Brownies

by Xzera_Nycto

Summary

Prompt: I used to be the best baker in the neighbourhood but then you showed up with a stack of brownies which almost gave me an orgasm and my honour is at stake!

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“Stiles calm down! You’re going into a frenzy!”

Lydia inched into the kitchen, there was flour everywhere and every tabletop had a different coloured mixing bowl on it. Amidst it all was Stiles with a “Kiss the chef” apron adorned, pulling out a batch of freshly made brownies.

“I can’t calm down Lyds, the next bake-off is in a month and I still haven’t figure out the recipe! How? How is it possible that I have been overthrown? I am the winner every seasonal bake-off and now this guy comes along? What am I supposed to do Lyds, take it lying down? No, no, no, no, I will figure it out. They were orgasmic, or-gas-mic! I can’t just throw the towel in, I need to keep trying-“

“Stiles! Stop. Talking.”

By some miracle Stiles actually halted the flow of word vomit as he set the tray down and took off his cupcake patterned oven mitts.
“Now, breathe…” Lydia said as she walked over to rub his back. Stiles took in a deep breath before exhaling and doing it again; he felt less jittery but he was still vibrating beneath his skin.

“Sweetie, you need to chill out a bit. The guys are worrying about you, plus, all this baking is making us bigger and I for one like my current weight and cannot keep buying new jeans.”

Stiles let out a short breath of laughter and picked up a knife before preceding to cut the brownies.

“I just…I just want to know how he did it. I mean, the guy didn’t even show at Mrs Waterby’s for the event, just had a name card – Derek H. Maybe instead of trying to figure out the recipe, I should’ve spent my time and energy trying to track down this Derek …what?”

Lydia’s smirk made Stiles pause as he set down the knife before picking up the blue mixing bowl to pour into a new tray already lined.

“What?”

“You sure that’s all you want from Derek? The recipe?”

“What do you mean?”

“Oh come on Stiles, it doesn’t take a rocket scientist (that would be me) to work out that it’s Derek Hale, aka the guy you had a crush on in high school and who you fantasised over all through college.”

“What?!”

Stiles nearly dropped the bowl mid-pour but managed to catch it, some of the mix spattering onto his apron. Holding the bowl in a vice grip, he turned to face Lydia whose smirk had turned practically wolf-ish.

“Derek?! Derek Hale?! That Derek? He bakes? He’s back in Beacon Hills? Wait, what?!”

“Honey, he moved back 3 months ago. How are you not aware of this? How haven’t the ‘Golden Sisters’ told you already? You’d think those gossiping old ladies would’ve mentioned something, it was all over town when he moved back in. To be honest, he’d technically been back since last June renovating his old house but he didn’t actually move in until a few months back. Wow…you really didn’t know?!”

“No, I haven’t been by the community centre in a long while, I had a deadline for a new comic and the next chapter for my novel due at basically the same time. He’s back…Derek…Shit.”

Lydia shook her head and patted Stiles’ shoulder before turning to open one of the cupboards.

“Wow, nothing gets by you champ. Well, now you know where the recipe is and you can sort out your crush at the same time. It’s a win-win really.”

Lydia pulled out a Tupperware container and proceeded to put half of the freshly made brownies into it. Covering it and placing it into a tote bag she removed from her handbag, she turned to find Stiles rooted to the spot, hugging the nearly empty mixing bowl to his chest and staring out the window behind Lydia’s head.

“Stiles, look at me, look at me. It’s fine, you don’t have to go see the guy or fuck him for that matter. But, just so you know, I may fuck him instead.”
Stiles rolled his eyes before setting down the bowl and wiping his hands on the apron.

“Oh ok sure, of course my aromantic best friend would fuck the man of my dreams.”

“I didn’t say I’d fall in the love with the guy, a nice good roll in the sack is plenty fine with me. Plus, it’s free real estate darling.”

Lydia laughed before picking up her bags. She walked over to Stiles and placed a kiss on his forehead to which he scrunched up his nose.

“I’ll see you later ok, just breathe and have a wank or something. You’ll be fine.”

“Hold on, hold on…” Stiles opened up the fridge and pulled out a plate of lemon drizzle cupcakes, holding it out to her. Lydia narrowed her eyes, raising her chin slightly.

“One for the road?”

“Why do you tempt me like this? I knew I should’ve made Scott come over or Isaac…ugh, I can’t say no to those damned cupcakes. Put two in a container for me, I’ll take one for my date tonight.”

“Kira right? Things are going well then?”

“Yeah…I’m making her dinner.”

“Damn, you do like her. Well tell her I said hi and hey, share those brownies you stole.”

“Please, they were going to find their way to us anyway; plus, the brownies are for Scott, Isaac and Ali, I’ve had enough brownies to last me until I’m 30. I’ll see you later Stiles, I’m leaving before you pull out a strawberry cheesecake!”

Stiles waved as Lydia left and took stock of the room around him. It was as if a hurricane had blown through. There was one bowl with brownie mix that had a splash of rum, there was the almost empty bowl that had the dark and milk chocolate brownie mix and the others that were empty, awaiting some weird concoction. Stiles picked up one of the new, still warm brownies and took a bite – they were good but they couldn’t hold a candle to Derek’s. Derek Hale…who bakes…and is ridiculously hot…and had those damned bunny teeth…

Yeah ok, still in love with the guy then. Good to know…Hmm, maybe I should try and come up with some way to make Derek Hale fall in love with me through my baked treats – Ha! Wouldn’t that be a great story...

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Derek woke up to the sun streaming through his open window, the sound of birds chirping and the soft yips coming from his chest. Running a hand over his face, he looked down at the medium sized black and brown pups, panting up at him, tongue hanging out. The black one yipped excitedly whilst the brown one jumped towards his face to lick at his cheek.

He laughed and sat up, pushing the brown one back gently, who was content to lick at his hand instead.

“Remus, you’re getting too big to jump on my face anymore.” He grinned and scratched behind
Remus’s ears, the other hand reaching for the black pup that was still yipping. Remus had a small chunk missing from his left ear and small, scarred patches across his fur that had been healing well since Derek had brought them home from the rescue a few months earlier. Sirius, the black pup, had been looking after Remus there and would not be separated from the younger pup. He had been giving Remus his food at his own expense and had only started to fill out to a healthy level when he realised that Derek wasn’t going to stop looking after them and feeding them.

“Ok you two, let me shower then I’ll feed you both, yeah?”

Derek spent the Saturday enjoying the peace of his home and feeling very content with his life. He cooked and baked, went for a long walk with the pups through the woods around his house and had been planning to settle down with a book when someone knocked on his front door. The pups started to bark excitedly, tails wagging and ran towards the door.

Sighing, he placed the bookmark back in before heading towards the door. He pushed the pups back and told them to stay before opening the door to find a young man on his doorstep, slightly flushed and holding a Tupperware container. A young man he knew and remembered well…his crush from high school, his stomach flipped and his eyes widened slightly.

*Damn, he’s hotter than I remember.*

“Stiles? What are you…doing…here?”

“You remember m-, oh my god, you have puppies! Hi little guys, who’s a cute puppy? Who’s a cute puppy? You both are! Yes you are, yes you are…”

Stiles had crouched down to greet Remus and Sirius who had bounded past Derek to the man cooing at them, paws going up on his knees. He held the container under one arm whilst rubbing the two pups under the chin and behind the ears. Derek stood frozen staring down at the sight (the very adorable sight), one hand still holding the door open. When Derek cleared his throat pointedly, Stiles looked up, his blush deepening and stood to his feet fumbling with the container.

*Oh jeez, he’s still a bit of a klutz…god help me…*

“Oh, sorry um, I have a weakness for puppies… oh right. This is for you.”

Stiles held the Tupperware out to Derek who raised an eyebrow and looked back and forth between Stiles and the container.

“Ookay, why?”

“Well, um, I’m the best baker-“

“Confident much?”

“No, I…um…” Stiles rubbed the back of his neck with his left hand, while the right holding the container slumped a little.

“What I meant was, Mrs Waterby’s seasonal bake-off… I had always been the best baker, well in her eyes at least and then your brownies…God, those were…the best brownies I’ve ever eaten in my life! They were damn near orgasm-inducing.”

Derek felt his face start to heat up, his belly fluttered a little at the compliment as he shifted on the spot slightly.
Oh god, he said orgasm and me in the same sentence…shit.

“I mean, fuck! They were so good…so good! So, I spent ages trying to replicate them, like 2 months right and it was missing something every single time, I nearly went mad and then, then! Lydia tells me that you moved back and it was your brownies, Derek fucking Hale and I never knew you baked and I swear I nearly cried, the guy I’ve basically been in love with my whole life could bake and goddamn could he bake and I just-“

“In love with?” Derek’s eyebrows were raised and he stared at Stiles who had the face of a man about to bolt or crawl into a hole. Derek reached out to take the Tupperware, fingers grazing along Stiles’. Electricity raced up Derek’s spine and the flutters in his stomach returned in full force, too afraid to breathe, he could only stare at Stiles.

“Oh, I um…well um, kinda? I’m gonna go…”

Stiles turned to leave but Derek stopped him but grabbing his forearm with his free hand. Touching his skin felt like fire and ice battling on his nervous system but he wouldn’t and couldn’t let go.

“Stiles, wait.”

“Yeah?”

“What’s in the container?”

“Lemon drizzle cake…I, uh, never could make the same brownies as you so I thought I’d just thank you with something and maybe get the recipe if you were feeling generous, but um…I’m just gonna-”

Derek stroked his thumb along Stiles’ arm and saw the goosebumps pimple across his skin and the small shudder of breath he let out.

“Stiles…”

Stiles finally looked Derek in the eyes and saw a small half smile on his lips.

“Would you like to stay for dinner?”

‘Would you like to stay forever?’ echoed in his mind and Stiles beamed at the man before him sending Derek’s heartbeat racing. He ran his thumb back and forth on Stiles’ arm more purposefully, the smile on his face growing to match Stiles’.

“Do you…have any more brownies?”

“Hmm, the orgasm inducing ones? No… I guess, we’ll have to make do without and induce them some other way…”

Derek smirked and let go of Stiles’ arm to turn and head back inside leaving Stiles with one arm still aloft, eyes wide and mouth slightly ajar.

“Shit…”

“Remus! Sirius! Get off the damn couch”

Stiles’ eyebrows shot up and he clutched at his heart dramatically.

“He is the perfect man, the perfect man! I may die.”
Stiles walked into the house and closed the door behind him wondering how on earth a man so sinfully beautiful could possibly be sweet and nerdy enough to name his puppies after Harry Potter and be into him. He had never believed in fate or such a thing as soulmates but damn if he wasn’t becoming a believer.

End Notes

Brownies, bringing love together or at least orgasms ;p

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