Excuse me sir, but I think a dingo ate my cameraman

by ElisAttack

Summary

Stiles is living the high life. He has a great job, an amazing roommate, and a new best friend. But when said best friend goes missing after a night of drunken shenanigans, everything goes to shit. And for some reason, Stiles seems be the only one who cares that his grumpy boss is also missing.

Or the one where Stiles finds the best dog ever and adopts him, much to said dog's reluctance.

Notes

I've got the flu, and I should be resting but instead I'm writing happy Sterek, cause I just can't deal with the angsty-ness that is the last chapter of Bruises & Hickies right now. I just caaaaaan't. So have some gratuitous Sterek fluff, with plot, surprise!

See the end of the work for more notes.
Chapter 1

Stiles could sing odes to Laura Hale, he loves the woman that much. Seriously, he's willing to buy her all the gift baskets, bake her all the cookies. And Stiles makes some damned good cookies, if he does say so himself. The famous Stilinski Snickerdoodle, if one could patent cookies, his family would have done so a long time ago.

"I think you're ready, Stiles." She says, sitting at her desk, hands folded on the table in front of her, a huge smile on her face.

"I can't believe it." He says breathlessly, staring wondrously down at the sheet of paper in front of him, declaring him the new Director of Photography for Utopia Production's new money maker. He's a DOP. Wow. It's a dream come true.

"Believe it kid." Laura nods, "That's just one step closer to Director, and to think it's only been a year since I hired you."

Stiles wants to run around the room shrieking unattractively, instead he settles for a low-key, "Do you like snickerdoodles?" Just keeping his calm in front of his boss. Smooth like a stick of butter.

Laura throws her head back, laughing bodily, "Have them sent to my office."

Stiles makes to stand up, when Laura touches him lightly on the wrist, "Oh, and just in case I haven't said this yet, congratulations, Stiles."

He grins. Best day ever.

Worst day ever. Remember how he said Laura is like manna from heaven, a gift from the gods? Well, his new boss is the exact opposite.

The first time Derek Hale looks at him, he does so with a long glare, right from the tipppy tip toes of Stiles' converse, right to the lone cowlick sticking up from his forehead. He's been busy, okay? He hasn't had time to shower. Hale tsks, like Stiles is an annoying bug buzzing around instead of his new DOP, someone who actually deserves his respect. They're supposed to be working together, collaborating to make a brilliant television program happen. He does not deserve this.

"Is that how you dress for work?" Hale asks distastefully, folding his arms and glaring bloody murder at Stiles' stud muffin tee and thick plaid overcoat. Whatever. It's cold in Vancouver, if Hale wants to prance around in a dress shirt and tie, by all means, that's his prerogative. Stiles actually wants functional limbs not made of ice.

Hale glares even harder.

Oops, he must have said that out loud.

"Fucking Laura." Hale mutter under his breath before spinning right around and stomping away like he's Godzilla or something. Stiles takes offense to anyone disparaging the almighty Laura Hale, no matter that he's her brother.

It's at that moment that he decides he does not like Derek Hale. Stiles does not like him one bit.

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"Your boss is hot." Lydia remarks, sipping her forbidden cup of tea which really shouldn't be anywhere near the tonnes of expensive equipment in the editing suite. But she knows Stiles won't tell. She has a pair of sharp Louboutins on and she knows exactly where to shove them to maximum effect. Stiles has seen her in action.

One time a guy at a club was coming on to him too strong, even when Stiles clearly said no. So, like the warrior goddess Lydia is, she kicked his ass six ways til Sunday. She's the most violent Post Producer he's ever had the pleasure of working with. She's also the best roommate he's ever had.

"You're a traitor." He says, grumpily, folding his arms. He loves Lydia, she's a great roomie, always cleans up after herself, and makes sure the sexytimes happens over at her girlfriend's place when Stiles is home. But she's an awful friend.

"You want to bone him." Lydia counters.

"Not with that personality." Stiles mutters petulantly.

"But with that ass?" She smirks, flicking a switch, as a length of film plays on the screen above. It's a clip from the show Stiles is working on. The lead character, played by Scott McCall, runs around, dodging plasma fire and being generally ruthless. Something totally different from his personality in real life. The guy is a puppy, an actual puppy. Stiles has seen him actively nuzzle one of the boom operators, Kira, his girlfriend.

Stiles is working on a space opera. When he first got his hands on the script, there was some victory dancing involved. It has everything he could ever want; racial and queer representation, fully fleshed out female characters, and a plot that is anything but episodic and procedural. He gets a bit starry eyed when he looks at the film playing and Lydia has to snap her fingers in front of his face a few times to bring him out of his daze.

"Whatever, Stiles, just don't let your thirst get in the way of film work like this. You're doing good" She says with appreciation, tapping her finger on the screen.

Stiles scoffs. As if. It's not his thirst getting in the way, it's Derek Hale and his continuous quest to be the dickiest dick to ever dick. It's like the man exists to torture Stiles.

Exhibit numero uno.

"Stilinski!" Hale yells.

"What?!" Stiles yells back from across the set. He's busy setting up the shots for the day, he doesn't need to be bothered with another one of Hale's bitch fits. When Hale doesn't answer back, Stiles looks up confused, only to see Hale standing all the way across the compound, tapping the toe of a frankly expensive looking oxford.

Is he expecting Stiles to come to him?

Stiles raises his brows, only for Hale to raise his back. Oh for fuck's sake. Stiles makes a huge show of getting to his feet where he was bent in front of a camera, checking if his assistants changed the right lens. Just so Hale knows exactly how inconvenient this is for him. "What?!" He yells again, only for Hale to make a finger gesture for Stiles to walk to him.

Stiles looks at the man, outraged. He knows Stiles has a job to do, right? He can't just drop everything to satisfy his every whim. Stiles mutters some choice words under his breath as he marches over to Hale, glower never breaking until they are only a foot apart, glaring into each other's eyes.
"What?" Stiles repeats, teeth clenched.

"Is that how you talk to your superiors?" Hale frowns.

Stiles feels a vein throb in his forehead, "It is when I was the middle of setting up my shots. I'm busy, Hale, what do you want?"

Hale holds out a plastic bag to him. "The caterer forgot their vegetarian options, so I made you something."

Suspiciously, Stiles takes the bag and opens the container only for a flood of tomato and marjoram to hit his nose like the second coming of Christ. Fuck, it smells delicious.

"What is this?" Stiles asks, breathing deeply in through his nose.

"Ratatouille niçoise." Hale says in perfect French, looking at Stiles like he's a piece of shit beneath the sole of his shiny shoes. "I didn't know if you were a vegan as well, so I omitted the butter."

That Hale, so... presumptuous.

Stiles hate-eats the ratatouille, and doesn't even leave a spot of sauce behind. He washes Hale's container, but just to be spiteful, doesn't leave him a note of thanks. Take that.

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Scott and Stiles hit it off better than any two guys since Hall & Oates. He's so in love with this guy, Stiles thinks if Scott wanted to, he would drop everything and start a two man rock band, just the two of them, traversing the Canadian scene.

Scott is the love of his life. In a platonic way of course, because even the thought of getting between the true love that is Scott and Kira aches like someone is breaking his heart. They are disgustingly cute together.

Scott orders the last batch of curly fries, but when he see's Stiles' look of sheer disappointment, he gives Stiles the plate and takes the chicken nuggets instead. What a bro.

By the end of lunch, they've become best friends, bonding over a love of video games and a passion for good sci-fi. Stiles christens this friendship by offering to take Scott out to get wasted after work.

Scott is new to Vancouver, but he seems a bit reluctant. After growing up and spending most of his career in L.A., it makes sense. In L.A. he would be under constant threat from the pap getting sneak peeks of his drunken face, but Stiles reassures him that Vancouver is chill. The pap here don't care about anything but A-listers, and Scott is most definitely not an A-lister.

Hale doesn't seem to agree, going by how he shows up after Stiles buys Scott his second jägerbomb. Grabbing the drink out of Scott's hand, he places it right back on the countertop.

"McCall," Hale starts, voice serious, "You have to be in makeup tomorrow at five in the morning."

Scott seems to visibly shrink underneath the wall of impenetrable disappointment Hale is oozing. Stiles frowns, disgruntled. He's already halfway there to being absolutely drunk and Hale is fucking with his new best friend. There are only a select few things that can Stiles right off the rocker. Thoughts of his dad eating a steak, Jackson attempting to worm his way back into Lydia's life, and anyone messing with his friends.
Stiles grabs the jägerbomb off the bar top, and before Hale can reach out and take the glass from him, Stiles has already downed the full amount. Holy shit. It feels like a heart attack in a glass. Wowza. He shakes his head, feeling his brain rattling around. But with the sudden shot of bravery sloshing about in his belly, he gets right up in Hale's face, so close, their eyes cross.

"Nobody tells Scotty what to do." Stiles slurs, poking at Hale's chest.

"Derek can totally tell me what to do." Scott meeps, pulling at Stiles' forearm, trying to move him away from Hale.

"No!" Stiles shakes his head vehemently. "No," He repeats, lower this time until only Hale can hear it, "You think you're such hot shit, Hale, but lemme tell you-"

"Derek."

"What?" Stiles questions, his eyesight blurring somewhat.

"Call me Derek." Hale repeats.

"I'll call you whatever I damn well please... hotcheeks."

Hale's expression grows pained. "Do not call me that."

"Oh yeah?" Stiles gives Hale's chest one final lingering prod, pretending that his finger doesn't linger longer than it should, "Whatcha gonna do about it?"

Hale opens his mouth to answer, but before he can, Stiles slips and drops his head against Hale's hard chest.

He vaguely remembers puking all over Hale's shirt, but he figures he must've black out after that, because he wakes up in the morning in an unfamiliar bed, his head throbbing painfully.

"Shit." He groans, collapsing down into pillows that smell familiar. Rolling on his side, he comes face to face with a note. His head pounds like someone's going crazy with a hammer on the inside of his skull, but he reads it anyway.

Stilinski,

There's a tofu quiche in the oven. Eat it.

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That Hale, so... forceful.

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"If I have to call you Derek, you have to call me Stiles, it's only fair."

Derek makes an expression like he's sucking on a lemon. "Fine." He sighs, like Stiles is asking the world of him, and not the exact same thing he's asking Stiles. Urg. See, that's what Stiles gets when he tries to bend bridges. To heal past rifts. To get fucking quiche recipes.

Damn that quiche, if only it wasn't that good.

But it was that fucking good, and it's all Stiles can think of that day, and the next. He should be putting all his concentration into creating and setting up the scenes, but the food the caterer supplies
is nothing compared to that godly quiche. Every time he sees Derek Hale, his stomach grumbles in longing. Loud enough for Derek to hear it, because he keeps sending Stiles these looks. And for some godforsaken reason, the intern, Greenberg, keeps showing up with food from the caterer. Every time Stiles sends him away, he keeps coming back, looking like the fear of god has been scared into him.

Stiles is so desperate, he's just about ready to raid Derek's trailer for the recipe. He realizes he could simply ask, but that would be giving in, and Stiles is not a quitter. He will get that recipe, even if it kills him.

Which is why he drags Scott to a gay bar. Well, they start off at the bar where he threw up on Derek, but the moment the bartender catches sight of him, he is kicked out faster than he could say jägerbomb. Which is how they find themselves in a nearby gay bar.

Scott's being a bro and going along with it. Blushing furiously every time a guy come up to him and offers to buy him a drink. Stiles keeps taking photos of the bar and Scott, posting it to every single social media site where he's 'friends' with Derek.

Stiles figures it's company policy when Derek sent him all those friends and followers requests, he already has Laura following him on most of them, so he shrugged and figured 'what the heck.' Now it's finally coming in use.

Stiles expects Derek to show up at any moment to save Scott's reputation. After which Stiles will chug a jägerbomb, puke on him, and then Derek will take him back to his place. There, Stiles will make sure he's awake enough to watch Derek make that fucking godly quiche.

He's keeping a sharp eye out when a gorgeous blonde guy slides up to him at the bar. Scott's off in the corner with two older men, gushing about how much he loves Kira while they pet his hair and call him pet names.

"Hey," hot and blonde says, looking at Stiles while biting his lip.

Well hello there.


"Mmm," the guy hums, leaning closer, "What's up with you?"

Okay. This is a real stimulating conversation. And by that, he means it's the opposite. Figures the hot ones with no brains come to him.

"Uh, the ceiling?" He says pointing upwards.

"Yeah," the guy says, still managing to sound sultry even through this train wreck. "The ceiling, so sexy."

What.

"What?"

"So what are you into, stucco? Or are you a naughty boy who prefers when his ceilings are..." the guy leans closer, whispering in Stiles ear, "popcorn."

What.
"Stiles," a recognizable voice says. Stiles whips around to see Derek wearing an expression of impenetrable sourness. He sighs with relief. He'd take grumpy eyebrows here over crazy ceiling fetish guy any day.

"Pumpkin!" Stiles calls out, practically launching himself into Derek's arms. "You've were so long in the bathroom, I was beside myself from worry!" He wraps his arms tight like a vice around Derek's neck just in case he thinks of peeling Stiles off and ruining the con.

"I'm sorry, um, butternut squash. But all the urinals were taken." Stiles freezes at Derek's words, but soon finds Derek's arms wrapping around his waist. He must have heard the guy being creepy and figured Stiles could use some help.

"Don't leave me ever again, pumpkin." Stiles mock whispers loudly and dramatically, just in case the creepy guy hasn't gotten the hint and taken off with his tail between his legs.

"He's gone." Derek finally says after a ridiculously long period of time, dropping Stiles to his feet.

"Oh thank all the deities."

Derek smirks, "You would be one to attract the crazy."

Stiles raises a finger, "Do not even say a word."

Derek chuckles in a way that isn't at all attractive. Glancing around the bar, the smirk slowly drops off his face. "Where's McCall?"

An hour later finds them wandering the streets of downtown Vancouver, calling out Scott's name. He thinks he sees Derek sniff the air once in a while as he leads them through the busy streets, but that could just be his inebriated mind playing tricks on him.

"Scotty!" Stiles yells one last time before Derek claps a hand over his mouth.

They're in an long empty alleyway, open to the night sky where the full moon glows in all her mystical glory. Placing a finger over his mouth, he pulls Stiles behind a dumpster, tucking him into a corner. "Stay here."

Stiles frowns, he's the one who got Scott into this mess in the first place, he should be there to help.

"But," Stiles starts, trying to move forward only for his arm to yank behind him when he does. He looks back to see a pair of handcuffs tethering him to the dumpster. He stares at them blankly for one long second, spending more time than necessary wondering just how Derek stumbled across a pair of handcuffs. He eventually settles on the fact that he must've grabbed them from the club. It's only then that his brain catches up to him.

"Did you just handcuff me to a dumpster without my consent. That is bad BDSM etiquette, mister-"

Once again Derek claps his hand over Stiles' mouth.

Stiles licks his palm and Derek removes it with a look of abhorrent disgust. "Seriously, dude. What the fuck are you doing?"

"Stay here, and be quiet." Derek whispers harshly, looking at Stiles gravely before deciding that he won't be able to be quiet on his own and might need some help after all.

Derek goes for his belt.
"Whoa there, pumpkin, you haven't even bought me dinner first."

Derek ignores him, pulling his belt out of the loops, and if Stiles wasn't so mind bogglingly out of it, he would start worrying about his virtue right at that moment. Stiles squawks in indignation when Derek wraps the belt around his head, until Stiles can't even scream, let alone speak.

After that, Derek crouches beside him, waiting for something. It seems like hours pass until the headlights from a vehicle turn into the alley, illuminating it in a way that isn't at all ominous. Then the sound of doors opening and shutting, followed by what could only be Scott mumbling and begging for his captives to let him go. Telling them that he hasn't hurt anyone. Stiles freezes, wondering just what is happening.

That's when Derek pounces. Jumping out from behind the dumpster, right into the Scott-napper's path.

Stiles is so shocked when gunfire sounds, echoing through the alleyway, he promptly passes out.

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"Hey kid." A hand lightly slaps at his face, pulling something thick and leathery from his mouth.

Stiles blinks awake groggily, staring up into the face of a cop framed by the morning sun.

"You want to tell me how you ended up here, kid?" The cop asks, looking an Stiles with an expression of such worried confusion, it makes him think of his own dad, a retired Sheriff out in the Okanagan.

Stiles blinks again. He can't remember anything after Derek showed up and chased away the weird ceiling fetish guy. Huh.

Stiles shifts, only for his arm to tug at something. It feels stiff and weird, like he slept on it all night. Glancing up, he finds out why.

"Why am I cuffed to a dumpster?" Stiles mumbles.

"Well, I was hoping you could tell me that."

The cop unlocks the handcuffs for him, all the while lecturing him on public indecency and what sort of sexual practices people need to get permits for to practice in public. Stiles thinks the only reason he isn't being booked is because the cop figures the fact he can't remember the night before is punishment enough.

Just before he leaves the alley, rubbing his wrist, the cop stops him and asks him if he is missing any personal affects, or if he thinks he was assaulted.

Stiles blushes, but checks anyway. His wallet is full of the twenties he stored in there the night before leaving for the bar, minus what must've been used to pay the tab. And it doesn't feel like anyone did anything untoward towards him, so he just shakes his head, and asks for a ride to the nearest bus stop.

Stiles chooses to go to work wearing yesterday's clothes, rather than risk showing up later and facing Derek's fury. Speaking of Derek, Stiles reminds himself to ask if the guy knows how Stiles ended up cuffed to a dumpster. He should spend a few weeks away from any bars. His head throbs again. Or maybe a few months. Yeah, a few months without seeing another bottle of vodka would be a good idea.
Stiles walks onto set, rubbing his head, when Erica, the head of hair and makeup runs up to him, her arms waving in a panic, "Stiles, Scott never showed up to work today, and I can't reach him on his cell, even Kira doesn't know where he is! Kira! Stiles, Kira!"

Oh shit.

Turns out Scott is missing missing. Like Stiles was the last person to see him alive missing. They call the police, because everyone working in television knows that the 24 hour waiting period is complete bullshit. Scott isn't answering his phone, and everyone who's ever met him knows that he would never play truant on a job, that he would never go anywhere without telling Kira first.

Stiles really fucked up this time.

The police show up and ask him a lot of questions he can't answer. They seem to believe his story because when they pull up the footage from the bar, they find the two older men Scott was talking to carrying him out of the club on the pretence that he is their drunk friend. The police seem to think they are either super fans, obsessed with Scott's acting in a series of advertisements for premium coffee, or opportunists who will soon call in ransom demands to the network.

Filming halts, they can't do much without their lead, after all, and Stiles avoids Kira like the plague out of guilt for getting Scott into that situation. Some friend he is. He got Scott kidnapped because of a quiche recipe.

Speaking of quiche, Stiles hasn't seen Derek in a few days. Before, he was always around, either breathing over Stiles' shoulder, or fussing over his camera work. It's disconcerting, and in combination with a missing Scott, not at all a coincidence.

He goes to Laura with his concerns and she waves them away like they are nothing.

"He's just being a broody grump, blaming himself for things that aren't his fault. I'm sure he'll turn up sooner or later."

That does not inspire any sort of confidence in him.

He's leaving the set later at night, grumbling to himself, wondering how Scott is doing, if they're feeding him right, if he should call his dad and get him to somehow make the investigation a priority, when he nearly trips over a large furred shape in his path.

"Whoa there." Stiles gapes staring down at the large, black dog lying around without a care in the world. The dog looks up at him, blinks once, before his eyes widen a smidge. As if he recognizes Stiles. Instantly, his heart melts. Crouching down until he is level with the great beast, he stares into his golden eyes, "You're a big boy aren't you?"

The dog's eyes narrow at him and he huffs, looking away, like he's telling Stiles to fuck off and leave him alone. He doesn't. Stiles never knew how to take a hint.

"Oh, such a big boy," He reaches out, gently scratching between the dog's ears. He looks annoyed, like he's contemplating on chewing Stiles into bite sized pieces. But when Stiles hits a particularly weak spot behind a ear, the dog just closes his eyes and whines, his tail thumping. Only to blink them open a second later, looking displeased that he let his guard down so easily.

"Such a softie, aren't you?" Stiles pets the dogs fur, marvelling over it. It should feel coarse and rough, but instead it is silky like he's been conditioning on the regular. "You're so beautiful." Stiles murmurs and the dog preens like he agrees.
Stiles' fingers move around on his neck, looking for a collar, but when he finds none, he frowns. "You're way too pretty to be a stray. Does your owner let you walk around without a collar?"

The dog just shakes his head as if saying, *what owner?*

"Oh excuse me," Stiles chuckles, "Let me guess? You're a free beast, and nobody can own you?"

The dog raises both brows, *damn right.*

Stiles laughs, "Come on, boy," he makes to pick up the dog, but it snaps at his neck. Stiles takes the fact that he isn't bleeding out on the ground as a sign that the dog doesn't mind him that much and picks him up fully. He's heavy, but it's obvious all those extra hours at the gym are paying off.

The dog's eyes widen marginally, *how the fuck are you doing this?*

"Dude, I know right? You probably weigh about as much as me.

The dog whines.

Stiles shifts the dog in his arms. "I promise not to drop you, or throw out my back. My Jeep's only a little ways away."

The dog makes a pitiful noise.

"I'm sorry, dude, but you can't stay here all by your lonesome. You obviously don't have an owner, and I don't want someone to call animal control on you." Stiles shudders at the thought of some impersonal asshole euthanizing this amazing, intelligent dog. "I'm sure Lydia has some steaks in the freezer, I might be able to wrestle up something for you."

At Lydia's name the dog starts growling, but Stiles just flicks him on the ear. "Shush."

Stiles manages to open the back of his Jeep while still holding the dog, a heroic feat if anything. He has a few flannel blankets tucked into the back, so he arranges a nest of them, before depositing the dog right in the middle. The dog sneezes, making a distasteful face, and Stiles laughs, "They are a bit musty, aren't they?"

The giant smile never leaves his face, especially not when he turns on the radio and one of his favourite songs comes on. Stiles looks in the rear-view mirror, watching the dog place his paws over his eyes when Stiles starts singing along, like he's ashamed on Stiles' behalf. "Better get used to it, buddy!" Stiles calls out over the blasting radio, gunning the engine and taking out of the lot.

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A low, continuous growl wakes him from his nap on the couch.

"Stiles, what the actual fuck?"

"Oh hey, Lydia." Stiles waves his hand weakly, hoping that it distracts his roommate away from the way he's now gripping at the scruff around the dog's neck so he doesn't launch himself at her. "How was your date?"

At that, the dog seems to settle down. He still glares murder in Lydia's direction, but it's more passive than active. Stiles rewards him with a quick head scratch.

"Oh my god, why are you petting a wolf?" Lydia exclaims, and Stiles pouts.
"He's not a wolf, wolves can't react to social cues and gestures from humans." Stiles says, hand now running down the dog's back.

"How do you even know that?" Lydia remarks with a hint of disbelief in her voice, eyeing the dog warily.

Stiles shrugs, "I used to want a pet wolf when I was a kid."

"Well congratulations," Lydia sighs, moving to the shoe rack and pulling off her heels, "It obviously has some wolf in it, there's no way it's pure dog, not with its size and features."

"You hear that, Woof? You've got the wild in your blood." Stiles looks into the dog's eyes, grinning when he rolls his eyes at him.

"Did you just call him Woof?" Lydia asks, incredulously.

"Hey, don't disparage my naming skills, I'd have you know that Woof is a perfectly relevant name for a dog."

"He's not a Pokémon, Stiles." Lydia scratches at her perfect head of strawberry blonde hair, before sighing reluctantly. "Please tell me you at least took him to the vet?"

"Uhhh..."

And that's how Stiles finds himself at Dr. Deaton's practice, recommended by Lydia herself for Prada's care, may god rest his doggy soul.

"Mr. Stilinski, you do know wolf-dog hybrids are illegal in the province of British Columbia?"

"Uhhh..." Stiles stammers, while Woof nudges at his neck.

Deaton simply scrubs a hand over his face, "Let me get my microchip reader."

Turns out Woof is fit as a fiddle and ready for love. He doesn't have a microchip anywhere on his body, so he's totally up for grabs. Something that makes Stiles wipe away a drop of imaginary sweat. He doesn't know how much he would've cried if Woof belonged to someone else. But there would have been waterworks, followed by a long and arduous custody battle with Woof's true owner. Stiles figures that since they didn't care enough about Woof to give him a collar, so they wouldn't have minded much if Stiles took their dog.

Stiles hugs Woof closer, much to the dog's displeasure. He's only known Woof for a day, but it already feels like he holds Stiles' heart in the palms of his hands, his paws?.

"You and I are soulmates." Stiles whispers into Woof's pointy ear, and the dog seems to freeze at his declaration, tail starting to wag. "You're the most amazing feat of canine evolution I've ever seen." This is the dog he's dreamt of having ever since he was a kid. This magnificent black haired beast, with specks of white all around his muzzle and under his jaw and the pointiest ears to ever point.

"The best dog ever." Stiles smiles. Woof whines sadly and his tail droops. Stiles takes that as a clear sign that he wants out of the vet's office as soon as possible.

And who's he to argue with his doggy soulmate?

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Stiles drops by Bones Pet Store, the cutest little store ever, with its exposed wooden beams and little
orange picket fence by the front door. He falls in love instantly. Woof is as well behaved as ever, walking around and sniffing curiously at the toys on the wall beside the register. The nearby employee looks at him warily, as if expecting Woof to suddenly take off and tear down the displays. But Woof ignores her, following after Stiles as they make their way to the kibbles.

Stiles looks at their selection of premium kibbles, but Woof doesn't seem to be interested in anything there, so Stiles walks over to the refrigerated isle. His eyes bug out of his skull when he sees venison patties. He looks down at Woof, and the dog meets his eyes, tilting his head to the side.

"Looks like you're going be eating better than most humans, including me," Stiles says, "I don't suppose dogs like tofu?" At that, Woof makes a face of such repugnant disgust, Stiles is surprised he doesn't puke up the last poor unfortunate squirrel he ate while still living home free.

Stiles sighs and grabs a basket from the front.

After dropping nearly five hundred dollars on frozen 'real meat' dog food, since Woof turned up his nose to anything else, among other supplies, Stiles drives back home.

He's setting Woof's bed and toys in his room when it suddenly occurs to him, and he drops a stuffed squirrel toy with a squeak.

"Oh shit," Woof tilts his head like he's listening, "Do I have to bring you to work tomorrow?"
"Is that a wolf?" Someone exclaims, pointing to Woof where he rests on the stairs to Derek's trailer. Derek still hasn't shown up to work, and Stiles is getting worried.

"Nope." Stiles says shortly, turning back to the script where he's going over and planning out what needs to be shot on what sound stage, and what scenes can be completed without Scott there. There's not a lot. After all, there's only so much he can do with a missing protagonist.

"But-"

Stiles cuts the guy off with a glare, "Don't you have anything better to do than bother me?"

The guy meeps and takes off. Wow, Derek would be proud.

Speaking of Derek. Stiles glares at his trailer. It's simply ridiculous that no one cares about him. Just this morning Stiles called Utopia's CEO and Derek's mother, Talia Hale, to ask about her missing son, but she gave him the same elusive answer her daughter did. They seem to care more about a missing Scott than their own family member.

And to think Stiles wondered why Derek was so grumpy all the time. If Stiles had uncaring family members like that, he would be a sourpuss too.

Stiles sighs, rising from the gazebo, he walks over to Woof. It just stopped drizzling, thankfully. Sometimes he hates that it's perpetually rainy and overcast in the city. The weather was always perfect where he grew up in the Okanagan Valley. Sometimes he misses it, but then he remembers that if he didn't leave he would not have the job he has now.

"Hey Woof," Stiles greets his dog, sliding up next to him, scratching him distractedly behind the ear. "I wonder how Scotty's doing?" He asks no one in particular.

Woof whimpers, nudging his body forward until he is practically draped over Stiles' lap. "Yeah, I know, I'm a terrible friend."

Woof licks his face, as if he's saying, no, you're not a bad friend.

"I shouldn't have taken my eyes off of him. Scotty's just so adorable and sweet, I hate to think about what those assholes are doing to him. It's all my fault." Stiles collapses his face into his hands, sniffing sadly.

Woof sticks his cold, wet nose into the gap where Stiles' shirt meets his neck, huffing hot breaths across his skin. Stiles pushes his head away laughing, "Hey, that tickles." Woof's tongue drops out playfully as he pants. Stiles' heart tightens in his chest as a surge of pure affection runs through him. Grabbing Woof, he pulls the dog into a full bodied hug. Moisture fills his eyes as he thinks about Scott, wishing his friend has someone as great as Woof to keep him company through this ordeal. He really is the best dog.

When he pulls away, Woof looks earnestly into his eyes, betraying a level of intelligence Stiles would have never dreamed possible in a dog. He lifts a paw, patting Stiles on the cheek with it, as if he's saying, there there.
"Thanks buddy." Stiles smiles.

He sits with Woof as the sun begins to set, people leaving to head home. Woof lays his big head back in Stiles' lap while he pets him, his mind running a mile a minute.

"Hey, Woof?" Stiles asks the dog, in what must be a fit of insanity, but the dog's ear twitches like he's listening, "I wonder if you have sniffer powers?"

Woof rolls over to look at him, brow raised delicately, sniffer powers, really?

"You kind of look like a police dog, and you're really smart, I wonder..." Stiles trails off, thinking. "I wonder if you might be able to find Scott."

At that, Woof buries his head underneath both his paws as if he's ashamed. Stiles frowns.

"Hey, what's wrong?" He asks, poking at Woof's side. The dog just makes a disgruntled noise and levers himself off Stiles' legs, walking down the steps of Derek's trailer. Stiles starts to get up, but Woof shoots Stiles one look before taking off, disappearing amongst the other trailers.

Stiles stumbles in surprise, falling to his butt. "Woof?" He calls out worriedly, but when he gets no answer back, not even a bark, he shouts again. "Woof!"

Stiles scrambles to his feet, taking off in Woof's direction. Shit, what if he disappears and Stiles can't find him again. Now that Woof knows what it's like to sleep under a real roof, eat food that he didn't have to hunt himself, will he be able to take care of himself out there in the wild? Stiles starts to panic. Calling out Woof's name again and again, trying to find the dog.

Eventually he collapses down in front of Scott's trailer, pressing a fisted hand to his mouth, trying to stop an oncoming anxiety attack. He hasn't gotten one in years, and all the thoughts just circulating through his brain seem to be prompting one.

"Shit." Stiles hisses, running a hand through his hair and gripping tight at the strands, rocking back in forth. He's just about to start crying when a cold nose presses into his cheek.

"Woof!" Stiles exclaims, grabbing at the dog, trying to pull him closer, but Woof evades him, nodding his head towards Scott's trailer. Walking up the steps, he waits for Stiles.

"What do you want me to do?" Stiles asks, curious.

Woof barks once, and carefully, Stiles makes his way over, frowning. "Wait, you want me to break in?"

Woof presses his nose to the back of Stiles' knees, nudging him forward. Stiles frowns, "Dude, I know how to pick locks, but it's not like I have my kit on me right at this moment." Woof snaps at his heels and Stiles hops forward in shock, only to fall through the door of the trailer.

"Ouch." Stiles rubs at his elbow. Looking at the open door, he finds the lock snapped, like someone went at it with bolt cutters. Woof steps right over Stiles' prone body, wandering further into the trailer. "Did someone break in?" Stiles wonders aloud, Woof barks, as if in agreement.

Stiles flips the light switch and looks around, trying to see if anything's missing. He's been in Scott's trailer often enough, he'd know if something was out of place. But as far as he can tell, everything is in place. Walking around, he notices a sheet of paper, and a sprig of a purple flower. Stiles picks it up, but anytime Woof gets near he starts sneezing violently.
He opens the note, and almost drops it in shock. "Holy shit." He gapes. Staring at what's written, he lets his jaw drop. Woof whines and Stiles shakes himself out of it, reading the note aloud.

"Talia Hale, if you don't want your precious little money maker, McCall, in pieces, you'll hand over your son."

"Shit," Stiles exclaims, "the police probably never checked his trailer or this would be everywhere."

Woof howls mournfully, exactly how Stiles' feels on the inside. Because what if that's why Derek's missing? Some creepy guys kidnapped Scott, and Derek gave himself up to them, expecting them to return Scott, but then they didn't.

Stiles furiously crumples the note up in his fist. Time to bring in the cavalry.

***

"Uh, hey Danny."

Danny lets out a long suffering sigh that Stiles totally doesn't deserve because he is awesome, "What do you want, Stiles?"

"Nothing bad, I promise." Stiles hurries to say, "Just, I was wondering if you could maybe run a name through the system for me, pretty, pretty please?" He asks, incorporating the most amount of sugar possible into his tone.

He can almost palpably feel Danny's grimace through the line. Stiles is at home, sitting at his computer. Woof lies on the bed, head buried in his pillow, wrapped up in his blanket like a burrito. Stiles was not at all surprised when the dog took one look at his dog bed on the floor, turned up his nose at it, and hopped right into Stiles' bed. At least Stiles won't ever need a blanket again, Woof is a furnace.

"Fine." Danny relents after a long moment and Stiles fist pumps, "Give me the name."

"Derek Hale." Stiles says.

"Call me back in an hour." Danny says and promptly hangs up.

Stiles places his phone back on the desk, spinning around and stretching back in his seat. "See, that's why it's always smart to be on the good side of your exes." He addresses the dog, but Woof snarls and Stiles flails backwards, hitting his hand on the edge of his desk.

"Ow." He says, rubbing the hurt, while Woof whines. Stiles purses his lips in pain. "Just keep your viciousness to a minimum, I don't think my heart can take anymore of your growly-ness."

The dog looks properly chastised, stretching back out all along his bed. Stiles sighs and gets to his feet. Sniffing his armpits, he decides he needs a shower.

He comes back to the room a fifteen minutes later, a small threadbare towel hanging from his waist, shuffling forward awkwardly in his little bunny slippers. He couldn't find any more of his fluffy towels and Lydia swore she would rip his skull apart if he so much as touched his dick against anything belonging to her. So it was the barely decent towel, or nothing. It's not like he has any human company waiting for him in his room. He sighs.

Woof takes one look at him, eyes widening almost comically, and falls right off the bed.
Stiles laughs, "Didn't think you would be so easily startled, dude." Stiles walks over to the dresser while Woof emerges from the other side. He drops the towel and Woof drops right back under the bed until Stiles can't see anything but his quivering tail.

"Geez, that's insulting," Stiles huffs, pulling up a pair of briefs, "I didn't think my pasty, white ass was that scarring. You, my friend, are rude." Woof makes a warbling noise that Stiles takes to be agreement. Stiles settles onto the bed with a book, it's only when he pulls the bed sheets over his hips, that Woof emerges from under the bed.

He's reading the book the show he's working on is adapted from when Danny calls back.

"He's squeaky clean." Danny says when Stiles picks up.

"No even a drug bust?" Stiles pouts. He was secretly hoping that perfect Derek Hale was a party child back in college. So there goes the theory of a drug dealer's revenge.

"Well, if he did them, he was lucky enough not to get caught. The only thing I could find tied to him, was a crime he didn't even commit."

"Oh?" Stiles asks, distractedly running his fingers through Woof's shiny coat.

"Yeah, his older, very illegal, girlfriend tried to burn his house down when he was fifteen. With all his family still inside."

"What?!" Stiles squawks. Holy shit, no wonder why Derek is so broody. Stiles' eyes narrow, if this is why Derek's family treats him with indifference, he might just have a few strong words with his CEO. Woof licks his hand, urging him to continue petting him, he must've stopped when Danny told him the news. Stiles obliges, he would give Woof anything.

"Don't worry, she's locked up tight on six counts of arson, attempted murder, statutory rape, and, you won't believe this, her neighbour reported her taking crack shots at the neighbourhood dogs."

Instinctively Stiles pulls Woof closer to him. "That crazy bitch." He says, scandalized. Only people evil to their core shoot at adorable dogs. Woof makes a noise of agreement. "Does she have any family members who share her crazy?" Stiles questions.

"Just the one, all the others have apparently distanced themselves from her, but her father still regularly visits her in prison." Stiles hears some keys clacking from Danny's side of the line, "She's locked up in a woman's penitentiary in Ontario, where her father lives. But, there's some recent activity on his credit card, all of it in Vancouver."

"So he's here?" Stiles asks, and at that Woof quirks an ear.

"Yeah, and he's a fucking shitty criminal, not stealthy at all." Danny said and Stiles can almost hear him roll his eyes, "Charged a motel room in the East Side." Danny pauses his typing, "Isn't that right where you work?"

Stiles grits his teeth. "Yes it is. What's the name of the motel?"

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"Honestly dude, I have no idea why I'm not calling the police." Stiles says, sneaking right up along the side of the motel building. He's wearing all black, from his converse to a beanie covering his hair. "I should be calling the police, but something suspicious is going down, I just can't put my finger on it."
Woof nudge his body against his leg in comfort, and Stiles' rests his hand carefully on the top of his dog's head while he peers around a corner. Danny told him the room number, so he's just waiting for Argent to leave so he can sneak in and get Scott and Derek before he comes back. He's not that much of an idiot to think he can take on a guy without any qualms about kidnapping two men, and who probably owns many firearms.

"Shit." Stiles whispers under his breath after waiting for more than an hour, "Why isn't he leaving?"

At that moment, the door to the room opens, and the absolute definition of crotchety old man limps out and over to a old Civic, climbing in and taking off. Stiles waits a minute longer, wondering about the two guys who carried Scott out of the bar. They might be in the room too for all he knows. Stiles grips tight the very illegal taser in his hand. Lydia's girlfriend, Malia, handed it to him, no questions asked, when he called her up. She's the second most dangerous lady Stiles knows, right next to Lydia. No wonder they're perfect for each other. They're both scary as fuck.

"You can do this, Stiles." He tells himself. "Okay." He shoulders away all his fears and creeps forward, slipping his lockpick set out of his jacket pocket. Thank the universe for two parents in law enforcement. If his mom hadn't taught him how to get himself into a locked room when he was still a kid, he doesn't know what he would do.

After a minute of fiddling around with his picks, cringing every time the tumblers make any loud noises, the pins finally set. Stiles, oh so carefully, cracks the door open. He takes the fact that he isn't riddled full of bullet holes as a sign that no one is guarding the room.

It's pitch black inside when he opens the door fully. The moonlight casts a shadow against the cheap cigarette smelling room. "Scott." Stiles whispers, closing the door after Woof gets in, feeling against the wall for a light switch.

When he finds it, the room illuminates and Stiles gasps in shock at what he sees.

Scott, with bruises all over his face, tied with what looks like jute rope woven with purple flowers to a old coil radiator. He looks like he was sleeping, but the moment the lights come on, he startles awake.

"Scott." Stiles chokes down a sob as he rushes forward to his friend, dropping to his knees in front of him. He begins rapidly pulling at the knots of the rope, hissing when he sees where they've rubbed Scott's skin raw.

Scott look at him with something akin to horror.

"Derek!" Scott says in a panic, the moment Stiles pulls a length of rope from his mouth and Stiles looks around frantically for his boss, not seeing him anywhere. "You can't be here." Scott says, addressing... Woof?

Woof whines, nosing at Stiles' heels, telling him to hurry it up. Stiles hisses in frustration, looking around the room for something, anything, eventually spotting a pair of rusted scissors by a desk in the corner. Grabbing them, he starts hacking away at the rope, until they fall at Scott's feet.

When all the rope is gone, Woof approaches Scott and starts licking at his face, but Scott pushes him away, "We've got to go, this is what they want." He says worriedly.

"What do you mean by that?" Stiles asks, helping Scott to his feet.

"Oh shit." Scott hisses just a moment before the door slams open to reveal Gerard Argent holding a hunting rifle, pointed right at Stiles.
"Shift back or the boy gets it right between the eyes." Argent says, pointing the gun at Stiles but looking at Woof. "Quickly."

Woof bears his teeth, growling, but when Argent cocks the gun he whimpers, sitting back down on his heels.

"Shift." Argent says with a sharp smile.

And then suddenly Woof isn't there anymore. In his place stands a very naked, very angry, very hairy, Derek Hale.

"What the fuck?!" Stiles squeaks.

"Shift." Argent orders and Stiles does just that, but his eyes narrow. His brain is trying to process way too many things at one time, and he feels a bit bogged down. Woof is Derek? What the hell? His boss is what? A werewolf? What is his life? Stiles' eye twitches. Derek Hale saw him in his tighty whities and now some old retiree who smokes cigarettes in motel rooms, a goddamn shitty thing to do, is pointing a fucking gun at him.

Repeat: what is his life?

"This is what you're going to do," he looks at Stiles, "You will take this," He throws a large loop of rope at Stiles' feet, "and you will use it to tie these two abominations back to the radiator, and maybe I will consider not putting a bullet in your head." Argent gestures with the gun, "Hop to it."

"Do it, Stiles." Derek says with a sigh and a look of horrible acceptance on his face. Stiles thinks about how awful this must be for him. The father of the woman who seduced him and tried to kill his family, is now trying to kill him.

He has a sense of what is going on. After all, *Supernatural* is filmed only a few streets over from them. Argent and his daughter must be hunters going after poor supernatural creatures who just want to make good television shows, ruining their lives because of stereotypes.

"Did I say you could fucking talk?" Gerard snarls turning the gun towards Derek, "You ruined my daughter's life, you fucking animal, I should shoot you where you stand!"

Oh hell no.

"Stiles, do it, I heal fast." Stiles hears Derek whisper, and fuck it if Stiles wouldn't trust Derek or Woof, or whomever he is with his life.

"Hey, dick burger!" Stiles shouts, calling Argent's attention to him, just enough for Argent's aim to shift away from Derek's head to his shoulder.

He fires the taser.

It hits right in the center of Argent's chest and he goes down jerking. The gun fires, but Stiles notices it only hits Derek's shoulder, and according to him, it should heal fast. Quickly, Stiles runs forward and grabs the gun out of Argent's hand, switching the safety back on and tossing it at Scott's feet. Argent is still seizing on the ground, which must not be good for a man of his age, but Stiles really can't bring himself to care.

He watches as Scott puts pressure on the wound on Derek's shoulder, blood turning black as it seeps. "Scott, he said he heals fast! This isn't healing, this is a rapidly progressing un-healing!" Stiles sputters worriedly, watching as Derek gets paler and paler.
"Shit, there must have been wolfsbane in the bullet." Scott hisses, even as Derek starts to thrash madly, going into shock. "Grab a bullet from the gun." Scott orders.

Stiles hops to it, clearly Scott knows his stuff. He quickly empties the clip, pulling out one bullet and handing it to Scott, but he shakes his head. "Pry it open it, and take out whatever's inside." Stiles quickly locates the scissors and does what he's told, pulling out a mixture of crushed purple petals and gunpowder.

"Now what?" He asks worriedly, eyeing Derek's rapidly worsening condition.

"Grab Argent's lighter from his front breast pocket, set the mixture on fire and bring me the ashes."

Stiles hops to it, punching Argent when he stirs, as Stiles roots through his clothing. The gunpowder and flowers light up like Victoria day fireworks, burning to ashes within seconds. Scott takes them from him and promptly shoves the mixture in Derek's wound. Stiles makes a face. That can't be sanitary. But lo and behold, the wound seals up only a few seconds later, and the colour begins returning to Derek's skin.

Stiles collapses against the radiator beside Scott, Derek lying prone, but still breathing, by their feet.

"Fuck," Stiles remarks in a high pitched voice, "I did not see that coming."

"Huh?" Scott asks, tilting his head to the side in the way that is all too reminiscent of Woof. No wonder he reminded Stiles of a puppy. He is one.

"All of it: the werewolf thing, my dog turning out to be Derek freaking Hale, psychotic pensioners. The whole damn nine yards."

"Yeah, well." Scott reaches out and pats him on the shoulder, "Welcome to the pack."

"Urg, what are we even going to do with him?" Stiles asks, nodding his head towards Argent, "I don't want to go to jail for using a taser on an old man, that's such a stupid way to go, I'd rather be in for grand larceny for stealing the crown jewels or something cool like that.

"Don't worry about it." He waves away Stiles' concerns, "Can I borrow your phone?"

Half an hour later and there's a knock on the door. Stiles gets up to answer, only to find Erica, of hair and makeup, and a massive man Stiles vaguely recognizes as the sound engineer, Boyd.

"Is everyone in on this except me?" Stiles wails tiredly.

Erica winks sharply, before picking up Argent from under his armpits, Boyd grabbing him by the feet, as they take him out the door. Stiles doesn't ask what they're going to do with him because frankly, he doesn't want to know. He keeps picturing some form of medieval hunter council, sentencing him to the stocks, and that's probably the farthest thing from the truth. Or it could be the exact truth, and in that case, he really doesn't want to know. Plausible deniability and all that.

He's climbing into his Jeep, dead tired, when the passenger door clicks open and Derek slides into the seat. He doesn't say a thing, just looks out the windshield.

Stiles sighs, "Make sure you have your seatbelt on." He says before peeling out of the lot.

He wakes the next morning to the smell of a cooking quiche. At first Stiles doesn't recognize what he's smelling, but when it connects, he jumps right out from under the covers, slides around the corner, and runs right into Derek Hale.
The floor connects with his butt in a very painful way. "Fucking ouch." He remarks.

Derek crouches in front of him, his face judging as he looks at Stiles with one raised brow. Stiles bursts out laughing. He doesn't know where it comes from, but the moment he sees that brow lift, the same way if did on Woof, he falls on to his back, laughing until his sides hurt. Derek looks at him like he's wondering whether Stiles hit his head yesterday, but Stiles waves away his concerns, shaking his head with mirth.

"Where's Lydia?" He asks.

"She left a message saying she's staying at Malia's for a few days, and I quote 'unless you've got a body to bury, then I want no part in your fiascos.'" Derek says with a straight face, "And Malia wants her taser back." Stiles cringes, only for Derek to continue, "I brought it back from the motel, it's in the first drawer of your desk."

"Thanks, dude." Stiles sighs, rising to his feet.

Derek nods sharply. "I made quiche."

Stiles scratches the back of his head sheepishly, "Yeah, I smelled it. It's really nice." Stiles licks his lips nervously, blushing when Derek follows the action with his eyes, "Do you think I could get the recipe?"

"I pulled it up from the internet, I'll email you a link." He says, walking to the kitchen while Stiles stares at his back with a dropped jaw. It can't be that easy. Stiles voices his thoughts out loud, but Derek only stares at him with pursed lips. "Did you really think it was a secret family recipe? I'm a werewolf, my whole family are werewolves, the only secret recipes we have are how to roast a pig whole in a convection oven. You could have just asked."

Stiles rolls his eyes, "You're intimidating, okay? I was scared you'd bite my head off."

Derek grins at him with sharp teeth, "Who says I won't?"

Stiles swallows heavily, glaring down at his lap. *That is not the appropriate reaction, little Stiles.*

He looks up, only to see Derek with his nose flared, staring at Stiles hungrily, like maybe he wants to gnaw on Stiles a little bit. In a sexy way.

Stiles swallows heavily.

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Stiles doesn't know what the Hales say to the police, but they drop the investigation into Scott's disappearance, no questions asked. Stiles is starting to think there are quite a few people of the supernatural variety in major positions in the government, because shit like that is mighty suspicious. Especially since Gerard Argent and his two goons turned up hogtied, with a duffle full of illegal firearms covered in their fingerprints, in front of the Chief Constable's house the morning after Boyd and Erica dragged them off.

Justice is served, as a procedural cop would say. Neiner neiner neiner, as Stiles would say.

Scott's back with Kira, practically glued to her back if he isn't filming a scene with her holding the boom. Stiles swears he saw him follow her into the women's bathroom. He can't blame him. If what happened to Scott, happened to him, he doesn't think he would ever let his significant other out of his sight.
Not that he has a significant other. It's just a fact of the matter. Stiles is a scaredy cat and so is Scott, not that there's anything wrong with that.

He's pretty sure Talia Hale appreciates all he's done for her family, aka. her pack, because the last time he went to check his bank statement, he found an amount with three extra zeros. His eyes nearly bugged out of his skull. When he went to Laura, thinking payroll fucked up big-time, she just patted him on the cheek and said 'thank you' again.

Everyone keeps on thanking him for some reason. Even though Stiles is the one who got Scott in that pickle in the first place. But then, Erica cornered him on a sound stage, ordered him to take the gratitude, and then said that Argent would have captured one of them sooner or later. After all, even though they're a pack, it's not like they go to the bathroom in a buddy system. One of them would have been alone in public one day, and then Argent would have pounced.

Stiles still doesn't quite know who's in on the secret, and who's not. But he thinks the head of security, one Jordan Parrish, might be a dragon. He has his reasons, which might have to do with the fact that Stiles watched him toast two slices of bread with his bare hands in the lunchroom yesterday. Now that's a dude he knows not to mess with.

Derek. Derek is something else. It's a wonder Stiles never guessed sooner that his dog was actually his boss in compact form, because they act so alike it's almost scary.

Derek can threaten Stiles all he wants about dress codes, but the moment Stiles reaches up and scratches him behind his ear, he turns right back into Woof, hell, even his suit clad leg twitches. It's adorable and makes Stiles feel things. Things like a desire to grab Derek by his adorable ears and just make out with his face. And frankly, Derek is not helping with his urges. It's like he tries to find excuses to be near Stiles.

He doesn't know if it's because he's grateful he found and rescued Scott when he couldn't. Even in his wolf form, which is apparently sharp as a whistle. Stiles shudders to think about what Derek smelled in his bed the nights he slept over.

Spunk, he totally smelled spunk.

"Stiles." Derek shouts, bringing him out of his thoughts.

"Hey, what's up, sourwolf?" Stiles smiles easily, looking up from his camera.

Derek grits his teeth, brows dipping, but his ears turn red, "I told you to stop calling me that." Oh yeah, because he totally hates it.

Stiles winks, which just does nothing but make Derek turn even redder, until he finally looks away from Stiles, "Just have your technical edits to the script on my desk by the end of the day."

Stiles mockingly salutes, winking one last time for prosperity's sake. Derek stumbles in his haste to get back to his trailer. Stiles feels like high-fiving himself.

A few hours later and he's knocking on the door to Derek's trailer. He doesn't bother waiting for a reply, just pauses a few seconds and enters. What he finds nearly makes him choke with laughter. Sitting at Derek's desk, looking like he belongs there, is Woof. Or Derek in dog form.

Stiles walks up to him with an easy smile on his face, "Hey boy." He says, greeting Derek by running his fingers through his silky fur, "I've missed you." He smiles fondly when Derek's eyes close in pleasure at the head scratches he is receiving courtesy Stiles' fingernails.
"You're so grumpy when you're human," he says, watching Derek open his eyes, looking at him silently, "But like this, you're one of my best friends."

"Why can't I be your friend when I'm human?" Derek asks and Stiles blinks, gone is the dog, and instead sitting in Derek's chair is the naked man in question.

Stiles blushes and quickly walks over to the sofa. Grabbing Derek's clothes, he hands them over to him. Stiles turns his back as he dresses quickly. He feels a light hand touch his shoulder. Stiles turns around, only to come face to face with Derek standing a foot away.

Stiles sputters, "You're my boss."

Derek tips his head to the side, eyes confused, but softer than he's ever seen them before. It makes Stiles' heart stop in his chest. Derek must hear it because there it is, there's that familiar smirk. "That can't be the only reason."

"Maybe it's because you're a poor conversationalist." Stiles suggests.

Derek chuckles, "We both know you can hold a good enough conversation for the both of us." He says, looking up at Stiles from under his long, dark lashes.

Stiles swallows, "Um..."

"Just admit it." Derek says, moving even closer.

"Admit what?" Stiles whispers, gaze never leaving Derek's, "I don't know what I'm supposed to admit? Is the sky blue, is the sun yellow? Orange? I don't know, it's not like it's a red giant yet, but then again maybe in a few billion years-"

Derek cuts off Stiles' ramblings with his mouth. He makes a vaguely unattractive noise in response, but Derek doesn't seem to mind, going by the way his tongue darts out, lightly licking at Stiles' bottom lip. His legs give out a little, because Derek grabs him by the waist and tugs him closer until their bodies run parallel to each other and Stiles can feel the heat pouring off of him. Feel the hard line of his torso, and what could only be his dick, poking Stiles in the thigh.

Derek pulls back, breaking the kiss. "Admit that you want me too."

Stiles' eyes cross as he stares into Derek's. Reaching down, he grabs Derek's right butt cheek, squeezing, making him jump a foot in the air. Stiles laughs heartedly, slapping lightly what he grabbed only a second ago. "Oh, I want you, alright." He says, licking his lips, leaning into Derek's space again. "I really fucking want you." He whispers.

Derek growls and pulls him back into a involved, biting kiss, Stiles only manages to escape once his lips are bitten until they're swollen and his hair is a mess. Stiles doesn't really mind much, considering Derek ends up looking even more dishevelled then he does.

That's the thing with ties, once one is stretched to the end of its stitches, no matter how many times Derek tries to retie it, he still looks debauched beyond reason. Take that, dress code.

Chapter End Notes

I'm just saying, that quiche is daaaamn good.
End Notes

so much cold medicine....

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