

Black Coffee Sucks (But Derek Hale Doesn't)

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Black Coffee Sucks (But Derek Hale Doesn't)

by [whentheywrite](#)

Summary

Stiles didn't want to get a job. But Derek comes in every morning, so maybe it's not so bad.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

Stiles would like to say that first of all, he didn't want to have a job, thank you very much.

But he was a teenage boy and it was his responsibility to be prepared to face the real world. And... and his dad refused to buy him curly fries on the regular. So Stiles got a job.

He had to support his curly fry addiction some way, alright?

Though, being a barista at the Beacon Hill's favorite cafe 'the Bean' really wasn't that bad. Yeah, sure, sometimes Stiles got customers that made him want to bash his head into the nearest wall, but there were perks too.

Like the tips. The free (not really, but shh) coffee. And the fact that Derek came in every morning to get his daily cup of the most boring drink in the world.

Black coffee.

Stiles didn't understand why the man didn't just brew his own coffee at the loft, but Derek was an enigma. He did weird stuff and Stiles had given up long ago trying to figure him out.

Okay, that last part was a lie. But if Derek wanted to spend a dollar a day on crappy black coffee, Stiles wouldn't judge him for it. Too hard, at least. Plus, he got to see the werewolf's grumpy face and expressive eyebrows every day.

Stiles found himself looking forward to that far more than he should.

It was a Tuesday morning at eight o'clock when Derek pushed into the coffee shop as usual. Stiles grinned from ear to ear and propped his chin up on his hands, leaning forward.

"Why good morning dearest grumpy-pants," Stiles said with a grin, winking at him. Derek rolled his eyes and thumbed out his wallet.

"Stiles."

"The usual, I trust? One pink drink coming right up."

Derek didn't look impressed. Stiles grinned.

"Wait, no, my bad. I'll hit you with a double chocolatey chocolate frappuccino in five minutes, Sourwolf. Just let me grab the extra chocolatey chocolate syrup."

"Stiles, you're an idiot."

"Ah, yes, but I'm the idiot in charge of your drink order. You wouldn't want me to mess up that fine black coffee you're so obsessed with, would you? Now tell me, what did you want to order again?"

"You literally just said it."

“Oh, shit my bad,” Stiles said with a grin. “One low-fat sugar-free vanilla latte coming right up. Wouldn’t want to lose those little werewolfy muscles, would you?”

Derek rolled his eyes and slapped a dollar onto the counter before stalking away. Stiles grinned after him.

“What, no tip? You’re a Scrooge!”

Boyd came out from the back room, wiping his hands on a dishrag. He glanced between Stiles and Derek and then sighed, shaking his head. “Black coffee?”

“No, Derek wanted to try that new drink we just promoted. What is it called again? The unicorn?”

Derek glared at him from over at the waiting counter and Stiles smirked cheekily, wiggling his fingers through the air in a wave. Boyd snorted and moved away, heading toward the coffee machine.

Stiles thought he was no fun.

Boyd pushed a small black coffee into his hands a few moments later and Stiles finished capping it. Like he did every day, he slipped a sleeve around the middle and then pulled a pen out of his back pocket, scrawling his number and a winky face onto the cardboard.

Then, with a bright smile, he carried the coffee over to the counter and deposited it in front of the waiting werewolf.

“One triple shot of espresso, Mr. Hale, just like you ordered.”

“You’re impossible.”

“Really? Because I think I outdid myself today. Give it a taste and tell me how amazing of a chef I am.”

“It’s coffee,” Derek said flatly. “And you didn’t even pour it.”

“See, Derek, this is why rainbows hate you. Can’t you just play along for once and tell me how amazing my black coffee is?”

Derek snorted and plastered a fake smile on his face, shoving a five-dollar bill across the counter before he turned away. “Your black coffee is amazing, Mieczyslaw.”

“Okay,” Stiles called after him, crossing his arms. “Just because you learned how to say my full name doesn’t mean you have the right to use it!”

Derek ignored him, the overhead bell ringing as he pushed out of the shop. Stiles wrinkled his nose and glared at the man’s back.

“Furry asshole.”

“He can still hear you,” Boyd said, brushing past. Stiles grinned.

“I know.”

-

When Derek came in the next morning, it was eight o’ five. Stiles grinned at him and couldn’t resist making a show of checking his non-existent watch.

“My, Sourwolf, did you get caught up in traffic? I thought you’d died or something.”

“Shut up, Stiles.”

“Ah, I can see we’re feeling particularly positive this morning. Tell me, Grumpy Cat, will you be trying something other than black coffee today? I make a mean mocha, or you can go out on a limb and try something even better. Like adding whipped cream.”

Derek gave him a flat look and dropped a dollar onto the counter. Stiles heaved a dramatic sigh and turned away, waving a hand over his shoulder.

“Ya basic, Derek!”

Erica was on shift today and she’d come out with a grin the moment Derek entered the shop. Stiles went to grab a cup but she was there first, picking one up and shooting him a mischievous wink. “I’ve got him today, Batman.”

Stiles squinted at her. “Are you going to poison it?”

“Maybe.”

“Fine,” he said, shrugging. “Just don’t leave behind any evidence.”

Erica’s smirk was wicked as she trailed her fingers over the back of his neck and started toward the coffee machine. Then she completely bypassed it and went for the syrups, grabbing the chocolate, strawberry, and caramel.

Stiles cackled to himself and moved to help the next customer.

When Erica came back over with the small coffee, Stiles thought it smelled like the ice cream aisle at the grocery store had thrown up into a couple of teaspoons of coffee. He still took the cup and capped it, scrawling his number onto the cardboard slip before waltzing over to where Derek was waiting.

The man scrolled idly through his phone, not paying them any attention.

“One fine ass cup of joe for my favorite Alpha werewolf to ever grace Beacon Hills with his eyebrows,” Stiles said. “Should I take my compliments now or wait until after you’ve had a sip?”

Derek rolled his eyes and slapped a five onto the counter again. Stiles pocketed it before the man could take a drink and quickly hurried away. Erica was already out of sight, the traitor.

Stiles didn't make it into the backroom before Derek was gagging. Despite his best, fastest efforts.

"Stiles, what the hell is this?"

Stiles winced and turned back around. Those in the coffee shop were staring and he put on his best 'customer service' smile, moving back over to the counter. "I'm sorry, sir, is everything not to your liking?"

"Stiles, this isn't even coffee!"

"Sir," Stiles said, keeping his expression neutrally blank. "If you would like me to make you another cup, I would gladly do it. Of course, the specific instructions you left earlier were a bit hard to follow—"

"All I wanted was a black cup of coffee!"

Stiles did his best to smother his grin. He thought he must have all the self-control in the world because he could hear Erica cackling in the back room. Clearly, Derek could too, because he turned a few different shades of red before growling and turning away.

Stiles watched him stalk out of the coffee shop with a carefully blank expression before sighing and turning away from the customers that stared.

Only when he made it to the back room did he break down into laughter too.

-

He'd half expected Derek to not come the next morning. But Derek strode through the doors at seven fifty-five on Thursday and Stiles couldn't resist beaming from ear to ear.

"Sourwolf! You're here!"

"If you give me anything other than black coffee this morning, I'm going to rip your throat out," Derek said, flashing his red eyes. Stiles only grinned.

"One calming herbal tea coming right up!"

"Stiles."

Stiles only chuckled and tipped two fingers to his temple, turning away. Isaac— always the true puppy— was already making Derek's coffee. The beta rolled his eyes as Stiles tugged on his scarf and scoffed.

"You're such a suck up, I-sack."

"Shut up, Stilinski."

“Gimme,” Stiles said, ignoring him and making grabby hands. Isaac shook his head and shoved the coffee over, nearly sloshing it over the edges.

“And I’m the suck up.”

“Oh, don’t give me that, I’m just making sure you assholes don’t do anything to our majestic alpha’s coffee! I know better than to trust you bastards.”

“Didn’t you put a raw egg in his drink last month?”

Stiles cackled, remembering Derek’s face when he’d opened his cup. Stiles had been locked out of the loft for a week after that occasion, but it’d been worth it. “I made the coffee so hot, the egg had nearly finished cooking.”

“You’re an idiot, Stiles.”

Stiles only grinned and went through the motions; the lid, the slip, and the number. He noticed Derek had been watching his every move. Stiles laughed and deposited the coffee onto the counter with a hum, dropping his chin onto the palms of his hands.

“Alpha, oh my Alpha. Here is your coffee.”

Derek only rolled his eyes and took it, turning away. Stiles squawked and gazed after him.

“What, no tip?”

The man acted like Stiles hadn’t even said a word, pushing back out of the shop. Stiles stared at him for a moment longer and then sighed, turning away. Revenge for yesterday, he had no doubts. Derek was never any fun.

Isaac laughed at his hurt expression; Stiles flipped him the bird.

It wasn’t like he cared.

-

Stiles was alone on his shift come Friday. The betas all refused to work on the weekend and while Stiles argued that Friday didn’t count as the weekend, they still refused to pick up any shifts.

Derek still came in at eight o’clock sharp that morning. But this time, it was Stiles’s co-worked who went over to take his order.

Stiles was... erm, busy.

There was this Beacon Hills Community College kid who’d been coming in all summer and Stiles was pretty sure he’d taken a shining to him. Because the guy always tipped extra, always stuck around to chat afterward, and always, um, left his number.

Stiles was usually pretty flattered. Except now Derek was looking at him with murder in his eyes.

Stiles chuckled nervously and pushed himself away, walking over to the counter where Derek's waited. The man frowned and looked over his shoulder, and Stiles could've sworn his eyes flickered red. Blinking, his grin slipped and he smacked the man on the shoulder.

"Dude, what the hell are you doing?"

"Who is that?"

"Who is—" Stiles glanced over his shoulder where Mark was quickly making a beeline for the door. Singing heavily, Stiles gazed back at the angry-looking werewolf. "Dude, are you serious right now? He's human— a college student— not a threat."

"I know he's human," Derek said in a growl. "I can smell his stench from here."

Stiles blinked. "Um."

Derek tore his gaze away and glared down at the counter. Stiles's co-worker came over and slid the man's black coffee across the counter; missing the slip. But Derek didn't take it. Stiles stared at him for a moment and then his mouth dropped open.

"Oh my god," he said, the realization kicking in. "Are you jealous, Derek?"

Grey-green eyes snapped back up. Derek scowled. "No."

"You are!" Stiles said, his grin returning. "Oh my god, dude, you're totally jealous! What, am I not allowed to write my number on anyone's cup except for yours? You never even text me!"

Derek's eyes flashed. "You gave him your number?"

"No, Sourwolf," Stiles said with a laugh. Derek's jaw ticked and Stiles shook his head, looking at the man fondly. "You're the only Alpha werewolf that I purposefully mess with. I promise."

"M' not jealous," Derek mumbled dropping his gaze again. Stiles chuckled and pulled the pen out of his back pocket, grabbing a cardboard slip and quickly scrawling his number onto his. He grabbed Derek's coffee and fixed on the slip, before offering it over.

Derek took it with a small smile.

"One expertly done back coffee," Stiles said with a grin. "Probably because I make do it."

"Your black coffee is amazing, Mieczyslaw," Derek said softly. His fingers brushed against Stiles's own as he took it, and Stiles couldn't help as his heart did a little flip.

He watched until the man left the coffee shop before deflating into himself and shaking his head. The grin on his face wouldn't leave.

“Softiewolf,” he murmured. In less than three seconds, his phone buzzed and Stiles dug it out in confusion. Everyone knew he was on a shift.

‘I can still hear you, you know’

- *D*

Stiles grinned even wider to himself and glanced toward the closed door. His chest felt full; warm.

“I know.”

End Notes

Written for the prompt; "Oh, you're jealous!" and I couldn't resist a coffee shop twist. Does this count as a coffee shop AU? I've been told I don't write those enough ;)

Of course, I adore hearing what you guys have to say! Comments make my day <3

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