Happy New Year!

by Laluna92

Summary

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Stiles double takes because he didn’t expect that question. He expected some form of a growl followed by a shut up. Stiles but not the genuine curiosity in Derek’s voice.
Stiles sighs and debates whether he should tell him the truth or just lie. He goes with the former. “I wanted a New Years kiss.”
When Derek doesn’t say anything in response he reluctantly looks at him. Derek’s eyebrows are furrowed and he simply asks, “Why?”
Stiles kicks at the rock on the pavement and shrugs, “Because everyone else has somebody who cares about them and wants to kiss them and I have no one.”
“Yes you do.”
(Or Stiles is determined to finally get kissed on New Years. He doesn’t expect it to be with Derek Hale.)

Notes

Happy New Year! Well almost ;) I hope you enjoy.
9:00 P.M. December 31st

“Come on, Derek.”

“No.”

“Pretty please? With a cherry on top?”

“I don’t like cherries.”

The back and forth has been going on for roughly fifteen minutes give or take, if you count the minutes that Scott silently pleaded to Derek with his round, watering puppy eyes while Derek remained stoic; an incredible feat Stiles notes, because whenever Scott turned those eyes on to him, he would melt under their gaze. It was like watching a Sarah McLaughlin commercial, the one where she sang about being in the arms of angels while wounded animals stared woefully into your soul through a television screen. Stiles couldn’t begin to count the number of times that commercial made him cry, no matter how many times he watched it.

The pack is in Derek’s place of residence, lounging around on the limited furniture in the living room while they listen to Scott beg Derek to let them go to The Jungle. The couch Stiles is laying on is not in the best condition and he’s pretty positive Derek went dumpster diving for it.

Erica is sitting on Boyd’s lap, closing her eyes and blowing impressive bubbles with her mint gum while Boyd is his usual calm self. Isaac, Allison and Lydia are watching Scott and Derek with immense interest as though they’re in the stands of the Colosseum back in the Ancient Roman Era, watching in entertainment by a man fighting an exotic animal to the death. Stiles may be over exaggerating slightly but he did just recently learn about it in History Class and he couldn’t help but imagine Derek in the uniform, fighting off a beast. Derek would definitely win. He would probably scare the animal with his eyebrows alone. Plus the whole he’s a Werewolf thing.

“I’ll wash your car for you.”

“You’re not going anywhere near my car.”

Stiles sighs loudly because this conversation is going absolutely nowhere and Stiles has places to be. He’s eighteen now and all he wants is to get his first New Years Eve kiss, okay? He’s not asking for much. Derek and Scott look at him as he stretches, the muscles in his back protesting at his movement. He gets up and grins, “We’re going.”

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Stiles shrugs and feigns disinterest, “If you don’t let us go I’ll tell everyone about what I found in your drawer.”

The others perk up in interest, especially Scott, but Derek looks terrified. “You wouldn’t,” he says, his voice wavering slightly at the possibility.

“I would,” he smiles with his teeth, his heartbeat pounding steadily with his honesty. There is no way Derek will refuse him now; he has him right where he wants him.

Derek’s eye twitches as he contemplates whether the humiliation is worth it. After a few moments he lets out a resigned breath and gives Stiles a dark look, “Fine.”

Scott fists bumps in the air and everyone else is talking animatedly, giving Stiles victory high fives.
Just as they are about to make their way out the door to the club, Derek uses his Alpha growl resulting in everyone stilling and showing their necks in submission. Even Stiles finds himself baring his neck. He doesn’t want to think about it too much.

“You all need to behave yourselves. If for any reason one of you loses control we’re leaving. End of discussion.” Derek has his arms crossed and he’s using a tone that Stiles is used to hearing from his father when he’s done something innately stupid.

Boyd is the only person in the room that doesn’t roll his eyes but they all let out a resounding yes, deciding that it’s better to just agree and then screw up later. Scott bumps shoulders with him and smirks, “You have got to tell me the blackmail you have on him.”

Stiles glances at Derek who’s giving him his murderous don’t-you-dare look and Stiles winks at him, “Sorry. My lips are sealed.”

Scott pouts but he gets over it as soon as Allison takes his hand and kisses his cheek. Stiles feels a pang in his chest at the sight but shakes it off. He will get a New Years kiss tonight, if it’s the last thing he does.

10:16 P.M.

They arrive at the club and Stiles couldn’t be more ecstatic to get out of the cramped car. The ride there was practically torture and if Stiles didn’t know any better, he would think Derek was the culprit. One of Derek’s conditions was that they all ride in the same car, that way he could keep an eye on them. Trying to fit seven people in a five person car wasn’t exactly safe so Derek cheerfully suggested that one of them ride in the trunk all while looking pointedly at Stiles. No one said a word, they just looked at him apologetically and that’s how he ended up in the trunk for a half hour. Stiles had been to the club before and he didn’t remember there being as many bumps in the road from the last time they drove there but he supposes that it’s Derek’s revenge for Stiles’ earlier threat against him. Which, Stiles can’t really blame the guy, what he found in his drawer was downright hysterical. He wouldn’t have guessed Derek was a Nicholas Sparks fan.

The line leading up to the doors is terrifyingly long and Stiles wonders idly if they’ll make it inside by midnight. There are about one hundred people ahead of them, making Stiles groan out in annoyance because he did not just risk his life to spend his New Years Eve in line. At this rate the only thing willing to kiss him is the wall plastered with Chris Hemsworth’s smiling face on a poster advertising his new movie and Stiles hasn’t sunken low enough to make out with a poster. Yet.

“Follow me to the front, everyone,” Erica has pulled down her skin tight dress showing off her impressive cleavage and she whips her hair, fluffing it to perfection. Stiles is in awe at the goddess in front of him and he blindly follows her to the front with the rest of the pack where two heavily muscled bouncers are glaring at anyone in their path. She pushes innocent bystanders to the side and gives the bouncers a coy smile, “Any chance we could get in?”

The one bouncer is moving his eyes over her form in appreciation but the other just scoffs and mutters about how she is so barking up the wrong tree. The leering one grins and moves the rope to the side, “Sure thing, sugar.”

Boyd’s expression hasn’t changed and Stiles figures it’s because he’s used to Erica’s antics, knowing that she only has eyes for him. The other bouncer shakes his head but when he catches sight of Derek the annoyed expression on his face is replaced with wonder, “And who is this?”

Derek looks uncomfortable at the attention and Stiles is reminded of the time he pretended Derek was his cousin Miguel. Good times.
Stiles finds himself grow angry at the way the bouncer is looking at Derek but he’s not sure why. Of course he’s noticed that Derek is attractive, anyone with two eyes can see that, but he’s never found himself jealous before.

Erica seems more than happy to answer his question, “That’s Derek. He’s also single.”

Derek frowns and glares at her as he says sharply, “Erica.”

The bouncer takes out a card with his name and number on it and slips it in Derek’s front pocket, making him stiffen at the contact, “Well, Derek, you can call me anytime,” he winks and removes the rope to let them through.

Derek just stares at him blankly and Stiles pushes him through the heavy set doors, discreetly taking the card and ripping it into tiny pieces.

11:05 P.M.

It’s fifty five minutes until midnight and Stiles is nowhere closer to getting his kiss. There are men and women alike roaming around the dance floor, grinding to the pumping music that vibrates through every cell in his body. It’s not what he expected because the last time he was here it was on a school night and there weren’t nearly as many people. Now it seems as though every person and their mother is at the club, the number of occupants in the club easily doubling since he’s been here. It smells like alcohol and body odor and he’s pretty positive that some people are having actual sex on the dance floor.

He found a couple of possible suitors but one of them gave him an apologetic smile and informed Stiles that he was taken and the other was a girl who told him how cute he was and then proceeded to throw up on his new Converse.

He makes the treacherous journey to the bar, wrestling with the crowd and getting several elbows to the face and a painful kick to the crotch on his way there. The bartenders look frazzled and he knows that he’ll be lucky to get so much as a passing glance from them. He tries to get their attention but fails miserably, glowering at the blonde man to his right who fishes out hundred dollar bills and orders dozens of drinks as he takes up their time.

When he does manage to get the bartender’s attention she just gives him one look and laughs, “Nice try. We don’t serve minors, hon.”

11:31 P.M.

He’s managed to dance with Isaac and Lydia for awhile before he thinks he’s going to die of thirst. He’s sweating profusely and he thanks his past self for remembering to put on deodorant. Allison managed to get a couple of shots for everyone, excluding Derek who is staring at them creepily from the corner, like usual.

He can feel the warm buzz thrum through his body and he laughs at the endorphin rush he gets when an attractive guy gives him sultry eyes. Stiles thinks he may have found his New Years kiss. The guy waves at him and he waves back, stumbling towards him before he realizes that the attractive guy was waving at the person behind him. He’s so glad he’s buzzed at the moment because if he wasn’t he knows for a fact that he would be mortified.

He looks towards Derek and finds him staring right at Stiles, ignoring the girls who are giggling and shouting at him that he’s the hottest specimen they’ve ever seen. The girls are starting to get bolder, sauntering up to Derek and placing their hands on his chest. The uneasiness of how Derek tries to
pull away makes something inside Stiles snap and he marches over, shoving his way through the girls and taking Derek’s hand. “There you are, babe. I’ve been looking everywhere for you.”

Derek’s eyes narrow at the pet name but when the girls back off muttering about how the good ones are always gay or taken, he relaxes. Derek looks pained at the words he forces out of his mouth, “Thank you.”

Stiles shrugs because it really wasn’t a big deal. “You’re Welcome, babe,” he lifts their grasped hands in front of him and Derek immediately pulls away, as if he didn’t realize they were still touching.

11:55 P.M.

Stiles has long since given up on his New Years kiss plan. He’s sitting sulkily outside on the step, glaring at the couples who are making out against the walls of the club. His buzz has long since worn off and all he’s left with is a pounding headache.

“There you are.”

Stiles yelps before he rolls his eyes, “You think I’d be used to you sneaking up on me.”

Derek sits beside him and just stares. Stiles is starting to get a complex with the way Derek is staring at him and he uses his humor to deflect, “I know I look gorgeous and all but that doesn’t mean you can stare at me like a creeper.”

Derek doesn’t laugh; he doesn’t even crack a smile. “Why are you sitting outside by yourself?”

Stiles double takes because he didn’t expect that question. He expected some form of a growl followed by a shut up, Stiles but not the genuine curiosity in Derek’s voice.

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“Yes you do.”

Stiles looks up at Derek to find that his face is only inches away from his own. Stiles swallows when Derek’s eyes travel from his eyes, to his nose, before finally settling on his lips. Stiles bites his lip, his voice hoarse, “What?”

Derek smiles, an honest to god smile and chuckles, “I wouldn’t mind kissing you.”

Wait, what? His mind is on overdrive because Derek Freaking Hale just admitted he wants to kiss him? Maybe he had more to drink than he originally thought.

Derek takes his silence as rejection and Stiles can see the walls coming back up from behind his eyes, “Or not.”

Stiles looks down at his phone which reads, 11:59 P.M. and jumps up, “Hurry up, we have one minute until midnight!”
The crowd is counting down around them and the anxious pit in Stiles’ stomach grows with each passing number. Derek is smirking at him and tugs him close, their bodies pressed tightly together.

Derek places his warm hands on Stiles’ hips while Stiles wraps his arms around Derek’s neck.

Stiles locks eyes with Derek.

“I can’t believe I get to kiss you,” Stiles says.

Derek rolls his eyes fondly and huffs out a breath, “Well, believe it.”

Their foreheads touch.

Derek’s warm breath mixes with his, the urge to kiss him growing stronger and Stiles doesn’t know if he can wait much longer.

The lights flicker around them and the crowd is screaming but it’s as if Derek and he are the only ones in the room.

“Stiles,” Derek whispers, the desperation in his own voice leaking through.

Stiles takes a deep breath and braces himself for what’s to come.

Derek closes the distance between them and brings their mouths together in a sweet kiss. He can hear people around him chanting Happy New Year but Stiles could care less because Derek is kissing him. He feels sparks where Derek’s lips are touching his and when Stiles thinks that Derek is going to pull back, he surprises him by deepening the kiss. Derek swipes his tongue across Stiles’ bottom lip and Stiles opens his mouth to oblige. What was once a sweet kiss turns needy and messy and soon they’re clinging to each other, heatedly kissing as they realize what they’ve been missing out on.

Stiles finally pulls away to breath, merely whispering out a wow and Derek nods his head and merely says, “Yeah.”
He leans in to bring their mouths together once more and smiles against Derek’s lips, “You’re the best New Years kiss ever.”

Derek’s answering smile is breathtaking.

He hears whooping and hollering and they break apart at the noise. The pack is clapping and cheering and Stiles finds himself uncharacteristically embarrassed at the PDA the pack just witnessed.

“If you wanted to know what Stiles had for lunch I could’ve just told you,” Isaac says, all smiles.

The others snicker at his joke but Stiles and Derek turn away, look at each other knowingly and then purposely throw themselves into the kiss, grinning at the gagging noises they hear in the background.

*Best New Years Ever.*

End Notes

<3

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