Going to the Chapel

by Bunnywest

Summary

Noah never thought he'd marry again, yet here he is, planning a wedding to Jordan.

Notes

Tiny warm up chapter for you, just to kick things off.
Noah doesn’t fuck Jordan awake on Sunday morning after their engagement. He wakes him instead by crooning in his ear “going to the chapel and we’re gonna get married…” Noah is a lot better singer than Stiles - his voice is gravelly and deep, and downright sexy as he continues on, “going to the chapel and we’re gonna get married ….”

Jordan grins widely and joins in for the second line “Gee I really love you and we’re gonna get married, going to the chapel of love…” before they both burst out laughing at the sheer ridiculousness of two grown-ass men cuddling naked and singing The Dixie Cups.

“Love you” states Jordan. He presses his hips back in a not so subtle hint. “Love you too” Noah replies, nudging forwards. His morning wood is in full force, and it doesn’t take much effort for him to ease inside Jordan, who makes a contented sound at the stretch. “Love when you do that, feels so good” he moans. “More?”

Noah is happy to oblige, and soon they are rocking together, Noah with a hand wrapped around Jordan, jacking him gently at the same time as he nudges into his prostate with each press forwards. It’s unhurried lovemaking at its finest, and they both savor it, enjoying the press and pull of flesh, until gradually they begin to build up speed. Jordan’s huffing out small breaths as he gets closer, and Noah starts to stroke him faster and thrust in harder, feeling the pressure build low in his own belly. Jordan’s hand joins his on his erection and with a few strokes he spurts all over the sheets, sighing with pleasure.

His hole tightens around Noah, who slams in once, twice, three times, and stills as he reaches his peak.

They lay together as they catch their breath.

“God, you’re big” Jordan sighs.

“You love it “Noah laughs.

“I do” agrees Jordan. “Couldn’t believe my luck the first time I saw that thing. Dick the size of Texas”.

Noah snickers at that, and says “It’s all yours now, Parrish”.

Jordan hums happily.

“Will I stay a Parrish, or will we hyphenate?” He wonders aloud.

Noah rubs a hand over his face. “Damn, didn’t even think of that. Whatever you want sweetheart, I don’t care. Keep your name or don’t, as long as I get you, the rest of its all details.”

Jordan rolls over to face him then, wearing his most earnest expression. “Do you mind if we keep the wedding small, Noah? I mean, we can go big if you want, but I’d prefer not to.”

Noah thinks for a minute. “You know” he starts “I never thought I’d marry again, so I haven’t considered it till now, but I like small. I loved Claudia, but our wedding was a whole damn dog and pony show, just so her parents could prove to all their relatives how well they were doing. I hated it. They made me wear a damn cummerbund. If we can avoid all that, I’m in favor. Hell, I’d go down to the courthouse tomorrow if I could.”
Jordan gets a gleam in his eye. “You know, we could go down to the courthouse tomorrow if you wanted. Get married in the morning, honeymoon for the rest of the day”.

Noah sighs regretfully and says “We really can’t. Can you imagine the wrath my son would bring down on us if we did that? And also, we can’t because you, sweetheart, start night shift tonight, remember? But I think I can get us some time off fairly soon. I’ll go play with the rosters, call in a couple of favors, and see when I can arrange it. First chance we have, we’ll get married and have a decent honeymoon. And we’ll keep it small, I promise.”

Jordan snuggles into him, and starts humming … going to the chapel and we’re gonna get married… with a massive smile on his face.

The next day, true to his word, Noah asks his staff to swap some shifts. When he tells them why, none of them seem all that surprised. They’ve been watching the Sheriff and his deputy date for a while now, and they’re not blind.

They all offer their congratulations and willingly agree to cover the time needed. He gets them a fortnight off, in six weeks’ time. He can’t manage any sooner than that if he wants to avoid the week of the full moon.

He wonders if it will ever not feel strange to have to take his son and mates’ werewolf nature into consideration?

While Jordan sleeps off his night shift, Noah gets on with arranging his wedding present.

He texts Peter to ask him for the name of a website. Stiles would know, but he’s not about to ask his son about this.

Peter gets the text, and then calls him. Noah picks up the phone and Peter says without preamble “Get your boy to teach you to text, Noah. I don’t even know what the hell that said.”

A short phone conversation later and he has the information he’s looking for.

He looks back at the text he sent, and has to admit that even for him it’s bad.

Web ple ad

It’s the damn vowels that have done him in again. He sighs.

He visits the website Peter gave him and orders Jordan’s wedding present.

Hint: it’s $169.95 with next day delivery.

Over the course of the next week, between sleeping and night shifts, Jordan slowly moves the rest of his belongings into Noah’s house, and it’s telling how much of what he owns has already migrated there. He turns to Noah as he brings in a box of books, and asks him “Exactly how long would you say I’ve been living here without knowing it? “

Noah’s eyes twinkle as he laughs and says “At least three months, I reckon. Why? Did you want to move out again and do it properly?” Jordan just throws a battered paperback at him in reply.

Noah welcomes Jordan officially into his new home with a guided tour of the bedroom, specifically
the blanket box at the end of his bed. Turns out it’s the perfect height to bend someone over and fuck them vigorously.
Five Weeks

They join forces with Stiles and Peter to start their wedding planning, much to Stiles’ delight.

He’s less delighted when Noah tells him small and tasteful, but Noah sticks to his guns. “I’m the sheriff, son. There needs to be at least a little decorum, which is why I’m not getting married at your nightclub at midnight with strippers.”

“I wasn’t planning anything like that! “ Stiles protests.

Noah gives him a look. “OK fine, maybe there was going to be one stripper, but that was after, at the reception. If you want a boring wedding, go ahead “he grumbles.

Peter steps in and offers to plan the whole thing.

He points to all three of them one at a time “You work full time, you work full time, you work full time. I, on the other hand, keep my own hours, and I’m an excellent organizer. Tell me what you want and I’ll make it happen, and I’ll keep that one“ - here he indicates Stiles - “out of trouble, I promise”.

Two out of the three parties at the table think this is a great idea.

The third one mumbles into his beer “see if you get a blowjob tonight, asshole. “

Peter ignores him.

Jordan comments wistfully “Can we go somewhere exotic for our wedding? Maybe Australia?‘

He sees Peter frantically start signaling at him, a panicked look on his face.

The murderous scowl that appears on Stiles’ face is truly epic.

“Nope. We looked into it. Would have looooved to get married on Sydney Harbour Bridge, but apparently gay marriage isn’t legal in Australia. Goddam country full of convicts taking the moral high ground “he growls out, and he’s so annoyed that there’s actually a hint of fang.

Peter’s behind him, mouthing at Jordan - Don’t get him started.

“I can still hear you, Wolfman, and I’m entitled to be annoyed about this” Stiles snaps. Peter rolls his eyes. Only Stiles, he thinks, could hold a grudge against an entire country.

Jordan changes the subject by suggesting “Maybe Vegas?“

Stiles feels that he won’t cope with Vegas. “Too noisy, too much for the wolf to cope with. I’m too new at this” he says.

He’s still sulking a little, still annoyed at Australia.

Peter steers the conversation then, pointing out, quite reasonably, that he assumes Scott’s on the
guest list, and if they go to Vegas then the wedding will become a three ring circus because of the 
presence of Alphavet, and do they really want that?

Noah concedes that he has a point. Scott has become slightly better at the whole social media thing, 
with Derek’s help, and now his Instagram is full of pictures without the location listed, which is a 
good start, but he’s still recognized often when they’re out, and can’t or won’t say no to fans who are 
asking for selfies. There’s a hashtag now for Derek - #Hotbodyguard – which Stiles is beyond 
amused by.

“Of course Scott’s on the list, if he can get here” Noah agrees.

Stiles is confident they can swing it, he’s been skyping with Scott and Derek and they’ve told him 
that the producers are keen to do one of those “celebrity visits his home town” shows after seeing 
how popular Scott’s last trip to Beacon Hills had been. Scott’s management is over the moon at the 
addition of Derek to Scott’s entourage.

Stiles isn’t surprised that fans caught onto the fact that the two might be more than friends - the first 
blurry fan photos of Derek with his arms around Scott’s waist possessively started to leak out within 
the first two weeks.

Scott’s been infuriatingly vague about the whole thing as far as the public are concerned, saying only 
“I’ve known Derek since I was a teenager. He was my Alpha when I was first bitten, and he’s one of 
my dearest friends. ”

Stiles, of course, knows that there’s more to it. When he asks Derek how the two of them are doing, 
he just smiles. The fact he’s not scowling says it all.

When he asks Scott, he just blushes crimson, starts stammering, and changes the subject. It’s beyond 
adorable.

Stiles thinks that embarrassed Scotty is so cute that he shows enormous restraint, and doesn’t even 
tease him about the latest episode of Alphavet, where it somehow came to pass that Scott ended up 
shirtless under a fire hydrant rescuing some kittens that were in ‘danger’ of getting wet, and was then 
joined by Derek, ostensibly to carry the rest of the kittens to ‘safety’.

The whole thing was ridiculously contrived, but the sight of the pair of them, Scott with wet curly 
hair, water running down his abs and chest, cooing and whispering to kittens, and Derek in a wet, 
tight, too small t shirt, smiling his megawatt smile, and cuddling kittens, had sent ratings through the 
roof.

Stiles is pretty sure it wasn’t all because of the kittens.

The show runners have been trying their best to coax Derek onto camera more, and they think that 
an “Alphavet Returns Home” special will give them an excuse to film him while he catches up with 
friends in Beacon Hills. (Derek has told Stiles that he has no intention of ending up on camera – 
they’d caught him on the hop with the kitten stunt, but he’s onto them now - but they don’t need to 
know that.)

The upside for the Sheriff is that Scott and Derek can get there for the wedding, hopefully sans 
paparazzi.

Over a few more beers, they give Peter a list of must haves and no - goes, and they ask Stiles to be 
best man for his Dad. His mood brightens instantly.
Jordan asks Peter the same question, and Peter’s all smiles as he accepts.

They give a ballpark figure as a budget, and are promptly shot down by Peter who flatly states “Cop salaries are a pittance. I’m organizing, and I’m paying. You just turn up on the day. It’s my wedding present to you”.

Noah and Jordan start to bluster and protest, Noah saying that it’s too much, until Peter leans forwards and whispers in his ear. Noah looks sheepish, rubs the back of his neck awkwardly, and says “Well, when you put it like that, I can’t say no. You’re a damn sap, Hale.”

“Stilinski-Hale” Peter corrects loftily.

Suddenly Stiles is in Peter’s lap, kissing at his neck, grinding against him, running his hands through his hair and moaning desperately. His eyes are flashing gold, and he’s close to shifting when he husks out “Get upstairs, now”.

Peter gets a predatory glint in his eye as he replies “Certainly, rabbit.”

He nods apologetically at Noah and Jordan, saying “Wolf thing. We have to go, and we have to go now”.

He sweeps out of the bar and up the stairs to his apartment, Stiles racing after him.

They both hear him calling out loudly, saying “Jesus, Peter. I heard what you said and it’s wolfing me out. Now take me home and ravage me, you romantic bastard”.

They hear Peter laughing, deep and low and filthy.

Noah shakes his head in despair at his son and his mate.

Jordan comforts him with “At least the responsible one of them’s in charge of the wedding. Why are we letting him pay, by the way?”

Noah looks at him and sighs. “After what he said, how the hell could I refuse?”

Jordan has one eyebrow raised, so Noah tells him what Peter said.

What Peter said to Noah was this.

“Anything for you, Noah. You gave me the love of my life.”

Chapter End Notes

This whole chapter wasn't even meant to happen....surprise!
I don't suppose I need to ask if you want to see what happened when they got upstairs?
Five weeks II - a quick trip upstairs

Chapter Summary

A small porn interlude, because I know you want to know what the hell happened upstairs.
Stiles’ wolf is hot and bothered. Peter doesn’t really mind.

Chapter Notes

I stayed up till 3am finishing this, you guys better appreciate it! Now I'm going to drink some more coffee.

Stiles is sitting listening to the wedding planning, happy that he and Peter get to be best men, when he hears Noah start to discuss the budget.

He knows that Peter has plans to cover the whole cost, but he also knows that Noah is stubborn as all hell. They’d discussed it earlier, him saying “I’m telling you now Peter, he won’t accept. Some white man macho pride bullshit.”

Peter was just as determined. “An Alpha cares for his pack. That’s Noah and Jordan, even if they don’t realise it”.

Stiles told him “If you get my Dad to agree to you paying, I’ll get on the pole and dance for you every day for a week.”

“Deal” agreed Peter, grinning broadly, and Stiles suddenly remembered that Peter is as devious as they come, and he may not have thought this through.

So he pays attention as Peter states that he’s going to organize and pay. His Dad starts the expected round of objections, and then Peter leans forwards and whispers in his ear “Anything for you, Noah. You gave me the love of my life.” And Stiles hears, of course, because wolf, but he also hears that Peter’s heartbeat is as steady as a drum, he means every word he says.

Stiles’ Dad folds like a house of cards at Peter’s statement, and suddenly, the combination of his mate calling him the love of his life, and his Alpha providing for his family, sends his wolf into overdrive.
He needs Peter on an instinctive level, and is overcome with arousal and need. He feels his shift starting, and barely manages to hold back. He can’t stop himself from climbing into Peter’s lap, grinding and moaning, and managing to say “Get upstairs, now”.

Peter can smell his hormones going wild, can feel his desperation through their bond, and catches on immediately. He makes their apologies and they bolt upstairs. Stiles calls out to his husband as he catches up to him “Jesus, Peter. I heard what you said and it’s wolfing me out. Now take me home and ravage me, you romantic bastard”.

Peter laughs. It’s the kind of laugh that promises filth and debauchery.

Once they get in the door of their apartment, Stiles starts rubbing his body against Peter, scenting him, growling, moving in and out of his shift, tipped over the edge by the knowledge of how much his mate adores him, and by the demonstration of his Alpha’s ability to provide. It’s a heady combination for a new werewolf.

Peter simply leans back against the wall and lets Stiles have his way. It’s partly because he knows that the contact will calm the young wolf, but also, he’s frankly enjoying all the attention. After a little while he growls at Stiles, just a little, to get his attention, and commands him in his Alpha tone to “Focus, Stiles” in an effort to help him get his shift under control.

It seems to do the trick, because Stiles’ features return to normal, and his heartbeat slows a little. He doesn’t stop nuzzling and licking at Peter’s neck, though. “Love of your life” he murmurs. “You told my Dad, that I’m the love of your life. Do you know how hot my wolf thinks that is? It’s like you’re publicly claiming me as yours”. As he speaks, he’s dropped to his knees in front of his mate, and is unbuckling his belt.

“Want to taste you, want to be covered in you” he croons. Peter’s zip is down now, and Stiles has pulled his length out of his jeans and is licking his way to the tip. Peter shudders at the feeling of the tongue, rough against his skin. Stiles engulfs the head in his mouth, starting to suck rhythmically as he bobs up and down. The sudden warmth has Peter moaning, and he grabs a handful of his mate’s hair and guides him up and down, setting the pace. Stiles lets himself be guided, only pulling off for a moment to gasp out “More” before going down on Peter with renewed vigor.

Peter thrusts forward harder, and Stiles moans in appreciation even as he gags when Peter drives in deep. His wolf needs this, needs to feel Peter in him, needs to hear the noises he’s making as Stiles brings him pleasure.

The tempo becomes faster and more erratic as Peter gets close, and Stiles starts to run his tongue around the head in a way that has Peter gripping his hair even tighter and whining. He finally pulls Stiles forwards and holds him in place as he starts to come down his throat. He’s still coming when he pulls out, and splashes his seed onto the face of his mate who is kneeling there, eyes closed and mouth open, tongue peeking out, lips reddened and lush. The warm liquid hits Stile’s face and hair, making a beautiful mess.

Peter pants for long moments following his release, before running his fingers through the cooling come on Stiles’ face and slipping his fingers into his young lover’s mouth. Stiles licks his fingers greedily and hums.

“I thought I wasn’t getting a blowjob tonight” Peter teases.

Stiles doesn’t reply, still kneeling with a blissed out expression on his face.

After a minute though, he blinks, and gets up off his knees, running his hands over his face distractedly and then staring at the mess there. “Is it wrong that I don’t want to wash this off yet?” he queries. “because it’s kinda gross, but also Wolf Stiles is loving it.”

Peter chuckles at him, and tells him “Whatever keeps your wolf happy, rabbit. Now are you done, or do we need to go to bed so you can get this out of your system?” and he gestures to Stiles’ very large, very obvious erection.

“Oh, definitely need to deal with this, I’m so turned on you don’t even know Peter” Stiles sighs.
“I think I’m beginning to get an idea, rabbit. Now, what do you need?” Peter asks as he carries Stiles to the bed.

Even though he’s **stronger than** as strong as Peter, Stiles still loves to be manhandled, and Peter never misses a chance to indulge him.

Stiles nuzzles into his neck and says “Slow? Tease me a little? And then wear me out.”

Peter grins a lazy, wicked grin, and tells him “I think I can manage that, sweetheart”.

He starts by taking off Stiles clothes, slowly, one item at a time, and then kissing the skin as it’s exposed, not moving on to the next thing until he’s covered every inch of his body with kisses and gentle nips. He attaches the wolf’s head nipple clamps to Stiles’ piercings, and tugs on them every now and then just to hear Stiles curse at the sudden sting.

It takes an hour to get down to Stiles’ underwear.

Stiles watches Peter as he sucks marks into his torso, adding more even as they disappear. Peter’s hands are rubbing in long strokes up and down his body, and he soaks up the physical contact, humming his approval. Peter drags his hands across the bulge in Stiles’ underwear, but it’s a casual touch, a fleeting pass, just enough to have him wanting more. He bucks his hips up a little, but Peter puts a hand on his hip and stills him, saying “Patience, rabbit. You wanted me to tease you”.

“A little, Peter, I said a little” Stiles moans out.

Peter smirks, then, and stands to remove his own clothing. He makes a show of slowly popping each button on his shirt, rolling the cuffs down, and sliding it back off his shoulders. He lets it drop to the floor, then kicks off his shoes, and starts to slide his jeans down, giving a shimmy as they fall. He’s wearing nothing underneath, which isn’t that unusual for Peter, but Stiles still loves it. The thought of Peter going commando always gets him hot and bothered, and Peter knows it.

Once he’s naked, he slides up the bed until he’s covering Stiles with his body. He slips a hand into Stiles’ underwear and slides them down slowly, and then starts to grind their bodies together. The feel of the hard cock rubbing against his own has Stiles making pleased noises, and grinding back. Just as he’s really starting to get into it though, Peter pulls away.

Stiles grizzles, but Peter’s only left him to grab lube, and soon a slicked up hand is around both their lengths, sliding up and down in a slow rhythm that has him humming again. His wolf has settled a little now, enjoying the physical touch and affection shown by his mate, but he’s still hard, and he thinks the time for teasing is over. He puts his hand over Peters’, stilling it, and breathes out a “please?”

Peter can feel his desire flooding the bond, so he adds more slick to his finger and makes short work of prepping his mate, working up to three fingers quickly, spurred on by Stiles’ moans and whimpers.

“Time to wear you out yet, rabbit?” he asks, even as he drags Stiles’ long, long legs over his shoulders, lines himself up and presses forwards without stopping.

“Hnnngh” is the only reply he gets, as Stiles feels the stretch and the fullness, and revels in it. Peter sets a steady pace, he’s already come once so he knows he’ll have no problem lasting as long as he needs to, but judging by the sounds Stiles is making and the blissed out look on his face, he doesn’t think it will be long.

He cranes his neck down to pull at the chain between his nipples using his teeth, and the action
causes Stiles to tighten around him. He enjoys the sensation so much that he does it again, and again. Stiles is beneath him, muttering and moaning, even more so when Peter releases the chain and starts kissing along the tattoo on his chest, while taking his leaking shaft in his hand and steadily pumping it in time with his thrusts.

Stiles arches his head back, and that stretch of neck muscles is too tempting to resist, so Peter bites down hard, leaving a deep mark, and then he does it again, all up Stile’s throat. By the time the last mark is fading Stiles is pressing back onto him as he rocks in and out, asking for more, and harder, and who is Peter to deny his mate?

Aiming his thrusts carefully, he picks up speed, his hand on Stile’s cock matching the rhythm, as he hammers home. He can feel that Stiles is close, so he holds nothing back, moving them up the bed as he slams in, grunting with exertion. Stiles has wrapped his arms around Peter’s back, and he’s whining, a high pitched noise in the back of his throat, as he comes without warning, clenching down hard.

Peter follows moments later. He stills suddenly as he comes, muscles in his neck bulging as he throws his head back in a moment of perfect bliss. Stiles drinks in the sight before him, and his wolf is finally quiet.

Peter lowers his legs gently down, and pulls out with a wet sound. Stiles hums and draws him in for a kiss.

“Perfect” he sighs.

Peter agrees. They lay there in the wreck of their bed for a while, and then Peter pushes himself up on one elbow. “So, what day are you starting the week?”

Stiles is a little slow on the uptake, so he just answers “Huh?”

“You said you’d dance every day for a week. Starting today or tomorrow? And can I choose the music?”

Stiles squints at him for a moment, thinking.

“Please don’t tell me you said what you said to my dad just to win a bet” He says, and his tone is dangerously calm.

Peter looks at him, cool blue eyes assessing.

“Please don’t tell me you think I’d stoop that low, for a bet” he replies, tone equally dangerous.

There’s a tense moment.

Then Stiles runs his fingers down the back of Peter’s neck, and says “I think I’m actually the love of your life, and I think you’re more stubborn than my Dad, and I think you just wanted him to say yes, so you told him the one thing guaranteed to get him to agree. But I don’t think you did it to win the bet, no. Sorry, Peter, I had a moment, I guess. Sometimes it’s hard for me to believe that you’re mine, that’s all”.

Peter bends his neck so that Stiles can stroke at his nape more easily, and sighs out “Stiles, I married
you. I mated you. I turned you. I learned to pole dance for you. Sweetheart, I’m absolutely in love with you, never doubt it.”

Stiles grins fondly as he says “You’re such a fucking sap, Peter”.

“Only where you’re concerned rabbit, the rest of the time I’m badass” Peter argues.

“Point” Stiles concedes, as he pulls Peter in for more lazy kisses.

It doesn’t take long for them to turn heated, and for Stiles to point out that he’s not quite worn out yet.

Peter takes that as a personal challenge.
Reactions to their engagement are generally positive, with one or two exceptions.

Noah has to have an uncomfortable conversation with his superiors regarding the integrity of his relationship with Jordan and any impact on his workplace – loosely translated, they want to make sure Jordan isn’t sleeping his way to the top.

He tells Jordan that it’s just a formality, standard procedure.

He doesn’t tell him that he’d told the board that he’d quit on the spot if they pushed the issue, because he wasn’t giving up the best thing to happen to him in years for the sake of a damn job.

Nobody wanted to see them lose the best and most loved Sherriff they’d had for years. Suddenly there was no issue at all with the two officers marrying.

Jordan finds out anyway, because Peter finds out. (God knows how Peter learns things, Jordan doesn’t want to.)

He takes Jordan out for drinks, and casually mentions “Good man, Noah. Not everyone would threaten to quit their job for the man they love. Knew I liked him.” He just leaves the info lying there between them, confident Jordan will do the rest himself.

Just as he’d expected, Jordan corners Noah later at the station and demands the truth from him. Noah squirms a little. “It’s not a big deal, honestly. One of the board members was being a damned fool about it. Figured I’d call her bluff. It worked” he shrugs.

Jordan is overwhelmed with affection for the man before him, and he pins him against the wall and kisses him thoroughly, until another officer walks into the lunch room. She catcalls them and tells them to get a room.

Mrs Saunders the Reverend’s wife sees them in the supermarket. Noah goes out of his way to wave, go over to her, and ask how she is, how her husband is, how the church is, and make inane small talk, all while holding Jordan’s hand.
He sees her glancing at where they’re joined, and there’s genuine pride and affection in his voice when he tells her “This one’s agreed to marry me, and I don’t want to let go in case he gets away”. And he leans over and gently kisses Jordan on the forehead. She looks at them for a moment, and suddenly her features soften a little, and she looks wistful.

She says “I remember what it was like to be in love, Sheriff. Congratulations to you both.” And damned if she doesn’t sound like she means it.

Stiles’ library ladies are thrilled at the engagement.

They’re technically the Senior Citizen’s Book Club, but not much reading goes on at their weekly meetings. Mainly, they read the saucy bits of the Harlequin Were Romance Novels aloud in dramatic voices, and then fan themselves.

They speculate loudly on what wolves are really like in bed, while looking pointedly at Stiles. He never gives them any details, but it doesn’t stop them asking repeatedly. They’re wildly inappropriate, and Stiles loves them.

Mrs Mazursky, the ex-librarian, corners Jordan. She tells him that Noah is a good man. Then her eyes take on a mischievous twinkle.

“You know, I knew his grandfather. He was a very… gifted man in a lot of ways” She waggles her eyebrows, which is slightly disturbing from an 83 year old. “Physically gifted” she clarifies, which is even more disturbing. The other ladies she’s there with all smirk wickedly. One of them, Esther, 79, chimes in with “that man knew the meaning of the word stamina” and sighs happily. There’s a chorus of hums and nods, and a fond look of reminiscence on the faces of almost all of them.

Jordan looks around desperately for a hole in the floor to sink into.

“I wonder, does Noah take after him?” she asks innocently. Jordan’s furious blush must be enough of an answer, because she waggles those eyebrows again, and tells him “Well in that case, I’d say you’ll be very happy, young man. “

Then she makes things ten times worse by stage whispering loudly enough for everyone to hear “Just be generous with the use of lubricant, dear. It can be a lot of cock to take otherwise, if I remember rightly.” And she winks.

The other women are nodding vigorously now, like a clutch of ancient depraved bobble heads.

Jordan’s ears are still burning and his face is flaming as he flees, but not fast enough to miss her comment of “I’m surprised the poor boy can even walk – that family are all hung like bulls. I wonder if young Stiles is the same?”

As he rounds the corner of the stacks of books, he finds Stiles standing there where he’s been listening in. He’s curled over, fist stuffed in his mouth, tears streaming down his face.

He knows what his library ladies are like- in fact, he encourages them. The look on his face when he catches sight of Jordan is one of undisguised glee. He navigates them to the break room, and once they close the door he finally lets go, laughing and snorting hysterically, pointing and saying ‘be generous with the lubricant’ before laughing so hard he’s actually rolling on the floor..

Jordan squirms with embarrassment, hissing “Stop it! This isn’t funny! Eighty year olds are giving me sex advice!”
Stiles wheezes out “I know- it’s awesome!” and continues to laugh so hard he cries. He eventually winds down, but it takes him at least five minutes, and he’s still snickering as he goes to grab them a drink from the fridge.

Jordan times it just right, waiting till Stiles has a mouth full of soda before he casually remarks “They all want to know if you’re hung like a bull as well, you know”.

The resulting spray of liquid as Stiles chokes is highly satisfying.

Staff at the station pitch in and buy them an engagement present.

So do the staff from BBW and Jungle.

The two gifts sit side by side on the kitchen table.

There’s a luxury weekend away at a couple’s resort, tastefully presented in a gift basket with a bottle of champagne and monogrammed bathrobes for each of them.

And then there’s the other gift - a two liter pump bottle of lube, a copy of Brokeback Mountain, a pair of leather cuffs, a set of assless chaps, and a cowboy hat. The chaps are in Noah’s size. There’s also a CD featuring “Save a horse, ride a Cowboy”. It’s in a basket and it has a card attached, which in a dazzling display of wit says “Welcome to the Mounted Police Force.” Jordan can just imagine the other deputies sniggering as they came up with that gem.

“I can’t believe they thought we’d listen to country music” says Noah, looking slightly betrayed. How long have we both worked at that station? We never listen to country music.”

“Weekend away’s nice though. I bet Ami was behind that one” says Jordan.” I wonder if we can steal her away from Jungle to work for us.”

“No chance” grins Noah. “Stiles worships that woman. She’s running the place like clockwork -he’s given her a new office with Sidekick on the door.”

Jordan’s arms have slid around his waist from behind now, and Noah’s distracted from the gifts momentarily. His attention returns to them though, when Jordan murmurs “I do like the hat….and it’s a gift. Would be rude not to use it…”

He presses in behind Noah, who can feel just exactly how much he likes that hat. “Care for a ride, Deputy?” he grins.

“Oh, I think I could be persuaded, Sheriff” purrs Jordan. He grabs the hat and the lube, and runs for the bedroom. Noah grabs the cuffs and runs after him, bellowing “we’re not listening to that damn song though!”

Jordan just laughs at that, he’s in the bedroom, stripped nearly naked and wearing the hat, a grin, and the panties that Noah didn’t even know he still had.
Noah crowds him against the wall, then, and with one hand holds his wrists above his head. He holds up the cuffs and raises an eyebrow, asking. “I know it might not be your thing, but we could… maybe?” he asks hesitantly. “I mean if it’s a no that’s fine, but I thought I’d ask…” his voice trails off as he sees Jordan look at the wrist cuffs and lick his lips. “Ohh”, Jordan breathes out, “Those are pretty, aren’t they?”

And they are. They’re wide and supple, good quality leather, joined by fine steel links of chain. They’re the polar opposite of the ones they use for work, so there’s no blurring of that line. They close with elegant buckles on each side, and the chain can be easily detached for quick release if it’s needed.

Jordan squirms a little in the sheriff’s grip, hips bucking forward. His pupils are suddenly dilated and rimmed with orange, and his body temperature has risen tangibly in the last minute or so. That tells Noah all he needs to know – the hound comes out sometimes when Jordan is deeply affected by something they’re doing. But even though he knows that answer, he still confirms that this is OK. He draws Jordan’s hands downwards and asks “Yes?”

“Oh, fuck yes, please, Sir” says Jordan as he kneels on the floor and holds his hands out, wrists up in surrender. Noah feels a thrill at hearing the word.

Noah takes in the sight before him, groaning out “Fuck, Jordy. We’re going to talk about this later, sweetheart, you can be sure about that. Now be a good boy for me”. Jordan whimpers at that, and Noah files that reaction away for future reference.

He buckles the cuff around one wrist and then draws Jordan up and leads him to the bed, where he lays him out on his back, growling “Don’t move” as he slips the chain through the bars in the bed head and then secures the other cuff so that Jordan is laying chained on the bed, still wearing panties, and still somehow wearing the damned hat. It’s cocked forwards over one eye, giving him a rakish look.

Noah takes a shaky breath. “You tell me if it’s not OK, you hear? We can take them off anytime”.

Jordan nods his head, eyes still glowing and says “Yes Sir, but I really like it. I promise.” He starts to rolls his hips upwards in a lewd motion, as he asks “Fuck me hard, Noah? Please?”

“Oh I will darlin’, just you wait” Noah tells him.

But first things first. He plucks the hat from Jordan’s head and plants it firmly on his own, saying “Can’t ride without a hat, sweetheart.”

He kneels on the bed and drags Jordan’s legs up over his shoulders, settles his ass on the top of his thighs, and starts to run his hands over the black lace. “Didn’t know you kept these” he comments, as he strokes and massages Jordan’s ass and crotch through the thin, silky fabric. It feels forbidden, filthy, delicious, like he’s breaking all the rules, and it seems Jordan’s enjoying the whisper of saten and lace against his length, if the approving noises he’s making under his hands are any guide.

“Like the way they feel” Jordan breathes out. He’s starting to press up into Noah’s hands, and there’s a wet spot on the lace where he’s started leaking from his slit.

Noah takes his time then, grabbing the lube and easing his hand inside the back of the panties, not removing then, just sliding his finger gently up and down Jordan’s crease and leaving a slick trail. He dips his finger inside just a little, and Jordan whimpers, a pitiful plea for more. He stretches him slowly around one finger, then around two, always adding lube, always being careful, but relentlessly stretching Jordan’s rim out as much as he can. When it’s time for a third finger, he’s
forced to stop and lower Jordan’s legs and remove the underwear. He’s sad to see them go, but Jordan does have a fantastic ass, tight and round and smooth, and he spends long minutes just massaging his cheeks with one hand even as he continues fingering him with the other, ensuring he rubs his prostate as his hand slides in and out.

Jordan is moaning and bucking under him now, the restraints meaning that he’s can’t touch himself as he would normally do. “Need something, Noah” he grits out.

And Noah’s not sure where it comes from, maybe he’s spurred on by Jordan calling him Sir earlier, but he removes his hands altogether, folds his arms, sits back and in a firm voice commands “Ask. Nicely”.

Jordan whines, and then manages to get himself together enough to ask, in a shaking voice “Please Sir, fuck me hard”.

Noah’s cock, which is already hard and leaking, gives another sudden twitch, and he feels that same thrill shoot through him. He thinks that there’s definitely going to have to be a discussion about this in the immediate future, but for now he’s just going with it.

His hands return to Jordan’s body, three fingers enter and stretch him, then four, until he’s shaking and moaning under the touch. Noah slicks himself up and as he presses in, he tells Jordan ‘Want to see you come just from me fucking you. Want to make you scream. Got you stretched right out for me, and now I’m gonna ride you hard and fast.”

And he does. He snaps his hips forwards at a furious pace, driving in ruthlessly, listening to Jordan’s cries of pleasure from beneath him, watching as he struggles hopelessly against the cuffs even as he bucks up to meet Noah’s thrusts. Noah lifts Jordan’s ass slightly, and angles himself just so, and hits the sweet spot inside him dead on. Jordan screams then, the stimulation nearly too much. Noah just keeps hitting that spot, sending Jordan’s eyes rolling back into his head as he starts crying out, begging for relief. “Please please please” he whines, and Noah knows he’s close, so he takes pity on him and wraps one big solid hand around his shaft, and strokes him until he’s coming all over his belly and chest with a cry.

Noah’s not close though, not this time, and he’s not letting up either. The old ladies weren’t joking about the family stamina. He pounds into Jordan solidly, feeling his pleasure build at a steady pace. Jordan’s just lying there, limp and relaxed, making that distinctive long, low groaning sound that Noah has learned from experience means he’s enjoying a solid fucking. It’s his green light to keep going. If Jordan’s had enough he’ll let him know, but for now those sounds are all pleasure and satisfaction. It’s enough to spur him on - there’s nothing that turns him on more than the sight and sound of a satisfied partner. He feels a tingling and tightening in his balls and drives home even faster, until pleasure washes over him like a rolling wave and he comes with a shout.

Jordan’s eyes, when they open, have lost their fiery tinge. His body has cooled again. He looks more sleepy than anything. He pulls on the cuffs a little, saying “Noah?” and his lover is quick to release his hands. Jordan wraps them round the sheriff’s back and draws him down close for a kiss.

“I really like these “he states, dangling the cuffs from one hand. “Not all the time, but I’m definitely OK with it. You?”

Noah hums. “You’re perfect, you know that? But we are going to talk about this Sir business before you pull something like that again. We need limits if we’re going to play those games. No going off half-cocked.”

Jordan snorts at that. “You said cocked” and he snickers again.
“Stop trying to distract me, you know what I mean” Noah grumbles. “I’ve been a cop too long. I’ve seen things get out of hand, like you wouldn’t believe. Remind me to tell you about the guy with the eel sometime. But anyway, point is, I’m a big fan of forward thinking where consent is concerned. If we’re gonna play, we’re gonna play safe.”

Jordan smiles one of his sunshine smiles then, and says “I know, and I love you for it. Does that mean we are gonna play more?”

Noah smiles a predatory smile, and replies “Oh, Jordan. After we discuss it, if you’re game, we’re gonna play so much.”

Jordan moans in anticipation, and his eyes glow orange, just for a second. Noah laughs, and teases him “So I guess your hound likes that idea then?”

Jordan grins “Hell yes. Now tell me about the eel guy.”

Noah does, and in return Jordan tells him about Mrs Mazursky and her filthy library ladies. Noah laughs even harder than Stiles did, the bastard.
Two weeks

Chapter Summary

Buck’s night? Buck’s night. Featuring Alphavet.

Chapter Notes

This is kinda sorta two chapters in one.....I hope you like it, it’s a little different.

Finding a venue turns out to be the biggest bitch.
It has to be secluded, because of paparazzi, but accessible, because Peter is flying in Jordan’s only remaining relative, his grandma, from Florida as a surprise, and her mobility’s not great.

The guest list has topped out at around thirty, which is a number too small for a big venue but too many for the more intimate rooms available. Noah and Jordan have nixed both the bar and the club.

Peter’s at a loss. Stiles takes pity on him after listening to him ring yet another venue, only to be told that reasonable people don’t try arrange a wedding two weeks before the event.

“Is it just the ceremony, Peter?”

“It’s just the damn ceremony. Noah’s going to string me up” he sighs.

“I have a venue” purrs Stiles.

“I’m sure you do, rabbit” Peter replies absently.

“No, listen, I actually do have a venue” Stiles insists. “It’s genius, I promise”

Peter’s desperate. “Let me hear it then, darling”.

Stiles considers making Peter beg for about half a second, but his mate looks so frustrated, and his idea is so good, he can’t wait to share it.

He tells Peter.

Peter looks at him for a moment and blinks. “That….is actually brilliant rabbit.” and he draws Stiles in for a kiss.

The wedding planning is going well, mostly.

Catering, check.

Cake, check.

Invitations sent out, check.
Suits, check.

Flowers, check.

Rings, Noah will take care of.

Bucks night….

Stiles is desperate to arrange a wild night.

Peter won’t budge.

“Aw c’mon, we own the hottest bar for 200 miles, and a pole dancing club, it would be criminal not to throw them a bash. I mean, they got engaged because of the pole!”

“No. We have to keep Scott below the radar this time. Your best friend is a pain in my ass, honestly.”

Stiles thinks about it. “Well, what if the owner closes up for the night and they have a private event?’ he asks.

Peter looks at him and a smile twitches at his lips. “Private event? Isn’t that normally a proposal?” he teases.

Stiles rolls his eyes and groans. “You’re never going to not find that whole thing funny, are you, Peter?”

“Oh come on rabbit, it is funny, now. And besides, we got that security tape out of it.”

“I do like that tape” Stiles allows, “and we need to watch it again soon, but stop distracting me. If we close Jungle for the night, then can we have a small, private party for Dad and Jordan? They deserve it. I promise, it’ll be so low key, nobody will even know. And every cop in town will be there, so it’ll be secure” he pleads.

Peter rolls his eyes. “I’ll run it by Noah, and if he says yes, then OK” he concedes.

Noah is, surprisingly, all over the idea. He reasons that if it’s a private event, he can put aside public scrutiny for one night and really let his hair down. Jordan promises to get on the pole for him, and it’s a done deal.

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The Alphavet bandwagon rolls into town on a Tuesday, a week and a half before the wedding. The crew needs two weeks to film the special, and they want to interview Stiles as part of it. He agrees happily, because he’d do anything for Scotty.

It starts out innocuously enough, with tales of Scott and him in primary school, a display of old photos of the pair of them, from childhood through to today.

So he’s a little blindsided when the interviewer starts asking him was his crush on Scott when he realised he was gay, and is he jealous now Scott’s in a relationship with someone else, and will he
ever get over his unrequited love?

Peter’s watching as they conduct the interview, and he growls, ready to step in, but Stiles is more than capable of handling this.

He waves him over.

“Hey Wolfman, c’mere, I need your help to answer this.”

He drags Peter into the shot with him.

“OK, first things first. This man right here” he gestures “is why I realised I’m bisexual. This is my husband and mate Peter. I mean, look at him. Seriously, he’s hot like burning. We got married a few months back. Now Scotty? He’s my bro. We’re family. There never has been and never will be a crush. As for any relationship he’s in? You’d have to ask him.” And with that, he walks away from the camera crew.

Unsurprisingly, they don’t want to use the footage. Stile does gain a new sympathy for Scott though, and can understand a little better how he manages to find himself shirtless and holding kittens without a clue as to how it happened.

They’ve all seen the paparazzi round town of course.

The first pic is of Scott and Derek leaving Melissa and Chris’ house, with a headline of “Meeting the parents? Things heat up in Alphavet romance”.

Melissa is on the phone in three and a half minutes asking Scott if he’s seen it.

Next, a picture of Scott and Derek leaving the bakery goes up online with the caption “Alphavet wedding cake tasting?”

Stiles rolls his eyes – he knows damn well they’d been eating cheesecake, because Derek has a sweet tooth the size of a small country.

Scott just shrugs and tells Stiles that he just ignores it - it’s part of being famous, and you can’t stop the paparazzi.

There are three people in the world that Stiles is fiercely protective of.

One of them is Peter.

One of them is his Dad.

The other one is Scott.

He’ll do anything to protect those three. Or maybe avenge them.

The bakery thing annoys him irrationally, just because it’s so ridiculous. He’d been there too. Maybe he should have left with them. In fact, maybe he should start going everywhere with them, he thinks, just to scuttle the rumors.

Because he’s been with Peter for a while now, some of the deviousness has started to rub off. He thinks about it for a bit more.

Then Stiles talks about it with Peter, asking him “Wanna mess with the media? It’s for a good cause, I promise.”
“Will it upset people?” Peter asks.

“Probably” shrugs Stiles.

Peter grins. “Then I’m in”

They call Derek, because Scott doesn’t need to know their plan. Derek, it turns out, is just as protective and just as ruthless at Stiles when it comes to Scotty.

He’s in.

They set up a new Instagram and twitter, HotBodyGuard, for Derek to use just for this.

Stiles has accounts called BrotherofAlphavet.

Peter’s is just Hotdamnwolf.

They make sure that all the accounts share the same pictures with slightly different tags.

They start by posting a few pics of Scott, shirtless, all tagged #Alphavet, just to make sure they get the right followers.

Stiles tells Scott he has a new camera with were friendly technology, and convinces him that they need to take lots of shots this weekend so he can test it out. Scott agrees, clueless.

They go out to breakfast, all four of them.

They all leave, together. Stiles wraps his arm around Scott’s waist and pulls him in tight. Derek takes a pic, and posts it with the hashtags #Alphavet #Closestfamily #Myhotuncle #Hotdamnwolf

Peter reposts with #Alphavet #damnthatshot #brothersyousay #keepitinthefamily

Stiles lifts Derek up bridal style, Derek laughing, and Peter snaps a beautiful shot.

It goes up on Derek’s account with the hashtag #Alphavet. #Myhotuncle #Stileshashiddenmuscle #BrotherofAlphavetsodamnhot #Hotdamnwolfsodamnlucky

Peter reposts it with the slightly cryptic #I’mtappingthat #allthedamntime

There’s a nice photo of Peter and Scott in deep discussion, heads leaning together, foreheads almost touching. (They’d been discussing hair product – it was a serious discussion). Derek posts it under #Alphavet #Brothersinlaw #Lotsincommon #Hotdamnwolf #bothsodamnpretty

Peter reposts it with the tags #Alphavet #Notstrictlyrelated #Cutestbrotherinlaw #caretoshare?

Peter and Stile’s wedding photo goes up next with #Alphavet #Bestman #HandsoffmywolfScott #Hotdamnwolfstaken.

Stiles posts that one.

Peter reposts it with #Alphavet #Allinthefamily #Sharingiscaring #Dontknowifyoudontask

They see the paps around town, and they call them over and let them snap some candid shots.
But in all the photos, it’s Peter and Stiles, Peter and Scott, Stiles and Scott, Derek and Stiles.
Never Derek and Scott.

For the next forty eight hours they flood their accounts with pictures. The captions are always ambiguous, and always seem to say something more than they say.

All four of them out together, always with a different partner.

Scott and Stiles holding hands, Derek and Stiles hugging, Peter and Scott laughing, Peter and Scott and Stiles slow dancing under a streetlight…. nothing concrete, just enough.

The captions continue to be vague.

#Wantthatwolf,

#AlphavetEnoughtogoaround

#AlphavetbigANDbad.

#Alphavetfamilyfun

Finally, they get the result they were after. Hashtag #Alphavetpoly starts trending.
So does #Hotbodyguardpoly.
So does #Hotdamnwolfpoly.

People are speculating wildly on Peter and Stiles’ relationship with Scott, which is effectively taking attention away from Scott and Derek.

The comments are hilarious.

There’s a definite theme of ‘good for them’ and ‘nobody’s damn business’.

Stiles is the most media savvy of them all (though Peter’s a close second) and he times it just right.

At what he judges to be the perfect time, while public opinion is squarely behind them, all three accounts post a picture of the three of them standing together with their arms folded, staring directly into the camera, fangs out, looking highly dangerous. (Stiles blesses whoever finally invented a filter to use on werewolf eyes).

The hashtags read

#Alphavet

#Alphavetnotpoly

#Wolvesmateforlife

#Didyouthinkwewerereserious?

#Alphavetsprivatelifeisprivate
It blows up and goes viral within a twenty minute span. Scott gets a phone call from his producer, but he can honestly say he has no idea why he’s trending. They don’t care why – any publicity is good publicity.

Of course, that alone doesn’t make the photographers leave him alone.

It takes a visit to their rooms in the pre-dawn hours by a certain hot damn wolf, and a short and to the point conversation about how foolish these men are to forget that Scott is, in fact, a wolf, and so are all his friends, who are currently mightily pissed off.

A commitment is made to leave a certain vet and his bodyguard alone. A promise is also made as to what might happen if any more pictures appear. That threat has teeth, so to speak. The two men responsible for the pictures of Scott and Derek are packed and gone before Peter leaves the motel car park.

Peter drives home, humming. He lets himself into the apartment, only to find Stiles waiting up for him. Stiles looks at him, considering. “You know” he finally says “You think you’re being all mysterious, but I can feel your smugness through the bond. You threatened them, didn’t you”.

“Yes rabbit, I did.” Peter replies, unconcerned.

Stiles lets out a breath. “Damn, that’s hot. And thank you”.

“I protect my own, Stiles” Peter reminds him.

Stiles looks at him for a moment more, then turns and walks into the bedroom, dropping his clothes as he walks.

“Gonna be on this pole for exactly four minutes, be quick or you’ll miss it” Stiles calls out, as the first notes of “I’ve Got You Under my Skin” start to play.

Peter doesn’t miss it.

It takes Scott a couple of days, bless him, to piece together what’s happened, why his Instagram is suddenly full of strange hashtags, and why people are asking him about BrotherofAlphavet and HotdamnWolf.

He stares at them when he figures it out, saying “So, you guys blew up social media by implying
we’re all together, waited till it was trending, and then used the coverage to threaten the paparazzi?’

“In a nutshell, yes” replies Peter.

Scott’s eyes go wide and he grins happily. “That’s so cool! Why didn’t you tell me?”

Stiles answers him. ‘Scotty, I love you like a brother, man, but you’re too damn nice to pull off shit like this. That why you need people who are…less nice…to look after you.”

Derek actually speaks, then. “People like me, babe. People who care.” And in the first public demonstration of affection that any of them have seen between the two, Derek leans over from where he’s sitting near Scott of the couch, and kisses the edge of his collarbone.

Scott’s ears go pink.

Then Derek lays down on his back with his head in Scott’s lap, head tipped right back, throat exposed, in a very obvious show of submission.

Peter steps forwards and lets his eyes flash red, just for a second, at Scott. Stiles thinks What the hell, Peter?

Scott’s eyes flash then too, and he lets out a deep growl. Peter moves back from them, lowering his eyes.

Scott continues to growl.

Derek gets up making a happy rumbling sound as he stretches his arms above his head, showing off the full length of his body, and shamelessly scents Scott. Then he smiles a big, easy smile at him, and says, “Take me home, Alpha”.

Scott actually drags Derek out the door by the sleeve of his jumper, still growling. Derek is grinning like he won the lottery.

Stiles is openmouthed even after they leave. “What the hell was that?” he asks.

Peter smiles softly. “I believe rabbit, that what you saw was my dear nephew attempting to seduce Scott, and finally succeeding after all this time.”

‘Wait – what do you mean all this time? You mean they’re still not – nooooo” Stiles breathes out.

“You said it yourself Stiles, Scott’s too damn nice. And he’s oblivious as all hell. Derek and I had quite the discussion about it. Derek invites him in for coffee, he refuses because caffeine will keep him awake. Derek asks him would he like to stay for breakfast, Scott tells him he’ll set his alarm early to get there. He’s hopeless. In the end I told Derek that if he bared his throat in front of another Alpha, and that Alpha showed any interest, Scott’s wolf should kick in. Looks like it worked” he smirks.

“You really are a big fucking sap, Peter” Stiles smiles.

“I never used to be, rabbit. I blame you”.


The next weekend, Jungle is closed. Patrons who turn up are redirected to BBW via a sign on the door, citing Family Reasons, with an offer on wings and beer, and an apology.

Outside, it looks closed.

Inside, it’s jammed with almost every law enforcement officer in Beacon Hills, including the Sheriff, though he’s not in uniform, and is in fact wearing a cowboy hat.

(They drew straws at the Station - there are three poor soul missing out, and the snapchats that Stiles is sending through are not making them feel any better).

Noah and Jordan have put together a playlist, so it’s an eclectic mix of old and new – Eagles of Death Metal, Prince, Scissor Sisters, B52s, Spice Girls, Abba, Vampire Weekend, Nicki Minaj, NSync, Rolling Stones, Wham, ELO, QOTSA, Ke$ha, Devo, Bowie… it’s all music made to dance to, and dance they do.

Noah looks almost foreign out of his uniform, wearing a t shirt that’s much tighter than normal and shows off his muscled biceps, and jeans that show off his muscular thighs and firm ass. And of course, the damn hat.

Jordan is in ass hugging skinny jeans, a crisp white button down with the sleeves rolled up, and a vest. Stiles looks at them both, and looks at Peter, raising an eyebrow in question.

Peter leans over and tells him “Took them shopping – we had to get the suits anyway and I couldn’t resist throwing in a few extras.”

“If you ever decide to get an actual job, you’d be a great personal shopper” Stiles tells him, grinning.

He’s slightly tipsy, having had a few wolfsbane infused beers, but he’s taking it easy. He still doesn’t trust the media not to try and crash the party.

Scott and Derek are very decidedly together, sitting draped around each other in a corner.

They’re canoodling, there’s no other word for it. Long, soft kisses, followed by long, soft looks.

Scott had shyly come to Peter and apologized for his hasty departure the other day. Peter had assured him that it was completely understandable. “The wolf wants what it wants Scott, you may as well enjoy it” he’d advised.

A few minutes later, Derek had come over and simply embraced Peter in a bear hug, holding on for long minutes. When he finally let go, Peter had grinned at him, and asked “So, did your date put out, nephew?”

Derek hadn’t been able to keep the grin off his face. He’d confided to his uncle “It’s been a long time coming, but it was worth the wait”.

Peter had smiled, a real smile then, and told Derek “The right one is always worth it”, even as he’d glanced fondly at Stiles, who was dancing wildly and singing along to the music.

The night’s an absolute raging success. The drinks flow freely, and Noah and Jordan both endure their fair share of ribald ribbing from their workmates. Jordan tells Noah that anything they say is still not a patch on the library ladies. Stiles hears him, and starts snickering as he walks past.
The undoubted highlight of the night is Jordan’s dance. He waits till it’s late, and they’re all either drunk or well on the way there. (He reasons that if his dance is a hit with Noah, they’ll be able to sneak away. In fact, he’s counting on it).

Jordan makes sure that his fiancé is settled in the front row, whispering “Hope you like it” before he heads out the back and gets into his outfit.

The lights dim, and the audience looks to the stage. Jordan stands there, back to the crowd. He’s wearing tight black pants, because you can’t beat the classics. White tank top. Suspenders. A long coat over top. And a trilby, tipped over one eye. The clothes look like they were spray painted on.

The first strains of “Leave your hat on” start to play.

Jordan’s up the pole and spinning, legs out, in the classic warmup pose, doing a few rotations to get his bearings. Peter watches him critically, and comments “He needs to relax”. A couple more spins though, and they see when the set of his shoulder loosens, and he start to move with more purpose, hanging by his legs, leaving his arms free to follow the instructions from Joe Cocker - Baby take off your coat, real slow…….

He drops the coat slowly. Next he slides a finger under one suspender, pulling it out forwards and teasing it slowly down, until it hangs loose. He spins around, as he slowly teases the other one down, and his arms are free. He grabs onto the pole between his legs, and slides them apart along the metal. He spins there doing the vertical splits, as the music pulses along.

His workmates are hooting and hollering good naturedly, calling out “Work it”, Parrish!” Jordan just grins at them.

Noah whoops and cheers - his inhibitions left about three drinks ago. As Jordan continues to dance, he shouts “Take it off!”

Jordan dips and swoops around the pole, flipping and spinning with a grace learned by dodging Peter’s damned tennis balls. He shimmies out of the tank top, and throws it to Noah. Underneath, he’s painted his back and chest in exotic spirals of body paint, splashes of colour that outline the muscles of his abs and back. There’s deep purple, crimson, teal, and aqua. It makes him resemble a peacock, and as he continues to move, it highlights his muscles beautifully. It’s great work, and Stiles wonders briefly who did it for him. Then he spots Ami, who waves shyly at him, and he sees the paint stains on her hands.

Jordan has his ankles crossed around the base of the pole, and is holding on one handed as he stretches his body up the length of the pole, grinding against it.

Noah is cursing a blue streak, calling out “Goddam, boy, move those motherfucking hips! Hump that fuckin' pole, sweetheart, ride it like you fucking stole it!”

Then he turns to the group around him, spreads his arms, and crows “I get to take that home tonight and every fucking night. And he’s just as hot as he looks! Guy’s a fucking champion in the sack! Woo!”

Drunk Noah has no filter and a filthy mouth, apparently. Stiles understands completely. He shakes his head, but that doesn’t stop him filming his Dad on the sly.

Peter is grinning madly at the display of a drunk and horny sheriff. He really doesn’t think Stiles and Noah realise exactly how similar they are.

Jordan’s also grinning fit to bust, gathering speed as the music nears its close, and he swings off for a
flying dismount. Once he lands on the stage, he slides off the edge and stalks over to Noah, wearing tight pants and body paint. The music switches over to a new song.

“I’m gonna wait till the midnight hour, that’s when my love comes tumbling down....” croons Wilson Pickett as Jordan slides onto Noah’s lap and starts what is most definitely a lap dance.

The guests go wild, laughing and cheering.

Noah pumps his fists over his head in triumph, shouting “Fuck Yesss!” as Jordan slowly swivels his hips, grinding down against his lap. Jordan puts his hands on the back of Noah’s head and drags him in for a kiss, which starts out sexy, but quickly turns dirty. Noah’s hands are running up and down his back, smearing the paint, and his hips are bucking up in time to the music. Jordan slides off then, and slinks around to behind Noah’s chair, running his hands over his chest as he leans forward and licks the shell of his ear, and then tugs it with his teeth.

Noah groans.

Jordan slides back round to the front, and sits facing forwards on Noah, pressing his ass down into Noah’s crotch, tilting his hips up and down with the beat. Noah reaches his arms around and starts to rub his hands over Jordan’s obvious erection. Jordan’s having none of it, moving the sheriff’s hand back up to his chest, and whispering “Later”.

By now the whole room is singing along with the familiar tune, which does detract from the sexy somewhat.

Stiles is laughing as he watches Noah grin madly at Jordan and join in the singing, growling out in his gravelly baritone “I’m gonna take you man, and hold you, and do all things I told you in the midnight hour.....”

As the tune winds up, so does Jordan, giving a final shimmy and shake before planting a kiss on Noah. He turns and bows to the friends all around them, to a chorus of whistles and catcalls. Everyone in the room is cheering.

Everyone except Scott and Derek. They’re making out in the corner, grinding against each other, oblivious to their surroundings.

Stiles nudges Peter and points them out, cooing “Ah, young love. We were like that once.”

Peter elbows him in the ribs and reminds him “We’re still like that now, rabbit. You begged me to fuck you till you howled in the shower this morning.”

Stiles sighs happily. “And you did. It was great.”

People are starting to leave now, teasing Jordan and Noah before they go, and drifting out in groups of two or three. It wasn’t a big guest list, so it doesn’t take long for the place to empty, leaving only Stiles and Peter, Noah and Jordan, and Scott and Derek, who are still wrapped up in each other in the corner.

Ami and the couple of bar staff are already cleaning up, and it’s the removal of the empty glasses at their table that finally disturbs the couple. Scott looks flushed, and Derek looks smug. They’re both panting a little, and after a hasty goodbye they’re gone.

Noah and Jordan follow soon after, Noah still singing under his breath, gonna do all things I told you.... as he cradles Jordan in his arms while they wait for their taxi.
Peter drapes himself around Stiles, and says “You were right rabbit. This was a good idea.”

Stiles doesn’t even say I told you so.

Stiles and Peter scour social media and online gossip sites, over the next week, but there’s not a single mention of Alphavet attending a bachelor party in Beacon Hills.

Apparently Scott and Derek are no longer news.

It’s a very subdued morning in the Stilinski-Parrish household the next morning.

Aspirin are taken, dry toast is eaten, coffee gets drunk.

More coffee gets drunk – it doesn’t help much.

When they got home last night, both fairly soused, they’d fallen into bed, giggling. Noah had traced the lines of body paint on Jordan gently, and peeled him out of the skintight pants. Jordan had stripped Noah bare, and given him a slow, intense blowjob. They’d both had enough to drink that anything more energetic was off the table.

When Noah finally came, it was with a sigh and a soft laugh.

“Return the favor?” he asked, adding “really love getting my mouth round that big cock of yours”.

They both dozed off with Jordan’s dick still in Noah’s mouth.

When Noah woke with a start an hour later, Jordan was out cold. He woke him by suckling him to hardness, and then working his cock with his hand and tongue until he felt salty liquid fill his mouth.

Jordan was barely awake, but he managed to mumble “Stealth suck. I like it. Blanket permission” before drifting off again.

The subsequent three hours sleep is apparently not enough to function on and feel human.

It’s definitely not enough to deal with watching the video that Stiles has sent to his phone of him catcalling Jordan, and announcing to their friends that he’s a fucking champion in the sack.

Jordan just laughs.

“Nice to know you appreciate my talents” he notes smugly.
One week

Chapter Summary

They try on the suits. They collect the rings

Chapter Notes

There is no plot in this chapter, no plot at all. It's sheer fluff and smut. And there's not that much fluff.

Noah looks at himself in the sleek black two piece suit with tiny grey pinstripes that’s just been delivered, nothing he ever would have chosen for himself, and thinks that he has to admit, Peter was right. He’d rolled his eyes at the very suggestion of off the rack suits, and arranged instead for these to be tailor made. It was worth every cent.

Jordan comes into the room then, wearing his own suit. It matches Noah’s, but the cut’s slightly different. He could have stepped off the pages of GQ.

Noah breathes out a “hot damn, Parrish” before teasing him “Not afraid of bad luck, seeing the outfit before the big day?”

Jordan shrugs. “I’ve been blown up and set on fire before, and survived it. I’m not sure luck applies in my case. Besides, don’t care. I wanted to see you all dressed up. It’s a good look, Noah. You look absolutely edible” he says, tone seductive as he runs his hands across Noah’s shoulders.

Noah allows himself a moment to enjoy the touch, before moving away slightly and reminding Jordan “Peter’s waiting downstairs to give these the OK.”

“Let him wait” Jordan suggests, a glint in his eye.

A voice floats up the stairs then.

“I can hear you, Parrish. And there isn’t time to get those suits cleaned if you dirty them. Downstairs now”.

“Damn werewolf ears “mutters Noah under his breath.

“I can still hear you, Noah. Now hurry up” Peter demands.

Like a couple of schoolchildren, the boys present themselves for inspection. Noah has to fight the urge to hold his hands out for Peter to check his nails are clean.

Peter hums his approval, nodding. “Excellent. Stiles and I have our suits of course. I think this is the last thing. And with a week to spare “. He looks a little smug.

Noah asks him “Peter, where exactly are we getting married? Because, I cannot stress this enough, I
need to know so I can actually turn up on the day”.

“Car will collect you and deliver you there “Peter says airily. ”It’s a surprise. Now, do you have the rings? “He asks, deftly changing the subject.

“Picking them up this afternoon” Noah replies. It had taken some legwork, but he’d found exactly what he needed.

Peter shoos them upstairs then with an admonition to Jordan to keep his hands off Noah until they at least get the suits off, he doesn’t want them creased. He leaves them then, locking the door behind him as he goes.

Jordan looks at Noah, licking his lips. “He’d never know….” He starts, but is startled by his phone ringing.

It’s Peter.

“No, Jordan. “

Jordan starts to reply with “We weren’t going to…” but Peter interrupts him, telling him “Liar. You were looking at Noah like you wanted to eat him. Suits off first, and on hangers, then you can do whatever the hell you want, but if I detect a single drop of any bodily fluid on those suits, I will end you.” and he hangs up.

Noah looks at him, cocking a brow.

Jordan tells him “Apparently I’m obvious in my lust for you, and we have to hang the suits up first. I don’t even know how Peter does that”.

Noah just smiles, before drawing Jordan towards him and whispering in his ear “You’re not very good at hiding it, sweetheart. And Peter’s just…Peter. But we’d better do as we’re told, or he’ll find out somehow. Let me take this suit off right away”.

And he turns and walks away from Jordan, and stands in the middle of the room, posing.

He starts to slowly, slowly, casually, unbutton the jacket. “Gotta be careful” he lilts, as he slides the jacket back off his shoulders before turning round so his back’s towards Jordan and shrugging it off. He catches it in one hand as it falls, and he takes it and carefully places it on a hanger, sauntering casually across the room to place it in the wardrobe.

Then he loosens his tie, humming to himself. He glances over to Jordan, and tells him “May as well sit down, this could take a while. Don’t want any creases.” And he waggles his eyebrows.

Jordan sits up against the bed head then, watching the show unfold before him.

Noah unbuttons his cuffs, one at a time. He undoes the top two buttons of his shirt. He pauses, and slowly untucks his shirt. He undoes the bottom two buttons.

Jordan’s seen Noah naked plenty of times, but that doesn’t stop him from appreciating the view immensely. As he goes back to unbuttoning from the top and his broad chest comes into view, Jordan starts to move off the bed, keen to help. Noah holds up a hand, ordering “Stay. No wrinkling the shirt” even as he lets the front fall wide open.

Jordan whines.
Noah moves at the speed of molasses as he rolls the shirt off his shoulders. He turns around and hangs it carefully over a chair, flexing his back muscles and biceps.

He stands then, hands on hips, legs spread wide, shirtless, the line of the beautifully cut suit pants slightly ruined by the obvious bulge in the front. He grinds his hand against it, still humming, rocking his hips slightly. “Now where was I?” he muses.

“Pants off, now” Jordan replies, breathless.

Noah raises an eyebrow at him. “Something you wanted to see, deputy?”

Jordan has a major thing for Noah’s thighs and ass, and they both know it.

“You’re killing me Noah, just get naked already” he moans.

“Now now, no need to rush. We’ve got the rest of our lives, after all” Noah croons.

“Not if I die of frustration first” protests Jordan.

Noah just laughs, and finally undoes his belt and zipper, and slides the suit pants down just enough that they rest under the curve of his ass, and Jordan can see that he’s got nothing underneath. His erection springs free of its confinement, standing hard and proud, bobbing slightly under its own weight. Noah takes well-endowed to a whole new level. He has Stiles beat by a good inch and a half.

The head is purple, and has the tiniest hint of shine where he’s started to leak a little. Jordan breathes out slowly, appreciating the sight in front of him. He goes to move again, but Noah’s voice stops him.

“No yet. Gotta hang these bad boys up properly. “

He turns his back to Jordan again, and smoothly slides the pants the rest of the way off, bending all the way over so Jordan gets a really good look at his muscled backside. He stands up slowly, arching his back, holding the pants at arm’s length in front of him. He takes them over to the wardrobe and places them oh so carefully on the special padded hanger and hangs them next to the jacket.

He turns then, completely naked, and eyes Jordan hungrily.

He purrs out “Now baby, let’s do you”.

He starts by sliding Jordan’s tie off over his head, saying “I’ve got this, you just lay there”, as he slides his hands inside Jordan’s jacket. He pulls him forwards enough to get the jacket off him, arranging Jordan how he wants him. Jordan goes loose under his touch, letting himself be manhandled even as he tries to get his hands on Noah’s body. Noah easily avoids his touch, telling him “Uh uh baby, gotta get the suits off first remember, then we can do what we want. Can’t upset the wedding planner”. His eyes are bright with mischief as he speaks, and Jordan lets out a deep, frustrated groan.

“Gonna have to get these pants cleaned anyway, if you don’t hurry up” he grouses.

Noah chuckles, and says “OK, we’ll get those off next then. He pulls Jordan so he’s lying down on the bed, and deftly undoes the pants, before pulling them off swiftly, so that now he’s lying with his ass at the edge of the bed, wearing only boxer briefs and his wedding shirt.

Noah takes care to hang the suit on its hanger before returning to where Jordan’s spread out. He
unbuttons his shirt, letting it fall open, and the strip of tan skin showing up the middle makes him drool a little. He slides his hands into Jordan’s underwear and removes it quickly.

He leans forwards, and murmurs filthy into Jordan’s ear “You know, shirts wash….”

Jordan laughs a little, saying “No way am I risking it, this is silk.” He sits up smoothly then, abs flexing prettily, and shucks off the shirt, handing it to Noah.

“Better?” he asks.

Noah throws the shirt somewhere in the direction of the chair where his own is, runs his hands down Jordan’s chest, and answers “Definitely”.

“Damn, that was hot, Noah” Jordan tells him, arms curled around his neck, sitting perched on the end of the bed. “I’m putty in your hands now. Anything you want, honestly”.

Noah rolls Jordan over so he’s bent over the side of the bed, legs spread wide, hard cock pressed against the covers. Noah kneels behind him, and tells him “Going to open you up, and then you can ride me, sweetheart” Before bending over and starting to kiss and lick around his rim.

Jordan shivers at the feeling of warm wet tongue against his sensitive flesh, and wiggles his hips backwards in an attempt to get more. “Yes, please” he moans, because he know Noah likes to hear him consent, and really it’s no hardship to beg for this.

Noah responds by holding his cheeks apart with his wide, strong hands, and licking in a little deeper, wiggling his tongue back and forth. The strong flexible muscle dips in deeper with each pass, causing Jordan to arch his back and moan, little cries of more and fuck and deeper making their way out constantly.

Noah licks long stripes, and he licks deeply, and he leaves tiny bitemarks on the crease of Jordan’s thighs. As he works the tip of his tongue in and out of the ring of muscle, he hums and hmmmms and aaahs, stopping occasionally to murmur out a “Stay still” when Jordan starts to move too much. He licks and sucks for a good ten minutes, by which time Jordan is desperate for more.

“Please, Noah, ‘m open” he slurs out, starting to lose his words already.

Noah grins a wicked grin then, and removes his mouth, saying “really not sure you are, sweetheart” and slides three fingers into the wetness all at once, to prove his point.

Jordan grunts and tenses just a little, but relaxes after a moment, managing a mumbled “fuck”, as Noah works the fingers in and out.

“Yeah, open up for me, you’re doing so well, gonna slide right in and fuck you so good” Noah tells him.

He has aspectacularly filthy mouth when they’re in bed. ”By the time I’m finished, that holes gonna be ruined, just a mess of my come dripping out. Can’t wait to see it, gonna wreck you so good you’ll be screaming”.

Jordan is nodding, panting and rocking himself back onto the fingers, trying to get some friction against his dick by rubbing against the covers. It’s not enough, and he whines piteously. He’s past words now, just making whimpering sounds and slamming the flat of his hands onto the bed in frustration.

Noah adds lube to his hand, and then presses a fourth finger in. He goes deep, and the flat of his
hand is wide, and he presses on Jordan’s prostate just so.

Jordan lets out a strangled noise of pleasure or pain, it’s hard to tell, but he’s pressing back into the touch, so Noah guesses pleasure. He slides his fingers over that spot again in a gentle pressure, moving them back and forth, back and forth, until Jordan is moaning continuously. He looks at his fiancé’s hole, stretched and lubed, gaping pink as it twitches and tries to close, and says “Now you’re open.”

He drapes himself across Jordan’s back and kisses down the back of his neck, nibbling as he goes. He pulls him backwards, and helps him to his feet. Jordan pulls him in then, hands fisted in Noah’s hair, pouring all of his want and need into the passionate kiss. ”Jesus Noah, please” He begs, pushing Noah back onto the bed.

Noah obligingly settles himself in the center of the bed, legs spread wide, and adds lube to his shaft until it’s slick and dripping. Jordan climbs on top of him, arching his back as he reaches behind to slot Noah’s cock into his opened ass.

It’s still a stretch, but he slides down steadily, hissing through his teeth at the pull and burn, until he has all of Noah fitted inside himself. He breathes out slowly, then starts to move, gently lifting himself up a couple of inches and then dropping down.

Noah enjoys the visual feast that’s before him. Jordan has sex hair and flushed cheeks, his eyes are closed and his mouth is open in an O as he moves up and down. His expression is one of pure bliss. His tanned abs are rippling, and his cock is pressed hard against them, leaking and neglected. Noah wraps a hand around it and starts to pull gently, and Jordan lets out a breathy sigh, saying “Yeah… yeah… that’s it…” even as he continues to lift himself and drop down on Noah’s length.

Noah starts to rolls his hips in time with Jordan’s movements, and they both moan at that. They work up to a steady pace, Jordan making what Noah calls his happy sex noises all the while.

As they increase their speed, Noah works Jordan’s cock expertly, bringing him to the edge, and then keeping him there with a hand wrapped firmly around the base of his dick to hold back his orgasm. Jordan’s eyes snap open when he feels the sudden pressure, and he lets out what sounds like a sob. Noah makes a shushing noise, and after a few seconds he lets go, and starts working his hand around the length again. He times it just right as he brings Jordan to the brink again, and then clamps his hand down firmly.

“So close, Noah” Jordan wails, “Please!” and Noah could never resist it when Jordan pleads like that, so he makes short work of stripping his cock, moving his hand up and down at speed until Jordan comes, screaming as he does.

As he spurts great hot jets of come across Noah’s body, his hole clenches. It’s Noah’s turn to gasp, as he grabs Jordan’s hips in both hands and holds him firmly in place, thrusting up with gusto. He’s the one making noises now, grunting every time he drives forwards, and he needs more, so he flips them over suddenly and presses deep into Jordan’s body, showing no restraint as he slams in again and again, until it’s too much, and he comes with a great shuddering gasp.

Jordan is beneath him, breathless and sated. Noah props himself up on his elbows and looks down at his husband to be, who is completely debauched.

Jordan opens one eye and looks back at him. “Wow” is all he says, before sighing, a satisfied smile playing around his lips.
“Told you I’d make you scream, baby” Noah rumbles out, and then he laughs, a low dirty chuckle of satisfaction.

When he finally pulls out, he can see that true to his word, he’s left Jordan an open and dripping mess.

Jordan drags him close then, demanding kisses, and they lay wrapped around each other for a while, until the cold sticky mess forces them out of bed and into the shower.

Noah collects the rings that afternoon, and takes them home to show Jordan.

He fidgets, and tells Jordan “If you don’t like them ,we can pick something else”.

Jordan opens the box.

The two matching rings inside aren’t gold.

They’re a black, wide band, in a matte finish, with a ring of diamonds through the centre, all the way around. They have polished edges, and inside Jordan can see a tiny engraving that simply says Noah and Jordan -always and forever.

They’re decidedly masculine, but breathtakingly beautiful.

He turns to Noah, smiling, and asks him “What’s it made of?”

Noah rubs the back of his neck, and mutters “Tungsten. Most heat resistant metal I could legally get my hands on. Because, y’know, fires of hell and all…”

Jordan grabs him by the shoulders then, and asks him “Noah Stilinski, did you buy me a fire proof wedding ring?”

Noah flushes a little, and says “Well, I know it’s been a long time since you burst into flames, but gold has such a low melting point, and I thought just in case, because we live in Beacon Hills, maybe a ring that wouldn’t melt might be a good idea.”

Jordan lifts him off his feet and swings him around in a bear hug, and when he puts Noah down, his eyes are bright with tears. “Who the hell else in the world would even think about that Noah? I didn’t. You genuinely don’t care if I’m less than human, do you?”

“Sweetheart, I would never think of you as less than human“ says Noah, running his fingers gently over Jordan’s cheek and wiping away a stray tear.

“If anything, I think of you as so much more. But mainly, I think of you as mine.”
Wedding Day

Chapter Summary

The day's finally here.

Chapter Notes

This chapter is guaranteed 100% angst and drama free. It's pure fluff.

Jordan wakes slowly, and it feels like something’s off. He gropes blindly for the warm pile that is Noah, but the other side of the bed is empty and cold. The clock by the bed reads 5 am.

He can hear panting and moaning, and then a muffled voice saying “Shhhh, rabbit, we have a guest.”

It comes to him then, where he is.

He’s in Peter and Stiles’ spare room, because he’s getting married today.

It sounds like they’re celebrating the occasion in their usual style.

He buries his head under the pillow and resolutely ignores the sounds of lovemaking coming from the main bedroom for the next ten minutes. Finally though, his bladder forces him to surface, and he pokes his head out, listening. It sounds like it’s safe to emerge, so he throws on some sweats and makes his way to the bathroom. He takes care of business, and splashes some water on his face, looking at his reflection in the mirror for a moment. “I’m getting married” he tells his reflection, in an effort to make it seem more real.

“It’s terrifying, isn’t it” he hears Peter say from outside the bathroom door.

He swings the door open to see both of his hosts leaning against the wall, arms around each other, waiting for him. He’s thankful that they’re both wearing boxers, at least.

Peter apologizes. “Sorry if we woke you. Stiles forgot you were next door”.

Jordan doesn’t think he sounds sorry at all.

Stiles is also unrepentant, saying “I didn’t see you reminding me until it was too late, husband”, and leaning in to catch Peter’s mouth in a soft kiss.

They kiss and nuzzle for a moment, before Peter bats Stiles’ hands away from his chest, where they’re exploring. “Sorry, Jordan, it actually is a wolf thing. Stiles’ wolf is super sensitive to touch, a bonus extra he gets from being a spark. He struggles to keep his hands to himself even when it’s not appropriate” he explains, directing that last part at Stiles, while holding his husband’s wrists lightly to stop further pawing from taking place.
“Hey! I can control myself if I have to! I just don’t want to….” Stiles protests, but his words carry little weight, since he’s started shamelessly rubbing against Peter even as he speaks.

Jordan snorts a little. “I can see how that must be terrible for you both” he deadpans.

“Truly, truly, awful” Peter agrees. “You can’t imagine what it’s like to have a husband who makes such demands”.

“After today, he won’t have to imagine” Stiles chimes in from where his face is buried in Peter’s neck. “Happy wedding day, dude”.

Jordan smiles broadly at that, because it suddenly seems more real than ever.

They go downstairs for a quick breakfast, telling Jordan they have a job to do before the wedding this afternoon and Noah can’t know. They have to decorate the venue for the ceremony. Jordan’s only allowed in on the location because they need his keys.

How else are they going to get into the police station?

There’s a big conference room at the back of the station that they use about twice a year, normally for Christmas drinks. It has bifold doors that connect two separate rooms, so it makes one massive room. It’s a nice enough space, fresh paint, good carpet, it just needs to be pimped a little to make it wedding worthy, they explain to Jordan.

Stiles lists on his fingers “It means all the guys and girls from the station can be there. It means Scott’s safe from creepers. It’s accessible for –ow!” here he breaks off and glares at Peter. Peter whistles innocently, even though he clearly just kicked him under the table. “Anyway”, Stiles continues, “It’s central for everyone, it’s where you guys spend half your life, what better place for the ceremony?”

Jordans face lights up. “Oh god, Noah will love it. It’s perfect. But why do we have to decorate at 6 am?”

“Oh, we don’t” Peter replies, “but we do have to make a trip to the airport, and if we want to make it we need to leave now”.

He bundles Jordan into the car, leaving Stiles to go and start the decorating.

They make it just as the Florida flight is unloading, and Peter leads them to the arrivals gate. Jordan looks at him then, asking “who are we collecting?” moments before he hears a voice calling his name. He turns to see Nanna Parrish coming through the gate, hobbling towards him on her cane, and he’s suddenly six again, running towards her with his arms flung wide, calling out “Nanna!”

This time though, it’s him who scoops her up in a hug, and the emotion overtakes him as he starts to cry happy tears.

“Darling boy! Surprise! “ exclaims Nanna Parrish, smiling at him. “I was so happy when Peter called and told me he was going to fly me out here first class so I wouldn’t miss your big day. I didn’t think I could cram into one of those little economy seats, but first class was just what I needed for my hips. Now where’s your young man? Is this him? He’s very pretty, isn’t he?’

Jordan looks over to where Peter’s standing, smiling serenely.

He laughs a little through his tears. ‘No Nanna, that’s Peter. He arranged your flight, and he’s my stepson’s husband. He’s definitely family. You’ll get to meet Noah later, I guess.’
Nanna Parrish has always been Jordan’s favorite. He calls her regularly, and she’s known about his relationship with Noah from the get go. (She’s also better at texting than Noah.)

She’s eighty, but she would fit right in with the library ladies, so he’s not that surprised when she comes back with “stepson’s husband? Does that mean Peter has a child bride, or are you marrying someone more than a little older, son?”

Because of course that’s what she picked up on. Jordan smiles at her and tells her, “I told you, Nanna, he’s a little older, but it’s not an issue for us.” He hopes it’s not an issue for her either, or this could go south fast.

She looks at Jordan, and she must be able to sense his unease, because she gets a glint in her eye, grins and announces “I don’t care if the groom is a hundred, if he can make you happy, Jordan. Just try not to kill him on the honeymoon, and feed him plenty of protein to keep his stamina up. Worked for your grandfather, and he was ten years older than me. He was still putting out till the day he died. In fact…”

“Nanna, please!” he splutters out, cheeks going red at the thought. He makes a mental note to keep her far, far away from Mrs Mazursky.

They take her to the Beacon Hills Hotel, where they’ve reserved her a room, and while Peter checks that everything is in place for the reception later, Jordan introduces her to Scott and Derek. She swoons a little, fanning herself at meeting a celebrity. Scott happily poses for photos and gives her an autograph, and she extracts a promise from both Scott and Derek that they’ll save her a dance. “A slow dance, mind” she insists, winking.

Somehow she trips, just a little, but manages to save herself by grabbing onto Derek’s bicep. “I’ll just hold on here for a moment dear, until I feel a little steadier” she tells him, unashamedly running one hand over the muscle and sighing. The other hand has migrated to his chest somehow.

Peter leaves Jordan at the hotel with his Nanna to catch up, and she insists that Scott and Derek, who she has claimed as her own, join them.

She turns to them both, once the breakfast orders have been placed, and says brightly “So, are all wolves so handsome, or just the ones in Beacon Hills? And you must tell me all about knots, dears, I’m dying to know if they’re a real thing”.

Derek and Scott both blush and squirm, and Jordan rolls his eyes. “I’ve missed you, Nanna “ he tells her. “You haven’t changed at all. Now stop misbehaving”.

“Well darling boy, I’m eighty. When am I going to get another chance to ask two nice young wolves about all the things I’ve been dying to know?”

Derek has recovered enough to tell her “It’s fine, Mrs Parrish, we don’t mind answering some questions for you” and he gives her his most dazzling smile. Scott winks at Jordan as he tells her that any family of Jordan’s is family to them as well, and grins his crooked grin, the one that makes the girls all giggle.

She settles in then, asking them all sorts of trivial questions – do they have a werewolf dentist, where do their eyebrows go, is it true they mate for life? They answer as best they can, Jordan enjoying watching Nanna in action.

He knows she’s just warming up.
And sure enough her next question is “So are you two a couple?”

Scott looks shy but confirms that yes, he and Derek are dating. Derek gives him a soft kiss on his cheek.

“So I’ve always wanted to know, although Jordan could probably answer this – how do you decide who goes on top? Is there a roster of some kind? Or do you toss a coin?”

Scott chokes on his coffee. Derek though, starts to laugh, head thrown back, and face split in a massive grin. He laughs and laughs, and it’s like a dam bursting. He’s honest to God cackling, and doesn’t seem to be able to stop. As the tears of laughter roll down his face, he sputters out to Scott “All that time we wasted on discussions, when we could have just tossed a coin, would have been quicker!”

Nanna isn’t sure what she’s missed, but she’s having the time of her life being waited on by handsome young men, so she doesn’t question it.

They drape the walls of the conference room in long swathes of voile, in burgundy and white, covering the plaster. They add an archway, also wrapped in burgundy. Big bunches of helium balloons in every corner, in gold, burgundy and white, complete the effect. They set up rows of chairs, and create an aisle, and place a small table up the front for the signings.

It doesn’t look like the conference room anymore; it looks like a wedding venue.

Stiles looks insufferably smug that his idea has worked out so well.

He heads over to Noah’s to help him get ready, even though the ceremony isn’t until two. He suspects his dad might need a little time to get himself together, he’s already had two texts this morning and it’s barely ten. He’s not sure what they’re meant to say, but what he’s actually received is

sordy

Come ovr soo

Noah wakes up alone, and it takes him a minute to remember why. Then his eyes crinkle a little as he smiles to himself, because today’s his wedding day, and it’s something he never thought he’d see, but against all odds, he’s fallen in love, and Jordan loves him back. He lays in bed for a few minutes, just basking in quiet happiness.

It’s after eight, so he texts Stiles to tell his he’s ready for him to come over anytime, and then has a long leisurely shower. If he happens to think about Jordan in that suit and ends up coming all over the tiles, nobody needs to know.
By nine he’s washed and dressed and ready.

At nine fifteen he takes the suit off again, because Peter had been very clear about no wrinkles, and Noah’s no fool.

At 9.45 he texts Stiles asking him to come over soon.

He has another cup of coffee, and then he has a third, because he thinks he might need it today.

When Stiles arrives at half past ten, he finds his Dad cleaning out the contents of the refrigerator in his oldest clothes.

“Why, dad?” he asks.

Noah shrugs. “I needed something to do for four hours, and we’re going away tomorrow for the honeymoon?”

Stiles rolls his eyes, tells his father to put some decent pants on for god’s sake, he’s taking him down to the hotel to meet Nanna. He texts Jordan first, to be sure the other man isn’t superstitious, but Jordan texts back

**Hellhound. Superstition does not apply. Both of you come meet nanna. You’ll like her. She’s terrorizing Scott and Derek with wolf sex questions – you’ve been warned.**

Stiles snickers at the image, and having made sure his dad looks respectable, they head out. When they arrive, they see that the party has moved from the restaurant to the bar, where Nanna is sipping on a cocktail and regaling her entourage with tales of Jordan’s childhood. If the laughter is anything to go by, she’s telling the embarrassing ones.

Stiles goes over with Noah in tow, and taps Jordan on the shoulder. He brightens immediately on seeing them, and gives Noah a quick peck before introducing them. “Nanna, this is my fiancé Noah, and Peter’s husband Stiles.” She shakes Noah’s hand, and then draws him into a hug. “Nice to meet the man who has my grandson looking like a love struck fool” she smiles. Turning to Jordan, she tells him “You didn’t tell me he was so handsome! And the other one’s his son?”

“Yes Nanna, Stiles is married to Peter” Jordan reminds her.

“Shame” she sighs. “I’d tap that”.

Noah keeps a straight face, but it’s a struggle. Derek doesn’t even try.

Jordan sighs, and laughs out “No stealing the young men, Nanna. You’ve had your share”.

They spend another hour talking and laughing, and it’s eleven thirty when they get a call from Peter asking where the hell his groom is, can Jordan please get home now because he’s getting married in under three hours and Peter has to make sure he looks decent. And can Stiles please take his Dad home and make sure they’re both ready for collection on time.

Before they go, Nanna draws Jordan aside and tells him “He adores you, son. Make sure you appreciate him, a good man like that’s a rarity.”
They’re all ready and respectable with time to spare, and a limo picks Noah and Stiles up and takes them to the venue. The car pulls up at the station, and Stiles hops out and opens the door for his Dad.

Noah looks at him sideways, asking “Why are we at work, Stiles? We need to get wherever we’re going, or we’ll be late.”

Stiles grins then, and tells his dad “Tah dah! This is it. Come inside and see.”

Noah’s skeptical, but when he walks through the station to cheering and applause from the staff, and when he sees what they’ve done to the conference room, transforming it into a chapel, he’s over the moon. Even more so when he sees that all of his officers have followed him into the room. “We wouldn’t miss this, Sherriff” they tell him, as they all pack into the room. All the other guests are ready and waiting, and Noah chokes up a little when he sees all his friends and family gathered there.

Jordan’s also there, waiting, looking delicious in his suit, and Noah gives him a whistle. Peter’s next to him, perfectly groomed of course. Stiles licks his lips at the sight.

Nanna’s sitting in the front row, eyeing them all with frank appreciation.

Somehow she’s managed to have Scott seated on one side of her and Derek on the other. She has one hand casually on each of their thighs. Stiles looks at Derek, who just shrugs.

Once they’re all assembled, the celebrant starts the service.

It’s simple and to the point, as all the best weddings are. The celebrant gets through the start of the service, and looks expectantly at the grooms, waiting for their vows.

Noah looks into Jordan’s eyes, and says “Jordan, it took me months to realise you were trying to ask me out. I didn’t think anyone like you would be interested in anyone like me. But now you’re marrying me, and I’m the luckiest man alive. I will love you, treasure you, and protect you all the days of my life.”

He slips the ring onto Jordan’s finger.

Jordan’s eyes are shining when he says “Noah, I haven’t written any vows. I tried, but words aren’t enough. I’ve never been as happy as I am with you. We’re as different as night and day, but somehow we fit together, and you make me feel whole. I’ll love you till my dying day.”

And he puts the matching ring onto Noah.

Even Peter sniffs a little at that.

They sign the paperwork, and then they’re pronounced husband and husband, and Noah kisses Jordan enthusiastically before lowering him into a dip. Jordan laughs, and the station comes alive with whoops and cheers from the guests.

As they leave the station, the officers make an arch with their arms for them to walk through, and somebody starts throwing rose petals as confetti. And then it’s off to the reception at the hotel.

Peter’s booked out the whole place, because of course he has. He announces to the guests that they all have a room reserved, even those who live locally, because everyone deserves a romantic night away sometimes, and also the last thing they want tonight is anyone drink driving. The announcement is greeted with loud approval by all.
They settle in for the speeches, the cutting of the cake, the meal, and it’s all beautifully done, and Stiles reminds himself to show Peter how grateful he is for all the effort he’s put in.

The couple shares their first dance, slow dancing to Van Morrison’s Crazy Love. The rest of the guests join in, and the floor is soon full of couples.

The grooms smile at each other, happy and in love.

“Married” whispers Jordan.

“Married” agrees Noah.

Jordan whispers again into Noah’s ear. “Do you think we’re allowed to get the suits dirty now Noah? Because the things I want to do to you….”

Peter leans in as he dances past with Stiles, and tells them “Tailor. Made. Don’t you dare tear that suit off him, Parrish.”

“Damn, that’s scary how he does that” mutters Noah.

Jordan hums in agreement, but it’s slightly muffled, because he has his face pressed into Noah’s neck, nibbling enticingly. “How long do we have to stay?” he asks quietly.

Noah groans, and tells him “Pretty sure it’s longer than one song, sweetheart. But think of the anticipation” and he cocks one eyebrow suggestively.

They last an hour and a half.
It’s well after midnight by the time they leave the reception, both of them having given Nanna her slow dance, and Derek having politely declined her room number. Scott thinks he sees her sneaking off with the cute young waiter later on.

As Scott swipes the key through the lock, he looks at Derek and asks him “Coming in?”

“Definitely” Derek growls out, pushing Scott through the door and slamming it shut behind them. He cups Scott’s face in his hands and kisses him deeply then, pulling away after a moment and asking “is this alright?” Scott drags him back in, answering “So alright, Derek, I promise you”.

It’s a thing with Derek, Scott’s discovered, a protective streak a mile wide and twice as long.

He has a need to care for Scott, both as his Alpha and his boyfriend, and having been abused so badly by both Kate and Jennifer, he never wants to overstep his bounds or push Scott out of his comfort zone.

So anything they do, Derek makes sure to check in every step of the way. It makes Scott feel all warm inside when he thinks of Derek protecting him.

Frustrated, but definitely cared for.

He kisses Derek enthusiastically, while running his fingers under his jaw. Derek moans at the touch, and tilts his hips forwards slightly. Scott presses back in reply, and can feel the hard line of Derek through his suit pants. He sneaks one hand down then, and palms Derek through the fabric, causing him to growl a little. He finds the sound thrilling, and growls back.

Derek pulls back a little, and asks him “OK?” panting a little.

Scott’s quick to reassure him, telling him “Derek, that growl’s such a turn on for me, do that anytime you want.”

Derek smiles his million watt smile then, and pulls Scott close again.
They make out lazily leaning against the door, until the sound of running footsteps outside pulls them out of their reverie.

“Who the hell runs in a hotel corridor at 1am?” Derek wonders.

“Stiles, probably” replies Scott, and is proven right when they hear familiar laughter ring out, and a second set of feet pounding up the hallway.

“Peter” they say in unison.

Scott smirks at him a little. Derek smiles back, and extending a hand, offers “Come to bed?”

“So much yes” answers Scott, his hands already moving to remove his shirt as he moves across the room eagerly. Derek follows closely behind, stripping with absolutely no finesse.

He’s always been magnificent, thinks Scott, as he takes in the broad muscles, the inky black hair, the scruffed jawline, the long, thick cock, and the gloriousness that is Derek’s naked form. He must stare a little too long, because Derek looks concerned and asks him “You OK? You’ve gone quiet. You know we don’t have to do anything, right?”

Scott forces himself back into the moment and answers “Sorry, just got lost looking at all that” and he gestures at Derek’s body. “It’s a little distracting, in all the good ways” he breathes out.

Derek smiles a little shyly, then. It amazes Scott that the man seems to be truly unaware of how blisteringly hot he is.

He draws Derek into him for another kiss, running his hands over Derek’s bare ass. “You’re still half dressed” Derek observes, pouting a little. “Is this too fast?”

“Absolutely not too fast, Derek” Scott assures him, even as he pops his fly buttons and shucks his pants off hastily. He leans into Derek’s chest then, scenting him, running his hands all over the other man’s body, humming contentedly. He can feel Derek relax under his touch.  “Bed, remember?” he mumbles against the solid wall of muscle that he’s leaning on.

Derek picks him up easily and deposits him in the centre of the bed, grinning. He pins Scott easily, holding his hands over his head, and nuzzles against his throat, his stubble scratching the tender flesh. Scott lets out a breathless moan, and Derek lifts his head checking. “Not too much?”

Scott breaks free of his grip then, and sits up. He’s dealing with this, and he’s doing it now. Because they’ve been intimate, but not…intimate.

The night that Derek teased Scott into dragging him home from Peter’s, he pushed Derek down onto his bed, pulled his shirt off, jerked himself desperately until he came all over Derek’s belly and chest, and spent half an hour rubbing it in while Derek laid there, dazed and happy. They spent the rest of the night scenting each other, making out and experimenting with blowjobs, but neither of them was quite ready to take the next step.

And the question of who will top has been an actual issue. Derek wants to, but it’s his Alpha, and he doesn’t know if Scott wants him to. Scott really doesn’t mind either way, but doesn’t want to force anything, aware of Derek’s past. When Scott says he doesn’t mind, what Derek hears is that he’s not that interested. It’s a mess of missed cues and fear of rejection.

So they’ve stuck with hands, and mouths, and grinding, and scent marking, and a touch of fingering when they’re feeling brave.
And Scott’s so ready for more.

“Derek” he begins. ”Do you trust me? As your Alpha, and your boyfriend?”

“Of course” Derek replies, puzzled.

“Then please, please, trust me when I tell you this. I want you in all the ways. You’re not pressuring me. Like, not at all. We’ve been taking things slow, and I appreciate that you don’t want to push me into anything, but if we take it any slower I think we might actually start going backwards. So” he takes a deep breath “Flip a coin, and let’s do this”.

He looks at Derek, waiting. Derek laughs a startled laugh, and then slides off the bed, rooting around in his pockets till he finds what he wants. He holds the coin up triumphantly, eyes bright with excitement. He flips it then, saying “Heads, I top”. Scott watches the coin as it falls, wondering if there’s some way he can will it to land on heads. Apparently there is, because it lands on the bed with a soft thump.

Heads.

Derek starts to say “If you don’t want...” but is cut off by Scott grabbing him by the hair and dragging him into a filthy kiss, one that leaves no doubt about his enthusiasm for the whole idea. He lets go just long enough to growl out “I want. We’re doing this.” before going back to plundering Derek’s mouth.

Derek lifts him bodily then, and Scott wraps his legs around him as he continues to kiss and nuzzle his wolf. They rut against each other, both making noises of satisfaction, until their noises start to take on a desperate note, and Derek lays Scott back on the bed, asking “Any preference? I haven’t done this...often, so I’m open to suggestions”.

Scott lays on his back, and spreads his legs wide in invitation.

“I haven’t either” he whispers. “But I want to see you”.

Derek groans at the sight of Scott’s finely chiseled chest and abs, all tan and smooth, laid out before him like a feast. He traces his fingers over Scott’s tattoo, and kisses down his chest and belly, scenting, tasting. He works his way down Scott’s happy trail, until his stubble is rubbing on the sensitive skin of his hard shaft.

Scott bucks up at that, moaning, so he does it again.

“Won’t last if you do that, Derek” Scott warns him.

Derek grins, and does it once more for luck. Scott whines.

Derek slides off the bed again, but only to reach into his bag to find the lube he’s stashed there. He gets back on the bed and pushes Scott’s knees up to his chest, exposing his tight furl. He slicks up his fingers, and starts circling, even as his other hand strokes Scott’s dick slowly. He feels the muscle start to relax under his touch, and hesitantly presses the tip of one finger forward, breaching the tight ring.

Scott gasps a little as it pops in, but it doesn’t sound like he’s in pain, so Derek presses forwards further. He manages to slide his whole finger in and out easily, and Scott’s pressing back and asking for more, and so Derek speeds up a little until he can easily pump the finger in and out, and then adds a second one.

It’s a little tighter, a bit more of a struggle to force them both in, but Derek’s taken Scott’s words to
heart, and he trusts that if it’s too much he’ll let him know. He starts scissoring his fingers, steadily stretching out Scott’s ass. Scott is letting out small grunts and moans of satisfaction, and Derek feels bold suddenly, so he starts moving his fingers with more purpose, twisting them, searching. He’s read about prostates, he knows it’s in there somewhere, but he’s not sure exactly what he’s looking for, or how he’ll know when he’s found it.

Apparently he’ll know when Scott arches off the bed howling.

Now that he knows what he’s looking for, he has no trouble targeting the raised bump repeatedly, till Scott is shaking and panting, begging him for more.

“Derek, please, need you” he grits out, and Derek sees the tinge of red to his eyes that speaks of his desperation. He removes his fingers then, and slicks up his cock. He only hesitates for a moment, looking to Scott for confirmation, eyebrows raised in query. Scott answers his question by pulling his knees right up to his chest and holding himself open. With his face flushed and his eyes half closed, presenting himself like an offering, he looks too good for words.

Derek slides his body over his then, crooning out “Look so good for me, gonna feel so good too” and he presses forwards, his head catching on Scott’s rim. Scott’s breath hitches at the new sensation. Derek pulls back a little, lining up properly, and then just drives in, tip to base in one smooth stroke. Scott grunts loudly, and Derek stills. He needs time to get used to the tightness and the heat, or he’s going to come before he starts. Scott shudders, and breathes out “Big. Good, but really big”.

Derek looks down at him then, sees the blissed out expression on his face, and wonders why he waited so long to do this. It feels amazing, hot and velvety, the muscle pulsing around him in tiny waves as Scott’s body adjusts to the stretch.

He takes a deep breath, and pulls out the tiniest bit. Scott sucks his breath in a little, but after a second or two, he tells him “Keep going, it’s good”.

Derek slowly sinks back in, and the sensation makes him groan loudly. Scott groans in tandem, pushing back against him. Derek sets a slow pace then, gently sliding in and out, each press forwards drawing a grunt from Scott, each time he pulls out earning a sigh.

Scott’s eyes are closed, and there’s a light sheen of sweat on his forehead and torso. Derek can smell the arousal rolling off him in waves, and his cock is twitching and leaking between them. So when Scott tells him “Jesus, that feels incredible” Derek absolutely believes him, and starts to speed up a little more.

He works up to a steady pace, and starts to aim his thrusts to where he knows Scott’s sweet spot is, and knows he’s hit his target when Scott whines and arches beneath him. He aims for that spot again, managing to hit it fairly regularly, if Scott’s reaction is anything to go by.

Scott is panting loudly now, and has wrapped a hand around his length, pulling on himself in fast, desperate strokes, as he gets closer to coming.

Derek thinks he’s never seen anything hotter. He drives in harder, deeper, the sound of flesh slapping on flesh loud even over Scott’s pants and cries.

Scott throws his head back suddenly, crying out “Oh, Jesus fuck!” and coming all over his hand and stomach.

The muscles on his ass clamp down around Derek’s shaft like a vice, so tight it’s bordering on painful, and Derek’s thrusts lose their rhythm as his hips stutter forwards, slamming in one final time
as he loses control and comes with a roar.

He drops his body over Scott’s then, resting on his elbows and panting. He can feel Scott’s hole still spasming around him, aftershocks from his orgasm. He squirms, oversensitive after coming, and slowly withdraws.

Scott lies beneath him, smiling dopily. Derek leans in for a kiss and asks “OK?”

“Passed OK about fifteen miles ago, I’m all the way into awesome country now” Scott replies, and his smile just gets bigger.

Derek lets out a small breath that he didn’t know he was holding, and rolls over to the side, drawing Scott close and wrapping him in his arms. They stay there in companionable silence for a few minutes, basking in endorphins and happiness, before Scott asks in a small voice “And you? That was OK for you?”

Derek squirms a little. “It felt good to me?”

Scott quickly turns round to look at him then, brow furrowed.

Derek’s quick to reassure him “No, no, it was good, it was more than good, it was amazing - it’s just that when I said I hadn’t done this a lot, I sort of meant not…um…at all. With a man. Like this.”

Scott McCall is a lot of things. He’s trusting, he’s slightly naïve, and he’s good down to his very core.

And he’s surprisingly perceptive, when he needs to be, which is why he doesn’t make it a big deal, doesn’t embarrass Derek.

He simply snuggles in close, all smiles again, and says “Never would have guessed. Because damn, you’re good at that”

Derek relaxes then, and pulls Scott closer, running his hands over his body suggestively. “I could get better”, he rumbles out “if we practiced. “

Scott hums sleepily. “We can practice as much as you want“ he mumbles, “After we nap. Then you’re mine”.

Derek agrees, “I’m yours”.
Room 469

Chapter Summary

What exactly were Stiles and Peter doing running up the passage at 1pm?

Chapter Notes

Two sentences about these guys running down a corridor, and everyone wants to know what they're doing. Welp, here's what they're doing.

By the time the last guests filter out the door, it’s just past midnight. Stiles stretches and yawns hugely, the long lean lines of his body highlighted as he does so. Peter eyes him hungrily, pulling him in for a kiss with his hands on his ass, intentions clear. Stiles kisses him softly, and then presses his nose into his neck, scenting him deeply.

“You smell so damn good Peter, why is that?” he mumbles.

“It’s a gift, sweetheart”, Peter replies.

Stiles continues to lean into him, ignoring the erection Peter is pressing against his thigh, and instead swaying to imaginary music. Peter sighs and moves his arms to around Stiles’ neck so that they’re slow dancing. He hums a soft tune, and they move together in the quiet of the empty hotel ballroom. They can both sense the warmth flowing through their bond, and Peter can feel that Stiles is, in this moment, utterly content. He thinks that he might be, too.

Stiles turns to him, and says “This was perfect, Peter. Everything. The food, the drink, the decorations, the suits, booking out the hotel, it was all amazing. And flying Nanna out? That was the icing on the cake. My Dad and Jordan loved it, and I don’t know how to thank you.” He’s completely sincere in his thanks, and Peter accepts it gracefully, telling him “Pack takes care of their own, rabbit”.

Then he whispers into Stiles’ ear “I liked our wedding better, though.”

“Well, obviously, but this comes a close second. I hope there aren’t any more weddings for a while. They’re exhausting” and Stiles yawns.

Peter teases him “Tired, rabbit? When we’ve got this whole hotel to run around in?” Stiles nods sleepily against him, and they continue their private dance, for about thirty seconds. Then Stiles slows, and asks ”When you say we’ve got this whole hotel…you mean there really aren’t any guests here who aren’t part of the wedding?”

“Not one”

“So, everyone here knows us.”

“Everyone is here as my guest Stiles, and they’re all tucked up in bed safely. The last of them left
twenty minutes ago”

Peter can see the wheels turning, as Stiles catches up.

His eyes twinkle and he asks Peter “So, hypothetically, if you were to have your way with me right here, there’s nobody to complain?”

“I’m fairly sure the last of the staff have left, and the night manager’s gone to bed as well, so no. Did you want me to defile you on the dance floor, rabbit?”

Stiles’ earlier tiredness seems to have left him.

“Oh, I don’t know”, he answers thoughtfully. “There are so many possibilities”.

Peter picks him up then, and carries him over to the piano in the corner, where he sets Stiles atop as if he were a china doll, legs dangling. He unzips his fly and snakes his hand inside, pulling out Stiles’ sizable cock, and rubbing it to hardness.

“Stiles” Peter purrs out, did you go commando to your own father’s wedding?”

“Definitely not” Stiles replies, affronted. ”I have some decency! I only took my underwear off when we got to the reception. Was hoping a certain hot damn wolf might take advantage of me”.

“I’ve told you, I never take advantage” Peter reminds him. “I only give you what you want. It’s just that we both want the same thing.”

He presses Stiles down so he’s laying flat on his back on the top of the piano, and slowly unbuttons his shirt so that his tattoos and piercings are visible. The ink still thrills Peter every time he sees it, and he runs his hands gently over the markings, stopping to play with the nipple rings.

The keys tinkle prettily where Stiles has rested his feet on them, and he sighs happily, commenting “I feel like Julia Roberts in Pretty Woman, all spread out for you”.

“Please, I’m much better looking than Richard Gere” Peter replies as his hands slide firmly over Stile’s chest and shoulders. The extra muscle he gained when he was turned really does look good on him, and Peter spends a long time massaging, kissing and stroking the body in front of him, before unbuttoning Stile’s pants and sliding them down to under his ass, leaving his groin area naked and exposed.

Peter lowers his mouth down between Stile’s spread limbs then, and starts to lick and suck around his balls, before dragging his tongue all the way up to the tip of Stiles’ now leaking cock.

Stiles hums in appreciation. Peter takes the head into his mouth and starts to suckle softly, his tongue rubbing around the shaft as he does so. Stiles presses forwards, eager for more, but Peter has his hands on his hips, keeping him in one place. He could move if he really wanted to, but he likes the feeling of being restrained, so he just whines and twitches his hips fruitlessly.

Peter takes more of him into his mouth, slowly, carefully, relaxing his throat to take it all in, and starts sucking in earnest, head moving smoothly up and down, and the warmth and wetness feels divine. Stiles can feel the pressure building, and tugs Peter’s hair to warn him.

Peter releases him then, and asks “Something wrong, rabbit?” Stiles shakes his head vigorously. “Nothing wrong, but getting close” he pants out.

“Good “Peter proclaims smugly, and goes back to what he was doing. Stiles’ hips start to buck up
then of their own volition, and he sits up from where he was lying, and grabs Peter’s head, holding him in place as he starts to thrust forwards urgently. “peterpeterpeterpeter……” he groans out, picking up his pace. The notes coming from the piano are discordant now, harsher, as Stiles braces his feet more firmly against the keyboard. Peter takes it all, letting Stiles fuck into his mouth roughly, humming and using his tongue to bring his mate to the edge. Stiles pushes his hips forwards suddenly, once and stills as he comes, groaning out a breathy “Fuck, fuck, fuck” as he watches Peter swallow it all down.

They hear a soft noise then. Stiles’ head whips around like a meercat’s, looking for the source, even as Peter’s tongue still laps lazily at his softening cock.

“I thought you said everyone was gone!” he hisses at Peter, who is looking at him with amusement.

“Relax, rabbit” Peter replies, and points behind them. Stiles can see where the streamers that were attached to the ceiling have come adrift and fallen, and are still swinging with a soft swishing sound. His heart beat slows a little then, and he gives a shaky laugh. “I had a maze flashback for a moment there” he confesses.

“A maze flashback would be me hunting you and then taking you wherever I caught you, although perhaps with no security cameras” Peter smirks.

Stiles smiles at the memory. “That was fun, right until that woman caught us defiling her hedges” he snickers.

Peter straightens up from where he’s been bent between Stiles’ legs, and kisses him thoroughly as he sits perched on the piano. Stiles can taste himself on Peters’ lips, and he presses his tongue deeply into his partner’s mouth, chasing the salty tang. “Fuck that’s hot” he moans. “Wolf thing?”

“Definitely a wolf thing” Peter agrees. “Marking your mate.”

Peter pulls Stiles down then, pressing his now very prominent erection against him, and grinding. “Need a hand with that?” Stiles offers, his hand slipping inside Peter’s waistband and rubbing him through his underwear.

Peter draws a sharp breath at the contact. “hand, mouth, not fussy sweetheart” he groans out “Just take care of it, rabbit” and he grinds forwards as he speaks.

Stiles drops to his knees right where he stands, open’s Peter’s pants, and swallows him down in one movement. He sucks and licks like his life depends on it, working Peter towards his climax single mindedly.

He’s always been truly talented at giving head, and he uses every trick he knows to get Peter off as fast as possible. It’s mere minutes before Peter is cursing and bucking into his mouth, spurting hot come down Stiles’ throat. Stiles has a glint in his eye, and doesn’t swallow it all, instead letting the liquid dribble out of the corner of his mouth and down his face. Stiles smiles innocently up at Peter through his lashes. His lips are red and swollen, and the pink tip of his tongue darts out and licks delicately at the cooling semen around his mouth.

Peter watches, mesmerized.

Stiles stands then, and draws them close together, guiding Peter’s hand to the crease of his ass, pressing it forwards, until Peter feels it. The base of the plug Stiles is wearing is unyielding against his hand.

“Oh, rabbit” Peter growls out. ‘How long have you been wearing that?”
“About an hour” Stiles tells him, grinning. “I had a feeling you might not want to wait tonight”.

Peter sighs then, saying “You know, I honestly had plans to take you back to our room, peel you out of that delicious suit, tease you for hours, and make sweet love to you, gently and with feeling.”

Stiles looks expectantly at Peter, waiting. “And now?” he asks.

“I have a different plan now”

“If that plan is for you to chase me down and fuck me all over the historic Beacon Hills Hotel, I’m so down with that” Stiles grins.

“You get a one minute head start, and I claim you where I catch you, guests be damned” Peter warns him.

Stiles quickly fastens his suit pants, and takes off running full tilt for the elevator.

He dives into the doors as soon as they open, waving cheekily at Peter, who’s still waiting for his minute to be up. Once the clock has ticked over, Peter walks casually to the elevator, and presses the down button. Once the lift arrives, he gets in and pushes the buttons for every floor. He hums along with the music, amused that the lift is actually playing “The Girl from Ipanema”.

At every floor, he opens the door, checks outside, closes them, and carries on to the next floor.

When he reaches the top floor, the fourth, he starts going down again, stopping on every floor.

When he reaches the bottom, he starts going back up.

He knows his rabbit, and he knows his nonappearance will drive him crazy with curiosity, and it will only be a matter of time before he comes to investigate.

Sure enough, the doors open on the third floor to Stiles, standing there with his hand on the buttons. He squeaks when he sees Peter, and takes off, feet pounding, laughing loudly.

Peter belts after him at speed, but Stiles is a lot quicker than he used to be, and he’s a devious little shit, which is why Peter rounds the corner to see him standing in the doorway to Nanna Parrish’s room, smiling sweetly as the old lady tells him that no, she didn’t hear a noise, and no, it wasn’t her falling, but isn’t he a sweet boy for checking, and would he like to come in for a nightcap? Peter can see her looking at Stiles’ tattoos under his still unbuttoned shirt with undisguised admiration.

Two can play that game, thinks Peter. “There you are sweetheart!” he exclaims. “Did you get lost again? These corridors can be so tricky, let me help you back to our room.”

And he tips Nanna a filthy wink, throws a struggling Stiles over his shoulder, and strides to the elevator with him, his walk slowing only a little when he hears Nanna call out “Don’t forget boys, ride it like you stole it!”

Stiles carries on squirming and fighting, but Peter keeps a firm grip as he wrestles him into the lift, pressing the button for their floor. They get halfway between floors before Peter pushes the emergency stop button, and the car shudders to a halt.

His eyes flash as he presses Stiles hard against the wall, growling out “Hiding behind little old ladies Stiles? I expected better from you, really. Now” he continues on “I believe we have some business to attend to.”
His hands quickly undo the fastenings on Stile’s pants and he pushes them down roughly to his ankles, before spinning him around and pressing him against the mirrored wall of the elevator, spread-eagled. The pants effectively keep him from moving, and Peter’s back is pressed hard up against him, pinning him in place.

"Hands against the wall" he growls. Stiles obeys quickly, his pupils dilated with want, and Peter presses him forwards so that his chest is against the mirrored glass.

Peter drops his own pants just low enough to release his erection, which is straining against the cloth. He pulls out Stile’s plug and drops it carelessly, and a stream of oil comes sliding out and running down his thigh. He scoops up the excess and coats himself generously with it, and then presses his head against where Stiles is slick for him.

He groans as he forces his way into the waiting heat, and Stiles lets out a sound of pain. “Fuck Peter, warn a guy” he hisses.

"I did warn you. Told you I’d take you where I caught you. You’re damn lucky I’m not fucking you against Nanna’s door” Peter grunts, even as he pulls back out.

Stiles snorts at that. “She’d love it.”

Peter doesn’t reply, too busy working himself back into Stile’s tight hole. “Bigger plug next time, rabbit” he manages as he struggles to press back in. “So damn tight.” He thrusts forwards with more force, and the head of his cock pops in suddenly, and with one last push he slides all the way in. He’s still for a moment, savoring the sensation, until Stiles presses back against him, panting a little, groaning out “Move, Peter, for God’s sake”.

Peter moves his hands down to Stiles’ hips, pulling his ass back a little so that he’s standing with his hands against the mirrors, bent over, face pressed to the wall, legs spread as wide as they can be with his pants still round his ankles. Peter watches in the mirrors as he plunges in and out of Stiles’ ass, watches the way his body moves back and forth in time with Peter’s, the way his breath fogs the mirror, the way his pupils are almost completely black and his mouth is hanging open as he enjoys the solid fucking his husband is giving him. Peter doesn’t need to feel the bond to know that his husband is a wreck right now, and he grins wickedly.

He continues to fuck into him steadily, in, out, in, out, feels Stiles’ hole slowly loosen around him until he’s taking him easily, and speeds up. He snakes a hand around Stiles’ body, pulling sharply on his nipple piercings before fondling his cock, stroking in time with his thrusts, and leaning over so his mouth is near Stiles’ ear, he murmurs “I could knot you right here, rabbit, and you couldn’t do a damn thing about it”.

Stiles’ reaction is instant – he tenses up and begins to struggle, saying “No Peter, please, not here” and Peter feels a thread of real panic through their bond, then.

“Hush rabbit, I’m teasing. You’re safe” he reassures him, feeling like a bit of a heel.

Stiles lets out a sigh of relief and replies “Didn’t think you would, really. Not in an elevator, anyway.”

Peter’s hips are still moving in a steady rhythm, in and out, and he can feel that Stiles is leaking steadily, so he puts more effort into his thrusts, aiming for his prostate, and hitting it with practiced ease.

Peter and Stiles have a lot of sex, and he can bring his lover undone easily if he chooses to. He starts
to stroke Stiles exactly the way he likes, skirting on rough, and to pinch and squeeze his nipples with his other hand, and press into him just so, and he hears the whine coming from Stiles’ throat and knows he’s close. He bites down on the back of his neck roughly, with his fangs, and the sharp burst of pain causes Stiles to clench down, cry out, and spray come all over the mirrored walls of the elevator. His cock continues to pump out stream after stream, onto the wall, dripping down onto his suit pants, and over Peter’s hand.

The sight and sound of his husband’s release drives Peter’s wolf into a frenzy, and he bites down once more as he thrusts in savagely. Stiles is bleeding from the bite wound. Peter licks at it, and the tang of copper on his tongue sends his senses into overdrive as he comes all at once, grunting loudly as he presses in one last time and releases his load.

Peter pulls Stiles up a little then, wraps his arms around him, and looks at the pair of them in the mirror.

They’re both a wreck. Stiles is gasping, standing there with cooling jets of come streaking his suit pants, blood stains on his shirt and the back of his neck, lips red where he’s bitten them to keep from crying out, traces of drying come still on his face from earlier, and eyes wide.

Peter’s not much better, still buried in Stiles’ ass, hair wild from where Stiles had pulled at it downstairs, pants around his knees, blood on his chin, come all over his hand, and fangs still showing, breathing heavily.

Stiles takes in the image before him, and grins wickedly, licking his lips. “Fuck Peter, I think you broke us” he breathes out.

“I hope not, rabbit, the night’s still young” Peter replies, arching his brow and grinning just as wickedly.

“It’s 2 am” Stiles points out, even as he grinds back against Peter, who still hasn’t pulled out.

“Dawn breaker, then?” Peter asks. He takes the hint though, and slips out of Stiles then, releasing a trickle of come and oil as he does. Stiles shivers at the feeling of the cooling release sliding down his thighs.

“Maybe go to our actual room first, and get out of the suits? It might be too late to save mine though” he offers.

Peter laughs a little, then. “Certainly rabbit. Room, and then what would you like?”

“Oh, I can think of a certain something” Stiles replies in his most sultry tone. “Something that’s for special occasions, maybe?”

Peters’ mind helpfully supplies that it’s the location, not the knotting, that had Stiles panicked earlier. Oh.

He hits the button to get the lift moving so hard that he cracks the control panel. By the time they get to the fourth floor he’s hitched their pants up and Stiles has wrapped his legs around Peter like a limpet, and they kiss passionately as Peter carries him the length of the corridor to their room, stumbling once or twice in their haste.

Stiles laughs long and loud when he sees that it’s the same room they booked all those months ago, after the confrontation with the reverend’s wife.
They make it inside, shed their bedraggled suits, dropping them on the floor as they go, and make their way to the bed hastily. Peter stops on the way, but only to grab the oil.

Peter loves that his mate is willing to do this with him, so he takes care to make it good for Stiles, bringing him to satisfaction enough times that even with his wolf stamina, he’s completely wrung out and relaxed before Peter starts to prepare him. It’s certainly easier on Stiles this way, but it’s no less intense. By the end of the night they’re both a heaving, sweaty, satisfied mess.

Peter might pass out for a little bit while they’re still tied together.

Afterwards, laying spooned in Peter’s arms as the knot slips out of him, Stiles starts to snicker.

“What’s funny, rabbit?” Peter enquires hazily, the post knotting exhaustion starting to drag at him.

“Ride it like you stole it” Stiles snorts out.

Peter laughs too then, saying “I think we managed that, don’t you?”
Bridal Suite.

Chapter Summary

Wedding night.

Chapter Notes

Alright alright alright, it's done. This is pretty much it. Except it isn't, there's a few teeny weeny morning after post scripts to happen. Tiny. Minuscule. Barely worth mentioning, I promise.

Thanks for reading along and commenting, it does my heart good to open my inbox and see your reactions.

Peter’s booked them into the honeymoon suite, of course.

Noah and Jordan emerge from the elevator with their ties askew and their shirts untucked, and make their way to the room.

When they open the door, Noah looks around and lets out a slow whistle.

It’s like every honeymoon bedroom from every romance novel ever.

Soft romantic music is playing.

The bed is strewn with rose petals. Every flat surface in the room is covered in tiny electric tea lights.

There’s an ice bucket with a bottle of champagne by the bed, as well as a tray of strawberries with chocolate dipping sauce, and an assortment of delicate handmade Belgian chocolates.

There are fairy lights strung over the bed. It looks beautiful.

On the bedside table, is a basket with an assortment of flavored lubes and a bottle of massage oil.

Noah comments “The hotel really went all out, huh?”

Jordan drapes himself across Noah’s shoulders, and tells him “The hotel didn’t have a damn thing to do with this. I only plan to have one wedding night, and I want it to be special.”

Noah looks at him openmouthed.

“I wanted to do something nice for my new husband. Do you like it?”

Noah breathes deeply, and his breath hitches suddenly. Jordan pulls him around into his arms, and asks. “What’s wrong?” a worried look now on his face.
The sheriff rubs a hand over his eyes and down his face, and sighs wetly.

“Nothing’s wrong. It’s amazing, sweetheart. It’s just that it’s really hit me. I’m married, after I never thought I would be again. And I’m married to a damn romantic fool. How’d I get so lucky, huh? What did I do to deserve someone as thoughtful as you?”

“Says the man who ordered fire proof rings” Jordan says drily, holding up his adorned hand and wagging it at him. “I think I’m the lucky one here Noah.”

In an attempt to lift Noah’s mood, he comments “I mean, have you seen yourself in a mirror today? If I wasn’t so scared of Peter’s reaction, I’d tear that damned suit right off you, I swear.”

Noah laughs a little then, and tells him “If you think those two are going to hang their suits up tonight, you’re kidding. I don’t even want to think about it”.

Jordan’s laugh joins his, as he tells him “I got woken up at 5am by Peter and Stiles.”

“Peter and Stiles what? Oh, wait, no, never mind, I did not need to know that” Noah mutters, flushing. “Please, never mention my son’s sex life in our bed ever again.”

“Sorry” Jordan says sheepishly.

The hug becomes kisses, kisses become slow dancing. Jordan rubs his hands over the bulge of Noah’s biceps and makes appreciative noises. Noah rubs his hands over Jordan’s ass and does the same. Then Noah reaches up and grabs Jordan’s tie, and uses it to lead him towards the bed. Jordan follows willingly, and Noah pushes him down to sit on the edge of the bed before straddling him.

They press against each other slowly, enjoying the delicious friction, and stealing small kisses. Noah pulls Jordan’s collar down, and sucks a dark mark into his neck. Jordan tilts his head back for more at that, and Noah obliges, leaving a row of hickeys leading all along his collarbone.

He raises his head then and turns Jordan’s face towards him with one hand. He looks his husband in the eye and asks “What do you need to make your wedding night special, sweetheart? Anything.”

Jordan tells him “You’re in charge tonight, Sir. You know what we talked about”.

And Noah does know, because they sat down last week and had a very adult conversation about limits and preferences, and what they would and wouldn’t like to try. It was very enlightening.

They decided that

- Daddy is definitely out, for obvious reasons.
- Sir is definitely in.
- Restraints are a big yes, and they’d both like turns wearing them.
- Noah quite likes a spanking, but only occasionally, and he doesn’t want to return the favor.
- Jordan doesn’t really want him to.
- Jordan loves it when Noah tells him what to do.
- Noah loves it when Jordan lets him.
- They both love it when Noah teases Jordan till he begs.

They’re pretty much on the same page, and it’s given Noah a whole lot to think about. He’s spent the week imagining the things they can do.

“Where would you like to start, my good boy?” he asks the younger man.
Jordan sighs a happy sigh, and tells him “Well, you could start by taking off your shirt, and we could go from there.”

“Just my shirt?” Noah sounds amused.

“Mmm, yeah, love seeing you bare chested. Does things to me” Jordan admits happily.

“Anything for you, sweetheart”. He takes off his jacket, and with a glint in his eye, throws it deliberately on the floor. “Wrinkles be damned” he comments, even as Jordan’s hands start to unbutton his shirt. He goes to take his tie off, but Jordan stills his hand, saying “That can stay”.

Noah works his shirt off and leaves the strip of dark silk hanging down the centre of his chest. He looks good, well-muscled pecs on display, and Jordan draws him in by the tie to kiss him once again, before moving down his body with his mouth, leaving kisses along the way as he reaches Noah’s darkened nipples.

He takes one in his mouth and sucks firmly, causing Noah to give a full body shudder. He bites down then, and gets a “Mother of God!” for his efforts. He raises his head to see Noah looking down at him, eyes hooded, mouth open. “Keeping doing that darling” Noah tells him, “and I’m likely to lose control.”

Jordan arches a brow at him. “So, lose control” he replies coolly, and goes back to what he was doing.

“I mean it Jordan” Noah warns him. “I’ve spent all day looking at your ass in that damn suit.”

Jordan draws his mouth away then, and tells Noah “This ass is all yours, husband, however you’d like it. I came prepared” and he nods in the direction of the gift basket with lube and oil.

And then he goes back to teasing Noah’s chest and nipples with his talented mouth.

“Good God” Noah breathes out. “You need to stop or this will be over before it begins”.

His self-control is unravelling fast.

Jordan’s response is to take his mouth away, and start stripping his jacket and tie off. He unbuttons his shirt quickly, and shrugs it backwards off his shoulders. As it slips free, Noah pushes Jordan flat onto the bed.

“Going to be good for me Jordan, take what I give you?” he growls out, his voice lust filled and dangerous.

“Yes, Sir”

“Let me do what I want to this sweet body?”

“Yes, Sir”

“Gonna let me tease you, then wreck you?”

“Oh Jesus, Yes sir, please”

“Good boy. Now strip, while I decide what to do with you”.

Jordan hastens to obey, and his expression is one of sheer anticipation. Noah’s not the only one who’s spent the week imagining this.
He’s soon standing naked in front of Noah, head lowered, feet apart, hands behind his back. Noah groans at the sight of all that young flesh waiting for him.

“Lie down on the bed, face down, hands where I can see them”.

Jordan does so, waiting eagerly for Noah to start stretching him, getting him ready for his cock.

So he starts when he feels a trickle of oil between his shoulder blades, and firm hands kneading at his back.

“You seem a little tense, though you could do with a massage“ Noah purrs out, as his fingers work the knots in Jordan’s muscles. He a surprisingly skilled masseur and it doesn’t take long until Jordan is groaning in pleasure as strong hands stroke and knead at his neck and shoulders. Noah gets the knots out there first, and then works his way down, stroking and pressing and working the flesh. Jordan murmurs out “Keep doing that and I’ll be no good to you, I’ll be asleep.”

“I’ll find a way to wake you”

His hands are working lower now, massaging the globes of Jordan’s ass, spreading them gently and adding more oil.

He pauses, then.

He stops just to look at the long, oiled body laid out in front of him. Jordan’s shoulders are wide and attractive. They taper down into a narrow waist, beneath which is a toned ass and firm thighs. The whole body is shining with a sheen of oil, and suddenly Noah just wants to claim it as his own.

He bites Jordan’s shoulder, hard enough to mark. Jordan hisses at the feeling, and Noah pulls back.

He checks in, then.

“Not too much?”

“Love it. Love you” Jordan replies, slightly breathless.

Noah takes that as a green light, and proceeds to mark every inch of Jordan that he can reach. By the time he’s finished there are hickey’s littering Jordan’s back to match the ones on his collarbone, and several bite marks on his ass cheeks.

Jordan’s moaning and grinding into the mattress by now, and Noah stills him with a hand in the small of his back.

“Behave” he orders.

Jordan tries to stop moving, but his hips roll instinctively as he chases relief.

Noah kneels behind him and spreads Jordan’s legs as far as they’ll go.

“Gonna fuck you rough sweetheart, just the way you like it, and you’ll lie there and take it like my good boy, won’t you?”

“Yes, Sir, good for you” Jordan pants out.

Noah chooses a flavored lube from the basket, not even looking what it is. He squirts a generous amount onto his fingers, and presses one into Jordan without warning. Jordan gives a grunt, and his hips thrust forwards as he instinctively tries to move, but he stills as Noah slips the finger in and out of him smoothly.
“Gonna take this fast, you Ok with that?” Noah asks, even as he adds a second finger quickly.

“Uh huh” is the only answer Noah gets, but Jordan’s pressing back onto his hand, so he knows it’s fine.

He fingers him firmly for a minute or two, until he can feel the muscle relaxing, opening, and then adds fingers three and four one after the other with no reprieve. It’s a squeeze, but he gets them in, adding more lube as he does so.

He’s sliding his fingers against Jordan’s prostate, drawing forth little moans and whimpers. The combination of the sounds and the sight of Jordan lying with his eyes closed and his legs open fuels Noah’s desire, and he pulls his fingers out and quickly shucks his pants off and lowers his body over Jordan’s, pressing the swollen head of his cock into the tight space between his cheeks, and pressing forwards.

The first inch of his cock going in makes Jordan gasp and his eyes pop open. His back arches as his hole is stretched wide, but Noah keeps going, telling him, “Lie there and take it like a good boy”.

Jordan is past replying by now, but he rolls his hips and moans. Noah thrusts in more firmly, bottoming out in one stroke, and then with no preamble, he starts to fuck in earnest.

As promised, he fucks Jordan rough and fast, the way he likes it. He slams in repeatedly, not allowing any time between strokes for Jordan to adjust. He’s on the edge, desperate, animalistic, grunting and swearing as he uses his husband’s body greedily.

Jordan arches back into him, matching his rhythm thrust for thrust, grunt for grunt. The weight of Noah on top of him is forcing his cock to rub against the sheets, and the friction of that alone has him close to coming.

When Noah manages to hit his prostate dead on several times in a row, it’s too much, and he comes, crying out “Sir!” as the release hits him.

The sound of him crying out as his hole clenches has Noah following him moments later. He swears as he comes, and then his whole body relaxes and he leans in to nuzzle at Jordan’s neck.

“Unh” Jordan tells him intelligently.

“Uh huh” Noah replies, as he rolls them onto their sides, still inside Jordan.

They lay there breathing heavily, recovering.

Noah’s softened enough to pull out completely now, and he does so, adding to the mess on the sheets.

He’s almost asleep when Jordan nudges him.

"Don't go to sleep yet, Noah"

Jordan leans over to the bed side table “I want to feed my husband fruit and champagne on our wedding night, naked”.

Noah sits up in bed. “And your husband wants to let you” he smiles, and opens his mouth in invitation.

Jordan pours the champagne, and pops a strawberry into Noah’s open mouth.
They spend a good chunk of time feeding each other, sipping their drinks, kissing, laughing when the dipping sauce gets repurposed as body paint and makes a mess of the sheets.

By the time they’ve made their way through all of the fruit and the whole bottle of champagne, the day’s caught up with them, and Jordan yawns hugely, even though it’s not yet midnight.

“I know we should stay up all night being debauched, but honestly, I need a nap first” he admits. “Been awake since 5 am”.

Noah pulls Jordan close so they can spoon together, and agrees, saying “Sleep sounds good – been a big day all round. When we wake up, though, we can pick up where we left off.”

They’re woken briefly around 2 am by the ding of the lift, and the sound of a small herd of elephants thumping and shuffling along the corridor.

Jordan cocks an ear, listening. “Peter and Stiles” he announces. They hear Peter’s laugh then, confirming his suspicions.

“Don’t want to know” Noah groans out, and he drifts back to sleep, still wrapped up around his new husband.

The room is still dimly lit by the tealights, and they glint off Jordan’s wedding band as he looks at it in the quiet of the night.

He smiles softly to himself, pulling it off to read the inscription inside.

*Always and forever.*
Newlyweds, day one

Chapter Summary

A few post wedding bits and bobs.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

The next morning, Jordan awakes to feel Noah kissing his neck. He rolls over so he’s facing him, and kisses him properly.

He looks at his Sheriff, and takes in the smudge of chocolate sauce still on his face, his sex hair, and the general just fucking look of him. He pulls away then, and grabs his phone off the bedside table.

It’s just past 6am. Early enough, he judges.

“Noah. Take a picture with me like this” he urges.

Noah cocks a brow at him, still sleepy. “Why would I do that?” he asks.

“Revenge” Jordan answers simply. “Peter and Stiles traumatized me on my wedding day, and I want to return the favor. Want to send it to Stiles.”

Noah considers. “Seems only fair” he agrees. “But if it’s Peter you want to piss off, then send him a photo of that” and he points to the floor where their suits lay in a creased and crumpled heap, clearly the worse for wear. “It'll kill him”.

“I married an evil genius” crows Jordan, and they settle back in bed to pose for a picture of the two of them, both looking thoroughly fucked out. Jordan’s hickeys are still just visible – he doesn’t heal quite as fast as a wolf.

Jordan sends it to Stiles with the caption “Sorry, did we wake you? Forgot you were next door”.

It’s about thirty second later before he receives a reply that simply says

AAAAAAAAAAAH

MY EYES! IT BURNS!

Jordan smiles evilly as he sends the picture of the bedraggled formalwear to Peter saying simply

Oops. Must have missed the hanger

Peter’s reply is a little longer in coming and he sees why when he opens it.

There are three pictures attached. One is of a pair of suit pants lying in the floor, streaked with come and oil and god knows what else. The other is of a shirt, torn in half, with blood around the collar.

The third is of Peter and Stiles looking even worse that Noah and Jordan, completely debauched and grinning hugely for the camera. Jordan doesn’t want to know what that is on Stiles’ face.
He looks at the pictures, and at Noah.

Noah tells him “Give up now. It’s Peter, you’ll never win”.

They receive another text moments later.

*I wouldn’t touch the walls in the elevator, btw*

Jordan throws his hands up then, exclaiming “Nope. Did not need to know”.

“Him and Stiles are well matched, anyway” Noah observes, laughing at his husbands’ reaction.

Stiles and Peter are slow to come down to breakfast, and when they do, they see Nanna waiting expectantly for them.

“I think the manager wants to speak to you” she tells him, and sure enough, the man’s hovering, wringing his hands nervously. “Both of you” says Nanna pointedly. “He’s been waiting for an hour but I told him not to disturb you, you might be occupied” and she winks at Stiles.

Stiles winks back. “We were” he confides.

They get taken into the man’s office, and there’s talk of hidden cameras, and public health rules, and the cost of steam cleaning an elevator. Luckily the manager is a lot more understanding that the woman at the maze, and when Peter talks about getting carried away in the heat of the moment, and not wanting any scandal to mar the Sherriff’s wedding, he nods understandingly.

Once again Peter’s charm and cheque book are out in full force, and when they leave the office twenty minutes later, they’re a thousand dollars poorer and in possession of two shiny new tapes for their collection, one from the ballroom, one from the lift.

Peter’s also learned that the hotel is up for sale, and he contemplates adding it to his properties. He’ll discuss it with the owner of Little Rabbit Enterprises after breakfast, he thinks.

Breakfast, once they all get there, is a raucous affair. A few guests comment on hearing things go bump in the night, running footsteps, slamming doors.
Nanna says that she’s sure she heard some sort of howling. Scott flushes guiltily and Derek is suddenly very interested in his toast.

Stiles just gives them a thumbs up.

Peter presents Jordan and Noah with one last gift - a pair of police grade handcuffs. “Returning the favor, Sheriff” he tells Noah sweetly, as the man goes pink and Jordan just laughs.

Nanna doesn’t fly home till tomorrow, so she corrals “her boys” into taking her around the town to show her the sights. They’re still filming Scott’s Alphavet special, so she gets to meet the crew, and manages to talk her way into possession of several photos of shirtless Scott and wet Derek from the “Kittens” episode.

She wants to see the club they’ve been talking about, so Peter takes her to Jungle. When she leaves, she’s somehow the proud owner of a full set of the promotional posters Peter had made, the ones that say “Wolf in the Jungle Tonight’ and show Peter, oiled and shirtless, nipple rings gleaming and head thrown back as he pours a bottle of water over himself. He’s wearing low riding jeans, and his other hand is in the front pocket dragging the waistband down over his hip and showing off his happy trail. Drops of water spray artistically around his face as he shakes his head.

Peter even signs them for her, though he’s not sure why she needs six.

She asks Jordan how how he proposed to Noah, and he mumbles something about “it was nothing special, spur of the moment”.

She observes him sharply for a moment, and tells him “Every proposal is special, if the answer’s yes. Even if you were probably naked at the time”. Jordan is able to truthfully tell her that he absolutely wasn’t naked when he proposed, and she lets the subject go.

When they finally get back home, Noah and Jordan find out where their honeymoon is going to be. Peter promised them they’d like it, and they do.

He’s booked them a ten day cruise through Canada and Alaska.

“Because he’s a damn sap” Noah comments.


Noah rolls his eyes. “Jesus, a guy does one nice thing, and people think he’s gone soft”. But there’s no heat to his words, and the passionate kisses he gives Jordan show that maybe, in fact, he has gone a little soft where his man is concerned.

He doesn’t mind.
Thanks for coming along for the ride folks, hope you enjoyed it!

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!