Stars in His Eyes
by honorarystar

Summary

“License and registration, please.”

“He was kidding,” Derek interjects, “He’s just being an idiot.”

Stiles resents that.

“You too, please,” The officer addresses Derek.

“What? You’re gonna arrest me for sarcasm?”

And that’s how they ended up in jail.

Notes

this is actually based on season 5 episode 20 of Bones bc i needed to see stiles and derek in jail together bye

See the end of the work for more notes.

Stiles and Derek were on their way back to Beacon Hills after a less than successful search for a fairy that had tried to kidnap Danny. It was a whole thing and the pack had a good lead that turned out dry, so they were back to square one, after an hour long car ride in the Jeep. An hour long car ride. With Derek. Stiles did not spend time alone with Derek. Not for the lack of trying, but because
Derek had decided years ago that “it was for the best” for them to avoid spending time together. Stiles tried calling bullshit but he eventually gave up, which Derek must have been counting on. Bullshit.

“Stiles,” Derek huffed. All huffy and annoyed. “You’re swerving. Where did you learn to drive?”

Stiles rolled his eyes. His driving was fine. Derek was just being extra grumpy because Scott made him go on this trip with Stiles. Plus Stiles was distracted. By thoughts. And feelings. That might regard a certain werewolf that is currently filling his Jeep with the smell of cologne and leather, and damn it Stiles should be as annoyed about spending time with Derek as Derek is about spending time with Stiles.

“Stiles, would you look at the road? I don’t want to die on a trip that wasn’t even supposed to be dangerous in the first place,” Derek muttered the last part rather passive aggressively.

“Please, you would not die. You would get a few scratches and walk away from my ruined body,” Stiles saw Derek frown out of the corner of his eye. Good. “And would you stop being a back seat driver? Everything is cool.”

And that’s when police lights started flashing right behind them.

“Oh that is not cool,” Stiles says, looking in his rearview mirror.

“Shit, I didn’t even see him there. Pullover,” Derek orders, but Stiles thinks it’s kind of a polite command so he lets it slide. “I’ll do my charming thing.”

Never mind, Stiles can’t let this slide. Derek is ridiculous and infuriating.

“Listen, it’s fine, I know how to talk to the police,” Stiles tried to sound placating. It’s not like he’s ever gotten a ticket anywhere in Beacon County, every cop knows him and just calls his dad on the rare occasion that he’s ever been pulled over.

Derek was probably rolling his eyes.

The officer approached Stiles window and she didn’t look too terribly happy. Not good.

“Good evening, sir, I observed you crossing the double yellow. How much have you had to drink today?”

“Um, none?” Man, she was the no-nonsense kind of cop. So the kind of cop that doesn’t like Stiles. Like Scott’s dad.

“Excuse me, ma’am,” Derek leans closer to Stiles and smiles at the officer the same way that he smiled at the officer in the police station to “distract” her. That was, like, three years ago and Stiles still hasn’t forgotten what Derek looks like when he’s flirting. Fuck. “I really do like a woman in uniform who really loves her job,” Stiles thinks Derek just winked. Did he just fucking wink at this cop? “So, uh, neither one of us has had anything to drink, no.”

Stiles had been staring at Derek with his mouth open and a look in his eyes that meant he thought Derek was an alien. Honestly, what the fuck.

“Thanks,” Miss No-nonsense wasn’t even a little impressed. Stiles holds back a snort. “But I’m afraid I need the driver to respond.”

Stiles looked exasperated and starts nodding vigorously when he says, “Yeah, yeah I’ve had several
martinis and some absinthe and a barrel of mead.”

“License and registration, please.”

“He was kidding,” Derek interjects, “He’s just being an idiot.”

Stiles resents that.

“You too, please,” The officer addresses Derek.

“What? You’re gonna arrest me for sarcasm?”

And that’s how they ended up in jail.

“So, Officer, have we cleared this up?” Stiles called out at the cop through the bars of their cell. The only cell in this very tiny police station. That apparently had approximately one officer. It was just their luck that they would get arrested in the smallest town in California.

“I’m afraid not. Now the problem is that Mr. Hale here is a criminal. I found an outstanding bench warrant on you, young man,” Officer Shelley informed them.

“What?” Is all Stiles can say in response. But he does manage to look at Derek with a shocked expression on his face.

“For what?” Derek asks, like it was laughable.

“Defying a notice to appear on a speeding charge.”

“Oh, well, that’s… I didn’t speed,” Derek so helpfully points out. Stiles thought this was unbelievable. Not so much that Derek was speeding, but that he was caught speeding. What kind of werewolf gets caught speeding?

“But you did defy a bench warrant, which is worse than speeding,” The officer shrugs. “And Mr. Stilinski, you have a warrant for escaping police custody for a freedom of information protest 3 years ago.”

Derek turns his smug looking face to raise his eyebrows at Stiles, who is pointedly looking at the ceiling.

“What?” Stiles shrugged, finally looking down, “The people have a right to know.”

“But not the right to run away,” The cop smiles. Probably for the first time.


“It’s not up to me,” Shelley raises her hands up, “I can’t let you go until the judge rules on your warrants.”

“Well when will that be?” Stiles steps closer to the bars again.

“When everyone shows up. In the meantime, I suggest the two of you make the best of things. The best you can,” She smiles a little before walking away with their files tucked under her arm.
They were both leaning against the bars of the cell with their arms crossed.

“Speeding?” Stiles asks with an implied “really?” at the end. You would think that a werewolf would be able to avoid getting pulled over for traffic violations, but apparently his flirting/distraction techniques aren’t always reliable.

“Don’t you dare,” Derek shakes his head, glaring (just a little) at his cell mate.

They eventually get to make a phone call and Stiles is surprised that Officer Shelley just hands them Derek’s cell phone through the bars. Small town cops are incredible, Stiles thinks.

They do the logical thing and call Scott. Of course. And Derek doesn’t even let Stiles hold the phone.

“It’s ringing,” Derek says.

Stiles, pacing right next to him, says, “Just tell him to go get my dad or Parrish, and they’ll get us out.”

“Derek?” Scott answers, probably on speaker phone judging by his too loud voice. He was never good with speaker phones, Stiles recalls fondly.

“And Stiles. Help,” Stiles shoves his face at Derek and the phone in his hand to make sure he’s heard.

“Where are you?” Scott asks.

“We’ve all been waiting for you guys to get back, what happened?” They hear Allison ask.

“We’re in Berryville, just outside of Beacon County. We’re, um, in jail,” Stiles was as close as possible to Derek, leaning on his shoulder with one hand, in order to hear the other end of the call.

“Why are you in jail?” Scott asks, and at least he sounds worried. Stiles is going to hug him if they ever get out of here.

Derek pushes Stiles face away with the palm of his hand and says, “Well, it goes a little like this,” Derek starts in a voice that’s already a little too sassy, “Stiles got pulled over for driving like an old lady and—”

Stiles grabs onto Derek’s shoulder with both hands so he can get closer to the phone, “Yeah and Derek had an outstanding bench warrant!”

“You have a warrant, too,” Derek growls, “We’re stuck here until the judge shows up to set our bail and who knows when that’s going to be.”

Derek sounded like they had been here for years. It probably felt like it since it’s just him and Stiles.

“Oh, okay! Also, also!” Stiles grabs the phones out of Derek’s hand, “Tell Isaac to go to my house and get all of the junk food away from my dad because if I am not there he will eat all of it and he will die,” Stiles gives Derek a thumbs up to say “mission accomplished.”
“Yeah, okay,” This time it’s Lydia’s voice and then a click to tell them that she had hung up.

Derek and Stiles smile at each other triumphantly before Stiles passes the phone back through the bars to Officer Shelley.

“Well,” Stiles says cockily, “I’m afraid we’ll have to check out a little early. Hope that’s okay.” Stiles basically felt like “:)

“This is the hardest bench I have ever sat on in my life,” Derek complains. If Stiles were still sixteen he might have made a comment about something else hard Derek can sit on. But Stiles is an adult. And he is mature. So he will just think it to himself.

“Sat on? Slept on.” Sure they hadn’t been there more than a few hours, but Stiles will take a nap any chance he gets.

“My shoulders are killing me.”

“Tell me about it,” Stiles answers as he sits up on the bench across from Derek. He looks up and Derek is attempting to rub the knots (dear God) out of his own neck and Stiles gets an idea. A bad idea.

“C’mere,” Stiles waves his hand to beckon Derek over to his bench.

“Why?” Derek grimaces as he bends his neck a weird way.

“I’ll give you a little rub. You know. Work out the kinks.” Holy fucking Christ did you just say those words out loud. But he had. Derek had to be giving him a look that would probably make Stiles burst into flame. And not in a good way.

When Stiles actually works up the nerve to look at him, Derek was looking at him more with an “I will crush you” expression on his face, so. Familiar territory and all that.

Stiles tilts his head skeptically and asks, “Are you really that mad at me that you don’t want a little massage?”

“Oh okay,” Derek surrenders, “Only because I’m too tired and my muscles aren’t healing as quickly as they should be.” Oh yeah. Stiles forgot that werewolves don’t get sore. Sure Derek’s not as powerful as he used to be, and he sure as hell doesn’t rest as much as he should, but damn it, Stiles could be the one getting massages right now if Derek took care of himself properly.

Derek walks over and straddles the bench to sit in front of Stiles. Stiles stands with one foot on either side of the bench and starts kneading his palms into Derek’s shoulders.

And Derek starts making noises.

It starts out as really quiet, really tiny, just barely whimpers. But once Derek let one of those sounds out of his mouth, it’s like he can’t stop. He sounds like he was getting head for the first time, and holy shit don’t think about that. To be completely honest this was not fair to Stiles. He’s been wanting to hear Derek like this, to be the one to make Derek sound like this, since he was a teenager. Derek just sounds so soft and needy and fuck. Derek lets out a quiet, little sigh that makes Stiles have to bite his lip, and he really wants to bite Derek’s lip, and then this giant, fucking brick wall of a werewolf who is apparently an actual puppy, starts going, “Down, a little lower, oh, yes right there,
“God is a little formal. Stiles is fine,” Stiles manages to say this without sounding like he’s about to come in his pants, and if Derek doesn’t calm the fuck down he actually might.

“Harder, please, harder,” Derek moans and Stiles smiles like he just got won the lottery because he will never let Derek live this down.

“Looks to me like you two are doing just fine in here,” A voice says from behind them. That’s not just a voice. That’s a sheriff voice. That Stiles’ dad’s voice.

Derek and Stiles immediately stand up and move away from each other. And there is absolutely blushing happening. On both of them. Stiles feels proud for a second, but then he looks at his dad’s face and that feeling goes quickly away.

“Dad! Hey!” Stiles walks up to the cell bars with Derek standing right behind him, “So? You spring us?”

Sheriff Stilinski glances first at Stiles (who has wide, pleading eyes) and then at Derek (who is very interested in the floor of their jail cell) before turning to talk to Officer Shelley.

“These two aren’t exactly Bonnie and Clyde. Can’t you let them go?”

“Not until the judge gets here,” The officer shakes her head.

“Don’t you think you’re being…a little…rigid?” The sheriff has that face on that he uses when he’s trying to be delicate with someone. Stiles always thought it made him look constipated.

“You are a law enforcement professional, are you not, sir?” Officer Shelley asks respectfully, leading the sheriff off to the side by the elbow.

Stiles presses himself against the bars, and looks at Derek, nodding hopefully.

“Yes, but—”

“Then you know that the law can’t be twisted to our will or chaos will ensue. I mean, where does it end? Today a seemingly minor bench warrant, tomorrow we look over another piece of paper and a murderer goes free.”

The sheriff looks at her with wide eyes and says, “Wow. You are, like, the last upright person in America.”

Shelley shrugs and answers, “Well I wouldn’t say that. But I am a good cop. And I love the law.”

“That’s very impressive, Officer,” The sheriff nods, turning back to the boys in the cell.

“Oh my God she’s getting to him,” Stiles says under his breath, with his face pressed against the bars. Derek looks equally stricken.

“I’m sure the judge will be coming soon,” Sheriff nods at them sympathetically.

“You’re joking, right?” Derek looks at the sheriff in disbelief.

“I’m sorry, it was like arguing with one of the founding fathers,” He whispers, “We’ll talk later, okay?” He smiles and starts to leave.
“What? No!” Derek and Stiles both start calling after him

“I’m your son!” Stiles yells, clinging to the bars of their cell and all he gets in return was a cheerful
“See you guys later,” from the sheriff.

“Oh, close, but now I’m up eighteen cents,” Derek holds another penny out for Stiles.

They had started a game using a paper cup and all the change they could find where the goal is… literally just to throw coins into the cup. It’s not complicated. But that’s not stopping Stiles from losing. Apparently Derek’s muscles can get sore from sleeping on a hard bench, but he can still use werewolf powers to win at stupid jail games.

“For now.” Stiles takes aim and throws the penny in an arc straight into the cup. “Oh, yes!”

“Nice,” Derek smiles a little reluctantly.

“Only seventeen,” Stiles grins at Derek sitting next to him on the dirty floor of the cell. It really wasn’t any more comfortable than the benches. Stiles can’t help but look at Derek a little too long and a little too fondly. He tries to make himself stop being sappy by asking, “Can’t you just bust our way out of here? You know, tear off the cell door and just run out of here all wolfy.”

“I try not to make a habit of vandalizing police stations anymore,” Derek has mirth in his eyes, but doesn’t look up. “Plus, you watch movies, you know if I did that they’d start a man hunt for me and we’d have to live a life on the run from the law.”

“More exciting than chasing fairies half way across the state,” Stiles mutters to the dirt below them.

There’s a moment of silence that makes Stiles look up to see what Derek is doing. And it just so happens that Derek is staring at him with a face full of confusion and more than a little amusement.

“But do you realize what you just said?” When all that Stiles does is furrow his eyebrows, Derek continues with, “The kid who runs with werewolves, has been possessed by a demon, and hunts supernatural creatures every day, is bored with fairies.”

Stiles grins so wide it hurts his cheeks, which accurately reflects Derek’s own face. Derek is making fun of him. Derek is making a joke at Stiles’ expense. Derek Hale is making fun of Stiles in a teasing, happy, lighthearted way that makes Stiles’ heart flutter a little.

After they smile at each other just on the right side of too long, Stiles works up the nerve to ask, “Do you realize that we’ve never spent this much time together before?”

Derek furrows his own eyebrows and his smile turns into a soft line and Stiles lets his smile soften at the edges.

“That’s not true,” Derek shakes his head, “There was the time I was paralyzed and you held me up in a pool for a couple of hours. That time we were both paralyzed in the police station together. That other time those witches were chasing us and we had to hi—”

“Okay, Jesus, fine. We’ve never spent this much time together when our lives weren’t in danger and it didn’t have anything to do with anything supernatural,” Stiles rolls his eyes.

Derek looks like he’s contemplating this. As if he’s never realized how little time they spend in each
other’s presence, as if Derek doesn’t do it on purpose.

“This jail cell is still better than that cabin we hid in. It was like thirty degrees and there was no heat,” Derek started out that sentence sounding a little righteous, but by the end he must have remembered what Stiles remembers because the tips of his ears turn red.

They didn’t have any heat and they were forced to stay where they were for several hours. Derek was a werewolf, with a werewolf’s body temperature. Stiles was a human with a human’s inconvenient body temperature. It only made sense for them to…do what they did. Fuck it. They cuddled. They cuddled like their lives depended on it (and for Stiles, that’s not an exaggeration) and Stiles fucking loved it. But Derek doesn’t need to know that.

Stiles coughs a cough that’s meant to be manly and not awkward and agrees with a “Yep.” He pops the ‘P’ sound as he tosses another coin at the cup.

“Ha! I’m up thirty one cents now,” Stiles does a little (obnoxious) fist pump and stands up with Derek, who smiles a slightly mischievous smile.

Derek bends to pick up the paper cup to retrieve all of their coins and Stiles just stops. He looks at Derek like he has stars in his eyes, and honestly, he probably does. Derek is an ass and a dick and occasionally a shithead, but Stiles knows him, the real Derek. They’ve known each other for years, they’ve been through hell together and saved each other’s lives more times than most people can say. And any time they spend even a minute alone together, Stiles feels like he’s walking on clouds.

“This is so easy,” Stiles says a little softly. Derek stands up straight and locks eyes with Stiles, and if Stiles is right, he’s got some stars in his eyes as well. God, Stiles hopes he’s right.

“Well I hate to break it to you,” Derek grins his happy, teasing grin that is secretly Stiles’ favorite look on Derek’s face, “But I kind of stopped trying so you could win. Still a werewolf.”

“No, dickhead,” Stiles tilts his head a little in annoyance but mostly in wonder, “Not the game. This. Us. Just being with you is so easy. It always has been, for years, and you know it. So how come you never let me do anything about it?”

“You know why.” Derek wasn’t smiling anymore and Stiles wanted to yell at the sky for every moment in history that Derek Hale wasn’t happy enough to smile.

“What? When I was a teenager? News flash, Derek, I’m not a teenager anymore.” Stiles stepped closer, praying Derek wouldn’t take a step back, like he always did. “You stopped us from even talking to each other so long ago. You never even gave us a chance to try this!”

“Stiles,” Derek was still frowning that horrible frown, but at least now he was looking Stiles in the eyes, “I couldn’t let myself take away your life. You and Scott have both missed out on the lives that you could have led. I never had a choice. I was born this way and I’m fine with that, but you had it all taken away, I wasn’t going to make it worse! You were just a kid and you were almost getting killed on a weekly basis. So no matter how much I wanted to be with you, I wasn’t going to be selfish and take away whatever normalcy your childhood had left. You deserved better than that back then, and you deserve better than that now.”

Derek eyes were wild and more than a little scared. Stiles was just glad they were finally talking about this. Derek danced around the topic and the obvious feelings Stiles had for him for years. Stiles was still never convinced that those feelings weren’t reciprocated. Not with the way Derek looked at
him, not with the way Derek worried about him, and not with the way Derek couldn’t seem to stay away no matter what he said. This was years in the making and Stiles wasn’t waiting anymore.

“Derek, there is not a single thing that I would trade for a normal life. Especially not you. There’s nothing about my life that’s ever going to be normal again. I don’t have a choice anymore either and I’m fucking grateful for it, because the day my life stopped being normal and got a hell of a lot better, was the day I met you. Werewolf or not, supernatural bullshit included. We deserve each other and that makes my life so much better than anything you could possibly think I want.”

It looks like that confirmation, that honesty, is what Derek needed all these years and Stiles couldn’t empathize more. They both take that last step towards each other and Stiles closes the last bit of space that will ever be between them. He takes hold of Derek by the face, framing his jaw with his palms, his fingers in Derek’s hair, and kisses him. Their first kiss. The most perfect kiss Stiles has ever had or will ever have in his life. He feels Derek’s hands graze up his back, holding him gently, pushing the two of them impossibly closer. Derek tastes like sin and heaven and his lips were soft and his teeth bit hard. Stiles gives himself over and knows that this is it. This is what he had wanted years ago, and this is what he would still want years from now. And he knows that Derek feels the same way, just from the way Stiles could feel Derek’s fingers clinging to Stiles and just as Stiles was about to gasp at the feeling of Derek’s tongue against his lips, someone behind them says, “The judge is here.”

Stiles and Derek pull apart, however reluctantly. Stiles feels his blushing face smile, and he can’t stop if he wanted to. Which he doesn’t.

“The judge is a veterinarian,” Stiles points out, when he sees the familiar scrubs and lab coat that Dr. Deaton always wore, the only difference being the paw prints on the collar.

“It keeps me grounded,” The judge supplies graciously.

“It’s against the rules for prisoners to fraternize sexually while in custody,” Officer Shelley scolds them and Stiles can’t help but smile at Derek, who gives him a private, shy smile in return.

“Maybe give it a rest, huh, Shelley?” The judge smiles a little fondly at the police officer though. “Let’s get you two out of here.” She beams politely at Stiles and Derek and takes Officer Shelley out of the room to get the paperwork.

When they are out of sight, Stiles keeps smiling at Derek’s face that’s still just a little red and a lot happy. He takes Derek’s hand in his own and brushes his thumb across the knuckles simply because he can and no one is ever going to stop him.

“All right what I’m doing here is releasing you on your own recognizance,” The judge says when she comes back in the room.

“Oh, thank you,” Derek sounds relieved and excited to get out of there. Stiles feels a little strongly on the matter of being alone with Derek as well. Preferably near a bed.

“Yes, we will pay our fines and make our court appearances,” Stiles swears.

“I’m sure you will. Shelley will come after you if you don’t follow the letter of the law. Now let me notarize this stuff and get you on your way,” The judge takes everything into the main office to fill out, taking Shelley with her.

“Thank you,” Stiles calls after her. He then looks at Derek with a slightly suggestive smirk on his face and asks, “How long did she say she’d be gone?”
Derek looks away bashfully and Stiles thinks, *I am so fucking lucky.*

The next thing they know they’re standing hand-in-hand, facing each other, in the middle of the jail cell, but now they aren’t alone. Judge Arden and Officer Shelley have joined them.

“Dearly beloved’s,” The judge begins, “We’re gathered here today to join in holy wedded matrimony.”

Derek is smiling absolutely blissfully at Stiles. Stiles feels a little like giggling. Or maybe crying. It’s the fucking best feeling. A close second to the kissing Derek feeling.

The judge gets as far as, “Derek Lee Hale and Stiles Genim Stilinski,” and Stiles has to stop her.

“There’s, um, there’s one, uh, small problem,” Stiles says hesitantly.

“Please don’t change your mind,” Derek looks at Stiles like his world is hanging by a thread and Stiles’ heart breaks a lot.

“Oh, no, that’s not it,” Stiles reassures him. “It’s um,” Stiles looks back and forth between this jail cell of people and he admits, “That’s not my real name.”

“How bad could it be?” The judge asks.

“Yeah, well, my mom was sort of unique, and Polish, and other things, so, do you mind if I just whisper it to you?”

The judge nods obligingly and says, “That’ll work.”

“Thank you,” Derek sounds more than a little relieved, but not at all calm, but that’s understandable. They’re doing something ridiculous. And incredible.

When Stiles whispers into the judge’s ear, her face tries and fails to be composed because, yeah, Stiles’ name is more than a mouthful, but she continues, “We’re here to wed these two people. Vows?”

“Vows,” Derek repeats and it sounds like the equivalent of him saying ‘words’ very nervously. He’s not a man of many words, but any one word that Derek says means more than one hundred words coming from anyone else. “Stiles, or whatever your name is, I’m yours.”

And that crying thing that Stiles thought might happen? It might be happening. But who the hell cares honestly, when Derek Hale is standing in front of him vowing to him that *he’s mine* and he’s looking at Stiles like he hung the stars and moon in the sky, Stiles is allowed to fucking cry a little and Derek can too.

“Derek,” Stiles starts, “We’re gonna live together and love together and we’re gonna have so much fun and a little pain, but I promise I’ll hold you up when you need it and we’ll hide from the world when we need it, and we’re gonna live a life that’s gonna make other people just die of jealousy wishing they were us.”

Derek smiles in a way that Stiles hasn’t seen yet, it’s like his eyes are smiling more than any other part of his face and this smile might just be Stiles’ new favorite thing in the world.

“Do you have rings?” Arden asks.
“Yes,” Derek says when Stiles says, “Nah.”

“What? Where did you get those?” Stiles is just a little surprised when Derek pulls out two wedding bands from his back pocket. They’ve been in jail for two days? Where is Derek getting jewelry from?

“They were my parents’ wedding bands. I’ve kept them in my wallet since I was a teenager,” and Stiles knows what Derek means. He’s kept these two things, the only things he has left of his parents, close to him since the fire, and now he wants to share them with Stiles. Because they’re getting married.

“You may exchange the rings,” the judge smiles at them happily.

The bands aren’t a perfect fit, but neither are Derek and Stiles. They’ll still work no matter what.

Stiles smiles at Derek again and the tears have stopped but the giggling is definitely making a comeback and by the time the judge says, “By the power vested in me by the state of California, I now pronounce you wed. You may—” Derek has already pulled Stiles close and is kissing him for the second time ever and for the first time as a married couple, so she finishes with, “Do that.”

Officer Shelley starts throwing confetti around them, smiling with Arden. Stiles can feel Derek smiling and he can’t help but giggle against Derek’s lips and it’s amazing and Stiles can’t believe that he’s allowed to do this for the rest of this life.

When they get back to Beacon Hills they head straight for the Stilinski house because Stiles’ dad is probably the first person they should tell. After the waiter they told at that restaurant they stopped at on the way home, but that doesn’t count.

They walk through the front door, and the whole pack is sitting in the living room. All of them turn around when they hear the door open. Stiles thinks he’s gonna piss his pants because he’s trying so hard not to laugh and he’s going to lose it.

The sheriff asks first, “So how was jail?” and the look on his face obviously means he thinks it’s funny.

Stiles and Derek look at each other and then back at all of their friends and family.

Derek says, “We got married,” and holds up their entwined hands to show everyone the wedding bands and Stiles realizes quickly that he was right, he’s going to need to find a bathroom soon because the way everyone reacts is better than he could have imagined.

The sheriff is no longer amused and his face turns red and he’s lucky Stiles has been feeding him vegetables for years or he would probably be having a heart attack right now. He does yell, “That’s not what you do in jail!” at them though, so Stiles thinks he’ll be okay.

Scott looks like Stiles broke his heart when he says, “Without me?!”

Erica and Isaac and Boyd offer a similar reaction for Derek by saying, “Without us?!”

Stiles just smiles at Derek and Derek smiles back and Stiles think he could live in the galaxy that is the stars in Derek’s eyes.
End Notes

spoiler: the judge and cop are married and you bet your ass i named them after arden cho and shelley hennig
	his is the only time i will ever write anything to do with marriage it is not my thing but the "that's not my real name" line was begging for me

THIS WAS SUPPOSED TO BE 1000 WORDS HOW

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