Mermaid

by nothing_left_sacred

Summary

“So what you’re saying is; you’re a mermaid princess.” Erica concluded.

“Yes, clearly. That is what I am saying. Thank you for putting it so concisely.” Stiles sassed, frowning at her. He wasn’t fucking Ariel; this was so far from being a Disney movie it wasn’t even funny.

Or the one where a perfectly normal Beach Vacation escalates way too quickly, because this is Stiles’ life.

Notes

"Do you think Stiles will ever get any sort of supernatural-type power?
@cara-delasagna
Stiles is more of a Perseus to me. He needs to be given supernatural weapons to survive. Although Perseus was half God."

The quote above is taken from Teen Wolf's tumblr, and it got me thinking; Seriously Jeff? Way to imply that Stiles might be half supernatural creature.

Ergo; Mermaid!AU.
Please, please, please, pretty please pay attention to the tags. There will be moments of non-con in this fic (with Stiles and his kidnappers), so don't read past the first chapter if this bothers you.

For those of you who've read my other work, this is about as far from that as you can get. It's quirky funtimes, with plot, drama, extreme angst, and then sex at the very, very end. If you came here for porn, you will be only the slightest bit appeased.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Stiles has effectively entered into what he calls the "nocturnal summer haze" which occurs every year, starting from the moment school lets out.

He'd been up til 6 in the morning for a consecutive week, playing all the MMOs, X-Box live, and JRPGs a teenaged boy could want; many bodies were tea-bagged, many noobs were kicked from parties, and many solid saves we abused when boss battles were fucked up.

The rest of his waking hours have been spent either studying with Deaton, or hanging around with pack, which mostly involved him abusing Derek's newly renovated kitchen at any possible moment, much to the delight of everyone.

This is why, when at 8 in the morning on the seventh day, when he is finally resting, he is more than slightly pissed that Erica is jumping on his bed, singing Nicki Minaj at full volume just because she knows it annoys him like nothing else on this sweet earth.

"Oh my God, you are literally my least favourite person right now." Stiles groans into his pillow, right before Erica's taloned fingers grasp a fistful of his longer hair and drag his face towards the sunlight streaming through his open window. "Can't you guys learn to use doors? Seriously."

"You can bitch all you want, Batman, but you aren't getting out of this. Wakey wakey!" She chirrups at him. Fucking chirrups. It's disgusting.

"Nooooooo!" Is an irrelevant protest as he his manhandled out of bed. He lies prostrate on the floor in his boxers, unashamed for his lack of fucks at such an ungodly hour. "Please, I am literally begging you, do whatever you want, but just let me go back to bed."

"You can sleep in the car," Erica snarls, from somewhere across Stiles' room. Two things confuse him. He looks up.

"Car? What are you doing in my- Oh my God is that my underwear? Have you no decency!" He's halfway hauled himself off the floor, his abused pride finally working him into action as Erica literally stands there snickering at his Batman briefs.

Here lies Stiles; he died of Sheer Mortification.

"You can't-"

"Oh yes I can, these are fucking precious." Erica's eyes truly do have a satanic gleam. "Please tell me you have more." But she's already riffling through his underwear drawer, so clearly this is a rhetorical question.

Stiles falls back onto the floor with a heavy sigh of defeat.

"Awww, Spider-man too! Did you get these in the children's section?" Stiles presses his hands over his eyes and vainly begins wishing her away. He's been practicing magic enough lately. He just has to believe.

Belliieeiiivvvve-

Erica guffaws. Actually guffaws, and then it mutates into some sort of choking shriek, morphed with a snort. She sounds kind of taken aback by what has just come out of her mouth. Stiles, because he's
a masochist, looks up, and yes; this is what he's been dreading.

"Frilly lace panties."

Stiles is done. Thank you, and goodnight.

"We have so many things to talk about, Stiles."

He continues his silent attempt to fuse into the carpet.

"So. Many. Things."

It's not working.

"But we'll save that for later. We're actually in a hurry right now. You better get dressed before Derek comes in here to drag you out." She warns from where she's still digging through Stiles' shit. "Though, maybe you'd like that? If he came in here and clubbed you over the head and dragged you off into his cave. Maybe you should put the panties on-"

"Okay, okay! Getting dressed." He flails up from the ground, stumbling in a blind panic toward his occupied dresser, shoving the blond she-devil out of his way in his search for jeans and some sort of graphic tee. Erica smirks at him all the while, whilst simultaneously stuffing (not folding nicely and inserting in a controlled fashion) various articles of his clothing into a duffle bag. "Where are we going?"

"It's a surprise, idiot." She huffs, shoving her hand against his head in a playful way before hauling up the full to bursting duffle bag and grabbing hold of Stiles' shirt collar to drag him towards his door.

"Do I get any hints?" He badgers, because he knows it'll annoy her. He's mostly too tired to give a fuck at the moment, but he is, reasonably, curious.

"The hint is shut up or I'll knock you out." The Camaro is already parked out front of his house, Derek's sunglasses perched just below his unamused eyebrows.

Stiles is unceremoniously shoved into the backseat, and squished into the middle, with Erica promptly plastering herself to his side even as he is crushed against Isaac on the other. He would be more annoyed if he was averse to cuddling up against Isaac, which he is most definitely not.

"Took you long enough." Derek grunts out. Typical. Stiles sticks out his tongue so the man can see him in the rear-view mirror. Sassy eyebrows meet his gaze in a 'you best not be sticking your tongue out at your alpha' look. Stiles is not contrite.

"We had a bit of an issue with Stiles' underwear." Erica offers, seemingly offhand. Stiles is going to end her.

Isaac looks over at her, intrigued, and even Boyd from the front seat seems interested. Derek, of course, has already begun driving like a bat out of hell, and is pretending not to care.

"If you say anything." Stiles hisses. "I'm telling them about the thing."

Erica goes still, and then pouts.

"What thing?" Isaac asks, and yes, curiosity has plans to kill the cat, because Erica looks ready to maim.
"None of your business." She bites out, and Stiles really doesn't want to be between the two of them at the moment.

"Enough, both of you." And oooh, somebody has their alpha-pants on today. "If we're going to survive this drive, you're all going to need to be quiet. Because I will end up killing one of you."

Stiles catches his eye in the rear-view mirror again, holding the man's gaze as a truly sinister smile blossoms on his face.

"Are we there yet?"

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Stiles had eventually grown tired of annoying Derek (or more accurately, terrified) and had snuggled up against the eminently comfortable Isaac, and promptly napped for the rest of the drive.

Which is why, four hours later, he wakes up in a disoriented blur when Isaac abruptly shrugs him off.

He whines, groping for Isaac's disappearing body, because the boy is already out the door of the car, and Stiles sort of flops, the upper half of his body hanging out of the car, because he is a swan. A gracefully fucking swan.

"We're here." Says a shadow looming over him that is shaped curiously like Derek. He squints up into the man's face. Ah yes, the patented self-satisfied smirk.

Stiles tries valiantly to disengage his seat belt. He may or may not be successful.

Derek is actively hauling him bodily from the car, probably out of pity, when Stiles finally smells it.

"The ocean!" He cries, turning towards the sound of the surf.

"What was your IQ again?" Jackson demands from where he is situated ever so smugly, leaned against the side of an incredibly expensive looking two story beach house. His Ray-Bans gleam in mockery.

Stiles frowns at him, and is about to sass back, but there's a warm hand on his lower back, guiding him forward, and it's Derek's hand. And what?

"Jackson has generously offered to let us use his family's summer home for a week." Allison informs him as she comes from inside of said home, Scott's arm draped around her shoulders. "It's pretty awesome."

Stiles walks in a trance, guided by Derek, through the front foyer into the rec room. In true Whittemore fashion, it is the poshest, most unbelievably cool thing in the universe. There is a Foosball table. And a big screen, and-

"Oh my God, an island!" He cries, launching himself into the open concept kitchen at full force.

Stiles is way too fucking excited to be here right now. He feels like a tween girl on his way to a VIP meeting with One Direction. It's not okay.

His breath catches.

Stiles is in love.
He's never seen a more beautiful kitchen in his life.

There is an island.

A fucking island.

He bends himself over the island, prostrating himself before its glory. He has serious boners for islands. He going to move into this house, because he is going to marry this kitchen, and they are going to live together forever, 'in sickness and in health' the whole shebang.

There may or may not be tears in his eyes. He hastily moves away, clearing his throat and mustering up a manly; "Looks good."

Boyd groans behind him. But he doesn't understand.

Nobody understands.

"We'll have to go into town to buy some groceries in a bit, but I think we should go swimming first."
Lydia chimes from where she's sitting on the white leather couch, seemingly intent on a fashion magazine. She's already wearing a sleek red bikini and a (only slightly) modest beach wrap, with a pair of (matching) sunglasses perched upon her strawberry blond hair.

"I am more than up for that." Scott agrees, and with that, there is a sudden stampede of movement as the pack goes to get changed into their beach wear.

Stiles is rifling through his bag in search of his swim trunks (he's assuming Erica had packed him some, considering she knew they were going to be swimming) and he's more than mortified to note that she had packed the panties. But no trunks.

No trunks to be seen. At all.

He's upended the bag onto the bed he's going to be sleeping in, staring in dismay at all of the not swimming trunks when Derek comes in, arching an eyebrow at him. He's already changed and fuck, no shirt.

Stiles quickly drags his eyes away, staring unseeingly at the pile of useless clothes on his bed.

"Problem?" Derek asks, putting his own bag onto the bed on the other side of the room from Stiles. Stiles realises with a start that they're going to be sharing, apparently.

He is dying slowly, staring at a pile of useless fucking clothes and Erica clearly hates him.

"Err... Sort of?" Stiles says haltingly. He'd already hidden the panties under the mattress, because he isn't an idiot. But there are still no trunks.

"What."

"Erica should never be allowed to pack my bag. Again. Ever." Stiles mumbles, sounding miffed. Because he is miffed.

Derek comes over to stare at his pile of useless clothes.

"I don't see the problem." He points out. Because he doesn't understand. He reaches forward and grabs the slinky black speedo he wears for swim team. He hands it to Stiles, who blankly stares at it. He had been avoiding it. Because no.
"Erica hates him."

"Those aren't my swimming trunks." Stiles says.

"No. They're not." Derek says, very slowly.

Reaching out slowly, Stiles takes the speedo, drops his head, and walks to the bathroom to change.

Soon, he will have his revenge.

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Stepping out onto the sand, breathing in the salt on the air, Stiles opens his arms wide and lets out a happy sigh.

Stiles is unbelievably happy. He hadn't been to the coast since the year before while he'd been visiting his grandparents who just live up the beach. It had sort of been a yearly tradition to spend at least half of the summer down here, chilling on the beach, catching some waves, enjoying his grandfather's cooking.

But since he'd been too busy with werewolf shenanigans (see; Alpha Pack) last summer, he hadn't been able to make it out. He'd already told the rest of the pack that he was going to spend at least one day with his grandparents while he was out here.

But for now, it was time for some fun in the sun, before he had to go into town to grab food for dinner that night.

Walking as close to the waterline as he could without a risk of getting wet, he finally divested himself of his towel, before trying to run surreptitiously into the water before anyone saw him. Of course, the fucking beta's have eagle vision and immediately zero in on his scantily clad body.

He's not even halfway into the surf before Isaac, Erica, and Jackson are laughing. He frowns mightily at them, before scuttling deeper into the water.

"Aww, Stiles. You look cute in your swim team wear. Don't let them tell you otherwise!" Allison encourages, smiling over at him from where she and Lydia are apparently playing chicken atop Jackson and Scott's shoulders.

"I don't see why Jackson is even laughing, he's the captain of the swim team." Stiles mutters to himself, letting the waves rock him in place. At least they understand. "He wears these things all the time."

"It's not that." Erica snorts. "It's the fact that you still haven't grown back the hair."

Stiles is red, and literally dying of mortification. He was hoping no one would notice. Clearly he was cursed to forever suffer humiliation at the hands of werewolves.

Little known to most people is the fact that Stiles, while on land he might be the clumsiest motherfucker alive, spazzing out in lacrosse enough times to hit himself in the face with his own stick, but put him in water? There is a reason his spirit animal is an otter.

Sleek and sinuous, that's our Stiles. Yes indeed. He's second only to Jackson on the swim team, and that's only because Jackson is a crazy asshole who cannot handle losing, so he literally did everything in his power to outdo Stiles.
Stiles has often theorized that this is why Jackson hated him so much. Because Stiles was that much closer to being better than him at something.

Anyway, keeping Derek afloat for two hours that one time with the Kamina incident? Do bitches even know how hard it is to tread for two hours? Let alone in clothes, carrying 200 pounds of inert weight?

Not an easy feat. It was, in fact, a Herculean feat. Worthy of much praise. That he never got.

But Lydia, for some ungodly (definitely satanic) reason, had thought to give the Beacon Hills Swim Team that one extra bit of competitive edge after they'd reached nationals that spring.

"It'll make you more aerodynamic." She'd said. And then she had waxed Stiles. All of Stiles.

All.

Of.

Stiles.

Jackson and Danny had been waxed too, but Danny didn't look like a prepubescent girl with waxed legs, and Jackson's hair had grown back in typical werewolf fashion the moment he had willed it.

Leaving Stiles, again, looking like a prepubescent girl.

"You look like such a twink, Stiles." Erica snickers, and Stiles' life can't get any worse, so he just sighs, and shuffles over to play water volleyball.

Now, let's be clear; water volleyball is just about one of the stupidest, most unnecessarily challenging non-sports in existence. But because werewolves in general are overachieving assholes when it comes to anything physical (none of that will to dominate seems to cross over into their academic lives. At all.), and Jackson makes them all look like lazy, indolent losers, this seemingly happy, somewhat challenging fun-in-the-sun summer activity soon turns into madness.

Sheer fucking madness.

Derek is a fucking god among men. Scratch that; god among werewolves. His alpha abilities give him an easy leg up on the betas. Beating him is an impossibility, because he is a god of all sports, apparently having been (completely unsurprisingly) a huge fucking jock in high school. Stiles had totally made fun of the pictures of him displaying startlingly approachable smiles featuring his adorable teeth that were hiding in the old trophy cases at school. He had been made to regret every single snicker.

They're all in the water to about mid-thigh level, with the pounding surf adding that one little extra touch of fucking ridiculousness, because its an effort to even stand, let alone haul ass through the water to get at the fucking ball.

There is no net, which just adds to the level of pandemonium that ensues as it becomes an all out war to just spike the ball at maximum velocity at each other's heads.

"Yeah, no." Lydia, because she's intelligent and perfect in every way, quickly grabs hold of Isaac and pulls him further out to sea, clearly uninterested in being involved in this particular pissing contest.

Allison however, has a seriously scary glint in her eyes. "Bring it, bitches!" She screeches as she
literally leaps out of the water to deliver a devastating spike right at Scott's face. He is so distracted by the motion of her lithe body, eyes more than clearly fixed on her chest as the slinky blue string bikini top she was wearing struggles to hold its shit together with the sheer inertia of her movement.

The ball impacts on Scott's chest, barely phasing him, and bounces into the surf, being quickly shuffled around by the waves.

"You fucking useless idiot." Jackson hisses, grabbing for the ball. "We'll never beat Derek if you keep staring at your girlfriend's tits. You're officially off my team."

"I never wanted to be on your team anyway, asshole!" Scott fires back, huffing. Erica and Stiles are laughing their asses off, because Allison totally looks at them with a conspiratorial wink.

"I vote everyone versus Derek." Erica throws out, shifting sides, with Boyd following her easily. Jackson is quick to jump on that boat with a predatory look on his face as he presses the ball between two toned arms.

Stiles throws a look over his shoulder at where Derek is staring at them all with a stupidly smug look on his face, arms crossed over his glistening chest and yeah.

Fuck.

"He clearly needs someone to set for him." He points out sagely, because everyone knows that. "And I don't really want to be on the losing side."

Jackson sneers at him. "I'm going to make you eat those words, Stilinski."

"Come at me, bro." Stiles taunts, dropping low and shooting a quick look back at Derek. The older man smirks back at him.

Jackson lobs the ball up into the air, and Stiles' eyes are whited out by the sun when he follows its motion, and then its hurtling past his shoulder at Derek, who receives it with a cracking bump that makes Stiles wince to hear, because wet volleyballs? They hurt like a bitch. Especially when travelling at like 100 mph.

Stiles traces the balls movement as it sails over his head, and brings his hands up to catch it in a high volley, the long line of his torso stretching up as he calls out a completely unnecessary, "Set!"

And then Derek is launching himself out of the water like a shimmering Poseidon, the muscles in his body curled tight with the force of his movement, arm pulled back, making the lines of his back pop and strain as he brings the flat of his palm down hard in a spike.

Stiles can feel his jaw drop, and yeah, fuck.

It was on.

After about an hour of all the betas attempting to beat Derek and Stiles, which is an apparent impossibility, because they were a godlike team on and off the court (not that they were even on a court) everyone was too hungry to keep from violently trying to spike each other's faces in with the ball (Stiles is well aware of just how unfun hungry werewolves are) they roll up onto the beach and moan piteously.

"Stiiiiilllessssss! Foooooooooooooodd!" Scott is probably the most piteous, with his perfected puppy face. Stiles himself is face down on the sand, face buried in his towel, and having none of his shit.
"Dude, unlike some people, I don't have the stamina of a werewolf." He groans out. "I'm fucking done. Go on without me."

"Stiles, did you put sunscreen on?" Isaac asks suddenly from where he's standing somewhere to Stiles' right, and Stiles promptly gives him the finger. Isaac is a fucking menace and Stiles can tell from the tone of his voice that he's up to something.

"I'm not that much of an idiot. I am aware of just how fair my beautiful completi-augh! What the FUCK!" Stiles pushes himself up to glare daggers into Isaac's stupid face as the boy looks down at him, holding a bottle of sunscreen, which he had totally just squeezed onto his back. "That was fucking cold, you ass!"

"Clearly, you missed a spot." Isaac taunted, even as Erica was jumping on his back, smearing the still frigid cream all over his back. "We're just trying to help."

"No! Mutiny!" Stiles hissed, trying to buck Erica off. "Get back, she-devil! Dereeeeeeek, call off your pups!"

"It's for your own good, Stiles. We wouldn't want you to get burned." Derek chuckles, clearly showing his true stripes as apex asshole of the group as he grabs the bottle from Isaac and crouches down to pin Stiles' legs before trailing strips of cold sunscreen over the backs of his thighs all the way up to the line of his speedo.

Large, warm hands followed the trail, rubbing the cool cream into his skin as Stiles kicked and keened, cursing them all creatively and at length while the other betas just laughed. "This is cruel and unusual! See if I cook you anything all week!"

That had Erica backing up off him in a flash, but Derek took his time getting up, smirking down as Stiles rolled over and kicked him in the shin. Derek quickly let another stream dribble out onto Stiles' stomach, making the teen hiss and curl in onto himself. "You were lying."

"You're an asshole." Stiles hissed, pushing up off the ground to throw himself at Derek, pushing him into the sand even as the man laughed in his face, going down easily and without a fight.

"Ugh, if you two are done flirting, some of us are still hungry?" Jackson snarles, causing Stiles to look up from where he was straddling his alpha, attempting to rub sand in his face. He blushes and promptly springs up with a cough, grabbing his towel and wrapping it self-consciously around his waist. Because he was wearing a speedo. For no other reasons.

"Right. Food. Let's go!" He proclaimed, hurrying up the beach toward the house, ignoring the snickers of the betas behind him.
Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

Oh man, re-reading this while editing made me realise just how sad and sort of dark this is. I totally mislead you with the first chapter. Sorry.

Warning for angst as deep as the Marianas Trench.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Ever since the great Scott birthday bash of '12, it has been established that Stiles is the be all and end all of all edible delights, and once the pack had learned about his mad culinary skills, they had been blatantly abusing his powers.

Stiles didn't mind much really. Cooking reminded him of his mom, who had been a professional chef. She'd left him all of her recipes, and if anything, cooking for his friends felt like preserving her memories.

He, Scott, and Allison piled into Scott's car and drove into town, blasting the radio with the windows down to let the sweet summer air in as they sang along, heads bobbing and arms doing the dolphin out the window.

They hit up the town's only grocery store, and picked up all the food five werewolves and three humans could want for a week (which is waaay too much). The cashier actually looks a mix between horrified and impressed. But hey, Derek's paying.

"Okay, you two head to the movie rental place, and I, my good people, will go and secure us some dessert. And you will worship me for all of time." Stiles said magnanimously, turning away from the couple where their paths diverged in the mini strip-mall that held all the local shops.

Stiles is eager to stop by the local bakery to buy some of the swaggiest cream puffs in the country, which he has totally been indulging in every summer of his life. Part of him wants to hoard them for himself, but if he buys enough, perhaps he won't have to fight all of the wolves for his fix. Maybe if he gets like... five dozen.

Of course, because this is his life, he runs into Lawrence.

Freezing in his tracks just as he's turning the corner towards the plaza the bakery is in, Stiles sighs, resigned even as Lawrence flicks the still burning cigarette to the ground and slouches over to press Stiles against the wall. Stiles has known Lawrence since they were both boys. They had spent every summer together here at the beach, since the blond boy was a close neighbour to his grandparents. Stiles had watched the other boy grow up, grow older, and grow into the closest thing to a monster a human ever could be.

Little games like pulling the wings off bugs as a child had quickly turned into hurting the neighbourhood dog. Stiles had very quickly gotten the little shit into trouble. Lawrence hadn't ever forgiven him for it. And as such, he'd taken a liking to seeing just how prettily Stiles' pale skin bruised. Stiles had never figured out the trick to getting him to stop.
"Lawrence." Stiles greets, looking him straight in the eye. "I don't have time for your bullshit today."

"Stiles, Stiles, Stiles." The taller boy croons, caging him in with his arms. "Don't tell me you went and grew balls since the last time I saw you? You used to be such a nice boy."

"Did I stutter, asshole? I don't have time for you, so back the fuck up." Stiles bites out, shoving at the broad chest blocking him.

"I don't think I will, Stiles. I haven't seen you in such a long time. I've missed you, you know." A sadistic grin covered his features. "But you know, I think I like the new you. So fiery. You used to roll over so easily for me. But I like a little challenge every once in awhile."

Stiles' eyes widen in incredulity as he stares up into Lawrence's clearly deluded face. "You are so far beyond fucked, dude. Seriously, back up, or I'm going to make you regret it."

"So much fight! So fucking good, Stiles. I can't wait to get you alone, you'll be so sweet to break all over again." Pure rage overtakes Stiles as Lawrence's hand comes up to grab his chin, pulling him up for a kiss, and Stiles isn't having any of this shit. Not anymore. Not after what he's been through.

He bites at Lawrence's tongue as it tries to force its way into his mouth, grimacing at the acrid taste of tobacco that lingers on his lips. The blond rears back, surprise and angry clearly mixing with lust, and Stiles sees Scott rushing up to him out of the corner of his eye, right before he punches Lawrence in the face.

Scott is gaping, looking between Stiles and the dude he'd just punched, who is spitting blood onto the ground and cursing far worse than any trucker, before he raises his hand for a highfive.

Stiles gives it to him, gladly. "Been wanting to do that for years."

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Stiles spends the evening in the local police station, to make sure this asshole doesn't pull this shit with any other poor young boys, and by the time he gets outside the whole pack is there.

They look mad.

The rage on their faces makes Stiles' heart flutter, just a little bit. Its clear that they've become closer as a pack, as friends, over the past two years, and them being there for him like this will never stop making him feel like something special.

And then Derek is all up in his face, red eyed and keyed up, gaze darting across Stiles' body, not doubt looking for signs of hurt, and Stiles feels just a little bit sorry for not handing Lawrence over to the pack, rather than the authorities.

"I'm alright." He assures Derek, knowing that the rest of the pack can hear him. The alpha continues frowning, but nods once, satisfied. Stiles yelps as Derek's arm wraps around his waist as he leads them toward the cars, and its only seconds before the rest of the pack is practically mauling him as well, their arms wrapping around him in quick succession as they each reel him in for a hug before he slides into the Camaro, before they're on the road back to Jackson's summer home.

Feels good, man.

They go back to the house, and Stiles is quickly shoved onto the couch by Erica, between Derek and a looming Boyd, before Isaac rushes up to present him with what looks amazingly like an attempt like a stir fry. It makes him feel warm fuzzy feelings inside, because they totally care, enough to even
try making him food.

"Are you sure we can't kill him?" Erica asks, watching him like a predator from across where she's sitting at his feet at the couch.

"Or at least maim him?" Isaac adds, a puppy dog pleading expression on his face.

"Normally I'm against violence, but I'm all for this." Scott agrees, and Allison nods seriously. "Not that your punch wasn't seriously impressive dude, but no one touches my best friend."

"Jackson and I have already spoken to Jackson's father. That asshole is not going to be getting out of jail for a very long time." Lydia calmly states from where she's sitting on Jackson's lap, studiously painting her nails.

Derek just rumbles threateningly from directly beside him, where he has taken alpha-protector mode to new levels, refusing to release Stiles and pretty much rubbing his scent all over him. Stiles would be weirded out if he didn't like the attention so much, if he didn't need the attention right now. He's more than a little bit shaken by what had happened, even if he doesn't want to make the pack worried. Even Derek's non-verbal growling and overbearing presence makes Stiles feel safe and loved. Which is something he never would have expected from Derek just two years ago. Something he still hardly dares to believe.

They all curl up as the sun disappears slowly from the sky, the orange-pink light dwindling to a starlit cobalt, watching the second Avengers movie, because Scott and Allison have excellent taste.

Stiles falls asleep in the cradle of Derek's arms, feet curled up against Boyd's thighs, despite how loud the Hulk is as he beats Thanos' face in.

The gentle feeling of rocking waves rouses him, and he looks up, disoriented, into Derek's face as he's carried down the hall towards their room.

"Shit, sorry. I didn't mean to fall asleep." Stiles mutters tiredly, feeling more than a little bit like an idiot for being carried bridal style to bed, and even more so because of how much he's secretly enjoying it.

"I'm totally offended Stiles." Derek deadpans. "And I'm never going to forgive you."

"Shut up, asshole." Stiles mutters, pressing his face against Derek's neck, hoping to get in one more second of comfort before Derek has to put him down.

Getting through the door is a challenge, but Derek navigates it easily enough, and Stiles has just resigned himself to giving up Derek's warmth when the alpha drops him abruptly onto his bed. He huffs in annoyance, and starts pulling the thin summer sheets over himself, but is stopped when Derek grabs them and looks at him.

"What?"

"You're going to sleep with your clothes on?" Derek asks, already pulling his own shirt off. "You'll die in this heat."

Stiles snorted, trying to tear his eyes away from Derek's body, especially as the man started to pull his board shorts down, revealing the snug boxer briefs he was wearing. He wrestled his way out of his own tight t-shirt with what he hoped was minimal flailing, and slid his hands down under the sheets to pull at his own shorts, trying to get them off without exposing himself, which was a moot point, because Derek had just thrown them back.
"What the fuck, dude?" Stiles' demanded in something close to a girly shriek. Derek's unimpressed look (those fucking eyebrows) silenced him quickly even as the man tugged them fully off Stiles' leg, earning a pitiful squeak.

But then Derek was climbing into the bed. His bed.

Stiles' bed.

What?

"Move over." Derek grunted, rather unnecessarily because he was bodily shoving Stiles across the single and into the fall, before forcibly spooning him.


"Don't call me 'dude.'" Derek sighed, the hot breath dragging across Stiles' neck. And then more quietly. "I can still smell him on you."

Stiles stilled. "Oh, well. Okay."

"Am I making you uncomfortable?"

"Er... no?" Stiles barely breathed.

"Your heartbeat, Stiles."

"I-" Stiles stammered. "I don't mind. You. Being here. With me. It's actually... really nice." And yeah, it really fucking was. He hadn't felt so safe in a long time. But then, he also hadn't felt so completely fucking nervous and like, out of his mind with thoughts he was desperately trying not to think and really, really losing that battle. But overall, it was nice.

"Okay." And yeah, that was Derek's hand flat against his bare stomach. And those were his knees bumping up against the back of his knees, and that was Derek's-

Stopping that train of thought.

"Okay." Stiles squeaked.

"Good night, Stiles." Derek said, a laugh in his voice, even as his hand slid up to cover Stiles' heart.

"Night, Der-bear."

And now, looking out the large bay windows to the starry night sky, with Derek's arm snug around him, Stiles wonders if he isn't dreaming.

Because really, this is all too good to be true, and with Stiles' luck, it'll only be so long before the other shoe drops.

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The next morning sees Stiles the first one up, already squeezing his ass into the tight speedo he'd left hanging on the doorknob to dry, since Stiles isn't going to miss a day at the beach, because he fucking loves swimming. That and his sleep schedule has been irrevocable fucked up.

He's just made it onto the beach when Derek comes out onto the patio, holding a cup of the coffee Stiles had brewed.
"You coming in, sourwolf?" Stiles taunt, walking backwards toward the surf, feeling the cool morning water brushing against his heels. "Or are you going to be too much of a wet cat?"

Derek, of course, just yanks off his shirt and swaggers slowly down the stairs, already wearing a pair of normative trunks, which Stiles is vehemently jealous of and in a flash is chasing Stiles into the water, arms wrapping around his middle, hauling him up, laughing and gasping into the air, before throwing him into the water.

They're laughing and splashing, Stiles definitely trying to dunk Derek's stupid head under the water, because his hair isn't even wet yet, which isn't fair because Stiles is totally fucking wet because of him.

Derek has just managed to dodge away before Stiles' eyes suddenly go wide and he flings his arms desperately around Derek's shoulders, giving him only a moments notice before hands are dragging him by the ankles away from the shore.

Derek is snarling in an instant, clearly sensing Stiles' distress, arms wrapping instantly around Stiles' waist, hauling him up and away, into his arms and onto the shore in a matter of seconds.

Stiles' heart is hammering when he looks back into the water over Derek's shoulder, eyes growing wide as twin faces filled with rage break the surface with eyes black, teeth sharp, gils framing their necks.

They bodies are almost completely hidden under the surface, but Stiles catches the flashes of bright scales glinting in the morning light. And yeah, he'd read about them, but fucking nereids? Really? What the everlivingfuck is his life.

The rest of the betas, woken by their alpha's roar, are on the beach in a heartbeat, their faces expressing as much incredulity at the proceedings as Stiles is feeling. Stiles is humiliatingly bridal style in Derek's arms at the edge of the water, but so fucking greatful because what the everlivingfuck.

"Mermaids?!" Scott demands, even as Lydia scoffs at him.

"The correct term is nereids, Scott." She clarifies, which, unnecessary, but fuck.

"Return to us what is ours!" The one with the dark hair hisses, sibilant, clearly difficult with the sharp as fuck teeth in their scary ass faces. Their teeth snap down menacingly.

Stiles is definitely confused, and stares at them.

"Uh, what?" He asks.

"Give up the boy, wolf-scum!" The red-haired man hisses, glaring directly at him. "He is ours."

"Fuck off." Derek snarls, fully wolfed out, and Stiles is more than a little bit worried about getting caught in the crossfire.

"It doesn't even matter, they can't come on land." Stiles points out, even though that doesn't stop the irrational fear that's choking him up. "At least, not as far as I know."

"Everything I've read says they can't." Lydia corroborates, arms crossed and frowning at their still hissing and snapping faces. And between the two of them, they'd managed to get their hands on as many fucking bestiaries as they could. And what little they had to say about nereids was that they
never came onto land, which is why nobody knew fucking anything about them.

"So... we can just walk away?" Erica asks, looking between Stiles, Lydia, Derek, and the batshit fish people.

"I... guess?" Stiles hedges, looking up from his perch in Derek's arms at his alpha's face, but those red eyes are still trained on the enemy. He's still growling. "Yo, Derek. Inside? Chop, chop!" Stiles taps lightly at the man's chest, and Derek blinks, looking down at him.

"Fine." Derek relents, sending one last venomous look at the nereids before stalking back towards the house, Stiles still held tight in his arms.

"Okay, what the fuck was that?" Erica demands as they close the screen door behind them. Boyd is still staring out the window at where their heads had disappeared under the surface, and Allison has her crossbow trained hanging loosely in his hands.

Let it not be said that their pack isn't constantly prepared for this bullshit.

"What I want to know is why they called Stiles 'theirs.'" Lydia ponders aloud, looking at Stiles' in consideration. As though the answers are written somewhere on his face. Maybe his moles hold the secrets to the universe.

Derek has finally let Stiles down, leaving Stiles to flop down onto the couch, hands tugging at his hair as he tries to get over his own disbelief. "Fuck if I know!"

"Stilinski, your ass is wet, get off my couch." Jackson chimes in, and Stiles groans, getting up and moving towards his room to get changed.

He was just about to close the door behind him when Derek is suddenly there, scaring the shit out of him in the way only his creeper alpha can do.

"That can't happen again." Derek states, coming to stand dangerously close to Stiles, who gives him his best 'no fucking shit' face.

"Yeah, well, I'm not exactly keen on a repeat performance myself. But I have no fucking clue what caused that. As far as I know, I'm not a mermaid, or something. Pretty fucking human, if you're willing to ignore the whole super awesome magically ability and all." Stiles sighs, crossing his arms over his chest. "God, fuck, I have no idea what the fuck even."

"That wasn't a sentence."

"Thank you, grammar police." Stiles groans, falling back onto the bed before jumping up again, remembering that he's still wearing his wet bathing suit. "Uh, dude. I need to get changed."

Derek raises a pointed eyebrow. "And?"

"Oh my God, man. You can let me out of your sight for like, one second, can't you?" Stiles moans, looking at him pleadingly.

"I don't know Stiles, maybe harpies will break into through the window while I'm not looking and spirit you away." Derek's tone is mocking, but there's an underlying seriousness that scares Stiles, because it really had been that fucking close this morning. If Derek hadn't been there.

"Hey... thanks." He mutters, looking down at his feet, the few grains of sand still clinging to them, before Derek's hand is under his chin, pulling him up to look into his eyes.
"You're mine, Stiles." Derek whispers. "No one is ever going to take you away from me."

Stiles can hear the promise in his voice, the heat of it, the weight, and his heart is going wild with the implications, even as he can feel himself reading too much into it. Derek is his alpha, of course he would be possessive of one of his pack. Stiles feels the same way about every single one of them, and knows the feeling is mutual. He smiles tremulously up at Derek, eyes filling with tears that make him blink and turn away suddenly, because fuck if he isn't turning into a sappy piece of shit.

"Right, yeah. But still." Stiles mutters, furiously wiping at his eyes and shuffling away to look for clothes to change into. "Thanks. And also? Go away, getting changed."

There's a frustrated grunt from behind him, before he hears the door to their room open and shu, just as he's slipping into the adjoining shower, and he's alone.

And that's when he remembers.

It's all he can do to quiet his own panicked breathing, to will his heartbeat to slow the way Mrs. McCall had coached him when he'd first starting getting the attacks right after.

After.

He slides down onto the floor of the shower, the warm droplets sliding down his face and masking his tears, head in his hands as he recalls the one thing his mother had made him promise to her on her deathbed, and Stiles silently berates himself for ever having forgotten; for having suppressed the memory so completely.

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"So!" Stiles announces with a clap as he joins the others in the living room. "I have a plan!"

"Oh thank God." Scott mumbles into Allison's hair, where she's sitting on his lap in the comfy lazy boy chair in front of the tv. "Fucking mermaids."

"What are you going to do?" Allison inquires, and the other betas perk up to listen. Derek, of course, is getting his brood on over by the window, staring moodily out at the Pacific as if it had personally wronged him. Which in a way, it had.

"Well the first thing to do, I would say, is to not go anywhere near the water. At least not me. Though I would suggest that none of you do either." Stiles proposes to much nodding and agreement. Derek grunts in assent, so he moves on. "The next thing I'm going to do is visit my grandparents-"

"What the fuck has that got to do with anything, idiot?" Jackson demands, frowning mightily at Stiles from across the room. Stiles shoots him a mocking face, rolling his eyes. "They raised my mom, and they're from around this area. So, they might know something about this shit." Stiles points out. "Also, I sort of... remembered something."

"What did you remember?" Isaac asks, watching him carefully. The fact that they hadn't heard his panic attack over the sound of the shower makes Stiles feel a little bit better about admitting to it, because they won't know how much it's hurting him.

"Something my mom told me once." Stiles shrugs it off. "I'm hoping my grandparents will be able to elaborate a little bit."
"I'm going with you." Derek says, still not turning from the window, and Stiles huffs a put-upon sigh.

"Of course you are, Derek." Stiles accedes with a grin. "Wouldn't have it any other way."

"Let's go then."

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"Stiles!" His grandmother's hug is kind of intimidating in its strength. For an old lady she's pretty spry. "We weren't expecting you. You didn't say you were coming over!"

"No that we mind at all, my boy." His grandfather adds, clapping him on the back in typical man-style.

And then they fixate on the creeper looming behind him on the doorstep.

"And who is this, Stiles?" His grandmother coos at him, a conspiratorial look already on her face that reminded him painfully of his mother. Stiles had known it would be a bad idea to bring Derek along. But there was no stopping him. At least he wasn't likely to be the only one to be embarrassed today.

"This is my friend, Derek." Stiles says, trying to put emphasis on the word 'friend' without it sounding like he's putting emphasis on the word friend. By the look on his grandfather's face, it isn't really working.

"Your friend! Well, do come in, Derek." His grandmother exclaims, motioning them in. "Stiles normally only brings Scott with him. It's nice to see he's making new friends."

"Thank you." Derek says, somewhat more politely than normal, and follows them inside. Stiles is on tenterhooks, unsure about how to feel about his grandparents apparently thinking they're an item. He just hopes to god they don't ask any awkward questions.

As if that could ever not happen.

"Sit, sit! William will bring out some cookies and tea, and we can talk." Grandmother is already curling up on her chair, eyeing them both critically. "You haven't visited in awhile. You're all grown up now."

"Grandmaaaa!" Stiles moans, burying his face in his hands as he takes a seat as far as he physically can from Derek on the couch. "You say that everytime you see me."

"Well, that's because it's true." His grandfather chuckles from the kitchen, and Stiles is defeated.

"Though I must say, Derek here does look a little bit older...?" His grandmother fishes, and Stiles isn't going to fall for this. Nuh uh. Derek's face looks like he's sitting before the Inquisition. He needs to get off this topic, now.

"Look, grandma, I sort of, well, I mean I was going to come here just to visit, but well, umm..."

"Oh Stiles, just spit it out." His grandmother says, fondly exasperated.

"It's just-" He darts a quick glance over at Derek, who still looks stone faced, and then back at his grandmother. "I remembered something... that mom said. She made me promise never to go back into the ocean."

His grandmother's face goes shuttered in an instant, and all motion ceases in the kitchen. Stiles
knows he's hit the jackpot, but it's certainly not something he thinks he can be happy about. His
grandmother looks stricken.

Whatever it is, it can't be good.

"William, honey, why don't you take Derek to look at your model train collection." The woman
suggests, but her tone is forced, not even pretending to be light.

Derek and Stiles share a look, but they both nod, and Derek stands, going easily along with Stiles'
grandfather. They both know he'll be able to hear whatever transpires regardless.

"Shortly after your grandfather and I were married," his grandmother begins, her eyes serious but her
tone wistful, "We learned that I couldn't conceive.

"One night, we went out to the ocean and prayed, to whoever would listen, that we might have a
child. You could imagine our surprise, delight, and horror when the next night, in the same place, we
found a young girl.

"We contacted the police, of course, the paramedics, everyone and anyone, trying to find her family,
but there was never anything to find. She told us her tale in secrecy, and we agreed to adopt her, and
quickly moved from the coastline to Beacon Hills, where she would be safe.

"Your mother was from the sea. She called herself a nereid, which we quickly assumed was
essentially what we knew to be a mermaid. But she'd hated life there, and had escaped."

Stiles' grandmother smiles again, a soft, fragile thing. "She loved the surface world. She used to
laugh sometimes, just to hear her voice ringing through the air. She would run and dance and smell
every flower under the sun, even if it was a weed, just because she could. And she loved food.

"Your grandfather learned to cook for her, because he saw how much joy all the new tastes brang to
her. It's why she became a chef."

"Why did she leave? Why did she hate it there?" Stiles asks, desperately. "How did she leave?"

"She was a princess." The old woman says, sadly. "But hers was a cruel people. They lived in the
dark of the ocean and feared and hated man. She said her one hope at a happy life was to find a way
to get onto the surface. She had magic, you see, and she used it to change her form. She missed the
water terribly, and we sometimes took her to a lake up north so she could swim, for a while. But she
was happier here. So much happier. Especially when she had you."

Stiles could feel himself tearing up, and looked away. "She tried to warn me, before she died. She
made me promise never to go into the ocean, but I... forgot. I repressed it because it hurt to think
about that moment, right before she died. She looked so sick."

"Oh hush, dear." His grandmother cooed, coming to sit beside him on the couch and wrap him in her
arms. "It's our fault, too. We could see that the water was in your blood, with the way you swam, but
you were so human. We never thought-I mean, you were in the water so often here and there was
never a problem. We thought it was... over."

They sat together on the couch, holding each other as Stiles fought back tears and his grandmother
cried openly, before he finally pulled himself together, kissed her on the cheek, and stood up.

"I could really use some tea right about now." He said, moving towards the kitchen. The kettle was
still warm, so he set up the teapot and cups on a tray and brought them to the living room, where
Derek and his grandfather had returned in his absence.
"So Derek, how long have you been dating my grandson?" His grandmother was asking, covering up her grief with easy teasing. Derek looked slightly mortified, but unwilling to blatant fliy.

"Grandmaaaa!" Stiles protested.

"So what you're saying is; you're a mermaid princess." Erica concluded.

"Yes, clearly; that is what I am saying. Thank you for putting it so concisely." Stiles sassed, frowning at her. He wasn't fucking Ariel.

"This is so fucked." Isaac commented. Boyd nodded in complete agreement.

"I think it's kinda cool." Scott interjected, earning a savage look of 'what the fuck dude' from Stiles. "I mean like, now you'll have super cool water powers, right? Like Aquaman. Hey! Dude! Do you think you can talk to fish?"

Stiles immediately perked up. "I've never tried, but dude that would be so cool holy shit."

"You two are complete fucking idiots." Jackson drawled out

"Maybe with more intelligent sea life, like mammals, perhaps, but I highly doubt that regular fish possess the necessary cognitive functions to understand even baseline communication." Lydia comments, flicking through her phone.

"Dude, bummer." Scott bemoans.

"It's irrelevant anyway, because Stiles isn't going back into the ocean." Derek lays it down, simple as that.

Stiles sighs. "I would totally argue with you, but I fully agree. I can't risk it."

"So it's decided then? No one goes back into the water until we leave?" Isaac concludes.

"When are we going to leave?" Boyd asks, looking between Stiles and Derek, who are sitting curled into each other on the couch, again. Though nothing is not normal or odd or relationship-like in this. At all. Despite what Stiles' grandmother clearly thinks.

"Well, I mean, we just got here. We should at least stay for the rest of the week. It'll be a good pack bonding exercise. See if we can stand living with each other without anyone killing someone?" Stiles suggests, to many rolled eyes.

"I think that's a great idea." Allison says, completely honestly, and Stiles totally loves her.

"Alright, who's ready to watch the Notebook?" Lydia asks, and no one is stupid enough to protest.

Of course, during the night, Alison is somehow kidnapped.

Stiles wakes up buried under the mountain of a man that Derek is, crushed against the small mattress and almost dying from the heat of having someone which such a high body temperature blanketing him.

It almost feels nice.

He's just falling back to sleep, lulled by Derek's soft breathing into the crook of his neck, when a
furious roar rends the quiet air.

Derek is up in a flash, gone from the room before Stiles can even blink, left shivering and alone on the bed.

"Wha?" He mumbles, bringing his head off the pillow. He grabs at his phone on the side table, checks the time as he sits up, dragging a hand through his hair, managing to make it look even more disheveled. It's only 4:37 in the morning. His eyebrows draw together.

There's a lot of yelling and very poignant viterol being hurled from somewhere down the hall, and Stiles has grabbed for his bag of magic tricks (wolfsbane, mountain ash, gun) which he carries with him everywhere, and rushes to see what the actual fuck is going on.

He knows he's not going to like it.

Boyd meets his gaze even as Stiles fixes his gaze on Derek, Erica, Isaac, and Jackson attempting to hold Scott down.

Scott, who appears to have lost his mind.

"Allison is missing." The tall beta says shortly, and Stiles goes cold.

"Fuck, fuck fuck fuckfuckfuck." Stiles is already running, bypassing the tangle of bodies in the hallway, slamming the sliding door open and running down the steps to the beach. "Oh god, please no." He's barely halfway down the beach before something heavy is colliding with him, slamming him down into the sand, and he knows from the timber of the snarl that it's Derek pressing him down, keeping his from going any further, but he can still see, and there, barely visible in the pre-dawn light, barely above the level of the water, are almost a dozen black eyed, sharp toothed heads, grinning at him.

"Don't you fucking dare, Stiles." Derek rumbles into his ear, and there's a clamour from behind them, and feet pass Stiles' line of vision as Scott rushes out, before he too is brought down by four betas, all of them struggling to contain him as he rages out of the sea.

"Give her back! Give her back you fucking." He kicks as he screams, claws rending his pack mates' flesh. "Let go of me, fuck! Fuck you, she's my mate!"

Stiles shuts his eyes at the sight, feeling his body go numb. He had caused this. He had endangered his pack; had gotten his best friend's mate captured. "Fuck. Derek, get off of me. Please."

Derek growls viciously into his ear, pressing him harder into the yielding sand. "No."

"Derek, please," he begs, eyes opening, tears dripping onto the sand beneath him as he looks at his friend, how fucking broken he is, his howls splitting the air. He sounds like he's dying. "I can't do this to him. I can't let him suffer like this, because of me."

"Stiles." Derek bites out, unrelenting.

"No, Derek." Stiles says firmly. "You can't hold me."

The words come out fused with the belief that fuels his spark, and Derek is suddenly whining in pain, flung off of him, and Stiles is struggling to his feet.
The betas look up at him, save for Scott, who can't look away from where Allison is floating, unconscious, between two of the nereids. The teen is incapable of human speech at this point; he's devolved into whimpers and cries of anguish, and Stiles feels his heart break.

"Stiles, don't." Erica gasps out. Stiles can hear Derek moving behind him, so he draws out a handful of mountain ash, willing it into a protective circle around him on the sand, preventing the alpha from reaching him as he stands at the line of the water, staring out to sea.

"Release her." He commands. His eyes are shifting to black, and yeah, he gets that now. He had just thought it was a natural part of magic, but clearly it shows his ancestry. Deaton had never explained it, but then again, Deaton never did.

"We will, if you come to us." Says a man from the midst of the group in the water, his eyes flashing with malice. He has a dark, curling beard and a harsh face framed by long hair. "You belong here with us, boy. With your king, as a proper son of Thalassia.

"Otherwise, we will kill this human child."

In short, Stiles goes, or Allison dies.

Every fiber of his being wishes that weren't true. Knows it isn't true. Because he belongs with his pack, but he can't let Scott suffer because of this.

"Stiles, please." Derek is whispering, and the pack are looking at him with frightened eyes, but his resolve is firm.

"I'm sorry." Stiles chokes out, "But Allison is Scott's mate, and I would never dream of depriving a wolf of that bond. I have to go."

He steps out of the barrier of ash, into the sea, not willing to chance looking back at his pack. He's stopped by a hand tight on his wrist. He refuses to look up, but Derek grabs at his chin, dragging his face to the side, to look at him.

"You're such a fucking idiot." Derek's eyes are so full of hurt and pain, and Stiles hates himself in that moment, but not as much as when Derek leans down to pull Stiles into a kiss so soft, and so sweet. Stiles can feel the tears on his own face even as his eyes close, and he feels the sudden weight of their bond burning inside of him. "I... I needed to kiss you, just once, considering this might be my only chance."

The self-deprecating tone in Derek's voice wrecks Stiles, but it's too late now. He's just found out that he's his stupid fucking alpha's mate, "I'm so sorry."

And then he's pulling away from Derek's arms, and walking into the sea. He watches as Allison is released, as Scott charges into the surf to pull her into his arms, his relief palpable even as he looks over at Stiles, his eyes so filled with pain that Stiles has to look away.

Arms surround him on all sides as the nereids converge on him, and he feels a moment's panic as they drag him deeper into the water; fearing that he'll drown.

But then he remembers Derek's words about the shift; how it should be natural, how he just has to embrace it, so he does. He feels the change come over him, painlessly, and he's in the water, not drowning, but sinking, deeper and deeper with arms pulling at him relentlessly.

His tears go unnoticed in the water.
Chapter End Notes

Sorry?
The descent goes on for seemingly forever.

What little light the dawn could have afforded is slowly lost as they trail at a steady slope along the bed of the ocean.

Suddenly the blackness of their eyes makes sense to Stiles; there is so little light that makes it down this deep that they needed to be able to filter it.

Yet everything is still tinged dark and dreary where the light hardly reaches, so when Stiles finally catches sight of the nereid city, its hard to be impressed.

Towering spires thrust up out of the depths, and it looks nothing like what the Little Mermaid might have guessed at. The water is frigid here, and there are dark shapes moving everywhere between the crags and crevices that form the city.

It looks like China's Zhangjiajie Stone Forest, covered in dancing seaweed that drifts with the currents. In many ways, its breathtaking, but mostly Stiles finds himself incapable of appreciating its beauty.

He is lead into what must be the main palace, and he takes note of the soft, phosphorous light sources strewn along the halls, that actively light the main throne room. He can feel the magic radiating off of them.

There is a man seated on the throne, his face bearded and hair long, as seems to be the trend of every nereid in this city. Stiles sticks out sorely for his short hair. His entourage releases him before the King, and Stiles stares up in challenge.

"Bow before King Nereus, you insolent fool!" Hisses out the black haired man, shoving at the back of his head, forcing Stiles' low.

"What is your name, boy?" The man asks, and his voice is warped by the water, the sound struggling to reach his ears.

"Stiles." He bites out, arms crossing over his chest as he tries to keep himself stationary using his new found tail. It's more than a little challenging.

The man's eyes narrow at him, and yeah, he looks fucking dangerous. "You are the son of my daughter, Aradia. You possess her features, and her magic; you are the last of her family line."

Stiles raises an eyebrow at him; exposition is well and good, but he doesn't really care. "Right, yep,
"you got me."

"You will take her place as the betrothed to King Cephissus, lord of the Mediterranean." He continues, and Stiles is deeply confused.

"You are aware that I'm a dude, right?" He asks, looking at the King in disbelief.

"A 'dude?'" Nereus asks, managing to sound more imperious than confused.

"A male, possessing man parts?" Stiles sasses, rolling his eyes. "Unless wait, shit, am I still a dude? I don't know anything about nereid biology oh my God, what if I'm a girl now-"

Nereus interrupts him with a bark of harsh laughter, "The Children of the Seas are not limited in this, as the humans are. All nereid may carry or breed children."

"O...kay then." Stiles offers, trying not to be too obvious where he is staring at his tail, trying to discern where his lady parts might be hidden. Or even his man parts, for that matter. "Wait, betrothed? I've been here for like, five minutes." He protests.

"Your mother was betrothed to him since her very birth. Had Cephissus been made to wait any longer, he would have brought war to this kingdom for her lack. Your mother's blood is one of the last to carry her gift." Nereus explains, "He will be here within a fortnight, and you will be bound to him in the mating ritual on the full moon."

"Right, of course. Mating ritual on the full moon." Stiles nods sarcastically. Fuck his life. "Basic stuff."

Nereus looks at him with no small amount of ire, and Stiles promptly shuts up.

"Take him to his rooms." Nereus commands, and suddenly there are hands on him again, dragging his wearing body through yet more hallways, before he is finally pushed into a door, which is closed and locked behind him.

He sighs.

"Seriously, what is my life?"

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Stiles is awoken from where he is laying on the soft pile of what he can only describe as 'sea moss' in the corner of his room, which is actually rather comfortable, by a polite, and continuous prodding against his shoulder.

He was totally sleeping with his mouth open, which is fucking disconcerting because there is water in his mouth. But gills.

This is so fucking weird. He's also sort of softly floating just above his mossy bed and what.

He spins in the water to look at whatever the fuck is poking him, and blinks up at the cloud of bright blond hair that's framing a pretty face which is smiling at him with all her sharp teeth on display.

She somehow makes the predatory features of her race look soft, cute even, and clearly must be a bit younger than anyone he's seen so far. Her hair is the brightest thing he's seen since he got here, and it kind of reminds him of the sun. And more painfully, of Erica.

"Hi." She says, and Stiles still isn't used to the quality of sound underwater.
"Hi." He says back, stretching languidly. He's pretty sure no one is going to try to kill him, since he's clearly being used as a pawn for good inter-kingdom relations, so he's not too worried about this little girl trying to gut him.

She had ample chance while he'd been sleeping, anyway.

"My name's Ieara." She supplies, holding out a fish. A clearly dead fish. "I brought you some food."

"Er, thanks." Stiles manages, taking the fish from her with an uncertain smile. "I'm Stiles."

"I heard! The whole city is talking about you." Ieara says energetically, black eyes fixed on him, face clearly curious. "You're kind of a big deal, you know. I had to fight all the other serving girls to be able to bring you food this morning."

"I guess that makes sense." Stiles cedes, still holding the fish awkwardly. He is pretty hungry though. "Say uh, how... do I eat this?"

"Wooooow, you really are from the surface aren't you?" The girl's eyes are wide, and she's leaning in closer and closer, as if she could smell the sun on his skin. "Can you tell me what it's like?"

Stiles can tell that she considers him the coolest thing since sliced bread, so he sighs dramatically, and then graciously agrees, "Of course I can, but in exchange, you have to tell me about Thalassia. And this king guy I'm supposed to be marrying. And how to eat this fish."

A distorted giggle meets his ears and Stiles knows he's won a friend when Ieara beams at him in the low light provided by the magicked glowing rocks in his room.

Maybe with her help, he can get the fuck out of here.

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"Neptune's Beard!" A younger boy exclaims as Stiles tells the story of how he beat a unicorn all by himself last fall, using only his quick wits and a semi-automatic handgun. Nereids don't know what a handgun is, so the small (and ever growing) group of children surrounding him are clearly impressed. But then, they also don't know what a unicorn is.

He'd had to compare it to a narwhal which are apparently as mythical to nereids as unicorns are to humans, at least in this part of the world, so they got the gist anyway.

"You're amazing, Stiles." Ieara says with wonder clouding her features. "Tell us more stories, please!"

"Yeah, yeah!" Comes the chorus of excited yells from around him, and Stiles smiles softly at them. If it wasn't for how douchey the adults all were down here, he might not mind it. The kids all treat him like a god, which is awesome.


He's still getting used to the underwater lingo.

"Tells us another story about your werewolf pack!" A young girl suggests.

"Yeah, werewolves sound so cool!" Another chimes in, baring her teeth and an awkward roaring noise, clearly trying to emulate Stiles' impression of Derek. Stiles feels his face split in a grin.

"Werewolves are definitely cool; maybe even the coolest." Stiles agrees, nodding sagely, "But they
have one weakness." The children watch him in rapt attention as he starts into the story of how Isaac managed to anger a nest of bees on the preserve. Normally not very impressive, but none of these kids know about bees, and to be perfectly honest, they had totally kicked Isaac's ass.

He's been here for two weeks already, yelling 'IMPERIOUS REX' as often as possible to piss people off as well as amuse himself, and all he's learned is that he hates the food, the ambiance the people (minus the kids) and that he can't for the life of him learn to read the Thalassian script in this short amount of time. This shit was clearly made before the Phoenicians bothered to make a phonetic fucking alphabet in goddamn 1200 BC, and he wants to repeatedly beat his head against the giant fucking walls all their magic is written on like some Egyptian temple. Literally walls of fucking text.

He'd managed to learn more dead languages than anybody could shake a stick at in the past 2 years since this whole 'werewolves are real and I'm magic' thing began, but hieroglyphic ones hadn't been his priority, because they were deader than dead.

He has learned that his magic is functional underwater, and he can feel the bones of the city reverberate with power from centuries ago. There's even a huge ring of the mineral the nereids call metallikoú álatos which Stiles can feel humming, dormant and distant around the city limits. It's the material that they say holds onto magic the best, and Stiles seriously gets that.

Ieara had been an invaluable source of help, getting him accustomed to the challenges of living under the waves. He's learned a lot of random shit, as well.

The reason people were literally hoarding items of magic, and people of magic for that matter, is because around 1000 years ago, there had been a rebellion.

Magic users had been the rulers of Thalassia since its creation. The first of them had built the bear bones of the city, literally forcing the bedrock of the earth up into their structures, and lighting the vast and dark empire with their gift. Apparently it had been quite beautiful to behold.

But absolute power corrupts absolutely, and these magic users had been no exception.

The people had grown tired of the despotism, the decadence and the terrible rule the magic users and their families blanketed Thalassia with. So they had overthrown them.

And then systematically killed every single noble; their families, and their children, so their bloodlines would end.

It was only afterwards that the people realised how much they had relied on magic; to protect and light the city, to keep the city standing when underwater earthquakes rocked them to their foundations.

So they had found the only family of surviving magic users who had survived the culling, and had made them their rulers.

Ieara had told him that you could tell who the descendants were, due to the colour of their scales.

"Yours are red, see? Everyone else has green or blue." And yeah, Stiles had noticed that, and wondered.

"And that's why this King Cephissus wants me? Because I'm the prettiest princess in the seas?" He asked jokingly, swishing his bright red tail around to make Ieara laugh.

"Well, that isn't the first reason, but I'm pleased to see you're actually quite lovely." Came a male voice from behind him. Stiles spins, eyes wide.
And yeah, it looked like his time for fucking around was up, because this sinister looking motherfucker behind him must be Cephissus himself.

"Speak of the Devil." Stiles bites out, glaring up at the dark haired, olive skinned man.

"Is that any way to greet your future husband?" Cephissus tutted, powerful tail propelling him forward to loom over Stiles, who was much, much smaller.

"You'll have to forgive me, I'm still not used to the customs around here, being that I was kidnapped and all." Stiles sneers, not backing down.

Cephissus smiles greasily at him. It doesn't reach his eyes. "I'll just have to break you into them, won't I?"

"I'd like to see you try, asshole." Stiles smiles sweetly back, mocking and dangerous.

Cephissus chuckles. "I'm sure you would."

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They're sitting at the banquet table in the main hall, Stiles and Cephissus side by side, with the whole court surrounding them, who make no attempt to mask their blatant staring.

The serving girls had spent hours getting him ready for the feast, draping his body with chains of gold and silver, rings and necklaces and bracelets heavy with precious gems, and what looked suspiciously like the Heart of the Ocean necklace from the Titanic topping it all off. God knew how many shipwrecks had been pillaged for this booty.

Stiles glimmers in the light of the glowing stones as he sits at the head of the table, desperately hating his life.

Nereus sits to Cephissus' other side, and the two of them had their heads bowed together as they talk politics.

Stiles would normally be listening in (he's gotten more information than he could have ever wanted about Thalassian political intrigue just by eavesdropping in the right places) but he really can't focus because Cephissus has his hand on his tail.

Stiles is skeeved the fuck out; fucking really? He tries pushing Cephissus' hand away, but the man just cuts him a dark look and presses his fingers more harshly, using his greater strength, smirking when Stiles gasps and looks away.

He's definitely going to kill this motherfucker.

Ostensibly, this feast is the celebration to be held before the culmination in the evening of the mating ritual, which is to be held at the old temple to Calypso at the outer reaches of the city, which is, in fact, so old that it has no roof or walls. The moon is full, somewhere far above them, and Stiles' throat chokes up as he thinks of his pack.

"Have you eaten enough, my dear?" Cephissus questions in a voice that would sound caring if it weren't for the malicious glint in his eye and the way he punctuations his speech by pressing his fingers more deeply, stroking them against his the scales cover his tail.

"I've had more than enough." Stiles says sharply, pushing at his arm yet again. Cephissus smirks, and pulls away reluctantly. Stiles could cry in relief.
"Then we should go." He pushes back from the table, strong arms and tail making his movement look effortless as he moves gracefully through the water. Stiles glares daggers and him.

"So we should." Nereus agrees, shooting Stiles a look when he makes no move to join them. "Yeah, yeah, let's get this over with." He mutters, gliding easily up from his own chair, now that he's had time to adjust to his new form.

He follows them through the dark of the city, surrounded by guards carrying ancient swords from sunken ships, until they arrive at the wide, flat rock where they are to perform the ritual.

Cephissus grabs his upper arm, fingers tight to the point of pain as he smiles down hungrily at him. "You will not resist me, boy." He hisses as they swim alone toward the rock, their entourage hanging back a respectful distance.

"I wouldn't dream of it." Stiles snorts, and lets himself be pushed onto his back, staring up into the man's pitch black eyes and the halo of his dark hair as Cephissus bears down on him, pinning him in place with the cage of his thick, corded arms.

"You might even like it." Cephissus suggest with a salacious grin, one of his hands trailing down to wrap around his cock, coaxing it out. Stiles sneers.

"Yeah, I really doubt that." He sing-sings, his own hand slipping behind him, digging into the complex interweaving of chains to find the small shiv Ieara had hidden for him. "I already have a mate, fuckface."

Stiles leans forward and grasps at Cephissus' cock, bringing his shiv down and slicing it viciously, a bloodthirsty grin on his face.

Cephissus' face contorts in rage and pain, but before he can cry out a warning, Stiles' drags the sharp edge of the blade across his neck. "You fucked with the wrong dude, asshole."

And with that, Stiles shoves his body away, pushing off from the rock through the cloud of blood surrounding them and swimming as fast as possible in the direction of home.

He can hear the guards behind him, their cries distorted and gaining, but Stiles' just has to make it past the ring of metallikoú álatoi.

He passes the ring and immediately wills as strongly as he can for the barriers written into its foundation to rise up, and hell fucking yeah, he's done it. He turns and looks at the shimmering prison of light surrounding the whole city in a protective dome.

Ain't nobody passing through that shit.

He grins madly, waving at King Nereus and his guards where they're smashing their fists in rage against the barrier, and then he's off again, turning and swimming up.

Back to the surface.

To his pack.

To Derek.

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It dawn by the time he finds himself on the cool sand of the shore, taking a moment to force
his change back so he has legs, and then he hobbles forward, sucking in deep breaths of air.

He sees Isaac curled up on a blanket on the beach out front of Jackson's summer home, his golden curls shining in the low light of the rising sun, and Stiles wishes he could have taken Ieara back with him, to see is her hair would glisten like that.

He's crying before he realises. The relief is choking him as he falls to his knees, his leg muscles feeling atrophied and awkward. Isaac wakes with a start at the sound of his sobs, and rushes over quickly, shushing him and clutching him close to his chest after he's wrapped his shiver-wrecked form in his blanket, and carries him off the beach.

Isaac carefully puts Stiles into the passenger seat of Derek's Camaro, before rushing over to the drivers side and starting the ignition.

Stiles is already drowsing against the window even as he hears Isaac calling Derek to let him know that Stiles is back, that he's safe, and that they're coming home.

He's out like a light, exhausted and shaken, the adrenaline rush that had kept him from losing his mind the moment he had stepped out of the banquet hall finally crashing, leaving him wrecked.

Stiles wakes only slightly when he feels strong arms wrap around him and pull him from the car. He immediately relishes in his sense of smell as he catches the familiar scent of Derek around him as he presses his face sleepily into the man's throat, breathing deeply and smiling softly.

There's a clatter of noise around him, but the light is still bright to his eyes, so he keeps them closed even as his pack surrounds him, their sharp voices keeping him from drifting fully back to sleep, until Derek tells them all to shut the fuck up or leave.

Stiles snorts lightly, and mumbles, "That's my alpha," into the skin of Derek's neck.

He feels Derek laugh, and then he's being gently put down onto the softest motherfucking bed in existence and Stiles promptly buries his face in the pillows. "I'm going to sleep for fucking ever." He groans.

He's still freezing, his body shocked at the change between being cold-blooded and warm-blooded, and the furnace-like heat of Derek covering his shivering body with his own is greatly appreciated. As well as the rest of the pack crawling onto the bed after him, arranging themselves into a truly massive puppy pile.

He falls back asleep, still smiling.

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The sun is high in the sky when he finally rouses again. His muscles are sore, but it feels lovely to stretch languidly against the bed, jostling the body curled tight around him as he sighs happily, a stupid grin on his face.

Stiles has just woken up with Derek curled around his back for the third time, and he's over-warm again but he loves it. He wants to wake up like this forever.

And then he quickly notices that Derek is naked, and hard, and holy god, Derek is is mate.

And Stiles is also naked, and hard, and holy fucking god, Stiles is Derek's mate.

Derek noses at his shoulder. "What's wrong?" He asks, and his hand is there again, pressed tight
against the skin just over his heart, feeling the fluttering beat of it as Stiles feels his pulse rise.

"Why didn't you tell me?" Is definitely not what Stiles had meant to say, but he had been yearning to know ever since that kiss on the beach.

Derek is silent for long moments, doing little more than breathing him in, his face still buried against the crook of Stiles' neck. "You're so young." He says, finally. The movement of his speech makes his rough stubble scrape against Stiles' sensitive skin, and he shivers. The memory of how sensitive that area is in his other form makes him hyper aware of the touch, and suddenly, desperately, he wants Derek to mark him there.

"I've been 18 for three months now." Stiles points out. "I'm an adult." He turns in Derek's arms, his eyes seeking Derek's as he brings up a hand to cup his face, loving the hot press of their bodies together, but ignoring it for the time being.

"I know." Derek says simple, but he still looks conflicted. Stiles' brows furrow.

"We don't have to..." He looks away, blushing. "You know. I mean, if you don't want to-"

"Stiles." Derek huffs, an amused grin curling onto his face. Stiles' eyes flick upwards again, and he can see the sun reflected in the man's irises; can see the individual strands that make them into such an intense myriad of colours. "I want to."

Stiles rolls his eyes and frowns at him, but he's only teasing when he says; "You mean we could have been fucking for months and you took that opportunity away from me? You know how often I've worried about dying a virgin?"

Derek's grin is just as mischievous as his as he rolls Stiles onto his back, slipping himself between the teen's legs as he presses him into the bed. "Guess we're going to have to fix that."

"Oh my God!" Stiles groans, even if he can't keep from grinning. "That was the cheesiest line ever, dude."

"I told you not to call me dude." Derek shoots back, but he can't seem to stop smiling either.

"Ugh, just shut up and fuck me, idiot." Stiles demands, arms coming up to wrap around Derek's neck, dragging him down into a kiss.

"Please don't tell me you're bossy in bed." Derek smiles between biting kisses, moving away to press them down Stiles' neck. Stiles arches up and curls his fingers into Derek's hair, holding him there against his neck as the man marks him, sucking harsh bruises and raking his teeth against the reddened flesh.

"You'll find out soon enough. Why, scared I'll out alpha you, Derek?" Stiles' taunts even as his breath hitches, his legs wrapping around Derek's waist, heels pressed against his lower back as he uses the man for leverage to thrust up and rub his dripping cock against Derek's hard stomach.

Derek snorts against his chest as he catches one of Stiles' nipples between his teeth, his tongue flicking against the nub. He grabs at Stiles' hips and slams them down into the bed, making Stiles whine and frown at him.

"You really think you can make me do anything?" Derek questions, eyes alight with mirth as he easily holds a struggling Stiles down.

"Oh, you did not just challenge me, asshole." Stiles yells. "I'm going to make you beg."
Derek looks unbelievably pleased, which Stiles finds contrary.

"Roll over, boy." Stiles commands, shoving at Derek's shoulder. The man raises his eyebrows.
"Fuck you, do it."

Derek gives in, lounging back against the bed resting on his elbows, eyes tracking Stiles as the boy moves to straddle him.

He jerks upwards as Stiles' presses the soft flesh of his ass back against his dick, looking like the cat who got the cream as the hot flesh lines up with the seam of it.

"I assume you have lube?" Stiles asks. Derek nods. "Get it."

Derek strains to reach the bedside table without jostling Stiles' too much, because every movement presses his cock more tightly against the boy's ass, and it's already fucking torture. Stiles is still smirking at him when he's finally gotten the tube in hand.

"Now put it on your fingers, yes like that." Stiles commands, and yeah, he's totally fucking into it.
"Now I want you to take you fingers and use them to open me up for your cock, as slowly as you can, because it is my first time, after all."

"You are the fucking devil." Derek hisses out, but sits up more comfortably and reaches his hand around Stiles and presses his index finger against the tightness of his entrance.

Stiles gasps out, pressing his face into Derek's neck as Derek lets the very tip of his finger drag slowly around the muscle, smearing lube over it before pressing in just slightly, only to back out again and continue the teasing. "Yeah, just like that." Stiles encourages, his hips making little aborted movements, clearly unsure whether or not to press forward to rut against Derek or to back to try and get the man's fingers in him.

Derek finally slips the whole finger in, and yeah, this is torture. Stiles is so fucking tight and warm and his cock is right fucking there, waiting to be in him.

They're both breathing hard as Derek works his way slowly up to three fingers, and Derek cannot handle the little noises Stiles is making right into his ear; the soft whimpers and whines as Derek accidentally brushes that spot inside of him, or when he demands that Derek give him more, finger him harder, or slow down, because he's about to come.

"Derek." Stiles gasps out. "Derek, stop."

And Derek goes completely still, eyes shifting from where they had been watching his fingers press in and out of Stiles from over the teen's shoulder to look at Stiles' face as he pulls back and away.

He's biting his lips and his face is flushed, but he grabs the lube confidently, pouring it into his hand before gripping Derek's cock, giving it slow, languorous pumps, covering it in the cool, slick liquid.

"I'm going to ride you now. And you're not allowed to come until I say so." Stiles whispers, eyes fixed on Derek's as he guides the man's cock against him, rising up on his knees before pressing back down.

Derek can barely breathe, frozen in place with his hands on Stiles' hips as the boy slowly, so fucking slowly sinks down onto his cock. Derek's eyes are locked on Stiles where he's still biting his lower lip, small, cut off noises escaping him as he slides down. His eyes are squeezed shut, one hand braced on Derek's chest for support, the other still curled loosely over Derek's cock, feeling where inch after inch slowly disappears inside of him.
"You're so fucking big." He chokes out, not even halfway there. Derek is so fucking gone for him, and brings his face forward to kiss.

"I believe you were complaining earlier about cheesy lines?" Derek mocks softly as he peppers Stiles' face with kisses. "You sound like a bad porno."

Stiles manages a hiccuping laugh, eyes still shut but mouth pulled into a smile. "Shut up."

"Hey." Derek mutters, grabbing his chin, making Stiles look up at him, "Don't push yourself."

"I told you to shut up, asshole." Stiles frowns. "I can totally take it."

Derek just smiles fondly, running his hands up and down Stiles' shaking thighs. "Do it, then."

Stiles gets that look in his eyes again, and he's finally sinking down all the way, taking Derek fully inside him, and it's more perfect than anything Derek could have ever dreamed, because it's Stiles.

And then Stiles is smiling sunnily up at him, clearly proud of himself, and Derek's breath is caught again.

This is his fucking mate.

"You're perfect." Derek tells him, and Stiles just gives him a haughty look.

"It's about time you realised." He says archly, wrapping his arms around Derek's neck as he settles more comfortably onto his lap. "Now, I hope you don't expect me to do all of the work?" He raises an eyebrow and wiggles his ass slightly, making Derek groan. "Hop to it, lover boy."

Derek huffs, "I take it all back." But he's already tightening his grip on Stiles' hips, fucking up shallowly into the teen on top of him, slow and easy as he feels Stiles open up around him, gradually accepting the insistent press of his cock.

Stiles looks lost, eyes shut and mouth open as he fucks back onto Derek's cock, one hand bracing itself against Derek's chest for better leverage, the other curled around his neck.

"More," he breathes, and Derek gives him more.

"Harder," he gasps, and Derek fucks him with deeper, faster strokes, feeling the bed shift under the force of his movement.

Stiles is gone with it, sounds ripping from him, and he doesn't bother to try and stop them as he moans long and loud, eager for it. Derek could watch him forever; will watch him forever.

Derek is almost at his limit when he feels Stiles' heart begin to race that much faster, his back arching and his hips jerking as he cries out senselessly, his hand coming down from Derek's shoulder to fist his cock as he pressed back helplessly onto Derek, his thrusts shallow and uncontrolled.

"Fuck, fuck, Derek," he's moaning, "gunna come, gunna fucking come." He whispers into Derek's throat, and Derek would follow him, right then and there, but Stiles had told him to wait.

He fucks Stiles through it, feeling as Stiles' clutches so fucking tight around him, his muscles trying to milk Derek, his body wracked with shivers as he comes all over his hands and their stomachs, surprisingly quiet in the moment, despite how loud he had been earlier.

"Please, Stiles." Derek whines, ceasing all motion as Stiles curls against him in his afterglow.
Stiles' breathing has finally evened out, and he's sitting boneless in Derek's lap, still impaled on the man's cock when he finally brings his sweet mouth to Derek's ear and whispers, "Knot me."

It's all Derek needs. His cock is suddenly throbbing and pulsing thick streams of come as his thighs tense and he fucks up impossibly deeper into Stiles' welcoming body. He can feel his knot growing, can feel the way it's opening Stiles wider and wider as the moments pass.

"Fuck, Stiles; so good for me, taking it." Derek mutters, his fingers going to press against the stretched flesh surrounding his cock, feeling where Stiles is taking him. He's never dared to knot anyone before; hadn't even expect to do it to Stiles, not so soon. But Stiles had asked him for it, and he hadn't even stopped to think, to try and control himself before letting go.

"You have no idea," Stiles murmurs contentedly. "How big of a knotting kink I have. You are seriously the best boyfriend. I think I can come again, just from this."

Derek gets a predatory look on his face that has Stiles more than a little bit worried. "I think we can manage that."

"Oh god, I know I'm a teenager, but even I have a cooldown." Stiles cries out as Derek sneaks a hand between them to wrap about his spent cock, making it twitch and Stiles whine. And then suddenly his eyes snap open. "Oh shit."

"What?" Derek asks, because that hadn't been a sexy 'oh shit.' that had been an impending doom 'oh shit.'

"Umm... nothing?" Stiles tries, but hello, human lie detector?

"Stiles."

"I... am sort of... able to get pregnant-"

"What?!"

"I mean, probably not in this form," Stiles rushes to continues, his face unsure, which is clearly not helping his argument. "I just didn't think about it til now. You know, kind of distracted."

"Stiles!"

"Hey, don't worry, my dad probably won't try to kill you if I end up teen pregnant. Probably."

"Oh my fuck, Stiles, I swear-"

Stiles presses a quick kiss to his mouth, shutting him up. "Look, don't worry. Like I said, I probably can't get pregnant in this form. Which just means we're going to have to use protection when we try fucking in the bathtub later."

"You are unreal-"

"But you love me anyway?" Stiles asks sweetly.

Derek heaves a sigh, but wraps his arms more carefully around his mate's waist. "Yeah. God knows why, but I do."

Stiles pecks him on the nose. "Love you too, Der-bear."
Chapter End Notes

And they totally live happily ever after.

I hope it was a least half-way decent. I have a long way to go to improve my style, but every step counts, I guess?

End Notes

Sorry for any egregious spelling errors.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!