Sterek/25 - Lay Me Down

by FiccinDylan

Summary

Stiles grins, “I’ll just chalk your opinions up to being outdated, but really, it’s okay. I know a year isn’t a lot of time, but a lot has changed, Derek. I’m not exactly the ugly duckling anymore, and drag has helped me with that.”

“You were never the ugly duckling, Stiles, just… an oblivious swan.” Derek insists.

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After some time away, Derek comes back and learns that Stiles is now a popular drag queen. His new found confidence awakens something in Derek that he never knew he had.

Notes

I'm a posting fool!

Okay, so the plan is that this is a WIP and I'll be posting one to two chapters a day. It's
heavily outlined and I hope to have the whole thing posted by Sunday.

This is dedicated to Mary and I'll explain that at the last chapter, to Dan for giving me an awesome amount of lingo and stuff, and to Jenny for endlessly looking at pictures of femme Stiles and Stiles in drag to inform this fic. Truly we were doing good work.

Enjoy!

See the end of the work for more notes.
“Alright guys, I have to go and meet with Chris and Sheriff so I’ll let Derek take it from here. Good meeting!” Scott highfives the pack and exits the loft leaving Derek to manage. It was his first meeting as second and he was excited to be in this position, it was a long time coming.

After the business with the alpha pack, Derek left briefly to take Cora away from the veritable time bomb that was Beacon Hills. When he came back, he was glad he’d made the decision as he found himself lumped into a tropical storm sized amount of supernatural bullshit. Nogitsunes and dread doctors, fucking Kate^2 and a nazi werewolf? There was even a point where he was turned into his younger self that he doesn’t fully remember, but knows he definitely doesn’t want to.

After the latest business with the nazi werewolf, Derek needed a break. He was supposed to only be gone for a few weeks, but found himself transported to another, less hectic time as he roamed the Brazilian wilderness with his South American pack. He checked in occasionally to make sure he wasn’t needed back in Beacon Hills, but for the most part he roamed the countryside and surfed the sand dunes in his wolf skin. It was heavenly, but something was missing.

Home was calling him, though he wasn’t entirely sure why. He packed up and went back to Beacon Hills after being gone for just over a year. When he returned, he talked to Scott who asked him to be second in his pack. Derek asked about why Stiles didn’t hold that position and Scott informed him that he was, but he wanted to train under Deaton to become the pack emissary.

“That leaves an opening and I think you’d be great to fill it, dude! Welcome back!” Scott exclaimed excitedly. Derek couldn’t help his grin. It actually felt good to be back and he was glad he had a place in the new pack.

He attended a couple of meetings as a lay member at first, simply remeeting the old members and being introduced to new ones. Their pack was growing and required a lot of training where Derek felt he could use his skills. After the announcement of him as the new second, Derek began to implement study sessions as well as pack bonding exercises. School was out for the summer and Derek’s part in the current meeting was to start planning for the extra time the pack would have.
“You guys have been really great with donating your time to learn and grow the pack. I appreciate that and expect the same over the break. I know some of you will be traveling so I’d like to get an idea of where you’ll have room in your plans to train.”

“I’m going back to France with Argent the last two weeks of August, but other than that I should be available.” Isaac says. Derek nods. He’s happy that Chris took Isaac under his wing and their relationship has allowed Isaac to regain some much needed confidence.

“Yeah, we can’t do Thursdays, Fridays or every other Saturday because of the show, but other than that most of us are free this summer, right guys?” Jackson adds. He’d arrived back from London during senior year and graduated with his friends. He’s become a strong enforcer in the pack and makes Derek proud as one of his original betas.

“Show?” Derek asks, feeling like he’s missed something. Lydia nods.

“Stiles, Jackson and Isaac all perform at The Jungle twice a month for drag night!” She explains brightly, swooping Jackson’s hair out of his eyes. He nips at her fingers causing her to giggle. Derek… is confused.

“Wait, what? Drag night? Stiles?” Derek asks, drawing the wide eyed attention of the boy in question. He’s back to a buzzed head and currently wearing a Wonder Woman tee under a red plaid overshirt. He looks at Derek sheepishly.

“Uhh, yeah dude. I’ve been performing for close to a year now? Started in highschool, it’s no big deal.” Stiles tries to shoulder off casually. Isaac huffs.

“No big deal!? You came out in the most dramatic way possible and then started doing drag and then begged Jackson and me to do it with you! Admittedly we love it, but there was nothing ‘no big deal’ about it!” The boy snorts as he pokes at Stiles’ thigh with his toes, blatantly ignoring the pleading in Stiles’ eyes.

“When you came out? You’re gay? When did… I mean, I’m sorry, that’s not right. What else have I missed?” Derek wonders aloud. Stiles grins and shrugs.

“Yeah dude, senior year, though I’ve always been gay of course… for fucking ever. With as long as I was in love with Lydia, I discovered I wanted to be her more than be with her. Then Danny started taking me to the clubs and I saw a show and fell in love. It’s a great outlet and it’s fun and really it’s not a big deal. Maybe Wednesdays would be good?”

“Good for what?” Derek asks, still processing the information.

“For training, Derek!” Stiles prods, trying foolishly to control the blush that’s creeping from under his neckline.

“Oh! Uhh yeah! If it won’t interfere, Wednesdays and Sundays for uhh- training! And pack bonding! How does that sound to everyone?” Derek looks around the room as everyone titters in agreement. “Okay, well… I’ll see you guys next week, I guess. Now get the hell out of my loft!” He says with an fake air of menace. Jackson laughs.

“There he is!” The boy yells out, jumping up to pat Derek on the back, “Missed ya, buddy.” He gives Derek a hug on his way out and Derek makes sure to say goodbye to everyone as they leave. He goes back to his living room and notices that Stiles has lingered.

“So… the drag thing is kind of a surprise, huh?” He starts, fiddling with his fingers as he sits in a ball on the couch. Derek sits on the ottoman across from him and grabs his hand to keep him from
“It just shocked me, that’s all. I.. can’t really imagine you in drag?” And he couldn’t. Stiles was too gangly, too awkward and too uncoordinated. At least the Stiles that Derek used to know was. Stiles was always too unkempt with all the khakis and plaid. He had no finesse. There was a developing grace there, sure, but it was riddled in clumsiness. This Stiles was a drag queen? “I hope that didn’t come off as rude.”

Stiles grins, “I’ll just chalk your opinions up to being outdated, but really, it’s okay. I know a year isn’t a lot of time, but a lot has changed, Derek. I’m not exactly the ugly duckling anymore, and drag has helped me with that.”

“You were never the ugly duckling, Stiles, just… an oblivious swan.” Derek insists a moment before crinkling his own brow in confusion over the statement. Stiles laughs brightly and though the phrase made no sense, Derek could see it fit Stiles perfectly. The buzzcut was back, but in the last year Stiles has changed a lot. He’s taller now, and he’s seemed to have grown into his own limbs. He’s not skinny, but instead smooth and lean. Derek has seen him walk with more confidence lately, with a sure step and his head held high. He’s stunning.

“I mean, I know you can do anything that you put your mind to, I’ve never doubted that. I’m sure you’re great.” Derek says as Stiles beams, yet rubs the back of his neck nervously.

“Yeah, well… hey-” he says, suddenly perking up and looking excitedly at Derek with his sparkling brown eyes, “-why don’t you come to the club for a show? It’s Saturday night and I can get you comped at the door. I think you might like it, I mean… if you want.” Stiles begins losing steam near the end, so Derek jumps in quickly.

“Yeah! I mean, if it’s okay?” Derek asks quickly. Stiles nods, a bit of confidence seeping back into his eyes.

“Yeah, that way you can see what I do, etcetera.” He adds with a hand flourish. Derek chuckles.

“Yes, I’d like that. I’ll see you on Saturday.”

Stiles stands and makes his way to the door. Derek follows and leans against the frame watching Stiles as he makes his way down the stairs. At the bottom he turns back briefly and throws Derek a little wave. Derek throws it right back.

Saturday is gonna be interesting.
Duck Out of Water

Chapter Summary

Derek goes to see Stiles perform.

Derek walks towards the unassuming building and is surprised to see the parking lot is full. As he gets closer he can hear the tell tale thumpa thumpa and sees colorful lights shining beyond the muted windows. Derek’s eyes follow a line of excited and hopeful patrons wrapping around the building until he locks eyes with Boyd at the door who smiles and motions him forward. Looking at all the people he was usurping, he was glad Stiles had put his name on the list.

“Welcome, Derek! You ready for the show tonight?” Boyd greets warmly. It’s not unexpected, but he’s more friendly and effusive than he’s ever been and it warms Derek’s heart though he wishes he had a little more to do with the transformation. The smart money is actually on Erica. During the alpha pack fiasco, Boy and Erica went missing. They stayed together and took care of each other until Stiles, Scott and Derek could rescue them. Since then Boyd has been loyal to Scott and respectful of Stiles. He was sad when Derek left, but he felt settled enough to not feel lost. He made sure to tell Derek that he credited him with giving him the skills to survive the ordeal, but Derek always felt a bit lacking.

He took his consolation in the fact that they were safe and beyond capable now. Derek returns Boyd’s strong grip in kind and smiles big.

“Ready as I’ll ever be, I guess.” He answers as Boyd turns the door over to another bouncer and leads Derek inside. “Jackson in drag, I don’t even know what to think about that.”

“Don’t think anything man, just go with it.” Boyd says with a friendly nudge to Derek’s side. He stops in a back hall and puts his hands on Derek’s shoulders. “Okay, first thing’s first, this is their sanctuary and their territory. Jackson’s not Jackson, she’s Ms. Jackson Nastee. Calling them by their street names is rude.”

Derek nods gratefully, “Thanks, Boyd. I had no idea. Who are the rest?”

“Well, let’s see-” Boyd crosses his arms over his chest thoughtfully, “There’s Isabella Lay-me, and Greenberg is Bento Loxx.”

“What?” Derek says, bursting out laughing. “The kid on their lacrosse team? He’s umm… Kento, on the outside, right?” Boyd shakes his head.

“Actually, she’s fully transitioning so she’s Yoshi on the outside and in here, that’s her drag name.”

“That’s fascinating.” Derek says, thinking about how progressive his little town has become. “And Stiles?”

“I think you mean-”

“STELLLAAA!!! You bitch!” Some queen yells out, interrupting Boyd as the young queen in question runs into the hall giggling.
“I’m a boss bitch, honey and don’t you forget it!” She says with a twirl of her middle finger and a wink of a heavily lashed eye. She’s half dressed, rocking a bracer and some pads along with sky high pink heels and a wig cap. Her face is cooking and contoured to death and her chest is out, completely waxed smooth and layered in a light sheen of glitter. She looks towards Boyd who is clearing his throat and screams in excitement. “Derek!”

STELLLAAA!!! runs towards and launches herself into Derek’s arms. Derek laughs and returns the hug firmly before the squirming squiress dismounts.

“Oh my G, Derek honey, I’m so sorry, I just got carried away. I put on the makeup and the heels and the music is pumping and I just can’t help myself! Boyd, baby!” STELLAAA!!! reaches out and grabs Boyd, using him as a human shield, suddenly modest about her state of undress. “Show Derek around, get him a drink, I’ve ruined his shirt, he’s covered in glitter, make it up to him with a drink on me!”

She looks back at Derek while flitting around frantically adjusting straps, fixing her shoes, trying to cover her nips, anything so she doesn’t focus on Derek directly. All Derek can do is watch, completely overwhelmed and kind of loving the moment.

“I have to go and get ready, but stay after and come see me, okay? Bye, Derek, I’m so glad you’re here, I’m going to ruin your shirt some more, okay?” STELLAAA!!! says before throwing her arms around Derek’s neck and giving him a big sloppy kiss on his cheek. She cackles and runs back down the hall to the dressing rooms, looking back quickly before disappearing behind a closed door.

“And that…. was STELLAAA!!!” Boyd announces, shaking his head fondly. Derek looks incredulous.

“Wait, so are there as many exclamation points in that as I think there are?”

“Not nearly enough, never enough! C’mon, let’s get you drunk.” Boyd wraps an arm around Derek’s shoulder and shakes him trying to dislodge his still blitzkrieged expression as he leads him into the main area towards the bar.

Derek looks around at all the bodies decked in leather or skin tight denim. He was only wearing his usual uniform of black V-neck tee and tight jeans with boots, but the patrons couldn’t seem to take their eyes off of him. Either it was because he was newly back in town, or it may be because of the streaks of glitter now glimmering on his shirt.

“I see Miss STELLAAA!!! got you!” Derek hears clearly from a 6’9” queen sauntering towards him. At least five of those inches could be attributed to the heels, and the height put Derek at eyeline with a very perky set of breasts. “Get your eyefull now, honey. Gotta make sure these things pay for themselves.” The queen said, being sure to give Derek an up close and personal view of the silicone.

“Well, Ms. Isabella, you’re looking lovely tonight.” Derek says politely as the beta formerly known as Isaac begins trying to dust glitter from his shirt.

“Thank you, Derek. I’m glad you came. I’m a bit surprised at how comfortable you are. After your shock at the meeting I’d thought you’d be a little more uptight.” Isaac says with a playful pop to Derek’s nose. Derek chuckles.

“I was just surprised then, Isaac-” Isabella raises an eyebrow and Derek nods his apologies, “- I mean, Isabella. I haven’t really been clubbing since New York and a little bit in Rio, but I’m sure the concept hasn’t changed that much.” And it really hadn’t. When he was in New York with Laura, the clubs were mixed. He’d go with Laura and her friends and he never had a problem dancing with a
guy here or there, but mainly it was in a group.

In Rio there was no such thing as pairing up. Everyone danced in groups of three or more, though to be honest Derek doesn’t remember a lot about Brazil outside of the different variations of Caipirinha the country had to offer.

Isabella laughs and takes her leave while Boyd sets Derek up at one of the high tops along with his drink. He’s got a clear view of the stage and the show begins.

The theme is scorned heroines of the ‘60s and as the curtain goes up, a cheeky queen with apple green eyes, a long blond wig and a jawline that could cut glass is revealed. From overhead, Boyd’s smooth baritone floods the room.

“Ladies and Gentleladies, put your smokes and dollars in the air for the T-spilling realness of Ms. Jackson 'F-UR' Nastee as she shows us a very important part of Nancy Sinatra’s wardrobe…”

The spotlight has fallen on Ms. Nastee’s ass and a finger comes into view pointing the spotlight to go down further. The crowd titters with laughter.

“Her boots!” Boyd finishes to more applause as the spotlight captures Ms. Nastee in a turn and the music cue kicks in.

You keep saying you got something for me...

Something you call love but confess.

Ms. Nastee walks directly onto a table and stabs the toe of her boot into Coach Finstock’s chest. Bobby fakes offense, but pulls out a $10 anyway to shove between Ms. Nastee’s laces.

You've been a'messin' where you shouldn't 've been a'messin'!

And now someone else is getting all your best!

Ms. Nastee walks past Derek and straight to Danny who is there with his new boyfriend. Danny laughs and slips a bill into her bustier.

Well, these boots are made for walking, and that's just what they'll do.

One of these days these boots are gonna walk all over you!

Ms. Nastee jumps back on the stage and starts swinging her hips like a sixties go go girl. She’s an instant hit and bills start flying. Derek even whistles causing Ms. Nastee to break character for a second and gawk at the shenanigans of his former alpha. The song ends to lots of applause and Jackson heads to the back.

“I’m sure several of you gentlemen are lining up for the chance to get scraped from the underside of those boots.” Boys croons over the loudspeaker, pulling exaggeratedly on the collar of his shirt as to let out steam. The crowd cheers.

“Next up is our own Isabella Lay-me, who’s wondering if you have any plans for… let’s say… forever?” The lights go down and when they come up, there stands Ms. Isabella in all her glamorous glory. She’s wearing a dirty blond beehive and a long chiffon gown that only accentuates her already towering height. Derek is glamoured as the music begins.

What are you doing the rest of your life? North and South and East and West of your life? I have
only one request of your life, That you spend it all with me.

The crowd sways in silence, just soaking up the elegant pain of the song, bejeweled by Isabella’s subtle dramatics. She’s not loud, or over stated, but muted and performing with an experience that’s envied and pitiable. When the performance ends the crowd stirs for a moment, sighing in awe at the power of such an understated performance. They clap politely and throw bills as their queen takes her bow. Boyd’s voice comes back over the crowd.

“I hope everyone had enough bar napkins to wipe away the tears after that heart wrenching and poignant performance. Miss Isabella you enchant us every time. We’re gonna take a two minute break and the final queen will take the stage. You love her and you can’t get enough, and if she has any say about it, you won’t ever. Get your asses ready for the one, the only STELLLAAA!!!” Boyd’s voice booms over the speakers as the crowd goes wild as several people crowd the stage, moving in close to make sure they get a good view.

Derek can’t believe the reaction and wonders what Stiles… uhh… STELLLAAA!!! has in store. After two minutes the lights go down and the crowd begins whooping and hollering and already throwing money on the stage. Derek takes a sip from his drink and almost spits it out when the spotlight illuminates the queen.

She’s sitting on a stool in the middle of the stage, legs crossed demurely under a gown of glistening sheer pink sequins. She’s got a skinny mic in her hand and long cotton candy pink nails that are filed to points like claws. Her body is long and lean with added curves and she’s wearing a bustier that’s padded and accentuates her pink glitter covered collar bones.

Her face is wondrous; pouty pink lips and heavily kohled eyes that only allow her natural brown to be more piercing and distinct. She doesn’t just look at you, she scrutinizes your soul should you have the pleasure to be caught in her gaze. Derek was titillated by Ms. Nastee, glamoured by Isabella, and now he’s completely enamoured by STELLLAAA!!! He nearly swoons.

She flicks her eyes up to the crowd and reverent hush quiets the room. The music starts.

When I said I needed you.

You said you would always stay.

It wasn’t me who changed, but you,

And now you’ve gone away...

Derek swoons. He’s instantly taken back to when his mother and father used to dance to this song in their family room. He and Laura would watch the two lovebirds sway and make gross out noises when their father would dip their mother and kiss her sweetly. Derek feels the pull of the music at his tear ducts and gets lost in the performance.

STELLAAA!!! stands from the stool and saunters from side to side across the stage. She elegantly kicks the fabric with the toe of her heel so she won’t fall. Derek marvels at her skill and grace throughout the number as she saunters from table to table sometimes finding a girl to lean on or a gentleman’s lap to perch on. She’s confident and beautiful and Derek can barely keep his breath.

You don’t have to say you love me, just be close at hand.

As the song draws to a close she goes to Coach and cups his face sweetly before taking the $20 being shoved at her. Derek hears Coach mumble something about how Greenberg is going to kill him as he heads towards the ATM.
You don’t have to stay forever, I will understand.

She glides around the front of the stage and caresses Alan Deaton’s respectful and adoring face. Derek knows Stiles is studying under Deaton and thought it was sweet that he came to the performance to support Stiles. Derek is really impressed how much support Stiles has overall.

STELLLAAAAA!!! heads back to the front with Boyd’s help (rewarded with a kiss on the cheek), and stands center stage as the spotlight focuses mainly on her upper body and face. She places the mic in the stand that was setup while she was working the crowd so now both hands are free. Derek’s heart races as she heads towards the finale.

Believe meeeeee...

She lifts her right hand to the sky and Derek’s eyes follow it and he finds himself biting back a yelp.

Be-lieve meeeeee...

She raises her left hand up to join it and Derek is clutching his glass so hard it nearly cracks.

Believe Meeeeeerreeeeeee!!!!!

And Derek is about to explode when at the last moment before the lights go down STELLAAAAA!!! looks directly at him, paralyzing his spirit. He’s sure he’s blacked out for a second or two because the next sound he hears is thunderous roaring applause. He looks around the crowd and sees more people running towards the now empty stage and idly throwing money onto it. Derek catches Boyd’s eye from the DJ booth. Boyd is staring at him with a look that’s far too knowing.

Derek hightails it out of there.

He runs to his car, ignoring any and everyone in his way. He speeds home and pours himself a drink of something strong enough for wolves to feel and he does. When he falls into bed he can’t get comfortable so he tosses and turns. Something is eating at him and it’s not just Stiles, or even STELLAAAAA!!!. It’s… everything. Everything that means something, a something he’s not allowed himself to ever really consider to the point that he doesn’t even know what that something is.

But it’s eating him and only one thing gives him peace. He falls asleep finally to “Beliiiiieeeeeee Meeeee” playing over and over in his head, accented by the amber twinkle in Stiles’ eyes, becoming his north star and beckoning him to… something new.
Ducklips and Dildos

Chapter Summary

This chapter puts me over 500K total words on A03! W00t! I love you guys, thanks to you who have read the bulk of those words!

The next day, Derek is sitting on his couch and wasting time milling around the internet on his laptop. He’s got the TV on some sort of sports game as he tries to focus his thoughts and figure out what he’s feeling. Resistance is futile of course, and he finds himself on YouTube listening to Dusty Springfield urge him to believe her. All he can think of is Stiles as STELLAAAA!!!.

The glitter catching the light in her sticky pink lipgloss, the way the stage gels careened off the gentle peach in her cheeks. Her impossibly large cocoa colored eyes that were framed by her thick, ebony lashes. They portrayed not only a confidence he’d never seen in Stiles before, but a purpose and a direction. It was a path Derek wanted to follow, and would, if he could truly understand the destination.

What was it about Stiles that called to him? About Beacon Hills? He’d thought he’d lost his home when he lost his family, but still this place called to him. Maybe the pack was his new family and being away from them stressed the bond? Was Stiles his family? Was he something more? Could he be?

He’s pulled out of his reverie by a knock on the door. He’s not expecting anyone and he hasn’t buzzed anyone into the building, so it catches him off guard, but after a moment he schools his senses and a familiar, naturally fast heartbeat comes to him clearly. He crosses the room and slides open the door.

“Hey, Stiles. What’s up?” He knows he fucked up instantly when he sees the tentative hurt on the boy’s face. He should have called and inwardly curses himself for his bullshit. He takes a step back, allowing Stiles to enter the loft.

Stiles ambles around the table as Derek goes into the kitchen. He pulls out a bottle of soda - Stiles’ favorite - and offers it to him. “You thirsty?”

Stiles looks at Derek carefully.

“I.. I honestly don’t know, Derek.” He says softly before taking the bottle and setting it on the table next to him. Derek tries to be casual, but know he’s just making things more tense as he can’t quite bring himself to make eyes with the boy.

“Well, uhh, it’s there, if you do get- I mean, you know, there’s more in the…” Derek trails off and chances a glimpse in Stiles’ direction, hoping to find some sort of hint in his peripheral view. All he sees is the skepticism in the boy’s visage.

“Stiles, look-”

“What happened to you last night?” Stiles spits out, “I really wanted to see how you enjoyed the performance.”
It’s a simple question, with an answer so complicated that Derek can’t even bring himself to fully tell him how life changing the performance was. So he diverts.

“Oh, I just headed out. I thought you’d want to hang with your friends.”

“But I asked you to stay, I really wanted to see you.” Stiles insists, not backing down a single inch. Derek is just as persistent.

“I saw you before and you’re such a star, Stiles, I’m sure you were flooded with people. Gotta give time the adoring fans, right?”

“What?”

“I just… I didn’t want to get in the way.” Derek says, rubbing the back of his neck nervously. Stiles seems to deflate slightly.

“Oh, well, I mean, you’re never in the way, not when I invited you, but fine, whatever.” The boy mumbles, clearly trying to figure out what he’s missed. He shrugs, “Okay, well… what did you think?”

“It was good!” Derek says a little too quickly, his eyes a bit too wide and his smile a bit too plastered on. He knew instantly how it looked though he was helpless to stop it.

“It was good?” Stiles asks, arms crossed defensively and accusingly over his chest.

“It was really good. I liked it! You were…” Great! Dammit, Stiles was great, amazing, life changing, magnificent, soul-stirring, fucking amaze-balls! “...you were good.”

Twenty seconds pass, Derek guesses that Stiles had to count to ten to reign his frustration in and then had to do it again. He stands plastered in his spot as Stiles fidgets, shifting his weight from one foot to the other.

“Fine, I’m glad you liked it, I guess? I hope you weren’t too bored.”

“No, not at all! I liked it, Stiles, you were-” don’t say good, Derek, for the love of Lupa don’t say good, “I liked it!” Derek nearly shouts in Stiles’ face. Stiles grimaces as Derek takes a step forward and places a hand on his forearm.

“When’s the next one? I’d love to come. I’ll get there early and I’ll stay after, I promise, I just got mixed up, okay?” Derek pleads. Stiles considers his hand and then shakes his head slightly. Derek frowns, until Stiles perks up.

“Oh, no! I mean, I would totally love for you to come, it’s just that I’m not sure when the next one is supposed to be. They’re working on some of the wiring at the club so we don’t have a place to rehearse. They might have to cancel next week’s show.”

“Come practice here.” Derek offers.

“What?” Stiles wonders.

Yeah, what? Derek curses his mind for racing forward without him completely in tow, but musters up enough self control to nod his head frantically.

“Yes! My place! You’ve been here before,” get it together, Derek, “I have plenty of room. We can move some of the furniture and you and the… girls… ladies?” Derek looks at Stiles’ bemused grin
for guidance and continues after receiving a positive nod, “can all setup here so you don’t have to miss the show. I’m sure the wiring will be done in time for you to setup the staging and you’ll be good to go!”

Stiles cocks an eyebrow and turns to saunter around the loft. He’s wearing Adidas, but raises a bit on his toes as though he has on heels. Derek can see some of STELLAAA!!! come through as Stiles surveys the area. Stiles looks back over his shoulder at Derek and then clears his throat, coming back down on his heels.

“Derek, look, while I appreciate the sentiment, that’s asking a lot from you.”

“You can ask anything of me.” Derek says softly. Stiles face is graced by a sad smirk.

“I asked you to stay last night-”

“Anything, Stiles. And I’ll try. I’ll always try.” Derek finishes, trying to convey his truth. Stiles seems to pick up on the message as he exhales and shakes himself out.

“Alright, I’ll tell the girls that we’ll be practicing here!” He says brightly, watching as Derek’s expression begins to mirror his own.

“Great! I’ll give you a key. I’ll be at work, so just come in and setup however you like, it won’t be a problem.”

“Don’t worry, dude, I’ll take care of it.” Stiles assures Derek. He then looks at him cautiously, “Umm, just… you know, putting it out there. When the girls come over, I’mma be STELLAAA!!! as fuck, okay? So… it’s gonna get really fucking gay. Is that… are you gonna be okay with that?”

Derek frowns, thinking back over the time he’s been back with Stiles, “Stiles, have I… have I ever made you feel uncomfortable about expressing yourself? Because if I ever have I’m truly sorry, I didn’t inten-” Stiles throws his hands up to stop Derek’s apologia.

“Whoa, dude, no! It’s okay! You haven’t- I just-” Stiles stops and breathes in, placing a placating hand on Derek’s chest. “I don’t know how comfortable anyone really is with the drag thing so I like to make sure before I impose all my gayness all up in your space, that’s all.”

Derek places his hand over Stiles’ and squeezes lightly. He’s so proud of the boy and he can’t believe how brave and strong he is. How beautiful.

“Stiles, you’re not imposing, it’s… be you, that’s all that- just be you. I’ll be fine, I might mess up, but I’ll try.”

“Fuck, look at me being all flustered. Thanks, Derek.” Stiles steps back and walks towards the door. He turns back and gives Derek a sweet hug. “I mean, I know you’re straight, but I also know you’re an ally. Overall I want you to be comfortable, but I really appreciate you stepping out of your comfort zone and helping the girls and me. See ya!” Stiles says as he turns to leave. Derek watches him go down the stairs and out of sight before going back into the loft and leaning against the door after he’s closed it.

Straight?

On one hand, Derek was happy that Stiles considered him an ally, on the other hand, he also considered him… straight. Not that Derek wasn’t… and not that he was, really he hadn’t given himself a lot of time to think about it. He hasn’t had a sex life really outside of the nearly annual visit with himself. He’s just been too busy with other things, but he was approaching an age where
finding a mate was acceptable and he did come back to Beacon Hills after all to- *Oh.*

***

The next day Derek comes home and is greeted by Stiles who is wearing a forest green Adidas track suit and 4” platform, ankle wrap stilettos in buttery brown suede. He also has a pair of half frame reading glasses perched on his Peter Pan nose and is flipping through a yellow steno notebook with a highlighter in his mouth, a pen in his hand, and a pencil tucked behind his ear. He looks absolutely ridiculous.

He takes Derek’s breath away.

Stiles takes a look at Derek’s clearly overwhelmed expression and spits the highlighter onto the table before sauntering over to Derek.

“Hey there, Der-cub, welcome home! The ladies are here and it’s all setup so how about I give you the tour? Isabella, sweetie, come get Der-cub a beer for when it’s over.” Stiles yells over her shoulder to Isaac who hops up from the couch where she’s sitting next to Danny carefully. She’s already got on heels and sparkly stockings along with a shaper. Her hair is pinned back and she’s working on some sort of contouring on her face.

“Butchie want a beer?” Isabella says cheekily as she walks past Derek, bumping into him playfully. Derek narrows his eyes giving the dirty blond a playful smirk.

“Butchie?! Hmm… I love it! So you shall be called from now on!” Stiles exclaims as he grabs Derek by the hand, pulling him into the living room. The furniture has mostly been moved to the side allowing the middle to serve as a makeshift stage. Derek waves to everyone. Jackson and Greenberg are keke-ing on the couch while Erica helps sew and bedazzle some dresses and Lydia is trying out polish and makeup samples on Jackson.

Stiles drags Derek into the hall where he stops for a moment to plug his ipod into the surround sound. They’re far enough away to have a bit of privacy.

“So umm.. should I call you STELLAAAIII in here-” Derek asks sheepishly with accented jazz hands, “-or is Stiles, okay?” Stiles finishes with the ipod and turns to Derek, tipping his chin up the extra few inches the heels allow him to have over Derek.

“Honey, you can call me anything you want,” He then turns smoothly, strutting like a goddess down the rest of the hall like it’s a catwalk on the center stage in Milan, “Just don’t call me satisfied, for I’m never that!” He stops at the door to the spare room at the end and crooks his finger, beckoning Derek to follow him.

“I’m never that, Butchie”

Derek goes.

The spare room has been turned into Stiles’ own dressing room. There are shapers and bras and rolls of duct tape on the bed and what appears to be a portable vanity set up in the corner with a lighted mirror and covered in different kinds of makeup.

“I set up here, hope that was alright?” Stiles looks expectantly at Derek who nods in agreeance. Stiles slithers past Derek back into the hall and walks him by his tie back to the main room. Before they get there, Derek reaches out and grabs Stiles’ hand. He’s got press on nails on the thumb and forefinger and the rest are bare. Derek runs his thumb along the acrylic nail.
“Stella, do you mind if I ask you why you become a drag queen?” Derek looks up directly into Stiles’ eyes, causing the queen to blush.

“Well more like drag lady-in-waiting mostly, but overall I don’t mind, it’s very sweet of you to ask, but it’s such a long story.” Derek starts to resign, but Stiles squeezes his hand, “We’ll talk about it later, okay?”

Derek nods happily, “Yeah, sure. But, everyone is supportive right? Scott, your dad? I haven’t seen them around and I didn’t see them at the club, so…”

“Oh, Butchie, so concerned for little ole me? Hmm… I like Butchie in public, but you’ll always be my cuddly Der-cub won’t you?”

“Stiles…” Derek says, slightly blushing. Stiles laughs brightly and runs the back of his hand over Derek’s heated cheek.

“They’re perfect, Der. Scott’s usually at the club, but he had dinner with Kira and Argent and dad… well,” Stiles pauses thoughtfully making Derek suspicious, “he took the drag thing pretty well all things considered. It was the ‘being gay’ thing that threw him, but honestly I can’t blame him, he didn’t exactly find out in the best way.” Stiles finishes nonchalantly. Derek is enraged.

He can actually feel his hackles rise as he curses whatever happened to make Stiles’ coming out anything less than perfect! And because of the Sheriff?!

“Stiles, what happened? He’s your dad, finding out you’re gay should be a happy occasion, not regrettable. You discovered yourself and the direction of your love, what the fuck happened?”

“Oh shambone, Der-cub! It’s not like that, I promise you! He’s very supportive, I felt so loved once we sat down and talked about it. It was really great, it was just getting there that was crazy and honestly, dude, it was really embarrassing.” Stiles hugs Derek and tries to walk away, but Derek has him grasped lightly by the wrist.

“Come on, you’ve never been embarrassed to talk about sex before, I know about your yelling in the locker room for someone to fuck you back in highschool.”

“Jesus, Derek!”

“What’s going on?” Derek insists, knowing he’s missing something as he watches the red creep out of the neckline of Stiles t-shirt and up his neck to his cheeks.

“Are you wangs talking about the time your dad came home and caught you getting hashtagged with Miguel hanging out of your ass!” Jackson yells from the other room. Derek follows the sound, pulling a reluctant Stiles behind him.

“Shut up, Nastee! Miguel is bae, don’t ever besmirch the good name of Miguel!”

“Who’s Miguel?” Derek asks, trying to reign in his irritation at whomever this Miguel character was. It sounds familiar…”What’s a hashtag? I mean, outside of the internet.”

“It’s supposed to be when you get your boo high and then bang them, but STELLAAA!!! Is #foreveralone so she had to take things into her own hands and lost track of time.” Jackson explains further as Stiles tries to blend as dramatically as possible into the wall behind him.

“Okay, but, who’s Miguel and what does that have to do with you coming out? Did he hurt you?”
Stiles throws his hands up, “Oh for fuck’s sake! Miguel is my vibrator! There! You happy, Ms. Jackass?!” He says, pointing at Jackson. Jackson dissolves into giggles and is about to say something lewd until he’s floor by Derek’s irate glare. Stiles rolls his eyes. “I was pleasuring myself with Miguel and lost track of time having the time of my life, screaming to high heavens and in typical American Pie fashion, my dad ran into my room thinking I was being attacked. It was humiliating on both our behalves and Ms. Nastee over there heard me telling Scotty over X-Box so now everyone knows because she’s a fucking twat.”

“Guilty!” Jackson sing songs out before again being leveled by Derek’s gaze. He also receives a much needed pop to the back of the head from Lydia.

“But why did your dad think you were gay?” Derek asks, still trying to place who Miguel was and piece together the puzzle of this story.

“Well…,” Stiles began timidly, “I was screaming to the high heavens, but it wasn’t just indescribable noises. There was a very distinct name. A very distinctly male name. That wasn’t Miguel. Which is important because for some reason after I came all over myself in front of my dad I made a point to assure him that the vibrator’s name was not the name I was screaming out, but instead was named Miguel. I still don’t understand the logic behind that other than I was also extremely high.”

A moment passes, and then another. Derek opens his mouth, but Stiles puts up a finger to stall.

“As much as I adore reliving probably the most mortifying event in my life, we really have to get back to work, so you have one more question right now, mmkay sweetie?”

Derek nods and then looks around the room before locking eyes back on Stiles.

“Well did you name your vibrator Miguel?”

Stiles blanches momentarily before smiling a hidden secret just for Derek. He can see the boy’s eyes travel his face, fastidiously looking for recognition of any kind. Derek furrows his eyes in concentration, but still get’s lost in the lustrous amber before him.

“What can I say? He fit.” Stiles says softly, never breaking contact. Derek is on the cusp of recognition but is pulled back by Isabella.

“STELLLAAA!!! honey, I can’t figure out this dance move you want for your number! I feel like these heels are actually too high, I’m getting allergic to gravity!” She says, teetering with one hand braced on Erica’s shoulder and another up in the air. Stiles sighs, now completely broken from his reverie.

“Isabella honey, since when have you ever had problems with gravity? You love to go down!” The ladies laugh and Stiles heads towards Isabella to prepare her correctly for the move. He grabs her by the hips and molds his body along hers, twisting her smoothly into position. It’s elegant and suave and Derek is watching with his mouth slightly agape.

“Any wider and I might just ask for an invitation inside, hunty!” Derek’s jaw snaps shut as Greenberg regards him cheekily with a lascivious wink from the couch. Stiles flips Greenberg off and teeters over to Derek.

“Leave Butchie alone, Bento Betch! No one wants your oversized clit in their mouth!” Yoshi cackles as Stiles pushes Derek towards the stairs.

“What, you’re kicking me out?” Derek says as Stiles begins to corral him up the spiral staircase.
“You’re too much of a distraction, you and your gorgeous mug. We have work to do, I’ll come get you when we’re done.” Derek grins at the compliment before obediently going upstairs. After a while Isaac brings him some food.

“So… this is kind of crazy to come back to, isn’t it?” Isaac perches on the edge of the bed as Derek takes a drink from his beer.

“With all the strange shit that happens here, I can imagine you all would need an outlet.” Derek says as he sips thoughtfully, “But Stiles as a drag queen, I never even imagined the day.”

“If you haven’t noticed Derek, Jackson and I are queens too. Jackson’s not even gay, but he’s a ham.” Isaac interjects, though Derek barely hears him and Isaac knows it. Knows he’s still thinking about Stiles. After a moment, Derek shrugs.

“Oh yeah, it’s just, you’ve always been delicate and Jackson has always been vain. Stiles has been pretty unassuming that to see him so bold like this, it’s… it’s pretty astounding.”

“It’s always the quiet ones huh? They’re the ones you fall in love with.”

“Hmm?”

Isaac watches Derek as he picks at his food. He shakes his head fondly, “Nothing Derek, enjoy your sandwich.” The boy stands up and goes to the door, stretching his neck and transforming back into his more confident companion.

“Don’t be a stranger, Butchie. We wouldn’t want to lose you again.” She says with a wink before heading downstairs.

The rest of the afternoon passes by with music pouring through the loft and Stiles’ voice echoing commands. Derek finishes up some work until he hears a light rap at the door. He opens it to see Stiles standing there, still in heels, but this time in his normal face. He motions for Derek to follow him downstairs and Derek follows him through the living room where most of the people have vacated. He follows Stiles to the spare room where the boy perches on a stool and carefully takes off his shoes before massaging his feet, ankles and calves. Then, with his legs crossed at the knee, he rolls up the pants of the tracksuit and reveals wax strips which he begins pulling with nary a wince. It’s routine, a ritual almost, and Derek has front row seats from his position on the bed.

“Sorry about the mess already. They may be ladies, but they’re also complete slobs. I’ll make sure everything is cleaned up before I go. Der-cub, sweetie, hand me that will you?” Stiles points at a bottle of cooling lotion on the bed that Derek hands over swiftly. Stiles pour some into his palm and begins to slather it over his newly smooth leg. He’s still talking throughout, it’s a special blend of Stiles and STELLLAAAA!!!.

“Ms. Nastee and Isabella are helping me out by doing backup for this number I’m planning and chile! I picked something simple, but with a twist and it’s like those two have duck feet to match their duck lips in every fucking selfie they take. That’s why we don’t have a lot of promo photos, once those girls slap on the gloss it’s like an episode of Darkwing Duck! Sweetie, I’m being such a bitch, but can you give me those baby wipes?” Stiles motions next to Derek who hands over the box quietly. Stiles watches him for a moment.

“Derek… do you- how are you doing with all this? Do you mind when I call you, sweetie or Butchie or whatever? Because I know I have a tendency to get carried away, but if it ever bothers you just tell me and-”
“Stiles, it’s fine, really.” Derek tries to insist with his eyes. Stiles looks away.

“I mean, besides Jackson’s heteroflexible ass, I know it’s not normal for straight boys to be involved so much and you’ve been so gracious and kind-”

“Stiles, I’m not-”

“I know you say you’re not put out, honey and maybe now you’re not, but if you ever are just tell me okay?” He finishes with a little nudge of his toe to Derek’s shin. Then he crosses his legs the other way and rolls up the pant leg to start the other side. As he chatters, Derek just soaks up the sounds, and continues being surrounded by this world. He’s not really listening to the words of Stiles’ rambling, but instead the fluctuations and affectations. It’s like a melody that Derek never wants to forget. Mixed with Stiles’ usual flails, watching him is as much as an experience as anything else. It makes Derek wonder how he’s able to complete such moves, how can juggle such flourish?

“And Miss STELLAAA!!! don’t play, bitch!” Stiles says with a snap, causing Derek to snap his fingers too. Stiles looks at him curiously for a moment and ducks his head, laughing a little.

“I know I keep saying it, but thanks for being so cool, Derek. I’m a bit much when I’m not in drag mode so I’m sure this is extra ridiculous for you.”

Derek crinkles his brow in frustration, he has a million declarations for Stiles, but he can’t seem to get any to come out and sound right.

“Stiles, please stop apologizing for yourself, you don’t have to. I’m fine, it’s fine. I’d never lie to you, you know that.” Derek pleads. Stiles gives a small nod as Derek inches closer, carefully placing his hand on the boy’s knee. “I enjoy you being you! I like that you feel comfortable enough to show me more of who you are. I’m not uncomfortable, I’m impressed, and proud, and awed by you.”

It seems to do the trick as Stiles appears to be floored by that and Derek wonders just how floored Stiles would be if he could actually say what he wanted? He pats Stiles’ knee and goes to the kitchen to prepare dinner.

Stiles continues cleaning up and then they share a quick meal that Stiles insists on cleaning up after since Derek cooked. Derek mills around and then goes back to the dressing room. He’s not sure what led him here other than this being the part of the loft where Stiles’ scent is currently the strongest, where his presence is most known. There’s something about it that’s comforting and relaxing too. Something that offers the prospect of solving some of the mystery that this budding queen has become to him.

He picks up a tube of lipstick and uncaps it, twisting it out. It’s a peach color, Derek can see how it clearly accentuates Stiles’ naturally creamy skintone and he wonders what goes through his head when he puts it on? Is the lipstick a mask, or is it confidence in a plastic tube? Or is it both?

“Alright, dude, I’m all packed up and getting ready to-” Stiles stops suddenly upon seeing Derek sitting at his vanity with the lipstick and a bewildered look on his face. He smirks slightly and walks to the vanity, opening a side drawer and pulling out another tube. It’s a rose red.

“I think this is more your color.” He says with a wink. Derek nods thoughtfully and takes the tube which only serves to make Stiles look more perplexed.

“So… okay, I’ll see you Friday?” Derek nods and continues to sit, staring at the lipstick. Stiles sighs, “Alright, don’t worry, I’ll let myself out. Have a good night, Derek.” Derek nods again and Stiles watches him as he leaves the room.
As soon as Derek hears the front door close he stands up and lays down on the bed. He’s surrounded by makeup and bottles of glitter and wigs. And flat irons and hair dryers and an ungodly amount of bobby pins, like seriously, so many bobby pins. And duct tape and notes and shoes and Stiles’ scent and remnants of his laughter and his aura which still shines in his wake; larger than life and brighter than the sun.

And as he fiddles with the lipstick tube in the palm of his hand, he feels that much closer to understanding and yet so far from being able to deal with the implications of his fate.

If mates is a thing, and if the palpitations of Derek’s heart just at the thought was any indication, the sure money at this point is that it is, would Stiles be his?

Would STELLLAAA!!!
The next loft rehearsal is more of the same only the queens seem to be more comfortable and settled in. They screech with approval when Derek walks in carrying two boxes of cupcakes from one of the properties his company manages.

“Oh my god, is this chocolate mint? Butchie, you’re my new fave!” Yoshi Greenberg blathers as she tries to plant herself firmly in Derek’s lap. Stiles is right there to pull her off, slapping her padded ass as he shoos her away.

Today he’s wearing his red Wonder Woman tee, blue spankies with white stars and red and white stiletto boots. He’s also wearing a Wonder Woman crown atop a long dark brown, flowing wig. He perches, crossing his legs on Derek’s knee and wraps an arm around his shoulder before rolling his eyes and pointing a thumb at Bento Loxx.

“Don’t mind Bento, honey! She’s a slut for sugar, it’s really to be admired so we just let it go.” He says with a cheeky wink. The ladies laugh and dig into the treats and in a quiet moment Stiles turns back to Derek, leaning his head on the wolf’s shoulder and whispering in his ear.

“I hope you don’t mind me sitting here. It’s the only way I can keep the lionesses at bay. Not to victim blame, but you should know better than to look like that offering snacks.”

Derek giggles in a rasp as he luxuriates at the warmth caressing his ear from Stiles’ breath. Ms. Nastee and Isabella share a look.

Finally Derek shrugs, “It’s fine.” He says after casually clearing his throat and wrapping his arm snugly around Stiles’ smooth waist. Stiles giggles and sits up.

“Besides,” he says to the room at large, as though he were already addressing them, “You can’t tame a bull like Butchie, here. You can only hang on for the ride!”

As if on cue, Derek bucks his knee taking Stiles by surprise as he throws his arms around Derek’s shoulder and buries his face in Derek’s neck, laughing softly. He pulls back and looks at Derek wondrously. Derek mirrors the expression, puffing out his chest slightly.

Lydia and Erica share in on Ms. Nastee and Isabella’s look.

Derek hears the loft door open and Scott walks in, still obviously worked up from some disturbance. Derek absentmindedly adjusts Stiles in his lap and turns to look at their alpha.

“Scott, what’s wrong?”

Scott, not even seeming to notice Stiles draped comfortably over Derek’s thighs, points at the queen in question.

“Stiles, why didn’t you tell me it was that bad?”

Stiles sighs a large sigh as Derek’s eyebrows furrow.

“Scottie, my boy, it’s over, it’s nothing, I’m fine, I’m more than fine I’m-”

“It’s not fine! I know STELLLLAAA!!! comes out most when you need her and evidently whatever those dicks said to you warranted you telling some lady in sandals that her toes looked like shrimp
cocktail, and telling some guy that the only thing he got on his SAT’s was ketchup!”

“Damn, Stilinski, did you just renew your library card?” Ms. Nastee asks with an impressed nod. Stiles throws her a wink.

“Yaaaaas queen, read for filth!” Bento Loxx yells snapping her fingers as Lydia shakes her head bemused. Scott sighs and Derek? Derek is less than amused.

“What happened? Scott what are you talking about?”

“I went by the shoe store earlier and saw Stiles, but evidently when I left a couple came in and decided to start talking shit. They’re lucky I didn’t stay, I would have pommeled the shit out of them. Well, the guy at least, but Kira would have been there in a second to kick some ass!”

“Yeah!” Kira says with a mouthful of red velvet. Scott raises his eyebrow and Kira holds a confectionary out to him. He shrugs and walks over to take it. Derek’s grasp on Stiles tightens.

“What did they say?” He asks Stiles who looks down at Derek’s arm around him cautiously.

“It’s nothing, Butchie baby! It’s old history, we’re having fun now!”

“Stiles, he’s my second, he should know what’s going on.” Scott insists while picking up a chocolate chip cookie dough cupcake.

“Scottie, no! Listen pup, it’s fine, I handled it, no one got mussed up, not a single shoe was scuffed, please just leave it alone. Besides, it’s not a supernatural threat, there’s no reason for Derek to worry.”

“I don’t just worry when it’s a supernatural threat, Jesus, Stella!”

“Butchie honey, I know, it was just some homophobic dick! Scottie bring me a cupcake to calm Butchie’s nerves! I know he got a peanut butter fudge one for me, I just know it!”

“Who’s Butchie?” Scott asks causing everyone to look at him dumbly.

“Butchie is irritated, you guys!” Isabella shouts out with a gleam in her eye. Derek tries to glare at her, but she’s Isabella now and can’t be assed to care. “He’s practically decimating his throne! No need to shred the arms of your chair, Butchie. I’m sure STELLAAA!!! here is just fine.”

Derek looks down to where his claws are out and embedded into the leather arm of his chair. After he takes a moment and retracts them, he looks up at Stiles’ humbled and considering expression.

Derek clears his throat, “Someone needs to tell me what happened, right now!” He demands. Stiles lays his head on Derek’s shoulder and pets his chest lightly.

“Well Butchie, honey; sometimes when a boy is into other boys, it makes completely uninvested third parties irrationally angry. Especially when that boy spends some of his time being a fabulous lad- holy shit, Derek!”

Stiles is cut off as Derek stands with the queen completely in tow. He carries him down the hall like he’s Rhett Butler to Stiles’ Scarlett and doesn’t stop until he’s deposited the little git gently on the bed and pulled over the chair from the vanity to sit across from him. Stiles looks around bemoaning the fact that something so fabulous happened and he didn’t even do his ‘You, brut!’ routine.

“Thank heaven, I’m not so modest.”
“Stiles, tell me exactly what happened and whose throat I need to rip out.” Derek says with such furious intention, that Stiles can’t help but melt into the mattress, dissolving into a fit of giggles.

“Come here, Der-cub.” Stiles pats the space next to him on the bed and holds a hand out for Derek who is trying hard to temper his increasingly livid expression.

“Stiles, this isn’t-”

“Derek, hush!” Stiles says resolutely. Derek sighs. “Good, now come here. Lay down with me.”

Derek lies on his back next to Stiles and turns his head to meet Stiles’ sparkling cafe-colored, adoring gaze. He wishes all of that adoration was for him. Stiles looks into Derek’s green eyes, carefully inspecting the flecks of gold and analyzing what each one does to his heart when the light streaming in the window ignites it. He diverts his energy from the swooning he wants to do for more important matters at hand.

“Der-cub, have I ever told you specifically why I became a drag queen?”

Derek shrugs and reaches a hand up to pinch at Stiles’ chin before laying it back at his side.

“I have theories about why anyone would do it, but I haven’t heard your story specifically, no.” he explains timidly. Stiles can tell that although the anger is seeping from him, Derek is trying to hold onto just a bit in case he needs it to bust heads on Stiles’ behalf later. The countess of cross dressing smiles softly and grabs Derek’s hand, weaving their fingers together.

“I’ve always been on the cusp of being bullied, you know? I learned early on that I was too small to be too quiet so instead I was loud and funny. Middle school it worked like a charm, but highschool was a different beast, especially for a budding homosexual such as myself. I knew that I could be loud, but not too loud, so I switched gears and became like a water fowl, letting every word roll off my back. The heart of a bully feeds on reaction so if I ignored it or didn’t give it enough attention, eventually the bully would move on. This worked up until I suddenly grew a foot and filled out my shoulders. Like I said, not so much the ugly duck anymore.”

“More like a sexy motherducker?” Derek asks with a gentle squeeze to Stiles’ hand. Stiles lips bloom into an incredible smile.

“Well Derek Hale, as I live and breath! Keep springing them out like that and I’ll have to invite you to a T party.” The boy quips, smoothing Derek’s confused brow.

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“Well Derek Hale, as I live and breath! Keep springing them out like that and I’ll have to invite you to a T party.” The boy quips, smoothing Derek’s confused brow.

“Anyhow, what any poor soul who has lived on the cusp of bullying will tell you, is that it takes a lot of energy to bring that type of bravado on a daily basis. Even though I acted like I didn’t hear every barb, every jab, every rogue insulting comment, I did. I remember and I remember how it made me feel, if only even for a moment. It made me feel like I was puny and nothing, and then I discovered drag and Derek, it was big and grand and strong and everything I was on the inside, but couldn’t show on the outside.

“I loved the thought of it, the garishness, the obvious fuck you! to mainstream society who thinks they can control how I live my own damned life. People are going to make comments, you can’t control that, but I can control when I let those comments break me. Drag has made it so those comments make me tougher, make me feel stronger and smarter and, and grander and bigger than anything they could ever throw at me!” Stiles brings Derek’s hand to his lips and kisses the back of it sweetly.

“So while I’m so pleased that you want to avenge my honor -you’re a good friend to want to- honey,
I don’t need you. And you have no idea how awesome that feels.”

Derek exhales, “Stiles, I’m really proud of you and of STELLAAA!!! and I know you don’t need me.”

“Oh sweetie, no! I don’t mean it like-”

“And I’m proud that you don’t, I don’t want you to just need me-”

“Just?”

“-and it makes me happy to know how strong you are and how competent and capable. You make me feel safe and secure.”

“Wait, what? I make you feel safe? Der-”

“But.” Derek says, placing his finger on the bow of Stiles’ lip. Stiles grins and kisses the tip of Derek’s finger and raises his brow.

“But?”

Derek rolls to his side and envelops both of Stiles’ in his hands.

“Sometimes, hunty-”

“Oh my god!”

“Every now and again, I’m going to want to fucking rip someone’s throat out on your behalf, and I think you should let me.”

Stiles breaks out into a happy yelp of laughter, burying his head into Derek’s shoulder.

“Did he just? Oh yes he did, gurl! Jesus, Der-cub, what are we going to do with you?” Stiles lays back and shakes his head, finally shrugging and looking at Derek, “Well hell, I’m sure we’ll run across some evil druid tacos or someone wearing polyester that hates life and will need you to read them on my behalf. How about near the end of the summer we can plan a slaycation where you just go and take your blood lust out on all the unsuspecting homo-, bi-, trans- and fabphobic villains out there?”

“That sounds good!” Derek says happily, closing his eyes and just enjoying the moment. Stiles fingers at the stray gray hair in his beard and sighs.

“Shit, and then I’m gonna have to book a splaycation for my thighs because after all that activity your girl is gonna need to get la-aid!”

“Oh my god, STELLAAA!!!” Derek’s eyes shoot open and he covers his hand with his mouth as Stiles giggles, poking at Derek’s cheek. They get into a tiny poke-fight as Stiles starts jabbing at Derek’s chest and sides.

“A lady’s got needs, dammit!” Stiles yelps as Derek pinches his side. Before Derek can continue, Stiles grabs a tissue and waves it in Derek’s face, like a surrendering white flag. The two lay back and Derek looks at the ceiling thoughtfully.

“She most certainly does, Ms. Stella. She most certainly does.” He muses, missing Stiles’ assessing glance.
“Needs like a peanut butter fudge cupcake unsullied by grubby paws?”

“It’s in the fridge in a nondescript bag just for you.”

Stiles face lights up as the door flies open.

“Are you two done ravishing each other? It’s been like 20 minutes!” Scott mumbles, getting chocolate frosting on the knob.

“Jesus, Scottie! Stop letting Butchie here know the contents of my diary! You’ll lose reading privileges!”

“Stiles, no! The cliffhanger!” Scott says with a shit eating grin on his face. Stiles flips him off and slowly climbs off the bed hooking an arm around Scott’s waist.

“You joke, but you know you want to know the surprise ending.” Stiles looks longingly at Derek before leaving the room, “Everyone wants to know the surprise ending, Scottie.” He says as they walk arm in arm back to the living room. Derek can hear their banter as they disappear into the hall.

“Dudette, what are you wearing? It’s fucking awesome, is that for a number?”

“Oh this old thing? Nope, just for funsies.”

“Do you have an extra crown?”

“Don’t insult me, Scottie. Of course I have an extra crown!”

Derek lays his head back into his hands and grins, imagining what the surprise ending will be.
“So all that’s left is my vanity?” Stiles asks as he and Derek haul a trunk upstairs to Stiles’ room. It’s the day of the performance and all that’s left is the dress rehearsal back at the club where the wiring work has been completed. The ladies are ecstatic to begin practicing there again, but bemoan the lack of treats. Derek didn’t mind if they stayed at his place, but Stiles insisted they get out of his hair, “Alls fun and games until you wake up with a bobby pin stuck in your asshair, Butchie. And not on purpose!”

“There are some pairs of shoes and other sundries, but it can make it in one trip in the truck so it’ll be fine.” Derek assures.

“Awww Derek, you’re such a life saver!”

“I hope that means you won’t stop coming by?” Derek asks as they reach Stiles’ door. Stiles stops briefly and looks back at the hopeful expression on his face.

“Damn Derek, back at it again with those puppy lupine eyes. Shit, boo, with all I’ve put you through you’ve been permanently elevated to bestie status. You’re gonna get sick of my skinny ass in no time!” Derek snorts as Stiles opens his door and grins realizing this will be the first time Derek has seen his room since he’s been back... and he’s redecorated!

The room is a perfect mixture of Stiles and STELLAAAA!!! There are posters on the wall of Wonder Woman, Princess Peach dressed as a bad ass samurai and Harley Quinn as well as collages of femme fatales like Rita Hayworth, Natalie Wood and Dorothy Dandridge. Video games and magazines still littered the floor, but now he had a queen sized day-bed pulled near the window and a full sized vanity complete with a multi-bulbed mirror alongside a pink accented wall.

He turns to gauge Derek’s reaction and sees the wolf looking around thoughtfully with a private smile on his face.

“Very season 6 of Sex and the City, right?. I got a full ride at school so dad let me use some of the money he’d saved for an upgrade. I’m not quite sure he meant embroidered Sailor Moon pillows, but you don’t mess with a designer’s vision, you just don’t. I was the designer by the way.” Stiles explains holding a hand in the air sheepishly.

“It’s great, Stiles.” Derek says simply before walking in the closet and running his fingers over gowns and bustiers on one side and flannels and graphic tees on the other. He picks up a Jimmy Choo and pokes his finger with the heel.

“You could probably fit those. You know, I’ve never known a good drag queen with dainty feet. I guess all that sass has to fit somewhere, hmm?” Stiles muses as he watches Derek continue his journey. Derek hums contentedly and the look on his face is both curious and nostalgic. It almost seems dreamy. Stiles rarely has a grasp of what’s going on in Derek’s head anymore; he only knows he’d gladly spend the rest of his forever trying to find out.

He’s woman enough to admit it now; he’s head over heels in love with the wolf and has been since the day Derek yelled at him and Scott to get off of his private property. That was years ago, but Stiles can still remember the briskness of the air and the rush of his blood as it pumped into his nether
regions. To be fair that’s probably when he fell in lust with the wolf. Full blown love came later after
he’d held Derek up in the pool for hours.

He was more sore than he’d ever been in his life, but Stiles was determined to save his sour wolf.
Derek was naturally abrasive at the time, but he relied on Stiles that night and afterwards treated him
like an ally despite the things he said sometimes. When he left the first time, he came back more zen,
but unprepared. When he left the next time, Stiles thought that was it. He’d resigned himself to the
thought that Derek and he just weren’t meant to be, that Derek wasn’t even a possibility.

He’d told himself that the man was just fodder for his many fantasies that had Derek giving him a
good time; many, many times… several times in a row.

In several different positions.

This revelation was one of the things that led to the unfortunate circumstances of him coming out.
When his father caught him screaming Derek’s name repeatedly into a pillow, he pointed at the
vibrator (still in Stiles’ ass) with an accusatory finger (the other hand was clenched tightly over the
man’s eyes). “Derek better be the name of that… that thing, Stiles! And not the werewolf that I’ve
had to arrest on suspicion of murder only a few months ago!”

Stiles could have easily taken the out of only making his dad think he was kinky enough to name his
vibrator after his crush, but no, Stiles had thrown his own damned self under the bus, “Dad no, he
didn’t do it and my vibe’s name is Miguel now get the hell out of here!”

It was as though his heart demanded truthfulness and honesty in all things Derek Hale. He couldn’t
let anyone, not even his poor unsuspecting dad, think that Derek had been relegated to some
vibrating tube of silicone. Derek was the fairy dust which made dreams and built lush worlds within
them. Derek was the reason Stiles was restless at night and also the reason he slept so soundly. He
was the oxymoronic nature of Stiles’ body doing the most treacherous things like exploding even
with his fucking dad in the room. The very thought of old Derek was all consuming, but new Derek
-now Derek- burned him alive from the inside. Derek was something, then he was the thing, now
he’s everything.

Everything except Stiles’.

With Derek back these last few weeks, Stiles can see that there’s been a change. It seems as though
this return is like a revelation, a new dawning for the wolf. He’s settling, putting down roots and
interacting with the community in ways he hadn’t before. He’s more attentive to the pack and a great
second to Scott.

Still though, Stiles notices an internal conflict within the wolf. He would allow himself to get close to
Stiles in ways, but in other ways he still kept his distance. Stiles had to decide whether to hang
around and hope for Derek to see what’s been in front of him this whole time, or leave the wolf
alone to discover himself while Stiles goes off to be his independent fabulous self.

He settles for permanent friendzone and he thinks he can take it, but watching Derek so intently these
last couple of weeks, and hell, even now as thee wolf pulls out necklaces and jewelry while looking
at old pictures of Stiles and his mom on his bookcase, makes him wonder if it’s too much? He’d
invaded Derek’s space, his den, and now Derek was in HIS space and he felt it. Felt the room shrink
with the two men and the giant elephant standing right in the middle.

Stiles loves Derek and he’s not going to stop and it’s not going to go away. He just doesn’t know if
he can stand to lose Derek by confessing his love or if he can stand to never have the chance to have
Derek in that way. He feels a tear form as he aimlessly wonders “What would STELLAAAA!!! do?”
The easy answer is ‘climb that man like the might oak he is, nest and never come out!’ which is an idea that Stiles loves, but lacks the courage to follow through with. At least now, without his heels and his makeup. Without his armour.

“Stiles,” Derek says, breaking Stiles from his thoughts. He wipes the unfallen tear from his cheek and looks at the love of his life as he leans against the closet door. “You told me why you became a queen, but why bring the others in? I’m glad you did, but it seems like you’re a headliner, you know? You’re the star of the show.”

Stiles shrugs and looks into his vanity, fidgeting with liners and lashes, trying to decide if he wants to dress up or wait for the club that evening. He should do a mask…

“I wasn’t always such a star, Der-cub. I started as a tadpole in a surprisingly big pond for Beacon Hills. When I came out, Danny started taking me to the clubs and I talked to him about the show and he got me in touch with the right people to get involved. There were a few kids from school who saw my very first performance; it was *I Kissed A Girl* by Katy Perry and it was atrocious. Someone posted it on YouTube and most of the comments were scathing, but a few were pretty nice. Stop growling, Der-cub-”

Derek’s eyes are narrowed and he picks up a pen and a notepad from Stiles’ desk.

“I was underage so the video got taken down and no I won’t tell you who left mean comments or what they said!” Stiles says crossing his arms over his chest. Derek throws down the notebook and pouts back into the closet where he starts looking through the gowns again.

“Anyhow, of all people Yoshi came to me first. She was Kento then, and she was explaining how brave I was. She told me how she always felt like a girl but couldn’t find an outlet. I helped her pick her name, she loves video games and we found out that ‘Yoshi’ literally mean ‘the best’ in some Japanese dialects.

“I duo’d with her for a couple of numbers and then she started performing on her own. After that Isaac came to me. He’s always been shy, but it was never because he wanted to be. He kind of had it beaten out of him by his dad and he was trying to get over that hump, but wanted a boost. He felt drag could give him that boost. I also think he’s trying to get a little closer to Danny who helps promote our nights, but you didn’t hear that from me!”

Derek huffs and shakes his head as Stiles continues.

“Finally, Jackson, Ms. Nastee herself -never one to be left out- decided he wanted to do it to. Oh my goodness, Derek, the first day he tried this ultra machismo bullshit and Danny and Lydia lit him up like a Christmas tree the day after New Years! I still have it on my phone, remind me to show it to you later! It was great. Then they made him watch something like two seasons of *Drag Race* and like 3 different trans documentaries on *here!* and Jackson was 100% on board.

“So yeah, drag is definitely about self discovery, but sometimes it’s about sisterhood within the community and I was lucky enough that the two basically intercepted. They’ve helped me a lot and I’m happy to help them.”

Stiles finishes and looks up at Derek who is staring at him in awe. It’s unnerving, but Stiles can’t look away. Finally Derek shakes himself and diverts his eyes to the ground.

“Umm, uhh… I remember the queens in New York and Rio. They were always so loud and so brazen, but so passionate and full of just, this fire, you know? Some were put off by it, but I never was. They flattered me of course, and I liked it, but they were safe and dangerous at the same time.
On the street I never recognized them, but in the drag they were dynamos, vixens, the kind of women you never knew you needed in your life.

“One of the girls told me once, ‘When you look in the mirror and you don’t see yourself anymore, you’re like, this isn’t me. So I’m free to do whatever.’” Derek looks up at Stiles, taking a step closer. “Is that what it’s like?”

Stiles blanches as his mouth goes dry.

“I…” he rasps out, trying to swallow to wet his throat, “Uhh… kinda? In a way, but not… you don’t talk about New York that much.”

Derek shrugs, “It was a long time ago. A lot has changed since then.”

“Too much?” Stiles asks, frozen in his spot. Derek nods.

“Sometimes, but sometimes not.”

“Will you talk to me more about it sometime?” Stiles wonders aloud. Derek walks all the way to him and notches his finger under the boy’s chin, leaning in slightly.

“Anytime.” He kisses Stiles sweetly on the forehead and walks towards the door. “So I’ll deliver the vanity and other stuff to the club tonight and if you need anything from it before then just stop by.”

Stiles comes back online and nods quickly.

“Oh, uhh, yeah! Okay! And hey, thank you again Derek, you’re amazing!”

“If I’m amazing, it’s because I got it from watching you.” Derek says with a point. Stiles stifles his giggle in his fist. “Have fun tonight, go out there and hobble a bitch.”

Stiles’ brow furrows, “What? Hobble a bitch?”

Derek laughs and rubs the back of his neck, “Well I know I shouldn’t say good luck and I don’t really wanna tell anyone in heels that high to break a leg so I thought maybe you’d get a kick out of hobbling some bitches. Seems more your style.”

And it’s in this moment that Stiles has made a decision. A decision that involves building a treehouse on top of this man’s dick.

“You’ve been thinking about my style, Hale?” Stiles hisses out sultrily with unmistakable heat.

“Yeah, yeah I have.” Derek says as he absentmindedly plays with a pair of chandelier earrings hanging from a french bulletin board near Stiles’ door. Derek gives Stiles one last glance and winks before taking his leave, leaving Stiles gawping in his wake.

“That bitch is gonna be the end of me.” Stiles says aloud and he swears he hears a laugh as his front door closes.

***

Later that night, before heading to the club, Stiles stops by Derek to get a flat iron he’d left in the portable vanity. He uses his key and saunters in the quiet dark loft wondering if Derek has already left for the club. He goes to the backroom to check and opens the door.

He sees a box of bobby pins on the pillow from the doorway and heads straight to them.
“There you are, uggh, Derek’s gonna kill me if I don’t find each and every single one of- *fuck, Derek!*” Stiles yelps as he sees the man in question sitting in front of his mostly packed up portable vanity. He gropes his chest over his heart and covers his eyes, playing feint on the bed. “Der-cub, I’m so sorry, I didn’t know you were back here I-”

“Stiles.”

“Derek?” Stiles has opened his eyes and sees Derek facing him. He’s got his hair pinned back and he’s wearing the rose red lipstick that Stiles had given him days before. He’s shaved and where the stubble was, now lies a mauve colored blush.

The man clearly knows his way around a contour brush and has lined his eyes with dark blue liner and was currently applying the shadow. He was stunning and Stiles can’t contain his gasp. He opens his mouth to say something… anything, but can’t. Derek mimics the move and comes to the same result.

After a beat they both begin to speak.

“I studied art at NYCC.”

“You’re *beautiful*.”

“Mainly painting, but Laura made me do her makeup all the time.”

“You’re stunning, Derek. Absolutely stunning, holy shit!”

“Her friends paid me.”

“Not just on the outside, but the inside too, do you know that? Do you know that you look like your heart right now?”

“I just wanted to understand you, Stiles. And Stella. And maybe understand myself.”

“I don’t understand you at all, but god I want to. So badly, Derek.”

“I want that too.”

Derek stands and kneels on the bed in front of Stiles, taking his hand.

“Stiles… I love you. I guess I’ve always loved you, but I didn’t know myself to really accept it. But you give me strength, you make me feel safe, and if you love me too, I think we can figure the rest out. Do you? Do you love me too?”

Stiles looks at this creature in front of him, this half man, half goddess, androgynous ball of everything Stiles could ever possibly wants and for a moment, all he can do is exhale.

“Derek, come to the show tonight, okay?” Stiles says, lightly cupping the wolf’s face in his palm. Derek grimaces slightly, but then grins at Stiles adoring expression.

“Yeah, yeah of course, I’ll be there, I promise.”

“Good. I’ll see you there.” Stiles gives Derek a long hug and kisses him gently on the cheek. Then he gets up, grabs the flat iron and leaves the loft, buzzing with excitement. He knew the number he’d chosen was perfect, and he can’t wait for Derek to see it.
Next update will either be Saturday or Sunday depending on how much time I have, but I'm still planning to have everything done by Monday at the latest. Thanks for hanging in there!
I would never lie to you… unless you tell me to.

Derek drives to the club, trying desperately not to hit every red light in town. He knows he’ll be early, but he’s hoping he can catch a glimpse of STELLAAA!!! before the show starts. He keeps running his hands through his hair nervously and finally just rolls down the window and lets the breeze flow over him. He taps on his knee as he finally pulls into the sheriff’s station parking lot and idles for a moment in his car.

He pulls down the rearview mirror and bemoans the wild state of his hair, though he’s at a loss of really what to do with it. Maybe he’ll sneak to the backroom when he’s inside; at this point it’s now or never. He runs a useless hand through it again and steps out, grabbing his jacket.

He smooths down his skin tight black jeans and the black v-neck tee that just hits his belt. He pulls on the jacket -it’s a silver lame suit jacket he got in Fortaleza and it makes him feel like Elvis- before checking his reflection one more time and heading towards the club. He’s parked about 2 blocks away so he can fully relax his nerves on the walk over.

When he finally sees Boyd, he can’t help but strut in his shiny black shoes with silver trim like every step is one on a runway or a red carpet. When Boyd finally see him, his face explodes into a smile and he nods reverently, clapping and making the all hail gesture to Derek. Once Derek gets close enough, Boyd pulls him into a hug before putting him at arm’s length and looking him up and down.

“You clean up nicely, Mr. Hale, or should I call you something different tonight?” Boyd asks with a cocked eyebrow.

Derek’s face is still done from the afternoon. After Stiles left, he added lashes to accentuate his own and slathered them in a rich, black mascara. He lined his lashes with a steel colored liner and add metallic elements to his cheeks and eyelids that were highlighted by the shiny silver in his jacket. He smiles bashfully under Boyd’s adoring gaze.

“Just Derek is fine. And hopefully later you can call me STELLAAA!!!’s.” He says with a cheeky wink. Boyd laughs and pats him on the back.

“Well she’s back there waiting for you.” He says, clearing the doorway for Derek, “Not officially -of course- wouldn’t want to be gauche, but she’s checking the door every two minutes.”

“Thanks, Boyd.” Derek slips in and heads straight for the back towards the dressing rooms.

Every part of me… all my words to hold.

Scott is standing outside the dressing room and sees Derek approaching. His face lights up and he smiles at the beta.

“Dude, rad!” He says, excitedly knocking on the door frame, trying to draw the attention of the queens inside.

“STELLLAAA!!! if I fall on my ass tonight, I’m gonna kick yours!”
“You and what army of prissy bitches, you… prissy bitch!”

“STELLLAAA!!!”

“Step yo pussy up, Ms. Nastee this is important! Scott, what?!” Derek can hear STELLAAA!!! yell as Scott shakes his head and tries not to laugh.

“Dudette, you told me to knock when you got a visitor and… you’ve got a visitor.” He finishes with a cock of his head. Derek can hear the click of Stiles’ heels scurry across the floor and suddenly he’s there in front of him. Stiles stops dead in his tracks and gapes at the painted wolf.

_And hold against me, why won’t you let me be?

“Butchie! You look stupendous, marvelous, decadent, androgyny in eleganza defined! Is that a silver lame jacket? How come I didn’t know you owned that?” She’s half dressed again; she’s got on a peach colored bodysuit and closed toe glass heels. She’s wearing a wig cap and allowing her contouring to set. Her lashes are already on and they only enlarge and illuminate her cocoa topaz eyes. She’s always stunning, but tonight even more so, because this is for Derek.

“Stella.” Derek says simply, taking STELLAAA!!!’s hand and kissing it sweetly. STELLAAA!!! grins.

“I’m afraid the wind has foregone all pretense and had its way with your raven locks, Butchie.” She says, reaching up and tucking a piece of Derek’s hair behind his ear. “Come and let Ms. STELLAAA!!! smooth you down a bit - take care of you. I’m the only one who gets to cause blowback within these walls!”

Derek laughs brightly and let’s STELLAAA!!! pull him into the dressing room where she sits Derek down and starts running a flat iron through his hair. She gives him a modern pompadour mohawk making the andro!Elvis motif really come alive. STELLAAA!!! can’t seem to take her eyes off of her creation. Derek feels beautiful.

_Don’t you ever say, “my love, open up your heart”... No I’m not gonna do it standing up

“There, Butchie, you’re perfect.” STELLAAA!!! says as she tweaks Derek’s hair. “You always were, but now you look closer to believing it, don’t you?”

Derek nods absentmindedly as STELLAAA!!! pats him on the shoulders.

“Now it’s time to mold myself, my dear. Be a doll and unplug the iron and scamper so I have time to catch up. I can’t have you being the fairest of them all now can I?” STELLAAA!!! runs the side of her finger lightly down the smooth surface of Derek’s jaw. “Besides, I have a surprise planned for you.”

“A surprise, for me? What is it?” Derek says, primping in the mirror to STELLAAA!!!’s amusement.

“Well if I tell you, Butchie dear, it wouldn’t be a surprise ending, now would it?!” She hums as Derek rolls his eyes fondly. “Don’t worry, everyone loves a surprise ending,” she says with a final wink before turning back to her dressing trunk. Derek may or may not sneak a quick peek before heading out. He looks back at Stiles once he reaches the door.

“The surprise ending?” He starts, drawing the queen’s undivided attention. “Will it answer the question I asked you earlier?”
STELLLAAA!!! grins and turns back to the vanity, picking up a powder brush and blending the makeup on her face. “Go, Derek. And this time stay after. We’ll want to see each other.” She finishes with a wink. Derek leaves and heads out to the club to take what he’s sure will be his normal seat.

_The words don’t come out right when you’re right in front of me..._

The show starts and it’s fantastic. The girls put their everything into their performances. Isabella brings tears to the eyes of nearly every patron and Ms. Nastee brings the sassy revenge like no other. Bento Loxx slays the crowd, bringing Coach Finstock on stage and later leaving with him to go backstage. Derek looks at Boyd who shrugs and shakes his head while Erica nearly falls down laughing.

_Help me baby, won’t you turn off the lights-

The house lights go down and a peaceful, anticipatory silence falls over the room.

“You’ve been waiting all night for her performance, some of you more than others,” Derek blushes and he swears he can feel Boyd’s gaze directly on him. “Well wait no more, help me in giving a warm welcome to STELLAAA!!!” His voice booms as the crowd erupts into thunderous applause. Derek tries to make sure his whistles are the loudest of all.

Three spotlights converge on the stage and revealed is Isabella and Ms. Nastee, both in elegant, ‘60s style gowns. Isabella’s is sleeveless with a bandeau top with a floor length gown that cascades down her legs and ends right at the toe of her towering heels. She’s got a blond _Bewitched_ flip that matches her bewitching smirk and a kohl heavy eye accented by shimmery pink gloss. Ms. Nastee’s gown is the same shimmering peach but with straps and a scandalous slit that goes all the way up her thigh. She’s got a petulant Twiggy pixie crop that only accentuates the elegant and sharp angles of her jaw. She’s got highlighted cheekbones for days and a bright pouty red mouth.

The lovely ladies flank STELLAAA!!! who stands front and center with her signature long skinny mic and jewel encrusted cat nails. She’s covered in sheer sequins that drip from her outstretched arms nearly to the floor. She’s rocking a modified Dusty Springfield beehive with a touch of the _Ronettes_ style in the back as the long medium brown wig with honey blond highlights swishes down her back. STELLAAA!!!’s got rosy cheeks and bright, sticky shiny lipgloss that Derek wants so badly to kiss from her lips. He’s counting the seconds until he hopefully gets to.

She surveys the crowd, stopping on Derek and smirking gently. As the music begins, she holds the mic up and begins.

_I would never break the rules... unless you tell me to_

_You can read my mind. Be it truth or lies_

_Lie down beside me, why won't you let it be?_

Derek’s breath catches, he knows his answer before he hears it, but still he waits.

_Don’t you ever say, “my love, open up your heart”_

_No I'm not gonna do it standing up._

_The words don’t come out right when you're right in front of me._

_Help me baby, won’t you turn off the lights-_

_The words don’t come out right when you’re right in front of me..._
Derek gasps as the queens suddenly turn to the side and begin to slink backwards smoothly, as though being lain down to bed by their lovers. Ms. Nastee and Isabella come back up, but STELLAAA!!! continues her descent until she’s lying in a nest of glitter on the floor.

Derek imagines.

Lay me down ('til the morning)

They wake up the next morning with Derek’s head resting on Stiles’ sternum, slowly kissing him awake as the sun greets them into the new day. Stiles will have been asleep soundly, but Derek wakes and can’t help looking.

Lay me down (through the night)

Derek and Stiles take turns, loving each other until they’re exhausted by the volume of their passion. One ends, but the other begins and again and again until… well, forever.

Lay me down (I can fall in)

Love.

Lay me down (Won’t you)

Yes. God, yes.

Lay me down (I can be me)

Derek wouldn’t have it any other way. His wolf would accept no one less.

Lay me down (Someone believe me)

He would, every time Stiles says he loves him; every time STELLAAA!!! calls him fabulous.

The ladies lift STELLAAA!!! up and she gestures to the crowd, ending the song.

Lay down with me, baby

Lay down

Lay down with me, lay-ay down with me

Ohhhhhhhhh!

And the crowd is going wild and throwing roses and money and Derek literally stands and scream “YASSSSSS, BITCH, SLAY!” and he really can’t explain that one so he doesn’t even try until the lights come up and suddenly he’s got his arms full of STELLAAA!!! and the life is being kissed from his lips, sticky gloss and all.

“I love you, STELLAAA!!! girl, and my wolf needs you!” Derek yells through a perfectly tacky mouth.

“Of course they do, Butchie darling! I’m your mate.” STELLAAA!!! says with an assured grin before leaning in to softly kiss Derek again. The lipgloss is scented like strawberry and tastes sweet and artificial and perfect against STELLAAA!!!’s lips. “And I love you, Derek Hale. I love you so fucking… everything! I love you.”
“I love you.”

“Oh shit STELLAAAA!!! I’m happy that ‘world’s most obvious couple’ finally happened, but I’m not getting paid to collect all these bills, bitch. Do your Notebook moment after you clean the stage or some of these bills will end up missing, hey?” Ms. Nastee grimaces as STELLAAAA!!! flips her off with nary a glance and Lydia pops her upside the head.

“I’m watching every bill, Ms. Nastee, and I’m not afraid to search cavities.” She says menacingly pulling Ms. Nastee away from the impenetrable Sterek circle of love. People start heading back to the dancefloor to dance and wish the oblivious couple good luck as they pass. Bento Loxx even saunters by with Coach on a leash with a wink.

“See that man, Bobby, he got me chocolate mint cupcakes.” She says in passing tugging a grumbling but clearly pleased Coach behind her. Coach stops and grabs Derek’s shoulder firmly.

“I’d say get out while you can, but we both know that neither of us really want that huh?” He says… supportively? Derek looks at the hand on his shoulder and Coach removes it briskly, but leans in, suddenly sheepish, “Help a fellow out and gimme the recipe to that cupcake?”

“Get the hell out of here, Coach, I have a man to ravage!” STELLAAAA!!! sneers as she motions to Bento to drag him away. After they leave, Derek returns to nuzzling STELLAAAA!!!’s neck.

“Don’t you mean ravish?” He asks, nipping her gently. She giggles.

“Not the way I do it, honey!”

They kiss more and finally Derek pulls back, just to look at his smudged darling.

“I’ve had something else that I’ve wanted to ask you for a while now.” He says, carefully patting one of STELLAAAA!!!’s eyelashes back into place.

“Anything my love, I couldn’t ever deny you a thing. Whatever you want to know, anything!”

A spark gleams in Derek’s eye, “When your dad caught you with Miguel-”

“Oh god.” STELLAAAA!!! buries her head in her hands and leans against Derek’s chest.

“Exactly whose name did you call out?” Derek continues, completely unbothered by his queen’s dramatics.

“Anything but that!”

“Because you went to great lengths to mention it wasn’t Miguel, but instead another decidedly male name.”

“The word ‘obsessive’ is so gauche! I prefer ‘eternally devoted’.” STELLAAAA!!! says, resigned as she plays with Derek’s chest hair.

“Just tell me this-” Dereks says, notching a finger under STELLAAAA!!!’s chin and lifting up her head to meet his gaze, “-does it rhyme with ‘freric smail’?”

The queen grimaces and pulls her chin away, but can’t help the glint of mischief in her eye. “I’ll tell you what, pumpkin. If you go get the car right now, I’ll reenact the scene for you tonight.”

“Oh shit, really?”
“Go, Freric!”

“Love you, bye!” Derek says with a quick kiss.

He scampers out of the club with STELLAAAA!!!’s delighted laughter at his tail and down the street where he parked his car. He gets in and starts the engine and heads back to the club. On the way he’s so excited he swears he can feel the street vibrate with the fervor built up inside of him.

He sees the bright lights in front of him, beckoning him back to his love, calling him home.

So he goes.

Chapter End Notes

Alright you guys, you can skip the next chapter and then read the chapter after that or just end here. The next chapter is the "horror ending" and there will be more explanation in the opening notes.

Warning: it's very stupid. If you move forward, enjoy! If you end here, that's totally fine! Thank you for coming on me with this journey and thank you for your comments and kudos so far! Come talk to me more in the comments, wii!
Fragrant Crispy Fried Duck

Chapter Summary

For the want of a surge protector...

Chapter Notes

So this chapter is dedicated to @LingeringFears! I was telling her about the different fics I'd be doing for Adele's 25 album and most of them had super sad and depressing endings. So she said "no, the drag au has to have a happy ending!" to which replied, "It does! Well... except."

And that's how this chapter happened. #blameadele

Enjoy! It's incredibly dumb.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Derek heads back to the club, buzzing with excitement, nearly feeling the vibrations of happiness emanate throughout the truck. He sees a bright light ahead followed by a large boom. His eyes narrow as a plume of smoke fills the air. He speeds back to the club as quickly as possible.

The building is rubble. All smoking rubble and the only sounds Derek can hear are the screams of patrons stuck inside, suffocating to death under the heavy wreckage. Derek runs out of the car trying to figure out what the fuck happened. He can hear sirens blaring closer in the distance.

He runs around to the side of the club and sees the back wall blown out, a piece of burning chiffon flies by his head and he sees a melted wig on the ground. There’s a hand beside it… only a hand. Ms. Nastee.

Derek’s stomach roils as he steps closer. No… this couldn’t be happening. How? Why?!

Derek looks around and he sees something spark. He goes closer and sees a flat iron, bouncing on the floor. It was the one STELLAAA!!! used to do his hair that evening. He was supposed to unplug it. Derek knew they’d just done work on the wiring, but what if it wasn’t enough? Derek saw the metallic glimmer on the flat iron showcasing the brand. He hadn’t noticed it before.

Argent brand flat iron.

The Kate model.

No. Not again. NO-

“Son.”

Derek straightens up and turns slowly, seeing the Sheriff stand in the wreckage, his eyes red and wet with unfallen tears. He’s giving Derek a look he hasn’t seen in years, but one that he’s still all too
familiar with. Derek is crestfallen as the weight of the situation falls on him.

“I know you loved him, Son,” the Sheriff says as he picks up a melted Wonder Woman crown. Derek lets out a sob and nods, holding his hand out for the crown. Sheriff throws it away.

“I said that I know you loved him, and he loves…. loved you. That’s the only reason I’m going to say this and you better listen to me good because if I catch you that’ll be it.”

“Sheriff, please!” Derek pleads.

“Shut up!” The Sheriff yells. After a waft of smoke carrying the scent of burning bodies passes them, the Sheriff tries again.

“Derek Hale. You are under arrest for criminal negligence resulting in the deaths—”

“Sir, no, please! Just listen to me, just let me exp—”

“You have a right to remain silent, anything you say can be used—”

“Sir, please! I loved him! He’s the love of my life I need—”

“Derek! Ruuuuuuuuuuuuunn!” The Sheriff yells, and Derek listens, instinctively running from the scene to his truck. He won’t have time to pack, he only has time to head for the border and hope for the best.

Whatever that is.

As he runs he realizes he should have stayed. Dove into the building and died along with his mate. But now he doesn’t have to. The Sheriff will find him and send him to Stiles soon enough.

“I’ll be with you soon, my mate.”

Derek prays, as he heads into the sunset to find his sister and say goodbye.

Chapter End Notes

spoilers: The club blows up because Derek forgot to unplug the flat iron Stiles used to do his hair. It's an Argent brand flat iron... the Kate model. He never stood a chance.

Though, you know I couldn't leave you beautiful babes hanging like that. Click that next chapter button and have a happy ending epilogue!
The song Stiles is butchering is "All I Ask" by Adele which will have its own entry very soon!

"All I ask is iffffff"

*This is my last night with you!*

*Take me by the hand and then… umm wait, oh yeah!*

*Hold my by the hand, so that we can do what lovers do!*

*What lovers do.*

*It matters if we win? I think?*

*What if I never loooove again!?"

Stiles finishes singing and then looks back at Derek in the bed beside him. Derek is giving him what Stiles is trying to patent as the “Derek Death Stare”.

“Stiles,”

“Yes, my darling?”

“Sweetheart…” Derek looks hesitant to continue so Stiles tries to change the subject.

“Wait, did you like my song to you?” Derek growls and Stiles realizes that is the subject.

“You’re an amazing drag queen!” Derek spits out the first layer in his compliment sandwich.

“You know Bruno Mars wrote that song and Adele sings it-”

“And you’ve a soaring personality!” The second layer… must be cheese.

“And I hear mostly that I should keep it that way, but—”

“But if you were given a tune in a bucket, you would drop it.” Derek finishes as Stiles wonders if this compliment sandwich is open face and maybe Derek doesn’t understand the concept of letting someone down gently. Stiles sighs.

“But am I so awful that you had to concoct a horror ending to our love story that had you burning down the entire club with a faulty flat iron before going on the lam and being a fugitive from the law from my vengeful father?”

A pregnant pause falls between the two as they stare, one marvelous and wondrous set of eyes into the other. Derek answer quickly.
“Yes.”

“And your story makes no sense because they just fixed the wiring.”

“The company was Argent Wiring.” Derek says, answer at the ready.

“Oh shit! They’ve covered every base!” Those bastards!

“Yup, Argent Global: They’re in Everything. They’re very thorough in their evil.” Derek nods knowingly. Stiles deflates and lays back against his pillow.

“But I love to sing!”

“But you shouldn’t.”

“What if I use your dick as a microphone?” Stiles ponders, leaning forward, perhaps in demonstration. Derek stops him with a warm hand on his shoulder.

“Do you normally lodge the microphone into your throat? Because that could be the cause of a lot of your issues right there.”

Stiles pretends to pontificate and shrugs, “You’ve got a point, Butchie. You’ve got a point. But how will I express my love to you through song?”

“Maybe try whispering it into my ear?”

“I can do that. I love you.” Stiles whispers softly as he pets Derek’s chest and kisses the lobe of his ear sweetly. “Is this the ear you can’t hear out of? Derek Hale I’ll love you till the day I die.”

Derek looks as Stiles suddenly, his seafoam green eyes glistening in the late afternoon sun.

“Dammit, Stiles! I love you too!” He exhales in fake exasperation, “And shit, I even love your terrible singing.” Stiles shoots up and pumps both hands in the air.

“I KNEW IT!”

“Stiles, no!”

“FFFFFT THIS IS THE LAST NIGHT I GET TO SPEND FUCKING YOU!”

“Those aren’t even the right words!” Derek yells as Stiles stands on the bed, hopping and belting at the top of his lunds.

“Hold me by the hands like lovers do! Like lovers do!!”

“I’ve made a huge mistake.” Derek says simply before leaning forward and slapping Stiles’ bare ass. Stiles laughs and falls into Derek’s arms kissing him soundly.

“Come on, let’s take a shower,” He says, pulling Derek up and leading him to the shower. At the door, he turns and wraps himself around the wolf, kissing him again and nuzzling at his neck before whispering into his ear.

“The acoustics are amazing.”

Derek groans, but grins as he follows his love into their forever.
Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for coming this far! I hope you enjoyed it, please feel free to leave me some love or come and talk to me in the comments!

End Notes

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