What am I doin' hanging round...

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Characters:	Peter Tork, Davy Jones, Michael Nesmith, Micky Dolenz
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by PeterTorkswife

Summary

You work in a high end boutique in California, you have a relatively nice house, however you still feel restless. Things make a turn when eventually you meet a band of Monkees, a new TV serries thats being raved about from near to far. However that one hippy seems to keep his distance... what's his problem anyway?! And how come is he just your type..?

Notes

This is my first fic EVER, I can't believe Ao3 went down just as I was about to receive my sign up email what the heck!! I chose to ignore all real life relationships so basically its gonna read like The Monkees in the show mixed with real life... so all the fun of Mike and Peter hating on each other. But with them acting like the show versions of themselves.
Also I wrote this with a feminine reader in mind, however there's no use of pronouns pointing either way so I suppose choose your adventure??? I don't even know... enjoy!!
(Chapter one is short but the next ones should be longerrr)

Chapter 1: Chapter one, Tall, dark, handso- MIKE NESMITH?

It's the fall of 1967; you work as a sales assistant in a boutique you can't even say the name of. You live in a relatively decent—however small—apartment in Downtown California. Life is pretty good. However, that hadn't stopped you from feeling restless. You feel as though your talent is being wasted on meaningless retail. Though very stylish you were never a huge fan of the quantity of clothes you see phase in and out, finding it—wasteful even. However, your tree-hugger ways were not the reason you were so inattentive in your everyday life.
You longed for the days you could describe yourself as a "starving artist". For just a few years ago you spent your days doing leisure activities, such as; painting, singing and playing your various instruments.
But you were far too old for that now. You had to keep your day job to pay your bills. After all, that seventy-five dollars a month won't just come out of thin air.
Regardless of how your mundane life is—you still find life for fun, you decide to venture down to your local night club, the atmosphere was pristine, perfect for a night of de-compression.
You sit down at the bar, order a drink, but someone over the way catches your eye.
He has warm yet dark eyes and dark brown hair that whisps across his forehead.
You make eye-contact for a split second and then look away. The stark change in air after that small interaction was too much. You stare into your drink intensely. Still, you find yourself curious of the tall stranger. However you look up and he’s gone. You breathe a sigh of relief and take another sip.
“Are you going to buy me a drink or what?” you hear a Texan accent pop up next to you.
“Well, aren’t you a confident one.” You reply giggling lightly.
“Names Micheal, you?” The newly introduced ‘Micheal’ said.
As you swap names, you suddenly recognize the man.
“Hold on, you don’t happen to be the Micheal Nesmith do you…?”
Mike lights himself a cigarette as he smirks, “Ah so you’ve heard of me?”

As the night goes on you find yourself taken aback about how much you have in common. Maybe this is the start of something...

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