I'll Huff and I'll Puff!

by PolarisTheYoungWolf

Summary

Prompt: "Okay but imagine Stiles buying a dog whistle! Whenever Derek pisses him off and he wants some time alone!"

In a supernatural situation where they've hit a brick all, Derek lashes out on Stiles who is trying to help in his Stiles-like way. Stiles takes it really hard and wants some time away from werewolves after he and Danny figure out a solution to mess. Danny, a fellow human, felt hurt FOR Stiles and got him a gift.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“What's this?” Stiles asked as he stared at the small box in his hands.
“What's it look like, Stilinski?” Danny asked with a roll of his eyes.

“From the outside it looks like a box with a bow on it, but because you're giving it to me while it's nowhere near my birthday or any sort of holiday, I'm wary…”

Danny sighed and looked at Stiles a bit too seriously for a moment as he said, “We've hit a dead end of whatever the hell is out there. And by we, I mean all of us, not just you. The way Derek told you off, making it seem like it was all your fault we couldn't find an answer was way out of line.”

Stiles' shoulder stiffened and he looked away. He actually hasn't slept at all since Derek did sort of blame him for them being stuck on the matter. While everyone else went out and tracked and sniffed out any possible leads, Stiles could only sit in front of his computer and search and feel helpless. It did nothing for his self esteem or feeling secure in whatever the hell he had with Derek. Sexy times were great, like really really great, but hey, he wasn't just a horny teenager with ADHD. And they weren't official. Derek's never referred to him as his boyfriend or lover or hell, not even as a fuck toy, so Stiles didn't really know what to think. Cos you know, Derek with all his Adonis-ness, and Stiles being...Stiles...he wasn't even a pretty face to keep around. So he felt like he had to pull his weight more so than anyone else.

“It's fine, Danny. I just need to look a little deeper.” Stiles said as to shake it off.

Danny scoffed, “You're human Stiles. Like me. And even though we're just human, we do more than the werewolves most of the time when it comes to fixing their problems. And...I think I found a lead. But I'm going to need your help.”

At Danny's smirk, Stiles couldn't help but feel better. And more confident. Then he looked back down at the box with a curious expression, “Is that lead in this box?”

Danny's smirk grew bigger, “Nope. That's for after we kick ass and save the day. We're taking a break from the wolves, an all human retreat, we're going to have fun, and no wolves allowed.”

“O...okay. I am no more wary about opening this,” Stiles said with a nervous chuckle. But curiosity got the best of him and he opened it anyway. He straight out laughed when he picked up the object to inspect it more clearly. “Is this really what I think it is?”

“Yep.” Danny said simply.
“Danny...I think I love you.” Stiles laughed as he tied the string around his neck, a bright, shiny dog whistle hanging on the end of it.

“You can show that love for me later by being my dancing buddy. For now, lets go do what the werewolves can't.”

“Be awesome?”

“And competent.” Danny replied with a grin as he reached into his pocket and passed over a device to Stiles.

“What's this?” Stiles asked he looked at it. It sort of looked like one of those key chain flashlights.

“The whistle is there to look classic, but we can't always be free to blow,” Danny said and Stiles chuckled, to which Danny rolled his eyes, “It sends out the same high pitched sounds only dogs can hear and all you need to do is press that pretty lil button.”

“Here I thought I was the bad person.” Stiles chimed.

“You are. You're also a bad influence.”

“I regret nothing!”

“Thanks for the help, Allie.” Stiles said as she and him shared a fist bump.

She smirked as she, Danny, and Stiles watched the other hunters take care of the remains of that evil beasty that was terrorizing their town. “I love Scott, you know I do-”

“And god knows I do.”
“But his over protectiveness because I'm human can get overbearing. This was a really awesome thing which should totally happen again.” Allison replied with a smile.

“Hash tag Team Human! What are you going to do now?” Stiles asked as they waved to the hunters and went towards the place where Stiles parked his Jeep.


“I say we keep up this momentum and go paint balling!” Stiles suggested happily.

“At this hour?” Danny asked.

“It's not that late yet and I'm sort of reveling in this Team Human thing and if I go anywhere else I'll know I'll run into one wolf or another and then they'll totally kill my buzz by finding out how awesome I was tonight but totally undermining it and making me feel stupid.”

Danny and Allison shared a glance before nodding, “Paint balling it is.”

The whole Team Human thing just stuck and they were all really happy about it. Every Thursday they would all meet at Stiles' house and use his Jeep to drive off far away, towards that 24 hour Paint Ball place.

The place was called The Pit. They loved it all. They got practice with weapons, training on the field and as a team, had fun, and had a place all their own. They blew off steam about their classes, their parents, and their werewolf friends. Don't get them wrong, they loved their friends, but that whole sense of superiority just because they were supernaturally enhanced got really old, really fast.

It was during one of their Thursday night outings that Allison brought up Derek.

“So...according to Scott, Derek's been all but insufferable.”
“Isn’t that like...one of his default settings?” Stiles scoffed as he put another fry into his mouth. They were at the food court part of The Pit. Most of the stands were very American. Hamburgers, hotdogs, fries, onion rings, corn dogs, and ever flavor soda...even some stuff that was discontinued in the 90's.

“Yeah, but Jackson says that he's constantly looked towards the door during pack meetings even though all the wolves are there. Kind of like he's waiting for someone in a certain blue Jeep to show up. Have you been using my gift?” Danny asked as he took a sip from his drink.

“Not yet. Only wolf I've actively talked to is Scott, so there's not need.” Stiles shrugged.

“Well that's bull. Come on, I know what we're doing next.” Danny said as he begin to get up.

Allison and Stiles followed suit though they shared a confused glance. Then Allison asked, “What are we doing?”

“We, are going to have fun...and take a lot of pictures. And post them on Facebook. I saw a really cute guy who was practically drooling over Stiles' ass when he bent over to pick up his gun. We're going to find him, asking to go to the Jungle with us, take more pictures there, post those on Facebook, and give you reason to use that whistle.”

“Whistle?” Allison echoed.

“Danny got me a dog whistle to torment Derek. Haven't had a chance to use it,” Stiles replied as he looked at Allison then turned back to Danny, “I love the confidence, Danny...I don't share it, but I like it.”

Allison laughed so hard she had to cover her mouth and hold her sides. Danny just smirked as he turned to Allison, “What do you say, Allie? Want to help me be Stiles' awesome Wingman?”

Allison just laughed more but then sobered up and with fake seriousness, she saluted, “Yes sir!”

“Grab your phones, we're about to bring this Selfie Game to the next level.”
“What. The. Hell!?” Derek hissed as he looked through the pictures on Peter’s laptop. His uncle had left it there so innocently, but Derek was now 100% sure it was left there on purpose.

He scrolled through the album and felt his wolf rouse with anger. It wasn’t the pictures of Stiles with Allison or Danny that bothered him.

…okay, they bothered him a little. Though he rationally told himself that Stiles would never do anything to forsake his relationship with Scott by messing with Allison, the way Allison was seated on Stiles’ lap as they posed for the picture made anger and jealousy spike heavily in him.

Or the way Stiles looked smug as Allison kissed his cheek, or how Allison smirked when Stiles kissed her cheek. The space between them being non-existent and they looked so comfortable. Then there was Danny who had taken Stiles out to the dance floor and if anger spiked with Allison just sitting on Stiles’ lap, then it roared when he saw the pictures of Danny and Stiles dancing.

“Dancing like strippers whose rent is due tomorrow, right?”

Derek jumped ever so slightly, too focused on the pictures to notice when Peter had come back. Turning to glare at his uncle, Derek said, “I. Don’t. Care.”

“Good. Because those are the more innocent ones. Stiles met some guy and day-um! If I didn't value my friendship with him, I'd so make a move...oh and you know, your feelings for him and all that. That would factor in too I suppose. Not as much, but a bit.” Peter said casually with an amused smirk on his face as he watched Derek ignore him in favor of looking through the rest of the photos to find that said guy Stiles met.

Yeah, he couldn't hold back the shift if he tried. His wolf roared in anger at the screen, he didn't even acknowledge he had shifted, before he turned and stalked out the door.

Peter could only smirk as he liked another picture.

Stiles was lying in bed texting Danny and Allison about their next trip to The Pit. The guys from last time that Danny had convince to come party with them at The Jungle wanted to do a huge tag team
group thing with a visiting team from the next county. Allison and Danny were up for it and were making plans to get together with the other players and practice with them so they could get used to working as a team.

It was surprising how much easier it was to work with human strangers than it was to work with his stubborn werewolf friends.

Stiles looked up from his phone however when he heard a rustling sound. He couldn't help but smirk a bit. As per Danny's demand, he closed and locked his window. He looked towards the roof when he heard the pitter patter of someone walking on it and held back a laugh. He texted Danny.

From Stiles: *There's a big bad wolf outside my window.*

From Danny: *I think he's lost the privilege to use his tongue to eat you up, my dear.*

From Stiles: *I really am a bad influence.*

From Danny: *What are you doing to do?*

From Stiles: *Huff and puff & blow the house down!...or at least hurt his sensitive wolfy ears xD*

When he got back a thumbs up and a smiley face emoji, he grabbed the whistle hanging around his neck. It was cool to the touch and Stiles smiled evilly as he took a deep breath and then blew into the whistle.

The silence reigned in his room but he heard the high pitched whimper and then a thud. He sat up straighter on his bed and was very tempted to run to the window and see if Derek was alright. But he forced himself to stay put.

He idly fiddled with the whistle while biting his lip, thinking of what he should do next. Then he remembered the mean words Derek had said out of frustration that were really unfair. Furrowing his brow, Stiles took another deep breath and blew the whistle again...and again...and again....and again!

He had to hand it to Derek though. Rather than running away or busting through the window to
forcibly make him stop, he just stayed outside and dealt with it.

When Stiles' cheeks hurt from the overzealous huffing and puffing, he took out the little device Danny had also given him and pressed it instead as he laid back down. His finger never leaving the button and soon he heard a howl in the distance.

Stiles felt gratification as he sent Danny a thank you text before getting ready for bed.

Derek tried to talk to him at school but he had Allison and Danny there to back him up, having texted them telling him he thought about Derek's treatment of him and was not ready to talk to him yet.

It wasn't hard in the morning, they all rushed to their classes. All the wolves sent him odd looks but he ignored it.

When Derek came back to pick up his pack, he tried to talk to Stiles again. And by try to talk to him, that meant cornering him, which was a horrible idea. Stiles panicked and grabbed for his whistle and the device at the same time. He pressed the button with force as he blew on the whistle overly hard.

All of the wolves near by whimpered as they covered their ears.

Stiles took that opportunity to make a run for it. Allison had her passenger seat opened and he jumped into it gracelessly and she was driving off before he even closed the door.

They headed towards her place where he smiled at Mr. Argent who just smiled and welcomed Stiles in. Turns out that Mr. Argent was very amused by what Stiles was doing and happy that Stiles was encouraging Allison to appreciate and love her humanity and dispell any idea of wanting to be a wolf to be with Scott. Well, he didn't say it like that, but he was really appreciative that she hung out with just humans and the whole paint balling thing also worked in his favor cos you know, he's an arms dealer and all that.

Mr. Argent even sent a few of his hunters to go pick up his Jeep from school so he wouldn't have to.

He wasn't sure how this was even his life, but he accepted it. It came with cookies that Allison had baked the day before. Which were like totally delicious.
“Can you please stop ignoring Derek?” Scott pouted and pleaded and yeah, there was a bit of a whimper in there.

“If Stiles doesn't want to see Derek yet, then he won't. And you won't pressure him into doing it either. So put the puppy eyes away or I'm locking my window too.” Allison threatened.

Stiles smiled at her and mouthed a 'thank you', while Scott's eyes widened and he shut his mouth on the matter.

Instead, Allison and Stiles made plans with Scott on Wednesday, just the three of them. They weren't giving up their Team Human meetings on Thursday's and from Friday to Sunday left things open for pack meetings(minus Stiles who found things to be busy with but did do research on things emailed to him).

From Sourwolf: 8:09PM Stop this.

From Sourwolf: 8:12PM Stiles, stop!

From Sourwolf: 8:15PM PLEASE!

From Sourwolf: 8:17PM I'm sorry!

Stiles read the texts and he sighed, putting away the device and tucking the whistle under his shirt but didn't move from his place on the bed. He laid there staring at the ceiling.

From Sourwolf: 8:19PM I'm outside.

Stiles scoffed when he read that. He knew that already and Derek's text would be completely, or at
least very, irrelevant if he hadn't been outside.

**From Sourwolf: 8:20PM** *Right...you know that.*

**From Sourwolf: 8:20PM** *Can I come in?*

**From Sourwolf: 8:21PM** *I miss you.*

When he read that he couldn't help it. He stood up and walked to his window to open it. Lifting it enough to stick his head out, he looks down and see Derek standing there in his dark jeans and leather jacket, looking up at his window with a kick puppy expression that may just rival Scott's. Stiles sighs as he leans on the sill, “What? No boombox to sing me your declaration of love through song?”

“You're talking to me again...that's a start.” was Derek's reply.

“The fact that you miss the annoying, pathetic human that's desperately trying to keep up with wolves and failing, made me curious.” Stiles deadpanned.

Derek winced, “I'm sorry. I was out of line.”

“Danny said the same thing...funny how I didn't even think that.”

“You didn't?”

“No. I believed you. I still do.” Stiles said solemnly. He's had a lot of time to think and though he rocks at it, he totally hates it too. And this was one of the reasons why. Rather than believe he was good enough, he believed...believes in whatever Derek believes him to be.

“Stiles...”

“I love you....” Stiles cut in, which silenced Derek up immediately. Stiles took a shaky breath before
he continued, “And I didn't even realize it. But you define me. You and your cause are where I am prioritized, even if it's under the cloak and illusion of Scott or anyone else that may seem like a more likely jump. But no, it's you. So yeah, you tell me I can't keep up with you and I believe it. So I'm hanging out with Danny and Allison. Sometimes Lydia but she and I have very different interest and since I'm in love with you, my admiration for her doesn't do what it once did. But yeah, Danny, Allison and I have a good thing going on. I can keep up with them and I'm out of your way—”

“I don't want that.” Derek interrupted Stiles, “Move back, I'm going in.”

Stiles barely had time to open his mouth to protest before Derek was crouching on the sill. Stepping back, Stiles lets him in and Derek grabs hold of Stiles' hands, “I don't want you to get out of my way. I don't want you to avoid me. I don't want you dancing like that with Danny anymore, and I especially don't want you to dance like that ever again with strangers,” Derek's eyes blazed with anger at the mere memory etched into his brain of someone else touching his Stiles like that.

“Saw that, did you?” Stiles asked with an amused smirk.

Derek growled as he pulled Stiles to him, “Yes...never again, Stiles.”

“Or what?” Stiles asked with a raised eyebrow.

“Your father may actually get me for murder,” Derek deadpanned.

Stiles laughed, “You'd kill someone for humping me on a dance floor?”

Derek growled away, moving to scent Stiles' neck, “You've been avoiding me, dancing with strangers without me there to supervise, and have been keeping me away with a damn dog whistle! I'm at my ropes end!”

“You're very possessive, aren't you Sourwolf?” Stiles asked but didn't fight his urges when he wrapped his arms around Derek's neck and held him closer.

“Mine.” Derek growled as he began to nip, lick, and suck on different exposed parts of Stiles' neck.
“Am I?” Stiles questioned.

Derek stood his full height, eyes flashing, “Mate.” was all he said, in a gruffed out grunt before he moved to attack the other side of Stiles’ neck. Walking Stiles’ backwards until they fell onto the bed.

Stiles yelped but smiled. Okay, yeah, he missed Derek. His body missed Derek even more. And even though he couldn't smell it like Derek could, he really liked the idea of smelling like one another. So he let Derek scent him. When Derek growled, Stiles looked down and smirked when Derek held up the whistle around Stiles’ neck. Stiles slapped Derek's hand away from his necklace, “Uh uh, Big Bad...that's for when you're bad.”

Derek growled again, but it was quieter. He nuzzled at Stiles' neck and held him closer. “I'm sorry...”

“I forgive you.”

“I love you.”

“And I love you.”

End Notes

To my lovely friend Mal, I hope you like it! I tried to make it silly but...I can't really do silly. But I added some BrOTP's that I hope will make up for it! And to Lunabell who gave me the idea/prompt xD

I don't even know, but I hope you guys like it.

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