

Not Boring At All!

The Series as read on A30

Von Hoshisaki

Kapitel 5: Not A Boring Night Class!

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Stiles felt incredibly dirty and nauseated. Good thinking he did there, leaving the last cookie for Derek. Derek who was the sole reason he was out here in the first place. He grunted in disgust. His hands tingled weirdly even though he was wearing rubber gloves to clean up the mess. The trash cans behind the diner Stiles worked at were thrown over and everything in them was spilled over the concrete floor.

"I shouldn't have asked. When will I ever learn? I must not ask if the others heard that, too. I must not!" He half ranted, half berated himself. "‘Sounds like the trash cans fell over,’ he said. ‘Smells like a bunch of rowdy racoons,’ he said. ‘Want me to check it out?’ he said. ‘No worries, Big Guy, I got it!’ I said! Urgh!" Stiles groaned. "I'm so stupid!"

He closed the lid on the last can with a harsh shove and shuddered.

"If I catch your furry little butts in my diner's garbage again, Pocahontas won't save you. Be warned you menaces!" Stiles shouted into the mild summer night air and shook his fist at the tree line. The soft breeze did nothing to ease his agitation.

Mumbling, "You're so treating me to curly fries for this, Derek. You hear me? Curly fries and cheese burgers," Stiles went back inside. He threw the rubber gloves in the wastebin by the back door, scrubbed his hands in the first sink he came across and made his way back to his counter.

"Ah, there you are, Stiles! I was afraid the raccoons had carried you off to their leader," Lydia chirped from her elegant perch on the bar stool next to Derek for whom she was pouring coffee. Wait, what?!

"Lydia?" Stiles asked flabbergasted. "What brings you here? And where'd you get the

coffee pot?"

Lydia, in all her calm grace, set down the pot and added a splash of cream to her cup. "Interesting questions, Stiles. I brought myself here, obviously. By car, if you need to know. And I got the coffee from there."

She pointed her perfect nails at the ratty, old coffee machine while Stiles groaned.

"I realize, this is not a self-service restaurant but I needed coffee and Derek said, you'd probably be busy for a while. Apparently you were under some sort of raccoon attack?"

Stiles pouted, "It wasn't that bad," and glared at Derek.

Who simply sipped on his coffee.

"Okay, but isn't it your study night with our favorite deputy?"

Lydia clicked her tongue in exasperation. "Should I be worried about the fact that you seem to know my personal schedule?"

Stiles, however, grinned. "It's what I do."

Both Derek and Lydia huffed a quiet laughter.

"Can I get you anything from the kitchen?" Stiles asked, leaning against the counter, scribbling on his little note pad.

"No, thanks, I'm good," Lydia answered and eyed the piece of cheap paper Stiles had put under her saucer. "This coffee, however, is not."

Stiles was about to retort something sarcastic when the door bell chimed. Boy, was the diner busy tonight! Three guests! Stiles chuckled to himself, but quickly stopped when Jordan Parrish, dressed in his deputy's uniform, sat down next to Lydia.

"And what're you doing here, Deputy Parrish?" Stiles asked, surprised. Had someone decided to have a pack meeting at the diner??

"I've been reliably informed that there are strange things to read about in the books, here at this diner."

"Dutiful as always. So you came to check it out?" Stiles concluded. "I didn't know you were a forensic accountant, too, Deputy!"

Jordan laughed and took the old, leather-bound volume which Lydia had miraculously dug out from her purse. (Stiles swore that thing was either related to Mary Poppins' handbag or had a Undetectable Extension Charm on it. Or was possibly Time Lord technology. Stiles hadn't dared to ask her yet.)

"And doing overtime, too, Parrish. Isn't the late shift at the station over by now?"

"Nothing escapes your notice, does it, Stiles?" Jordan put another book, an ancient looking dictionary, on the counter.

"I wouldn't go that far," Lydia mused, twirling a lock of her strawberry blonde hair around her index finger and – for some reason totally beyond Stiles – looked at Derek. Huh...

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One hour later, Stiles had finished wiping the floor, had noticed Lydia's hand ever so slowly creeping up and lightly squeezing Jordan's thigh as she leaned in to quietly give her lecture on different kinds of creatures that inhabited any running water from the size of a tiny creek up to small rivers (East Hills River – with the exception of Matt Daehler's 'accident' – had seemed way too peaceful to be part of Beacon Hills in Stiles' opinion, just saying.) and was currently wondering what had happened to Derek's mood. The werewolf hadn't so much as said one word since Parrish had arrived. Okay, so he wasn't a big talker per se, but Stiles was under the impression that Derek had opened up to him when they were alo- Oh. That explained a few things.

Stiles might have glared at the couple's backs for a second.

"So," Stiles began cheerfully as he leaned over the counter and nudged Derek's elbow. "Wanna hear about the latest trick Hazel taught himself? You're gonna like this, I promise."

He beamed but Derek just tilted his head to the side, an expression of mild boredom still on his face. What, no eye brow move? Stiles was sort of disappointed. He enjoyed the different facial expressions Derek was capable of. Even if most of them scared Stiles to varying degrees. Or got him hot and bothered.

"How so?" Derek asked, tone flat.

"Ah, that's because it annoys the hell out of me when he does it," Stiles winked and refilled the coffee cup. "You see, dear Hazel, adorable as he may be, has discovered his love for cat toys. Which, thank you Scott, for bring those over. Anyhow – among the toys, there's this little ball, roughly golf ball-sized, that has a tiny but loud bell inside. And Hazel absolutely loves to throw that bell-ball-thingy around the room with his antlers or kick it with his paws. It's sooo cute! Yesterday though he played with the ball on my bed. With me still in it. At, like, five-fifteen in the morning. While I certainly can tune out things I don't wanna hear," Derek made an aborted chuckle-like noise here, "I find myself unable to tolerate a Wolpertinger excitedly jumping up and down my spine when I want to sleep. So I tried to put him down on the floor, but that only

resulted in him leaping back onto the bed. And today he did it again! He woke me up by kicking the ball in my face, can you believe it? I'm starting to miss the days he woke me up with his little rabbit kisses..."

Stiles sighed wistfully. Derek tried to hide a smile behind the coffee cup and Lydia commented absentmindedly, "They grow up so fast. Prada was the same," before she went back to translating archaic Latin.

Derek and Stiles listened for a while. Eventually Stiles felt Derek's gaze on him and turned to look at him. Derek looked back. Those eyes were amazing. Seriously. Stiles' mouth went dry.

A tap on his forearm brought him out of his reverie. Jordan smiled sheepishly at him as Stiles blushed.

"Yeah?"

"I think, we could use a little snack. Can you get us something?"

"Sure," Stiles said and passed Parrish a menu. "What'll it be?"

The deputy quickly skimmed through it. "I'll have the cheese sandwiches and a side salad."

Stiles enthused, "Good choice! And healthy. You should eat that in front of your Sheriff. At some point he has to acknowledge the merits of healthy food."

Parrish chuckled. "I'm not getting mixed up in your fight over the contents of the Sheriff's lunch box!"

"You'd best not," Lydia agreed, patting Jordan on the shoulder. "A salad for me, too, please."

"Okay," Stiles nodded. "Derek?"

All the response he got was a slight shake of the head.

"Right..." Stiles muttered under his breath. "Be right back."

Over the following meal Lydia got around to explaining why tutoring had to be moved from Lydia's room to the diner and Stiles was scandalized.

"So you're saying, your mom kicked you out for the night so she can have the house to herself and her boy toy? Seriously? What kind of mother does that?"

"The kind that has been divorced for years, is still very attractive and has a need for human companionship?" Lydia suggested with a dismissive hand gesture. "And it's not like it's a school night or like I don't have friends who would let me stay over on short notice, right?"

"Yeah, I guess so," Stiles acquiesced reluctantly and tried not to think of his biology teacher in lingerie. Awkward! He clapped his hands once and announced, "Okay, change of topic! How are the odds that something lethal alights from our ostensibly peaceful riverlet?"

The ensuing discussion, during which Stiles somehow wound up sitting next to Derek on a bar stool and so close their arms and knees brushed, ended in Stiles recounting the childhood anecdote of him and Scott, both seven years old, playing on the riverbank after school and Scott slipping and falling into the shallow water. (Their moms had been livid.)

After that the Bestiary told them about some really gruesome creatures of the deep sea. Stiles would never watch *The Little Mermaid* without getting goosebumps ever again.

Just before 3:30 a.m. Stiles sneaked off into the kitchen where he had stored a surprise for Derek. He carefully took the cake out of the fridge, checked the icing and stuck a small, delicate candle into the middle. Inhaling slowly he gathered his courage, lit the candle and carried the cake and a sharp knife outside.

Derek's face darkened as Stiles set the cake down in front of him.

"What is this?" He growled.

Stiles swallowed nervously. "I thought, the icing made it kinda clear? Y'know..." He indicated at the words written across the cake.

"Wow, Stiles," Lydia whispered. "Did you make that?"

Stiles blushed. "Yes, I baked a cake." To Derek he added, "And I tried the dough, so don't worry about food poisoning. Wait, can you even get that? Except for wolfsbane or mistletoe, I mean."

Derek scowled at him and grunted, "No."

"Okay, so..." Stiles didn't dare touch Derek, not in that mood, so he settled for saying, "Happy Birthday Derek!"

"I don't remember telling you when my birthday was."

"You didn't actually", Stiles replied, feeling the hot tingling in his cheeks as he admitted, "Your birth certificate did. I kinda looked it up. Says you were born exactly 3:30 a.m." He checked the clock on the wall. "Ergo, as I said: Happy Birthday Derek!"

Derek glared down at the cake like he had involuntarily bitten into a lemon.

"Aww, c'mon, Derek! That frowny face makes you look like you turned 30 today!" Stiles quipped but Derek kept glowering.

"It that carrot cake?" Parrish asked timidly.

"Why, yes, it is," Stiles smiled brightly. "Did the miniature marzipan carrots clue you in?"

Jordan and Lydia laughed and Stiles felt bold enough now to poke Derek's biceps.

"Wanna blow out the candle and cut the cake, birthday boy?"

Derek didn't so much as glance at the knife Stiles had brought with him.

"Why carrot cake?" Lydia asked with a soft smile.

Stiles smirked, "Oh, you think, the cake is some kind of joke because of Derek's front teeth?"

Lydia pursed her lips, "Is it?"

Derek's eye brows asked the same question.

Stiles' eyes widened and he held up his hands in defense, chuckling. "As much as I would love to take credit for that, I didn't choose the recipe. That was Hazel!"

"Oh, Stiles. Are you not above blaming the pet?" Lydia clicked her tongue in disapproval. "When school starts up again, will Hazel be accused of having eaten your homework, too?"

"What?? No!" Stiles nearly squeaked in terror. "I would never do that!"

"How did Hazel do it?"

Stiles almost overheard Derek's quietly interjected question but the intense glare he felt on himself sort of made him notice it.

"Thank you!" He said, sighing in relief that at least one person took him seriously. Despite Derek's continued scowling, Stiles explained, "I was browsing Mom's old baking books and left them open on the bed when Dad called me downstairs for a minute. When I came back, one of the books was on the floor and Hazel was sitting on top of it like it was his throne or something. I picked him up and there it was, the carrot cake recipe!" Stiles grinned and gestured at the cake.

"I see," Derek mused, slowly like he was half lost in his own thoughts.

"Cute," Lydia said and Jordan nodded.

To Stiles' surprise Derek picked up the knife, snuffed out the candle and started cutting the cake.

"Aren't you going to fetch plates and forks, Stiles?" He growled at him and chuckling Stiles got up to grab the necessary tableware.

After everyone had had a wedge and another cup of coffee, Lydia and Jordan excused themselves.

Stiles busied himself with doing the dishes to keep his mind off Derek. Although that proofed to be a futile endeavor.

"What's wrong?" Derek asked eventually when Stiles was just thinking maybe, if he was lucky, his rapid heartbeat would be ignored. No such luck. Of course. "And don't say 'nothing', because I can hear it's something."

Stiles bit his lower lip. "Did you... like the cake?"

Derek huffed, lifting an eye brow and reached for Stiles' hand. "Really Stiles?"

Looking away, Stiles shrugged. "I guess?"

He didn't want to discuss his confusing feelings for Derek, neither now nor at his workplace.

With an eye roll Derek got up from his stool and Stiles was about to panic but Derek, instead of leaving, rounded the counter and wrapped his arms around Stiles' waist, pulling him close.

Stiles, effectively stunned into silence, could hardly breathe until a quiet "Thank you" was whispered into his ear. Inhaling shakily he hugged Derek back, his arms around those broad shoulders, his clean shaven cheek rubbing tentatively against the stubble.

"Sure thing, Big Guy."

It came out shy and hoarse, but Derek seemed to appreciate the sentiment. Judging by his tightening grip.

"Happy Birthday," Stiles whispered, turning his head slightly. Dizzy with Derek's warmth and scent and affection, Stiles threw caution to the wind and kissed Derek. Just close enough so his bottom lip brushed the corner of Derek's mouth; just far enough so it could be understood as a peck on the cheek. Derek's sharp intake and his own quivering exhale mixed as they clung to each other. Stiles shuddered as Derek moved to bury his face in Stiles' neck.

They hugged for several minutes, pounding hearts and holding on tight. Stiles closed his eyes and just let himself have this. Didn't think of anyone else but Derek.

On the counter Derek's phone buzzed with a new text message and Stiles did not want to let go just yet. So he didn't.

And neither did Derek.

*** The End ***