

## Chocolate & Pomegranates

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# Chocolate & Pomegranates

by [Dexterous Sinistrous](#)

## Summary

Derek has been an Omega for what feels like centuries. He is constantly hounded by Alphas and Betas who can't control their hormones. He's thankful for Laura defending his honor, but there is one person he's always dreamed of giving himself to.

Too bad Derek is certain Stiles doesn't know he exists.

Prompt: "Hey can you write a fic where Derek is like this little super adorable omega that every body is competing for but he only wants Alpha Stiles, even though stiles couldn't care less about him until one day Stiles realizes they're mates and tries to woo Derek into forgiving him! I know that's probably a terrible prompt but soothing along those line??? Also it'd be super amazing if the Hale family was alive and they all tried to like shelter Derek???"

## Notes

Originally posted on tumblr to fill a prompt request ([x](#))

I'm getting the sense that I have accumulated followers that are fans of the A/B/O universe/dynamics with all the prompts I've gotten. Welcome! And I hope you enjoy how I mess with the trope :)

Here is a fic about Derek being all flustered because everyone wants a piece of that Omega action, but he's saving it for a certain someone. Also with Alive!Hale family, and protective!Laura & protective!Stiles. Enjoy!

**Important:** All Alphas and Betas react to an Omega's pheromones differently. In this situation, familial Alphas and Betas do **NOT** feel sexual attraction to their familial Omegas.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Derek always resented the fact that he was an Omega. He hated being the object of such chaotic disruption. Being an Omega was rare, and being an unclaimed Omega was even rarer. No one really said anything about his status as an Omega until he reached high school. Once he started his high school career, everyone suddenly became aware of just how rare Derek was. And he hated it.

Every cliché thing you could think of was how the public—more importantly his peers—saw him. Omegas were viewed as something to be won, a rare commodity in their society. Young, fertile, and unbelievable sex drive—which wasn't true. At least, Derek preferred to stick to that argument.

Derek knew he was a walking fountain of pheromones, driving Alphas and Betas alike into a frenzy. And then once, every few months, he had to be escorted by either Laura or his mother, the two familial Alphas he had to defend him. He preferred to think of it as the biggest bane of his existence. He usually was locked away in the nicely secluded room his parents had made in the finished off attic, like some secret meant to be locked away in a tower.

Only, Derek wasn't a secret.

Sometimes it seemed like the entire world knew Derek was an Omega—one of the last unmated Omegas left, which made him that much more desirable. He ignored the constant gifts and courtships that came his way, never bothering to answer their pleas to become their kept Omega. He was grateful that his family supported him in his decisions, never pressuring him to accept a courtship. His whole family, thanks to Laura's big mouth, knew that Derek was head over heels for a fellow senior—one Stiles Stilinski.

Stiles was popular, in the sense that he was actually starting on the lacrosse team as well as being friends with the in crowd. Derek knew it was pathetic, to be pining after someone who barely knew he existed, but it felt impossible not to. He was friends with Stiles once upon a time, both of them having grown up together, having play dates that were arranged by their moms. Stiles was always kind to Derek, constantly looking after his needs, even defending him once the bullying started.

Once Stiles presented as an Alpha, everything changed. He was suddenly one of the coolest guys in school, and didn't have enough time for someone like Derek. They grew apart as their interests separated, however Derek's mind always drew him back to those days when they were friends.

Until one day, when Stiles suddenly noticed him again.

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Derek didn't want to be in school today. He had awoken to his body being overheated, his sheets damp from his sweat, pheromones practically rolling off of him in waves. He groaned at his mother when she yelled at him to get downstairs and look through his gifts before heading to school.

Derek rolled out of bed, grumbling to himself about how much he hated his heats. He passed a mocking Laura in the hallway, his twin wrinkling her nose at him. He reacted by shoving her into the hall closet, smiling to himself as she yelled foul play to their mother as he slammed the bathroom door in her face.

When he finally emerged downstairs, Derek wasn't surprised to find his mother writing a list of things to buy for him. He felt comforted when his mother placed a gentle kiss on his forehead, handing him a plate of homemade waffles. He smiled to himself as he sat down at the counter, digging into his food.

If there was one thing Derek enjoyed about heat week, it was his mom's cooking. Laura liked to tease and call the waffles Derek's "pre-celebratory sex waffles." It didn't stop Laura from snatching one of his waffles every day. He was almost happy that Laura still teased him like always, making his heat week bearable.

Derek appreciated his family treating him well, but there were times it just became *unbearable*. Everyone in the world seemed to be determined to do anything Derek said in hopes of pleasing him, and it was artificial and left a bitter taste in his mouth. Even his parents were nicer and total pushovers when it came to giving Derek what he wanted during heat week.

"Do you need anything for this week, honey?" Talia asked as she checked the fridge.

"Nothing he probably wants you knowing about, mom," Laura chuckled as she walked by Derek, snatching one of the waffles off his plate. She smirked when her hand managed to dodge Derek's fork this time—she was a little bitter Derek didn't get in trouble for stabbing his fork *through* her hand during his last heat, even if she does have hyper healing.

"Laura, leave you brother alone," Andrew sighed as he came into the kitchen. He ruffled Derek's hair as he walked by him, still treating his eighteen-year-old son like he was ten.

Laura rolled her eyes. "Please tell me you are ready to go, I have to meet the lacrosse team before school."

Derek was proud of himself for not choking on his waffle, looking up at Laura in surprise.

"You're actually playing? I thought you did that as a joke, honey," Talia commented.

Laura carefully eyed Derek before sighing. "Coach already has a jersey with the name Hale on it. I have to, otherwise I lose face."

"We should get going," Derek announced as he stood, wrapping his waves in a napkin as he followed Laura out.

"Remember to get your brother back here after school," Talia warned her.

"I'm not his mate, there's only so much an familial Alpha can do to ward off strangers," Laura sang as Derek closed the door.

Derek was grateful Laura didn't pride herself in telling their parents everything about their lives.

"You owe me," Laura stated as she climbed in the driver's seat of the Camaro.

"I know," Derek answered, offering a waffle to her.

Laura eyed it suspiciously before taking it, allowing it to hang from her mouth as she started the car. "Youph need to juph tauk toph him," she spoke around the waffle, muffling her words as she put the car in reverse down the driveway.

"Erica dared me to put my name on the tryouts list," Derek explained. "I chickened out and put Hale because I knew Coach would laugh if he saw my name," he shyly admitted as he looked down at the waffle resting in his lap, suddenly not feeling as hungry anymore.

It wasn't like Derek looked as weak as most Omegas—he actually prided himself in his ability to pack on muscle and keep it. It was just a societal belief that Omegas were weak and uncoordinated, unable to hold their own against every other were-creature. Weak, inferior, helpless—Derek had been called almost every single word in the 'How to Demean an Omega 101' book, and it had started to affect his ability to be outgoing.

Derek looked over at Laura when he felt her hand slip into his.

"I wouldn't have told Coach when he asked me that I signed up if I'd regret it," Laura easily stated, the softness of her voice causing Derek's wolf to calm down, the gentleness of an Alpha putting him at ease.

"Even if I hadn't come and begged you to lie for me a few minutes before hand?" Derek asked with a small laugh.

"I would have figured you were about to," Laura shrugged.

"Thanks," Derek quietly stated as he turned to look out the window. He was thankful Laura didn't let go of his hand until they reached school.

Laura parked in their typical spot, groaning when she noticed just how deserted the parking lot was. She yanked her gym bag out of the back, hoisting it over her shoulder as she marched towards the field. She looked back at Derek and noticed how hesitant Derek was to follow.

"Come on, what are you going to do, spend an hour sitting in the car?" Laura called.

Derek was about to say yes when Laura shot him a scowl. He sighed in defeat, following after her with a frown on his face. He took her backpack from her and headed up the bleachers as she ran down to the rest of the team.

"Hale, what the hell are you doing here?" Coach demanded.

"You said to be here for practice," Laura replied with just as much attitude as she pulled her hair back with an elastic hair tie.

“Not you,” Coach stated in annoyance.

Derek closed his eyes, taking a deep breath as he prepared to stand up from the spot he just sat down at.

“Are you saying my brother can’t sit up on the bleachers like the others watching us practice?” Laura snapped as she placed her hands on her hips, evident irritation crossing her features.

“They don’t turn my players into bumbling morons,” Coach explained. “Sorry, Hale,” he called out to Derek.

Derek tried to keep from turning a bright shade of pink as he heard a few snickers coming from some of the other players.

“It’ll make practice challenging for once,” a familiar voice called out to challenge Coach and the others.

“Seriously, McCall?” Jackson uttered in disbelief. “You’re not affected because Kira’s here.”

“Why, does Derek distract *you* because Lydia’s not here?” Scott snapped back.

Derek was somewhat thankful when Erica plopped down next to him, hooking her arm around his. She cuddled into him, an action she normally did even regardless of Derek’s heat pheromones. Derek was just happy to have the physical comfort without someone trying to cope a feel—even more grateful that Boyd understood and didn’t see Derek as a threat to his relationship with Erica.

“Don’t you think about getting up,” Erica stated, reading Derek’s mind. “Boyd and Laura—even McCall aren’t going to stand for that.”

“It’d be easier—”

“Easier, but not fair,” Erica corrected him. She grew silent when she spotted Kira headed over to the bleachers.

Kira shyly made her way up the bleachers, smiling as she gave Derek a small wave of her hand. “Would it be okay if I sit with you guys?” She asked, pointing to the spot next to Erica.

“Sure,” Erica shrugged, ignoring Derek’s small grumble.

Derek liked Kira. She was sweet, had a good sense of humor, and made Scott be more level-headed than he normally was—especially when dating Allison. But he didn’t want to accidentally say something in front of the girlfriend of Stiles’ best friend. He forced a kind smile as Kira sat next to Erica.

“This is Laura’s first practice, right?” Kira asked as she looked out onto the field.

“First practice, but not her first time in a full contact sport,” Derek stated. He tried to keep his eyes from wandering, knowing he was doing a pathetic job at hiding how he looked at Stiles.

He watched how Stiles laughed with his whole body at something Scott said, smiling as he clapped his open palm against his friend's back. He ignored the burning wave that pulsed through his body, writing it off as mere physical attraction.

Stiles was different than most Alphas. He didn't assert his dominance over Betas or other Alphas—and he outright avoided all interactions with Derek, the only resident Omega for more than a thousand miles. He was more carefree and playful, similar to Scott's temperament. However, there were times when Stiles flashed his eyes or growled in certain situations that made all other challenges deflate on instinct.

It made him a desirable candidate for mating, and Derek's wolf knew it.

"You shouldn't listen to them, by the way," Kira stated, looking from Erica to Derek.

"Kira's right. You have as much as a right to be here as those knothheads," Erica affirmed, giving Derek a toothy grin when he gave her a deadpan look.

"I'm just agitated about the gifts," Derek finally stated, figuring that it was fine if Kira knew that.

"At least they're free?" Kira weakly offered, knowing that it didn't make up for being bombarded.

"He's just sad that a certain someone hasn't given him a gift," Erica stated. "Nobody knows him well enough to get him what he wants. Well, Stiles would, wouldn't he?" She winced when Derek's grasp on her arm tightened.

"Stiles doesn't give you anything?" Kira asked in surprise.

Derek wasn't surprised that she didn't know. It was impossible to know who gave him presents—half of the Hales couldn't remember who gave him what. But Derek was overtly aware that Stiles never gave him a gift. He had helplessly searched among the gifts after his first heat, disappointed when he didn't find one. He assumed Stiles would even give it to him after school when they hung out, possibly embarrassed by it.

That was when Stiles started to pull away from Derek—whenever he would ask about hanging out, Stiles was always busy. Stiles started to use the excuse of lacrosse, or Scott, as reasons he couldn't see Derek outside of school. When Stiles first mentioned his plans to woo Lydia Martin from Jackson on the first day of freshman year, Derek felt as if his heart had shattered. His heat that followed was even worse than his first, whimpering and whining like a wounded animal, constant thoughts of Stiles rejecting him—laughing at him—before walking off with perfect Lydia Martin. After that, Derek had stopped hearing from Stiles, drifting apart from him completely. It didn't surprise Derek that he never received a gift from Stiles, his intentions—or lack there of—were obvious.

"No," Derek answered, his eyes drifting to Stiles. "He's never given me anything." He wished he hid his bitterness better, but part of him smugly wished Kira would tell him—maybe then he would realize Derek still existed.

Derek was grateful for the school day to be over, his heat starting to agitate him. He had opted to be absent in the partner department when it came to his heats, not wishing to accidentally create a bond of any sort to the random other person. With each year Derek remained single, each heat drew out longer and more intensely, as if his mate was ever present but just out of his reach. It was his body's way of punishing him for not letting it have its way.

Derek had his fill of gifts, grateful that Laura had hauled them to the Camaro for him, leaving him to retrieve his books. He had smiled every time someone gave him a gift, making sure to inspect every single one with the same amount of interest without unwrapping any. He felt the constant linger of eyes on him whenever he had his back turned, something he had grown accustomed to.

Derek was ignoring the normal chatter in the hallway, focusing on grabbing the necessary textbooks he needed for homework that night. He adjusted the strap of his messenger bag, doing a mental check before he closed his locker door. He almost startled when he found Stiles standing next to him.

Derek stared at Stiles in shocked surprise, raising his eyebrows in question when Stiles didn't make a gesture to show he intended to do anything other than stare.

"Hey, Derek," Stiles finally greeted him, rubbing the back of his head as he looked around.

Derek's eyes darted across the hallway, catching sight of their peers turning and looking in their direction. But as far as Derek could tell, there was no intended audience to benefit from this interaction, which made Derek even more skeptical.

"Hey," Derek offered back, hiking the strap of his bag up higher on his shoulder.

"How have you been?" Stiles asked, shifting his weight as he looked up at Derek, his eyes looking impossibly large for his face.

Derek's eyebrows furrowed, uncertain why Stiles was even bothering to talk to him after all this time. "Fine." He resisted his urge to growl when he started to put the pieces together. "Kira told you," he softly stated.

Stiles' eyes widened for a split second before he released a nervous laugh. "Kira tells me a lot of things," he opted for generalization in hopes Derek wouldn't catch on.

"Kira told you she talked to me and now she made you feel bad for not giving me a gift," Derek stated, shaking his head. He knew it was too good to be true. Yes, Stiles was talking to him, but it was only because his friends probably guilted him into it. *Need to keep the residential Omega happy.* "You don't have to give me a gift, Stiles. No one does, they just do it to stop their instincts from going berserk," he dryly explained.

"No, that's not—I mean that's a reason *why* I came here—I mean, I decided to stop by because I talked to Kira," Stiles waved his hands back and forth in hopes that Derek would



forgive his stammering. “I didn’t come by because— I wanted to— I don’t even have anything—” He quickly mumbled, running a hand through his hair as panic fell from him through waves. “I just wanted to check in. See how you are.”

Derek stared at Stiles before carefully asking, “Why?”

Stiles looked a little taken off guard by Derek’s sudden line of questioning. “I need a reason to check in with you?” He shyly asked, his voice briefly wavering.

“Since you haven’t talked to him since the beginning of high school, I would say so,” Laura announced her presence as she placed her hand against Derek’s locker, her arm creating a barrier between Derek and Stiles. She wasn’t facing Derek, but he could tell that she was glaring daggers at Stiles.

“That’s not fair, Laura,” Stiles stated, a guilty blush sheepishly crawling across his neck.

“Sorry, but my brother is a little too nice for his own good,” Laura answered, refusing to move her arm. She’d be damned if she let Stiles get close to Derek again, only to break his heart. The first time was childish admiration, now it had the potential of creating lasting harmful effects for Derek.

Stiles looked around, catching sight of the others who stopped filing out of the hallway, the small crowd slowly growing in number around them. He looked back at Laura, refusing to flinch at her icy glare, before his eyes fell on Derek. Derek and Laura may have been twins, but they were complete opposites of one another, nothing more obviously stated now as Derek softly looked at Stiles as if he was considering hearing him out.

“Can we just go?” Derek finally asked as he shifted uncomfortably, resting his hand on Laura’s arm.

Laura’s rigid shoulders immediately loosened, her hand falling away from the locker. She turned to look at Derek, sighing before she shot Stiles a warning look. She moved to head down the hallway, pausing as she watched Derek.

“It was nice to talk to you again,” Derek honestly stated as he turned to part from Stiles, turning and heading towards Laura. He let Laura wrap an arm around his, marching him through the halls and towards the parking lot.

Derek remained quiet during the ride home, allowing Laura to stew in the silence. He ignored her as he marched towards the house, slamming the door open and startling his father and younger siblings.

“I’m sorry that Stiles Stilinski is an asshole!” Laura loudly announced as she slammed the door behind her.

“Laura!” Andrew yelled at his daughter.

“I’m sorry, dad, but this fight has been coming for more than a year,” Laura apologized as she watched Derek turn to head up the stairs. “You’ve pined for him for almost four years, and

when your heat hits at its most unbearable, he suddenly starts saying hi again?”

“For once in your life, Laura, stop butting into my life,” Derek angrily stated as he took the steps two at a time.

“I’m sorry if my brother is a hopeless romantic who would give an Omega bond to the biggest asshole because he thinks he’s his exception!” Laura snapped.

“It was Stiles, not Jackson!” Derek yelled back. “I can see who I want to.”

“I guess it’s a good thing mom glued me to your hip during your heat weeks!” Laura vindictively announced.

Derek ignored the arguing he heard coming from downstairs, pretending that he didn’t know his mother was lecturing Laura on appropriate attitudes to have towards her brother and his decisions in mate. He hid his head under his pillow as he tried to block out everything. He heard his door softly opening further, the sound of a small body sneaking into his room. He moved the pillow from his face, catching Cora crawling into bed with him.

“You’re not supposed to be in here,” Derek told his sister.

“You’re just releasing pheromones, that make me want to puke by the way,” Cora announced as she curled against his side, placing her rabbit stuffed animal on his chest.

Derek was happy that Cora couldn’t fully comprehend what his body was doing or why. It made everything easier to talk about with Cora—she looked at each and every problem from an uncomplicated angle, and it helped put everything in perspective.

“Do you like Stiles?” Cora’s voice suddenly broke their silence.

Cora had met Stiles a few times when they were younger, her view of him still skewed to being like another big brother. Derek often times hated having to share Stiles, happy whenever Stiles chose to spend time with him rather than his sisters. It made Derek sad to think that Stiles wasn’t around to get to know his little brothers as well.

“Don’t you?” Derek asked, looking down at the stuffed animal as he played with one of its worn ears. Their mother had mentioned about taking the animal away, arguing that Cora was almost ten, but Derek didn’t have the heart to upset his sister. He even grew fond of her carrying the rabbit everywhere, always noticing its absence whenever she would leave it up in her room.

“I like him, but not like you like him,” Cora stated as she turned her body to look up at the ceiling.

When Derek presented as an Omega, Talia and Andrew didn’t waste time in giving him a nice secluded room meant just for his heats. Before it was finished, Laura and Derek both decided to use their love of astronomy for some good, painting the constellations on the ceiling in order to give Derek something to look at for comfort. Derek spent many of his early heat days staring at that ceiling and wondering if he was ever going to find his place in

the world. It felt foolish to even think that he would find a mate he himself approved of, much less his family.

“He liked being your friend,” Cora stated, holding her stuffed rabbit up, dangling it above them as she made him prance from constellation to constellation.

“I liked being his,” Derek admitted, his wolf being calmed by his sister’s childish actions.

“Why can’t you be his friend again?” Cora asked.

“Because he doesn’t want to be just friends,” Derek stated, uncertain how he could explain the sexual nature of Alphas and Betas lusting after Omegas. Plenty of Betas attempted to capture the attention of Omegas, usually never being able to compete with the Alphas. Derek, unfortunately, was intimate with the inner workings of Alpha, Beta, and Omega politics, and he hated finding himself smack dab in the middle of it.

“You don’t want to be just friends either ... You should invite him to stay,” Cora simply stated as she rolled out of the bed, heading towards the doors. She turned around, spinning the skirt of her dress as she looked back at her brother. “To stay forever.”

“Forever is an awfully long time, Cora,” Derek replied as he pushed up onto his elbows, keeping his body reclined as he watched Cora.

“Not for mates,” Cora stated before exiting the room.

Derek made a mental note of talking to his mom about limiting Cora’s reading list.

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Derek found himself the center of even more unwanted attention the next day at school. He tried to ignore the way everyone was looking at him now, as if he was unfortunately off limits suddenly thanks to Stiles’ interaction with Laura. He ignored the small growls he heard coming from different Alphas as they grew even further diluted in their assumptions that Derek was even remotely interested in them. He wasn’t surprised when he found the gifts piling up on his desk in every class he went to.

Derek didn’t hate people for giving him gifts. It was some messed up part of their biology that told them they had to impress Derek, even if they weren’t interested. He rolled his eyes whenever Scott would embarrassingly offer him (usually) homemade cookies he baked with Kira, both of them offering the plate of baked goods as a joint gift to Derek. He always made sure to eat at least one in front of them before handing the plate off to Laura once they left.

Derek constantly made sure to not rebuke a gift, afraid of unknowingly hurting someone’s feelings as he did freshman year. He remembered the look on the shy girl’s face—Sandy—when he inspected the gift in confusion before placing it to the side. He had thought the gift was meant for someone else, simply left on his desk. He remembered hearing Jackson and the others picking on her. Derek made sure to speak with her, apologizing before allowing her to walk him to class for the rest of his heat week. He would rather avoid the distraught looks and upset tears that sometimes followed the gift giving.

Derek, however, noted that there were more elaborate gifts on his desk than usual. Some of them were ridiculously top-of-the-line electronics, others were designer watches and expensive trinkets. He poked at the boxes before reclining in his seat, waiting for Coach to start class.

“Alright, everyone give Hale a gift? Fantastic,” Coach announced in an annoyed tone. “Jesus Christ, Hale. What the hell happened?” He gestured towards the gifts covering the top of Derek’s desk.

“I actually have no idea, Coach,” Derek stated as he ignored Laura as she went through the gifts, picking out what she wanted as Derek always let her.

“I do,” Laura stated in a hushed tone as she started to divide the pile of gifts.

“You want *all* that?” Derek asked, arching his eyebrows in disbelief.

“No, *this* half,” Laura gestured towards the half closest to her. “Is addressed to me. That half is to you.”

Derek looked between the two piles, noticing that they were equally elaborate in their value.

“I feel dirty taking these,” Laura wrinkled her nose at the gifts. She ignored hers in favor of taking the chocolates from Derek’s pile, opening them in order to pop one of the small truffles into her mouth. “These on the other hand are delicious.”

“You have no shame,” Derek deadpanned as Laura held one chocolate up to him. “I’m not eating a chocolate from your hands.”

“Derek, it’s your favorite,” Laura countered. She smiled when she caught Derek side eyeing the chocolate she danced in front of his face.

Derek looked at the box, lifting it to see that it was none other than the Vermont chocolates their parents used to get them when they were kids. He looked at the one Laura had, arching one eyebrow in silent question.

Laura nodded in response. *Pomegranate*, she silently mouthed, knowing Derek didn’t want anyone else finding out what he actually liked. Sophomore year, someone discovered that Derek loved the Bronte sisters, and his next heat week resulted in collector copies of all their works showing up on the Hale doorstep.

Laura had once made fun of Derek for liking pomegranates. (“You’re such a cliché—the pomegranate eating Omega. Like you need help with fertility.”)

“Oh, would you two stop,” Coach interrupted Derek and Laura with a groan. “I have a class to teach on economics, and I don’t need everyone watching you feed Derek.”

“As Derek’s older sister and only present familial Alpha, it’s my job to look after him,” Laura stated through a smile as she shoved the chocolate truffle between Derek’s lips.

Derek wanted to snap at her, telling her to stop flaunting the fact that she had the right to act as—for lack of better words—an Alpha bitch when it came to Derek in a public setting. In public, it was up to a familial Alpha to look after any unmated Omegas. In other words, it was Laura's job to fight off any Alphas or Betas that became too friendly with Derek, or even if some tried to fight and win Derek in some sickly backwards possession plot. Instead, Derek remained quiet as he savored the truffle, allowing Laura to beam at Coach's annoyance with her.

Derek took the chocolate box from Laura, inspecting it for some kind of card or indicator as to who left it. Instead, he could just see a small written note in the corner that said:

*I stopped by to see how you were. It's been too long, but I hope these still make you smile.*

There was a precariously drawn smiley face that looked as if it was added as an after thought.

Laura was leaning over his shoulder as she read the inscription, letting out a surprised gasp louder than she intended. She ignored Coach's comment about keeping whatever it was to herself as she focused on Derek. "There's only—"

"Yeah," Derek almost croaked in response.

Stiles was the only person outside the Hale family who knew about the chocolates Talia and Andrew purchased around Christmas time. And he knew Derek's favorite thing in the whole wide world were pomegranates.

Derek didn't miss the low growl Laura emitted as she leaned back in her chair, souring that she enjoyed a gift from Stiles. He, however, didn't care as Stiles' words ran through his head the entire class.

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Derek hid the gifts that he started getting from Stiles, a small private smile crossing his lips whenever he read the short inscriptions Stiles wrote. He knew it was stupid, to let such small acts make him feel as if he actually meant something special to Stiles. He knew that it was just a biological need for Stiles to please him, like every other person. Only, Stiles had an arsenal of knowledge about what Derek loved to back him up. He didn't allow himself to think of it as important, certain that Stiles was just giving into his wolf like the others—no matter how playful or kind the small inscriptions were.

For the first time Derek could remember, his arousal edged on untamable, constantly consumed by the warming of his core as he tried to adjust his need to beg the next Alpha he stumbled across to take care of him. But he knew which Alpha he wanted. He wanted Stiles to be the one to knot him, to take care of his every need as he became heat riddled, to feel Stiles' bare chest against him as they lay tangled together in the aftermath.

Derek would never admit that more than one of his orgasms were credited to thinking about Stiles, rutting hard against his mattress in his slick drenched sweats before coming in his sleep, only to wake and realize horrid reality was Stiles-less. He imagined how it would feel to have Stiles' lips against his, trailing across his body as he called out to him. He wondered

how Stiles' hands would feel, if they were as soft and gentle as they seemed—if his skin was warm and accepting of Derek's. Sometimes he even had dreams about what it would feel like to be cuddled up against him—if Stiles would wrap his long limbs around him in order to keep his wolf feeling safe and sated.

It was Friday, day five of Derek's heat, which meant that it was at its worst. He often skipped class on these days, but he admitted that he started to enjoy going to school to find Stiles' gift waiting for him. Derek foolishly went to school, despite how agitated it made Laura.

"You should be home," Laura grumbled as she pulled her hair back into a ponytail, pulling at her running spandex as she adjusted her shirt. She let out an annoyed huff, hands on her hips as Derek ignored her to focus on tying his sneakers.

If there was one thing Derek hated, it was gym class—especially during his heats. All gym class did was give Coach a reason to yell in their general direction about being more aggressive as they rotated between jogging around the field and playing lacrosse—it gave Coach *another* excuse to train his players.

Derek stood up, noticing how Laura was honing in on something in particular. He turned and looked at where she was staring, catching sight of a few of the lacrosse team speaking in hushed tones as they took glimpses of both Derek and Laura. He knew their attention was on him, Laura merely being an obstacle.

"I think you should go home," Laura gruffly stated. "Where it's safe."

"You mean where I'm locked away," Derek replied as he looked at her.

"Locked up but safe," Laura corrected as she continued to glare at the others.

"Laura, no one is interested," Derek finally stated. "I smell like the best sex they could ever have in their life, which means they want to roll around in my scent before going off and masturbating like crazy as they dry hump their bed," he explained in an annoyed tone.

"You sound pissed at the fact that they'd just be masturbating," Laura stated in a quiet voice.

"I'm pissed at people looking at me like I'm a hole to fuck," Derek almost snapped. "It's been four years of this, and I'd like to be done with it."

"Then find a knot to sit on," Jackson snapped from his place among the other lacrosse players.

Laura turned to make a move towards Jackson, ready to rip his head off. She halted when Derek grabbed her arm. "You're just pissed because your wolf would like to be the one to knot him."

Derek closed his eyes, releasing a tired sigh as he turned to pull Laura after him.

"My knot is satisfied with what it has," Jackson quipped, the rest of the team snickering.

“May be satisfied, but I heard it doesn’t do a great deal of *satisfying*,” Laura snapped, actually allowing Derek to pull her away, knowing that her agitated wolf would actually attack Jackson if given the chance.

“Hey! Knock it off!” Coach yelled to interrupt whatever Jackson was going to say back. “Stop talking about body parts. You’re almost actual adults, act like it.”

“Thank you for riling the entire lacrosse team up,” Derek harshly whispered.

“Jackson’s an asshole,” Laura snapped.

“Everyone is an asshole to me during heat week, you know that,” Derek answered. It was a sad truth that almost everyone was angry with Derek because they couldn’t stop their inner animal from wanting to court him.

“You shouldn’t have to get used to it,” Laura replied. “You shouldn’t have to deal with any of this.”

“I know,” Derek softly replied, gingerly rubbing her shoulder.

Laura’s wolf gently purred in an appreciative manner as she nodded, accepting that Derek was managing better than she was.

Derek had mainly kept his head down as he jogged by most of his classmates, ignoring the way their heads would perk up whenever he was near them. He sighed when Coach yelled at them to switch, somewhat hesitant to change from jogging to a contact sport. He scrunched his nose when a few of his classmates suddenly started to almost peacock with their pheromones in response to being close to an Omega in heat, positive that half of them didn’t even realize they were doing it.

Derek gave Laura an affirming nod when she wordless asked if he was okay with her jogging while he was on the field. He knew that Laura would ignore Coach and stay if he asked her to. He was glad that she started jogging without arguing.

Derek should have known that today was going to end horribly. He should have known that before he and Laura graduated, someone was going to end up getting mauled because of his heat. He did know, however, that he never would have guessed that the person doing the mauling wasn’t Laura.

Before Coach even blew the whistle, Derek was suddenly on the ground, his shoulder thrumming from the pain of contact. He was certain one of the Alpha’s protective gear brutally crammed into his chest before the other Betas had hit him hard enough to drive him into the ground. His arms were shaking, unsteady as his vision straightened out, his head hurting. He looked up, seeing Laura sprinting across the field, her eyes burning red as a mixture of emotions crossed her features—pure rage, concern, confusion.

Derek turned his head to see the other players snickering, one pair high fiving each other. He wasn’t surprised to see Jackson among them, knowing that Laura’s comment pissed him off, aiming at Derek because he was an easier target.

“An Omega on all fours,” one of them scoffed.

“How they belong,” another laughed.

Derek tried to ignore the small tears that stung his eyes.

“Stiles!” Scott yelled when Stiles tackled the Alpha that had hit Derek.

A fight suddenly broke out, Scott following Stiles’ lead to break the Alphas and Betas apart from taking Stiles off guard. Derek was surprised when Kira showed up next to him, helping him to stand as Laura finally joined them. He grabbed Laura, holding her back as Coach yelled at the others to break it up, threatening them with detention.

Stiles and the other Alpha were not merely punching each other anymore—both had their claws out, partly shifted as they growled and roared back and forth. Coach didn’t dare touch them, Scott having attempted to get through to Stiles.

“Stiles!” Derek yelled his name.

Something in Stiles’ eyes flickered—his bloodlust dying down. He released an angered noise, an in between of bark and growl. He let Scott grab him, pulling him backwards as he held him against his chest.

Scott ignored the way Stiles’ chest puffed out, a dominance raging inside. He profusely nodded as Coach yelled at him about taking Stiles to the principal’s office.

“That asshole hit Derek, Stiles was reacting on instinct,” Laura actually snapped in Stiles’ defense.

“It’s lacrosse,” one of the Alpha’s Betas replied. “Name of the game and all.”

Laura’s face twisted into a bitter expression as her nose scrunched in response. “I’ll seriously shove a lacrosse stick up your ass if you try that excuse again,” she dangerously growled even with Derek reaching a hand out to stop her from moving forward.

“Coach!”

“Alright, knock it off. You,” Coach pointed at the group of players. “You’re running a ridiculous amount of suicides next practice for hitting Hale.” He ignored their groans as he looked at Laura. “And you, no more threatening your fellow players with shoving inanimate objects in their orifices.”

“No promises,” Laura grumbled.

“McCall,” Coach yelled, jumping slightly when he noticed that Stiles and Scott were still standing behind him. “Take Stilinski to the office. Hale, take your brother down there as well.” He paused, thinking carefully before adding, “Yukimura, you go down to help McCall make sure Hale and Stilinski don’t murder Davison.”

Kira nodded, looking from Laura to Stiles as she waited for someone to protest.



Stiles continued to glare at Davison even after the principal's secretary put them on opposite sides of the office. Scott kept his hand on Stiles' arm, a preventative measure that put him more at ease than Stiles.

Derek sat in between Laura and Kira, keeping his eyes on the ground as the conflicting pheromones filled the room. Laura's arms were crossed tautly over her chest as she dug her nails into her shirt, determined to not let her wolf react. Kira was looking at Scott and Stiles, giving them a small, comforting smile as they all waited.

Stiles deflated some when he caught sight of his father walking into the office, followed closely by Talia Hale.

"You okay, kiddo?" The Sheriff asked Stiles as he approached him, carefully eyeing his son.

"Yeah," Stiles huffed, eyes flickering over to Derek.

Both Derek and Laura sunk in shame when their mother approached them, waiting for her to yell at them. Talia merely walked over to them, giving them both a hug as she gathered them in her arms.

"Are you okay, honey?" Talia asked Derek, her open palm cupping Derek's cheek as she inspected him.

"I'm okay, mom," Derek said in a reassuring tone. His wolf almost whined in appreciation, feeling safe in his mother's presence.

"Laura?" Talia asked.

"I'd be better if—"

"—don't finish that sentence, young lady," Talia quickly stated, her hand resting on Derek's shoulder as she looked over at Davison.

"Sheriff," the principal interrupted the moment, looking at all the people collected in the office's waiting area. He ushered both the Sheriff and Stiles in. "Mr. McCall, Ms. Yukimura, you both can go back to class."

Kira and Scott both looked over at Derek, hesitant to leave.

"I think with their mother here, both Hales will be fine," the principal stated in a slightly amused tone when he noticed their hesitation.

"Yes, sir," Scott stated, taking Kira's hand and heading towards the door. They both waved to Derek and Laura as they left.

Derek's eyes wandered towards the principal's office door, watching through the glass as the Sheriff and principal listened to Stiles speak.

Stiles shook his head as he spoke. He looked scared and embarrassed. He actually looked guilty as he gestured towards the waiting room. He placed his head in his hands, shaking his head as the Sheriff spoke. His head snapped up as he passionately stated something while gesturing in the Hales' direction.

The Sheriff raised a hand, a calming gesture before shaking his head, a small smile pulling at his lips. He walked over to the door, opening it up in order to lean his head out. "Talía, I think you might want to join us," he stated.

Talia carefully looked at her children, murmuring a stern but soft, "Stay here and out of trouble." She moved to follow the Sheriff into the office.

Derek and Laura watched as their mother listened to the Sheriff, before turning her head to Stiles. Stiles looked at Derek before looking back to Talía, slightly nodding his head in confirmation. Both Derek and Laura were surprised when Talía embraced Stiles, catching Stiles off guard as well.

That was how Stiles and the Sheriff ended up coming back to the Hale house, both of them wanting Stiles to have an opportunity to speak to Derek. Derek felt as if he was headed to the gallows, unsure why no one would explain what happened in the principal's office. He was frightened more when his mother started happily humming in the car.

Stiles followed Derek into the house after everyone else, both of them feeling awkward and unsure. Derek walked in first, followed by Stiles who was immediately bombarded by one of the younger Hales in particular.

"Stiles!" Cora excitedly yelled as she ran up to him, wrapping her arms around his waist.

"Woah! Cora-bug?" Stiles excitedly exclaimed as he hugged her back. "When did you get this tall?"

Cora punched Stiles' chest, a slightly angered look replacing her previous look of excitement. "You're mean. You've been ignoring Derek."

Stiles winced at that, knowing he deserved it. "I'm sorry about that," he admitted, stealing a quick look at Derek.

"Are you going to be Derek's mate?" Cora suddenly asked.

Stiles' eyes widened as Derek let out an inhuman noise of surprised.

Derek grabbed Cora's arm, pulling her to stand behind him as he hid her from view. "We can talk in my room. My mom will take care of Co—"

"Is he going to be here for the rest of your heat week?" Cora asked as she leaned out from behind Derek, looking up at him. "Is he going to spend heat weeks here now?" She sounded excited, and Derek was going to make sure to tell him mom to explain heat week in better terms to Cora now that she mortifyingly embarrassed him.

“Cora-bug,” Stiles called her name to grab her attention. “Um, I have to talk with Derek about some stuff—apologize for being an ass, uh, jerk,” he winced at his vocabulary use.

“Okay,” Cora released in a sigh, moving to go back into the living room.

“So,” Stiles awkwardly rocked back and forth on his heels. “Your room?”

Derek gestured upstairs.

“I remember the way,” Stiles fondly announced as he started to climb the stairs.

Derek took a deep breath as he followed Stiles to his bedroom. He closed the door, knowing that it wouldn’t do any good in a house of nosey werewolves like his family. He finally turned to face Stiles, not at all surprised or bothered that Stiles was sitting on the edge of his bed like he used to.

“So,” Stiles started, releasing a nervous laugh when he looked up at Derek.

“So,” Derek echoed. “What did my mom insist we talk about?”

Stiles tapped his feet against the floor, rocking back and forth before he finally stood, walking over to the window. “I wanted to say sorry,” he stated, keeping his gaze out the window.

“Sorry,” Derek parroted. “You’re sorry ... for?”

“For being me,” Stiles answered, turning to face Derek.

“You haven’t really held a conversation with me for almost four years,” Derek blankly stated. “And you suddenly started to participate in the countywide collective to present me gifts for my heat week—something done in order to please their own wolves. *And now*, after tackling another Alpha for getting rough with me, you tell me you’re sorry.”

“I just ...” Stiles frowned, sheepishly looking down at his feet. “I just wanted you to smile.”

“What?” Derek asked, uncertain what Stiles meant.

“I wanted you to smile,” Stiles said louder. “I wanted you to smile from getting gifts. I didn’t want you to look miserable anymore.” He looked up at Derek, worrying his bottom lip as he waited for him to say something. When Derek made no move to speak, he started to ramble. “You always look miserable. I imagine heat week sucks, especially because of how high schoolers act. But then you actually smiled and accepted Sandy’s gift because she made them to make you happy. And you didn’t want her to feel bad about giving you a gift. So, even though it made you uncomfortable, you accepted it to make her feel better. It drove me crazy trying to figure out what to get you, for the longest time! And then Sandy just did that and you were a great guy by accepting it. You even walked her to class to make her feel better! I just wanted you to smile like that again, but I couldn’t figure out what to do. I didn’t want to add to the unhappiness you had about all the attention.”

Derek was still staring at Stiles when he finished. “You ... you ignored me for four years because you didn’t know what to get me for heat week?” He sounded blown away, as if it was the craziest thing he ever heard.

“When you say it that way, it sounds stupid—”

“That’s’ because it is stupid,” Laura yelled from downstairs.

“Stop eavesdropping, Laura!” Talia yelled.

“You’re listening too!” Laura replied.

Derek groaned, grabbing Stiles’ hand and pulling him towards the attic. He didn’t realize how rigid and uncomfortable Stiles was until he successfully closed the door. “It’s soundproof up here,” he explained.

“This is ... your heat room,” Stiles stated, a soft pink creeping across his cheeks.

Derek realized that Stiles’ senses were probably being overwhelmed by Derek’s collected pheromones for the week. “Sorry, but this is the only place we can talk without my family listening.”

“Won’t Laura come up here and rip my balls off for being in this room alone with you?” Stiles asked, his eyes dashing around the room, Derek assumed he was looking for a quick exit.

“Are you a threat to my wellbeing?” Derek asked as he crossed his arms over his chest.

“No,” Stiles quickly said.

“Then she won’t,” Derek replied. “My family tends to be on the progressive side of most families burdened with an Omega.”

“You’re not a burden,” Stiles softly stated.

Derek carefully watched Stiles, allowing his arms to fall by his sides as he almost deflated in his determination to make Stiles feel ashamed for their lack of communication in the past. “What do you want, Stiles?” He finally asked with a sigh.

Stiles looked up, somewhat surprised by Derek’s forwardness. His eyes were wide with skepticism as he opened his mouth to speak. “This is all my fault. If I had told my dad he would have sorted this all out with your mom when we were younger.”

“What are you talking about?” Derek asked, his tone stressed from his annoyance in not being told what was happening.

“You’re my mate,” Stiles finally uttered.

Derek looked almost taken aback, completely caught off guard by Stiles’ confession. “What?” He demanded, his eyebrows furrowing in confusion.

“That’s why I practically ran away from you,” Stiles stated, nervously rubbing the back of his head as he started to pace in front of Derek’s bed. “We were thirteen when you presented as an Omega and it freaked me out when I suddenly couldn’t stop thinking about you.”

“Because you wanted to dominate me,” Derek bitterly stated.

“No,” Stiles quickly protested, turning to look at Derek as his pacing faltered. “I wanted to keep doing what we had been doing—I wanted to provide for you; protect you. I just started being unable to think of anything but you, and then my wolf just ... just knew. When you went into your first heat, I ... I shifted and laid outside of the house for the entire week.”

Derek remembered his first heat. He had stayed home from school, his entire body lighting up as if it was on fire. His skin was sensitive to the touch as he ran a fever. He had whimpered throughout the entire week as he yearned for something—he didn’t know what—and felt as if it was just out of his reach. His parents ended up taking him to Deaton when he refused to eat.

“And when your parents took you to Deaton’s, I practically lost it,” Stiles continued. “I almost went feral. That’s when I started doing research, and some of the stuff said that it was normal reaction for mates to act that way. And after you presented, I presented—it was like a chain reaction. But then ...” He turned away from Derek, releasing an embarrassed laugh. “I couldn’t be around you anymore. I felt driven to *need* you. Every time our hands accidentally brushed, or if I sat too close ... I couldn’t stop myself from imagining what it would be like ... to be with you.”

Derek stared at Stiles, a quizzical look falling over his normally blank features. “You ... you knew I was your mate, and you kept that from me,” he stated.

Stiles’ eyes widened, realizing what Derek was implying. “I didn’t mean it like that, honestly. I didn’t want you to ... I didn’t want you to think I was like every other Alpha vying for your attention. I just wanted you to be ...”

“Happy,” Derek finished. He released a heavy sigh, shaking his head. “You’re an idiot—no, we’re both idiots,” he finally confessed.

Stiles hung his head, looking like a kicked puppy. “I’ll go—I’ll stop giving you gifts, I promise.” He tried to rush by Derek, heading for the door as his scent spiked in embarrassment. He was surprised when Derek’s hand snatched his wrist, a calmness radiating from his touch. He felt at ease, a warmth of desire moving from Derek to Stiles.

“I thought you hated me—didn’t even remember that I existed,” Derek explained. “I’ve wanted to ... I’ve wanted to spend my heat with you, Stiles, ever since I presented.”

Stiles’ eyes widened as he looked back at Derek. “You have?”

“Even before I knew you were an Alpha,” Derek affirmed.

Stiles was shocked, to say the least, his mouth gaping like a fish as he struggled to say something. He couldn’t stop the smile pulling at his lips when Derek pulled Stiles towards

him. He pushed into Derek's arms, a small gesture between their lips had Derek dipping his chin in fond shyness—and Stiles couldn't help but find him adorable.

Their lips almost met when there was a loud banging on the door, signaling that a family member had decided to interrupt them. Derek grimaced in annoyance as the door opened up, revealing Laura to be standing there. Stiles shrunk behind Derek, knowing that Laura wouldn't hurt him if Derek told her not to.

"You losers make-up?" Laura questioned.

"We were fine until you showed up," Derek answered, letting his annoyance show.

"Mom and the Sheriff don't want anything happening in here," Laura gestured to the room, wrinkling her nose as she avoided inhaling any of the pheromones—she wanted to hurl thinking that one wrong move would result in a nostril full of her brother's sex pheromones.

"We're not depraved," Derek replied.

"Still, you both need to fill out the forms before your next heat if you want it official," Laura answered, backing away from the door. "Congrats, baby bro. Stiles, take care of him."

Stiles peered over Derek's shoulder at Laura's retreating form. "I plan on it," he stated in reply.

"While you hide behind me?" Derek teasingly asked.

"Dude, Laura is terrifying," Stiles argued.

"Terrifying enough to warn you off?" Derek asked, trying to sound as if he wasn't panicking, thinking that Stiles might actually back away from him.

"I didn't say that," Stiles replied. "Terrifying? Yes. Undefeatable?" He paused, smiling when Derek looked at him. "I've had worse."

"My hero," Derek deadpanned, earning a laugh from Stiles.

~\*~

Derek wasn't surprised when he opened his locker to find a wrapped gift on the top shelf. He smiled, turning it to see the inscription:

*Roses are red*

*Violets are blue*

*I'm ready for heat week*

*How about you?*

Derek snorted, shaking his head as he pictured Stiles thinking up the little rhyme, nibbling on the pen as concentration alluded him. He wasn't surprised when he closed his locker, finding Stiles leaning against the neighboring ones.

"Cute," Derek teasingly stated as he leaned in to greet his boyfriend with a quick peck on the lips. It had become their normal greeting, Stiles' wolf practically preening as others looked on with discontent at Derek's choice; (Derek assumed that many of them didn't even understand that it was their wolf sulking at not gaining the Omega's attention, opposed to them actually wanting Derek for themselves).

Stiles smiled, taking Derek's bag from him as they started to walk down the hallway, a small dance they had become accustomed to ever since they filed all paperwork ("Intent to Mate"? Isn't the personal?" "It's not that bad." "Derek, it wants to know if I intend to *knot* your ass. I think it's safe to say this is ridiculously invasive." "Stiles, keep your voice down, people are looking."). "I'll have you know that little limerick took me a little while to think of."

"I doubt it, and it's not a limerick," Derek answered, pulling at the wrapping paper of his gift.

"You're opening it now?" Stiles asked, arching his eyebrow in question.

"Can I not?" Derek questioned, his fingers pausing their previous action.

"You never really opened gifts before," Stiles commented, noticing how people were watching them.

"If I opened gifts in public, I would have shown that I was accepting that Alpha," Derek explained, a small blush staining his cheeks.

Stiles blinked, realization covering his features before he smiled. "This is you claiming me?" He wiggled his eyebrows.

Derek suppressed a small scoff, fondly shaking his head. "Sort of," he replied.

"Then by all means, schnookems," Stiles gestured towards the gift.

"Don't call me schnookems," Derek commented as he pulled the paper back. He immediately put the paper back, scrambling to cram the gift into his bag. "That's not funny, Stiles," he commented, completely flustered as his eyes dashed around to see if anyone saw, trying to pretend that he didn't just shove a box of Magnum condoms into his bag.

"What? I'm a responsible mate," Stiles stated, smiling at how adorable Derek was when he blushed. "Unless this is you telling me you *don't* want to use condoms for heat week." He couldn't help his eyes flaring red at the reminder that Derek's heat week started this weekend.

Derek avoided looking at Stiles, opting to head for his class.

Stiles stared after Derek, his eyes widening as his mouth hung open. "You don't! Oh my God, Derek," he called as he made his way after Derek. "I'm all for not wearing condoms," he announced, ignoring the looks of the other students. "Many times. In many different positions."

Derek grabbed Stiles, ushering him into an empty classroom, completely content with kissing him senseless in order to silence any more embarrassing outbursts.

Stiles later found out that Derek was all for not wearing condoms. Many times. In many different positions.



## End Notes

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[drunklightning](#) is my blog where I reblog anything I find of interest.

[dexterous-sinistrous](#) is suited towards my ramblings about my writing, and NSFW. (It's where I serenade myself about Sterek). It's my trashcan of emotions. Feel free to stop by and say hi, criticize me, make incoherent noises with me, whatevs.

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