Pride and Motherfucking Werewolves
by Swing Set in December (swing_set13)

Summary

Better be without sense than misapply it as you do.

Notes

It can't be worse than Pride and Prejudice and Zombies. I mean, for reals. I had this train of thought from tumblr blogging and it grew. Forgive me, I am not well versed at period era writing.

The party is in full swing. Stiles is wall-flowering it up with Scott until Lady Allison arrives and his friend leaves him to try to find a non-creeper way to fill up her dance card. Completely. Stiles shakes his head when Scott leaps over a chair to beat Matthew to her chaperone. Stiles will never be that keen to talk to Katherine Argent. He's seen her with a paring knife. She's a dangerous lady.

Stiles thinks he's doing a very good job at not embarrassing himself. Sticking to drinking the same apple cider being offered to the children. Mainly since wine tastes like sour grape juice to him. And he is wearing his good linen shirt. The white one that his father threatened pain of death if he ruined. And his tie. Stiles should really get new clothes, now that he thinks of it.

He is even contemplating sneaking out early since his presence is merely a formality to not slight his father. He is half way to inching out of the room when Sir Finstock appears out of nowhere with the sour wolf himself, god help him. He looks to be in an even sourer mood to be there. Or not enough fiber in his diet. Stiles wrinkles his forehead at that thought. There are some mysteries he'd rather not solve.
Stiles smiles gamely at both men. Despite Finstock being crazy, he is a good man. So Stiles feigns politeness. His father would expect no less.

“Bilinski! Why are you not dancing?” Finstock bellows cheerily and Stiles winces. “Mr. Hale, have you met the Sheriff’s son? He’s quite the dancer.”

Stiles smiles to keep from laughing. The only dancing he ever did was after something harder than sparkling cider or when his team won at lacrosse. Which was rarer still.

“You can’t leave this poor young man hanging, am I right, Hale?”

Derek looks like he swallowed a lemon or ate any attempt at Mrs. McCall’s baking. Perhaps an aneurysm. One can hope.

“It’s fine, I have not the least intention of dancing,” Stiles grins cheerily, he figures he can be a gentleman and give Derek an out. Plus, the door is so close, he can slip out and walk home before midnight. Derek Hale has already made it apparent his views on humans to his sensitive werewolf disposition. “I wasn’t looking for a dance partner. I’d only end up embarrassing us both.”

“I would be very happy if you’d do me the honor of dancing with me, Mr. Stilinski,” declares Derek and Stiles’ eyes widen in shock. Because really, Stiles doesn’t want pity from a werewolf. Especially since Derek looks ready to tear out everyone’s throats for just being here.

“Uhh, thank you, but I am not feeling the groove right now, can’t be helped,” Stiles says and smiles tightly at Sir Finstock apologetically, ignoring Derek.

“Bilinski! Can’t you see Mr. Hale has not qualms to cutting the rug out there with you. Even though he loathes fun as much as my great aunt loathes embroidery. Spitfire of a lady, she haunts these halls.”

“Mr. Hale is too kind,” Stiles smiles sardonically. “I wouldn’t want to offend his senses.”

Stiles catches Derek’s eye and shrugs. He’d rather not deal with a surly werewolf especially when he knows just how much he views humans. Derek’s frown merely solidifies the impression Stiles has on the werewolf.

The prickling sensation he felt when Derek’s eyes were on him only fades when he's half way home.

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