

Must you go (my love)?

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Must you go (my love)?

by [fritzy1999](#)

Summary

Carrier's are a rare type of human. Stiles didn't expect to be one. Mated to a Wolf that thinks he's unfaithful what's a college student to do when he's expecting?

Leaving Home

Chapter Summary

Carriers are rare people and Stiles sure as hell didn't think he'd be one.

Chapter Notes

Warning: Sexual content. If it makes you squeamish for any reason I'm sorry.

Stop and leave a comment, all the best and love to you <3

This AU is a mpreg where some males have a genetic mutation that allows a uterus to form from the once useless appendix. The small organ gains large space. When a carrier conceives the suede-uterus shifts down and expands under the intestines and takes the same spatial capacity as a female uterus, the body will shift and accommodate the growing fetus. From there Birth can happen via the rectum where the lining coats its self in a thin lubrication and the sphincter has a faux form of oxytocin placate it for an easy labour.

It's late in the night at the Stilinski residence. The only light on in the two-story house was the youngest Stilinski man's room, where numerous erotic sounds echo into the cool air.

"Fuu-Derek!"

Stiles moan out as the larger male thrust into him from behind. Derek grunts and with a small roll of his hips has Stiles whimpering and struggling to thrust back onto his partner's cock.

Derek growls and angles his large member hitting Stiles overly stimulated prostate. With a particularly brutal thrust, Stiles arches his back and keens loudly. Endless streams of incoherent words and noise drip from the younger male's bruised lips like truth serum and Stiles was powerless to the pleasure his Alpha gave him.

Derek growls and grunts into his neck, ever so often he would nibble and place open mouth kisses onto Stiles jugular leaving the skin hot and has him yearning for the mark that binds them.

"Derek please," Stiles whines out begging to feel his solid knot, keening high when it begins to catch against his rim.

"Fuck Stiles look at you, all hot and open for me, god I can taste the slick pouring out of you. God, so tight and warm. Fuck I could stay here forever, buried deep into you, keep you by my side."

Stiles breath hics and grinds hard onto the Alpha's swelling Knot. Begging and pleading for the object to go where Derek promised it'd be.

"I think this is the most I've heard you say." Stiles tries to joke, but Derek simply growls and uses his hips as a leverage to plough deeper into Stiles tight hole.

Minutes pass with this constant rhythm, Stiles could feel the cusp of his orgasm approach.

"Derek, *harder*, God please, I need- I need-uh. Please Derek, *pleasepleaseplease*. Ah, Fuck." Derek growls and picks up in speed. A harsh grind of his pelvis has Stiles feeling the growing bulge of his knot push past his rim. Whimpering like a bitch in heat Stiles *begs* Derek to fill him.

"Fuck! You feel that Stiles? Feel the knot that you caused to grow? Your gonna take it so well, just like you always do. Gonna breed you, fill you with my pups. God, I bet you'd like that; spread out heavy with my pups as I fuck into you hard and thorough. Fuck I want that. Tell me you want it Stiles, please god tell me you want it."

Derek's voice goes raspy and Stiles finds himself screaming, proclaiming his want to being bred by his Alpha.

"Yes! I want it, fill me up, knot me Alpha, knot me, please. Breed me, fill me with your pups, please Derek. Please Alpha, *Please!*"

Stiles felt the moment when his body releases. Felt the moment Derek stilled and released copious amounts of cum into him. Derek purrs of content vibrate against Stiles' throat, making the brunet go lax onto his bed.

Stiles whine and Derek groans at the sudden tug from where they were connected when Stiles lays on the bed. Noticing Stiles' discomfort Derek gently holds Stiles close to his chest and rolls them to their sides. Sighing in pure happiness, Stiles snuggles back into the warm body holding him close.

Derek purrs happily into my neck, mouthing at the mark left behind. I grin baring it proudly up to *his* Alpha, basking in the gentle care such a strong, stoick man like Derek could only give to him.



Stiles' life was over.

The lanky teen stares down in horror at the tiny plus sign on four pregnancy test lining the bathroom sink counter.

This can't be real.

Stiles didn't want to believe it, didn't want to acknowledge the signs showing up for the 7ish weeks. Instead chalked it up to graduation/exam stress like any high schooler. Figured he had eaten more than one undercooked food had finally caught up to him, giving him food poisoning, not *morning sickness*.

Oh God, *Derek*.

Derek didn't even want kids. He always spouted about them during sex as the full moon rose to its peak, but always made it clear afterwards that his *wolf* craves kids, not the *man*. He'll hate Stiles if he ever found out. Feeling emotional and lost Stiles curls into a ball before mentally berating himself.

Alright, Stilinski, get your act together and recap. Stiles scolds himself.

Okay, it's mid-July, Stiles leave for Sacramento in 3 weeks. Stiles had three weeks to tell Derek; see what he thinks or keep the baby. *What am I saying? Of course, I'm keeping it. What I need is a doctor.*

Stiles leaves the end of August. First step Book an appointment, see what's up. All else fails, continue on to school deal with Derek later. Right good plan



"Good morning Mr Stilinski," Stiles stares at the middle age doctor; Dr Cowen. In a quiet panic.

"Uh, y-yea. Uh, what's up Doc?" Stiles flushes at the Buggs reference and refuses to make eye contact. Dr Cowen gives a mirthful smile.

"Now Mr Stilinski you mentioned taking four pregnancy test last week and having about 4 weeks of morning sickness and noticeable weight gain. Why do you think you're pregnant?" Stiles freeze and look away before mumbling a reply.

"I never had the funds to test and see if I was a carrier or not and after having unprotected sex with my boyfriend my suspicion may be higher than I want to believe" Dr Cowen nods in understanding. Stiles looks up and find that the smile Dr Cowen gives him was one Stiles recognised easily.

It was one his father usually gave him; a mix of fatherly fondness and worry. It was the look Stiles would get after he made a regrettable mistake that his father couldn't help but give a soft sigh of disappointment. Stiles felt queasy.

"Well, Mr Stilinski. I'm afraid your suspicions were correct your 7 weeks along. And to answer the rapid weight gain, we can look at an ultrasound and see." Stiles nods in agreement, but his stomach rapidly still sinks with anxiety.

Lying back on the bench Stiles lifts his shirt and glances down at the prominent bump. Dr Cowen squirts a cool gel on his lower abdomen making the teen flinch slightly. Once over Stiles watches the fuzzy screen clear.

"See there, there and here?" Dr Cowen points out to three tiny specks. Stiles nod, eyes were blown wide and moist.

"Those are your babies. Congrats Mr Stilinski you're having triplets. I am concerned about the rapid growth though, most zygotes can't be seen this early, even for carrier males."

"The father is from a well-grown gene pool." Stiles tries to joke with Dr Cowen but his voice cracks and tears fall silently. Dr Cowen nods in understanding and says something about printing off the photos before leaving the room. Stiles sits up slowly continuing to cry, the teen cries about how he needed to tell Derek, his dad, the pack. He cries and wishes this could have all be a dream.



Stiles never did tell Derek about the pregnancy, didn't tell anyone actually. And while he hid it well with loose shirts and limited sex. Derek was smart enough to become suspicious.

Derek also liked to comment on Stiles' new scent.

Most days Stiles never knew what to tell him, his biggest excuses were sweat from practice or hanging around Scott and Jackson too much. Stiles knows Derek knows He's lying but Derek doesn't push the truth, so they continue this cycle until Stiles' a week's worth in Sacramento.

Currently, Stiles sits on his dorm room bed looking down at his second ultrasound photo.

14 weeks in and already Stiles classmate begin to ask whether He was pregnant or just fat. Stiles sigh and absentmindedly rub his lower abdomen. He smiles softly at the tense skin, the silence was appreciated but a loud vibration from his iPhone startles him and frantically Stiles pats the bed frantically to find it.

Stiles sucks in a breath when Derek's face shows up on the caller ID. Evening out his heartbeat Stiles answers.

"Hi Derek," Stiles greets as optimistically as he could. Derek doesn't say anything for a moment and Stiles worries that the wolf hung up on him.

"Stiles, why are you breathing heavy?" Said male inhales sharply and try to think of something to say.

"I'm winded from unpacking my stuff and I had to help my roommate with a few of his things as well," Stiles trails off pathetically and feels his heart racing. Derek is silent again.

"Why is there another heartbeat so close to you? Stiles, did you just have sex?" The hurt and betrayal the teen could hear in Derek's voice had Stiles heartbreaking.

Stiles wants to scream out that those heartbeats were their pups but couldn't. Instead, Stiles stayed silent and let that speak for itself. They fell into a heavy silence. Hearing the sharp intake of breath Derek takes on the other line, Stiles flinches, heart sinking with dread.

"Did my mark mean *nothing* to you, Stiles? I can't- out of anyone-" The pregnant male whimper quietly into his hand praying for this torture to be over. Derek growls furiously on the other end.

"Have fun in college Stiles, I hope your adventure is worth it." The click that indicates an ended phone call is defining.

[Tears swell](#) and prick at the back of Stiles' eyes and the teen lets out an ugly sob into his hands. Stiles' heart shatters leading the teen into a panic attack, the first one in weeks. Through the bond, Stiles could feel Derek's pain and anger, feel the betrayal and hurt. Stiles wishes he could take it all back and explain himself, but he couldn't. in the end he tells himself that *this* was for the better.

He didn't want a family Stiles.

You're doing Derek a favour, Stiles.

Don't ruin his life.

He's better off.

Don't be selfish Stiles.

Don't be selfish.

Struggle of school

Chapter Summary

College isn't all its crack up to be, and it's not even October!

Chapter Notes

Stiles apartment; <https://www.apartments.com/4358-58th-st-sacramento-ca/6400f6s/> (I am sorry if it disappears later on)



To all the women in the world that continue to go to college while pregnant I salute you, you are the BAMF of the education world. And I wish to survive this year just as flawlessly as you did...

"I'm sorry what?" I stare at the pink paper in my hand and then up to the Dean of Sacramento State; Dr Orn Bodvarsson. The usually smiling man shifts uncomfortably and refuses to meet

my eyes.

"Due to your dorm mate's insistence and uncomfortable situation towards your pregnancy, we must ask you to leave. You may still attend class but due to no more dorms available and all housing for the school are booked we are greatly apologetic to your situation." Stiles stares blankly at the older man.

"You're throwing a pregnant student out onto the streets because some dick was uncomfortable about male pregnancy? I'm sure your whole staff is *very* sympathetic, but if I was a female you all would be bending backwards to ensure a stable living. Now if you'll excuse me, I have to find a place to live."

Stiles storms-well slightly waddles- out of the room and leaves the pale face Dean behind. All the way to the door Stiles mutters and curses the small minded in the world.

It's not my fault I'm a carrier; not my fault I didn't have the money to get tested. Stupid biology, Stupid Derek. I stop when Derek's face flashes behind my eyelids. My shoulders slump and I feel the tears well up. I growl in frustration and wipe away the tears angrily. *Stupid Derek.*

I get back to my empty dorm and pack what little I had to. Most of it was still packed due to it only being the middle of September.

September and already three months along. I look down at my lower abdomen and smile faintly at the growing bump. While mundane pregnancy doesn't have women showing at three months, having werewolf fetus's means they grow rapidly but at the same time length. So while I look [18 weeks along](#), [I'm actually 14 weeks](#). *Thanks, Derek.*

As I finish with the last box I relax on my bed and browse for an apartment close to the school. I find a few to my liking but then came to the realisation that for all the money I save up in the last few years, I don't have enough for the apartment, baby supplies and keeping up with bills. *Guess I'm getting a job* I think bitterly.

So finding a place to live and a job was easier to gain than I thought. The house I'm renting is a 3 bedroom 2 bathroom place, but two of the bedrooms are connected making it perfect for the nursery.

And while the downside is the rent being 1400, it won't be hard to gain a roommate to help split the rent.

The job; a desk job for Wholesale outlet may not be my dream career but I plan to rock it for the 15\$ pay, guess having the sheriff for a dad and having to do the desk work as punishment has paid off.

Thank you daddio!

The only problem left is school. I plan to finish, but all my courses will be taken online.

It's going to be tough but I run with wolves for fuck's sake, this will be nothing.

This is something. It's been a week since I moved in and started my job and while everything is pleasant and going well, I am currently sitting in front of a fellow spark looking to be my roommate. So far I've had three other offers, two were creepy as fuck so no to them, the third was a wolf and I'm pretty sure trying to claim me since I'm a carrier, which is not okay!

So fourth times the charm right?....*Right?*

"Soooo," I trail off and [Clary](#), the redheaded spitfire before me smiles and pops a bubble of gum.

"I found your add on campus and my current dorm mate is having orgies every night in our room, between you and me I've seen enough dick to make me look forward to being gay for the rest of my life" I laugh at the Alto voice girls joke. I nod my head in agreement.

"Well between you and me I'd take orgy sighting than a baby bumps any day," I confess with a leer. Clary chokes with a laugh.

"I can see that, how far are you?" She asks plainly. I roll my eyes.

"Three months, werewolf baby daddy." He replies simply. Clary quirks and eyebrow but nods in understanding.

"Surprised he let you leave." She whispers in awe. I send her a strained smile.

"He doesn't know." Clary whistles.

"Damn you a fool or something?" She asks. I bite my lip before sighing.

"We were mates, still are actually but he didn't want kids, we weren't ready for them, he didn't think he should have a family after he lost his first one, so when I found out I ran to school and when he called, I broke it off. But instead of telling him the truth I made him believe I cheated. I couldn't force this on him, it's not fair of me. It's better this way." I confess. Clary gives him a look.

Look I'm no expert but he has a right to know. A wolf can change when cubs are involved. I don't approve of how you did it, but I understand your reasoning, I'd of done the same." Stiles nods in acknowledgement.

The interview was settled and now I had a badass understanding roommate.

Life on the flipside

Chapter Summary

Clary, Stiles deems, is a badass roommate and her girlfriend Simone? Fucking adorable with her geekiness. He made a good choice, know if only his dad thought so too.

Chapter Notes

The series of links or separated by '/'

"Stiles we're out of pickles and peanut butter again!" I glance around the wall and find [Simone](#) pouting in the kitchen. I flush and rub the back of my neck sheepishly.

"Sorry, I was craving them something fierce this morning and forgot to put it on the shopping list. I can go out and get some if you want." Her face morphs into one of worry and guilt.

"Oh no, no it's okay I was just hoping for a sandwich, grocery day is tomorrow anyway, besides I wasn't that hungry-" She flushes when a large rumble echoes from her stomach and Stiles hides his laugh behind his hand. Simone looks down sheepishly.

"How about we go together?" Simone offers, I nod in agreement. We left shortly after.

So pregnancy is hard, especially with walking. Being 18 weeks pregnant hurts your ankles like a motherfucker, and the back pain, Jesus, women are troopers that's all I'm going to say. We make it to the market at a decent time. Simone and I split up to do the small grocery shopping and along the way, I get sidetracked with paint. I scan over the colours and start forming ideas in my head.

I should start on the nursery, I think while biting my lip.

I picture the nursery clearly. One wall was a mural of the forest, colours of green for the leaves and the different browns to form the maples, oaks and pine. Streams of light used to have an element of sun throughout the [mural](#).

The [mural](#) will also consist of a wolf pack relaxing in the clearing, the Alpha pair and three cubs. The rest of the walls will be a soft off white colour. The left wall from the mural will

have pictures of different woodland creatures playing instruments and can be displayed when the closet door closes.

While a large crib is placed in front of the mural wall where the triplets will sleep. The final wall will have the window and the dressers and changing table. The walls are filled with wildlife photos and shelves for toys. The ceiling will be a sky blue with fluffy clouds.

I blink back into focus and purchase the first few colours. As I struggle to lift the paints into the carts I hear my name being called. I set the paint's down gently and look over to find my father there. I stare in shock and panic begins to consume me.

"Dad," I say in shock. He was still dressed in his sheriff outfit, body and mouth lax and eyes shining in the fluorescent light. I feel the tears gather and watch as his eyes trail down my physique and stop to stare at the noticeable bulge that was my abdomen.

"Oh, Stiles," My dad chokes out and rushes for me. I sob into his [shoulder](#) as he holds me tight. We part once our emotions steady. I wipe away the tears and look down to my shoes in shame. I try to find something to say but end up speechless.

"You could have told me, son." My dad whispers. I grimace and glance up shaking my head.

"I couldn't," I say softly. Hurt and confusion flicker over my dad's face and it hurts to know I'm the cause of another person's pain.

"Why not?" He asks. I sigh.

"Because you would have wanted me to stay,"

"Damn right I would have Stiles, we could have helped you. Who's the father anyway, oh god it's Derek's isn't it? The baby's Derek right Stiles? Right!" My dad cups my chin to look at him. I nod curtly.

"Does he know?" My dad whispers again. I shake my head. I hear the sharp breath and soft,

"Oh, Stiles." I sniff and tears fall once more. My dad pulls me into a hug and kisses my head.

"It's okay, you're okay. I got to ask son, why? Derek deserves to know, God the man's a mess, Stiles. You have to tell him the truth." I sob into his shoulder and frantically shake my head. I feel the cusp of a panic start to form and my dad pulls away to help breathe again.

"I-I c-can't D-dad. D-Derek d-didn't want kids, H0he'd h-h-hate m-m-me for th-this." I say shakily. My dad gives me a look of sympathy and I want to leave, to walk away and pretend I never had this conversation.

Just then Simone rounds the corner and stands awkwardly silent, unsure of what to do. I wipe away the tears and smile a watery smile I greeting.

"Hey, Si." She waves in caution.

"This is my dad Noah Stilinski, Dad this is my roommates Clary's girlfriend Simone. You done shopping?" Dad nods in greeting and Simone answers.

"Nice to meet you Mr Stilinski, I've heard all great things about you. And Yes Stiles I'm done, you?" Dad gives me a side look and I grin sheepishly.

"You as well Simone." She smiles politely.

"Yea I'm done just have to pay and place the pain in the cart, dad can you help?" I ask pointing to the three paint cans. He does and we make our way to the checkout. As we make it to the cars I turn back to my dad.

"You want to come over for dinner? I'm making mushroom rice and stir-fry." He stares at me for a moment.

"If your willing to have me." He replies with a smile and I give a big one back.

He follows up to the house from a car behind and when we reach my lovely endow he helps us carry the paint and groceries into the house and whistles at my interior decorating.

The house wasn't large held two bathrooms and three bedrooms with a kitchen and connecting dining/living room, the back yard was nice and reminded me of a mini forest.

Clary had repainted the walls a soft beige and I had provided excellent sale shopping having bought a nice [couch and lazy boy](#), the [dining table](#) was large and the chairs match. [Also/the/ walls/ were/ decorated /in/ Clary's/ artwork](#). The TV was small but usable. Overall the house was homey and clearly to be lived in.

"Well this is definitely your home, but I got to ask Son, how do you afford it and school?" I grin up at my dad and walk over to the kitchen.

"I work as a Wholesale assistant and I take online classes/night school. It's not hard, and th pay is solid; 15\$ an hour. Clary here helps pay for half so it's only 700 a month each and we buy our own groceries or split some days. Monthly I bring in 2400 with tax, not over time." I state proudly and he pats my shoulder.

"That's good to hear son. Your mother would be proud." He smiles softly.

"I know she would be." I agree.

Dinner didn't take long to cook with the help of my dad it went well with just eh three of us. After dinner we head to the living room, I put on a comedy and made idle chatter with my dad throughout the movie.

By 8o'clock I walk my dad to the door and smile up at him but a hand low on my abdomen. I see the pride in his eyes as he opens the door to leave.

"I'll be visiting again soon Son, you aren't kicking me out of my grandbabies lives that easily." He says stubbornly I laugh.

"I guess they can see their Dziadek once in a while." I tease. He pulls me into a tight hug and as he walks out the door I watch my dad leave with a sad smile and a heavy heart.

Wrong Number

Chapter Summary

Derek didn't expect a woman to answer his mate's phone, but it may have turned out to be better than what he expected.

Chapter Notes

Comment and Kudo my lovelies!

I have been Stiles roommate for the past three and a half months and boy does the twink ever chatter.

I thought Si was bad when it comes to her Syfy voodoo books but this boy takes the cake. like *damn*. 'Nother interesting fact, the little mage is knocked up bigger than a balloon at a birthday party, like Jesus kid you eat a watermelon whole? Still, can't believe the kid's only 18 weeks pregnant.

The boy looks ready to pop with how thin he was before. Anyway, as any caring and concern roommate/ friend would be, I worry that the little tot is biting off more than he can chew, he may not think I know, but I see the mopping and forlorn looks out into our mini-forest outside.

Stupid kid shouldn't have run from his mate, *mate*, for crying out loud. The kid should be wrapped up in blankets having is 'strong Alpha' take care of his aches and pains.

Stiles needs his mate, and if he doesn't smarten up soon, he's going to get sick, I've seen mate withdrawals in a mated pair, it ends ugly let me tell you. So let's just say this little phone call, was a blessing.

Derek isn't a religious man but if he was, he'd be on his knees begging for forgiveness and a sign that points to where Stiles is.

Another thing Derek doesn't do is pine. He lusts and hunts and desires for someone but he does not *pine*, well at least he thought he didn't.

It's been 3 months, *3 months*, with no communication from Stiles after the harsh breakup over the phone.

3 months of nothing but agony and mate withdrawal that left everyone tense. I find myself pacing in Stiles' room more often than not when my craving for him gets overwhelming. I can't help it, Stiles is- Stiles is everything, everywhere. I can't walk down the street anymore without remembering some mundane activity we did together.

I'm a mess.

I miss my Stiles.

I finally cave. I call him after a particularly unsettling day with the newest Beta's. I did not expect who answered the phone.

I'm sitting on the couch drawing in my art book when *Gasoline by 21pilots* starts playing from Stiles' phone. I glance over at the blocked number, brows furrowed in confusion and swiftly answer it.

"Dale's adult store how may we tickle your fancy?" I snorted quietly at the silence on the other end.

"Um, is Stiles home?" The deep voice on the other end replies. My brows shoot to my hairline.

"He's out shopping at the moment, may I ask who this is?" I could practically hear the slump of this guys shoulders on the other side of the phone as he answers.

"Oh? I thought he lived on campus. Anyway, can you tell him that ah, Derek called?" I stood still at the mention of this guy *Derek* saying his name.

"Derek? As in Derek Hale, mate to my hyperactive roommate Stiles?" I roll my eyes at the following silence but smirk as I could image the male standing there shocked and preening.

"Uh, mhm, Yea that would be me." Derek trails off at the end. I hum and twirl my hair.

"Yea I can tell him when he's back with his nursery supplies." I pause for dramatic effect and almost cackle at Derek's sharp breath.

"N-Nursery?" He whispers, most likely in disbelief. I grin into my hand.

"You didn't know? It's the reason why he's not on campus, his male roommate was freaked out by the fact that a male could get pregnant. Kids so excited for them to come, he's started painting the nursery, won't even let me lift all the heavy cans for him, I swear kids going to hurt himself and the pup soon or later." I stop short at the low growl at rings from the other side of the line.

"Why can't he ever stay out of trouble," Derek mutters to himself.

"Y'know, He has this weekend off, gonna be focused on painting the entire time, I'm sure he'd love some extra help while my girlfriend and I are away?" I smirk and hold my breath.

"What's his address?" My smirk grows and watches as everything unfolds before my eyes.

When Derek ended the call I place the phone back where it was and smirk as Stiles huffs and puffs into the house carrying bags of baby R Us items. I smirk and go to help him only for the little mage to growl like his wolf counterpart and march to his room. I sigh and shake my head at his stubbornness, but head to my room for the night.

I grin as I fall asleep curled around my girl.

Unexpected Visitor

Chapter Summary

Life was supposed to be easy for Stiles

Chapter Notes

Hey everyone, hope you all enjoy this chapter and the intense scenes. I'm loving the comments and am grateful for your patience I know I have been slow going on this story (LIFE IS HARD!!!). Anyway, I have a request; There is a scene that I was hoping some of you artistic beauties could possibly draw for me. I'll link my Tumblr here because I'd really love to see some fanart for this story you don't have too but I think it be great. Anywho like always comment and leave your kudos love you all!

<http://fritzy1999.tumblr.com/>

Written while listening to; What about us by P!nk

See the end of the chapter for more [notes](#)

Today was Friday and I'm at the office with only a few minutes left of my shift. I sigh and slump back into my chair, gently rubbing the underside of my stomach smiling softly as I feel Feliks thump against my thumb. From Feliks, I trail my fingers to find Cuin land a hard blow to my ribs, I brace myself and let out a soft groan in pain. Finally, my hand lays over top of Oliver, the littlest and quietest one out of the three. I hum a soft lullaby and sigh in relief as his brothers stop their internal abuse to my organs.

I check the clock to see my shift was over, carefully I heave myself up from the chair and organize any loose papers on my desk and shut down my computer. As I bend to get my messenger bag, I have to hold my lower abdomen, a larger hand grabs it for me and I look up in surprise. My surprise soon morphs into disdain as Theo Raeken stands before me smugly.

"Thank you Raeken," I say politely and grasp the strap of my bag and pull it towards me only for Theo to grip in tighter.

"Stiles' sweetheart, How about I walk you to your jeep? Wouldn't want such a pretty little thing like yourself getting hurt." I feel the hair on my neck stand and I tug harshly on my bag.

"Thanks but no thanks Raeken, I'm perfectly capable of walking myself out. Have a fun shift." *Fucking creep* I think as I ignore the look of anger glow in his eyes. I hurry out of the

building and make it to Roscoe unharmed-thank you very much- I start up the engine and begin the drive home.

The drive home was smooth. As I pull into my drive way I take notice that Clary's vehicle was gone and figures she and Simone had left for their trip earlier in the day. After shutting off my jeep I open the door and struggle to get down. Huffing out of breath I make a mental note to look for another vehicle soon. 'Cause as much as I love Roscoe, once the triplets were born, the loyal jeep won't be safe enough for them.

Once I enter my home I drop my bag on the couch and head to my room to change into [painting](#) worthy clothes. I grin down at my bump and waddle into the connecting room to take in all the scattered paint cans and plastic tarp laid out on the floor for me. So far Clary has finished up the [forest mural](#) and has started on the [wolf pack](#) one on the opposite end of the room.

I setup a bin with the ivory paint and grab a long roller to start painting two of the remaining blank walls. I focus on the long strokes and more often than I'd like I stop to catch my breath. I groan in pain as my arms begin to tire but push myself to finish the last bit on the second wall.

I pull up to the address Stiles roommate sent me. I frown at the small house and outwardly scoff at how little room there was for any pups Stiles may carry to run around. but I nod in satisfaction at the number of trees in the backyard.

I knock on the front door and listen for any movement in the house, I could hear music playing further inside and figure to try the door knob. With my luck, Stiles will probably go on a tangent about entering into someone's home without permission than me actually being in the house. Shake my head I swiftly turn the handle to-no surprise- find it unlocked. I sigh in frustration before entering the house.

I pay little attention to the decor or other rooms, instead, I freeze and subconsciously let out a high whine when Stiel's scent hit me. I clutch my chest as my heart begins to pickup and my breathing becomes laboured. I follow the scent to a quaint room with the minimal items but a large bed, sheets rumpled and pillows thrown all over the bed.

I felt the tears gather as I pick up a discarded pillow and inhale my mate's scent. I whimper and whine as I rub my face all over the soft headrest, I try to place the scent I have missed for 3 months back onto my person. It wasn't long that I place the pillow back and walked out of the room into the neighbouring one.

I peer into the room that was heavy on both chemical latex and Stiles pure pumpkin spice scent. I feel my breath leave my lungs as I tak in the image before me.

Stiles was as gorgeous as ever.

The room glowed with the sun setting through the windows, Stiles stands calmly with a long paint roller in his hand, he's looking up with his back slightly stretched back to watch the blue

paint spread evenly on the ceiling. A thin sheen of sweat allows the sun to form glitters of light to reflect of his fair skin, moles prominent and so easily kissable.

My eyes trailed down and stilled at his attire, a black shirt baggy and covered in paint splatters match the-what I assume- maternity shorts. I feel myself swallow thickly at the present belly that stretched the shirt tightly at the bottom leaving nothing to the imagination. But that wasn't the best of him because there, contrasting hauntingly from his natural skin tone was my silvery mate mark on the junction of his neck.

He was breathlessly *Beautiful*.

Derek blinks back into reality while Stiles stays blissfully unaware of the wolf standing 3 feet from him. Derek releases a calming breath before speaking up.

"Should you be doing that in your condition?"

Stiles yelps and drops the roller and winces at the noise as it clatters to the floor. He holds a hand to his rapidly beating heart and turns to find Derek leaning against the door frame of the nursery, arms crossed. His faced show little emotions to any third person but Stiles *knew* Derek, he could spot the slight wrinkle in his brows the tightness in his lips and the tilt of his head all screaming 'don't play games, Stiles'.

For years the look would infuriate the younger males because he could never get the upper hand of the older male, but it made Stiles love the man far more than he should have at 16 for how inexpressively open Derek could be to him. It wasn't fair to see the look now.

They looked at each other, taking in everything they have missed the last few months. It was Stiles that looked away first. He located the roller and with a hand placed under his belly began to lower to get the painting tool. HE didn't get very far before Derek's hand was grasping the metal pole tightly in his right hand while his left lay gently on Stiles lower back. The younger male had to resist shivering at the warmth of his mate.

Stiles steps back after taking the roller from Derek, shyly he holds it close to him and refuses to look up from the floor.

"How did you find me?" Stiles whispers. Derek straightens and sniffs loudly before wiping his nose with his thumb.

"Funny you should ask, I had called your school to see what dorm you were into to come visit and hopefully fix our breakup turns out you weren't even living int eh dorms at all. So I called your cell phone, your roommate answered, it was kinda funny she commented on something peculiar. She mentioned you are working on a nursery, so Stiles, anything you'd like to tell me?"

Derek stares at the lanky teen expectantly while Stiles still refuses to look into his eyes. He bites his lip and subconsciously runs his hand over his abdomen. The tears fill and Stiles sniffles before finally meeting his mate's gaze. Stiles gives him a watery smile, tears falling freely down his cheeks.

"They're yours, Derek, I am so sorry." Stiles sobs softly face flushed and bottom lip bruised raw from his teeth.

[Derek's](#) face softens and stands straighter, his gaze looks over Stiles' face before slowly stepping towards the younger boy. Stiles curls in on himself and chokes on the whine building in his throat. Once close enough Derek gently grazes his finger tips over Stiles ear, neck and finally lands on the back of his neck, gently squeezing. The dam in Stiles broke, letting the tears fall and whines to escape his vocal cords before burying his face into Derek's neck.

Derek wraps his arms tightly around Stiles lower back and rubs his cheeks and beard all over Stiles face and neck, nuzzle and crooning into the pale skin as tears of his own fall silently.

"I'm sorry, I'm so sorry." Stiles cries are muffled in Derek's neck but the Alpha shhles the male.

Slowly they break apart, but Derek keeps his hands secure on Stiles, the younger male doesn't move any further either. Derek looks into his mates honey gold eyes and gently wipes the tear stains from his cheeks.

"I need answers, Stiles, please I deserve at least that much." Derek pleads to him. Stiles nods in agreement.

"I know," Stiles whispers. Stiles steps back from Derek and wraps his arms around himself, releasing calm breaths as he does so. Derek keeps his arms raised wary of letting Stiles out of his reach.

Stiles doesn't meet Derek's eyes when he begins speaking.

"I found out in July, three weeks after the full moon, I wanted to tell you but I remember you apologising constantly and stating that it wasn't *you* that wanted a baby it was your wolf, so I kept it a secret. T-the day you called while I was in the dorm, I had just come back from an ultrasound appointment, you asked if someone was in the room with me, those were your son's heartbeats. But I was *scared* and worried about how you would react to the news that instead of saying exactly that I stayed quiet and let you believe I was with someone else, let your heartbreak because I was a coward and couldn't tell you the truth. For that I am sorry, I am so sorry for this Derek." Stiles points to his pregnant belly tears glistening in his eyes.

"I'm not." Derek furrows his brows and glances at his mate's swollen stomach. Stiles snaps his head up, eyes wide.

Derek chuckles humorlessly and rubs his hand down his face shaking his head in disbelief.

"You think I'd be upset with you being pregnant? Stiles your my mate that is the one thing I dream of having with you, but I don't *deserve* it! I don't deserve that kind of happiness after everything I have done!"

"You have done everything for people who don't deserve *you*, Derek! At your most vulnerable point when Laura died, you put your grief aside and helped Scott, a bratty kid who

couldn't think of anyone but himself or Allison. You turn three teenagers who would have suffered their entire lives if you hadn't have given them a chance. Erica would have died from her ailment and her only legacy would have been a video of her having an episode on youtube. Isaac would have been dead in a freezer because of his father and Boyd? Boyd could have been anywhere and no one would have noticed. You deserve everything this world should have given back to you when you lost so much! So don't tell me you don't *deserve* happiness Derek because that's bullshit!"

Stiles huffs in anger face blotchy and flush, his chest expanding and deflating rapidly with his breaths. Derek stares in awe.

"So what would you have done if I had told you that I want this, I want our family?" Derek asks cautiously and Stiles sees a small sign of hope and doubt in his eyes. Stiles swallows nervously.

"I would have shouted it to the world after I gave you a card with the first photo saying 'Hello Alpha' while wearing a T-shirt proudly saying *Newest Packmembers on the way* in big bold letters because you deserve to know the moment I knew it was real. But I didn't because I let my fears and doubts keep something such as a family, the most important thing to you, a secret. Out of anyone in this world that doesn't deserve something Derek, that someone is me because I don't *deserve* you."

Derek growls as Stiles' tears fall down his cheeks. He strides up to his mate and cups his pinky's on either side of Stiles' jaw and tilts his face up, making a steady eye contact with the younger male.

"Don't you dare say that. I chose you to be my mate because you balance me, you keep me steady when I feel myself tumble. I need you, Stiles, I always have."

Derek doesn't wait a moment and crashes his lips against Stiles, whose on eyes widen before closing on their own. Stiles lets out a broken whimper leave his lips and his fingers cord through Derek's thick curls refusing to allow the man any sort of movement. Derek growls in return large hands spread evenly along Stiles' waist and lower abdomen.

Derek begins to trail his lips down Stiles jaw and throat, allowing the male to breathe but soon becomes breathless by the sharp nibs and plush lips soothing the pain. Stiles moans quietly and Derek growls lowly in his chest, the larger male lowers his arms and hooks them under Stiles' thighs, swiftly and effortlessly picking up Stiles. Stiles giggles and clings to Derek the best he can with a baby belly in the way. Derek groans into his mate's neck.

"Not in the nursery Der," Stiles whispers in his mates ear. Derek grunts and hastily leaves to the adjoining room.

AH, I'm horrible I did a cliff hanger!! DX please don't hate me!!! Comments and Kudos
Pwease

Extra facts on the pups:

Cuin is said like Quinn.

Cuin; Celtic-Wise

Feliks; Polish/Russian-Lucky

Oliver; England/France-Peace/Beauty

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