Angry Birds Is Not Meant To Be Taken Literally

by someonelsesheart

Summary

Derek gets that he and Stiles are kind of on a Need To Know basis, he really does, he just thinks that Stiles’ godfather being in the freaking Avengers counts as pretty Need To Know.

Notes

This plotbunny has been bothering me all week and it's 11.52PM and I should be sleeping but I'm posting this instead. Good life choices? Yeah, not so much.

See the end of the work for more notes.
It’s two AM and Derek is babysitting.

He’s also questioning his life choices. Quietly, of course, because as any babysitter knows, you don’t wake up the kids just because you’re pissed at them – it will just make things worse.

Especially when the kids are two overgrown teenage werewolves.

Who, for the record, snore. Loudly.

Scott is off with Allison, and Stiles is – not here. This fact perplexes Derek. It’s not that he’s grown to enjoy the irritating kid’s company, no, nothing like that – he just – he’s just gotten used to Stiles, okay? Like an annoying and overly fond dog that slobbers all over you and chews up all your toys, but who you still find yourself missing when they’re gone.

He switches through the channels absently. So far, there’s absolutely nothing on TV save a rather disturbing documentary about the mating habits of wolves. He considers watching it just for the irony, and then thinks, no, no way, and settles on a show that seems to basically consist of vampires and porn.

He kind of approves. Secretly. Very secretly. In the most secret part of his – Forget it. He really needs some sleep.

He goes back to channel surfing.

“Billionaire, playboy and philanthropist Tony Stark left his beloved Stark Tower with the rest of the Avengers today to have a little R & R with extended family,” the news broadcaster is saying. “As a recap, Tony Stark – as Iron Man – assisted in defending the world early last year from supernatural forces –”

Derek raises his eyebrows at the TV. Huh.

“Tony Stark!” Isaac bursts out suddenly. Derek would have fallen off the sofa with surprise except, you know, he’s not that undignified. Definitely not. “Man, this guy is awesome,” Isaac continues, eyes glued to the television. The guy seems to have a supernatural ability to somehow sleep and be completely aware at the same time. Derek thinks that it might have something to do with his past, and feels himself soften a little.

“Huh. I guess. He seems like a pretty good guy,” Derek admits, a little reluctantly. “The Black Widow, though. She has all the traits of a good Alpha.” He nods, like this settles it.

Isaac shrugs. “Also, she’s hot.”

Erica doesn’t share Isaac’s ability to be aware of everything while sleeping, but she is scarily aware of any time Isaac may be even slightly male chauvinistic, which is just as scary, really. “Isaac,” she says coldly, and he shrinks back into the sofa a little.

“Okay. Okay. She’s attractive, good looking,” he rambles. Erica glares. “She’s – strong? Scary?
Badass?"

Erica seems to think about this for a few moments. “Good enough,” she allows, curls up into a ball on the sofa, and falls back asleep, just like that.

Derek hates her a little, just for that.

“Why aren’t you asleep, dude?” Isaac says, frowning at Derek like he understands a little too well.

Derek scowls. “Can’t. Slept earlier,” he lies. Isaac gives him a skeptical look, but leaves it alone. Derek is far too thankful for that, but then again, lack of sleep and far too much shitty TV might contribute a lot to his newfound softness.

Ten minutes later, Isaac and Erica are both fast asleep again because their curiosity doesn’t last long on a good day, and they’re also far too lazy to even get up and go to their rooms, Derek is back to watching wolf mating documentaries, and he’s completely forgotten about Tony Stark and the Avengers.

This doesn’t last long, either.

“You’re joking,” Clint says.

“Of course I’m joking, this is all an elaborate joke because I really care that much about fooling you, Barton,” Tony says. He’s a little offended, really. Okay, not really. He would expect him to do something like this, too. But it’s the sentiment that counts.

Steve comments, because he’s just all bunnies and rainbows and chocolate, “I think it’s sweet.” He grins at Tony.

Tony grins back. Clint gags. Tony shoots him a glare. “Look, I want you guys to be kind to him, okay? Well,” he adds, throwing Natasha a look, “reasonably amicable. He means a lot to me.”

Thor pats Tony hard on the back. Tony’s sure he feels a rib or two crack, but doesn’t say anything, because he’s just a nice guy. “Do not worry, my friend! I will gladly welcome your godson in as I would one of my closest brethren.”

Bruce looks up from where he’s tapping away at his phone. He likes everybody to think that he’s doing important work, but Tony can clearly see from where’s he’s sitting that the guy’s really just playing Angry Birds. He doesn’t mention this, though, because he’s a dick but he’s not that much of a dick. “What Thor said,” he agrees, and goes back to Angry Birds.

“So, what, this kid isn’t like a teenage you, right?” Clint questions. He’s perched on the very back seat of the car, watching the flow of cars slowly stem as they get closer to Beacon Hills. “Because I’m really not sure I could take that,” he adds shamelessly.

“Of course he won’t be a teenage Tony, dumbass,” Natasha says coolly from the back seat where she appears to be sharpening her knife. Tony decides not to even ask. “He’s not even related to Stark.”

“Right here, Mr Rogers,” JARVIS pipes up, and Tony has never been more relieved for his AI. He pats the dashboard fondly as Steve takes a right. A very slow right.

“Whose idea was it for Steve for drive?” Clint calls from the back. “Was it the Old Ladies’
Committee?"

Tony shoots him a look. “Old Ladies’ Committee? Barton, you could do so much better.”

Clint pouts. “I know,” he agrees, “but Bruce’s muttering about Angry Birds is throwing me off my game.” As if in agreement, there’s a painful crunching sound and the iPod is propelled out the window.

Tony sighs. “Not again.”

Bruce sounds apologetic when he says, “Those helmets are just the devil’s work, okay? The devil’s work.” He slinks down in his seat, looking rueful.

Clint pats him on the back. “It’s cool, man. We totally get it,” he soothes. Bruce relaxes a little. Tony would hug Clint if he didn’t have to propel himself over the whole car to get to him. He really doesn’t want to deal with a Hulked-out Bruce on a trip to see his godson.

“One last thing,” Tony says, and he actually manages to make his tone stern. “No supernatural stuff, okay? This kid is very sheltered. He doesn’t know much of anything about the supernatural, so I don’t want you guys scaring the crap out of him. That means you, too, Thor,” he adds. Thor nods like a soldier going off to battle.

“No supernatural stuff,” the Asgardian repeats in agreement, and Tony wonders, a little pained, how long this is actually going to last.

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Stiles is doing homework when his dad tells him the news.

He freaks the fuck out, obviously.

“Uncle Tony?” he yells. Literally, yells. His dad rolls his eyes, looking amused. Stiles jumps to his feet and then proceeds to run around the house, waving his hands about like a mad man and yelling, “UNCLE TONY’S COMING TO STAY!”

“Stiles,” his dad says when Stiles makes his run through the kitchen, “you never do grow up, do you? I swear to God, you did exactly the same as this when you were eight.” He looks a little fond as he says this, though, so Stiles doesn’t find him disapproving.

After returning to his room, throwing his Calculus homework a dirty look in a ‘I’m Totally Over You’ kind of way, he immediately picks up his mobile and dials Tony’s number. “Stark, you totally could’ve warned me,” he says into the phone as soon as his godfather picks up.

Tony sounds amused when he says, “Yeah, well. It was a last minute thing. I figured, you’ve got vacation, we want vacation, it totally works.” Stiles can practically hear him shrugging. “Besides, Steve wants to meet you.”

Stiles’ eyebrows nearly hit the roof. “Steve as in Steve Steve? As in Captain America, I’m-Totally-Besotted-With-Him Steve?”

Tony grumbles, “Yes, that Steve. Look, kid, I’ve gotta go. I’ll see you soon.” And then he hangs up.

Stiles isn’t offended. He actually isn’t, for once in his life, because Uncle Tony is Uncle Tony, and he may have this whole Pretending Not To Care but Actually Caring A Lot thing going on, but he’s really not one for etiquette. Many, many years with Pepper still haven’t quite drilled that into his
Thinking about Pepper makes him think of strawberries and supermarkets and then supermarkets somehow merges into hospitals which somehow leads into thinking about Derek which, look, Stiles has never said his trains of thought were sane or logical. Anyway, he thinks about Derek and then he thinks about texting the guy, but he likes his arms and legs attached, thank you very much, and Derek kind of has this whole Do Not Contact Me Unless Entirely Urgent thing, so Stiles texts Scott instead.

That way, Derek will find out quickly enough anyway. Pack, and all that. Stiles doesn’t really envy that part of the pack life.

Tony’s coming to stay, he texts, because Scott will get the message. And probably wet himself with excitement, or something. Scott has this whole thing about Tony, something about respect and bravery and intelligence. Come to think of it, Scott has this whole thing about the Avengers. He still had his Captain America trading cards, and would probably swoon at the idea of meeting the actual Captain America.

Which, yeah, Stiles has to kind of agree, that’s kind of cool. That Stiles’ godfather is Tony Stark, the Iron Man, and that he just casually hangs out with guys like Captain America and brings them down for Thanksgiving dinner.

But then, Stiles has known Tony all his life, and knows all sorts of things like the fact that Tony wears Dora the Explorer bed socks and has a t-shirt with Captain America on it and secretly fangirls over Buffy.

So the whole respect thing? He’s totally got that down. But ‘Wow, what a badass motherfucker’? Yeah, no.

“Uncle Tony’s coming to stay,” Stiles tells the ceiling, falling back onto his bed, and if he lets out a kind of undignified squeak of excitement, then, well, the ceiling’s not going to tell anybody.

“Thor, why are you shirtless,” Tony says, and it’s not really a question. More of a statement of his lack of faith in life, like Thor, I think I’ve lost my mind or Thor, I haven’t had a Buffy marathon in six months. Six. Months.

Thor looks down at his chest like he really hadn’t noticed it until now. “I am not entirely sure, Tony, my friend.” And then it seems to dawn on him. “Oh, yes! Our friendly Widow ripped it off.”

Tony half-chokes, half-sobs. “Why did Natasha rip off your t-shirt?”

“This,” Natasha says, appearing at Tony’s elbow and nearly giving him a heart attack, “is why.” She shoves a t-shirt into his hands, and then turns and gives another identical t-shirt to Thor.

Tony lifts it up cautiously. On the front is the letter T.

“What,” he says, and yeah, that’s really not a question, either, is it.

Natasha says, “It was Thor’s idea,” and then disappears.

Which is how, an hour later, The Avengers find themselves lined up on the Stilinski front lawn, and how Tony gets the pleasure of watching as his godson opens the door to a group of superheroes with t-shirts that go something like this:
S (Steve), T (Tony), I (Thor), L (Bruce), E (Natasha), S (Clint).

Stiles stares for a few moments, and then laughs so hard Tony begins to worry that he’ll burst a vein or something.

“Thor’s idea,” Tony says in way of explanation.

“I think it’s a great idea,” Steve defends, looking ridiculously happy. He steps forward, smiling warmly at Stiles. “I don’t know if Tony has mentioned me, I’m Steve.”

That just makes Stiles laugh even harder.

Derek is not jealous.

Scott is not about to melt in a puddle of ecstatic werewolf.

Also, what the fuck is Isaac doing in the back?

“Are you dancing?” Derek demands, disgusted. He’s really beginning to wonder about his life choices.

“No,” Isaac and Scott say at the same time, and then look at each other, scandalised. Erica just looks amused.

They pull up outside the Stilinski household, and Derek has hardly stopped before Scott is propelling himself out of the car and running into the house. Isaac follows at a more reserved but noticeably undignified pace, and Erica still looks amused, which might be a kind of default expression for her. Derek just scowls at everybody and everything.

Derek gets inside just in time to see Scott grind to a halt in the living room, wide-eyed and – well, whose idea was it to have him in Derek’s pack, again?

And then Derek looks around the living room, and has to do a double take. The Avengers, The freaking Avengers, are all crowded around the small TV in Stiles’ cramped living room. “I thought you said it was just that Stark guy,” he mutters to Scott.

“I thought it was!” Scott cries, looking like a little kid who’s just been told that Christmas has come early.

Isaac gapes. “Lycra,” is all he seems to be able to say, staring at the Black Widow.

Staring at the Black Widow. Jesus Christ, when the fuck did Derek’s life turn into a new installment of How to Save the World without Really Trying?

Stiles looks up from his spot next to Stark, grinning. “Oh, hey, Scott, Derek, Erica…um, and Isaac,” he says, giving the open-mouthed Isaac a strange look. “This is…” He shoots the others looks. They nod, seemingly signaling something. Derek just stares. Stiles continues, “Tony Stark, Steve Rogers, Natasha Romanov, Clint Barton, Bruce Banner, and, well…Thor.” He throws the god a fond look. “Thor…?”

“I only go by the name of Thor,” Thor booms happily. And then adds, thoughtfully, “However, my fellow Asgardians may at times refer to me as Thor Odinson. My friend Clint tells me that in some circles I also go by the name ‘Thor of Great Sexiness’.”
Clint – Hawkeye – nods seriously.

Scott squeaks.

Stiles looks at his best friend. “Did you just –” When Scott only stares at him, he shakes his head. “Um. Never mind.”

Thor is watching Derek strangely. Derek is not paranoid, for fuck’s sake – he is actually getting stared at by an Asgardian god. He doesn’t really know whether to be flattered or creeped out. “What are you looking at?” Derek growls finally.

Everybody turns to look at the two. Thor booms with laughter. “Hah! I knew it,” he says, like this explains something. “It’s an honour, my friend. I have not to this day met a werewolf, let alone an Alpha.”

Now everybody’s staring at Derek.

“Um,” Stiles says, looking around like his father is suddenly going to materialize, even though he’s gone down to the shops for milk. “Guys, that’s not really something we’re – um – open about. Here. You know. And stuff.”

Tony turns to look at Stiles. The two of them seem to have some conversation through meaningful stares. Derek feels a little put out.

He gets that he and Stiles are kind of on a Need To Know basis, he really does, he just thinks that Stiles’ godfather being in the freaking Avengers counts as pretty Need To Know. Because, seriously. Tony Stark.

Tony fucking Stark.

“So,” Steve – Captain America, Jesus – says tentatively. “I was thinking pizza for dinner?”

“I swear to God,” Stiles says, fighting the urge to bang his head against the kitchen surface as he gets the plates out for dinner. “you’re like my sassy gay uncle who’s desperate to give me advice on everything.”

Tony gives him a ‘Who Are You Kidding’ look. “C’mon, kid, that’s exactly what I am.” He ruffles Stiles hair, grinning and sitting down on one of the kitchen stools. “So, this Derek guy.”

Stiles definitely does hit his head on the surface then. “What?”

“I’m just saying,” Tony continues shamelessly, “he’s a looker.”

“He’s terrifying,” Stiles corrects.

“I know how much you like –”

“He can also hear you,” Stiles add meaningfully, shooting a look at the living room. “Y’know, seeing how he’s a freakin’ werewolf and everything.”

He immediately regrets it when a betrayed look lights up Tony’s face. “That, too! You’ve got supernatural business going on and you didn’t even tell me?” He shakes his head, hands clutching his chest dramatically. “You wound me, kid. You really do.”
“Well!” Stiles opens the fridge, pours Tony a glass of coke. Tony shoots him an even more wounded look. “No alcohol,” he says pointedly, and then goes on, “Well, it’s not like you haven’t exactly been busy lately, either! I mean, come on, becoming Iron Man, joining the Avengers?” He shakes his head. “And when you send me e-mails, what are they about?”

Tony cringes. Stiles grins evilly. “Oh, Steve made me a sandwich today,” he says, his voice rising a few pitches. “Oh, Steve brought a box of kittens home today. One of them had his eyes, so I kept the whole box.”

“That first one,” Tony says, looking scandalised. “Definitely not true. Steve can’t make a sandwich to save his life.”


“Fine! Fine.” Tony rolls his eyes. “But you can’t tell me you aren’t warm for this Derek guy’s form.”

Stiles gives him a look.

Tony pouts. “No? Crushing on him? Head over heels? Totes into that shit?”

Stiles walks out of the kitchen, plates balanced on one hand, glass of orange juice in the other.


Yeah, so Tony’s ‘no supernatural stuff” lasts about thirty whole minutes.

This may not sound like much, but it’s a record. It’s such a record that Tony thinks it’s should be recorded as the biggest record of all the records. Or something. Well, the point is, it lasts about thirty whole minutes and then Thor and Derek ‘What Are You Looking At’ Hale decide to have a wrestling match.

And then it all just kind of goes downhill from there.

“Using the hammer is totally cheating, dude,” Stiles calls from his spot on a branch, watching the two circling each other.

“I can take it,” Derek says, scowling.

Tony’s got to admire the kid’s bravery. Also, his totally lack of self-preservation. That’s something Tony can identify with very well.

“Derek.” Stiles’ voice is that disapproving tone that means he cares, he really does, and that’s why he’s calling you out on your shit. “Look, I just don’t want you to get hurt, okay? Don’t be stupid.”

Thor, of course, immediately picks up on this and says, “I do not wish to cause harm to you, my friend!”

“No!” Tony and Steve yell at the same time, but it’s too late. Thor has already thrown the hammer to the side.

It knocks down ten trees and scares a herd of deer. Tony’s also pretty sure that Loki hears the bang it makes, all the way over in his prison cell in Asgard.
Derek looks alarmed. Also a little admiring. “What –” he begins.

“Pizza’s here!” Sheriff Stilinski yells from the other room, and there’s a rush as werewolf, god and human all attempt to get inside at once. “Slow down, there’s enough to go around,” the sheriff says long-sufferingly. “Tony, did you really have to order fifty pizzas?”

Tony shrugs. “You haven’t seen the way Thor eats,” he says.

“Pfft,” Stiles snorts, “you haven’t seen the way Derek eats.”

“Says the guy with the bottomless stomach,” Derek grumbles in return.

Stiles rolls his eyes. “Sour wolf.”

Derek growls at him. It’s not really a harsh growl, in Tony’s opinion. It’s more of an ‘I’m only doing this for the sake of maintaining my badass reputation’ growl.

Everybody pauses to stare at them.

“What?” Stiles says when he notices this, looking like a deer caught in headlights. “What?”

Erica and Natasha – Erica and Natasha, what – share a meaningful look. “I see what you mean,” Natasha says, delicately nibbling at her slice of pizza. She has a thoughtful look on her face. Tony doesn’t know whether to be amused or terrified. Probably terrified.

“No harassing my godson,” Tony says defensively. Stiles grins at him.

“And that will never cease to be weird,” Clint concludes.


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It’s midnight by the time everybody goes to bed. Thor sleeps curled up on the living room mat, hugging his hammer (Stiles isn’t even going to ask); Natasha is sprawled across the large couch, snapping at anybody who tries to get a space, too; Clint and Isaac have taken up the armchair, Clint hanging from the top and Isaac sprawled across the arm; Erica has stolen the guest room, and Scott is curled up next to the heater. Tony and Steve are snuggling on the small airbed Stiles’ dad pulled from the closet, and yeah, it’s kind of sickeningly adorable. More adorable than sickening, but whatever. Stiles will bite his own hand off before he admits to that particular thought.

“C’mon,” Stiles whispers to Derek, when the guy looks like he’s about to fall asleep on the living room table. He motions for the werewolf to follow him, slipping upstairs and into his room, closing the door softly behind him.

He half-prepares himself for an argument from Derek, but Derek doesn’t even say a word. He just collapses onto Stiles’ bed, curls up and falls asleep.

“Ooookay, then,” Stiles says, and then shrugs and curls up on the other side of the mattress. It’s cool. He’s down with this. Stiles and Derek aren’t exactly on the best of terms, but two people can sleep in the same bed without it being weird, right? Right?

“Stop thinking so loudly,” Derek mumbles, and Stiles huffs out a laugh and falls asleep somewhere between one breath and the next.
Chapter Summary

Clint meets his match and Tony and Steve go grocery shopping. Also, Thor discovers Mario Kart.

Chapter Notes

I didn't plan on posting this for a few days but this just got away from me. In the worst ways possible. Let's just say, there was lots of questioning of one's sanity. Also comfort eating.

Derek wakes up the next morning to an arrow embedding itself in the wall next to his head.

Derek himself is no stranger to near death experiences. In fact, life seems quite fond of throwing them at him repeatedly. However, this is just not fair. It's not even 9AM yet. He deserves at least another half an hour's sleep before somebody tries to kill him.

“RISE AND SHINE!”

“No fucking way,” Stiles mumbles, rolling over so his voice is muffled by the pillow. Before he rolled over, his head had been pillowed on Derek's shoulder. Not that Derek thinks this is even remotely adorable or anything. He just think it's something that needs to be mentioned.

Derek stares at the boy for a moment. He would mention being disturbed at the fact that he fell asleep in Stiles' bed - which he definitely is, by the way - except he has more pressing problems at the moment. Like people trying to kill him. Painfully. And with – archery. What?

“Whose idea was it to let them stay here?” Stiles mutters mournfully into his pillow. “Because it wasn’t mine. No. Way.”

“It kind of was your idea,” Tony says from his spot in Stiles’ computer chair.

Stiles jumps about ten feet into the air. Derek growls.

“Now, that,” Tony babbles. “That was a really growl! Not one of those ones last night, but then, I’d kind of prefer if it was one of those ones from last night, because now you look like you want to – kill – me – you’re not going to kill me, right? I mean, seeing how I’m Stiles’ godfather and Stiles would be pissed at you if you killed his godfather, then again I’m not sure he actually would be by the sound he’s making right now –”

“Does he always talk this much?” Derek asks nobody in particular.

“Yes,” Stiles and Clint say simultaneously.

“Clint,” Stiles groans, still not lifting his head from his pillow. “Why are you on top of my
bookcase?"

Derek hadn’t even noticed. He thinks this is probably an accurate example of his deteriorating mental state.

Clint’s voice is defensive when he says, “I’ve got a good angle here.”

“A good angle for what?”

The arrow hitting Stiles’ headboard is answer enough. To his credit, Stiles doesn’t even flinch.

“No shooting inside!” Derek hears Stiles’ dad yell from downstairs. He sounds more amused than irritated, but Clint lowers his bow anyway. Derek can’t help but wonder if this is something that happens a lot in the Stilinski household. “If anybody’s going to be shooting anybody it’s going to be me,” Derek hears the Sheriff add under his breath, too low for the less supernaturally-inclined to hear. Derek snorts.

“C’mon, Stilinski,” Tony says, climbing to his feet and walking over to where Stiles’ is faceplanted into a pillow. He grabs his godson by the back of the t-shirt, dragging him unceremoniously out of bed. “Breakfast time! And then we’re going to have some fun.”

“Oh God,” Stiles moans pitifully into the carpet. Derek gathers that he’s not a morning person.

Then again, he’s not really surprised if you get woken up like this every day in the Stilinski household.

“Up,” Tony orders.

“No,” Stiles replies. He looks a little dead from where Derek’s sitting.

“Get up,” Tony actually whines, “or I’ll tell everybody about your werewolf phase.”

“Fine. I’ll tell everybody about your Captain America t-shirt –”

Derek smirks. Tony looks panicky. Clint’s eyes light up with actual evilness. “Did you just say Captain America t-shirt?” he cries, and runs downstairs to where Derek can hear Steve making breakfast and talking to Erica.

“NO!” Tony yells, running after Clint, shooting Stiles’ immobile form one last look. Then he shoots Derek a glare. “Get him up in time for breakfast in ten minutes!”

Derek growls irritably. The man is already gone.

“C’mon Stilinski,” Derek says finally, leaning down and grabbing Stiles by the scruff of the neck. He lets out a yelp of complaint and pulls away from Derek, stumbling to his feet.

And then he’s off. “Is that some sort of werewolf thing, grabbing people by the neck? Like, y’know, mothering your young? Except I’d rather not be your young, thank you very much - anyway, the point is, I’m pretty sure cats do that, not sure about werewolves though, are you feeling like drinking milk from a bowl or bringing dead mice as gifts –”

“I’m bringing dead Stiles as a gift if you don’t hurry up,” Derek snaps.

Stiles whimpers a little and vanishes into the bathroom, slamming the door behind him. Derek can’t feel any fear coming off him, however; just grumpiness and tiredness. He wonders if he’s losing his touch, or if Stiles is just stupidly brave.
He thinks it’s probably the latter.

They’re out of milk.

“But I got five cartons last night,” the sheriff complains. He doesn’t look too disgruntled, though, because he’s got a stack of pancakes in front of him that he’s eyeing like a predator eyeing his prey. Tony’s got to wonder if that’s some sort of genetic thing, the whole Eating A Horse and Still Being Hungry thing. He figures, from lots of experience watching the Stilinski family devour various questionable foods, it is.

“Thor drinks a lot of milk,” Steve explains, looking rueful. Also kind of adorable. “Also, I had to make a lot of pancakes. It’s okay, I’ll go and get it. Hey, Bruce, will you take care of this for me?”

Bruce nods, looking far too chipper for this time in the morning. Tony catches Steve’s sleeve as he’s about to make his exit. “I’ll come with you,” he offers.

“Jesus, did Tony just offer to go and get the milk?” Stiles says blearily from the kitchen entrance. Derek WYLA Hale is standing behind him, looking pissed off. Then again, he always looks kind of pissed off to Tony. Stiles says he’s a good guy, he’s just been through a lot, and Tony can understand that. He really can. Of all his problems right now, grumpy werewolves are nothing. But it’s still a little unnerving.

Bruce says in agreement, “I feel like I’ve gone to some alternate dimension.”

“Guys.” Clint looks far too smug for Tony’s liking. “He’s going with Steve.”

There’s a collective ‘Ahhhh’ of realization throughout the whole room. Stiles looks amused. Scott just looks confused. “Can I come, too?” he asks, eyes wide. Tony feels a little bit jealous, to be honest. I mean, Scott has totally discarded That Tony, What A Cool Guy for Captain America Is In My Best Friend’s HOUSE.

In other words, Tony has been betrayed.

“No,” Erica says from her perch on the kitchen side.

Scott pouts. “No?”

“No,” Erica concludes.

Steve just looks confused. “What’s wrong with Tony wanting to come get milk with me?” he says, eyes wide and innocent. “Tony is always eager to help.”

Stiles chokes on his orange drink, juice coming out of his nose. Clint falls off his chair from laughing too much. Scott still looks confused. Sheriff Stilinski has an ‘I Don’t Even Want To Know’ look on his face. It’s a look he’s had on his face ever since Derek and the gang turned up last night. Tony is beginning to get concerned that it’s permanently stuck there.

“Only to you,” Clint says. He still has his bow slung over his shoulder. Tony wonders if his mornings will ever be normal.

“C’mon, Cap,” Tony nudges, shooting the room at large a dirty look. He totally doesn’t need them to ruin his holidays by revealing to Steve that Tony’s harbouring a rather large – and unrequited – crush on the guy. “Let’s go.”
“But –” Steve begins. Tony pushes him out the door.

So, playing Mario Kart with an Asgardian god was not the best of ideas.

“Remove your cart wheels from mine, you filthy traitor!” Thor yells at Princess Peach. He has his hammer in one hand, the remote control in the other. Stiles looks from one to the other a little nervously.

Derek isn’t quite as eloquent. “Fuck you, Toad!”

“I can’t believe you chose Baby Peach as your character,” Stiles says. He won’t admit it (never, ever, in a million years, he doesn’t appreciate being werewolf meat) but it’s kind of adorable.

Derek growls, seemingly half at Stiles, half at the Wii. “It was an accident! The controller slipped,” he argues, even though everybody knows that’s a blatant lie.

“I WILL REMOVE YOUR ENTRAILS SLOWLY AND PAINFULLY,” Thor booms.

Stiles winces in sympathy for the controller.

“I told you not to let them play on Rainbow Road,” Clint hisses at Natasha, who’s sitting on the sofa with Erica and seems to find this endlessly amusing. Natasha just cocks an eyebrow at him. He pouts.

“Tony and Steve are taking a long time getting milk,” Stiles comments.

“That’s probably because they have to keep stopping the car to angst about their unrequited feelings of love every few miles,” Isaac grumbles. He’s only pissed because he failed the last round and Derek growls at him every time he tries to reclaim the controller.

Stiles phone buzzes in his pocket, and he jumps. Digging in his jeans’ pockets, he brings out his mobile, staring at the blinking screen.

ONE NEW MESSAGE FROM TONY.

“Uh oh,” Stiles says. Isaac leans over to read over his shoulder.

Sorry for lateness. Cap got attacked by a swarm of old ladies. Also turns out that pumpkin is highly flammable. Tony

“Knew we shouldn’t have let him go on his own,” Natasha mutters when Stiles reads the message aloud.

Stiles is confused. “He didn’t go on his own. He went with Cap.”

“Cap isn’t stern enough with him,” Bruce intones, like commenting on a child’s lack of obedience.

“Cap isn’t stern at all with him,” Clint scoffs. “He didn’t stop him from doing what he did to the microwave.”

Stiles freezes. “What did he do to the microwave?”

Clint blanches. “Oops. Wasn’t supposed to mention that.” When Stiles only glares, he says, “Kid, no offence, but I’m more scared of Tony than I am of you. And I’m not scared of Tony. At all.”
Natasha shoots him a skeptical look. Clint relents. “Okay, maybe a little. But only when he’s been awake for 48 hours.”

“Any fight picked with a member of my pack is a fight picked with me,” Derek says from his spot next to the Wii. He doesn’t even look away from Mario Kart as he says it. Creepy. Also a little sweet. Seriously, Stiles didn’t know Derek cared.

Clint looks bewildered. Also a little concerned. “Stiles isn’t a werewolf, though, right?”

He seems to be looking at Stiles in a whole new light.

“No,” Derek agrees.

“But he’s still pack,” Scott finishes. He’s eating lasagne. Stiles doesn’t even want to know where he procured that from.

“Ah,” Clint says. And then he blurts out, “Tony may have…adjusted the microwave,” seemingly deciding that Death By Werewolf was much worse than Death By Tony Stark.

“Adjusted how?” Stiles says suspiciously.

If Derek was questioning his life choices before, he was now veering into What Is Wrong With This World territory.

“Yes,” Clint is saying to the microwave. “Please let me warm up a hot pocket. I’ll never swear at you again.”

NO, flashes on the screen where the numbers are supposed to be. Derek vaguely wonders if it’s possible for a microwave to sound petulant.

“Look,” Stiles reasons. “I know you don’t like Clint. I get it. I really do. But Clint will start shooting at things if he doesn’t eat soon, and I like all my limbs attached, thank you very much. So please.”

The microwave seems to think about this for a moment. Finally, OK flashes on the screen.

“Thank you,” Stiles breathes a sigh of relief, and then mutters, under his breath, “I am going to murder Tony.”

“I don’t know,” Isaac comments from the front room, where he’s moved to playing Draw Something with Bruce, “I think it’s pretty freakin’ awesome.”

“My microwave,” Stiles says pitifully, “has the attitude of an adolescent.”

“Tony, there’s something I want to talk to you about.”

Tony wonders if it would be unmanly to burst into tears and run out. He figures it would be. Damnit. “You know what, I love pumpkins,” he says instead, reaching down to scoop up an armful of pumpkins. “Pumpkins are really great. Pumpkins – why doesn’t everybody eat pumpkins? I mean, they’re so diversable, I reckon that if pumpkins were people they’d be that sexy, rich and classy guy in the corner who smokes cigars and –”

Steve stares at him, unamused. “Tony.”
“What would your opinion be on a pumpkin toaster? Because, you know, I obviously wouldn’t be able to use real pumpkins, but I think it’d be pretty badass. I could go down in history as That Guy Who Made The Pumpkin Toaster and Fucking Succeeded At It. Do you think they’d put that in the Guinness Book? No? Too crude?”

“Tony.”

“Okay, okay,” Tony rambles, trying to ignore the panic crawling up his spine, “no pumpkin toasters, I get it, I totally do, not everybody can see pumpkins for the beauty that they truly are, what about pumpkin fireworks, do you think that would work, let’s try it out –”

“Tony,” Steve says sternly. “You can’t avoid me forever.”

“But Steeeeeeeve,” Tony whines. “I’m on holiday.”

“You’re always on holiday.”


“Don’t you just think it’s a little weird that –” Steve begins.

He’s cut off by a screech.

“CAPTAIN AMERICA!” somebody is yelling. “OH MY HEAVENS, IT’S CAPTAIN AMERICA!”

What appears to be the Old Ladies’ Committee that Barton insists Steve is a member of seems to be…running towards them down the Herbs & Spices aisle.

“CAPTAIN!”

Steve looks terrified. You know, for a guy who’s battled the forces of evil and unearthly beings and been frozen in ice for nearly a century, Steve sure gets scared easily. Namely, by old women. With grocery trolleys. Wearing…Captain America t-shirts.

Mine’s better, Tony thinks before he can stop himself. And then he grabs Steve's sleeve with one hand, gathers up two pumpkins with his other arm, and runs.

“Tony,” Steve pants when they’re halfway up the dairy aisle, their chasers in hot pursuit, “I should really stop and talk to them.”

Tony says, “You should. But do you want to?”

“God, no.”

“Then let’s go!”

“In here!” somebody hisses, and suddenly they're tugged into a backroom of the supermarket. Tony nearly collapses with relief when the old ladies go screaming past.

“Thank you,” Steve says to the person who saved them. Tony turns. ‘They’ turn out to be a ‘she’.

“That’s okay,” the girl says, grinning. She leans back against a stack of boxes, hand propped on her
hip. “So you’re Stiles’ godfather,” she says to Tony.

“Does everybody in this town know each other or something?” Tony wants to know. He narrows his eyes at the girl thoughtfully. “I don’t remember you from last time.”

“That’s because I wasn’t here.” She proffers a hand, smiling warmly. “I’m Allison. I’m Stiles’ friend, also Scott’s girlfriend. You’re Tony Stark,” she adds, and then points to Steve, who is still recovering from the shock of having old ladies chasing him, it seems, “and you’re Captain America.”

“I’m Steve Rogers,” Steve says, polite even in his terror, and shakes her hand. “Thank you for saving us. Do you work here?”

Allison looks a little guilty. “No. I was using this backroom for target practice.” She points to her bow, which is propped against the wall. “Nobody ever comes in here, anyway.”

Tony grins. “I know somebody I think you’ll get along with very well,” he says, and then looks at the two pumpkins in his hands. “We need to get out of here first, though. We’re going to need a distraction.” His grin widens. “And I think I have just what we need.”

It’s eleven AM, and the house is already on fire.

No. Literally.

“Oh my God,” Erica is yelling, “who set the couch on fire?”

Stiles blinks. Sits up. Looks around. He then discovers that no, Erica had not been messing around, and yes, the couch is on fire. Also, he swears that Thor and Derek just high fived. Stiles feels like he might need some brain bleach after this.

Thor and Derek are sitting there looking far too pleased with themselves when Natasha comes up from behind them, grabs them both by the ears, and drags them to their feet. “What are you doing?” she hisses, and Stiles is pretty sure Scott, who is on the other side of the room, lets out a whine of fear. Stiles doesn’t blame him, really. Natasha is scary.

“Fair lady!” Thor says, wincing when she tightens her grip on his ear. “We were merely having ourselves some amusement!”

Derek growls, pulling away from her. Stiles can’t help but notice that he doesn’t have his usual ‘You Pissed Me Off, Time To Die’ look on his face. In fact, he looks almost…admiring. And no, Stiles is not jealous, what are you on about?

See, it’s like this: Stiles and Derek don’t like each other. At all. Derek is admiring of Natasha. That’s great. Stiles is sure they’ll have a very nice life together.

Isaac gives Stiles a strange look. “You practically reek of jealousy, dude,” he says, like he’s telling Stiles that he should really go take a shower.


He bites his lip hard to stop himself from talking.

Everybody stares at Stiles. The couch burns quietly in the background.
“Oooookay,” Stiles says finally when nobody else seems too eager to offer up anything. “Can somebody please do something about the couch? Tony is so buying us a new couch.”

Everybody looks away from Stiles then, turning their attention to the fire. Well, almost everybody. Stiles can’t help but notice that Derek continues to stare at him, eyes narrowed and lips pressed into a straight line, like he’s trying to uncover the mystery that is Stiles. Actually, Stiles would like Derek to do some uncovering, but not of the –


Stiles is still trying to bleach his mind when the door slams open and Tony calls, “Hey, guys, guess what? We found somebody you might – oh my God, is the couch on fire?”

“Is that a pumpkin?” Clint gapes.

Allison appears from behind Tony, looking amused and – holding a pumpkin.

“Yeah, pumpkins are great, huh?” Tony agrees. “We’ve only got the one, though. We had to use the other one as an explosive.”

Stiles stares. “Oh my God, you’re going to get me kicked out of my own hometown.”

Tony walks over to him, wrapping his arms around him and ruffling his hair. “Kid, it’s okay, life is boring without me, I totally get it.”

“No, it actually kind of isn’t,” Stiles mumbles into his godfather’s shoulder. And then, “I need a new couch.”

“Shh, it’s okay,” Tony soothes, like Stiles was about to break down sobbing over how much he’s missed having his couch set on fire or something. “I’ll buy you a new couch. What do you say we go couch shopping tomorrow? Yeah?”

“Yeah,” Stiles sniffs. “Can we get burgers?”

“And coffee,” Tony adds.

“Lots of coffee,” Stiles agrees.


Stiles lets go of his godfather and steps back. Everybody is staring at them. Even Natasha looks like she’s about to break out the ‘Aww’ face. “That’s just sickeningly adorable,” Clint comments from his perch by the couch. The - burning couch.

“That’s really –” Steve pauses, staring horrified at something over Clint’s shoulder. Something sizzles. “COUCH!” he yells.

Everybody scrambles into action.

Even with 10+ people working on it, they still don’t quite manage to save the couch. But that’s okay, Stiles thinks, because it was an ugly couch, anyway.

“Ooh, what is it with you two and trying to kill me?” Stiles cries.
Allison looks a little repentant as she takes the arrow from the wall next to Stiles’ head. Clint just looks evil. Then again, Clint kind of looks evil a lot, so that’s not really a new thing.

“Sorry, Stiles,” Allison says, smiling apologetically.

And really, this just isn’t fair. Because how the hell are you supposed to stay angry at somebody like Allison? You…just don’t. It’s like kicking a puppy, or something. Except a puppy that can kick you back, except twice as hard and probably shoot you with an arrow while they’re at it.

“Don’t worry about it, Stilinski,” Derek grumbles from his spot next to Stiles on the floor. The couch is, uh, out of commission at the moment. “They have it in for me too.”

As if prompted, an arrow embeds itself into the remains of the couch next to Derek’s head.

Stiles has to fight the urge to pout. “Stiles,” he corrects.

Derek shoots him a scathing look. “What?”

“Stiles,” he says, because he’s stupid and proud and has no sense of self-preservation, apparently. “My name is Stiles. Not Stilinski.”

Tony looks up from where he appears to be sabotaging the coffee maker. “Actually, your name is –”

“NO,” Stiles shouts.

Tony pouts. “But –”

“I said no.”

“Fine,” Derek says, like he suspects that if doesn’t agree Stiles will try and attack him or something. Try being the main word here. “Stiles.”

Stiles nods, satisfied. And then he looks around. “Why has everybody moved into my house?” he wants to know. “And where’s Boyd, anyway? Might as well make it a party.”

“He’s out of town visiting his grandmother,” Scott supplies helpfully. He has taken to sitting next to Tony, where he is out of the range of any stray arrows. Also, Tony had said, ‘Don’t worry, we won’t get shot, the microwave will stop it before we do.’ Stiles doesn’t even want to know what that’s supposed to mean.

“I’m tired of sitting around all day,” Isaac says, propping his face on his hands. “Can’t we do something? Basketball? Lacrosse? Just Dance 3?”

At the mention of Just Dance, Steve gets a thoughtful on his face. Tony, who seems to have a Steve radar or something, looks over and says, “Uh oh.” It doesn’t stop him. Steve with an idea, Stiles has observed, is like a terrier with a piece of a meat. Well, a really fluffy and well-meaning terrier with – okay. No. Wrong analogy. Just – bad. Really bad.

“I know!” Steve announces. Okay, maybe Stiles was right about the terrier thing. Steve is scary, in an old-fashioned, guilt-you-into-anything kind of way.

Everybody waits.

Steve says, “So, how do you guys feel about…”

Tony has never underestimated the power of Steve’s puppy dog eyes.

Never. Right from the start, he has known they are a weapon that would only be entrusted to the most responsible of all heroes. Mjölnir pales in comparison to Steve’s puppy dog eyes. They hit you harder than a hammer ever could, too.

But then again, maybe that’s just Tony.

Anyway, that’s how the Avengers, a pack of werewolves and a handful of humans later find themselves in The Pigeon Pose in Tony’s godsons’ living room, with Steve as their totally sexy and kind of disturbingly experienced yoga teacher.

“No, Isaac,” Tony hears Steve say, “your arms need to be straight.”

“But it hurts,” Isaac whines, but Tony hears him moving around anyway. He figures that Steve has whipped out the puppy dog eyes again. Tony thinks that’s kind of unfair, but also amusing. He thinks that, if Steve was a brand that you could just pick up from the shops (and yeah, Tony could totally dig that), his motto would be Steve Rogers: Bringing Werewolves To Their Knees With Adorableness Since 1920-Something.

“Stilinski,” Erica calls. Her voice sounds a little strained. “Stop checking out Derek’s ass. I think I’m getting sugar poisoning from all the sickening.”

“That goes for you and Steve, too, Tony,” Natasha agrees. Tony secretly wonders if Erica and Natasha have a Scarily Aware Badasses Club. He thinks that they probably do, and that there’s lots of lycra involved.

“I hate my life,” Bruce moans from where he’s stretched out near the kitchen table. He looks like he’s dying.

“I think Bruce is dying,” Tony offers.

Steve sounds stern when he says, “Bruce is not dying. He is taking advantage of the stretch so that it is both rejuvenating and self-fulfilling.”

Tony and Clint share a look, smirking. Tony can’t hold back the laugh that threatens to escape, falling onto Thor, who shoots him a look.

“Tony, my friend,” he says seriously, “I am attempting to master this trying pose. Please do not disturb me.”

The guy even manages to say it kindly so that Tony feels bad, too.

Tony sighs and shifts into the next pose as Steve instructs. There’s a curse and the bang of a car door, and Derek says, “Oh, shit.”

“Hey guys, I got back early and heard we were gathering here –” Tony turns just in time to see the boy stop dead his tracks. “Oh my God.”

And this is how the missing member of the pack, Boyd, finds them, positioned in the downward facing dog and dressed in yoga pants. And Tony would make a comment about how they’re not always like this, except, you know. They kind of are.
Part 3

Chapter Summary

Certain people are targeted by an out-of-control toaster fiasco and Steve receives some shocking news. Also, the Avengers are called home.

Chapter Notes

The original ending for this chapter was 'Tony fainted.'

I think that basically sums up this whole thing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Clint thinks that he might start writing a diary.

On the front, the title will read CLINT BARTON'S REALLY SECRET DIARY. And then it will go on to list the thousand plus reasons why Clint has lost faith in ever gaining sanity again thanks to Tony Stark and his godson (and Steve's yoga techniques).

There will also be something in there about how good his butt looks in skinny jeans.

Yes, definitely.

"So Boyd," Bruce says. He appears to have torn himself away from Angry Birds (damn it, Natasha) for the few moments to return to reality. Also, he smashed Nat's phone. "What's your opinion on justifiable homicide?"

Clint can't help but notice that he's watching Steve's silhouette in the kitchen as he says this.

"Oh, well, uh," Boyd says. He looks kind of confused. Clint doesn't blame him. "I don't know, you should probably ask Derek about that. He likes that sort of thing, justifiable or no."

Clint thinks that, were Stiles here, he would jump to his feet and yell 'NOBODY IS MURDERING ANYBODY.' However, Stiles is not here, he's upstairs with the guy he's in-a-relationship-with-but-doesn't-know-it-yet, and thus cannot prevent the impending doom.

Clint, however, can.

"Is that a cat?" he cries, pointing out the window.


They're out the door before Bruce can even say 'justifiable'. Clint does a little celebratory dance with himself.
Derek… is an idiot.

See, it’s like this: Stiles doesn’t like him. At all. Stiles likes – strawberry blondes with an IQ of over 140, with curves and warm smiles and soft skin. In fact, Derek is pretty sure Stiles hates him. After the Swimming Pool Incident, he’s almost a hundred percent sure.

Okay, 97.99 percent sure.

“Never doing that again,” Stiles says, groaning as he leans back and stretches like a cat. And Derek thinks strawberry blonde with IQ over 140 strawberry blonde with IQ over 140 strawberry blonde with IQ over 140 – “Yo, sourwolf, why you looking at me like that?”

Derek grunts. It’s a ‘shut the fuck up, Stiles’ grunt. Stiles doesn’t take the hint. “You’re looking at me like you want to eat me or something – talking of wanting to eat people, I saw you looking at Natasha earlier, you guys, huh, um, you guys –”

Derek stares at him. “What?”

“Are you guys –” Stiles begins passionately, and then stops and flops back onto his bed. He looks disappointed about something, though God only knows what. “Hey, you’re still here,” he says suddenly, as if he’s only just realised this.

Which is just worrying in itself.

“Yes,” Derek says. He doesn’t say I could leave if you want, because he’s just not that sort of person. The sort of person who respects personal space, of course. He also has aforementioned complete lack of self-preservation.

“Everybody else has gone home,” Stiles tells him, like he hasn’t notice this.

“Yes,” Derek agrees.

Clint swings into the room. Literally swings – Derek doesn’t even want to know how that happened, doesn’t care. “We haven’t.”

“I meant the pack, Clint,” Stiles says, rolling his eyes. “Also, uh, do you mind, can you, you know, can you go shoot people somewhere else?”

Clint grins, eyes lighting up with understanding (what?). He hops down from his perch on the doorframe and nods, expression solemn. “Yep, of course, I’ll leave you two alone,” he says, still grinning, and sprints off down the hall like a child running to tell everybody somebody’s secret.

“Don’t know what that was about,” Stiles mutters, like he knows exactly what that was about.

“No,” Derek lies, in much the same fashion.

“So,” Stiles says, and Derek leans forward a little bit. He realises belatedly that this lives him positioned in quite a conspicuous manner over Stiles, all body parts touching and – oh, fuck. Stiles pauses. “Do you smell smoke?”

“I TOLD YOU NOT TO LET HIM MAKE TOAST,” Tony yells from downstairs. There’s a roar and the sound of something – or many somethings – smashing.
“He said he was hungry,” Clint protests. “Why should I deny the poor guy his toast?!”

“SMASH!”

“Uh, I don’t know,” Tony cries, “because I told you not to? Because I was upgrading the toaster and specifically told nobody to touch it?”

“HULK SMASH!”

Stiles’ eyes flicker between Derek and the door. “I – should…” He looks reluctant.

Derek gets up, goes to the bedroom door and slams it. “No,” he says firmly. “They can sort it out themselves.”

Stiles looks far too eager to agree to this.

"You know," Stiles says, "I had a dog once."

Derek is confused, which he finds is somewhat of a permanent state around Stiles. Stiles frowns out the window, like he's having a Dean Winchester moment or something. Derek tells Stiles this and Stiles looks like he's about to pee himself from excitement, whispering something that sounded an awful lot like 'I've always wanted to be Dean!'

"Anyway," Derek says, inching away a little, "you were saying...

"Right. I had a dog once," Stiles continues. "His name was Rick. I called him the Rickster and sometimes me and Scott dressed him up as a girl when Scott couldn't steal his cousin's barbies." He looks wistful.

Derek waits.

"No," Stiles says when Derek doesn't say anything, "that was it. That was the story."

Derek stares.

"Look," Stiles says defensively, "Rickster was a great dog, okay, I -"

Derek steps closer, because he's decided that there's only one way to get Stiles to shut up, and Stiles' eyes widen.

“So…” Stiles trails off. Derek cocks an eyebrow at him. Stiles' chews his lip a little as he climbs to his feet, advancing on Derek. Derek thinks strawberry blonde – and then Stiles steps close to him, all up in his face, and suddenly Derek’s thought train descends back to Ape Man capability.

“Look, I just wanted to say –” Stiles begins, and then the floor collapses beneath them.

“I just think,” Stiles says, bouncing up and down on a couch to “test its bounciness”. Tony secretly thinks he’s just doing it because on the inside he still has a mental age of a two year old. That’s probably why him and Tony get on so well, come to think of it. “I just think you should warn me before the Hulk smashes a hole in the ceiling.”

“It wasn’t even a big hole! And I got people in to fix it first thing this morning,” Tony argues, “testing the bounciness” of the opposite couch. “Your dad wasn’t even that mad. Also, Hulk caught you before any real damage could occur. Like squashed Stiles, for instance.”
Stiles just looked pissed. “He didn’t catch Derek!”

Tony rolls his eyes, getting up and pulling Stiles to his feet, too. “Derek is a big bad quick-healing werewolf,” he says. “He’s fine.”

“He could have been really hurt.”

“No, he couldn’t have. Unless he landed on a silver candlestick coated in wolfsbane which, hey, totally not likely, though in the Stilinski household –” Stiles shoots him a look. “Fine! I said I was sorry, didn’t I? Besides,” he adds, a little defensively, “it’s not like I’m the one who made the hole in the ceiling.”

“No,” Stiles agrees wryly. “You just MADE THE TOASTER THAT RESULTED IN MY HOUSE BEING RUINED.”

Tony thinks this is a totally unfair accusation. The whole house hadn’t been ruined. Just, you know, three quarters of it. “You’re just angry because your loverboy fell through the ceiling,” Tony says cheerfully.

“Yes! Of course I am!” Stiles cries, and then realises his mistake. “Not that he’s my loverboy –”

“No,” Tony says amusedly, eyeing a beige couch thoughtfully. He wonders if it’s flammable. “Of course not, darling.”

“How many times do I have to remind you that you are not my sassy gay uncle –”

“Oh, look!” Tony says delightedly. “It’s not flammable.”

Stiles lets out a groan of anguish. Which Tony thinks it’s completely unfair, really, because with a non-flammable couch they wouldn’t be here. Non-flammable couches are completely underrated, he decides. “Tony,” Stiles whines, “coffee.”

Tony looks up sharply. “Coffee?”

“Yes,” Stiles says. “We are going to get coffee. And then as soon as I’ve got you nice and comfortable, we are going to have a chat about Captain America.”

“There is nothing to talk about,” Tony argues. It falls kind of flat.

“No,” Stiles says in the same patronizing tone Tony had used, “of course not.” He doesn’t say ‘darling’, however, because Stiles just isn’t as sassy as Tony, and they both know it.

Steve likes to think of himself as one of the more mature of the Avengers family.

He does. Really. It’s just that when a werewolf challenges you to an arm wrestling match, you do not say ‘no’. This is something he is very familiar with. Natasha says it is some sort of Alpha male thing, though hopefully she means that metaphorically because Steve has enough on his plate without having a pack of puppies following him.

“C’mon, Cap, you ready for this?” Clint says. He’s rubbing Steve’s shoulders like Steve is about to go into a professional wrestling match – which, by the way, Steve would not condone, since it encourages unnecessary violence.

“Isn’t this kind of unfair?” Bruce observes from where he’s made himself at home perched on a log,
his laptop balanced precariously on his knees. “Steve is a super soldier, after all.”

Isaac points out, “But Derek is a werewolf. An Alpha.”

“And Cap will probably feel so bad about possibly hurting somebody that he’ll let Derek win just for the sake of it,” Natasha says amiably. She is hanging upside from one of the branches of the trees that surround them, hair dangling down so that it hovers above Thor’s nose and makes him sneeze.

“When Thor sneezes I feel like I should be battening down for a hurricane,” Bruce says, not looking up from his laptop.

Thor only looks cheered by this. “Thank you, my brother!” He hits Bruce hard on the back.

Everybody looks at him confusedly for a moment, and then looks away. It’s not even worth asking about.

“Are you going to do this or not?” Derek snaps grumpily.

Steve would be offended, except that Tony says that he’s always like this. The Alpha is even like this with Stiles, which, Steve thinks, is both difficult due to the fact that Stiles is a very nice boy and also the fact that the werewolf obviously harbours a huge crush on the guy.

“Yes,” Steve says, and then they’re off.

An hour later, neither has moved.

“This is boring,” Clint whines.

“I’m hungry,” Clint whines.

“Stop sneezing, Thor,” Clint whines.

“Clint, stop whining,” Isaac whines. Steve can see out of the corner of his eye that the werewolf is playing what appears to be Four In a Row with Boyd. It is possibly a more intense than Steve and Derek’s arm wrestle. Possibly.

“I’m going to watch How I Met Your Mother,” Bruce volunteers. “Who’s in?”

Clint looks thoughtful. “Only if you let me sit on the top of the bookcase.”

“Clint,” Natasha scolds. “Not after last time.”

Steve has a brief recollection of Tony’s bookcase, fire and blood on the carpet, and winces a little.

“Can we watch the show of my fellows afterwards?” Thor calls, trailing after the rest of the group as they go back inside.

“Thor asks if we can watch F.R.I.E.N.D.S afterwards.” Clint is already in the doorway.

“Only if he stops making references to himself being ‘completely Phoebe’,“ Bruce decides.

“But we have the same luscious golden locks, my friend!”

“One of us is going to have to give up some time,” Derek points out. He smirks a little. “And it’s probably going to be you.”

Steve doesn’t argue, but he doesn’t concede the point either. “Well, if we’re going to be here a
while,” he says cheerfully, “why don’t you tell me about Stiles?”

Derek stares at him. “What?”

Steve doesn’t understand why Derek is staring at him like that. That’s not exactly an invasion, was it? He knows that times have changed a lot since the ’40s. He thought he was pretty good at deciding what was a good topic for conversation and what was not. “Stiles,” Steve confirms, smiling. “You two seem very happy together.”

Derek stare seems to get heavier. Steve would be bothered by this, except that he’s friends with Tony and with Tony, you just get used to the What Are You Doing stares. Derek appears to realise that Steve is not going to suddenly take back what he’s said, because he says, very slowly, as if Steve is some strange specimen he is not yet accustomed to, “We aren’t together, Mr. America.”

“Captain America,” Steve corrects, not unkindly, and Derek begins to scowl as well as stare. “You aren’t together? Well then.” Steve tries not to sound as gleeful as he feels inside. Tony jokes all the time that Steve tries to make up for the children he never had by adopting strangers, except Derek isn’t a stranger, so it doesn’t count, really. Hah, take that, Tony. “Then why haven’t you told him you’re in love with him yet? You know.” If Tony was here, he would clamp a hand over Steve’s mouth so as to prevent the coming rant. However, Tony is not here. Also, why is Steve thinking about Tony so much? “I am completely for same sex relationships, particularly same sex marriage. As a national symbol of America, I believe that it is my responsibility to properly represent all of the peoples, not just the –”

Derek looks like he’s torn between being highly disturbed and amused. He apparently decides on amused. “Also, you’re gay.”

Now it’s Steve’s turn to stare. “Excuse me?”

“Stark,” Derek says, like that settles it.

“Tony and I have a completely platonic relationship that I take great enjoyment in,” Steve says mechanically. In his mind, he finishes, Perhaps a lot more than usual. “And I believe we were talking about your inclinations towards the male gender. Stiles, for instance, is a member of the male gender.”

“Sometimes I wonder,” Derek snorts. “Let’s not talk about this. In fact, you’re creeping me out, so let’s just not talk about this at all.”

“It’s okay to be afraid of your feelings,” Steve says gently. The effect of gentleness may be slightly off since he’s slowly pushing Derek’s hand further towards the log they’re perched on. Of course, Steve could just win this in a second, but he’s quite enjoying this conversation.

“Says the guy who’s blatantly in denial,” Derek grumbles.

“I am not in denial of anything,” Steve defends indignantly. “I just don’t believe that Tony needs to know of my affections when it’s obvious that he does not return them.”

The Alpha had been suppressing his smirk before, but Steve says that, it blooms into existence like a really, really annoying dark and evil flower.

“Hey, you guys should start a club for people who are Blatantly In Denial,” Boyd suggests. Steve had forgotten that he and Isaac were still even there.

“You could invite those guys from Sherlock,” Isaac snickers, and everybody turns to stare at him.
“You are worse than a 14 year old girl,” Derek says with disgust. He’s still smirking, however, so Steve doesn’t think he means it in a mean way.

“Hey!” Isaac says indignantly. “Robert Downey Jr is a legend!”

Boyd looks like he may be questioning his life choices.

Steve can totally understand that. “The point is,” he says, smoothly steering the conversation back to the previous *important* topic, “I think you should tell Stiles.”

“Me too,” Boyd agrees.

“Me three,” Isaac concurs. “You can be the John to his –”

“No,” Derek says flatly.

“No,” Steve agrees, equally as flat.

In the end, neither of them win, because Thor takes that moment to throw *Mjölnir* in his fury over not being able to watch *F.R.I.E.N.D.S.* It would have hit Steve square on the back, but Derek pushes him out of the way first. Steve takes this as an acceptance of their bromance. Derek doesn’t argue.

—

Tony thinks it’s completely unfair that he gets the blame for this.

“How was I supposed to know that the coffee was alcoholic?” he whines, gripping the doorframe for stability. “I certainly was not informed of such an amtro – amto - atrocity!” He tries to look passionate as he says this, and ends up stumbling and landing face-first on the couch that Steve has helped bring in.

“Yeah!” Stiles passionately agrees. “It was Lydia’s fault. She said she’d buy us coffee. Except she poisoned it.”

“In the best way ever,” Tony mumbles into the couch.

“Tony,” Steve says sternly, grabbing Tony by the ear and dragging him to his feet. “What have I told you about drinking?”

“It wasn’t his fault,” Stiles cries, and then throws himself across the room. He hits Tony hard and they fall to the floor together in a mess of limbs. Stiles begins to laugh. Tony joins in, because, hey, life is good. His godson is great. Also, alcohol. “It was all that big fat meany’s fault!” Stiles concludes.

Lydia, from where she had materialized with the two a few minutes earlier, says, looking horrified, “Hey, I am not fat.” She pouts at Jackson, who has also materialized from thin air. Tony wonders if that’s a superpower. Do they have superpowers?

“Do you guys have superpowers?” he questions honestly.


Steve looks like a lost puppy. A really, really adorable lost puppy. With abs. “STEVIEEEE,” Tony whines, and Steve is clearly so overwhelmed by Tony’s charm that he gives up on trying to resist and comes over to kneel next to Tony.
“What is it?” he says, smiling cautiously.

“IIIII have something to tell you,” Tony whispers secretly. “But you can’t laugh, okay? Never, ever, ever!”

Steve just looks confused. “I…”

Stiles says, from his spot next to Tony on the floor, “Werewolves are fluffy.”

“Are you sure they’re not high?” Erica asks quietly from her spot in the audience. She sounds kind of distant.

“Our family don’t hold alcohol very well,” Sheriff Stilinski says. He walked in the door a few minutes ago. He looks strangely unsurprised, like this is something that happens quite often.

“Tony holds his alcohol just fine usually,” Bruce comments. He is looking suspiciously at Lydia. She beams at him innocently, but doesn’t say anything. Tony finds this equally suspicious.

Tony tries to remember what he was about to say. It’s like trying to wade through really thick liquid. Really thick alcoholic liquid. “I,” he begins, and then pauses. What was he thinking about again?
Sheep are quite nice, he thinks. He likes sheep. Sheep never hurt him or tell him they don’t love him. Never, ever –

Oh, right.

Tony grabs Steve, pulls him close, and whispers something in his ear. Steve’s eyes widen.

“What did he say?” Tony vaguely hears Clint persist nosily.

“I’m in love with you,” Steve whispers so softly that Tony doesn’t think anybody but Clint and Stiles can hear. He’s okay with this, actually, because he so doesn’t need both the Avengers and a pack of werewolves teasing him about this.

“Well.” Clint sounds startled. “I think you’re a great guy, too, but do you really think this is the ti –”

Stiles mutters thickly, “You idiot.”

“No,” Steve says softly. He sounds like he may be going into shock. “That’s what Tony said. ‘I’m in love with you.’”

Tony snores.

Derek carries Stiles up the stairs.

Okay, so Stiles kind of attaches himself to Derek, thus rendering him unable to do anything but carry Stiles bridal-style up the staircase. But – still.

“Dereeek?” Stiles whines as Derek lays him down on the bed.

Derek pulls the blankets up to cover the lump of Stiles’ body on the mattress. He grunts his assent to Stiles’ not-quite question.

“Stay,” Stiles demands sleepily.
“Look, Stilinski,” Derek says uncomfortably, “The pack – we need to get back to normal –”

“Stay,” Stiles says again, and Derek stays.

He slips under the covers next to Stiles, nearly touching but not quite, and turns out the light. It’s dark outside – Stiles had been out with his godfather for the better part of the day – but it’s still early, far earlier than Derek would ever usually go to bed. But for Stiles, he lies down in a stupid, small uncomfortable bed and thinks about what his life has come to. That he does these – things for a sixteen year old boy with a superhero godfather and a twisted inferiority complex.

“Derek,” Stiles says finally, just when Derek was drifting off to sleep, “do you believe in – wait. Never mind. Stupid question.”

Derek feels the mattress turn as Stiles rolls over, facing the other wall. “Alright then,” Derek mumbles, and the sigh Stiles lets out makes Derek feel like he’s doing something terribly wrong, though God only knows what.

“Do you believe in love?” Stiles spits out, and Derek has to remind himself that Stiles is drunk, that this isn’t him. Because inside Derek, a wolf is howling, crying – and he’s so torn between punching Stiles for asking a stupid goddamn question like that and kissing him that he really doesn’t know what the fuck to do.

“It exists, but I don’t know whether I believe in it,” Derek replies stiffly. “Love makes you hopeful and it clouds your vision so you can’t see what’s really there.” Instantly, Derek kicks himself. It was a stupid, stupid thing to say, too obvious and too bare for this conversation.

As if to support what Derek said, he hears Steve yell, “He’s a good man!”

Natasha, speaking in low tones, murmurs, “I know. I just hope you know what you’re getting into.”

A door slams.

“What do you believe in, then?” Stiles wants to know. His voice is thick with sleep and alcohol, and he turns as he said this, resting his head on Derek’s shoulder.

Derek is quiet for a moment. “Justice, I guess,” he says. “Justice and – you know what? I don’t have a clue.”

“Me either,” Stiles rasps, and it’s like a mixture between a promise and a secret, sent off into the darkness for Derek to find.

“Go to sleep, Stilinski,” Derek sighs.

“Stiles.”

“Okay. Go the fuck to sleep, Stiles.” And Derek feels the boy’s smile grow against his bones, slow and warm, and tries not to dive out the window, to run away, because fuck.

- 

So, there’s nobody there when Stiles wakes up.

He would find this deeply disturbing and possibly a cause for calling the police, but when he looks out the window, he sees Thor hovering in the air with what appears to be a baseball bat.

And then he sees the note.
Stiles raises his eyebrows.

*P.S. Steve wrote those Xs he said that I need to be more kind to you he doesn’t understand that* kisht

It ends there.

Stiles puts the note down on the bench, and, whistling softly to himself, begins to make himself an extremely complex bowl of cereal. He has a pounding headache, and there is something – something he feels like he should know and should, frankly, be terrified about, but he can’t quite remember what it is. He’s just moving over to the fridge when he sees the new couch, and stops dead. Vague impressions of Tony and him getting burgers float through his mind, and then Lydia sitting down and offering them – *spiked and alcohol –* coffee. Then – Derek.

Derek.

Fuck.

Stiles would be humiliated over asking Derek to stay, asking him all sorts of – uncomfortable questions, except all he can think about is the emptiness in his stomach over the fact that Derek left. So it wasn’t like they had had some deep and meaningful connection or that Stiles had even worked up the courage to do anything, which was admittedly reasonable since Derek was fucking terrifying, but –

Still.

Stiles has *feelings*, okay? Feelings. Feelings that are very much there, and that he wishes very much to *not be there* and –

This is what he’s thinking as Derek walks in, shirtless and all rippling muscle and scowls that shouldn’t even be *attractive*, what are you *thinking*, Stilinski? “Oh,” Stiles says in a very manly voice that most certainly does not squeak. “Hi.”

Derek cocks an eyebrow, sitting down across from Stiles and stealing his bowl of cereal. He doesn’t say anything.

“Hey! *Dude,*” Stiles whines, “that’s *my* cereal.”

“Do *not,∗” Derek says around a mouthful of cereal, “call me dude.”

Stiles glares balefully at him. “Dude.”

“See, I’d much rather you called me one of those names you mentioned in your sleep last night,” Derek comments, smirking as he licks the spoon in an utterly obscene way that is probably illegal in several countries. “I think there was something about ‘big –”

“Okay! Okay,” Stiles squeaks (whatever, okay? Whatever). He mimes zipping his lips shut and proceeds to rest his chin on his hands, scowling. “You fucking suck, bro.”

This would have been *so much* more effective and less *crude* if Derek hadn’t been tonguing Stiles’ dad’s silverware at that moment.

“Fuck my life,” Stiles mutters under his breath.
And then reaches across the table, pulls Derek to him, and kisses him.


“It’ll be fine,” Tony soothes.

“I don’t think this is such a good idea,” Clint says, fidgeting backwards and forwards. “I mean, we should call ahead first or something – you don’t know what might be –”

Tony rolls his eyes, throwing the front door open, baseball bat still in hand. “It’ll be fine, Barton,” he says, and storms into the kitchen.

Dear Diary. Today Tony walked in on Stiles and Derek making sweet love next to his evil toaster, Clint begins to write in his head.

The baseball bat hits the ground. Somebody swears. “Oh my God,” Tony says from the kitchen doorway, “oh my God.”

“I didn’t know that was even physically possible,” Clint comments out loud.

Okay, so they weren't making love, but let's just say, it wasn't the sort of thing that a child should see. Or Thor, actually, Clint adds.

“What joyfully celebrations are occurring, my friends? Oh – Odin bless us all! I believe I have just witnessed something that I will not forget for a long time!” Thor says.

“That’s one way to put it,” Natasha says, who’s standing with Erica and looking far too interested in this.

“Oh my God,” Tony says.

“Hey, guys,” Stiles says, hopping down from the kitchen counter. He holds out the cereal box. Clint thinks that it is important to note at this time that his neck was covered in suspicious-looking bite marks. Also, he was wearing Dora the Explorer underpants. Clint wonders if the Dora fixation is something that runs in the family. “Breakfast?”

I don't think I've ever seen Tony look so horrified. Which is rich, coming from him, the ultimate playboy philanthropist idiot. Clint smiles a little to himself. His diary will be the best of all the secret diaries.

Anyway, a normal vacation with the Avengers. Wonder if Fury's still furious.

Ha.

Ha-ha.

"Hey Thor!" Clint calls to the Asgardian when the others disappear into the kitchen chaos. "I'll watch F.R.I.E.N.D.S with you if you walk around naked for the rest of the day!"

Thor grins. See, this is why Clint is friends with the guy.

"It is a deal, my friend!"

As if triggered by Clint's internal monologue, they get a call from Fury that night.
"We need you over here, Avengers," he says. Tony always feels like one of Charlie's Angels when he talks like that. It's kind of hot.

No, no, no, no, ew. No.

No.

"Oh, thank God," Bruce says from where he's draped over the couch, Steve's ancient Nokia that Tony still hasn't been able to convince him to get rid of firmly gripped between his hands. "I've decided that this - domestic life, it isn't for me. I much prefer things in NY where things are quieter."

"Yeah," Clint agrees. "Villians don't set couches on fire."

Thor and Derek hang their heads.

Tony doesn't miss the high-five they exchange behind their backs, however.

"I'll miss you," Stiles says, and he looks a little teary.

Tony grins, pulling him into a hug. "You come visit the Stark Tower, okay? We could do with my awesome godson up there to - well, we'll find you something to do. Like knitting, maybe." He smirks.

And then gasps, because Stiles punches him in the stomach.

"Not to mention the werewolves," Isaac adds.

"Yeah," Clint says. "Don't forget the werewolves who can't even win an arm wrestling match!"

"Hey!" Derek yells from the kitchen, where he's crafting what appears to be a scarily tall sandwich. "I let him win!"

"Thor?" Tony says finally, sobering up from the warmth of the moment.

"Yes, Tony, my friend?"

"Why are you naked?"

Chapter End Notes

The idea of Everybody Going To The Stark Tower and Attempting To Save the World is tempting. I see a sequel on the horizon! Perhaps. If you guys want it. And... I actually find time.

Also, Everybody Going To The Stark Tower and Attempting To Save the World seems like a pretty good working title, right?
Right?

Thank you for all your comments and kudos! You guys are ridiculously amazing. I never (ever, ever) expected this would get any kind of reception like this. So thank you!

End Notes

If you have tumblr you can find me at dontholdthiswarinside, come say hi :)

Please [drop by the archive and comment](#) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!