

every version of me falls in love with you

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by [stilinskisparkles](#)

Summary

A little girl wearing a bright pink tutu flies down the steps and towards Derek. Derek has time to remember that according to Scott, her name is Rosaline, she's five and that she's Derek's *daughter*, before she's leaping into his arms. He catches her easily, breathes in her scent of milk and oranges and to his pleasant surprise, *Derek*, and someone else, too. Someone that smells *good*. She smells like home to him.

Derek climbs out of the car after Scott, looks up at the house he apparently calls his own. It's made of a light blue and white wood, with three wide steps leading up to a porch that encircles the property, windows open with curtains fluttering and a tower to the right.

"This is *all* mine?"

"Yeah," Scott claps him on the shoulder, grimaces a little, "Nothing feels familiar?"

Sniffing the air, Derek nods, "It *smells* like me, like mine, my— family—" he startles when he hears footsteps, and then the front door is swinging open.

"Daddy!"

A little girl wearing a bright pink tutu flies down the steps and towards Derek. Derek has time to remember that according to Scott, her name is Rosaline, she's five and that she's Derek's *daughter*, before she's leaping into his arms. He catches her easily, breathes in her scent of milk and oranges and to his pleasant surprise, *Derek*, and someone else, too. Someone that smells *good*. She smells like home to him.

"Daddy! Hi!"

"Hello," Derek replies softly, looking into her big green eyes.

"You took *forever* to come home!"

"I'm sorry," he says gravely, "There was a complication."

Rosaline begins playing with his ear in what must be a habit for her, and he leans into it. *Sensory memory*. He takes great relief in it. He can hear Rosaline's rabbiting heartbeat calm, and her scent become less nervous, and much happier. Whatever has happened, however much has been taken from him, providing some small familiar comfort for his daughter, catching her and lifting her to his hip like a routine, is more important than anything else. He looks at her and he *knows* he loves her, root deep.

"Rosa!" The door opens once again, revealing a man— perhaps the most attractive man Derek has ever laid eyes on— half dressed, and racing after Rosaline.

Stiles.

This is *Stiles*.

His senses are flooded, his eyes drinking in Stiles' handsome face, the sharp cheekbones balanced with a sweet, turned up nose, and a mouth looking like it's trying not to laugh, his ears twitching as he picks up Stiles' heartbeat, nervous quick, his nose catching Stiles' scent, woody fresh aftershave, cereal, gun metal and Derek, *overwhelmingly* Derek.

"Baby, what did I just tell you?"

"Oh," Rosaline squirms in Derek's arms, pulls an insincere apologetic face that makes Derek want to laugh, "Sorry."

Stiles hums, unconvinced, and points at Derek, "Don't encourage her; she already thinks you're her partner in crime."

"We're crime *fighters*, papa," Rosaline corrects, before turning back to Derek. "We help papa cos he has a big town to look after." She throws her arms out wide to emphasise her point, and Stiles darts closer as if afraid she'll throw herself out of Derek's arms altogether. Derek holds her tighter, certain he would never let her fall.

"Sorry," Stiles ducks his head, squints at Derek in the sunlight, "I forgot that you— I panicked, sorry, I know she's safe."

"It's okay," Derek lets Rosaline clamber down to weave around his legs, and smiles cautiously at Stiles. "I understand."

"God," Stiles blows out a breath, "This is weird."

"I filled him in on most things," Scott says from beside Derek, and Derek startles, totally having forgotten he was there in the face of *this*, his family, a life he doesn't remember, but he wants to keep, already. "He knows the basics—"

"I've lost about a decade, it wasn't my fault—"

"It totally was!"

"—Doesn't sound like it was. I'm thirty five, we've been together for eight years, Rosaline is five, she likes strawberry ice cream, she's going through a ballerina phase, she's allergic to dates— just like you— Scott is married to someone called Allison, who is perfect," he gives Stiles a look, and Stiles grins back. Scott huffs and mutters about the two of them ganging up on him even when one of them has no memories. "And—" Derek swallows, "Scott says I love you a lot."

Stiles' cheeks flame up, and he swallows, nods slowly, "Well," he manages finally, "I *am* awesome."

"I led with that," Scott says proudly.

"You're the best, man."

"I literally was," Scott elbows Derek, "When you guys got married. And, you cried!"

"Scott! You didn't," Stiles tells Derek, "Although, my dad did, and Scott's mom, Melissa."

"Scott mentioned his mom— good with a bat."

"She kicks ass when we play softball on sundays," Stiles says looking suddenly wistful, glances at Derek and then away.

“Daddy!” Rosaline tugs on his hand, “Do you want lemonade?”

Derek grins down at her, “Is that code for *you* want lemonade?”

Rosaline nods, and begins leading him towards the house. The house that Derek lives in. Owns. He remembers that he and Laura had nothing. He remembers darkness, despair, grief, and yet, it seems as if he’s come through it all, as if he’s survived. He can’t imagine how. Can’t understand how he got so lucky.

Stiles jostles him gently as they head up the porch steps, and when Derek looks at him he smiles encouragingly, “You’re good at reading her.”

“She’s my kid,” Derek shrugs, “It’s instinct?”

“Were you asking or—”

Derek scowls, and Stiles grins, looks as if he’s going to reach out to touch Derek’s face and then shoves his hand into his pocket. Derek wonders if they’re normally the touchy feely type. He sort of wants to test it out, but he doesn’t know if Stiles would be open to it. Instead, he pauses in the hall, inspects the photographs on the wall.

“Oh god,” Stiles blurts out, leaps in front of him. “Your first actual memory of me should not be a photograph I was *bribed* into putting up. I really don’t appreciate how ridiculous I look in it.”

“Bribed?” Derek arches an eyebrow, “How so?”

Stiles flushes, glances in the direction of the kitchen where Scott and Rosaline are pouring lemonade, before leaning into Derek conspiratorially, “In a most non PG like manner.”

Derek feels his insides flip just imagining the possibilities, steps a little closer to Stiles and peeks over his shoulder. In the picture, Stiles is wearing a Tigger outfit, and bounding down the street with a tiny Winnie the Pooh shaped baby on his back. Rosaline can’t be more than a year old, and she’s asleep. Stiles has clearly eaten all of her Halloween candy, as his bucket is empty. Derek stares at the look on Stiles’ face, the warmth and love in his eyes as he looks at the camera.

“Who, uh—”

“You were Eeyore,” Stiles laughs fondly, “You wouldn’t even let me *touch* the camera. But, her nursery was— that was the theme; Hundred Acre Wood. So, that’s what we went as.”

“I dressed up as a cartoon character for Halloween.”

“Nope, you dressed up as a beloved children’s fiction character,” Stiles corrects, “And, it might seem dumb, you know, if you weren’t there at the time— I mean— you *were* there, but looking back, if you could like... you were happy, I promise. Well, not happy because you were Eeyore and you were super good at staying in character, although, you’re not totally grumpy all the time, but I—”

"Stiles," Derek catches his wrist gently, squeezes it quickly, "I think that sounds amazing."

"Oh," Stiles smiles again, "Good, great, we have more photographs, ones that are less embarrassing for me, if you want to see them?"

Derek nods, "At some point, please."

"Right, yeah, you must be tired," Stiles clears his throat, steps away from him, and Derek feels colder for it. "You need a nap?"

"No," Derek shakes his head, "Can I— can we look 'round?"

"Sure," Stiles pads towards the back of the house, jerks his head at a door on the way, "Downstairs bathroom is there, through here is where we eat, do laundry, *live*, basically," Stiles leads him through to an airy, spacious kitchen where Rosaline is sitting at a wide oak table, measuring lemonade into shot glasses. Stiles ducks to kiss the top of her head as he passes, ruffles her hair, "You wanna come give daddy a tour of the house, baby?"

Rosaline scrunches up her nose, "He lives here, papa, he knows where stuff is."

"Hey," Stiles crouches down in front of her, catches her hands, "Daddy needs some help remembering today, princess, and no one knows where everything is better than you, right?"

"Right."

"So, you gonna help us?"

"Okay."

"Great!" Stiles stands, dusts off his pants and pulls a face at Derek's expression, "What? I rip something on the way down?"

"No, you just—" Derek gestures between them, can't explain it; watching the two people that were, *are*, his world, and even though he remembers nothing of before, it still makes something *good* settle in his chest.

"He's having *feelings*," Scott announces, pointing his spoon at Derek, (it's clear he's obviously comfortable helping himself to breakfast here). "Look at his face, dude."

"I can see that," Stiles gives Derek a private smile as Scott puts his cereal bowl in the sink, and Derek hopes he used to relish those, treasure them, appreciate them, the way he will now.

"Daddy," Rosaline interrupts, "Come see my room first!"

"Okay," Derek lets her take his hand, tug him up the stairs past a dozen more photographs; Scott and a lovely looking woman that must be Allison beaming in front of a big white cake; Derek asleep with a loosened tie and plate of spaghetti on his chest with Rosaline perched on his legs, sauce all over her face and a guilty grin in place; Stiles and Derek dancing in a dim living room; an older man helping Rosaline build a snowman; Cora pulling a strange fish like face right into the camera—Cora. He—he *knows* that face—stops in front of it and blinks.

“Cora,” he says quietly.

“*Aunty* Cora,” Rosaline corrects, “’S’rude to call adults by their first name without *permission*, daddy.”

Derek laughs and looks down at her, “Sorry, I wasn’t thinking. I haven’t seen my sister in a very long time.”

“I saw her last week.”

“You did? What did you do?”

“We made shell necklaces, *come on*, daddy, my room is up here!” She yanks on his arm, and when Derek twists to look over his shoulder he can see Stiles and Scott grinning.

“Shut up.”

“I didn’t say anything,” Stiles blinks up innocently at him, “It’s just always been a point of amusement that you’re totally wrapped around her little finger.”

“Why wouldn’t I be?”

Stiles’ expression goes soft, and he presses his lips together, eyes warm.

“Cos you used to be a bossy butthead,” Scott says into the silence. “And, now, she’s your boss. She and Stiles both boss you about, and you *let them*.”

“Hey! I don’t boss him around.”

Derek snorts, because Stiles suddenly looks guilty and indignant as fuck. “I’m sure.”

“I don’t!”

“You do,” Scott reassures him, “I’ve heard it.”

“He bosses me around! He’s like King Bossy!”

Scott shakes his head at Derek from behind Stiles, sticks up his little finger and circles it in the air. Derek grins, supposes he’s not too against the idea if the make his life half as happy as it seems. He wonders, casually, if Stiles is bossy in the bedroom. Or, loud. He thinks he’d be loud. Beautiful and demanding and pressing his long fingers into Derek’s skin as they move together...

“Dude,” Scott hisses, “You’re thinking gross things!”

“What?” Stiles whips around to look at him, smirks as he wiggles his eyebrows, “Really? About me? Wait—” he grabs Derek’s arm without seeming to think about it, “Don’t answer that.”

“You didn’t even give me a chance,” Derek huffs, following him towards the room casting a pink glow out into the hall. He stops in the doorway, taking in the bright pink walls, the classic roses painted along the ceiling and trailing down into thorns that run along the bottom of the wall. There’s a bed with a frame shaped into a dragon, and Rosaline’s *bouncing on it*.

“Rosaline!” Stiles chides, “Not on the bed.”

Rosaline giggles wickedly, spots Derek and leaps at him, “Catch me, daddy!”

Derek does so instinctively, and she crows, pats his cheek.

“Do you want to see my tea set?”

“Of course,” Derek replies, settling down on the floor and listening as she introduces him to all of her stuffed toys. Derek takes great pains to remember all of their names, and address them as such. He must do something right, as he’s even allowed to wear a crown *and* drink from her favorite tea cup.

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“Here,” Stiles puts a plate of sandwiches in front of Derek, settles down opposite him.

“Normally, on a Saturday we have lunch with Scott and Allison, and the kids go nuts on the lawn, but I figured...” he waves a hand at Derek, “You might need to ease into that kind of stuff.”

Derek looks between the sandwiches—roast beef, he *loves* roast beef, he knows that much—and where Stiles is casually digging into his own.

“You’re taking this pretty well, considering when we left I was your—your husband and a father and a *person*, and now I’m—I don’t know. *Anything*.”

“Hey,” Stiles says sharply, “You’re still a person, dude. You still give our kid a thousand per cent of your attention, and you didn’t wolf out and try and maim Scott on the ride home, or—you know—leave as soon as your saw an opening to be a free wolf again.”

“I would *never*,” Derek cuts in.

“Case in point,” Stiles waves half his sandwich at him, and then his expression softens, and he puts it down. “You’re still *Derek*,” he grabs Derek’s hand, squeezes it once before letting go. “And, trust me this isn’t the weirdest thing that’s ever happened to us. If you want to stick around, I can roll with it.”

There’s something almost a little wary in his tone, like he’s waiting for Derek to leap out of the window, to take off completely and not come back.

“I’m... rolling with it,” Derek says finally.

“Yeah,” Stiles grins down at the table, “It’s in your nature not to quit when the going gets tough, sometimes at *ridiculous* danger to yourself,” he adds teasingly.

Derek rolls his eyes, “I’m sure I was never that bad.”

Stiles pretends to choke, shakes his head, “Ah huh, no way, man, I can’t let you think that. You were constantly putting yourself up for fights you’d never win, and forever getting yourself injured. Do you know how much I spent on first aid supplies over the first couple of years I knew you? As much as a year’s college tuition.”

“Is that expensive now?”

Stiles opens his mouth to reply, and then catches sight of Derek’s expression, “Oh, ha ha.”

Derek smirks, takes a bite of his sandwich.

“So,” Stiles pauses, cocks his head like he’s listening to something, and Derek stops eating to do the same. He can hear Rosaline’s steady breathing upstairs, the bed sheets rustling as she moves.

“She’s still asleep,” he tells Stiles.

Stiles smiles across at him, “S’always cool when you do that; kinda missed it when you were away.”

Derek watches him begin to pick at his sandwich, clears his throat, “So, those first few years, Scott says they weren’t that great for us?”

“Correct,” Stiles whistles, “We really didn’t... like each other much.”

“We didn’t? Why not?”

“You were an asshole,” Stiles says immediately, and then flushes, “I mean, I was too! We were like... mutual assholes to one another.”

“Oh,” Derek frowns, messes with a crust, “So... how did we...”

“Didn’t Scott tell you?”

“He said,” Derek coughs, “That some things were your territory.”

Stiles barks out a laugh, “Man, he would. It’s kind of... I don’t know how to explain it.”

“Was it really that bad?” Derek feels his stomach drop, hadn’t truly thought about it, but he’d not have expected Stiles to look so awkward. “Do you not feel that way about me, or—”

“What?” Stiles snaps to look at him, “No, I mean yes, I love you and I have for forever, but, dude, it’s not the most romantic story.”

“I want to hear it, though, it’s... important. I want to know, please?”

Stiles squints, embarrassment rolling off him, “I just wish I had something nice to tell you. That I knocked you off your feet and was the most charming, amazing—”

“Stiles.”

“Fine! We got really angry at each other in a swamp and then made out, a lot. And, then we sort of... had sex in the mud. Then we didn’t speak for four days, four very long, terrible days where I ate a fuck load of ice cream and thought I’d ruined our friendship—we were sort of friends by then—and then you turned up at my place at two in the morning and there was more yelling and,” he shrugs, scratches the back of his neck, “We weren’t very good at communicating, but we uh,” he coughs again, “We got the point after that.”

Derek leans back in his chair, satisfied he was brave enough to ensure he got to keep Stiles in his life.

“So, after that...”

“Oh, yeah, I was all in, you were... not against being all in, either.”

“I’m sure I was all in.”

“Well, you sure liked to let people know I was taken, still do,” Stiles smirks, pulls down his collar for Derek to see a fading bruise, and he feels his face heat up just looking at it.

“I see.”

“Uh huh,” Stiles rubs his nose, and Derek watches his ring flash in the light, hypnotized. “You got any other burning questions?”

“Scott says you’re the Sheriff, now, do you like it?”

“Hell yeah,” Stiles’ face lights up, “It’s all I ever wanted to do, be like my dad. I love solving mysteries, putting puzzles together and, I think that’s why I uh, was drawn to you to start with. Because you were the biggest enigma ever to enigma, dude.”

Derek smiles at the enthusiasm in his voice, “And, do you always call me dude?”

“Yeah, you hate it. But, I call you a variety of things, mix it up, keep the magic alive,” Stiles winks at him, grabs both their plates. “Anything else?”

“What do I call you?”

Stiles drops the plates into the sink with a clatter, the back of his neck red, “Uh, usual stuff, Stiles, idiot, moron, dumbass, some others that we uh,” he scratches his nose again, “Don’t need to go into.”

Derek is fascinated by how much he moves, is always in motion, using his hands to express himself, cover up when he’s telling a lie. He also seems to want to always go to touch Derek, but keeps pulling away at the last second. Derek wants him to feel comfortable, but he doesn’t know how to address the issue, or suggest that Stiles touch a total stranger. A stranger that apparently calls Stiles various things that don’t seem very loving at all; it seems to him like Stiles deserves much more than that, he’s kind and warm, easy with his smiles and generous with his affection. Derek suspects he’s not any of those things.

“Why are we married?”

Stiles pulls up short, twists to look at him, “What?”

“It doesn’t seem like I’m very nice to you, or that—I treat you the way I should.”

“Are you kidding? Derek,” Stiles yanks his chair closer to Derek, sits down again, “You’re my favorite person *because* of all that stuff. I said we were mutual assholes to each other, and that’s what works for us. We—if we didn’t want to be together, we wouldn’t have stuck together, I promise. You don’t really do stuff you don’t want to, unless it’s like, to go to one of Rosa’s ballet recitals,” Stiles grimaces, “God, those are dull.”

Derek snorts, “You’re probably not supposed to say that.”

“Hey, when our girl dances, I watch, I cheer, I am the loudest, proudest dad there, but man,” Stiles rolls his eyes, “They go on for *hours*. I have a ridiculously short attention span and you —” Stiles grins, “You have totally had to distract me in the past.”

It’s Derek’s turn to roll his eyes, “How have we not been arrested on a multitude of occasions.”

“Sheriff, dude.”

“Of course.”

“Speaking of which, you should probably come and get reacquainted with the original Sheriff, my pops,” Stiles stands and reaches for a jacket. Derek’s eyes are drawn to the sliver of skin that peeks out between Stiles’ shirt and jeans, looks away quickly. “He once arrested you, actually, he has like four times, but you’re great friends, *these days*.”

“Four?”

“Twice for things that weren’t your fault and uh,” Stiles’ cheeks go red again, “Twice for things that were *half* your fault.”

“So, we *do* get arrested a lot.”

“*Did*,” Stiles insists, “We’re good, law abiding, responsible parents, now!”

“Uh huh.”

Stiles throws what must be one of Derek’s jackets in his face. There’s a crumpled note in the pocket that reads *milk, wholegrain, chips, condoms, Stiles’ glasses, DON’T FORGET THE GLASSES!!! UR SPOUSE NEEDS THEM TO READ ALL THE ROMANTIC LOVE NOTES U LEAVE HIM hahahaha jk s. x*

Derek has no idea what jk means, but he enjoys the general domesticity vibe. He shoves the paper back in his pocket and tries not to think about the condoms he did or didn’t buy whenever this note was written, or the sex they did or didn’t have. Presumably that they *did*. He doesn’t think he’d be willing to go long without getting his hands *all over* Stiles.

He wonders if Stiles ever agrees to wear his glasses.

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“Memory loss, huh,” the Sheriff says, sliding a glass of something that stings Derek’s nose to smell. “Wolfsbane strain in there that’ll give it a good kick,” the Sheriff adds when he sees Derek examining the glass.

Derek startles, “You know how to—”

“I’ve got a step son and a son in law that are both werewolves, and you’ve both got kids, hell yes I figured out how to make the good stuff for you.”

“We’re a take the initiative kinda family the Stilinskis,” Stiles declares, winking at Derek, “You got real lucky with us.”

“I can see that,” Derek agrees, and Stiles flushes like he wasn’t expecting the compliment. The Sheriff fills Derek’s glass a little more. Derek feels wildly thrilled he’s apparently earned some sort of silent approval from his father in law.

“Scott know how long this spell’s gonna last?”

“It was the alpha of another pack,” Derek frowns, “Apparently, I offended her.”

“I can’t imagine that,” the Sheriff chuckles, “The Derek Hale *I* know is a real charmer.”

Stiles elbows him, and the Sheriff rolls his eyes, “I’m just messing,” he lifts his glass to Derek, “You know that, right, kid?”

Derek nods immediately, “Scott has someone called Deaton looking into cures.”

“You tried anything so far?”

“Just true love’s first kiss,” Stiles drawls sarcastically, and his father gives him a look, a weary often used *I don’t have time for your bullshit* look. Derek finds himself grinning over his glass. Stiles rolls his eyes when he sees it. “Don’t pick his side, dude, or you’ll be sleeping on the couch forever.”

“He just knows to respect his elders, unlike some people.”

Stiles huffs, glances at the ceiling muttering for strength. Derek can see why he must have liked spending time in their company, the easy, sarcastic teasing is right up his street. He remembers his sisters and his mom being exactly the same. He sobers when he thinks of his mom, frowns at the table and wishes she were here. She was a great alpha; she’d have known what to do in an instant.

Stiles’ hand sneaks out to find his and he laces their fingers together, gives him a small smile. Derek squeezes his hand, smiles back cautiously.

The front door opens, and someone calls out their hello before a petite redhead appears, gaze sweeping the room from the Sheriff (a smile is given), the glasses (a disapproving frown), Derek and Stiles' hands (another smile), and finally Derek himself.

"What have you gotten yourself into now, Derek Hale?"

Derek huffs indignantly, "It wasn't *me*."

"Of course it was."

"Lydia," Stiles interrupts, "He's being a smart alec as in, *it wasn't him because he doesn't remember doing it*," Stiles narrows his eyes at Derek, "I know your game you non witty person."

Derek narrows his eyes right back, and Stiles beams, lets go of his hand to take a sip of his drink, eyes dancing with amusement.

"How wonderful you two can still read one another's minds," Lydia says sweetly, sitting beside the Sheriff and opening a large book. "Now," she continues briskly, "This is from Peter's collection," she pauses, glances at Derek, "He's dead, by the way, did someone tell you?"

Derek nods shortly, "He tried to take Scott's powers, and we—yes, I know he's dead."

"You don't mind if I tell you now that I wasn't sorry, I just want you to be prepared if I ever... speak ill of him?"

"Peter was the worst kind of dick to Lydia in hospital," Stiles tells Derek.

"That's okay," Derek reassures her, "I remember Peter, I remember—Laura."

"Yes, that was also brutally disgusting of him, and the only thing I can ever be thankful for about him would be his large, exemplary book collection," Lydia gestures at the book in front of her. "When you and Stiles switched bodies a few years back—" Derek chokes on his drink, and Stiles mouths "I told you we'd been through weirder" across the table.

"—We used this book, and of course when Allison was compelled to follow Danny around. Danny's a dear friend of mine—" she adds to Derek.

"And mine!" Stiles insists.

"Yes," Lydia smirks at Stiles, "I suppose he'd allow you to say you were friends after all these years."

Stiles huffs and folds his arms, sulking.

"I'll be your friend," Derek says in a flat voice, vehemently pretending he's not a little jealous, and Stiles bites his bottom lip.

"You're way better than any *friend*, trust me."

“I do.”

Stiles gives him a bright smile, and Lydia turns the page in her book loudly. Derek eyes it for a moment, and when he sniffs, lifts his eyebrows in surprise.

“That book smells new.”

“It is,” Lydia confirms, gives him a speculative look, “You don’t think I kept your uncle’s books, do you?”

“I—”

“I wrote them all out myself before I moved, and we keep them in the library at your house. I had this one for some light reading while I was in Boston.”

“Boston?”

“Uh huh,” Stiles jumps in, “Lydia aspires to be like Jed Bartlet; be an Economics Professor, win the Field’s Prize, and then go on to be President.”

Derek frowns, “Didn’t he win a Nobel prize?”

“Oh, so you remember television trivia, but not our marriage vows?” Stiles clutches his chest, “I’m wounded.”

“You’ll live,” the Sheriff interrupts, waves at the book, “So, what are we gonna do to fix Mr Hale up?”

“It’s similar to the procedure Isaac went through when we were still teenagers,” Lydia runs an elegant finger down the page, “Only, Derek may need to be submerged for longer, and obviously, we’ll need to cut all of his hair off,” she tilts her head to one side, “Possibly his eyebrows.”

Derek stares at her in horror, and after a moment she smirks to herself, looks back at the book.

“Very funny.”

“We are, in general, a hilarious bunch,” Stiles tells him, “You always say so.”

“Do I,” Derek intones with disbelief.

“You do.”

“I do?”

“Hey, look! Part of our wedding vows! You *do* care.” Stiles punches him on the arm cheerfully.

Lydia, the Sheriff and Derek look up at him with the same judgemental expression, and Stiles sighs, “I’m sorry, okay? I’m trying my best to deal, but this is a strange, stressful situation and I’d really like my husband back! No offence,” he adds to Derek quickly, “You’re very nice, very—you know—you’re still Derek but, you’re not?”

Derek holds up a hand, “Stiles, relax!”

“You’re right,” Stiles lets out a breath, pushes back his chair, “I’m just gonna go check on Rosa, she’s been quiet for a while and that normally means she’s up to trouble.”

He heads out of the back door, and the Sheriff arches an eyebrow at Derek, “Are you taking that one?”

Derek nods immediately, follows in Stiles’ footsteps outside, squints in the afternoon sunlight. There’s a swing set down at the bottom of the yard, and Stiles is sitting on the swing, watching as Rosa tells herself a story about wolves and princesses. Derek half smiles to himself, tuning into her like a habit. He sits down next to Stiles on the free swing.

“I do care,” he says after a moment of them both scuffing their feet in the dirt. “I don’t know how I showed it before, but I—want to try and be there for you, for Rosaline, now. I don’t want to be useless.”

Stiles crooks a smile at him, “You’ve never been that, Derek, and you never could be.”

Rosaline abandons her game and patters over to the swings, waves her hands at Derek until he obliges and pulls her up onto his lap.

“You didn’t forget me when you lost your memory, did you, daddy?”

“I remember that I love you, very much, and that won’t change,” he promises. “Your favorite color is pink, you’re a beautiful ballerina and we’re going to do lots of fun things tomorrow. What would you like to do?”

Rosaline thinks for a moment, “Can we go to the zoo?”

Derek glances at Stiles, and Stiles nods, smiling softly, “Yeah, I think we can do that, baby.”

“I want to see the giraffes,” Rosaline jumps from his knee, begins running towards the house. “They’re taller than you, papa!” Before she reaches the door, she trips on the grass and both Stiles and Derek leap up, racing over to her. Derek is staggered for a moment, a sense of déjà vu rushing back to him as if this has happened before. He remembers the panic as Rosaline had fallen somewhere, on a patio he thinks, and Stiles had been holding something, a plate? A cup? Smiling at Derek, Derek had been rolling his eyes, Stiles lifting his hand to wipe something from the corner of his mouth, called him a messy wolf and Rosaline had thudded down behind them—

“Rosa!” Stiles catches up to her, Derek hot on his heels as the memory fades. “You okay, sweetheart?”

Rosaline nods, biting her lip, “I’m not crying.”

“I know you’re not,” Stiles examines the scrape on her knee, kisses her shin, “You’re being very brave, like daddy is.”

Derek ducks down beside them, scoops Rosaline up in his arms and heads for the kitchen, “You know,” he tells her in a low, secretive voice. “Whenever I used to hurt myself when I was little, my mom always had these special, *magic* Band-Aids. She’d put them on and kiss the Band-Aid, and I’d feel all better. Would you like a magic Band-Aid?”

“You do that all the time,” Rosaline nods dolefully, “It always feels better after.”

“I feel bad for parents who don’t have special werewolf mojo,” Stiles murmurs, patting Derek on the shoulder as he passes. “We’ve got a war injury,” he tells his dad and Lydia, and the Sheriff leaps up to come over to Rosaline.

“Oh, no, Rosie,” he examines the cut, “Uh oh, looks like we might have to cut it off altogether.”

“Noooo! Grandpa!”

“Yes, I think so,” the Sheriff elbows Derek, winks at him, “We better get the saw!”

“You’ll never take us alive,” Derek says quickly, picking Rosaline up and running around the kitchen with her, “You’ll have to catch us!”

The Sheriff pretends to lunge, and Rosaline shrieks, sore knee forgotten as they race around.

“Alright, alright,” Stiles reappears with a Band-Aid. “Where’s the patient?”

Rosaline waves her hand in the air, and Derek lifts her up onto the table as Stiles cleans her knee, pops on the Band-Aid. Derek ducks to kiss it, his hand holding the back of her leg to leech the pain away at the same time.

He’s relieved he remembers how, that his mom taught him at such a young age.

Stiles clutches his shoulder, fingers brushing the nape of his neck gently. Derek leans into it, having forgotten, however, how tiring the process is.

“Heck yeah,” Stiles says after a moment, when Rosaline beams up at them, “Team Laugh At Pain for the win!”

He holds his hand up for a high five, and Rosaline slaps his palm.

“Go home,” the Sheriff suggests when he spots Derek’s weary face, “You’ve had a long day, kid.”

“Home,” Derek repeats, glances up at Stiles, “Is that—”

“No,” Stiles rolls his eyes, “I was going to make you sleep out in the yard, pssh, dumbass.”

“Such love,” Derek mutters.

“Shut up or you won’t get any of my amazing brownies, later.”

“Papa’s brownies are the best,” Rosaline tells him.

“Then I best be well behaved in the car,” Derek replies gravely.

“Yeah, no forgetting yourself and sticking your head out of the window.”

“Did I appreciate the dog jokes before?”

Stiles gives him a shit eating grin, “Nope.”

“Good, because I don’t now, either—don’t try and make it a habit.”

Lydia returns to the room, closing her phone, “Scott says Deaton will open the clinic tomorrow, and we can try and see if we can bring back Derek’s memories. It needs to be done as soon as possible for the best results.”

“Cool,” Stiles says in a strangled voice, “No pressure, or anything.”

“It’ll be fine,” Lydia reassures them, squeezes Derek’s arm as she passes to kiss Rosaline and examine her knee.

Derek meets Stiles’ eye over the tops of their heads, exhales sharply, he hopes he doesn’t lose anything else, he desperately *hopes*.

*

“This is, uh,” Stiles coughs, gestures around the bedroom, “This is ours.”

Derek nods shortly, “I saw earlier. It’s nice.”

“Yeah,” Stiles shoves his hands in his pockets, gives him a wan smile, “We like it.”

The room is simple in décor, light green walls and navy blue curtains covering large floor to ceiling windows. There’s a huge bed in the middle of the room, covered in papers, a laptop, and several take out cartons.

Stiles winces, “Dude, sorry, you weren’t here and I—needed something to do when I got, uh, lonely. I don’t—we don’t often sleep apart.” He darts forward, sweeps the stuff off the bed and then stands awkwardly beside it. “You can sleep here.”

“Where will you sleep?”

“Spare room,” Stiles waves in the direction of the corridor, “Just by Rosaline. Do you need anything?”

Just you, Derek wants to say, but finds he can’t bring himself to. He doesn’t want to sleep alone in a bed made for two, that so clearly smells of them, of their *nest*, of what he has. He doesn’t think it’ll feel good at all.

Instead, he comes to stand in front of Stiles, watches as Stiles' pupils dilate a little, gaze flicks to his mouth.

"What you said earlier."

"I, uh, said a lot of things," Stiles laughs nervously, his pulse hammering.

"True love's first kiss," Derek prompts.

"Oh, yeah, that's totally worked for us before, you know, shocked the hell out me at the time, too! We'd only been together a couple of months and you were dead to the world so, I got desperate and," he spreads his hands wide, "Who knew. Was pretty cool, knowing you felt the same. I was getting a little panicky as you're not big on the talking thing, or the feelings things, and neither am I. So, *I* wasn't saying anything, and *you* weren't saying anything. But, the sex was so good and we were doing all the dumb stuff like telling *other people* how we felt about each other, well, I was—Scott tried to veto your name at one point— and bringing each other pizza and I would try to do the whole *no you hang up* thing and you would *actually* hang up but—"

"Stiles."

Stiles inhales sharply, looks across at him, "Yeah?"

"Do you think it might be worth a shot now?"

"You really wanna—with me?"

"I'd have thought that was obvious with my behaviour all day."

"But, we," Stiles gestures between them, "You don't *know* me."

"I know everything I need to know, that you're kind and loyal and you deflect like crazy when you want to, but you look for me, wherever you are, and you *find* me, I—I have never had anyone like that in my life, any life. You are important, even if we've only known each other a day, even if I don't ever remember what was," Derek catches his hand, presses it to his chest briefly, "I know what I want."

"Jeez, I always forget how good you are with words when you really use—"

Derek interrupts him, leaning in and pressing a brief, chaste kiss to his mouth. Stiles lets out a gasp, curls his free hand in Derek's shirt and tugs him closer, deepening the kiss. He tastes like the pasta sauce they had for dinner, like beer and minty toothpaste. Derek licks along his bottom lip and Stiles nips at his in retaliation. They stand together for what feels like hours trading long, deep kisses, until Stiles pulls away, eyes half shut and lips red and puffy.

"You," Stiles licks his lips, "You get anything from that?"

Derek smirks, tightens his hands from where they've settled on Stiles' hips, "I got a lot of things from that."

Stiles rolls his eyes, shoves at his chest, “I meant did all your memories come flooding back, asshole.”

“No,” Derek steps away slightly, tamping down on a grin, “But, it was still well worth the shot.”

“I’ll say,” Stiles replies dazedly. “I’m gonna—”

“Yeah,” Derek swallows, “Okay.”

“I’ll be right down the hall,” Stiles promises, “Just, holler if you need anything, sheets, a drink, a bed time story.”

Derek snorts, they’d read Rosaline *five* earlier. Apparently they only did two, normally, one on the knee, one in bed, but because Derek was home, she was indulged with a special longer story time. It had been deeply comforting to watch her messing with Stiles’ shirt sleeve as he’d read, to listen to the lilt of his voice, to see them together.

“I’m fine,” he says finally, “Thank you.”

“Okay,” Stiles ducks around him, clapping his hands together, “Well, I guess, I’ll see you in the morning.”

Derek nods, “Good night, Stiles.”

Stiles pauses at the door, looks at him for a long moment, “For what it’s worth, I’m glad you’re home, Derek.”

He smiles softly at that, bobs his head and waits until he’s heard Stiles settle in bed before moving around the room. Here smells more like him than anywhere else. His scent mingled with Stiles’. Their closet is filled with plaid, *so much plaid*, he makes a note to tease Stiles about it in the morning. There’s a bookcase with fiction on one shelf, organised by author, and non-fiction beneath—most of those have sticky notes between pages, and on closer inspection Derek is surprised to see his own handwriting there, too. He opens the curtains and peers out at their yard, vast and dark, the lights of the next house far in the distance. He’s glad they have land, couldn’t imagine living somewhere cooped up. He wonders if they chose it together, or if one of them picked it and the other agreed. He wonders about *so much*, loathes that he has huge voids where his happiest memories should be.

The dresser reveals several more photographs, one of a young blonde woman and a black man standing together in front of the Golden Gate bridge, grinning with their thumbs up. There’s one of Rosaline curled up asleep with her butt in the air, and another of her in a fluffy grey wolf outfit making claws at the camera. He snorts to himself, touches her tiny, beaming smile. She looks very like Stiles. Stiles and Derek are in the last one, not looking at the camera, but at one another, and Derek can see his own face, open and content as he grins at Stiles, clearly leaning in to kiss him. Stiles has his arms looped around Derek’s, is laughing and half falling into him. Derek is glad he got to be happy with someone like Stiles, glad he was happy at all.

He falls asleep with his face buried in Stiles' pillow.

When he wakes, there's another body in the bed. He rolls over, knowing instantly it's his daughter beside him.

"Rosa?"

"I had a nightmare."

Derek shifts to sit up, looks down at where she's hiding under the sheets, "That's okay; I have those sometimes, too."

"Do the monsters get you?"

"Every time!" Derek widens his eyes, pulls her close, "But, it's always okay because your papa is there, and he chases them away, and I can do that for you, too."

"You will?"

"Uh huh, you just lie against me, and I'll make sure none of them get you."

"But, what if they get me while I'm asleep again?"

"Think about me and papa really hard, and we'll come, I *promise*."

"What if you don't remember to come?" Her little face scrunches up sadly, "Papa says you don't remember things, now, what if you can't remember me in my dreams?"

"Hey, hey," Derek lowers himself down the bed, wraps an arm around her and looks at her firmly, "There's nothing that could ever happen to you, that I wouldn't fight to stop, Rosaline. I might not remember all the silly, little things but the big things? The you things? I know those. If you need me in your dreams, I promise I'll remember to be there, always."

Rosaline gives him a dubious look, and then nods, curls under his chin. "Okay."

"Okay," Derek kisses the top of her head, "You go to sleep, and I'll be here, all night."

"Promise?"

"Promise."

Derek watches her sleep, runs his fingers through her hair, listens to Stiles breathe down the hall, saves it all to memory.

*

Stiles walks in on Derek in the shower in the morning, toothbrush in hand, and promptly falls into the towel rack and staggers back against the wall.

"I'm sorry!" he chokes out, "I totally forgot!"

“It’s nothing you haven’t seen before,” Derek reminds him, grabbing the nearest towel and drying off his eyes. “Unless,” he pauses dramatically, “We’ve never had sex.”

Stiles flushes and jabs the toothbrush at him, “Don’t try and pretend Derek Hale has a sense of humor, dick, I didn’t marry you for your funny bone.”

“If that’s what I married you for, I want my money back.”

“Ha,” Stiles darts forward to spit as Derek examines his scruff in the mirror. “Keep it,” Stiles adds casually, patting his cheek, “You’re goin’ salt and pepper in there and it’s super sexy.”

Derek arches an eyebrow, shrugs, “Okay.”

Stiles freezes, “On second thoughts, do what you like; I am totally *not* bossing you around.”

Derek smirks, “Sure you’re not.”

“Shut up! You’re the one that listened, anyway.”

“Okay.”

“Stop saying that! Don’t placate me!”

Derek leans against the sink, folds his arms, grins when Stiles’ gaze immediately drops to them, “Do you need coffee?”

“Yes,” Stiles breathes out, eyes going dreamy, “Oh my god, *yes*.”

“Go get dressed,” Derek pushes him gently towards the bedroom, “And, I will go put coffee on.”

“Walkin’ around in a princess towel and gettin’ me coffee, man, I love you,” Stiles sighs happily, disappearing from view.

Derek looks down at said princess towel, swallows at the casual way Stiles had thrown around those three words. He thinks he almost said them back instinctively. Thinks he does, the same way he knows he loves Rosaline. He could fall for Stiles easily, fall in love with him a thousand times, even when he’s rambling, or being snarky and sharp; Derek is charmed by it all. He’s *drawn* to Stiles, finds his voice soothing, and his hands alluring and his whole damn face beautiful and—Huh, he needs to find pants before he goes downstairs.

Scott’s in their kitchen again, and this time he has company. A tall, pale guy straightens from where he’d been leaning against the counter top, sticks out his hand to Derek.

“Isaac,” he introduces himself. “I’m your favorite.”

“Not true,” a woman Derek is *sure* must be Allison interjects, holding out her own hand to Derek, “Stiles is your favorite.”

“I figured,” Derek says flatly as he shakes her hand, “What with marrying him and all.”

“Oh good,” Allison retorts, “This Derek’s funny.”

“He tries,” Stiles declares as he enters the room with a still sleepy looking Rosaline. “Look who I found lurking in daddy and papa’s bed.”

“You weren’t there,” Rosaline yawns, “Did you go away, too?”

“No, baby, I just needed a night without your daddy’s snoring.”

Isaac snickers, and Derek glares at him, “Wow,” Isaac arches an eyebrow, “Good to know you haven’t lost the ability to do *that*.”

Stiles begins pulling down cereal bowls, sets a blue one in front of Derek, “You like this one,” he promises.

“I do?”

“Uh huh,” Stiles nods at the inside, and Derek sees a small hand print at the bottom, smiles softly, “I can see why.”

“I made that for you, daddy,” Rosaline clambers up on his knee, begins playing with his ear again. “At school.”

“It’s wonderful,” Derek tells her, “Thank you.”

Rosaline beams at him, and Derek feels his heart turn over.

“So,” Stiles places a gentle hand on his shoulder, squeezes it reassuringly for a moment before addressing Scott, “We doin’ this, now?”

Scott nods, “Deaton says the sooner the better.”

“We were going to go to the zoo,” Derek interrupts, “Can’t we—”

“We can’t really wait,” Allison grimaces, “We don’t know how deep the alpha that took your memories went.”

“Only that she took everything significant from the last decade and a half of my life,” Derek huffs, “What if I lose more? Forget everything?”

“Don’t you want the chance to get this back?” She asks quietly, “You’ve never given up on things like this before.”

“I can re-learn!”

“Derek,” Stiles cuts in, grabs his hand and tugs him to a stand, “We could keep this up, we could try. But, what happens when Rosaline has a dance class and you can’t remember where the place is? What happens if you run into someone dangerous and you don’t know it? What if we don’t—” Stiles’ voice cracks, and he glances around the room before looking straight at Derek. “What if you don’t fall in love with me again? Do you really want to spend the rest of

your life wondering if you should be with someone else, or staying with a stranger you have a history with that you don't remember?"

"Yes," Derek insists, "Stiles, I could—" he clears his throat, clenches his hand around Stiles', "I wouldn't have a problem falling in love with you all over again."

Stiles gives him a soft, sad look, and then ducks his head, "I *would* wait," he exhales sharply, "But, you're a *father*, too. You... I need you to try."

"And, if I forget everything?"

"I'll help you remember."

"Every day?"

"We'll make a tape, like on that dumb Adam Sandler movie you hate."

"Who's Adam Sandler," Derek deadpans.

"That's the spirit," Isaac says cheerfully, "Shall we get going? I have brunch plans in an hour."

"Why are you even here if you don't want to help?" Stiles asks irritably, pulling away from Derek to pour milk on Rosaline's coco puffs.

Derek looks around the kitchen a little desperately, considers Stiles' point about not knowing things. He doesn't remember where they keep the cereal, or the spoons, or the emergency epipens for Rosaline. He doesn't recognise the location in the background of a picture of the three of them stuck to the fridge, or know all of the faces in his own wedding picture. He knows Stiles would tell him, would patiently remind him whenever he needed, but, he doesn't know if it's enough. He wants to be able to think back on their first date, on whether or not they had an awkward first kiss, if he went to see Stiles' dad about the relationship, or even Scott, who brought up getting married, where one of them proposed, how Rosaline came to be in their lives.

He wants to remember.

"Okay," he says into the chatter.

Stiles straightens up from plaiting Rosaline's hair, gives him a small, encouraging smile, "Yeah?"

"Yeah," he rolls back his shoulders, "Let's go... see if the cure works."

Rosaline gives him a thumbs up, blissfully unaware of what they're talking about, and Derek pastes on his best smile for her.

"I can't believe you remember how to do *that*," Isaac drawls, and Scott cuffs him around the head.

*

Deaton has kind eyes, and a faint, shimmering aurora about him that strangely *settles* something in Derek.

“Hello, Derek,” he steps forward to shake Derek’s hand, “I’m Doctor Deaton, we never met, but I was your mother’s emissary. I’m here to help.”

Derek jerks his head in a nod, “Hello.”

“Derek’s a little nervous,” Stiles whispers conspiratorially, practically *bouncing up and down* beside Derek in what’s clearly his own way of handling nerves.

Scott elbows Stiles as Derek and Lydia both glare at him.

“What?” he pulls a sheepish face, “I’m just trying to be supportive.”

“Stop,” Derek suggests. Stiles scrunches his nose up at him, and Derek lifts his eyebrows expectantly. After a moment, Stiles sighs, ducks his head and hooks his fingers around Derek’s, squeezing them wordlessly.

Derek turns back to Deaton, braces himself, “So, what do we do here?”

It’s bizarrely simple; they submerge Derek in ice water, and with Deaton’s help, his memories should return. The problem for Derek, Deaton explains, is that because Derek doesn’t know any of them, doesn’t remember them, he may have trouble anchoring himself and bringing himself back.

Derek glances at Stiles, recalls the last twenty four hours; Rosaline climbing all over him, easily trusting; Scott promising everything was going to be okay in the car; Stiles’ careful touches, his scent overpowering and wonderful for Derek, their kiss in the bedroom.

“That’s not going to be a problem,” he says confidently.

“What, really?” Stiles darts in front of him, “You could think about your mom, maybe, or family—”

“I will,” Derek replies surely, “I’ll think about you and Rosa.”

Stiles’ expression goes soft, concerned, but warm and affectionate, and he leans forward to press their foreheads together.

“Okay, I’ve got your back, boo.”

Derek smirks, “Is that one of your nicknames for me?”

“Hey,” Stiles pulls back to punch his arm, “You’re learning.”

Scott clears his throat, places a hand on Derek’s shoulder, “You ready?”

Derek cocks his head to one side, listens to Allison and Rosaline playing outside, glances around the room to Isaac and Lydia, who both give him encouraging smiles, and to Deaton who's busy filling the bath tub in the corner with ice.

"That looks appealing," he says drily.

"Are you kidding?" Stiles yanks on his hand, tugs him towards it, "You're always saying how much you wish we had a paddling pool; this is one step up!"

Scott perks his head up, "Didn't you guys get one, once?"

"Yeah," Stiles grins, "Rosaline played in it for like a day and a half, and then Derek stepped in it by accident."

"I did not."

"You did," Stiles insists, "You came stomping into the house with wet socks and declared it was you or the paddling pool."

"I told him to go with the pool," Lydia declares idly.

"If I forget everything, I won't miss any of you," Derek mutters sourly, tugging off his shirt.

Stiles whistles, "As long as you remember how to do that, I'll love you no matter what."

Derek rolls his eyes, but before he climbs in, curls his hand in Stiles' shirt and yanks him close.

"See you on the other side," he murmurs, kisses him hard for a moment.

Stiles makes a frantic noise, gets his hands in Derek's hair and holds him in place. His fingers gentle down Derek's neck, clutching at his shoulders, and steadying *Derek*.

"I," Stiles licks his lips as they pull apart, presses another kiss to the corner of Derek's mouth, "Don't forget me."

Derek closes his eyes, brushes their noses together, "Couldn't, even if I tried."

"Ha ha," Stiles starts pushing him into the ice, "I love you," he mumbles, "Even if you come out with a scrambled brain."

"Good to know," Derek manages, teeth beginning to chatter. "Jesus, it's cold."

"Ice," Isaac supplies helpfully, "Soon your lips are gonna go blue."

Derek glares at him, looks up at Stiles' chin before they submerge him completely, Scott on his left, Stiles on his right. He squeezes his eyes shut, tries not to struggle when the desire to breathe becomes too much, and Scott's hand tightens, Stiles' thumb rubbing frantic circles against his neck. Everything feels heavy, hazy, *terrifying*.

He sees his mom, her expression kind and loving as she ducks to kiss his forehead; his dad laughing; Cora and Laura jumping on his bed; Kate Argent smirking and his house on fire—he jerks in the water, can hear Stiles yell something—then there’s Laura pulling him into a rough hug, eyes wet and red; the dank walls of a New York subway; the sign for Beacon Hills, rusted and grim to his grief stricken gaze; Scott and Stiles as teenagers, staring at him in shock and awe; a sharp pain in his arm, Stiles hovering over him, Stiles dragging him through a pool, Scott leaping after him as he falls over a ledge somewhere; Erica, Boyd, his pack waving at him through a car window; Stiles chewing a straw in a diner, feet hooked around Derek’s and Derek feeling nervous, but delighted at the same time; Stiles rolling into him in a bed; Stiles swooping down to kiss him over the back of a couch; the Sheriff lifting a glass to a room of people; a baby in his arms; Rosaline saying dada and Derek’s heart clenching; Stiles tugging on Derek’s foot from the bottom of *their* bed, laughing and crying out indignantly when Derek leaps up to pull him down into the covers; Stiles, Rosaline, Stiles, Stiles *Stiles*—

“Derek!”

Derek jerks up in the water, gasping for breath, and blinks across at Stiles, who is in the bathtub with him.

“Derek,” Stiles says again, grabbing his face and looking into his eyes, “What do you—”

“We had our first date in that shitty diner on fourth,” Derek wheezes out, “Rosaline’s middle name is Evelyn like your mom’s, you and Scott filled my car with sunflowers before you proposed—”

Stiles hauls himself forward in the ice, starts peppering his face with kisses, “Oh my god, Derek, *Derek*.”

“It’s okay,” Derek gasps out, “We’re okay, I’m here.”

“Was so fucking scared, man, don’t you do that to me,” Stiles clutches his chin, “You’re gonna stay in the house for a whole month, okay?”

Derek huffs out a breathless laugh, “We said we’d take Rosaline to the zoo.”

“In a month!”

“Get him out,” Scott says gently, “You guys are going blue, *everywhere*.”

Stiles helps Derek stagger to a stand, and the clamber out together. Lydia throws blankets over them, and Derek tugs Stiles close, rubs his arms.

“How are you already getting warm again,” Stiles moans, “Cheating werewolves.”

Derek smiles, cups his jaw to kiss his pale lips, “I can see how glad you are I’m back.”

“You never really went away,” Stiles winds his arms around Derek’s neck, “You were still *you*.”

“I can’t believe I gave up brunch plans for this,” Isaac snarks.

Lydia leans over and flicks his nose, “Hush up.” She turns to smile at Derek, “Glad you’re back.”

“Thank you,” Derek nods at her, “Thank you for all your help.”

“It was nothing,” she dismisses airily.

Derek huffs a laugh, “Of course.” Stiles leads him out of the room, and Rosaline looks up at them both expectantly.

“Are we going to the zoo, now?”

“Uh huh,” Derek sweeps to pick her up, kisses her cheek as her hand latches onto his ear like normal, “You want to see the giraffes? They’re still your favorites, right?”

Rosaline beams at him, “Yes!”

Stiles curls his arms around Derek’s waist, rests his chin on his shoulder, “We’ve got our Sunday evening tradition to look forward to, later, don’t forget.”

Derek leans against his chest, hoists Rosaline higher as she begins to list off giraffe facts, is glad that no matter what, he has his family, and they’ll be there for him, always.

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