What's new, Pussycat?

by chiapslock

Summary

Stiles? Stiles is completely ready for this shit. He's, in fact, ready for any shit that Scott and his werewolf problem can throw at him. But, as it turns out, there are no werewolf-shit to sort out. Scott is not a werewolf. He's a... werecat. Werekitty? No, seriously, he's the fluffiest kitten Stiles has ever seen. It's hilarious.

[A Canon Alternative Universe of S1 where there are no werewolves, only werekittens]

Notes

I wrote this thing like two years ago. Re-read it recently and... I have no idea why I'm posting this.
I can only say I'm sorry.

Stiles? Stiles is completely ready for this shit. He's, in fact, ready for any shit that Scott and his werewolf problem can throw at him.

Granted, he's not exactly sure there will be any werewolf shit to deal with, but unlike Scott—who likes to think that maybe it was just a small miracle—Stiles has a head on his shoulders and knows that there are no miracles that cure frankly massive slashes on one's back in a single night.
And even if there were, no miracle on heart could have fixed Scott’s inability to play Lacrosse. Seriously, he loves Scott, but that boy had been terrible at the sport, almost worse than Stiles is, and now the coach wants to make him MVP.

Stiles can smell werewolf shit all over this mess. And he is not the werewolf.

Point is: he has a long long chain and... and silver-y things and he’s so ready. He could tackle down the strongest, angriest werewolf of all time with this, really (or probably not, but he figures that even in werewolf form Scott would be more like a puppy than anything else; a flailing, disgustedly adorable puppy).

In the end Scott's werewolf is not a puppy. In fact, as it turns out, there are no werewolf shit to sort out. Scott is not a werewolf.

He's a... werecat. Werekitty? No, seriously, he's the fluffiest kitten Stiles has ever seen. It's hilarious.

“Oh my god, Scott” he manages to say, between breaths, and... no, here comes another wave of laughters. Because Scott is... Scott is tiny and adorable and he's meowing like Stiles has just stolen his ball of yarn.

He wants to find a ball of yarn now, just to see what Scott would do with it.

He's possibly a bad friend, but who's going to blame him?

“This doesn't make sense” Scott tells him the next day, and he's evidently annoyed and confused and Stiles would concentrate much better if he could stop imagining Kitty-Scott with that expression.

“What? That you're the fluffiest kitten alive? It makes so much sense, I could write a book on it. No, seriously, you're like the fluffiest person in the history of... ever. Fluffy. It should be your middle name,” Scott looks at him and his eyes do that strange thing were they get all... cat-like. And it makes sense, since he's a werecat. It hadn't made much sense when they still thought he was a werewolf.

“I’m serious, Stiles!” he barks – meows, ah, Stiles is hilarious – looking crossed “I know I said I wasn't sure what was that scratched me the other night, but I know it was bigger than…” he stops, probably because he has still a tiny bit of dignity left.

“A kitten” he fills for him, and Scott almost growls at him.

Which poses the question: can he purr now? “Can you purr now?” he asks then, because he never had a good brain-mouth filter and because he really needs to know. He should like pet him to see.

Scott almost hisses at him and then he walks away.

Stiles isn’t really that worried, honestly, his best friend can’t ignore him for long, they have biology in an hour and they always sit together.

He’ll find a way to make him purr.

Stiles doesn’t forget Scott's doubts, mostly because Scott keeps bringing them up. They’re not unfounded.

First: there's that body in the woods, they haven't forgot about it. Second: If what scratched Scott was
bigger than a kitty... what does that mean? There are different types of werecats?

Third: Derek Hale .

Stiles doesn't believe in this kind of coincidences, and Derek popping up everywhere like a psychotic stalker right after Scott becomes a werekitten? Not a coincidence.

Is Derek a werecat too? Oh God, he wants to see so much . Of course there’s the whole thing where maybe, possibly, there is a slight chance that Derek Hale could be the killer. Still. Kitty .

So, now they have to investigate: Stiles has prepared his entire life for this, seriously. He's ready to get dirty and catch the killer. He knew that listening in on everyone of his father cases and investigation would be useful one day.

It's his time to shine like a diamond.

So he's understandably angry when he discovers that Scott has already talked to Derek and has already found the body (or at least smelled it) and okay, founding the body? So awesome. But Stiles would have liked a little more involvement into the whole investigating on Derek Hale, the murderous cat.

Still he goes with Scott and they dig up the body but it's... it's not a girl’s body in the beginning it's... it looks more like a mountain lion than anything else. And if there are werecats that can assume the form of a mountain lion? That makes a lot more sense.

They manage to make the half body turn back into a human and they call his dad and arrest Derek Hale and it's so damn awesome , but Stiles has to have some answers – and maybe he wants to gloat a little.

So he enters the car where Derek is being held (in the passenger seat, protected, because he's not as stupid as everyone thinks he is) and he looks at the other man.

He really can't imagine Derek as a fluffy fluffy kitten, even if it would be the most hilarious thing ever, and he wonders if maybe Derek is a mountain lion too, if maybe there are different kinds of werecats.

“Are you the fluffiest little kitten? When you turn I mean. You have majestic eyebrows, do they just grow until you're completely covered in fur? Is that your cat form?” he asks, but Derek doesn't even change his expression. He’s a little disappointed.

“Scott can't turn into a mountain lion” he says in the end, when it becomes clear this is destined to be a one-way conversation “he's mostly a very fluffy kitten, so what's the deal with this? There are different kinds? The form one takes is a reflection of how one's is inside? What?”

Derek looks at him like what he just said is the stupidest thing he has ever heard (maybe it is, but in his defense there isn’t really a manual for this kind of things).

“This is just the beginning, he's not going to be able to control himself soon. What will you think will happen then?” Derek asks him, and Stiles almost laughs. What can a little kitten do? Purr at everyone until someone dies of cuteness? But Derek just scoffs “you think it's a joke and you have no idea ”.

And then Stiles gets taken out of the car by his dad and... Stiles figures that is it. There are not gonna be anymore problems.
He's so incredibly wrong.

Scott almost turns into his kitten form at least twenty times in like three days, and it has almost stopped being funny. *Almost*. Mostly because... Kitty Scott is kind of a dick.

“Seriously dude,” he complains, looking at his hands “try to ease up with those claws, okay?”

He's covered from head to toes in scratches and they are bloody and hurt like a bitch. Scott doesn't even look sorry.

“I can't control it!” he says, once they figure out that Scott turns when he's feeling angry, or excited, or *anything*.

“Well you should try!” he almost scream, because they are cleaning up the last cuts and the damn things hurts. A lot.

“I think it's not getting better” Scott says in the end and Stiles look at him and raises his eyebrows in a sign that hopefully conveys *No shit Sherlock*.

Turns out Derek is probably *not* the killer. And that the body was of Laura Hale, Derek's sister, which is all kind of fucked up considering they found half of her body buried in his garden.

“Is it a cat thing? Having your relatives buried in the yard?” he asks Scott, hoping that Derek will not hear him.

“You do know he can hear you right?” Scott asks him and really, that's why Stiles can't have nice things.

They are talking to Derek—who is still a suspect but has been released because they don't have proof.

The murder has been ruled as an animal attack and there is no way Stiles and Scott can go to Stiles’ father and tell him *actually Derek probably turns into a big cat. We're not sure, we have never seen him, but Scott is an adorable kitten*. So they are here talking to Derek about his sister’s murder and asking for his help because Scott’s kitty form is getting bigger. Not by much, he's still the fluffiest kitten that ever fluffed, but yeah... his claws are getting bigger too.

“Werecats... they grow” Derek tells them, looking right at Scott and completely ignoring Stiles “when you get scratched by a full grown cat and you turn... you start as a small cat”.

“Kitten. You start as a cute kitten” Stiles feels the need to correct him. Scott scowls at him, Derek still hasn't looked his way.

“But the form of a scratched cat starts to grow almost immediately. It's the reason why you're more aggressive and have problems keeping your control” he explains, and okay that makes sense.

As much as werecats and any other thing that has happened to them lately makes sense.

But sure, growing cats. He can get behind that.
“So he'll become... a mountain lion too?” he asks then and finally Derek looks at him. And he's pissed. Or constipated. How should he know?

“No. First of all we each have different forms, and second of all my sister was... stronger. We are not wolves, we prefer solitudes, but I guess you could call them the alphas” he says that like it's physically painful to him and Stiles starts to think.

And then he gets it.

“Oh God, this is gold. You are literally cats and dogs!” he says, looking at both of them “I bet werecats and weredogs are the supernatural equivalents of... cats and dogs. Yes I see where I could have been more creative, but you're all adorable. Why is anyone afraid of you when you're like five years old?” he has to stop talking, because Derek has dashed forward and his face is now inches away from Stiles’ and his eyes are all glow-y and angry and he has claws.

“Okay so, maybe a little bit afraid. Point taken” he mumbles and Stiles is sure that his best friend is ready to jump and protect his honor, or his face, or whatever, but Derek pulls back.

Scott and Stiles relax, marginally. Stiles still feels on edge and he can’t help thinking that this is real, that Derek could have killed him in a second and there’s nothing he could have done.

“I can't do that” Scott says, out of the blue, and Stiles looks at him, affronted.

“Really? Good to know my best friend has my back against the big, scary cat!” he almost shouts and Scott does look a bit apologetic.

“It's something you learn to do with control, and I can teach you” which... they don't seem to have any alternatives so yeah. Go Team Derek.

Then a lot of crazy stuff happens.

A lot.

They discover that Derek's comatose uncle is the real killer – because why the hell not – and then they discover that Allison's family is a family of hunters and would really love to have Scott's fur. And then... then Stiles and Derek become friends.

He has no idea how that happens, really. One minute they are talking about werecats and Scott's inability to stay away from Allison for even one second and then Stiles is making a Star Wars reference and Derek is answering with a Star trek reference and then it goes downhill from there (how could he ever resist, really? Scott hates Star Trek and barely tolerates Star Wars and Stiles needs this strange talking in quotes him and Derek have going on).

They are friends. More or less. Stiles can go to Derek's creepy burnt house and Derek will not hiss at him too much for that (he will hiss for a lot of other things, like that time Derek hissed for almost ten minutes straight when Stiles bought him cat nip) and Derek can climb the tree outside of Stiles' bedroom window without making him freakout (much).

So yeah, he thinks they are friends.

And then Derek kills Peter and Scott hates Derek and it makes their little friendship kind of hard.

All of this supernatural crap sucks.
Still, he misses Derek (and it's not that strange, okay? Maybe a little but... yeah).

Scott spends all his time with Allison, since she now knows about his pussy problem (ah, Stiles is so incredibly hilarious) and he's not even that much of a fluffy kitten anymore, he's like... almost a teenager cat, or something. The point is Stiles has a lot of free time and not a lot of friends to spend that time with so... so whatever, Scott can be a prissy kitten all he wants, Stiles is bored and he wants to know about Derek's opinion on the new Star Trek film.

Derek has to have an opinion about it, and he's almost sure it will be expressed in grunts. He misses Derek grunts (okay, yes, it's a little strange).

So he takes his jeep and goes to Derek's house.

There is no hissing, which could be a good thing. Or a bad thing. Derek is a strange strange cat and Stiles can't be faulted for not getting him at all (even if he does get him. A lot. Derek is kind of simple minded when you grasp all of his self-hatred).

So he enters the house, but there's no one there and it's a bummer.

Before he goes, though, he can't resist the impulse and he starts making come here kitty-kitty sounds. He has done it sometimes to call Scott and his face had been hilarious, and he had tried one time to call Derek like that, but had soon realized he liked his hands way too much to actually commit to it.

But now Derek isn’t here, and he can have some fun. Except he hears a growl then and when he looks back he can see a... panther. It's a panther.

Oh my god it's a real panther and Stiles is so dea... and then he stops and looks.

“Derek. Oh my god you're a big and scary panther of course you are. It makes so much sense” because Derek is breath-takingly gorgeous, and Stiles doesn't even have to be totally gay to notice it (he's bi-curious at best. A lot curious when it comes to Derek Hale, he can admit that) and panthers are notoriously very beautiful animals and yeah, okay, has he said anything of that out loud?

He thinks he's safe. Thank god.

The panther, Derek, has stopped growling which is reassuring.

So Stiles looks at him and says, now that he knows it's Derek, “Here, kitty ’’ out loud and to be honest he's not even surprised when Derek jumps on him.

He's not using his claws so Stiles knows he's not really that angry and he even missed this (so so strange, okay, he gives up, he might be strangely and creepily interested in spending time with Derek. Sue him).

“Okay, okay, I'm sorry but how could I resist? Seriously?” he asks in the end and Derek lets him go, and sits, still as a panther, beside him.

Stiles doesn't know why he's still in this form, he knows sometimes Scott transforms and can't turn back immediately so maybe that's what's happening here.

He asks, but Derek doesn't answer him.

It's strange that spending time with Derek as a panther consists of more or less the same words as
spending time with Derek as a human? Probably. Still their friendship works because Stiles can talk for three people.

So he starts to talk about the new Star Trek film, because yes he has to, and then he talks about Scott and Allison and at one point Derek puts his head in his lap and... what?

He stops talking and looks at Derek “What's going on? I mean I get you can't talk right now being all... feline and broody and not-human, but what's going on? Why are you...?” he opens his mouth, closes it, and Derek is looking at him like he does when he's waiting for him to shut up. So he does.

And then he starts petting Derek.

He doesn't know why he does it, and he half expects the other to bite him or growl at him or roar at him or... but Derek does absolutely nothing for three minutes and then he starts purring.

Purring. Derek Hale is purring.

“Are you really purring?” he asks him because maybe he's mistaken, maybe Derek isn't purring but just thinking of the best way to kill Stiles and that's the sound of his teeth getting ready to maul him (Derek can totally maul him whenever he wants, but in a sexy way. Not in a murderous way).

Derek growls in answer and Stiles is getting ready to be killed, until he realizes that Derek is just protesting because Stiles has stopped petting him.

“You're a giant kitty cat, aren't you?” this time the growl is real and Stiles jumps a little “okay, yeah, shutting up. You do know I'm not your pet dispenser, right? I mean. I…” Derek growls again “or pet dispenser. Sure. Why not. I'm totally failing all my classes in high school anyway”.

So Scott spends all his time with Allison and Stiles spends all his time with Derek. It might seems strange, when you put it like that, but...

Not even Stiles fervent mind can come up with an explanation that can make this seem like he doesn’t have the biggest crush on Derek Hale. So he has to give up and admit that, probably, he has a thing for Derek. It could be worse.

He’s not like Scott—sure he doesn’t like the idea of killing and he’s against the principle of it, but Peter Hale? Totally deserved to be mauled to death, probably over and over if he’s being honest. He gets why Scott, that was always the goody-two-shoes in their friendship, can be morally offended by Derek killing someone. But Stiles?

God, he probably would have asked to have a turn at the whole killing thing, after what Peter had done to Lydia (the fact that she seems to be perfectly fine now means absolutely nothing in the grand scheme of things).

So Scott can stand on his high horse and Stiles can eat chips on Derek's couch and get growled in response. He really feels like the winner in this situation.

Derek hasn’t been in his animal form at all since the first time Stiles has gone to his house and he might miss it a little (the Panther was cool, okay? It's not his fault) but at the same time he likes Derek dry wit. It's not as hilarious as his, obviously, but when he tries Derek can be quite funny.
They meet mostly because Stiles goes to Derek's house, usually with some groceries, and they just hang out. Honestly there isn't much to do at Derek's considering it's in ruins, and missing half of its walls. It's quite depressing, when he thinks about it, so one day Stiles asks: "Why are you still here?"

It's just that Stiles can't get over the fact that Derek is practically living in a house where his family burned to death. It's not a very good home, and Derek is already prickly and gruff, he doesn't need to live in such depressing conditions.

So Stiles might be worried, and he probably brings too many vegetables alongside his disgusting snacks because he doesn't really know what Derek eats when he's not there to feed him.

Worrying and fussing comes naturally to him after years of taking care of his father and he can’t really help it. He only hopes Derek hasn't really realized it.

At this point the werecat is looking at him strangely, like he can't understand why Stiles is asking - which, really, rude.

"I don't know, in the beginning I didn't think I would stay here long" Derek answers, honestly, and Stiles stops himself just in time.

Yelling WHAAAT? would give him nothing if not Derek's hard and annoyed stare. So he needs to find a different way to just ask. Something subtle. He can be subtle.

"And now?" he asks, trying to go for casual and totally uninterested (he's self-aware enough that he knows he has probably failed spectacularly).

Derek looks at him for a second, beforeshrugging "Now I guess I can search another house". Stiles decides that he can just embrace the awkwardness and smile, happy. It's not like Derek doesn't know that he enjoys his company, after all Stiles drives practically everyday to his house.

Hearing that Derek isn’t going anywhere? It feels good.

So two days later Derek tells him he has found a loft on the outskirt of the city, and it throws him off a little. First of all he didn't really think it would take the other only two days, second of all Stiles can't really think about Derek Hale having neighbors.

He tries not to let his curiosity get the better of him and he waits two whole minutes before giving up. "Why aren't we there yet?" he asks, with a little bit of a whine in his voice and Derek smirks, the jerk.

"I wanted to see how much time it would take you before you exploded" Derek admits, and he seems a little happy, much more relaxed compared to the man they had met months prior "I'm impressed, I had given you three second"

"I know, I have the patience of a saint" Stiles replies, while he almost runs towards the Camaro (because one of the perks of this strange friendship is going around on that car, that's for sure) "Move it, fuzzball, or I'm gonna hide catnip all over your new house."

"You wouldn't dare" Derek growls and Stiles just laughs for three minutes straight.
The loft is... a big room, with stairs and an upperfloor where there are a bedroom and a bathroom. It's not exactly a cozy house, but at least it has a roof and there isn't anything burnt. It's an improvement, and at this point it's not like Stiles can ask for more than this.

"How does it feel to be back in society?" he asks, because they can order food from here, there has to be some kind of pizza that delivers, and Stiles will have to try them all and rate them. It's a system that he has developed with Scott over the years and tweaked to perfection. He's excited that he can actually try it out from scratch.

"I don't know" Derek replies and it's a strange enough answer that Stiles looks at the other, worried. Sometimes he forgets that, at the end of the day, it's not that Derek is a bad person, it's just that he's incredibly awkward and maybe a little bit of a dick, but Stiles can't really talk in that regard.

Derek is someone who has lost much more than Stiles can imagine, and maybe hasn't yet learned to live with it.

"I could help you with some furniture and... and we can try all the pizzerias around here. It will be fine. Plus you guys are like super selective about what you eat, right?" he says with a smiles and Derek scowls at him, but Stiles can see him relax.

"We're not house cats" Derek tells him, for what feel like the thousandth time, and it still makes him laugh. Mostly because he knows that werecats are actually picky about what they eat, a little bit like domestic cats.

One day he will bring Derek a ball of yarn and then the other will kill him, he knows, but it would be an honorable and happy death.

They buy entirely too much for a loft, but Stiles is having fun, and when the summer ends and he won't have this much time to spend with Derek he doesn't want the other to feel lonely. Cats are solitary creature, he knows that, but at the same time he doesn't think that Derek was born to be this lonely.

So he goes a little crazy, only reassured by the fact that Derek doesn't really try to stop him. The only thing that Derek actually insists on buying it's an Xbox and Stiles has to stop and look at the other, surprised.

"What? You like this, don't you?" Derek asks him, a little bit annoyed, and Stiles does, he would kill to have it at home but...

"You can come and play it when you want" it's what Derek says in the end, and Stiles doesn't know if he should take this as some kind of weird flirting, but what the hell, an Xbox? He's charmed beyond belief.

So when they go to the loft that night, they order their third pizza of the week (a solid 13.7 out of 24.9 - because their rating are as accurate as complicated) and they play for what feels like entirely too much.

Stiles doesn't remember having this much fun in forever, and shooting at his enemies is the only thing he can do to not kiss Derek then and there.

He reminds himself he has a bestfriend to talk to before he can actually do anything and it's going to suck.
Stiles looks at Derek, that is looking at the screen intensely and he is annoyed enough at the game that his fangs have come out a little and his eyes are glowing blue. It's ridiculous and Stiles smiles without even realizing.

It's going to suck, but he thinks it will be worth it in the end.

He calls Scott the next day and texts Derek that he won't be coming by. It's a small miracle but Scott is actually free and as he sounds thrilled when Stiles proposes they go and play a little Lacrosse at the field outside the school.

Which is why when they meet Stiles is sad to see that Scott's smile disappears in like two seconds flat when Stiles comes in "sniffing" distance.

"Why do you have Derek's smell all over you?" Scott asks immediately and Stiles sighs.

"Really? All over me? Isn't that a little bit exaggerated?" he asks but Scott just scowls more.

"No it's... cats we... we mark. It's what we do practically all the time. We just brush our hands and faces and stuff around to mark our territory" he says with a sigh "and it smells like you're Derek's territory"

Stiles looks at Scott surprised, but a little pleased if he's honest. In the end it's not like he had ever thought that Derek would just let anyone pester him everyday or let anyone pet him for an hour straight, but it's nice hearing that he actually has a shot.

Then Scott comes forward and puts his hands on Stiles face.

They have been best friends for years and, in the end, it's not like they have a concept of personal space, but even for them this is incredibly strange. It takes a minute for Stiles to remember about what the other has just told him and he scrambles back, a little bit panicked.

"Woah! No, bad kitty! No marking!" he says "don't make me get the water bottle".

Scott looks surprised for a moment before he actually gets angry "I'm just making sure you don't go around smelling like Derek Hale just brushed his entire body on your face!".

The are a lot of things that Stiles could say in response to that, but he's Stiles so in the end he says: "God, I wish!".

The awkward silence that follows his fed up scream is enough that Stiles just really wants to go and bury himself somewhere.

"Wait... you do?" Scott asks, surprise, and Stiles sighs.

"Dude, I really do. Which is a problem because my best friend hates him" he says and Scott looks surprised all over again. Like he hadn't even thought about that.

"It's not like I hate him. I just... He killed his uncle" Scott says, with a grimace "Peter could have turned me back. Maybe"

"Peter killed his sister. And he hurt Lydia. And he..." he stops, because this is not going to go everywhere "look I know you have your reasons, and they aren't even bad reasons but..." he stops
and tries to find a way to make Scott understand "but Derek hasn't had the easiest life. We can cut him some slack."

After that it seems like Scott lets it go, like maybe he decides it's not that big of a deal.

God, Stiles really hopes it isn’t.

The next day, when he gets to Derek’s he has a plan, because that's what he does when he gets panicky: he plans.

So he has a speech ready and he has at least an idea about what he's going to say and it starts something like: *it's like we've been dating already*.

Because Stiles spends the majority of his day at Derek's place anyway, it's true, and it's not like he shares his and Scott's secret rating system to just anyone!

So he has some good points on his side, and he feels, if not confident, at least less panicked than the night before.

It all goes out of the window when Derek opens the door to the loft and then his entire face just... does a thing, a bad thing. Stiles doesn't exactly know how to describe it, because it's like Derek takes a look at him and just shuts down.

Which is not a great start to his plan, really.

"You can't be here" Derek tells him, and it's such a terrible start to his plan that Stiles loses valuable seconds gaping in shock instead of actually doing anything. He reacts, thankfully, in time when Derek just sighs and tries to close the door in his face.

Fucking rude.

He stops him, a little bit surprised and angry.

"What the fuck dude?" he asks, because this is too much even for Derek.

The other looks at him for a second, does his face-thing again and then growls "Just stay here, don't enter the house. I'm coming back".

He doesn't try to close the door again, which is an improvement, but Stiles is still incredibly confused by whatever it's going on right now. Did he do something?

When Derek returns he closes the door quickly behind him and then he motions for Stiles to get going, as if that's going to happen.

"No, no! You can't just hand wave me now. What the hell is going on?" he asks, because he had a plan and he liked that plan, he really did, and now...

Derek huffs, like Stiles' question is just unreasonable and really? *Really*?

"Don't do that! You just reacted like I got the plague!" he says, because he's past being calm and controlled.

Derek grimaces and then growls a little "You... Scott marked you. It's... I don't want the loft to smell like him" he says, like it pains him to admit it, like it's something he's struggling with.
Stiles looks at him, surprised.

"It's not like I'm gonna stop hanging out with Scott" he says, because maybe his best friend can learn to accept this thing with Derek, but if Derek can't learn to live with Scott's scent... that's a problem.

Derek growls a little, before nodding "I know"

"So what? Everytime I do it, I can't get in the house?" he asks, because this is ridiculous, and he knows that cats are very territorial but...

Derek grimaces again before sighing "Maybe next time I can... before you enter I can..."

"Mark me" Stiles finishes for him, because it's evident what the other wants to say and Derek nods, a little ashamed.

"You know, you guys are ridiculous" he tries, because he thought today's biggest challenge would be to not fuck up his speech, but there's never a dull moment when he's surrounded by supernatural beings that act more like prissy cats than anything else.

Derek seems to be getting angrier and Stiles looks at his eyebrows, because he always hopes that, in pure cat fashion, they would just puff up a little to signal his anger. No such luck.

The thing is, Stiles has spent months in the supernatural word, learning and being followed by a psycho cat and... everytime he thinks he has figured out how to survive, something else happens.

So he sighs and he goes forward, raising his hands and placing them on Derek's face, where Scott had marked him yesterday. "Okay?" he asks, because it was mostly instinct and he's not really sure it was the right thing to do.

Derek looks at him and then he melts into the touch.

He can't do the speech now, it wouldn't feel right, so he just sighs and scratches Derek's hair a little behind his ear.

"Does this mean Scott could sniff that I just marked you?" he asks, because it feels good thinking about it, but Derek smiles.

"Not really, you don't have scent markers on you hand. But..." Derek stops and raises one hand, touching Stiles’ lips with his thumb and then (when Stiles has almost decided to just take the damn finger in his mouth) he spreads his hand and caresses Stiles' cheek "he will be able to smell this very clearly".

It's not Stiles' speech, but Derek has always been more about action than words so Stiles just says fuck it and kisses him.

His plans have just been ruined quite spectacularly, but he doesn’t mind.

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