

Beneath the Surface

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by [bloodwrites](#)

Summary

Derek's always known there was more to Stiles' relationship with his father than was on the surface.

Notes

I've been watching Elementary (I ♥ Sherlock Holmes in all his many incarnations) and keep thinking that being able to see all that shit is pretty damn close to fly-on-the-wall, even if it's after the fact. I figure a lot of the time it must be that way for werewolves, too.

This is post-3a AU in that I've headcanoned Derek coming back. I haven't seen any of 3b, please no spoilers.

Derek's always known there was more to Stiles' relationship with his father than was on the surface. A child always smells of a parent, but not like that, not the lingering scent of close physical intimacy that clung to Stiles like Scott's mother's scent never clings to him.

Derek doesn't judge. How people cope with death, with loss, is their own business. So what if it appeared that Stiles spent nights in his father's bed?

It must have changed after the Nemeton. Derek wondered when he came back to town that Scott didn't seem aware of the change, that he didn't know what was so very obvious to Derek himself.

Before, the scent of his father's skin was on Stiles' clothes, his hands, his throat. The hint of saliva lingered on his face. Unusual, yes, for a father and his teenage son, but nothing too shocking, especially to someone who had grown up within a very tactile pack of born werewolves.

Now, though, it's the lingering scent of sex.

Teenagers always stink of it, they stink of hormones gone insane and their own bodily fluids. Stiles was no exception.

There's another layer now.

It's the obvious essence of the sheriff on parts of Stiles' body that leave almost nothing to the imagination. It's the spike of arousal that rises when the two of them are in the same room. There's no way Derek is mistaken.

He gets Stiles alone. "Are you okay?" he asks, because he doesn't know what else to say.

Stiles looks up sharply. "Yeah?"

"Your father," Derek says. "I know about you and your father."

Blood rushes to Stiles' cheeks and he goes very still. "What?" he breathes. "I don't know what you—"

"I just need to know that you're okay," Derek says, one hand coming up to wrap around Stiles' forearm. The boy is shaking. "That you have a choice. If you don't, Stiles, if you need help—"

"I'm okay," Stiles says quickly. His heart is still pounding, but his pulse doesn't spike when he says it. "We, ahh..." His eyes flick up, move over the ceiling like he's looking for guidance from above. He drops his gaze again, meets Derek's eyes. "I know you probably think— But it's not— It doesn't feel wrong, okay? It's just—"

Derek shakes his head. "You don't have to explain."

"Please don't say anything." Stiles runs his fingers through his hair. "I fed Scott this bullshit line about—"

"I won't," Derek says. "But if you need to talk—"

"I'll let you know." Stiles drops his eyes to the floor, chews the inside of his cheek. His heartbeat has slowed, not quite normal, but he's calmer. "Thanks."

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