I'm No Prince Charming

by Niecy8

Summary

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Derek wasn’t sure what his face looked like but the way Stiles was staring back at him, it wasn’t pretty. The beta took a deep breath. He could be rational about this. Talk things calmly with Stiles and not over react to this ludicrous idea that was just presented to him.

“Are you out of your damn mind?” Okay, rational went right out of the window rather quickly. Derek stood up while gesticulating his arms. “This, this is even crazy for you.”
I had told myself I was going to wait a few weeks before posting a new work and here I have cranked out 4 1/2 chapters these past two weeks so I decided to post this new work.

I am diving into the alpha/beta/omega world once more. However, this fic won't be quite as light as my previous one but there will still be some humor and fluff - just more angst thrown in this time. And I tried to do something a little different with Alpha Peter which you guys will find out when Stiles does.

This fic is a Steter fic - though they don't meet until chapter four, sorry guys. I'm putting this out there because there is a lot of Sterek friendship and feels going on as well. They love and care for each other like brothers and would do anything for each other which is highlighted in chapter one.

I really wanted to create a fic that showcased their amazing friendship. As much as this is a Steter story, the Sterek dynamic is definitely a huge part of this story.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Derek leaned back on the sofa and ran his fingers through his hair. He sighed audibly wondering what the hell he was doing. He thought going back to school was a good idea and now looking at the mound of text books and notebooks scattered across the coffee table – maybe it wasn’t such a good idea after all.

His current job was decent. He worked in an accounting firm. The position paid well and Derek was good at his job but he also just felt unfulfilled. He was bored many days and deep inside, there was just a void. He yearned for more – craved to do more with his life and help others in the process.

So here he was at twenty-five going back to school to get a degree in teaching. He preferred to teach younger kids to help shape and mold their minds but in reality, once he gets the certificate, he will teach any grade he can as long as he is in the classroom. It was a dream he should have chased after years ago but at least he is going after it now.

Sighing in frustration once more, Derek closed his eyes and decided to take a quick break. He had worked most of the day already at his job and was trying to catch up on some homework before he had to head out to his night class on campus. Needless to say, he was already exhausted.

He had been ignoring his stomach so perhaps he should eat something solid, not a quick grab and go kind of meal in the car that he usually does when he has school.

Derek started to rise from the sofa when he heard the rapid knocking at his front door.

“Derek.” The rapping continued rapid fire. “Derek.”

The teenager called almost in desperation from the other side of the door.

“Derek.” He pleaded once more. The tone in his young voice pitching higher.

The man had to stifle a laugh. He could tease Stiles all night with this game but he didn’t have the time nor the energy to keep it up. And besides, he knew he would keep knocking until Derek gave in.

Another knock. “Der…ek. It’s important.”

He shook his head. To Stiles, when the local ice cream shop stopped serving Rocky Road, it was a life shattering event so he wasn’t sure how important this impromptu visit was but he loved the kid like a brother so he had to indulge him.

Derek opened up the door to reveal one frazzled looking omega. His brown hair was sticking up all different ways but he did like to pull at the strands so it could explain the mess. He was intertwining his fingers and shuffling his feet back and forth like crazy. Even for Stiles, he was rather harried in appearance.

“ Took you long enough, you big doofus.” He acted offended and pushed his fingers into Derek’s chest probably in a vein effect to push the beta out of the way but the teenager’s strength was no match for Derek’s. Instead he huffed at the immobile object in front of him.

“I was trying to study.”

Stiles threw his hands up in the air. “No time for that. We have a big time Stiles emergency.”
Derek closed the door as he watched the defeated looking omega throw himself on the couch. He crossed his arms and pouted. It was actually adorable seeing him so flustered but Derek knew to bite his tongue. It was best to let the kid rant.

“Stiles, I’m sorry that they haven’t served chicken and waffles in the cafeteria for a few months but I am not calling the school board for you.” He mentioned as he took a seat next to his friend.

He was still not very pleased when the younger convinced him to call the school board when they had changed the bus pick up times to an earlier time when Stiles was twelve. He said he needed more sleep and it wasn’t acceptable. The school board disagreed. They said it was necessary since some routes had changed.

“That is still a travesty if you ask me Der. I mean whose dumb idea was it to stop serving chicken and waffles?” The boy’s eyes creased as he spoke. “Now, I want chicken and waffles. Can you take me to the diner to get me some?”

Derek chuckled and squeezed Stiles leg. “I would but I have class in a couple of hours.” And he would. Derek was a sucker when it came to Stiles. Ever since he had to babysit the kid when he was twelve and Stiles was five, Derek was immediately wrapped around his finger. And the omega knew how to play it up as well. He realized he could ask Derek almost for anything and the older would comply. “What is so important then, that’s got you all worked up?”

Stiles gave him a pointed look as to how the hell he could not know what was so important. Granted, the beta had become a fairly good mind reader when it came to the omega but today it could be anything. He could be sore that someone took his parking spot at school or that his mashed potatoes were too lumpy at lunch. With Stiles, the sky was the limit.

“Der? Seriously? My...,” with the air quotes included, “big birthday is coming up. You know the big eighteen which means one of the most important things that will ever happen in my life. You know it’s only four months, twelve days, eight hours and sixteen seconds but who’s counting?” He rambled.

“I didn’t forget. I never forget your birthday Stiles.” And he never did. He always celebrated with the omega. He would take him to a movie or to dinner. Sometimes he was just happy with going to a comic book store.

Stiles foot bounced on the floor and he sighed loudly. “It’s not what I meant.” The kid sounded dejected.

And yep, Derek kind of knew that wasn’t what he meant. For omega’s turning eighteen it was a whole different ballgame. Or as Stiles liked to put it, an old law that needs to be put to rest to never see the light a day ever again.

“I’m running out of time.” Stiles twisted his fingers in his shirt and Derek could see beads of sweat forming around his brows.

Derek had been in denial and tried not to think about Stiles upcoming birthday since he really didn’t know how to deal with the fact that things were going to change drastically not only for the omega beside him but probably for their friendship as well.

Omegas were expected to be bonded to an alpha once they turn eighteen. It seems back in the day; omegas were seen as weak and needing to be taken care of. The law was written as such that once an omega is no longer considered a minor, they need to then be legally claimed by an alpha no matter what. If such omega doesn’t have a suitable alpha already, then one would be assigned to them. It
was definitely an old, outdated, archaic law but there was also no way around it.

The beta wrapped his arm around Stiles and brought him closer to his side in order to try to comfort him. “Does your dad have any pull?” He was grasping but he didn’t know what else he could do. It was a stupid law that no one really liked but some alphas. It made no sense that it was still in existence. And not even Derek could help his best friend since he was just a beta.

Yes, sometimes exceptions were made but there was a lot of red tape and Derek was fairly positive they didn’t have enough time to figure out all the processes and to find out if Derek himself was truly ‘qualified’ to take care of an omega. It was dumb to say the least. Omegas should get to choose who they want to be with and not have a law that did.

The teenager hummed under his breath. “He’s fussed but not even the sheriff is above the law. What am I going to do? I’m probably going to get assigned to some old fart who wants to impregnate me right away.” He drifted for a moment. “And what if I can’t hang out with you anymore? I would be totally devastated. I would lose my mind Der.”

“I’ll never let that happen.” Derek would do his damndest to ensure that he and Stiles could continue to spend time together. He didn’t want to lose his best friend.

“Cool.” The boy hesitated, probably realizing Derek would try but there was no guarantee. It would be up to Stiles alpha to allow Stiles to see Derek. “I know it’s silly but I still believe in the fairytale. I still hope that my Prince Charming will come on his white horse and save the day but…”

Snow White had always been Stiles favorite book as a kid. Derek practically had it memorized since he had to read it so much to him. He had always dreamed he would be swooped off his feet by some magical prince.

“Hey…” The beta placed a chaste kiss on top of Stiles head. “We’ll figure it out. We’ll find a way so you can still have your Prince Charming.”

He had to believe that they could make that happen for the boy. Derek can’t and doesn’t want to imagine Stiles with an alpha he doesn’t like or worse, someone who mistreats him.

“So… I kind of have an idea but you have to hear me out.” He jumped up and began pacing the floor.

“Okay?” Derek was suspicious. Some of Stiles ideas were bordering on this side of sanity sometimes. The kid was book smart but not always street smart. Truthfully, he was a little terrified as to what he was going to suggest.

Stiles bit his bottom lip – a total tell. He was nervous. “You’re not going to like it but I have thought this out and I think it might work.” He tilted his head to the side.

“Oh fudge. Okay so my idea is a little crazy but…” The right thumb came to his mouth and he began chewing on his nail. It was a horrible habit but he had been doing that as long as Derek could remember.

“Okay, just tell me.”

“So you could get me pregnant. And then once the agency find out that I was knocked up by a beta, no alpha will want me.” He said it quickly and in one breath.

Derek wasn’t sure what his face looked like but the way Stiles was staring back at him, it wasn’t pretty. The beta took a deep breath. He could be rational about this. Talk things calmly with Stiles
and not over react to this ludicrous idea that was just presented to him.

“Are you out of your damn mind?” Okay, rational went right out of the window rather quickly. Derek stood up while gesticulating his arms. “This, this is even crazy for you.”

“It’s a good idea Derek.” Stiles eyes averted from his. “Look, you don’t even have to sleep with me. I already got a turkey baster. I just need your sperm dude.”

Derek basically slapped himself on his head. He didn’t have time for this chat right now. “Of course, you have. Have you talked to your dad about this plan of yours?”

“No way. He would flip his lid. He would never agree to this”

Derek closed his eyes and took a deep breath. Of course, the sheriff would never agree to this idiotic plan. “Do you realize what you are asking? This type of thing could ruin you Stiles. Everyone would look at you and say bad things. You would basically be blacklisted.”

“I know Der. I have thought about it. I don’t care what others would say about me. At least I wouldn’t be stuck with some alpha who didn’t care about me. And you wouldn’t have to do anything else. All I need is your jizz.”

Derek was now pacing the small space between his sofa and door. “Like that would happen. I would help but I think the laws would still be against us and you… you’ll probably crave alpha while your pregnant. I just…”

He hated the idea. Stiles wasn’t ready for a baby. The kid was desperate. Even know he was more like a brother to him; Derek would do it but the idea seemed so extreme. There had to be another way.

Stiles placed his delicate hand on Derek’s bicep. “I’m running out of time and options Der. Please.”

Derek could never resist his Bambi eyes. Fuck, this was a stupid plan that had the potential to ruin both of their lives. Society would shit on both them despite the fact they should be able to do whatever they wanted.

“Listen, if we can’t figure anything else out, I’ll do it.” It was against his better judgment but Stiles didn’t have a lot of options. Fuck, conventional wisdom.

“Oh my God Derek! Thank you so much. This means so much to me.”

Stiles went in for the hug. Derek breathed in his scent and closed his eyes. This was not how he saw either one of their futures but he also couldn’t let any alpha have his way with the omega. He would do what he had to do protect the boy but he really hoped it didn’t come down to getting him pregnant. Neither one of them were ready to raise a newborn.
Wow guys - thanks for all the loving for this fic. Really appreciate it.

Now some Stilinski family feels.

Stiles woke up with a startle. Some neighbor was mowing their lawn too darn early. He was having a nice dream and then it began incorporating the lawn mower sounds which then somehow turned into someone with a chainsaw running after him in said dream come nightmare.

He wiped the sweat off his forehead and reached for his phone. It was almost 11:00am. Later than he thought but still too early to be doing lawncare activities according to Stiles.

Swinging his legs off the mattress, he noted a missed text message from Derek. It basically stated that they needed to talk more. And yep, Stiles wasn’t surprised and they did need to discuss things more.

After all, it’s not everyday you ask your best friend to knock you up. He assumed the beta had lots more questions or concerns. He got it, he really did but as far as Stiles was concerned, he had no other options. He needed his best friend’s sperm.

For his sanity, he needed to have a solid plan in place. He didn’t want to roll the dice to see what happened when he had to register at the agency. As much as he still hoped for his Prince Charming, his days were numbered for that happening so he had to do what he needed to try to make some kind of happy ending for himself. And if that meant getting impregnated by his best friend beta, then so be it.

Smelling the fragrance of breakfast wafting through the air caused Stiles tummy to crumble. He quickly exited his bed and made his way to the bathroom to take care of his morning business and then jogged downstairs to the kitchen.

“Good morning Daddio.” Stiles inhaled the eggs and bacon. Greasy bacon was a no no for his pops but it smelled so amazing right now so he didn’t say anything about the unhealthiness that is the awesomeness known as bacon.

“Morning kiddo. Was wondering if you were ever going to get up.”

Stiles grabbed the plates from the cabinet and placed them on the table. “If it wasn’t for Mr. Jones and his lawn mower of death, I would still be sleeping.”

His dad arched his brow confusion. “Lawn mower of death?”

“The sound infiltrated my dream.” Stiles shuddered recollecting the chain saw wielding man. If it was a man, now he’s thinking the person chasing him didn’t have a face. Stupid nightmare. He probably wasn’t going to be able to sleep for a week now.

“Okay. I don’t want to know.”
“You don’t. Trust me on this.”

His dad plated the food and Stiles wasted no time pouring gobs of syrup all over his breakfast. He probably inhaled most of his food in less than a minute. And it was so worth it as the grease fell like a lead balloon to the bottom of his stomach. He would regret it later but now; he was high on sugar and grease.

Once he was done chewing the last bite of pancake, he noted his dad sitting back in his chair staring at him with his arms crossed. And he noted the frown lines. Was he in trouble? “He didn’t think so. What?”

“Just want to discuss something with you. Are you done eating?”

Stiles glanced at the griddle and wanted to say no but his dad had his serious face on and let’s face it, he was really curious. “Yep.”

“Okay, first I want to know if there has been any alpha movement on your behalf?”

Oh, it was that kind of conversation.

“No.” Stiles barely said under his breath. No alphas at school would give him the time of day. And really, they weren’t on the same time line as Stiles. They didn’t have to bond with anyone when they magically turned a certain age. Alphas had more time; they could afford to be picky.

Stiles began swirling the leftover syrup on his plate as his dad spoke once more. “No glances or anything?”

“Dad… I would so tell you if that was the case. There has been no alpha interest in this particular omega.” He pointed to himself for effect.

The sheriff sighed deeply and uncrossed his arms. “So, there’s a deputy that’s interested.”

“Dad? Seriously? You’re trying to set me up with one of your deputes?” Stiles asked indignantly. He was doing perfectly well for himself. Okay, he had no potential suitors but that was beside the point.

He pushed his chair out from the table. He really didn’t want his dad setting him up with one of his employees. It was weird. And super embarrassing.

“Stiles, please listen. It’s Parrish. He’s a good-looking guy and he has always taken a shine to you. And he’s not that much older than you.”

“Jordan?” His dad nodded his head.

And yes, his dad was right. Jordan Parrish was one of the youngest guys on the force and was definitely not bad looking, He wasn’t exactly Stiles type but he was still muscly and cute. And as far as alpha’s go, he was fairly sure he wasn’t a dick. “I don’t know dad.”

“Hear me out.” His dad cleared his throat. “I know this isn’t ideal. Hell, this whole notion of you having to be bonded to an alpha isn’t ideal but Jordan is a good option for you Stiles. He’s a good alpha and will treat you well. He won’t disrespect you and will take good care of you.”

And yet, Stiles didn’t see him anywhere close as to being his Prince Charming. The deputy was always nice to Stiles and yes, never disrespectful but he never had butterflies in his stomach when he was around Jordan.
Stiles ran his fingers through his hair. He was running out of time and viable alpha options. He wanted to say no. “I didn’t realize Jordan was interested me or did you twist his arm?”

He wouldn’t have blamed his dad if he did. His father wasn’t happy thinking about his only child being bonded to some strange alpha either. His dad hated this just as much as Stiles and would do anything he could to make it easier.

The older man laughed. “No son, I didn’t twist his arm or anything. I actually caught him a couple of times looking at your picture on my desk rather fondly over the last few years. I think he was scared to make a move since you’re his boss’s kid but now, he knew you were coming of age so he asked me.”

Huh? That was rather interesting. He never realized the deputy liked him.

“I get it that Parrish may not be the man of your dreams but again, he would be a decent alpha for you. Can you at least give him a shot and go out on a date with him?”

His dad’s eyes were practically begging for Stiles to say yes. Ugh, he hated his life right now but again his father was a voice of reason. Jordan is a decent alpha. How could he say no to his dad? The man is trying and he didn’t have the heart to say no.

“Fine.” Stiles didn’t respond with conviction but at least he agreed to the date.

“That’s wonderful news son. Thank you.” His dad was now relaxed and a small smile appeared on his face.

His dad got up from his chair and took the few steps to where Stiles was and bent down to wrap him in a hug. “You know if I could change the outcome to all this I would. I feel so powerless sometimes.”

And so did Stiles – powerless over his life. There was no logical reason why he couldn’t make his own choices. “I know dad. It’s not your fault. You’ve done what you could. You raised me to the best of your ability.”

“Thanks son. “The older man mumbled in his shoulder. “Sometimes I think with your mom being an alpha and was still alive that somehow there would be a different outcome.”

The omega puled away from his dad and noted some moisture around his right eye. He was an amazing dad. And yes, he being a beta, sometimes Stiles couldn’t get everything he craved that only an alpha could provide. He never once felt short changed. His dad gave it his all. His father loved him unconditionally.

“Dad….” He practically whined. “Even mom wouldn’t be able to change the law.”

“I know but she could have petitioned to keep you under her watch until you were twenty-five anyway. I can’t even help my own son except set him up with an alpha. Granting permission for some man to deflower to you.”

It pained Stiles to see his dad so upset. He wished he could make things easier for him. And he would rather not think about the deflowering part yet.

Pushing his chair back further, Stiles stood up and embraced his father once more. “I love you and you’re doing everything you can. It’s going to be okay dad. I promise.”

Stiles wasn’t sure entirely that everything was going to be okay but he had to let his dad believe it.
And if anything, he had his back up plan with Derek. Operation: Knock Up Stiles was just in his back pocket.

“I love you too. Thanks kiddo.” He sniffled.

Pulling away, his father smiled. “I really did raise a good kid. I’m so proud of you. And thank you for taking a chance with Parrish. I’m going to let him know that you agreed to a date.”

“Okay pops.”

Jordan Parrish was not Stiles first choice when it came to an alpha suitor but he would go out with him for his dad’s sake. Heck, he would do anything for his dad so he will buck it up and go on a date with the guy and hopefully it won’t too horrible. Heck, he would at least get some free food out of it.

However, if it sucks big time, then he’ll go to Derek. His dad probably won’t be happy with that outcome and perhaps somewhat disappointed but by then, there won’t be anything his dad could do since he’ll already be pregnant. He’ll hate to make him feel that way but he is almost out of time and other options.

It’s not how he thought his immediate future would play out but it seems that it is the only way he will be able to take control of his own life and make his own decisions. Ugh, sometimes being an omega really sucked!

Chapter End Notes

Next up - we check in on Peter to see what he is up to.
Chapter 3

Peter checked the navigation system once more to verify he was in fact going the right way. He was following the route correctly but for some reason it seemed wrong.

Well, he assumes not wrong, perhaps just different. It had been years since he had been in Beacon Hills so he supposes it only makes sense that places have been built up and other things have changed drastically.

The voice from the in-dash GPS called out and said to make a right turn ahead – only three more minutes until his arrival.

He sighed audibly as he hoped he made the right decision. His first thought was to go to his sister, Talia. He had been well on his way to her place but then about twenty minutes ago, decided to head to his nephew’s apartment instead. Derek would be much more tolerable and welcoming.

Talia would first be judgmental and then act so hurt that Peter hadn’t been by to visit all these years and then she would comment that of course he would head back home only after a nasty break-up. And really, he did not want to go into any details about that relationship. It wasn’t something he had a desire to discuss with anyone at this moment especially his sister of all people.

Yep, he could hear the guilt trip and the condescending remarks already. Perhaps, he should have made more of an effort to visit but really his sister was a pain in his ass so he stayed away. The biggest regret he had from staying away was not seeing his niece and nephew more. He practically missed the alpha and beta growing up. Skyping only did so much to fill that emptiness.

Well, he’ll do what can do for now. Try to make up for lost time with Cora and Derek. However, the alpha niece would need to wait since she still lived at home with his irritating sister.

The nav system signaled Peter’s arrival at his nephew’s place. He took a deep breath and hoped the dear boy would welcome him with open arms. And if not, he prayed he would take pity on his uncle and not send him to his mother’s house.

He took the steps to the apartment two by two and located the number of the door easily. Peter knocked on the door and waited impatiently. He brushed the wrinkles of his pants and silently cursed that he didn’t call the young beta first before showing up unexpectedly.

Before he had any more thoughts spiral out of control, the door opened. His nephew cocked his brow in confusion and spoke, “Uncle Peter?”

“Hello Derek. Nice to see you.”

“Umm, you too. Surprised. What are you doing here? Not that I’m not happy to see you or anything.”

Peter immediately ran his fingers through his hair. It would be so much quicker to lie but then he would have to keep track of such fib and knowing him, he wouldn’t remember all the details. He then would get caught in the lie. It would be a fucking nightmare to keep straight.

“Happy to see you as well. I…” He knew this would be difficult to say and it was definitely like
pulling teeth with no anesthesia. “I don’t really want to go into too many details but Sharon and I broke up. I let her keep the place and…” He trailed off again.

Was he a weak alpha if he let the omega keep the home, he worked so hard to provide for her? He would like to say no. To him it showed he was still ensuring that she was provided for.

Derek’s eyes widened and his face turned into concern. “I’m so sorry. Come in, please.”

The beta stepped aside to allow Peter to enter his dwelling. The apartment was nice. Peter hadn’t really seen much of it through Skype but Derek appeared to have made a nice home himself. The walls were colored in a soft beige. There were hardwood floors throughout the family room and leading into the kitchen. He had a flat screen TV on the wall over a fireplace. And a sofa and matching chair that vaguely looked like a floral pattern he remembered from his childhood.

“Your mother gave you that furniture?”

“Yep.” He replied as he shrugged his shoulders. “Speaking of, does she know you’re here?”

Peter smirked and shook his head. “Not yet. I came to you first. I assumed no judgment zone. I’m not ready to deal with your nagging mother just yet.”

The response caused Derek to laugh. “I get it You’re welcome to stay here as long as you want. No judgement I promise. However, my guest room is super small.”

The alpha was very relieved to hear the offer. He was optimistically cautious that Derek would ask but he wasn’t completely sure. The two of them got along wonderfully but he sometime wondered if the distance put a crack in their closeness.

“Thank you, dear nephew. I appreciate the offer. I don’t mind about the small room. Not sure how long I’ll be a guest though.”

He knew he didn’t want to overstay his welcome with Derek but he also realized he had no clue what he was going to do next. Would he stay in Beacon Hills? Go back where he had been living or even start somewhere fresh? It was a hard decision and he would need to weigh his options carefully before deciding.

Derek waved his hand. “Don’t even worry abbot it. I’m at work during the day and three nights a week, I’m at school. You won’t bother me. Stay as long as you need.”

“Thank you.” And with that Peter took the first steps to meet his nephew to give him a welcoming hug. The younger reciprocated the gesture. “Really, thank you and I’m actually thrilled we’ll be able to spend some time together.”

“You’re welcome and me too.”

They both let go of the embrace at the same time. “Let me show you around. Well, I can show you where you’ll be sleeping. You can see most of the place from where you’re standing.”

“And it is a very nice apartment Derek.” He was very proud of his nephew. He knew he worked hard to get where he was and now, he was going back to school to fulfill his dream. He definitely was a beta to admire.

The next day, Peter opened his eyes slowly to get accustomed to the light that was pouring through
the slotted blinds. It took him a moment to realize he wasn’t sleeping in his own bed and that he
didn’t have a person sleeping next to him. For a brief moment, he was saddened that his omega
Sharon was not curled up near his body but surprisingly the thought drifted away rather quickly as
well. If he thought about it too hard, he supposed he and Sharon had already been slowly drifting
away from each other before things went real sour. And with that memory, Peter pushed down
anymore thoughts of the omega. He didn’t want to dwell on that now. The memories still hurt even
though leaving was the best thing for both of them.

Once the room became completely into view, he membered he was at Derek’s. The beta had been
correct in stating the guest room was small. It was big enough for the queen-sized bed he was
currently in shoved by the window and a dresser. However, the alpha didn’t care too much. He just
needed a place to crash for a while until he figured out his next step so he was just grateful for his
nephew’s hospitality.

The alpha stretched out his body to lessen any creaks before getting up. Once he rose, he quickly
went to the bathroom to relieve his bladder and then made his way to the kitchen in search of coffee.

Once he spotted the coffee maker, he glanced a note on the fridge from Derek stating he was at work
and to help himself to any food he had. It was another gracious offer. Peter would indeed help
himself this morning but then he would head off to the store later to buy more food for the boy and
perhaps make him a dinner.

And that is how Peter did for the rest of the day. Once he was caffeinated, he took a shower and
drove to the store to buy groceries. He put away all the food he bought and then spent the rest of the
day dawdling away on his phone trying to distract himself. He briefly thought a few times of making
his presence known to Talia but squashed that idea down immediately. He’ll give himself a day or
two and then head over to her place.

As the sun began to set. Peter assumed Derek would be home soon and decided to start to make
dinner. He opted for a simple stir fry since he wasn’t sure if this was a night or not, he went to class
so he didn’t want to take a chance and make the boy late with something that too long to eat.

The food was practically done cooking when he heard the door open. He had timed it perfectly.

“Hey, smells amazing.” Derek noted as he toed his shoes off near the door. “You didn’t have to
make dinner though.”

“I wanted to do something nice for you since you opened up your place to me and really, I don’t
mind. I find cooking rather therapeutic.”

His nephew smiled and approached the kitchen. “Cool. Well, thanks.”

“Welcome. I wasn’t sure if you had class tonight so I just made something you can eat quickly.”

The smiled stayed on the beta’s face. Peter realized he hadn’t seen his nephew smile a lot on Skype
so this was a nice change pf pace.

“As actually, I do. Thanks Uncle Peter. I’m going to get cleaned up and then we can eat before I have
to head out again.”

“Sounds good.”

The conversation was light through the meal. It was nice to be distracted from his current life and
hear Derek talk about things that sometimes get overlooked on their weekly chats.
Derek wiped his mouth after his last morsel of food and sighed quietly under his breath. “I just want you to know that you can talk to me about anything when you’re ready.”

Peter wasn’t surprised by the statement. He was glad that Derek hadn’t pushed him thus far to open up and tell him the whole story. He still wasn’t ready just yet. The wound was still fresh and sore. Maybe he and Sharon had been drifting but he still wasn’t ready to open up about how things fell apart – about his own shortcomings of being an alpha.

“Thanks. I appreciate it. I…. ” Peter paused. “Not sure when I’ll be ready to talk but I promise, you’ll be the first.”

“Okay, great. Take your time. I got to get to class. I’ll see you later.” Peter watched his nephew drop his plate in the sink and grab his bag on the way out the door with a bounce in his step. It was good to see him happy.

He however, took a deep breath once the door clicked shut. Derek was and has always been an amazing sounding board and never once judged him for any of his life choices. He knew he could confide in the beta with anything but this – this was just too raw and emotional right now. He didn’t even want to confront what was going on his own life right now. It was easier to keep it buried. It was hard realizing that he was failing being an alpha and that was an extremely hard pill to swallow. Others would judge him and say things behind his back. Yep, for now, he was going to keep quiet as to how and why he failed his omega.

Chapter End Notes

Question for you guys - I’m thinking about having Derek and Jordan hook up. Is that something you want to see or would that be weird since Jordan would have gone out with Stiles?

Up next - Some Sterek friendship feels. Peter and Stiles finally meet up but it is at the end of chapter and it's quick. Did I mention this was a slow burn?
Chapter 4

Chapter Notes

Finally get a little Steter but just a taste.

Even though they are not werewolves, these dynamics do have an enhanced senses of smell because I like scenting ❤

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Derek picked up a few scattered books that were strewn on the coffee table and shoved them in his bag. Stiles was on his way over, somewhat freaking out once more so he wanted the place semi neat, not that the teenager could care less.

He took another glance around his apartment and deemed it acceptable. And really there wasn’t anything out of place. He usually is rather a neatnik but with his uncle staying with him temporarily, he has been doing a lot of cleaning and tidying up while Derek has been busy at work.

The beta had told the alpha he didn’t have to do all this cleaning and cooking for him but the older man had insisted. He claimed he needed to do something to stay busy and wanted to be helpful for Derek especially since he had been so generous with letting him stay at Derek’s place.

Derek wasn’t going to complain about the extra help even if thought it wasn’t truly necessarily. In reality, he has been rather enjoying the company of his uncle. It has definitely nice having someone else in the apartment to talk with.

And the alpha has been pleasant company. They have gotten along spectacularly. He hasn’t pushed the man to open even though he was curious as hell as to what happened between his uncle and his omega. He figured he would talk when he was ready to and Derek will be all ears no matter what and when he was ready to talk about what happened.

On the other hand, he wished his uncle would go see his mother. Derek understands that his mother isn’t always the easiest to converse with but he still thinks it’s important for the older man to not be so stubborn and just go and see his sister already. Let bygones be bygones.

Talia can be formidable and set in her ways but Derek is fairly positive that once his mother says her peace, she will get over the fact that Peter practically abandoned her for all these years.

And he doesn’t really blame Peter for leaving the area and not looking back. His mother had been a bitch to him. She would reem him out at family dinners stating he was a loser and not doing anything with his life. Derek was much younger then so he’s not completely sure how accurate the statements were but either way, he knew his mom was never the biggest fan of her younger brother for reasons she kept close to herself. He had asked her from time to time and she would just huff and grumble so he just let it go. Evidently, she wasn’t going to tell him what her beef was with her brother so Derek stopped pushing years ago.

Derek tried to convince the alpha to seek her out today while he entertained Stiles but the man shrugged his shoulders and mentioned he had errands to run and would be back later.
With the thought of his uncle still brimming, he heard the rap of the door and the tall tale sign of a certain omega’s voice calling out to him. “Derek!” Knock, knock went the knuckle, “Der… answer the door.” More knocking,

The kid would never stop knocking. He was also the one guy who keeps pressing the elevator button even after it is lit up. It didn’t matter that it didn’t come any faster, the teenager just constantly pushed the button just like now with the knocking on the door. Sometimes, Derek walked extra slow just to get more of a rise out of the kid.

“Der… open up please.” The tone was pleading now.

“It’s open brat.”

The knob circled and the latch clicked to allow the door to open. Stiles as usual appeared frantic. It was a look he usually wore so Derek didn’t worry too much. The boy just said they needed to talk like yesterday and of course the sucker Derek is, obliged willingly and invited him over right away.

Once the door closed, Stiles blew out his breath and just like that he spoke like a volcano spewing lava.

“Oh my God, Derek, thank you for letting me come over. Sit.” Stiles acknowledged with his hand and plopped down quickly on the sofa as well. “I don’t know where to start, I mean I do but gosh, it’s my dad. Well, I don’t mean anything is wrong with my dad but it’s what he did. It’s nothing horrible like he’ll get arrested but still….”

Derek immediately reached over and reassuringly squeezed the omega’s right knee. Stiles tends to work himself up and the beta could see he was beginning to spiral out of control somewhat. “Breathe Stiles.”

The teenager gave him a pointed look. “I am breathing Derek. Do I look like I am dead on the floor?”

Smartass the boy was. Derek couldn’t help but roll his eyes. “Fine, relax. Take a deep breath.” He watched the omega’s chest constrict and then be let out. “Tell me what happened.”

He already deduced that Stiles wasn’t here to discuss the whole baby thing which relieved Derek. It definitely warranted a more in-depth discussion but he really wasn’t up to the task at the moment.

“So…” He paused and bit his bottom lip. “My dad has set me up with one of his deputies.”

Derek failed to see why the boy was almost hyperventilating with that but he had to assume there was more. “Okay but isn’t that potentially a good thing?”

Stiles having an alpha meant no insane plan of impregnating said omega.

The teen sighed and crossed his arms “Don’t think Operation Knock Up Stiles is off the table because of this!”


“Yep and Der, it’s just I already now he’s not the one. I have interacted with him a few times over the years and he’s… he’s not Prince Charming.”

The omega’s bottom lip quivered. Derek assumed even if Stiles was not caught behind the eight ball right now, he still would never find his Prince Charming. He was a picky little shit. “Okay but if
your dad is setting you up, he must be nice though.” John cared for his boy so he knew the man would be picky and not settle for any alpha for his only child. He would ensure the alpha was a good man. Someone who would take care of and provide for the teen.

However, he could be grasping. “Yes, he’s nice. His name is Jordan Parrish. I don’t know about this Derek.”

“Jordan? I went to high school with him. He’s a decent alpha Stiles.” And that was certainly a name he hadn’t heard in while.

Derek doesn’t remember the alpha being a dick. He seemed respectful of others. He never struck the beta as someone who would not be good to omegas and the dude was nice looking. Really good looking. In Derek’s opinion, Stiles could do a lot worse.

He continued to worry at his bottom lip. “Dad said he was cool and would be good to me but… I don’t get butterflies thinking about him. He might be nice but could still be controlling and want to breed me right away. There are way too many unblown variables and what ifs Derek.”

The older noted some tears forming around Stiles eyes. He really wished he knew what he could say or do to help Stiles. He being an omega definitely put him at disadvantage. It wasn’t fair or right but unfortunately there wasn’t much they could do about it either. He had to be strong for Stiles and hopefully help him see the bright side of things of possibly being with an alpha who was closer to his age and wouldn’t mistreat him. Someone who undoubtedly would care for him. He could possibly be the solution Stiles is looing for.

“You shouldn’t dismiss him right off. Still go on the date with him. You never know, maybe some sparks will fly after all.” Derek wanted to be hopeful for the kid. With Jordan, anything was possible.

“I promised my dad I would but….” The boy trailed off as the few tears began to cascade down his cheeks.

Derek took a deep breath. The kid needed to be put down in omega space like five minutes ago. Sometimes the beta feels like he crosses the line when he puts him there but he desperately needs it and Derek is strong enough do it. Stiles father can come close but Stiles says Derek is one of the few betas that can really put him down and bring him to that special, magical space in his head.

Without hesitation, Derek grabbed a throw pillow from the sofa and threw it down on the hardwood floor between his legs. He parted his thighs to give Stiles just enough room to feel secure.

Derek turned to the omega to tell hm to get comfortable but the kid was already sliding off the couch into a pile of goo. The omega’s instincts were kicking in.

“T’ank you Erek…” The boy slurred through hooded, glazed over eyes.

Derek eased back on the couch cushion to get more comfortable himself. He carded his fingers through the omega’s brown locks to help him relax more but the kid was already practically under so he didn’t need much more convincing.

He heard Stiles hum under the ministrations. He would give Stiles what he needed and craved and in turn, Derek would also seek comfort since the action was just as calming to Derek as well. He may not be an alpha but his endorphins enjoy this ride probably as much as an alpha would when they are in this situation. He supposes in this type of situation, both he and Stiles are equally tactile.

Derek lost himself in the calmness and the serenity as well. He had dozed off between the soft caresses on Stiles scalp and hearing the kid’s soft breaths. Sometimes, he believes he could do this
for hours with Stiles.

He glanced down at the sleeping omega with his head lolled on Derek’s right knee. He was serene in his sleep but he realized he would need to wake him up soon.

As Derek shook out some pins and needles from his left hand, he heard the door to his apartment open. Peter!

The alpha stopped and looked at the scene that was presented in front of him. He not only smirked but winked as well. “Well, well Derek. I had no idea you had yourself an omega and a pretty one at that.”

“It’s not. It’s not what you think.” He didn’t need him assuming things that weren’t true. And of course, he would immediately jump to that conclusion.

The rumbles from his voice began to stir Stiles since the boy was beginning to move his head.

“Whatever you say nephew.” His uncle continued to smirk as he made his way towards the kitchen with the sacks he had in his hands.

Stiles looked up at Derek through bleary eyes as his nose scrunched up. “I smell alpha. Is Cora here? The fragrance doesn’t scream her – more like peaches.”

Derek shook his head. “No, my Uncle Peter is back in town. Not sure if you remember him or not. I know I have mentioned him to you.”

He probably should have told Stiles that his uncle was visiting and staying with him but for some reason, it didn’t enter his mind.

“Oh.” Stiles rolled his neck to each side evidently trying to get the kinks out. He crawled towards the couch to take a seat properly. “Thanks, by the way Der.” He practically cooed. “Guess I needed that way more than I thought.”

“Anytime.” And he meant it. He knew that since Stiles didn’t have a constant alpha presence in his life, he needed that extra touch sometimes -the omega in him craving contact. Derek wouldn’t be able to give the boy everything he needed when he came to desiring an alpha’s presence, reassurance, and touch but he knew he came close.

Peter then strolled out of the kitchen as Stiles was getting settled on the couch cushion.

“Uncle Peter. Do you remember Stiles? I used to babysit him when he was younger.”

His uncle sized the omega up and down. He smiled when the recognition took over his brain. “Why yes. The sheriff’s boy. You used to come up to me waist high. It appears Omega Stilinski you have grown up.”

“It does happen Alpha Hale. Nice to see after all these years.”

“And you as well.” His uncle replied as he halfway smiled. Or was that more of a cocky grin?

Stiles stood up and stretched his arms towards the ceiling. “I probably should get going.”

“Don’t leave on my account.” The alpha responded as Derek noted his nose rumpling up. He evidently was missing out on some of the fragrances the others were picking up on.

“Nah. Homework.” Stiles said through a yawn.
Derek stood up to join the other two. “You need me to drive you home?” He assumed the boy would be fine but sometimes he gets a little worried after the teen comes up since he believes it takes Stiles a few moments to come back to himself.

“Mmm fine Der. I’ll call you if I need anything.” He began the few short steps to the door and paused. “Well maybe I’ll see you around Alpha Hale.”

“Yes, I’m sure we will.”

Once the door closed behind Stiles, the older man wasted no time in speaking. “So do you have a thing with the young omega?”

“No.” Derek answered definitively. “We’re best friends. He’s like a brother to me. It’s not like that.”

His uncle’s blue eyes bore into him for a few moments before he began speaking once more. “So you never gave the omega a good dick ing?”

Derek huffed as he rolled his eyes. “No, Uncle Peter. Never!” Hell, he has never really thought of Stiles in that way.

“Interesting and surprising. He smells very good like one giant arousing hormone. I am surprised you haven’t jumped his bones yet since his scent is basically saying fuck me.”

His uncle sniffed the air once more and was he adjusting his junk with his right hand? That was more than he needed to see. “It almost seems his pheromones have been absorbed by the furniture. Do you mind if I air the place out for a bit?”

“Whatever.” Derek certainly wasn’t smelling what his uncle was, it just smelled like Stiles usual scent – the fragrance of honey and cinnamon. He didn’t get the whole fuck me vibe.

The beta watched the alpha glide around the apartment opening up windows and noted him adjusting himself once more. It seemed like somewhat peculiar behavior but perhaps it was just a weird alpha phase his uncle was going through since he recently broke up with an omega. Perhaps he was missing his omega and Stiles fragrance brought back a sensory memory for him.

Derek certainly couldn’t sense the intense hormones his uncle was declaring were in the air coming from Stiles. He shrugged his shoulders and decided to let it go. Only his Uncle Peter would truly know why he was smelling certain odors from his best friend and he definitely wasn’t going to read into too much because that could be really ew and weird.

Chapter End Notes

So I deliberately wrote Derek being confused as to why his uncle reacted that way around Stiles because I don't want him to immediately put two and two together and be like, hey, he's an aloha and my friend needs one. I didn't want it to be that easy.

Well, you guys spoke so there will be some Jordan and Derek coming your way but not for a while yet.

Next up - Lydia knows best as to what Stiles should wear for his upcoming date with Jordan.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Lydia makes an appearance this chapter - perhaps slight feminization if that bothers anyone when she speaks about Stiles body and an article of clothing she thinks he should wear.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Stiles Stilinski!” The shrill, high pitched alpha tone called out to him causing the omega to stop in his tracks. He had almost made it to the jeep. He could see the blue vehicle just mere feet away.

Stiles turned around since he knew it was a lost cause. Lydia Martin summoned him and he had to answer. He watched her strawberry blond colored hair bounce on her shoulders as her heels clicked simultaneously on the pavement below. Her scoop necked floral dress fell about mid-thigh level. She was a freaking goddess but just as terrifying as well.

“Hi Lydia.” Stiles meekly waved at the alpha. She was intimidating as all get out but the omega loved her anyway. They had known each other since first grade and it never mattered what their dynamic was, they have always been there for each other for years. Good friends through thick and thin.

Her petite frame stopped once she got in front of him and she arched her beautifully tweezed eye brow at Stiles. Crossing her arms, she huffed. “Are you seriously going on a date with an alpha and did not tell me?”

Stiles silently cursed Scott’s name under his breath. He should know better confiding in Scott. Of course, he couldn’t keep his mouth shut. Now he’s in for a makeover he doesn’t want. “Um, yes.” He said sheepishly.

“Stiles, you know you should tell me these things. Well, take me to your house so I can check out the God-awful wardrobe you have. Hopefully, I can find something acceptable for you to wear.”

“It’s really not necessary. I’m not sure if I care what I look like for him.” Really, Stiles wasn’t sure he wanted to impress alpha Parrish anyway.

Lydia cleared her throat and gave the omega a pointed glare. “You know it’s hopeless Stiles. Just take me back to your house.”

“Yes, alpha.”

The two friends had friendly conversation as Stiles drove them to his place. He was pleased the alpha only complained about his jeep one time. Lydia always said his vehicle was a deathtrap but it was his mother’s car and he had no plans to ever give it up.

Once they arrived to his house, Stiles made a beeline to the kitchen because snacks. Opening up the fridge, he finally remembered his good manners.

“Want something to drink?” Stiles asked around a mouthful of cheese stick. Okay, perhaps he didn’t have the best of manners.
“Sure,” Lydia replied as she checked out her painted red nail. “Sparkling water is fine.”

The omega swallowed the remaining cheese and glanced between the fridge and the kitchen sink. “Umm, I have tap water.”

The red head sighed and appeared slightly put off but Stiles knew she had to realize the Stilinski’s weren’t that fancy. They drink water out of the faucet.

“Soda is fine then.”

Stiles grabbed a couple of cans and led Lydia up to his room. He threw his bag on his bed and took a seat on his mattress. He assumed it was best to stay out of Lydia’s way while she rummaged through his closet. Yet, he was fairly positive she wouldn’t be very happy with his clothing options.

He watched her shoving clothes to the side as she muttered “more plaid” under her breath. There were some grumbles and huffs along the way. Really, the woman shouldn’t have been surprised. Stiles was far from style conscious. He lived for tees and sweats.

“Ooh, what do we have here?” Lydia exclaimed as she pulled out a pair of jeans that Stiles had crammed into the back of his closest. He recognized the bottoms from a few years ago.

“Those are old. They don’t fit anymore.” They had to be at least two sizes too small.

Lydia turned around to face the omega with a mile-wide grin. “They’re perfect then. You need to wear something tight to accentuate that fine ass of yours as well as your hips.”

Stiles picked up the pants and disagreed with the alpha. “I’m good. Don’t need to show off the assets.”

It was her turn to disagree. Clearing her throat, Lydia spoke once more. “Sweetie, if you want to land an alpha. You have to show off the merchandise. You have to let him see that you have hips that can carry a baby and an ass to die for.”

“But...” Stiles took a deep breath. “First of all, that’s not fair and secondly, I don’t necessarily want to land this particular alpha.”

Lydia took a few steps to take a seat next to Stiles. “It may not be fair but you don’t have much time left until your birthday.”

“You don’t think I know that. I just don’t want to be forced into something.”

Lydia’s facial expression appeared to sympathize with him but she would never truly understand. She was an alpha and had a beta for a boyfriend. She would never have to worry about being bonded to someone who was potentially a complete stranger to them. She had choices – she had control over her own life’s decisions.

“Sorry sweetie. Wish there was more that I could do for you.”

“You could be my alpha?” Stiles half joked. Lydia Martin was an amazing woman but a terrifying alpha. He loved her but he was also scared of her. She was a princess and demanded to be treated like one and Stiles was not that kind of omega to cater to someone like Ms. Martin no matter how he felt about her.

She laughed which caused her hair to bounce on her shoulders. “Trust me Stiles, you don’t want me for your alpha.”
The omega snorted as he agreed with her. “You’re right. This just sucks. I guess I was living in my fantasy world. I really thought my Prince Charming would come through.” Maybe he should have tried harder to land an alpha before now.

Stiles kicked his feet back and forth on the floor under him as Lydia leaned in and provided him with a chaste kiss on his cheek.

“Don’t give up so easily. You still have time. Put on these pants. Who knows, maybe your fantasy alpha will be at the restaurant your date takes you to?”

That seemed a little wrong to Stiles but she did have a point. He shouldn’t give up and maybe either way, he should look good. If Jordan had to be the one, then he needed to make some effort to present himself as attractive as he could be for the alpha. Jordan might be his last chance if Derek decides to back out and really Stiles couldn’t blame him if he did.

It was a lot to ask of his best friend and the beta would be giving up so much if he went through with knocking up Stiles. Perhaps, he should tell Derek to forget it and even know that was his preferred choice right now. He wasn’t sure he could be unfair to his best friend. Stiles could be potentially messing up his life. He would need to rethink this proposal a little more thoroughly.

The teen rose from the bed and shuffled his pants off as Lydia went back to his closet. He presumed she was looking for a shirt now. He pulled the bottoms up that Lydia chose for him and just as he suspected, they were tight. He almost couldn’t button up them since they fit so snugly.

“Perfect Stiles.” Lydia purred as she held out a top that she had to have found shoved at the back of his closet as well. It appeared to be regular t-shirt. “I knew these pants would accentuate that ass.”

She licked her blood red coated lips as she ogled the omega in front of her.

Stiles supposed they did but, “I can’t breathe. They are tight.” He felt slightly self-conscious with the fabric clutching his butt cheeks.

Arching her tweezed brow, the alpha huffed slightly. “sometimes that’s just what we have to do. A little pain to look amazing. You look great. Now try this top on.”

Stiles took the shirt from her hand. And yep, it was older and smaller in size. It was a solid color – a light blue with just a slight herring bone pattern on it. He assumed Lydia picked it out since it wasn’t plaid or a graphic tee which was most of his wardrobe but hey, he likes what he likes.

Stiles tossed his current top onto his bed and pulled on the one Lydia gave him. It fit snug just as his pants did. He actually felt somewhat exposed once he got the shirt completely on.

The red head whistled “That is what I am talking about sweetie. Look at you rocking that outfit. I can see your nips too.”

Stiles self consciously crossed his arms in front on his chest. “Lydia!”

“Oh stop. You look beautiful. Turn around.”

Stiles did he obligatory eye roll and then obliged the alpha. He circled slowly as Lydia whistled once more.

However, he wasn’t expecting the swat on his butt. “Ow Lydia.”

“I couldn’t resist.” She wore a smirk by the time Stiles turned back to face her. “Definitely wear this.
And I am so getting you lacey panties to wear with it.”

Stiles coughed. “No Lydia and besides, Jordan won’t be seeing my underwear.”

He started to unbutton the pants since the button was digging into his skin. “Even so, you need to look and feel sexy for the whole outfit, inside and out. Stiles, I’m so getting you the panties.”

“Fine.” He knew there was no reason to argue with Lydia. She would always win.

“Thank you. I’ll have them to you by your date. And listen Stiles, “she stepped closer and grabbed his hand into hers. “I want the best for you. I will do my best to help you anyway I can.”

Stiles swallowed. It was nice to have someone else on his side but there wasn’t a whole lot she could do. Yes, she could offer to be his alpha but they would both be miserable. She’s not a guy and he’s not the type of guy she’s interested in. And besides, he is fairly certain her parents wouldn’t be happy either. They want their precious daughter to wait before she bonds with anyone. And she has the luxury to do so.

“Thanks Lydia.”

“Welcome sweetie.”

Now, he just hoped he could get through the date just fine. He wasn’t looking forward to it but he promised his dad and he should make a concerted effort. His dad mentioned Jordan was a decent alpha and Stiles sure hoped so. He wasn’t one who could always bite his tongue and that might not be a good first impression.

Part of him doesn’t care but another part does. He may not have a choice. He may need to make this work with Jordan so he doesn’t potentially ruin Derek’s life.

Fudge, it sucked to be an omega sometimes.

Chapter End Notes

Well guys, I'm starting a new job. That doesn't change the posting schedule but it just might be a little later in the day.

Also, I have finished writing up through chapter 14 so I'm going to update twice next week (probably Sunday and Thursday). Then depending on how this new job works with my writing, I'll figure how many more times I'll post a couple times a week. Those who follow me, know I like to write ahead and have a nice buffer so I don't want to get to carried away updating too often.

Next up - Peter goes to see Talia.
Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

Some mention of past childhood abuse in this chapter in case that's a trigger for anyone.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Peter took a deep breath. He had been sitting in the car for over ten minutes and that didn’t include the two times he had driven around the block. He didn’t know why he was so anxious in seeing his sister for the first time in years but he was.

Talia always had way of a commanding presence and coming across as an authoritarian. Yes, Peter was an alpha and essentially on the same footing of his older sister but yet he always felt inferior in her presence.

She had a knack of putting him down and making him feel less worthy. He knew part of the reason she treated him that way was because she was trying to overcome her own insecurities. It was easier for her to put down and bully her brother so she could make herself feel better. He wondered if ever worked.

He climbed out of the vehicle and slowly made his way towards the front door, kicking up some dirt in the process. He briefly wondered why she never the paved the drive.

Climbing the steps to the house or perhaps it was more mansion like. It had four columns lining the wrap around porch and at least six bedrooms and six bathrooms. Not to mention the kitchen was huge – dinner parties could be held just in the open kitchen and not even have to flow out into the dining area.

Eyeing the green colored door, Peter realized he didn’t miss his childhood home as much as he thought he would. It was probably best that Talia got the house and really if she didn’t, Peter never would have heard the end of it.

Ringing the doorbell, the alpha took a step back and admired the newer paint job. If his memory served him correctly, the paint color used to be a moss green. Now it shined with a beige color.

The door swung open revealing his sister with arms crossed against her chest. Yep, this was going to be a pleasant visit.

“Hello darling sister.” Peter pasted on a fake smile. He could do this. He could behave.

“I was wondering when you were finally going to show your face.”

Just as pleasant as always. “Well, your son seemed to be enjoyable company.”

The other alpha stepped aside to allow Peter to enter the dwelling. “Was that your plan? To get Derek to go against me now?”

Peter snorted. “Now, now Talia. Derek is a big enough boy that he can make his own decisions as to whether he wants to be annoyed with you or not.”
His sister huffed as she stepped away from the entrance to allow Peter into her home – well his home in theory too even know he hadn’t been here in many years.

He heard the door close behind him and took in the surroundings. There was a fresh coat of paint on the walls, perhaps a little creamier color in shade than it was. Some of the furniture was newer like the couch and a couple of easy chairs (he knew Derek had already inherited her old sofa) but in reality, not much had changed in the dwelling that he used to call home.

“Have a seat. Do want a drink or anything?” The other alpha asked. His sister appeared uncomfortable since she had her arms crossed once more.

“I’m fine.” The response seemed to relax her. He watched her make her way to the couch he didn’t recognize. This one was a brown suede, not a hideous floral pattern that his nephew was now stuck with.

He followed her into the family room and his eyes landed on some framed pictures that lined the mantle above the fireplace. He strolled over to investigate. They showcased different progressions of the ages of the children in various different activities. Perhaps he stayed in contact with Cora and Derek via Skype but he realized taking in these photographs, that he missed out on a lot of their growth. He would need to find a way to rectify that sooner than later by spending more time with them.

He began to swivel to join his sister on the sofa but the last picture caught his eye. It was a photo not only of Derek but Stiles as well. They appeared to be on the porch swing on the back deck that Peter had almost forgotten about. Derek was sitting up straight with a mile-wide grin as the omega leaned his head onto his right shoulder with his own bright smile. The moles dotting his creamy skin showed up remarkably in the picture and the boy appeared to be almost in bliss. It was a great shot. Breathtaking almost.

Peter’s finger lingered on the frame for a moment, “Derek and the omega? They don’t go out with each other?”

Talia snorted rather unladylike. “No, please. They are best friends. Stiles is like another child to me so of course I needed a picture of him.”

Peter nodded as he sat next to Talia. “Besides, Derek likes girls.”

Hmm, his nephew must not have confessed to his mother about his experimentations then. “I see. They do seem close.”

“Yes, well, I assume you didn’t come home to talk about Derek’s love life or more accurately, his lack of one.” She placed her hands in her lap and took a breath. “I am presuming that you broke your omega’s heart?”

Peter huffed slightly under his breath but he bit his tongue. He wasn’t surprised that his sister assumed the worse. Part of him didn’t feel like correcting her either. It would be easier to let her believe what she wants.

“Actually, dear sister, it was a mutually agreed upon decision. I tore up the contract and left her in very comfortable position. I’m not a total asshole if that is what you were thinking.”

And right now, it was none of her business as to the whys so that was all that he said on the matter.

The older woman sighed as she pressed out some wrinkles on her pants with her hands. “I see.” She paused. “But you are somewhat of an asshole.”
“I suppose.” She wasn’t wrong but he did what he could for Sharon, his previous omega but he just wasn’t alpha enough. She would be better off with another and she would get a chance to do so soon enough.

“Do you know how long you’ll be in town for?”

He felt like that was her polite of way saying ‘when the hell are you leaving?’

Peter adjusted himself to face Talia more. “Look, I know I’m not your favorite person and I’m sorry that dad liked me better for some reason but really, I’m not here to argue.”

She laughed sarcastically. ‘He liked you better because you were a boy. Even though I was first born and an alpha, I was never good enough.”

Peter inhaled. He knew this would be brought up. Yes, his dad favored him for some reason but it was not his fault. Truthfully, he might have preferred if the man had given Talia more attention but that wasn’t really the best solution either.

“I know that feeling.” He mumbled under his breath targeting the comment towards his sister.

“I tried Peter. I tried to be the best daughter but he still just fawned over you.”

The alpha took another breath. This conversation was getting heated rather quickly. He didn’t necessarily want to go down this path but she was starting to leave him not much choice.

“Talia,” he hesitated before continuing. “I know you worshipped the ground that man walked on. Hell, you thought he pooped unicorns and rainbows but…”

“But what Peter? Are trying to say I was wrong trying to gain more love and attention for him?”

“Fuck,” Peter stood up and stared at a dark spot in the middle of the carpet. “I’m not trying to say he was always like this but there were occasions when he would slap me. If he didn’t like my attitude or thought I wasn’t paying attention, he would get angry with me.”

The younger man finally had the courage to look at Talia to try to gauge her reaction – trying to decipher how she would feel about the man who she cherished, was not perfect.

“I… I never saw dad get angry like that or raise his hand.”

“You wouldn’t. I made sure you didn’t. I took the brunt of it. You may not believe me, but I was trying to protect you.” Peter glanced at the stain once more and then back to his sister. “And I didn’t say anything because I didn’t want your bubble to burst. There was no reason for both of us to be miserable.”

He could see the heartache running through his sister. He sensed the internal battle inside of her. She loved their father more anything and always wanted his approval that he only gave out occasionally. Yes, she put him down through his life as well but he still didn’t plan to hurt her like this.

“I…” pausing, her eyes moistened somewhat. “Don’t know what to say. I had no idea. I’m so sorry Peter. You must think I am a horrible person. A bad sister.”

“Talia…” Peter took the few steps towards her. There was still going to be some forgiveness to be made but he was ready to try to move on and not dwell on the past – a hurtful past that his father had actually created. “There are still some open wounds but I’m here now. Let’s try to make amends. I came back to Beacon Hills not knowing for sure my next step but I think I want to stay a while.”
He tried giving her a friendly smile to help her not be so upset as much. “Thanks. That would mean a lot. I know the kids would like that. Cora is still sore that she hasn’t seen you and spending all your time with Derek.”

“I will rectify that immediately. I’ll see if she wants to grab dinner or something.”

His sister appeared a little more at ease. The wetness around her eyes almost dried as she cleared her throat. “Thank you for telling me. I guess we still have a lot to talk about especially about dad.”

“We do. We will have plenty time for that.” Honestly, Peter wasn’t sure how much he wanted to open up to her. He would prefer to keep most of it in the past. His father wasn’t constantly abusive but there were enough instances that Peter would definitively state that his dad was an asshole.

She rose up from her seat. “Sounds like a plan. Maybe now that you are back, we can have a nice family dinner. It’s been a while.”

“Sure. I think that’s a great idea.”

Talia had been more at ease once Peter agreed to a dinner and getting together soon to talk more. She evidently was going to need more closure since hearing things about their father she was not aware of. As much as Peter wanted to keep those memories guarded, perhaps it would be a good thing to talk to someone about it. He liked to believe those recollections didn’t shape his life but perhaps they did somewhat.

As they were bidding their good-byes, Peter’s eyes flickered to the family pictures once more, catching the glimpse of the omega. He wasn’t sure what it was but there was just something about that boy and his intoxicating smell. He couldn’t quite put his finger on it but for some reason he was drawn to him.

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Chapter End Notes

I didn't want to drag out any drama between Peter and Talia so therefore a rather quick reconciliation.

Up next - lots of Sterek friendship feels.
“You promised, no peeking.”

Derek rolled his eyes but it was futile. Stiles wouldn’t be able to see his facial expression anyway. The kid had made him put his hand over his face to ensure Derek didn’t see anything until the omega was ready.

“Almost done.” Stiles said through a grunt.

Derek chortled as he continued to spin around in Stiles desk chair. He thought the teenager was just changing his clothes, not fighting a battle with an anaconda.

“Just a little more.” He huffed out.

The beta shook his head and used his feet to keep spinning. Stiles had asked or more like begged Derek to come over. He wanted Derek to give his opinion on what Lydia had chosen for him to wear on his date with the alpha.

Derek was fairly confident in Lydia’s fashion choices but Stiles insisted he still needed the beta’s input. And as usual, Derek couldn’t say no and was even roped into bringing Stiles curly fries and a black and white milkshake.

The older man planted his feet on the floor to stop the chair. He was actually starting to get dizzy now. Hearing another grunt caused Derek to finally speak. “Are you sure you’re changing and not in a wrestling match of some sorts?”

“Ha ha Der.” There was sigh and a deep breath. “Okay, you can open your eyes now and just your honest opinion like if you think it’s too much.”

Derek brought his hand down to place it on the arm rest. He gazed up towards the omega who was standing in front of him. Stiles was shifting back and forth on his feet as he toyed with his right thumb nail on his bottom lip. The kid was a bundle of nerves and self-consciousness.

The beta took in Stiles appearance. He was wearing a lightish blue shirt that tugged at his waist and a pair of jeans that fit snugly on his legs.

“You… you’re not saying anything. It’s awful?”

“No, you look great.”

The omega turned a shade of red as he slowly showed his backside to Derek. “Lydia says these show off my butt and that I should be showing off my assets.”

And she was right. The pants were firmly plastered to the kid’s butt cheeks. “They do. As for showing off your assets, that’s up to you but you do look great.”

“Are you just saying that cause you’re my best friend?”

Derek huffed under his breath as he stood up. “No, brat. You know I just don’t say things like that.”
“Okay.” Stiles replied not confidently.

Stiles was always somewhat self-conscious about the way he looked. He sometimes believed that was a reason why he hadn’t landed an alpha – he wrongly thought they didn’t find him attractive. It was far from the truth. The omega had the pale, milky white skin. The curvy hips, and the solid ass. All qualities that alphas search for. And not to mention, he was endowed with picturesque moles all over his body.

“Stop it. You’re beautiful. Any alpha would be glad to have you”

“Thanks, Der, but if things don’t work out with Jordan like sleeping with him at some point, remember our pact.” His bottom lip trembled ever so slightly.

The beta chuckled. At first, he thought the teen was talking about the whole impregnation thing but then he realized he was talking about a pact they made when the boy was about thirteen.

“Yes, Stiles. If there is a zombie apocalypse, I promise I will have sex with you so you don’t die a virgin.”

“You’re the best Derek Hale and the other thing too? Right?”

Derek smiled as he stood up to brought the omega into a hug. He spoke into his hair. “Yes, I will totally get you pregnant.” He would literally do anything for the boy.

“I know Der but I don’t want you to potentially ruin your life for me. Your happiness is just as important too.”

Derek pulled away from the short embrace and noted that Stiles had a few tears forming. He wiped away a few of the droplets with his thumb. “I know. Just because we go outside of conventional wisdom and what society sees as right or normal, it doesn’t mean my life or your life for that matter will be ruined.”

“You… you don’t know that.” He hiccupped. “You’ve worked hard to get where you are and I don’t want you to lose that.”

Yep, his potential teaching career could be in the toilet but as he sees it, society could go jump off a cliff. He’ll cross that bridge when he comes to it.

“Fuck Stiles. Firstly, it’s my choice. And secondly, I don’t care. Knowing you are okay, happy, and safe is what will matter.”

The boy smiled as he wiped away the few tears. “You so stupid and the best.”

“I know.”

“Smug beta.”

Stiles grabbed his hand and squeezed. “I’m going to try on this date and not dismiss alpha Parrish out right.” He inhaled before speaking once more. “A little nervous. It’s my first date. I can be a little intense.”

That was an understatement. Stiles was definitely high maintenance and picky but that didn’t have to be bad thing.

“Just be yourself. If Jordan doesn’t like it, then his loss.” He squeezed his hand back. “And
remember, I strictly recollect that you, Mr. Bunny, and myself went to lunch together and you insisted that was a date.”

“I was eight.”

“Yes but Mr. Bunny was quite a gentleman. He treated you well. Let you order and eat first. He even rode in the backseat of the car so you could ride in the front.”

Stiles face beamed. “He was and he didn’t even try to kiss me. He was the perfect first date.”

“And you can always text me if you need me to come rescue you. Just send me the magic word and I’ll be there.”

“Right. Pumpernickel bread.”

Derek laughed and released his hand from Stiles. He took a step back. “I thought we talked about something with a few less characters in case you needed to type fast.”

“We did.” His eyes glanced to the floor and back up to Derek. “Then I panicked since I could only come up with supercalifragilisticexpialidocious so…. Pumpernickel bread won out again.”

Derek couldn’t help but laugh more at the omega standing in front of him. “Okay, just text me, come get me then.”

“Okay, thanks Der.”

“Welcome.”

Derek made his way home after reassuring Stiles a few more times that everything would be okay and Derek would do what he would need to do if it came down to that. Part of him hoped it didn’t come to getting the omega pregnant but it wouldn’t be the end of the world either. They like each other and Derek does enjoy his company. They just wouldn’t have a typical romantic relationship.

The beta opened his apartment door and made his way to the kitchen. He didn’t drink a lot but he really felt like he could use a beer right now.

He quickly grabbed the beer from the fridge and twisted the bottle top off immediately to take a swig. Swallowing the liquid down, he heard his uncle approach.

“Trouble in paradise?” He asked with a devious smirk.

“Not really.” Derek took another gulp and placed his beer down on the kitchen table. “Stiles is going out on a date with an alpha.”

His uncle cocked his left brow, a trait that transcends all Hale generations. “So more like a lover’s quarrel, then?”

The beta huffed. “I told you, we’re not dating. It’s… he’s going to be eighteen soon.” His uncle looked at him deadpanned like he had no idea where Derek was going with this conversation.

“The stupid law. He has to be claimed by an alpha when he turns eighteen. And he’s being forced to do something he doesn’t want to do and it sucks.”

Peter took a deep breath as he sat down on one of the chairs at the table. “I see. I presume this means
the boy doesn’t have an alpha or an alpha suitor hence this date and your frenzied state.”

The beta joined his uncle at the table. He picked at the label on the beer bottle before responding. “Correct. He doesn’t have an alpha and he doesn’t want to be forced to be with one. It’s such an old, nonsensical law.”

“I don’t disagree with you but unfortunately, there’s not a lot you can do but be supportive and hope that whatever alpha he ends up with, will be a good one for the Omega Stilinski.”

Derek looked at his uncle and bit his tongue before blurtling out the option that Stiles had presented to him. He sort of had the feeling his uncle would be on board and perhaps somewhat supportive but it would probably be best to wait until the deed is done, that is if it has to be done.

“I guess. It’s frustrating that I can’t do more.” He took another swig of his beer.

“You’re a good friend Derek.”

“Thanks Uncle Peter.”

His uncle pushed out the chair and leaned over to give the beta’s shoulder a quick squeeze. “It’ll work out just like how things are working out nicely with your mother and I.”

Derek beamed thinking about the two of them having made amends and starting to rebuild their relationship. It was always good to have your family in your life. “You’re right. Thanks.”

Now only if Derek had a crystal ball to see how exactly how his life would work out. Was his life about to get hell of a lot more complicated? It was hard to say. Having someone like Stiles in his life always kept things interesting.

Chapter End Notes

I enjoyed writing this chapter - it was a cute side to Derek and Stiles friendship.

Next up - you guys may have guessed, it will be Stiles date with Jordan.
Chapter 8

I wasn't going to update twice this week but I didn't want to make you guys wait until next Thursday before getting some Steter fix. Now, you just have wait a few days :).

I had a little trouble writing Jordan this chapter. I didn't want to make him super nice since Stiles needed reasons not to see himself with the alpha long term. I also didn't want to make him a total dick because on the other hand, I needed Stiles to be okay with the decision if he did settle with Jordan.

Needless to say, I would say Jordan is a work in process when it comes to the omega dynamic (Also, this chapter was written before I decided on the Jordan/Derek paring).

The omega looked at the reflection staring back at him. Yep, the clothes Lydia picked out did appear to compliment his appearance. Perhaps he shouldn’t feel so self-conscious. However, he was so not going to tell her he wasn’t wearing the red, lacy panties she had gotten for him. Nope, not tonight.

Turning around to check out his butt, the teen heard the doorbell ring. He took a deep breath. His date, his potential alpha was here.

Stiles could hear his dad get the door and greet Jordan which allowed Stiles a few more moments to catch his breath and calm his nerves. He could do this. It was just dinner and didn’t have to lead to a lifelong commitment. He may not have a lot of choices but he still had the choice in the end if he truly didn’t want to be claimed by the deputy. He still had that one option left before basically his free agency is taken away from him when he turns eighteen.

“Well, here goes nothing Stiles.” He muttered under his breath and then decided he didn’t like his nubs protruding from under the snug shirt Lydia picked out. He quickly grabbed a long-sleeved plaid shirt and threw it on top of the tee. “Much better.”

The teenager took each step carefully on the stairs so he wouldn’t faceplant and embarrass himself right away. He noted his dad and Jordan in the foyer laughing about something.

Once he neared the alpha suitor and his dad, they both stopped chatting and looked at Stiles. “Hi Stiles.” Jordan said cheerily.

“Hi Alpha Parrish.” The omega responded. He wanted to polite. He wasn’t sure how Jordan would want to be addressed. Some alpha’s like to be addressed by their title.

“Jordan, please.” The alpha smiled as he held out his hand.

Stiles gave the other his hand and watched as his fingers were brought up to the deputy’s mouth. He carefully brushed his lips on the tops of Stiles finger tips causing the omega to shudder briefly. ‘It’s my pleasure to be able to take you out this evening.”

“Thank you.” Stiles blushed. He wasn’t sure how he felt about Jordan as a person yet but he definitely liked being touched by an alpha. The omega in him was practically mewling with just that
simple, chaste kiss on his fingers.

His dad cleared his throat to garner their attention. “Home by 10:00 Parrish.”

“Of course, sir. I’ll have him delivered back by then.” Jordan kept hold of Stiles hand. “Shall we Omega Stilinski?”

“Yes.” The alpha began to lead Stiles out the door as he quickly called back to his dad, “bye dad. See you later.”

Despite Stiles nerves, Jordan was acting like the perfect gentleman. He helped him into the car. Waited until Stiles was buckled up before driving off in the vehicle. And he even let the omega control the radio.

He was grateful for the music since his normal talkative self was relatively quiet on the drive. The alpha tried to engage him a few times. He told Stiles twice how beautiful he looked and asked if he was hungry. He even mentioned that it was okay for Stiles to be nervous – that he understood. The alpha was definitely polite but Stiles still didn’t have butterflies in his stomach in regards to him.

Seeing the restaurant come into view, Stiles breathed a sigh of relief. At least when they ate, he would be distracted and have a reason not to talk too much.

“Have you been here before?”

Stiles looked at the building. It was some fancy steak restaurant, Jack’s Place. “No, I haven’t”

“They have an amazing filet. You should get that.”

Stiles smiled at the suggestion. He waited like a good omega for the alpha to open the door for him. Jordan guided him into the restaurant with his hand placed on the small of his back.

The deputy had thought ahead with reservations since they were seated right away in the back, near a window.

He pulled out the chair for Stiles and then took his own seat across from him.

Once the hostess gave them the menus, Stiles did a quick glance around the restaurant. The place wasn’t overly big and seemed to mostly house dining couples. He only notated a few families scattered around.

The walls were painted a light green that were adorned with some modern looking paintings and there were some potted plants scattered around as well. It appeared to be a nice establishment so Stiles understood why Jordan would have picked this place for their first date.

“What can I get you gentleman to drink?” The server asked startling Stiles.

“The beautiful omega will have some water and I’ll take a glass of your house red.”

“Certainly sir. I’ll be back with your drinks and to take your order.”

Stiles watched their waitress disappear and realized that Jordan was going to be more of a traditional type of alpha. There was nothing wrong with that. Some omegas yearned and needed to have an alpha make decisions for them but Stiles was not one of them or least not most of the time. Yes, sometimes, he does. He can’t help it; he’s an omega and decisions can be overwhelming.

He glanced back at the menu and Jordan spoke up, “if you like steak. I suggest the filet.”
Part of him thought a roasted chicken sounded tasty but he would concur with the alpha this time. He didn’t want to give the impression that he didn’t appreciate Jordan’s suggestion. “Sounds good. Thank you.”

The alpha grinned which pleased the omega in him that he made the alpha happy. Sometimes he hates how his instincts take over but there wasn’t much he could do about it. His brain may say, I prefer chicken but his insides were screaming, yes alpha – I’m happy because I made you happy.

Once the server brought their drinks. Jordan ordered their food. He was at least grateful that the alpha inquired about what side items he wanted with his steak and just didn’t presume so he gave him some props for that. The deputy himself got a prime rub rare with a loaded baked potato while Stiles opted for mashed to go with his steak.

The omega eyeballed the rolls on the table and grabbed one to immediately butter the bread. This way it kept his hands busy, otherwise, he noted his leg was bouncing uncontrollably since they had sat down at the table.

“So Stiles, what type of goals do you have once you graduate high school?”

The omega chuckled a little. It was somewhat of a loaded question. “You mean besides from landing an alpha?”

Jordan smiled and grabbed a roll for himself. He watched the alpha butter his bread and take a bite before he began speaking once more.

“Well…” Stiles had lots of things he dreamt of doing and accomplishing but he realized his dynamic would hinder him with some of those aspirations. Despite many movements, many employers and universities still didn’t take omegas seriously. They were still seen as a weaker dynamic. “I mean I would like to go to college and hopefully get a decent job.”

Jordan chewed his bread for a few moments seemingly taking in what Stiles had hoped to do with his life. In reality though, whatever alpha he ends up with would probably dictate his life choices. He wondered if the good deputy would be one of those kinds of guys or someone who would support Stiles in his future endeavors no matter how realistic they may be.

“Lofty inspirations. Like an Omega University?”

Stiles couldn’t get a good read on him. Was lofty meaning Jordan didn’t think Stiles could do it or just being huge?

“Not really.” Omega universities tended to have very limited class choices and were more geared towards being a proper omega. “Stanford is high on my list.” He had the grades but he realized being an omega, it was a long shot.

The alpha’s eyes almost bulged out of his head. Evidently, the deputy knew it probably wasn’t that realistic either. “They what, admit like ten omegas a year?”

“Something like that. I still want to try through.” He figured it didn’t hurt to at least try. He had nothing to lose.

He played with the few bread crumbs on his plate as Jordan took a sip of his wine.

The salads were then placed down in front of them and Stiles was grateful for the brief distraction. He really wanted to ask the alpha if he would support him in any of his goals but than thought better of it. No need to stir the pot at this moment. He still may need things to work out with the deputy.
The older man hummed for a moment and placed his fork next to his plate. “I may come across as a dick but I’m usually someone who sees things as black and white with not a lot of gray area. An alpha who tends to see that we all have clearly defined roles when it comes to our dynamics.”

Stiles dug his nails into his left thigh as he heard the alpha ramble. He wasn’t particularly liking where this conversation was going but he bit his tongue. At least Jordan was being honest and not pretending to be something he’s not.

The alpha took a breath and attempted to smile fondly at Stiles. ‘I’m trying to get better at that. I can see that you are definitely an omega who doesn’t want to fit into those stereotypes.”

If Stiles was potentially going to be claimed by this guy, he had to ask now. He could no longer hold it in. “So would you support me in trying to go to non-Omega Universities?”

Jordan toyed with the romaine lettuce on his plate before answering. “Instinctively…”, he paused evidently trying to parse his words carefully. “The alpha in me would want to save you from the disappointment of not getting into a different university. I would want to discourage it.”

Stiles took a deep inhale as the alpha continued. “I can see it is important to you and I am trying to tamp down some of those alpha instincts. All I can say is that we can have the possibility of you applying to different colleges open for discussion.”

The omega stared at the table cloth in front of him. He had dropped a bread crumb which seemed very interesting at the moment. The alpha didn’t flat out say no but he didn’t exactly say a reassuring yes. In reality, it was probably the best-case scenario Stiles could hope for. He knew a lot of alphas would flat out say no – they were the provider and Stiles would need to be flat on his back pushing out babies which speaking of….

“Fair, I guess. How about your stance on kids?” Stiles blurted out as he pushed the rest of his uneaten salad away from him.

Jordan was mid chew so he swallowed before answering. “I take it that you don’t want to have kids right away?”

Stiles nodded his agreement. Many omegas had kids at a young age but he wanted to wait. Ideally, he yearned to get more education in before he was impregnated. Of course, that will be out the window if Derek gets him pregnant if they have to go through with his plan.

“Listen Stiles. I am going to want kids. Yes, I think we should wait a little since we are so new but I am hoping to have a bun in that oven by the end of the year. And truthfully, your omega instincts will probably crave that too.”

Stiles wanted to protest or perhaps dump the rest of his salad on the alpha’s lap but the server came by at that moment and cleared away those dishes and replaced them with dinner.

He believed the alpha was wrong but everything he read said the contrary. Once he was with an alpha full time, his biological clock would kick into overdrive. Despite wanting to wait, he assumes the omega in him will be begging to be bred by said alpha.

The teen decided to eat his steak instead of answering. Jordan may not have answered things like Stiles hoped but he had to be realistic – there probably weren’t a lot of alphas that would. At least, he was willing to wait a little while before having children.
Luckily, Jordan kept the conversation light after that so Stiles was actually able to enjoy the food. And to boot, the deputy told him some funny antidotes about his dad at work. He supposes the date could have been much worse.

Jordan pulled his car in front of the Stilinski house and as before, Stiles waited for the alpha to come around and open his door. Who said chivalry was dead?

Once the vehicle door opened, Stiles stepped out onto the drive and saw out of the corner of his eye that his father was peeking through the drapes from the front window.

“Dad’s watching,” Stiles mentioned with an eye roll.

“Good, I’m being a perfect gentleman.” Jordan reached to take his hand in his. “Can I kiss you?”

Stiles brain buzzed for a moment. He had never been kissed before. Did he want Jordan to be the first? Well, at least he could practice.

He nodded his head and immediately the alpha leaned in to press his lips on Stiles mouth. The omega in him felt bolts of electricity zapping through his body with the alpha’s touch.

The teen parted his mouth slightly to allow access of the deputy’s tongue and he silently cursed to himself why he had never let an alpha kiss him before this. The feeling was amazing and he almost wanted more. He arched somewhat towards Jordan’s chest, wanting the man to bring him in closer. His instincts were really starting to take over and then… the other pulled away and Stiles groaned internally for a moment. He was anticipating the older man to pull him closer, not to pull away.

“Remember, your dad’s watching. Besides I want to do this right way.”

Stiles trembled as he licked his bottom lip to gather the leftover taste of alpha. “Stiles, I realize I may not be your first choice but I promise I will be a good alpha for you. I will provide for you and treat you right. Give me a chance.”

The teen smiled back at him. Jordan was trying so he supposes he should too. At least this way, he wouldn’t ruin Derek’s life. “Okay.” He responded hesitantly.

Jordan practically vibrated out of his skin. “Great, I’ll talk to your dad tomorrow so we can get this process started and get all this paperwork done by the time you come of age.”

The alpha quickly placed a chaste kiss on Stiles right cheek and bid him goodnight as he got back into his car.

Stiles strolled up to the house and entered inside. “I don’t want to talk about it.” He knew his dad would pounce on him right away so he thought he would nip it in the bud right away.

“Was it that bad? I thought he would be a good fit?” His dad asked almost pleading. Ugh, his father cared so much and wanted this to work out.

“It wasn’t horrible. Yes, he’s nice but he leans a little more traditional than I hoped but he’s okay.”

Stiles turned towards the stairs. He just wanted to go to sleep so he wouldn’t have to think. “Do you want me to talk to him?”

“Oh God, no. That would be embarrassing. It’s fine dad. I’ll just be a good, obedient omega.” He
hissed out and immediately regretted it when he saw the pain in his dad’s face. “Sorry, I’m just tired. We’ll talk more tomorrow.”

“Okay son. Thanks for going on the date.”

Stiles hit his bed with a minor thud. He pulled his phone out of his back pocket quickly and sent off a text to Derek telling him the date was okay and that they would talk more later. Right now, he wanted to enter dreamland. In his dreams, his Prince Charming always came for him. He felt some tears form around his eyes – why was it in real life, it was so hard to find him?

Chapter End Notes

Up next - Stiles goes to see Derek but he's not the one who opens the door. Hmm.....
Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

Steter :) 

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Peter puttered around the kitchen. He was going to make dinner for both him and Derek. His nephew then called and said he was grabbing a quick bite with some study friends from school. He was glad the beta was socializing but it put a little crimp on his dinner plans so he opted to order in instead. He preferred a home cooked meal but he didn’t feel like cooking for one.

He wiped down the counter as he heard a persistent rapping at the door.

“Derek!” The voice called out. More knocking ensued. “Derek, are you in there?”

It was the omega! Peter took a deep breath as he slowly made his way to the door. He could already scent the sweet fragrance pouring off the kid. Part of him wanted to ignore the incessant knocking so he wouldn’t have his nostrils go haywire but another part – the alpha in him felt compelled to answer. The kid sounded somewhat distressed and he couldn’t in good conscience leave him be.

“Der…” He whined through a knuckle tap.

Peter opened the door and held his breath. Perhaps he could just ensure he was okay and then send the boy on his way but taking one look at his frazzled appearance, Peter assumed that would be a no go.

“You’re not Derek.” His eyes narrowed in confusion.

“And you’re not the Chinese food I ordered. His off with some friends. Not sure when he’ll be back.” Peter blurted out on the exhale but now he had to breathe in the omega’s cinnamon and honey scent. Damn! It was so freaking intoxicating. Why did his scent have this effect on him like that?

The kid flicked out his phone and glanced at it. “Oh, I guess I read his text wrong. Thought he would be here.”

“No.” Peter realized he sounded short but the teen’s scent was making a beeline for his dick and it perplexed him once more for a moment. He understood being aroused around omega’s but this one – this particular boy seemed to get to him more than others. He definitely got under his skin, in his pores. It was wonderfully frustrating at the same time.

The younger put his phone back in his pocket and glanced back and forth between the floor and Peter. His feet shuffling in anxiousness. It appeared he was waiting to be allowed in. “Would you like to come in?”

Fuck, what was he doing? Why did he ask the kid to come in. Now the apartment was going to smell more like the omega – more like sunshine and roses. He was so rubbing one off tonight.

“I don’t want to bother you Alpha Hale.” The kid sounded sincere but Peter heard the sniffle in between. The boy was clearly upset. He couldn’t send him off in this state. His swiftly, rapidly
inflating dick would need to wait until later.

He stepped away from the doorway to allow the boy entrance. “It’s no bother. Come in and please call me Peter.”

He smiled sheepishly at Peter as he made his way to the sofa and plopped down. He evidently had been here enough that he had no problem making himself at home. “Thanks alp…, I mean Peter.”

The alpha was about to shut the door when his delivery arrived. He paid the man and gave him a nice tip before sending the nan on his way. “Hungry?” He asked the wide-eyed boy staring at him from the couch.

“Thanks, I could eat alpha. Sorry, Peter.”

“Okay, I’ll dish some food up and bring you a drink as well.”

He made quick work of plating fried rice and some orange chicken for Stiles. He only ordered one egg roll and gave that to Stiles as well. Before heading back to the family room, he grabbed a bottle of water out of the fridge for the boy. He wasn’t sure what he would want to drink but water seemed like a safe bet.

The omega perked up looking at the food Peter brought for him and seeing him happy hit deep inside of the alpha. The alpha in Peter preened knowing he made the omega happy. He was providing for him.

“Oh my gosh, thank you so much. This food looks delicious.”

“Welcome.”

Peter went back and dished out some items for himself and took a seat next to Stiles. He was surprised that the kid was almost done eating. Omegas are usually smaller in size and tend not to eat as much but this teenager basically just inhaled a whole plate of food in less than two minutes.

The omega must have noticed Peter staring. “Sorry, I guess I was hungrier than I thought.”

“It’s fine. Do you want more?”

He shook his head and patted his stomach. “I’m good. Thanks.”

The alpha could tell the boy was sated but he still appeared a little off. He wiped his hands down his thighs and his foot tapped on the floor incessantly. He evidently came over here to see Derek so there was something on his mind that dinner didn’t cure him of.

He feels like he should stay out of what is bothering the kid but he also had an overwhelming urge to reach out to him. He wasn’t sure if it was the alpha wanting to make sure an omega was okay or if there was something else underlying inside of himself wanting to verify the kid was fine.

Peter cleared his throat. Here goes nothing. “Even though I’m not Derek, if you need to talk, I’m willing to lend an ear.”

The younger boy looked at him, with his eyes almost pleading with him. “Are you sure? I don’t want to bother you alpha. And we hardly know each other.”

“I wouldn’t have offered if I minded. Please bend my ear with what is bothering you.”

The kid reached for his water and took a slow sip while side eyeing Peter. He appeared a bit timid
but Peter was confident the boy was about to purge some words on him.

Sitting the bottle back down on the table, Stiles took a deep breath and opened and closed his eyes briefly. “Okay… thanks. I’m going to be eighteen soon and… well you know what that means?”

Peter nodded his head and realized this maybe a somewhat serious chat. He sat the rest of his uneaten food down on the table in order to give the boy his undivided attention “The law albeit archaic one, stipulates that you have to be claimed by an alpha.”

“Right.” He took another breath. “I had a date the other night. One of my dad’s deputies. He was nice but….” He trailed off. His eyes averted from Peter’s as he focused on something across the room.

“It didn’t go well?”

Peter had no way to comprehend how it would feel to be in Stiles situation. He knew that it couldn’t be easy and it certainly wasn’t fair in his book. However, he wasn’t sure what else he could offer at the moment except to try to reassure the boy and let him talk.

“It wasn’t bad per se. He’s nice… he won’t be mean or disrespectful but…”

Peter noted the boy’s sweet fragrance was beginning to have overtones of sour lemons. His breathing was slightly increasing as well.

“We’re just not on the same page. No offense to you alpha but he is just a little too traditional for me. I can already tell he’s going to dictate my life choices more than I was hoping.” The omega hiccupped and the older man noted some moisture around his beautiful whisky colored eyes.

“I mean I guess I should be glad that he’s not worse but … I don’t know if I can see myself with him long term. He’s not Prince Charming.”

Peter painfully listened to the boy explain how his life was going to change and how he essentially had little control over it. It wasn’t fair. No omega should be forced to do something that they don’t want to do. The laws acted like they were a good thing, being there to protect omegas but, in this day, and age – that wasn’t necessarily the case. Most omegas weren’t weak and needed to be taken care of. Perhaps some guidance but not full fledge control. He did feel for the teenager. In reality, he a felt a slight tug at his heart and the sensation pained him somewhat.

“And my dad… he’s so worried about what’s going to happen. What’s going to happen to me. He wants the best for me.”

And with that last sentence, the waterworks increased along with his breathing. He was hiccupping a little. He had to do something to calm the boy down before he delved into an all-out panic attack.

The alpha in him immediately zeroed on the lymph nodes on the boy’s neck. He knew applying some pressure on the gland would undoubtedly relax the boy. Instinctively, he reached over without saying anything or even asking for permission for that matter and slightly brushed the spot on his pale throat in an attempt to calm the boy down.

The omega practically keened with just the one slight caress. “Alpha?” He mewled.

Fuck, the boy was touch starved for an alpha. He reacted way too much. His pupils were blown wide already. “You are very responsive, aren’t you my sweet boy?”

“Please?” The boy begged through a whine.
Peter felt like it wasn’t his place but evidently, this was what the boy needed and craved. He couldn’t deny him. Perhaps, he could stroke his neck for a few moments and it would be enough to calm the boy.

He used this thumb to press gently into the boy’s supple skin and that was all it took for the other’s eyes to flutter shut. The omega almost immediately collapsed onto Peter with his head falling onto his lap.

“Well, so much for just attempting to calm you down. You totally just went into Omega space without me really trying.” He whispered out. And Peter didn’t know what to think about that. He was flattered the boy trusted him instantly but he was also concerned with how much Stiles needed something like this. However, he would not deny the boy.

The teen hummed under his breath. Peter moved his hand from his neck to run his fingers through his auburn streaked hair. “Take what you need sweet boy. I’ll be here.”

The alpha felt calmer as well. It had been a while since he had to take care of an omega like this. His ex-didn’t yearn for omega space but perhaps that was part of their issue. Maybe she didn’t want to be taken away in her head by Peter. Perhaps she didn’t trust him enough to take care of her.

Peter tried not to think about that and instead focused on the here and now – concentrating on the teenage omega who was currently sleeping on his lap and craving an alpha at the moment.

Closing his eyes, he breathed in the scent that now smelled much more pleasant like honey and sugar, Peter relaxed into the sofa cushion. There could be worse things he could be doing now so he was damn well going to enjoy this moment. The alpha would relish this time and savor the calmness as well as the endorphin high he was experiencing. He just hoped the boy won’t be angry that he put him down when he wakes up. Some omegas are sensitive about that sort of thing.

Peter was surprised that he had drifted off with the contentment of a satisfied omega on his lap since he didn’t hear the door open. The only thing that brought him to consciousness was the sound of his nephew’s voice.

“Did you seriously put my best friend down into omega space?”

Peter squinted up at Derek through unfocused eyes Wow, he hadn’t been that relaxed in a long time. “Umm, it was an accident?”

Derek did the famous Hale cocked eyebrow. “An accident?” He questioned disbelieving.

“Yes, he came over to see you. He was upset. He rambled. I didn’t know what to do to help him. He needed to be calmed. I barely touched him.”

Derek scrubbed his hand over his face. “Not sure how plausible that sounds but fuck.” He mumbled under his breath. “Is he okay?”

Peter glanced down at the boy whose eyes were fluttering somewhat. The commotion must have caused him to begin to stir a little. “I think so for now.”

The alpha watched Derek glance at Stiles once and noted he let out a sigh. “I’ll call his dad and let him know he’s staying here for the night. Looks like he could use more sleep. I can come check on him in a few hours and make sure he’s hydrated.”

Peter wasn’t going to argue with the beta. He agreed that the boy should sleep and he believed the omega could use some more alpha touch and pheromones. He would gladly oblige and volunteer.
He sat there quietly as he listened to Derek call the boy’s father. Once he was done, he had gathered a pillow and a blanket for the teen. “You want to slide out?”

There was some part of Peter that wanted to protest – he was comfortable, thank you very much but he also didn’t want to cross the line anymore than he might already had with the kid.

He extracted himself easily from the sleeping omega as well as the sofa. The boy only made a slight oomph noise when his head shifted from Peter’s lap onto the pillow.

“That boy needs an alpha.” Peter declared once they drifted from the family room.

“He’s fine.”

Peter closed his eyes and took a breath. “Derek, you may think you are enough for the boy but he is one touch starved omega craving an alpha’s presence.”

His nephew’s brows increased, almost like he was insulted not knowing what his friend needs were or not. “Well, he’ll have just that in a few more months so you don’t have to worry. I won’t be able to help him when he is forced to be with an alpha.” He practically snapped.

“I’m sorry. I didn’t mean it that way. I just couldn’t help notice that it didn’t take much from me for him to practically melt into my touch. Some omegas need that more than others. And I hope he can get that with whoever he ends up with.”

It was a weak statement but Peter didn’t know what else to say. Derek was right, the boy would have an alpha soon and there wasn’t much either of them could do but hope said alpha treats him right and gives the boy everything he needs.

As much as some feelings have surfaced that Peter was not expecting and he might want to help the boy himself. And he may also want to give Stiles what he desperately craves, he realizes he’s not the right alpha choice for the boy nor will he ever be. The omega would be better off with someone else.

Chapter End Notes

Hopefully, you guys enjoyed their bonding moment.

Up next - Derek runs into Braeden.
Chapter Notes

Posting early today or otherwise, I wouldn't have been able to update to much, much later.

I actually enjoyed writing this chapter quite a bit - it was fun to dig a little deeper into Derek.

And if you guys like Braeden from the show, sorry, you won't like her very much here.

Derek opened his eyes slightly and immediately tried to get more comfortable in his bed. He was confused for a moment since he had basically zero room to maneuver his body and his body temperature felt warmer than usual.

Once his pupils adjusted to his still darkened bedroom, Derek realized he had gained an omega in his bed sometime in the early morning hours. He had checked on him earlier and gave him some water and the boy had appeared to go back to the sleep - on the couch.

Now, he had an octopus in his bed. Even when he was young as five and not taking up much room, the boy was all legs. He could easily sleep on the other half of the bed but nope, the teen had to crowd around and on Derek.

He carefully reached over for his phone to check the time – it was 5:30. It was a good time to get up and go for a run. As he placed the cell back down on the night stand, Stiles half lidded eyes looked up at him.

“I thought I left you on the couch.”

“Mmm.... your bed comfier.”

Derek shifted to sit up which caused Stiles head to flop onto the pillow. “I’m going for a run. Want to come?”

“Time is it?” He mumbled half sleepily.

“5:30.”

The omega moaned. “Insane Derek. Going back to sleep.”

The beta figured as much. He untangled himself from the rest of Stiles and his sheets as he gingerly climbed out of bed. Reaching down to place a chaste kiss on Stiles forehead, he whispered, “my uncle is a good cook. Get him to make you breakfast. If you’re gone when I get back, I’ll call you later.”

The only vocal response he received was a grunt so he took it at least that Stiles absorbed what he told him.
Derek walked to his bathroom to take a leak and brush his teeth. Once he finished, he did a few stretches and some pull ups with the bar that he had installed in the doorframe to the bathroom.

Once he deemed himself fully warmed up, he changed into his official running clothes and was out the front door with phone and ear buds in hand.

The beta did enjoy the freedom running brought to him. Yes, he liked the effects of working out but he also looked forward to the way the activity seemed to clear his mind. He felt like he could just get lost in his world and not think about anything for a while. He really wanted to do that about now but he was finding it difficult to do so.

As he rounded a trail that he has taken so often, the sun was starting to peek through the trees. It was going to be a pretty day but he was also going to stress. He couldn’t stop thinking about Stiles and his predicament.

Derek had been hopeful that the omega would get along with Jordan. He knew it was a long shot that the alpha would be everything the kid had hoped from an alpha but he was still praying that Jordan would tick off enough boxes. And based on what his uncle said and the few texts he had received from Stiles, that wasn’t the case.

He slowed down as the trail forked deciding which way to go. The path to the left was a little longer but he was sort of craving a cup of coffee. Maybe he would take the shorter route to the coffee shop.

The beta realized now more than ever that he probably would have to step up and impregnate his best friend. It wouldn’t be the end of the world. They both would be relatively happy and the rest of the world could go fuck themselves. Maybe it wasn’t ideal or would seem right to others but it sure as hell would ensure Stiles happiness.

However, Stiles appeared to hedging on Operation: Knock Up Stiles at the moment since he was concerned about messing up Derek’s career plans. He doesn’t want him to settle but was Jordan that far off from what Stiles really needed?

Derek smiled when some memories came filtering back. He had kept them down deep and didn’t even think of them when Stiles brought up Jordan originally.

He slowed down when he exited the trail and came to some pavement. He took a deep breath as he walked briskly now in an attempt to cool down.

Jordan and he had both played on the basketball team while in high school – the alpha being the team captain and Mr. Popular with both boys and girls alike.

Derek had dated some girls but nothing serious in high school. He just dated casually for the most part and never really took any interest in the same sex. That was until one day, he caught Jordan in the locker room after practice, stripping down before hitting the showers.

The alpha was dirty and sweaty but also incredibly sexy. Really, the alpha shouldn’t have looked that delicious in that state with sweat dripping off his pores and grass stains on his legs. And yet. Derek knew he was literally caught with his mouth open when the alpha turned around and saw him staring at him or more correctly, ogling the alpha’s ripped body.

It had been the only time he had ever dropped to his knees for another man. It had been hot as fuck when Jordan shoved his cock down his throat. The beta had practically gagged on the engorged member but it had been one of the best sexual experiences of his life and basically ruined him for most others. Jordan skulled fuck him on one more occasion behind the bleachers after that day and
that was the last time he had been with a guy.

He wasn’t sure if it was because no other guys compared to Jordan or whether had just never found anyone else that he was interested in.

Derek plucked out his ear buds and checked his phone as he neared the coffee shop. He assumed it was still early to hear anything from Stiles and probably for his uncle that matter. And there were no missed messages so Derek opted for the detour to get a nice cup of black coffee – so sue him, he’s not into the different flavors.

At this still early time in the morning, there wasn’t much of a line so Derek was able to order to receive his drink rather quickly. He thought about taking the hot liquid to go but there were several spots in the shop to have a seat so the beta decided to take him his time and drink it at the store.

He found a table at the back and fished out his phone to play with as he sipped his coffee. Derek was about halfway through the cup when he heard a voice call out to him. One that was familiar but a tone he hadn’t heard in quite some time.

“Derek Hale. That is, you. I would recognize that pretty face almost anywhere.” The alpha mewed taking a seat across from the table from him.

The beta looked up from his phone to take in the dark-skinned woman. “Hi Braeden.”

She smiled widely, all lips. “It’s been a while. Actually, too long if you ask me.”

It was the truth. It had been maybe a year or more since he had stopped dating Braeden. The alpha was beautiful, charming, independent, and a little too dominating for Derek’s tastes. They had gotten along well and she was really the longest relationship the beta had been in but he couldn’t see himself long term with someone like her. Their personalities didn’t quite match. Yes, on occasion, he wants to be controlled but she used her alphiness more times than Derek cared to admit. She was someone who wanted to be in charge all the time. And that was something Derek didn’t want.

“It has. How have you been?” Derek asked maintaining eye contact with the woman’s eyes.

Her smile remained almost crooked like. “Great. Been doing things I love. Travelling, spending time with the family. And you? Seeing anyone?”

He caught the wink she did at the end of the question. She probably already knew the answer. “No, with work and school, it’s hard to find the time.”

Derek took another sip of his coffee as Braeden sat more back in her chair, almost checking out the beta like he was a piece of meat on a buffet. “Still all work and no play I see. That was always one of your problems. You never relaxed enough. Never did enough for yourself.”

He was slightly insulted at the description but in reality, the alpha wasn’t too far off. He didn’t allow himself a lot of free time to do things but he was okay with that. He was happy. He didn’t need a relationship to be happy and fulfilled. “I suppose but I’m good. I don’t need to date.”

The alpha laughed which caused her hair to bounce slightly on her shoulders. “Oh dear boy, I think you should find someone but I was more referring that you need to get laid. I know I wouldn’t mind riding that dick of yours again.”

Derek almost spit out his drink. He coughed and then regained himself more. He quickly looked around the shop and didn’t notice anyone staring at them. Thankfully, no one overheard her. “I’ll keep that in mind.”
Braeden slowly pushed her char back from the table and leaned over the table into Derek’s space. She was wearing a low-cut scooped neck shirt which allowed the beta to see her ample cleavage. He assumed that was part of her plan – Braeden never messed around. She always went straight to the point.

“Still got my number in that phone of yours?” She asked in a hushed tone as she licked her rosy pink bottom lip.

Derek averted his eyes from her ample boobs to look at her face once more. She always liked to use her beauty to her advantage and he didn’t want to get swept up in that once more.

“Yes.” He was almost ashamed to admit it. He had been done with her but he couldn’t delete her contact – he still had some emotional ties to her.

Her facial expression grew cocky. She was proud of herself. “Good, call me. You can take me out to dinner and then I’ll give you dessert.”

Derek may be a beta and not an omega but her alpha command still caused him to agree. There was just something about her that Derek had trouble resisting. Perhaps, he just thought with his cock too much when he was around her.

“See you later handsome.” She blew a kiss and then sauntered out of the coffee shop like she just won the damn lottery.

“Fuck!” He mumbled his breath. He just can’t get involved with her once more. He was conflicted when they dated and he really doesn’t need her in his life right now but getting laid didn’t sound too horrible though.

About an hour after Braeden left and Derek relaxed ever more, he returned to his apartment finding his uncle on the couch reading a book. He glanced up when Derek entered. “I have some breakfast for you. All you need to do is heat it up.”

“Thanks. Is Stiles still sleeping?”

His uncle shut the book he was looking at and hummed quietly. “No. The boy got up. I fed the omega and then afterwards, he fidgeted for about 45 minutes and then claimed he was going home to go back to sleep.”

Derek sighed and hoped he was feeling better today. “Did he seem okay?” He asked as he walked towards the kitchen in search of his breakfast.

“Well…” The alpha paused. “Before or after I threw a pillow at him?”

Derek stopped in his tracks. “You what?”

“The boy doesn’t stop moving. It wasn’t my proudest moment but hey, the kid has good reflexes and he didn’t curse me out.”

“Jesus.” The beta mumbled under his breath. “Can’t you leave you alone with my friend for five minutes.”

He found the plate of food Peter left for him and heated it up in the microwave. Once the timer went off, Derek grabbed it and made his way to sit next to his uncle.
“In all seriousness, he seemed better than yesterday.”

Derek was somewhat relieved to hear that but it still didn’t help their underlying problem. He took a bite of the warmed-up pancakes and they weren’t half bad considered they were left over.

“He seems like a nice kid. I’m going to see what I can do to help with his lack of an alpha problem.”

Derek glanced over to his uncle and titled his head. “Okay but not sure how much you can do unless you want to step up.”

The alpha gasped almost inaudibly. “Sorry… I know you just came off a serious relationship with an omega and you hardly even know Stiles. It’s just…” It’s just he didn’t know what he was thinking when he said it. It was a stupid idea. And not to mention, a little weird if his uncle became Stiles alpha.

“Derek, the boy does smell somewhat intoxicating but yes, I’m not in a position right now nor would I be a fitting alpha for him or for any other omega for that matter.”

Chewing on another mouthful of pancake, Derek interjected, “I don’t see how. You are an amazing alpha.”

Peter then rose up abruptly. “I am failure at being an alpha and I would rather not talk about it anymore.” He began to walk away and paused. “I will do what I can to help the young Omega Stilinski but please don’t ask me to be someone’s alpha again.”

“Sorry.” Derek mumbled under his breath since now he felt like shit for making his uncle feel so miserable.

There was definitely something going on with him – something he didn’t want to talk about. Whelp, that was just another alpha problem he had now. His best friend needs an alpha. His uncle who is an alpha doesn’t want an omega, and Derek is now going on a date with an alpha that he doesn’t have much desire to do so.

Fuck, his life is a shit show right now.

Chapter End Notes

Up next - Stiles get together with Jordan one more time (Hmm - I wonder how that will work out).
Chapter 11

It had been a few days since Stiles had last seen Jordan. The alpha had already gone to his dad to ask permission to court him. His father had of course had given him his blessing but he still did double check with Stiles first to ensure Stiles was on board.

Stiles first thought was not a chance but he took one look at his dad’s face and couldn’t say no. Jordan wasn’t perfect by any means but at this point no alpha would ever be.

And Derek – his best friend was willing to help him, God Bless him but Stiles still wasn’t sure if he was ready to mess up the beta’s life. He had so much going for himself now and the omega wasn’t positive he wanted to be the one who complicated things for him.

And now Stiles was supposed to be heading over Jordan’s apartment. The alpha wanted to show the teenager his dwelling so Stiles would know what to expect when he moved in with him. Yep, that was his reality now, he probably will be cohabiting with the deputy in just a few short months.

But as usual, Stiles yearned to seek out his best friend. He wanted to see Derek before going over to the alpha’s place. The beta would give him a pep talk and make him smile.

The only problem he was having at the moment as he stood in front of Derek’s door was Peter. The uncle of his best friend who had the most amazing blue eyes he has ever seen. The man was built like a horse with abs of steel. The alpha who had put him in omega space like nobody’s business.

The day after it happened, Peter apologized believing he stepped over the line and Stiles tried to reassure him it was fine. He was more than fine actually.

Yes, part of him wanted to be upset that the alpha essentially took control over him without asking but the other part had felt so freaking fantastic that he couldn’t fault the man. In reality, he wanted him to do it again like yesterday.

Yet, after the alpha made him a delicious breakfast the day after, Stiles had lost all communication skills. He became nervous around the other man and didn’t know what to say or even how to act. Peter had been pleasant and gracious and Stiles – well, he was a ball of nerves.

He concluded Peter didn’t have an omega of his own for some reason and it definitely wasn’t his place to ask but he also didn’t know why he was so flustered around the other man. Most alphas didn’t have that effect on him. He usually feels like he wants to punch them, not crawl on their lap.

So therefore, he was hesitating knocking on Derek’s door fearful of seeing Peter once more and then acting like a fool in front of him. Or even run the risk of just dropping to his knees once he looked into his eyes. Perhaps, he was a little gone for the older alpha.

He took a deep breath and decided to just go for it. He rapped on the door more gently than he usually does, still feeling the hesitancy coursing through his veins.

Hearing some shuffling coming from inside, the footfalls neared the door and it opened revealing someone Stiles hadn’t expected to see at all.
And really? What the freaking heck Derek? “Alpha? Braeden?” He questioned with a quirked brow or as much as he could without pushing his eye brow up with his finger.

The older woman smirked as she crossed her arms across her chest where she was wearing a tank that highlighted her heavy bosoms. She wasn’t a whole lot taller than Stiles but he felt so small in front of her. “I see Derek is still friends with his omega.”

“And why wouldn’t he be?”

She shrugged her shoulders. “Don’t know Perhaps he would tire.”

“Stiles?” Derek inquired as he finally approached the door behind Braeden. “Are you okay?”

Stiles creased his face up once he glanced at Derek’s appearance. He really shouldn’t have been surprised seeing his best friend was shirtless and only wearing boxers. Stupid beta must have slept with Braeden again.

“Umm, yes. Just needed to talk to you for a sec.”

“Gave me a moment Braeden.” Derek mentioned to the alpha. Stiles totally caught the eye roll from her as the beta slipped into the hallway and closed the door beheld him. Evidently, he didn’t care that he was half naked in his apartment hallway building.

It was Stiles turn to cross his arms. He glared at his best friend who was now finally showing signs of embarrassment since the tip of his ears were turning a slight shade of pink.

“Really Derek? With this itch again?” Stiles remembered how miserable his friend was when he was dating her before. She had started out super nice and sweet and then she got too controlling for Derek’s tastes. It had taken him a long time to break things off for her and Stiles had thought he was over her.

“Itch?”

Stiles huffed. “Yes, Derek, an itch but with a b in front of it.”

He scratched the back of his neck with his hand, almost looking timid. “it’s not serious.”

“Oh my God Der. You slept with her!”

“Yes, having sex with someone doesn’t have to equate being serious. I know what I’m doing this time around. I promise this is just sex and some dinner.”

Stiles uncrossed his arms and held back the urge to stomp his foot like a toddler. “I hope so.” He really did. He couldn’t bear his best friend getting involved with her again. The man had ugly cried for days after he called it quits with her. “She’s just not a good fit for you. I really hope you know what you’re doing.”

The beta smiled. “Thanks for the concern. I promise, this isn’t serious nor will it be and I will be careful.” He paused before continuing, “are you okay?”

Oh, yeah, that was right. Stiles came here for a pep talk. “Yep, going to over Jordan’s. Just a little nervous.”

“What can I do?” He asked sincerely.

Nothing. “Just tell me that it will be okay.”
Derek took the few steps towards Stiles and quickly placed a chaste kiss on his forehead with his warm lips. “It will be okay and if not, we have your backup plan.”

Right – Operation: Knock Up Stiles.

“Thanks Der.” He felt slightly better.

The door opened from Derek’s apartment and Braeden called out. “I’m getting lonely in here Derek. So, unless your omega is planning to join us in bed for a threesome, can you please come back inside?”

Derek cleared his throat. “Coming.”

“Ew, I wouldn’t even know what to do with a girl.” He whispered so the alpha wouldn’t overhear.

The beta snorted. “You don’t even know what to do with a boy.”

True but “ouch., you wound me Derek Hale.”

“Get out of here brat. Call me later.”

Oh, Stiles definitely planned on it. He still may need to talk some sense into him. Braeden may find a way to worm her way back in Derek’s life and Stiles had to ensure his friend really was not going to let her do that.

Jordan was pleasant and gracious as he showed Stiles around his apartment. The alpha had taken the most time in the kitchen showing the omega where each item from pots and pans to the spice rack were located which Stiles took as equating to, he will be spending a lot of time in the kitchen.

Stiles didn’t mind cooking; he just didn’t want to be expected to be doing it each and every day, all day.

The deputy showed Stiles where the master bedroom was located. It wasn’t an overly huge room but it did hold a king-sized bed, a dresser, and one easy chair. The colors on the wall were rather muted and otherwise, the man didn’t have a lot of décor.

The alpha was quick to note that he would clear some space in his closet and drawers so Stiles would have a place to put his. The teen smiled at him for the gesture.

After Stiles glanced around the master for a few moments, Jordan led him across the hall to the guest room which the alpha proudly stated would be the nursery when they bring a baby into this world. He did quickly state that would be later and then they would need to reconsider a bigger place in a few years.

Stiles silently wondered how many kids the guy wanted. He assumed they wouldn’t be on the same page for that either.

Once they finished the quick tour of the apartment, Jordan took him by the hand and brought the teen back out to the family room area.

“It’s not much but I’m sure you’ll bring some of your personality into this place as well.”

Stiles nodded. “Yes, thanks. The place is fine.” The deputy wasn’t living in the lap of luxury but it was more than acceptable to raise a family.
The older man still grasped Stiles hand when he spoke once more. “Stiles, if it’s okay, I would like to kiss you again.”

The alpha was definitely being polite. As much as the man didn’t give Stiles any butterflies, he really did enjoy the kiss from the other night more than he thought he would. If he had to make things work with Jordan, he couldn’t deny trying more kissing.

“Okay.” He muttered.

The deputy leaned in and pressed his lips onto Stiles. The kiss was soft and the alpha wasn’t being too aggressive but he sensed the man was looking to slot his tongue into his mouth.

The omega parted his lips to allow the alpha entry. The other swirled his tongue around in the wet heat of his mouth and Stiles actually moaned somewhat. The omega in him seemed to really enjoy the ministrations from the alpha.

Jordan evidently read the cues Stiles was giving since he slid his hand up and underneath his shirt. The omega shuddered when he felt the cool, gentle touch from the alpha. Just maybe he would be able to get used to Jordan.

The soft caress of his fingers slid across to his waist and them moved up towards the right nipple. Stiles had been lost in the kissing and didn’t notice immediately that his right nub was being toyed with. At first, he liked the feeling – it was rather arousing and then, it didn’t feel right.

Stiles immediately pulled back from the alpha’s kiss and touch. Jordan’s face appeared to be in between a look of confusion and worry.

“Pumpernickel Bread.” Stiles eked out albeit breathlessly.

“What?” The alpha asked in a confused tone.

Stiles took a deep breath to get his composure back. Jordan may not be his Prince Charming but he was still an alpha and the omega part of him still reacted to him quite a bit.

“Sorry Jordan. I just… I just need to take things slow. Sorry.” He apologized barely even being able to look at the other in his eyes.

“It’s okay. I didn’t mean to rush you. Take your time. We can even wait until the paperwork is signed.”

It was a nice offering the alpha didn’t have to extend. Many omegas do have sex prior to any formal commitment so that they are experienced for their alphas. Some like Stiles choose to wait. Wanting their first time to be with the person they would potentially be spending the rest of their lives with.

“Thanks.” Stiles hummed under his breath.” I think I am going to get going.”

“Oh okay. Are you sure? We can just watch some TV or something?’

The deputy was trying. Stiles did feel bad but he knew down deep Jordan wasn’t the one for him and he wasn’t convinced if he could fake a relationship with him.

“Rain check?”

Stiles mentioned as he headed out the door. He heard Jordan say something about calling him later.

Once he got to his jeep, Stiles slumped on the side of the vehicle. His brain was muddled – the
omega part of him was craving alpha so much more now but Jordan wasn’t the one for him. And there didn’t seem to be any other suitors. Derek appeared to be the only choice he had right now.

‘Sorry Der.’ He mumbled under his breath as he climbed into his jeep.

Chapter End Notes

Next up - Peter meets up with Cora and then runs into a certain omega.
Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Peter caught the sight of his niece as soon as he entered the diner. He had promised the alpha they would meet and catch up and he is finally making good on said promise. And for the fact, she has been harassing him almost every day to get together.

As he approached the table, Cora stood up and squealed in a high pitch. “Uncle Peter…!”

Peter embraced his niece immediately and inhaled the fruity essence if her shampoo that lingered in her hair. “Cora. You look beautiful.”

Skype had not done his niece justice. As he pulled back from her, he noticed that she was taller than when he last seen her. Cora’s eyes appeared to be a nice shade of honey gold brown that matched her brunette locks that barely touched her shoulders.

His niece had grown into a remarkable and beautiful woman which brought to reality that he had missed most of her childhood. He was an idiot staying away from Beacon Hills for this long.

“Thanks Uncle Peter. Looking pretty good yourself.” She signaled at the table she had been perched at. “Have a seat, I’m starving.”

Peter did just that and perused the menu. His niece mentioned a few specialty items but he ended up ordering a Monte Cristo instead. He felt like indulging a little.

He was sipping on a glass of white which was rather acceptable for this type of establishment as he glanced around the area. The restaurant was probably from the 50’s with the outdated, cracking booths. Some tables held juke boxes and the pictures that adorned the walls were all of celebrities from that time frame.

“Oh my gosh, it’s so good to see you. Tell me everything.” His niece practically vibrated out of her seat.

“You as well. Sorry I haven’t gotten to meet up with you sooner.”

The teenager played with a sugar packet on the table. “ Yep, not going to lie. it stung a little that Derek has been monopolizing your time but he said you were going through some stuff.”

And that was kind of an understatement. “Yes, it has been a difficult break up for me and then you know I needed to extend an olive branch to your mother so I do apologize that it took so long to see you.”

His niece coyly smiled as the food was set down in front of them and the dish smelled delicious. “It’s okay. I understand but I get free rein to give you a hard time.”

“Of course.”

They idly chit chatted through the meal. Cora mostly talked about high school and what she wanted to do next. Her aspirations were geared towards fashion but she was also interested in checking out marketing.
He was grateful that she didn’t pry about his life too much. She mostly wanted to know how long he was staying in town for and if he wanted to grab a movie one day.

As Peter finished up the last bite of his sandwich, he decided to ask a question. “Do you have any single alpha friends?”

“Really Uncle Peter?”

The older alpha snickered. He knew that would come out wrong. He probably shouldn’t even be asking Cora this but he told Derek he would see what he could do for the Stilinski boy.

“Not for me. No, for Derek’s omega friend. He’s in need of an alpha.” He wanted to say desperately but he left that part out.

Cora halfway smiled as she balled up her napkin. ‘Stiles? You’re playing matchmaker? That’s kind of funny.’

“I said I would help. Do you have anyone who might be interested in an omega?”

His niece took the last sip of her soda and leaned back in her char. “Don’t you think my brother would have already asked that?”

He supposes that would be true.

“Most of my alpha friends are girls. And the few guy alphas I know, they are still playing the field. They still have time to do whatever they want.” She paused. “I feel for Stiles; I really do but there isn’t much that we can do.”

He hated hearing that. Cora was right. Well, he might need to find a plan B. “Thanks honey, I thought I would double check.”

“No worries. And Stiles is a smart kid, he probably has a plan in place that we don’t even know about.”

Peter sure hoped so. He seemed outright miserable the other day. That law that required for him to be with an alpha was stupid.

The older alpha payed the check and then they both went their separate ways, promising to see other soon. Cora was off to see some friends but Peter suspected a boyfriend.

She had clammed up and blushed softly when he inquired about any boys in her life. He hoped she was happy and the boy was good to her. He hadn’t pushed for more info since he knew he wasn’t one to want to talk about relationships either.

He did make sure she got to her car okay before deciding to walk around the area for a while. Downtown was small and quaint and it had been a long time since he had strolled these particular surroundings.

He passed a few dress shops, a hardware store and a yogurt place as he made his way along the sidewalk.

His eye caught a bookstore and was pleasantly surprised to see one that it appeared to be more like a Mom and Pop operation instead of a big cooperation. Peter definitely had to check it out due to his fondness of books.
Yes, he could read them online but he much preferred to feel the paper between his fingers as well as touch the binding on a physical book. Reading seemed much more rewarding that way.

As he opened the door, a bell signaled his arrival and a kind smile greeted him from behind the counter. The older woman with graying hair seemed pleased that another potential buyer had entered the establishment. He supposed she didn’t get many customers anymore in this day of digital technology.

Peter carefully strolled through a couple of aisles admiring the high shelves of books. He wondered how many books this place actually sold but he could clearly tell that they carried a wide assortment. He could definitely get lost in here for a bit.

The alpha began to round another shelving unit when a strong aroma tickled his nostrils – it was the sweet scent of honey and cinnamon. A fragrance that he knew all too well now despite only inhaling it a few times.

When he caught sight the omega, the boy was standing on his tiptoes trying to reach for a book on the top shelf. His left arm was already cradling some books and he was definitely struggling in obtain his goal.

Peter immediately reached up since he was taller than the omega and grabbed the spine of the hardback to hand it over to the teenager.

Stiles eyes glanced over to Peter and his face shined brightly. “Thank you alpha.”

“Your welcome.” Peter tried to focus on the stack of various softbacks and hardbacks the boy was clutching to gather what his interests maybe. “You have a lot of reading material there.”

The boy continued to smile and it really was a beautiful smile. “Yep, I like to read and research. These are mostly mythology books.”

Peter nodded. “I love to read as well. I dabble mostly in historical fiction but I do like my share of non-fiction as well.”

The boy’s scent still appeared all honeysuckle and sweet but he could tell that he was becoming nervous once more around Peter. His feet shuffled on the floor and he toyed with his bottom lip with his top front teeth.

Peter didn’t know if the boy was truly anxious around Peter or alpha’s in general. Or perhaps, the omega was more uncomfortable with Peter than he realized. Maybe Stiles had second thoughts with Peter putting him in omega space. He had said it was fine but perhaps he was just being polite.

“Well, I don’t want to keep you.” He wanted to give the boy an out but truthfully, the alpha wanted to inhale more of the boy’s succulent odor. Why did he always smell so good? And why did the alpha in him enjoy it so damn much?

The teen bobbed on his feet once more as he averted his ayes towards the book shelf to his right. “Right, umm, could I ask you something?”

“Sure.” Peter was curious. He wandered what the boy wanted to know.

“This might be strange and I totally understand if this weirds you out and you don’t want to.”

The alpha’s interests were really piqued now. He couldn’t imagine what Stiles could want from him. They didn’t know each other all that well.
“Go on sweetheart. You have me curious.” Peter stated the term of endearment like it was nothing. It flowed off his tongue all too easily.

The omega’s ears turned a shade of pink at the nickname as his scent changed to a mild citrus scent. He took a deep breath. “Can you or would you be willing to put me in omega space again? I don’t want to put you out and I don’t think you have an omega and I don’t think I’m overstepping and I don’t want to force you but…”

“Slow down.” Peter was surprised at the ask but his heart fluttered. The omega trusted him. He wanted Peter to put him into the magical space once more. Could he? Yes. Should he? He wasn’t so sure about that.

“Sorry alpha. I shouldn’t have asked that of you. Probably overstepped. It wasn’t my place.”

Peter shook his head while he held up his hand to show the boy that it was fine. The question just took him off guard. “Nonsense. It’s fine. No overstepping. And remember, please, call me Peter.”

“Okay…” The boy bowed his head somewhat. It was an act of submission and the alpha’s endorphins thrummed from underneath his skin. Fuck, this boy really did get to him like no other. He had this way of getting under his skin. Fuck!

“What about the good deputy?”

Part of Peter didn’t want to know. He knew Stiles wasn’t totally on board with the alpha but he still had to be sure. He wasn’t the kind of alpha to step on another alpha’s toes. If Stiles was going to be Jordan’s, then Peter in good faith, could not give the boy what he wanted, no matter how much Peter might want to or how much Stiles needed it.

“You know…”, he paused glancing at the books in his hands and then back to Peter. “He’s not the one for me. I thought I kind of made that obvious the other day.”

“Okay. As long you are fine with it, then I have no issues.” Peter was going to kick himself later for readily agreeing to this. Putting the boy in omega space will just make things more difficult. It will undoubtedly bring them closer and then feelings will evolve. He should say no. It would be better for both of them.

“Really?” The kid was basically vibrating out of his skin as Peter agreed to it. “I mean that’s great. Thank you so much Peter. You have no idea.”

Oh, he had somewhat of an idea. The trust and connection when someone submits like that is like no other sensation. It is calming and intoxicating at the same time. It’s an amazing bonding moment. Something he does in fact want to share with Stiles again even if it’s not the best idea.
“You’re welcome.”

Peter just hoped he knew what he was doing. He couldn’t get involved with Stiles. He would somehow have to find a way not to get too emotionally attached when they bond in that matter. It won’t be easy but he could it. He had to do it for the boy’s sake. He was a fail alpha and the boy deserved better.

He was a strong and determined alpha as well – okay, so he ended up buying the books for the kid. In which, caused the omega to want to show his gratitude by placing a quick, chaste kiss on Peter’s left cheek. The soft kiss caused the boy to beautifully blush.

And of course, that went straight to Peter’s dick.

Fuck, he was screwed. Maybe he wasn’t as strong as he thought he was.

Chapter End Notes

Peter might slowly be coming around....

Up next, Derek makes a decision about Braeden and runs into someone from his past.

End Notes

Let me know what you guys think. Updates on Thursdays.

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