

Not Boring At All!

The Series as read on A30

Von Hoshisaki

Kapitel 4: Not A Boring Night Time Activity!

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Stiles was tired and miserable when he left the Jeep in the driveway and trudged across the front lawn. The wet grass quickly soaked through his sneakers and socks, chilling him to the bone and adding to his gloom.

He kicked off his sodden shoes in the hallway and heard his dad snoring in the living room. It made him smile fondly. His first smile since... he couldn't remember exactly. Since before the thunderstorms, that was for sure.

Sneaking up on the couch he found the Sheriff sprawled across the cushions and deep in slumber. The TV was off but that didn't mean Mr. Stilinski hadn't fallen asleep in front of it before the thunderstorm started last night. Only that he still had not yet discovered the sleep timer setting Stiles had activated just for this very scenario. He shook his head at the two empty beer bottles. Well, better than a half empty bottle of Jack. He leaned over the backrest, intending to pull the blanket up but stopped as he discovered the cutest thing ever. His father wasn't alone on the couch. Hazel, the adopted Wolpertinger, was curled up in the crook of his dad's shoulder and neck, resting its tiny head against the human throat, antlers carefully angled away from the tender flesh. One hind leg was comically stretched out over the throw pillow the Sheriff was sleeping on. The sight melted Stiles' heart in an instant. The smile on his lips grew.

"Maybe it's not so bad that those thunderstorms over the last couple of nights ruined all tracks, scent trails and hopes of finding your family, huh, little guy?" Stiles whispered softly and refrained from stroking the silky fur lest he woke the Wolpertinger. He pulled the blanket up to his father's chest. "Maybe you'd like to stay? Dad certainly is all for it..." Stiles chuckled quietly and was about to grab the beer bottles to clean up a bit – they had a mythical baby bunny in their house after all, it wouldn't do to leave breakable things lying around, nope, Stiles wasn't going to

take that risk – when a sleep-rough voice startled him.

“Hey Kiddo, what're you doing home?”

Stiles inhaled slowly to calm his pounding heart and turned to look at the Sheriff who blinked sleepily.

“Look who's changed his tune about my curfew,” Stiles quipped. “It's nearly half past 8. In the morning. I had to work overtime because Lucy was late. Again. Evil Pablo wouldn't cook pancakes for me and turned his stupid radio even louder because of the storm. And no guest all night long! I was bored out of my friggin' mind!”

The Sheriff laughed warmly. “Oh Kiddo, you have my sincerest sympathies.”

Stiles grinned. “Thanks Dad!”

“You could've used the night to draft your college applications. Just a thought,” his father prompted. “I've seen the brochures on your desk.”

“Yeah, about that...” Stiles rubbed his neck absentmindedly. “I'm on it, but I haven't quite figured out what I wanna write in the cover letter. I want it to be perfect, you know.”

“I know, Kiddo.”

Stiles smiled brightly, “You can proof-read the whole thing as soon as the printer is done printing, okay?”

“That's my boy!” Mr. Stilinski nodded proudly, only to notice Hazel, a hand coming up to pet the still sleeping creature.

“Well, Dad, I'm off to bed. See you at lunch!”

“Sure.”

They nodded at each other and Stiles went upstairs.

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Upon entering his room, Stiles was greeted by yet another surprising sight.

“Okay,” he said, taking in the view of his bedroom, especially the bed. “I was under the impression we were talking about another girl when we discussed threesomes.”

However, the only response he got was a slight twitch of Derek's furry ears as they

perked up. The rest of his impressive wolf form remained perfectly still, cuddling a sleeping, half naked Malia who, in turn, was clutching Stiles' pillow. His special pillow. Yeah, okay, he got it. Massive olfactory kink. But his pillow??

Damn.

Sighing he closed the door and put down his bag, started stripping. He just wanted to go to sleep.

Changing into an old, baggy t-shirt, he eyed the pair on the bed. He wondered why Malia hadn't woken up yet. Someone must have had a long, tiring night?

He slipped in between the wall and his girlfriend in hopes of catching at least a corner of his pillow. He felt Derek's eyes on him as he got comfortable.

"Hey...", he whispered. "Since you already stayed the night, stay the morning, too?" He reached out to scratch behind Derek's ears. Derek, kind of unsurprisingly, let it happen, even leaned a little into the touch. "One of you guys is gonna have to clue me in on what I missed last night, okay?"

As if to answer, Derek's cold, wet nose nudged the soft inside of his forearm.

Stiles chuckled, running his fingers through the black pelt.

"I should be mad, you know, but... I think, I can understand. I guess, I'd be lonely as hell if I were in your shoes. Or fur, whatever. But with your uncle in the closed unit, your sister in South America and your Mistress doing who-knows-what somewhere ten states to the north east, last time we heard... Both of you, in fact." He clicked his tongue in thought, trailing off. "You could've come by the diner," he added.

Derek leveled him with a look that seemed to tell him to "Shut up Stiles!" in a way that was so achingly familiar and purely Derek that Stiles swallowed and shivered lightly.

"Well," Stiles said and hid a yawn in his pillow. Glancing back at Derek, he whispered, "I'm beat. Good night!"

He drew his hand back slowly, petting Derek's muzzle and Malia's shoulder, before tugging it between his cheek and the pillow. He had nearly fallen asleep when the rustle of sheets and the movement of the mattress jostled him back into consciousness.

Stiles blinked with irritation and frowned at Derek who had got up and was slowly changing back into his human body. He blushed, staring unabashedly as the triskele tattoo appeared, fur melting into skin. This wasn't by far the first time the teen had seen Derek shirtless. Freaking hell, he could have sketched a map of that chest and back a couple of weeks into their acquaintanceship, but this was somehow different. Felt different when Stiles' gaze dropped to-

"Most people close their eyes when they want to sleep, Stiles."

He startled, jerking his limbs a little in surprise, and flushed furiously as Derek threw a cocky smirk over his shoulder, adding in a softer voice, "Then again, you're hardly 'most people', huh?"

"I, erh..." Stiles, pounding heart and burning cheeks, averted his eyes. "Oh my God," he whimpered and buried his face in his hands. He could feel the prickling of Derek's gaze on him, he was sure of it. "Why'd you change back?! I like the wolfy you! C'mon, dude, put that fur back on and come back to bed," Stiles complained.

"I should leave," Derek grumbled and, from the sound of it, started dressing. Stiles dared a peek through his fingers. Fuck, those tight, black boxer briefs weren't much better, especially when Derek bent down to pick up his jeans. It did things to him...

Stiles swallowed and said, well actually, sort of squeaked, "What? Why?" He cleared his throat. "Dude, no. You don't have to, really!"

Derek pursed his lips in exasperation. "Stiles, don't call-"

"You 'dude', yeah, I know. Sorry 'bout that."

Derek paused, watching Stiles watch him for a minute, eventually continuing, "I should leave before your father gets any ideas. Wrong ideas about ... this." He gestured from himself to the bed. "I'd appreciate not getting shot or arrested by the Sheriff."

"Again, huh?" Stiles interjected, which, oops, resulted in Derek growling warningly. "Chill out, Sourwolf! Dad won't arrest you, I promise. He has no reason to anyway."

"You sure about that? Look at the situation from your father's point of view."

"What?" Stiles teased, propping himself up on his left elbow, trailing the right hand down his body. "Like, the three of us in here behind a closed bedroom door, semi-nudity, sticky air, smell of sweat, blinds shut, clothes strewn all over the floor? What could he possibly be thinking, hm, Derek?" A wicked, salacious smile played on Stiles' lips. It tugged the right corner a little higher than the left.

"Oh, I don't know, Stiles! Maybe soliciting an underage girl and his own son?" Derek hissed, eyes narrowed in annoyance, arms crossed defiantly in front of his chest.

"Hey," Stiles beamed. "Sarcasm before breakfast! That's why I love you, Derek. Now, shift or don't, I don't care. Just come back to bed, okay?" Stiles waited a beat and added demurely, "Please?"

They stared stubbornly at each other for what felt like at least ten minutes to Stiles.

Finally, Derek caved, flung the pants over the back of the desk chair and, with an annoyed huff, sat down on the edge of the bed. "I'll blame any consequences on you," he grunted.

"Sure," Stiles chuckled again, "You do that, big guy."

He lay back down, ignored the way his shirt rode up and revealed his pale, mole-dotted skin as he stretched and relaxed, arms sprawled out on the pillows above his head. Derek lifted an eyebrow and said nothing, simply lowered himself onto the sheets, his head coming to rest on the pillows, Stiles' bent elbow mere inches away.

The teen smiled softly as he looked at Derek, gaze wandering up from the chin, along the jawline, across the stubble and cheek bone to his eyes. Stiles, when he was really honest with himself, loved the way those long, thick lashes built dark frames around Derek's beautiful multi-colored eyes and how they looked so fragile every now and then.

"So, mind telling me about your adventures while I was fighting insanity from infectious boredom?"

"Was it really that bad?" Derek asked quietly.

"Like you wouldn't believe! Man, don't get me started! I scribbled notes for my college applications on the paper napkins. I was this close," he raised a hand, indicating a tiny distance between his thumb and forefinger, and repeated to emphasize, "This close to falling asleep on that fucking counter!"

Derek tried to hide his laughter in a huff but Stiles saw through it immediately. When Derek's breathing had calmed down, he finally answered, "Malia asked me about changing back into her coyote form. I told her, I probably couldn't teach her since it's not a simple thing like beta-shifts but she insisted on trying. So we tried. She can be rather stubborn, have you noticed that?"

"Yeah," Stiles agreed, gently stroking a stray lock of dirty blonde hair from the sleeping girl's face. "She gets it from her father, I suppose."

Derek cleared his throat. "Don't blame everything on the genes. I'm pretty sure, her social environment plays an important role, too."

"Are you implying I'm stubborn?" Stiles grinned, rolled onto his side again, reached out and poked Derek's temple.

"Implying? Stating a fact is more like it," Derek replied and batted Stiles' index finger away. "Watch your mitts."

"Or else you're gonna bite them off?" Stiles teased, his fingertips prancing along Derek's nose.

"Don't tempt me," Derek scowled.

"I'm not buying your half-assed threats, Sourwolf!" Stiles mocked in a provocative sing-song.

"But you should..." Derek trailed off, giving him a you-better-listen-to-me-kid sort of eyebrow move. Stiles grinned; a giddy, fuzzy feeling spreading from his core, warming his whole body.

"Oh, I don't think so, Derek. I feel pretty safe around you."

He noticed the strange expression that flashed over the werewolf's face for a second but he couldn't place it. Stiles blinked and the cocky smirk was back.

"I wouldn't if I were you."

"Tsk, Derek, please. Whatcha gonna do? Rip my throat out?" The 'with your teeth' was implied by Stiles' fingertips brushing Derek's lips.

"How about finger-food for starters?" Derek's husky voice made Stiles shudder for a reason he was all too familiar with, but before he could even think about appreciating the pun or retracting his digits from Derek's personal space two of them were trapped gently between white, sharp (and totally adorable slightly too big) front teeth, surrounded by a triumphant smirk. A hot thrill shot up Stiles' spine.

Despite his suddenly dry mouth he managed to croak out, "And yet again, you show amazingly bad taste. Who'd want Stiles for breakfast anyway? I mean, except for the present parties?" He nodded towards Malia and only later would he become aware of his slip into the plural form. "I bet, I'm all sinewy and leave a foul taste on your palate and make your gums itch." He chuckled nervously under Derek's steady gaze. Stiles was about to continue his rambling when Derek suddenly sucked the fingers into his mouth. Stiles' breath caught in his throat, jaw dropping, as he felt the hot, wet and velvety glide of Derek's tongue, curling around his trembling fingers. They kept eye contact while the warmth of arousal pooled in Stiles' groin and Derek's nostrils flared. He felt himself flush furiously, cheek tingling with the rush of blood, heart hammering like crazy in his chest. His lungs jumped back to life, making him gasp and inhale sharply with quivering lips.

"Derek..."

A broken groan escaped him as Derek gave a hard suck. He whimpered softly. Goosebumps rose on his arms and thighs and possibly on his neck, too.

Eventually, or all too soon, Derek let go of the drenched digits, but Stiles wasn't mentally prepared to bear the weight of his hand so it dropped to Derek's collar bones and stayed there. The index finger twitched once, but that was it. Stiles was frozen, breathing heavily, jaw slackened, eyes blown wide, slightly more than just half mast in his boxers.

"Tastes like bacon," Derek whispered hoarsely. "Did you snack on Pablo's bacon again?"

He might have needed another minute to get with the program. Stiles bit his lower lip and said quietly. "Don't tell Dad."

"About the bacon?" Derek deadpanned.

"... Whatever," Stiles shrugged and smiled, blushed and rubbed the pads of his still wet fingers along the clavicle beneath them. "Someday we'll have to talk about..."

"Hm-hm."

Derek's hand came up to close around his wrist, not much unlike Stiles' often did with Derek's wrist. The strong thumb stroked the back of Stiles' hand, slowly easing the tension from his body.

"Go to sleep Stiles," Derek rumbled softly, a hint of affection playing in his voice. Stiles caught on to it. He smiled lovingly as his eyelids drooped and he fell asleep before he could register neither the tender press of Derek's lips to the back of his hand nor Malia's arm hugging him around the waist.

*** The End ***