## Of Green Beans and YouTube

**by nerdfightingwhovian**

### Summary

Stiles has a YouTube show that is essentially Hannah Hart's "My Drunk Kitchen" where he cooks food drunk but actually pretty well. Derek is a serious chef on YouTube. He has cookbooks that you can buy in actual stores and stuff. He's the real deal. Stiles' video-block is fixed when he stumbles across Derek guest-starring on a Food Network show. In a rush of inspiration he starts a new series where he cooks Derek's recipes drunk. Derek finds out about the show and instead of being angry, he's intrigued by the guy cooking and throwing things around his kitchen while drinking too much alcohol.

All recipes are from [this website](#). And are also linked within the fic.

### Notes

So I wrote this as a retaliation to something a friend started called a "fanfiction war."

Originally posted [here](#).

There might be a continuation of this as a series, but I'm not sure yet.
YouTube was not easy; there were subscribers to please, who wanted you to try this recipe or that recipe, and there just were not enough hours in the day to do all of the recipes they wanted him to do. After about the five hundredth comment asking him try to make a four tiered cake drunk, he slammed his computer shut and sulked for a moment.

“Scott,” he whined, walking into the living room of their apartment and throwing himself onto their red, orange, and yellow plaid couch, “I have no more recipes to make. I’ve dried up at fifty videos. I’m a failure, a has-been.”

Scott snorted, “Stiles, you get drunk and try to make food when you’re not washing dishes at the local diner. Just try to make some soup, or like a loaf of bread.”

Stiles gaped at his best friend and sometimes co-star of his YouTube channel, “Do you not watch any of my videos? Those are numbers ten and thirty.”

Scott shrugged, unapologetic. “Why don’t you try another YouTuber’s stuff? That could be fun.”

Stiles groaned and shoved his face deeper into the couch cushion. “You’re the worst.”

Scott smiled and patted his best friend’s head as he walked out the door to the vet clinic, “No I’m not, and you totally love me.”

Stiles listened to the door click shut and wiggled his way off the couch, landing on the floor in a lump of pajama pants and bed head. After a moment of laying face down and questioning his life choices, he decided to put on his big boy pants and start living his life. Starting with putting on actual pants. He flipped onto his back and stared at the ceiling. He slowly lifted his torso until he was sitting up. He bent his knees, looped his long arms around them, and rested his forehead against the soft fabric of his pajama pants.

He was twenty-three, almost twenty-four living in a shitty apartment in New York with his best friend since grade school. He had a dead end, part-time job that he hated with a burning passion, his brain was slowly rotting away in his skull while his student loans piled up outside his door. His Bachelor’s degree was collecting dust at the bottom of one of his desk drawers. He had no love life, neither a boyfriend nor a girlfriend since his girlfriend had broken up with him three months after graduation—she had wanted to “find herself” in some rundown town in Guatemala.

His only source of happiness was the YouTube channel he had created on a whim with Scott one night. His first video—now removed, because no one wanted to see that—consisted of a twenty two year old Stiles and Scott duo, freshly moved into their shitty apartment, getting drunk and trying to make nachos. Stiles had thought it would be funny to restart his high school era YouTube channel—abandoned when he had decided that double majoring with a minor was a good idea—and turned on a camera to film the undoubtedly epic failure.

While the nachos made that night had been horrifying—Stiles never should have listened when Scott had insisted that pickles would go well with the other toppings—the view counter had gone up and up until the video had been picked up by a vlogger talking about the nastiest food combinations he had ever seen. At which point the view counter had almost exploded and the video had ended up on the featured page of YouTube.

Soon, requests for recipes and videos had streamed into Stiles’ inbox. He remembered staring at the neat little 300 nestled in the red notification badge.

“SCOTT!” He had yelled, “Come look at this! People want me to make donuts next.”
Scott had stopped eating his cereal, spoon sticking comically out of his mouth, “Don’t we need a deep fryer for that?”

Stiles had paused and said, “We don’t have the money for a deep fryer. What about a really large pot filled with oil?”

Scott had shrugged, “As long as you don’t burn down the apartment.”

In his drunken escapade to create donuts, Stiles had not burned down the apartment but had only singed one eyebrow and ruined three dishtowels. He had, however, also gotten rip-roaringly drunk and made donuts that had, to his and Scott’s surprise, been 100% edible and sort of delicious.

A few more videos later and Stiles’ drunken YouTube channel had been born. Except now, as Stiles stared at his pajama pants, his show was dead, washed up, stick a fork in it, O-V-E-R. Stiles stared at his and Scott’s old T.V. and decided that desperate times had called for desperate measures: he turned on The Food Network.

He sat, resigned to his fate as a dish washer who watched The Food Network for inspiration. He was watching The Food Network for hours and was contemplating giving up when a particularly annoying woman introduced her show with reference to a special guest. A special guest who was an “internet chef sensation.” The camera panned over and Stiles fell off the couch. The “internet sensation” walking to shake the woman’s hand was an Adonis, an ode to perfectly proportioned shoulders and hips and cheekbones. He was an ode to beautiful eyes and perfectly engineered scruff. His teeth were white and straight and Stiles stared, wondering what it would feel like to have those teeth graze his earlobe or tug his bottom lip.

The main cook introduced the Adonis as “Derek Hale” which meant that Stiles now had a name to the man he would inevitably be stalking during the next commercial break. As the woman and Derek started cooking together Stiles began to get more and more agitated that Derek was doing practically nothing.

“Let him do something, you evil harpy!” Stiles yelled and threw a plastic container of old chow mein at the T.V. “I wanna see him chop something! Like an onion or a bell pepper!” Stiles looked forlornly around for something else to throw at the T.V. He could not, however, find anything else so he got up picked up what he could of the chow mein and returned to his seat. After he had settled back down into his cocoon of blankets and self pity, he hurled the chow mien at the T.V. again, this time screaming, “WHY ARE YOU USING FROZEN GREEN BEANS, YOU DISGUSTING WHORE?!”

Which, of course, had to be the moment that Scott walked in. With Allison. “Uh, Stiles, everything okay there?”

Stiles collapsed into a lump of desolation and blankets. “Jennifer What’s-Her-Name is cooking with a cooking Adonis and not letting him do ANYTHING. It is a travesty. His biceps could crack walnuts and he’s working the goddamn food processor. He keeps taking things out of the oven when his buns could stir the dough for the biscuits!” Stiles wailed into a pillow.

Allison snorted, “I highly doubt,” she paused in front of the T.V. “how are those arms even real?”

“UGH I KNOW!” On the T.V. Jennifer ordered Derek spoon the biscuit dough onto the baking sheet and Stiles hurled his pillow at the T.V.

Scott cocked his head and stared at the man on the television, “I don’t know guys. I don’t see it.”
Allison and Stiles stared at him, looked at each other, then pointed at the door, “Get out. There is no room for that sort of negativity in this apartment.”

Scott startled at the suggestion, “You can’t kick me out of my own apartment.”

Stiles and Allison looked at each other again, and thirty seconds later found Scott sitting outside his apartment door wondering how in the world his life had brought him to that moment.

It was that night that Stiles got rip-roaringly drunk with Allison that he cyberstalked cooking Adonis Derek Hale. It was also with Allison’s help that he discovered the new direction he wanted to take his show.

He and Allison spent hours looking up different recipes on Derek’s website. Allison oohed over Derek’s Maple Pork Chops; Stiles ahhed over Derek’s Thai Fish Cakes—and he denies that it was the cute moment where Derek had started sneezing because of the chili, garlic, and ginger mixture’s scent had been just a little too strong. Eventually, Stiles and Allison stopped stalking Derek’s channel and recipes. Scott dragged Allison out for their date and looked at Stiles with a look that said, don’t wait up.

His next episode was titled: Hottie Derek’s Spicy Seafood Paella: DRUNK EDITION. Needless to say, the episode was a hit. Both the video and the recipe. Stiles’ inspiration was back, and it was all thanks to Derek Hale: Hottie Chef

*~*

For Derek, filming was exhausting. Laura insisted that he smile and joke as if the camera was his favorite person in the world. Derek had scowled, “I don’t have a favorite person, Laura.”

Laura had sighed, “I know that, Derek. And you know that. But your viewers don’t know that. So smile.

So for the first few videos, Derek had smiled. He had smiled and joked and been everything he thought people wanted in a YouTube chef. Cora had spilled into his apartment days after his seventh video in a fit of giggles. “You’re a meme.”

Derek had scowled, “What’s a meme?”

“This,” she had said, grabbing his laptop and searching ‘help me eyes meme,’ “is a meme.”

And there Derek’s face had been, a screenshot from one of his videos smiling wide for the world to see. In big block letters it said, ‘My mouth says I’m happy but my eyes say help me, I’m dying inside.’ Cora had been laughing, “You’re all over the internet. People are using you as a reaction image.” She pulled up another one which said, ‘I’m smiling but inside my soul is being crushed.’

So now, Derek tried to be as natural as possible. When he filmed there were no hokey jokes or fake smiles. But somehow, his views went up and he became more and more popular. Laura still groused about how he did not smile enough, but Derek found more and more comments on his videos reading things like, ‘OMg that smile right @ the end was bEAuTuFiL!!!!!’ and to his surprise another meme came out. His face had been pasted onto the body of the ‘Most Interesting Man in the World’ and it read, ‘I don’t always smile, but when I do I’m the hottest guy around’ which was marginally better than his last meme.

It seemed people liked making his recipes and his newly created Instagram account was filled with notifications of him being tagged in photos of plates of his food. His cookbooks were doing well and he had been invited onto multiple cooking shows.
Being invited to be on Jennifer Blake’s cooking show was simultaneously exciting and the biggest disappointment of his life. Before the shooting had started she had gushed about his recipes and his style. In the makeup chair she had groped his bicep, telling him that it was obvious he worked out during his free time. She continually rested her hand on his thigh and ran it up until he grabbed it and threw it off.

He had looked at her tersely and said, “I’m sorry, I don’t know what signals I’ve been giving off, but I’m really not interested.”

She had pouted, her lower lip sticking out and brown eyes going wide, “What do you mean you’re not interested?”

“Well,” Derek said, staring her down, “for one, I’m gay. And secondly, I don’t like being propositioned when I’m trying to work.”

At his first statement Jennifer had flinched back. At his second statement, she had gotten up from her makeup chair and stormed away, long brown hair bouncing as she went.

During the shooting, her demeanor had completely changed. Even though they were cooking one of Derek’s recipes, she completely ignored him. She had him taking biscuits out of the oven and she was using frozen green beans instead of the fresh green beans the recipe obviously called for. This woman was ruining his recipe and could not give a single fuck about it.

When it came to taking a bite of the finished product Derek had pasted on his fakest smile and said, “Delicious. You’ve made it better than I could.”

Jennifer had taken a big bite of hers, given an obviously fake, pornstar moan and said, “Oh my god, Derek, this is so good. You’re a genius.”

And Derek had been so tempted to say, “Well, you’re technically the one who cooked it, so no, Jennifer you should take all the blame, I mean credit for this masterpiece.” But he really did not want Jennifer to claw his face off and so he just smiled and thanked her for the compliment.

Once the cameras had been shut off, Jennifer turned to him and said, “That was the most disgusting thing I’ve ever tasted, I don’t know how you’ve gotten so popular.”

Derek had decided to fuck it and yelled after her, “I use actual green beans you camera hogging bitch!”

Derek was smirking when security escorted him from the building with a bright red palm print on his face. Laura took one look at his face and said, “So no more cooking with other people.” And that was that. Derek was all solo cooking, all the time.

After Jennifer’s show, he returned to his quiet YouTube life, quietly making fish cakes and pork chops, and loaves of bread in his New York loft. He published his cookbooks which matched sales with Jennifer Blake and Deucalion from ‘Dinners with Duke.’

On the ten year anniversary of the fire, he brought his sisters on the show and together they made their parents’ favorite dishes. He made Middle Eastern lamb for his mother, and his father’s favorite hummus: beetroot. Then, on a whim he decided to make Hasselback potatoes because they went with everything.

That episode, to date, was his most viewed and most liked. There were countless comments about how hot his sisters were, and how it was so sweet to remember their family this way. There were comments on how much Derek had laughed and smiled and it was decided that this video was the
happiest he had ever been. Which Derek found a little strange considering the fire had impacted him so much when he was younger.

Derek stared forlornly at the small whiteboard on his fridge where he usually kept video ideas and recipe inspirations written in his neat print. The whiteboard, however, was looking far too white for it to be of any use. Luckily he did have some episodes filmed, as a contingency plan, but the longer he stared at the whiteboard, the less he could think of.

In a fit of angst he ripped his trusty whiteboard from the fridge and threw it across the kitchen. It hit his oven and broke in two, both pieces clattering to the floor in an impressive show of juvenile anger. Derek glared at the pieces of whiteboard sitting on his floor as if they had personally insulted his manhood or stubble.

When Derek looked up from glaring at the offensive pieces of whiteboard, Laura was standing in the doorway of the kitchen, hands on her hips, glaring. Derek grunted in her general direction.

“What the hell was that.” Derek was not the only Hale who had mastered the art of asking a question without asking a question.

Derek shrugged.

“No, don’t give me that ‘I don’t know Laura, I’m just feeling particularly moody and angry today.’ I get enough of that shit from Cora. You’re supposed to be my broody but generally okay one. You cook your feelings and the ones you can’t, you brood over.”

Derek shrugged again.

“What. Is. Wrong.”

“I’m just completely out of recipe ideas.”

“Maybe you should start some vlogs. You’ve gotten a lot of requests in the comment section. You can do a vlogs every other week and fill in the rest of the time with your pre-recorded episodes.”

Derek nodded, “So, I just talk about myself?”

“That’s pretty much it.”

“Laura, that’s a horrible idea.” Derek sat at one of the barstools that surrounded the island in his kitchen. He crossed his arms on the island and dropped his forehead onto his forearms, “I suck at talking to people. About me.”

“So talk to them about cooking. You love talking about food. You won’t shut up about food, usually.”

Derek took a moment to look up and glare at his sister.

Laura scoffed and flipped her hair over her shoulder, “You know I’m right. Don’t even try to deny it.”

Derek had nothing to say so he just dropped his head back down onto his forearms and grumbled something about older sisters being horrible people. It did nothing but make Laura laugh at him.

A week later, Derek’s first vlog went up. It was titled, ‘Real Green Beans vs. Microwaved Green Beans: The Difference You Can Taste and See.’ Derek was pretty pleased with himself when his
followers on Twitter all tweeted it at Jennifer Blake. It was on the front page of YouTube for a week and was by far his most popular video. Jennifer had not made any official comments about the video, until one day she let out a nasty tweet suggesting Derek’s sexuality. Which started a massive influx of tweets inquiring about his sexuality.

*Jennifer's Tweet:*

---

Chef Jennifer Blake  
@ChefJBlake

A little birdy told me that a certain @YouTubeDerek prefers sausage to anything else on the dinner table. ;)

---

Derek’s second vlog was titled: ‘I’m Gay.’ He looked straight at the camera, wearing his trademark leather jacket and gray henley. “Okay, after a thinly veiled tweet from someone, you guys have been asking some seriously personal questions. So, let me tell you this: I was being propositioned and pursued by someone I was not comfortable around so in an attempt to get them to stop, I came out to them. That information was later used as a way to embarrass and humiliate me after another imagined slight against this person. Their attempt, however, will not work. I am not ashamed of who I am and I haven’t been since I came out to my family when I was fifteen. I have made no conscious effort to try to keep this from anyone. For someone on YouTube with a vlog, I am very private. If this information about my sexuality makes you sick or disgusted with me, feel free to unsubscribe, stop making my recipes, throw out my cookbooks. Hell, burn them for all I care. Whatever makes your homophobic, hateful self happy. Meanwhile, I’ll just be continuing living my life the way I live it.” Then he clapped his hands together and said, “Now onto the fun stuff: the difference between different types of chocolate.”

It was a few weeks later when Cora burst into Derek’s loft holding a computer high above her head. “Derek! You’ve got to see what someone just posted on my Facebook wall.”

Derek’s eyebrows furrowed, “Don’t you live all the way across town? Did you carry that all the way from your apartment. Couldn’t you just use my computer here?”

Cora jammed an index finger against Derek’s lips, “Shhhhhhh. I got so excited I ran from my apartment onto the subway to show you this. Don’t ruin my moment.”

“Cora, I—”

Cora pushed her finger harder against Derek’s lips, “Just watch it.” Then she hit play.

There was an animation of a bottle of wine being poured onto the video screen then a blackboard came swinging down with chalk writing on it. It read, ‘Hottie Derek’s Salted Caramel Chocolate Tart: DRUNK EDITION’ with some letters either backward or upside down. Then the wine filled screen and there was a broad shouldered brunette in the focus. He had dark brown eyes and Derek traced a path of moles down from one corner of his lips into the collar of his graphic t-shirt and flannel combo.
“As you can tell from our lovely animated intro, today we’re cooking hot YouTube chef Derek Hale’s Chocolate Salted Caramel Tart. Drunk. You guys were pretty adamant about the continuation of my Hottie Derek series on Twitter this past week, so I’m here to deliver.” The brunette reached into a cabinet behind him and grabbed a large glass bottle. “Today we’re pairing it with an exceptionally cheap but decent bottle of rum. I know it seems a little too much like pirate day up in here, but trust me, friends, the rum’ll make everything better.” Then he poured a large glass of rum and began to drink it. Derek refused to admit that he watched the man’s Adam’s apple bob up and down. He finished the cup and threw it onto the ground; the plastic cup bounced when it hit the ground. “Barkeep, I demand another!” The brunette giggled.

From off screen there was a shout of a roommate or something, “Stiles! You are your own barkeep. And you forgot to mention your name again!”

The man, apparently named ‘Stiles,’ focused on the camera again. “Oh shit. I totally forgot to introduce myself. I’m Stiles.” He pointed to his chest. “And I cook things. Drunk. When I’m sober, I’m actually pretty good at cooking. The drinking just makes everything so much more fun.” He clapped his hands together, “Okay viewers onto the video. First that hot piece of man meat wants us to make our own crust.” Stiles pulled out the flour, the cold butter, the sugar, and the egg. He picked up his second cup of rum and gulped a few mouthfuls. There was a faint flush working its way up his neck. “I’m just combining th’ingredients like he said to. Flour and butter together. Flutter!” Stiles took a break from combining the flour and butter to take another swig from his large plastic cup, “The most important part of the baking process is remembering that when the rum is gone, Johnny Depp appears to give you more.” He looked down at the combined flour and butter. “I think the flutter is done. Derek,” Stiles looked into the camera, eyes wide face flushed, “what do I do when the flutter is done?”

Derek could not help but answer, “The sugar and beaten egg, Stiles.” Cora was laughing at him, but he could not find it in himself to give a damn.

Stiles glanced over at the recipe and used the moment to take another large swig of rum. As he poured the sugar and beaten egg into the flour and butter, he refilled his cup with rum and rambled at the camera, “Did you know that bees can cook their enemies by swarming around them and vibrating until they cook a wasp alive? Bees are metal. So much more metal than I am.” Because of his multitasking, Stiles spilled almost half of the sugar on the floor. “Oh shit.” He stared down at the pile of sugar, “I hope I didn’t need all of that sugar. I’m sure the crust was too sweet anyway.”

Derek watched as Stiles drank more and more rum and got more and more flushed. He tried to ignore the way that Stiles slurried together certain words like “Hottie” and “Derek.” Derek watched as Stiles stared at the chocolate and finally gave in by scooping some up in a spoon and moaning around the metal. Derek tried to ignore the little pink tongue that flicked out to catch the last bit of chocolate that had gotten caught on the corner of his mouth; he failed. He did, however, succeed in keeping his fascination with the pink tongue away from Cora, which was just as good.

At the end of the video Stiles, in all his drunken glory pulled his completed Salted Caramel Chocolate Tart from the refrigerator and set it on his counter. Just before cutting it, he decided to take another big swig of his rum. Stiles pulled his tart from the tin and disaster struck: half of the tart broke off and landed with a loud splat on the counter. Stiles whimpered at the loss of the chocolate-caramel goodness and Derek tried valiantly to not imagine that whimper with decidedly less amounts of clothing and more amounts of lube and bed—it did not work.

Derek figured that Stiles would give up and just throw out the messed up tart, but Stiles cut a piece from the part of the tart that had not fallen apart. He grabbed the piece with his bare hand and took
a large bite from it, moaning as the flavors burst across his tongue. A piece of caramel stretch from
the piece of the tart to Stiles’ mouth and Derek longed to scoop it up with a finger. Stiles, however,
took care of the piece of caramel with his own finger, sucking it deep into his mouth, cheeks
hollowing as he did so. Derek’s pants were suddenly much tighter than they had been before.

Stiles looked at the camera, face flushed, eyes dilated, and pink tongue flicking out wetting his
lips, “Okay, guys, that was really good. It fell apart, but I might just lick it from the counter
anyway. Just a reminder, I’m a trained professional: four years at college taught me how to drink
like this. Stay strong, stay sober, and stay cooking.” He waved and winked then the camera cut
off.

Cora was instantly staring at his face, “What did you think?”

“Ummm,” Derek could not say that this Stiles person was likely one of the most attractive people
Derek had ever seen. So instead he said, “he’s using my recipes without my permission.”

Cora smacked her forehead with her palm, “But he gives you credits and links and makes sure that
everyone knows he isn’t the creator of them. He’s not doing anything wrong.”

“But he didn’t ask if he could use my recipes. Mess with my brand like that.” Derek frowned harder
and crossed his arms.

Cora’s mouth dropped open, “Your brand? Derek, you came out in a video title and then
proceeded to talk ten minutes about the differences in types of chocolate.”

Derek sniffed, “There is a massive difference in cacao nibs and white chocolate. Taste, texture,
usage—”

“Oh my god!” Cora yelled and slammed her laptop closed. “You,” she shoved her index finger
against his chest, “are one of the most negative people I have ever met. In my entire life.” Then she
whirled and marched out of his apartment.

“One of?” Derek called after her, “I strive to be the most negative. I’ll just have to try harder next
time.”

Cora let out a little scream and slammed the door behind her.

Derek smirked into his empty apartment. Then he opened his laptop and began the long process of
watching every single one of Stiles’ videos.

The next morning Derek called Laura and asked if he could do a collaboration with another
YouTube cook. Reluctantly, she agreed to get in contact with him.

*~*

Stiles was not exactly used to getting calls from serious sounding women at eight o’clock in the
morning. Consequently, Stiles was not at his best and brightest when he answered the phone.

Stiles mumbled, “Whozzit?”

There was a gentle clearing of the throat, “Is this a Mister Stiles Stilinski?”

“Mmmm,” Stiles sniffed and cleared his throat, “Whaddya want?”
“This is a Laura Hale.”

“Who?”

“Laura. Hale.”

Stiles scratched his head, “I don’t know anyone by that name.”

There was a long drawn out sigh, “You wouldn’t know my name. You would probably know my brother’s though. Derek.”

Stiles froze. “Derek?”

Stiles could hear the smirk in her voice, “Derek.”

Stiles cleared his throat and sat up, fully awake. “Is this, uh, a cease and desist order?”

“Oh, not at all.” Stiles could hear a broad grin in the woman’s voice and Stiles was not sure whether he should be scared or terrified. “In fact, he wants to do a collaboration.”

Stiles’ mouth dropped open, and his voice raised in pitch “A collaboration?” He paused to clear his throat again. “With me? But, he’s like a serious cook. I’m just a guy who makes food while drunk.”

Laura laughed, “Well, he wants you two to pair up: one video goes to your channel, one video goes to his.”

Stiles ran a hand down his face, then paused. “Wait. Why isn’t he calling me? Why are you calling me?”

“I’m technically a strange combination of manager and publicist. Also, he doesn’t do so well talking to people. I handle the people, he handles the food and recipes.”

“So, the whole Jennifer Blake fiasco was your fault?”

“Technically, yes. But we learned something very valuable that day.”

“What?”

“Derek doesn’t play well with others in his kitchen.”

“Then why do you want me?”

“Oh god no. I don’t want you. Derek wants you. And between you and me, I don’t think it’s just for cooking. If you get my drift.”

“Oh, I get it. But um, are you sure?” Stiles nibbled at his lip and looked down at his worn pajama pants and over-sized white shirt stained with pomegranate. “I mean, not to be weird or anything but your brother is hot like burning and I’m, uh, geek-chic.”

“Stiles,” Laura’s tone was all business, “I’m not gonna bullshit you: my brother’s type has always been geek-chic. Ever since he was in high school and he was more sexually attracted to Peter Parker than Batman.” (Stiles gasped and whispered, but he’s Batman.) “What I’m trying to say is that you are exactly what Derek Hale, cook and man, wants. Now do you want to do the collaboration or not?”
“Was there ever a question as to whether or not I wanted to do the collaboration? I thought we were just arguing as to my aesthetic appeal. Of fucking course I want to do the collaboration.”

“Good. He’ll be in contact.” There was a pause and then a quickly added afterthought, “And no matter how gruff he is with you, I want you to remember, he does actually like you.”

Stiles waved a hand absently, “Yeah, yeah, yeah, I got it.”

Mere hours later Stiles received a phone call from the frowniest person he had ever had the pleasure of talking to.

He answered the phone like he always did, “Whazzup Stiles, no that is not my real name and yes my real name is worse, how can I help.”

“It’s Derek.”

“Ahhh Hottie Derek! Laura said you wanted me in your kitchen. When did you want to get together to cook something up?”

“Um.”

“We can make something hot. When I’m not drunk, I like to cook nice and slow. Really take the time to let all the flavors come out. So that can be for your segment. For my segment, I was thinking something a little faster? I mean, slow is good and all but when I’m drunk, all I’m thinking about is finishing. Ya know?”

Derek cleared his throat and said a little hoarsely, “I’m good with whatever. Both sound good to me.”

Stiles smirked and dropped his voice lower, “I’m glad you’re so versatile. It’ll make everything so much more enjoyable. I have a great recipe for sausage if that’s what you like.”

On the other line, there was a cough, “Uh, yeah,” Derek was even more hoarse now, “yeah, that, uh, sounds good.”

Stiles chuckled into the phone, “So where did you want to do this? My place or yours? We’re both in New York, right?”

“Uh, yeah.” Derek sounded distracted. “My place is fine. When do you uh, want, uh..”

Stiles chuckled into the phone, “When do I want to do it? Whenever you’re free for a long enough period of time. It’ll probably take a while. At least a couple of hours.”

Stiles could hear as Derek ground his teeth together. “How about we figure the rest of this out over email.”

Stiles laughed good-naturedly, “Is this conversation getting too heated for you, big guy? Don’t you know that saying, if you can’t stand the heat get out of the bedroom.”

“Kitchen. The saying is kitchen.” Derek was hoarse again.

“That’s what I said, isn’t it?”

“No, it isn’t. And to answer your question, no it isn’t because this conversation is too… heated. My youngest sister is coming over in fifteen minutes and I have to shower.”
Stiles froze and his voice dropped low, “What kind of shower, Derek?”

“The exact kind of shower you’re thinking, Stiles.” There was a pause and suddenly Derek was back in Stiles’ ear, growling low, “And I think you’ll be seeing soon just how well I handle heat in the kitchen.” With that, Derek hung up.

Stiles stared at the phone for a few moments then decided he should probably take a special shower of his own before Scott got back.

*~*

It only took a week and a half for Stiles and Derek to set up all the details for the collaboration. Derek lived a few subway stops away from Stiles’ apartment, and it was decided that since Derek’s kitchen was bigger—and, admittedly, better—Stiles would go to Derek’s. Derek was waiting for Stiles, dressed in a burgundy sweater with thumbholes, fingers tapping on his granite countertop.

He had the ingredients for the dish they would make ready, the camera was set up, and everything was ready. There was just no Stiles. Who was ten minutes late.

Derek was fine. He was not panicking. Not at all.

He stared at the clock. He had probably just missed the subway. Nothing to worry about. Nothing at all.

Another minute was added to the clock. Derek sat down and drummed his fingers on the arm of his couch. Maybe he got a little lost. Maybe he could not figure out how to get buzzed into the building. Maybe he was standing in front of the building staring at the endless panel of buttons trying to figure out what to do.

There was a knock at the door and Derek yanked it open, prepared to yell at whatever neighbor was knocking on his door asking for sugar—they tended to do that a lot, the young female ones in particular.

It was not, however, any of the annoying young women who usually knocked on his door but a brunette with whiskey brown eyes.

“Stiles, you’re here.”

The younger man smiled and nodded, hands shoved in his pockets and shoulders hunched slightly. “Yeah, like we planned.”

“How did you get in? I didn’t buzz you.” Derek leaned against the open door.

“One of your neighbors let me in.” Stiles cocked his head and smiled, “Is that okay?”

Derek nodded “It’s fine. I just wasn’t expecting you to be the one at the door.”

Stiles crossed his arms and leaned against the doorway, smirking slightly, “And who did you expect to be at the door?” Stiles pressed a hand against his heart, “Are you cheating on me, Der-Bear?”

Derek snorted and rolled his eyes, “Generally it’s the girls from upstairs knocking on my door asking for sugar. Although, I don’t think it’s sugar they want.”

Stiles smiled and dropped his gaze from Derek’s eyes, tracing his way up Derek’s body. “Can’t say
I blame them.” The tips of Derek’s ears turned pink. Stiles’ smile widened, “Y’know, as much as I like standing in your doorway, do you want to invite me inside?”

Derek’s ears turned even more pink, “Of course.” He stood back, pulling the door open wider. “Come inside.”

Stiles smiled and shoved his hands in his back pockets. “You ready to get the kitchen going?”

Derek raised an eyebrow, “Very.”

Stiles smiled and headed to the kitchen, followed by Derek. “You have a nice setup here.” He gestured to the countertops, “So much counter space. I think I could just lay on it.”

Derek snorted and came up behind Stiles saying, “You probably could, but you might not want to. It can get pretty cold.”

Stiles tapped his chin and stared at the counter thoughtfully, “I’m sure I could find a way to warm it up.” He froze and realized how that sounded, flushing slightly.

Derek smiled and traced Stiles’ body with his eyes. “And if you can’t, I could find a way to help you.”

Stiles turned toward Derek and walked toward him, stopping just in front of him. “Oh, you could, could you?”

Derek nodded and shuffled closer. The tips of their shoes barely grazed each other and Derek could feel Stiles’ breath puffing across his face. “I mean, you know what they say: If you can’t stand the heat—”

Stiles moved his hands to around Derek’s waist, tugging him closer. “get out of the bedroom.”

Derek chuckled, and drifted his lips across Stiles’. “I was thinking the kitchen.”

Breathless, Stiles leaned in and planted a dry kiss to Derek’s lips. After parting, Stiles rested his forehead against Derek’s, “I’m not all that picky.”

“Lucky me.” Derek smiled and captured Stiles’ lips in a deeper kiss. Stiles dragged his hands up Derek’s sides and came to rest curled around his shoulders from the back. Derek’s hands went straight for Stiles’ neck, cupping Stiles’ jaw in his palms, thumbs running slowly over Stiles’ cheekbones. Derek nipped Stiles’ lower lip and Stiles groaned, letting Derek’s tongue slide into his mouth.

When they had parted, Stiles looked at Derek and smiled with pink, shiny lips, “Shall we get to cooking in the kitchen so we can get to cooking in the bedroom?”

Derek nodded and grabbed Stiles by the hand, tugging him into the kitchen, Stiles laughing all the way.

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!