Knocked Up Sunshine

by frownypup

Summary

Stiles hates condom. He wants Derek to fill him everytime they...you know. Stiles loves the sensation. Derek is a werewolf anyway, what disease he could possibly have? His mate needs to relax. Besides, it's not like Stiles can get PREGNANT. (Guess again)

Notes

WARNING! Readers will find too much fluff and shameless explicit smut in this fic just because I can. Thank you for your understanding.

Send love to my wonderful beta 24Stiles, she loves me too much. (I love you too, Trish, I love you too.)
The Symptoms

The sound of Camaro grumbles before it goes silent as the car stops in front of Sheriff Stilinski's driveway. As the owner walks to the house, the front door is opened and a young man with pale skin and brown hair runs through it. He throws himself into the man’s arms and kisses him on the lips.

"How was your trip?" The younger man asked excitedly as the older man sets him down.

The older man shrugs, "Nothing special."

"And the business?" The younger man runs his fingers through the older man's hair.

"The demand in the yoghurt section is increasing. Yoghurt based smoothies and ice cream are popular nowadays." The older man answered.

The younger man smiles and kisses the older man sweetly again, "Wonderful. And did you miss your mate?"

The older man smirks, "Not really." But he deepens the kiss possessively, making the younger man grin into their kiss.

"Then you, Mister, are one big fat furry liar."

Two months ago, Derek Hale proposed his mate, Stiles Stilinski, after their bond mating in their secret den. Stiles was practically stunned by the big yes or no question for ten minutes or so, causing his mate to tense nervously, thinking that Stiles would say no.

But then Stiles grinned like a happy idiot as he said yes and how sorry he was that the grumpy werewolf would have to be stuck with him for eternity. Said werewolf shot his sun-blinding smile and tightened his arms around his mate, pressing the smaller body into him as he crushed his mate's lips with his.

They made sweet love again that morning, slow and passionate as the sound of birds chirping filled the forest outside their love den. Stiles was late for school that day and had to sort the books in the school's library as the punishment but he did it happily because it was worth every single moment.

They decided to do the things slowly about telling Stiles' dad. Stiles just told his father immediately that he and Derek are in love and in a serious relationship, but holding back the marriage stuff and the 'furry' little information until now.

Stiles’ dad demanded to get to know Derek more if his son is getting ‘serious’ with the guy. So, Derek spent a lot of time in Stilinski house these past two months, making his way onto the Sheriff's good side. They watched a lot of games together, even went fishing together twice.

The Sheriff’s trust in Derek grew over time, he let Stiles and Derek go out on dates every Saturday night yet stopped warning them about curfew. Derek still snuck into his mate's bedroom to stay the night but of course the Sheriff didn't know that.

Well, until two weeks ago...

Stiles and Derek were having a big fight after Derek banned Stiles from his SAT prep study group because he was jealous of one of Stiles’ study partners, who was apparently attracted to Stiles and started to put not-so-secret messages on Stiles' notebook.
Stiles stubbornly defended his study group, stating that he just ignored the puppy crush anyway, and called Derek a ‘possessive asshole’.

The big fight, where jealousy and frustration collided, led into rough yet mind-blowing angry sex that lasted all night long.

Stiles’ bedroom was a complete mess and even Derek lost his sharp senses and reflects in the morning. The Sheriff caught him sprawled on top of Stiles’ limp body on the broken bed, where both were naked and reeked of sweat and cum.

Stiles never wanted to have that kind of long and awkward conversation with his father ever again in his life. The fact that Derek abruptly admitted that he and Stiles never used condoms when the Sheriff asked him about protection didn't help Stiles at all, he was defenseless under his dad's wrath.

Fortunately, Stiles was no longer underage, so his dad couldn't actually arrest his fiancé. But the preach effectively made Derek feel guilty, apologizing to Stiles' dad for his irresponsible manner.

The Sheriff demanded no more sneaking in or out, if Derek wants to stay the night, he has to go through the freaking front door like a normal civilized person. And no more unprotected coitus.

Derek predictively listened to every Stiles' dad's whim like a good noble man that he is, including using condoms, which Stiles loathed and complained about.

Seriously, Derek would never understand how addicted Stiles is with the sensation of Derek's fill flooding him inside. There is no proper word to express how satisfying it is for Stiles to feel so owned.

But Derek argued about how Stiles' dad was being reasonable-and-yada-yada-yada-so Stiles kept stealing and hiding the condoms that Derek bought.

After a week of hide and seek with the condoms, Derek eventually gave up trying to use condom for the safety of his human mate who obviously hated them and wasn’t afraid to show it.

Derek is a werewolf anyway, what disease could he possibly have? He needs to relax. Besides, it's not like Stiles can get pregnant. Right? His dad doesn't need to know.

Back to present, the Sheriff has invited Derek to come for dinner after his business trip to Hale’s milk processing industry in the next town. And the couple decided that tonight is the night. Derek will finally ask for Stiles' hand in marriage to Stiles' dad and tell him his 'furry' secret.

Stiles is both nervous and excited. He drags his mate inside and sees his dad already waiting on the dinner table.

"Derek! Finally! I'm starving, the smell of Stiles' roast chicken is mouth-watering."

Derek smiles politely, "Evening, Sir. Sorry, I'm late, the last meeting took longer than I predicted."

Derek and the Sheriff chatted freely about the business as Stiles smoothly set the dishes on the the table and sits down next to his mate. He smiles as he listens to his mate and his dad eventually steers the conversation into fishing stuff, again. They try to convince Stiles that mango essence is better than vanilla to use as fishing bait mix as they chomp down their food heartily.

This feels so natural and easy. His dad looks happy and Derek laughs more times than Stiles could ever remember. Stiles' inside gets warm just from the view.
"Sir, I need to talk to you about something important," Derek started as they lounge on the living room couches and enjoy Stiles' signature dessert, honey apple pie with vanilla ice cream on top.

The Sheriff shoves his last bite and wipes his mouth with the napkin, "Sure."

Derek clears his throat, "I want you to know that you have raised a wonderful son."

Derek’s gaze turns gloomy yet he smiles, "and I honestly don't know where life would've taken me if I didn't see him trespassing my property few years ago."

"I was drowned in anger and grief. I was convinced that it'd be only me for the rest of my life. Then came along this feisty teenager with so much attitude. God, he annoyed the hell out of me," Derek laughed softly to himself.

The room goes silent as Derek pours his heart out, something that he would loath to do if he'd been asked to years ago. But he’d changed. Stiles changed him in a lot of wonderful ways.

"But the funny thing is, I couldn't ignore him. He was everywhere, sticking his nose into everybody's business and he just never gave up even when I pushed him away. I didn't even realize when or how it affected me. But before i knew it, he pulled me out of the darkness. He-- Sir, your son saved me," Derek said softly as he looks tenderly at Stiles.

Stiles’ eyes are tearing up at his mate's words. He doesn't know what the hell is happening to him, cursing himself for being so emotional.

He mouths 'I love you' to his mate. Derek just smiles and takes Stiles' hand in his. Stiles instantly tightens his hold.

"How lucky I am, that this wonderful person chose to love me, weaknesses and all. I can't imagine a day without him, and I won't ever let him go. I.. I love him.. with everything I am."

Shit, Stiles is crying now.

The Sheriff looks stunned as well, then he looks at Stiles' way. "Damn, Son, where did you get your love potion?"

"Dad! Don't ruin the moment! Seriously, please!" Stiles whined as he wipes his tears roughly with his hand.

The Sheriff shrugs and smiles teasingly at Derek, "That's quite grand confession, young man. Won't let him go, huh?" He lifts his espresso cup to his mouth to sip.

Derek lifts Stiles’ hand and kisses it while staring at Stiles deeply, "Ever," he whispered.

Stiles' breath is caught in his throat, he is overwhelmed by the adoration he gets from Derek.

Derek then turns his gaze at the Sheriff and speaks with a serious expression, "That's why I hope you would give me your blessing to marry him."

The Sheriff chokes on his espresso and coughs loudly.

Stiles winces, "Dad, you okay?"

His dad just waves his hand and nods. He then clears his throat and looks at Derek, his expression shifts. The Sheriff puts on his ‘now-I'm-wearing-my-protective-father-attitude-because-we're-having-this-conversation’ face.
Oh God. Stiles gulps nervously, but calming down as he feels Derek's hand tightening on his.

“You’ve only been dating for few months,” Sheriff started.

“I’ve secretly loved him for almost two years,” Derek admitted, making Stiles blush furiously.

"You do realize that Stiles hasn’t even graduating high school yet, right?” The Sheriff pushed.

"We'll be waiting until he finishes high school," Derek answered clearly, using his business tone.

"What about college? He's a brilliant kid."

"He can pursue his education or any other passion however he likes, I will support his decision. He has worked really hard for his SAT."

"I still think he's too young."

"And yet he’s been through a lot of things that people older than him might never will."

"Why rush?"

"I want him to be mine legally so we can start to build our lives together without paperworks boundaries, even though practically beneath the surface, he's already mine," Derek claimed possessively.

The Sheriff frowns. "What do you mean by that statement? He's still under my roof."

"He and I, we developed an unbreakable bond."

"Unbreakable what?"

"It has something to do with who I am, that you didn't know yet, but I'm telling you now."

The Sheriff just eyes him suspisciously. Derek's eyes flash red.

"Oh my God!" The Sheriff stands up abruptly and steps back. "Stiles, did you see that!? His eyes are changing color!"

"Dad, calm down, it's okay," Stiles stands up as well and gestures at his dad to sit back. "Dad, please. Just—sit back down, and let us explain everything to you."

Sheriff hesitatedly sit back down on the couch.

Stiles looks at the scowling face of his mate and squeezes his mate's hand. When Derek looks back at him, Stiles smiles encourangingly.

Derek squeezes his mate's hand back and nods once. He then turn his gaze to the Sheriff. His eyes flashing red again as he says, "I'm a werewolf."

Derek told Stiles' dad literally everything. About his family's legacy, his pack members, the hunters, and what happened these last few years.

The Sheriff was shocked at first but he regained his composure eventually, Derek's calmness made it easier.

"So your family protected this town all along, and now it's on you."
"Yes."

"You're an Alpha, which means you are a leader of a group of werewolves?"

"Yes."

"And Stiles' close friends are the werewolves?"

"Yes."

"Including Scott?"

"He's actually my second in command."

"And I believe you said before that all of you don't blindly kill people like the werewolves in movies?"

"I would appreciate if you don't think of my pack that way."

"Huh. Good to know. So, what is my son to you again?"

"He's my mate, his role is very important in my pack. And we already bonded."

"When?"

Derek manages to blush, "On his birthday."

"Aha! I knew you were lying when you said you'd spend the night at Scott's" The Sheriff pointed accusingly as his son. Stiles blushes as well as he mutters 'sorry Dad'.

"Now everything makes sense, so when my son came home hiding bruises and scars on his body all these time, he got them because he was helping you?"

Derek flinches at the accusation.

"Dad, Derek did all he could to protect me. But sometimes life just sucks," Stiles tried to explain, but it doesn't seem to budge his dad.

"If my son marries you, doesn't it mean he'll be dragged into this monstrous chain of events?"

"Dad..." Stiles whines but Derek stops him by tightening his hold on Stiles' hand. Derek wants Stiles' dad to understand how precious Stiles is to him.

"I told you the first time we had this kind of conversation, if I have to hand over my own life to protect Stiles, I will. You think it didn't hurt me to see Stiles got hurt? To see that I failed to protect him from harm? Your son is my mate, his sorrow is my pain. Werewolves just have one mate in our existence. Humans could never understand, if Stiles died, my life would die with him because the pain would be too much. Stiles means everything to me," Derek said as he looks sharply at the Sheriff's eyes.

The Sheriff never breaks his gaze on Derek's eyes as well, searching for a bit of uncertainty and lie on his opponent but catching none.

"What if he didn't feel the same way, or wanted to end it one day, what would you do?"

Derek tenses. He looks really in pain just from the thought. "If he didn't choose me or wanted to
leave me one day, I'd respect his decision. But I—I'd need to avoid him for a while, until I could—"
Derek couldn't even finish the sentence.

Stiles squeezes Derek's hand to comfort him, Derek shoots him a sad smile. Stiles shakes his head, 
silently begging the other man to stop thinking like that.

Sheriff sighs at the interaction in front of him. He then turns his gaze to his son, "You have 
something to say in this matter?"

Stiles opens his mouth to speak right away. "I love Derek!"

His dad rolls his eyes. "Yes I know that, Son, it's kinda obvious. I mean about the marriage and mate 
stuff."

Stiles nods and clears his throat. "I want to spend the rest of my life with him."

"Are you sure about that, Son?" The Sheriff pushed.

Stiles laughs softly and looks at his dad pleadingly. He smiles with teary eyes as he speaks.

"Dad, you couldn't even imagine how happy he makes me. The things he did for me, even though 
some of them drove me crazy, he—I never felt this loved before, Dad. When I'm with him, I feel 
complete. I love Derek so much that the thought of losing him kills me."

Stiles turns his head to look at Derek, who is looking back at him searching for the truth in his eyes.

The man must've found it, as he moves to hook his arm around Stiles' shoulder and pulls Stiles in for 
a passionate kiss, not caring of the father watching.

"Be with me, Stiles. Forever." Derek begged and then kisses his mate again, tightening his hold.

Stiles whispers breathlessly between kisses. "Take me with you. Anywhere, I don't care. I just want 
to be with you."

John Stilinski sighs in defeat and rubs his tired face with one of his hand. "Sweet God In Heaven, I 
didn't expect this to happen for another ten years."

Then he focuses back on the lovebirds in front of him and snaps his fingers at them. "Alright, you 
two, can you cut it out?"

Stiles and Derek still press their lips together passionately.

John clears his throat loudly. "Boys!"

Stiles breaks the kiss and turns to his dad, "Dad, if you interrupt our sun-burning love confession to 
say you don't give us your blessing, I swear to God I'm running away from home and I'm not even 
joking right now, Dad." Stiles threatened his dad.

John Stilinski rolls his eyes in amusement and mentally swears that Stiles sounds just like his mother 
when she defended John in front of Stiles' grandfather.

"Save the effort, Kid, I happen to like this Hale guy."

That steals Derek's attention.

"Does that mean that I—"
"After his graduation, Derek." The Sheriff warned him while lifting his cup to sip again.

He still didn't miss his son and Derek share a happy smile.

Then the werewolf turns his way and says in a relief tone, "thank you, Sir."

The Sheriff just shrugs before he remembers something. He points a finger at Derek. "But you have obligation to make him cook steaks for me at least three times a week!"

Stiles gapes at his dad. "Seriously, Dad! Derek's been my fiancé for three seconds and you already use him for your advantage!"

His dad gapes back. "I didn't hear anything wrong with my statement. You would do it for your father-in-law, wouldn't you Derek?" He pushed the subject.

Derek seems uncomfortable, not knowing how to answer. Thankfully, Stiles answers it for him.

"Yeah well I won't do it unless he sleeps with me the night before."

The Sheriff spats in disbelief. "And you're accusing me of taking advantage of him!?!"

"How was your SAT?" Derek asked as he presses his mouth to Stiles'.

Stiles dirty-texted him after it, saying that Derek has to do his own SAT tonight, on Stiles bed.

It turns out this version of SAT stands for Sex-After-Test.

So here he is now having Stiles' body trapped under him while his hands exploring the pale skin under the poor little crumpled T-shirt.

"Not as brilliant as the SAT you're doing right now. Mmmm.. Damn it werewolf, just go ahead and fuck my brains out."

Derek breaks the kiss and raises his eyebrows playfully at his mate. "You're acting extremely horny these past few weeks."

"Hormones?" Stiles said without so much thinking as he nips Derek's stubby jaw.

Derek laughs softly. "You should stop blaming your hormones for your sexual frustration."

Stiles tugs Derek's shirt, Derek gets the idea and takes off his clothes before helping Stiles out of his. Stiles pulls his mate down on top of him again before kissing him eagerly. "I'll blame you and your godly sex appeal then."

Derek smirks and leans in to nip Stiles' pulse point. He nuzzles and sniffs along Stiles neck line.

"You smell different lately." He stated.

"Different how?" Stiles asked as he buries one of his hand in Derek's ebony hair. The other trails Derek's triskele tattoo softly.

"Sweeter." Derek licks the trail of Stiles' pulse point, making Stiles gasp from the sensation.

"Really..? Is it good or b-bad?" Stiles' voice is shaking because Derek is sucking the curve of his
neck loudly, making a pop sound when he pulls away to nip Stiles' earlobe.

"You smell good.. Really good. Even more addictive than before. How do you do it?" He asked as his nipping mouth trails down to Stiles' chest.

"Ahaaahh.." Stiles moaned as Derek teases his nipple with his tongue, biting and sucking in between.

"Aahh—I d-don't—know.." Stiles struggles with his words. How could Derek engage him in a conversation when he treats him like this? So rude.

"This amazing smell of yours really turns me on..." Derek crawls back up to kiss Stiles' flushed cheek, and then whispers teasingly, "...Ready to see how much I can score in my SAT..?"

Stiles groans in want. Derek is right, Stiles' arousal is up a few levels these past few weeks, he becomes overly sensitive toward Derek's touch and gets horny as easily as rabbits in mating season. His cock is already leaking just to hear Derek talking dirty. Stiles feels like he's going to explode.

"Make love to me, Derek.." Stiles' breath is hot against Derek's lips as he whispers shakily. "Remind me who owns me.."

Derek doesn't need to be told twice. He growls lowly, "Mine," and gets on his move.

He attacks Stiles' gasping mouth with his own, pushing his tongue in to battle heatingly with Stiles'. He wraps his arms around his mate and turns around, switching sides so now Stiles is on top of him while he lays on his back. Then, his hands reach down to Stiles' firm buttcheeks, grabs them in his hands, and fondles them apart repeatedly.

Derek's hands are rough and the pinch is bruising, but it arouses Stiles even more. Stiles always thinks that Derek's roughness in sex is a turn-on, Stiles craves to be handled this way.

He groans into Derek's mouth as he feels cold air caressing his raw hole everytime Derek's fondling opens it apart.

Derek thrusts his hips up, making his now hardened length brush Stiles' opening. Stiles abruptly breaks the kiss to whine, but Derek is not stopping. Derek just mercilessly teases Stiles by thrusting his hips up, rubbing Stiles' opening with his length but never entering.

Stiles' cock is getting brushed by the hot sweaty skin of Derek's lower belly from the movement, drops of cum leaking from it.

Derek knows he's driving Stiles crazy, from the way Stiles is groaning and squirming on top of him. It doesn't take long before the torture leaves Stiles shamelessly begging.

"D-Der.. Fuck! D-Der, please. I want you. Give it to me."

His mate's pleading is responded by a soft growl from Derek.

"Mine." Derek takes his mate in his arms and crawls back to the headboard to sit up against it, lifting Stiles with him.

Stiles is still pleading softly, his hands are roaming hungrily on Derek's bare torso. Derek lifts Stiles' hips with his strong hands and makes Stiles kneel with his knee on each side of Derek's hips.

Stiles' lustful eyes look at him in confusion, his hands on Derek's shoulder. Derek never gaze away
from his mate as he takes one of Stiles' hand into his mouth and licks the fingers wet.

Stiles' gaze turns blissful as he watches Derek's tongue lapping his fingers. Then, Derek guides Stiles' saliva covered fingers to Derek's hard cock.

"Lube it with your filthy fingers." Derek commanded with his sexy voice.

Derek is so fucking hot.

Stiles moaned from sexual frustration.

Stiles does what his mate asked of him. He takes Derek's length in his hand and rubs it up and down, lubing it with the saliva on his fingers.

Derek groans in pleasure as Stiles long fingers tease his cock. He grasps Stiles' hair and yanks him closer to kiss him with an opened mouth.

"Now put it inside you. You want it, don't you, Stiles..?" Derek growls with his sexy voice again.

Stiles groans and nods on impulse. Derek nips Stiles' jaw playfully.

"Then what are you waiting for..?" Derek whispered.

Stiles blushes furiously as he positions Derek's hard length on his opening. This is the first time they do this position. The first time Derek lets Stiles to lead the show.

Stiles lowers himself down slowly and instantly gasps, Derek is so big and no matter how much sex they have had, Stiles decides he would never get used to it.

Derek stretches back and groans as Stiles’ tight ass swallows his cock’s head. Stiles must feel so good that Derek can't wait any longer to bury himself in Stiles entirely. He tightens his grip on Stiles’ hips and pulls his mate down.

Stiles doesn't prepare himself when he's being pulled down by Derek. His knees slip on the bedsheets, and he slams himself down in sitting position onto Derek's crotch.

Derek growls as his full length accidentally shoves roughly into Stiles in one too-fast motion.

"AHAAAAHHH!" Stiles cried louder than ever, his body stretching back.

The sensation is too much, his nerves are screaming from the sudden hit of overwhelming pleasure when his mate’s huge dick is harshly pushed into his tight hole by the gravity.

It's more than Stiles could take, he reaches his climax. He can't believe it but he really comes from the impact alone. His cum shoots onto Derek's bare chest.

Stiles then weakly goes limp forward but thankfully Derek catch him in his arms. His body is trembling from the overload sensation. He can feel his own cum smears on their pressed chests.

"Stiles," Derek growls lowly as he caresses Stiles' back lovingly, "My mate. My everything."

Derek's knot is emerging inside Stiles. Apparently, Stiles is not the only one whose sanity turned upside down by the former stunt.

Stiles feels hints of confidence and pride growing inside his chest. His instinct is bubbling, pleased by his mate's attention and reaction towards his body.
Stiles weakly lifts himself from his mate's chest. Derek is looking at him with his drunken face, but still there's hint of concern there.

Stiles smiles and shakes his head, determination in his eyes, "our night has just begun, Grumpy. You're not quitting, are you?" Stiles winked, teasing the wolf in Derek.

Derek is taken back for a while, but then his eyes flash red and he smirks slyly. He slaps Stiles' already pink buttcheek playfully and pinch the soft flesh.

"Hit me with your best shot, Snowball," He whispered naughtily into Stiles’ ear.

Stiles never felt this sexy before, riding Derek’s knot inside him while Derek leans his back against the headboard. His skin is shiny pale under the moonlight seeping through the window, showing his moles scattered along his torso.

His hands hold Derek's shoulder tightly while his head is stretching back exposing his curvy neck to Derek. The curvy neck which is now being brutalized by Derek's hungry mouth.

"Show me how much you want me, Stiles, and maybe I'll cum inside you more than twice tonight." Derek promised, whispering dirty words to the bruised skin of Stiles' neck.

Derek's hands grip Stiles' hips possessively, almost bruising. Derek's promises make Stiles even more determined than before. He jerks his hips sloppily but hard and fast, Derek groans in pleasure right away.

"Fuck, Stiles, you're so tight."

Stiles doesn't understand why he can be this aroused just by Derek's voice but he really doesn't care, he just wants Derek to fuck him all night and he wants it really bad.

He pushes down eagerly, feeling Derek's glorious knot touching the base of his inside and breaking him apart.

He arcs his back and moans loudly, drowning in bliss. But Stiles still wants more, he needs more.

He now completely sits down on his mate, letting his own weight push him down swallowing the swollen knot the deepest in him as he jerks his hips as strong as he can.

His cheeks flush furiously as he makes embarrassing voices shamelessly into the night, his breath fogging from the cold air.

*Thank God his father is on duty.*

Derek is groaning as well and keeps whispering adoration and promises about more great sex ahead for them into Stiles' ear, obviously loving what his mate does.

And when Derek screams his name as he comes and fills Stiles full with his cum, Stiles is sure he indeed never felt this sexy before.

Stiles is woken up one morning by the feel of raising bile in his throat. He jumps out of the bed, out of Derek's warm embrace, and rushes to the bedroom.

He vomits all of last nights dinner into the toilet, retching loudly. He's breathing harshly, suffering
from the sudden sickness. He hears the bathroom door being opened and a moment later, a gentle hand rubs his back.

"Stiles, you okay?" Derek asked with concern in his voice, his face is still a little bit sleepy.

"I don't know, maybe I ate something bad." Stiles said before retching and vomiting again into the toilet.

Derek scowls, obviously not pleased by his mate's distress. Stiles is still panting out of breath but smiling at Derek, trying to calm him down.

"Hey, chill out, Grumpy. It's not a big deal, just a stomach bug or something. It'll pass."

Well, it doesn't pass. Stiles has the sickness almost every morning for two weeks now, and a few afternoons.

Derek is very upset about it, witnessing Stiles' distress. He insisted to bring Stiles to a doctor, but Stiles was very stubborn, claiming that the sickness wasn't that bad. Stiles keeps blaming it on the increase of his appetite these past few months and that his body is adjusting. He promised Derek he would pick his choice of menu very carefully to reduce the sickness.

One more thing that Stiles finds strange about himself is that he was usually very picky about food, unless when it's curly fries. He still ate junk food on occasion, but he tried to maintain a healthy lifestyle in the house for his dad. But now, Stiles literally eats everything that's shoved in front of him.

Stiles convinced himself it's because of the amount of sex he has every week. Sex life with Derek, as satisfying as it is, really drains out his energy. Stiles is just an ordinary human, it needs a lot of work to match the werewolf's stamina. So, it's normal to be hungry all the time, right? And Derek seems pleased by it, he said Stiles had to gain some pounds or he could accidentally break his bones while having sex. Funny guy.

"Stiles, you're getting fat." Lydia pointed out when the pack has lunch together on the canteen.

Stiles is shoving spaghetti into his mouth when the words strike into him. The other laughs at Lydia's blunt statement.

Stiles gapes, bits of spaghetti falls out from his open mouth as the fork is dropped from his hold.

"Lyds, that's the cruelest thing anybody ever said to me!"

It makes the others laugh even harder, Scott is hitting the table in amusement as he laughs. Traitor.

Lydia just shrugs and waves her well-manicured hand. "Well I'm just saying. If you don't watch the scale, the tuxedo you bought won't fit on you when the prom comes next week."

Stiles gulps in horror, he suddenly loses his appetite. No fucking way, he will take Derek's steaming hot ass to the prom, he has to look his best.

When Stiles arrives home, he just throws his backpack, takes off his shoes, and goes straight to the scale on the hall. No need to panic, right? Nothing's wrong in gaining one or two pounds...

"Holy Mother of— I'm gaining 14 pounds!? Fuck, I'm screwed!"

He panickingly reaches for his phone in his pocket and texts his fiancé.
[will u still love me if im fat? xxx]

Stiles runs upstairs to his bedroom and takes a look at himself in the mirror. He pinches his own arm and hips, feeling the extra soft flesh. He lifts his shirt, showing his belly.

Stiles realizes just now then that his belly is not as lean as it used to be. Actually, it curves to a little bump. Stiles pats his now quite fat belly in disbelief. How can he not notice about his own body changes.

His phone buzzes.

[Stop watching those skinny girls' drama on TV. xxx]

Stiles makes a whiny sound at the phone screen.

[no im serious derek i hav fat evrywhr on my body xxx]

Stiles needs to go on diet and some exercise before someone hotter steals his mate from him. Stiles is freaking out when the reply text comes in.

[You looked pretty hot to me last night. Especially when you stretched open yourself as you begged for me. xxx]

Stiles groans, his cock twitching at the memory. Derek is just simply unbelievable. Actually, this is all Derek's fault. Maybe if Derek didn't praise him and look at him like he's the most beautiful thing all the time, Stiles would be more self-conscious.

Stiles should have known that skipping meals is the worst decision he has ever made in his life.

Stiles just wanted to lose a pound or two a day. So what if he decided not to eat his breakfast and lunch? He still ate his apples.

Apparently, three apples were not enough for a pack training. Stiles blacked out in the middle of his run through the woods.

Stiles wakes up on Derek's bed. He pats his head to find a patch on his temple. Huh. He must have hit his head when he passed out to the ground.

He sits up to see Derek stand few feet from the bed, his hands crossed on his chest and he scowls at Stiles with anger in his red eyes.

Stiles gulps nervously, he knows when he is caught guilty. He tries to think of an excuse for his stupidity. "Well I—uhhh..."

"What the hell were you thinking?" Derek cuts him.

Stiles sighs miserably. "I want to look great in my tuxedo for prom next week, but I gained some weight," Stiles admitted in shame.

Derek scoffs in disbelief. "So you torture yourself with an unhealthy diet and get hurt in the process, making me worried just for a stupid tuxedo!? I cannot believe you, Stiles!"

Derek walks around the room in frustration, flailing his hands while he scolds his mate furiously.
"You could have asked me to just buy you a new one! Besides, how many times I said you look great, huh!? I thought I showed you that enough! And I do want you to gain some weight! And you know we can go to professional trainer if you still want to look even better, right!? But no, of course you had to do this stupid stunt! Passing out in the middle of the woods, for God's sake!"

Stiles looks down and plays with the bedsheet as he submits under his mate's rage. He used to talk back, but he knows he's on the wrong this time. And he knows he made Derek worried sick, it is what drove Derek into his rage in the first place.

"Derek, I'm sorry," He muttered softly.

Derek huffs an angry breath. He stops walking around and makes his way to the bed. He sits in front of his mate and takes the mug that sits on the bedside table.

"Drink it." He puts the mug carefully in Stiles' hands.

Stiles looks into the mug to notice it's fulfilled with warm chocolate milk. Full-fat warm chocolate milk. "But—"

"Stiles." Derek warned his mate.

Stiles caves in, bringing the mug to his mouth and taking a sip. The warm liquid washes over Stiles’ empty stomach, leaving a comfortable feeling. Stiles swallows two big gulps before laying down the mug but Derek stops him.

"All." He demanded.

"Der," Stiles whined, but Derek is taking none of it. He keeps directing the mug to Stiles’ mouth, his face is scowling in annoyance with Stiles’ reluctance.

Derek sets his watchful eyes on Stiles, making sure his mate drink until the last drop. When Stiles finishes the milk, Derek takes the mug and puts it on the bedside table again. Then he leans into Stiles’ personal space and nuzzles his mate's cheek with his nose.

"Don't ever pull this kind of stunt again," Derek growled softly.

Stiles wraps his arms around Derek's shoulder, hides his face on Derek's neck, and nods. Derek sighs and take Stiles in his arms. He lifts Stiles and carries him bridal style.

"Derek?" Stiles asked in surprise.

"I'm taking you to a doctor. I don't want to take a risk with the hit on your head."

Stiles whines again, "but I feel totally fine..."

Derek just growls in warning at his mate and keeps walking, his mate pouting silently in his arms.

Stiles huffs in boredom as he sits on the chair in the waiting room of the local clinic. Derek sits right next to him, reading some auto magazine.

"This is completely unnecessary," Stiles complained again for the hundred times.

Derek just calmly flips the pages. "You should have thought about that before deciding to skip meals
and passing out in my watch."

Stiles huffs again in defeat. The waiting room is pretty packed, Stiles figures out he will have to wait for some time before his queue number being called.

The door bell jingles as a pregnant mom and a four-year-old enter the room. The kid has snot under his nose, so he must be the one who needs to see the doctor.

Stiles watches as the mother drags her son to sit down and takes some tissue from his purse. She helps the kid cleaning his own snot and preaches him about too much ice cream.

The scene wakes Stiles' memory of his own mother, it's sad but warming at the same time. Stiles smiles and leans on Derek, eyes still watching the mother and son. But then, his gaze shifts to the round belly of the lovely woman. He starts thinking what his mother possibly had been through when she carried him in her tummy.

Revelation hits Stiles like tons of brick.

The emotional breakdown.

The out-of-control arousal.

The rising appetite for food.

The morning sickness.

The *freaking* weight gain!

Stiles’ hands automatically reach for his stomach, rubbing and feeling the small bump that Stiles thought was a fat belly.

Everybody in the room, including Derek, jump in surprise when they hear Stiles' cursing loudly.

"**HOLYCRAP!**"
The "B" Word

Chapter Summary

Stiles Hates Condom. He wants Derek to fill him everytime they...you know. Stiles loves the sensation. Derek is a werewolf anyway, what disease he could possibly have? His mate needs to relax. Besides, it's not like Stiles can get PREGNANT. Right?

(No, not right.)

Chapter Notes

Send love to my beta, Trisha. I bet she has rotten teeth now from all the sugary fluff, poor baby.. I'm an awful person.

I should have known not to hear Cory Monteith singing "You're Having My Baby" over and over again, now look what I've done.

"Stiles, I don't understand why we have to see Deaton, I think a general doctor is more appropriate to check your wound," Derek asked as he maneuvers his camaro on its way to the animal clinic.

Stiles just curls his hands on his little 'bump' protectively. He doesn't know what to say to Derek. He recognizes the symptoms, but what if he's wrong? And more importantly, what if he's right? Stiles hopes he's right. In fact, Stiles will be heartbroken if he's wrong.

But what about Derek? What if Derek doesn't want this? Stiles could die from the heartache, even thinking about the possibility makes Stiles sick in the stomach. And apparently, his mate notices his distress.

"Stiles, what's wrong? Your stomach hurts?"

One of Derek's hands moves from the steers to Stiles' stomach and rubs it soothingly, like he wants to take the pain away with it. Stiles feels heat creeping to his face, because the gesture feels so intimate. If Stiles is right, Derek is now rubbing right where their...

No, Stiles, don't get the hope up yet. Let the expert check on it first.

Stiles shakes his thought away and clears his throat.

"No, I'm fine." Stiles gulps, "I just—I trust Deaton more to check on my physical condition, that's all."

Stiles smiles at his mate, but from Derek's concerned face, he knows his mate is not buying it. Stiles can't explain anything further, he's freaking out himself too.

"Can't you just please hurry, Derek," He pleaded.
Derek moves his hand from Stiles' stomach to cup Stiles' cheek, caressing it softly.

"Hang on, Baby, we're almost there."

And of course he chose this moment to use that sweet name for the first time.

Stiles mentally groans. Derek always knows how to make him suffer internally.

Stiles sits on the examination table as Deaton washes his hand on preparation.

"You came here just to check that small scar on your head?" Deaton asked.

Stiles squirms nervously on the table, he doesn't know where to begin. Deaton turns his gaze to Derek who's standing few feet from the examination table with his hands crossed on his chest, eyes never leaving Stiles.

"And you dropped him here yourself? He must be your favorite in the pack."

Derek just spares Deaton a glimpse before focuses his eyes back on his mate.

"Stiles is my mate," He said like it's the simplest fact in the world.

Deaton goes "ah" like it is a simple little fact and starts his examination of Stiles.

"So, Stiles, can you tilt your head up to the light while I open up the patch?" Deaton's waiting.

"Uh, actually, that's not why I came here," Stiles started.

"It's not?" Derek was the one who responsed, his eyebrows frown with worry. "Stiles..?"

Stiles shoots a little smile at his mate, "It's ok, Derek, I just need to check on something."

Stiles turns to Deaton. "Well, I have these symptoms. And-uh, I know where these symptoms lead to. But the thing is, I didn't know this could happen to...me. I mean, even if it could, I never heard about this case before. So, I need you to do, I don't know, a test or something. On me. Or whatever. I don't know the procedure of this stuff."

Deaton hums. "Ok. Can you tell me what symptoms that you were talking about? And details, please. Tell me everything, don't leave anything behind." Deaton said.

Stiles nods in understanding. He takes a deep breath and start explaining.

"Well, first of all, I get so emotional over everything, actually I feel like I'm turning into some troubled chick on a bad tv drama. And I'm hungry all the time, I even ate six cheeseburgers at dinner once. Not to mention that I'm also as horny as rabbits in mating season, no this is serious, I'm not trying to be funny here," Stiles explained when everyone in the room look at him like he grows second head.

"These have happened for two months! Then, nearly a month ago, I started having morning sickness, vomiting and stuff. And few days ago, I found out that I—uh—I gained fourteen pounds. So I checked myself out in the mirror. And I noticed that there's a bump in my belly. I just want to know if it's fat...or something else."

Stiles looks at Deaton meaningly, while Deaton's face turns serious and thinking hard.
"Stiles, please take off your shirt and lie down." The veterinarian instructed.

Stiles does what he was asked to. Deaton wears the stethoscope on his ears and touches few spots on Stiles' 'bump' with it, listening carefully. After a few moment, Deaton looks awed.

"It does exist. I thought it's just a myth..." The vet muttered to himself.

Derek tenses. "What? Deaton, tell me. What happened to Stiles? Is he okay!?!"

Deaton looks over his shoulder to Derek, "Does Stiles smell different to you lately, Alpha Hale?"

Derek looks confused. "Actually, yes. Why?"

"Is it comforting or disturbing?"

"What?"

"Alpha Hale, is the scent comforting or disturbing you?" Deaton pressed.

Derek frowns. "Comforting, actually. Dammit Deaton, what are you implying exactly?"

Deaton is not answering, he keeps listening to Stiles' belly with his stethoscope. Meanwhile, Stiles is getting more nervous from watching Deaton's reaction.

"Deaton, do I need to have some test or something?" Stiles asked with hope.

Deaton shakes his head once.

"Hmm, not necessary."

Stiles can't breathe from hearing the vet’s answer. It feels like all his hope is shattered into dust, he feels tears pricking in his eyes. He's just cruelly reminded by the world of what he can't give to the man he loves.

"T-This is j-just a big bunch of fat..?" Stiles' voice breaks.

Suddenly Derek is next to the examination table, taking Stiles' hand and brushing Stiles' hair soothingly, obviously sensing that his mate is upset.

"Deaton." He growled in warning.

Deaton finally puts away his stethoscope from Stiles' belly and pays attention to the pair in front of him.

"No, Stiles. We don't need any test to get the answer that I believe what you're looking for. I already hear it from my stethoscope," Deaton said calmly.

Stiles doesn't get what Deaton's trying to say. "What do you mean? What did you hear?"

"A heartbeat, Stiles. There's a sound of faint heartbeat inside your stomach," Deaton explained, he then looks at Derek's gobsmacked face and smiles merrily.

"Congratulation, Alpha Hale, you're having a pup!"

Stiles' heart bursts in happiness. Tears are leaking from his eyes as he grins brightly from the news. Oh fuck, he's having an emotional breakdown again. But it's ok, it's from the pregnancy, Stiles
will accept anything willingly.

Stiles can't believe it, he's carrying Derek's baby. The Hales will continue their bloodlines. Nature works in the most mysterious way.

He looks at his mate, wanting to see his reaction. Derek freezes in his spot, staring blankly at Deaton.

"Derek..?" Stiles whispered his mate's name with a shaky voice, he's scared of Derek's expression.

Derek doesn't react to Stiles' call. He keeps staring at Deaton. "What.. What did you say, Deaton?"

He finally responded. "Is this some kind of joke?"

Stiles gapes in shock. His heart is clenched and shattered into million pieces, it feels like his world is crashing down on him. Derek is not happy. His mate doesn't want this.

Derek doesn't want... no, but it's their... Stiles doesn't understand...

Tears of Stiles' broken heart leak out of the corner of his eyes. Meanwhile, Derek is still focusing on Deaton, trying to grasp the idea of his *male* mate being pregnant. Deaton calmly try to explain the situation to the Alpha.

"No, Alpha Hale, I won't dare to kid about this matter. Believe me, Stiles is about three months pregnant, according to when the symptoms started. But I'll do some examination to check the pregnancy state."

Derek gapes in disbelief. "But I didn't hear the heartbeat before! How could I miss it?"

"It is not in your hearing range yet, Alpha Hale, well not for another few weeks."

"But—but how is this even possible!?" Derek pushed.

"I also thought it was just a myth before. There’s an old book stating it happened to a male Alpha’s mate in a small village in France two hundred years ago, the Alpha comes from strong family bloodline but he has no heir. I never heard this case happen in my lifetime, so I thought it was a lie. Derek, what happened to your mate is a miracle. It's an act for survival for you."

Derek shakes his head in awe. He looks at Stiles, then he realizes his mate is crying silently.

"Stiles?" Derek straightly focuses on his mate, Deaton's existence forgotten.

Deaton clears his throat awkwardly, "I'm going to prepare for the examination." With that, Deaton's heading out of the room, giving the pair some privacy.

Meanwhile, Derek is cupping Stiles' cheeks, brushing the tears away. "Stiles, tell me what's wrong? Are you hurt somewhere?" Derek said in a panic tone.

But Stiles just keeps crying. "D-Derek, you don't want this b-baby..?" He asked with a shaky whisper.

Derek looks taken back. "What?" He frowns. "Stiles, how could you—Stiles, is that why you're crying?"

*Great,* now Derek thinks he's lame. Stiles closes his eyes in shame and looks away from his mate, tears still wetting his face. Suddenly he feels his body being lifted and crushed in a strong embrace.

"Stiles, baby, where is this coming from..?" Derek tightens his arms around his crying mate. Stiles
buries himself in the embrace, his hands grip the back of Derek's shirt desperately.

"You s-said it was a j-joke," Stiles hiccuped.

"What..? No, you misunderstood me. I just—I'm shocked, Stiles, who wouldn’t be?"

Derek tries to explain, but Stiles doesn’t know why he can’t stop himself from crying. He was so scared that Derek was denying him and the baby.

“Der, I-I don’t know w-what to do...if you don’t want—“ Stiles tried to speak between his sob.

“Ssshh... Baby, I'm sorry, I didn’t mean to sound like I wasn’t happy about this, I am.” Derek runs his hand through Stiles' hair, rubbing his scalp soothingly.

Stiles pulls away a little bit and looks at his mate with his teary big brown eyes, hints of hope in them. "Y-You want the b-baby..?"

Derek smiles sun-blindingly at his mate, then leans in and drops kisses on Stiles' wet face as he whispers, "of course I want the baby, Stiles, I love you," Derek pecks Stiles lips, "and I will love our baby." He whispered and kissed his mate again passionately.

Stiles releases a relief breath into the kiss. Derek breaks the kiss and wipes Stiles’ cheeks with his thumb.

“Now stop crying, you look terrible.” He smiles teasingly.

Stiles hits his mate’s arm and pouts, while trying to calm himself down. Derek laughs softly and pulls Stiles in his embrace once again.

“I got you, Snowball, I got you.” The werewolf whispered.

Few hours later, Stiles sits on a chair in Deaton's office. Derek sits next to him, dragging his chair very close to Stiles' so he can curls his arm possessively around Stiles' shoulder. Stiles blushes to have his mate develop some PDA in front of the vet. But he enjoys the comfort, so what's there to complain about?

Deaton had done some examination, and now they will hear the result.

"Stiles, the fetus is indeed three months old. The condition of the baby is healthy. There is no complication or abnormality indicated."

Stiles and Derek breathe in relief. Deaton continues, "but your blood pressure is lower than I'm comfortable with, you have to take good care of yourself, Stiles. You're a human, yet from the milestones of the development, I believe your baby is a werewolf. Your energy will be drained quite a bit, and the baby will grow very fast. You probably won’t feel a hundred percent for the rest of the pregnancy. Eat and sleep well, and do not push yourself in heavy activities. It’s for the health of the baby too. You can make sure your mate is not under any stress, Alpha Hale?"

Stiles feels the arm around him tightened.

"I will." Derek growled lowly.

Stiles groans internally. Definitely, he will have an overly protective grumpy werewolf in his personal space for months ahead.
"Good, and can you come back tomorrow to do the Sonogram? Also, I ordered the prescription to reduce your pain due to the baby’s growing spurt, it should be arrived tomorrow."

"We will be here. And about the pain, will it be bearable to him?" Derek asked seriously.

"I have to be honest to say that it will be a disturbing pain, but not life threatening." Deaton answered.

Stiles shrugs. "No big deal, I just have to take it easy for the next six months, right?"

Derek gives him a look.

"What?" Stiles asked obliviously.

Deaton answers for the Alpha, "Stiles, you’re carrying a werewolf. You will give birth in two and half month."

“You say WHAT??” Stiles sits up straight abruptly.

“Stiles, calm down. Remember the baby.” Derek reminded him.


Deaton nods once. “Yes, werewolves carry their pups for five and a half months. You are a human, but since what you carry is a baby werewolf, the stopwatch works for you too. You are two and a half months away from labor.”

"Holyshit!” Stiles said excitedly. “I’m gonna be a dad two weeks after I graduate!”

“Yes, Stiles, congratulation to the both of you,” Deaton smiled at the Alpha pair.

“Oh my God! This is fucking awesome!” Stiles exclaimed.

Derek sighs in amusement toward his mate’s antics. "Stiles, I really think we should stop swearing in front of our unborn child."

It’s already dark when the camaro reaches the Stilinski’s property. The Sheriff’s patrol car is not in the driveway, his dad must be working late again.

Stiles unlocks the front door and gets into the house, Derek follows right behind him. Stiles makes his way to go upstairs, but suddenly he’s being swooped up.

"D-Derek??" Stiles gasped in surprise.

"The doctor said to take it easy," Derek reasoned simply as he steps up the stairs, carrying his mate in his arms.

Stiles scoffs exasperatedly. "Derek, stairs are easy."

"Not taking any risk," Derek said simply.

Stiles rolls his eyes, but let Derek carry him upstairs anyway.
"Ok, we're here, you can put me down now," Stiles said when they reach second floor. But Derek keeps walking toward Stiles' bedroom. He opens the door with his elbow and pushes it open with his leg.

"Derek, seriously!?" Stiles frustatedly whined.

Derek puts Stiles down gently on the bed, and then help him take off his shoes, and starts helping Stiles out of his clothes.

"Der—No, Derek, stop!" Stiles whines and bats Derek's hands. "I'm carrying a baby, Derek, I am not the baby." He glares at his mate.

Derek huffs and hugs his mate, pushing down Stiles with his weight onto the bed.

"Oop!" Stiles flops down on his back. He is blanketed by Derek's warm body as Derek hides his face in the curve of Stiles' neck.

"You're pregnant and I didn't even notice. I let you wander around by yourself, play sports and join pack training, and just this evening you passed out and hurt your head."

"Der," Stiles whispered, but Derek just tightens his embrace and keeps talking.

"I keep promising your father that I will take care of you, that I will protect you, but look how shitty a job I did."

Stiles hugs his mate back. "Derek, stop it, don't say that."

Derek makes a small whimper, it shocks the hell out of Stiles to hear the big bad wolf make a sound like that.

"What if you didn't recognize the symptoms and we didn't go to Deaton? You could have been hurt. And we could've lost our pup and I didn't even know what's going on. I screwed up big time," Derek whispered to his mate's neck.

Stiles puts his hands on each side of Derek's head and turns it to face him. Derek looks hurt and drowning in guilt.

"Hey. Hey, Derek, listen to me. I'm fine. The pup's fine. I don't want you to blame yourself, you didn't know Derek, you-didn't-know. Deaton said it himself, it's not a common case. Ok..?"

Derek huffs a breath and nods once. Stiles smiles and caresses his mate's stubbly jaw lovingly.

"Ok. Now c'mon, show me that happy face. Don't frown like that, our kid can copy the behavior." Stiles smiles brighter when he sees the lips of his mate twitch.

"The baby's not even born yet," Derek said, starting to show amusement.

"He can still see you through my eyes," Stiles argued without so much thinking.

Derek now smiles teasingly, "Oh really? We can't have sex then. We definitely don't want to scar the kid for life."

Stiles gapes at the idea that his mate brought up. "Woah, woah, woah! Time out! Nobody said anything about no sex, this momma has needs!" Stiles said too eagerly.

Derek raises his eyebrows, lips grinning in amusement, all worries forgotten in the moment.
"Stiles, did you just call yourself momma?"

"Uh—Yes, so? And this is the part where you should have said 'tell me who's your daddy'."

"Nope. Not happening."

"Aww you're no fun."

Derek grins playfully, leaning in closer to Stiles' face. "I'll show you some fun."

"Ooo, is that a suggestion?" Stiles giggles as he flirts with his mate. He catches Derek's lingering lips with his and curls his arms around Derek's shoulder. Derek grins and kisses back his adorable mate.

The werewolf's content purr vibrates through Stiles' body, waking up all of Stiles' desire for his mate. Stiles moans softly.

"Der.. My wolf.. Show me how much you love me."

And the next thing Stiles knows, he is drowning in Derek's love as his mate handles him, full of passion and gentleness, like Stiles is the most precious thing Derek has ever possessed and he's afraid he'll break him. Derek's adoration and love wash over Stiles like an oasis in the desert.

"My mate is pregnant..." Derek whispered in awe. His hand moves to carress Stiles' belly gently.

"My pup..." He purred. Stiles' heart bursts in happiness, his instinct is set on fire by his mate’s worshipping attention.

"I love you." Derek whispered to Stiles' ear.

"I love you too.. so much, want to give this to you," Stiles whispered back, eyes tearing up.

"Don't ever leave me," Derek begged him.

"Never," Stiles gasped his promise as Derek thrusts into his waiting body. He kisses his mate with everything he has.

The two lovers bare it all, their feelings are overflowing in the air as they make love passionately deep into the night, expressing their happiness and excitement for the new life that sleeps inside Stiles’ body.

Stiles can't wait until the baby is born, this pup will be so loved.
Stiles blinks his eyes open in the morning, the cold morning air teases his bare skin. He snuggles himself deeper into the warm cocoon of the thick cover and a warm body behind him. He lets out a soft whine and a pair of strong arms tighten their hold around him protectively, pulling him closer to the warm body next to him. One of the hands starts to caress his round belly softly, followed by a low purr whispered into the back of his neck. Stiles hums in pleasure, his hand moves to lay on top of the hand that caresses his belly lovingly.

"Time s'it.~?" He asked sleepily into the cold air, eyes half opened.

"E'ght." The man behind him answered.

Stiles yawns and rubs his eyes, "I have to go to school." He moves to get up, but the arms won't let him. "Derek..?"

"School's ov'r." Derek whispered sleepily.

"I know but I have a meeting." Stiles tries to wiggle his way out.

"Wh' meet'ng..?" Derek turns his mate around and engulfs his mate's body in his embrace instead of letting go.

"Oh my God, Derek, stop it. Prom is this Saturday, and I'm responsible for the decoration. I have to meet my team." Stiles explained to Derek's neck.

"No." Derek said, his eyes blinking open.

"What do you mean—"

Stiles is cut by Derek's lips pressed on his. Stiles moans as their lips dance passionately and Derek slips his tongue in. They are lost in time and each other's touch, before finally Derek breaks the kiss.

"You are not pushing yourself too hard to organize this event." Derek demanded, his eyes flashing Alpha red.

"Der, I'm not. Lydia is the one who pushes herself too hard. I'm just a part of the decor team." Stiles explained.

Derek scowls. "Same thing."

Stiles rolls his eyes and kisses his mate's stubbly jaw. "No, Grumpy, it isn't. I practically just puts the balloons here and there." He stops to think it all through, "well, and maybe set the tables, and decorate the stage... Okay, maybe I'll leave the stage part to my team." He said when Derek glares at him.
"No." Derek said.

"But, Der.. Lydia will kill me if I bail... She trusts me to handle this.." Stiles whined.

"I'll call her right now." Derek moves to reach out for his phone but Stiles stops him.

"Derek, don't be ridiculous, the task is not that hard. Let me do this, I promise I'll take it easy."

Derek narrows his eyes at him, considering his own decision. Stiles uses his best pleading eyes.

"Please.. This is the last event I'd organize with all my friends, I don't wanna miss it."

Derek sighs in defeat. "Fine."

Stiles grins and kisses his mate. "You're the best!" He then talks to his own belly, "you hear that, Baby? Your daddy is the best."

"With a few conditions." Derek suddenly added in. Stiles looks at him suspiciously.

"What conditions..?"

"How long you will torture me with the silent treatment, Stiles? I will do this everyday from now on, you know." Derek complained, as his camaro stops in front of Stiles' school. It turns out, one of Derek's 'conditions' is no driving for Stiles. Derek will drop off and pick up Stiles himself whenever and wherever Stiles needs to go.

"But I miss my jeep!" Stiles finally said in a stubborn way.

"Fine, we can use your jeep next time. I'll drive."

"That's not what I mean." Stiles pouts.

Derek sighs, takes off his own safety belt, and leans over to take off Stiles'.

"You will punish me for taking care of you and our baby..?"

Derek pulls out his kicked puppy expression, putting his warm hand on Stiles' stomach and caressing it softly with his thumb. Stiles blushes, the sweet gestures from Derek are still new to him and somehow feel so intimate every single time.

"Not fair.." Stiles sighs, caving in.

Derek smiles knowingly. He leans down and kisses the baby bump, then he leans back up to kiss Stiles' flushed cheek.

"I love you." Derek whispered to his mate's ear.

Stiles narrows his eyes at his mate. "I know you're using the 'L' word just to make me do exactly what you want."

Derek smirks mischievously and kisses Stiles again, this time on the lips.

"Okay, Smartass, I'll pick you up at two, we have an appointment with Deaton at three. But, call me right away if you finish early. Promise?"
Stiles rolls his eyes. "Yes, Derek, I promise."

He turns to open the car door but stops when he remembers something. "By the way, when do we tell the others?" Stiles asked.

Derek shrugs, "we can have a celebratory dinner tonight if you want, inviting the pack..."

Stiles grins at that, "awesome."

Derek nods yet he continues, "and you know.. Maybe inviting your dad."

Stiles grin falters in revelation, "Oh. My. God. How can I forget about my dad!? Oh God, Derek, how should we tell him!?" He's panicking as he remembers his dad.

"Calm down, I've thought about this. We'll tell him and the pack with clear explanation, after a nice dinner at the nicest restaurant in town. They will be in a good mood, and then we'll pop the good news." Derek said in a very calm tone.

Stiles nods, feeling himself calming down. "Yeah. That sounds like a good idea. Great plan, Der."

Derek shrugs again but his face turns serious.

"Well, of course there's a possibility of your dad shooting me with his gun, since it all happened because I didn't listen to him about protection, but I guess I'm ready for that. As long as he doesn't use wolfsbane bullet and doesn't aim for my dick.. I'm not sure that part will grow back."

Stiles gapes in horror, "Oh my God! Derek, we have to do something just in case! Maybe you should wear bulletproof cup or something like that, I'm sure they sell them somewhere!"

Derek stares at him blankly for a moment before he bursts out laughing, leaning in to kiss his panicked mate.

Stiles pulls away from Derek, "were you just jok—oh my God, I was seriously worried earlier! That's so not funny!" He glares at his mate.

"Your face is…" Derek teased, still chuckling and shaking his head.

"You know what, screw you!"

"In the parking lot, Stiles? Kinky."

Stiles gapes again and hits his mate's shoulder. Then he opens the car door, a pout on his face.

"You're getting none tonight!" He pointed at Derek before getting out of the car and slamming the car door.

"Aw, but Baby, what about your hormones? I thought momma has needs.." Derek asked teasingly through his car's window.

Stiles gives his grinning mate the finger and stomps away from the car, but Derek keeps teasing him.

"You look adorable when you're angry! And your butt looks so edible from here!"

Stiles ignores his mate on purpose and keeps walking.

"Hey, remember our agreement, okay? No lifting, no stairs, no bending, no crouching, no running,
actually just let your team do all the work! Don't eat junk food at lunch, and call me if anything happens! Anything! Stiles!"

Stiles rolls his eyes in exasperation, Derek's rants fade behind him as he enters the school building, grumbling about some 'asshole of a mate'.

Stiles wears a pair of baggy sweat pants, baggy t-shirt, and Derek's old grey hoodie which is too big for him. The point is, he looks stupid but at least he doesn't look pregnant. Derek said it's unnecessary, since even with his usual attire, he doesn't look like he is. But it's a public school, anything can happen and gossip spreads like the plague, so Stiles doesn't want to take the risk.

"I thought you would change after you mated the Alpha, Stilinski. Honestly, you still dress like a dork." Jackson pointed out when they gather in the school's hall, genuine disappointment in his tone.

"Oh just shut up.." Stiles said. Seriously, Jackson is just as rude as his strawberry blonde mate.

"Stiles!" Said strawberry blonde called his name while walking at his direction, Stiles is choosing a mat that matches the table cloth.

"Yeah?"

"Derek has called me six times in the last twenty minutes, asking what I assigned you to. What is with him!?"

Stiles rolls his eyes. 'Somehow, I'm not surprised.'

He just shoots an amused grin at Lydia. "I ignored his phone calls, Lyds. He's just getting antsy."

"Then stop ignoring him, he's getting annoying." Lydia complained.

Stiles chuckles. "Yeah, sorry about that, I'm gonna call him after this."

"Okay. Nice pick, by the way." She said, touching the table cloth. "Oh Stiles, what would I do without you?" Lydia coos at him.

Stiles grins at his packmate. "Absolutely nothing."

Lydia winks at him and goes to inspect the other tasks. Stiles searches for his phone in his baggy pocket, but the phone slips behind his hand and drops to the floor instead.

"Oh, shit." Stiles curses and bends down in impulse to take his phone. Suddenly, a jolt of pain pierces through his stomach.

"Ahaah! Argh! Oh God." Stiles crouches on the floor and holds his baby bump, trying to stand up but not being able to. His stomach is so fucking hurt that tears start pricking in the corner of Stiles' eyes.

"Derek.." He unconsciously called for his mate. But his packmates are the ones who answer.

"Stiles, what happened!? Are you okay?" Scott asked.

"What's happening to him!?" Jackson came next.

"I don't know."
"What should we do?"

"I don't know."

"Derek." Stiles demanded.

"He wants Derek, anybody, call Derek." Scott ordered.

"I will." Stiles heard Allison said.

"Stiles, hold on, Buddy." Scott said.

"I don't get it, he was totally fine five minutes ago!" Is that Lydia panicking?

"Maybe we should bring him to the nurse?" Erica added in.

Stiles shakes his head. "No.. Derek."

"He'll be here in five, Stiles." Allison said. "Derek ordered us to bring him to the the front." She said to the others.

"Okay. Hey, Buddy, you can walk?" Scott asked.

"Let's help him." Danny said. The next thing he knows, he's being lifted by Scott and Danny on each side.

"Stiles, what's going on with you, Man?" Scott asked worriedly as they start walking out of the school’s hall.

"Pregnant." Stiles answered while breathing harshly. Everyone is taken back by his answer.

"What.? Come again?" Danny said.

Stiles rolls his eyes. "Just follow me and Derek later. All of you. To Deaton." He said between painful breaths.

When they finally reach the front yard stairs, Stiles can practically hear the Camaro's tires screeching on the dirt when it stops abruptly. Derek's getting out of the car, not even bother to shut the car door, and running towards where Stiles is.

"Stiles, hey, I'm here." Derek takes Stiles from Scott and Danny's grip, into his own arms.

"Derek.." Stiles breathes in relief to see his mate, instantly leaning into Derek and letting his mate support his weight. Now that Derek is with him, Stiles feels safe. Derek will take care of everything.

"What's wrong? Allison said you collapsed."

"My stomach hurts.." Stiles whimpers in pain.

Derek lifts Stiles up gently into his arms and carries him to the car. The others follow not far behind, not liking to see the Alpha's mate, and their friend, in pain. Scott opens the passenger door and Derek lays Stiles carefully on the passenger seat. He puts on Stiles' safety belt and kisses his mate's forehead.

"Hang in there, Baby, we're going to Deaton."
Stiles just nods weakly and closes his eyes. Derek closes the passenger door and turns to his Betas.

"What happened!? Why is he in pain!"

"I saw him bending down right before he screamed out in pain." Danny said.

Derek closes his eyes and curses. "Shit... I knew I shouldn't let him out of the house.." He grumbled his regret to himself.

"Derek, what is going on with him? He said he's pregnant, he meant it *figuratively*, right!? Or..?" Scott asked in both confusion and worry.

"I can't explain now, Stiles needs to see Deaton. Just get your work done and meet me at the clinic."

With that, Derek moves to the driver side and gets in. The Camaro's engine roaring as it speeds up to the road.

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Derek paces back and forth nervously outside the vet's ward, Stiles has been inside for an hour and Derek hasn't heard a thing yet. Derek was never this terrified in his entire life. The thought of something happened to his mate and his unborn child eats him from inside out.

Suddenly, the ward door bursts open and Deaton appears. Derek goes straight to the vet and starts to question pushingly. "Deaton, what happened to Stiles? Is he alright!? Is the baby alright!?"

"Calm down, Alpha Hale, they're alright. It's the pain I warned you about the other day. I gave him something to kill the pain in an IV, he's sleeping now."

Derek exhales the air that he unconsciously held. "Why was he in so much in pain? I thought you said it would be bearable?" He asked.

Deaton shakes his head. "It should be, with the help of the meds, and so long as he takes it easy and doesn't do extreme body movement. The bending down triggered the sharp pain. His human body is not made for carrying werewolf babies, Derek. Stiles' physique is very vulnerable and fragile now that the baby's growth spurt phase has started. He should have been more careful in his daily activity."

Derek huffs a frustration breath. "I'm aware of that. I just wish he would stop being so stubborn and listen to me when I try to keep him safe.""

Deaton smiles. "I can see that Stiles is very strong-willed. He's a true Alpha's mate, Derek, his passion is unquestionable. Just remind him to be careful."

Derek sighs and nods in determination. "I will. Can I see him now?"

"Yes, of course. I'll get you the prescription for the meds, he needs to consume them daily. And when Stiles wakes up, we can do the ultrasound." With that, Deaton shows Derek to the ward door and leaves.

Derek steps quietly to the bed in the center of the room where Stiles lays. Stiles is snoring softly, IV's attached to his wrist which lays on his round belly. Derek sits at the edge of the bed and takes said hand gently. Derek shakes his head in wonder.

"What should I do with you, Stiles.." He whispered with a tinge of amusement in his tone. He moves his hand to brush his mate's brown hair.
Stiles leans to his touch and blinks his eyes open sleepily, noticing Derek's presence. "Der."

"Hey. Feeling better?" Derek cups Stiles' face tenderly, leaning down and kissing Stiles' lips. Stiles just nods after the kiss and then they just look at each other for a while.

"Is this the part where you throw another fit and lock me in the house until labor?" Stiles started.

"Probably." Derek answered.

"In my defense, I bent down to take my phone off the floor and call you." Stiles said.

Derek rolls his eyes. "Figures. We'll talk about it later, just go back to sleep."

"I'm not tired." Stiles rubs his eyes.

"Really? You want to disobey me right now?"

"But Deaton promised me the ultrasound.." Stiles whined. "Don't you wanna see our baby?"

Stiles sets out his pleading big brown eyes, knowing Derek will give in. And those eyes never disappoint, because Derek once again sighs in defeat.

Ten minutes later, Deaton is squirting ultrasound gel onto Stiles' naked belly. Stiles keeps asking questions to Deaton in excitement, while Derek looks in awe at the process, which actually means he frowns judgingly and watches closely over everything Deaton does. One of his hands brushing Stiles hair and the other slipping through Stiles' fingers.

"Okay, if you see at the screen right here.. Yes, right here, is your baby's head.. And this is the hand.. See that tiny hook? That's the leg.." Deaton's finger moves around the screen, explaining what is what. The ultrasound stick in his other hand moves around Stiles' belly.

Stiles scoffs in awe, happy tears pricking in his eyes as he witnesses how the baby really grows in him. "Oh, Derek.. Look at our baby.. Oh my God, that's our baby."

Stiles looks at Derek, at how his mate not even once looks away from the screen. Adoration and amazement in his green eyes. Stiles never felt so happy before, to share this precious moment with the man that he loves.

Then Derek turns his gaze to him. Stiles smiles brightly at him, vision blurred by tears. Derek's breath is caught in his throat. He then leans forward and kisses Stiles passionately, expressing the words he couldn't find to say.

That's the moment when the ward door bursts open.

"We're here!" Scott yelled.

'Dammit, Scott!' Stiles cursed when Derek abruptly breaks the sweet kiss to look at the door. Stiles glares at Scott, who looks at between him, Derek, Deaton, and the Sonogram screen with his usual confused face.

"Oof!" Isaac and the others are blocked by the stunned Beta.

"Scott, why are you stopping? We wanna get in too!" Isaac complained behind him.

Scott ignores the other Betas and opens his stupid mouth instead.
"Stiles, what did you eat at lunch, Man!? That was freaking huge!"

Stiles rolls his eyes in disbelief.

The scream that the pack girls produce can deafen any dolphin in a mile radius.

"KYAAA-! OH MY GOD! This is so exciting! I'm so happy for both of you!"

The next thing Stiles knows, he's engulfed in a suffocating group hug full of boobs and strands of long hair.

"Excuse me, pregnant human here. Gentle. Gentle. Ow. Ow. Hug Derek. Hug Derek. Okay.." He breathes in relief after being released and laughs softly to see Derek tensed and just nodding awkwardly from being held in a group hug.

"Congratulation, Stiles, I'm really happy for you." Isaac smiles at him, but there's a little bit of sadness in it, Stiles can feel it.

"Hey, thanks, Isaac. Is everything okay..?"

Isaac nods, but he refused to look at Stiles in the eyes. "Yeah, of course."

"Isaac." Stiles pressed.

"Nothing, it's just. Does this mean I'm not.. Never mind, it'll sound stupid anyway." Isaac smiles and leaves to where Derek is.

"Hey, Isaac—"

"DUDE! Oh my God! This is insane!"

He's being cut off by super-excited Scott and the other boys gathering around him. He smiles at the boys, saying 'thanks' and all, but he keeps stealing glimpse at Isaac who shows a smiling face but bows his head down and sighs miserably when he thinks no one looks. He obviously has something disturbing his mind, and Stiles will not rest until he find out what it is.
The Protectiveness

Chapter Notes

Send love to my badass beta, 24Stiles.

John Stilinski glances around his surrounding, he's in the most expensive steak house in town with his son and his future son-in-law. Even a bottle of mineral water is three dollars, and that's just sick. There must be a reason why the couple in front of him invited him to a formal dinner like this.

"Please don't tell me you're involved in terrorism." The Sheriff half-begged.

"What? No!" His son exclaimed.

"Did Derek eat a citizen?" He proposed.

Derek raises his eyebrows like 'really?' but he doesn't give any comment.

"Dad, please." Stiles gives his dad a look.

"You let me order a grilled T-Bone with french fries. You're not being yourself, I'm extremely concerned."

Stiles gapes dramatically like he's truly hurt. "Can we just invite you to a nice dinner for once in a while without you being suspicious upon us!?"

The Sheriff shrugs. "So, no bad news? This is simply a genuine gesture of family quality time?" He asked, doubts still clear in his voice.

"Well, there is some news.. Oh don't look at me like that, Dad, it's a good one. In fact," Stiles looks at Derek and smiles, "we're really happy and excited about this."

The Sheriff breathes in relief. "Thank God. Well, what are you waiting for then? Shoot." They're cut off by the waiter bringing their orders.

"Let's just enjoy our dinner first, Sir." Derek suggested. The sizzling T-Bone smells so good that John can't really disagree.

They take their time enjoying dinner while chatting easily and laughing warmly over Stiles' silly antics. Stiles laughs as he watches his dad make orgasmic voices throughout his meal. Despite the special occasion, he's grateful to be able to spoil his dad once in a while, after everything his dad did for him. Derek looks satisfied as well, God he loves his mate so much for this.

"So Dad, Derek and I have an announcement," Stiles started after the waiter took their empty plates. His dad gratefully looks relax and fulfilled, sitting back and sipping his red wine. It's just like how Derek predicted before.

"I'm listening." The Sheriff said over his wine glass.

Stiles looks at Derek, searching for encouragement. Derek takes his hand and squeezes it to comfort
him. Stiles smiles at his mate and once again looks at his dad.

"Dad, Derek and I are…we're having a baby." Stiles said.

His dad just stares at them without saying anything at first, it makes Stiles quite nervous. But then after few seconds, the Sheriff smiles widely. "Son, that's great! I'm really happy to hear it, you know this old man wants grandchildren!"

Stiles sits back in relief, he can see Derek let out a long breath as well. "Oh Dad, I'm so relieved you're on board with this."

"Are you crazy? Of course I am. So, how you're going to do this? Adoption? Surrogates?" His dad asked excitedly.

Stiles sits back up, Derek tenses beside him. "What? Oh my God, no Dad, what I meant is—Dad, I'm pregnant."

His dad stares for another two seconds before he bursts laughing. Stiles gapes and shares a shocked look with his mate. "Oh, Stiles, stop it, I just ate so much, don't make me laugh my stomach off." His dad wiped the tears of laughter from the corner of his eyes.

"Dad, I'm dead serious!" Stiles said in exasperation. He can't believe his dad thinks he's joking.

The Sheriff is still laughing. "I'm sorry I'm just imagining you with a round belly, it's so hilarious.. Oh God." He holds his stomach, trying to stop himself from laughing.

"Sir, Stiles really has round belly right now." Derek tried, but it just makes the Sheriff crack and laugh even harder. "You two, cut it out, I can't laugh anymore."

Stiles can't find a way to explain to his dad. His dad drinks the last sip of wine from his glass. "Well, Derek, thank you so much for this wonderful dinner, sorry but I gotta go to, you know, Sheriff stuff." Stiles halts his dad from leaving but his dad says he won't be long. He just has to sign some papers and then he'll go home for the football game, even asking Derek to stay over and watch it with him. After he receives a 'yes' from Derek, the Sheriff leaves the restaurant.

"That was nothing like all the scenarios that I prepared for." Derek admitted from where he sits, while Stiles still tries to find words to express his exasperation.

"Oh my God, this is unbelievable." Stiles merely said. Derek huffs and puts his hand on Stiles' stomach, rubbing it softly in a soothing motion, while they think of a solution together.

When the Sheriff comes home few hours later, Stiles and Derek are waiting in the living room, Deaton sitting in front of them. The Sheriff looks surprised to see the vet in the house so late at night.

"May I help you?" John asked.

Stiles cuts in, gesturing to his father to take a seat. "Dad, would you please sit down, we need to explain something."

His dad looks unsure and curious at the same time, but making his way to the empty recliner anyway. After he's seated properly, Stiles takes a folder on the coffee table in front of him and takes out a printed out picture. He gives it to his dad.

"What's this?" His dad asked, looking at the picture.
Stiles gestures the Sonogram's picture. "That is our baby."

His dad look up at Stiles, "you're having a baby now!?"

"That's what we were trying to tell you at dinner, Dad," Stiles explained, "the baby is in me."

The Sheriff stares at the picture and then at Stiles with confusion all over this face. "You're telling me you were not joking earlier?" He raises his eyebrows questioningly.

Stiles shakes his head and clears his throat. "No, we're not. I—uh—I've been carrying Derek's baby for three months now."

His dad stares back down at the ultrasound's picture in silence, which is nerve-wreckingly deafening to Stiles and Derek. "Dad..?"

His dad shakes his head in disbelief. "I—I still can't get the idea."

Derek cuts in. "I understand, Sir. I found it hard to believe at first as well, that's why we brought Deaton with us. He'll explain Stiles' condition to you." He nods at Deaton as a cue to start.

The Sheriff just listens in silence as Deaton takes out documents of Stiles' physique condition and explains it to him. He's obviously trying hard to open his mind with the impossible occurrence that's been shoved to his face. Stiles even pulls his shirt up to show his baby bump.

"I'm having a grandchild.." He said softly in wonder, looking at legitimized document in his hands.

"Yes, Dad, you are." Stiles answered as softly.

The Sheriff turns his gaze to Derek and sighs tiredly. "Derek, I trusted you to prevent this. Stiles is still young and so many things await him in the future."

Derek nods rigidly. Stiles understands that Derek is determined to accept anything that's thrown at him like a man, but he can't resist not to open his mouth to defend his mate. However, Derek squeezes his hand to stop him.

"Sir, I apologize if I disappointed you," Derek started, "and if there's anything I can do to make it up to you and regain your trust, I'll do it.." Derek looks at John in the eye, hoping for the Sheriff to see that he is serious about all the things he says, "..but I can’t say I'm sorry for what Stiles and I have, if that’s what you want to hear, because I will not deny Stiles and our baby. I want them in my life."

Stiles’ breath is caught in his throat; he really wants to jump Derek right now and gives him all the love in the world because 

"Never, Sir." The werewolf promised.

The Sheriff puts the document on the coffee table. "Good. I'm holding you to that, Derek."
To say Derek is a little bit protective toward Stiles is an understatement. After his unfortunate event at school, Derek had a ‘talk’ with Lydia and in result, Stiles is dumped from prom preparation team for the sake of his and the baby's health. And the conversation with his dad is not helping, Derek is getting even more obsessive in proving himself to Stiles’ dad more than he already has.

Derek demands for Stiles to stay at home and 'take it easy'. And Stiles isn't allowed go outside without Derek's presence. Stiles sulks at that, because he doesn't like being on house arrest, it's entirely too boring.

"Isaac!" Stiles called and waved from where he sits on the terrace of a cafe. The curly blond acknowledges him and heads to where he is.

"Hey, what's up?" Isaac asked, sitting down and dragging his chair closer to the table so he can lean on it lazily.

"Nothing, just want some company for lunch. How's prom prep and everybody?" Stiles grins at the Beta. He had sent a text to Isaac to sneak out on lunch break to meet him. He wants to make sure that Isaac is alright, because he feels like Isaac has been avoiding him since that day at the vet clinic.

Isaac just shrugs. "Busy. Aren't you supposed to stay at home?" Isaac raises his eyebrows.

"I'm bored. Lydia fired me, thanks to some overprotective fiancé." Stiles grumbled.

"It's not a big deal, the prom is tomorrow anyway. It's not like you miss a lot." Isaac tried to cheer him up. Stiles smiles at that. "I guess you're right."

"I'm surprised Derek allowed you to go out though, after what happened." Isaac said. Stiles is suddenly awkward, flipping his menu back and forth. Isaac palm-faces in revelation. "He doesn't know you're here, does he?"

Stiles still ignores the question and calls for the waiter instead. He orders some steak and sparkling water. Isaac spares a glare at Stiles, but looking through the menu as well. Isaac orders a burger and coke, and waits for the waiter to leave before he speaks up to Stiles.

"Stiles, are you sure about this? Maybe you should call Derek right now."

"What? No way.."

"But he's gonna flip out if he finds out!"

"Exactly. Let's not work him up over little things, okay? Mr. Grumpy already worries too much, he can have early wrinkles if he keeps that up."

Derek goes to meet the Argents with Peter today, there is some annual hunters conference in town and Derek has to make sure that everything is 'under control', or precisely as Stiles quotes, "my mate is carrying my pup, every possibility of threat is to be demolished".

They decided to tell Chris about this miraculous event, in hope that Chris will help them covering it up from the other hunters. The thought of being the centre of attention, or worse, a subject of experiment makes Stiles shiver. That's why, Stiles doesn't want to interrupt such an important issue just to make his mate drop everything and go to where Stiles is. And knowing Derek, that's exactly what he's going to do. Besides, Stiles promised himself to get home right after meeting with Isaac.

"I'm pretty surprised you were calling me to have lunch together, though.." Isaac suddenly said, shaking Stiles out of his own thought.
Stiles smiles at Isaac, sensing the pup will open up what's troubling his mind soon. "And why is that..?"

Isaac looks down and wiggles his fingers underneath the table. "I kinda expected now that you and Derek are expecting a new baby in the pack, you wouldn't have time for...you know, the older ones."

Stiles stares thoughtfully at the Beta in front of him. *OH.* He can't help but smiling in amusement when he realizes what's going on under that curly blond hair. "Isaac."

Isaac looks up, insecurity in his eyes.

"Don't be ridiculous, on the contrary of what you believe, this is actually the time when I will need my other pups the most." Stiles said seriously.

Isaac shoots his puppy eyes at his pack mom. "You do?"

Stiles scoffs dramatically. "Of course I do. The baby needs older brothers and sisters to teach about all the cool stuff, right? I need everyone to get involved, especially you, Isaac."

"Me?" Tinge of hope is in Isaac's voice.

"Yeah, you're the baby of the pack too, right? You know so well how bullying the older wolfs can be. I need you to teach the newborn baby how to survive the rough brotherhood. I believe only you who can do this."

Isaac beams at Stiles' words and the trust that's laid upon him. "Yeah, Jackson and Scott can be so annoying sometimes.." Isaac admitted with a little bit blush on his face.

Stiles nods, still using a serious tone and expression although honestly he really wants to smile, Isaac is just too adorable. "See my point? I need you. But, you uh... You're okay with it, right? I mean, I don't wanna be a bother—"

"No!" Isaac exclaimed too excitedly, but then he clears his throat to calm himself down, "I mean, don't be silly, Stiles, of course I'll help."

Stiles grins widely. "Fantastic! Oh Baby, come here, let me show you some love..." Stiles makes grabby hands and kissing face toward Isaac.

"Stiles, stop it, everybody is staring at us..." Isaac swats Stiles' wandering hands, trying to look annoyed but failing to hide his smile.

The lunch goes pretty well after that. Whatever issue that Isaac was having, it's gone already. He smiles as genuine as he used to and starts showing his excitement toward the unborn pup. Stiles takes Isaac back to school after their lunch, stopping at a donut shop on the way to buy two dozen for the others.

After that, Stiles goes straight home. He knows Derek wouldn't like it if he knew Stiles was out driving around town on his own, they have agreements. Stiles then realizes though that even small adventure like this already tires him, so he decides to take a nap before Derek comes back.

"Stiles, Derek's here!" Stiles can hear his dad call him from downstairs.

His dad is already used to having Derek staying over the night. Derek is practically his son-in-law, *legally* in few months, and the father of his unborn grandchild.
"I'm coming!" Stiles gets up from his bed and moves to open the door to get out of his room, startled in surprise when he sees Derek's face right in front of him.

"Jeez—you really overkill this supernatural behavior of yours, Der!" He complained.

"Your room is on second floor." Derek looks like he's thinking hard. Stiles stares at his mate like he grows second head. "Yeah, Sherlock, I'm aware of that."

"You should have avoided stairs." Derek frowns in annoyance, like Stiles' house did something so offending to him. Stiles rolls his eyes in amusement at his mate's protectiveness, leaning in to kiss Derek's frown away. He then grabs his mate's hand and drags him in, closing the door behind him.

"How's your day?" Stiles sits down on the middle of his bed, pulling his mate down.

"Exhausting." Derek flops down on his stomach next to Stiles.

"Aww, poor Alpha.." Stiles cooed. "Don't worry, I'll take care of you.." Stiles straddles Derek's hips carefully, minding his baby bump. He starts massaging Derek's tense shoulder and the back of his neck. "So, everything's under control?"

Derek hums in contentment before he answers, "So far. The hunters will be here for the weekend and then they'll be gone."

"You told Chris yet?"

Derek just hums sleepily.

"And..?"

"He understands."

"You threatened him, didn't you?"

Derek yawns. "A bit."

Stiles rolls his eyes. Of course Derek did.

"Did you behave well today?" Derek asked, eyes closing.

'Oh crap.'

Stiles massages the tensed tendon on the side of Derek's neck while thinking of an answer.

"Well it depends on how you define well behaved.."

Derek opens his eyes. Stiles squeals in surprise when Derek turns around, flips Stiles on the bed, gently, and traps the smaller body under his. "I define it as you staying in the house the whole time I was gone and not doing anything behind my back."

Stiles winces under his mate's questioning glare. "Maybe you want to improvise the definition a little bit? No?"

Stiles should have known better and invited Isaac to his house instead. Because starting from now on, every time Derek is not with him, Stiles has two new shadows named Lahey and McCall. And when Derek's with him? Stiles can't even wanders around the house without the Alpha following him.
"Okay, I'm ready." Stiles fixes his red bow tie and straightens his black tuxedo jacket in front of the mirror in his room. Thanks to Lydia's help, the tuxedo pants are recustomed to be more comfortable for his baby bump.

Stiles is satisfied with how neat he looks, until two strong arms sneaks in from behind and wraps around his torso tightly, ruining the straightened suit.

"Derek..." Stiles whined.

"You look so fucking hot." Derek whispered, dropping kisses on Stiles' temple and cheek. "I really want to blow you in this suit right now, make you come so hard and so wet..." He nips Stiles' ear seductively.

"Oh my God." Stiles groaned. "Derek, NO. We have to go."

Derek is wearing black shirt and fitted grey suit. He didn't shave his morning stubble and combed his hair backward. To Stiles, his mate looks like sex on a stick, and Stiles honestly wants to play with that stick so bad as well, but he can't, not if he wants to attend his prom.

But obviously Derek doesn't care about the prom, because he grips Stiles' face to the side and starts attacking Stiles' lips. Stiles moans into Derek's open mouth as his mate pushes his tongue in. Derek then lifts Stiles and carries him to the bed.

Stiles breaks the kiss. "Oh God, Derek, stop! Put me down!"

Derek puts Stiles down on the bed and starts to undo Stiles' pants.

"Der, what are you doing? We're already dressed—" Stiles sits up to look at his mate. Oh great, there goes his pants. And underpants. Curse Derek and his freaking talented hands.

"Don't worry, Honey, I'll make sure I don't leave any stench." Derek teased, grinning mischievously. "I will swallow every, single, drop." With that, he takes Stiles hungrily in his mouth.

"HOLY—" Stiles' body jolts back in exploding pleasure.

Stiles whines and cries out his complain, but Derek keeps going and going, stretching Stiles' legs wide open and sucking Stiles like a popsicle, until Stiles loses his common sense and can only writhe wildly under his mate's blinding lust.

An hour later, Stiles finally steps his foot in the school's hall. His face and neck are still flushed from the early 'action'. Derek follows on his tail with a smug expression on his stupid face. In the end, the bastard didn't just blow him, he went all the way.

The photographer stops them and asks them to pose. Derek wraps an arm around Stiles' waist in instant, pulling the human to his chest.

"Your blushing cheeks will look adorable in pictures. See? I was doing you a favor." He whispered teasingly to Stiles' ear.

"Oh just shut up, you furry pervert." Stiles whispered back while he was smiling to the camera. Stiles can hear Derek laugh softly to his hair as the camera starts shooting.
Stiles can feel eyes staring at them as Derek holds his hand and leads him through the crowd. It really makes him want to tease these people. He pulls Derek back and kisses his mate sweetly.

"What was that for?" Derek is taken back, but seems content with it anyway.

"For being such a gentleman on my prom night." Stiles smiled. He leans in and kisses Derek again, moaning when Derek kisses back excitedly. He mentally snickers when he hears gasping voices behind them.

'Hell yeah! Stiles Stilinski brings a Hot Stuff to prom! Stiles Stilinski scores big time! Stiles Sti—'

'Bilinski!'

Stiles breaks away from his mate's bruising lips, turning his head to see Coach Finstock standing not far behind him. "Uhh yes, Coach?"

"No making out in the building! For God's sake, get a room."

Stiles clears his throat awkwardly, cheeks blushing furiously. "Yes, Coach. Sorry, Coach." Stiles practically drags Derek away from the scene.

'Bilinski?' Derek looks at Stiles teasingly.

"Don't even start," Stiles glared threateningly.

Derek smiles in amusement.

They find the pack gathered at one big round table. Stiles greets them merrily, they all look very nice. The boys look gorgeous and the girls look flawless. Stiles chooses to ignore all the wolves' judging gaze at him, obviously they realize why Stiles was late.

'Seriously?' Erica raises her eyebrows at Derek, Derek only shrugs slyly. The Alpha herds his pregnant mate to one of the two empty chairs. After Stiles sits properly, Derek goes to fetch him a drink and some food.

The evening flies by and Stiles is having a good time. Some of his lacrosse buddies come by his table to greet him and the other boys. He enjoys the food, cherishes the happy faces of his friends, and his soul mate sits closely next to him. Finally, for one day everything is smooth in Stiles Stilinski's life.

The music beats through the hall as the DJ of the night starts his mixed jam. The dance floor is full of his schoolmates dancing with the groove. Not long after, his packmates join to the dancefloor.

"Derek, let's dance," Stiles clinged to his mate.

Derek scoffs, "No way."

"Aww, come on, it'll be fun.." Stiles pleaded, but Derek didn't budge.

"This isn't really my jam," Derek said.

Stiles pouts his lips. "Fine, but at least let me join the others."

Derek sighs, "You may go but please be careful, okay? Stay where I can see you."

Stiles rolls his eye fondly, "Yes, Der," Stiles kisses Derek on the cheek and grins, "if you change your mind, you know where I'll be," Stiles then stands up and makes his way into the dancing mass.
He wraps his arms around his belly, protecting it from other people's movement.

He finds his pack mates dancing and laughing in the middle of the dance floor, he bumps them in the hips and grins widely. The others grin back happily at him and gather around him right away, blocking the other people from their pregnant Alpha's mate. Stiles moves his limbs crazily without so much thinking, letting the music take the lead. He shows Elvis moves, Mr. Roboto moves, Fisherman moves, and other moves that he can't really name.

He must dance like a pro because the others start giving him a weird look. But then, he is surprised when he hears Derek laugh right from behind him. Stiles smiles brightly and he jumps into Derek's arms, "You're here!"

Derek shoots an amused look, "You dance like a drunken octopus, I can't help getting involved before you hurt yourself."

Stiles gapes in pretense hurt, "Rude! I shake the dance floor up!"

Derek just laughs and shakes his head.

"How dare—don't laugh at me! You don't even dance!" Stiles exclaimed.

Derek still grins and he raises one of his eyebrows teasingly, "Who says I don't?"

Stiles scoffs, "Oh I'm sorry, but I don't see you moving a muscle."

Derek leans into Stiles ears, "Let's see about that. The DJ will play my song soon," He whispered.

Stiles looks into Derek's eyes in wonder. "You requested a song?"

"Alright! People, are you having fun!?" The DJ suddenly shouted from the mic, Stiles pays attention at him as the people cheer loudly. "Woohoo! Alright, next song, I got a special request here from Big Bad Wolf for his Sexy Little Red. Ladies and Gentlement, this is Savage Garden with Truly Madly Deeply..."

Warm sensation creeps through Stiles' face as he listens to the intro of the romantic love song. Derek requested it for him. He doesn't know what to say. "I.. You.. I mean—"

Derek grins playfully at his mate's surprised face, offering his hand, "Dance with me?"

People around him start picking their dance partner. Stiles gulps nervously, his hand shakes a little as it reaches Derek's in answer.

Sometimes Stiles needs a time to mentally slap himself on the face and reminds him that the gorgeous man in front of him is his mate. Because somehow, his heart still beats like crazy in moment like this.

"Hey, relax." Derek takes Stiles hands and puts them on his shoulders. He grips Stiles hips and pulls him closer, pressing their body together. Derek then wraps his arms around Stiles' waist protectively.

"Calm down and enjoy this with me," Derek nudges Stiles' cheek softly with his nose, sighing in content. Stiles leans into the touch and wraps his arms around Derek's neck, closing his eyes as he breathes in Derek's scent. Their bodies sway slowly in sync.

"You really surprised me, that's all," Stiles whispered to Derek's ears, the skin of Derek's cheek is warm pressed on his. He can hear Derek laugh softly, his breathe tickles Stiles' skin.

"Just trying to catch up with you," Derek whispered. Stiles just smiles at that. He hides his face in
Derek's neck and lets Derek's warmth embraces him like a protection blanket. He knows there are other people around them but it feels like there are just the two of them in Stiles' reality.

To have Derek hold him like this, with their unborn baby safe and sound between them, Stiles feels a comforting warmth in his chest. He sighs in content andtightens his hold on his mate.

"Oh Derek, you make me so happy," He whispered to Derek's neck. Derek doesn't answer, but he turns his head and buries his lips in Stiles' hair. Stiles pulls back a bit to look at his mate's green eyes. The gaze tells him everything that Derek doesn't say. Stiles can feel Derek's love toward him radiating so strong from the intense eyes.

When he notices that Derek's head leans closer to him, Stiles closes his eyes and he leans in to meet his mate, letting Derek's lips take what's forever his.

They share sweet kisses as they sways slowly around the dance floor. And Stiles feels like swooning every time Derek swirls him around the dance floor. And if Coach Finstock dared to interrupt the blissful moment, 'Bilinski' would be extremely pissed. Because this is the best night of his life, so far.

Stiles has to swallow his disappointment when Derek has to leave so early in the next morning after one unforgettable night. Stiles didn't even get to seduce his mate last night like he secretly planned, because Stiles was out cold the second his head touched the pillow. The pregnancy drains his energy faster.

Even though it's Sunday, Derek has to inspect the final day of the annual hunters conference at the Argents. This afternoon, all the outside hunters should leave Beacon Hills.

Stiles is so reluctant to let his mate out of his bed that early, telling him to ask Allison to report in instead. But Derek insists he's the one who's powerful enough to make sure the each and every one of the hunters leave town, leaving no room for any hunter to argue and try to stay.

Stiles admits he doesn't like the hunters' presence in their territory, moreover, some of them disagree with how the Argents and Hale's pack share treaty of peace. Some of them think every werewolf is the same, that is a monster to kill.

So, Stiles lets Derek leave after one steamy have-a-nice-day kiss and a promise of a make-up date. Not long after, sleepy Scott and Isaac burst through his door and flop sloppily onto his bed, grumbling about cruel Alpha who woke them at inhumanly hour to do mate-sitting and snoring in a record time.

It only takes an hour of video games and comic books after breakfast before Stiles gets bored. And when Stiles is bored, ideas pop in his mind. That's why a couple of hours later, he drags Isaac and Scott into his jeep and drive off. Derek left without having breakfast, so Stiles will deliver a special home-made brunch filled with love and dedication of a true mate. He made extra too for Peter.

After some heavy consideration, which is to lessen the possibility of his mate's wrath, he lets Scott drive his jeep. Scott and Isaac, however, don't think Derek will be pleased. It's not that Stiles' gesture isn't nice, but it's due to the unsafe situation.

"Dude, I love you, but if Derek kills me, I'll haunt your closet and wreck your DC comic collection." Scott expressed his disagreement.

Stiles rolls his eyes. "You're exaggerating."

Isaac, who sits on the backseat, shakes his head. "Stiles, you don't understand, our job is to make
sure you don't do anything stupid. And this is stupid."

Stiles gapes exasperatedly. "Is it wrong to take care of my mate's health?"

"Well yeah if you do it in a hunter's house. Which is now full of guest hunters. Who hate werewolves. While you're carrying a werewolf baby." Scott said while giving Stiles a look.

"Does it mean you don't want to see Allison?" Stiles raises his eyebrows at Scott. Scott's expression changes immediately. When Isaac sees it, he grabs Scott's shoulder from behind. "No! Bro, be strong! Don't give in!"

But Scott was already lost at the word 'Allison'. Stiles sits back and smirks in satisfaction, Scott is so easy. Mention Allison and he'll wave his fluffy tail on you like a good puppy.

Chris Argent is the one who opens the front door when they arrive. Chris doesn't look surprised to see Scott and Isaac, but he looks surprised to see Stiles. "I expected Derek would be more protective of his pregnant mate."

Stiles rolls his eyes. "Believe me, he is. This is a surprise." Stiles grins, gesturing the basket in his hand. Chris looks at the two Betas, Scott beams and keeps peaking over Chris' shoulder while Isaac just shrugs in defeat. He lets them in and leads them to the living room. They asks them to wait, the final meeting is being held in the dining room and Derek is inside.

Allison enters the living room not long after, Scott perks up like Christmas light and moves to take the her in his arms. They chat while they wait for Derek to come out.

In half an hour, Stiles starts to get restless and complain why they have to wait for so long. His shoulders drop when Allison says they probably have to wait until the meeting is over.

Stiles tells Allison, or begs precisely, that he just needs five minutes to hand over the basket to Derek. He shoots his sad big bambi eyes at Allison and says that Derek didn't eat breakfast yet and is probably very hungry right now. Allison sighs with an understanding smile on her face.

"Fine, but we can't interrupt the meeting. All we can do is peeking inside the dining room and hope that Derek will notice and leave the room to see us." She finally said. Stiles takes what he can get and follow Allison. They stop behind the wall next to the archway to the dining room and listen to bits of conversation inside.

"There's a new female alpha in Philadelphia, she made three male betas so far." One hunter said.

"Is she threatening?" Another asked.

"Not really, the males wanted the bite." The first one said, but doubt is in his voice. "Should we be concerned?"

"If she's well controlled and helps us protect the town, leave her alone." Stiles heard Chris suggested.

'I agree with that.' Stiles mentally agreed.

"What is this? Some werewolf preservation? Kill them, you schmuck." One hunter said.

Stiles gapes in disbelief at his opinion, he looks at Allison. Allison smiles sadly and whispers, "That's Irvin Steel. He's been trying to upset Derek and Peter since the beginning."

In curiosity, Stiles peeks silently to see the hunter. From the way he looks, he's a mid forty. The man
is well built, has tan skin, and black messy hair with some strains of grey hair. He looks like older version of Rambo. He's arguing with Chris who thinks that as long as the female alpha doesn't do any harm to the citizens, they have no reason to demolish her.

"When werewolves bite, you kill them, or they'll spread like disgusting plague. Like those two dirty mutts lurking in the corner," he gestured at Derek and Peter, "just let me put wolfs bane bullets in their hearts."

Stiles grits his teeth. He can feel the two betas tense behind him.

"I already explained the condition to you, we have agreements." Chris pressed.

"What? Your little girl messing around with one of his abominations?" Steel mocked. Scott snarls murderously from behind the wall, Allison hushes him and calms him down.

Chris' eyes turn cold, "Watch it, Steel."

Steel just laughs tauntingly, some of them join him. They really piss Stiles off.

"So, Alpha Hale, I heard Miss Argent burned your family to ashes. I was so thrilled when the words reached my ears." Steel said.

Okay, scratch that, Stiles officially hates the guy.

"Why, Hale, I push the wrong button? I still wonder how loud their scream was until now."

"Steel, cut it out." Chris warned him.

Stiles peeks again to search his mate. He finds him and Peter stand on the corner of the room. Peter's expression is deadly cold. Derek doesn't move, but his face is all tensed and his palms fist so tightly. Stiles can feel it, his mate is hurt by the hunter's words.

"What, you're angry, Hale? You're free to show it. Come on, show us who you really are. Cold heartless beast." He taunted Derek.

Stiles turns to the others and hisses, "Why don't Derek and Peter talk back!?"

"They know the hunters did it on purpose, my dad told them before the conference that some of the hunters would probably try to bait them to attack. They search for even the slightest excuse to kill Derek and Peter, one of them is self-defense. The treaty allows that." Allison explained in whispers.

"Dammit!" Stiles clenched his jaw.

"And the fresh rumor is you have found your mate. Well, that's just ridiculous, I don't believe in mates. And, you know why..?" Steel stands up and steps closer to Derek, "because monsters like you can't love, more importantly, you don't deserve love. The only thing you deserve is annihilation. So, why don't you just die, Wolf? Just like your cursed family—" He's cut off by an arm spinning him around and a fist collided with his jaw.

"Why don't YOU just die!?" Stiles spits angrily at the hunter's face. His arms being held by Scott and Isaac who try to pull him away from the hunter.

"What the..." Steel moves forward to hit Stiles back, just to be blocked by wolfed out Derek growling at him. "DON'T TOUCH HIM!"
Derek shoved him roughly away from Stiles, sending the hunter collided with the wall behind him. The other hunters stand abruptly and aim their guns at Derek in warning. The Betas wolf out and growl, ready to fight. They make a circle around Stiles who still glares murderously at Steel.

Steel stands straighter and rubs his bruised jaw. "It's him, isn't it? He's the Alpha's Mate… A human? Wow, when I thought the Alpha couldn't be more messed up."

Stiles pulls out his Desert Eagle from his back so fast that no one has predicted what he would do and shoots the hunter on the arm. Steel shouts in pain and falls to the floor.

"Argh! You crazy bastard!" He holds his bleeding arm and grunts on the cold tiles.

The other teenagers and the hunters, including Chris, stare at Stiles in shock. Derek turns his head and glares at his mate in disbelief. Peter looks like he wants to laugh so badly, but is trying to keep stoic.

Stiles just shrugs like he didn’t just shoot a person, his expression is cold and innocent.

"What? He pissed me off."

If anybody thinks the protectiveness just goes one way from Derek to him, they are bloody wrong.
Send love to my badass beta, 24Stiles.

Teen Wolf is not mine, therefore, I'm not to be blamed for the characters (but I take the blame for using them to hurt you all). SMILE :D

Months ago, Stiles was getting famous in the werewolves world by the rumor of an unclaimed beautiful human with intelligence and bravery, that made many werewolves consider him as potential mate. But Stiles chose Derek, always has and always will. Eventually, the werewolves leave Stiles alone.

Now, Stiles is getting famous again. In hunters world. Awesome, welcome to the story of Stiles Stilinski's life. Stiles misses his plankton size of fame, when nobody but his closest friends and family know who he is.

It's been two weeks since the hunters, including the one Stiles shot, left Beacon Hills. Phones keeps ringing in the Argent's house. Hunters from all around the world call Chris and demand confirmation, about a rumor of an Alpha's human mate that has guts to shoot Irvin Steel, the "Iron Fist".

Chris has to explain that the human did it on protective instinct. Steel insulted the human's mate, who happens to be the Alpha of the pack.

Back on the day when Stiles shot the hunter, Chris calmed the other hunters down and wrapped up the meeting immediately. Steel was the first one to leave, holding his still bleeding arm and while he walked to the front door. Stiles didn't miss the murderous eyes the hunter shot toward him in silence though. Stiles glared back, of course.

What? Wanna piece of me? Here, let me shoot the other arm! He mentally said as he snarled at the hunter.

Derek was not happy with Stiles' actions, obviously. He practically sulked while chewing the sandwiches Stiles made for him grudgingly later that day. They sat on the Camaro's hood on the road outside Hale's woods. Isaac and Scott were sent away, bringing Stiles' jeep with them.

Stiles sighed, looking at his mate. "I don't understand why you're angry, I just wanted to save your pride."

"My pride is not worth your safety!" Derek scolded, his eyes flashing red. Stiles just rolled his eyes. He sits closer and runs his fingers through Derek's ebony hair.

"Can you blame me? I love you. I won't back down when people hurt you, physically or emotionally," Stiles tried to console his mate's anger by diverting the subject, "Do you like the sandwiches? You shouldn't have skipped breakfast, I need my mate strong and healthy," Stiles smiled and clinged close to Derek, waiting for the man to cave in.
Derek huffed and turned his gaze to Stiles, still scowling. Stiles grinned at the werewolf and gave him a sweet peck on the lips. Derek just locked his eyes on the loving gaze of the brown orbs for a while, before the Alpha finally sighed in defeat, "It's good, but you shouldn't have brought them to me. I’d have managed 'til lunch."

Stiles opens a bottle of mineral water and hands it to Derek, "Well that's too bad, I happen to take really good care of my man," He grinned.

"Blegh. What is this?" Stiles winces at the glass of weird green liquid on the kitchen counter. His dad blended something while he was busy cooking breakfast.

"This is some special smoothie, drink it." His dad shoves it to his hand.

Stiles turns the glass around and inspects the juice. "But it's...green-ish."

"And it smells awful." Derek added in, and Stiles instantly agrees after he smells into the glass.

"I know it smells terrible and probably doesn't look tasty, but it's actually good for you and your baby." His dad explained.

Derek's ears perk up. "It is?"

"Derek." Stiles warned.

"Yeah, I made that for Stiles' mom when she carried Stiles. She said the juice was probably the reason Stiles was this active and quirky. He was born very healthy and cried so loudly too." The Sheriff laughed from the happy memory.

Stiles gapes at the embarrassing tell-tale. "Dad! Too much information!"

"Do you mind sharing the recipe with me?" Derek asked.

"Derek! No, don't even think about it." Stiles disapproved, but the other two men just keep talking to each other.

"Of course. Stiles and the baby need these nutrients, I'm telling you. I suggest you don't tell Stiles though, some of them are not from fruits and vegetables." The Sheriff explained.

Stiles practically gags. "Dad! Just no! I'm not drinking that!"

"Yes, you are," Derek decided just like that, "and don't worry, Sir, I will make sure Stiles drink this everyday."

"Oh my God! Seriously, I can't even—with the two of you!" Stiles exclaimed. He winces at the glass with ultimate disgust.

Fifteen minutes later, Stiles is brushing his teeth in the second floor bathroom again. The taste of the smoothie won't leave his mouth. Stiles is pretty sure there was a sea creature in that blend. Why can't they just make him drink the supplement milk for pregnant moms like normal people?

His dad left after breakfast, as usual, leaving Stiles and his fiance alone at the house. At times like this, they usually just snuggle on the couch and watch TV. Mostly, they invite the pack to join them. And when they're bored, they will go out together to have lunch or barbeque at the Hale house’s backyard.
Stiles is laying on the couch, giggling as Derek peppers him with tickling kisses from behind, the TV is on but merely ignored. Derek's hands sneaking under Stiles' t-shirt to rub Stiles' baby bump. He purrs softly to the nape of Stiles' neck.

"How much longer?" He asked.

Stiles turns his head to smile lovingly at his mate. "Six weeks. Getting impatient, aren't we?"

Derek hums in agreement and engulfs his pregnant mate in his embrace. Stiles suddenly groans in pain.

"Stiles, what's wrong?" Derek asked, immediately on alert.

"It's okay, just a cramp." Stiles said, taking steady breaths and trying to relax. "Damn, our kid is a kicker." He chuckles into Derek's stubbly jaw.

Derek sighs in relief, kissing the curve of Stiles' neck and inhaling there. Stiles smiles, his hand roaming to where Derek's hand is on the top of his baby bump, and holding it. "You're such a worry-wart."

Derek just keeps silent for a while, he seems distracted, tinting his head to the side. "I can hear it." Derek mumbles in awe.

"Huh?"

"Our baby's heartbeat, I can hear it." The Alpha repeated.

Stiles abruptly turns around to face his mate. "You can!?" Stiles' face brightens up in excitement. "How is it!? Tell me!"

Stiles sits back up so Derek can lay down on his lower body. Derek lifts Stiles' t-shirt and presses his ear to Stiles' belly button. "It's strong, and steady. Thump-thump-thump, it goes like that." There's adoration in Derek's voice.

"Oh, Derek," Stiles' hands curls around Derek's head, hugging his mate close.

"Oh!" Derek suddenly pulled back in surprise.

Stiles looks at his mate and smiles brightly, he knows what happened. He felt it. The baby was kicking, and Derek has felt it too.

The werewolf spread his palm wide on Stiles' belly just to feel the baby is kicking again, amazement in his now flashing red eyes. Derek purrs lovingly to Stiles' baby bump and drops small kisses on it. "My pup. MINE."

Stiles laughs softly, tears of happiness pricking in his eyes. He leans down and kisses Derek's hair, his lips linger as he inhales his mate' alluring scent.

Suddenly, Derek's phone rings. Both of them groan hatefully at the blipping gadget, but let go of each other eventually. Stiles knows instantly it's from Derek's company as he hears the conversation going. When the phone call is over, Derek groans again.

"What's wrong?" Stiles asked.

Derek lays his back on the couch beside his mate. "A problem with the supplier. There's plague spreading on their cows, they won't be able to provide our demand of fresh milk for the next two
months. The company has already picked some options of a substitute supplier, they want my opinion and need me to sign some papers." Derek explained the company's current issue.

Stiles nods in understanding. "Oh, okay. You need to go there now?"

Derek seems hesitate. "They want me to, but I don't want to leave you alone."

Stiles chuckles. "What are you talking about? The others will be here soon, you can go."

"Are you sure?" Derek asked, he's obviously reluctant to leave Stiles.

"Absolutely. I decided that our kid will only eat organic food and wear designer clothes in the future, so you have to make sure you don't go bankrupt." Stiles grinned.

Derek smirks at that. "Smartass." He leans down to kiss Stiles' belly again, caressing it gently. "Watch over your papa for me, okay Kiddo?"

"Hey!" Stiles smacked Derek's arm. "I'm the old man here!"

"Oh really? Sometimes it's hard to tell." Derek teased, making Stiles gape and pout. Derek chuckles and kisses Stiles' pouting lips. The kiss deepens as Stiles wraps his arms around Derek's neck.

"I'll try my best to be back by noon, please don't shoot anyone while I'm gone." Derek said after he broke the kiss, smiling playfully.

"Ha-ha, very funny. It was just one time—"

"Two times." Derek corrected.

"Fine, two times. But with good cause!" Stiles reasoned stubbornly.

Derek sighs, he kisses Stiles' forehead. "I won't receive any bad news on the way, right?"

"Not a word." Stiles promised.

Derek looks at him judgingly, Stiles knows he's being lie-detected. Well, he was not lying. Stiles' is actually becoming aware that he's not as energetic as he used to be. The pregnancy has been starting to take a toll on him, Stiles now has to take a nap daily or he might pass out in exhaustion in the middle of the day.

After proving himself that Stiles was being honest, Derek squeezes Stiles' hand and kisses his mate again. "I love you. Take it easy, okay? Just let the pups help with the housework." He whispered between kisses, before reluctantly getting up from the couch.

"Mmm love you too. Be safe, come back to me soon." Stiles mumbled back blissfully, letting go of Derek's hand and watching Derek smile at him and make his way out of Stilinski residence.

"And don't skip lunch!" Stiles reminded him, stopping Derek at the door. Derek just rolls his eyes in amusement and closes the door gently. Stiles lays back on the couch, smiling like an idiot as he replays the earlier lovey-dovey moment in his head.

As time passes, his packmates arrive one by one. Jackson puts The Avengers in the DVD player as Stiles serves the brunch on the coffee table with Peter's help. The old man is really good at cooking. Stiles looks around his living room and does the head-count.

"Where's Isaac?" He asked, realizing everyone is there except his baby.
"He couldn't come." Scott said, getting up from the couch to reach the sandwiches.

Stiles raises his eyebrows, Isaac didn't inform him about not coming. Isaac always came. "Why?"
The girls giggle like they know something that Stiles doesn't. "He got a date." Allison said.
Stiles stares at Allison blankly. Isaac definitely didn't inform him about that. "What date?"

"Well, there's this guy..." Erica started.

What?

"WHAT GUY!!" Stiles cut in with panicked tone, demanding answers.

Danny taps his shoulder. "Dude, chill out, Isaac is a big boy. They met online."

My baby. On a date. With some unknown guy. Who he met online.

"How the hell can I chill out!?" His baby is so pure and innocent. He can't remember seeing him date anyone since first year of high school. "This stranger could have been a bad guy who kidnaps oblivious teenagers and rapes them!"

Peter rolls his eyes. "You overanalyze the matter. Dating is just another teenager's thing, just like partying...or becoming a werewolf." Peter said the last part so softly that only the other werewolves can hear him and snicker.

Meanwhile, Stiles is already in protective pack mom mode. "Jackson, turn off the DVD. We're going out. Lydia, am I appropriately dressed to intimidate?"

Lydia looks up from her fashion magazine and spares him a glimpse.

"Take off the floral apron and you're good to go."

Stiles is hiding behind a building about thirty yards from the small pub where Isaac and his-guy-stranger-met-online-date are meeting. The small pub looks gloomy from outside, and placed in a quiet alley in the suburb, obviously the dating guys want some private meeting place.

But seriously, though, out of all places in Beacon Hills, they chose this sad place? There's nobody even walking through the alley. Of course there isn't, who would come to a pub at this hour!? It's not even mid-day yet!

Thankfully, Stiles turned on Isaac's GPS, so he can track the pup. Otherwise, Stiles isn't even sure if the other werewolves can find the curly haired boy. Stiles' head keeps peeking from the wall, the girls' heads under him, curious too.

Isaac and his date sit next to the window that faces the alley, thankfully. Stiles can see through the pub's dirty windows, Isaac is smiling and laughing over what the other guy said. Isaac's date is not even that cute, he just happens to have shiny mop of hair, high cheekbones, and dimples when he smiles. Okay, fine, Isaac's date is not that bad on the eyes, but he could still be a criminal!

The other boys stand behind them and keep whining.

"Hey, let's just go back, this is ridiculous." Boyd started.

"Yeah. And embarrassing too, what if Isaac caught us?" Scott added.
"This is actually a privacy violation." Danny pointed out.

"Can we at least wait in the pub?" Jackson demanded. The others look at the blond like he just suggested the stupidest idea.

Stiles turns around to face his male pups. "Shush! Just wait patiently, or no casseroles for lunch." Stiles threatened. The pups shut their mouth instantly, because Stiles' casseroles is just that good.

Peter just sighs from the distance, deciding not to get involved in this immature spying game. He's just there to make sure his nephew's pregnant mate doesn't hurt himself in the process. Stiles' belly is getting bigger and the baby is growing werewolf strong, Peter is convinced Stiles will be exhausted soon enough. The quirky teenager has been active and restless for too long.

Stiles fidgets on his feet, his back is getting sore from bowing while he's peeking to the cafe. But he's not quitting yet, he wants to know what Isaac and the other guy are doing. Stiles gapes when he sees the guy lean over the table and kiss Isaac. In public, in broad daylight. This guy is so dead.

"Aww they're adorable!" Allison squealed.

Erica hums in disappointment. "I hope they step up the game a little bit. Come on! Use the tongue, Lahey, man up!"

"Erica!" Stiles scolded.

"I hope they make a sextape that we can steal." Lydia said, making the other girls giggle.

Stiles gapes in horror. "You know what, I'm gonna walk in and talk to them."

Stiles just makes a step when Danny halts him. "Whoa, hold on, Stiles. I don't think butting in is very nice to do."

"But I need to know who the guy is!" Stiles insisted.

"And embarrass Isaac in the process? He would never forgive you." Danny said.

"Yeah, Man, that's not cool." Scott agreed.

"But—I mean, he didn't even tell me!" And Stiles has right to know, at least he thinks so. Derek has taken Isaac under his wings as Isaac's guardian, and that makes Stiles Isaac's guardian too.

Isaac is strong outside, but very delicate inside. He's the type of Beta that asks for a glass of warm milk and a snuggle after a rough day of killing a rogue Omega. And like Derek, Isaac once had insecurity that he's not lovable enough just as much as he had trust issue, due to broken home environment. It makes Stiles want to resurrect Mr. Lahey just to throw him a fit.

That's why Isaac has soft spot in Stiles' heart, he wakes up every instinct of an Alpha's mate in Stiles to protect him. Maybe it's instinct too, but Isaac comes to Stiles for attention and comfort and the Beta is not shy about it, even though the other Betas are not that intense and tease him about it sometimes. But Stiles is always there to accept him with open arms.

"Peter is right, the guy is probably just a fling for fun, you know." Jackson suggested.

"Or, maybe Isaac is the fling! Oh my God!" Stiles is getting restless.

Jackson rolls his eyes. "Okay. One, Isaac is eighteen, he can have fun and he has no obligation to tell us. Two, Isaac is a werewolf, he can take care of himself. Three, if you ruin his date, I can picture
him sulking and not talking to you for a week. Four, you're pregnant, you're in no condition to manhandle a very well-built guy over there. Five, no, you're not using your gun to threaten someone's date, that just steps over the line of 'crazy'. Six, no, we're not helping you, because this is stupid in the first place. Seven, if he's Isaac's mate, Isaac will tell us, otherwise, back to point number one."

"What is point number one again..?" Scott asked. Now everybody roll their eyes.

When Stiles sighs sadly, Allison smiles in understanding. "You can still ask Isaac about his personal stuff later, you know.. But if we interrupt his date just like you planned, we can hurt Isaac's manly pride, don't you think..?"

Just because Allison is such kind-hearted Disney princess, Stiles will retreat. "Fine.. I'll talk to him later.. Now let's just go home."

The boys cheer up and lead the girls back to the cars parked few blocks away. Stiles walks behind, Peter is beside him like his personal bodyguard.

Stiles suddenly has nagging feeling on the nape of his neck. He stops and look around and behind him.

"What's wrong?" Peter asked.

"I feel like we're being watched. Or am I just paranoid?" Stiles said.

Peter looks around him, trying to catch what Stiles senses. "Don't ignore it, you're an Alpha's mate. When Derek bonded you, you gained soft ability like this. Now tell me, which way do you get the disturbing sense from?"

Stiles looks around him again, until he stops his gaze at the back of an empty six-level building about a hundred yards from him. Its windows are all broken, exposing the building’s dark space inside. He locks his gaze at one of the fifth floor windows, the nape of his neck shivers.

"You see the closed building with broken wall lamp on the sides of its back door on the other end of the alley?" He described the abandoned building without pointing it out. When Peter nods, Stiles gulps. "Fifth floor. The second window from the right."

Peter nods again. "Okay. Scott! Boyd! Jackson!" He called the other male werewolves. The werewolves probably hear the urgent tone in Peter's voice, because in under five seconds, they are standing in front of them. The others seem to hear the commotion because they gather up closer to them as well.

"What's up?" Scott asked.

"There's a possibility that we're being watched. Stiles senses there's someone watching us from the abandoned building behind me, the one with broken wall lamp on the sides of its back door."

Scott nodded, his attitude changes from loose teenager to Second-In-Command Beta. "I agree. Okay, Peter, you come with me. The others get back to Stiles' house. Danny, take Stiles' jeep. Peter and I will run. Our priority is Stiles' safety, he must not be in danger in any possible way." Scott instructed.

"Hey! I can defend myself!" Stiles argued.

"Shut up, come back and say that when you don't have baby in your belly." Scott said. Stiles pouts
because he doesn't have any good come-back to beat that.

"Jackson, Boyd, Erica, stay alert with all your senses. Inform the others if you catch on anything."

The three Betas nod.

"Allison, shoot anything that threatens the group."

"Got it, Babe."

"All of you must not leave Stiles alone and defenseless."

When all of them nod in understanding, Scott nods back in approval. "Okay. Go. Now." Scott ordered.

Allison hook her arm around Stiles' right away and starts to direct him to where the cars' are parked. Stiles is ready to move along but he remembers. "Wait! Isaac. We have to get him first!" Stiles pressed, turning around to walk to the pub.

"No!" Peter, who just started to lurk away with Scott, turns around and blocks Stiles' way to stop him. "Stiles, please stay with the pack. Just call Isaac to meet us here."

"Let me." Boyd offered, pulling out his phone out of his jean's pocket.

Stiles taps his foot impatiently while he listens to Boyd informing Isaac of what happened and winces when he hears distant sound of Isaac's obviously exasperated rant from the phone after Boyd explained why they were around in the first place.

"He'll be here soon, he's saying bye to his date. And Stiles," Boyd paused, "your darling little Isaac is really pissed."

Stiles rolls his eyes. "S'Alright, I'll deal with his tantrum later. I just need that curly brat close to me right now, safe and sound. Did you ask him to hurry?" Stiles asked, and Boyd nods once.

Stiles is a smart guy, he's the conspirator in the pack, so he knows when he's being fooled by one. And right now, he truly completely realizes there's something really off with this situation. The sudden urgent call from Derek's office that forced Derek to leave town. Isaac's meeting with his God-knows-who new guy on the same day in such rural area. Stiles' unexplainable sense of being watched from the building which wow-such-coincidentally happens to stand on said area. Stiles' instinct to bundle up his pups and leave is honestly screaming right now.

Suddenly his phone rings. He pulls it out and when he sees the caller ID, he answers it immediately.

"Derek?"

"Stiles, where are you? You better have good explanation why I got back just to be greeted with an empty house."

"What? Wait, you're back already?"

He can hear Derek sighs. "You promise you won't laugh? Someone pranked me and pretended to be my CEO's secretary. The real secretary claimed she didn't call me at all, and the cows are assuringly in good shape. Dammit, I hate phone calls, I can't catch on people's bullshit."

Oh shit.
"Stiles, you didn't answer my question! Where are you!?!"

Stiles’ heart beats too loudly in his own ears to hear what Derek actually says. The other werewolves tense in confusion, obviously overhearing the whole conversation and insecure from Stiles' reaction.

"Stiles!" He heard Isaac's voice calling his name from afar. "What the hell!?" Isaac stands with his hands on his hips, face frowning.

Stiles drops his call immediately, Derek's voice calling his name repeatedly is cut abruptly. He raises his hand and gestures at Isaac to come closer to him. "Isaac! Isaac, please get over here right now. Please." Stiles begged desperately.

"I can't believe you spied on me, Stiles! If you can't even trust me to handle one date on my own, how will you trust me with a newborn pup!?" Isaac fumed, but stomping his way to Stiles anyway.

Stiles is pushing Peter's body that's preventing him to go where Isaac is, but the well-built werewolf is persistent in not letting Stiles out of the werewolves fort. "I know, Pup, I'm so sorry. I swear I was gonna leave you alone earlier but—dammit Isaac, please just get here faster before—"

His words are cut out by a sickening whoosh sound ripping through flesh. The next thing Stiles knows, Isaac’s body falls limply into the ground. In that moment, the silence of piercing shock falls upon every member of the pack. The alley is so quiet that Stiles can hear his own heart stops beating for a second before it's shredded into million tears. He's the first one to react.

"NO!!! NOOO!!!" Stiles screamed hysterically, flailing his limbs to get out of Peter's now freezed hold to run to Isaac as fast as he can with his pregnancy state. “ISAAC!!!”

Stiles' heart-wrenching scream snaps the others out of their shock. All the werewolves growl and run to enter the building, their bodies shaking in anger with claws and teeth threatening to emerge. Danny runs as fast as he can to get the car. Allison and Lydia run to where Stiles is, sitting on the cold dirt and holding unconscious Isaac desperately on his lap.

"Isaac.. Isaac, please.." Stiles pleaded, tears falling from his scrunched eyes to Isaac's blond curls. He cups Isaac's cheek and taps it, begging for the pup to wake up. Isaac's head hangs limply in his hand, unresponsive. Stiles' stomach hurts from all the movement he did and his sitting position, but right now he can't even feel the twisting pain, overlapped by the stabbing pain in his chest from seeing blood dripping from the corner of Isaac's mouth.

Allison gets her phone and starts to make phone calls. Lydia tries to loosen Stiles' grip on Isaac.

"NO!" Stiles protested, tightening his hold on Isaac instead, tears flooding his eyes and staining his face. Stiles buries his face on Isaac's neck and cradles him back and forth while he sobs.

"Please.. Isaac, p-please.. Please." Stiles whispered brokenly, but his the Beta is not waking up. Blood and black ooze flow into Stiles’ hand that’s gripping Isaac’s back, seeping into Stiles’ shirt sending chills down his spine. The source of the generous amount of the red and black liquid is a small hole through Isaac's chest, right on the spot of where Isaac's heart is.
Yes, I can.
The Shoulder You Lean On

Chapter Notes

Send love to my badass beta, 24Stiles.

I learned from last chapter that damn people LOVE Isaac and were being really 'expressive' for what I did to him. Okay, okay, I'm sorry!!! lol I have awesome readers.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Derek bursts through the vet clinic's door in a rush, head turning right and left. The waiting chairs are empty, but he sees Danny sitting on the floor in front of ICU's door.

"Danny!" He called, stepping hurriedly to the human.

Danny looks at him and stands up immediately. "Oh thank God. Derek."

"Isaac..?" Derek asked with overwhelming fear in his voice. Allison called and informed him of what had happened. As Allison's words ran through his brain, Derek feels like both wanting to curl into a ball and ripping out someone's throat. Some bastard hurt his pup and he wasn't even there. Some Alpha he is. Fuck.

"Deaton's got him, Melissa's here to help. We don't know yet." Danny said miserably.

Derek rubs his face tiredly, he still could not believe that all this had happened. Everything was just perfect this morning for him and Stiles.

Stiles.

Derek's eyes widens as his mind sets on his pregnant mate. He looks around the waiting room again, searching for his mate in sudden panic.

Danny grips his shoulder. "Derek, calm down, Stiles' safe. He's in Deaton's office. Allison and Lydia are staying with him."

Derek doesn't wait any longer, he runs to Deaton’s office to see his mate. As he focuses his senses to his mate's presence, he can hear Stiles' soft sobs and weak heartbeat.

"Stiles!" He called frantically, bursting through the office door. He then sees Stiles laying down on the long couch, his eyes are closed but not peacefully. Allison who rubs his foot and Lydia who holds his hand, turn their heads as they hears Derek's panic voice. They get up and step away immediately to give their Alpha space. Derek kneels beside Stiles and grip his mate's hand.

"Stiles.." He called, cupping his mate's cheek. Stiles is unconscious, but still sobbing softly. Stiles' face is wet with tears and his clothes are stained in dry blood and black goo.

"He passed out from exhaustion, I guess his body couldn't handle the shock." Allison explained. Worry grows instantly in Derek, he takes his car keys from the pocket of his jeans and tosses them to Allison.
"I have clean clothes in the trunk, bring them here." He instructed, Allison nods and leaves the room.

Derek gently wraps his arms around Stiles' shoulder and sits Stiles up. When Stiles whimpers, Derek hushes softly and holds him close. "Ssshh.. Hey, it's alright, I'm here." He whispered to Stiles' ear.

Stiles half opens his eyes. "D'rek.." He called weakly. "Is'c.. Is'c.." He sobbed.

"I know, I know. Everything will be alright, I promise. Come on." With the help of Lydia, Derek strips Stiles clothes off very gently. When Allison is back with his clean henley and sweat pants, Derek helps putting them on his mate.

"I w'nna see Is'c." Stiles whimpered in his half asleep state.

"Not now.. Isaac's in good hands, he will be alright. You just rest a little bit, okay?" Derek honestly doesn't even know who he's trying to convince, Stiles or himself. Isaac just has to be okay, Derek won't have it any other way.

Derek kisses Stiles' temple and lays Stiles down very carefully. Allison hands him a blanket, she must have found the supply room. Derek sets Stiles in a cocoon with it. Stiles' breathing is calming down, exhaustion pulling him into deep sleep again. Derek caresses his mate's belly, checking on their baby. The baby's heartbeat is still strong and steady, even stronger that Stiles' itself. Derek sighs in relief and leans in to kiss the baby bump.

"Be strong for your papa, okay kiddo?" He whispered. His lips quirk up slightly in pride when he feels a very soft kick on his palm. Derek kisses Stiles' forehead and stands up on his feet. "Stay with him." He said to Allison and Lydia, who just nod and take Derek's place.

Derek gets out of Deaton's office and pulls out his phone. His thumbs pressed the buttons so hard, there's a cracking sound comes from the keypad. He clenches his jaw as he waits the call to connect.

"Scott, please tell me you got the bastard who did this." He hissed at the phone.

"Derek, I think it's a hunter. You gotta look at their equipment, Man. What shot Isaac was not even human, it was a gun controlled by some computer or some crap like that." Scott answered.

Derek growls. "So you're telling me there wasn't even a trail there!?"

"No, someone was here to set it up, the scents were still notable, but they were long gone when we burst in. We found a camera attached on the window seal, they've been watching us from afar."

"Fuck." Derek cursed under his breath. "How many?"

"I smelled two humans and one werewolf."

"There's a trespasser in my territory!?" Derek roared, eyes flashing Alpha red.

"Yes, Derek, apparently so."

"Memorize the scent, Scott, all of them." He ordered.

"We all already did. You probably want to come down here and pick up the scent too?" Scott asked.

The thought of hunting and killing those sons of bitches right here right now is very tempting, Derek can feel his inner wolf growl in anger. But more nagging instinct bothers him, his fear for his pup's condition. Derek takes a deep breath to control his wolf down and leans his back to the wall. "Soon after I hear about Isaac."
"Derek, is he alright..?" Scott cut in, worry is thick in his voice.

Derek pinches the bridge of his nose. "We don't know yet, Deaton and your mom still have him."

He hears Scott huffs in frustration. "Okay. Okay, what do you want us to do now?"

Derek straightens up, regaining his composure. "Send Erica to Deaton, just in case they come here. You divide into two teams, each go to different side of the town. I want thorough trail searching, you hear me, Scott? I don't care how, we're gonna find these bastard and I'm gonna tear them apart." He hissed. For once, Scott doesn't argue with him.

"Derek." Danny called, gesturing to Deaton coming out of the ICU. Derek cuts his conversation with Scott and hangs up the phone, rushing to the vet. Deaton looks tired and the view doesn't help to boost Derek's positivity at all.

"Deaton, how is he? Is he—" Derek couldn't even think of the possibility.

"He's surviving."

Derek exhales a breath that he unconsciously held.

"But there’s a complication." Deaton added.

Derek freezes. "What..?"

"The shot was this close to his heart, thankfully it missed. But Isaac won't heal, it's wolfsbane, so the problem is.."

"The bullet." Derek breathed his revelation.

Deaton confirms with a nod. "The bullet. You have to find the exact same bullet, Derek, I don't know the exact species of wolfsbane that they use. I need it to make the antidote." The vet explained.

"How long do we have?" Danny asked.

Deaton shakes his head. "We're lucky, the shot was clean through. The amount of the wolfsbane is not enough to stop his heart. Even without the antidote, Isaac won't die. He just won't get better."

"So, if we don't find the same bullet.." Danny trailed.

"Isaac won't wake up." Danny finished for him.

Derek takes a deep breath to clear his mind. He has to arrange some plan to find those hunters and retrieve the bullets immediately.

"D'rek.."

Derek abruptly turns around to the source of the weak voice just to see Stiles walking his way with the help of Allison and Lydia. The girls just look at their Alpha helplessly, like they don't know what else to do. Obviously, Stiles was too stubborn to just lay down.

Derek rushes to his mate. "Stiles, what are you doing? You should be resting.." Derek takes Stiles from the girls, supporting him with his own two arms.

Stiles shakes his head and leans into Derek's embrace, letting his mate hold his tired body. "Derek, I couldn't pr'tect him.. I failed him." Stiles sobbed, tears falling from his scrunched eyes.
"Stiles, hey, hey, listen to me." Derek cups his mate's cheeks with his palms and locks their eyes. "It's not your fault, you hear me? It's not your fault."

Tears keep streaming down Stiles' face. "But I was right there. And he was so close to me. I-I should've—"

Derek shakes his head. "No, Baby, stop. Whoever did this, they already planned everything. There's nothing you could've done. Let it go, we will figure this out, okay?" Derek pulls Stiles back in and wraps his arms around him.

Stiles buries his face to the older man's neck. "I can't lose him, Derek."

"You won't. Isaac won't die, the wolfsbane is not strong enough to stop his heart."

"He's 'kay..?" Stiles asked, the vulnerability in his voice breaks Derek's heart.

"Yes, he's just in a deep sleep. All I need to do is looking for the same bullet to identify the wolfsbane. And I will do anything in my power to achieve that. Do you trust me?" Derek asked, pulling away and wiping the tears on his mate's cheeks with his thumbs. Stiles nods, letting his mate's words calm him down.

"Good. Now I want you to lay down and rest. Al, Lyd—" Derek's cut by Stiles' squirming and shaking his head.

"No, I wanna see Isaac." Stiles demanded, trying to break free from Derek's arms around his waist. Derek can understand Stiles' instinct to be close to his injured pup, but Stiles doesn't even have the energy to stand on his own two feet right now.

"Not now, Isaac's resting, and you should too. You can see him after you wake up, alright? Deaton." Derek called the vet. Deaton is ready to check on the Alpha's mate, but Stiles is reluctant to be helped. He stubbornly insists to see Isaac.

"No.." Stiles trashed weakly, resisting Deaton's touch.

"Stiles, stop." Derek tightens his arms around his mate to stop his movement. "Hey, don't be like this, you have to look after yourself too."

"Derek, please, let me see Isaac first. Please." Stiles begged with his wet pleading eyes.

"But—" Derek stares right at those eyes and he knows he's losing, so he just sighs in defeat. "Fine, but promise me you'll get some sleep after seeing him." Derek pressed. After he gets Stiles' "promise", Derek nods at Deaton to let them get into the ICU.

Melissa smiles at them in sympathy when they come in. Isaac really looks like he's just sleeping. There's a big patch on his chest and one on his back. Two IVs are attached to his wrist, one contains nutrients to keep him going and the other contains blood to restore what was lost. But that's it. He's still breathing on his own and his heartbeat is just as strong as usual.

Derek guides Stiles to reach the spot next to the bed where Isaac lays on. Stiles reaches for Isaac's wrist and holds it like a lifeline. Derek hugs his mate from behind, supporting him who can barely stand without swaying. Stiles leans back to Derek's chest and sighs in misery, his eyes set on Isaac's angelic face. Derek nudges Stiles' temple with his forehead to comfort him.

"He's strong, he'll get through this. All Isaac needs is that antidote and he'll be good as new." Derek whispered his reassurance.
Stiles runs his fingers through Isaac's curls. "Still, I can't stand seeing him like this.." He whispered brokenly, single tear running on his pale cheek.

"I know.." Derek presses his lips on the side of Stiles' head and tightens his arms around the sad human. "I know. I hate to see him like this too."

Erica arrives not long after, reporting to Derek where the others go. She, Danny, Allison, and Lydia then join the Alpha pair, gathering around the bed where Isaac lays. The Betas just stare at their injured pack mate sadly, Derek can hear Erica whimper softly.

Everybody in the pack knows that even though Isaac was not the last bitten wolf, he is indeed the 'baby' of the pack. It's an unexplainable occurrence, even Derek is not sure why it's like that. Maybe it's the hierarchy where wolves settles their ranks in the pack. Or maybe it's not related with that at all, maybe they're just protective toward Isaac because Isaac is that kind of innocent kid who bad people seem to set eyes on. No one in the pack actually cares about the reason, it just feels that way and everyone just goes with it.

Stiles refused to leave the room, he ended up falling asleep sitting on a chair beside Isaac's bed with his head on Isaac's side. His hand still grips Isaac's wrist tightly. Derek had predicted this, so with the help of Danny, he moves the couch to the ICU.

Derek gently pries off Stiles' grip on Isaac's hand and carefully lifts his pregnant mate. Deaton and Melissa are waiting by the end of the couch, ready to examine the pregnant teenager's condition. Stiles protests in his sleep when Derek moves him from Isaac’s side.

Derek whispers soothingly as he lays his sleeping mate in a more comfortable position on the couch. "Calm down.. I'm not making you leave, Isaac is right there. You can still see him from here. I just want you to lay down."

Like hearing Derek's words, Stiles' breathing is calming down and turning into soft snores. Derek breathes in relief.

"Please make sure he's alright, Deaton." Derek said to the vet.

"I understand, Alpha Hale, your mate is in good hands." The vet promised.

Derek covers Stiles with the blanket properly and lays his hand on Stiles' belly. Derek looks at Isaac, at four Betas who gather around their injured pack mate looking like kicked puppies, and then back at the face of his sleeping mate.

"I'll set things right, Stiles." Derek said in determination. "I'll be back soon." He kisses Stiles' forehead before standing up. Deaton and Melissa take over his place to check on Stiles right away.

"Stiles is not going anywhere alone and he's not to leave this building. No one but pack comes near Isaac." Derek instructed to his Betas as he walks to the door. After he sees his Betas nod at him, Derek walks out through the door and growls. Somebody messed with his family, and he will find out who.

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Chris Argent is busy crouching in his backyard when he hears someone growling his name from behind.

"Chris!"

He turns around on impulse. He hasn’t even stood up fully, before Derek grabs the collar of his shirt
"Buddy of yours shoot my pup!"

"Derek, what the hell!?" He batted Derek's hand from him. "Get off me! What is your problem!?"

"Give me names!" Derek growled. Peter and Boyd stand aside few yards away.

"What names!?"

"They were here." Boyd confirmed.

Derek growls at that and roars at Chris. "The hunters that entered my territory!" Derek's eyes flashing alpha red.

"Nephew, calm down, this isn't helping our investigation." Peter said, stepping closer. Derek is still tensed and breathing heavily, but retracting his claws and fangs away.

"You met the hunters? When?" Chris asked in genuine curiosity.

"Oh, so you know that there are new hunters coming into town." Peter stated.

Chris scoffs, feeling insulted. "Of course I do, I'm not ignorant."

"And you didn't care to tell me!?" Derek growled.

"Why should I bother, I kicked them out of town the second I caught them!" Chris spat back.

Derek is suddenly frozen on his spot like something in him snapped. "They have gone..?" He asked shakily. Boyd fails to hold back his whimper.

Peter grips Derek's shoulder, offering strength. "Derek, we're not sure yet."

Chris cuts in. "Well, I am. My men brought in two hunters and a tied werewolf to my house this morning, reporting to me about trespassers making a commotion in the woods. After I taught those rude hunters the manners of hunting in other's people ground, I drove them out of the borderline myself." He notices the distressed expression on all the werewolves in front of him, something had happened. "What is this all about? I thought you'd be relieved to hear they were gone."

Derek pinches the bridge of his nose and rubs it as he grunts, like he suffers a really bad headache right now. Peter seems to understand and takes over the conversation.

"Isaac was shot by a wolfsbane bullet three hours ago. We smelled two hunters and a werewolf from the crime scene and now we can smell their scents here. Your rude hunters are the same hunters that shot Isaac."

"That Lahey kid? The one with the puppy eyes?" For a brief moment, there's sympathy in the hunter's eyes. "But they were long gone before he was shot, are you sure they were the shooter?"

Peter explained to Chris everything that they found in the abandoned building. "Our best hypothesis was that they had mapped out everything, coming in town to set their game into action and getting themselves 'kicked out' before it's started. We didn't catch the werewolf's scent before, and we should have if the werewolf wandered around for days. Maybe the hunters brought him with them all along for alibi." Peter added.

Chris frowns from the information and shakes his head. "Well, damn. I didn't see that one coming."
Peter sighs. "We know, your confusion gave that away. But we need to find the bullet to heal Isaac, therefore, we need to find them."

"Wait, the kid survived?" Chris asked.

Derek growls at the hunter. "What do you mean by that!?"

Chris raises his hands and gesture Derek to calm down at the same time Peter grips his nephew's shoulder to hold him back. "That's not what I meant. I was just trying to say that it's odd. Hunters as sophisticated as what you just told me, I met some before. And trust me, if they want to kill someone—or something—Derek, they won't leave room for mistakes."

"They want something from us." Peter said, everything clicks in his mind.

Chris nods. "Yes, that's how I'd play it out too. They made you need something from them, so they can propose an exchange."

"But what would it be..?" Peter wondered.

"They'd let you know, you wouldn't be able to find them. I know this game, they'd be the one to contact you." Chris said.

Derek huffs a breath in frustration. "You're probably right but I won't stop trying. Is there anything else you could tell us?" The Alpha asked.

"Their names are Brian Fold and Kirk Helsen, but in this case, I'm not sure those are real names. Do you need physical description?" Chris offered.

"Their scent is enough for us. But it'll help if you can inform Allison about that." Derek answered.

"I will." Chris said. Derek nods once and then turns to leave, but Chris calls him again.

"Derek, I'm sorry for what happened. Even in our bad days in the past, he always seemed like a good kid." He genuinely said.

Derek doesn't answer, the young Alpha only stares hardly at the ground before taking off, Boyd following on his tail.

"Don't mind him, he's just upset his pup's hurt." Peter said to him.

Chris just nods. "I understand. If the pack needs any help or information, just come."

"Oh? I can come?" Peter asked with a smirk.

"For help or information." Chris pressed clearly.

"Delightful offer, I might use it in the future." Peter flashed a foxy smile.

Chris mentally rolls his eyes, this one particular werewolf in Hale pack is really annoying. This one should have just stayed dead.

"Anyway, there's something really nagging me since I first stepped on your lawn, I just have to ask is that tomatoes behind you..?" Peter grinned playfully, peeking over Chris to see the freshly planted stick of vines on the ground.

Chris' shoulders tense, heat creeping to his face. "I believe our conversation is done here. Leave my
property." He said with a cold stare.

Peter's grins wider. "Chris Argent, were you in the middle of gardening when we came here..?"

"I said leave my property, your Alpha is not even here anymore." Chris takes his gun from the back of his pants in warning.

"Okay! Relax.." Peter raises his hands up, offering peace while stepping back. "Cute hobby, by the way." He commented in a teasing tone.

Peter is gone the second Chris' bullet reaches the ground where the werewolf's shoes were.

As the evening goes down, Derek has to swallow the taste of defeat in his mouth when his searching party doesn't find any trail of the hunters in town anymore. Just like what Chris said, they already left.

"We will go see Isaac." Scott said softly when they get into the clinic. Derek just nods silently, everybody but him disappears through the ICU door with Scott.

Derek goes for the chairs in the hallway and plants himself on one of them. He can't bring himself to face Stiles. What should he tell his mate? Another failure? Another excuse? How can he tell his worried mate that his pup has to wait to wake up another day because his useless Alpha was successfully outsmarted?

He rests his head on the wall behind him and closes his eyes. He tries to think of another plan to do next, but all he gets in his head is a wave of fatigue. Time passes as he sits there in silence and alone, beating himself up for his crappy job as a leader and a protector.

"Derek?"

He already knows who called his name even without opening his eyes, but he does it anyway and turns his head to the voice. "Hey, how have you been?"

Stiles takes a seat beside him, leaning with his side on the back of the chair so he can face Derek. The color of his beautiful face is back, he looks better than the pale features that Derek left to sleep this afternoon.

"Stronger. After a nap and Scott's mom shoving food into my face."

Derek chuckles softly. "I should thank her for that."

Stiles' hand moves to the side of his head and scratches it tenderly. "You okay?"

Derek sighs and nods slightly. "M'kay."

Stiles' idle hand sneaks around his abs, Derek rests his hand on top of it, absorbing as much comfort as he can.

"My dad brought food. The others are eating, you want some?" Stiles asked.

Derek can't help smiling at his mate's concern, the pack 'mom' is back in charge. "Later. I have to go back out there."

A frown forms on the human's forehead. "Where to..? It's late."
"The hunters left Beacon Hills."

"Yeah, Scott already told me."

"Chris said they’re likely to contact us."

"Actually, I’m thinking the same as Chris."

"Yeah well, I'm not going to just sit and wait. I'm gonna follow their trail out of town." Derek decided.

Stiles shakes his head. "Not tonight. It's been a long day, Derek, everyone need to rest."

"I know, send them home. I'll go alone on this one."

Stiles narrows his eyes at him. "When I say everyone, that includes you."

No matter how hard Derek argues, Stiles won't let him out of the door. His pregnant mate practically drags him to sit down in the clinic's kitchen and eat the chinese take out that the Sheriff had brought.

"I miss the sobbing mess I took care of earlier today." Derek complained half-heartedly.

Stiles smiles lovingly at him and kisses his cheek. "Yeah well, every rabid dog has its rainy days." He shoves a pile of food in a carton to Derek. "Now chop-chop! I'm gonna check on everyone and that better be half-finished when I get back!" The human mate threatened with a finger pointing at the pile of food before disappearing to the other room.

Stiles sends everyone home. Their pups try to reason to stay the night, but Stiles takes none of it. In the end, only the two of them stay with Isaac. The others leave with a promise of coming back first thing in the morning.

The expected call comes the next morning. Derek is sleeping on the couch with his mate pressed to his chest when Stiles' phone rings. Yes, not his, Stiles'. Derek doesn't like where this is going.

Stiles puts it on loudspeaker, answering the phone with his usual smart and snarky comebacks. They don't recognize the voice of the man that makes the call, but the man claims his boss knows them. The phone call is short but the message is clear. The hunters indeed agree to do a barter for the bullets. The problem is, they want something that Derek will never give.

They want Stiles.

The hunters want the Alpha of Beacon Hills to hand over his pregnant mate.

Chapter End Notes

Hmm, I wonder what Stiles would do...
"No." Derek said instantly when Stiles looked at the werewolf from where they sit on the couch, understanding what his human mate silently asked.

The hunters and Stiles agreed to do the exchange tonight. The hunters gave the name of the town for them to meet, and it's two towns away from Beacon Hills. They will give him the exact coordinate of their location thirty minutes before the transaction, Stiles must be already in town by then. The other pack members who are permitted to accompany him for the exchange are the humans, all the werewolves who dare to come along will be shot on sight.

Stiles scoffs because this is ridiculous, did Derek miss the whole phone conversation? "Derek, let's be reasonable. This is not the time to argue. Isaac needs the bullet. I need to go out there." He stressed his points.

Derek rolls his eyes, which Stiles affiliates as a default reaction every time the man thinks that he says something remarkably stupid. "I am being reasonable. We will save Isaac, that's for sure. But we will find other way to get that bullet, the one that's not including you in it." Derek explained.

Stiles sways his arms in exasperation, wondering if Derek really thinks things through. "Yeah? And what will that be? Go all wolfed out and attack? Cross our fingers that they don't shoot you first?"

Derek frowns for a while before he nods. "Sounds good enough for me."

Stiles' mouth falls open, the corner of his eyes twitching in annoyance two seconds before limbs flailing again in frustrated manner. "Are you serious right now!? Because that's the dumbest plan I've ever heard! Thank God you have me because I—"

"Stiles! I said no!" The Alpha snapped. Stiles gapes in shock and then closes his mouth, looking away from Derek and pouting angrily in silence. Derek sighs warily and gets up to kneel in front of Stiles, settling his palms over the pregnant teenager's hips.

"Will you please listen to me? I've had enough of you putting yourself in danger. You're carrying our child, if you think I will let you be in the same room with them, you must be out of your mind." He said in a more gentle yet still firm tone.

Stiles shakes his head stubbornly, still avoiding Derek's gaze. "But you heard him! If you storm in, they will shoot you on sight!"

Derek lifts a finger under Stiles' chin and gently tilts Stiles' face to him. Stiles gives in half-heartedly and looks at his mate's face, just to see playful green eyes greeting him. "And since when do threats like that make me back down..?" The werewolf smirks teasingly to cheer up his pregnant mate, only to receive even more intense disbelief glare from said teenager.
"And that almost killed you how many times, hmm!?" Stiles pointed out and when Derek opens his mouth to answer, Stiles already cutting him off. "Exactly. Every freaking time! So why don't I just meet those hunters, see what this fuss is all about, and talk everything out, okay?"

Okay, maybe things won't be as simple as he said, considering their shitty luck, but everything in his mind sound better than Derek's stupid plan right now. "I can do this! If you don't want me to go alone, fine, I'll bring Allison, Lydia, and Danny. They will underestimate us, they won't see what's coming! I just don't want you and our werewolves to go out there just to get yourself killed!"

Stiles feels tension building in his nerves at the thought of the hunters shooting the pack. It doesn't help that he knows the number one priority in to-kill-list in a hunt.

The Alpha of the pack.

Annihilate the leader first to array the subordinates.

It means, if he lets Derek have his way, there will be bullets in Derek's heart tonight.

Or Derek's head.

And Stiles will have to carry on without him, raising their kid and take care of the pack without the man who ironically holds the key to said happiness.

Stiles doesn't know what happens between his twisting thought and his sight blurring, but Derek is suddenly back on the couch pulling him onto his lap and hushing softly at him. "Hey, Stiles, breathe. Calm down."

Oh great, anxiety attack. Really great, Stiles, now Derek would never be convinced that he's physically capable of doing anything.

"What are you stressing about, everything will work out just fine." Derek said.

Well, Derek doesn't know that, because it won't, okay? It won't for Stiles if Derek ends up mutilated by hunters. And due to how their luck works, the probability of that happening is almost definite.

"Hey, what did I just tell you about breathing? Stiles?"

Well, not so easy to do when you keep reminding the pregnant mate about your suicidal plan, Derek!

Derek's strong arms wrap protectively around him, pulling Stiles into the warmth of his embrace. Stiles automatically buries his face deeper into the man's neck and takes deep breath for few times, taking in Derek's calming scent greedily which does amazing things to Stiles' nervous systems.

"That's it. Good." Stiles can feel Derek's breath of relief on his hair. "Dammit, Stiles. You shouldn't be this worked up, it's not good for the pregnancy." Derek warned him, absently rubbing the spot where his thumbs settle on Stiles' hips soothingly.

"I just really don't want you—" Stiles tried again helplessly after he's a bit more composed, voice thick in emotion muffled by the material of Derek's henley. He can't let Derek go on this one. "I really have a plan, Derek, just let me do it." He begged.

Derek cups his distressed mate's cheek and brings Stiles' face to see him. "I know you're more than capable to outsmart those hunters, there's no single doubt in me about that," he kisses Stiles' forehead and meets the teenager's gaze again, "but you can still get hurt in the process and I won't take that risk for anything."
Derek spreads his palm wide on Stiles' swollen belly, feeling the movement of their baby. "I can't let anything happen to either of you. It's decided, you won't go to meet the hunters, I will." He said, determination in his voice.

Stiles doesn't answer, not knowing what else to say to make his overprotective mate change his mind. He just lays his head back on Derek's shoulder and his palm over the man's warm hand that caresses his baby bump lovingly, holding it tight. His restless brain works in silence trying to figure out what to do.

Stiles tries to make Derek wait until after lunch before the Alpha and the pack's werewolves leave for their mission, the mission that Stiles has determined to abort. In order to do that, he has to postpone their departure, saying that he wants to feed them lunch first. When Derek insists that they can eat on the way, Stiles shoots his best watery pleading eyes and pouting lips. It only takes five seconds for Derek to finally sigh in defeat and give in, because that's how much the man spoils his mate.

Stiles asks the pack's humans to go to the nearest diner with him to buy some food, while the wolves stay near Isaac and share the pack bond's healing mojo, not that it'll heal the wound but probably it's more of a pack's show of comforting each other. Hopefully, Isaac will be up and around tonight, when this mess is all over.

Derek doesn't show any suspicion, instead, the worry-wart shows his approval openly that Stiles is finally self-aware not to go anywhere alone. He kisses Stiles with a pleased smile and tells him to come back soon, which Stiles responds by grinning and pulling his two thumbs up.

Unknown to the man, Stiles uses the opportunity to tell the pack's humans about his plan and ask for their assistance.

Danny is a bit pessimistic about it. Even though he understands that Derek's plan is even more suicidal than Stiles', a part of him agrees with the Alpha that this is too dangerous for Stiles right now. But in the end, he caves in. He says he knows that Stiles will proceed with or without him anyway so he might as well just come along with it and help.

Danny is a smart guy. He knows his Alpha's mate very well.

Allison is easier to convince, she takes the hunters' threat very seriously. All Stiles has to do is bring Scott's possible death to the table and she's in, even though the sweet girl keeps asking if Stiles is really sure that the plan will leave him unharmed.

That's when Lydia comes into the picture, because she is a very terrifying partner in crime. When Stiles tells her what he plans to do, she simply says that Stiles is an idiot. And then she points out all the misses in the plan. Stiles is pretty confident about every details now.

"Tell me why did I agree to do this again?" Danny said as he parked the car on the clinic driveway.

"Hush! Lower your voice, they'll hear us!" Stiles hissed next to him. "And you all agree to this because we all know if Derek and the others go out there, they'll be hunted like it's open season."

"I get it. It's just, the thought of how angry Derek will be may or may not make me pee myself." Danny whispered.

Stiles rolls his eyes. "Don't worry, I'll handle DaddyWolf when this is over. Just follow my lead, okay?" He pats Danny's shoulder and turns around in his seat. "Lydia, you done?"
“Yup.” Lydia said from the backseat, where she and Allison pour some sedatives into all the soda cups they bought for the pack. It's a special kind, one of rest-in-peace Mr.Harris’ legacies.

Well, it's in the creepy guy's surprisingly badass chemical journal and when the teacher was reported missing, no officer bothered to take his teaching materials as evidence and the stuff just sat there in the boxes in corner of the teachers' room. So after SAT week, socially-aware Stiles helped the school cleaning up the room voluntarily and resourceful Danny helped Stiles remake some useful stuff.

Back to the sedatives, it doesn't produce any scent and it's tasteless. So, the werewolves won't realize that they are being drugged. Hopefully, it will knock them out and give the humans enough time to wrap up the rest of the mission.

"Okay, let's go." They get out of the car and proceed the plan.

When Derek sees him come back, the man smiles in adoration, pulls Stiles into his arms, and drops butterfly kisses on Stiles' face while asking what food he brings for them. Derek is being sickeningly sweet. It almost makes Stiles feel bad for what's coming. Almost.

An hour later, Stiles has six werewolves laying on the couch and the floor. Derek's eyebrows frown extremely looking like they want to throttle somebody. Earlier the horror of revelation sparked in Derek's green eyes followed by accusing flash of red shot at Stiles' way three seconds before the Alpha hit the floor unconscious.

Danny stares down at the scene of Stiles crouching carefully to fix a blanket over the sleeping volcano who no doubt will erupt when finally awake. Stiles struggles a little, minding the big round vulnerable baby-filled belly that looks on the edge of bursting.

Danny gulps and then looks at Allison and Lydia. "Maybe we should disappear for a while after Stiles' crazy mission is accomplished. You know, just in case."

Stiles stands straight back up and turns around towards the door. "Deaton?" He asked as he walked outside, the other three humans following behind.

"Locked in his office." Allison answered, when they stop outside the clinic exit. "He insisted you to hold back and reconsider everything though. He said you shouldn't be in action in this state. To be honest, he sounded pretty convincing."

Stiles catches the hesitation in Allison's voice, if her expression doesn't scream 'I think we should cancel this'.

"Don't worry, alright? If we play the game right, the hunters won't touch me." Stiles reassured.

"Well," Lydia cut in, "as long as they don't find out about the," she waves a hand gracefully at Stiles' stomach instead of finishing her sentence. "You should wear bigger clothes." She suggested.

Stiles just shrugs at it. "Male pregnancy won't cross their mind. They maybe know about the lore, but I bet they don't expect to meet one in front of their very eyes. No one does. So, stop worrying about things that won't happen, you have stuff you need to do." Stiles said to both girls who he will leave behind to do their part of the plan.

"Danny, let's go." He hops into the car, riding shotgun as Danny takes his place behind the wheel.
When their car enters the meeting ground, an open field in the middle of some reserve, Stiles finally sees the guy who shot his pup. And no words can explain how Stiles wants to shoot him again, this time a bit to the right of his left shoulder.

"You." Stiles hissed low as he gets out of the car on and steps forward. Danny walks tall and cautious, joining him to the front.

"Stiles." No other than Irvin Steel grinned at him like Stiles is an old friend, which Stiles thinks is quite creepy. "Good to see you again."

"I feel bad, Steel, the feeling isn't mutual." Stiles said, stopping on a safe distance from the hunter. "You shot my friend." If human can growl, that will sound like the voice Stiles' making.

Irvin is accompanied by two other hunters, who Stiles bets are the hunters who set things up in Isaac's shooting from how much they match the characteristics that Chris described. One of them holds a leash to the neck of an unknown young man in dirty clothes who Stiles assumes is the mysterious Omega that Chris mentioned. The reason why the werewolf is still alive and brought here is another question in Stiles' mind.

Irvin laughs like a maniac and claps his hands. "Aww c'mon Stiles, lighten up, you have to admit that was fun! I watched from the camera, how the kid's body jerked as my poisonous bullet pierced through near his heart. The stupid mutt didn't even realize what hit him, the only reaction from him was the sound of his giant body hit the ground." Irvin keeps chuckling.

Stiles' expression turns deadly cold, and so is Danny's.

"And that's not even the best part. No, the best part is seeing you, Stiles." Irvin's laughter now turns into a psychopathic grin. "You really made a scene out there, screaming and stuff. Now tell me, how did it feel? To watch your pathetic pup bleed in front of you. I made the bullet myself, FYI."

Stiles' fists tighten at the words, his jaw clenched so hard it might break. He really wants to go nuts and start shooting bullets at Irvin's body but he needs to keep calm and stick to the plan. "Why Isaac?"

Irvin seems disappointed from Stiles' lack of reaction, but the sick twisted guy just shrugs. "I want you and I want you alone. If you were me, could you think of a better plan than this?"

Stiles nods stiffly. "Well I'm here, let's get down to business. Give the bullet to my friend here," Stiles tilts his head at Danny, "and he will leave."

Irvin nods at one of his subordinates, who take out a small sack from his pocket and steps forward. Danny steps forward as well and meets the hunter halfway. The hunter hands him the sack and waits while Danny checks inside it. After Danny sees two bullets that resemble the one from Isaac's wound in it, he nods in approval and both get back to their respective leader.

"It's good?" Stiles asked, half-whispering so the hunters won't hear their conversation.

Danny nods. "Yeah."

"Ok. Go. Now."

"Stiles, you sure?" Danny asked. Stiles can see worry and fear all over Danny's face about leaving him alone with the hunters but Stiles can't step back now.
"Danny." Stiles warned. They have to stick to the plan.

Danny sighs. "You better get out of this mess unharmed, Stiles." He whispered. He grips Stiles' shoulder tight before making his way to the car.

Stiles watches and breathes in relief as the car leaves out of his sight. Whatever happens from this second, at least Danny makes it to Isaac. Stiles turns back to face the hunters.

"Alright, now what? What do you want from me?"

Irvin scans Stiles' virtue from head to toe. "Nothing complex, I just follow my curiosity. I was never this close to an Alpha's human mate before. The Alpha usually went feral before we even tried. They practically wrap their human mate in a bulletproof bubble."

Stiles snorts and mumbles "you're tellin me" under his breath because that is so Derek.

"I notice you have brains, Stiles. And the look's not too bad. You obviously have guts and are very protective towards your pack. I can see what Hale sees in you."

"Really? 'Cause I have to be naked for you to see what Derek sees in me."

The hunters don't look so impressed by his sense of humor. Oh well, a guy can't win everything in this world.

"Anyway, I can't help but wonder," Irvin adds, "why would you pollute your life by dealing with monsters?"

Stiles' mood turns sour just like that and shoots a deadly glare at Irvin's way.

"And Derek Hale, out of all creatures," Irvin laughs, "I mean, damn Kid, haven't you read his record? I never met a monster so cursed that he ruins everything he touches."

"Oh, you think you're all better than him?" Stiles asked with an icy expression that would freeze Mexico. These people don't deserve to bad-mouth the man Stiles loves.

"You're crazier, you're stupider, you're definitely uglier. And who has a pack full of people that care about him and a soulmate that loves him through good and bad? Last time I heard, it's not you. Wow, when we look at it that way, Derek is surely one lucky bastard." Stiles jokes but everyone nearby can taste poison in his words, "no wonder you're so pissed at him, I mean, who can blame you for being jealous. Compared to yours, Derek's life actually sounds pretty awesome."

"I wouldn't be so mouthful if I were you. I am this close to killing you right now." Irvin starts to get irritated. Their conversation is heating.

"No way, my speech is spectacular. Besides, you can kill no one in this situation."

"Don't be so sure, I can kill anyone I want."

"Not the kid's sheriff. Especially the one who has evidence of your crime."

Irvin snorts. "You have none."

"Uuh yes, I do. And it slips through your fingers as we speak. You see, my friend Danny who just left has something important in his jeans' pocket. The recording of our conversation where you admitted of your crime earlier and that you did it so you could kidnap me. Thanks to your stupid ego, I can have you arrested with just one simple call."
Irvin's expression is like he's been slapped when he realizes his stupidity. Stiles, catching the sudden change of face on his opponent, grins so wide it splits his head in two. "Yeah.. You're not as bright as you think you are, are you?"

Irvin takes out his phone and dials someone, but Stiles laughs at him when Irvin looks at his phone like it had done a terrible foul.

"Voicemail? Yeah, I noticed you have eyes on the borderline. Four shooters on the rooftop? Flashy. Well, you should have known that I have my own hitmen." And one wonder girl because Allison is Xena the warrior princess, okay? That girl can kick anyone's ass like a boss. Stiles had assigned her to get her dad and his men to help them clean the way for Danny, making sure Danny arrived safely. Danny is a human, Stiles knows Chris won't say no to getting involved.

"And I take it mine took care of yours successfully. Danny should have been through the border by now." Stiles gloated.

Irvin glares at Stiles murderously, his grip on his phone is so tight the phone crackles.

"Aww. I wish I bring my digital camera right now because your face? So precious." Okay, maybe Stiles is in his character too much. But damn, being an asshole to another assholes feels awesome.

"You little shit!" Irvin's feature shakes in anger. What a drama queen. "I'll kill you and hang your corpse for your disgusting dogs to see!" Irvin fumed.

Stiles rolls his eyes. "Oh please, we all know you can't kill me without authority on your tail, and you can't have that."

"You think you're so smart?" Irvin challenged, smirking devilishly. "Guess what, I can kill you without having blood on my hand."


One of the hunters releases the Omega and pushes him forward to where Irvin stands. Irvin raises his gun to the Omega's head. "Kill him. Or I'll kill you."

Oh. That trick.

The Omega looks at Stiles with a glimpse of this desperation in his face that tells Stiles they both know this is about survival, and then he wolfs out and lunges at Stiles' way.

Stiles grabs his wolfsbane Desert Eagle from the back of his pants and aims at the Omega. He feels sorry for the lone werewolf but he doesn't have any choice. He has to defend himself, at least he will have to injure a limb or two to put the werewolf down. But right before Stiles pulls the trigger, Irvin beats him to that and shoots Stiles in the arm. Stiles shouts in pain, his gun falling to the ground first before himself few seconds behind.

Son of a b— Derek is not going to be happy with this. Not at all.

Stiles reaches for the wolfsbane sack in his pocket to blow at the Omega but stopping himself when the werewolf stops right on his feet and in no position to do any attacking. The werewolf just stares at him, leans in slightly, sniffs the air, and he abruptly pulls back growling.

Wow, okay, rude.
The Omega gradually backs off, stepping away from Stiles. He looks back and forth between him and the hunters, and lets out a pity whining.

Stiles sits up, still holding his bleeding arm, confused by the Omega's sudden retreat. Ten seconds ago the werewolf was more than ready to maim Stiles for survival.

Irvin yells at the Omega in anger, threatening that he'll kill him if he doesn't slice Stiles' throat and pull his spinal cord out of his body right freaking now. Geez, gore much? The Omega says he can't, no matter what the situation is, his instinct won't let him hurt a pregnant mate. A mate with cub is not to be harmed.

Oh shit.

Shit.

This information is supposed to stay in the dark.

Irvin and the other hunters' eyes widen in shock and look at one another, silent conversation exchanged by their facial expression.

The Omega starts begging for his life, pleading for another pay off, anything but harming a pregnant mate that goes against every instinct in him. Irvin goes "hmm" and shoots the Omega in the head, Stiles flinching and gapes in shock in the background. Stiles' eyes follow as the Omega's body hit to the ground with a *thud*. He looks at the blank lifeless eyes of the werewolf, heart breaking for the innocent soul.

A man called Irvin Steel is completely, unquestionably, *truly* a monster.

And that monster is now looking at his stomach. "You're pregnant..?" Amazement is in his voice. "But, it’s impossible, unless—it’s rare but there’s this lore, but only if it's the Alpha's.."

Stiles instinctively wraps his good arm around his belly, a poor attempt to hide it from the unwanted attention. And apparently, his instinctive move gives the answer that Irvin's looking for because Irvin smiles creepily and walks closer.

"Of course, *of course* it's Hale's. It means there’s a chance that it’s—" Irvin's grin turns feral and he exchanges this we-just-catch-a-big-prize look with his fellow hunters, "it's a *cub*, is it Stiles?"

"What are you babbling about? You're crazy, men don't get pregnant." Stiles denied with a mocking scoff, hoping the hunters didn't catch the slight tremble in his voice.

This is not going the way he planned.

This is *so* not going the way he *freaking* planned.

Where's Lydia anyway? Lydia should have arrived here like *million* hours ago with his dad and his officers, just like the way they carefully and thoroughly planned.

"I have an Alpha's mate with a werewolf cub in him in front of me without any protection..?" Irvin's standing right above Stiles who still withers on the ground with a bleeding arm, "turns out, Christmas this year came early."

"You're delirious." Stiles said. He tries to stand up, already crouching, when Irvin roughly pushes him on his side with the hunter's thick army boot back to ground. Stiles gasps from the harsh pressure it gave to the side of his baby bump because that's just merely not nice, he feels his baby kicks in him
complaining for the treatment.

He looks up to glare at Irvin, and Irvin has this smile, the kind of smile that Stiles is not comfortable with.

"Well, I guess, if you refuse to share with us, there's just one way to find out for sure, don't you think?" Irvin gestures his hand at his subordinates, asking for something.

And his subordinate gives what he asks.

A taser gun.

Stiles' eyes widen in horror.

"A little jump won't hurt, right? Just to see if anything will shift in there." Irvin pointed the taser at Stiles' round belly.

"No.." Stiles breathes out shakily, "get away from me." The electric current will force his baby to shift. And Stiles doesn't want anyone force his baby to do anything. He crawls away from Irvin, twisting his body in attempt to hide his belly from the hunter, arm instinctively wrap around it.

Stiles feels his wits and snark falter in him, replaced with growing fear and desperation. Desperation for someone to come right now, especially someone with strawberry blonde hair bringing along his dad and a S.W.A.T. team.

Where the hell is Lydia!? Of all times, she chooses to suffer inaccurate timing right now!?

"Hale doesn't know you're here, does he, Stiles? Because there's no way I will have this precious opportunity if he does. Do you know how hard it is to even get close to a pregnant mate..?"

Irvin stops Stiles' attempt to get away by roughly shoving him on his side again. Stiles gasps in pain as the side of his vulnerable baby bump meets the rocky surface.

"The pack usually lays low so they cannot be tracked, for the carrier's protection. Only strong packs with powerful Alphas who are bold enough to gloat about it. Even if we find a pack who's expecting, we have to kill every werewolf in the pack before we can reach the carrier. Even then, we're usually too late, the carrier will already have fled."

Stiles can only weakly crawl a couple more feet before he's being roughly shoved by the damn thick boot again. Stiles tries to sits back up but his trembling limbs fail beneath him. He's bleeding and his strength is drained, he can't hold his body up anymore. Gravity keeps pulling him back to the ground.

"Whatever stupid stunt you did to your mate to get away with this, I thank you for that because Stiles, you just spared me all the hard work."

Forget Lydia and his dad's stupid team that have time issues, because Stiles starts to have this longing feeling for Derek. He is tired. He is hurt. He is irritated by the rude treatment that he and his baby receive.

Stiles is not sorry he came to retrieve the bullets for Isaac, but he is sorry not to include Derek in his plan. He should have.

If there is God and He listens to his pray right now, Stiles is man enough to admit he's wrong and he promises he will listen to his mate from now on, no matter how ridiculous Derek's protectiveness
may become. Well, at least until his labor.

Now, Stiles just wants his mate close to him. He needs Derek to come save his sorry ass and their poor baby who don't deserve to be treated this way, and pulls them into the safety of the man's warm embrace.

Stiles never felt so scared and lonely as he is right now.

"Derek..." Stiles pleaded softly to the cold night air.

*Save me...*

Irvin laughs above him. "Roar, Cub!"

"Don't—!"

Irvin shoots the taser to Stiles' stomach and Stiles bloody screams as blinding pain flares throughout his body. His waist arcs up as the voltage horribly shocks his round belly. Seconds pass like eternity as severe agony is the only thing that he can feel.

"NO—AAAGH!! STOP!! STOOOPPP—!!"

Stiles drops back down abruptly to the ground when Irvin finally stops the contact. He spasms terribly, his sight blurred with tears that then spill from his unfocused eyes. His breath is frantic, gasping for air in vain.

He can feel his distressed baby stirs in him, kicking like crazy triggered by the shock. The movement sends extremely painful jolts to Stiles' human body.

"S-S-top..." Stiles sobs, his trembling feature curling in to hide his precious bump from the world.

Irvin and the other hunters laugh like maniacs, enjoying the sight of Stiles shaking like a leaf and sobbing on their feet.

"D-D-er'k.." Stiles called to his mate, wanting him, needing him, but part of him knowing the man is far away from him thanks to his own doing.

Irvin pushes Stiles' big belly with his boot not so gently to send Stiles lying helplessly on his back, chuckling when Stiles whimpers in pain.

The other hunters lift up Stiles' shirt to the chest and step back, revealing the protuding swollen belly to the world to see. Stiles shivers as cold night air brushes his bare skin.

"*Holyshit*, Irvin, it's huge."

"The Alpha Werewolf must be losing his shit right now. We caught his pregnant bitch."

The hunters laughs as they poke Stiles' defenseless heavily pregnant belly with their boots, ignoring the human's weakened cries of pain.

Irvin plays with his taser, satisfied grin on his face. "Has your little mutt wolfed out yet, Stiles? Or should we max out the power?"

The next second, Stiles' eyes widen in shock, body jerking up off the ground, as he feels the most severe agony he has ever endured attacks his vulnerable body without mercy. It feels like there are thousands of tiny knives stabbing all over his baby bump and tearing his insides. Stiles screams his
lungs out.

"STOP!! NO—AAH!! AAAAAAGHH!!"


"HEEELP!!! DEREK!!! DEREEEEKEKKKK!!"

A feral roar answers his frantic call and the brutal electric shock on his stomach suddenly stops. Stiles drops limp on the ground, lungs struggling to breathe between his sobbing, his entire body spasming uncontrollably from the severe pain.

The half-unconscious state he's under won't let him see clearly or even take in what happens in his surrounding. There are just many loud noises of gunshots, screaming, and terrifying roars from every direction, until those noises finally fade into silence.

Stiles' post-shockwaves sensitive nerves tense when a set of arms gather him up and pulls him into a hard wall of flesh. But he sobs in overwhelming relief when he recognizes everything that makes contact with him. The calming scent that lingers. The trembling arms that holds his distressed body. The strong shoulder that now absorbs his fallen tears.

"D-Der..." Stiles melts right away into Derek's warmth, desperate hands grasping weakly to anything reachable begging wordlessly to be pulled deeper into those protecting arms.

Stiles breaks down crying shaken by what he had been through. He's never been so scared, and by how Derek's body desperately engulfs his, the man probably feels the same.

"Stiles," Derek whispered shakily to his neck and oh how hearing his voice lifts every pound of dead weight on Stiles' shoulder right now. "Stiles." The man keeps whispering his name like a chant.

Stiles knows Derek is freaking out, Stiles is aware he's in a pretty bad shape with an arm bleeding, features shaking horribly, and face wet with tears. He's in so much agony, he can barely breathe.

Thankfully, they don't have to worry about their cub because oh the little rascal is alive alright. Stiles can practically feel the baby's throwing tantrum in his beaten up body.

"Our c-child is not very h-happy right now." Stiles laughs weakly through his painful breathing. "I think—I think the baby's w-wolfling out."

Derek pulls back to look at him and Stiles feels a deep pang in his chest because there are tears in Derek's eyes. Derek has been crying because of him. Stiles softly whimpers, wanting to reach out and soothe his man but his stupid limbs refuse to lift up.

"D-Der..." Stiles murmured, moving his head with all the remaining energy he has to nudge his mate's jaw softly with his nose.

Derek just responds by tightening his arm around Stiles' shoulder, pressing Stiles impossibly closer to his chest. The Alpha spreads his warm palm over the baby bump and gently caresses it in soothing motions while growling deeply at it, eyes flashing red.

Stiles feels the baby's hyper movement in him slowly stops, giving him a little pain relief.

"Peter said he and the boys will take care of the remains. I'll bring the car over." He heard Erica say above him and Derek just silently nods.
"D'rek," Stiles wanted to say something to ease the man's wrecked emotion, but his stupid body doesn’t do what he wants. His eyes keeps drooping, pulling him into darkness.

Stiles stubbornly fights it to stay awake, until Derek kisses his temple and softly says, “Sleep. When you’re okay, I will be too.”

Soothed by what he heard, Stiles gives in to his exhaustion and passes out in his mate's embrace.

Chapter End Notes

DH broke all my limbs for doing this to his SS, that's why it took so long.
The Alpha's Weakness

Chapter Notes

Send love to my darling beta, 24Stiles.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Days pass by, and every single member in the Hale pack spends them biting their nails in worry. Stiles has not woken up yet, pale and unmoving on the king bed he usually shares with his alpha every night. They have moved him to the Hale House so he can be treated in a safe familiar space. The master bedroom is now a makeshift hospital room, facilitated with IVs, a heart monitor, and other medical equipment.

Deaton and Melissa have put the pregnant human into a sleep induced coma, it was the best option at the time. The fetus was unharmed, yet restless in the mother’s womb, an after-effect of the electrical stimulation. Since the baby couldn’t shift in such young state, it let it’s annoyance out by turning and kicking.

The unusual movements had left the human mother in distress. His already injured body had taken its toll and fell into shock. The baby’s heartbeat was strong, yet Stiles’ was getting weaker and weaker. They had to put him on life support not only to avoid internal organ shutdown, but also give his body the opportunity to heal.

That was five days ago, and it has been a total train wreck of fear and despair for Derek ever since.

The Alpha barely eats, barely sleeps, spending days and restless nights lying next to Stiles, holding his mate’s lifeless form in his embrace. Hands spread on his mate’s round stomach as black tendrils run along his arms, constantly keeping the baby calm and accelerating his mate’s healing. Chapped lips lay butterfly kisses on pale skin, murmuring soft words and love, begging for any sign of life.

“Son,” his father-in law would watch him from the door and say every other day, with sad yet understanding eyes. “Just take a break for a while. Take a shower; get something to eat, and some fresh air. I’ll call you if something comes up, I swear.”

“I won’t leave him,” Derek said locking his attention only on his mate, “not again.”

“Son, it’s not your fault,” John insisted, “I can’t stand seeing you like this, hell, if Stiles saw you right now slowly killing yourself, believe me he would be up and kickin’ your ass.”

“Well he can’t now, can he!?” Derek yelled out of frustration.

Bloodshot eyes looked up and stared at the man he’s failing again, so much for promising his son would be safe with him. With a broken weary tone, he said, “Please Sir, I just- I need this.”

The Sheriff just sighed in defeat and finally left him to focus back on his mate again. He softly kissed the pale delicate fingers he held so dearly in his rough hand, a stray tear out of a deep pit of despair in his heart trickling down his face as he whispered, “Baby please, I need you.”

Stiles can feel his consciousness arise. The first thing he’s aware of is that he feels like shit. Holy
crap, he wonders if he’s been run over by a semi-truck. All his muscles feel like jelly.

But what comes second is this intense protective warmth around him, which Stiles welcomes with a content sigh and snuggling closer to the heat source. Whatever it is, it’s his new pillow from now on and forever, he decided. His new pillow smells really amazing too, so he dives into it, rubbing his head into the soft garment of it.

It’s like his new pillow understands his need of comfort at the moment, because it moves to wrap around him. So warm, Stiles thinks.

It rubs his heavily pregnant belly so lovingly. Pillows can do this kind of stuff now? Not that he minds though, he is in heaven. Stiles can’t help but make a quite embarrassing needy whine.

Suddenly, it cups his cheek and says, “Stiles? Baby..?”

Wait, what?

He blinks his eyes open to see no other than Derek’s worried green ones looking back at him.

“D’rek..?”

“Stiles, oh God..” Derek sounds extremely relieved and Stiles immediately feels trembling hands and lips all over him.

At first, Stiles tries to figure out what the hell happened, but as his brain is stirring up along with his consciousness, the memory of the night of horror and so much pain that he and his unborn baby suffered comes back to him. And just like that, his need of his mate suffocates him.

“D’rek,” He whined desperately, sore throat weakening his voice, “Der—”

He grasps Derek’s shirt and pulls him in with his uninjured arm, since the other one is bandaged and still too hurt to move too much due to the bullet wound, though it’s just a graze. Derek doesn’t wait, he opens his arms and the next second they’re full of Stiles sobbing.

“Sshh.. Sshh.. I’m here.”

Derek’s warmth is a constant presence, caressing Stiles’ hair, arms, and back. The man just holds Stiles close and lets him cry his heart out and leave a wet spot on the man’s chest.

“Der, w’s so scared,” Stiles cried.

“Sshh.. You’re safe now, I won’t let anyone hurt you again,” the Alpha promised.

It takes a while before Stiles holds himself together. Derek gets a glass of water from the bedside table and helps Stiles drink some, before helping him lay back and they just hold each other again. And Stiles is thankful for that, because he doesn’t think he’s ready to get out of Derek’s arms yet.

Stiles is all snot and tears when he finally gathers his courage to look up at his mate, “Isaac’s okay?”

“Like new.”

Stiles sobs in relief, “oh thank God,” and flashes a weak grin at Derek, but it falters fast as he sees Derek’s expression does not share the mood.

Stiles clears his throat and waits for Derek to say something, but the werewolf just holds him and burns a hole on Stiles’ face with his deep gaze. Oh well, he’s not Stiles if he can endure intense
silence for more than thirty seconds.

He hesitantly asked, “how angry are you with me, exactly..?”

Derek sighs heavily and starts tenderly wiping the track of tears on Stiles wet cheeks with his thumb.

“Feral,” he answered, yet his voice is soft and patient.

“Oh,” Stiles looks down in shame and plays with the loose garment of his mate’s shirt, “that’s bad.”

“Yeah,” Derek agreed, “but it’s nothing to compared to the fear.”

And here comes the guilt eating Stiles from the inside. He is so ashamed of what he has put himself and the others into that he doesn’t dare to look up at Derek while the man speaks. Scolds him, to be exact, hence the raising voice.

“I had Lydia beat me into consciousness, just to be told about how my pregnant mate made this grand scheme yet she still hadn’t got the coordinates until Danny called.”

Oh. Oh. So that’s why the calavarly didn’t come at the planned time. He should have texted Lydia the coordinates right after it was given by the hunters and Lydia would take off with his dad and his officers.

“I kinda forgot about that little–” He would kick his own ass for that error, but receiving the end of Derek’s glare as he speaks is also a fair punishment, “detail.” Stiles gulped.

“I can’t believe–!“ Derek’s voice rose for a second before he stops himself and takes a long deep breath, “is this just some kind of game to you? Do you enjoy seeing me breaking?”

Stiles whimpers, “no, Der, of course not.“

“Did you even think of how I would feel when you decided to pull off this mad stunt? For God’s sake, you’re pregnant, Stiles. With our child.”

“Derek, I’m so sorry–”

“I heard you screaming in pain, heard you calling out my name. I ran so fast, I didn’t even care if I would burn my lungs. But when I finally got there, I saw you–“ Derek’s voice breaks and he tightens his arms around Stiles, pulling his mate in like the man wants to hide him from the world, their unborn baby tucked safely between them, “I was so terrified, I thought I lost both of you,” the werewolf whispered before he fell into silence.

Stiles suddenly feels something wet in his hair. He gasps and pulls back to look. And what he sees breaks his heart into pieces. Tears fall from his mate’s gorgeous eyes, but the Alpha doesn’t make any sound while he cries. He looks away from Stiles, like he tries to hide it, like he’s sure that Stiles will see it as some weakness.

Stiles whimpers, feeling tears coming back in his eyes too. How could he do this to the man he loves so much, he is the worst mate in werewolf history.

“No, stop,” Stiles begged. Now it’s his turn to cup his mate’s face and wipe the tears away, “Derek, please, I’m sorry.”

“I don’t know how to make you understand, if I lost this,” Derek cups Stiles’ round stomach where their baby sleeps in, “if I lost us, I’d rather just die with you. Because I can’t, not this time, not after
all the bullshit that fates thrown at me in the past. And yet you still—"

“And yet I’m still an idiot, I know. Baby, I’m so sorry.”

He drops kisses on Derek’s face, jaws, neck, anywhere he can reach. He runs his fingers through the Alpha’s ebony hair, encouraging the man to look at him.

“Will you forgive me..?” Stiles asked, his fingers tracing Derek’s sideburns, and Derek leans into his touch.

“Already did.” Derek whispered.

The love Derek hides in those two words makes Stiles’ heart swells. “You’re too easy on me, Babe,” he teased with a smile.

Derek sighs in misery, “I know. I hate myself for that sometimes.”

Stiles softly chuckles and leans in to lay a kiss on the Alpha’s lips, a kiss that hopefully will chase away all his Alpha’s sadness if any still remains.

“Promise me,” Derek asked of him.

“Anything,” Stiles answered right away. *Hell*, if Derek wants Stiles to chain himself to the wall, he will.

“Please listen to me when I try to keep you safe.”

Stiles kisses him short and sweet, “I promise.”

“Even when you *think* you can handle the dangerous situation yourself.”

Kisses him again, “Yes.”

“And just let the pack deal with any threat coming.”

One more kiss, “Sure.”

Derek raises his eyebrows, “*Sure* as in you’re gonna listen but argue about it or…?”

Stiles rolls his eyes, “*Sure* as in I do what you ask me to do to keep myself from getting hurt, does that cover it?”

“Yes, perfectly. Sorry, it’s just you agreed so easily this time, it’s quite hard to believe.”

Stiles gasps in pretend shock and weakly shoves his mate in a playful manner, as much as his little energy can muster, “*hey*! I can follow orders just fine!”

Derek’s lips *finally* twitch into a smile, to Stiles’ relief.

“You see, right now there’s no one in this world that wants me to be safe more than myself,” Stiles assured.

“Oh really?”

“Absolutely! What’s with this not-trusting-Stiles-vibe you have?”

“What can I say, your behavior nowadays is not very convincing.”
“Ugh, fine.”

But then Derek pecks him sweetly on his lips, so he can’t really feel any heat in any word the man said. He feels like one happy and in love glob of mush, if anything.

“I love you, so much,” Stiles whispered before kissing the wolf again, passionately.

Derek’s warm arms tighten around him, “Love you too.”

Derek’s smile finally reaches his eyes, though it also makes Stiles aware of bags under them. After that, more things become apparent to him, like how sickly pale Derek is, or how the Alpha looks thinner and unkempt.

Stiles frowns as he cups his Alpha’s cheek. “Babe? Have you eaten? Did you sleep at all?”

“It doesn’t matter,” Derek answered nonchalantly.

Of-fucking-course Derek the man-pain extraordinaire will starve and tire himself to death.

Stiles fumes, “Like hell it doesn’t!“

“The most important thing is you just focusing on getting better.”

“I will, now just go downstairs and grab some food for yourself.”

“Stiles-“

“Now.” Stiles glared, “You eat, or I won’t.”

“Alright, alright, I’m going,” Derek sighs and steals one last kiss from him, lips soft and melting, “Your dad is right outside the door anyway, already dying to come in and see you,” Derek whispered before sniffing the air again, “and he’s not very happy with you, not that I can blame the man.”

“Oh shit,” Stiles hides his face in Derek’s neck.

Derek just hums in agreement.

Stiles looks up at his mate, “Derek, can you just tell him I hit my head very hard and suffer some kind of memory loss? Tell him I can’t recall what happened and the reasoning behind my decision making. You will do that for me, won’t you?” Stiles bats his long eyelashes and pulls out his brown bambi eyes.

Derek raises his eyebrows, not impressed.

“Please, Babe? Sugar honey? Sweety pie? My baby daddy?”

Derek just leaves him begging on the bed as the man gets up and walks towards the door.

“Derek, I thought you loved me!”

Derek turns from where he grabs the door handle and coyly coos at his pouting mate, “with all my heart, my Baby Boo,” before he opens the door grinning at his future father-in-law in greeting, “hey Sir, come on in, Stiles can’t wait to see you.”

Stiles gapes helplessly, because seriously Stiles wants to throttle the love of his life sometimes.
The Sheriff pats Derek’s shoulder in such familiarity when the man passes by him, which is good to know, that the two most important men in Stiles’ life have bonded so greatly while he’s been out. But it means they’ve probably already formed an alliance to get their way over him.

If so, then Stiles is so screwed.

“Good luck, Babe.” Derek, the meanie ass fiancé that he is, closes the door behind him, leaving Stiles alone with his father who is now looking at him with a deadly cold expression.

Stiles is not curling into a ball and hiding under his blanket.

Stiles’ talk with his dad is not pretty, his dad speaks like Stiles hasn’t learnt his lessons in the most painful way.

He got it, ok? He’s pregnant and he’s being irresponsible of both his and his unborn child’s safety and he makes everybody worried.

Especially Derek. If only he could’ve seen how devastated and broken Derek was, his dad has said. That punch hurts Stiles the most.

It isn’t until after a couple of yells from his father, a couple of tears shed from himself, – pregnancy’s hormones, in Stiles’ defense – and one manly hug that the conversation is over with.

“You promise to let us take care of you from now on?”

Stiles sighed and nodded on his dad’s shoulder, “I promise.”

His dad pulls away and kisses him on the hair. He looks down at Stiles’ baby bump and smiles softly.

“How about my little champ over here, they kickin’?”

Stiles rubs his own belly and his baby kicks softly in answer. “The baby is okay, Dad, I guess.”

“We will find out for sure, Deaton and Melissa are on their way to come and check you out. Now you just rest and take it easy, okay?”

Stiles lays back down with his dad’s help.

“Thanks, Dad.”

“Sure, Kiddo.”

His dad gets up and makes his move to get out of the room and let his son rest. But Stiles has another inner call from his Alpha’s mate’s instinct.

“Wait, Dad, can you get the pack for me?” he asked.

As if on cue, there’s a whining coming from the other side of the bedroom door. Stiles’ face lights up and gestures his dad to hurry and open the door for him. The Sheriff rolls his eyes and opens the door as wide as he can.

Since he knows there will be a teenage herd through it. And herd, they do.

Stiles laughs, lifting his uninjured arm and calling out in want, “puppies!”
Derek’s betas jump on the bed in a race, except Peter who just leans at the doorframe and snorts in amusement at the silly sight in front of him. Everyone trying to get the closer to Stiles than the others, pushing and pulling each other in the process. Isaac wins, he snuggles aggressively on Stiles’ side and whimpers all puppy eyed and Stiles melts because it’s Isaac.

“It’s all my fault.”

“Hush, hey now, no more man pain, I get that enough from your Alpha on daily basis already.”

“But..”

“Hey, I’m okay, and you’re okay.” Stiles pulls away and grabs Isaac’s head to get a better look at him, “you’re okay, right? ‘Cause I swear if those bastards lied to me– ”

Isaac nods, “I’m okay.”

“And the hunters are already dead, Mom,” Jackson sassed but not so subtly rubbed his head to Stiles’ baby bump and it was adorable.

But then someone slaps the back of his head, someone who has a small hand yet very sharp nails.

“Ow– ”

“Lydia,” Peter warned.

Stiles looks at the strawberry blonde. Lydia looks pissed, but she also looks like she’s on the edge of crying.

“Aw, Lyds, c’mere,” Stiles opens his arm offering comfort and just starts to open his mouth to apologize before he has the young woman’s palm shut him up.

“Shut up. Just,” she closes her eyes, calms herself down in grace, grasps the collar of Stiles’ shirt with her perfectly manicured hand, and hisses so low it sends chills up Stiles’ spine, “if you ever be that stupid and mess up again, I will castrate you, and run away with your child, you hear me?”

Stiles gulped, “crystal clear, My Queen.”

In the following weeks after the incident with the hunters, the pack is hogging the pregnant pack mom like nobody’s business. Stiles spends his days resting and healing, mostly on Derek’s bed, mostly in puppy piles.

Derek literally growls and is all red eyes when Stiles’ dad mention about Stiles going back to their house. Stiles can’t say the feeling isn’t mutual, he’s restless without Derek nearby. He’s being clingy, he knows, but he just can’t help this urge to bury himself in Derek’s protective bubble. If he knew any better, he would say his baby craves his daddy’s attention and he swore their baby seems to know when Derek is around and kicks a little harder.

The situation leads to the point that Derek and Stiles decide that maybe it’s time for them to start living together.

When they tell his father over a nice dinner – always deliver big news over a nice dinner – the Sheriff just sips at his glass of motherfucking expensive wine and says, “about time.”

So that’s how Stiles officially moves in to the Hale house, where they will raise their baby with love.
That night, the Alpha and his pregnant mate are warm and safe in their bed. Derek holds Stiles’ round stomach, whispering sweet words to their baby.

“Daddy can’t wait to meet you.”

Stiles smiles so wide, his cheeks hurt. He lovingly runs his fingers through the Alpha’s hair.

“And I can’t wait to see you become a dad.”

Derek looks at him, adoration in his green eyes. The man moves up to kiss him.

“You’re giving me this,” Derek said in gratitude, “I thought I’d never have this again. A home. Family.”

Stiles shrugs, “Well, I guess it’s inevitable. We love each other. You’re hot. I’m horny. We have lots of sex. Why not making army of adorable chubby babies while we’re at it—”

Derek chuckles and kisses his silly mate to shut him up.

Chapter End Notes

I am so sorry, reality got me busy for 3 years. I miss you, guys. Thank you for not giving up on me.
Derek’s wolf is over the moon.

Sometimes it still feels like a dream, to open his eyes in the morning and see his beautiful mate snoring adorably in his arms, who smells like him, is marked by him, and is now big with his offspring.

Derek wants to wake up like this every day for the rest of his life.

Every time Stiles kisses him, looking at him adoringly with his kind honey eyes, he wonders how it’s possible a monster like him could deserve such an amazing human and to be the subject of so much love.

Words are never enough to express what he wants Stiles to understand. I love you. You’re my whole world. My beautiful mate. I’m so happy. Thank you. I will cherish you. Forgive me if I’m not enough. I’d die for you. Derek thoughts are not even close to what he feels, not that it’ll stop him from saying it.

Yet to fill the gap he feels he’s lacking, Derek is more than ready to offer Stiles his complete devotion. He vows to himself to love Stiles and their family with everything he has; to do anything in his power to protect them, provide for them, and be there for them. He wants to become the man that Stiles can lean on, and someday, the father his children will look up to.

Life has given him a second chance, and Derek Hale will not fail, not this time.

Stiles lies on Deaton Clinic’s examination bed with his shirt off, with Derek faithfully sit by him holding his mate’s hand and running his fingers idly through the brunettes hair.

Stiles smiles brightly at him, only wincing slightly when Deaton smears cold gel on his protruding stomach, “Der, I’m so excited.”

Derek kisses the hand he’s holding, “me too.”


“Oh,” Stiles laughs with happy tears in his eyes, “oh you precious little nugget, look at you…”

Derek is mesmerized by what he sees on the screen, a cute little head, tiny fingers, kicking little feet. His throat chokes with emotion, is it possible to love someone you haven’t even met yet? Derek can’t wait to hold their child in his arms.
“This is interesting,” the vet commented.

“What? What is it?” Stiles asked, while Derek frowned in worry.

“Your body has developed a passage between the fetus and your…anus.” Deaton maneuvered the Sonogram equipment lower to investigate better. “Stiles, you’ll be able to deliver the baby with normal birthing procedures. It’s truly amazing how human evolution works; it’s a miracle in medical science!”

Derek growls in warning. His mate is not a science project.

Deaton seems to catch that Derek dislikes his comment, “My apologies for my uncontrolled excitement, Alpha Hale, I don’t mean any offense. Please be assured that your mate’s safety is always my foremost priority.”

“You mean,” Stiles cuts in, brown eyes widened in horror, “I will poop out my baby..?”

“Stiles,” Derek rolled his eyes in exasperation. Subtlety is truly not his mate’s strongest suit.

Deaton chuckles, “don’t worry, Stiles, it’s a different passage than where your feces comes from. It just ends up in the same exit, in this case, your anus.”

“Whoa..” Stiles whispered. He then looks at Derek nervously, “I mean I’m a little bit freaked out, but at the same time feeling kinda relieved to be able to do it naturally, you know? Give me some sense of normalcy in this already unusual journey.”

Derek’s hand tightens around Stiles’, calloused thumb, caressing the soft skin soothingly, “Baby, we’ll do this the way you’re most comfortable with, okay? You give the call.”

“If it’s safe for the baby, I want to deliver normally,” Stiles decided.

Derek looks at Deaton expectantly.

Deaton nods in understanding, “I estimate due date is just another three weeks. We will monitor the development closely, but based on progress so far, I believe Stiles is safe to give birth with normal procedure.”

Stiles smiles at the vet, “thank you, Deaton.”

“Do you want to know the gender?” Deaton asked the couple.

Derek looks at Stiles, and his mate nods at him. They have talked about this for few days. They decided it’d be more convenient for them to be able to plan the baby’s room and what to buy in the baby’s section. Also, Lydia is dying to plan for their baby shower.

Derek then looks at the vet, “yes, we do.”

Deaton maneuvers the Sonogram to be able to see the baby’s sex.

Stiles’ fingers tangle with Derek’s and he holds them tight in anticipation.

“Congratulations gentlemen, you’re having a boy.”

Stiles laughs and cries at the same time. Derek lifts up from where he’s seated to kiss his mate.

“Der, we’re having a son,” Stiles murmured to his lips, voice trembling with emotion.
Derek can’t stop smiling, he might cry too. He can’t tell and in this moment, he doesn’t care.

Happy. Happy. So happy.

Derek looks up from his book that he reads before bedtime, distracted by the sight of Stiles standing in front of the tall mirror in their room in only his pajama pants. The human is pouting as he checks himself out, turning left and right with his palms on his round stomach and his hips.

Stiles had done this a couple of times today, he noticed.

Derek shakes his head in amusement, closes and puts his book on his bedside table, and gets up to wrap his arms around his mate’s baby bump from behind.

He kisses all the little moles he sees on the smooth pale shoulder in front of him, “what’s bothering you?”

Stiles is still pouting, “I was just ugly before, but now I’m ugly and fat.”

“Hmm,” Derek runs his hands all over Stiles’ naked torso, rough fingers grazing sensitive nipples and teasing the skin under the swollen belly, “I think you’re sexy as fuck.”

“You’re delusional,” Stiles grumbled, yet his uneven breathing gave away how he’s affected by the touch.

Derek pushes his crotch on Stiles’ ass, “Tell that to my dick,” his hard dick, “It wants you.”

Stiles whimpers, “Dammit, fine, you win!” and turns around and kiss him desperately.

“Take me to bed, you horny Wolfman.”

Derek happily obliges, scooping his mate in his arms and carry him bridal style towards their awaiting king size bed.

“You’re insufferable,” Stiles complained from his fluffy pillow as Derek discarded both of their pants.

Derek cups his mate’s cheek and kisses him, “Hmm, insufferably in love with you.”

Stiles pinches him on his side, “Stop being so sweet! You used to threaten to bite me with your teeth.”

“Well,” Derek playfully grins predator-like, “I can do that too.”

Derek’s mouth gently nipped the mating mark he left on Stiles’ jugular. Stiles moans and tilts his head up, exposing his neck for Derek to kiss and suck all over the delicate skin until the man’s sure there’ll be fresh marks on his mate’s pale skin in the morning.

Stiles mewls when Derek enters two lubed fingers past his tight hole, stretching the muscle to prepare for his fat knot.

“Derek, please...” Stiles whimpered.

“Stiles, my mate, you’re so beautiful,” Derek sucks one nipple making Stiles moan brokenly, “so
perfect for me.”

Stiles reaches out a hand to cup Derek’s cheek making the man pause and look up, “Der, I know I’m—I’m huge right now, but please,” teary brown eyes begged, “please hold me.”

Derek’s wolf growls, he’ll fuck all the stupid insecurities out of his beautiful mate.

Derek kisses his mate’s sweaty forehead, “There’ll be no single day in our future together that I don’t want to hold you in my arms.”

Stiles answers by wrapping his arms around Derek’s shoulder, burying his face on Derek’s neck, welcoming Derek as the man finally pushes into his body.

For them both, it feels like coming home.

Derek is in full concentration assembling the new baby crib he builds from scratch in the room next to the master bedroom, which they decide would be perfect for the baby’s room, when he hears commotion from downstairs. He puts down his tools and furniture parts to go check what that’s all about.

He arrives downstairs to a sight of Isaac blocking the front door, looking a little bit intimidated but standing his ground as Stiles glares at the curly haired teenager with his hands on his hips, Peter next to him coaxing him to let go of the car keys apparently in the human’s grip.

“Move away, Isaac.”

“I’m sorry, Stiles, but I can’t let you out the door.”

“Stiles, we can get it for you.”

“But you always buy the wrong kind!”

Derek frowns, “Stiles?”

Stiles turns around at his voice. The human whimpers and goes straight into his arms.

“Derek, we’re out of pickles,” Stiles sobbed.

Derek looks at the two betas over Stiles’ shoulder in question. They just shrugs and finally go back to their own business now the Alpha has come to take care of his moody pregnant mate.

“Pickles?” Derek asked.

“Yeah, I always have peanut butter dipped pickles while watching Netflix. And I’m watching *Land before Time*, the first one, you know that one, don’t you, Der? It’s when Littlefoot’s mother died!” Stiles sobbed on Derek’s neck, “I need that pickles, Derek. But there’s none left! Because Peter ate the last one for his sandwiches, and they won’t let me go to buy some.”

Derek rubs his mate’s back to calm him down, “Baby, you can’t drive on your own, you know that, and it’s already dark outside. They just offered to get them for you.”

Derek hushes him soothingly, “why don’t I go get the pickles for you, hmm? I know which brand you like.”

“But I don’t want to disturb you, you’re busy making our baby’s room look adorable,” Stiles admitted softly, finally calm.

Derek kisses Stiles’ rosy cheek. “It’s okay, I can go get them really quick, no problem. Just pickles?”

Stiles blushes and murmurs shyly, “can you check if they have pineapples too?”

Derek’s lips twitch into a private smile. He kisses his mate’s temple, “pickles and pineapples, got it.”

He takes the car keys from Stiles’ hand, and this time the human gives it away willingly.

Later that night, Derek finds his lap full of pregnant Stiles, who’s gross sobbing watching little dinosaurs trying to find their home, while stuffing peanut butter dipped pickles in his mouth at the same time.

There is no place Derek would rather be.

Derek forbids Lydia, Allison, and Erica from making Stiles stress about the baby shower, so the girls are grilling the Alpha about it instead. It only takes ten minutes before they’re driving him nuts. Derek gives up and just hands over his credit card and lets them do whatever they plan to do.

The pack can bring baby unicorns and ten foot-tall giant teddy bears for all he cares, as long as Stiles goes to bed happy that evening.

The invitation is for family and pack only, it’s a small, intimate gathering. But everything is flawless in detail, as can be expected when you have Lydia organizing your party.

A big It’s a Boy! banner hanging above the fireplace. The pack is lounging on the mattresses on the floor in front of the fireplace, circling around the Alpha pair who are sitting with their backs on the couch.

Stiles is fucking glowing, all broad smiles as he receives present after present. Derek can’t stop touching him. The Alpha’s strong arm curls possessively around the human’s smaller frame, nose nuzzling rosy cheeks and disheveled brown hair oozing with the scent of contentment.

“Dad, wasn’t this… mine?” Stiles asked to his father, in his arms is an old faded dark blue blankie with pattern of little Batman logos, “I can’t believe you still have this.”

“I kept it in the attic,” The Sheriff cleared his throat, but his wet eyes show the emotion he tries to hide, “it was the first thing she bought when she learnt she was having you. After she—I just couldn’t get rid of it, even when you’d grown up.”

Derek can smell the scent of Stiles is strongly penetrated in the garment, with a hint of unknown yet familiar scent. A family. Their son will love it, the little wolf will sleep soundly in this.

Like Stiles can read his mind, he pulls the loved blankie and breathes into it, “Mmm, I can still smell her perfume.”

That unknown yet familiar scent is Stiles’ mother. Derek watches as his mate holds the blanket and sighs wistfully.

Stiles then reaches out and embraces his father tightly, “Thanks, Dad, it’s perfect.”
The Sheriff cups his son’s cheek and kisses his forehead, “Good luck, Son. This kid’s genes are at least half yours, you’ll soon understand my pain.”

Stiles laughs heartily as they let go of each other, “And you’ll watch as I suffer, right Dad?”

The Sheriff grins, “Front seat.”

The pack continues to offer their presents.

Boyd and Peter build them a baby playpen made out of wood, with added wheels so it’s mobile. They also help Derek build the crib and changing station for the baby’s room.

Jackson gives them the most sleek stroller Derek’s ever seen.

Lydia gives them set of luxury cashmere baby clothes and bedding she ordered from France, it’s so soft it’s like touching a cloud.

Erica gives them a beautiful fable book with leather cover and illustrations, and some Baby Einstein toys.

Danny gives them a tiny black sunglasses for infants, and a funny white cotton shirt with a bold red text of ‘I got it from my Daddy’ under a red arrow pointing up towards the face. “He will be the most gorgeous baby in town,” Danny said.

“Aww, thanks, Danny.”

“I believe Danny was talking about me,” Derek teased.

Stiles grins and pats him on his thigh, “Whatever helps you sleep at night, Honey-Boo.”

Allison, the badass huntress, installs the baby’s room security system, it’ll send a warning to the whole pack if the kid so much as breathing wrong. She also gives them a cute sprinkled donut floaties for the baby’s first swimming experience when he’s older.

Mrs. McCall, the practical experienced nurse, gives them a bottle sterilizer and portable baby bathtub. And baby socks. A lot of cute, adorable, tiny socks. Derek almost coos. Almost.

“Oh, Isaac, this is too adorable.” Stiles meanwhile unashamedly cooed over a tiny baby blue bunny onesie he held, with two floppy ears on the hoodie and fluffy cotton tail on the back.

“You know the kid will eat bunnies growing up right—oopf!” Jackson’s comment cut off by Lydia’s arm decking him in the stomach.

Isaac blushes, “I, uh, I bought several animal onesies.”

True to his words, there is also a panda, monkey, and of course, a wolf onesie.

Stiles frets over every single one of them, and goes to hug Isaac, “thank you, Pup, I love them.”

Isaac glances at Derek, and the Alpha nods his acknowledgement, leaving Isaac grinning from the approval.

“I’m next! Pick me! Pick me!” Scott insisted.

Stiles rolls his eyes, but asks his best friend to come closer, “Alright, whaddaya have, Big Guy?”
Scott grins in anticipation as Stiles opens his present.

It’s some weird looking device with a suction cup.

Derek doesn’t know what that is. Stiles seems not knowing either. Everyone but Scott seems lost not knowing what that is, except Melissa who suddenly snorts and laughs.

“Oh, Scott, Honey.”

“What?” Scott asked innocently, “Deaton said Stiles developed birthing organs, and it’s likely for his chest to develop too.”

Derek’s wolf perks up, strangely interested by the idea of what Scott implies. He will call Deaton later to confirm.

“Dude, I don’t get it,” Stiles said.

Scott frowns, “It’s a breast-pump.”

Stiles blinks, “What?”

“To pump your breastmilk, so you can store it and have it ready-to-go.”

The room falls silent.

Then Stiles shrieks in panic.

Scott looks like a confused puppy.

Jackson laughs, Lydia decks him again.

Derek may or may not have developed a new kink.

Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much to everybody who kindly left comments, kudos, bookmarks, subscriptions, and sent me lovely messages on Tumblr. They make me smile, they pump me full of spirit, and most of all, they keep me going. So, for that, from the bottom of my heart, I thank you. xoxo

My Tumblr: frownypup
My Beta’s: lilwolfiestiles
Hey, Guys! How’s your week? Here’s our eternal OTP (ノ◕ヮ◕)ﾉ*:・゚✧
Send love to my beta, 24Stiles.

The Graduation day finally comes for the high schoolers in the Hale pack. Stiles is seated between his father and Derek in the Beacon Hills High School’s auditorium. Derek’s arm curls protectively around his mate’s shoulder, as the principle delivers his speech.

“I almost forgot how boring he is,” Derek whispered to Stiles’ ear in mischief. Instead of paying attention, the man is busy stealing kisses from Stiles, making the human giggle.

“Derek, stop it! You’ll get us kicked out,” Stiles complained, yet grinning and leaning into Derek’s touch.

Stiles looks adorable in his graduation gown, happy and big with his pup, Derek can’t resist him even if he tries.

Lydia is valedictorian, at no one’s surprise. The pack claps and whistles loudly as she walks up to the podium. She delivers her speech with confidence and grace. Stiles winks at her when their eyes meet, and she smiles proudly at them.

Finally, they start to call the graduates name one by one to receive their certificates.

Derek turns in his seat to face Stiles, warm hand gently rubbing his mate’s heavily pregnant belly.

“You sure you’re up for getting up there? I’m still concern about the stairs.”

“I’ll be fine, Babe, it’s just couple of steps,” Stiles rolls his eyes fondly at his Alpha’s overprotective streak, “I won’t mind if you wait for me on the other end though.”

In which, of course, leads to Derek making a scene by gallantly stepping up before Stiles reaches the stairs after receiving his diploma and swooping Stiles off his feet carrying him down.

“What are you doing!?”

Derek ignores him to stare back at the audience, looking way too smug for Stiles’ liking. When he passes a group of girls gawking, the man wolfishly grins, “Lost your chances, Ladies, he’s mine now.”

Stiles groans and hides his face on Derek’s shoulder whimpering in self-pity, “Can I just combust and disappear now? I believe there’s a limit of embarrassment a human body can take, and you just made me surpass it.”

Stiles is getting cozy on the Hale house’s couch, watching Tom & Jerry on Cartoon Network and
trying with all his might to finish his dad’s recipe from *Hell*, nutritious smoothie. Derek made it for him and insisted for Stiles to ingest every last drop. Stiles almost wanted to cry when Derek handed the glass to him. *This is it*, this gnarly mixture is the universe’s punishment for all his wrong-doings.

Stiles is two torturous gulps away when Lydia, Erica, and Allison come joining him on the couch.

“When do you and Derek plan to get married?” Lydia said nonchalantly.

The last gulp of the smoothie gets down the wrong pipe.

“Excuse me?” Stiles squeaked after almost getting choked to death by *Evil*. This is what the smoothie is, *Evil* in a form of liquid.

“I assume after the baby is born?” Lydia continues.

“We, um,” Stiles gapes, blushing madly, “Yeah, that’s what we planned.”

“Hmm, spring wedding. Perfect. We’re gonna help,” Lydia said, flicking back her shiny strawberry blond hair.

It’s not a question.

“Sure..?” Stiles responded, because why not. The initial plan is just going to court to have their marriage legalized, followed by a family dinner in some fancy restaurant in town. It’s not like they’re opposed to have a beautiful wedding to remember, it’s just that they acknowledge they’re going to be too busy with a newborn to plan something outrageous. Besides, they’re already mated and soul-bonded. Practically, they are tied together for the rest of their lives.

Allison rubs his back like she tries to soothe him for what’s coming next, Erica takes the glass out of his hand and puts it on the coffee table in front of them, and Lydia opens up her pink bedazzled notebook while talking miles per minute.

“I think it’d be best to have it here, we thought you would prefer that, especially with a newborn baby. So I am personally considerate enough to lower my expectation about the choice of the venue. But the other subjects, I refuse to have the less than impeccable perfection.” She looks at Stiles daring him to say otherwise, so Stiles just nods absently, because his survival instinct tells him not to deny this woman anything when she looks like that.

Lydia seems satisfied by his consent, as if Stiles just gives her permission to take over the world, which she probably will.

“Family and pack only, you’re welcome. Forest theme, gardeners are already contacted, I already have the design. There will be no living animals though; I don’t care how low Scott grovels on the ground. The wedding cake is raspberry infused, with lemon frost, and it’s beautiful and Isaac loves it so we take it. I have Derek scheduled for fitting tomorrow, you’ll do yours after the baby is born. The tailor confirmed to finish yours in two weeks time, I have this vision of you to wear–“

“H-Hold on, just hold on a minute, Lyds! When did you guys start planning all of this!?"

“When we were planning for the baby shower. Killed two birds with one stone.”

“You have my wedding plan all fixed in a week?”

“There are three of us.” And she’s *Lydia Martin*, Stiles can hear that part left unsaid.
“Does Derek know?”

“He gave me his credit card.”

Stiles can only imagine what his poor fiancé had been through.

“Now, I know Derek keeps reminding us a million times not to stress you out,” Lydia rolled her eyes, “but I need to confirm some lists. Just say yes or no,” Lydia clicks her pen and starts raining down question lists from her notes.

Unlike the Alpha, Stiles doesn’t have any credit card to save him. The pregnant human whimpers thirty minutes later, because goddamn the list is endless. Thankfully, Derek senses his distress and quickly comes to fetch him, eyes flaring red in warning to the girls to cut it out.

Less than a week from labor, Stiles is as cranky as a cat from hell.

He’s always hot and sweaty though it’s still freaking winter. All his joints hurt. He waddles instead of walking. He’s a size of a whale, nothing fits him anymore; now he only wears pajama pants and Derek’s old sweaters. He wants to pee all the time. He’s hungry. He’s horny. He’s miserable.

He used to love to be in a puppy piles with his pack, but now he barely stands to be near anyone but Derek. He’s emotionally unstable, happy for one second then suddenly angry the next. The pack, of course, tries to be understanding. They’ll do anything to make him feel better even just a bit.

Stiles always feels guilty afterwards for all the attitude, but he can’t help this raw need to be just left alone and hide, preferably in the arms of his strong chosen Alpha.

Mmm, his Alpha, on the other hand…

His Alpha is perfect.

Stiles has chosen well.

He has chosen the best strongest Alpha to breed him. He’s wet down there just dreaming about the gorgeous werewolf. Derek’s touch can melt him and send him ablaze. That fat knot could impregnate him as many times as it wants, Stiles would take it. Stiles would give Derek family as big as the Alpha desires and deserves.

Because Derek is loving and caring, showering him with affection and full devotion. Derek is warm and safe. Derek means kisses, hugs, sweet names, and getting him strawberry ice cream with salted pretzels and candied peaches in the middle of the night and Stiles loves him so much.

Derek is the father of his baby, and just the thought of him near makes Stiles content. He wants Derek, needs Derek here with him, always.

Stiles is sleeping buried under the thick warm cover of his and Derek’s bed when he’s woken up by small kisses on his face. His Alpha’s handsome face is the first thing he sees when he opens his eyes. The wolf’s strong yet gentle hand cups his swollen belly, where their son is still sleeping.

"Hey, sorry to wake you," Derek said between kisses.

Intense love and affection burst in him at the sight of his man, Stiles hums happily and snuggles closer. He then realizes Derek is already showered and dressed for the day.
"I have to head out for a while," Derek said just as Stiles gets the idea.

And the pregnant human hates it. He just has to have Derek close all the time.

"No," Stiles whimpers into Derek’s neck, "Stay."

Derek wraps his strong arms around his suddenly distressed mate on impulse, "Baby...

Stiles whines, “Don’t go.”

“Sshh, it’s just for few hours, Sweetheart, I need to settle things at work before my maternity leave, remember?”

Stiles looks up at the wolf with hopeful eyes, “Then you won’t go again?”

Derek kisses his forehead, “I’ll be all yours.”

Trying to beat the silly pang of loss with logic, Stiles nods and hugs Derek tighter before letting go.

Derek kisses him goodbye and leaves. Stiles locks the bedroom door after him and returns to their bed, trying to fall back to sleep.

He gives up after an hour of restless turning. He just can’t relax.

He gets up and spends few minutes just glaring at the bed, trying to figure out what is wrong with it.

Stiles moves to the closet and starts to gather all the spare bedcovers, blankets, and pillows they have. He throws them on the bed and stares again, visioning of the bed situation that he wants.

Then he starts working.

He spends some time setting the bed covers and blankets into a huge thick disheveled pile. After he finishes, he buries himself into the pile, pushing his head into the pillows he surrounds himself with. He sighs, closing his eyes and tries, again, to fall back to sleep.

The sunlight reaches his eyes and it’s bothering him.

It’s too fucking bright in here.

Stiles growls and grudgingly gets up again. He pulls down all the window curtains, leaving their room in the dark.

He comes back to bed and lies down under the pile again, closing his eyes, finally getting back to sleep.

After a moment, glassy brown eyes open up glaring at the ceiling again.

He can’t sleep.

Stiles whimpers in misery, he doesn’t know what is wrong, he is just so uncomfortable.

He doesn’t like the pile he made, he doesn’t like how big the space around him, he doesn’t like the fact he’s high on the second floor, he doesn’t like that Derek is not here to comfort him, he—

There’s a knock on the door, “Stiles, I’m bringing breakfast,” Peter called.
—he doesn’t like there are other wolves around him.

Stiles sniffles, “Go away.”

“Stiles, don’t be ridiculous,” The door handle moves in vain, “Stiles? What’s going on? Open the door.”

Stiles buries his face into Derek’s pillow and whimpers, “Go away! I’m trying to sleep!”

Peter sighs, “I’m calling Derek, Stiles. You know he’ll worry.”

*I don’t care, let him worry*, Stiles thought grudgingly. It’s his mate’s fault to leave him alone anyway.

True to Peter’s warning, few moments later, Derek’s face pops up on Stiles’ phone.

Stiles stares longingly at the gorgeous face before finally accepting the call.

"Hi," Stiles greeted shortly. He’s pouting, not happy that his mate is away from him.

"Stiles, *Babe,*" Derek said in a gentle loving tone, apparently immediately catching up on his mood, "Is everything okay?"

“I can’t sleep,” Stiles sniffled.

“Why? What’s wrong?” Derek asked in worry.

"I miss you," Stiles admitted softly, hesitantly adding, "come home?"

"Soon, Sweetheart, I’m finishing up," The Alpha tried to soothe him, "Have you eaten?"

"M not hungry..."

"Stiles, Baby *please,* you can’t just skip meals like that."

"*Derek,*" Stiles whimpered, "*come home.*"

"Sshh alright, I’m leaving in ten, okay?"

Stiles weakly nods even though his mate can’t see him.

"Tell you what, I’ll get you that *boba* tea you like, if you finish a sandwich while waiting for me. How’s that sound?"

Stiles takes time to consider before finally answer, "Strawberry?"

Derek chuckles, "Large *boba* strawberry milk tea comin' right up. Now, I'll ask Peter to bring you food, promise me you'll eat it? Stiles?"

"*Kay.."

"Good. I’ll be home soon, My Love."

Not long after they hang up, Peter knocks on their bedroom’s door again, bringing the food for him. Stiles receives it from the door, not letting Peter into the bedroom. Peter just raises his eyebrows at his unexplained solitude and leaves him alone.
Stiles truthfully loses his appetite, he just doesn’t want to eat it, because it’s not from Derek. But he promised his mate, so he forces himself to take a bite. Even so, he only manages to finish halfway before pushing the plate away.

After barely enough nourishment, Stiles lies miserably on the pile he made, waiting for his mate to come back. His discomfort gets the better of him. Tears start to fill sad honey brown eyes, as Stiles’ emotion goes all over the place. He feels exposed and unsafe. His mind screams that he’s not supposed to hide here.

Derek comes home finding the bedroom door is locked, it doesn’t help to trample down his worry, “Stiles, it’s me,” he knocked softly on the door.

He heard rustling from inside and then the door unlocks, revealing tear-faced Stiles.

“Baby, c’mere,” Derek goes inside and pulls the distressed pregnant mate into his arms, closing the door behind him, “Hey, tell me what’s wrong.”

Stiles sobs into his shoulder, “I don’t- I don’t know. I just don’t wanna be here.”

Derek feels lost, “Baby, what do you mean..? This is our home.”

“I tried everything, but I’m still so uncomfortable, I can’t sleep. And I want to sleep, Der..”

In confusion, Derek looks over his mate’s shaking shoulder at the layers upon layers of covers and blankets on their bed, pillows scattered around. The room is dark because the all the curtains are down.

Realization hits Derek.

Stiles is nesting.

His pregnant mate is preparing to have their baby, as he can tell the day is close now. It’s one of the most fundamental instincts a mother wolf has.

No wonder he’s barely allowed to leave. His mate will rely on him to take care of him while he’s nesting. Stiles will only eat what he offers; will only let him into the nest.

Derek’s heart melts into a puddle; he’s a lucky bastard to get to experience this in his life.

“Stiles, Sweetheart,” Derek scoops his mate up, carrying him gently back to the bed, “Sshh, everything will be okay.”

He joins Stiles under the layers, holding him tightly in his arms and pressing his lips on the human’s temple, “Tell me what do you need, Baby?” There is nothing Derek wouldn’t do for his sweet lovely mate.

“I just want to find somewhere else to rest,” Stiles whimpered to Derek’s neck.

Derek hushes him in a soothing tone. Stiles was clearly trying to nest here in their bedroom, and somehow the result doesn’t satisfy his instincts.

“I know, Baby, tell me where you’d like to be, close to the ground?” Derek offered.

Stiles nods, “Warm, and dark, and no one’s around,” he tightens his grip on Derek, “except you. You have to be with me,” Stiles demanded, no room for negotiation.
Derek cups his mate’s cheek and kisses the whimpering pink lips, “I’ll be with you all the way, I promise.”

Derek is thinking about the options he has to offer, when he remembers a special place he shared with Stiles before.

“Hey, you remember our secret den in the woods?”

Stiles perks up in interest and nods enthusiastically.

Derek smiles, they have found the perfect solution. “Wanna come back there with me?”

Derek takes care of the logistics as fast as he can; he promises Stiles he’d be back in an hour max. He’s grateful he brought the large boba tea as an offering that will distract Stiles for a while.

Before he leaves, he makes conference call to the pack and Stiles’ father to update what’s going on. The Sheriff comes to the Hale house right away to watch over Stiles until Derek’s back. The pack is split up for errands immediately. Some get the things Derek lists, the rest sweep through and around the parameters to ensure the area is safe. Derek goes to clean up the cave and put the gathered items there.

And his pregnant mate needs a check-up first.

“Deaton,” Derek greeted when the line connected, “It’s Hale.”

“Alpha Hale,” Deaton greeted back, “How can I help you?”

“Stiles might be close to labor. I think it’ll be in the next few days ahead.”

“Should I make home visit?”

“Yes, please, and I need to update you that we have a complex situation.”

“Oh?”

“Stiles is nesting, and huge possibility he wants to give birth in it.”

“We can have the procedure at home, it’s an option.”

Derek clears his throat. “It’s the situation, Stiles doesn’t want to nest in our house. Somehow, he loves the idea of nesting in our den in the woods. It’s a cave.”

Deaton chuckles, “He surely doesn’t do things halfway.”

Derek privately smiles thinking about his waiting mate back home, “Can you make a home visit before we leave? Check if he’s still in condition to give birth with normal procedure. And we need to arrange how he’s gonna deliver the baby there.”

“I’ll be there in half an hour.”

“Perfect, I’ll see you then.”

Derek ends the call and meets the pack near the den area. He briefs them that they will be on shift to patrol the territory as long as Stiles is out here to ensure safety. Protocol is in place if any threat occurs.
They will be able to feel it in the pack bond once the baby is born, and they can visit to welcome him. In the meantime, they can’t enter the den area since it will stress the nesting mother.

Derek drops the rest of the items real quick; food, water, ice chest, mattresses, dozens of bedcovers, blankets, pillows, towels, and a few changes of clothes. It’s the edge of winter and freezing cold out there. But it’s less cold in the cave, and once Derek lights up all the candles he brought, it will be comfortably warm in here.

After the werewolf is satisfied with the den he’s prepared, he runs back to his waiting mate.

Deaton is entering the driveway when Derek arrives. Both enter the house greeted by the worried Sheriff.

“He’s locked himself in the bedroom again, said he wouldn’t open the door until you got here.”

Derek winces, checking his watch to see he only left for forty-five minutes. He gestures the other two men to follow him upstairs.

“Stiles, Sweetheart, I’m back,” Derek softly called from behind the closed door.

Stiles opens the door and dives into his arms right away. Derek scoops him up and carries him to the bed, talking softly to his ear, “The cave is ready, we’ll go after Deaton checks on the baby, okay?”

Derek joins him on the bed, letting Stiles sit on his lap. Deaton takes out his equipment and steps closer to the pregnant human, only to have Stiles shy away trying to hide himself in Derek’s arms.

“No… Don’t touch me,” Stiles whimpered.

Derek hushes him, hands rubbing in soothing motion, “I’m here, I won’t let anything happen to you or our baby,”

Stiles looks up at him, complete trust shining from wide brown eyes, “promise?”

Derek kisses his forehead, “I promise. Quick check, then we go, okay?”

Stiles hides his face on Derek’s shoulder, muffling softly, “’kay.”

Receiving consent, Deaton proceeds the required check-ups, with Derek and the Sheriff asking related questions.

“Both mother and baby are in excellent condition. The birthing passage has developed completely. Newly found self-healing cells in the placenta and passage’s wall. Slight swelling on the mammary gland, not as obvious in size as a female, but still a symptom that Stiles will indeed lactate. Safe to say, only with his Alpha’s help, Stiles actually can deliver the baby on his own, heal himself afterwards, and self-sufficiently feed his infant.”

Derek gulps, looking down at his sleepy mate in his arms, vulnerable and defenseless as ever. Nature’s gift is great, but still, “Yeah, I don’t think so. I’m not taking chances with their safety. Scott will take you to the den location when Stiles is in labor.”

Deaton nods in understanding, “As you wish, Alpha Hale.”

Derek wraps Stiles in a cocoon of thick blanket to protect him from the cold winter air, before carrying him bridal style on their short journey to their secret den. Allison, Scott, and Peter escort them, walking not far behind, rolling their eyes when the expecting parents start arguing over the
The silliest thing.

Stiles insists he can walk on his own, but the ground is slippery from thin snow so Derek won’t let him. Fortunately, Stiles is too sleepy to stand his ground on the matter for too long, so in the end the human just lets his wolf carry him until they reach their destination.

The escorts stop just on the border of the lake in front of the hidden cave. Derek nods at them and the three pack members turn around and leave the premises.

Derek puts Stiles down on the mouth of the cave. Stiles takes a look around the den and smiles happily at the sight of stack of bedcovers, blankets, and pillows besides a dark corner made out of mattresses. He turns around and kisses Derek hard on the mouth, “mmm love you…” he murmured.

He then weakly attempt to push Derek out, silently asking Derek to wait outside as he intends to fix the nest the way he likes. Derek obliges without question, patiently waiting, not caring about the cold wind attacking him outside.

It takes a moment before he finally hears his name being summoned.

“Der…”

He makes his way into the den and his knees weaken at what greets him. It’s a sight to be hold. Stiles lies in his giant inviting disheveled nest, as naked as the day he was born, baby bump protruding and offensively exposed to the world. Glassy honey brown eyes lock their gaze at him, grabby hands raised up wide open to him. Wanting him. Needing him. Demanding for him. Only him.

Derek’s breath is punched out of his lungs, words dying on his tongue.

He’s never considered that something, someone, can be so precious.
He’d never thought that anything, anyone, could be so perfect.
How did he end up with this?
How could he be so lucky?

Stiles starts to whimper, pulling him out of his head.

He silently and quickly takes off his clothes, fingers trembling as he carefully lifts the covers and joins his mate in the nest, too scared to ruin this dream-like moment. Derek hastily fixes the covers over them; he has to make sure his pregnant mate is warm and comfortable.

What else does his mate need? Is he hungry? Is he thirsty? Is he cold?

Derek wants to ask but stops as Stiles sighs in content burying himself in Derek’s arms, snuggling his face to Derek’s neck unconsciously scenting him, clueless to Derek freaking out a little on the inside.

Moments later, the pregnant human is snoring softly. His huge baby bump is warm where every inch of it touches the skin of Derek’s stomach. And then a soft kick can be felt skin to skin, reminding Derek of what’s to come. Derek growls softly, eyes flashing red with raw possessiveness, sharp fangs yet gentle lips dropping tender kisses on pale freckled skin. Then his arms tighten around the vulnerable human, engulfing his sleeping mate and unborn son impossibly closer to him, every vein in his body burns with intense instinct.
Chapter End Notes

Aren’t they the fluffiest fluff that you’ve ever fluffed? (__,) ️
Comment if you agree ❤❤❤❤❤
The Sweet Torture

Chapter Notes

Warning! Explicit smut in this chapter! Ooh lala~

Send love to my amazing beta who puts up with my crap since day one, 24Stiles.

Dear Sterek, (ﾉ◕ヮ◕)ﾉ*:・゚baby♡

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Moments with Derek in this warm secluded cave are almost magical to Stiles. It’s like they are in their own world and anything else out there does not exist. Stiles is aware that what they share together here is so privately intimate, no one but them will ever know about it.

And Derek is just so dear, tirelessly making sure Stiles and their unborn baby are well and happy. Just the fact that the man has gone this far to prepare this perfect den for him, Stiles wants to kiss him forever.

Had Stiles mentioned Derek also managed to buy him curly fries before they got here? Stiles bursts into manly tears when Derek presented him the huge take-away box after Stiles woke up from his nap that first day.

Stiles is never leaving this man.

Stiles spends most of his times in his nest sleeping, saving his drained energy from carrying a werewolf baby that now is getting more active in his womb.

Derek dedicatedly sees to his needs, answering to every Stiles’ whim, but his favorite is when Derek simply lies with him in the nest. Stiles loves snuggling with him, pliant to the man’s undivided attention. Stiles’ belly is now so heavy and swollen to its limit, Derek is unbelievably gentle and careful with him.

There is no day or night spent without protective strong arms around him, keeping him warm. Some nights when the wind gets too cold and Stiles shivers, Derek will hide him beneath layers of thick covers and shift into his giant black wolf form to engulf Stiles in his warm fur.

Stiles loves Derek’s kisses too. Derek kisses Stiles like Stiles is the air that he breathes, with those soulful green eyes looking at him, raspy voice whispering sweet names and love before taking Stiles’ breath away again.

Sometimes, Derek is playful, pulling him close to tease him with his cheesy one liners, whispering naughty suggestions that burn Stiles’ ear, stealing ticklish kisses that make Stiles giggle, speaking so seriously to the baby bump that makes Stiles smile so wide that it hurts his face.

“What should we name you, Pup?” Derek asked adorably, ear pressed on Stiles’ bellybutton, protective arms hugging the big bump, thumbs rubbing in soothing motion, “Your papa wants a polish name, what do you think?”
Their son kicks the stubbly cheek from inside the Stiles’ womb. Derek’s eyebrows frown in confusion. “Is that a yes or a no? Stiles, help me translate.”

Stiles chuckles, lovingly running his fingers through Derek’s disheveled hair and gently scratching the scalp, “What I know for sure is that he loves hearing his daddy’s voice.”

Derek turns to kiss the taut skin around Stiles’ bellybutton, and starts humming a lullaby tune softly. How easily, this man makes Stiles fall in love with him all over again.

“How easy, this man makes Stiles fall in love with him all over again.”

“His last name should be Hale,” Stiles said.

Derek looks up, checking if he heard wrong, “What..?”

Stiles cups Derek’s cheek, soothing the confused frown on his mate’s face, “And I want to take your name too, after we’re married. My cousins will carry Stilinski name, I just— this pregnancy must mean something. Der, it’s like the universe is telling us that they don’t want to see the last of the Hales just yet. And I know how much your family means to you, so if you’ll have us,” Stiles guides Derek’s hand to his baby bump, “we want to be part of it, part of you. I mean, if you’re okay with it.”

Derek gapes in disbelief, “Okay with it? Sweetheart, I’d be honored,” Derek kisses him, “I—Stiles, thank you.” Emotional tears are in the man’s eyes as he presses his lips to Stiles’ again in deep gratitude, “My family would have loved you. I wish they could meet the both of you, and see how lucky I am.”

“They do,” Stiles smiles kindly, putting his palm above Derek’s heart, tears in his eyes too, “they’re in here all the time, my love.”

Derek looks deeply into his eyes with such wonder and leans in. The couple shares a sweet kiss.

“We should honor your family too,” Derek said, engulfing Stiles in his arms and dropping kisses beneath Stiles’ jaw line.

Stiles hums contently, “We can still call him Mieczysław Jr.”

Derek stops and shortly whimpers, looking down to Stiles’ baby bump in horror, “My poor pup.”

Stiles laughs, smacking his mate’s arm. “Hey!”

Derek brought tons of storable food, and what he couldn’t manage to bring, the pack drops them for him. Stiles is just simply impressed how the man manages to feed him meals like smoked salmon sandwich or arugula salad in this wilderness, on daily basis.

Just like now, Stiles is sitting next to Derek, their back supported by thick fluffy pillows on the cave wall. And Derek is feeding him beef stroganoff, with actual chunks of real beef.

“Mmm,” Stiles moaned, leaning to peck Derek’s cheek in appreciation, still chewing the tender meat in his mouth, “Delicious, Babe.”

“Here, some mashed potato.” Derek offers a spoonful of smooth mash to his mate.

“You’re not going to eat any?” Stiles asked as he opened his mouth for the offered spoon.

“Yeah, later.” Derek offers him another spoon of mash, now joined by a chunk of meat.
Stiles rolls his eyes while taking a mouthful of food offered. Derek is always so focused on tending to him, Stiles has to watch out for the man ignoring his own needs.

Stiles grabs the fork to stab a beef chunk and offers it to Derek’s mouth, “Share with me,” brown eyes pulling out pleading look.

Derek looks at him, sighs in defeat, and ends up letting Stiles feed him too.

“What’s for dessert?” Stiles asks after they finish their meal.

“Chocolate pudding.” Derek gets up to put the container away and open the ice chest.

Stiles approves, “Derek, yes.”

“But,” Derek turns back around to face him and Stiles sees a bottle of a certain familiar green-like smoothie in his hand, “you finish this first.”

Stiles whimpers, “Derek, no.”

When Stiles is not sleeping or eating, everyone might assume he’s busy spreading his legs and fucking.

And they are absolutely right, every single one of them.

But Stiles refused to take all the blame for their night of debauchery, alright? Seriously, have they seen how inhumanly gorgeous his man is? And it’s not like he’s the only one that wants it.

Stiles honestly just lies here in this lovely warm bed, naked of course, because clothes are unnecessary in this hidden sanctuary. Eventually, sometimes he feels like stretching his back or idly rubbing itchy taut skin of his swollen belly.

Derek is the one who stares. And Stiles can see it in the Alpha’s flashing red eyes, how turned on the man is. For whatever reason, Derek loves Stiles’ pregnant body. Derek looks at him like he wants to eat him, bunny teeth visible from his open mouth; the only thing missing in the picture is his drool.

And the only thing that actually stops the man from jumping Stiles, is his adorable devotion to put Stiles’ need first. Fortunately for him, after Stiles has enough sleep and enough food, what Stiles needs next is the capital D.

He doesn’t know if this is normal. Sure, Deaton said it’s totally fine, but should he hate the sex? He read some pregnancy blogs, good percentage of expecting mothers are too uncomfortable to have sexual intercourse. But nope, not him. His asshole does not just shyly twitch at the intrusion of his mate’s glorious dick, it gapes open and swallows the whole thing.

Their den reeks of so much sex, that no wild animal would even consider taking over this place when they leave. Sure, Derek is diligent with his post-cleaning duty, but who knows where the stray cum goes.

Moreover, now there is another new interesting twist in their sexy times, a temporary development on Stiles’ body that Derek seems to literally milk while it lasts.

As the day of the baby’s birth comes closer, Stiles’ hormones shift and his mammary glands start to produce mother’s milk. Without any release, Stiles’ pectorals become taut and slightly swollen. His
perky nipples painfully erect and are so sensitive. The situation leaves Stiles restless due to soreness and annoying itch.

One night, he just can’t take it anymore. His chest is in pain from the tightness. Stiles’ face is burning red as he shyly murmurs his predicament to Derek, who is way too willing and excited to offer his help.

The man-breast, as Stiles called it, is meaty enough for Derek to cup and squeeze them. Stiles gasps in surprise as Derek gives a little experimental nip on the soft flesh near the nipple. Derek hums that sounds like appreciation, and kisses the other side of the swollen pectoral, now taking a mouthful biting kiss and soundly sucking the supple flesh.

“Mmm Der,” Stiles loves it, surprisingly.

He knows from the pressure of his mate’s kisses, there will be bite marks all over his chest. He never figured Derek would also be this enthusiastic.

Derek now starts to pay attention on Stiles’ nipples.

“They’re a little bit swollen, Baby, do they hurt?” Derek asked, rough fingers rubbing the hard pink nubs.

Stiles whimpers, loving the way his nipples are scratched, twisted, and tugged. He can’t help but react beautifully, not able to control his expression and voice.

Derek leans down to lick and suck one of the erect nipples, and Stiles shamelessly moans.

“You like that, Baby?” Gentle hands massage the milk-filled man-breast, circulating the rich nectar toward the two outlets.

Stiles nods, face flushed, “Feels so good, Der.”

Derek takes the sensitive bud in his mouth again, obscenely sucking it while squeezing the full pectoral, coaxing the milk to come out.

“Derek!” Stiles mewls in relief when the breast milk finally bursts out.

Derek gulps a mouthful of the sweet creamy milk and moans, “Baby, you taste amazing.”

The wolf then practically attacks his leaking tits, driving Stiles out of his mind. The lactating mother writhes under his mate’s body, sobbing from foreign yet much welcomed pleasure, as the man sucks his milk dry like a madman lost in a desert.

How thirsty is Derek?

The man in question drops butterfly kisses on the sore breasts he emptied, licking all the bruised spots to heal, murmuring compliments to his beloved mate, “my sweet mate, so perfect for me,” he gushes, “perfect mother for my pup, feeding him strong and healthy,” and finally latching his greedy mouth on the swollen nipple sucking hard for the last squirt of Stiles’ sweet milk.

With the tightness from his man-breast finally relieved and his milk temporarily spent, Stiles intends to succumb back to his slumber once more.

But then he sees Derek licks his own lips to gather stray milk drops, blissful satisfaction written all over his stupid horn smug gorgeous face.
The man leans in, innocently smooching Stiles’ rosy cheeks, yet Stiles feels his hard dick rubbing on Stiles’ also interested dick.

Stiles’ lips twitch into a smile.

*God, they have no restraint at all.*

He looks up at his mate, considering should he make love or sleep first because pregnant life is so difficult.

Derek is looking back expectantly at him, grinning as he teasingly shoves his hard dick, leaking with precum, on Stiles’ crotch again.

“I feel like I should provide you with my milk too,” Derek whispered in his ears.

Stiles laughs in giddy affection. He leans up and kisses his silly wolf, who never fails on making the most terrible innuendos.

Derek, The *Hornywolf* of Beacon Hills, of course takes that as a yes to the lovemaking.

The man kisses him back wet and hot while manhandling him to lay on his side, with his back to Derek’s chest.

One arm curls around Stiles’ chest, warm hand cupping his man-breast tenderly, sensitive nipple caught by a calloused thumb. The other hand gently strokes the taut skin of Stiles’ swollen stomach, up and down, before reaching lower to stroke Stiles’ hardening cock.

Stiles’ body comes alive from the abrupt stimulation. Derek’s palm is torturously slow in jerking him and it feels amazing, three more strokes and his erection starts leaking. Stiles’ gasping breath is silenced by Derek’s tongue dancing with his as the man deepens their kiss, bruised lips wet with each other’s spit.

Stiles feels so, so good, he won’t last long. And he plans to come with Derek’s knot in his ass. Said erection is now pressing hot on his ass cheeks. Stiles can’t resist reaching it with his wandering hand, touching and feeling how long and thick it is.

Derek breaks their kiss to groan, “*Stiles.*”

Stiles uses the opportunity to whine to Derek’s jaw, “*Babe, ’want you.*”

Stiles wants him inside him like yesterday. He recklessly shoves his ass back, attempting to just let the thing penetrate him without proper preparation. He is too far desperate.

Derek grabs his ass and urgently stops the movement, hushing softly when Stiles whimpers his complaint.

Derek presses a soft kiss on Stiles’ sweaty temple, “*Careful please, my love.*”

“*Hurry up,*” Stiles whined.

The hand on his ass disappears and Stiles hears a bottle cap’s opening.

Stiles sighs when Derek pushes a lubed finger in him. *Some action, finally.*

Derek chuckles, “*Satisfied already? It’s just a finger.*”
Stiles smirks and turns his head to look at his mate to tease back, “Because you act like you’re fucking a piece of antique china, I’m lucky I’m getting anything in this ass at this point—Ah~!”

Stiles cries in agonizing pleasure as Derek shoves in three digits at once and twists them in retaliation.

“Getting anything now, Sweetheart?” Derek grinned in mischief, but his fingers are slowing, once again careful and patient in stretching his mate’s tight channel.

“God, I’m marrying a sadist,” Stiles grumbled with a raspy voice, his hand blindly reaching out to grasp Derek’s ebony hair. He pulls the man closer, “the good news is, you’re marrying a masochist,” and kisses the smug smile out of his mate’s handsome face.

He pulls away after he’s out of breath, gasping softly to his lover’s lips, “make love to me, my wolf?”

Derek gently pulls his fingers out and moves to line his erection’s head to Stiles’ opening. The arm around Stiles curls pulling him into Derek’s body.

“You okay? Comfortable?”

Stiles nods. “Babe, please…”

Derek groans as he slowly pushes in.

“Mmphh yes,” Stiles gasped, as he feels the head deliciously stretch his tight muscle and impale his way through, feeling every friction of inch after inch of his mate’s hard cock stroking and pressing every nerve bundle on his inner wall until there is no space left in the passage. His ass is literally, in every sense of the word, full with Derek’s cock.

“Fuck, Baby, how come you’re still so tight after all these times,” Derek whispered to his neck. He slowly pulls out and pushes back in.

“Oh,” Stiles mewled.

“You like that, Baby?” Derek cooed, slowly but surely pacing his hips to Stiles’ ass.

Stiles answers with a moan. Derek feels so good inside him.

“Harder, Der, harder.”

Derek shakes his head, still pacing his speed torturously slow. His self control is truly sensational. Stiles’, on the other hand, is a stretched rubber band on the limit of snapping.

“I can take it. Please, Derek, please!” Stiles begged, no shame at all, hooking his thigh over Derek’s, shoving his ass back on Derek’s crotch desperately.

Derek growls in frustration. His hand hooks beneath Stiles’ thigh and carefully raises it higher. The other is gentle where it wraps protectively around Stiles’ swollen belly. In contrast, his big cock finally, deliciously pistons harder, deeper, and faster inside Stiles’ tight ass. Obscene slapping sounds come from where the base of his manhood smacks Stiles’ flushing ass cheeks.

Stiles loves every second of it. He’s a sobbing mess on the floor, drool trickling down his gasping mouth.

It’s official.
Stiles is a certified cock slut, and Derek is his living sex god.

“Der—Der, I’m—I’m—“ Stiles cries loudly as he reaches climax. His dick shoots strings of cum up, some caught on his swollen belly and Derek’s arm over it.

Behind him, Derek roars and his knot emerges.

Stiles spasms, eyes rolling under the half closed lids, overwhelmed by the sensation of his inner wall stretched to fit Derek’s fat knot.

Then the swollen member starts to fill him with generous load of cum.

Derek’s protective arms hold Stiles’ trembling body from behind. His possessive mouth renews the bond mark on Stiles’ neck, while he floods Stiles’ inside with his breeding juice.

What exactly is the wolf trying to achieve? Stiles is already pregnant.

“Mmmlove, watchadoin’, ‘m full, no room,” Stiles slurred, exhausted body going limp.

Derek answers with a deep growl, “Mine,” and pushes his knot impossibly deeper to the hilt, shooting more, filling into Stiles’ already drenched hole.

“M’kay.” Familiar already with his mate’s primal behavior and now feeling sated from a great session of sex, Stiles just let Derek do his thing, sleepily kissing the man goodnight, and falls back to his deep slumber.

A couple of days pass by, and outside the hidden den, the snow is thinning. Sprouts start growing shyly, signs of new beginning, a new hope.

Spring has finally come.

And inside the hidden den, Stiles is woken up one peaceful morning, by a terrible cramping in his pelvis. Stiles waits for it to pass, but the cramp is only getting worse, now spreading along his lower back. A sudden contraction sends Stiles grunting in pain.

Just like that, the warm body behind him moves in alert. Gentle palms urgently move to cup his cheek and baby bump.

“Stiles? Sweetheart, what’s wrong?” Derek asked in worry.

Stiles can’t explain how but he simply knows, “Der, the baby, the baby is coming,” Stiles hissed between deep breaths he thankfully learned prior to his nesting period. Another wave of strong cramps attacks his lower back and Stiles cries in pain, one hand gripping Derek’s arm real tight while the other palms the baby bump. “Oh, fuck! I really felt that one!”

“Oh, fuck,” Derek cursed, “okay, okay, you’re gonna be okay,” he kisses Stiles’ temple, “I’ll be right back!”

“What? Derek, where the hell are you going!?? Derek!” Stiles called his mate in a frantic shout as the man hastily got up and left their den in a flash.

How dare he leave him in this state!

Stiles angrily growls. Shakily, Stiles gets up in struggle. Another contraction comes, and Stiles stumbles to support himself up with his hand on his cave’s wall.
“Derek!” He called for his mate again, taking careful steps toward the cave’s mouth. Then he hears a loud howling wolf from a distance outside. Oh right, Derek is calling for the cavalry. “Stupid wolf, should’ve just told me so,” Stiles grumbled to himself.

Stiles turns the other way to come back to his nest. But he makes the sudden move too fast, and something in his body pop, followed by something gushing from his asshole. Stiles looks down and see some sort of clear liquid wetting down his legs to the floor. “Uh, oh.”

Just in time, a flustered Derek makes his way back into the cave running, “Stiles, I’m sorry, I—” The man’s eyes widen in panic as he sees so much liquid generously flows from Stiles’ bottom to the ground.

“Derek,” Stiles’ shaky voice is ready to shoot some angry notes when a deep sharp contraction attacks, making Stiles cries in pain instead.

“Stiles!” Derek runs to catch Stiles in time as the human’s weak knees give up under him. The werewolf lifts him up bridal style, carrying him like he weighs nothing, and gently puts him down on the nest.

“You’re okay, you’re gonna be okay, just lie down, help will be here soon,” Derek soothed.

Stiles punches him on the chest, “Don’t just suddenly leave, you asshole!”

Derek pulls him close and hushes, “I’m sorry, Sweetheart, I know you’re in pain…”

“No, you don’t.”

“…But it’ll be over soon, and we’ll finally meet our son.” Derek swipes Stiles’ damp hair off his sweaty forehead.

Another cramp that Stiles takes a deep harsh breath through it, “You did this to me. You and your stupid, gorgeous, fucking knot.”

Derek is spectacularly failing at trying to hide his smug expression, “You’re doing great, Babe.”

Stiles’ glare could melt a glacier. “Keep smiling like that, I will punch you.”

Derek just takes every jab willingly. With a soft private smile on his face, he patiently tends to his suffering mate. Palms dutifully absorb pain from his mate’s body, black tendrils running along his arms. He also coaxes Stiles to finish a bottle of water and two energy bars.

Feeling hot and suffering from the pain, Stiles is drenched in sweat.

“A swim would be nice,” He wondered.

“Don’t be ridiculous, Sweetheart, I’m not letting you jump in that ice cold lake.”

Stiles hisses, “Easy for you to say, you’re not the one in labor, I’m sweating bullets here.”

Derek ends up wiping him with a cold wet towel.

Fine, this will do. Stiles sighs, raising his hands up so his fiancé can wipe his hairy armpits. The man knocked him up, so he asked for this. Stiles is certified to be a whiny brat, especially today. Derek better still love him the same after this.

Unless, Derek decides that he’s too much of a fuss to be with.
“Der, I’m sorry, I’m being such an ass to you.” Stiles blinks the sudden tears in his eyes. *What the hell, hormones?* “You can wait outside, I’ll call you when the baby’s here. I don’t,” Stiles sobs, “I’m being a burden.”

“Hey. Stiles?” Derek drops the towel to cup his mate’s face, “Ssshh. Hey, listen to me? You can use me, hit me, curse at me,” Derek wipes the tears on Stiles’ cheeks, “I’m still exactly where I’m supposed to be, right here with you. Do you understand? Sweetheart?”

Stiles nods, “Der—” a wave of intense contraction suddenly attacks, “*Aargh! Oh God!*” another sharp pain runs through his lower back, Stiles grips on his mate and shouts in pain, “*Fuuucckk! Der!*”

“Breath, Baby, *breath,*” Derek leads him to the deep inhale-exhale pattern, maneuvering them so the man’s back on the cave’s wall and Stiles lies back on his chest between his legs. The man doesn’t even leave the cave this time, straightforwardly howling. Stiles can hear the urgency in the calling. And Stiles gets it, *this is it.* Stiles can feel it. *He wants to push.*

A chorus of answering howl comes not far from the cave’s entrance, the whole pack has arrived.

“*Derek! Stiles! We’re here!*” Scott called from outside.

Stiles whimpers in protest to another wolves’ presence near his nest.

“Scott! *Stop right there!*” Derek growls his warning, “*Do not come in!*”

“*Alpha Hale, how do you need my assistance?*” Deaton called back with a calm voice.

“*Hold on!*” Derek answered. Then he cups Stiles’ cheek to have his full attention, “*Stiles?*”

Stiles cries from another contraction, he’s barely coherent enough for anything else around him.

“*Der, it hurts.*”

“I know, Baby, can Deaton come in? He can help you. Sweetheart, *please?*”

Stiles only has one condition, “*you’d s-stay?*”

Derek kisses his sweaty forehead, “*Not going anywhere. Please, let Deaton in?*”

Stiles, finally, nods weakly.

Everything is a blur after that.

There is a ruckus, a lot of movement around him. Somebody moves him into a position, legs spread wide apart, pillows under his hips to support certain angle. Dripping sweat is wiped from his hot flushed skin, as he shouts in pain from another contraction.

His only constant anchor is Derek staying by his side, Stiles’ back on his chest, their hands clasped very tightly. Stiles spews curses at him in his agony, yet the man doesn’t move from his spot, stable as a rock, just as he promised.

Somebody commands him to push as a major contraction comes hitting and this time, it doesn’t leave.

Stiles screams, and he pushes with all his might.
And push.

And push again.

Feels like dying, yet he keeps pushing.

Push.

*Push.*

*Push.*

…

*A loud wailing.*

It feels as if time stands still. Behind him, Derek is as still as a statue, mouth gaping, green eyes following a small fussy movement in Deaton’s arm as the vet cleans the birthing residue.

The wailing gets louder, and Stiles’ dam is broken down. Nothing exists but the crying bundle. All his pain is forgotten as he raises his hand in absolute demand.

"Give him to me."

A few seconds later, the fussy baby is in his arms. Deaton silently steps back and leaves the cave but Stiles is barely aware, because nothing else is important but this.

He’s holding his son.

“Oh,” Tears running down Stiles’ face, “Hi, Baby,” His son hiccups, and just like that, he becomes the most precious thing in Stiles’ world, “oh look at you,” Stiles leans down and kisses the tiny head, “you’re so cute,” Stiles laughed in tears.

A bigger hand hovers close but doesn’t dare to touch. Stiles looks up to see his mate’s teary green eyes lock on their son. Stiles smiles lovingly. He takes Derek’s hand, and guides it to meet with their son’s tiny hand.

Derek gasps at the first skin contact, a single tear making its way down the man’s face.

Stiles pretends not noticing, cooing at their son, “Look who’s here! It’s daddy.”

Tiny fingers curl around Derek’s forefinger. And Stiles’ heart melts as Derek very tenderly caresses the soft baby’s cheek, whispering, “Hi, Baby, Daddy’s been waiting for so long.”

Stiles kisses the man’s stubbly cheek, “He’s beautiful, isn’t he?”

Derek smiles, “He’s perfect,” Derek turns his gaze so they look at each other, complete gratitude and adoration in the man’s green eyes, “just like you.”

*God,* the love Stiles feels for this man can cure all kinds of evil. Stiles coos at their son, but shooting his kind smile at his mate, “We love Daddy so much, don’t we, Baby? He’ll never be alone again,” Stiles promised.

Their son wiggles, moving his tiny head and yawning. He is adorable.

Derek huffs a laugh, happy tears in his eyes. He whispers, “Love you both so much,” and cups
Stiles’ cheek, leaning in for his mate’s lips.

They share a sweet kiss, laughing into each other’s lips when they’re interrupted by the baby’s crying in protest to the lack of attention.

“Alright, alright,” Stiles guides their son to his chest, and the baby latches on Stiles’ waiting nipple right away, “I hope I do this right, okay wow, he definitely has a wolf’s appetite.”

Derek chuckles, watching his son hungrily drinking his mother’s milk, but he also worries for Stiles. “You must be exhausted. Here, just lie back on me,” He guides the tired mother to lie back on his chest and rest Stiles’ head on his shoulder. He wraps his strong arms around him so Stiles doesn’t have to tense his arm muscles to constantly support their precious bundle.

Stiles sighs in relief as he relaxes his body on his mate. He is honestly more than ready to pass out, but not being able to abandon his hungry baby, “’M fine, Babe, but thank you, this is comfortable.”

Derek kisses Stiles’ cheek in answer and tightens his hold protectively around the two most important things in his life.

The Alpha, his mate, and their newborn bask in the peaceful moment, happy and together.

Outside the den, a chorus of whine starts to sound.

Stiles grins sleepily, “Your other pups demand for your attention.”

“Actually, we wanna meet the little tyke!” Erica yelled from outside.

The Alpha rolls his eyes and speaks to the direction of the cave’s entrance, “They can wait.”

Someone boos.

“Hey, do you think he’ll have Derek’s judgmental eyebrows?”

The pack giggles.

Just for that, Derek will make them wait outside until the next morning.

Chapter End Notes

Do you think the baby will have Derek’s eyebrows? I LMAO just thinking about it.

Come say hi to us!
My Tumblr: frownypup
My Beta’s: lilwolfiestiles
The Lost Home

Chapter Notes

Send love to my amazing beta who's always in my corner, 24Stiles.

Last chapter! (ﾉ◕ヮ◕)ﾉ*:・ﾟ✧

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Robin Frydryk Hale.

He looks exactly like Derek, green eyes, a tuft of jet black hair, and impressive eyebrows. The only thing showing that he’s Stiles’ kid is the constellation of freckles along his lower back and baby butt, which can only be seen when they bathe him or change his diapers.

Just like his Mama’s, Derek has said, which Stiles would smack him for if only it didn’t end with Derek wanting to make sure it’s identical by stripping Stiles butt naked and having his way with him.

Enough inappropriate talking.

Robin is hands-down the cutest baby in town. Stiles is not being subjective, okay? But at three months old, his son is already making all the elders and baby lovers on the street stop and coo every time they pass by.

“What a beautiful name, what does—“

“Don’t—!”

“—it mean?” an old lady asked.

Everybody groans.

Stiles grins because it’s his favorite question and he never gets bored of answering it, “Well, because I’m his father, and I’m Batman.”

A snort, “You’re practically the mother.”

“Shut it, Jackson, don’t kill my thunder.”

“He was named after his late great-great grandfather, Robert,” Lydia explained with a sweet but creepy smile, ignoring Stiles’ murmuring grudgingly ‘no, a batman character’ beside her.

Robert Hale was indeed the greatest Alpha Warrior and carved his glorious name in werewolf history, and Derek worships the ground the old man's buried in, but whatever, Stiles still named his son to be the Robin to his Batman.

Robin just wiggles in Stiles arms, smacking his uncoordinated chubby fists on his mother's chest as he gurgles, unaware of the debate occurring on his name.

“You're doing good, Son?” His dad asked occasionally over the phone. The man still worries about
him sometimes. Stiles guesses old habits die hard.

Stiles is exhausted. But he looks at Derek’s figure on the couch, exhausted too and dead to the world. Their son lies on him, chest to chest, having cried bloody murder not an hour ago but now sleeping as deep as his father. His tiny body lifts up and down at every soft breath of Derek’s. His father’s strong arm wraps protectively around him. Derek is in his grey sweatpants and plain white Henley, while Robin is in his baby blue onesie.

They look so soft and fluffy and like everything that’s good in Stiles’ life.

Stiles’ lips curve a private smile, “Yeah, Dad, I'm good.”

It's Summer when Stiles and Derek finally tie the knot, not in Spring like they had planned, because their newborn needed their undivided attention and they agreed that Robin came first.

Yet, Summer is still perfect for the wedding, the weather is bright and beautiful. The pack looks vibrant and happy.

That, and Lydia Martin is a genius queen.

The backyard of the Hales has turned into a garden of white roses, with lines of chairs entangled with white ribbons, facing an arch made of white roses.

Under it, Derek stands, handsome in his black tux in contrast of everything white around him. His heart drums in his chest, nervous, excited, scared, impatient, and everything in between as he waits for his mate to show.

The soft chanting starts and Derek perks like an overeager puppy, looking right away at the other end of the aisle.

Stiles walks down the aisle, escorted by his father. He’s **breathtaking** in his white tux, brown eyes sparkling as he locks his gaze on Derek. Then Stiles smiles at him, as bright as sunshine that chases Derek’s darkness away.

Derek’s eyes tear up with emotion.


Derek can only nod, unable to form words.

He offers his hand automatically as Stiles finally reaches him. Stiles takes his hand without even an ounce of hesitation. The Sheriff pats on his shoulder and smiles warmly at him before joining Peter on the side.

Derek and Stiles face each other.

“Hi,” Stiles greeted shyly, still smiling with sparkling eyes. He oozes with happiness, biting his lower lip to try and stop grinning.

Derek is internally upset he has to wait until the end of the ceremony before he can kiss those lips.

“You’re so beautiful,” Derek said shakily under his breath.

Stiles’ eyes turn watery as he huffs a laugh, rosy cheeks blushing madly.
Deaton starts the ceremony, yet the grooms only have eyes for each other.

The audience start to get waved by emotion by the time the grooms exchange their wedding rings and vows.

"Stiles," Derek's voice wavers, "you are my anchor, my salvation, my hope, my strength..."

Stiles won't ever forget how bright and beautiful Derek's eyes are right now as the man looks at him and speaks.

"...and Sweetheart, I know I'm far from perfect..."

Stiles whimpered in response but Derek tearfully smiles and continue, "...but even knowing that, I am a selfish man, because I still want you and I get to have you. God knows I'm lost without you. Here I am standing in front of you with nothing to offer but myself, the happiest man on earth that soon will get to call you mine."

Derek kisses Stiles' hand tenderly, right where their wedding ring will sit on, "I swear to you, to love and protect you until my last breath. Move heavens for you. Go through hell and back for you. Stiles, you are my home, and I can't wait to build our lives together. Baby, I love you."

Stiles fails to hold back his sob as Derek puts the gold ring on his finger.

"Oh Derek," Stiles said in tears, "You are the love of my life. And I promise you that my love for you will prevail through tests and time. I know we'll fight, we'll do and say hurtful things that we don't mean, because sometimes we're being idiots, but..."

Stiles cups Derek’s cheek. The man leans into his palm, tears in his bright green eyes.

"...I promise even then I'll always come back to you, because you're my home too, and I love you with every single part of my being that makes me who I am, and nothing can take that away from me."

Stiles puts on the gold wedding ring on Derek's finger.

Deaton reads the rest of the passage, and, "Now I pronounce you, Husband and Husband. You may kiss your groom."

Derek growls, “finally,” and wraps his arm around Stiles, who is crying and laughing at the same time, pulling the smaller form flushed to him like two fitted puzzle pieces. His other hand cup Stiles’ cheek as they kiss passionately. Their family cheering on in the background.

The newlyweds are being sickeningly cute for the duration of the reception, to the point where the pack can't decide if they want to coo at them or puke.

They cut the wedding cake, and they feed each other with the moist sweet sponge, giggling and practically eating the frost from each other's lips.

The photographer take millions of pictures, which Lydia needs to remind herself to check later on because she's pretty sure Derek's hands are on Stiles' ass in every single one.

They make heart eyes at one another as they dance for the first time as husbands, gold rings on their fingers. Derek locks his eyes solely on Stiles, eyes sparkling.

Stiles’ eyes are wet too. It feels like it’s just yesterday he jumped into the pool for the guy, as
Jackson’s *demented scaly ass* creepily crawled around the pool.

His fond thoughts are interrupted by a familiar wailing in the background.

Stiles smiles at his *husband*, "Uh, oh. I think someone needs his dada to change his diaper."

Derek chuckles and presses their foreheads together, "Pretty sure he's looking for his mama, because he sounds hungry."

Robin needs neither, the little rascal just woke up from his nap and decided that he deserves to be the center of attention instead of his newlywed parents.

Peter looks up from his drink at the dark shadows of the trees around the house’s backyard. He swears he just smells something... *familiar*.

“You okay?” Chris asked. The two men were chatting almost friendly over the buffet table. Peter was passive-aggressively flirting and Chris was passive-aggressively playing hard to get, when suddenly something else stole Peter’s attention.

“I thought I smelled something…” *My wife*. But it’s impossible, she’s dead. Peter *watched* as she died. The man closes his eyes at the painful memory and shakes his head, “…never mind, I think this drink is playing with my senses.”

“Is the wolfsbane too high a dose? Maybe you should slow down a little,” Chris took the cocktail glass from Peter’s hand and put it on the nearby table. The man looks at him with what seems to be a worried expression.

*Well, that’s new*. Peter smiles fondly.

“Dancing with you will make me feel better,” Peter teased.

Chris glares daggers at him, but he offers his hand nevertheless.

From behind the trees, two sets of golden eyes observe from afar as the Hale’s baby werewolf smudges his slobberly face on his daddy Alpha’s shoulder who holds him, while the Alpha’s mate fusses over the baby’s wrinkled up jumper exposing his chubby belly.

“He’s…*fat*,” One said, a young woman with dusty blonde hair. She looks at her fellow stalker, “I think we should kidnap him.” She really wants to play with the fat baby.

A young woman with dark brown hair looks back at her with her eyebrows high, unimpressed. “Really? That’s your *brilliant* idea to have their attention? Derek would kill us before we even introduce ourselves.”

“And do you have *better* idea?” the dusty blonde challenged.

The other woman points her thumb at Peter that looks at their way in confusion.

“He smelled you.”

The dusty blonde stares wishfully at Peter’s figure for a moment before turning around, face giving up nothing, “I still think we should just kidnap the fat baby. He’d be the only one that would see us without all the man-pain.”
The brunette impressively rolls her eyes in exasperation. The two werewolves bicker as they leave.

Chapter End Notes

Here we are at the end of part 2 of the series! I hope you guys enjoyed it. And thank you so much for spending time to leave comments and kudos. And for all your patience, I know it’s a long and slow ride. I try my best to keep writing in between my routines. Thank you! ❤

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