What's Held on Our Shoulders

by chameleonoverhere

Summary

Derek drops Stiles off at school, and this attracts the unwanted attention and harassment of some kid. He exploits Stiles’ greatest insecurity, has him asking questions about his relationship with Derek that he never had before.

Notes

This is the first time I've ever seriously committed to a fic. First time I've ever seriously worked on writing smut.
I originaly planned for this to be around 2k and then it turned into the 8k monster you have here.
I never used a beta before, either, but I tricked investigatormai.tumblr.com into beta-ing for me, and she did an awesome job.
So here it is, I hope you enjoy it!

April, 2012
Derek pulled up to the entrance of the school around seven in the morning, Stiles in the seat next to him rambling on about everything and anything, but he kept returning to the renovations they’ve been making on the Hale house. “I’m just going to run home after school and put some food in the fridge for dad, then I’ll be over,” Stiles promised as he grabbed his bag from between his feet. Derek nodded with one of the solemn looks that seemed to constantly adorn his face. Stiles briefly contemplates flailing around a bit to have his other trademark, the annoyed glare, make a brief appearance.

At least his annoyed glare doesn’t look like he’s thinking about the fire again. These thoughts have been plaguing him less and less frequently ever since the renovations started, and barely at all now that they were so close to being finished. It turns out that not having a constant reminder of your biggest mistake around really cuts down on the wallowing in regrets and memories.

He thinks better of it though, and leans in to kiss him. He focusses on the soft lips, the hard stubble, the sensations of heat and hands, he still can’t believe that this is for him, these moments where he can just abandon any pretenses, where he can actually admit his desire and not hide behind the weak excuse of being afraid, not turned on; and Derek’s hands are moving up his back beneath his shirt, Stiles hand is wrapping around Derek’s neck and pulling him even closer as if to occupy the same space, and if he doesn’t pull away soon it’s going to turn into something that is definitely not okay for somewhere as public as school.

Derek lets go of him, practically pushes him out the door without a word. When Stiles looks back, though, Derek’s staring intently at him, a look that he’d ascertain as fondness now that he knew Derek. If he had seen that look last year...well, he would have run for his life, assuming it was the urge to kill showing through.

He reaches the doors and runs into a guy from his English class, and his name is either Martin or Michael but Stiles is having a rough time remembering. He feels a little guilty about it, but that’s as far as it goes. He’s too busy basking in the afterglow of kissing Derek.

Martin/Michael is looking at him with a curious gaze, but Stiles ignores it in favor of waving goodbye to Derek.

Michael/Martin follows him to English, all the while chattering away about the homework or the latest test or maybe the essay, Stiles isn’t paying much attention. To be honest, he’s going over some Beastiary review in his mind, and that takes precedence of the current conversation hands down, at least until Michael/Martin says something that catches his attention.

“So who was your friend, the one you drove in with?”

Stiles looks up at his face, not really sure how this is Michael/Martin’s business. “He’s my boyfriend. Derek.” He makes it a point to ignore the surprised face that Michael/Martin makes.

“Wow. Thats...wow.”

At which point the teacher calls on Michael/Martin whose name is actually James.

“Yeah, I know. He’s great.” Stiles would say perfect, but he knows that putting Derek on a pedestal, while accurate to intensity of his feelings, would not be conducive to their relationship at all. The alpha’s ego definitely does not need the boost.
“No, that’s not what I...nevermind,” James mutters, shaking his head.

“No, no. What were you going to say?”

“It’s just...how did you get someone like that? He’s perfect.”

Stiles was silent for a moment, just taking in the somewhat rude comment because, well, yeah. How did he get someone like Derek?

“And like...you’re not...well, you know.”

Stiles would be offended, but he does know.

“Are you sure he’s not...how do I put this...” He pauses for a moment, staring at Stiles. “Are you sure he’s not just using you? For, like, sex?”

Stiles was floored. “I’ve never thought that. I’ve never even thought about that.”

“Maybe you should...there’s no way you should be with someone like that.”

Now that James knew he had planted the seed of doubt in his mind, he wasn’t afraid to shower that seed in a certain type of miracle grow: doubt inducing arrogance.

“I know. I’m very lucky,” Stiles knew he was sounding a bit less enthusiastic than he had been when he walked through the door, but firm enough where it stopped the onslaught of questions from starting up again.

From then on, Stiles was left alone with his thoughts, and it was a testament to how freaked out he was that he couldn’t pull his mind away from what James had said, even without Adderal.

Because how did he have Derek? Let’s be honest, he’s just awkward and young and broken. And Derek...well, Derek’s beautiful and smooth and brooding and he [attempts] to be mysterious, even though Stiles could see through this, learned a while ago how to read his expressions.

See, most people see his glare, but they don’t realize which glare it is. Why should they? It’s completely ridiculous for someone to glare as often as Derek does, but he’s been emotionally constipated for quite some time, and Stiles has made it his life’s goal to discern all of Derek’s glares.

Stiles wonders what Derek’s life goal is.

He doubts that it involves him long term, and this thought resonates for quite some time. Because they haven’t talked about this. They haven’t come anywhere close to talking about their feelings, it isn’t Derek’s thing, and until now Stiles hasn’t pressed for reassurance.

He realizes now that he should have probably done this before he let himself freaking fall in love with Derek.

July, 2011

Somehow during all of the wall slamming, awkward paralytic closeness, and working together they
had fallen into some kind of arrhythmic swing of obscure romantic overtures. Stiles pushed past this, though, because it wasn’t Derek’s fault that his wolf didn’t understand that Stiles so did not want a fucking dead porcupine thank you. A porcupine.

Of course, when Derek had showed up, completely wolfed out, [NOT even a beta-ish wolf out, nope. A legitimate alpha-wolf out, no trace of human whatsoever], which meant that he had been pretty emotional because Derek usually has impeccable self control, rarely let’s himself change, with a dead porcupine in its mouth, Stiles had almost passed out. He attempted to reject the offer, but the wolf began a piteous whine that was so completely not Derek that Stiles wondered if this was even him.

He left the porcupine at Stiles feet, and even seemed a little shy about it. Stiles couldn’t help but find this endearing, and stepped off the porch to crouch down in front of the wolf, softly petting at his snout.

The wolf was whining, either from the attention, the quills that were stuck in him as though he were a pincushion, or a combination of both. Either way, Stiles waited until Derek came back before attempting to get him upstairs and pull them out.

He had been a disgusting mess, completely exhausted from the change. He used the shower and crawled into the bed, ignoring Stiles protests and offers of a cot or sleeping bag. When Stiles went to get the cot for himself Derek stopped him with a frustrated sigh and beckoned him over with a hand gesture.

“Do you want a pillow?” He asked Derek cautiously, attempting to stall getting into bed.

“No,” he growled, “just get over here.”

It turns out he didn’t want a pillow because he already had Stiles, maneuvering, once he was in the bed, so that his head was pillowed against Stiles’ stomach and Derek was effectively curled around him.

Stiles wonders if he was just too tired, if it was just instinct to curl around the closest pack member. It probably was.

Present

Stiles slipped into his seat in Economics, still contemplating Derek and his future as part of the pack. Pack was meant to be long term, right? But he’s human, he’s not even wolf. He doesn’t really mean anything to the pack, how could he?

Stiles goes so far as to say worthless.

James is staring at him from the back of room, he can feel it. He can feel his eyes piercing at the back of his neck, and he can feel Scott next to him looking at him with his lost puppy look, questioning eyes, quizzical stare. Stiles ignores this and steadfastly stares down at his desk. When he’s called on he doesn’t even look up, just shakes his head and continues contemplating.
He was too invested in this, and that’s embarrassing. How could he let himself reach this level of emotional attachment without even attempting to clarify whether it was mutual or not?

Something hits him in the back of the head and he turns around to see James pointing at a piece of paper on the ground.

He considers ignoring it; James had inflicted enough damage already, but soon enough he’s lost to his curiosity.

_I was right. He wouldn’t want to be with you, who would?_ 

Stiles hears more than feels himself take a sharp breath in.

_There’s absolutely no reason. Look at you, awkward limbs and stumbling imperfection. Why would anyone want that?_ 

Stiles isn’t stupid, he realizes that he’s become a victim of harassment the moment this reaches him, but that doesn’t stop the thoughts from taking shape and finding their way to sink ugly roots into his mind.

Because why would anyone want him?

He knows he’s slouching, knows his posture is communicating what his confidence level is feeling right now, and he knows what’s going to happen moments before it does.

He feels another piece of paper hit the back of his head, but he ignores that one. He doesn’t need help recognizing his insecurities.

He hears Scott release a growl, lowly but loud enough for Isaac to hear him across the room, and Stiles can’t see but he bets Isaac is instinctively growling as well. Stiles shakes his head with a soft ‘shhhh’ before straightening his back and staring straight ahead, waiting for the class to finally end, waiting to make his escape.

_August, 2011_

The first pack meeting Derek ever held with the entire pack Stiles was present for.

He had, in fact, sat right next to Derek, which was not what he’d expected, because he thought that Scott, as second in command, would be next to Derek.

The table was square and long, with Derek and Stiles on one side and the rest of the pack on the other. Stiles had sat there, awkwardly bouncing his legs up and down with energy coursing through him that just refused to focus on what was going on around him. He didn’t really listen to anything during the meeting, was too pumped about being considered pack, too excited about sitting next to Derek, too confused by this fact, too busy with flickering from thought to thought, uncontrollable.

_Mr. Harris wanted me to stay after school today, I forgot to do that, it’s difficult for me to remember, why am I excited about being close to Derek it’s probably because I’m attracted to him I miss when he used to come into my room and hide out it was fun even though he was really mean sometimes_
Derek’s not wearing his jacket tonight I wonder where it is, are those new boards over there, is he renovating the house Dad just started emptying out the guest room so we could turn it into something else he’s probably going to want to do a summer cleaning, I wonder if Derek’s jacket is the only thing he’s willing to take off tonight, I should really focus on what he’s saying, I need to finish my chemistry homework, Dad’s going to kill me if I get home late, I still need to give Scott a ride home, I wonder if Allison would let me borrow the bestiary it would be pretty useful I need to learn more about werewolves anyway and pack dynamics since they’re probably going to expect me to just know I wonder what Dad had for dinner I hope it wasn’t anything too bad he really needs to watch his health if Mom were here she’d know how to deal with this Lydia sometimes reminds me of her when she’s bossing everyone around and Allison sometimes when she’s being kind and Isaac when he’s worried Allison and I have a lot in common, she’s trying to be like her dad, following the code, I try to emulate my mom she was such a good person, genuinely good you know I think Chris Argent is a pretty decent person and his code is so fair I’m so glad they consider me pack I just love all of them so much and it sounds gross and cheesy but I really do they’re my family, the extended family I didn’t get when my mom died I just love them all so much I’m really hungry

As wrapped up in his thoughts as he was, he was still summoned from them by a hand on his shoulder, shaking him slightly.

“Stiles, are you even listing to me?” Derek ground out.

“Oh, you’ve got to be kidding me. This is the last time I sit next to you.” Isaac whimpered quietly, still uncomfortable with confrontation, especially between those he cared about.

Scott growled a bit, but Derek ignored all of this. “Why aren’t you listening?”

Stiles looked around, getting uncomfortable.

“Stiles.” Derek’s voice had gone deep, and Stiles would be so turned on if he wasn’t so embarrassed. It’s not his fault he can’t focus, but he knows no one else sees it that way.

“Leave him alone,” Scott growled from across the table.

Except Scott, but he doesn’t count since he’s been there from Day One of Useless Therapy Sessions, was there when they realized it was a disorder not some stupid kid being obnoxious and misbehaving.

Derek snapped his teeth at Scott, and okay that wasn’t weird at all but Scott kept advancing, and Stiles wasn’t sure if it was to challenge Derek or protect him, either way, he was grateful for the distraction. The rest of the pack was looking frightened and hadn’t moved a muscle since the confrontation began, but Isaac let out a high pitched whine, and Stiles made his escape while Scott and Derek were locked in their own little pissing contest. He made his way around the table to the rest of the pack, who looked slightly less frightened the closer Stiles got.

Isaac was sitting in the chair and Stiles standing next to him, he was whining less loudly, but it was more gut-wrenching because Stiles could see that something more serious was going on there, like a panic attack.
He pet Isaac’s hair softly and muttered a ‘shh’ only to be wrapped around the waist in a shaking hug as Isaac buried his face in Stiles’ stomach. Stiles was surprised, but it didn’t stop his other arm, the one not stroking Isaac’s hair, from falling around his shoulders, from rubbing soothing circles on his back.

Derek and Scott were getting louder, and as far as first meetings go, this one deserved to be flushed down a toilet for all the crap it was filled with.

Stiles was angry, he realized. So angry he was shaking, and all along he had thought Isaac had been shaking. Maybe they both were, he couldn’t tell.

He looked to the other wolves still sitting down. Jackson’s expression had moved to an apparent unfazed stare, but Stiles could tell he was uncomfortable. Erica and Boyd looked distressed, fearful, but all three of them had scooted closer to Isaac and Stiles while Scott and Derek began circling each other, growling like they were no better than actual animals.

Stiles voice was quiet, firm, filled with ice when he spoke, “Both of you stop it now, or I swear to God.” He didn’t finish the threat, and he felt Isaac flinch against his stomach. He rubbed another firm, soothing circle on his back.

“You are no better than animals.” They stopped circling each other and stood up straight, staring at Stiles, both clearly angered.

“First pack meeting and you already reduced yourselves to fighting. I appreciate the effort Scott, but there was no need to take it so far. Derek, fucking check yourself because this is ridiculous. You think you’re showing control right now? Think you’re providing a great model as an alpha?” Stiles took a breath and spit out the rest of his thoughts. “I can’t believe either of you. Look at your pack. Look at how you’re effecting them. And why is that? Because one measly human who does. not. matter. couldn’t fucking pay attention because his adderal prescription ran out.”

Derek looked stunned. And angry. Stiles knew why; no one talked to Derek like that. He knew he was in for it when Derek stormed toward him, eyes still bright red, body shaking with anger.

“Get. Out.”

Stiles tipped his head up defiantly, not looking away from Derek’s glare even though he knew the wolf inside was looking for submission.

No. Not this time. This was unacceptable.

He didn’t look down, he knew the wolf would view that as winning. Instead, he removed Isaac’s arms from around his waist, pulled him up by his arms, gestured to the rest of the pack to follow him. They did so willingly, anything to get away from Derek going insane.

“Unacceptable, man. Find us when you learn some control.”

He knew he was testing fate when he left, he’d been rude to the alpha and regardless of the control Derek had, he didn’t expect the wolf to stand for it, but he turned and left without backing down.

He was only a human.

He also knew that being in the pack wouldn’t last long judging by tonight.
Derek came by later that night, with a look that literally said ‘tail between the legs.’ Everyone had left besides Isaac, who remained behind. His home was with Derek, but he wasn’t going back there yet. Derek sat in the computer chair and rolled over to the bed, Stiles watched him, then put his finger to his lips to indicate Derek be quiet.

He’d seen it happen before, he felt this coming on, and Isaac began thrashing about moments later, crying out and whimpering, tears leaking through closed lids, sweat forming. Stiles held him closer, soft murmurs of ‘shhh’ and ‘you’re fine, you’re here, he’s gone’ falling instinctively out of his lips. He looked up at Derek’s guilt stricken face. This Derek understood, it was a trigger. He’d experienced it enough himself years ago, after the house had first burnt down. Sometimes he still experienced them.

“Why don’t you wake him up?” Derek murmured.

“It doesn’t work. Even if he’s pulled out of sleep, he still experiences the flashback. It’s painful for him, it lasts at least fifteen minutes every time. He usually knows when it’s going to happen, too. Those are the nights he comes here.” Stiles shakes his head sadly. “He doesn’t want to disturb you.”

He held Isaac a little closer, like his dad did after Stiles mom died, close enough to feel him there, but not too close as to constrict.

Eventually, the thrashing stopped but the whimpers remained. At this point Stiles woke him up, his eyes flashed open and he cried out again, sobs wracking his body. It was violent, painful to watch. More painful to live.

Isaac, though close to Stiles already, launched himself closer, burying his head in Stiles chest as the sobs evened out, and became dry, pained heaves.

“They’ve never been this bad, Derek.”

He nodded, slid under the covers next to Stiles, Isaac sandwiched between them. “I’m sorry,” he murmured, hand cupping Stiles face. He didn’t say what for, he didn’t elaborate, but he had said it.

Isaac eventually quieted, still turned into Stiles tear soaked shirt. Derek’s hand rested on Stiles cheek, his arm thrown over Isaac as the three of them fell asleep.

Present

The parking lot was nearly empty when Stiles got out of school, having lost track of time in the library. The beastiary rarely left his side these days, and being a three-thousand page account of creatures and outside sources and ancient text that needed decoding...well. It was taking a while to get through to say the least.

As he was pulling his keys out of his pocket he heard the footsteps behind him, and he guessed who it was seconds before they reached him.

“Going off to meet with Derek?”

Stiles ignores him, continues walking, keeps his back straight. He is not a victim.
“He’s going to get rid of you eventually. You’re too young, too inexperienced. He has no use for you.”

Stiles turned a bit, and that’s where he made his mistake. “Ah, see. You know it’s true. You know your time together is limited. And you know you’re a worthless piece of shit.” The silence that enshrouded them was think and ugly. “You don’t need me to tell you that, huh?”

September, 2011

The first time Derek kissed him, there was no conversation about age, it wasn’t in a fit of rage, it wasn’t a sneak attack where he’d caught Derek at the wrong time, and it wasn’t when they were in life-threatening condition.

The sun was high in the sky, midday, and they were sitting on the porch, Stiles leaning back comfortably between Derek’s legs. The physical acts of affection between the two of them had been more and more frequent over the past few months, ever since the first pack meeting; less wall-slamming and more shoulder-patting. Stiles had made it his business to go and help with the renovations the entire summer, and certainly hadn’t stopped once school had started up again. It was still hot out, the beginning of September always is, and Stiles went inside to get iced tea for them.

He offered up the iced tea, and kissed Derek on the cheek before returning to sit between his legs. As soon as he sat down, he froze. Derek was tense behind him, and after a moment Stiles flailed uncontrollably, his iced tea working as a fountain from inside the cup, getting his clothes wet, completely drenching him. He turned around to face Derek.

“I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to do that, it was just instinct, I didn’t even realize it was happening it won’t happen again I’m sorry I didn’t mean to make you uncomfortable I didn’t even know what was happening I just did it oh my god I’m so stupid you’re going to kill me. Or kick me out. Oh god how am I so stupid what am I oh god wh-” he was cut off by Derek’s lips on his.

Soft, sure, firm. Push and pull, nipping and tugging, and before Stiles can even respond they’re gone.

“It’s fine.” Derek says, brusque as always. Stiles takes a moment to process things before launching himself at Derek, a mess of limbs and enthusiasm.

He felt Derek smile against his lips as he was pulled up onto the porch.

Standing together in the sunshine, iced tea forgotten, leisurely kissing each other, the scratch of Derek’s stubble a pleasant ache, the push of a tongue sending tingles down his spine, Stiles knew he wanted more.

What surprised him the most was that Derek did, too.

Eventually it became frantic, Derek’s hands running up and down his back, pulling on his ass, thrusting into each other.

“Upstairs,” Derek panted, licked the shell of his ear, grazed the lobe with his teeth.
Stiles could only moan in response, as Derek lifted him, pulling them flush against each other, Derek burying his head in Stiles’ neck.

He felt Derek nuzzling, but before too long it turned to tongue and teeth and sucking, and that’s going to leave a mark. It should irritate Stiles, worry him a little, but instead it just makes him feel even more intoxicated.

Minutes later found them on Derek’s bed, panting roughly as clothes are discarded more quickly than Stiles had ever imagined possible.

Mouths met with a clash of lips and saliva and teeth, in the best way possible. Stiles moves to Derek’s neck, mapping out a trail to his chest with his tongue, taking a nipple between his lips. Derek whimpered and he can feel the vibration against his mouth and Stiles is sure its the best sound he’s ever experienced and oh my god Derek is shuddering beneath him, he bites softly at the nipple and Derek releases a growl that only serves to make Stiles even more erratic, a hard, sweet friction forming with his thrusts.

He pulls Stiles head back up, kissing him between the breath he’s desperately trying to suck in. Derek’s head returned to Stiles throat, breath hot, sticky, wet, and began a trail of kisses downward.

“You-

A kiss to the sternum.

“Have-”

Down his chest.

“No idea-”

His stomach.

“How long-”

The hair above his cock and oh god is that Derek’s tongue is he-

“I’ve wanted-”

The tip of his cock and ohmygod is this really happening is Derek really going to-

“You-

The Stiles is enveloped in warm, slick heat and he doesn’t think he’s ever felt anything so blissful, but then Derek swirls his tongue and Stiles releases a noise he had no idea he could make. His hands twist in the sheets, move to grope for purchase, a solid anchor through this bliss, they find the headboard, but that’s not nearly as pleasing as Derek’s shoulders, where they decide to grab on with surprising force as he tries not to come before it’s even begun.

As Derek’s head moves up and down his length, Derek lets out these little grunts that are the most erotic things Stiles has ever heard, it pushes him that much closer to the edge.

Derek pulls off with an obscene pop, licks the vein underneath, mouths at his balls.

Stiles groans in response, and Derek encases the tip of his cock in that wet heat again, and Stiles is too close, too close, but Derek sees this and growls out a no, but Stiles is helpless to this and attempts to thrust back into Derek’s mouth.
Derek pulls back and reaches to the bed stand, pulling out the draw and searching for something and it finally clicks that Derek really wants to fuck him, properly fuck him, and oh god is that the click of a cap and suddenly Derek is back up and kissing him, it’s not soft but its still reassuring.

“We don’t have to if you don’t want to, but...”

“Yes, now do it,” Stiles gasps out, still seeking friction to ease some of the pressure building within him. “Please.”

Derek is back down in a flash, tonguing at his hole and Stiles can’t see what’s happening but he can definitely feel it, and he feels every single inch of skin pressed against Derek and his legs are over Derek’s shoulders and he can’t help pressing down on the pressure against his hole, moaning loudly.

Stiles collapses on the bed, writhing, panting beneath him as Derek’s tongue is unrelenting against his hole.

“Derek,” Stiles releases on a moan, “Derek...something...just...” he babbles incoherently, but Derek seems to understand what he needs.

The cap of the lube is all Stiles hears, aside from Derek’s panting, before he feels the pressure of Derek’s finger reaching inside him and he can feel his nerve endings going off as Derek releases a moan that sounds like it’s been ripped from him.

“Stiles.”

He begins thrusting gently, until Stiles demands, “More. Come on Derek, give me more,” between gasps of pleasure.

Two fingers, thrusting, sizzoring until he feels-

Sparks of light cloud his vision as Derek finds the bundle of nerves within him, and he gives a sharp yelp, he feels Derek’s smile against the inside of his thigh.

“Derek, enough, Derek, Derek, Derek...”

Moans meld together, and soon they are soundless as Stiles is met with the most gratifyingly intense pleasure he has ever felt; Derek’s fingers within him, Derek’s mouth around him, Derek’s smell clinging to him.

He moves up Stiles’ body, Derek lifts his legs to rest around his hips as he pushes the lube into Stiles hand.

Stiles squeezes the tube, and applies the lube to Derek’s length, pulsing in his hand and he wonders how it will fit, can’t bring himself to care. It doesn’t matter if it splits him apart, Derek’s cock needs to be in him now.

And then it is, and Stiles can’t even breathe, he’s never felt this good, this full, this connected to a person, and he can feel everything Derek does...or doesn’t.

“Derek,” Stiles moans helplessly, “for fucks sake, move god damn it.”

“Tight...warm,” Derek sounds wrecked. “Trying not to come...” he pants out.

Stiles clenches around him, testing out the feeling, and it’s blissful, and Derek let’s out a whimper and finally, finally, he’s moving, thrusting quickly; this won’t last much longer but that’s just fine
with Stiles as he’s not sure he can handle much more pleasure without combusting.

Stiles can hear his own moans getting more high pitched as Derek’s thrusts become more erratic, deeper, hitting that spot inside of Stiles as he reaches between them to pull on Stiles’ erection, Stiles leaning forward to kiss him as he does.

“Tell me when you’re-”

“Now,” Stiles moans out as he comes over Derek’s hand, Derek thrusts up into him once more, and he feels a pleasant stretch against his hole before something moves past it to settle inside, and he can feel Derek coming inside of him, and it’s beautiful.

Stiles falls limp against Derek, remaining that way for a while until he realizes that they’re still connected, Derek’s still within him and he’s surprised by how much he enjoys the feeling.

He tries to move away, but Derek growls softly, “It’ll hurt you if you try,” he murmurs. “I’m sorry...I was just caught up and I forgot.”

“What is it?” Stiles has an idea, though.

“It’s my knot,” and Derek kisses his neck again, and Stiles could really care less if they remained connected for hours. Stiles could care less about wolf anatomy; it had ceased to phase him a while ago.

“It’s fine.” Derek pulls his head back a bit to stare at him before pulling him close again, holding him tightly, tuck his head into Stiles neck again.

This time when Derek says Stiles name, he sounds beyond wrecked, and Stiles can’t help but feel pleased. Stiles held on tight until Derek softened and was able to pull out.

Derek left the bed and Stiles felt a brief moment of disappointment, of course he wouldn’t stay; why should he?

But Derek must’ve been able to smell it in the air, or just tell with whatever wolf powers he had and mumbled, “I’m just going to get something to clean up with.”

When he was back and finished cleaning them up, he curled around Stiles and they drifted off together.

The next day was a pack meeting, and Stiles hadn’t bothered going home. When the pack got there, they knew what had happened, had all smiled at Stiles tired eyes and the marks down on his throat, his rumpled hair, raised their eyebrows at Derek’s self satisfied smirk.

Maybe that smirk wasn’t as quirky or adorable as he originally thought, but the smirk of a sexual conquest.

Present
“It doesn’t matter whether its temporary or not,” Stiles says quietly, even though he knows, he knows he doesn’t mean the words coming out of his mouth. “It doesn’t matter whether he loves me or not, all that matters is that I’m happy, he’s happy. For now, that’s enough.”

Except it isn’t.

October, 2011

“Come on, let me have Derek, buddy,” Stiles kept murmuring, caressing the wolf’s ears and neck. The wolf was a mess, fur matted with blood and deep gashes running down his side, the fur on his paws and some on his head burned right off. Stiles threw an arm around the wolf’s middle, burying his face in the [surprisingly soft] fur above his shoulder blades. “Come on. You’re okay, you’re safe now. You’re with pack, I’ve got you man,” he attempted to soothe.

He doesn’t know how long it took, but eventually Derek began changing back, and Stiles briefly considered letting go, but then just held on tighter.

When the skin beneath him stopped trembling and lost a significant amount of hair, sighed in frustration, and began to mumble awkward apologies [awkward because since when does Derek even apologize anyway] Stiles helped him stand up, and together they began the ascent into the house, up to his room. He set Derek down on the bed, and surveyed the damage the wolf had wrought. There was blood all over Derek, everywhere. He was riddled with cuts and welts that were fading before his eyes, as well as a few deeper gashes along his sides, perforations following his jawline, down his neck, across his chest, not to mention he was naked as the day he was born, and he wasn’t sure but Derek looked like he was about to vomit. He was covered in dirt, and whoa, where did that soot come from and OHMYGOD ARE THOSE BURN MARKS OH GOD.

Derek shakes his head, “Stiles. Shut up.”

Oh. So he had said that out loud, that’s cool too.

“What the hell happened?”

“Some of Kate’s friends were in town, they decided to pay a visit to the house. You’d think they’d get tired of burning down the same place...the same person every time.” He sighed and looked away from Stiles, “Vengeance is such a tired concept.”

“Derek,” Stiles takes his chin, forces Derek to meet his eyes. “I know this doesn’t help, but you’ve learned that lesson. They haven’t yet.”

“I know,” Derek attempts to growl, but he’s worn and tired; it comes out half assed. “That doesn’t make it okay, though.”

Stiles nodded in agreement, but Derek was looking away now. He’s slightly amazed that his throat is still intact after that comment, but he doesn’t dwell on it too long.

He knows it isn’t okay. This is so far from okay that Stiles doesn’t even see okay within a fifty mile radius of here, and he’s worried about the hunters finding Derek here and he’s happy that Derek made it out alive, but he’s not well enough to fend off attacks right now, and Stiles has a feeling that he’s supposed to protect him right now. It’s not like he can call any of the other wolf’s out tonight, not with hunters around. Although...he wonders if Derek killed them.
He’s disappointed in himself that he wants this to be the case.

Jackson probably wouldn’t come, he only attended pack meetings to stop Derek from ripping his face off. Stiles knows for a fact, however, that he certainly loves the cuddling that transpires after each meeting. He doesn’t want to risk Isaac or Scott getting hurt, and to be honest, whenever anyone gets hurt Isaac seems fine and in control, but later on...the nightmares have him screaming out in the night; screaming against his father, screaming for anyone to come help. It’s painful to watch, at least for Stiles. This is why in the past few months, after fights or anything trigger-worthy Isaac spends the night with Stiles.

Stiles knows Derek tries, he knows Derek has an understanding with the wolves; cuddling is always permitted, comfort is always given. He’s just not always good with his words; he knows how to show Isaac comfort, but he doesn’t know how to tell him it’s okay.

He cleans Derek up, rinsing the blood off and taking care of the burns and cuts, and Derek whimpers slightly at the antiseptic, flinches at the burn cream. Stiles helps him into bed, slowly, so slowly, and he lifts the covers, beckoning Stiles over.

“I’ll be right back,” Stiles promised; eliciting another one of those whimpers from Derek.

He runs around the house, looking for his phone, and it takes him longer to find it than he’d hoped. His dad picks up before the second ring, “Stiles, I’m kind of busy right now, what do you need?”

“What now?” His dad sounds irritated. Stiles imagines he’s tired of dealing with the property and its plethora of issues.

“There was another fire, Derek’s in pretty bad shape. Before you ask,” Stiles talks over his dad, “no I didn’t go over there, he came here. I have no idea what it looks like or how bad it is.”

“Wasn’t he beginning to...”

“Yes.”

“That sucks.” His dad releases a drawn out sigh, “I’ll get over there, just...be careful, Stiles.”

He heads back upstairs and slides into bed next to Derek, noticing how some of the injuries are taking a bit longer to heal.

“Why is it taking so long?”

“’s too many...might take ‘nother hour,” Derek mutters sleepily as he wraps himself around Stiles.

“All of your work,” Stiles murmurs softly, stroking a hand through Derek’s hair, “all of your renovations.”

“At least no one died this time,” he mumbles, pulling Stiles a little closer as he says this. “We can always start again.”

Stiles thinks maybe he read more into the ‘we’ than there actually was.
Present

After Stiles went home and took care of his chores and his dad, he set out for the Hale house. When he pulled up, Derek was nowhere in sight, which was normal. He never came out to meet Stiles, seemed to prefer Stiles going in to find him.

Maybe he just didn’t want Stiles there, but he was stuck with an un-Derek bout of attempting to be polite. Stiles thoughts began spiraling out of control as he steps inside.

What if he doesn’t want me here?

What if he does want me here, but not as long as I’d like?

Why does he want me here?

Why would he want someone who can barely take care of his own dad, all of his relationships are shit, how could he even maintain this one?

Why would he even want a stupid, awkward teenager with attention span issues and an Adderal addiction when he could have anyone, literally anyone?

Stiles stomach is knotting up inside, his throat feels constricted, the world is getting a bit blurry, and oh, god, he remembers this feeling. It’s the kind of feeling that comes before a panic attack. He backs up into the closest wall and slides down, wrapping his arms around his legs and drawing them up, breathing deeply, his eyes shut in an attempt to focus on anything, everything, the blackness now in front of him.

He doesn’t know how long it takes, but eventually he realizes that the wall behind him is not a wall, but Derek is wrapped around him from behind, legs creating a diamond on the bed, arms encircling his stomach, head buried in his neck, all the while muttering reassurances, that the floor is not a floor, but a bed that Derek must have carried him to, and they were in the master bedroom.

“Stiles, Stiles, shhhh, Stiles, stop. Why would you think that? How could you think-” he broke off, clearly upset with him.

Oh god, that whole brain to mouth filter? He needs to get it cleaned. Or replaced entirely.

“Derek...its okay, its not your fault.”

He lifts his head and Stiles turns to look at him.

“I just...I don’t think I can keep doing this, man. Like, I only just realized it today, and this is the worst I’ve ever felt. I love you, but I can’t stay and keep letting that grow when I know it’s not reciprocated. It just...its literally an ache in my chest. I can’t-”

Derek looked wrecked, a shocked expression painting his face, then an annoyed glare. This glare, though, this one was different. This wasn’t a glare, this was worry.

“Not recip- Stiles. Stiles no,” Derek was shaking his head, as close to panicked as Stiles had ever seen him but he couldn’t understand, couldn’t process...
“You don’t...just because I’m not...I don’t say...that doesn’t mean... My words, they don’t...I just
don’t have them. Stiles, you have to know that... I love you. I know I never say it, I just thought you
knew...you’re my mate, surely you must have realized that. I don’t see how...” Derek’s voice was
cut off by the press of lips as Stiles turned and pushed him down onto the bed.

“My wolf submits to you, it doesn’t do that to just anyone, Stiles,” he says from between licks to
Stiles neck. He’s gotten used to this, he knows its Derek scenting him, warning off others. Not that
there’s anyone to warn off. Derek shakes his head, “I never thought it would do that. Ever.”

“I’ve never seen it submit to me,” Stiles says, narrowing his eyes.

“It doesn’t rip your throat out when you contradict it. And it would let you...” Derek trails off, staring
at Stiles. “Take control. It wouldn’t mind. I think it... I would even like it, Stiles.”

Stiles mouth becomes the Sahara desert rather quickly after that.

“Are you saying...”

“Yes.” Stiles shakes his head, flailing around a bit as he shouts, “Well then why the hell haven’t we
done that yet!”

“We never talked about it, you always seemed like you wanted to be penetrated.”

Stiles feels blood rushing downwards at the thought. “I usually do. But I never thought you
wanted...” He looks anywhere but at Derek. “It’s always the smaller dude who gets fucked, though!”
He covers his mouth with his hands as to prevent any more unbidden words from escaping.

Derek actually chuckles, though.

“Yeah, in porn.”

Stiles sighs, and after that it’s quiet for quite some time, Derek continues to scent him and Stiles sits
there lost in thought.

“I want to do that,” he says quietly, and Stiles looks down at him.

“You do?”

“Yeah. I mean, I know you do, too. But it’s just... I’ve never done it that way. The wolf, even when I
was a beta, never wanted that, wouldn’t allow it. And you always seem to enjoy it...”

“I want to, too.”

They share a meaningful look before Derek’s eyes flash red and he pulls Stiles on top of him.

“Do it.”

Stiles breath catches in his throat as he kisses Derek once more, moving downward, mouthing at
Derek’s nipples, the shirt adding rough friction. Derek writhes beneath him, moaning as Stiles moves
to the other.

Soon they’re both shirtless, and Stiles is mouthing a trail down to Derek’s zipper. He palmed at the
bulge before sliding the zipper down, pulling his pants off altogether, licks down the vein on the
underside, down to mouth gently at his balls, then down even further, always downward. When his
tongue first hits Derek’s hole Derek seizes up, a warning hand on Stiles’ head to slow down, wait a moment. He understands, the wolf will have trouble.

But it will submit in the end.

When the hand on his head relaxes, Stiles pushes his tongue firmly against Derek’s hole, pushing past the ring of muscle, and the moan Derek lets out is as delicious as Derek’s scent, just as oppressive against his senses.

Nothing exists outside of this moment but them, the fact that Derek is letting him do this, the fact that he is the alpha’s mate. Him.

“Stiles,” Derek moaned, lost already, “more.”

Stiles moves one of his hands up the expanse of Derek’s thigh, rippling muscle underneath, sweat pooling and allowing it to glide easily. Stiles moves back up, reaches over and takes the lube from the dresser by the bed and nuzzles the inside of Derek’s thigh as he readies his fingers.

He pushes against Derek’s hole, the ring of muscle tense until Stiles adds a bit more pressure, letting it loosen as it’s massaged, granting him access. He starts lapping at the head of Derek’s cock as he slides one finger in, and god is it tight.

Tight, hot, and pulling his finger further in. He hums around Derek’s length, thinking that just moments from now he will be encased in this, this heat and moisture and

That’s Derek, pulling at his hair, telling him more, for the love of god Stiles more. And who is Stiles to deny Derek?

He slides in a second finger, beginning to thrust, and there it is, Stiles finds the bundle of nerves and Derek yelps, hands tightening in Stiles hair, a moan spilling out of his lips as Stiles massages his fingers against that spot.

“Stiles...now,“ Derek cries out, and slides off of Derek because Stiles doesn’t need to be told twice.

He applies some lube to his own cock and moments later he’s pushing at Derek’s hole and Derek’s eyes are flashing red and Derek’s face is completely wrecked as he slides into Derek, and right now, everything is Derek.

Stiles can’t believe this is happening, he is inside Derek, and Derek is clenching at him as if to bring him in even deeper and god if that isn’t just the damnedest thing, so of course he slides in as deeply as possible, pulling Derek closer, circling his hips and hitting Derek’s prostate, making him cry out. Derek reaches between them and starts stroking himself, and Stiles starts a slow rhythm of thrusting into Derek, one hand on his hip and the other swatting Derek’s hand away from his cock, taking over there, stroking hard and fast because he know’s he’s not going to last long.

Stiles is focussed on pounding into Derek’s prostate, and he does this with every thrust, making Derek cry out and he hopes that he’s causing as much pleasure as he’s being given because this?

This is a gift.

“Oh god,” Derek cries out, Stiles name following but breaking off into a pant, and Derek is moaning his release moments later.

Stiles realizes he’s said that out loud.
The heat clenching, spasming around Stiles is too much to bear, and he follows Derek over the edge, Derek’s name on his lips before he collapses on Derek’s chest, Derek’s legs falling limp from his hips onto the bed.

Stiles slides out of Derek, and Derek moans with a mixture of loss and overstimulation.

Between labored gasps Derek finds a way to communicate, “I’ve never felt-”

“I know,” Stiles says, cutting him off with a chaste kiss, wrapping his arms around Derek with a soft, “I love you.”

Derek meets his eyes, and takes Stiles’ chin in his hands. “I love you. Don’t doubt that again.”

“Stiles...why did that happen?” Derek asks much later, after they’d woken up the next morning, frowning as usual. Stiles knew it was his worried frown. He also knew that Derek didn’t mean the sex.

“I just didn’t know...I mean I knew that you cared to some extent otherwise we wouldn’t have had sex and I know that you love me, I knew that before it’s just that kid said some stuff and I couldn’t stop thinking and I panicked I thought I took everything for granted and it started freaking me out and I didn’t know what to do I mean I know I’m awesome everyone knows that it’s just I was worried that maybe my awesome wasn’t enough and it wasn’t worth more than what was wrong with me and I never even bothered to question your feelings before because I was so absorbed in my own and what was going on with the pack and all that other shit and everything was perfect so i had no reason to think about-”

“Stiles,” Derek murmurs, “take a breath.”

Stiles gasps air in, realizing that he needs to stop talking. Permanently.

“You can’t just not love your mate, Stiles. It doesn’t work that way.” And as an afterthought, “Who was ‘that kid?’”

“Just some kid from school. he followed me around after you dropped me off spouting bullshit.” Stiles rolls his eyes, but he should have known Derek could tell he was still upset about it.

“What did he say?”

“Nothing.”

“Stiles,” Derek growls, still laying beneath Stiles.

“He said I was worthless. He made it a point to make sure I knew that you should be with someone less...”

“Stiles.” Derek’s eyes flashed red, his voice sounding both frustrated and panicked, small undertones that would easily be mistakable as simply anger.

“Relax. I know.”

Derek nodded at him, reaching his patience limit for emotional conversation for the time being, and Stiles rolled off of him and snuggled into his side, Derek rolling over and spooning behind him
June, 2012

Future

Standing here, with his family all together, Stiles feels the happiest he’s been since his mom passed away. His mate next to him, and their pack across form them, they never thought a year ago that a pack meeting would be so congenial.

They stopped being meetings, though, after the third or fourth one, and turned into bonding experiences, as Stiles likes to call them. Derek always rolls his eyes at the term, but Stiles can tell he’s thrilled.

Stiles still sometimes worries about his place in the pack, how feeble it may turn out to be, but Derek is always there to reassure him that wolves mate for life. He’s always there to let him know that it’s not actually Scott who’s his right hand.

It’s Stiles.

His partner.

His mate.

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