Friends Don't Let Friends Drunk Dial
by Hatteress (goddammitstacey)

Summary

But no one said anything about sisters.

Wherein Derek drunk dials Stiles, Stiles didn't know ANYONE was that interested in his moles and Laura can't stop laughing.

Notes

This started off as a prompt, was voted into a continuance and slid on home just in time for failwolf friday. HUZZAH!

"YOU...are a dick."

Stiles blinks. "I-" he stops, pulls his phone away from his ear and double checks the caller ID because seriously? "Derek?"

"A dick!" Derek says. Loudly. There's a cheer in the background of wherever he is, the sound tinny and small over the phone's speaker before the unmistakable sound of glasses clinking takes over.
Stiles feels his mouth drop open. "Are- oh my god, are you drunk?"

Derek makes a sound that's half scoff, half groan. "Nooo," he says and Stiles immediately deems the night the best fucking thing that's ever happened to him.

"Oh my god," he says, sitting up to slap at his bedside lamp. "You've drunk dialed me!"

"I have not," Derek says indignantly.

"You so have!" Stiles crows, before remembering his dad's just down the hall and it's - Stiles glances at his alarm clock - holy shit it's three thirty in the morning. "Where are you?" he asks, because drunk Derek may be hilarious but the life they lead, it can't hurt to keep tabs.

"You have the best lips," Derek says and Stiles barely registers the breathy fucking wistfulness in the tone because his brain is too busy screeching to a halt and throwing itself off a cliff.

"What?"

Derek hums. "Jesus, and your hands," he says and Stiles has WOKEN UP IN AN ALTERNATE FUCKING UNIVERSE because Derek's groaning like just the thought of what he's saying is putting him on edge and what? WHAT?! "The things I've imagined you doing with-" Stiles flails, gets tangled in his sheets and falls out of the bed. Even the pain of it isn't enough to distract him from the next words out of Derek's mouth which - oh my god that's an ode to sucking and Stiles can't-

Derek suddenly yells on the phone, a protested "Hey!" before the line is taken over with just - wow, really violent laughter. Stiles gapes up at his ceiling from the floor. "What the fuck Laura?!

Laura - there's no other word for it - cackles. "Oh my god," she wheezes. "Do me a favour and take a photo of his face the next time you see him. I can't even-" She loses it again until finally the line goes dead.

Stiles doesn't move for a very long time.

Derek has been hit by a truck before. He and Laura were being chased out of town by a resident pack in Iowa and, well, there'd been a LOT of highways to cross.

This? This is worse.

Derek groans, flopping over onto his stomach and blinks what feel like lead weights off his eyelids to glare at his bedside clock. 11am. Oh god, it's still morning. What kind of sick, death-wish-holding motherfucker wakes hungover werewolves up before midday?

"Rise and shine dick-face!" Laura yells, bashing on his door again. "Stiles is cooking bacon!"

Right.

Derek braces himself and falls out of bed. The closest clean thing to hand is a pair of sweats which requires leaning himself against the wall while he pulls them on because alcohol is the fucking devil.

"Derek!"

"I'm coming!" he hollers, immediately regretting it because noises that loud are not designed to come from a head so fragile, jesus...

Derek loves his sister. When she'd returned from the dead through some weird-ass, werewolf moon,
power-transfer bullshit, there had been actual tears. Tears and hugs and terrible, terrible relief.

It's that memory Derek holds onto as he tries to navigate the stairs without pitching down them head-first. He loves Laura. He does. He absolutely doesn't want to rip her spleen out through her nose.

He hears the voices from the hallway. Stiles is chattering away about the latest Batman movie as Laura laughs delightedly at his jokes. It's probably the worst injustice in the world that Stiles and Laura get along so damn well. To the point where apparently Stiles gets free fucking reign of the Hale house kitchen on a Saturday goddamn morning.

"It's eleven am," Derek growls, throwing himself into a seat at the table. It's new - like everything in the newly renovated house - but still manages to creak ominously at the violent treatment.

"Really?" Laura says exaggeratedly. "Your powers of observation astound me."

Derek groans and smacks his head down on the table because life isn't fair and- yep- that's Laura laughing at him. Why had he missed her again?

"There, there kitten," Laura says, and much as he tries, Derek can't quite get his hackles up at the old childhood nickname. He's missed hearing it too much. "Have some coffee, it'll make you feel better."

The clink of a cup being set down in front of him is like the purest note from a choir of Angels. Not even Stiles snorting, "kitten?" is enough to shatter the holy perfection.

"I hate you less," Derek says, dragging the cup closer and letting the smell - oh god coffee - wash over him. He feels one hundred and ten percent better already.

Laura grins at him. She's dressed already, casual in a pair of jeans and a girly plaid top. It's nice; suits her. For a long time, when they'd been living out of the Camaro, it'd been nothing but base colours and sturdy jackets. Patterns and light cottons had been trunk space they just couldn't afford. Derek can't help but soften a little at the sight of Laura wearing what she used to wear before - before.

His thoughts must show on his face because Laura's smile gentles before she hip checks Stiles next to her. "Hate Stiles less too," she says. "He's cooking you breakfast."

Derek looks to Stiles who's been shifting around in front of the stove and- actually being quiet. It may as well be a sign of the damn apocalypse. As he watches, Stiles' ears go pink and Derek frowns before he suddenly registers what Laura's said. "You're not eating?"

"Nup," Laura says, putting her own coffee mug in the sink. "I'm meeting Lydia for lunch at the Bell Jar."

It's innocent. Totally so. Laura's having lunch with her girlfriend. There's absolutely nothing there that should be setting off alarms in Derek's head but he can suddenly barely focus over the clanging. Laura smirks, eyes ticking to Stiles and then back to him and oh god, what?

"Enjoy!" Laura says, patting Stiles on the shoulder as she passes. He gives her a small smile and that's- that's Stiles' nervous face. Derek scowls. What the fuck is going on?

"Oh hey Derek," Laura says, spinning in the doorway with a grin that's as wide as it is terrifying. "You should check your messages - I think I heard your phone going off this morning."

And then she's gone. Stiles flips the bacon just as the front door closes and Derek rolls his shoulders, trying to shrug off the itch of foreboding.
"Kitten?" Stiles says. "That's adorable."

Derek rolls his eyes as he reaches for his phone which he's just noticed is on the bench. "It's a...thing," he says. Because he'll claw his own face off before admitting to Stiles that if he growls low enough it sometimes sounds like a cat purring.

He flips his phone open as Stiles snorts. There're no missed calls or messages but he taps open his texts to check just in case because Laura's a nosy bitch and he wouldn't put it past her to- oh holy mother of fuck.

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The words stare out at him like a giant, neon heart-attack and Derek honestly doesn't know what's worse, the declaration or the little taunting 'message sent' under them. Fuck. FUCK.

Derek scrolls and oh Jesus Christ-

with m teeth

Derek sucks in a breath and clutches at the phone so hard he feels the casing protest. The sound of bacon sizzling suddenly seems about ten million times louder than it had been before and Derek can't look up, he just can't because Jesus fucking fuck FUCK.

"You should hear the voicemails," Stiles says and Derek jerks up just in time to catch Stiles'- wow, he's just really - face before there's a plate piled high with bacon, scrambled eggs and toast being slid in front of him and fuck his life, the toast even has the crusts cut off, just how he likes it.

Derek watches numbly as Stiles fetches his own plate and slumps down in the chair across from him, ears bright red and eyes down.

"I-" Derek swallows, looks from his phone to his plate, anywhere - anywhere - but Stiles. Because this...this thing, whatever it is, was never- Stiles is barely out of highschool for fuck's sake and-

There's a click and Derek looks up to find Stiles is- Stiles is taking a fucking picture. Blush high on his cheeks, heart beating a million miles a second, Stiles still manages to smirk at him. "I promised Laura," he says.

What- Derek's vision washes suddenly red and Stiles' heart double-taps before he's- fucking hell, he's bolting. Oh, it is on. Derek thinks he deserves credit for not flipping the goddamn table, even if his chair does smash back into the wall hard enough he hears wood splinter. He hits the hallway wall-first and uses the momentum to catch Stiles around the waist and tackle him onto the carpet.

Stiles goes down with a yell, twisting slightly so he lands on his back, arms flailing above him to keep the phone out of reach and Derek snarls, pinning him in place, clawing his grip into Stiles shirt while Stiles...laughs. Stiles is laughing. Violent and loud and Derek can't help that the sound hooks into something low in his belly and swoops.

"Oh my god, your face!" Stiles gasps and he's flushed and panting, grinning wide and Derek's in so, so much trouble because he's fucking devastating. Derek suddenly can't move - can't breathe - and Stiles cocks his head, like Derek's the final piece of a puzzle that just won't fit, before leaning up and lips.

It's soft - a bare press of mouths and nothing like Derek had imagined - because yes, fuck, he's imagined - a first kiss between them being. It's over almost before it's begun, Stiles pulling back, eyes wide and bottom lip slightly wet where Derek's had caught it. He looks about as surprised at himself
as Derek is.

"Ah..." Stiles says and Derek should get up. Should give them both space to work out what the fuck is going on. Instead, he's leaning down and licking at the damn shine on Stiles' lip, feeling Stiles' little shocked grunt hit him low and hard and Jesus Christ, he's not going to survive this at all.

Not that it matters, because Stiles is suddenly making the best fucking noise and there are hands in his hair, yanking him closer and Derek hardly hears the phone thudding dully onto the carpet next to them because Stiles' mouth is hot and wet and there's an ankle hooking around his hip and-

And Derek's never drinking again. Because the next time he calls Stiles at three in the fucking morning he's going to remember it.

End Notes

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