

## March Words 10: Tasteless

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/13924479) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/13924479>.

Rating:	<a href="#">General Audiences</a>
Archive Warning:	<a href="#">No Archive Warnings Apply</a>
Category:	<a href="#">M/M</a>
Fandom:	<a href="#">Teen Wolf (TV)</a>
Relationship:	<a href="#">Derek Hale/Stiles Stilinski</a>
Characters:	<a href="#">Stiles Stilinski</a> , <a href="#">Derek Hale</a> , <a href="#">Scott McCall</a>
Additional Tags:	<a href="#">Ficlet</a> , <a href="#">Flash Fic</a> , <a href="#">Alternate Universe</a> , <a href="#">Bad Cooking</a> , <a href="#">Mentioned Isaac</a> , <a href="#">implied scisaac</a> , <a href="#">Stiles to the rescue</a> , <a href="#">Fluff and Humor</a>
Language:	English
Series:	Part 10 of <a href="#">March Words</a>
Stats:	Published: 2018-03-10 Words: 810 Chapters: 1/1

# March Words 10: Tasteless

by [Siriusstuff](#)

## Summary

Stiles has a solution to Scott's baking fail.

## Notes

For day 10 of the March Words prompt list:

<https://inkandblade.tumblr.com/post/171412546721/drabble-me-march>

The word is "tasteless."

“Hey, my dude, what’s the problem? Where’s the crisis? Why’d you call us over—Oh.”

Stiles’s stream of questions stopped with a look at Scott’s pale face.

He realized it was not due to withdrawal of blood from Scott’s skin’s surface. It was flour.

There was flour in his hair; there was flour in his eyebrows. It looked like there were little smears of dough under Scott’s eyes too, which Stiles would learn were where the flour had mixed with Scott’s tears.

Scott looked awful but not as awful as what he cradled listlessly in front of himself: a—colander?—partially filled with brown-edged roughly circular things.

“I wanted to make butter cookies for Isaac’s birthday present,” Scott lamented. “Would you taste one?”

Derek, who was there with Stiles because Scott’s emergency call interrupted a hot Saturday afternoon make-out session, was the first to reach for one. That’s the kind of person Derek was, not just supportive boyfriend but supportive of boyfriend’s friend.

He took a microscopic nibble, and knew he had only to wait for Stiles to render judgment.

“Taste one,” Stiles repeated. “You want me to taste one. You want me to taste one of the butter cookies you baked for Isaac’s birthday,” Stiles delayed for as long as he could while raking eyes over the batch for the least unappetizing-looking of Scott’s confections.

Stiles’s memory was awesome, especially about bad experiences, which encompassed every one of his best bro’s efforts at cooking: the zombie tamales, the chili con carnage, as Stiles had named them, being historic worsts. Scott had even messed up franks and beans.

But Stiles was a bro, and bros took bullets for each other even if it was a bro who fired the bullet.

He put the entire cookie in his mouth then made a Stiles Stilinski effort at disguising a Stiles Stilinski gag.

“Id sud duh tah iva oud m’moud,” Stiles said.

Scott turned his confused face to Derek, who translated.

“He said it’s sucked the saliva out of his mouth.—You have any milk?”

All the milk had died an ignoble death preceding the cookie fail. Scott handed Stiles a bottle of water.

While Stiles swished and swallowed a few times, Scott asked, “They taste bad, don’t they? They’re no good.”

Once he could speak again, “Taste bad?” Stiles retorted. “They have *no* taste, Scott. Scott, they’re not just ‘no good,’ they’re *horrible*. *They’re horrendous*. Starving pigeons wouldn’t eat these things and then you’d deserve being arrested for animal cruelty if you tried feeding starving pigeons these things.”

With a huge pout Scott pitched the colander aside, sat down and would’ve laid his head down to cry if there’d been any space on the table to do so.

“Scotty,” Stiles immediately comforted. “Scotty, why’d you even—Scotty, baking is an art form. It’s like chemistry.—And we know how well you did in chemistry.”

“Shut up!”

“OK, I deserved that.—But, really, why waste your time, your energy, all these—formerly edible ingredients, when you can buy five pounds of these things in a nice tin for twenty, twenty-five bucks, eh?”

“I wanted to give Isaac something with a personal touch.”

“Fine. You can do that. Give Isaac a nice tin of butter cookies that won’t cause terminal dehydration and then you can sex him up real good. Nothing says personal like sex, right, babe?”

Stiles faced Derek for the question and Derek, not expecting his sudden inclusion in the conversation, jolted just a little, shrugged his shoulders and with a tiny head shake answered, “Sure.”

Stiles wasn’t finished with him though.

“What?—Have you ever been disappointed with any ‘gift’ I’ve ever given you?”

“Gift” got air quotes and the question’s end got a double eyebrow jiggle.

Derek just wanted Stiles to stop talking about their sex life in front of Scott, unaware Scott wasn’t paying attention to anything and Derek could’ve sprouted horns tipped with tassels for all Scott would’ve noticed.

“Never,” Derek replied, tilting his head to signal, *Let’s go*.

“Tell you what, my bro of bros,” Stiles continued, “We’ll go pick up that tin of cookies for ya. You clean up,” looking around the kitchen, “this *unbelievable* mess, then yourself, and by the time you’re finished we’ll be back. Give me thirty bucks.”

“I thought you said twenty five?”

“You want a bow on it or something, right?”

Scott shuffled away, still dejected.

“Do you talk about our... *private* life with everybody?” Derek whispered.

“Not ‘everybody.’ Besides, you always get a winner’s edit.”

Before Derek could question further Scott returned.

“I only have twenty seven dollars.”

Stiles snapped it up. “That’ll do.”

Back in the Camaro, “Where should we go for these cookies,” Derek asked.

“Target sells ‘em cheap,” Stiles answered, “and I’m keeping the change. Scott’s gotta pay for making me eat one of those horrific things.”

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