

True Friendship

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by [Dunderklumpen](#)

Summary

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"Huh?"

"I'll do it! I'll do it for you!"

Stiles was puzzled. "Risking you think I'm stupid but what the heck are you talking about? What do you want?"

True friendship shows in what you're ready to do for someone.

Notes

Scott & Stiles Friendship. Only pre-slash if you want it to be.
Scott/Isaac implied but off screen.

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- A translation of [Wahre Freundschaft](#) by [Dunderklumpen](#)

Stiles didn't react when he heard the rattling window. He waved vaguely towards the glass; a signal for Scott that he should just enter. It wasn't like Scott had actually asked but Stiles was used to people coming and going at all convenient and inconvenient times - almost always through the window. And Scott was no exception. On the contrary. His best friend had used Stiles's window as his private entry even before his "hairy" times. Long before they had known that werewolves weren't just creatures out of fantasy novels and 80's flicks with Michael J. Fox.

Stiles snorted. It was really ironic that the werewolfies's beta shift looked worse than any badly made horror movie make-up in existence. SIDEBURNS - 'nuff said!

Stiles looked up. It had been suspiciously silent and it wasn't like Scott not to spit out what he was thinking.

"What can I do for you?" Stiles closed his notebook. "Is there a werewolf crisis in need of solution?"

Scott shook his head, shoulders tense.

"Allison?" Stiles asked. What else could it be? His life revolved either around creatures out of his darkest nightmares or the 728th love disaster of 'Scott and Allison'.

Scott kneaded his hands nervously and took a step back. "I'll do it!" he said.

"Huh?"

"I'll do it! I'll do it for you!"

Stiles was puzzled. "Risking you think I'm stupid but what the heck are you talking about? What do you want?"

Scott breathed in deeply and cramped his fingers together. "I'll do it! I'll have sex with you!"

Stiles gasped.

"I'll have sex with you if you want to," Scott answered, taking a step in his direction.

Stiles leaned away on reflex, his back pressed against his desk chair. "Why?"

Scott did another step towards him before he stopped. His gaze wandered through the room, as if he couldn't decide if he should stand or sit down. With a sigh he took a seat on the bed.

"Because of the sacrifices."

Stiles seemed still confused.

"I was at Deaton's. And he told me that all the victims were virgins and that the crazy killer out there obviously uses them as sacrifices because he needs the blood of virgins for some

dark magic thingy.“ Scott barely breathed and continued hastily: “And you're a virgin. That means that you could be the next victim. But if you're no virgin, then it doesn't matter because you're not in danger anymore. That's why I'll sleep with you.“

As if this explanation had cost him all his strength he dropped his shoulders.

“I... ehm... that's really... nice of you,“ Stiles started, “but... just because I haven't... I mean... that doesn't mean that the killer is gonna kill me.“

“But...“

Stiles gave Scott no chance to continue. “Statistically at least 1/3 of Beacon Hills are virgins. Why should that crazy killer choose me?“

Scott's eyebrows rivaled Derek's in a silent 'Really?'

“Okay,“ Stiles admitted, his hands raised in defeat, “the fact that I'm hanging out with a pack of wolves makes it more likely that I'm in danger. But I'm not the only fucking virgin in the pack. What's with Isaac? Did you offer to sleep with him as well or am I the only lucky winner here?“

“Ehm...“ Scott swallowed drily while Stiles's eyes almost bucked out of his head.

“Whoooot?“

Sarcasm had clearly been the wrong reaction.

“I... hm... isaacisnovirginanymore,“ Scott mumbled.

“Are you fucking kidding me? You tell me you had sex with Isaac? When? Why? Since when are you bi? What the heck...“

Stiles huffed but tried to calm his breath, obviously too perplexed to continue his interrogation.

“You remember our camping trip?“

Stiles nodded. “Oh, you mean our 'it's a great idea for some team bonding, Stiles. Believe me, it's perfect' trip out of hell where the girls left us after 10 minutes and forced Boyd to drive them home and I stepped in this fucking foxhole and hopped for a week after Mr. I-told-you-it's-a-bad-idea had to carry me home bridal style? Carry, Scott! That was the most embarrassing moment of my life!“

Scott grinned. “Even more embarrassing than back when we were 12 and your Dad entered without knocking while we compared who had the bigger penis?“

Stiles groaned. “Sott! We swore to never ever, ever talk about it!“ He mimed closing a zipper over his mouth. “Back to the important things: we're talking about Isaac and you here!“

Scott studied the wall with renewed interest. "Allison had broken up with me two days before and I felt awful. Isaac tried to comfort me."

"With his dick?" Stiles snorted amused.

Scott shook his head and sighed. "I don't know how it happened. We talked and Isaac had his arm around my shoulders. It was totally harmless. Like you and me when we talk. And then suddenly Isaac was kissing me. And... I don't know. First I wanted to run but he smelled so good and his lips were so soft and warm and..." He stopped, at a loss for words.

Stiles rolled closer on his desk chair and touched Scott's knee. "Scott? Scotty?"

The alpha looked up.

"It's okay."

Both watched each other until Scott nodded with clear relief. "It was only once and... eh... it was really awkward afterwards. But now we're good again..."

"... and I'm the last bloody virgin in this god damn pack." Stiles finished Scott's sentence.

Scott eyed his best friend. "Just because there's a madman out there who runs around killing virgins, doesn't mean you're next. But you're my best friend, Stiles. And Deaton said that the probability is pretty high because you're practically my brother and..."

He stopped, giving Stiles his best puppy dog eyes, "I would never forgive myself if something happens to you if I could have prevented it."

Stiles cleared his throat. It was rare that he and Scott talked like this with each other. Brutally honest without holding back. Too much honesty wasn't good for a friendship. Especially not for a friendship amongst men. But it was exactly that which had kept theirs alive over the years. They were honest with each other when it counted most. Even if it hurt.

"Listen, I appreciate it. But you're my brother. I doubt I could even get it up."

Scott didn't know if he should laugh or be insulted.

"Apropos having our little moment of truth here: Of course I thought about it before. When I wasn't sure if I liked girls or boys or was just straight and curious. You had to serve as imaginary test dummy. But Scotty, it was just a really short phase. That's why I know it doesn't really work. I mean... not like it should work... You know what I mean?"

The corners of Scott's mouth trembled in suppressed laughter.

"Why can't you schedule some furry bodyguards that keep an eye on me if something actually happens?"

"I thought about it.... but we have no idea who the madman who kills all the people is. And

we can't guard you 24/7. Plus I thought you *wanted* to lose your virginity.“

“Yeah, but not with you!”

Scott's puppy dog eyes were back. “I know. But I swear, Stiles, I'll make it good for you. I don't want you throwing yourself at the first best idiot in 'Jungle' just to put it behind you mechanically. It's too important for that.” He leaned back, propping his hands on the bed.

“I don't have much experience with guys but I know enough to make it good for you. I'll take care of you, Stiles. You're my brother and if I can help you with something that important I'm here for you.”

Stiles sighed, strangely moved by the fact that his best friend had just told him he would sleep with him to save him from a psychotic maniac who killed virgins.

“And afterwards?”

Scott leaned forward to answer earnestly: “Nothing afterwards. You're my best friend. That won't change. I'm not in love with you. And you're not in love with me. There's no 'complicated' here. Just two friends who watch out and take care of each other. Really, Stiles. I'm sure!”

Contemplating all of that Stiles rolled back to his desk.

“Think about it! And ehm... let me know what you've decided.” Scott rose and went to the window. “See you tomorrow, yeah?”

Stiles knew Scott well enough to notice how uncertain he really was about Stiles's reaction.

“Scotty?” The teenager hanging halfway out his window turned around.

“Thanks!”

Scott grinned in relief. “See you tomorrow.”

Stiles grinned back “See ya!”

He let his best friend go and turned around to his notebook. He had a decision to make.

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