**At least the Road to Hell is paved, I'm not good with Stairways**

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**Summary**

When Derek signs up on a BDSM dating site, he expects things to be straight forward. Turns out the road ahead has more unexpected turns than he thought. But at least Stiles comes well equipped for twists and turns.
Chapter 1

The lovely Yana is translating this story to Russian, have a look if you like: ficbook.net/readfic/5973662

The name of the site was "D-s-Match" and that was exactly what it did, matching up doms and subs.

Derek had stumbled upon it on his way down the rabbit hole which had started with vanilla porn and somehow had ended with him browsing profiles on a BDSM dating site. Plus, it was three in the morning and he had work tomorrow.

The most kinky thing Derek had ever done had been when Kate had slapped his ass and had called him her little bitch. He hadn't really liked that but things with Kate had been on the way downhill since the beginning and when she'd dumped him three years ago it had been the best thing that had happened in his life for a while. Since then he had been reluctant to date and had buried himself in his work instead.

But he had fantasies.

He was back on D-s-Match the next day. And the day after that, reading profile after profile, wondering about the what-ifs and maybes.

It was Friday late in the afternoon and like always Derek settled in for a night at home. If he was lucky he wouldn't see another person the whole weekend, except for the delivery boy but he hardly counted. After a week of dealing with rude customers he deserved a quiet weekend. Maybe if the weather cleared up he could go outside with his camera but the weather report hadn't sound optimistic.

Derek made himself a fresh pot of coffee and then he was back on that website. He had been lurking for almost a week now, time to make a profile.

He didn't expect anything to come out of it but it couldn't hurt either, right? What he really wanted, and he only could admit that to himself in the darkness of the night, was somebody he could trust, somebody who took care of him. That wasn't something he would get on this website, he knew that, but he figured that this was as good a place to get his feet wet as any.

First the site asked him for a profile name. After some pondering Derek entered LoneWolf, it wasn't the most original name, and he was surprised that it hadn't been taken already, but it would do.

The next boxes were easy to tick off. Male, sub, looking for a dom.

Then he had to put in his three biggest dos and three biggest don'ts which took quite some courage and he almost called it quits a few times before those boxes were filled. At least there was nobody there to witness his red cheeks. He had watched quite some porn, he knew what turned him on, what he'd like to try, but putting it in words for other people to see, that was a whole different
thing. Especially since this was about finding somebody to do these things with.

Then he had to say something about himself which took another hour and the result was still lame but there wasn't really much to say about himself. He was a retail worker with no friends who spent his free time with his camera. Laura claimed that he was quite good but the rest of his family dismissed it as a waste of time which it probably was. He did mention photography in his bio but more to fill the space than anything else.

At least that made the picture part easy. He chose a faceless black and white shot of his naked torso. Show off the merchandise, that was what this was all about, right?

Once his profile was finally online the only thing he could do was wait. Technically he could contact people on the site now but he wasn't ready for that yet.

To keep himself from refreshing the site over and over again, he closed the laptop and spent the next hours in his darkroom. His apartment wasn't big and he for sure could have used that tiny room for a million other things but for him developing his pictures in the quiet of his own place was more important than an office, bedroom or any of the other uses his mom had suggested the two times she'd visited him in the five years he'd lived here.

He had a digital camera, quite a good one actually, but there was nothing better than his old school reflex camera. He liked the weight in his hand and the feeling of actually taking a picture. And of course developing the pictures himself.

Derek checked the website again the next morning.

He had messages.

Excited Derek opened the first one. And found a dickpic. Followed by a message in all caps about how much Mr Monstercock would enjoy fucking all his holes. Derek bit back a laugh and deleted the message. He had expected stuff like this, there were always a few assholes on the internet.

The next message was an invitation to join a gangbang.

Then there was somebody who was looking for a slave. The message sounded genuine but it was nothing Derek was interested in.

And another dickpic. Derek tilted his head and squinted at the image. Somebody had quite an ego to send a picture like this. The lighting was the worst. It gave the erect cock an unhealthy tint of blue.

Over the weekend more messages came in but most of them he deleted immediately. Very few he kept but he wasn't really tempted to answer any of them.

Then, on Sunday evening, he got a message from Xavier. He actually started with Hello and then he asked if Derek had taken his profile picture himself, apparently it looked professional. Derek took that as the pick up line it was but he was impressed that somebody had actually read enough of his profile to reach the photography part.

Derek checked Xavier's profile and the first thing he noticed was the picture of a long neck, dotted with moles. The face was mostly turned away but there was a hint of an upturned nose. Xavier had clearly taken the picture himself and he could have used a better angle but the result was pretty nevertheless.

Xavier was a male dom, looking for a male sub. His preferences fit Derek's. Instead of a bio he had
put in a quote from Professor X from the first X-Men movie: *Give him an order worth following. He'll take it.*

The name instantly made much more sense. And if that quote was an indication of what kind of dom Xavier was, Derek was curious to find out more about him.

Derek only pondered for a minute before he wrote back.

Yes, he had taken the picture himself. He said something nice about Xavier's picture and then he asked for his opinion on the latest X-Men movie.

Xavier answered only minutes later.

That evening they wrote back and forth for hours. Turned out that Xavier had some strong opinions on that movie and Marvel movies in general. Derek hadn't watched all of those but he enjoyed his chat with Xavier. They only stopped for the night because Derek had to work the next day.

*I can sleep in. Perks of being a freelancer,* was Xavier's last message, complete with a tongue out emoji. *Good night*

On Monday Derek went to work with a happy feeling. The day was hectic, the customers rude and Erica took forever to come back from her lunch break so Derek had to wait until could take his. Business as usual but today Derek didn't really mind.

He had talked to Xavier for only a few hours, and they hadn't even really talked, they had sent written messages, and most of the time it had been about superhero movies but it had been fun.

When he got home, the first thing he did was to turn on his laptop. Part of him doubted that Xavier would want to talk to him again, they hadn't even mentioned the dom/sub stuff so far and that was what this site was about, but another part of him was hopeful.

There was a message from Xavier waiting for him.

*Hi Wolf, I don't know when you get off work but I really enjoyed talking to you yesterday. So sent me a message when you get home, would you? Only if you want to talk, that's totally optional.*

*If I don't answer immediately, I'm either working or out with my dog. Did I mention that I have a dog? If not, I have a dog, just so you know. You're not afraid of dogs, are you? Allergic? I hope not.*

*Anyway, I'd really like to hear from you.*

"Shut up." Derek said fondly to the screen. Whatever Xavier did for a living, he had way too much free time on his hands. But scrolling back to their conversation from last night, Derek noticed that the other man did like to ramble. With them messaging back and forth he just didn't have the time to fully indulge in that last night.

So Derek wrote a short message that he was home now and then he went to make himself some dinner. By the time he came back to his laptop, Xavier had answered.

Derek asked about the dog and Xavier started rambling about Jack, his Bernese Mountain Dog. Derek had to google that breed and for some reason he had expected something smaller. At least these dogs were supposed to be friendly. They still hadn't really discussed the topic of Derek subbing for Xavier but if it ever came to that, he might meet Jack in person. He just hoped that the dog was as much of a teddy bear as Xavier claimed him to be.
They texted the whole evening again and Derek went to bed with a smile on his lips.

That had been three weeks ago.

Since then they had messaged daily. They had discussed some kinks and fantasies, that was the reason they were in contact in the first place, but that wasn't their main goal. It wasn't like things usually worked on the site they had met on but neither of them was looking for a quick hook up and Derek quite enjoyed the easy conversation he had going on with Xavier. Who still called him Wolf. At some point they would have to switch to real names but they weren't in a hurry on that front either.

Last week they had switched to WhatsApp and by now Xavier complained to him about the guy at the front of the line who couldn't make up his mind about his coffee and Derek told him about the customer who couldn't understand why he couldn't use a coupon from another company.

At that Xavier sent him a video of Jack chewing on a bone-shaped treat.

*Jack took care of your customer*, was the title. Derek snorted his coffee but he came out of the break room with a real smile on his face. Which didn't last long but it had been there.

When he came home later that afternoon, the low sun was bathing the trees on his street in a beautiful light and Derek really regretted that his camera was in his apartment. His phone had to do for now and after a moment of consideration he sent the picture to Xavier.

*Beautiful*, came the prompt answer. *You have an eye for beauty. Most would have missed it.*

The message gave him a butterfly feeling in his stomach and he didn't know what to answer. But Xavier never failed to fill the silence without making Derek feel bad for his lack of words.

*I won't bring Jack*, he changed the topic. *He's too much of an attention whore. Especially when he meets new friends.*

Somehow they had agreed on a date over coffee. It was the next logical step. Derek considered Xavier his friend and even if they didn't click on a dom/sub base, they both wanted to take their friendship to the next level and maybe hang out with a movie if nothing else. Derek was hoping for more and he wondered what Xavier would be like as a dom but first they needed to meet. And introduce themselves properly with real names and faces and all that.

He had been surprised that Xavier hadn't pushed for a date or scene earlier. Everybody else who had contacted him had wanted to meet for a scene immediately. Derek had stopped checking his messages a while ago.

So far they hadn't exchanged pictures, both their profiles on the website were faceless, and they hadn't even spoken on the phone.

*How do we recognize each other?* Derek asked. They could just exchange pictures, it would have been the easy way, but Xavier had blocked every attempt effectively. At first Derek hadn't even noticed, he wasn't one to share personal pictures with strangers either, but they hadn't been strangers for a while now. Maybe Xavier felt self-conscious about his body, Derek mused.

*I probably should have mentioned it earlier*, Xavier wrote back after a long moment. *Look for the guy in the wheelchair?*
Derek read the line a second time and then a third but the word didn't change. Wheelchair, that was the word that stood there.

Wolf? Came the next message in. You still there?

I'm here, he hurried to reply. He could imagine how Xavier was waiting for his reaction, probably preparing himself for a rejection.

Is that a problem?

The wheelchair I mean

I should have mentioned it earlier

I'm sorry

The messages came in rapidly, leaving Derek no time to answer or even comprehend what was going on here.

Xavier?

Shut up

Derek let out a sigh but then he realized how the last line must sound to Xavier.

I didn't expect it, he wrote. But it's fine. I still want to meet you

For a moment there was a silence, neither of them sending any new messages. Derek's mind was too blank to even form the questions lurking in the back of his head. They had wanted to meet because they had become friends over the last weeks, maybe even on the brink of something more, but partly it was supposed to be about their initial intent. To see if they clicked as dom and sub.

Xavier was a dom. In a wheelchair.

Derek failed to come up with an idea on how that could work. And he didn't even dare to think about the sex part.

Don't you have questions? Xavier was the first to break the silence.

Oh, Derek had questions, lots of them, but he didn't even know where to start. Besides, what was considered inappropriate here? He didn't want to say something wrong. And if he was honest, he didn't want to have this conversation via text messages. So he answered:

Way too many but I'd rather talk to you in person about this.

Plus, it would gain him some time to wrap his head around this new information and maybe dive into a google search about people in wheelchairs. He didn't know anybody in a chair, the closest he'd come to interacting with somebody in a chair had been when somebody had bought something at the store. But even those short encounters were rare and far between.
I'd like that, Xavier wrote after a moment. Derek could only guess that this wasn't easy for him as well. But you can ask me any time, anything you want, if it's too personal, I'll tell you.

He'd started to babble again, a sign that he was nervous, Derek had learned by now.

I do have a question, Derek wrote. When you park your chair, do you make sure the wheels read X?

There was a moment which Derek interpreted as stunned silence. But then Xavier's messages ticked in:

That's a joke

You made a joke about the chair

Nobody ever dares to make jokes

For a second Derek worried that he'd gone too far but then the next message came in.

Thank you

You started it, Professor, he answered with a smile.

With that out of the way they were quickly back to their usual chatter. They said their good nights when it was time for bed but Derek couldn't sleep. Instead he made himself fresh coffee and then he typed "wheelchair" into the search bar.

His shift started at eight and at four in the morning he was still on his laptop.

There were a million reasons why people were in a wheelchair. Some because of an accident, some where born that way, some had a progressive illness. Some felt nothing from a certain point downwards, some could even walk short distances.

Derek had no idea what applied to Xavier. He guessed that he would find out once they had met but there were so many possibilities. Instead of gaining confidence by his research Derek just felt lost and more insecure than before.

That day he went to work in a zombie-like state but at least he couldn't overthink things any longer.

And then it was time to meet Xavier.

Xavier had picked the place and when Derek parked his car, he had too look twice to spot the cafe hidden between two stores. It looked comfortable, worn in, a place Derek would have picked himself and he hoped the choice said something about Xavier.

He took one deep breath and then he entered the cafe.

The light was dim and about half the tables were occupied but it wasn't hard to spot the person he was looking for.

Xavier had a table in the back and the ones next to him were empty. Derek frowned at that. It was as if they had left the space around him free on purpose. What purpose that was Derek didn't know or maybe he did but didn't want to think too closely about.

However, that thought was quickly forgotten when he got closer and had his first real look at the man in the wheelchair.
The chair was tilted backwards with the front wheels in the air like a child playing on a normal chair. Except that this was on wheels.

Xavier was moving back and forth, almost as if he was dancing. He had headphones on so he probably was moving to the music he was listening to.

He sat a little to the side so Derek couldn't see his face or much of his body but he did notice the hand on the wheel. Long fingers in fingerless gloves had a sure grip on the metal ring at the side of the wheel, keeping the balance with practiced ease.

Then Derek was only a few feet away but the other man had failed to notice him so far so Derek just stood there, not sure what to do.

"Professor?" Derek finally addressed him.

Xavier let out a shriek, his arms went flailing and for a second Derek was sure that he would lose his balance and would crash to the floor. Derek made a half-hearted attempt to catch him but he was too far away.

Xavier didn't need his help anyway. He threw his upper body forward, his arms followed, gaining momentum, and then with a thud he was back on four wheels.

"Way to give a guy a heart attack." Xavier grabbed the front of his shirt to make his point. "Not cool, dude, not cool."

Catching his breath it took him a moment to squint up at Derek. His face turned from ridiculous contortion to mouth hanging open in an instant.

"Please tell me you're Wolf."

Derek nodded. "I'm Derek."

Standing this close to him, Xavier had to crane his neck to look at him so Derek gestured towards the table.

"May I?"

"Please. I'm Stiles by the way." He adjusted his chair to sit properly at the table.

"That name sounds even more fake than Xavier." Derek took a seat and then he studied the man next to him.

"It's a nickname, you don't want to hear my real name." Stiles dismissed him and busied his hands with the cord of the headphones.

They were interrupted by the waitress who took their orders and when Stiles recommended the blueberry muffins Derek didn't even check the menu for something else.

"You'll see, they're to die for." Stiles gave him a broad grin. He was a few years younger than Derek, looking even younger than the 24 years his profile claimed him to be. Like his picture had hinted his nose did turn upwards and he had adorable moles on his neck and face. When Derek's gaze reached the eyes, damn, Bambi would be jealous, he found them on him, studying him as well.

They gave each other a moment to just look and at least Derek had to say that he liked what he saw.
He had liked Stiles when he'd just been text messages on his phone but adding a face to that didn't hurt.

However, he couldn't help his eyes wandering down to the wheelchair.

"Hope this is not a deal breaker." Stiles tapped the side of his chair but then his face fell and his voice became more quiet. "For a lot of people it is. Especially when it comes to me being a dom."

"I've no idea how this is going to work." Derek admitted. "But I also have next to no experience when it comes to the kinky stuff so I don't really know how that's going to work either. I guess, I just have to trust my dom that he knows what he's doing."

"So you would consider it?" He sounded so hopeful, Derek wondered how many people had rejected him because of the chair.

"Stiles." He said. "We've been messaging constantly for weeks now, I want to get to know you. The chair is not going to throw me off." He sounded braver than he was. They had talked about kinks and preferences before and if they ventured into this, it would mean sex.

Derek was saved by the waitress serving them their drinks and muffins and under Stiles' watchful eyes he tried the muffin. Damn, it was good.

"It's good, isn't it?" Stiles asked but was only picking at his own.

"You just proved that I can follow your lead." Derek tried to reassure him between bites.

"When I was thirteen I was in the car with my mom." Stiles started to speak. He didn't look at Derek and kept his eyes on his muffin instead. "We got hit by a car. Mom died and my spine got shredded. I was lucky, they could fix a lot. I'm wearing a diaper for adults right now but everything down there works fine enough that it's more of a precaution thing than anything else. But accidents do happen." He took a deep breath and Derek waited patiently for him to continue. "I can not really feel my legs but this." He gestured over his lap. "Works just fine. I can get an erection, I can orgasm and ejaculate. I just need a little more stimulation than the average dude. But hey, that means I last longer." He gave him a half-hearted wink.

"That's a lot of personal information for a first date." Derek didn't know what to say. It did help to clear up a few things, though. "Are you always so straight forward with this?"

"No." Stiles shook his head. "But if you decide to let me dom you, you need to know this. And don't let this fool you." He tapped the chair again. "When I dom, this is my throne and I'm going to own your pretty ass from up here."

"You haven't even seen my ass yet." Derek muttered but something about how Stiles spoke about this went right to his groin.

"I have seen a picture of you shirtless and if that ass goes along with that …" He let out a low whistle that made Derek blush. "I like you, Derek. I really do. And I would love to try this with you."

"Me too." And with that it was settled. They had to talk about the details but they would do that somewhere more private. Stiles offered his place and Derek agreed easily.

"You're just eager to meet Jack." Stiles teased him.

Derek gave him an unimpressed look but didn't deny it.
"How about Saturday?" Stiles asked. "We can do the negotiations and then watch a movie or something if you want. I might even cook for you."

"We're not going to ... you know." Suddenly Derek felt self-conscious about this. So far it all had been theory and fantasies but suddenly it had become a thing they were about to do.

"No." Stiles confirmed and in his voice was a hint of what Derek guessed was his dom side. "We talk things through and then we give ourselves a few days to think about it. Then, when we both still want to do this, we're going to give it a try."

"Sounds good." Derek had never done something like this before but he had done his research, talking was an important part and that Stiles insisted on being thorough with this before they did anything was a good sign.

"So ..." He drew out the word. "You're going to cook for me?"

That was enough to launch Stiles into an in-depth rant about his father and his eating habits and how Stiles just had to learn to cook to keep him healthy.

Derek leaned back in his chair, sipped his coffee and just listened to him rambling.
Chapter 3

It was almost scary how easy it was to just listen to Stiles. Derek had never been a talker but with Stiles it didn't feel like there was something lacking in their conversation. There was never a moment of awkward silence which Derek would feel the need to fill but couldn't come up with the right words to do so. Stiles just carried the conversation without turning it into a monologue but didn't force Derek to participate more than he voluntarily did.

In the end the waitress had to remind them that they were about to close. Derek covered the bill and left a generous tip to make up for hogging the table for hours.

"I can pay for myself, you know." Stiles commented rather stiffly.

"You want to cook for me on Saturday and you won't even let me bring beer." Derek pointed out. "It's only fair that I pay today."

Stiles thought about that for a moment but couldn't say anything against it.

Derek held the door open for him and then they were standing on the sidewalk. Or sitting in Stiles' case. Was it okay to say standing? Derek didn't know and for a panicked second he went through their conversation but he couldn't recall if he'd slipped up or not. There were so many phrases with going, standing, walking, he must have fucked up somewhere. If he had, Stiles hadn't said anything, though.

"How are you going to get home?" Derek asked after a moment. They both seemed reluctant to let this come to an end. "I can drive you."

He had no idea if the wheelchair fit in the Camaro. Even if it was one of the light, active ones with a low back and a narrow piece for the legs. Stiles' calves were strapped in and Derek managed to not stare too openly. The whole evening Stiles' lower part had been more or less hidden under the table, now Derek got the first real look at his legs.

They were thinner than they should be, that much he could tell through the jeans Stiles was wearing.

It took him a moment to notice that Stiles hadn't answered his question and when he looked up, he found Stiles looking at him, an amused expression on his face.

"Sorry, I didn't mean to stare."

"You can look." Then, with a mischievous grin, he lowered his voice. "If we do this, you're going to do so much more than just look." It sounded like a promise and a threat at the same time.

Heat crept in Derek's cheeks and he licked his suddenly dry lips.

"You're not disgusted, are you?" Worry was back in Stiles' voice.

"No." Derek shook his head. Insecure, yes, and maybe a little bit scared but not disgusted. To break the moment, he added: "You haven't answered my question. I can drive you."

"No need to." Stiles gave his chair a good push, heading for the car parked in the handicapped spot.
"You drive?" Derek felt his eyebrows hit his hairline but Stiles' back was turned towards him so he couldn't see it.

"Yep." He let the word pop. "Usually these babies are way too expensive but my stepmom is a nurse. Don't ask how but she got her hands on a used one. Still cost an arm and a leg, and they didn't want my useless legs, but she and Dad paid half of it as a graduating gift."

While he spoke he opened the driver's door and with practiced ease he heaved himself into the seat. For a second the muscles under his shirt bulged and Derek tried really hard to not stare but he couldn't help but wonder about his upper body strength.

"And what are you going to do with the chair now?"

Stiles just smirked at him. He must have pushed a button because suddenly the back door opened. But the wrong way. The hinges were near the heck of the car.

"Clever." Impressed Derek watched as Stiles folded the chair and then put it behind his seat. "And how are you going to drive?"

"Manually." Stiles gestured for Derek to step closer. "I can control everything from here."

"I didn't know that was possible." Derek admitted. Looking at the controls it seemed obvious but he'd never thought about things like this.

"There's a lot you don't know is possible." Stiles wiggled his eyebrows at him.

They said their goodbyes and then Derek watched him drive off. Deep in thoughts he got into his own car and drove home.

When he'd first heard wheelchair, his mind had provided him with pictures of a person who struggled through life, who needed help with the most basic things. And then he'd met Stiles. Stiles who used his chair as if it was part of his body. Stiles who drove his own car. Helpless was the last word on Derek's mind right now.

He still had no idea how sex in general and kinky stuff in particular would work out with Stiles but he was looking forward to it. Stiles had the confidence he expected from a dom.

However, Derek was a little worried that he would freak out when he had to touch Stiles. He wasn't disgusted by the idea but he didn't want to hurt Stiles, physically or mentally.

When he woke up the next morning Derek found a new message on his phone, sent shortly after four in the morning.

Good morning and have fun at work

By now it was part of his morning routine to write a good morning back. Not for the first time he wondered when Stiles actually slept because he tended to message him at random times.

Derek wasn't allowed to have his phone out at work, he was too busy for that anyway, but he checked his phone every time he came to the break room.

"Texting with your girlfriend again?" Erika teased him not for the first time. Stiles' random texts had brightened his days for weeks now. And it really helped Derek to rant about a rude customer to get it out of his system and go back to work without biting the next customer's head off.
"It's a he." Derek said, putting his phone away. "And he's not my boyfriend."

"But you want him to be." She said it as if that was an obvious fact.

"We went out for coffee yesterday." He admitted.

"Somebody is smitten." She cooed. "When's your next date?"

"Saturday, he's going to cook." He didn't even know why he was telling her this. He didn't have many friends and Erika was more a co-worker than a friend.

"Keep him." She decided. "If he feeds you, keep him."

"Shouldn't I at least taste his food before I decide to keep him?" He raised an eyebrow at her.

"You should definitely taste his meat first." She winked at him.

"You're impossible." Derek smiled but that brought his mind back to the fact that Stiles' lower region wasn't working properly. He was still amazed how openly Stiles had told him about it but that was part of the BDSM lifestyle, he guessed, one had to share some pretty private information to get even started. Which reminded him of the kink list Stiles had promised to send him to fill out before Saturday. This was really happening.

Erika clearly wanted to ask more but raised voices from the floor caught their attention.

"Manager, please." Derek said in a mocking tone only seconds before the call for help reached them from the outside. Erika flipped him off and then went to see what the noise was all about.

Derek stayed in the break room until things had calmed down, he wasn't an idiot. Plus, it gave him a moment of privacy to answer Stiles.

He managed to dodge that one disaster but an hour later he was ready to strangle the woman in front of him with the cord of the toaster she wanted to return.

"I'm sorry ma'am." He said with a forced smile. "You bought this more than ninety days ago. I can't return it." And it's a toaster, you don't need to deep fry it, he wanted to add. He'd almost touched it when she'd slammed it on the counter but he'd noticed the thick layer of grease just in time and now he was just willing this thing away. It wasn't just covered in grease, he noticed, but he didn't want to know what else there was. Somehow the woman had managed to melt part of the top, the slots for the bread were ragged. Mentally he was already wondering if he still had the bottle of sanitizer under the counter or if Boyd had borrowed it and hadn't returned it. Again.

In the end he had to call the manager but Erica only told her the same. She, however, had no qualms to tell the customer that the toaster was probably broken because of the way she'd treated it.

In the end the lady stormed out of the store, screaming that she would complain about them. And of course she didn't take the toaster with her.

"You're lucky that Harris isn't in today." Derek told Erica. "He would write you up for talking to a customer like that."

Out of the corner of his eye he saw her shrug. They were both still staring at the toaster sitting on the counter.

"I'll get some gloves." Derek said with a sigh because he knew Erica wouldn't. He fetched his
phone as well and before he touched the toaster, he snapped a picture of it.

He sent a copy to Stiles, titled *Can you believe this?*, before he shoved the offending thing into a plastic bag and threw it out.

Then he thoroughly drenched the counter with sanitizer.

He didn't get a chance to check his phone again until his shift ended and by then he had several messages from Stiles.

*Lol*

*What did you do to that poor toaster?*

*You know, make that picture black and white and call it art*

The next message was his picture again just altered to black and white. It was titled *See?*

Derek had to say that it had some aesthetics but he wouldn't call it art. It hadn't even been a conscious thing, he'd just wanted to show the damage. But the angle was good, the lighting had turned out better than he would have expected considering the lights in the store and even the composition of the picture wasn't too bad.

*Just a quick snapshot*, he wrote back, not commenting on the art statement. *Looks like I can't shut off my inner photographer*

*If that's just a quick snapshot I have to see more of your work*, came Stiles' prompt answer.

*Maybe I'll bring a few on Saturday*, he offered. Nobody had ever shown any real interest in his work, not even Laura. She had seen a few of his pictures and she'd liked them and had told him that they were good but she'd never asked to see more.

*Deal*

Only with a delay Derek realized that he would not only discuss the terms of their first, and probably, hopefully? not last BDSM session, now he had to think about what pictures he wanted to show Stiles as well. He hadn't shown his work to a lot of people. If his own family didn't have anything nice to say about it, he doubted that a stranger would.

On the other hand, Stiles had told him about the accident that had put him an a wheelchair and his mother in a grave on their first date. He'd told him stuff like that he was wearing a diaper and had talked about his ability to get aroused.

And what had Derek told him? He'd ranted about customers. He had sent him a picture of a tree and one of a destroyed toaster. They had been talking for three weeks now and Stiles knew next to nothing about him. Nothing personal at least.

Derek had never been good with words. Pictures had been his language so maybe he could tell Stiles about himself through those.
Chapter 4

Stiles had sent him a kink list to fill out beforehand and that was what Derek was doing right now. That way he could take his time and maybe google if something was unclear without prying eyes. And Stiles had stressed that Derek could ask him anything if he had a question.

Derek had toyed with the idea of subbing for a while now and he had done his research so he knew what he liked, or at least what he wanted to try. He filled out the list quickly.

It was an easy rating system from zero which stood for a hard limit to yes-please-five. Plus yes/no boxes if he'd done this before or not. Almost everything got a no for experience and Derek wondered if that would be a problem for Stiles.

He tried to not worry about that too much and just finished the list. Some things would need clarification, for example what kind of restraints Stiles had in mind, the list only gave the usual rope, chains and cuffs but no specifics on what Stiles wanted to do with them.

With other things he wasn't even sure if Stiles could do it. Derek had given "anal, receiving" a five, he was okay with topping from time to time but he just loved to bottom, but now he was wondering if Stiles could even move his hips enough to thrust.

But that was what their second date was for, to negotiate their terms and kinks. And by now Derek knew Stiles well enough to trust him to speak his mind. When he'd heard wheelchair for the first time, Derek had been worried that Stiles would agree to almost everything just to make Derek stay. Then he'd met Stiles.

Derek set the list aside and turned to the real task. Funny, how filling out a kink list was the easy part but looking at the table full of pictures he didn't feel like laughing.

He had promised Stiles pictures. This was already the narrowed down selection, Derek had spent hours going through his boxes and folders in search for the best pictures to show Stiles. There had to be about fifty on the table and he wanted to narrow it down to twenty. At most. Less was probably better, he didn't want to bore Stiles. But he did want to show him something personal about himself.

An hour later he was down to thirty and he was about to leave it at that when his phone rang. He didn't even look at the caller ID, over the last few days Stiles had been the only one calling him, and he answered with a warm "hi" which probably sounded sappy but he couldn't help it.

"Derek, is that you?" His mom asked, sobering him up rather quickly. She didn't leave him time to answer and instead scolded him in a good-natured way for not calling more often. Derek had never been a social call person but neither was his mother. She only called if she wanted something.

Pictures forgotten Derek leaned back in his chair and wondered if he should just say no and hang up. It would save time. But he guessed that he had to at least listen to what she wanted before he declined.

The next twenty minutes he listened to her updating him on what was going on in Beacon Hills. After five years in New York with only occasional visits to California, he didn't even know half the people she was talking about but there was no point in trying to stop her, Derek knew from long experience.
Apparently a lot of his old classmates were getting married or were expecting a baby. Derek gritted his teeth through the not so subtle hints.

Laura was married, had two kids and was living in Beacon Hills, wasn't that enough? He was tempted to tell his mom that he was kind of dating a man in a wheelchair, just to shut her up.

She had known that he was bi since he'd been fifteen but every time he'd dated a man, it had been a fling in her eyes. Nothing serious. Just blowing off some steam before he would settle down with a nice girl and have the appropriate number of kids.

Why her vision of a perfect life had to be his as well he didn't know but he'd given up arguing over this. She would just get upset, making him upset as well, and in the end he would apologize and they would pretend it never happened.

He told her that he wasn't seeing a girl at the moment, which wasn't a lie, and then he listened to her listing all the single girls his age, just waiting for him in Beacon Hills. There were probably more single girls in New York than in Beacon Hills and at the moment he wasn't interested in a relationship with a girl anyway but those facts didn't count to his mom. She was meaning well, he knew that, but it was getting on his nerves.

"Did you call Peter?" She finally changed the topic. Not to the better. "He told me that his company has some open spots just the other day. That's a great opportunity for you, you should give him a call."

Derek glanced at the pictures all over the table and the neat stack of papers with his kinks and wondered if his mom knew him at all.

Like always he made a vague promise to call Peter some time and left it at that.

With that out of the way they were done with the scripted part of their conversation. Did his mom even realize that she was this predictable?

Next would be the reason she'd called in the first place.

"Oh, did I mention." She said it as if it had just popped into her mind. "Cora and Miles are getting married."

"Congratulation?" Derek said, not sure what this was about. If it was just about the engagement, it would have been Cora who would have called him and not his mother.

"The wedding is going to be around September, they haven't set a date yet." She continued. "Do you still have your camera?"

You know I have my own darkroom, he wanted to say. But at least now he could guess where this was heading.

"Laura came up with this." She apologized without giving him time to answer her question. "I told her that you probably sold the camera and that we should just hire a professional photographer but she insisted that I should ask you first."

Cora's wedding he couldn't skip, not that he really wanted to, but hiding behind a camera sounded really tempting.

"I'd love to be Cora's photographer." He blurted out.
That was probably not the answer she'd expected.

"Don't be silly, we'll just hire somebody." She tried to dismiss him.

"No, it's fine. I'd love to." He assured her and promised to call Cora later to congratulate her and to offer his service. His mother wasn't pleased but since she'd brought it up in the first place she couldn't say anything against it.

They ended the call shortly after and Derek immediately called Cora so his mother didn't have the chance to get to her first. He didn't put it past her to convince his sister that she shouldn't take advantage of him like this.

Cora was pleased to hear from him and for the next half an hour he listened to her wedding plans. She was reluctant to accept his offer but when he made it part of his wedding gift, she agreed easily. Unlike Derek she had stayed in Beacon Hills and was working in Uncle Peter's company so she had the family's full support, money wasn't an issue, but saving the money for the photographer did the trick.

In the end Derek had to hurry to shower and get dressed in time for his date with Stiles. He just stuffed the thirty-something pictures into a folder, grabbed the kink list and was on his way to the address Stiles had given him.

Which turned out to be an apartment complex with a nice little park right next to it.

*Perfect if you have a dog*, Derek mused and wondered if Stiles and Jack were a regular sight around here.

Stiles' place was on the third floor but of course there was an elevator. Just to get rid of some of the tension Derek took the stairs.

The door bell was answered by an excited wuff and Derek could hear the dog just on the other side of the door. Stiles opened, blocking the way with his chair so that Jack couldn't get to Derek to greet him properly. But the dog wasn't really trying to get past Stiles. He did, however, make a long neck to butt his head into Derek's hand and Derek didn't have to be asked twice to scratch him behind the ear.

"Jack, blanket." Stiles ordered after a moment and without a fuss the dog followed his order.

"Want to come in?"

Stiles moved out of the way and Derek followed the dog deeper into the apartment.

"He's a big teddy bear." Stiles explained. "Just tell him *no* if he bothers you too much."

They reached the living room where Jack was making himself comfortable on his blanket.

"He's well behaved." Derek had to admit. He hadn't thought about it before but he doubted that he would be able to trust a dom who couldn't even keep his own dog in line. Not that he was comparing himself to a dog.

"He has to be." Stiles shrugged. "He could easily throw me out of my chair if he played too rough with me."

That was another thing Derek hadn't even considered.

Stiles offered him a seat and Derek felt better once he was on eye-level with Stiles.
"I like your place." Derek said to fill the silence. He had a look around but Stiles apartment didn't look different from others. In fact, if Stiles hadn't been right there in his chair, Derek would have never guessed that somebody in a wheelchair was living here.

"Thanks." Stiles said. "Just ignore the dog hair."

Derek put the list and the folder with pictures on the table and wondered when they would get to that. He wanted to show Stiles the pictures after dinner but at the moment he was more nervous about the other thing. He was still fiddling with the list so he forced his hands way from the stack of paper.

"What are you cooking?" He asked. There already was a delicious smell coming from the kitchen.

"Fried chicken with tomato rice. Hope you like it." Stiles almost sounded self-conscious. Looked like Derek wasn't the only nervous one here.

"If it tastes as good as it smells." It came out more flirty than intended but Stiles didn't seem to mind. They shared as smile and the tension melted away.

"I better keep an eye on it, then." Stiles turned his chair and with two good pushes he was across the room.

"Anything I can help with?" Derek followed him. "I can set the table if you want."

"You're my guest." Stiles was at the stove, stirring something in a pot. "But if you insist, plates are in there."

"The counter is lower than usual." Derek observed.

"And no cupboards on the walls." Stiles gestured at the empty space above the counter.

"Makes sense."

Looking closer now, there were signs that a person in a wheelchair was living here. The kitchen was one thing. The table had a chair less than usual and everything stood wide enough apart that Stiles could move around easily. And there were no rugs on the hardwood floor. The latter could be an attempt to keep the dog hair under control, though.

Once the table was set, Derek wandered over to where Jack was still lying on his blanket. He had watched Derek with interest but hadn't left his place.

"Hey." Derek greeted him.

By the time Stiles came looking for him Derek was sitting on the blanket, hand buried in the thick fur of Jack's belly. The dog had his feet in the air, eyes half closed and tongue lolling out of his mouth.

"You made a big mistake." Stiles came over to them. "I hope you know that."
Derek wasn't sure how making a puppy friend could be a mistake but he understood the second he tried to get up. With a move that looked way too practiced Jack rolled against him the moment he was in a crouched position, effectively sending him back on his ass.

Then he was basically in Derek's lap. There was way too much dog to fit in his lap but Jack did get points for trying.

Stiles almost fell out of his chair with laughter but did nothing to help Derek who just clung to Jack to not end up completely on his back and with that under the enthusiastic dog. He wasn't sure if he would ever get up again.

"Jack, stop!" Stiles finally commanded and a second later Derek could breathe again. Jack sat on his haunches next to him, tongue lolling out in a dog laugh.

"You did train him to do that, didn't you?"

"Maybe?" Stiles grinned at him and offered his hand to help him up. Derek raised a questioning eyebrow at the chair but then he shrugged inwardly and took the hand. If Stiles landed on the floor next to him it would be his own damn fault.

But Stiles had his other hand on the wheel, moving the chair backwards in sync with his upper body, and he would have pulled Derek to his feet even without him helping.

"You're strong." He had been wondering about his upper body strength but damn.

"Pro tip, never try arm wrestling with somebody in a wheelchair." Stiles held on to his hand for just a moment longer than necessary but then he let go and gestured over to the kitchen. "Dinner is ready. Would you mind bringing it to the table?"

Derek didn't ask how he usually got hot bowls across the room, with a tray on his knees maybe, and just went to do as requested.

Jack left them alone over dinner and didn't even try to beg.

"He knows that he'll get his dinner afterwards." Stiles explained when Derek pointed it out. "And please don't sneak him something from the table. Spicy food isn't good for him." He put a piece of chicken in his mouth and as an afterthought he added: "I hope spicy food is good for you. I bothered you with questions about allergies and such for days but I never asked if you like it spicy."

"I do like it spicy." Derek tried really hard to not look at the stack of papers at the other end of the table. "This is really good."

"Good to know." Stiles gaze did wander from Derek to those papers and he didn't even try to hide his lascivious smile.

Derek felt his face heaten up but he blamed the chicken for that.

"By the way." Stiles became serious. "I wanted to thank you."

"What for?"
"For not making a big deal out of this." He tapped the side of his chair. "To be honest, today was kind of a test."

"Did I pass?" Derek put the fork down and used the napkin. He wasn't sure how he felt about being tested without even knowing.

"You aced it." Stiles grinned at him. "You're not afraid to mention stuff like the low counter, you didn't try to help ..." He did make the air quotes. "... me in the kitchen and you didn't make a big deal out of it when I asked you to help me with something."

"People do that?" It hadn't even occurred to him that he was doing something special here.

"You have no idea." Stiles made a face. "But you really sold it when you let me pull you up. Not only did you let me help you, you were willing to let me fall out of the chair for my own stupidity."

Now Derek's face felt hot for a completely different reason.

"Something like that." He muttered. Had it been that obvious?

"And that is awesome." Stiles beamed at him.

After dinner they cleared the table together, Stiles did carry stuff in his lap across the room, but it was Derek who almost dropped their plates on the way because now Jack was back. Wanting his own dinner and attention from his new friend.

For some reason he didn't bother Stiles while he was fixing him dinner and only went for the bowl when Stiles gave him the go ahead.

"Is he always that patient or is it because I'm here?" Derek wondered. Jack had used the wait to get another belly rub from Derek but there wasn't always somebody there to distract the dog.

"He's not patient." Stiles snorted and gestured at the dog, now busy inhaling his food. He would be done in a second. "But he knows that he has to wait for my signal." He gaze flickered over to Derek and he bit his lip. And hell, that did something to Derek. And no, he was no damn dog.

"I gave pet play a zero." He stated. He didn't add that he had thrown around fives in the orgasm control section.

For a second Stiles blinked at him but then he burst out laughing.

"I didn't mean it that way." Stiles assured him and still chuckling he rolled past Derek. "But good transition. I'll get my list."

By the time they sat at the table again, Jack was done with his dinner and had his head in Derek's lap.

Showing Stiles his list kind of felt like baring his soul but scratching Jack behind the ear while he did it helped.

The points that needed clarification Derek had marked to not forget them. He had read about doms who brushed off questions, claiming that they knew what they were doing and that the sub should just follow their lead, but Stiles answered all his questions without making him feel stupid.

"Here it says restraints." Derek pointed at the section in question. "I'm fine with that but what exactly do you have in mind?"
"I don't have chains or cuffs, we'd have to do with rope." Stiles admitted. "I'm not patient enough for artsy rope-work so we would do small stuff. Tie your hands behind your back or to the bed, things like that. Is that okay with you?"

"Yeah, that's fine."

However, the biggest question on Derek's mind was if Stiles was able to give him a good hard fuck.

"Thrusting is not really an option for me." Stiles admitted, suddenly self-conscious. "But I do prefer topping over bottoming. You'll just have to do most of the work."

Derek wasn't really convinced but he was willing to give Stiles the benefit of the doubt. He had known that they would have to do some things different due to Stiles' condition. Besides, he really wanted to do this.

They compared the next few points on the list but there weren't been big differences in their likes and dislikes. Stiles was more into flogging than Derek, a five to Derek's three but since Derek had no experience with that, they would give it a try to figure out where Derek really stood.

Derek had given temperature play and wax the full five while Stiles had given temperature a two and wax a three. But with that Derek had also zero experience and it was possible that it was more awesome in his mind than it would be in reality. There was only one way to find out.

"For our first session I'll stick to stuff we both really like." Stiles assured him. "If we decide to do more, we can start to experiment. And we'll redo the list every few months. Plus, I'm not stupid, if I see or you tell me that you don't like something we won't do it again."

Derek only half listened to the last part of that statement because Stiles had said every few months. Stiles was already thinking long term. They had been texting for weeks now and Derek had been too invested in this already but since so far they had only talked about one session he had tried to not get his hopes up too much. One session, maybe a second one, nothing serious. But Stiles was talking about months.

"How about next Saturday?" Stiles pulled him out of his thoughts.

"What?"

"For our session," Stiles frowned at him but didn't ask where his mind had been. "That way we have a week to think about it. And I can't stress it enough, if you want to change something or call it off entirely, just tell me."

"I will." Derek promised but he wouldn't call it off. He probably would go for it right now if Stiles asked. Which he didn't and that was probably good.

"With that out of the way." Stiles put the lists aside and made grabby hands at the folder sitting in the far corner of the table. "What's in there?"

"You said you wanted to see some pictures." Suddenly Derek was nervous for a whole different reason and for a second he didn't want to show Stiles the pictures. This felt more intimate than talking about the fact that he liked to beg for permission to come.

He flicked through the pictures to make sure that they were still in order and then he put the first one on the table.
"This is where I grew up." He said. It was a black and white picture of the Hale house back in Beacon Hills. He added two more of the house but with more of the surroundings showing. One had a deer in it, standing just feet from the house. The next two were just the preserve, wild forest with no hint of civilization. He wasn't sure why he'd added those but it felt right.

"Wow." Stiles made and inspected them closer. "I'm kind of waiting for a wolf to run through this one."

"There are no wolves in California."

"This is California?" He tapped the picture. "Where are you from?"

"A small town, I doubt you've heard of it." Derek said. "Beacon Hills?"

"You're kidding, right?" Stiles gaped at him. "Dude, we're basically neighbors. I grew up like fifty miles from you."

"Small world." Derek admitted. What were the odds? But on the other hand, this was New York, people came here from all over the country.

"You have no idea." Stiles shook his head in clear disbelief. "My parents now live in Beacon Hills. My stepmom works at the hospital and Dad got elected sheriff there two years ago."

"Your dad is sheriff in Beacon Hills?" Now he must be joking.

"John Stilinski, look him up."

"I might do that, this is one hell of a coincidence." He was already raking his memories if his mom had mentioned a Sheriff Stilinski. She probably had when he'd gotten elected but Derek didn't really care about what was going on back home.

"You tell me." Stiles leaned back in his chair, still visibly trying to wrap his head around the new information.

The rest of the pictures were less spectacular. Derek had picked a few of his family, his parents, Laura with her family, Cora on prom night. Even Uncle Peter. Derek was a little proud of that one, he'd really caught the glint of mischief in his uncle's eye.

There were only a few pictures about himself, Derek realized and wondered if he'd failed once again. Just two of art school and one of when he'd been out with some of the other students.

No picture of Kate. He had burned all of those but it didn't seem appropriate to show Stiles pictures of former lovers anyway.

The main chunk were pictures without people in them. Landscapes, buildings, there was even one of an old paint can in and abandoned building. He had no idea why he'd added those. And why he hadn't been able to throw those out.

But strangely enough Stiles seemed to like them.

"Dude, I'm so going to stalk you on the internet." Stiles said without even lifting his eyes from the pictures.

"There isn't really anything to stalk." Derek admitted, preparing himself for the same old discussion again. He didn't have Facebook or twitter, so what?
"You don't have to tell me your name on Patreon if you don't want to." Stiles assured him but then he seemed to read something in Derek's expression. "But you do something with these except for stuffing them in folders stacked under your bed, right?"
"Patreon?" Derek asked. "That's for artists."

Apparently Stiles thought that his pictures were kind of artsy but they were on a date and Stiles wanted this to lead somewhere, preferably into Derek's pants, so of course he was praising his pictures. He had considered that stupid snapshot of a destroyed toaster art so Derek took his praise with a grain of salt.

"Dude, you are an artist." Stiles flapped the picture he had still in hand to make his point. "I'd pay money for this."

"It's just a hobby." Derek felt his cheeks warming with a blush. "It's not as if I could make money out of it." He'd heard that often enough, if you can't make money with it, it's not worth your time.

"As somebody who's making a living out of his art, let me tell you, you absolutely can."

"You … what?" That statement totally blindsided him. "You're an artist?"

"I never mentioned it?" Stiles frowned and for a moment his eyes went distant. In his mind he was probably going through all their conversations they had over the last few weeks. "Guess I never did. That's weird. Usually it's something that comes up very early, is the topic for like five minutes and then it just gets awkward. People are not that interested in art but I guess you know that."

"You were more worried about your chair. And we had another main topic." Since their first contact over the D-s-Match website, they had talked about a lot of things but the kinky stuff had always been there.

"And I never asked." Derek added after a moment. "I should have, sorry." He really should have. That was the normal thing to do. Where are you from? What do you do for a living? Family. Things like that.

Instead Derek had ranted about rude customers. But Stiles hadn't asked either.

They had talked about Jack. The latest Marvel movie, Stiles had some strong feelings about that one. Boring day to day stuff. Derek knew that Jack loved cream cheese and that Stiles hated it but he hadn't known that they had grown up only miles apart. Or that apparently Stiles was an artist.

"What kind of art do you make?" Derek asked with a delay. He was not good at this social conversation thing, he knew that, but Stiles didn't seem to mind.

"Digital art." Stiles said. "You want to see? If not it's okay, most find it boring."

"Most find my pictures boring." Derek reminded him. And it was only polite to at least have a look, right?

But then he realized something. Stiles was an artist. He wasn't just somebody who looked at Derek's pictures and found them pretty. He knew what he was talking about.

_Maybe he isn't a good artist_, Derek mused and silently vowed to praise his art anyway. But Stiles had said that he was making a living out of it.

Not sure what to think Derek watched Stiles disappearing through what he assumed was the
bedroom door. When he came back only seconds later, he had a laptop on his knees.

"Mostly I do commissions." Stiles explained, almost sounding as if he was justifying his work. "But I do have Patreon." He gave Derek a pointed look while they waited for the laptop to come to life. "And I'm planning to start a comic soon."

"That sounds awesome. What is it about?"

"I'm still bouncing ideas." Stiles answered. Derek was pretty sure that he knew exactly what the comic would be about but if Stiles wasn't ready to share, Derek wouldn't push.

He didn't know what to expect when Stiles searched through some files to find the one he wanted to show him. However, when the first picture appeared on the screen, Derek was lost for words.

"You might now this one."

"You did this?"

For one it was good, really good. It was more comic-style than realistic but Derek really liked it. A Scooby-Doo kind of gang in front of a haunted house. And the second thing, he knew that picture.

"I eat that cereal." Dumbfounded Derek stared at the picture. It was on every package. Some campaign the company was running, nothing Derek was interested in, but he had noticed the picture. Hard not to, they had a whole pyramid of these cereal boxes in the store.

"Didn't peg you for the chocolate kind of guy." Stiles threw him a glance and opened another file.

Derek was a photographer and not a digital artist but he knew a thing or two about light, composition and things like that. So automatically he looked at Stiles' work with a professional eye and he had to say, Stiles was good.

He had to wonder if Stiles looked at his work with an equal professional eye. That thought was kind of uncomfortable so Derek didn't dwell on it for too long.

They didn't watch a movie that evening. For the next hours they sat over the laptop, discussing Stiles' work. Looked like someone could make a living with art.

"I give online classes for digital art." Stiles admitted. "But it's only an addition to this. The commissions and my Patreon are my main income."

One thing was clear, it would be Derek online stalking Stiles and not the other way around. Not that Stiles minded. He was the one showing him all the places he was using to promote his art. Some Derek hadn't even heard of. What the heck was a tumblr and why was it missing an e?

In the end it was Jack who reminded them that it was getting late.

By now he was whining and pacing between the door and Stiles, trying to push Stiles' towards the door.

"Shit." Stiles cursed when he checked the time. "He has to go."

Past eleven. Derek hadn't even noticed how late it had become. Probably time to leave anyway.

"I don't want to kick you out." Stiles turned his chair on the back wheels with the front ones in the air and was already heading towards the door. "But if he doesn't get out now, there will be an accident."
Unsure what to do Derek collected his pictures and followed him to the door.

"A little walk would be nice." He said. After hours of sitting hunched over the laptop a little walk in the park did sound nice. And if he was honest, he didn't really want to leave just yet.

Jack really needed to go so they hurried to get out of the door and into the elevator. With Stiles' chair and the big dog it was rather crowded especially since Jack couldn't stand still any longer.

When they finally reached the park, Jack dashed for the first patch of grass. Derek had never before seen a dog looking so blissfully relieved.

"I can carry this." Stiles plucked the folder with pictures out of Derek's hand and stuffed it between his thigh and the side of the chair.

"Thanks." With his hands now empty Derek didn't know what to do with them anymore.

"I totally forgot about Jack." Stiles admitted rather sheepishly. "Usually we go around ten. After that he's good for the night."

"I don't think you're neglecting him." Derek assured him. "I forgot the time too. You're taking good care of him, I can see that."

"Thanks." Stiles gave his chair a push to follow Jack who had found something interesting to sniff a little ahead. "Some people think I shouldn't have a dog."

"Some people are idiots." Derek put his fists in his pockets and followed Stiles.

"They sure are." He adjusted his pace to Derek's and for a moment they just watched Jack running around. At this time of the night they were alone in the park and for a second Derek wondered if it was save for Stiles. Usually he was alone out here.

Not alone, he corrected himself, with a big ass dog. Jack was a big puppy but a stranger wouldn't know that.

They kept the walk short and soon they were back at the beginning.

"My car's over there." Derek pointed at the car in question. "I really enjoyed the evening." It wasn't just a phrase. He really did enjoy the time he spent with Stiles.

"Me too." Stiles rubbed the back of his head. Then his other hand found the folder he'd stuffed next to his leg in the chair. "Don't forget these. And think about it."

"I will." Derek promised. He didn't know if he would master the courage to actually put his work out there but he would be lying if he said that he wasn't already thinking about it.

Then they were just awkwardly standing there, neither of them sure how to end the evening.

"Oh, fuck it." Stiles finally broke the silence. He grabbed Derek by the labels of his jacket and pulled him down for a kiss.

Surprised Derek just went with it but when Stiles' lips met his, he kissed back.

It was short and almost chaste but it felt good.

"Can't wait for next Saturday." Stiles whispered in his ear before he let go of him.
For a second Derek didn't know what he was referring to, they had talked about art most of the evening, but then he remembered the main reason for today's date and what they had planned for next week.

"Looking forward to it." Derek whispered back and just because he placed another peck on Stiles' cheek before he straightened up.

They finally parted ways and Derek drove home with a smile on his lips. However, he was too keyed up to go to bed right away so he got his laptop.

Derek spent half the night stalking Stiles on the internet. How he did get anything done with this much social media was beyond Derek but according to Stiles it was working and he was on his way to live completely off his work.

Then Derek had a closer look at Patreon.

By Sunday afternoon Derek basically had a concept, with pictures and everything, to promote his work on the internet but he knew that this was how far he would go. He would dream about the what-ifs and could-bes but he wasn't ready for it.

Then his eyes fell on the bookmark for D-s-Match. How long had he been lurking around there before he had gathered the courage to make a profile? Putting his pictures out there couldn't be more intimate than to admit in public that he would like to submit to a dom.

"I'm going to ask Stiles to help me get started." Derek told the empty room and it did feel like a promise.

Sunday night Derek went to bed with a good feeling, partly because Stiles had called him in the evening to tell him something. Derek wasn't really sure what it was Stiles had wanted to tell him but they had talked for almost an hour.

Stiles didn't mention the art thing and Derek didn't either. He needed to sleep over this for at least another night.

However, Derek's good feeling was gone rather quickly when he found out that Harris was in the store on Monday.

"Thought he has the late shift today." Derek said when he joined Erica at the coffee maker in the break room. With Harris around he needed his morning coffee more than usual.

"I swear, if he stares at my ass again …" Erica threatened. She dumped five pieces of sugar in her cup and stirred it fiercely.

"If we're lucky he'll stay in his office most of the time." The last thing he wanted was Harris hovering in the background all day.

Before he left the break room to face the customers, Derek checked his phone one last time and sure enough he found a message from Stiles. With a video of Jack who was playing fetch with a ball.

"Puppy!" Erica squealed way too close to his ear.

"That's Jack, Stiles' dog."

"Right, you had a date. How did it go?" She asked, still looking over his shoulder at his phone.
"What's this?" She tapped the screen.

In the beginning Stiles had been careful to not show his chair in the pictures and videos he was sending Derek but lately he didn't seem to care. In this one he'd caught part of his legs when Jack brought back the ball.

"That's his wheelchair." Derek explained.

"Wheelchair?" She sounded more curious than anything else. "How do you have sex?"

"I don't think that's any of your business." Derek turned the phone off. He was wondering about the sex thing as well but that was something between him and Stiles.

Before she could respond, Harris came into the break room.

"Mr. Hale, a word please."
Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

I have been asked if I have somebody in mind when I write about Stiles' art. And I actually do have somebody in mind. Check him out if you want:
theministryofabnormality.com
twitch.tv/oabnormal

Sure that his order would be followed, Harris turned around and left. Over his shoulder Derek threw a glance at Erica to see if she had a clue what this was about but she just shook head.

*Good luck*, she mouthed but it was clear on her face how glad she was that it wasn't her Harris wanted to have a word with.

Raking his memory for anything that had gone wrong over the last week, Derek followed their general manager. By the time they reached his office, Derek still had no clue what this was about but with customers you never knew. Some complained over completely made up shit. Not that Harris cared about his employees' side.

"Mr. Hale, there has been a complaint about you." Harris took a seat behind his desk which left Derek awkwardly standing in front of him. "I think you know exactly what incident I'm talking about, don't you?" The smile he gave him was tight and not friendly at all.

"No, sir. I have no idea." Derek fought the urge to straighten up. Harris was not a goddamn drill sergeant. But he had a feeling that he knew which customer he was talking about. There had been quite a few rude ones lately but only one remarkable. But it had been Erica who had dealt with the toaster lady in the end.

"This customer tried to return a toaster last week." Harris watched him closely. "But instead of walking out of here happy with a new toaster she got mocked and screamed at."

"I remember that customer." Derek admitted. "I couldn't do the return because it had been longer than ninety days and the toaster was severely damaged."

"It was a faulty product." Harris cut in. "You should have exchanged it."

"I called for a store manager and Erica agreed that we can't return it." Derek hated to bring Erica into this but if he didn't mention calling for a manager Harris would have him for not following company policies. "And the product was clearly damaged by the customer. I can show you, I took a picture."

"You had your phone with you in the store?" Harris' eyebrows hit his hairline.

Derek left his office five minutes later with a write-up in his file.

"How did it go?" Erica was at his side a moment later.

"Remember toaster lady?" Derek hurried to get as far away as possible from Harris' office but Erica matched his pace easily. "She did complain."
"Why has it been you in there and not me?" She wondered, of course fully aware of what she'd said to that customer.

"No idea." Derek ducked back into the break room. By now his coffee was cold but he needed a moment. Right now he would just bite off the head of the first customer who looked at him wrong. "Harris likes your ass. Or the customer blamed it all on me. Who cares."

This wasn't his first write-up but it was the first he felt like he didn't deserve at all. He even had evidence that the customer was in the wrong but what good had it done him? At least he got only one write-up and not a second one for having his phone with him in the store as well.

Over the last few weeks it had become second nature to him to tell Stiles about all the shit that was happening in the store so that was what he was doing now.

*Remember the toaster? Customer complained and I got a write-up. And some for taking the picture.*

Once the message was sent he felt better.

The morning was hectic but Derek tried his best to keep his fake smile on and to be polite even to the biggest morons. Harris stayed in his office most of the time but he did come out on occasion. Erica got a kick out of calling him instead of dealing with trouble customers herself.

With the store full Boyd only managed to relieve Derek from his till an hour later than he was supposed to and Derek just hurried to get to the break room before somebody could catch him on his way.

Derek fixed himself a fresh cup of coffee and sat down with a sigh. Eating his lunch with one hand, he checked his messages with the free one. Sure enough Stiles had answered.

*You in trouble?*

*Not really. Harris just hates me.*

He should be careful for a while. He didn't want to give Harris reason to fire him. This was not the best job and for sure not what he'd pictured when he came to New York but at the moment it was all he had.

Derek could go back to Beacon Hills at any time, his family would welcome him with open arms, he knew that, but he would rather kiss Harris ass than beg his uncle for a boring office job.

He probably should look for other opportunities, though. This was not what he wanted to do for the rest of his life. It had only been meant to bring him through art school but when other jobs didn't come up, he got stuck with it.

Which brought his mind back to the Patreon thing.

*He's an ass,* Stiles wrote.

*Agreed.* Derek couldn't hide a smile but he did check that Harris wasn't reading over his shoulder. But he was alone in the break room.

*I wanted to ask you something*

*What?* Derek wrote back, glad for the change of topic.
Can I use one of your pictures for my class? The one where you expect a wolf to run through the picture?

Why? Was all Derek could think of. It's not digital art.

But it would be perfect to demonstrate light and shadow. We're going to cover that next week and I'm sick of using the same pictures over and over again.

Why don't you use one of your paintings? Derek asked. Stiles had more than enough paintings to illustrate light and shadow.

Because I love that picture.

There was nothing Derek could say against that so he agreed to send him a digital copy later.

Harris left the store around three in the afternoon and everybody breathed easier once he was gone.

"Erica sicked him on me three times today." Boyd complained once it was safe. "I thought he would glare me to death right in front of the customer."

"You tell me." Derek grumbled. The write-up was still on his mind but there was nothing he could do about it.

"Erika said you're dating a guy in a wheelchair?" Of course Erika had told him. By now most likely everybody in the store knew about it.

"Yes." Derek said and inwardly he steeled himself. He had always been ready to stand his ground whenever he was dating a man. Some people did have a problem with that. And Stiles was a man in a wheelchair, some people might have a problem with that as well.

"But he's alright in the head?"

"Yes. Why shouldn't he be?" That thought had never even occurred to Derek. Okay, he had been texting with Stiles long before he'd even known about the chair so he had known about his sharp tongue beforehand.

Boyd just shrugged.

"And he has a dog? Erica won't shut up about the dog." Boyd made puppy eyes at him.

"Yes, he has a dog." Derek let out a sigh and reached for his phone. Why was everybody so interested in Jack? Not that he was any different. And Derek would never tell anybody that he'd ended up on the floor with the dog on top of him the first time he'd met Jack.

When he got home that day Derek just felt tired but he did send Stiles the promised copy. And he added a note that he would like some help with setting up Patreon and all the other stuff.

It couldn't hurt. And if he did make money with it, that wouldn't hurt either.

Ten seconds after he'd sent the message, his phone rang.

Turned out that Stiles was not a patient guy and he would come over right now to help Derek but in the end they agreed that tomorrow would be soon enough.

"Is it okay if I bring Jack?" Stiles asked and Derek didn't even know when he'd agreed that they would do this at his place. It made sense but it wasn't often that he had guests.
"Of course."

"And I really hope that by now you would have mentioned if your place is not accessible for me." Stiles said it nonchalantly but there was a tone in there as if this was a topic he had suffered through way too many times. Derek wondered how often he'd ended up at some stairs with no way to get around them.

"Second floor with elevator." Derek answered promptly. That had been one of the first things he'd been thinking about when Stiles had mentioned his chair for the first time. Back then he hadn't even been sure if he would ever invite Stiles over but it had come to mind. He might have to push some furniture to the side so Stiles could move around freely but that wouldn't be a problem.

"It's a date then." Stiles beaming at him was audible over the phone.

Derek had been tired when he got home but when he ended the call, he felt a sudden burst of energy. Since he almost never had visitors, he did tend to leave stuff lying around and he wasn't sure when he'd used the vacuum cleaner the last time.

First he loaded the dish washer and got it started, then he gathered all the dirty clothes lying around. Since he didn't know where their date, if it really counted as one, would end, he stripped his bed as well and put on new sheets. It would be kind of their third date and they had kissed on the second one. They had planned their session for Saturday but that didn't mean they couldn't do other stuff before that. Better safe than sorry.

If Stiles even wanted to do other stuff outside of their sessions. Derek thought that they had some sexual tension building up between them for a while now but that could be only about to the BDSM stuff.

While he was vacuuming he made a mental list of things he should get on his way home tomorrow. Derek didn't consider himself a cook but they could just order in, however, drinks and snacks were probably a good idea, he had only water here. And maybe he should restock on condoms and lube, that might come in handy at some point as well. Even if tomorrow wouldn't happen anything.

Derek fell into bed late and exhausted but at least his apartment was ready for guests.

When said guest was at his door the next evening, Derek took a deep breath to calm his nerves before he opened the door. He wasn't sure why he was nervous exactly, because of the reason Stiles was here or because Stiles was here?

Then he opened the door.

The first thing that happened was that Jack rushed in, wagging his tail in excitement. Sweeping the lamp right off the sideboard Derek had in the hallway.

"Shit." Stiles tried to catch it but he was too slow and it smashed to the floor. "Sorry, I'll pay for it, I swear."

Derek just laughed. Jack was still trying to climb him like a tree and the lamp was clearly broken but he didn't care.

"Just come in already." Derek made a few steps back with Jack following him so that Stiles could come in far enough to close the door. But he didn't get farther until Jack had gotten his belly rub.

Only when the dog went off to explore the place, Derek had time to greet his guest properly. At
least by then his nervousness was gone.

"I'm really sorry about the lamp." Stiles tried to not roll directly over the broken pieces on the floor but some still crunched under his wheels.

"I didn't like it anyway." Derek waved him off. "Just let me clean this up real quick."
Chapter 8

Derek had never really liked that lamp but it had been a house-warming gift from Laura, apparently lamps were essential for living in New York, so he had put it on the sideboard. He didn't remember if he'd ever turned it on, though.

"I'm really sorry." With a scrunched face Stiles watched him cleaning up the mess.

"Don't worry about it." On his way to the trash can in the kitchen Derek patted Jack on the head who watched him with interest, completely oblivious of what he'd done.

"I locked my equipment in the dark room, there's nothing of value for him to break out here."

Derek threw the broken pieces in the trash and dusted off his hands.

"You have a dark room?" Stiles asked with a delay. There was a playful glint in his eye.

"Not that kind of dark room." Derek rolled his eyes at him.

"That's not …" Stiles started but then stopped. "Okay, that's totally where my mind first jumped to but you're a photographer of course it's not that kind of dark room."

"Stiles?" Derek just shook his head. "Shut up."

"Can I see?"

"Only if Jack stays outside." No way was he letting the dog into the small room filled with chemicals, cameras and all the equipment.

"Jack!" Stiles ordered and instantly he had the dog's full attention. "Down."

A second later Jack was lying where Stiles had pointed at, next to the couch where he wouldn't be in the way.


Then he turned towards Derek, an hopeful expression on his face. Derek couldn't help but chuckle.

"It's just a small room." Derek said and opened the door. Since he had the window permanently blackened out he turned on the single red lamp.

"Wow, this is so cool." Stiles' fingers traced the counter where Derek developed his pictures and he was visibly itching to touch everything. For some reason Derek was glad that he had the cameras in a bag under the table.

But then Stiles' attention locked on to the pictures Derek had hung up to dry. They were out of reach for him but when he made grabby hands, Derek plucked them down and handed them over.

"What is this?" Stiles asked, squinting at the pictures.

"Just some random shots I took the other night." Derek ushered him out of the room where he would be able to actually see the pictures in proper light. "I couldn't sleep."

"This is around here?"
Derek didn't have a park right outside but this wasn't a bad neighborhood either. When he went out to take pictures he didn't seek out dangerous places but he did look for things other people missed.

The way the moon highlighted a narrow alley.

The old owner of the liquor store at the corner who had stepped out for a cigarette break.

A lady sharing a midnight snack with a street cat.

Nothing spectacular but something about it had caught Derek's eye. Most pictures didn't even show the face, it was more about the situation than the person.

"These are beautiful." Stiles couldn't get enough of them. "I'm glad you decided to share them with the world."

Derek was still not convinced that the world cared about his pictures but it did bring them back to the reason Stiles was here tonight.

"Where do you want to do this?" Derek asked, gesturing between his small kitchen table and the one by the couch.

"I'm not going to say where my mind went now." Stiles muttered to himself but loud enough for Derek to hear. "Couch, if it's okay with you. I've been in this chair all day."

"Of course." Derek stepped aside to let him go first and when Stiles passed him he said: "We can talk about where your mind went later."

At that he almost crashed into the couch but it was good to know that Derek hadn't been wrong about the sexual tension between them.

Stiles threw him a glare but then he parked his chair next to the couch and hoisted himself over with ease. He sank into the cushions with a sigh of relief.

He had to arrange his legs with his hands but once he was sitting properly it wasn't obvious any longer that he couldn't move the lower part of his body.

For a second Derek wondered how it would be like, riding him like that, but he hurried to shrug off that thought. Looked like Stiles wasn't the only one with a dirty mind around here.

Derek turned his back to the couch for only a second to get his laptop but when he came back, Jack was on the couch as well, head in Stiles' lap.

"I hope you don't mind?" Stiles and Jack were both giving him big puppy eyes and Derek just couldn't say no to that. So he squeezed his butt between Jack's and the armrest and got a tail to his face for his generousness.

"C'mon, Jack." Stiles urged the dog farther to himself. "We're guests here."

Derek just set up his laptop.

"After you called yesterday." Stiles started and it sounded like the beginning of a confession. "Sometimes I just can't stop thinking about something."

"Okay." Derek said, waiting for whatever Stiles was trying to tell him.

"First of all you need a website." Stiles changed directions. "With a portfolio and everything. That's
the heart of your internet presence. From there you link to everything else and everything else links back to your page."

"Makes sense." He had seen how Stiles had done this. He also had a main page with a portfolio and about a million links.

"I might have experimented with different layouts?" Stiles said meekly.

Turned out that Stiles hadn't just been experimenting, he had four different concepts ready.

Derek didn't know why Stiles was so invested in this but he took it gratefully. Alone he would have no idea where to even start.

Two hours later they were eating Chinese take-out and browsing through Derek's folders to decide which pictures to put on the website.

Later, when Jack indicated that he needed to go, they took a break and went outside for a little walk. Jack ran ahead happily and Derek was glad to stretch his legs as well, only Stiles winced that he had to go back into his chair again.

After the break they moved on to Patreon and by midnight Derek was all set.

"You should get twitter and Instagram as well but I think you can figure that out on your own." Stiles said and stretched.

"Sure, thank you." Derek leaned back as well and rubbed his face. Staring at the screen for hours had been tiring. And it was getting late, he had work tomorrow.

"But if you have any questions ..." He offered.

"I'll call you if I get stuck." Derek assured him.

"I should probably leave now." Stiles said, eyeing his chair. After the walk he had moved over to the couch again.

"You could stay." Derek offered quietly.

"Or I could stay."

Jack was sleeping on the floor so there was nothing between them, Derek could just lean over until their lips met. Stiles' were as soft as he remembered. Stiles cupped the back of his head, keeping him close, and with his tongue he was tracing the inside of Derek's bottom lip before he probed his way farther in.

Derek was kissing back, his hands roaming over Stiles' back.

"How do you want to do this?" Derek asked when Stiles started to map out the line of his jaw with little kisses. His hands had wandered down, now on his lower back, fingers tracing the waistband of his jeans. The intention was clear and they were definitely wearing too many clothes for this.

"You're a strong guy." Stiles kissed the spot behind his ear. "You can carry me over to your bed."

"You sure?" Derek paused. He wanted this but he didn't want to do anything that made Stiles feel uncomfortable.

"As long as you don't throw me over your shoulder like a caveman." Stiles placed another playful
kiss on his mouth but then he guided Derek's hand to get a proper grip on him.

Stiles kept himself upright with his arms slung around Derek's neck but Derek had to support his legs to keep them more or less around his waist. Which ended with Derek's hands under Stiles' butt. Not that Derek really noticed, he was more busy with keeping Stiles from slipping down.

The feeling of Stiles' paralyzed legs around his waist was nothing like he'd expected. They weren't limp. Quite the opposite, they were stiff, the muscles tense and he felt them spasm even more on the short way from the couch to the bed.

When he laid down Stiles on the bed he had to physically stretch out his legs.

"Is this okay?" He asked but he felt the muscles under his hands relax ever so slightly so he hoped it wasn't too wrong what he was doing here.

When Stiles didn't answer, Derek tore his eyes off his legs and lifted his head. He found Stiles staring at him with big eyes, disbelief clearly written on his face.

"What?" Derek asked, not sure how to read the situation. He shifted to move away from him but Stiles grabbed his hands and put them on his waist.

"You're unbelievable, you know that?" Stiles asked breathless. "The way you just go with it … unbelievable. And now get me out of my pants."

The command went straight to Derek's groin and for a second he wondered if that was Stiles' dom voice but then he worked open his fly to get Stiles out of his pants. Which was easier said than done but Stiles was helping as best as he could and in the end Derek just stripped his jeans down. Revealing the diaper he was wearing.

"Okay, that's not sexy." Stiles admitted rather sheepishly. "Sorry."

"It's okay." Derek assured him, licking his lips. It wasn't exactly sexy but he wasn't grossed out either. The sight of the diaper did something to him he didn't want to examine farther right now.

A second later Stiles threw the diaper out of the bed and another second later, they were both naked. Stiles had a few scars on his thighs and hip, nothing too serious, but they curved around to his back, hinting at more.

Gently Derek traced along the side of Stiles' legs, over his hips and along his flanks. The muscles under his fingers changed from weak and useless to his well defined pecs. He brushed his thumbs over the nipples, coaxing a moan out of Stiles.

Stiles urged him farther up and Derek followed willingly.

Straddling Stiles' hips Derek stretched out over him, going back to the kissing. This was safe ground, he knew how to do kissing.

"I really hope you have lube and condoms around here somewhere." Stiles said, nipping at the skin of his throat. Derek nodded and blindly reached for the bedside table.

"Can I ride you?" Derek asked. He had fantasized about that earlier but he wasn't sure if it would be okay for Stiles. He didn't want to hurt him and seeing him naked and stretched out like this, it was more obvious than ever how fragile his lower half was. Even his cock was struggling to get erect.
"Yeah." Stiles kissed him again. "Blow me while I prep you?"

"Okay." Derek put the lube in Stiles hand and turned around. Blowing him was not different than blowing any other man and Derek closed his eyes and focused on the the feeling of Stiles' cock filling his mouth. And Stiles' finger tracing along the rim of his hole.

It didn't take long until he was moaning around the cock and writhing on the fingers working him open.

"Turn around." Stiles withdrew his fingers and gave him a light slap on the ass to get him moving. Derek got in position and then he was sinking down on Stiles' cock.

He came with Stiles buried deep inside him and Stiles' hand wrapped around his shaft but he didn't stop moving until Stiles spilled his release as well.
The next morning Derek woke even before his alarm went off and for a long moment he just lay there, trying to figure out who the warm body next to him belonged to.

It was telling how used he was to sleeping alone in his bed.

"Morning." Stiles peeked out from under the covers but didn't bother to fully open his eyes.

"Morning." Derek answered and stretched out more comfortably on his side again. "I have to leave for work soon but we can have breakfast together first if you like."

What were the etiquette for the morning after a not quite one night stand? They still had their first BDSM session planned for the weekend so it wasn't some one time thing. Or it was and they would stick to the kinky stuff only after this. Derek didn't know. He'd never quite figured out this relationship stuff.

"Breakfast sounds good." Stiles answered with a yawn.

"You want first shower?" Derek offered but Stiles waved him off.

"I'll shower when I get home." He said but something in his tone told Derek that this was not just because he didn't have clean underwear with him or something like that.

"Why?" He asked gently.

Stiles didn't look at him and retreated deeper under the covers.

"I've seen your bathroom." He finally said, voice muffled by the blanket. "I can't use your shower."

"Oh." Derek hadn't thought about that. Lying in bed it was easy to forget that Stiles couldn't just step into the shower stall. When he'd been at Stiles' place Derek hadn't bothered to have a closer look at the shower but now he wondered.

"What's different between your shower and mine?" He asked. Maybe it was something easy to fix.

Stiles blinked at him and slowly came back up from under the covers.

"I have a plastic stool in there so I can sit." He said a bit hesitant as if he was ashamed of it. "And I have a grab rail that helps me to get from my chair to the stool."

Derek couldn't provide that but Stiles just told him not to worry.

"But you could bring me my chair." Stiles changed the topic.

"Right." Derek hadn't thought about that either. Since he had carried Stiles over last night, his chair was still in the living room. "I'll get it."

It took him a moment to figure out how to loosen the breaks and on his way through the door Derek bumped into the frame.

Stiles just laughed at that. "Don't worry, happens to me all the time. I don't even bother with repainting the doors anymore."
While Derek took his shower Stiles went outside with Jack for a quick walk and then they had breakfast together.

In the end Derek had to kick Stiles out or he would be late for work. They parted with a kiss and the promise to talk on the phone later.

"Somebody's in a good mood." Erica greeted him when Derek entered the break room in search for more coffee. He glared at her but his gaze softened when she handed him a full mug.

"Seriously, you were almost smiling when you came in." She continued, watching him over the rim of her own mug. "Did you get laid or something?"

He busied himself with his coffee and didn't look at her.

"You totally did." She lightened up with that realization. "Who is it? Wheelchair guy? I want details."

"Too bad." Derek took a big gulp of coffee. "You won't get any."

"C'mon, Derek." She whined. "You had sex with a guy in a wheelchair. Wasn't it weird? How does it even work?" She paused for a second and then lowered her voice. "Does it work? I mean, down there?" She made a vague gesture at her lower body.

Derek just raised an eyebrow at her until she backed off.

Getting the hint she didn't bring it up again all morning, not that they had time to chat anyway. They didn't have their lunch break at the same time so Derek had the break room for himself and could enjoy is lunch without nosy questions. At least that.

While he ate his lunch, he made a quick google search.

Would this work? He sent a picture to Stiles. Since they had been chatting during his lunch break more frequently Derek was positive that Stiles would answer him immediately and sure enough, he saw that Stiles had read his message just seconds later.

However, he didn't write back for long minutes.

Yes, he finally answered. That would work

A second later he added: But you don't have to buy stuff for me

I want to, Derek answered. But I don't want to get the wrong thing. Tell me if I need something else

No, this is fine, Stiles answered only seconds later. Thank you

After work Derek took a little detour and when he got home, he was the proud owner of a shower stool and a grab rail with suction cups which he could attach to the wall without damaging the tiles.

He set it up to see if it worked and then, just because he was curious, he brought a chair from the kitchen into the bathroom and set down next to the shower stall. He had seen how easily Stiles transferred from his chair to the couch. And he'd used the toilet in the more confined bathroom just fine. It couldn't be that hard, right?

It was way harder than it looked, Derek found out. He was just glad that nobody was there to witness how he struggled to get from the chair to the stool without using his legs.
Derek could use his legs and that was what prevented him from crashing to the floor the first few times and when he finally managed to get to the stool he still had the feeling that his lower body helped him more than Stiles' would.

Stiles was using his chair as if it was a natural part of his body but seeing how hard a simple task like getting into the shower was for him, Derek's respect for him grew even more.

The rest of the evening Derek was online, trying to figure out how twitter worked and why exactly he needed it. Instagram he understood, kind of, but what was the purpose of these short messages? He asked Stiles the same thing and then they spent the next hour on the phone discussing the pros and cons of social media.

However, only minutes after Derek had set up his accounts, he had his first follower. He rolled his eyes at the screen but couldn't help the fond feeling tightening his chest.

The rest of the week went by rather quickly and soon enough it was Friday and Derek was just waiting for the last customer to leave so that they could close up for the night and go home.

"Any plans for the weekend?" Boyd asked while they watched the old lady who absolutely needed jelly beans two minutes after closing time slowly heading towards the door.

"Kind of." Derek replied, not that he had any intention to tell Boyd what his plans for the weekend were. "It's going to be my last weekend for a while, have to make the most of it."

Harris had put up the schedule for the next two weeks and sure enough, Derek had to work Saturday and Sunday and for the near future he would either opening or closing the store which meant extra work.

"Harris has it in for you." Boyd said with sympathy. Last week it had been him, he was probably lucky that Harris had a new target.

"He has it in for all of us." Derek huffed and when that lady finally left the store, he almost sprinted to the door to lock it before someone else could wander in.

"Erica said you're seeing that guy in the wheelchair now." Boyd had started to close down the registers and didn't look at him.

"Yes?"

"Is he your plan for the weekend?" Now Boyd did look up and gave him a knowing smile.

"Why is everybody suddenly so interested in my love life?"

"Since you finally have a love life." Boyd shrugged.

Together they closed the store rather quickly but it was still half an hour later than it should be when Derek finally came home.

However, his apartment seemed too quiet today. Tomorrow he would have his first session with Stiles, his very first BDSM session ever, and he was nervous.

For a while he browsed the D-s-Match site, reading about other people's experiences, but everybody on there seemed to be experienced. He knew that most likely half of what he was reading there was fake but it didn't help to calm his nerves at all. Doms were bragging about how
they had used their subs and the subs were all about how they loved to serve their sir.

Did Stiles expect him to call him sir? Derek wasn't even sure anymore if that question had come up or not. His head was swimming.

Frustrated Derek shut down the laptop and grabbed his camera. He was too wired to go to bed any time soon so he went outside to walk off some of his anxiety.

He wanted to submit but what if it turned out that it wasn't his thing after all? What if Stiles asked him to do things he didn't want to do? They had discussed their preferences but he didn't know what Stiles had planned for the day.

Derek walked down the empty street and just let his mind wander. Moving was good, it kind of calmed him and it didn't take long until he found something worth a picture.

He took more pictures, whatever caught his eye, and in the end he sat down on a bench. Over the day this place probably was full with people but at this time of the night, he was alone. He took a picture of the row of empty benches and on a whim he got his phone out and shot another one to send it to Stiles.

*Why are you outside?*, came Stiles immediate answer.

*Not tired*, Derek answered. After a moment he added: *Nervous*

*About tomorrow?* Of course Stiles knew exactly why he was nervous. It was kind of comforting.

*Yes*

Only seconds after he'd sent the message, his phone rang.

"Hey." Stiles' voice was soft.

"Hey." Derek answered and didn't know what to say after that.

"Do you want to talk about it?" Stiles asked. "Or do you need distraction?"

"Distraction." Derek answered without a second of hesitation. He was sure about this, he wanted this, he just couldn't stop the stupid thoughts.

"I like the picture you sent me." Stiles said. "I like the light from the street lamp, casting more shadows than spending light. It's eerie and creepy but at the same time calm like a place to rest." He paused. "Is that where you are right now?"

"Yes." Derek wasn't sure if he meant the actual place or his mental state, both fit.

Stiles talked. The picture reminded him of a place he knew back home but there were more statues. And weren't those just creepy? Which led to him to rambling about weeping angles and some kind of doctor. Derek had no idea what he was talking about so he just sat there and listened to Stiles' voice.

When Derek finally went home, he was still nervous about tomorrow but it was the good kind of nervous. He even slept in the next day.

To kill some time Derek developed the pictures from last night and he had to say, they turned out pretty good.
And he packed a small overnight bag, just in case. They had only planned for one session in the afternoon but it was possible that Derek would stay the night. And he wanted to have at least some clean underwear and his toothbrush with him.

When it was time to get ready for his session with Stiles, Derek took a thorough shower, got dressed and then he drove over to Stiles' place with butterflies in his stomach.
Chapter 10

When Derek entered Stiles' place, it was nothing like he'd expected. For one, he didn't even make it through the door without greeting Jack properly. Only after a good belly rub the dog moved out of the way so that Derek could step into the hallway.

Derek knew that with one word from Stiles the dog would have moved immediately but he was glad that Stiles let Jack have his fun. Or he was letting Derek having his fun, he wasn't sure which way around it was.

"Come in." Stiles turned his chair and led the way into the living room. He was wearing sweatpants and a graphic t-shirt and Derek felt almost overdressed in his tight jeans and the t-shirt that clung to his body. He had wanted to show off his body and he knew how the jeans brought out his butt but now he almost felt like he'd mixed up the dates and this was just about hanging out with Stiles.

However, that impression vanished rather quickly when they entered the living room and Derek spotted the armchair in the middle of the room. Stiles had turned it around so that it wasn't facing the TV anymore. A towel was draped over it and there was a bottle of lube tucked into the corner. Whoever would be sitting in that chair would be on display. And who was he kidding, there was no doubt who would be on display here. Derek's mouth went dry.

"I'll lock Jack in the bedroom real quick, then we can talk." Stiles announced and ushered the dog out of the room.

When he came back, Derek still stood rooted to the floor, unable to take his eyes off the chair. He didn't know what exactly Stiles had planned but his jeans already felt tight around his groin.

"You still okay with this?" Stiles asked quietly.

"Yes." Derek licked his lips and gave Stiles a glance. "More than okay. I want this."

"Tell me your colors." Stiles brought his chair to a halt and something in his demeanor changed. He sat straighter and there was something in his posture, in his voice, that demanded attention.

"Green." Derek had to clear his throat. "Green is go, all good. Yellow for pause and discuss and red is stop."

"Very good." The praise sent shivers down Derek's spine. "Don't hesitate to use them."

"Green." Derek said, just to test the word. The smile Stiles gave him was proud and predatory at the same time.

"We're going to start light today." Stiles said and fished something out of the chair next to him. A blindfold. "I want to put this on you and then I want you to give me a show. Color?"

Derek glanced at the chair. "Green."

"Good. Come here."

Derek had to bend down for Stiles to blindfold him and once it was in place, Stiles used the chance to bring their lips together for a kiss. He even kissed different than he had before, now he was
demanding. His tongue invaded Derek's mouth, mapping it out like he owned it.

Derek let him dominate the kiss and it almost scared him how easily he accepted it. Was he already submitting?

"Turn around." Stiles guided him so that he didn't trip over Stiles' feet. "Stand straight, hands behind your head."

Stiles was close behind him, Derek had to stand with his feet wide apart to give the chair room. And then there were hands on his body. On his back, his flanks, stroking up and down. The hands sneaked around to trace over his front, fingertips following the lines of his abs and pecs. Without being able to see, Stiles’ hands felt more intense.

"Can't wait to see you naked." Stiles mumbled more to himself than anything else. "Can't believe this is all for me to play with."

Derek shivered but kept his hands behind his head. Stiles took his time to explore Derek's torso through the t-shirt before he sneaked a hand between his legs from behind, cupping the bulge trapped in the tight jeans.

"Already nice and hard for me." Stiles hummed in approval and Derek felt himself blush. At least Stiles couldn't see that. "Are you eager to please me?"

It took Derek a second to realize that this was a question he should answer.

"Yes." His voice sounded hoarse in his own ears.

Stiles took a moment to massage him through the jeans while Derek just tried to stand still and let him do whatever he wanted. Then the hand trailed back until Stiles had Derek's butt in both hands.

"You could bounce a quarter off this ass." Stiles proclaimed and started to squeeze and knead the muscles. His thumbs met in the crease, making Derek shiver.

"Take off your shirt and then hands back behind your head." Stiles ordered, pressing the thumbs in as deep as the jeans allowed, bringing Derek to his toes. He did it again while Derek had the shirt half-way over his head, making him stumble.

"You're so easy." Stiles teased him while Derek hurried to get back in position. Like expected the hands were now back on his torso, exploring the naked skin.

"I could spend hours just worshiping your body." Stiles admitted, bringing the heat back to Derek's cheeks. "And I love how you blush when I say things like that."

He placed a kiss on Derek's lower back while his hands dropped to his fly.

"Let's take out that pretty cock of yours, shall we?" Blindly he fumbled with the zipper to free Derek's cock and then he was stroking him.

Derek couldn't help the moans falling from his lips and he dug his fingernails into his skull to not come from this alone.

"And you're making so pretty noises." Stiles gave him a few more lazy strokes before he let go of him. Derek sighed in relief, he didn't want this to end just yet. They had barely started.

"Get naked." Stiles ordered and Derek could feel him moving the chair back to give him room to
move. Derek knew that Stiles was watching him but blindfolded he was glad that he managed to undress without stumbling around too much. No way it looked sexy.

"The chair is right in front of you." Stiles said once he was naked. "Maybe three steps. Sit down."

Derek found the chair easy enough and sat down.

"Lean back and put your legs over the armrests." Came the next order.

Derek swallowed thickly. That would put him on display even more than he'd predicted. He heard Stiles coming closer, he would have a good view on everything.

"Derek?" Stiles asked gently. "Color?"

Derek set his jaw. "Green."

He lifted his feet and spread his legs to bring them over the armrests. His face felt hot with shame and he was glad for the blindfold so he couldn't see how Stiles looked at him. But he could feel the hungry eyes all over his body.

However, his cock was basically leaking onto his stomach, rock hard and aching. If possible it filled even more under Stiles' gaze.

And his hole. Like this Stiles had a clear view on his most private part.

"So pretty." Stiles commented, making him flush all over. "So obedient. And all for me."

He fell silent for a long minute. To get his fill, Derek guessed.

"Just to make it clear, no touching or coming without permission." Stiles broke the silence.

"Understood." Derek hadn't expected anything else. He didn't want anything else.

"Do you finger yourself when you jerk off?"

"Yes." Derek felt his hole twitch under Stiles' gaze.

"How many can you take?"

"Ehm ..." Why was he asking this now while Derek was lying bare and open in front of him? As far as he knew Stiles was still fully clothed and he was lying here like a piece of meat. And he had to answer this kind of questions?

"Four." He finally answered with his hot face turned away. "Sometimes I can take four."

"Someone has been practicing." Stiles teased him. "I'd love to see that. Your rim tight around four of your fingers, stretching over the knuckles while you fuck yourself."

Derek dug his fingernails into his thighs to prevent his hands from flying to his aching cock. Precome was running down his side and it would only take a few strokes to get him off now.

"Show me." Stiles ordered. "The lube is to your left. Start with two fingers."

Glad that his hands finally had something to do, Derek fumbled with the bottle and squeezed a good amount on his fingers.
Done with teasing he just rammed the two fingers in and started fucking himself.

"You don't need much prep, don't you?" Stiles sounded breathless. "Are you fingering yourself often?"

"Yes." Derek was beyond feeling ashamed. He shifted to give Stiles a better view which also changed the angle and he reached his prostate more easily now. His other hand was roaming over his body, inching towards his aching erection but Stiles had nothing of that.

"Don't you dare and touch your cock." Came the sharp comment and Derek flinched back. "Touch whatever you want but keep your hand off your dick."

Under Stiles' watchful eyes Derek kept working his fingers in and out his hole, hitting his prostate almost every time. By now he was writhing on his fingers, a thin layer of sweat covering his body and breathless moans deep in his throat.

"Add another one." Stiles ordered and if Derek was not mistaken, he was fisting his own cock now. There was the telltale sound of skin on skin barely audible over Derek's own harsh breathing.

"Keep working that sweet spot of yours."

The third finger was a bit of a stretch but it didn't take long for Derek to pick up his rhythm again.

"Please." He was close. His other hand was on his balls now, the closest he dared to get to his cock, and he just clung to the sac to keep his hand from getting himself off with just a few strokes.

"Show me the forth finger first." Stiles ordered.

Derek whined in frustration, he was so fucking close, he wanted, needed, to come now. But he direach for the bottle and squeezed more lube on his fingers. At least it gave him a breather and when he struggled to work all the fingers in, he wasn't that close to tumbling over the edge any more.

"That's it." There was no doubt that Stiles was doing what Derek was not allowed to do. "Fuck that tight little hole of yours. Wreck it with your thick fingers." Stiles was rambling now but his words went straight to Derek's neglected erection. It twitched, begging for attention, and Derek's free hand was back on his balls, desperately pulling at the sac to create at least a little bit of distraction.

"Put your fingertips on your sweet spot and give it some good attention." Stiles' words pierced through the fog in his mind and it took him a moment to comprehend what Stiles wanted him to do.

"Please." Derek keened. "Let me … I need …" Unable to form a coherent thought he just whimpered while his fingertips were torturing his prostate. He had the faint hope that he was able to come from this alone. He just needed a little more, just one touch.

"Ask me if you can touch your pretty cock and make yourself come." Stiles demanded.

Derek whined but his fingers never stopped moving. The blindfold, wet with tears, clung to his face when he threw his head back in frustration.

"Please, can I …" The words stuck in his throat but there was the promise of release so he forced them out. "Can I … can I touch my cock …" Shame burned in his cheeks. "… and come?"

"Your pretty cock." Stiles emphasized and Derek just wanted to say fuck you and wrap his hand around himself. But he bit back the comeback. He wanted to come but he wanted to please Stiles
"Please." He licked his lips. "Can I touch my ... pretty ... cock and come?"

"Yes. Come for me."

When Derek wrapped his hand around his cock, he cried in relief and not a second later his whole body arched off the chair. Hot ropes of come hit his chest and chin. Fingertips still pressed against his prostate he rode out the waves of his orgasm. Then he collapsed boneless in the chair.

Only distantly he felt Stiles' come hitting his chest as well.
Chapter 11

Catching his breath, Derek was just lying in the chair. His legs had slipped off the armrests and his butt was almost hanging over the edge but he was too pliant to move.

His whole body was still trembling from the aftershocks of his orgasm and dry sobs got caught in his throat.

"Shhh." Stiles was at his side, a hand on his shoulder. "It's okay, you did good. I'm proud of you, so proud."

With those words a damn broke and Derek couldn't hold back the tears any longer.

"It's okay, let it all out, it's okay." Stiles' voice was a constant stream of words and his hand a comforting weight on his shoulder but for some reason Derek couldn't stop crying.

"It's stupid." Derek admitted while his tears were soaking the blindfold still covering his eyes. "I don't even know why I'm crying."

"It's the endorphin." Stiles said as if it was the most normal thing that he was lying here, naked and covered in their combined come and crying like a baby. "It was your first time, that can be intense."

"We didn't even do that much." Derek muttered with his head turned away from Stiles as if he could hide anything at this point.

"It's not about how much we do." Stiles gave is shoulder a squeeze. "I'm going to take off the blindfold now."

He did just that and when Derek blinked his eyes open, he was greeted with a bright "hi".

Stiles cleaned him up with a wet washcloth and dried him off with a fluffy towel and the whole time he didn't stop telling him how good he'd been. A part of Derek wanted to tell him to stop saying things like that but a bigger part relished every word. His face was hot and blotchy anyway, the blush didn't really made a difference. Not that he really cared at this point.

Derek closed his eyes and just enjoyed Stiles pampering him.

"Can you move over to the couch?" Stiles asked. "You can stretch out and I have a warm blanket there."

Derek didn't really want to move but by now he was shivering. He staggered over to the couch and a minute later he was lying there, stretched out and wrapped in a warm blanket, and with his head pillowed in Stiles' lap.

Finally the shivering stopped and the last sobs died down and Derek might have drifted off to sleep with Stiles' hand stroking his head.

When he opened his eyes again, he felt exhausted in a good way with his body warm and heavy.

"Jack?" Derek blinked a few times but the dog right in his face didn't vanish. He had his head on the couch next to Stiles' knee and somehow Derek's hand had landed on the dog's shoulder.

Last thing he remembered about the dog was that Stiles had locked him in the bedroom. And after Stiles hadn't left his side to get the dog.
Derek stared at the dog as if it was the biggest mystery in existence. Jack looked back at him and then he inched forward and gave Derek a wet dog kiss.

Above them Stiles laughed but he did nothing to stop Jack from licking Derek's face.

"He knows how to open the door." Stiles solved the mystery. "And he doesn't like being in there alone for too long."

Jack eased off and let his head drop back on the couch while Derek buried his fingers in the thick fur of his neck.

"How do you feel?" Stiles asked and went back to playing with Derek's hair.

"Good." Derek stretched out with a content sigh. "Did I fall asleep?"

"Only for a few minutes," Stiles assured him. "I have water here. Or a snack?"

"I'm good, thanks." Just lying here for a little while longer was enough.

Half an hour later he was up to sitting but still wrapped in the blanket and beneath that still naked.

"Can I use your shower?" Stiles had cleaned him up but he still felt sticky.

"Of course." Stiles made an inviting gesture. "Fresh towels are in the dresser on the right."

Derek still felt a bit wobbly on his legs and since the stool was already in the shower, he sat down and had his shower that way. After that he felt better, more awake but seated at the same time.

He didn't want to put on his tight clothes again, his balls ached at the mere thought of the jeans, he'd really done a number on them, so after a moment of consideration he dug his sleepwear out of his overnight bag. Somehow he doubted that he would go home tonight anyway.

When he came out of the bathroom in sweats and a worn t-shirt, he was met with a warm smile from Stiles.

"I was thinking pizza and a movie?" Stiles said and pushed Jack off the couch to make room for Derek.

"Sounds good."

"Can we talk first?" Stiles asked gently and it was clear what he wanted to talk about. Derek gave him a nod, his throat working. He wasn't sure if he was ready to talk about it just yet.

"Was it … you know … good?" Suddenly it was Stiles who acted nervous.

"It was awesome." Derek hurried to answer. "I didn't expect it to be so … intense but I liked it. I really liked it. And I'd like to do more with you." He reached over to where Stiles was fiddling with the seam of his pants and put his hand on top of Stiles'.

"Thank you." The relief visibly washed through Stiles. "Can I ask you something?"

Derek made a gesture for him to continue.

"You tend to dig in your nails." Stiles said. "Why? Does it help to ground you or is it just to keep your hands where they are? Or something else?"
Derek had to think about it for a moment, he hadn't really noticed that he was doing it.

"Both but more grounding, I think."

Stiles accepted his answer with a nod and Derek had the feeling that he was filing the information away for later use.

"Is that why you were abusing your poor balls as well?" Stiles smirked at him but sobered up a second later. "I have some cooling gel if you need it."

Derek considered it for a moment but then he shook his head. His balls were aching but he liked the feeling.

"Partly." He answered the question. "I wasn't allowed to touch my … dick so it was the next best thing?" The heat was back in his cheeks and he avoided Stiles' eyes.

"Do you like some torture to your balls?"

That had been on the kink list but Derek had been indifferent about it. Now he was reconsidering his answer.

"Yes." The word was barely a whisper and his whole face felt hot.

"Thank you." Stiles kissed the corner of his mouth. "Your turn. Questions? Suggestions?"

Derek thought about it for a moment. It hadn't been like he'd expected but it had been perfect. It had been a good start, he had to give Stiles that.

"Can I touch you next time?" Derek finally asked. "And could we do more … you know … together?"

"You mean fucking." Stiles summed it up. "Oh Derek, you have no idea what I have in store for you." He gave him another teasing kiss. "So yes, more touching and more together stuff next time."

Derek wanted to glare at him but his heart warmed at how casually Stiles spoke about next time.

They ordered pizza and watched a movie and that felt nice too. Almost domestic.

Stiles fell asleep with his head on Derek's shoulder before the movie was over and Derek just sat there in awe, not sure how he'd ended up here with this awesome man at his side. Drooling all over his shoulder.

"Stiles." Derek gently tried to wake him when the movie was over. "Time for bed."

Stiles just smacked his lips and snuggled closer, his arms now around him, hugging him close.

"You're impossible, you know that?" Derek let out a sigh. Not sure how to proceed he looked around. His eyes fell on Jack who had been sleeping on his blanket but now the dog was looking back at him, his tongue out as if he was laughing at Derek.

"Not helping." Derek muttered. He knew the sensible thing to do would be to wake Stiles and let him move over to the bed by himself. And to try to figure out in the process if Derek was welcomed to stay the night or not, they hadn't really spoken about that. There had been hints and Derek was basically wearing his sleepwear already but that had been part of the aftermath of their session.
In the end Derek said *fuck it* and carried Stiles over to the bedroom like he'd done the other day.

"Are you carrying me?" Stiles mumbled into the hollow of his neck.

"Time for bed." Derek repeated and hoisted him higher up his hip. This time Stiles' whole body was pliant, his legs hanging almost limp, and Derek hurried over to the bedroom before this oversized rag doll slipped out of his grip completely.

"A little help?" Derek asked when he sat Stiles down on the edge of the bed. Stiles head just lolled against his neck. How somebody could be this fast asleep was beyond Derek.

Gently he eased him down to a lying position and arranged his legs before he drew the covers over him. Stiles let out a content sigh and snuggled deeper into the pillow but didn't wake up.

"Unbelievable." Derek shook his head and was about to go to bed as well, when he heard a soft whine coming from the door. Jack.

"You need to go, don't you?" Derek asked, not really annoyed by the fact that he would be the one walking the dog. A little walk to clear his head sounded good.

Just in case Stiles woke up while they were gone, Derek brought his chair over and put his phone on the nightstand. Then he grabbed the leash and keys.

Last time they had been alone in the park at this time so Derek didn't bother with real clothes, sweatpants would do for the short walk.

The night air was cool and Derek took a deep breath.

Jack took care of his business and then went to explore whatever. Derek followed him slowly. The evening had been a roller coaster, with the intense scene at the beginning, and he really wanted more of that, and then the calm part with just him and Stiles hanging out. He liked that too and he wanted more of that as well.

Even this, walking the dog in the middle of the night, he liked it.

His phone startled him out of his thoughts.

*Did you kidnap my dog?*

*He needed to go,* Derek wrote back. *Back in a few*

*You better*

*Bed feels empty without you*

Derek stared at the last message. He doubted that Stiles would have worded it like this if he hadn't been half asleep.

When they entered Stiles' place, Jack went straight for his blanket and after some turning he settled down with a huff.

"Night, Jack." Derek whispered. Then he stood in the door to Stiles' bedroom. In the dark he couldn't tell if Stiles was awake but he figured that he would have said something by now if he were.

"Stop staring." Came Stiles' voice out of the dark. "It's creepy."
Derek let out a chuckle but followed his inviting gesture and slipped under the covers.

"Sorry for falling asleep on you like this." Stiles let out a yawn. "I have a deadline coming up. Been living on Red Bull and coffee for days now."

"You should have said something." Guilt settled in Derek's stomach. "We could have waited a week."

"Needed the distraction. And I really wanted to do this with you." Stiles drew him closer until Derek lay nestled at his side. "This evening and tomorrow until noon, that's the time I have before I have to go back to work."

"We should make the most out of it, then." Derek said.

"We should." The last word was already slurred and a second later he was sound asleep again.
In the morning Derek woke up with his morning wood pressed against Stiles' side. It took him a second to comprehend the situation but then he hurried to move away from Stiles. But he was stopped by an arm around his middle, holding him close.

"It's okay." Stiles assured him and once he was sure that Derek wouldn't move farther away, the hand sneaked under the covers and landed firmly on his butt.

They studied each other for a long moment, neither of them daring to move. Then Derek made the first move and brought their lips together.

"You said we have until noon." He said. "And that we should make the most of it."

"That's what I said." The hand on his butt gave it a tight squeeze. "I'd suggest you get naked now."

It wasn't a suggestion at all. Stiles' voice had the same edge of steel as yesterday and his gaze had turned from sleepy to hungry in an instant. It went straight down to Derek's dick.

He hurried to get out of his sweats and t-shirt and by the time he was naked, Stiles had pushed the covers to the end of the bed and had arranged his body so that he was lying on his side now, facing Derek. He had taken off his shirt but had kept the sweats, too much struggling to get out of them, Derek guessed but he couldn't help but wonder what Stiles had in mind. Hopefully his dick in Derek's ass but he would take whatever Stiles was dishing out.

"Come here, little spoon." Stiles cooed.

Derek raised an eyebrow at him but then he dropped to his side and nestled his butt into Stiles' groin. Through the fabric of Stiles' pants he felt his erection and Derek wiggled his ass against it just because.

"Teasing?" Stiles asked. There was a dark promise hidden in that one word. Derek swallowed thickly.

Half an hour later Derek was regretting everything he'd ever done. By now Stiles had four of his long fingers buried in his hole, driving him crazy. He was altering between fast harsh thrusts and an almost lazy in and out with an occasional stop where he was just rubbing his fingertips over Derek's sweet spot.

Panting and covered in sweat Derek was just blindly searching for something to hold on to that was not his rock hard cock.

"Please …" He was down to begging, his throat dry from breathless moans. He wasn't even sure what he was begging for.

"Thought you like teasing." Stiles mused and pressed his fingertips against the prostate, making Derek jump.

"No, please … let me …"

"You want to come?" Stiles sounded almost surprised.

"Yes. Please let me come." The words came out between harsh breaths. If he didn't come now his
dick would just explode.

"Before me?" Stiles added and it took a long second for Derek's muddled brain to realize what that meant. Stiles still had his pants on.

Derek cried in frustration.

When Stiles altered to fucking him hard with his fingers again, Derek's dick brushed against his thigh with every thrust but it wasn't enough. Just more teasing. Endless teasing.

"Fuck me." Derek changed direction. "Please, fuck me. Pleasefuckmefuckme." He wasn't even sure if his mouth was still forming the words, most were lost in breathless moans.

"You're so loose I bet you can take my cock along with my fingers." Stiles kissed the ball of his shoulder and Derek felt his wicked grin against his skin.

Stiles shifted behind him to push down his pants, Derek guessed, and then there was the nudge of a blunt tip at his hole.

"Ask me to stuff your hole with my cock and fingers." Stiles had stilled, only his fingertips were still mercilessly working his prostate.

"Please." His face felt hot again but then the words just fell out of his mouth. "Please stuff my hole with your cock and fingers." It came out in a rushed mumble but thankfully it was enough for Stiles. He hooked his fingers, putting even more pressure on his prostate, and then he pulled, forcing Derek to follow his fingers and with that impaling himself slowly on Stiles' cock.

"Damn, that's tight." Stiles breathed into his neck.

The stretch was almost more than Derek could take, more pain than pleasure now, but if possible his cock grew even harder, now constantly leaking precome.

"Move." Stiles whispered into his ear and Derek moved. He slammed his ass down, taking more of Stiles' cock, and Stiles met him with his fingers.

His movements were far from smooth but he managed move his hips in some kind of rhythm while Stiles worked his fingers in counterpoint.

"I should train you to come from this alone." Stiles panted behind him. "Your hole stuffed with my cock and fingers. Fucking yourself to orgasm without a touch to your dick. You'd like that?"

Stiles' words were just white noise washing over him. Derek was so close, he could taste the orgasm but it was just out of reach. Just a little more, just a little …

"Please." Derek's hand had found it's way to his balls again, not quite his cock but as close as he was allowed. "I need … please … I …"

Suddenly Stiles went rigid behind him and then there was a hand on his cock and Derek came screaming.

"You're so perfect." Stiles was the first to speak after a long minute of just panting and harsh breaths. He kissed him between the shoulder blades and then slowly he eased out of Derek.

Derek winced when Stiles' knuckles got caught on the rim but then he stretched out with a content sigh while Stiles got rid of the condom and wipe his hands.
Then he snuggled up behind Derek again and drew the covers over them. Derek was too wrung out to even lift his head, he just made sure that he didn't end up lying in his own come.

"Was that okay?" Stiles broke the silence, sounding self-conscious all of a sudden. "We weren't in a scene. Not exactly."

"More than okay." Derek laced their fingers together. "I liked the scene but I liked this too. Can we do more like this?"

Stiles just laughed against his skin.

Later they went for a walk with Jack during which Stiles altered between teasing Derek for walking like he'd shit his pants and worrying that he might have been too rough with him.

Derek assured him that he was fine and if he was honest he liked how sore and used his hole felt and what the tight jeans did to his abused balls. Not that he said it out loud but judging by the hungry look he got from Stiles, he knew.

They had a late breakfast before they kissed goodbye and Derek left Stiles to his work. His deadline was on Friday so they probably wouldn't see each other all week but they had scheduled their next session for Saturday. Derek had the early shift that day but they would spent the afternoon and night together. Derek was looking forward to it.

Since Stiles had helped him with setting up his Patreon and all the other social media stuff, Derek made a point of maintaining the accounts daily. He knew it would take time and a lot of work but he wanted to give this a try.

And he had been looking for other ways to make money with his pictures.

Stock pictures were an option. Derek had literally hundreds of pictures which had no personal meaning to him and as a test run he'd put some on a site selling them for a few bucks and he'd actually sold two by now. Not much but it was a start.

Another idea he'd been toying with was to submit his work to competitions. But he would need more time to work up to that.

However, on Tuesday suddenly followers came in. People started to comment on his pictures on Instagram and one even supported him on Patreon.

One of the incoming twitter massages mentioned Stiles and then it finally clicked.

*You just finished your online class, didn't you?*, Derek sent a message to Stiles. He had said that he wanted to use one of Derek's pictures for that class but Derek had never thought that people would be interested in his work.

*Yes. Why?* Even in those two written words the fake innocence was clearly audible.

*People are following me on the internet*

*That's what the internet is for*

*You did this on purpose*

*Maybe?*

Derek didn't know how big Stiles' class was and he doubted that everybody would follow Stiles' no
doubt not subtle hint to check out his work but he had to admit, it was a nice boost. And reading the comments felt good. So far it had only been Stiles who insisted that his work was good. Coming from people who didn't even know him felt more real. Not that he thought that Stiles was lying but he for sure was biased in his judgment.

Then somebody sent him a link a competition Derek had been eyeing before. The topic was *Perfection* and first prize was an exhibition in their gallery. Derek wasn't considering it. Not really. And even if, he didn't want to use one of his existing pictures. If he did this he wanted to shoot one specifically for the competition.

He should get his feet wet with one of the smaller competitions, Derek knew that, but something about the topic caught his attention. *Perfection*.

Derek started to carry around his camera wherever he went, just in case.

Not that he had much time for thinking about his photography or Stiles or anything else aside from work. For two days he had the closing shift and the rest of the week he was opening the store. Both meant extra work and when Derek came home after a long shift, he was too exhausted for anything.

Saturday was the worst. He didn't even have time to open the door fully before the first customer stormed in in the morning and it only got worse after that. For some reason everybody wanted to go shopping today and Derek even had to sneak to the bathroom for a quick pee break at one point, dodging customers and Harris alike.

Derek had been yelled at and an old man had been determined to run him over with his shopping cart but he hit rock bottom just two hours before his shift ended.

Derek tried his best to keep his fake smile in place but he was close to just hitting the customer over the head with the coffee maker he wanted to return. The thing had clearly been in use for a while, there were strains of coffee all over it, and of course the customer didn't have a receipt. The worst part was that it wasn't even a brand they carried. But the man insisted that he'd bought it here just yesterday. Both clearly a lie and Derek was pretty sure that he was just throwing a tantrum to get a new one for free.

Remembering toaster lady Derek did his best to stay friendly and he just hoped that one of the managers would finally react to his call for help. But everybody was busy, the store was full, and it took several minutes for Erica to come over to assist him.

By then they had passed the point of no return and the customer was down to screaming profanities at him which Derek just took with a stoic face. When the customer tried to throw the coffee maker at him but only managed to drop it behind the counter, Derek just barely managed to get his feet out of the way.

In the end security had to escort the man out.

"You're my witness." Derek pointed at Erica. "He broke it himself."

He doubted that it would make a difference to Harris but he could try.

"Report it." Erica told him. "If he complains, they'll at least know your side of the story first."

Derek nodded to that and then went to throw out the now completely broken coffee maker. This time he didn't take a picture, though.
But then his shift was finally over and he was looking forward to the evening with Stiles. Getting out of his head sounded like a good idea.

However, when he checked his phone, he found a message from Stiles.

*Sorry, have to cancel. Bad day. Rain check?*
Chapter 13

Cancel? Derek read the message a second time just to make sure it meant what he was reading into it.

"But I was looking forward to it." He actually pouted and he was just glad that he was alone in the break room. His day had been shitty from the beginning and the only thing helping him through the day had been the thought of the session they had planned for today.

Then, just for a moment, the worry was back that Stiles didn't want him, that this was his way to end it. Derek dismissed the thought immediately but couldn't help but wonder if this was somehow his fault.

Stiles hadn't given any reason beyond "bad day" which could mean anything. Wasn't he feeling well? Did he fall out of the chair? Was he hurt?

No problem, he answered the rain check question. What's going on?

Overdid it with the comission, came Stiles answer after a long moment. Mt legs are killing me. Just want to lay down and die.

That didn't help to ease his mind.

Do you want me to come over?

Nor much you can do, Stiles answered. And I'm no fun around right no

He probably should leave Stiles alone until he felt better but then something occurred to him. Stiles wasn't alone.

I could take Jack for a walk so you don't have to, Derek offered.

There was another long pause.

Come over

Derek didn't have to be told twice.

Stiles must have waited at the door for him because he opened before Derek even had a chance to ring the bell. As usual Jack greeted Derek first but even the dog was missing his enthusiasm today and after a quick scratch behind the ear, Jack was back at Stiles' side, head on his thigh.

"You look like crap." Derek stated and closed the door. He expected a comeback, something witty or snappy, but Stiles just turned his chair and headed back to the living room.

He was pale with dark shadows under his eyes and hard lines around his mouth. He sat hunched over and from behind Derek could clearly tell that he was leaning to the left, almost resting on the armrest. In the living room he turned to face Derek but his movement was far from smooth and he had the steel ring of the wheel in a death grip. Only now Derek noticed how stiff his legs were. The ankles were crossed but it didn't look like something Stiles had any control over.

"Are you okay?" Derek asked now with real concern.

"I didn't want you to see me like this." Stiles admitted, averting his eyes.
Derek had no idea what this actually was, all he could tell was that Stiles was hurting.

"It's okay." Derek said and didn't know what to do next.

Apparently Jack really needed to go because he let out a low whine, breaking the awkward silence.

Glad that he had something to do Derek grabbed the leash and the keys so that Stiles wouldn't have to open the door again and then Jack was basically herding him out of the door.

In broad daylight the park was more populated and for some reason Derek got a few strange looks when he and Jack came along. It took a few minutes until it dawned on him that Stiles and Jack must be a common sight here and for sure Stiles was easy to remember with his chair and loud mouth. So people were probably wondering who this stranger was, walking Stiles' dog.

Derek would have liked to keep to himself, let Jack do his business and then head back to Stiles' place, he still didn't know what was wrong with him, but no such luck.

Everybody knew Jack and Jack knew everybody and when Derek made the mistake and let him off the leash, Jack was off to greet his friends. Not a minute later Jack was playing with three other dogs.

"Haven't seen you around here before." A young woman, most likely the owner of one of the other dogs, stepped up beside him. "Hope you didn't kidnap Jack."

Derek studied her for a moment. She held his gaze but flipped her strawberry blond hair over her shoulder with a "well?" expression.

"Stiles isn't feeling well." Derek decided to say, his eyes back on the playing dogs. "So I took Jack for a walk."

"You're Derek." She nodded to herself. "Or should I say LoneWolf?"

Derek choked on his own spit.

"Yep, you are." She seemed very pleased with herself.

"What did Stiles tell you?" He dared to ask but wasn't sure if he wanted to hear the answer. Who else had Stiles talked to? Who else knew about LoneWolf and the website they had met on?

"I'm the one who arm-wrestled him into signing up to that website." She told him matter-of-factly. "I was sick of listening to him whining that he would never find someone who'd take him serious." She leaned in and lowered her voice. "You know in a dom way."

There was a smile playing on her lips and she was openly sizing him up.

Derek felt the heat creeping into his cheeks. She knew. She knew that Stiles was his dom, she knew that Derek liked to submit.

"Your blush is adorable." She stated and Derek couldn't for the life of his tell if she was mocking or complimenting him. "And before you ask, I was Stiles' safety net. In case, you know, you turned out to be a psychotic serial killer."

Derek's mind was racing. At their first date, in the cafe, had she been there as well? He hadn't noticed her but back then he'd had only eyes for Stiles.

"Don't worry." She put a light hand on his arm. "Stiles didn't tell me private details. But he does
talk about you a lot." She gave him a smile and then she stepped forward. "Prada!"

A black and white fluff-ball came running for her and then, with a little wave at Derek, she left.

Derek didn't even know her name.

Still deep in thoughts he got Jack and then they made their way back to Stiles' apartment. Derek let himself in, let Jack off the leash, who dropped on his blanket with a content huff, and then Derek went in search for Stiles.

Every question died on his lips when he found the other man in the bedroom.

The wheelchair stood as if Stiles had parked it in a hurry. Stiles himself was lying on top of the covers with his feet hanging over the side of the bed. He was lying more or less on his front with his face buried in the blanket and a white-knuckled grip to the fabric. So far he hadn't noticed Derek and he did nothing to muffle the small noises of pain falling from his lips.

"Stiles?" Unsure what to do Derek stepped closer. "What happened?"

When he realized that he wasn't alone any longer, Stiles tried to compose himself but gave up after a second with a whimper.

"I'm okay." He said into the blanket. "The spasticity just wants to kill me today."

Derek didn't know what that meant but held back the questions, Stiles was in no condition for long explanations, that much was clear.

"Is there anything I can do to help?" Derek ask and hesitantly sat down next to Stiles. "Do you want something for the pain?"

"Already took some." Stiles answered. "It's not working."

Gently Derek put a hand on the small of Stiles back. Even through the shirt the muscles felt like rocks under his palm, hard and lumpy. Derek wished he could just take away the pain.

"Is there nothing else to help you?"

Stiles shifted beneath his hand but not to throw him off, if anything he was pushing into his hand.

"A hot bath usually helps." Stiles said after a long moment.

"Why aren't you in the bathtub, then?"

"Because the last time I tried that I got stuck in there for several hours." He admitted, his voice underlined with anger and frustration. "Back home my dad used to help me in and out of the tub. And he used to massage my legs afterwards." The last words came out between little sobs.

"I could help you." Derek offered quietly. Without him noticing he had started to move his hand in small circles over Stiles' lower back. It could be wishful thinking but he had the feeling that the muscles under his palm relaxed ever so slightly.

Stiles didn't answer for a long moment.

"I've seen you naked before." Derek reminded him. "And I've carried you. Nothing to be embarrassed about."
"It's not that." Stiles finally said, face still buried in the blanket. "Remember the diapers? Today I actually need them." He paused. "I'm not going to ask you to wipe my ass."

Derek hadn't thought about that but with Stiles' legs cramping up to halfway up his back, it made sense.

"But I can offer." Derek said quietly and then, decision made, he pushed himself off the bed. "I'm going to get the bath started."

Stiles' protest was half-hearted at best which just spoke of in how much pain he actually was.

Derek used the time in the bathroom to calm down and collect himself. He was so much out of his depth here and for a moment he just stared at himself in the mirror, wondering what the fuck he was doing.

However, this was embarrassing enough for Stiles at it was, he didn't want to make it more awkward than necessary.

So when Derek came back out of the bathroom, he had a roll of toilet paper under his arm, a wet washcloth in his hand and fuck it on his mind.

Turned out the worst part was to get Stiles out of his pants without hurting him too much. At least he was only wearing sweats but he cried out in pain when Derek wrestled his spastic legs out of the pants.

Getting the diaper out of the iron grip of his thighs was another thing that caused more tears but the actual cleaning up part was kind of easy.

"I'll get you over to the bathroom now." Derek warned him before he carefully scooped Stiles up. It felt like he was carrying a plank and he had to turn sideways to get through the door.

On his way Derek almost tripped over Jack who couldn't stand the pained noises coming from Stiles either.

Once Derek had lowered him into the steaming water, Stiles let out a sigh of relief. Some part of Derek had hoped that the second Stiles was in the tub the cramps would just vanish which of course didn't happen.

"This is good." Stiles mumbled with his eyes closed. "Just let me soak for a bit."

That Derek could do.

He stepped out of the bathroom for a moment to clean up the bed and then he sat down on the rim of the tub. Jack put his head on his thigh, glancing up at him as if he was telling Derek to make it better. But all he could do was wait.

After a few minutes Stiles' body started to relax. He loosened the iron grip he had on the edge of the tub and his hand found Derek's. For another ten minutes Derek just sat there, holding Stiles' hand and scratching Jack behind the ear. In relief and kind of awe he watched as Stiles' legs slowly loosened up until they fell to the side almost naturally.

"The water is getting cold." Stiles informed him but didn't bother to open his eyes.

Derek drained the water and then he helped Stiles up to sit on the edge. Now he understood why Stiles had been trapped when he'd tried this on his own. The muscles were still too cramped up for
him to bend at the hip and if it hadn't been for Derek holding him, Stiles would have slipped right back into the tub.

Wrapped in a towel Derek carried Stiles over to the bed where he put him face down again.

"What?" Stiles protested.

"I'm going to massage your back first." Derek informed him and reached for the oil he'd put on the nightstand earlier. "Tell me if I hurt you."

Derek hadn't seen the full extent of the scars before and at first he hesitated to touch them but then Stiles started to relax under his hands and Derek just focused on kneading all the tension out of his body.

Done with his backside Derek urged Stiles to roll over and now his body followed more easily.

"Best boyfriend ever." He mumbled when Derek started on his right thigh and a second later he was fast asleep.
Derek paused at the boyfriend, a smile forming on his lips, but then he went back to gently massaging the tension out of Stiles' legs.

Stiles didn't stir and by the time Derek finished the massage and draped the blanket over his now relaxed form, he was snoring. Derek hoped that he would get at least a few hours of sleep.

Derek went to wash his hands but then he didn't know what to do next. Should he stay? Leave?

In the end it was Jack who made the decision for him once again. Or rather the fact that he would have to go for a walk at least one more time tonight and Derek didn't want Stiles to get up just for that.

Decision made Derek had his first real look around the apartment. It was littered with empty Red Bull cans, used mugs and containers of take out food. Derek had known that Stiles had been working on a commission last week to meet the deadline but it looked as if he hadn't done anything else. He wondered how much Stiles had slept the last few nights. No wonder his body had called it quits in the end.

With nothing else to do, not that he could even sit anywhere with all the stuff lying around, Derek started to tidy up a bit. He stuffed all the cans and containers and what felt like a candy store worth of wrappers in a bag which he took out right away so the smell didn't linger.

Then Derek aired the room, loaded the dishwasher and wiped down every horizontal surface.

Only then he sat down on the couch with a beer and re-heated fried rice that still smelled okay.

After he'd eaten Derek had to get up again to feed Jack as well but then he stretched out on the couch with the TV on low to not wake Stiles. It had been a long day and it didn't take long for him to drift off to sleep.

Around ten he woke to a wet nose to his face. It took him a moment to put together where he was and why there was a dog right in front of him.

"You need to go, don't you?" Derek rubbed his face and sat up. His whole body felt stiff and it probably was a good thing that he had not spent the whole night on the couch.

Jack answered with a low whine and butted his head against Derek's leg to get him going.

"I'm up, I'm up." Derek assured him but didn't move for almost another minute.

They went out for a short walk after which the dog went to sleep on his blanket without a fuss.

This was probably the moment to leave but Derek was too tired and exhausted from his day. He would have to get up early and he really didn't want to waste time on the drive home he could spend sleeping.

So Derek took a shower and got ready for bed himself and then, after some consideration, he slipped into bed with Stiles.

When his alarm went off in the morning Derek had another moment of confusion because the ceiling above him didn't look familiar but when he turned to his side to check on Stiles, he found
the other side of the bed empty.

However, Stiles must have heard the alarm as well because he appeared in the door a second later.

"Morning." Stiles greeted him which Derek answered with much less enthusiasm. It was way too early to be awake but he had the early shift once again and couldn't sleep in.

"I made french toast." Stiles offered. "If you like."

"Sounds good." Derek was not awake enough for a more in-depth answer. Only after Stiles had left, presumably to check on the toast, Derek noticed his reluctant tone.

Derek hurried through his morning routine and way more awake he joined Stiles in the kitchen.

"You look better today." He said, watching Stiles at the stove.

"Yeah." Stiles kept his back to him. "Thank you, you know, for yesterday."

"Stiles." Derek stepped up behind him and put his arms around his neck, his hands meeting right over Stiles' heart, and kissed the top of his head. "It's no big deal."

After a second Stiles let his head fall back to let it rest against Derek's front.

"It is a big deal." Stiles said after a moment. "And I can't stress enough how grateful I am. Not just for what you did but that you didn't make it awkward. Thank you."

"Stiles." Derek said again, tightening his hold on him. "It's okay. I can take care of you sometimes. Just like you take care of me sometimes."

"Sorry about that, I was looking forward to our session." Stiles put the toasts on plates and Derek stepped back to let him turn around.

"Don't worry." Derek took the plates and carried them over to the table. "We have time."

The word boyfriend was lingering in his mind, hopefully they had all the time in the world.

"I was thinking." Stiles followed him and they sat down to eat. "How about I pick you up after work?"

"I could just come over?" Derek raised an eyebrow at him. He wasn't sure if Stiles would be up for a session just yet but spending the evening with Stiles alone would be the perfect ending of a long work day.

"I have something in mind. A little thank you." Now the smile was back on Stiles' face.

Stiles refused to elaborate and Derek left for work with the mixed feeling of anticipation and dread. With Stiles he never knew what was on his mind.

Sunday started off way better than Saturday. Derek and Boyd were able to open the store in peace and for the first two hours Derek didn't even get called an idiot. Even when Harris came in around noon, it didn't dampen his mood.

He did, however, made the mistake and mentioned to Erica that Stiles would pick him up after work. So by the time his shift was supposed to end, she and Boyd were suspiciously busy at the front of the store where they had the entrance and the parking lot in view.
Not that Derek would get off at the scheduled time. He was working the register and his line was still long. Harris would kill him if he left without serving all these people first.

"Somebody is parking in the handicapped spot." Erica informed them louder than necessary. "Is that him?"

Derek wasn't sure if he liked the idea of Stiles meeting Erica. Boyd wouldn't be a problem but Erica had yet to figure out what diplomatic meant. He didn't put it beyond her to pester Stiles with inappropriate questions.

Of course the next customer was sure that half her items were on sale, which they weren't, keeping Derek busy for almost ten minutes.

He did, however, glance over to the entrance and caught a glimpse of Stiles. Their eyes met for a second and Derek caught him making a face when he noticed the line at Derek's register.

When Derek looked for him the next time, he didn't see him any longer and he could just hope that Erica hadn't cornered him. Not that she had time for that with the store this busy. Harris was around somewhere and he for sure had a word to say about slacking off in favor of chatting with somebody who wasn't even a customer.

Derek made his way to the break room half an hour after his shift had officially ended. He clocked out, grabbed his things and ducked out through the back door to not run into any more customers. He just hoped that whatever Stiles had in mind involved sitting. He just wanted to sit and stretch out his legs. A nap sounded good too. And food. He was starving.

Derek rounded the corner and stopped dead in his tracks.

It was just like when he'd met Stiles for the first time.

The parking lot was busy, people hurrying in and out of the store, but Stiles was the only one using the handicapped spots which meant he had some space around him for himself.

Stiles was next to his car, headphones on and lost in his own world. He had tilted the chair backwards, balancing on the back wheels with ease, moving to the music he was hearing.

Derek just stared at him.

Perfect, he thought and without taking his eyes off Stiles, he fumbled for his camera.

He got a series of good shots from different angles before Stiles noticed him.

The second Stiles did notice him, he dropped back to four wheels.

"How long have you been standing there?" He squinted at him while he rubbed the back of his head awkwardly. "Have you been taking pictures?"

"Maybe?" Derek smiled and hurried to put his camera away. He would have to look at the pictures later but he might have found something to submit to that competition.

Derek ducked down to greet Stiles with a kiss but Stiles didn't meet him half-way. He kind of nervously glanced over to the store, leaving Derek standing there like an idiot, but then something in his posture changed and his lips met Derek's. He put his arm around Derek's neck, holding him close for a second, and the kiss turned out to be way more filthy than the chaste peck Derek had intended. Not that he minded.
"Get in the car." Stiles whispered into his ear in a tone that went right to Derek's core. It felt like a
dark promise and suddenly a quiet evening was the last thing on Derek's mind.

From the passenger seat Derek watched in fascination how easily Stiles transferred from the chair
to the driver's seat and then put his chair behind his seat.

"You make it look so easy." Derek commented.

"Practice." Stiles grinned at him. "Now show me those pictures you took, I'll delete them
personally if they're too embarrassing."

Derek took out the camera but didn't hand it over. He would delete the pictures if Stiles asked him
to but he really hoped that Stiles would like them.

"Did I mention that competition?" He asked, fiddling with the camera. "The one about perfection?"

"Yeah?" Stiles still made grabby hands at the camera, not really paying attention to what Derek
was saying.

"I have to look at the pictures at the computer but I might want to hand in one of them." Derek kept
his eyes on the camera but then hand it over to Stiles. Who almost dropped it.

"Are you making fun of me?" His voice went cold and for some reason Derek got the impression
that he was about to get kicked out of the car.

"If you don't feel comfortable with it, I won't hand one in." Derek assured him. "Your face isn't
visible." He added as an afterthought.

Stiles stared at him for a long second.

"You are serious." He finally said.

"Yes?"

"You want to enter a competition about perfection with a picture of my sorry ass in a wheelchair."

"Yes?" Derek didn't know what the problem was but he got the feeling that he was missing the
point here.

Stiles just gaped at him, probably waiting for Derek to get whatever this was about.

"We can look at the pictures together later and pick one out?" He tried, not sure what to say.

"You ..." Stiles shook his head. "I can't even with you."

But his voice had lost its angry edge and he sounded more fond now, so things were good between
them? Stiles handed the camera back to Derek without even looking at the display.

"Let's do this later." He decided and started the car.

Still not sure what to make out of this, Derek put the camera away and then leaned back in his seat.
After hours of standing he just sighed in relief when he sank deeper into his seat.

"Where are we going?" He asked when Stiles eased the car out of the lot.

"Wait and see." The glint was back in Stiles' eyes and warmth pooled in Derek's stomach. By now
he was sure that Stiles was up for a session tonight.

A hand landed high on his thigh and gave it a squeeze before Stiles needed his hand for driving again.

Not much later Stiles parked the car in front of a store.

Derek peered out of the window and almost choked on his own spit.

"An adult store?"
"An adult store." Derek repeated. "What do we want here?"

"Milk and bread. I ran out." Stiles made a wild gesture. "What do you think?"

Derek had never before been in an adult store. He was a big fan of online shopping when it came to stuff like this and he still had opened the door with a beet red face when his first and only dildo had got delivered. The delivery guy was still snickering, he was sure of that.

And given the kind of relationship he had with Stiles, he had to wonder what Stiles had in mind. Derek had leaned more to the lower numbers when it had come to bondage gear on the kink list but he couldn't remember if he'd given any of that an outright zero.

But Stiles was so excited, Derek didn't know how to tell him that he might not be on board with this.

"Dude, relax." Stiles' hand found his and gently uncramped his fingers. "We're not going to buy anything we're not both happy with." Somehow Stiles knew exactly what was on his mind. It was a comforting thought and Derek let out a breath.

"Mainly I'm looking for butt plugs." Stiles explained. "You need something bigger than the one I have."

"You have a butt plug?" Derek raised an eyebrow at him.

"I have a few toys." Stiles said defensively while Derek made a mental note to come back to those toys later. Now, however, he was more curious about the plugs Stiles intended to buy. He was very on board with that idea.

"And I want you to pick something." Stiles added. His hand landed high on Derek's thigh with his pinky resting in the crease of his groin. "Something that gets you hard just looking at it. No shame. I won't judge. Pick whatever you want, my treat."

"You don't have to buy me something." Derek said because he didn't know what else to say. Just talking about this let the heat pool deep in his belly.

"You didn't have to deal with my soiled diaper either." Stiles said. "Or bath me. Or clean up my apartment. Or take care of Jack. You didn't have to do any of that but you did. I want to give you something nice in return, a little thank you."

"I couldn't just leave you like that." Derek defended himself.

"Most would have." There was a bitter tone in Stiles voice. As if he had been left to his own in similar situations.

"I'm not most." Derek glanced over to him.

"Yeah, I noticed," Stiles smiled and gave him a quick peck on the corner of his mouth. "And now let's go shopping."

Derek didn't know what he'd expected.

The store was a store, sure with different items on the shelves than he was used to but when it
came down to it, it was a store. Chances where high that the cashier would be equally bored as Derek when he was working the register.

That, however, didn't help the warm feeling creeping into Derek's cheeks for just being in here. He gave the nearest shelf a quick once over. Mugs, key chains and other knick knack with suggestive stuff on them, nothing too bad, but at the end were joke condoms with animal heads.

Derek fixed his eyes on Stiles' back and just followed him deeper into the store. They passed a shelf with real condoms, lube and massage oil and Stiles stopped to grab a few things. Derek was just glad that Stiles could carry everything in his lap and didn't ask Derek to browse the store with a box of condoms in his hand.

Stiles must have been here before because he navigated the maze with ease and seconds later they were facing a wall of butt plugs.

"Okay." Stiles angled his chair so that he had a good view at the shelf. "I want you to pick three. One you can take with a little prep, a challenge that needs some training and one that makes you want but you don't think you can ever take."

"That's very specific." Derek's mouth went dry but he felt his hole twitching just looking at all the possibilities. He was going to leave the store with a raging hard-on, he just knew. And Stiles was probably counting on it, that bastard.

Derek had a look around. There were other customers in the store but in this aisle they were alone, at least that.

The plugs were sorted by size and Derek dismissed the left part of the shelf and started in the middle. So many different forms and sizes.

"This one." Without looking Stiles in the eye he handed him a plug with a swirled ridge that would feel amazing going past his rim. Stiles accepted the blister package without a comment and just moved out of the way when Derek made a step to the right.

A challenge, he thought, scanning the plugs on display. They were all bigger than anything he would have ever considered shoving up his ass. But one caught his eye.

"Is this one okay?" He picked it up to have a closer look. Nothing fancy, just a simple black plug. But the width. Not just of the plug itself but the base as well. It would be a challenge to get it in and even when the widest part was past the rim, the base alone would keep his hole stretched nicely.

"You can pick whatever you want." Stiles assured him.

Derek put it on the growing pile in Stiles' lap. Then he turned to the far right of the shelf.

Some of these had to be a joke. He was pretty sure he would cause some serious damage if he tried to use some of these.

"Don't think too much about it." Stiles was next to him. "Which one makes you want?"

There were a few that made him laugh, others scared him but he tried to just browse without really thinking about the logistics.

In the end his eyes always came back to one monster of a plug. A coke can would look small next to it. The base alone was as wide as the thickest part of the second plug he'd chosen.
Without a word and eyes straight ahead he put it on the pile.

"Awesome." Stiles adjusted the things in his lap to prevent them from slipping away. "I'll bring this to the front. In the meantime I want you to have a look around. Pick yourself a goodie."

Ever since Stiles had parked the car he had a dom edge to his voice and his whole demeanor had a dominant vibe to it that did things to Derek.

So he watched Stiles disappear around the corner and then went to follow his order. By now the embarrassment had worn off, the other customers were here for the same reason as he and Stiles. Some where shopping alone, others as a couple but it seemed to be custom to just ignore each other.

Derek took his time, browsing the store. He even had a look at the bondage gear but that was really not his thing so he moved on.

"When I said pick something that makes you hard just looking at it, I honestly never expected this." Stiles' voice startled him out of his thoughts. Hastily Derek shoved the item back onto the shelf.

"I didn't …" He stammered and hurried to bring some distance between himself and this section.

"Derek." Stiles slung his arm around his hip and drew him close. With his free hand he picked up the toy again. "You've been drooling over this for solid five minutes now."

"You've been watching me?" Derek felt his cheeks heaten up again. He hadn't been standing here that long, had he?

"You want this?" Stiles asked gently.

Derek nodded, not trusting his voice right now.

Like predicted the cashier scanned their items without batting an eye. If anything he was more busy working out the logistics of sex and wheelchair but he didn't comment on that either.

They left the store with lots of condoms, lube, a bottle of massage oil, three insanely large butt plugs and one plastic cock cage.

And like predicted Derek had to adjust himself in his jeans when he slipped into the passenger seat. They would drive to Stiles' place now and maybe use some of their purchase right away. At least that was what Derek was hoping for.

Stiles was about to start the car, when Derek's phone rang. He glanced at the screen and his semi hard on shriveled down immediately.

"My mom." He groaned. For a second he was tempted to not answer but then she would call again later and he didn't want to spend the whole evening waiting for her call. And for sure he didn't want her to call while Stiles was working one of the plugs into him.

"Hi, Mom." He answered with the friendliness he usually saved for his customers. Next to him Stiles stifled a laugh. Derek glared at him but his attention was on his mom greeting him cheerfully.

Like usual she scolded him for not calling but before she could launch into a report about what was happening in Beacon Hills, Derek managed to cut in.
"Sorry but this is not a good time, Mom. I'm kind of in the middle of something." Derek glanced at the shopping bag between his feet. He had no idea what he would say if she asked what he was busy with.

She made a displeased noise but didn't ask.

"Cora and I are going over the seating for the wedding." She came to the point right away. "And we're wondering if you'd rather have Nancy Walker or Sarah Rhodes as your dinner partner? Nancy is such a sweet girl, I just spoke with her mother about you the other day, you two would make such a great couple. And Sarah, did I tell you that she started a job at Peter's not long ago? He's very impressed with her professionalism and you know Peter, he's not easy to impress."

"Mom." Derek interrupted her before she could praise the women's assets even more. "Actually, I'm seeing someone." He glanced over to Stiles who had gone very still. He had one hand at the door but it wasn't as if he could just step out to give Derek some privacy. And this wasn't a conversation Derek wanted to have in the parking lot of an adult store.

"You met a girl?" His mom lit up with that information. "Why haven't you told me? What's her name? How did you meet?"

"It's not a woman." Derek corrected.

"Oh." There was a moment of silence. "Anyway, Nancy …"

"Mom, no." Derek cut in again, anger bubbling in his chest. She always did this. If he wasn't with a woman, it wasn't serious. But this was serious, Stiles was serious.

"Wait a second, Mom." Derek said over whatever she was about to say. He covered the mouthpiece and turned to Stiles.

"Do you want to come with me to my sister's wedding?"

"Yes." Stiles' head bobbed with his answer.

"Derek?" Her voice came out of the speaker rather loud. "Are you still there?"

"I'm here and I'm bringing my partner to the wedding." It was way too satisfying to say those words.

"Don't be ridiculous." She dismissed him. "You can't bring some guy you hooked up with to your sister's wedding."

She was loud enough for Stiles to hear and Derek just wanted for the ground to open and swallow him whole. Stiles, however, used the moment to snatch the phone out of Derek's hand.

"Excuse me." He said into the phone. "I'm not just a hook up."

"And just so you know, of course I'm coming with Derek to the wedding." Stiles informed her. "I'm looking forward to meeting his lovely family." The sarcasm was dripping from his words but Derek couldn't blame him.

With that he ended the call and rather sheepishly he gave Derek back his phone.
"So." Derek drew out the word. "That was my mom."

Stiles nodded but kept his opinion to himself for once.

"I mean it." He said instead. "I want to come with you. If you want me there." Stiles turned his gaze down to his legs with the last words.

"I'm not ashamed of you." Derek put his hand on Stiles' leg. "I want you to meet my family. And since the wedding is in Beacon Hills, I guess I'm going to meet yours as well."

"When is that wedding anyway?"
Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

If someone happened to make a road trip from New York to Beacon Hills, what are the
musts to see/visit along the way? Asking for a friend.

Derek followed Stiles into the apartment, shopping bag dangling from his fingers, but the mood
was gone.

"I think I just got cock blocked by my mom." Derek said when he closed the door.

At that Stiles barked out a laugh. He was already busy greeting Jack but the dog only had the
patience for a quick scratch behind the ear before he moved on to Derek.

"Great, now my own dog is openly cheating on me." Stiles huffed in fake annoyance but he
watched with a fond expression while Derek gave Jack a belly rub.

"What can I say?" Derek dug his fingers deeper into the thick fur of Jack's chest. "He has taste."

Stiles stuck his tongue out at him and then made a point of turning around and moving farther into
the apartment.

"How about food and then you can show me those pictures?" Stiles suggested once Derek had
joined him in the kitchen.

It took Derek a moment to remember what pictures he was talking about but then he was glad for
the change of topic. He put the shopping bag aside and took out his laptop and camera.

It was still early, they had more than enough time for other stuff later.

Besides, now that he'd remembered about the pictures, Derek was curious how they had turned
out.

Stiles slapped together some sandwiches and then they sat shoulder to shoulder on the couch,
eating their sandwiches while Derek skipped through the pictures.

"You're not going to show these to anyone."

"Why not?" Derek raised an eyebrow at him, trying to figure out what was wrong with the pictures.

He skipped back to his favorite.

He'd caught Stiles perfectly. Front wheels in the air, one hand on the wheel, the other one fistig
the air. Stiles' face wasn't visible because of him bobbing along with the music. Derek could
almost see the music he was dancing to.

"It's embarrassing."

"It's perfect." Just to see what it would do Derek turned the picture to black and white. Yes, that
was even better. "You're perfect."
"You really think that?" Stiles sounded almost meek.

"Yes."

"You won't win with this picture."

"Only one way to find out." Derek said easily but he became serious the next second. "I won't hand it in if you don't want me to."

Stiles chewed on his bottom lip for a long second, eyes on the screen.

"Okay." He finally said. "But don't blame me if you don't win."

"Thank you." Derek leaned over to kiss him on the cheek but Stiles had nothing of that. He grabbed Derek by the neck, brought their lips together in a hungry kiss and a second later Derek was basically lying on top of Stiles.

Things got more heated from there, their hands roaming over and under their shirts. Stiles nipped at his bottom lip while his hand moved down to cup Derek's butt.

"Want to try out your new toys?" He asked in a voice that went straight to Derek's dick.

"Green." Derek answered and with that he let Stiles take over.

"Very good." Stiles gently cupped his face and just looked up at him, studying him for a moment. "I want to throw in some ice today. Color?"

"Green." Derek had no idea how Stiles intended to bring together the plugs, the cage and ice but temperature play was something he'd wanted to try out so he was content with waiting to see where this went.

"I'll lock Jack in the bedroom and you get a stack of towels and a bowl with ice cubes."

By the time Derek had fetched the towels and the bowl, Stiles had set up the living room like for their first session with the chair in the middle.

"Do you want me to put on a show again?" Derek asked. Not that he was opposed to that, he'd really liked what they'd done in that session.

"Not quite." Stiles took the bowl from him. "Drape two towels over the chair and the rest on the floor around it."

Derek did as he was told and then stepped over to Stiles.

"Take off your shirt." Stiles grabbed his thighs and pulled him closer. "And stop thinking so much."

A second later Derek stood shirtless and with his feet wide apart to give Stiles' chair some room.

"Hands behind your head." Stiles ordered and then he took his time to explore every inch of exposed skin. This time Derek was facing him and he didn't have a blindfold on so he could see Stiles' expression. There was a hunger in his gaze that made Derek shiver.

Then Stiles reached for the bowl with ice cubes. He ran a cold line down Derek's sternum and down his twitching abs. He dipped the cube in his belly button before he moved up to his chest again.
Derek’s nipples pebbled already in anticipation of the cold but he still sucked in a sharp breath when Stiles circled the hardening nub. He switched from left to right and back again until the cold water was running down Derek's chest and his nipples were so tight and hard, it hurt.

Derek dug his fingernails into his scalp when Stiles pinched the nipple with the hand that was not holding the cube. He bit back a whimper but Stiles just gave him a wicked grin and did the same to the other one.

Satisfied with his front Stiles moved the ice to his back, sliding it down his spine. But instead of moving back up, Stiles slipped his hand under the waistband of Derek's jeans and right between his cheeks, rubbing the last melting bit of ice into his hole.

Derek yelped in surprise and Stiles pressed the ice cold tip of a finger against his entrance, bringing him to his toes in an instant. Stiles teased him for a second longer before he let go of him.

"Get naked and sit down."

Knowing that Stiles still had a whole bowl of ice cubes Derek got in position with dread pooling in his belly. With his legs over the arms of the chair he was presenting his most private parts for whatever Stiles had in mind. His cock, however, stood proud and full, a beat of precome already shining in the slit.

"Beautiful." Stiles breathed the word out and brought his chair closer. He ran his dry hand up and down Derek's stomach and chest, calming him down.

"I want to edge you." Stiles informed him. "Every time you're close, you tell me to stop. Color?"

"Green." His dick twitched in anticipation and Derek just tried to get as comfortable as possible, looked like he would be here for a while. Not that he would care in a few minutes, he already knew that much.

"Very good." Stiles ran his fingertips over the plane of his abs and then a single fingertip ghosted over Derek's length from root to top. It dipped into the slit and then Stiles licked the drop of precome off his finger.

"Yummy." He said and then dove in to get more right from the source.

The hot heat of Stiles' mouth welcomed him and Derek fought the urge to just fuck into it.

For a moment Stiles just blew him, bobbing up and down his length as far as he could take him, caressing him skillfully with his tongue and lips.

Then Stiles brought in the ice again. Working him over with the ice and his hot mouth, Stiles reduced him to a keening mess within minutes.

Cold water ran down his balls and into his crack and then there was a cube probing his entrance. Between the heat of Stiles' mouth, taking him deep, and the ice teasing his hole, Derek felt his orgasm building up.

"I'm close." He moaned. "Stop, please I'm gonna … please stop."

For a horrible second Derek thought, and hoped, that Stiles would just continue until he'd spilled his release but at the last second Stiles backed off.

"Good boy." Stiles praised him and with a fresh ice cube he soothed his pulsing cock. The cold felt
like a knife slicing through his flesh but it helped to bring him back from the edge. With his other hand Stiles was stroking his thigh until Derek could breathe again.

"Ready for the next round?" Stiles asked.

"Green." Derek let his head drop back against the back of the chair.

He lost count of how often Stiles brought him to the edge. He screamed for Stiles to stop over and over again, until his voice was hoarse and his face was wet with tears. His whole body was trembling and he just wanted to come. He needed to come. And still he begged Stiles to stop.

"You’re doing so good." Stiles’ hand was on his stomach, far from where he needed it. "Derek, you with me?"

"Hmm." He made, his hips bucking into nothingness.

"You want to come, don’t you?" Stiles asked, stroking his flanks.

"Yes." Derek licked his lips. "Please let me come." He wanted to touch himself but he had been clawing at the arms of the chair for so long he wasn’t even sure if he could loosen his grip now.

"You remember the cock cage?"

For a long moment he had no idea what Stiles meant.

"Ask me to ice it down and lock it away." Stiles was now leaning over him, a hand in his sweaty hair.

"No." Derek tried to shake his head but Stiles held him firmly in place. "Please no. I can’t … I need … please …" He was babbling and there were tears burning in his eyes.

"Ask me to ice it down and lock it away." Stiles repeated, the grip in his hair tightening until Derek had to angle his head in a painful way.

"Please …" Derek writhed in his grip. He just needed a little touch, just some friction to push him over the edge. He needed to come.

"I won’t ask a third time." The edge of steel pierced through the fog in Derek's mind.

"Please." Derek slumped down in defeat. "Please ice it down … and … lock it away." The words came out barely an audible whisper but it was enough for Stiles. The hand in his hair loosened and patted him gently instead.

"Since you asked so nicely …" Stiles gave him just enough time to notice the bowl in his hand and to realize what was about to happen, before he emptied the rest of the half-melted ice cubes over his groin.

Derek screamed when the ice hit his heated flesh. The breath caught in his chest and his body just locked up in shock.

He came to to Stiles drying him off and then he was feeding his shriveled penis into the plastic sheath of the cage.

Distantly Derek watched him locking up the cage.

"This good?" Stiles asked when he let go of him. "Tell me if it hurts or cuts in somewhere."
Derek’s brain was still too flooded with too many different emotions to form a coherent thought.

"Green."

"You're doing so good." Stiles kissed his slack mouth and then he got a glass of water from somewhere. He fed it in little gulps to Derek and by the time he'd finished the water Derek was more there again. He was still lying spread out over the chair but the towels under him were uncomfortably cold now.

"My ass is freezing." He stated which made Stiles laugh.

"I wanted you to get up anyway." Stiles patted his chest to get him going. "Can you stand?"

Derek wasn't so sure about that but then he was standing on wobbly legs next to the chair while Stiles balled up the wet towels.

The cage felt strange around his penis and Derek used the moment to take himself in hand and have a closer look. The black plastic stood in stark contrast to his skin and the ring holding it in place sat snug behind his balls. Without a key he wouldn't get out of it.

The cold water had done its job and his cock wasn't straining against the cage. Yet.

"How does it feel?" Stiles was watching him with dark eyes.

"Strange. But good, I like it." Derek ran his fingers over the plastic, marveling at the sensation.

"Good." Stiles took him in his hand. "You're going to wear it for a while."

"Green." Derek said and didn't ask for how long.

Stiles smiled at him and then hoisted himself over to the chair, taking Derek's place, where he shimmied out of his jeans.

"Ride me."
Derek rode him in the same position as before, with his back to Stiles and his legs over the arms of the chair. That way gravity forced him to take Stiles deep.

How he mustered the energy to push himself up over and over again, Derek didn't know but Stiles' strong hands under his ass helped him to keep up some kind of rhythm.

Derek hadn't bothered with prep, he didn't really need it and it had seemed too much of an effort, and now Stiles' cock sliding in and out of his hole stretched him with just the right hint of a burn.

Once Derek had adjusted to the stretch, Stiles used his fingers to spread him even more, adding a maddening layer of pain to the pleasure. Then Stiles angled him until his cock was brushing over Derek's prostate with every thrust and the raw need started to build up in his groin again. This time, however, it had nowhere to go.

His cock was trying to get hard, Derek needed it to get hard, but it couldn't. It was straining against the plastic sheath but that was all.

The arousal pooled deep in Derek's groin, making him need and want beyond everything he'd ever experienced and at the same time it was clear that it wouldn't lead anywhere.

Derek moved on Stiles' cock desperately now, hitting his prostate every time he slammed down on him, but it wasn't enough.

"That's it." Stiles encouraged him. "Fuck yourself on my cock. Show me how much you need it. Show me how desperate you are."

Derek let out a whimper. The muscles in his legs were trembling, his whole body was covered in sweat and he was leaning heavily on Stiles but he kept going.

"C'mon." Stiles' mouth was on his neck. "Make me come. You're so good. Hot and tight around me. Taking my cock so good. So good."

"Stiles, please. Please, I …" He didn't even know what he was begging for. He'd lost his rhythm, he was barely moving any longer, his legs had finally given out and he was just a writhing mess in Stiles' lap.

Suddenly Stiles had his balls in his hand and before Derek could even comprehend what was going on, blinding pain shot through his groin.

Derek cried out and clammed down on the cock buried deep inside him.

Stiles rode out the waves of his orgasm with an iron grip on Derek's balls and when he finally let go of him, Derek was lying sprawled out in a boneless heap on top of him.

"I'm so proud of you." Soothing hands were running up and down his front while Stiles' softening cock was still inside him. There was arousal humming deep in his bones but for the moment Derek was content.

"Derek?" Stiles kissed him behind the ear. "You with me?"

Derek managed a confirming noise but didn't bother to open his eyes.
"Do you want me to take it off now?"

Without even thinking Derek shook his head. It lolled over Stiles’ chest which shook with soft laughter.

"I think you're loose enough for the small plug." Stiles whispered into his ear while his hands never stopped roaming over Derek's front. "That more up your alley?"

Derek hummed to that but made a protesting noise when Stiles urged him up enough to slip out of him.

"Wonder when you'll be up to words again." Stiles chuckled but gave him a moment to compose himself.

Then he arranged Derek's pliant body more sideways with one foot on the floor and the other leg over one arm of the chair.

Distantly Derek felt sorry that he wasn't awake enough to appreciate it when Stiles worked the lube-slick plug into his used hole.

He did feel it moving against his inner walls when he walked the few steps over to the couch, though, but his caged cock didn't even react to that.

Derek was asleep before he'd even really stretched out on the couch and only distantly he felt Stiles tucking a blanket around him.

He woke up horny.

The cage was there, it was impossible to forget that fact even for one second, and knowing that he couldn't get hard just raised the need to do exactly that. Derek shifted to take the pressure off his trapped cock which only reminded him of the plug. He groaned into the cushions and for a long second he had no idea how to get up with that huge thing up his ass.

In the end he did come up to a sitting position which brought the plug right against his prostate.

"How do you feel?" Stiles was there, offering him a glass of apple juice.

"Horny." Derek answered truthfully and tried to shift into a position that didn't torture his sweet spot.

"I can see how desperately you're trying to get hard." Stiles said in awe and then hesitantly he put his hand between Derek's legs. Derek bucked into the touch, he couldn't help it, but aside from jostling the plug it did nothing for him.

"Jack needs to go for a walk." Stiles informed him while the hand around his genitals tightened. "You go with him and I'll start dinner."

"Like this?" Stiles couldn't be serious.

"Plugged and caged." Stiles confirmed with a sharp tug at his junk. "Ready for me to use again after dinner."

The walk in the park was hell. Stiles had made him go commando and that feeling didn't help to get his mind off his caged cock. Plus, the base of the plug felt huge between his cheeks and the plug moved inside him with every step.
When Derek came back to the apartment, his whole body was thrumming with arousal and there was a wet spot in his crotch. He'd never been this horny in his life.

How he managed to sit through dinner he had no idea.

Later they moved over to the couch where Stiles guided him to straddle his hips. They kissed and touched and when Stiles took the plug out, Derek just sank down on his cock without resistance. Derek rode him slow, drawing it out as long as he could while the need just kept on building and building. He wanted to get hard so badly it hurt but he focused on Stiles' pleasure instead.

Only after Stiles' spent cock had slipped out of him, Stiles reached for the key.

Derek came in Stiles' hand only seconds later.

It took a moment before Derek could move again but then he helped Stiles to stretch out and draped a blanket over both of them. Once he was comfortable Stiles closed his arms around him and drew him as close as possible.

"You know." Stiles broke the silence after a long moment. "When I told you to pick something for yourself I thought you'd go for something to torture your balls." He chuckled softly. "I had to improvise with the cage."

Derek peeked up at him, not sure what to make out of that statement.

"Why didn't you tell me to pick something else?"

"Don't worry, you did good." Stiles placed a gentle kiss on his temple. "I'm enjoying this quite a lot."

Derek wasn't sure about that but he was too tired to think much about it anyway. Lying here with Stiles, he could drift off to sleep like this.

But there was one thing on his mind.

"Stiles?" He asked in a low voice in case the other man had actually drifted off to sleep.

"Yes?" He mumbled.

"Can you …" He paused, not sure how to say what was on his mind.

"Hmm?" Stiles made a theatrical gesture. He felt his cheek burning under Stiles' hand.

"Can you make me wear it to work tomorrow?" He felt his cheek burning under Stiles' hand.

Stiles stared at him in clear disbelief and then he let his head fall back against the couch with a strangled noise.

"I can't even with you." He made a theatrical gesture. "But to answer your question." When Stiles looked at him, his gaze went dark and Derek didn't fight the urge to lower his eyes. "Yes, I can make you wear it."

That went straight to his groin but Derek had been hard and on edge more than enough today, his cock barely twitched.

Later, after they had come around, they watched some mindless TV and then they walked Jack
together.

Derek fell into bed with Stiles feeling content and still deeply seated in a way he'd never had felt before. He told Stiles that much and got a rain of sweet kisses in return.

"Thank you." Stiles whispered into his ear. "Thank you for being here, thank you for being so amazing."

Derek fell asleep with Stiles' praise covering him like a warm blanket.

When he woke up, he was alone in the bed but the air was filled with the mouth-watering smell of fried bacon. He took a quick shower and got dressed before he joined Stiles in the kitchen for breakfast.

Derek wasn't much of a talker in the morning but Stiles carried them over breakfast with easy chatter.

However, the whole time he didn't mention the cock cage and by the time they had to leave, Stiles would drive him since Derek's car was still at the store, Derek was convinced that Stiles had forgotten about the cage.

Derek had just put the last plate in the dishwasher, when Stiles sneaked up behind him. Suddenly he had a hand between his legs, grabbing him firmly through his pants.

"This is mine." Stiles told him. "You understand?"

"Yes." Derek answered immediately. "Yours."

"Your orgasms are mine." Stiles continued. "I say when or if you come."

"Yes, all yours." Derek bit back a whine when Stiles squeezed his balls.

"Now be a good boy and get your cage." Stiles twisted his hand and Derek had to brace himself on the counter. "I want to lock up what's mine."

On shaking legs Derek went to get the cage and then he was standing in the middle of the kitchen with his pants down while Stiles locked him up.

By the time they arrived at the store, Derek was horny again and he just knew that he would be aroused all day and that he wouldn't be able to a damn thing about it. He kissed Stiles goodbye and scratched Jack behind the ear and then he turned around to face the day.

In the break room he found Erica and for a panicked moment Derek was sure that the cage was visible under his pants.

"Is Stiles okay?" She asked while she poured them coffee.

"Why shouldn't he be?" Derek wondered but at least that put his mind off his dick. "What did you do?"

He had known that it was a bad idea to let her lose on Stiles without him being around to keep her in line. But Stiles hadn't said a word so it couldn't be that bad.

"I?" She handed him a mug with a raised eyebrow. "I was friendly. And I have to say, I like him. Not easy to intimidate."
"You threatened my boyfriend?"

"Just testing the waters." She assured him with a feral smile that wasn't one bit assuring. "Not that we have spoken more than a few words before Harris was chewing my ass out for slaking off."

"Did Harris do something?"

"Dunno. Next time I looked Stiles was waiting outside for you."

The next few hours Derek didn't have time to think, the store was full and the lines long. He even forgot about he cage for a while. But he did get reminded when he went for a quick pee break and found out that he had to sit down for that.

Harris came in for the late shift. When he asked for another word with him, Derek bit back a "What now?" and just followed him into his office.

"Mr Hale." Harris said with a fake smile. "It is noble of you that you engage in charity work but I'd appreciate it if these people don't show up here."

"I have no idea what you're talking about."

The smile slipped off his face and Harris fixed him with a stern look.

"I don't want these retarded cripples in my store." He said. "Are we clear?"

Derek just stared at him for a long moment.

"That retarded cripple is my boyfriend." Derek finally said, his voice cold.

Now it was Harris who was staring at him. But then the corners of his mouth started to twitch with amusement.

"You fuck that?" He didn't even try to contain his laughter any longer. "You must be really desperate."

Derek clenched his fists, fighting the urge to punch him in the face.

"I quit."
On his way out Derek ran into a concerned Boyd but he wasn't in the mood to talk right now. So Derek just stormed past him.

"Derek?" Boyd wasn't that easy to dismiss. "What happened?"

They reached the break room and Derek breathed a little easier knowing that the customers and Harris, who was most likely out of his office by now, couldn't see him.

"I quit." Derek grit out and started to stuff his things into his bag.

"You what?"

"I quit." Derek repeated with more force behind his words. It felt better with every time he said it. Almost freeing. That, however, didn't change the fact that he was trembling with anger. Harris' words still rang in his ears.

He'd been with men before, Derek had heard homophobic slurs before, but this cut deeper. This wasn't aimed at both of them. Had Harris said these things right to Stiles' face when he'd kicked him out of the store?

Stiles hadn't said a word. He hadn't even seemed upset, quite the opposite, Derek had pictures of how carefree he'd been. But it did explain why Stiles had been so reluctant with kissing in front of the store. And why he'd put on a show once he'd reached the fuck it point.

If Boyd had anything else to say to that, Derek didn't hear it because he grabbed his bag and slung his camera over his shoulder and then he was out of the room.

He didn't run into Harris on his way out which was probably for the better. Derek couldn't guarantee that if he saw that smug face again he wouldn't punch it.

However, he almost ran into the pyramid of cereal near the entrance. Seeing all the packages with Stiles' design dominating the whole area, hysterical laughter started to bubble up in Derek's chest and he was tempted to go back to Harris to tell him whose work was looking down on them all.

He didn't go back, though, and seconds later he left the parking lot with squealing tires.

The drive home was a blur and then Derek stood in the door of his apartment, his bag dangling from his fingers. Coming home felt strange.

He hadn't been gone for that long but he'd spent quite some time at Stiles' lately and the emotional roller coaster of what had happened over the last few days made it seem even longer. His place was exactly like Derek had left it but it felt like he was coming home from a long vacation. His apartment felt empty.

Derek dropped his things right at the door, kicked off his shoes and then he slumped down on the couch.

For a long minute he just sat there.

When his phone pulled him out of his thoughts, he expected a message from Stiles. They had chatted during his lunch break like usual, only a little more on the sexting side today. Which
reminded Derek that he was still wearing the cage. He let out a groan.

However, the latest message came from Laura.

*Call me*

Derek knew exactly what she wanted to talk about, by now the whole family knew that he was bringing his boyfriend to Cora's wedding. He wrote back that he was still at work and would call her later. It was a flat out lie but normally he would be at work right now so he didn't feel too bad. He was not in the mood to talk to her right now.

He also had two missed calls from his mom which he also ignored for the moment.

What did surprise him was a message from Peter.

*You have no idea how much I'm looking forward to meeting the man who rendered your mother speechless*

Derek snorted at that but then he sobered up. Stiles and Peter in the same room was kind of a scary thought.

With Harris' words still fresh in his mind Derek wondered how his family would react to the wheelchair. He doubted that Peter would use words like that, he respected a bright mind way too much, but he really wasn't sure about the rest of his family.

*She'll be more speechless when she meets him,* Derek wrote back. The chair didn't make a difference to him, Stiles was Stiles, it didn't matter if he moved on two legs or four wheels, so for him it wasn't an important detail. Of course he knew that it might be for others.

*And why would that be?*

Derek thought about that for a moment but then he sent Peter a picture of Stiles. Just a quick snapshot he'd taken of him the other day. With the wheelchair in plain view.

*Your mother is going to have a heart attack,* Peter wrote back. *I approve*

*Are you going to tell her?*

*No. But I want to be there when she finds out*

*Of course*

Derek hoped that the sarcasm came through in written form. Peter didn't write back so Derek switched from the chat with him to the one with Stiles. He read their last messages, all playful and full with sexual innuendo, but it felt almost fake now.

Derek shifted in a fruitless attempt to find a position that let him forget that his penis was still trapped in a plastic sheath. It had been exciting and arousing all day but now he wanted it off. He put a hand in his crotch and even though his pants he felt the hard outline of the cage under his palm. It felt wrong.

Suddenly it was too much. He couldn't … he just couldn't.

Without really thinking Derek typed three letters but then his thumb hovered over the send button. He should be stronger than this. The feeling of failure burned hot in his veins when he hit the button.
His phone started to ring immediately.

"Derek? I'm here." Stiles barely gave him time to put the phone to his ear. "I got you."

"I'm fine." Derek said but hearing Stiles' voice, relief washed through him. He hadn't even realized how tense he was.

"Where are you?"

"At home."

"Shit." Stiles cussed. "Listen to me, I'm here." He tried to sound calm but Derek sensed the worry behind his words.

"I quit." Derek felt the need to explain.

"That's basically what red means." Stiles told him. "Okay, I want you to take a deep breath. Can you do that for me?"

"I quit my job." Derek corrected. He still wanted to get out of the cage, not that that would happen any time soon with Stiles half-way across the city, but he was nowhere close to panicking like Stiles seemed to think.

"You what?" Stiles asked but dismissed it the next moment. "You can tell me about that later. Do you have your camera bag with you?"

"My what?" He hadn't left the house without it for a while now and currently it was sitting next the door. He just had no idea what that had to do with his current situation.

"I slipped you the spare key." Stiles explained. "I want you to get it and take off the cage, can you do that?"

There was a lump in his throat and Derek bit back a sob. He nodded but then he remembered that Stiles couldn't see him.

"Yes." He said.

He put Stiles on speaker while he got the key. Then he sat on the couch with his pants down and tried to feed the key into the lock. His hands were trembling so hard that it took a few attempts but then the lock opened and he carefully took the cage off.

The whole time Stiles was talking to him.

"Better?" Stiles asked when Derek told him that the cage was off.

"Much better." Derek didn't feel good, not exactly, but not as off as before.

"I'm coming over." Stiles told him. "But I have to end the call for that. Is that okay?"

If necessary Stiles would stay on the phone with him for hours, Derek knew that, but he really wanted him to be here with him.

When Derek opened the door half an hour later, he had a dog in his arms. But Jack must have sensed that he wasn't in the mood for playtime and just like with Stiles the other day, he glued
himself to Derek's leg and when they all moved over to the couch, he put his head and a paw on Derek's thigh.

Stiles took a seat on his other side and then he wordlessly took him in his arms, holding him close. Derek fell willingly against him and the last bit of tension melted out of him.

"Why didn't you tell me that Harris kicked you out of the store?" Derek asked into Stiles' shirt.

Stiles made a surprised sound but he paused before he answered.

"Is that why you quit?" He asked carefully.

"He said some very mean things about you." Derek didn't want to repeat the exact words. "And when I told him that he was talking about my boyfriend, he laughed." Anger was bubbling up in his chest again and his throat was working around his next words. "He said that I must be desperate to fuck … someone like you." He couldn't bring himself to say it the way Harris had. "That's when I quit."

"You shouldn't have done that." Stiles rubbed his hand up and down Derek's back.

"He was an ass before but that?" Derek shook his head. "I couldn't stand it."

Stiles didn't say anything, he just kept mechanically rubbing his back.

"People say stupid shit all the time." He finally said but he sounded as if he was the one in need of comforting now. Derek peeked up at him and found his face twisted in too many emotions.

"I don't have to put up with his shit." Derek told him. "Besides, I hated that job."

"You needed that job."

"Not really." Derek sighed and sat up a little straighter. "I've saved up, I have time to look for other options. I might give that photography thing a chance now, just to see where it goes." He hadn't really thought about that before but it sounded like a good idea.

"So, you're good?" Stiles eyed him carefully. Half an hour ago Derek had safe-worded and he still had been in quite some distress when Stiles arrived but now he felt better.

"I'm good." Derek leaned over for a kiss. He almost threw Jack off his leg with that which led to the dog climbing into his lap with more determination. The wiggling ended with a happy dog sprawled out over both their laps.

"And I thought we were getting somewhere." Stiles pouted but patted Jack fondly.

"Somebody should tell him that he isn't a lap dog." Derek said but he was glad for the interruption. He was fine with kissing and maybe even with some making out but he wasn't in the mood for more. Before the incident with Harris he had been low-key aroused all day and he had been looking forward to seeing Stiles after work but now he just felt exhausted and tired.

"Quiet evening with pizza and a movie?" Stiles suggested, once again proving that he could read Derek like an open book.

"Sounds good."

They were about to settle in for their quiet evening when Derek's phone beeped with a new message.
For a moment Derek was tempted to ignore it, it was most likely Laura, demanding a call, and he was totally not in the mood to deal with anybody from his family right now, but then curiosity won.

"It's Erica." He said aloud.

_Boyd and I are coming over. Bringing beer and pizza._

"At least we don't have to order the pizza ourselves." Stiles commented on that.

"I can tell her that I'm not in the mood." Derek offered. He wasn't even sure if he wanted them to come over. A quiet night with Stiles sounded awesome but having Erica and Boyd here to distract him was tempting as well.

"Erica is the blonde, right?" Stiles asked. "I like her."

"She said that she tried to intimidate you."

"Tried." Stiles emphasized. "And I'd like to meet your friends. If you're up for that."

Fifteen minutes later Derek's door bell rang again. When Derek opened, Jack pushed past him to greet their guests.

"Puppy!" Erica squealed and nearly dropped the six pack she was carrying.
Derek snagged the six pack out of Erica's hand which she instantly used to cuddle Jack. And of course the dog was all for it, wagging his tail while he enthusiastically tried to get closer. Which ended with Erica moving backwards and bumping into Boyd who still waited with pizza boxes in hand to get through the door.

He also made longing eyes at Jack and Derek had no doubt that Jack would be in for another cuddle session very soon but Boyd was also the one who made the connection that if Jack was here, his owner most likely was as well.

"Is this okay?" Boyd tried to peek around Erica. "We didn't want you to sit here all by yourself all evening. But looks like you're not alone."

"It's fine." Derek grabbed Jack by the collar and dragged him back far enough to let their guests in. "Come in."

Derek led the way back to the living room where Stiles was waiting for them on the couch. He hadn't bothered with getting back into his chair.

Erica had met him at the store but as far as Derek knew Boyd and Stiles hadn't met. The introduction was kind of awkward, Erica clearly hadn't expected to see Stiles on Derek's couch and Boyd didn't know where to look, his gaze kept flickering back to Stiles' legs.

Derek did his best to break the tension with setting up the pizza and handing out beer. Jack was a big help, too. The dog didn't know which way to turn to get to know his new friends and was constantly alternated between Erica who had sat down at the other end of the couch, leaving room for Derek in the middle, and Boyd who had taken the chair.

"So, you quit." Erica said with a beer in one hand and the other one on Jack. "Didn't expect that."

"Harris would have fired me sooner or later anyway." Derek shrugged. He didn't want to repeat what Harris had said.

"Good for you." Boyd gave him a salute with his beer bottle. "What now? Do you have plans?"

"Not yet." Derek took a sip from his beer. "I didn't plan on quitting."

"Who wants pizza?" Stiles cut in and made grabby hands at the pizza sitting on the table. Derek was pretty sure that he just wanted to change the topic and thankfully Erica closed her mouth without asking the obvious question.

"Until he gets a replacement for you, he has to cover most of your shifts." She said instead with a wide smile.

"At least for the ones he can't dump on us." Boyd was the more realistic one but he didn't really seem to mind.

"A customer spilled her drink all over the counter and he had to grit through it and clean it up all by himself." Erica didn't let Boyd dampen her mood. She raised her hands in defense. "I was busy helping a nice old lady."

"And he had to rebuild that stupid cereal pyramid at least three times." Boyd added. "He's pissed."
Derek couldn't help the smile forming on his lips at the thought of a pissed Harris. Plus, those cereal packages had Stiles' design on the front, karma was a bitch.

He told them, much to Stiles' embarrassment, who's painting was on the package which got Stiles the five minutes of "You're an artist?" but since either Erica nor Boyd were artists themselves, it died down rather quickly. But they would look at that cereal differently from now on.

They ate their pizza and drank their beer and naturally the conversation turned to war stories from the store. All three of them had their fair share of bad customers and it was the one thing they had in common. The other topic would have been Stiles and Erica and Boyd both had avoided even looking at the wheelchair too closely so far. Derek just wondered when that topic would come up.

For a while Derek was worried that Stiles would feel left out, though. He was sitting at the far end of the couch, not really included in their little group, and he didn't share the store experiences with them. Turned out, Derek had worried over nothing. Stiles didn't let them exclude him.

He wasn't shy to add his two cents and it didn't take long for him and Erica to discuss the things she should have said or done in this or that situation. Erica had the tendency to push the limits but there were things she couldn't say to a customer. Not that they hadn't all dreamed of just shouting back.

By the time all the pizza was eaten they were nursing their second beer and they were all just chatting along, relaxed and easy. If Derek hadn't known better, he would have guessed that Stiles and Erica had known each other for years.

They were in the middle of deciding which movie to watch, Stiles and Erica were set on Marvel but the battle was still on between Iron Man and Captain America. Derek and Boyd just shared a look and silently agreed that they didn't want to get caught in that crossfire.

"What has become of ladies first?" Erica pulled out the big guns.

"Now you're a lady?" Stiles gestured wildly at her. "Okay, if you get the lady bonus, I get the cripple bonus."

Boyd choked on his beer while Erica turned beet-red. With Stiles sitting on the couch it was easy to forget that he couldn't move his legs but now he'd slapped them in the face with that fact. Neither Boyd nor Erica knew how to deal with that.

"I win." Stiles proclaimed proudly and then reached for his chair. "Get Cap ready, I'll just take a leak real quick." He transferred over to the wheelchair with ease and then turned it on the spot with the front wheels in the air.

"Shit, I forgot." Erica hissed once the bathroom door had closed behind him. "Sorry, I should have let him pick."

"Why?" Derek asked. Of course he knew exactly why and he had to say, using his disability as a weapon like this was a nice move. An asshole move but nice.

"Why?" She repeated as if he was stupid. "He sits in a wheelchair." She lowered her voice and kept glancing at the door as if she feared that Stiles might hear her.

Meanwhile Boyd was extremely busy with scratching Jack behind the ear. He clearly wished to be somewhere else.

Derek just looked from one to the other, shaking his head.
"Why should he get to decide just because of the chair?" He asked and then set up the movie.

To break the tension Derek put the others to work and by the time Stiles came out of the bathroom the table was cleared and there were bowls with chips and popcorn waiting for them. Since Boyd and Erica had to work the next day they had switched to coke. Derek kind of feared what caffeine would do to an already hyperactive Stiles but since they could sleep in tomorrow, he didn't really care.

They took their seats again, Stiles snuggled closer to Derek than strictly necessary and Derek welcomed him with an arm around his shoulder, and then he started the movie.

"That's not Captain America." Stiles frowned at the TV. "Why are we watching Guardians of the Galaxy?"

"Because you're a brat." Derek told him. Next to him Erica took an audible breath and Boyd made a noise that was either choking again or a suppressed laugh.

"And you're an ass." Stiles poked him in the side with his elbow but Derek just hugged him closer and turned the volume up. The opening scene had to be played loud, that much even he knew.

It didn't take long for Stiles to start arguing with the characters on screen and Erica was right with him. They threw popcorn at the bad guys, cheered for the good guys and said "I am Groot" in sync with Groot every single time. Derek briefly wondered how often they both had watched the movie to even get the nuances on point.

"So, Stiles." Erica drew out the word. The movie was over and Derek had the feeling that the evening was coming to an end as well. "How did you end up in a wheelchair?"

Derek had waited the whole evening for these questions to come up. He glanced over to Stiles who was currently busy finishing off the last pieces of popcorn.

"Car accident." He said around a mouth full of popcorn. Derek was just glad that he didn't pick up the pieces with his tongue like a lizard. "And if your next question is if my dick's working I'm going to ask you if you're shaved down there." He grinned at her and then threw a piece of popcorn in the air to catch it with his mouth. He missed and it bounced off his cheek but Jack was there to snag it from the carpet.

"Fair enough." Erica accepted his answer.

"Does it still hurt?" Boyd asked in a gentle tone. He hadn't said much all evening but he had seemed to enjoy himself.

Stiles went quiet for a moment. Derek had a vivid memory of Stiles crying in pain while his legs were spasming so hard he couldn't even sit.

"Sometimes." Stiles finally said. "If I overdo it or the weather changes. But I don't really feel my legs."

Boyd and Erica left not long after and once Derek had seen them out, he slumped into the couch next to Stiles.

"You okay?" They asked at the same time which made them both laugh.

"Long day." Derek stretched out his legs with a groan and sank deeper into the cushions. At least he wouldn't have to get up early tomorrow. Or the day after that. He didn't have job any longer and
that should be a scary thought but quite the opposite. For the first time in a long time he felt free. He'd gone to work day after day and hadn't really thought about what he wanted to do with his life.

"First thing tomorrow I'm going to hand in that picture of you." He proclaimed. It felt right, like the beginning of something new.

"I'm still not convinced that's a good idea but be my guest."

"I don't care if I win." Derek clarified. "They ask for my definition of perfection and that picture captures it perfectly."

"You're a big sap, you know that?" Stiles asked in a poor attempt to cover his embarrassment. Derek just slung his arm around his shoulders and drew him in to kiss his temple.

"Hope Erica didn't bother you too much." Derek changed the topic.

"Nah." Stiles made. "She's cool. Boyd too. They took the chair better than most." He fell quiet for a moment and Derek couldn't help but think of Harris. And the fact that Stiles didn't feel as if it was important enough to mention. As if it was something normal.

"I like you friends." Stiles assured him but then a wicked grin formed on his lips. "I should introduce you to mine. Lydia is the reason we even know each other."

Something about that rang a bell.

"Strawberry blonde with a dog?" Derek remembered his encounter in the park.

"You know her?"

"I think I met her when I was out with Jack." That was something he had wanted to mention to Stiles but then things had happened. "She knew about the website and LoneWolf. She threatened me. I think."

"Sounds like Lydia." Stiles barked out a laugh but then he nestled his head into Derek's shoulder. "It was her idea to try out that website."

"She said that you talk to her about me. A lot." Derek still wasn't sure how he felt about that.

"In the beginning you were just somebody on the internet." Stiles defended himself. "I needed somebody to discuss if you were too good to be true."

"And what was her opinion on me?"

"I was scared, you know, because of the chair." Stiles admitted. "I didn't know how you would react."

Derek remembered clearly how Stiles had avoided mentioning the chair until the last minute and how sure he'd been that Derek would lose interest in him because of it.

"She threatened that if I didn't get my shit together, she'd contact you and set up a date herself."

"I'm not sure if I like her or if I'm afraid of her."

"That's Lydia."
It was getting late and Derek just wanted to go to bed. The day had been long with too many ups and downs.

"Bed?" He asked and kissed Stiles on the top of the head. There was something running on TV but they both were half asleep, Stiles with his head on Derek's shoulder.

Stiles sat up a little straighter and rubbed his eyes.

"When you safe-worded, I just bolted out of the door." He admitted rather sheepishly. "I don't even have a toothbrush."

"I have a spare one." Derek offered. He liked the idea of Stiles having a toothbrush in his bathroom, it felt domestic. "Sorry, if I worried you."

"Don't you ever feel sorry for safe-wording." Stiles looked him dead in the eye, all the drowsiness gone. "It doesn't matter if I get worried or if it looks like a minor thing to freak out over in hindsight, you use your words when you need them, no matter what. I need to know that I can trust you on this."

"You can." Derek had to swallow around the tightness in his throat. "I use the words when I need to, I promise."

"Good." Stiles grinned and sealed it with a kiss.

Before they could turn in, they had to walk Jack, though. And since Stiles hadn't brought any dog food either, they got some on the way as well.

Then, finally, they fell into bed together and Derek fell asleep with Stiles spooning him from behind.

In the morning Derek startled awake, convinced that he'd overslept, but then he remembered that he didn't have a job any longer and he sank back into the pillow with an embarrassed chuckle.

"It's way too early." Stiles mumbled, not really awake, and when he slung his arm around Derek's middle and drew him close, Derek nestled back into the warmth of Stiles' body with a content sigh.

He dozed off for another hour or so and finally woke up for real to Stiles' hand in his pants, lazily stroking his morning wood.

"Okay?" Stiles mouthed at his shoulder.

As an answer Derek ground his ass firmly against Stiles' groin.

They had lazy morning sex like this with Derek moving between Stiles' hand on his dick and Stiles'
cock deep in his ass, slow and sweet, he wanted to draw this out for as long as possible.

Stiles spilled his release with a sigh with Derek following close after.

Later Derek offered him the first shower and this time Stiles accepted happily.

"Bathroom is all yours." Stiles came back into the bedroom naked, hands altering between toweling his hair and moving the chair. How he managed to not crash into the door frame was beyond Derek.

"I'll take Jack for a walk." Stiles proclaimed and reached for his clothes he'd dumped on the floor the night before. "I'll bring breakfast."

He gave his underwear a careful sniff, no diaper today, he hadn't expected to leave the house, but before Stiles made up his mind if he wanted to put them back on or go commando, Derek pointed him at his underwear drawer.

"You do know that this makes it official." Stiles waved a clean pair at him. "You let me wear your underwear, we're bound for life."

"Fine with me." Derek snuggled deeper under the blanket. He was still drowsy and not ready to leave the warm bed just yet.

He did get out of bed eventually, took his shower and when by then Stiles wasn't back, he took out his laptop.

Then he sat there for five full minutes before he dared to click send. And then the picture of Stiles was out. Derek wasn't sure if he wanted to make the victory dance or throw up, though.

To get his mind off that Derek checked his sites. He had sold a few more stock images and two prints of the no wolves in California picture Stiles had used for his class. Derek had the suspicion that Stiles had somewhat bullied his students into supporting him. Nothing too bad and if Derek was honest, the initial boost of these people liking, sharing and commenting his work had given him the confidence to at least give this a try.

Since he wanted to make this his profession, Derek figured that he should treat it like a job now. He had been maintaining his social media sites before and he would put some more effort in that now but that wouldn't be enough.

If he wanted to make a living out of this, he needed to get his name out there. He probably should talk to Stiles, he was the one actually making a living out of his art, but Derek figured that connections were the key. He should look for more competitions but also for forums and groups about photography and he probably should find other artists and comment on their work as well.

By the time Stiles and Jack came back with breakfast, Derek had been sucked into the tumblr of one of Stiles' students. She had reblogged a few of his pictures so maybe he could find other artists similar to himself through her blog.

"What ya doing?" Stiles came up to him to have a peek at the screen, already chewing on something. "I brought doughnuts."

Derek accepted a doughnut and a cup of coffee and while they ate, he explained his thoughts about going professional to Stiles.

"I know I'm probably too naive." Derek admitted.
"No." Stiles shook his head and powdered sugar rained down on his lap. "If you ask me, that's the right way. Connect with others, find forums, comment on other people's work. Just don't barge in and slap them in the face with your stuff."

Derek chewed on his doughnut, thinking. If he wanted to do this right, it would be a lot of work. Shooting pictures not even included yet.

"So you're serious?" Stiles asked over his last sips of coffee. "No job hunting?"

"Like I said, I've saved up a bit. I have the money to give this a try." Derek assured him but Stiles still gave him a skeptical look. He knew what kind of job Derek had been working and with an expensive hobby like photography and the kind of car he was driving, he shouldn't have been able to save up money.

"My parents didn't approve of my choices in college." He rolled his cup of coffee between his hands. He hadn't really talked about his ever before but with Stiles he felt like he could. "They tried to force me to change my majors by refusing to pay for collage. I said fuck it and started to work to get me through. I would have come out with some serious debts but I didn't care."

He paused for a moment, remembering the arguments he had with his parents, especially his mother, over this. Some had ended in some serious fights with shouting and slammed doors and Derek staying the night in that abandoned train depot that somewhat had been his to go place in cases like that. His mother would throw a fit if she ever found out that he had been squatting like some homeless bum.

"But they changed their mind?" Stiles supplied when the pause lasted for too long.

"Peter changed their mind." Derek corrected. "My uncle, mom's little brother. He's the rebellious one of the family. He pointed out that people might talk if my parents paid college for my sisters but not for me."

"So they did pay." Stiles concluded with a grim nod. "Lovely."

"I wasn't sure if it would last so I kept working the whole time. Put aside what I could." Derek finished the story. "I don't need much, I haven't really touched it since then."

Kate had loved to spend money but for some reason Derek didn't really know he had never mentioned his savings to her. She had assumed that he was the average college student and hadn't expected him to pay most of the time. Looking back, he hadn't been much more than a fuck toy to her.

The dark thoughts must have been showing on his face because Stiles put a hand on the nape of his neck and started to rub small circles with his thumb into his skin.

"At least Peter sounds like an okay guy." Stiles said after a moment, not commenting on his parents.

"He is." Derek took out his phone and showed Stiles the chat he'd had earlier with Peter.

Stiles had a look, his grin grew wide and then he snagged the phone out of Derek's hand. Before Derek could even react, he was already typing away.

Curious Derek let him but he leaned over to read along.

*Derek's boyfriend here. Also looking forward to meeting you*
That was harmless enough.

*Hello there,* came Peter's prompt answer. *I hope my sister didn't leave a too bad first impression of our family*

*She didn’t seem to like the idea that I have a penis*

Derek choked on the sip of coffee he'd been stupid enough to take.

*She'll forget about that once she finds out about the wheels*

*Should we warn her? And the rest of the family?*

*What is there to warn about?*

For a long moment Stiles just sat there, staring at the screen. Long enough for Derek to feel the need to return the gesture from earlier. He slung his arm around him and gave the ball of his shoulder a reassuring squeeze.

*Besides, I want to see their faces when you and Derek come in,* Peter added.

*You're an asshole,* Stiles wrote. *I like you*

Peter answered with an emoji sticking its tongue out.

"So we're going to just crash the party?" Stiles asked and gave the phone back to Derek.

"Like he said, there's nothing to warn them about." Derek drew him close and kissed his temple. Stiles sagged against him.

"I was thinking." He said, his fingers fiddling with the seam of Derek's jeans on the inside of his knee.

"Should I be scared?"

Stiles gave his knee a playful slap.

"I was thinking." Stiles repeated with more force. "You're sister's wedding is in five weeks. You're free and I'm going to finish my online class this week. I have two smaller things to finish but I should get those done this week was well."

"Nothing in the pipe after that?" Derek wondered. Nothing lined up meant no money coming in.

"I have some things coming up but not in the next month. I want to focus on my comic for now." Stiles had mentioned that he was working on a comic but so far he hadn't shared any details.

"However, I was thinking, since we both don't have any obligations, why don't drive to California?"

"You want to drive there?"

"Yeah, let's make it a road trip." Stiles let his head drop on Derek's shoulder. "Sleazy motels, cheap tourist traps and greasy diner food. If we go next week, we can spread it out over a few weeks and still have time to spend with our families when we get to Beacon Hills."

"You're crazy." Derek shook his head.

"Don't tell me you don't need a vacation." Stiles just ignored his comment. "It's going to be fun."
Derek wasn't quite convinced but he wasn't totally against it either. It did sound like fun and if he was honest, he didn't really have an argument against it.

"Let me think about it."

"Sure, no need to hurry." Stiles made himself more comfortable at his side. "That's the beauty of a road trip, we can just stuff some things in a bag, hop in the car and head west. No need for planning."

Derek hmmed to that. By Sunday Stiles would have a list of things he wanted to visit along the way. Derek expected spread sheets and at least one power point presentation.

"But we need to take my car." Stiles said, already planning in his head. "And I have to pack a bag for Jack, too. My art stuff. You're equipment, you're still going to be the photographer at the wedding, right? And think about the pictures you'll take along the road, your Instagram is going to explode." He was warming up to the topic and Derek had to agree it did sound like fun. "The toys. Remind me to pack the toys, I have plans with those and I'm not going to put them off for a month."

Derek chuckled into his hair, looked like he wasn't going to get out of this. Not that he really minded. Like Stiles said, he needed a vacation.

"Do you have plans for today as well?" Derek asked. It was still early.

"I have nothing planned but I'm sure I can improvise."
Stiles had to leave early in the afternoon and by then Derek had another missed call from his mother and two more messages from Laura. He had left his phone in the living room while he and Stiles had spent most of the day in the bedroom. The last thing he needed was for his mother to call while Stiles had four of his skilled fingers up his ass, torturing his prostate.

And he would have to go back to the store at some point for the final paperwork and to get his last paycheck.

Derek was just not sure what he wanted to face first, his family or Harris. In the end Laura made the decision for him by calling him.

For a long second Derek stared at her name on the display and he was tempted to not answer but then he pressed the green button.

"You're avoiding me." She accused him before he'd even had the phone anywhere close to his ear.

"Hello to you too." Derek made himself comfortable on the couch with his legs stretched out. He suppressed a sigh when his movement put stress on his used hole but he didn't have time to savor that feeling because Laura was already talking.

"Mom is telling everybody that you're going to disgrace Cora's wedding by bringing some mouthy teenager as your partner."

"The mouthy part is correct." Derek said and tried really hard to not think about what Stiles had done with that mouth of his earlier today. Derek should have asked him to cage him again.

"How old is he?"

"Twenty-four." Derek sighed, at least it wasn't his mother interrogating him. With Laura chances were good that she would take his side in the end. "I know he sounds younger, he looks younger, but he's an adult."

"And it's a he?" She asked somewhat carefully. "I always thought were just fooling around with men, nothing serious."

"That's what Mom likes to think." Derek corrected. With his sisters he'd never really spoken about his preferences and since they were still living in Beacon Hills, they had absorbed their mother's view. "It's serious, we've been together for a while now."

There was a long moment of silence at the other end and Derek gave her the time she needed to wrap her head around the new information.

"You haven't been serious with someone since …" She hesitated.

"Kate." Derek finished the sentence for her. "She was toxic, I know that now. But Stiles is different." He could tell her about the negotiations and safe-words and the absolute trust he had in Stiles but that would have been way too much information.

"Stiles? That's his name?"

"It's a nickname, he doesn't like his real name." He explained. Stiles had insisted on the nickname
when they had changed from online names to real ones and Derek hadn't asked since then. It didn't really matter.

"So I can tell Mom to seat Stiles next to you?" She was testing the name but Derek didn't hear a hint of disapproval in her voice.

"Yes." He could tell her to not bother with a chair but he didn't. Instead he asked: "Are you okay with this?"

"Derek, I want you to be happy and if this Stiles makes you happy …"

"He does."

"Then I'm happy for you." There was some rustling on her end and Derek could picture her getting more comfortable. "And now spill, tell your big sister everything. How did you meet?"

Derek laughed and then he spent the next hour telling her everything. He left out what kind of website they had met on and the wheelchair didn't come up so he didn't feel the need to mention it either. When he ended the call, Derek leaned back with a smile and the good feeling that it wasn't him against the whole family. Laura approved of his relationship with a man and he was confident that she would be able to calm down their mother.

At least until they found out about the chair. He hoped that it wouldn't make a difference but he didn't know. That was something that had never come up. Him coming out as bi hadn't even been enough to cause an awkward dinner. Laura had been the one with inappropriate questions afterwards but she hadn't pushed the issue when instead of an answer he had just glared at her. His dad had tried to give him the talk about safe anal sex, a conversation both of them had later silently agreed on had never happened, and his mom had patted his shoulder and had said something about his wild phase and trying things out. All in all it had gone over well.

And Derek was pretty sure that they would accept that he was serious with a man, given time.

However, disabilities had never been a topic so Derek had no idea what to expect. At least he had Peter on his side.

The other thing Derek had failed to mention was that he had quit his job and was now pursuing a career as a professional artist. He doubted his mother was ready for that bomb.

To put his mind on other things Derek wrote Erica, asking if Harris was in. If Stiles was serious with the road trip, he should get things sorted out at the store soon.

Harris was in so Derek had no excuse do not get it over with right now. With a sigh he grabbed his camera, maybe he got a few shots while he was out, and then he was on his way to the store.

_Hopefully for the last time_, he thought.

When he entered, he didn't see Erica out on the floor so he headed for the break room.

"Missed us already?" She greeted him and handed him a coffee like always. He had forgotten to take his mug when he'd stormed out yesterday.

"Just want to get it over with." Derek took the mug. "My sister's wedding is in a few weeks and Stiles is talking about a road trip to California. We might leave this weekend or early next week." It depended on how quickly Stiles could wrap up the things he was working on and Derek wouldn't put it past him to push it to get an early start.
"Road trip?" She raised an eyebrow at him. "Can he do that? I mean … you know." She made a vague gesture.

"We'll take his car." Which he probably should test drive before they were on the road. Stiles' car didn't even have pedals to operate.

"Yeah but …" She paused, searching for words. "Doesn't he need special stuff?"

"Not really?" Derek wasn't sure what she was talking about. But he did make a mental note to pack the hand grip and the stool he'd bought for Stiles. With those Stiles should be fine with almost every bathroom.

There was more on her mind, that much was clear, but after a moment of pondering, she shrugged it off.

"Anyway." She changed the topic. "You'll be gone for weeks?"

"A month at least." He hadn't even thought about how long they would be gone.

"We need to have a farewell party, then." Erica decided.

A minute later he'd somehow been roped into a party on Saturday. Erica had texted Stiles who had instantly agreed and had asked if he could invite Lydia as well. When Derek left the break room, Erica was still typing with Stiles, nailing down the details of when and where.

"Mr Hale." Harris greeted him when Derek entered his office. "I knew you'd come crawling back."

"I'm just here for my last paycheck." Derek told him and tried very hard to keep his voice neutral. "And I guess there is some paperwork involved? I want to get that out of the way before I go on vacation with my boyfriend." He didn't try to hide the smirk forming on his lips when he saw Harris' expression at the mention of his boyfriend.

"Where do you even go on vacation with somebody like that?" Harris snorted but sorted through some papers. "Just that we're clear, there's no job waiting for you here when you came back after he has spent all your money. I hope he lets you fuck him so you get at least something out of this charity case. Not that I can understand how somebody can be into cripples. The thought alone is disgusting."

"He earns his own money." Derek muttered, pretending he hadn't heard the last bit. If Harris didn't shut his mouth soon, he would do it for him and he just knew that Harris was only waiting for him to lose his patience. He would not give this asshole the satisfaction to call security on him.

"How?" Harris seemed actually surprised by that statement. But then a smile formed on his lips. "Let me guess. He has one of those fake jobs intend to make them feel useful but are a total waste of time. And a monkey could do a better job at it." He looked very proud of himself.

"Actually." Derek snatched the check out of Harris' hand. "He's an artist."

He could see the laughter bubbling up in Harris' chest so Derek leaned forward as if he was about to tell him a secret.

"And before you laugh." He said in a low voice. "You know that big cereal pyramid we have in the food section? The one people like to kick over for fun? Next time you have to rebuild it, have a good look at the picture on the front. I doubt a monkey could have done that job."
He straightened up again, now looking down at Harris. Who just gaped at him.

"Are we done here?" Derek asked. He was more than done but he didn't want to come back later because something wasn't in order.

The paperwork took a few more minutes which went by in grim silence with the bare minimum of words.

Then the last slip of paper was signed and Derek was ready to leave. And to hopefully never see Harris ever again.

He pocketed his check but at the door he stopped and gave Harris one last look.

"You asked if I at least get a good fuck out of this." He reminded him of his own words. "Just FYI, we celebrated me quitting this shitty job with some marathon sex. I'm still sore from the pounding he gave me."

The smug expression fell from Harris' face and the last Derek saw of him was a comic expression of clear disbelief complete with bulging eyes and mouth hanging open.

Derek slammed the door shut with a satisfying thud. Then he hurried out of the store with his face burning hot. He couldn't believe what he'd just said, it sounded more like something Stiles would say. But damn had it felt good.

In his car he took a deep breath. And collapsed in manic laughter.

Just told my ex boss that I'm still sore from the pounding you gave me, he wrote because he just had to tell somebody.

You what? Stiles answered immediately.

Derek didn't even know what to say to that.

No idea, he wrote honestly. Wanna do something later?

He knew that Stiles had his online class today and he didn't want to interrupt but he felt like celebrating.

Absolutely, came the prompt answer. I need to hear that story

Over a few drinks? Today Derek felt bold. Except for their first date over coffee, they had spent all their time either at Derek's or Stiles' place.

We can give that bar Erica suggested a test drive, came his answer after a moment.

Erica suggested a bar?

For Saturday

It took Derek a moment to remember the farewell party Erica and Stiles had been planning.

Erica says the place is okay for me but I'd like to see for myself. Stiles wrote. You know, before everybody is there

That Derek understood. It would be awkward if they arrived there on Saturday just to find out that the restrooms were in the basement or the place was too cramped to navigate with a wheelchair.
It's a date, Derek wrote with a warm feeling in his stomach. Stiles didn't want to get embarrassed in front of his friends but he was totally fine with Derek seeing him struggle.

As an answer Stiles sent him an emoji blowing a kiss at him.
Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

I'll have to skip next week's update due to real life. Nothing bad, just hectic. And then it's November which means NaNoWriMo, I'll try to keep up my posting schedule during November but I make no promises.

Erica had been right, the bar was wheelchair friendly. It was the middle of the week and a slow evening, things would be different on Saturday, but there were other patrons and Stiles did get some looks. But nothing bad.

They got a table at the side where they weren't the center of attention but not separated from the rest either and their waitress took away a chair to make room for the wheelchair without being ask. And she did it in a matter-of-fact way that didn't make Derek feel as if she was doing something special for them.

She took their order and Stiles visibly relaxed when she treated him like every other guest. Before Harris Derek wouldn't have guessed but people did tend to treat Stiles differently. Thinking back, it had been obvious on their first date with Stiles' table separate from the other ones.

"I have to admit, Erica knows her bars." Derek said, taking in the interior. First thing he had noticed was the space, Stiles would have no problem navigating the room even with more patrons, but it was also comfy, this was a place Derek wouldn't mind spending a few hours in. Not many bars met that criteria.

Stiles nodded to that and took a sip of his drink.

"So." Stiles drew out the word. "What the hell did you tell your boss?"

"Ex boss."

They spent the next hours with easy chatter, lots of laughter and maybe a few drinks more than intended. When they left the bar, they both were pleasantly tipsy. Stiles more than Derek, though, so they took a cab back to Stiles' place. The whole drive Stiles had his hands all over Derek and he was mouthing along his throat, most likely leaving a hickey or two on the way. Not that Derek was complaining, slightly drunk Stiles was adorable. Clumsy and even less coordinated than usual, he had kissed Derek's ear twice so far while Derek was pretty sure he'd been aiming for his cheek, but Stiles compensated that with enthusiasm and an almost childlike joy. Adorable.

"You're adorable." Was Stiles' comeback when Derek told him that much. "With your eyebrows and bunny teeth. You're so cute." Even the driver had to laugh at that slurred declaration while Derek just tried to glare them both down at the same time.

At least Stiles was coordinated enough to operate his chair on his own, he barely scraped the door frame on the way in. Inside the apartment he almost fell with his chair, though, when an enthusiastic Jack slammed into him. Derek managed just in time to grab the handles to prevent the crash. Stiles didn't even seem to notice, he had his face buried in Jack's thick fur, greeting the dog with equal enthusiasm.
"Missed me, didn't you?" He murmured into Jack's shoulder, still blocking the door but at least he was in no danger of toppling over any longer so Derek dared to let go of the handles.

"You're a lightweight, you know that?" It took some pushing and squishing but in the end Derek managed to get Stiles and Jack to move far enough to close the door.

"I had the same drinks as you." Stiles said with his face still buried in Jack's fur but now it was more resting than actively cuddling.

"That's my point." Derek did feel the effect of the alcohol but it was a pleasant buzz, nothing more. They didn't have that much to drink.

"Don't drink and kink." Stiles stated. "Just so you know, we're not doing kinky stuff tonight."

Derek just raised his eyebrow at him in a you don't say manner but it was lost on the back of Stiles' head.

He doubted that Stiles would be up to anything tonight, for sure not for walking Jack. So he told Stiles to get ready for bed while he took the dog for a quick walk.

When they came back Derek found Stiles sprawled out on the bed on top of the covers, snoring softly. Derek just shook his head and went to brush his teeth. Stiles hadn't moved by the time he came back and he didn't even stir when Derek manhandled him to lie under the covers.

"You're impossible." Derek muttered while he tied to arrange both of them to lie comfortable. On a subconscious level Stiles must notice what he was doing because he blindly reached for Derek and only settled for real when he was spooning Derek from behind with his face squished between his shoulder blades. Derek was already feeling the drool seeping through his shirt.

In the morning Derek expected a miserable and hungover Stiles but when he woke up, the spot next to him was empty. Instead the mouthwatering smell of fried bacon filled the air.

"Who else do you expect for breakfast?" Derek asked when he saw the piles of food Stiles had made. There was the fried bacon in the pan, a mountain of scrambled eggs, french toast, pancakes and if he wasn't mistaken there was a plate with hash browns and sausages in the oven to keep them warm. "When did you get up to make all this?"

"Don't munchies shame me." Stiles pointed a spatula at him but the threatening gesture lost most of its effect due to the stripe of bacon hanging out of Stiles' mouth.

To Derek's surprise Stiles ate most of the things he'd cooked and then he spent the next hour holding his stomach and groaning that he would burst any second now. Derek had little pity with him.

But Derek kind of feared Sunday morning. If this was Stiles after a few drinks, he didn't want to know what he would whip up after Erica's farewell party. At least they wouldn't have to worry about snacks for the road.

On Saturday they met Boyd and Erica at the bar and then they waited for Lydia who came five fashionable minutes late. After the introductions were made they headed inside where their waitress for the evening, greeted them with an open smile. She seated them right next to the table Derek and Stiles had the other day but this one was bigger and there was already a chair less waiting for them.

The first minutes went by quickly with settling in and ordering their drinks but then silence fell
over the table. Boyd and Erica didn't know Stiles very well and Lydia was a stranger to all of them. Derek just hoped that she wouldn't bring up that website and the whole LoneWolf thing again. She had openly spoken about it when they had met in the park but back then it had just been him. His friends didn't need to know what kind of relationship he had with Stiles.

"So." Lydia started when their drinks arrived. "You're colleagues of Derek?"

Derek glanced at her, trying to figure out how she meant it. The way she dressed and acted she had never worked retail in her life and if Derek was honest he would have pegged her as a difficult customer. But her question sounded genuine. Erica must be thinking along the same lines because she answered guarded and with that fake smile reserved for customers.

However, Lydia seemed actually interested and not long after she and Erica were laughing together about a customer Erica had served the other day. This was familiar ground and soon Derek found himself adding stories about customers as well. Even Boyd had a story or two to tell. Then the stories turned from customers to Harris.

"Stiles mentioned him." Lydia nodded, when his name came up.

"A big SOB." Stiles added. "Kicked me out of the store."

Of course now he had to tell that story which he did, talking animatedly with his hands and not leaving out the insults Harris had thrown at him.

This was the first time Derek heard about it out of Stiles' mouth but he couldn't help but wonder if this was what Lydia had meant with that Stiles had mentioned Harris. Had he told her about the incident? Derek couldn't help the ping of jealousy.

"What a dick." Boyd shook his head but he didn't seem surprised.

"But Derek got him good, didn't you?" Stiles finished and now it was Derek's turn to tell them about his last encounter with his ex boss. He left out the pounding part, though.

"Fuck Harris." Erica raised her glass and they drank on that.

"What are your plans now?" Lydia asked the obvious question.

Derek hadn't really mentioned photography to Boyd and Erica but they must have noticed the camera he'd been constantly carrying around for weeks now.

It was Boyd who silently started to google on his phone when Derek said that he wanted to become a professional artist and when Erica demanded samples of his art, he was ready to show them Derek's Instagram.

"This is you?" Erica asked. "These are beautiful."

"How does it work?" Boyd was the more practical one of the two. "Can you make money with this?"

As the artist who was actually making money with his art, it was Stiles who answered that question. However, he played himself when he mentioned that Derek had already entered a competition with one of his pictures.

"This one." Derek showed them the picture in question, much to Stiles' embarrassment. "The topic is perfection."
"Wow." Erica breathed out. For a long moment she and Boyd stared at the screen before she handed the phone over to Lydia. Sitting at the table with them it was easy to forget about the chair but the picture made it impossible to ignore the fact that the wheelchair was part of Stiles.

"It's just a picture." Stiles tried to play it down but nobody listened to him.

"Good choice." Lydia commented and Derek didn't get the impression that she was just trying to placate him. He still wasn't sure if he liked her or not. He knew that she had been Stiles' friend for a long time and that he trusted her with stuff he didn't tell anybody else but Derek couldn't shake off the thought that it should be him now who Stiles trusted like this.

After the next round of drinks Derek excused himself and when he came back out of the restroom, he almost ran into Lydia.

"I'm not your enemy." She said, blocking his way.

"I never …" He started but she wasn't finished.

"Stiles doesn't have many friends and he doesn't trust easy." She stated. "It took years before he let me in. He let you in in less than three weeks."

Derek opened his mouth to argue with that but she was right.

Having said what she wanted to say, she slipped into the ladies restroom, leaving a confused Derek just standing there.

Deep in thoughts Derek returned to the table where by now the conversation had turned to the upcoming road trip. Like expected Stiles had everything planned, where to go and what to see, and Derek couldn't help but wonder if they would make it to California in time for the wedding.

Everybody put their two cents in on what they should visit along the way and what to skip and when they all went home hours later, Derek's head was buzzing with all the information. And maybe a little bit from the drinks.

However, he was way too wired to go to sleep right away, same with Stiles. Once again Stiles deemed them too intoxicated for kinky stuff and Derek agreed on that but he couldn't help but wonder why drunk Stiles was so keen on drawing this line when all they had been doing were sloppy kisses and nobody had said anything about kinky sex.

They did manage some clumsy fooling around under the blanket which ended with post orgasmic drowsiness and a soiled blanket. Since neither of them wanted to get up to do something about the blanket, Derek just flipped it over and left it at that.

Stiles really was a ravenous hung-over kind of person so Derek woke up to an opulent breakfast again and like predicted they had enough left over for the road.

After breakfast Derek drove over to his place to pack.

Stiles had encouraged him to also put personal stuff out there so Derek took a picture of his packed bags and posted it on Instagram.

All packed and ready for the road trip, he twittered and put the link in. And then, because Stiles also said that he should show his face, he posted a picture of himself in his suit.

At least the suit still fits, was the caption for that one.
Chapter 23

Stiles had insisted on an early start but at least he brought coffee when he picked Derek up at five in the morning.

First stop on Stiles' long list was the Hershey Park, because of course it was. Why they had to get up this early, though, was beyond Derek. It wasn't that long of a drive and Derek really could have done with an hour more of sleep.

"I want to actually have time to go on some rides when we get there." Stiles told him when Derek had put his things in the trunk and had taken his seat on the passenger side. Derek had driven Stiles' car before to get a feeling for the manual driving and he would get his fair share of driving time over the next few weeks but the first stretch of road was Stiles'. Which was fine with Derek, he might get some more sleep that way.

Derek just nodded and nipped at his coffee while Stiles eased the car back into the thin trickle of traffic. At least they would dodge the rush hour.

"Don't tell me you have to pee already." Derek groaned when Stiles brought the car to a halt at the side of the road only about an hour later. They were out of the city but the skyline was still clearly present in the rear view mirror. Derek had the feeling he could still see his apartment.

"Jack needs to get out of the car for a moment." Stiles told him with a gesture at the dog who had been dozing in the backseat. Now he lifted his head with interest but to Derek he didn't look in need of anything but to continue with his nap.

But when Stiles opened the back door to get his chair out, Jack was already wagging his tail in anticipation. However, he didn't just dash out of the open door. Jack could be well behaved when Stiles wanted him to be.

Leaning against the car Derek watched how Stiles clipped the leash to Jack's collar. Both ends. Derek raised an eyebrow at that but the intention became clear a second later. By attaching both ends of the leash to the collar Stiles had created some kind of reins. Then Stiles clicked his tongue and Jack went off, dragging the wheelchair along like a chariot.

Derek just stared at the cloud of dust they left on the unpaved back road Stiles had chosen for this activity.

They were back fifteen minutes later, Jack with his tongue hanging out and Stiles with a wide grin on his face. The dog greeted Derek as if he hadn't seen him in days but then he went back to his place in the back without a fuss.

"What was that about?" Derek asked when they were all back in the car and on the road again.

"With Jack on board we'll need more breaks than usual." Stiles explained. "And we can't bring him into an amusement park. Even if dogs are allowed, do you want for one of us to dogsit him while the other one is on a ride?"

Derek had to admit that he hadn't thought about that.

"Thought so." Stiles reached back to scratch Jack behind the ear. "So he's stuck in the car for hours and then we lock him in the motel room for the rest of the day while we're out, having fun."
Now Derek felt bad for Jack.

"Don't feel bad." Stiles switched from patting the dog to patting Derek. "We have done this before. The best way is to tire him out before we get there, that way he just wants to sleep wherever his blanket is."

"By letting him drag you around?" Derek wasn't sure what to think about that. It had looked as if they had fun, both of them, but Jack wasn't a horse and Stiles' chair wasn't a chariot.

"It works." Stiles shrugged.

They had two more stops like that before they reached their destination. The first motel of their trip Stiles had booked in advance and there was a room waiting for them when they arrived around nine.

"Wheelchair friendly my ass." Stiles muttered when they had found their room. It was on ground level but there was a porch around the whole building.

"Can I help?" Derek asked when Stiles stopped at the offending step between him and their room. Except for that one time when Stiles had been in danger of falling out of the chair when he'd been drunk, Derek had never even touched the handles while Stiles had been in the chair. He had no idea how to get Stiles up onto the porch without dumping him on the ground. Especially with that small activity chair of his. The back didn't even reach the middle of Stiles' back.

Instead of an answer Stiles aligned his chair, sped up and with the front wheels in the air he rolled over the curb. But on the porch he turned and gave Derek a considering look. Then he came back down.

"I might do need you to help me at some point." He said. "Better show you how now than when we really need it."

"Just tell me what to do." Derek stepped behind him and put his hands on the handles.

Derek knew that Stiles could tilt his chair and balance on the back wheels with ease, it was a nervous habit of his, but now he let Derek do all the work.

Tilting the chair wasn't hard, there was something to step on at the back of the chair to help with that, but keeping it in balance and at the same time giving it a good enough push to go up the curb, that was the hard part. Stiles always managed to make it look so easy.

They were alone in the parking lot so once they were on the porch, which took way longer than when Stiles had done it alone, Stiles showed him how to get down again. Then they did it backwards which would come in handy with actual stairs. This time Derek almost dropped him but Stiles managed to catch himself.

"Okay, let's go inside. I want to spent the day on rides and not in the ER." Stiles said but he was grinning and Derek didn't feel too bad. He was pretty sure that he was getting the hang of it and that he would be able to help Stiles if he ever needed the help.

They only stayed in the room long enough to freshen up and to set up Jack's place. The dog immediately dropped down, quite happy with being out of the car and just stretching out.

"Will he be okay here on his own?" It still didn't sit quite right with Derek to leave Jack here while they went out to have some fun.
"He's used to it." Stiles assured him. "Sometimes I have to meet clients out of the city and I do have a standing date with Lydia for Comic-Con. By the way, Erica said that she's going to come with us next time. She's going to drag Boyd along."

"And you're going to drag me along?" Derek guessed.

"Don't pretend that you need a lot of dragging, you're a nerd at heart." Stiles held the door open for him. "You were the one who made a Professor X joke when you first heard about the wheelchair."

"Not a far stretch, Xavier." Derek reminded him of his online name. He waited for Stiles to lock the door and hop down the porch, it looked so easy, it was just unfair. Then something occurred to him.

"Do you dress up for Comic-Con?"

"It's Comic-Con." Stiles gave him a pointed look. "What do you think?"

"As Professor X?"

"I did that." With practiced ease Stiles hoisted himself into the driver's seat of the car. "I did Oracle. And a bunch of character normally not in a wheelchair. Last year I saw some guy in a chair doing an awesome Mad Max thing, I have to do something like that."

Their motel wasn't that far from the amusement park and Stiles used the time to tell him all about the shenanigans he and Lydia had gotten into at Comic-Con.

"If she ever goes too far, just ask her about her tattoo." Stiles said with an evil grin.

"Lydia has a tattoo?" That was the last thing he'd expected. Lydia seemed above ordinary things like a tramp stamp.

"Princess Leia straddling a twenty-sided die." Stiles said but then he shrugged. "She was drunk. It was Comic-Con."

By the time Stiles parked the car, Derek was still trying to wrap his head around the idea of Lydia having a tatt.

One benefit of being in a wheelchair was that Stiles could use the handicapped space near the entrance so they didn't have to walk far. The other one was a bracelet Stiles, and for some reason Derek as well, got at the entrance.

"I'm not your caretaker." Derek said when they were out of earshot. He had been too stunned to say anything when the employee had asked for his wrist as well. And since Stiles hadn't said anything, he'd just rolled with it.

"One thing I have learned since I ended up in this thing." He tapped the side of his chair but there was no bitterness in his voice. "Take what little advantage you get out of it."

What advantage he meant became clear when they approached the first ride. It wasn't even noon on a normal weekday but there was still a line. Stiles didn't even spare it a glance and just rolled past all those people with Derek in tow to the little booth at the front.

Nobody protested about them cutting the line and when Stiles arrived at the booth, the employee was already waiting to let him in from the side.
Stiles transferred into the car of the roller coaster without any help and Derek kind of felt stupid with his assigned role as his caretaker for the day. He dutifully folded the wheelchair and put it aside so that nobody would fall over it. Then he took his seat next to Stiles and let the employee strap them in.

Turned out Stiles was a roller coaster screamer. Derek might have screamed as well, he wasn't sure. The thing he remembered most clearly about the ride was the sick feeling in his stomach when he was staring down into the abyss just seconds before the car tilted over the top. Front seats were the best and the worst at the same time.

They got front seats at every ride. And Stiles loved his roller coasters, he had to try them all. Without the waiting in line thing, chances were good that they could ride them all in one day.

However, after the third one Derek's stomach demanded a break. He wasn't sure if chocolate for lunch was a good idea but Stiles just pointed out that they were at the Hershey Park so chocolate it was. At least Derek got a coffee with it and the promise of real food later.

Stiles wanted to visit Hershey's Chocolate World tomorrow so there would be more chocolate in Derek's future. It most likely would last them all the way to California. Along with the stuff Stiles already had in his snack bag.

After a short break sitting on a stable, not moving bench Derek felt caffeinated and high on sugar enough to face the next ride.

They did have burger and fries later that afternoon, not exactly what Derek would call real food but better than more chocolate. By now Derek had lost count on how many rides they had been and he noticed that even Stiles' enthusiasm was winding down.

After two more rides Stiles mentioned that they should probably check on Jack, a quite obvious hint that it was time to leave. Derek agreed easily, it had been a long day, and when Stiles offered him the keys, he knew that Stiles was more beat than he let on to.

Derek drove them back to their motel where Jack greeted them with unbroken enthusiasm, thumping his tail and trying to climb into Stiles' lab while at the same time demanding cuddles from Derek.

"You want to get ready for bed?" Derek asked. It was way too early for bed but they had an early start and the day had been exhausting. "I can take him for a walk."

The fact that Stiles didn't argue was even more proof that he was down for the count.

Derek was exhausted as well but he made a point of taking his time, walking Jack. He couldn't let him drag him around like Stiles had done earlier but he could play fetch with him, making him run.

When they came back to the motel over an hour later, Derek found Stiles in bed. He'd fallen asleep sitting with his back propped up against the headboard, his sketchbook next to him.
Chapter 24

Stiles had mentioned that he was working on a comic but so far he had been cagey about that subject and Derek hadn't pushed. Stiles would tell him when and if he was ready.

So Derek didn't leaf through the sketchbook when he put it aside. He did catch a glimpse of some sketches of a scruffy guy but that was it.

Derek felt tired himself but it was too early and he was still too wired from all the rides he'd been on today to join Stiles in bed just yet. So he got his laptop and hooked up the camera. Over the day he had taken quite some pictures and he wanted to sort them before the days started to blur together.

A few pictures he really liked he put on Instagram. Tumblr got a more in detail report of the day and twitter the cliff notes. He was still not sure if he was doing this social media stuff right but his pictures had started to collect some likes and he saw some familiar names pop up almost daily so he guessed that he had a little group of loyal followers by now.

Patreon had picked up momentum as well, a phenomenon he didn't quite understand but didn't really question either.

For the next hour Derek was just browsing the internet but then exhaustion caught up with him and with a yawn he closed the laptop. He stretched in his chair and then turned to see if Stiles had stirred at all.

He hadn't and the sun, shining low through the window, painted him in a soft light. His eyelashes fanned out over his almost glowing skin, his parted lips shone with a hint of moisture and the curve of his neck reminded Derek of a Greek statue.

Quietly to not disturb him Derek dug his reflex camera out of his bag. This was private, not meant to be shared with the world, and it felt right to take the picture the old fashioned way.

Derek took a few pictures from different angles and the mechanical camera clicked loud in the quiet of the room. Loud enough to make Jack perk up but it was not enough to rise Stiles. Derek doubted a detonation right next to him would be enough for that.

He took Jack for a quick last round around the building and then he joined Stiles in bed.

It was still dark, the only light coming from a lamp outside in the parking lot, when Derek woke up. For a moment he wasn't sure what had woken him in the middle of the night and he was about to turn around and go back to sleep when he heard the whimpers.

"Stiles?" He rolled to his side to face him but in the dark he wasn't even sure if Stiles was awake or not. But he was making little pained noises.

"Stiles?" Worried Derek switched on the lamp on the night stand.

Stiles' face was crunched in pain and his eyes were screwed shut and for a second Derek thought that he was having a nightmare. But when he reached over to gently shake him awake, Derek noticed how tense he was. Not just tense, his whole body was rigid and even through the blanket Derek could see his legs twitching. For a second Derek just stared at him, not sure what to make out of this.
He had seen this before. When Stiles had what he'd called a bad day, which was still an understatement.

"Stiles." Derek cupped his head and with this thumb he tried to smooth out the harsh line between his eyebrows. "Wake up."

Stiles moaned and rubbed his face against Derek's palm but then his eyes did flutter open for a second.

"Where are your painkillers?" Derek asked, now massaging the base of his skull. The muscles felt like twisted cords under his hand.

"Did I wake you?" Stiles mumbled into the pillow but he did nothing to throw Derek off so he kept on massaging his neck.

"It's fine." Derek assured him. "Do you want something for the pain? I can get a bath ready. Or a massage?" He remembered what had helped Stiles last time and he was just grateful that their room came with one of those tub-shower combinations.

"Don't wanna move." Stiles groaned.

Since he was awake, the spasms seemed to become more severe and Derek hurried to get his painkillers out of his bag. Then he fed him two of his pills with some water and slipped back under the covers with him. Stiles didn't want to be moved so Derek just spooned him as best as he could in this position. Body heat might help at least a little bit. Derek slipped a hand under Stiles' shirt and just rubbed his back.

"I'm sorry." Stiles said into his chest. Over the last few minutes he had inched closer, pressing himself firmly against Derek's body. If just for comfort or for the warmth Derek didn't know but he was happy to provide.

"One roller coaster too many?" Derek asked and carefully drew him in even closer. Jack must have noticed what was going on as well, he had his paws on the bed, head resting on top, and was eyeing them with a worried expression. It only took a jerk of Derek's head to make him scramble his way fully up the bed.

Derek didn't know how many bad days Stiles had with only Jack for company but the way the dog carefully settled on top of Stiles' legs spoke of experience. Jack let out a low whine, checking Stiles' reaction, and then draped himself over the lump that was Stiles' legs.

Derek guessed that the warmth and the weight helped with the spasms.

"Good?" Derek never stopped rubbing his back and ever so slowly the muscles under his hand started to relax. If this was anything like the last time Stiles' whole body wouldn't uncramp for hours but Derek hoped that combined with the painkillers the pain would become bearable. Maybe even enough for Stiles to go back to sleep.

"Distract me?" Stiles asked, his voice still strained with pain.

"I can turn on the TV?" Derek offered but had no idea how to even reach the remote. Stiles had an iron grip on his shirt, fisting the fabric with both hands and with that he was keeping Derek firmly in place.

"Just give me something to talk about." Stiles grit out while his whole body convulsed under a wave of spasms.
Derek wasn't a talker, it was hard for him to contribute enough to a conversation to keep it going, but starting one out of the blue? That was Stiles' thing. He was the one who could just talk for hours on end.

Desperate for anything to spark a conversation Derek looked around and his eyes fell on the sketchbook on the night stand.

"You were sketching earlier." He said. "The comic you're working on?"

"Yeah."

"Do you want to tell me about it?" It probably was not the right time to ask about that but it was the first, and so far only, thing coming to mind.

"It's about werewolves." Stiles said after a long moment, clearly waiting for his reaction.

"Sounds good?" Derek wasn't sure what was expected from him here.

"Well, there is this guy, Tyler, he's a werewolf from an old pack of werewolves that has been kind of ruling the area for centuries. You know, keeping an eye on the supernatural, stuff like that."

"What happens to him?" Derek made himself more comfortable.

Stiles had started out hesitant, almost as if he was ashamed of his idea, but he was gaining confidence quickly.

"When he was a teenager he met this woman." Stiles continued. His body was still shaking with the spasms and he couldn't speak without little breaks to compose himself but talking seemed to help.

So Derek just waited patiently for him to continue. He turned off the light and then listened to the story of Tyler the werewolf who fell for a woman who he thought loved him. Turned out she was a hunter and was only using him to gain intel on his pack. Then she burned down his house with his whole family still inside.

"And that's just the backstory?" Derek had to ask. He wasn't that close with his family but losing them like that? He didn't want to even think about it.

"Yeah. He and his sister, who became alpha when their mother died, survived and fled the area." Stiles let out a breath before he continued. "Years later strange things start to happen around their old house and the sister comes back to investigate. Then Tyler suddenly becomes alpha, that's how he finds out that his sister died. He follows her tracks to find her killer. That's where the story starts."

"I would read it." Derek said. He wasn't a huge fan of comics but he liked Stiles' style and the story did sound interesting.

To that Stiles let out a chuckle. It rippled through his body and Derek could feel the muscles in his back cramp up again.

"What?" Patiently he started to smooth out the knotted muscles again. He knew the lower back and especially the legs were worse but Stiles was lying too twisted to reach those areas.

"I had some trouble with Tyler." Stiles shifted a little. "You know, with a backstory like that I expected him to be bitter. A lone wolf seeking revenge, a dark hero borderline to being the villain."
"Makes sense."

"Except that's not him." Stiles let out a sigh. "He's riding this monster of a bike, wears a leather jacket and has the manliest scruff." At that he playfully scratched through Derek's scruff. "And that fits him, it does. Just his personality didn't match and for a long time I just couldn't figure him out."

"But now you did?"

"When I met you." He admitted almost sheepishly. "He's a lot like you. That's why I haven't really talked about the comic, I wasn't sure how you'd take that." He craned his neck to look at him but Derek doubted that he could really make out his face in the dark. "How do you take it?"

"Nobody burned my family." He stated after a long moment.

"Yeah, but somebody did hurt you." The words hung between them. Derek had never mentioned Kate and he wasn't going to now but somehow Stiles knew. "And it makes you wary of people, you don't trust easy. You hide behind the mask of the bad guy."

Derek wanted to say "same for you" just that Stiles' mask was that of a goofy kid but he couldn't bring out the words. His throat was too tight and his eyes were too wet and he just focused on taking in one shaky breath after the other.

"But you're not bitter, you're not dark." Stiles continued. "You're actually a cinnamon roll."

"I'm a what?"

"You're missing out on so many memes." Stiles let out a dramatic sigh but the tense moment was broken. "My point is, that's what I was missing with Tyler. He's good and kind and playful, there's just nobody there to see it."

"You're here." Derek had the feeling that they were still talking about him.

"And you're here." Stiles quietly acknowledged the fact that they weren't that much different. "I should name him after you. How does Tyler Hale sound?"

"No."

"You're right, that would be a little too obvious. But I might give him a last name starting with an H and you're going to be the only one knowing what it means."

"You're impossible."

"That's why you love me."

Derek felt him grinning against his throat.

"I do." He hugged him closer and he was just glad that Stiles wasn't able to see his face right now.

"Cinnamon roll, told you." Stiles yawned against his skin. "I think the painkillers have finally started working."

"Think you can sleep now?" Derek felt him already relaxing in his arms. His body didn't go limp, far from it, but a few minutes later Stiles had drifted off to sleep.

Derek held him and kept stroking his back until his eyes fell shut as well.
It wasn’t a good night. Stiles was too restless for that and Derek jolted awake every time the spasms became too bad for him. It was a night full of pained noises and unconscious jerks. Derek doubted that Stiles slept much at all but there wasn’t much he could do to help. Stiles insisted that it wasn’t bad enough for a bath in the middle of the night and since he had found a position in which he considered the pain bearable, he didn’t want to change it for a massage either.

So Derek rubbed the parts of his body he could reach and otherwise just offered warmth and comfort. It brought them through the night.

In the morning Derek woke from his light slumber because he was lying in something wet. His first thought was that Stiles had spilled something but when he blinked his eyes open he noticed that one, Stiles was actually sleeping for once and two, that the wetness was too far down to be from a simple spill.

Realizing what had happened, Derek rubbed his face and just lay on his back for a moment longer. He was lying in pee. Stiles’ pee.

"Way to start the morning." He said to nobody in particular. As an answer there was some shifting at the foot end of the bed and then Jack was standing over him, tongue hanging out happily.

"You want to pee on me as well?" Derek asked and got a wet dog kiss for an answer.

Stiles didn’t stir when Derek got out of bed and hadn’t moved by the time Derek came back out of the bathroom freshly showered. He didn’t want to let him sleep in his own piss but on the other hand Stiles was sleeping. Derek could tell that his body was still twisted like a pretzel and so tense that Stiles would be in a world of pain once he woke up so he decided to let him sleep for a little while longer.

He took Jack for a walk and on their way back they got breakfast at the diner down the road. Derek wasn’t sure if Stiles would be up for breakfast anytime soon but he figured it wouldn’t hurt to have food ready.

Back at the motel he stopped at the office to arrange for somebody to come in and change the sheets in about half an hour.

Stiles did stir to the smell of coffee but he did give up on sitting up after a second and flopped back into the pillow with a groan. Then he went very still and out of the corner of his eye Derek noticed him blushing.

"I … I might have …" He stammered.

"Room service is going to come in to change the sheets in a bit." Derek didn’t even look up from where he was arranging the bags and cups on the table. "How does a bath sound now?"

Stiles just stared at him with a horrified expression.

"Please tell me I didn't pee on you." He begged, cheeks turning an even darker shade of red.

"Stiles." Derek let out a sigh. "It's okay. Nothing a shower can't fix."

To not make it even more awkward for Stiles than it already was, Derek went to run him a bath.
And to show him just how much he didn't care about a little pee, Derek didn't let Stiles struggle with his wheelchair while his whole body was still working against him, he just scooped him up and carried him over to the bathroom.

Just like last time the hot water did the trick and when Derek carried him back to the freshly made bed, Stiles' legs were actually responding to gravity.

"A massage and then breakfast?" Derek suggested and was already searching for the lotion.

"Why are you so awesome?" Stiles asked as if he couldn't quite believe that Derek was still here.

Derek didn't have an answer to that so he just straddled Stiles' hips and started to work on the knots and kinks in his back.

For a while the only sounds in the room where Stiles' moans but they weren't filled with pain any longer. When he was done with Stiles' backside, Derek urged him to roll to his back so that he could work on the front of his legs.

By the time he was done, Stiles was almost asleep and his legs fell more naturally. He was still tense but nothing compared to before. For a second Derek just took in the sight of Stiles' lean body lying in front of him, smooth skin dotted with moles and the scars just lines he wanted to follow with his tongue. A smile on his lips Derek reached for the lotion again.

Stiles' eyes did snap open when Derek took his cock in his slicked up hand. It was completely soft but it started to fill in Derek's hand.

"I didn't ask for a happy ending." Stiles said and put his hand on top of Derek's, stilling him.

"I'm offering," Derek answered. He didn't move his hand but didn't let go of Stiles either. "Besides nothing better to relax than an orgasm."

Stiles eyed him for a moment longer, searching his face for something, but then he let go of Derek's hand and dropped back into the pillow.

"Can't argue with that." He said and made a go ahead gesture.

Derek didn't have to be told twice. With long, even strokes he worked him to full hardness, and then without losing his rhythm he stretched out next to Stiles and brought their lips together. They started sweet and tender, Stiles was too relaxed for anything else, but it didn't take long until Derek was drinking the moans falling from Stiles' lips.

Derek had his fingers in Stiles' hair, lips on his bobbing Adam's apple, when Stiles arched under him and spilled his release over Derek's fist. Derek worked him through the waves rippling through him before he let go of his spent cock. A satisfied smile on his lips he stretched out next to Stiles.

"That was good." Stiles mumbled and kissed the top of his head. It did something to Derek. They weren't in a scene and Stiles was in no condition to dom right now but the words and the gesture went right to his core. Stiles was pleased with him. Warmth spread in Derek's belly and he couldn't help a happy sigh.

"You did good." Even in his current state Stiles picked up on this. "And now be a good boy and serve me breakfast in bed."

Derek raised an eyebrow at him but he wasn't fooling anyone. He couldn't tell when exactly it had happened but taking care of Stiles, bathing him, giving him a massage and then a handjob, had let
him slip into sub mode. He wanted to do what Stiles was telling him, he wanted to please and he didn't want to think for a little while.

So he parted his lips when Stiles kissed him and then he rolled out of bed to serve Stiles breakfast.

The whole time Stiles didn't move, didn't even bother with covering himself up, he just lay there on the bed, relaxed and content. Derek was the one fully dressed but the casual confidence with which Stiles wore his nakedness made Derek feel bare and vulnerable. He couldn't explain it but he wasn't in the mindset to question it.

The coffee had cooled down by now so he put in the microwave for a moment and then set up the food on his side of the bed. When Stiles gave him an approving nod, Derek set down on the edge of the bed with his eyes downcast, waiting for farther instructions.

"Thank you." Stiles said and reached for one of the pastries. He plucked it apart and ate a few bits but then he offered one to Derek. Without even thinking Derek ate it out of his hand and then he licked Stiles' sticky fingers clean. Stiles didn't comment on it and just went back to eating his pastry. Every now and then he fed a piece to Derek but mostly he just ignored him in favor for his coffee.

They didn't go to Hershey's Chocolate World that day.

Stiles did feel better after breakfast but not really good enough to leave the bed. He slipped back under the covers at one point when his muscles started to close up again because of the cold but he didn't bother with clothes the whole day.

They both hadn't slept well the night before so after breakfast they took a nap and Derek slept like a baby curled up next to Stiles with Stiles holding him close.

Later Stiles went back to sketching and Derek was at his side, content with just being there for whenever Stiles addressed him. Derek wasn't even sure if this was something sexual or if they were actually sceneing right now but he didn't care about lines at the moment. Stiles had almost constantly a hand on him, either in his hair or on his body, just resting there, letting him know that he was there even when he was absorbed in his sketching.

For dinner they ordered pizza. Derek was the one who answered the door since Stiles was still naked under the covers. They ate their pizza in bed and then they stretched out next to each other, Derek lying with his head on Stiles' shoulder, to let the day end with some mindless TV.

"Thank you." Stiles said out of the blue, his fingers absently playing with his hair. Derek hadn't done anything to deserve a thank you since he'd brought out the empty pizza boxes half an hour ago.

"For what?" He craned his neck to study Stiles' face.

"For today." Stiles leaned in and kissed his forehead. "For letting me dom you like this." "Did it help?" Derek nestled his head into Stiles' shoulder again. He hadn't really done it on purpose, he had slipped into sub mode more by accident than anything else. But it had felt right, domestic, almost like love.

"It did." Stiles kissed him again, on the top of his head this time, and then he slung both arms around him, holding him close. Derek drifted off to sleep like that.

He woke up with Stiles' mouth on his rock hard cock. Derek drifted from a wet dream to the wet
heat of Stiles' mouth on him and for a moment he wasn't sure if he wasn't still dreaming. When Stiles noticed that he had an audience, he locked eyes with Derek, the head of Derek's cock just barely between his parted lips.

"Don't stop." Derek breathed out when Stiles didn't move for a few agonizing seconds.

Stiles grinned at him and then he started to suckle at the head, caressing it with his lips and tongue. Derek couldn't stop looking at him, at those sinful lips on him.

Then Stiles let go of him and with a smirk he blew over the shiny wet head. Derek dropped back into the pillow with a groan.

"I can make you come now." Stiles offered. He ran the tip of one finger up his length from base to top. "Or …"

"Or what?" Derek screwed his eyes shut but couldn't help his hips bucking into nothingness in hope for more friction. Or Stiles' mouth back on him, he would like that.

"Or I can edge you a little more." To make his point he kissed the tip of his cock and dipped his tongue into the slit. "Then you take a cold shower and after that I cage and plug you for our drive to Pittsburgh."

Derek thought about that, which wasn't easy when Stiles went back to nursing his cock. It was half a day's drive to Pittsburgh, at least. With Jack they would take more breaks than usual.

"And when we get to Pittsburgh?"

Stiles didn't answer immediately, instead he went down Derek's shaft as far as he could get, holding him in the heat of his mouth for a moment, before he came back up.

"It's going to be worth it." Stiles promised but didn't elaborate farther. He took Derek between thumb and forefinger, stroking him slowly. "So what will it be?"
They checked out of the motel an hour later. By then Derek almost regretted his decision. Stiles hadn't been joking when he'd said that he would edge him. The cold shower had helped but it had still been a struggle to lock his semi-hard cock in the cage.

At least Stiles had saved the plug for last, when he'd finally worked it into Derek, his dick was straining against the plastic of the cage.

At first he was kind of walking funny, the base of the plug felt huge between his cheeks, but by the time they entered the diner for breakfast, he had almost gotten used to it. It still took him a moment to find a more or less comfortable position to sit.

It was breakfast time, the diner was quite busy, and they did get quite some looks. Jack was a big dog and of course Stiles in his wheelchair got some more or less obvious glances so Derek hoped that nobody paid too much attention to him. He was pretty sure that the cage wasn't visible through his jeans but he couldn't shake off the feeling that everybody in the room knew. It didn't help that Stiles had made him go commando either.

While they waited for their food they used the moment to check their phones. Derek had gotten some nice comments on the pictures he'd uploaded yesterday and out of a whim he snapped one of his cup of coffee and labeled it "fuel for the drive to Pittsburgh".

"Dude, you're the next Mohawk guy." Stiles suddenly said, pulling him out of his thoughts.

"I'm what?"

"You know, the Mohawk guy. From NASA." Stiles waved at him, eyes fixed on the screen of his phone. When Derek just glared at him, he finally lifted his head. "You don't know."

Stiles rubbed his face as if he couldn't believe it.

"Dude, seriously. We have to work on your memes."

Derek didn't even dignify that with an answer and instead dug into the steaming heap of scrambled eggs their waitress had just placed in front of him. Stiles would explain it in a second. He would explode if he didn't.

"There was this NASA video about …" Stiles started with his mouth full with half-chewed pancakes. "… that's not important. What is important is that everybody went crazy over that cute guy with a Mohawk."

Okay, that sounded like something that happened on the internet.

"And I'm the new Mohawk guy why?" Stiles' mind sometimes made jumps he couldn't follow.

"Look." Stiles shoved his phone in his face.

It was the picture of him in the suit he'd posted the day before they had left New York. But it was on a tumblr blog he didn't know. And it had notes. He couldn't even comprehend the number in the short moment Stiles showed him his phone. But it had at least six digits.

He just had no idea what that meant.
"You're a meme."

"Do I want to be a meme?"

"Absolutely." Stiles nodded vehemently. "Plus, you have the advantage that your picture comes with your name. And people have linked your Instagram and Patreon."

It did explain the increase of followers on his sites.

"You do look good in a suit." Stiles licked his lips which made Derek suddenly very aware of the cage, trapping his cock. Stiles leaned forward and lowered his voice to a whisper. "I should put you in a sharp suit. And under that I'll have you caged and plugged, just like now, ready for whenever I want you."

Derek bit back a groan. It was going to be a long day.

"I think I'll use this for my screen." Stiles leaned back and tapped away on his phone as if nothing had happened. Derek grit his teeth and shifted in his seat but that only jostled the plug inside him.

They were in no hurry, they would have a whole day tomorrow to explore Pittsburgh, if they arrived in the late afternoon or evening it would be good enough.

Every hour or so they stopped for a short break to let Jack run for a bit, either playing fetch with Derek or abusing him as a chariot horse for Stiles. Jack seemed to like it either way.

They took turns driving. It was still a bit weird, driving without pedals, but it was a welcomed distraction from the plug Derek felt with every bump in the road. Plus, when he was driving, Stiles kept his hands to himself. When Stiles was in the driver's seat, he had his hand on Derek's thigh or right in his crotch whenever he didn't need it for driving. The whole day was set up to drive Derek crazy.

"Color?" Stiles asked when they had lunch in some remote picnic area, eating sandwiches they had picked up at a gas station.

"Green." Derek said after swallowing a bite. He had a wet spot on the front of his jeans, his hole felt like it would never close again and he tried to not think about his abused prostate but he felt good.

Stiles nodded to that.

"I've talked so much about my comic now." Stiles changed the topic. "What about you?"

"Me?"

"Yeah. What if you win that competition? The price is an exhibition, right?" He took another bite from his sandwich while he kept an eye on Jack who was sniffing at something two tables over.

"Yes." Derek chewed slowly. He had thought about that, of course he had. And he did have an idea for a series of pictures but he doubted that Stiles would like it.

"C'mon." Stiles rolled his eyes. "Are you going to use something you already have? I like your New York at night pictures."

"Hmm." That would be the safe thing. Derek had thought about that but he wanted to do something else.
"What's on your mind?" Stiles finished his sandwich and threw the balled up paper in a nearby trashcan. "Yesss!"

"I was thinking about a series of you." Derek finally said. "As a dom."

"You … what?"

"I have some ideas." Derek fiddled with his sandwich, desperately not looking at Stiles. It was a stupid idea, he knew that. "I think the pictures would turn out good." Awesome if they turned out anything like in his mind.

"You're serious."

"If I win." And that was a big if. "It will be with a picture of you. Makes sense that the exhibition should be about you as well." That wasn't quite what he was aiming for but he didn't know how to put it in words.

"There's a huge difference between me me and dom me." Stiles' voice rose and Derek was just glad that they were alone at the picnic side. The only one perking up was Jack who just eyed them for a moment and then went back to whatever he'd found under the table.

"But at the moment I'm more dom me and you're more sub you." Stiles gestured between them. "We shouldn't discuss stuff like that now."

Stiles was right, they were both not in the right mindset for this. And Derek was okay with that. He'd put the idea out there, Stiles would think about it and they would talk about it later.

They arrived in Pittsburgh in the early evening. Derek was driving while Stiles was on the phone, trying to find them a motel. He had a list of places he'd like to visit over the next three weeks but nothing was set in stone. Stiles' plan hadn't even lasted two days.

So Stiles hadn't booked anything in advance. Turned out finding a dog and wheelchair friendly motel wasn't that easy and for a while Derek thought they would have to sleep in the car but in the end Stiles found them a room.

Derek breathed out a sigh of relief. The cage wasn't bothering him, much, but he was more than ready to get rid of the plug. He'd been wearing it all day, his hole felt sore and his prostate had gotten more attention than was comfortable which had been driving him slowly crazy over the day.

But there was the promise that it would be worth it.

Stiles didn't torture him with going out for dinner, they just grabbed curly fries and burgers at a drive through on their way to the motel.

"You've been so good." They had finished their meal, Jack was locked in the bathroom and Stiles was currently groping him through his jeans. "You couldn't sit still for five minutes and the face you make every time the plug hits your just right." He tapped the base of the plug to prove his point.

When Stiles urged him down to sit in his lap, Derek complied easily. One hand in Derek's hair and the other one down the back of his jeans, playing with the base of the plug, Stiles kissed him. Hungry and demanding and Derek just let him have him every way he wanted.

"I'm thinking." Stiles nipped at his ear. "That I want you to ride me. And I want you to pay extra attention to your sweet spot. It should be all swollen and sensitive after a day of wearing the plug."
"Green." Derek swallowed thickly, it sounded like more teasing and Stiles hadn't even mentioned the cage yet so he guessed it would stay on for a little while longer. But when he tried to stand up to get rid of some clothes, Stiles held him firmly in place.

"And then, after you've made me come with rubbing your prostate up and down my cock, I'm going to finger-fuck you until your come is just dribbling out of your caged cock."

"Oh god." Derek buried his face in the crook of Stiles' neck. His hips stuttered and since Stiles still had a tight grip on the base of the plug, it gave him a good taste of what was coming.

"You ever had a hands free orgasm?"

"No." And with the cage he wouldn't even be able to get hard. "I'm not sure if I can." He wanted to, needed to, actually, but he wasn't sure if it was possible.

"Only one way to find out." He felt Stiles' wicked grin against his throat.

Stiles was tapping the base, sending vibrations right through Derek's core, and maybe, just maybe, he could come from this. Most likely not, though.

"Make me."

"I will." Stiles kissed him, sealing the deal, before he gave his ass a slap. "You should get naked, then."

That he could do.

Stiles gently worked the plug out. It had been so long, his hole was dry and sore and it hurt getting it out, but when Derek straddled Stiles' hips again and sank down on his slicked up shaft, it just slipped in.

"You're so loose." Stiles breathed out when Derek took him balls deep without any resistance. "Move."

It took him a moment to find the right angle but Stiles wanted him to hit his prostate so that was what Derek did. He rode him hard until he was seeing stars, his useless cock drooling precome between them and his orgasm building up at the base of his spine with no way to go so it just kept building and building.

"That's it, hit that spot. Hit it good." Stiles babbled into his ear.

When Stiles came deep inside him Derek swore he could feel his cock pulsing against his sweet spot but it wasn't enough. He was so close, he just needed a little more but his cock was trapped in that stupid cage and he couldn't come.

Derek howled in frustration when Stiles' spent cock slipped out of him, leaving him empty and needy.

"Shh." Stiles kissed him. "I'll take care of you. Don't worry. It's going to be so good."

Somehow Derek made it on wobbly legs over to the bed where he stretched out on his back so no humping the mattress either. He didn't even try to bite back the needy whine.

"I got you." Stiles was next to him and then he slipped his fingers in Derek's used hole. "I got you. You can come whenever you want."
Derek wanted to answer that no, he couldn't just come whenever he wanted, he would have done that ten minutes ago if he could, but he was beyond words. So he just whimpered and bucked his hips.

Stiles' fingers found his sweet spot with ease but by now it almost hurt when he rubbed over it. Not that that stopped him from doing it again. And again. Derek didn't know how long Stiles kept torturing him like that, his whole world had narrowed down to that spot deep inside him.

Derek cried when he came. Hot tears were running down his face, his throat was raw from screaming and Stiles was milking him merciless through the longest orgasm he ever had.
"You with me?" Stiles' voice wormed it's way through Derek's clouded mind but he wasn't quite ready to leave this floating place.

"It's okay, you can doze if you want to." There was a hand on his face and Derek let his head roll more into it but opening his eyes seemed too much of an effort right now. But he didn't have to, with a sigh he drifted deeper into nothingness.

When he did open his eyes, Derek found himself lying in bed with the blanket tucked tight around him and Stiles spooning him from behind with his arm loosely drawn over his flank. The cage was gone and Stiles must have cleaned him up. Derek shifted a little just to get to feel his body again which brought his sore butt to his attention but Stiles had taken care of that as well and other than a little sore Derek felt good.

"You with me now?" Stiles asked from behind and Derek felt his smiling lips between his shoulder blades.

"Not sure yet." Derek mumbled. His limbs felt heavy and not quite his just yet but in a good way.

"You good?" There was concern in his voice and Derek grabbed Stiles' hand and gave it a reassuring squeeze.

"Not really up to words yet?" Stiles' chuckle vibrated through both of them and Derek just let himself sink deeper into the mattress.

"How long have I been out?" He finally asked. It was dark, that was all he could tell. He didn't even know how long Stiles had worked him over before that orgasm had sucker punched him.

"About half an hour." Stiles laced their fingers together over Derek's heart. "I fucked your lights out." The smirk was audible.

"That was the most intense orgasm I ever had." Derek admitted with a yawn, he could sleep for a week now.

"Happy to provide." Stiles kissed the ball of his shoulder. "You need anything? There's water on the night stand."

"I'm good." Derek tugged at his arm until Stiles let himself drop back to lying behind him again. "Just more of this?" He would have been embarrassed by how hopeful he sounded but he was too deep in post orgasmic bliss to actually care.

"Sure, big guy."

Derek slept deep and dreamless and he woke up in the morning well rested and feeling at ease like he hadn't in a long time. But with Stiles he was getting used to actually feeling good.

They left their motel room around ten to explore the city. The one big thing on their list for today was the Andy Warhol Museum. Stiles got worse than a kid on Christmas morning the second he spotted the building.

The elderly women behind the glass of the ticket booth took one look at them and Derek could almost see her heart melting.
"Stiles." Derek hissed after Stiles when they were out of earshot. "I'm not your caretaker."

"I never said you were." Stiles just shrugged. "Didn't hear you complaining about the discount you got, my caretaker."

Derek didn't know what to say to that. So he just glared after him.

"I should get you a t-shirt." Stiles told him when Derek had caught up with him. "I'm his boyfriend, not his caretaker." He even made the gesture to indicate a headline. Derek rolled his eyes.

The museum was fun, Derek had to admit, and they spent a few hours in there.

When they were back on the street it was the middle of the afternoon and they still had a few hours to see more of the city.

The next thing Derek did see of Pittsburgh was a park.

"We had our fun, now it's Jack's turn." Stiles told him and Derek couldn't argue with that. "You've been such a good boy, haven't you?" Stiles buried both hands in Jack's thick fur before he sent him off to run in the park. There were other dogs running around and playing with each other and it only took a minute for Jack to find a playmate. Derek and Stiles watched him while they slowly made their way down the path.

"He yours?" A woman in her forties with a leash in her hand asked, nodding in Jack's direction. The Golden Retriever Jack was playing with must be hers.

"His." Derek pointed at Stiles who was keeping an eye on Jack and had his back turned to them. But now he turned around to see who Derek was talking to.

"Hope it's okay." Stiles said. "We're not from here."

And just like that Derek spent the next half an hour talking to Maureen, dog owner and regular in the park. When they parted, Stiles and Derek had the name of a restaurant off the typical tourist stuff Maureen insisted had the best steak in the city if not the state. And the names of a few bars that weren't a rip off, had good drinks and were accessible for Stiles.

"Our evening is saved." Stiles proclaimed and waved after their new best friend. "That's the benefit of having a dog, you immediately have a connection to other dog owners."

"If you say so." Derek usually wasn't one to just chat with random strangers but he had to admit, Maureen had been nice.

They went back to their motel to freshen up a little before they headed back out for dinner. Jack had to stay back but he didn't seem to mind. He was lying on his blanket and didn't even lift his head when they got dressed for the evening.

Maureen had been right, the steak was really good and Derek ate more than he should have. After that Stiles dragged him out to test the bars and they stumbled back into their room way after midnight. They rock-paper-scissor-ed to determine who had to walk Jack one last time which Derek won so it was Stiles who had to drag his drunken ass outside one more time.

Derek brushed his teeth and then lay in bed, waiting for Stiles to come back.

Stiles made it a short round so Derek didn't have to wait long until they were back. Jack
immediately trotted over to his blanket and Stiles disappeared in the bathroom to get ready for bed.

"Big breakfast tomorrow?" Derek teased when Stiles slipped under the covers next to him.

"Maybe?"

It was an open secret by now that hangover Stiles liked a hearty breakfast.

Derek turned to his side to draw Stiles closer, looked like tonight he would be the big spoon for a change, but Stiles went stiff like a board when Derek slung his arm around him.

"Stiles?" Derek asked and carefully brought some distance between them. Usually Stiles was quite a cuddler but not tonight.

For a moment Derek thought that this would turn out to be another bad night for Stiles. It hadn't been that of a busy day but they had been around the city quite a lot. Derek tried to remember where Stiles had stashed his painkillers and wondered if it was too late to offer a bath.

"I'm drunk." Stiles said, his voice almost meek. "You're drunk. We can't …"

"We can't cuddle when we're drunk?" Derek raised an amused eyebrow at him but he had the feeling that this was more serious. This was the third time Stiles had told him that nothing would happen while they were drunk. Which was fine with Derek. How had Stiles phrased it? Don't drink and kink. That could turn out really bad, especially for the sub, so yeah, Derek was full on board with no sex tonight. But cuddling?

"We can cuddle. I guess?" Stiles didn't sound convinced.

"I'm not going to do anything you're not comfortable with." Derek assured him and made a point of putting his hand on the mattress between them. Memories of Kate crept into his mind. She had never respected his boundaries, she had always taken what she wanted regardless of what he wanted.

Stiles put his hand on top of Derek's.

"We can cuddle." Stiles finally decided and this time he sounded sure. "But I'm the big spoon."

Without a word Derek turned around and dragged Stiles' hand with him to lace their fingers together over his chest. Stiles rolled with it but he had to let go of Derek's hand for a moment to arrange his legs. But then he was back, spooning him from behind, and moments later they fell asleep like that.

When Derek woke up in the morning, Stiles was already awake. He was sitting with his back propped up against the headboard and he had his phone in hand which he put it aside when he noticed that Derek was looking at him.

"I owe you an explanation." Stiles said.

"You don't owe me anything." Derek scooted up to mimic his position. Sitting shoulder to shoulder Stiles didn't have to look him in the eye. "But you can tell me if you want."

"I was thirteen when it happened." Stiles patted his legs through the blanket to indicate the accident. "So I got all my sexual experience like this. The little there was."

"It's not easy to find a partner when you're in a chair?" Derek guessed and reluctantly put his arm
over Stiles' shoulders. When he didn't find any resistance at all, he carefully drew him closer until Stiles rested his head on his shoulder.

"You have no idea." Stiles said after a moment. "To most I was more of a trophy than anything else, something to kick off their freak bucket list."

Derek didn't know what to say to that.

"When I started to dabble in the lifestyle, I went to some clubs. Figured it would be safer than meeting some stranger from the internet." He turned his head to grin at Derek but it looked forced.

"Sounds like a good idea." Derek had to agree. He remembered clearly the messages he'd gotten on the D-s-match website, he didn't want to imagine what could happen to a newbie if he met those people in real life. "Clubs have rules, at least good clubs."

"When I had an idea how this works and what I wanted out of it, I tried it with people outside of clubs." Stiles continued. "Didn't work out well."

"Did you get hurt?" Derek asked gently. The way Stiles had acted last night it was obvious that he had been hurt.

"Most wanted me as a sub." Stiles said instead of answering his question. "Nobody took me serious when I told them that I wanted to dom. So I subbed. At least I could give it a try, you know?"

"Did it work out for you?" Derek asked and he was glad that Stiles couldn't see his eyes. Stiles had never indicated that he was a switch but that didn't mean that he didn't like to sub from time to time.

"No." Stiles shook his head. "I can't get in the right mindset for that."

"You don't have to."

"There was this guy, Jackson." Stiles said after a long pause. "He couldn't accept it. He laughed when I told him that I was a dom, said that I must be crazy if I thought that a cripple like me could be anything but a sub. That I should be grateful if a dom showed any interest in me at all."

"What an ass."

"He made me drunk to get me into the right mindset." Stiles said quietly. His voice was shaking and he was fighting the tears. "He hurt me."

Derek put both arms around him and hugged him close. That was all he could do, there were no words.

Stiles sobbed into his shirt and Derek just stroke his back until the shaking stopped.

"You said." Stiles cleared his throat but kept his heated cheek pressed to Derek's chest. "You said that you want to make a series about me. About me as a dom."

That was the last thing on his mind right now so it took Derek a moment to follow Stiles' line of thought.

"Only if you want."

"Can you show them?" Stiles asked, steel creeping into his voice. "Can you show them that I'm a dom?"
"Yes."
Chapter 28

Derek didn't shoot the photos right away, he needed to think about them for a little while longer. Now he wanted to get them right more than ever, plus, he didn't want to shoot them in a random motel room. For this he needed the right setting with the right lighting and everything.

Instead they had a hearty breakfast and then they were back on the road. Next stop Nashville.

They didn't make it to Nashville in one day but that didn't matter. They had a fun day in the car with light chatter, snacks and way too much Hershey's.

After that conversation in the morning, which had left both of them wrecked in their own way, neither of them wanted to touch serious topics but it took only a little nudging on Derek's part and Stiles was rambling along. First about his comic, since he'd come clean with where he'd gotten the inspiration for his main character from he wouldn't stop talking about it, but this was Stiles so he started with that and a few jumps in topic later he was ranting about a splatter movie he'd seen a while ago.

All the while Johnny Cash was blasting from the speakers. In preparation for Nashville or so Stiles was saying. Derek had the suspicion that it was more to see when he would snap than anything else but for now it was okay.

They spent an hour at some cheesy tourist trap and after that they had a T. Rex and a Triceratops sitting on their dash board. Stiles was just the kind of person who bought cheap plastic toys at tourist traps, figures.

Then they argued the next two hours over who was which dinosaur. Stiles insisted that he was the T. Rex because of the useless arms. At that Derek pointed out that Stiles' arms were working just fine at which Stiles countered: "Two working limbs out of four, it totally counts."

"And what makes you think I'm the triceratops?"

"Have you seen how defensive he is?" Stiles gestured at the three horns and neck shield. "Basically a defensive wall on legs."

"I'm a defensive wall on legs?" Derek raised an eyebrow at him but Stiles had his eyes on the road and pretended that he didn't notice. "But you're an apex predator?"

"Okay, what kind of dinosaur do you think I would be?" Stiles challenged him.

"A bronto." Derek answered without even thinking.

"A bronto? Stiles almost drove the car off the road but he caught it just in time. "You mean that big fat dinosaur with a brain the size of a walnut that's probably the most sedate animal that every existed? After the sloth? That bronto?"

"The neck." Derek cleared his throat, this was stupid. Why hadn't he just agreed to the T. Rex and had left it at that? "You have a long neck." That still sounded wrong. "That was the first I noticed about you. On that website, you had a picture that was mostly neck. I liked it."

"You like my neck?" Stiles threw him a glance.

A minute later Stiles had parked the car because apparently Jack needed a break. Now.
"Which part of my neck do you like the most?" Stiles asked innocently while Jack was chasing over an empty field.

Derek showed him. Thoroughly. And he marked his favorite spots with hickies, for future references.

They didn't push it and when they found a small roadside motel in the late afternoon, they called it quits and took a room.

They made it to Nashville around noon the next day.

Stiles wanted to do all the tourist stuff so they took a tour and visited more gift shops than Derek ever wanted. They had dinner in a western and country bar, where else, and then they went to explore Nashville's nightlife. They were here for the music and not the drinks so they stuck to mostly coke and only a few beers. After what Stiles had told him, Derek didn't question it and when they made their way back to their hotel, Derek didn't even feel a light buzz.

It was Stiles who started with the kissing and roaming hands.

"You sure?" Derek held him close but didn't let his hands wander. "We don't have to."

"As long as we stick to vanilla stuff." Stiles assured him.

Derek was pretty sure that Jack was watching them but then he got too distracted by Stiles’ hand on his dick, a little clumsier than usual but that only made it better, and totally forgot about the dog.

He did remember Jack, though, when he woke up with the dog draped over both of them. Dog morning breath was worse than human morning breath, he found out.

They stayed in Nashville for a few hours longer, Stiles didn't have enough souvenirs just yet, but after noon they were on the road again, heading south in the general direction of New Orleans.

There were a few national parks along the way and Derek got some good shots of the landscape.

"I love your nature pictures." Stiles told him when Derek felt guilty because he'd stopped the car again just to take a few more pictures.

Hiking wasn't an option for Stiles but there were some paved roads leading into the forest and they didn't want to go far anyway. Except for Jack. The dog loved the parks and he would have run around the forest all day if Stiles would only let him. Stiles did let him off the leash but never let him run too far.

In the evening Derek went through the pictures and uploaded a whole bunch, they were too good to not share with the world. And people seemed to agree, likes and comments were just raining down on him.

When he mentioned it to Stiles, he just smirked and said: "Mohawk guy."

They made it to New Orleans eventually where they spent a whole day. They visited the French Quarter and then Stiles had booked them a Harbor Jazz Cruise on a steamboat called Natchez. They both agreed that it sounded more like something to eat than anything else. They couldn't bring Jack and parts of the boat were not accessible for Stiles but he'd known that beforehand so it was okay. They still had a fun two hours.

For the evening Stiles wanted to do a voodoo graveyard tour, because of course, but in between
they had some time to kill.

"Do you still want to do the photo shooting?" Derek asked. They hadn't really discussed this since Stiles had told him about his experiences.

"Now?" Stiles looked around the busy street as if he expected it to happen right here.

"I made some phone calls. We could have a studio for an hour." Derek explained. "If you want." This was totally up to Stiles.

"We can do the pictures, I guess." He was biting his bottom lip. "Just to see how they turn out?"

"I'm not going to show them to anyone if you don't want me to." Derek assured him. "I'll delete them if you really don't like them."

"Okay, let's do this."

They went back to their hotel to grab the things Derek would need for the session and after a quick call to confirm that the studio was ready for them, they headed out. This time even Jack could come along.

The woman owning the studio was waiting for them when they arrived. Derek had asked in advance if the studio was accessible for Stiles so she wasn't surprised by the chair but she was more than busy enough making friends with Jack anyway. The dog was a good ice breaker.

She showed them around and gave some quick instructions on the equipment. Derek hadn't worked in a studio since college but it was pretty self-explaining.

The set was ready for them. Just a plain white background, Derek wanted to focus solely on Stiles.

"I'll be in the front, if you need me." She gave Jack a last belly rub and then she left them alone.

"Okay, what do you want me to do?" Stiles rolled into the set and then turned to look at Derek.

"First you should get rid of some clothes." Derek told him while he was trying to get familiar with the lights.

"You're not going to shoot close-ups of my dick or anything, right?" He sounded nervous and close to calling the whole thing off.

"No dick pics." Derek assured him. They hadn't really discussed what he had in mind so he hurried to explain: "I want you bare chested and barefoot, you can leave your jeans on. Is that okay?"

"Okay." He didn't sound convinced but he did start to undress.

"Don't worry, it won't even really count as erotica."

"If you say so."

Working with Stiles turned out to be quite easy. Once he'd grasped what Derek was trying to achieve, he held the poses Derek put him in with just the right air of confidence.

When he wasn't laughing because most of the time Derek was crawling around him on the floor.

In the end they had to hurry to get to the graveyard tour and didn't even have time to have a real look at the photos. But Derek wanted to show them to Stiles on a bigger screen than the camera's
display anyway so this was a good excuse to wait a little while longer.

The tour was fun and Stiles absorbed every little detail but Derek could tell that his mind was still on the pictures. Derek knew that they had turned out well but it was always different on the big screen. And if he was honest, he was kind of nervous to show them to Stiles.

Later that evening they were sitting on the bed, Derek with the laptop on his legs, waiting for the pictures to transfer from the camera to the laptop.

Derek had taken multiple shots of each pose and now he was slowly skipping through all of them. Some had turned out not so good but of each pose he had at least two or three he really liked. All the photos were black and white and he'd taken them in an upward angle, the point of view of a kneeling sub.

At his side Stiles had become very quiet.

"Do you like them?" Derek dared to asked.

"They're beautiful." His voice broke and there were tears in his eyes. "This is how you see me?"

The only prop Derek had used was a flogger but most of the pictures were just Stiles in his chair.

"When we first met you told me that when you dom your chair becomes your throne." Derek reminded him and skipped to the series of pictures he'd taken with that statement in mind.

In this one the chair did become a throne and Stiles was sitting on it like a king. Upright and strong with his hands loosely hanging over the end of the armrests while his face was hidden in shadows. He didn't need to hold any insignia to show his status. His muscular chest and even the scars just underlined the aura of authority.

Derek skipped through the other poses.

A close-up of Stiles' strong hand on the hand rail of his chair.

A shot of his back with the flogger thrown over his shoulder, the tendrils falling into the valley between his shoulder blades when his muscles worked to push his chair forward.

Another front shot where Stiles had the flogger in both hands, elbows resting on the arms of his chair. Derek liked this one a lot, it had something considering to it, as if Stiles was still debating the fate of the sub looking up at him. It did something to Derek.

There were about twenty poses in total, all with Stiles' face turned away or in the shadows. And all of them said Dom.

"Yes." Derek answered the question with a delay. "This is how I see you."

Stiles reached over to grab him by the nape of his neck and then he brought their lips together in a demanding kiss.

"I want you naked." Another bruising kiss. "I want you on your knees." Stiles bit his bottom lip. "And I want you to look at me like this." He forced Derek's head around to look at the screen where he'd skipped back to the throne pictures. Derek bit back a groan.

"As you wish, Sire." Under any other circumstances it would sound mockingly, like a joke, and they would laugh but tonight Derek bowed his head and worshiped his Majesty.
They drove along the coast for two days. They were lucky with the weather and they took their
time to explore the little places along the coast. Mainly to take pictures, which was Derek's main
goal, and to eat all the food, that was mostly Stiles. But Derek had to admit that they knew how to
do their fish and seafood around here.

Beaches and wheelchairs didn't go a long well but they did stop a the beach for a little break and at
least Jack had fun, chasing the waves. Derek even got a light tan.

Stiles overdid it a little bit, even on the paths it was hard work to navigate the chair, but by now
Derek knew the signs and in the evening he drew him a bath, fed him some painkillers just in case
and then he gave Stiles a thorough massage from head to toe.

Stiles slept like a baby that night and woke up only a bit more stiff than usual. Derek called it a
win.

They reached Corpus Christi in the early afternoon which left them just enough time for the Selena
Museum. That one had been on Derek's list and Stiles teased him only a little bit for it.

And then that hypocrite raided the gift shop.

When Stiles tried to make him carry his bags, Derek just dumped them in his lap. Stiles made a
sound of protest while Derek got some scolding glares from other customers in the shop who had
not so secretly been eyeing Stiles.

"You should be ashamed of yourself." A short, elderly man put himself in Derek's way. Derek just
raised an eyebrow at him while behind him Stiles tried but mostly failed to stifle a snort.

"This young man is a human being and not your carrier." Now he had his finger right in Derek's
face. "He deserves some respect."

"He was trying to make me his carrier." Derek pointed out. Now the whole store was staring. "And
he's totally capable of carrying his own bags."

"He shouldn't have to." A woman was coming over to them. "You heartless bastard."

Derek backed off when the two of them were ganging up on him. He threw a helpless glance at
Stiles but he wouldn't get any help from that direction, Stiles was enjoying this way too much.

In the end Derek basically ran out of the store and hid in the car until Stiles joined him a few
minutes later.

"She said I should report you, you heartless bastard." Stiles grinned at him when he'd taken his
seat behind the wheel. "And he wanted to call the police."

"What did I even do?" Derek still didn't understand what had caused the whole ruckus.

"You treated me like a person." Stiles shrugged but then he leaned over to kiss him. "And that's
why I love you so much."

"Because I don't handle you with kid gloves?" Derek wondered. "You're easy, then."

"You have no idea how precious you are." Stiles kissed him again. "And now hold my bags, my
Derek laughed. But he did hold on to the bags in his lap because now Stiles actually needed his hands to drive.

From Corpus Christi they headed north to San Antonio where Stiles found an exhibition about *Nightmare before Christmas* and they just had to see that, right?

The next day they spent in the car and they reached El Paso late in the evening. By then Derek was sick of *Nightmare before Christmas*, though. Stiles never grew tired of talking about the exhibition and he had grabbed every pamphlet he'd found at the museum so when it was Derek's turn to drive, Stiles read them to him. With his additional two cents to the information.

And a Jack Skellington had joined the dinosaurs on the dash board.

They spent a day in El Paso, Derek got some really good pictures out of that one, and then they were on their way to Phoenix.

The Grand Canyon hadn't been on Stiles' list but since they were basically in the neighborhood they took the little detour.

It was totally worth it. The view was breathtaking and the pictures Derek were taking didn't really do the landscape justice but they turned out beautiful nevertheless.

There was a glass platform build over the edge of the canyon and it did take some courage to step out there. Stiles slung his arm around Derek's waist in what could pass as a casual gesture but he was holding on a little to tight for just that. They both breathed easier when they had solid, visible ground under their feet again.

"We did it, it was fun but let's not do it again." Stiles proclaimed and Derek just nodded to that.

Hiking was still not an option for Stiles but even from the toursty part with its paved ways they had a great view. And Jack just loved to run around and follow whatever trail he could find.

Back at the motel they had to wash red dust out of Jack's fur. The water running down the drain looked like right out of *Psycho* for minutes but at least Jack didn't fight the bath. The bathroom only looked a little bit like a battlefield when they had Jack clean and dry again.

After that Derek and Stiles were in dire need of a shower as well.

The last stop before they reached Beacon Hills was Las Vegas. Of course they had to spent a day in Vegas. Derek booked them a room in one of the smaller casinos, the Red Riding Hood, and he just knew that Stiles would love the red theme.

"If I ever get rich, I want a casino." Was Stiles comment when they entered the lobby.

"You want to manage a casino?"

"Why not?" Stiles gave his chair a good push to catch up with him. "I'd be awesome at managing a casino."

Derek had his doubts about that, Stiles got too easily distracted for a job like that, but he was wise enough to not say it out loud.

Their room was the best, and most expensive, of the whole trip but it was totally worth it. They had
a great view over the city, the bathroom was bigger than some of the rooms they had stayed in over the last few weeks and the bed was a sinful ocean of white silk just waiting for them to dive in. In the most kinkiest way.

Derek wasn't sure how the evening would end but the way Stiles was eyeing the bed it would be amazing and frustrating and there might be begging involved on Derek's part. He was looking forward to it.

But first they wanted to visit the casino.

"You know what the best part of a visit in Vegas is?" Stiles asked when he came out of the bathroom. He was only wearing his underwear, his suit was waiting for him on the bed, while Derek was ahead of him and currently busy buttoning up his dress shirt.

"Hmm?" Derek reached for his tie.

"I get you in a suit." Stiles came closer and ran a hand down his flank. "And you know what the best best part is?"

"Getting me out of the suit?" Derek ask dryly. The hand currently groping him through his pants was a dead giveaway.

"Piece by piece." Stiles licked his lips. He was clearly picturing more in his mind but he didn't give away his plans for the evening.

Stiles looked good in a suit as well and Derek snapped a picture with his phone to use it as his background.

"You don't have to do that." Stiles rubbed the back of his head, clearly embarrassed.

"I want to." Derek showed him his phone to prove that it was a good picture. "Besides, you have me in a suit on your phone for weeks now."

There was nothing Stiles could say against that so he just headed towards the door.

They had a blast. Stiles had some luck at the roulette table and Derek wasn't too bad at black jack. They left with less money than they had come in with but they hadn't expected anything else. It was under the limit Derek had set for himself so he called it a win. On their way out Stiles fed a few dollars to one of the slot machines. When it spit out coins on the second try, he just had to keep going.

"Stiles?" Derek tried to get his attention.

"I'm having a run." Stiles had to raise his voice over the noise of the machines.

"You're developing an addiction." Derek told him but watched with amusement as the machine ate up dollar after dollar without spitting out anything.

In the end Derek just grabbed the handles of Stiles' chair and dragged him away from the machine.

"No, no, no." Stiles made long arms, barely reaching the button one last time, but when the wheels didn't turn in his favor, he let his arms drop in defeat.

"You said something about getting me out of my suit." Derek whispered in his ear and sure enough, the slot machine was forgotten. Stiles swirled around so fast that Derek had to jump back
to not get hit by Stiles' feet.

"What are you waiting for?" Stiles yelled over his shoulder, already half-way to the elevators.

He should have left Stiles at the slot machine, Derek decided half an hour later. He was kneeling naked on the bed, feet hanging over the foot end and chest pressed into the mattress. Stiles had blindfolded him with Derek's own tie and had used his to bind his hands behind his back. So far the tie was the only piece of clothing Stiles had lost. Not that Derek cared about Stiles' state of nakedness at the moment.

Over the last weeks Derek had gotten used to the small plug, he could take it without a problem by now, but the thing Stiles wanted to work into his hole today was way bigger. And it was just the medium plug.

Stiles was taking his sweet time. He'd started with eating him out, licking and sucking at his hole until Derek felt his saliva dripping down his balls. Then he had added one finger after the other up to sweet fucking him with four of his long digits while his tongue was tracing the rim, trying to squeeze its way in as well. He might even be using his other hand as well, Derek had lost count of how many fingers were currently moving inside him.

"Ready?" Stiles asked and placed a kiss on the swell of his cheek. By now Derek was covered in a thin layer of sweat, his cock heavy between his legs, head slick with precome, but so far Stiles hadn't paid attention to anything but his hole.

"Yes, please." Derek moaned into the sheets.

There was a moment of emptiness before something big nudged at his rim.

"Relax." Stiles told him, rubbing soothing circles on his lower back. "You're doing so good."

The tip went in without a problem but when the widest part got caught at his rim, Derek bit back a whimper.

"Shhh." Stiles eased off and pressed in again. Slowly, with all the patience in the world, he worked the plug in.

Then, finally, it slipped in and Derek cried in relief when he felt the rim tighten around the base.

"So good." Stiles tapped the base, sending vibrations deep through Derek's core. His erection had flagged down a little but this and the few strokes Stiles granted him brought him back to full hardness within seconds.

"Please." Derek begged when Stiles let go of his cock.

"Not yet." Stiles told him, his hand now cradling his balls. "Your hole, your balls, your cock, that's the order. I might let you come when I'm done with your cock."

Derek shook his head, he wouldn't last that long. The plug put firm pressure on his prostate, sending sparks through his nerves with every twitch.

"I ... please." Derek moaned when the hand on his balls tightened.

"We'll see." Stiles gave his balls a sharp slap, making him jump. "But first, ask me to spank your balls."
"Please …" Derek bit his lip, glad that Stiles couldn't see his face. "… spank my balls."

"As you wish." Stiles adjusted his grip and Derek could clearly picture how his balls must look like in Stiles' fist, skin pulled tight and just bagging to get spanked.

The first hit came without a warning and then they were just raining down on him.

Derek writhed and screamed but Stiles had him in an iron grip, spanking his balls without mercy.

When the blows finally stopped, Derek was a trembling mess, the tie over his eyes wet with tears and his balls felt the size of basketballs. Basketballs on fire.

"Beautiful." Stiles breathed over the hot skin and then his wet mouth was on him. He licked and sucked, torturing him even more.

"Please ... I can't ... please ... don't ..." It was too much. Sharp lances of pain shot up his spine.

Instead of an answer Stiles scraped his teeth over his abused balls.

"Fuck!" Derek bucked but Stiles still had his sac firmly in his fist. There was no getting away.

Then Stiles bit down.

Derek went wild.

His mind exploded in blinding white and his whole body convulsed with the shocks of his orgasm ripping through him.
"Did I break you?" Stiles asked with a chuckle and a little bit concern in his voice. At least that was what Derek read into it, he could be wrong, his brain wasn't really in a working state right now.

The blindfold was gone and his arms were lying next to him on the mattress so that tie was gone as well, however, he wasn't sure if those arms actually belonged to him or not. His whole body just felt heavy and he didn't know where it began and ended. He was pretty sure that he was lying in his own come, though.

And there was still something huge in his ass.

"Yep, broke him."

The mattress next to him moved but Derek didn't open his eyes to confirm that it was Stiles who was crawling into bed with him. Then there was a hand in his sweaty hair and Derek just let himself drift for a little while longer.

"That." Derek finally found his voice again. "Was the best orgasm ever." Even better than the prostate milking caged one and that said something.

Next to him Stiles chuckled but his fingers never stopped massaging his scalp.

"But the question is." Stiles' fingers stayed gentle but there was steel in his voice. "Did you have permission to come?"

Oops.

"No." Derek had to admit. His body was too pliant to even move but he buried his face in the pillow in shame. "I'm sorry."

"The come on your back is mine." Stiles continued. "I had to finish myself."

Derek cringed under Stiles' gentle hand.

"What shall I do with you now, hm?"

"Please punish me." Derek licked his dry lips. "Please help me to do better in the future."

Stiles made a pleased sound and Derek relaxed under his touch.

"That I can do." His hand trailed down to the nape of his neck. "Obviously I can't trust you to not come so I'm going to keep you caged until we reach Beacon Hills. Color?"

"Green, thank you." That didn't sound too bad.

"And since I had to jerk off myself I'm going to keep you plugged until the morning."

That was bad. Derek tried to lift his head but the grip on his neck turned iron, keeping him down.

"I know it's going to be uncomfortable and I know it's going to hurt when I take it out in the morning but guess what." He leaned in, the grip on Derek's neck now almost painful. "I want you to be uncomfortable and I want it to hurt and I want to just shove my dick into your gaping hole
Derek whimpered and he felt his hole helplessly clench around the huge intrusion in his ass.

When they left Las Vegas the next day, Derek could barely sit, his ass sore and still uncomfortable loose from the rough fucking Stiles had given him this morning. On top of that his balls were bruised and swollen which made sitting in the car even worse. Plus his dick still hadn't gotten the message that it wouldn't get to get hard in the foreseeable future and was straining against the plastic sheath of the cage.

All in all Derek was pretty miserable.

They could each Beacon Hills in a day's drive if they pushed it but Derek wasn't sure if he liked the idea of sitting in the car all day.

At least there Stiles took mercy on him and made it a two day's drive. It would be a shame to pass all the national parks without taking pictures, was Stiles false pretense but Derek didn't call him out on it. He was just glad to get out of the car.

And he did make some nice photos which he uploaded to his Instagram in the evening. He had been documenting their days on the road and by now there were quite a few people following their road trip with interest.

That night Stiles was spooning him from behind, buried balls deep in him, and Derek made him come just with little rocking motions while Stiles was lazily playing with his caged cock. Derek didn't get to come and he fell asleep with Stiles seed still deep inside him.

Somewhere along the road they had ditched the condoms, metaphorically speaking at least, there was still a box in Derek's bag. Leaking come was not always fun but Derek did like the feeling of Stiles' bare cock entering him. It added something to their relationship, another layer of trust and the unspoken promise of exclusiveness.

They reached Beacon Hills in the evening the next day. It was still a week until the wedding and Derek hadn't even told his family that he would be in town early. His mom had assumed that they would fly in on Friday, the wedding was on Sunday, and he hadn't corrected her. That also meant that they didn't have to stay at the Hale house. Derek wasn't against that per se but he didn't want to meet Stiles' family and deal with his own at the same time.

Stiles' parents did know that they were coming in today and they had offered to let them stay at their place. The other option would be a hotel and if Derek was honest, he was sick of hotels by now. He wanted to sleep somewhere that had a personal touch. And the Stilinski-McCall house was completely adjusted to Stiles' needs, they wouldn't even have to bother with the shower stool and hand grip for a change.

"Am I going to meet your family wearing the cage?" Derek asked when they were just a few miles out of Beacon Hills.

Over the last two days he had became used to wearing the cage. At times he could forget that it was even there but other times it was driving him crazy with the need to get hard. It did leave him in a constant state of low key arousal, though.

"No." Stiles assured him and a few minutes later he parked the car a little off the road. He let Jack out who jumped at the chance to stretch his legs and by now Derek knew that the dog wouldn't go
far without them so he didn't worry about him.

"Take it out." Stiles ordered, eyes fixed on Derek's crotch.

Stiles leaned over to cradle his balls once they were out and Derek got a little flashback of the abuse they had taken the last time Stiles had paid attention to them. But now he was just rolling them in his palm.

"You've been a good boy the last two days." Stiles told him. "You deserve a reward."

Derek bit back a moan but had a worried look out of the windows. Stiles' dad was the sheriff around here.

"Please tell me this is not the local make out spot." Derek said but got distracted when Stiles turned the key and then his cock was free. As if it needed to stretch it started to fill rapidly.

"Afraid to get caught by my dad?" Stiles asked amused.

"Would make a bad first impression." Derek closed his eyes when Stiles ran a finger along his shaft from base to top. He clawed at the seat to keep his hands from flying to his erection.

Stiles just shrugged and then he dove in, taking him deep.

Derek came embarrassingly quick. Due to Stiles' clever mouth or the two days in the cage or because of the lingering fear that somebody would knock at the window any second now, he didn't know but then Stiles kissed him and fed him his own come and Derek couldn't care less.

"That was good." Derek sighed and then hurried to tuck himself back in. And to put the cage in the glove compartment where it was out of sight. Stiles just laughed at him.

Five minutes later they passed the sign, welcoming them to Beacon Hills.

"Melissa has to work tonight." Stiles told him. "So it's just going to be my dad."

"And your stepbrother?" At least Stiles' family was small, Derek almost felt sorry for when Stiles would have to meet the Hale clan.

"He doesn't live with our parents, you'll meet him tomorrow."

Stiles parked the car right next to the sheriff's cruiser. Derek just hoped the man wasn't still wearing his uniform.

Getting the chair out of the car always took a moment and by the time Stiles was sitting in his chair, his dad was standing in the door. With a very large dog in his arms, trying his best to lick his face off.

"Jack, down." The sheriff said but with no authority in his voice so the dog ignored him. Wagging his tail and with his paws on his shoulders he was walking him backwards into the house.

"He missed you, Dad." Stiles yelled after them but didn't call his dog back either.

Derek grabbed their bags and followed his boyfriend into the house.

"You must be Derek." Jack had finally let go of the man and went off to explore the house so Stiles' dad had his hands free to greet his guest properly.
"Yes, sir. Nice to meet you." Derek shook the offered hand.

"John, please." His handshake was firm and his smile reached the eyes and Derek decided that he liked this man. "Hope you didn't have dinner yet, Melissa made chili."

Derek left the bags in the hallway and then he followed the Stilinski men into the kitchen.

Just like Stiles' place it wasn't obvious at first but once he knew what to look for, it became clear rather quickly that everything had been set up with a person in a wheelchair in mind. There was enough space for Stiles to move around, his place didn't have a chair and glasses and plates were in the lower cupboards within easy reach for him. The counter had the normal height but since Stiles' parents had moved in after Stiles had moved to New York it made sense.

"How was the drive?" John asked once they were sitting at the table with steaming bowls of chili in front of them.

Stiles launched into a detailed report of their trip and except for adding a detail here and there Derek just let him ramble along. He was just glad that John wasn't grilling him with questions.

Turned out that Stiles had told his dad about Derek's art and his decision to take it professional but since Stiles was an artist as well, John didn't judge and was even surprisingly supportive.

"Stiles showed me some of your pictures." John said. "You're good. And brave."

"Brave?" Derek raised an eyebrow at him over the rim of his water glass. Quitting his job and jumping head first into being a professional photographer did count as brave, he guessed.

"Stiles showed me the picture of him you handed in for a competition." John pushed aside his empty bowl and then he studied Derek over his folded hands. "You're taking a huge risk with that one."

"They asked for perfection." Derek set down his water glass and looked him straight in the eye. "I wouldn't count sending in that picture as brave. It's on topic." They stared at each other for a second longer before John nodded and broke they eye contact.

Derek threw a glance at Stiles, a smirk forming on his lips.

"You should asked me about the pictures I intend to use if I win and get the exhibition."

Stiles snorted water and then went down in a coughing fit.

John and Derek just shared a look over his bowed head.

"Judging by your reaction, I don't want to know." John finally said, now a concerned eye on Stiles, probably wondering if he would have to perform CPR on his own son any second now.

Finally the coughing died down and Stiles drew in a long breath. His face was all red and blotchy and tears were running down his face.

"Not fair." He gasped. Derek just handed him a napkin to clean up his face.

It was late so after dinner, they all turned in.

Derek had expected that he would get the guestroom and that would have been totally fine but Stiles just ushered him into his room. Stiles' bed was larger than some they'd slept in over the last few weeks which was a relief. By now they had a routine so it didn't take long for them to be lying
"I don't have to publish those pictures, just tell me." Derek said into the dark. His plan had been to put them on Patreon if he didn't win the exhibition. But making them public meant that he would out Stiles. Sure, his face wasn't visible but his friends and family would recognize him, no question about that.

"No, it's fine." Stiles put his hand on Derek's chest. "They're astonishing, you have to put them out there."

"Even if it gets your dad a heart attack?"

"He'll live." Stiles assured him. "You impressed him, he likes you."
Waking up in unfamiliar places was normal for Derek by now, they had been on the road for three weeks after all, so it took him a moment to remember that this was not just another random motel room. This was Stiles' room in his parents' house.

Stiles was still sleeping so Derek propped himself up on one elbow and had his first real look around.

The room was unmistakably Stiles'. And if he hadn't known better, Derek would have guessed that it was Stiles' childhood room. A Captain America poster on the wall, action figures on the shelf along with comic books and art stuff. On the desk was more of Stiles' work, paintings in various states, everything lying around as if he'd left it there just yesterday.

Derek's eyes wandered back to the Captain America poster and after a closer look he was pretty sure that this wasn't one one could just buy. It was too much Stiles' style.

Five minutes later Stiles was still snoring away softly and he didn't even stir when Derek rolled out of bed. When he left the bathroom, freshly showered and fully dressed, Derek followed the smell of coffee into the kitchen.

He expected to find Stiles' dad there, nursing his morning coffee, but there was a woman sitting at the table. She sat slumped over with her elbows resting on the table and a huge mug of coffee in her hands. She had her eyes closed and she looked close to dunking her nose in the steaming coffee.

She startled awake when Derek cleared his throat but managed to not spill the coffee all over herself.

"Morning?" Derek offered. This must be Melissa, Stiles' stepmom, but he wasn't sure if in her half-asleep state she would remember that she had a guest in the house.

"Shit, you startled me." She put the mug down and licked stray drops of coffee off her fingers and only with a delay she had a closer look at Derek who was still awkwardly standing in the door.

She didn't look close to freaking out to the stranger in her house but her puzzled expression told him clearly that she had no idea who he was or why he was standing in her kitchen.

"I'm Derek." He introduced himself. "Stiles' boyfriend?"

"Oh." She made and hastily tried to straighten her hair and the scrubs she was wearing. "Right, right, come in. Coffee?" She stood and swirled around to fix him a cup but then turned back with an embarrassed laugh.

"Melissa." She introduced herself. "I'm Stiles' … stepmother."

"Nice to meet you." They shook hands, somewhat awkwardly, and then she turned back to the coffeemaker.

"Night shift?" Derek guessed when he accepted the cup and set down across from her.

"That obvious?" She ran a hand through her hair.

"I used to work retail." He explained. "I tried to avoid looking in a mirror after a long shift."
She actually laughed at that.

For a while they nursed their coffee in comfortable silence. Stiles was a talker no matter the time of the day but Derek actually preferred a quiet morning.

"I'm a bad host." She suddenly said out of the blue. "I didn't even offer you breakfast. What do you like? I can make pancakes or …" 

"Just coffee for now, thanks." Derek held her back when she was about to leap into making him pancakes. "I'll have breakfast with Stiles. Once he wakes up …" He threw a glance in the general direction of Stiles' room but so far everything was quiet back there.

"He likes to sleep in when he can." She told him. "But I guess you know that."

She looked like she was considering to ask all the questions, like how they'd met and what Derek did for a living and all that, but then she yawned and shook her head.

"It was nice meeting you, Derek." She said, stifling another yawn. "But I need a shower and at least a few hours of sleep."

"Of course." Derek half-stood, not sure what the protocol here was, but she just patted his shoulder, pushing him back into his seat, and then Derek was alone in the kitchen.

A glance out of the window confirmed that the cruiser wasn't in the driveway so John had most likely left for work already.

Jack came trotting into the kitchen and with him at his side Derek didn't feel that much of an intruder any longer.

"What do you say?" He scratched the dog behind the ear. "Pancakes?"

Out of the two of them Stiles was the better cook but Derek knew his way around the kitchen as well. He'd lived alone for years now and one could live off take out only for that long.

By the time Stiles made his way into the kitchen, Derek had already eaten his first pancake and was nursing his second coffee.

"Morning." Stiles was still wearing his pajama pants and the worn t-shirt he'd slept in and his hair was sticking out in every direction. And he was rubbing his eyes which made him look like he was five and adorable.

"Coffee?" Derek offered and had to hurry to get his feet out of the way or Stiles would have just rolled over them. Not really awake Stiles wasn't paying attention to where he was going. Even Jack moved out of the way with a huff to save his tail.

Instead of an answer Stiles made grabby hands at the coffeemaker, the general "gimme" gesture.

Derek shook his head but fixed him a cup.

"Did you make pancakes?" Stiles asked a minute later when he finally did notice the plate Derek had put in front of him. "You're our guest, you shouldn't be making pancakes."

"Melissa offered but I was afraid that she would fall asleep with the spatula in her hand." Derek shrugged, it was no big deal. He even had made enough for her to reheat when she woke up.

After his first coffee Stiles was more awake and he was eating his pancakes with appetite.
"What do you want to do today?" Stiles asked, his lips shiny with syrup. Derek wanted to kiss it away but they had come to an unspoken agreement that there would be no sex while they stayed here. Kissing would be okay, Derek knew that, but Stiles' mouth had the tendency to distract him too much and before he knew it there would be wandering hands and filthy noises. The latter usually from Stiles.

Better not risk it. Derek tore his eyes off Stiles' sinful lips.

But of course that bastard knew exactly what was going on in Derek's head and started to lick the syrup off his lips as obscenely as possible. And he wasn't even done with his pancakes.

"I hate you." Derek muttered.

"You love me." Stiles shrugged and stuffed more pancake into his mouth.

"Sometimes I wonder why."

Stiles reached over and painted Derek's lips with syrup and unlike Derek he had no qualms, kissing it off his lips. Derek bit back a groan.

"See?" Stiles returned to his breakfast. "Wasn't so bad, was it?"

Derek just glared at him.


Derek didn't have an answer to that. He probably should let his family know that he was in town but he wasn't sure if he was ready for them to meet Stiles. He wasn't ashamed of his boyfriend or anything but he doubted that meeting his family would go down as smoothly as meeting Stiles'.

When he failed to answer, Stiles looked at him with a considering eye.

"We could visit the vet clinic so you can meet Scott and Isaac." Stiles suggested.

Stiles had talked enough about his family for Derek to know that the two were running the clinic together and were totally into each other but not ready to admit it just yet. Derek was curious to meet them.

"And I'd like to see the location." Stiles added. "You know, where the wedding is going to take place. To see what it's like."

He didn't have to point out that he wanted to make sure that it really was accessible for him. Peter had said so and Derek believed him but since he'd met Stiles Derek had also learned that there were things a person able to walk just didn't notice.

Speaking of Peter …

"Lunch with Peter?" Derek blurted out. His uncle already knew about the chair, it seemed like a good way to ease Stiles into meeting his family.

"Good idea. Give him a call and see if he's free?"

Peter made time to have lunch with them.

"Tell Stiles, I'm looking forward to meeting him in person." He said.
"Same!" Stiles yelled back. He didn't even try to hide the fact that he was listening in.

Peter made an amused sound and ended the call without another word.

After breakfast they cleaned up the kitchen and then took Jack for a walk. Derek hadn't been in Beacon Hills for about five years, not counting the few times he'd visited his family over Christmas or other family events. On those occasions he had stayed at the Hale house and hadn't seen much of the town. Derek had been to school here but that had been a long time ago. He had no friends here and no ties aside from his family.

It felt strange being back.

"I missed my dad and Scott and Melissa." Stiles told him when Derek pointed out that he hadn't really missed his childhood home. "But I've never really lived here, guess we're both strangers here."

"We have a few days." Derek shoved his fists deeper into the pockets of his jeans. "I can show you a few places."

He didn't even know if any of them still existed but there where one or two he would like to show Stiles. That diner where they used to celebrate when they won a basketball game and the abandoned train depot. He'd basically squatted there when he had needed some distance from his family. He'd never shown the depot to anyone, his mother would get a heart attack if she ever found out, but he had the feeling that Stiles would understand.

After the walk Stiles drove them over to the vet clinic.

"I know this place." Derek peered out of the window. "This was our vet when I was a kid. We had two cats."

"Scott took over the clinic when the old vet retired." Stiles opened the back door to get his chair out of the car. Jack knew the place as well and it was saying something that he was already at the door, impatiently waiting for them.

"Scott is not his vet." Stiles explained. "He's not so happy to see his actual vet. Here all he gets is treats and cuddles and no needles and inappropriate groping."

The second the door was open Jack was inside, clearing the front desk with his tail. Apparently somebody was happy to see the man behind the counter. Derek couldn't see his face, only a shock of curly hair, because the man was busy greeting Jack and had no eyes for his other visitors.

"That's Isaac." Stiles gestured at the back of the head that was barely visible over the counter. "He's Jack's favorite."

"And he's mine." The man said without lifting his head, his attention still on the dog. "He's more likable than you."

"He has a point." Derek agreed.

At the new voice the man did look up and his face lit up when he spotted Derek. Then he was openly sizing him up, a sly grin on his face.

"You weren't joking when you said he's handsome, Stiles." He said with an approving nod.

"If I remember correctly." Stiles spoke up and Derek dreaded the next words out of his mouth. "I
said Greek god with a walnut cracking ass and bunny teeth. And eyebrows, the eyebrows are important, he needs them to communicate."

"He means handsome." Isaac said and came around the counter with Jack glued to his side. "I'm Isaac, I'm the one with tact."

"Derek, nice to meet you." They shook hands and then Isaac moved to greet Stiles but then another man came pounding through the door, barreled into Stiles with so much force that the only thing preventing Stiles from falling backwards with his chair was the bear hug the man had caught him in.

"Scotty." Stiles hugged back with equal fierceness and for a moment they were hugging it out as if they hadn't seen each other in years. As far as Derek knew they were skyping on a regular base but he had no idea when they had seen each other in person.

"Don't mind them." Isaac said with a fond expression. "They tend to do that when they haven't seen each other in a while." He paused. "Meaning everything over two hours."

Derek had the feeling that he would get a long well with Stiles' friends.
When they had come in Scott had been busy with a basket of abandoned kittens somebody had dropped on his doorstep last night.

They weren't born last night, at least that.

"They should at least have the decency to bring them in in person." Scott muttered when he handed Derek a bottle. It was additional to the wet food they were already interested in. When they weren't sleeping, the poor things were exhausted. But the kittens were all underweight and Scott wanted to make sure everyone got their quota of high calorie formula.

He wasn't exactly sure how it happened but Derek spent the next hour bottle feeding tiny kittens. Jack was at his side with his head on Derek's knee and the dog had a worried eye on the meowing bundle in Derek's hand.

Stiles and Scott had disappeared minutes after Scott had set Derek up with the first kitten and so far they hadn't come back. Isaac kept him company but he had to leave now and then to answer the phone.

"Don't get jealous of them." Isaac told him. "They have been friends since kindergarten. Scott is the only friend Stiles has from before."

The accident. When Stiles had lost his mom and his ability to walk. Derek couldn't even start to imagine how hard that had been for a thirteen year old.

"Good to know that he had at least one friend back then." Derek said, eyes fixed on the tiny creature in his hand.

"I didn't know them then." Isaac sat down on an upside down bucket. "We met in high school, they were always together. Stiles was there for every lacrosse practice just because Scott was warming the bench for a few seasons. That's how I got to know Scott, sitting on the bench gets boring rather quickly and we kind of started to talk. Since Stiles wasn't on the team he wasn't allowed to join us but he was always there, watching from afar." He paused, lost in memories for a moment. "I was surprised when Stiles left for New York and Scott stayed here."

Derek wondered why he was telling him this, they were basically strangers but he was grateful for the inside of Stiles' past.

"He's been talking about you for months now." Isaac kind of came to the point. Not that Derek was sure what the point was. "I'm glad he found you."

"I'm glad I found him." Was all Derek could say to that. The way Isaac was talking, he got the impression that Stiles had been lonely. His only real friend in New York was Lydia and even if he was in constant contact with his dad and Scott and looked like with Isaac as well, it wasn't the same.

However, that was still more than Derek had. At least before he'd met Stiles. Now they both had Boyd and Erica in their life as well.

But truth be told, they both had been kind of desperate when they had joined that website.

In the end Derek had to go to search for Stiles or they would be late for their lunch with Peter. He
found him and Scott in the back of the clinic and for a moment Derek could picture them the way Isaac had described them, two outsiders who only had each other. The way they stuck their heads together, talking in hushed voices with knowing looks and easy laughter, he could see the teenagers they had been.

They would see each other again later today, Melissa wanted them all together for dinner, even Isaac as some kind of adopted son was invited, but it still wasn't easy to pry Stiles off Scott's side. Isaac took it without batting an eye so Derek guessed that it was a normal occurrence.

They left Jack at the clinic, Stiles pretended to fall for the combined puppy dog eyes from Scott and Isaac, but Derek knew him well enough to know that it had been his plan to dump the dog on them all along. They would bring him back when they came over for dinner later.

"You and Scott are close." Derek observed when they were back in the car.

"He's my brother." Stiles stated but even without the input from Isaac earlier it would have been clear that Scott was so much more to him than simply a brother.

"Must have been hard to leave when he stayed here." Derek said gently.

"Isaac talks too much." Stiles threw him a glance. "I needed to get away, stand on my own feet, wheels, whatever."

Derek thought about that. He knew that feeling, that he had to get away, out of different reasons, though.

"They love you but they think they know better what you want than you." Derek finally said, not sure who he was talking about.

"Dad tried to encourage me to be independent, solve my own problems, but he's my dad it's hard for him to see me struggle." Stiles took a deep breath. "And Scott did his best to shield me from bullies and stuff like that. They didn't mean to but most of the time they handled me as if I would brake any second."

"Your dad lost your mom and he almost lost you." Derek reminded him. "He was scared."

Stiles nodded and then changed the topic.

When they arrived at the small sandwich shop Peter had picked, Peter wasn't there yet.

Most of the lunch rush was over and the shop was busy but not packed and they got a table at the side with no problem. Derek excused himself to the restroom, he had washed his hands but he still had the feeling that he had cat all over him, and when he returned to their table, he was just in time to hear Peter say: "You must be Stiles."

His uncle had his back to him so he hadn't noticed him just yet and Derek slowed down to see how this played out.

"What gave it away?" Stiles asked and dropped back to all four wheels. It was a nervous habit of his to balance on his back wheels. Or when he was bored or was listening to music or his ADHD was acting up. Or just to annoy Derek, that was a good reason too. By now Derek was pretty sure that Stiles just couldn't sit still.

"Peter Hale." Peter introduced himself.
"Stiles Stilinski." They shook hands but Peter tilted his head as if he was thinking about something.

"That's not a common name." He said and made a questioning gesture at the seat across from Stiles. "Any relations to our dear Sheriff Stilinski?"

"My dad."

"Ah." Peter made and took the seat. Which brought Derek into his line of sight. "Derek, good to see you."

"Peter."

"Peter." Derek gave him a nod and took his seat next to Stiles.

"If I mention you to my dad, he's not going to whip out a warrant, is he?" Stiles asked, only half joking.

"No worries, I had my run-ins with our former sheriff when I was younger but now I'm an upstanding citizen."

"Or you just got better at not getting caught." Stiles mused which Peter countered with a knowing smile. Derek groaned inwardly, he had known that it wasn't a good idea to let these two meet.

They ordered sandwiches and milkshakes and by the time their food arrived, Stiles and Peter were talking like old friends. It was terrifying.

"So." Stiles drew out the word. "Did your sister and the rest of the family get over the fact that Derek is bringing a man to the wedding?"

"Talia has other things on her mind right now." Peter didn't answer the question. "She's running around like a headless chicken." He took a sip from his milkshake. "She worries about the flowers and the food, even the weather. And if she should hire a real photographer at last minute." He gave Derek a pointed look. "You probably should show her your website."

Derek choked on a mouthful of milkshake.

"You know my website?"

Peter just gave him a please expression. "I follow you on Instagram and I'm one of your supporters on Patreon. I even left you a few comments." Now he almost pouted.

"I've never seen your name coming up." By now Derek had some regulars but as far as he knew there had never been a Hale or even a Peter among them.

"People do have nicknames." Stiles pointed out. "You have to excuse him, he's still new to this whole internet thing."

"I was wondering if it was you who finally dragged him out of his cave."

"He was storing his pictures in a folder." Stiles said. "Under his bed."

"No." Peter clutched his chest.

Derek just rolled his eyes and pretended to be engrossed in his sandwich. They were talking as if he wasn't right here anyway.

"But seriously." Now Peter was addressing him. "I didn't know you were this good. You should tell your mom."
"That I quit my job to become a full-time photographer?" Derek raised an eyebrow at him. "She's going to disown me."

"She just wants the best for you." Peter said surprisingly softly.

"What she thinks is the best for me." Derek corrected.

Peter didn't have a counter to that and uncomfortable silence fell over the table.

"One bomb at a time." Stiles said. Silence never sat well with him. "How is she going to react to this?" He tapped his chair with the hand not holding the milkshake.

"I have no idea." Peter said with a feral smile. "But I'm looking forward to it."

Stiles' smile matched his but then it fell from his lips and he avoided Peter's eye.

"How are you taking it?" Stiles asked, fiddling with his sandwich. "You know, actually seeing it?"

It always took Derek by surprise how self-conscious Stiles could get when it came to his chair. Most of the time it was like a natural part of his body. And he hadn't been exaggerating when he'd said that it became his throne when he was in dom mode. He did own Derek's ass from up there, just like he had promised.

"Stiles." Peter put down his sandwich with a sigh. "You are a bright young man with a sharp mind and a witty tongue I couldn't care less what your legs can or cannot do."

"Thanks." Stiles gave him a shy smile.

Derek sneaked an arm around him and drew him close enough to place a kiss on his temple. It made Stiles laugh and the serious moment was broken.

"We want to have a look at the location later." Derek changed the topic. "You said it's okay for Stiles but we want to check ourselves."

"Fair enough." Peter used his napkin and threw it on the empty plate. "Talia asked me to bring over the last tables and chairs, that's why I was late. We can head over together and you can help me unload them."

"You did plan that, didn't you?" Derek accused him but Peter didn't even dignify that with an answer.

"Where exactly are we going?" Stiles asked when he was following the van Peter was driving out of town.

"We call it the summer house." Derek explained. "It's on the other side of the Hale property. My great-grandparents used to live there and after they died it became kind of a place for guests and vacations. It's also our location for big family events. Mom remodeled it a while back, I'm not sure what it looks like now."

"How big is this Hale property, anyway?" Stiles asked. They had passed the sign saying that they were now on private property a few minutes ago.

"Big." Derek couldn't help a smile. "My family has lived here for centuries, we own most of the land."

"Let me guess, you own half the town as well?"
"Maybe?" Derek didn't try to hide his amusement. "It's a small town."

But Stiles was right, most of the businesses in town belonged to one Hale or the other. Peter was most likely the biggest employer in the county but various aunts and uncles and second cousins owned shops and restaurants and what not, not necessarily under the name Hale, though.

"Is the mayor a Hale?"

"Not currently, as far as I know." Derek shook his head. "But there has been a Mayor Hale or two in the past."

Stiles threw him a glance as if he was trying to figure out if he was joking or not.

"You're not kidding." He realized with a groan. "I'm marrying into the fucking mafia."
"We're not the mafia." Derek said, carefully avoiding to even think about the other part of Stiles' sentence.

"That's what the mafia would say."

"I'm the mafia now?" Derek raised an eyebrow at him but couldn't hide the smile forming on his lips. "Besides, it's Cora's wedding, not ours."

"This time." Stiles promised almost darkly.

"Is that a proposal?" It was a joke, they were just joking around here, but Derek couldn't help the squishy feeling in his chest.

"We're crashing the party enough as it is." Stiles patted his shoulder. "But let's keep it in mind."

Derek could live with that.

"This is your summer house?" Stiles parked the car next to Peter's van and peered out of the window.

"It's bigger than last time I saw it." Derek had to admit. His mom might have understated the extent of the remodeling when she'd told him about it. There was a whole wing that hadn't been there before.

"It for sure is big enough for a mafia clan now."

"Would you stop with that?" Derek asked and when Stiles opened the mouth again to say more, he leaned in for a kiss. He didn't drew it out too much, though, Peter was waiting.

However, his uncle didn't seem to be in a hurry, he was leaning against the van with his arms crossed over his chest. When Stiles got his chair out of the car, Peter was watching with interest.

Since Derek himself had no idea what the inside of the house looked, there was no point in showing Stiles around.

"Go ahead." He waved him off. "We'll follow when we're done here."

Peter watched Stiles disappear in the building before he turned to open the back of the van.

"You said go ahead." Peter observed once Stiles was out of earshot.

"I did." Derek nodded. "It's okay, you don't have to watch what you're saying around him. Just talk to him like you would to anybody else." Over the last few weeks he'd seen way too many people who had been bending over backwards just to avoid anything walking or standing related in their speech.

Not that Peter had treated Stiles anything special so far and Derek really appreciated that.

"What the …?" Derek had his first look at the inside of the van.

It was packed to the roof with chairs and tables and there was more stuff hidden in the back, Derek wasn't quite sure what it was.
"How the hell did you even get all this in there?" He asked, trying to find an angle to get at least one piece of furniture out of there without letting the whole structure collapse.

"I'm just the driver." Peter raised his hands in defeat but he looked as clueless as Derek felt.

"How did she rope you into physical labor anyway?" Derek wondered. Peter was not somebody who liked to get his hands dirty.

"I have no idea. She just asked me to pick something up on my way home." Peter admitted. "I am tempted to just leave you with his and show Stiles around instead."

"Don't you dare." Derek grabbed him by the back of his collar when he actually did turn to leave.

Half an hour later they had managed to get about half of the stuff out of the van and into the house. They just stacked everything along one of the walls of the hallway, Peter refused to carry it any farther without knowing where Talia actually wanted it.

"I'm not going to haul this around more than I have to." Peter proclaimed and Derek agreed. But since his mother had no idea that he was even in Beacon Hills, he hoped that she would find somebody else to set all this up. By now Derek had a bleeding cut at the base of his thumb and he was longing for a shower to get rid of the sweat and dust covering him head to toe.

Peter didn't look any better just with a more sour face. He had dark streaks on his cheek where he'd made the mistake and had tired to wipe off the sweat.

"Next time my sister is asking me a favor I'm not even going to say no, I'll just leave." Peter muttered. "Preferably to France."

"I'm coming with you." His mother hadn't even asked him to help, Derek had no idea how he'd ended up here anyway. Damn Peter.

They paused when the sound of an approaching car reached them.

"You expecting someone?" Derek asked.

"Talia wanted to come by later." Peter wiped his hands with a handkerchief.

Since this was private property they didn't expect random strangers coming up to the house. The sheriff's cruiser, however, was the last car Derek had expected to come around the corner.

John parked the car next to them and got out of the car.

"Derek." He greeted him, taking in the scene. His eyes lingered on the half empty van and then settled on Peter.

"John, what are you doing here?"

"Got a call about a breaking and entering." He said. "Do you happen to know something about that?"

"No, Sheriff." Peter spoke up. "This place belongs to our family, my sister asked me to bring this over for the wedding." He gestured at the van.

"Stiles is somewhere around." Derek provided. "There's nobody else here. And we didn't call."

"And Stiles would have called me directly." John nodded to that. "May I have a look around?"
"Of course." Peter made an inviting gesture.

"I haven't seen Stiles in a while." Derek added and followed John, suddenly he had an uneasy feeling in his stomach. He and Peter hadn't been far into the house yet and hauling around furniture did make quite some noise, had there been someone with them in the house all the time?

They were almost at the door when suddenly his mother burst out.

"Sheriff, sheriff." She yelled, waving her arm. "Come quickly, I locked him in the ball room."

She turned around to lead the way but then she swirled back to facing them, probably when her mind caught up with who was standing behind the sheriff.

"Derek? What are you doing here?" She asked but then dismissed him in favor of the sheriff. "He was trying to steal the silver but I caught him. They're all the same, first they want you to pity them, begging for money, and then they steal from you. Be careful, he was all twitchy, probably high on something."

She was rambling along while she hurried deeper into the house.

"Please tell me she's not talking about who I think she's talking about." John whispered to Derek. Derek just made a face and threw a glance at Peter who had way too much fun with the whole situation.

"Why is she even here?" Derek asked him. There hadn't been another car out front and for sure she hadn't arrived after them.

"Laura dropped me off, she wanted to ran some errands." Talia actually answered that one. "Thank god she's not back yet." Then she turned back to John. "The house is empty most of the year, I don't know if he just broke in or if he's squatting here. We want to have a wedding here in a few days."

This was ridiculous. Derek felt the urge to look around for hidden cameras but then they were at the door to the ball room.

Talia stepped back to let the sheriff handle the dangerous intruder but John just stood there for a long moment before he dared to open the door.

"Hi, Dad." Stiles greeted him cheerfully, when John finally pushed open the double door.

"Hi, Stiles." The Sheriff answered in a way more pained voice.

"That's him, that's him. Arrest him." Talia pointed at Stiles as if there was any chance that they somehow missed Stiles sitting right there in the middle of the ball room.

Derek pinched the bridge of his nose, this was not how he'd pictures their first encounter to go down. With a sigh he stepped forward, better get it over with.

"Mom?" He had to raise his voice to get her attention. "May I introduce you to my boyfriend, Stiles Stilinski?"

"Your …?" She gaped at him. "What?"

"You must be Derek's mom." Stiles came up to them. "Nice to meet you. You're not going to throw any more flower pots at me, are you?" He grinned at her.

Only now Derek noticed the smashed pot on the floor, broken shards and soil scattered
everywhere.

"You threw a flower pot at my son?" John turned to her.

"I … I …" She stammered.

"In my general direction, she didn't hit me." Stiles clarified. "No need to arrest her or anything, just a misunderstanding."

Derek didn't know Stiles' dad well enough to know how close John actually was to arresting his mom but he really hoped that this would end without anybody in handcuffs.

John made a point of glaring at her and a little bit at Peter who had the time of his life before he shook his head and turned to leave.

"See you for dinner, boys." He said over his shoulder and then he was gone.

Derek watched him leave and wondered if he should do the same.

"Since when have you been in Beacon Hills?" His mother asked him, avoiding to even look at Stiles for now.

"We arrived yesterday." He answered truthfully.

"And you didn't tell me?"

Derek didn't have a good answer to that. He had feared how she would react to Stiles but this had turned out so much worse.

"Where are you staying?" She continued without waiting for an answer. "Your room is always waiting for you in the house. And we have a … guestroom for your … ehm … friend."

"That's boyfriend." Stiles corrected her.

"We're staying with Stiles' parents." Derek said, squirming just a little under her gaze. "But thanks for the offer."

"No, no, no." She hushed him. "Of course you're staying with us, we have more than enough room."

"We have three steps up to the front door alone." Derek reminded her. "And all the bedrooms are upstairs."

"But, but …" She became all flustered but couldn't really argue away the stairs.

"I can manage three steps." Stiles spoke up with a glance at Derek. "We could come by for a visit?"

They left shortly after that with an invitation for dinner the next day.

By then Talia hadn't really recovered from the shock but after throwing flower pots at his boyfriend, locking him in and calling the sheriff on him, Derek didn't really feel bad for her.

"At least Peter had his fun." Derek muttered when they passed the half empty van. "And you. You find this hilarious, don't you?"
Stiles just grinned at him.

They made it back to the Stilinski-McCall house where Derek took a long shower and put on some fresh clothes. He felt much better after that. Then Melissa insisted to have a look at the cut on his hand while Stiles was telling her in detail about his encounter with Derek's mom.

She got a good laugh out of it but Derek just wanted the floor to open and swallow him up.

"Don't feel too bad about it." She started to put away her things. "I almost hit Stiles with a baseball bat when he sneaked into my house."

"I didn't sneak in, I came in through the front door."

"The locked front door."

"I had a key." Stiles pouted but Derek got the feeling that this was an old argument between them.

"You weren't supposed to have a key." She threw up her hands but couldn't hide the fond expression as if this was a good memory.

"I always have a key."

The way he said it made Derek perk up.

"Do you have a key to my place?" He wondered, not sure how he felt about that. He didn't mind Stiles having a key. But the thought that he might have gotten one behind his back …

"No." Stiles shook his head and Derek believed him. "But I'd like to give you one to my place when we get home. And maybe …?" He blinked at Derek.

"Yeah, you can have a key."

Next to him Melissa made a sound as if this was the cutest thing ever.
When his phone rang, Derek let out a sigh. This was only the beginning, he knew that. It didn't make it easier to answer the call and he was tempted to just let it go to voicemail. His family would meet Stiles tomorrow over dinner, why bother with this now?

"Why didn't you tell me that Stiles is in a wheelchair?" Laura asked before he even had the chance to bring the phone to his ear.

"You never asked?"

"Yeah, because that's a normal thing to ask." She shot back. "Mom almost got a heart attack, she thought he was an intruder."

"She could have asked what he was doing there before she threw a flower pot at him." Derek reminded her.

"He threatened her."

"He's 147 pounds of pale skin and fragile bone in a wheelchair, how could he possible threaten her?" Derek didn't tell her about the muscles Stiles liked to hide under his wide shirts or how he could put authority into his voice or his posture alone. Stiles could be threatening if he wanted to be but Derek doubted that that had been the case.

For a second she was lost for words.

"She didn't expect somebody to be there, especially not a stranger." She finally said but there was no heat behind her words.

"Peter and I were making quite some noise." Derek said but suddenly he just felt tired. Why was he even arguing with her? If anything he should have this conversation with his mother. Or even better his mother should talk to Stiles and apologize to him. But so far she hadn't even addressed him directly.

Derek was alone in Stiles' room but he could hear the others moving around in the house. Scott and Isaac had just arrived and Jack was currently greeting everybody. Derek should probably join them. Or he could wait until Stiles had told his story. That was a tempting option, too.

"We're getting ready for dinner here." He said in an attempt to cut the call short.

"How is his family? Are they nice to you?" That was his big sister, watching out for her little brother. He rolled his eyes.

"So far nobody has thrown any flower pots at me." Derek couldn't resist to say. Thinking about it, he had startled Melissa pretty good this morning. She hadn't known him and intruder had most likely been on her mind before maybe Stiles' boyfriend. And she hadn't thrown anything at him.

"Ha, ha, very funny." She said but got the hint and they ended the call a moment later on the note that they would see each other tomorrow for dinner.

Derek turned off the phone and left it in the room, he wanted to at least enjoy dinner in quiet, before he went to see where the others were.
Of course the encounter with his mother was the topic of the evening but John assured him that this hadn't been the first time he had been called to arrest his own son.

"There was this one time when he and Scott stole a police vehicle." He told Derek, to which Stiles added: "We filled the tank." as if that made it any better.

And apparently they had been looking for a dead body in the woods at some point but as Stiles proclaimed, they hadn't found anything. He still sounded sad about that.

"Don't forget when he stole the key-cards for the sheriff's department." Isaac spoke up with way too much glee.

"I didn't steal them." Stiles pointed his fork at him. "I cloned them."

"Isn't that worse than stealing?" Scott asked. He looked as if only now he was realizing what had happened then.

Stiles looked at him. "It's smarter."

"And still illegal." John added with a resigned sigh.

They were joking about it but Derek got the feeling that at least John was guarded when it came to his mother. Talia had said some pretty mean things about Stiles just because he was in a wheelchair and that wasn't something John could let go that easily. Derek understood that, he felt the same.

After dinner Derek offered to help with the dishes and suddenly he was with John alone in the kitchen.

"I have to apologize for my mother." Derek said. He wanted to add that she hadn't meant it but it didn't feel right to say that.

"You did nothing wrong." John assured him. "And she …" He let out a sigh. "I'm willing to give her the benefit of a doubt. She thought he was an intruder."

That wasn't an excuse but Derek really didn't want to talk about this any longer.

Stiles' family had welcomed him and even after what had happened today, they had been nice to him. He wasn't so sure if his family would return the favor. He got a sick feeling in his stomach, thinking about dinner with them tomorrow.

Scott and Isaac left shortly after dinner, it was still the middle of the week, they had to work tomorrow. Derek wondered if they were living together but he didn't ask.

Melissa had to leave for work, another night shift, which left Stiles, John and Derek.

They made themselves comfortable in front of the TV with a beer and a bowl of chips. They kept the TV on low, not really watching but it was a nice background noise.

Mostly they talked. Stiles and his dad hadn't seen each other in a while so Stiles was talking about his life in New York and about their road trip and John was telling him about the things going on in Beacon Hills. Derek mostly listened to them, only a little jealous. He couldn't remember the last time he and his dad had been talking like this. Their lives were just too different, Derek guessed but Stiles and his dad didn't have much in common either. Stiles was an artist and part time teacher and John was the sheriff. But they still were interested in each other's lives.
So Derek just sat there, nursing his beer and scratching Jack behind the ear, the dog had for some reason glued himself to Derek tonight, and just listened to Stiles and his dad.

John had an early shift again the next morning so he went to bed around ten.

Once they were alone Stiles snuggled closer, resting his head on Derek's shoulder. For a moment nobody spoke, each of them lost in their own thoughts. Derek's were still running circles around Stiles' encounter with his mom.

"You know, you could have called me." It only now occurred to him that Stiles had known that he and Peter had been just outside, they had only been a phone call away.

"Where would have been the fun in that? Bed?" Stiles asked, already dragging him off the couch.

"You're impossible." But it did make Derek feel better, at least a little bit. Stiles being Stiles had let the situation escalate on purpose. However, that didn't excuse his mother's behavior.

Not much later they were lying in bed but neither of them was ready for sleep. They were both on their phones, checking messages and what not. Derek had three missed calls from his mother and part of him was glad that he'd missed them. There were also quite a few messages, from Laura and Cora and various others, he was actually surprised how many people had his number, but the only one he read was the one from Peter.

"Peter says that he had a word with my mom." Derek informed Stiles.

"I know, he wrote me as well." Stiles showed him his phone and Derek got a glimpse of the message but not enough to read it. "At least now your family knows."

"This is not how I wanted this to happen." Derek admitted. "My mom …"

"Stop thinking about your mom." Stiles turned off the light and laid down. "It's fine."

It wasn't but Derek was sick of thinking about it. He was sick of thinking, period.

Sleep was probably a good idea but with all what had happened today, thoughts were running through his head and he wasn't able to stop them.

"My head is so full." Derek whispered into the darkness.

Next to him Stiles propped himself up on one elbow.

"What do you need?" He asked gently and put his hand on Derek's chest. Through the fabric of his shirt Derek felt the long digits just resting there but it was enough to ground him.

"You." Derek breathed out but at the same time he knew that this was neither the time nor the place for this. They were in the house of Stiles' parents, his dad was sleeping upstairs and Derek had no idea how thin the walls actually were. Or if John was a light sleeper. He most likely was, as the sheriff he was bound to get nightly calls on a regular base.

And they had agreed on no sex while they stayed here. Not that sex was what Derek needed right now, not really. It was something more, something deeper. He couldn't put it in words but with Stiles he didn't have to.

Stiles studied him for a moment longer. There was some light coming through the window and his eyes caught it in an almost wicked gleam. Like a predator studying its prey but at the same time
Derek felt safe and cared for under those eyes.

"I got you." Stiles promised and sealed it with a kiss. "Get naked for me." His voice was only a whisper in the dark but it demanded attention.

"Your dad …" Derek started but he already had his shirt half-way over his head.

"Don't worry.' Stiles caressed his now naked chest with feather light fingertips. "I won't make you scream or beg. I just want to get you out of your head."

Derek had no idea what Stiles had in mind but a second later he was lying naked under the covers, waiting for whatever Stiles wanted to do. Which apparently was kissing.

He had rolled over, now half lying on top of Derek, a comforting weight on his chest, and they were kissing. Stiles had both hands buried in Derek's hair and he was kissing him slow and tender, as if he wanted to spent the whole night with just mapping out Derek's mouth.

"Relax." Stiles whispered over his wet lips. "I'm going to take care of you. You don't have to do anything. Just close your eyes and let me take care of you."

Derek let out a deep breath and closed his eyes.

"There you go." Stiles went back to kissing him, his tongue tracing along his bottom lip, before he went farther along his jawline and down his throat.

Derek just lay under him and let him take care of him.

A hand traveled down his front, playing with a nipple, and then it went down over his chest and stomach. Stiles took his time, following the lines of muscles and just touching every bit of skin he could reach. Then his hand dipped deeper and Derek felt his cock filling.

"I'm going to play with your dick for a while now." Stiles informed him. "You can come if you want but mostly I just want you to relax and enjoy."

"Okay." Derek said and his voice came out more sleep heavy than expected. He sank deeper into the mattress, it was warm under the covers and Stiles' touch was nice on him.

Stiles went back to peppering his throat with little licks and kisses while his hand closed loosely around his half-hard cock.

There was no urgency in his movements, he just started to stroke Derek as if he didn't care that he wasn't hard. Derek was getting there but with only the slow strokes of Stiles loose fist around him, it took a while until he was fully erect.

Stiles let his cock drop to rest on his stomach and went even farther down to play with his balls. He weighted them in his palm and rolled them gently.

Derek let out a sigh. This was nice. There was no rush in it and he wasn't even sure if an orgasm was the endgame here. He might just drift off to sleep while Stiles was ever so slowly stroking his shaft.

Stiles shifted to lie more heavily on top of him, his mouth now resting in the hollow of Derek's neck, the hot puffs of his breath ghosting over his skin.

The last thing Derek remembered before he drifted off to sleep was Stiles cradling his dick in his
hand.
Derek woke up with Stiles lying across him. He didn't even know how Stiles had managed that since he couldn't move his legs but there he was, feet hanging over one side of the bed and his head almost over the other. He had one arm stretched out as if he had tried to reach something but had fallen asleep before he got it. His other hand was right in Derek's face.

Derek let out a resigned sigh.

Stiles wasn't showing any sign that he intended to wake up anytime soon with his even breathing and pliant body. At least Stiles was a heavy sleeper and didn't stir when Derek shoved him down his body until he could wiggle his legs free. Now Stiles' head was almost at the foot end of the bed while his legs had stayed where they had been. After a moment of consideration Derek untwisted him as best as he could, draped the blanket over him and left it at that.

Melissa was already in bed and John off to work but Derek found a pot of coffee waiting for him in the kitchen. He fixed himself a coffee and when Stiles hadn't appeared by the time he'd finished it, he took Jack for an extended walk.

Half an hour later his phone vibrated in his pocket.

_You kidnapped my dog_

_Again_

Derek chuckled at the messages but since Stiles was obviously back among the living, he whistled for Jack to come back to him.

"Time to go home, boy."

They passed a bakery on their way and Derek shot Stiles a quick message that he would bring breakfast.

"How do you feel?" Stiles greeted him with a hug around his middle. He had waited at the door so Derek wouldn't wake Melissa with the doorbell. "Better?"

"Much better, thanks."

"Anytime."

They sat down for breakfast and when Derek's phone rang this time, he didn't have an excuse to not answer it.

"Your mom?" Stiles asked and was already eyeing the door to give Derek some privacy.

"Laura." He read the screen before he pushed the button.

"Morning," he greeted her, wondering what she wanted now. They had talked just yesterday and they would see each other later today.

"Derek." She said his name in a tone that told him clearly that he wouldn't like her next words. "I need you to drive me."

"What's wrong with your car?" He wondered, already suspicious.
"It's in the garage and Frank needs his for work." She explained. "He dropped off the kids this morning but I have to pick them up after school. And Cora asked me to pick up the champagne and the wine."

It was most likely her way to see him alone, without Stiles in tow, because even if her car was in the garage, he was pretty sure that there were more than enough people with cars in the family to help her out.

However, seeing her alone without the whole family around did sound nice and he hadn't seen the kids in a while so after a short glance at Stiles to see if he was okay with this, he agreed to pick her up at one in the afternoon.

Only after he'd ended the call he remembered that it was Stiles' car in the driveway and not his.

"How about we visit the clinic again," Stiles suggested.

"You just want to pester Scott and drop Jack on him." Derek reached for the last doughnut but when he noticed Stiles' face, he broke it in half and handed him a piece.

"There's a reason I keep you around," Stiles said, already munching on the doughnut.

"And you're not denying what I just said about Scott and Jack," Derek observed but Stiles just shrugged.

"Around noon you can drop me off at the station, I want to bring my dad lunch," he continued. "Just pick me up when you're done with the stuff for your sister."

"You don't mind?" This plan would leave him stranded at the station for hours.

"You have no idea how much time I've spent at the station," Stiles said and Derek didn't want to think about what he was doing while he was there. Somehow he doubted that Stiles would just sit quietly in a corner, playing on his phone.

They cleaned up the kitchen and then they were on their way to the clinic. The second Jack realized where they were going, he became all agitated and he couldn't get out of the car fast enough when they arrived.

As if Isaac had known that they were coming, and he most likely had, there were already bottles and hungry kittens waiting for them. Just like the day before, Scott and Stiles disappeared somewhere in the back, leaving Derek to feed the little kittens.

"You're good with them," Isaac observed from his usual place, sitting on the upside down bucket.

"It's not that hard." Derek dismissed him. Currently, he was busy getting that little wiggling thing in his hand to understand that there was something good happening here and that he wasn't trying to squish it. When he finally got it to accept the bottle, the kitten calmed down immediately and was sucking away happily. Its little paws were pushing at the bottle and Derek had a really hard time to not awww over this.

Jack had a wary eye on him and Derek had the feeling that the dog would have a word with him if he fucked up here. After a sniff at the kitten in Derek's hand, Jack rested his head on Derek's knee, muzzle just inches from the little cat. Once in a while he glanced up at Derek, it was such a worried dog expression, Derek had to bite back an amused chuckle, but most of the time Jack's attention was on the little cat.
"We're looking for people to adopt them but so far we've only managed to find good homes for two of them," Isaac told him.

There were six little bundles in the basket. Derek didn't ask what would happen to the ones that didn't get adopted.

Later Derek dropped Stiles off at the sheriff’s station and then he went to pick up Laura.

"Did you get a new car?" Laura asked when she spotted the unfamiliar car. "What happened to the Camaro?"

"The Camaro is not the best car for a road trip with a wheelchair and a dog," he reminded her. And it wasn't the best car for picking up children either. Which was even more proof that this was just an excuse to catch him alone, without Stiles.

"You have a dog?"

"Stiles has." Derek opened the door for her. "This is his car."

"He can drive?" She clearly didn't believe him but he couldn't blame her for that one, he had been suspicious as well.

Derek started the car and brought it back on the road.

"Where to?" He asked but Laura was just staring at the manual controls. Over the last weeks Derek had used this car quite often, by now it felt natural to him, but to her it must look alien to drive a car completely by hand.

Only with a delay she told him where to find the store.

"Has mom calmed down?" He asked. He hadn't answered any of her calls and she hadn't left a message so he didn't know what to expect from that front.

"She …" Laura started but stopped, biting her bottom lip.

"What?" If he was honest, he expected the worst. Derek had heard the things she had said about Stiles yesterday and if that was her opinion on disabled people …

"She wants to meet him." Laura finally said. "You know, properly. But yeah, she's kind of freaking out. She and Peter have been arguing yesterday, I don't know the details."

"What do the others think?" Derek dared to ask.

"Cora thinks you're doing this on purpose, to ruin her wedding." She answered without looking at him. "The way she talks … as if you're bringing a hooker to the wedding."

"Stiles is not …" He didn't even know what to say to that.

"She hasn't heard how you talk about him." She put a hand on his arm. "All she has to go on is what Mom has told her and frankly she's been biased from the very beginning."

"That's one way to put it." Derek snorted. "And you? Where do you stand?" It was sad that he was thinking about his own family in terms of friends and foes.

"I think that you really like him." She said carefully. "But I don't know him."
"Fair enough." Derek had to agree. So far Peter was the only one of his family who had actually met Stiles. They had been chatting for a while now and just like predicted Peter valued Stiles' mind and couldn't care less about his legs.

"Isn't it weird?" She asked after another long minute.

"What do you mean?" Derek asked but he could guess the direction she was going with this. Touching, intimacy, sex.

"Do you have to touch him?"

"I don't have to do anything." He threw her a glance and he didn't like the disgust he read on her face.

"His legs." She clarified. "And … you know. How …" She let out a frustrated huff. "C'mon, Derek, help me out here."

Derek gritted his teeth and kept his eyes on the road.

"Being in bed with …" She shuddered. "How can you do that?"

So far Laura had been supportive but now Derek just wanted to kick her out of the car.

"You haven't even met him." He forced his voice to stay calm but he had a white-knuckled grip on the steering wheel. "And what we do in bed and how we do it, is nobody else's business. I don't ask how you and Frank do it either."

"No need to get so defensive." She raised her hands in fake surrender but dropped the topic.

At the store they loaded the crates of alcohol into the car. Many crates. They would have never fit in the Camaro and Derek wondered what Laura would have done if they had been standing here with his car.

"How many people do you expect?" He wondered when the last crate of champagne was in the trunk. He had the feeling that it had been emptier with all their stuff for a three-week road trip.

Laura just gave him a look.

Then it was time to pick up Justin and Lucy.

"Uncle Derek, Uncle Derek." And with that he had two kids hanging from his neck, trying their best to suffocate him.

"Hey, you two." He hugged them back fiercely. The last time he'd seen them he had picked them both up with ease but they were five and seven now and they had grown since then and now they did weight a few pounds. No easy picking them up any longer.

It took a moment to get them all in the car.

"Mom said you have a boyfriend now," Justin said from his seat in the back. "In a wheelchair."

"And that you drove here. For three weeks," His sister added, holding up three fingers to illustrate her point.

"His name is Stiles and yes, he does sit in a wheelchair," Derek answered, a bit wary of what the kids might have overheard about Stiles.
"Have you been to Disney World?" Lucy asked, more interested in the road trip part than anything else.

"Don't be stupid, you can't go to Disney World in a wheelchair," Justin scolded her.

"Not Disney World but we have been to the Hershey Park," Derek corrected. "We went on all the roller coasters. And you know what the best part was?" He made eye contact with them over the rear view mirror.

They shook their heads in unison.

"Because Stiles is in a wheelchair he doesn't have to wait in line," he told them in a low voice as if he was telling them a big secret. "We could just walk up to the front and get in. And we had front seats for all the rides."

For a long second they just stared at him, eyes big in disbelief.

Then Lucy yelled: "Mommy, I want to be in a wheelchair!"
Derek dropped Laura and the kids off and brought the crates of wine and champagne out to the summer house. Lucky him, there was nobody at the house so he just dumped the crates in the hallway.

The tables and chairs were gone so he guessed that somebody had set them up already but he didn't stay to investigate. He did feel kind of bad for avoiding his mom but after his conversation with Laura, he wasn't in the mood for more. At least with the kids in the car she hadn't asked inappropriate questions any longer. Besides, she had been busy, talking Lucy out of the wheelchair idea. That might come up again once his niece had met Stiles. Balancing on the back wheels did look fun and the kids were not allowed to do that with regular chairs.

"I think my sister hates me a little bit now," Derek admitted when he picked up Stiles at the station.

"What did you do?" Next to the stairs leading up to the front door was a ramp which Stiles rolled down way quicker than necessary. On level ground he did a one-eighty to face Derek who was following him down the stairs. That maneuver would have left black marks on the asphalt if a car had been doing it. Which was exactly the point. The kids would see stuff like this and it was fun, no question about it, Stiles was having way too much fun with these stunts, and they would be back at the wheelchair for Lucy discussion. Justin had been thinking about the idea as well, he just hadn't voiced it, Derek was sure about that.

However, they wouldn't see the downside of it. The bad days or when people like Laura were looking at him in disgust. Or the fact that Stiles couldn't just stand up to get something from the upper shelf. To the kids it was all fun.

"I told them that you don't have to wait in line for the roller coasters and that you always get the front seat," Derek told him and threw him the keys which he caught with ease. "Now Lucy wants to sit in a wheelchair."

Stiles laughed at that.

"If I asked you to not show off tonight, would you respect my wish or would that just encourage you to show off even more?" Derek wondered aloud while he waited for Stiles to get in the car.

"Depends." Stiles hopped in the driver's seat and closed the door. "Do you actually want me to behave or do you want to piss off your sister even more?"

Derek thought about that for a moment. "I think I want you to just be yourself."

"That I can do." Stiles gave him a feral grin.

They spent the rest of the day at the Stilinski-McCall house, working on their laptops. Stiles had been working on his comic in earnest lately and now he was finally ready to launch the first page.

And being Stiles he made a big show of pushing the button to send it off into the world.

"You think people will like it?" Stiles asked once it was up.

"They'll love it," Derek assured him. He stepped behind Stiles and kissed him on the top of his head. "I love it."
"You're biased," Stiles said but leaned back to rest his head on Derek's chest. "You love me and the main character is somewhat based on you."

"True," Derek admitted. "But it's good, really good, people will love it."

The first page was the backstory, ending with the silhouette of a wolfed out Tyler in front of the burning house. Derek had never thought that a few panels could be so haunting.

Stiles just stared at the screen for a few seconds longer and Derek just knew that he was fighting the urge to refresh the page.

"You should give people time to actually read it," Derek said and folded his hands over Stiles' chest, just holding him close for a moment.

"Yeah, yeah." Stiles craned his neck to look up at him. "What were you doing?"

"Sorting through the tons of photos I made over the last weeks," Derek said. "Put some more online."

"Can't wait for the ones you made with the other camera." Stiles gave him a smile.

"Me neither but I'll need my dark room for that," Derek said and if he was honest, he didn't want to develop them anywhere else. Those pictures were just for them, private moments and way too often pictures of Stiles sleeping. He just looked too adorable when he was sleeping.

"It still sounds dirty when you say that." Stiles made a face.

Derek just rolled his eyes at him.

Then it was time to leave for dinner with the Hale family. They had both put on nice shirts and Stiles had been toying with his hair for almost an hour to force it into something he liked and in the end Derek just rubbed some gel between his palms and tousled his hair.

"For you it's easy," Stiles said and had a critical look in the mirror. "You just rock the scruffy look."

But he didn't touch his hair again.

"Nervous?" Derek asked and couldn't deny the uneasy feeling in his stomach. It was going to be one hell of a family dinner. But on the other hand, he was glad that Stiles would meet his family now and not at the wedding.

"A little bit," Stiles admitted with a wary smile.

"We don't have to stay long, just tell me if you want to leave," Derek told him. "You should pick a safe-word."

"Safe-wording out of a family dinner?" Stiles chuckled. "Okay, apple pie. If I say apple pie you get me the hell out of there. And same for you."

"Deal."

The Hale house was out in the preserve with its private driveway and signs basically saying "Fuck off" to anybody stupid enough to come out here.

"This reminds me of a horror movie I've seen," Stiles said, peering out of the window. Since Derek
knew exactly where they were going, he was the one driving today.

"We try to not slaughter locals." Derek deadpanned. "That draws too much attention. But I don't recommend hiking in this area."

"My dad is the sheriff and he knows where I am," Stiles told him.

"You might be lucky, then." Derek grinned at him and gave him one quick good luck kiss before they turned around the last corner, the Hale house now looming over them. It did look like something straight out of a horror movie, Derek had to admit.

He didn't see anybody but Derek was sure that they were watched. Which just added to the horror movie vibe. He just hoped that it wasn't foreshadowing how the rest of the evening would go down.

Then Stiles was sitting in his chair and they were heading for the stairs. Three steps had never looked so daunting to Derek. He had helped Stiles a few times over the last few weeks but never knowing that people were watching them, judging them.

"Stop thinking about them," Stiles said in a low voice, indicating that he knew about the unseen audience behind the windows. "Grab the handles and tilt me."

He stood perfectly aligned with the first step. Apparently, Stiles deemed it easier forward which was just fine with Derek, that way it was less likely that he would toss him out of his chair.

Stiles helped with the tilting but Derek had to push him up the three steps. Knowing that his family was watching, this was their first impression of Stiles, Derek wanted this to look normal and easy.

Stiles seemed to be on board with that idea because he didn't let Derek do all the work. He balanced himself and pushed as well and then they were up the stairs in one smooth move.

"See?" Stiles gave him a reassuring smile. "Easy."

His mother didn't wait for them to even reach the door before she opened it with a smile.

"Derek." She hugged him and Derek hugged her back. It felt good. Yesterday they didn't really have a chance to greet each other.

Then she let go of him and turned to Stiles.

"We didn't have the best start yesterday," she said. "Let's pretend it never happened? I'm Talia, Derek's mom." She held out her hand and for a second Derek wasn't sure if Stiles would take it.

"Stiles Stilinski." He took the hand. "Derek's boyfriend."

She caught herself but she did flinch at the last word. Derek was tempted to just turn around and leave but then he followed Stiles into the house.

At least the rest of the family had the decency to not crowd directly behind the door.

"You're right on time." His dad came out of the kitchen, a dish towel in hand and he dried his hands before he clasped Derek on the shoulder.

"Dad." With a gesture Derek directed his attention to Stiles. Not that it needed much directing, his dad was already not so subtly eyeing him. "This is Stiles."
"Andrew." His dad introduced himself and somewhat awkwardly they shook hands. "Nice to meet you."

Stiles opened his mouth to say something but a piercing voice cut him off before he could get a word out.

"Is he here? Is he here?" Lucy yelled on top of her lungs and then she came skittering around the corner. Her brother was right behind her and he almost barreled into her when she suddenly stopped, her mouth hanging open.

"You are in a wheelchair." She said in awe as if she had been convinced that all the adults had been kidding with her.

"I am." Stiles grinned at her and moved a little closer.

"That's so cool." The next second she was basically hanging from his armrest.

Derek knew that Stiles wasn't thrown off balance this easily so he did nothing to stop her but his parents both gasped and reached for her but then stopped mid-air, unsure how to proceed. After a helpless glance at Derek his dad eased off, but his mom did try to pry the child off of Stiles.

"Lucy, stop that." She hissed. "You're going to hurt him. I'm sorry, she doesn't know better." Her smile was almost desperate.

"I'm not hurting him." Lucy protested but didn't put that much weight on the armrest any longer. "Am I hurting you?" There was real concern in her voice and she was eyeing him closely before she put a hand right on his leg. "Do they hurt?"

His mom looked close to fainting but Derek didn't know what to say or do to break the awkward moment.

"Nope." Stiles let the word pop. "I can't feel my legs." Then he leaned closer as if he was about to share a secret with her. "I heard we're going to have dinner?"

"Grandpa made a roast and I mashed the potatoes." She gave him a proud grin.

"Sounds yummy," Stiles said and the tension fell a little. At least enough for Derek to breathe easier. "Want a ride to the dinner table?"

"Really?" She asked, already climbing into his lap.

"Lucy." Talia tried but it was already too late. Stiles rolled past her with the child sitting happily in his lap, her back to him so that she could gesture and give directions.

Justin was at their side and Derek was pretty sure that he would get a ride as well before the evening was over.

"Well." His dad made, watching the little procession disappearing through the door to the dining room. "He doesn't seem to mind."

Talia made a noise through her nose, not pleased at all.

Derek was still standing next to the door and he was still not sure if he shouldn't just use it. But that would mean dumping Stiles with his family so he made a step farther into the hallway.

When his mom turned back to him, she looked at him as if she didn't know him at all.
"Derek, why?" She asked, her voice breaking. "Was it something I did?"

"Stiles and I met, we clicked and we fell in love," Derek told her, carefully guarding his expression. "It had nothing to do with you."

He followed the voices of his boyfriend and the kids deeper into the house but he still heard his mom muttering to his dad: "Why can't he just find a nice girl?"
Derek found his boyfriend with the kids in the dining room with their heads stuck together. At least Lucy and Justin had no qualms pestering Stiles like they would pester anybody new to the family. Lucy had slid off Stiles' lap but she was now using the armrest again to push herself up in excitement. Her brother was calmer and he was still looking at the chair as if it was a puzzle to solve but he also was very interested in what Stiles had to say. Apparently, they were still stuck on amusement parks and the fact that Stiles could just skip the line.

"Mom said that it's rude to cut lines," Justin said. It was the first Derek had heard from him today but he had always been the quiet one.

"And she's right," Stiles told him. "But often I can't use the normal entrance, I'd get stuck and then nobody would get past me. That would suck, wouldn't it?"

The kids nodded in unison.

"So I use a different entrance which has its own line," Stiles explained. "Lucky me, most of the time I'm the only one in that line."

Derek couldn't help the warm feeling in his stomach when he saw Stiles with the kids and he just hoped that his mom would see the same. But when he glanced over at her, he doubted it.

From the kitchen entrance Laura and her husband Frank came into the room and they even managed to make it look as if they had been busy with preparing dinner and not as if they had been lurking around the corner to have a look at Stiles before they entered the room.

"Mom, Stiles says he doesn't cut lines," Justin told her in a loud voice. "He's not rude."

"I never said that, honey." Laura hurried to say, her face a little red on the cheeks.

"I'd never cut lines." Stiles pretended that he didn't notice her guilty expression and kept his focus on Justin. "Derek would strangle me. He had to deal with rude customers way too often, it would tick him off."

"Did you strangle customers, Uncle Derek?" Lucy asked as if that was the best thing ever.

"Only if they were really mean."

Next to arrive was Peter who only looked a little bit disappointed that he'd missed the introductions.

Cora and Miles came in a few minutes later and once again it was awkward as hell. Cora gave Derek the cold shoulder and he guessed that he would have to talk to her later to clear some things up but he was not looking forward to it.

She and her soon to be husband greeted everybody with hugs and kisses but Derek only got a short half-embrace before she turned to Stiles.

"Don't you want to introduce us, Derek?" She asked in a clipped tone. Cora wasn't the tallest person but with Stiles always sitting, everybody had to look down to look him in the eye. Which she did on purpose now.
"Stiles, this is my sister Cora and her fiance Miles." He said and took his place at Stiles' side. Stiles had still two kids plastered to him but he managed to get a hand free to greet them.

The last to arrive was Josh, one of Derek's cousins. Due to work his parents had moved to Michigan a few months ago but they didn't want Josh to switch schools this close to finishing high school so he stayed with Derek's parents until he graduated. After that it would be college anyway and who knew where that would lead him.

It was kind of cliche but Josh was a teenager so he did crawl out of his room at the last minute, greeted everybody with a wave and a general "hello" before he buried his nose in his phone again. He did have a curious look at Stiles but then he just accepted him as an addition to the family.

"Josh, can't you put that away for five minutes?" Talia scolded him but did nothing to enforce the rule. Most likely because Stiles was here and she didn't want to make a scene in front of their guest.

There was a moment of confusion in which they tried to figure out where Stiles should sit and which chair to remove for him but in the end the kids insisted to have him between them. And if Derek read him right, Stiles was more than okay with that solution. This way he had a child left and right as a buffer between him and the next adult.

Derek took the seat across from him so Stiles couldn't get attacked from the front either. It was sad but Derek didn't feel comfortable with his family today.

However, so far they had at least tried to be civil even if it was clear that they had no idea what to do with Stiles.

Andrew and Laura brought in plates and bowls and for a minute everybody was busy with filling their plates.

"Stiles, can you cut my meat?" Lucy asked, already pushing her plate towards him. On her other side Laura tried to hold her back but it was too late.

"Sweety, Stiles is our guest, don't bother him." She told her daughter.

"No problem," Stiles assured her and started to cut the meat. "This alright?"

Lucy nodded happily and proved it by putting a piece into her mouth.

"Thank you." She said around the bite.

At least she was polite, Derek guessed. And if he was honest, Stiles was the last person who would complain about somebody talking with their mouth full.

The next few minutes went by in silence, the only noises coming from all of them enjoying their meal.

"So Stiles." Cora broke the silence. "How did you and Derek meet?"

Derek froze with his fork in mid-air, they hadn't agreed on a story to tell about that. That they had met on a BDSM dating site, Stiles looking for a sub and Derek looking for a dom, wasn't a story to tell at the dinner table.

"Online." At least Stiles had the decency to swallow before he answered. "He made a comment on an X-Men quote on my profile and I asked him if he'd taken his profile picture himself. It kind of
grew from there."

Which was actually true. Stiles gave him a wink as if he knew exactly what was going on in Derek's head, which was probably true. Not that it was hard to guess this time.

Cora made a noise as if that proved her point. Whichever point that was.

"Did you tell him about your … condition right away or did you lead him on?" Cora asked in a tone that made clear that she was already sure about the answer.

It didn't help that she hit right into Stiles' insecurity when it came to his chair with this question. And in this case it hadn't just been about meeting Derek, it had been about the fact that Stiles was a dom and that his chair had been a deal breaker way too often.

"It didn't come up while we were texting," Derek answered for him. "When we set up our first date I asked how I would recognize him and he said that I should look for the guy in a wheelchair."

"And then he sneaked up on me and I almost fell out of my chair," Stiles added with an accusing tone and jabbed his fork in Derek's direction.

"You had your back to the door and your headphones on." Derek reminded him. "And you were dancing."

"I wasn't dancing," Stiles answered with a fake sulk.

"Could have fooled me." They exchanged a look over the table, for a second lost in fond memory.

"You can dance?" Justin asked the question which most likely was on everybody's mind.

"If I'm in the mood," Stiles said but didn't explain farther, leaving the whole table with a confused expression. Derek could show them a picture of a dancing Stiles but for some reason it felt wrong. He had entered a competition with that picture and he had no problems showing it to his friends and Stiles' dad but with his own family, he was wary. He didn't want to hear what they had to say about it.

"Can you show us?" Lucy asked.

"Maybe later." Stiles said vaguely with a glance at Derek. He had said something about giving Derek a lesson in dancing with him just in case it would come up at the wedding but so far they hadn't come around to that.

"Lucy, stop asking those questions, you're making him uncomfortable." Laura tried to rein her in. "Derek, why don't you tell us more about your road trip. I doubt the amusement park was your only stop."

"Yeah, I thought you would fly here," Cora spoke up. "Can you leave work for that long? I mean even if you leave right after the wedding, you'll be off work for how long? Two weeks?"

At the end of the table Josh snorted. "Dude, they've been on the road for three weeks already. Don't you follow his Instagram?"

"You too?" Derek groaned and couldn't help but wonder how many of his family were stalking him online. But it looked like at the table it were only Josh and Peter. At least that.

"Is that why you met with Peter yesterday? Did you ask him about that job offer I mentioned?" His
mother perked up. "Did you finally come to your senses and quit your job? You're coming back to Beacon Hills? That's wonderful."

"What?" Derek needed a moment to process her line of thoughts. "I'm not coming back to Beacon Hills. I live in New York, Stiles lives in New York, we like it there." There might be a place for the both of them, plus Jack, in the near future but leaving New York was not an option. And for sure he wouldn't move back here.

"Think about it." Talia almost begged him. "If you and Stiles are serious." And I hope not, hung unspoken in the air. "You'll need a job that pays better than what you have been wasting your time with the last few years. Think about the medical bills. And Stiles' family lives here, they can help you taking care of him."

"Wow, lady." Stiles cut in. His tone had some steel to it, demanding attention. It was almost his dom voice. "My medical bills are none of your business and they're none of Derek's business either. They are my bills and I pay them with my own money. And for sure I don't need a caretaker." He spit the last word back at her.

Over their trip Derek had been mistaken for his caretaker a few times and they had laughed it off and sometimes had even taken advantage of it but this was something different.

Talia gave Stiles a cold look.

"Your father is the sheriff and your stepmother is a nurse." She told him. "Your stepbrother is the local veterinarian."

"Somebody has been nosy." Stiles tried to hold up the brave facade but Derek knew him well enough to tell that his mother had struck a nerve.

"Point is, your family is not exactly swimming in money." Talia continued.

"Now I'm what? Some kind of gold digger?"

"Talia, I think this is enough." Peter stepped in but she ignored him.

"Besides, Derek isn't really swimming in money either, is he?" Stiles shot back and Derek just knew that his next words would be ugly. "After you failed to blackmail him into changing his majors by cutting off the money, you just paid enough to cover his college debts. He didn't even dare to quit his retail job because he didn't trust you to bring him all the way through college. So even if I were a gold digger, there isn't much gold to dig with Derek." There were hectic blotches high on his cheeks and his chest was heaving.

He threw Derek a glance, a silent apology for using this as a weapon. Derek didn't like the uncomfortable silence lying over the table and he would have preferred if this hadn't come up ever again but he did give Stiles the hint of a reassuring smile. His mom had been the one who had started this.

"Then tell us, Stiles." Talia crossed her arms over her chest and glared at him. "How do you earn your money?"
Derek closed his eyes, this couldn't end well. His mother did see photography, and art in general, as a waste of time even as a hobby so there was no way that she would like what Stiles was about to say.

And Derek was absolutely not looking forward to telling her about his latest change of career.

"I'm an artist," Stiles stated with his chin high, a clear challenge in his whole posture.

"So you are kept by Derek." Cora almost yelled as if he had admitted something with that. "Is he paying you to play his boyfriend as well? Is that what's going on here? Derek?"

Suddenly Derek was in the focus of attention and he had absolutely no idea what to say.

"Did you hire him to play your boyfriend?" She asked again. "Is this some sick joke? Is this your way to get back at Mom and Dad? They just wanted the best for you but no, you knew better. You ran off to New York to do your art and find yourself or whatever. And what did it get you? A shitty job, a shitty apartment and a shitty ex."

"Cora!" Peter bellowed.

"You're just jealous that Laura and I got somewhere in life!"


For a second Derek wasn't sure if Stiles had used the safe-word on purpose or if he'd just slipped up but then he noticed the iron grip Stiles had on the steel ring on his wheel while he gestured wildly with his free hand.

"We're leaving." Derek threw his napkin next to his half-eaten plate and stood. He just knew that whatever he would say next he would regret later. Or maybe not but it would break something between him and his family that wouldn't be easy to repair. So Derek gritted his teeth and stalked out of the room.

Stiles moved back from the table, did an abrupt one-eighty and was at the door even before him.

"Derek, wait." His mother called after him but he didn't turn around.

The last thing he heard was Lucy asking why they were leaving and why they had been yelling and Cora muttering something about where to get a professional photographer last minute but nobody was trying to hold them back.

"You okay?" Derek asked and put his hand between Stiles' shoulder blades the second they were out of the front door.

"Just get me out of here." Stiles turned his chair so Derek could help him down the stairs. This time Derek didn't care if somebody was watching them, he just wanted to leave.

While Stiles was struggling to get his chair into the car, he was literally shaking with anger, Peter came out of the house.

"What a lovely evening." He said, his voice dripping with sarcasm.
Stiles snorted at that and Derek just shook his head. If it hadn’t been so personal it would have been funny.

"Cora and my sister had no right to say those things," Peter said.

"Understatement." Stiles waved in the general direction of the house. The front windows were dark and there was no way to tell if somebody was behind the curtains, watching them. But Derek would bet money that there was.

"Are you going to tell us that they didn't mean it and that they will get their heads out of their asses eventually?" Stiles asked.

"No." Peter shook his head. He was leaning against the car, his eyes on the house. "They meant it, every word. And they wanted to hurt you, both of you."

"What do you want?" Stiles asked.

"I want to let you know that not the whole family is against you," Peter said surprisingly honest and straightforward. "The kids love you, Stiles, and Josh is on your side as well. He has found Derek's website a while ago and he's following him on Instagram. He knew about the chair and that Derek is trying to make a living out of his photography. He knew and he just accepted it."

"So we have the shady uncle, two kids and a moody teenager on our side." Stiles recapped. "Awesome."

Peter gave him a feral grin, pushed himself off the car and with his hands in his pockets he walked back to the house.

"No offense but your family is crazy," Stiles muttered and closed the door.

Derek hurried around the car and got into the driver's seat.

"There's a reason I live in New York." Derek reminded him. "Do you want to go home?"

The sheriff would be home by now and Derek wasn't sure about Melissa and if he was honest, he wasn't really in the mood to see more people right now.

The Hale house disappeared behind the trees and he breathed a little easier.

"Not really," Stiles answered his question with a delay. "But I have no idea where else to go."

"I might know a place." This felt way too much like when he'd been a teenager, the times when he'd gotten into an argument with his parents. He had to get away for a while then too. He just hoped that it still existed.

They hadn’t eaten much over the so-called dinner and even if Derek wasn’t that hungry at the moment he was pretty sure that it would change soon and Stiles was a stress eater anyway. So he made a little detour to get them covered with burgers, curly fries, and milkshakes.

"Where are we going?" Stiles asked, already molesting the straw of his shake.

"When I still lived with my family I needed a place to get away from time to time," Derek explained.

They were in a dead part of the town, a leftover from a short period of a thriving industry. And there it was, exactly like he remembered it.
"We are going to get killed out here," Stiles muttered after a look around but he did get out of the car and followed Derek into the abandoned train depot.

They were lucky. There was no homeless guy sleeping in a random corner, the blankets and other things Derek had left here years ago were still hidden where he'd left them and the blankets only smelt slightly moldy.

They set up shop in the same train cabin Derek had used when he'd come here alone. He had to carry Stiles the last bit because it was an almost knee high step into the cabin but there was surprisingly little stuff lying around the depot, Stiles had no problems navigating the place.

"I like it," Stiles commented and took the burger Derek offered him. By now the food wasn't really hot any longer but that was kind of part of the experience.

For a while, they just sat there on cracked upholstery with their moldy blankets and lukewarm food. It was good.

Slowly the tension seeped out of him and if the way Stiles' legs start to follow the pull of gravity again it was the same for him.

"I'm not sure if I want to stay for the wedding." Derek balled up the wrapper and put it aside. He would take their trash with them when they left, it felt wrong to litter this place with greasy wrappers and empty milkshake cups.

"Me neither," Stiles admitted. He leaned back until his head rested against the blind window. "It's still a few days, let's not decide that now."

"Probably for the better." Right now Derek was tempted to just drive back to New York.

Derek had always been alone when he'd come here and he'd really liked the silence. It had helped him think. With Stiles here, it felt strange and oddly familiar at the same time.

"So." Stiles drew out the word. Silence never sat right with him for too long. "When you came here, did you just sit here and brood or what were you doing?"

"Thinking, most of the time," Derek admitted. "Sometimes I brought a book or my homework."

"Where did you stash your porn?" He looked around, trying to peek under the seats, in search for said stash.

Derek glared at him but then he pointed at the seat to his left.

"Under there but I didn't leave it here."

"When you left Beacon Hills you came here to get your porn?" Stiles grinned at him but then he gave the blanket over his lap a suspicious look. "Are there come strains on this thing?"

"It's possible." Derek shrugged. There were way more questionable strains on that blanket.

"I can picture it." Stiles closed his eyes to emphasize the picturing part. "You, here alone, blowing off some steam."

"I didn't do it that often." Derek deflected but he had to shift a little to adjust himself in his jeans. The thought that Stiles was picturing him, jerking off, was hot.

Stiles rolled his head on the window and cracked open an eye to look at him.
"I'm kind of in the mood to climb into your lap and let you fuck me." He said. "Dirty, fast and angry."

They had never done it that way around. Usually, Derek liked to bottom but from time to time …

"You sure?" Derek sat up a little straighter.

"Yeah." Stiles licked his lips and pushed himself closer. "Fuck me."

"Do you have lube?"

"I have spit," Stiles told him, already struggling to get out of his jeans. "I'm in for a good spit roasting."

"No way." Derek put his hand on top of Stiles' to stop him. "When was the last time you bottomed?" For sure not in the last few weeks. Derek had been the one who had worn a butt plug for a whole day sometimes, he had been the one who got fucked on a regular base. Stiles never missed a chance to stuff him with his cock and as many fingers as possible. Derek would take Stiles' cock right here without a second thought, he didn't need much prep and he would be more than fine with spit for lube. But not Stiles.

"I want it to burn." Stiles pushed his hands away and opened his fly.

"It's not just going to burn, it's going to hurt. You might tear." No way was he going to risk that.

"I'm not going to tear."

"How much do you actually feel down there?" Derek had his suspicions about that. Maybe Stiles needed it to hurt to feel anything and Derek wasn't sure how he felt about that idea.

"Enough." Stiles assured him and when he noticed Derek's skeptical expression, he added: "Enough to enjoy it and enough to know if something is wrong. Satisfied?"

"Not really."

"Me neither but I will be once you're done pounding my ass."

Derek didn't hold him back when Stiles reached for his jeans and then he sank into the wet heat of Stiles' mouth.

"We could stick to blowjobs." Derek offered and let his head fall back until it hit the window with a dull thud. It had been his own hand when he'd come here, a blowjob was definitely a step up. With Stiles' skilled mouth on him, he wouldn't last long.

But Stiles had nothing of that. He just made sure that Derek's shaft was all wet and sloppy.

"Help me over." He demanded in a tone that was hard to resist. Even if he was at the receiving end this time, there was no doubt who was in charge here.

Then Stiles was straddling him, the tip of Derek's cock nudging his entrance and there was no way that it would fit easily. But if anything Stiles was determined.

He took a breath and pushed down. Derek felt his cock breaching the tight ring of muscles and he had to force himself to not buck up into that delicious tightness.

Stiles keened and then he bit down on the meat of Derek's neck but he didn't stop. Inch by inch he
worked his way down Derek's length until he was fully seated.

"You okay?" Derek asked, catching his breath. Stiles was so tight.

"Give me a sec." Stiles mouthed over the spot he'd bitten and didn't move for a long moment. Then he braced himself on Derek's shoulders and used that to push himself up. Slow at first but he gained momentum quickly.

"Fuck me." He demanded and Derek did.
Derek's softening cock was still buried deep in Stiles but neither of them was ready to separate just yet. Stiles snuggled closer, his face buried in the crook of Derek's neck and Derek just drew the blanket over both of them.

"I like your hiding spot," Stiles said, his lips brushing over Derek's skin.

Derek huffed a laugh and hugged him closer.

They made it back to Stiles' place late that evening. The house was dark but there were two cars in the driveway so chances were high that for once Melissa and John were both home at the same time.

They moved around as quietly as possible to not wake Stiles' parents and Derek was glad that they were in bed already. He had come stains on the front of his shirt and they both were in need of a shower. The abandoned train depot was a nice spot to get away for a while but it was by no means a clean place.

"Why did we even put on our nice shirts?" Stiles wrinkled his nose when he saw his shirt in proper light.

"We were trying to make a good first impression," Derek reminded him.

"They didn't care about first impressions." Stiles huffed in frustration. "It's your family and I know you love them but your mother and sister had made up their mind long before we got there."

There was nothing he could say against that.

Today was Wednesday, the wedding was on Sunday, they had time to decide if they really wanted to go or rather drive back to New York and Derek told Stiles that much.

"Let's sleep over it." Stiles decided and shifted in his chair. So far he hadn't said anything but Derek knew that he had to be hurting. Derek had ointment in his bag and if it wasn't better in the morning, they could ask Melissa for something stronger.

Stiles waved him off, saying that he just needed a good night's sleep and that he really didn't want to ask Melissa for that, but he did take the ointment.

Half an hour later they were lying in bed, both freshly showered and wearing clean clothes. Stiles was spooning him from behind and Derek just melted into him. However, they were both too wired to fall asleep just yet.

"I don't want you to feel as if you have to choose between me and your family," Stiles said. He had his arm loosely around Derek's middle, a familiar gesture by now. Most nights they fell asleep like this.

"I haven't really been close with my family in years," Derek admitted. "Mom had always been pushy. She means well but she can't understand that her idea of a perfect life is not mine." He let out a sigh. "Dad tries to be supportive but he tends to follow her lead. I've always been closer with Laura than with Cora but today …"

"Yeah." Stiles made.
"Thank you."

"What for?"

"For not being mad at me," Derek said. It was his family after all.

"You did nothing wrong." Stiles searched for his hand and then laced their fingers. "I love you, your family is not going to change that." He tried to sound reassuring but Derek felt the insecurity behind his words.

"Love you too." With Stiles it became easier to say those words. "And there's no you or them. It's always you and they just have to deal with that."

"And if they don't want to?" Stiles asked quietly.

"I didn't care what they thought when I left, I didn't care when I chose my majors in college. I didn't care with my relationships." He probably hadn't made the best life choices, Kate for sure had been the worst, but they had been his choices.

"Next week we'll drive back to New York and it's going to be just us again." He squeezed Stiles' hand.

"And Jack," Stiles added.

"And Jack." Derek smiled. "And maybe a cat. What do you think of a cat?"

"Already?" He felt Stiles smiling into the nape of his neck. "Usually Isaac needs one or two visits more."

"He does that often?"

"Almost everybody he ropes into feeding the kittens or puppies ends up with a new pet," Stiles answered. "How do you think I got Jack?"

With that in mind, Derek finally fell asleep and he slept deep and dreamless until morning.

Melissa and John were both there for breakfast, they would have to leave for work shortly after, and of course the first question, after the coffee one, was how dinner at the Hales' had been.

Derek and Stiles glanced at each other and silently agreed to only give the cliff notes. Which were bad enough.

In the end, John was fuming and close to arrest all of them for whatever. Melissa calmed him down but she too had an angry glint in her eye. Derek already felt sorry for the next one of his family who happened to be at her mercy at the hospital. Not that he doubted that she would do her job but for sure she wouldn't be nice while doing it.

But what Derek struck the most was that they didn't act differently towards him after they had heard the story.

"You made a huge impression on my dad," Stiles told him once they were alone in the kitchen. John and Melissa had left for work, leaving the kids as they put it to clean up the kitchen. "He likes you."

Derek had no idea why but he took it.
Since Stiles was sorer than he tried to let on to, Derek took Jack for a walk and by the time he was back, Stiles had given in and had stretched out on the couch.

They drove over to the clinic a little later than intended.

With the thought in mind that he would most likely, read definitely, take one of the kittens home, Derek paid more attention to the individual cats in the basket.

They were all cute and adorable. There was the brave one who according to Isaac had escaped and had gone exploring a few times already. One was extremely lazy and liked to lie between its siblings all day, that was also the one who took its sweet time with the bottle.

The other four just liked playing around. They were curious but not too adventurous and Derek was pretty sure that he would like one of those. He didn't want a cat he had to constantly keep an eye on, at least not more than with the average cat, but he didn't want one that slept most of the time and didn't want to be bothered by her personal can opener either.

Today the clinic was more busy than usual. Scott had a patient and no time for Stiles and Isaac went from helping him to answering the phone and greeting the people coming in with their pets.

The few minutes Isaac spent with them Derek used to sneak in a question or two on how to handle a cat. When he'd been a kid, they had two cats but they had been running around the property freely and only came home for food and a few scratches behind the ear before they were off again. In New York, he would have to keep the cat in his apartment and that was a new experience for him.

Isaac answered his questions as if he didn't know exactly what was happening here and Derek was sure that he would fake surprise when Derek was ready to tell him that he would take one of the little bundles home.

Since the clinic was busy today, they took Jack with them when they left shortly after noon. It was a nice day so they got sandwiches for lunch and then they were sitting in the park, eating their meal while Jack was playing with other dogs on the lawn.

Derek hadn't touched his phone all morning but now he dared to take it out.

"How bad is it?" Stiles asked but didn't crane his neck to have a look at the screen.

"Not sure yet." There were missed calls, quite a few actually, and messages. First he read the ones he hoped were mostly harmless, starting with Josh's. They never really had a reason to be in contact so it was kind of surprising to see a message from him.

"Josh says that you're awesome," Derek told Stiles. "And he wants to see us without the whole family around."

"Okay." Stiles nodded. "After what Peter said ... I'm not really surprised."

Derek typed out an answer, asking for a time and place, and then he moved on to the next message. This one was from Peter who told him that he had a talk with Talia.

"Had a talk with my dear sister." Derek read the message aloud. "What does that even mean?"

"That's all?" Stiles wondered.

"It's Peter." Derek put the phone down for a moment. "He likes to play games."
Stiles thought about that. "He doesn't even say what they have talked about."

"Exactly." Derek read the line again. "Or if it changed her mind or whatever."

"I like him." Stiles proclaimed. He finished his sandwich and threw the balled up wrapper in the nearby trashcan.

"Of course you do." The fact alone that they had each other's number and were texting on a regular base should be enough to keep Derek awake at night.

He didn't dignify Peter's message with an answer and moved on to the next.

Laura. He was torn when it came to her. She hadn't been outright hostile like Cora had been and she had been trying to be supportive but he didn't know where she stood. She too had overstepped quite a few lines.

This one was a voice message. Derek took a breath and hit play.

"Derek, I'm sorry." Came her voice out of the speaker. Derek didn't look at Stiles, he kept his eyes on Jack who was playing with a poodle, but he was very aware of his presence right next to him.

"What Cora said … that was uncalled for. And Mom … I have no words. But I wasn't really better, I know that and I'm sorry." She took a deep breath. "Lucy and Justin won't stop telling me how rude we all have been to you and Stiles. My five-year-old is calling me out and she's right." She let out a nervous laugh. "Anyway, can we start over? Please? Dinner at my house? I promise there will only be Frank and the kids. They won't stop asking for Stiles." Another pause. "Please call me."

The phone went silent and for a moment neither of them spoke.

"What do you think?" Derek finally broke the silence. "Want to give her a chance?"

He was painfully aware of the fact that he was asking a lot from Stiles here. Stiles was trying to make friends with his family and so far he had a flower pot thrown at him, had his own dad called in for him and yesterday he had been accused of just using Derek for his own benefits and/or being his paid pretend boyfriend only here to crash the wedding.

"It's okay if you don't want to," Derek added when Stiles didn't answer right away.

"Aside from Peter, she has been the most friendly," Stiles finally said. "She's trying. She's out of her depth but she's trying. And her kids are adorable."

"But if things escalate again," Derek reminded him. "We don't have to stay. We can leave whenever we want."

"Apple pie." Stiles put a hand on Derek's knee.

"Apple pie." Derek agreed.

He didn't call her, though, he wasn't really in the mood for that. Instead, he shot her a short message.

*We'll come over for dinner,* he wrote. *When?*

Meanwhile, Josh had answered as well. They would meet him at the lacrosse field after practice.
"Just like in the good old times." Stiles actually laughed when Derek read him the message. "You have no idea how often I have been lurking at the edge of the field while Scott and Isaac were doing their manly sports stuff."

"Have you been jealous?"

"Sometimes." Stiles played with the seam on the inside of Derek's leg. "I was a teenager and I hadn't been in the chair that long. I wanted to just get up and run with them. But I couldn't."

Derek put his arm around his shoulders and kissed his temple. There was nothing he could say to that.

"So, Josh after school and Laura for dinner." Stiles went back to their original topic. "Busy day."
They let Jack run around the park for a little while longer before they dropped him off at Stiles' place.

Then it was time to drive to the school to meet Josh.

Derek wasn't sure what the teenager wanted or expected from them but at least he was pretty sure that it wouldn't turn ugly.

When they arrived, practice was still on and they took a seat on the bleachers to wait for Josh. With all the protection they were wearing Derek needed a moment to pick his cousins out of the boys running around the field.

"I never understood lacrosse," he admitted. "I was more into basketball."

"It's fun." Stiles had parked his chair at the end of the bench so that they sat next to each other. "Scott and I used to play, you know, before. And after I threw balls at him. Sometimes he even caught them."

When practice was over, the boys trotted off the field to the locker rooms and the few people on the bleachers who had watched them left as well. Only Stiles and Derek stayed.

Josh must have hurried through his shower because only a little while later he came jogging up to them with his hair still wet.

"You came," he greeted them and took a seat one bench down from Derek, sitting on the edge so he could look at Stiles and Derek at the same time.

"Of course," Derek said and Stiles added: "As long as you don't throw stuff at us or say mean things."

"No promises." Josh grinned at him. "Yesterday was a clusterfuck, I'm sorry, you must think the worst of our family."

"There are a few people in your family I like better than others," Stiles answered and made a point of putting his hand on Derek's knee.

Josh shook his head but in a fond manner.

"So," Stiles said after a moment. "Did you just want to tell us that you don't have a problem with me sitting in a wheelchair or is there something else you want to talk about?"

"Aunt Talia can be … a bit pushy sometimes," Josh said, his gaze off into the distance.

"College?" Derek guessed. If this was anything like it had been back when he had been applying to colleges, it was no fun for Josh. The boy gave him a nod. "Let me guess, there are pamphlets showing up on your desk and every time you sit down on your computer, she's behind you, asking if you're working on applications?"

Josh gave him another nod. "It comes up over dinner most days. She, and my parents as well, want me to become a lawyer or a doctor or something like that."

"But that's not you," Stiles guessed. "What do you want to do?"
"Journalism." Came the prompt answer. "With a side of creative writing?" The last bit came out unsure and he was eyeing them as if he expected them to laugh at him.

"Sounds good. You even got the real job covered." Stiles made air quotes along with his voice dripping with sarcasm.

"If I wanted to work for a newspaper or a magazine or something like that." Josh let out a sigh.

"What do you want to do?" Derek asked gently. He had the feeling that they were the first who actually listened to him. He doubted that anybody had ever bothered to ask what Josh wanted to do with his life.

"I always liked writing," Josh said. "And I love to read about unsolved murders. Do you have any idea how many murders become cold cases never to be solved?"

"Yeah, there are …" Stiles started but Derek slapped his hand over his mouth. If he let Stiles start on crime statistics they would still be sitting here tomorrow.

Of course, mature as Stiles was, he licked his palm.

Derek made a noise of disgust but if he was honest, he had Stiles' saliva on way more private body parts before, no reason to make a scene because of a licked palm. He did, however, wipe his hand on Stiles' thigh.

Josh watched them with interest, his personal problems forgotten for the moment.

"Aunt Talia makes such a big deal out if this." He shook his head.

"Out of what?" Derek asked.

"Yesterday, after you left, she spent almost half an hour lamenting over the fact that you have to look at Stiles all day," Josh explained and ducked his head. "That you might have to touch him."

"I don't have to touch him." Derek corrected. "I want to touch him. When he lets me."

"Since she found out that Stiles exists, she's been talking about him a lot," Josh continued. Derek had kind of forgotten that Josh spent most of his meals with Andrew and Talia. He must have heard a lot. "I think she's still convinced that it can't be that serious since you're not a girl."

"I bet." Derek let out a sigh. "But she's wrong. I don't care that Stiles has a dick …"

"You like my dick."

"… or that he sits in a wheelchair." Derek ignored his comment but Josh cringed at it. "I care about Stiles, simple as that."

"I see that."

"Anyway." Stiles changed the topic and turned his attention back to Josh. "Unsolved murders."

"Right." Josh rubbed the back of his head. "I want to research them and I want to write books about them. Maybe turn them into something more fictional. You know, a novel based on real events. Something like that." He fell quiet at the end.

"I'd say, go for it," Stiles told him. "It's your life. And as a journalist you have options, you can work part-time or freelance while you write your books."
"I haven't told my parents yet but I decided to go professional with my photography not long ago," Derek offered. Since Josh was following him on Instagram, he most likely knew this already.

"About that." Josh was suddenly very interested in his shoes. "Cora, she can't think about anything than the wedding. After you left yesterday, she went on and on about getting a professional photographer. So I pointed out to her that she already has a professional. When they didn't believe me, I showed them your website. Sorry."

That was not the way Derek had wanted his mother to find out about his change in career but if he was honest, he was kind of glad that he didn't have to tell her himself now.

"How did she take it?" He dared to asked.

"She blames it on you?" Josh threw Stiles an apologizing look. "She says that you're a bad influence, that you put crazy ideas in Derek's head."

"As if I didn't want a camera for my sixth birthday. Or the fact that I have my own darkroom." It was just typical. "It's all Stiles' fault."

They all snorted at that.

"It didn't help that I told them that you are successful," Josh continued. "Andrew is convinced that Patreon is something to rip people off and I gave up explaining to them that you're basically a meme."

"I'm a what?"

"Mohawk guy," Stiles explained.

"Exactly."

Looked like Stiles had finally found somebody who understood his internet lingo because Josh grinned right back at him and then they were both looking at Derek with pity in their eyes.

Since all his friends had already left, they drove Josh home.

Josh watched with interest when Stiles got into the driver's seat and put his chair in the back.

"Talia makes it sound as if you need help with everything," he said when he'd taken his seat in the back next to the folded chair. "She didn't believe it when Laura told her that you drive your own car."

"I'm a functional adult," Stiles told him but glared at Derek when he snorted at that statement. "I can take care of myself. I have my own apartment, I earn my own money and I take care of my dog. I don't need help."

"I'm on your side, man." Josh raised his hands in defense.

Through the mirror Derek caught him having a closer look at the chair but didn't call him out on it. Being curious was not a crime and Josh actually was the first who dared to have a look. Even Peter, who so far had been the most supportive, had dismissed the chair completely. But it was a part of Stiles, it didn't define him but it was part of who he was.

Derek was sure that Stiles would drop Josh off where the private driveway met the road but he drove up all the way and parked in front of the Hale house.
"Your life, your decision," Derek reminded Josh. "And call me. Anytime."

Stiles had given Josh his number as well and he had even offered to talk to his dad, maybe Josh could work a few hours a week at the station. That would give him some insights on how the police worked their cases. Apparently, Stiles had spent quite some time at the station during high school and had learned a lot.

Derek had the suspicion that it would have been Stiles' choice of career if it hadn't been for the accident. Now he would be bound to desk duty and Derek just knew that Stiles would get bonkers if he had to work a nine to five behind a desk every day.

"And talk to Peter," Derek said when Josh reached for the door. "He'll help you."

Peter wasn't exactly the helping kind of person but he had a chaotic streak and he just loved to piss people off, especially Talia. He would support Josh just to annoy his sister.

"Will do." Josh got out of the car. "Thanks, guys."

Derek watched him walk up the stairs and open the door with mixed feelings. He hadn't answered his mother's calls and messages and for sure he wasn't in the mood to talk to her now so he was just glad, when she didn't bolt out of the door.

Stiles must have been thinking along the same lines because he kind of hurried to start the car and they both breathed easier when the house was out of sight.

He would have to deal with his mother eventually, and Cora as well, but not today.

"That wasn't too bad," Stiles said when he eased the car back on the road. "I like him. And I'm looking forward to reading his books."

"I bet." A good chunk of the ride Stiles and Josh had been talking about mysterious murders which had never been solved. Stiles knew disturbingly much about those.

They still had a few hours until they had to drive over to Laura's so for now, they went back to the Stilinski-McCall house. Stiles' parents were still at work but Jack was there, acting as if he hadn't seen them in days.

They set up their laptops on the kitchen table to get some work done until they had to leave later. Over the last few weeks, it had become something they did. Whenever they had a few hours to kill, they worked next to each other on their laptops, Stiles usually drawing and Derek sorting through the pictures he had shot over the day, uploading some of them to Instagram. They both had to maintain their social media and on the side Derek was constantly looking for more competitions he could enter or commission work that interested him. By now he even had a few people asking him if they could use one of his pictures for a book cover and one wanted a photo for their website.

What never stopped to amaze him, however, was the fact that people were actually supporting him on Patreon. Or were just buying pictures from his website.

"How's your comic coming along?" Derek asked when he noticed that Stiles wasn't drawing and was checking something on his laptop instead.

"Good." Stiles chewed his bottom lip. "Gaining readers. And I'm getting comments, mostly positive ones."

"Ignore the haters," Derek told him. He had come across one or two of those as well. Some people
just wanted to say something mean.

"Online or in real life?"

"We can't ignore my mom."

"We can try."
Derek drove up to Laura's house with mixed feelings. He didn't want a repetition of what had happened over dinner yesterday but he couldn't just pretend it hadn't happened either.

"We'll see how it goes," Stiles told him and put a hand on the nape of his neck. Derek melted into the touch and he wondered when it had been the last time that he had just been able to let go. The other night in bed but that wasn't the same. Maybe the next time John and Melissa were both out of the house …

When he looked over to Stiles he found him watching him closely.

"Soon." He promised. Somehow Stiles always knew exactly what was going on with Derek when it came to this. "I'll take care of you."

Suddenly the hand on his neck didn't just feel like a gesture of comfort. It was still that but no longer given by his boyfriend. This was his dom who was firmly kneading the tense muscles in his neck. A grip gentle but firm and demanding. Under that touch, Derek felt something in his chest uncoil and he let out a long breath.

"There you go," Stiles said with pride in his voice.

The kids must have been waiting at the window because Stiles didn't even get his chair out before the front door flew open and Lucy came running towards them with a high squeal. Justin was following her a little slower but he too had a wide grin on his face.

At least the kids were happy to see them.

"Stiles! Stiles!" Lucy yelled and then barreled into him. She slung her arms around his middle and didn't even let him get out of the car. "Can I ride with you again? Can I? Can I?"

"First you have to let me get into my chair." Stiles pointed out but he ruffled her hair. "And I think it's Justin's turn. If he wants."

"But I want to ride with you." She pouted.

"You had your turn yesterday." Stiles reminded her. "Now it's Justin's. But tell you what? We can make a little round later, how does that sound?"

She didn't really look convinced but she nodded.

"A long round." She clarified but then she let Stiles get into his chair.

Justin had been watching them, a longing expression on his face but Derek knew he would never have asked to ride with Stiles. But when Stiles motioned for him to hop on, Justin hurried to sit in his lap. He was bigger than Lucy so he sat with his legs hanging down on one side and his butt sticking out on the other and after a moment of awkward fiddling Stiles put Justin's arm around his neck so he had something to hold on to.

Laura's house didn't have stairs and Stiles could just roll up to the front door where Laura and Frank were waiting for them. They had watched the scene at the car with a worried eye but hadn't interfered.
She did make a pained face when Stiles with Justin sitting on his legs moved past her and Derek saw her hands twitching but she didn't try to get her son away from Stiles.

"Is this okay?" She hissed at Derek. "I don't want Justin to hurt him."

"He wouldn't have offered if it wasn't okay," Derek assured her. "He carries a lot this way."

The most memorable time had been when Stiles had decided that he didn't like his books where they were any longer and had moved the bookshelf to the other side of the room. How he'd gotten the shelf across would forever stay a mystery, when Derek had come into the room Stiles had already been busy with carrying the books from one side to the other. And because he was a lazy ass, he had stacked them high enough on his legs that he had to rest his chin on top to keep them from toppling over. And of course, he had carried three stacks at once. It had reminded Derek of Jenga.

The dinner table was already set, with one chair less, indicating where Stiles would sit.

"This is your place," Lucy explained nevertheless. "And I'm going to sit here." She climbed on the chair on the right.

"Can I sit on your other side?" Justin asked when he climbed out of Stiles' lap.

"Sure," Stiles agreed easily. "And where is Derek's place?"

At that Lucy jumped off the chair and ran around the table.

"Here." She grabbed the chair across from Stiles. "Next to Daddy. And Mommy is sitting at the front."

Derek had to say, having the kids around helped. The awkward silence between the adults wasn't that noticeable when Justin was showing Stiles something he'd done for school and Lucy was pushing her favorite teddy bear into his face.

"Can Norbert sit in your lap too?" She asked when the bear was already sitting in Stiles' lap.

"Norbert?" Stiles raised an eyebrow at her but let Norbert be where he was.

Lucy just nodded at the odd name.

"Stiles?" Justin had put his homework down. "Have you been born this way?"

Next to Derek Frank almost dropped the beer bottles he had been about to offer and Laura hissed a "Justin" at her son but the question was out. Now both kids were looking expectantly at Stiles, waiting for his answer.

"No," Stiles said, Norbert in his hands. "I wasn't born this way. When I was your age I ran around and climbed trees and all that stuff."

"What happened?" Justin asked. He must sense that this was a tough topic for Stiles because he put his hand on Stiles' arm. And Lucy climbed back into his lap and Stiles held her and Norbert close.

"I was older than you, Justin," Stiles said and Derek felt the urge to just hug him close but the kids were already doing a good job at that. Frank and Laura just stood there, not sure what to do. They were curious to hear Stiles' story as well, they would never admit it but they were both holding their breath for Stiles' next words.
"We were in the car, my mom and I," Stiles finally said, his voice distant. "Another car hit us."

"You got hurt?" Lucy asked. She had slung her arms around his neck and was holding on tight.

"I got hurt," Stiles said. He was clearly fighting with tears now.

"And your mom?" Justin asked the obvious question.

Next to Derek Laura inhaled sharply. Thanks to their mom they all knew that Stiles had a stepmom, it wasn't hard to guess what had happened to his mom.

"She got hurt too." Stiles' voice broke. "Pretty bad. She died."

Sometimes children amazed Derek. Neither Justin nor Lucy said anything to that, they just hugged him closer. Somehow Justin fit in Stiles' lap as well and now he had two kids hanging on to him.

"I didn't know," Laura whispered to Derek.

"You couldn't know," Derek assured her. "It's okay."

"You can keep Norbert." Lucy was the first to speak. "He always helps me when I'm upset."

"No, it's okay." Stiles cleared his throat. "He's yours."

"I want you to have him."

"Okay, thank you."

And with that Stiles owned a teddy bear named Norbert.

It took a moment to come back from this emotional mess but Frank offered them beer and Laura went to see how things were in the kitchen and after a few minutes they were talking about lighter topics.

The kids helped with that as well, chatting along about what had happened at school and how they were looking forward to the wedding. Derek doubted that they were really interested in the wedding, things like that turned to get boring for children rather quickly, but it had been the topic for weeks now and it had rubbed off.

"Josh said that you're now a professional photographer?" Frank asked. They were nursing their beer and desperately trying to find a topic that wasn't a landmine.

"I'm giving it a try," Derek answered. "So far it looks good."

That led to Stiles' profession which was a bit harder to grasp. But he had been making a living out of it for years now and he had some commission work to show.

When Lucy found out that he had designed the box of her favorite cereal she scrambled off Stiles' lap, dashed to the kitchen and came back with the whole box. And she insisted that she had those for dinner today.

But it did put some perspective on the whole artist thing. With that kind of proof right in Lucy's hands it was hard to deny the fact that, yes, one could make a living out of art.

The way Laura looked at that realization told Derek that she had a few things to tell their mother. Not that he had ever doubted that Laura would call Talia the second he and Stiles were out of the
Dinner went surprisingly well. Lucy had her cereal and the others had meatloaf with green beans and mashed potatoes. Since Lucy was the queen of mashed potatoes she had been in charge of that while Justin had shaped the loaf.

After dinner, it was time for the kids to go to bed but first Lucy insisted on the promised round in Stiles’ lap. He did roll up and down the hallway with her a few times but then he stopped in the middle of the living room.

"Hold on tight," he told her and then he was on his back wheels. Lucy let out a surprised scream and for a second Derek was sure that the flailing girl would put Stiles off balance but he caught himself with ease. Then he was balancing on the back wheels, moving back and forth.

For Derek it was such a common sight to see, he didn't really pay attention to it any longer. It was a nervous habit and some days Stiles was more on his back wheels than on all four. But for the others it was new and at least Frank and Laura looked as if they were sure that they would crash any second now. Justin looked more jealous than anything else.

After the first moment of shock Lucy did realize that she shouldn't move too much and with that it was way easier for Stiles keep the chair tilted.

Of course, he had to give Justin the same ride after that. The boy was bigger and weighted more and it was visible that it was way harder for Stiles to keep them balanced but he managed. But he did keep Justin's ride shorter than Lucy's.

Derek doubted that the kids would be able to sleep any time soon but Laura took them to get them ready for bed and they at least stayed in their rooms after that.

After the kids were in bed, the adults made themselves more comfortable with another beer. They hadn't really been drinking but they had a beer or two. Derek had the suspicion that it was to make the following conversation a bit easier.

"Have you talked to Mom?" Laura asked. She and Frank were sitting on the couch while Derek and Stiles had taken the chairs. Stiles had transferred to the chair with a sigh of relief, he had been sitting in his wheelchair all day and he must still be sore, which got him some surprised looks. Laura and Frank had probably thought that Stiles was bound to the chair at all times. However, sitting in a normal chair made it easy to forget that Stiles couldn't just stand up and walk away.

"Not yet," Derek answered her question. And if he was honest, he wasn't looking forward to it. "What about Cora?"

Laura took a sip of her beer to gain some time.

"Peter had a few words to say to both of them," she finally said. "But Derek, you have to understand, this is not an easy thing to swallow."

"Why?" He didn't understand it. "Mom was surprised that I'm bringing my boyfriend but I thought she had come to terms with that. Why is it such a huge issue that he's in a wheelchair?"

"It's not." She threw Stiles a glance. "Mom is just worried about you."

"Because I'm not that sweet abled girl that's going to give her more grandchildren?"
Derek left Laura's house feeling drained but in a good way. Laura was trying. She was caught in the middle but she was trying to bridge the gap between Stiles and him on one side and Talia and Cora on the other. He just wasn't sure how much she could actually do.

She would call their mom tonight and Derek had promised to talk to her in the morning. He was not looking forward to that. But maybe Laura could set some things straight.

When Stiles parked the car at his house, they just sat there for a moment. The house was dark and there were no other cars in the driveway.

They had agreed to no sex while they stayed here and that was not what Derek was thinking about right now. However, he was thinking about Stiles' hands on him.

Derek did not feel right in his own skin, his thoughts were too loud and his body too tense. The evening had been nice and there hadn't been any more drama but the whole situation with his family left Derek in an uneasy state of mind.

"Did we have too much to drink?" Derek asked. Over the evening he had two beers, Stiles only one and that had been hours ago. And Stiles had felt fit enough to drive so maybe …

"I thought you'd need some stress release." Was all Stiles said to that. Derek didn't know what he had in mind but that statement alone let him breathe easier.

Stiles leaned over and caught his lips in a demanding kiss which he ended abruptly after a sharp nip at Derek's bottom lip.

"Go ahead," Stiles told him and with that tone, Derek couldn't do anything but obey. Stiles would need a moment to get his chair out of the car so Derek was in no hurry to get rid of his jacket and boots and then he was standing in the living room, waiting for Stiles.

The house was empty and it felt kind of strange, standing alone in the quiet living room with pictures of Stiles and his family looking at him.

There was another woman in the pictures with a young Stiles, his mother Derek guessed. And little Stiles was standing and running around in those. Then there were pictures of Stiles in the wheelchair, alone or with Scott and sometimes with his dad. Then Melissa joined the pictures and they were looking like a family again. A whole story told in just a few snapshots.

Of course, the moment Derek was distracted by the pictures was the moment Stiles sneaked up on him and gave him a good slap on the ass. Derek yelped in surprise and the next second Stiles had turned him around, both hands firmly on his butt. Derek had to stand with his feet wide apart to give Stiles' chair room and he was painfully aware of how close Stiles' face was to his crotch.

"Take a quick shower, get nice and ready for me," Stiles told him but didn't let go of him quite yet. He kneaded the muscles of Derek's butt for a moment longer. "I want you naked on the bed, on your front. Wait there for me." Stiles dug his fingertips into the cleft, bringing him to his toes, but then he dismissed him with another slap on the butt.

When Derek came out of the bathroom, Stiles was nowhere to be seen so he padded over to their room with nothing but a towel around his waist. They were alone but it did feel wrong to walk around naked in this house.
Stiles had removed the covers but he'd left a pillow for Derek which he was hugging now. Then he just lay there and waited for Stiles.

There was anticipation, there always was, but just lying here, knowing that Stiles would help him to get out of his head, already calmed his mind. Derek let out a breath and let his body melt into the mattress.

"You are beautiful." Stiles suddenly said. He must be still at the door from where he had a good view of Derek's legs. And where they met. To give him a better view Derek parted his legs a little more.

"And so eager to show me what's mine." Stiles chuckled. His voice had moved. Derek was pretty sure that he was now exactly at the end of the bed but he didn't lift his head to confirm it. "Put your feet over the edge, show me everything."

Derek felt his face warming up but he spread his legs until his feet dipped over the sides of the bed.

"Spread your cheeks, show me that pretty hole of yours." There was hunger in his voice and Derek felt his eyes on him but so far Stiles hadn't touched him.

Derek bit back an embarrassed groan but he did reach back and spread his cheeks. He felt his hole twitch under Stiles' eyes.

"So pretty." Stiles breathed out. "I could watch you like this the whole night."

Derek hid his face deeper in the pillow but under him, he felt his dick filling rapidly.

"Or I could eat you out," Stiles added after a moment. "Would you like that? My mouth on that pretty hole of yours?"

"Yes," Derek said and dug his fingers more firmly into the meat of his ass to prevent himself from humping the mattress. "Please."

"That's not the answer I want to hear and you know it." Stiles made a disapproving noise. "Do you want my mouth on your pretty hole?"

Derek gritted his teeth, why did Stiles have to do this to him every time? And why was it still so hard to say?

"Please." Derek forced the words out. "Put your mouth on my ... pretty hole."

"There you go."

The mattress between his legs dipped when Stiles transferred over to the bed. Derek didn't even know if he was still fully clothed or not. He hoped not, though.

"Hold it open for me, would you?"

Stiles was still not touching him but Derek felt him move between his legs. And then a pointy tongue dipped right into his center. Derek yelped in surprise and almost lost his grip on his cheeks which earned him a soft laugh from Stiles.

"A bit jumpy, aren't we today?" He asked, his breath ghosting over Derek's entrance.

"Just get to it already," Derek told him.
"And demanding." Stiles licked with his broad tongue over his center and for a second Derek feared that he would just tease him more for mouthing off. But then Stiles dove in and started to eat him out for real.

Derek felt himself relaxing under Stiles' clever tongue. First, the tight ring of muscles gave but it didn't take long and his hands slipped off his cheeks and when Stiles didn't say anything, Derek left them where they had fallen to the mattress.

His rock hard erection lay trapped under him and he caught himself rocking his hips slightly but there was no urge behind it. He could just lay here and let Stiles eat him out for hours. Maybe that was the point. Like the other day when he'd fallen asleep with Stiles' hand on his dick.

But then, when he was all loose and slick with Stiles' saliva dripping down his balls, Stiles stopped.

"I want to try out the flogger today," Stiles told him. He let his fingertips trail over Derek's right cheek, imitating the tendrils of the flogger.

"Yellow," Derek said and tried to brace himself on his elbows but Stiles held him back with a firm hand between his shoulder blades.

"Hear me out, please." Stiles let go of his back but Derek didn't try to get up any longer.

"I'm listening."

The flogger was high on Stiles' list but Derek hadn't done anything with it so far, except for using it as a prop for his pictures, and he wasn't sure if he wanted to give it a try now. Today was about getting out of his head, to stop him from thinking too much and most of all to get him to relax. He wasn't sure if the flogger would do the trick. Pain play was not what he'd expected tonight.

"It's not about the pain, not today." Stiles kept on with the fingertips on his butt, ghosting over his skin in a strange pattern. "I can make it soft, a good kind of pain, one that will help you relax. If you let me."

Stiles could have used his dom voice for this, demanding Derek to obey, and Derek was pretty sure that his answer would have been red to that. But Stiles didn't. He was asking, almost pleading, for Derek to trust him on this.

"Green."

"You won't regret it." Stiles kissed the small of his back. "Stay like this."

Derek's feet were still hanging over the edge of the bed, his legs spread wide, which would give Stiles an easy target. He'd thought that they would try out the flogger in a more traditional position with Stiles hitting him from the side, that way his center and balls would have been safely out of the way, but it looked as if Stiles had other plans. At least he didn't tell him to spread his cheeks again.

Stiles moved between his legs, to find a better position, Derek guessed, but he didn't get up to get the flogger. So he had planned this all along.

"You can come if you want," Stiles told him and Derek almost laughed at that. He had come from Stiles torturing his balls that one time but he doubted that getting his ass whipped would get him there. His erection had flagged down the second Stiles had mentioned the flogger and Derek doubted that it would come back with this. Why Stiles had taken his time to loosen him up just to make him all tense again was beyond him but he was willing to give Stiles the benefit of the doubt.
"Relax."

What was whispering over the swell of his ass now was not Stiles' fingertips. Derek shivered and he felt goosebumps pebbling his skin.

The first blow hit right in the middle. The tendrils flicked over both cheeks and dipped into the cleft, even licking over his balls, and Derek went rigid out of surprise. It didn't hurt, though. The flogger was made out of soft leather and Stiles hadn't put much force behind the blow.

Derek let out the breath he was holding and dared to relax and that was when the next blow hit. He flinched but this time he relaxed almost immediately again.

"Shh," Stiles made. "You're doing good, just let me take care of you."

Derek nodded into the pillow he was still hugging. He forced his fingers to uncramp and when Stiles hit him the next time, he didn't even flinch.

Stiles found his rhythm. Slow and steady he delivered the blows, right, left, center, right, left, center, it was almost hypnotic. And it didn't hurt, not really.

Derek felt his butt warming up, a warmth that went deep into the muscles. And the pain, if he could call it that, was a pleasant one, aching and dull like from a good massage.

Derek lost every sense of time. His mind was floating and he just let himself sink deeper into the warm nothingness. He didn't need to do anything, he didn't need to think, he could just be.

He might have been humping the mattress under every blow from the flogger, he might have been moaning and crying. Or maybe not. He wasn't sure and he didn't care.

And then, suddenly, everything went wrong.

There was a scream and yelling but it took Derek a moment to realize that the voice wasn't Stiles'.

Derek snapped out of his floating state and tried to turn around to see what was going on, and to not present his ass to the person in the door any longer, but Stiles was still between his legs and for a second they were just a tangle of limbs. Derek almost kicked Stiles off the bed before he managed to draw his legs in enough to get past him. Distantly he noticed that Stiles was at least wearing sweatpants. Derek didn't even have the blanket to cover himself up. Knees under his chin and sitting at the far end of the bed, which his sore ass didn't like at all, he finally dared to look at the intruder.

Melissa was standing in the door, in her pajamas and with a baseball bat in her hands.

Between them, Stiles tried to move enough to put himself between Derek and his stepmom but Derek was pretty sure that she had already seen everything there was to see.

"You don't even play baseball!" Stiles yelled.
Chapter 43

Melissa was standing in the door with a baseball bat in hand and Derek was certain that she had had a good view on his red and beaten ass just a second ago. Now she was just gaping at them.

Meanwhile, Stiles was in real danger of falling off the bed in his attempt to block her view on Derek.

"It's not …" Stiles started but for once in his life, he was lost for words. Because it was exactly what it looked like.

By now Derek had grabbed the pillow which he was now firmly pressing into his groin, at least she couldn't stare at his junk any longer. He doubted that she had been staring at his now shriveled cock but it had felt like it.

Her eyes were darting around, from Derek to Stiles to the flogger on the bed and back to Derek.

"Oh my god!" She finally found her voice again and lowered the bat when suddenly a hand closed around her upper arm. She screamed in surprise when she got snatched out of the door frame.

Then the sheriff stood in the door, gun drawn and scanning the room for an intruder.

However, Melissa didn't take well to the manhandling.

Derek wasn't exactly sure what was happening but suddenly John was on his knees, his gun on the floor and Melissa was standing over him with the bat raised for a second blow.

"Dad!" Stiles yelled and now he did fall off the bed in his hurry to get to his father.

"John!" Melissa dropped the bat and was next to her husband in a heartbeat. "John, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry."

Derek was still sitting butt naked on the bed, clutching his pillow, and wondering where the hidden cameras were.

Of course, Jack had to come looking what all the fuss was about as well. He squeezed his way through the door, gave the three people on the floor a curious look and when he decided that nobody was in intimidate danger of dying, he jumped up the bed and settled next to Derek.

The dog tilted his head at him as if he wanted to ask "What are they doing on the floor?" to which Derek didn't really have an answer. But he used the moment of distraction to put on some pants.

By then John was sitting on the edge of the bed with Melissa fussing all over him. He batted her hands away before she could wrangle him out of his shirt to look at the damage.

"I'm fine." John insisted and gestured at his son who was currently struggling with his chair. "You could help Stiles instead."

John tried to bend down to get his gun with his left hand, he kept his right arm tucked against his side, and Melissa had to grab his good shoulder to prevent him from just falling over. So much for being fine, Derek thought but on the other hand, he was glad that John and Melissa were distracted.

Stiles was the only one who even seemed to remember that Derek was also in the room and he had his eyes locked on him. Which didn't help with his attempt to get into his chair.
Derek was tempted to tell him to just look what he was doing but somehow the words got stuck in his chest.

"Shit." Stiles' eyes widened almost comically and he scrambled frantically to get into his chair. Derek just gave him a puzzled look but then he noticed how much his hands were shaking. Cold sweat broke on his skin.

"I don't feel so good." He wanted to say and then he was already hanging over the edge of the bed, spitting green beans on the floor.

Then there was a hand on the nape of his neck and out of the corner of his eye, he saw the wheelchair next to him.

"It's okay, let it out, it's okay." The words washed over him. Stiles was rubbing soothing circles into his skin with his thumb and he didn't flinch when Derek vomited all over his foot.

"You said it wasn't sex noises." John hissed somewhere behind him.

"It wasn't." She hissed back loud enough for Derek to hear her even over the rushing of his own blood in his ears. "It was this."

Another wave of nausea hit him and he stopped caring what they might think of him or Stiles or the whole situation.

"Melissa!" Stiles' voice cut through his dizzy mind. "I need water and a washcloth. And some fucking privacy would be nice too!"

Derek must have zoned out for a bit because the next thing he knew was that the cool washcloth felt really nice on his hot face.

"You with me again?" Stiles asked and Derek wanted to laugh at that but he was only puffing out sour air. Stiles always asked him that when he was coming around after a scene. Usually, he felt better at this point.

He managed a nod and let Stiles ease him down into a lying position.

"You came up too quickly," Stiles told him and put a fresh washcloth on his forehead. "Your autonomic system went into overdrive. That causes the nausea, the cold sweat, the trembling and all that. I know it's no fun but it will calm down in a minute."

Derek understood only half of what he was saying but his rambling alone was comforting. On his other side a warm body was inching closer and then he felt Jack's wet nose on his throat. The dog was making whiny noises so Derek made the effort to lift his hand and to put it on Jack's shoulder. Besides, the warmth coming from him felt nice.

Jack let out a huff and settled more firmly into his side. He probably thought that Derek was having a bad day which wasn't that far off.

"I'm more worried that you might drop mentally," Stiles said after a moment. Or he had been talking all along, Derek wasn't really paying attention.

"I'm fine." Derek coaxed out. And he was, kind of, as long as he wasn't thinking too closely about what had happened. "My ass hurts."

At that Stiles laughed.
"Perks of having a nurse in the house, I have ointment and something for the pain at hand. What do you need?" He asked but Derek shook his head.

"Don't wanna move." He said dozily. His backside didn't hurt that much and he'd found a position that was more or less comfortable and didn't make him nauseous again. He wasn't moving ever again.

"What happened?" He asked after a long moment.

"Hell if I know." Stiles wrung out the washcloth with more force than necessary before he freshened it up and put it gently back on Derek's forehead. "Her car isn't here, she shouldn't be here either. And why is everybody calling my dad on me?"

Derek chuckled to that. He still tasted bile in the back of his throat and he'd never in his life longed for a toothbrush this badly but at least he didn't feel that queasy any longer. As long as he didn't try to get up.

"Is your dad okay?"

"She got him good," Stiles said, shaking his head. "But not on the head. He's going to get one hell of a bruise but he's fine." He said it as if he was trying to convince himself of that fact.

"Do they know?" Derek changed the topic and closed his eyes. Keeping them open was too much of an effort.

"Dad kind of knows." Stiles got what he meant. "He found some magazines and pamphlets from one of the clubs I tried out. And that one time I fell asleep over a video …"

"You fell asleep watching porn?" Derek blinked his eyes open at that.

"I had jerked off hours before, twice, everything after that was more about research than anything else." Stiles' cheeks heated with embarrassment and he was fiddling with the seam of his sweatpants. "Anyway, we had a very awkward conversation after that. I'm not sure how much he knows but he told me to stay safe."

"My dad tried to explain anal sex to me after I came out as bi." Derek provided with a fond smile.

"Andrew?"

"For sure not Peter." Derek teased but the words came out a little slurred. "He would have dragged me to strip club. For education."

Stiles gave him a gentle slap on the shoulder.

Derek yawned and snuggled deeper under the covers, suddenly he just felt drained and tired and he wouldn't mind going to sleep now. For sure that beat facing Stiles' parents. Which he would have to eventually.

There was a soft knock at the door.

"Can I come in?" Melissa asked. "I just want to clean up real quick."

The sour smell of vomit hung still heavy in the air and they should clean that up before they went to sleep, even in his dazed state Derek realized that. However, it would be a struggle if not impossible for Stiles to clean up the floor. And Derek was in no mood to leave the bed ever again.
Stiles must be thinking along the same lines because he let her in.

"I'm sorry," she said and Derek felt her professional eye on him. "Are you okay? How do you feel? Do you have a fever?" She tested his temperature with the back of her hand to his cheek bone and that was just such a mom move.

"Came up too quickly." He told her, touched by the warmth and the concern in her voice. "But I'm good now." He wasn't sure if she believed him or even understood what he was talking about but she started to clean up his mess.

"Stiles, why don't you go to the bathroom and clean up as well?" She suggested. "Leave that footrest in the shower I'll rinse it when I'm done here."

Derek knew that the last thing Stiles wanted to do right now was to leave him alone even for the few minutes it would take to rinse his legs and put on a fresh pair of pants. He had come up too quickly and even if Derek felt fine right now, he wanted his dom near to take care of him. But he would survive a few minutes, especially with Melissa fussing all over him. So he met Stiles' eyes and gave him the go ahead.

"I want you in bed with me," Derek told him. "Without chunks of meatloaf on you."

"I'll be quick," Stiles promised and patted his leg. "Would you stay with him while I'm gone?"

Stiles asked Melissa.

"Sure." She probably thought that Stiles was a little overprotective but didn't say anything to that. However, the second Stiles was out of the door, she sat down on the edge of the bed with a worried expression.

"Derek, you know I'm a nurse." She started and Derek just knew he wouldn't like where this was going. "Do you need me to look at something?"

"You mean my sore ass?" He sighed. He was too tired for this.

"For example." She didn't look him in the eye. "What you and Stiles were doing earlier …" She took a deep breath. "Do you want that?"

"Yes." There was no doubt about that and he made it clear with his answer. But he braced himself for her next words. Most people didn't understand. And even if she did, Derek was aware that most people would look at him and would peg him for the dom. Especially with Stiles as his partner.

What was she thinking of him now? Did she consider him weak? Pathetic? Derek felt tears pricking in his eyes.

"In the ER." She said out of the blue. "You have no idea how many sex accidents we have coming in. Of course, it's never a sex accident. They're just clumsy and fall over their own feet and oops they have a coke bottle lodged in their rectum."

"Ouch." Derek winced but was suddenly very aware of the fact that there was still a can sized butt plug waiting for him somewhere in their toy bag.

"What I want to say. You boys play it safe, okay?"

"Safe, sane and consensual," Derek promised. "He's not doing anything I haven't consented to."

"To be honest, I don't understand how people can like or even enjoy what he did to you earlier but
if it works for you …" She left the rest of the sentence hanging in the air.

"It does," Derek assured her and after another long look at him, she went back to cleaning up his mess on the floor.
Chapter 44

Derek did make it to the bathroom eventually. On more wobbly legs than he liked to admit. But he managed to brush his teeth and splash some water on his face and then he hurried back to the bed where Stiles was anxiously waiting for him. As if he was expecting him to collapse on the way or something. Which wasn't that far off. It was embarrassing how long his body needed to come around.

Derek slipped under the covers, into Stiles' open arms.

"This was not how I had this planned," Stiles said after a moment.

"Figured that much." Derek snuggled closer, he was still shivering but not because he was cold. He still felt a bit queasy but he was pretty sure that he wouldn't throw up again. "Sorry I vomited on you."

"It's okay." Stiles drew him closer and Derek melted into the warmth of his body. "Remember that one time when I wet the bed on you?"

"That was different."

"Not really. Sometimes our bodies do stuff we have no control over." Stiles' hand moved up and down his back and slowly Derek relaxed under his tough.

It had been a long day and Derek was ready to drift off to sleep but there, at the brink of unconsciousness, his mind started to wander.

Melissa had seen him, bare and naked under Stiles' flogger. His dad, too. Not the act itself but enough to get the picture.

He tried to tell himself that Melissa understood, to some degree, and that she wasn't judging him. But there was that nasty little voice in the back of his head.

"Is there something wrong with me?" Derek hadn't meant to say it out loud but now the words were hanging between them, heavy and suffocating.

"No, no, no." Stiles cupped his face almost frantically. "There's nothing wrong with you, you're perfect. You're so good."

"Melissa, she saw …" Suddenly his chest clenched with dry sobs. "And your dad, what will he think of me now?"

"Okay, facing him tomorrow will be awkward as hell, no doubt about that," Stiles admitted. "But that doesn't change the fact that you're best the man who has ever come into my life. He knows that. You impressed him and that hasn't changed. He won't think different of you now."

"You don't know that." On some level, he knew that these feelings and the doubt were a product of the cocktail of hormones still flooding his system but he couldn't help it. He was spiraling down. Fast.

"I got you." Stiles' voice pierced through the fog in his mind. "I got you, it's okay."

Stiles shifted and then his lips met Derek's. Surprised Derek just let him kiss him.
Under the blanket, Stiles' hand traveled south but he hesitated when he reached the waistband of Derek's boxers.

"Can I?"

Derek swallowed thickly, tears leaking from his eyes. But then he jerked his head in a nod.

"You'll feel better in a moment, I promise." Stiles sneaked his hand in his boxers and closed his hand around Derek's soft cock.

Derek's body was too confused to react properly to the stimulation but Stiles was in no hurry. He just constantly whispered words of comfort into his ear while he kissed and caressed every inch of skin he could reach.

Meanwhile, his other hand cupped his balls, rolling them gently. Then he moved on to his dick. Almost absent Stiles started to tug and stroke, not caring that it didn't even twitch. He just kept on whispering into Derek's ear and worshiping his body with his hands and lips. It felt nice and ever so slowly Derek relaxed under his attention.

It took a while but eventually Derek's penis did get the message and started to fill under Stiles' hand.

Derek spilled his release with a sigh and he had to admit that Stiles had been right, he did feel better after that. Good enough to drift off to sleep.

When he woke up in the morning he felt still groggy and drained. His boxers were sticking to his dick with dried come and even if he'd brushed his teeth yesterday there was a sour taste in the back of his throat.

Carefully to not wake Stiles Derek slipped out of bed and padded over to the bathroom. He stayed in there longer than strictly necessary but in the end, he had no excuses left to draw this out any longer so he took a deep breath and opened the door.

"Coffee?" John offered when Derek entered the kitchen. Derek took it gratefully and for a minute or so they just sat there each of them nursing their coffee. Long enough to fool Derek into believing that Stiles' dad would just pretend yesterday had never happened.

But then John moved wrong and grimaced.

"Melissa got me good," he said, carefully rolling his shoulder.

"You spooked her," Derek told him, fully aware that this was John's way to ease the conversation into the real topic here.

"Did she really think there was an intruder in the house?" Derek asked. The details were still a bit fuzzy.

Now John groaned. "And I even asked her if it could be you and Stiles, you know …" He made a vague gesture. "But she said no."

"We hadn't really reached that part yet." Derek felt his face heating up. "We thought we were alone in the house, sorry."

"Scott borrowed her car," John explained that mystery. He put down his mug of coffee. "Derek, I know that Stiles has some … unusual interests when it comes to … sex."
Derek snorted at that.

"You don't have to do whatever he wants." John continued. This wasn't an easy topic for him, that much was clear, but he was also quite obviously determined to tell Derek this.

"I know." Derek nodded.

"People see the wheelchair and feel obliged to do whatever he wants." John rubbed his mouth. "And let's be honest, he's not above milking the hell out of that if he wants something."

He wasn't wrong.

"You think that we did what we did yesterday because I can't say no to him?" Derek raised an eyebrow at him.

John didn't answer but his expression was answer enough.

Derek made a decision. He never had the intention to talk about this to anybody, especially not to Stiles' dad, but he could see that the man was truly concerned. He most likely knew what kind of little shit his son could be.

"We met online," Derek started. He kept his eyes on the mug between his hands. "On a dating site. A special dating site." He glanced up to see if John got what he was trying to say but he was met with a puzzled look.

"A BDSM dating site," he clarified. "Matching up dominants with submissives."

"Ahh," John made and Derek could almost see him sorting the new facts in his mind. "But you respect his limits, don't you? When he says stop, you stop, right?"

At least Derek didn't have to explain the concept to him but somehow he seemed to have totally missed the fact that it had been Derek with the welts on his butt and not Stiles. Which he didn't even feel now, he realized. Stiles had kept his promise to not make it about pain which proved that he knew what he was doing with the flogger. Derek wondered what else he could do but that was a thought for later. Right now John was waiting for an answer.

"Stiles is the dom," Derek said.

"Stiles?" John stared at him in clear disbelief. Derek didn't know how much John actually knew about the lifestyle but he must have at least a general idea.

"So you …?" He waved at Derek.

"I'm the sub in this relationship," Derek said but the way John looked at him, he didn't believe him. Derek knew what he looked like, sub was not the first thing coming to mind. And Stiles was not the cliche dom.

"Is it okay, if I show your dad the pictures?" Derek asked, not even bothering with raising his voice.

"How did you even know I was there?" Stiles came around the corner. He was still in his sleepwear and his hair was sticking in all directions but he probably had been more interested in the conversation going on in the kitchen than his morning routine.

Derek just raised an eyebrow at him. As if there had been any chance for Stiles not listening in.
"What pictures?" John asked. "I'm not sure if I want to see that kind of pictures."

"If Derek wins that competition you and everybody else will see them," Stiles said. "I'm still not convinced it's a good idea but he's determined."

He went for the coffee maker and poured himself a cup.

"However, Derek is telling the truth, I am the dom in this relationship." Stiles turned around and fixed his dad with a stern look. "And to answer your question, I do respect his limits and I do stop when he tells me to stop. We had negotiations and we have safe-words and we're playing safe, sane and consensual. And I'm not going to tell you the details because this is far more than I ever intended to discuss with you." He took a breath. "And I might die of embarrassment now."

There was a moment of uncomfortable silence which Derek used to duck out of the kitchen to get his laptop. It was clear that John didn't believe them, no matter what they said, but the pictures wouldn't leave a doubt about how Derek saw Stiles.

Derek opened the folder and then he turned the laptop to let John look through the pictures on his own.

This was most likely the most embarrassing breakfast Derek had ever had and he hadn't even finished his first coffee.

He didn't know what kind of pictures John had expected but the way his eyebrows hit his hairline, it hadn't been this.

"This is how you see my son?" He asked in awe, reminding Derek of the way Stiles had reacted when he'd seen the pictures for the first time. Since then Stiles had looked at them from time to time and Derek had the suspicion that he had a copy and was looking at them more often than he admitted.

"Yes," Derek said firmly.

Derek and Stiles were silently nursing their coffees while John was looking through the pictures. However, with every new one more emotions were flashing over John's face, all good, no doubt about that, but it didn't change the fact that he was looking at something very personal to Derek. He did intend to publish the pictures, yes, but John was the first one to see them aside from Stiles and it was way harder to let him look at them than expected.

Stiles reached over and stilled Derek's twitching fingers. Derek gave him a shaky smile but the urge to just run was strong.

"I've never seen something like this," John admitted. From his seat, Derek couldn't see the screen so he didn't know which one he was currently looking at but that didn't matter. The pictures showed Stiles but they also showed something about Derek. Something he'd never thought he would show anybody. And the way John was looking at them, fascinated and a little confused, he couldn't stand it.

"I'm going to take Jack for a walk," Derek declared and stood, almost spilling the rest of his coffee. Stiles threw him a worried glance but Derek just shook his head and was out of the door a second later.

Jack never said no to a walk and this time Derek didn't try to hold him back when the dog started to pull on the leash.
Derek didn't care where they were going and for a while he just let Jack decide. At some point, however, Derek must have started to give directions, even if it weren't conscious ones. The next time he had a real look around to figure out where he was, he was in the middle of the preserve, on the driveway to his house.

When he checked his phone, he’d been out for almost two hours, he found a message from Stiles waiting for him.

*Did you get lost?* With a smiley at the end but Derek knew him well enough to read the worry behind his words.

*Just needed to clear my head,* he answered. *Things fine with your dad?*

*He looks at me funny*

*He's picturing you with a whip*

*I don't want him to think about my sex life,* he managed to sound whiny even with text only. *I'm not thinking about his sex life and he shouldn't think about mine.*

*He saw us,* Derek reminded him.

*Where are you?* Stiles changed the topic.

*At my house,* Derek grimaced. *Might as well talk to my mom since I'm here.*

*Good luck*
Derek hadn't called ahead and with the wedding in two days, chances were good that his mother wasn't even home. Part of him hoped that she wasn't home but on the other hand, he had to talk to her eventually, better get it over with now.

He had Jack on a short leash and the dog fell in step with him without a fuss. It was amazing how little it took to bring out the well behaved Jack, Stiles had done a really good job training him.

"Hello?" Derek entered the house and stood in the hallway. "Anybody home?"

For a long second it was only his own voice echoing through the empty house but then his mother answered: "In the living room."

So she was home, Derek wasn't sure if he was happy about that fact.

"Let's do this." He muttered to himself and tightened his grip on the leash. Jack must sense his discomfort and pressed himself more firmly against his leg.

When they entered the living room, it was not only his mother looking expectantly at the entrance, Cora was there too. Great.

The second Jack came into view their eyes dropped to him.

"Since when do you have a dog?" Cora blurted out, already half out of her seat to pet him, no doubt.

"He's Stiles'."

The smile fell from her lips and she dropped back into the chair.

"Is he at least housebroken?" She wrinkled her nose. "You're walking his dog now? What else do you do for him? Do you do his laundry? Cook?"

"Cora." Their mother hissed. "Derek, come in. We didn't expect you."

Derek just wanted to turn on his heel and leave but he gritted his teeth and stepped closer.

Talia's smile was forced and she was watching Jack like a hawk as if she was expecting him to jump on the couch or something. Instead, Jack stayed glued to Derek's leg and when Derek took a seat in the chair next to Cora's, the dog settled down at his feet.

Usually, Jack liked to greet new friends enthusiastically but he must sense that he wasn't making friends here.

"You know I can't cook," Derek told his sister. He had survived with his cooking skills for years but he wouldn't really call it cooking. "But Stiles likes to cook. He cooked for me on our second date."

Cora snorted when he mentioned a date and he couldn't help but wonder if she still thought that he had hired Stiles to play his boyfriend to embarrass her.

"Speaking of it," his mother cut in way too cheerfully. "Did you have lunch?"
"I had a late breakfast." He didn't want to stay for lunch but he got that she was trying to bring them back to neutral ground. He appreciated it.

"What are you doing?" He asked. The table was full with papers and pictures of flowers and something that looked like a sketch of tables with names.

"We're going over the decorations one last time," Talia dismissed it while Cora tried to subtly hide the seating plan under some papers. Derek didn't call her out on it but he was wondering where he and Stiles would sit. As the brother of the bride, he and his partner should have a seat with the rest of the closest family.

"Do you still want me to take pictures?" Derek asked, fully aware that he was hitting one of the elephants in the room right over the head.

"Yeah, of course," Cora hurried to assure him. "Since you're a professional now."

Derek wasn't sure if she was mocking him but she wasn't outright hostile so he took it.

"Josh showed us your website," his mother said, almost carefully. "But you are looking for a real job, aren't you?"

"Not at the moment." He shook his head. "I am looking into doing commission work, though."

"Why don't you talk to Peter?" She started again and Derek fought the urge to roll his eyes. "He'll give you a good job and you can do your photography thing on the side."

"That photography thing is my job. And it's coming along nicely." Better than he'd dared to hope if he was honest.

"It's him, isn't it?" She asked in frustration. "He's putting these crazy ideas into your head."

"Stiles encouraged me to do something with what I'm good at. With what I love." Derek felt the anger bubbling up in his chest. "Something you never did."

"Now I'm a bad mother because I want you to have a good life?"

"Your definition of a good life," Derek corrected. "Have you ever ask me what I want? What makes me happy?" His voice rose with every word until he was almost yelling at her.

Suddenly Jack butted his head into Derek's hand. It jolted Derek out of his anger and he took a moment to scratch the dog behind the ear.

"Photography makes me happy." He let out a breath. "Stiles makes me happy. And if you cannot see that, your loss. We're going to be there on Sunday, I'm going to take pictures and we're all going to play nice. And next week Stiles and I are going back to New York. What happens after that is up to you."

"I want you to be happy," his mother said almost in tears. "How can you honestly tell me that you're happy with … him? You're missing out on so much."

"On what exactly?" He raised an eyebrow at her.

"There's so much he just can't do." She shook her head. "Derek, you're walking his dog for him. And don't you miss the intimacy, the … the …"

"Sex," Cora provided with a grim expression. "C'mon, you're a guy. Let's be honest, how long do
you think you can go without sex?"

"Not that it's any of your business but we had sex last night." Derek enjoyed their shocked faces a little too much but he didn't care. "We sleep in the same bed, he likes to be the big spoon. We're intimate just like any other couple."

"How …" Cora started but shut up under his glare.

"How do you and Miles have sex?" He countered.

"Derek!" His mother shouted.

"Exactly, that's none of my business." He grabbed Jack's leash and stood. The dog followed suit without being prompted. "Stiles and I are happy, that's all you need to know. I'll see you Sunday."

He didn't feel as if he had accomplished anything with his visit but he had tried talking to them, the next move was on them.

"That went well," he said to Jack when they were out of the house. "Why am I discussing my sex life with everybody today?"

Jack gave him a sympathetic look and licked his hand.

It was quite a walk back into town so once he was out of sight from the house, he took his phone out to ask Stiles to pick him up.

They met where the driveway ended at the road and Derek climbed into the car with a tired sigh.

"How did it go?" Stiles asked while he eased the car back on the road.

"Cora was convinced that I'd dump you rather sooner than later because I miss sex." Now, with a little distance to the incident, he could laugh about it.

"Seriously?" Stiles almost drove them off the road. "You should have told her that we had sex last night. Granted, not the full penis in butt kind of sex and I didn't even get to come, but you did have a nice orgasm."

"I did tell her."

"You what?" Stiles gaped at him.

"Not the details." Derek hurried to add. "But that we do have sex on a regular base including last night." But Stiles had made a good point. Last night had been all about Derek.

He put a hand on Stiles' thigh high enough that his pinky came to rest in the crease where the leg met the hip.

"No funny business while I'm driving," Stiles told him but didn't throw him off.

Derek actually wanted to survive the ride so he just let his hand rest where it was without moving it.

"But I do owe you at least one orgasm," Derek said. "But maybe we should wait with that until we're on our way home." No way would he have any kind of sex in Stiles' parents' house ever again.
"Agreed." Stiles nodded. "I liked it when I had you wearing the bigger plug with your cock caged and helplessly drooling all day."

"That was one hell of a day." Derek remembered it clearly. It had been hell but he wouldn't mind doing it again, he wouldn't mind at all.

"I'm going to make you come again with your cock still locked away, just from torturing your sweet spot," Stiles promised. "And maybe, when you're all fucked out, your hole so loose from wearing the plug all day and me fucking you, maybe then I'm going to start training you on the big plug. I bet I can get it in pretty far."

At that Derek had to adjust himself in his jeans.

"Not fair," he said but at least his dark mood had lifted. And apparently last night's events hadn't been traumatic enough to put him off sex for long. At least that. Or dealing with his family was just so stressful that he didn't really care any longer.

"You were the one who started with the funny business." Mimicking his earlier move, Stiles put his hand on Derek's thigh. "But sounds like a plan?"

"Green." Derek licked his lips. "But …"

"Yeah?"

"Last time I had a wet spot on the front of my pants all day." Derek started, not sure how to continue. They had been pretty open with their kinks and likes but this was different.

"I noticed."

"When we do it again, can you … make me wear one of your diapers?" The last words came out in a rush and he kept his eyes on the side window.

"I was wondering when you would ask." Stiles gave his thigh a gentle squeeze. "You've been eyeing them right from the beginning."

Heat crept into his face and Derek turned his head even farther in the faint hope that Stiles wouldn't see.

Stiles parked the car at the side of the road.

"Derek." He said and reached over to cup the back of his head. "It's okay, nothing to be ashamed of."

"It's not … I don't want to use it," Derek tried to explain. "I don't want to pee in it or … you know."

"Okay," Stiles said as if this was a normal conversation. "You want it for the feeling. And to catch the precome?"

Derek gave him a sharp nod without looking at him. Somehow this would be easier if he actually were into watersports and peeing into diapers. But this was more complex, more specific and he didn't really have a name for it.

Stiles' interpretation came close enough, though.

"We'll give it a try," Stiles decided and brought the car back on the road.
"Just like that?" Now Derek did glance at him. He hadn't expected him to judge him but this had been almost too easy.

"Sure." Stiles shrugged. "I could tell that something with my diapers had been on your mind for a while now, so this is something you really want. I don't have anything against it, quite the opposite, it might even be hot, so yeah, we'll give it a try."

"Why are you so amazing?"

"Hey, you're the one who never stops to amaze me. How you just take everything in stride and never make a big deal out of it, it's just …" He shook his head as if he couldn't quite believe it.

"And you know what the best part is about you?"

"No?"

"You don't even know how amazing you are."

"I'm not," Derek dismissed him.

"That's exactly my point." Stiles smirked at him.

Derek didn't know what to say to that so he didn't say anything. But the silence was a comfortable one.

"This is not the way to your house," Derek said when Stiles made an unexpected left turn.

"No, we're going to the clinic," Stiles told him. "After my dad and your mom you're in dire need of some kittens."

Derek couldn't argue with that.
Chapter 46

Derek's Instagram might have had a significant increase of cat content lately.

So far Derek hadn't made a conscious decision on which cat to take home, by now there was no doubt that he would take one home, but when he looked through his pictures, there was one kitten featuring almost every picture. And once he'd noticed the pattern, he noticed that he fed ever kitten equally but there was this one he liked to play with for a little while longer.

The deal was sealed when on Saturday Isaac put that little gray bundle in his lap without being prompted.

"He likes you." Isaac just said and went to do whatever he was doing when he was out of Derek's line of sight. This was a vet clinic after all and there were actual patients here and not only guests to feed the kittens.

But sitting here with Jack and the kittens was exactly the right thing to keep Derek's mind off the disaster that was his family. Since yesterday he hadn't talked with his parents or his sisters but for some reason, he had quite a long WhatsApp conversation with Josh this morning. The boy had been looking into college programs to start his journalist-writer career. And Stiles had kept his word and had talked to his dad and it looked like Josh would get the chance to get an insight into police work soon.

However, they all agreed that Josh should wait to tell his parents and Talia about his plans until after the wedding. There was enough drama going on already. According to Josh, it had been a topic at the dinner table yesterday, how sex with Stiles could work.

_Dude, you're their son, Josh wrote. I don't want my parents to discuss my sex life over dinner_

He agreed but on some level, he was tempted to ask what they had come up with. But he didn't want to torture his cousin even more with this.

Derek hadn't heard from Peter but he had the suspicion that he and Stiles were in contact and that alone was a scary thought.

However, his whole family was kind of busy with the wedding tomorrow. Not that it was any different for Derek. Over the day he refused to think too much about it, he was not involved in the planning anyway, but in the evening he got out his suit to check if everything was fine with it and he packed his camera bag. He was the official photographer and with everything going on right now he wanted to come across as professional as possible.

He even trimmed his beard.

And then he was lying in bed with Stiles and couldn't sleep. It was possible that he was more nervous than the groom.

"It's going to be fine." Stiles tried to sound confident. "It's Cora's wedding, all eyes are going to be on her."

"I hope."

"I might be the sensation for like five minutes but after that, I'm going to blend into the background. The chair gets old pretty fast."
"You? Blending into the background?" Derek snorted but Stiles just snuggled closer, his arm around Derek's middle.

"I can behave."

Derek could hear the fake pout in his voice.

They both woke up long before the alarm went off but they were too anxious to go back to sleep. So they got up early, had a light breakfast, more to keep their blood sugar up than because they were hungry, and then they got dressed.

Derek checked one last time if he had everything he needed and then they left the house.

"I want to shoot a few pictures of the house before the guests arrive," Derek explained and it was only partly a lie. The real wedding would start around noon but before that, there was a family gathering with the parents and siblings of the couple. Derek was pretty sure that getting Cora into her wedding gown would be a big deal and his mother would have some last instructions for the bridesmaids but those were things he wasn't involved in.

He didn't know Miles very well and he'd never before met his parents and if Derek was honest, he didn't even know if his soon to be brother-in-law had siblings at all. But he was about to find out.

When they arrived at the summer house, there were already a few cars parked at the side, leaving the better spots for the guest. Stiles parked his car next to Laura's. The spot wasn't paved but the ground was dry and solid, Stiles wouldn't have any problems, navigating his chair out here.

They kissed one last time for good luck before they got out of the car.

This first part wouldn't be too bad. Cora and his mother were somewhere upstairs, doing whatever was necessary to turn Cora into the most beautiful bride ever, so the two most hostile people weren't even there when they entered the house.

"Stiles!" Lucy squealed the second she spotted him. "Stiles is here!" She added in a loud voice just in case anybody had missed it. "Can I ride with you? Can I? Can I?"

Stiles laughed at that but he did lift her up and placed her in his lap.

"Be careful with that dress of yours," he told her. "Your mom will get mad at me if it gets all wrinkled."

Somehow the kids made it easier. Stiles met everybody with Lucy in his lap and Justin glued to his side and there were more awws and ohhs over how cute Lucy was than weird looks because of the wheelchair.

Derek was pretty sure that by now everybody at the wedding, and most likely in Beacon Hills, knew about Stiles.

Laura offered them champagne and his dad introduced them to Miles' family. The parents seemed quite nice. They asked a few polite questions about New York and didn't even mention the wheelchair. However, Derek felt their eyes on his back when he turned to Miles' sister. She had her baby with her which she showed them proudly and that was far more interesting than Stiles' chair. Derek didn't see a man with her but he didn't ask.

The groom himself stood in the far corner with Frank and Peter and they just said a short hello to them.
"Is it okay if I make a quick round to take some pictures?" Derek asked. He had been worried that he would have to leave Stiles alone to do his job as the official photographer properly but his worries had been unnecessary. So far Lucy and Justin were the only children, Derek didn't know if there would be more among the guests, and Stiles had kind of taken over the job as a babysitter. One would need a crowbar to get Lucy off him anyway.

Stiles just shooed him off.

Right from the beginning, Derek had been looking forward to hiding behind the camera to avoid too much interaction with the other guests. He wondered if Stiles did the same with the kids. Not that he could blame him, Derek at least knew most of his side of the family while the other half of the guests were strangers to him. Stiles only knew Derek.

Derek made a round through the ballroom, taking pictures of the decorations and set up tables. In the back, a door led to the backyard where the ceremony would take place. The weather was nice, sunny with no clouds in the sky and only a light breeze that was playing with the flowers and white balloons. Derek shot a few pictures of the sea of white that looked like something out of a Hollywood movie. At least Cora would get her fairytale wedding.

When he came back inside, nobody noticed him and he managed to get some good shots of the guests talking and laughing. Half of those photos were of Stiles with the kids but that sight was worth some pictures, sue him. And he would have to sort the pictures anyway before he handed them over to Cora.

His mother came down the stairs shortly before the majority of the guests arrived. She exchanged a few words with Miles, probably to calm his nerves, the poor man looked white as a sheet and he was almost desperately clinging to his champagne glass.

Talia laughed at something Peter was saying and said something to Laura in passing and then she talked to Miles' parents while she cooed over the baby for a couple of minutes. And only then she came over to Derek to greet him.

"Derek, my are you handsome today." She straightened the lapels of his jacket. "You are going to turn some heads, that's for sure." She leaned in and lowered her voice to a whisper. "I could tell you who of the bridesmaids is single."

"I think my boyfriend would have something to say about that," Derek countered, his smile falling from his lips.

"Just kidding." She waved it off as if she hadn't been completely serious just a second ago. So far she hadn't even looked at Stiles and it was unsettling that apparently she would be totally fine with Derek hooking up with one of the bridesmaids tonight. He couldn't help the thought that she was secretly hoping that he would knock her up and that they would have a shotgun wedding in a few months.

He was most likely doing his mother injustice with that thought, she was not that old-fashioned, but she didn't make it easy to not think along those lines.

"Have you seen Stiles yet?" He asked, knowing very well that she had been avoiding that specific guest. "You should say hello." With that he stirred her over to where Stiles was currently listening to something Justin was telling him. Something about frogs?

"Stiles, good to see you," she greeted him with too much enthusiasm. "You're looking good."
However, once she did have a closer look at him, she seemed genuinely surprised how good he actually looked. Stiles filled out his shirt quite nicely, the jacket brought out his broad shoulders and the pants had a nice fit that didn't make it obvious that the legs inside were thinner than expected.

"You too," he countered with a charming smile. "You look beautiful today."

"Thank you." She actually blushed. Then she didn't know what else to say and for a moment they just stood awkwardly together. Talia tried very hard to not look at the chair, or Stiles' groin, Derek wasn't sure which one it was but for sure he remembered what Josh had told him about their dinner conversation. Speaking of his cousin.

"I haven't seen Josh around," Derek broke the silence.

"He's picking up Aunt Bev," Talia launched into the new topic. "She's over ninety now but no way was she going to miss Cora's wedding." She had a look around. "Excuse me, I have to check on the champagne before the others arrive." With that she bolted.

"Stiles?" Lucy craned her neck to look at him from her place in his lap. "Why doesn't Grandma Talia like you?"

"I don't know," Stiles lied and glanced at Derek. "Sometimes people get weird when they see my wheelchair."

"That's stupid," Justin said.

"Yep." Stiles let the word pop. "But sometimes people do stupid things. Anyway, what happened when your mom found the frogs?"

Justin's face lit up at that and he went back to telling his story. Derek listened for a moment, and he didn't envy Laura for finding frogs in her bathtub, but then a large group of guests arrived and he had to go and take pictures of them.

When it came to his art, Derek preferred faceless shots or pictures without any people in them but today it was all about taking pictures of people. So he hovered near the entrance so he would catch most of the guests right away to take a picture. He wasn't sure why these were so popular, to prove that they had been there or to show off their nice clothes, but he dutifully took the pictures and even made some small talk with the people he knew.

The Hale family was big and the more distantly related people he saw only on events like this so he didn't always know them by name. Which didn't matter. To most of them, he was Talia's Son. Laura went by Talia's Oldest and Cora was Talia's Youngest. At least today everybody knew Cora.
Chapter 47

An hour later the house was full. The bulk was in the ballroom but there were people in the hallway and some had already found their way outside to secure good seats for the ceremony.

Derek had taken pictures of all the arriving guests and now he was browsing the crowd, taking pictures here and there. He took his job seriously which meant that he couldn't stay with Stiles most of the time but he did check in with him every few minutes.

Since Cora hadn't come downstairs yet, Stiles was the center of attention. Most were eyeing him from the distance and Derek caught more than one comment on how sad it was for such a young man to be bound to the wheelchair. He bit his tongue and didn't ask where they saw the rope, binding Stiles to the chair. He was here to play nice, he reminded himself.

Others found Stiles brave and inspiring. Because for some reason it was inspiring to leave the house? Derek didn't really understand that line of thought. Stiles lived alone, if he didn't get out of the house and did the groceries, he would starve.

In the crowd, it was impossible to tell who was listening in and not everybody made the connection with Derek so he also heard some not so nice comments. Why would they let people like that out? Whoever they were. But one took the cake.

"You think that little girl is safe with him?" Tabatha, one of his mother's cousins if Derek recalled correctly, asked a middle-aged woman he didn't know. Probably form Mile's side of the family.
"These people don't know right from wrong. And they can't control themselves when the urge hits, if you know what I mean."

"With so many people around she should be safe," the other woman answered but there was concern in her voice. "But we should keep an eye on him."

So far Derek had let them talk. After three weeks on the road with Stiles, and a few days with his family, he had heard some nasty things. But these ladies kicked even his mom and Harris from the top of the list.

"Excuse me, ladies?" He stepped closer, a fake smile plastered on his face. "I couldn't help but hear what you just said."

They turned to him and their faces lit up, obviously expecting to find a supporter in him.

"That is my boyfriend you're talking about," he said, the smile falling from his lips. "And I'd really appreciate it if you didn't talk about him as if he was a pedophile."

Tabatha spluttered at that, searching for excuses, while the other woman first turned white as a sheet and then beet red.

"Thank you," Derek said and raised the camera. "Smile."

This was probably a picture he wouldn't show Cora but he and Stiles would have a good laugh, their expressions were priceless.

He left them standing and returned to Stiles who was playing with the kids.

"Still doing good?" Derek asked. He had seen a few people approaching Stiles but he hoped that
they hadn't said nasty things right to his face. Especially with the kids hanging on to him. Not that Stiles couldn't handle some bigots on his own, in fact, it was quite some fun, watching Stiles taking them down with sarcasm and his witty tongue.

"We're good," Stiles assured him and Lucy nodded along. She had taken a permanent residence in his lap and Justin was hanging from his armrest. Derek didn't even want to know what they had been laughing about a second ago.

"We should get to the wedding part soon," Derek told him. "We should get outside before we'll get stuck in the crowd."

"What do you think?" Stiles asked the kids. "Wanna go outside?"

Moving meant riding so Lucy was all for it and Justin, who was eyeing all the strange people around them, nodded enthusiastically to the idea of getting out of the corner they had retreated to.

They made it half-way across the room, and it was way more difficult for Stiles than it was for Derek, people just didn't look down, when out of nowhere Laura appeared at their side.

"You're going outside?" She asked. "I was about to get the kids, sorry if they were bothering you."

"No worries," Stiles assured her. "I can keep an eye on them, you look like you're busy."

She grimaced. "There's a problem with the catering. I don't know where Frank disappeared to, he should have kept an eye on them."

"I don't mind having them around," Stiles repeated. Lucy scrambled to her feet and slung her arms around his neck as if she feared that her mother would take Stiles away.

Laura winced when she saw her daughter standing on Stiles' legs but she didn't say anything. However, before she could make up her mind, she was called away but she promised to take over the kids once they sat down to eat.

They weren't the only ones with the idea to get outside before they were officially told to but everybody was hunting for the seats in the front and that wasn't what they were looking for anyway. With his chair, Stiles couldn't just take a seat in the middle but he could expand any row he liked by parking his chair at the end.

Derek and Justin took their seats more in the back with Stiles next to them. Lucy already had her seat. Not that Derek would sit here during the whole ceremony. He was pretty sure that Cora wanted some good pictures of this.

It took a while until all the guests had found their seats. Somehow Josh had become Aunt Bev's personal assistant and he had to bring her to the front row. It was obvious that she didn't need somebody to lean on to but she made a big show out of it anyway. At the same time, she used her cane to shoo people out of her way. Josh looked as if he was in physical pain but he nodded and smiled every time she addressed him.

"I'm going to take a few pictures real quick," Derek told Stiles. It didn't feel right to leave him alone again, and it wouldn't be the last time, but Derek had a job to do.

"Stop worrying." Stiles grabbed him by the lapels of his jacket and drew him in for a kiss. "I'm in good company. And I know that this is more a job than a party to you, it's okay."

Stiles kissed him again which Lucy commented with smacking her lips and behind him, Derek
heard Justin giggle but he didn't care.

He also tried to not care about the dirty look he noticed when he straightened up again. The majority of the guests around them were elderly and Derek wasn't even sure what they were disapproving of, the fact that he was kissing a man or that said man was disabled.

Thanks to his mother he and Stiles had been the gossip around here for weeks now, there was no doubt about that, but until now it had been a rather abstract concept. The open kissing made it real.

Through the lens of his camera, Derek noticed quite a few thoughtful expressions and he was pretty sure that he and Stiles had just made some people questioning their view of the world. Maybe not all hope was lost with his family.

The priest was already busy with preparing his notes and out of the corner of his eye, Derek saw his mother coming out of the house.

Talia went to the front, where she took over the microphone to officially welcome the guests. Derek was only half listening, he kept an eye on the door because he wanted some nice shots of Cora and the bridesmaids coming out of the house. The contrast of the dim light in the ballroom and the bright sunlight outside would make it an interesting series.

He also got some good shots of Cora walking down the aisle at their father's arm. And then of Cora and Miles in front of the priest.

In between the priest was talking about love and devotion in a long, roundabout way, which not only bored the kids to death. During the speech, Derek had taken his seat again and next to him Justin was kicking his legs and the woman in front of them kept glaring at Derek for not having the kid under control.

Most of the elderly guests were hanging on the priest's lips but Derek spotted at least one of his cousins with his phone out and he was not taking pictures.

It felt like forever but then the official part was finally over, Derek got some good shots of the kiss, and people started to get up.

Derek took a few last pictures of the whole party and then he caught up with Cora and Miles and herded them over to a more secluded part of the property. Since they were basically in the middle of the woods, Derek had a few things in mind for the couple pictures.

For the moment Cora seemed to have forgotten all the things hanging between them and she posed with her husband for Derek.

However, when he tried to instruct her for the more dynamic shots he had in mind, she gave him a skeptical eye.

"You sure you know what you're doing?" She huffed but for once Miles was on Derek's side and coaxed her into playing along.

Derek put them on different sides of a tree and told them to tease each other. Cora threw him another glare but after a minute she was smiling and basically playing peek-a-boo with Miles.

Derek really liked the pictures he got out of that one. So when Cora tried to take a peek he let her.

"This is …" Lost for words she looked at the small screen of the camera. "They are beautiful."
After that she was looking at him with different eyes and when he suggested that they should step over a fallen tree, she didn't question his instructions.

Derek had to keep in mind to not ruin their clothes but they went through a few different poses, one even with Miles up a small tree with Cora leaning against the trunk, that was a lovely one too.

Derek finished with some close-ups. Their joined hands with the rings, another kiss and one with their foreheads together while they were smiling at each other.

The whole photo session took over an hour but the pictures were worth it and it had been included in the schedule so it was fine.

When they went back inside, the last guests hurried to take their seats at the round tables.

Derek hadn't searched for his name, he had assumed that he would sit with Laura and his parents, but when he looked around now, he spotted Stiles at a table farther away with an empty seat next to him. Derek frowned at that but didn't make a fuss. Sure enough, when he came close enough to read the cards on the table, there was his name.

Only the couple with their parents had a bigger table, the rest sat in groups of five or six on smaller ones but Laura and her family were sitting with Miles' sister and the baby right next to the main table.

Derek guessed that he and Stiles were still seated close enough for it to be considered appropriate so people wouldn't talk, and he didn't really care about these things, but it kind of stung anyway.

Josh was at the table with them along with another cousin and his wife. Derek greeted them with a nod and then hurried to take his seat.

Before the food got served, and by now Derek was pretty hungry the light breakfast had been ages ago, there were speeches. Miles said a few words, his best man said quite a few more.

Next was Talia who again thanked the guests for coming and then she told them about the first time Cora had brought Miles to a family event. Derek had to admit that his mother was the more witty one and she got the laughs the best man had been aiming for.

"I wonder if she's going to tell the story about our first encounter at our wedding. It was hilarious," Stiles whispered into his ear and Derek choked on his own spit.

"You're not proposing to me at my sister's wedding," Derek hissed back at him.
There were more speeches and Derek took more pictures but all in all, it went better than expected. The food was good and the wine even better and more than a few guests drank a little more than they should.

Derek made more small talk then he was usually comfortable with but whenever a conversation went on for too long or went into a direction he didn't like, he just raised his camera with an apologizing smile and said that he should take pictures of something at the other side of the room.

At one point though, Aunt Bev managed to corner him. Like most people, she was interested in Stiles and her questions started off fairly harmless. But then somebody offered Stiles a drink.

"Should he be having that?" Aunt Bev asked with a raised eyebrow. "With his medication?"

Derek followed her line of sight to Stiles with a glass of wine in his hand. He did a good job handling that and Lucy at the same time.

"He doesn't take any medication."

"Oh, dear." Aunt Bev patted his arm. "That's nothing to be ashamed of."

At this Josh, who she had kept as her personal assistant, jumped in and pointed at somebody in the crowd.

"We should go and say hello," he said and steered her in that direction. Over his shoulder, he mouthed Help me at Derek but all he could do was to take a picture of Josh's comically pained face.

Then they all went back outside for the big picture with the whole party. Thanks to a tripod and the timer Derek even was in that one and the one with the happy couple plus the closest family but he didn't like having no control over the shot so he kept those to the bare minimum.

Then Derek spent almost an hour with taking photos of different groups and couples.

"Want me to take a picture of you and Stiles?" Peter offered out of the blue.

"Sure." Derek handed him the camera. They took the picture with Derek sitting in a chair next to Stiles, their arms over each other's shoulder. Derek was pretty sure that he grinned like an idiot but he didn't care. They were a couple like all the others he'd taken pictures of, this was only fair.

"You two look good together." Peter gave him back the camera with a little smile.

There was one incident, though.

Derek had just returned to Stiles who had Lucy in his lap again and Justin kneeling on the chair next to him and they were busy with coloring books. At least Laura had thought to bring something to occupy the kids.

For some reason, Peter was sitting on Stiles' other side with a crayon in hand and head stuck together with Lucy over a Frozen coloring book.
"Uncle Derek, look." Justin turned his book so that Derek could see the picture. "Look what Stiles did."

His book was featuring the Avengers and it took Derek a moment to notice what Justin was showing him. Iron Man was printed but Black Widow fighting back to back with him was not.

"They always forget Black Widow," Stiles told him. He wanted to say more but suddenly he yelped in surprise. He managed to prevent Lucy from falling but Stiles himself almost fell out of the chair when it got basically yanked out from under him.

Stiles clung to the armrest, his other arm around Lucy's middle and even from his spot across from him Derek could tell that he was basically on the edge of this seat and slipping.

"Why isn't this thing moving?" Andrew stood behind him, still jostling the chair around in his attempt to move it.

"Because it's braced, asshole," Stiles snapped at him.

Derek was too far away to do anything but Peter next to Stiles reacted. He snatched Lucy out of his arm and with both hands available Stiles got a good grip on the armrests and managed to push himself up into the seat.

"Language, young man," Andrew scolded him, hands still on the handles of the chair. "There are children around."

"Because you are such a great role model, my dear brother-in-law," Peter spoke up. "Get your hands off him and take three steps back." He kept his voice even and Derek doubted that anybody around them had even noticed the incident but Peter's tone alone sent shivers down his spine.

His dad must have sensed the same because he did let go of the handles and took a step back.

"This thing has wheels," Andrew tried to defend himself. "And he was in the way. Kind of." He gestured between Stiles and the next table. They had started to push the tables together to get more space for the dance floor.

"He is sitting right here," Stiles had collected himself and once he'd loosened the braces, he turned on his back wheels to face him. "You could have just said something. You don't just touch people and shove them around."

"I didn't touch you, just … " He reached for a handle again but Stiles moved it away from him.

"I think I'm needed somewhere else." Peter rose and put Lucy down in his seat. But instead of walking out the other side, he turned to where Stiles and Andrew were basically blocking the way. Peter didn't even say a word, he just grabbed Andrew by the shoulders and bodily shoved him out of his way.

"Hey!" Andrew protested but Peter just walked past him.

"What?" Peter tilted his head at him. "It's not as if I've touched you, just your jacket."

Lost for words Andrew just gaped at him.

"Did he hurt you?" Justin asked when both men had disappeared into the crowd, Andrew more in a hurry than Peter.
"I'm fine," Stiles assured him with a glance at Derek to tell him that he really was fine. "But grabbing my handles like that is not okay. The chair is part of my body so your grandpa basically did what Peter just did to him. And that wasn't nice, was it?"

They both shook their heads.

"But he deserved it," Lucy said darkly.

It became kind of a running gag. For the rest of the party every time Andrew and Peter met, Peter considered him in his way, grabbed him and shoved him around. In the end, Andrew ran in the other direction whenever he spotted Peter and Derek was pretty sure that he was hiding in the restroom for almost an hour at one point.

The party became louder and wilder with every hour. Some guests were outright drunk by now and Derek had to defend himself from tipsy women trying to drag him to the dance floor. He had the suspicion that his mother had sent them but he didn't ask. He danced with one or two but they were flirty with wandering hands and he just declined after that.

"Wanna dance?" Stiles suddenly asked.

The coloring books were lying forgotten on the table, Lucy was sleeping on two pushed together chairs and Justin was fighting dropping eyelids.

"You sure?" Derek asked. They had practiced this in the Stilinski-McCall living room yesterday just in case but so far Stiles hadn't shown any interest in joining the crowd on the dance floor.

"Let's show them." Stiles set his jaw and started moving. Derek put his hand on Stiles' shoulder and fell into step with him.

He almost expected the music to stop when it became clear where they were heading. Almost everything else did.

Couples stopped mid-dance, staring at them. They did, however, move out of the way for them. There were still couples dancing on the floor but not as many and Derek felt as if everybody was staring at them. Which they probably did.

Derek wasn't exactly a bad dancer but he was still nervous. Everybody would be if the whole room was watching them.

When they reached the middle, Stiles turned his chair on the back wheels, that alone earned him some surprised gasps, but then they joined hands again and started to move to the music.

Since Stiles didn't have his hands free, Derek had to move him which was harder than it looked. But they worked well together, Stiles was working with him, and after a moment Derek got the hang of it. They moved with the music and Derek got lost in it. He forgot the people around them, his world narrowed down to Stiles and the song playing.

Then the music stopped and Derek had his first real look around. They were alone on the dance floor. All the guests were standing in a wide circle around them and for a moment there was a deafening silence.

But suddenly the crowd erupted in cheers, everybody was clapping and whistling, and Derek just stood awkwardly in the middle. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw Stiles bowing to the crowd and then they just hurried back to their seats.
"Stiles, you can dance." Even Lucy had woken up for this. She was rubbing her bleary eyes but looked at him in awe.

"Told you." Stiles grinned at her and let her climbed into his lap. She slung her arms around his neck, nestled her face in the hollow of his throat and Derek was pretty sure that she was almost back to sleep a minute later.

Across the room Derek caught Cora glaring at him and he didn't even want to think about the fact that they had just stolen the show. This was her fairytale wedding. She was supposed to be the center of attention.

"I should take a few more pictures," Derek told Stiles and grabbed the camera. Stiles had followed his gaze and nodded.

"Do that, we don't want to upset her even more."

Derek took pictures of the cake and he got a lucky shot with the bridal bouquet. Miles' sister caught it and Derek got a perfect shot of her face when she realized that she'd caught it.

Derek made another round, taking pictures of small groups of guests, of Cora and Miles dancing and everything that caught his eye like Lucy sleeping on the chairs again or his parents sitting outside in a quiet corner with their tired legs stretched out.

When he got back to Stiles it was way after midnight and he could tell that it was time to leave. Sitting was becoming more and more difficult for him. They were looking at another bad night and most likely a bad day as well.

So they said their goodbyes to the happy couple and the people they met on their way out and then they stepped out into the parking lot.

"That wasn't too bad," Stiles said and let his chair roll while he stretched and rolled his shoulders.

"Except for my dad and quite some nasty comments." Derek had to hurry to keep up with him. He had been on his feet all day and he was looking forward to his bed. However, he was pretty sure that he wouldn't get a good night's sleep tonight.

"It happens." Stiles waved him off. "One lady actually managed to turn me upside down once, your dad wasn't that bad."

"You don't have to play it down just because he's my dad." Derek sighed and accepted the keys from Stiles. He wasn't surprised that Stiles didn't want to drive. "You were slipping out of your seat. And he almost let Lucy crash with you."

"But nothing really happened, it's fine," Stiles almost pleaded. "And Peter took care of it, I think Andrew is still on the run from him."

"Peter can be persistent if he wants to be."

"Let's hope he'll never get a reason to go on a bloody vendetta." Stiles struggled more than usual to get into the passenger seat and he didn't protest, when Derek put the chair away for him.

"Amen to that," Derek agreed.

Derek drove them out of the preserve and Stiles breathed easier once they were back on an actual road. He must have felt every bump and pothole and out of the corner of his eye, Derek could
almost see the muscles in his back and legs cramping up.

Derek parked the car at the Stilinski-McCall house next to the sheriff's cruiser and Melissa's car.

"Great." Stiles groaned at the sight of the two cars. The lights in the house were on as well so somebody was still up. "I was kind of hoping that were working or already in bed."

"They have seen bad days before," Derek reminded him. Stiles had told him that his dad used to help him into the bathtub on occasions like this. And Melissa was a nurse, she probably knew best how to help Stiles.

"They tend to fuss," Stiles told him. "And I had been hoping for a massage. With a happy ending."

Chapter End Notes

In case you were wondering what dancing in a wheelchair looks like:
https://youtu.be/Xh2OqluQNik
When they came into the living room, they found John sleeping on the couch with Jack. For a second Derek was hoping that they could sneak by without waking them but they didn't even make it half-way across the room before both, man and dog, woke up.

"Hey," John greeted them, his voice heavy from sleeping. "How was it?"

"More fun than expected," Stiles answered. "Most of the time I was the babysitter but the kids are cool. And we danced, people applauded, it was weird." He tried to fall into his usual rambling but Derek could tell that it was forced.

John looked his son up and down, a knowing look on his face, before his eyes flickered to Derek. "Stiles do you need …?" John started but didn't finish the sentence. "Derek, maybe you should sleep on the couch tonight. Stiles, he … after a strenuous day …"

He was struggling for words and Derek could only guess that he was trying to explain what Stiles called his bad days without embarrassing Stiles.

"Dad, it's okay," Stiles told him. "Yeah, it's going to get bad tonight, I can tell, but Derek and I have been through this a few times already. Go to bed, I'm in good hands."

John didn't seem convinced and Derek got it. John had taken care of Stiles' bad days since he'd been thirteen years old, he didn't even want to know how many bad nights and days they had been through. And then Stiles moved to New York with only Jack to help him through the night.

Now Stiles was here and John for once could help him again. Plus, Derek wasn't sure if John actually trusted him to do it right.

"I want a hot bath, a massage and I insist on a happy ending," Stiles said firmly.

John made a choking sound at the last words.

"Sorry, Dad." Stiles pushed his chair over to the couch and reached for his dad's shoulder. John tuned towards him and then they were hugging. "Derek just gives better massages."

John laughed and ruffled his hair but over Stiles' shoulder he was looking at Derek.

Derek didn't know how often John had changed his mind about him since they had met.

When Derek had just been an abstract concept as Stiles' boyfriend, John had probably been wary of him. Then Derek had somehow managed to impress him, mostly with that picture of Stiles dancing, but that had flipped when Melissa had caught them in a scene. Derek had no idea what the man had been thinking of him then. Whatever it had been, it hadn't lasted long, just until they had set him straight on who was the dom and who was the sub in this relationship.

And now this.

John was looking at him as if he was trying to figure him out.

"I'm going to run you a bath," Derek said and fled the room.

The last thing he heard was: "You sure he's not too good to be true?"
He didn't wait for Stiles' answer.

When the tub was almost full, Stiles came into the bathroom.

"Get naked," Derek told him. "I'm going to get fresh towels."

The fact that Stiles didn't counter with a witty come-back told Derek in how much pain he already was. But it should get better once he was in the hot water.

In the hallway, he ran into John.

"Thank you." The man simply said.

"For what?" Derek wondered, he wasn't doing anything special here.

"For taking care of him like this."

"He takes care of me as well." Derek could tell him about the times when his head got too full and he just wanted to let go for a little while. And how Stiles was always there to give him exactly what he needed.

The way John shifted and didn't look him in the eye, he got what Derek was referring to, though.

"I'll go to bed." John made a decision. "But don't hesitate to wake me if you need me."

"I will."

There was a loud splash from the bathroom along with a woof from Jack.

John and Derek took off running but they stopped dead in the door. The floor was wet, one of Stiles' legs was hanging over the rim of the tub and Stiles was clinging with both hands to the hand grip on the wall.

Derek let out a sigh and John next to him didn't move either. Jack gave them an accusing glare and let out another bark.

"You could have waited," Derek told Stiles and unbuttoned the cuffs of his shirt. He didn't want to undress in front of John but he could at least roll up his sleeves to not get them completely wet immediately.

"Stop staring at my ass and help me," Stiles demanded.

"It's a nice view." Derek didn't tell him that his butt was below the edge of the tub. But he did step closer and when Stiles felt Derek's arm supporting his neck, he let go of the handle and let Derek roll him to his back.

"What's going on here?" Suddenly Melissa stood in the door as well. At least she didn't have the baseball bat with her this time.

"Derek has it under control," John said and steered her out of the room. "Let's go to bed."

Derek didn't look up to catch her expression, his focus was on Stiles, and then the bathroom door fell shut.

"How did you manage to undress this quickly?" Derek wondered. He'd thought that he would have to help him with his pants. But Stiles' clothes lay scattered on and around his chair, at least he had
thrown the balled up diaper farther away.

"Wanted to get into the tub before my body locks up completely." Stiles let out a content sigh when Derek untangled his legs and he was floating in the streaming water.

"By drowning yourself?"

"That was not part of the plan."

Once Derek was sure that Stiles was secure and comfortable in the tub, he got up to get rid of the diaper and to hang up Stiles' suit and dress shirt before they could get all wet and wrinkled.

Later Derek carried him wrapped up in a fluffy towel over to their bedroom where Derek first gave him his painkillers and then the required massage. With happy ending.

Derek had hoped that by now Stiles would have drifted off to sleep, Derek himself was more than ready for sleep after the long day, but Stiles blinked his eyes open when Derek carefully wiped the come off his stomach.

"Could you get me a diaper? Don't want to pee on you again." Stiles asked and if he hadn't been this tired and fucked out, he would be more embarrassed about this, Derek knew him well enough to know. But like this, it was just a drowsy request.

Derek put the diaper on him with minimal assistance from Stiles and then he drew the covers over both of them.

Over the night Derek woke a few times because of Stiles' moving around next to him but it wasn't that bad. Maybe with the bath and massage right away they had prevented the worst. Derek made a mental note for next time. By now he knew the signs and if they acted quick enough, Stiles wouldn't have to suffer longer than necessary.

In the beginning, Stiles had even tried to hide the fact that there were days like this but thinking about it now Derek realized that they didn't even have to talk about it. They both knew that there were bad days and somehow they had become part of their relationship.

The sun was already shining brightly into the room when Derek woke up for real.

"Morning," Stiles greeted him but he didn't sound really awake just yet either. He just snuggled closer, head resting on Derek's chest.

"How do you feel?" Since Stiles was already lying in his arm, Derek used that to draw him in even closer and to not so subtly probe the muscles in his lower back. They were hard and tense but not the knotted lumps he had feared to find.

"Bad enough for breakfast in bed?" Stiles asked hopefully.

"How about coffee in bed?" Derek countered. The last time they had done this had been on the road and Derek had slipped into sub-mode without noticing. "And just for the record, I'm not going to sub all day with your parents around."

He didn't know if or when John and Melissa had to work today but better be safe than sorry. They had seen his whipped ass, and hadn't even mentioned it since then, but a soft, domestic scene, which they most likely wouldn't even recognize as them sceneing, that was way too intimate for others to see.
Stiles laughed at his comment and Derek felt the muscles under his hand spasm with every shake of laughter. So he started to smooth them out again.

"Pajamas all day, couch and Netflix?" Derek suggested instead.

Stiles studied him for a moment and then he leaned in to kiss him on the cheek.

"We need to get home," he said. "I want lazy days where we can just slip into a scene like that."

Derek hummed to that. They had planned to leave tomorrow or the day after that, depending on how Stiles felt, but Derek would prefer tomorrow. He was just not sure if he wanted to see his mother or Cora before they left. He could just sneak out on them. However, he put that to the back of his mind for now, today he had to take care of Stiles.

They kissed a bit more and then Derek rolled out of bed to get Stiles the promised coffee. Once Stiles was happily making out with his coffee, Derek slipped out of the room to get ready for the day. When he came back dressed and freshly showered, Stiles was more awake, sitting with his back propped up against the headboard.

He didn't feel quite ready to go through his bathroom routine just yet so Derek scooped him up and carried him out to the living room to set him up on the couch.

By now John was awake as well. But when he spotted them he looked as if he wasn't sure if he was still dreaming or not.

Derek was carrying Stiles bride-style with Stiles' arms around his neck for support. It worked and if he walked sideways through the door, he didn't have to worry about Stiles' spasming legs sticking out.

Derek greeted John with a good morning but his focus was on Stiles and getting him on the couch without jostling him too much.

Only when Stiles was comfortable with pillows and blankets and Jack lying on his legs Derek straightened and went to see what he could get them for breakfast.

John had watched the whole process but had now retreated to the kitchen.

"I'm making pancakes," he told Derek. "He loves them when …" He made a vague gesture in the direction of the living room.

"I know." Pancakes or pastries of any kind, sweet and fluffy.

"I figured." John poured the first batter into the pan. "That looked practiced." He paused, busy with the pancakes. Or searching for the next words.

"He doesn't like to get carried around," John finally said. "He lets me do it only if it's so bad he can't even sit in his chair. And even then it's a struggle for him."

Derek thought about all the times he had carried Stiles around. A few times because of a bad day but more often to get to the bed quickly. But that was more like jumping your partner and let him walk you over to the bed so you don't have to stop kissing and you can already grind into each other. Other couples did that all the time as well.

"He trusts you," John observed.
"And I trust him," Derek added. "The kind of relationship we have wouldn't work without trust."

"That's not something I want to think about before breakfast." John made a face but it was not in disgust. Derek wondered what he knew about the lifestyle, most likely more than a few days ago, but he didn't ask.

Instead, Derek started to get a plate ready for Stiles with pancakes, cut up fruit, whipped cream and chocolate sauce. Along with more coffee.
Chapter 50

From time to time John checked in with them to make sure that Stiles had everything he needed but otherwise he left them alone. Derek and Stiles spent the morning on the couch, watching Netflix. Derek had Stiles feet in his lap and even through the thick wool socks he felt how twisted and cramped Stiles' legs were. Derek patiently massaged his feet and calves.

It was weird. Stiles couldn't feel his legs but for sure the cramped muscles affected his whole body. Under Derek's attention, Stiles basically melted into the cushions and even drifted off to sleep for a little while.

In the early afternoon, Stiles felt good enough to ask for his sketchbook. While he was busy with that, with Jack back to lying on his legs, Derek set up his laptop at the table and started to sort through the pictures he had taken yesterday. At first, he just skipped through the photos to get a feeling for them before he sorted them into three different folders: for Cora, private and nope. The last one was a suggestion from Stiles who had insisted that Derek turned his laptop so that they both could see the screen.

Derek did hear the doorbell but since he wasn't living here, he didn't pay much attention to it.

"Stiles?" John stood in the door. "Are you up for visitors?"

"What?" Stiles sat up straighter. "Who?"

"Stiles?" Before John could answer the question Lucy came running into the room but she stopped dead when she spotted Stiles with Jack on the couch.

"Puppy!" She squealed in delight and then she was scrambling onto the couch. And with that on Stiles.

"Lucy!" Laura appeared next to John in the doorway and Justin was lurking right behind her.

However, everything stopped when Stiles screamed in pain.

His body bent on its own and swept Lucy off her feet. Falling she frantically tried to hold on to something, which turned out to be Stiles' shoulder, dragging him with her. Worried Jack stood and with that, he wasn't pinning down Stiles' legs any longer and he too got caught in the blanket when Stiles and Lucy went over the edge.

Derek only processed what had just happened when all three had already disappeared in the gap between couch and table. Somehow Stiles had the sense to protect Lucy's head with his hand but he couldn't prevent the crash.

Jack was the first back on his feet. He made whiny noises and was nosing at Stiles but he got out of the way when Derek pushed him aside to get to Stiles. John and Laura hurried to get the table out of the way.

"Lucy, are you okay? Lucy?" Laura asked frantically.

Lucy was lying on her back half under Stiles, blinking up at them. For a second she wasn't sure if she wanted to cry or not but then she made up her mind and started bawling with fat tears running down her face.
Derek was the first at their side. He knew he would cause Stiles more pain but he was lying twisted like a pretzel and Lucy under him started to kick her feet to get free which didn't make it better either so Derek slid his hand between them and as gently as possible he lifted Stiles off the screaming child.

Stiles screamed again but he was working with Derek. The second Lucy got the chance, she crawled out from under him and to her mother. John was at Stiles' other side and together they helped him back up to the couch.

Stiles had been mostly good all day but this had hit him like a sledgehammer. His feet crossed at the ankles, his legs stiff like boards and he couldn't even bend at the hip to actually sit on the couch. He fell sideways with little sobs but he was trying to keep himself composed.

"Is he going to die?" Justin asked. He had watched the whole scene with interest and was now eyeing Stiles critically.

At that Lucy bawled even louder. "Stiles can't die!"

"He's not going to die," John assured them. "Is she okay?" He asked Laura who was trying to calm her down and look her over at the same time. And she kept glancing at Stiles with a guilty expression. But Derek didn't have eyes for his sister right now.

"Derek, show her the bathroom. She can clean her up there," John ordered in a voice that demanded attention. Derek didn't want to leave Stiles but he knew that he was in good hands with his father and that it probably was for the best to get Lucy out of here until everybody had calmed down.

Reluctantly Derek ushered Laura with Lucy on her arm out of the room. Justin had Jack by the collar and kept him at a distance so Derek let him be where he was. The dog was clearly worried but did let the humans take care of Stiles.

"Hey, did you get hurt?" Derek stroke Lucy's hair. She shook her head, face buried in Laura's chest.

"Is Stiles hurt bad?" She lifted her head to look at him. "Did I hurt him?"

"No," Derek assured her but he could tell that she wouldn't believe a simple no. The way Laura was looking at him, she wouldn't just accept that answer either.

"Let's get you cleaned up and then I'll explain it to you, okay?" Derek suggested.

In the bathroom, Laura sat down on the rim of the bathtub and Derek got washcloth out of the cabinet. He wet it with cold water and handed it to Laura who gently wiped tears and snot off Lucy's blotchy face.

"Derek, I'm sorry," Laura said. "I should have …"

"You didn't know." Derek crouched in front of them so that he was on eye-level with Lucy. "And you didn't know either. You've been climbing all over him yesterday, you didn't know that today is different."

Laura didn't ask the questions clearly on her mind, Lucy was upset enough as it was, she didn't need to hear her mother wondering if she had caused Stiles' condition with her climbing all over him.

"Stiles has a bad day," Derek explained. "He had fun yesterday with you and everything but it had
been a long day and he's exhausted."

"He screamed," Lucy said with a wobbly bottom lip. "He's hurt."

"Yes, he's hurting." Derek nodded. "But that's not your fault. After an exhausting day, his legs and lower back cramp up. You saw his legs sticking out when his dad and I got him back on the couch?"

She nodded, her eyes big.

"His muscles are so tense, it hurts. A lot," Derek told her. "And he can't bring his body to relax. He had a hot bath and I gave him a massage earlier, that helps, but if something startles him, his body locks up again. And falling off the couch is pretty startling, don't you think?"

Lucy gave him a slow nod.

"But that's not your fault," Derek emphasized.

"He's going to be okay, right?" Laura asked in a low voice that got easily lost in Lucy's dry sobs. She wasn't trusting the kid-friendly version. Derek gave her a nod and what he hoped was a reassuring smile.

"He just needs rest and some painkillers, he'll be fine tomorrow." At least he hoped so. It hadn't looked like Stiles had injured himself but Derek didn't know for sure.

"Does this happen often?" Laura asked, now looking at him with different eyes. He just hoped that she didn't fall in line with Cora who probably still thought that he was Stiles' nurse, caretaker or whatever.

"It happens but not that often."

Once Lucy had calmed down a bit she wanted to see Stiles to make sure that he really was okay. Derek figured that by now John had taken care of him as good as possible so he took Lucy's hand and together they went back to the living room. Laura followed on their heel.

Stiles was sitting propped up against the armrest of the couch with the blanket tucked around him and Jack lying on his legs. John and Justin were sitting in chairs, quietly talking to each other.

Derek saw Stiles' pained face and the outline of his body under the blanket and he knew that Stiles was trying to keep it together for Justin's sake.

"Stiles?" Lucy whispered and tiptoed over to him. It was adorable how she tried to not startle him again.

"Hey," he said with a smile. "Sorry if I scared you. Are you alright? Didn't hurt your head, did you?"

She shook her head and her fingers twitched as if she wanted to touch him but didn't dare.

"Come here." Stiles wiggled a hand out from under the blanket and reached for her. "Sometimes I have a bad day, it just happens to be one today."

"Are you going to be better tomorrow?" She let him hug her and carefully buried her face in his shoulder.

"Promise, I just need some rest."
Laura got the hint and a few minutes later Derek was seeing them out.

"It's just a bad time," Derek assured her. "Thanks for the visit, we'll drop by tomorrow to show you that Stiles is really fine." The last bit was more directed at Lucy who still looked pretty upset. "Don't worry, okay?"

Laura hugged him and told him to take care of Stiles and then they were gone and Derek hurried back to the living room.

"Hey." Derek sat down on the edge of the couch and cupped the back of Stiles' head. That at least was a part of his body Derek was sure wasn't hurting. "Do you need anything?"

"Dad gave me some painkillers," Stiles said, the words slurred. If because of the pain or because the pills were already working Derek couldn't tell.

Stiles didn't want to move so Derek let him pick something on Netflix. Derek stayed at his side, sneaked a hand under the blanket and patiently began to smooth out the lumps and knots in his back again.

Stiles might have drifted off to a light slumber at some point but most of the time he was just staring at the TV without actually watching what was going on on screen. John brought dinner out for them and by then Stiles at least dared to come up to a more sitting position. With pillows stuffed in his back, he ate a few bites but he was still in too much pain to actually enjoy the meal.

After dinner, they went back to watching mindless TV, a documentation about grasshoppers for some reason, but Stiles still had no intention to move so Derek sat with him and watched grasshoppers.

Eventually, Derek coaxed him into moving over to the bed where he gave him a real massage. With a happy ending. Again. But it did help Stiles to relax.

"I owe you so many orgasms now," Stiles said with his arm over his eyes and his chest heaving. He had come on his stomach and a smile on his lips. Derek wiped his hand with a tissue and cleaned up Stiles before he tucked him back into the pants of his pajamas.

"You're not going to just give them to me, are you?" Derek wondered, not sure what he was hoping for here.

"Hell, no," Stiles said. "You're going to earn them. I'm going to make you beg, I'm going to edge you for so long you won't be sure if you're even able to come. You're going to be so desperate and needy for every single one of them."

"Good." Derek made himself comfortable next to him with his head on Stiles' shoulder.

Stiles reached down and palmed him through his boxers.

"You're hard," he observed.

Derek pressed into his hand but Stiles showed no sign that he had any intention to do something about the erection in his hand. Probably for the better, he was relaxed for once and every move he made could lead to more cramps.

"I want to fall asleep like this," Stiles mumbled, already drowsy. "Good night."

He kissed the top of Derek's head and fell asleep with Derek's hard cock still in his lax hand.
For a little while, Derek just lay there, Stiles' heartbeat in his ear and Stiles' hand on his erection. He let out a content sigh, this was good. He wouldn't mind falling asleep like this more often.

With that thought in mind, Derek drifted off to sleep.
Derek would have liked to just hit the road the next day. Stiles was feeling better, the wedding was over and they hadn't been home in a month. It was time to go home.

However, they had to see Laura and the kids today. Laura had texted him that Lucy hadn't slept at all, convinced that she had done something terrible to Stiles.

His mom and Cora wanted to see them as well, at least Talia wanted to see both of them, Cora had said something about wanting to see the pictures but she had made it clear that she didn't want to see Stiles.

Stiles told him to not worry about that, he had a date with Peter anyway.

"Do I want to know what you two are up to?" Derek asked over breakfast where they were planning out their day.

"He wants a new logo for his firm and he's thinking about some kind of mascot," Stiles told him around a mouth full of pancakes.

"He does financial stuff, why does he need a mascot?" Derek wondered. If he was honest, he had no idea what Peter was actually doing but Laura and Cora both worked for him so it couldn't be that illegal. Or he kept them away from the illegal part, that sounded more like Peter.

"He wants to branch out, doing more social stuff and some kind of youth program."

"Peter?" Derek felt his eyebrows hit his hairline.

"Once again, Peter?" The idea sounded good but this was Peter they were talking about. Egoistic narcissist par excellence, Peter didn't just run around and did good stuff.

"Get them when they're young." Stiles shrugged. "He did his research, nobody wants young people to know how to handle money, so I guess he's doing it to piss people off. At least partly. My other guess is that he wants to use it to launder money."

"He's ripping them off?" That did sound like Peter.

"No." Stiles shook his head. "It's legit. But that doesn't mean he can't use it as a front."

"Did he tell you that?"

"Of course not, it's just an educated guess." Stiles gave him an unimpressed look. "Who cares what he's going to do behind the scenes, he's going to help a lot of teenagers."

Derek still didn't like it.
"Depending on how the kids like the mascot I'm going to make a monthly comic for it," Stiles continued. "But that's just an idea for now. However …" He pointed his fork at Derek. "He needs photos for the website and the pamphlets."

"And he wants me for that?"

"You're good."

Derek thought about that for a moment and then couldn't help but chuckle.

"What?" Stiles asked with his finger in his mouth. Derek hurried to look somewhere else while Stiles was licking syrup from his fingers.

"Mom had been nagging me to work for Peter since forever."

"Guess she's going to get what she wants?" Stiles grinned at him with shiny lips. If Derek didn't know that Melissa was about to come into the kitchen any second now …

Derek groaned and kept his eyes on his cup of coffee. But of course Stiles knew exactly what was going on in his head, and by now in his pants as well, and he added some obscene noises.

"Ever heard of a napkin?" Derek snapped at him and adjusted himself in his pants.

"This is more fun." Stiles let go of his finger with a wet plop and went back to eating his pancakes. Which wasn't much better.

Melissa joined them a moment later and with her at the table Stiles behaved, more or less.

"You free for dinner tonight?" She asked once she had half a cup of coffee and could be considered back among the living.

The day was packed with seeing Derek's family and they were planning on an early start tomorrow but so far they didn't have plans for dinner.

"Dinner here, then," she decided. "Scott and Isaac are coming too."

Stiles wouldn't see his family again anytime soon so a little farewell party was only fair. And Derek had to admit, dinner with Stiles' family was actually fun.

"Oh, Isaac said, he's going to bring your new family member," she added. "Did he trick you into getting a puppy, too?" She gave Stiles and Jack, who had his head on Stiles' thigh, a pointed look.

"Cat," Derek corrected and didn't even try to deny the fact that he was going to take the little kitten home. Isaac didn't know how old the kittens were exactly, too young to be away from their mother, that much was for sure, but since the mother wasn't around, there was no point in waiting. And Jack had basically adopted the kitten by now, he would be a good surrogate mother.

After breakfast Stiles and Derek got going. They would visit Laura first, then Talia after which they would separate to see Cora and Peter.

At Laura's, it was Lucy who opened the door for them and she did not have eyes for Derek.

"Stiles!" She made a beeline for him but hesitated and didn't launch herself at him. He fixed that with scooping her up and putting her in his lap.

"Hey, you little rascal."
"Are you better today?" She asked. For a five-year-old, she had some impressive shadows under her eyes and she was watching Stiles warily.

"I'm fine," Stiles assured her. "Bad days happen to me and believe me, Jack has startled me more often than once. But thanks to you I had Norbert so it wasn't too bad."

The last bit was kind of a lie, it had taken Stiles hours to recover from that incident but Lucy didn't have to know that. And Norbert the teddy bear was already packed in one of their suitcases but Lucy bobbed her head because apparently, the bear was the cure for everything.

Justin had come to the door as well and he was following Stiles like a shadow when he moved with Lucy in his lap into the hallway. To show them that he really was fine, Stiles tilted the chair and brought it to the back wheels for a second.

"Hold on tight," he told her and then he did it again but this time with a pirouette. Lucy squealed in delight and Derek was pretty sure that her worries were cured with that.

Now Laura and Frank came out to greet their guests as well and Derek actually enjoyed the following two hours. The kids had attached themselves to Stiles again but he was still part of the conversation and the awkwardness with which Laura and Frank had interacted with him before was gone.

Derek left Laura's place with the good feeling that she had accepted Stiles.

"That wasn't too bad," Stiles commented when they were back in the car. "Your mom next?"

Derek doubted that she would be as supportive as Laura but he had promised to drop by today so that was where they were heading next.

His dad was there as well and the greetings were stiff at best. The incident where Andrew had just grabbed Stiles by the handles and almost dropped him out of his chair still hung between them even if neither of them mentioned it.

Andrew, however, made a point of staying away from Stiles as far as possible without leaving the room.

They did polite small talk, Talia asked how they had liked the wedding and if Cora's dress hadn't been just a dream?

To loosen up the situation Derek showed them some of the pictures he'd taken.

"These are pretty good," Andrew admitted when he skipped through the folder. "It's a nice hobby and if you can make some money out of it, good for you, but son, you should think about getting a real job again. Just to be safe."

He meant well, Derek knew that, but he was sick of this. Over the last weeks, he had sold a few pictures, Patreon was coming around nicely and the stock pictures were a small but steady trickle coming in. He had entered a few more competitions. He wasn't getting rich with this but he had a base he could work with. And he was looking into commission work. Peter might even be his first client in that line of work and that would help to build up his portfolio. All in all, it worked out better than he'd expected already.

"Peter mentioned that he has a job he wants to offer you," Talia spoke up. "You should think about it." She was almost pleading and when Derek promised to think about it, it wasn't even a lie this time.
They didn't stay long and when they left Derek wondered if his parents had even exchanged three words with Stiles. But they hadn't been outright hostile and hadn't tried to belittle Stiles so he called it a win.

"They still don't like me." Was Stiles' comment on that.

"At least they don't hate you any longer?" Derek offered. They would leave tomorrow and he hadn't seen his family that often over the last five years, he didn't really care what they thought about Stiles. Stiles was part of his life, they just had to deal with that.

Stiles dropped him off at Cora's and then went to meet Peter.

For a moment Derek just stood on the sidewalk, not sure if he wanted to see his sister or not. In the end, he did ring the doorbell.

"Shouldn't she be on her honeymoon by now?" He muttered to himself but he did recall his mother saying something about this. Apparently, Miles' work didn't allow them to go on vacation right now. They would go on their honeymoon in a few weeks or something like that, he hadn't really paid attention.

"Are you proud of yourself?" Cora greeted him when she opened the door.

"What?"

With a harsh gesture she beckoned him to come in and then she slammed the door behind him.

"You ruined my wedding," she hissed at him.

"What?" Now he was completely confused. As far as he could tell the wedding had been a success. No major incidents, the guests had seemed happy and enjoying themselves and Cora had just been beautiful. It had been the fairytale wedding she had wanted.

"That crippled boyfriend of yours." She emphasized boyfriend but Derek's hackles raised at crippled. "He was the talk of the party. Why did he have to seek attention with playing babysitter? That poor young man but he puts on such a brave face for the sake of the children." The last part was a mocking quote of something she must have heard. Derek had heard similar things, some worse than this one.

"And then," she continued. "Then he has the nerve to go on the dance floor."

"We went on the dance floor," Derek corrected with his arms crossed over his chest. They were still standing in the hallway and he doubted that they would make it to the living room. Most likely he would be out of the door in a second here.

"He doesn't belong there," she insisted. "He didn't belong at my party at all. And if he had to come along, he should have stayed out of sight and not put himself in the center of attention."

"Stiles was a guest like everybody else," Derek said. "And when everybody else was dancing he danced as well, he's not responsible for how people react to him."

She pressed her lips into a thin line but didn't have an answer to that.

"Stiles is my partner," Derek told her with steel in his voice. "He's going to come with me to family events and he is not going to stay out of sight. If you can't deal with that, your problem."
He turned on his heel and reached for the door.

"I'll send you the pictures," he said over his shoulder. "Oh, and it's likely that we're going to get married at some point. Then Stiles is going to be the center of attention and believe me, we're going to rock the dance floor."
Chapter 52

At least the farewell dinner at Stiles' place was fun. Stiles' parents actually liked him and Scott and Isaac had accepted Derek as Stiles' partner without hesitation. Scott didn't even go into full big brother mode and tried to give him the shovel speech or something like that. And in this case, Derek would have almost accepted that Stiles' family wanted to make sure that he didn't get hurt. But nothing like that. All of them accepted Stiles' decision and just welcomed Derek to the family.

However, the attention whore of the evening was the kitten Isaac had brought with him and they were more talking about that than anything else. Derek was pretty sure the cat didn't touch the ground the whole evening, it just got passed from lap to lap.

Scott did promise to kick Derek's ass if he didn't take care of the cat properly, so there was that.

The day had been exhausting, at least emotionally, and since they wanted an early start in the morning, they didn't draw out dinner for too long.

Isaac gave Derek some last advice on how to not kill a cat, Scott hugged Stiles as if he didn't want to let go ever again and then Scott and Isaac left. Holding hands. But Derek doubted either of them even noticed.

Derek and Stiles turned in not long after with the cat in a nest of blankets in the corner of the room. It didn't sound happy about being alone but it didn't take long for Jack to sneak in and settled down with the cat.

The needy meowing stopped immediately and the cat snuggled so deep into the soft fur of Jack's belly that it almost disappeared.

Meanwhile, Jack was looking at them as if he wanted to ask what the hell they were thinking, leaving the cat alone.

They didn't get the early start they had wanted because they got out of bed an hour later than planned. The way John was looking at them, he suspected some kinky morning sex but truth be told they had just been too lazy to get up early.

The plan was to drive through till late in the evening without any detours and to look for a place to sleep as late as possible. Even like that it would take days to get back to New York, the extra breaks for Jack not even in included. And with the cat, Derek didn't even know what to expect.

Then it took almost another hour to get everything in the car.

"We didn't have this much stuff on the way here." Derek was sure of that. It was just one additional cat and the lunch packages Melissa had made them. And Norbert the teddy bear.

"We didn't unpack that much on the road," Stiles explained and leaned into the bag he was trying to squeeze in between two others. "And c'mon, everybody loves Tetris."

"I don't." Derek watched him struggling with the lid of the trunk. "I never know where to put the long piece."

The trunk clicked shut and Stiles straightened with a triumphant grin.

"Don't worry, I'll show you where to put the long piece." He wiggled his eyebrows at him. Derek
just rolled his eyes.

"Things I don't want to hear," Melissa spoke up behind them.

"Don't be such a prude, that was harmless." Stiles wasn't even fazed but then he looked at the closed trunk. "Derek, please tell me you didn't put the bag with the toys in first."

"That I really don't need to hear." Melissa raised her hands in defense.

"No, it's …" Derek cleared his throat, desperately not looking in her direction. "It's at the side with my camera bag."

"Easy access, awesome." Stiles’ grin grew even wider and he had way too much fun, making them all flustered. "I knew there was a reason I'm keeping you around."

When he rolled past Derek he used the chance for a hard slap on his ass before he disappeared into the house to have one last look around to make sure they hadn't forgotten anything.

"I'm sorry," Derek said when he was standing alone with Melissa in the driveway. "That was too much information."

"I don't want to know what you do," she said. "But I know Stiles, he can get rather … enthusiastic. If he gets carried away, tell him, okay?"

Derek shifted from one foot to the other, he had hoped that they were done with this topic.

"The Stiles you know is not the Stiles who … you know." Derek cleared his throat. "He's different then. Focused, in control, he doesn't get carried away."

She looked at him as if she was trying to figure something out but then she just nodded.

When they were finally ready to leave Derek got hugs from John and Melissa and then they were on the road. Derek didn't even say goodbye to his parents.

Stiles was driving and Derek’s job was to keep an eye on the cat they had put in a basket on the back seat. Jack had an eye on the little bundle as well and not half an hour later it was sleeping anyway.

"Do you have a name for him yet?" Stiles asked with a glance at the mirror. "It's a him, right?"

"Yeah." Derek nodded. "And no, I don't have a name for him yet." He raised his hand when he saw Stiles opening his mouth. "And you're not going to name my cat."

Stiles gave him a fake pout.

"If he's anything like you, you should name him Grumpy."

"He's not Grumpy Cat."

"At least you know that one," Stiles muttered more to himself.

With the late start and the extra breaks for the pets, they didn't make it nearly as far as they had planned but they weren't really in a hurry. However, Derek was looking forward to sleeping in his own bed again.

They found a motel and Stiles took Jack for a walk while Derek stayed back to look after the cat
and to order their dinner. They weren't in the mood for going out, Chinese in bed sounded just right.

Sitting in the car all day had been exhausting, not even counting the last few days, so they turned in early and Derek fell asleep within minutes.

When he woke up, his cock was locked in the cage. It took him a moment to make sense out of that information but then he remembered what Stiles had promised him. Derek washed his hand over his face, this was going to be a long day.

"Morning." Stiles' face came into view and he was way too cheerful for this early hour. He slipped a hand between Derek's legs and thoughtfully rolled his balls in his palm.

"Color?" Stiles asked. He brushed his thumb over the tip of the cage, teasing the slit through the small gap there.

"Green." As if he would answer anything else.

"This is what we're going to do." Stiles kept on playing with his junk while Derek tried to lay as still as possible. "I'm going to get comfortable while you're going to give me a show. Open yourself up, nice and slow. I want to see four fingers fucking that pretty hole of yours. I want to see you writhe and moan when you hit your sweet spot with every thrust. You want to do that for me?"

"Yes, please."

"And then, when you're nice and ready for me, you're going to ride me." Stiles gave his balls a sharp tug, making Derek gasp. "I want my seed deep in you when I plug you up. And if you are a good boy." He twisted his hand and Derek arched off the bed with a pained noise. "I'm going to put a diaper on you to catch all that sweet precome you're going to leak all day."

"Green." Derek gasped. Stiles had his balls in an iron grip and for a moment it felt like he wanted to just rip them off. But then he let go of him and Derek sank back into the mattress with a whimper.

"We have a long ride ahead." The tube of lube hit him on the chest and out of the corner of his eye, he saw Stiles getting comfortable with his back propped up against the headboard.

"Long ride?" Derek craned his neck to look at him. "Fucking or driving?"

Stiles just gave him a look. "You better go on with the program or I'll spank you once I've plugged you up. See how long driving feels then."

Derek grabbed the lube and scrambled into position straddling Stiles' legs so that Stiles had a good view on his backside.

By the time Stiles allowed him to sink down on his cock, Derek was constantly leaking precome and his cock was straining against the cage but the raw need had nowhere to go. And of course, Stiles angled him just right so that Derek was hitting his prostate with every rise and fall.

Derek's legs were shaking, his whole body covered in a thin layer of sweat and his hole felt raw and abused when Stiles finally grabbed him by the hips and slammed him down, burying himself deep in Derek.

"That's it." He gritted out and Derek could feel him pulsing deep inside him. Stiles held him there for a moment longer while the last waves of his orgasm shook through him.
"Clench down," Stiles whispered in his ear. "I want my come to stay inside you."

Stiles pulled out, rolled him onto his stomach and then the blunt tip of the bigger plug nudged at his entrance. It went in without much resistance.

"You're doing so good." Stiles kneaded his cheeks which jostled the plug inside him. Derek buried his face in the pillow with a whimper but when he saw what Stiles was reaching for next, his cheeks burned with shame.

"Turn around."

Derek didn't look when Stiles put the diaper on him. It felt strange but kind of good.

"Good boy." Stiles patted his caged cock through the fabric of the diaper. "Get dressed and then I want breakfast, I'm starving."

Derek had worn the cage and the plug in public quite a few times by now, it was exciting but he had gotten used to it. The diaper, however, was something different.

Stiles wore them all the time and even knowing that it was there, it was impossible to tell so Derek was sure that nobody could see his. He still had the feeling that everybody was looking at him when they entered the diner for breakfast.

He did breathe easier when they were finally in the car.

The plug felt huge inside him and every little bump in the road drove it right into his prostate. Other feelings aside, he didn't want to think too deeply about those, Derek was glad for the diaper because he would have been sporting an impressive wet spot at the front of his jeans not even an hour into the ride.

It didn't help that Stiles had his hand in his crotch whenever he could spare it.

They took turns in driving and it was better when Derek was the one behind the wheel. He had to focus on the road and not so much on how his rim clenched around the thick base of the plug.

Playing with the cat also helped to keep his mind out of the gutter but for their lunch break Stiles made him walk Jack and it was impossible to ignore the large intrusion while he tried to keep up with the dog. After hours in the car, Jack wanted to run.

The arousal was burning deep in his guts and his legs were shaking from the constant abuse to his prostate and Stiles didn't even glance at him when he and Jack came back to the car. He was too busy playing with the cat.

Restroom breaks were strange too. With the cage, Derek was used to using the stalls but now he had to deal with the diaper as well. The front was soaked with his precome.

"Color?" Stiles asked, stroking along the inner seam of Derek's jeans. The sun was low in the sky and they would have to find a motel for the night soon.

"Green," Derek answered without a moment of hesitation. He was more than ready to get rid of the plug but he could take it a little while longer.

"We should find a place for dinner then," Stiles decided with a wicked grin.

Derek groaned.
Stiles' idea of a place for dinner turned out to be a drive-through where they got burgers and fries. However, Derek became suspicious when Stiles drove them out into a remote area to eat.

Stiles parked the car but instead of reaching for the bags of food in Derek's lap he reached for his fly.

"I'm going to eat and you're going to put your mouth to good use."

"Seriously?" Derek rolled his eyes.

"And if I finish before I finish you will regret it." His voice dropped which send shivers down Derek's spine. He put the bags with his own food in the foot room and handed Stiles his dinner who immediately started to peel the burger out of its wrapper.

Bending over did things to the plug still inside him but Derek didn't let that distract him. He didn't have much time.

He knew how Stiles liked his blowjobs and he used every trick he knew. With one hand Derek was gently rolling his balls and with the other he was pumping at the base of the shaft while he tried to take him deep. Derek had never mastered deep-throating but he took Stiles deep enough to hit the back of his throat and when he came back up, he sealed his lips around the shaft and sucked.

"You're not wasting time, are you?" Stiles tried to sound unaffected but he didn't fool anybody. Derek didn't answer and focused on the head instead. He suckled and licked, dipping his tongue in the slit, before he went back to bobbing up and down the shaft.

Stiles didn't last long and Derek grinned around the pulsing shaft when Stiles' release hit the back of his throat. He coughed with come and saliva dripping down his chin but it was worth it.

When Derek finally looked up he found Stiles with his head resting on the back of the seat and his eyes closed. The wrapper from the burger lay balled up on the dashboard but there were some fries left.

"Close one," Stiles said once he could speak again. "Congrats, you're actually going to come tonight."

"Thank you." Derek sat back up but had to shift a little until he found a position that didn't press the plug into uncomfortable places.

"You can eat now." Stiles put the last fries in his mouth and settled back in his seat.

Since they were already in a remote area they used the chance to walk Jack again. Meaning Derek had to walk Jack while Stiles stayed in the car and played with the cat. By now Derek seriously wondered whose cat it really was.

Eventually, they got a motel room and by now Derek was more than ready to get the plug out. His rim felt raw, same for his prostate and the constant arousal was driving him crazy. He just wanted to rip the cage off and get his hand on his dick. But he doubted that that would happen any time soon.

Stiles had locked the pets in the bathroom but now he turned to Derek. Finally.
"Get naked but leave the diaper on," he ordered and then he just watched while Derek shed one piece of clothing after the other until he stood there in his diaper. His cheeks burned, this was worse than being naked.

"Have you been a good boy?" Stiles asked and came closer. "Or did you wet yourself?"

"I was good." Derek had no idea where this was going but he played along.

"We'll see." Stiles opened the diaper and let the front flap down. "Hmm." He ran his fingertips over the wet spot and raised them for Derek to see. "How would you call this?"

"It's wet."

"So you did wet yourself."

"Yes." Derek swallowed thickly. This shouldn't be so hot. He felt his cock twitch in the cage and a fat drop of pre-come oozed out of the slit. "I'm sorry."

"You wet yourself like a little boy." Stiles smeared the thick liquid over the tip of the cage with his thumb. "Do you think you deserve to come like a big boy?"

"No." His voice sounded hoarse in his own ears. Now he did have an idea where this was going but coming like that wouldn't be easy. If he could come like that at all. His prostate already felt swollen and sore.

"We'll keep your useless dicklet locked up, that's for big boy orgasms," Stiles let go of his dick and reached farther down between his legs until he could grab the base of the plug. "You're going to come from this, like a good little boy, won't you?"

"Yes," Derek said, trembling when Stiles started to tap the base of the plug. "Please make me come like that."

"Like a good little boy?" Stiles prompted.

"Please." Derek licked his lips, this part never became easier but on the other hand, it let warmth spread deep in his belly every time Stiles made him say things like this. "Please make me come like a good little boy."

"On the bed, then." Stiles moved out of the way with an inviting gesture at the bed. "Face down, ass up."

Getting the plug out wasn't easy, his rim had closed around the base and after hours it had become dry and sore. Stiles added more lube and twisted and moved the plug a little before he even tried to pull it out. He went slow and Derek felt his hole open up around the bulb.

However, Stiles didn't just pull it out. Once the thickest part was breaching the rim, he pushed it back in.

Derek groaned and buried his face deeper in the pillow. He was already fisting the sheets but he knew that this was merely the beginning.

Stiles fucked him with the plug until it went in and out with barely any resistance at all.

"Nice and open, you should be able to take my fist now." Stiles decided and put the plug away.

"What?" Derek raised his head and tried to look at him over his shoulder but Stiles just swatted his
ass to get him back in position.

"My fist isn't that much bigger than the plug," Stiles assured him. "Besides, I have the big plug here for later. I told you that I want to start to train you on that."

Derek remembered that and it had sounded hot but now that it was really happening to his ass and he wasn't so sure any longer.

"Just breathe," Stiles told him and reached for more lube. "I'll go slow. But you are going to come with my fist up there."

Derek wasn't so sure if he would even be able to take Stiles' whole hand but the thought alone filled him with want so he let out a deep breath and relaxed as good as he could.

Stiles rubbed soothing circles on his lower back while he pressed the fingers of his other hand in. Derek was loose enough to take them without a problem but then came the wide part with the tucked in thumb and that did get caught at the rim.

But Stiles was patient. He took his time, easing back and pushing forward, and when finally the widest part slipped past the rim, Derek cried in relief.

Sweat and tears burned in his eyes and dry sobs fell from his lips while his body just trembled in need. This was beyond the need to come. Distantly Derek was aware of his caged cock but his need had narrowed down to a place deeper in his body.

Stiles curled his fingers into a fist and for a second he just left it there to give Derek time to adjust the feeling.

"How does it feel?" Stiles asked, his other hand still stroking his lower back.

"Full." Derek breathed out. "So full. Please, Stiles please." He didn't even know what he was begging for but then Stiles rubbed his knuckles over his prostate.

Derek howled.

He was writhing on Stiles' fist, frantically searching for something to hold on to and Stiles just rubbed his knuckles over his sweet spot.

Again and again without mercy.

Derek came.

His come dribbled out of his cock, his whole body shook with the intensity of his orgasm while Stiles kept firm pressure on his prostate, milking him even more.

And he didn't stop coming. Endless waves rippled through him, pleasure mixed with pain, and it wouldn't stop.

Derek wasn't sure when it ended but eventually, it did. His throat felt raw and he was crying but it was over. He couldn't uncramp his fingers just yet, and he might have ripped the sheets, and the rest of his body was just a trembling mess.

"Wow." Stiles stroke his back but his other hand was still in Derek. "That was intense."

Carefully Stiles eased his hand out but Derek still winced when it got caught on the rim. But then it was out and Derek just collapsed.
He smiled into the pillow but he was too tired for anything else.

Stiles cleaned him up and Derek was already drifting off to sleep when suddenly once again something nudged at his abused hole.

"Hmm?" He made but his body was too heavy to even lift his head.

"Just relax, you're doing good," Stiles said and then something big breached his rim. "You might be even loose enough to take it completely."

Derek wasn't conscious enough to really understand what Stiles was doing but he was content with just lying here at the brink of sleep and if Stiles wanted to do something down there Derek wouldn't stop him.

However, what was going up his ass was big.

At first, Stiles was just playing with the tip, testing the give, before he eased back. But with every push, he inched farther just a little bit and after a few minutes, Derek was there enough to realize what he was doing down there.

The biggest plug, the one that made a coke can look small, and Stiles was currently working it into his hole.

Derek doubted that outside of porn anybody was able to take a monster like this but Stiles seemed determined to find out.

"Tell me if it hurts." Stiles had noticed that Derek was back among the living and was now pushing with a little more force.

It did hurt, it was so big, there was no way it would fit without hurting him, but by now Derek wanted this. He felt the widest part just outside his rim and he wanted to feel it stretch his hole in an impossible way.

"Keep going." Derek keened but forced his body to stay relaxed and open.

It felt like an eternity, endless back and forth with next to no progress and Derek was close to calling it off, when Stiles gave the plug another push and it slipped in.

For a second Derek couldn't process what had just happened. But there was something big and hard in him and he felt his hole clench around the base of the plug. At least his muscles tried to clench, they managed some twitching but the plug held him open too much for more.

"Beautiful." Stiles spread his cheeks to have a better look at the base. "How does it feel?"

"Huge," Derek said after a moment. He still hadn't comprehended that the giant plug was now inside him. His whole lower region was sending signals of too much, too full and he felt like he would split open if he just breathed wrong.

"Can you turn around?"

"Dunno." He slurred the words. His body was still not really cooperating and every little move sent jolts of pain through his stretched insides.

Stiles helped him to roll over to his back and the new position changed the angle of the plug inside him. Derek whimpered, not sure what to do with the overload of sensation. So he just lay there
with his arm over his eyes and waited for the world to make sense again. The plug felt amazing and Derek wanted it to last forever but at the same time, his mind was screaming to get it out. It was a mix he wasn't ready to deal with.

Suddenly Stiles' hand closed around his bare dick. Derek's eyes snapped open and he let out a strangled nose when Stiles licked over the head of his cock. Since the cage was gone it was filling rapidly and only seconds later Stiles was bobbing up and down his fully erect cock.

Derek came a second time with Stiles' mouth hot on him and the monster plug torturing his insides.

He might have blacked out a bit after that but when he came to, the plug was gone and he was lying cleaned up and warm under the blanket with Stiles. Derek snuggled closer and Stiles welcomed him with open arms.

"You did good, sleep now." Stiles kissed the top of his head.

With a content sigh, Derek drifted off to sleep.
Derek woke with heavy limbs and a deep seeded feeling of content. Then he dared to stretch and suddenly a sharp pain rammed through him.

"Shit." He went very still and didn't even dare to breathe too deeply. But now he'd woken the beast and his hole thrummed with his heart-beat, sending small lances of pain up his spine.

"Don't move." Stiles' face appeared above him. "Sore?"

"Understatement," Derek gritted out but he forced his body to relax and the pain eased off, at least a little bit.

Stiles had ointment already sitting on the nightstand. He gently urged Derek to roll to his side and then a cool finger slipped between his cheeks. Derek flinched when it came in contact with his abused entrance but a second later it felt good, cool and soothing.

"I did a number on you." Stiles kissed the ball of his shoulder while he rubbed the ointment in and around his hole. For a moment Derek feared that he had more in mind but Stiles just coated the area with the thick cream and then he backed off.

"I already called the office." Stiles wiped his hand with a tissue before he slung his arm around Derek's middle, spooning him from behind. "We have the room until tomorrow."

That hadn't been the plan, they were supposed to drive the whole day. Nothing Derek was looking forward to but they both wanted to get back to New York as quickly as possible.

"That's not necessary," Derek said. "I can sit in the car."

Sitting in the car for hours didn't sound like a good idea but he didn't want to waste a whole day just because he was a bit sore.

"It is necessary," Stiles insisted and his voice left no doubt about who was in charge here. "You've been so good yesterday. I'm so proud of you."

The words washed over Derek and warmth spread in his stomach.

"Was it okay? Or was it too much?" Suddenly Stiles sounded self-conscious. Derek couldn't see his face but he felt Stiles' fingers twitching nervously. He laced their fingers together and held them to his chest.

"It was intense," he admitted. "But it was good, really good. You did good. Thank you."

Stiles made a pleased noise and kissed the nape of his neck.

"You stay in bed," Stiles said between little kisses. "I'm going to take Jack for a walk. I'll bring breakfast." He leaned over to kiss along the line of Derek's jaw. "I'm going to pamper the shit out of you today."

Derek opened his mouth to say that he was good, just a little sore, but he closed it again without saying a word. This was not about him, not really. This was Stiles needing to make sure that Derek wasn't really hurt, that he hadn't hurt his sub in ways that weren't okay. Stiles needed the assurance that he was a good dom who took care of his sub and wasn't just using him for his own pleasure.
Derek could give him that.

"You are a good dom," Derek told him. "You took good care of me. But if you want to pamper me all day, feel free to pamper away, I'm not complaining."

Stiles laughed at that and Derek felt the tension melting out of him.

True to his word Stiles left not long after with Jack and the promise to bring food. But before he left, he put the cat on the bed to keep Derek company.

"Just the two of us now, hmm?" Derek said to the little cat exploring the bed. He was climbing the mountain that was Derek's hip. "You still need a name."

The cat meowed to that and started its way down Derek's leg. Derek reached for him and turned him around so that he was now heading for his shoulder.

As long as he didn't move, he could almost forget that he had one monster of a plug up his ass yesterday. And he had no intention to move ever again, for sure not to jump after a cat that was about to tumble over the edge of the bed.

But the name question was still on his mind.

The cat didn't have a significant coat to name it Spot or Tabby, it was just a grayish color.

"I should leave you as Cat," Derek mused. "That would drive Stiles nuts. Or since you're gray I could name you Gray." That, however, would lead to triads of how boring and uninspired the name was and it would end with Stiles constantly renaming his cat with ridiculous names, Derek just knew it.

By the time Stiles and Jack came back, the cat was sleeping pressed against his stomach and Derek didn't dare to move for two reasons now.

Jack was at his side of the bed in a heartbeat, nosing and sniffing the little bundle to make sure it was alright. Derek scratched him behind the ear.

"One breakfast in bed, coming right up," Stiles announced and put the bags he was carrying in his lap on his side of the bed. "How are you doing?"

"Good." Derek dared to roll to his back and he managed to neither wake the cat nor agitate his lower regions so he called it a win. "Ginger's sleeping."

"Ginger?" Stiles paused with the tray with two cups of coffee in mid-air. "You named your gray cat Ginger?"

"He's a cat, he doesn't care." Derek reached for the closest bag to examine its contents.

"I didn't expect you to call him something cool like Catzilla but if you want to go with color why not Ash or Smoke or something like that? Hell, I would have pegged you for somebody to name a gray cat Gray."

Derek was not going to admit that that had been an option.

"But Ginger?" Stiles flailed with his free arm and Derek hurried to take the tray out of his other hand to save the coffee. And the bed.

"That's exactly why" Derek told him with a smug smile.
Derek stayed in bed all day and most of the time Stiles was with him, cuddling and touching him. They didn't talk much but it felt right. They ate in bed, napped and played with Ginger. The day was about them, about reconnecting and reassuring. Not just because of the intense scene yesterday. Beacon Hills was lying like a cloud over them.

Derek still couldn't believe how easily Stiles' family had accepted him and had given him the feeling that he was a part of the family now. And how his own family just had not accepted Stiles. It still hurt that his own mother didn't approve of the man he was in love with.

Derek tried to not think about that today. This was the first time in a week it was just them. No other people around and nothing they had to do. They could just be.

So Derek let Stiles pamper him all day and when in the evening Stiles put his mouth on him to suckle the laziest orgasm ever out of him, Derek just lay back with a content sigh and was half-asleep when he spilled his release in Stiles' willing mouth.

Then he fell asleep in Stiles' arms.

The next morning they got up early to get an early start for once. Derek, however, did allow himself a nice long shower and when he slipped a soapy finger in between his cheeks the area still felt tender but he wouldn't have much trouble sitting in the car for hours.

When he came back out of the bathroom, naked because he had forgotten to take clean underwear with him, he found Stiles waiting for him.

He was sitting in the middle of the room, right across from the bathroom door, and he was playing with the cock cage.

"I want to put this on you." Stiles looked up once he had Derek's full attention. "And I want to leave it on at least until we're back in New York. Color?"

Even if they pushed it, which they didn't, it would take a few days to get back home.

Derek had never worn the cage for longer than a day or two but now he wanted to test his limits.

"Green." Derek stepped closer to let Stiles lock him in.

"Just so we're clear." Stiles took him in hand but didn't put the cage on just yet. "I'm still going to fuck you whenever I please."

"Am I allowed to come?" Derek asked. So far Stiles had made him come twice with the cage on. Both times hadn't been easy but the mind-blowing orgasm had been worth it.

"About that." Stiles fed his soft cock into the plastic sheath and turned the key in the lock. "I said that I want to train you on the big plug. You managed to take it with lots of preparation but I want you to be able to take it within half an hour."

Derek had lost every sense of time somewhere around the time when Stiles had fisted him but by then he already had a day with the medium plug for preparation and Stiles had taken his time, opening him up before and after his fist. Derek wasn't sure but it could have been hours.

"From zero to that plug in half an hour?" Derek asked. "I doubt I'm going to be able to do that with a year of practice."

"If you're a good boy, I might let you wear the medium plug for an hour before that," Stiles offered
but Derek stayed wary. He wouldn't get that extra prep without paying for it, that much was clear.

"Anyway," Stiles continued, Derek's junk still in his hand. "You get half an hour with that plug and if you manage to take it all the way, I'll make you come. How does that sound?"

"Until we're back in New York?" Derek asked. He wouldn't just agree to this without a time frame.

"When I drop you off at your apartment, I'll take off the cage and make you come so good, promise." Stiles rolled his balls in his hand. He was already fully clothed and Derek was standing here, stark naked with his cock trapped in plastic and Stiles was just playing with his junk. The weird thing was, it felt good. It grounded him and Derek would just stand here and let Stiles do whatever he wanted if Stiles told him so.

But instead, he told him to get dressed and then they were on their way to get breakfast at the diner next door.

Today Stiles hadn't put a diaper on him and Derek already felt the tip of his cock sticking to the cage but by now he knew that it was just the first reaction. His cock still had the stupid idea that there would be happening something anytime soon.

They had breakfast, went back to the motel to get their pets and to check out and then they were on the road again.

Over the next few days, they fell into a routine. They got up early but took their time with breakfast, then they would drive until the late afternoon with lots of breaks before they looked for a motel to spend the night.

Then came the tricky part.

They freshened up in their room, made sure that Jack and Ginger had everything they needed before they went out for dinner. If Derek had been a good boy, he would have dinner with the medium plug up his ass.

The first evening the price was a flogging. With the plug already inside him. Derek stood with his hands on the wall and his pants around his ankles while Stiles tanned his hide with strong blows. Derek's face was still blotchy and his eyes red from crying when he squirmed his way through dinner. He couldn't sit still but every move jostled the plug inside him which went right through his prostate. He was leaking pre-come and he just wanted to get his hands on his dick to at least get rid of some of the tension but he couldn't. It was a very miserable dinner.

Back at the motel, Stiles told him to strip and get the big plug and a bottle of lube. Then he got comfortable on the bed, lazily stroking his cock, while Derek was kneeling on the floor, trying to open up his body for that monster of a plug.

"Time's up," Stiles told him after what felt like an eternity. However, Derek hadn't managed to take more than the tip. "Come here."

Stiles fucked him with his cock and as many fingers as he could fit in Derek's loose hole, leaving Derek raw and frustrated. He did, however, cuddle up with Derek afterwards, lulling him to sleep with soft words, but that didn't change the fact that Derek fell asleep horny and full of need.
Derek was a good boy the rest of the trip and earned his extra prep with the medium plug every day. He let Stiles spank his balls until they were bruised and swollen and felt the size of grapefruits. He gave Stiles a rim-job and made him come with his tongue up his ass. He let Stiles fuck his face until snot and tears were running down his face. He was still hoarse the next day.

However, even with the extra preparation with the medium one, Derek never managed to take the big plug. How Stiles had managed to stuff it in that one time was beyond him. So he went to sleep every night with Stiles' come leaking out of his abused hole, lying in a spot of his own precome and with the frustration building up.

At times Derek could forget the cage but Stiles made sure that he never forgot about it for too long. Usually, a hand in his crotch was a good reminder.

Then, one afternoon, they reached New York.

Like promised Stiles didn't just drop him off and came up to his apartment with him instead.

Being back in his own place felt strange. Erica had been here a few times to get the mail and water the few plants Derek had and she must have aired the rooms but when Derek took a breath, he still tasted the stale emptiness in the back of his throat.

"Home sweet home," Stiles said and pushed farther into the living room, Jack right at his side. Derek had Ginger on his arm and once he had made sure that the front door was closed, he let the cat run free.

Ginger immediately disappeared under the couch.

"I'll have to get at least a litter box tomorrow," Derek mused, already making a list of what he would have to buy for the cat. On the road, they had made do with newspapers and two plastic bowls for food and water.

"Ready to get the cage off?" Stiles hooked a finger in a loop of his jeans and drew him closer.

"Yes." His cock was already straining against the unyielding plastic. "Please take it off."

"And make you come?" With a hand on the nape of his neck, Stiles drew him in for a kiss.

"Yes." Derek breathed into his mouth. "Please make me come."

"I need to tie you to the bed for this." Stiles kissed him again, thumb stroking his cheek. "Color?"

"Green."

"Get naked and wait on the bed for me." Another kiss before Stiles pushed him in the direction of the bedroom.

Where Stiles had gotten the rope Derek didn't know but he willingly offered his limbs to get tied to the bedposts. Then he was lying spreadeagled on the bed, completely at Stiles' mercy. And he still had the cage on.

"This is what we're going to do." Stiles transferred over to the bed, now sitting next to Derek's hip. "I'm going to take the cage off and then I'm going to jack you off." He reached over and weighted
Derek's balls in the palm of his hand. "You must have built up an impressive load by now, let's milk these babies dry." He started to knead his balls. Derek wanted to close his legs to protect himself but Stiles had secured him well, there wasn't much give in the ropes.

"I'm going to make you come, again and again." His fingers dug into the soft flesh, making Derek groan. "Until you come dry and you know what I'm going to do then?" He gave his balls a sharp tug to get Derek's full attention.

"No." Derek shook his head but his mind was still on the multiple orgasm thing. The first one would be awesome, the second one too. But everything after that would just be too much.

"After you came dry, I'm going to make you come one more time, just to make sure that there's nothing left," Stiles told him, his eyes fixed on Derek's face to catch his reaction.

Derek did struggle against his boundaries at that but there was no getting away. Now the rope did make sense, though.

True to his word Stiles milked one orgasm after the other out of him. No matter how much Derek begged and struggled, he worked his cock in even strokes with no mercy.

After his second climax, Stiles added two fingers to give his prostate some attention and he put his mouth on him as well.

Derek whimpered when the wet heat of Stiles' mouth sank onto his spent cock but Stiles just sucked and licked him back to full hardness.

There were little breaks where Stiles fed him water and to check on him but they were short and soon Stiles' hand closed around his tortured member again.

Derek's front was covered with his own come, he was heaving, lying in a puddle of sweat and his cock felt skinned by now but Stiles wasn't done with him.

"If you keep struggling like this, you'll have some impressive rope burn tomorrow," Stiles observed but didn't even break his rhythm.

An eternity later Derek had screamed himself hoarse, he didn't have any tears left and Stiles' soothing words were just washing over him without meaning.

His body twitched with just another orgasm.

"I think you're dry," Stiles told him. "One more, just to make sure."

Derek wasn't sure if he had come that one more time, he might have drifted out of it for a little while, but then Stiles eased his arms down and started rubbing his limbs to get the circulation going again.

"You with me?" Stiles asked and offered him more water.

"Please stop." The words rasped out of his dry throat. "I can't …"

"Shh." Stiles made and with a wet washcloth he wiped the sweat off his face. "It's over. You did good. So good. I'm proud of you."

Stiles cleaned him up and wrapped him in a warm blanket. He fed him apple juice and cookies and just held him close while Derek drifted in and out.
In the morning Stiles went to get them breakfast, Derek didn't have anything at home, and after a lazy morning over which Stiles made sure that Derek was okay, the scene yesterday had been intense, he left with Jack.

And suddenly Derek was truly alone for the first time in almost two months. It felt strange.

He walked through his apartment, making sure that everything was like he'd left it and then he sat on the couch with Ginger in his lap. He was home.

He needed to go shopping, Ginger needed quite a few things and his fridge was empty. He probably had a frozen pizza somewhere in the depth of the freezer but that was it. So grocery shopping was on top of his to-do list.

Aside from that, he had about a dozen rolls of film to develop, those were the ones with the private moments, and what felt like a million digital pictures to sort through. He had kept a steady stream of pictures on his social media but those were only the highlights, there were tons more.

Speaking of highlights, so far he'd only sent about fifty photos to Cora. The ones he called the official ones. Of the ceremony, the photo session with the couple and everything else remotely official. He had promised her to send her more pictures of the guest which she wanted to use those for thank you cards.

Only now Derek realized that of him and Stiles there was only that one photo Peter had taken but he wasn't even sure if they would get a thank you card, picture or not.

And Derek wanted to send her a collection of the snapshots he'd taken over the day. Those were not aesthetic or anything special but they had caught little moments and those were the ones that really brought back memories. They were the kind of picture to bring out at a family gathering and Derek really liked those occasions where the pictures prompted little stories.

However, Derek just sat there in his quiet living room with Ginger in his lap for almost an hour. So much had happened over the last few weeks, he needed time to process it all.

Plus he would have to get dressed and he wasn't looking forward to switch from soft sweatpants to jeans, his penis still felt tender. At least he could easily hide his wrist with long sleeves.

Ginger had learned to use the newspaper Derek had laid out for him in the bathroom but seeing the cat taking a dump there, knowing that he would have to wrap it up later, got Derek going. He needed a litter box. And maybe some toys and cat food as well.

Going back to the store he had used to work at felt even stranger than his quiet apartment. But here he would get everything he needed and he could say hello to Boyd and Erica, if they were working today.

"Why the fuck did you call your cat Ginger?" Erica greeted him two steps into the store. A second later she had him in a bear hug.

"Are you stalking me?"

"Only online," She admitted easily. "You have to tell me all about your road trip, the pictures are amazing. I should talk to Stiles and Lydia, we need to have a welcome back party this weekend."

She walked with him to the pet section where he loaded his cart with toys and cans of cat food. A litter box of course and he was just debating with Erica which scratching post to get, when suddenly Harris came around the corner.
"Mr. Hale, I didn't expect to see you here again," he said, his lips pressed into a thin line of disapproval. "You must be delusional if you think that you can just come back here. And Ms. Reyes." He turned to Erica. "There are paying customers who need assistance."

"I am a paying customer." Derek pointed at the full cart a few feet behind him. "And Ms. Reyes here is assisting me."

Harris made a face as if he'd bitten in a lemon but there was nothing he could say against it. Except for offering to help Derek himself.

So he just told Erica to hurry up, there were still other customers, and then he left them alone. But Derek was pretty sure that he was lurking somewhere nearby.

Erica must assume the same because she fell into her professional role and actually showed Derek the different options on scratching posts.

Once he had chosen one, Derek thanked her and with the promise to call her, he went to get the rest of his groceries by himself.

When he was ready to check out he chose Boyd's line.

There wasn't much time for small talk but it was enough for a "Hi" and "How are you?" and Boyd already knew about the welcome back party that was apparently happening on the weekend.

Back at his place, Derek spent over an hour assembling the scratching post under Ginger's watchful eyes. It went down with lots of cursing, one bloody finger and a cat who just had to sit on the part Derek was working on. Once the thing stood in the corner of the living room, Ginger wasn't even looking at it any longer.

In the bathroom Derek set up the litter box and covered it half with newspapers in hope that he could make the transition from newspaper to actual litter as smoothly as possible.

Then he spent the rest of the day, testing out all the cat toys. He had the feeling that he had more fun with them than Ginger but since there was nobody there to see him on the floor with a feathered toy in which Ginger only showed remote interest he didn't care.

However, he did send Stiles a few pictures of Ginger playing around.

Stiles answered with a picture of Jack with a chewing toy in his mouth.

In the evening Derek turned in early, he wanted to read a bit in bed, but then he spotted the bag behind his bedroom door. Their bag with the toys.

Stiles must have put it there.

The last few days Derek had trained with the big plug every night. However, Stiles hadn't said a word if he should continue or not and Derek hadn't even thought about what would happen once they got home. He had been more worried about the cage.

Derek lay on his bed, book in hand, but he couldn't tear his eyes off the bag.

It was just sitting there. Behind the door, not in plain sight but hard to miss from his spot on the bed. He knew Stiles. It hadn't ended up there by accident.

And it was silently mocking him.
Derek looked at the bag for another full minute before he put his book aside and got up from the bed.

He grabbed the offending bag by the handles and put it on the bed where he opened the zipper. The first thing he saw was rope. Stiles had rolled it up neatly after they had used it yesterday. So it was possible that he'd just put the bag somewhere out of sight and had forgotten about it.

Under the rope, Derek found his cage and the three plugs. The smallest he hadn't even used in a while. For some reason, they had three kinds of lube, two bottles and a tube, all already in use. At the bottom was the flogger which they had only used a few times so far. Flogging and spanking were not on top of Derek's kink list but he did enjoy it on occasion. And he knew that Stiles liked it, maybe he should offer to use the flogger more often.

Tucked at the side was a blindfold and there were some stray clothespins they had never used. All in all the bag was pretty empty. Maybe they should visit that adult store again sometime soon. This time Derek could be the one treating Stiles and let him pick something he liked.

Derek wondered what Stiles would pick. Probably another flogger or something along that line. That would give Derek the chance to offer more of that kind of play without outright saying it. He wasn't sure how Stiles would react if Derek suggested something he knew Derek was not that into.

However, Derek put that thought aside for now and reached for the big plug.

Stiles had managed to put it inside him with lots of patience and preparation. And half a bottle of lube. Derek had had only half an hour each evening.

Making up his mind he grabbed all three plugs and the bottle of lube he liked best.

On the bed, he lined up the plugs along with the bottle before he got naked and stretched out next the toys. After a moment, Derek got up one more time to get his phone, this could lead to more than just him practicing with the plugs.

First, he took a picture of the items on the bed and saved it for later.

Then he got comfortable again but at an angle so that he could see his own butt in the mirror of the closet. He shot a picture of that as well before he reached for the lube.

Three fingers went in without much resistance but Derek took his time, fucking his entrance open before he added a fourth finger. By now he was hard and he did brush over his sweet spot with his thrusting but that was not what this was about so he ignored his erection.

He took another picture with four fingers up to the knuckles in his ass.

Next was the smallest plug. It was still quite big and Derek had to get used to the feeling but it didn't take long until he was fucking the bulb in and out of his hole. The ridge along the side of the toy got caught on his rim every time, adding just another layer of pleasure. By now precome was pooling in his navel and Derek had to fist the sheets to prevent himself from reaching for his cock.

Once he was stretched enough to fuck himself with the plug easily, he took two more pictures. One with his rim stretched around the widest part of the toy and one with it fully inside, the base nestled nicely between his cheeks.
He did the same with the medium plug. Taking his time, he worked it in and kept going in a steady push and pull until it slit easily through the ring of muscles. Derek kept up a steady rhythm for a while longer, hitting his prostate dead on every single time. The plug was just too big and too hard to not hit his sweet spot.

Derek moaned and writhed on the plug but he kept his hand off his cock. He still had Stiles’ words in his ear that he would only be allowed to come once he had the big plug inside him. He knew that that order didn't apply any longer, Stiles hadn't told him that he should keep doing this, but he'd come so far, he wanted to see if he could actually do this.

He took the same set of pictures with this plug, one stretched around the widest part and the second fully inserted, before he eased it out and reached for the big one.

“Okay, you and me, we're going to be good friends,” he told it before coated it generously with lube. Then he let out a breath and put the plug between his legs with the tip just barely touching his loose rim. For a moment he left it there, just circling the entrance and testing the resistance.

With a little push, the tip slipped in but Derek eased off just to do it again right away. He went on like that, little pushes, working his way in fraction by fraction.

His erection had flagged down, leaving his cock and stomach a sticky mess, but somehow that made it easier. Derek let out another breath and forced his body to open up just a little more.

Over the last few days he'd made it up to the thickest part and that was where he paused to take another picture.

It hurt and it felt as if the plug would tear him apart any second now but patiently Derek kept going. And then he was over the thickest part and the rest just slipped in.

Derek let his hand drop to the mattress and for a moment he just lay there and couldn't quite believe what had just happened. But something the size of a coke can in his ass was hard to ignore.

Moving was hell like this but he managed to take another picture.

Then he started sending them to Stiles. First, the toys on the bed followed by his butt in the mirror.

Okay? Came Stiles' immediate response. Instead of an answer, Derek sent him the one with his fingers up his ass.

What are you doing?

He sent the photo of the small plug stretching his rim. He could picture Stiles staring at his phone, trying to make sense out of this, and he sent the second picture before Stiles came up with an response. Only seconds later Stiles' answer appeared on the screen.

Still not sure what this is about but I like it. Keep going

Derek sent the two pictures of the medium plug.

I'm jerking off to this, this is fucking hot.

Derek had his hand on his own dick now but only to bring it back into the game. Not that it needed much encouragement. The photos were obscene and just knowing that Stiles was looking at them with his hand on his dick was enough to get Derek rock hard again.
Derek fumbled with his phone but then he managed to hit send for the picture with the big plug half-way up his ass.

_Tell me you did it_

Instead of an answer, Derek showed him the last picture but this time he added a title: _Can I come now?_

A second after he'd sent out the picture his phone rang.

"You're fucking crazy," Stiles told him, his breath sounding somewhat labored. "Is it still in?"

“Yes.” Derek shifted a little and it felt like a bowling ball was moving in his ass.

“Are you touching yourself?”

"No, but I'm hard." His erection was resting on his stomach, fat and heavy, while Derek fisted the sheets with his free hand.

"Good, no touching," Stiles said and the noises coming over the phone told Derek that he was actually touching himself. Quite frantically.

“How does it feel?” Stiles asked between harsh breathes. “Are you stretched good?”

“Yes.” Derek licked his lips. “It hurts but good. It's so big.”

"Good. I want you to reach down and tap the base. Hard."

Derek did as he was told without even thinking. The vibrations sent jolts of pain and pleasure through his body. He bit back a moan.

“I want to hear you.” Stiles breathed heavily in his ear. “Play with the base, tap it, twist it, roll your hips against it. I want to hear your writhing on it.” He was kind of babbling and the flapping sound of him working his own erection was loud in Derek's ear.

Derek did as he was told. He tapped the base again before he grabbed it and started to move it around. The moans were just falling from his lips and every time the plug moved against his sweet spot Derek saw stars.

On the other end of the line Stiles keened and made a strangled noise and Derek knew that he had just come.

“You're going to be the death of me,” Stiles muttered but Derek barely heard him over the obscene noises he was making.

“Derek, do you hear me?” Stiles' voice pierced through the fog in his mind. “You want to come, don't you?”

“Yes.” It was a desperate sound.

“And you can,” Stiles assured him. “But you're not going to touch your dick.”

Derek whined in frustration but he withdrew his hand that had been half-way to his aching cock and dug his nails into his thigh instead.

“Keep playing with that plug in your ass,” Stiles ordered. “You can come from that.”
“No.” Derek let out a sob. He was close, he was so close, he could taste the orgasm in the back of his throat, he just needed a little more. Just a few strokes. “Please, I can't. Please.”

“I know you can,” Stiles told him. “Do it for me. Move it, twist it to hit you in the right place. You can do it. Come for me.”

Derek bucked his hips, thrusting into nothingness but he didn't lose his grip on the base of the plug. It stretched his rim but slipped back in. He did it again, testing that ring of muscles, and on its way back in he rammed the plug against his sweet spot.

But it wasn't enough. Derek cried in frustration.

"Wished I was there." Stiles sounded fuckt out. "Want to see you. Fucking yourself on that monster. Knew you could take it. Stretching you so good. You're going to feel it for days. Would love to fuck you afterward, all loose and sloppy."

Derek screamed when his orgasm slammed into him.

"Derek, hey." Stiles' voice floated somewhere around him. "You're starting to worry me."

“'m …” Derek started but he had to clear his throat to actually get the words out. “I'm here.”

“Welcome back.”

’Was I gone?’ Confused he looked around. His bedroom, nothing out of the ordinary, so he closed his eyes again. It was too much of an effort to keep them open. Or to move. He was shivering but his body was too pliant and heavy to do something about that.

“'You were out of it for a couple of minutes,” Stiles told him. Only now, as the concern slowly left his voice, Derek realized that Stiles had been worried.

“I'm here,” he assured him, his voice more steady now.

“You never stop to surprise me,” Stiles admitted with a little laugh. “I'm going to save this series of pictures, just so you know. But I need one more.”

“Hmm?”

“When you take it out, I want a picture of your gaping hole.”

Derek groaned, that was filthy and dirty and so hot.

“Yeah, I can do that,” Derek promised. “In a minute.” He wanted to savor the feeling of the plug in him for a little while longer. Besides, getting it out wouldn't be fun.

”Take your time, you did good,” Stiles said and Derek could hear that he was getting comfortable as well. "I'm proud of you."

Derek whole body thrummed with those words and warmth spread in his belly. They fell quiet for a moment and Derek would have let himself drift off to sleep if there hadn't been something big he needed to take care of first. But he could lie here for a moment longer.

“Damn, I can't stop looking at these pictures,” Stiles muttered in his ear. “And we absolutely need something vibrating for you.”

That got Derek's attention.
“Was thinking of getting more toys.” He cleared his throat. “But this time you pick. Get something for you, my treat.”

“Oh, believe me, I'm enjoying the fuck out of what you picked,” Stiles assured him but Derek could almost hear the wheels turning in his head. He was looking forward to what Stiles would come up with.

They ended the call so that Derek could take the plug out, he didn't want to worry Stiles with the pained noises he just knew he would make. And not the sexy kind of pained.

He did, however, take the picture of his gaping hole and send it to Stiles.

_I want to come all over that_, was Stiles' answer and Derek was pretty sure that he was jerking off again.

_Don't jizz on your phone_
Chapter 57

Derek was sore the next day. He would have been surprised if he hadn't been. But it was a good kind of pain, dull and almost forgettable once he'd found a good position but thrumming with a sharp peak now and then when he moved around. He loved it.

Most of the day he spent in his darkroom, developing the private pictures. Those were all Stiles with the occasional one with the two of them, taken with a long arm or the timer if it was not taken in the spur of the moment.

Absorbed in his work Derek forgot the time and when he finally came back out of the darkroom, he was surprised that it was almost time for dinner. He hadn't even eaten lunch.

Ginger didn't approve either and told him that much in a whiny voice. The cat had accepted his new home quite easily but he still meowed miserably if he was left alone for too long. At least that had been Derek's excuse to have him in his bed last night.

He filled Ginger's bowl and then he fixed himself a sandwich which he ate at his laptop. Cora was waiting for the second batch of pictures. She was still not talking to him aside from short messages that she had received the pictures and that she was looking forward to the rest of them. She even let slip that she liked what she'd seen so far. That bit gave Derek hope that she would come around eventually.

However, for now Derek treated her like a customer and he tried to stay as professional as possible.

How to treat his mother he had no idea so when her ID showed up on the screen of his phone, he was tempted to not pick up.

"Did you get home safely?" She asked in that typically concerned mom voice. "You should have called. Josh had to tell me that you got home. Why do I have to hear this from the internet?"

She had a point there. He had twittered that he was home now and there were pictures of Ginger exploring his new home on Instagram but he hadn't even thought of calling his mom.

"Sorry, I should have called," Derek admitted just to keep the peace.

"Cora showed me the pictures," she changed the topic. "They're beautiful."

"Thank you." However, he doubted this would be enough to change her mind about what a proper career was and what was not.

They talked for a little while, mostly she was telling him what people thought of the wedding and about the gossip in Beacon Hills. Nothing Derek was really interested in but he listened and gave the right comment here and there when it was required. They ended the call on good terms and Derek promised to call more often.

Then Derek sat there on the couch, turning his phone between his hands. She hadn't mentioned Stiles once. It left a sour taste in his mouth.

Peter had sent him a first concept of that program he was working on and Derek probably should have a look at it but for now, he had enough of his family. He made sure that Ginger had everything he needed, he was sleeping under a cushion on the couch anyway, and then Derek left his apartment with his camera.
By now it was getting dark and Derek breathed easier once he walked the familiar streets. He'd lost count of how often he'd been walking around here in the dark, taking pictures of the interesting and sometimes weird things that happened here when nobody was looking. When nobody bothered to look. But Derek did look and he took pictures of it.

*New York at Night,* that's how Stiles' called this kind of pictures and they were quite popular, Derek had to admit. People paid on Patreon to see them early but eventually, he put them on his other sites as well. It was a strange thought that some of these were hanging in somebody's living room but people had bought them and some had even shared pictures of them hanging on the wall. It was surreal.

*Do you want to come over?*

The message from Stiles pulled him back out of his thoughts.

*I don't want to leave Ginger alone the whole night,* Derek answered. *My place?*

*Did you have dinner?*

*No, but I can get something on the way home.* It was way past dinner time but the whole day had been kind of off.

*Where are you?*

*Got restless*

Derek thought about explaining but left it at that, Stiles would understand. Or ask.

*Can't wait to see the pictures.* Stiles did understand. *Half an hour?*

Derek got them Thai from that place just around the corner and it felt good to enter a place where he knew the menu and even had his favorites. And he could come back tomorrow and get the same thing. After weeks on the road, simple things like this felt strange. But good.

He arrived at his place at the same time as Stiles and Derek didn't hesitate to dump the takeout bags in his lap to greet Jack properly.

"Love you too," Stiles muttered but secured the bags in his lap so that they didn't fall off when he moved towards the entrance.

Once they were in the apartment, they were both forgotten. Jack had only eyes for Ginger. It was adorable how gentle he was with the little cat. Even when Ginger hit him square over the nose with his claws out Jack just yelped and backed off but was nosing him again a second later.

"Your dog is not the smartest." Was Derek's comment on that.

"Don't know how smart it is to agitate something that can eat you in one bite," Stiles countered. He was right, Ginger would fit in Jack's mouth easily.

"Our pets are both not the smartest."

They sat down to eat but kept an eye on the playing animals.

"Last night was strange," Stiles admitted. "My bed felt empty."

"I had Ginger for company." Derek grinned at him but sobered up a second later. "But yeah, it felt
strange that you weren't there. Especially after ... you know."

It hadn't started out like that but it had ended in a scene, a pretty intense one. And usually, Stiles was there afterward to feed him apple juice and snacks, to hold him and tell him how proud he was of him. Stiles had done the latter but it wasn't the same over the phone.

Stiles fiddled with his fork, thinking.

"This might be a bit straightforward," he said, testing the waters. "But we could look into a place for us? Together?" He looked at Derek with a hopeful expression but at the same time, it was clear that he was waiting for a rejection.

"I'd like that." Derek reached over to take his hand. "And until we find something, we could switch between mine and your place?"

Derek's place was not ideal for Stiles, the kitchen counter and the sink in the bathroom were too high but he could improvise with the hand grip so that at least he could shower here. On the other hand, Stiles' place wasn't big enough for a darkroom. And neither place was big enough for two people, a dog, and a cat.

Instead of an answer, Stiles pulled Derek close enough for a kiss.

They had a quiet evening on the couch with mindless TV, some cop show. Stiles kept on rambling how stupid the cops were. And why was nobody asking for a lawyer and what the fuck were the cops messing with the forensics' work and why were the forensic guys doing cop work?

Stiles could get quite vocal with these things but Derek liked to just listen to him so it did count as a quiet evening.

"By the way," Derek said. They had muted the TV during a commercial break. "Josh mentioned that he would start with some volunteer work at the station next week?" That was one of the few things he'd heard from his family lately that were truly positive.

"Dad had him in for an interview yesterday." Stiles nodded and stuffed more chips into his mouth. "He's going to do the stuff I used to do over summer. Mostly filing things and making coffee but Dad is going to make sure that he gets some real insights."

"Wonder when he's going to tell my and his parents about his plans," Derek mused and snagged the bowl out of Stiles' hands before he could eat all the chips. "Volunteering at the station will raise some questions."

"Tell him about that train depot where you used to hide from your parents," Stiles suggested and not so subtly pulled the bowl closer to himself again. "And if worst comes to worst, you can offer him refuge here."

"My mom would kill me."

The commercial break was over and Stiles turned on the sound again but Derek's mind stayed on Josh for a little while longer. He hoped that Josh's parents would accept their son's decision to not become a lawyer or a doctor but it was Derek's parents he lived with and even if they didn't have a say in this, Derek had no doubt that his mom would have a few words to say to the idea of becoming a writer. At least it had a solid base in journalism, that might work in Josh's favor.

However, if Josh needed a place to sleep Derek would not close the door in his face.
Derek took Jack for a short last walk and then the pets went to sleep in Ginger's cat bed. It was built for cats and not for large dogs like Jack but neither of them seemed to care.

Derek was still sore from last night but tonight there was no sexual tension between them. They both were tired and just wanted to go to sleep. It felt right when Stiles snuggled closer until he was spooning him from behind with his arm around Derek's middle. They usually drifted apart over night but Derek liked falling asleep like this. He could get used to this. Actually, he had gotten used to this over the last weeks.

They had breakfast together and then Stiles got ready to leave. He hadn't brought his things and he had some work to do. Same for Derek and he had to admit that working side by side with Stiles was nice but he would get more done if he was alone.

Stiles was just saying goodbye to Ginger when Derek's phone rang with an unknown number.

Five minutes later he sat on the couch with Stiles next to him and tried to wrap his head around the fact that he had won the competition.

Stiles didn't even ask which one, Derek had entered a few but there was only one The Competition.

"They are going to show the ten finalists at a gala event," Derek said, his mind still numb. "And they want to start my exhibition with another event."

Apparently, there was no set date for the exhibition yet but it would be in about two months. It made sense, two big events too close to each other wouldn't bring that much publicity. And he guessed that they wanted time to work with the artist. If his pictures turned out to be not up to their standards or were inappropriate for some reason, he would have time to shoot new ones.

His mind latched onto those things to avoid to think about the fact that he had won. His picture would be presented at a gala event most likely with reporters and all that. He didn't dare to think about that.

Hysterical laughter was bubbling in his chest.

"I won." It sounded even more surreal when he said it out loud. "I fucking won."

"You deserve it." Stiles had used his distraction to climb into his lap. It wasn't easy, he had to move his legs with his hands and folding them under him was a struggle but then he sat in Derek's lap with a satisfied grin.

Derek watched him with a raised eyebrow.

"What are you doing?"

"You won," Stiles repeated. "That means we at least have to make out now. And we need to go out and celebrate. We totally need to get shitfaced tonight."

Making out on the couch became heated rather quickly and in the end, Stiles was frantically working Derek's fly open. Getting the idea, Derek got his cock out while Stiles hurried to do the same.

Then Stiles' long finger closed around the both of them. It was fast and dirty and good.

It didn't take long until Derek bucked helplessly under him, spilling his release over Stiles' fist. Stiles followed only seconds later.
Stiles hadn't been joking when he said that he wanted to celebrate. They went to the same bar they
had been to a few times because they knew that Stiles wouldn't have any problems there. Plus, the
service was good and the drinks even better.

Derek lost count of how often Stiles raised his glass to him but today he didn't care. He won. There
would be a gala and he would get an exhibition with his pictures hanging from the walls. On giant
canvasses.

"Last chance," Stiles said, bumping his shoulder into Derek's. "You can still switch to New York at
Night."

Those pictures were good and they were safe. They would be the easy way out. But Derek had
made up his mind.

"No." Derek knocked back his drink and slammed the glass on the table. "The Dom Series, it's
final."

It was a scary thought. With those pictures, he would reveal something very personal about
himself. And about Stiles. The pictures were all faceless but the wheelchair was a dead giveaway.

"If you're still okay with it," Derek added after a moment. "You can say no."

"I want it," Stiles said and he sounded way more sober than he should at this point. "I meant what I
said, show them that I'm a dom. I want them to see. I don't care about the talk and the gossip."

He had a point there. People would talk and they would look at them with different eyes.

"Tell me that again when we're both sober," Derek decided. He flagged down their waitress to get
them new drinks. When he looked back at Stiles he found his eyes on him.

"What?" Derek asked, not sure what to read in that look.

"You," Stiles said with too much affection in his voice. "You would never take advantage of me.
Not when I'm drunk. Not ever. You let me do …" He had a conspiratorial look around that was not
suspicious at all. "… stuff to you, you know, in bed."

Derek reached over and put his arm around his shoulders.

"I'm here," he said simply, hugging him close. Derek kissed his temple and when their drinks
arrived he clunked their glasses together. "To us."

"To us," Stiles repeated and downed his drink in one go. "Shit, I'm drunk."

Stiles was the lightweight of the two of them but Derek hadn't held back either and when he got up
to use the restroom, he felt a bit unsteady on his feet.

One more drink and then they should go home, he decided.

Of course Stiles wanted to make the last one count so he ordered them something purple with an
umbrella and pieces of fruit on a toothpick. It looked harmless, almost childish, but it packed a
punch. Derek coughed when he took a mouthful and switched to slowly sipping after that.
Stiles laughed at him.

He had the little paper umbrella behind his ear and he was determined that Derek should wear his the same way.

"I'm you dom, you have to say what I do," Stiles ordered.

"Not when we're drunk." Derek plucked the umbrella out of his hair, Stiles had missed his ear which was probably for the better.

Stiles fell quiet at that which Derek took as a sign that they should go home now.

Drunk as he was it was a struggle for Stiles to get in the taxi. Derek wasn't much help either, he did his best to stuff Stiles' legs into the foot room so that he could close the door but it was like stuffing an octopus into a jar.

Derek told Stiles that much, snickering over his own joke, but Stiles didn't laugh with him.

Last time they had been drunk in a taxi, they had shamelessly made out but the signals Derek was getting from Stiles today were putting him off.

On his way to the front door, Stiles almost fell out of his chair but he swatted Derek's hand away when he reached out to help him.

They had left Jack with Ginger and the dog greeted them as if they had been away for days. Jack didn't even slam into Stiles that hard, just at a wrong angle, but in his current state Stiles was too slow to counter the impact.

The chair toppled over and Stiles hit the floor hard.

"Fuck!" Stiles yelled. "fuck, fuck, fuck!"

He pushed Jack away who backed off with his tail between his legs but he also pushed his chair off himself with more anger than a simple tumble required.

"You okay?" Derek put the chair back on its wheels but wasn't sure if Stiles wanted his help to get back in the seat.

"I'm a piece of shit." Stiles hit the floor with his fists. "You're so good to me and I … I …" He broke out in tears. Curled up he tried to make himself as small as possible and his whole body was shaking with his sobs.

"Stiles," Derek knelt down next to him with Jack literally breathing down his neck, urging him to fix this. He just had no clue what was happening here so he had no idea how to fix it either.

"Stiles," he repeated and reached for his shoulder.

"Don't touch me!" Stiles shook off his hand and even scrambled farther away from him.

"Okay, no touching." Derek shifted into a sitting position but he kept his hands to himself. He waited a moment to see if Stiles would offer an explanation but he was just crying with his face turned away from Derek.

"Are you hurt?" Derek asked helplessly. This was something different, that much was clear, and it hadn't just started with the crash. Thinking back, it had started at the bar. Derek's mind was too fuzzy to pinpoint exactly when Stiles had become quiet and defensive but it had been before they
had left the bar.

"What do you need?" Derek tried a different approach when Stiles didn't answer. He didn't answer this one either but after a moment, he pushed himself back in Derek's direction until his back was pressed against Derek's thigh.

If that was what Stiles needed, Derek could give him that. He shifted a little to get a different angle so that Stiles' back fit better against his leg.

Seeing that this would take a while Jack settled down as well and carefully put his head on Stiles' hip. Derek held his breath but Stiles didn't shoo the dog away.

"Meow?" Ginger came over as well to investigate.

"I have no idea why we're all on the floor," Derek told the cat and scooped him up to sit in his lap.

They sat like that for a while. Long enough for Derek's leg to go numb.

"I'm sorry," Stiles finally spoke. Derek hadn't been sure if he hadn't fallen asleep by now.

"For what?"

"I tried to dom you." He was choking on the words but not in a drunk kind of way. "While I was drunk. While you were drunk. And that's … that's not okay."

Now it dawned on Derek what was going on here. This was about that throwaway line, that Derek had to do what Stiles told him to do. And Derek's reminder that they were drunk. But that was just what had ticked him off, this went deeper.

Derek didn't know what exactly that Jackson guy had done to Stiles after he'd made him drunk. But it had been about putting him in his place as a sub and Derek didn't need the details to know that it hadn't been pretty. And it had left scars.

"You didn't do that," Derek said. "I knew you weren't serious." He paused, waiting for Stiles' reaction. He kept quiet but Derek got the feeling that he was listening.

"And even if," he continued. "I would have used my safe-word and I know, without a doubt, that you would respect that. No matter if you're drunk or sober, I say red and you stop. I'm sure of that, I trust you."

"Maybe you shouldn't," Stiles muttered into his elbow.

"I trust you," Derek repeated. "You earned my trust."

Some of his words must get through to Stiles because he slowly turned around to look at him.

"Here, have a kitten." Derek placed Ginger on Stiles' chest.

Stiles craned his neck to look with crossed eyes at the confused cat on his chest. But then his head dropped back to the floor and he laughed.

Ginger jumped at the sudden earthquake and dug all claws into Stiles' shirt to not get thrown off.

Derek couldn't help but chuckle as well and he felt the dark cloud lifting that had been hanging over them.
"Can I carry you over to the bed?" Derek asked but waited for Stiles' nod before he touched him.

When Derek scooped him up, with Ginger still on his chest, Stiles leaned his head against his shoulder.

"Want to get out of your jeans?" Derek asked once man and cat were lying safely on the bed. When Stiles hesitated, Derek hurried to add: "I just want you to be comfortable, nothing else."

Stiles gave him a nod and together they got Stiles out of his jeans and shirt. Sleeping together in one bed, it could get quite warm under the covers so they rarely wore more than boxers and maybe a t-shirt for the night but today Derek had the feeling that Stiles would appreciate a pair of sweatpants.

Once Stiles was dressed for the night and tucked in, Derek went to get his chair.

"I'll take Jack for a quick walk," Derek informed him. "Do you need anything before I go?"

Stiles had his chair and his phone was on the nightstand along with a glass of water but Derek was still reluctant to leave.

"I'm good," Stiles mumbled, not really awake any longer. Ginger lay tucked in the hollow of his neck and he also blinked sleepily at Derek.

He made it a quick walk. It was late and Derek was still pretty much drunk. Besides, he didn't want to leave Stiles alone for too long.

When he came back, the chair stood in a different position and the light in the bathroom was on but Stiles was back under the covers, sprawled out over the whole bed, snoring softly.

Derek stood in the door, shaking his head at him, before he hurried to get ready for bed as well. He had to push and shove Stiles to make enough room to slip under the covers with him but then, finally, Derek turned off the light and settled in for sleep.

Stiles was a ravenous hangover kind of guy, that was nothing new, so Derek wasn't surprised when he woke up alone in bed but with the mouthwatering smell of fresh pancakes in his nose.

While Stiles seemed to be fine with just tons and tons of calories to recover, Derek was more the classical drunk. With a headache and the desire to crawl back into bed and die. But after what had happened last night the need to make sure that Stiles was okay overrode his desire to curl up and just be miserable.

"Morning," Stiles greeted him too cheerfully when Derek entered the kitchen.

He winced at the loud voice and Stiles ducked his head with a guilty expression.

"Sorry," he whispered. "Coffee?"

That Derek took gratefully. The next few minutes he sat there, nursing his coffee and watching Stiles who did his best to transform the kitchen into a battlefield. At least Jack was there to take care of whatever dropped to the floor.

Derek's kitchen wasn't built for him and sometimes Stiles had to sit on the armrest of his chair to reach something, but by now he was familiar enough with the layout to find his way around.

Which was a nice thought. Derek could get used to mornings like this. Minus, the hangover.
"I'm sorry," Stiles finally broke the silence. He placed a plate with eggs, toast, and bacon in front of Derek but there was much more food waiting on the counter. They wouldn't have to worry about food for at least two days.

"For what?" Derek asked with a raised eyebrow. It felt like a déjà vu, they had the exact same conversation last night. At least they weren't on the floor now.

"I don't remember the details but I'm pretty sure I've been an ass to you." Stiles put his own plate on the table but fiddled with the fork instead of digging in.

"Stiles, no." Derek reached over and stilled his hand by covering it with his own. "You got reminded of something bad. You were worried that you did something to me but you didn't. You're a good dom."

Stiles gave him a doubtful look.

"You're not him. You're so much better than him." Derek locked eyes with him. "You are a good dom."

Stiles couldn't hold his gaze but there was a small smile playing on his lips.

"I'm sober now," Stiles said. "The Dom Series. Do it. Show them."
That day Derek got an official letter so he had it black on white that he had made first place. Only then he believed it enough to twitter the good news.

By now everybody seemed to be following him on twitter and he got quite some answers in the next few minutes. Erica wrote that they now had a reason more to celebrate and Derek kind of dreaded what was supposed to be their welcome back party.

But he and Stiles had agreed to not get plastered, and Derek really didn't want to repeat last night's events, so Erica would just have to deal with the fact that he would cling to his one beer bottle all night.

Peter and Josh also had some nice words for him but they seemed the only ones of his family who knew.

Josh asked if Derek wanted to tell his parents himself or if Josh should do that. Letting Josh handle this would be the easy way and Derek was tempted to take the offer but then he decided against it. However, he might wait on this until the award ceremony was over. He could send his mom the newspaper article.

What did surprise him was that Isaac and even Scott congratulated him on his win.

"You have more friends than you think." Was Stiles' comment on that.

Saturday evening Stiles and Derek took a taxi to the bar, they wanted to stay sober but not that sober and Derek doubted that either of them would be fit for driving in a few hours.

The evening was fun. Behind his back, Erica and Lydia had become friends and together with Stiles the three of them were downright scary.

The main topic, of course, was Derek winning the competition. He had to show the winner photo again, Stiles on his back wheels with his fist in the air, and everybody agreed that he deserved to win with this one.

"So you're going to have an exhibition," Boyd summed it up. "What are you going to exhibit?"

Derek shared a look with Stiles. It had only been a matter of time until this question would come up but so far Derek had been avoiding to think of an answer.

"Don't play shy." Erica rolled her eyes. "Show us."

"We are going to see them anyway," Lydia told him matter-of-factly. "And I know you have them on your phone."

Now Derek raised his eyebrows at Stiles.

"I didn't tell her anything," Stiles defended himself and almost knocked over his glass when he raised his hands in defense. "She just knows this stuff."

That was true, Derek had to admit. When he glanced over to Lydia she met his gaze with cool calmness and he couldn't help but wonder if she knew about the content of the pictures. She knew about the BDSM stuff, that much was fact.
"C'mon, you act like we're talking about dick pics here," Erica spoke up but then she paused, considering. "Are we talking about dick pics?"

"No! No dicks involved!" Stiles flailed and now he did knock over his glass. Right into Derek's lap who was unfortunate enough to sit next to him.

"Shit, sorry." Stiles used his napkin to dab away what had not soaked into Derek's jeans by now.

"I got this." Derek took the napkin from him. Their friends were watching with dick pics still on their mind, the last thing he needed right now, was for Stiles to do stuff in his crotch. It just looked wrong.

However, Derek hoped that this was enough distraction to get them off the topic of the exhibition but no such luck. When he looked up again, all three were looking at him, still waiting for the pictures.

He let out a sigh and looked at Stiles again.

"They will see them eventually," Stiles said but he didn't look comfortable with that idea either.

"Okay," Derek agreed. It was probably for the best to test the reaction with his friends. Boyd and Erica had no clue about the BDSM part so it would be interesting to see how they would take it.

"But not here," Derek said firmly, this was nothing he wanted to do in a bar. "They might need some explanation."

Lydia looked at him and he was pretty sure that she was thinking in the right direction but that was nothing he wanted to discuss now.

"My place later?" Stiles offered.

Of course, their defensive behavior made the others even more curious but Derek and Stiles were both set that they wouldn't show the pictures in a bar and they grudgingly accepted it.

With that settled the conversation went back to the initial reason for their gathering, the road trip. They had all been following, and commenting, his Instagram but Derek had tons of pictures he hadn't shown online and for this, he came prepared.

Stiles did most of the talking while Derek added something here and there but mainly Derek showed and explained the pictures.

"Then you stayed with Stiles' parents?" Boyd asked when they reached the Beacon Hills part. "Wasn't that awkward? I mean you just met those people."

"Did they let you sleep in the same bed?" Erica asked the more interesting question. "I bet not. When Boyd and I stayed with my parents for the first time, he had to sleep in the guest room."

"Well." Stiles drew out the word. "They had no problem with us sleeping in the same bed. But when Melissa heard odd noises in the middle of the night, she thought it was an intruder and called my dad the sheriff."

"She didn't." Erica could barely contain her laughter. "They both …?"

"Yep." Stiles let the word pop. "They both saw more of Derek's naked ass than they ever wanted."

"Than I wanted either," Derek muttered under his breath but he had to admit, it was kind of funny.
Now. With some distance.

Stiles had left out the details so Derek was pretty sure he knew what kind of scene was playing in Erica's and Boyd's mind, him on top with Stiles under him, good old missionary. But when he looked over to Lydia, he caught her watching them closely. She didn't know details, Derek hoped, but she knew about the dynamics of their relationship.

When she noticed him looking at her, she mouthed: *Don't want to know.*

"That's one way to meet the parents." Boyd shook of his head.

"You haven't heard about me meeting his mother." Stiles said and then went into the story of how Derek's mother had found him in the ballroom, threw a flower pot at him, locked him in and called the sheriff, his own dad.

"Your dad got called in on you twice?" Boyd leaned back in his chair, not even trying to hide his amusement.

"I know." Stiles started to flail again and Derek hurried to get his glass out of his reach. "And he almost arrested Derek's mom."

They had a good laugh over that.

There were questions of how the rest of Derek's family reacted to Stiles but they smoothed over that without telling too many details. Derek wasn't exactly proud of his family right now.

It was getting late and they all were kind of tipsy by now, it was time to leave.

Somehow Derek had hoped that the others had forgotten about the pictures but no such luck.

They took taxis to Stiles' place and since it took a moment longer to put the wheelchair in the trunk, Boyd and Erica already stood on the sidewalk when Derek, Stiles, and Lydia arrived.

Derek got the chair and Stiles got out of the car with only a little struggle but the whole time Derek felt his friends' eyes on them. While they had been sitting in the bar, it had been easy to forget about the fact that Stiles couldn't just get out of a car and walk away.

The little moment of awkwardness was over the second they entered Stiles' apartment. Jack had been waiting behind the door and now he didn't know who he wanted to greet first. It took a moment to even get to the living room.

"Kitty!" Erica squealed, Jack forgotten. Derek had brought Ginger over, he intended to spend the night at Stiles' and he didn't want to leave the cat alone for too long. And as long as Jack was around, the cat seemed to be fine with switching between Derek's and Stiles' apartment.

Now, however, with so many people coming in, Ginger fled into the bedroom, most likely hiding under the bed, and Derek doubted he would come out anytime soon.

Lydia, Boyd, and Erica sat down on the couch so that all of them had a good view on the laptop Derek was setting up.

Derek threw Stiles one last glance, it was harder to show these pictures to his friends than expected, but Stiles gave him the go ahead.

Lydia raised an eyebrow when she noticed the name of the folder but then the first picture
appeared on the screen.

It was the throne one. Shirtless Stiles with his face in the shadow, sitting like a king on his throne, looking down at the viewer.


Boyd nodded to that and after a long moment, he skipped to the next one.

Derek wanted to flee the room, maybe join Ginger under the bed, but instead, he sat down in the chair across from his friends. He couldn't see the screen but he could see their faces.

Stiles was next to him and suddenly his hand landed on Derek's, gently uncramping his fingers.

For a long while, nobody spoke. All three of them just looked at the pictures, fascinated and maybe even in awe, but that could just be Derek's wishful thinking. At least they didn't seem disgusted. But at least Erica was glancing at them with questions in her eyes.

"These are very personal," Lydia finally broke the silence. "They are strong and powerful but you're showing us something very personal here, you sure you want to show these at the exhibition?"

"Yes," Derek and Stiles said in unison, their fingers laced together, giving each other an assuring squeeze.

"Is this." Boyd cleared his throat and didn't know where to look. "You know, real?"

That question had been the reason Derek hadn't shown the photos at the bar.

"This is how I see Stiles," Derek told them, daring them to say anything against it.

"So he's your what … dom?" Erica eyed them as if she was trying to figure out the dynamics between them.

"Yes." Derek felt the heat in his cheeks and he didn't let go of Stiles' hand but he didn't allow himself to feel ashamed.

"And you're his sub?" Erica continued. At least she knew those terms but Derek had no idea if she knew anything about the BDSM lifestyle. "How does that even work?"

"Wait, wait," Boyd interrupted, clearly struggling with the idea. "Are you telling us that you let him beat the shit out of you?"

"That's not how it works," Lydia answered before Derek could even think of anything to say.

"But you're a big strong guy. Shouldn't you … you know … be the dominant part?" Erica waved at him. "Stiles is kind of …"

"If you say weak, I am going to kick your ass," Stiles cut in, his voice harsh. He sat straight, pretty much like in the throne picture. "Appearance has nothing to do with what you like."

"You knew," Erica caught on with the fact that Lydia had not been surprised by this revelation.

"Please." Lydia rolled her eyes at her. "Who do you think was Stiles' safety net when he went out to meet a stranger from the internet?"
Erika didn't know what to say to that.

Derek made coffee and then they sat together while Stiles gave their friends the 101 on BDSM. Derek's life was strange like that.

It was long after midnight when they finally left. Boyd and Erica were still looking at Derek as if they were trying to figure him out but they weren't disgusted and nobody had accused Stiles of abusing him so all in all it went well.

"It'll be easier with strangers," Stiles said when they were finally alone. "Your friends you have to see again the next day but strangers just disappear. Who cares what they think?"

Derek hmmmed to that. It still hadn't been easy to show this side of himself to the people he considered friends. The thoughts were loud in his head, wondering if they thought of him different now. If they thought that he was weak and pathetic because he wanted Stiles to dominate him.

Stiles put his arms around him, hugging him from the side.

"Too much going on in your head?" He asked but the way his fingers were twitching, he was in the same boat.

Derek gave him a sharp nod.

"Want to stop thinking for a while?"

"Green."
Chapter 60

Chapter Notes

Over April I have to cut back to one update a week. But after that, I should be able to wrap this story up rather quickly.

They slept in the next day and Derek woke with his whole body feeling sore and stiff but in a good way. He chuckled when he thought about what Erica would have to say to that.

"What's so funny?" Stiles mumbled and snuggled closer.

"You did a number on me." Derek drew the blanket closer around them, the world could wait a few minutes longer.

Stiles hummed to that.

"Was wondering what Erica would have to say to last night."

Now Stiles snorted into Derek's chest but then he craned his neck to look Derek in the eye.

"How do you feel?"

Stiles had pampered him pretty well afterward and Derek had fallen asleep in his arms with the good feeling of being loved and cared for but Stiles never failed to check in the morning after as well. Stuff like this could fuck with one's head even hours later, they both knew that.

"I'm good." Derek kissed the top of his head.

Last night Stiles had used the flogger on him. There was still that deep ache in his butt and so far he had avoided to move too much. But he had to admit that he liked it.

However, this had been the first time they had used the flogger in a pain kind of way and Stiles had double and triple checked that he hadn't been carried away. It was one of Stiles' top kinks and so far they hadn't really explored it. Mainly because Derek didn't have any experience with it and he had been indifferent about it.

"I liked it," Derek assured him. "I was thinking …" He closed his arms around Stiles, holding him close. "We were talking about going back to that adult store."

"More toys?"

He couldn't see Stiles' face but the smile was audible.

"But this time I tell you what to pick."

At that Stiles' head shot up and Derek barely managed to get his chin out of the way to avoid a collision.

"What do you have in mind?" All drowsiness forgotten, Stiles braced himself with his forearms on Derek's chest. "More butt plugs?"
"No plugs." Derek wasn't exactly sure what kind of toys he wanted Stiles to pick but they were all set on the plug front. They had still too much fun with what they had.

Stiles studied him for a moment and Derek could almost see the wheels turning in his head.

"I know you're not really into floggers so you shouldn't waste your money on that. I'm quite happy with the one I have." He sneaked a hand under Derek's hip to grope his butt cheek.

Derek bit back a groan, his butt was still tender and it didn't help when Stiles started to knead the abused flesh.

"I never said that I'm not into it," Derek corrected and let his head thump back into the pillow when Stiles' fingertips traced along his cleft. "Just that I've never done it before and that it's not high on the list of things I have to try."

Stiles stilled with Derek's butt still firmly in his hand.

"And now that you've tried it?" He sounded hopeful and in his mind, Derek called himself stupid for not agreeing to this sooner. It was one of Stiles' major kinks after all.

But Stiles was good at shifting the focus on Derek. Which was a thing he should keep in mind if they went back to the store.

"We should get more options than just one flogger," Derek answered. He tried to maintain eye contact with Stiles but he felt the heat creeping into his face and in the end, he lasted about two seconds before he lowered his eyes. How Stiles could talk about this stuff openly he would never understand.

"You're full of surprises," Stiles said and kissed him on the cheek while he raked his fingers over the curve of his ass.

Derek didn't hold back the pained noise.

For a moment it looked like this would lead to some nice morning sex but then Stiles' phone chirped with a new message and he just couldn't not look who it was.

"Lydia wants to take us shopping for suits," Stiles informed him. "Apparently we can't be left alone when it comes to dressing up for the gala."

Derek hadn't even thought about that.

"What's wrong with the suits we have?"

"I think that's exactly her point." Stiles started typing. "Tomorrow?"

Since there was no chance of getting out of this one Derek just made a whatever gesture.

At least Lydia was still Lydia. After yesterday Derek wasn't sure if Boyd and Erica would even want to stay in contact with them. They had seemed to be okay with what they had learned about Stiles' and Derek's relationship but they had still been shocked. Things might look different now that they had slept over it.

So when over breakfast, they actually did get out of bed at some point, Derek's phone informed him that he had a message from Erica, he wasn't sure if he really wanted to read it. In the end, curiosity won.
"What?" Stiles looked up from his scrambled eggs drained in ketchup when Derek just sat there and stared at his phone.

"Erica." He cleared his throat. "I'm not sure if she's serious or mocking me."

He read the message again.

Fed up Stiles snatched the phone out of his hand to read the message himself. His eyes bulged and he choked on the last bite of eggs.

"This woman is going to kill me." He gasped for air but after one last cough, he didn't seem in danger of asphyxiation any longer. "Tell her that I don't have a special brand of rope but that she should look for something smooth. But not too smooth, you don't want it to just slip off. And the knots need to hold but you have to be able to undo them easily." He took another deep breath. "Tell her that she should get actual bondage rope and not use whatever she has at hand."

Now it was Stiles who Derek was staring at.

"You think she's serious?" Derek asked but after a second he started to type the message.

"Dunno." Stiles pushed the empty plate away and leaned back in his chair. "But if she's serious, we could give her some pointers." Then he started to type away on his phone as well.

"What are you doing?" Derek raised a suspicious eyebrow at him.

"Offering to get her some rope since we'll be at the store anyway," Stiles replied easily. "And offering an open ear but she might rather ask you."

"Why would she do that?" Derek wondered. "You're more experienced and you can help her better with the dom stuff. If she really wants to go there." So far it had been one question about rope, Derek didn't want to jump to conclusions here.

"She asked you first," Stiles pointed out. "I don't want to assume anything but I wouldn't bet money on her being the dominant one in their relationship."

"Have you met her and Boyd?" Derek raised an eyebrow at him.

"Have you met us?" Stiles gestured between them.

He had a point there, they weren't exactly the stereotypical BDSM couple. Whatever that was.

"I fell for that, didn't I?" Derek shook his head. "And what makes you think that she is not the dominant one?"

"If you knew a dom-sub-couple, who would you ask for advice?" Stiles gave him a smug smile over the rim of his coffee cup.

"The sub." Derek didn't even have to think about it. "Okay, I get what you mean."

The rope question seemed to have been a test because over the next few hours Derek exchanged quite a few messages with Erica. He and Stiles were trying to get some work done but at least Derek didn't really get anything done. Every few minutes a new message from Erica threw him out of his thoughts.

Apparently, Boyd had a few questions as well but at least he wasn't as persistent as Erica.
Derek didn't know how it happened but in the end, it was him who offered Erica and Boyd to join them on the trip to the adult store.

He expected Erica to bolt and Stiles to veto the idea but instead, they both agreed and were already planning a little get together afterward. To answer questions in person and not via text messages. Stiles also offered to give some basics on ropes and knots, not that he was an expert himself but he knew what he was doing, Derek could attest that.

"Next thing we know, we're having an orgy," Stiles joked but he was more than fine with the field trip to the adult store.

"So far the most outrageous question has been if a slap on the butt already counts," Derek reminded him. Erica had a lot of questions and she wasn't shy to ask them but all in all, it had been pretty tame. So far.

But from her questions, he got the feeling that she and Boyd had been pushing the limits for a while now without actually putting a name to it. The photos and Stiles' explanations yesterday might have triggered an epiphany of some kind.

"At least we can make sure that they don't just stumble into this and hurt themselves." Stiles stretched and pushed his drawing tablet away. Looked like he wasn't getting any work done either.

*Or get hurt by others*, Derek completed the sentence in his mind. He had the luxury that he had found Stiles who had eased him into the lifestyle. Stiles, on the other hand, had learned his lessons the hard way.

Looking at it this way, it made sense that Stiles was so keen on helping Boyd and Erica.

"Just don't throw them into the deep end," Derek begged him. Stiles could get carried away with things he cared about and aside from Derek, he didn't really have somebody to talk to about this. Maybe he should ask Stiles about the clubs he'd used to go to. They could go out more often.

"You're no fun." Stiles gave him a playful pout. "I wanted to show them the gimp suits."

"You're going to show them the rope and then each couple is going to do their own thing." Derek gave him a stern look. "If they have questions, they will ask." *Hopefully an employee*, Derek added without saying it out loud. He was still set on telling Stiles what kind of toys to pick and he was looking forward to see what Stiles would make out of his instructions. But that would be hard enough with just Stiles, he didn't want Erica to loom in the background, commenting and maybe even judging.

However, he didn't put it past Erica and Stiles to compare their haul once they were back at Stiles' place. Both knew no shame.

When it was time Stiles drove them over to the store where they would meet Boyd and Erica. Derek sat in the passenger seat and tried really hard to not nervously bounce his leg.

"You okay?" Stiles threw him a glance.

Derek gave him a smile which was meant to be reassuring but it felt like a grimace.

"We don't have to do this," Stiles told him. "We can just stock up on lube and do the real thing another day."

"No, it's fine," Derek assured him. He had been the one suggesting this trip and he wanted to do
this. He was looking forward to testing out new toys tonight and he wanted to help his friends who
had reached out to him for help. Granted, a trip to an adult store the same day had probably not
been the kind of help Erica had been expecting but she had jumped at the chance.

When Stiles pulled into the parking lot, Boyd and Erica were already there. They had been waiting
in the car and Derek saw them talking animatedly before they noticed them and got out of the car.

While Stiles got his chair, Erica caught Derek in a fierce hug.

"Sorry for ambushing you like this," she said with a glance at Boyd. Derek doubted that it had been
her idea to say sorry but he just hugged her a little tighter before he let go of her.

"Wasn't the reaction I expected after yesterday," Derek admitted.

"Well, you made us thinking." The look she gave Boyd was only appropriate in public in front of
an adult store.

"Okay, ramblers." Stiles came up to them. "Let's get rambling."
Stiles led the way and the others followed.

Entering the store felt as awkward as the first time, especially with Boyd and Erica right on Derek's heel. He kept his eyes on Stiles' back, that seemed to be the safest option.

Boyd also looked like he'd rather be somewhere, anywhere, else but then he squared his shoulders, took a deep breath and followed Erica deeper into the store.

Erica, on the other hand, seemed right at home, Derek doubted that this was her first trip to a store like this. She and Stiles were already discussing different kinds of lube and if strawberry condoms actually tasted like strawberry.

They did make it to the rope eventually and now Boyd did shake off his initial reluctance and looked at the different kinds of rope with interest. He let them run through his fingers and it didn't take long for him and Erica to narrow it down to two different ones. Stiles gave his opinion on their choice and after that, it was only a matter of black or red.

It got settled with the point that red looked better on Boyd's skin. That line made Derek question the dynamics of their relationship again but after a second he just shrugged and let it go. It was none of his business.

However, Stiles did emphasize that if they wanted to explore this farther than bound wrists now and then, they really should look into taking a bondage class.

Boyd choked on his own spit but Erica looked as if she was making mental notes.

"They do couple classes." Stiles winked at them.

With the rope question out of the way, they agreed to browse the store separately. As long as there weren't any questions they would meet up outside.

"Don't be shy to ask," Stiles renewed his offer but Erica just waved him off.

Stiles waited until they had disappeared behind a shelf before he turned to Derek.

"So," he drew out the word. "What's on your mind?"

Derek cleared his throat and had a look around to confirm that they really were alone and he still lowered his voice to a whisper.

"I want you to pick three things," he said. He felt his face heating up just thinking about what was on his mind. "Something you want to put in my ass, something to … torture my balls." His voice betrayed him and suddenly he was very interested in the bottle of lube in Stiles' lap.

Stiles didn't say a word. Instead, he slung his arm around Derek's middle and just waited for him to continue.

"And the third." He licked his lips, why was this so hard? "Something you want to hit me with."

Derek held his breath, waiting for Stiles to argue the last one. Or to ask him if he was really sure about this.
"Any preferences for that?" Stiles asked instead, showing once again how awesome he was.

Derek shook his head. "Your pick."

Stiles nodded, already thinking.

Derek would veto his choice if it really wasn't his thing, they both knew that and it was a good feeling. They trusted each other.

"And don't forget the goody for yourself," Derek reminded him. Last time he had blindsided Stiles with the cock cage, now he was curious what Stiles would pick for himself.

"Let's keep that for last." Stiles turned and gave his chair a push that brought him to the end of the aisle. "This way."

Derek hadn't known that there were so many ways to torture his balls. Just looking at all the options let his balls shrink back into his body but at the same time, the feeling of want settled deep in his belly. He would walk out of here with a raging hard-on, he just knew that.

Stiles took the different toys with a more critical eye, weighing his options.

"How about a parachute? A spiked one?" He held up the device in question. "I could put weights on it. Or …" He lowered his voice. "… I could click on the leash and make you my chariot horse."

Derek bit back a groan but Stiles put the parachute back on the shelf.

Stiles took his time. He considered iron maiden style cages, some with screwable pins to drive them in even deeper once the cage was in place, or vise-like devices that would slowly crush his balls. Derek had the feeling that Stiles was judging his reaction but so far he would have said yes to all of them.

"I wonder how flat I could get them," Stiles mumbled. When Derek stepped closer to see what he had in hand now, his knees buckled and he had to brace himself on one of Stiles' handles.

"Is this a yes please almost faint or a hell no almost faint?" Stiles asked with a low chuckle. He had one hand on his wheel to counter Derek's weight.

"It's your pick." Derek straightened himself but couldn't tear his eyes off the picture on the box in Stiles' hand. Getting the balls crushed between two pieces of plexiglas looked painful, his balls ached just from looking at it but there was something else too. He wanted this.

"Judging by the bulge in your pants I'd say your blood rushed downwards pretty fast." Stiles gave him a smug smile and put the ball crusher in his lap. "Okay, butt stuff next."

They turned into the next aisle, at least Stiles seemed to know where he was going in this maze, and ran into Boyd and Erica who were looking at the collars.

"We … ehm … we're not …," Boyd started and hastily put some space between himself and the shelf.

Erica didn't know where to look either but then her eyes fell on the thing in Stiles' lap.

"Okay, that's more embarrassing than a collar," She decided and Derek just wished that the floor would open up and swallow him whole. This was exactly the reason why this was a bad idea.

"No judging," Stiles reminded them and moved to get past them.
Boyd took a moment longer to realize what the toy was for, however, the picture on the front was pretty self-explaining, but then his eyes bulged and he not so subtly put a protective hand over his crotch.

"Oh, man," he winced and gave Derek a sympathetic glance. "Really?"

"No judging and no kink shaming." Stiles put an edge into his voice that demanded attention.

Derek just wanted to get away but Boyd and Stiles were blocking the way and neither of them seemed to know what to do next.

"Since you're here," Erica spoke up. "Are these mandatory?" She gestured at the shelf with the collars.

"No." The tension melted out of Stiles' shoulders. "Nothing is mandatory, you can do whatever you want, that's the beauty of this."

"Do you have a collar?" Erica gave Derek's bare neck a pointed look. That he wasn't wearing one now didn't mean that he didn't have one.

"No." He shook his head but he didn't want to explain it farther. Collars had crossed his mind but it was difficult. And since Stiles hadn't pushed it …

"Oh, okay." At least Erica accepted his answer without farther questions.

They left them with the collars and Derek followed Stiles two aisles over to the butt plugs and other ass related toys.

"Do you want one?" Stiles asked once they were out of earshot.

"Want what?" Derek looked around. They were standing next to the double-headed vibrators for simultaneous vaginal and anal penetration.

"A collar," Stiles clarified while he moved farther down the aisle. "You were indifferent about them on the list."

The fact alone that Stiles knew this off the top of his head told Derek that it was something Stiles was interested in. He just couldn't remember what number Stiles had given collars.

"I don't want one bought on a whim," Derek said after a moment. "A collar means something … it's … I don't know." He slumped in defeat.

Stiles looked at him, really looked at him, and then he nodded to himself.

"I understand," he said and Derek had the feeling that he really did. Even if Derek himself wasn't sure what he meant. It was just the feeling that a collar meant more, that it went deeper.

They met Boyd and Erica again at the register and both parties pretended not to see what the other one was buying.

Along with the rope Boyd and Erica had picked a collar, a flogger and a magic wand with a variation of attachments, not a bad choice to get started. It looked pretty tame to what Stiles put on the counter, though.

The ball crusher, a prostate massager, Derek had expected something big and vibrating but this was even more evil, a riding crop and as his goody, Stiles had picked a bullet vibrator. Remote
controlled. Derek was going to die.

However, he was itching to try out the new toys. But they had invited the others over to give them a more thorough 101 on BDSM etiquette and Derek just knew that Stiles wouldn't able to dive into a scene as long as he wasn't sure that the other couple was playing safe.

"It won't be long," Stiles assured him on the way to the car. "They are as eager as we are."

Derek hmmed to that and took the bag with their purchases from Stiles. Along with the toys Stiles had stashed up on lube, massage oil, and condoms. At least he hadn't grabbed the XXL ones again. That box had given them a good laugh and was now waiting in the back of Stiles' drawer for the moment he was in dire need of some water bombs.

Stiles had just started the engine when Derek's phone rang.

"My mom." Derek groaned while Stiles chuckled.

"We're copying our last trip here," Stiles reminded him. "Of course she has to call now."

Her timing was almost creepy and Derek fought the urge to look around for her. How else could she pick the exact same time to call him?

"Hi, Mom," Derek greeted her.

The next few minutes she brought him up to date with what was going on in Beacon Hills. How people were still congratulating her for the wedding and that Cora and Miles would start their honeymoon tomorrow.

She didn't mention Stiles or asked how he was once. It set Derek's teeth on edge but except for ending the call, there was not much he could do about it. There was a specific way these calls with his mom went and he had long given up, trying to change the script.

"Nancy is still talking about you," she said. "You looked so handsome in your suit, she says."

Derek wasn't even sure who Nancy was. One of the bridesmaids was his best guess and he was pretty sure she was one of the single ladies his mom had tried to set him up with before she knew about Stiles. And after she knew.

"I don't know what's so special about me in a suit," Derek muttered and then, because she was pissing him off, he added: "Stiles still has that picture on his phone."

For a second she didn't know what to say.

Derek glanced over to Stiles and was met with a broad grin. He wondered how much of the conversation she could hear. Probably all of it.

"Anyway," she played over the awkward moment. "Josh told us that you won something? A competition?"

That wasn't how he'd planned to tell her but at the moment he didn't really care.

"Yeah." He made. "I was going to tell you, I'm going to have an exhibition."

The gala was invitation only but for the opening night of the exhibition, he could put a few people on the guest list. Last year he wouldn't have been able to name three people he wanted to invite, now he might have to choose. And at the moment he wasn't so sure that his mom would make it to
He cut the call short by telling her that they had just arrived at Stiles’ place and that they had friends over. But he promised to call her soon with more details.

"You know, I can't wait for your mom to see the photos," Stiles filled the sudden silence.

"Can you imagine her face?" Derek barked out a laugh.

She would learn a thing or two about her son's sexual preferences, everybody would, but Derek found that he was surprisingly okay with that.

So he gave Stiles a peck on the cheek, grabbed the bag and then he was out of the car to give his friends some advice on BDSM.
Chapter 62

Derek made coffee while everybody else was busy with greeting Jack and Ginger and getting comfortable on the couch. Stiles stayed in his chair, a clear sign that he did not intend to draw this out for too long. He most likely had plans for the rest of the evening.

Derek had expected the following conversation to be awkward at best but to his surprise, it went very well. Way more lighthearted than he would have thought.

Boyd and Erica were understandably reserved but Stiles never had a problem carrying a conversation on his own. He wasn't talking down to them, didn't try to lecture them and after a few minutes, Stiles and Erica were talking animatedly about the right use of the flogger she'd bought.

Derek hadn't even known that he had missed talking to somebody about all this. Sure he had Stiles and they communicated openly but this was a nice change.

Boyd didn't talk much but he was listening and he did ask when he wanted to know something. He asked about consent and negotiations, launching Stiles into a long rant about safe, sane and consensual that ended with Stiles handing out kink lists. That part looked like a teacher handing his students their homework but they took it gratefully.

At least until they started to leaf through the pages.

Derek sat back and watched in amusement how they switched from curious to blushing, with a disgusted sound here and a giggle there. And there were quite a few glances between them.

"You don't have to do the whole list right away," Stiles told them. "I bet you can't wait to try out your new toys so just make sure that you've covered that before you start. Please, I won't be able to sleep tonight if you don't."

"As if sleep is the thing on your mind right now." Erica snorted with a pointed look at their shopping bag sitting innocently by the door.

"I would tell you what's on my mind but that would spoil the surprise for Derek," Stiles answered with an almost feral grin.

Derek just shook his head, whatever Stiles had in store for him, it would be awesome. And most likely painful for his balls.

He caught Boyd looking at him. Derek wasn't sure how much of his thoughts had been visible on his face or if Boyd was just still shocked by their purchase earlier but he did look uncomfortable for some reason.

When he noticed that Derek had caught him, Boyd ducked his head and turned his attention back on Stiles. Who was currently talking about aftercare.

"... keep an eye on each other, it can fuck with your head even hours later," Stiles said. "Watch out for physical symptoms as well."

"Physical?" Boyd piped in.

"Shaking, sweating, nausea," Stiles listed.
"One time I puked all over him," Derek added.

"You didn't." Erica managed a straight face for half a second before she burst out laughing.

"He came back up too quickly," Stiles explained but even he couldn't help a smile. "That's exactly why you don't leave your sub alone afterward. Lots of cuddles, snacks, and juice."

"And talking." Derek added. "Talking helps a lot."

"Yeah, tell him how proud you are, how good he's been, that you love him." Stiles glanced at him and Derek was pretty sure that he wasn't talking to Boyd and Erica. He felt his face heating up which got him an "awww" from Erica.

Half an hour later Boyd and Erica left and Derek had the good feeling that they would enjoy the night. They were well equipped now.

"You did good." Derek stepped up behind Stiles and kissed the top of his head. "They know what they're doing."

He knew that this was only partly to help their friends. He didn't know the details but when Stiles had started this lifestyle, he had made mistakes and he had learned more through trial and error than anything else. And people had taken advantage of him. Made sense that he wanted to spare Boyd and Erica that.

Stiles hummed and let his head rest against Derek's stomach. Then he craned his neck to look up at Derek, considering. Heat started to pool in Derek's belly.

"Do you want to be good for me tonight?"

"Green."

Stiles sneaked a hand around his neck, bringing his head down for an upside down kiss.

"Take a shower, get nice and ready for me," Stiles instructed him with his hand still firmly on the nape of Derek's neck. "Don't bother with clothes."

When Derek came into the bedroom not much later naked and with still damp hair, he found Stiles sitting on the bed. He had changed into loose sweatpants and nothing else and he had their purchase laid out next to him.

"Kneel." With the riding crop, Stiles gestured at the floor next to the bed. It reminded Derek of that throne picture in the Dom Series. Who needed a scepter if he had a riding crop?

With the tip of the crop, Stiles nudged him into position until Derek was kneeling with his hand clasped behind his back, knees wide apart, chest out and chin high.

Stiles ran the folded leather at the end of the crop along his filling cock and Derek bit his lip, expecting a snap that never came.

"You bought me presents today," Stiles said. "I want to thank you for that."

The crop trailed up Derek's front, over his twitching stomach, up his sternum and throat and under his chin, forcing him to crane his neck.

"And to show you how grateful I am, I'll let you choose which toy we'll use tonight." With the crop on his cheek, he directed Derek to look at the toys lying on the bed. The bullet vibrator, the
prostate massager and of course the ball crusher.

The crop wasn't among the options but Stiles was already enjoying it so much, Derek guessed he would get his fair share of that either way.

"You can ask me to use one of these on you."

As if there was any doubt which toy Derek would pick. For a second he was tempted to ask for something else, just to throw Stiles off, though.

"Please." His voice was more hoarse than he had expected and he had to clear his throat before he could continue. "Would you use the … ball crusher on me?" This was still the hardest part. Derek felt the heat creeping into his cheeks and he would have liked to avert his eyes but Stiles held his head firmly in place with the crop.

"Since you asked so nicely." Stiles gave him a generous smile. "I want to tie you to the bed for that. Color?"

"Green."

This time Stiles tied him to the bed propped up against the headboard so that Derek would have a good view on what was going to happen to his balls.

"You're at my mercy now." Stiles was sitting at his hip and he had the riding crop in hand again. He traced along Derek's flank and down the outside of his leg. And up on the inner side. Derek felt his balls shy away when the crop came closer but there was no escaping. Stiles put the tip behind his balls, lifting them up.

"I'm going to wreck these sweet little balls so good," Stiles promised.

Derek felt the anticipation building up and he just wished for Stiles to get started before he lost his nerve. This was going to hurt. And along with some pretty bruised balls he would come out of this with some impressive rope burn from his struggling, he had no doubt about that. But still, his cock stood proud with excitement.

"But first I'm going to warm you up," Stiles said, apparently oblivious to Derek's silent pleas to just do it already.

With a quick flick of his wrist, Stiles brought the riding crop down on him for the first time. He hit him right on the soft skin above the root of his penis.

Derek yelped only partly in surprise. The crop had more of a bite than the flogger. And Stiles had chosen a sensitive area.

Stiles took his time, warming him up. Derek's lower abdomen and the sensitive flesh on his inner thighs were his main target but his chest and nipples got their fair share as well.

It didn't take long until Derek was covered in sweat and straining against the rope.

"You're doing good." Stiles ran the tip along his sternum. "Ask me to hit your balls."

Derek had known that this would happen, if he was honest, he was surprised that Stiles hadn't hit him there yet. But asking for it …

"Please hit … my balls." He gritted out, his eyes on the crop that was slowly creeping down his
body. It bypassed his cock that had flagged down by now and then the tip was resting on the swell of his balls.

"Ask me to hit them good."

"Please hit them good." His voice was barely a whisper but there was warmth pooling deep in his belly while Derek steeled himself for the impact.

He was not ready for the first hit. Stiles brought down the crop hard, a sharp pain lancing up Derek's spine. And he didn't give him a moment to breathe before he hit him again.

Derek arched off the bed, trying to get away but the rope held him firmly in place. He couldn't even close his legs to protect himself.

Stiles let more sharp hits rain down on him, hitting him good just like he'd promised.

"Think you're warmed up now," Stiles said and only with a delay Derek noticed that there were no more hits coming.

Derek blinked against the tears, trying to get his bearings, when Stiles' hot mouth closed around one testicle. Stiles sucked, hard.

"Fuck!" Derek cried out, his legs trembling.

"Ready for your new toy?" Stiles reached for the ball crusher.

His balls already felt as if they were on fire, bruised and swollen, but his cock lay heavy and leaking on his stomach.

"Green," Derek whispered and then he watched with big eyes when Stiles fed his cock through the hole in the Plexiglas. Then he took a moment to make sure that his balls were lying correctly between the two pieces of plastic.

There was no pressure. Yet.

"Let's find out how flat we can get them." Stiles reached for the first screw. "And just so you know, you're going to come with your balls squished or not at all tonight."

Derek closed his eyes in defeat but they snapped open when he felt the first hint of pressure.

It wasn't too bad at first. Derek watched with morbid fascination when the device tightened without mercy. Since Stiles had warmed him up beforehand, the light pressure was already enough to spike the pain. And Stiles was far from done.

"You're doing good," Stiles told him while he tightened the screws even more. "So good."

Derek thumped his head against the headboard and tried to breathe through the pain.

"Stop," he begged. "I can't … please. It's too much."

"You can take it," Stiles assured him but gave him a moment to adjust to the pain before he reached for the screws again. "Just a little more, almost there."

Derek's muscles locked up, his whole body was trembling and he gritted his teeth to not scream in agony but Stiles just kept going.
The worst was that his erection had filled even more and was now standing obscenely out of the device. Angry red with its veins standing out, Derek didn't know if he'd been this hard ever before.

"Please." He couldn't even unlock his jaw enough to get the word out.

"Just a little more and you can come," Stiles promised. "I'm proud of you. Being so good for me."

He rubbed soothing circles into the taut muscles of Derek's lower abdomen but that did nothing for the all-consuming pain.

Derek screamed when Stiles suddenly took him in his mouth.

He came screaming in a blinding mixture of pain and pleasure, his whole body convulsing, straining against the bonds.

Derek dropped back to the mattress, hanging limply in his bonds with dry sobs falling from his lips, when suddenly the mattress on his other side dipped. He had a second to wonder how Stiles had switched sides this quickly before a very distressed Jack started to lick his face.
"Jack down." Stiles' voice pierced through the fog in Derek's mind.

He didn't know why the dog was with them in bed, currently licking his face and making distressed noises, but he was too wrung out to care.

Tears of relief ran down his face when the pressure on his balls eased up and then the device was gone.

"I got you," Stiles hushed him, his hand running along his leg and a moment later the rope around his ankle was gone. "It's okay, I got you."

It was a bit of a struggle for Stiles to free his hands with Jack lying on top of Derek but the dog refused to let go. But then Derek's right arm dropped to the mattress while the other one landed on Jack's back.

"It's okay," Derek tried to assure the dog. "I'm fine."

The words came out a hoarse whisper, he must have screamed his throat raw.

Stiles tried to feed him some water which wasn't easy with Jack still fussing over him. He even growled at Stiles when he came too close.

"Easy, boy." Stiles held out his hand to show that he didn't mean harm.

Reluctantly Jack allowed Stiles to give Derek the water but he was watching him closely.

"He thinks I hurt you," Stiles observed with a low chuckle.

"You did," Derek reminded him. His arm lay heavy over Jack's back but the fur on his skin felt nice. And as long as he didn't move, the pain wasn't too bad.

"Was it too much?" Stiles fiddled with the glass but was studying his face closely.

"Intense," Derek said. There was still a sharp pain in his balls but he was kind of looking forward to the dull ache he would feel for maybe days. "But good. Really good." He dared to shift into a more comfortable position. Jack eyed him with concern but settled down again once Derek stopped moving.

"You always make me come so hard," Derek mumbled. He could sleep now. His whole body ached and it would only get worse but he would worry about that tomorrow. Jack was a warm weight on his chest and Stiles had one hand on him as well, it felt good.

On some level, he knew that he was lying here naked, covered in come and sweat, with a big ass dog on top of him but his mind was floating and he didn't really care.

Apparently, Stiles did care because he gently wiped off the worst with a warm washcloth and dabbed off the stray water droplets with a towel. It felt nice. Derek closed his eyes.

Then Stiles checked his wrists and ankles, rubbing soothing ointment into the raw skin. Derek didn't enjoy that as much because it burned before the soothing effect took hold and Jack was twisting on top of him to keep an eye on what Stiles was doing.
"I doubt we'll get him to leave the bed tonight," Stiles said. He was now inspecting Derek's balls and even with the ointment, Derek knew that they would be bruised and swollen for a while.

"More cuddles for me," Derek mumbled and welcomed Stiles in his other arm when he finally draped the blanket over all three of them.

Derek was on the brink of sleep when someone else joined them in bed.

"Meow?"

Derek couldn't help it, he laughed. Next to him, Stiles was shaking with laughter as well. It got them an unimpressed look from the cat currently standing over them.

"How did they even get in here?" Derek wondered.

"Jack knows how to open the door," Stiles reminded him. Most likely he'd taught him himself so that the dog could get to him, just in case. "He must have heard you and thought that you were in trouble."

"Lucky me he came in after I finished?" Derek gave him a glance. With the kind of noises he'd been making he had been really lucky that Jack hadn't come in earlier, he realized. But then something occurred to him. "Did you get to finish?"

Stiles made a face.

"I wanted to come all over you but …" He gestured at the dog still lying on top of Derek.

"Sorry."

"Not your fault." Stiles cupped his face with one hand. "You did good. Took it so well." He kissed him. "To be honest, I wasn't sure if you even could come like that but of course you could."

If he weren't so tired, Derek would have been ashamed of the warmth those words left in his stomach. But like this, he just bathed in them.

Derek fell asleep with Jack on top of him, Stiles snuggled up next to him and Ginger somewhere in between.

He woke up alone.

According to the message on his phone, Stiles was out with Jack and he would bring breakfast. Derek had the order to stay in bed.

He did leave the bed for a quick pee break and he was glad that Stiles wasn't there to see him. Derek was sore all over, every muscle hurt, and he had some impressive rope burn on his wrists and ankles. And he had to cup his balls with his hand to keep them from brushing against his leg. They hurt when he breathed too deeply, even the light bump against his thigh sent lances of pain up his spine. Hell, even gravity hurt.

Derek sighed in relief when he was back in bed.

He stayed there for most of the day and let Stiles pamper him. Most of the time Jack was at his side, the dog was still not convinced that Derek wasn't hurt.

The next day Derek was still stiff and sore, his balls still tender and they felt double their normal size, but he felt good enough to face Lydia who dragged them both out to get them presentable for
the gala.

She took one look at Derek and then rolled her eyes at Stiles.

"Really, Stiles?" She sighed and then she was looking at Derek closer as if she was trying to figure out if he was up for a shopping trip or not.

"I'm fine," Derek told her and made a point of straightening up. Which led to his sleeves riding up, revealing the rope burns around his wrists.

"We'll have an early lunch and later a coffee break," she decided and didn't leave room for argument. As if Derek would dare to argue with her. "And Derek?"

"Hmm?" He made while he was fiddling with his sleeve to cover up the marks again.

"Tell me if you need a break." Her voice had a dom touch to it but that was just Lydia.

"That's usually my line," Stiles muttered but he too gave Derek a considering look.

"I'm fine." Derek felt the need to say again and then he strode past them with his hands deep in his pockets.

Derek thought Lydia had been exaggerating, finding some nice suits for him and Stiles couldn't take that long, but he realized soon that no, she hadn't been exaggerating at all.

It was almost dinner time when Lydia was finally satisfied. By then they had full outfits with suits, dress shirts, undershirts, ties, belts, shoes, and socks. Derek was just glad that she hadn't insisted to pick out his underwear as well. She had taste and when he saw himself in the mirror in the full outfit, he had to admit that he'd never looked this good before.

Sharp lines emphasized his build, hugging his body in the right places but sitting loose enough for him to move freely. The way Stiles was drooling in the background was more than enough proof that Derek looked as attractive as he felt.

Not that Stiles wasn't matching him. It had been a little harder to find pants for him, most made his legs look like sticks and were not fitting at all, but Lydia knew what she was doing and together with the tailor who suggested a few adjustments she found just the right pair for him.

Derek would have loved to take the suits home right away, their night in Las Vegas was coming to mind, but Lydia gave him a look as if he was insane. They could pick up the fitted suits in a few days.

They took Lydia out for dinner as a little thank you but they had been on their feet all day so they didn't linger after that.

Derek was just glad when they were back at Stiles' where he could kick off his shoes and stretch out on the couch. Even without the lingering ache in his muscles, and his testicles, Derek would have been beat after a day like this. How Lydia managed to look fresh and energetic after hours of shopping was beyond him.

"Bed?" Stiles came up to him.

"Don't wanna move." He sounded like a five-year-old even in his own ears but he didn't care. The couch was comfy.
"At least sit up a little." Stiles urged him into an almost sitting position so that he could slip in under him.

Derek dozed off with his head in Stiles' lap and Stiles' fingers playing with his hair.

It was after midnight when Stiles rose him and shooed him over to the bedroom. Derek was just awake enough to feel a little bit guilty about the fact that he was just stumbling over to the bed while Stiles took Jack for a last walk.

The next day Derek took Ginger and drove over to his place. He and Stiles both needed to get some work done. They could work right next to each other, they had done that for weeks, but especially Stiles got easily distracted that way. The next page of Stiles' comic was due and he had to prepare the online course which would start in about a week. Derek, on the other hand, had to make some final decisions on the photos for the exhibition.

He was in contact with Kira who was in charge with everything concerning the exhibition and who was something like his personal babysitter.

She had emailed him the specifics of the photos she needed immediately after it had been official that he had won. She didn't outright say it but reading her emails it became clear that she had worked with artists who still had to make the art they wanted to present. Her stressing the deadline spoke for itself.

Derek, however, had all the photos ready, with the right resolution and everything, he just needed to hit send.

Instead, he refreshed the tab to see if Stiles' new page was online yet. Stiles had offered to let him read the comic beforehand but Derek liked to sit here, refreshing the page every few minutes, and then reading the new page with everybody else. And there were quite a few readers by now.

Tyler the werewolf was in the middle of solving his sister's murder, now with an annoying sidekick he couldn't get rid of but who he secretly liked having around. There was already fanfiction of those two and more explicit fanart than Derek ever wanted to see.

He wouldn't have known about this kind of fan contribution if Stiles hadn't pointed it out to him. Now some kind of morbid fascination was drawing him back that page. And he had to admit, some of the stories were quite good, hot even.

However, the new page wasn't online yet so Derek switched back to his actual task. Hitting send.

With this, it would be final. Everybody would see Stiles as the dom Derek was seeing in him. He knew the pictures were good. But they were very personal as well. Which was the reason why there were so good, Derek knew that.

With a sigh, he reached for his phone.

Tell me to hit send, Derek wrote to Stiles. He was stalling, he knew that but he just couldn't bring himself to do it.

Is this about the pictures for the exhibition?

Yes

I want you to send them. Color?
Derek wasn't sure what he'd expected, for sure not this. He stared at his phone for a long moment. But the last word did something to him. Derek let out a long breath. Stiles was offering to make the decision for him and just like that all the doubt and the anxiety just melted out of him.

*Green*

*Hit send*

Derek hit send.
Chapter 64

Derek hid the next two hours in his darkroom. The familiar work calmed down his nerves and when he finally emerged from the room, he had come to terms with the fact that the world would see the Dom pictures.

If Kira didn't deem them inappropriate. Which was still a possibility.

The photos weren't pornographic, Derek wouldn't even call them erotica, but they were clearly about BDSM and they showed somebody in a wheelchair. The gallery might not want to be associated with either of that. But wasn't art about provocation? About challenging people to reflect on how they saw the world?

The doubts spiked up again when Derek saw that he had a new email from Kira.

Kira didn't tell him that the photos were too provocative for their gallery, quite the opposite. Apparently, she loved them. But she did remind him that he was revealing something very personal about himself with them.

And with content like this, she was stressing the fact, that he needed the approval of the model. To make sure that they wouldn't get sued, Derek guessed. Not that it would be a problem.

He wrote back that, yes he was sure that he wanted to use these photos and that he could get Stiles' agreement in writing, no problem.

They exchanged a few more emails, hammering out the details. Derek noticed that Kira's messages were almost too professional and he guessed that she was dying to ask questions.

However, in the end, she caved.

Okay, I have to ask, she wrote. Are the photos just to provoke or are they real? They feel real

Derek read the message and then he sat there, thinking. Kira was the one responsible to set up the exhibition. Derek could only benefit from her knowing the intention behind the pictures.

They are not about provocation, he wrote back. Stiles, my partner and dom, has been told before that he couldn't possibly be a dom with him being in a wheelchair. I wanted to show that that isn't true.

He didn't know Kira, she was just the person he'd exchanged a few emails with regarding his exhibition, so he didn't know how she would react.

Her next email, however, was just one sentence but it convinced him that he and his photos were in good hands with her.

We can do that.

The next person he had to deal with, was his mom. He'd promised to call her and if he waited too long she would call at a bad time again.

The call went better than expected. Derek had the suspicion that Josh had shown her the website of the gallery, proving that it was legit and quite a big deal. She had never really shown interest in his art but now she did ask. However, when Derek told her that the photos were all of Stiles, she
changed the topic rather quickly. Not that he would have shown them to her beforehand. The winner picture maybe but not the rest.

He told her about how Lydia had taken them shopping so that they would look good at the gala but when she was more interested in the fact that he knew a single woman than the reason for the trip, he changed the topic.

"The gala is a plus one event," Derek told her. "But I can put ten people on the guest list for the opening of the exhibition."

With Stiles and both sets of parents half of his open slots were taken and he really wanted to invite Lydia, Erica and Boyd. Which left him with two free ones.

"Of course Andrew and I will be there," his mom told him, basically planning everything in her head already. "Laura and Frank, of course, and I'll have to talk to Peter if Cora can get some time off this shortly after her honeymoon. But he'd love to come too, I'm sure, so it shouldn't be a problem."

"I've already invited Stiles' parents and a few friends," Derek cut in when she paused to think over the list. "So it's you and dad and two others. I'd like to have Laura and Peter here."

There was a moment of silence at the other end.

"You can't leave out Cora," She scolded him, her tone making it clear how ridiculous the idea was. "And the kids would love to see you."

"I don't think the opening night of an art exhibition is the right thing for Lucy and Justin," Derek tried to reason with her. The content of the exhibition was another reason to not have the kids there but he didn't tell her that.

"But Cora should be there," she insisted. "Are your friends more important than your family? They can visit the exhibition at a later date."

She might even have a point but Cora was still convinced that he had ruined her wedding and she had barely said thank you for the pictures.

"You can all come to New York, I'd love to see you," Derek said. "We can make it a family trip the second day. But I'm going to put you, dad, Laura and Peter on the guest list, nobody else."

"But …" She started but Derek cut her off.

"And since you asked, yes my friends are more important to me than most of my family." He tried to keep his voice calm but on the inside, he was boiling with anger. "They have been supportive of me right from the start. They accepted Stiles without a second of hesitation and they have been supportive of my art as well."

"So he's making you choose already?" Derek could hear her tears even over the phone. "Him and his friends or your family. Is that how it is now?"

"Boyd and Erica have been my friends even before I even met Stiles." He might not have realized it at that time but it was true.

They ended the call not on good terms. Derek didn't budge on the guest list and Talia grudgingly accepted it. For now.
He was pretty sure that he would hear at least from Cora about this, maybe Laura too. And who knew who else, he did have a big family.

_Called Mom_, Derek wrote to Stiles.

*How did it go?*

*She's not pleased with the guest list.* Derek leaned back and Ginger used the chance to climb in his lap. Absently he started to scratch the cat behind the ear.

*Want me to come over?*

They hadn't talked about sleeping arrangements for tonight, they could sleep in their own beds for a change, but that thought suddenly felt way too daunting.

However, Stiles had work to do with the next course starting soon and his comic and the commissions he'd put on hold for their trip to Beacon Hills. He deserved some time alone to actually work.

Derek must have taken too long to type out an answer because his phone started to ring. Ginger jumped at the sudden noise and threw him a glare before he settled back down.

"What did she say?" Stiles asked the second Derek accepted the call.

"I should leave out my friends and invite the whole family instead." He let out a sigh. "Told her that my friends are more important than my family."

"Wow." Stiles made. "Bet she didn't take it well."

"Understatement." Derek let his head drop back against the back of the couch.

"I'll finish up here and then I'll come over," Stiles said as if that had been his plan all along. Maybe it had been. They had spent the last nights at Stiles' so it was Derek's turn now.

"After the exhibition, we should start looking for a place for us," Derek said.

"I'd like that," Stiles agreed easily. "But for today, do you want to play tonight? Continue what we started earlier?"

Derek had almost forgotten that he'd needed his dom to send out the pictures. But after that and his mother, it sounded like a good idea. He didn't want to think for a while.

"Green."

"That's my boy." Stiles' praise washed over him, warm and comforting like a blanket. "I'm going to shoot you a message when I'm ready to leave here. I want you nice and ready when I get there … shit," he cursed. "I have all the toys here, dammit."

Derek chuckled to that.

"That's why we need a place together," Stiles muttered and Derek could almost hear the wheels turning in his head while he changed plans.

"I would have loved to wait for you here," Derek said, his voice suddenly husky. "Wearing the cage and a plug and nothing else." Damn, he'd really like that.
"Bad boy, bad," Stiles cut him off. "I have work to do, I don't have time for phone-sex."

"I'm not doing anything," Derek defended himself but he already felt lighter.

"Okay, change of plans," Stiles brought them back on track. "When I come into your bedroom I want to find you naked on your knees, ass up and chest down, with four of your fingers fucking deep into that sweet little hole of yours."

"You just said no phone-sex," Derek protested and adjusted himself in his pants. That idea alone made his cock twitch in anticipation.

"I'll be there in about two hours and I want you rock-hard and dripping so don't start too late," Stiles told him and then the line went dead.

"Fuck," Derek told the ceiling.

In the end, he had to hurry because Ginger had made himself at home in Derek's lap and didn't move for almost an hour. It gave Derek a lot of time to wonder what Stiles had in mind for after he'd entered the bedroom. By then Derek would be all riled up and Stiles would still have all his clothes on. It would be a long, frustrating evening, Derek was sure of that. And he was looking forward to it.

When Ginger finally let him get up, Derek rushed into the bathroom to shower. He'd been semi-hard since he'd spoken to Stiles so it only took a few strokes to get him fully erected. But he knew that an orgasm was most likely hours away so he didn't pay that much attention to his cock.

He did, however, take his time soaping up his hole and then just rubbing a finger over the wrinkled skin, probing and teasing without really breaching the tight ring of muscles.

After his shower, Derek went over to the bedroom naked. He put the blanket aside and then stretched out on the bed. He still had time, he could go from zero to four fingers in the time Stiles would need to drive over and he hadn't even messaged him yet.

So Derek just lay on the bed, lazily fisting his cock to keep it nicely hard, while he slowly worked one lubed finger into his body. It didn't meet any resistance so Derek just enjoyed the feeling for a little while before he added a second finger.

In the end, he didn't even hear the front door. By now Derek was on his knees, chest pressed into the mattress and his cock full and heavy between his legs. He was leaking precome while four of his fingers were pumping in and out of his stretched hole. His knuckles caught on the rim, adding a delicious burn, and on the way in he brushed over his sweet spot, making him moan into the pillow.

"What a sight to see," Stiles suddenly said from the direction of the door.

Derek jumped in surprise which earned him a chuckle but he angled his hand to give Stiles a better view. Then he put on a show, fucking himself on his fingers.

"So eager for me." Stiles' voice was closer now but Derek didn't turn his head to check. "Are you giving your prostate some nice attention?"

"Yes." Derek bit his lip. He was hitting that spot on purpose now with every thrust.

"And already stretched so good, ready to use." A hand landed on the small of his back. Stiles had to be right next him. "Do you want me to fuck you good?"
"Yes." Derek fisted the sheets with his free hand to prevent it from flying to his neglected cock. He could come with just a few strokes, he was so close. "Please."

"Soon," Stiles promised. "But I think that I want to enjoy the show for a little while longer."

Derek stilled his hand while he tried to process what Stiles had just said.

"Keep going." Stiles gave him a gentle slap on the ass. "Work that sweet spot until you're begging me to let you come."
Stiles wanted to enjoy the show so Derek gave him a show.

It didn't take long and Derek was writhing on his own fingers, his aching cock leaking precome constantly now. What did even more for him was the fact that Stiles was at the foot end of the bed, watching him. Derek felt his eyes on his body, on where his fingers were pumping in and out of his hole.

Stiles hadn't touched him in a while and he didn't give him any warning before something smacked down on Derek's ass.

Derek jumped in surprise, losing his rhythm, but then his foggy mind caught up with what had hit him. The riding crop.

"Keep going," Stiles told him. The folded leather at the tip of the crop was now fondling his balls, a clear indication of what would happen if Derek didn't keep going.

"Please," Derek breathed out, his fingertips torturing his prostate again with every thrust.

The crop moved along his shaft from root to top where it stopped, holding his cock against his twitching stomach. It was almost enough.

"Please." Derek moved his hips to get more friction but Stiles held the crop firmly in place.

Then, with one sharp flick, Stiles hit his cock.

Derek yelped more in surprise than actual pain but the crop did have a bite to it.

"You have this," Stiles said and hit his cock again. "And your fingers. That should be enough for you to come."

"No," Derek grunted and rubbed his face deeper into the pillow. "Please."

"I think you misunderstood." The next hit landed on his balls, making him curse. "You are going to come like this."

"Can't," Derek gritted out but he was searching for his sweet spot again.

"You can." Stiles hit his shaft again.

Derek could. He came with shaking legs, dripping with sweat and his cock and balls bruised and swollen but he screamed out his orgasm with his fingers deep in him and the crop rapidly hitting his pulsing shaft.

Derek collapsed on the bed, his whole body thrumming with the overload of sensation but Stiles didn't give him time to catch his breath. He nudged him to roll to his side and then Derek's fingers were replaced with Stiles' cock. With his hands on Derek's hip, Stiles forced him into a brutal rhythm.

"Fuck." Stiles bit the meat of his neck. "Should have seen yourself. How you just took it. Wasn't sure if you could do it. But you could. So good. I'm so proud of you." Stiles was babbling now but the words washed over Derek anyway. He whimpered when Stiles nailed his prostate again and with the rough fucking, his abused cock flopped around, sending sparks of pain up his spine.
It didn't take long for Stiles to go rigid behind him, shooting his come deep into him.

"Clench down," Stiles whispered in his ear. He pulled out and a second later he eased a plug into him, sealing his come in. "Going to fill you up good."

Derek was too fucked out to have an opinion on that. His rim was stretched enough that the medium plug went in without any resistance and he was just glad that this way his prostate would get some rest.

"Cage?" Stiles asked. "If it's too much right now, just tell me."

"Green."

The plastic sheath hurt on his sensitive skin but after a moment he got used to it and it actually felt more like a protection than anything else.

Derek didn't get to come again that night but he woke up the next morning with a deep ache in his bones, the good kind like after a good workout. His cock was still locked away and he had two loads of Stiles' come plugged in him.

Stiles added a third one, sweet gentle morning sex, before he sent him off to the shower. Without the plug, Derek's hole felt open and used and he had to awkwardly waddle to the bathroom with his butt clenched to not drip on the floor on his way. It earned him a laugh from Stiles.

When he let go in the shower, he saw strings of come going down the drain.

Stiles kept him caged the whole day, even when he went back to his place to get some work done, and Derek had to admit, it helped. The cage kept him low key aroused all day but at the same time, it grounded him.

He managed to ignore his phone until the late afternoon. When he finally checked his messages, he launched into an in-depth conversation about sub-space with Erica, ignoring all the other messages for now.

But he couldn't put off his family forever. He opened Peter's message first

*Why is my dear sister asking me to give up my spot for Cora? I didn't even know I have a spot*

*For the opening night of the exhibition, Derek wrote back. I'd like to have you, my parents and Laura there. We can make a family trip the next day*

*I feel honored*

*You would pout at me for forever if you missed Mom's face*

*What exactly is your exhibition about?*

*Not going to spoil the surprise*

Peter didn't try to pry more information out of him and Derek was grateful for that. But their little conversation left him with an uneasy feeling in his stomach. By now he had accepted that strangers would see a very private part of his and Stiles' life but showing it to his family was something completely different. Derek doubted they would react the same way Stiles' dad had.

John and Melissa had already agreed to come to New York for the opening night and it was telling that it had been way easier to invite them than his own family.
Derek shook his head and opened the next message.

Cora didn't want to see his stupid exhibition anyway and Derek was totally fine with that but he had the feeling that their mother wouldn't accept a no from Cora. He just hoped that his mom would draw the line there and wouldn't drag the whole clan across the country.

Josh asked if he could come as well, he would love to see more of Derek's work.

_of course,_ Derek wrote back. _The spots for the opening night are limited but after that, the exhibition is open to the public. We're going to have a family trip_

Derek thought about it for a moment and then he added: _You can stay at my place if you want._

Stiles' parents would stay at Stiles' place, after the plane tickets Stiles wanted to spare them the money for a hotel, but Derek didn't have the space to host five or more people. Not that he wanted to have his family this close. They could stay at a hotel, no problem. But he would like to have Josh around.

And if he was honest, he was pretty sure that after seeing the photos Talia would try to prevent that Josh would visit the exhibition. Not appropriate for his age.

Speaking of his mom. He had three missed calls, one voicemail and two messages from her. He did listen to the voicemail and he read the messages but they were all attempts to guilt him into dumping his friends in favor of his family. At least he should take Cora instead of Peter, apparently sister trumped uncle.

Derek didn't answer any of those. Instead, he grabbed his camera and went for a walk.

Walking brought the cage back to his attention but in a good way. It was a reminder who he belonged to, that his boyfriend and dom was there, a permanent fixture in his life.

And he had his camera in hand. No matter what his family said or thought both, the camera and the cage, symbolized what his life had become.

Derek stopped dead in his tracks when he realized that he was happy.

He must look like an idiot, standing dumbstruck on the sidewalk, but he didn't care. When he started walking again, it was with a spring in his steps.

His mood must have translated in the pictures he sent Stiles from his little walk. He had no idea how but the photo of the sparrow sitting on the rim of a trashcan did express his current state of mind very well.

_You're in a good mood_, was Stiles' comment on that one.

_I'm happy_, Derek wrote back. There was so much he wanted to say about that but he didn't know how to put his feelings into words. So he sent Stiles another picture. The last rays of sunlight scraping along the side of a building. It felt appropriate.

_Come to my place when you're ready_, was all Stiles said to that. Derek knew he was bursting with questions but Derek was not in the mood and somehow Stiles knew.

He wandered the streets without really noticing, taking pictures and just bathing in the feeling of content. Derek made it to Stiles' three hours later.
He let himself in and set down his overnight bag and Ginger's carrier next to the door. Ginger darted out of the carrier the second he could squeeze himself through the gap of the opening door. He vanished under the couch which lead to Jack lying flat on his belly with his head wedged under the couch.

"One day he's going to get stuck." Stiles came out of the kitchen, shaking his head at the dumb pets. He greeted Derek with a deep kiss and Derek let himself just melt into it. Stiles cupped the back of his head to bring their foreheads together and for a long moment, they just breathed the same air.

"Did you have dinner?" Stiles asked. The smell of something cooking hung heavy in the air, making Derek's mouth water. He shook his head.

"Sit." Stiles gestured at the table before he turned and went back to the kitchen.

Without even thinking Derek sat down at the already set table. By now Jack must have realized that Ginger would be sulking under the couch for the foreseeable future and came over to greet Derek. He put his head on Derek's thigh and Derek scratch him behind the ear.

Stiles poured him a glass of water and filled a bowl with what looked like a hearty stew for him.

"Eat," Stiles ordered and waited for Derek to dig in before he started eating himself.

Derek wasn't sure if it was the warm meal or the almost domestic way Stiles was domming him but he did feel his mind slip into sub-mode and Derek welcomed it with a shaky breath. Stiles reached over to squeeze his hand but didn't say a word.

"Clear the table and feed the pets", Stiles ordered when they had finished their meal. "Join me in the bathroom when you're done."

When Derek entered the bathroom a few minutes later he found Stiles sitting naked on the rim of the bathtub, his chair as far out of the way as he had been able to push it.

Derek had heard the water running so the filled tub didn't come as a surprise. However, the bubble bath did. And the lit candles. The only things missing where rose petals and glasses of champagne. Petals would have been over the top and more funny than romantic and any kind of alcohol would be a bad idea with what they were doing. This wasn't a hardcore scene but it was a scene. And an intense one nevertheless.

"Undress."

Derek took his time to undress piece by piece, folding his clothes and setting them aside, until he was standing there naked with only the cage on.

Stiles went into the tub first and Derek settled between his legs, head resting on Stiles' broad chest.

Stiles let him soak in the warmth for a few minutes before he started to wash his arms and chest. He poured water with a cup over Derek's hair, protecting his eyes with his hand as if Derek was a little child. Then he worked in the shampoo.

Derek let out a sigh and just enjoyed Stiles' strong fingers massaging his scalp.

"What makes you happy?" Stiles spoke for the first time. He had rinsed Derek's hair and now Derek was back to lying with his back against Stiles and his head on Stiles' chest, just floating in the warm water.
"This," Derek answered without opening his eyes. "You." He paused, thinking about the question. "My life, it's good now."

After their bath, Stiles wrapped him in a fluffy towel and then they went to bed naked. Derek fell asleep with Stiles spooning him from behind, his arm around Derek's middle and the puffs of his breath in his neck.
Chapter 66

Chapter Notes

Camp NaNoWriMo is over so we're back to our regular schedule. I'm going to update this story Saturday and Monday, "I'm not real. Am I?" on Sunday.

The day of the gala Derek felt sick. He'd never liked being the center of attention and tonight it would be all about him. Sure there were nine other artists, presenting their photos, but Derek's would be the centerpiece.

Kira, who had been in charge of this as well, had briefed him and Derek felt more confident knowing what to expect but that didn't help the nervous feeling in his stomach.

The press would be there. Reporters would want a statement from him. And he was expected to say a few words about his picture and to thank whoever he wanted to thank for making all this possible.

Lydia had helped him with his speech and had practiced some standard questions with him so he wouldn't stand there stammering but he still felt utterly unprepared.

"It's going to be fine." Stiles came out of the bathroom fully dressed in his suit. For a moment Derek got distracted by how his shoulders worked under the fabric when he came closer.

"Sit down."

Derek sat down on the edge of the bed and let Stiles fix his tie and straighten the lapels of his jacket.

"Handsome." Stiles' hands lingered on him longer than necessary. "You look good in a suit."

"Same to you." Derek reached for him to do him the same favor. Not that there was something wrong with his tie, Derek just wanted an excuse to touch Stiles. He couldn't quite hide how his hands were shaking. Stiles grabbed them and kissed his knuckles.

"It's going to be fine," he repeated with an edge of his dom voice. "I'm there with you, all the way."

They took the Camaro. Stiles insisted because one couldn't drive to a gala in a cripple wagon, his words not Derek's. The car wasn't equipped to store the wheelchair but they managed.

At the gallery somebody was there to hold the door for him the second Derek brought the car to a halt while a second employee was already getting the chair for Stiles out of the trunk. Derek made a mental note to thank Kira for making their entrance as smooth as possible.

There was a red carpet.

Not that long and there weren't that many reporters but it was more than enough to make Derek's knees buckle. He plastered a polite smile on his face and when Stiles took his place at his side, he let a hand rest between Stiles' shoulder blades. From the outside, it must look as if Derek was leading his partner into the building but the truth was that Derek needed the contact to ground
himself.

Somehow they made it into the building without embarrassing themselves.

"Derek." An Asian woman waved him over and when they came closer she greeted him with a little kiss on the cheek. "Nice to finally meet you in person, I'm Kira."

"Nice to meet you." Derek greeted her with a smile. She was the only person he kind of knew at this event. "This is my partner, Stiles."

"I heard a lot about you," Stiles said politely when they shook hands. "You're the one who's going to make me look good." He winked at her at which she blushed. It was clear that he was not talking about the photo they were here for tonight.

"I'm …" She cleared her throat, not sure where to look. "I'm trying my best. But let's think of that later, today is about the finalists."

Today was about the picture of Stiles dancing with one fist and the front wheels in the air, carefree and lost in his own world. Derek still liked the photo a lot and seeing it as the centerpiece, dominating the room, brought a proud smile to his lips.

The way Kira kept glancing at Stiles, the other pictures were still clearly on her mind but she stayed professional and didn't ask inappropriate questions. And she didn't talk over Stiles' head or pretended that he wasn't there which gave her even more plus points in Derek's book.

The next hour Derek shook hands, made small talk and smiled until his face hurt. He met the important people of New York's art scene, some names he even knew but he had never dreamed of meeting them in person.

Then there were the journalists, of course.

Even with his face turned away, it was obvious that it was Stiles in the picture so some of the questions were directed at him as well.

To Derek's surprise, the questions were polite and more focused on him and his art than the fact that Stiles was in a wheelchair. But of course, they wanted to know if he and Stiles were in a relationship and why Stiles was in the chair. But they did back off after a short "yes" and "an accident" and returned to less private topics.

Stiles and Derek even managed to make a round to see the other nine photos.

The topic had been perfection and it was interesting to see how the different artists had approached it. The close-up of an old woman with deep wrinkles and astonishing eyes had made second place. A drop of dew on a blade of grass was third.

Derek saved a few names on his phone to look them up later.

"I like this one." Stiles moved over to have a closer look at a barren landscape. He studied it for a moment with interest but then all color left his face and his whole body went rigid.

Derek was at his side in a heartbeat. He didn't know what was going on but it was clear that Stiles was freaking out, gulping in air in too short and too fast breaths.

"What's going on?" Derek asked in a low voice. He stood close to Stiles, one hand between his shoulder blades but this time he hoped that he was the one grounding the other man. They had their
backs to the crowd and he just hoped that they looked as if they were just admiring the photo.

Stiles didn't say a word, Derek doubted he could form words at this point, but he did point at the plaque under the photo.

*Jackson Whittemore*

Stiles had never mentioned a last name but there was only one Jackson who would cause such a reaction in Stiles. Derek had a quick glance around, if Jackson was one of the finalists he had to be here somewhere, but he didn't even know what face he was looking for.

"The restrooms are over there." Derek nodded in that direction. "Think you can make it?"

Stiles gave him a sharp nod and he even managed to move over to the restrooms by himself but Derek could tell that he was barely holding it together.

Never before in his life had Derek been this grateful for a separate disabled restroom. They had it for themselves, no prying eyes, and they didn't have to fear that somebody would bang at the door any second now.

"Stiles." Derek crouched in front of him, cupping his face with both hands. "Look at me."

Stiles' eyes were distant and he was still hyper-ventilating but he reached for Derek. Cold, trembling fingers closed around Derek's wrists, just a weak grip but it felt like Stiles was holding on for dear life.


It took a few minutes but in the end, Stiles' breathing evened out. His head slumped forward until their foreheads were touching.

"We can leave," Derek offered quietly. They hadn't run into Jackson yet, with some luck they could make it out of here without seeing him.

"No." Stiles shook his head. "This is your big day."

Right on cue, his phone beeped with a new message. Cursing under his breath Derek had a look and like he'd feared the message was from Kira.

"The ceremony starts in five minutes," he said, not sure what to make out of that information. He couldn't go out there and pretend that everything was fine. He couldn't smile for the cameras and hold his little speech while he knew that Stiles was not okay. That he might even run into Jackson while Derek was up on stage. He couldn't.

"I'll get you out of here," Derek promised and stood but Stiles held him back with a hand on his arm.

"No." He was still pale and visibly shaken but there was steel in his voice. "He's not going to take this away from you."

"Stiles." Derek washed a hand down his face. "You had a panic attack just from seeing his name on a plaque."

"Didn't expect to come across him here of all places," Stiles admitted. He moved over to the sink
and grabbed some paper towels. "But he's not going to ruin this. He is not."

He wet the towels and dabbed away the sweat and tears, careful not to drip on his shirt. Or in his lap. It would just be the icing on the cake if he came out of the restroom with a wet spot in his crotch.

"I have to go out there," Derek reminded him while he used the moment to check his tie and jacket in the mirror. "You can stay here."

"There would be questions." Stiles balled up the towels and threw them in the trash. "Besides, I'm not going to hide here like a coward. Let's do this."

Stiles sat up straighter, a determined look on his face.

"Okay." Derek didn't like it but this was Stiles' decision to make. "But if you need to leave … apple pie?"

Stiles gave him a confused look but then he remembered the safe-word they had set up for the dinner at the Hale's.

"Apple pie." Stiles gave him a watery smile. He still looked spooked but he turned towards the door and all Derek could do, was to follow him.

They left the restroom just in time to join the crowd that was gathering for the official part.

The photo of Stiles had its place at the head of the room with a small stage set up at the side. Kira and another man were quietly talking while the guests were forming a loose circle in front of the stage.

Derek and Stiles didn't even have to look at each other, they both headed for a place close to the stage but at the side, close to the wall. Derek would have to get up to the stage at some point and he didn't want to have to make his way through the crowd for that. And here Stiles would be safe from two sides, it was the best they could do. At least people let them through to the front without a fuss, benefits of the wheelchair.

Then it started. First Kira said a few words, thanking the guests for coming.

Then the man took over the mike. Apparently, he was the director of the gallery. He said nice words and called the third and second placed artists on the stage. There was shaking hands and big smiles and more nice words. Derek didn't really listen. He was trying to scan the crowd and shield Stiles at the same time.

Then the other two were shooed off the stage and the man started to talk again. Somewhere in there was his name, Derek was sure of it, but all he heard was the blood rushing in his own ears.

How he made it up to the stage he had no idea but somehow he made it. He shook hands with the man and with Kira, he accepted the document they handed him, official proof that he had won, and then he stood there with the mike in his face and no idea what to say.

But then he found Stiles in the crowd who was looking up at him with a proud smile and Derek's mouth started to form the words he had practiced with Lydia.

" … most of all I have to thank my partner, Stiles Stilinski," Derek said with a gesture in his direction. As if there was any doubt about who his partner was. "Without him, I would still store my photos in folders under my bed."
Derek got some laughs and he managed to finish his speech without any incidents. He did, however, breathe easier when he was allowed to leave the stage.

He made a beeline for Stiles, maybe they could get out of here before Jackson had a chance to approach him.

He was too late.
Chapter 67

Derek didn't know the man looming over Stiles, boxing him in. But he knew exactly who this was. Derek covered the distance between them with fast steps and his first impulse was to wipe that self-satisfied smile off Jackson's face. But then Stiles locked eyes with him and almost unnoticeable shook his head.

They were at the front of the crowd, Derek had just left the stage, all eyes were still on him. The last thing they needed, the last thing Stiles wanted, was to make a scene, that much was clear.

Derek could tell that Stiles was freaking out but he didn't let it show. If Stiles could do it, Derek could do it as well.

"You must be Jackson." Derek stepped into Jackson's personal space. "I heard a lot about you. I'm Derek Hale, Stiles' boyfriend."

Derek gave him his most fake blinding smile while he held out his hand. Jackson took it more out of reflex than anything else. Derek's other hand closed around his upper arm in what looked like a friendly gesture but he put just a tad too much pressure into it.

"So I heard." Jackson nodded at the stage without breaking eye contact. He knew exactly what Derek was doing but he was civil enough to not let this escalate into a full-on arm wrestling. He backed off and Derek let go of his arm.

"Interesting choice of subject," Jackson said as if Stiles wasn't right there.

"What do you want?" Derek asked.

"Just wanted to say hello to an old friend." Jackson gave him a winning smile. "And to congratulate you on your win. Wouldn't have been my first choice but I have to admit there is a kind of perfection in the broken."

"Broken?" Stiles' voice toppled over. "I'll show you who's broken."

Jackson just gave him a mild glance of amusement.

"Don't give me that look." Stiles tried to back off a little so that he didn't have to crane his neck to look at Jackson but he had his back to the wall, literally. "I'm not broken. You didn't break me."

"Stiles." Jackson braced his arm on the wall, using his body to shield them from the people around them. "You are broken. You were damaged goods right from the beginning. You should be grateful that I took pity on you."

"That's enough." Derek grabbed him by the shoulder and forced him to take a step back.

"You know." Jackson gave Derek a conspiratorial look. "I doubt he told you but I used to be his dom. Most ungrateful sub I ever had." He patted Derek's shoulder. "But you have no idea what I'm talking about, have you? Probably for the better Stiles isn't cut for this lifestyle. He better sticks to vanilla."

Derek didn't even know what to say. This was nothing to discuss at a party like this and he already felt eyes on them.
"You should come to see Derek's exhibition, Jackson," Stiles said, his voice ice cold. Then he gave his chair a forceful push and Jackson had to jump out of the way to save his shins.

Derek had to hurry to catch up with Stiles. It probably was a bit early to leave but he didn't care, they needed to get out of here.

They had to wait a moment for their car but out front, there were only a few people and nobody really paid attention to them.

"You okay?" Derek asked.

"No." Stiles sounded small. "Just take me home. Please?"

They were already waiting for their car, there was no chance that they would go back at this point so that please just broke Derek's heart.

They had left the pets at Derek's so that was where Derek brought them now. The whole drive Stiles didn't speak and when they entered the apartment, he just absentely scratched Jack behind the ear before he retreated to the bathroom.

Derek hovered at the closed door, listening for the sounds of retching or crying or anything else that would tell him what was going on in there. For long minutes there was absolute silence.

"Stiles?" He knocked on the door. "You okay?"

Instead of an answer, the shower started.

At a loss for what to do, Derek did the only thing coming to mind. He got Stiles clean underwear, sweatpants, and a worn t-shirt. As an afterthought, he added thick socks.

Stiles hadn't locked the bathroom door so Derek slipped in and put the clothes on the counter. When he saw that Stiles really was in the shower, his silhouette showing behind the frosted glass, he breathed easier.

"He just needs a moment," Derek informed Jack when he closed the door to give Stiles some privacy. To kill some time Derek changed as well, his tie was suffocating and he was pretty sure that they would end up on the couch or in he bed soon and Lydia would kill him if he got his suit all wrinkled.

They were most likely facing a bad night so he put the painkillers and a glass of water on the nightstand. Just in case.

Then he was pacing the living room. Ginger had the sense to get out of his way and even Jack sensed that this was not an invitation to play. The dog was lying on his blanket with a worried eye on Derek and the bathroom door.

Stiles did come out of the bathroom eventually, hair still damp and tousled but he was wearing the clothes Derek had set out for him.

"What do you need?" Derek asked when Stiles stopped in the middle of the room, looking at a loss on what to do next. His feet were crossed at the ankles and they were kind of hovering over the footrests, not a good sign.

"Can you …" Stiles' voice broke and Derek was pretty sure that he had been crying in the shower. "Can you just hold me?"
"Of course." Derek was next to him in two big steps. Stiles slung his arms around his middle and buried his face in his chest. Derek used the chance to sneak a hand between Stiles' back and the back of the chair. He wasn't surprised when he found knotted muscles. A bath might have been better than a shower but the need to be alone had been stronger, Derek got that.

"Can I carry you?" He asked and waited for Stiles' nod before he scooped him up and carried him over to the bedroom.

When Stiles noticed the painkillers he took two without being prompted. Then they were lying under the covers, Derek spooning Stiles from behind. Other than his plea to be held Stiles had been quiet so Derek held him.

"Didn't expect to see him ever again," Stiles finally broke the silence. "I mean, New York is big and I haven't been to the clubs he used to go to. It should have been safe."

"You're safe now." Derek drew him closer until Stiles' back was flush against his chest. "I can call Kira, tell her that he harassed you. She can get him banned from the gallery."

For a long moment, Stiles didn't answer. Instead, he played with Derek's fingers.

"No," he finally said and pressed both their hands to his chest. "I want him to see. And I want to see his face."

Derek wasn't sure if the last part was possible, they didn't know when or even if Jackson would visit the exhibition so he just nuzzled the nape of Stiles' neck.

"I won't let him near you," Derek promised. "You're not alone. I'll be with you all the time. And we can get him kicked out anytime."

Stiles fell quiet again but Derek felt him tense up in his arms. If due to his muscles closing up after a strenuous day or because of what was going on in his head, he didn't know.

"Am I broken?" Stiles asked in a small voice.

"No." Derek blinked against the tears burning in his eyes. "You're perfect. You're the strongest person I know. You're smart and funny and annoying as fuck." That got him a small laugh. "You're my partner, my boyfriend. You're my dom. And I love you so much." Derek breathed his confessions into the soft skin of Stiles' neck, barely more than a whisper but he knew that Stiles was listening, that he heard every word.

"Show me," Stiles pleaded. "Show me that you love me."

"I can do that." Derek kissed him behind the ear.

"I want to feel you," Stiles said, voice thick with tears. "In me. Can you do that?"

"Whatever you want." Derek sucked at the meat of Stiles' neck. "Whatever you need."

Derek took his time. Tonight was not about fast and dirty, this was about love and re-connection. Stiles wasn't bottoming often and Derek still wasn't sure how much he actually felt down there so he made sure to prep him thoroughly before he pushed in.

Stiles was crying when he spilled his release over Derek's hand but he urged him to keep going until Derek came as well.
"That was good," Stiles breathed out but Derek could still feel how tense his whole body was.

"That was only the start." Derek nipped at his ear and then he gently rolled him onto his back. Then he spent almost an hour, worshiping Stiles' body. Derek explored every inch of him with his lips and fingertips, tracing along the lines of muscles and following the scars.

And Stiles let him. He lay under him, bare and open, and let Derek worship the parts he didn't let anybody see. It never stopped to amaze Derek.

And then, when he'd mapped out every little bit, Derek crawled between Stiles' pliant legs and took him in his mouth again. It took longer this time but Derek patiently suckled him to full hardness.

"Derek." Stiles' hand found his hair but he didn't try to guide him. It was just resting there. "Derek, please."

Derek hummed around his shaft at which Stiles let out a desperate whine. So he did it again.

When Stiles finally came deep in his throat, Derek swallowed around him, milking him through his orgasm.

Stiles was asleep soon after, his body warm and relaxed in Derek's arms, but Derek lay awake for hours. The events of the evening were running through his head. It should have been a fun evening, they should have been celebrating his win. Instead, Stiles had a panic attack from seeing a name alone. And then he had to face the owner of that name.

Derek hadn't been there to protect him. He had been on stage, smiling and shaking hands, while he knew that Jackson was somewhere among the guests.

They should have left after Stiles had calmed down in the restroom. Derek should have alerted somebody to the threat. He should have …

As if Stiles was sensing his distress, he snuggled closer, his arms tight around Derek's middle and his face buried in his chest. He didn't wake up but he did make noises that could be mumbling. Or he was just smacking his lips before he went back to snoring softly. And to drooling on Derek's chest.

Derek fell asleep eventually but his sleep was restless and full of weird dreams. Over the night Stiles moved a lot, not uncommon for a bad night, but as far as Derek could tell, he slept through. He just startled Derek from time to time with smacking a hand to Derek's face or with an elbow to his stomach.

It was still early when Derek woke up but Stiles was already awake. He was lying on his side, propped up on one elbow, watching him.

"Morning." Derek rubbed his face in an attempt to get more alert. "How do you feel?"

"Good." Stiles gave him a warm smile. "Thank you."

There were still those dark thoughts lingering in his mind, the should-haves and maybes, but Stiles leaned over and kissed them away.

"Stop that." Stiles cupped his face with one hand. "You were there when I freaked out, you were ready to punch Jackson in the face and what you did last night … thank you. Just thank you."

There was something in Stiles posture, in his voice, that let Derek forget his own worries. Stiles
was looking down on him but he didn't quite meet his eyes and he seemed kind of vulnerable.

"Stiles?" Derek mimicked his gesture and reached for his face. Stiles closed his eyes and leaned into the hand on his cheek. "What do you need?"

Stiles swallowed thickly, his Adam's apple bobbing under Derek's thumb, but when he opened his eyes, they were hard. Derek didn't fight the urge to lower his eyes and bare his throat under that gaze.

"You," Stiles answered after a long moment. "Can I have you today?"

"Green."
"Can I have you today?"

At those words, Derek's mouth went dry and his guts coiled into a tight knot. Those words combined with the hungry look Stiles was giving him made it clear that they were not talking about a sweet domestic scene. They were talking about rough, about pain and despair. Today Stiles wouldn't go easy on him.

And Stiles needed that. He needed to prove that he was the dom, that he had things under control. Derek knew that and he was more than willing to give him that. So his "green" came without hesitation.

Derek let his hand drop from Stiles' face, it was not up to him to initiate contact any longer. Stiles' hand, however, stayed on his face for a moment longer. With his thumb, Stiles caressed his cheek and Derek knew without a doubt that this was the last gentle touch he would get today.

It didn't come as a surprise when the hand sneaked into his hair and then Stiles forced his head into a painful angle. Stiles held him there for a second before he dove in and attacked Derek's throat. So far Derek hadn't fought him but now he couldn't help but struggle under Stiles. With his free arm over his chest Stiles held him down and his hand tightened in Derek's hair, immobilizing him even farther. Derek couldn't move without increasing the pain in his neck and hair. And Stiles took his sweet time claiming his throat with hickeys and bite marks.

"Mine." Stiles licked over the last bite and Derek was pretty sure that he'd drawn blood with that one. "Get naked and wait in the bathroom for me. You can sit on the shower stool."

Derek felt dizzy when Stiles finally released him but he hurried to follow the instructions. He was hard but he knew that he wouldn't be allowed to do something about it anytime soon so he just ignored it. In the bathroom, Derek had a quick look in the mirror. Deep purple bruises were blooming where Stiles had sucked the blood to the surface, Derek's whole throat and neck were peppered with imprints of Stiles' teeth and there were smears of blood.

"Properly marked." Derek probed the abused skin and hissed with the sudden spark of pain. The marks would last for days.

When Stiles came into the bathroom, he didn't say a word and just started the shower. Barely lukewarm water splashed down on Derek who was sitting on the stool while Stiles reached for a washcloth. With an almost clinical touch, Stiles washed him.

"Stand," Stiles ordered. "Hands on the wall."

Water wasn't good lube and Stiles wasn't gentle when he shoved his fingers into Derek's entrance. Derek spread his legs wider to give him better access but there wasn't much he could do. Stiles fucked him roughly with his fingers and when his free hand closed around Derek's filling dick, it wasn't gentle either. At least the water splashing down on him eased the burn a little bit.

"Tell me when you're close."

Stiles' hands were working him fast and merciless and it didn't take long until Derek felt his orgasm building up deep in his belly.
"I'm close," Derek said. He felt his muscles tensing up, his balls tightened and he knew that he was only a few strokes away from coming. Of course, Stiles let him taste his orgasm, made him think that he would be allowed to come, but at the last moment Stiles' fingers clamped down hard around the base of his cock, keeping him from coming.

Derek's whole body shook with the need to come and he let his forehead drop to the cool tiles with a desperate sob.

Once he was sure that he wouldn't come by accident, Stiles let go of him.

"Turn around."

Derek had to ball his hands into fists to prevent himself from bringing himself over the edge.

"You want to come, don't you?"

"Yes." The water was splashing down on his front now and it was almost enough. Almost. "Please." It was a broken plea and Derek knew it wouldn't be granted.

"Turn the water to cold."

With an angry thud, Derek's head connected with the wall behind him but he did reach for the controls. He took a deep breath.

Derek wasn't proud of the noises he made and by the time Stiles let him shut off the ice cold water, Derek's teeth were chattering and he doubted that he would ever get warm again.

Stiles wrapped a towel around him and patted him down efficiently before he put the cage on his shriveled cock. Derek had expected that much and if he was honest, he welcomed the cage. At least that way Stiles couldn't edge him any longer. He hadn't, however, expected the next thing Stiles was holding up. The prostate massager.

"Turn around, hands on your knees."

Derek obeyed and Stiles put the toy in without a fuss.

"Tell me if it sits right."

Derek had never used one of these before but he could clearly tell when it slipped into place. The rigid toy sat snug against his already abused prostate and the outer part pressed firmly into his perineum.

"It's good," Derek said. Out of curiosity, he clenched his butt which drove the toy deeper into the right places.

"Good." Stiles slapped his ass, making him jump. "On your knees."

Derek almost rolled his eyes at him, this was so cliche, but he hurried to get on his knees.

With his hands in Derek's hair again, Stiles fucked his face, rough and dirty, making him choke on his dick. Derek was struggling for air when Stiles came deep in his throat and he held him there just a moment longer. When Stiles finally let go of him Derek came up for air, coughing and spitting, saliva and come hanging in strings from his chin.

"Wash your face and then you can make us breakfast," Stiles ordered and then left without a second glance at him.
Derek took the moment to collect himself. He was shivering and cold to the core, and Stiles hadn't offered any clothes, but he was already feeling the warmth spreading from his sweet spot. The toy was working it with every move he made.

By the time Derek served Stiles coffee and french toast, at least he had been allowed to wear an apron for making that, the cold was forgotten.

Since he couldn't sit with the toy, Derek was kneeling on the floor next to Stiles. Derek half expected to get force fed but Stiles simply handed him his cup of coffee and a plate with toast and left him to it. Derek took the breather without complaining.

After breakfast, Stiles took Jack for a walk and Derek was left with the dishes. Moving around and especially things like bending down to put something in the dishwasher moved the toy inside him and even when he stood perfectly still, there was a constant pressure on his prostate. And it didn't help that he kept clenching the muscles without really meaning to. It just happened.

When Stiles came back, Derek was leaking precome constantly and he was ready to just rip the toy out. And this was merely the beginning.

Stiles gave him a knowing smile.

The rest of the day Stiles kept him busy. While Stiles worked, Derek had to feed the pets, bring Stiles this and that, put stuff away Stiles didn't need any longer and if nothing else he had to check pointless things like if they had closed the window in the bedroom, which Derek knew hadn't even been open earlier, or if Stiles had his favorite shirt here, it was in the laundry basket at Stiles' place, they both knew that because Derek had put his foot down and had refused to share the bed with him if he wore it one more night without a wash.

It wasn't about the small tasks, they both knew that, it was about torturing Derek with the prostate massager. And Derek had to admit that he appreciated that Stiles tried to make it look like an absent thing, as if he was absorbed in his work and didn't even notice what he was doing to Derek when he ordered him to get him a glass of water.

After a few hours Derek was trembling, his muscles twitching in need and his thighs slick with precome. His cock was straining against the cage, his prostate was a burning bundle and still Stiles didn't show any sign that he even noticed how desperate he was by now.

However, when Derek brought him a fresh cup of coffee the next time, Stiles reached between his legs.

"I probably should have put a diaper on you," he said, weighing his balls in his hands. With his thumb, he smeared the precome over the plastic sheath. "But I like the view of this better."

His hand traveled down Derek's inner thigh.

"You made a mess out of yourself."

"I'm sorry." Derek didn't know what else to say.

Stiles ignored him and instead reached for the part of the toy torturing him from the outside.

"I have to say, I'm growing rather fond of this little thing." With every word he tapped the toy, sending vibrations through Derek's core. Derek bit his lip but remained silent. "How your body reacts to it, so sensitive. So needy. You are needy, aren't you?" Now he was stroking along the plastic with two fingers, massaging his perineum.
"Yes." Derek didn't hold back the needy noises. "Please."

"Hmm," Stiles made, thinking, while his hand never stopped moving. "I wonder what this little thing will do when I spank you."

Derek let out a groan but his butt clenched from thinking about the impact alone. Which sent another spark through his core, damn massager.

Stiles gave him a little slap on the hip to get him out of the way. Then he removed one of the arms of his chair before he pushed over to the middle of the living room. They needed space for this, that much was clear. The rest made more sense when Stiles guided Derek in position.

Bent over the remaining armrest Derek' ass stuck out, just begging for a firm hand, while he could stretch out over Stiles' lap without the other arm in the way.

With one hand between his shoulder blades, Stiles held him down. The armrest was already digging in his hips and his caged cock was trapped somewhere in between but all that was forgotten, when the first blows rained down on him.

Stiles started hard and fast but after a few smacks he slowed down to warm him up with even blows.

Derek couldn't help but clench with every hit and the toy inside him did its job, driving into his prostate with every impact.

Stiles did not go easy on him.

Derek had a death grip on the steel ring on the wheel of the chair, tears and snot just running down his face and his voice was hoarse from crying. His ass was on fire, every hit lighting up his nerves but that was nothing compared to what was happening inside him. It was pain and pleasure and the need to come and not being able to. His whole body locked up, just at the brink of orgasm but it was not enough and too much.

Derek howled in frustration.

And Stiles just kept spanking him.

Then, suddenly, it stopped. Before Derek could even register that there were no more blows coming, something cool was between his trembling legs.

"Come," Stiles said and then the bullet vibrator came to live.

His orgasm hit him like a sledgehammer. Derek would have fallen off Stiles' lap if it weren't for strong hands holding him in place. And holding the vibrator pressed against his perineum.

Derek came. The toys were torturing wave after wave out of him, leaving him a trembling mess while there was still come oozing out of his trapped cock.

With broken sobs, Derek eventually slipped off Stiles' lap and landed in a shivering heap on the floor. At least that way the vibrator was gone but the prostate massager was still doing its job with every twitch his over-stimulated body made.

"Shh," Stiles made. "You did good. So good. I'm proud of you."

Derek hadn't even noticed but at some point, Stiles must have joined him on the floor. Derek was a
bit fuzzy on the logistics but he was now lying curled up in Stiles' lap, clinging to him with weak arms while soothing words were washing over him.

Stiles stroke his back and massaged his scalp while he was rocking him like a child.

He must have removed the toy at some point but his cock was still caged. Derek could live with that.

He didn't know how long they had been on the floor but he was still stark naked and now he started to shiver from the cold as well. His ass was still on fire and his insides felt raw and he was absolutely not looking forward to moving but eventually, he would have to.

From somewhere Stiles produced a blanket and wrapped it around both of them, cocooning them in. That worked too. Content Derek snuggled deeper into Stiles' warmth.
They moved to the couch eventually.

Then Derek was lying there, head pillowed in Stiles' lap and the blanket tucked tight around him. His body was still thrumming, especially that spot deep inside him and there was a dull ache in his butt but as long as he was just lying there, he felt good. Stiles’ fingers carded through his hair and Derek could fall asleep under his tender care. And Jack's, the dog insisted on lying on his legs like he did when Stiles was having a bad day. Ginger might be somewhere on the couch with them as well but Derek couldn't tell and at the moment he didn't really care.

"Do you feel better?" Derek asked, eyes already dropping.

"Shouldn't that be my question?"

Even in his drowsy state, Derek heard the deflection in his voice.

"I was pretty rough on you," Stiles continued and Derek let him get away with the change of topic. Not that he was up for a discussion at the moment anyway. "Are you okay?"

"Rough," Derek started but had to clear his throat to continue, he must have screamed himself hoarse. "Intense. But good. Really good." He would have liked to say more, tell Stiles that he was a good dom but it seemed like too much of an effort. With a sigh, Derek closed his eyes.

"I do feel better now, thank you." Stiles did answer his question eventually but by then Derek had almost drifted off to sleep so just hmmed in response.

After his nap, Stiles fed him hot soup with crackers and they spent the rest of the day on the couch.

"Yesterday you pampered me and today I'm pampering you," Stiles observed. They were back to their initial positions, Derek with his head in Stiles' lap, watching TV. "Is that good or are we just broken?"

There was that word again. They both, Stiles more than Derek, had been through some shit in their lives, there was no denying that. And it had left scars. But they were not broken. Stiles was not broken.

"Today is totally on you," Derek said instead. "My prostate still hates you."

Stiles snorted at that. It didn't fix the damage Jackson had caused but it did lift the mood.

The next morning they were back to their normal selves.

When Derek checked his phone, he found three messages from Kira. She hadn't been amused that they had left so abruptly but when Derek hadn't answered, she'd become more worried.

Derek gave her a call and when he told her that Stiles had needed to leave, she instantly became more understanding. For a moment he wanted to tell her about Jackson but he didn't even have to turn around to where Stiles was working at the kitchen table to know that he didn't want anybody to know about Jackson. He felt Stiles' gaze burning a hole in the back of his skull so he didn't mention it.

Derek promised to stay in better contact with her to work out the details for the exhibition and then
they ended the call.

He wasn't in the mood to call his mom but he figured that she would be pissed if he didn't send her the newspaper article. And the link to the gallery's website where they were showing all the finalists' photos.

"Wish I could see her face when she sees your photo." Stiles had come over and was now leaning in to have a look at the messages on Derek's phone. Earlier today Stiles had read him the article in the newspaper and by now Derek had read it himself several times and it still didn't feel real. However, sending his mom these links suddenly made everything way too real.

"You'll most likely see her face when she sees the other pictures," Derek reminded him dryly and put the phone aside.

"You should keep your camera ready." Stiles gave him a feral grin.

"More like some paramedics."

"For you or your mom?" Stiles teased but he wasn't that far off. Showing this kind of pictures to your parents, Derek doubted anybody would take that easy. Except for Stiles who hadn't even hesitated to show them to his dad.

"Both." Derek shook his head and leaned over to kiss him.

His phone beeped with a new message.

"What does she say?" Stiles asked and not so subtly tried to read the message himself.

"She's proud of me and finds the photo nice," Derek summed it up. He was surprised that she didn't call but he guessed she was too stunned for that. Now she wouldn't be able to avoid mentioning Stiles. "She's asking if the photos at the exhibition will be similar to this one."

Stiles snorted while Derek started typing.

"What are you telling her?"

"That the exhibition is completely different."

"You're evil."

"You're rubbing off on me." With a smug smile, he hit send.

With that out of the way, Derek opened his laptop to have a first real look at his social media. He wasn't sure what he expected, some reactions maybe, but he wasn't prepared for what he found. Winning a big competition with quite some news coverage might have done a thing or two for his publicity.

Derek spent the next three hours answering messages, tweeting, and re-tweeting and just sorting through this whole mess. Most messages were nice, congratulating him on his win, and there were even a few from people in wheelchairs, thanking him.

He also did notice a significant increase in interest in every picture of Stiles he had online and he made a mental note to add more, he had a few ... hundred of those lying around.

However, there also were some not so nice messages. That he was faking his relationship with Stiles to gain ... whatever. That he was dragging Stiles into the public eye without his consent.
That he was using and abusing him for personal benefits.

Derek got the feeling that some just couldn't deal with the idea that disabled people enjoyed life and weren't sitting at home all day, wallowing in self-pity.

Some even expressed their disgust at seeing somebody in a wheelchair.

And then there were the extreme ones, attacking Stiles directly. Death threats and why didn't he do the world a favor and kill himself already?

"Some people are assholes." Was Stiles comment on those. He tried to shrug it off but Derek knew it hit him right in the core. And this was the harmless photo, Derek didn't want to think about the shitstorm the exhibition would cause.

Things calmed down over the next few days but the demand for pictures of Stiles stayed high.

"You should keep that in mind," Stiles told him. "When people see the Dom Series, they'll want more of those too."

He had a point there.

"You're offering?" Derek asked with a smirk. They were sitting on the couch with a beer, not sure yet how to end the evening.

"Maybe?" Stiles grinned at him around the neck of his bottle. "But you should think about a bit more variety as well. Maybe get another model."

"Sure." Derek drew out the word. "And where would I find one of those?"

"I'm an art teacher," Stiles reminded him. "I know other art teachers. Some work with act models, I can ask around."

"You would be okay with that?" Derek raised his eyebrows in surprise.

"Why wouldn't I be?" Stiles gave him a confused expression.

"We're talking about very intimate photos here."

"I doubt you're going to sleep with them." Stiles shrugged as if it was that easy. Maybe it was.

"I'll think about it."

The next two weeks Derek didn't have time to think about anything. He was working closely with Kira, mostly via text messages but they met a few times in person to discuss the details. And it really helped to be at the location to make major decisions on how to arrange the pictures. Or just on basic things like how big the canvasses should be.

Art was supposed to provoke but if Derek had learned anything from the reactions to that one picture of Stiles, this could very well end in disaster. They had to do it right. This wasn't just about him as an artist, this also was about the view on disabled people and on the BDSM scene. And Derek wanted to do them justice. Lucky him, Kira understood.

Then there was the project he was working on for Peter. His uncle basically let him do whatever he wanted but there was a deadline. At first, Derek didn't even have an idea what Peter wanted from him. His campaign was about teenagers, money, and debt and Derek liked to take faceless pictures of random people, he had no idea what he was doing here.
For most they could just use stock photos and Derek would take pictures of Peter when he came to New York for the exhibition, he was the face of the campaign after all, but they needed a theme. Something to brand this whole thing. Stiles was working on the logo but it had to go along with whatever picture Derek came up with. Peter had a marketing team behind this but for whatever reason, he wanted Stiles and Derek for the visual part.

"I'm close to just write Fuck You in a pretty font." Stiles sighed and pushed his drawing tablet away. A new page of his comic was on now and he needed something to distract himself. So he was tinkering with ideas for the logo. From this angle, Derek couldn't make out the details but he was pretty sure that at least one of the doodles was giving him the finger.

"It has to be kids friendly," Derek reminded him.

"No." Stiles leaned back in his chair. "It has to speak to teens and young adults and c'mon, the whole idea is to give all those rich old men a big fuck you."

Derek hmmed to that and still had no idea what Peter even wanted him to do here. For now, he put it to the back of his mind.

To distract himself he went to read the new page of Stiles' comic. Tyler and that kid he kept bumping into were finally working together to solve the murder of Tyler's sister and they had just stolen some files from the police station.

"This Dylan is a bad influence on Tyler," Derek told Stiles while he was writing the same into the comment section.

Stiles didn't even try to defend his character, he just grinned at Derek before he turned his attention back to the laptop in front of him.

A second later an answer to Derek's comment appeared: But he gets shit done

"If you say so."

"I do." Stiles' head bobbed up and down. "Tyler would never even get close to the hunters who have killed his sister without Dylan."

"I like the dynamics between them," Derek admitted which was enough to launch Stiles into an in-depth analysis of their relationship. Spoilers for future events included. Not that Derek minded, he had given Stiles a blank spoiler permission the second Stiles had felt confident enough to talk about his comic.

The next few hours Derek completely forgot about Peter and his project but it did come back to mind when he was lying in bed with Stiles. For some reason, Stiles' words from earlier and those doodles were stuck in his head. Derek turned to his side, ready to drift off to sleep when the idea hit.

"Stiles." He didn't even care that he was waking the other man. "I need five of your art students."

"What?" Stiles startled awake but dropped back into the pillow a second later.

"I need five of your students," Derek repeated. He was wide awake now, the picture clearly in his mind. It was perfect. "One has to be really tall."

"What?" Stiles was still not really there with him. "Why?" He yawned but then paused with his mouth still open. "Is this about the BDSM pictures?"
"What?" Now it was Derek's turn to be confused and it took him a moment to remember that Stiles had offered to ask around for models for more pictures along the line of the Dom series. "No, this is for Peter."

Once he had explained his idea, Stiles was instantly on board. No surprise there.

"And they say I'm the asshole." Stiles shook his head and then he smashed their mouths together for a sloppy kiss. "I'll make some calls in the morning."
Chapter 70

Stiles did make some calls in the morning and two days later Derek met with five art students in front of the New York Stock Exchange. The students stood in a group, looking around nervously, when Derek approached them. At least he was guessing they were the ones he was here to see. Three girls and two guys, one of them a real beanpole.

They stood in a circle but turned towards Derek when one of them spotted him. At least they knew who they were looking for, Derek had the suspicion that they were already following him on social media.

Derek didn't know what he had expected but all five of them looked like typical art students. Beanpole had long shaggy hair, one of the girl had a buzz-cut, another girl's hair was pink and there were quite a few piercings and tattoos visible. Only one of them was white. Their clothes completed their appearance. The whole group was screaming young and liberal. Perfect.

"Hi," Derek greeted them with a wide smile. "I'm Derek."

They said their hellos but Derek noticed that their attention was more on the camera around his neck than him.

"Nervous?" He asked to break the ice which gave him some nods and shy smiles. "Did Stiles tell you what this is about?"

More nods but now the smiles turned more sinister.

"He said that we're here to give some rich, old guys a big fuck you," the shorter guy said.

"That's exactly what we're here for," Derek confirmed.

The photo shooting took longer than expected, they were on an open street in broad daylight, they weren't the only people around. Most of the time they had to wait for a clear shot.

Plus, Derek wanted to try different angles and different poses. In one series of shots, they were just standing there, shoulder to shoulder, looking up at the building. In another one, they were holding hands and then they were ignoring the building altogether, busy with talking to each other while two of them were looking at their phone.

But in all pictures, the "New York Stock Exchange" above the mighty pillars of the entrance was clearly visible and the group was standing in line with Mr. Beanpole in the middle. Among the others, he was standing out like a sore thumb. Or in this case like a sore middle finger.

Satisfied with the results Derek called them over to a more quiet corner to show them some of the photos on the small display on his camera. It seemed only fair to let them know what the photos looked like. There were no faces visible but Derek still stressed that they could veto them if they didn't feel comfortable with the results. These would be used as the main theme of a campaign after all.

There were no vetos but Derek had to promise to put it in his portfolio once the campaign was rolling.

Derek handed them an envelop which they didn't want to take but he insisted.
"I hired you, I pay you," Derek told them. Well, technically Peter was paying because Derek fully intended to add this to his bill.

Later that day Derek send Peter a selection of five photos. It didn't take long for his phone to ring.

"My dear nephew," Peter said without a greeting. "You never stop to surprise me."

"Too bold?" He asked, suddenly not so sure if it had been a good idea.

"It's perfect."

"Stiles is already talking about turning them into the main characters of the comic you wanted," Derek said to change the topic. At least Stiles wasn't here to see him blush.

"I'm sure he is." Peter made an amused noise. "I'll run the photos by the marketing team. I'll come back to you with which one we'll take."

There was no doubt that he would use one of these and Derek couldn't help the squishy feeling in his stomach.

"They are raw material, I'll need to touch them up a bit." Derek tried to sound as professional as possible. "But then I can send them to you in high resolution."

Peter hummed to that. "Professional, I like that."

Usually, Peter wasn't the chatty type but today he didn't just end the call when they had finished the official part.

"Yesterday was Cora's first day at work after her honeymoon," Peter said.

"Is she still mad at me?" Derek let out a sigh. From his mother, he knew that she would come to New York with the rest of the family. If Talia had her way the whole Hale clan would come to see Derek's photos.

"She's a Hale," Peter reminded him. "She can hold a grudge."

"Great." As if the visit of his family wouldn't be bad enough as it was. "Who's coming to New York anyway?"

Turned out that Miles couldn't get time off this soon after his honeymoon so Cora would come alone. Laura would bring her family. Talia and Andrew. And of course Peter. Why Josh wanted to come along as well was a thing of speculation and apparently, Talia had her suspicions of why Derek had offered to let the teenager stay with him while the rest of the family had to stay at a hotel.

"Josh and I get along," Derek shrugged but he could basically hear Peter's knowing smile. He wasn't exactly sure what Peter knew but he always knew something. "Besides I only have a small apartment, I can't house the whole family."

And Derek really wanted to have a place available where he could retreat to after the opening night. He had promised to visit the gallery the second day with this whole family but he wasn't sure if he wanted to see them ever again after the opening night, not that he told Peter that.

They ended the call and Derek spent the next few hours, touching up the photos. They had turned out pretty well, he had to admit.
He didn't know how, most likely through Stiles, but Erica got wind of the fact that he had completed his first commission work.

"So far Peter hasn't even picked one," Derek tried to dampen her enthusiasm. "And I haven't been paid yet."

"Details." She brushed it off. "We need to celebrate. It's probably our last chance before your family arrives." She had a point there. And the closer the date came, the more Derek worried about what his family would say. How they would look at him afterward. He might get disinherited.

However, against Erica Derek didn't stand a chance. Instantly she had Stiles and Lydia on her side which only left Boyd who had long ago learned to pick his battles.

So on Saturday, they went out. This time to a club Stiles had picked. It might have to do with something Derek had mentioned a while ago or with the fact that Stiles already had run into Jackson so there was no point in avoiding his hunting grounds any longer.

The club wasn't hardcore, Stiles had assured him when Derek had been worried about the nature of the club.

"You might see a bit more leather than in other clubs. Some latex," Stiles said, a little smile on his lips. "But no full bondage gear or something like that. There are no shows or private rooms. Just people open to the lifestyle. If you're looking for a not so vanilla hook-up, that's your place. And it's safe." Stiles added the last bit as some kind of an afterthought. It made Derek think about the not so safe places Stiles had been to. But he didn't want to think too closely about that now.

"Safe also means no Jackson?" Derek had to know if he should be on the lookout for him.

"No Jackson," Stiles confirmed and Derek just hoped he was right.

They didn't want to go to the club sceneing, for sure not when they went there with friends, but Stiles did pick out the clothes for Derek. And when Derek came out of the bathroom, naked and still damp from the shower, Stiles was waiting by the bed for him. He was already dressed, his broad shoulders filling out his shirt quite nicely but it was what he had in hand what drew Derek's attention. The cage.

"Color?" Stiles asked, openly admiring the view of a naked Derek. Derek would have rolled his eyes at him but he was too stunned by the idea of wearing the cage to the club tonight.

"You have plans for later?" Derek asked, avoiding the question for the moment. By now he was used to wearing the cage and he wasn't constantly oozing precome any longer just from wearing it, which was kind of sad actually. Stiles had picked out a pair of jeans for him. They were lying on the bed with something that could be one of Derek's Henleys, both figure-hugging but the cage should not be visible under the denim even if this was his tight pair of jeans. At least he hoped so.

"Maybe?"

"Green." Derek stepped closer and let Stiles lock him away.

There was no underwear among the clothes Stiles had laid out for him so Derek went commando.

Once he was fully dressed, Derek twisted and turned in front of the mirror to check if the cage really wasn't visible under the denim.

"Nobody will know." Stiles came up behind him and slung his arms around his hip. His fingers met...
where the cage was hidden under Derek's pants. "And when we get home, we'll celebrate. Just you and me."

Stiles didn't say it but they both knew this was probably their last chance for some time alone. The opening night was approaching fast and their families would be here in a few days.

One of Stiles' hands slipped under his shirt, fingertips tracing over the plane of his abs, and for a moment it did look as if he wanted to start something now but then Stiles let go of him. Probably for the better, Lydia would kill them if they were late.

"C'mon." He gave Derek's butt a playful slap before he turned on his back wheels and with two strong pushes he was out of the door. After one last look in the mirror, Derek followed him.

Derek didn't know what he had expected but at first glance, the club was a club like any other. Not too upscale but not shabby, Lydia wouldn't have set a foot in here if the place didn't meet some standards. People were drinking and dancing and the whole atmosphere felt open and relaxed. Derek couldn't put a finger on it but he knew that he didn't have to hide in here. Even if his cage would have been visible, he wouldn't feel ashamed or out of place. He didn't get that feeling often.

Erica was wearing the collar she had bought at the adult store the other day and she wasn't the only one. It was almost hidden under the collar of her blouse as if she wasn't sure if she wanted people to see but at the same time, she wore it with pride. Derek did notice it right away and for a long moment he just couldn't look away. When he finally tore his gaze off the slim leather around Erica's neck, it was for a hasty side-glance at Stiles to see if he had noticed that Derek had been staring. Of course, he had.

Derek hurried to look somewhere else, not ready to deal with what he was seeing on Stiles' face. Stiles had asked about collars when Erica had bought hers but since then he hadn't brought it up again. Derek didn't know what Stiles thought of collars. He wasn't even sure what he himself thought about collars. The only thing Derek knew for sure was that if he ever let Stiles put a collar on him, it wouldn't be anything they had bought on a whim.

But before he could dwell on that too much, Lydia had taken the lead and was guiding them over to a table a little at the side.

As usual, Stiles got some glances but then Derek noticed that people were ogling their whole group, probably trying to work out their dynamics to find out if they stood a chance hitting on one of them. Derek had some pretty attractive friends he realized and he couldn't help but put an arm around Stiles' shoulders when he took his seat.

Stiles commented that with a knowing snort but didn't shrug off his arm.
Chapter 71

Derek did enjoy the evening. They drank on his first successful commission work but after that, he and Stiles switched to non-alcoholic drinks. Wearing the tight jeans Stiles had picked for him, Derek couldn't even breath without getting a reminder that Stiles had more in store for him tonight. He was just glad that the light in the club was dim enough that nobody would see the wet spot that might form in his crotch.

Then Stiles dragged him out to the dance floor. This was only the second time they danced together but they fell into an easy rhythm. Derek lead and Stiles fell in sync with him and it didn't take long for them to get lost in the music.

People stared, of course they did, and when they left the dance floor it was under whistling and clapping and Derek didn't even try to hide the broad grin on his face. Contrary to the wedding, he didn't feel judged by the people looking at them here. It felt good.

The evening took an unexpected turn when in a quiet moment Stiles told the others that Derek wanted to book a studio to take more pictures in the line of the Dom series. After their families had left.

"That's a good idea," Lydia approved. "People will be looking for more after they have seen what you have at the gallery."

"See?" Stiles nudged him in the side with his elbow. "Listen to her."

Since the gala people had paid good money for pictures of Stiles, the demand was still high, so Derek didn't really need convincing to make more photos like the Dom series.

What did surprise him, however, was when Erica asked if he could make some pictures of her and Boyd as well.

"We'll pay you," she hurried to add and for the first time he saw her blushing. "But yeah, we'd really like some photos … you know … like …" She nodded at Stiles.

Derek blinked at her, not sure how to react.

"There you have your models," Stiles spoke up before Derek could even think of a response. "You can put some of those photos on your website." Stiles blurted out the idea, leaving the whole table in stunned silence.

"Ehm ... sure?" Erica threw a helpless glance at Boyd who had sunken deeper and deeper into his chair since Erica had started talking about Derek taking pictures of them.

"You don't have to do that." Derek tried to save the situation. "But sure, we can have a photo shooting."

Boyd and Erica were looking at each other, silently communicating, before Boyd turned to Derek.

"Thanks, man," he said. His eyes flickered to Stiles for a moment. "We'll think about it."

They left it at that, they would only get to it after the exhibition anyway.

When Stiles and Derek came back to Stiles' place later that night, Derek had to admit that he felt
good. He had a fun evening with his friends and the way Stiles was looking at him now, the fun wasn't over yet.

"Do you know how fucking hot you are?" Stiles asked. They had barely made it through the door before Stiles started pawing at him. "Your muscles under this shirt? Your ass in this jeans? Driving me crazy all night." His hands were all over him and Derek had to brace himself on the arms of Stiles' chair to not topple over when Stiles urged him forward for a sloppy kiss.

Derek would have told him that he had the same problem with Stiles' shirt, it looked more painted on than anything else, but Stiles barely left him enough air to breathe.

Stiles pushed him to his knees right there in the hallway and made him suck him off. It was as sloppy as the kissing before. There was no finesse behind it, Stiles didn't let him come up much, his hands in Derek's hair, and he just forced a fast rhythm on him. Derek's outfit must have really driven him crazy all evening because it didn't take long at all until Stiles let out a strangled noise, the fingers in Derek's hair tightened to almost painful and then Derek was struggling to swallow around Stiles' twitching cock deep in his throat. When Stiles finally let him come up, Derek wiped come and saliva from his chin but one look at Stiles' fucked out expression made the whole thing worth it.

With the edge taken off, at least for Stiles, they weren't in a hurry for more which was good because Jack did let them know in clear terms that he needed to go. Now.

Of course, it was Derek who had to walk the dog. Every step he took reminded him of the cage he was still wearing and by the time he returned to Stiles' place, he was sporting an impressive wet spot on the front of his jeans. Derek was ready to just rip the cage off and get his hands on his dick but he knew it wouldn't happen any time soon.

Stiles did let him come two hours later. By then Derek had two loads of come running out of his thoroughly fucked hole, his balls had bite marks on it and he cried when Stiles finally took the cage off.

Stiles was finger fucking him again when his other hand closed about Derek's rapidly filling cock. Then the bullet vibrator Stiles had hidden in his hand came to rest right under the head of his cock.

The orgasm slammed through Derek, his whole body arched into Stiles' fist and he was pretty sure that he hit the curtains with his come but by then he was too fucked out to care about Stiles' curtains.

The next few days were busy and like expected they didn't have much time for themselves. Derek sent Peter the final version of the photo he'd picked so he could at least cross that off his to-do list.

Then he and Stiles both had to clean their apartments and get it ready for visitors, which included washing some certain curtains and stashing their bag of toys in the deepest depths of Stiles' closet. It would get awkward enough as it was.

A few days before the opening they went to the gallery to have one last look at the final setup. Kira let them in and as far as Derek could tell, they were alone at the gallery. Which was probably for the better because he stood there like a fool with his mouth hanging open when he saw the setup for the first time. Next to him, Stiles made a strangled noise.

"We can still change things," Kira hurried to fill the silence. She was clinging to the clipboard she was holding and quite literally biting her lip for their reaction.
"It's beautiful," Derek finally managed to say. He had known that the pictures were strong but the biggest he'd seen them had been on the screen of his laptop. Now a giant Stiles was looking down on him.

The throne picture dominated the room. Stiles' face was hidden in shadows but it felt as if he was looking right at Derek.

The other pictures were hanging on the walls or on movable walls which left quite a gap to the ceiling. Each photo had room to work on its own and they were higher on the walls than usual, forcing the viewer to look up at them.

The open setup had also the effect that the throne picture was visible from everywhere, dominating the whole room.

When Derek finally tore his gaze off the photos to look at Stiles, he found tears running down his face.

"Stiles?" He asked, not sure what to make out of the tears. He didn't look upset.

"I'm fine." Stiles smiled and wiped off the tears with the heel of his hand. "It's just a bit much." He fumbled for a tissue and took the one Kira offered him.

"It's perfect," Stiles said after a moment. His gaze flickered here and there but just like Derek's, it was torn back to the giant Stiles looking down on them from his throne. "Thank you. Both of you."

He gave Kira a watery smile and Derek could see the relief washing over her.

Derek left the gallery with a good feeling.

That evening Stiles didn't stop looking at him in wonder. Derek wasn't sure if he was entirely comfortable with that but every single one of his pictures was screaming *I love you* from giant canvasses for everybody to see so he couldn't blame Stiles for looking at him that way.

The big day was Saturday but their families flew in late on Thursday.

Derek wasn't sure if it was his mother's way to make amends or if it really was just a nice gesture but Talia had booked tickets for John and Melissa as well and insisted on paying for them. It had the benefit that Derek had to make only one trip to the airport.

He took Stiles' car but drove alone. With Stiles and his chair in the car, there wouldn't be enough room for Stiles' parents and Josh. The others would take cabs to their hotel and Derek was kind of glad that he wouldn't have to spend the evening with his family.

Then he stood there at the airport with mixed feelings, waiting for his family to come through the gate.

"Uncle Derek!" Lucy came running for him and basically jumped into his arms, making him stumble under the impact. She slung her arms around his neck and nuzzled into his chest as if she wanted to make sure that he was really there. But then she looked around, searching.

"Where's Stiles?"

"You'll see him tomorrow," Derek promised. She pouted at that but then the others caught up with them and the next minutes Derek was busy greeting them all. His mom hugged him with Lucy squished between them, same for Laura. His dad clasped his shoulder and Derek couldn't help but
think: *This is how it should be.*

He greeted Frank and Justin, Peter and Josh and even John and Melissa who had been standing a bit at the side before finally, Cora approached him.

"Hi," she said and the hug she gave him was half-hearted at best and he had no illusion that she was only doing it because their mother was watching.

On their way out, with Lucy still on his arm and Justin tucked at this side, Derek asked about the flight and how things back in Beacon Hills were. Just the usual small talk to shorten the time. It still felt awkward.

They were all tired after the flight, Lucy was already dozing off in his arms, so they quickly said their goodbyes with the promise to see each other in the morning and then most of Derek's family drove off in two taxis.

Which left Derek with Josh and Stiles' parents. It was weird but the drive back to Stiles' place felt more comfortable with Stiles' parents than it would have with his own, Derek had no doubt about that.

"Hope they didn't bother you too much," Derek said with a glance at John who was sitting next to him.

"They're nice people," John said diplomatically while Josh in the backseat snorted.

"Your mom tried to grill him for information," Josh said. "It was hilarious."

Derek cringed at that, trying to grill a sheriff was kind of stupid but it did sound like something his mother would do.

"I'm sorry," Derek mumbled and kept his eyes fixed on the road.

"Can't blame her that she wants to know who her son is involved with." John shrugged it off and Derek couldn't help but wonder if he had run his name.

"She's trying," Melissa spoke up from behind Derek.

"Does she know about the pictures?" John changed the topic. "Stiles said that you went through with it." He sounded as if he had expected that Derek would back out last minute.

"It's still what I showed you." Derek glanced into the rearview mirror to catch the expression on Josh's and Melissa's face. "But no, it never came up. She doesn't know."

"Oh boy." John shook his head in a mixture of horror and amusement. There was a knowing smile playing on Melissa's lips as well so John had told her about the content of the pictures.

"What?" Josh looked around for somebody to let him in on the joke but Derek told him that he would find out on Sunday when they would all go as a family. And no peeking on the internet.
Chapter 72

Stiles had cooked and after his parents had hugged him and everybody had greeted Jack properly, they sat down for a late dinner.

Derek wanted to give Stiles and his parents space to catch up but John and Melissa included him in the conversation as if he belonged in their tight little circle. They even included Josh but most of the time the teenager busied himself with scratching Jack behind the ear.

Derek wanted to make sure that Josh didn't feel left out so he kept an eye on him but Josh seemed fine with mostly listening. However, Derek noticed how he looked around the apartment. This was Stiles' apartment, he lived here alone. Derek could only guess what kind of assumptions his mother had about that.

It was getting late and Derek and Josh left shortly after dinner.

"Stiles, why don't you go with them?" Melissa tried one last time. "I'm pretty sure Derek's bed is way more comfortable than the couch."

"Maybe tomorrow," Stiles dismissed the idea. His parents would take the bed while Stiles would sleep on the couch. They had discussed it earlier and Stiles didn't want to leave his parents alone in his apartment. At least not the first night.

Derek kissed Stiles goodbye and maybe Stiles' fingers lingered on the nape of his neck a little longer than necessary but then they parted and Derek left with Josh.

"You know that your mom is going to interrogate me about Stiles' place, right?" Josh said once they were in Derek's car.

Derek didn't even answer. Of course, his mother would ask. And she would ask anybody except Stiles.

"Not what you expected?" Derek threw him a glance.

"I didn't know what to expect," Josh answered and sunk deeper into the seat. It had been a long day for him. "But Talia makes it sound as if you're his nurse or something like that."

At first glance, Stiles' place looked ordinary. One had to pay attention to notice the space between the pieces of furniture, the lack of rugs on the floor, the lower counter in the kitchen. Derek had noticed and he was pretty sure Josh had noticed as well. And there was the bathroom with the stool in the shower and the handles bolted to the wall. If Josh had opened the cupboard in the bathroom when he'd been in there, he had seen a stack of diapers next to the towels. Derek wondered what his mother would make out of that.

Back at his place, Derek showed Josh around and while the teenager got ready for bed Derek got him a pillow and blankets. Then Josh got comfortable on the couch and Derek retreated to his own bedroom.

When he got up in the morning Derek found Josh still asleep with Ginger sleeping on his chest. Derek took a picture and sent it to Stiles.

*How are your guests doing?* Derek asked and went to make coffee. A minute later he got an answer.
The picture showed Stiles sleeping on the couch. At least partly. His head was hanging over the armrest, one of Stiles' arms was stuck in what looked like a painful angle between the back of the couch and his body. The other arm and one leg were hanging off the side of the couch. It was a miracle that he hadn't fallen off completely by now.

*Please make him sleep in your bed tonight,* was the message coming with the picture.

*Will do,* he answered to whoever had gotten their hands on Stiles' phone.

By the time breakfast was ready, Josh hadn't moved so Derek went over to wake him.

Josh mumbled something and tried to snuggle deeper into the couch but Ginger didn't seem to like the sudden movement. With his claws, he fought to not slip off Josh's chest. Claws to one's chest did make a pretty good wake-up call Derek guessed because Josh bolted upright, blindly fighting the cat. Ginger was not amused and for a second Derek feared that he would attack Josh for real but then he just jumped over the back of the couch and disappeared.

"What the fuck, man?" Josh asked, still trying to figure out what had just happened.

"That was Ginger. I think he likes you." Derek chuckled but tried really hard to not outright laugh at him. "Coffee?"

Their family would come over for breakfast but they had time for a coffee before that and Derek enjoyed the quiet before the storm. He didn't know what the plans for today were but he had no doubt that his mother had things planned out already.

"I talked to my parents," Josh broke the silence. They were nursing their cups of coffee, neither of them in a hurry. Things would become hectic soon enough. "About my career."

"What did they say?"

"I only told them about the journalism part." Josh rolled his cup between his hands. "Not what they expected but I think they're going to be okay with it."

"But?" Derek prompted. There was clearly a *but* hanging in the air.

"They don't like the idea what I want to do that in New York."

As far away as possible from Beacon Hills and the bulk of their family, Derek got that.

"I could call them," Derek offered. "Tell them that I'll keep an eye on you. If you think that would do you any good." He was kind of the black sheep of the family, he knew that.

"Yeah, that would help." Josh jumped at the idea. "Thanks."

They fell silent for a moment.

"You know," Josh changed the topic. "Your mom doesn't really talk about Stiles, not to others anyway."

Derek remembered all too well that apparently his sex life was a topic at their dinner table.

"But she's coming around about your photography," Josh continued. "Everybody in Beacon Hills knows that her son is having an exhibition in an art gallery in New York. Don't be surprised when they treat you like a celebrity when you come back next time."
Derek closed his eyes, suddenly he felt sick. Tomorrow, after the opening, the photos would be on the website of the gallery as well. And there would be at least a newspaper article or two. Derek had been worried about how his family would react but he hadn't expected that everybody in Beacon Hills would find out. And who was he fooling, it only took one curious person to get the grapevine going. And looked like thanks to his mother everybody was curious.

However, it would be his mom who had to go back to Beacon Hills in a few days, not him. Derek felt hysterical laughter bubbling in his chest but he fought it down.

"Okay." Josh set his cup down and fixed Derek with a stern look. "Spill, what are the pictures about?" Then he ducked his head and lowered his voice. "They're not pornographic, are they?"

"No." Derek shook his head. "Mom might see them that way, though."

Of course, Josh wanted to see them, now, but Derek didn't budge. But he knew that he would have to fight his mother to bring the teenager along when they all would go the second day. However, Josh had turned eighteen not long ago, he could and would go and see whatever the hell he wanted to see.

Derek was saved when the front door opened and Stiles and his parents came in.

"How did you sleep?" Derek asked innocently once they all had found a place to sit.

"Fine," Stiles answered but his hand twitched towards his neck and he rolled his shoulders and Derek could only watch it for a few seconds before he stood with a sigh and stepped up behind him.

Stiles' neck was as tense as it looked and if he was honest, Derek was surprised that Stiles wasn't having a bad day after that night.

He was still massaging Stiles' neck when the doorbell rang. Josh was quick to let their family in and then Derek's living room was packed.

"Stiles! Stiles!" Lucy ducked between the adults and then she was climbing Stiles like a tree. She took residence in his lap but Derek noticed that she was more careful than he remembered from the wedding. Apparently, she was still worried about bad days.

Justin followed his sister a little slower but he too was grinning like an idiot when he saw Stiles.

Derek would deny it but he did hold his breath when his mother walked over to Stiles. She had been pretty good at pretending he didn't exist but now she couldn't ignore him any longer. Especially with Stiles' parents and Derek watching.

"Stiles," she greeted him just a tad too cheerful. "You're looking good."

Stiles thanked her with a smile and Derek had to admit that it went better than expected.

Satisfied with their interaction Talia stepped back and busied herself with the bags they had brought. Not long after everybody had a cup of coffee in hand along with some pastry and the room was filled with quiet voices.

Derek had no idea what to do with all these people in his living room but like expected his mother had everything planned out already. Derek and Stiles would show their parents around, a little sightseeing tour. Laura had her own thing planned for her family, she had looked up family friendly activities beforehand and when she asked Cora to come along, she accepted gladly.
For some reason, Josh took off with Peter to do whatever. Knowing his uncle they were either checking out the campus or were up to something illegal. Derek doubted that this had been Talia's idea. She did not look pleased when Josh and Peter left.

The others stayed a little while longer and the atmosphere was surprisingly pleasant. The main topic, of course, was the event tomorrow.

"I liked that photo of you, Stiles," Laura spoke up. "The one you won with. You look so … alive in it. Are we going to see more of that? I'd like that."

Out of the corner of his eye, Derek saw Cora pressing her lips together and her whole posture said clearly that she didn't want to be here. And for sure that she didn't want to talk about Stiles.

"I have more pictures of Stiles online," Derek answered Laura's question. "People seem to like them."

"Shoudn't we get going?" Cora tapped her non-existing wristwatch.

"Cora," Talia hissed and then threw an apologizing glance at John.

"She's right," Laura agreed, ignoring the tension in the room. "It's getting late."

Bundling up the kids took a moment, especially since Lucy didn't want to leave Stiles.

"You can sit with me over dinner," Stiles promised. "And tomorrow we have the whole day."

Somewhere in between Stiles had offered to play babysitter for the kids tomorrow while the Hales had a family day together. At least until the event in the evening. Not as if anybody had bothered to ask Derek if he wanted to spend two whole days with his family. Plus, the day after tomorrow they wanted to visit the gallery together.

Laura and her family left with Cora and now it was just Stiles, Derek, and their parents. Derek took a deep breath and plastered a smile on his face. This was going to be a long day.

However, Talia and Melissa went along quite well. At one point they even disappeared for almost two hours and when they met up with them again over lunch, they came back with shopping bags.

With only their dads in tow, it was a bit easier. Andrew was more of the quiet one anyway and he made an effort to address Stiles from time to time.

Stiles, however, didn't let him anywhere near his handles.

The day was more fun than expected and even dinner with the whole family, Talia had reserved them a table, went by without any incidents.

Only when it became clear that John and Melissa would go back to Stiles' place alone and that Stiles would sleep at Derek's, Talia took her son aside.

"Is that necessary?" She asked while behind them everybody go ready to leave the restaurant. But then she narrowed her eyes at him. "Has that been your plan all along? Separate Josh and then expose him to …" She made a gesture in what Derek guessed was Stiles' direction.

"To what?" He crossed his arms over his chest. "We don't intend to have sex in front of him."
"What was that about?" Stiles had caught up with him on their way out.

"She doesn't like the idea that we're going to sleep in the same bed while we have Josh over," Derek said, too tired to even try to defend his mother.

"What does she think we're going to do?" Stiles shook his head.

"Dunno." Derek fell in step with him. "She might get some ideas tomorrow."

At that Stiles snorted. But then he sobered up.

"She does know that my disability is not catching, right?" Stiles threw him a glance. "And neither is our bisexuality."

"She knows that." Derek didn't know what her problem was but it wasn't worth dwelling on this too much. The big escalation would be tomorrow and there was nothing he could do about it.

At the car, Josh and Stiles' parents were waiting for them. They dropped John and Melissa off at Stiles' place where they both hugged Stiles good night and Derek got a hug as well. They left Jack with them, Stiles was the last who would say no to a dog-free day and his dad didn't mind walking Jack, quite the opposite. The only reason John didn't have a dog of his own was because of his and Melissa's work schedule.

Back at Derek's apartment, he and Stiles got comfortable on the couch while Josh took the chair. Stiles transferred over to the couch with a relieved sigh, he had been in his chair all day, and Derek put Stiles' feet in his lap to massage his calves.

Josh watched them with an amused smile.

"I have no idea why Talia makes such a big deal out of this." He leaned back in his chair and stretched out his legs. Derek still didn't know where he and Peter had been all day but the teenager looked tired. "And you should have heard Cora. She didn't even want to come but Talia made her."

Derek had guessed that much.

Later, they took turns getting ready for bed. Stiles came out of the bathroom wearing only a pair of old sweatpants and a towel over his head. He was alternating between moving his chair and toweling his hair and of course, he bumped into the door frame with his chair.

"I'm the one who has to repaint the frames." Derek reminded him and got a towel thrown at him for that. Not as if another scratch made any difference, by now Derek's doors looked as battered as Stiles'.

Josh laughed at their banter but then he went still. Following his line of sight, Derek understood what had caught his attention.

Bare-chested as he was, some of Stiles' scars were clearly visible on his stomach and flank. The worst was on his back, Derek knew that, but the way Josh was staring at Stiles, he hadn't known about the scars. He had most likely heard about the accident but seeing them was something completely different.
"You can look." Stiles changed direction and moved over to him. Stiles even leaned forward to show him his back.

"Do they still hurt?" Josh asked.

"No." Stiles sat back up. "The scars don't hurt but the damaged nerves can give me quite some trouble sometimes."

It was a light way to describe his bad days and judging by the way Josh's eyes flickered to his legs, he had heard about the time when Laura and the kids had seen what a bad day looked like. Derek wondered what his mother had said about that.

They said their good nights and then Derek and Stiles retreated to the bedroom, leaving Josh sitting on the couch, deep in thought.

"It's not going to give him nightmares, is it?" Stiles wondered, only half-joking.

"He's just curious."

From his family, Josh was the only one who actually saw Stiles. Even Peter who was the best at treating Stiles like a normal person ignored the chair completely. Josh looked, Josh asked and for that, Derek loved his cousin.

Derek didn't sleep well that night but that hardly came as a surprise.

They had an early breakfast, just him and Stiles, Josh was still sleeping on the couch with Ginger on his chest.

The teenager only woke up when later that morning Laura and the kids came over. More precisely, he woke up when Lucy climbed on top of him. He grumbled something under his breath but once he was awake and sitting, Lucy lost interest in him and turned to Stiles instead. He was her favorite after all.

For lunch, they met with Stiles' parents who brought Jack and since the weather was nice, they spent the afternoon in the park. Derek didn't see much of the rest of his family the whole day but he was more than okay with that.

Then it was time to get ready for the evening. Laura took the kids back to the hotel, Frank would keep an eye on them while the others were out. Cora would stay back as well but Derek couldn't picture her as the babysitter type. Josh was quite fine with staying alone at Derek's and the others would be at the event anyway.

"I'm going to be sick." Derek tasted bile in the back of his throat. He was with Stiles in the privacy of his own bedroom, at least that, but now it was only about an hour until the gallery would open. At least he and Stiles would go separately, they would meet the others there. Like to the gala, they would take the Camaro, if nothing else they wanted to make an entrance.

Stiles was beside him in a heartbeat, one hand on the small of his back.

"I'm not going to lie," Stiles said. "I feel like throwing up too. But we can do this. Together."

He reached for Derek's hand and gently uncramped his fingers. He was in danger of wrinkling his pants so Derek took a breath and loosened the fingers of his other hand on his own.

Then Stiles hoisted himself over to sit next to Derek on the bed. They sat with their hips and
shoulders touching and that alone helped Derek to ground himself. Stiles reached for his hand again, lacing their fingers together.

"Take a deep breath," Stiles said firmly. It wasn't his dom voice, not exactly, and they weren't in a scene but Derek got that this was Stiles' way to ground himself, taking control.

Derek took a deep breath.

He sagged more into Stiles who was a solid wall to lean into. His arm came up around his shoulder, holding him close.

"We're going to go out there and we're going to have fun," Stiles told him. "And no matter what, no matter if people say bad things or if your mother is having a heart attack, it's just us. This is your evening and nothing is going to ruin it. Understood?"

"Green," Derek said with a smile and just because Stiles was right there, he turned his head and kissed Stiles.

"Smartass." Stiles grinned into the kiss but cupped the back of Derek's head to keep him there for a moment longer. They kissed and then their foreheads were touching and they just breathed the same air. Derek closed his eyes and just focused on the moment. Him and Stiles, the rest of the world could wait.

It took them a few minutes but when they came out of the bedroom, dressed in their best suits, they moved with confidence.

Josh wished them good luck and then they were on their way to the gallery.

Everything was just like last time. There was personnel to get Stiles' chair and to take care of the car and then they were on the red carpet, facing the reporters.

At the entrance, people had to wait to get their names checked on a list but Derek and Stiles could walk right past them.

Last time Derek had been here, the gallery had been empty. Now there were people in nice clothes and with glasses of champagne in hand walking around. And they were looking at the photos.

Kira was standing near the entrance, greeting the guest. Next to her was a display with a picture of Derek and a few short texts to give some context to the photos. Derek glanced at the photo of himself, he looked confident in this one.

"How are things?" Derek asked when Kira greeted him with a peck on the cheek. "Any trouble?"

"Stop worrying and enjoy the evening," Kira basically repeated what Stiles had told him earlier. "This is your big day, you should smile."

When a waiter came by, she plucked two glasses of champagne off the tablet and handed them to Stiles and Derek. She got one glass for herself and raised it in a salute: "To you, you deserve it."

They drank to that and Derek fought the urge to empty his glass in one go. Plus, it was nice to have something in hand to hold on to.

"Want to have a look around?" Stiles asked and handed his glass to Derek so that he had both hands free to move.
Since today was invitation only the gallery wasn't packed and they had no problem moving around and there was enough space to actually take in the photos. So far Derek hadn't seen any familiar faces but he was pretty sure that he had seen most of the guests at the gala. Derek had asked Kira for a guest list, to help him putting names to faces, so he'd said, but he'd actually just scanned the list for one name. Jackson Whittemore was not on that list.

Even with his face hidden in the pictures, it was obvious that it was Stiles who was looking down on them from the pictures. But so far nobody had said anything negative to them. Quite the opposite, people greeted them with smiles and they said nice things.

Derek felt their eyes between his shoulder blades, though. And he didn't want to know what the quiet conversations were about. The voices were too low to make out words but he doubted they were talking about the weather. However, the faces were interesting to watch. Some looked at the pictures with interest but Derek caught some confused expressions as well and not all looked friendly. One man looked downright disgusted.

"Is it just me or are we making some men very uncomfortable?" Stiles whispered while they moved past the photo of Stiles with the flogger in his hands, looking down on them, considering. A man in front of them hurried away from that gaze.

When Derek looked around with that thought in mind, he did notice that most of the not so friendly faces belonged to men.

There was the other extreme, too. Some people looked at the pictures with barely hidden lust in their eyes.

All in all, at least from what Derek could read in the people around him, his photos got received pretty well. What these people would write in the newspaper or on social media later was a completely different matter.

For a brief moment, Derek wondered if Josh was keeping an eye on social media for this. The actual pictures would be up on the gallery's website sometime tomorrow but for sure the reactions were already on Twitter.

"I have to say." Lydia joined them and raised her glass at Derek. "Well done."

Behind her, Boyd and Erica came closer as well and for a moment they stood in a circle, ignoring the rest of the world.

"Impressive," was Boyd's comment. He couldn't keep his eyes off the photo right next to them. The one of Stiles' back with the tendrils of the flogger falling into the dip between his shoulder blades when he pushed his chair forwards.

"Thank you." Derek drank to that. It was his second glass and he should keep it at that.

"Is your family here yet?" Erica asked the most important question.

"Haven't seen them yet." Derek had tried to keep an eye on the entrance but from here he couldn't see it.

Erica hugged him and then she and Boyd went to have a look at the other pictures. Lydia stayed with them for a little while longer while they slowly moved on to the next one. The close-up of Stiles' hand on the steel ring of his wheel. This one wasn't even BDSM related but it still went right to Derek's core. These fingers …
"I think there is my dad." Stiles pulled him out of his thoughts. "We should say hello."

If John was here the others should be here as well.

"Let's get it over with." Derek knocked back the rest of his drink and then turned to face his family.
Chapter 74

John had seen the pictures before and he had told Melissa about them and still, they both stood there in awe, somewhat dumbfounded, at the sight of their son looking down on them.

Next to them stood the small group of Derek's family, his parents, Laura and Peter. For his own sanity, Derek kept his eyes on Peter while he and Stiles made their way over to them. His uncle tried very hard to keep his posture but if Derek wasn't mistaken, he was fighting a losing battle against his laughter.

Still avoiding his parents, at least his mother wasn't screaming or anything, Derek glanced over at Laura who just stood there with her mouth hanging open and her eyes bulging out. But since they were in public, she tried to get her features back under control and then she didn't know where to look any longer but kept glancing around. Her eyes fell on the information texts and she latched herself to those.

"I'm glad you made it," Stiles greeted the group when they were finally close enough. He went for his parents first. At least by now, they had recovered from the initial shock.

"Not what I expected," John admitted when he shook Derek's hand. "Not at all."

John cleared his throat and his eyes were a bit too shiny so Derek just shook his hand and gave him a nod before he greeted Melissa. She hadn't recovered to the point of words yet but she did give Derek a warm smile.

And then Derek couldn't ignore his own family any longer.

"You are full of surprises, my dear nephew." Peter gave him a nod of respect. There was a smirk playing on his lips and he looked way too smug. The bastard was enjoying this.

"Derek." His mother tore her eyes off the throne photo that was dominating the whole room. "What is this?" Her eyes were huge and all color had left her face and Derek wondered if they would need the paramedics after all.

"My photos," Derek answered because he had no idea what else to say.

"Don't you have any respect?" His father hissed, one hand on Talia's elbow as if he feared that she would faint any second now. "Showing this … this …" Lost for words he gestured with his free hand. "This is sick."

"Maybe we should have a look around first," Peter spoke up and offered his arm to Laura. "Shall we?"

Laura took his arm and stiffly walked with him. But that had broken the awkward moment.

John and Melissa went the other direction to have a look for themselves. Melissa kept glancing at the throne photo and back at Stiles and Derek but she didn't say anything about it. She didn't look disgusted either so there was that.

At one point Stiles had slung his arm around Derek's hip but Derek only noticed how close they were, when they were alone with his parents. There were other people around and some were looking at them with interested, but it felt as if the world had narrowed down to him and Stiles on one side and his parents on the other.
"Derek, why?" His mother's voice broke. "What did I do wrong?"

At that, Derek saw red.

"This is not about you," He said, his voice flat. "It has nothing to do with you. This is about Stiles. About how I see him."

"Derek." She reached for him but he stepped back, out of reach. "Derek, please. You need help."

"Help?" Stiles' voice toppled over but he pushed forward, putting himself between Derek and his mother. "Listen, lady …"

"You," She hissed. "What have you done to my son?"

"He hasn't done anything," Derek said before Stiles could say anything. "And I don't have to explain myself to you. Have a look around or leave, I don't care." With that he turned, Stiles moving in sync with him, and together they went to mingle with the guests again. If his mother had anything to say to that, it got lost in the noises of the crowd.

"How did it go?" Lydia said out of nowhere. She was looking at one of the pictures, a glass of champagne in hand, and didn't even turn her head to acknowledge their presence.

"She didn't faint but she's questioning her parenting," Stiles summed it up.

Lydia nipped at her glass. But then she did turn to face Derek.

"Not everybody understands," she said. "But that doesn't mean you're wrong. It doesn't mean that there's something wrong with you."

Derek knew that but hearing it from her helped. Stiles had told him the same over and over again but he was kind of biased. Lydia wasn't in the lifestyle, she was an outsider. These words coming from her held more weight.

Derek didn't avoid his family per se but he didn't go looking for them either. He would have to face them soon enough.

He didn't take another route when he spotted John and Melissa again. By now they had enough time to see every picture and Derek was curious what they had to say. He did not expect the tight hug and the whispered "thank you" he got from Melissa. John stood a little back but he too looked deeply moved.

They did run into Peter and Laura eventually and by now Laura had recovered but she did blush when she saw Derek and Stiles approaching them.

"Very brave," Peter greeted them. "Both of you."

He didn't seem fazed by the content of the photos. Or about what they were telling about Derek's and Stiles' relationship.

"This is fake, right?" Laura tucked a strand of hair behind her ear. "I mean, you staged these. You took them in a studio or something. They're not real. Stiles is not … you're not … Derek?"

"Oh, I think they're pretty much real," Peter spoke up and tilted his head to take a closer look at the nearest picture. "That's what makes them so impressive."

"Derek?" Laura almost begged.
"Well, I did take them in a studio," Derek stated, avoiding her eye. "But yes, this is how I see Stiles." That was his standard answer whenever this question had come up.

"But the flogger?"

It was the only prop Derek had used but the dom part came across in every single one of the pictures.

"That is real too." It was in their toy bag along with their other toys but he didn't tell her that.

"But …"

Derek didn't know what she knew about this lifestyle, if anything aside from what she'd read at the entrance, but the look she was giving him now cut deep.

"You." She turned towards Stiles. "How could you? He's my brother."

Derek didn't know what that had to do with anything, some kind of protective big sister thing?

"That's something between Derek and me," Stiles said coldly.

Laura backed off at that, she probably didn't want to make a scene in the middle of the gallery but Derek knew that this wasn't over yet.

Peter, however, was looking at them in a different way, almost calculating.

"You're wondering about the logistics, aren't you?" Stiles accused him but there was no heat behind his words.

"Naturally." Peter gave him a predatory grin but didn't ask farther. "You're parents left, just so you know." He addressed Derek. "Talia … was not amused."

"You're enjoying this way too much, you know that?" Derek pinched the bridge of his nose.

Peter didn't dignify that as an answer.

The rest of the evening went by without farther incidents and in the end, they left with a good feeling. Derek had no idea if he would be able to face his family in the morning but he was too tired to think about that now. His feet hurt and he was just longing for his bed.

The lights were still on in his apartment so Josh was still up which didn't come as a surprise.

"What the fuck did you do?" Josh asked him before they had even closed the front door. Stiles sat slumped down in his chair and Derek just wanted to get him to bed and maybe massage the tension out of him before this could turn into another bad night. But now Josh was standing there in his living room, livid for some reason.

"What happened?" Derek closed the door and kicked off his shoes before he followed Stiles deeper into his apartment.

"Your mom, that's what happened." Josh let his arms drop but he was still vibrating with anger.

"What did she do now?" Derek asked. Of course, it was his mother who had done whatever Josh was referring to.

"She came here. Wanted me to move to the hotel."
"What did she tell you?" Stiles asked. He gestured for Josh to sit down and to Derek's surprise, the teenager followed the order without protest.

"She didn't tell me anything." He let out a snort. "She was babbling about how it would be better for me if I stayed with the rest of the family. Said it would be safer." He looked up at Derek, searching for an answer. "What did she mean by that?"

"She got a bit shocked by the pictures at the gallery," Derek said and dropped on the couch.

"Understatement." Stiles snorted and hoisted himself over to sit next to Derek. He let out a sigh when he sank into the soft cushions.

"What the hell are you showing there?" Josh's voice rose again. "And Twitter isn't helping. They're talking about Fifty Shades of Grey."

"It's not like that." Stiles fixed him with a stern look.

"The pictures are called The Dom Series," Derek said, there was no point in keeping it a secret any longer. "They show how I see Stiles as a dom."

"Dom?" Josh repeated. "That's … okay? What?"

"Mom didn't take it too well." Derek sighed, he was just tired.

"Why didn't you leave with Talia?" Stiles asked, diverting them from the uncomfortable topic.

"Because she's crazy." Josh threw up his hands. "Came here, devastated, and acted as if I was in the den of a serial killer or something."

"And now?" Derek asked quietly. "I can drive you over to the hotel if you want."

"I don't even know what all this means." Josh slumped back into his seat.

"How did you even get her to back down?" Stiles wondered.

"Said she can't make me and that I wanted to talk to Derek first."

"That worked?" Derek felt his eyebrows rising.

"I might have threatened to call the police if she didn't back off?" Josh admitted sheepishly.

Stiles laughed. He was hanging on to Derek's arm and the whole couch shook with his laughter. After a moment Derek broke down and then they were laughing both until his belly hurt and tears were streaming down his face. It was just so ridiculous.

Josh had questions, of course he had, but it was late and Stiles and Derek were just beat so they agreed to leave the talk for first thing in the morning.

"And please," Stiles begged. "Don't just google. You'll find more porn than actual information when you don't even know what you're really looking for. We'll explain in the morning?"

Josh promised to keep his hands off the internet and with that, they turned in.

"You think he'll wait until tomorrow?" Derek asked once they were lying in bed together. They hadn't talked about it but tonight they both slept in t-shirt and sweatpants.
"Of course not." Stiles snuggled up behind him until he was spooning him with their legs tangled and one arm over Derek's middle. "But at least now he knows that he can't believe everything he finds online."

"If he traumatizes himself Mom is going to blame me." Derek made himself more comfortable but he doubted that he would be able to sleep any time soon.

"He's eighteen, he's seen his fair share of porn," Stiles assured him but Derek knew he was as worried as he was.

"You think Talia will calm down?" At the gallery, Derek hadn't allowed himself to think too much about his mother but that she had even tried to get Josh away from him, he'd never thought that she would go so far.

"We'll see tomorrow." Stiles kissed the nape of his neck. "Peter is on our side and Laura just needs some time. And Josh will understand."
Derek's sleep was restless at best and around five in the morning he gave up. He wouldn't get any more sleep tonight and he didn't want to wake Stiles with his tossing and turning.

In the living room, he found Josh who had fallen asleep over his laptop. Derek just looked at him for a moment, not sure what to do, but then he urged him to stretch out on the couch and Josh complied without really waking up.

He did, however, wake up an hour later. By then Derek had his second coffee and had checked his social media. Twitter had gone wild last night but it was dying down. For now. The photos weren't on the gallery's website yet but they would come online sometime this morning, then everybody would see them.

There were some blog-posts from people who had been at the event yesterday, other artist, critics, and everybody important in the art scene.

Most were nice, praising the strength of the photos and talking about the deeper meaning, but there were others too. Some found the topic inappropriate, others had the feeling that somehow Stiles got violated by this? And some were downright disgusted.

With a sigh, Derek put his phone away when Josh joined him at the kitchen table.

"Do I want to know what you were looking at?" Derek gestured over to the now closed laptop while he fixed his cousin a cup of coffee. He looked as if he needed it.

At that Josh blushed but then curiosity won.

"You and Stiles," he started, eyes fixed on the cup in his hands. "Are you … is he …" He took a breath. "I mean, you said the photos are about how you see him as a dom so …?"

Derek glanced over at the bedroom door which stubbornly stayed closed. He could really use Stiles' help with this but no such luck.

"Yes," Derek finally answered the question. "Stiles and I, we are in a dom-sub relationship. He's the dom. He's my dom." It felt strange saying it out loud but it did feel good. Under the embarrassment.

Josh glanced over at the bedroom door and Derek really wished he had been up for this conversation last night.

"I don't know what you found on the internet." He said which brought Josh's attention back to him. "And I won't go into details of what Stiles and I do, but it's all safe, sane and consensual. He's not hurting me or abusing me or whatever my mom will come up with. We're happy and it works for us, that's all you and the rest of the family need to know."

Josh had questions, that much was obvious, but at the moment he seemed at a loss on what to ask first.

"Stiles is better at explaining this stuff and I think he has some links handy if you want," Derek offered. He doubted that his mother would click on what she would consider a porn link but Josh was a curious guy, not unlike Stiles, and Derek had no illusions that he would look farther into this, just to satisfy his curiosity.
They sat in silence for a few minutes, both lost in their own thoughts, but it didn't feel uncomfortable. Josh wasn't looking at him with disgust or was questioning his sanity.

"What do you think of me now?" Derek just had to ask. "Do you think I'm weak?"

Josh gave him a glance and it was kind of sad that out of his whole family his opinion mattered the most to him.

"You have balls, man," Josh said after a long moment. "That's for sure. Putting something like that out in the open …" He shook his head and then let out a chuckle. "And I'm worried that Talia might find one of my stiff tissues in the trash."

Derek couldn't help but smile to that.

"But no, I don't think you're weak," Josh answered the actual question. "I have seen some things online and I've no idea why somebody would want to do stuff like that, most just looks painful, and how you and Stiles do it I don't even want to think about but that's your business. But I am going to see your photos today. I want to see what all the fuss is about."

"That's only fair." Derek nodded. He wanted to say more but then the doorbell rang followed by loud bangs at his door, most likely from a fist.

"Derek!" His mother yelled. "Open the door!"

It was still early, some of his neighbors were still sleeping, it was Sunday after all, so Derek had the choice to let his mother in now or after she'd woken up the whole building with her yelling and banging at the door.

Derek opened the door.

The second the door opened, his mother rushed in, followed by Cora.

"Can I help you?" Derek asked and closed the door again. He tried to sound calm but on the inside, he was shaking with anxiety and fear. This was it.

Yesterday at the gallery his mother had been blindsided and for sure she didn't want to cause a scene, people might talk, but here in the privacy of his apartment, she didn't have to hold back. And she had time to think.

Cora was hanging back but Talia went straight for Josh as if she had to make sure that he hadn't gotten molested over night or something like that. Derek had no idea what scenarios were playing out in his mother's head.

Josh brushed her off but it seemed enough to assure her that he was alright. Derek couldn't help but roll his eyes.

Then Talia turned back to him and suddenly she was cupping his face with both hands, her eyes shiny. She looked as if she'd cried.

"Derek, I'm sorry," she said, her voice breaking. "I've been a bad mother, I should have looked out for you. I should have protected you."

"What." Derek took a step back until her hands slipped off his face.

"After Kate." She made a half-hearted attempt to reach for him again. "I thought you had learned
your lesson but you're still my sweet little boy, aren't you? You trust so easy and people take advantage of you."

Now Derek got an idea where she was heading with this.

"Stiles isn't taking advantage of me." He crossed his arms over his chest and glared at her.

"C'mon, Derek," Cora spoke for the first time. "You made pictures of what he's doing to you."

"You haven't even seen the photos yet," Derek shot back. "Why are you even here?"

"Derek please," his mother tried again. "Come with us, now. Come back to Beacon Hills. Come home."

Derek didn't even know what to say to that.

"There he can't hurt you any longer," Talia pleaded.

"Stiles is not hurting me," Derek stated. "And he is not abusing me or whatever you think he's doing to me. Just no."

"So what?" Cora cut in again. "You like it? You get off on getting beaten? You're sick." The disgust was clear in her voice.

And his mother didn't say a word to defend him. She just looked away.

Behind her, Derek noticed Josh who for a second locked eyes with him before he slipped into the bedroom. Derek doubted that even Stiles could sleep through all the yelling but this way Josh could give him a little heads-up.

"It's none of your business," Derek said to Cora, his voice hard. "But yes, I do like it."

His mother gasped. For a second he wondered if she had spent half the night on the internet as well but then he found that he didn't care. Talia hadn't come here to let him explain. She had made up her mind and there was nothing he could do or say to change that.

Suddenly the bedroom door opened and Stiles came out. He had clearly woken up just minutes ago, his hair stood in all directions and he was only wearing the too big t-shirt and the sweatpants he'd worn for the night. His bare feet crossed at the ankles and his whole body looked stiff and tense and Derek knew that waking up to this drama just made the after effects from yesterday worse.

"What's going on here?" He even sounded still sleepy but Derek had his doubts about that. "Didn't expect guests this early."

Stiles looked around, waiting for an explanation.

"You," Talia hissed and with a few big steps, she was right in his face. "You stay away from my son."

"That's Derek's decision to make, isn't it?" He met her eyes dead on and didn't back down.

"I won't let you corrupt him," Talia said darkly.

"Corrupt him?" Stiles repeated with a glance at Derek that clearly said: Is she serious?
"Before you came along, he would never even have thought about this … this filth." She spat the last word at him.

Stiles lasted for about half a second before he burst out laughing which was probably not the reaction Talia had expected. She looked over at Cora and then Derek while Stiles was clinging to one of his armrests to not fall out of his chair with his laughter.

"When I said that we met online." Derek stepped over to stand next to Stiles. Partly to face his mother together with him but more importantly to prevent Stiles from toppling over with his chair.

Derek paused, not sure if he wanted to say what he was about to say but then he said *fuck it* and straightened his shoulders.

"I didn't tell you that we met on a dating website." Derek crossed his arms over his chest and tried his best to stare his mother down. Next to him, Stiles sobered up but Derek didn't look at him. "A special dating website, matching doms with subs." He gave his words time to sink in. "I was there looking for a dom and Stiles was looking for a sub, we clicked and we started dating. So no, Stiles didn't corrupt me. I was thinking about this … filth long before I even met him."

His mother just stared at him and for once even Cora was lost for words. Distantly Derek was aware that Josh was lingering somewhere behind him as well but he kept his eyes on his mother. There were emotions flashing over her face, disgust and something that almost looked like hate, and she was looking at him as if she didn't know him at all. Which was probably true.

"And now." Derek took a deep breath. "Get out! Both of you, get out of my apartment. Now!" He screamed the words at them and it felt good when his mother jumped at his outburst.

"I'm your mother," she started. "You can't …"

"I can." Derek didn't back down. "I have tried. Stiles has tried. We're happy, I'm happy. I live the life I want to live. With the man I love. And if you can't see that, if you can't be happy for me, that's your problem. I don't care any longer. Get the fuck out of my life."

His mother flinched as if she'd been slapped, maybe only now realizing that she had gone too far but it was too late.

"Derek," she tried again but he just glared at her.

"We should leave." Cora tugged at her sleeve. "He doesn't want our help."

"He doesn't need your help," Derek said for good measure while Stiles slung his arm around his hip.

Still in shock, Talia nodded and then she turned to leave.

"Josh, we're leaving," she said over her shoulder. "We're no longer welcomed here."

"You and Cora," Derek clarified. "Josh can stay if he wants."

Derek wasn't sure if the teenager even wanted to be near him any longer but he wanted Josh to know that he didn't have to leave.

Suddenly all eyes were on Josh and the whole room was holding its breath for his decision.

"I'm staying," Josh said firmly. He stepped up to stand at Derek's other side and together they stood
like a wall.

"He's only eighteen," Talia pleaded.

"Seriously?" Josh burst out. "What do you think they're going to do? Having kinky sex on the kitchen table? Forcing me to join in? My virtue is in no need of protection, thank you very much."

Talia studied them for a moment longer, tears running down her face.

"If this is what you want," she said, her voice breaking. And then she turned and walked out of the door.

However, Cora wasn't done. With two steps she was right in Derek's face.

"You destroyed this family," Cora accused him. "Are you happy now?"

Her words cut deep but Derek forced himself to meet her eyes.

"I hate you!"
"Is it too early for a drink?" Stiles asked into the deafening silence after Cora had slammed the door behind her.

"I have coffee," Derek offered but he felt too numb to move. His mind was foggy but he felt the thoughts lurking in the back of his head, ready to consume him whole. His knees buckled but there was a strong arm around his hip, holding him upright.

Somehow Derek made it over to his chair at the kitchen table and then he was looking at his half-empty and by now cold cup of coffee.

"What have I done?" Derek asked but he knew the answer to that. Cora had thrown it right in his face, he had destroyed his family.

"You stood up for yourself." Stiles was next to him and now his arm was over Derek's shoulders. "I'm proud of you."

With a pained noise, Derek let himself sag into him. Stiles would hold him, he knew that.

Derek would have liked to let himself drift into this, to stop thinking for a while and let Stiles be in charge but across from them sat Josh who was trying to not stare too openly at them. So after a moment Derek wound himself out of Stiles' arms and sat up straight again.

"Josh," Stiles addressed him but kept his hand on Derek's shoulder. "There's this bakery just a bit down the street, would you mind getting us donuts for breakfast?"

"Do you really want donuts?" Josh asked. "I can just leave for a while if you need some time."

"No." Derek even managed a smile. "Donuts would be great. Besides, Stiles should have more in his stomach than just painkillers and coffee."

At that Josh fixed Stiles with a curious look, trying to figure out the reason for the painkillers.

"Yesterday was a long day." Stiles waved him off. "Nothing serious."

"And waking up to this didn't do you any good either," Derek reminded him. He reached over and sure enough, the muscles in Stiles' thigh stood out in tight strands.

Josh left to get them some donuts and the second he was out of the door, Stiles' hands were back on Derek.

"What do you need?" Stiles asked, fingers digging into his neck to loosen the tense muscles there. Looked like they both were wound tight today.

"You." Derek breathed out but he knew that they couldn't go there. Not today, not with Josh around.

And Stiles wasn't really in the condition to dom today either.

Derek remembered that one day on the road when he had slipped into sub-mode without even noticing. That had been nice. He wouldn't mind another day like that but that had to wait until his family had left. Most likely for good.
Derek would like to stay in contact with Peter and maybe Laura but with her he didn't know where they stood. She had been blindsided by the photos yesterday and he had no idea how she felt about this after she had slept over it. And after their mother had a chance to express her opinion last night. Derek didn't even want to know what kind of ridiculous thoughts Talia had planted in Laura's mind.

"I'll miss the kids," Derek said.

"Don't go there," Stiles answered, his fingers digging more firmly into the tense muscles of Derek's neck. "Not yet. So far it's your mom and Cora, we'll see about the others."

They fell quiet for a moment.

"I'd like to have the day just for us," Stiles said quietly. "We need it."

"Josh will be back soon," Derek reminded him.

"I have to see my parents later," Stiles added with a sigh. "And who knows what we'll have to deal with from your family today."

Derek really didn't want to think about that.

"But I can give you the cage," Stiles said and suddenly his grip on Derek's neck turned iron. "I can make you wear it all day."

Derek felt the sudden heat in his belly and he bit back a moan. It wasn't arousal, this went deeper.

"You want that?" Stiles asked, forcing his head into an almost painful angle. "Your dick locked away? Because its mine and you better don't forget it."

"Green," Derek rasped out but he knew that it wasn't enough. Stiles didn't even have to say a word, he just put more force into his grip, tilting Derek's head just a few degrees farther. "Please lock my dick away. Yours all yours."

Today Stiles allowed him underwear and under two layers of fabric the cage wasn't visible but Derek knew that it was there. It grounded him. They couldn't slip into a scene but the cage was a constant reminder who he belonged to and it helped.

By the time Josh came back, they had moved over to the couch. Stiles was lying propped up against the arm of the couch with Derek stretched out between his spread legs, head resting on Stiles' chest. Stiles was playing with his hair and it felt nice. Derek could just lie here and let his thoughts drift without actually thinking about anything.

"So that's how it works," Josh said and set a white box on the table before he sat down in the chair. Distantly Derek had heard the door but he knew that it could only be Josh, nothing to get alarmed over.

"Most wouldn't even realize that this is part of it," Stiles said quietly but his fingers never stopped carding through Derek's hair. He could fall asleep like this. "It's not all whips and chains."

"We don't even have whips and chains," Derek mumbled into his chest but he was still too content to move.

He did move when Stiles started to munch on a donut and powdered sugar started to rain down on him.
“Really?” Derek said up and brushed the dust out of his hair. Stiles just gave him a broad grin, his lower face coated with powdered sugar. But it did help to get Derek’s mind back in the right place.

They ate their donuts and then, because Derek couldn’t stand sitting in his apartment all day, they went to show Josh the pictures. Later they would meet John and Melissa for lunch. It sounded like a plan.

Stiles drove them and only partly because three people and his chair wouldn’t fit in the Camaro. Derek needed him to be in charge today and if it only was on a low level like this.

Today the gallery was open to the public but it was still early and they were alone when they entered the showroom.

"Wow," Josh made and stopped just a few steps into the room. Stiles on his throne was overlooking the whole room, it was the first thing every visitor saw.

"That's not what I expected," Josh said, eyes still fixed on the picture. People had to look up to every picture but this photo hung higher than all the others, making the viewer feel small.

They made their way farther into the room and Josh didn't know where to look first, it was kind of adorable.

"What did you expect?” Stiles asked. He and Derek had fallen back, letting Josh take the lead.

"After Talia's reaction?” He looked back at them with a snort. "Hardcore porn. With the whips and chains you claim you don't even have."

Josh walked around with interest and Derek and Stiles gave him the time and space to take in the different pictures. Now and then he turned to look at them, especially at Stiles, as if he was trying to bring the two images together, the Stiles on the canvass and the Stiles following him around.

"These are amazing," Josh said and there wasn't a hint of sarcasm or disgust in his voice. "Talia should be proud of you."

"I think it's more the content that bothers her than the art," Stiles said. "They do imply some things about Derek as well."

"I wouldn't say imply," Josh corrected and Derek was suddenly very aware of the cage he was wearing. "Like I said, you have balls to show this to the public. And your mother."

"The latter wasn't my best idea," Derek muttered. They moved on to the next photo but a loud crash and yelling startled them. It was coming from the entrance.

"It's a lie!" Somebody screamed and Derek took off running. It sounded as if somebody was crashing his exhibition. Literally.

However, Stiles in his chair was faster than him and he rounded the corner first. He brought his chair to a halt with a risky half-turn, ready to face whoever was making such a noise but then all color left his face and he was just gaping.

"You!" The voice yelled again and this time it seemed directed at Stiles. "You little fucker. You think this will change anything? You're not a dom. You're barely a sub. You're just a worthless pile of shit."

Finally, Derek reached the corner as well but by now he was pretty sure he knew who Stiles was
facing here.

There had been a display at the entrance, informing the visitors about Derek and his art, but now it was lying in pieces on the ground. A few steps farther into the room was the first picture but it was barely hanging from one string now, Jackson had tried to rip it off the wall but he got interrupted by Stiles.

Now the photos seemed forgotten, Jackson was stalking over to Stiles, finger pointed at him and with rage on his face. Derek moved to get between him and Stiles but something in Stiles' posture held him back. Stiles sat straight with his chin held high, not unlike the throne Stiles who was looming over them.

Derek positioned himself half a step behind Stiles' left shoulder, facing Jackson together with him but letting him take the lead.

"You ungrateful little shit," Jackson growled, his fists were pumping as if he was barely restraining himself from hitting Stiles. "I was the one who took pity on your crippled ass. I'm your dom."

"You're not a dom," Stiles yelled back.

"What's going on here?" Suddenly Kira came over to them, flanked by two security officers. Derek breathed in relief, the sooner he could get Stiles out of here the better.

However, Jackson used the second of distraction to hit Stiles.

Out of the corner of his eye, Derek saw how Jackson's fist connected with the side of Stiles' head. And Jackson didn't hold back, he put all of his rage into the blow and blindsided as he was Stiles didn't even have time to raise his hands in an attempt to protect his head.

There was enough force behind the blow to knock Stiles over. He fell face first into the trashed pieces of the display, his skull hitting a metal piece with a sickening thud.

The security officers were on Jackson, dragging him away before he could do more damage but Derek only registered that the threat was taken care of, his eyes were on Stiles.

"Stiles!" Derek was on his knees next to him a heartbeat later but he didn't dare to move him. Stiles' legs lay twisted under his chair and his head was bleeding.

"Get your hands off me!" Jackson yelled but Derek didn't even lift his head to confirm that the two officers had him in a secure grip. "Just because he took pretty pictures of you doesn't make it true! You hear me? You'll never be a dom. Never!"

He was still kicking and spitting when they took him away.

"Stiles," Derek said again. There was so much blood and Stiles wasn't moving. "Can you hear me?"

Stiles blinked his eyes open as if he wasn't sure what to make out of the situation. But at least he was conscious.

"I'm calling an ambulance," Kira said, phone already in hand.

"Don't move." Derek gently cupped his face when Stiles tried to lift his head. "Just stay like this, an ambulance is on the way."
He knew that head wounds bled like a bitch but the whole side of Stiles' face was red and he was lying in a growing puddle of blood and this couldn't be good.

"Keep your eyes open," he prompted when Stiles' eyelids started to drop. "That's good, stay with me. You're going to be okay, you're going to be okay."
Distantly Derek was aware that Josh was hovering nearby and Kira was there as well but he had only eyes for Stiles. Stiles who was lying in his own blood, barely conscious and with his legs and lower body twisted in a way that didn't look good.

Then the paramedics were there and they shoved Derek out of the way to have a look at Stiles. Derek let them, of course, but then he was watching numbly when they started to work on him. Stiles responded to the woman checking his eyes and he knew his name but Derek had to answer most of the other questions.

"What happened?"

"Is he on medication?"

"Any other drugs?"

Derek told them that Stiles got hit over the head and that he'd hit his head again on the metal piece on the floor. He knew Stiles' brand of painkillers but he didn't know how much he'd taken this morning. Did coffee count as a drug?

They put Stiles on a stretcher with his head fixated but Derek only saw the drying blood on the floor. And on his own hands.

"Go with him." Josh pushed him forward. "I'll call his parents."

Derek hadn't even thought about John and Melissa. However, he did have the mind to give Josh the keys to Stiles' car so that the teenager wouldn't be stranded at the gallery.

There were two police officers there as well but before they were finished with Kira, Derek was in the ambulance with Stiles. He sat wedged in a corner with the folded wheelchair next to him while the paramedics were working on Stiles.

Nobody really told him anything but there was no hectic, Stiles didn't have an oxygen mask on and by now he was answering more coherently. But his speech wasn't as clear as Derek would have liked and his answers came way slower than he was used to.

"Where's Derek?" Stiles suddenly asked clearly.

"I'm here."

Stiles' head was still fixated so Derek hurried to get in his line of sight. The woman at Stiles' side moved out of the way for him and that fact alone told Derek that Stiles wasn't in immediate danger.

"Hey," he said and reached for Stiles' hand.

Stiles gave him a hey in return but he had problems focusing on Derek.

"How bad is it?" Derek asked without taking his eyes off Stiles.

"He has a concussion," the paramedic answered. "I know the blood looks scary but that's normal with head wounds. They'll have to take x-rays to rule out fractures in his skull and spine, though."

She had moved to Stiles' other side and was there with calming words when Stiles' pulse
skyrocketed. At least Stiles was there enough to understand what she was saying. Neither Derek nor Stiles ask what those fractures would mean.

Judging by his insane pulse and short breaths, Stiles was freaking out, probably having flashbacks to the last time he had been in an ambulance. Derek didn't even know if Stiles had been conscious after the crash that had killed his mother and put him in a wheelchair but for sure it was on his mind now.

"Derek," Stiles whispered and he was clinging to Derek's hand as if it was his lifeline.

"I'm here."

Derek had to let go of Stiles' hand when they reached the hospital and then they were wheeling Stiles away.

Derek just stood there in a hallway with Stiles' chair leaning folded against his leg.

A nurse took pity on him and showed him where he could wash Stiles' blood off his hands. Later Derek was sitting in an uncomfortable chair and waited. At one point John called but Derek couldn't tell him much aside from which hospital they were at.

By the time John and Melissa came rushing in Derek hadn't heard anything new but it was a relief to not wait alone any longer.

"Oh, Derek." Melissa hugged him fiercely. "You okay?"

Derek almost told her that he was still wearing the cock cage but he bit his tongue before the words slipped out. It was a stupid thing but for some reason, it was the thing on his mind. That Stiles had put the cage on him this morning and now Stiles was not able to take it off again. But he would be soon, right? Because Derek wasn't allowed to take it off on his own so Stiles had to be alright so he could do it.

"I'm okay," Derek assured her. "Still haven't heard anything new."

Josh had told them what had happened but they wanted to hear Derek's version as well. Turned out the name Jackson didn't ring any bells so Derek left it at an ex-lover who strongly disagreed with the photos.

"I think the police has him," Derek offered. "And the gallery is pressing charges, he damaged some things." That was the last thing on his mind but he had no doubt that Kira had it under control.

John looked as if he wanted to have a word with Jackson as well but then he settled for waiting with Derek. Not much else he could do.

Nobody said it out loud but they were all thinking about the possible outcome for Stiles. Concussion and stitches to the head was the best case scenario. Derek didn't want to think about the worst case.

"Where is Josh?" Derek asked after a few minutes.

"He offered to stay with Jack," Melissa explained. "So that we don't have to worry about walking the dog. He didn't seem keen on going back to your family."

There was a question hidden in that statement but Derek didn't know how to answer it.
It wasn't even noon and this was officially the worst day of his life. He had broken with his family and Stiles was in the hospital. And all over his stupid photos.

"I never should have used those damn pictures." Derek buried his head in his hands. This was all his fault. "I …"

"No." Melissa put her arm around his shoulders. "It's not your fault. You didn't hit him."

Derek wanted to argue but then a doctor came in with news.

Apparently, Stiles had hit his head pretty bad, twice, but they hadn't found any fractures. He had a concussion and was disoriented and they had to give him a sedative to calm him down.

"He doesn't like hospitals very much," John said but the relief was visible on his face.

Stiles had never gone into detail about what had happened after the accident but Derek figured that he had spent quite some time in hospitals. He had been thirteen, had just lost his mom and his ability to walk, no Stiles didn't hold hospital in good memory.

"Can we see him?" John asked.

"He's sleeping but of course," the doctor agreed and John only waited long enough to get directions out of him before he hurried to see his son. Derek followed on his heel with Stiles' chair, he would need it.

Melissa stayed back and last Derek heard was that she was questioning the doctor in medical terms to get a not watered down statement out of him.

Stiles was indeed sleeping. There were bruises blooming on his face and the white bandage around his head stood out in stark contrast. They were monitoring his pulse and oxygen level and whatever but it looked like standard monitoring to Derek. He would have to ask Melissa about it later.

John was at Stiles' site in a heartbeat and to give them a moment Derek busied himself with setting up Stiles' chair. He had no idea if Stiles would be able to use it any time soon but he felt better, knowing that Stiles could move around if he wanted to.

"Dad?" Stiles rose to his father's voice.

"I'm here." John smiled at him. "And Derek too."

"My head hurts," Stiles mumbled and tried to reach for his head with the hand John wasn't holding but it was uncoordinated and Derek hurried to still it before Stiles could dislodge the clip on his finger.

"I know," Derek said and since he already had Stiles' hand in his, he made himself comfortable on the edge of the bed and didn't let go. Stiles smiled at him but then his eyelids dropped and he went back to sleep.

Melissa joined them a few minutes later.

"There will be more tests once he's awake but so far it really looks like a concussion and a laceration they had to stitch up," she confirmed what the doctor had told them earlier. Her eyes immediately went to the monitor but she seemed satisfied with what she was seeing there.

"No damage to his brain or spine?" John asked the question that had been on Derek's mind. Most
likely this brought back memories for John as well.

"No," Melissa said firmly. "They have to make sure with some tests but so far it looks good."

Watching Stiles sleep grew old rather quickly and with his parents in the room Derek felt a bit like an intruder. So he offered to get them all some coffee and stepped outside for a moment.

In his pocket, he had felt his phone vibrating a few times. He wasn't in the mood to deal with his family but it could be Josh so he checked his messages. And he should inform Lydia. She would pass the message to Boyd and Erica.

There was no message from Josh but Derek sent him a quick update anyway.

He ignored the message from Laura for now but he did open Peter's. As strange as it sounded Peter was safe. Derek still held his breath when he tipped on his name. He had no idea what he would do if Peter turned against him as well.

*I don't agree with Talia*

Short and to the point, that's what Derek loved about his uncle.

*Thanks,* he wrote back and after a moment he typed a second message: *Stiles got attacked at the gallery, we're at the hospital now*

Immediately his phone started to ring, of course it did.

"What happened?" Peter asked before Derek even had a chance to say anything.

"An ex disagreed with how I portrayed Stiles," Derek summed it up. He gave him a quick update on the situation and Peter promised to keep their family at bay to give Derek the time he needed. Apparently, they had planned the family trip to the gallery for the afternoon, without Derek and Stiles. Cora and Frank hadn't seen the photos yet and the rest wanted to have a second look. Why Derek had no idea but he wasn't questioning it. As long as they weren't bothering him, he couldn't care less what they were doing.

So far Josh and Peter were the ones on Derek's side with Talia and Cora on the other. Laura was still on the fence and Frank and the kids would go with her decision but Peter promised that they wouldn't bother Derek with that now.

Then Derek called Lydia because she would kill him if he didn't. She was shocked but sensed that Derek was in no condition for long explanations so she just agreed to call Erica and that they would wait for updates before they rushed to the hospital.

With that out of the way, Derek turned his phone to vibration only and then he went to get the coffee.

Of course, Stiles opened his eyes to the smell of coffee.

He was more awake this time and even pouted when Melissa didn't let him have a sip from her cup. That alone was enough to lift Derek's mood and he felt the tension melting out of the room. Stiles would be alright.

Stiles was still tired and tended to doze off in the middle of a sentence but he was awake enough for his nurse to send in the doctor to check on him. It was a different doctor than before, a grouchy older man who tried to kick them all out for this but when Stiles’ pulse skyrocketed again and he
wouldn't let go of Derek's hand, he did let them stay. As long as they didn't get in the way. The last bit was directed at Derek who couldn't leave the bedside due to Stiles' iron grip on his hand.

The doctor checked Stiles' eyes with a penlight and asked the usual questions. Stiles stated his name and the date correctly, he felt the prick of a pen to his fingertips and he could make a fist without problems.

The doctor hhmmed and turned to the end of the bed.

"Now, wiggle your toes."
"Wiggle your toes?" Derek repeated while Stiles was still furrowing his brow in his attempt to process the question.

"Please don't interrupt," the doctor scolded him and Derek was pretty sure that he was close to getting kicked out. "I have to determine if there is any damage to his spinal cord."

"He does have severe damage to his spinal cord." Melissa stepped closer and judging by the look on her face she was caught between laughing and murdering this asshole of a doctor.

"That's my job to decide, isn't it?" He looked at her over the rim of his glasses.

"Doctor?" Stiles spoke up, his voice small. "I can't feel my legs."

That got the doctor's attention.

Derek shared a glance with Melissa, both of them fighting to keep a straight face, while behind them John burst out laughing. He had to brace himself on the window sill to keep himself from doubling over.

"Sir." The doctor stood bent over Stiles but he lifted his head to fix John with a disapproving glare. "Your son's condition is nothing to laugh about. I must ask you to leave."

"How about you leave," Melissa suggested. "And send in a doctor who has actually looked at his chart."

"Excuse me?" He puffed himself up. "This is nothing to joke about, your son's condition is very serious."

"It is funny when you asked your paralyzed patient to wiggle his toes," Stiles said with a yawn. "I'm tired, going back to sleep now." With that he let his eyelids drop and his head lolled in Derek's direction.

"Para... paralyzed?" The doctor stammered, his face suddenly red, and then he stormed out of the room.

Derek shook his head and then he looked at the sleeping Stiles who was still clinging to his hand. If he could joke around like that, he was going to be fine.

Two hours later it was official, Stiles had a mild concussion but that was it. They did keep him overnight for observation, though. By then Stiles was even there enough to kick them out.

"Go, sleep in actual beds and pick me up tomorrow," he shooed them out of the room.

Derek drove John and Melissa over to Stiles' place. He intended to just drop them off, grab Josh and head back to his own apartment but Melissa had none of that. Aside from coffee and a sandwich out of a vending machine neither of them had eaten anything over the day so Melissa insisted that they ordered pizza. Derek wasn't in the mood to fight her and if he was honest, it felt nice being surrounded by people who considered him family.

However, he expected dinner to be kind of awkward for Josh, John had kind of been his boss for a while now, but turned out that Josh and John got along quite well in a more private setting. Judging
by the look on Melissa's face they were close to adopting him. Derek had a moment to wonder if that was how Isaac had become family but then the pizza arrived and his stomach reminded him that he was indeed starving.

He and Josh left not long after, it had been a long day and they all were just tired, but Derek promised to be back in the morning so that they could pick up Stiles together.

At home, Derek kicked off his shoes, fed Ginger and was just ready to drop dead in his bed but he wasn't sure if he would be able to sleep. Lying in the dark with nothing but his thoughts didn't sound like a good idea. Plus, he was still wearing the cage, a constant reminder that Stiles should be here but wasn't.

Josh didn't seem keen on turning in either so they made themselves comfortable on the couch for now.

Derek had avoided thinking about his own family all day and when he checked his phone now, he ignored the messages from Talia and Cora. He gave Peter a quick update and when he saw that Lydia had come up with a visiting schedule for the next day, he hurried to tell them that Stiles would come home tomorrow. Thank God for WhatsApp groups.

There was a message from Laura. Derek didn't know if he wanted to deal with her right now but then Josh pulled him out of his thoughts anyway.

"We're supposed to fly home tomorrow," Josh said. He was sitting slumped over, arms resting on his knees and head hanging.

His words hung heavy between them.

"Do you want to go home?" Derek put his phone aside. Josh had made clear where he stood, not on Talia's side, so flying home with her and living under the same roof as her would be difficult at best.

"Talia told me when they'll pick me up," he said, nervously picking at his fingernails.

"You don't have to stay with her," Derek reminded him.

"Peter offered to take me in," Josh hurried to say. "But it will still be Beacon Hills."

Where the bulk of their family lived, Derek got that. And after Talia had been flaunting around with the news that her son was having an exhibition at an art gallery in New York, everybody would know about the photos, they were on the internet by now. Derek was fine with getting shunned, at least that was what he was trying to convince himself of, but for him it was easy. He was in New York, far away, Josh would be right in the middle of it.

"You know." Derek leaned back, arms stretched out over the back of the couch. "Stiles once predicted that I will get disinherited because I offer you refuge here."

He let that statement sit there and waited for Josh's reaction who was eyeing him but with something like hope on his face.

"Look." Derek sat up straighter. "You're eighteen, you can pretty much do whatever you want. And you have been looking into schools here in New York, that's what you and Peter were up to the other day, right?"

Josh gave him a sheepish nod.
"We can work out the details once Stiles is out of the hospital and not high on meds but you have options, you don't have to go back to Beacon Hills if you don't want to."

"Thank you." The relief was visible on his face. "Can I sleep over it?"

"Of course."

They turned in not long after that, both too deep in their own thoughts for any kind of conversation. And at least Derek was beat.

But then he was lying in his too empty bed, the cage a heavy weight between his legs and with no idea how to face the next day. He wasn't even sure what he'd offered Josh. All he knew was that Josh reminded him of himself. Derek remembered the pressure from his family, his escape to New York and how scared and alone he'd felt. He hadn't made his best decisions back then, most prominently Kate. If somebody had been there to look out for him, somebody he could have talked to, somebody who understood, things might had been different, easier.

With those thoughts running through his head, Derek fell asleep.

He woke early but not as early as Josh who apparently was on a breakfast run. Derek doubted that the teenager had gotten much sleep at all but Derek didn't complain when he came back with coffee and bagels.

"Did you mean it?" Josh asked when they had set down with their coffees. "That I can stay?"

"Stiles and I were talking about looking for a place together," Derek shrugged. "Might as well get one with a decent guest room. But until then, the couch is yours if you want it."

Most likely Derek would sleep over at Stiles a lot with that arrangement, he would never risk exposing Josh to his sex life, just no, but those were details they would have to figure out later.

While Josh texted Talia that he wouldn't come back home with the rest of the family, Derek checked his own phone.

Lydia had sent him a link to a news article but Derek only read a sentence here and there:

… Stiles Stilinski, who is bound to a wheelchair … photos for which he posed in a sexual dominant way … attacked by an ex-lover …

He didn't even want to know what kind of shit-storm an article like this would case but it was publicity for the gallery, so there was that.

Putting the article aside, Derek opened Laura's message. He didn't want to put her off any longer. Even if she was on his side, she might get the wrong impression if he didn't answer soon.

Apparently, Peter had passed on the news that Stiles got attacked so her last message was a get better soon directed at Stiles. That gave Derek hope and he dared to scroll up. Laura wasn't sure what to make out of all this but Derek was still her brother and the kids were asking for him and Stiles and if they could see each other before they left?

Stiles wouldn't be up for visitors but Derek would love to see her and the kids, he just had no idea if they could fit that in today. Her answer came immediately, telling him not to worry, she understood that Stiles came first.

Still avoiding his mom Derek opened Cora's message next: Stiles is in the hospital now? How
Derek didn't even dignify that with an answer and just forwarded the news article to her. If she still thought that he was making things up, that was her problem.

Fed up he put his phone away.

He didn't put it beyond his mother to come over to force Josh to come with her so they both drove over to Stiles' place. It would be easier if they had both cars there anyway. And Josh wasn't complaining when he got the chance to drive the Camaro. Derek had taken Ginger with him, Stiles' parents were supposed to fly home today as well and there was no way that Derek would leave Stiles alone over night.

They left Josh on Jack duty once again while Derek drove Stiles' parents over to the hospital.

Instead of a doctor or a nurse, they found a police officer in the room with Stiles.

"Hey, guys," Stiles greeted them. He sat with the head part of the bed elevated and he seemed more awake. "We're just done here, come in."

The officer had some questions for Derek as well so instead of greeting Stiles properly, Derek found himself in the waiting area, talking to the police.

There wasn't much Derek could tell him, though. Stiles and Jackson had some history, Derek didn't know the details, they had met at the gala and then again at the gallery.

There was video footage of what had happened at the gallery and it was clear that Jackson had smashed the display and had been trying to take down one of the pictures when Stiles had interrupted him. And there was no doubt that Jackson had attacked Stiles.

"The gallery is pressing charges," the officer told Derek. "And Mr. Stilinski expressed the same intention. You might get called in as a witness."

"I'm here." Of course, he would be there for that. Which reminded him that he should talk to Kira to see if he should take action as well. He doubted that Jackson would go to jail for this but the least was that he had to pay for the damage he caused and of course for Stiles' medical bills. And they should get a restraining order out of this.

When he came back to Stiles' room, Stiles was already struggling to get into the sweatpants they had brought for him. He moved stiffly without jostling his head too much and that alone told Derek that he was far from being back to one-hundred percent. But he would rest more comfortably at home.

For a moment Derek wondered if a nurse would come in with a wheelchair to enforce the rule that people had to get wheeled out rather than walking out by themselves but by now most likely everybody knew that Stiles wouldn't just walk out. Thinking of it, he hadn't seen that asshole doctor again.

Stiles didn't even try to move by himself and let his father push his chair. At the car, Derek opened the passenger door for him and when Stiles reached for him like a toddler who wanted to get picked up, he did just that and transferred him over to the passenger seat.

They did the same in reverse when they were back at Stiles' place and Stiles didn't protest when John wheeled him straight to his bed. Stiles was asleep not a minute later.
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Stiles' parents left that day. John was reluctant to leave his son but Melissa assured him that Stiles just needed rest and that they couldn't do much to help him anyway. Besides, they both had jobs they needed to get back to.

Derek hadn't told them much about the conflict with his family but they would be on the same plane and Derek didn't want them to go in blindly. Melissa, who was pretty good at reading between the lines, gave him another hug and John assured him that he would always be welcome in the Stilinski-McCall house.

Stiles even woke long enough to say goodbye and to once again tell them that they shouldn't worry, he was in good hands with Derek.

"And Josh," Stiles added as an afterthought. "Why is Josh still here?" He had a confused look around before his eyes settled again on the teenager who was lingering in the doorway.

"He's staying for a while," Derek told him before Stiles could wreck his brain to find an information that wasn't there. He was still a bit fuzzy and all in all just tired so there were details that just slipped his mind. Stiles accepted his answer without questions which was just more proof that he still needed rest.

Then John and Melissa left in a taxi.

There hadn't been a chance to see Laura and the kids but Derek got a video message of Lucy and Justin waving him goodbye and they both told him to kiss Stiles better. Derek laughed at that and the message left him in a good mood.

To his surprise, his mother didn't try to contact him again. He didn't hear from Cora either and Derek breathed easier once he was sure that their plane was in the air.

Then he and Josh were sitting in Stiles' living room with no idea what to do next.

"My parents will probably call you," Josh broke the silence.

Derek wasn't surprised there, of course Josh's parents wanted to know where their son was and who he was staying with.

"Talia, dunno." Josh shook his head, not sure how to continue. "She called my mom and she … she made it sound as if you kidnapped me and keep me in your sex torture dungeon or something like that. She showed her your photos."

Derek closed his eyes. This was getting better and better. He threw a helpless glance in the direction of the bedroom, he would love to just let Stiles take over for a little while but Stiles was out of commission. He was sleeping and even if he felt way better than yesterday, it would take a while until Stiles would be up for anything again.

"But they're still talking to you?" Derek wondered. He never had the intention to break with his family and for sure he had never wanted to drag Josh into this, he would never forgive himself if he was the reason Josh's parents broke with him as well.

"I was able to calm her down," Josh said but he didn't really sound convincing. "I just left Beacon Hills a bit earlier than expected, New York was my first choice for college anyway."
Derek probably should call Josh's mom right away but at the moment he was just fed up with his family.

Later that afternoon Lydia sent him a message that they would be there in half an hour and if he preferred Chinese or Thai?

There was no point in arguing with her, and their friends were worried about Stiles and wanted to see him, he got that, so he just said Thai and told her to bring something for Josh as well.

Derek hadn't told them anything about his family so when exactly half an hour later the doorbell rang and Derek let Lydia, Erica, and Boyd in, they threw Josh some curious glances.

Derek introduced them and left it with that Josh would stay with him for a while. If they had any questions about that, and for sure they had, they kept them to themselves.

"How are you doing?" Erica hugged him and rubbed his back before she let go of him.

"I'm fine," Derek assured her. "Stiles is sleeping, he needs rest."

Lydia had to see for herself and it ended with all of them having a peek in the bedroom. Sure enough, Stiles was lying diagonally in the bed with his head pillowed on his arm and a growing puddle of drool under him.

Erica awwed at him but then Derek closed the door to let Stiles sleep in peace.

Meanwhile, Josh had set out the food and they all sat down to eat.

"So, Jackson showed up at the gallery," Lydia prompted.

"You know him?" Stiles had never said much about Jackson, most Derek had put together himself from the bits and pieces Stiles had dropped over time.

"We were together for a while. In high school." Lydia nodded. "Didn't last long. I was there to pick up the pieces after …" She threw Boyd and Erica a glance and then Josh, neither of them knew about Jackson and what he had done to Stiles. And Derek doubted that Stiles wanted them to know.

"… after they broke up," Lydia finished the sentence. That was one way to put it.

While they ate Derek told them what had happened at the gallery and everything after.

"And then the doctor asked him to wiggle his toes," Derek said and couldn't help a smile at that memory. The doctor's face had been priceless once he'd realized that Stiles was paralyzed from the waist down.

"He didn't." Erica choked and had to wash down the last bite with coke.

"He totally did." Derek grinned and for the first time in what felt like forever, he felt at ease.

"Are we having a party?" Stiles suddenly spoke up behind them.

"Why are you up?" Lydia glared at him and was half out of her seat to drag him back to bed but he waved in the direction of the bathroom.

They all watched when Stiles made his way over to the bathroom. His hair was sticking out over the bandage still around his head and he was wearing the sweatpants and t-shirt he'd slept in. And
he moved way more carefully than Derek was used to.

Once the bathroom door closed behind him, they all turned their attention back to their food, but Derek was straining his ears and was basically waiting for the crash. Which didn't come but Stiles did take longer in the bathroom than usual. He came out eventually and by now he sat slumped over with his head hanging and he was fumbling with his chair.

What usually looked effortless was now painful to watch and when one wheel got caught on the door frame and Stiles grunted in pain, cradling his head with both hands, Derek couldn't stand it any longer.

Gently he maneuvered the chair out of the door and then he wheeled Stiles back to the bedroom. Stiles didn't even bother with a token protest, he just let Derek manhandle him back to bed.

"Did you take your meds?" Derek asked.

He hadn't so Derek fed him his meds with some water, tucked him in and when he looked up again, Stiles was already sleeping.

"Sleep well." Derek brushed the hair out of his forehead.

When Derek came back to the living room, everybody was looking at him.

"What?" He asked and took his seat again. He hadn't finished his food but he wasn't really hungry anymore.

"You're cute, you know that?" Erica gave him a broad smile.

Derek just glared at her.

They finished their dinner and it was still early when Lydia, Erica, and Boyd left. Derek had to promise to keep them updated, though.

Derek and Josh spent the evening on the couch with a movie, both of them refusing to even look at their phones. It was fun.

When it was time to turn in, Josh took Jack for a quick walk and Derek used the moment for a shower. It had been a long day, a long couple of days, and Derek was just going through the motions with his shower, mentally already lying in bed with Stiles.

He was about to just walk over to the bedroom butt naked but he did remember Josh at the last moment, doorknob already in hand. However, he hadn't brought fresh clothes and he wasn't keen on taking the soggy towel with him either. So Derek stood there for a moment, listening, but the apartment was quiet. Josh was still out with Jack.

Derek cracked the door open to confirm that the living room was empty except for Ginger who was sleeping on the window sill.

Of course, the front door opened when he was halfway across the living room.

"Dammit." Derek ducked into the bedroom but he was pretty sure that Josh had gotten an eyeful. Derek hurried to put on some sweatpants and he was really tempted to just crawl into bed with Stiles but then he took a deep breath and went to face Josh. The least he could do was to get the couch ready for him.
"Not a word to my mom or your parents." Derek pointed with his finger at him before Josh could even open his mouth. "God knows, what they'll make out of it."

"Haven't seen anything," Josh hurried to say and then he disappeared into the bathroom to get ready for the night as well.

Derek got him a blanket and pillows and then he had a little fight with Jack who was convinced that Derek had made the bed for him.

"Derek?" Josh stood in the doorway, fiddling with the seam of his pajama pants and looking everywhere but Derek. "I …" He started but then he shook his head. "Forget it."

"What?" Derek straightened up which Jack used to get comfortable on the couch. "Just spill, I'm too tired for games."

Josh didn't say anything but his eyes kept flickering to Derek. More precisely to his crotch.

Derek rubbed his hand over his face in understanding. He had been so stupid, he hadn't even thought about the cage he was still wearing. Hadn't really noticed that he still had it on, if he was honest. And of course, Josh had seen. Great.

Derek could just leave it. They could turn in and pretend that Josh hadn't seen anything. It was tempting. However, he knew what kind of things his mother had assumed just from the photos, he didn't want Josh to get the wrong impression.

"Why me?" Derek muttered to nobody in particular. But then he gestured towards the couch. Josh sat down and Jack took the chance to snuggle up to him.

"You did see something," Derek said. It wasn't a question.

Josh tried really hard to not stare at his crotch, it was kind of adorable.

"Does it hurt?" He finally asked.

"No." Derek shook his head. "To be honest, I totally forgot that I'm still wearing it. It's nothing I ever wanted you to see."

"And you have that because Stiles wants you to … wear it?" Josh asked, his cheeks now crimson. "But you can take it off, right?"

"I know where the spare key is," Derek confirmed. Stiles always made sure that Derek could get it off in case of an emergency. "And he wouldn't mind if I use it now, his trip to the hospital voided his orders."

"But?"

"I don't mind wearing it." Quite the opposite but Josh really didn't need to know that. "And Stiles just needs a few more days." He had gone for longer with the cage. Derek didn't say it but he was glad that he was wearing it. Stiles had put it on him to ground him, to remind him who he belonged to even if they couldn't act on it with both their families around.

"You're going to keep it on for days?" Josh's eyes bulged but then he got a distant look, most likely trying to figure out when Stiles had a chance to put it on him.

"Yes." Derek let out a sigh. "But you shouldn't have seen it, I'm sorry. You won't see anything else,
I promise."

Josh still gave him a strange look but didn't say anything.

They still needed to figure out the logistics, Josh couldn't sleep on the couch forever, but they had Stiles' and Derek's apartment, they would figure it out. And they would keep the kinky stuff in the apartment Josh wasn't currently in, no problem.

Then, finally, they called it a day and turned in. Stiles didn't wake up when Derek slipped under the covers but he was drifting towards him and Derek fell asleep with Stiles' arm over his middle.
After those stressful days, things calmed down rather quickly. Two weeks later things were back to normal. Josh had taken residence on Derek's couch and while he was at it, he had claimed the coffee table as well, it was buried under Josh's laptop, books and stacks of notes. Turned out his writing was nothing he would do someday, he was already in the middle of writing his first draft. He and Stiles spent hours with their heads stuck together.

Derek had a rather unpleasant conversation with Josh's mother but in the end, she agreed that Josh would finish school in New York and if he wanted to go into journalism, so be it. As long as Derek made sure that Josh did his work for school and that Derek kept his sex life to himself. He wisely didn't tell her that Josh had caught him, wearing nothing but a cock cage. Stiles had gotten a good laugh out of that story but they all agreed that Josh shouldn't see more of that.

So Josh was sleeping on Derek's couch and Stiles and Derek were back to alternating between Stiles' and Derek's place. The bag with their toys stayed at Stiles', though.

After Derek had sent Cora the news article she hadn't written back but he didn't really care. His mother had sent a few messages but they were short and only about Josh. First, she had tried to guilt Derek into sending Josh back to Beacon Hills and when it became clear that Josh wouldn't come back, she grudgingly sent his things.

Laura was still a bit distant but Derek had hope that she would come around, given time. She did set up a Skype session so that Lucy and Justin could talk to Stiles and see for themselves that he had made a full recovery. So there was that.

Peter had accepted the logo Stiles had made for his campaign and by now Stiles was working on the first comic for that, featuring the five young people from Derek's picture. It was weird seeing one of his photos on a website and on pamphlets, though.

Peter also was their source of information when it came to what was happening back home. And he had way too much fun with all the ruckus around them. Apparently, Stiles and Derek were the topic in Beacon Hills and Talia hadn't left the house since they had been back home.

With his online course, his own comic, the one for Peter and commissions lining up, Stiles had lots of work to do and had already spent one night up with Red Bull and lots of coffee. Then he had spent the next day in bed with a short break for a bath, a massage, and two blowjobs from Derek just to get him relaxed. Derek had threatened to tie him to the bed if he overdid it like that ever again.

"Hmmm, kinky." Had been Stiles' response but he did promise to manage his deadlines better.

Not that Derek was in a better condition. He was drowning in work. He didn't know if it was the exhibition in general or the news coverage of Jackson's attack on Stiles but the originals at the gallery were already sold and people were purchasing copies online en masse.

And Derek's inbox was full. The death threats had died down and now there were mostly people asking for more pictures. Derek was already planning a new set. More of dom Stiles but Erica and Boyd had agreed to pose for him as well and with them, he wanted to try portraying subs too. The
pictures in his mind were already awesome, he just hoped that he would be able to capture them with his camera.

But people didn't just want more photos, people wanted personal photo sessions. And it weren't just people in the lifestyle, Derek got messages from people in wheelchairs who just wanted to thank him. Some also asked for more pictures of Stiles or for private photo shootings. There was this woman who had lost an arm who wrote him a long heartwarming email that she now felt confident enough to explore her dominant side.

And then there were the events Derek got invited to. Public bondage sessions in clubs and they wanted him to take pictures of it. He had no idea how to deal with that. Stiles set up a calendar on his phone so he could work out a schedule. The first event was next weekend, Stiles insisted to come along. For moral support or so he claimed.

And Stiles helped him to calculate his prices.

"Don't sell yourself cheap," Stiles told him and almost tripled the number Derek had come up with. Derek wasn't sure where this was heading but Stiles was already calling him the shooting star of the BDSM scene.

Aside from the blowjobs on Stiles' bad day which didn't really count, and the handjob Derek had gotten when a still concussed Stiles had found out that he had still been wearing the cage, they didn't have sex in almost two weeks. Work and Josh being the main reason, most of the time they just fell into bed and were asleep a minute later. And after Josh had caught him naked Derek vetoed any activities while Josh was just outside the room.

Derek was working at the kitchen table with Josh doing the same at the couch table. Jack and Ginger were sleeping balled up together, Stiles had an appointment at the university, something with the schedule of his course, and he had left Jack with them.

They had been sitting like this for hours now, Derek had his first private session with a Dom/sub couple yesterday and was now sorting through the photos, picking out the ones he liked best and touching them up. For his first paying customers he wanted the pictures to be perfect. He couldn't sell these to others but the couple had allowed him to put some of the faceless ones in his portfolio. It was a nice start and there would be more sellable ones once he had the photo shooting with Stiles, Boyd, and Erica.

When his phone rang with a message, he almost ignored it.

*My place at 5. Don't bring Jack*

It was from Stiles and it immediately sent shivers down Derek’s spine. They didn't have the time for a good long session in way too long.

"Josh?" Derek had to raise his voice, the teenager had his headphones on and was absorbed in his work. "I'll stay over at Stiles' tonight, can I leave Jack with you?"

"Is he too lazy to walk his own dog?" Josh teased but then his expression got more lewd. "Or are you going to be too tied up to walk him?" He looked very proud of his pun.

"He gets distressed when he hears me scream," Derek said, his attention already back on the screen of his laptop. But out of the corner of his eye, he watched Josh who was suddenly very quiet.

"He's not …" Josh started but then didn't know how to continue.
"…hurting me?" Derek finished the sentence for him. This had just turned into a serious conversation. He and Stiles had talked about this before and they both agreed that they wouldn't hide things from Josh and that they would answer the questions he had. Within reason, they wouldn't go into details and Josh would never see the actual thing happening.

Josh nodded, eyes big.

"He's not abusing me," Derek clarified. "But yes, he hurts me. In a good way." He had no idea what Stiles had planned for the night but Derek knew it would be good. Frustrating and painful and so good.

"I don't get it," Josh said with a shake of his head. "But you look as if you're getting a boner just thinking about it so yeah …"

"I'm not …" Derek protested and fought the urge to adjust himself in his pants. He wasn't hard but thinking about it did things to him, he couldn't deny that.

"Whatever," Josh dismissed him. "I'll walk the dog and feed the cat while you're having fun getting spanked."

Derek ducked behind his laptop. At least Josh returned to his work as well and didn't try to draw out the conversation.

Later Derek took a shower, getting nice and clean for whatever Stiles had in store, grabbed his overnight bag and then he was ready to leave.

By now Josh knew how to handle the pets but Derek stressed that he could call Stiles at any time if something happened.

Josh didn't ask why he should call Stiles and not Derek and just kicked him out with a "have fun".

When Derek entered Stiles' apartment at five on the dot, he found it empty.

"Stiles?" He called out but for some reason, he just knew that Stiles wouldn't just come out of the bathroom.

Derek looked nevertheless but bathroom and bedroom were empty as well. Kind of. The blanket and pillows weren't on the bed. Instead, there was his cage and the medium plug lying in the middle of the empty bed. Along with his favorite lube and a message.

Wait for me on the bed. Caged and plugged, on your hands and knees.

Derek wasn't sure why Stiles had even bothered with the instruction, the situation was pretty much self-explaining, but it wasn't his place to ask so he just set the message aside.

He didn't know when Stiles would come home, better start right away. They hadn't done anything with the plugs in a while, he would have to work this one in.

Derek put on the cage first and then he reached for the lube. In the shower he had fingered himself a bit, just to get in the mood, but he was by no means stretched enough to take something this size.

Derek worked himself up to four fingers before he even tried the plug and it still burned when his rim stretched around the bulb. Derek's legs were trembling when it finally slipped in. Panting he waited for his body to adjust to the large intrusion before he got into position.
Then he waited.

And Stiles kept him waiting. By now Derek had to adjust his arms because his shoulders started to protest.

"I could get used to coming home to this sight." Suddenly Stiles spoke up behind him, startling him. Derek hadn't even heard the front door. He did hear it when Stiles came closer, though, and then there was a hand on his back.

"All mine to play with." Stiles' fingers trailed over Derek's flank, along the rips, and down his spine. Derek shivered under the touch.

When he reached the base of the plug, Stiles tapped it a few times as if he was considering what to do next. The vibrations went straight to Derek's core. Then the hand slipped between his legs. Stiles weighted his junk in his palm and Derek held his breath, not trusting the gentle touch. But Stiles just inspected him. He put his flat palm on his abs, feeling the muscles there, and then he moved on to his chest. He brushed his thumb over one nipple but more in passing than anything else.

"All mine," Stiles repeated when his hand closed around Derek's throat. Not tight but Derek felt his Adam's apple moving against Stiles' palm when he swallowed.

"Yours," Derek agreed. His voice was more hoarse than he'd expected. Stiles hadn't even done anything yet.

"All for me to use."

Derek swallowed at that and Stiles closed his hand around his throat ever so slightly, a dark promise.

"And I think I'll start with that mouth of yours." He brushed his thumb over Derek's lips. "Want me to fuck your mouth?"

"Please." Derek breathed over the pad of Stiles' thumb, teasing his lips.

Stiles hadn't bothered with taking off any clothes, he was still wearing his jeans and three layers of shirts and when he let go of Derek now he only moved away from the bed and opened his fly.

Derek almost rolled his eyes at the cliche move but he slipped to his knees next to the bed and seconds later he was choking on Stiles' dick.

Stiles hadn't been joking when he said that he wanted to fuck Derek's mouth. He had his hands in Derek's hair, forcing him down on his cock. When he finally let him up again, tears were running down Derek's face and his chin was smeared with come and saliva.

"Damn, one of these days I'm going to get you to deep throat me." Stiles looked at him in awe, a stupid grin on his face.

Stiles gave him a breather over dinner, over which Stiles told him about his day and Derek was squirming on the plug he was still wearing.

When Stiles let him finally come, his body was littered with marks from the riding crop, his used hole was sloppy with lube and two loads of Stiles' come. And Stiles didn't even free his cock. He just shoved Derek didn't know how many fingers into him and pressed the bullet vibrator against his prostate until Derek was a writhing mess.
"Please, please." The broken please fell from his lips. He was so close.

"You can do it." Stiles stroked the taut muscles of his stomach. "You're so good. Come, come for me."

Derek came with a broken scream.

"So good," Stiles praised him but kept the vibrator in place until Derek was crying with the sensation of too much.

Later that night, Derek fell asleep in Stiles' arms warm and content. Happy.

The next morning his whole body felt sore and Derek stayed in bed just a little while longer before he followed the smell of coffee.

When he came into the kitchen, there was a cup of coffee waiting for him.

"How do you feel?" Stiles asked, fiddling with his own cup.

"Sore." Derek took a sip. "But good."

Stiles seemed more nervous than usual after an intense scene so Derek opened his mouth to tell him how much he'd liked what they did yesterday but Stiles was quicker. He put a box on the table.

*That's too big for a ring*, was the only thing Derek could think of.

Stiles opened it as if it was a ring box, though.

"Marry me?" He asked and presented the box to Derek.

A collar. Black leather, slim. It could pass as a fashion statement. Derek could wear it every day without people wondering. For a moment he just stared at the collar.

Stiles was biting his bottom lip, waiting for an answer.

Without even thinking, Derek pushed back his chair and sank to his knees, baring his throat for the collar.

"Green."

Chapter End Notes

This is all folks. Thanks for this awesome ride.

However, I'm not ready to let this one go just yet either. I'm already working on a one-shot for this. But give me some time, real life is busy.

In the meantime, check out my current story "I'm Not Real. Am I?" if you like.

Please [drop by the archive and comment](https://example.com) to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!