

## Ice Cream and Appendectomies

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# Ice Cream and Appendectomies

by [SoBeBold](#)

## Summary

Stiles' appendix bursts. He comes through the surgery fine but in his hilarious post-surgery high, he makes an accidental confession involving a certain grumpy werewolf.

## Notes

Ho boy, this little thing has been in my WIPs for at least three or four years. Why I got the gumption to finish it now I have no idea, but I hope you love it! ♥

I'm gonna handwave a little about how recovery from an appendectomy really works. Thanks for going with it!

Derek swore he was only gone for a minute, *just one minute*, to pick up tomatoes for a sauce. He walked into his front door and into the kitchen. It was suspiciously quiet, considering Stiles was there.

“Derek...” He followed the weak voice down. Stiles was on his hands and knees, barely able to move. “Hospital.”

After all they’d been through, Derek never thought appendicitis would be what almost killed Stiles. Derek paced in the emergency room, the only one there since the rest of the pack were in college out state and he couldn’t get hold of the sheriff.

He paced the grayish linoleum and scraped his palms down his face. This was so much worse than all the other times they’d been in deep shit. Why? Because the frailty of that idiot’s human body could just sneak up on them any time. At least with monsters they knew what they were up against, but Stiles’ body attacking itself... *What the fuck am I gonna do if he’s not okay?*

He was.

A little worse for wear, but alive. They wheeled him out of surgery as loopy as a rollercoaster. He was just coming to, blinking owlishly, his eyelids moving at different speeds, eyes slightly glazed. They widened when he saw Derek.

“Whoa, where’d you come from? You’re hot. You’re like, soooooo hot. I’ve never seen anybody as hot as you.” Derek flushed. He had no idea Stiles thought he was attractive.

“Stiles, you know me.”

Stiles face crumpled into spacey confusion. “I do? I do! You’re Derek! Derek, Im so glad I know you. You’re the best. And so fuckin’ *hot*.” He laid his head back and grinned. Derek tried to avoid the doctor’s eyes.

She shrugged. “Kid has good taste.” *Where’s the nearest rock for me to go die under?*

Derek didn’t expect to feel a certain kind of lightness knowing Stiles was attracted to him. There was a time or two Stiles’ idiot grin had gotten to him. He was built nicely, too. But Derek would never say that out loud, not even if he’d been shot up with truth serum.

The doctor, named Williams, laid a hand on Stiles shoulder. “He handled surgery like a trooper. In my professional opinion-“

“Ooooooh, we’re halfway there. Oh, *ho*, living on a prayer!” Stiles howled.

Derek put a hand on the other shoulder. “Shhh, Stiles.” He just had surgery, after all. He’d never remember Derek touched him.

“Okay, I’m shhhh, I’m shhhh.” Stiles closed his eyes, pressing both pointer fingers to his lips.

“With rest and a little tlc,” Dr. Williams continued, “He should make a full recovery, no problem.”

“Don’t go chasin’ waterfalls...”

Derek grunted, “Stiles.” To the doctor; “That’s great, glad to hear it, doctor.” As tension drained out of Derek’s taut muscles, he realized how tense he’d been. Even more tense than if they were about to do battle with the flavor-of-the-moment evil creature. If he had been more worried about Stiles pulling through than just an acquaintance would be, that was his business. *He’s pack, after all. We’ve been to hell and back together.*

“Baby, it’s yours-allllll yours- if you want it tonight. I’ll give you the red. Light. Spe. Cial. All through the night.”

“*Stiles.*” Derek was mortified.

Stiles cackled, barely keeping his eyes open. “Look at him. He’s all growly and snarly, like the big bad wolf. Rawr, rawr,” He bent his fingers into claws and bared his teeth. His eyes shot open and he let out a dramatic gasp. “Wait a minute. You *are* a wolf! You’re a wolf, Derek!” He tried to sit up and Derek carefully pushed him back down, pretending it was just another one of his ravings.

“So I’m a wolf now?”

Stiles cackled. “Not scary or anything, just stank. Stankwolf.”

Dr. Williams could barely contain her laughter. “Stiles, it’s going to take a while before you’re fully coherent again. I’d like you to rest. Have some water and a few graham crackers to help with nausea.”

In a loud whisper Stiles said, “Speaking of graham crackers, look at this guy, isn’t he the hottest? I’m gonna tell you a secret-“

Dr. Williams said, “Oh, boy.”

Derek said, “Stiles.”

Stiles said, “When I was sixteen, I fell in love the very first time I saw him.” He jerked a thumb toward Derek. “I was madly in love. Angrily? Furiously? In love.”

“Have some water, Stiles. Stay hydrated.” Dr. Williams nodded to the little styrofoam-wrapped pitcher on his stand. Derek almost broke his neck getting it to him.

“Drink.” The tips of Derek’s ears probably looked like little fires. He’d wondered if Stiles had feelings for him when they were younger, but he’d never thought to ask. It had never mattered before. Now, it was all he could think about.

Stiles didn't open his eyes, he just lazily chased the straw with his lips and tongue, Sexualizing it. *He's doing that on purpose*, Derek wanted to whine.

Stiles *did* whine. "My throat hurts. Wait! Where's my ice cream? I'm supposed to get all the ice cream I want."

"You got your appendix out, not your tonsils," Derek replied, grateful for the distraction.

"Ice cream." Stiles insisted, eyes still unfocused. "My tonsils want it. My belly wants it, too! Hear it talking?" His stomach growled as if on cue. "Whoa, I've never had a conversation with my stomach before." He poked at his middle, right over his belly button. "Hey, you should stop being empty all the time. What'd you guys hit me with doc? This is...some good shit." He crossed his arms over his chest and sat up.

"Wooooooo-oo-oo-, I'm the mummy!" Derek shook his head in resignation. There wasn't much he could do to discourage Stiles' ridiculousness when he wasn't high, let alone when he was hopped up on the best drugs a hospital could give him.

"What is this?" Stiles shook his limp hand like a marionette.

"Stiles, don't do that, you'll hurt yourself." Derek folded Stiles' hand over his own chest, and held it there.

"Holding me down, huh? kinky." Derek winced and sighed again, mad for getting turned on.

Stiles looked at Dr. Williams, who seemed to be taking her sweet time for the direct purpose of enjoying Derek's humiliation. "I gotta 'nother secret."

Derek sighed. "Stiles."

"I love Bambi. Like, I really love Bambi." Stiles' eyes dampened. "Somebody has to love him. He lost his mom." He wiped his tears with the back of his wrist. "Derek. I lost my mom."

"I know, babe." *Babe*. Where the hell did that come from. Derek rubbed Stiles' shoulder, overwhelmed by stupid *feelings* but needing to comfort him.

Stiles covered Derek's hand with his own. "Thanks for taking care of me today. I would have died. I would have died so many times..."

"You would have done it for me. You *have* done it for me. I'll always be there for you, no matter what." Derek curled his fingers around Stiles'. He hoped Stiles wouldn't remember, and he hoped he himself would forget how eager he was to do it, and how natural it felt. "You need some rest."

"Mmkay," Stiles closed his eyes again, drifting on his high. "Derek, come lay down with me."

Derek's back straightened like a ramrod. "Can't. Bed's not set up for that."

“You never lay with me. I miss you all the time,” Stiles whined. He looked at Dr. Williams. “I’m still in love with him. Don’t tell him that, okay? Between you and me.” He attempted a wink.

Dr. Williams stopped what she was doing, or pretending to do, and faced him. “He doesn’t know about that, huh?”

Stiles shook his head fast like a child. “Nooooooooo, no, no, I can never tell him.”

Dr. Williams settled in, amused. “Why not?”

“Pshhhhhh!” Stiles waved a wobbly hand. “He doesn’t want me, he just toler-mates, mmm, *tolerates* me because we have a big group of mutual friends.”

“Obviously he cares about you,” Dr. Williams countered, “or he wouldn’t be here.”

“Nah, he feels obligated. I just get on his nerves.” Derek sighed. Had he been that bad? Making Stiles think he wouldn’t even want to help if Stiles was sick and in need?

Dr. Williams shifted her weight to one hip, hand resting in the white pocket of her lab coat. “You said he was growly but soft. Maybe he just doesn’t know how to show his emotions. Maybe he doesn’t even know what he’s feeling.” She gave Derek a pointed look. Derek lowered his head. Pieces fell into place.

Stiles gasped. “He does cook me dinner sometimes. He was gonna cook me dinner before my tonsils burst. Damn you, tonsils, I could have got some action!” Stiles shook a weak fist toward the ceiling.

“Have some water and some graham cracker, Stiles.” Derek hand-fed him a piece of cracker.

“Mmph. This is what I call service.”

After a few more bites and a couple sips of water, Stiles eyelids finally started to droop.

“Derek, don’t leave me.”

Impulsively, Derek took his hand. After all, he almost died. It didn’t mean anything, he’d leave his comfort zone like this to comfort any of his friends.

“Never. Be here when you wake up.”

“M’kay. Night. Love you.”

“I...love you, too.” Derek’s chest tightened. Stiles was out, and Derek let his head drop, exhausted and full of swirling feelings he had no idea how to process.

*I was gonna cook him dinner.* One he wanted to specifically make for Stiles. The two of them, no one else. A pot roast, because Stiles kept betting he couldn’t do it. He would have spent the whole meal grumping at Stiles, pretending not to enjoy his company above everybody else’s, and not become one bit less emotionally constipated.

Stiles' chest raised and fell slowly, so slowly. The IV was still in his arm, and though his face was relaxed it looked pale.

Derek had to touch him and make sure he was still there and still whole. His arms and his chest and his face. Gently, not to wake him, not to hurt him any more than Derek already had.

"He'll be fine." Dr. William's sympathetic voice made him jump. He forgot she was there.

"Sorry. About everything."

"Sorry for what? A sweet love confession? Trust me, I've heard worse." Derek nodded, intent on looking anywhere but her face. "So. Gonna talk to him about it?"

"He's not gonna remember."

"You will." Her words rang clear as a bell. "I think it would be a conversation worth having," she looked pointedly at Derek as she finished up her notes on the little screen and back out of the room. "Just something to think about."

Derek dropped his forehead on the bed. He nudged a little closer to Stiles' thigh. If only she knew; all he was gonna do was think about it.

"Wakey wakey, Grumpywolf. You get to help me to the bathroom." The morning sun streamed in through the windows as Derek blinked awake. He uncurled himself from the nightmare of a reclining chair he spent the night in. The Sheriff had spent the night, too, and had given Derek a knowing grin when he insisted on taking Stiles home with him in the morning.

"Glad I could do the honors," he grumbled, avoiding Stiles' tired but annoyingly cheerful face as he helped him sit up on the bed, then helped him to his feet. He held Stiles' hips as he guided him toward the bathroom. The intimate touching, the nearness after yesterday, was almost too much.

After Stiles used the bathroom and Derek helped him settle back into bed, Stiles looked Derek up and down.

"What's wrong?"

"What do you mean, what's wrong?" He scoffed like Stiles was crazy.

"I know when you're being even more grumpy and weird than usual, so tell me what's up and don't BS me."

"You almost died, that's what up."

Stiles crossed his arms, stubborn. "I *always* almost die. Try again."

"You said a lot while you were anesthesia-high yesterday."

Stiles broke out in a grin. “Oh, shit. Did you save the video? Should I put it on youtube?”

“I don’t know about that.” Derek pressed his lips together, trying to prepare for what was guaranteed to be a dumpster fire of a conversation.

“What? Derek, what did I say?”

Derek ripped off the band-aid. “That you were in love with me.”

The smile dropped off Stiles’ face. He turned a ghastly shade of pale. “I was kidding. I didn’t know what I was saying.”

“You wouldn’t stop telling the doctor that you were in love with me.”

He scoffed. “Well, okay, fine, I was, but I was sixteen and an idiot and I had no idea what a meanie you were back then. Had I known I would have taken off running. Can we drop this now?”

Derek’s hands curled into fists, nails digging into his palms. “No. You told her you’re still in love with me. Then you asked her not to tell me.”

“Oh, God.” Stiles covered his face with his hands.

“Stiles, tell me the truth. I need to know.”

“Why do you need to know so bad?”

“I have to figure out what I’m going to do about it.”

Stiles was pissed. “You have to figure out ‘what you’re going to do about it.’ Because my love is, you know, an insect infestation or a boil on your ass.”

Derek tipped his head back and forth, pretending to think. “Well…” Stiles’ mouth dropped open. Derek winced. “Not the best comedic timing.”

“Ya think?” Stiles rolled away, crossing his arms. “You can go now.”

“Go?”

“I always questioned whether there was a heart in there, but I expected better than this.”

“What are you talking about? Why are you upset?”

Stiles threw a hand up, letting it flop down on the thin blue blanket with a slap. “This is why I never told you. Now that you’ve had your fun you can go. You never have to see my pathetic face again.” Derek sighed. It was easy to forget how bad he was at feelings and communication and basically *everything* that came with having interpersonal relationships.

“Stiles, look at me.” At first Stiles refused, silent and still until Derek reached out his hand and pulled at his shoulder. When Stiles rolled over, his eyes were shiny and his lip trembled



and Derek needed to get this out before he had to suffer any more.

“When I was waiting for you it smacked me in the face.” Derek thought about all the emotions that ran through him. “I didn’t realize it then, but I’m love with you.”

“Really?” Stiles sat up, face lighting up. “You’re speaking in paragraphs. You must love me back.”

Derek snorted. “That’s all you got from all that?”

“Well, no, not *all*-“

Derek hit the button on the bed’s railing, dropped it down, and leaned over. He caught Stiles’ mouth in a hard kiss. The kiss was soft, warm, and sweet. Nothing he ever expected, but everything he ever wanted.

He pulled back with a smirk. “Figured I’d better stop anything else dumb from coming out.”

Stiles blinked dreamily. “It worked.”

“Yeah, but for how long?” Now, they both had on big, stupid grins.

“Ahem.” The voice, and the figure in the doorway, made them both jump.

“Oh, hiiiiiii Dr. Williams. How much did you see?” Stiles lifted an eyebrow and made a saucy face. Derek ducked his head to hide his smile.

“Everything worked itself out, I see.”

Derek smiled and nodded his thanks.

Stiles raised his hand like they were in class and Dr. Williams was the teacher. “Doc, a couple questions.”

“Yes, Stiles?”

“Can we get those discharge papers rolling? I need to get home asap.”

“You got it. What’s the other question?”

“Am I cleared for sex?” Derek choked.

Dr. Williams grinned. “You are absolutely cleared for it, just be mindful of your stitches, okay? Have fun!”

“Yes ma’am, we will!”

In the Camaro, Stiles slid a palm up and down Derek’s thigh, a promise of what was to come. Derek was about to swerve them into a ditch he was so distracted.

Stiles' hand suddenly stilled, which made Derek even more crazy. Stiles hummed. "How's about that ice cream? For some reason I could really go for some rocky road. After you rock my world, big boy."

Derek did. Then they went to Coldstone. Derek committed the whole after-surgery scene to his memory.

It would be a funny story to tell their grandchildren.

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