

Lake Watch

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Lake Watch

by [invisible_nerd_girl](#)

Summary

Stiles is a mer who shifts at will and sneaks onto the preserve to a lake. Deputy Hale is set on finding the intruder and making them stop, but he can't figure out why he can't find them around the lake.

Prologue

Chapter Notes

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

He was panting by the time he made it to his lake. It wasn't really his lake. It was on the Hale preserve, but it was so far back that it took a good portion of the day to get to it and the Hales banned camping years ago from a forest fire caused by a careless camper. It killed too many people, the older sister of the remaining three children claimed when she made the announcement in front of the hospital their uncle was at. They agreed that it might change when everything had a chance to heal but Stiles knew the Uncle was in a coma that they visited daily so he didn't believe that it would be any time soon.

"He he, they never have to know" Stiles set his bags down by the rocks and pulled out his lunch. It was late but he also limited himself to one fish when he was swimming. It wasn't a large enough of a lake for him to take any more. He pulled out his phone, making sure to turn it off so he didn't run out of juice and there wasn't even reception up this far so it didn't matter. He kicked his legs out started to work his chucks off as he ate, too excited because he waited for several weeks. It was his own fault for getting grounded.

When he was done, he stripped completely naked and folded his clothes, shoving them into his bag so people will just think they were a change of clothes with his towel and dived in. It was everything he wanted. He stayed in his human form until he made it past the large tire and swam deeper. He didn't bother taking a deep breath as he did, curling as his body shifted and his legs fused into a tail. It was a dark red, but when he caught the light that rippled through the water, it would reflect hues of gold.

"Yes" He twirled around before taking off toward the opposite end of the lake. It was just large enough that it was hard to see what was across it but it wasn't big enough that people came here anymore. There were plenty of lakes closer that they would have more time to swim. Stiles had all night. He didn't need a fire.

Only when several hours pass did he resurface. It was just enough for him to peer out and look at his bags. Glee spread through him when he saw the man himself, Derek Hale standing there with a frown on his face. He looked around in confusion, but Stiles remained still. He could tell by the way he held himself that he was furious, but he didn't care. It was hilarious to him to watch the man drop his things and stomp into the trees, thinking that he was going to find the person that was here after dark. He held in a laugh as he slid back into the water.

"Now, my little fish." Stiles rubbed his hands together before taking off toward the bottom of the lake. He didn't know what the fish were called or what they were, but he also made a rule that he had five minutes to catch one once he started his hunt, or he'd leave it. One year there were so many fish that he barely had to move to eat them, and he ate nothing else the entire year he came out. The Hales claimed that a fisherman want-to-be snuck in and dumped a bunch of babies in at the beginning of the year, into several lakes. Stiles felt lucky but they weren't pleased.

He caught one and swam to the bottom of the lake, heading to his small cave he made of stones and curled in the ground, his tail wrapped around himself. He ate it carefully, frowning at the scent of soot in the water from him settling. It happened sometimes but this time he couldn't get comfortable. He twitched as he polished off his snack and sniffed, trying to follow the scent to its source. It was discovered that the fire was from campers, thought his father was skeptical for a while, but the lake got caught in it. The entire area is full of dead, burnt trees that hadn't been taken down, as well as fresh growth that made a macabre of greens and blacks and greys.

Instead he found a small locket and grabbed it in his teeth, using his hands to swim nearer to the surface and clear of the dirt that he had churned up. It was beautiful, a little worn by the waters but it still made his hands shake as he turned it over in them. On it was the Hale symbol. He thought it was a bit stupid for them to have a symbol but as he held it, he got flashes of what happened the night of the fire.

There was a beautiful little girl. Maybe eight or nine that was running for her life. Stiles couldn't see her face clearly, like there was an old faded picture where someone moved but he could only see her dark hair. He could hear her breathes as she panted, trying to out run the fire. There was someone with her, begging her to keep up. It was another child, maybe an older bother but he was a good head taller than her, telling her how close they were as he practically dragged her by her hand. He could feel the pain in her digits from the grip. Stiles wanted to drop the necklace, not wanting to see the end but his fingers wouldn't let go. The two children suddenly came to the end of the trees and the boy grabbed the girl, throwing her into the water. Stiles lost his vision completely as he saw her thrash around, trying to get to the surface and a flash of gold as her necklace fell off. Then he was back to reality, floating down slightly from his lack of movement.

"Damn" He clutched the necklace to his chest as he swam up to the surface. He knew better than to touch things if he didn't know where they came from. He saw a helmet that was worn in WWI and immediately knew that someone died with it on. He held a pocket watch and watched his father's entire eighteenth birthday once when he was seven. His mother had explained it was the gift of the fin, but that he had to be careful. It was a terrible world out there. Somethings, when picked up, would make you relive the travesties that the owners faced and unless you could pull yourself back, you'd keep living them.

This time he triple checked that Derek Hale had moved on before he swam to the shore, tucking the necklace into his bag. On a second thought. He pulled out his notebook and ripped out a page and used a highlighter to draw a crappy version of the Hale symbol and folded the paper so he had a small pocket to slip the necklace in. He tapped his fingers on the rock before pulling out another page and scribbling down the message of finding it while he had been swimming and wanted to return it. He guessed the younger girl had been Cora Hale, and that she was with her brother, but he hated not being sure since he didn't get a clear look at their faces. He set his little package back on his bag and swam back to his cave.

This time when he curled up, he went to sleep. His dreams weren't exactly filled with fire as he had feared. Instead they were full of the children running past him, their faces blurry like his mind didn't want to focus on them. The more he focused on them, calling out to them to

turn to him and telling what to do with the necklace, they remained faceless and silent. In some ways, he believed it was worse than if he just dreamed of fire.

Chapter End Notes

Tell me what you think.

Fullmoon

Chapter Summary

Stiles finally gets caught.

Chapter Notes

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

The next morning, he woke up and sighed. He had to go home. He always headed home to cook his father dinner to apologize for missing the night before and to catch up but this time he wanted to linger in the morning sun. He couldn't, so he swam to the shore, dragging his tail out of the water until he could grab his bag. Stiles hissed as he dried his tail off and a burning spread downward. Soon he was back to being a half-naked crazy person by a lake in the chilly morning.

Stiles dressed quickly and gathered up his things. He took out his marker again and scribbled over the paper, trying to make it brighter before he placed the paper with the little pocket partially under a rock so it wouldn't fly away in the breeze. He hoped that the man would come back and see it. He turned and stared down the trail, doing his best not to think about it but his mind never listened to him. It wasn't until he got back to his jeep that he realized that the vision he had while holding the necklace had replayed in his head the entire time.

All he could see were their faceless faces like flashes behind his eyes as he drove, making him shake his head as he tried to get his bearing. He never lost himself in a vision before. His father had packed everything of his mothers away himself, forcing Stiles not to touch anything that might draw him away as well. His hands shook as he stopped outside his house, turning off the jeep and stepping out. He didn't even grab his bag as he made his way up, throwing his arms around his father as he stepped out of the house to meet him.

"Stiles, what happened? Did anyone see you?" His father wrapped his arms around him but he shook his head, still unable to get out of his head. His father stiffened before pulling back. "Did you touch something?"

"Yeah. They were so scared." Stiles felt everything melt away as his father tugged him into the house.

"Shouldn't you be working?" He asked as the familiarity of his home calmed his nerves. He was finally able to shake off his dreams of fires and screams of faceless people. It was up there on his creepy meter.

"Hale asked for extra shifts since his sisters are traveling. He said as long as he gets the times to visit his uncle, that he could pick up any shift needed since no one is waiting at home for him." his father flashed a smile over his shoulder but Stiles cringed. He hoped the man took

his time to walk back to the lake and saw his note. It would be stupid of him to talk to the man but he turned and looked at his father.

“Hey, next time you see him ask about the person that was annoying him by the lake.” He bounced after his father as they made their way to the kitchen.

“I will not be score keeper between this little feud you’ve imagined.” His father replied instantly and he frowned at his back, throwing his hands around in expiration.

“I am not making it up. You said so yourself that he thought I was an ass.” Stiles paused to take a breath just in time to hear his father make a noise like he was agreeing with his deputy, making him shoot a glare at him. “Plus he shows up and scowls at my stuff every time I go swimming. But I left the necklace I found in the lake on the shore so I need him to check, by your subtle suggestion, so he can go pick it up.”

His father sat at the table and frowned at Stiles as he started to pull some food out to make dinner. Stiles wanted to say more but he knew his father was thinking on it, so it was best if he remained quiet. Even though his mind wanted to tell him everything, experience told him that his father would just sit there with a pained look on his face as he struggled to understand and not judge.

“You said it was a necklace?” His father asked slowly and he shrugged.

“It fell off her when her brother threw her into the lake to escape the flames.” Stiles frowned as he thought about it. “When I found it, I was following the scent of ashes.”

“You can smell down there?” His father asked and he shot the smallest glare at him. “Alright, I ask about the Devil camper, as Hale calls you.”

“Cool.” Stiles went back to making diner and they fell back into their routine. Stiles talked about his swim and that he needed to go back next weekend just because he didn’t do much after finding the locket. His father talked about what happened around town while he cooked, thought it wasn’t much.

“I still think you should be more careful. Maybe go to sleep early tonight and you can go back to your regular schedule of once or twice a month” He nodded as his father spoke but knew he couldn’t sleep this off. The gifts he got from his mother side made the need to swim almost made him insane if he didn’t get a chance. He was tempted by the school pool once, when he saw it. He would imagine sneaking in at night when he went too long without a good swim.

“I promise only to think about it.” He shot over his shoulder, not really looking at him as finished their meal. It was only when he was placing the food on the table that he saw his fathers face.

“You already decided on going, haven’t you?” he asked with a dull look on his face. For a heartbeat, he felt guilt race through him but then the need pulled him back. He had tried to explain to his father years ago but his mother stopped his attempts, telling him that human would never understand and that she had been trying long before he was born. He was always

worried about people finding out about her and Stiles remembered her listening to his every fear before she told him that she had to go. He missed swimming with her.

“I have to go. I need to know what happened.” He looked at his food, suddenly feeling like a stranger in his own living room. After his mother died, he hated being something not human, so much so that he lost control in the bath at Scotts house and turned. His friend was understanding when he explained, helping him cover up before Melissa came to see why there was screaming and crying.

“Just be careful. And wait for the weekend. I’m working then but I will be calling the house and I expect you to answer.” His father rubbed at his face before digging in. His face twisted up and Stiles beamed at him.

“Healthier.” He crowed at the older man who looked like he was wishing he could be anywhere else. Or maybe somewhere with burger and fries that he could eat instead.

Later that night, his dreams were plagued in ash, fire and water.

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The next weekend Stiles hiked out to his lake. He didn’t even bother with putting his clothes away before he launched himself into the water. He barely noticed that the package with the necklace was gone. The change was instant and honestly caught him by surprise. He felt an inch run through is body and he took off, going as fast as he could in circles around the edge of the lake. He went on until he had about an hour of light left.

He was so warn from his swim that he didn’t even bother trying to catch a snack. Instead he dragged himself into the warm shallows next to his pack. The water covered his tail and flipping over so he could watch the sky as he rolled his shoulders in the sand. He had to go back in before dusk but he was so comfortable, his eyes drifting shut.

The next time he blinked his eyes open he could hear footsteps. Stiles jerked up in shock, struggling to shift back as he glanced up, his eyes locking on Hale as he appeared through the trees. Their eyes met and he yelped, struggling to move his heavy tail as the man came closer. He could tell the exact moment that he saw his tail, a shocked grunt coming from the man as Stiles managed to flip himself over and started to shove himself backward into the lake.

“Wait” Hale shouted at him and he nearly sobbed, clawing at the dirt as he tried to get away. His panic must be working against him because there was no way the man moved so fast to catch him. Stiles screeched as he was dragged out of the water, his wrists being held in one big hand with the other holding his hip so he was pressed against the Deputy.

“I...” Stiles started but it ended in another scream when he saw that the man wasn’t a man. He didn’t know what Hale was but he wasn’t human. His face morphed into something predatory with bright, reflective golden eyes and sharpened teeth. Stiles hung there, panting as he took it in, watching as Hale did the same to him.

“I know there’s a no camping rule but I need the water.” Stiles spoke first, trying to calm himself down but he flinched when eyes flickered back up to look at him. “I just need the water.” He tugged at his wrists but the hand didn’t even move. “This is the part where you

say something before you eat me or turn me in.” Stiles gasped as hands dropped him and he hit the water and then the lake floor. Air shot from his lungs from the landing and he sat up, struggling to take a deep breath through the pain and bubbles. His lungs did air or water, not both.

“Where did you find my sisters necklace?” Hale stepped over him and Stiles glanced up to see his face was back to normal other than his eyes. Stiles pointed blindly, watching his eyes flicker out to the lake and back to him, flickering back to hazel.

“Um, quick question. What are you?” Stiles bit at his lip, wondering if he would answer. “It’s pretty obvious what I am. But I thought I was the only, er... Non-human here.”

“Non-human?” Hale quirked an eyebrow at him and he ducked his head down.

“My mom taught me everything but she was from the ocean. I know about whales and sharks and what is really going on in the Bermuda Triangle. But it’s not like she had anything human to go off of other than my father, who didn’t know anything supernatural until he met my mom.” He explained before nibbling at his lip. He didn’t expect the man to turn away and walk toward the beach. “Wait?” Stiles launched himself forward, accidentally hitting the back of the Deputy’s knees and took him down.

“What is your problem?” Hale turned on him and Stiles shrunk into the shallows. He wiggled down so only the top of his head was sticking out, which was ridiculous considering his shoulders were barely covered by water. The Deputy stared at him, sitting in a few inches of water before sighing.

“Sorry.” Stiles lifted his head enough so he could speak above water. Part of him still wanted to flee from the predator but the other, louder part wanted to know what was in front of him.

“I’m... I’m a werewolf.” The man looked at something behind Stiles’ shoulder but the words seemed to echo in Stiles’ head before they clicked.

“For real. Like an honest to god werewolf.” Stiles dragged himself closer and grabbed his face. “What happened with your face just then? What about your eyebrows? And the hair?” He ran his fingers over his cheeks, which had less hair than before. “What about your teeth?”

“Stop” A hand grabbed his a second before he tried to pry his mouth open but Stiles saw it while the man talked.

“Aw.” Stiles pouted when he realized the sharp teeth were gone. It looked like he had bunny teeth, the simple thought making him grin despite his disappointment. He was distracted by the hand holding his and grabbed it with his free one, flipping over like he was trying to block Hale from taking it back with it wrapped around his front and his back to the werewolf.

“Where’d your claws go, cause I remember feeling claws on my hip.” He wiggled the fingers with his own webbed ones he scented something weird, making him flip back over and crawl back up so he could take a few sniffs.

“What are you doing?” He didn’t expect the Deputy to sound so freaked out but he kept sniffing.

“Why do you smell like that?” He cocked his head to the side before flopping off of him. He dragged the werewolves hand with him as he settled in the shallows again. He pressed his nose against the pulse point and frowned as the scent changed again. “Stop doing that. I can’t tell what it is.”

“You can scent mood changes?” Hale asked somewhat carefully but Stiles shrugged.

“I’m better in the water and with the easier ones but my mom died before we got very far on that subject. We couldn’t practice much because the whole... humans are dangerous.” Stiles turned the hand over a few times before he let it drop from his hands. Hale let it drop, like he was surprised that it was let go and it brushed against the fins on the side of his tail. He acted like he didn’t notice but he could tell by the way Hale jerked his hand back that he didn’t expect to touch it.

“I’m sorry to hear about your mom. I’m guessing that it’s hard to figure things out without help.” He stammered out and Stiles grinned.

“I’m glad you found the necklace. It gave me quite a shock when I found it. I figured leaving it where you’d find it was the best way to get it back to the family.” He looked back out on the water before frowning at the sky. “You’re early.”

“You were timing me?” Hale asked before his face darkened. “You were in the lake the entire time.” Stiles ducked his head down in a bashful manner and looked up through his eye lashes.

“I couldn’t let anyone see me. I thought you were human. But now that I have dirt on you, you can’t turn me in to any hunters.” Stiles coughed after he finished talking. His hand came up and slapped at his gills on the side of his neck in shock. He shoved himself into the water, ducking under and taking several deep gulps to pass water through his drying throat.

“Why would I turn you in? I’ve didn’t even know you existed.” Hale had his eyes narrowed at him as he resurfaces, spitting out water and he stuck his tongue out, trying to understand the werewolves scent that he left in the water.

“You taste funny.” He blurted out and blushed. “I’m so sorry but I’ve never been able to really swim around another person in a while.”

“You smell like fish, you know that. I thought you were a fisherman stealing from the preserve.” Hale shrugged but Stiles snapped his mouth shut so he wouldn’t mention his snacks. He blinked at him a few times before looking down at himself.

“Any questions?” He asked but the man shrugged.

“I think you’ve asked enough for tonight.” Hale smirked and Stiles glared at him.

“But you haven’t answered any of them.” He nearly shouted and the man broke out into a full blown grin.

“You didn’t give me a chance too. Plus you were on my lap.” Heat flushed over his skin and he covered his face in his hands when he realized that it was true. It was just so easy to let go

when he was in the water.

“How about you ask a question about me being a Mer and I answer, then I get to ask a question?” He put on his best begging face and the smirk slipped.

“I get to choose if I want to answer.” Hale asked and Stiles nodded.

“Fine, but I’m going first?” Hale paused and leaned back on his hands, his face turned up to the sky. Stiles gulped as he turned back to him. “What is.. Your name?”

“Oh geez. I thought this was going to be a hard one.” Stiles burst out in laughter. It took him a minute to calm down. “My name is Stiles.” He smirked as the werewolves brow crinkled and he pressed his lips tougher to hide his glee. He probably thought it was a false name and he thanked that his younger self for being such a weird kid.

“Mines Derek.” He shook his head at him but Stiles just smiled. He was happy that the werewolf used his real name, though neither of them gave their last names. He already knew the Dueputys name. They stared at each other for a full minute before Derek shook his head at him. “It’s your turn for a question.”

“Oh right.” Stiles ducked his head down before thinking hard, trying not to dwell on the smells. “So, were you born different like me, or is the biting thing true?”

“I was born a werewolf but humans can be turned if an Alpha bites them. I’m just a Beta.” Derek pulled a face before shrugging. “So both is true.”

“Cool” Stiles suddenly wondered how painful it would to be bitten and what would happen if it happened to him. He really didn’t want to know the more he thought about it.

“So you were born a... Mer, and you said your mother taught you so I can assume that she was one too.” Derek leaned back again and Stiles shuffled closer before mimicking his posture. They both looked up at the sky while Stiles thought it was secretly unfair that his mouth got ahead of him and he knew very little about the wolf. After a few seconds he ducked under again to stay wet.

“There wasn’t a question there” He couldn’t help pouting when he resurfaced and the wolf simply hummed.

“Still thinking about what you said during your through investigation of my face.” Stiles rolled his eyes but he still felt embarrassed.

“You’re never going to let that one go, are you?” He asked and Derek grinned.

“I’m the middle child between two sisters. I’m going to lord this over you until we’re both in the ground.” Derek winked and he rolled his eyes.

“No far picking on the only child, but now you said it. You’re stuck with me until we’re in the ground.” Stiles crowed before flopping back into the water, purposely splashing him. He wasn’t going to give up his entire swim if he was going to act like a child.

“I think I muddled through most of what you said, but how can a necklace shock you?” Derek gave him a sincere look and Stiles cocked his head to the side.

“I will only answer that if you tell me something that only werewolves can do. It has to be special” He narrowed his eyes but the man nodded, making him huff. He hoped it would chance his mind.

“So, some Mer have an ability to see what happens to objects. Not the dull things that don’t have a lot of emotion. Let’s just say instead of seeing water, I grabbed it and was surrounded by fire. I felt everything that.... Well, I didn’t see her face so I couldn’t be sure who felt that but it was terrifying.” Stiles shuttered and he remembered it, still seeing it all in his mind.

“You saw the night of the fire?” Derek sat up straighter and stared at him but Stiles was too far gone.

“She was with someone, running just ahead. They were so tired. They got to the lake and she paused but, ugh, I think it was her brother threw her into the water. She was scared that he didn’t make it in fast enough when she was swimming to the surface but the necklace had fallen off. I didn’t see anything after that.” Stiles turned to him but the wolf just stared at him. “Sorry if it brought back some bad memories. I did try to warn you.”

“You can see what happened?” Derek asked incredulously and he shrugged.

“It’s not all it’s cracked it’s up to be. I can’t touch things that give me vibes, but sometimes I lose control because the bad ones sometimes call to me.” He wrinkled his nose before shaking himself. The sun was already setting so he didn’t know how long that he had. “Your turn. Tell me something that only werewolves do.”

“Uh, we don’t shift into wolves.” He deadpanned at him and Stiles let out a groan.

“Come on. That’s like the coolest thing about being a werewolf.” He shoved his shoulder and the wolf snorted.

“It’s just the usual. Heightened agility and senses.” Stiles resisted the urge to make a sex joke and turned his head back up so he was watching the stars appear.

“I am sorry about trespassing in the lake. It was really funny seeing you so confused.” Stiles flashed a grin before turning his head away.

“You knew I was looking for you.” Derek narrowed his eyes at him but Stiles just shrugged.

“I needed it. If I don’t let it out often, I lose control and am tempted to jump into any water that I find just to... scratch that itch.” Stiles shook his head and sunk a little more into the water.

“You need to gain more control over yourself then.” A hand landed on his shoulder and he shrugged it off.

“I know people can’t know about me. Isn’t that enough?” Stiles cocked his head to the side but Derek stared at him with intensity.

“Because when a werewolf loses control, they kill people.” Stiles shrank away but the wolf seemed to realize what he said and grabbed his arm.

“Sorry.” Stiles jerked back and scooted out of the shallows, getting deeper. “I’ve got to swim.”

“Wait.” Derek called after him but Stiles was already under water. He was suddenly second guessing what it was like to be different, to be something that wasn’t human. He didn’t know if he could handle being around someone that could lose control and hurt someone, and the pull of the water was getting to him.

That entire night, he swam around the water, uneasy from the knowledge that the wolf was on the shore and he realized that it was the full moon that night. Part of him wanted to make a run for it. To just go home and never look back but that was impossible. Since he wasn’t allowed into the Sheriff’s office for another three months after a particularly large prank that involved Deputy Parish, Deputy Hale didn’t know him. He didn’t know Derek. He suddenly felt over his head and swam as fast as he could, doing tight circles so he wasn’t too close to the shore and the wolf.

“Oh my god. They exist. And I tried to make friends with him. I told him everything about Mers. What was I thinking?” He grabbed his head in his hands and promptly swam into the rock outcrop by the beach. Stiles dragged his hand over it, hauling himself up enough to see that he gave himself a nose bleed before he slipped back into the water. Even though the water was chilled, he could feel his skin beginning to bruise and rolled his eyes. Another perk of being a Mer.

He peeked up and saw a flash of blue from the shore and sighed. The moon was still high in the sky but he guessed that had a few hours before dawn broke. Hale would have to leave to keep his promise to his father about work, which he prayed dearly that he would and leave Stiles to the lake. He sunk down and wrapped his tail around himself, shivering from the twists and turns of the day.

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Stiles nearly ran home the next morning. He didn’t want to see the werewolf again now that he was further away. Everything seemed normal, the scenting, how fast they clicked, everything felt like it was normal to him. But then he thought about it and he realized that the whole interaction was messed up in addition to an honest to God werewolf knowing that he was a Mer. He sniffed a werewolf and told him he smelled funny before describing in detail a fire that would have devastated him at the very least.

“Oh God.” Stiles threw his bag into his jeep and scrambled in. He scrubbed at his face several times before turning the engine over. His hands were shaking with exhaustion and his eyes were threatening to close on him but gritted his teeth. He over did his swimming the night before and running to his car made it even worse after barely sleeping. He could hear Derek moving around on the shore most the night.

“I need to call Scott.” Stiles glanced at his bag but he didn’t want to risk driving exhausted and talking on the phone. He wasn’t suicidal. It wasn’t long until he was pulling into his driveway that he was able to calm down once again. He grabbed everything and stumbled

into the empty house. He wished his father was there like last time. Stiles stomped up to his room and collapsed onto his bed. He heard something as his bag fell off and sat up, terror shooting through him and it took him several seconds for him to work his hands from clutching his blankets and lean over to look at his bag on the floor.

“What did he do?” Stiles groaned out and slowly grabbed his bag, flipping it open to see a rock. A chuckle slipped from his lips before he picked it up, his heart still pounding in his chest. He flipped it over to see several question marks written out in what looked like black sharpie. Stiles stared at it for several moments before falling back on the bed with a sigh.

“He’s such a weird... werewolf?” He jerked back up and stared at his computer before scrambling across to it, nearly falling off the bed when one of his feet caught on the strap of his bag but he saved himself by grabbing his computer chair. He sat down quickly and started researching.

“Stiles?” Scott shuffled into his room and he wobbled as he sat up. He let out a groan, stretching his arms over his head and rolling his shoulders before he spun around.

“Werewolves are real!” He hissed and Scott missed the bed he was trying to sit on and collapsed onto the floor. Stiles watched as he laid frozen for several moments before pulling himself up. His friend took a stuttering breath before closing his eyes.

“Are you sure? I know you’re a Mer, but werewolves?” Scott pulled himself up and managed to sit on the bed. Stiles shook his head, jumping across to grab his shoulders.

“Dude, I know he’s real because he saw me and accidentally shifted,” Stiles shook him but a sudden realization came to him. “Oh my God, a werewolf works with my father!”

“He saw you. You let yourself be seen!” Scott shoved him off and lunged for the phone.

“You’re not telling him. We promised not to tell anyone” Stiles tackled him and they landed on the bed.

“You talked to it!” Scott screeched as he tried to get him off, his hand still reaching for the phone. Stiles grabbed a pillow and started hitting him.

“You.... talk.... to.... me. I’m not an ‘it’” He smacked him with every word before grabbing the phone himself. “Besides, it’s not even the embarrassing part!”

“What did you do?” Scott fell limp and covered his face, earning another smack before Stiles sat next to him on the bed.

“I may have touched his face and asked a lot of questions after he grabbed me and dragged him into the water. And flirted. And then ran away when he mentioned werewolves kill people when they lose control.” Stiles bowed his head a little at the glare he received, which was better than the incredulous panicked puppy-eyed worried that replaced it as he continued his story.

“Anything else?” Scott wheezed, digging around his pockets for his inhaler. Stiles reached over to his bedside table and pulled an extra out that he left over that he kept for moments like this.

“I may have given him back his sisters necklace after describing what I saw when I touched it.” He looked up when he let out a groan and his head landed on his shoulder. Stiles handed the inhaler over to his wheezing friend, who took a few hits before punching his shoulder.

“Maybe not tell you father yet, until we know the extent of your damage.” Scott fell back after a few minutes and Stiles sighed.

“Yeah.” He nodded and stood. “He gave me a rock.” Scott scrambled up and smacked him.

“Isn’t that like a marriage proposal!” Scott hissed and he nodded.

“He obviously didn’t know... and he scribbled question marks over it so I think he has questions.” Stiles closed his eyes and took a deep breath when he saw a perfect image of the werewolf behind his eyelids.

“Like you don’t.” Scotts voice made him blink rapidly before turning to him.

“He’s.... He’s a werewolf. I should totally keep my distance.” Stiles glanced at his computer and bit his lip.

“Which means you’ll run headfirst at it.” Scott grumbled and he rolled his eyes.

“What time is it?” He looked around and realized that several hours had passed and he stiffened.

“How about we go to the movies?” Scott rolled to his feet with a groan, grabbing his arm and keys out of his beg before dragging him out of his room. Stiles let himself be moved, sighing as he locked the door behind him.

Chapter End Notes

Tell me what you think.

Rocks

Chapter Summary

Things start to happen but there's one second of angst.

Chapter Notes

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

The next few days happened scarily normal to him, even with a bruised face from running into the rock outcrop. He hated that he was now avoiding the station like the plague or that his father started asking questions about why Hale stopped complaining about his trespasser or why one of his deputies was distracted. It didn't matter that he was Scott took him to the movies whenever he ever started to panic about someone knowing who he was with the help of Allison and Isaac. Isaac seemed a little down but Stiles tried to brighten him up by sitting on the end so he could sit between the others.

"Stiles, what'd you think?" Scott bounced out of the latest movie and threw an arm over his shoulder. Stiles sagged under his weight as Lydia and Allison joined them. Isaac hung in the back because he was expecting a call from some family member that was out of town. Stiles knew that he didn't have any immediate family, that he lived with a foster home but he didn't know that he knew. Scott had tried to ask some questions but the teen shot him down.

"It's wasn't terrible." He pouted, hating that he had to watch what he assumed was a chick flick and then nearly cried. He managed to hide it in the gloom but now he was in the open and all he could think about was the rock. He wanted the water. He needed it but now he had to find a new lake that was safe, if it was what he wanted. Stiles knew he was confused but Scott barely gave him a moment to himself to think about it.

"He's thinking." Lydia lifted an eyebrow at him and narrowed her eyes. Stiles shook his head but it suddenly felt like his lips had been sown shut and he blanked. Part of him always wanted to tell her everything so he'd have more than his father and his brother to talk to, but the other part was telling him she might not be the right person. "Who'd you meet?"

"I didn't meet anyone" Stiles snapped, walking toward the parking lot.

"Well, that's an obvious yes." Lydia bounced forward next to them as Jackson rolled up.

"Hey Stilinski! McCall! You're both going to be late for practice!" Jackson yelled out the window and he flipped him off. Lydia gave him a look that told him their conversation wasn't over and he sighed as they tore out of the parking lot. They were going to be late but he didn't really plan on going. He had to think, not that he'd tell Scott that.

“Practice it is.” He rolled his eyes. It was one game before they were done with school and moving on to college. He wanted somewhere closer to the ocean so he could swim, which his father was highly against saying he would never be careful enough. He wasn’t completely making his worries go away with his mind on werewolves and Hale no longer looking for him. He had to talk to him about that.

“Why? It’s not like we’re going to play. He’s not going to let us.” Scott sagged and he shrugged.

“Well, I’ll still be there so.... I gotta go.” Isaac stuttered out and took off, running off to the parking lot.

“What’s with him?” Scott looked a second away from following but Stiles rolled his eyes, bored.

“Probably saw the spider on your shoulder.” He grinned when his brother shot him a dirty look.

“There isn’t a spider on my...” Scott let out a shriek and shot into the air when the spider skittered down his arm, jumping back like that was going to help. Stiles let out a laugh when the spider was brushed off in his direction and his friend stood there shivering before straightening. “First, that was a dick move, Second, I’ve never acted like that because of a spider before.”

“Well, at least you didn’t have another asthma attack.” Stiles felt like he was having one from the laughter but he caught his breath back by the time he got back to his jeep. “I’ll see you when I get there.” He waved as he clambered in. Scott glowered at him as he stomped over to his motorcycle. It was only when he was pulling out did he see Hale.

He didn’t look like the deputy that he was, more like someone a reputable police officer would suspect of being in a biker gang or murder. His leather jacket fit perfectly as he crossed his arms, leaning against the side of a Camaro. The only thing he could see wrong with the image was Isaac waving a hand in front of his too pale face. As he stared, he saw inhuman eyes flash in his direction and he realized he had been spotted. Isaac glanced around but he didn’t seem to notice that it was Stiles that Hale was looking at.

His jeep nearly died with how fast he gunned it out of the parking lot. He patted the dashboard before slowing down, apologizing repeatedly. His heart was pounding in his chest and he didn’t even bother heading home. His father wasn’t going to be there, and he needed to talk to the wolf. He just hoped the Deputy would make it to their lake tonight, not that he was going to say that it was their lake. Stiles was certain that he had a lot of traumatic memories associated with it, but it was like a second home to Stiles by now.

“God, I’m going to get there so late.” He groaned out as he parked his car and grabbed his phone. He launched himself out of it, barely remembering to lock it behind him. The path was an easy one for most of the way so he jogged, only making him slow when it started to get rockier. Even as he thought about how humiliating it would be to roll his ankle, he fell on his face. Pain made his eyes well up as he sat up, his ankle instantly starting to burn and he sat there for several minutes, gasping through the pain.

It took nearly ten minutes for him to get back to his feet, using a large stick to help him limp toward the lake. He wanted the water more than ever. It made him lick his lips, tasting the salt but it just made him want to sink to the bottom and roll around in the dirt. He was almost there when there was a loud crack behind him and he spun, raising his stick in the air but it hit some low tree branches, making him pitch forward.

Stiles let out a yelp and shut his eyes, the image of the fast approaching ground the last thing he saw but his brain didn't send out the signal to put his hands up. Then there was two hands on his shoulders and he blinked open his eyes to see he was a few inches from faceplanting.

"I blame you for that." He snapped without looking up and then he really did hit the ground. Stiles scrambled up, forgetting his ankle for a moment as he flipped over, swatting the forest floor off his face.

"Blame me for that too?" Derek was crouched down in a way that reminded him that they weren't human and pointed at his ankle.

"You're the one who was lurking around the movie theater!" He shot a glare at him and saw the wolf brighten.

"I was taking Isaac to practice, which you should be at." He growled at him before sitting down. Stiles huffed, crossing his arms.

"Like I was going to do anything before, let alone now." He snapped back but he could stop the tears running down his face from being hurt. Derek shifted closer before dropping his hand on his ankle. Stiles sighed as the pain trickled away and he bowed his head. He watched through his eyelashes as the wolf's arm was covered with black lines and he cocked his head to the side. "Wolf abilities?"

"Like your ability to see things that already happened." Derek glanced up before narrowing his eyes. "Why are you out here?"

"It's Friday. My dad's working so I thought..." Stiles shrugged before rolling back so he was resting on his shoulders. "I just wanted to think, to be in the water, it calms my mind and I really need to..." He sighed again and rubbed at his face, trying to get the wetness to stop.

"I know." Derek was suddenly standing, lifting him up and Stiles blanched as his weight was barely set back on his feet. He held his twisted ankle up off the ground as they moved forward. It was awkward. Stiles kept his head down and he tried to hold in the sudden giggles as he got closer to the water and the wolf.

"What are you doing out here?" Stiles asked before he realized he opened his mouth. He snapped his mouth closed and stared with wide eyes.

"Looking for you?" Derek answered and he snorted.

"Way to sound like a creeper" He struggled in the deputies grasp as he moved him. He leaned against Derek and took a deep breath. "Why? Really!"

"I just... I didn't know what to think about seeing you in your human form." Derek murmured after a few seconds and Stiles chuckled, first small and low before it rose to a rough guffaw.

"You forgot that I could do that, didn't you?" His glee didn't dissipate as they reached the water and he struggled for a second to get undressed. Derek grabbed his hips when he wobbled but he ripped his shirts off in one go and struggled to get his pants off. He got stuck at the shoes, whining low in his throat with his pants halfway down his thighs. Derek rocked him backward and he sat on the rock outcrop. He managed to kick one shoe off but the one on his hurt foot caused some difficulty due to the swelling.

"Stop that." Derek hissed as he knelt, dragging the shoe off. Stiles wiggled out of his underwear, too far gone to feel shame but he did pause to take in the Deputy on his knee in front of him and quickly dove into the water before his body could betray him at the sight. He floundered a little gracelessly as the change took him the moment he hit the water. Some small voice in the back of his head told him he should be embarrassed about the deputy seeing him like that but he didn't care when the coolness of the water washed over him completely. His tail twinged from his sprained ankle but he shook it off, letting the water support him.

"This is the best." He sighed as he floated on his back on the surface. He thought he wanted to swim around as fast as he could, which his mother used to call the zoomies, but all he wanted to really do was stay by the deputy.

"Why aren't you going to the game? I thought your father was trying to get off to go." Derek called out as he drifted closer and he sighed.

"He got called in so there wasn't a point." Stiles muttered and flicked his tail so he was turned toward the wolf.

"Oh, right." Derek fell silent and he circled again before sitting up and putting his back against the large rock by the shore.

"I'm sorry I freaked out on you earlier. I really didn't mean too but... It was too different too soon. It hit me that you... You are the first person in years that I've told. Scott found out because I was stressed, and my dad knows but you make three and that seemed like way too much after it being two for..." Stiles closed his eyes and turned his head away. He took a deep breath to stop his mouth from running off once again before he turned to the wolf again.

"Stiles, I understand. I do believe werewolves are hunted more than mer, at least here. My entire family was nearly wiped out from them, but my uncle was able to warn everyone. Didn't matter two years later but... what I'm getting at is you're a bigger myth than me. I'm plausible because of all those damn movies, but your myth is...."

"I'm a Disney fucking princess." Stiles smirked and shook his head. "I've looked into some of these 'myths', stupid I know when they get everything wrong about us on the internet, but it's really interesting to see how people who haven't had any contact with each other still have similar myths. They have a version of mer throughout all cultures near water. Of course not

in the middle of Africa or any sort of people who were near water, they didn't have us. But it's cool to see the past, they still hated us."

"Not really hate. Not all the time." Derek jumped up and walked along the rock outcrop until he was standing right above him. Stiles tipped his head back to watch his progress before huffing out a laugh.

"I guess not all of them. Some crazy deputies go an fuck them." He shook his head and looked down at the water.

"What?" Derek truly sounded confused and he snorted in response.

"I already told you about my dad and mom. He was a deputy at the time. There was a storm off the coast and he volunteered to go help out the relief efforts, found her washed up. He helped her heal, telling her it didn't matter what species she was, that he took a vow to protect the people and she was someone who needed protected." He smiled at the memory, thinking back on all the loving looks his parents shared when he begged them to tell the story.

"That's a lot better than the way my parents met." Derek muttered, almost to himself and he glanced up at him.

"Well now you have to spill." He grinned, seeing the wolf look down at him before settling onto the rock with a huff.

"Long story short, they were both stuck in a town where some supernatural stuff was going on. People, humans were being killed and werewolves were on the hook. They were both trying not to get caught by hunters, which meant solving the murders. Long story short, she bashed his face into a steering wheel and he threatened to rip her throat out." Derek cringed slightly as Stiles stared at him. "It was a stressful time for them. They were barely adults but on their own and, hunters aren't to be messed with."

"So what was killing people?" He asked and Derek frowned at him.

"It was.... It was a feral werewolf." He squished up his face but Stiles stared at him in utter amazement. He never thought a being who was a werewolf, someone who usually had a gun on his hip and currently looked like a murderer could actually look adorable. He wanted nothing more than to kiss his nose, which was still wrinkled even as he peeked open an eye to look at him.

"So, that's a thing?" He swallowed, trying not to think about kissing the deputy but his mind was always a traitor to him.

"Yeah. They didn't know what happened to him. He was just lost." Derek seemed to calm down slightly and Stiles huffed.

"That's rough. I didn't think that happened to others. Figures though. People are people." He jumped when Derek jumped down next to him and he was splashed.

“What do you mean? Can Mer go Feral?” Derek reached out to him before snatching his hand back and Stiles opened and closed his mouth.

“I... I’ll explain later. Wanna swim?” He leaned back and Derek gave him another glare. “Oh come on. It’s not that bad.” He rolled around until he was floating on his back but the wolf just shook his head and turned the other way. Stiles huffed low, ducking under and taking off.

It was confusing, and maybe a little painful. A deep part of him wanted nothing more than to be around the wolf, and for some strange reason made him believe he needed a hug. It was stupid but he wasn’t known for being good with his mer side. The logical part in him was trying to work out why the Deputy was here and why he was there, but not. It was hard to hang out with someone who wouldn’t go with him. It was too many variables for him to work with.

When he felt drained, he went back to the little cove, curling up against the rock face where the wolf was still sitting.

“You are creepy patient.” He muttered through a yawn, shaking the water from his hair. He hated the way it dripped into his eyes and he usually buzzed it so he didn’t have to deal with it. Then he became friends with Lydia and she made sure he never did it again. It was annoying, but he didn’t care if it meant she didn’t give him that glare of hers.

“I’m not creepy.” Derek scowled down at him and he beamed.

“You are a little bit. I mean, the eyebrows make it worse, like you’re constantly ready to rip someone.” He drew his finger across his throat and Derek rolled his eyes. It just made Stiles wiggle around before shoving off the rock once again.

“Don’t you even sit still?” Derek huffed as he twisted in a tight circle, chasing his own tail as he did.

“What is it that makes werewolves crazy? Chasing bunnies? Full moon. I’m... energized by being in the water, and sometimes it makes it hard to sit still.” He dove to a deeper spot and started doing quick little summersalts before an idea came to his mind.

“Derek?” HE popped his head up to see the wolf still glaring at him. “Can you tell if there are any people near to the lake?” He waited with somewhat baited breath as the wolf looked around carefully before shaking his head.

“No one around for miles.” Stiles chirped happily and dove fast, spinning into deeper waters. His tail kicked up dirt and pebbles as he shot up, breaching the surface and flew. He flipped with a whoop, doing a barrel roll at the last second, slipping back into the water.

He didn’t know what he was doing. It was something he rarely did as a kid but this time he felt like it was something more. He could feel the water rolling around him, tiny waves of bubbles dancing over his skin as he twisted once again to face up. For the next several minutes, he launched himself from the waters, spinning and twisting in the air. Even though he felt a little sore from where he had hit the water, a stinging over his skin that made him sure it was bright red and getting ready to bruise, he could see Derek’s face.

It was one of amazement. He was crouched on the very end of the outcrop of rocks, his eyes flashing blue as he watched. Stiles could see glimpses behind his eyes as he was in the water, trying to get back up to see him again.

It ended too soon. His tail was starting to ache from where it was trying to heal his rolled ankle all the while propelling him through the water. Stiles did a final circle before heading back to the outcrop, wiggling into the sand with a sigh on contentment and closed his eyes.

“Thanks Derek. I haven’t been able to tell if there are people around so I could never do that.” He flicked his tail a few time to get a feel for the damage and shrugged. It couldn’t heal.

“Yeah, people...” Derek muttered above him and, for once, he ignored it. He felt content to stretch out in the shallows, half beached as he warmed his tiring body. There were going to be bruises. After a few second the light was blocked and he peeked open an eye to see Derek standing above him with a concentraited look on his face.

“We don’t chase bunnies.” He spoke after a long pause of staring and Stiles laughed low.

“Sure. And I don’t collect dinglehoppers.” He rolled his eyes and flipped over, warming his belly even though his face was still shaded.

“Stiles, I’m serious. I... I didn’t mean to scare you before.” Derek frowned down at him and he sat up. Looking up at him before looking at his tail.

“I know you didn’t mean too. It’s just...” Stiles stopped himself. He could tell the wolf what he was feeling. It was so conflicting to hang out with him in the first place. The wolf scent was lingering in the back of his mind even as he thought about being scared of him. He should be, by all rights he should be terrified by the creature. Stiles wasn’t exactly prey, but he was far under Derek on the list of predators. He couldn’t even sing people into drowning, not that he tried.

“It was something I never thought about. My people get lost in their heads and die. To me, it is devastating, but I can’t imagine what it would mean to hurt those that you love when you can’t control yourself because of... something you were born with. It’s still inexcusable, but understandable.” He glanced up to see Derek staring at him and sighed pointedly when he didn’t say anything.

“My sister can shift into a full wolf. It’s an Alpha power only. Right now she can only do it on the full moon, but my mother used to be able to do it whenever she wanted.” Derek sat on the beach and looked out at the water. Stiles smiled at him, shifting down so he was in the water more. This time, he thought of a response.

“Can you teach me about scents? At least what you know?” He blinked up at the wolf who shrugged one shoulder. The rest of the after noon was spent talking about different scents and what they could mean. Stiles payed rapt attention, only being distracted when he was trying to figure out what the wolf was feeling. He knew one was concentration, though he was unsure how he knew. His face scrunched up whenever he immitted the scent that made Stiles want to curl around him. There were moments when he knew the wolf was looking at him

that had the strange scent from the first time they met. Stiles wanted nothing more than to sit in the waves and decipher what it meant to him.

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A few weeks passed where they spent time together, trying to work out how different they were as a species. Stiles felt amazing, thought he spent a good part of the first week hiding the bruises he got from him breaching the water, not wanting the wolf to know he was visibly injured so easily. The ankle turned a dark purple, and while it healed faster than humans, it still took several days for the bruise to disappear completely. He was able to walk on it with only a twinge of pain but the bruise remained.

At the moment, he was sitting on his bed, staring at his rock on his bedside table. It made his stomach flip in confusion but he couldn't stop staring. It meant a marriage proposal, and even though Scott called him a penguin for years after he explained that particular part of his species, it still meant the world to him. It hurt to know that Derek didn't know what it meant. A steady ache in his chest at the more he thought about the wolf and the rock. Even the bright question marks on it shifted meaning, his brain suddenly asking if the wolf was feeling the same thing he was. They became what it was for him to gaze at the wolf during their time together, the uncertainty in his heart.

"Stiles, stop that." Scott hissed and he jerked his head up to see his friend by the door with a wide eyed look on his face. "It's not like that and you know it. He's your father's deputy and way older than you!"

"He's not that old." Stiles protested before a blush swamped his face. Scott walked over and poked his forehead, making Stiles squawk and swat at him.

"Stiles, that doesn't matter! He's a werewolf, and you're a mermaid. It doesn't matter that you're his friend. He didn't know giving you a rock is a marriage proposal and that it'll drive you batshit" Scott grabbed said rock and shook it at him. "This is messing with your mind." Panic shot through Stiles and he reached out with both hands.

"Don't throw it or anything. It's not like that." He knew he was begging but Scott set it back on the bedstand.

"You need to get out of your own head." Scott snapped but slumped onto the bed next to him. Stiles heaved a sigh of relief and curled against his side.

"I don't know what it's like, but I just like my rock." He frowned at the table before turning to his friend.

"Dude, I've seen your face. It's way beyond your Lydia Martin face. You're..." Scott started and he grabbed a pillow, smacking him.

"Don't fucking say it. It's not like that." Stiles covered his face and fell back, turning his head away.

"Fine" Scott muttered after a few seconds later and they both sighed. "I'm sorry Stiles. I know that you don't know what you're doing."

“It’s not just that. It’s Lydia Martin all over again.” Stiles rolled back over and gave him a look which received a pitying glare, making him flinch.

“Well, Lydia is fully aware of your affections for her, but I don’t think Hale is.” Scott got to his feet and brushed off his shirt even though there was nothing on it. “I’ve got a date with Allison, but this isn’t over.”

“Really?” Stiles sneered and grabbed the rock from the bedside table, holding it on his chest as Scott walked out of the room. He heard the front door open and sighed in relief, letting his eyes fall shut. A second later the door opened again and he groaned, sitting back up. He tucked the rock under his pillow and sat back up. A second later he heard his father voice downstairs and stood, walking down to the kitchen to see if he was staying so he would know if he was starting a healthy dinner.

“Hello.” He froze at Derek’s voice, turning to see him waiting by the door with a terrified look. He felt his mouth fall open, but his father’s voice made him jerk around to see his father pulling a few things out of the fridge.

“We’re just here for a minute. I agreed to take a second shift on tonight but I needed to grab a few things, like dinner and the files I was looking at last night.” His father spoke as he worked, throwing together a sandwich before heading out. “I told Hale he didn’t have to wait in the car. I think the heat is getting to him.” His father shot the Deputy a worried look and Stiles ducked his head down, knowing that the blazing red on his face and ears was not from the heat. Werewolf hearing was Hell.

“Is there anything wrong?” He asked to his father’s retreating back but he just waved his hand.

“Just busy with the end of the school year pranks.” His father’s voice was filled with warning but it was the furthest thing from his mind. He waited until he heard his father move upstairs before turning to Derek.

“What did you hear?” He hissed and Derek looked at the floor, frowning before shooting him an embarrassed look from under his eyelashes. It wasn’t fair that something so dangerous could look so cute. He closed his eyes in mortification and took a step back.

“I’m sorry.” He whispered, flinching when Derek took a step toward him. “You didn’t know... It’s not... I’m sorry.” A lump formed in his throat, stopping anything else from coming out and he spun, fleeing upstairs. He kept his head down as he passed his father on the stairs but the man just gave him a strange look before continuing down the stairs.

“Stiles, I’ll be back late.” His father stopped at the bottom of the stairs and Stiles took a stuttering breath, turning his head to look back down, nodding to him. His father arched an eyebrow at him before shooting a glance at kitchen where he guessed Derek still was. He gave a final concerned look before vanishing and Stiles fled the rest of the way to his room.

The lump in his throat moved down to his chest and he fell into his bed. It felt like his couldn’t breathe but he forced himself to cover his mouth with a shaking hand, knowing Derek would still be able to hear him. If he started gasping then he might say something to his father. It didn’t do anything to stop the choking whine that slipped out when his other hand

brushed against the rock hidden away. Stiles closed his eyes, not quite understanding why he was feeling like he was breaking into a million pieces when all he wanted to do was curl up with the wolf.

After what felt like hours, his body gave out and he fell limp into his covers, closing his eyes as he hoped Derek wouldn't know what was going to happen with them. It wouldn't be the same but he jerked up when he heard the door slam open, followed closely by running footsteps. He panicked, jumping up and running toward the open door when it was flung open. He froze when Derek locked eyes on him, striding toward him with a stubborn look on his face. Stiles opened his mouth to say something but he was being kissed.

He leaned into it as the stiffness in his chest eased and he closed his eyes, letting out a sigh when Derek pulled back. A second later there was a second, softer kiss on his lips and then the sound of retreating steps. Stiles blinked open his eyes, stumbling forward from the unconscious way he tried to chase the man's lips.

"You didn't even say anything!" Stiles hissed, knowing Derek could hear him and the front door closed. He scrambled to the window to see his father sitting in the car and raised a hand to him. His father shook his head with an exasperated look on his face and nodded to Derek who was waving a radio around with a bashful hunch of his shoulders. Stiles felt something in him clench, knowing that his father had no idea what just happened or the fact that Derek apparently left the radio behind so they would have an excuse to be alone.

Stiles felt he should take a picture because Derek would never be that slick again. He smiled even though his lips were still tingling and waved at his father as he pulled out of the driveway, Derek beaming up at him in the passenger seat.

Chapter End Notes

Tell me what you think of this chapter.

Emotions of a Storm

Chapter Summary

Angsty chapter with Isaac and a focus on Stiles powers. Derek tries to heal him. It's short. (Closer look at Stiles powers.)

Chapter Notes

Tell me what you think and if I need more warning on this chapter or fic. IDK

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

Stiles sat by the lake, not quite ready yet to go into the water. He had woken so early in the morning most people would still consider it night. He really didn't want to know what was going on. He wanted to bask in the memory of the kiss but something in him kept coming back to the water. The lake itself wasn't swimmable at the moment. There happened to be a storm coming and while he usually loved being in the water when it was raining, he couldn't bring himself to get in. Water usually counteracted the negative vibes, but this time it seemed to amp up the pain that was in the water, remnants of what was in the necklace. What it came down too, the lake was angry. Filled to the brim with negative emotions and he didn't dare step foot in it.

Hours past where he sat, staring at the water. It wasn't a good time so he got to his feet. He should talk to Derek, but he turned, seeing Isaac standing there with a strange look on his face.

"Hey man. Just looking." He flashed a smile but he knew the wolf didn't know he knew. When he realized what to look for, even when Derek didn't openly admit Isaac was a wolf, it was obvious. Now. He could see the nervousness that plagued the teens mind and he found he couldn't lie to him.

"My mom used to bring me here when it was still allowed. Sometimes I still sneak up to remember her." He spoke truly, remembering Isaac could hear lies at the last minute and he brushed himself off. "I'm leaving before the creepy one gets back and tells me off. I've been avoiding him this long."

"I'll walk with you." Isaac relaxed instantly, a grin on his face when he called Derek a creep. They both started walking and Stiles tilted his head back, gazing in a bored manner as he let his mind wander again.

“Will you have enough time to get home before the storm hits?” Stiles took a deep breath but when he looked back down he saw Isaac giving him a strange look.

“Dude, I can barely smell rain? How are you doing that?” He stared at him and Stiles finally looked around. A second later all his senses snapped back into him like a rubber band and he flinched. The clearing got brighter and he blinked rapidly, taking another breath to feel the dry summer air in his lungs and he could no longer feel the electricity of the storm cackling over his skin. His hairs still stood on end as he took a moment to adjust the shift and looked back at Isaac who was suddenly looking at him like he was about to fall on his face.

“My mom grew up by the ocean and taught me a few things.” He rolled a shoulder as he walked forward, dropping his head down. Isaac didn’t mention it. Stiles had to pull his Mer part back. He didn’t want to freak Isaac out, but he felt like he was going to tell him eventually. Hopefully he didn’t freak out too much. They made it to the parking lot for the trails and he walked over to his jeep, wanting to send Isaac home as fast as possible so he could hunker down. The preserve was not happy right now. The water wanted vengeance.

“Oh, Isaac?” He paused getting into his Jeep when the wolf turned away, a wooden pen falling from his back pocket. Without thinking, Stiles reached down and picked it up. He managed to stand before he realized that he wasn’t in the parking lot anymore. He shut his eyes tight when he heard a women sobbing and a man yelling. He could even hear a tiny Isaac somewhere crying. When he opened his eyes the parking lot was back but his body wasn’t moving. He knew the women had been dead a while, the trigger to the abuse, but part of her remained, screaming to get her once beloved to stop harming her babies. His fingers tingled where he was touching the wooden pen but then he saw a woman standing in front of him, her face turned toward the coming storm before she turned back, jumping when their eyes met. The hopelessness in them made him aware of the fact that he was no longer breathing, aware of the chill filling the air as his skin burned and the weak part of him wanted to just let go of everything.

“Be calm.” She muttered and suddenly his mind was blank. The abuse he saw through the images dropped from his mind and her bruises he felt eased until his entire body felt like he was floating. No longer hopeless, no longer calling to those that refuse to hear. A dazed smile slid over his face as he gazed at the woman, blinking when she vanished, the pen getting taken from his hand.

“Thanks man. It... it was my mom’s. I carry it with me because it keeps me calm on bad days.” Isaac flashed a smile, unaware of what just happened to him or why Stiles was standing on his heels with a faint smile on his face but unable to look him directly in the eye.

“Sure. Just, be calm.” He turned quickly at the shocked look on his face and jumped into his jeep, turning over the engine before he realized he sounded just like the teens mother. He never said anything like before and they’ve known each other for years. Driving on auto-pilot, he got back home and parked, feeling all of his energy drain completely from his body. He could barely shoulder the door open and slumped against the side of his jeep, slamming it closed as he wobbled toward the front door.

Stiles gasped as he started to fall forward when arms circled around his middle. He gripped onto the chest in front of him and took a deep breath, feeling as if a chasm was opening under

his feet, sending him spinning to the darkness but the parts where he was touching the certain deputy kept making him twitch toward him in attempt to control the spinning. It was making his stomach flip and he took several shuttering breathes through his nose so he wouldn't lose his lunch over the mans badge.

"Stiles, please talk to me." Derek breathed but he let out a low groan, closing his eyes as tears threatened to fall. He knew it wouldn't stop them but he had to try. A strangled noise came from him as the helpless feeling from Isaac and his mother reared it's head, pulling him down and then he was back in the tiny room. The screaming man echoed in his head, his mind full of confusion, fear and the knowledge that he was about to die and he didn't even care anymore if he did.

Stiles ducked his head down, pressing it almost painfully into Dereks chest as he dug his nails into his friends arms. He was Stiles. He wasn't feeling what was happening to the wooden pen. He didn't feel empty and he loved living his life. His father loved him more than anything in the world. He loved his father just as much. His mother told him to be brave for a different reason.

The arms shifted around him as he was moved, his mind repeating the mantra of his life as he struggled to separate those that were his own and the influence of the pen. It had been so unexpected that he was trembling when a voice called his name. He lifted his head, flinching when he saw his father standing at the door. Stiles took a second to get a minute amount of control but when he met his fathers eyes again he just saw fear, seeing the Sheriff gaze through him. He knew he was seeing his mother instead of him and Stiles fell limp, realizing how close he came once again. How fast would've died if Isaac hadn't taken the pen from his hand. The wolf shouldn't be carrying it in the storm.

"Get him up to his bed, please. He's a little big for me now." HIS fathers voice sounded strange but he realized Derek was holding him up completely and he sighed, unable to bring action back into his limbs and then he was being carried up to his room. His father moved ahead, opening the door and making a bit of a gesture to the bed. He didn't know that Derek was already in his room before, or that he was a werewolf and could smell it out if he didn't.

He sighed again as he was set in his bed, his father pulling off his shoes before Derek covered him with a blanket. He could feel the confusion coming off the wolf in waves but he just closed his eyes. It wasn't over. He couldn't feel anything right now but it was far from over. This would be something that came back, like a bad fever, and he would have to beat it on levels. Now he was too exhausted to do anything more than turn to his wolf.

"What happened to him?" Derek reached out and Stiles forced his eyes to open.

"The necklace. Touched something." He muttered and Derek was suddenly kneeling next to him.

"You touched something bad?" He sounded stressed but Stiles smiled. The man had beautiful eyes, his view of them clear from the way they widened and a hand landed on his arm. Calm washed over him again but it wasn't the fight or flight calm. This one made him want to curl up with the knowledge that he was safe and he closed his eyes.

“Thanks Der.” He muttered, falling asleep to the sound of the first clap of thunder from the storm.

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Stiles woke in pain. His body ached and he sighed, rolling over and freezing. He knew his father was in the house, but he was staring at a lump on his desk chair. It wasn't his father. In his sleep aided mind, he couldn't figure out why there was a lump in his chair. He stared at it for several minutes, taking a few calming breathes that did nothing to actually calm him. Stiles grabbed a pillow and chucked it at the lump, yelping when he jerked around and sat up with unnatural eyes. It didn't help that lightening flashed outside his window the same time as thunder shook his windows. He pulled his covers over his head with a cry of shock and struggled to make a plan on what to do when he felt the bed dip.

“Did you throw your pillow at me?” Derek's tired voice asked and he peeked over the edge of his blanket, taking everything in through the dark room. It took him a second to recognize the deputy was the lump and he had nothing to be scared of, even with the glowing eyes. A high pitched giggle slipped past his lips and he buried his face back into his blankets, feeling his face heat up. He was lucky his room was so dark, even with the pounding of the rain against the house.

“Shhhh.” Derek smacked him and he stopped, peeking out to see him staring at the door. Fear swamped through him. He couldn't stop himself from thinking that Isaacs father was right outside the door and his stomach dropped, his eyes filling with tears as he tried to calm himself. A second later Dereks hand grabbed his and he turned, knowing that the deputy would go as far as fight the imaginary demons in his head if he could.

“Your father doesn't know I'm here.” Derek reached back with his free hand and rubbed the back of his head, a sheepish look on his face. Stiles blinked at him before jumping when thunder rumbled again. Derek didn't know that storms put his father out like a light. The house could fall down around them and the sheriff would sleep through it all if the rain kept falling on the house. Stiles used to be envious of it because he was wide awake for every flash of lightening and deafening booms.

“Why doesn't...? Ok, I get it. But why are you here?” He blinked at the wolf who cringed.

“Your father may now think I have a crush on you. I just managed to lie about being a wolf and my freak out by telling him about Isaac.” Derek grimaced before looking at him again. Stiles made a mental note to get the teen some cookies in the future just for that.

“Why would he think you would have a crush on me? You just kissed me and ran out the door. You weren't even in our spot.” Stiles went to adjust himself so he would be leaning against the headboard but the light from the hallway flickered out and he hunkered back into his bed with a whine. The fear from the pen was back, but it was more general.

“Stiles, I... God, when you went down I didn't know what I was going to do.” Derek gazed at him and he wiggled into the bed, shoving himself sideways before opening up his arms. The wolf hesitated and Stiles flinched from another flash.

“Get your ass in here before I spend the rest of the night under the covers and not answering your questions.” Stiles tried to snarl but it came out shaky and a second later he had the deputys head on his chest so he bundled them up. Derek tangled their legs together and wrapped his arms tightly around his stomach, his face pressed over Stiles heart, making him take a deep breath as relief washed over him.

“What happened?” Dereks voice wasn’t above a whisper and Stiles felt guilt build up in him.

“I forgot what happened to Isaac. When he dropped his pen, I picked it up... It was like the necklace, but I couldn’t pull myself back. I would’ve been stuck if he hadn’t taken it out of my hand. I just need some time to pull myself back and recover.” Stiles nuzzled the top of his head and fought back tears again, his emotions still not entirely his again. “It’s the downside to being a Mer.”

“How often does it happen?” Derek shifted and Stiles wiggled down so the Deputy had to move his head to his shoulder. The wolf was warm and it made the storm more bearable.

“Most the time I can tell before I touch it. If I’m in a hurry, like I was today, I don’t look as well as I should’ve. I didn’t see much, but the feeling that was put into the pen. It... might not be hurting Isaac but there was a negative as much as positive and the storm amplified the negative.” He stuttered over the explanation.

“Why would the storm amplify the negative?” Dereks lips brushed against his ear and he shivered before processing the question.

“Storms cleanse things, but sometimes, just before they hit there’s the opposite effect. Like everything negative in the world is rearing it’s head to fight the storm itself. Usually with large ones, negative fighting the positive. Big storms mean a bigger build up for the fight. I couldn’t swim in our lake because of the fire. It was too angry.” Stiles tucked himself around the wolf a little more, shutting his eyes as he relaxed. He knew he wasn’t going to spring up and be fine, but Derek was certainly helping him. The wolf let out a soft laugh and he poked his side.

“What?” He ignored that he just realized that Derek was still in his uniform as he poked again, the wolf still snickering instead of talking.

“Our lake is angry?” Derek huffed, his eyes flashing with delight and Stiles felt his stomach flip. He called it ‘their’ lake. His lake became something more.

“It’s like that sometimes. I’d ask if you had that little voice in your head telling you not to do something or you’ll regret it but it’s obvious you don’t have one.” Stiles snorted and turned his head away so he was looking up and not at the wolf.

“Why do you say that?” Derek yawned and he suddenly regretted throwing the pillow at the tired wolf. His little voice spoke up, telling him that Derek would get more rest next to Stiles in bed than he ever would in the chair and he stamped it down. He couldn’t think about Derek being in his bed, especially when the storm was still going strong outside.

“You snuck into the sons room of your boss, the Sheriff, who already kicked you out of the house, told you off and is armed.” Stiles reached up absently and petted his wolf, chuckling when there was a muttering grumble followed by a snore. He didn’t bother to look to see him sleeping. Instead he turned his head until he felt breath puffing against his cheek.

“Goodnight Derek.” He whispered, closing his eyes and falling into a dreamless sleep.

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“Stiles?” His father walked in the next morning and Stiles sat straight up in bed and stared at the wall. The sheriff froze by the door, his eyes watching as Stiles remained completely still, before flopping back into his bed with a groan. Derek was gone but he didn’t know if he was meant to be glad his father didn’t catch them or disappointed that he wasn’t by the wolf anymore. He wanted to be hugged some more and no have to think about what he saw. He felt better than he usually did after an episode, but he still felt exhausted.

“I hate storms.” He muttered to his father and the man relaxed, moving toward him and pressing the back of his hand against his forehead.

“You’re warm. How are you feeling?” His father learned long ago not to ask what he saw. They had a system after his mother died that he would go to him only if he couldn’t work it out on his own. Stiles had begged his father to do something for Isaac when they first became friends and the Sheriff had done his best with what they had. He didn’t tell his father anything beyond what he had to because of the horrified look on his fathers face when he explained.

“I’m tired. I think I scared Isaac.” He slumped a little more, remembering his friends shocked face when he used his mothers words. He didn’t mean too.

“I’m sure he’ll forget about it, or you came blame the fact that you hate storms.” His father grinned at him, relaxing a little more and Stiles looked around.

“What happened to Derek? I remember him being here and getting me to bed.” He shot a look at his father who narrowed his eyes.

“He had to go home.” Derek was in deep because his father used his cop voice and he cringed slightly.

“Oh, well. Tell him I said thank you for helping me up the stairs. I know he has trouble seeing others in pain.” He pulled his knees to his chest and didn’t miss his fathers next words even though they were whispered.

“He’s not the only one.” His father stood and walked toward the door.

“I’m going to throw some breakfast together, come down when you’re ready.” Stiles grunted to show he heard, knowing that his father was scared he’d spend the rest of the day in bed. It’s not the first time it’s happened but he had spent the night being cuddled so he was doing leagues better than when he was on his own.

“I’m going to call Scott first. Maybe we can play some video games.” He reached out and grabbed his phone, sighing when he saw a text that his best friend was spending the day with

his girlfriend. A soft chitter came from him and he clapped a hand over his mouth, surprised that he made a Mer sound when he wasn't even near the water.

"Guess I'm on my own today." He swung himself out of bed, still a little wobbily but he made his way down to the kitchen. Breakfast turned out to be a thrown together breakfast burrito with fake eggs and lots of vegetables. His father knew that him eating healthy made Stiles feel better.

"Thanks" He smiled as he sat down, scarfing down the food even though it settled like a rock in his stomach. His father eventually left for work and he groaned. The dishes were mostly washed so he left the egg pan to soak as he walked to the door, drying his hands off on a towel that he threw over his shoulder before he answered the door.

"Hey." Isaac stood there with a lost look on his face and Stiles forced a smile on his own despite his heart skipping a terrified beat.

"What's up man?" He forced himself to focus and his words and no slip up again. Isaac frowned before shrugging. "Scott's busy so... you wanna hang out today? I'm not feeling so good after the storm so nothing more than video games and movies."

"Yeah" Isaac relaxed and gave him a more genuine smile. Stiles nodded him in and grabbed the towel, leading him to the kitchen.

"Grab some snacks while I set stuff up. I'm thinking Disney." He chuckled at the way the teen brightened and headed up to his room. They settled in for the day, mostly where Stiles ignored the way Isaac looked at his bed and he realized that the wolf could smell Derek in it. He spent most of the day watching Disney movies and eating popcorn before playing video games until the wolf had to go home. He couldn't deny that there was a skip in both their steps by the time they were done.

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By the time he was back in school, he was fine. It was by far the fastest he'd recover from a shock of the Mer, but what was better was the occasional nights where Derek swung by and snuggled into him until he fell asleep. He wasn't sure what they were but he was content whenever the wolf was near so he let it slide when whenever the wolf was away it was all he could think about was being near him again. The weekend hit and he was ready to go.

"Dad, I'm heading out. I'll be safe." He hollered out as he ran to his jeep and threw his bag into the passenger seat. His father followed to stand by the door, giving him a calm look as he crossed his arms. Stiles waved from his passenger seat and rolled down the window.

"I expect you to be home on time." His father gave him a stern look but there was worry behind it and he sighed, nodding his head as he pulled out. All but speeding toward the preserve with one eye out for any of his fathers deputies and cringed as his tires skidded in the gravel but launched himself from his jeep.

The preserve was calmer than before and he breathed deep at the peace before racing up the trail. It was still fresh from the storm and he burst into a grin as he effectively moved around all the obstacles. Footsteps sounded behind him but he didn't look behind him, feeling

contentment and wiggled out of his jacket, grabbing it so it didn't fall and pulled his shirt off. The lake was still a ways away so he held onto them, hearing the wolf behind him make a wuff.

When he made it to his lake, he skidded to a halt. Tossing his tops down and started to wiggling out of his shoes, swaying his hips from side to side as he looped his fingers through his jeans, pulling them down. He laughed when a body hit him, Derek plastering himself over his back and he sighed.

"So much for kisses." He gasped as teeth nipped at his neck but Derek just rumbled, pinning him to his chest. He tilted his head to the side and tried to crane his head back to look at him and Derek sighed, kissing his shoulder before pulling back. Stiles made a pointed noise of loss but the wolf sat down.

"You should be more careful out here." Derek scolded before hopping up on the rock outcrop and strolling toward the end. Stiles ripped his pants off and launched himself into the water, gasping at the chill that remained from the storm and shifted, swimming to keep up with his wolf.

"I evaded you for years!" Stiles shouted up at him, twisting around and floated on his back. He wasn't prepared for Derek to launch himself into the water, landing inches from him. Stiles yelped as he was pulled under by the force of the water and ducked down, watching through the bubbles as Derek kicked to the surface. He waited until the wolf wiped a hand over his face before he appeared in front of him, rising from the water enough to spit out a stream of water at him in revenge. Derek jerked back and raised his hands to block the stream.

"Rude." Stiles sunk back in the water, being careful not to bash his tail against his wolf so he wouldn't knock him around too much. His father used to complain that his mother would get excited and beat his legs with her tail, which made it difficult for him to swim. Derek already had a bad experience with the lake, so Stiles wasn't about to make it worse by nearly drowning him.

"I just wanted to go for a swim." Derek grinned, shaking his hair out and Stiles swallowed thickly. He should never have let Derek in the water. It was going to short circuit his brain. Even though they didn't kiss, he could still taste the wolf from the water and he was intimately aware of everything the wolf was doing. From the mirth shining in his eyes to the way his legs moved through the water to hold his head above it. He felt his face heat up and took a shuttering breath.

"So you're swimming. Big Whoop." He snarked to cover up the fact that he wanted a kiss and shoved himself backward. Derek followed, through his strokes weren't as smooth as Stiles and he wasn't as fast. It was much like the run through the woods where Derek kept a certain length behind him as they played chase in the water. Stiles made sure that he didn't take Derek to deep parts but soon the wolf tired. He lead him back to the massive tire where he held on.

"Sorry, it's still rough." Derek flashed a bashful look and Stiles circled him so he could press a kiss on the wolf's cheek to show that he didn't mind.

“How about you rest on the beach?” He slid under him without thinking, pulling his arms over his shoulders and flicked his tail so they were headed closer to shore. Derek tightened his grip and the scent of arousal came from him and he realized the motion he made with swimming was brushing against him.

“Thanks.” Derek all but threw himself off him as they reached the shallows and pulled himself to the beach. Stiles wiggled out from under his limbs and pulled back, his mind whirling around as he tried to process. Taking a deep breath, he turned himself deeper into the lake to make a decision. It only took him an hour for him to make his decision.

Chapter End Notes

Tell me what you think and if I need more warning on this chapter or fic. IDK

(I got the bedroom scene from when I was a kid and threw a massive stuffed horse at my older sister because she had a nightmare in her new room and decided to sleep on my floor. She wasn't amused)

Mates

Chapter Summary

Warning. This begins with smut and then jumps back into the story. I made it a short smut part here.

Chapter Notes

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

Stiles swam happily around as the werewolf sat in the shallows with a strange look on his face. He looped around and pulled himself into the shallows, propping himself up. Derek gave him a strange look before looking back out on the lake.

“So, you want some help with that?” He couldn’t help himself with such a cheesy line but it was the lousiest thing he could think of. Derek turned to him with wide eyes and he snickered before wiggling between his legs. Much to his surprise, the Alpha let him in close and he could scent the attraction even more. It was potent to him and he almost lost his train of thought.

“Stiles, this is serious. I think you might be my mate. It can lead to... things. And we aren’t prepared.” Derek protested but leaned back to give him more space. Stiles wiggled slightly, struggling with his hormones before taking a deep breath.

“Are you sure, Derek?” He smiled as he grabbed the wolfs hand, drawing in down his own chest before it reached his tail. He slowly spun it around and slid the wolfs fingers over his slit, making him shiver. “I will always come prepared.” He whispered while sliding one of the Alphas fingers in and he let out a shattering moan. He never had another touch his tail, let alone his slit. Stiles heard a gasp and glanced through his eyelashes to see his mates jaw had dropped open. He pulled his own hand back, secretly delighted when the other stayed put and grabbed his knee to brace himself.

He only half expected the fingers to move, gasping and bucking against them before bowing his head to the other knee. They wiggled slightly in the opening, carefully moving around the edges until Stiles let out a whimper, shifted against them. Only then did one slide in deeper, pressing in just the right spots that had him panting. A second finger joined the first when it became clear that they would fit and Dereks other hand came up, his nails digging into his shoulder. The scent of arousal swamped him and he didn’t know if he wanted to hold his breath so he would last longer or breath it in so he was completely surround by his mate.

“So that... I that....” Stiles closed his eyes for a heartbeat but he could barely control his tail as it moved against the fingers still in his slit. He needed more or he was going to cum just like that, ridding on his mates fingers without any other stimulation.

“How are we meant to do this? You can’t leave the water.” Derek sounded huskier and he snorted.

“Believe it or not, I’ve had a lot of time to think about this.” Stiles pulled the wolf’s hand away and grabbed his arms to drag him a little deeper into water. He could see his apprehension and he gave him a quick kiss. “It’ll be fine. Just hold on until we get to the tire”

“Then?” Derek crawled forward until he had to swim and Stiles pulled him out to the massive tire, staying under him as he let his hands wander, removing the clothes. He felt his mate shiver and instantly warmed the water around them, making it seem like they were in a heated pool instead of a post storm lake. He laughed a little at what they must look like but there wasn’t anyone around to see them. He reached up, curling his fingers around his mate’s hands, placing them on the tire so his head was above water.

“You hold on.” Stiles slid under him, wrapping his arms around his chest. Derek surprised him with a kiss and he did his best to return it with as much feeling as he could muster. It was only when he was stretched out with their bodies lined up did he hesitate. His entire body shivered as his attention shot down to where the werewolf’s member was pressing against his slit and he closed his eyes, letting the waves of pleasure at the mere thought of him finally getting it in. It was almost too much.

“Stiles, we don’t have to...” Derek started but he cocked his head back.

“Nah, it’s just first time jitters with lining everything up” He ducked his head down and rubbed his face against his chest, lapping at a nipple before he lined them up again. Derek was already hard and Stiles reached down with a trembling hand to grab the length, pressing the head against his slit. Even with the slick he made, the going was a little rough, making him moan as the head slipped in. It was a strain to go slow, but he forced himself to press up against his mate in fractions, not yet used to the girth of anything more than a finger or two whenever he was bored of giving himself handjobs. Derek convulsed above him and gasped, pushing into him unexpectedly. It didn’t stop Stiles from jerking up, meeting him head on, almost but not quite there. He held himself still as Derek bucked, pressing in the rest of the way but he wrapped his hands around his ass to hold him still once they were.

Stiles hummed his content when they were finally flush. The water was warmer around them now, almost like sitting in the sun in the fall and he realized vaguely that he should try to dial it back. He gripped his mate’s hips tighter before tilting his head up so his face breached the water. His body tightened without warning and Derek gave an animalistic snarl but he remained still.

“Ready? I’mma go under again.” He didn’t expect to see claws ripping tiny holes in the tire or flashing eyes. Stiles jerked back slightly, which made him impale himself a little more and the wolf thrust after him as he drifted down and he moaned out bubbles. His hands shook as he reached up, wrapping one arm around his mate’s shoulders and kept one on his hip.

“It’s fine. I got this.” He muttered to himself as he adjusted his grip again and closed his eyes for a second, tilting his head to the side as he clinched the muscles of his slit, trying to see what he was working with. Derek nearly howled above him and he slid a hand to grab an ass cheek while he lapped at another nipple again. He knew he was driving Derek crazy, but he

kept his head a little more from the mere fear that he too would loose himself and end up drowning his mate. In time, he planned on so much more but for now, he was going to memorize every little thing his mate did.

Stiles only started moving when he was ready, tiny little jerks to get a feel of the body above him as he ran his hands over his back and sides. He could tell he was driving him crazy but he trusted that he was going to hold out. Stiles shifted once again, practically supporting the werewolfs weight in the water but the positive thing about being a mer was the fact that he had strong hips. He started the steady motions, moving like he was swimming as he fucked himself on the dick above him.

Derek added his own motions and he sucked water through his gills, trying to cool his body so he could go faster. He nearly tossed the wolf off of him, losing control of his thrusts as he came closer but then there was something larger hitting his slit at the base, making him delirious as he jerked up. He wanted it in him. All of it had to get in. He threw his head back and wailed when he pulled them flush once more, rubbing against the chest as he withered around on his growing dick. He shuttered as he came.

Several seconds later he realized the dick in him was still hard and he trailed his hands up, pulling the wolfs dick after him by their attachment as he lifted himself so he had an arm thrown over the tire and the other stroking the bared neck in front of him. He knew what it meant and he slowly leaned forward.

“Little wolf, you knotted me.” He purred out and Derek thrust against him. They sunk down and he nuzzled his neck, trailing kisses up as he tightened his slit before fucking himself in shallow thrusts. “What is it you need?”

“Stiles” Derek sounded like he was dying and he cocked his head to the side.

“Yes?” He kept moving and flexing his muscles, clinching down before he remembered something. “My mate, please claim me. I won’t reject you.” He bared his neck to the side, knowing he was placing his life in Derek to make a controlled bite in their moment. The werewolf let out a moan but there wasn’t a bite as the wolf jerked against him, cumming as the knot expanded more. Stiles hissed as he held still, trying not to pull away from the pressure and pain. It was almost like he needed to come again, bringing him almost to the edge.

“Right here.” Derek kissed his throat and he moaned, suddenly wishing they were both more human so he could spread his legs more. He really wanted to spread his legs or pull his mate closer with them, to live with the weight over his body and pleasure that he brought rushing through his veins.

“How long til it goes down?” Stiles begged out and Derek pulled back with a concerned look.

“In about ten minutes.” He looked confused but Stiles shook his head, placing several more heated kisses on the wolf to wait out the time. He stopped heating the water but it was nearly twenty before he could slip out, making his way to the shore.

“I need you to fuck me again, just fuck me.” He dragged himself into the shallows with Derek stumbling next to him. He was almost out of the water before he was flipped onto his back.

“Not so fast. I want to see this.” Derek stood over him for a heart beat before dropping with his knees on either side of his tail. Stiles opened his mouth to ask what before a thumb slipped into his slit, making him spasm and slam his head back onto the sandy shore.

“Derek, can’t you just...Oh” He grabbed two handfuls of sand when a tongue joined the thumb and he went a little brain dead. The thumb was quickly replaced with two fingers, holding it open as the wolf explored. Stiles forced his tail to remain still as he was eaten out. Derek went to town and it was barely a few minutes before he was trembling around the tongue, gasping through his second orgasm. Derek leaned back with his head cocked to the side before giving him a grin.

“Now change back.” Derek rocked back on his heels and Stiles fell limp, grinning as he moved. The burn spread down and a minute later he was sprawled open on the beach, panting as he let his legs fall open. A second later Derek was leaning over him, pressing his lips on his own with a happy groan.

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Derek carried him to the car and offered repeatedly to drive him home. Stiles had to spend ten minutes sitting there with agony in his eyes to convince him that he could do it by himself. The wolf kissed him several times but Stiles knew he had to leave. He needed to rest, and he really wanted to sleep in his bed and not in the forest. Derek moved off, grumbling about needed to check on Isaac and Stiles made sure to call that he needed to shower. They both smelled like sex.

When he got back home, he limped upstairs in the empty house and forced himself to shower before heading to bed. His father could be home any minute but he couldn’t stay awake, collapsing into the bed. He smiled into his pillow, both amazed with what he did but his legs hurt from holding Derek up so he could ride him in the water and from being spread so Derek would fit between them while they were on the beach. Stiles let his eyes slip close and sighed before rolling over.

Even though he was exhausted and his body limp from the warm water of his shower, he couldn’t sleep. He grumbled under his breath before he reached out and took the rock off his bedside table. Stiles giggled as a wave of glee washed over him, the mer swimming in happy circles in his mind and flipping around. It suddenly felt like he was wrapped in his mates arms while under a fluffy blanket and a second later he was out.

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The next morning his father woke him by sitting on the edge of his bed. Stiles moaned, wiggling around as he stretched out his sore muscles. When he was done he heaved a sigh, falling limp and turning his head to smile at his father.

“Stiles, would you tell me who did this?” His father asked carefully and he blinked at him, confused on what he was talking about. His father reached up and tapped his finger against

the side of his neck. Stiles clapped his hand over his own neck before scrambling out of the bed. His legs buckled under him and he landed on his knees.

“Um... How about I tell you when I’m sure what we are to each other.” He glanced over his shoulder to see his father rubbing his face. Guilt raced through him and he opened his mouth to talk, but his father beat him too it.

“Just make sure you trust them. I know your mother wanted you to find someone but if this is the wrong person for you... there’s no telling what they’d do with the information.” His father wasn’t finished talking before Stiles started.

“They don’t know what I am.” He spoke before he realized what he was saying but he shoved his legs under him and joined his father on the couch. The old man gave the rock a pointed look and Stiles laughed.

“It’s not that serious. The rock did kick things off.” Stiles grinned and picked it up. The question marks across the rock weren’t as bright as they were before but they still hadn’t faded as he held it up to him.

“Question marks?” His father laughed before ducking his head down to cover it up. “I’m guessing he knows you well enough already.”

“Hey!” Stiles snatched it back and stuck his tongue out at him. His father simply grinned but his face turned serious once again.

“Let me know when you’re ready to talk about him.” His father swept from the room but Stiles froze. He knew that his father knew he was Bi. He just never told his father that it was Derek and that it was very much because of his kisses and sexy smell.

“Wait? How’d you know...” He started and his father popped his head back into the room.

“Look at your hips.” His father staged whispered to him and Stiles shrieked, looking down and see and massive bruise where he was gripped so tight. “He’s really not subtle, though I thought you’d be the one on top.”

“DAD!” Stiles covered his face with one hand so he didn’t have to see his fathers shit-eating smile and used the other in search of a pillow to cover himself with. When he peeked through his fingers he saw his father had left. There was finger sized bruises on his hips, large ones that proved it was very much a male that was grabbing him there.

“It’s for all the times you were doing something you shouldn’t when someone is home and I had to hear you.” His father laughed louder and Stiles crawled back into his bed, pulling the covers over his head. Sometimes he hated being the son of a police officer who noticed such small things.

“This is awful.” He groaned into his pillow, closing his eyes and covered his face. His father walked back in later with a bowl of cereal and a warning that he should finish his homework for school the next day. He glared at the man from under his covers but quickly rolled out when the food was presented. He fell right to sleep and didn’t eat dinner the night before.

“I’ll be home after work, though I’m not sure when that’ll be. Hale called in yesterday for some reason.” His father muttered and he barely managed not to choke on his spoonful, looking up to as his father stood.

“Uh, why?” he asked and his father shrugged.

“He said there was something going on with his uncle in the hospital. I called but... I’m starting to believe they are considering other options with his treatment so I can understand his stress through the last few days. Laura usually deals with it but she’s helping Cora.” His father swept from the room, leaving Stiles glaring at his bowl in confusion. He finished up his food after his father left, getting up to wonder around before sitting down at his desk.

Hours passed where he got barely any work done, non that he remembered and ended up wondering down to the kitchen to grab some lunch. It wasn’t comfortable to walk down the stairs but it only made him smile. He whipped up some food before slumping onto the couch, stretching out and closing his eyes, wiggling around until he was comfortable.

“Hey, Stiles?” Scott walked in and he lifted his hand from the side of the couch with a grunt. After a second he sat back up and huffed at the pressure on his lower back.

“What’s up?” He looked over to see Isaac trailing behind Scott with a disgusted look on his face. Stiles took a bite of his sandwich and looked back at the tv that he had yet to turn on. “You guys want to watch something?”

“Eh, sure. I finished the homework.” Isaac sat next to him as Scott froze.

“At my desk in my room, it has the information of what’s due tomorrow.” Stiles didn’t looked back as he tore up the stairs and rolled his eyes at the wolf sitting next to him with a faint blush on his face.

“So, having fun with the smells?” He arched his eyebrow and waved his hand under his nose. Isaac stared at him and he gave him a sad smile.

“What are you talking about?” Isaac muttered and Stiles shrugged.

“Just let me know if you ever have any questions.” He flicked the television on and started moving through channels.

“You’re not human, are you?” Isaac asked and he flashed a wink at him.

“I won’t tell if you won’t” He knew his face a little nervous but Isaac suddenly relaxed.

“That’s why Derek trusted you so fast.” Isaac shot him a curious look and Stiles gazed back blankly.

“Well, we sort of freaked each other out and I may have cried a little when he first saw me and... well, seeing a werewolf for the first time and getting captured by him when no one else had seen me before other than Scott and my dad is a traumatic experience” Stiles explained without really explaining.

“Is your dad or... or Scott?” Isaac looked up with a faint look of fear and he shook his head.

“They’re both very human. I got everything from my mother but I don’t really know much about other, er, nonhumans.” He cocked his head to the side and stopped on a random movie. It was some sort of romance comedy but there was nothing else on.

“Are you going to say what you are?” Isaac asked and Stiles suddenly grinned.

“Nah, you can figure it out on your own.” He wiggled back into his seat before huffing, turning his mind back to his mate. Isaac remained silent next to him, both of them lost to their thoughts.

Stiles couldn’t deny that he wanted his mate back. He wanted nothing more than to find him but he didn’t think he could walk very far. The mer in him wanted to eat everything he could get his hands on and sleep for the rest of the day, but only with his wolf by his side. A second later he grabbed his food and took a few more bites.

“So, we need more junk food.” He leaned over to grab his bag but Isaac hopped to his feet.

“I’m going to go to the store real quick. Any requests?” The wolf practically ran to the door and Stiles leaned his head back.

“Der didn’t tell me about you, by the way. I figured it out on my own. Get chips.” Stiles called after him. “And skittles.”

“Why are you all shouting?” Scott called down and Stiles stood. He let out a groan but he made his way up the stairs on wobbling legs. His friend was looking at the homework with a stolen notebook that he was using to write down what he needed to do. Stiles guessed it would take him most the night for him to get it done but he sat down carefully, picking up his own and going through some of it. He checked a few answers he was unsure of before flopping down and closing his eyes. His mer settled down as well and he found himself grinning.

“Dude, that’s fucking creepy.” Scott hissed like it was some kind of secret and he laughed, remembering when he called Derek creepy.

“No, creepy is fucking me” He snickered but his brother just gave him a confused look. “Any questions on the homework?” He sighed and didn’t bother to sit back up. His back hurt but his hips were killing him. He just wanted to cuddle and watch something.

As if by magic, Isaac showed up with a few bags of junk food and drinks. Scott headed down and Stiles groaned, sitting back up and rolling to his feet. His body started to ache more and exhaustion rushed through him but he still headed back down. He grabbed almost half of all the snacks and collapsed on the far edge of the couch. Scott was sitting on the other side and Isaac was shoving a movie in. He grabbed the remote and switched everything over to the correct channels as the wolf sat next to him and started to skip all the previews to get to the movie.

Once it started, he munched on the snacks, barely watching the movie. Isaac ate just as much as him but Scott seemed to be too engrossed by the movie to eat a lot, or notice that Stiles was starting to sag. He shook his head repeatedly to stay awake but Isaac was warm like Derek, a little furnace. Mers weren't used to being warm. He was used to chilly waters but the wolf had him falling into a doze and curling against him.

"Stiles?" A hand shook his arm and he heard a snickering. He blinked open his eyes, turning so he was curled against the warmth. Isaac huffed but he didn't wake up. Scott was completely out, drooling on the wolf's other shoulder. He didn't even know when the blanket was pulled across their laps but he looked up at the two men standing over them.

"I can take Isaac home with me." Derek chuckled, his eyes bright as he gazed at Stiles. He smacked his lips together and his father swiped a bag of chips.

"So, you had movie night without me?" He asked and Stiles grunted waving a hand at his chair before shoving Isaac to the side. Scott grumbled but a second later the wolf flopped over him and they both fell to the floor.

"Turn on a new one" He muttered, reaching out to pull Derek down next to him and throwing a blanket over him. His father gave him a look but Stiles ignored it, settling down with his back leaning against Derek and slowly munching on the bag.

"Stiles...." His father started but Stiles gave him the puppydog look before pointing at Isaac who was currently trying to resettle himself and a sleep heavy Scott. "This is the only time, and only if Hale has nowhere else to be."

"I'm good. Isaac get his homework done?" Derek turned away from his father so Stiles could see the way he was beaming, his arm landing causally behind him. Stiles nodded his head, only feeling a little guilty that Scott didn't but no one was asking about him. Derek flashed a playful wink before turning back to his father. "That was all I really needed to do. And dinner buuut one night of snacks won't hurt if Laura doesn't find out." Stiles brightened and dragged some skittles closer and turned on one of the original starwars movies. Derek surprised him by saying some of the lines with him and he sneaked closer. This time he didn't fall asleep. Derek, on the other hand, let his hand fall around his shoulder and hold him closer before he was out like a light. Stiles kept stealing glances at him before smiling at the television.

Part of him couldn't believe that he did this, convincing his father to let the deputy to stay but the other part was singing. Derek sagged against him until he was leaning to the side from the weight of the wolf on his side, still sneaking food from the bags. He knew his father should eat something healthy but he also felt bad about scaring him with getting sick so it was his little treat to him.

It was past midnight when the movie finished and his father turned everything off. Stiles fought off a yawn, feeling a little awkward as he blinked up at him, the man standing over him with his arms crossed. Scott and Isaac snorted at the change but he held still. He knew that he looked busted but he couldn't help shooting another look at Derek. The deputy looked younger, his mouth hanging open slightly and his face turned toward him.

“Stiles, what is this?” His father asked and his mind raced before he remember what he had said earlier that morning.

“You said that they were looking into other options for his uncle. After seeing the necklace, I couldn’t let him go home with worry about Isaac and holding the fort down without his sisters there to support him. Being a deputy is hard sometimes, especially for those who’ve seen shit.” Stiles looked back at Derek who grumbled in his sleep as if to give agreement. “I might feel a little guilty by turning it into a game when he was trying to stop it from happening again.”

“Oh, you’re just growing up.” His father dropped his arms before narrowed his eyes at him. “Just not too much right now, got it. You’ve already did some adult things and I don’t want anything major happening to you just yet.”

“God Dad. I need to mark my calendar for today is the day my dad told me not to grow up.” Stiles rolled his eyes and waved a hand down at the other wolf who was clinging to Scott. “Maybe it’s about protecting him to? I cuddled Isaac just as much.”

“You get that from your mother. She could never get warm, or enough hugs.” He shook his head before nodding up the stairs. “You’re lucky neither of us work tomorrow.”

“Yep, super lucky I’m going to be crushed by morning.” Stiles muttered, wiggling around as Derek slumped even more. His father snorted and moved upstairs.

“I don’t think you’ll mind.” He headed up the stairs and Stiles twisted, watching him vanish before he pressed a quick kiss on his wolfs head. It took some maneuvering, but he stretched out until he was comfortable and curled partially under the wolf. The warmth from him eased the aches from his body and he sighed, closing his eyes even though his stomach was protesting all the junk food and fell right back to sleep.

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His father didn’t mention it again over the next few weeks but he did give him a disapproving look whenever he headed out to the lake again. He didn’t feel guilty about it at all this time considering Derek wasn’t going to be there. Turns out there was a new treatment for his uncle so he was spending the day at the hospital with Isaac as they tried it out. The teen was still confused, trying to guest what he was but every time he asked Isaac just told him he smelled fishy. He tried not to take offence. Derek mostly just kissed him, but he barely showed up at the house anymore. Stiles guessed that his father started asking questions and he didn’t have any feasible answer for him.

The lake was still chilly when he tested it with his fingers but he hoped it would warm. It might just be the fact that he got into the habit of jogging up to the lake instead of walking and he was sweating up a storm. Even his short hair was soaked so he shook his head and started to strip. He managed to hold in the shift as he waded in but something felt different. It didn’t flow over him like before, but stuttered and ripped down until he was panting in the shallows. He made his way to the tire and held onto it so he could take a look at himself.

His tail seemed thicker but he had put on a few pounds lately. It wasn’t anything that he was worried about. The red was somehow brighter and the golden flecks practically glowing in the sun. He spread his fins out a little more and wiggled them in the water, causing the sun to

reflect right into his eyes. He squeaked and pulled back, turning his head away while grumbling about himself.

He spent his day like he used to do before he met Derek and hung out with him in the water and started to swim in slow circles. He was tired within an hour and curled up in his little cave when he was done. He didn't even hunt a snack. Derek had talked about the preserve, telling him how his parents helped keep the balance of the creatures there and he couldn't find it in him to take any more. Stiles spilled his guts to him about all the fish but the wolf gave him permission to continue if he wanted to since there didn't seem to be any negative consequences. Stiles complained that he wasn't going to do it again, which only made his wolf laugh at him and fix his frown with kisses.

That meant he had to grab his dinner so when the sun started to fall behind the trees he pulled himself out of his cave and headed up to the shore. His bag was still sitting by the rocks and he huffed, dragging himself forward when he hit the bottom. Stiles slipped out of the water the rest of the way and focused on his human form.

Nothing happened. He shook off the first flash of panic and tried again, clearing his mind before he tried. When nothing happened, he blinked his eyes opened and took a deep breath. Dread washed over him as he tried to keep his calm but something in him told him it wouldn't work. He couldn't shift back like he wanted. He didn't think he could shift back at all.

"DEREK!" Stiles threw his head back, begging the Deputy was close enough to hear him and come.

Chapter End Notes

Tell me what you think.

Sheriff

Chapter Summary

Different POV in this chapter so beware of that.

He didn't know what to do. He slumped to the sandy shore, panting heavily as he tried to force his body back but there was a steady numbness rippling up through his tail, wrapping around his stomach until it was around his back, stopping at the base of his neck. He knew he was blotchy from tears and exertion as his arms gave out from how stiff he had been holding himself up.

He curled into a ball and flicked his tail over his head. There was nothing he could do. He was stuck. He couldn't shift back but he was stuck in a lake. Confusion swept through him as his mind raced. There was no cause for him to have such a problem with shifting back but he forced himself back up.

"Derek?" He tried again but it didn't come out as loud as he needed it to be. He took a deep breath to try again but a fearful groan came out instead. For several minutes, he couldn't focus on anything other than taking controlled breaths in attempt to ward off a panic attack, his chest tightening as he struggled. It felt like he could feel every grain of sand on his skin, the small droplets of water rolling off his fins and he snapped out of it when he realized part of the reason why his skin felt tight was that he was drying out.

"Shit." Stiles rolled over and started to drag himself back into the water. The pressure of the water washing over him suddenly felt a little more like a jail but he shook the feeling off and twisted until he was hidden in the rocks, still staying low in the water so he wouldn't dry out.

"Stiles!" Derek skidded to a stop on top of one of the rocks, almost falling into the water. Stiles jerked away as the wolf wobbled and managed to splash water over his lower half but Derek just stared at him with wide eyes.

"I can't change back. I keep trying but everything's numb." Stiles couldn't bring his voice to more than a whisper but it was enough to make his mate jump into the water beside him. Derek resurfaced and ran his hands over his shoulders and down to where his hips shifted to his tail and he shuttered, turning his face away as tears started to burst from his eyes once again. His mate was so gentle.

"Der, I can't change back. I don't understand." He took another shuttering breath and Derek made a face. His hands were careful as they examined him but his eyes slowly grew more panicked when he found nothing that was out of the ordinary.

"Has anything happened?" He asked carefully and Stiles shook his head in confusion.

“It was just like every other swim.” He sagged a little before taking a deep breath. “It hasn’t happened like this before. Sometimes it’s hard to change back but there’s usually a reason for it.”

“What does it feel like?” Derek opened his arms up and Stiles pulled himself forward until he was comfortable.

“It usually feels like waves, which I know is corny, don’t ask me about it. But now it’s just numb. All the way up my back it’s just nothing.” Stiles could feel the panic trying to work itself back into him but Derek tucked him under his chin and some of the pressure eased in his chest.

“Maybe you just stressed yourself out too much.” Derek spoke even though he was rubbing his chin over the top of his head and Stiles nodded along. “Maybe one more night before your.... Uh, inner Mer? Maybe it needs more time”

“Yeah, that could be it.” He felt himself calm down a little more and relaxed into his arms.

“How about I go get you some dinner and you try to rest? You can try to change back in the morning?” Derek offered a plan and he grabbed onto his hand, suddenly fearful that he was going to leave that moment but Stiles wasn’t ready. He moved them to where he didn’t have to swim, curling them up so they were hidden in the rocks.

“I’m good with the plan but please, just not yet.” He curled up a little when Derek nodded and he flicked his tail over them for protection, even though he knew there was no reason that he needed to do so. Derek didn’t comment, sighing as he tugged him closer.

The next morning he couldn’t shift back, and he spent the day waiting for Derek to arrive again. He had to go to work. He knew this, but it still broke something in him every time he went away. He swam in lazy circles, sometimes letting his mind drift to what he saw when he touched the necklace. He was frightened to ever go to the Hale place, wondering if they had anything from the night of fire that would give him the same vision, except with his family dying around him. He didn’t want to know.

The day after that Derek brought him an entire backpack of food, nonperishables and some smoked fish for him. Stiles couldn’t hunt for fear of draining the lake of all its wildlife. Though neither of them wanted that, but he did take one when Derek didn’t return the first night. He couldn’t help himself. He was starving. He kept them hidden in a crevasse near the rocks. It was hard to reach from the water but he honestly didn’t want to get any wet and mold. With how hungry he was, he might be tempted to see how well his body processed bad food and he didn’t want that. He also had some books in there to take his mind off things.

One thing he did know was that he wasn’t in control of his emotions. It ranged from crying from frustration on not being able to shift and anger that Derek wasn’t by him. He had to restrain himself from shouting at the man the moment he laid eyes on him when he came to visit. It took about a minute for him to calm down enough for him to relax in the presence of his mate. Sometimes he would just sit there and babble in Polish since he didn’t speak it very much anymore, throwing in some Mer vocalizations in it for good measure. His father wasn’t around to tear up whenever he let a word slip of his mother’s native language.

For a week he stayed in the lake. Derek started researching as much as he was able, though from Stiles perspective he wasn't getting very far. He talked with Deaton and brought some books for Stiles to look through in his search. He was careful not to get them wet but he had to keep a towel by them so he could dry his hands after dunking himself. Several times he came close to drying out in the sun from his concentration.

There was one line that caught his attention that made him not want to think. It was a strange thing, but it reminded him of something his mother said to him a long time ago. He blanked it from his mind as he read the rest of the books, searching line after line but he came up with nothing. It wasn't until he saw his mate walking up with his father close behind, the old man limping slightly, and he flinched, realizing what he had to tell them. There could only be one thing. The smell of his mates blood took every thought from his head.

=====Earlier=====

Derek shifted the newest pile of books in his arms as he walked toward the door. He could hear a car pull up but he was too focused on making sure his mate was getting everything he needed from books to do more research and food. He was seriously considering measuring how fast he could get from town to the lake so he would know if he could get curly fries and a burger to him while they were still warm. He didn't want to disappoint his mate by bringing cold food so he wanted to be sure. When he opened the door, he was surprised to see his boss standing there with his hand raised to knock.

"Sheriff? Did something happen?" Derek blinked dumbly for a moment before he straightened, "I'm a little busy but if it's important..." He watched as the man slowly looked him up and down before his eyes landed on the books in his arms, most of which were old. A second later there was a loud shot and he stumbled back, dropping the books as he stared at his boss. The sheriff looked as shocked as he felt, his gun shaking as he slowly lowered it. Isaac let out a yell at the shot and Derek moved.

"Where's Stiles?" The mans voice didn't shake but Derek didn't care. He was barely fast enough to catch the beta as he flew past, half shifted with his claws reaching for the man. Derek grabbed him around the middle and flipped, trying not to hurt the teen while holding him down.

"Isaac, I'm fine. I'm fine." Derek shouted over his snarls and the beta kicked him in the groin before he calmed down enough to stop thrashing under him. He whined low, pinning him with one hand while he tried not to fall. The pain was gone in a few seconds but he kept Isaac pinned to the floor, worried about the golden eyed glare he was giving the sheriff.

"He hurt you." Isaac shook under him but he patted his neck before pulling his shirt up to show that he was already healed. He flashed his eyes golden and Isaac went limp. His eyes flashed again before he ducked his head down, his lip trembling but Derek just sighed, kneeling back with a sigh of relief.

"Isaac." He started but the beta shook his head as he covered his face.

"I don't know what happened! I just knew he hurt you and I lost control and I smelled blood and I miss Alpha and Cora and I don't know..." Isaac rambled and Derek pulled him against his side as he sat back against the wall.

“It’s fine. Nothing bad happened. You didn’t do anything wrong. Sheriff, why don’t you put the gun down and come in so we can talk.” Derek waved him in while he held Isaac, the beta’s heartbeat still pounding away. The Sheriff was staring at them and he sighed, nodding to the gun with a raised eyebrow. A second later the man jumped, quickly moving the gun so he could set it carefully on the side table.

“What are you two?” Sheriff asked and he carefully stood, moving Isaac up as well.

“We are werewolves, which shouldn’t surprise you considering Stiles is a Mer. I can take you to him.” Derek ignored the way the Sheriff’s hand landed on his gun at the mention of his son and he turned his Beta toward the living room. “Isaac, you stay here. I want you to call Laura and tell her what happened.”

“Where is Stiles and how do you know about his...” The sheriff waved his hands around at the books and he laughed low.

“Let’s just say I found out who was driving me crazy trespassing.” Derek shot him a meaningful look and the man gave him a busted smile, like he didn’t really know what to say to him. A flash of satisfaction rushed through him but he shook it off. He quickly gathered up the books from the floor and handed them to the Sheriff.

“Hold these, I’ll be back.” He pulled his shirt off as he turned, running upstairs to grab a clean one. He pulled it on as he went back to the Sheriff, grabbing the books back and his bag off the ground before walking out the door. Isaac made a soft noise of complaint and he sent a rumble to calm him before shutting the door behind the Sheriff.

“Are you ever going to tell me what happened to my son?” He asked in his sheriff voice but Derek just nodded, walking briskly down the path to the lake.

“He’s safe. He’s in the lake.” He jerked his hand to show that was where they were headed and the man was suddenly passing him. Derek picked up the pace a little, keeping an ear out for his heartbeat. He didn’t want him to have a heart attack on their way to see the man’s son.

“Why hasn’t he come home?” The sheriff asked, the worry evident in his voice. He no longer sounded like the sheriff but a terrified parent and Derek cringed. He knew he was missing something. He had forgotten to tell the man everything.

“I’m sorry Sheriff. He can’t shift back. Between making sure he’s taken care of and researching what could be wrong, I didn’t think to tell you. I’ve been keeping everything non-human secret for so long that I...” Derek stopped when the sheriff raised his hand to him, pausing their walk.

“You were too busy keeping my son’s secret that you forgot I was in on it. We can discuss it later how you know about it in the first place but right now I want to see my son.” The man turned away as he finished, giving Derek no time to think of a response to it. He trailed after him, making sure the older human could keep up with the pace he was setting but he seemed to be fine. Stiles wouldn’t be pleased but there was little he could do.

“Why don’t you know where their lake is?” He asked suddenly and the Sheriff glanced over his shoulder before looking forward again.

“The lake was something that only Stiles and his mother did. If they wanted me to tag along, we’d take a trip to a more secluded lake. I never knew which one he goes too.” He explained and Derek took the lead, slowing their pace slightly. The man didn’t seem to notice or complain. His foot slipped on a hidden rock, leaving the human with a slight limp and Derek tried not to see Stiles twisting his own ankle all those weeks ago.

The sun was just about to set when they reached the lake and he set everything down. The sheriff sat on some rocks with a huff and Derek turned to him, opening his mouth to ask if he was alright when he was hit from behind. He collapsed to the ground from the weight on his back and he rolled, flipping the thing off of him and part of his brain registered that he was soaking wet. Stiles managed to grab his shoulder and spin him around so they were face to face.

“Why are you bleeding?” his mate spoke in a high pitched voice and he caught him, lifting him up to carry him back to the water.

“I changed my shirt so this wouldn’t happen.” Derek sighed as he placed his mate back into the lake, unbothered by the way his shoes filled with sandy water.

“I shot him” the sheriff spoke up and Stiles whipped around to stare at him. Derek could scent the ragging emotions going through him before he took a deep breath.

“Why?” He bit his lip to hide his smile at how furious his mate sounded or the confused look on the sheriffs face.

“You’re missing, kid. I didn’t know what to do so I went to ask Hale if he had seen anything strange while he was out here. Then I saw the books he had and... I don’t actually remember shooting him.” Derek watched as his boss went from full-fledged worried father to busted parent and he stepped back to give them some space. His boss flinched when he shifted, sitting closer to the water but he could tell the man was exhausted.

“You can’t change back?” He asked his mate carefully and Stiles nodded, turning his face so Derek couldn’t see it.

“I think I know what it means but I need moms books.” Stiles muttered and Derek turned to his pack. He grabbed his books he brought and stacked them up before he started to pull some of his supplies out. Derek felt a little put down, his plan of spending the night with his mate ruined but he could still help. He couldn’t help the fact that he was listening in.

“I may not know much about this, but I do remember one time where your mother couldn’t shift back. But it can’t be like that... can it?” Derek heard the question but he also heard his mates heart pounding.

“I think it could. I remember mom warning me but I had forgotten.” Derek glanced over to see Stiles shoot a shy look at him and he glanced back down, focusing on unpacking the food. There was a weighted silence before the Sheriff heaved a sigh.

“What the Hell, kid?” He asked. Derek hung his head at the way his mate’s heart pounded in his chest and he could scent his nervousness from several feet away. He swallowed roughly when he glanced over again to see Stiles looking around nervously.

“Stiles, Sheriff? How about I go grab those books you mentioned? I have some things so you can stay the night and discuss, and it’d give you some... privacy.” Derek was torn on leaving his mate but he also didn’t want to be around when Stiles broke the news to the man who had already shot him that they were mates. Whatever was making Stiles shut up was big, and he wasn’t sure he was ready to hear it.

“Do that. Be back by sunrise. Books are in the spare bedroom, bottom shelf.” Sheriff was suddenly the sheriff again and he nodded, shooting a final glance at his mate before turning away.

“And some breakfast if you could.” Stiles called after him and he grinned as he ran off. His wolf didn’t want to leave his mate so soon after bonding with someone he barely knew, but part of him knew he was safe so he forced it down.

He shook himself, turning his feet toward the sheriff’s home and partially shifted, picking up speed until he was careening around trees. It wasn’t until he was standing in the spare bedroom did he realize he had nothing to do until sunrise and his mind wasn’t going to let him sleep. He gathered up all the books he could find and headed back to his house, grumbling about how much he had to walk that day.

“Issac, how are you doing?” He walked through the door and sighed when his back hit the door and he had arms wrapped around him. The books were pressed painfully against his ribs from the force of the hug and he huffed in pain.

“I thought he took you to the woods and made you dig your own grave and...” Isaac rambled and Derek rolled his eyes.

“My life is not an old gangster movie and the sheriff isn’t a coldblooded killer. I’m his deputy. He was just looking for his only kid for fucks sake.” Even though his voice was a little harsh, he wrapped his free arm he wiggled free around his Beta and calmed him back down, but mainly to ease the pressure of the pups arms around his chest. It was beyond painful.

“Laura wants to talk to you.” Isaac calmed immediately and he sagged against him, closing his eyes. For a heartbeat he wondered why but he shook himself and snagged the phone. He kept Isaac tucked under one arm as he walked to the couch, shoving him down as he passed.

“Stay, I’ll get dinner started.” He dialed his Alphas number as he walked toward the kitchen. They had several plans for dinner so he pulled out what was easiest and started working. Cooking always calmed him down when he was stressed. Part of his mind was already thinking about what he could do to bring his mate breakfast, reminding himself to make enough for the Sheriff as well.

“Derek, what is going on since I left. I know I plan on coming home in a week but Isaac shouldn’t be calling me up in tears that you’d been shot by your boss.” She was calm but he

heard Cora let out a laugh in the background.

“I... He was looking for his son. I can’t talk about it now because it’s not really.... Sis, I found my mate, but he’s the Sheriff’s son and we both had a little moment of panic. I know I shouldn’t have left Isaac alone after he nearly ripped the man’s throat out for shooting me but I also had to get the Sheriff away from anyone and back to his son.” Derek rubbed a hand over his face and turned to the stove. He started cutting up some sausages to fry and mix with either mac and cheese or sliced and fried potatoes. He was going to let Isaac choose considering it was a rough day for him.

“Der, you found your mate and was already shot by his father?” Laura chuckled and he sighed loud when Cora yelled ‘damn’ in the background.

“Look, it’s been a few crazy days for everyone, but I called and told you like you asked.” Derek snapped. He wanted nothing more than to tell his sister and Alpha what was really going on, but he knew Stiles was still frightened by the idea of others knowing.

Not even Isaac knew that Stiles was his mate, or that he was a Mer. He wasn’t sure how he’d take it. He took a deep breath. Isaac was like his little brother. He didn’t know if he was going to get a punch in the face or a welcome to the family. The thought of the beta being mad at him made him squirm, even more so if it was because he felt betrayed. He promised himself he would take care of him after everything he had to go through with his father.

“Der?” He hung up the phone, suddenly staring at Isaac who was standing in the doorway.

“Yeah, what’s up?” he swallowed thickly when he realized the conversation he just had.

“Stiles is your mate. Mates are big and.... You’ve been sneaking out because you’re in love with one of my best friends. I thought you two were just fucking because you were both nonhumans.” Isaac sat at the table and put his head in his hands. Derek turned the stove off and went to sit opposite of him. “What did you do to him?” He half expected to be grabbed but he let it happen, the beta clutching the front of his shirt.

“I didn’t hurt him. I promise. Stiles just... It’s...” Derek frowned at the furiously confused face of his friend and ducked his head down. “Stiles isn’t... Fully human, which you know. He’s something else and he can’t change back right now. I’ve been helping him research what happened and how to fix it, taking him food. Stuff like that.”

“How come I never noticed that he’s not human?” Isaac sat back down after releasing him and he followed suit.

“Isaac, I can tell you that he’s something I didn’t know existed until I saw him. It’s not your fault, because we didn’t teach you. And when I say this, no one can know what he is, alright?” He gave him a stern look and Isaac nodded before turning to him.

“What is Stiles?” He knew the question was coming but he was already shaking his head.

“I’m sorry pup, but I can’t tell you unless he wants me too. Just like I can’t tell someone that you’re a wolf without you telling me I can.” He saw Isaac understand what he was saying and

he nodded. "How about I make some dinner. I have to leave earlier tomorrow morning to take them breakfast, and I don't want you to follow me, but at least you know where I'm going now."

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"Stiles, this can't be happening." Stiles glanced over to see his father looking at the books and he curled a little more in on himself.

"Dad, I'm pregnant and I can't shift back until I have the baby." Stiles was so much in shock that he spoke in a perfectly calm voice. He nodded for a second before turning to him. "Don't tell Derek yet, let me."

"So my Deputy is the father?" His father let his head drop to the open book and he nodded.

"I obviously suspected that before I got here last night." He muttered. "I needed the books to be sure. I remember the test she did to see if I could get pregnant. She put me in the water on the blood moon, when the moon was right over the lake and it made everything green. It meant I could become pregnant if I ever found a mate." He didn't think much about that night but now he wished he had spent more time remembering her before he got horny.

"Stiles, when your mother was pregnant with you. It only lasted a few months. We need to start a cover story, get supplies and somewhere safe for the baby. You're going to college and Hale is a Deputy, which isn't the best life. If this is anything like what your mother and I had then there's nothing I can do to stop you two from being together." His father rattled it off and he groaned.

"Yes, it's like what you and mom had, but it's nice to know the due date is faster than I thought. And Derek can't exactly get killed by regular bullets. You didn't even wind him!" Stiles was suddenly more frightened over the fact that the baby would be in his arms that soon and the other part was relieved that he didn't have to be stuck in the lake for another eight months. He was still pissed that his father shot his mate.

"Is there anything I can do to make this easier on you?" He asked carefully and Stiles shook his head again.

"I think I need more food and time to process, though breakfast was glorious." He rolled over and stretched out, grinning at the memory of his mate bringing him food. He could tell the werewolf was delighted about it even though he was trying desperately to cover it up.

"I gotta head back. I'll see about calling some of your mothers family to see... I don't know when I'll be back with work and the walk but I'll send word with Deputy Hale." His father ruffled his hair and stood.

"Can you at least call him Hale? It's weird when you call him your Deputy." Stiles huffed up at him and his father wrinkled his nose at him in response.

"No promises." His father turned to the sleeping bag and all the supplies that Derek brought, tidying them up slightly before sighing. "I'm just going to leave this here."

“Yeah, that’s fine. He was going to stay so we could work together but... yeah. Figured it out.” Stiles did a little victory wave of his hand before letting it drop into the water next to him, splashing himself in the face. He glared at the water and turned his head away.

“Good luck telling him.” His father shot him a grin and he sagged, realizing a part of his father was enjoying himself. He was getting a grandchild, so he didn’t think the old man got off on the hard end. Stiles was stuck so he wasn’t all that happy.

Stiles pulled back from the bank as his father vanished into the woods and he started swimming in slow circles. It was comforting to be in the water, but he avoided the patch where he had found the necklace. He didn’t want to find anything else when he was still working out his own problem.

Derek arrived again around noon and he pulled himself to the shallows with dread in his stomach. His mate brought him some lunch, which he ate in what felt like three bites and he sat up, gazing at him as he finished his own sandwiches. The wolf got a little unsettled, his bites slowing until they were just staring at each other over their little picnic. Stiles suddenly snorted at how stupid they were being and Derek cracked a smile, both relaxing back into the water.

They sat like that for a few hours, stealing glances at each other before Derek had to get out and dry off. They finished most of the food throughout the day, which meant Stiles ate several pounds of food and Derek handed it to him with a fond look on his face. Now that he knew why he was always so hungry. He talked about random things, veering away from college at the last minute when it was on rocky ground. Derek added a few things and let him complain about missing some movies that were coming out before he would be able to change back, though they didn’t mention why he couldn’t change back.

“And that’s why I think that Gamora....” He stopped when a soft snore came from the beach and he looked over to see Derek was out. He had to bite at his lip to stop himself from laughing and sunk down into the water. For a second, he wondered why he was so cold but he shook it off, thinking it was more about the shock of the water than the reason as to why the sky was darkening.

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Stiles woke to the roll of thunder shaking the ground under him, the noise both muted and amplified by the water. His eyes snapped open to see a moment of calm before the rain started, pounding onto the surface of the water so heavily that he couldn’t see past the disturbances. He flailed around, waving his tail wildly so he reached the surface. Rain pelted his face and he could barely see through it.

“Derek!” He jerked to the surface when a low howl started in the distance and he saw his mate. The wolf was awake on the beach bent forward in a crouch, his eyes blazing gold as he stared at the storm, and still as a statue. Stiles took a deep breath and screamed.

“Derek, you have to take cover.” Stiles blinked the water from his eyes to see he hadn’t moved. He opened his mouth to try again when there was a blinding flash of light that reflected the wolf’s eyes. His wolf didn’t move, face blank as he stared straight ahead but Stiles was panicking. The lightning struck a tree branch above him, sparking into a blaze

within minutes and his wolf still didn't move. If anything, a soft whine started to come from him and Stiles started crying fully as the wolf started to shake.

"Derek, please. Please snap out of it. You have to snap out of it. You have to get yourself safe." He begged from the water, unable to think about a plan when the branch let out a loud pop from the fire. Stiles lunged forward, launching himself out of the water and grabbing his mate's arm, effectively dragging him to the side with his dead weight. Agony ripped through him when claws ripped down his tail and he fell back into the water with a yell of shock.

For a heartbeat he saw there was nothing but werewolf in his mate's eyes, as if the image of his snarl was frozen in Stiles' mind as the splatters of his own blood hit his mate's hand and he realized the animal was the one in charge. A second before his head went under the water he saw a flash of hazel in the light of the burning branch and then there was nothing. His head struck a rock and his breath bubbled from his lips.

Stiles could see his blood blooming around him but he shook himself and flicked his tail, causing more red to fill the water but he lost his ability to balance himself, his ears ringing as he fought upward. When he breached the surface, he couldn't see his mate. He grabbed onto a rock near the shore and struggled to breathe through the pain. The shore was blazing, but the fire was still going strong and he could feel waves of heat hitting him along with the chill of the storm hitting his back.

"Derek!" He gazed around before snapping his mouth shut against calling him back more. There was no shelter from the storm, or the fire. His mate's supplies already turning to ash. He twisted around and fell back into the lake, sinking down so he could drag himself out several feet before he turned to look at his tail. Four long scratches ran across where his thighs would be, though they were healing slowly. He had healing abilities but there was something in him that amazed him every time he saw it, though the circumstances of his wounds were far from ideal. Blood still swirled from his wounds and his head was spinning. He was still trapped.

"Derek, I'm sorry." Stiles went to his den, curling around himself and braced himself to weather the storm. It was hours before the storm waned and he was still stuck in the cold water with a tender tail and no way of knowing what happened to his mate. His mate didn't even know he was going to be a father.

Derek comes back

Chapter Summary

Multiple POV on this one. Sorry if that's something you don't like.

Chapter Notes

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

It was two days before he came out of his hole. It was mostly because there was wolf standing on the shore. He swam closer, peeking over his tire to look at her. She had dark hair that fell past her shoulders and when she looked out on the lake her eyes flashed red. Everything in him told him to stay away but he had to know. Even though his tail still stung and he was shaking at the scent that was distinctly wolf drifting in the air, he moved forward.

“Is he hurt?” He called out to her, holding on to the tire as he did. The wolf instantly locked eyes with him and he ducked slightly, still wanting to get away.

“Holy shit. Der wasn’t lying.” The woman dropped the other bags she was carrying, and he sniffed, seeing the food. He was starving, and it didn’t look like any of the food he had stocked up survived the storm because he had pulled it all out for their dinner.

“But, the fire. Did he get hurt?” He stared at her desperately. He was just noticing the burned trees behind her and the scent of ash in the air. There was green behind him on the other side of the lake and if he looked closer, he could honestly see some green faintly behind her as well, but it wasn’t enough. Her face was that of a broken woman.

“He said he hurt you. That he hurt his mate. That’s about all he’s telling us.” The women shrugged and sat on one of the rocks. Stiles frowned, swimming a little closer before it clicked.

“I’m fine. It healed on the first night. He’s not the reason why I can’t turn back. Why isn’t he here?” He waved his hands around when he realized she was watching his tail instead of paying attention to him. She jerked back in shock and he glared when they locked eyes once again.

“He’s...stubborn right now. But I’ve brought you more food and... I basically wanted to see if you were alright so I can start convincing Derek that having a...” She stopped and waved her hand around. “I’m not even sure what happened that night other than the storm.”

“He froze. It happened so fast but Derek froze and then some lightening set a tree on fire. I knocked him out of the way when the burning branch fell off but I spooked him and he defended himself. It wasn’t his fault it was just... PTSD from the.... Yeah, well. You lived it

too.” Stiles stuttered to a stop so he wouldn’t continue ranting about how his wolf wasn’t at fault.

“Damn, you’re a good mate. Nice kick in the ass for him. I love it.” The Alpha grinned at him before shaking herself. “I’ll see about bringing more food, or I’ll send Isaac. Derek isn’t in a good place right now.”

“Why won’t he come back?” Stiles nibbled on his lip but Laura gave him a soft look.

“Wolves are a complicated creature, and we live with one inside ourselves, part of ourselves. While they don’t mate for life in the wild, werewolves do because the human part of us is just that strong. It’s like... The true mates or soul mates is our human part of ourselves. It’s the wolves ability to sense this person that is our mate that makes it so important. When our mate is hurt, especially if our hand was apart of their injury, it breaks both sides, the wolf and the human.” She explained calmly and he nodded along, making a mental note in the back of his head to punch Derek and ask him to write down anything that was too difficult to say to his face.

“So he’s scared that he’ll loose control and hurt me again, but look.. I’m not hurt.” Stiles flipped over to show her his tail. There were still faint marks where the scales hadn’t filled out and he suddenly wondered if they ever would. All his scrapes usually healed before the third day. He glanced up to see her look away, a faint blush on her cheeks and he grinned, dropping a hand to his stomach that was just slightly distended.

“What’s your name anyway? I mean, I remember finding the necklace and seeing the small one but Derek was older than her. You’re talking like he’s going to have to listen to you so I’m guessing the older sister?” He didn’t bother flipping back over. It was exhausting anyway.

“I’m Laura, the older sister. You were the one who found Cora’s necklace?” She gave him a look and he pointed to the middle of the lake.

“Out there.” He didn’t say all he saw but his heartrate picked up slightly and he looked away. He knew he couldn’t see their faces because they were shifted, but it was telling how fast the fire really spread that night when creatures as powerful as werewolves were almost killed. He knew there were werewolves killed from the fire, but they were miles away from the lake. Stiles was terrified to pick up anything from the forest now.

“In the middle of the lake.” Laura nodded before laughing. “We wondered how you found it. We searched everywhere. Mom gave it to her. We tried to search the lake but it was just too deep for us, well me. They were too scared to go in it. They spent hours in it, waiting for it to pass. The storm was a blessing, but it nearly drowned them.”

“Kinda shitty luck Derek gets a mate that loves the water then.” He shot a smirk at her and she grinned.

“I gotta go. Now that I met you, I have some ammo to convince Derek that he’s being a dumb fuck.” She stood and brushed herself off.

“Uh, can you bring the food closer. I can’t exactly reach it from there.” He waved at the bags that were still several feet up the beach. She shot him a busted look before doing just that. He waved at her as she slipped into the woods, taking off at speeds that were obviously inhuman. He took his time going through it, finding some of his favorites and some of Isaacs favorites with his scent over them. It made him laugh slightly but he tucked it away in his rock hole, pulling out the books to look at the damage. He was lucky that they were in the far back where they only had a few drops of water on them.

He didn’t know what to expect, but after the first week past he felt heartbroken. Laura brought him even more books for him to read, but these were on werewolf mates, and he ripped through them, reading every little snippet he could find on what was happening. The more he read, the more panicked he became. Derek was lost. That much was obvious by the way he was avoiding the lake. Stiles tried to call to him but there was never an answer. The books explained how the wolf in them turned on the human part, fighting about the fact that their mate was harmed. They literally went to war against themselves.

The one book that nearly made him sob was a book on wolf pregnancies. It explained in detail the steps of knotting and claiming, as well as the following pregnancy. There was a chapter that was short, barely ten pages which the mate could know, even if the person didn’t that the wolf in them did, that their mate was pregnant, and if harm came to the pregnant mate at this time, it could end in death. Stiles asked Laura what it meant and she waved her hand around with a groan before sitting down.

“When a wolf injures their mate, it can be easily amended with apologies and affections when it was not intended. While Derek did not mean to hurt you, his first instinct was to lash out so that’s something he has to deal with. In that split second, he was ready to kill you. He knows it, and so does his wolf so they are not on the best of terms right now.” She picked at her shoe as she sat cross legged on the rock, a thoughtful frown on her face. “When a pregnant wolf gets hurt, the mate will usually rip whoever hurt them a new one. On the rare occasion that the mate is the cause for the wound, it can lead to the death of the mate from their internal clash. The wolf usually pulls at us and leads us to be animals, but never outright attack our human side. If it was the wolf side that caused the injury, the human part will balk and shrivel away until there is nothing left. I can’t tell what Derek is at this point but he’s not all there.”

“Oh Derek.” Stiles turned his head away, holding back a few faint sobs before he got control of himself. “Is there anything you can do to get him here?”

“I’ve tried. His wolf takes control and runs away. I’ve dragged him here but he becomes... Dangerous. I don’t want to make things worse. I don’t know what I’m supposed to do to help him.” Laura nibbled on her lip and looked close to tears. “Our mother would know what to do?”

“What about Deaton. He knows about this. He might be able to do something or have some advice.” Stiles flipped himself over to he could crawl partially up the cliff face. Laura seemed to snap out of her daze and looked down at him, a strange frown on her face.

“How did you know about Deaton?” She asked in a tense tone and he rolled his eyes.

“He knew my mom was something different and asked her a bunch of questions. Something about keeping the balance and when he realized that she was just as much a friend to keeping everything happy and healthy, well, she let him document Mer and make additions to his own books. He didn’t know we existed until she showed up sooooo... Why?” He cocked his head to the side but Laura let out an exasperated laugh.

“He’s our adviser of sorts, well, our mothers. We were meant to have a new one when I became Alpha but she died in the fire. I haven’t the heart to pick a new one yet. I will ask him if there is anything I can do for Derek when I have the chance. But this might just be one of those things that take time.” She stretched out a hand as if to comfort him but he shook his head.

“We don’t have time.” He slipped back into the water and placed a hand over his growing belly. Laura called out to him that she was leaving but Isaac might show up later. Stiles snickered despite the turmoil happening in him and started swimming slowly around the perimeter of the lake to keep himself fit. It was better than moping while he waited for his mate to gain control of himself again. He occupied himself by wondering if he could prank his friend since he didn’t know that he was a Mer.

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The next day he had eaten most of his food and sat there gnawing on a plastic spoon in frustration. His stomach rolled as he looked at the food wrappers and he let out a growl, furious that he didn’t have anything hot to eat. He would eat anything lukewarm at the moment as long as it was at least somewhat heated. For a heartbeat he wondered if it was him or the baby that wanted the food before deciding it didn’t matter.

“Where the Hell am I going anyway?” He heard Isaacs voice and swam up so he was peeking over the edge of the rocks. The wolf was stomping around the ash area and Stiles grinned, thinking about what he should do. For a second, he planned on swimming up and pulling Isaac into the water but the memory of Dereks face along with the faint feeling of claws ripping through his tail made him flinch away from the idea.

“Isaac, buddy. Do you have more food?” He called out and the wolf jumped, turning to look at him.

“What are you doing in the water?” Isaac scowled at him and he grinned, realizing that the wolf still didn’t see his tail.

“Oh, I fell in.” He heard the wolf let out a sigh and start to walk over on top of the boulder. A second later Stiles let go, falling back into the water. Isaac let out a shout and Stiles made as many bubbles as he dared before settling on the bottom. He lost it when he saw the blurry head sticking out from the edge of the rocks and swam back up.

“Are you al...” Isaac broke off in surprised, falling back from his crouch to sit down.

“I’m fine.” Stiles crowed up, twisting around so he was floating on his back. “I am serious about the food though. I’ll need more brought up.” He rubbed at his belly, grunting when he realize that it was sticking out even more.

“You’re seriously a Mermaid!” Isaac covered his face and he let out a wolf like growl.

“Do not call me that. I don’t call you a wolf-bitch.” He snapped and Isaac blushed, peeking down at him.

“Sorry, I didn’t...” He stammered out and Stiles shook his head, realizing he didn’t have to bite his head off.

“No, Isaac. I’m... I can’t really explain but I’m a little out of it. Just call me a Mer, alright.” He turned his face away for a moment when he realized he almost spilled the beans. It also might be a little too much for him to tell Isaac when he just found out what Stiles was.

“Mer, got it.” He shuffled forward and looked down at him, his face slowly regaining his color. “So that’s why you smelled like you did.”

“That’s not even the half of it.” He snorted roughly before flipping back to his stomach and making his way back over to the wolf, grabbing the rock outcrop and holding on.

“So you’re stuck in the water? And you need more food?” Isaac picked at the trash Stiles had left and he huffed angrily.

“I’m starving.” He glowered at a bug crawling along the rock, reaching out to scare it with his finger, making it race into a crack.

“So you’re like us. We eat more than humans, but it becomes ridiculous after we shift or something. Since you’re stuck in that form, you need more food.” Isaac brightened in understanding and Stiles nodded along. That was part of it at least. The other being he was growing a tiny him/Derek and his body needed the energy.

“Yep, I ate everything Laura brought, but before that I didn’t come out of my den for two days so I was really hungry too.” Stiles pouted more and was suddenly fighting back tears. “I’m so hungry. This is terrible!”

“Oh no. This isn’t happening. I can bring more food. I’ll bring Scott too.” Isaac backed away from him, the panicked look back on his face and Stiles slammed his face into the rock. Pain radiated from his forehead and he let out a whine.

“I just want my mate back here.” He kept his head down at the sound of his friend running away. After a few minutes he lifted his head and wiped the blood from the cut on his forehead dropping back down to float mindlessly in the lake. It was barely an hour later before Isaac was back. For the first time since the storm, Stiles started to laugh.

“Stiles, what happened?” Scott was thrown over the werewolves shoulder, a hand over his ass but his friend was completely limp with a faint wheezing coming from him. Stiles wondered if he even knew Isaac was a werewolf before all of this. “I may not see you, but that’s your fucking laugh so what’s happening.”

“Isaac, let him go.” Stiles pulled himself back up, still chortling as Scott was flipped off the wolf. The human laid out on his back while he panted but it wasn’t an asthma attack, just shock. Isaac had a daze sort of look as he carried over several bags and he brightened at the smell of burgers and french fries. He grunted as he held his hands out getting the first bag

shifted to him to rip apart. Isaac sat down with a happy huff before looking at the trash Stiles created when he devoured his previous food.

“I’ll bring more later.” Isaac gathered the trash up as he talked, shoving it into a bag. They both turned to Scott as he sat back up with a groan. He looked between them before narrowing his eyes.

“I thought you wanted the deputy.” Scott pointed at him and he let out a laugh, nodding his head as Isaac grunted next to him. The wolf tried to move Scott closer but when he friend wobbled he forced him to sit and handed him some food.

“Derek is taking a... self day. The storm triggered some things.” He gave a sad smile as his friends glared at him.

“Does he know that the rock...?” He didn’t finish and Stiles nodded.

“He heard our conversation that day.” He waved his hand dismissively before whining as his fry broke off and fell into the water below.

“Don’t chase after that.” Isaac handed him an entire box of fries and he brightened, snatching them up.

“Thanks, it’s even warm!” He brightened before jamming more into his mouth. Scott reached out to him and Stiles swatted his hand away. “I’m fine.” He grumbled but Scott just stared at him.

“But you’re pregnant.” His brother blurted out and he stiffened, shooting a busted look at Isaac who was sitting there with his own burger halfway in his mouth.

“Yeah. It’s why I can’t shift back. I told my dad not to tell you because you’d freak out.” He glowered at him but he didn’t want to stop eating and lose his chance at a warm meal, so he kept munching. “It’s also why you and Isaac are making sure I have enough food. And updating my dad because his duties and his heart might make it hard for him to get all the way up here and back in time to rest enough for more work.” He stared blankly before shaking himself. His father would be fine. Hopefully he’d get in contact with his mothers family and they’d get some answers. Part of Stiles was hoping someone was getting everything ready for their baby.

“Pregnant?” Isaac cocked his head to the side and he gave a slow, calm nod. The wolf frowned, taking another bite as he thought.

“How did you bring me here? I remember walking in the forest because Stiles dad told me that he was up here. I was trying to find him but then I was staring at your ass.” Scott relaxed and Stiles shot a grateful look at him. They both grinned at Isaacs blush, watching as the werewolf tried to cover it up but it seemed pointless.

“Stiles was crying. He’s pack in more ways than one and with the stress of not being able to help Derek with what’s going on with him, I sort of panicked. I’ve never been around a pregnant crying pack member before, but I promised to find you and bring you here to make

it better. He was hungry so I grabbed food first. I saw you walking around and grabbed you without really thinking about it.” Isaac explained, waving a hand at Stiles and he snickered. Scott shot a look at him before narrowing his eyes at Isaac.

“You’re a werewolf too. Not just the Deputy that snuck into your room?” He asked and Stiles smirked around his bite.

“He didn’t sneak into my room. He pretended to forget his phone in the kitchen and ran up to kiss me.” Stiles taunted a little, shaking the last bite of his burger ate him before popping it in his mouth. He laughed at the frown Scott made with a huff. Isaac clawed open a ketchup packet and dumped it on his fries still in the paper.

“Ugh, he taught you that?” Stiles wrinkled his nose in disgust and they both shook their heads at him.

“He opened my eyes, plus, he can help keep you full. I don’t really know when Derek will be able to....” Isaac sighed and he looked at him.

“What happened to Derek?” Scott sighed like he really didn’t want to ask and Stiles shook his head at Isaac.

“The storm freaked him out. I already told you.” He answered smoothly and a second later there was a shout. Laura jogged up with a grin, quickly dropping into a crouch before leaping up onto the rocks next to them. There was a massive backpack on his back that she tossed down with a grunt.

“Food!” She snatched up a bag and dug around in it. Stiles did the same, pulling out another burger. He felt better being around the others after being stuck there for so long.

“I think I’m working on Derek. He’s.... responding.” She mumbled around the bite and he nodded in relief. Maybe it won’t be so bad. It’s not the greatest at the moment but he could work with it.

“Was he not before?” Scott stared blankly at her, his voice a little too high pitched. Stiles focused on Laura, to intent on the answer to make fun of him.

“Well, grunts and growls don’t count. His inner wolf is on a rampage in his head right now so the occasional word is a good sign. You’re up, by the way.” She nodded to Isaac who grunted. A second later he was jamming the rest of the food in his mouth and shoving the trash into a bag.

“Got it.” He mumbled around his mouthful and took off in a blur. Scott let out a squeak, falling back with a shocked look on his face.

“What?” Laura arched her eyebrow much like Derek, glancing around like she was missing something.

“First time seeing werewolf speed from an outside, not riding on his back view.” Stiles spoke before letting go of the edge. He slipped completely down, dunking himself in the water so

he wouldn't dry out. The books he had on werewolves were tucked safely away, which was lucky that they were not where the storm or fire could reach them, and he grabbed one once resurfacing and flicking his hands dry.

"Let's see what you have to say." He was grateful that they didn't say anything about it and ignored the way that Scott shifted closer to Laura to start a conversation on werewolves. The Alpha didn't seem bothered with giving answers, especially when his friend busted out the puppydog eyes at her.

"Hopefully, Derek returns soon" His brother muttered to her and Stiles found himself taking a steady breath to keep his eyes clear so he could read more about what was happening to his mate.

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Derek kept his head down as he walked. It was the first time in two weeks that he'd been in public since his breakdown. It was a test, so he could convince himself and his wolf that he wasn't a danger and that he was in control. He had spent two weeks running toward the lake, trying to get close only to have his wolf take hold of his mind and he'd wake up ripped to shreds a day later. He had to apologize weakly to Laura when she tried to take him there and he nearly gutted her to get away. His new plan to get back to Stiles was to be around other people and convince his wolf side that he wouldn't hurt anyone, let alone his mate again. Then he could get to the lake.

Isaac was understanding, taking on most of the shopping Derek usually did and any other chores that his sister needed from town. Laura was furious with him but he couldn't explain the horror of hurting his mate. She kept trying to talk it through with him but since everything was internal and his wolf was still mad at her for taking him to the lake by force, he could only grunt. A day ago he managed a few words and part of him soared, thinking about all the things he had to say to Stiles. Isaac told him to get a notebook and write down what he wanted to say, or to just write what happened so it would be clearer without his wolf and PTSD twisting it up in his mind. He loved his adopted brother for finding different ways to heal from such things.

He could still see Stiles face, the look of pained shock as he fell back into the water. It haunted him more than the fire. His family died from an accident, but if Derek was more in control of himself then his mate's blood wouldn't be on his hands. He was furious with himself. There was something about Stiles scent that made him panic and run. It felt like there was still fire licking at his heels but he couldn't get his feet to go to his mate.

"Derek Hale." He jerked his head up by the old hardware store and stared in shock when one of Stiles and Isaac's friends grabbed onto the front of his shirt and threw him into the alleyway. It was the shock that made it easy for the teenager, who was already wheezing from what he thought was asthma.

"What?" Derek bared his teeth at him but he didn't seem to realize he was in danger at all.

"Just who do you think you are?" The teen stalked forward with a finger out and Derek arched an eyebrow at him. "You put your dick in it and just walk away. How many babies do you have out there in the world, abandoned 'Mates'" Derek grabbed the teen's shirt and

slammed him into the wall, effectively stopping the rant. The teens face turned a chalky white as his breath left his lungs before rattling back in. It had to hurt but now Derek's wolf was onto its new target. He was still debating pulling it back.

"Do not say mate like that! You will not talk about him like that." Derek growled, knowing that his eyes were shifted but he didn't care. He would not stand for the teen sneering the word mate.

"Why not? You treated him like trash, left him in that lake with a bun in the oven." The teen bared his own teeth even though he was in pain. Derek could sense the honesty in his words, the man too angry to lie to him and he dropped him.

"Bun in the oven?" He whispered, not understanding what was going on. He stumbled backward several feet, trying to get his bearings but the teen glowered at him.

"Stiles is pregnant, that's why he couldn't change back. He wants to tell you himself but you haven't come back to him. You fucker." Derek was already running, no longer caring that he was being cussed out. It took everything in him to keep his speed believability human. Maybe not the endurance but once he hit the trees he shifted, racing toward the lake.

It took way too long. His mind no longer fighting him to return to the lake, this time berating him for not getting over himself and returning sooner. His mate needed him but he wasn't there. He was stupid to go sooner and shouldn't have wallowed so long in his guilt. Laura was right to yell at him the amount of time he was spending away. Sure, he was focusing on gaining a better control of himself but if he had known he would have been there sooner. His wolf would've snapped out of it sooner. The lake was dangerous and he needed to protect his mate.

When he reached the lake, there were burned trees around it and he cringed. He didn't like the nights around the lake. Part of him wanted to take his mate and run, but there was no way for him to get Stiles to a safer lake that was close enough so he wouldn't dry out. He could see the bags of food hidden under a tarp someone must have brought him.

What sent his heart racing was Stiles floating facedown in the middle of the lake. He wanted to howl a greeting but he didn't have the right. He'd have to earn that right back. He abandoned his mate and he would never expect his mate to forgive him for that. Derek will spend the rest of his life proving to him that he would never do it again.

He ran to the edge of the rocks and launched himself out, not caring that he might hit one that was submerged. He saw the form in the water flinch as he struck out toward it, his mates head sticking up and whipping around like he was trying to get his own bearings.

"Stiles!" He coughed as a wave slapped him in the face and water went down his throat. He blinked rapidly when Stiles went under but then he was being grabbed. Arms wrapped around him, his mate easily keeping them both up with his powerful tail.

"I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I couldn't stand loosing you to my wolf, to have killed you and it made me run away. I'm so so sorry. I didn't know about the...." He swallowed when he felt

the bulge that had to be the baby pressed against him but Stiles was just giving him a calm look.

“Who told?” He asked softly and Derek ducked his head down.

“Scott shoved me into an alley and tore me a new one. He mentioned the baby and I came straight here. I didn’t know.” He blinked sadly at him, trying to find the words but he was distracted by the fact that they were moving.

“I wanted to tell you myself when you came back.” Stiles sighed but Derek was wiggling around, trying to get out of his grip so he could help swim back to the beach. He didn’t want his mate to grow too tired from dragging him along. Stiles made a soft noise and he turned to him, closing his eyes and going limp. Arms held him a little tighter as they moved toward the shore and he resisted the urge to kiss him.

“Why? I just... I don’t understand.” Derek shook his head again waiting until Stiles leaned him against the rock and he settled in the sand, waiting until his mate was comfortable. He stayed completely limp, letting Stiles pet him with shaking hands until there was a face buried in his neck.

“I had guessed before my dad shot you but I wanted to be sure. That lunch before the fire I was going to tell you because the books confirmed. It’s partially my fault. I should’ve told you that I was pregnant or realized that there was a storm coming and warned you to get somewhere safe.” Stiles stopped before turning to him. “I’m also not saying it’s all good. I’m pissed.” Derek flinched when the mer hissed at him and the water turned ice cold so fast that his teeth started to chatter.

“I know.” Derek spoke with some difficulty as Stiles turned away, his jaw clenching as he breathed deep. The water got steadily warmer and Stiles turned back to him after several minutes.

“Derek, I know how big that was. I know that your wolf was broken and in control but if you ever do that again.” Stiles voice was harsh and he bowed his head down.

“I won’t hurt you ever again. I promise. I won’t...” He didn’t expect the finger to flick his nose but he looked up to see Stiles barely contained fury.

“Look at my tail.” He swallowed at the demand but looked down to see only red scales. “I wasn’t talking about you... panicking. Though you will go talk to someone for that so you don’t panic in every storm or accidental fire that happens. Der, what if that was our baby that snapped you out of it? What if the house caught on fire and you were too frozen to get her out in time?” Stiles nails dug into his arm and he started to shake in shock.

His mate was right. He had to fix himself. He was ignoring the fact that he had these issues because it didn’t affect his daily life. He stayed in bed when any major storm happened, most the time cuddling with Cora. Now Cora went off to college early. The little voice in the back of his head was focused on the fact that his mate still wanted him to be there. He shot the mer a hopeful look but Stiles just tipped his head back, obviously still not happy.

“And if you ever leave us that long again without a word, you’ll regret it for the rest of your life. Our baby doesn’t need to be the kid sitting on the front porch waiting for you if you’re not going to be there. One chance, Der.” Stiles poked him in the chest and he nodded frantically.

“I’ll won’t. I didn’t. I’ll be in better control.” Derek blinked at him before taking a deep breath. “I promise you that I... I will try to do better. I won’t let my wolf control me like it has been.” He looked down at the stomach and a wave of nausea rushed over him. Half of him wanted to dance in excitement but the other half was wondering what was going to come out, mer or wolf, and if he would be able to pull off being a parent.

“Calm down. We still have... about two to three months. It’s not an exact science.” Stiles tucked himself against his side and Derek stared at him.

“But we didn’t fuck that long ago!” He hissed low and Stiles laughed.

“Say’s the werewolf. I know those pregnancies take less time than humans because of the aggressive lifestyle you lead with hunters and the high healing rate shuts down to pump all that energy into baby making. Mer are similar but our gifts leave us. I can touch anything I want and not see a thing right now, which sucks because I’m stuck here.” Stiles rambled before pulling away. “You should go to the beach, but don’t even think about leaving because I might try and stab you if you get close again if you do and come back.”

“Stab me with what?” Derek forced his legs up and realized that his body was completely soaked and started to wrinkle. He wiggled his toes in his boots and wobbled to the beach. Stiles pulled himself after him before stopping short of where he used to linger.

“Damn it. I’m already bottoming out.” Derek looked over to see him stuck with his stomach hitting the lake floor. He snorted, sitting down and pulling off his shirt to wring it out. “You are an ass.” Stiles hissed, flopping onto his side and he looked over at him as he worked his boot off.

“Any thing in particular to make you say that? I’ve done a lot of things to make me an ass lately.” He dumped his second boot out and Stiles growled at him.

“I’m pregnant! You are my mate and I’m not strong enough to hold myself up and fuck at the same time” Stiles whined loudly and he let out a snort.

“I’m sure we can think of something, but not right now.” He reached out and ran a hand over his mates hair, brushing the wet strands so they were pointed up and wild.

“Why?” Stiles grabbed his hand and started to rub on it, scent marking after so long and Derek took another, less calm breath to not jump his pregnant mate and really show him how sorry he was for his actions.

“Stiles. You told me to fix my control of my wolf. For that, I have to earn my mates trust back. My wolf wouldn’t be happy if we did it when I haven’t done anything to make you trust me again.” Derek pulled his hand back and scooted further back so he could lean against

a rock. He pulled his eyes away from the trees next to him and focused back on his mate, uncomfortably aware of the fact that he could smell the ash.

“But... ok.” Stiles slumped against the ground with a groan. “Geez, I ask and it backfires but I did miss you.” He flicked his tail and Derek watched closely, making sure everything was moving right and he leaned back a little more when he saw it was healed.

“I’m fine Derek. Your pack watched over me while you were, er, out of commission.” Stiles rolled his shoulders and Derek smiled at him.

“What do you think of them?” Derek asked carefully and Stiles perked up. For the next ten minutes he talked of everything that happened while Derek was away, which included Isaac finding out about Stiles and Stiles explaining the baby. He talked about how much Laura cussed and how much he missed eating hot food. Derek made a note in his head to make some food and bring it with him so his mate could eat. His pack meant well, but they weren’t the best cooks. That was his chore around the house.

“But we’ll be fine. I know it.” Stiles finished with a yawn and instantly fell asleep in the shallows. Derek moved carefully, standing and picking his mate up to carry him to deeper waters so he didn’t dry out anywhere. The Mer rolled in his arms and sighed, making the tightness in his chest ease. His scent had changed to something more earthy and he wanted nothing more to hold him close but he slipped him back unto the water before heading back to the beach. Derek shook out his wet clothes the best he could and curled up in a sleeping bag, his eyes locked on his mate for most of the night and listening closely to his heartbeat. He was too scared to listen for the babies.

Chapter End Notes

Tell me what you think. I'm posting the next part soon.

Baby

Chapter Summary

Warning, Birth is described in this. And Stiles Uncle shows up.

Chapter Notes

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

The next two months passed where Derek rarely left his side. His father told the rest of the department that that one of the Hales was experiencing a rough pregnancy and confined to bed rest, and Derek was the one taking care of her. They filled his spots with only some complaining. Stiles was grateful until it became too much and he sent him back to work. Derek was terrified that something would happen while he was gone but Laura got him to leave by telling him he needed to make a room for Stiles and the baby, that his wolf might want to make the money for everything that was needed so he could provide for him. Derek left easily after that, promising to make a good den for them.

Stiles made a list of sorts that a Mer baby could need, mainly, a tub in his room that could be filled up with water when he needed it and lots of towels. Mer babies could shift right away, which made getting their baby home wasn't going to be that difficult. He could trigger the change that he wanted, but Mer always slept soundly in water and they wouldn't have to worry about a crib death since Mer naturally cycled through the water.

What was bugging Stiles most was the fact that he was stiff everywhere. He swam everywhere but the stiffness stayed, making him snap his teeth angrily and he made his way to the tire. He grabbed ahold and dug his blunt nails in so he could hook his chin over it before baring his teeth.

"What's up?" Isaac looked up from his book and yawned. Cora had sent it home because she found the English Literature amazing, but Isaac was having trouble working through it. Stiles asked him to read it out loud several times a day, which made him happy because the wolf was still trying to find out what he wanted to do with his life and found he liked reading when it wasn't for school. Stiles was working on getting him to write a book.

"I'm fine. I just want... I don't know. I want to bite something and scream until this tension goes away." He pulled back and arched an eyebrow at the tire.

"Please don't bite the tire, I don't want to hear you complain about that taste in your mouth for the rest of the day." Isaac called out, going back to reading.

"Until the rest of your shift you mean. You guys don't have to stay here." He rolled his eyes and shoved off the tire to swim in steady circles around it. It took some of the pressure off and he shifted, feeling more like a whale moving through the water. His stomach had grown

so large that he could no longer get his body out of the water. He was stuck having his food at the bottom of the rocks or far off from the beach.

“Hey guys.” Scott wobbled across the rocks to where Isaac was stretched out and sat down with a low grunt. He lifted a hand up in greeting before duking under with barely a ripple. The bottom of the lake was mapped perfectly in his head, from every plant, fish hole and pebble, but he still searched, sniffing for anything entertaining.

A week after Derek got back he was so bored that he made an entire fortress out of tiny rocks and dragged his wolf down to see it. Derek was far from happy about it and tried to find more ways to keep him entertained. He built a floating device he could hold on to and still watch a movie on a laptop, but he could only take it out occasionally. He kept books on it but there was no way there was wifi through the trees so he was limited on what he could do with it. He drew random pictures and talked on the phone with his father to complete his list of things he needs for the baby.

Now it was all he could do to not start gnawing on something. He wished the aches would just leave his body. Even as he swam, the aches became more painful until he sunk to the bottom and hissed in agony. After a few seconds he dug his fingers into the lake floor and shoved up until his belly wasn't touching and swam along the bottom, using his hands to pull himself along more than his tail. It felt like his entire body was about to snap in two. A few seconds passed until he collapsed back onto the lake floor, gapping in shock as he realized what was happening. It took about a minute for him to move again, a calm taking him over as he shoved himself forward.

For a few minutes, he swam around. He stayed close to the beach where Isaac and Scott were sitting. He could still hear them talking but he didn't want to freak them out just yet. There wasn't anything they could honestly do. Derek was meant to arrive in a few hours but he wanted a little more time to get used to the feeling of birth. If he wasn't careful later in life, he just might end up doing it again. Another wave of pain hit him and he groaned, turning toward the beach when it was over. He suddenly understood why his parents only had one child. He breached the surface and grabbed onto the tire, gasping for breath as he mimicked his earlier action, growling in discomfort. Even as the pain receded, he still felt stiff and achy.

“Isaac.” He hissed low, baring his teeth as he panted. Both of his friends paused what they were doing and turned to him. A second later he scented anxiety and closed his eyes.

“Get Derek. I think it's...” He let out a groan and convulsed, sending a wave of warmth in the water around him and he realized that his was further on than he first thought.

“Shit.” Isaac scrambled back before launching himself off the rocks and onto the beach. “I'll tell the others too. Scott, stay here.” His voice was already faint by the time he finished from how far he had already run. Stiles narrowed his eyes in disgust at the feeling of the slimy water around his tail but held onto the tire with an iron grip.

“So, buddy, how are you doing?” Scott inched his way down the rocks until he was crouched at the nearest rock. The thing barely had room for the teenager to get his feet on, let alone sit without getting wet but he was relaxed as he watched Stiles. He hated that it was comforting to him and he latched onto it.

"It hurts more than I could imagine, and trust me, you know I did." He admitted, slumping miserably against the tire. A small smile came to his face as he remembered the night of their mating and wished he could see the day where his own baby would jump off the tire and swim in the lake with him. He poked one of the holes Derek made with his claws and sighed. He really shouldn't have waited.

"Dude, what if it comes out as a werewolf and not a mer?" Scott's words made him stiffen. He never considered that it would come out anything other than mer. If his child wasn't, he would have to act fast to get it out of the water and everything done while he was still stuck in the water. He barely felt the next contraction and pressed his face against the tire.

"Scott, if that happened, you sit your ass down on the rock and hold my baby." Stiles hissed and his brother nodded rapidly in understanding. He flashed a smile at him, trying to calm him down. "We got this. I can shove this baby out and we'll deal with what happens after that, ok?"

"Yeah, we can do this. Ew, there's blood." Scott paled and looked away. Stiles snickered uncontrollably, shoving off the edge of the tire and looking down. There was a little bit of blood and he realized that he should actually check how far along he was. It was happening faster than he expected it to last. His mother took hours to get him out. It felt like his baby was trying to shove its way out before his other father returned.

"You should've seen it the night I was knotted. Derek cleaned me up" He reached down and held his belly, unable to see his slit so he reached down.

"Don't tell me he did it with his tongue?" Scott groaned and shifted on the rock. "What are you doing?" He looked over to see him with his face turning red as he looked out at the trees. Stiles snorted at him before grunting in pain. He was already expanded enough that he could start pushing anytime.

"Scott, how else can I tell when the baby is ready? You're moms a nurse!" He braced himself against the tire again before shoving so he only had one hand on it with his arm stretched out. He swam in slow circles around it, to unsure about taking his hand off unless he wanted to have it at the bottom of the lake. Part of him, the mer, wanted to sink down to his little den and get the job of giving birth done in the safety of his home. The more logical part knew that he was young and he might need help, meaning he wanted to stay with his friend.

"Stiles, when do you need to push?" Scott whispered as another contraction hit and he tried to wait it out. At his friend's words, it made him snap and he took a deep breath. He was already exhausting himself, panting as he pulled himself against the tire once again. It took too long and he was hit again.

"Right now. I can't hold out anymore." He sobbed in pain but pushed. Agony rippled through him and he felt his stomach wobble from the waves his tail made as he bucked.

"Holy shit" Scott finally slipped until he was sitting with his feet in the water, his lower body soaked. Stiles held onto the tire as he panted, letting himself go limp everywhere but his arms. They both waited for the next one and he rolled his eyes to look at the trees.

“Do you think they’ll be here in time?” He whispered out and Scott shrugged. He growled as the next wave hit him, moving his body slowly through the motions of swimming which seemed to help. He folded in half at each contraction, crying out as he put his entire effort into pushing. The scent of his own blood filled the air and he realized his stomach dropped a little lower as his child moved downward.

“Scott, this is horrible” He snapped out. It felt like he was being torn in two, the exact opposite of what he felt when he was being knotted.

“I know.” Scott spoke calmly and he wondered why he wasn’t freaking out more. Instead he had a small smile on his face and was practically trembling with excitement. “But can you imagine how cute it’s going to be? With a little tail and all chubby.”

“Not the time Scott.” Stiles couldn’t help laughing at his friend. He clinched down as he pushed again, his breath catching in his throat until it passed and he nearly blacked out.

“Seriously, breathe.” Scott’s hand was held out toward him and he glowered weakly at him.

“It’s hard being out of water this much. I kind of want to go down but I’m scared I won’t be strong enough to get back up if the baby comes out a wolf instead of a Mer.” He explained tiredly. Before Scott could answer there was a howl in the distance that was followed by the sound of something crashing through the trees.

“I think they found Derek.” Scott grumbled, still not over the fact that Stiles forgave him so easily. Isaac had to sit down and try to explain what had happened but it didn’t seem to sink in very well. They both knew it and tried to keep the human far away from the wolf.

“Derek?” He peered into the trees, snickering tiredly as his mate shot from the cover and over the rocks, his legs still moving as he reached the end and plummeted into the lake.

“Oh Dear, I don’t think we’re going to miss it.” Laura broke through the trees without a hair out of place and strolled calmly across the rocks until she could sit on the end. Stiles lifted a hand before he ducked his head so it was pressed against the tire, groaning as another contraction hit. They were coming faster and he felt Derek swim his way over to him.

“How are you doing?” Derek asked in a frantic voice that matched his face before it morphed into a busted look as Stiles glared at him. The scent of his blood in the water increased and he felt his baby start to come out. The contraction passed and he turned and pressed his face against his mate’s shoulder.

“This is almost too much.” He whispered out, getting a kiss to the forehead and closed his eyes. He focused on breathing the right way, trying not to make too much noise that would draw attention to them. It was a strange instinct but it was one he could follow.

“You’ll be fine. You’ll survive anything. You’re such a fighter.” Derek murmured and he wondered if he could get him to shut it by punching him. He was trying to concentrate and he already knew he was a badass.

“Derek, if something goes wrong..” He started but the contraction came too quick and he bent in half with a groan.

“What? No! Nothing’s going to go wrong.” Derek spoke in a frantic voice and Stiles shot a begging look at Scott, hoping he’d get the message. Luckily for him, his brother knew him well.

“Grab the baby when it comes out.” His brother snapped out and his mate looked down. “We don’t know if a werewolf or a Mer is coming out. Stiles already weakened but since you’re here, you’re in charge of making sure it’s grabbed and taken care of.”

“Oh, I didn’t think about that.” Derek reached out and touched his stomach as Stiles shook.

“Yeah, we just realized that and I had to stay by the tire now let me work.” Stiles snapped out when he got the breath back and looked down. The water was clear enough for him but he had to reached down to see if the babys head was out of him and cringed another contraction hit, crying out as the shoulders started to slip free. It was almost out.

“Ew.” He heard Isaac arrive and opened his mouth to tell him off before shaking his head. He wouldn’t waste his breath, it was gross. It felt gross against his scales and he reached out, grabbing his mates hand for the last few minutes. Their voices fell on deft ears as he focused on his body, pushing when he needed too but it wasn’t so hard after the shoulders slipped out. He gave a final groan and convulsed as the rest came out.

“Oh,” Derek suddenly vanished from his side and Stiles felt him grabbing toward where their child was. He shoved himself back with a grunt, looking down to see the wolf already surfacing next to him. “I got her, or him.” Stiles laughed weakly at the way his mate looked at their childs tail. “I honestly can’t tell.” He felt warm as he tugged on his mates arms into holding him so he was still in the water.

“We have a son.” Stiles answered easily and Derek looked up with tears in his eyes. Stiles thought he would cry, but he might pass out instead. He wanted to go home to his bed and sleep next to his son and mate. He stretched out a hand and rested it on his son, the mer-pup wailing until he flipped him over on his stomach. His son immediately flipped his tail, happy to be upright in his own little way.

“He’s so cute.” Everyone turned to look at Scott, his face squished by his own hands as he tilted forward to get a better look. No one said anything as he fell into the water. He reemerged a second later with massive sputtered and whining about having bloody water on him.

“Stiles, are you alright?” Derek grabbed his arm but he barely heard him. The after birth slipped out and he struggled to hold onto the tire, hooking his chin over it as his eyes fluttered shut.

“Mm’ma pass out.” He muttered, his hands no longer able to hold onto the tire from the grip he had through every contraction and he started to slip into the water. He didn’t expect Derek to brace a foot against his side and kick him out. An arm circled around his waist and warmth pressed against his side but he glared weakly at his mate. Scott patted his side, muttering

about getting him to the shallows and Derek shrugged, swimming wobbly with one hand as he held their son to his chest. Stiles grudgingly understood but he also kind of wanted to laugh at the wolf as he struggled to keep ahold of their son as they both tried to swim. His son wouldn't be able to keep himself up, and Derek wasn't so good at it either.

"Isaac, can you help me with him?" Scott grunted as the wolf leaned down, easily grabbing Stiles arm and dragging him through the water to the beach, walking carefully over the rocks but with inhuman speed.

"Thanks guys." Stiles was limp and he didn't stop until he was beached. For the first time in months, he shifted back. Stiles instantly flipped over onto his back and held his hands out.

"Careful." Derek instantly handed their son over and he held him close despite the fact that his hands were shaking. Emotions whirled through him and he cradled his son, thinking of everything his mother and father shared with him and everything he would do for his son, everything he wanted to teach him. He ducked his head and pressed a kiss against his forehead before letting out a breath. A second later he had a completely human looking baby sprawled out on his chest.

"Home" Stiles looked pointedly at Derek who reached down and scooped him up. It was not the smartest thing for them to do considering Stiles might black out anytime. His son settled happily in his arms, his cries quieting but his eyes were wide as they blinked slowly at Derek's chest. Stiles knew birth was shocking for a baby to experience to say the least, but to suddenly change from a tail to legs after knowing only a tail, had to be hard. He could feel tiny feet kicking just slightly against the top of his flabby stomach.

"Is he going to be alright?" Laura's voice broke through his concentration of holding his son just so and soothing the shock of shifting away with pets and he looked up. His stomach flipped when he realized that he was in a parking lot and he tightened his grip a little more on his son.

"That was fast." He looked up to see Derek grinning down at him with a soft smile.

"It really wasn't, you were just distracted." He nodded to their son and Stiles didn't even bother to look at Isaac as he went back to petting his son. The door to a car was opened by the beta and he was set in. He gazed around and took a deep breath, knowing he had to put him down. He leaned forward and set him on his lap.

"Here." Derek crouched next to him and pointed to a diaper bag on the floor board. It was stuffed with baby stuff and he grabbed the tiny diaper, staring at it in his hand.

"Um, I don't really know how to put this on. What if I hurt him?" He blinked tiredly down at him and Derek huffed softly, shoving him over to the other side before gently picking up their son.

"I can take care of this. You get buckled." Derek moved efficiently as he put the diaper on, dressing him in a simple soft blue onesy and pulled a car seat from the back seat. Stiles buckled himself in and sagged into the seat, watching as his mate buckled his son in with his tongue sticking out and then strapped the car seat down.

“I wanna stay in the back.” Derek looked over his shoulder and there was a loud laugh. A second later Laura dropped into the drivers seat and started the car. Stiles laughed at the way Derek reached out and petted both him and their son.

“Where are we going?” He asked, dropping his head against the back seat, watching his baby with rapt attention.

“Your house. The sheriff insisted. I think he was getting lonely.” Laura shrugged and carefully drove around a corner. Stiles cringed at the thought of his father being lonely but he suddenly wanted his father to see his grandson that instant. It didn’t stop him from dozing off.

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When Stiles woke up, it was because Derek was taking the careseat out. He made an unmanly noise and flopped after it, stretching out with his hands. His mate laughed low, turning to hand the carseat to his father before reaching back in. Stiles wiggling out of his belt buckle and grabbed his mates shoulders, hauling himself up before stretching a hand out to his son. A hoodie was wrapped around his waist but he didn’t even care.

“He’s alright Stiles. I know you Mer have the instinct to never let the baby leave your sight but he’s safe.” His father laughed at him and he reluctantly dropped his hand back down. He curled against his mate and huffed angrily as they made their way up to the house. It quickly disappeared from finally being home after all the stress of not being able to shift and then the baby.

“We need to get him to bed.” Derek scooped him up the rest of the way and carried him up the stairs. He let out a soft groan, shifting around to attempt to peer at the car seat that was still in his fathers hands. The sheriff smiled kindly and started to follow them up.

“Just like his mother.” The man laughed and he huffed, still unable to take his eyes off his baby.

“You just need to rest, I can keep watch of both of you.” Derek rubbed his back and he nodded, letting out a heavy sigh of relief. He was almost asleep by the time he was laid in bed. It didn’t matter that he needed a shower and was sore from giving birth. Sleep overtook him and the last thing he saw was his father gently placing the carseat on the floor by the bed.

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Stiles woke up to someone humming and blinked open his eyes to see it was late in the day. He sat up with a grunt, surprised he slept for so long and turned to see Derek silently laughing at him. the wolf was working on putting their son into the small tub. A second later there was a little Mer sinking into it, fast asleep. His mate dried his arms off with a towel that he tossed onto the bed stand.

“How long was I out for?” Stiles scooted to the edge of the bed and dropped his hand onto the little tub. It was adorable with little fishes painted on with tiny waves but his son took all of his attention.

His tail was a dove grey on the bottom and a little darker along his back, perfect for blending in. There were even some dots along the tail, reminding him of his own beauty marks and it left him wondering if his son would have the same beauty marks that he had. The tail would

change color when he hit puberty but it was a hit or miss if the spots would stay with him. He was also bald and squishy, his tiny limbs curled close to his body as he slept on.

“You slept for the night and most the day, but you kept waking up to check on him.” Derek gave him a knowing look and he blushed. He didn’t remember any of it but it felt like the truth. He was still physically tired but his mind was wide awake.

“How was he? Has he eaten? Did he have enough? How has he been sleeping? Has he been held enough?” Stiles ran a finger through the water, sighing as the Mer in him relaxed. His son seemed to sense his presence and they both unwound a little more.

“Stiles, he’s fine. Perfect, actually.” Derek sat next to him and wrapped an arm around his middle, hugging him close to his side as they both looked down at the baby Mer.

“I swear if you named him without me.” Stiles gave him a stern look and Derek huffed a laugh.

“No, we didn’t. Melissa managed to fake a birth certificate and is ready to file it in when we send her a name. Your lucky Stiles is so rare a name that it’s believable that it’s female.” Derek was petting his hip and he leaned against him more, practically pressing against him.

“Good” Stiles beamed before frowning. “Any ideas?”

“Er, well. I was hoping, Cole?” Derek looked up at him and Stiles cocked his head to the side before looking down at their son. He could pull it off.

“Sure, it’s not awful.” He pulled his hand from the water and wiped it on a towel on the bed stand. His mate sagged against his side and he turned, pressing a kiss against his temple.

“Who was it?”

“My little brother.” Derek didn’t say anymore and he nodded.

“It suits him. We can send word to Melissa as soon as I shower and get dressed.” He stood and grinned when his legs held under him. He was still naked from shifting back.

“Good, cause I’m tired of the others complaining of getting an eyeful when they walk in.” Derek yawned widely and smacked his lips together, sinking down into the bed. Stiles snorted at him and grabbed everything he needed. By the time he dug all his clothes out and wrapped a towel around his waist, the wolf was asleep.

“Thank god this thing has wheels.” Stiles knew his instincts weren’t going to let him leave the room that had his son in it and he leaned over it, gently moving it out of his bed room. Cole floated slightly from the movement but remained asleep. He didn’t wake up as he stopped in the bathroom, dropping everything on the toilet and leaving the door open in case Derek woke up. He didn’t know if there was anyone else in the house but there was a curtain to the stall for a reason.

“What do you say little guy? Cole is a perfect name and we will work on this, mmm, separation anxiety that comes from being a Mer, ok?” Stiles kept prattling as he showered. It

didn't matter that his son was sleeping and submerged. It made him feel better as he scrubbed his body clean. There were dried flakes of blood that took some scrubbing to get his pale skin to look normal. By the time he stepped out, the entire bathroom was attempting to steam up but the open door made it difficult.

"I wonder how long your other daddy is going to sleep for." He dried off quickly and pulled his clothes on. He wheeled Cole out and saw Laura standing at the end of the hallway.

"Oh, thank God you have clothes on." She waved a hand at him as he walked toward her and he rolled his eyes.

"Haha, but being naked is nice." He stopped in front of her and she looked down at the tub. "Oh, Derek and I agreed to name him Cole," Stiles bit his lip, suddenly worried that she might take offense to it and the fact that she froze wasn't making it better. When he looked closer, he could see the tears in her eyes and then he was being hugged in a werewolf grip.

"Thank you so much." Laura whispered in his ear and he felt his own eyes start to burn. He couldn't really blame it on hormones anymore but he didn't bother hiding it. He knew the pain and fear, at least a small part of it, and he would fight for his mate. His son was going to have both his fathers even if he had to kick Derek in the ass every day until he could get moving on his own. Considered how well Derek was doing without him, it wasn't like he had to do much.

"Now, I think I'm going back to bed to read some more books on how to take care of a baby, and maybe something with...." Stiles stopped as a trill went down his spine. Laura sensed it as well and the both turned to look down the stairs as the front door opened.

"This can't be good." He nodded as Laura spoke and she suddenly nudged him back to the room. "Make sure he isn't seen." With that, she strolled down the stairs with a hard face and a straight back.

"Right" Stiles grabbed the tub and carefully rolled it back to his room, moving as quietly as possible before shutting the door behind him, turning the knob so no one could hear it click into place. He placed the tub back by the bed, Cole shifting in his sleep as if he felt the same disturbance that was downstairs and sat down next to Derek. Part of him wanted to shake him awake and curl against his side until whatever was happening went away or send him down to make it go away but when he looked at the wolf's face, he couldn't bring himself to it. Derek was exhausted, and already drooling which was more than a little adorable. It made it all the better just to sit next to him and their son.

"Don't you dare!" An Alpha voice echoed through the house a second before his door slammed open. Stiles jumped but Derek was just a blur. He blinked, taking a moment to orient himself since he didn't actually remember moving between the Coles tub and the door, a pencil held in his hand ready to stab somebody but that somebody was currently being pinned to the wall with claws drawing blood from his throat.

"Derek, wait!" He wasn't sure why he was so calm, but at least the claws stopped. "I think he's my.... Uncle?" He cocked his head to the side, trying to remember.

“Yes, I am.” The Mer looked expectantly at Derek, as if the reveal would suddenly make him back off but neither of them moved. Stiles let him sit for a second longer before lifting his chin at Laura.

“He wants Cole and you to go back to the ocean.” She stepped into the room and circled around so she was between him and his mate, providing another line of defense just in case.

“Why?” Stiles crossed his arms, taking a little bit of pleasure from the way the Mer squirmed in Dereks grip.

“You are a child of the ocean! It is where our kind belong.” Chase snarled but Stiles was already shaking his head.

“You think I don’t know? I know my mother was important. I know you called me inbred and useless. She didn’t hide this part of her from me. I know soulmates are a thing there and the fact that you trying to take her away from my father and me away from my Derek is considered taboo. But you still try. You will never take my son away from his wolf pack“ He crossed his arms across his chest, quiet enjoy the way the man paled.

“Stiles, I...” Chase stammered out and Derek gave him a little shake.

“Wasn’t expecting me to know you. Trust me, my mother may have been ashamed to call you family, but she knew how to protect me with the truth. I can’t wait for Laura to tell me the story you spun to try and get me to go with you, or god forbid, have you take my child with you. There is no chance in Hell, and if you try anything I’m sure my mates family will be more than enough grief for you.” Stiles didn’t bother to ask Laura for confirmation. They both sensed the growing darkness in Derek.

“I’ll see him to the door, Derek.” Laura walked forward with purpose and placed a hand on his shoulder. It took a heartbeat for him to pull back before launching himself away, circling around Stiles to cheek on Cole before moving to stand next to him, a low snarl rumbling in his chest the entire time.

“Be happy you didn’t call Cole a mutt like you did me.” He called after him and heard Laura shove him against the wall before escorting him down the stairs. Stiles didn’t move until the front door closed again and then he was across the room, peaking out to see them both moving to a taxi. He could also tell that Laura was very casual but there was a threatening way her hands held the Mer.

“Derek, it’s alright. I’m fine. Coles fine. He didn’t hurt us.” Stiles slipped back to his mates side, nuzzling his still fuzzy cheeks and playing with his pointed ears.

“He just came in here.” Derek swayed in his grasp and he led him quickly to the bed. His mate sat heavily, a rough exhale shooting from his chest until Stiles was unsure if there was any air left. He settled next to him, dropping his hand on his arm and started to rub little circles with his thumb.

“I know. I wasn’t really expecting it. But hey, Coles still sleeping. He’s perfect, just like you said.” Derek peeked in the tub just to be sure, a smile coming from him. Then Stiles was on

his back in the bed, his mate sprawled across his chest.

“Ten more minutes, then we talk about your uncle.” Derek muttered and Stiles snorted.

“I don’t really know that much about him. I do know our son will grow up in Beacon hills and swim in the lakes. He can decide if the ocean is some where he wants to be when he’s older but for now, he’s ours. Chase can’t have kids and for some reason he needs an heir, so he decided to take me in the middle of the night. He didn’t know what a cop was, and it’s not going to be a problem with your wolf ears and the pack now knowing him, and he’s too old to have a son so they’ll be more questions. Plus, Cole smells like you.” Stiles wondered if Derek was even listening but when his mate propped himself up, it demanded attention.

“He smells like me?” He asked breathlessly.

“Well, yeah.” Stiles shrugged before narrowing his eyes. “Remember when I was trying to understand you scent, it’s like all those emotions you were feeling got bundled into one and that’s his. Suiting, for a baby, but you get the point. He smells like wolf.” Stiles stopped again. This time it was because he was being kiss and he leaned into it.

Chapter End Notes

Finished my Exam and edited this the best I could. Tell me what you think of the ending.
XP

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