Tomorrow can wait

by Nival Vixen

Summary

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Stiles never meant for them to know. Deaton shouldn't have noticed an inkling of his magic, but Stiles supposed it was lucky that he only recognised that small spark, rather than the full extent of his power. He'd managed to keep his power hidden ever since he appeared on his soon-to-be-parents doorstep, modifying their memories to make them believe that he was their son, and Stiles was quite proud of the fact that no one realised that he wasn't exactly human. Then Scott was bitten by a werewolf, and Stiles' control slipped enough for Deaton to recognise a single spark within his fiery brilliance of power, and once that had been seen, he couldn't make it disappear; Deaton would get suspicious at the sudden absence and Stiles' ability to repress his spark of power that quickly. But once that single flame slipped through the cracks, the others soon followed, and Stiles spent more and more of his energy trying to repress his powers so as to not make himself suspicious. Using up all of that energy made him susceptible to possession, and the fucking nogitsune took over his mind. Stiles had exhausted himself and couldn't get his own mind and body back under his own control for two whole months. He hated the feeling of being pushed to the back of his own mind, hated that he'd let himself become so weak, and when the nogitsune was expelled from his mind, Stiles refused to repress his power anymore. Deaton watched him carefully in that first month (so did Scott, but for
another reason all together), and when he caught Deaton staring, Stiles let his spark of power crackle with all of its usual force, and held back his laughter when Deaton flinched each and every time.

A few months later, Scott's watchful gaze lessened and Deaton's was redirected with the sudden appearance of Satomi's pack. On the other hand, Derek, with his werewolf senses returned after Kate's defeat, seemed to be more attuned to his wolf than ever before. Braeden decided she couldn't stay in a relationship with a werewolf - even a friends-with-benefits one - and with no one else to distract Derek, he started to watch Stiles instead. His gaze wasn't like the others; Scott had been wary, concerned, and watching out for his best friend; Deaton had been concerned and trying to figure out what Stiles was now that he wasn't a nogitsune and was no longer human. Derek, however, watched Stiles as though he was a puzzle that he wanted to put together, as though his presence and behaviour surprised him and intrigued him all at once. He watched Stiles like he was slowly starting to fall in love with him, and Stiles couldn't bring himself to look back at him. Derek had no idea what Stiles was, what he had done, what he was capable of, and if he did know, Stiles knew that Derek would never fall in love with such an abomination. He focused his attentions on Malia, who was still too animalistic to realise that some of the things he did weren't exactly normal for humans, and Stiles pretended not to feel Derek's gaze on his back when they walked away.

Malia found her mother that summer and decided that she needed to spend time with the Desert Wolf, to get to know her real birth mother, and decided to leave Beacon Hills. Stiles was annoyed that she would throw away their relationship when it was so convenient for him to hide behind. He said goodbye to Malia and left without looking back at her.

Lydia seemed pleased at Malia's departure, smiling at Stiles softly, and though he would have loved to be in a relationship with her a few years ago, Stiles now knew that he couldn't. He might have been able to before, before his spark was released, before the nogitsune, and the overwhelming power resting under his skin. But now with Stiles' power flowing at full strength, he knew that he would consume and destroy Lydia if they were in a relationship; he would hollow her personality, blunt her sharp mind, dull her razor wit, and Stiles couldn't bring himself to do that to the young woman he now considered a friend. So, he returned Lydia's smile, shook his head slightly when she went to move forward, and turned his back on her. She might hate him for it now, but after she knew what he was, what he could do, Stiles knew that she would be thankful.

With Malia gone, Stiles no longer had a relationship to avoid the rest of the pack, and within weeks of him returning, Derek's stares began again. Slowly, Stiles stretched his power out, trying to scare Derek off since the usual ways seemed to be failing. All Stiles managed to do was startle Scott, who always complained about a smell of dirt, salt, and fire. Kira wrinkled her nose whenever it happened, but didn't complain as Scott did; Liam's heartbeat turned to a rapid hummingbird's pace, his werewolf instinctively recognising the danger, and he rarely stayed at the pack night or meeting for very long after Stiles had let the tendrils of power out. Derek just watched Stiles intently, and his eyes might glow blue in response, but he never said anything about it or gave any other response. In fact, if Stiles didn't know better, he might even say that Derek liked the display of his power and resulting scent. The thought of Derek liking it made him shiver pleasantly in a way that hadn't happened in a very, very long time, and Stiles often had to leave as well before his power's scent was replaced with one of arousal.

After all of the power he'd unleashed in Derek's presence without the werewolf even faltering, Stiles realised that Derek might actually be able to handle him and his power. It was definitely a surprise, but it was one that he didn't want to entertain for very long. Stiles didn't want to get his hopes up yet again, only for them to be dashed and smashed upon the ground. He refused to do that to himself, and Stiles knew that he wouldn't be able to handle it if he was wrong for a third time.

Stiles usually turned up at Derek's loft for the pack meeting a few minutes after it started, just so he
wouldn't be alone with Derek. Today, however, Stiles walked in to the loft to find it empty, bar for Derek. He stopped short in the doorway, letting out a tendril of power, trying to find out if there was anyone else in the loft. They were alone, and from the expression on Derek's face, it looked like he had planned on this.

"There it is again. It is you, isn't it?" Derek asked quietly, stepping forward.

"Don't know what you're talking about, big guy," Stiles said, pulling the tendrils of power back in as quickly as he possibly could.

"Yes, you do. What are you?" Derek breathed, eyes wide as he looked Stiles over.

"A hyperactive spaz; you said it yourself," Stiles added when Derek winced.

"No, you're more than that. I can... I know you are, Stiles. I can almost remember it, you, when I smell that scent you give off. It's more than dirt and salt and fire. There's a million other scents under those three, and I know every single one. I could name them if you gave me enough time," Derek breathed, pupils blown as he stared at Stiles.

No. This couldn't be true. It couldn't be happening now. He was lying, he had to be. He'd heard this before, and they'd been wrong. He couldn't do this now. He couldn't risk it... It couldn't be Derek.

"Please, Stiles. I need..." Derek trailed off, licking his lips.

"What? What do you need?" Stiles asked with a snap, still too afraid to believe this was actually happening.

"I need you; need your power," Derek replied, dropping to his knees before him.

Fuck.

"Are you sure, Derek? I can't... I can't lose you," Stiles admitted, his voice breaking as he cupped Derek's cheek.

He turned his head, nose pressing against Stiles' palm as he breathed in his scent deeply. "You won't lose me. I promise."

"I'll hold you to that," Stiles murmured, placing his free hand on top of Derek's hair gently, closing his eyes.

Stiles let his power out slowly, the scents of death, life, and emotion filling the air. He wrapped his power around Derek, an invisible ribbon of power, then he enveloped them both with it, and with a deep breath, Stiles broke the seal and let it flow out of him completely. Under his hand, Derek screamed.

Stiles had no idea how much time had passed and didn't care anyway. All that mattered when he opened his eyes is that Derek was looking straight back at him. Derek was still alive, and even though he looked like he had just seen the answer to life, the universe, and everything (he kind of had, actually), Derek hadn't been lost like the others. Stiles dropped to his knees in front of Derek and wrapped his arms around him tightly. Derek let out a small sigh, a combination of relieved and content, and hugged him tightly in return.

"You found me."

"Told you I would," Stiles murmured against his neck, trying to hold back his tears.
Derek had survived, he was alive, and power now coursed through both of them, just as it always should have. He sagged against Derek's chest, fingers clinging to his shoulders, pressing kisses to his clavicle.

"I know, love. I know," Derek murmured softly, hand circling Stiles' back in the form of a triskelion. Stiles made a noise of happiness, returning the familiar motion along Derek's tattoo. "I hoped, when I saw it on your back. I hoped so fucking much, Derek, but I couldn't... I couldn't lose you again."

"I know. I didn't think it would take so long. How long has it been, anyway?"

"Eight-hundred and sixty-five years, three hundred days, and ninety minutes. Well, that I remember, at least. I'm sure I lost a few hundred years here and there the last two times I tried. I swore they were you, and I think they might have been, but they weren't strong enough for me, for this," Stiles murmured, stroking Derek's cheek as he looked at him again.

Derek smiled, turning his head into Stiles' palm again. "I'll show you how strong I am, starting tomorrow. Tonight, I want to find out if your body still responds to me the way it used to," he murmured, flicking his tongue out against his skin.

Stiles shivered, catching his bottom lip in his teeth as he grinned. "And tomorrow?"

"Tomorrow, we remind the world who we are, why we were separated, and why our power was confined," Derek growled.

Stiles laughed brightly and led Derek to bed. Tomorrow could wait.

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The end.

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