

pretty

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pretty

by [graveltotime](#)

Summary

The pack (Erica and Isaac, really) notices that Stiles never takes his shirt off. They make the wrong assumptions.

[#avss day 1: Heat Wave]

While being a werewolf meant that the winter did not bother you as much as it did a human, it also meant that the summers were *brutal*.

And if summers everywhere were a nightmare, summers in southern California were a nightmare.

All the werewolves of the Hale Pack 2.0 were lying on the grass in front of the old Hale House, near the lake, trying to not melt and become one with the ground. They had initially gone to the loft for a movie night, but Derek's AC was broken. And his windows were huge, which meant that the light of the sun hit them harshly, not giving them a chance of evading it.

"You guys are weak," told them Derek, watching as his 'pack' laid half naked around with clear disappointment. "It's not even that hot."

"Not even that hot!" complained Erica, glaring at him. Her feet were in the water, and she was wearing nothing but a two piece swimsuit and she *still* looked like she was sweltering.

"Summer of 08," immediately said Peter, appearing from... wherever it was he was when he wasn't being creepy around them, and putting down a cooler. "Here's your stuff. Now don't bother me again."

"Thank you, Peter," sarcastically said Derek, waving his uncle away.

While they had come to some sort of... impasse, no one was really very comfortable around the zombie wolf. Which worked well enough, since it wasn't as if Peter liked *them* all that much.

Peter glared, even as he went back wherever he had come from.

"That man is so creepy," stated Isaac, getting a nod from Boyd. He tilted his head towards Derek, frowning. "Hey, do we need to put sunscreen? Can we burn?"

"You're a werewolf," answered Derek, opening the magazine he was reading and continuing with his reading.

Isaac turned to Erica, with a raised eyebrow. "Was that in any way an answer?"

She just shrugged, and then perked up as the tell tale sound of Stiles' jeep approaching reached her ears. "Oh, Stilinski is here!"

"Great," said Boyd, stretching and just rolling his eyes when Erica wolf whistled appreciatively at the sight of his naked chest fully in display. "I was starting to worry our ice cream was never getting here."

"He stopped to get Scott and the rest," explained Derek, not looking up from his magazine. "You can hear Lydia's car directly behind him."

Now that they were listening they *could* hear it approaching.

“Hey, you know what I realised?” suddenly said Isaac, as Stiles’ jeep came into view. “I have *never* seen Stilinski with his shirt off.”

Erica pulled up her sunglasses, frowning too. “You know what, you’re right. Boyd?”

“I’m not in his sports class,” said the beta shrugging. “So no.”

“I am,” admitted Isaac. “But he’s always wearing like 10 thousands layers. I know he changes, but I’ve never seen him doing it.”

Even now as the five other teenagers stepped out of the various cars they could see it, quite clearly. Lydia was wearing a particularly daring summer sundress, while Allison wore a cop top with a pair of shorts. Jackson had an open front shirt with nothing under it, and Scott was wearing a tank top, both of them with shorts.

And while Stiles was wearing shorts, he was wearing his usual graphic shirt with a plaid thrown on top of it.

Definitely overdressed.

“What’s with the staring?” asked Jackson, dropping the bag with the ice lollies on top of the cooler. “There was no cherry, so we doubled on lemon and orange.”

“Thanks,” said Boyd, grimacing slightly when the thing appeared to have clearly melted, but still taking it. “Stiles, did you get ice as well?”

“Yup,” said the boy, dropping a bag of half melted ice directly inside the cooler, before throwing Derek the receipt. “You need to pay me back for that, dude. You already eat half of my food; I’m gonna start charging you bed and breakfast.”

“Bed and breakfast?” asked Allison, snickering when Stiles turned red at the ears and flipped her off.

“God it’s hot,” complained Lydia, pulling off her sundress in one fluid motion. “Someone please tell me they’ve brought sunscreen?”

“Me!” called out Stiles, opening his bag. “I burn way too quickly to go anywhere without it.”

“How do you even burn if you’re always dressed?” questioned Isaac, rolling his eyes slightly.

Stiles pointed at his face and his legs. “These are parts of my body too, asshole.”

“Isaac is right though,” said Erica, twisting on the ground to face him. “Aren’t you hot with all those shirts on?”

The brunet shrugged, throwing the cream to Jackson. “I’m okay.”

“You’re literally sweating,” pointed out Allison, looking confused too. “Just take off your shirt. No one is gonna make fun of you here.”

Stiles did not meet their eyes, seemingly searching for something inside his bag. “Don’t worry.”

“Seriously, Stilinski,” said Boyd, looking at him worriedly. “You could get a heatstroke if you’re too bundle-”

“Jesus, the man said he’s fine, leave him alone,” snapped Jackson, looking unreasonably irritated.

The betas and Allison all looked at him in surprise and confusion. While they did not hate each other as they had done their entire career, it was not as if Jackson and Stiles liked each other all that much. In fact, at least to the betas, it seemed like they ignored that the other existed most of the time.

But he truly seemed irritated on Stiles' behalf.

In fact, noticed the betas, the only ones who looked as irritated as Jackson were Scott and Lydia, which was also puzzling. Not Scott, of course. Him and Stiles had been friends for years.

Lydia though, was surprising. While she did not ignore him as she had done her entire life, they weren’t what one would say ‘best friends’. They were friends, but did not hang out that much outside of school.

Stiles still did not look from his bag, and was looking actually a little uncomfortable.

“Isaac, pass me the cold water?” asked Derek, abruptly, eyes never once leaving his magazine.

The slightly awkward atmosphere broke as Isaac moved. Stiles looked up from his bag and joined Scott who was sitting near the water, and Jackson continued applying sunscreen on Lydia’s back. Allison came to sit next to Boyd, also taking an ice lolly, and the earlier line of questioning was dropped.

But not forgotten.

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It was clear, at least to Erica and Isaac, what the problem was. Boyd and Allison had quickly forgotten all about how weird Stiles had acted about the whole shirt incident but, as the week progressed and the heatwave continued, Erica and Isaac didn’t.

Stiles was uncomfortable with his body.

It made the most amount of sense, and Erica in particular, understood. She remember how uncomfortable she had been with herself before the bite. How she hid into clothes bigger than her, wore unflattering things and did not care about her general appearance because she had no confidence in herself.

Isaac had too, though not in the same level and for completely different reasons.

Stiles didn't have to worry though, about his appearance. While in his first year he had looked a little awkward, he had really grown into himself. Long hair suited him very well, and his features were both delicate and strong. It was almost distressing how pretty he was (how pretty he had always been, recalled Erica. While she *had* had a crush on him, a big part of her had just wanted to be as pretty as he was).

So they started with compliments. Filling him with compliments whenever he came by the loft and they were around him.

He seemed bemused by the sudden attention, but other than him thanking them, nothing really changed.

Then they tried inviting him to hang out in the loft at the hottest times of the day, hoping that the heat would make him decide to take off his shirt. And while he sweated as much as they did, he did nothing other than pull his sleeves up.

They even went to the pool as a pack, without Derek, and Stiles came with a white shirt and shorts. Even Boyd had pointed out the weirdness of that, but Lydia had nearly bit his head off before pulling an embarrassed Stiles away from them.

Erica supposed they could have stopped it there, when they realised Stiles was ready to suffer at this level if it meant he did not have to take off his shirt, but they cared about the human.

The spastic brunet had infiltrated their hearts since that night with the kanima when, even though they had not even been allies, he had thrown himself between them and the kanima, to protect them. And then, for Erica, came the whole Gerard thing, and well, that had sealed it.

She did not want Stiles to be embarrassed by his own body, so if spilling orange juice on him 'on accident' was what it took for him to take his shirt off and let them assure him that he was perfect the way he was and did not need to hide his body, then that was what they would do.

"Fuck!" swore Stiles, grimacing at the feeling of the orange juice drenching his shirt and trousers. "Erica!"

"I'm so sorry!" she said, giving him her most 'sincere' look. "Shit, I didn't even realise you were there."

"It's gonna stain my seats, now," he complained, standing up.

"Just use our shower," offered Isaac. "I can just lend you my clothes when you're done."

Stiles frowned, looking unhappy with the offer. "But..."

"Derek is not even home yet," insisted Isaac. "Come on, dude. Would you rather get sticky in your car in this heat or just wear my clothes?"

"I suppose," said Stiles, looking a little hesitant.

“Use my products, they are labelled,” he said, pushing Stiles towards the bathroom with a smile. “Don’t worry about it, dude.”

The moment Stiles relented and walked inside the bathroom, the two blonds high fived. Boyd, the only one in the pack house with them, did not look pleased. “Whatever you’re thinking of doing, I don’t think you should.”

“You don’t understand,” said Erica, rolling her eyes. “We’re just-”

“I don’t want to know,” said Boyd, standing up and heading towards the door. “Plausible deniability and all. I’m not going down with you.”

“You’re being ridiculous!” shouted Isaac after him, as the door closed behind him.

It only took about ten minutes after that for their plan to start.

“Uh... Isaac?” called Stiles.

“Isaac had to go out quickly,” called Erica, while the blond just rolled his eyes beside her. “What’s up.”

“Er... he forgot to give me the clothes?”

“Oh!” said the girl, acting like this was brand new information. “He must have forgotten. Just go to his room, he probably left them on his bed for you.”

“Oh...” he said, voice a little faint. “Could you bring them to me?”

“Nope,” she said, voice cheerful. “I’m not allowed in his room. He has an anti girls rule.”

“Erica, come on...” tried Stiles, and his voice sounded odd for some reason.

“It’s not big deal, Stiles,” she said, doing her best to sound encouraging. “Just keep your pants on and go get the clothes.”

“I don’t want to do that.”

“Stiles, don’t be such a baby,” she said, rolling her eyes slightly. “How many times have you accidentally seen me with my top off? Or one of the other betas without pants? It’s not a big deal.”

“I just don’t want to, okay? Can you *just* give me the clothes?!”

“No,” she said, crossing her arms around her chest and glaring at the door. “Actually I’m gonna give you one minute to come out for yourself or I’m walking in.”

“What?!” he sounded a little panicked, and a part of Erica that wasn’t so stubborn felt some alarm bells going off in her head. “No!”

“Then just come out!”

“Fuck you!” he shouted, and his voice broke when he said that.

Isaac looked at her a little uncomfortable at her side. “Erica, maybe-”

“He needs to get over it,” she said, not even waiting the offered one minute before going for the door. “I’m coming in!”

Stiles crashed against the closed the door before she could. “No, no, no, *don’t!*”

“Stiles, what the fuck-” she tried, and then the door opened by itself. Erica looked up in surprise and felt her heart squeeze painfully in her chest.

Stiles’ cheeks were red and there were tears in his eyes. He was once more wearing his stained clothes, even though he had clearly showered, and there was hatred and anger in his eyes. “Fuck. You. Both of you.”

“Stiles-” she tried, but he pushed past her, a hand over his face that did nothing to hide his sobs as he rushed towards the door.

Neither of the betas tried to stop him, both of them looking after him in confusion and worry.

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Derek had just climbed out of his Camaro when the door of the loft was pulled open and Stiles came out. The smell of distress from the teenager hit him even before he realised what his expression was, and then he was standing in front of him in seconds, looking down at him in worry.

“Stiles?”

His shirt and trousers were drenched in orange juice and he was sobbing openly, even as he tried to wipe the tears from his face. He tried to shrug Derek off him, obviously heading towards his jeep. “Let me go!”

“I don’t think so,” he said, pulling him away from the loft, but not actually towards his own car. “You’re in no state to drive.”

“Just leave me alone, Derek!” he cried, but his movements were already becoming less and less violent.

Derek did not bother replying, and in less than a minute Stiles had stopped struggling, and was instead facing his shoes, eyes closed as he cried.

Considering his general appearance, Derek felt like he had an inkling of what was going on, and directed him towards the passenger seat of the Camaro. Stiles made a sound that could have been ‘your seats’ or ‘our sheeps’, but Derek ignored it, starting the car once Stiles was strapped in.

By the time they had arrived to the gas station, Stiles was just sniffing, no longer crying. His face was still splotchy, and he was still clearly upset, but he was no longer crying.

“Here,” he said, picking up his extra clothes bag from the back seat (when you were a werewolf living in the land a hunter family had exterminated your family in, it made sense to always be prepared, in his opinion). He dropped the bag in Stiles’ lap. “Go, wash your face and get changed. I’ll be waiting here.”

Stiles sniffled, looking at him in suspicion, which Derek supposed was warranted.

(seriously, he was going to wring Erica and Isaac’s necks for this)

In the end, Stiles did not ask anything more. He unlocked his belt and headed towards the bathroom of the gas station, head down and the bag in his hands.

Derek waited until Stiles was out of sight before digging out his phone.

to: Lydia M., Scott M., Jackson W.

text: go to the Stilinski house. I’m bringing Stiles, and he’s upset.

He did not even have to wait a minute for each of them to answer.

from: Jackson W.

text: how is this any of my business

to: Scott M.

text: WHAT DID U DO

from: Lydia M.

text: control your fucking betas, Hale.

He rolled his eyes. Very typical of all of them. Also, not at all surprised that Lydia had connected the dots immediately.

to: Scott M., Jackson W.

text: Erica and Isaac don't know when to stop.

to: Lydia M.

text: I'm trying. Considering they have made him *cry*, I think they might listen this time around.

Stiles reappeared, clothes changed and head still down as the three messaged him again.

from: Jackson W.

text: of course they cant.

from: Scott M.

text: WTF!!!!

from: Jackson W.

text: I'll be there or whatever.

from: Scott M.

text: OMW

from: Lydia M.

text: again: control your fucking betas, or is2g I'll kill them.

Stiles opened the door and sat down, holding tightly on the bag and refusing to look at Derek. His eyes were still puffy but he had clearly washed his face and was no longer crying.

Derek started his car again. "Want something to eat?"

Stiles eyed him with confusion. "What?"

“Eat,” repeated Derek. “There is a drive in on our way to your house. Do you want something?”

Stiles kept staring at him. “Why?”

Finally Derek turned to face him, letting his exasperation show on his face. “You can say *no*, Stiles.”

“I’m just confused as to why you’re suddenly offering,” complained the boy, and Derek tried to keep a smile from forming. *Got him.*

“Then no drive-in,” he said, sighing loudly.

“Wait, no! I want something!” immediately said Stiles, turning to face him with a pout on his face. “I want a milkshake.”

“Took you too long to answer,” said Derek, shaking his head. “The offer is off the table.”

“You can’t do this to me!” cried out Stiles. “Pretty please, Der bear?”

“Do *not* call me that,” said Derek, nose twisting in disgust that made Stiles grin.

“I will stop if you buy me curly fries and a strawberry milkshake.”

“This is not fair, you’re raising the stakes!”

“*Derry bear?*”

“God, you’re a terrible human being.”

Stiles just smirked, and Derek felt immediately better.

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“You’re morons,” said Derek, the second he returned to the loft.

Stiles had given him a strange look when they had arrived at his house - after a brief stop for curly fries and milkshake - and found Lydia, Jackson and Scott already there, but he hadn’t said anything. Just waved him away.

Boyd had left earlier, to drive Stiles’ car back home to him, which only left Erica and Isaac sitting in the loft.

Both of them looked up at him guiltily, Erica in particular.

“We didn’t mean-”

“It was none of your business,” he said, letting his eyes flash. “I did not think I had to alpha order you lot into respecting people’s boundaries.”

Isaac let out a whine at the disapproval Derek was projecting, while Erica glared weakly. “I just thought we could help him. Help him improve his confidence-”

“It was none of your business,” stressed Derek, looking at her until she looked back down. “It’s clear that whatever reason he had, Scott, Lydia and Jackson knew about it. So you had no right to try to change him on your terms. Allison understood it, Boyd understood it, even fucking Peter made one comment and then never brought it up again.”

“I thought I was helping,” repeated the girl, not daring to look up.

Derek pulled back the eyes, pinching the bridge of his nose. “Well, you weren’t. Don’t ever do it again.”

“Are you mad at us?” asked Isaac, looking genuinely worried.

Derek looked at him equally severely. “It’s not me that you should be asking that to.” He pointed out. “But I’m not mad. I’m just disappointed.”

Dear god, he sounded like such a teacher. It was embarrassing.

“We’ll apologise to Stiles, if he let us,” told him Isaac, and Erica quickly nodded. “We really are sorry.”

“I know,” he finally said, not needing to check their heartbeats to know. He passed a hand on their necks, and they both relaxed under his touch. “But if he wants you guys to back away from him for a bit, you have to respect his decision, no matter how sorry you are. And if Jackson, Lydia and Scott come for you, it’s between you and god.”

Seriously. Those three did not agree on much, but he knew they agreed on Stiles. So god bless the betas’ souls.

Derek had just finished running a couple of laps in the woods, stopping at the old house as customary when Stiles emerged from the same woods.

He had heard and smelled the teen a while ago, so he was not surprised to see him there.

Nor was he surprised when, instead of launching in a passionate speech about whatever, he silently dropped in front of Derek, crossing his arms around his chest and staring.

He was wearing Derek’s shirt, still, he noted with a vague sense of approval.

“How long?” he finally asked.

Derek did not need to ask him what he was talking about. “Uncle Peter’s wife used to babysit you. But I did not connect it until the day with the chainsaw.” He tapped his nose. “After the wolfsbane left my system, my sense of smell came back stronger, and that’s when I realised.”

Stiles made face. “You did not mention it. And the other betas don’t seem to have realised.”

“It’s a born wolf thing,” he explained. “And your scent changed. Became stronger, manlier.”

“Uh,” said Stiles, not quite looking at Derek. “Didn’t think testosterone had a scent.”

“It’s hard to explain,” offered Derek, with a shrug. “But if you’re worried, I don’t see anyone but Boyd ever realising. Allison is smart, but even her I doubt she’ll figure out.”

“She calls me pretty a lot,” he said and Derek stared at him in the eye, forcing him to hold eye contact.

“You are pretty. A pretty boy.”

Stiles blushed quite violently at that, running his hand through his hair. “You don’t have to say that.”

Derek sat up, putting a finger under Stiles’ chin and offering an amused and arrogant smile. “I’m telling the truth.” He took Stiles’ hand with his free one and pressed it against his naked chest. Stiles, if anything managed to turn even redder. “Can you feel my heart beat?”

“Mhm.”

“Good,” He looked at him more seriously. “You are the most handsome and pretty boy I have ever seen, Stiles.”

The brunet blinked quickly, still appearing embarrassed. Then a decided expression appeared on his face and he pushed Derek’s finger from his chin, darting forward to capture his lips in a kiss.

Derek immediately cupped his face with one hand while the other remained on his wrist, chasing his lips without rush.

When Stiles finally broke it off, he smiled at him. “Do you kiss everyone who compliments you like that?”

Stiles had looked anxious for a second, but immediately glared, headbutting his chest. “You’re lucky you’re pretty too.”

Derek grinned smugly, but turned momentarily serious. “You don’t have to worry about me telling anyone, though.”

This time it was Stiles who smiled, sincerely. “Don’t worry. Me and Jackson don’t like each other, and even he would never out me without my consent.” Anticipating his next question, he explained. “I went to nursery with Lydia and Jackson. And Danny, and some others. So it wasn’t like they couldn’t tell that that girl they took naptime with was suddenly a boy. Scott, I told him myself when we became best friends.” He eyed him thoughtfully. “You are technically the third person I told. My parents and Lydia and everyone knew from the beginning. I told Scott and Mama McCall. And now you. Though I guess, you knew so it doesn’t really count, though there is something to be said-”

Derek shut him up with a kiss.

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