weird?”

“Not that I know of but hardly seen her lately.”

“I'm sure they'll tell you if need be.”

Stiles hummed in agreement opening the fridge door to get the juice out of the fridge. Sausages were cooked with toast when he sat at the kitchen table with Esme who regarded him with a blink of big brown eyes. She was clearly in a bad mood when he watched her carefully. Her cheeks still rosy when she chewed and sucked on the teething ring ignoring him.

“I can tell already...she's going to have your temper and your gorgeous looks,” he muttered taking a bite of the sausage. “But my eyebrows.”
“You're not funny,” Derek murmured nudging the back of his head so he smirked down into his plate.

“I am,” he said with a smug grin. His day off was going to be put to good use when he finished breakfast and they ended up in front of the television together. Esme whinging and temperamental when she fussed most of the time kicking her feet and whimpering to be held. They took turns comforting her with a chilled teething ring but even that wasn't working most of the time. Esme's was fussing more than usual and even her usual naps were disturbed by her crying and whimpering when she woke herself up.

“It's been a long day,” Stiles mumbled when evening hit and he paced the living room rubbing her back when she chewed on her fist. “I think we should bath her, give her medicine, read to her, and put her down to sleep for the night.”

“I agree,” Derek added with a small sad smile.

He did just that when he bathed Esme, Derek dressed her, and he stood by his side when he rocked her to sleep. Esme pouting when she watched them both till her eyes slid closed gradually and she fell asleep. Stiles practically collapsed against him when they exited the room and Derek huffed softly in response.

“Sleep,” he whined. “I'm staying here tonight. Fuck it.”

“No complaints here...”

Stiles smirked at him over his shoulder when they headed downstairs. It was a little too early for sleep just yet and they ate chicken together before heading to bed. It was a comfortable sleep and yet again he was the little spoon when he fell asleep easily.

It was three in the morning when Stiles opened his eyes feeling and sensing something was wrong. Derek was quiet and fast asleep next to him, his breath warm against his neck so he shifted gently lifting his head when the monitor flared with a whimper. It broke him out of his confusion when he pushed away the comforter and grabbed his top pulling it on to walk to the nursery. The moment he walked in was when it hit him, the smell of sweat, vomit, and sickness when he darted to the cot. Esme was a mess.

There was vomit on her pajamas, her pacifier missing, a fever in her eyes and a small sob broke his heart when she noticed him. The sobs increasing when she cried kicking and he swore gently brushing his hand over her forehead feeling the temperate. His stomach dropped and his heart seized at the fact she was sick. His baby was sick and he sucked in a deep breath panicking.

“Derek!” he yelled gently picking her up. “Get in here!”

It was only moments when Derek appeared panicked and he rubbed her back when she sobbed.

“What is it? What's going on?” he questioned confused, his hands touching Esme so she leaned into his touch reaching for him. Her eyes wet along with her cheeks when he stared at her in a panic.

“She's sick! She's thrown up on herself, she has a temperate, she's not well!” he cried breathing heavily. “We need to get her to a hospital...we need to go, Derek.”

“Okay, okay, come on,” Derek murmured backing out as they hurried out the nursery. Esme wrapped in a big white blanket when he held her to his chest sitting in Derek's car as they drove away and he shushed her gently rocking her side to side.
“She's not meant to be sick, she's a pup, what if it's serious?” he whispered, his heart a painful ache when he kissed her forehead.

“Stiles, it's going to be okay...”

Stiles closed his eyes cuddling her closer so she whined burying her head into his neck and he desperately wanted to believe that. Derek must have broken speed limits to get them there but he managed to get them all there in one piece. He was in his own pajamas when they walked in, Derek's hand guiding them when they walked through the main doors. Derek getting them seen to faster then he thought when he slammed his fist on the desk flashing his eyes at the receptionist.

Esme whimpered so he gently shushed her rocking her, his lips pressed against her forehead till they were called in by the doctor.

“Oh dear,” the doctor consoled. “Let's have a look at her.”

It was like a primal instinct to protect her when he snarled at the doctor who raised his hands glancing at Derek. He knew his eyes were glowing when Derek stepped into the view of the doctor, his eyes glowing red so he touched his throat gently.

“Stiles, it's okay, he has to look at her so he can diagnose what is wrong with her. I'm here, I'm right here, and I promise nothing will happen to you or to her,” he murmured gently, his words affecting him when he let out a small wounded sound. His throat baring when he nodded once letting Derek take Esme off him. His arms empty when he inhaled and exhaled deeply, his claws out once the doctor took her.

Derek took control when he wrapped his arms around him, his arms and heartbeat like an anchor when Stiles kept a watchful eye on the doctor and Esme. Esme cried sensing the difference, knowing they were there but unable to see them when she wailed loudly. Stiles growled stepping forward but was held back by Derek when he snarled fighting against him. His baby needed him and he struggled despite everything.

“It's okay, Stiles, it's okay,” Derek whispered into his ear so he leaned into him.

“It looks like she has a mild ear infection,” the doctor said looking up at them both calmly and professionally. “Also it looks like the beginnings of a common cold from what I can tell. Odd really...normally it's the other way around but once she gets over these she'll never be sick again. Her immune system will be up to standard and fight against any disease.”

“So she's okay?” Stiles murmured.

“Just a mild ear infection but apart from that, yes,” the doctor answered handing him Esme who he took instantly holding her tight. “I'll prescribe some ibuprofen for the pain but it should clean up on its own. Plus I'd get some cold medicine in.”

Thanks, doctor,” Derek replied gently.

The insurance would take care of everything else when they finally left the hospital and he felt exhausted. Esme dozing in his arms after taking some of the medicine and he held her tight against him when Derek drove them back. His hand in his so they were clasped together tight and he had nothing to say when he stared out of the window. Stiles was a mess of emotions, the emotions burning deep inside of him when they finally arrived back at the house.

“Stiles...”
“No, let's – let's get her to bed, she can come to bed with us again,” he mumbled climbing out of the car. Derek following him closely when they got into the house and he climbed the stairs. Esme was tucked in the middle of their bed when he stood watching over her, his throat and eyes tight so Derek appeared wrapping a hand around the back of his neck.

“Hey,” he murmured catching his attention. Stiles let it all out in a simple exhale when the tears burned in his eyes and he blinked them rapidly moving into his arms.

“Hey, she's okay,” he whispered against his temple.

“Fuck, I know, I know…it's just – she was a mess and she smelt sick and it reminded me of my mom and...” he murmured trailing off with a shake of his head. The tears sliding down his cheeks so Derek comforted him gently. His hands stroking down his back and through his hair so he practically melted into him. Stiles clung to him when Derek simply held him, his tears drying when he breathed in his scent in and out till he felt a sense of calm deep within him.

“Come on, bed,” Derek whispered.

“How are you so calm?” he murmured tugging on his hand.

“Someone has to be.”

“You though, I think our positions switched around. I freaked, you were calm.”

“You're her mother and her father, your connection and bond with her stronger than I have...”

“Derek, you have a bond...” Stiles protested shaking his head but was silenced when his hand pressed to his mouth.

“I expected the reaction but do you really think I was calm?”

“Should I expect a complete breakdown later on?” he teased sniffing deeply so he rolled his eyes pushing at him gently. “Crying, sobbing, oh my god I can picture it now. If it happens can I video it?”

“Stiles, shut up.”

“I am,” he murmured nodding his head and smirking when Derek sent him a look that proved how against that he was. They climbed into the bed together so he took Esme back into his arms needing her there and warm against him. Her heartbeat his second anchor so he met Derek’s eyes through the darkness. His arms tugging them towards him so he rest against his chest without complaint.

His eyes were drifting close when he felt it, like a tickle at the back of his spine, a warmth building like a slow cooker inside of him. Stiles didn't and had forgot to mention that the heat tablets he had been taken had ran out and he hadn't been taking them for over a week now. It was just his luck, horrible, damning, shitty luck and he knew once the heat struck he would be unable to think of anything but sex, sex, sex, and nothing else. Stiles glanced down at Esme asleep in his arms and Derek slowly getting there behind him when he bit his lip hard. They were only just getting there and his heat was either going to break that apart completely or solidify something so gentle. It was only a matter of time.
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

Thanks for all comments and kudos ladies and gents.

Warnings - mentions of miscarriage.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The smell of heat was an enticing thing. The kind of scent that lingers like the smell of your favorite perfume, favorite meal, something so delicious you wanted to smell it forever. It was heat and sex mixed together with an extra spiciness so it clouded everything, took control of your senses, your mind control, everything handed over to be with them during this time. The smell of Stiles’ heat hit him full force when he could smell the beginnings of it when Stiles nursed Esme with her cold and ear ache. Her nose stuffy and her ear a mess of ear wax and other nasty stuff he didn't linger looking at. Derek had to push down his wolf, his wolf who howled to claim and own him, to push him naked on the bed and not let him leave till his heat was over. But that was a little difficult with him holding their poorly pup and the fact a heat was a week and more. But with Stiles being the one to hold off not one but two heats they both knew they were in trouble.

Derek was patient though. He waited patiently for Stiles to put Esme down for her afternoon nap and he stayed in the kitchen tapping his nails against the counter. Stiles soon joined him when he stood in the kitchen, his eyes wide when he met his.

“You can smell it can't you? My heat, I can feel it underneath my skin, it's like a slow cooker and I'm burning slowly alive. I can't...” he said shaking his head when he stepped closer to him. “The tablets ran out and it's coming, Derek, it should be here tomorrow if not tonight and I can't stop it.”

“I know,” he whispered crowding into his personal space cupping his jaw and neck. Stiles let out a soft whimper at his touch so he leaned into him and his hands gripped at his waist. His eyes fluttered closed when he pushed his nose under his ear inhaling deeply. Stiles' scent was underneath the surface but the delicious smell of his heat intervened so he growled nipping at his ear gently. Derek crowded into him when he brought him up onto the counter surface, Stiles’ legs falling apart so he pushed in between them kissing and licking his throat and neck.

“Once – once it hits, it'll be sex and nothing else. I won't be able to look after her, I'll want you and nothing else...if you want it. I mean this,” he whispered pulling back to gesture between them, Stiles' brown eyes dark with lust when he met his eyes. “It's so fragile, the beginnings of something and my heat...what if it ruins it? I haven't even started therapy yet!”

“Hey, hey, it's okay,” he whispered kissing his jaw. Stiles groaning when he let his head fall back. “I want to, not for obligation, but because I want to share this heat with you.”

“What if you get me pregnant?”

“I'll get the pill.”

Stiles snorted shaking his head. “That has a ten per cent chance of working successfully.”
“I won't be able to hold back, Stiles,” he whispered cupping the back of his head. “I will knot you. You're not the only one who loses their mind during the heat.”

“What about Esme?”

“My mom will help out.”

“She has her own life!”

“Then what do you suppose we do, Stiles? Your heat is coming, we can't stop it. If you really want to fuck yourself on a dildo for days on end then so be it. But if not my mom can help us out with Laura as well when Emma is at nursery. We can make this work whilst still seeing our daughter when we're not fucking,” he said stroking down the side of his neck so he inhaled deeply nodding his head slowly.

“Try and use condoms...”

“Condoms will break.”

“Try anyway!”

“Fine,” Derek agreed with a nod of his head, anything to appease him, but they both knew it wouldn't work anyway. Condoms never worked in heat sex, if it wasn't the knot, it was his slick burning it anyway. If he fell pregnant again, it would happen anyway. Stiles gasped loudly trailing off with a loud moan when he bit into his neck, his hands grasping his shoulders with his claws so he bucked his hips into him.

“Oh god, this is just making it worse,” Stiles murmured. “Move!”

It was hard to tear himself away but he managed letting Stiles fall to wobbly feet, his hair a mess on his head when he exhaled shakily. Stiles left him running upstairs to go to the bathroom and he dimly heard the shower being turned on. It was the cold shower route when he palmed his erection with a tired sigh. Derek grabbed his cell phone calling his mom when he waited.

“Hey, darling,” she greeted the moment she picked up.

“Mom, hey, I need a favor. It's pretty big.”

“What is it?”

“Stiles is going into an unexpected heat and with Esme sick and...well you know. Preferably you and Laura to just take care of Esme while I...deal with Stiles.”

“Oh,” Talia murmured. “Well that is a favor and of course I will help out. Laura will as well. Do you want us to come pick her up?”

“I'd prefer if she was out of the house and somewhere comfortable and away from the noise.”

“Okay, sweetheart, that can be arranged.”

“Tonight, I can smell it already so he can't be far along.”

“I'll get your father, you get her stuff together.”

“Thanks, mom,” he whispered gratefully. With that sorted he could concentrate on Stiles and making sure he was taken care of. His mind flashed back to the first heat, that had been nothing more than business to him back then. The heat sex incredible but lack of feelings meant it was
more of a 'let's get this over and done with' and he didn't want that again. This time it was different. Derek occupied himself getting Esme' things ready for her whilst Stiles showered and he kept a close eye on her when she slept on her stomach. It reminded him of Stiles in a way and his lips quirked at the image. It didn't take long for Stiles to emerge and he bit back a growl at how strong the scent of his heat was even after the lengthy shower.

“Talia is coming for Esme?” he murmured eying the stuff carefully.

“She'll take care and we'll see her when you're okay in your heat.”

“She'll miss us, Derek, god this happened at the worst time,” he muttered pushing his head into his hands sitting down. “My heat due when my daughter is sick. It's like fate is laughing at me or punishing me for something.”

“It's just life, Stiles, we roll with it.”

“Again...with the positivity. You're gagging for this aren't you?”

“No.”

“Liar, you so are, when was the last time you had sex?”

He opened his mouth to answer but chose to simply look at him instead giving the answer in his eyes. Stiles' smirk fading fast when it dawned on him and he pointed at himself.

“You mean my last real heat!?”

“Well I haven't exactly been dating, Stiles.”

“Fuck! Oh god you really must be gagging for it then, all those handjobs and blowjobs, and really I bet all you wanted was a good fuck.”

“You really have a way of wording things,” he said rolling his eyes when he finished packing.

“Don't even bother trying to deny it,” Stiles laughed stepping towards him. “You saying you don't want me naked, dripping with my slick, writhing on those bed sheets and one hundred per cent desperate for your cock?”

The desire burned through him when he exhaled harshly meeting his eyes with a glare so he smirked cocking an eyebrow at him.

“You're the devil.”

“Thanks,” he said shoving his shoulder gently like it was a compliment.

His mom turned up with his dad in record time when she appeared knocking on the door and greeting them both with a kiss. Her nostrils flaring when she smelled the heat and hummed nodding at Derek in approval.

“I'd say by tonight, it's a good job you called me.”

“I know,” he said handing the bags to his dad. “If she needs us, I put our shirts in there to sort of appease her.”

“She'll be fine.”
Stiles came down with Esme in her car seat when he handed her over with a twist of his mouth. Talia kissing their cheeks in goodbye and the promise of a phone call before she came around. It was weird watching his mom leave with his pup but it was for the best, his eyes flicking to Stiles who looked oddly mournful watching them leave.

“I know it'll be okay but still...” he muttered kicking the floor with his shoe. “Esme is sick, I had to cancel on my dad who 'understood' and I knew he was disappointed!“

“He'll understand you'll see him soon. We should eat, get some food in us before this really kicks in.”

Stiles hummed in agreement joining him in the kitchen when they made sandwiches together. It was like a ticking bomb waiting to go off when they ate and spent most of the rest of the afternoon and evening dawdling around. It was an early night for both of them when they got in, Stiles' cheek resting against his chest when he stared ahead. The smell of his heat getting stronger. Sleep was easy to come by what with Esme's sickness meaning lack of sleep but he was woken up that night by something much more appealing. Stiles was awake and his brow on fire when he turned towards him to see.

The sight of him took his breath away when he laid on his back with his legs spread wide, his underwear soaked with slick so the heady smell of it hit him hard. Stiles' eyes were open and glazed, his hips thrusting into thin air when he whimpered desperately.

“It's okay, look at me,” he whispered covering his body with his pepperling his jaw and throat with kisses.

“Derek, please, I need you,” he whined clinging to him when he pulled back to rip his underwear off him chucking the ruined scraps of material on the floor. Stiles' eyes flaring a beautiful gold when he growled digging his claws into his shoulders and biceps encouraging him to move when he pressed two fingers inside of him. The groan of approval leaving his lips at the hot sharp warmth around his two fingers when he pressed harder. The pain wouldn't effect him now when he quickly removed lining up to push inside of him inch by inch.

“God you're so tight,” he murmured gently pressing his arms either side of his head. Stiles groaning low in approval, his legs spreading wider for him so he gripped his hips tight with his hands. Derek thrusting slowly before gaining speed to fuck him harder into the mattress, the headboard protesting when he gripped it with one hand and Stiles' hands pressed into his ass cheeks.

“Oh - oh god!” Stiles cried out. “Knot me, please...”

“So needy,” he whispered into his ear biting around the shell. Stiles groaned loudly clenching down and Derek felt the warm squirt of his come hit his stomach as he too followed embarrassingly quick. The knot forming so he held Stiles down when he whined and gasped, his cheeks flushed and his eyes wild.

“Oh my god,” Stiles muttered squeezing his eyes closed and tucking his face into his neck when they rolled till he was comfortable. Derek bit his lip hard when he bucked rolling his hips so he could feel his own come leave his body.

“I didn't...I didn't use a condom,” he murmured stroking his fingers down the side of his face so he panted pulling away to look at him.

“Wouldn't have worked anyway...”
“May have,” he murmured turning his cheek towards him to kiss him. The needy sound escaping his lips when he clutched him closer, his tongue trailing across his bottom lip so he shuddered licking and biting into his mouth.

The knot took it's sweet time to die down slowly and Stiles' mouth was red and ravished by the time he pulled out. The salty smell of his come hitting him when he looked down to see it trickling out of Stiles ass slowly. Derek hummed spinning him around so he gasped, hands fisted into the sheets when he trailed his tongue slowly in between his thighs. The taste of his own come mixed with the scent of Stiles exploded on his taste buds and he hummed needing more. The sounds from Stiles' mouth were pornographic, his pleads and moans echoing around the room when he stroked his tongue around the rim of his ass. His cheeks parted when he stroked and licked his tongue up a firm line till Stiles climaxed a second time. His come splattering against the sheets before he collapsed breathing hard.

“That was...fucking...awesome,” Stiles breathed when he crept up pressing his chest to his back to press a kiss to his temple.

“More where that came from,” he murmured lying down. It wouldn't take long for it to kick in all over again but for now he was sated and dozing when he lay on his front naked as the day he was born. The minor difference being he was covered in sweat and in own come. He dozed himself leaning against the headboard till Stiles woke up, his hands grabbing his when he hauled himself up to straddle him. His skin flushed and warm when they kissed sweetly and he cupped the back of his head with gentle fingers.

“I want to ride you.”

“So do it,” he encouraged spreading his hand around his thigh to lift him up before he wrapped a hand around his hardening cock to settle down around his cock. It was warm and tight and the moan of approval only spurred Stiles on when he lifted rocking his hips up and down the shaft slowly. It's the perfect rhythm and heat and the slick is guiding the way, his hands resting on his hips and thighs when he rolls hips up towards him.

They fuck till their spent and he cradles Stiles in his arms when he slumps forward exhausted and satisfied. His brow damp with sweat so he curled towards him and settled there happily enough.

“It's going to be a long week.”

Derek hummed in agreement, his hands stroking down his bare back, his lips touching touching his shoulder to kiss the dotted moles there. He's not sure he's completely prepared but when Stiles is asleep that morning he leaves early heading to the chemist. The pills bought for Stiles when he returns to find him still sleeping before waking him up to take it. Stiles rolled his eyes but took it anyway swallowing it down with water before dragging him into bed, his clothes discarded onto the floor. Stiles was horny and wet for him, his hands and knees pressed into the mattress so he lined up pressing the head of his cock into his hole. The tight hot stretch guiding him in so he groaned low, his teeth pressing into his bottom lip as he did/

“You're so perfect, so good for me,” he whispered into his ear. “So needy, Stiles, god the sounds you make...”

“Fuck me!”

Derek could hear every wet sound as his cock slid in and out of him at a speed, the slick staining the sheets when his hands slid against dripping thighs. Stiles moans choked off and desperate when he ground back forcing him deeper into his body.
“Sound like a little whore desperate for my cock,” he hissed into his ear. Stiles moaning louder when he threaded his fingers into his ear dragging him up against his body.

“Only you, only you,” Stiles whispered.

The easiest part was fucking him, getting him to do anything else was a challenge. One of them being eating when he forced him down with a growl.

“Submit!” he growled pressing his hand into his throat, his eyes glowing red when Stiles whined wriggling against his grip. “You need to eat!”

“Fuck me, please...”

“No, you need to eat, Stiles, you haven't eaten since yesterday morning. Submit!”

Stiles whimpered baring his throat to him so he was appeased and he let go forcing him to sit up and stand. His walking was hesitant when he wore one of his tops and nothing more standing in the kitchen. Derek made him sandwiches from the fridge, ignoring him the best he could when Stiles slunk up to him nosing his his cheek, his hands soft when they grazed his hip and stomach.

“Eat,” Derek warned him.

“I'm not hungry.”

“Stiles, you need your strength, eat or I'll feed you myself.”

“You're so sexy when you're demanding and authoritative. I eat this and you fuck me on the counter.”

“Deal, eat.”

Stiles sat tucking into the food, his hunger returning fast as he did it. He got his way in the end when he pushed into his personal space once he was finished and Stiles was soon on his back with Derek in between his thighs. Their groans, moans, and the wet slap of their skin echoing in the skin when he fucked him on the kitchen counter.

“Well that's a first,” Stiles murmured once he knotted him. His mouth twisted into a smirk when he pressed his lips to his cheek. “Sex in the kitchen, can we christen everywhere?”

“Do you want this house constantly reeking of sex?”

“Yes.”

“Stiles, no.”

Stiles laughed but trailed off with a moan when he jerked his cock deep inside of him. Derek leaned in kissing him, his tongue searching when he licked deep into his mouth tasting the scent of them both. They were delicious and he ached for more.

It was nonstop sex from moving to the kitchen back upstairs and throughout the night when Stiles woke up desperate to be filled and knotted. The food and water kept at the side of the bed along with the pills which he forced a resistant Stiles to take when he whined fighting him like a child. The days passed and they had the occasional visit from Laura with Esme.

“She's been good, sort of, she misses you both like crazy...and holy hell it stinks in here!” she exclaimed handing him Esme who cooed reaching for him. Her cold much better as well as her ear
infection. He ignored Laura to adore over his pup when he nuzzled her and took her upstairs to a sleeping Stiles.

“Hello princess,” he whispered once he was awake, his eyes tired when he held her and smiled when she babbled at him. “I miss you too.”

It was only an hour before Stiles sent him a pleading look and he nodded taking Esme away and back to Laura who had been cleaning. He rolled his eyes at her when she smiled without a care and he handed her back.

“Enjoy,” she whispered with a wink. Derek groaned closing the door behind her hating big sisters and their suggestive winks. Stiles was panting and fucking himself on three fingers when he stood in the bedroom and paused stunned. The sight of him strung out and aroused even after all this time still left him breathless in wonder. His hands reached out to grip his other hand and clothes were yet again thrown to the floor. Kissing him was like a sweetness in itself. His eyes searching his when he was knotted and they were waiting for it to die down.

There was a light in there that drawn him in and an ache formed in his chest when he wrapped an arm around the back of his neck. Stiles had been scared that this would drive them apart but he had a feeling it would bring them closer then ever. The prospect of another pregnancy ticked in the back of his mind and even though he knew they were not ready in the slightest he would fully support him. That was that and he did his best to fully help him when his strength waned and he wound around him letting him fuck him.

“Oh my god, everything aches, so much sex, come, sweat, saliva, slick, everything. So sore!” Stiles moaned into his shoulder a week into his heat. “This sucks but in the best and worst way possible...how are you not dead?!”

“Stamina,” he answered simply kissing his forehead.

“Yeah...and your big cock,” he murmured doodling on his stomach. “Heat must be dying off soon though...”

“Who knows, you did hold it back for two months.”

“Oh my god,” Stiles whined again using him for cuddles when he burrowed into him and he smirked into his hair.

Their shower together later that evening ended in him pushing Stiles up against the cold tiles in order to roughly fuck him against him. Stiles pants harsh into his ear when his arms wound around his neck and his dug his nails into the firmness of his ass cheeks. The smell of blood hitting his senses along with the heavy rush of water warm when he pricked a little too hard with his claws. It didn't stop Stiles from moaning loudly through the pain and pleasure of it all. It was never ending and only got better with each thrust into his body. The heat would continue till it's task was done and a small part of him couldn't wait.

~*~

To say he had been withdrawn and anxious after his heat had ended would be an understatement. His heat lasted near enough two weeks, his body like a huge bruise after all the sex. Instead of drawing them apart it had made them closer than ever to his shock. Esme was back into the house and back to her full health, his heat was over for a good couple of months. Everything was great apart from one thing. The not knowing whether or not he was pregnant. The thought prickling and turning over in his head continuously and the fact he couldn't even take a pregnancy test yet
Stiles was desperate to know and desperate for a negative result. There was no way he was ready for another baby. He stayed with Derek when he could but what he really needed right now was his best friend. He called Scott who to his surprise arranged to meet at the local Starbucks. Stiles agreed to that getting in their favorite coffees and sitting in the plush seats waiting for his arrival.

Scott's arrival brought shock to his system taking in his appearance, the bags under his eyes, the twitching to his hands when he sat shooting him a small smile.

“Dude, what the hell?” he gestured.

“It's nothing…”

“It's something!” he cried. “What's going on, Scott? You've been weird for weeks and I am so sorry about work and everything...an unexpected heat can stop that.”

“Yeah, I can still smell on it…” Scott muttered wrinkling his nose so he gasped sniffing at his arm. Scott wrapped his hands around the coffee mug lifting it up to take a sip, his eyes downcast and Stiles knew something was wrong.

“Scott, buddy, you can talk to me.”

“I, um, I didn't tell you that for the past few months now...ever since you had Esme...that Allison and I we've been trying for a baby.”

Stiles sucked in a breath stunned. “Dude! That's awesome…”

“Yeah,” Scott murmured sadly, his mouth twisting when he continued to still stare down at his cup. “About a month and a half ago she fell pregnant, we decided to keep it a secret because...you know...the first trimester. We were getting excited, planning the nursery, both of us getting broody and being first time parents. But it didn't last. Allison lost the baby, woke up with cramps and bleeding. There was nothing they could do and it was a miscarriage.”

The words chilled him to the bone, his blood running cold when he sat and stared at Scott in stunned silence. His words lost amongst the thoughts running in his head, his hands twitching and shaking when he swallowed the lump in his throat. The first impulse or instinct was his when he moved forward and around the table pulling him into a hug. Stiles ignored the fact they were in a semi business coffee shop when he held him tight unable to speak. Scott hugging him back just as tight when he clung and buried his face into his neck.

“I'm sorry, Scott, I'm so sorry,” he whispered rubbing the back of his neck.

“It was supposed to happen…”

“No,” he said fiercely. “No, it wasn't, it's just a cruel twist of things and... I don't blame you for not telling me this long. I knew something was up...I just thought it was marriage problems! How is Allison?”

“She's okay, she's with her mom at the moment. We're okay, just dealing with it everyday,” Scott explained with a sniff wiping his eyes and sitting back down so he brought his chair around to sit near him and clutch at his shoulder.

“God, I – I don't even know what to say. I am so sorry though.”
“I just need you, that's all. We weren't ready to tell people just yet, my mom knows, and so do the Argents but apart from that. Only you know.”

“I should have known myself!”

“How could you?” Scott questioned weakly raising an eyebrow. “Plus Esme was sick and you had your heat...”

Stiles swallowed hard staring down at his hands hearing the implication in his words. Here he was worrying about the fact he could be pregnant a second time and here his best friend was suffering the loss of his own baby. The guilt burned through him when he simply took his hand squeezing it tight. It was silent between them when they sat and he cursed the entire world and her damn fate. It was just too cruel.

Chapter End Notes

I know, I'm horrible.

SO.

Pregnant or not pregnant? I already know what I'm going to do but if you had the decision what would you do?
Thanks ladies and gents for every comment and every kudos. I read all of them and take notes!

“I feel guilty. I mean what if I am pregnant? I'll have to hide it, I mean they've lost their fucking baby and I end up pregnant eight months after having Esme. It's like a sick fucking joke! I am not ready to have another baby, I'm not, I can't do it. I mean I do want more pups, I do, but in the future...when she's grown up and walking and talking and in kindergarten. Then maybe having another baby would be great but not now!” Stiles ranted pacing the length of the living room, Derek's eyes fixed upon him as he did so. “He's my best friend and I wasn't there for him.”

“How could you know? Stiles, it isn't your fault and you are not to blame for this miscarriage. Miscarriage happens and it's heartbreaking but don't let it effect your life too.”

“You hope I'm pregnant don't you?” Stiles snapped turning on him.

“No, Stiles, that's not what I meant...”

“Bullshit, your heartbeat just skipped!”

“Okay, maybe a small part of me wouldn't mind if it happened. But you're right, we're not ready for another baby just yet.”

“Life has a funny way of proving us wrong though.”

“Maybe,” he agreed circling a hand around his wrist and tugging him closer to him. Stiles went willingly, his arms circling his waist as he did to rest his cheek over his heart. The thump of it slowly calmed him down and he felt better with his arms and scent wrapped around him.

“Shall we take the test?”

“God, fuck,” Stiles muttered drawing away from him to nod. “Give me the damn thing.”

Derek stood vigilant outside the bathroom when he wandered inside stripping the packet apart to get the test. His fingers shaking when he unzipped and did the deed peeing over it and setting it aside for the three minute wait. Stiles let him in when Derek knocked and he sat on the toilet lid whilst he stood arms tight across his chest. It was silent between them, the worst kind that was filled with tension.

“Three minutes are up,” Derek said softly.

“Fuck,” he whispered slowly picking it up and meeting his eyes a final time before he turned it over to look.

“Well?”
“Negative,” Stiles breathed in relief holding it up. “Thank god!”

Derek rolled his eyes with a smile, a small grunt escaping him when he jumped at him excitedly and wound his legs around his waist kissing him. He held his weight fine when they kissed and he nipped at his lip unable to stop smiling.

“I know a small part of you wanted this but I’m not ready to have another baby. We have Esme and she needs us now more than ever and with Christmas coming up...it’s a good thing. I do want more pups, I really do, but in a couple of years when you and me are more settled.”

“I know,” he murmured kissing the corner of his mouth. “I can wait.”

Stiles kissed him a final time, a long drawn out kiss till he jumped down tossing the pregnancy test in the trash. Esme was sat in her chair watching the television when they finally made it downstairs to be with her. He could breathe better with the knowledge he wasn't so pregnant soon and he could also tell that Derek was a little disappointed in the outcome. His eyes trailed over his back when Derek knelt down to check on her and she babbled noticing him, her teething ring waving in his face so he smiled kissing her forehead.

They were going to his dad's this weekend. It was the first time in near enough a month and he was pining for him. Stiles looked out of the window taking in the day from the cloudy gray sky to the bitter chill in the air. Summer was long gone and autumn was settling in with everything dying around them. Everything was coming up from Thanksgiving, Christmas, New Year, Esme's first birthday and it was all a little daunting. His thoughts were away with him when he felt warm arms circle his waist and he leaned back into his weight happily enough. His stubble tickling his neck when he nuzzled and kissed the side of it gently.

“I still feel bad about Scott though, a miscarriage...” he muttered turning in his arms. “I feel like I need to do something, be with him, comfort him, and I've not even seen Allison. She's with her mom and dad and...what if they break up?”

“I can't say they won't because I don't know but if they do...they'll still be your friends and it's their lives. The only thing you can do,” he said gently lifting his chin gently with his finger. “You can be there for him, like a best friend would through a difficult time.”

“You should become a therapist,” he mumbled tucking his face into his neck inhaling deeply. Derek huffed amused hugging him tighter and rubbing his back gently when they clung to each other and the words 'I love you' stuck in his throat. Stiles wanted to say it but he held back, he had said it before but for now he would wait till they were on a more straighter line. Stiles settled for kissing him instead, conveying it through his lips when he slid his tongue into his mouth.

“We need to stop before I drag you onto the floor and make you fuck me till I can barely move,” Stiles muttered breathlessly pulling away. “Are we in the honeymoon period?”

“We're not married?”

“In our relationship,” he muttered rolling his eyes.

“Probably.”

“How long before it ends?”

“It's not a timescale, Stiles,” Derek huffed pushing back from him and adjusting his jeans. Stiles smirked at the action and leaned against the cabinets licking his tender lips.
“Our relationship,” Derek repeated so he raised his eyebrows slowly looking at him. “So we're official then. Like a couple, boyfriend and boyfriend, loves, partners.”

“Yeah, I guess, unless you don't want a title and we can be two guys who have a baby and we like to cuddle in the morning of the weekends, kiss occasionally, have sex when we can, and argue over whose turn it is to do the shitty diaper.”

“I like titles.”

“So...do you want to be my boyfriend?” he teased, his lips turning upwards into a smirk when Derek growled low hooking him in. “I make excellent sausage and bacon, I will make you that horrible coffee you like. I mean who the hell takes it all bitter with no milk or sugar? You're vile but I'll still help with the laundry and we can put a film on the television at night, pretend to watch it before our clothes come off and you can fuck me into that leather couch. Even with the leather sticking to my oh so delicate ass cheeks.”

“You talk too much,” he muttered cupping his jaw to kiss him once. “But yes...I'll be your boyfriend.”

“Oh my god, we're so corny, can we go out and get a dog called Max?”

“No.”

“Or a cat named Jess and we can get a nanny for Esme and go for long walks in the park smiling in the sunshine...” he declared trailing off with a chuckle when Derek groaned burying his face into his shoulder. “We're official, I am off the market!”

“You already were off the market.”

“Not officially, we are now official,” Stiles murmured wrapping his arms around his neck to look into his eyes. “We need to Facebook it.”

“We are not putting this on Facebook.”

“Why?! We can set into 'in a relationship' and see how many likes we get.”

“Because,” Derek argued slapping his ass hard, the yelp escaping his mouth unexpectedly so he scowled. “We're grown ups.”

“Says the man with superman underwear,” he muttered dancing away from him when Derek made a swipe at him and he turned running up the stairs. He hid in the bedroom to pack his things for the weekend at his dad's and felt a warmth in his chest that he loved. It was official and he was over the moon about it. Stiles got it all done in half an hour and finally left the bedroom to head back down. Esme was out of her chair and crawling around the living room with the toys her destination.

“Dada,” Esme murmured shaking her teething ring and smiling at him widely when she spotted him walk in.

“Hello princess.”

“Is it bad that I still find it odd her saying words and crawling around the room? I mean she's nearly nine months but still...” Derek muttered taking a sip of his water. “She's growing too fast. I feel like I might blink and she'll be eighteen introducing me to her first boyfriend. Who I will threaten to disembowel.”
“That's so hot,” Stiles whispered biting his lip. “Can I be there for the speech? Can I hold a kitchen knife!?”

“No, let's do a good cop - bad cop situation.”

“Fine,” he muttered waving a hand in his direction. “What if she's gay?”

“I threaten the girl. She's my daughter, male or female, I'll tear their stomachs out if they hurt her.”

“She's barely a year old and we're discussing her love life for her!” Stiles cried slapping his hands over his eyes. “Who walks her down the aisle if she decides to get married?”

Derek pursed his lips thoughtfully throwing his head back to get comfortable and kick his feet up. Stiles doing the same when he joined him, his thigh pressing against his, his hand slipping into his also so they held hands and he smiled faintly.

“We both do it.”

“Great idea.”

“Theoretically speaking... can we name our next pup if it's a boy...Tony?”

“What, why?”

“Iron man.”

“No.”

“Why?”

“Because we're not naming our baby boy Tony. Tony is old fashioned and no one calls their babies Tony anymore,” Derek protested running his thumb over his hand gently.

“You're called Derek, that is the name of a man in his fifties!”

“You name doesn't even make sense! Stiles Stilinski, it's like a bad joke. Don't even get me started on your real name...” Derek argued huffing gently.

“Oh! The gloves are off and the claws are out,” Stiles protested squeezing his hand a little too hard. “Yeah well at least I'm not thirty two in a few weeks. Eight years and you'll be forty. Oh yeah I went there!”

Derek's eyes flashed red when he attempted to get away only to be pinned to the couch so he laughed struggling under his weight. His eyes flashed to Esme unaware of them when she played contently in the corner and he met Derek's eyes with a grin.

“You're a menace.”

“I'm simply the best,” he muttered humming the song under his breath before it cut off when Derek kissed him. His fingers gentle when they stroked down his cheek and he groaned in approval. Stiles was lost in his sensation of Derek's mouth moving against his that he almost missed Esme approaching and pulling herself up to announce herself. They pulled away to look at her when she babbled in her baby talk, her dark hair longer now and curling at the edges like curls, her eyes big and brown when she looked between them.

“God she's beautiful, look at what we did,” he murmured pushing at Derek to move so he could
pick her up. "You looking forward to seeing granddad, Esme?"

"Dada," she murmured patting his cheeks so he kissed her hands.

"Yeah, dada or papa, doesn't really matter," he murmured kissing her nose so she giggled looking at Derek who smiled back at her. Stiles leaned into him when he settled her on his lap and she sat up by herself happily clapping her hands and reaching for Derek.

"I'm sure she is," Derek agreed taking her off him to lift her in the air and Stiles watched with a deep fondness when he did the 'airplane game' so she squealed in delight.

They were going early in the morning so it was an early night for them all. The early morning alarm going off shocking him out of his dream when he groaned slapping it off. It was the fourth alarm clock that had been bought from the amount of times Derek had slapped his hand on it a little too hard or tossed it. It was agreed that the alarm would be on his side of the bed. It was coffee and bagels all the way when they dressed throwing their bags into the trunk and getting a grumpy Esme ready in the back of the car. Her pacifier slotted into her mouth so she clutched at her teddy bear ignoring them both.

"Your temper," he pointed out at Derek who frowned but didn't argue against it when they got in the car.

Stiles had control of the radio when he flicked through the stations not finding one he liked. It didn't take too long for Derek to snap, his hand slapping his so he gasped clutching to his chest sending him a complete look of betrayal because...rude. They settled on the top forty and he sighed deeply looking out of the window at the passing buildings. It was a long drive to Beacon Hills and his ass was numb by the time they arrived and Esme was fussing greatly.

"I know princess, we're nearly there," he said attempting to comfort her when he leaned over stroking her leg gently when she whimpered. "You can get out, have your food and bottle and go down for a nap. Promise."

"Nap," Esme repeated.

"Nap, that's right, oh my god, she's a genius!" he hissed at Derek who rolled his eyes smiling. "Harvard next!"

"Lets at least consider Yale."

"Fine," he agreed looking out of the window when they finally parked outside the house and he got out to get her out the car seat. Esme looking around the new place in confusion before he walked up the house knocking on the front door.

"I thought you'd be hours yet," his dad greeted the moment the front door was opened.

"Set off early, she's miss grumpy at the moment so keep that in mind. Look who it is!"

Esme was the spit of Derek when she frowned at his dad, her brow furrowing before she whimpered unwilling to move from his arms.

"Okay, so lets get you fed shall we?" Stiles said mouthing 'sorry' at his dad when they walked into together. Derek following with the bags.

"She's like you when you were a baby, Stiles," his dad said with a soft chuckle.
“Oh really,” Derek said loudly so he paused in the kitchen and turned his head to glare at Derek who raised both his eyebrows at him.

“Anyway! Take your daughter while I get her lunch together,” he said handing Esme over so she fussed unhappy she was out of his arms. “How's life dad?”

“My life is the same as ever, I am more interested in your life and the fact I haven't seen or been apart of it in a month.”

“Um, well I had a two week heat, plus recovery, plus work, plus giving up my apartment to move in with Derek to be with Esme and...Derek. I'm sorry,” he explained with a grimace opening the jar of puree meat and potatoes to pour in a bowl. “Oh and there was Scott. I'm sure you've heard.”

“I heard, Melissa told me,” he said with a tired sigh. “Poor kids. Don't know what they're experiencing and I hope you never have to either.”

Stiles swallowed hard stirring the brown meal before sticking it in the microwave to cook. He chose not to answer or address that when he let his dad talk to Derek. Their interaction is nothing but awkward but doable when they exchanged pleasantries. Esme sitting in Derek's lap when she suckled on her pacifier and played with his car keys contently until her lunch was done heating. She was like a baby bird once it was done and he spooned it into her mouth, her lips smacking together when she ate it down.

“We do feed her, she's just constantly hungry. I blame him.”

“Who ate two big bags of chips the other night and then a slice of chocolate cake?”

“Who went through an exhausting heat?”

“Well,” his dad said looking between them in surprise. “You two are better then the last time I saw you.”

“Yeah,” Stiles agreed, they were better together. In all honesty he believed it was the heat that done it alongside the talking and everything else in between. What was thought to be impossible was coming together slowly bit by bit with each passing day and he was all for it getting even better.

“Nap time,” he whispered to Derek who nodded once Esme was done and suckling from her bottle of juice.

“I've set your old cot up in the spare bedroom.”

“Thanks dad, that's awesome,” he murmured holding her in his arms when they walked up the stairs. Derek sitting on the bed after the drew curtains and he rocked her gently side to side. The motion getting her fluttering eyes to close and her hands to slack on her bottle of juice. She was down in the cot with a clean diaper and a full stomach when he covered her in a blanket and pulled back looking at Derek over his shoulder.

“You and my dad are getting along suspiciously well...”

“He was a great help when I was trying to find you in Madrid. Plus he's your dad, it's my right as your partner to get along with the in laws. You'd hate me if I didn't get along with your dad.”

“No, I'd be...disappointed.”
“That's worse than angry.”

“I'm glad you are anyway,” Stiles muttered pressing a kiss to his clothed shoulder. “Come on.”

They went back down to see three coffees on the kitchen table waiting for them. His being the one with a splash of milk and three sugars when he took it and sipped it gently.

“So what's going on between you two now?” his dad said bluntly gesturing between the two of them. “I know it's not been the best of times recently but I can see some good progress.”

“Well...we're official,” Stiles drawled out eying Derek who nodded once. “You know, boyfriend and boyfriend, the whole ten yards. We're getting there day by day like we planned and it's good, really good. Relationships aren't easy, they take a lot of work, like you and mom.”

“We had our days,” his dad agreed taking a big slurp of his own coffee. “Good, keep it that way. So, the game is on in fifteen minutes. I know Stiles here doesn't like to watch but do you?”

“Yes,” Derek agreed giving his father a small smile. Stiles pushed down a groan watching the two of them stand together talking about their favorite days. He ends up in the garden wrapped up warm and staring up at the sun on the cold day. The sounds of his dad and Derek talking low in the living room reach him and he hides a small smile into the sleeve of his coat. It's nice in the garden despite it being dead, the leaves a clash of yellow and orange on the grass entice him.

He can honestly admit he's a little relieved when Esme wakes up and starts wailing. Her hair fluffy and damp with sweat around her head when he scoops her up and nuzzles her cheek gently. She is always quiet and sleepy once she wakes up and he returns holding her close and into the living room.

“Want to say hello to granddad? He's missed you,” he whispered handing her over once the game was on mute. His dad's hands shaky but holding her on his lap when she looked up at him and was content to sit there. Stiles sat next to Derek when they watched granddad and granddaughter interact with each other.

Going to bed that night was a bone aching relief at how tired he was. His face pressed into the pillow when he let out a quiet groan being careful of Esme asleep in the room.

“First day went well.”

Derek hummed in agreement resting his hands behind his head staring up at the ceiling. He let his head rest over his heart listening to the quick thump of it before he closed his eyes letting sleep wash over him.

~*~

As much as Stiles loved Christmas he also hated it. The over hyped joy of it all and the fact the towns were busy with shoppers all pushing and shoving to get their presents. The fact it was Esme's first Christmas made things a little better when between them both they managed to get her enough presents to last her two years without growing bored. There was a Christmas tree in the living room and the smell of Christmas lingering in the air. It was annoying how quick it had come around. They were invited to the Hales with special invitation to his dad who was more than happy to join this year since last year he spent it with Melissa.

It was all coming together bit by bit and this year there wasn't that sense of sadness he had believing himself to never see them again. It was different. It was finally Christmas Eve when they made sure to get everything together, the presents, their clothes, and Esme ready for sleeping over
at the Hales. They already had their bedroom there and his dad would be sleeping in one of the
other spare bedrooms.

He was feeling mischievous when he slid up to Derek hiding mistletoe behind his back and
entering his personal space.

“What's that look for?”

Stiles held it up over their heads so Derek eyed it before snorting gently and he grinned.

“Come on big guy,” he teased, his smile slipping when Derek leaned in kissing him hard. Stiles
groaned as they mouths and tongues slid together, Derek kissing his top lip so he shivered clinging
to him the best he could with one hand.

“Our first Christmas as a family,” he murmured meeting his eyes. “Why didn't we go caroling?”

“Because your singing would have scared them off.”

“First, rude, so rude, and my singing is excellent! I have never been caroling and feel like I'm
missing out!”

“It's singing Christmas songs to strangers who will stand there and fake smile at you before giving
you a dollar to go away.”

“That's the Christmas spirit!” Stiles exclaimed throwing out his hands.

Derek shook his head at him moving away to pack the last of their things in bags. Stiles headed
back downstairs to find his dad drinking mulled wine and watching Esme currently dressed in a
soft reindeer outfit crawl around the room. His heart melted at the sight of her when he cooed
picking up.

“How's my little Rudolph?” he said tossing her up so she laughed staring down at him. “The cutest
little reindeer in the world or is it bad I'm dressing up a pup as another animal?”

“I don't think she really cares, Stiles.”

He hummed resting her on his hip to move around the room with her. They were finally ready to
go by evening when everything was in the car including themselves. The Hales welcomed them as
they always did with the exception of their house smelling like gingerbread. Peter's kids in the
kitchen with Emma when they made it and the house was alive with family members.

“John, it's good to see you again,” Talia said greeting him with a kiss to his cheek. “Come in,
presents under the tree, bags upstairs. Just make sure these little ones don't go sneaking around the
presents.”

“She's mine!” Laura declared stealing Esme from him when she cooed in delight over her outfit
walking away.

“I walk in get told what to do and my child is stolen from me. It must be Christmas!” he hissed at
Derek who rolled his eyes.

He walked into the living room when Peter appeared out of nowhere and shook his finger at him.

“Oh look...you can't really skip out on tradition,” he said raising his eyes to the door frame and
Stiles nearly balked at the sight of mistletoe hanging there.
“I’d rather cut your tongue out,” he said spitefully remembering the talk in the woods, the grope in the hallway. Peter's smirk intensified before it died down once Derek appeared behind him with a quiet snarl. He raised his hands in defence stepping back from them.

“It's just Christmas, rein your claws in,” he said stepping around them and walking away. Stiles turned his head to meet Derek's eyes and he shut his own when he leaned in pressing his lips to the corner of his mouth. The possessive streak still alive and pumping through his veins when Derek followed him in and wouldn't let him anywhere near Peter throughout the rest of the evening.

“Eggnog!” Talia announced once the kids were in bed and he wrinkled his nose at the taste but had it anyway when he sat in Derek's lap. His arms warm around him when he surveyed the room taking in Peter drinking and looking at his phone, his dad talking with Talia and James, Laura and Joe curled together watching the television, and they were pack. Stiles leaned back into his warmth when he wrapped an arm around his neck pressing his lips against his gently.

“I wouldn't want to be anywhere else right now,” Derek murmured gently in his ear. “Right here, right now, it's perfect.”

Stiles hummed softly in agreement trailing his fingers through his hair. The balance between them fragile but growing stronger and stronger by the day. Not yet there but he didn't want it to be because a relationship wasn't getting together and everything fitted together perfectly it was waking up every single day and working together. Happily ever after existed in fairy tales, not real life, and the whole point of a relationship was love, trust, companionship, coming together as a unit and making the decisions together. The one solid thing they had together was a future. It was a future they could trust and he frankly couldn't wait to find out what was going to happen.

Chapter End Notes

I got a lot more 'No' then I did 'Yes' for pregnancy but I had already planned for it to be negative because they are so not ready for another baby and I know life is a tricky thing and it doesn't always plan out that way but...

Stiles was over aggregating over the pill by the way. It's not 10% it's more like 50-60% and less effective during heat which is a breeding time for all omegas but there are birth control so it's not rapid pregnancies.

and FINALLY I think there will be 3/4 chapters left before I end this little story. I know. /cries into cushions.
Allowing himself to fall in love again was a daunting thing, one that still had his heart clenching in fear but with time it became a little bit more easier. Falling in love with Stiles was so simple, consuming and beautiful all mixed together in a wonderful swirl of emotion. There was something so wonderful to cling onto, the sparkle in his eyes when he grinned or laughed, his devotion to Esme, his job, his friends and family. When he stretched in the early morning, a beautiful arch of his back and chest before he settled on the bed with a tired sigh. His food being either cooked to perfection or burnt to a crisp setting off all the fire alarms in the house. It was his constant chatter, his laughing, even his arguing because they weren't perfect. Far from it. Derek didn't want them to be perfect because perfect was overrated. They were like any other couple in the world but also so different because no one was like Stiles. He didn't want no other.

It was like a candle burning within him and each day the little flame was growing brighter and brighter. The days that passed were like a blur mostly and soon enough a new year had come along. This year though he had kissed Stiles once the clock struck midnight, his arms wrapped tight around him when they held each other in that moment. Stiles fingers stroking into his hair and against his nape as they did and he almost ached to tell him there and then. But yet again the words never came out. It was frustrating.

But with a brand new year came a new start for all of them. The two of them working together to make something better. Derek finished his therapy and despite his talks of starting Stiles never went to therapy. He decided to talk through it all bit by bit to Derek who was more than happy to listen. Then again Esme's birthday soon arrived, her first birthday meaning a birthday party that Stiles distracted himself with but Derek could smell his pain. Smell it hidden deep down when he attempted to get his attention and got nowhere.

“I'm fine!” Stiles snapped tugging his hands away when he grabbed them to stop him and talk to him. “Just – leave me alone.”

“You're lying.”

“Yeah, we do that,” he argued shoving past him. “I have things to do or have you forgotten that it's our daughter's first birthday? We have a party of guests coming.”

“No I haven't forgotten the small detail of this being our daughter's first birthday but I also remember a year today you saying goodbye to her,” he shouted so Stiles stilled whirling around to look at him. “Don't do this, don't shout and push me away, Stiles, because I understand. It's like a wound, healed but raw at the same time. I know you're hurting and stressed because you reek of it. Let me help you out here.”

“Fuck,” he breathed out slowly staring down at the lino instead of him. Derek moved slowly on instinct reaching out to him so Stiles moved willingly closer. “It's just...hard. It doesn't seem like a
year ago and I know now she's healthy and crawling and talking...some of the time. She's so beautiful but a year ago she was so tiny and I was saying goodbye...it's like an ache in my chest. It won't fade no matter how much I ignore it.”

“It's a part of your past.”

“Yeah, I know, and I should be moving on from it.”

“Sometimes it's not as easy as that.”

“No because life is a bitch and sometimes, just sometimes, it likes to remind me of how much it hates me,” Stiles mumbled bitterly rubbing his brow, his frown twisting into a small sad smile when he kissed his forehead gently. “I know it's stupid...”

“It's not stupid.”

“It is when I am a big part of her life, me and you are,” he said crossing his fingers to demonstrate. “Plus everything is going okay! We have our hiccups but eventually they go away! I feel stupid for feeling like this.”

He wrapped his arms around him in a hug, Stiles being needy clung into him burying his face into his neck when he held him tight. It didn't take long for the lingering scents of pain to disappear and be replaced by the light delicate scent of contentment. His lips touched his neck softly before he pulled back to look into his eyes.

“I love you,” Stiles murmured kissing his lips softly before moving away. “I think I forgot the strawberry jelly. Fuck!”

Derek blinked unable to move, it wasn't Stiles telling he loved him because he knew that, it was Stiles not waiting for a reply. Like he knew already that Derek wouldn't give him one. It was a mess of emotions when he stood watching whilst Stiles fussed and became a little wild getting everything ready. Esme was dressed in a cream dress, a little white bow stuck in her curls when she appeared from her nap.

“Isn't she just the cutest baby ever? I'm telling you now, we have good genes.”

“She is, hello,” he said holding out his hands to take her so she settled against his hip.”Have a good nap?”

“Nap!” she cried clapping her hands.

“You've just had one, that's why you're no longer miss grumpy pants. Here, have a cookie,” Stiles said holding out one for her so she took it sucking on it. “You need to be bright eyed and bushy tailed for all the people coming to see your cute face and give you presents. It's a good job we have a clear out of her toys...but she'll probably end up playing with the wrapping paper or the boxes.”

Derek hid a smile into her hair watching him pace and they both turned their heads once the cars started driving up.

“Show time!” he whispered dramatically stealing Esme back off him and moving to the front door.

It was mostly his family, Stiles' dad, Lydia and Jackson to his great surprise, Scott and Allison who despite ups and downs were healing and getting better, and to his annoyance Danny also made an appearance. Stiles was his, that was established, but it didn't stop the sour edge of jealously when they spoke and Stiles laughed at something Danny had said. Derek's hand brushed against his back
when he held Esme using her as his second anchor when he approached leading him away.

“You look pissed, what is it?” Stiles whispered against his ear.

“One guess,” he muttered flicking his eyes in Danny's direction to see him drinking and talking with Jackson.

“Oh my god, are you kidding me right now? You do realize he's in a loving and happy relationship right? Like me, with you, who I love, and I intend to do for a nice long time,” Stiles muttered shoving a hand at his chest. “You big jealous puppy.”

“He still likes you...” he muttered glancing at Esme who met his eyes with a wide gummy smile.

“So?! I am a highly attractive guy,” he said brushing a hand down his chest. “You going to hate anyone who even is attracted to me or hell likes me?”

“Yes,” he answered honestly hooking an arm around his waist so he yelped bring dragged into his chest. Esme laughed at it all when she clapped her hands in delight. Stiles shook his head at him but let it slide when he kissed on the corner of his mouth.

“Jealous, so jealous, it's actually adorable...and kind of hot,” he murmured brushing his lips over his stubble.

“When Esme is asleep and everyone is gone, I'll show you exactly how you're mine,” he hissed into the shell of his ear so he groaned low. Stiles moved quickly adjusting himself in his pants to announce food and he smirked looking at Esme.

“Your papa is...silly,” he said using a kinder word so she cooed reaching to grip his nose and giggling when he playfully stopped her attempts. There was no real reason to feel jealous but it was there and sour and prickly inside of him. The same way Stiles felt anger over last year and how it played out. Old feelings resurfaced and Derek wasn't overly sure he was quite over finding them in his kitchen with Stiles heavily pregnant with Esme. That memory was one he longed to forget no matter what.

Esme was in the spotlight for most of the afternoon till she grew tired of company and found her way into Stiles' lap. Her pacifier in her mouth when she sucked on it and fisted a hand into his top reluctant to let go. Derek was sort of glad when it came to an end and everyone started to leave. He loved his family and was appreciative of Stiles' friends but he wanted time with the two of them.

“We had a good day didn't we?” Stiles murmured shaking her hands when she sat in his lap and babbled at him softly. “You have lots of new toys and clothes and money which we can spend on yet more toys and clothes!”

Esme pouted looking exhausted and was needy when she cuddled into him.

“Come on baby girl,” Stiles whispered taking her upstairs, his fingers stroking across his arm before he went upstairs. He swirled the rest of his beer in his glass before drinking it down and kicking his feet up to watch the television. It didn't take long for Stiles to get her down for the night and he held still watching when Stiles came in and immediately straddled his lap.

“Successful day,” Stiles murmured.

“It was, well done,” Derek agreed resting his hands on his thighs trailing his fingers up and down the rough material of his jeans. “It's a first birthday to remember.”
“She was out like a light, will be sleeping throughout the whole night probably, and you and me have the whole house to ourselves. I thought you were going to prove me that I was yours, all though I totally am by the way, one hundred per cent, no one else for me…” he said in word vomit only to be cut off when Derek growled pushing him down into the couch. Stiles groaned immediately getting onto this when they pulled at each clothes.

“Mine, this is mine,” he murmured touching his lips and kissing him softly, kissing his forehead, over his closed eyes, nose, forehead before kissing his lips again. Stiles was flushed and happy when he threw his arms up near his head relaxing when he continued his journey of kissing every inch of his skin. “You're all mine, you're so beautiful, Stiles.”

Derek kissed down his chest slowly, his tongue swirling over his nipples so his groans increased and he smiled enjoying listening to his sounds.

“I am yours,” he whispered undoing the button of his jeans and pushing them down his hips. “Come on, get inside of me, show me what you're made of big guy!”

“So desperate, always so needy,” Derek whispered pressing a kiss into his stomach and dragging down his underwear. Stiles huffing impatiently when he nosed at his inner thighs and bit into the soft skin so he yelped sliding a hand into his hair.

“Derek!”

“Shush, I got you, going to fill you up, you'll feel me for days after this” he promised pulling back to reach under the coffee table fetching their secret stash of lube.

“I can't believe you put that there.”

“You're one to demand sex wherever whenever,” he muttered squeezing it out of his fingers. “You don't exactly refuse…"

“Why would I?” Derek murmured pressing two fingers against the rim of his ass. The resistance there but the lube making it easier when he stretched him open wriggling his fingers till he could add a third. Stiles writhed desperately against his fingers, sweat damp on his chest and forehead when he breathed in and out harshly.

“You ready?” he teased with a smirk when Stiles growled pulling him in so he lined up pushing inside of him slowly. The tight warm heat of him welcoming so he pulled out thrusting hard up inside of him catching his prostrate. Stiles letting out a choked off moan, his hands scrambling for purchase on his back when he thrust into him. This was how he liked him, his weight pressing him down, Stiles' soft sounds of pleasure sending licks of heat down his spine when he fucked him hard into the couch.

“The one time I wished we didn't heal so fast,” Stiles muttered breathlessly dragging his nails down his back, the nails cutting so he could smell the blood and feel the pain alongside it. Derek could only grunt his agreement feeling his impending orgasm curl up and build within. His hand wrapped around Stiles' cock so he gasped arching his chest towards him in pure agreement.

“God, yes, please,” he pleaded thrusting his hips up towards him desperately. Derek smirked at his neediness, so like his heat but even then it was worse than now. His hand was damp with sweat when he slid it up and down the shaft slowly, his thumb stroking over the head to mess and suck the pre-come into his mouth. Stiles' lips parted in a low drawn out moan when he watched him with wild eyes, the yellow glow of his wolf appearing when he clenched down. His come
splattering his stomach and his chest so he exhaled shakily clinging onto his forearms.

Their climaxes hit far too soon then he would have liked. There was a part of him that wished he could draw it out, press every button, but a quick fuck on the couch would do for now. They have the rest of their lives after all. Sweat and other bodily fluids had them stuck to each other when he finally collapsed and they rolled to lie together. The leather hot and sticking to their skin when they laid side by side. Stiles smiled at him faintly, his fingers trailing up and down his arm slowly so he shivered.

“You get your claim down then?”

“I don't need to claim you.”


“You think we're ready that?” he questioned raising his eyebrows at him. There was being boyfriends for humanity but the mating bite was something different altogether. It was final, unbreakable only through death of the other, and even through everything it terrified him a little. Stiles nodded slowly continuing his trail of his fingers up and down his arm so he shivered yet again, goosebumps rising over his skin.

“The mating bite, the mating bond, whatever you want to call it these days. It's official, binds two wolves together, it's what Talia and James have. It's what my mom and dad had and it means...forever. I don't want anyone else. I can't see myself with anyone else.”

“It's still a big deal.”

“If you don't want to do it then just tell me.”

“I didn't say that, I meant it's a big deal not only for me but for you as well,” he protested moving away when Stiles sighed deeply wriggling to get up. “Once it's done, it's done. There's no backing out without real and serious consequences. Rejection, regret, they're all triggers to serious outcomes. It can kill, drive us insane. You'd be my mate, my one and only.”

“You think I'd take your bite and regret it?” Stiles demanded staring at him shocked and a little hurt. “You only think I'd take it and then a few months down the line regret it?! Fuck, this is like months ago when you honestly believed I would cheat on you or break your heart because you didn't trust me! I'm asking for this, not you, me, the person wanting this to happen. It's you who doesn't. So fine, I won't take it.”

“Stiles, that's not...” his words trailed of dying out when Stiles left him walking upstairs. His lips pressed together when he dressed throwing his clothes back on despite how sticky and gross he felt. His fingers brushed against his forehead gently like a headache was coming on but it wasn't and never would. Derek dimly heard the rush of the shower upstairs and he sighed deeply leaning back. He sat and listened to the shower upstairs and Stiles step into it. The soft lull of Esme's heartbeat was also there and he shut his eyes breathing in and out deeply as he could. It wasn't like he was chicken to do it, he wanted nothing more than to fully bond with Stiles. To be one, to be mates, to have everything he had hidden away so carefully but it was also daunting.

There was also the little fact he hadn't even told him the three little words he knew Stiles wanted to hear. Derek was patient when he waited to Stiles to shower and dress before coming back downstairs smelling of fresh clothes and soap. Every trace of their encounter gone when he stood looking at him. Stiles meeting his eyes so he grimaced grabbing a soda out of the kitchen.
“Derek, I'm sorry...”

“No, don't be sorry...”

“I reacted badly, pushing you for something you don't want, and that's pretty low even for me. I guess a part of me just wanted that little piece but if you're don't want to then it's fine. Not all wolves take the bite,” he said shrugging his shoulders casually.

“Stiles, no, that's not it at all. I do, you have no idea...” he protested shaking his head. “I just need more time. It's not that I don't want to, I just need...time.”

Stiles’ eyes narrowed thoughtfully before he nodded once. “Time. It's what we have.”

~*~

It's the height of the summer when it happens. They have a good few months leading up to it if anything. Esme growing each day, a new word, a new gesture, her demand to be walked around the house by holding onto their hands met with enthusiasm or regret. Stiles was no longer the intern within Scott's company and was now planning to climb ahead and hopefully score a team manager position. Derek was proud of him for that and whilst Stiles worked he looked after Esme. His job secure enough for Jackson to happily continue looking after their company. Jackson was an asshole but with Lydia on his arm and the look of love in his eyes he had actually calmed way down. The professional approach being taken and weekly reports were good enough to see proper improvement. Everything was going good.

So why wouldn't he be hit with the sudden overwhelming force of how much he loved him one day in July. It was a Saturday morning, the sun high in the sky and the heat of summer already there within the house. Esme had woken him up at seven that morning and he let Stiles sleep in gratitude for him being up her during the night due to the heat. He dressed her in a white summer dress, gave her breakfast, and finally seated her in the living room with her toys.

Stiles was down the stairs around ten that morning. The sleepiness lingering when he stumbled into the kitchen heading straight for the coffee machine. Derek watched him silently taking in the ruffled hair, the fact he was wearing one of his older loose tops that hung off him ridiculously well and his batman underwear. The rays on the sunlight hit him lighting him up and he swallowed hard just feeling it. It was like a bang to the head, a sharp searing pain through him when he tried to breathe because he was his. Stiles was his no matter what, he loved him, they had a pup together, and he had fallen in love with him some time ago. Not too sure when but who knew exactly when they fell in love with someone? There was a part of him that felt crazy, absolutely insane with his need and desire to protect him no matter what. Derek would kill for him or even die for him if it ever came to head. It was so simple in the end.

“I love you.”

Derek didn't know what reaction he was going to get when he stood in the kitchen watching when Stiles turned looking at him over his shoulder stunned.

“What?”

“I love you,” he repeated, his lips twitching into a smile when Stiles' hand shook and he pushed the mug he was holding back near the coffee machine.

“You...I feel like I'm dreaming,” he muttered glancing at his hands and away. “No, awake, very, very, much awake. Oh my god, you just told me you loved me. You...just said I love you.”
“You're rambling.”

“You just said I love you!” he exclaimed walking towards him and hurrying when he threw his arms around him. Derek caught him with a huff, the smell of sleep, coffee, and the scent of him and Stiles together entered his senses.

“I love you,” he murmured into his ear, the words easy to say when he pressed his lips against his ear smiling softly when Stiles shuddered drawing back.

“Oh my god, I love you too. Like so much, like...oh my god,” he muttered drawing him into passionate kiss. Derek readily moving into it cupping his jaw with his fingers to angle his jaw and get it deeper. The ache spread all over his body at the point but it was a sweet ache, one that he hadn't felt or given himself to in a long time and god he wanted more. Stiles pulled back breathing hard to look at him, his hand gentle when he stroked his fingers across his cheek like he was in awe of him.

“Ttook you long enough,” he teased.

“I wasn't going to say it if I didn't really mean it.”

“I'm so glad you did,” Stiles murmured tucking his face into his neck breathing him in deeply. They stayed together clinging till they heard the little slaps and shuffles of Esme crawling towards the kitchen. Her smile wide when she appeared pushing herself to sit and look at them.

“It's like she knows, dada and papa are having a private moment...Esme must intervene! Super baby to the rescue!” he whispered dramatically moving to scoop her up so she squealed. “But your dada just told me he loved me. Isn't that amazing?”

“No,” she said slowly looking around the kitchen so Stiles laughed.

“Oh dear, it's not so good,” Stiles said turning towards him. “Our one year old is becoming more and more like you every day. What have you done?”

Derek shook his head at him heading to the fridge to make some breakfast for them both.

“What do you say, should we go the beach today?”

“It'll be crowded.”

“So? God, you and your hatred for being around people. We'll go to one that isn't so crowded then but a beach day would be good! Get us out of the house,” Stiles said softly resting his cheek on the top of her head and sending him a sweet smile. Derek rolled his eyes feeling himself give in so he nodded and Stiles laughed hard once.

“See, me and you together are so manipulative. Let's so pack a bag!” he cried to Esme who beamed at him happily enough despite having no idea what was going on.

The beach day ended up being quite successful. Derek drove them to a beach he remembered as a kid and to his surprise it was fairly empty. Overlooked for the main beaches and people were here but mostly families and couples. The suncream was rubbed on and they sat on a blanket. Stiles making a sandcastle with Esme whilst he relaxed sitting back on his forearms.

“You using those sunglasses to check the women and men out?” Stiles questioned cocking an eyebrow at him.
“Why would I want to do that?” he said looking at him fully. Stiles was wearing nothing but his shorts and he took that moment to ogle his chest and arms. He noticed of course and a high flush to his cheeks appeared.

“Because it’s the perfect time to do it!”

“I don’t need to look at other women and men. I have you.”

“Loyal to the end,” he smiled softly.

“Exactly,” Derek said lying back and shutting his eyes breathing in the smell of the ocean and wet sand. His lips twitched into a small smile when he felt little hands on his legs before they moved and he opened his eyes to see Esme leaning on his chest.

“Dada, dada,” she repeated softly patting his chest.

“Esme,” he murmured pushing the glasses to his head. “Can I have a kiss? Kiss, Esme.”

He leaned in so she pressed a wet kiss to his lips and he wrinkled his nose with a smile.

“Oh my god, that is the cutest thing. I want to die,” Stiles cried moving towards them and sitting close. “How can you both be so cute?”

“Talent,” Derek muttered stroking a hand through her curls so she sat in his lap happily enough.

“I am the luckiest guy in the world. I swear,” Stiles muttered cupping his jaw to kiss him hard. “Like...I don't deserve you.”

“Now that's a lie.”

“Is not!” he protested shaking his head.

Derek sighed deeply holding Esme closer to him before wrapping an arm around his shoulders and hooking him in so he yelped.

“I think it's the other way around or for arguments sake it's both of us.”

Stiles gave into that rolling his eyes and resting his head on his shoulder. Esme squirmed wanting to get away so she sat on the blanket with a book with the shade of the umbrella protecting her from the rays.

“I love you,” Stiles murmured quietly.

“I love you too,” he replied softly listening to Stiles make a small soft sound before his back hit the blanket and he stared up at him in question.

“I am never going to get tired of hearing that. Ever.” he whispered, happiness evident in his tone. Derek always wanted to hear that and he smiled because he could, his lips brushing against his in a gentle but loving kiss.

“I'll never stop saying it.”
Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

We have some porn and a whole load of fluff that is going to make you want to scream into pillows. I promise.

But it is so well deserved after all the angst in the beginning and this chapter is so long.

ALSO.

I have over 2000 kudos and that is AMAZING. Thank you for all comments and kudos guys. I am so proud of my little story. Well not so little but you get the idea.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The alarm blared that morning uncomfortably loud when he groaned slapping his hand on the off button so the constant beeping would shut up. Derek's arms and chest were warm around him when he turned snuggling closer to him forgetting for one sweet moment about work. Esme was still sleeping, it turned out the older she grew the longer she slept in from waking up at six to eight now. Derek blamed Stiles for it. Derek's lips brushed against his temple so he smiled shoving his nose into his clavicle inhaling the soft smell of his scent. Stiles hummed when Derek continued his trail of kissing down his neck to nose and nip at his shoulder. His eyes opened slowly and he pulled back to look into his eyes. It had been three months since Derek had told him he loved him, three months after of bliss, hot sex against every surface in this house, and a domestic life he was pleased to have. The only thing he was waiting and wanted was the bite and it had been put at the back of his mind till now.

"Can I just stay here with you? I don't want to go to work," he whined looping arms around his neck. "Why am I the worker and you're my house husband?"

"Your decision to work. I'm not working till Esme is in kindergarten. You're doing well, very well, you're on your way to be a team manager. With a higher salary and a lot more benefits with work. You come home tired and happy and that's a good thing."

"I'd rather have sex."

"You would," Derek protested rolling his eyes. "You're addicted."

"I will not apologize for enjoying making love, yeah I said it, making love to you. Because that is what it is and you know it, all holding hands and staring into each other's eyes and remember how hard I made you come the other night?" he teased with a smile so Derek let out a low groan nodding. "I hate Mondays and the fact it's September meaning it's colder...does not help. Not one little bit."

"I'll make you breakfast," Derek said pulling away from him so he pouted reaching for his warmth. "Sausage, egg, bacon, and that eggy toast you like."

"Oh my god, yes, yes, and a million times yes. I love you so much," Stiles whispered crawling out
of bed. He washes and dresses into his shirt and pants before heading into the nursery to see Esme sprawled like a star fish sleeping, her pacifier hanging out her mouth when she breathed in and out so he smiled at the sight. She was adorable. The smell of cooking bacon hit him when he inhaled deeply enough and he headed downstairs to see Derek cooking for him.

“You should be wearing an apron and an apron only,” he muttered circling his arms around his waist so Derek huffed out a laugh.

“Go sit down.”

“Sir, yes sir,” he added slapping his ass cheek hard so Derek glared at him. It didn't take long for Esme to finally wake up when he walked upstairs to find her standing at the bars, her curls a ruffled mess on her head, and her smile wide just for him.

“Hello gorgeous,” he murmured scooping her up out of the cot so she cooed patting his cheek. “Did you have a nice sleep?”

“Bobo, dada,” she said gesturing at her cot so he fetched out her pacifier slotting it into her mouth. It was her nickname for it and they decided not to discourage it.

“Breakfast time!”

Esme was strapped in her high chair so she settled waiting when he made her oatmeal and stirred bananas into it. She smiled at him when he slid it onto her tray and handed her a spoon so she could try to feed herself. It was a tactic they were using and it was somewhat working apart from the major fact she almost always got it on herself. Derek slid his plate in front of him when he hummed yanking him down to kiss him firmly on the lips.

“I'm going for a shower,” Derek muttered trailing a hand through his hair so he sighed knowing it was going to be unruly. He waited and watched mostly in disgust and amusement when she ate till she was done and mostly playing with her food.

“You mucky puppy,” he muttered cleaning her up despite her protests. Esme hated the cleaning process and she wailed till she was clean and allowed to crawl out of the kitchen.

“You were walking the other day,” he scolded rolling his eyes. It had been a joyous moment for both of them when they sat in the living room one afternoon last week to see her first steps. There joy though was loud and scared her enough to fall down and sob miserably as they consoled and hugged her. Since then she hadn't attempted to walk since and encouragements fell when she preferred to crawl.

“You going to walk again today?” he said watching as she pulled herself up the side of the couch and instead smiled at him innocently. “Is that a no? You're getting more and more like Derek every single day, you little monster.”

“Juice,” she said looking at him.

“So demanding.”

He put her in the corner surrounded by cushions before handing her a cup filled with watered down orange juice. Stiles headed upstairs getting ready again till Derek came out of the shower wearing only a towel.

“Esme is tucked up in the corner of the couch watching cartoons and drinking juice. I have to go to work, I'll be home by five thirty, and I'm cooking steak for dinner since it is my turn. Any
“You’re ridiculous?” Derek questioned folding wrapping his arms around his waist to kiss his shoulder.

“No, that's the wrong answer. I love you,” he muttered turning to peck his lips and grabbing his tie to put it on. “Have a nice day dear!”

Derek shook his head at him when he left heading downstairs to kiss Esme who whined at him for blocking her view of the cartoon teddy bear she loved so much.

“Cartoons...replacing the love my one year old has for me,” he mumbled shaking his head and leaving the house to go to work. Derek was right though, he did enjoy his job. Stiles loved spending time with his daughter and Derek but at the same time he loved going away and doing his job. He also provided for them in a strange way despite the fact they didn't need the money but then again money didn't last and they had a future to plan for. His desk was welcoming to him when he threw down his bag and took a sip of coffee.

“Hey, Stiles,” an overly friendly voice said when he looked over to see one of his co-workers Joseph Ryan appear holding two muffins. “Chocolate chip, just how you like it.”

“Thanks, Joseph.”

The wave of arousal hit him when he smiled politely watching him leave and had to force back the urge to throw his head into his computer screen. It was purely obvious he liked him a lot more than advised despite the many pictures of Esme and Derek on his desk. Stiles talked about them all the time but there was always the lingering smell of arousal when he was around, his eyes tracking his body or a hum of approval when he bent down to pick things up. Stiles was more than forever thankful that Derek had never turned up at the office or knew about him because there was possessive and then there was Derek Hale. The blood would never come out of the carpets and he wasn't waiting forever for him to come out of prison.

It was best to ignore it for now and he dropped in Scott's office at lunch chucking a subway at him.

“Aw, dude, thanks,” Scott said looking at him in surprise. “How's life on the seventh floor?”

“Sucks, Joseph is lingering around my desk like a bad smell. If I shove the picture of me, Derek, and Esme at the beach in his face one more time I may just throw him down the stairs. I know it's flattery but it uncomfortable and I am in a relationship! What happened to the honest people in this world?”

“He's harmless,” Scott muttered around the bread and lettuce.


“We're trying for a baby day and night,” Scott said casually enough for him to balk a little on his own sandwich. “I am so sore, Stiles, and we've been trying for weeks now but no baby yet.”

“Oh my god, I really do not need to know these details. You're trying, that's so great, but I don't need to know anything else.”

“What if we can't get pregnant? Like we lost the first one and now...it's like nothing.”

“Hey, no, you and Allison, you're destined to have mini Scott's and mini Allison's running around the place messing with all your shit,” he said with a shake of his head. “You'll be fine. I know you
Scott smiled sadly at him continuing to eat his sandwich till it was gone. “You heard from Lydia?”

“I get an email once a week since she's in New York wanting to be an editor. Her and Jackson are trying the long distance but I don't think it's working. I think I spoke to her on the phone when she was in the middle of...” he gestured with a grimace which Scott mirrored. “It was a little weird.”

“She'll be fine, this is Lydia.”

“I just miss her,” he muttered scrunching up his empty wrapper. “Right, got to go, I'll see you later!”

Stiles was more than ready for home by the time five came around and he set off home to find Derek with Esme in the front room. Esme sat amongst the thousand toys she had when he stepped in looking around and laughed looking around the place.

“I leave and this place looks like a bomb hit it,” he said raising his eyebrows at Derek who stood welcoming him home with a kiss. “Was she hellish today?”

“No, she just wanted every single toy out and had the attention span of a goldfish, growing bored, wanting to play and have attention. It was hard, not hellish, how was work?”

“Good, sort of, rather be here with you though,” he murmured wrapping his arms around his neck and kissing him softly. His lips twitching into a smile when Derek wrapped his arms around his waist hauling him closer to him.

“I have managed to persuade Laura to babysit tomorrow and take Esme for the night.”

“Oh, why?”

“You don't think I can't read you but I can and I know you've been holding off the conversation...well more like both of us,” he said softly. “The bite, Stiles.”

“Oh! Really? It's been like three, four months now so I just assumed...”

“No, I'm ready to do this with you. The only question is are you?”

“Yes, oh my god, yes, I get to be yours in every way possible. I am so up for this,” Stiles exclaimed jumping at him so Derek caught him holding his weight. “We can make it romantic if you want.”

“What ideas do you have?”

“Well,” he said pursing his lips to look at ceiling. “Candles, lots of candles, food, and...that kind of bullshit.”

“You really have a way of wording things,” he said placing him on the kitchen counter. “Fine, I'll see what I can do.”

“Really?! You lighting candles and being romantic?”

“I can be romantic,” Derek deadpanned. “I'm just not...overly practiced.”

“Oh that's a fancy word!” Stiles mock whispered trailing off with a snort of laughter when he growled smacking his back gently. “I don't care, I just want it to finally happen.”
“Dada!” Esme cried from the living room when they parted and he jumped down from the counter walking into see her surrounded by books. Her eyes lighting yellow when she spotted him and her arms raised for him to pick her up.

“I can't make her say papa,” Derek said from behind him. “I think we're both dada in her eyes.”

“It doesn't matter, she's got plenty of time to learn,” he murmured kissing her forehead. “You had a good day princess? You look tired. I think an early night for you!”

It was pretty easy to get her down in the cot once she had her warm milk and her story read to her. Her hand curled around his finger when he laid her down and smoothed her curls away from her forehead. It still baffled him now how much she had grown, how her personality was forming, how happy and content she was. Allison often commented on how much she was beginning to look like him every passing day but apart from the eyes he didn't see it. So much had changed in the years passed and it was hard to imagine what his life would be like if he wasn't here. The thought brought a painful pang to his chest when he looked around her nursery slowly. The pregnancy was sometimes a little hard to remember, the odd bad memory affecting him sometimes. Sometimes to be quiet and withdrawn from Derek, Derek who always noticed and seemed to know which was scary enough. His arms would wrap around him and he'd hold him till the memory faded and he could feel that sense of calm within him.

Derek was downstairs lounging with a bottle of Gatorade in his hand when he eventually made his way downstairs in his gray joggers and sat down next to him. It was their usual evening of sitting in front of the television and it always resulted in them acting out big spoon-little spoon till they felt drowsy enough to stumble upstairs. There was plenty to look forward to tomorrow though and he was nervous excited.

~*~

Coming home that evening was daunting in a sense that his stomach would just not stop doing back flips when he shut and locked the door behind him. Stiles breathed out shakily before walking up and opening the front door.

“I feel like a damn virgin or something,” he muttered shaking his head at his own stupidity.

“I wouldn't you call a virgin, not with the things we have done,” Derek said from the top of the stairs so he smirked tugging off his coat and dumping his bag on the floor.

“Oh no, virginity is well and truly gone. What are you doing up there?”

Derek simply held out his hand for him so he swallowed walking up slowly to take his hand. “You look nervous.”

“This is a big deal, like taking virginity or getting married...for some people and it only happens once. Once is enough for me and I know that it enough for you as well.”

Derek led him into the bedroom kissing him till he felt breathless and giddy, he pulled back surveying the room and laughing in delight at what he found.

“You lit candles, like five candles, but still you lit candles...and are those flowers?! he whispered shoving at him to go near the window and touch the white and yellow flowers gently. “Derek, oh my god!”

“You said I wasn't romantic.”
“You're not, well some of the time, occasionally,” he murmured spinning on his heel to look at him. “This is amazing. Like seriously amazing. Come here, you massive puppy.”

“I'm not a puppy,” he growled puffing up in retaliation.

“Oh no, you're my big strong man,” he murmured hooking his fingers into his top to drag him closer. “Think you can prove it to me? Come on, big guy, fuck me.”

Stiles whispered the last words into his ear and nipped the ear so Derek snarled tossing him on the bed so he bit his lip hard staring up at him. His shirt practically ripped to shreds from his body when he lay there panting gently and his cock harder then ever. His pants were removed alongside his underwear when he lay naked spread out on the sheets. Derek meanwhile was still fully clothed when he trailed his hands over his thighs, his claws out and leaving pink trails in their wake.

“So pretty and spread out for me,” Derek murmured spreading his legs wide so he flushed pressing his lips together. “You're all mine.”

“Forever and a day,” he whispered wrapping a hand around his cock slowly jerking himself off only for his hand to be slapped away. “Hey!”

“No, don't touch, just stay there.”

Derek took his time mapping out his body with his fingers, his touch raising goosebumps to his skin so he shivered writhing on the bed sheet desperately.

“Derek, you fucking tease!” Stiles whined reaching and tugging him closer when he gripped his top tugging it and hauling it over his head.

“So impatient, do I need to lock you down?” he whispered pressing his lips against his in a desperate kiss so he whined again. “Those handcuffs...we haven't used them in a while. Can you be good?”

“I – I...” he murmured trailing his hands down his chest feeling his abs, his cock leaking pre-come when he shook his head because my god he wanted those handcuffs.

Derek's smile was mischievous when he rose up opening the bottom drawer to get them out. The kind designed for werewolves not to get out of no matter how much they tried to break them apart. Stiles was more than willing when Derek grabbed his hands kissing him filthily, his tongue stroking along his bottom lip so he gasped bucking his hips once his hands were chained to the headboard.

“Oh god,” Stiles murmured swallowing hard when he looked at him. “Fuck me, please, please fuck me, Derek. I need your cock inside of me.”

Derek shushed him gently kissing under his ear so he moaned once his hand threaded into his hair tugging on it roughly. The pain and pleasure of it like fire through his veins so he felt like a whore moaning for a good fuck. It was ridiculous. So ridiculous.

His cock was hard against his stomach when he thrust his hips up feeling it rub against Derek who shushed him gently. His lips rough but sort of gentle against his when he kissed him into silence.

“Derek, I swear if you don't fuck me right this second I will withhold sex for a year!” he threatened feeling his wolf come to the surface, he knew his eyes were glowing up at him when Derek flashed his in return. In that single moment though he could feel his wolf completely submit earning him baring his throat.
“Good boy,” Derek rewarded nipping at his jaw so he whined squeezing his eyes closed and pulling on the handcuffs.

“Derek!”

“Shush, I'm here, going to take care of you,” he said finally removing his jeans and underwear so he was fully naked and pressing his weight into him. The touch of their bare skin the trigger for him to moan wanting to touch him. Stiles regretted the handcuffs now. Derek grabbed the lube from the drawer pulling back to squeeze the blue gel onto his fingers and rubbing over his hole gently. He clenched without meaning to, the emptiness a reminder and the soft sob was released without his say so.

“Hey, it's okay, it's okay,” Derek consoled pressing the fingers inside of him so he gasped in relief feeling the stretch and burn they brought. The fingers stretching him open so he wriggled his hips bearing down on them, the sweat collecting in his collarbones and on his forehead when he tried to breathe. It was too much and not enough all at the same time. The third finger was inside of him before he knew it and he groaned louder spreading his legs further.

“I'm going to remove these now,” he murmured tapping the handcuffs. “Need access to your shoulder.”

“God, just fucking do it,” he pleaded, Derek kissing him tenderly before moving to unbuckle them and remove his fingers with a wet squelch. Stiles' hands found their way to his ass when he gripped his ass cheeks tight moving him into position. Derek's cock breaching him inch by inch so he gasped, chest heaving for breath as finally bottomed out.

“Move, oh my god move,” Stiles whispered rocking his hips till Derek began to thrust deeply into him so he could feel everything. Sweat was beginning to pour down his face when he guided Derek into him slapping his ass hard. The bed squeaked under them when he clung to him once Derek thrust into him harder, his head knocking against the headboard so he gasped feeling it.

His own hand wrapped around his cock when he jerked himself off feeling the sweet build up of his own climax. Their lips met in a sweaty mess when he breathed against his lips gripping the back of his neck with his free hand.

“Come on, come inside of me,” he murmured encouragingly. “Bite me, Derek, make me yours and only yours. Only you.”

Derek groaned low in his ear tucking his face into his neck inhaling his scent before he pulled back, face shifting so his eyes glowed a magnificent red before he bit down. The pain sharp and explosive enough for him to clench down and his orgasm to rise. The smell of blood and come hitting his senses when Derek too followed thrusting deep inside of him once more. The hot rush of his come filling his insides when he panted feeling one hundred per cent overwhelmed. His teeth remaining in his shoulder before he pulled away licking at the excess blood slowly.

It was done. The bond shining inside of him like a beacon when he met Derek's eyes and pulled him down into a soft kiss, his lips brushing against his top lip.

“I love you.”

“I love you too,” Derek murmured kissing his forehead tenderly enough for him to want to cry. He chose instead to kiss him till they were breathless and exhausted enough to lie side by side.

His shoulder ached but in the best way for him, it would take time to heal as any alpha bite or
scratch would do but Stiles liked it. It reminded him it was there. Sleep was easy to come by though when they curled up despite the blood, sweat, and come lingering in the bed and on themselves. It was the best night sleep in a while and when Stiles woke up that next morning with his body aching from sex and the bite mostly healed he was happy. Happy enough to peek and look at a still sleeping Derek with a secret smile.

They were official in every single way. This was his mate now and nothing, apart from death, could ever separate them. It should be terrifying but it wasn’t, not to him.

“Sties, stop staring at me,” Derek murmured so he jumped letting out a startled laugh.

“Oh my god, you just Bridget Jones' me, you dork,” he said slapping his chest so Derek wrinkled his nose opening one eye.

“What is a Bridget Jones?”

“You've never seen the films!? Priority one, they're awesome.”

“Whatever, go back to sleep.”

“Can’t,” Stiles whispered kissing his chest a second time and letting his cheek rest there when he turned his head to look at the window. It was early in the morning when he listened to his heartbeat thumping into his ear. It was oddly relaxing like an anchor was meant to be. Derek's fingers were gentle when they trailed up and down his bare back so he shivered pressing his nose into his chest kissing him a final time before pushing up.

“Where you going?” Derek muttered tugging at his wrist.

“Toilet, I need to piss like you have no idea. Plus I need orange juice, you want anything?”

“You, naked, here,” Derek muttered patting the bed so he grinned.

“I'll be right back,” he promised pulling on Derek's shirt since his was in ruins. “Oh my god, I look like one of those girls wearing their guys shirts and nothing more. Do I look good?”

Derek squinted pushing up onto his forearms to look at him. “It'll look better when I pull it off you.”

“Oh my god, that is as corny as it'll look good on my bedroom floor. I'll be right back,” he said with a wink darting out the bedroom. Stiles pissed and got orange juice before returning to the bedroom to see him awake and waiting for him when he took a drink and straddled his lap.

“It's healing well,” Derek said tracing his fingers over the bite. “It'll heal silver, all bites are different. This one though will be there for everyone to see you're mine.”

“Good.”

Derek met his eyes before leaning into nose at his neck and he hummed feeling Derek's erection against his thigh.

“Ready for round two and maybe three before Laura drops off our daughter?” he said trailing off with a soft laugh when his back hit the bed and he wrapped his arms around his neck savoring the kiss. It didn't get better than this.

~*~
The problem with time was that she passed without a problem and soon enough a whole year passed by without him noticing. Three years together since the very beginning and Esme was two years old and walking, talking, and becoming so grown up it was scary. It flowed together so naturally that in the new year he got his biggest surprise. His dad selling the house and getting early retirement to move to San Francisco.

“I miss my son and I am missing out on my granddaughter growing up. I want to be here for her growing up and any future pups of yours;” his dad said to him in explanation. “It's about time I moved on from Beacon Hills.”

Stiles was not ashamed to admit that he cried a little in joy.

The second surprise came in February of that year when Allison and Scott gathered them all around to announce a pregnancy of not just one but two babies.

“Twins!” Scott cried excitedly every few minutes so he laughed hugging him tight. They had tried for months, almost giving up hope of ever becoming pregnant. They got their luck though when Allison finally fell pregnant and passed her first trimester pregnant with twins.

“Don't you be getting any ideas, Mr McBroody,” he warned Derek who simply raised his eyebrows at him. “Kindergarten then we'll talk.”

Stiles couldn't help but feel a little broody himself what with all the baby talk but he let it slide because they were not stealing thunder. No way. This was not Friends and they were no Rachel and Ross stealing their thunder. It was amazing to watch though, the glow Allison had when she planned for their babies, and Scott was a beaming mess half the time preparing to be a father.

The months passed and soon enough it was another summer and the fourth of July, Independence Day, had arrived. They were going to see the firework display with a barbeque they always put on on this day with Esme who adored fireworks surprisingly. Scott, Allison, Talia, James, Laura, Joe, and Emma were joining them with their dad as well who wanted to join too.

“Fireworks, you can sit on daddy's shoulders and watch them,” he said to Esme who nodded sitting in his lap. “Then you can have a hotdog.”

“Please,” she said gently so he nodded kissing her nose.

Derek was gone from the house and he sighed gently wondering where he was. It was probably nothing but it hadn't escaped his notice that Derek had been acting odd for a couple of days now. No reason why but odd behavior that left him questioning.

“Papa, book please?” she said holding it out for him so he took it opening up the book about Cinderella. Esme loved reading, her favorite pass time when they got moments alone together. He was halfway reading it when Derek returned from wherever he had been, his smile lighting up the moment he saw them both.

“Where have you been?”

“You, things to do,” he murmured kissing the top of his head as he passed. Stiles frowned but let it slide, he didn't want to be overbearing over nothing at all.

He was looking forward to tonight though when it finally arrived for them to leave and they got her into her car seat before driving out to meet the others. Stiles couldn't help but sneak glances at him till they got there and he felt anxious for no reason. Like something was going to happen and he didn't know what and he didn't like it. Scott and Allison were already there when he placed Esme
on his hip carrying her over to them.

“Hello,” Allison greeted kissing his cheek and smiling at Esme who hid her face into his shoulder shy. “Oh dear, we have a shy Esme today.”

“She's having an off day, wait till Emma gets here. You look amazing, all radiant.”

“I feel like a pig,” she pouted resting her hand on her bump.

“No you don't, you look gorgeous,” Scott argued sliding his arm around her waist so she smiled at him.

Derek appeared behind him resting a hand on the small of his back so he happily leaned into him. It was another half an hour before his dad arrived alongside Talia, James, Laura, Joe, and Emma who ran towards him. Esme noticing when she wriggled out of his arms toddling to meet Emma.

“That is so sweet,” Laura cooed when Emma wrapped her little arms around Esme. “Best friends forever. Thank god their only two years apart.”

“Hello sweetheart,” Talia greeted kissing Derek and his cheek so he smiled in response.

Stiles loved these moments. It wasn't the full pack of course, the absence of Peter and his kids who were currently in Mexico, Lydia still in New York, and Danny with his current boyfriend. But it would do when things finally kicked off and he sat on a blanket with Derek on the hill overlooking everything. The firework display not till later when they ate food and conversation spread. The niggling feeling in the back of his mind didn't fade though when he ate two burgers keeping an eye on Esme playing with Emma.

It was near nine that evening when the fireworks were meant to start that Derek left him and he watched him surprised when he took Laura aside whispering in her ear. Stiles couldn't hear over the chatter but chose to ignore it looking over at Allison and Scott talking with Talia and James. It looked like baby talk from what he could tell and he was disturbed out of his train of thought when Derek appeared holding out his hand.

“Come on,” he said hauling him to stand.

“Wait, what? Where are we going?” he questioned confused when Derek led up and away to stand under the tree away from the group. His eyes flicked to Laura who was holding Esme and he suddenly understood the secret conversation when the fireworks went off. The lights blinding him when he turned his head to watch them and was forced to look at him when Derek's fingers touched his jaw.

“There's a reason I brought you here.”

“I thought we came here to watch fireworks with Esme?”

“No, Stiles, here, like standing here away from the rest of the group.”

“Oh,” he murmured looking into his eyes. “So why am I here stood under a tree with you? Should I be scared, is it bad news? You going away to war?”

“What? No, you're so...” Derek muttered closing his eyes with a dry snort shaking his head. “That's why I love you. Why I don't think I'll ever stop loving you no matter what happens. I want to ask you something...”
“Okay?” he muttered raising his eyebrows at him. “Ask me.”

Derek swallowed hard flicking his eyes to the ground before hauling him closer to stroke his cheek with his thumb. The wait was killing him and he felt a scared clench to his heart waiting for him to say whatever he had to say.

“Marry me,” he whispered.

That did it. The fireworks echoed behind him sending a series of colors across Derek's face when he stared at him stunned. The words echoing in his ears when he inhaled deeply not knowing whether to laugh or cry or do both.

“Oh my god, what!?”

“You heard me.”

“Say it again.”

“Stiles Stilinski, will you marry me?” Derek murmured reaching into his pocket pulling out a black box and pushing it into his hand with a huff. Like he was annoyed with him for being too slow with the uptake. Stiles exhaled shakily, he laughed for a moment before pulling it open to see a pure silver band. It was simple, beautiful, when he took it out noticing the inscription in the middle of the ring.

S&D

“Oh you sappy fucker, you...” he muttered shaking his head feeling tears behind his eyes when he blinked staring at him waiting expectantly. “Yes, oh my fucking god, yes, I will marry you.”

His body took their own wishes when he half laughed half cried kissing him hard when they lost their footing tumbling to the ground. Derek took the brunt of the fall so he groaned and stared up at him with an adoring look in his eyes. The ring slipped onto his finger when he looked at it and away shaking his head.

“You have just proposed to me, in front of the fireworks, our pack, and this is why you've been acting weird for days, you fucking...” he said trailing off when he gripped his jacket kissing him hard.

“You're getting married!” Laura exclaimed excitedly clapping her hands when the others finally joined offering their congratulations. Esme toddled towards them so they caught her when she babbled tucking herself between them so Stiles smiled kissing into her curls. They stood letting their pack congratulate and hug them. It turned out the Hales knew what was happening so they weren't as surprised.

“You are both getting married after I have had these twins I swear to god,” Allison threatened pointing between them. “Let me slim down first for a dress! I am so happy for you both.”

“We promise,” he said with a laugh accepting her hug.

Stiles was left alone with him once the others calmed down and he couldn't stop the smile when he wrapped his arms around his neck.

“I can't believe you did this.”

“And you said I wasn't romantic.”
“You aren't! You have your moments though, shows you really care,” he whispered. “Look how far we've come. It's been a journey.”

“Don't you start singing...” Derek warned so he hummed the song swaying side to side. “But you're right. We've come a long way but now we have a new one, a better one. You ready for marriage?”

“Fuck yes,” he exclaimed with a bark of laughter before his arms tightened and he hugged him tight relishing the moment as much as he could because life had just got a lot better.

Chapter End Notes

*Bruno Mars - Marry You blaring in the distance*

CAUSE IT'S A BEAUTIFUL NIGHT, WE'RE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING DUMB TO DO, HEY BABY, I THINK I WANNA MARRY YOU.

(i tried to be sappy, but not too sappy, you get my drift)
Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

OKAY THIS IS SO LONG. NEARLY 7000 WORDS. MY HANDS HURT, YOU BETTER ALL BE GRATEFUL.

So, yes as you can all see this is the second to last chapter of this very long and emotional journey. This has a lot packed in but not enough to be overwhelming. More like getting stuff in that won't be questioned later.

Thank you for all your comments and kudos you wonderful lot.

This was never how he imagined his life. You think of the future you want and hope it falls out that way but in the end it never does and you're left with a life you didn't want or are surprised to have. This was the case for Stiles. He was a father, mated, and engaged. There were moments he felt like pinching his arm repeatedly till he woke up and found himself years in the past heavy in debt with a shit job. But then again if that happened he'd lose everything he had and wanted so badly. The prospect of planning a wedding was a daunting one with invitations, flowers, cakes, food, venues, and everything else in between. Stiles was more than happy to say a big fat yes to Derek's suggestion of a wedding planner because he wanted a great wedding but if he planned it, it would go down the shit end forever. They kept their promise to Allison though but it hardly mattered what with her being seven months pregnant when he proposed and two months later waiting to give birth.

Bets had been taken place for the arrival of the pups and the sexes so far had been held back. Not even Allison and Scott knew them and Stiles was highly adamant it was twin girls. Derek was all for twin boys with Allison in agreement while Scott was a mess of excitement and nerves of becoming a father to twins.

It was September 16th when they were woken up at two in the morning to Scott frantically talking down the phone to him that Allison was in labor. She was a week early and he was fucking terrified.

“We're going the hospital,” he murmured shaking a tired Derek who grumbled in his sleep before giving in as they dressed stumbling around the room. They were a tired threesome when they got in the car driving over there. Esme asleep in her car seat when Derek drank coffee from a thermal mug occasionally glaring at him.

“He's your best friend,” he hissed at him.

“Yep and you're my fiance so hush,” he retaliated giving him the finger as they parked and Derek took a sleeping Esme into his arms. Scott met them in the waiting room when he paced up and down chewing on his thumb.

“Why are you out there and not in there with Allison?” Derek questioned with a huff.

“Waiting for her dad, she's doing really good so far, it's like early but they want to keep her in because she's got two babies coming out of her,” Scott rambled staring at him with big scared eyes.
“Not one, Stiles, two babies. I can barely look after myself! How – how am I supposed to take care of two babies!?”

“Oh god,” Stiles muttered glancing at Derek. “You go see Allison tell her we'll be right there.”

It was comfort all the way when he sat Scott down pushing his head between his legs instructing him to breathe deeply in and out.

“You're going to be an amazing father! Because it's you, she'll be the coolest mom ever with her fun but also authority and you'll be the best dad because...it's you. Look at me, you know I'm right, you're scared like any first parent is. I – I was terrified and I wasn't...you get my drift. Your wife is about to give birth so take a deep breath, tell yourself you can do this and march in there and hold her freaking hand!” he ordered watching him rise sucking in a deep breath before he nodded.

“You're right.”

“Of course I'm right. Screw Chris, he can find us. Let's go!”

Derek was holding a sleeping Esme against his chest when they walked in and he nearly rolled his eyes out of his head at how radiant she looked in labor.

“Hey, you're here, did you freak out again?” she said smiling at Stiles before narrowing her eyes at Scott who nodded unashamed. “Oh you'll be fine...oh...contraction.”

Stiles squinted feeling the burn of memories when she gripped Scott's hand panting and swearing like a trooper through it. Derek sat down in the spare chair cradling Esme while Stiles lingered near the bed. The fact they were allowed in was nothing short of a miracle but considering it was now nearly three in the morning he took it as the nurses didn't give a fuck.

It was a long process or more like a long night with Derek going home with Esme at seven that morning to feed, change her, and Stiles stayed wanting to be support. It was a ten hour labor before Allison finally pushed the babies out into the world. The first being a bouncing baby boy followed by a beautiful baby girl. They had a set of each and he was not even remotely ashamed to admit he had tears in his eyes for them. They were finally parents at long last to two healthy babies.

Derek returned without Esme when he raised his eyebrows feeling fear till he was informed Laura had picked her up.

“You try getting a two year old in the car when she's grumpy and screaming 'no' over and over again.”

“Ah, the terrible twos,” Stiles muttered with a fake sob. “She did it anyway, two babies, one boy and one girl. So we both lost.”

They were allowed to see her after some rest when he got hold of the girl and let out a soft gasp looking at her.

“She's going to look like you,” he said to Allison who gave him a tired smile, his eyes went to Derek currently holding the boy and he swallowed hard at the wistful adoring look in his eyes.

“So what you calling Tweedledee and Tweedledum then?” Stiles questioned smirking at Scott's glare from where he was sat with Allison.

“Well, we've decided to call the girl Christina and for the boy we're calling him Michael and they're both going to take Scott's last name,” Allison said tiredly. “We haven't decided middle
names but for now that's their names.”

“Beautiful, hey Chrissie,” he said rocking her side to side. “You're going to look just like your mommmy and all the boys or hey girls will want your cuteness.”

“Dude,” Scott muttered shaking his head at him so he grinned handing him Christina. “Hey, stop looking like you're five minutes from stealing him.”

Derek's eyes narrowed but he didn't protest, much, when Scott took Michael off him. Stiles grinned when he slid up to him and wrapped his arms around his waist burying his face into his neck.

“You feeling broody?” he teased him so Derek huffed and he laughed gently despite how exhausted he felt.

“Okay, I love you both the moon and back along with your pups but I am beat and I need sleep and...yeah,” he said trailing off and kissing them both on the forehead before leaving the happy family to it. He leaned into Derek who pressed a kiss into his hair when they walked back to the car and he wanted sleep, he craved it like nothing else. Derek was oddly silent on the way back and he couldn't help but glance at him occasionally.

“Are you okay?”

“What?”

“You, you look all thoughtful and quiet and I'm hoping you're not going to drive me into the woods and kill me. Remember I love you the universe and back.”

Derek rolled his eyes but made no further comment for him when they finally made it home. Bed was welcoming to him when he stomped up the stairs and tugged his clothes off curling under the comforter. His face pressed into the cushion so he inhaled deeply getting settled for a good few hours till he felt the comforter move. Derek's chest pressed against his back, his hand pressing against his stomach so his eyes opened slowly.

“I think I have my answer,” he murmured turning towards him and meeting his eyes. “You are feeling broody aren't you?”

“No,” Derek lied.

“Yes you are,” he muttered smacking his forearm gently. “I saw that look in your eyes holding Michael, adoring, wistful, five minutes away from stealing him like Scott said. You are so up for another baby aren't you? All aboard the impregnate Stiles train!”

“No, Stiles, I am not boarding that train as you put it. I just – I look at myself and Esme and the fact I have brothers and sisters and I would want to give something like that for her.”

“So would I, I never had the chance to have a brother or sister and being an only child was okay but a small part of me did long for that brother or sister. But we have a wedding to plan and the rest of our lives to bring little pups into the world,” he said gently stroking his cheek. “Plenty of time.”

“Do you always have a plan for everything?”

“Not really, they never tend to work out the way I want. I go to college and plan for an amazing job and it fails. I become a surrogate and I fall in love with the baby and the guy so it fails. Now everything is kind of coming together...I think I am waiting for the other shoe to drop and for everything to fall apart.”
“Life doesn't work out that way you want it sometimes. Things happen.”

“Yeah and let's try and keep those to a minimum.”

“Again, life doesn't work out the way you want it.”

“No but let's just focus on getting our wedding booked and paid for before anything else happens or you know...we ruin it ourselves. Plus I am so tired,” he whined tucking his head closer to him. “Can we just sleep? I need to sleep.”

He huffed gently but let him have it when he closed his eyes keeping his cheek pressed to his shoulder so he could sleep until Esme was returned to them. It was a timid sleep if anything and he woke up feeling achy and languid to the sounds of Esme talking downstairs. Stiles sighed stretching out when he stared up at the ceiling brushing his hand down his flat stomach. It really hadn't occurred to him having another baby, mind too occupied with work, wedding, Derek and Esme, plus Scott and Allison and their babies. He wasn't afraid like last time with his heat because he knew the pills worked and his estimates were so far off it was ridiculous. His next heat wasn't till around November anyway and he hoped to keep the baby making off for a good while.

Esme was playing kitchen when he came down craving food and drink when he greeted her and kissed her forehead.

“Did you have fun with Auntie Laura and Emma?”

“Yeah, kitchen, papa?”

“I will in a bit princess, I need food,” he muttered pushing to stand and entered the kitchen to see Derek preparing dinner. “Whoa, how long have I been out?”

The clock informed it was nearly half four in the afternoon. He blanched in shock realizing he had lost nearly a full day sleeping. It was sort of worth it but not at the same time. Stiles slid up to his back pressing against it and wrapping his arms around his waist with a soft sigh.

“Nancy called before, I picked the flowers.”

“Oh what colors?”

“Blue and white, I forgot the names but she was thrusting them into my face without even being there. I can see why Laura recommended her.”

“Oh I bet she was,” Stiles muttered kissing his neck. “Blue and white is rather nice though. I think for our food the main should be fish or chicken or is that too traditional? Plus we need to look at registry offices. I can feel a panic attack coming and it's going to rip me apart.”

“Calm down then. It's going to be fine, Stiles, she's sorting it out and it's going to be the best wedding for you and me. Go play with Esme.”

“So bossy!”

Esme handed him a plate once he arrived like she knew he'd come back and he pretended to be eating imaginary food with her till Derek poked his head around announcing real food was ready to be eaten.

“Shall we have real food instead?” he murmured scooping her up and putting her in her chair. “We had a good play. I ate imaginary fries but they're not as good as the real kind.”
It was battered fish and fries when he tucked into it feeling his stomach growl. As per usual Esme got it all over herself, the floor, and even the wall to his surprise when he cleaned it up. Derek left him to it when he returned upstairs to get her a bath and into her pajamas despite her protests. He was cleaning the living room when Derek returned from putting Esme to bed and he paused facing him when he leaned against the door frame.

“How about a spring wedding?”

“I thought you wanted an autumn one?”

“Well it's next year, gives us plenty of time to plan and we can have it for around April or May. It's not summer so it's not very hot and it's not autumn when it's dying around us. Spring, renewal, a new start,” he muttered shrugging his shoulders up and down.

“You sure?”

“Yes, you?”

“Yeah,” Stiles agreed with a grin dropping the doll he was holding to move into his personal space and kiss him. “The sooner the better.”

~*~

Stiles promised never to mock someone when they said planning for weddings were stressful because they very much were. Not the kind of throwing pots and pans at each other whilst arguing about bridesmaids but the kind of stress that felt like everything was falling on top of them. It didn't help that on top of it was his heat in November and Christmas. His heat was dealt with as always with Esme going with Talia and James for a week whilst Derek fucked him into the mattress. It was a good time to talk alongside being knotted and forced to submit every single time Derek wanted him to do anything other than spread his legs for him. The pill was taken every single time afterwards and in December he took three pregnancy tests. Each one informing he was negative and he could even see the small relief in Derek's eyes when he told him and that was a surprise.

“You were right what you said last year...not with the wedding,” he said when he called him out on it.

His next heat wouldn't be till after the wedding thankfully. His heats were all over the place now and the three month marker was gone after taking the anti suppressants. Stiles had fucked them up and while he had a knowledge of when they would come it was a little more difficult. But he could finally concentrate on the wedding and it's impending date. The date was set and they were getting married on April 24th at eleven that morning. Their friends and family all invited, the suits picked in a charcoal color, Esme in a blue bridesmaid dress alongside Laura who was Derek's best man so to speak.

“You need a bachelor party,” Scott insisted a month before the big day.

“Why? I want to get married.”

“It's not about wanting to get married or not. It's ritual, it has to happen, you did it for me!”

“Derek's not having one.”

“Yeah because he threatened Laura under the pain of death if she did one for him he'd kill her,” Scott cried shoving at his shoulder. “Come on man! All I do these days is change diapers, go to work, and struggle not to fall asleep when on the phone to my mom. I need this, we need this, we
“need to go get drunk. I promise no strippers.”

“You do realize if that is a very well covered up lie and you do...Derek will kill you.”

“He's too possessive!”

Stiles shot him a look so Scott bowed his head before giving in with a shrug. “Fine, for real, no strippers. Come on, Stiles, I'll make it awesome, I promise!”

“Oh my god, fine! I'll have a freaking bachelor party, stop looking at me like that...you're practically beaming.”

“You will not regret this! One week before the wedding, yeah? Awesome!” he cried rubbing his knuckles into his hair so he yelped smacking his back hard. Scott left him running off with little plans running in his mind for his so called bachelor party and he returned home to his family. Derek was laid out on the couch flicking through the channels so he dumped his stuff in the hallway joining him.

“How was your day out with Scott?”

“Enlightening, he's head over heels for Chrissie and Michael and likes to show me every single photo of them from time to time. They're getting so big, seven months old already...it's insane,” he muttered rubbing a hand through his hair. “Time flies when you're having fun...or planning a wedding.”

Derek hummed stroking a hand up and down his leg when he rest them over his thighs.

“He's, um, he's planning my bachelor party,” he muttered around his thumb when he chewed it and smiled when he glared. “Oh come on! It's just a bachelor party, I know you're not having one but Scott is insistent! You know how he is and it'll be us two, friends from work, Jackson probably and Danny. No strippers.”

“At least his children won't be orphaned,” Derek muttered turning his head away so he scoffed shoving his shoulder. “You said you didn't want one.”

“I don't, I didn't, but then again it's a celebration of me before I get married.”

“Before we get married.”

“There won't be any strippers,” he consoled moving to crawl and straddle his lap wrapping his arms around his neck. “It will be a week before the wedding and it's going to be fun...for me...I guess.”

“I think if Jackson gets his way there will be strippers,” Derek said cupping his throat so he bared his throat for him. “Touching you, thinking they can grind themselves on you, revealing flesh. Male or female, it doesn't matter.”

“Not necessarily,” he murmured closing his eyes with a soft moan when he trailed his nose along his throat gently inhaling. “Lydia...Lydia is scary and back from New York next week for the wedding.”

“You think that will bother him?”

“No,” Stiles replied gripping the back of his hair when he sucked a mark into his throat so his cock twitched hardening. “Esme?”
“She’s had a very tiring day of running around in the back garden playing tag and hide and seek with me before she went to bed at half six and hasn't woken up since.”

“Bed, now,” he ordered tugging on his hand and dragging him upstairs. Derek nipped his neck as they climbed the stairs, his hands grooping his ass so he gasped leaning into his touch. “We haven’t had sex in weeks, I miss sex so much. We need to be quiet, well quiet as we can be.”

“Stop talking,” Derek growled shoving him into the bedroom and closing the door behind them. “Get naked.”

“So commanding,” Stiles whispered yanking his top off and stepping out of his pants to fall on the bed staring up at him. “It’s kind of really hot...come here.”

The kiss was filthy hot, his mouth bruised and aching when they parted and Derek kissed his throat. His lips sucking over his pulse so he whined clinging to his shoulders feeling hornier than ever.

“Oh my god, please just fuck me, skip foreplay, foreplay is for amateurs,” he pleaded carding his hand through his own hair when Derek kissed slowly down his chest. His hands gripping his hips so he could feel the prick of his claws.

“Patience.”

“Patience!? We haven't had sex in weeks, please,” he whimpered dragging him up to kiss him and pulling away only to grab the lube. Stiles knew he was acting desperate when Derek huffed amused above him, his fingers soaked with lube when he spread his thighs wider stroking over the hole slowly. His fingers pushed inside of him one at a time stretching him open, his impatience getting the better of him when he growled pushing at his chest. Derek's eyes widened in surprise when his back hit the headboard and he watched him when he wrapped a hand around his cock before lowering to sink on his cock.

“Fuck,” Derek choked gripping the back of his neck when he bottomed out, his hips twitching and rocking when he groaned lifting to rise and sink down on his cock slowly. “Stiles, so tight.”

“Yeah, yeah I know,” he whispered kissing him hard. “You feel so good, so good, Derek.”

Derek’s hand wrapped around his cock in a tight fist when he jerked himself off and he groaned hating that he could feel his own climax already. Stiles wrapped his arms around his neck when he rode him harder, his thighs burning when he felt the burn of his orgasm. The come splattering between their chests with Derek quickly following with a bite to his neck when he climaxed.

“That was far too quick for my liking,” Stiles breathed leaning his forehead against his. “Maybe we should have a round two?”

Derek hummed in agreement trailing his fingers through his hair to pull it back and grip it tight so he moaned. “That's why we have all night.”

When he meant all night, he seriously meant it. It honestly meant being chained to the headboard at three in the morning when Derek fucked him slowly, his hands trailing down his sweaty skin, his lips sucking marks into his neck and collarbone so he became a whimpering mess. Come leaked out of his ass when he walked to the toilet afterward feeling achy and exhausted when he returned to his arms needing to sleep.

“Do you reckon sex will be this good when we're married?”
“Yes,” Derek whispered kissing down his spine so he groaned wriggling his ass. “I'll make sure of it.”

“Good,” he murmured meeting his eyes with a small smile. Derek ducked his head closer pressing a kiss to his forehead and nose so he wrinkled it chuckling. “You're such a sap.”

“I am not.”

“Yes, you are, occasionally, it's a good thing,” Stiles whispered wrapping his arms around his neck and kissing him. “Can we sleep now? You've pounded my ass to oblivion.”

“Not yet I haven't.”

“Oh god,” Stiles whispered when his hands wrapped around his wrists so he was pinned and he closed his eyes letting out a soft moan when he penetrated him yet again. It didn't take a genius to know that tomorrow was going to be hard work mostly from a bone ache feeling from having sex all night on top of the exhaustion. It didn't help they had a two year old who was demanding and attention seeking more than ever.

It was five that morning before they finally gave into the exhaustion falling asleep and he fell asleep slowly fully satisfied. They only got a couple hours before Esme arrived at their door tapping against it before running in demanding breakfast.

“I'll go,” Derek murmured pushing up with a small groan. “Let daddy go toilet, okay? Then we'll make breakfast.

“Kay,” she said turning her big eyes to him before she clambered onto the bed. “Papa?”

“Hey, princess,” he murmured making sure the blanket was tucked around him before kissing her good morning. Esme babbled at him using words and made up words so he listened watching and waiting till Derek returned smelling of soap and peppermint.

“Come on then,” he said holding out his hand for her so she crawled to the edge dropping down to toddler over to him. Stiles mouthed his 'thank you' to him before he left walking downstairs. His back protested when he sat up knowing he reeked of sweat and come when he stared down at his chest to see it dried and tacky.

The bathroom was his first destination when he peed first before standing in the mirror looking himself over. The marks were healed to his disappointment but the bags under his eyes and his puffy lips were the sign of a very good night. Stiles turned suddenly for the shower feeling a dizziness behind the back of his eyes. He cleared his throat shaking his head blaming the lack of sleep before getting in the shower and washing himself down.

Esme was eating her breakfast when he eventually made it downstairs to see a bacon sandwich waiting for him.

“You're the best, I knew there was a reason I was marrying you,” he grinned. “One month...it's going to be great!”

~*~

The bachelor party was a surprise mostly for him when they met at their local pub with the others who clapped and cheered for him so he flushed embarrassed. Danny clapped a hand on his back and Jackson was mostly indifferent but he'd happily drink the alcohol.
“You okay dude? You look a little pale,” Scott commented when they reached the bar ordering two beers. Stiles forced a smile nodding slowly despite how he really felt which was awful. The smell of the bar was a mixture of urine and beer which turned his stomach enough for him to gag a little.

In all honesty Stiles hadn't felt right in weeks. His body a mess of hormones and aches that even the smell of food was putting him off. He could blame it entirely on the stress of the wedding but there was something ticking at the back of his mind that it could be something different. One moment he's happy and the next he's emotional and angry with whoever is around him. His favorite food a turnoff at the best of times and now here he was surrounded by booze and stale nuts wanting to be sick.

“Here you go fellas,” the barmen said sliding the drinks over so Scott paid and he took a sip. The moment it entered his mouth was the moment he wanted to spit it out when he turned his mouth hiding it from Scott when he it trickled out back into the glass. No one else thankfully noticed when he inhaled deeply facing the others congratulating him. They were here from him and despite how he really felt he wasn't about to back down.

Stiles was getting married in less than six days and he frankly couldn't wait because getting married meant the stress was over and the honeymoon. It was a week away in Australia for the two of them with Esme staying with Laura kindly enough. It was going to be like any honeymoon with sex and hopefully a lot of food and booze without feeling sick.

“Getting married...is it even real?” Jackson commented snidely so Danny punched him hard in the arm. “Hey!”

“As real as a man and woman getting married jackass,” he argued shoving him to get to the bar. Stiles hid a smile looking down at his hands.

“Hey, you're not drinking.” Scott commented.

“Oh, I'm fine for now, don't want to be too hung over for Esme tomorrow.”

“You sure?”

“Yeah,” he lied hoping he didn't sense it but Scott seemed to let it go with a shrug.

The bachelor party was all well and good for them but the nausea didn't fade within him and he found himself hauling Scott's drunk ass around at the end of the night.

“You – you're my best friend, I just – I am so happy for you man, so happy,” Scott slurred cupping his cheeks with a grin. “You're getting married! How cool is that?!”

“Over the rainbow cool, come on you big lump,” he muttered hauling him into the car. “Allison is going to kill you.”

“Allison loves me, I love her so much, like...she's everything and my – my babies. Stiles, Stiles, they smile so big when they see me and they love me and I just...” Scott trailed off with a sniff so he looked at him in horror. “My babies.”

“Yeah dude, your babies, now just close your eyes, okay? No crying. How the hell am I looking after you and this is my bachelor party? I should be drunk right now but no...my stupid body,” he muttered bitterly driving him to Allison's. “Well at least I won't have a hangover and I have the final fittings tomorrow so you will be awake and bushy tailed so help me, McCall!”
“Yeah, bushy,” Scott slurred before trailing off with a snore.

Allison was more amused than anything when she stood looking at him once he got him on the couch still snoring.

“He'll regret it in the morning when he has the twins all to himself,” she said with a smug smile. “Why are you not like him?”

“Just not. I better get back and sleep, I'll see you soon,” he muttered kissing her cheek before finally heading home and into bed.

Derek was awake and waiting for him when he finally arrived walking in the bedroom to see him sitting up and reading a book.

“Your reading?”

“Yep, you're back early and you're not drunk,” Derek said eying him closely. “What happened?”

“Danny vomited on Jackson's shoes, Scott got so drunk he cried over his twins, and everyone had a good time. I didn't want to get drunk.”

“Okay,” Derek said easily enough watching when he sat on the bed taking off his shoes and clothes. “Well at least you had a good time.”

“The best, next stop, the wedding of the year!”

They were going the traditional route and that meant not seeing each other the night before. Stiles was taking Esme to Scott's and Allison while Derek stayed at the Hales before the big day. That he didn't mind but his nerves were leaving him sick with a headache.

“Hey, are you feeling okay?” Allison questioned once he stepped out of the spare bedroom were he was staying with Esme. “You've been awfully pale and weird all day, Stiles, and I'm worried. Are you having second thoughts? I know about cold feet, okay? I know...”

“No, no, no, no second thoughts,” he muttered through his teeth gripping her hand to tug her into the bathroom and close it tight behind him. “I've been feeling weird like...sick, headache, achy, weird...I don't know what it is.”

“Is this just today?”

“No,” he murmured sighing hard and turning to sit on the edge of their bath. “Weeks actually. I think it's the wedding.”

“What symptoms?”

“It's nothing, just nausea, aches, pains, sickness, headaches. I don't want to tell Derek because he'll worry over nothing and with the wedding.”

Allison frowned folding her arms over her chest when she sat on the toilet seat. “Nonstop?”

“Yes, well they vary differently. Why, you think it's serious?”

“Stiles, when was your last heat?”

“Not for a while now, they're messed up.”
“Did you take a pregnancy test?”

“Yep, all negative, I think if I was pregnant I'd be showing by now,” he commented gesturing to his flat stomach.

Allison hummed with a nod. “The last time you had sex?”

“What? Do you really...”

“Answer the question!”

“Last month! That was the last time...we...you know...apart from that it's been mostly blowjobs and handjobsa and oh my god why am I telling you this?! he muttered slapping a hand over his eyes flushing.

“Unprotected? No pill taken afterward?”

Stiles removed his hand looking at her. “What are you...? Are you trying to suggest what I think you're suggesting. Because it's impossible!”

“Don't be stupid, Stiles, it's rare but it happens. That's what heats are for, not just good sex, it's for breeding, pups, but sex out of heats can also lead to pregnancy.”

“I am not pregnant!” he hissed pushing to his feet. “I'm not, I can't be!”

“You have all the symptoms of a possible pregnancy!”

“No, I don't, I have symptoms of stress from planning a wedding!” he protested shaking his head and watching her when she stood opening the door of the window handing him a test. “I'm not taking this.”

“Why? You can at least rule it out!” Allison said with a roll of her eyes. “Would it be so bad?”

“Yes, no, I don't know,” he muttered staring down at it. “I can't. I can't take this knowing if it positive and have it hanging over my head. I'm marrying him tomorrow so I'll do it tomorrow.”

“You can wait that long?”

“There's a reason pregnancy out of heat for male omegas is rare and I just...it's a very small possibility.”

“I think you forget Scott and I planned a wedding and we never got your symptoms.”

“That's you, not me,” he said tucking it into his pocket before leaving the bathroom and walking into the bedroom shutting it tight behind him. Stiles dropped on the bed staring up at the ceiling feeling waves of nausea flow over him. His hand traced over his stomach and he wondered if it could be possible. If it was then somewhere there was a real person called Fate and she was laughing at them.

Sleep that night was near enough impossible when he tossed and turned throughout the night till it was six that morning and he stared at the time with a soft sigh. He was getting married today. It was long awaited, finally here, but he had a weight on his shoulders that wouldn't lift. It was a nagging feeling throughout getting washed, showered, and suited. The pregnancy test tucked in his inner pocket of his jacket and he hated how Allison stared at him occasionally throughout the morning.
“Are you ready?” Scott murmured fixing his flower. Stiles nodded once glancing at Allison fixing the flower crown onto Esme's hair for her. The twins dressed for the occasion in the car seats.

Stiles tried the best he could to push it to the back of his back when the car got them to the registry office and he stood outside inhaling deeply. They would be walking in together as planned when he finally stepped inside meeting them. His smile widened once he spotted him and he felt a little emotionally stunned.

“I'm marrying James Bond,” he whispered in a cracked voice. Derek rolled his eyes but it was in good humor when he stood in front of him. Laura was elegant when he spotted her and she leaned in kissing his cheek.

“Okay, we're going in first and then you follow once the music kicks in,” she said holding onto Esme and Emma's hands. Stiles felt like a puddle of goo looking at them in their little dresses and was one minute from an emotional breakdown.

“Cold feet?”

“No, you?” Stiles teased taking his hand.

“No.”

“Let's get fucking married,” he whispered kissing him hard so Derek huffed amused shaking his head before leading the way.

Stiles expected to be a stuttered mess in front of his family and friends but he wasn't once he was stood at the front with the minister marrying them. Once he looked into his eyes there was an sense of calmness deep within keeping him settled once he recited his vows. His hands tight with his and he felt an emotional tug deep within him. His eyes flicking around just once to see them all watching. His dad sitting proud but emotional, Lydia sitting stoic with a secret pleased smile, Allison and Scott looking emotionally ecstatic for them.

The ring slid onto his finger when he met his eyes and winked at him. Derek's lips twitching with a smile when he did the same to him.

“If you wish to seal this marriage with a kiss, you may now do so.”

“Hell yes,” Stiles muttered grabbing his tie pulling him into kiss him so laughter echoed around them and Derek cupped his jaw deepening the kiss. They parted once James gave a loud awkward cough and they separated so he could laugh.

“Oh my god, I am married, settled down,” Stiles exclaimed as it fully hit him when their family came in for hugs. “Holy shit.”

It was so suddenly overwhelming but amazing at the same time when he clung to his hand but the weight of the pregnancy test in his pocket was a constant reminder. It was easy to grit his teeth and try and forget when the papers were signed and they headed for the hotel for the meal and party afterward. It was a gorgeous hotel and he gasped in awe of it once they finally parked and he stared up.

“Just wow,” he murmured leaning back into Derek. “I'm a Hale.”

“You having little moments of it all hitting you at once?” Derek murmured into his ear so he closed his eyes with a smile. “But yes, you are, you're all mine now, Mr Hale.”
They were the spotlight for everyone when he pretended to sip champagne and ignored Allison's narrowed eyes. He took the congratulations and tears from Talia who hugged him tight and his dad who slapped him on the back before hugging him tight again. Stiles was afraid for his bones. But apart from that he could feel himself quieten down even through the meal, the speeches from Scott, his dad, and even Derek who he paid special attention to. Derek's speech was more short and sweet but it still brought tears to his eyes despite everything because it had been one hell of a day. But despite that he did try and distance himself and get around to speaking with the family the best he could but it didn't last when he cornered him.

“You're being awfully quiet,” Derek murmured into his ear.

“How? It's our wedding.”

“If you don't think I haven't noticed you acting odd you're stupid.”

“Hey, rude,” he mumbled tapping his cheek.

“What's going on, Stiles?” Derek questioned raising an eyebrow in concern. Stiles swallowed hard looking out at the dance floor, his eyes zeroing on his dad holding Esme's little hands when they danced and he swore under his breath. “Stiles?”

“Just, come on,” he muttered taking his hand and dragging him out of the room towards the toilets. Stiles ignored the eyes on them when he did because they could probably see the confusion on Derek's face and the strained determination on his.

“Out!” he shouted at an unknown member of the hotel till he scurried out.

“Stiles, what the hell is going on?”

“You're right, I've been acting weird but you've only just noticed today or has it been more than that?”

“Today.”

“Yeah, there's a reason,” he muttered rubbing a hand over his hair glancing at the sinks before looking up to meet his eyes. “I've been feeling sick for weeks. Nausea, pain, sickness, aches, loss of appetite, which could all be symptoms of stress because of the wedding but...Allison had other ideas.”

He tugged the test out of his pocket placing it down on the side and pressing his lips together when Derek glanced at it with wide eyes.

“What?”

“The last time we had sex was a month ago, unprotected, no pill, all night over and over again but...but even without a heat I can get pregnant. We both knew this.”

“Why haven't you taken it?”

“Because I couldn't take it and then have it hanging over my head if I was!” he protested resting his hands on his hips. “I mean it's not like we planned for it, I mean...I didn't get pregnant from my fucking heat!”

“Take the test,” Derek murmured handing it to him. “Let's find out.”
“What if I am?”

“What if I am?”

“Then I get to have a second unexpected baby with the man I love.”

“Then I get to have a second unexpected baby with the man I love.”

“Fuck,” Stiles whispered drawing a hand down his face turning to the toilet to do the business. His hands shook but he managed the deed taking it out and resting it on the counter looking at Derek.

“You think we’re ready for this?” Stiles questioned looking at him when he stepped into his personal face.

“You think we’re ready for this?” Stiles questioned looking at him when he stepped into his personal face.

“Maybe, maybe not, but like you said Stiles...when have your plans ever turned out the way you wanted them to be?”

“My maybe, maybe not, but like you said Stiles...when have your plans ever turned out the way you wanted them to be?”

“The other shoe just dropped didn't it?” he whispered trailing off with a chuckle which Derek joined when he hugged him tucking his face into his hair. They held each other for the three minutes they waited till time was up and they faced each other.

“The other shoe just dropped didn't it?” he whispered trailing off with a chuckle which Derek joined when he hugged him tucking his face into his hair. They held each other for the three minutes they waited till time was up and they faced each other.

“Oh fuck.”

“Oh fuck.”

“You ready?”

“You ready?”

“No but do it.”

“No but do it.”

“One,” Derek muttered reaching to turn the stick over.

“One,” Derek muttered reaching to turn the stick over.

“Two.”

“Two.”

“Three.”

“Three.”
Chapter 27

Chapter Notes

IT'S DONE. /bows

I want to thank every single person who commented, bookmarked, and left a kudos because you guys kept this story going and I am so proud of it. It's turned out better than I expected and the final chapter in my opinion just wraps everything up perfectly enough that there doesn't need to be a sequel.

I am a little emotional because I loved writing this so much but I'll be back with something new.

Enjoy, my sweets.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Positive.

It was there for them both to see when they held it together and Derek sucked in deep breath feeling that joy burn in his veins. Stiles met his eyes holding his breath before he let it out slowly and shakily as they both attempted to take it in. It was a pregnancy out of heat which was nothing short of a miracle and he couldn't hold back tugging him closer to kiss him. Stiles made a soft whimpering sound against his lips when he stroked his cheek with his thumb hiking him up to sit on the bathroom counter.

“Oh my god, I'm pregnant! I'm like a walking cliché on my own wedding day. I'm fucking pregnant, what is it with you and your super sperm?” Stiles cried wrapping his arms around his neck so he could inhale the scents that weren't people and wedding cake. It was barely there, that soft familiar scent of pregnancy but it would appear in a few weeks without a problem.

“This is a good thing, I promise it'll be different this time.”

“I know, Derek, it's just a little sooner than expected I guess.”

“Our little miracle baby,” he murmured kissing the corner of his mouth so Stiles smiled softly shutting his eyes. “Let's go back to the others. We won't tell anyone just yet.”

“I agree and we're still going on the honeymoon don't even try and protest it. I am a month pregnant and can still travel,” he said pointing a finger into his face so he rolled his eyes batting it away.

“I wasn't going to cancel it anyway but you can still be a little more careful when we are over there. Come on,” he murmured holding his hand tight into his when they walked back into the hall. Esme noticed them when she ran over calling for them and Stiles picked her up resting her on his hip. Derek wasn't keen on letting him out of his sight when they went to the guests and ate wedding cake till they were full.

“I am so ready for bed,” Stiles mumbled into his neck when they moved together on the dance floor. “We have the honeymoon suite. Talia is taking Esme for the night. I want to have so much
“You always do.”

“It’s the reason why we’re in this mess,” Stiles murmured closing his eyes and resting heavily on him when he sighed softly. “Let’s chuck them all out.”

They didn’t get rid of them but they soon left leaving their best wishes, some going home, some using the hotel rooms to stay the night because why not? Stiles was tired when he tried to push the card into the slot but he stopped him raising an eyebrow.

“What?”

“I have to carry you over the threshold.”

“You're kidding right? That's for the house and why am I the wife?!”

“You're pregnant.”

“Oh you little...” Stiles held out a hand ready to argue it when he rolled his eyes picking him up so he yelped hitting his shoulder hard. The honeymoon suite was luxurious in a way that caught Stiles' silence when he stared around in awe once he placed on the bed.

“Oh wow, this is...wow,” he murmured staring up at him. “We got the jackpot. Come here.”

Derek went willingly kissing him gently pushing him down into the mattress, his hands undoing his buttons and pulling down the pants till he was naked. He kissed his abdomen gently nosing at the soft skin gently knowing his pup was in there when he hummed looking up to meet his eyes.

“You're like a dopey puppy.”

“Is that a compliment?” he questioned pulling back to shrug out of his jacket and unbutton the buttons of his shirt. “I'm feeling...sentimental. You're carrying my second pup.”

“I can tell, you were also being possessive all night not letting me go for one second, hands wandering over my stomach, and I think your eyes flashed red repeatedly when I talked with Danny,” Stiles murmured undoing his belt for him. “Are you seriously still jealous?”

“No, I don't need to be,” he said gently pushing him down on the mattress. “Not anymore. It’s you, me, Esme, and our little one now.”

“Oh god, come here,” Stiles whispered hooking him in wrapping his arms around his neck to kiss him hard. “You're so sexy when you're talking about family.”

“Sexy?”

“Your eyes light up and you smile, I love it when you smile by the way, you get all gooey and it's so cute,” he murmured stroking his nose down his cheek affectionately. “Can we have sex now?”

“You're so needy, constantly,” Derek murmured kissing his throat so he groaned baring it for him.

“Omega,” Stiles muttered gesturing at his bare chest. “We're needy, it's our wedding night. So stop talking, get the lube, and fuck me. I'm pregnant now so no worry about pregnancy...but if you don't get inside of me right now just think about in a few months when I am needy and horny and desperate for you. I held it back with Esme because I couldn't have you...I soaked those sheets with my come.”
The growl escaped his lips without hesitation and he could smell his arousal and excitement when he settled in between his spread thighs. Stiles moaned sliding his legs around his waist when he soaked his fingers with lube and fingered him open slowly. He was tight around his fingers when he scissored them, his other hand holding him down he writhed begging him for more. Stiles slid his fingers into his holding onto him tight when he pushed inside of him slowly. It was the intimacy that drove him when he rocked his hips thrusting deep inside of him. The bed creaking underneath him when he fucked him harder, Stiles' long moans spurring him onto satisfy him completely.

It was going well until they heard a loud crack and Stiles met his eyes in confusion before the bed broke and collapsed underneath them. Stiles' hysterical laughter made everything a little bit better when he was on the phone to the hotel staff getting another room and a refund. Stiles sagged against his back giggling and wrapping his arms around his shoulders.

“We broke the bed having sex! This goes down in record as the best ever,” he cried against his ear before breaking down yet again giggling into his neck.

“You sure you're okay?”

“I'm fine, you didn't hurt me or the baby, I know you're worrying about us,” Stiles murmured kissing his temple. “But a bed breaking is not about to do anything serious to me or the baby.”

“Good,” he muttered slamming the phone down. “Someone will be up in a moment, get dressed.”

“I told you our wedding would be amazing and one to remember. We get married, we found out we're pregnant, and now we've broken the bed having amazing sex. It was amazing till it broke but we can't have it all,” he said shrugging his shoulders when he threw his shirt and underwear on. “I seriously love you.”

“I love you.”

It was a member of staff knocking on the doors that interrupted everything when he bustled in apologizing and urging them to a better bedroom. Derek wasn't an idiot to notice the wandering eyes of the member of staff ogling Stiles so he growled viciously in his direction. The guy jumped spitting out apologies of refunds and the room being better then their last and to report to the main desk in the morning.

“Whoa, what?” Stiles questioned resting a hand on his arm when the member of staff continued to splutter apologies and pushed the card key into his hand once they arrived. “Derek?”

“He was looking at you.”

“So?”

“Suggestively,” he spat glaring at his retreating back. “Like he could have you.”

“Well obviously he can't,” Stiles muttered holding up his hand with his rings and gesturing at the silvery bite mark on his shoulder. “Claimed and signed on the dotted line, you jealous idiot. Fucking hell, come on, let's go christen our bed and eat everything in that mini fridge.”

Derek cupped the back of his head kissing him hard when he ripped the shirt away pinning him to the steadier and comfortable bed. Stiles was still wet and loose when he finally entered him again pecking his lips and holding his hands when he made his claim. His overpowering need to drive thoughts away of leering men wanting what was his and listening to the needy sounds Stiles made underneath him. It was only hours later when Stiles was sated and reeking of nothing but him that
he felt the need dampen down. His arms circled him when he breathed sleepily tucking himself closer to him.

“I'm going to be sore tomorrow.”

“Good,” he murmured kissing the shell of his ear before biting around it gently so he whined batting at his head.

“No, I never thought I would ever say this but no more sex...my ass is tired, I am tired, get you and your wonderful big cock away from me.”

“Fine,” he murmured leaving him be and instead holding him when his breathing grew deeper and Stiles fell into an exhausted slumber. His hand rested against his stomach when he shut his eyes happily content.

~*~

It was the best sleep he had in months and the next day was the start of married life but also preparing for baby number two in their lives. It was a little daunting but deep down he couldn't wait in the fact he couldn't wait to have another daughter or even a son to join their family. They were flying to Australia the next day but for now it was all about packing up and spending the whole day with Esme.

“Do we bring up the whole brother and sister thing or wait? I mean I know she's three and she has a wider outlook on things but there's the whole...jealously thing,” Stiles said whispering the last words when they stood at her bedroom door watching her play. “Pups or hell even toddlers becoming clingy and jealous of the other baby. The attention being stolen from them.”

“Esme is a big girl and she'll be fine. We'll tell her when you're further along, she won't think too much of it now but once the bump comes in.”

“What if it's more than one?!” he hissed slapping his shoulder. “Esme being the only one was a fluke but look at Allison and her twins or – or Irene from work with her triplets?!”

“If there is more than one we deal with it. Like we would have to.”

“If I have more than two babies in here I will cut off your balls and feed them to cats,” Stiles hissed pointing a finger into his face so he smiled amused letting him walk away and scoop up Esme.

“My own pinball machine,” he said smirking when Stiles glared at him over his shoulder. “I'm joking.”

“You're not funny, I'm funny, not you, isn't that right? Who's funnier me or dada?” he whispered to Esme who smiled looking between them before pointing at Stiles. “Yes, who's a good girl?”

“Yes,” she whispered cocking her head at him with her smile. His heart fluttered enough for him not to feel anything but good when he joined them kneeling on the floor opposite them.

“Can I have a cuddle?” he asked Esme who nodded moving into his open arms so he could hold her close and breathe in the smell of baby powder and jasmine. Stiles watched them smiling a
small pleased smile all the same. His hand trailed into his softness of Esme's curls before he reached over tugging Stiles towards them so it was a three way hug all round. Stiles kissed him over the top of her head with a grin before pulling away.

“Okay I'm going to do a last minute check of things packed for us and Esme for her week at Talia's so you stay here and play house. Australia, dude! I can't believe it.”

“Don't call me dude.”

“Oh sorry, my honey bunny,” Stiles teased dodging out of the way when he made a frail attempt to swipe at his legs before he walked out of the room. “You know you love it, sweetums.”

“Silly papa,” Esme said so he nodded seriously kissing her forehead.

“Are we playing house?” he said gesturing at the plastic teapot and cups so she nodded pressing the blue cup into his house. “Okay let's have tea.”

It was a long afternoon of playing and messing up the house when she got overexcited and they spent it half playing half running around the house after her. Stiles was also excited but mainly for Australia and a honeymoon he was dying to have.

“I mean I guess alcohol is out of the question because of junior but that doesn't mean that sex, lazying in the sun, exploring, I want to go exploring, and eating good food is out of the question,” he said wrapping his arms around him kneeling on their bed late at night. His excitement was catching when he hummed in agreement sorting the tickets and passports out. “I want this week away to be worth it because the next time we fly will be ages. Oh my god, what if I get morning sickness? So far it's only been nausea but I refuse to be cradling a toilet for half of it!”

“If you're sick, you're sick, Stiles, nothing you can do to change it.”

“Where is your positivity?!” Stiles exclaimed in mock hurt. “Come on, we need to sleep before the plane ride which I am not looking forward to.”

Derek had to secretly agree with that and the plane ride over there was long, boring, but at least it was filled with sleep and Stiles' mindless chatter helped it along. He was relieved to finally land in the airport, the heat and smell hitting him once they stepped outside with their baggage and got a taxi. Derek was looking forward to spending time with him and him alone when they finally made it to their hotel. Their first night there was spent sleeping and eating food in the hotel but any plans Stiles had made for the morning were ruined when he woke up running to the bathroom at half five.

He woke pushing to stand and get him water when Stiles finished vomiting into the bowl of the toilet.

“Oh my god, this has got to be the worst joke ever!” Stiles whined burying his face into his chest so he rubbed it gently kissing the top of his head. “It's like my body was waiting, it was waiting till after the wedding and into the honeymoon to make me fee like crap and sick and...pregnant.”

“I know, it's okay, this will pass,” he said rubbing the back of his neck so Stiles whined again moving to push his head in the bowl to vomit it out. Derek sat with him in the bathroom all morning rubbing his back, passing him water and crackers ordered from room service so he was fed and hydrated.

“I guess it's worth it in the end. It's for the baby after all,” he muttered grimly tilting his head to meet his eyes. “Morning sickness, kicks to my gut later on, swollen ankles, hands, a bladder used as
a trampoline, and eating everything but not before crying over my swollen ankles. It's such a wonderful time.”

Derek hid a smile into his hair grabbing his hand to link them together and squeeze them gently together. “You did it for Esme, you can do it for this one.”

“Boy or girl?” he murmured when he slid a hand over his abdomen gently.

“What?”

“Boy, I know you, I know you want a boy.”

“I don’t care as...”

“...as long as they're healthy,” Stiles continued, his lips twitching into a smile when he huffed poking his side gently. “That's what they all say.”

“Do you want to find out the sex?”

“Yes.”

“You sure?” he questioned raising an eyebrow.

“I know it's like way too early to be talking about finding out the sex or anything but...yeah. If we don't we'll be guessing and I know a part of you hates surprises. We can plan around, choose a name, decorate the spare bedroom next to the bathroom into a nursery. It's easier.”

“Okay, that's fine,” Derek murmured softly stroking the hair back sticking to his sweaty forehead.

“We need to make the most of this honeymoon, I mean it, I want food out on that balcony, I want sex on that balcony, I want sex on that beach with walking under the moon I swear to god. We need to make the most it because in a few months I am going to be a whale and holidays won't exist for a while” Stiles said pushing to stand on shaky legs when he washed his mouth out and turned towards him. “Agreed?”

“Agreed,” he said taking his hand and hauling him closer so Stiles fell against his chest and moved to kiss him hard. “The balcony is free now.”

“Oh really?” Stiles murmured pressing his hands to his chest to push him back. “Outdoor sex...something I have yet to try. Think we can be quiet?”

“We're on the top floor, screw them.”

“No, screw me,” Stiles muttered grabbing the lube from their bag and pushing him towards the balcony so they fell against the plastic table.

“That won't be a problem,” he muttered into his ear pushing down his shorts and hiking Stiles to sit on the table. “Spread your legs.”

There was a high flush to Stiles' cheeks when he did staring back at him with glazed eyes and he forced him to lie on his back.

“I know our sex is incredible but please don't break the table,” Stiles pleaded gripping his shoulders tight. “Or you know...challenge accepted.”

~*~
Stiles passed his first trimester vomiting and eating popcorn dipped in raspberry jam but since it was passed and the risk of miscarriage was significantly lower they could start telling people. His dad was the first person they told when they went around to his house for lunch.

“Pregnant?” his dad holding a piece of speared chicken near his lips looking between them.

“Yeah, three months, we wanted to wait till past the first trimester before we started telling people and we used spray to cover my scent up.”

“Well, congratulations kid, another grandchild,” he said with a pleased smile dropping his fork to circle the table and hug him tight. Stiles smiled into his shoulder patting his back and letting go so his dad could hug Derek too.

“Wait three months?” his dad said raising an eyebrow. “Your wedding was only two months ago.”

“Yeah,” he said indicating his head at Derek who rolled his eyes. “Blame him.”

“You kids really don't want to wait around.”

“It was out of heat! It was unexpected!” he protested resting a hand on his little bump. “It's also only one by the way, one baby, one little tiny bundle of joy.”

The first scan had been the one they were looking forward to the most. Derek for seeing the baby but for Stiles it was wanting to know if he had a bun or buns. Their doctor informed them that so far the baby was doing well and the only one living in hotel Stiles.

“Well as long as you're both happy. Does Esme know?”

“We've bought her books to do with being a big sister and hint at babies and ask her if she’s looking forward to being a big sister but we get...nothing. I think she'll start understanding it more when I'm fatter.”

“All pups have a little trouble dealing with another baby but they'll learn.”

“I hope so,” Stiles muttered turning to Derek. “Did you struggle with Cora?”

“No I was a lot older then Esme when Cora was born so it didn't bother me.”

“Thanks, you're so much help,” Stiles muttered sarcastically. “You should write a book!”

“I love your hormones,” Derek retaliated with a smirk holding up his drink to take a sip. “It's like a hug every time you open your mouth when you're pissed off.”

Stiles opened his mouth to snark back when his dad interrupted coughing loudly and holding up his hands looking between them.

“Sorry dad, he's right, my hormones are all over the place,” he said smiling sweetly and watching him stand to take his empty plate before turning to Derek. “Sex is banned for a fortnight!”

“What?!?” Derek hissed.

Stiles turned getting out of his seat to help his dad out with the dishes ignoring Derek's narrowed eyes in his direction.

“We need to go and pick up Esme from nursery but thanks for lunch dad,” he said pulling on his jacket and moving to hug him. “I'm glad you're happy about the new baby.”
“Why wouldn't I be? New grandchild plus this time it's not for money and you won't be hurt after he or she is born and run off to Madrid,” he said glancing at Derek who froze and Stiles swallowed hard.

“Yeah, okay, um, love you dad, I'll see you soon,” he said leaning into Derek who placed a hand on his lower back when they walked out.

“He's never going to forgive me for that is he?”

“Both of us,” Derek corrected as they got into the car. “He has forgiven you, maybe not me.”

“For what? He was always against me being a surrogate,” he mumbled bucking up. “Screw it. Let's go pick up Esme and go tell Talia and James that another Hale is coming.”

“Okay,” Derek muttered softly. “Did you really mean it about the sex ban for a fortnight?”

“I'm a hormonal pregnant guy constantly craving salted popcorn and sex...what do you think? I want you naked on our bed covered in popcorn,” he replied with a smirk when he gaped at him before closing his mouth with a snap.

“I'll see what we can do.”

Talia and James took it a lot better when she gasped hands pressing to her mouth before she hugged them both tight.

“Oh that's wonderful news, I was wondering when baby number two would be on the way and it's here. I see that it's so soon after the wedding but I guess a healthy sex...”

“Okay!” Derek announced pressing a hand over Esme's ears so she giggled tilting her head to look at him. “It was before the wedding.”

“We found out on the wedding day,” Stiles said nodding at their shocked expressions. “I know, it's like a bad rom-com but we wanted to wait and I'm three months pregnant.”

“Three months pregnant,” a voice said interrupting them when they turned to see Peter leaning against the door frame. “You don't wait around. Congratulations, you look good pregnant, Stiles, it's like...a glow.”

“Thanks,” Stiles murmured side eying Derek who stepped closer to him holding Esme a little closer. “Well we're going to tell the others through text because it's easier.”

“Papa,” Esme said reaching for him so he took her into his arms and she snuggled into his neck clinging onto him tightly. It was a behavior that had started occurring after the scent of his pregnancy started to come through and he didn't know if she was reacting to it or feeling jealous and clingy. Stiles rubbed her back gently listening closely when Derek talked with his mom about nursery colors if the baby was a girl or boy.

“What's wrong?” he murmured closing the living room door behind him and sitting on the couch curled up with her.

“You smell funny, papa.”

“Because of the new baby, your little brother or sister, they're here,” he murmured pressing a hand to his abdomen. Esme's eyes flicking down to look at it and away to meet his eyes. “You're going to be a big sister, you're going to have someone to play with. Like Emma.”
“Emma,” Esme whispered softly.

“Yeah, like you play with Emma or the pups in the nursery, but you'll see them all the time and this new baby isn't going to change anything.”

“Can baby play kitchen?”

“Well not straight away but as soon as they're old enough to play...they'll play with you,” he whispered tickling her so she giggled fighting his hand. “We'll also play kitchen with you I promise. So what you going to be? You, you're going to be the best big sister in the world!”

“Big sister,” she repeated with a smile.

“Yes,” Stiles breathed kissing her forehead. “Good girl.”

The living room door opened when Derek leaned against it raising his eyebrows in question.

“It's a working progress, she's getting there.”

“Big sister!” she cried wriggling to get out of his arms and jump down to run out of the room. “Nana!”

“I know, I'm a miracle worker!” Stiles said proudly kneeling up on the couch to watch him walk over. His hand trailed into his hair so he hummed happily tilting his head back to look up and meet his eyes.

“She'll be fine once baby is here and she can bond herself.”

“I know, the sooner, the better,” he muttered resting his head on his hand.

Getting his wish for that was a little harder than expected when time passed by slowly since he was out of work. It was a united decision but partly pressed by Derek and his overprotective need to make sure he was okay. It felt odd to look in the mirror everyday and see the bump grow and his symptoms change along with it when they waited for the second scan. It wasn't like the first pregnancy at all, not with sleeping in Derek's bed and being allowed to touch and kiss him and have sex with him. It was different in the way he felt and he didn't have to hide the way he felt for the baby. It didn't stop the memories flooding back from time to time to remind him.

“What is it with you and touching my bump likes it's the holy grail,” Stiles mumbled feeling bloated and angry when he laid out on their bed. Derek in between his legs when he kissed over the bump and grabbed the lotion to rub it into the skin.

“It's you carrying my pup is why.”

“I've done it before and I'm bound to do it again!”

“Stop moaning and relax,” Derek warned him so he sighed flopping his head back to let him stroke his fingers over him slowly. “Why are you angry now?”

“I'm not angry.”

“Lie.”

“I will kill you,” Stiles muttered pushing the heels of his hands into his eyes. “It's – it's nothing serious...just..memories. You can't blame me, I know it's different, it feels different, and next week we're going to learn the sex but I just...”
“Hey,” Derek said cupping the side of his neck forcing him to meet his eyes. “It's okay to feel like that. It doesn't just go away, Stiles, it's the past and it's made to be remembered.”

“I just want to move on from it though, stop torturing myself over something I chose and something that made my life so much better but then I have to remember the bad times. Crying and fighting everything I had and...” he trailed off when his arms wrapped around him. “Cuddling doesn't always work you know.”

“It helps you, I know you, Stiles.”

“Yeah,” he muttered hooking his chin over his shoulder. “I hate that.”

Derek didn't answer when he held him and the anger he could feel building subsided and he thanked heaven and earth for him.

The second scan was a daunting thing and Stiles was too anxious to have it when he waited patiently for the date to arrive. Scott and the twins were a distraction when he went over to their house. Christina and Michael was one years old now and crawling around the room creating havoc wherever they went.

“It looks like a bomb has hit this place!”

“Twins,” Scott said simply handing him a bottle of juice. “One year old twins who like to pull at curtains and cry when we take pens they have found to draw on the wall. Babies are hard work, Stiles, so...hard.”

“Yeah, you're preaching to the choir,” he mumbled sitting back to stroke a hand over the bump. “How's Allison coping?”

“Brilliant, they love and adore her and little angels but the moment – the moment she leaves for work or groceries or anything they...” Scott trailed off with a small sound of distress. “But I love them.”

“What did you expect?”

“Esme was a good baby! She was docile and you never had trouble.”

“Yeah and then she hit two and now she's a terror. She broke Derek's vase the other day and I think I was about to witness a grown man cry...he liked that vase.”

“I think that is the weirdest sentence to come out of your mouth,” Scott whispered staring at him confused.

“Derek has his moments,” he said waving a hand at him. “You're doing great, Scott, trust me. They love you buddy.”

They stared at each other the moment they heard a crash in the kitchen and jumped racing into see Michael sat on the floor covered in flour laughing. The counter and floor and even the ceiling dripping flour when Scott looked over his shoulder at him with a pure look of horror.

“I'll get you the mop,” Stiles whispered patting his back before he moved quickly fetching it out of the cupboard and prayed they had another girl. Girls were awesome.

Esme was in nursery when they traveled to their doctor to get the second scan. Derek held his hand tight in his which he was thankful for. Stiles laid out on the table when Doctor Marlowe walked in
giving them both a warm smile.

“How are you feeling, Stiles?”

“Good, bloated sometimes, craving the stupidest things, but good. We just want to know how the baby is doing and the sex.”

“Of course,” he said squirting the gel into his stomach and grabbing the transducer. Derek flashed him a quick smile still holding onto his hand when the screen was turned towards them and they got a second look of the baby.

“Heartbeat is strong, organs are growing at the rate they should be, a good size as well. Baby might actually be bigger then I imagined but that's no matter.”

“The sex?” Stiles questioned.

“Well looks like we have a little man coming into your family,” Doctor Marlowe said with a soft smile. “It's a boy to clarify. I'm ninety nine per cent certain that's a little penis I can see there, can you see?”

“Boy, we're having a boy!” Stiles cried throwing up his hands and grinned against his lips when Derek shut him up with a kiss. “Esme is going to have a little brother. Oh my god, we're going to have a son. We're having a baby boy.”

“I know, Stiles, I know.”

“Sorry, little overexcited.”

“I can tell,” Derek whispered rolling his eyes and straightening up. Stiles ignored them both when he tugged the screen closer to him to look at the still picture of the baby in awe.

“Little prince,” he murmured in wonder stroking his hand over the bump gently. Derek was sorting out payment and scans when he stood feeling a little shaky and overwhelmed once he finally joined him holding a scan photo.

“Let's go pick up Esme early from nursery and take her for lunch or something,” Stiles said taking the photo off him to look at him. “Oh god look at him. God I hope he looks like you, don't give me that look. I'm serious! He'll knock them dead.”

“You're forgetting about yourself.”

“We don't want to condemn him!” he cried ignoring the huff when they got into the car and drove to Esme's nursery to get her. Esme ran towards them in an excited flurry once she saw them.

“Dada, I painted,” she said gesturing a picture at Derek.

“Oh it's lovely,” he murmured. “Is that a butterfly?”

“Yeah,” she smiled pushing it into his hands so he could look at it as well.

“It's beautiful! Come on, let's go get some food.”

They ended up driving into town searching for a little cafe to eat in when they parked and Derek held her hand when they walked down the street together. Esme stopping them every so often to point at things and question them. Stiles was waiting patiently when Derek explained something in a window for her when he spotted her. It was without a doubt a blast from the past when he saw
her walking down in a tight fitting black dress talking at a very distressed looking assistant.

“Derek,” he murmured pulling at the sleeve of his leather jacket. “Look who it is.”

Derek squinted confused when he pulled up to look as they watched Kali walk down the street holding her iPhone and a coffee in her other hand. It took a moment for her to notice them and he could see her eyes zeroing in on everything from Esme clutching at Derek's hand, their wedding rings, their close stances, and finally the bump. Kali's eyes were calculating and smug if anything when she passed them by, a small nod of acknowledgment before she ranted yet again at her poor assistant.

“I still don't know if that women is nice or evil,” he said softly glancing at Derek.

“Bit of both,” Derek suggested with a shrug. “Who knows.”

Stiles looked down down the street watching her retreating back and smoothed a hand over the bump slowly feeling a strange sense of peace.

“Who cares, she got the best thing she could have done for me.”

“What?”

“You,” he murmured softly. “I know that is cheesy as hell don't judge me!”

Derek smiled huffing out a laugh taking his hand and brushed his lips over his forehead.

“Dada, food!” Esme whined catching their attention when she pulled at Derek's hand staring up at them pleadingly.

“She's definitely your daughter.”

“Oh without a doubt,” he murmured thinking of Esme's eating habits when they continued walking down the street together

~*~

December had arrived before all of them really knew it. His due date was the eighteenth of the month and he was excited for it but also scared. The wolfsbane that numbed him wasn't pleasant but it was the worst part of the memories after all and Derek seemed to know it with his fussing. The birth was anticipated by everyone from his dad popping around the house occasionally babysitting Esme who liked to talk about her new baby brother with him. Allison and Scott were more than happy to donate Michael's old baby clothes for them and Lydia had moved back from New York to be here.

“It's for me, not you, I'm here because...well it's amazing but...”

“Jackson,” he said resting his hands on his bump. “I know you, Miss Martin. I'm actually really glad because Jackson has been a pining and miserable asshole. He likes to come around here, here, Lydia! Derek takes it because they share a business but he hovers and asks about stuff and you and...just thank you.”

“Jackson is an idiot and an asshole and...”

“You love him.”

Lydia's eyes narrowed coldly but she didn't argue against it. Stiles smiled sadly wrapping an arm
“When did things get so...complicated?” she murmured pulling back to look at him. “Look at where we are, Stiles. Allison and Scott are married and they have twins, you're married with a daughter and a son on the way. Danny is in a long term relationship with that Ethan guy and his stupid twin will not stop emailing me. It was a one night stand. But anyway...then there's Jackson and I and when did things change?”

“The moment you and me got drunk and I became a surrogate.”

“You think?”

“No but it probably is,” Stiles agreed with a shrug of his shoulders. “It's been one hell of a journey. Tears, yelling, denial, do you know how much angst would have been saved if we just talked to each other?!”

“Tons,” she smirked.

“I love him a lot, like so much it hurts sometimes. Love is painful.”

“It's supposed to be,” Lydia said resting against him. “That's why love is a psychopath.”

It was food for thought and something he could think about but for now all thoughts were wiped when three days before he was supposed to give birth he felt it. The familiar burning cramp of a contraction late at night.

“Derek,” he muttered slapping his chest hard so he grunted awake.

“What is it? Stiles, the baby? Is he coming?!?”

“What do you think?!?” he panted glaring at him.

“Okay, okay, Lydia!” Derek called hearing her footsteps when she appeared looking magnificent for someone waking up at three in the morning.

“It's time, you need to get Esme ready.”

“Why do you think I'm here? Go, I'll call your parents for you both.”

Stiles glared at Derek when he helped him out of the bed and he groaned feeling his legs buckle a little with the pain.

“This is your fault! All your fault, getting me pregnant! Once this is done, I am chopping it off,” he threatened gripping his hand tight when they walked down the stairs. “Going to stew it and – and then make you eat it!”

“You say such lovely things sometimes, it's a wonder why I married you,” Derek muttered distractedly looking up the stairs and instructing him to breathe deeply in and out. Esme was sleepy and in Lydia's arms when she carried her downstairs and passed him his labor bag.

“God, fuck!” Stiles hissed through his teeth once they were in the car and Derek held his hand tight. “He's killing me!”

“He's not killing you, breathe, remember your breathing, Stiles.”

Stiles closed his eyes breathing deeply in and out to breathe through the pain and prayed it went
well. Derek never let go of his hand once when he was admitted and Lydia waited in the waiting room with Esme once he was led into the room.

“You're doing well, so well,” Derek reassured him kissing him softly so he kissed him desperately back.

“I won't chop it off, I promise, but no more babies for about five years,” he whispered digging his hands into his shoulders. “Understand?”

“Yeah,” Derek muttered wincing a little when he moved away. “We still need to pick between the two names.”

“Oh god, you're seriously asking me this now!?”

“Stiles, he's going to be here in less than an hour.”

“Fine, you pick,” he muttered.

“No because the last name I picked you threw a book at me.”

“Francis?! I'm sorry, I didn't know I was giving birth to a vicar!” Stiles cried pushing to lie back and scowl at him.

“We have two names, Noah or Kyle, pick one.”

“Oh my god, fine! I like Noah.”

“Me too,” Derek agreed sitting on the bed.

“Seriously? Because you were overly keen on the name Kyle and that's the reason there are two names!”

“Well I've changed my mind, I can change my mind.”

“Noah James,” Stiles said gently surprising Derek to lift his head. “You named Esme's middle name after my mom. Plus it's dead cute and I am in a lot of pain right now so agree.”

“I love you,” Derek murmured leaning into kiss him.

“I know, I'm awesome.”

Stiles was prepped for surgery with Derek by his side when they wheeled him in and he concentrated on Derek once the wolfsbane coursed around his veins with the medicine. The smell of the blood and hospital was nauseating but Derek was a distraction when he held his hand and talked him through what was happening through every incision.

The first wail from Noah once he was brought into the world was enough to bring a tear to his eye when he choked looking at the wiggling baby. The first thing he noticed was the fuzz of dark hair similar to Derek's when he met his eyes.

“Explains the heartburn,” he whispered with a wet chuckle.

“He's perfect, Stiles.”

“Of course he is, we make perfect pups.”
Derek was allowed first hold once he was bundled up in a blanket and he cried softly in his arms. Stiles watched fondly feeling exhausted despite everything and was wheeled back to recovery before he knew it and to his utter horror put in the same room as last time. It was like a horrible joke when he was put to rest and his demands to be placed in another room were ignored.

“Fuck,” he whispered glancing around, the ache in his chest forming like a stab wound. “Going to sue you fuckers.”

The absence of Derek and Noah was everywhere and he half accepted Scott and Allison to come in for him when he fidgeted. The door opened so he looked up from his hands startled and half afraid to see Derek holding Noah in one hand and holding Esme's hand in the other. Stiles inhaled shakily taking in the sight of the three of them and the ache was replaced by the warm glow for them.

“Look who it is,” he whispered to Noah when he gently eased him into his arms and joined him on the bed to sit with Esme. Stiles smiled exhaling shakily when he looked at Noah who blinked pale blue eyes at him. They were bound to be green by his reckoning when he slid his finger towards him so he could clutch it.

“Baby,” Esme murmured peeking over to look at him.

“Yeah, it's your baby brother, Noah,” Stiles whispered reaching over to stroke her cheek with gentle fingers.

Esme reached patting his blanket gently. “Baby brother.”

“I might cry,” Stiles whispered meeting Derek’s eyes. “I might not stop. Oh my god, am I dreaming? I feel like I’m dreaming and in a minute I'll wake up alone in that crappy apartment in lots of debt and without you or our babies. I made the worst decision back then but the best because look at us now and I love you so much.”

“You're rambling and this is very real, isn't it?” he murmured to Esme who nodded sleepily tucking her head into his chest. “It's never going to stop being real.”

Stiles blinked tears staring down at Noah in his arms, Derek was warm by his side with Esme tucked up in his arms like always and it was there. That complete sense of contentment he didn't realize he could feel or was allowed to feel but there it was. It was allowed to be after every harsh moment, every tear, fight, argument, every denial they made for themselves and this wasn't their ending. No, it was their beginning, the beginning of everything to come and everything to fight for. Stiles was happy with that and could live with that, the knowledge that the decision he made all those years ago wasn't the greatest but it was the certainly the best.

Chapter End Notes

If you would like to see the pure brilliance of me and some lameness as well I am on tumblr - agentbuckybarnes

You should come say hello or if you need to find me.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!
Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!