Stiles has pretty much always known he wasn’t a girl. It’s why he started going by Stiles in elementary school: Zofia isn’t actually that hard to pronounce, but it isn’t him. Stiles, though, yeah: the first time Scott says it, Stiles is sold. That’s his name. He knows who he is.

No one will cut his tits off until he turns eighteen but he’s pretty small-breasted anyway, lanky and lean, so under a sports bra and a couple of layers, no one knows the difference. His mom buzzes his hair with clippers up until she dies and then he starts doing it himself; it’s cheap and easy. Jackson and Matt call him a lesbian all through middle school but freshman year Stiles starts insisting on male pronouns and actually everyone at school just kind of goes with it. They don’t all remember all the time and he’s still not allowed to play lacrosse on the boys’ team, and he’s still a total loser, but it’s
not that big a deal. It’s not like he’s the only openly LGBTIQA student at Beacon Hills High, anyway: there’s Danny, of course, and a genderqueer person who calls themselves Tugs and makes out with a girl who wears cat ears in the hallway outside Stiles’s history class every morning, as notable examples.

Not long after Derek and Stiles meet, Stiles goes on his period. As soon as his scent hits Derek in the doorway of the loft, Derek jerks back, blinking rapidly at him.

“That’s kind of embarrassing,” Stiles says, laughing at least half-heartedly. “You can smell it?”

“Oh,” Derek says. “I didn’t know you were -- um. I didn’t realize.”

It’s Stiles’s turn to blink incredulously, looking down at himself. “This shirt has the trans pride flag on it. You’ve seen me wear this a million times. You -- last week you asked me if I ever washed it.”

“I didn’t know there was a trans pride flag,” Derek says.

Stiles rolls his eyes. “There’s a pride flag for everything. So, can I come in? Or is my stench too offensive?”

“It’s not offensive,” Derek grumbles, stepping back to let Stiles through the door. “I was just surprised.”

Derek doesn’t seem to like Stiles much, but Stiles is pretty sure it has a lot more to do with his ever-rambling mouth than the trans thing -- after all, Derek likes Scott even less, and Scott is as unfortunately cishet as they come.

Stiles comes back from his first year of college, and he knows he looks a lot better than he used to. He took up running and weightlifting and between the gym and the T, he’s filled out. His skin is golden from (too many) days skipping class to lay on the beach. He let his hair grow back shaggy enough for boys to wrap their fingers in while he sucks their cocks and, yes, he lost his virginity and was even mostly sober when it happened.

Derek stares at him really intently without any expression for a long time. Finally, he says, “You look different.”

Stiles rolls his eyes. “You know I had surgery over winter break.”

Derek’s eyes travel down Stiles’s body, all the way to his feet, and then slowly back up. “It’s not that,” he says.

“Wanna see my scars? Hey, would a werewolf scar from surgery like that, do you think?”

“I’m not sure. No, I don’t need to see them.”

Stiles throws himself on the couch. “You’re being really weird. Weird even for you.”

“You smell different, too,” Derek says, frowning. “You smell like…”

When Derek trails off, Stiles raises his eyebrows. “Like what?”

“Like someone’s been touching you.”

Stiles blushes. “Well, so what? Someone has been touching me.”
Derek looks away, turning his whole face from Stiles like he’s in pain. “Is he good to you?”

“Um, sure? It’s not a big deal. It’s just a hookup.”

“He knows that you’re trans?”

Stiles rolls his eyes. “Yes, Simon is intimately familiar with the state of my genitals. Not that it’s any of your business.”

“I know. I just -- worry sometimes.”

“Little Trans Human does not require a Big Scary Werewolf to take care of him. It’s awesome, dude. Simon thinks I’m hot.”

It’s Derek’s turn to roll his eyes. “You are hot.”

Stiles laughs, but Derek isn’t cracking a smile, just back to staring at him intently, like he can erase the mole on Stiles’s cheek with his laser eyes. It’s unnerving. “Uhh,” Stiles stammers a little, “you think I’m hot?”

“You know you’re attractive.”

“But I don’t? I’m ok, I guess, and let’s be real, T is helping, but it’s not like -- I’m not running around looking like you.”

Derek looks down at himself, the cloth of a henley clinging to his stomach, his too-tight jeans. Stiles realizes that Derek is dressed a little nicer than usual, and his hair is overly-styled, too. “Wait a second,” Stiles says, all too aware -- as usual -- that Derek can hear his heart pounding. “You’re -- are you into me?”

Derek sighs deeply, deflating, eyes still cast downwards. “I had this stupid idea,” he says, voice low and resigned, “that I could be your first.”


“I’m sorry,” Derek says.

“Back up, nothing to be sorry for, I just need a second to kind of filter this through my brain, because, like -- wow, I mean -- ok, there’s a lot of stuff I still haven’t done, though, you know. Like anal. You could totally be my first at that. Or, um. I haven’t tried the strap on thing yet. If you’re into that. Honestly mostly I just blow him and he fingers me.”

Derek growls and stalks up to Stiles on the couch and leans over him. He rakes his fingers through Stiles’s hair -- yes, definitely a good idea on growing it out -- and tugs Stiles’s head back to kiss him. It’s gentler than Stiles would’ve expected, if he had ever let himself entertain the idea of kissing Derek before, which he has mostly avoided for his own sanity, because up until about two minutes ago he was one hundred percent certain that Derek was one hundred percent unattainable. Now that all seems a little short-sighted, as Stiles’s lips part to welcome Derek’s tongue into his mouth.

It’s a long kiss, and Stiles gasps a little when they part. Derek’s eyes are dark, flaring red at the edges. Ridiculously, it turns Stiles on -- he can feel it tingling from his groin to his stomach to the tips of his fingers.

“So, uh, you want to become intimately familiar with my genital situation, too?”
Derek sighs, long-suffering, but Stiles is pretty sure the edge of his mouth tips upwards, too. “Yes, Stiles. I would like to become intimately familiar with your genital situation.”

End Notes

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