Summary

Stiles knows where he stands in the pack, and he's not afraid of Derek.

Notes

I picked up a notebook for a Teen Wolf fic and also got Frontline and a toy for my dog...it lead to this

Unbeta'd and I don't own the characters, the actors, or Teen Wolf, if I did things would be a touch different for them...and me.

Stiles couldn't get the day's earlier conversation out of his head, he kept replaying it over-and-over again. Derek had been so sincere and vulnerable, it was almost awkward after and Stiles needed to fix that. ASAP. He threw a pack of black undershirts in the cart. Once again going over what Derek had said,

"Stiles, I need you to be safe. When you are in danger I can't focus on anything but you, it puts the entire pack at risk. We are the front line, we are the first line of defense. You are vital, you keep us informed, you do the research, and you bring us together, we need you to be safe." Derek's voice nearly broke, his eyes kept shifting between the Stiles and the wall behind him. "So um, please, don't go out tonight."

"Yeah, um, okay. I'm sorry D, I really didn't...I'll stay wherever you leave me. I promise."

Stiles began wandering back to the front of the store, his list completed (3 shirts for after tonight's fight, check; 3 lounge pants for after tonight's fight, check; snacks/drinks, check; new gadget to
entertain him while everyone else fought in tonight's fight, check) when he passed the pet aisle, being a fan of animals, and knowing that the animal clinic was always looking for new toys and blankets for strays, he decided to peruse the aisle. Stiles grabbed a few toys (stuffing free!) and couldn't resist getting a few fuzzy blankets, there was a litter of 5 puppies that had been dropped off earlier that week and he just knew they would love to cuddle into the blankets. Just before he got to the treats section he saw it, "FRONTLINE® Plus for Dogs - Flea, Tick, and Chewing Lice Treatment" Stiles couldn't stop the laughter from bubbling out. He threw a pack in the cart, chortling the whole way to the register.

Scott called as he got to his jeep and he pretty much forgot about his purchase while he was trying to calm Scott down. Allison was totally not doing anything inappropriate with their math teacher, she smelled like him because she is his student aid and how dumb was Scott anyway? This distraction meant that when he announced his return to the Hale Mansion and made Derek help him unload his car and put everything away he wasn't the one who pulled out the Frontline...which he had intentionally thrown in with Derek's shirts and pants. In fact, he didn't remember it at all until he was being crowded against the wall by a less than amused Derek.

"Flea medication, Stiles! Do you think that's funny?!" Derek growled, voice low and warm, doing more to excite Stiles than intimidate him.

"It's flea prevention ointment, D! Fleas are really bad this year, and you know you're gonna wolf out, I'm just trying to prevent an outbreak, ya know, you've just finished getting the house together, it is really hard to get rid of fleas once there is an...invasion?" Stiles squirmed against Derek, trying to either stimulate and distract or escape.

"Stiles, this is not what I meant when I said that we were the front line and you need to stay safe." Derek's voice dropped, Alpha leeching out, giving extreme significance to each word.

Stiles, human that he was felt the pull to show his throat, to submit, to say, "yes, I understand" with his body. He decided to go with it, Derek responded in earnest, licking along his throat, scent marking him, and leaving a bruise before stepping back to finish putting sodas in fridge.

"Okay. Yup. Whatever you want." Stiles gasped for breath, slumping against the wall, and pouting. "Um, how much time do we have before the pack comes over? I think, maybe, you should make it clear how unfunny you found my little joke." Stiles teased, eyes locking with Derek's before he took off for the stairs, his mate laughing just behind him.

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