

Not Boring At All!

The Series as read on A30

Von Hoshisaki

Kapitel 2: Not A Boring Movie Night!

Not A Boring Movie Night!

*

So basically Stiles had gotten himself into this mess, all on his own, with no one else to blame. On the bright side he had finally got Scott to agree to do a Star Wars marathon night. And wasn't that long over-due?!

Yet, the brightness of that side of the bargain he had struck with Scott was dulled by his current situation. Which is to say, the first hand full of popcorn turned into ash in his mouth as soon as he realized, he was actually doing this. The cinema was as good as empty. No, scratch that. It was empty but for the two of them. It was such a lovely summer night out there. Why weren't they out in the Preserve chasing something or doing summer homework or volunteering to clean up after the bonfire?

On the other hand, it was his day, or rather night, off from the diner and the territory seemed fine and Scott was free to hang out. It could have been so perfect. If only he hadn't agreed to go to the movies with Scott. He should have known there was a catch.

Still, he got the Star Wars marathon out of it.

That was, if he made it through this movie first. Preferably alive.

The previews were harmless enough but then the dimmed lights went completely dark. Making Stiles slouch down in his seat with a tiny whimper.

He wasn't that squeamish, was he? And contrary to what Derek thought, he didn't faint at the sight of blood. Well, at least not from the paper cut last week.

He should start feeling betrayed by Scott who had very deliberately dragged him into this thing that had blood splatter all over its promotional posters. Scott had pointed out that the movie was indeed about a lost young werewolf and it would be interesting to see how Hollywood would solve the anchor issues. Perhaps Stiles could

think of this monstrosity of an idea as an educational experience. Like watching sex education videos in class. With Coach breathing down his neck. Come to think of it, he had never found out what exactly Coach was doing in Mr. Harris' biology class that day during the last weeks of their freshman year.

A terrible scream – or was it a creaking door? – made Stiles jump and clutch his chest.

Nope, he'd die tonight if things went on like this.

Gnawing on his fingernails he made little whiny noises as the prologue played out on the screen.

Scott petted him on the left elbow, trying to sooth.

He supposed, it could have been worse. Imagine, Stiles would have to sit in this theater right now with someone he liked and wanted to impress, like lovely Malia or godly Lydia. Or much, much worse: someone who gave him the creeps in broad daylight, like Peter or Grandpa Argent! Thank God those two were taken care of.

Exhaling harshly Stiles told himself to relax, dropping his right forearm back onto the arm-rest.

The hard yet soft, warm, covered in a fine dust of hair, feeling like skin-on-skin contact arm-rest?!

Stiles shrieked before he could even think of yelling something like "WTF?!".

"Shut up, Stiles," Derek shushed him, not even looking away from the screen.

"What??" Stiles gasped for breath, whirled around in his seat to face Scott who had turned around, too.

"What the hell is he doing here?! Did you see or hear him come in? Did you know about this?" Stiles hissed at Scott who just shrugged and gave him the helpless puppy eyes. "Oh God..."

Derek's knee brushed lightly against his, sending a shiver up and down his spine. A couple of times.

"Calm down, Stiles. A bird told me, our Alpha might need some help with you tonight, that's all."

Stiles huffed in annoyance.

"Did it have nine tails or light gray fur?"

Derek raised an eyebrow at him. "Bright green and purple feathers actually."

"Oh, c'mon, Derek, now you're just fucking with me!" Stiles accused, sighing

exasperated.

And then Scott hissed, "Guys! Shut it, seriously. I wanna watch this!" at the same time as Derek drawled, "Oh, Stiles, if I were to do something – like fuck – with you, trust me, you'd know it."

Stiles groaned, curled up into a ball of shivering Stilinski and tried not to die of mortification.

*

About one and a half hour later, Stiles was escorted from the cinema by Scott and Derek, both holding one of Stiles' hands. They sat down in the little 24/7 coffee shop, just across the street from the cinema, and Scott got up to get loads of hot chocolate with extra whipped cream for Stiles, a mint ice tea for himself and a cup of black coffee for Derek.

Stiles had been insisting on hearing things and whispers throughout the entire movie and even if both werewolves had repeatedly told him, he was imaging it, Stiles couldn't shake the feeling that they hadn't been alone in that theater.

"But, Derek, I swear, it really felt like they threw popcorn at me! I know the feeling, believe me. And I felt it!" He put his foot down, literally, to emphasize his point.

"Tsk, I can't smell any popcorn on the back of head or neck." Derek looked like he was about to rub his temples to relieve an upcoming headache.

"Are you sure? Maybe Scott's popcorn mislead your wolfy nose," Stiles said. "Check again!"

Derek clicked his tongue, turned Stiles around by the shoulders and dragged him across the old, comfy sofa they were sitting on until his back was flush to Derek's chiseled chest.

Stiles, oddly enough, relaxed into the tight grip, feeling Derek's warmth and spicy scent soaking through him. He blushed, feeling Derek bury his nose into Stiles' hair and breathing deep and slow, like tasting him.

Those huge hands slipped lower and Stiles leaned his head back against Derek's shoulder, letting a little noise escape his lips that would have told anyone that Stiles was very much enjoying the way Derek's nose and stubbled chin wandered down from the hair line behind his ear to the crook of his neck and shoulder and back up again.

"Nope, no popcorn," Derek murmured against the shell of his ear. "Just your atrocious stench of anxiety." And how on Earth did Derek make those words sound like dirty

talk to Stiles?

"Underlined with the hot, sticky caramel scent that's pure you, Stiles..."

Oh, maybe that was because it was... dirty talk? No, whoa, wait a minute!

"What the-??" Stiles croaked, his throat suddenly too dry. He felt the embrace loosen.

Stiles shook his head to clear his thoughts. Obviously they needed to change the topic.

"So, the other day my girlfriend Malia showed me that nice postcard your Mistress Braedon sent her from the Mississippi delta. How's she doing anyways?"

Okay, maybe not that drastic a change.

Thankfully that was when Scott returned with their drinks and, surprisingly, the sheepishly looking pair of Liam and Mason, tagged along.

"Hey guys, look who I ran into!" Scott laughed, seemingly oblivious to the tension between Stiles and Derek. "Guess what they were doing?!"

"Getting coffee?" Stiles replied deadpan, making grabby hands for his hot chocolate.

"Uhm, actually, we were..." Liam started, trailed off, looked at Mason for help.

Three minutes of explaining later Stiles stared at the younger boys across the coffee table and said, "And you decided to throw stuff at me, in the dark I might add, to make me 'shriek like a girl' because of some silly bet you had going on??"

"Well," Mason tried, lifting his hands in a placating manner, "You do sound more like a woman who discovers a rat in her kitchen."

"Oh thanks, dude. I'm so glad! You know, because I was starting to think I was getting paranoid or something." He glared at Scott and Derek with all his might. Only to have all of them bursting into laughter.

They stayed at the little coffee shop until almost four in the morning, talking, joking, chilling, Liam falling asleep at some point, snuggled up to Scott and Mason and when Derek helped a sleepy Stiles up the stairs to his bedroom and tugged him in, well, Stiles might be willing to admit that tonight wasn't as bad as he had anticipated.

*** The End ***