

## Kiss Me Like You Mean It

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# Kiss Me Like You Mean It

by [whentheywrite](#)

## Summary

The thing is, Stiles keeps hearing voices. And then Derek kisses him.

## Notes

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

It started after their encounter with the witch.

See, Stiles was especially good at two things; being loud and being bait. He didn't know when the pack had put two and two together and decided that made him good bait but at some point, they had. And Stiles was not impressed.

But this time, instead of trying to kill him, the witch was... friendly. It was as unexpected as it was strange and instead of having to get violent, the pack came out of the trees and they all had a nice conversation.

Or... something.

She'd done something, Stiles was sure of that. Because after they'd convinced her to leave Beacon Hills, she'd taken his hand, smiled like they were sharing an inside joke, and then proceeded to give him the most startling shock of static electricity Stiles had ever experienced.

His hair had nearly fried. He'd smelled like smoke for the rest of the day.

The rest of the pack didn't think anything was wrong, though. They all waved it off as an accident and even Derek didn't seem too concerned when Stiles yelled at him about it. Of course.

The point was, Stiles was sure something had gone wrong. He just didn't know what.

Then he started to hear them. The voices, that is.

It started out small. He'd hear a whisper here and there and spin around, certain someone was talking to him. But Stiles was always alone; or no one was close enough for him to have heard.

It started getting weird when he heard voices in the shower. Voices before he fell asleep. Curses and shouts following him out of the waking world and back into it.

Stiles was pretty sure he was losing his mind.

"I'm telling you," he shouted, shoving into the loft the very next day. "I'm haunted!"

The betas all looked up from where they were sitting squished together on the couch, the TV playing something bright and loud. Derek sat in his armchair reading and didn't even glance up from his book. "Sure, Stiles."

"Don't 'sure' me, you asshole! I'm hearing voices. I'm haunted!"

"Do you see dead people too?" Erica asked, pausing the TV and grinning from ear to ear. Stiles rolled his eyes.

"Haha, very funny, Catwoman. Shut up."

Boyd growled a little but Stiles ignored the sound, moving across the loft and grabbing Derek's book, yanking it off his lap. Derek looked up with flashing red eyes and slightly bared teeth. A small shiver ran down Stiles's spine.

"Listen to me, Sourwolf," he said, clapping the book shut and dropping it onto the coffee table. "I'm hearing things. Voices. And I swear to god, they're making me lose my mind. I can't sleep!"

Derek narrowed his eyes. He seemed to be listening to something; and he was, Stiles realized. His heartbeat. He huffed as Derek's face cleared a little and the man finally started looking concerned. "What's wrong with you?"

"If I knew, I wouldn't be here! Well, I mean, I probably would be here, but that's not the point—"

"Stiles."

"I'm hearing things, Derek," Stiles said softly. "And I don't know why."

Derek hesitated, and then nodded. He pushed himself up and gave his betas a quick look. "Call Scott and tell him to meet us at Deaton's. I want to get this checked out."

Boyd nodded quietly and Stiles stepped back as Derek started toward the loft door. He glanced at the betas before following, a little relieved and a little surprised. He'd expected it to take more persuading than that.

"The voices," Derek said as they climbed into the Camaro. "When'd they start?"

"Remember that time I got electrocuted by the witch and none of you believed me when I said she'd done something?"

Derek rolled his eyes at that. It was a little more normal, at least.

"Yeah, well, they've been getting louder ever since then," Stiles said. He picked at the sleeve of his shirt, a lump forming in his throat. "I can't make out what they're saying, but it's getting louder every day."

Derek was quiet at that. When Stiles glanced back over, the man's brows were drawn together and he looked a little constipated.

They drove the rest of the way in silence. The parking lot was empty when they arrived and Derek got a message that Boyd hadn't been able to reach Scott. Stiles chuckled weakly at that.

"It's probably an Allison thing. It's fine."

Derek didn't look so convinced, but Stiles didn't wait around to hear what he had to say, stumbling out of the car and ducking into the clinic. Deaton was behind the counter working on paperwork and he glanced up with a raised eyebrow as they both entered.

“Boys. Is something the matter?”

Derek rolled his eyes. “Something’s wrong with Stiles.”

Deaton’s eyes flicked over and Stiles grinned weakly. Deaton studied him for a moment and then nodded, pointing them toward the back room. Stiles ducked into it with a nervous chuckle, rubbing at the back of his neck.

“I mean, I don’t what’s wrong exactly,” Stiles said, suddenly feeling a little bit like a crazy person. “I’m, uh, hearing things. How possible is demon— or witch— possession?”

Deaton’s eyebrows flew up. “I’m sorry?”

“I feel like I’m going crazy.”

Derek looked sharply away, jaw ticking, and Deaton studied him for a long moment before shaking his head. “I don’t think you’re going crazy, Mr. Stilinski. Might I ask how this happened?”

“A witch. And static electricity.”

Once more, Deaton looked curiously amused. Stiles shrugged.

“Don’t ask.”

“In that case, I would cross out possession,” Deaton said, moving forward and thumbing at his eyelids. Stiles squawked as he lifted one, then the other, and then studied his face. “A spell is most likely. Though I’m not sure what kind would make you hear voices. Did she say anything?”

“Uh, no,” Stiles said. “She just smiled a lot.”

“Curious.”

“Is there anything you can do?” Derek said in a growl, his arms crossed tightly across his chest. Deaton glanced over at the werewolf and then shook his head.

“I’d imagine it’ll fade on its own. It might have been an accident or it might have been the residual of a previous spell. Unless it starts harming him, Stiles should be fine.”

“I’d rather we know what happened before it starts harming him,” Derek said.

“There’s a chance it won’t.”

“Only a chance?”

Deaton gave the werewolf a long, unimpressed look. Derek broke eye contact first, growling and turning away, stalking out of the clinic. Stiles quickly hopped off the metal table and moved to follow. He shot a quick wave over his shoulder.

“Thanks for the help, D! Very elusive, as always!”

“It’s my pleasure.”

Derek was waiting in the Camaro, looking as grumpy as always. Stiles quickly pulled himself into the passenger side seat, shooting the man an exasperated look.

“Very mature, Derek, thank you for that.”

“He wasn’t any help.”

“He was doing something,” Stiles said, not having it. “Now we know I’m neither going crazy nor possessed, so I’d call that a win!”

“But we still don’t know what’s wrong with you,” Derek growled. Stiles flinched and then sighed.

“Sure, yeah, right. Very positive.”

Derek rolled his eyes and started the car. Stiles was surprised when they went right instead of left; heading back toward the loft instead of heading toward his house. Seeing his obvious look, Derek’s ears turned a little red. “You’re staying where someone can keep an eye on you until we figure out what this is.”

“Aw, Sourwolf, it warms my heart when you care.”

“I don’t care.”

“All other facts point to the contrary. Don’t lie to yourself.”

Derek ignored him. But Stiles grinned a little, sitting back in his chair and shifting around until he was comfortable. He was feeling pretty good about himself— other than the voices, that is.

And then everything went downhill.

Stiles heard the gunshot before something outside of the Camaro made a strange noise— like a pop— and then a loud screech filled the air, and they were flying off the side of the road. Stiles yelped and grabbed the arms of his seat, and Derek swore. The Camaro jerked as Derek hit the breaks and then silence fell over the air.

Stiles looked over in confusion; right as the voices crashed over him.

*“The Alpha’s been compromised. We’re moving in.”*

*“Take out the kid too, if needed.”*

Stiles’s blood went cold. He didn’t realize he was grabbing Derek’s arm until his fingers were curled deep into his sleeve. “Hunters.”

“What?”

“They’re hunters,” Stiles said, voice hoarse. “That’s what I’m hearing.”

Derek looked confused but then he shoved out the door, moving around and yanking Stiles’s open too. He pulled him out and they started in the opposite direction down the street; right as another gunshot rang through the air.

Stiles started running, Derek right at his side. Stiles had no doubts the werewolf could easily outrun him, but he didn’t. Stiles’s heart was in his throat as they hit the more populated area of town again and Derek started a little slower down the sidewalk.

Derek’s hand suddenly wrapped around Stiles’s arm and the man yanked him into the nearest shop; a clothes shop. Stiles nearly stumbled over his own feet as Derek pulled him down the main aisle and then ducked into a smaller one, ducking his head and glaring at the women’s array of t-shirts.

Stiles blinked a few times. “Seriously, dude?”

“How are you hearing them?”

“How am I supposed to know?” Stiles said, throwing his hands up. Derek grabbed one and yanked it back down and Stiles lowered his other one too. His face burned red. “But they were hunters. And they’re after you.”

“Can you hear them now?”

Stiles turned his head slightly and listened. He could hear what sounded like a whisper. Then more of a murmur. Then, ‘find the wolf and take him out. That’s an order.’ and Stiles felt his face pale.

“They’re getting closer. I can hear them as they move closer.”

“How the hell did the witch know hunters were in town?”

Stiles tried to think back to the conversation they’d had with her, but he didn’t remember a single moment where she’d offered any hint that she might know more than she was letting on. Or that she was planning to help.

If this counted as helping.

Suddenly, the shop door opened again and the bell overhead rung as two burly men stepped inside. Stiles didn’t see any weapons on them but they both wore giant leather jackets, so he had no doubt more was hidden that they couldn’t see. Quickly, he spun around.

“Derek.”

The man was already grabbing a hat and yanking it over Stiles’s head. Stiles made a noise of protest before he saw Derek doing the same and then he couldn’t smother a small snort.

Derek shot him a withering look in return.

The hunters moved in their direction and Stiles followed Derek in the other one. It was only when they found themselves at the end of the aisle and the corner of the store that panic started to rise in his throat again.

The hunters wouldn't try anything here, would they? Though Derek couldn't fight back if they did; not without giving himself up.

He glanced nervously over his shoulder. One of the hunters held a blade in his hand, half-concealed by his sleeve. Stiles's heart leaped into his throat.

"Derek, dude, they have knives—"

"Shut up and look at me."

Stiles spun around and before he could even react, Derek was grabbing a fistful of his shirt and pressing him against the wall. It was so familiar to years ago, Stiles nearly squeaked in protest. But then, instead of getting in his face, the man was moving closer than that.

And then he was kissing him. Derek was kissing him.

Stiles made a strange noise at the back of his throat and pulled at Derek's shirt. He wasn't sure if he was trying to get a better grip on the situation or attempting to pull the man closer, but his head wasn't exactly working right.

He totally hadn't imagined this before but if he had, he'd always thought Derek would taste like mint or cinnamon or something. He hadn't expected the sharp feeling of Derek's stubble brushing against his skin or the smell of him— pine and aftershave— to crash over Stiles like a wave of cold water.

But he didn't... mind it. Derek's lips were against his, his hands were curled in the front of Stiles shirt, and he was growling lowly at the back of his throat. The vibrations sent shivers down Stiles's spine.

*'They're not in here,' a voice said. 'Keep moving.'*

"D-Derek," Stiles said, fighting the urge to card his hand through the man's hair. "Derek, they're gone, they're gone."

And abruptly, Derek drew back.

His eyes were a little glazed, his face was red, and Stiles was pretty sure he looked the same. He couldn't help the way his stomach sank at the sudden loss of contact. Or the way he felt a little sick at how quickly Derek had yanked away, as if he was grossed out by the very action of having to kiss Stiles.

"Uh, I, uh—"

"Sorry," Derek said, dropping his eyes. "I thought that'd divert them."



“Oh,” Stiles said, a knot forming in his throat. “Yeah, right.”

“It won’t happen again.”

“Sure.”

For a moment, they both went quiet. Stiles shuffled his feet and felt a little bit like he could scream; which was stupid. But seeing Derek’s face and the obvious discomfort in his eyes, suddenly all Stiles wanted was to be very far away.

*Say something*, he thought raggedly. *Don’t freak out, just say something.*

“You kiss nice.”

Derek’s eyes widened and Stiles flinched. *Not that!* “What?”

“Nothing, nevermind. I didn’t say anything.”

“Stiles—”

“Nope,” Stiles said, trying to duck around him. “Come on, Sourwolf, we have to go warn the rest of the pack. I don’t know how much longer this witch-y hearing thing will last but if the hunters are after you, then they’re probably after the rest of the pack and—”

“Stiles.”

Stiles wilted and glanced back over. “Don’t say it, Derek.”

“Don’t say what?”

“Don’t say it was an accident. Or a mistake. Don’t say you didn’t mean to.”

Derek just stared at him. Stiles reached up to run a hand through his hair and realized he was still wearing the stupid hat Derek had put on his head. Chuckling humorlessly, he yanked it off and set it on the nearest shelf.

“It was for the hunters,” he said quietly, each word feeling like a punch to the stomach. “I get it, sorry. I didn’t mean to make things weird.”

Derek just looked confused. Stiles started to turn away again when a hand suddenly caught his wrist and Derek pulled him back around. Stiles couldn’t quite meet his eyes, sure he was about to hear something he really didn’t want.

“Derek—”

And then the man was kissing him again.

To say that was the last thing Stiles expected would be an understatement. He squeaked and then Derek was cupping the back of his neck, pulling him closer.

Stiles reached up blindly and yanked off the other hat on Derek's head, throwing it somewhere to the side. Carding a hand through the man's hair, he melted into his touch and whined softly at the back of his throat.

That made Derek growl again.

And then someone cleared their throat.

The kiss was over much too quickly but Stiles couldn't help a startled noise leaving his mouth as he stumbled back, Derek yanking away too. One of the cashiers stood a few feet away looking both tired and done™ as she glanced between them.

"I'm sorry, sirs, but unless you're planning on buying something, I'll have to ask that you leave."

Stiles nodded silently as she turned away. Then, the moment she was gone, Stiles glanced back at Derek who was looking utterly terrified. And unable to stop himself, he burst into laughter, nearly dropping to the floor from the full force of it.

"Oh my god, dude, you should see your face. Can I take a picture? I'm going to take a picture."

"Stiles," Derek growled. When Stiles glanced up, his face was still red and the man didn't hold his gaze, dropping his eyes to the floor. "Sorry."

"Sor— *sorry*? Oh, hell no, Sourwolf, you're not allowed to do that. We are kissing again. Very soon. Like, after this current threat is taken care of, very soon."

Derek looked at him in confusion. Stiles rolled his eyes and leaned forward, brushing his lips against the man's ear.

"You kiss nice, Sourwolf."

And Derek's hand shot out like he was going to catch Stiles by the neck and drag him into another kiss again. But Stiles squeaked and dodged out of the way, his back bumping against the wall.

"We can't stay unless we buy something. Didn't you hear the rules?"

Derek moved closer, eyes dark. Reaching over, he grabbed the hat Stiles had placed on the shelf earlier and tugged it back over Stiles' head. "We're buying a hat."

Stiles didn't even have a chance to protest before the man was kissing him again.

## End Notes

Based on the prompt; "I'm telling you. I'm haunted" & 'Needing to kiss to hide from bad guys' and it got like, 3k words away from me. But I had fun! Of course, I hope you guys all enjoyed <3 You're all fantastic, stay safe!

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