

The Running of Wolves

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The Running of Wolves

by [KorpseKorvid](#)

Summary

“Stiles, the boy who runs with wolves. Well be careful, boy, because wolves have sharp teeth and charming smiles. You never know when they’re just a wolf in sheep’s clothing. Look for the shifty eyes of a man desperately starved. Look for the sharp grin of a man amused. Look into the eyes of the man you love and tell me, honestly, that deep down you do not see the predator lurking within. So run with your wolves, Stiles, but don’t be surprised when your death comes by the teeth of your own love. Because it will come, and it will come soon. Humans that run with the wolves tend to get bit.”

Notes

I watched "Currents" and that moment when Stiles touches Derek's shoulder to comfort him really stuck with me and I had to write a self-indulgent Sterek fic. It then turned into a self indulgent poly pack fic and i'm not even sorry about it. It will start at that moment in Derek's loft and break from canon there.

Not beta read so all mistakes are my own. Also, i'm sorry if any characters seem ooc. I haven't seen Teen Wolf in a long time so i'm just getting back into it and re-familiarizing myself with characters.

I'm starting small but I plan to make this a huge fic with lots of characters and plot and such. It will definitely take me a long time to work through writing this monster so please be patient with me.

If You'll Have Me

Stiles stared disbelievingly at the dead body of Boyd sprawled at Derek's feet, claw marks in his chest and his blood on Derek's hands. Derek looked so *devastated*. The same man that he had seen snap and growl and *kill* so many times was now reduced to a shaking mess. His hands shook and if Stiles didn't know any better he would have said he was on the verge of *tears* from killing his pack mate.

Stiles ran to stand behind him and just watched for a second as Cora fell to her knees beside Boyd. The urge to *comfort* the wolf was stronger than he could resist. He'd had a crush on Derek for so long now, it felt like if he had to watch him like this for another second he'd rip his own heart out...somehow.

He placed his hand on Derek's shoulder and the tough alpha finally broke. A small sob passed his lips and Stiles would have barely heard it if he wasn't so close to him. Stiles realizes that Derek Hale was *nothing* like what any of the others said about him. He was a dick at times and he really didn't know how to handle situations besides killing being his first instinct but he wasn't bad, he wasn't a man that would kill the people he cared about. Of course, Stiles knew this, had always known this, but it was almost a relief to be proven right about him.

He had never once been afraid in Derek's presence. Not once. He may have been intimidated by him but never scared because he could see the good in him. And he could see how much Derek hates himself right now because of what those piece of shit alphas made him do.

Stiles sunk to his knees behind him and placed his forehead against Derek's back. He could feel how tense his muscles were, the skin of his back pulled tight over his shoulder blades. The deep, heaving breaths he took moved his entire body and Stiles'. He had never wished to be a werewolf more than he did in that moment, just so that he could track that bitch, Kali, down and slit her throat on his own. Maybe even rough up the twins as well. Although, seeing as they could merge into one big alpha, Stiles didn't think he would stand much of a chance. It would be well worth it though.

"Derek," he whispered softly into his wet, ripped, and bloody t-shirt. Stiles reached around and grabbed his hands, holding them in his own as they shook. He didn't protest right away so Stiles took that as an okay to continue doing it. He buried his face in Derek's neck, seeking to comfort and be comforted. The alpha flinched slightly and started to pull away.

“Stiles..... please don’t.” Derek’s voice was small, quiet. Stiles breaks inside just a little bit, hearing him so broken.

“Why? Because you killed Boyd? Derek, you didn’t, Kali and the twins did. Or is it because you actually like this but can’t admit it to yourself? Derek, I like you. I have liked you for awhile now. Yeah, I may be a dumb, sarcastic 17 year old kid but I know what I want. Since the third grade I thought I liked Lydia.” Stiles stopped and looked up for a moment. Cora was still crying over Boyd’s body but Lydia, Isaac, and Mrs. Blake were gone. He looked back at the side of Derek’s face. “I thought I had fallen in love with that girl, but the moment I saw you in those woods, when you yelled at Scott and I for being on your property and you threw Scott his inhaler, I knew I had been wrong, so wrong my whole life. I wasn’t in love with Lydia. But you, Derek, I slowly fell in love with you.” Stiles could see Derek’s eyes widen from the corner of his eye. He slowly crawled on his knees to be in front of the man. He looked up into his face and made sure he was looking back at him.

“Every biting remark, every growl and snap of your sharp canines, every threat to my life, I fell in love with. You are my pack, Derek. Scott has the people he needs now. You need me more than he does. Don’t get me wrong, he’s still my best friend, my brother, but you are my alpha, my pack, my family. I don’t care what you’ve done in your past, Derek, or what you’ve done up until this very moment, I only care about our future, and facing it together. If you’ll have me.” Stiles stared into Derek’s green eyes hoping he felt the same. Because if he didn’t, Stiles didn’t know what he would do.

Derek, looking like he finally made his mind up about something, leaned in and kissed Stiles.

It was like fireworks. No, *better*. It was like his body was burning up one moment and then freezing cold the next. His mind was cloudy and he could hardly *think*, let alone *breathe*. All he knew was that *Derek was kissing him* and that he *liked it* very much.

And when Derek’s tongue swept against his lips, asking for him to open to him, Stiles obliged. He knew that him opening his mouth to Derek meant more than the simple action of it. He knew it meant he was opening his mind, body, *heart, and soul* to this man. Derek seemed to know this as well and he wept. He pulled away and *wept*, forehead resting on Stiles’ and his body slumped forward, towards him. Stiles just held him and whispered soft words. Finally, the tears stopped and Derek mumbled words into the shared air between them.

“I suspected. Since the moment in Deaton’s clinic when you were terrified that I was dying, that you would have to use that saw on my arm, I thought about it. But now I know. You, Stiles, are my true mate.” Stiles stared back at him, confused. He had heard that as much as werewolves were like actual wolves, they were still very much human in the romance department. He searched his face for a moment, head tilted like a quizzical puppy. It made Derek huff out a tiny laugh.

“It’s very rare. Werewolves can usually tell when another person is somewhat compatible with them, biologically wise. But every few hundreds of years, two beings will find each other, and they will know that they were made for each other. A wolf can’t deny his true mate. It’s like a pull, like you can’t get that person out of your mind until you finally just give in. And you, Stiles, are on my mind all the time.” Derek grinned and Stiles blushed. He liked seeing this side of the man, the more playful side, instead of the broody, combat-ready alpha he usually was. Not that the broody look didn’t do things for Stiles. He much appreciated Derek’s angry face. He suspected though, that if he ever said that out loud he’d be in big trouble with the man in question. That thought caused Stiles to laugh. Maybe he would test that theory at a later date. Right now, his only worries were if Derek would be okay, and getting Boyd’s body taken care of.

He placed a chaste kiss to Derek’s lips before deciding to stand up from the small lake that used to be Derek’s floor. Derek followed him up and stayed close to his back as he walked the small distance between them and Cora with Boyd. Looking at his glazed eyes and unmoving body it finally set in for Stiles. Boyd was dead, for real. He was dead and Derek - no, not Derek, Kali - had killed him. He cursed colorfully before closing his eyes and taking a deep breath. When he opened them, Derek was sitting on the ground again, but this time with his little sister in his arms. Cora was sobbing into his chest as Derek held her and it made Stiles’ own chest ache.

He wanted so desperately to fix his pack. He wanted to go back to before Deucalion and his pack of alpha’s showed up. He wanted to go back to before the incident in the Glen Capri motel, where he had to convince Scott to not kill himself. To go back to before Stiles was convinced Derek was dead and had wanted to join Scott in that gasoline, if only to actually feel something besides numbness. Wanted to go back to before Erica was killed. Back, even, to the night Scott was bit. No, he didn’t mean that. He wouldn’t change the fact that he got to know Derek, that he met all these wonderful people, but sometimes he just wished his life wasn’t so dangerous anymore. But that was life here in Beacon Hills, you were either oblivious to the supernatural or you were in the know and thus, always in danger. God, he needed a therapist. Or a month-long vacation. Probably both. Definitely both.

Stiles sighed and steeled himself. He already knew Derek would destroy himself with guilt over this until he finally saw sense. So Stiles would take up acting pack alpha for the time

being.

“We need to give him a proper send off. Bury him at the burned down Hale house with Erica.” Both Hale siblings looked up at Stiles, one with pure rage and hatred in her watery eyes and the other with guilt and simmering anger in his glowing red irises. *Now is not the time to be getting turned on by your alpha’s glowing eyes and sharp teeth, Stiles.* Maybe he shouldn’t be talking to himself.

Stiles thought it was time for them to sit down and have a proper conversation about what happened earlier. It had been several hours since Stiles managed to haul Boyd and the Hales out of that flooded loft and make it to the burned Hale house. Boyd’s body now lay at peace beside Erica’s, where he deserved to be.

Derek had been moping about for the last hour and it was starting to drive Stiles crazy. He hid in the shadows and looked generally displeased with life. And wow, his kicked puppy expression was spot on. But alas, as much as Derek looked cute with his pouty lips, he needed to be an adult.

Stiles managed to find some piece of the floor that wasn’t completely littered in debris and pulled Derek down with him. He tilted his head in confusion and dammit, Stiles would not laugh at how dog-ish he looked!

“I thought that maybe we should talk about, you know, what happened in the loft.”

“Yeah, we probably should.” Derek’s voice was somewhat quiet, more so than normal. Stiles almost felt bad for the alpha, he looked so nervous. His hands fidgeted in his lap and his eyes darted around, never landing on one thing for too long. Stiles took mercy on him.

“I meant everything I said, Derek. I love you. You’re my pack. And I want pack to mean something. Not just teenagers that listen to you because you’re the alpha. I mean a real pack.

A family. And I want to be by your side the whole time.” Derek’s eyes finally settled on him and he just stared. He stared long enough to make Stiles uncomfortable. Then he smiled.

He gripped Stiles’ t-shirt and pulled him in to kiss him. He eagerly kissed him back, half sprawled on his lap. His hands traced a path down Derek’s bare chest, just mapping, feeling, the smooth planes of his muscles under his warm skin. The moment was broken by a snarl behind Derek. They quickly broke apart and looked to see a crying, angry, shifted Cora.

“Boyd just died and you two can’t keep it in your pants? I’m disappointed. Truly disappointed. Especially in you, Derek. What would mom say, if she were here? Hmm? Or hell, Paige! What about what happened with Paige, Derek? You gonna bite Stiles too, and then kill him when the bite doesn’t take?” Cora seethed and Stiles watched Derek go rigid at the mention of whoever Paige was. His eyes flashed red and his teeth and ears slowly elongated. He stood above his sister, staring her down.

“Don’t you ever mention Paige. You know nothing about what actually happened that night.” Derek growled and Cora took a half step back, but didn’t look any less angry. Stiles decided he needed to diffuse the situation so he stepped between the Hales. He placed a gentle hand on Derek’s chest and held his other hand out towards Cora, silently pleading with them to stop. His pack was fighting and he didn’t want that. Not for himself and not for Derek. Cora was his last living sister and he would kill himself if he ever laid a hand on her.

“You know what? You’re right, Cora. I’m sorry. Derek and I will leave you be. We can leave and continue our own issues somewhere else. How about we go back to the loft?” Stiles aimed his last question at Derek with a pointed look, begging him to just agree and leave Cora to her grief. Derek searched his face for a second before nodding and stepping back, shifting back to human as he did. Stiles let out a deep sigh as the tension resolved and nodded at Cora. She stepped back as well and then left.

“Loft it is then.” Stiles grabbed Derek’s hand and pulled him outside. The minute he got into the fresh air he realized how drained he was. He felt dead on his feet. He swayed slightly and Derek must have noticed because he quickly rushed to grab him, hoisting him into his arms. Stiles smiled and nodded his thanks. Derek shifted him so that he was positioned on his hip, almost like a toddler. Derek held him like a toddler too, using one arm to hold him up under his butt. He wrapped his arms around Derek’s neck and laid his head on his shoulder. He sighed and closed his eyes, breathing in Derek’s unique honey and lavender scent.

“Just rest until we get back to the loft, Stiles. I’ve got you.” Derek murmured and held him closer. Stiles nodded and soon was out, dead weight in Derek’s arms.

Stiles woke to rustling bed sheets. His eyes fluttered open and landed on Derek’s back. He was seated on the edge of the big bed in the loft, back facing him. His eyes trailed over the wide expanse of tan skin and sharp muscle, the black triskele tattoo standing out. He hummed in appreciation and he saw Derek chuckle. The alpha looked over his shoulder at the teen and smiled. Stiles smiled back, all his teeth on display. Derek laughed and turned on the bed so he could face him.

“All I did was take your shoes off. We just got back and I figured you were probably tired.” Stiles laughed at the sheepish look on Derek’s face. Truly a wolf in sheep’s clothing. Stiles grinned at that thought. He was tired, true, but he was also a 17 year old boy and sleep would not distract him from a body like that. Stiles sat up and stared into Derek’s green eyes for a second.

“Would you like to take anything else off?” Stiles’ voice dipped low, seductive and Derek’s eyes flashed red before going back to their beautiful green. He growled and practically pounced on Stiles, pinning him to the bed. His hands were held above his head and Derek’s hips pressed down into his. Stiles gasped at the hard length pressed against his thigh, impressed at the size it appeared to be.

Derek slotted his lips against Stiles’ and kissed him until he was gasping for air, chest heaving. Derek nosed at Stiles’ pulse point, nipping at the sensitive skin. He gasped and arched into the touch, silently asking for more.

When Derek pulled away, sitting up, Stiles whined. Derek chuckled and motioned for him to sit up as well. He followed his instructions and gasped when he was pulled into Derek’s lap, back to front. It quickly turned to a moan when he lightly nipped at his neck.

“Too many clothes,” Stiles gasped out, finally finding his voice. He could feel Derek smile and then there were large, hot hands running over his chest and stomach. He shivered at the feeling of another’s hands on his body. His flannel was pulled from his arms and thrown

somewhere on the now dry floor. Derek put an arm under his knees and turned him to straddle his hips, catching a glimpse of his red-eyed, fang-filled face before being shrouded in darkness when his T-shirt was pulled over his head.

Derek paused and stared at his body for a moment. His hand traced the same path down his torso as his eyes, finally stopping at the waistband of his jeans, where the boner he had was noticeable. Stiles' face flushed bright red and he averted his eyes. A finger under his chin turned his head back so that he was looking into Derek's eyes. He shivered at the immense hunger he saw there.

Derek kissed him again, this time slow and sweet. He nipped at his lip before soothing his tongue over it. Stiles opened his mouth and moaned when Derek's tongue touched his. Derek tasted like pure sugar. Stiles pushed forward, wanting more of that delicious candy taste and Derek obliged. Their mouths worked each other, chasing the taste of the other's mouth.

"You're beautiful," Derek whispered against his lips as he laid him back. He nestled against his pelvis, in the space created by his bent legs. Stiles bit down on Derek's lip and the alpha growled. Stiles would never admit how much that growl actually did to him, though, he suspected Derek must already know.

He rolled them so that he was straddling Derek's thighs, looking down at him. He appreciated the way every muscle in his body was defined. He kissed the center of Derek's chest and then kissed a path to his left nipple. Stiles licked the pebbled mound before blowing cold air on it, smirking when Derek whined and arched up into the pleasure. He swiped his tongue over the nipple another minute before placing a kiss on it and moving to the other one. He gave this dusky nipple the same treatment as the previous, relishing in Derek's choked breaths and aborted whimpers.

He pulled away with a lingering kiss before removing his jeans and boxers, letting them fall to the floor. The man's gaze turned ravenous as it traced a burning path along his body. Stiles felt his cock jump to attention at the heated gaze, and shivered at the scrutiny. Derek reached to touch but hesitated, Stiles grabbed his hand and laid it on his chest, over his beating heart. The heart that beat for Derek Hale.

Derek pulled him down in a passionate kiss and rolled them again, dominating the teen. Stiles' hands traced the sharp muscle of Derek's chest, stopping at his jeans. He unbuckled them and pushed them down, Derek pulling them off and throwing them to the side, along

with his boxers. Stiles blushed madly when he saw Derek's cock. He wasn't very thick, but what he lacked in thickness he made up for in length. He was long, and curved up towards his stomach. The head was flushed red and leaking precum. Stiles looked into Derek's face to see the man staring back down at him, a fond smile on his face.

Stiles just stared up into Derek's face for a moment, committing it to memory, appreciating his green eyes and black hair, the well groomed beard that covered the lower half of his face, the way his nose scrunched when he smiled. All the beautiful things about Derek Hale. All the beautiful things about Derek Hale that he wanted to see everyday for the rest of his life, the beautiful things he wanted to wake up to every morning and go to sleep to every night. Derek tilted his head quizzically and Stiles smiled.

"I love you." Stiles couldn't help the words that bubbled up from his throat. He knew he had said it before at the Hale house but here, in this moment, it felt like the first time, the only time that mattered. Derek grinned and attacked Stiles in kisses. The teen giggled and wiggled under the alpha, but his large body and strong hands kept him pinned. Stiles moaned when strong hands tightened on his delicate wrists, not enough to hurt but enough to hint at the strength being kept at bay. Derek chuckled and tightened his grip further, acknowledging the teen's newly discovered kink.

Hot lips were on his own, capturing him into a searing kiss. Sharp canines punctured his bottom lip, Stiles keening at the pain and the metallic taste of blood in his mouth. Derek pulled away and Stiles stared up at him with dazed eyes.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you, Stiles," Derek rushed out, ducking his head and looking up at him through his eyelashes. Stiles groaned at how delectable it made him look.

"It's fine. I didn't mind it at all. I actually really liked it. I like it when you bite me," Stiles babbled and waved a hand around, narrowly missing hitting Derek in the face. Derek grinned.

"Oh really?" He lowered his head to the crook of Stiles' neck and kissed it. "You like my sharp teeth near your vulnerable jugular?" Derek nosed at the column of exposed neck, Stiles let out a breathy moan and turned his head to give him more room.

“You like being at the mercy of a predator? A beast that could kill you in two seconds flat?” Stiles shuddered when Derek’s canines found themselves around his throat, biting lightly, but not enough to do any damage. Well, no physical damage at least. Stiles would never be able to look at Derek’s canines again without getting hard in seconds.

Stiles whimpered and arched his back. His cock was hard and leaking, almost painfully, and he just wanted Derek to touch him. He seemed to get the hint as he removed his teeth from the teen’s jugular and started to kiss down his chest. He stopped when he reached the light smattering of dark hair that lead to Stiles’ cock. Derek licked a strip up his shaft and Stiles whined.

“Derek, please. Please, please, please,” Stiles pleaded with the wolf, begging for a touch, a kiss, anything. Stiles arched up with a desperate cry on his lips when his dick was enveloped in the wet heat of Derek’s mouth.

He suckled at the head, licking up the precum steadily leaking. Stiles made aborted thrusts with his hips as Derek took him deeper, until his cock hit the back of his throat, and then deeper still. He keened when Derek swallowed around his dick and Stiles felt his throat squeeze around him.

All his thoughts were thrown in disarray at that point. Derek was deepthroating him, giving him the best - and admittedly only - blowjob he had ever had. He felt a knot pooling in his belly, felt it getting tighter as he whimpered through the cock sucking.

“Stop. Not gonna last,” Stiles gasped out, pushing Derek away from his dick. He nodded and hovered over him again. Derek kissed him briefly, Stiles tasting his own salty precum on his lips, before he reached over to the bedside table and grabbed a bottle of lube out. Stiles heard the snap of the cap being opened and then closed. He gasped in a sharp breath at the feeling of a cold finger pressed against his hole.

He winced at the burn of the stretch when Derek pushed one finger in. He thrust gently a couple of times before Stiles was moaning and begging for more. A second lube-slicked finger slid in, Stiles keened and scrambled for something to hold onto. His fingers twisted in the sheets around him and held on tight. Then Derek scissored the fingers inside him, brushing up against his prostate, making Stiles see stars. A shout ripped from his throat, leaving it raw and broken. And that was just his *fingers*? What would his *cock* feel like? Stiles had seen it and it wasn’t no small thing.

“You okay?” Derek asked once Stiles had tuned back into real life. The teen nodded, licking his dry lips and let out a breathless sigh.

“I’ll take your word for it since your pheromones are going all kinds of crazy right now with lust and happiness.” Derek grinned and Stiles scowled at him for a moment before he too, smiled. He brought his legs up to wrap around Derek’s waist and tugged him forward slightly.

“Just get in me, Sourwolf.” His voice was a touch deeper and slightly scratchy. Derek smirked before doing exactly what the teen asked. He leaned over him and used his hand to guide his slicked cock in until the head was fully inside. He paused at the whimper Stiles made and looked up at him with concerned eyes. Stiles nodded, answering the wolf’s unspoken question. He was alright. The stretch was just a bit to get used to. All he’s ever had in his ass were his own fingers, so a cock was a far bigger stretch for his virgin hole.

The alpha pushed in until he was fully buried inside. He stilled and leaned down to nose at Stiles’ pulse point, the second strongest scent gland on his body. Stiles heart was beating rapidly, like a jack rabbits. When he lifted his head again his eyes flashed red and stayed there, twin points of blood red light in the dark room. Stiles wiggled his hips, moaning when Derek shifted inside him.

“It’s okay for you to move. Please, do something,” Stiles whined, begging his alpha to just fuck him already. Derek gave an answering roll of his hips, his cock dragging against Stiles’ walls, making the teen cry out. He thrust a couple of times before he found exactly what he was looking for. His cock stabbed at Stiles’ prostate and the teen shouted, his hips bucking up and his hands flying to Derek’s hair, pulling tight. He groaned at the fingers in his hair and continued his assault on the teen’s ass.

Stiles felt Derek nip at his throat so he tilted his head back, baring it for his alpha. The wolf snarled and grazed his teeth over his throat. Moans and grunts were punched out of him each time Derek’s cock glanced off his prostate. He could feel the rope coiling in his belly, tight, and waiting to snap. His nails clawed at the wolf’s back, leaving scratches with blunt nails that would heal within the hour. It almost made Stiles sad that the evidence of this night wouldn’t be left on Derek’s skin. The thought left his head with a gasp when Derek gave a sharp thrust that stabbed directly at Stiles’ prostate with a loud slap of skin.

“Gonna. Gonna cum,” Stiles managed to gasp out right before he spilled all over his own chest with a shout of Derek’s name. Derek’s thighs slapped against Stiles’ ass as he sped up his thrusts, racing to meet his own orgasm. He made the beta shift, his brow lowering and his teeth elongating. His ears became sharp points, and his beard added thick sideburns to its appearance. Stiles moaned at the sight of his mate in his werewolf form, nipping at his ear. That was enough to bring Derek to his edge, the alpha cumming inside, teeth sinking into the meat of the teen’s shoulder, claiming him. Claiming him as his mate, his partner, his second alpha, his heart and soul.

Stiles let out a shriek, so loud, it could have rivaled Lydia’s banshee scream. Stiles’ eyes fell closed and his body became a limp noodle. He distantly heard Derek chuckle and the feeling of a wet cloth cleaning him up before the alpha’s inhumanly warm body was wrapped around him. He fell asleep to the soft breathing of Derek Hale, the true Hale Pack alpha.

Like a Baby Giraffe

Chapter Summary

Derek's POV of the morning after. Peter has a little information to give the alpha.

Chapter Notes

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

Derek's eyes fluttered open and he blinked at the bright light streaming in the wall of windows. He looked down at the weight on his chest and smiled. Stiles was sprawled across him, drooling on his chest. Derek couldn't believe he had been so lucky as to have been gifted a true mate, let alone it being Stiles Stilinski. Scott's quirky 17-year-old best friend that seemed to always find himself in the middle of all the supernatural chaos, despite only being human.

He had suspected it for a while but it really slotted into place when he had been paralyzed by the kanima venom and Stiles wouldn't leave him for anything. Wouldn't leave him at the mercy of Jackson even if it meant he would end up being killed as well. It was confirmed for him the night before when Stiles had told Derek how he felt.

When Derek had kissed him, the wolf had rolled over and basked in the pleasure. And when he claimed him, fucked him for the first time? He had felt like his whole body would explode. The animalistic part of him had begged to leave its mark on the young man, to claim him fully as his. So he had. He bit him and the wolf had recognized it as a claiming bite.

Derek brushed a kiss to the top of Stiles' head and squeezed him tighter. He chuckled quietly when the teen tried to burrow closer into his chest. Stiles snored and Derek was ready to tease him with that fact when he woke up.

He watched his face for a moment, memorizing the pattern of moles dotted there and the pink tinge of his lips. The way his dark lashes swept across his high cheekbones.

The boy was very feminine in appearance but it worked well on his lithe frame. Derek smiled at the thought. Stiles was all gangly limbs and concealed muscle. Like a baby giraffe. But more likely to fall and hurt himself. Or someone near him. Derek snorted.

“Having fun over there, Nephew?” Derek immediately sat up with a growl and fangs bared, disrupting Stiles on his chest, who let out a squawk at suddenly being thrown around. He relaxed again when he saw it was only Peter, sitting in his customary spot on the stairs and Derek cursed himself for not hearing his breathing or heartbeat.

“Peter, what are you doing?” Derek voiced, exasperated. Peter had a tendency to show up at inopportune moments, now being one of them. The older man smirked and stood.

“Did you forget that I live here too? Because it certainly seemed like it last night when you were stinking the place up with Alpha pheromones,” Peter gave a sly smile and walked to the couch, sitting down with a sigh. He seemed entirely too pleased with himself for Derek’s liking. Stiles groaned and hid his face in Derek’s shoulder. Derek rubbed his back and kissed the side of his head.

“Sorry. You could have just left if it bothered you that much. But looking at your face, I would say you really didn’t mind.” Peter brightened even further, if possible. He shook his head and smiled brightly. Derek didn’t know how he felt about a Peter this happy. Either it was genuine, or he was up to something. Derek feared the latter would be more true.

“I didn’t mind. You’re building the Hale Pack again. Why would I mind that?” Derek blinked for a moment and then smiled. He supposed he was building the Hale Pack again. He hadn’t thought of it like that. He had Isaac and Cora, Stiles, Lydia, Peter, and potentially Scott. It wasn’t as large as the original Hale pack but it was a good start. He looked down at Stiles who had gone back to sleep, leaning against his chest.

“I suppose I am, aren’t I?” He spoke in a soft voice, still looking down at his young mate. He brushed the hair from his face and ran his fingers along his cheek, feeling the soft skin of youth.

“Oh man, you’re entirely whipped already. I can’t believe it took the two of you this long to realize you were true mates.” Peter sounded amused and when Derek looked up he was holding back laughter. Derek frowned at him.

“What’s so funny to you?” Derek shifted Stiles so that he was sitting in his lap instead of just haphazardly sprawled over him. The teen stayed sleeping, hardly moving at all. Derek realized it was the first time he had seen him so still since the moment they had met. He looked back up when Peter spoke.

“I’m just thinking about the fact that now that you’ve claimed Stiles, your wolf is going to want to claim the entire pack, to form strong bonds between everyone.” Derek startled at that. Claim the entire pack? Was that even a normal thing for werewolves to do? Peter must have seen all the questions in his eyes because he went on.

“It’s common amongst Alphas to want to claim their Betas. It creates a strong pack, all the wolves willing to protect one another and no one gets left out. The reason you haven’t ever heard of it was because your mother had never really liked the idea. We were a family pack and Talia really wasn’t for the incestuous nature of it. She was the only one with that sentiment, but she was the Alpha so what she said was the rule.” Peter explained the idea to Derek. Derek noticed the almost wistful way Peter talked about being claimed by an Alpha. He had to admit, it wasn’t a terrible idea. Even now, the wolf wanted to claim the Beta in front of him. Begged to feel the man’s throat between his sharp teeth, taste Peter’s blood on his tongue. The feeling he got last night when he had bitten Stiles had been one of euphoria, of feeling like a missing piece had finally clicked into place. He certainly didn’t mind feeling that again.

“And what if I decided that for our pack? What about the Betas? What if they don’t want to be apart of a pack like that?” Derek voiced some of the concerns he had. He didn’t want to scare his pack away by suggesting a poly relationship between all of them, but he couldn’t help but admit to liking the idea. He wanted all of his Betas to know that he would do anything for them, no questions asked. The wolf purred at the thought of having all his Betas wearing his teeth on their throats, a symbol of their loyalty to their Alpha and their pack. Peter laughed.

“You’re questioning whether a group of teenagers would want to have sex with you? Derek, you must have lost your mind. Isaac for sure has a crush on you and the Banshee has expressed at least a little bit of interest, curious one as she is. And Stiles is your true mate, your second in command now. Basically your second Alpha, and we all know he harbors feelings for both Lydia and Scott. I don’t think any of them would be opposed to a poly pack. You won’t know unless you ask though.” Peter had moved to sit on the edge of the bed now, facing Derek. Derek didn’t miss how his eyes kept darting to the bite on Stiles’ neck and back up to his face. Derek leaned forward and dropped his voice an octave.

“And what about you, Peter? Would you want to be apart of a poly pack of teenagers? A pack where the Alpha was your nephew and one of the Betas was your niece?” Derek cocked his head, watching Peter, feeling him out. The older Beta took in a sharp breath, nodding his head, eyes large. Derek pushed forward until he could feel Peter’s breath against his lips.

Peter shoved forward and kissed Derek, catching him off guard, even though he was expecting it. Derek quickly recovered and pressed into the kiss. He licked at his lips and Peter opened up for him. His tongue explored the older man’s mouth, tasting the alcohol on him. Peter groaned and his tongue pressed against Derek’s, fighting to lick into Derek’s mouth. Derek finally let him get control of the kiss. Peter pushed forward, flicking his tongue over the fangs that had descended. Derek nipped at Peter’s lip before delving back into another kiss. He pulled away from the Beta when the warm body in his lap groaned.

“Damn, that was hot. Please, don’t stop on my account, I was very much enjoying the show.” Stiles’ eyes were glazed and when Derek sniffed the air he caught the scent of arousal on him and Peter. Aforementioned male’s eyes were glowing a bright blue and his fangs had descended.

“How long have you been listening, Fox?” Stiles’ brow lifted at the nickname, but no other indication was given besides a smirk.

“Long enough to know that you want to give a poly pack a try, Sourwolf. Which, I am definitely down for. We have to let everyone come to us in their own time though. I don’t want to push any of them into anything that they might not want.” Derek and Peter nodded, agreeing with the teen. Derek felt he had definitely been given his perfect match. Stiles was every bit the leader Derek could never hope to be. The boy had the biggest heart he had ever seen, and he would kill anyone before ever seeing him shed one ounce of blood or tears. He would protect Stiles and his pack until his dying breath.

Suddenly overcome with emotion, Derek pressed a sweet kiss to his mates lips. He leaned his forehead against his and smiled.

“I love you, you know that? You are my better half, by far. You are everything good I could never hope to be. I’m so glad the universe picked you for me, even if you are too good to be with a man like me.” Stiles placed his hand on Derek’s face and made him look at him.

“I don’t think you give yourself enough credit, Derek. You are trying to be the best Alpha you can be. You are trying to keep a pack of teenagers alive, which is hard enough for normal people but you have to look after werewolf teenagers. You are doing everything you can, Derek. That’s good enough for me.” Derek nodded, choked up. Stiles was staring up at him with open, earnest eyes and his heart never skipped a beat the whole time he spoke. God, this kid was just going to test every insecurity Derek had, wasn’t he? He somehow knew that he had doubts on if he was actually doing a good job at being an Alpha.

Derek had always known he wouldn’t be suited for the Alpha role. His mother had been the best Alpha he had ever known, and after her death, Laura had inherited the Alpha spark and had been phenomenal in the role as well. Derek was nothing like either of them, he could barely take care of himself, let alone a group of young teens. But if Stiles believed in him, he could try.

“He’s right, you know. I don’t think I’ve ever seen you give your all to bettering yourself for others. This is you trying to do your best. This is you being the best Derek Hale you can be. I would be honored to have you as my Alpha and I think the others would feel the same way.” Peter was... helpful? Derek smiled with tears running down his face. He loved his pack so much and he was glad that they wanted him, because he needed them, much more than they needed him.

“Oh, hell you guys. Come here.” Derek held his arms out and both men cuddled up to him, hugging him tightly. Derek sighed and just held them, content to stay in this moment forever.

His boys pulled away from him after a moment. And yes, they were his boys, even if Peter was his uncle and older than him. He was their Alpha and that meant they were his to love and protect.

“As much as I would love to stay here with you guys, possibly even join you, I think you should both get up. I’ll make breakfast. And Stiles, take a shower. You smell like Alpha cum.” Peter smirked when Stiles’ entire face and chest turned bright red. Derek scented the air and yup, Stiles definitely smelled like he had been defiled recently. He rumbled contentedly at the scent of them together. Stiles blushed an even deeper red if that were possible. He scrambled off the bed, taking the sheet with him to the bathroom, leaving nothing for Derek, not that he minded. Stiles walked stiffly and limped slightly. Derek briefly wondered if he had gone too hard on the boy for his first time, but he had seemed to enjoy it, so he put the concern out of his mind. The sound of the shower running was heard a moment

later. Derek wondered what Stiles would do when he got out and realized he had no clothes to put on.

Derek decided to follow Stiles' lead and get up. He grabbed a clean pair of boxers and slid them on and then a pair of black sweatpants. He grabbed his phone off the bedside table and saw he had a few text messages.

The first was from Scott with a simple 'Deaton's safe'. He didn't deem it necessary to respond. He tried to keep as little contact with the Beta as possible, if only to avoid his judgemental eyes and the disappointed tone he adopted whenever speaking to the Alpha.

Derek really didn't know the full reason why Scott didn't like him. He knew part of the reason was the origin of his Alpha spark, how he had slashed Peter's throat open without remorse. But it had been a year and a half since then and Scott still hadn't warmed up to him at all. Sure, he was friendly, but he wasn't a friend. If Derek ever needed anything he went directly to Stiles because the teen had seemed to care, Scott never showed when Derek needed him.

He tried not to hold it against the boy, his father had been missing from most of his life, he had a hard working single mother, the sheriff was practically his father and Stiles was almost his brother, they were so close. He didn't need any more authority figures in his life, not when they were second rate Alphas at best and cold blooded killers at worst.

So really, Derek understood. It didn't stop it from stinging every time he saw the beta, though.

The next text was from Isaac. 'I'm so sorry about last night. I should have fought against them harder'. Derek frowned at the message. He knew the young Beta had done everything he could have. The twins and Kali were just a match they couldn't beat. It was a fact of life.

Isaac was the only Beta still living that Derek had bitten, other than Jackson who had moved to London, and he would admit he was protective of him. The boy was very opinionated when he wanted to be but most of the time he was meek and quiet, a side effect of all the abuse he had endured from his father.

It still made Derek angry to think about Mr. Lahey. It may have made him a bad person, but he was glad that Matt had had the kanima kill him. He sent a quick text back that it was okay and that they could have a conversation about it at a later time.

The last messages he had were from Jennifer. 10 of them. They were all along the same lines of asking if he was okay and if he wanted her to come over.

Derek sighed, thumbs hovering over the screen. He needed to let her know that he could no longer see her. He really didn't want to do it over text but he also didn't want to do it in person. He just didn't get women very well and didn't want to have to deal with her hysterics if she didn't take it well. He decided to just not respond and leave it for another time.

The smell of bacon pulled Derek into the small kitchen in the loft. Peter had bacon sizzling on one burner of the stove and eggs on the other. Derek leaned against the counter and watched his uncle prepare breakfast.

"Don't get me wrong, this is very nice of you, but I feel like there's an ulterior motive hidden somewhere here. It's always about something with you." Derek watched Peter hesitate for a second before continuing his work.

"Can't I ever just be nice to my nephew?" He asked, sounding offended. Derek shook his head. Peter knew that Derek was acutely aware of how he operated. He was only nice when he wanted something.

"Okay, fine. So maybe I'm being overly nice to you. It's only because I want you to accept me into your pack and claim me," Peter mumbled out the last part and Derek had to strain his wolf hearing to catch it. He was kind of surprised that was all he wanted. He didn't even need to try to be nice to get what he wanted. Derek would have claimed him as pack no matter what. Derek was going to keep the remaining Hale's together, even if it killed him.

"Is that all you want?" Derek questioned. "Because it's a very simple request and I would have granted it to you anyway." Peter jerked his head around to face him, eyes wide.

“Really? A pack is the only thing I’ve ever wanted, Derek. I only became really bad when I was in that coma for 6 years. Our family was everything to me and to lose it like that? You really can’t blame me for snapping. I just want a big Hale family pack again. I want to be apart of a thriving Hale family pack with a great Alpha, great Betas, and a stable home. I want a place for all of us, Derek. A place where we can have little were-babies running down hallways, laughing and being happy, safe. I want you and Stiles to be happy and married and leading the pack together, like Talia and your father. I want all the Betas to think of us like family, and think of anywhere we live together, as home. If the Argent family is destined to all be hunters then the Hale family is destined to always be a group of mismatched people who love each other. Who are there because they want to be and not because of some deluded family history. That’s what I want for our pack, Derek. Happiness. Pure, unadulterated happiness.” Derek just stood there for a moment, absorbing everything the older man had said.

Derek realized at that moment that Peter had changed. Truly changed since he had come back. He was happy he had because it almost felt like having his uncle back. The fun uncle from when Derek was 15. The man who loved his sister and his nieces and nephews more than he lusted for the Alpha spark. Derek slammed into Peter, wrapping him up into a crushing hug. Peter hugged him back just as tight.

“Yeah, I would really love that too. For me, for you, for Stiles and for the pack. I want everyone to be happy and safe. That won’t happen though unless we can get rid of Deucalion. I should call a pack meeting to talk about well first, the threat of Deucalion, and then the poly relationship thing. You might want to make sure the food isn’t burning,” Derek commented, releasing Peter. The food had started to smell burnt. Peter rushed to the stove and removed all the food. He distributed it between three plates and set them on the counter with forks.

Derek grabbed two plates and Peter grabbed his plate and both made their way to the couch. They sat next to each other and Derek set one plate on the table before digging in to his own plate. The bathroom door opened a moment later, steam billowing out. Stiles stepped out, still slightly damp and one of Derek’s towels wrapped around his waist. His ears were tinged pink and he looked extremely uncomfortable. Exact opposite of how he was last night when he was begging Derek to fuck him. Derek smirked at the thought and Stiles turned even redder, a cute pink blush dusting his cheeks.

“Stop thinking about me with my clothes off, Sourwolf. And don’t even think about denying it, I can see it all over your face. Now, would you kindly stop imagining fucking me and get me something to wear.” Derek grinned and turned to Peter with a sly smirk and a glint in his eye.

“A feisty little boy, aren’t you, Fox? God I love you, bossing me around like you own the joint.” Derek got up and wrapped an arm around the teen’s waist, leaning down to kiss him. When he pulled away he also brought the towel with him, unwrapping it from the young man’s waist. Stiles yelped and quickly jumped back, slamming the bathroom door behind him. Derek and Peter burst out laughing when they heard Stiles curse from the other side of the door. Derek decided to take mercy on his pride and grabbed a pair of boxers and sweatpants for the boy.

“Okay, i’m sorry, Fox. I have clothes here for you. I’m not going to do anything this time. I promise.” He held up the pants when the door opened a crack and Stiles grabbed them before closing the door again. Derek sat back down on the couch next to Peter and started to eat again. Stiles came out a moment later and flopped on the floor in between the older males, leaning on their legs. He grabbed the last untouched plate and started to eat as well.

“So, what are we going to do today?” Stiles asked, mouth full of food, eating messier than the two wolves he was sitting with. Derek found it amusing how one boy could have such a ravenous appetite. Maybe it was just a general teenager thing though, Derek remembered being hungry all the time when he was that age. Oh god, here he was, talking like he was 80 or something. He really was only roughly 5 years older than Stiles, barely out of his own teen years.

“Well, Derek and I were thinking of destroying your ass,” Peter spoke up before Derek could answer Stiles’ question. Stiles choked on the food in his mouth and coughed a couple times before looking up at them with large eyes. Peter burst into laughter and Derek looked at Stiles apologetically.

“He’s just being a dumbass, Stiles. I was planning on calling Scott, Isaac, Cora, and Lydia here to talk about plans for Deucalion and the poly relationship idea. Get their opinions on both.” Derek watched Stiles calm down again and go back to eating. He watched how the sun splashed across his face, making his eyes shine a bright whiskey brown.

“We still need to talk about the poly stuff in depth together first so I would hold off on that topic for now. Battle plans are a good idea though.” Derek supposed Stiles was right. They should probably have a proper conversation about everything first, before bringing it up to the pack. Peter made a low noise in his throat and Derek snapped his head to the Beta. He caught his gaze and gave him a quizzical stare. Peter nodded his chin at Derek’s back.

“Your back. There’s fingernail marks along your whole back. They haven’t healed,” Peter said, leaning over to get a better look at his back. Derek felt lust travel through him from the wolf at the thought of his mate marking him as he had marked him the night before.

“Really? I would have thought he would have healed by now.” Stiles set his plate aside and stood up, moving in close to Peter to peer at Derek’s back as well.

“Let me see your nails?” Peter asked and Stiles obliged. Derek felt a little weird having them both so focused on him but let them continue. He was curious as well as to why he hadn’t healed yet.

“Hmm. It doesn’t seem like anything out of the ordinary. Must be just a mate thing.” Peter dismissed the idea after not finding anything wrong. Derek sat back and pulled Stiles down into his lap, wrapping his arms around him and nuzzling his neck. The teen laughed and leaned into him, running a hand through his hair. Derek rumbled in his chest happily and kissed his neck.

“You should get the pack over now, before I pull you back to bed. For sleeping!” Stiles exclaimed, cheeks flushing crimson. Both men laughed at how cute and innocent he was. Derek loved the double sidedness of Stiles’ innocence. He could be soft and sweet but he could also be mature and sexy, unafraid of what he wanted.

Derek grabbed his phone from his pocket where he had left it and shot a text in the pack’s group chat. ‘Pack meeting in 5. Be at the loft.’ He got a simple ‘okay’ back from each of the teens.

Peter got up and took all the dishes into the kitchen and cleaned up. He was humming a tune Derek recognized but couldn’t really place. He cuddled Stiles closer to him and just basked in the pleasantness of the moment. His mate was here, in his arms and his uncle was humming while cleaning dishes. It seemed so domestic for them, almost too perfect for it to be real. Stiles twisted around to look at him.

“Are we going to tell the pack about us?” He asked, his face open and big doe-eyes whiskey brown. Derek chuckled at the teens sudden shyness.

“I don’t think it will matter whether you want to tell them or not. You both smell like each other, sex, and mated wolf. They’ll know before they even walk through the front door,” Peter called from the kitchen. Stiles ducked his head into Derek’s chest and he smiled. He didn’t care one way or another. He loved Stiles and he wasn’t afraid to let everyone know it. He didn’t think any of the pack would mind much either, except maybe Scott. Scott tended to be protective of Stiles and he didn’t like Derek much, so it wouldn’t surprise him if he objected to them being together. Derek wanted his Betas to be happy and feel included so he would let Scott rant at him all he wanted as long as he didn’t upset Stiles. That was where Derek would draw the line. Pain to Stiles, physical or emotional, was never going to be tolerated. Derek hugged Stiles tight.

“It’ll be okay, Fox. They will be happy for you. And if they’re not, I can just growl at them and they’ll shut up.” Derek chuckled when Stiles swatted at his shoulder.

“Okay, Okay. I’m just kidding. They can feel however they want about it. Doesn’t change the fact that we’re mates and I claimed you. I love you and all I care about is that you love me and making sure you’re happy.” Stiles smiled brightly and kissed Derek. It was a sweet kiss, little more than a brush of lips, but Derek was happy anyway. He was always happy around Stiles. Even before he knew they were mates. Stiles just had a quality about him that made everyone around him light up in joy. Everyone liked Stiles, even if you ‘hated’ Stiles, you liked Stiles. And the kid didn’t let anything get him down. He continued on being his happy self, even in the darker times they’ve faced since meeting.

“I love you, and just being here with you makes me happy. I’ve been pining for like, a year. I actually feel like this is just a really good vivid dream.” Stiles laughed and Derek raised his hand. 5 fingers. He wiggled them in Stiles’ face and the teen nipped at them. Peter came out of the kitchen and smiled.

“I’m flattered to know I would be in your vividly good sex dreams.” He wiggled his eyebrows suggestively and Stiles cheeks darkened. He smirked though and Derek could see the wheels in his head turning.

“I guess I just have a thing for Hale werewolves. If Cora were here I’d have the whole set at my bidding.” Stiles shrugged with an innocent smile when both of the older men choked on air. Derek felt like he couldn’t breathe, his wolf whining in his head loudly. The thought of Stiles under Peter and him with Cora under Stiles- Oh man, Derek was in for it with this teen. But he wouldn’t have it any other way.

Chapter End Notes

I updated the tags for all you people who commented about it. I've had this chapter done since I posted chapter 1 but held off on posting it so I could get feedback from you guys. You seemed to enjoy the first chapter so here's chapter 2. I haven't finished chapter 3 yet but I am slowly working on it and I have plenty of plans and Ideas. I love feedback from you guys and I also really enjoy suggestions and ideas from you guys. This story is a sandbox and i'm always happy to write something into here that you guys want to see, including pairings and smut suggestions you want. lol i'm down for whatever.

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