we were never supposed to make it half this far

by Marishna

Summary

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“Truth,” Derek chose again and Stiles had to stop from sighing.

“Have you ever, um, gotten off in Stiles’ room?

Notes

Day 2 of mmom!

Wanna leave me VISUAL and/or SETTING prompts for the rest of the month? Leave them here!

Truth or dare after age fourteen, or a drunken seventeen, is never a good idea.

Truth or dare at any age with werewolves is insane.

Erica tapped her fingertips against her lips before pursing them in a wicked smirk. “Stiles,” she
started, turning her gaze to him. “Truth or dare.”

Stiles hesitated, thinking if he chose dare that there’d be nakedness in his immediate future. “Truth.”

“Have you…” she started slowly, looking around the rest of the pack in a circle in the loft. “Ever masturbated where you shouldn’t?”

Stiles snorted. “Isn’t that what being a teenaged boy is all about?” To his right, Scott snickered and even Isaac let out a bored, ‘ha’. Derek sat directly across from Stiles in the circle but tried to look like he was too cool to play truth or dare with them.

“You didn’t answer my question,” Erica pressed.

“Yes, okay? Of course I have,” Stiles replied, rolling his eyes.

“Where?” Erica asked, leaning forward eagerly.

“One question per turn,” Stiles told her sweetly. He looked around the circle for who he would ask.

He could reasonably track what just about everyone would choose--truth for Kira, Boyd, Isaac and probably Scott for their own various reasons. Malia would likely choose dare because she didn’t quite get the hand of the game and had no qualms about going as far as to strip naked. Hell, she had no issues with it on a regular day. Lydia was a tossup on what she’d choose but Stiles had no desire to embarrass her (and she’d rock whatever he came up with anyway) and there weren’t many secrets she had anymore.

Derek, though. Derek was a relative mystery both in how he’d choose and what his limits were.

Fuck it.

“Derek,” Stiles announced. “Truth or dare?”

Derek frowned and for a split second Stiles was worried he was going to beg out. “Truth,” he answered.

Stiles thought for a second, then grinned. “Have you ever masturbated somewhere you shouldn’t?”

Derek rolled his eyes but the creeping redness in his cheeks betrayed him. “Yes,” he grumbled.

The pack giggled to themselves but no one called him out or made fun of him. Like Stiles said, it was kind of a ‘guy’ thing to do. He did notice that Scott gave Derek a bit of a side-eye, though, but dismissed it and sat back while Derek picked Boyd next who did, indeed, pick truth.

A few softball turns later Kira turned it back on Derek. “Truth or dare?”

“Truth,” Derek chose again and Stiles had to stop from sighing.

“Have you ever, um, gotten off in Stiles’ room?”

Every single head in the circle turned in unison to stare at Kira, wide-eyed and incredulous. Stiles’s brain was overloaded from Kira asking and also because there was no way in hell she came up with that all on her own and he shot a ‘wtf’ look at Scott who just shrugged lightly.

Across the circle Derek’s expression was neutral but he nodded. “Yes.”

Wait, what?
He avoided looking at Stiles and quickly asked Erica next.

Her eyes were sparkling in a way that Stiles didn’t like, especially after she chose truth and answered Derek’s whiff of a softball question about if she ever cheated on a test. She quickly said yes, then turned to Stiles who was still trying to figure out what the hell just happened.

“Truth or dare?” she singsonged with a big grin.

Not interested in offering any more personal information he chose what he thought would be the lesser of two evils. “Dare.”

“Go jerk off in Derek’s bathroom right now.”

Fuck.

“Uh,” was all Stiles could say.

“It’s only fair, right? Since Derek’s done it in your room?” Erica continued, eyes darting between Stiles and Derek.

“Erica--” Scott started.

Erica cut him off. “This is the game, right? We didn’t discuss it but I’m sure I could come up with some sort of punishment for not going through with a dare…”

“Fine,” Stiles grit out. “But first, Derek? Truth or dare?”

Derek’s head snapped up to meet Stiles’ eyes with obvious surprise. Clearly trying to weigh his own options he quietly chose, “Dare.”

Stiles arched an eyebrow. “Come with me.”

The room was silent for a long moment as Stiles and Derek faced off. Stiles himself barely breathed and on his right Scott was clearly tense and ready to jump in to call it all off.

“Do you mean he’s going with you or you’re going to masturbate together?” Malia broke the silence.

Scott stood up and gestured for everyone to settle down. “All right, I think it’s been--”

“Let’s go,” Derek growled and pushed himself off the floor. He stalked across the loft to the bathroom door before turning and waiting for Stiles who followed slowly. Derek held the door open for him and walked in after him, closing and locking it behind them.

Stiles could hear hushed, frantic whispers from the living room while he and Derek waited awkwardly in the small bathroom.

“You don’t have to do anything,” Derek finally said, glancing at Stiles.

“I know I don’t have to,” he replied. “But why did you?”

Derek closed his eyes and swore softly. “It was a few months ago, okay? I don’t really have a reason for it.”

Stiles cocked his head and frowned at Derek. “I don’t have to be a werewolf to know that’s bullshit.”

“Excuse me?”
“No one gets a hard-on so insistent that he has to jerk off at the drop of a hat in the room of someone he professes not to like very much,” Stiles pointed out.

“I-- the, uh. It was complicated,” Derek said lamely. “And I don’t not like you.”

“Enough to come in my room, at least. Why were you even there?”

“I thought you’d be home but you obviously weren’t.”

“And the urge struck you in the moment?” Stiles pressed, taking a step closer to Derek which, in the tiny bathroom, brought him within a couple feet of him.

Derek didn’t say anything but he watched Stiles as he took another step forward.

“Did you do it on my bed? Or sitting in my desk chair? Did you wipe yourself off after or do something werewolfy and lick your come off your hand?” Stiles dropped his voice as he was close enough now that Derek’s chest brushed against Stiles’ as his breathing got faster.

“If you stopped by during the day you had to know I wasn’t home, so you went there on purpose,” Stiles continued, figuring it out as he observed Derek’s reactions. “I’m guessing it’s a scent thing, why you were there. There’s something about me you like the smell of and maybe you were trying to figure it out. But instead it backfired on you and you wanted to mark your territory. How’m I doing?”

Derek’s breath was coming out as a pant now, his lips parted and eyes heavy-lidded as their bodies drew closer and closer. Stiles’ cock was hard and leaking in his boxers and the barest friction of Derek’s body against his was sending small shocks up the back of his neck. “Close,” he murmured. “I’d already figured it out.”

Stiles’ heart was pounding in his chest. “What’s that?”

Derek carefully wrapped one hand around the back of Stiles’ neck and drew him in the last few inches. “This.”

It wasn’t a sweet, simple first kiss. Immediately Stiles’ hands were working Derek’s shirt up to drag his nails down his chest and abs while Derek’s grabbed at Stiles’ pants button, working it open and shoving the sides open to get to his cock. Stiles gasped into Derek’s mouth when his large hand wrapped around him awkwardly.

He angled his body to rub against Derek’s erection and together they somehow made it work, breathing harshly against each other and grabbing whatever they could hotly.

It only took a few rough, awkward strokes before Stiles came, half in his pants and half on Derek’s hand. Stiles semi-collapsed against Derek’s hard body and tried to paw at the button of his jeans but Derek gently pushed his hand away.

“I’m good,” Derek told him faintly, leaning his head back against the door.

Stiles blinked, then looked down. “Seriously? You came in your pants like that?”

“Thought you had it all solved, Sherlock.”

“Fuck you,” Stiles replied mildly. “But if you wanted to jump my hot bod all this time you could have just said something, instead of the entire pack conspiring to get us some alone time.”
Derek opened his mouth to say something but instead he cocked his head, listening. He frowned and carefully disentangled himself from Stiles so he could open the door and look out.

“So much for truth or dare,” Stiles snorted when he caught sight of the empty loft.

“I wouldn’t want to stick around to hear what we just did,” Derek pointed out. “But since they’re gone… what were you saying about your ‘hot bod’?”

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