Summary

When perpetual loner and failwolf extraordinaire Derek Hale finally loses patience with his meddling family, he grabs a confused Stiles Stilinski, unsuspecting diner patron and herbal medicine student, off the street to pose as his new boyfriend. Hijinks ensue.

Notes

Played the Beauty and the Beast remake on a loop while writing, so the title both fits the fic and is an homage to that.
Chapter 1

Derek:

There was a whole litany of things Derek would have preferred doing than sit across from his uncle at a goddamn vegan diner, chewing glass chiefly among them. Still, there he was yet again, same as last month, looking over a menu of options he had no intention of actually eating as he waited to hear the same spiel he similarly had no intention of actually listening to. His uncle and his older sister were the meager remains of his once bustling family unit, and for that reason a constant reminder to Derek of his own careless role in their drastic reduction.

He knew Peter and Laura didn’t blame him for the fire that killed their family, they’d both repeated the sentiment ad nauseum, but their words would never change the role Derek had indeed played. Whether he’d been a naive pawn or not, his family was dead because he’d trusted the wrong person, loved the wrong person, been played for a fool and eight people paid the price. To Peter and Laura, seventeen years was long enough to move on with his life, but Derek disagreed. He’d fucked around enough to know that dating wasn’t something he had any interest in or missed, there was no further ‘moving on’ required. They both would just need to realize that what they wanted for Derek and what he wanted was not the same thing anymore.

But here they were, yet again, with Peter scanning through the menu and pursing his lips seconds before the words “There’s someone I’d you to meet,” slipped out with a too casual air.

Derek slumped back in the booth, eyes rolling and fingers tightening against his own menu. “No,” he bit out, steadfastly ignoring the longsuffering sigh his uncle emitted.

“No,” Derek huffed again, jaw clicking as he dropped the menu.

Peter tugged at his collar, a gesture which could easily be unconscious but seemed purposeful as it drew attention to the pink scar tissue which peeked out from the edge of his neckline. Peter was just manipulative enough for such a maneuver, so Derek didn’t give him the satisfaction of looking cowed, even though the reminder curdled his stomach. He continued to avoid eye contact as his uncle sighed heavily, treading into the beginnings of the by now all too familiar “your sister and I only want you to be happy” guilt trip he’d heard a thousand times before. Derek let his head loll back with a petulant groan, but Peter continued, unperturbed in the slightest.

Derek didn’t even know where the idea came from, but all of a sudden the words “I’m seeing someone” spilled from between his tightly clenched teeth.

Peter immediately stopped talking, eyeing Derek with a healthy mixture of surprise, hope, and much deserved suspicion. “What?”

Derek shrugged noncommittally, his shoulders slumped forwards as shoved his hands into his pockets and willed Peter to believe him and shut the fuck up.

No such luck.

Peter’s head cocked, eyes narrowed as he studied his sullen nephew. “Why wouldn’t you tell us you were seeing someone after all this time...after Laura and I have tried to hard to encourage you?”
Derek felt another pang of guilt at that and slumped a little further into his seat. It would indeed have been a dick move, if it were true. To make the lie convincing, he'd need to come up with a good enough reason to have wanted a little privacy, even from his closely knit family.

“Well...who is she?” Peter asked, hands up expectantly.

“It’s a guy,” Derek ground out as explanation. “I’m gay now.”

Peter snorted, eyes rolling up towards the ceiling. “If you’re going to lie, at least lie well.”

Derek offered him a disinterested shrug in return, gaze meandering out the window in time to see a clunky blue jeep roll up in front on the diner. “You don’t have to believe me,” he huffed as he watched the driver stumble out of the jeep, a young guy with wild auburn hair, thick brows, and an impishly upturned nose. The boy’s eyes fix on his phone and not on the curb, which he almost immediately trips over, arms flailing as he scrabbled momentarily for balance. “That’s why I invited him here.”

Peter’s brows rose at that little development. “Here today?” he asked, pointing to the table to clarify, the suggestion seeming almost too beyond belief to him.

Derek nodded, glancing back out the see the guy still standing outside, nose still stuck in his phone as he tapped away with both thumbs, pink tongue caught between his teeth. “It’s still kinda new so just…don’t make it weird, ok?” Derek pleaded, sliding to the edge of his booth while he stole quick glances out the front window in case the kid got back in his jeep.

Peter held up his hands in supplication, brows still arched in open surprise. He watched his nephew slink off towards the front doors before quickly digging his own phone out of his back pocket and quickly scrolling for his niece’s name.

Stiles:

Stiles Stilinski’s day began much like any other. He woke alone in his grubby apartment to the shrill chime of his alarm clock, splayed haphazardly across his lumpy futon. He blindly slapped at his alarm like he did every morning before hauling himself to his feet and staggering to the bathroom for a quick shower.

Despite never being a morning person, Stiles picked the earliest classes available at the local community college he was attending to free up as much time as possible for his second full time commitment, stealthily looking after his father. No one, his father included, seemed to much understand his decision to study herbal sciences, but Stiles had always had a strong affinity for plants and their healing properties. His best friend Scott called him a witch, but his dad just worried about him being able to support himself in the long term. Stiles sometimes figured his dad was just too used to him failing to expect anything different, and tried to ignore the little jabs which the Sheriff likely had no clue cut so deep.

After class, Stiles rushed over to his dad’s place to do a load of laundry. The washer in his building was out of service again, and while he waited he could help but wash the dishes piled in the sink. He did other chores around the house as he noticed them, threw in a load of his dad’s laundry, went through the food in the fridge and threw out what had gone bad, all things his dad was usually too tired to do himself or notice when he came home from a double shift at the station.

His dad was working a double again that night, so after the laundry was done Stiles had decided to
go pick him up something for dinner. Stiles had been monitoring his dad’s nutrition ever since his last heart attack scare, and while the good Sheriff was hard pressed to be pulled from his beloved staples of burgers and fries, he was quite partial to a grilled mushroom now and then. He’d piled all his clothes back into the Jeep and headed to the vegan diner which had recently opened in town. The best part about the place was that they used the same cardboard takeaway containers as the greasy spoon his dad frequented, so he still hadn’t caught on to Stiles’ deception.

He was just texting his dad, asking him what sort of dressing he wanted with his salad and that no, the salad wasn’t an option, when an arm wound about his waist and he was being…kissed.

Stiles was being kissed.

By another person.

A man, if the stubble currently scratching the poor skin around his mouth was any indication.

Stiles wasn’t sure what he’d classify the noise that emitted from his throat when it finally sunk in that he was in fact being kissed on the mouth by a strange man he in fact did not know, but it was decidedly higher pitched than anything he’d ever care to admit. His whole body was seized in a sort of catatonic trance as the man finally pulled away, face pinched in confusion and what was about to turn to anger until he saw the ‘face’ of the man who had just laid one on him.

Stiles knew looks did not correlate to ‘goodness’, ok? His dad had given him the whole “hot guys can be rapists too” talk before he started college after Stiles got careless about clearing his browsing history and left a few telling links behind. Stiles also liked to think he wouldn’t lose his entire moral fortitude for a set of pale green eyes and a strong jaw, but good lord the man standing in front of him was hotter than the fucking *sun.* Stiles just gaped for a moment, his mouth hanging open, still tingling from the press of the other man’s lips and stubble.

“Wha-” he managed, blinking rapidly as he tried to recover his faculties. He’d barely had a chance to glance down at where Hot Guy was gripping him hard by the upper arm and waist when the guy was leaning into him again, his breath beating warm against Stiles’ temple when he spoke.

“I’m Derek. I need to borrow you as a boyfriend for fifteen minutes.”

Stiles blinked again, finally at least able to close his mouth as he scrunched his brows in confusion. Hot guy had just said words to him, and they’d even been in English, but strung together they made next to no sense. “You...what-?” Before he could get get another mumble out, the guy - Derek - was wrapping a burly leather clad arm around his shoulders, his head lowered to talk intimately even though his face never altered from its same stony visage.

“We’ve been dating a few months, I’ve talked about my uncle Peter and Sister Laura a lot. Help me get my uncle off my back and I’ll get you a two hundred dollar gift card to this place.”

The mention of the giftcard only made Stiles feel more like this was all some sort of prank. He was going to be dragged into the diner and sat at a table with Jackson fucking Whittemore or some other douchebag who wanted to make fun of the sad lonely virgin, because in no universe would a man who looked like Derek even look twice at him, much less expect to pass him off as a believable partner by choice.

But then he found himself being hip-checked into a booth in front of another unfairly attractive man in a ridiculously low cut V-neck t-shirt, who almost rivaled Stiles for the baffled astonishment on his face. Stiles swallowed hard, jostled as Derek slumped into the booth next to him, his arm once more winding about Stiles shoulders. He wanted to laugh for the absolute insanity of it all, but the way his
The uncle was looking at him. Derek was looking at him. Stiles Stilinski had never actually been on a date in all his twenty two years of life, much less dated another person long enough to know how to act natural around them for the benefit of their immediate family. He’d always thought things would be wildly different in college, that he’d suddenly come into his own and break out of his shell, find someone or even a few someones at trashy house parties, but it had never actually happened. He was awkward and goofy, terrible at flirting, and practically lived with his foot in his mouth. This Derek guy could not have made a more calculated error if he’d tried.

Now Stiles did laugh. A harsh little giggle that burst out and died almost as quickly, which earned him a quirked brow from both men. “Oh my god…”

“This is my boyfriend,” Derek said, about as much feeling and inflection as a sentient brick. He wound an arm about Stiles shoulders, jerking him in another few inches closer. “We’re in love.”

Stiles barked out another short laugh at the look ‘Uncle Peter’ leveled at them both, long suffering and oh so not buying this at all. “I’m sorry,” he offered, his cheeks heating with what he knew was a and oh-so-unappealing blotchy flush which only intensified as he felt the warm solid length of Derek’s strong thigh press against his own in the cramped booth. “I’m uh…Stiles….it’s nice to finally meet you.”

“Quite,” Peter responded, affect flat as he fixed Derek with a quick but painfully unimpressed stare. “I wish I could say the same, but Derek has never once mentioned you before.”

Stiles blinked rapidly, another of his little uncontrollable quirks which signaled his rising levels of anxiety. His hands were beginning to shake, so he stuffed them down between his thighs where they couldn’t be noticed. He then gave what he’d been hoping would be a playful scoff, but probably came off like he was choking on his own saliva. “Wow…well…you know how…closed…Derek can be-” Stiles offered, treading carefully as he was basing the assumption off the man’s demeanor over the combined two and a half minutes of their past acquaintance, though Derek being ‘closed’ seemed the safest fucking bet Stiles could ever and would ever make.

Peter’s lips pursed, the same thought evidently occurring to him as well.

“But!” Stiles cut in with a slight stammer. “We are totally dating! Yup…” he raised a hand to Derek’s chest, long fingers hovering above the broad expanse awkwardly before he forced himself to pat it, which he felt was something someone who was actually dating Derek might do. Possibly. He made a small noise at how solid the man’s chest was below his fingertips, the t-shirt covering it warmed by the skin beneath. He patted it again, this time for his own satisfaction and because he got slightly lost in the moment until Derek squeezed him again and brought him back to the present.

Peter carefully folded the fingers of both hands, resting his forearms on the table and leaning forwards conspiratorily, apparently allowing them to progress with their little ruse. “And what do you do, Stiles?”

Stiles swallowed again, shoulders twitching a bit under the heavy weight of Derek’s arm. His pits were starting to swamp up, and he could feel a cold sweat breaking out along his hairline. He shifted in his seat, almost squeaking when Derek’s arm actually tightened across his shoulders. “I’m a student,” he said, licking his dry lips before reaching for the glass of water in front of him. The diner was pretty busy, but he hoped their server showed up soon and broke the tension before he stroked out. He almost winced when Peter asked him what he was studying, just knowing from one look that the man before him would not approve of his Herbal Sciences major.
The eyebrow twitch was subtle, at least.

“So a student…” Peter steepled his fingers together, the pads tapping as he glanced back and forth between them with a calculating smirk. “Derek is thirty-one and rarely leaves his apartment, so how exactly did you two meet?”

“Grindr” Derek said, meeting his uncle’s eye dead on.

Stiles wanted to bury his head in his hands, aware he was probably as red as the heirloom tomatoes going on his dad’s grilled mushroom. Instead he just sat there, trying to project the aura of someone who used Grindr regularly to hook up with guys. Peter now was just looking at him like he was worried Stiles was about to throw up, so he opted for instead batting his lashes and forcing a wide smile.

Peter turned his attention to Derek then, amusement drying up into something bitter as he said “I see your little preference for Humans hasn’t changed, despite the gender switch-up.”

Derek’s hand clenched into a fist against his shoulder, the movement causing his leather jacket to creak. Stiles forced himself not to whip his head around to study the man’s face, because of course. Of *course* the stubbled supermodel next to him with the muscles and the otherworldly green eyes was a freaking werewolf. Wolves had been in the public eye since Stiles was a little boy, but there was still a strong faction of humans which remained staunchly opposed to their integration. Needless to say, some tensions remained between humans and Weres, as well as within factions of each group who thought each should stick to their own kind.

Stiles couldn’t help the little shiver which shuddered through him as he once more became keenly aware of all the places where he and Derek were pressed up against one another. Crowded against the wall, with Derek’s arm still heavy across his shoulders and muscled thigh pressed along his own much slimmer one, Stiles felt so small, aware of his own fragile humanity in a way he’d never been before.

Derek and Peter continued to quietly argue over him, almost ignoring his presence entirely, much to Stiles’ relief. Rather, Peter asked questions and Derek shrugged a lot, until finally Peter focused his cool gaze on Stiles once more as well. “So let me get this straight, you met on a hookup app, have absolutely nothing in common including Wolf status…” at this Peter frowned, inclining his head towards Stiles. “Have you ever been around a werewolf pack before?”

Stiles shook his head, attempting to look as casual as possible while trying not to swallow his own tongue.

“Of course not.” Peter returned, leveling Derek with an unimpressed glare which made Stiles seriously tempted to just crawl under the table to wait out the rest of the ordeal. Jeez, this guy took no prisoners.

“Shut up,” Derek huffed, his patience apparently thinned to the breaking point. “Look… I only introduced you cause you and Laura were so annoying, and you’re making it weird.”

Stiles winced at the effort it took Derek to grind the words past his clenched teeth, his heels bouncing nervously against the floor as he felt Derek tense beside him with every word. His heart hammered in his chest as he took Derek’s dangling hand and held it against his chest, fingers practically humming with electricity everywhere they pressed against warm bare skin. He flushed when Derek’s chin jerked down towards the point of contact, lower lip caught between his teeth at the fuzzy thrill of actually touching someone as hot as Derek like this, of being touched, even if it was all just for show.
Derek huffed again, mouth a grim line as though he were tamping down on something else he wanted to say, before he nodded curtly. Next thing Stiles knew, Derek was sliding out of the booth, dragging him out behind him. He squeaked at the first tug, Derek’s iron grip on his upper arm easily hauling him to the edge of the booth. “Wow...is that...are we?” he stuttered as he scrambled to his feet, Derek still leading him away from the booth by the arm towards the front of the diner. Stiles stumbled after him, the man’s swift and steady pace taking a moment to catch up with, especially when he changed a quick glance over his shoulder at where Peter still sat in the booth. “It was nice meeting you!” he waved over his shoulder, voice cracking as his hip jarred against another table, Derek’s grip on him the only thing keeping him from tripping over it.

Stiles only had the presence of mind to wriggle against Derek’s firm hold before the werewolf could haul him completely out of the diner with a shrill “My dad’s dinner! Derek wait-”

Derek paid for the dinner as well as getting him the aforementioned gift card. The two of them standing in awkward silence as they waited for the food, Derek’s hands shoved into his pockets and Stiles’ drumming anxiously on the counter. He managed one last pathetic little wave when Peter finally sauntered out of the diner himself. Peter never even paused in his strut, responding with a barely suppressed smirk before tossing “See you at brunch on Sunday, Derek, bring your herbologist” over his shoulder as he passed through the front doors.

“Fuck” Derek grit out under his breath, eyes rolling as the door closed behind his uncles retreating form.

“He seems nice,” Stiles offered cheerily, cheeks heating when the pinched glare immediately leveled at him relayed how pitiful his attempt at levity was. Derek glowered, pale eyes fixed again on the closed door, his jaw working beneath his dark stubble as he ground his teeth with calculated distaste.

Stiles was so caught up in staring at Derek that he almost jumped when the waitress set his to go order down in front of him with a quick “Here you go, hun.”

Stiles meekly took up the bag of food, gift card tucked in his back pocket as he waited for any signal from Derek on what was happening next. “Ok...well...this was....well not ‘fun’, but it was an experience-”

“Give me your phone,” Derek ordered, hand out expectantly before he even bothered to look at Stiles again.

“M-my phone?” Stiles chirped, pointing at the pocket of his jeans which contained said device, worried why Derek was asking.

Derek’s brows rose expectantly, his fingers flexing in what might as well have been an impatient snap. Stiles was hesitant but still complied, reached into his pocket to withdraw his phone and wincing as he placed it down gingerly atop Derek’s palm, praying to whomever listening that Derek wouldn’t do something crazy like smash it.

Thankfully, Derek did not, instead immediately thumbing open the lock screen with steady fingers and opening an app before tapping something out. “In case I ever need to borrow you as my boyfriend again,” he mumbled by way of explanation as he handed the whole back, his own phone buzzing in his jacket pocket as the text he apparently sent to himself went through. “Now I’ve got your number.”

Stiles swallowed hard. “Ok!” was all he could think to say in response, because honestly what else was he supposed to say to that? He watched as Derek took his own phone out and checked the text, those green eyes fixing on him again in way that made Stiles a little weak in the knees when Derek
looked up at him once more.

“What was your name again?”

Oh. There went his chub and any fledgling dignity or self confidence this little encounter might have otherwise stirred.

“What’s your name again?” he asked, wetting his lips when his voice cracked like a pubescent schoolboy’s. What was his life?

Derek made a face at that, but it was a face Stiles was well used to getting at this point, so he paid it little mind. He was just getting into his by now well practiced “my first name is Polish” speech when Derek turned away and walked out of the diner, leaving Stiles in his wake to sputter indignantly and process what the hell had just happened.

Stiles was still processing when he dropped off his dad’s dinner, mumbling something about going easy on the salt before exiting the station in a bit of a fog. He processed on the drive back to his dingy building, and while he hauled his freshly washed clothes up the stairs to his apartment. Processing wasn’t getting Stiles very far, so he opted for one of the beers left at the back of the fridge, the ones Scott had left there months ago the last time they’d hung out for pizza and video games. That of course was before Stiles had sold his TV and PS4 to help pay the rent that month after the jeep’s fuel injector pump had blown, taking most of his meager savings with it. Scott’s visits had been few and far between since he and his “on again off again” girlfriend Allison had become very much “on again”, and most attempts Stiles made to hang out had been either put off or cancelled at the last minute until he just sort of stopped asking. Instead, he’d turned his focus onto school and taking care of his dad, which meant that now when in crisis and in need of a bro, Stiles was a bit in the lurch.

He couldn’t tell his dad about Derek, that was for sure. His dad would probably do something drastic, like put a detail on Stiles, or make him move home, or at least berate him for letting some guy with a hot body and pretty face, a guy who was a werewolf and could be an axe murderer for all he knew, have his traceable phone number.

Stupid, stupid, stupid.

Stiles flopped down onto his lumpy futon with a whine, face buried in his arms as he tried to erase the events of the afternoon from his memory, an effort which proved futile when the giftcard Derek gave him was digging into his hipbone. “Ugh!” he groaned, squirming atop the bed until he could fish the card out and throw it onto his nightstand. “What the fuck is my life?”

Derek:

Armed with a “post forced encounter with Peter” carne asada taco from the taqueria down the street and a bag full of tamales for the rest of the week, Derek made his way back to his apartment. When his family had died over fifteen years ago in a fire set by his girlfriend, Derek hadn’t wanted any of the insurance money the surviving members had been paid out, so Peter had saved his share and invested a small portion in real estate around Beacon Hills. A few years down the road, when Derek was able to release some of the guilt and reconnect with his uncle and sister, he took more of a direct role in the properties his uncle had procured for him. He used managing the properties as more of a distraction than a source of income, though they were indeed lucrative. One of the buildings he’d
procured was an old warehouse he’d been converting into loft spaces. He’d finished an apartment for himself on the upper level before working his way down.

As the building was still undergoing some minor renovations it was otherwise relatively unoccupied, which suited Derek just fine. He had two other tenants, both on the ground floor. One was a contractor who’d been working with Derek on some other properties, and the other a divorcee Laura knew who just wanted somewhere quiet for herself and her cats. Sometimes, Derek considered just keeping the building as is, and not moving anyone else in. He liked things as they were, enjoyed the open industrial feel, the solitude.

His phone buzzed, catching his attention. When Derek picked it up, Laura’s name and picture flashed across the screen, a peppy drunken selfie she’d added to his phone the last she’d been over. He rolled his eyes and thumbed open the screen, mouth forming a pinched line as he read her text.

Laura: OMG! When were you going to tell me you got a BF? I had to hear it from Peter. >:(

Derek’s jaw clicked as he stared down at the message, thinking carefully how to reply.

Derek: Still new, wanted to give it time, like i told Peter.

Her reply popped up mere seconds later, just the word “picture!” surrounded by a swarm of random emojis that made Derek want to ignore her, but he knew better than to make her wait when she was on the scent like this. She was liable to take drastic action, like call or worse, come over.

Instead Derek pulled up his short contact list and selected Stiles’ name, tapping out a quick and to the point text to convey his needs.

Derek: Sister wants a pic, send a selfie

Stiles seemed like the kind of person who kept his phone close at hand, and he didn’t disappoint. Well, he complied at least, the picture itself was every bit as awkward as the lunch they had just shared that afternoon. Stiles looked worried, smile forced and big Bambi eyes wide as he looked into the camera. Derek snorted, a wry tug at the corner of his mouth threatening a smile as he typed out a reply.

Derek: That’s awful, do another

He could almost picture the kid’s rapid eye blinking as he read the text, that stupid mouth gaping like a fish. He set his phone down to heat one of the tomales, checking it when it buzzed again. This picture was better. The lighting was crap, but Stiles looked more natural. He had his head tilted against one cocked up shoulder, lower lip caught in his teeth as he bit back a little smile.

Stiles: that better? I feel stupid

Stiles’ bangs were soft against his forehead in the picture, not mussed with gel as they had been earlier. It made him look soft, younger even. He had a vulnerability to his face that none of Derek’s previous girlfriends had possessed, which Laura would likely appreciate, and would hopefully help her look past the fact that Stiles was obviously a fair bit younger than Derek.

Derek: It's fine

He sent Laura the picture, her response swift and once more full of assorted emojis and exclamation points. She thought Stiles was adorable, requesting more pictures since she ‘was excluded from the introduction.’
Derek huffed, torn between regretting that he’d ever started this little farce and hoping it would mean a temporary lull in their meddling once her curiosity and desire to guilt trip the ever loving fuck out of him had been sated. He shot Stiles another quick text as he pulled the tomame from the microwave and migrated to the couch.

_Derek:_ _She wants more pics, send 3, they can be older_

_Stiles:_ _Like pics I’d have sent to you? Or can other people be in them?_

_Derek:_ _Just you_ he clarified, knowing his sister would not believe for a second that Derek willingly hung out with Stiles’ friends and relations in the early stages he alleged their relationship to be in.

Laura had sent him about five question mark texts in the time it took Stiles to send him the requested pictures, so he sent her a text he was working, as he did whenever she rushed him and he wanted her to back off. The best part about being a property manager was he did have random call in’s with building issues from time to time. It wasn’t a lie he could fall back on too much, but was a nice ace up his sleeve, just in case.

The pictures Stiles sent were of him excitedly holding a Star Wars boxed set, him making a kissy face ridiculously close to the camera, and one which had obviously been taken by someone else which featured Stiles what appeared to be face down ass up in a cocoon of blankets, only his sleep slack face and tousled hair visible. He quickly sent all three to Laura, just before his phone buzzed again with another incoming text from Stiles.

_Stiles:_ _hope those r ok, don’t have a lot of selfies. Scott said boyfriends like smooch pics, so I took that one now_

Derek frowned down at the message, not sure who this ‘Scott’ person was, but also not able to dwell long as his sister sent in a flood of ‘omg CUTE’ messages which first drew his attention and then removed his will to look at his phone any more. He had a good fifteen minutes foolishly thinking she’d been sated before his phone buzzed yet again, the vibrations harsh on the coffee table before him. He frowned against the noise, quickly picking it up to read her message.

_Laura:_ _I need one of you together!_

“Fuck” he muttered, short and guttural as he tapped his phone absently against his knee. He considered telling her he didn’t have any, but he knew she was fishing, and after their sub par performance at the diner, Derek couldn’t afford to let her smell a rat if he wanted a reprieve from her “force Derek happy!” efforts.

Raising his phone again, he tapped out a quick text message to Stiles.

_Derek:_ _Give me your address_

A minute went by before he got a five question marks as a reply from Stiles, which seemed about five too many.

_Derek:_ _Sister wants pic of us together. I need to come over_

With every second that ticked by, Derek could picture Stiles gaping down at his phone with that dumb slack mouth, his eyes wide and fawn-ish like they’d been at the diner and he struggled to formulate some sort of reply. Derek didn’t know what there was to think about, the whole ordeal would take two minutes at the most. Fuck, it better not take more than two minutes.

_Stiles:_ _this is kind of weird, and my place is a mess_
Derek rolled his eyes. It wasn’t as though this was something he was chomping at the bit to do either. Remembering Stiles’ earlier comment about trying to get nudes, Derek figured Stiles was worried he was coming over with ulterior motives. Derek couldn’t help the wry snort that tickled the back of his throat. The kid had no idea just how wrong of a tree he was barking up if he thought Derek was just trying to con his way into his pants, even if those Bambi eyes did amp up his wolfish prey instincts. In actuality, it had been well over five years since Derek last had sex. He masturbated, liked getting off, but as with most things, he had always only been drawn to only a few select people, and his rare attractions had never ended well. He’d tried casual sex, always had a steady stream of offers whenever he had ventured out to bars or clubs when he was younger. The sex had almost been repellent in its hollowness though, nothing he craved, so he’d simply stopped going out, stopped accepting offers and hardened himself until no one really bothered to make them anymore.

Derek: Just need a photo, fully clothed. In the hall if you want

Thankfully, Stiles’ next text was his address.

Derek parked at the far end of the parking lot, under the harsh glare of the one working street lamp, not willing to leave the Camaro too close to the other junky heaps which clustered together in front of the brick complex. He recognized the blue jeep sitting in one of the spaces, Stiles’ earthy scent hitting him as he passed the car and made his way up the steps to the front door. He frowned in displeasure when he saw that the locking mechanism was broken and he didn’t need to be buzzed in, nose curling as he was hit with the unmistakable scent of cat piss as entered the building. The walls were almost vibrating from the base of the fully blasted music blaring from the apartment at the end of the hall, and the elevator had a handwritten “Broken” sign taped to it with about five layers of packing tape that seemed to have been there for some time.

Stiles’ apartment was on the second floor, according to his text. Derek scanned the numbers as he walked down the hallway, his hackles rising as he passed a door and sensed the presence of another werewolf, an alpha at that. Stiles’ apartment was just two doors down, the frame next to the lock cracked where it had apparently been kicked in and haphazardly patched with another piece of wood on top.

“Christ,” he muttered, resisting the urge to press against the frame and test the give, not wanting to know how poorly secured it really was. He knocked twice hard, hands shoved deep in his jacket pockets as he waited for Stiles to open the door. He heard a light thud followed by a muffled curse before Stiles voice came out through the door, high and unsure.

“Who is it?”

Derek frowned, wondering how many different guys Stiles could possibly expect to turn up on his doorstep. “Derek,” he grit out, scowl fully affixed when Stiles finally cracked the door and peeked out. Stiles sighed before flushing, lip between his teeth as he glanced down at himself.

“Shit man,” Stiles said. “You got here quick. I um...I’m not wearing pants.” He opened the door, fingers sheepishly tugging the hem of his oversized Beacon Hill Sheriff Department t-shirt down over his crotch. He was wearing boxers, hardly anything scandalous. His skinny legs were long and pale, his calves dusted with hair. The neckline of the shift tugged down when he crossed his arms self consciously, baring a bit of collarbone and smooth chest.

Derek just strode in with a shrug. “I’ll live,” he grunted, brows furrowing even deeper when he saw Stiles wedge a chair back under the doorknob. Stiles noticed him watching and gave out a nervous laugh, idly rubbing the back of his neck as he motioned to the door. “My werewolf neighbor was drunk on some wolfsbane laced stuff last week and mixed up our apartments again. He uh...kicked the door in-”
Derek realized he must be making a sour face at the way Stiles’ eyes kept widening, posture slumped and submissive as he slunk by Derek and into the small open kitchenette. “Your landlord should fix that,” Derek bit out, watching Stiles open the fridge and then disappear as he leaned into it.

“Oh he did!” Stiles piped out. “He nailed the board in outside, but it isn’t super stable, so I put the chair up.” He popped back out then, a beer clutched in each hand, one of which he extended to Derek in offering.

Derek shook his head.

“Your landlord should fix that,” Derek bit out, watching Stiles open the fridge and then disappear as he leaned into it. “He nailed the board in outside, but it isn’t super stable, so I put the chair up.” He popped back out then, a beer clutched in each hand, one of which he extended to Derek in offering.

Derek shook his head. “This won’t take long, I just need a few pictures to shut my sister up.”

Stiles nodded, putting both the beers back in the fridge before wiping his hands on his shirt. He coughed to clear his throat, arm flailing at bit as he pointed towards the couch. “Why don’t you uh-um...sit down?”

Derek moved to the couch, a cheap lumpy monstrosity that was too large for the small room and faintly smelled like other people. It was the only other furniture in the room besides an empty TV stand and the scratched coffee table, on which was perched a laptop with a social media page pulled up featuring a picture of a guy and girl Stiles’ age with their faces pressed together, lips pursed out. Stiles fumbled for the laptop, quickly closing it just as Derek noticed there were at least fifteen other tabs open as well next to it.

“Sorry about that,” he mumbled, drawing the laptop defensively against his chest as he backed up towards the kitchenette again, setting the computer down gingerly on the counter. “I just thought I’d look through my friend’s pictures to get ideas, cause he posts a ton with him and his girlfriend.”

Derek watched him, unsure if Stiles was talking because he expected Derek to engage with him or just to fill the silence, so he opted to ignore his ramblings. His eyes wandered back to the TV stand, a cheap grey “dorm” type piece with two glass shelves intended for DVD players or game consoles, but which currently only housed a few sad DVD cases and one coiled up cable. There were water stains in the ceiling above them, and the floors had layers of old gauges in them that probably went back twenty years. “Did your drunk neighbor rob you too?” he asked, indicating the sparse furnishings.

“No,” Stiles said with a sheepish giggle. “I kind of had to sell...a few things to cover the rent. I mean I miss my TV and PS3 the most, but at least I can still watch Netflix on my laptop and stuff.” He shrugged, rubbing a hand over his smooth jaw as he glanced towards the empty stand himself.

Derek looked up again at the water stains, thought back to the useless broken security door and shoddy mending job on Stiles’ front door of his apartment, the cat piss and obvious signs of wear and tear that beyond toed the line of neglect. “You live in a shithole,” he asserted.

Stiles gave another of his short harsh laughs that Derek was beginning to think were beyond the limits of his own impulse control, a sort of necessary release for the overabundance of nervous energy coursing through him. He shrugged, ruffling his hair self consciously as he looked around, wincing as he took in what Derek had seen as though he’d by now gone blind to it. “Yeah...well...student, you know?” he said, by way of explanation. “My dad works really hard but doesn’t make a lot...so I don’t like asking for money. Student Housing didn’t have space and this was nicer than some other places I looked at.”

Derek nodded, catching the sour notes of Stiles’ humiliation in the air. He instead fished his phone out, indicating Stiles closer with a tilt of his head. “Let’s get this over with,” he suggested, unlocking his phone with a swipe.

He almost dropped it when Stiles planted himself right in Derek’s lap, arms moving on reflex to
quickly deposit the kid onto the floor. Stiles fell off Derek’s lap in a tangle of flailing limbs at the sudden shift in gravity, landing on his ass with a high pitched grunt and dull thud.

“My ass…” Stiles whined, leaning on the coffee table with one arm when he got to his knees to he could rub his sore butt.

Derek was on his feet in an instant, hands clenched at his sides. “What the hell are you doing?” he demanded, tone clipped an impatient.

“Dude, I was just trying to take the picture you wanted!” Stiles insisted, glaring up at Derek from his position on his knees until he realized how it looked. He quickly scrambled to his feet, hand still rubbing his one buttcheek and cheeks stained a blotchy red. “Scott and Allison have tons of dumb pictures of her sitting in his lap, so does my friend Lydia and her boyfriend. I just thought it would look legit for your sister.”

“Well I don’t do that, even with people I’m really dating,” Derek snapped, arms crossing over his chest.

Stiles’ head fell back dramatically, mouth gaping yet again as he rolled his eyes. “Well I see that now, Jesus…” He scrubbed his hands down his face, heaving out a heavy sigh as he motioned again to the couch. “Just…sit there…and I’ll-I’ll sit next to you. Is that allowed when you date someone, big guy?”

Derek glared at him, eyes narrowed at the snippy side comment. “That’s fine,” he grit out through his teeth, staring Stiles down a second longer before sitting back down on the couch. Stiles sat next to him, old frame creaking under their combined weight. Their knees brushed but Stiles was angled towards him, creating a bit of distance.

“So how do you want to do this?” Stiles asked, indicating between them with a jerk of his hand. “Should it look posed or more natural?” The question just earned him another stone-faced glare, to which Stiles immediately raised his hands in surrender. “Natural it is, Sourwolf.”

Derek’s face twitched at the name, but he chose not to comment on it as Stiles was gingerly sitting down again, this time beside him on the couch. Stiles considered them a moment, long fingered hands hovering above his own thighs as he decided how best to sit. He carefully leaned into Derek then, skinny body curling in towards Derek’s until his hand tentatively rested on Derek’s chest. Derek could hear Stiles’ sharp little intake of breath at the contact, the kid’s eyes wide and unsure as he wriggled closer, each inch further testing the waters until his head was nestled in the crook of Derek’s neck.

“This ok?” Stiles asked, the words brushing warm over Derek’s skin, a tingling rustle against his stubbled cheek.

Derek nodded, not quite trusting his ability to speak at the moment. It had been years since anyone but Laura had sat with him like this, and he found himself fighting down the instinct to push Stiles away and create distance. Stiles’ body was warm against his where they were pressed together, his bare knee doing its college best to wedge itself under Derek’s thigh and wayward tufts of his hair tickling against his jaw and ear.

“Ok, this looks boyfriendsy, right? Super cuddly,” Stiles mumbled, again likely more to fill the silence than with the expectation of a response. Derek thumbed open his camera app, trying to ignore the gentle little gusts of Stiles’ breath against the underside of his jaw as the kid pretty much lay on him and waited. He held the phone up, both of them adjusting a little so they were in frame as Derek lined up the shot. Stiles’ wide mouth broadened into a cheesy smile as he canted his face up against
Derek’s at the last second, Derek’s eyes shifting down on reflex to side-eye him, blurring the picture a little.

“I think the whole ‘pretend’ thing will be a lot more convincing if you don’t look quite so morose,” Stiles chirped, brows raising a bit as he pointed to the smile still forced across his own mouth.

Derek quirked up a brow, tapping the shutter to take another picture. He studied the picture, grunting at the forced awkwardness staring back at him, shrugging his shoulder to push Stiles’ weight off him while he thought.

“I think if we were dating, I’d probably be the one to take the selfies,” Stiles finally said, his words coming out in a nervous rush like he’d been prepping them in his head during the past few moments of silence. When Derek looked over at him, he flushed, immediately taking the look as a request to explain himself. “My buddy Scott has like a thousand pictures of him and his girlfriend, but it’s only cause Allison takes them. Not that like...I’d be the girlfriend in this scenario, but Scott doesn’t really do the selfie thing, and I’m getting that vibe from you too. Not that ‘I’ do the selfie thing, but I think between the two of us I’d probably be more likely to-”

“Just take it,” Derek cut him off, pushing the phone insistently against his chest and ignoring the eager skip of Stiles’ heartbeat at the contact.

Stiles fumbled as he almost dropped it, pink staining his cheeks and neck as he held up the now secure phone and repositioned himself as he was before. He held out the phone, arm shaking a little as he tried to steady the camera, but the angle was all wrong. He mumbled an apology before shifting a bit and trying again. He snapped a few pictures, but they all looked wrong, shaky and awkward.

Derek sighed heavily, wanting the whole ordeal over and done with. He wrapped an arm around Stiles’ waist and hauled him up against him. Stiles let out this strangled little noise, hands bunched into fists as he let Derek manhandle him into position. He couldn’t deny the little whirl of heat that coursed through him at the way Stiles went all soft and slack in his grip, compliant in a way Derek’s past partners and overbearing family never were. He didn’t hate it, but tried to put it out of his mind, focusing instead on leaning back into the armrest and pulling Stiles back to lay against his chest. Stiles’ body went taut against him once they’d settled into position, his heart hammering and scent sour with anxiety, but he gave a little cough and held up the phone, taking a few pictures. The angle was better now, and the position decidedly more natural. Derek felt Stiles’ flat belly suck in on a sharp inhale when his hand found the boy’s stomach, curling around his waist as a touch of ownership which he knew his sister would notice and appreciate.

They took a few more pictures, Derek deeming the job done when hints of arousal began seep into Stiles’ anxious chemosignals. He hauled Stiles up by the shoulders, releasing him when he let out an indignant squawk and immediately scrambled to the other side of the small couch. Derek scanned the pictures quickly, deleting most of them as they looked absolutely ridiculous. The last two though actually looked pretty good. Stiles’ nerves had worn down the cheesy grin into something soft and almost sleepy, and Derek’s own face looked less bitchy and more...relaxed. He chose one of those and sent it to Laura, along with one of the first pictures, complete with Stiles’ derpy face and Derek’s own barely contained irritation.

When he was finished he stood, pocketing the phone and glancing over at where Stiles was huddled against the opposite side of the couch, knobby knees tucked up against his chest and arms wrapped around his bare legs. He managed a weak smile, color still high on his cheeks. “Got everything you needed then?” he asked, voice cracking a bit at the end before he gnawed shyly at his lower lip, big honey eyes wide and searching.

Derek nodded, hands shoved in his pockets as he stood awkwardly, unsure of how to tactfully make
his exit. “I’ll text you if I need to borrow you again,” he finally said, mentally cursing at the words as soon as they were out.

Stiles let out one of his awkward giggles, arms linking tighter around his legs. “Wow, ok... sounds good. I’ll uh... see you around, Derek.”

Derek nodded again, shorter and more curt than he intended, but once it was done he didn’t know how to take it back. Instead he made his way to the front door, gaze falling by chance on the sad empty TV stand as he passed. He moved the chair to open the door but paused on his way out, unable to stop himself from looking down again at the splintered frame held together by a half-assed piece of wood. “Make your landlord fix this properly,” he said, loud enough that Stiles is sure to hear him clearly. “It’s not safe.”

He glanced over to where Stiles had perked up from his position on the couch. Stiles licked his lips, red and swollen where he’d been teething at them. “O-ok,” he stammered, eyes wide and expectant, as though he was waiting for Derek to keep going. Derek didn’t know what else to say though, so he just closed the door behind him.

Derek turned, ready to take his leave, but stopped abruptly. His eyes fell again on the poorly mended doorway, and he inhaled to take in the faint but still discernable traces of the alpha who had broken in. Stiles said it had been an accident, and thankfully nothing much had come of it beyond his door being kicked in, but Derek disliked the idea of Stiles—in all his human fragility—being at the whim of such a wolf again.

Raising his arm, Derek ran his palm along the length of Stiles’ door frame; two firm strokes down and then a third back up to again to repeat the motion until he was confident his scent was well layered on the scuffed up wood. He may have only been a Beta, but Derek was confident the smell of another wolf would help mitigate any further ‘confusion’ should Stiles’ Alpha neighbor partake in any enhanced libations again.
Stiles:

Stiles nearly fell on his face in his haste to get out of the shower when his phone began blaring “I Fought the Law” from its resting place on the sink countertop. He dried his hands and hair enough to pick up the phone before answering the call with a chipper “Daddy-O!”

“Jesus, kid, lower the volume just a hair ok?” the Sheriff groaned, his voice distant as though he’d physically recoiled back from the receiver.

Stiles winced, dabbing the towel against his damp face before lowering it to rub over his junk. “Sorry, sorry,” he said, much quieter. “Just always happy to hear from my favorite father. What’s up?” He frowned at his dad’s responding heavy sigh, could picture him hunched over his desk clear as day, rubbing his temples and looking about five years too old.

“I’ve been getting those...headaches again,” John ground out, voice rough. “Have another one now, but I’m out of that tea you gave me. Do you have any more?”

Stiles tried not to preen when his dad was in obvious pain, but it was hard to force down the smile that crept into the corners of his mouth. It was so rare that Stiles felt needed, truly needed by his father, that he felt he had something of real value to provide. He knew his dad didn’t understand his career path, but it was little moments like this, where his dad could crack the nearest bottle of Aleve but instead called Stiles for one of his “potions” that the Sheriff so loved to besmirch or fondly chide any other day of the week, that Stiles had hope.

“Oh, let me look quick.” Stiles padded out of the bathroom to the cupboard where he kept his tins and tinctures. He fumbled through them, humming to himself as he looked for the choppy green of the dried feverfew and old coffee tin that contained his white willow bark. Both were low, the bark had enough for one pot of tea but little else, which meant it was time for another trip to the preserve to stock up again. “I’ve got a bit, yeah.” he said into the receiver. “I’ll bring it over in twenty minutes. If it’s bad, rub some of the peppermint oil I left in your top left drawer on the back of your neck”

“You put what in my desk?” The Sheriff asked, tired incredulity creeping into his tone.

“No, I put peppermint oil in the top left drawer.” Stiles was still grinning when he hung up, a spring in his step as he bounced back to his room to get dressed. On his way out, he packaged up the last of the tea and the big stainless steel infuser that could hold the bark. He also grabbed the sharp little curved blade he used to harvest his supplies, and his linen grocery tote he liked to store the cut plants in. Once he’d pulled up to the station, Stiles packed the infuser for his dad so all he had to do was plop it in a mug of hot water and let it steep before going in.
His dad on the phone when he reached his office, Deputy Parrish sitting in the chair opposite with a notebook on his lap. The sheriff waved him in, pointing down at the mug of hot water which was already waiting on the desk, bear shaped bottle of honey at the ready next to it. Stiles scoffed, snatching it away before his dad could stop him, earning a glare.

“You are not drowning it in this crap,” Stiles hissed, scooting back when his dad tried to reach forward and reclaim the cheap off-brand honey.

John claimed another call and put the person he was talking to on hold, dead-eyeing Stiles as he pushed a shoulder up to keep the phone in place while leaned forward and pointed firmly into the mug. “It tastes like dirt on its own, Stiles. Pour some in there.”

“I put some mint and lemon oil in for taste this time,” Stiles insisted, holding the bottle high out of reach.

The Sheriff’s brows only climbed higher, finger arcing once more towards the steaming mug until Stiles relented with a groan. “Fine, but just a little, and only if you promise to actually leave that” he indicated the infuser” in there for at least four more minutes.”

Satisfied he’d gotten his way, the Sheriff resumed his phone call, offering Stiles a contented nod when his son squeezed a thick dollop of golden honey into the mug. He glanced over his shoulder when he felt eyes on him and found Parrish watching his movements, head tilted forward he he could see.

“You’re like a witch or something,” Parrish commented, nodding towards the mug where bits of bark were still sticking out of the infuser.

Stiles shrugged, rounding the desk to the drawer where he’d left the peppermint oil and withdrawing it, sure his father hadn’t already done so despite his suggestion. “Herbal medicine has been around for thousands of years,” he offered, only a little prickly. “It’s basic, but it works.” He deftly avoided his father’s flapping hand as it tried to smack him away, managing to rub the roller ball tip along the back of his dad’s neck a few times before the Sheriff shrugged him off with a hand over the receiver.

“You need anything?” the Sheriff asked quickly. “Got enough money for rent? Groceries?”

Stiles knew his bank account was pitifully low, that he was going to have to fish for change in the jeep again to pay for groceries because every penny of his coming paycheck was already spoken for, but he shook his head. “Just take your medicine,” he mumbled, leaning down to kiss the top of his dad’s head fondly before taking his leave.

Almost as soon as he entered the preserve, Stiles felt the tension which normally kept him wound tight as a spring finally begin to uncoil. He’d rolled his windows down as he drove, enjoying the warm breeze, trees around him golden in the late afternoon sun. Once parked, he quickly made his way through the trees towards a stream, knowing it was a favorite place for willows to grow.

He found several that were too immature before he almost quite literally stumbled across a few white willows that were at just about the perfect size. The most potent bark was that from a young tree, about two to three years at the most. Stiles was the first to admit that he could be a bit ‘erratic’ at times, but when it came to harvesting ingredients for his remedies and tinctures, he was almost methodical. Propping open one of his linen bags, he laid out the rest of his tools in a row before making quick work of a few branches. He tossed the cut pieces into the bag, humming to himself as he went.

The feverfew ended up taking some finding, so Stiles ambled around the preserve, collecting other
herbs or mushrooms he chanced upon until his second bag was beginning to bulge at the sides. He wandered deeper into the preserve than he normally went, grateful that the grass seemed worn down into a path of sorts but still mindful of landmarks so that he could remember his way back. He was nibbling a few wild huckleberries off the tree when he finally spied his prize in a clearing ahead.

Stiles jogged forward, eager to get back to his jeep while the sun was still out. He plopped himself down on ground in the midst of the white flowers before he began to nimblly pluck at their stems. One by one he dropped them into the bag he’d propped open in his folded legs, his curved little blade making quick work of their delicate stems but also saving his fingertips from stains and ensuring he maintained a relatively clean break, better preserving the stem until it could be properly dried.

His head shot up at the sound of crunching leaves and snapping twigs, hands frozen mid task as he sought out the source of the noise. The most wildlife he’d ever seen in the preserve was a deer and some squirrels, and he didn’t think there were mountain lions this far south, but he also knew with his luck he’d find some hungry straggler ravenous for lonely brunette herbal scientists or something. Even crazier than a mountain lion though, the intruder on his solace turned out to be Derek. Stiles mentally stomped out the unconscious “his Derek” addendum his brain tried to tack onto the end of that realization, refusing to allow himself to go there even one solitary second. The refusal became more desperate as he helplessly skimmed his eyes down Derek’s absurdly gorgeous cut upper body to find him apparently freeballing in goddamn sweatpants. Stiles tried to look away, told himself on a loop not to look at Derek’s crotch, so of course he then found himself glued to the very visible outline of Derek’s cockhead pressed against the front of said grey sweatpants.

Stiles opened his mouth to speak, then closed it again. Sort of.

“What are you doing here?” Derek snapped, and from the tone and the raised eyebrows Stiles guessed it wasn’t the first time he’d asked.

Stiles tried to close his mouth, his it seemed intent on staying open. He tried to force himself not to look at Derek’s dick again, but in doing so ended up gaping at his abs instead. They were really good abs, and Derek had this perfectly formed V-cut that disappeared into the waistband on his sweats that Stiles just wanted to drag his tongue down-

“This is private property,” Derek said, tone clipped.

Stiles scoffed, hand waving in Derek’s general direction. “It’s a nature preserve, calm down” he retorted, proud he was able to manage the snippy tone he’d been aiming for despite still being on the brink of swallowing his own tongue. “Besides, I can’t help but notice you’re trespassing too, buddy.”

Derek’s eyes narrowed at him, arms crossing over his built chest in a way that unfairly managed to be more distracting as it bulged out the muscles in his shoulders and arms. “Yes,” he ground out, teeth clenched. “The Hale preserve, my family owns it.”

The revelation hit Stiles in waves, his eyes rapidly blinking as it hit him who exactly Derek was. “You’re Derek Hale,” he mused, the words rubbery in his mouth. He was surprised that he hadn’t put it together before. The Hales were a household name around Beacon Hills, their tragic loss well known. Derek, Peter, and Laura were the only three who had survived the fire, and Stiles keenly remembered seeing their pictures and names in files spread out across his father’s desk at the station, and later, when the case had gone cold, poorly hidden in his office at home. Derek had been much younger in those pictures, and Peter’s demeanor had altered significantly enough that Stiles had not recognized him.
Of course, after all of this careful reflection, what ended up tumbling out of his stupid mouth was
“What...I don’t get fake boyfriend perks of trespassing on your family’s land?”

Derek huffed out a noise that sounds dangerously close to a snort, though his face betrayed little
emotion to further indicate his amusement.

“You own an entire nature preserve?” Stiles continued incredulously, having never met a line he
wouldn’t at the very least toe, or more accurately poke with a stick. “Just how filthy rich are you,
exactly?”

Derek squints at him in a withering enough fashion that Stiles holds his hands up in surrender before
rising to his feet. He ran his hands self consciously over his ass and knees to brush free any stuck on
grass before reaching down to collect his things.

“What were you doing?”

Stiles looked up at him on reflex before remembering why it was such a bad idea. Derek’s gorgeous
barechested body was just waited to make him go tonguetied again, or salivate, or god forbid chub
up like a horny teenager. Stiles forced his gaze to remain north of Derek’s sweatpants dick, allowing
himself a depressing peruse of sculpted pectorals and broad shoulders before finding his face once
more. Derek wasn’t even sweating. The guy had been running barely two minutes ago, and not only
was he not winded in the slightest, but he didn’t have any sort of sheen across his smooth skin.

Remembering that Derek had asked him a question, Stiles licked his lips, wiping his clammy palms
on the front of his t-shirt. “I’m ah...collecting some materials, actually. I’m studying herbal medicine
and I make this headache cure tea for my dad - he’s the Sheriff you so, you know, lots of tension
headaches…”

Derek nodded, his body tense and face betraying absolutely nothing. “So those flowers...they’re part
of the medicine?”

Stiles nodded, slow and dumb as he waited for the other shoe to drop. For Derek to make some sort
of crack about what grown man plays around with flowers all day, or remind him that drug stores
carried stuff called Tylenol that worked for most of the general population. But Derek just stood
there, quiet and intently focused, like he was waiting for Stiles to continue.

“Yeah-” Stiles drawled out, tongue thick in his mouth. He stooped down to collect his bags, drawing
them protectively against his chest like he was worried Derek was going to confiscate them. “It’s
mostly stuff for my dad, for his indigestion and headaches...Look, I honestly thought the preserve
was public land again-”

He trailed off when he saw Derek craning his neck forwards, unsubtly trying to peer inside his linen
tote. Following his first instinct to appease the riled landowner, Stiles reached in and pulled out a
handful of branches, flowers, and berry stems, the end result of which looked like some slapdash
bouquet when he held it out for Derek’s inspection. “The white flowers and willow stems are good
for headaches,” he said. “The yellow flowers and herbs for indigestion, and the berries for
constipation, all of which are par for the course when you’re Sheriff of Beacon County, in case you
were considering a run for office.”

Derek’s quirked a brow indicated he’d word-vomited again, but he still took a step forward to inspect
the plants Stiles was offering in his ramrod grip. “You go to school for this?” he asked, thumbing
gingerly through a few white buds to glimpse at what else was hidden beneath.

Stiles felt like his chest was too full, keyed up with too much air he’d likely taken in for the usual
prepared tyrade he had about why his chosen field wasn’t a complete waste of time, but he deflated at the notable lack of bite in Derek’s tone. “Yes?” he managed weakly, almost unsettled by the other man’s apparent genuine interest. “I uh...my mom liked using essential oils when I was little. I think it kind of stuck, or something.”

Derek nodded, leaning down to pluck another of the flowers from the ground and hold it up for inspection before lining it up against Stiles’ bundle. “So this one, which is it?” His eyes were earnest when he met Stiles’ again, their closeness and the late afternoon light allowing Stiles to perfectly pick out the gold and flecks of brown whirled with that pale sage green in his irises.

Stiles’ face went a bit stupid, his teeth clamping down hard on the insides of his cheeks to bite down on the goofy smile that tried to break free. “That one’s feverfew,” he said, mouth feeling a little rubbery as he rubbed the back of his neck with his free hand. “It’s for uh h-headaches.”

“I’ve never had a headache,” Derek said, short and curt.

“Oh...ok,” Stiles replied, not knowing what else to say as he self consciously put his handful of harvested plants back into his bag.

“No,” Derek frowned, maybe even growled a little, which made Stiles tingle all over. “I just meant...born wolves don’t get sick. We don’t get headaches, or stomach aches….not like humans.”

“Oh.” Stiles shifted, stood a little taller now that he realized Derek was trying to have an actual conversation with him. “That’s crazy...can you like go bite my dad then? Cause he’s pretty much a ball of misery 24/7.”

“I’m not an alpha,” Derek snapped, that bit of openness Stiles had glimpsed sealing right back up.

“And you shouldn’t say things like that. The wrong wolf might take you up on it, and the bite doesn’t always take.”

Stiles’ hands flew up again in surrender, a gesture he felt would become keenly routine around Derek, but he also felt his own ire rise as well. “Yeah, easy for you to say,” he bit back, adjusting the handles of his bags over his shoulder and fishing his keys out of his pocket. “You never had to deal with the human shit that might put my dad in the ground, so ex-fucking-scuse me.” He strode forward, head ducked and intending to push right past Derek’s rigid figure, but one of the other man’s hands shot out to catch him by the upper arm as he passed.

On reflex, Stiles stilled, but his head whipped around to meet Derek’s gaze head on. “What?” he asked, emotion welling up in his chest, thick in his throat. He was just so tired, and the preserve had been his little sanctuary for so long, the mere notion he couldn’t return was more crushing than he could have anticipated. “I’m sorry I went on your land, ok? It won't happen again.”

Derek’s fingers tightened around his arm when he tried to leave again, pulled him closer to that the soles of his tattered sneakers actually dragged against the dirt. “Stiles,” he hedged, anger melting into something Stiles couldn’t recognize. “Stiles wait...don’t…” Derek huffed again, both of them fixed on the point of contact between them. Stiles’ arm felt aflame where Derek touched him, but he could feel the fight draining from him. He grew keenly aware of how close Derek stood, of the heat radiating from the bare skin of his chest, of the maybe two inches Derek had on Stiles in height that somehow let him seem to tower in that moment.

“I’m sorry” he didn’t say, but Stiles could hear it anyways, knew he meant it. “Don’t let me just cause
you feel bad,” he said, the final challenge an impulse he couldn’t hold back. “I don’t want your pity.”

“It’s not-” Derek inhaled deeply through his nose, arms folding before him again in what Stiles was beginning to recognize as his signature defensive stance when he didn’t have pockets to shove his hands into. Derek glared out into the trees a moment, jaw clicking as he composed himself. “It’s been a long time. It would be nice if someone actually used the land for something.”

Stiles deflated, the fight going out of him. He scoffed, a playful flicker tugging helplessly at the side of his mouth. “Something other than deepening that V-cut, you mean?” he asked, tongue stuck hard into the inside of his cheek, popping it out.

Derek rolled his eyes, shifting his stance. “You’re an idiot.”

“The idiot you’re fake dating” Stiles reminded him, laughing when at Derek’s resulting grunt. He watched as Derek turned to resume his run, eyes trailing down the broad expanse of Derek’s back to his surprisingly round ass plumping out the back of his sweats.

“Oh, and Stiles!”

Stiles’ eyes shot back up to find Derek looking over his shoulder, 1,000% having caught Stiles in the act of sexually objectifying him. Fuck.

“Get your door fixed!” Derek’s cocky smirk only confirming Stiles’ previous suspicion.

His cheeks heating, Stiles sputtered indignantly, heaving his bags back onto his shoulders and throwing up a middle finger in Derek’s statuesque direction. “Not all of us own entire preserves, jerk!”

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Derek:

As a social worker, Laura’s free time was often few and far between, so she and Derek usually spent their “sibling bonding time” running errands. It suited Derek fine. He relished the opportunity to see his sister without the awkward forced conversations which so often accompanied dinner at a restaurant or lounging on the couch with takeout and HGTV reruns. On errands they had a mission to complete, a set goal to keep track of while making idle chit chat. Laura kept the conversation light as they were in public, and Derek grunted out answers to her blessedly benign questions.

He’d been worried when she’d first picked him up, the two of them heading to Target in her SUV not even five minutes before the words “So how’s things going with that guy?” were out of her mouth.

Derek glanced out the side window, watching the buildings pass by. “Stiles?” he asked, keeping his voice even and forcing down the immediate reflex for irritation at her pestering. At least this time she was asking after a guy she thought he was dating, and not rattling off about some coworker she “just so happened” to think would be perfect for Derek, yet somehow never actually was. “He’s fine.”

“You still seeing him?” she hedged, eyes on the road and tone too casual, a product of her hanging around Peter the past ten years.

“Yes,” he said, immediately graced with the mental image of Stiles kneeling in the grass as he’d been when Derek had found him in the preserve, smelling of flowers and dirt warmed by the summer sun. He shifted in his seat, fingers skimming over the bulge of his phone in his pocket. Stiles had texted him once since their chance encounter at the preserve, sending a picture which showed of the flowers he’d collected hanging to dry with the caption ‘fake boyfriend perks are awesome!’
Derek had found it a little ridiculous, seeing as Stiles had been apparently collecting plants from the preserve for some time without being caught. He would suspect Stiles was making an excuse to talk to him if that didn’t seem equally absurd, especially since the kid hadn’t texted again since. “He’s doing fine.”

Laura seemed pleased with the crumbs of acknowledgement and changed the subject, yammering on about one of her clients who was driving her mental. Derek was fairly certain it was a complete violation of privacy policy in her line of work, but his sister worked harder than most and needed the release. She was still talking when they parked at Target, when they ordered frilly over complicated drinks from the small interior Starbucks, and as they wandered the aisles aimlessly. Derek pushed the cart, sipping at some Midnight Mocha monstrosity and nodding as Laura talked about what a pain in the ass the changeover to the new waiver system was.

Ever the stress shopper, Laura had a few pairs of shoes, a dress, a Ninja juicer, and four bottles of body wash in the cart before bullying Derek into letting her buy him two throw pillows he didn’t need or particularly like. He drew the line finally when she insisted on smelling every single candle out on display, the smells far too cloying and artificial for his tastes.

After a quick mumble that he’d be back, Derek wandered over to the next aisle. He quickly found himself in the electronics section, standing before a wall of TVs. He stared at them, their screens flickering with brightly colored commercials which played just out of sync with one another. Peter and Laura had bought his TV, just shown up one day with a big box and cartons of Pad Thai and set it up for him, even had a cable installer scheduled to arrive the same day to set up his receiver. Derek rarely watched TV if Laura wasn’t over, sometimes had it on for noise, but mostly had just never gotten into the habit. He had no idea what a TV should cost, but the prices enclosed in plastic casings didn’t seem too outrageous.

One of the employees shuffled over to ask in a bored monotone if he needed any help. Derek was about to send him away with a pointed look when Laura sidled up to him, straw in her mouth and brow quirked in question. “Something wrong with your TV?” she weeded, her elbow cocked up on his shoulder as she slurped at her drink but decidedly not looking directly at him.

Derek pursed his lips, a split second passing in his indecision before he rolled his eyes and caved. “Stiles had to sell his to pay his rent.”

Laura hipchecked him, all but vibrating in her immediate excitement. “Oh yeah?” she asked, a little too gleeful. “And you’re gonna buy him a new one, Prince Charming?”

“Shut up,” Derek huffed at her, scanning over the various prices and specs which meant next to nothing to him. Nothing really jumped out as the better option, though it seemed silly to get some oversized monstrosity for Stiles’ shabby little apartment. “Which one should I get him?” he asked, head tilting unconsciously towards his sister and Alpha.

She hummed, considering the options. “What did he have before?”

Derek shrugged. “He’d sold it before I went over the first time.”

They examined the options together, Derek letting Laura make most of the decisions but shooting her down when she suggested the crazy top the line HD model. She made this ‘face’ when Derek reasoned that something too fancy would make Stiles feel like a charity case, her long fingers digging into his upper arm with a barely contained squeal when he told the salesman which model he wanted.

“Der-Bear’s in love!” she said, arms going around his neck, her drink sweating icy condensation
against the side of his face. He allowed the embrace for about three seconds before finally jerking away with a grunt, shoulder rucking up to wipe the wetness from his neck and cheek.

“You’re a real boy!” she yelled loud enough for the salesman and another guy further down the aisle to look up at them.

“Ugh, shut up!”

Derek couldn’t even make eye contact with her when he put the PS4 in the cart as well, only glaring at her again when he heard the subtle click of her phone’s camera shutter. She of course didn’t see him as she was already furiously texting; he’d put money on the recipient being Peter. It got worse when the employee came back over and held up a boxed controller, explaining the system only came with one, and this way he and his ‘partner’ could play together.

Derek’s teeth ground together so hard his molars creaked. “Thanks,” he forced out, accepting the box in a lax grip and counting to ten when Laura butted in asking what other little extras they might need. He would regret ever bringing it up around her, but supposed this was sort of the point of lying about dating Stiles in the first place.

The only issue with buying surprises for his fake boyfriend was that he had to somehow deliver them. Derek tried to think of anything to say in a phone call, or even over a text, but couldn’t come up with anything that didn’t sound completely socially inept or borderline crazy. He felt ridiculous saying he’d thought of Stiles while shopping, even if that were the case, and he couldn’t even imagine what Stiles would say in turn. What if Stiles felt weird accepting it? What if he flat out refused and told Derek to return it all?

In order to avoid such possible outcomes, Derek thought it most prudent to just take the items to Stiles’ apartment himself, rather than put Stiles in the awkward position of having to accept them first. The TV box would have fit better in Stiles’ jeep, but he managed it well enough in the Camaro with the windows rolled down so the edges could poke out. He still had Stiles’ address in his phone, but had no trouble finding the building without the aid of his GPS. The building was just as run down as before, this time with the added flourish of a bunch of shattered beer bottles scattered outside the front steps, though the urine smell was just as pungent the second he opened the ‘still’ broken security door.

He hauled the TV box with him, leaving the PS4 and accessories in the trunk for a second trip. The weight was trivial, and while it was bulky he managed alright, his biceps corded as he held it close to one side so that he could navigate the stairs up to the third floor. His brow furrowed in mounting displeasure when he saw Stiles’ door-frame adorned with the same slap-dash patchwork of the board and stuck out nails, his knuckles possibly rapping a little too firm against the door when he knocked.

The seconds ticked by, but Stiles did not answer. The apartment was layered with smells and noise, but Derek could not make out any sounds of movement or life from within, indicating Stiles most likely wasn’t home.

Derek had not anticipated this turn of events when he decided to drop off the TV, and didn’t like the idea of coming back later to try again. He tested the knob, scowl deepening when he found Stiles had only turned the lock on the knob and not bothered with the deadbolt. He bet a solid push would pop the door open, but it would also likely snap the frame again, so he maneuvered the box under one arm so he could fish his wallet from his back pocket. One push of a credit card above the lock and the door popped open, which while expected, still set Derek’s teeth on edge.

He put the TV in Stiles’ apartment, made his second trip from the Camaro as well, all the while muttering to himself about the shitty management, Stiles’ naivety, how the kid has an unstable Alpha
living down the hall who could have broken in like this a hundred times over. He was still irritated as he unboxed the TV and set it up, unboxed the PS4 and carried all the garbage down to the dumpster out back. He was just hooking up the new HDMI cable when he heard the key in the lock.

Stiles entered with his usual non-existent grace, his face obscured by armloads of paper bags sprouting on top with carrot tops and celery stalks, dirt streaked on his knees and smudged dark along his fingers and forearms. He kicked the door closed behind him, immediately turning to his little kitchenette to deposit his groceries, muttering some upbeat song under his breath as he went. With his back turned, Derek could see the white cords of his earbuds dangling from his ears, the cord trailing to the phone sticking out of his back pocket.

Derek stood, arms folded across his chest and anger mounting as Stiles continued to put away his groceries, blissfully unaware that he wasn’t alone in his apartment. The idiot was only lucky it was Derek standing there, and not some….serial killer, or his Alpha neighbor, or literally a thousand other awful people who could kill or hurt him without him apparently even noticing.

Stiles’ voice cranked up a notch, off key and falsetto, bouncing a bit to the music as he removed the earbuds and set them on the counter before stripping his shirt over his head. Derek found himself staring at a long pale expanse of back dotted here and there with little moles, dimples just above the hidden swell of his ass. From the jingling rustle, the kid was undoing his jeans as well. Why he was doing this in the goddamn kitchen Derek had no idea, but while he didn’t know how far Stiles planned on stripping off, he knew he had to speak up as Stiles obviously wasn’t going to figure out that he wasn’t alone on his own.

“Stiles!” he snapped, arms still crossed.

Stiles’ shoulders seized up, arms flying as he spun around in an attempt to keep himself stable, forearm cracking hard against the cabinet. “Jesus fucking Christ!” he shrieked, ducking on reflex, hands palm out before him to fend off his would be assailant Derek assumed...though a fat load of good it would do him. He blinked rapidly, chest heaving as he drew in a few much needed breaths, and Derek could hear the manic rabbit pace of his heart from across the room.

“Derek?? What the fuck??” Stiles pressed a hand to his chest, fingers splayed over his racing heart. “What is...ohmygod...what ‘wrong’ with you...what the fuck are you doing in my apartment? How did you even get in here?”

Derek pointed an accusatory finger towards the front door, like it personally was to blame. “You didn’t even have the deadbolt locked, Stiles. It took me two seconds to get in.”

Stiles just gaped at him, hand still on his bare chest. His pecs weren’t as defined as Derek’s, rather boyish really, but he had a surprising breadth to his shoulders, a firm flat belly and pink nipples that puffed out in a distracting manner. Derek found himself staring at a beauty mark resting just above the left one, but his still heightened irritation helped him look away and keep on point.

“You still haven’t fixed the door, either,” Derek continued, indignant. He heard Stiles fumbling with the button and zipper of his jeans, keeping his eyes averted until the kid was fully dressed again.

“Anyone could have gotten in here, how do you not get that?”

Stiles sputtered, eyes wild as both hands reached up to twist his dirty fingers in his hair. “Oh my god...are you insane? ‘You’ broke into my apartment, Derek! How are you fucking mad at me when you are the one committing the B and E? Fuck...I think I’m having a heart attack...” He was still breathing heavily, tried shaking out his arms to calm down and hissed at how it jarred his arm. “And I think you broke my arm..great-”
“You broke your own arm,” Derek grunted, glaring at him. “I never even touched you.”

“Yeah well you scared me half to fucking death and made me slam it into the wall or something...so this one’s on you, Sourwolf” Stiles mumbled, gingerly holding his arm up for inspection, mouth pulled down in a grimace.

Derek rolled his eyes but strode forward, reaching out despite Stiles’ feeble attempts to flail away and taking his arm into his own hand. He felt along the bone carefully, gruffly telling Stiles to shut up when he whined and tried to jerk away. It didn’t feel broken, probably was just bruised to hell, but Derek could smell the pain cutting beneath the overwhelming stench of Stiles’ leaked panic. He covered Stiles’ forearm with his own, ignoring the kid’s high pitched “what are you doing?” as Derek gently curled his fingers around Stiles’ forearm.

“Just...shut up,” Derek said, distracted as they both watched the darkness creep through his veins, then further distracted by the breathless little moan that broke from Stiles’ pouty lips as he sagged a bit in Derek’s hold, endorphins likely a headrush as Derek drained his pain.

“Oh...what are you - oh my god - wow…” Stiles’ lashes fluttered, his body swaying a bit in Derek’s hold, prompting Derek to dart out with his free and and grip Stiles’ other arm to hold him steady.

Derek’s nostrils flared as they were flooded with a wave whorl of scents wafting off Stiles, anxiety still present but mostly heady with arousal. It was most likely an effect of the pain drain, but Derek still caught himself staring at those pouty pink lips hovering just out of reach. Derek blamed their close proximity on the sudden realization that if he tilted his head down a few inches, they’d be kissing.

Stiles’ eyes slid over Derek’s shoulder, slow and unfocused as though he’d been drinking, narrowing finally as they fixed on something behind him. “Is that a TV?”

Momentarily confused, Derek glanced over his shoulder. “Oh-” he drawled, voice trailing off as he stepped back from Stiles, Stiles’ arm dropping limp against his side when he released it. “Yeah.”

Stiles sputtered, gaping at the TV before pushing past Derek and clomping inelegantly towards it. His hands rose, fingers knitting in his hair as he stared. He turned slowly, thick brows furrowed in confusion. “Did you seriously break into my apartment to leave a TV like some kinda creeper werewolf Santa?”

Derek just glared at him, mouth an unpleasant line as he drummed his fingers against his bicep. “Yes, idiot,” he ground out. “I was trying to be nice. You’re welcome.”

“Nice?” Stiles sputtered, cheeks pink as he extended his arms in either side, indicating the apartment around them to further convey his disbelief. “Breaking into people’s apartments and scaring them half to death is not nice, Derek!” he countered, voice edging on hysterical. “How the hell did you even get in?”

Derek shrugged, prickling self consciously under Stiles’ scrutiny. “You were supposed to get the
“door fixed” he reminded him with an accusatory jut of his chin.

Stiles nodded, face a perfect mash of ‘crazed’ and ‘ready to call the police’. “Wow, he countered, a little breathless. “Anyone ever pointed out you have some serious boundary issues? Cause that whole line of thinking—” one of his long fingers waggled between the two of them. “Is not fucking normal, Derek.”

“Thanks for the heads up, ‘Stiles’,” Derek bit out, a little defensive. They stood together a moment longer, Derek’s face heating with every additional second of continued silence. Finally he reached into his back pocket to hastily withdraw his wallet, fishing the stapled receipts from the middle slot. He held it up for Stiles to inspect, the paper crinkling between his fingers. “Look...fine...you don’t want it? I can take it back, or you can and get something else instead just...” Derek’s fingers tightened a bit against the paper as he forced himself to keep talking. “Just get your door fixed, and use your deadbolt from now on at least, ok?”

He waited a moment for some sort of pithy response from Stiles, but the kid was just staring at him, soft-mouthed and his brows finally relaxed from their previous anxious arch. He just stood there, the fight draining from him until Derek couldn’t stand to be the object of his scrutiny any longer. Unsure of what else to say, Derek simply turned and made his way towards the door.

“Derek—” Stiles called out, meek as a churchmouse, so unlike his bursting energy from a moment ago. He was wringing his hands when Derek looked back at him, shoulders hunched self-consciously. He all but vibrated with nervous energy, anxiety thick in the room again. His cheeks were blotchy, pink creeping down the long line of his neck, and Derek could practically hear the blood pumping through his veins from the anxious race of his heartbeat. He licked his lips, going so far as the actually shake his hands out in front of him to release some of the tension in his body before speaking again.

“You just really scared me,” he admitted. “You can’t do that again.”

Derek ignored the little surge he felt at Stiles’ implication that they could have future interactions, relieved at the small reprieve. “I’m sorry,” he forced himself to say, the words unfamiliar as they filled his mouth, mostly because he genuinely meant the sentiment and didn’t merely offer it out of social necessity. “I won’t.”

Stiles glanced over his shoulder, shy as he bit his lip and excitement began to creep into his mouth as he fought down a smile. “I can’t believe you got me a TV...and a PS4.”

“Do you like them?” Derek hedged, arms crossing again as he took a step back towards Stiles, away from the door.

“I mean yeah, it’s amazing, but...” Stiles chewed his lip again, the flesh plumping blood red beneath his teeth. “I don’t know what to say, honestly. This is a lot.”

Derek frowned, confusion pinching his features. “Do you want me to return it?” he asked, his tone lacking its prior venom.

Stiles’ face twisted, grimacing a little before he gave a helpless little shrug. “No...I mean I should. It’s way too much money and you barely know me...and honestly you don’t seem super stable, this just feels like I’m ignoring a lot of red flags. My dad would probably kill me if he ever found out...”

“Christ, Stiles,” Derek huffed, the warm feeling he’d been developing earlier dead and fucking buried. “I’m not a stalker or something. I was at Target with my sister and thought of you, ok? I have plenty of money it’s...just take it.”
Stiles was gnawing on the corner of his lip again, long fingers twisting together as he glanced back over his shoulder again at the TV. “You seriously just got me a TV on a Target whim?”

Derek nodded, short and curt. “Laura bought me throw pillows, according to her it’s what people who care do. You seem to do a lot for your dad but don’t ask for anything, so let me do this for you.”

Stiles’s eyes went wide, much like a fawn’s, the corners of his wide mouth thinning in the beginning of a shy smile. He pined again, but this time the flush was rosy, warming his cheeks and ears rather than staining him with mortification. The air around him grew sweet like fresh grass with the scent of Stiles’ happiness.

Derek motioned to the TV and the two cables beside it. “It’s almost all hooked up,” he said, taking a few cautious strides forward, crossing in front of Stiles on his way to finish the job. “I’ll be done in a min-”

His words cut off as Stiles surged forwards, pressing an impulsive little kiss to Derek’s still moving mouth. It was just a faint press of lips, little more than a peck, but Derek’s mouth tingled in its wake. Before he could speak again though, Stiles began to babble, words an excited rush in his haste to get them out.

“I got my friend Lydia a TV for her birthday when we were sixteen,” he confessed. “I got her a lot of stuff, actually...I used to think I was in love with her before I realized I just idolized her, but uh….her mom made her give it back. She even told my dad he should have me psychologically evaluated.”

Derek blinked, unsure what to say in response. “Did he?”

Stiles laughed. “No, just told me to get her a gift card next time.” He rubbed the back of his neck, self conscious after his declaration. Like he’d felt compelled to share it but now didn’t know what else to say.

“Your friend,” Derek started, unsure why he was asking the question even as it came out of his mouth. “How did you know you weren’t in love with her?” He put a hand to Stiles’ elbow, guiding him out of the way so that he could get to the TV and finish hooking up the cables.

Stiles flushed a bit at the contact, visibly flustered and stuttering his words when he tried to speak again while he watched Derek work with his dark smeared hands shoved into his pockets. “Oh uh - I was uh, having a panic attack at school. She...um...kissed me to distract me, cause apparently holding your breath helps you stop? Yeah...I think my reaction was kind of a surprise to us both. I’d just convinced myself for so long that I was in love with her, but when the big moment came, there was nothing.” He licked his lips, leaving a little sheen behind that purposely looked away from.

“How about you, big guy?” Stiles asked. “You ever uh….you know….been in love?”

Derek felt his body tighten involuntarily, rigid like he’d been doused with cold water. His mouth pinched as he pushed the last cord into place. “No,” he bit out, standing to move the TV stand back into place.

Stiles nodded, eyes wide in question but clearly taking note of Derek’s body language that the topic was not up for discussion. He bowed his head with a sheepish little nod, setting back to give Derek space when he came out from behind the TV. The cramped apartment didn’t allow them much room though, so they ended up standing rather close again. Derek found himself tracking down Stiles’ chest and belly, trying to ignore where his nipples were pressing against the front of his shirt. Instead he focused on the dirt staining Stiles’ shirt and forearms, reaching out to motion to it with a little flick
of his wrist.

“Were you out at the preserve?” he asked, curious why Stiles seemed to come back empty handed if he’d been foraging again.

Stiles seemed confused at first, brows lifting when he looked down and was reminded of his current state. “Oh! No, I was at school. They have a greenhouse for the plants we use in our projects, and I was repotting a few things. I was going to hop in the shower before you - you know - scared the shit out of me and all,” Stiles mumbled the last part, playful smirk holding back any reactive bristle on Derek’s part.

“Go take a shower,” Derek ordered, heat prickling along the back of his neck when Stiles looked up at him again, this time through his lashes, mouth pouty and a little swollen from being anxiously teethed earlier.

“Ok,” he complied, docile if it weren’t for the heady flush in his cheeks and spike in the air. “Thanks, Derek. This was...I mean creeper factor aside, it was really nice of you.”

Opting to take the comment as a positive, Derek nodded sagely, hands slipping into his pockets. They stood together a moment longer in silence before he shrugged, chin tilting towards the door. “I’ll let you go shower,” he mumbled, unsure how else to see himself out but running out of reasons to stay.

“Oh...ok,” Stiles acquiesced, deflating a little as Derek turned towards the door. “Let me know if you need anything else fake boyfriend wise,” he called out, quick and a little too bright. “I’ll send you a post shower selfie with a ‘wish you were here’ caption or something. For your sister, I mean!”

Derek’s brows rose, swallowing down the mental image of Stiles, still damp and pink from a steamy shower, wet hair tousled over his forehead. “Ok,” he mumbled, feeling a little warm in the cramped apartment. He felt his pockets for his keys, fishing them out before backing towards the door again with a short nod.

Derek could feel Stiles’ eyes on him as he left, the hairs at the back of his neck prickling still even as he strode down the stairs and after he’d gotten back into his Camaro. After turning the key to gun the ignition, Derek gripped the steering wheel, leather protesting under his fingers. He felt light-headed, chest tight in a way it had not been for some time. A part of him wanted to get out of the car and go back inside, which Derek himself could not parse. He was out of his element, confused how next to act, whether he should act at all.

After two minutes of indecision, Derek shifted gear into reverse, easing the Camaro out of the parking lot. The return trip to his apartment was a blur, mind recklessly occupied replaying the events at Stiles’ apartment. He almost considered calling Laura, but he could hardly ring his sister to hear her take on him having a possible moment with the guy he was supposed to be dating.

Just as he was climbing the last flight of stairs to his top floor loft, his phone buzzed in his back pocket. It buzzed it his hand again while Derek withdrew it, and he quickly swiped the screen to unlock the messages he’d just received. Both were from Stiles.

The first was a picture of him, almost just as Derek had imagined him earlier. Fresh from the shower, pink cheeked and rosy lipped, his hair damp and ruffled from a towel against his forehead. The dimple crowning his shy smile drew attention to the small beauty marks trailing up his jaw. His neck and collarbones were in the frame as well, with the caption ‘Delivered as promised’ below it.

The phone buzzed again in his hand, picture shifting up to make room for the new text which
immediately appeared below.

**Stiles:** *If the door bugs you so much, burgle back in sometime and fix it yourself, Sourwolf, since I know you can now ;)*

Derek pursed his lips, smile testing the edges. He didn’t reply, instead scrolling back up to the picture of Stiles in his still steamy bathroom. He hovered a thumb over it, knowing Laura would pretty much swallow her tongue in vicarious delight if he sent it to her.

Instead he pressed the dialog box in Stiles’ chat, thumb quickly swiping out a reply.

**Derek:** *Maybe I will*

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Chapter End Notes

Working on the next bit, it should be out soon. This was supposed to be a nice little 5K fic, wtf! Oops, lol. Everything is outlined and plotted for the remaining chapters, and it’s still my intention to be completely done by the 13th.
Chapter 3

Chapter Notes

SO sorry for the long wait. Things have been just the pits. Home situation a mess, family having more medical problems, people in and out of the hospital. It's been a month. Hope it's worth the wait.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The TV turned out to be the tip of the iceberg.

With renewed permission to make use of the preserve, Stiles spent more time there foraging than ever. Stiles could not deny that he kept an eye out for Derek every time he ventured onto the property, felt a little seize in his chest at a rustle of underbrush more than once thinking they'd have another "not quite chance" encounter, but he didn't see the other man again. Instead he sent Derek pictures of his finds. Sometimes his excited grin when he happened upon a cluster of mushrooms, once his sweat soaked hairline when he ventured too far into the preserve and took almost three hours in the heat of the day to find his car again. But it was the photo of his fridge which proudly displayed the freshly bundled bunches of chives, green onion, and wild garlic on the top shelf which elicited a reaction beyond the usual monosyllabic response.

Derek: Is that seriously all you have in your fridge?

Stiles blinked down at the screen a moment before opening the fridge door again, taking in the mostly barren shelves and lone bottle of mustard lying in the door. So maybe it was looking a bit sparse, but money had been tight lately, and Stiles had made the executive decision to dip into the grocery fund to keep the internet turned on that month. Most nights he went to his dad's place to cook him dinner anyways, settling for a packet of ramen or bowl of cereal when he ate at his apartment.

Stiles: Are those seriously your bunny teeth? He tapped out in reply, hoping Derek would take the oh-so-subtle hint and drop it.

Derek: shut up

Stiles wanted to be irritated, but found himself fighting down a giddy little grin at Derek's typical surly response. He queued up an episode of Archer on his laptop before curling up in the corner of the couch, legs tucked up under himself.

Stiles: What, you don't like the obvious game? :P

He fistpumped at the responding silence, counting it as a win. He finds an envelope shoved under the door though when he gets home from school the next day with a gift card to Whole Foods shoved inside it along with a note that simply said 'go buy groceries.' There was nothing on the card indicating how much was on it, so Stiles had bought a few simple fresh ingredients he could throw into a pot and eat for a few days. When the cashier offhandedly informed him that he had over two hundred dollars remaining on the card while handing it back to him, Stiles' eyes nearly bugged out of his head.
Stiles: Did you slip me 300 bucks to WF today?? he sent off to Derek, his first bag resting in the bottom of a shopping cart while he went on a second round through the store and gleefully tossed more items in.

Derek: Should be enough to buy a vegetable there

Derek’s paltry past use of humor meant it took Stiles a second to register he’d actually made a joke. His laugh stuck in his throat, choking off like a snort which he quickly tried to play off as a cough behind his hand.

Stiles: maybe even a piece of fruit! he tapped out, adding several food emojis to the message. He realized too late he’d put three eggplants at the end, and had a momentary rush of panic that his message would be misinterpreted thanks to his sloppy use of ‘dick code.’ Would Derek even know what the eggplant stood for? He was so damn hard to gage when it came to pop culture references. Just to be safe, he sent another text chock full of phallic-reference-free fruits and veg.

Derek didn’t text back, but then again that was par for the course when it came to him. It didn’t deter Stiles however from sending selfie after selfie of himself excitedly buying produce. Derek didn’t send the usual ‘you’re an idiot’ text until around number twelve, which meant he wasn’t too put out, so Stiles kept them coming, almost taking out a display of organic Avocados in the process.

It doesn’t stop with the groceries, either. Stiles started biking to school to try and save gas, even though it took him almost forty five minutes to get there one way. One night he came out the agriculture lab only to find his bike gone, the chain he’d secured it with clipped and left in a sad useless heap on the pavement. His dad had been out on call, and Scott had not answered his phone, an occurrence which was becoming all too familiar. He’d ended up walking home, texting Derek a picture of the gnarly blister the trek earned him on the back of his right ankle. If Derek had been Scott, he’d have replied with a puke emoji, but instead Stiles received a curt reply of you should have just called me.

He stared hard at the text, unsure of how to reply. He’d honestly considered calling Derek once or twice, his finger poised over the contact icon, but he’d never gone through with it. Stiles could admit he wasn’t the best with boundaries, but it still seemed like an overstep. He started and deleted the message several times before finally settling on something he hoped wouldn’t be misinterpreted.

Stiles: Thought it fell outside of fake boyfriend jurisdiction

Derek: it doesn’t popped up mere seconds later, sending a cool tingle down the back of Stiles’ neck. He shook out his arms when the sensation continued down the length of them to his fingers, his face going warm when his phone buzzed again in his hand.

Derek: what’s wrong with your jeep?

Stiles: Nothing, just saving the planet and conserving gas money he replied.

Derek had asked him when he had class next, and then stopped replying for the night, which was typical for him. Derek’s abrupt radio silences had been off-putting for the first couple weeks until Stiles realized that was just how the surly werewolf corresponded in general. He’d thought nothing more of it and continued with his evening, cooking dinner and showering before going to bed.

The next morning, Stiles left his apartment with the intention of driving to class only to find Derek in the parking lot, leaning against his Camaro looking like a goddamn centerfold with his hands shoved into his jacket pockets. He’ was there to drive Stiles to class, apparently, and offered to pick him up as well. Stiles was sure he was practically purple from flushing so hard when he stammered that
Derek didn’t have to drive him, that he was just being cheap and trying to save some money. He’d almost swallowed his tongue when Derek stepped forward and backed him into the jeep, green eyes intense as he’d told Stiles that he could call for a ride whenever he needed.

“That fake boyfriend perk, huh?” Stiles managed to get out, a helpless little laugh bubbling forth. “Derek Hale: Personal Taxi.”

Derek rolled his eyes, the intensity between them breaking, allowing Stiles to finally breathe again. “Within reason,” he grumbled, fishing something from his jacket pocket which he pressed against Stiles’ chest. It was a gas card for the station Stiles preferred. He immediately tried to hand it back, insisting it wasn’t necessary, but was rebuffed.

“You need to get to class, Stiles,” Derek said, almost sounding exasperated, like Stiles was the one not being reasonable in this scenario.

Stiles stared down at the card in his hand, stomach flipping in both excitement and unease. He’d never gotten gifts from anyone beyond his dad, other than his mother of course, when she was still alive. Scott was a muppet and never gave anyone a present Melissa hadn’t bought until he met Allison, and even then Stiles had helped him pick it out. Any other little Christmas or birthday trinkets from friends over the years had been of the bargain bin variety, not that he was judging, it just made accepting Derek’s offerings all the more difficult. At the same time, though, Stiles couldn’t deny the wave of relief that flowed through him as the weight of paying for gas was lifted from his heavily burdened shoulders.

“I don’t know what to say,” Stiles mumbled, staring down at the card while a warm little tingle spidered through him.

He looked up at Derek’s continued silence to find him actually smirking. On anyone else, it would have barely registered as a facial expression, but Stiles could see the slight purse of Derek’s lips, the way his mouth turned up just a bit at the corner. There was a glimmer of a twinkle in his eye before he steeled himself once again into the image of macho perfection. “Try thank you,” he offered, the shit.

Stiles rolled his eyes, head lolling back at the suggestion. “Thank you Derek,” he simpered, the levity easing some of his discomfort. “You’re the bestest fake boyfriend ever.”

That nagging unease didn’t go away though.

Stiles kept thinking about it as he went about his day, which meant he half-assed pretty much everything he attempted. His teacher called him out twice for not paying attention, and he almost took off a finger while collecting clippings from the greenhouse. He needed to talk through some of the confusion, but had limited options.

He and his dad were pretty close as far as father-son bonds went, but there was no way in hell Stiles was broaching the subject of some man giving him expensive gifts. He considered asking Melissa, whom Stiles could never bring himself to call a second mother, but was still an important female figure in his life. He worried though that she would take things the wrong way and tell his dad, which had happened once or twice over the years. His friend Lydia had fled Beacon Hills as soon she’d received her acceptance letter to MIT, and was near impossible to get ahold of.

Which left Scott.

Oh Scotty boy...he was Stiles’ one true bro, but it had to have been nothing short of divine intervention that he’d managed to find a girl as perfectly matched to him as Allison. Stiles sat staring
at Scott’s number for a solid five minutes, edge of his thumb worried between his teeth while his knee anxiously jostled.

Scott picked up on the last possible ring, a little out of breath, the reason why becoming crystal clear when Allison’s giggle trickled over the line before his breathy and overly nonchalant “hey bro, what’s up?”

Stiles’ eyes rolled as he slumped back against the futon dramatically. “Am I interrupting, Scotty Boy?”

“No-” Scott said hesitantly, which cemented that he absolutely was and Stiles had about two minutes before he lost Scott once more to his Allison induced haze. Stiles licked his lips and took a deep breath in preparation for the barrage he was about to unleash.

“Do you buy stuff for Allison?” He could vividly see Scott’s confused puppy face in the responding silence, and quickly rephrased the question. “Do you ever buy her gifts...like, just to be nice and surprise her? Not like on her birthday or Christmas or something, but just a ‘hey Allison, it’s Tuesday and I thought you’d like this thing’ sort of a gift.”

“Oh!” Scott chirped, bright and sunny. “Yeah dude, totally! I get her coffee sometimes when I’m on my break, and when she’s pulling all nighters studying I bring her chimichangas from that awesome place over on Beech-”

“No, I mean like…” Stiles licked his lips. “Have you ever bought her something expensive just for the hell of it?”

Scott paused in apparent reflection, which was promising cause Stiles had been sure he’d say no outright. “Oh! This one time I went back to a store to get her this pair of earrings she’d been looking at. They were like seventy dollars or something...oh shit my mom always said not to tell girls how much stuff cost-”

Allison giggled, which lead to playful hushed tones Stiles tuned out with practiced ease. Shit...so Scott’s offerings were nothing even close to the dollar amount Derek dropped on him then, apparently.

“Scott, back in the game, buddy,” Stiles shouted into the phone, fingers snapping next to the receiver to get his friend’s attention. “Would you ever buy her like...oh I don’t know...let’s just hypothetically say a gas card, or a gift card to the grocery story because you noticed she didn’t have a lot of food in her fridge?”

That muted silence was back, and Stiles began to worry he’d lost Scott for good until his friend’s voice came across the line in a confused mumble. “Why would Mr. Argent not have food in his refrigerator? He has like...spreadsheets for grocery shopping. Not that there’s anything wrong with that!”

An unreasonably loud scuffling noise erupted in Stiles’ poor unsuspecting ear before Allison’s voice came over the line, having evidently commandeered the phone from her poor hapless boyfriend. “What’s going on, Stiles?” she asked. “Are you buying some guy crazy gifts and worried you went overboard again?”

Stiles wanted to whine that had just been one time, but instead stuck to the matter at hand. “It’s uh...kind of the other way around?”

Allison made a sharp intake of breath, her voice low and conspiratorial when she spoke again.
“Stiles, do you have a man?”

“Man?” Scott’s tone had decidedly sharpened as it carried over the line, low and protective, his inner werewolf peeking through with the edge of possessiveness he likely didn’t even realize he was conveying. “What man?”

“Some guy is hot for Stiles and buying him expensive things,” Allison replied, voice muffled as she likely did a piss poor job of trying to cover the receiver. “Is he from class? What’s his name, I wanna stalk him on facebook.”

Stiles knew from a two hour hardcore investigation that Derek didn’t have a facebook account, and winced as he told Allison as much. Both she and Scott were baffled by the declaration.

“What guy our age doesn’t have a Facebook?” Allison mused, probably more to Scott than to him, but Stiles still couldn’t help himself.

“He’s uh...not really our age. He’s a little bit older...but the facebook thing is more about him hating most people and social interaction...”

“What, like a grad student?” Allison asked, interest piqued.

Stiles swallowed, knee bouncing and fingers of his free hand drumming anxiously against the futon. He plucked at the front of his shirt, pulling it from his sticky skin. It wasn’t even that hot in his apartment, but he was developing a steady layer of sweat along his hairline. “No,” he admitted again, albeit haltingly. “A bit older...like early thirties?”

There was another rustle of static signaling a forceful change of hands, Allison’s indignant squawk muffled by distance before Scott’s voice came clear over the phone line. “Dude, why is some older guy buying you things?”

Stiles tucked his knees up against his chest, free arm curling around them. “Well, we’re sort of dating I guess, and he just...he’s a werewolf and he’s been buying me a lot of stuff. Is it a werewolf thing? A boyfriend thing?”

“It sounds like a sugar daddy thing,” Allison mumbled, low enough that she possibly hadn’t meant for Stiles to overhear.

They evidently took his silence as an admission of guilt, Allison’s tone immediately taking on a concerned lilt while Scott’s once more grew hard and protective. “Is he expecting you to do things you aren’t ready for, Stiles?” Allison asked, while Scott growled out “Is this dude seriously your sugar daddy? That’s like a levelled up prostitute, bro!” Heaping insult onto his thoroughly gaping injury, Allison hissed out that Scott should be more sensitive towards Stiles’...in her words...”first actual relationship ever”. Jesus, the woman could burn.

“I am not a hooker, Scott, oh my god!” he squawked indignantly. He could feel his face heating with an embarrassed flush, and couldn’t help glancing around his small apartment despite the fact that he knew he was alone. “We haven’t even had sex” he ground out in a hushed whisper.

“Good,” Scott said, just as Allison piped up with a disbelieving “seriously?”
Stiles’s head flopped forward with a heavy groan, face crashing against his knees. “This is beyond humiliating,” he mumbled to himself.

“So wait,” Allison said, voice drawn out in her calculations. “Really nothing? Anal aside, like...no handjobs, blowjobs...nudes?”

Scott was sputtering in the background, chastising her for the unwanted mental images and being a complete baby as far as Stiles was concerned. He’d heard plenty from his bestie after his first time with Allison, in cringeworthy technicolor detail. Scott could deal.

“No,” Stiles whined, squirming onto his side with a pillow jammed beneath his head. “We share selfies, but no naughty bits. He has to want something thought, right? I mean right? He bought me a freaking TV and a gift card to Whole Foods that was worth more than my paycheck, and he hasn’t even asked me to suck his dick or anything.”

Scott gagged, but Allison cooed in delicate understanding, so Stiles just kept going. “Is this what guys do? Is this normal?”

“I don’t know Stiles,” Allison said. “I’ve never had a sugar daddy, much less dated a guy who could remember my birthday present without prompting. Why, do you want to suck his dick?”

“Nope!” There was static against the receiver, followed by Allison’s petulant whine of “Scott!” just before Scott’s voice came clear across the line, having apparently successfully wrenched the phone back from his girlfriend. “I’m not listening to you talk about how much you want some guys penis on your mouth. I love you bro, but never again.”

“You are the worst friend,” Stiles whined, slumping back against the futon in a graceless sprawl.

“I’ll call you tomorrow,” Scott promised, though Stiles doubted it.

After their completely unhelpful conversation, Stiles only found himself plagued with further doubts. Sure, Derek wanted him as a fake boyfriend, but then was also nicer to him lately than he had to be. Buying Stiles expensive gifts was not part of the deal, and wasn’t anything Stiles had ever asked for or actively encouraged. A super casual peruse of Sugar Daddies on Google affirmed that they generally were indeed rewarded for their services with sexual favors or company, neither of which Derek was receiving from Stiles. The man had, humiliatingly enough, seen him in a state of somewhat undress before, and had a general idea of what he looked like unclothed, but still didn’t ask for anything. Did Derek not find him sexually appealing, or even attractive?

It took three of Scott’s shitty leftover Rolling Rock beers before Stiles found himself texting Derek before he could lose his nerve, the need for answers outweighing his barely-there-but-still-existent dignity.

Stiles: Why do you never ask for a blowjob

Stiles: or nudes

Stiles: Do you think I’m ugly?

Stiles: Haven’t even asked for one ass shot. It’s been weeks

It was almost midnight, but Derek didn’t strike Stiles as the ‘early nighter’ type, so he kept a close eye on his phone as he waited for the other man’s reply. He got ready for bed, brushed his teeth in his underwear, occasionally cutting eyes over at where his phone rested dark and unresponsive on the cabinet. He washed his face, rinsed his mouth with mouthwash, and still nothing from Derek. He
tossed his phone angrily on the bed before opening a window to the cool night air, exchanging the garish overhead bulb for the soft glow of his bedside lamp.

When the screen finally lit up to signal an incoming message, Stiles all but leapt across the bed to retrieve the phone. He thumbed past the lockscreen to find Derek had indeed texted him back, flopping onto his back with a groan of frustration at the unhelpful reply.

_Derek: Are you seriously offended I haven’t asked you for nudes?_

_Stiles: It’s just weird_ Stiles’ thumbs thumped aggressively against his screen, ankle crossing over his hiked up knee as he pondered for half a second before continuing on.

_Stiles: you give me all this stuff when we aren’t really dating. Are you my sugar daddy? They usually want sex or something, and you haven’t wanted anything_

When Derek didn’t immediately reply in the affirmative, Stiles felt his insecurities creeping in once more. He was such an idiot, Derek probably just felt bad that he lived in practical squallor and saw Stiles as his own little personal project, a rehab like one of his buildings. After all, what would a guy as hot as Derek want with him when no one else had ever taken an interest before?

Stiles felt his stomach clench with dawning embarrassment as he realized how ridiculous he’d been. Classic Stiles, his mouth ran faster than his brain could keep up. He curled into the fetal, phone neglected at his side as he shoved his face into his pillow and released a raspy scream at his own rash impulsivity.

_Scrubbing a hand over his face, Stiles reached down and plucked up his phone once more, typing out one last message to try and smooth things over, repair some of the damage he’d bulldozed over their developed camaraderie._

_Stiles: Ignore me, I’m being stupid. Night dude!_

He plugged his phone in to charge overnight and set it on the nightstand before crawling below the covers. He curled up on his side in the lumpy little bed, knees tucked up and arms hugged around his spare pillow. Just as he was beginning to accept his fate of a restless night, his phone buzzed again, harsh light spilling out from where Stiles had set it face down.

_Stiles jerked up with a start, cringing when he wrenched his neck awkwardly before reaching out with eager scrambling fingers for his phone._

_Derek: You are stupid_ Stiles felt the pit in his stomach grow until his phone buzzed again with another message.

_Derek: You deserve it. Stop worrying._

It took several seconds for Stiles to realize he’d been staring at the message. Maybe it said something about him as a person, but Stiles couldn’t help the small smile that tugged at his mouth, nor the warmth that loosened the knots in his guts. He let his legs stretch out beneath the blankets, rolling onto his belly as he looked at the message again. Derek was so matter of fact, it was easy to just accept what he said as gospel truth.

The crazy thing was that Stiles found himself listening to Derek, tension draining from his body like he’d sprung a leak. He curled his arms around his pillow, burrowing his stupid smile into it before closing his eyes and falling into the first restful sleep he’d had in weeks.
Stiles found himself checking the text intermittently the next day. He thumbed to it while at a red light, snuck a peek during class while his professor was droning on about the importance of maintaining a good pH balance in the soil, and once more when he was ambling through the grocery store. He still had money left on the gift card, and the slight nip in the autumn air had given him an unshakable urge to make his mom’s pierogies. He always got carried away when making them, caught up in the nostalgia of it, and ended up having several tupperware too many. He usually took them to the station, content that they at least wouldn’t go to waste. Deputy Parrish, despite having the body of a centerfold, could put the hurt on any permutation of potato product. The man had a problem.

Stiles was so busy mentally prepping his go-to comfort food that it took a few seconds to register that he’d waltzed through his front door without having to open it.

He turned around, brows knit in confusion as he took in the complete lack of door and accompanying workman standing in the hall, currently shooting nails into the doorframe. The guy was smirking at Stiles, but otherwise seemed rather nonplussed.

“Hi…” Stiles started, head cocked as he took a step closer and examined the new sheetrock and frame insert. “Can I um…help you?”

The guy’s brows rose incrementally before he glanced down at the tool in his hand. “Know how to use a nail gun?” he asked. He was a few years older than Stiles, chalky dust from the sheet rock standing out in stark contrast against his dark skin and unfairly handsome face.

Stiles sputtered, stepping back on reflex before carefully setting his groceries down on the counter. “I think there’s been a mixup, I didn’t call anyone, and I know for a fact my cheap ass landlord didn’t hire you, so—”

“It’s fine,” the guy assured him, attention already back on the frame as he shot two more nails in before testing the give. “I’m not from your building’s maintenance…but I’ve been here for over three hours with no issues, so I guess it’s fine.” The guy stepped in to set the nail gun down before raising his arms above his head to test the top of the frame with a leveler, ridiculous biceps flexing as he raised his arms above his head.

“You really should complain about the front entrance,” the guy said conversationally, like this was some totally normal not-at-all-weird buddy buddy scenario. “Anyone could just walk in, it’s not safe, dude.”

“You don’t say,” Stiles snipped, hand rubbing the back of his neck before realization dawned on him. “You don’t know Derek, do you?”

The guy snorted, dropping to his knees to dig in the massive toolbox Stiles had walked right by on his way into the apartment. “I’m one of his lead contractors,” he admitted, standing with a pencil in hand. “I thought he was just being dramatic about this place, but it really is just a sinkhole of code violations.”

“What” Stiles began, blinking rapidly as he put the pieces together. “So Derek just sent you to a property he doesn’t even manage to do a repair?”

The guy nodded, making a notation in the sheetrock.

Stiles snorted, simultaneously flabbergasted by Derek’s gall and not at all surprised that the man would pull something like this. He just also couldn’t help the little nagging barb of disappointment that Derek had sent someone else, and not come himself. “Did he tell you this is the second time this month he’s broken into my apartment?” he asked, snippy and a little petulant as he began to put away his groceries.
The guy took the pencil out from between his teeth to level Stiles with a ‘look’ that reminded him all too well of Derek himself. “I’d hardly call it breaking in, it just took a credit card.”

Stiles thumped his forehead against the cabinets in frustration, the cheap particle board unable to provide the dramatic ‘thump’ he was going for. It figured.

The guy, Boyd apparently, ended up staying another couple hours to finish the job. When he was done, Stiles had a brand new door with three fully functional locks, and Boyd had a tin foil packet of still steaming perogies to take home. Stiles had also managed to gleam from Boyd that Derek had originally intended to come along as well, but had been swamped at another property he actually owned by some burst pipes. Stiles had flushed in excitement at the revelation, mind running wild with the notion that Derek had wanted to be there too, that Stiles had been enough of a priority for Derek to still send one of his own workers despite the minor crisis.

He stood there a truly absurd amount of time, just fiddling with the locks and testing the strength of the door, giddy like a little boy when the door rattled against the solid frame. He dragged the chair back to the kitchen, then to the living room, unsure what to do with it now as he had no kitchen table. He ended up putting it in his room, figuring if nothing else, he could throw clothes on it. He snapped a picture, quickly texting it to Derek.

Stiles: I think it’s depressed, it was laid off today

Derek’s reply was surprisingly fast, phone buzzing in his hand mere seconds later.

Derek: you’re so weird

Stiles barked out a laugh, teeth catching at his lower lip as he walked to the front door and took a picture of the three new deadbolts.

Stiles: You know you’re the only one who breaks into my place, right?

Derek replied with a picture of his own unimpressed bitchface, the familiar sight of which sent a warm little flutter through Stiles’ belly. He leaned back against the kitchen counter, a little high on good feelings and a sense of being cared for he couldn’t remember experiencing since he was a child. It made him a little bold.

Stiles: Thanks for fixing my door, sugar daddy ;) :*

He had to wait a minute or two for Derek’s reply, and he wasn’t terribly surprised by its brevity.

Derek: shut up

Stiles grinned wickedly, squirming against the counter as he imagined Derek’s face while he read the message. He arched his back and pulled the bottom hem of his shirt up to his collarbone, exposing a nipple. He snapped a picture, checking it to make sure it wasn’t blurry before sending it.

Stiles: U sure u don't want nudes, big guy? :P

There was a slight pause before the reply of Derek: idiot flashed on Stiles’ screen, sending him into another peel of laughter.

He leaned forward with his elbows on the counter, inhaling the homey scent of his mom’s family recipe as the perogies cooled on the counter, the hint of drying plaster that Boyd would be back to finish the next day. He allowed himself a bit of of sentimentality as he texted Derek again, caught up in the rare moment of contentment.
Stiles: Seriously Derek, thank you. This was so nice of you, I don’t know how to pay you back. You’re a really good guy and an awesome fake boyfriend.

It wasn’t until Stiles was packing up the food to take to the station that Derek finally replied.

Derek: Not expecting payment, happy to help.

It was then that Stiles got an idea. It was true, there was no way that he’d ever be able to pay Derek back for everything he’d done for him thus far, he wouldn’t even know where to start. He did however still have money left on his grocery card, and knew that Derek had been beyond busy at work lately, living on black coffee and gas station hamburgers according to Boyd. Stiles may have a rather modest skill set, and as a werewolf Derek had no need for most of Stiles’ herbal remedies, but Stiles was a damn good cook. Derek may not be watching his cholesterol, but even werewolves ate, and Stiles knew from being around Scott that they had quite the appetite.

The only thing Stiles would need was Derek’s address.

He doubted the older man would be forthcoming if asked, regardless of the fact he’d demanded the same from Stiles in the past. Lucky for Stiles, he had his own resources at his disposal, and Derek wasn’t the only person who could pick a lock. On the way into the station, he passed the good bakery on Atwater that made the chocolate Babka rolls, which just so happened to be Wanda the dispatcher’s favorite. Wanda had always been weak for his dimpled little boy grin, weaker still when carbs were involved.

Two Babkas and a brief story about needing to surprise his new boyfriend for his birthday later, Stiles managed to get Wanda to locate Derek’s current mailing address. He’d only managed to finish typing it into his phone when Deputy Parrish slunk up to the desk, come to snoop after catching a glimpse of Stiles’ tupperware containers and only too happy to lighten the load for Stiles when he saw what was inside.

Their mini feast was cut short though when a loud voice boomed through the closed door of the Sheriff’s office. “Is that my son?”

Stiles winced at his father’s tone, barely managing to slap Parrish’s hand away before his snuck another container of perogies. He hadn’t actually done anything worthy of that tone in quite a while, which meant that a certain someone may have flapped their flabby ass werewolf gums where they shouldn’t have. “Hey dad,” he said sheepishly, turning around to see his dad lean out of his cracked office door to glower at him. He rubbed the back of his neck with an open palm, grimacing with how sweaty his skin was. “Something wrong?”

His dad’s pointed look got even pointier, which both Wanda and Parrish took as their cue to find something else to occupy themselves with. The Sheriff crooked a finger at Stiles, urging him closer. “Get in here kid. I want to hear all about this situation with the suspiciously generous older man Scott just warned me you’re seeing.”

Stiles winced again, this time in a purely involuntary capacity. Freaking Scott and his stupid werewolf protective streak.

Not cool, Scottie. Not cool.

Chapter End Notes
Who the hell am I? All these words and no penetration yet. O_O What have I become (porn will happen tho, just to be clear, lol. Someone can only change so much)
Chapter 4

Contrary to popular human belief, werewolves could get worn out too. Especially one with Derek’s habits, the long hours and manual labor, coupled with the fact that the only thing he’d had all day in way of sustenance was a cup of black coffee. He’d hoped there would have been a few of Stiles’ perogies left in the small fridge they kept on site, but Boyd had eaten the last of them the night before.

It had been a bit of a shock to Derek, how much it affected him to catch Stiles’ scent on Boyd when his friend had returned to the site after fixing the kid’s door. Derek had inhaled unconsciously when he’d first caught wind of it, head inclining towards Boyd, only realizing what he’d done when he heard Boyd’s low snort of amusement.

Derek chose to ignore him, continue as if nothing had happened, but he’d accepted the dumplings when Boyd offered him some.

“He’s something,” Boyd had said, meaning loaded in his brief statement. It was how the two of them communicated, one of the reasons Derek initially bonded with the man.

Derek bit into a dumpling, mouth at once alight from the bite of the onion and tang of the sauerkraut. Despite being mostly cold they’d tasted good, homey in a way only truly found in home cooking. He’d nodded in vague agreement, fighting the urge to lean forward and inhale once more, caught off guard by how much he wanted that little hint of Stiles. Instead, Derek had reached forward for another dumpling, but was quickly rebuffed.

“Uh uh,” Boyd had said, taking a step back, physically turning his body to block Derek’s access. “Go get your own... I bet he’d make you some.”

Derek glowered at him, his dark look only earning a knowing smirk and a wink before Boyd raised another dumpling to his own mouth, stuffing it inside with a contented little hum. What Derek couldn’t admit was that he didn’t think it was his place to step in and make requests from Stiles. Boyd seemed to think there was more going on between them, which suited Derek fine, considering the parameters of his and Stiles’ original arrangement. But Derek didn’t know how to ask, had never been particularly good with expressing what he wanted.

He hadn’t wanted much of anything, to be honest. Not since Kate and the fire.

Then Stiles had called him his “sugar daddy,” sent him a picture of his shirt rucked up, baring his smooth pale skin and one pebbled pink nipple. Derek had turned the screen away reflexively at first, tucking it away from possible prying eyes. He’d ducked into the trailer they used as a breakroom to have a proper look, staring down at the picture, not knowing how to immediately respond and unable
to look away.

He’d seen Stiles shirtless the day he installed the new TV, but had not really thought about the boy’s body since. Perhaps it was the nature of the photo, the playful jest of it not able to completely overshadow the sexual nature of the pose, the face that Stiles was intentionally exposing himself for Derek. He found himself looking at it again, picturing it in his head when he put his phone out of reach. He imagined Stiles in a similar state of undress, looking up at Derek with those wide expressive eyes, mouth gone slack with anticipation, cheeks pink.

*Derek: idiot* Derek forced himself to text back, sure that Stiles had wanted something in return, but found himself worrying he’d been too gruff when Stiles didn’t text back immediately. Derek was surprised at the unease that the idea of disappointing Stiles stoked in him. He sagged in relief when his phone buzzed again with another message.

*Stiles: Seriously Derek, thank you. This was so nice of you, I don’t know how to pay you back. You’re a really good guy and an awesome fake boyfriend.*

Derek read the message twice, eyes stalling over the word “pay.” His stomach clenched at the idea that Stiles talked to him because he felt he owed him, and for nothing else. Derek knew what he wanted to say, but at the same time didn’t. He felt things for Stiles he couldn’t explain, things he hadn’t really registered until recently. It took some time for Derek to figure out what to say back, and even then it felt stilted, left him feeling raw and unsure.

*Derek: Not expecting payment. Happy to help*

He went home later that night still ruminating over what Stiles had said. He took the stairs like always, foregoing the elevator and trudging up with limited effort. He stopped though when he reached the landing, the presence of another heartbeat in his apartment giving him pause. He hadn’t been expecting Laura or Peter, and no one else ever came by without cause. He squared his shoulders as he stepped forward, nose twitching on his inhale.

It stopped Derek dead in his tracks, when he finally recognized the scent. His face was twisted into a disapproving frown when he finally opened the unlocked door he knew with absolute certainty that he had locked that morning. He dropped his bag at his side, glancing around the empty loft space and sniffing again, sure he wasn’t mistaken. The scent was too fresh, but if Stiles had left recently, Derek would have been able to smell him in the halls.

Derek crept into the apartment, glancing around as though he expected Stiles to pop up from some sort of hiding place. Derek wouldn’t put it past him, but it took a special kind of idiot to intentionally try and startle a werewolf.

Noises from the bathroom drew his attention, and Derek was greeted with the sight of Stiles on all fours half inside the walk in shower, furiously scrubbing the tiles. Derek stared, momentarily transfixed by the ample curves on display where Stiles’ ass was straining against the pulled taut fabric of his sweatpants. Stiles made quite the picture, ass tipped up in unknowing invitation as his body swayed rhythmically back and forth with his efforts. It took a moment for Derek to catch himself, to realize that he’d been staring. Once he became attuned to it, however, Derek quickly straightened his posture, arms crossing over his chest.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing?”

Stiles shrieked out a “Oh my Jesus!” as he spun around, arms scrambling for purchase as he crab walked further into the shower, a hand adorned with a yellow rubber glove resting on his heaving
Derek took a step forward, arms still crossed and brow furrowed as he glared own at Stiles’ splayed form. “What Are You Doing?” he ground out, jaw ticking from the force with which he clenched it.

Stiles glanced around himself at the shower, tongue darting out to lick his lips absentmindedly. He waved a hand about in a jerking motion, indicating the stall around him. “Cleaning your shower,” he offered, breathy and obvious.

“No-” Derek took another deliberate step forward, coming to a stop between Stiles’ spread legs so the kid had to crane his neck up to meet his eye. “What are you doing in my apartment?”

Stiles brushed his hair back, grimacing when he remembered he was still wearing the gloves. He scooted back a few inches on his butt, giving himself the space to stand up, bracing himself on the tile wall as he did. “Well originally” he said, Adam’s apple bobbing as he swallowed. “I came to make you dinner, but when I got here...I honestly don’t know why I thought you’d be clean, but you’re a total pig, bro.” Stiles’ mouth pursed with an impish curve, brown eyes defiant as they flickered up to meet Derek’s own.

He bent then, collecting the bottle of cleaner and scrub brush from the floor. He started again when he stood and found Derek still glaring down at him, expression grim.

“What?” Stiles squawked, incredulous as he tried to squirm his way past Derek, finally pushing him back with a hand to his chest to create distance. “Oh what, B and E’s are all fine and dandy for you, but the human can’t get in on any?” He waved his hands above his head to accentuate whatever point he was trying to make, wandering out into the kitchen like he lived there himself, already perfectly familiar with the layout of Derek’s loft and location of his cleaning supplies.

Stiles gave a satisfactory little jump when Derek growled, but turned to face him once more with a smug look. “Oh, I’m sorry, do you not like when someone just barges into your personal space?” He cocked his head in a pointed manner as he tugged the gloves off, the rubber snapping as it pulled away from his long fingers.

“You can’t just wander into a wolf’s space, Stiles,” Derek rumbled, pivoting on his heel to continue glaring at the kid, who frustratingly paid him little to no mind as he put the cleaner away. “Surprise the wrong one, and you’re going to get hurt.” He paused, another scent finally reaching his nose as he stood outside the bathroom. He glanced down towards the utility closet, where he stored his washer and dryer. Looking back at Stiles, he pointed towards the door with an accusatory finger. “Did you do laundry?”

Stiles’ smirk was smug, his head bobbing awkwardly in a short affirmative gesture. “It almost walked itself there, dude. A few more days and I think that one t-shirt could’ve been harvested as penicillin.”

Derek’s jaw clicked again, his hands fisting at his sides, fingers clenching in displeasure. Nothing like this had ever happened before, and while he instinctively gravitated towards anger, Derek now found himself adrift with how he truly felt. He wanted to be angry with Stiles, warred against the instinct to take him by the arm and throw him out, but instead found himself rooted to the floor. He stood, impotent, simple watching Stiles rinse his hands before opening the fridge.

“There are thirty tomales in your freezer,” Stiles tossed back over his shoulder, tone accusatory. “Thirty, Derek, and ten cheesy bean burritos. I know you’ve got your wolfy metabolism, but oh my god.” He pulled several bags from the fridge, one bulging with a green vegetable. “I’m making you beef and broccoli for dinner. It’s like healthy eating training wheels, even my dad likes mine and he
normally doesn’t like anything not doused in MSG...It’s not encased in a tortilla though, so brace yourself.”

Derek crossed his arms over his chest as Stiles rooted through his cupboards, withdrawing a cutting board and a skillet. He waited for Stiles to acknowledge the fact that Derek was basically boring holes in him with his glare, but the kid purposefully kept his eyes trained on his task at hand, head bowed and cheeks flushing the longer Derek stood in stoney silence.

“Stiles!” Derek snapped, finally gaining the boy’s attention.

Stiles groaned aloud, head falling back and palms slapping against the counter. “Oh my god, Derek, will you stop being such a Sourwolf! I’m trying to make you a nice dinner to say thank you, so just go...switch the laundry over or something and let me cook.” He waved Derek away, face flushed a vivid red but tone insistent. He began assembling his ingredients, not waiting for Derek to comply. “I’m gonna cut my fingers off or something, you’re freaking me out dude…”

Derek wanted to argue, felt himself primed to tell Stiles no, to get out of his apartment, but before he could bring himself to do anything of the sort, he was ambling down the hall towards the closet he kept the washer and dryer in. He didn’t have to be happy about complying though, and determined to scowl as he pulled the wet clothes from the washer and threw them into the dryer, hoping his irritation was well conveyed. Behind him, he could hear Stiles moving around the kitchen, mumbling to himself as he clanged about.

Once the load was started, Derek turned back to the kitchen, still glowering as he moved closer. He stood off to the side, arms crossed as he watched Stiles thinly slice some raw steak, a pan heating on the stove.

“Not to toot my own horn and all,” Stiles mused, loud enough that Derek knew he was being included this time in the conversation. “But I’m actually a pretty good cook.” He moved to the sink to rinse his hands before grabbing a bottle of oil, pouring a bit into the hot pan. “My mom died when I was young, so I started cooking for my dad, to try and take care of him.” He used the knife to slide the beef from the cutting board into the pan, Derek’s nose immediately filling with the scent of searing meat. Stiles prodded the strips back and forth a bit before flipping them.

Derek just stood there beside the center island, arms crossed and feet planted wide in a manner he’d been told numerous times was intimidating. Stiles very purposefully did not look over at him, intent on the task at hand while he kept talking, the flush on his cheeks only partly due to the heat wafting from the stove. “It gave me something to do, helped me focus my attention a bit. It was the same with herbal medicine, I kinda got into it through cooking...I was always trying to find things to make that would keep him healthy, you know?”

He removed the meat from the heat and added some onions, knife moving with practiced ease as he chopped the broccoli. He perked then, finally looking at Derek as he pointed to the fridge, knife still in his hand. “Do you want a beer? I brought some beer over, you seem like a beer kinda guy.”

Derek wasn’t, but he nodded, watching Stiles dart to the fridge and withdraw two bottles. He tossed one to Derek, forcing him to uncross his arms to catch it. He frowned at Stiles, mouth curving lower when Stiles grinned at him in self satisfaction. He watched the kid open his own beer on the countertop with a firm slap of his palm, forcing his own with a little flick of extended claw, earning him a brow lift from Stiles.

Stiles took a long drink of his own, a happy little hum expressing his satisfaction with his selection. He then glanced down at the navy shirt covering his belly, sad little frown momentarily tugging at the corners of his mouth. “Shit...I should have brought an apron...complete the picture of domesticity.” He shrugged, digging once more in a paper bag on the counter before withdrawing a
dark bottle of soy sauce. “I would be the best boywife ever, just so you know” he added as a little aside, hand smoothing down his shirtfront.

Derek was rocked by the immediate involuntary image of Stiles standing there in nothing but a frilly blue apron, the beer he’d been in the process of swallowing sliding too fast down his throat. Derek choked, beer tingling in his throat as he tried to clear it. He pressed his face into his sleeve to cough, not missing the puzzled look on Stiles’ face.


Derek took another drink, forcing down the remains which were still caught in his throat. He only just managed to regain his composure when Stiles started right back up again, this time telling him about his in depth research he’d been conducting on Sugar Daddies since his last talk with “the snitch formerly known as my best friend Scott.”

“You’re going about this whole thing all wrong, dude,” Stiles informed him, tossing the cooked strips of beef back in with the veggies and sauce. Derek couldn’t deny that it smelled damn good, head inclining a bit for a better look as he nodded vaguely. He doubted Stiles needed confirmation of his interest to carry on, and indeed he didn’t.

“Did you know there’s websites out there dedicated to this shit? Like, dating websites, but for old dudes looking for twinks to spoil...and all of them had a disclaimer that the site wasn’t to be used to prostitution or escorting, which means it *totally* is.” He snorted to himself as he stirred. “You should be about twenty years older, and *I’m* supposed to be the hot one.”

Derek’s fingers tightened around the bottle he was still clutching, feeling completely railroaded by the hurricane that was Stiles Stilinski. Any pithy remark he hoped to make in return stuck fast in his throat, so he simply grunted in reply, filling his useless mouth with another swig of beer to cover up his own impotence. As a human, Stiles couldn’t pick up on the scent of his shifting chemosignals, but Derek could smell the sour notes of insecurity wafting off Stiles as the boy chanced a look over at him. Stiles’ heart rate spiked a bit when their eyes briefly met, quickly turning his attention back to his cooking, flush in his cheeks betraying him.

“Anyways…” Stiles trailed off, tossing the broccoli in the pan as he licked his lips self consciously. “You suck at this Sugar Daddy thing.”

Derek snorted, slipping onto one of the barstools set by the center island. He watched Stiles cook, not bothering to reply as he knew Stiles was just running his mouth to fill the silence. He moved to stand when Stiles seemed near done, and earned a spatula in the face for his troubles.

“I said I’m making you dinner!” Stiles chided. “Just...sit there and let me do it.”

Derek swiped the spatula away from his face with a scowl, but remained seated and let Stiles wait on him as he so clearly wanted to. It was awkward, the silence heavy between them as Stiles set the table and divied up the food. Even more awkward when Stiles urged him to sit, tried to help Derek push his chair in like he was a little kid. He almost expected Stiles to tuck a napkin into the neckline of his shirt, too. It decidedly wasn’t sexy.

“So I...uh...kinda told my dad about you,” Stiles admitted, teeth grit in an animated wince as he sat down.

Derek stilled a moment, remembering quite distinctly that Stiles’ dad was the Sheriff before reminding himself there was nothing below board about their setup. Stiles wasn’t underage and Derek hadn’t solicited anything from him, but Stiles’ tone was so foreboding that it set his nerves alight. He quirked a brow, hoping to prompt the rest of the story he knew Stiles was all but vibrating
to spit out.

Stiles took his nonverbals and ran with them, regaling Derek with how “the traitor formerly known as Scott” had stuck his nose where it didn’t belong and spilled the beans to his dad. “His forehead vein was throbbing, Derek,” Stiles said, eyes wide as he gestured wildly, gaping mouth still half full. “I had to tell him something since he was convinced I was basically prostituting myself….fucking Scott…” His fork clinked against the plate as he stabbed it down forcefully.

Derek frowned, fork poised over his own food. “Why would he think that?” he asked, hesitant with worry for what Stiles had told them, what Stiles thought this arrangement between them was.

The worry only intensified at Stiles’ sheepish cower. “I just told Scott about the TV and stuff,” Stiles admitted, eyes flickering cautiously up to Derek before babbling on, words spilling out in his haste to explain himself. “Ever since he got wolfy he’s been super protective of me...which is stupid, I had to carry his inhaler for him since he was like nine...he has literally no credibility as a protector…”

Derek’s brows rounded at Stiles’ stream of consciousness, wondering if any of it was actually for his benefit.

“My dad corners me in his office today...total fifth degree and goes off on the different levels of solicitation...so I told him we were dating.” Stiles winced, teeth bared as his lower lip pulled down in his grimace. “Is that ok? I mean I thought it would be cause we told your family we were, but I can totally tell him we broke up if that’s not ok-”

“Stiles,” Derek cut in, head fuzzy from the deluge of information.

Stiles’ mouth clicked as it snapped shut, eyes wide as he waited for Derek’s response. His cheeks were flushed, redness creeping up from the neckline of his shirt. His cheek actually bulged from his half chewed mouthful.

Derek swallowed, fingers clenching around his silverware to ground him. “Is he gonna give me parking tickets or something?”

Stiles blinked rapidly, long lashes fluttering as his mouth fell open again. His lips were so pink, shiny when his tongue darted out to wet them. It was distracting until he finally spoke again, words a bit stilted as they came out. “I don’t-I don’t think so? I don’t actually know, this is kind of the first time I’ve ever really been in this situation…” Stiles’ flushed deepened, teeth self consciously gnawing at his lower lip until Derek had to fight the impulse to reach forward and stop him before he broke the skin.

They both went quiet a minute, each poking at their food before Stiles leaned forward, knee bouncing under the table and fingers drumming on his napkin in his usual nervous tell. “It’s been nice,” he confessed, voice soft and gaze lowered to the table. “Even if it’s not real...I mean I know we’re not really dating, but it’s been nice to be able to tell people we are. Is that weird?”

He was so earnest, Derek didn’t have the heart to do anything but shake his head. It wasn’t even a sentiment he disagreed with. It had been nice for Laura’s recent phone calls to lack their usual undercurrent of worry and pity. Even Peter had been more casual with him, had stopped telling him about “interesting people” in his office or yoga class, the notion that this was someone Derek might also find interesting unspoken but beyond blatant. Their last conversation, Peter had talked about Derek helping him re-finish his deck, and a coffee table he’d been eyeing at a store downtown. It was so completely benign, probably a first for them since the fire.

“It’s not weird,” Derek replied.
Though the conversation was stilted, Stiles proved to be a damn good cook. Derek had never been one for vegetables, but found himself scraping the smallest scraps off the bottom when he’d finished his portion. Stiles gleefully refilled his bowl, the happiness pouring off him enough to make Derek force down the rest even when he was past the point of full.

When they were done, Stiles cleared the table, humming to himself in delight as he rinsed the dishes. Derek was again rebuffed when he tried to help, told to “go do whatever you usually do in your downtime, Big Bad.” He watched for a moment as Stiles moved familiarly about his kitchen, humming to himself in a way which granted Derek another brief vision of Stiles standing in the apron, ass high and round like a peach when he turned to put away the now clean pan. Derek’s jaw clenched at the image, turning away immediately.

Unsure what else to do, Derek reverted back to the his usual routine. He worked out.

He’d switched from push ups to his chin up bar when Stiles called out “What are you going to do with all this fruit?”

Derek paused, chin poised above the bar when he chanced a glance over towards Stiles to find the kid still bent forward, rifling through the contents of his fridge. “My sister,” he said.

“She likes to buy me things I don’t need.”

Stiles straightened at that, head popping up into view. “Must be a family trait,” he quipped, voice syrupy sweet. “Is she hot?”

Derek rolled his eyes, resuming his chin ups, ignoring the feeling of eyes on him as he worked and the spicy musk of arousal which followed. He glanced over at the whir of a blender while he did crunches on the floor, but from his position couldn’t see the top of the counter. Stiles seemed focused on his task though, so Derek did the same. When he’d finished, he switched the laundry and took a quick shower to freshen up. When he came out, dressed in fresh sweatpants and a tank top, Stiles was screwing lids back onto mason jars filled with a thick brightly colored liquid. Derek picked one up to examine it, finding the mixture within thicker than he’d anticipated and flecked with some kind of small dark seed.

Stiles plucked the jar from his hands, replacing it with a tall glass filled with a green liquid.

“A recovery shake,” he offered, nodding towards Derek’s chest. “For after your workout.”

Derek eyed it with with mounting suspicion. Stiles stood before him though, big Bambi eyes wide and heart fluttering expectantly as he waited for Derek to take it from him, so Derek finally reached forward and accepted it. The glass was cool in his hand, and the liquid moved sluggishly in its thickness, but after an awkward interlude of staring, Derek finally steel himself and took a first tentative sip.

It was light, fresh tasting, with an undernote of mint. Derek had worried it could be cloying and sweet, as Laura’s smoothies often were. He took another more generous gulp after that, downing almost half in one go.

Stiles’s gaze was trained on him, analyzing his every facial tick. “Do you like it?” he asked, buzzing and eager.

Derek took one more sip, let it sit in his mouth before swallowing it. He nodded finally to keep Stiles from combusting.

Stiles’ impish grin spread from ear to ear as he fistpumped. “Awesome!” he chirped, taking a step
back towards the fridge and gripping the handle. “Cause I made you a bunch!” Derek’s mouthful promptly slid down the wrong tube as Stiles yanked open the fridge to reveal at least ten more thermoses and mason jars, each filled with a different brightly colored liquid. His brows rounded as he counted them again, wondering how much time he had before they’d go off. Maybe he could pawn some off on Boyd, or Peter.

“They’re all natural,” Stiles insisted. “They should be good for a few days, but I thought with how busy you are, maybe you could have a few throughout the day? Didn’t really peg you for a sweets man, so they’re not super fruity…my dad’s like that too, he likes my raspberry jalapeno and flax ones the best…” He trailed off when he turned to catch Derek staring at him, flushing bright and snapping his mouth shut. “I’m sorry…” he finally said, voice small. “I should have asked first…my dad is right I never think-”

“Shut up,” Derek said, crowding against Stiles a bit when he stepped forward to close the still open fridge. “Thank you, this is great.”

Stiles swallowed hard, throat bobbing as he looked up at Derek. They were almost flush together, close enough to kiss, and for a moment Stiles looked up at him hopeful, lips parting like he was waiting for Derek to lean down and do it. There was an undercurrent of fear though emanating from Stiles, thin and faint but present all the same, and it stopped Derek from dipping his head to close the distance.

Stiles’ shoulders slumped a little when Derek backed up to lean against the counter. His abused lower lip was tugged back between his teeth as he stood stock still, watching Derek down the rest of his drink in one go looking ever the lost little pup. Never able to stand still, Stiles soon began bouncing on his heels, hands wringing with increasing anxiety every passing second.

“Well,” Stiles finally coughed out, brows rising in an exaggerated attempt to seem casual. “It’s uh….getting late, and you never actually invited me over, so I’m gonna…go.” He ducked, literally ducked below Derek’s arm when he reached out towards him.

Derek blinked, setting the glass in the sink as he watched Stiles gather a few reusable shopping totes and his jacket. “Stiles-” he started before knowing what exactly he wanted to follow it up with. Not that it mattered, Stiles never stopped moving, flittering around like a hummingbird, albeit a clumsy one.

“I just can’t do this one sided thing,” Stiles blurted out, finally coming to a stop by the front door. “I get you don’t want sex from me, and I seriously appreciate everything you’ve given me-”

“Stiles,” Derek tried again, taking a step forward even as the kid took one backwards, anxiety seeping off him like the rot off old trash.

“But if you don’t mind, I’d like it to be more reciprocal. Not that I think smoothies are the same as a TV, or anything-” Stiles scoffed at himself, laugh humorless and eyes fixed on anything that wasn’t Derek as he slipped his shoes on. “But it’s something at least.”

Derek stood rooted, watching him get ready to leave, salt heavy in the air like the kid was fighting back tears. He couldn’t just watch Stiles go, couldn’t let him leave while he was so sure that Derek didn’t want him, that no one would want him when it couldn’t be further from the truth. In two strides he was there, hand on Stiles’ chest shoving him back against the wall with a squeaky exhalation. He finally looked up at him when Derek crowded in close, their close proximity not giving him many alternatives.

With Stiles secured, Derek found himself unsure of what to say when confronted with Stiles’ glassy
eyes and rounded brows. Any further attempt at gathering a coherent thought flew out the window when Stiles’ tongue darted out, leaving a glossy sheen across his pouty pink lips. Stiles’ head thumped against the wall when Derek leaned in again, his heart rabbit quick in his chest, almost strong enough that Derek could feel it through their shirts.

“I like taking care of you, you deserve to be spoiled a little,” Derek finally said, Stiles’ responding exhale hot against his mouth. “If that makes me your sugar daddy, then I want to be...you do anything you want in return, got it?”

Stiles swallowed and nodded in acceptance, breath coming in short pants even though the stink of his anxiety was finally waning. Derek found himself enjoying the easy compliance, craved more of the flushed submission which softened Stiles’ face even as Derek pressed him further against the wall. Derek felt a rush as Stiles’ arousal spiked, the smell hardly necessary when their hips were so well aligned. Instinct had him leaning forward to inhale hungrily along Stiles’ throat where the smell was most potent, the tip of his nose dragging against soft skin until Stiles sucked in a shaky gasp.

The noise was enough to make reality fade back into the forefront, and Derek realized he was all but nuzzling Stiles’ jaw. When he pulled away, Stiles’ eyes were dark and needy. Derek ducked in once more, dragging his nose and stubbled jaw along Stiles’ milky throat with intent.

“Your marked now,” Derek breathed against Stiles’ slack mouth. “Everyone will know you’re mine.”

Stiles’ answering nod was shaky but accepting. The happy notes intermixing with the his arousal was intoxicating, and in his greed for more, Derek leaned forward to brush their mouths together. It was a rather chaste kiss, but it still sent Stiles’ already overtaxed heart into overdrive. Stiles was all but melted against him, breath baited as he waited for Derek to make another move, too overloaded to do anything else. Derek’s wolf was spurred on by his submissive, teeth aching to bite at those plump lips, that long throat and the fluttering line of his heartbeat therein. He pressed his hips forward, let his burgeoning hardness rub against Stiles’ hip.

“Still think I don’t want you?” he ground out, nose brushing against Stiles’ own. Stiles shook his head, mouth still hanging open and eyes helplessly fixed on Derek’s mouth. He sagged a little more in Derek’s hold, like his knees were giving out. His own hips jerked forward, which Derek would bet his left nut wasn’t a conscious choice. They both breathed for a moment, and for once Derek was the one to break the silence. “It’s not that I don’t want you,” he confessed, both to Stiles and himself. “I just won’t force you.”

Stiles sighed at that, the noise dangerously close to a whine. He swallowed, voice ragged when he finally spoke again. “Good...cause that’s...you know....illegal.”

Derek snorted, carding his fingers through Stiles’ hair and tug his head back, baring his throat for one final nuzzle. “You’re gonna text me when you get home.”

“Uh huh,” Stiles responded, breathy and high.

Derek finally forced himself to take a step back, both to give Stiles some air and collect himself. “Come over whenever you want,” he said, surprised at how much he meant it, how much he wanted Stiles to come back and invade his space with his bounding energy and incessant motormouth.

“Uh huh,” Stiles replied again, still a bit vacant in his expression as he picked up his bags once more. “Ok...yeah...you too.” He moved to the door, a little sluggish and missing the handle completely the first time he reached for it. He giggled, high and bright when he finally got his hand around it. He left
with a little wave, cheeks aflame and pants a little tented.

Derek didn’t realize he was smiling until the door clicked shut.
Chapter 5

Chapter Notes

Earning that rating finally, LOL

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stiles:

Scott may still have been in the traitor box, but he was still Stiles’ bro and a werewolf, both of which Stiles needed in the moment. He’d spent days ruminating on what had happened, most of the rumination between the sheets or in the shower...and that one time on the couch. Ok two times.

Derek was usually so hard to read, but there had been no mistaking the hard line of his erection when it was pressed up against Stiles’ lower belly. Even through the layers of their clothing, there was no missing that thing. It wasn’t just Derek’s seemingly generous endowment though that fueled Stiles’ fantasies, but everything else that went along with it. He could still feel the prickle of stubble against his throat, scraping along his jaw, the skin there no longer pink but still a little sensitive. The heat of Derek’s breath as he inhaled his scent deeply, until Stiles swore he could feel the actual flare of Derek’s nostrils.

Stiles was completely out of his depth when it came to understanding intimacy even as it related to humans, much less the complexities of werewolf courtship. A couple of the deputies at the station were wolves, but Stiles knew anything he told them would automatically be relayed to his father, and that was not something he was amenable to. If he called Allison, Scott would find out and probably be so hurt at being bypassed that he’d give Stiles the wounded shelter puppy eyes for a month.

The most annoying part was that Scott didn’t even seem to know he was in the doghouse, chipper and sunny like usual when he answered the phone. That all changed of course the second Stiles brought up Derek, though Scott didn’t even have the decency to sound cowed when Stiles called him on his betrayal.

“You know I only told him cause you’re like my brother, Stiles. I care about what happens to you.”

Stiles rolled his eyes so hard there were sparks behind his lids. “Your mom still does your grocery shopping, Scott. You are not an authority figure in my life just cause you’ve had sex...I mean if that’s the bar we’re working with, buddy, my cousin Marcus in also my authority figure, and he’s like thirteen.”

A few seconds of silence passed before Scott finally said, “Marcus has had sex?”

Stiles groaned, his head smacking against the cabinets when it flopped back. “The point, Scott. Stay on it.” As penance, Stiles made Scott listen to every detail of their last date, finally getting to the reason he’d called when he mentioned Derek making sweet love to Stiles’ neck.

“Dude…” Scott drawled out, reverent.

“Yeah,” Stiles replied, nodding towards his empty apartment. “It was pretty hot.”

“No, dude,” Scott repeated, a little stunned. “He didn’t use his hand, he actually scented you like
with his nose and shit?”

Stiles scoffed. “Oh yeah,” he said, leaning back against the countertops and tucking the hand not holding his phone into the opposite elbow. “Like deep, meaningful inhales, some serious nuzzling. I honestly had no idea I could go full chub from just some nuzzling dude, but I’m gonna have to go buy a billion bottles of that body wash, cause that was amaz-”

“No, bro,” Scott cut in. “Like the scenting thing I do with you, when I rub my hand on the back of your neck before we go hang out with other wolves? It shows you’re part of my pack, it’s like a protection thing. What Derek did though? That’s like some next level intimacy for werewolves, born especially for born wolves. Usually only mated wolves do stuff like that together...he’s super into you, bro.”

Stiles blinked, Scott’s words rattling around in his head a few times before they finally sank in. He slumped back against the countertop, head hitting the cabinet once more, though this time he barely registered it. “Wow…” he breathed out, letting the knowledge wash over him. Derek liked him. Derek actually liked him…

“Yeah, Stiles,” Scott snorted, indicating Stiles had been speaking out loud rather than to himself as he’d thought he’d been. “The guy you’re dating is crushing hard on you, you’re a real trendsetter.”

“Shut up,” Stiles managed, giggle a little manic when it bubbled out a second later as he considered that Derek had apparently been rubbing off on him during their time together. Who knew that a tendency for sharp sourpuss replies transferred through a little frottage-

“Ew, bro, I seriously do not want details,” Scott whined. This would normally be the place where Stiles moaned dramatically, or made some sort of smart ass aside, but he was currently too gobsmacked for his usual ridiculousness. It had been overwhelming to think that someone, anyone, especially someone as hot as Derek wanted him sexually the night before. The idea that the intimacy went beyond merely physical attraction though, Stiles felt blindsided. Derek liked him. Didn’t tolerate him, or “not mind” his company. Stiles wasn’t the least awful choice in the room, or just someone to fill the empty space, Derek actually wanted him there. At least, that was Scott’s interpretation, but it was hard not to believe it with all the other pieces pointing in the same direction.

Their “relationship” had been started as a matter of convenience, but despite their first encounter in the diner, Stiles had never seen Peter again, still had never met Laura. Derek had been asking for pictures to share with her less and less, and it wasn’t as though either of them would know whether Stiles carried Derek’s scent or not.

“Stiles...I can hear you mouthbreathing, I know you’re there.” Scott’s voice finally permeated his consciousness and brought him back to the present, raising in pitch and petulance when he finally spoke again. “No jerking off while I’m on the phone dude, we’ve talked about this.”

“That was one time,” Stiles whined, mouth gone a bit dry. “You’re sure though? Don’t try and stroke my ego or anything, bro, is the sniffing thing really that hardcore?” He could feel the warm gusts of Derek’s breath against his neck, a phantom caress that sent shivers through him, coated his insides with syrupy warmth. “Cause Derek’s not much of a…talker, or a feelings guy. I can’t exactly just ask him.”

“Yeah, you kind of can,” Scott countered, like Stiles was the idiot here. “But yeah, dude. He’s putting his scent on you to tell other wolves to back off, lets them know you’re taken.”
While Stiles took Scott at his word, he took to Google for a bit more confirmation after they ended their conversation. He browsed Were blogs and Pinterest pages on werewolf courting habits, werewolf etiquette guides written for humans, anything he could get his greedy little fingers on. He eagerly scanned each page, tongue peeking from the corner of his mouth. Scott’s words were confirmed several times over, each page noting the importance of scent for born Weres, the different levels of intimacy expressed through different types of touches.

Teen Vogue ended up being a goldmine, with a full pictorial guide to Werewolf flirtations which while staged and cheesy as all hell, perfectly illustrated the differences Scott had been talking about. He felt another flutter when he came across a close up of the male model’s nose up against the female model’s neck. Heat bloomed in his belly as he gazed at it, cock stirring just a bit in his underwear. He reached a hand between his legs to squeeze himself, lip caught between his teeth as he imagined Derek’s mouth, that possessive hand at the nape of his neck, the press of Derek’s thigh between his legs.

A hitched little sigh broke past Stiles’ parted lips, his hips arching up into the hand that was idly palming his plumping dick. Stiles soon clicked out of Teen Vogue and into one of his go-to porn clips on pornhub, a rougher video where the jock type guy manhandled the skinny twink onto the bed, cupped a hand over the twink’s mouth when he fucked up into him. Stiles could easily imagine Derek in the “strong silent type” role the jock guy was assuming, he himself easily fitting the role of tiny guy getting railed.

When he’d first discovered his predilection for cock, the videos and pictures Stiles had found were full of big jock types or thick daddies, guys who seemed to live in the gym, big muscles and bigger cocks. It had made him rather self conscious initially, made it almost hard to touch himself when what he encountered was so woefully inadequate. Twink porn had been a definite step up, but daddy kink had proved a revelation. He rarely imagined himself in the clips he watched, rarely fantasized about anyone else really, but the image of Derek holding him against the wall hit him with an unforgiving intensity. He flopped back on his bed, porn abandoned and smiling like an idiot when he remembered Derek’s words “it’s not that I don’t want you.” Someone wanted him. Not even just someone, but Derek. Derek with his eyes and his stubble, Derek who didn’t seem to like anyone as far as Stiles could tell, except maybe Boyd. Not to mention Derek was probably the hottest guy Stiles could ever have even dreamed up, much less expected to find in real life.

Derek not only wanted him, but wanted to mark him up with his scent and claim him. It wasn’t just for show anymore, a facsimile of affection, but something just between them. A tingle shivered through him like electric shock when he pressed a hand between his thighs, drew his fingers up the length of them until they brushed against his tight nestled balls. He let his eyes drift shut and imagined Derek’s weight covering him, holding him down. The hand not squeezing his cock ran over his chest, fingertips dragging over his nipple sending little shocks of heat down towards his groin. He pinched the little nub hard, gasping at the sharp pain, but it was easy to imagine Derek’s fingers doing the deed rather than his own. Derek would be rougher, harder than Stiles ever was with himself.

He didn’t often finger himself, never got the angle just right and often it depressed him more than got him off, but now the thought of pushing two wet fingers up inside himself had him arching off the bed while precum slipped down the head of his cock. The fantasy of Derek pushing two fingers into him had him cumming wet across his belly.

He’d upped his porn game after that, wanting to be prepared if he and Derek ever took things to the next level. Stiles was well aware that porn and reality rarely intersected, but he felt better getting
some vague ideas of what to do with his hands, with his mouth. He touched himself and imagined it
was someone else with purpose this time, got himself used to the idea of someone else’s hands on
him. He scoured the internet for how to guides until he was sure his search history would give his
dad an aneurysm.

He tried buying a dildo once, face burnt red with embarrassment as he eyed a shelf of modestly sized
toys in a small sex shop downtown. Stiles had figured it would be better to grab one in person, as
he’d never owned one before and didn’t know which type to go for. He’d talked himself up
beforehand, reminded himself he was grown and just as entitled to self love as the next person. He
was a modern free spirit who was in charge of his sexuality, but all it took was one knowing look
from the blonde girl behind the counter for him to scurry out the door empty handed.

Perhaps instead a modern sexually free boy could just shop online instead.

Despite jerking off to him on nearly a daily basis now, Stiles was ashamed to admit he was nervous
to initiate contact with Derek out of the blue. Their last encounter, small and altogether insignificant
as it may have been, altered their dynamic from one of playful if awkward amiability to...whatever it
was now. When Stiles took his phone out to text Derek the next day, a shyness overcame him that
he’d never been encumbered with before. He didn’t know what to say, how to act, what was
expected. Instead he sent a selfie after class, his face smeared with dirt he hadn’t realized was there
until a trip to the bathroom.

Stiles: look how sexy I am he sent along with the picture, his expression a comical exaggeration of a
moan. He put the phone back in his pocket, not expecting an immediate reply, and couldn’t help the
grin which tugged at his mouth when he felt the familiar buzz against his thigh barely a minute later.
He nearly dropped the phone though when he read Derek’s reply.

Derek: Boyd wants to know if that’s ur sexy face

Being alone didn’t stop Stiles’ face from heating with embarrassment, his cheeks aflame when he
chanced a look in the mirror. His thumbs ached a bit when he slammed them atop the tiny keyboard
letters on his phone’s screen.

Stiles: wtf u showed Boyd?!!??! Not cool!!! he wrote, flush now down to his chest and creeping
lower still. His poor ears felt like they were on fire.

Derek: U texted me at work was the completely remorseless reply. Stiles didn’t appreciate the
implication this was somehow his fault. Derek should just be better at shielding his messages.

Stiles: You suck. Go tell your boyfriend Boyd

It was unfair how even mental image of a smirk on Derek’s face had Stiles grinning like an idiot.

It all seemed to escalate from there. Stiles would send Derek stupid pictures, and in turn Derek
started replying with pictures of his resting bitch face. Or just his face, Stiles didn’t think it counted as
“resting” when it was really the only expressed the man conveyed ever. Stiles would leave smoothies
and scones at Derek’s apartment, and in turn Derek would leave gift cards on his kitchen counter, or
a movie Stiles had offhandedly mentioned wanting to see. They rarely occupied each others spaces at
the same time though, most of their interactions still remaining via text, or that one time Stiles was
driving home exhausted and needed Derek to keep him awake with his astounding wit.

All in all, Stiles was happy with the status quo, but between the porn and the renewed masterbatory
furvor, he was ready for a bit more. He’d only ever been kissed, he was ready to put all his hard
earned research into practice and rock Derek’s world. The problem was, he didn’t have the first clue
on how to do it.

Scott said he should tell Derek, which really was the worst advice ever. Stiles was not doing that, not a chance in hell. Thankfully, Scott’s big mouth meant that Allison covertly texted him later.

Allison: Hi Stiles! :D Boy troubles?

Allison: I love Scott...but whatever he said to do please don’t

Stiles snorted down at the screen. As though he needed to be told that.

Stiles: yeah Derek’s not much of a talker

Allison’s advice basically was for him to slut it up a bit. Scott seemed pretty convinced that Derek was into him, and to her best estimation, he was simply taking things slow so as not to spook Stiles. She accompanied this insight with four heart eye emojis, for extra emphasis. Allison’s suggestion was for him to crank it up to 11, or at least send Derek a few nudes or risque pics to show he was up for them advancing things to the next level. She even sent Stiles some inspiration screenshots of pictures she’d found online to get him started.

Allison: You have red underwear? Boys like bold colors

Stiles did, but they mostly came in the form of plaid boxers, and one pair of Y-fronts. The rest of his underwear contained comic or cartoon characters, which Stiles felt he probably should have phased out years ago, in retrospect. The “Han Shot First” briefs he’d only bought the week before, but they’d been on sale and had made him laugh. Awesome as they were though, they were decidedly not sexy. He had some plain grey boxer briefs which were fairly new and fit him pretty well, but when he tried a few pictures, he couldn’t get over how scrawny he looked in them. He had nice shoulders, Stiles could admit that much, but his chest was narrow, his waist thin. He definitely didn’t have Derek’s muscular grooves in his stomach or developed pecs. No, Stiles had a flat chest but nipples that liked to puff up on him and poke through his shirt. Jackson fucking Whittemore had called him Tits all through the ninth grade when they’d first joined the junior LaCrosse team. He was in his early twenties now, but it was still something that made him self conscious.

He tried a few more positions, lay back on his bed and arched his back, but it didn’t do much to help. He tried an over the shoulder ass shot on all fours, but his saggy underwear didn’t do much to accentuate anything. He wasn’t exactly going to wow Derek with his dick either, considering his modest endowment. God, Derek probably had some meaty monstercock to go along with the rest of his ridiculously perfect body…

With a groan of frustration, Stiles kicked the briefs down his legs, flinging them off the bed with his foot. If nothing else, he knew he had a good ass. Stiles got back onto all fours and arched his back, getting a shot of his bowed back and the top of his ass. It was decent, but he wasn’t ready to be quite so exposed on a first try.

Still naked, Stiles stomped to his closet, hoping to find something that could be considered sexy. He was reaching down to grab a shirt he’d dropped when he caught sight of the green plastic bag at the bottom of his closet. He’d bought it a few weekends ago, on a rare Saturday that his dad wasn’t working and they’d hung out together. He’d found it in a music shop his dad liked which sold all sorts of novelties. He’d barked out a laugh when he’d first seen the shirt, clamming up when his dad wandered over to investigate his boisterous reaction.

The shirt was pale green, soft and flimsy with that distressed vintage feel despite the fact it was new. The V at the front dipped down to his collarbones, there had only been one size available and it had
been too big, but there had been no way Stiles was going to leave without it. The chest area featured a silhouette image of a wolf’s head howling at the moon, with the caption “Who’s afraid of the Big Bad Wolf” written beneath. He’d gotten home so late that night that’d he’d just tossed the bag into his closet, aiming for his laundry hamper, and somehow managed to forget it.

Excited, Stiles pulled the shirt on over his head and tugged it into place. The mattress bounced under his knees when he leapt onto it, phone clutched tight in his hand. He arranged himself on his knees, legs tucked under him. The shirt perfectly hit his more insecure areas while still showing some skin. He snapped a few photos, examining each closely before discarding them. None of them looked quite right, so he scanned back through Allison’s example pictures and suggestions. Most of the sexy faces looked ridiculous, and he felt even more so when he attempted them, but lip biting he could definitely manage.

Stiles fist the bottom of the shirt in one hand and pressed it down between his legs to rest against the bedding, effectively hiding his crotch while still letting Derek see that he wasn’t wearing anything else. The gesture also tugged the soft fabric tight against his shoulders, the already low neckline tugged down further to bare more of his smooth chest.

He tapped a few more photos before looking again, fistpumping the air when he found one that was as close to perfect as he was likely to get. He looked slutty alright, his hair a mess from his own anxious fingers and his lips reddened from the prolonged biting.

A quick glance at his clock told him it was probably late enough that even a workaholic like Derek would be home, and not still at a jobsite.

*Stiles* gonna show Boyd this one too?

He sent the photo a second later, practically vibrating with anticipation as he unfolded his legs and flopped back onto his bed to wait. By the five minute mark, his foot was tapping against the bed and the tip of his thumb had taken up permanent residence between his teeth. By the 10 minute mark he was sweating and starting to regret all his life choices, until his phone buzzed with an incoming message.

*Derek* no

Stiles’ grin split practically from ear to ear. The last thing Derek could be called was tactful, and he would have no trouble telling Stiles to fuck off if he hadn’t liked what he’d received. As far as Stiles was concerned that one little word meant Derek was probably already at half chub. He kicked his feet in the air, positively gleeful as he raised his phone to take another selfie. This time he raised his hand to his partially open mouth, fingers teasing at his lower lip before his lips closed around them for yet another picture.

*Stiles* No? How about these?

The replies were much faster this time, and still brief and to the negative. Stiles’ tongue peeked out from between his teeth, enjoying the confidence that came from not having to look Derek in the eye, at least while toying with him in this manner.

*Stiles* sorry, am I bothering you? I’ll just leave you alone then

*Derek* No The reply was quick this time, only a few seconds after he’d received Stiles’ text. Stiles nibbled his lip, foot bouncing once more as he contemplated how to respond.

*Stiles* Don’t want to bother you if you’re not into it
Derek took his sweet time again, the seconds ticking by sending Stiles into an anxious frenzy that maybe he’d misinterpreted this whole thing. He had escalated to tapping his phone against his face when it finally buzzed again, bearing another verbose reply.

Derek: lower

Stiles frowned, not quite sure what he’d meant by that. He just send three question marks in a row, hoping Derek got the hint that he was a confusing weirdo and needed to be more specific.

Derek: Go lower. The camera.

Stiles snorted as he looked at it. “Such a romantic” he muttered, tapping out another message. He lay back and aimed the camera down at his chest, frame extending from his chin to his belly, collarbone exposed by the deep v cut in the neckline of his shirt. It wasn’t overtly sexy, but hoped it would suffice, or at least drag some more directional verbs out of the werewolf.

Stiles: like this?

Derek: more, your chest

Stiles bit his lip, glancing down at himself in trepidation before acquiescing. He gripped the side of the V with one hand, dragging it down and to the side to expose a nipple. He took the picture, glossy bitten lip in the frame as well. He was flushing now, his cheeks ruddy and the center of his chest blooming pink. It made the rest of his skin seem paler by comparison. A tingle spread through him when he hit send, nervous due to his own insecurities and hopeful that Derek would find him appealing. He wished he could see Derek’s face, both appreciated and loathed the privacy their current separation allotted him.

Derek: lower

Stiles grinned, wriggling at bit on the bed as he sat up, fingers flying across the screen.

Stiles: What are you even doing with these? Send them to Laura as an update? Cause I really draw the line here then

Derek: No

Stiles rolled his eyes, ready to type out another sarcastic comment when a picture popped up. Stiles’ eyes bugged out of his head when he realized it was a picture Derek had taken of himself, his cock a massive line visibly straining against the dark fabric of his boxer briefs.

Stiles swallowed on reflex, both hands holding the phone still as he stared at the photo. His whole body was flushed with heat now, head fuzzy as he stared at the swollen length which curved up towards Derek’s hip. Stiles unconsciously reached down between his own legs, squeezing his own plumping length. His own cock was far less imposing than what Derek appeared to be sporting, but for the moment Stiles couldn’t even think to feel self conscious, too bowled over by the fact that Derek had sent him a dick pic. A clothed one, sure, but a naughty pic. Of himself!

The only dick to have graced Stiles’ phone previously was the shot Scott had accidentally sent him last year, an incident he and Scott both liked to pretend never happened.

“Wow,” Stiles breathed out, needing to release some of his own excitement.

Derek: show me more
Stiles’ heart fluttered at a hummingbird’s pace in his chest, fingers suddenly gone gummy as he tried to ask Derek what he wanted. He stopped himself though, a bit nervous of what Derek might ask for. Instead he lay back and rucked his shirt up to his armpits, baring his chest and belly. He took a picture, careful that his cock was out of frame.

*Derek: lower* came the swift reply.

Stiles angled the phone down, again keeping his crotch just out of view as he took a shot of his long legs, knees tucked up just enough to get the full length of them in the frame. He bit the edge of his thumb as he waited for the next reply, anticipation catching his breath in his throat.

*Derek: more*

Brief as it was, the request still made his stomach flutter with excitement. The only angle left from Allison’s little cache of photographic suggestions was the ass shot, which proved more complicated than Stiles would have expected. The over the shoulder didn’t really work, it looked stupid in the mirror and he felt stupid posing. He almost pulled a shoulder muscle trying to crane back when he was lying down, and finally settled for kneeling on all fours. He rested on his knees and elbows, ass in the air and back arched for maximum effect. He aimed the phone over his shoulder and sent up a hail Mary, tapping several photos in quick succession. He scanned through them, thumbing between two before finally making a selection. He looked skinny in the photo, but the pose did the most for his ass.

He waited, an unfairly multiple number of minutes until he was all but sliding backwards off the bed, feet tapping out a jittery rhythm against the lumpy comforter. Stupid Derek, how long did it take to reply to a freaking photo? Did he not like it? Was Stiles too skinny and unimpressive after all? He triple checked that his dick had been out of frame in every shot, relieved to find it had been.

By the five minute mark, Stiles was driven practically to distraction. The ringing on the other end of the line was the first time Stiles realized he’d called Derek, but before he could hang up, Derek answered.

“I send you nudes and you give me radio silence? What the fuck, Derek?”

There was a moment of staticky silence before Derek’s voice cut through the line. “Stiles?” He sounded strained, voice much lower than Stiles was used to hearing it. He was breathing heavily, a little out of breath.

“Are you jerking off?” Stiles blurted out, mouth slightly agape in his own astonishment. His ears buzzed, flushing with heat at the realization.

More silence followed, Derek’s breathing suddenly suspiciously silent. “No,” he ground out.

Stiles covered his mouth, but not before a laugh could burst out. “Oh my god, you totally were! You’re such a terrible liar, dude.”

“Shut up,” Derek growled, but still too out of breath to contain his usual bite.

Stiles snorted, flopping back onto his pillows with his feet flat on the bedding. “What got you going?” he asked, voice a syrupy mockery of seduction. “My chicken legs or maternity nips?” A low noise reverberated across the line in response, not quite a growl, but Stiles swore he could almost feel the vibrations of it against his skin and it sent shivers up his arms.

“God, just….shut up,” Derek rasped, static rough against the receiver when he adjusted his hold on the phone. His breathing picked up again, strained and rhythmic. “You’re so annoying…I want to
hold you down with my teeth.”

Stiles swallowed hard, throat bobbing against the phantom prick of Derek’s teeth at the throb of his pulsepoint. He licked his lips, bravado gone when he finally stammered out a timid, “I’d let you.”

Derek groaned, a thump coming from across the receiver, as though he’d banged his head back against something. “Fuck, Stiles...don’t say that. You don’t understand.”

“I do!” Stiles insisted, heartbeat fluttering with his insistence. “Scott’s talked about things he’s wanted to do with Allison, what wolves want from their partners. I’ve thought about you doing it for a while now, wanted you to just make some sort of move. I’d have let you do anything.” He absently realized he’d been rubbing his knees together, been stroking his free hand along his collarbone. “I liked it...when you scented me,” he confessed, biting his lip against the embarrassment from the confession. “Felt it for days, wondered what it would feel like other places.”

That low noise came through the line again, Derek’s breath rough against the receiver. “Where?” he rasped, and oh god, he was definitely jerking off. Stiles was familiar with the practice enough to recognize the signs and symptoms.

“M-my chest,” he said. “I’m so sensitive there. When I jerk off, I like to pinch myself like someone’s biting me.” His own breathing was coming a bit shallow now, rendering him a little lightheaded.

“Where else?” Derek asked, gruff and short.

Stiles licked his lips, free hand trailing down his belly. “My thighs,” he said, fingers brushing along the inside of one thigh, shivering at the sensation. “You could mark them up as much as you wanted, since they’re out of sight.”

“You’d let me mark you?” Derek all but growled, the wolf creeping into his voice in a way that made Stiles’ cock plump.

Stiles moaned his ascent, fingers gently squeezing his swollen prick. “Whatever you want,” he offered in admission, voice reedy.

“I want a lot of things,” Derek ground out, almost a warning, like he holding back so as not to scare Stiles off. Frankly, Stiles was tired of being treated with kid gloves.

“I want a lot of things too,” Stiles countered, only a little petulant. “I want your mouth on me, your hands....god, I imagine them on my neck, holding me down. I want your fingers in me, I’ve only gotten two in, but I’d let you try more.”

“Fuck...Stiles,” Derek was panting now, wet sounds of his hand on his cock barely audible through the phone.

“Want your cock in my mouth,” Stiles confessed, pulling on his own with short gentle strokes. “Looked so big in that picture, I might not get it all in...maybe I could lick first, suck on the head a bit.” Stiles’ hips jerked up against his hand as a spark of pleasure shot through him, and he briefly considered getting his gaming headset to free up his other hand before determining it required too much effort. He moaned low in his throat, the end bleeding into a high little whimper as the fantasy played out in his mind. “Would you let me do it, or grab my hair and push me down?”

“Your hair,” Derek said. “Make you take it deep.”

Stiles bit his lip at the vivid image of himself, mouth split wide on Derek’s cock, tears streaming down his flushed cheeks as he took Derek into his throat. “I’d let you,” he moaned.
“I’d get you on your belly,” Derek said, ragged. “That sweet ass in the air, eat you out til you’re wet for me.”

Stiles whimpered, eyes closed now and face pressed against the cool bedding for relief while he jerked himself off, forearm getting a little tight from the effort. “So wet already,” he moaned, fingers slipping through the mess of precum spilling from his slit. “Derek...want you to touch me.”

“I’d hold you down by the neck,” Derek growled into Stiles’ ear. “Pump my cock into you until you smelled like mine.”

Stiles’ shoulder jutted up to keep the phone in place, his spare hand trailing down between his legs until he could press the tip of his middle finger against his hole. He clenched involuntarily on contact, hips jerking up at the sensation. “Want you to fuck me,” he whined, mouth hanging open as he panted. “Want you here.”

“Gonna fill you up,” Derek promised.

Stiles cried out, more fluid spurting from the tip of his cock. “Come over,” he said, breathless but demanding.

Derek’s end was silent for a beat, even his breathing gone quiet before he answered. “You...really?”

It took a moment for Stiles to realize he was nodding emphatically against the phone, and while enthusiastic, hardly helpful to Derek. “Yes,” he said, more certain as he said the words. “Want you here.” He imagined Derek, stiff red cock curved up against his firm abs, maybe leaking a little in his need. He wondered if it would be soft as his own in his hand, if he could close his fingers around it. What it would feel like when Derek finally put it in. Anticipation pulsed within him, the thrill almost as satisfying as his own hand. “Come over,” he said again with certainty.

“I’ll be there in ten,” Derek said.

Chapter End Notes

More soon! "Sexy talk" is so freaking hard to write, especially when one half of the pair doesn’t really talk, lol. There may be 3 more chapters rather than 2, but we’re finally winding down.
Chapter Notes

*peeks in* Heeeeeeey. So, this ended up taking a little bit longer than anticipated. Having to move suddenly and finish my senior year ended up taking a hefty toll, and this fell on the back burner. I'm still moving, but have graduated! So yeah, I can finally breathe and write again. Hope this chapter makes up for it. If not....maybe the next one? :P

Derek’s foot practically pressed against the floor as he drove to Stiles’ shabby little apartment. His blood was still up from their heated conversation, cock straining painfully against his jeans where he’d barely been able to button them up. Uncomfortable as it was, it was likely the only thing keeping him from cumming on the spot, so Derek bore it. His gums itched with the urge to drop his fangs, nerves alight under his skin.

He couldn’t remember the last time he’d been this worked up over anything or anyone. After his fatal dalliance with Kate and his ill advised attempt with Jennifer, Derek hadn’t felt even a glimmer of feeling for another person romantically. Even his sexual partners had been a means to an end. He was caught off guard by the feeling that Stiles stirred in him. The sexual desire had been relatively new, but he’d enjoyed being near him. Wanted him around. He’d been comfortable with Stiles, in his own way. Wanting him like this felt natural, yet still uncharted.

He thumbed through the pictures Stiles had sent at a red light, engine revving as his knuckles whitened from his grip on the steering wheel. His jaw clenched as he enlarged the picture of Stiles’ plush lips pursed around his finger, had to squeeze his cock to force back the mental image of Stiles’ wide expressive eyes as he took Derek into his throat.

Despite his boisterous manner, Stiles was always so wonderfully submissive, so soft and human. It wasn’t something Derek had realized he enjoyed, seeing as everyone in his life was alpha to the core, even the betas. He was used to every interaction being a practical bare knuckle brawl, but while Stiles gave as good as he got, there was a part of him that melted when they were together. Stiles would look at Derek like he was ready to do anything for him, and it made him lightheaded.

The sharp blare of a horn behind him tore Derek from his thoughts and made him realize that the light had turned green. He slammed his foot into the clutch and shifted gears, wheels squealing as the Camaro shot forward. He drifted around the corner into the parking lot at Stiles’ apartment, barely locking the doors before making his way to the door as fast as his painfully tented crotch would allow.

His blood was rushing in his ears as he neared Stiles’ door, his fingers digging for his wallet to fish for his credit card before he’d reached the landing. He pushed the card between the door and the frame, rolling his eyes when it popped open immediate. Of course Stiles wouldn’t use any of the three deadbolts Derek had installed…

The critique fell away when he looked up to find Stiles standing in the middle of the room, likely having been on his way to open the door himself. The first thing Derek really took in were his legs, the pale limbs stretching up forever before disappearing under the hem of the t-shirt he’d been wearing in the photos. The shirt just barely concealed his cock and balls, and Derek swallowed at the
memory of the flesh that lay beneath. Stiles’ cheeks were flushed dark, the blush creeping down his throat until Derek realized he was emitting a low subvocal growl. Stiles shifted anxiously, hands playing at the hem of his shirt and pulling it down to keep himself covered. Even the slight tug pulled the fabric caught against his chest, the puffed up bud of his nipple pushing against the cloth in a manner which made Derek clench his jaw.

Derek was the first to break their brief impasse, stalking forward and gripping Stiles by his unruly hair. Stiles’ heart rate soared at the action, the room filling with the heady spice of his arousal as Derek pressed their mouths together in a demanding kiss.

Derek took the lead, guiding Stiles with his mouth and hand as the boy stood awkward before him, his inexperience stilling him until Derek wrapped his other arm about his waist and dragged him flush. Stiles melted then, neck loose and liquid as he allowed Derek to manhandle him as he wanted, mouth sweetly open to accept Derek’s tongue when it demanded entrance.

Stiles’ fingers wrapped themselves in Derek’s shirt, clinging for dear like as Derek moved across his jaw and down his throat. He whimpered when Derek’s human teeth dug into his tendon, scraping against delicate skin before his tongue soothed the ache.

“Derek,” Stiles moaned, hips rocking forward in short stuttered motions that Derek doubted were intentional. He jerked when Derek reached down and nudged Stiles’ shirt away to cup his bare ass, gripping the firm globe hard in satisfaction at finally touching what he wanted.

Stiles was trembling against him, likely overwhelmed at the speed of it, but as he only continued to emit a spiced scent of desire Derek kept going. He tugged the neckline of Stiles’ t-shirt down to bare one of his nipples, groaning low in his throat at the puffy pink bud he found there. Needing to touch him, Derek shoved Stiles down onto the lumpy couch, immediately blanketing him with his own body. Stiles squeaked when Derek dragged him down a few inches by his hips, lower lip caught between his teeth as he allowed Derek to position him. Derek wedged his thighs between Stiles’ long legs and bracing one arm against the arm of the couch, cock throbbing in the tight confines of his uncomfortable jeans. With his free hand he shoved Stiles’ shirt up to his armpits, baring his chest and belly. Stiles made a choked off noise once bared before him, nerves souring the air around them.

“A glance down gave Derek the likely answer.

“That doesn’t bother me,” he swore with a slight shake of his head, palm stroking over the short chubby length of Stiles’ modest endowment. His cock was flushed a lovely pink, tightly nestled balls similarly rosy beneath. He gave them both a gentle squeeze, heat flooding him when Stiles’ eyes fluttered closed with a sharp hitch of breath. His other hand returned from the couch arm to stroke down the center of Stiles’ flat chest and belly, thumb brushing over one of Stiles’ nipples on the way back up towards his clavicle. “God, you’re perfect,” he groaned as he leaned down to pinch that pert bud between his teeth as he’d imagined doing on the drive over.

Stiles was a live wire of nervous energy beneath him, writhing and shifting as he sought out further contact and reacted to Derek’s ministrations. Derek found himself holding him in place with an arm snuck around his waist, or pulling him closer only to reflexingly grind his aching cock against Stiles’ round ass.

It was easiest when Stiles lay pliant below him, allowing him free reign, but soon Stiles’ hands began to tentatively explore Derek’s shoulders, at first holding on for dear life but then smoothing down his back. Derek shrugged him off on reflex, initially surprised at his own reaction, but unable to stop himself. When Stiles did it again, Derek found himself quickly pressing Stiles’ arms back against the couch, hands pushing the thin wrists into the couch. He felt a tightness in his chest, like he’d been running through the preserve on a cold day and couldn’t quite catch his breath. Stiles arched up
against him, anxiety peppering the air around them as he chanced a glance up to where Derek was holding him down. Derek released him, distracted him with a heavy kiss that made Derek’s own jaw ache and left Stiles’ plush mouth rimmed in pink from the scratch of Derek’s beard. Derek had forgotten how fragile humans were, how easily they marked, and Derek couldn’t deny he liked seeing the trail he left on Stiles’ soft skin.

Stiles arched his head back, baring his neck to Derek in a manner which sent his wolf into a frenzy. His partners had never been so trusting of him in previous couplings. They had enjoyed his forcefulness, allowed him to use them, but had not offered themselves with this level of vulnerability. He preened at it, taking advantage of the offered flesh with teeth and tongue while his hands played along the sensitive skin along Stiles’ ribs, all the while his hips rutted out a crude rhythm against Stiles’ backside, wondering in Stiles would want Derek to fuck him out there on the couch.

He was sucking hard at one of Stiles’ nipples, the tender flesh plumped with the abuse Derek have laved upon it, when Stiles carded his fingers through Derek’s hair. Pleasing as the touch was, Derek jerked away slightly, forcing himself to allow the contact when he saw the hurt flash in Stiles’ eyes. When Stiles reached between them to stroke his palm down Derek’s abdomen though, Derek found himself seizing Stiles’ wrists once more, pinning them again to the couch cushion above their heads. This wasn’t at all as Derek had imagined their encounter going. He wanted Stiles’ hands on him but at the same time couldn’t bring himself to allow it.

Stiles lay still beneath him, body rigid and heart racing as he stared up at the ceiling, reminding Derek’s wolf of a deer caught in his sights. Derek tried to distract him with passionate kisses, frustrated by his own reactions to Stiles, whom he wanted more than anyone, when the issue had never come up with sexual partners he hadn’t even bothered to get on first name basis with. He tenderly slid his mouth along Stiles’ jaw and throat like he hadn’t done with anyone since Jennifer, claiming his mouth in a bruising kiss until he felt Stiles melt a bit once more. Derek took this opportunity to slide a hand down Stiles’ belly to cup his cock and balls, gently stroking his thumb along the partially plumped length.

Stiles’ eyes flickered down to where Derek’s hand was between his legs, the sweet spice he’d been emitting before gone acrid. All of Stiles’ sultry bravado from their previous texting session had vanished, the rigidity of his prone body betraying his discomfort. His fingers twitched above his head, like he was afraid to move them, hips tilting ever so slightly away from Derek as though trying to retreat from his touch. Stiles’ heartbeat was pounding hard enough it sounded ready to burst through his chest, color draining from his cheeks as he licked his lips, lashes fluttering in his nervousness. He was afraid, and it made Derek feel sick.

Derek sat back, the distance giving Stiles enough room to scoot back away from him. Stiles tucked himself against the opposite end of the couch, hands fisting the hem of his t-shirt between his thighs to cover himself.

“I’m sorry,” he said, eyes downcast and shining, body sour with his mortification.

Derek scanned the room for something to cover Stiles with, quickly finding a knit blanket hanging off the end of the couch. He handed it to Stiles, who immediately spread it over his lap and legs. He was red as a beet, eyes nervously darting from Derek’s still slightly tented crotch to his own long fingers where they were plucking at the blanket.

“You probably think I’m such a loser,” Stiles admitted sadly, voice small.

Derek shook his head. “Don’t be sorry,” he said, quiet himself but still stern.

“But I ruined everything,” Stiles countered. “I don’t know what’s wrong with me, I want this, I
really do...I just...maybe it was too fast?"

“Oh, it’s fine,” Derek insisted again, jaw clenching as he spoke. That sour smell filled his nostrils again and he looked up to find Stiles hastily swipe a palm over his eye, smearing wetness in its wake. He sighed, immediately knowing it was the wrong reaction when Stiles curled further in on himself. God, he wished he were better at this sort of thing. Laura would know what to say. Hell, Peter would know how to clear up with discomfort with a little lighthearted quip that would have Stiles smiling again, not looking like he wished the couch would swallow him whole. “I…it’s ok. I haven’t…it’s been a while for me too. I’m not used to…” he trailed off, swallowing as he tried to think of how to explain his situation.

“Being touched?” Stiles guessed, tentatively. His brows rounded a bit, eyes so big as they gazed over at him. “You kept pushing me away when I tried...did you not like it?”

“No,” Derek growled out, head rolling back in frustration. He felt so useless, so awkward sitting there when Stiles was so obviously upset. He didn’t know how to calm a human, his wolf snapping his teeth at him to touch and appease the kid. In the end, the wolf won out. Derek reached forward and grabbed Stiles by the arms, hauling him blanket and all until he was draped over Derek’s lap. Stiles let loose an “oh my god” as he was moved, high pitched and short, sending his face into an even deeper shade of pink once more.

Derek supported Stiles’ back with one arm, the other resting against Stiles’ blanket covered leg. He ran his palm up and down Stiles’ knee in a soothing gesture, his wolf satisfied by the close contact and further still when a little of that sweet spice began to mix into his scent again.

“I do want you,” Derek insisted again, murmuring into Stiles’ hair to avoid awkward eye contact. “It’s just been a long time...for me,” he swallowed hard, nose resting against Stiles’ hair. “It’s been a long time since I let anyone touch me...since I wanted to.”

Stiles bit his lip, but nodded in acceptance. He let his head droop on Derek’s shoulder, hands still in his own lap. “So what you’re saying is we’re both losers?” he said, a little tentative again but this time with an edge of his usual impish lilt.

Derek snorted, palm still stroking over Stiles’ knee. “Guess so,” he conceded.

They ended up watching a movie. Halfway through, Derek realized it was the first time he had actually stayed at Stiles’ apartment without a specific purpose, and he couldn’t deny that it was nice to just share space with him. He liked the weight of Stiles against his side while they watched the movie, couldn’t help the slight tenses any time Stiles tentatively touched his leg or his arm, but managed to force down the instinct to push him away.

When Derek was finally ready to leave, Stiles walked him to the door, all sleepy eyed and languid. He leaned forward a bit to rest his shoulder against the door jam, body angled towards Derek in an obvious request for something, and Derek felt helpless to oblige. He reached forward to clasp a hand to the back of Stiles’ neck, he and his wolf mutually delighted at how Stiles immediately melted against his touch and unconsciously tilted his head to expose his throat. Derek slid his fingers up to grip Stiles’ messy hair and tug his head back further before leaning down to press their lips together in a brief but tender kiss.

Though they had parted on good terms, Derek found himself restless the rest of the night, consumed by thoughts of their attempted foray into the physical. The hours ticked by as Derek lay in bed, staring at the ceiling because every time he closed his eyes, he pictured himself holding Stiles down, remembered the look on Stiles’ face every time Derek flinched from his touch. He replayed the scene over and over in his head, his skin still tingling from the unfamiliar touch. He hadn’t been like this
before Kate, hadn’t even realized his newfound aversion until that exact moment. It felt like a cruel joke, yet another thing Kate managed to take from him.

He swallowed bitterly, fingers clenching into impotent fists at his sides. Anger tightened his joints all the way down his body, jaw so clenched it clicked. A buzzing from his bedside table finally managed to tear him from his ruminations, Stiles’ name and ridiculous photo illuminating the screen for a few seconds following the short vibration. Derek leaned over to pick up the phone, thumbing it open to reveal the full message.

Stiles: I had fun, thanks for staying

Brief as it was, the message still managed to loosen some of the tension in Derek’s clenched jaw and shoulders. He exhaled through his nose, rereading the text for the third time. It was a silly idea, but Derek couldn’t help but marvel that the timing of the message made it seem as though Stiles somehow knew he’d been needing comfort. More likely, Stiles had spent the last three hours figuring out the exact wording of the message like the anxious noodle that he was, but Derek appreciated it all the same.

Derek: me too he typed out in return, snorting at the heart eyes which quickly followed.

While the text had eased a good deal of his immediate discomfort, that nagging memory of his inability to perform stuck with him when Derek woke up the next day. He found himself ruminating on it throughout the day on the jobsite, his orders more terse and snappish than usual until Boyd shot him a look of disapproval. Derek retreated to his trailer for an hour to cool down, checked his phone a few times to peek at Stiles’ messages from the night before.

Boyd popped his head in near the end of the hour, face fairly blank though Derek could read the question of “what the hell’s the matter with you?” embedded beneath.

“Long night,” Derek offered in way of explanation. “Didn’t sleep well.”

“You’re lucky we’re all used to you,” Boyd chastised, though Derek could hear the acceptance. “Rest up tonight.”

Derek rolled his eyes with a huff. “Sure boss,” he snarked, gaze fixed on his computer screen.

Boyd hung in the doorway a few seconds more, long enough for Derek to weigh the possibility of asking him about what had happened with Stiles. Boyd was probably his best friend, nearly his only friend if Derek was honest, and while they understood each other well, they didn’t exactly talk. In the end, Derek let him leave without saying anything.

Stiles kept texting him like he normally did, though decidedly less sexual than their more recent transactions. He sent a picture of an older man Derek figured was his father glumly staring down at a salad, Stiles grinning maniacally beside him. The caption ‘torture by spinach’ adorned the bottom. Another was a picture of Stiles looking mid snore while sitting up with a text below of Stiles bemoaning how tired he was. Derek finally sent a picture of his own, the stripped bare apartment they were currently renovating with the caption ‘still nicer than your apartment’ below.

Stiles replied with a ‘HAHAHAHA omg ur a dick’ which earned an actual honest to god laugh, drawing the attention and surprise of a few guys on his crew.

By the end of the week, things were going well with Stiles, but Derek still found himself hung up on their aborted attempt at sex. Things had been good with Stiles then too, easy and comfortable, and Derek couldn’t help but worry the same thing would happen on their next attempt, if either of them
worked up the nerve to make a move again. He hadn’t seen Stiles in person since the incident, and Derek was self aware enough to admit that he’d been avoiding it. Instead, Derek kept himself busy enough with work to justify his continued solitude, tried to convince himself that texting and the occasional phone call was enough.

It wasn’t though, and after another week he couldn’t deny that he missed Stiles.

Derek and Laura had always been close, but in a different way. Laura liked to boss him around and fuss after him, she was interested in his life, but never knew when to leave well enough alone. It took another two days beyond that for him to finally call Peter.

“...Hello?” His uncle’s voice came tentative and tinny through the phone.

“Uncle Peter” Derek said in greeting, voice a little tight as he put his feet up on his coffee table, going for at least an outer appearance of calm and relaxed even as his insides were flaring.

Peter chuckled, a small dry sound rather devoid of humor. “It really is you. I thought someone might have found your phone and dialed the first number that came up.”

Derek knew he’d earned the sting there, but it still ached.

“L comes before P” Derek reminded him, channeling Stiles’ bad humor.

Peter snorted. “I guess so.”

They made a few minutes of stilted idle chit-chat before Peter just out and asked him why he’d called. Derek swallowed hard, feet coming to rest on the floor as he sat upright. “I uh...needed some advice.”

“Advice?” the word was bright with genuine surprise.

“Yeah-” Derek said, his mouth dry. “I uh…” Getting the words out was harder than he’d imagined, though he was happy he didn’t have to look his uncle in the eye while he did so. “I’m having some problems with uh...” Derek cleared his throat again, head falling back while his eyes closed to try and hide from his embarrassment. “Intimacy.”

There was a second of silence before Peter cleared his throat. Derek expected some mild ribbing as was generally his uncle’s way, but instead Peter finally asked “As in achieving an erection?” His tone was free from mockery, a little serious but hushed.

Derek covered his eyes with his palm, rubbing at his temples with his thumb and forefinger in a vain attempt to tamper down the sense memory of his cock throbbing against the inseam of his jeans as he drove to Stiles’ apartment. “No,” he replied. “Definitely not that.”

Peter coughed, likely fighting down a laugh at Derek’s morose tone. “What sort of issues then? Failure to complete?”

Derek sighed, his desire for advice only just outweighing his near physical need to end the call. “You know I’ve been seeing uh...Stiles.”

There was a creaking through the receiver, likely Peter’s office chair. Derek could clearly picture him leaning back with his arms crossed, ankles crossed where his legs stretched out before him. “So you’re still seeing him then?” he asked, the surprise slipping back in even though he was likely aiming for a more casual infection.
“Yeah,” Derek said. “We tried to take things a bit further and uh...I froze up.”

Peter hummed, contemplative. “Ok.”

“I just…” Derek groaned, hunching forward again to rest his head in his free hand. “He invited me over...I was ‘excited’, but when we were finally doing things, I wouldn’t let him touch me.” Shame washed over him as he remembered how panicked Stiles had become. “I scared him, Peter.”

The chair creaked again. “Walk me through it,” Peter requested, the no nonsense tone exactly what Derek had been hoping for.

“We were making out and things were fine. Then some clothes came off, but every time he tried to touch me I couldn’t help pushing him away. I ended up holding him down a few times and it freaked him out. It was like I had no control over the reactions.”

“Did you want him to touch you?” Peter asked.

Derek affirmed that he had, that it had been the first time he’d actually wanted it in years. His face burned while he spoke, a shame thick in his throat that he hadn’t previously realized had been there. He thought of all the people he’d slept with over the years, the ones since Kate whom he’d fucked more because he thought it was what he was supposed to do than because he wanted to. He hadn’t really felt anything with them, not even in an emotional sense, but in a physical. He’d gone through the motions, achieved his end goal, but it was as though he hadn’t been present in his own body.

Peter cleared his throat again, something scuffing across the receiver making a static sound. “Have you told him about the fire-?”

“No,” Derek cut him, stony and final.

“He’s going to find out at some point, Derek. It might help him understand.”

Derek shook his head, leaning back once more against the couch. He knew it was selfish, Peter couldn’t hide the fire the same way he could, but Peter didn’t also have to carry to weight of Derek’s guilt.

Peter took his silence a different way. “I’d like to think you understand by now that the fire wasn’t your fault,” he said, voice softer than Derek often was privy to. “I understand if you want a fresh start, you deserve one and I’m glad you’re finally taking it, but you have to be honest with Stiles or he’s going to internalize it. You haven’t dated anyone in a long time, and I don’t think you ever got the support you really needed after the fire.”

Derek sat stock still, barely breathing as his uncle continued. It felt good to hear the acknowledgement without an accusatory undertone that often accompanied Laura’s well-intentioned advice.

“The last person you were with betrayed you in nearly every way imaginable,” Peter said. “And you never really dealt with that. It makes sense that your first real relationship since is going to have complications. Just figure out what you want. If you want intimacy, take it slow and get yourself used to it again. Be honest with him about what makes you uncomfortable. Lord knows if he’s put up with your sullenness this long he has the patience of a saint.”

Derek rolled his eyes.

“You can make it work, Derek,” Peter assured him, and the certainty in his tone made Derek begin to believe it too.
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

I love this fic, but it's been like PULLING TEETH lately, and so hard to get out. Only one more chapter left though!!!!!! We're so close!!!!!!! Thanks for being patient with me. <3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stiles:

While he and Derek still texted, things were decidedly different.

Stiles found himself checking his phone randomly, frustrated every time there wasn’t something from Derek. They had declared themselves mutually past their little snafu, but Stiles still felt more awkward when conversing with Derek than he ever had before, which was saying something.

He dove into his studies, grateful for the distraction and excuse for why he couldn’t invite himself over to Derek’s apartment again. He had an exam coming up, and a project with infusions he’d been working on all semester. His dad had needed a few home cooked meals (whether he copped to it or not when directly offered), and he was able to fill his days and be more productive than he’d ever been his entire life.

All that being said, he missed Derek, wanted his surly one word responses and small smiles when he thought Stiles wasn’t looking. He wanted to explore more of what they’d started, and couldn’t help when the continued distance paved the way for his old insecurities to creep back in. Those little thoughts that he wasn’t good enough, wouldn’t ever be, reminding him why it had taken this long for anyone to show him a passing interest.

He did his best to clear the thoughts the moment they came to him, shake his head and dive into the next task, even if he still checked his phone five minutes later. He lit up every time Derek did text him, no matter how mundane. Stiles was never the type of person to let sleeping dogs lie, so after another few days of “still talking but it’s stilted and not good enough” texting, he downed one of the beers still lingering from Scott’s last game night and called Derek.

He was knocking back a third of the next beer when Derek’s phone clicked over, a sleep roughened “hello” listing across the receiver to raise all the hairs on the back of Stiles’ neck. Stiles pushed a palm against his crotch, ears pinking at how his cock twitched with that one gravely word.

“Hey!” he replied, a little too bright. “Big guy, haven’t talked to you in awhile.” He winced at his fratboy word choice. Way to begin this mature adult conversation, Stilinski...

“I just texted you this afternoon,” Derek offered oh so helpfully.

“I guess I missed your scintillating conversational skills,” Stiles returned.

Derek grunted.
Stiles’ fingers drummed against his knee, the everything he wanted to say bubbled up behind his teeth until he finally opened his mouth and let a few tumble out. “Are we ok?” he asked, both relieved and regretful the second they were out.

There was a brief silence on the other end of the line, long enough that Stiles checked the phone to make sure the call hadn’t disconnected.

“Yeah,” Derek finally said, but after another few seconds he hadn’t offered anything further, which left Stiles thoroughly unsatisfied.

“You haven’t broken into my apartment in a while,” Stiles said, trying to keep the tone light.

“You’ve finally been locking your deadbolt,” Derek countered, and though it was deadpan as usual, Stiles could imagine the smug look that likely graced his stupid face.

Despite the banter, Stiles wanted to get to the crux of the issue, which would never happen if he let Derek lead the conversation. “All I know big guy, is you were a regular fixture until we tried having sex...and now we barely talk.”

Derek hummed. “I was actually going to come by tomorrow, finally break the stalemate. But then my uh... sister stopped by earlier.”

Stiles swallowed, feeling most of the tension rush out of him at Derek’s words, a warmth replacing it deep in his chest. “Really?” he asked, the word coming out small and hopeful, almost squeaky.

“Yeah,” Derek confirmed. “Work had been crazy, but I should have come by sooner. Then Laura stopped by and ended up staying...a while.”

Stiles sat up, legs folding before him and palm rubbing over his face to clear the fuzziness finally hitting him from the beers he’d consumed. “Is everything ok?”

“It’s fine, she just…” Derek sighed, as he often did when trying to bide time and choose what limited words he was about to impart. “She saw the smoothies you’d made and got emotional.”

“Emotional?”

“Yeah.” Derek sighed again. “She actually started crying, said how happy she was that I was finally ‘letting someone in,’ that it was nice to see actual signs of you, since I don’t give her pictures anymore.”

Stiles frowned. “I send you pictures all the time.”

“Yeah…” Derek drawled, getting as close to sheepish as Stiles guessed he was capable of being. “But those are for me.”

Stiles was grateful that their conversation was not face to face, as he could feel the exact moment his own face went stupid. He smiled to himself, burn going all the way down to his neck as he tried to bite down on his own ridiculous grin. “Well I think spontaneous crying is a perfectly appropriate reaction to revelations of my presence. Your sister sounds solid.”

This earned him a snort, which Stiles counted as a win. He felt lighter than he had in days, and while there was more he wanted to say, more questions he wanted answers to, he didn’t exactly know how to ask. “Well…” he trailed off, unsure of where else to take the conversation. “Don’t be a stranger, big guy.”
“Ok,” Derek said in response, a little awkward. “I won’t.”

It wasn’t perfect, but it was something at least, a start if nothing else. He finished his beer, replaying what Derek had said about not sharing his pictures over and over in his head. He finally put the TV on just to drone out the noise in his own head, only getting up to fish a half eaten bag of chips from the cupboard when he needed something to crunch on for a further distraction.

Stiles honestly hadn’t expected to hear further from Derek that night, so his brow furrowed when his phone lit up on the coffee table with the wolf’s name. He plucked it up, frowning as he swiped open the message. He had to read it twice, just to make sure he’d seen it correctly.

*Derek: I want to let you touch me, but need time*

It was more introspective and personal than Derek had ever gotten with him, and considering how awkward Derek had been on the phone, Stiles could only guess that he’d been trying to think of a way to say it then. He could tell this was something important to Derek, and took a moment to formulate a reply.

*Stiles: That’s totally fine*

It still didn’t feel right though. The two of them usually communicated by sarcasm and snide comments, so he couldn’t help tacking on one little addendum to keep the mood more to their comfort zone.

*Stiles: I’m still a virgin, Sourwolf, waiting isn’t exactly an issue for me ;)*

Things were still slow afterwards, but the weight between them felt lifted. Derek texted more frequently, even sent him a selfie of himself rolling his eyes while a pretty dark haired girl who had to be Laura squished her face against his, perfect white teeth bared by her sunny smile.

*Stiles: no one suffers as you suffer* Stiles assured him. The fact that Derek had given him a glimpse into his private life, that with his family, was not something that he missed either. He ended up making the photo Derek’s new profile picture, tickled all over again every time it popped up.

Derek still didn’t come over to his apartment, but things were still going better. Stiles’ eyes nearly bugged out of his head when Derek suggested they see a movie together after listening to Stiles ramble about it for a solid five minutes. They tended not to do much in public together, which Stiles saw due more to the fact Derek loathed public spaces rather than any reluctance to being seen with Stiles in public.

Waiting in line with Derek like the other couples, Derek’s hand on his lower back when he urged him forward, the fact that they shared a popcorn and drink like Stiles had always imagined doing with someone other than Scott or his dad made him pathetically giddy. He hadn’t realized this excited energy was being physically exuded until Derek’s large hand pressed warm against his knee, stilling it where it had been bouncing while they watched the trailers. Stiles lamented the loss of it when Derek pulled away a moment later, distracted from the opening scene by the near crippling desire for Derek to somehow touch him again.

Their shoulders were pressed up against one another as they watched the movie, the popcorn resting in Derek’s lap but tilted towards Stiles for easy access. In a moment of bravery and impulse, Stiles took Derek’s hand and raised it, ducking his head so he could shift Derek’s arm up to rest over his shoulders. Derek watched him with slightly widened eyes, and while it took him a moment or two to lose his awkward stiffness, he allowed it. Stiles’ grin split from ear to ear as he angled a bit closer, tilting his head on Derek’s shoulder.
Stiles was practically floating by the time they left the theater, touchier than he normally would have dared to be after their little stints of affection. He couldn’t help but further test at Derek’s boundaries, just to see how far the man would let him go. He nudged the side of Derek’s hand with his pinky, grazing until he could wriggle it around Derek’s. This earned him a constipated look, but while Derek looked like he wanted to tug away, to his credit he didn’t. Stiles pecked him on the cheek after they’d both washed their hands in the restroom, and while Derek stiffened, he again allowed it, even putting a hand on Stiles’ lower back to guide him out.

By the time they got back to their cars, Stiles was all but vibrating with barely contained energy. If this had been a movie, it would have been the perfect moment for a goodbye kiss, but Derek merely steered towards his Camaro with a little salute. Stiles deflated a bit, offering his own stilted little wave in return with an “ok...later dude!” He grimaced at himself, shoulders slumping as he turned and dug his keys out of his pocket. He’d barely pulled the key from the lock when he was gripped by the shoulder and spun around, back bouncing off the door of his Jeep from the force of it.

Stiles gaped to find Derek standing before him, brows knit and jaw set as he stood before him, one hand still fisted in Stiles’ shirt. Stiles was about to ask him what was wrong when Derek surged forward, mouth insistent as it pressed against Stiles. It took Stiles a bare second to realize he was being kissed, but when the fog finally cleared he returned it with gusto. Stiles catted against him instantly, his long fingers clutching at the front of Derek’s shirt, mouth opening to allow Derek’s tongue to dip inside. They made out for a minute or two, just enough for Stiles to chub up a bit in his jeans. He pulled away before he went completely dick stupid, leaning forward to peck a glassy eyed Derek once more on the lips before finally releasing his grip and turning back to the door.

“I’ll call you,” Stiles promised as he closed the door, waving one last time before backing out of the space.

He was on cloud nine the whole way home, stupid grin splitting his face entirely against his will. It continued all the way into his building, past the urine smell in the stairwell that never went away, and past the pink spray painted penis which someone had adorned the hallway wall with in his absence. By the time he flopped back onto his bed, his face hurt, but the grin kept going as he pressed Scott’s speed dial number.

“Having a boyfriend is amazing,” Stiles practically oozed into the receiver as a greeting. Even if Derek was still just technically his sugar daddy, this had felt like a proper date, and he was going to claim it as one.

Scott’s groan cut across the line. “You have five minutes, bro.”

Stiles took full advantage of each minute, gushing over every little touch and look. Scott dutifully listened, offering little “bro!” asides now and then which made Stiles suspect he was probably just playing video games and not really listening, but he didn’t care. It was amazing to finally be to one to gloat like an idiot over relatively minute interactions. He had years of being in the opposite roll to make up for.

His good mood lasted for days, and if Derek’s daily ‘good morning’ texts were any indication, the feeling was mutual. Derek had typically been more likely to “reply” than initiate, but now he was sending Stiles little things throughout the day. His hands covered in dust from demolitions, Boyd’s bitchface, a cat which stopped by the building when they were taking a break. Stiles considered telling Derek about the existence of Instagram, but decided he’d rather have the updates to himself.

His good mood proved suspicious to his father, who squinted calculatingly at Stiles when he swaned into the office to drop off portabella burger. Stiles had sent Derek a picture of the diner when he arrived, attaching the message ‘the special place where my favorite stalker first grabbed me off the
street,’ earning him a knife emoji in return which had made him bark out a laugh in the front of the crowded diner.

“Why are you happy?” the sheriff asked, accepting the burger while he tried to slide a packet of Necco wafers off the edge of his desk with an elbow.

Stiles rolled his eyes. “If you’re going to sneak candy dad, at least go for something that’s actually worth eating. Jesus...little dust pellets…”

“Are you high?” John asked, leaning back in his chair and crossing his arms in his classic ‘serious Sheriff’ mode.

“I could be,” Stiles returned, hopping up onto the side of his dad’s desk. “What you got in the evidence locker?”

John gave him the patented Stilinski Eyeroll in reply, leaning forward to push Stiles off his desk. Stiles scrambled to right himself before falling on his ass, slumping into the chair as Deputy Parrish came in to get John to sign something.

Parrish eyed him a few times, brow quirked as he gave him a once over. “Hey, Stiles, looking good.”

Stiles flushed and sunk further into his chair. There was a time when he’d had a massive crush on Parrish, and back then he probably would have died from excitement at getting a glance like that from the handsome deputy, but now it just made him uncomfortable. “Hey, Jordan” he offered, unsure how to handle the obvious come on.

John swatted Parrish in the face with the papers he’d just signed. “Take that elsewhere,” he said in an obvious dismissal. “He’s seeing someone.”

Nope, now Stiles was dying.

His dad frowned as he leaned back in his chair, burger still untouched in front of his as he surveyed Stiles with a calculating squint. Then all of a sudden he deflated, leaning forward to open his lunch. “Jesus, Stiles, just tell me he used a condom.”

Stiles’ jaw dropped open, face flushing with heat. “Oh my god, Dad...what?”

John made a face as he took a bite of his burger. “You come floating in here like the world is finally in color. I’m not an idiot, Stiles, and I lost my virginity before too.” He frowned down at his burger, eyeing it carefully before petulantly asking “what, no mustard?”

Stiles sputtered, completely at a loss for words. He gaped like a fish out of water for a solid minute, watching his dad eat his burger before he finally manage to let loose a strangled “oh my god...Derek and I didn’t have sex yet, you’re so weird.” He slunk as far down as the seat would allow, shoulders practically battering his ears. “And why are you assuming he wore the condom? I could totally have topped!”

His dad leveled him with a look so knowing that Stiles regretted his entire internet history. He swallowed hard, launching himself from his seat. “Well it was good seeing you, old man. Enjoy the burger!” With one quick kiss to the top of his dad’s head, Stiles scurried from the office, hiding his burning face from Parrish when he power walked past the deputy’s desk.

The second he was back in the safety and seclusion of his Jeep, Stiles took his phone off and shot a quick text off to Derek.
Stiles: My dad totally called me out on being a bottom :/

Derek’s reply came barely a minute later.

Derek: Can a virgin be a bottom?

Stiles snorted, eyes rolling as he tapped out a reply.

Stiles: We can imagine. Porn and masturbation exist, thank u

Feeling like he’d come out on top, Stiles tossed his phone into the passenger seat and drove home. He cooked himself dinner and didn’t think any more about what he’d been texting with Derek. It wasn’t until he was watching a movie on his laptop in bed when Derek wrote back, their prior conversation apparently still very much on his mind.

Derek: So what do you think about?

Stiles: ?

Derek: You mentioned porn and masturbation Derek replied.

Stiles flushed, his complete video history flashing before his eyes.

Stiles: wouldn’t you like to know He worried his lower lip between his teeth while he waited to see if Derek would respond to his tease, still laying on his belly as he’d been when watching his movie.

Derek: I would

Stiles was glad that Derek wasn’t there to see him blush, fingers drumming against his laptop pad before he decidedly scrolled to his bookmarks bar. He pulled up a few of his go to links and couldn’t help but groan at the similarities between them, the big bulky guys manhandling their slimmer counterpart.

Stiles: I may like size difference he offered, testing the waters to see how Derek would receive it.

Derek’s immediate request for more indicated he received it well.

Stiles clicked between videos, really considering for the first time what it was he’d been drawn to, actually imagining himself in one of the roles now that he had something to potentially fill the other. It got frustrating waiting for texts though, the angle he held his phone at making it awkward to swipe his thumb across the keyboard. His cock was hard where it pressed against the bed, head a little fuzzy from the brief clips he flipped through. When they’d tried having sex, Stiles had loved the sounds Derek made, his desperate pants and involuntary gasps. Even if they weren’t ready for full sex just yet, Stiles wished they could be a little more connected. Before giving himself the chance to think better of it, he pressed the call button, his hips unconsciously pushing down against his plush bedding as he waited for Derek to pick up.

Derek was already sounding a little strained when he finally picked up, a little unsure maybe, but it was still enough for Stiles to stuff a hand down the front of his pants and squeeze himself. “All these guys remind me of you,” he admitted, voice a little hoarse in what he hoped was a slutty way.

“Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Stiles affirmed. “Guess I have a type.” He clicked to another video, biting his lip when the bigger guy shoved the smaller guy back onto the bed before dragging him back towards the edge.
His hips humped up at the thought of Derek doing the same thing to him, positioning him how he wanted, taking charge.

“I also may have a thing for being manhandled,” he admitted, cock chubbing up as he palmed it. “Liked it when you held me down last time...it was overwhelming then, but I kept thinking about it. Jerked off to it.”

“...You have?” Derek sounded unsure, but definitely not opposed.

“Yeah.” Stiles squirmed over onto his back, laptop no longer quite so necessary. He toyed with the hem of his t-shirt where it had ridden up, fingers sliding idly up his belly. “I think I liked you taking control,” he said. “It was nice letting someone else take charge for a change.”

He thumbed open the button of his jeans to give himself more room to work with, hand slipping back inside his briefs. A soft moan of relief slipped from his mouth at the contact, the sound not really registering until a low growl rumbled through the receiver in response.

“My favorite has this guy getting fucked up on the counter,” Stiles said, a little breathy as he started gingerly stroking himself, touch delicate as his hand was dry. “He’s kind of boxed in, reminded me of when we were on the couch.”

Stiles’ fingers gingerly reached down to stroke across his balls, cupping himself in his palm so he could rut up into it. “Want to do that again, you on top of me, holding me down...” Stiles tried to think of a hotter way to say ‘dry humping,’ but quickly gave up and changed course. “Are you touching yourself?”

“Yes,” Derek rasped.

“What are you doing?” Stiles asked, wanting a more complete picture for his fantasy fodder.

Derek paused, Stiles could only guess that this kind of talk was completely outside his realm of comfort, but after a few seconds of radio silence he finally played along. “Laying in bed,” he said. “Jerking myself off in my sweatpants.”

Stiles licked his lips at the thought of Derek’s cock straining hard against the front of his sweats, maybe he’d be able to make out the crown beneath the fabric and mouth it in person. “Lube?” Stiles asked, immediately wanting some of his own. He tried licking his palm, but it wasn’t enough, so he rolled over just enough to open his bedside drawer and take the tube out.


Stiles hummed in approval, putting the phone on speaker so he could rest it on the bed beside him and free up both hands. “Good to know,” he said, slicking a little lube between his fingers before brushing them over the head of his cock. He gasped aloud, hips jerking up into the contact.

“What are you doing?” Derek asked.

“Touching myself,” Stiles moaned, running his free hand up to brush his fingers over a nipple. “I’m pretty sensitive...sometimes I can almost make myself cum without touching my dick.”

“Sensitive where?” Derek asked.

“My stomach,” Stiles said, raking his blunt nails up the flat length until he shivered. “Love being touched there. My nipples too...I know some guys’ aren’t but mine are. Almost came when you bit one last time. You’re definitely going to have to do that again.”

Another growl came through the receiver again, and it wasn’t hard to imagine Derek stalking up his body, caging him in and consuming him. “Want your mouth on me,” he said, words spilling from his
mouth before he could consider being embarrassed, throat tingling from the memory of Derek’s stubble scratching against him. “Do you?”

“Yes,” Derek agreed, the word a little choked, like there was so much more he wanted to say but was stuck on it.

Strange as it may be, it only excited Stiles further. He loved how flustered he was able to get Derek, who normally was the stoic and immovable one between them. “I thought about sucking you,” Stiles admitted. “Thought about you fucking me.”

“Yeah?”

Stiles nodded to himself, lip between his teeth as he moaned in agreement. The first few times had been a little scary, if he were honest. He’d pressed a finger behind his balls once while jerking off, just to test, and he’d been so tiny there, the opening tightly guarded even against one slim fingertip. He’d gotten nervous after that, hadn’t tried again for over a week, but in the end his own curiosity got the best of him. His first real attempt had been more exploratory than sensual, and he certainly hadn’t gotten off, but the first nudge against his prostate cemented that this would become a regular addition to his masturbatory repertoire. It still scared him a bit to think of taking something as large as Derek’s dick, but it didn’t make him want it less. Despite the issues which had soured their first attempted sexual encounter, Stiles could honestly say that he trusted Derek.

He turned his head towards the phone, whining high in his throat as he pushed the tip of one slicked finger inside himself. His belly contracted, back arching a little as he tried to get into a better position to slide the finger further.

“What are you doing?”

Derek’s strained voice broke through his haze just as Stiles’ curled finger nudged against his prostate at an angle which made his lashes flutter and eyes roll back. “Fingering myself,” Stiles told him, moaning again deep in his throat. “Just the one...still so tight but feels so good.”

Derek’s breathing picked up, rough pants as he listened. Stiles could hear the muffled rustle of fabric, flushing when he realized it was the sound of Derek jerking off. He hadn’t really gotten a good chance to touch Derek on their previous foray, something he deeply regretted in the moment. He wondered if Derek’s cock was as silky as his own, imagined it blood hot in its current state, bet he wouldn’t be able to close his fingers around it, unlike his own.

Stiles planted his feet on the bed, arching his hips up to press a second finger inside, cupping his cock and balls with his free hand. He whined Derek’s name, humping his hips up to help with the angle of the fingers inside him. “Wish it was you,” he breathed out, high and desperate. He curled his fingers, a third playing against his already stretched rim as heat spread through him, his nerve endings lit up as he thrust into himself. “Not enough.”

“Play with your nipples,” Derek ordered him. “I’d bite them while I fucked you.”

Stiles’ head arched back at the thought, remembering how sensitive his nipples were after their aborted encounter. He’d barely been able to handle his shirt brushing over them for days afterwards, they’d been so oversensitive from Derek’s mouth and stubble. He reached a hand up to pinch one, crying out from how good it felt. He rubbed just the right spot inside him with tight little circles, back bowed and stomach muscles so tight they almost hurt. Stiles orgasm hit him completely off guard, untouched cock jerking as it spat warm cum onto his tense belly.

“Oh god” Stiles gasped, spasms still crashing through him. “Of fuck...I just came on my fingers...oh
my god Derek, I’ve never done that before…” He was panting hard as he babbled, limbs finally going slack as he lay boneless on the bed. Little tingles of his release still trickled through him as he lay there, vaguely aware of Derek’s own harsh grunts.


They both lay panting for a few minutes, Stiles still processing what had just happened not only with himself but with Derek. If he could move his limbs, he’d fistpump at the fact they’d managed completion this time. Stiles laughed then, still too floppy to have much gusto behind it. “Achievement Level: Phone Sex,” he mumbled, mouth still a bit too sex stupid to work properly. He felt rubbery, a bit lightheaded. He’d orgasmed before but it had been nothing like this. He was actually sweating a little, jeez.

Derek grunted, this time decidedly less sexy. “Idiot.”

“The idiot you just totally phonesexed,” Stiles snarked sleepily, fingers playing at where the cooling cum was starting to make his pubes stick together. Sex was awesome but also gross. “I wish you were here so I could send you for a washcloth, cause I don’t think my legs work anymore.”

“You could crawl,” was Derek’s oh so helpful suggestion.

“So romantic.” Stiles drawled, still playing with his pubes. He then realized he forgot to keep one hand clean to turn his phone off, grimacing in distaste as he looked down at himself.

“I want to take you out on a date tomorrow.”

Derek’s tone was so gruff that it took a moment for Stiles to process what the other man had actually said. He almost picked up his phone in surprise, long fingers halting a scant inch from the screen before he remembered his current state. “Oh...wow...yeah! That...a real date?” his voice cracked like he was in middle school, and Stiles scrambled to rectify the situation before Derek took his hesitance for rejection rather than the shock it actually was. “Yes! Yes. I want to be dated. Tomorrow night. Absolutely.”

Stiles almost worried the call had dropped when he was met by absolute silence on the other end. He leaned forward, about the say Derek’s name when the other man spoke again.

“Great. Tomorrow then. I’ll pick you up.”

“...Ok!” Stiles chirped, sunny and bright. “I guess I’ll see you tomorrow, big guy. Thanks for the orgasms.”

Derek snorted before hanging up on him.

Stiles whooped to his empty room, bouncing on his knees with glee. His head was buzzing with excitement as he hopped off the bed, bending down to pick up his phone on reflex before he was able to stop himself.

“Oh shit-” he mumbled, grimacing as he looked down at the sticky smear he’d left on his screen.

Chapter End Notes

ONE MORE LEFT AHHHHHHH *so close*
Chapter 8

Chapter Notes

THIS IS IT!!!!! Thanks so much for your patience while I took forever to finish this.
Hope you all like the ending.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Derek

He’d checked his pockets three times, gone back in to change his shirt once already, but still Derek felt he wasn’t quite ready to leave. He was supposed to pick Stiles up in forty minutes, plenty of time to change give times over and stop for gas, but he felt rushed. There was something about putting the label to it, making their outing official that it felt more substantial. Derek hadn’t ever really dated, in truth. He’d slept around, and before that he’d snuck around, but regular old dating had been pretty elusive to him. He was well aware of his own social shortcomings, but wanted to do this right.

Derek’s fingers drummed on the steering wheel as he drove, spare foot tapping at the red lights. He’d run his fingers through his hair until it practically stood on end. It was a new sensation for him, though oddly enough not completely unpleasant. Stiles made him feel unsure, but never embarrassed or humiliated. Stiles never made him doubt his own worth.

Things were just as stilted when Stiles got into the car, a timid little smile tugging at his mouth as he slid into the passenger’s seat. He initially offered an awkward wave, unsure of what to do with himself, so Derek finally took the plunge and leaned over to kiss his cheek, just missing the corner of his mouth. Stiles flushed deep but smiled shyly over at him, warming Derek from within.

After putting the car in gear, Derek reached over before he could second-guess himself, resting his hand atop Stiles’ thigh. The goofy smile Stiles beamed at him in response was almost enough to coax a quirk of his own lips, but Derek maintained his composure.

They’d decided on dinner and a movie, nothing special but Stiles had been insistent that it was exactly what he wanted. He’d had a boyish delight at participating in such a mundane ‘right of passage’ as he called it, and Derek was happy to oblige him. It didn’t matter as much to him, even if he’d had the same lapse in his romantic experiences, but he enjoyed making Stiles happy, a realization that caught him unawares while they sat eating greasy over-sauced pizza. They’d walked to the theater afterwards as it was close by, not touching but side by side. Their shoulders occasionally brushed, Derek’s nerves lighting up every time their fingers knocked together. He wondered if Stiles felt as unsure about the contact, if it was normal to worry they might be watched.

His worries finally subsided when they were in the darkened theater together, when Stiles once again pulled Derek’s arm over his shoulders so they could huddle together. It felt like it was just the two of them in the dark room, and Derek tried to allow himself to relax. His fingers rested on Stiles’ arm, and he curled them a bit, just to test, so that they brushed against Stiles, nudging a bit under his sleeve. Stiles snuck a few glances when he seemed to think Derek wasn’t looking, teeth trying to bite down on his grin and failing miserably. He squawked like his classic self though when Derek reached over to steal a few gummy bears from his packet, petulant and ridiculous in a way which made things feel more natural.

“I want to go out again,” Derek had announced before Stiles exited the car, earning him a goodbye
kiss.

It was easier the second time, easier still the third, until they were able to maintain their previous playful banter. They did little things like movies and meals, Derek once accompanied Stiles on a supply run at the preserve. They made out like teenagers when Derek went over to ‘fix a clog in Stiles’ sink’ which turned out to be a half a lemon that Stiles had likely shoved down himself before texting Derek. Their in-person encounters remained relatively tame though, even as their phone encounters grew raunchier. Stiles called Derek one night while he had three fingers in his ass, mewling and whining while Derek described what he’d do if he were in the room with him until they both came. They exchanged nudes and sexts until Derek had to be careful whom he let borrow his phone after a close encounter with Boyd.

As their forray into phone sex intensified, Stiles grew more bold in dragging Derek out with him to little outings. Derek similarly grew more obliging, doing things he never would have even considered even six months prior. Nothing seemed ridiculous enough for him to say no, despite Stiles’ apparent best attempts. Not everything was a winner, but Derek found that trying things wasn’t nearly as bad as he’d expected, and he no longer dreaded going to group classes or crowded places when Stiles suggested it.

Hot yoga had almost earned his first no.

Derek still didn’t like to be a spectacle, hated the way eyes lingered on him in classes like this. Peter and Laura had dragged him to several yoga classes in the past and he’d sworn to never attend another, but as Stiles babbled on about how the heat would purify them of toxins and increase flexibility, Derek found himself unwilling to refuse.

“You don’t even like heat,” he reminded Stiles. “You whined for two days about how stuffy it was at the kickboxing class last month.”

“But this will be sexy,” Stiles insisted, voice going almost comically husky, though Derek was sure it was intended to be sultry. “It’ll be all essential oils and soft music. I’ll probably be able to put my ankles over my head afterwards.”

It was decidedly not sexy.

“Omg it’s so fucking hot in here.” Stiles groaned as he wobbled in his pose, sweat dripping off his nose and onto the mat below.

The blond lady next to them angrily shushed Stiles for the fourth time in ten minutes, and she wasn’t the only one.

Undeterred, Stiles tilted his head up to Derek with a grimace, face blotchy red. “I can feel the sweat dripping down my balls,” he hissed in as hushed a whisper as Derek figured he was capable.

“Remember, this is a no talking class,” the instructor said from beside Derek, her previously soft tone hardened slightly, betraying her mounting frustration. He eyed her with suspicious, scowling when she reached down to reposition him again. Stiles tried and failed to hold in a snort, earning him yet another glare.

“And now slide to your feet everyone, as we transition into Warrior Three,” The instructor said, moving on down the line to guide another person through their transition. Derek snuck a glance behind him, trying to figure out what exactly the pose was supposed to look like. He grimaced as his extended back leg pulled his shorts taut over his ass, irritated when arousal began to waft forwards from the two women behind him. It was a stark reminder of why he hated things like this, hated
being on display and knowing people were watching him, especially any female attention. He dropped his leg slightly in a self conscious effort to reduce the tension and give them less to look at.

“Now gently go down to your knees and lift your ankle into tiger pose.”

Derek watched in slight horror as the blond lady quickly assumed a hands and knees position before reaching back and guiding her ankle clear over her head.

“Holy shit-”

Derek looked over to see Stiles similarly agape at the women, brows promptly climbing his forehead as he glanced over at Derek. “Can you do that?” he mouthed at Derek before waggling his brows playfully. Derek snorted under his breath.

‘Probably’ he mouthed back, which earned him an even more enthusiastic brow wiggle.

“Gentlemen.”

The instructor was glaring at them both as she adjusted a woman at the front of the room, her own brows furrowed low and her jaw visibly clenched.

“Sorry,” Stiles whispered, hands raised in placation. He looked over his shoulder to mouth ‘sorry’ at the people behind them, grimacing comically as he met Derek’s eyes.

They got on all fours together, Derek self conscious of the people behind him, wishing they’d stuck to the back of the room like he’d initially wanted to, but had caved when Stiles told him not to be such a “sourwolf”. He eyed Stiles quickly to find him reaching back for his own extended foot, sweat soaking through his shirt and leaving slick marks on the mat every time he shifted his hand. As a wolf, Derek tended not to perspire too much, but the high humidity of the room had Stiles and many of the others practically drenched.

Derek was reaching back to attempt the ridiculous pose himself when movement caught his eye just in time to see Stiles’ hand slip on the sweat slicked mat. He barely managed a frenzied “oh shit!” before he was faceplanting onto the mat before him.

It took a moment for Derek to realize he was laughing. Not a snort, not a chuckle, but a full bodied from-the-gut laugh at the pathetic jumble of sweaty limbs on the mat next to him, at the exaggerated twist of Stiles’ face where it was mashed against the mat. The death glare the blonde lady sent him, the dismay from the women behind them, and the complete look of unabashed shock Stiles leveled in his direction only served to drag further laughter from him until Derek was practically shaking.

“Gentlemen!”

Now Stiles was laughing too, shoulders quaking as he supported himself on his elbows, trying to hide his face and lessen the scene, but the damage was done. The rest of the class was clearly done with them, but it made Derek less self conscious to get into the next position.

When the class was over, they rolled up their mats, neither able to hide rebudding smirks each time their eyes met.

“You are a terrible student,” Derek said, doing his best to keep his face stern.

Stiles snorted, wide mouth spreading in a broad sunny grin. “Oh yeah, you were a star pupil over there, buddy.”
They were both wiping their sweaty faces down with a towel when Derek noticed the instructor making a beeline for them. She didn’t bother trying to hide her irritation as she sidled up, looking down at them both as she threaded her fingers together in front of her. “I don’t think this class is a good fit for you gentlemen,” she said, soft tone still baring her obvious disdain.

“Don’t worry,” Derek said, standing taller and matching her bitchface for bitchface. “We won’t be coming back.” He looped an arm about Stiles’ waist, smug at the smell of happiness tainted with arousal that the gesture drew from the younger man as they walked towards the door.

They were both laughing again by the time they left the room, Derek’s nose almost buries in Stiles’ sweaty hair in an effort to hide his grin.

“We are never doing that again” Stiles asserted, leaning heavily into him as they walked. “Who even thinks up shit like that?”

“You’re the one who insisted it would be ‘totally amazing dude’,” Derek reminded him, his deadpan a pale comparison to Stiles’ previous animated assurances.

“You’re supposed to be the stoic voice of reason!” Stiles countered, nose scrunching with a whine as he reached back and pulled at the seat of his pants. “I have the most epic case of swampass right now...can legit feel the sweat dripping down my taint.”

“Sexy,” Derek teased, reaching down to cop a quick handful of Stiles’ ass and laughing brightly at the indignant squawk this drew.

“Derek?”

He froze at the sound of his sister’s voice, shocked he hadn’t caught onto their scents as he and Stiles both whipped around to find Laura and Peter standing behind them, both sporting their ridiculous athleisure wear with a rolled up yoga mat under their arm. Peter’s jaw was practically hanging, and Laura was lit up like a floodlight from her barely contained glee.

“Oh my god, Stiles?” She squealed, immediately dropping her mat and purse as her manic grin cranked up to 11. “I can’t believe we’re actually seeing you in person!”

She rushed towards them with open arms, barely giving Stiles a chance to squeak out “oh god I’m so sweaty!” before she had him wrapped in a fierce hug, lifting him off the ground a full inch or two in her excitement.

Derek watched them from the sidelines, frozen. He had never having been this unaware of his own senses before, this down on his guard. He’d never been one for surprises, and as he stood felt a thickness building in his throat. He felt apart from the situation now, watching as his sister’s mouth moved while she spoke to Stiles, as a wry little grin pursed at the edge of his uncle’s mouth while he watched the display before him. It felt like cotton was in his ears, blurring out their voices and the sounds about them.

With each passing second wherein nothing bad happened though, Derek slowly came back to himself, his senses recovering until he could once more pick up on conversation. Stiles was apologising for getting sweat all over Laura’s designer sports bra when she finally pulled away, going so far as to wipe at her with his towel until he realized what he was doing, which made Laura throw her head back and laugh. Peter was extending a hand to Stiles, telling him it was nice to see him again.

It wasn’t until the relief washed over him that Derek realized he had been dreading this moment.
Letting Laura and Peter back into this part of his life which had previously burned them, in Peter’s case literally. They were fine though, and Stiles wasn’t Kate.

Then Laura was hugging him, squeezing him tighter than usual, and when she pulled away there was a wetness in her eyes even though she was smiling fondly at him. Peter and Stiles were chatting behind them, Stiles berating their life choices for attempting something as sadistic as hot yoga. Laura took the opportunity to nudge Derek’s shoulder with her own, lean in towards him and speak in a private hush.

“It was super obvious you guys weren’t dating back then, you know,” she confessed, sounding almost relieved to get it off her chest. “Peter and I were just playing along to see how far you’d take it…but however it happened, I’m so happy you finally let someone in.” Laura squeezed his upper arm, leaning her head on his shoulder so she could stealthily wipe at the moisture in her eyes. She always had hated people seeing her cry. “He seems really good for you, Derek. It’s just nice to see you happy.”

After saying their goodbyes, Stiles had a spring in his step, his eyes kept flickering over to Derek as they walked back to Stiles’ jeep. “Your family seems nice,” he offered, biting his lip. His hand nudged Derek’s as they walked, not for the first time though likely unintentional, finally prompting Derek to link his pinky through Stiles’, earning him a sunny smile in turn.

“They aren’t all bad,” Derek conceded.

Stiles actually let Derek drive the jeep back to his place, claiming to be too aflutter from meeting the family, and while he said it airily, Derek could tell there was a ring of truth to it. Stiles’ heartbeat was rabbit quick until they were halfway back, and it slowed further still when Derek placed a warm palm on his thigh.

“I’m glad you met them,” Derek said, the admittance spilled before he could second guess the words. He must have been hanging around Stiles too much to have inherited his verbal diarrhea, but Stiles gave him the shyest smile in return.

“Do you want to come in?” Stiles offered when Derek pulled into Stiles’ assigned parking space. He was biting his thumb nail, looking up at Derek with wide hopeful eyes. “Maybe get cleaned up? Your car is way too nice for sweat stains.”

Stiles likely had some extra clothes of Derek’s laying around, ones he had stolen from Derek under the guise of needing something warmer, and it would be nice to change. He wasn’t an idiot though, he knew Stiles was implying they would shower together, and his tub was hardly a match for two grown men. There would be close quarters, lots of touching. It made him nervous, especially as this potentially could be their first real intimate encounter in person since the last disastrous one.

“Yeah...sounds good,” Derek said.

Once inside, it took about two minutes and a brow waggle for Stiles to suggest they conserve water by showering together. He was overly playful, giving Derek an easy out if he wanted it. He told Stiles to lead the way, giving him swat on the ass when he turned to do so.

The mood was still light as Stiles started up the water and started getting undressed, bitching once more about the class they’d taken when he pulled his sweats down and revealed his sweaty briefs. He trailed off mid sentence though when Derek pushed his own pants down, underwear and all. He swore he could see Stiles’ eyes tracking the bob of his cock as he stepped out of his pants, tongue unconsciously wetting his lips in a way that made Derek’s dick start to swell.
“Jesus…” Stiles mumbled, eyes raking down the length of Derek. “How are you even real?”

Derek could sense Stiles’ mounting anxieties and stepped forward, crowding into Stiles’ personal space, tips of his fingers slipping into Stiles’ briefs so he could start to slowly push them down. Stiles’ mouth went slack like it did when he was overwhelmed but turned on, his own hands shyly creeping down to cover himself when Derek finally pushed his briefs all the way down his legs. Derek stepped on the pooled briefs until Stiles tentatively stepped out of them, leaving them both standing naked, the running water behind them the only thing breaking the silence.

Stiles’ cheeks were red, likely self conscious about his body, but Derek was having none of it. Derek was fully aware of what he looked like himself, what people saw when they looked at him, but Derek wished he could properly convey to Stiles how beautiful he thought he was.

Placing a hand on Stiles’ bare hip, Derek leaned forward, gently catching Stiles’ lower lip between his teeth. Stiles’ shoulders finally slumped a bit, rigidity slackening as Derek splayed a broad hand against his lower back and kissed him again. “Water’s getting cold,” he warned against Stiles’ lips, nudging him back towards the shower.

The tub was in fact a tight fit for the two of them as expected, the close quarters making for some awkward maneuvers and serving as a sort of ice breaker. Instead of worrying about being sexy, they were both trying not to fall on their ass. The addition of soap only made things more slick, and it didn’t take long for Derek to have to haul Stiles in closer to keep him from falling ass over tit out of the tub.

“All my ideas are bad!” Stiles lamented dramatically, an arm clutching about Derek’s neck for dear life.

Derek felt the immediate urge to push him away. His hands even went for Stiles’ wrists to grab him, but it was easier to catch himself this time, now that he knew what to expect. Instead he slipped his own hands down to cup Stiles’ ass, dragging him closer. “Not all of them.”

Stiles’ already flushed cheeks darkened further, head ducking as he smiled. The shower spray had his hair clinging to his forehead, long lashes stuck together in clumps. Derek wanted to lean forward and lick away the droplets slipping down his long throat.

“You know your body is ridiculous, right?” he said, breaking Derek’s reverie. “I mean, I’ve been in locker rooms before, you know? I’m no stranger to self consciousness…but you are just some next level perfection.”

Derek rolled his eyes. “Werewolf metabolism,” he said with a shrug. “Not like I had to do much.”

Now it was Stiles’ turn to roll his eyes, turning away from Derek to stand directly under the spray. “Metabolism doesn’t make your dick huge,” he snarked.

Derek could smell his nerves though, his self doubt. His gaze trailed appreciatively down the long curved slope of Stiles’ back to the taut high globes of his ass. He gave it a little smack, belly heating at how the cheek jiggled on impact. “Doesn’t give you this either.”

Stiles yelped at the contact, foot slipping on the bottom of the tub. Derek quickly wrapped an arm around his waist to steady him, drawing their bodies flush so that Stiles’ back was pressed to his chest, his dick nestled between the cheeks of Stiles’ ass. With the way Stiles’ legs were parted gave his swollen cock room to push between, the head nudging against Stiles’ balls.

Stiles gasped at the contact, self consciously sneaking a glance down. “Oh my god your dick is so
much bigger than mine.”

Derek hummed, nosing into Stiles’ wet hair, arms tightening a little self conscious about his waist. “I don’t care,” he offered, jostling Stiles a little when he shrugged. It was satisfying to smell some of the anxiety slip, so he kept going, mouthing at Stiles’ neck while he reached down to stroke his cock.

“But-” Stiles whined out, breath hitching when Derek rubbed a thumb along the tip of his cock.

“Shut up and let me prove it,” Derek insisted, turning Stiles’ head to take his again in a demanding kiss. By the time Stiles was panting against him, hips rutting forward into Derek’s steady hand, thighs squeezing against Derek’s meaty cock. “Believe me now?” Derek asked, smug.

“I wanna try sex again,” Stiles said, the words a slurred heady rush. The shower bloomed with the smell of his arousal, only a hint of nerves tainting the edges. He looked back over his shoulder, hips canting up to rub his ass along the root of Derek’s cock. “Do you?”

This time Derek put a hand on the tile to brace himself, other arm sliding from Stiles’ cock to wrap back around his waist and draw him in tight. He pressed his nose against the pulse point of Stiles’ throat inhaling deeply. He was excited, beyond turned on, but still felt that lingering trace of anxiety in his gut. It irritated him this time though, and he felt himself resolved to push it from his mind.

Derek ground his hips forward, shuddering at the drag of his cock along Stiles’ silky sack. “You sure?” he asked.

Stiles nodded, head tilting back to rest on Derek’s shoulder while he pushed his ass back. They shut the water off, each helping the other dry off. Stiles was quiet while Derek wiped down his legs, shy when he led Derek into the bedroom, flushed dark when Derek urged him back on the bed. He tried to discreetly cover himself but Derek nudged his hand away, pushed Stiles’ thigh to the side. Stiles promptly covered his own face, groaning “oh god, oh god” on repeat in mortification as Derek began to kiss up the length of his thigh. The chant changed in pitch and feeling when Derek dragged his tongue up Stiles’ short length to swirl around the tip. Derek then mouthed his entire length, tongue flicking against his balls on a down stroke.

“Oh my god,” Stiles whined, hips helplessly humping up towards Derek’s mouth. He reached his arms above his head, fingers clutching at the comforter as Derek sucked him. He was a squirming mess, legs tightening and hips jerking, but he was definitely not thinking about their difference in size anymore.

Stiles’ responsiveness only made Derek hungry for more. He rubbed a thumb over Stiles’ nipple, gently rolled his balls, pushed his leg even higher to open him up enough so Derek could run the flat of his tongue over Stiles’ tight little pucker.

“Jesus...Derek,” Stiles panted, hand shooting down to grip at Derek’s hair when he started to push the tip of his tongue inside Stiles’ hole. “Ohmygod!”

Derek ate Stiles out with gusto, putting his werewolf strength to good use to hold his wriggling form in place. It turned him on to know that the neighbors could almost certainly hear Stiles’ desperate mewling through the paper thin walls, wanted them all to know that Stiles was taken, that he was his. His cock was drooling a steady thread of precum by the time he crawled up the length of Stiles’ body, holding his wrists down like he’d done on their first encounter, but this time because he knew Stiles liked it and not as a reflex.

In turn, Stiles arched up against him, mouth opening to accept Derek’s tongue when Derek leaned
down to kiss him. He spread his legs wide to make room for Derek’s hips, rocked up to grind their cocks together when Derek pressed down against him. Derek was practically light headed by the time he had two spit slick fingers in Stiles, and if Stiles weren’t completely dick stupid he’d probably make a crack about it being from blood loss.

“Lube?” Derek asked, just shy of dick stupid enough that he realized spit wouldn’t be enough.

Stiles waved an arm in the general direction of the bedside table, mumbling something about the drawer. Derek kneeled forward and pulled the drawer open, gaze immediately caught by a bright yellow tube. He turned it to read the label and instantly rolled his eyes, head tilting to better direct his bitchface at Stiles.

“Toasted Nut lube? Seriously?”

“Scott got it for me!” Stiles squawked in his own defense. When Derek just glowered further he sputtered out a quick “as a joke oh my god, dude, just shut up and fuck me.”

“You can’t use flavored lube for-”

“There’s other lube in there!”

Derek dug some more in the drawer and found a well used crumpled tube of plain old personal silicone lubricant. “I hope there’s enough left in here,” he teased, shuffling back over to Stiles on his knees.

Stiles groaned, covering his reddened face with his hands until Derek pulled them off.

“Ample, huh?” he mused, pushing Stiles’ thigh to the side so he could smack him on the ass.

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Stiles let out a high pitched noise, half between a moan and a yelp. “I think there’s something wrong with me,” he said while Derek clambered back between his legs. “When you make fun of me it just makes my dick hard.”

“It’s just teasing,” Derek reminded him with a soft smile, squeezing some of the lube between his fingers.

“That almost makes it worse!” Stiles groaned. “Who gets off to playful teasing.”

Derek pushed Stiles’ thigh back and slipped a finger in, promptly quieting Stiles’ ramblings. “That better?” he asked, sliding a second finger in alongside on the next outstroke.

Stiles nodded, tendons in his neck tight as he held his breath. He worried on his lower lip as Derek fingered him, eyes closed and hips rocking a bit to better angle things. He was suddenly so quiet now that they were down to business, so still.

Derek rubbed his belly with his spare hand to soothe him, help him calm down a little. He worked him open carefully, taking his time. He paused before wiping the extra lube on his own dick, glancing down at Stiles’ glistening pink hole before forcing himself to look up at Stiles. “Condom?” he asked. “Should I?”

Stiles’ eyes widened, obviously unsure. “No?” he finally said. “I mean...you can’t catch stuff right? Or knock me up…” he raised his brows expectantly, like he wanted Derek to confirm this
assumption, just in case he was wrong.

Derek snorted, wiping the rest of the lube off on his dick with a few lazy pulls. “No, Stiles. My werewolf jizz won’t magically knock you up.”

Stiles sighed in relief, head falling back against the pillow. He tensed up a little when Derek moved to lay atop him again, one arm braced on the bed besides Stiles’ head. Derek’s own pulse was going a mile a minute, a whirl of excitement and trepidation. This was a real line for them to cross, and things had gone so poorly the last time. Derek wanted it though, knew without a doubt that Stiles wanted it too, and it furthered his resolve to give Stiles a better first time than he had, give himself the first time he’d deserved.

Stiles’ mouth fell slack when Derek fit the head of his cock against his hole, his lashes fluttering when Derek first pressed in. Derek closed his own eyes, breathing deep through his nose to steady himself and stay slow. Stiles’ cheeks were ruddy, lips wet where he’d licked them. He was holding his breath again, hole tight and clutching where it instinctively tried to push Derek out.


Stiles nodded, only a little frantic, before taking a deep breath and following Derek’s instructions. His fingers flexed awkwardly against the bedding on either side of his head, looking for something to hold onto. While it went against his instincts, Derek urged Stiles’ arms up around his neck, let him clutch at his upper arms like he knew the kid wanted to. Ready for the initial feelings of discomfort at the contact, Derek reminded himself that it was Stiles, that deep down he wanted this too, and it helped.

He pushed his cock in further, keeping his movements steady and fluid. “You ok?” he asked Stiles. At Stiles’ nod, he began to pull out. Stiles made a choked off little noise, mouth still hanging helplessly as he panted, but his fingers clutched tighter to Derek, hips canting up to urge him on.

They built a slow rhythm like that, checking and going. Stiles begged him to wait a few times after a faster thrust, and he did each time. Soon enough, Stiles relaxed his death grip on his shoulders, thighs falling open where they’d previously been clamped onto Derek’s hips. His noises got a bit throatier, hips rocking up to meet Derek rather than jerking away. Derek finally allowed himself to thrust harder, to lean down and mouth up the length of Stiles’ throat the way he wanted to, drag his nose along his jaw to let his scent sink into the soft skin. His stubble left a trail of pink on Stiles’ pale skin, the soft flesh marking so easily.

“Fuck...Stiles,” Derek ground out, hiking Stiles’ knee higher with his elbow, opening him up.

Stiles moaned in response, toes curling as he tilted his head back to give Derek more room to work. “Harder,” he whined. “Feels so good.”

Derek obliged, knees spreading to stabilize himself. His back flexed as he thrust forward, the cheap bed frame shifting on the carpet until it banged against the wall. Stiles laughed, arm immediately shooting up to brace it.

“Just like that,” he urged, dragging Derek down into a heated kiss.

Stiles was silky heat around him, hole finally gone a bit soft from his ministrations. When Stiles cried out at a particular spot, Derek made sure to aim short jabs at it over and over until Stiles was shaking, head thrown back and eyes clenched. He managed to lean down enough to flick the tip of his tongue over Stiles’ nipple, teeth nipping to drag more of the sweet sounds Stiles made out of him.
Derek’s balls began to ache in their need for release, gums itching for his fangs to drop. He wanted to bite, wanted to hear those high pitched wounded animal sounds from Stiles while he claimed him as he fucked him, but Derek forced down his instincts. He let Stiles’ knit their fingers, raised them joined above Stiles head as he drove into him. It pleased his wolf to know that the neighbors would hear the bed banging against the wall. He pettily hoped the alpha down the hall especially took notice.

He was on an outstroke when he came, the orgasm hitting Derek off guard. He went from fuzzy to overloaded in half a second, nerves lighting up and cock jerking as Stiles milked him. He stilled for a moment, face buried against Stiles neck until he could move again.

“So close,” Stiles whined, hips humping up to try and find the right spot again. “Just a little more.”

Derek tried thrusting forward, knowing it took a minute for his dick to soften, but he was too sensitive after his orgasm. “One second,” he promised, carefully withdrawing despite Stiles’ protests.

Stiles’ hole was a thing of beauty when he looked at it, pink around the rim darkening to a well used red, skin slightly puffy and struggling to close all the way. A milky bead slipped free, drooling down Stiles’ rim towards the bedding. Derek wanted to lean in and eat him out, but knew Stiles was on the edge. Instead he pushed two fingers in, curling right at that spot Stiles had loved while they were fucking. Stiles’ protests quickly ceased, lashes fluttering as his eyes rolled back when Derek’s sure fingers rubbed just so inside of him. When Stiles’ squirming got too distracting, Derek pressed a hand to his lower belly to hold him still. Stiles’ eyes flew wide at that, head popping up to look down at where Derek was touching him.

“What is that?” he gasped, mouth slack as he panted.

Derek looked down, eyes wide. “What?” he asked, no clue in the slightest what Stiles was talking about.

“Your hand,” Stiles wheezed. “Oh my god Derek oh my god right there...fuck keep pushing.”

Derek pressed his hand harder against Stiles belly until he squealed, hips shooting up as he came. Stiles turned to press his face into his upper arm, jaw dropped wide as his cock spat up onto his belly, some of his cum splashing warm onto Derek’s hand.

Stiles’ chest heaved as he gasped, still trembling as he came down from his high. After pulling his fingers free and wiping them on the bedding, Derek shifted to lay next to Stiles, flopping gracelessly onto his back.

They lay quietly a few minutes, both of them finding their breath and processing what had finally happened.

“Well…” Stiles said first, because of course Stiles would be the first to open his gob. “I think that went a little better than last time.”

Derek snorted, too tired to move from where he was splayed out beside Stiles. The best he could manage was to knock his knee against Stiles’ leg, which Stiles returned.

“I feel thoroughly deflowered,” Stiles said, lips pursed and brow arched, far too cocky for someone who just came their brains out. “I’m officially no longer a candidate for ritual sacrifice.”

Derek rolled over onto his side, hand clamping over Stiles’ mouth as he pulled him in close. “Shut up.”
He ended up staying the night. Both of them had passed out soon after, and neither had been motivated to clean up or move in the middle of the night when they briefly woke up. Derek woke in the morning with Stiles laying half on top of them, arm and leg splayed across Derek and slack mouth drooling into Derek’s hair as he snored. He grimaced at the tug of dried cum in his pubes, at the sickly sweet smell of sweat mingled in the bedding.

Derek managed to extract himself, taking the first shower while Stiles continued to slumber. He gave himself a thorough scrub down, put toothpaste on a finger to attempt to clean his mouth out. He put on a pair of sweatpants afterwards, figuring he’d go commando until he got home rather than put his dirty underwear back on. He was making coffee when he heard the shower turn on, had just transferred eggs to some plates when Stiles staggered into the kitchen dressed in a sweater and boxers.

“My ass hurts,” he whined, stealing the coffee cup from Derek’s hand to take a drink. “You suck.”

“I did,” Derek quipped, pleased by the blush which immediately painted Stiles’ cheeks.

Stiles nudged him with an elbow before crowding into his personal space, pressing a quick kiss to his lips. “That’s going to need to be a regular thing now,” Stiles informed him, spearing some eggs onto a fork. “Painted yourself into a corner with those skills, buddy.”

“No problem,” Derek said in return, corner of his mouth turning up.

“I’ll be sitting on a bag of peas for a day or two, but after that the sex will be more regular as well.” Stiles’ grin turned impish as he waggled his thick eyebrows. “Practice makes perfect, sourwolf.”

Derek hummed his assent while Stiles shoveled a forkful of eggs into his mouth, chewing completely inelegant. He was ridiculous, but Derek immediately pictured more mornings like this. Waking up with Stiles, eating with him, not having to wait for a text or a phone call.

Much as he wanted to stay, Derek had to go into work. Stiles followed him around while he finished dressing like an eager puppy, chatting brightly while Derek listened. He went quiet when Derek was near the door, wrung his hands as he watched Derek collect his keys.

“No regrets, right?” Stiles spat out, his anxiety potent. “We’re good?”

Derek pocketed his keys, stalking towards Stiles until he had him crowded up against the closed door. He tried to find the words, but in the end just leaned forward to kiss Stiles, their lips a gentle slide against one another. Derek pressed his forehead to Stiles’, huffing once through his nose.

“We’re in a relationship now,” Derek told him. “A real one.”

Stiles bit his lip, eyes shyly meeting Derek’s a moment before he nodded, happy and bright. “Ok.”

The End

Chapter End Notes

WHEEEEE!!! IT’S OVER!!! Thanks for being so patient Julie, hope it was worth the wait!
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