Summary

This is the story of how they grew up and eventually grew together after they won

Notes

As always, kudos comments and criticism are most welcome.

I know this fandom loves their virgin!Stiles (don't we all) but it just didn't fit this story. Please don't lynch me for that :)

I'm assuming this fits somewhere in season 1-2, but haven't watched further than Scott smirking self-satisfied after handing Allison a pen (I'd say that's about 10 minutes of the first episode), so any and all OOC-ness is due to that.

See the end of the work for more notes
The worst thing about Stiles’ room is the ever lingering smell of Stiles and come, it’s a smell that infiltrate his nostrils and once it reaches his brain he completely shuts down and is only just capable of holding the wolf back from taking, taking, taking. It’s a comforting smell, knowing that even post demons and alphas and what not Stiles is still doing what almost every teenager does, proving that even for the boy who runs with wolves there’s still a little normality left to be had, and Derek himself wants so badly to hole up in here, curled around the boy in the bed while wrapping himself in the scent of home and safety. Of course he doesn’t, because he can’t, doesn’t deserve this, so he simply stands there in Stiles’ bedroom, a silent guard trying to keep the nightmares at bay, before silently slipping out the window right before sunrise and curious neighbors being able to see anything from their windows.

He trains the pack, tries to teach them what his mother taught him, the legacy they’re part of. It’s difficult though, it brings back the painful memories of before and there’s so much he doesn’t know or barely remembers, and he can feel Scott’s mistrust, Isaac’s jitteriness, and he doesn’t know how to mend them, how to make them trust him, how to trust them, and every night finds him back in Stiles’ room, pondering his difficulties while watching the sleeping boy, who surprisingly seems calmer when he’s here, than he sounds before and after he enters or leaves by the window. He doesn’t want to think too hard about this, so he spends the night counting the moles on the parts of Stiles’ body he can see for the covers and his pajamas.

He’s surprised it has taken Scott this long - almost ten months - but when he sees the beta almost jumping out of Stiles’ moving jeep he knows that Scott is on to him. He lets the beta knock him to the ground and he takes every hit and kick coming his way, until it suddenly stops and he can hear angry shouts and then gentle hands are on his face, arms, torso, carefully examining him for injuries, which is hilarious since he’s the alpha, and will heal a lot quicker than his betas, and he should say all this, but no words leave his mouth, he simply stares as Stiles’ expression becomes more worried but his hands, those long fingered, graceful hands remain calm and soothing, There’s a loud disbelieving scoff from behind them and he moves his eyes and locks gaze with Scott. The beta looks as if somebody has hit him with a brick as he seems to realize something, and within seconds he’s kneeling behind Stiles, but to the side, shoulders slumping and neck bared in silent submission and finally Derek stands - noticing the smell of relief coming from Stiles - leveling a hard stare on Scott before he turns and walks towards his house. It amuses him to no end when he can hear Stiles berating the beta informing him never to pull stupid stunts like that and basically be very, very happy that his (Derek can’t make out the next few words) alpha didn’t decide to kill Scott. Derek would never, but he’s not sure whether or not it would be wise to let Stiles know that.

They come to a silent understanding, Derek keeps spending his nights in Stiles’ room and Scott never breathes a word about it. He does however, disobeying beta that he is, start to drag Stiles with him for pack meetings. It drives Derek crazy to constantly be surrounded by the sweet scent of Stiles, and having it blend in with the rest of the pack, not to mention his own, is borderline painful. But Derek is nothing if not some kind of masochist so instead of telling Scott to stop bringing the useless (though he really isn’t) human along, instead he demands that both Lydia and Allison start attending the meetings too. The huntress is wary at first whereas Lydia simply sits somewhere and does whatever the likes of high school queens do, but over time they both start training with the pack, Stiles watching from the sidelines sometimes yelling encouragements or advice to the others. Without Derek noticing his fridge and freezer begin to fill with food and when the pack is together more often than not an enticing smell of cooking mingles with the comforting scent of pack and Stiles will make them eat vegetables before he even deigns to bring out whatever meat he’s prepared that day. Without being asked or ordered the pack always cleans up after and it’s amazing how many kitchen
utensils Derek owns and how Stiles manages to use every single one of them even when he’s just making spaghetti. But they grow closer as a pack, and Derek will take it as the gift it is, and leave it at this.

It’s something of a public secret that Derek’s rather well off, thanks to Laura he’s even richer than anybody suspects, and because he has a lot to atone for he has set up college funds for every member of his pack. Obviously some, like Lydia and Jackson, most likely won’t need it, while others (and if Derek ever feels like being honest with himself it’s all for Stiles) will need it, because scholarships only gets you so far. He decides to broach the subject of college one evening, when the pack’s exhausted first with training then with cleaning, and now they’re simply lounging in Derek’s furniture while Stiles and Isaac argues over which movie to watch - nobody may ever believe it, but they both prefer romance, but Isaac is a teenage girl at heart and Stiles more like a 40ish year old woman suffering from empty nest syndrome, so there’s a lot to argue over - but he still notices how both boys stiffen for a second before returning to their argument. Lydia and Jackson have already chosen and Lydia has made sure both their college funds are in their names, well beyond any kind of parental control. Boyd and Erica are going together, though only Erica plans on attending college, Boyd wants to try his luck as a policeman. Allison is undecided but figures she may as well go and Scott wants to go to vet school, but, and you wouldn’t need enhanced senses to see the sadness pouring off of him, his mom can’t afford it and he doesn’t have good enough grades for a scholarship. Derek nods and smiles at all of them before he simply tells them that if they do well in this final part of their high school years and if they want to apply for college and end up getting in, he’s willing to pay their educational expenses, within reason of course. He doesn’t think he has ever heard his pack be this quiet, before they all erupt in cheers and questions, before Allison asks, timid, a quiver in her voice “even me?”, and Derek looks as if that’s the most offensive question he has ever been asked, before his face smooths over and he smiles at her “every last one of you. Even Danny, though he’s not pack yet.” And then he looks at Stiles and it’s as if the sun went up in his living room, Stiles’ smile is that bright, and he can feel the wolf preen and yip in delight even as Derek himself watches in amusement as Stiles snatches the movie from Isaac’s hand and puts it in the dvd-player before the curly haired boy even notices.

It’s hard having the pack scattered all around. They text him on a daily basis and sometimes they even call him.

The first time they’re back from college - it was Derek’s only demand, that they would come back when they had a holiday, then they could stay weekends and prolonged weekends to party or study to their hearts’ content, but holidays belonged to him, family and pack - Stiles had walked in through Derek’s front door with a lap top in one hand and the other dragging Danny, handing Danny the computer, hollering at somebody outside and at the sight of Scott and Jackson carrying a heavy wooden desk, murderous expressions on their faces almost had Derek rolling on the floor in helpless laughter, but he managed to contain his mirth and simply smile as Stiles ordered the betas about until the furniture was placed to his satisfaction, then he patted their backs, promised to make it up to them in an hour or so and waving his hand at Danny who promptly sat the laptop down and started to fiddle with it. Stiles disappeared into the kitchen and the betas flopped down on the couch, sighing and moaning as if they had had to carry the desk for miles and miles rather than the maybe 10 feet from the car to the door. Derek decided not to question anything and went to the kitchen to watch what Stiles was doing. As always an endless stream of words were falling from Stiles’ lips, how he demanded Derek skyped with him, which at least explained Danny and the laptop, how great it was being on his own, even though he missed the pack and his dad every day, and how he thought they should all have some kind of Christmas dinner together as a pack, possibly with a few select parents if everybody would be okay with that. Stiles talked about the weather and how he stubbed his toe when he wanted to get out of class fast one day, how he worried about his dad and Melissa and even Derek when he wasn’t around to take care of them. It made something inside Derek melt, and he swore to keep an eye on the two, if for nothing else then to ease Stiles’ worries a
bit. It’s a nice week, having them all back, but it makes it all the sadder when they’re gone again. Being the ones left behind Derek, the sheriff and Mrs. McCall starts spending some of their spare time together, something that should be weird and disturbing and yet it feels natural and Derek’s wolf is the most calm it has been in years when he helps the sheriff with Mrs. McCall’s garden while she operates the grill - the sheriff is good, but Scott’s mother works magic grilling steaks - and after, when they’re eating, cleaning, relaxing. It reminds him of how things used to be, but in a way that makes him happy rather than hurt. He thinks it comes as a surprise to no one when he ends up as a deputy at the sheriff’s department.

Derek doesn’t count days until he gets his pack home, instead he counts holidays, and by now the third Christmas is only a few weeks away. He has the day off, planning to buy presents for the pack, the sheriff, Melissa - somewhere between fixing her roof and eating her food she insisted he called her by her first name, and somewhere between getting acquainted with all her kitchen utensils and falling asleep on her couch (bloody witches) he had begun that - and a few of the other deputies he’s on friendly terms with. Which is why the phone wakes him at ten, a frantic Stiles on the other end. Derek is not a morning person, normally surviving on copious amounts of coffee and sheer will power, so Stiles’ ramblings are a little too much for him to handle, and failing to get a word in he simply growls at the phone. It makes Stiles laugh, because of course you laugh when an alpha werewolf growls at you, take in a deep breath and start all over again.

“So, remember the guy I told you about during summer?” Stiles begins, and Derek hums something that Stiles can interpret as he wishes. He goes for agreement and continues, “was thinking of asking him to come with me home, but wanted to check if you’d be okay with that.”

And Derek definitely has not gotten enough coffee into his system to deal with this, but he can’t disappoint Stiles, and within seconds he has given the younger green light to invite whoever, and to please remember clearing that with the sheriff and Melissa, seeing as they will be doing the actual cooking on Christmas. Stiles regales him with a few tales from his day to day life, talks about nothing and ends with how much he misses being home, before hanging up with a promise of calling his dad. Derek spends the day as he had planned, but feels a little beside himself without being able to figure out why.

The worried, half pitying looks he gets the next morning from the sheriff hits him like a train and he leaves the station right then. The sheriff doesn’t even yell at him when he shows up four hours late for his shift, by then all traces of tears are long gone and Derek has come to terms with his new reality.

Christmas is a little awkward, though Derek is sure he’s the only one who feels it, but this Adam guy that Stiles has dragged along is friendly and polite, and he gets along with the pack. Derek stays as much away from him as he possibly can, though he tries not to make it obvious. He doesn’t know whether to be relieved or sad when they all take off again right after new year’s.

The first one back is Scott, instantly employed by Deaton and Derek is thrilled to have a pack member back in town. Seeing as Allison has decided to visit family in France Scott has a lot of free time he spends with his mother and subsequently with Derek. The result is the beginning of a friendship as equals rather than alpha and beta. Scott has grown these few years away, and Derek is surprised to find he likes this new Scott, who seems to actually think things through before he acts. They talk about the past and it helps his wounded pride when Scott admits to have been wrong during the whole Gerard affair. When Allison returns Derek invites them to a welcome home dinner at a nice restaurant, and he regrets not doing it sooner, finally letting go of all the resentment he feels towards the Argent-name.

It’s less than a year when Isaac, Jackson, Boyd and Erica gets back, they all look happy and Derek doesn’t even think before he’s hugging them all, but before he can worry about it they all hug back. Not since Laura was alive has he felt this happy and he leads them all to his car driving off towards his home, where they all have rooms waiting for them, as long as needed.
Things continue as before, but there’s this feeling as if something’s missing, and Derek has to be patient, knowing that soon his pack will be complete again.

- Lydia has told them when she gets home, but Derek feels her crossing their borders three days earlier, and he breathes a little easier when she heads straight for Jackson’s, and when he brings her to the pack meeting the day after Derek acts just as surprised as the betas are. Lydia smirks, happy that she can still fool a pack of wolves and Derek pays for dinner as a way of congratulating her. Later when the betas are out running in the forest she hugs him, squeezes him tight, assuring him all will end well, before she orders him to run with his pack.

When they get back at dawn she has cleaned their mess from dinner, and is sound asleep on the couch, her favorite movie playing on the tv. Jackson carries her to bed and his other betas yawns and go to their own rooms too. Derek takes in a deep breath, enjoying the renewed smells of his pack, hoping Stiles and Danny will be back soon before he, too, goes to sleep.

- Having the whole pack finally together is kind of anti-climactic. Derek had expected loudness and explosions, and instead what he gets is the quiet satisfied feeling of rightness that pleases both his human and wolf. Stiles, as the rest of the pack, hasn’t changed at all, and yet he (and they) are so different from what they used to be. Derek has no idea how it happened but Stiles is hired as the new high school chemistry teacher, and every time he complains about a student Scott will ruffle his hair and tell him to “lighten up, Harris, don’t waste time in detention for petty things like that”, and they all laugh at Stiles’ pout before he jumps his friend, and they play wrestle as the toddlers they still are. Derek still spends time with the sheriff and Melissa and he can’t help feeling proud every time he sees Stiles watching him, the small, pleased smiles on his lips when Derek and the sheriff yell at the stupid referees or groans when movies get police work all wrong. The only thing to put a dent in Derek’s happiness is the fact that Stiles brought Adam with him, and by now they’re talking about moving in together. He valiantly soldiers on, because when does he not, and though nobody has told Adam anything yet they try to include him as much as they can, and even Derek tries, and he can see Stiles notices and it makes Stiles smell happy though his eyes are wistful.

- Because Melissa finally managed to get through his thick skull Derek has been seeing a therapist for the last few years, and though he has never before told the man about the epiphany he had that Christmas Stiles brought Adam back the first time, he does it now, telling him everything - because he managed to (unsuspectingly he might add) walk into the only office in the state employing a skin walker - and when the guy, seriousness written all over his face, suggests maybe Derek should start dating too, all he does is promise to think it over. It takes a while, after all he hasn’t really dated since Paige and there haven’t been anyone since Braeden, but one day he finds himself informing the therapist that the next time somebody asks he will agree, after all to start dating is one thing, but being the active part in that equation a whole other that he just doesn’t think he’s ready for. It’s this new resolution that makes him agree when the pack and Adam tries to convince him to join the yearly cook out the town holds.

Now, Derek can cook (yes, boiling an egg counts as cooking, thank you) but grilling? No, there are reasons he happily lets Melissa and the sheriff do that, and it doesn’t all have to do with his issues regarding fire, so when he’s placed in front of a giant grill by some little old lady who thrusts a pair of tongs at him and orders him not to let anything burn, he can’t help the complete look of terror on his face. Desperately he searches for anybody he knows to come help him, but they all seem to be deep in conversations with each other or strangers and nobody seems to understand the trouble he’s in, until a small hand takes the tongs from his slack hand and an amused voice says “Mrs. Jones won’t be pleased if you manage to burn her prime steaks, so consider this an official rescue mission”, he looks down and is met with clear, blue eyes, shining with laughter but with a dash of concern, before the voice continues “not to say you can’t be trusted with steaks of course, you just looked like a man who worried if the meat was still alive and might hit you with these tongs.” And he can’t help it, it’s so absurd, he’s a 6 ft. tall alpha who could probably bench press a truck (he might have, he
was bored), and yet here he is, being saved by some petite girl who seems smaller than even Lydia, and he bursts into a loud laugh, that just keeps on and on, and the sight of her rising an eyebrow makes him laugh even harder, before he almost sobs with it, and he can’t breathe, but he can see how she begins to look insecure, and he reaches out a hand to place on her arm, shaking his head and trying to get himself back under control, and then he surprises himself and the woman and the pack behind him when he says “good thing you’re here to save me, then.” And her smile might not be as brilliant as Stiles’, but it’s for him, not because she wants something from him, but because he genuinely amused her, and he feels himself smiling back at her, while he senses the pack retreating as if they were never there.

It’s easy after that, Tori is fun and easy and they laugh more than Derek has ever laughed before. He even tells her a few select high lights from his life - the fire, meeting his friends, getting better - and she tells of hers - the car crash that took her father, the man who conned her sister, her dogs, that time she was a dealer in Vegas - and before he notices they’ve been together for a year, and still he hasn’t told her about werewolves or pack or anything. It makes him jittery and worried, he talks with Melissa, the sheriff and the therapist all telling him to go with his gut feeling. It’s good advice, problem is his gut tells him that it’s Stiles he should be telling these things, not Tori. In the end it doesn’t matter as Tori gets offered a job that would require her to travel a lot. Derek can’t - won’t - leave Beacon Hills, and he knows himself well enough that he wouldn’t enjoy the constant traveling anyway so they part ways amicably, and then he finds himself on Melissa’s couch, crying his eyes out, while Melissa gently rocks him, whispering calming things in his ears, and Derek finally lets go of Paige.

One would think they had planned it, and Derek certainly wouldn’t put it past them that they had, but Lydia, Erica and Allison all announces their pregnancies at the same time. The whole pack spends the weekend together, eating, talking, watching movies and playing stupid games together, and then Stiles decides they should all go buy stuff for the new babies, “after all, Derek’s paying” he says with a wink, and off they go, buying cribs and diapers, mobiles, clothes and what not. In the end they all end up paying for the things and they all decide that it should be stored at Derek’s for the time being until all the new nurseries has been painted and papered and aired and cleaned. Derek’s thrilled with the way his pack acts these days, all looking after the girls (though he’d never say that out loud, he prefers his balls attached to his body) and helping the couples settle. Lydia and Allison both want to go to the hospital when the time comes, but Erica seem to be more wolf the further along she gets and keeps talking about woods and dens, until she notices the fright in Boyd’s eyes and she smiles at him and promises to go to the hospital with the others. Getting four new pack members (Lydia alternates between threatening to kill Jackson and Derek for not telling her of that risk) almost at once is wonderful, and since he’s the alpha he orders (begs) the entire pack to move in with him for the first few months. It gives him a chance to bond with the new borns, especially the wolves, and it gives everybody an opportunity to cuddle both babies and mothers. To everybody’s surprise the first to snap is Allison, all through the pregnancy she’s the one who seemed to change the least, no weird cravings, no kicking Scott to the proverbial dog house or on midnight runs, no screaming, crying or anything really out of the ordinary - well, there was the time with the oranges, but the less said about that the better - as she screams at Danny to “get the fuck out of here, before I put an arrow to your knee”, and then five minutes later she storms from the house, leaving a confused Scott holding a crying baby and Danny looking partly scared and partly amused. It brings both Lydia and Erica from their rooms, they take one look at the ones gathered, look at each other, nods, turns back into their rooms and five minutes later they’re leaving too, though without threats or door slamming. Derek’s grateful.

Derek has no idea how it happened but one day between Allison screaming and the first baby shifting Stiles shows up without Adam. When they ask he simply shrugs, claiming that the guy wasn’t ready for babies let alone the big furry secret and though Derek can smell he’s a little sad there’s also something else he can’t put his finger on. The next time he sees Stiles the younger has bags under his eyes and he looks tired.
He had forgotten this smell, the concentrated scent of purely Stiles though the smell of come is far less dominant than it was all those years ago when he first did this. He had heard Stiles’ pained whimpers long before he could even see the Stilinski-residence (Stiles moved back home after the break, figuring out what to do now he had said), but the instant Derek opens the window the sounds stop and all he can hear is the relaxed breathing of Stiles sleeping. Derek simply stands there sometimes counting the moles on Stiles’ body sometimes with his eyes closed, thinking about things that were and how they got here. He’s so deep in though he never notices when Stiles wakes - already not used to sharing his nights with another - but when he sees Derek (the shadows shaped like Derek) he turns around and is instantly asleep again. As always Derek leaves before sunrise and when Stiles wakes again he wonders if it was all a dream.

It goes on forever but this time it’s not Scott who figures it out, but the sheriff and that man is infinitely more scary than Scott has ever been, but instead of being angry the man just offers Derek a beer before he starts telling the story of how he met Claudia. It’s somewhere towards her father almost knocking his daughter’s suitor out with whiskey and Claudia herself ripping her dress because Stiles didn’t get his clumsiness from strangers that Derek finally realizes he has the sheriff’s blessing if he wants to ask Stiles out. It makes him smile and thank the man before they let themselves be absorbed by the tv.

Life goes on like always, though so very different, and Derek finds himself smiling and laughing more with each day that passes. Sometimes he catches himself watching Stiles during their pack meetings or sitting on the sheriff’s couch or at Melissa’s dinner table and at those times he almost opens his mouth to ask Stiles out, but somehow it never really feels like the right time, so he doesn’t. He dates occasionally but it never lasts long enough that he ever considers telling them the secrets of the supernatural, and he finds himself being okay with the way things are. He’s still horribly jealous when he can smell another person all over Stiles, but the younger doesn’t bring anybody around the pack and never asks if he can tell their secrets to another, and Derek learns to come to terms with the fact that he’s allowed to be jealous of these faceless people, but he’s not allowed to make it strain the friendship he has with Stiles, when he himself won’t make a move yet.

One morning when he gets home from watching Stiles sleep he’s met by Lydia. She grabs his arm and spins him around, walking him towards the forest. It’s July and despite the earliness it’s warm outside and Derek is tired and just wants a few hours of sleep before the heat becomes unbearable. He has learned, as they all have, that when Lydia doesn’t talk they just have to follow her lead. She takes him to the small lake in the middle of the preserve where they sometimes go swimming - where they had all gone swimming when Derek himself was little - and he can’t help the weary look he shoots Lydia when he sees it.

“Make a move, Derek, or let him go,” she tells him, her hand still resting on his arm her eyes warm and her smile a little sad around the edges. He startles, doesn’t know how to answer that and in the end she apparently takes pity on him.

“We want you to be happy, and I get why you haven’t done anything before, but you have to, you’re hurting the both of you with this indecision. A week, Derek. A move or let him go.” And then she stands on her tip toes, kisses him gently on the cheek and walks back to the house, leaving him with his own thoughts and the sounds of the forest around him.

He falls asleep by that lake, dreaming of his family, his mother’s calm reassurances, Laura’s teasing smile, Peter’s snarky jabs that made him laugh, and then he dreams of the pack and when he wakes he focuses on all those bonds, picking Stiles’ is the easiest and then he purposefully starts walking. As often before Stiles is in his kitchen, peeling potatoes and laughing at something Isaac is saying, but his laughter dies when he sees Derek - who probably scowls likes the murderer Stiles once accused him of being - but remnants of it still dances in his eyes, even as he swallows nervously, and Derek opens his mouth to speak, but nothing comes out and he looks desperately at Stiles, before simply surging forward capturing Stiles’ mouth in a kiss. It’s not perfect, their noses are in the way and there’s too much teeth, but Stiles taste exactly as sweet as he smells, and it calms Derek enough
to pull back and with a deep breath asking: “Will you go out with me?”
How Stiles does it he has no idea, but it’s as if he smiles with his whole body as he simply nods
before he leans in to rest his head on Derek’s chest, both their arms coming up to circle each other’s
waists.

End Notes

When all's said and done I hope you enjoyed reading this, I definately enjoyed writing.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!