

Not Boring At All!

The Series as read on A30

Von Hoshisaki

Kapitel 1: Not A Boring Night Shift!

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Stiles was sort of pissed. Bored in any case. Frustrated at the very least. He wiped the counter again, but the spot was persistent. He started scrubbing.

Oh, how he had looked forward to his last summer of high school, the final weeks before senior year. Boy, had he been in for a disappointment!

Scott was busy with his three part-time jobs: One at the animal clinic (The only one paying, Stiles might add!), another as Alpha to a Beta with anger management issues and thirdly as a helplessly-in-love boyfriend.

Malia took summer classes to prepare for school. A lot of classes Lydia was helping her studying for, unless she was at the sheriff's station, giving supernatural private lessons for Deputy Parrish. Stiles might suspect ulterior motives there.

His dad had a whole lot of shifts since the station was understaffed during summer vacation.

Everybody else was on said summer vacation.

Except for Broody McSourwolf, sitting in front of him, elbows on the counter, doing something on his phone. Of course, Stiles' luck had seen to it that Derek of all of them was free to keep him company out here. In the little diner contiguous to the gas station at the Interstate, a few miles outside of Beacon Hills.

Since he was eighteen now and allowed to work night shifts, the manager had promptly put him to work.

"Why are you here again, Derek?"

Needless to say, there were next to no customers. The last one had left two hours ago and the night before, there had only been five of them. The entire night!

"Patrolling the borders of the pack's territory," Derek said dryly and sipped on his coffee that had to be cold by now.

"Aha. Yeah. That." Stiles tossed the rag into the sink and started on rolling cutlery and paper napkins into neat rolls. He did a dozen of those. "Okay, so you checked the place out. Everything is fine. Scott will be so relieved. Why are you still here?"

Stiles refilled Derek's coffee without being asked to.

"Keeping an eye on you." The same flat tone.

"I don't get it! It's not like I'm alone out here. There is a cook somewhere in the back of the building."

When Derek's expressive eyebrow rose, he added, "In the kitchen, doing... eh, his job."

"Does he hear you scream?"

"Geez, Derek, I don't know! Depends on how loud the stupid radio is playing the country music!?"

Derek threw him a pointed look.

"Argh!" Stiles groaned in frustration and grabbed the rag to wipe the tables and seats, again.

"It's not like I'd need your help or protection, y'know?" Stiles grumbled, rinsing the rag. He eyed the ugly, old thing with disgust. "Nothing ever happens out here anyway. I'm sure, you're missing all the fun back in Beacon Hills."

Derek merely shifted his weight, letting go of the phone and reclining into the backrest of the stool.

"I'm sure, I don't. Your dad would call in case o--"

"My dad?!" Stiles interrupted. "Seriously, this alliance between the both of you is kind of creepy and upsetting."

Derek had the nerve to shrug. This new-found confidence was annoying and sexy at the same time and Stiles needed Derek to leave, before someone else left. Stiles' common sense and better judgement for example.

"Don't you have a mistress to please? Where is she anyways?"

"Somewhere in Texas."

"Goodness, I--" Derek, however, shushed him with a wave of his hand. "Nevermind then, I don't care, not my business."

Derek looked sad for a very short moment; Stiles almost thought he'd imagined it.

"Look, Big Guy, you can talk to me, you know that. If there's something or someone on your mind, okay, I'm listening," Stiles offered, but Derek kept glaring down into the cup.

"Just saying, if you need someone to fill that huge, empty loft of yours, I don't think Malia would mind us spending a little time together. Like old times!"

Stiles smiled to himself, remembering the summer of two years ago and all the things he and Derek had done and seen, all the fun they'd had.

"I'll even cuddle with you. I know, you liked that. And still do."

Derek snorted.

"Aww, c'mon, dude. Admit it!" Chuckling, he leaned across the counter and stroked the back of Derek's hand and wrist affectionately, finger-tips playing with the soft, little hairs on Derek's hot skin. "Tell me what you want and I'll see what I can do for you, 'kay?"

Derek finished his coffee.

"Don't get your hopes up," he growled and turned, slipping off the stool. "It's about to get rough."

Stiles frowned, "What are you talking about?"

And as if on cue, the door exploded into smithereens.

"Ugh, you gotta be kidding me..."

The dust cleared slowly, revealing a group of guys with 'trouble' written all over their foreheads.

"I smell wet dog," one of them said, sneering and cracking his knuckles.

Stiles watched Derek's hackles raising.

"We'll talk about who's right to keep watch later, Stiles," Derek said over his shoulder and popped his claws.

"Yeah, whatever, Derek," Stiles shrugged. Just his luck... "I wanna cuddle later, you hear me?!" He grouched, getting the baseball bat, he had stored beneath the sink. The answering sound was the harsh noise of wooden furniture breaking.

*** The End ***