

Come Along Because I Love Your Face

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Come Along Because I Love Your Face

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Summary

Derek doesn't mean to stare, he knows it's rude but he can't seem to help it. The guy has been talking to his circle of friends for the better part of the lunch period and they're all listening, riveted, just like Derek.

Notes

Originally posted to [my tumblr](#) a few months ago.
This was inspired by [this awesome tumblr gif](#)

Derek takes a drink from his pop, the action is absentminded at best. All his attention goes into staring at the kid across the school yard from him.

He's trying to be subtle, he is, but he's not sure he's being entirely successful since the guy he's been staring at has given him a couple of funny looks.

Derek doesn't mean to stare, he knows it's rude but he can't seem to help it. The guy has been talking to his circle of friends for the better part of the lunch period and they're all listening, riveted, just like Derek.

Watching this guy is really strange for Derek. He's never known anyone who speaks with their whole body. The guy is animated, expressive with his hands and facial expressions. However, what caught Derek's attention was his laughter.

Just as Derek had been walking past the group the guy had burst into laughter. It had been a whole body affair, hands flailing, body bent in an arc as if in an attempt to contain his mirth and then his face. His face just did this happy thing.

Derek is, sort of, hoping to see that expression again because it made him look so amazing. It also made Derek's breath catch in his lungs in a, pleasantly, surprised way.

Another reason why Derek is staring is because he's sure the guy is in his grade. Not only that but Derek is also sure they have at least two classes together but he can't think of a reason why he doesn't know his name or why Derek hasn't noticed him before today.

Maybe Laura is right, he needs to socialize with people outside his sports teammates.

The guy is in the middle of saying something when he suddenly shuts down and turns to face Derek head on. His face shifts from this happy, open expression to a serious one.

His lips press tight, shoulders tense. He says something to his friends, short and quick and then he's moving. Towards Derek. Derek feels his eyes go wide.

This is what deer caught in headlights probably feel like. Though, he could be completely wrong because while he does feel the fear of an oncoming collision he's also excited that the guy is walking or, really, more like, barreling, angrily towards him. At least he'll finally get to talk to him.

"Why are you looking at me like that? Are you planning to play some sick joke on me?" The guy demands, stopping in front of Derek.

Derek is startled by the statement and the anger in the guy's voice. "No, I don't," Derek frowns, feeling confused. "I wouldn't do something like that. Why, has someone done that to you?" Derek asks hoping the answer is no.

The guy seems startled by Derek's response. He pauses before he stammers out an answer, "I, well, no but usually people like you don't look at people like me, like that for no reason."

Derek frowns. "People like me?"

"Popular, good looking people!" The guy tells him rolling his eyes.

Derek's frown deepens. He's very aware how rude people 'like him' can be. "People are assholes."

"Yeah, they are."

"I'm not one of them," Derek says looking up at the guy.

"Sure," he says tone dismissive.

"I'm not," Derek insists. He gets a long look before the guy nods.

"Okay," he finally agrees. Derek feels relived by that, which puts him in a better mood.

"My name is-"

"I know who you are," the guy admits and ducks his head in embarrassment.

Derek can't help but feel a little pleased by that. He smiles and watches a blush bloom from the kid's neck and travel up his jaw line. Derek is more than a little pleased to have caused that reaction.

"What's your name?" He asks needing to know.

"Stiles, Stiles Stilinski."

"Stiles, nice to meet you. Sorry about the staring, I was just listening to you brag about your Halo skills," Derek explains, tone light.

Stiles snorts. "It's not bragging when you can talk the talk and walk the walk." He smiles winking at Derek.

Derek is not ready for the reaction his body has to that smile coupled with that wink. So his answer is a little slow and a little breathless. "That's because you haven't played against me."

"Is that a challenge? Are you actually challenging me?" Stiles asks pointing at himself.

"Yeah, come over to my house, and I'll show you what a real Master Chief can do."

"Oh, you are on, buddy." Derek smiles.

After that, Stiles sits next to Derek on top of the picnic table. They spend the rest of their lunch period talking about video games. Derek is not surprised that sitting down does not keep Stiles from expressing himself with his entire body.

Derek is giving Stiles his address when Stiles stops talking.

"You know," Stiles begins bumping his leg against Derek's, they're sitting that close.

"You seem pretty cool, so I really hope this really isn't just a stupid trick to get me to, like, do your homework for you," Stiles says jokingly but Derek can still hear the uncertainty in voice.

"Stiles, I wouldn't," Derek reassures him.

"Besides, I rank, like, fifth in our grade and only because Harris hates my guts and keeps giving me A minuses," he grumbles out.

Stiles gasps, flails his arms up before one of his hands lands on Derek's knee, gripping tight. Derek feels his breath catch in his lungs again and he has to really concentrate on what Stiles is saying, instead of being distracted by the pleasant flutter in his stomach.

"Oh my God he hates me too!" Stiles exclaims and starts in on a rant about how horrible Mr. Harris is. Derek just sits there and listens with a smile on his face.

He is totally staring openly at Stiles now but he figures it's okay since Stiles just gives him a smile and sort of ducks his head every time he catches him looking. Derek can't help but to smile back. He is also trying not to think too hard about how soon, is too soon, to ask Stiles out on a date.

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