No Homo

by orphan_account

Summary

Stiles' sophomore year starts something like this:
  3 FourLokos
  + 1 peer-pressuring cat
  - 1 best bro to end all best bros
  = 1 Craigslist ad headline that reads "str8 dude - m4m - strictly platonic".
Derek is the fool who replies.

Notes

hahaHAHA i was SO not going to post this yet but ehhehh
anyway, check the tags. holla at ur gurl if u think i should add any.
(btw there are all sorts of isms and phobias, but it's of the non-violent, non-slur kind. be microagressions are unfortunately v v real.)

this is based on a very real craigslist ad i saw once pls know that. i am v uncreative.

ALSO, FULL DISCLAIMER: the views and decisions of the characters contained herein do NOT reflect the views of the author. i think sometimes we forget this? but it's the trutru

and yes, the first bit of this is on my tumblr ehhhh

See the end of the work for more notes.
“He needs your love, Stiles. You have to love him.”

Stiles redirects his frowny face from Scott to the stripey brown-grey cat in Scott’s arms.

“I got you some food for him and a litterbox,” Scott says, holding out the cat to him. “All you have to do is welcome him into your heart.”

Reluctantly, Stiles takes the cat and holds it up in front of his face. “This thing is supposed to be a substitute for fifteen years of glorious friendship?”

“I’ve told you, dude. It’s just a few months. I’ll be back before you know it.”

“It’s the land down under, and not even the fun one,” Stiles says, winking. “You know they have spiders as big as your face, right? You’re going to die. Or come back with an accent, God.”

“I stocked the fridge with watermelon Fours, dude. You’re going to be fine. We’ll Skype every day, and before you know it, I’ll be back with stories about, like, wrestling kangaroos and shit.”

Stiles gives him a look. “Yeah right, more like nursing them back to health. But seriously, what am I going to do? You’re my only real friend, dude. Everyone else sucks.”

“You’ve always got the other brothers,” Scott reminds him.

“Yeah, but I don’t know any of them. Why would I talk to them when I could talk to you? Only you’re leaving me. So. Maybe I should replace you with this ugly cat. Best friend status officially revoked.”

Scott gives him a smile, then looks at the clock on the microwave. “Shoot, I’ve gotta head to the airport. But I’ll see you on Skype as soon as I get on the ground, okay?” Stiles basically drops the cat and gives Scott probably the most intense hug of their lives.

“I’m going to miss you so much, dude,” Stiles says into his shoulder. He’s not crying. Definitely not crying. Not even a little. He’s just allergic to the fucking cat.

“I love you, man,” Scott says, and Stiles is suddenly really thankful for that one time they granted a no homo blanket over their whole friendship.

“I love you too.”

They pat it out and separate, Stiles wiping his evil-cat-allergy eyes. Scott sniffs a bit, too.

Stupid fucking cat.

“See you in December, bro,” Scott says, giving him a watery smile. “And name the cat. Bond with it. It’ll be good for both of you.”

“I’ll just name it Cat, you know.”

Stiles makes a face. “Come on, don’t make that reference at me. We agreed we weren’t going to reference Audrey Hepburn after high school. That’s lame, dude.”

“Give him a real name,” Scott just says.

And then he *leaves.*

It goes like this:

For the first three hours, Stiles plays CoD furiously.

He’s just wasting time until Scott comes back from the gym or the animal clinic or whatever. No big. He makes some nachos in the microwave, sprawls across the couch, contemplates jerking off in the living room because he has full run of the apartment for the moment. The good life.

But then it gets a little harder to pretend Scott is coming back. He’s not stupid. He can only delude himself for so long. So he sets up the damn cat’s litter box, puts out some food and water for the thing.

By the time he hits the five hour mark, it’s harder to pretend, so he pops open one of the Four Lokos and starts making a *My best friend in the whole world left me for a giant-pest-infested wasteland and all I got was this shitty playlist* playlist.

It turns out to be three and a half hours of Stay, Somebody I Used To Know, and Wrecking Ball.

At the six hour mark, he starts singing along.

By the time the playlist ends, he’s almost done with his second Four and his throat is scratchy from belting along. The neighbors have banged on the walls a couple times, but he just ignored it.

He’s not *coping well.*

But really, how is he supposed to be doing okay?

He’s known Scott since *pre-school.* They convinced Jackson Whittemore that crayon paper was an essential nutrient together. They broke their arms trying to do barrel rolls off the monkey bars together. They jerked off for the first time together. And they may have done it a few more times after that, but that’s the thing — it was never weird because they’re such close bros. *That's a perfect friendship right there. Two dudes who can jerk it without wanting to mack on each other.*

And he’s not going to have that for *four months.*

Not that they jerk off together anymore.

Maybe they *should.* To cement the bonds of friendship.

But Scott’s somewhere over the Pacific freaking Ocean and he’s going to be eaten by a koala or Hugh Jackman or something and it’s *not fair.* Stiles is alone, trying to fill the impossible void, and there’s nothing for it.

He adds *Wake Me Up* to his newly retitled *los hella sad tiempos* playlist, sings along like a broken man. The fucking cat hops up onto the computer desk and sits there watching him. *Judging* him.
“You can’t judge me,” he tells the cat, bumping his forehead as he tries to get the last couple drops out of his Four. “You poop in a box. A box of sand. That’s like pooping on the beach. Who even does that? Cats, that’s who.”

The cat’s head tilts.

“I can’t believe the Egyptians thought you were gods. I bet you pooped all over that desert.” He skritches the top of the little guy’s head and wow, that’s soft. “I would name you Scott, but then I would cry all the time. So. Not gonna do that.”

Stiles sighs heavily, and it turns into a burp.

“What am I gonna do, little buddy?”

The cat gets up, steps on his laptop keyboard, and plops itself down on it. His laptop screen comes to life, the cat’s paws or obnoxious furry body hits a key or two, triggering the autofill of the search bar of Chrome. With the apartment complex’s shitty wifi, it takes a moment for the browser to pull up Craigslist.

Stiles huffs. “You’re shitty at advice, you know that? I thought cats were supposed to be good at advice.” The cat says nothing. “Well, I’m going to interpret that as you telling me to get another drank, so maybe you are good at advice.”

When he stands up, though, he realizes that his bladder is struggling, so he goes ahead and breaks the seal. The litterbox is next to the toilet, and he vows once and for all to never poop at the same time as the goddamn cat. That’s just too weird. No one should be that close.

Instead of getting another drink, he moves the cat and adds Mr. Brightside and Lonely to the playlist. The cat decides to relocate to his lap, so he’s kind of stuck sitting there, petting the cat, basking in his melancholy.

If only Scott were here to distract him.

“Cause I just can’t look, it’s killing meehee,” he croaks in existential despair.

The cat makes a distressed noise, and he sighs.

“Scott would sing along with me. You’re a terrible replacement friend.”

He and this cat are never going to have the deep, enduring bro-love he and Scott have. It’s a beautiful thing this cat is never going to experience.

Because it’s a cat.

It would be really pathetic if he went and cried on Scott’s bed.

He can do that when he’s finished another Four. He’s giving himself executive permission to be a total wreck after another drink.

How’s he supposed to deal with not having Scott for four whole months? How’s he supposed to deal with not having a friend like that for four months? Someone to talk to, someone to play CoD with, someone to talk about girls with, someone to bitch about classes at, someone to just hang out with.

Stiles hasn’t had to make a new friend since Scott. He doesn’t really know how. All he knows is that Scott is all he needs. Cheesy as that is.
They don’t even have problems.

And now he has to find someone else to be that for him? Impossible. He doesn’t have that history with anyone else, doesn’t have that total, comforting awesome dudebro love. How’s he supposed to find that? For fuck’s sake, they used to jerk off together without it getting weird. That’s special. That’s, like, proof. That’s how you know you’re tighter than tight. That’s the test.

“Why can’t I spank the monkey with anyone?” Stiles asks the cat, holding it up to his face. The cat isn’t really pleased by the change in altitude and twists out of his grip, lands on his laptop before slinking away. “I hate you,” Stiles tells it, then sighs, turning back to his computer. The cat had hit the trackpad, clicked on the window for Chrome. The page for Craigslist is still up.

He just about closes the browser window, but ends up clicking on the personals section for shits and gigs.

It’s something he does occasionally. Usually, it’s thirsty gay dudes looking for a dick to hop on, and sometimes he gets a laugh from the wording, and sometimes it’s weird fetishy shit, and a lot of dick pics. It’s entertainment enough when he’s gotten bored of trawling through reddit.

Tonight is the usual, someone looking for a blowie, someone looking for a “spicy latina to macarena”, whatever that means, he’s no expert but that sounds a little racist. But he’s sitting there and he gets a really fucking weird idea that might be the most brilliant thing he’s ever thought of.

What if he put up an ad for a friend? A test friend. And he’s pretty sure he knows the ultimate friendship test.

He does it before he can worry about it, puts it up and sits back to admire his genius.

str8 dude - m4m - strictly platonic

str8 dude looking for another str8 dude to JO with. i can host. no pics. i don’t give a fuck what u look like and u shouldn’t care what i look like either. STR8 PLS. do not want gay hookup. no weird touching. just 2 dudes jerking it. thx

It’s brilliant, is what it is. And he’s kind of horny, too, like he always is because he’s pretty sure it’s just an aspect of his personality at this point.

But this is really the perfect solution to everything. Busting a nut? Check. Companionship? Check. Not having to worry about whether some dude’s trying to get all up on him? Check.

Except it’s, like, half an hour and a bit of a Four later before he gets an email about it.

The email is a dick pic. Just a dick pic.

No thanks.

It’s not even a nice dick. Seriously. Dick game weak. Dick pic game even weaker. Not a flattering angle.

Out of boredom, he turns the cat into Superman, which it really fucking hates, so he eventually gives up and flops onto the couch. The cat decides to sit on his face. Right on his fucking face. Cats are the worst.
When he gets really fucking tired of breathing fur, he lifts the cat off his face and checks his email again. There’s another response. No pictures this time, thank God. Just a message.

you better not have shitty porn. i don’t want to get all the way to your place just to watch fucking xtube buffer. what’s in it for me anyway?

Stiles stares at that for a moment before replying:

i’m a porn connoseour ahole.

and ur not getting any sexual favors bucko. wrong kind of rodeo

(but if ur not gay i have some four loko and maybe jack if u promise not to make any weird eye contact for the duration)

A minute later, there’s a phone number and the message better not be any of that shitty fruit punch or watermelon crap.

Stiles grins and puts the number in his phone, texts xcuse u watermelon is the king of all four loko flavors.

The reply is almost immediate: you have horrible taste. what’s your address?

He types it in, sends it, then adds a couple songs to his playlist before crashing onto the couch, one leg haphazardly thrown over the back, and the position makes the carbonation and alcohol in his stomach spin, but whatever. The cat joins him, starts kneading his belly, which is not actually the greatest sensation, what with the upside-downness and the spinning. The little guy has claws.

“I’m going to give you the worst name in the whole world,” Stiles tells him. “What if I name you Jackson?”

The cat’s not impressed.

Stiles rubs under his little chin. “Yeah, I know. Too real, huh? We don’t need any more reminders, do we? No, it’s bad enough he followed us to college and joined the frat we found first, isn’t it? Yeah, it is.”

It’s probably a bad thing that basically everyone he knows is someone he went to high school with. Kind of the curse of going to the nearest state school. But they had a good program for Scott, and Stiles slacked off too much junior year to get into any of the good schools for his major, so it was a natural choice. Something like a fifth of his senior class is here, though, so it’s maybe a little unfortunate sometimes.

Especially because that fifth doesn’t include Scott anymore. Not until December.

Stiles makes an anguished noise and grabs his laptop remote, puts his playlist on shuffle. To entertain himself, he holds the cat’s little paws and makes him dance to the excessively long intro to Somebody I Used to Know.

By the last chorus, he thinks he hears a noise, but he’s yelling about how Scott didn’t have to cut him off, and fuck Australians, dude, the song was a terrible choice for los hella sad tiempos. But then there’s a definite banging coming from the general direction of the door, so he gets up, hoping the neighbors haven’t called the cops because they thought he was getting murdered.
Again.

Last time had been karaoke night and very scary for all. He’s never hid booze so fast in his life.

Stiles puts on his sober face and yanks open the door because it sticks a little.

And that is someone he really had no interest in seeing tonight or ever: Derek “stick in the mud that I shoved up my ass because I’m such a fun-sucker” Hale. In the unfairly muscular flesh.

“Well, you’re here to kick me out of Kappa Phi because I listened to Miley Cyrus?” Stiles asks; that seems like a reason to be de-lettered. “Because you should know that Jackson Whittemore knows every word to Adele’s albums. Both of them.”

“No, are you—” Derek looks down at his phone, then at the number on the door and makes a very pinched face. “Nevermind. I think I’ve got the wrong place.”

Could he…?

No. No possible way.

“Wait!” Stiles calls after him, grabbing his phone out of his pocket. “Is this your number?” he asks, then rattles it off. Derek’s head tilts and he turns around, that pinched look still there. Dude needs some x-lax or something because that is not healthy.

“Do you have shitty taste in alcohol?”

Stiles nods quickly, then shakes his head. “No, I obviously have the best taste because watermelon is the best artificial flavor of all time. But I guess that’s not really the point, do you want to—
goddamnit,” Stiles hisses when the fucking cat streaks past him into the hallway, rubs itself against Derek’s legs. Derek rubs its head then picks it up.

“What’s its name?” he asks, holding the cat out to Stiles. Stiles takes it, and it tries to climb up his shoulder. With claws.

“I have no idea yet. Probably Satan or something. Anyway, I don’t think he likes me holding him much.” The cat’s trying to climb up his head, so that’s a pretty fair assumption. “So come in or don’t, but I can’t keep the door open.”

Derek follows him in, shuts the door so Stiles can spare his scalp from kitty claws. “You getting over a break-up?” he asks.

“What?” Stiles heads to the kitchen, grabs a Four. There’s only two left after this, which is not going to properly fuel his Scott-free bender, so that sucks.

“This music sucks,” Derek tells him. “Gotye and 3 Doors Down? The only excuse for having those two on the same playlist is a shitty break-up.”

“It’s not— My best friend is probably somewhere over Hawaii right now. He’s ditching me for marsupials. I’m allowed to mourn.”

Derek pops the top of the drink open, wiggling the tab a little. “Scott?”

“Yes. The one and only.”

“Pretty sure there’s a fuckton of dudes names Scott, FYI.” He smirks when Stiles rolls his eyes. “Nah, it’s weird seeing you two separately. I figured you’d grown into conjoined twins.”
“We actually did dress as conjoined twins for Halloween one year. And kind of kept it going for, like, a week after.”

Derek snorts. “I remember that. I was there when the principal forcibly separated you.”

That’s part of the weirdness of Derek, really, that he’s part of the twenty percent of the Beacon Hills class of 2011 that came here. They didn’t interact with each other or anything because they were a year apart, played different sports, moved in different circles, but everyone knows the Hale family and, he supposes, everyone probably knows him as the Sheriff’s kid. Got called a narc until junior year, when he walked into Lydia Martin’s birthday party and lit a blunt on the patio. But he always knew people who knew people in Derek’s crowd, knew general gossip, enough to be surprised that he’d pledged, more that he got in. But a bit less that he’d kicked him and Scott out of their first real Kappa Phi Alpha party. Well, sent them to bed in the guest room, technically, like a total buzz kill.

So maybe it’s a little weird that Derek’s in his apartment, drinking his admittedly horrible-tasting malt beverages, all because he’s answered Stiles’ totally awesome Craigslist ad.

( Maybe more weird than awesome from the outside.)

“Why are you even here, dude?” Stiles asks, then, as an afterthought, “No offense.”

“Everyone who’s back for the new semester is crashing some senior Beta Pi party, except, unfortunately, myself and Jackson. And his girlfriend. Because it’s date night and that apparently means they have to watch The Notebook in our room. I tried to drink enough cake-flavored vodka to drown out the sound of a grown man crying, but Lydia cut me off, so here I am.”

“Wait, Jackson’s your roommate?”

Derek nods.

“Have you ever seen Lydia naked?”

The look he gets is painfully dry.

“I can guarantee you that if I had, I wouldn’t be alive to tell the tale,” Derek says.

“Yeah, I feel that.” Stiles swigs his Four in the can, figures he’s got about a third left. He can chug that pretty easily, so he does, smacks the empty down on the counter to Derek’s raised eyebrows.

“So. We gonna do this thing or what?”

Derek looks at his drink, sizes it up, and nods. “Yeah. If you try to touch my dick, I’m gonna bitch-slap you.” He starts drinking and Stiles grins because this might actually work.

“Dude, I don’t even wanna see it.” He moves into the living room, turns on the TV. Scott had said it was tacky to keep porn on their data card, but he obviously doesn’t appreciate a good open-air jerk.

“You picky at all?” Stiles asks as he hears Derek’s can hit the counter.

“Not really, as long as the resolution isn’t shitty,” Derek says. He sits down on the couch next to Stiles, an appropriate distance away. No chance of bumping elbows or stray knees or anything. Good.

It’s not weird, Stiles tells himself as he hovers over a random video. “This cool? Everyone likes James Deen.”

“True that,” Derek says, slouching into the couch a little more. Stiles hits play and does the same,
gets comfy. He doesn’t do anything during the set up, not like he usually does, doesn’t do anything until tits are out. Derek doesn’t either, doesn’t move for a moment or two until Stiles slips a hand into his sweats. He’s actually mostly hard, which is kind of surprising, but he also hasn’t jerked off since his shower this morning, so it’s not that surprising.

The couple on screen is making out pretty heavily, her underwear coming off, and Stiles is very, very focused on the screen when Deen starts to finger her. Stiles isn’t really jerking it, just kind of holding his dick, thumb rubbing up the side. Holding off.

It’s a good video, not one of his most-watched, but good. He knows that later, the girl gets kind of squeaky, but her ass is fucking phenomenal, especially in—there, that shot, from behind, with her on her knees and her ass and pussy in the air. Stiles spits in his hand, rubs his wet palm over the head of his dick just as Deen slides his into her.

The video’s fifteen minutes long and there’s two more positions after this. Stiles goes slow instead of going fast, like he usually does to come twice before it’s over. It’s more about mess than trying to impress Derek. There’s no reason to impress him, anyway.

Thinking about him makes Stiles aware of him, of the total stillness of the couch, because Derek’s going slow, too. Not that he’s watching, but out of the corner of his eye, he can make out the movement of Derek’s hand in his shorts.

But he’s not paying attention; he’s watching the porn, the naked woman on-screen getting pounded.

It’s not like it’s hard to pay attention to pornography. And he’s not having a problem with it or anything. But truth be told, this was maybe a weird idea. And he’ll blame the fucking cat for it.

Really, he and Scott haven’t done this since they were, like, sixteen. Maybe fifteen. And they’d been facing opposite directions. But Stiles always gets weird ideas when he’s drunk, and the cat was egging him on, and here he is, in close proximity to a dude he knows-but-doesn’t, mutually getting off.

It’s not that weird. It’s not a gay thing, at least.

(He knows, from trial and error, that he could, theoretically, jizz on Derek from this distance.)

Not that he’s going to do anything remotely like that, not in a million years. Everything’s hidden away, anyway. The dicks are not coming out. This isn’t that kind of sausage fest. It’s not any kind of sausage fest. It might be a fest, but the sausages are tucked safely away in the cupboard.

Jesus fucking Christ, now he’s thinking about hors d’oeuvres instead of the naked people in front of him. Maybe he’s too drunk to be jerking off.

(He’s not too drunk; he knows where that particular line of drunk is, and he’s been drinking too slowly to reach it.)

Nah, he’s fine. He just needs to focus better.

There’s a sharp inhale next to him, quiet, but audible over the sounds of smacking flesh and squeaky moans, and Stiles’ grip tightens, stroke picking up. That’s right. Sexy things are happening. On-screen. Lots of them. He focuses on the bounce of the woman’s tits, tugging on his dick with a little more intent because they’re getting to the home stretch now.

James Deen is sweating a little, his face kind of pink. No wonder because he’s definitely getting a workout, going by the snap of his hips and the sounds the girl’s making. Fuck, Stiles needs to get
laid, needs someone other than himself to touch his dick, needs to stick it somewhere hot and wet and tight—

He bites his lip when he comes, holding back a noise. He gets jizz all over the inside of his sweatpants, all over his hand, which, really, is mostly gross because he’s not alone and he feels like he should probably care about it with someone else here.

Derek doesn’t make a sound, but Stiles sees his body clench up as he makes a one-handed grab for the tissues. He sets the box down in the middle of his couch before snatching one and cleaning himself up as best he can with his pants on all the way. The video ends, going back to the main screen, and he takes a satisfied breath before making himself get up to throw the tissue away.

If only Scott could see him now, cleaning up for himself and everything. (Scott’s complained before about why there’s sometimes tissues lying around when I sleep in the same room as you, Stiles, I know when you’re congested.)

For a second, he wonders if it’s, like, courtesy to throw Derek’s tissue away but nope. No, he makes it really clear where the trash is and washes his hands. Derek does the same, anyway, and then they’re standing there in the kitchen, both a little loose-limbed and slow, and it’s weird.

“Do you play Call of Duty?” Stiles asks to break the silence.

“Sometimes,” Derek says, and like that, it’s not weird anymore. They settle back on the couch, and he gets the game running, and they play.

They end up playing for a while, actually.

Stiles has to get up in the morning for Scott’s Skype call, so he’d hoped to fall into a drunken slumber around eleven, which completely didn’t happen.

A bit after three, he calls it. He’s tired, anyway, and Derek looks a little bleary-eyed, rubbing his face.

“I should head out,” he says, looking like he’s trying to will himself to his feet.

“You can have the couch if you want,” Stiles says. They’ve got a blanket and everything. “Just a warning, though, I’ve gotta get up around eight-thirty, so I’ll be making noise.”

“You would be one of those if-I’m-up-everybody’s-up types,” Derek tells him, but there’s nothing harsh about it.

Stiles rolls his eyes anyway, jerks his thumb in the direction of the hallway. “Bathroom’s thataway if you need it. I’m out, bro.”

“Yeah, night.”

Stiles turns out the lights, makes sure everything’s off, and hits the sack.

In the morning, Derek’s gone.

That’s probably for the best. It might’ve been awkward otherwise. Probably.

Stiles microwaves a couple poptarts for a few seconds, gets out the milk, and ends up on the couch for breakfast. The cat stares at him like it wants to eat his face off while he sleeps, so he breaks off
the corner of one of his poptarts for it. He’s going to have to feed the thing, isn’t he?

When he’s done eating, he does put some food out for the little guy and cleans up the cans. Staring at them in the trash, he takes a moment to wonder if last night really happened. It would be a pretty fucking weird dream, but he always has weird drunk dreams, so it’s kind of possible. And Derek Hale seems like the kind of person he’d dream about. Because Stiles doesn’t really know him. People always dream about people they know—but-don’t. So it could’ve been a weird dream. At least it wasn’t a sex dream. That would’ve been fucking weird.

He checks his phone, though, and there’s texts, so not a dream. He really Craigslisted a not-hookup. Successfully, too. Derek wasn’t a bad dude to hang out with, in all fairness. It’s not like he’s nice, but Stiles instinctively distrusts nice people, so.

Scott’s skype call comes in right on time. He looks pretty much wiped, but he still looks like Stiles’ best bro, so it’s great.

“What up, dude? Did you ride a dingo to your dorm?” Stiles asks.

“Might as well have. It’s late.” Stiles can tell it’s dark, going by the window in the background. “Anyway, how’re you doing?”

Stiles shrugs, the cat rubbing against his ankle. “I’m good. Great. Missing you terribly. Whatever.” The cat hops up onto his lap and Scott grins, reaching towards the screen.

“Hey there, little man,” Scott says. “Guess Big Bad Stiles didn’t kick you out, did he? Sounds like he’s warming up to you, huh?” Stiles rolls his eyes, and Scott turns his attention back to him. “Did you give him a name yet?”

“I think I’m going to call him Jar Jar Binks,” Stiles says after a moment, “because he’s the worst thing to ever happen to me.”

“You like him. That, or you’re just mysteriously not hungover.”

“I’m not, actually,” Stiles tells him.

Scott rolls his eyes. “What did you do last night, anyway?”

“Booze and CoD, dude. Like a man.” Stiles waves it off, not entirely sure why he feels weird telling Scott about Derek. “Anyway. How was your flight? How’s Crocodile Dundee?”

He pets the cat while Scott talks, and he can do this, he realizes. It’s going to suck, but as long as they can talk like this, he can handle long-distance. He’s going to be okay. And that’s pretty sweet.

What better way to celebrate his newfound peace of mind than by packing a bowl?

At least this way, when he inevitably realizes that he’s not okay, he’ll mellow out instead of freaking out. Really, Stiles is an amazing problem solver.

He’s conservative — not stingy — with his weed, so he’s got a bit right now. But he’s not going to smoke it all because usually Scott’s the one who does the talking when they buy from their guy because Stiles is still the sheriff’s son at heart and still thinks he’s going to get knifed over a little pot in California. He’s heard a lot of horror stories in his time.
Binks watches him carefully nudge some weed into his pipe, and that’s enough to get Stiles’ narc senses tingling, really.

When someone knocks at the door half a second later, he almost jumps.

But he goes to answer it. He’s not going to let them in, anyway, so he just leaves everything on the coffee table.

He’s expecting the neighbors, maybe, or possibly the landlord. Not Derek. Definitely not Derek.

“I think I left my phone here this morning? I would’ve texted you, but, you know…”

“Oh.”

Stiles just stands there, not letting him in even though he’s clearly expecting to be let in, and really, Stiles probably would, but Derek has an official position in their frat, and while they’re cool about drinking, he’s not sure if it extends to marijuana.

Derek squints at him. “Can I look? I kind of need it.”

“I’ll look,” Stiles says quickly. “Just wait...right there. Yeah.” Stiles kind of shuts the door in his face, which is a little rude, but politeness isn’t worth getting kicked out of the only potential source of friends he has.

But before he can go back into the other room, Derek knocks again, clearly kind of pissed. Stiles hesitates a little but answers anyway.

“Look, I don’t care if you’ve got a bunch of prostitutes and a kilo of coke in there, I need my phone. I have a call scheduled with my mother in an hour and I’m gonna get my ass kicked if I’m not there to take it.”

Stiles sighs, but lets him in, sending out a silent prayer that Derek’s not going to fuck his life over anyway.

Derek goes to the couch, sees the coffee table, and throws Stiles a dry look over his shoulder. “Wow, let me get the cops in here,” he drawls, then snorts and starts rifling through the couch cushions.

“Hey, better to be safe than lose your scholarship, huh?”

“Fair enough.” Derek gets down on his hands and knees to look under the couch, and Stiles swallows, throat a little dry.

“You want something to drink?” he asks, heading to the kitchen.

“Sure,” Derek says, then, “Found it.”

Stiles hears him follow into the kitchen, sees him when he looks over the open fridge door. “We’ve got mostly milk and juice and alcohol. Got a preference?”

“Juice, I guess. Whatever you have is fine.”

They’ve only got orange, but pretty much everyone likes orange juice.

It’s not until he’s poured Derek a glass and helped himself to a bottle of water that he realizes that now Derek’s kind of stuck here until he finishes his juice. It would be kind of rude and awkward if they just stand here in the kitchen.
“Do you, uh, partake?” Stiles asks, nodding at the living room. It’s bro code or something, to offer, at least.

Derek shrugs. “Not in a while, but I could.”

So they go into the other room. Stiles finds the living room lighter next to the Kleenex, takes the first hit and passes to Derek.

“So, your mom’s a real ball-buster?”

It’s not the best smalltalk, but it’s better than hey, remember how we jerked off on this very couch last night? Stiles isn't embarrassed, or anything, because it wasn’t even a gay thing, but he’s not really sure what the protocol is.

Derek shakes his head, then exhales a lungful of smoke. “My sister. I’ve been putting off talking to my mom for a couple weeks and she’ll start interrogating my sister if I don’t give it up. Cora plays rugby, and she could give me a run for my money.”

Stiles just nods because they don’t know each other well enough for him to ask why he hasn’t spoken to his mother. It’s a little weird, maybe.

While he takes another hit, Binks jumps onto Derek’s lap and starts climbing up onto his shoulder. Stiles watches his fingers stroke through the cat’s fur. Must be really fucking soft.

He passes the pipe and lighter, and totally tries to telepathically tell the cat to pay attention to him instead.

Derek has this ridiculous look, what with his stubble and general face area, that makes him look hella good with milky smoke coming out of his mouth, which is totally unfair, and Stiles is getting some pretty intense cotton mouth.

They smoke until the bowl’s cashed, and Stiles is feeling pretty fucking solid, so he’s not really motivated to pack another. The couch feels awesome, though, and he’s managed to coax the cat between them, and that fur is damn soft. It slicks over the webs of his fingers so nice.

“I’m so high right now,” Derek says.

It’s the third time he’s said it since they’ve started smoking. In his defense, it’s been a while.

“This is great,” he says, resting his head against the back of the couch in a way that makes his adam’s apple stand out against his throat. He’s rubbing his fingers together and Stiles mirrors it cause it probably feels cool. (It totally does.)

“I wish you could get paid for just getting stoned and jerking off all day,” Stiles says, fingers still sliding against each other.

“Fuck, that probably feels awesome. Shit.” He adjusts a little on the couch, and Stiles gets that. He gets horny like nothing else when he’s been smoking. It takes pretty much nothing to get him hot, and just thinking about the concept of jerking off is making him want to. Too bad he’s not alone.

But.

But last night.

They’ve done it before.
Stiles presses his lips together, looking at the splay of Derek’s thighs for a second before asking, “Do you want to?”

It takes him a second to comprehend the fact that Derek’s nodding, that they’re going to do this again.

His dick is totally onboard with that.

Stiles grabs the remote and a controller to find some kind of porn, makes himself not pay attention to the way Derek’s hand is on his own crotch, just kind of rubbing. He’s trying to pull something up, but he can’t stop thinking about how good that probably feels, so he presses his palm against his dick through his jeans, working one-handed on the game controller to hit a video at random because shit, he doesn’t have the attention span to actually pick something out.

He gets the video going, and a second later, he’s sunken back into the couch with a hand inside of his jeans. The warm buzz of pleasure when wraps it around his dick is a sweet, sweet reward.

Really, he’s not paying attention to the screen. The porn’s just playing so they’re not sitting around jerking off and avoiding eye contact. Stiles doesn’t need the extra stimulation right now, not a bit. His hand is doing him right.

Pretty much.

He’d pulled jeans on earlier because they’d been the first thing on his floor when he’d gone to talk to Scott, but they’re not good for this. There’s basically no space to move around, and it had been fine at the very start, but he’s commando and it’s kind of hurting his hand. A lot, actually.

“Dude, my zipper’s grating my knuckles into parmesan,” he tells Derek without looking at them. “Is it going to seriously offend you if I whip it out?”

“Go for it,” Derek says, and his voice is tight, and Stiles doesn’t mean to, but he looks. Gets an eyeful of Derek’s thick, muscular forearm as he jacks himself before he rips his eyes away and pops his button, unzips, gets his dick out into the air. Which feels really good, actually.

There’s precome smeared all over the head, and he rubs his thumb over it, sticky. Licks his palm pretty good and gets a good stroke going.

It’s a normal thing, a locker room kind of thing, that he kind of wants to see Derek’s dick. Just for a size comparison. Stiles definitely doesn’t have any insecurities in that department, he knows he’s good, but he’s just curious. It’s not fair, really, that Derek gets to see his and doesn’t return the favor.

Luckily, he’s too high for thinking about another dude’s junk to kill his boner. Hooray for the small miracles.

There’s probably a part of him that gets off on risk or being seen or something, because it’s good, it’s definitely an above-average jerk. The worst part, really, is that he can feel the end approaching pretty fucking fast.

He’d have to take his hand off his dick to get the Kleenex and he really doesn’t want to. It’s maybe a little shameless, but the only thing he has time to think of is pulling his t-shirt up to his armpits so when he gets hit by that toe-curling rush, his dick shoots white stripes over his stomach.

For a moment, he just sort of sinks deeper into the cushions, grinning because he can’t help it. Derek makes a muffled noise next to him, possibly coming, who knows, he’s not paying that much attention, and alright, it’s feeling a little too gay.
He grabs the whole box of Kleenex, puts it between them, and wipes himself up before his jizz gets a chance to dry. Tucks himself back into his jeans, zips up, goes to throw away his tissue.

Maybe he should move a trash can in here.

Well, it’s not like this is going to be a thing that happens a lot.

It could be, though. It’s not like it’s hard. Well, alright, technically, it is, but it’s not putting him out. And Derek seems to be cool with it. Sure, a couple of mutual jerks does not a new best friend make, but it’s definitely a step in the right direction.

“I should probably head out,” Derek says a couple minutes later. “Gotta figure out how to act normal and wait for my mom to call.”

“Totally. Yeah.”

Derek twitches towards the door, watching him. The way his voice trailed off promises a follow up, but Stiles has no idea what he’d been about to say. He can feel the pressure of it, though, the expectation.

“We could do this again sometime,” he says, not entirely on purpose. Then, quickly, “Play some video games or something. Whatever.”

He sounds pathetic.

Never did he think he’d come so low as to practically beg someone to spend time with him. To be his friend. But these are desperate, Scott-less times. He’s not responsible for the lengths he’s been driven to.

“Cool. I’ll text you.”

Stiles watches him go, feeling a little better.

At least he said yes. Basically. (It could be a I’ll text you...never kind of thing, but time will tell.)

Time does tell.

A day later, Saturday, the weekend before classes start up, Derek shoots him a text asking if he wants to hang out.

It’s a little soon, actually, but it’s not like a date kind of thing where they have to wait three days before talking to each other to seem cool and unaffected. It’s just two dudes, hanging out. Maybe they’ll get off. Who knows.

Derek flops on his couch, sighs a heavy sigh.

“I fucking hate Jackson,” he says while Stiles comes back from the kitchen with a couple sodas.

Stiles plops down, hands Derek a soda, says, “What has His Douchetastic Majesty done now?”

“He’s just…” Derek scrubs a hand over his face. “I don’t know. He just thinks everyone wants to hear him talk as much as he does. Thank God for Danny, or he’d never shut up.”

“Why are you rooming with him, then?”
“Because only the president gets a single. We had a drawing for who rooms with who, and I lost. If he’s not talking about the future of our fraternity, he’s bitching about how I dress. He complains about my underwear. But if I punch him, he’ll tattle, so.”

Stiles snorts. “He’s just prissy as fuck.” He bites back something about how Jackson puts a fuckton of effort into his whole look and Derek doesn’t need to do shit to be hella hot, but the way he means it wouldn’t come across. There’s no not-gay way to tell someone they’re attractive, really.

“True that,” Derek’s saying, “He’s alright sometimes, though.”

“Nah, Lydia’s alright. She’s more than alright.”

Derek hums, shaking his head. “You’re gonna get yourself killed, you know that?”

“What a great way to die.”
In the rush of starting classes, Stiles wouldn’t really know it was even happening if Derek hadn’t complained earlier about having to man a booth on Club Day, but they’re officially entering rush week. Which doesn’t mean a ton for Stiles because he’s just a peon, but Derek’s busy.

It all makes him miss Scott, really. They’d been buzzing with excitement this time last year, high on it, ready to be brothers in some official capacity forever.

But he’s coping. Stiles’ facebook is telling him he’s got events to RSVP to pretty much all the way through the fall, and it’s kind of nice to have actual plans. Other than his classes. The first event of the year, the Kappa Phi Alpha Open House, is scheduled for the first Friday after classes start.

Wednesday, after Derek’s shift at the club fair, they crash on the couch with an allotted beer each and the cat on the back of the couch between them. Their usual spots.

“I’m so pumped for this party, dude,” Stiles says when they hit a lull in gameplay. He leans back, trying to get the last couple drops of his beer. “I haven’t been drunk with more than like one or two people in months.”

“You know it’s not that kind of party, right?”

Stiles frowns at him. “What do you mean?”

“The open house is to…” Derek sighs. “We use it to weed out the pledges we consider to be good candidates for alcohol poisoning. We put out some booze and see who sips and who binges.”

“But Scott and I got, like, trashed last year,” Stiles says, trying to catch Derek’s bluff, but he gets it then, embarrassment catching up with him all at once.

“I vouched for you. Told Duke it was the first time you’d been unsupervised around liquor.”
Stiles covers his face with his hands, moans, “Oh my God, are you serious? We were such dabs, Jesus. We didn’t even have an excuse.”

“I figured you wouldn’t have if you’d known,” Derek says with a shrug.

“Shit, I hope your cool-guy cred didn’t suffer because you vouched for a couple pathetic froshes.”

“Nah,” Derek says with a laugh, hand moving over his backwards snapback, “I just got permanent ambulance duty if either of you get too fucked up.”

Stiles kind of wants to die. A lot.

He’s not a total lush. He’s been drinking since he was fifteen and very carefully stole measured amounts of his dad’s whiskey. He can handle himself.

“Please tell me that no one still thinks we’re totally useless,” Stiles says, peeking out from between his fingers.

“Don’t worry about it,” Derek tells him, but that’s not really an option for him.

“Fuck it, I’m gonna smoke a bowl. You down?”

Derek shrugs, nods, and fucknuggets if Stiles isn’t in the mood to get high and bust a nut.

(It’s the fourth time they jerk off together. Not that he’s counting. Not that it’s important how many times it happens.)

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“The room is all yours until, like, eleven tonight,” Derek tells Jackson, grabbing his phone and keys from the shelf above his bed.

“Since when do you Thirsty Thursday?” Danny asks. He’s stretched across Jackson’s bed, fucking around with something that looks complicated and code-ish on his laptop. Jackson himself is in his desk chair, polishing his shoes. Because apparently people do that still.

“I’m not, not really,” Derek says. “Just going over to a friend’s.”

Jackson spins around in his chair. “A friend? All your friends live here.”

“Unless it’s a booty call,” Danny supplies.

“Is she hot?”

“It’s not…Don’t worry about it,” Derek tries, going for the door, but Jackson pushes himself between Derek and his escape.

Jackson shakes his head, says, “No fucking way you’re getting away with weird and vague. Try
lying better next time.”

Derek rolls his eyes.

“Come on. Danny’s single and not even looking, and I’ve been dating the same girl for, like, three years, and Grey’s Anatomy hasn’t started up again yet. We’re boring and we’re bored. Tell us about your life, Derek.”

“Jackson, go get me a soda,” Danny says quickly, half-saving Derek’s life.

“The mini fridge is four fucking feet away. Get it yourself.”

Danny shakes his head. “No, get me a SunKist. From downstairs.”

Jackson gives him a weird look, but he goes, and Derek moves for the door again.

“Hold up,” Danny says. “I won’t tell him anything you don’t want me to, but you can give me the deets. He’s cool, though. I have to punch him sometimes, but that’s just fun.”

Derek looks at him a minute, considering it. Maybe it takes one to know one or something because he knows Danny’s got him pinned. Not that it matters. He’s pretty sure he’s drunkenly let his bisexuality slip at some point.

“Not quite a booty call, but we’re getting there,” Derek says. “I’m trying to warm him up to the idea.”

“Who is he? You know, I wrote an algorithm last year that can estimate someone’s sexual orientation based on their social media presence. Gimme his name and I’ll run it.”

“Well,” Derek says, turning away a little, then, very quietly, “Stiles Stilinski.”

“No.”

Derek looks back, and Danny’s giving him this look like he’s just saved him from falling over the ledge.

“Do not. If you love yourself, just leave him alone.”

“He’s really not bad, I don’t—”

“Derek. Hear me out. Mano y mano.” Danny looks at him very seriously, doesn’t let him escape it. “I’ve gone to school with Stiles since kindergarten. I know him. There are closet cases and there are Closet Cases. Even if you can seduce him, which I don’t think you could, it’ll fuck you up. Spending that much time with someone who doesn’t want to be into you is the fastest way to bury yourself at the bottom of a bottle.”

“It’s not like that. I just wanna fool around a little, maybe work him up to letting me blow him. It’s nothing serious.”

“If you wanna do anything with him, you’re already too sprung, dude. It’s not worth it. Save yourself the effort and just go to a club with me sometime. I know people. I’ll find someone who’s your type if you wanna fuck.”

Derek makes a face. “That’s not my scene. It’s not some thing anyway, it’s just… It’s fun. Messing around with him. He’s a good distraction.”
“Look, it’s your funeral. Have fun.”

“Oh, I will,” Derek says, grinning a little. “His dick is great.”

Danny matches his grin, waves a hand at him. “I’m calling that bluff. I’ve seen it. Nothing special.”

“Believe me when I say he’s a grower,” Derek tells him, keeping his face very still.

“You size queen.”

Derek shrugs. “I would’ve argued with that, like, a week ago, but I’m gonna own up to it.”

“Jesus, how far have you even gotten with him?”

“Technically,” he says, wincing a little as he thinks about it, “I’d say I’m just getting up to bat. But it’s promising.”

“I’m calling it right now: he’s not going to want to get anywhere near your dick. If he does let you blow him, it’s going to be totally one-sided. I’d be willing to bet.”

Derek raises an eyebrow. “Twenty bucks and you’re on.”

“Good luck with that. Go give it a shot. And tell Jackson to stop trying to eavesdrop and bring me my fucking soda.”

Derek gives him a salute, heading out with a little smile.

On the way outside to his car, he passes by Jackson, but really, he doesn’t want to know how much he knows. It’s none of his business. It’s not anyone’s, really, but he trusts Danny to keep it to himself.

It’s not like he doesn’t know that what he’s doing with Stiles is fucking stupid. If he hadn’t been drunk, he wouldn’t have gone that first time. He shouldn’t have, but he’d driven slow, and it’s not like it was far, anyway, but it was a bad fucking decision. Not just because of that.

Stiles is fucking tempting. Derek’s fooled around with a few guys, but he’s never been attracted to them the way he’s attracted to Stiles. Ever since high school, really, but now he’s so fucking close. It’s the worst and kind of the best. Sure, he spends a lot of time reminding himself that no, getting his hands all over Stiles is not a good idea, that kissing his mouth red would definitely fuck up everything he’s worked for.

It’s not hopeless, that’s the thing. He’s got some kind of chance, he can feel it. But he’s not going to get anywhere by climbing onto Stiles and sitting on his dick. As fucking awesome as it would be. No, Stiles is going to need some easing into it. Derek gets it, he does. But it’s very possible he’s going to die of blue balls before he even gets Stiles’ dick in his mouth.
The open house is really not that bad, or it wouldn’t be, if Stiles wasn’t grinning so hard his cheeks hurt to play off his shame over last year.

He also has basically no friends besides Derek here.

It would be so lame to latch onto Derek all night.

(He tries.)

“Go talk to some of the pledges,” Derek tells him. “They think you’re God because you’ve already made it.”

So Stiles tries that.

His goal is to pick the boys without friends so he might end up with someone who’ll need him more than he needs them. It’s not noble, but it’s a good position to be in.

The first guy he tries talking to, broad-shouldered and black with a killer apathetic stare, shuts him down hard.

The second guy, a horrendously tall blue-eyed Raphaelite painting, seems to at least humor him. By looks alone, he’d guess the guy is some sweetheart, maybe a partial filler for that Scott-shaped void in his life, but he’s kind of an asshole, actually. Which would be fine, cause Stiles usually gets along pretty well with assholes, but he’s painfully sober and aware of his limbs and trying not to fuck up, so he’s more in schmooze-mode than banter-mode.

So he hides himself in his phone, sends Scott a million texts that he’s probably not in a good place to respond to. But it makes him look like he’s important and has friends, right?

When he looks around, he finds Derek chatting up the guy he’d tried talking to earlier and seriously, like, he knows Derek was popular back in the day, but he’s not the kind of guy you schmooze at. Or maybe he is, apparently.

Whatever, Stiles isn’t here for it. He’s made half a dozen jokes in the past ten minutes and he was the only one laughing, and that’s wrong. He’s fucking funny, goddamnit, and these little baby-faced pledges better get that.

Maybe if he says he has to feed Binks he’ll be able to escape.

He already did though, goddamnit.

It’s about another minute before he gives up and goes to the kitchen to grab a can of beer.

Danny’s over by the cooler, watching the other room. They’re not friends...well, no, they’re not anywhere close. They’d had classes together in high school. They played lacrosse together. He’s Jackson’s Scott. That’s about it.

“Checking out the prospects?” Stiles asks because his alternative is trying to talk to someone else. The devil you know and all of that.

Danny gives him this look, like if he could muster up a couple of fucks to give, he’d probably hate Stiles. “Definitely. Because I’m totally into freshmen. You got me there. Acne and binge drinking is so sexy.”

Welp. Not what he meant.
But he’s pretty sure that Danny wouldn’t believe that if he explained it.

Yeah, no, he’s gonna retreat.

Or that’s his plan, anyway, but he’s also thinking about striking out in the other room and the fact that Danny thinks something about him that’s wrong, so yeah, he’s going to defend himself.

“I wasn’t trying to make it a gay thing, you know,” Stiles says. “You’re not any different from anyone else.”

“Except that I am, and I am perfectly comfortable with that.” Danny turns on him and Stiles is remembering that he does the frat’s social media and in high school he used to hack people’s facebooks for kicks, so he can’t just run.

“That’s awesome, dude,” Stiles tries, but it sounds weak even to him. “I’m sure dick is great if you’re into that. Which I’m not, but it’s totally cool that you are.”

Danny shakes his head. “No. Nope. I did not sign up for this.” He almost bumps into the Derek on his way out.

There’s a limited number of times that Stiles will allow himself to want to die in a single evening, and Danny put him over his limit.

“You two got beef?” Derek asks as he pops open a beer.

Stiles winces. “I didn’t think so? But I think he thinks I’m some kind of homophobe. No idea where he got that shit.”

Next to him, Derek snorts a little, and yeah, it’s messed up that Danny thinks he’s like that. At least someone gets it.

“Hey, this thing is over in a little bit, right?” Stiles asks as he tosses his keys on the kitchen counter on his way to the freezer. “I drink to forget this night.” The cat hops up onto the arm of the couch to investigate the noise, then goes to rub himself against Derek’s ankle because he’s a fucking traitor.

“We are doing so many shots,” Stiles says as he tosses his keys on the kitchen counter on his way to the freezer. “I drink to forget this night.” The cat hops up onto the arm of the couch to investigate the noise, then goes to rub himself against Derek’s ankle because he’s a fucking traitor.
“Where’s your shot glasses?” Derek asks, scanning the cupboards.

“Scott and I are philosophically opposed to shot glasses. We think they get in the way of reaching your full drinking potential.”

Derek snorts, gets out a couple normal glasses. Well, plastic Walmart Marvel Heroes cups. Whatever.

Stiles starts pouring, shaking his head. “I used to be a cool guy, you know that? I used to be able to talk to people and only end up with my foot in my mouth, like, half the time. But then I started using Scott as my social crutch and I’m hopeless now.”

He throws back as much vodka as he can swallow, not even waiting to pour Derek any.

“Yes, I’m pre-gaming shots. It’s been that kind of night.”

“No judgement here,” Derek tells him as he sets the bottle back down on the counter.

“Let’s see if you can keep up with me, huh?”

Two “shots” (read: full up to Iron Man’s arc reactor) later, Stiles is slinging himself around with the bottle, jumping up onto the couch. Derek has matched him drink-for-drink so far, but he’s switched to something with some juice in it, and Stiles would call him a wimp for it if Derek couldn’t beat his ass.

“Jesus, what do you benchpress?” Stiles asks, sinking into the couch cushions as he walks over to squeeze Derek’s shoulder. “You feel like a fucking rock. Do you have actual body fat? Or is it too afraid of your biceps to come anywhere near you?”

“It’s just baseball. And basketball,” Derek says, smiling a little as he shrugs off the compliment.

Okay, but seriously. Seriously.

Stiles hops down onto the floor so they’re on-level.

“You have abs, don’t you?”

Derek snorts, shakes his head. “I surf. I work out. It’s no big deal.”

“God, shut up, I would totally punch you right now if it wouldn’t break my hand.” So instead, he pets Derek’s stomach, feeling the ridges of muscle warm under his fingers. “You feel so impressive. You’re giving me a complex.”

Stiles laughs and flops back onto the couch, just barely avoiding spilling vodka everywhere. Rolling his eyes, he pulls up his shirt a little to pat his own tummy.

“Look at this. I have a belly roll.” He pokes at it, looking up at Derek for confirmation.

“You’re all hunched over,” Derek says. “That doesn’t even count. I have a belly roll when I sit like that too.”

“Prove it.”

Derek shrugs, sets his drink down before sitting next to him like he’s sitting, pulls up his own shirt.
“No, that’s just your, like, twenty-four-pack,” Stiles says, and Derek laughs. Stiles can feel it under his hand, gets distracted by it for a moment. “Doesn’t count, dude. Do not mock the problems of the unattractive. It’s just not fair.” Stiles takes his hand back because he’s been touching Derek too long, forces down a couple gulps of vodka.

“You’re not unattractive, idiot,” Derek tells him.

Stiles waves away his protest. “You know, I’ve only actually fucked one person? And there was, like, one BJ a couple months ago at a party, but that barely even counts. I am such a loser. God, I bet you’ve fucked a million girls.”

“Not even.” Derek takes a sip of his drink, then says, “I fucked my TA freshman year.”

“No shit,” Stiles breathes.

Derek nods. “Yep. It was kind of an ongoing thing, I guess, but she turned out to be fucking crazy, so. Good riddance, I guess.”

“Was she hot?”

“Oh yeah. But I did not mourn that one.”

Stiles nods, takes a swig, gets up. “I gotta go break the seal. Be right back.”

He can walk just fine. It’s maybe a more exciting walk than it is sober, but it’s good. He’s good. Zipping back up always sucks, and he’s at the level of buzzed where he’s back-burner horny so it sucks more than usual. Would Derek think it was too gay if he just…didn’t?

But that makes him think about Danny. Because he’s not, like, a homophobe. He’s got nothing against Danny except for that time he glared pretty fucking hard at him for noticing Lydia’s cleavage. But that was two years ago and the point is that he doesn’t give a shit if Danny’s of the homosexual persuasion. He’s never hit on Stiles, so it’s none of his business.

Except Danny thinks he’s some kind of asshole? That’s not true. Well, it’s true, but not in that way.

“But I give off, like, a homophobic vibe?” Stiles asks as he rejoins Derek in the living room. He leaves the vodka on the table, waiting for an answer.

Derek takes a moment.

“Well…at first, a little bit. Just a bit.”

Stiles makes a face, but he thinks back on it, and yeah, he gets how he could’ve maybe come off that way a little. But still.

“That was just boundaries, dude. But Danny was, like, insinuating that I wasn’t comfortable with myself? Excuse him. Or not. He’s not excused. Because that was hurtful and untrue. I’m so comfortable with myself.”

“Allright?”

“No, I am!” Stiles tells him, taking a little sip of drank. “I’m so serious. I’m straight but not narrow, you know? I’m at peace with that. With me. I’m so zen.”

“You’re kinda talking it up a bit,” Derek says, cup raised to his mouth. Stiles stares at him, a little
pissed off noise punching out of him.

“What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Nothing. I’m just saying, you shouldn’t have to say it so much.”

Stiles hands find his own hips. “You know what? I’ll prove it.”

“Oh really?”

“Yes. Really. I’m totally secure and comfortable in my hereto—in my straightness, and I’m going to prove it.”

Derek raises this one stupid eyebrow, and Stiles knows what he’s gotta do.

“I need you to let me touch your junk, dude.”

Derek’s other eyebrow joins the first.

“It’s only gay if we’re actually gay,” Stiles says as it comes to him. “Which we’re not. So it’s just straight guy dick-touching.”

“Alright,” Derek says, leaning back all the way to undo his jeans, shove them down to just the tops of his thighs. Past his ass, really, but Stiles isn’t sure why he thinks of that. His underwear look like briefs, though. Stiles has gotten a glimpse or two, but not like this. He’s never actually seen Derek’s dick before. Derek’s kept it to himself. Which is, like, the agreement. But Stiles likes to know things.

“I’m just gonna—” He moves stiltedly, not sure how to approach, but sighs. “Fuck it.” He just swings a leg over Derek’s thighs. Takes a second to balance himself; he’s good.

“Are you sure—” Derek’s protest fades away when Stiles’ hand trails down his happy trail to the wide UnderArmour band of his briefs.

“I’ve probably jerked myself off a million times. It’s the exact same thing. Just a different direction.”

He tugs the waistband down, just below Derek’s balls, stares at the flush of his dick where it peeks out of his foreskin. His skin is a different color in general, and Stiles is circumcised, so even though he’s seen it in porn and whatnot, it just looks a little different. Derek doesn’t have that scar he has. It’s weird. But it’s the same thing.

“Sorry,” Derek says quickly, looking up from Stiles’ hands on his underwear up to his face. “It’s not—I know how it is. Sometimes it just happens.”

Stiles is kind of confused, but, curious, he runs his fingers up Derek’s dick. He’s warm and kind of soft but also hard and—

“Oh, dude, no big thing,” Stiles tells him. “I’m usually halfway there by my third drink. I’m horny 24/7 so no judgement.”

Jesus, once he thinks about it, he can feel himself throbbing against his inseam, but that’s going to take a backseat. He’s got a task. Proving himself.

“I’ve always kind of wondered what this felt like,” Stiles says as he gets his hand wrapped around Derek. “I wrote an essay on circumcision once, and I read that you don’t really have to use lube if you’re uncut. Always sort of wondered how it felt in your hand, you know?”
Derek’s breath comes sharp through his nose. “What’s it feel like if you are?” Stiles looks at him, hand stilling except for his thumb just running up and down his skin. It’s kind of distracting, having a dick in his hand. He’s used to doing something with it.

“Do you wanna?” he asks, glancing down at his own crotch. Derek nods, and Stiles shrugs. “Go for it. Just spit on your hands or something.” While Derek undoes his pants, he says, “Did you know that they used to circumcise guys so it would hurt if they tried to jerk it without something to ease the way? Sin or whatev—” He drags in a harsh breath when Derek gets his hand on him.

“You’re not even hard all the way, are you?” Derek asks, and Stiles shakes his head.

“Gimme a second and I will be, fuck. It’s been a long fucking time since I had someone else’s hand.”

Derek’s little laugh is paper-thin. “I bet I can make you come first,” he says, and Stiles snorts.

“You’re on, dude. Prepare to lose. I bet I have way more experience here.”

“We’ll see.” Derek licks his hand good, and maybe it’s because he’s done that same thing to himself so many times, but he’s pretty sure his dick jumps a little in anticipation.

He’s so not going to lose.

When it comes to jerking off, Stiles really is a pro. He’s a master-bater. It’s just a fact.

“Oh, fuck, yeah, just like that,” Derek groans. His head falls back against the couch, but his hand doesn’t slow on Stiles. It feels so much fucking better, it does, to have someone else touching him. But he’s a winner.

His go-for-the-gold stroke is working, too. If he’s horny enough, he can get himself off in two minutes, tops. It’s a little less effective now — his coordination’s a little different what with the reverse angle, the different slide of Derek’s foreskin, and it’s just different — but he can tell Derek’s getting there soon. Probably. It’s a different dick. It requires more study than Stiles is of an attention span to devote right now.

But Derek’s good. He’s doing things with his thumb that are making Stiles grit his teeth and grab Derek’s shoulder to steady himself.

It only takes a few seconds, though, before Derek’s biting his mouth closed and spurting all over his shirt, a little on Stiles’ hand. He makes sure Derek’s done before wiping his hand off. The shirt’s a goner until a good wash, that’s for sure.

“Fucker,” Derek hisses at him, but the corners of his mouth are turned up a little. And then he’s got both hands on Stiles’ dick, and Stiles just loses himself to it. His forehead thumps onto Derek’s shoulder, and he’ll never fucking admit it, but he makes a fucking embarrassing noise when he comes.

But.

It’s probably the best orgasm he’s had in a really long time, and wow does he need to get laid.

“I think I’m gonna need to borrow a shirt,” Derek says.

Stiles sits up, blinking, and yeah. “We made a bit of a mess.” He laughs. It always flows out of him easily after he’s come. “Anyway, let me get that. Here, I’ll put yours in with my laundry.”
“Let me just—” Derek leans over, grabs a tissue, and wipes up what he can before stripping off the shirt. Scrambling off the couch, Stiles takes it into his room.

Derek really does have abs, though, holy God.

There’s a lot of shirt options, but he bypasses anything that’ll damage his self esteem too much, so he grabs a loose t-shirt. It won’t be loose on Derek, but it won’t bust at the seams either. He almost heads back out into the other room before just ditching his jeans. There’s no reason to wear them. Boundary-wise, they’re definitely there.

Derek yanks the shirt on. He moves lazily, like he always does after.

It’s not weird that Stiles knows that.

“I think I might crash, honestly,” Derek says, and Stiles gets that. Really gets that.

“Go for it. I’m wiped. If you need anything, get it yourself.” He throws Derek a sleepy smile and stares at the cat, expecting Binks to follow him into his room, but he climbs up onto Derek instead. Stiles waves his hand in defeat, heads to his room.

~ ~ ~

Derek’s hung over as all get out when he makes his way home, but he’s grinning anyway.

In the kitchen, he runs into Danny pouring himself some coffee.

“You owe me twenty bucks,” Derek says, not quite able to keep himself from smirking. He’s fucking proud of himself, and he should be. Sort of. It was Stiles’ idea, technically. But it fucking happened.


“This isn’t even my shirt,” Derek tells him. He watches Danny’s eyes scan over it, go wide. “Damn.”

Derek shrugs, going for the coffee now that Danny’s done.

“I always swore he’d be the type to be all it’s not gay if I don’t look him in the eyes, you know? Anything he could do to pretend he wasn’t with a guy.”

“He’s not about to go to a parade or anything,” Derek says as he gets out a mug, “but I think I can work him up past a couple of handjobs.”

That’s about 300% bravado, though, because he’s really fucking worried they went too far too fast. Stiles had been drunk. And sure, he’d been too, but it’s not the same. He’s got a feeling Stiles is either not going to remember or pretend he doesn’t remember so he doesn’t have to confront it.

Fucking shame, too, because Derek can still feel the way Stiles’ mouth brushed against his neck right before he came, the sweet curl of his hand.
The worst thing about Stiles is that Derek can’t just fuck him out of his system.

No, he’s been checking out Stiles from across the hall, across the high school cafeteria, since sophomore year, and he can’t shake the feeling that he’s absolutely no closer to getting something real out of him.

Alright, not that he really wants anything serious or whatever. But it would be nice if instead of getting let’s hang out, Stiles might text him something more like let’s fuck. At least that’s more honest. And, well, Derek likes making out. It’s fun. He’s got enough flashbacks of Stiles making out with his high school girlfriend before school to know that Stiles is probably a great kisser.

But he’s not going to push. He’s not going to worry about it, even. He’s just going to go with the flow. See what happens.

~ ~ ~

(Week 2)

Stiles hesitates before texting Derek again.

Hesitates a lot.

It feels like they’ve crossed some weird line, but at the same time, it’s really not that weird. It’s not really a gay thing since it was something he could do to himself. It was just masturbation with a little help.

And it was way fucking better than pretty much anything he’s felt from his own hand.

 Mostly, he hesitates because he’s not sure how to convey that he wants to do it again in a bro way.

It takes him about half an hour to compose a not-weird text, but he eventually sends just one word: bored.

He has to wait a bit. Binks slowly moves from his lap to his stomach to his chest in the meantime, warm and only somewhat ripping him to shreds.

I have a couple hours of homework he gets, and alright, he can work with that.

Tongue sticking out of the corner of his mouth, he types me too. I hate working alone.

He sends it without thinking too much about it, then follows it up with I’ll put a pizza in the oven

It’s a minute or two before Derek sends On my way.

They’re in business.

Stiles does have homework. He wasn’t actually planning on doing any of it, but he can adapt. And he’s got a good feeling.
That good feeling doesn’t quite disappear when Derek gets there, but it gets a little confused.

Derek’s eyes are pretty fucking red and he’s a little bit squinty.

“Are you high?” Stiles asks as he lets him in.

“What? No.”

“Dude, I could blind you with a piece of floss. It’s no thing.” It might be? He’s not sure why, but he feels a little put out that Derek’s getting high with other people.

Derek shakes his head as he dumps his bag on the couch. “I left my contacts in last night. My eyelids feel like sandpaper right now.”

“You wear contacts?” Stiles can’t help but grin a little. “Does that mean you have glasses?”

Derek glares at him for a moment, then pulls a pair of thick-rimmed glasses out of the pocket of his basketball shorts, pushes them onto his face. His eyebrows are daring Stiles to say something about it, so he does.

“You look like such a nerd,” he tells Derek. It’s not even really true because pretty much nothing could make Derek look like a nerd, not with his shoulders, but those glasses really work with your jawline isn’t really something you tell your bro.

“Shut up. Do you have caffeine?”

“Mountain Dew in the fridge. Have at it.”

As Derek goes into the other room, Binks winds himself around his calves.

“Get me one,” Stiles says as he starts clearing off the little breakfast bar he and Scott use instead of getting an actual table. (Stiles himself doesn’t use it, but there’s no point in sitting at a table-surface if you’re eating alone.)

“Why do I get the feeling you like to talk when you ‘study’?” Derek asks as he sets a soda down in front of him.


“It’s fine. I can ignore pretty much anything.”

It’s awkward, then.

Because Stiles is thinking about how he really shouldn’t suggest that they jerk off again and Derek isn’t saying anything about last time and he’s not really sure what that means. It’s not like Stiles wants to have a conversation about it or anything; he just wants to do it again.

The oven beeps, saying it’s done pre-heating, and Stiles goes to deal with that instead of standing around and not talking.

After, he makes school-related smalltalk while Derek gets out his stuff, fumbles around with plates, sets out some food for Binks. He’s going to have to deal with the litterbox soon cause his bathroom is starting to stink like cat poop.
It takes something like ten years for Derek to finish his homework.

Stiles watches him half the time, hoping he’ll feel pressured to *hurry the fuck up*. But no, Derek takes his sweet-ass time, pushing his glasses up his nose and reading and whatever people do to study.

It’s fucking boring.

Stiles trawls through Reddit and Cracked and Facebook, but he’s shocked he doesn’t have liver spots by the time Derek closes his text book and sighs.

“You finally done?” Stiles asks, swiveling in his chair.

“I literally *just* finished. Have you done anything at all?”

“Nope,” Stiles tells him proudly.

Derek snorts. “Well, I’m fucking exhausted.”

“I bet,” Stiles says. “You probably did a lot of work. You should reward yourself.” It comes out before he can convince himself that he shouldn’t say it, and Derek gives him this *look*, like he thinks he knows what Stiles is saying but he’s not sure?

He doesn’t do it on *purpose*, but Stiles kind of looks down at Derek’s crotch, and yeah, okay, at least they’re both on the same page now.

Maybe he’s a little eager when he hops over the back of the couch for his game controller to put on some porn, but he *has* been waiting for eternity, basically, and he’s not very good at delaying impulses, so that’s really impressive in itself.

He also sits a little more center than his usual spot, but he’s not into the idea of verbally communicating that he wants some dick touching to happen. Other-dick touching. And maybe Derek doesn’t see it the way he does, maybe Stiles *will* have to convince him, but he wants to get the lay of the land first.

Derek also sits a little closer to the center than usual.

Maybe things are a go.

Hopeful, Stiles picks out a random porno, doesn’t waste time, just tosses down the controller and shoves his sweatpants down his thighs. He looks over at Derek who meets his look for a second before doing the same.

Stiles’ left hand twitches on his own thigh, then lifts, hovers in the space between them like a question mark.

With a short nod, Derek moves his own hand out of the way, spits in his palm. That should be gross, probably, but it’s nothing Stiles hasn’t done a million times. But it definitely does *not* feel like the way it does those million times when Derek wraps him up in his fist. It’s *so* much better, just cause he doesn’t know *exactly* what Derek’s hand is going to do.

But Stiles is working leftie, and he’d like to call himself ambidextrous, but there’s some fine muscle development he just doesn’t have in his left hand. His arm is going to wear out if he tries to really go for it, so instead, he just keeps up a steady, slow stroke. After Derek gets him off, he’ll go rightie and
it’ll all be good.

Derek slows down, though, *horribly* slow, slow enough that Stiles tries to thrust into his fist. Only Derek’s being a little shit about it, so Stiles wraps his hand around Derek’s, shows him what he wants. He laughs a little at that, but he does what Stiles wants.

The nice thing is that Derek’s hands are big. It feels fucking awesome.

There’s porn running in the background, or the foreground, whatever, and he doesn’t even really need to pay attention to it because a foreign hand is pretty much enough. His body’s starting to burn, muscles coiling up in preparation, so he slips a hand down to play with his balls, feels them draw close to his body just before he comes with a little noise.

He only allows himself a couple breaths before grabbing Derek a tissue for the jizz all over his hand and turning so he can actually get to his dick at a good angle.

Jesus, it’s weird feeling the thrum of someone else’s pulse through their dick. Cool, but weird.

He’s curious, too, about whether or not Derek’s precome feels the same, so he rubs his thumb back and forth over the little dip of his slit. Gets it all sticky-slick. He’s never done it on purpose himself, but he’s still a little curious about whether or not they taste the same. That’s not something he’s going to find out, though.

But Derek makes these little breathy sounds, covering his face as he leans back, hips moving into Stiles’ hands.

If this weren’t what it is, Stiles might talk. He likes talking during sexy funtime activities, but this isn’t really that. It’s just not the place for it. He doesn’t *really* talk to himself when he’s jerking it, and he doesn’t want Derek to know that, on occasion, he has in the past. It’s probably super lame.

It’s weird and kind of cool, though, that he senses it just before Derek comes. Something in the way his body draws tight just before. He manages to move Derek’s shirt up out of the way just in time to save it.

After, he slumps back in his seat, tucks himself away, zips.

They put on a video game. Don’t talk about it.

There’s nothing to talk about.

Chapter End Notes

it ain't done y'all. i like to throw that out there.
you and me baby we ain't nothin but mammals

There's another playlist [HERE!]

(Week 3)

It’s not like he’d meant for it to become a thing, but it’s not like it’s a problem, either.

Sometimes, maybe a lot, maybe a few times a week and sometimes two or three times in an afternoon, Derek comes over and they jerk each other off. Whatever. It’s not weird. It’s just a thing they do. And it’s actually really awesome. Almost too awesome. Because occasionally, Stiles does jerk it alone, and it’s really just not the same.

Once upon a time, Stiles had been firmly of the mind that there’s no point in handjobs because he could just do it himself, and better, but he’s pretty sure having actual experience in that department helps. A lot.

(Not that the few times he’d tried it with Heather were bad, but it felt like foreplay or something, and that’s not really what he’s into on his end. Hers, sure, he loves eating pussy as much as the next guy, and there’s nothing quite like fingering a girl, but when she reciprocated, it never did much for him.)

Sometimes, he intentionally doesn’t touch himself until he sees Derek next. He tries that twice, actually, and both times, he pretty much herds Derek to the couch the second he’s in the door, so he’s not sure if it’s such a good idea. Maybe. He shoots like a rocket and it feels fucking awesome, so who knows.

They don’t see each other outside of Stiles’ apartment much, don’t even bump into each other on campus.

Well, they don’t, after the open house, until the charity car wash on Sunday.

The Kappa Phi house is situated at the end of a long U-shaped driveway that’s usually packed with brothers’ cars, but not on Sunday.

Since, like, the seventies, from what Stiles understands, Kappa Phi’s first fundraiser has been a car wash. That first time, as he’s been told twice now, was something of a joke because they’d had a reputation for being the best-looking fraternity on campus.

Basically, everyone shows up in swim trunks and they wash cars for the girls on campus. It’s a thing they do.

Jackson is a fucking douchenozzle about it, standing around in his slightly-more-than-Speedo like someone’s snapping pictures. It’s fucking annoying.

“Tell your boyfriend he’s not on a runway,” Stiles grumbles at Lydia, who’s sitting on a fancy pool
lounger, relocated to the grass of the front yard, holding a drink with a little umbrella. Her car had been the first to be washed, which Stiles only knows because Derek convinced him to sign up for the first shift. Even though Derek isn’t even out here.

“Come here,” she sighs, and Stiles pretty much skips to her. “If you get me a refill, I’ll tell you something that’ll make you feel better.”

“Alright, deal,” he says because 1) favors for Lydia are always a good choice and 2) he probably needs to reapply sunscreen.

“It’s the pitcher in the fridge,” she calls over her shoulder at him.

In the house, Stiles heads straight back to the kitchen. Where he very nearly bumps into Derek.

Derek, minus a shirt.

“Hey,” Derek’s abs say as he pops open a soda. Even a little motion like that sends a ripple of muscle movement up his arm. And he’s tan, too. It’s fucking unfair.

“Please tell me your shift isn’t starting,” Stiles begs as he gets the pitcher out of the fridge. “I’ve got another two hours left and I don’t wanna have to draw on a six-pack or something.”

“Relax. No one’s going to complain about the view.”

Stiles rolls his eyes as he pours a little messily, sloshes onto the counter. He licks his finger and wow, if he could get away with it, he’d totally drink mixed drinks always.

“See you out there,” Derek says on his way out.

Throwing up a hand, Stiles takes a careful sip of the drink so he can walk with it, puts the pitcher away, heads out.

Lydia accepts the drink with a graceful, manicured hand, and, not even looking at him, says, “Danny picked the booty shorts out and didn’t tell him the brand he’s wearing is used almost exclusively in gay porn.”

Stiles chokes, then notices that Allison, Scott’s as-of-this-summer ex, is sitting with her. He gives her a little nod because it wasn’t a cheating thing or anything so she’s not on his shit list, and she returns it. He still feels weird about having to talk to her, though, so he heads to see what cars need washing.

And sees Derek stretching over a VW Bug with eyelashes.

It would be funny if Derek wasn’t built like an action movie hero or Playgirl coverboy. He always looks so good. It’s not even fair.

Shit, though, he’s so used to getting off when he sees Derek that looking at him is, like, triggering a situation in his trunks that’s not good with all these people around.

Moving quickly, he goes to help Greenberg with a RangeRover, does his best to face away from Derek.

That kind of works for, like, an hour, but then someone lets Derek have a hose and he’s, like, cleaning himself off or something like he’s a hotter Jake Ryan from Sixteen Candles and maybe for just a second the soap suds look a little like jizz, and yeah, no, Stiles should’ve just jerked off in the
shower this morning. He should’ve known that it was a fucking bad idea not to.

He ducks his head down as he heads inside, thinking about, like, Human Centipede more than he’s ever wanted to in his life.

“Where’re you going?” Danny asks as Stiles passes by him.

“Gotta pee,” Stiles says quick. He makes sure to walk just slow enough that no one thinks it’s weird.

~ ~ ~

Derek watches Stiles head in, eyes catching on Danny, who’s giving him a look as he pushes his tongue against the inside of his cheek. Just the once, but his smug little smirk lingers.

“I’m going to get some water,” Derek tells Jackson. He doesn’t wait for a response.

He does, however, notice that Lydia’s watching him with a narrow look as he passes by her. But he’s not going to bring that up until she inevitably forces him to. Not a chance.

Stiles isn’t in the living room or what he can see of the kitchen, but he sees light under the door of the downstairs bathroom, so he knocks, offers a Hey so Stiles will know who he is.

There’s nothing for a second, but then the door’s opening and Stiles is pulling him in by his trunks, crowding him against the sink as he slams the door shut behind him.

“Don’t judge me,” Stiles hisses as he shoves Derek’s trunks down. Stiles’ cock is already out, leaking at the tip and spit-slick, and Derek hopes to God he got so desperate because of him.

“Definitely not,” Derek tells him, choking a little when Stiles tries to get one hand around both of them. He isn’t quite getting it right and he clearly doesn’t have the patience for it, so Derek spits in his hand, slicks him up some more, and yanks him in by his ass.

Stiles moans ridiculously at that. Ridiculous because Derek wants to hear that noise for the rest of his life, maybe. But then Stiles’ fingers curl into his hips and he’s thrusting against Derek and it’s maybe too fucking good. And Stiles isn’t saying anything about Derek’s hands on his ass, probably doesn’t even notice, which is fucking awesome because his ass feels great. Derek’s usually not very partial to other people’s asses, but Stiles’ is an exception.

But Stiles doesn’t really stop making noises. He tries to hold them in against Derek’s shoulder at first, but he gives up, makes these stupid, amazing sounds halfway between pants and words. It drives him crazy in normal circumstances, but Derek lives here. He knows how thin the walls are, so he’s trying to listen for someone else in the house, and that’s how he hears the front door slam shut.

Someone, possibly Jackson, calls his name, and Stiles is getting close, getting loud, and fuck, if they get found like this, Stiles is never going to do it again.

He pretends that’s why he does it, really.

Why he kisses Stiles’ open mouth, feels just a brush of tongue before Stiles is coming hot between them.

Stiles’ mouth goes slack as he rubs off through the last little pulses of his orgasm. He pulls away,
though, looks at Derek with something close to fear. Before he can say anything, though, Jackson, because it’s definitely Jackson, yells for him again. Stiles slaps a hand over his own mouth, head tilting towards the door to listen.

Derek very carefully pushes in the lock on the door.

He stares at it, hearing Jackson call for him again, doesn’t move.

But Stiles moves.

Stiles, who either enormously overestimates Derek’s self-control or is looking for revenge, gets his hand around Derek’s dick. It’s slick with something, and Derek’s knees shake when he wonders if it could be Stiles’ come.

Definite overestimation.

Derek tries to bite his mouth shut, and Stiles, cheeky asshole, holds up a finger to his lips with a little smirk that Derek wants to fuck right off his face.

Instead, Derek clamps his jaw shut while Stiles brings him off with a firm hand and way more eye contact than Derek’s ever had to deal with in a hookup or anyone else besides Kate, maybe. But it’s a safe kind of eye contact; Derek doesn’t feel uncomfortable letting go for him. Not like he really has a choice. He couldn’t stop himself from coming if he tried.

Unlike Stiles, though, he can keep himself quiet if he needs to. Perk of growing up in a house with his sisters’ rooms on either side of him.

But also unlike Stiles, he got the bulk of the mess. Again.

He’d like to think it’s because Stiles kind of climbs over him, but he’s not sure if that’s just wishful thinking or not.

Stiles tears off a wad of toilet paper for him but doesn’t quite meet his eyes, and Derek knows he’s broken one of their hundred weird, changing, unspoken rules. This one, this one he could be sure about.

“It was just to shut you up,” he says. “You’re so fucking loud. I wasn’t getting my ass caught for that.”

The way Stiles relaxes makes Derek bite the inside of his cheek.

“You’re such a dick,” Stiles tells him. “You had me worried for a second there. Shit, that would’ve sucked so much.”

Welp. Not like he expected any different.

Derek folds up some more TP, gets it wet to clean himself off better. “Trust me, I wouldn’t have done it if I had a choice.” Derek’s a filthy liar, but that’s kind of the name of the game here. Whatever. He can deal.

“Wait a couple minutes before coming out,” Stiles says, slipping away.

Derek almost makes it past the kitchen doorway.
“What’s with you and Stilinski?” Lydia asks as she drops a paper umbrella into a drink.

He could run. He could just ignore her and keep going.

But he’s not stupid enough to walk away from Lydia Martin.

“There’s nothing with me and him,” Derek says, stepping into the room.

Her glossed mouth pouts. “That’s a shame,” she says, adjusting the umbrella. “If there had been something there, I might have been able to help you out. But I guess you don’t need my help, then.”

“What kind of help?”

She looks up, bright-eyed; she knows she’s got him.

“You see, Derek, I know Stiles. I know everyone he knows. I know how he works, and I can help you with him. I can set up situations for you to be alone with him. I can convince him to throw himself at you. If I choose.”

“What’s in it for you?”

A little shrug. “That boy’s been chasing after me for years. It’s gotten old. I’ll do whatever I have to do to help him move on. And maybe, somewhere down the line, you’ll do me a favor.”

“Alright,” he says, “what do you need me to do?”

“Tell me everything.”

And he does.

~ ~ ~

(Week 4)

The following Friday is the first official Kappa Phi rager.

“It’s going to be awesome,” Scott tells him over Skype. “You love parties, dude.”

“Yeah, but it’s different without my wingman,” Stiles says as he tries to corral Binks into a not-annoying position on his body.

“It’ll be easier once you’ve had a couple drinks. Don’t worry so much.”

Stiles scowls. “I’m not worried, I just miss you, bro.”

“Well, I’m doing good. Australians know how to party, man. And I’ve made a friend. She’s pretty cool—”

“Whoa whoa whoa,” Stiles says, “she? A girl, she? Are you moving on from Allison? Why haven’t we talked about this?”
“It’s not like that. Kira’s just a friend. She goes to Berkeley, actually. I’ll introduce you when we come back. She’s hella cool.” Scott sighs. “And I don’t know about Allison. I mean, we both thought it was a good idea to try being single for a while. I’m fine. And Kira’s really chill.”

“You’ve friendzoned yourself, haven’t you?” Stiles asks with a despairing look. “Then I guess I’m just going to have to get laid for the both of us, aren’t I?”

Scott laughs, but not like he’s making fun of him.

“You know, I could hook up with someone. You never know. Maybe I’m, like, super hot now that you’re not stealing my thunder.”

“Stiles, I’ve always told you you’re hot enough for anyone. I could never steal your thunder.”

He looks away, trying not to smile. “Cut that sappy-ass complimenty shit out. I’m not drunk enough for you to talk like that.”

“Go to the party. Have fun. Talk to some new people. Try new things. Okay? I’ll be back before you know it.”

~ ~ ~

“Look, I am not agreeing to fuck this guy to get my pin,” the girl says, and Derek covers his face. This is going so much worse than he’d thought.

“You don’t have to do anything with him,” Lydia explains with just a touch of impatience. “We’re only asking you to pretend to be his arm candy for at least tonight. Then you can consider yourself initiated.”

The girl narrows her eyes beneath her frizzy mane. “So I don’t have to do shit with him? Because that’s hazing, I know it is.”

“I’m into someone else,” Derek tells her.

“We just need you to act like you’re into Derek whenever you see them.”

“Who?”

Lydia sighs and pulls out her phone, taps a few times, then shows the girl the screen.

“Oh,” she says, relaxing. “He’s cute.”

Lydia snorts. “Don’t even think about it. He’s obviously off the menu.”

“Obviously,” the girl snaps.

The fact that she’s not straight-up cowering in Lydia’s mere presence is kind of impressive, honestly.

“So are you willing or not?” Lydia asks.
“I’m willing, on one condition,” she says, then gestures to Lydia’s face, hair, and clothing, “you teach me how to do that.”

Lydia takes on an appraising look. “Alright. I can do that. I wouldn’t have picked you if you didn’t have something I could work with. I hope you’re free this afternoon because your time is mine now.”

“What am I supposed to do?” Derek asks.

“Wear something forest green for your eyes,” Lydia says, “and don’t get in my way.”

~ ~ ~

When Stiles gets to the Kappa Phi house, it’s lit up bright and garish against the dark sky. He’d chosen to come a little later on purpose, smoke a bowl and wait for things to pick up a little.

**here, where are you?** he sends to Derek.

He’s not going to make a beeline for the one person he’s remotely friends with. Definitely not.

No, he’s going to make a beeline for the alcohol.

Then he’s going to find Derek.

The booze is out back on the patio, two kegs, three coolers, and two foldable tables with cups and liquor. Far enough away from the pool for safety.

Danny’s guarding the liquor tables, making sure no one doses anything skeevy.

Just Stiles’ luck, really.

But he tries to channel Scott, to see awkward situations as opportunities, so maybe that’s what he should do here.

“Hey, Danny,” Stiles greets, trying for a winning grin.

Danny raises an eyebrow at him, arms crossed over his chest.

“I think maybe we’ve, you know, gotten off on the wrong foot. A couple times. At least. Sorry about, well, all of that.”

“Alright,” Danny says, “I’ll bite. What do you want from me?”

“Nothing. Just don’t want any beef between us.”

Danny snorts. “Oh, there’s not. I don’t have a thing against you, Stilinski.”

“I’m sensing some hostility there.”

“Look,” he tells Stiles, “I know you. I know your type. You’re not a bad guy, but what you don’t get is there’s miles of territory between hate and acceptance. It’s not a binary, Stiles.”

This is going poorly, but Stiles doesn’t have a lot of options without fucking things up further. So he
tries to doggie paddle.

“Okay, if I don’t get it, help me. Show me the way, kemosabe.”

“You’re serious?”

“As a heart attack, dude.”

There’s a good chance he’ll regret this, but oh well.

Can’t really back out now.

“Be my wingman,” Danny says at last. “Not this weekend, maybe not even the next, but come out clubbing with me. I’m feeling charitable.”

“As long as you use that fake ID of yours to buy me a drink or two, I’m game.”

He’s probably going to regret that.

Probably definitely.

“I’m giving you a shot, Stilinski. Don’t fuck it up.”

Stiles stares at him, wide-eyed, then nods.

Feeling only slightly off-kilter, he mixes Jaeger and Mountain Dew to get his night started. Takes a big gulp, eyes going like faucets.

Checks his phone.

**Living room** is all Derek’s sent. Stiles hadn’t seen him on his way in, but that’s not a surprise; the room had been packed and claustrophobic when he’d squeezed his way through.

He forces himself to get down half of his drink before heading inside.

It’s *dense* in there, though.

The music’s hella loud, too, so it feels thicker in the flashing lights. Everyone’s grinding, like they do, and he sees a lucky guy with his hand down a girl’s skirt.

He scans, scans, scans….

At first, he’s not even sure it’s Derek he sees because he’s not used to actually seeing Derek with girls.

But *this* girl, this *vamp*, she’s hanging off him like some kind of leech, her bright red lipstick smeared on his cheek, and you know what? Stiles isn’t going to talk to Derek right now. *Apparently*, he’s busy.

It’s stupid, but Stiles is fucking pissed.

It’s not like they both don’t know that Derek can get girls by just snapping his fingers, but he doesn’t have to rub it in like *this*. He knows that Stiles has only made out with a handful of girls since high school, since Heather, that he’s pretty much sexually handicapped. So what does he do? He finds a stupidly hot girl to just rub that in Stiles’ face.
Stiles would place bets on them sneaking off early so she could go down on him. Maybe they’ll fuck in Derek’s bed. He’s never even seen Derek’s room, but it’s probably a great place for him to fuck hot girls. It’s probably awesome.

Maybe he’s not doing it on purpose, though.
Maybe he’s just trying to get laid.

That’s reasonable.

But if Derek and this girl become some thing, is he going to keep hanging out with Stiles? He won’t need to, will he? His needs’ll be met.

Fuck it.

Stiles throws back the rest of his drink, jumps into the dancing crowd.
He’s not going to worry about it. He’s not going to worry about anything at all. He’s just going to dance. Derek can have his girlfriend or whatever. Who cares? Stiles sure doesn’t.

It works.

Between the heady buzz of alcohol and the thumping bass and the body heat, he stops thinking beyond the music.

It’s fucking great.

Until someone touches his shoulder and he turns and it’s that girl. She’s got her back against Derek’s ridiculous chest and one finger hooked in Stiles’ collar, pulling him in closer.

Stiles is kind of helpless against perfect lipstick and anyway, Derek’s hand slips off her waist to his, so it must be cool.

There’s no point in thinking about it.

He likes dancing, likes dancing with people, and maybe it’s not quite what he was thinking, but he can run with it.

The girl tosses all of her blonde curls over one shoulder, baring her neck, and Stiles doesn’t even think before putting his mouth on her. Derek’s got the same idea, it seems. It’s fine, but when his nose brushes against Derek’s mouth, he pulls away. It’s a little too close for comfort, there.

“I need a drink!” he yells, gesturing.

They keep dancing when he withdraws through the crowd.

It’s cooler outside, feels nice when he grabs a beer from a cooler. The pop of the can opening is almost as satisfying as the first sip. It’s slightly better quality than the kegs, which is the only reason he’s drinking it, but it feels nice. The sweat cooling on his face is like heaven.

After a moment of reprieve, he heads back inside but doesn’t get past the kitchen. Looks like pretty much everyone he knows is hanging out. Derek fistbumps him in greeting, but the girl’s pressed up against his side, so Stiles leans against the counter near the fridge, tries to follow the debate Lydia, Allison, and Jackson are having through his buzz.

“Not even,” Allison’s saying. “It doesn’t matter what kind of top a girl’s wearing, you’re supposed to
look her in the eyes when you’re talking to her. Basic respect.”

“Okay, but you don’t understand men and boobs,” Jackson says. “You should be grateful! You don’t even have to have a decent face if you’ve got a nice rack cause we’re never gonna have to look. That’s a lot less pressure, I think.”

Lydia sighs. “It’s not polite, but that doesn’t mean it isn’t useful. You can get a guy to do just about anything if boobs are on the table.”

“That’s not true,” Allison says, but Jackson and Lydia clearly disagree.

“Watch this,” Lydia tells her. “Stiles, come here.”

He knows it’s a bad idea, but he steps up to her, watching her fingers play with a long necklace just to the side of her cleavage.

“What do you think my cup size is, Stiles? What would you guess?” His mouth opens and closes as she tilts her chest up to him. “C? D? Bigger? I bet you could tell just by looking.”

“I don’t…I’m not sure. Maybe.”

“Maybe? You could make a guess, though, I bet.” Her finger traces just over her neckline, pale skin, and he’s not proud, but his mouth is watering a little bit. “I bet it would be easier to tell if you could feel for yourself, wouldn’t it?”

Dumbly, he nods.

“I thought so. It’s so much easier to tell when you can feel them, isn’t it?” Her fingers trace down the sides, framing her horribly perfect tits, and he’s probably already dead, but he can’t look away.

“What would you do to feel them, Stiles?”

“Anything,” he says because his world has narrowed down to her. About a square foot of her. There could be a war going on in the background, and he probably wouldn’t notice.


He shakes his head. “Anything. Definitely anything.”

“Good boy,” she says, and he barely hears it. “I’d let you, even. You just have to do something for me. That’s not so hard, is it?”

“Name it,” he says, not even thinking about it in the haze of beer and boobs.

“I wanna see you kiss a guy.”

That wakes him up a little.

“Why would you want to see that?”

Lydia laughs, and her chest jiggles. “For the same reason you watch lesbian porn: it’s hot.”

He makes himself look up at her face. “All I gotta do is kiss a dude and I can touch your boobs? What’s the catch? Does it have to be Jackson?”

“Get your mouth anywhere near me, Stilinski, and I’ll smack it off,” Jackson cuts.
Lydia shakes her head. “I’ll even let you choose,” she says, “but it’ll be worth your time to impress me.”

“Deal,” he says, almost laughing with how easy that is, then turns to Derek. “Help a bro out?”

Derek looks half-surprised, but he nods, so oh well. It’s the least he can do, anyway, since he’s, at least, getting laid tonight. Stiles will be jerking off, alone, to the beautiful memory of Lydia’s tits.

“No way,” Jackson says as Stiles clears the floor to Derek. “There’s no way you’re that thirsty.”

“Do not doubt my thirst,” Stiles tells him over his shoulder. Feeling kind of watched, he puts his hands on Derek’s shoulders, distracted by how the color of his shirt matches his eyes for a second before he just makes himself go for it.

Stiles enjoys kissing in general, and even though he’s never really kissed a dude (he’s not counting that time in the bathroom because he hadn’t really been paying attention) he’s pretty confident that he can handle it. The scrape of stubble against his mouth makes him hesitate for a moment, but he perseveres.

Derek’s mouth tastes like whiskey and Coke, and it’s different.

The girls he’s kissed have either been sloppy with booze or so bent on letting him take the lead that he was doing all the work. Stiles is going to have to give Derek a gift basket or really good handjob because he’s giving as good as he gets. When Stiles bites his lip, he sucks Stiles’ tongue, draws him in like a last breath.

It’s the alcohol, definitely, it’s getting Stiles dizzy and overwhelmed and horny. He wants to just rub off against Derek until they’re both a mess.

“I think I might be kind of into this,” the girl, Derek’s girl, says, and it’s a good reminder. He’s doing this for Lydia, he’s putting on a show for her. So he makes it look good. He drags his fingers up through Derek’s hair, tugs it, gets Derek’s hands on his hips, tucking just under his waistband.

They must look pretty hot, objectively. It feels like they look hot, at least. So the girls are probably all wet for them.

“Derek?”

At the sound of his name, Derek jerks away.

There’s a kinda familiar-looking girl in cutoffs and a hot shirt in the doorway looking very confused.

“Hey,” Derek says, sounding like he wants to die. “Cora. This is really not what it looks like. Uh. Don’t tell Mom?”

Jackson laughs, and Stiles is halfway there, or he would be, if he weren’t one of the parties involved. Because now that he can put a name to her face, he knows that there’s at least a 50-50 chance she recognizes him.

“Oh, I shouldn’t tell her I caught you macking on the Sheriff’s kid?”

Well, fuck. Little more than 50-50.

“This is so good,” she says, grinning. “You’re gonna be doing my laundry for years if you want me to keep this quiet.”
“Shit. Let’s— We’re taking this outside,” Derek says, herding her out the door.

The door springs closed with a smack.

“That was priceless,” Jackson says, snickering. Who even knew that people could snicker in real life?

Lydia jabs him in the ribs, and Allison looks like she’s still processing everything, and Stiles thinks someone dumped cold water over his head.

“I’m Erica, by the way,” the girl says, holding out a hand. He shakes it, feeling like clocks are about to start melting off the walls. “I have a feeling we’re going to get to know each other pretty well.”

“Stiles,” he says, numb.

She snorts. “I know.”

“Let’s dance,” Lydia orders, grabbing Erica’s hand and dragging her away. Jackson and Allison follow, and Stiles is just kind of there, so he goes outside to see if he can find Derek and Cora, figure out how they’re dealing with that whole situation.

Stiles is not letting it get back to Beacon Hills that he and Derek were seen making out in public.

It’s not like he’d get any shit about it or anything, but he’s not gay. That little rumor would definitely hurt his chances of hooking up with anyone back home, so no thank you. That’s not how they’re gonna play.

He finds them out back towards the shed. Actually, he didn’t know that the house even had a shed, but Cora and Derek are arguing like angry little spies next to it.

“How worried should I be?” Stiles asks as he gets to them.

“Don’t be,” Derek says at the same time Cora says, “Very.”

So, not promising.

“She’s figuring out her terms,” Derek says.

Really not promising.

“I’m going to blackmail you for all you’re worth,” Cora tells him.

“Yeah, okay, that’s not going to work,” Stiles says, “because I don’t have shit. I have absolutely nothing to offer.”

Derek shakes his head, says, “No, she’s blackmailing me. Don’t worry about it. Go back inside, I’ll take care of this. Go have fun.”

“Excuse you, no,” Stiles says. “I know you don’t have to worry about your potential babe pool dwindling because of a gay rumor, but I have enough trouble as it is. Pretty much all I have going for me is not going to leave you for a dude. So we’re going to figure something out now.”

Cora makes a little huh, like she’s just figured something out, and Derek looks like he wants to dig his own grave or something, and now Stiles isn’t on the same page.

“You’re right,” Cora says. “You don’t have anything to offer. But Derek does, so run along.”
He’s not sure if he should go, but Derek nods at him that he should, so he gives up.

What he really needs is a drink.

~ ~ ~

Derek holds up a finger, pausing whatever Cora’s going to throw at him until he’s sure that Stiles is well out of hearing range. As soon as his finger drops, Cora bats his shoulder.

“Are you serious, Derek? Still? Still? What the fuck did you get yourself into?”

He scowls at her. “Nothing. We’re friends.”

“Oh, so when you told me just now that he’s your boyfriend, you were lying to my face?”

“You just wouldn’t understand, alright? I’m working on it. I’m getting him there.”

She shakes her head, looking at him with something like pity. “Derek. Then why was he so worried about girls being into him?” She’s right, she’s totally right. “What even was that back there?”

“It was a dare. Some stupid dare. But I think I have a shot with him. I do.”

“And this is somehow different from the three attempts to ask him to prom? Oh, wait, no, I guess you couldn’t call them attempts because you never got up the nerve. Jesus, he has no idea, does he?”

“It’s not some big thing,” Derek tells her, rolling his eyes, “he’s just the most attractive person I’ve ever seen. I’m dealing with it. And when I’m not dealing with it, it’s because we’re fooling around, so.”

She huffs at him. “You may be older, but you’re a fucking idiot sometimes, you know that?”

“Yeah.” Just like he knows she’s trying to protect him.

“I need a drink to deal with all of this. Jesus.”

She leaves him standing there, wishing he’d had time to commit Stiles’ mouth to memory. His lips feel cold, so he covers them with his hand.

~ ~ ~

Stiles is dancing at the heart of his buzz with Erica, who he’s still not sure if she’s into him or just really into dancing, when he spots Cora leaning against the wall, sipping from a plastic cup. But he’s not going to approach. Nope. He’s actually going to trust Derek to have handled it.

Lydia, however, does approach, so Stiles moves a little closer to snoop. Seems like Erica has a similar idea, so it all works out.

“You look less like Laura than Derek does,” Lydia says, and Stiles vaguely remembers that there’s
an older Hale girl.

“You know my sister?”

“There’s a picture of her hanging in our living room with the other past presidents of Tri Delta. She was a legacy, and that means you are, too.”

“Not my scene, princess,” Cora says. “I’m just here for the free booze.”

Oh shit, Stiles wants to watch this shit go down more than anything, but he sees Derek come in throwing back the last of a beer and puts it on the backburner. Stiles doesn’t even see where he tosses the can, just sees him coming for them. The song changes to something a little more upbeat and he and Erica and Derek are all jumping around, yelling, moving to a hot-blooded beat.

By the time the song is done, he’s about sixty percent sure some kind of threesome is going to happen tonight. That said, he’s really chill with Derek being the other dude. If there had to be another dude, he’d pick Derek. At least that way, he knows the other guy isn’t there to cop a feel of him or something.

But he’s not sure what the protocol is for this kind of thing.

Does he say something? Is it just going to happen?

“You know what would be really hot?” Erica asks, one arm around Stiles, the other around Derek. “If you made out again.”

Maybe this is how threesomes happen? They have to prove that they’re, like, willing to do stuff for her, too?

He’s halfway to Derek, which is kind of really fucking close, when he realizes just how many people are around. People who are just going to see him kissing a dude and probably not pay attention to the girl right there.

“Let’s take this upstairs, huh?”

Erica laughs, shaking her head. “You want me to go upstairs with two Kappa Phi guys at my first party? Not a chance.”

“Erica!” Lydia demands, looking pissed and lethal, “we’re going back home.”

“All right,” she says before kissing first Derek’s cheek, then Stiles’. “It’s been fun, boys. I’m sure you’ll have a good night without me.” Lydia’s waving for her, Jackson on one arm and Allison on the other.

When she leaves, Stiles stares after her a moment before catching Cora in the distance, grinning like she’s just won a prize.

“First of all, total bummer about Erica. I thought at least you would be getting a piece of that tonight,” Stiles says, “and second, I’m pretty sure your sister’s evil enough to take on Lydia, and that’s saying something.”

“She’s not,” Derek says, glancing at her. “She’s not evil. She just does what she wants. And Erica was never going to fuck me anyway.”

Stiles sighs, looking at him. “You know what this means?”
One of Derek’s eyebrows shoots up.

“We should do shots.”

“That’s the best idea I’ve heard all night.”

Four minutes later, Stiles is throwing back his last of five shots. They’re normal-sized shots, thanks to the little disposable glasses outside, but he stumbles a little when he sets the plastic down on the table. The last couple didn’t even hurt, really.

Derek’s throat stands out in the colored lights as he swallows his last, and Stiles feels kind of like one of those cotton balls you get out of a jar of vitamins, extra gauzy and soft.

Stiles looks away, taking everyone in. There’d been a bit of a crowd around him and Derek, since it was maybe a little late in the night to do shots in the first place, but both of them are still standing, so too fucking bad.

Cora comes outside, and Stiles isn’t proud, but he stares at her thighs a bit before waving at her. She does this hot thing with her eyebrows that’s totally a Hale thing.

“You’re really hot,” Stiles tells her, because she is. “If you weren’t Derek’s sister, I’d be all over that.” He waves a hand at her in general.

“How noble of you,” she says.

“What can I say? I’m a man of incredulous virtue. It’s one of my many characters.”

She’s staring at him with this look he can’t read when Derek comes over.


She looks around, stops, and Stiles follows her eyes to Danny. Then follows her body to him.

“Are you as sober as you look?” she asks.

“Maybe.”

She sighs long and loud, then says, “Look, just make sure that Derek doesn’t choke on his own puke. And him, well, whatever.”

“That’s not very nice,” Stiles tells her. “Hey, I said you were hot!”

“Look at me,” she says, and Stiles has to really focus because she gets a little blurry when he doesn’t. “Don’t. Be. An asshole. Hear me?”

He nods.

“Good. If anything happens to Derek, I’m coming for your balls.” She breezes past him, follows her around until he’s looking at Derek.

“She’s scary,” he says, clapping Derek’s shoulder, watching him sway a little. “Is your whole family hot? Is that just a thing you guys do— are?”
Derek doesn’t answer, just frowns at the ground. Then holds up a finger. Inhales. Barely makes it to the trashcan before puking.

When he stands up all the way, he drags the back of his hand across his mouth.

“Jesus, come on,” Danny says, grabbing them both by their arms.

He drags them into the kitchen and gets a couple bottles of Gatorade out of the fridge for them.

“Drink these, then go sleep it off. Don’t make me babysit you.”

Derek starts chugging, and Stiles is so not going to be outdone, so he tries but gives up. Danny seems satisfied, though, because he heads back outside.

“You’re staying here?” Derek asks first thing when he finishes.

Stiles frowns because he’d been planning on walking home later, and he’s fine, anyway, things are just kind of spinning a little.

“Where do I sleep?” Stiles manages.

“Jackson’s bed. He’s all gone.”

That kind of gives Stiles a fuzzy but awesome idea. “We should go to bed. Come on.”

The stairs prove a little difficult, though.

They’re totally not all the same height, and not even halfway, he gives up on standing. Just climbs with his hands like when he was a kid.

Derek’s actually on his feet, which is ridiculous, but Stiles beats him to the top. Getting up to his feet takes a while, though.

“Where’s your room?” he asks, looking down the hallway at what seems like a really absurd number of doors.

“C’mere,” Derek says, grabbing his hand and leading him to the right one.

The door opens, and at the sight of beds, Stiles is suddenly way more into the idea of possibly sleeping at some point in the future.

“This one is so yours,” Stiles says as he crawls onto the unmade bed. He sticks his feet over the edge, toeing off his shoes.

Derek shuts the door, and Stiles turns over onto his back to look at him and start getting off his jeans. They’re a little bit of a struggle, really, but he figures it out. Derek doesn’t move an inch, though, except that he’s swaying just a bit.

It’s kind of the last thing he wants to do, but Stiles rolls off the bed and to his feet.

“You’re not mad at me, are you?” Stiles asks as he approaches. “Cause I kissed you and your sister saw? Don’t be mad at me.”

“’m not,” Derek says, shaking his head.

Stiles grins. “Good! I could kiss you again.”
He goes for Derek’s fly, finds a line of buttons, which might be a tiny bit beyond him, but he’ll try. Only then he realizes what he’s said.

“Figuratively, I mean,” he corrects. “Don’t worry. I mean, I like kissing. A lot. And you’re a really good kisser. But we’re not really supposed to do that, you know?” He manages to finally get Derek’s pants open, which he should totally get an Olympic medal for. Gold, too.

Derek bats his hands away, though, says, “Don’t really think I can…you know. Pretty drunk right now.” Which totally makes sense, and Stiles didn’t even think about that.

“Shit, dude, next time I say shots, tell me no. Cocks before shots, dude. ‘Stead of bros before hoes.”

“I don’t think that rhymes,” Derek says, and Stiles frowns at him.

“Really? We should make it rhyme.” He shrugs, though, and hooks his fingers in Derek’s waistband, tugs a little. “Wanna sleep. But in the morning, we should get jizz all over Jackson’s bed.”

Derek grins wide, and without even thinking about it, Stiles kisses his mouth. Well. His teeth, mostly.

Oops.

“I didn’t mean to do that,” Stiles says, feeling very, very weird.

“You like kissing,” Derek says before he can really figure out what’s what. “I like kissing. We should do that.”

“What, like, just…Can we do that?”

Derek nods, pressing his lips together, and yeah, that does sound kind of like a fun idea.

“It’s like practice, right?” Stiles asks, “For the real thing?”

“Sure,” Derek says, and then nothing more because he’s grabbing Stiles’ face and his tongue tastes like grape gatorade and Stiles’ finesse is kind of gone, really. It’s a lot wetter and messier than pretty much every kiss he’s ever had before, but neither of them are really at the top of their game.

They do manage to get to Derek’s bed without falling over, though, and Stiles thinks it’s probably a miracle because he doesn’t remember it one bit. All he knows is that they’re horizontal and his face is tingling like he’s rubbed IcyHot all around his mouth and Derek’s really good for grabbing onto. He’s got a lot of grabbable parts. It’s awesome.

But Stiles keeps feeling like he’s suddenly re-orienting himself, and it takes him a second to realize that he’s falling asleep. Mid-makeout. Or mid-mouthsmush. Is that the same thing? He’s going to have to figure that out in the morning.

He gets a little air, though, petting Derek’s cheek because it’s soft if he touches it in the right direction, and remembers why he stopped after a moment.

“I’m sleepy, but we should keep practicing, okay? Sorry if I take a nap in the middle.” He goes back in, manages to get a very good, comprehensive feel of Derek’s ass, makes a note to pay a little more attention to it later, and just lets himself nod off.

Stiles wakes up very confused.
Just at first.

It only takes a minute to realize where he is, why Derek’s quietly snoring next to him, all that, and he just has enough time to think to himself how awesome it is that he doesn’t even have a hangover in such a bright room when his headache starts pushing at the inside of his skull.

Nope.

He’s going to go right the fuck back to sleep. He’s not going to be hungover.

Later, when he wakes again, it’s because Derek is scraping himself off the bed like a scab, going to the window to shut the fucking blinds. Looking at that much movement hurts, though, so he buries his face into Derek’s pillow, moaning.

His head is throbbing and horrible and his stomach keeps turning over and he’s got, like, heartburn or something? Like, what the fuck, he’s not an old man. He doesn’t deserve this.

“That’s my pillow,” Derek says as he crawls back into bed.

Stiles shakes his head, offering him a corner of the pillow. “Stop talking. It hurts.”

He’s trapped between Derek and the wall now, suddenly aware of it because a) he’s awake and b) that means that when he inevitably has to puke everywhere, he’s going to have to hold it back.

“Where’s your bathroom?” Stiles groans.

Derek’s arm de-wedges itself from under his body, pointing.

“I think I’m dying,” he says as he wiggles slowly, so slowly, down to the foot of the bed and away, to the door.

It’s too much movement, and he just makes it to the toilet.

Luckily, the seat’s up.

Not so luckily, he gets puke in his nose and it burns like a motherfucker.

And his stomach doesn’t feel any better.

“Close the fucking door!” Derek yells as he flushes, then, “Ouch. Yelling hurts.”

Stiles wants to maybe die here, on this bathmat, but he stretches himself out so he can kick the door closed.

The second time he vomits, it’s better, maybe, because he feels slightly less nauseous after.

It feels like the third age of man passes before he feels good enough to stand.

He digs around through the bathroom, finds two boxes of condoms and so many hair products before he finds Ibuprofen. He washes out his mouth before taking a few, then brings the bottle in to Derek. Makes him takes some.
For a moment, he considers raiding Jackson’s mini fridge for some kind of liquid, but ends up crashing in his bed instead. He’s awake enough for it to be weird for him to lay in Derek’s twin bed with him.

Jackson’s bed smells wrong.

Stiles forces himself to suffer through it, shutting his eyes tight until his headache finally fades.

“Get the fuck out of my bed, Stilinski,” he hears, and his surprised flail lands him on the floor. Very, very painfully on the floor.

“Your hair’s flat,” is all Stiles can come up with in return.

“Yeah, well, you look like death. And I can see way more of your junk than I’ve ever wanted to see in my whole life, dear God, please cover yourself before I have to gouge out my eyes.” Stiles looks down and okay, the flap in his boxers is showing a bit of his nads, but it happens to everyone.

Derek rolls over, throws his pillow at Jackson. “You’re so fucking loud. Bring me food.”

“Fuck you, no. And I swear to God, if there are any bodily fluids of any kind on my half of the room, I’ll sue.”

“I wish I puked on your bed,” Stiles tells him, meaning it.

“Did you hear that?” Jackson asks, douchetastically bringing his hand to his ear. “It sounded just like you losing all drunk sleepover privileges forever.”

“I hate you so much. So much.”

“Yeah, it’s mutual.”

Derek swings an arm out, smacking the back of Stiles head; Stiles swats at him.

“Come on. Food. Get your pants on.”

Twenty minutes later, it’s three in the afternoon and they’re sitting across from each other at Taco Bell.

Stiles is halfway through his CrunchWrap Supreme when he realizes that he and Derek made out last night. Like, a lot.

He swallows thickly, takes a gulp of his drink.

No, it’s no big deal, he decides. When he really thinks about it, he remembers being the one to start things, and he knows he wouldn’t have done that in any sort of gay way. He just wouldn’t have. And he thinks he remembers later, up in Derek’s room, remembers something about practicing, and that makes sense. Alright.

“You okay?” Derek asks quietly. Stiles wonders if he remembers.

“I’m good. You?”
A little slow, Derek nods.

“Then we’re both good, huh? Nothing to worry about.”

It’s about a minute before he realizes something very, very important.

“I didn’t even get to touch Lydia’s boobs.”
but as a joke because we're totally straight

(Week 5)

Stiles is pretty sure he’s got at least half of a problem. Or he might be making a problem out of nothing.

It’s Monday, and Mondays are good days for him and Derek to hang out. Their classes end at about the same time, before four, and neither of them have work-heavy classes Tuesday morning, so they can chill without worrying about it.

They’re most of a bowl and a bag of Fritos into the afternoon and Stiles is worrying about porn. A lot.

“Is this getting old?” he asks, sweeping a hand at the TV screen, little screenshots of videos up in a grid.

“What do you mean?” Derek asks before taking a hit.

“The selection. We’ve watched all of these at least once, some, more than that, and I dunno. Maybe it’s cause I’d already seen them all before, but I’m bored.”

Derek shrugs. “Do you want to find something else? Grab your laptop, we’ll find something.”

So Stiles does, settles in next to Derek on the couch.

“I may use my StumbleUpon for porn,” Stiles tells him, grinning a little because he still thinks it’s genius. “Do you wanna just try that?”

“Sure,” Derek says.

Stiles isn’t sure when his standards got so high for porn, but he keeps hitting the stumble button. He’s not going to watch something with shitty resolution, and he’d rather there be no set-up at all than watch something stupid.

They’re sitting there for a few minutes, Stiles completely unsatisfied, when Derek makes a little noise. Stiles immediately hits the back button.

“Yeah?”

The quality doesn’t look so good, but all he sees is some guy in the preview.

“Oh, no,” Derek says, “he did some Youtube videos. Just recognized him, that’s all.”

“What’s his name?” Stiles asks, already opening up Youtube in a new tab.

“Hmm? Oh, uh, it’s Colby something. Keller,” he says, then, “I should warn you, he’s not—”

Stiles scans through video titles, frowning. “Is this guy gay? He looks kinda gay.”

“Yeah, no,” Derek says, “well, the chick I was with was into anal, and I didn’t know what the fuck I was doing, so I figured, you know. Who’d know more about that kind of thing than a gay guy? And
he does porn, so, well, he has experience.”

“You’ve done anal?” Stiles asks, slightly in awe, actually. He’d touched Heather’s butt all of once and gotten a hard no, so the idea of girls other than porn stars who like it is kinda like hearing Derek’s seen a unicorn.

“Yeah, I mean. It’s no big deal.”

Stiles narrows his eyes. “Yeah, but like, what does it feel like? Does it feel different?”

“Sort of? I don’t know, it’s been a little while. I don’t remember that much.”

“Fuck, we should totally find a video with anal,” Stiles says, looking at the screen. He doesn’t actually watch much of it, so he’s not even really sure where to look. Usually, he’ll just find a video that coincidentally happens to have a girl taking it up the butt.

“Well, I’m sure this guy has plenty,” Derek says with a snort.

Stiles laughs. “We are so not watching gay porn, dude.” He shakes his head. “I’ve never even seen gay porn. Not for real, you know?”

“Neither have I.”

Yeah….it’s a really fucking weird-bad idea, what he’s thinking, but it’s just kind of sitting there. Calling to him, like bad ideas do.

“Okay, what if just for, like, shits and gigs, we just check it out. I mean, it’s probably pretty funny, right?”

“Totally,” Derek says.

“And, like, you know, I wanna make sure my—” he makes a jerk-off gesture “—technique is up to snuff. I bet gay dudes know how to jerk pretty fucking well.”

“Yeah. Definitely.”

“Alright. Then I’ll find a video I guess. You said this dude did porn?”

Derek nods, says, “Yeah, that’s what he said in his videos.”

“Then that’ll make it easier to look. Cause I don’t know shit about how to find good gay porn. And like, there’s no point in watching something shitty, you know?”

A few minutes later, Stiles has found a download that seems to be pretty good quality. High-def, actually. Looks like it’s part of a series, too, so that means it might be decent, and from what he can tell, the company that released it is pretty popular with the gay dude crowd. Cool. Even though the title sounds fucking gay as hell. A Thing of Beauty. Jesus. They’re buttholes, guys.

But he hits play and makes sure he’s not like touching Derek really because he’s pretty sure that crosses the line.

And maybe a couple seconds later, he’s staring at the screen suspiciously.

“Is this a joke? I feel like I’m watching a foreign movie. What the fuck.”

It’s just a bunch of random-ass images, city-scape bullshit, that kind of thing.
Derek’s just frowning, a hand over his mouth.

A minute goes by, and Stiles just says, “I am so confused right now. Is this what gay dudes get off to?” But then there’s an actual dude, and then there are vague blink-and-you’ll-miss-them penises, and, “Okay, I was worried for a minute there.”

It’s totally making sense, and then—

“Wait, is that a flute? Is he reading poetry? Get the fuck out of my face, this is not real. This is the gayest thing I’ve ever seen in my life.” He starts laughing, buries his face in Derek’s shoulder.

“They’re both reading poetry,” Derek says lightly, and Stiles just laughs harder. He might actually be dying a little bit. “You just missed them holding hands with their toes.”

The poetry ends and the music gets fucking ridiculous.

“What’s that?” he asks, lifting his face from Derek’s shoulder to look at the screen. “I swear to God— Oh, hey, that looks a little more like what I was expecting. That’s a dick, at least.”

The poetry ends and the music gets fucking ridiculous.

“The other guy, the one with the youtube videos, is suddenly there and it’s BJ central, apparently.

It’s not, like, that different, except that it totally is. Because he’s never seen such an enthusiastic blowjob before. He’s seen dudes fuck girls’ faces pretty enthusiastically, but he’s never seen someone give head like this.

“You know, I heard that gay guys give the best blowjobs,” Stiles says. “Makes sense. They know what feels good, at least. And I swear to God, some girls are, like, afraid of dicks.”

“Yeah, I mean, it looks like he’s enjoying it, at least.”

Actually, that’s kind of a weird thing. How much of the dudes’ faces he’s seeing. Which is a lot. Makes sense, since if you’re watching gay porn, dudes probably aren’t going to turn you off. Well, in theory. Clearly there’s exceptions, like them.

The dudes move around a little, doing their whole gay thing, and eventually, one totally sticks his finger in the other guy’s ass. Well, alright, Stiles can’t see for sure, but no, that just happened.

Yeah, this is definitely gay porn.

Not that it wasn’t.

“Jesus, I’m pretty sure playing with your ass isn’t that great,” Stiles says at the look on the guy’s face.

“You ever try it?” Derek asks, and whoa there.

“No, dude. I have a dick. Like, why would I need anything more?”

“I’m just saying, don’t knock it unless you’ve tried it.”

“Wait, have you— No. No fucking way. They are not going to fuck on a hammock. Oh my God, is this real?”

But then the guy, he— with his mouth.
“Good Lord, why would he do that?”

Derek shrugs, and Stiles looks at him, gaping.

“A girl did that to me once,” Derek says. “It’s fucking awesome.”

Stiles shakes his head in awe. “You kinky motherfucker. You’ve been holding out on me. One day, you’re gonna have to give me a play-by-play of, like, everything.”

He shuts up, though, because he’s a little curious, really, about how it all works, how dudes like this, so he pays attention when the one guy shoves his dick into the other guy’s butt.

Only, like, it kinda seems like the guy on the bottom is having a pretty good time? Sometimes, girls get a little over-the-top and he can totally tell that they’re faking, but he’s pretty sure this is real. His face says it’s real.

His face says having a dick in his ass is fucking great.

But hey, the dude’s gay. That makes sense.

They move around eventually, get onto a bed, thank God, because the hammock was just fucking ridiculous, and well.

“These two dudes are kind of into each other,” Stiles says as they start kissing over the bottom guy’s shoulder.

“Yeah, it’s almost like they’re fucking or something,” Derek deadpans; Stiles smacks him, grinning.

“Shut up. You know what I mean. They’re, like, really into it.”

Derek nods.

“Looks like they’re pretty good at what they’re doing, too. I mean, objectively, that guy’s fucking him pretty good.”

Maybe it’s the enthusiasm, or maybe it’s the curves of their bodies as they move together, but his sweatpants aren’t really holding anything back like he’d like.

It’s just the combination Derek plus couch plus porn.

Classical conditioning. He learned about that shit in Intro to Psych.

His boner is just a conditioned response.

( Yeah, he got an A. Even though he missed a couple days of Freud. )

It’s only a matter of time before Derek notices, and at that point, he’s either going to freak out about it, or be a bro and help him out. But Stiles draws the line at jerking each other off to gay porn.

So he transfers the laptop to Derek and packs another bowl, just trying to distract himself, really.

Of course, that means that for a moment there, he leaves Derek watching gay porn by himself, but Stiles makes it up to him by letting him take the first hit.

When he leans back again, the bigger guy is piledriving the guy with shittier tattoos than Scott.
Not that he’s thinking about Scott right now because that’s weird.

Stiles watches the smoke leak out of Derek’s mouth and gets an idea. Moves the laptop to the coffee table, just leaves it playing, then takes the pipe and lighter from Derek.

“You ever try shotgunning?”

Derek sort of nods. “The first time I smoked, yeah.”

“You wanna?” Pretty much as soon as Derek nods, maybe even a touch before, because Stiles feels like he was gonna say yes, he swings himself over onto Derek’s lap. It’ll be easier like this. The only downside is that he definitely still has a boner and Derek’s definitely going to notice in a second, but oh well. Stiles will distract him.

He flicks the lighter, drags in smoke until the back of his throat burns a little, then leans in to Derek, opens his mouth.

Milky smoke floats up between them as Derek inhales, a stubble-rough lip just barely brushing against Stiles’ for a second, just a second. His eyes feel kind of warm and he’s pretty sure his mouth is half-stuck in a lazy grin, and he’s just kind of happy. It’s good. It’s weird. He likes it.

Derek takes the pipe and lighter from him, and Stiles runs his fingers over the soft cotton of Derek’s shirt while he takes a hit. Stiles goes for broke, then, seals his mouth over Derek’s to inhale.

It’s not supposed to be a kiss.

It isn’t, not really, not at first. But it feels nice, so he kind of goes with it, finds Derek’s hands, puts the pipe and lighter back on the coffee table. When he presses in close against Derek again, he knows for sure that they can both feel how hard he is, but he can feel Derek, too, so it’s not weird.

He’s content to taste his way around Derek’s smoke-sweet mouth, anyway. Derek’s the one who surges up against him, makes Stiles groan and grab his shoulders, rock down. It feels fucking good, but maybe how they’re oriented is a little off, cause Derek’s dick is just about against his ass, and that’s weird. Little too gay there.

Not really pulling his mouth away, he maneuvers them a bit more length-wise on the couch. It puts him between Derek’s legs, and he’s got more leverage like this. He rolls his body down, down, down against Derek, panting into his mouth.

It’s a good, slow rhythm, steady and dirty. His teeth across Derek’s lip, Derek’s nails up his back, the soft friction buzz enveloping his dick.

There’s still men moaning in the background, and he’s not sure if that’s a mood killer or not, decides not to worry about it. Goes for the curious feeling of his lips against Derek’s neck. His mouth feels kind of swollen, throbbing a little, and the scrape feels good, actually. Makes him burn. Makes him want to fuck, get his dick somewhere wet and tight.

The closest he can get is the groove where Derek’s leg meets groin, and he braces one hand against the arm of the couch, the other sliding up Derek’s thigh, wondering why the fuck Derek’s wearing pants, even if they’re just basketball shorts. Fuck that shit, they need to be naked, like, an hour ago, but he’s too fucking lazy to make it happen. What they’re doing is enough to get off, and that’s all that matters.

The guys on his laptop start talking, and that’s harshing his buzz, so Stiles manages to pull himself away to hit pause. Derek follows him, though, mouth finding his neck and sucking, and between
Derek half-leaning off the couch and the suction, Stiles loses his balance.

They both go down.

It doesn’t really hurt or anything, not much, and he ends up laughing for a second before Derek slides against him in a way that makes Stiles yank him in to get to his mouth. He can barely concentrate on kissing, though, because the way Derek’s moving feels like fucking heaven. He doesn’t even think about it before grabbing Derek’s ass to grind right up into him.

“Fuck,” Derek hisses against his cheek.

It’s just cause he’s fucking baked, but he slips his hands under Derek’s shorts to feel hot skin, digs his fingers in. He’s man enough to admit that Derek has a spectacular ass, and it’s probably the best ass he’s ever felt first-hand. Definitely.

And the way Derek’s rolling his body? Yeah, he’s into that. Fuck, he’s into that. He’s really fucking into that, hitting him just right.

“C’mon, c’mon,” Stiles urges, thrusting up against him, “fuck, just like that—” He bites the rough hinge of Derek’s jaw when he comes in his fucking pants, trying to hold back a whimper because it’s good, yeah, but it’s sharp, too. He has to adjust his angle a little bit cause it’s too much for his dick to take, really.

Derek’s not done yet, though, but fuck, it sounds like he’s getting there when Stiles squeezes his ass.

That’s when he gets one of those weird high thoughts, thinking back to earlier. If he’d been sober, he never would have gotten anywhere close to even considering it, but he’s not. He’s not. And he just kind of goes for it, fingers slipping into the crease of Derek’s ass, one finding the dry pucker of his asshole, pressing just a little. He’s not sure who’s taken more by surprise: Stiles, when Derek just sort of opens for him, or Derek, when he comes like a shot.

They just kind of lay there for a moment, breathing, until Stiles realizes that he’s inside Derek holy shit and starts to back off.

“Wow, I’m so high right now,” Stiles says, sitting up as Derek gets off him. There’s a dark grey wet patch on the crotch of his sweatpants, and he’s completely unsurprised by that.

“Yeah, me too,” Derek says. He runs a hand through his hair, blinking. His hair’s fucking messed up, and Stiles is pretty sure he did that, so he grabs the pipe for another hit. Tries to blow a smoke ring, fails. Passes to Derek.

“You know, it’s too bad you can’t do that with a girl,” Stiles says, thinking about it. “I mean, you can, they just think you’re fucking lame. But it’s pretty awesome. They’re missing out.”

“Definitely,” Derek says, smoke puffing out of his mouth at the word.

They’re just not going to discuss the whole finger-in-ass situation. There’s no need. It happened. Whatever. If a girl’s done it to Derek, it’s not even a gay thing. It’s just a thing. And really, Stiles has been further inside his mouth when they were making out, so, like, no big.

They’re totally cool.

“We should play some CoD or something, dude,” Stiles says. “After I change pants. I’m a fucking mess.” He laughs, trying to get up. “You want pants?”
Derek nods.

“Come on. You can pick some.”

Stiles leads him to his room, and it’s not until then that he realizes that Derek’s never actually been in his bedroom. Well, his and Scott’s bedroom, technically. But it’s pretty obvious which side is his, since Scott took a bunch of his stuff to Australia with him. The cat likes Scott’s bed, though, napping curled up on his pillow.

He starts digging through his dresser. There’s no way that his jeans are gonna fit Derek, not in a million years. And most of his chillin pants are dirty since he’s fucking lazy about going down to the basement to do laundry. But he does have another pair of sweats, so he hands them over.

“I’m gonna do laundry tonight, I think, so you can leave those here,” Stiles says, nodding at Derek’s shorts as he drops his own pants and steps out of them. He grabs a pair of boxers, just gonna wear those as pants until he has to put something more on to go downstairs. There’s a general pile he refers to as his dirty laundry, and he tosses his dirty sweats on it. Derek changes, and Stiles wonders if they should shower.

The image in his head, though, is them showering together, and maybe it’s more efficient, but, well, they’ve reached their quota for today.

“You want some Arizona?” Stiles asks. Derek nods, and Stiles squeezes his shoulder as he walks past into the hall. Derek follows a second later and for a moment, Stiles just kind of appreciates the sound of another human in his space. It’s nice.

Later, a while later, Derek’s gone home and Stiles skypes Scott. It looks like it’s morning there, going by the light.

“Aw, dude, you look hella tired,” Scott greets. “You wanna talk later?”

“Nah, it’s good. Don’t worry.”

Stiles stretches, touches his ear to his shoulder on each side, and Scott says, “Yeah bro, I was gonna ask how that party went, but I guess it went pretty good, huh?”

“Hmm?” Stiles asks, stilling.

Scott’s grinning, nods at him. “Who’s the vampire?”

“Shit,” Stiles says, moving closer to the camera to get a look at his neck. Whoop, there it is. A hickey the size of fucking Rhode Island.

“That’s awesome, dude,” Scott says. “See, I knew you’d find someone.”

“No,” Stiles says, then winces, corrects himself with a lie. “I mean, it was just a hookup, you know? Not a thing.”

“Gimme the deets!”

Stiles shrugs. “I was pretty fucked up. Don’t remember much. You know how it goes. But anyway.
How’re things with you and that girl? Kira, right?”

So Scott tells him about this girl and her smile and Marvel leggings, and wow, what a save. He’s gonna have to have a talk with Derek about leaving marks where people can see. Derek’s mouth is so not a joke.

“Hey, I’m gonna let you go, okay?” Scott says after a while. “Sleep, alright? You look like you need it.”

“Yeah, yeah. Love ya, dude,” Stiles says, fighting a yawn.

“You too. See ya.”

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Derek goes straight to Danny’s room when he gets back to the house, finds him at his desk on his laptop. The door’s open, but Derek closes it behind him.

“You know that if anyone saw you do that, they’re gonna think we’re fucking, right?” Danny asks without even looking up. “What do you want?”

“You’ve fucked a straight-ish guy, right?” Derek asks, leaning against Danny’s dresser.

“Sort of. Let him blow me, actually,” Danny says.

Derek snorts. “How does that one work?”

“He wanted to see if he was into dicks, and he figured that was a sure way to find out.”

“Was he?”

Danny shrugs. “Jury’s still out on that one.”

“Wait,” Derek says, not sure if they’re on the same page or not, “when was this?”

“Like, four years ago. So. That’s why I think you should probably just leave it all alone. Not worth your time.”

“We watched gay porn,” Derek tells him.

“Good for you,” Danny says, “you’re just a few weeks from blowing him whenever he asks and letting him call your ass a pussy.”

Derek flinches.

“Look.” Danny spins his chair to face him. “You’ve made out with him and he’s jerked you off and he’s still saying he’s straight? That’s a sign. Move on. I’ll find you a pale freckly dude to fuck this weekend.”

“He’s just having a hard time with it,” Derek says. “I’m serious, you don’t know what he’s like. He’s close. I can tell.”
Danny studies him for a moment, then sighs. “Alright, fine. Last weekend, he agreed to be my wingman sometime. Come with. Let’s all go out Friday night, and I’ll get to see for myself or whatever. Maybe I’ll stop, let it go. Or maybe Jackson and I will have to intervene.”

“You know Lydia’s on my side, right?”

“No, Lydia’s on her side,” Danny corrects, “and that’s mostly wishful thinking on her part. She might help, but she can’t make Stiles want dick if he doesn’t.”

“He does. I know he does. He’s just a little slow on the uptake. I promise.”

“I believe,” Danny says, “that you believe that. But we’ll see. Friday.”

It’s not even wishful thinking, really, because when he goes over Wednesday, he barely makes it to the fridge for a soda before Stiles is coming up behind him, fingers unbuttoning his jeans.

That time’s good, though. Stiles crowds up behind him, jerks him off quick, grinding against his ass. He bites Derek’s shoulder when he comes, and shit, maybe he should start like lubing himself up before coming over so Stiles can just slide right in.

When he comes all over Stiles’ hand, Stiles doesn’t even say anything.

And later, after Derek’s actually done all the school shit he needs to do, it’s even better.

They sit on the couch but Stiles’ laptop is sitting out, and he’s…not cagey, but a little twitchy.

“I was thinking, you know, last time…It was good, I mean, after. Maybe it’s, like, educational or something, but we’ve been pretty high before, and it’s never been like that, you know?”

“Yeah, totally,” Derek says. “You know, I think both of those dudes have done a lot of videos. I bet we could find something easy.”

He doesn’t have to say that he’s been jerking off to Colby Keller since the twelfth grade. It’s not necessary. Or that he’s watched the one where he and that other guy DP Dale Cooper, like, fifty times.

What Stiles doesn’t know won’t hurt him.

“We saw a lot of the gingery dude. Let’s check out the dude with the shitty version of your face rug.”

“Yeah, here, I’ll google around. What’s his name again?” Derek asks innocently, his finger hovering over the ‘d’.

They end up watching a part of The Haunting and Derek tries very hard not to think about Stiles folding him in half right up until he feels Stiles’ hand on his thigh.

Really, the worst part is probably how much he wants Stiles’ dick in his mouth. Because he knows the type Danny warned him about, the type to use a dude and pretend he’s a girl the whole time, but Stiles never really loses sight of the fact that he’s a dude. He wouldn’t go for the “a mouth is a mouth” argument because if he knew Derek was willing, that he wants it, he wouldn’t let Derek touch him. It’s a weird game they’re playing, but Derek’s learned the rules. He’s very careful not to
break them.

After, after they slide their dicks together, get their hands around them both, spill all over Stiles’ shirt this time, thank God, Derek decides to get a feel for where Stiles is at.

“So, I was talking to Danny, and he said something about this weekend?” he tries.

“Oh, yeah,” Stiles says as he tucks himself into his pants, “I’m trying to convince him I’m, like, worthy of his friendship.”

“He told me. Asked me to come with.”

Stiles frowns at him. “You? Why? I mean, he doesn’t have any idea about…?” He points back and forth between them.

“No, no,” Derek says, “but he was worried, I guess, that if he found someone to hang with, you’d be left alone and someone might try something with you. I think I’m supposed to scare them off before they scare you off.”

“Danny thinks I can’t handle getting hit on by a couple gay dudes?” Stiles is pretty pissed about that, actually, which is kind of ridiculous because he totally would not be able to handle it.

“Pretty much, yeah,” Derek tells him. “Look, if you don’t want me there, then it’s fine, I’ll tell Danny—”

“No, no, it’s fine. You’re friends with him, right? That’ll help.”

“Sure,” Derek says, trying not to think about how fucking much he hates clubs or the idea that guys are probably going to hit on Stiles all night or any of that. It’s going to go totally fine. And he’ll probably get off no matter what, so. That’s a plus.

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“God, there are so many dudes here,” Stiles says as they head towards the bar. “So many dudes, so few shirts.”

Danny gives him this look over his shoulder, like you fucking idiot, and Stiles shuts his mouth. Kinda.

He leans over to Derek, says, “If we really wanna blend in, you should take your shirt off.” Derek rolls his eyes, shoulders him, but the corners of his mouth flick up.

“What do you want to drink?” Danny asks them as he makes a space for them at the bar.

“Get me a Long Island,” Stiles tells him. He doesn’t care if Danny’s gonna judge him, he’s gonna get drunk.

“Jack and Coke,” Derek says without looking. He’s taking in the club, and Stiles gets that, because, well, it’s the first time he’s actually been to any kind of club, let alone a gay one. And there are drag queens right over there. He’s not gonna stare or anything, but that’s real.
Danny orders, and when Stiles sees Derek’s eyes narrow at a shirtless dude, he nudges him with his elbow. “You’ve got better abs than that guy, don’t worry.”

Derek shakes that off, which is stupid, because he’s way hotter than at least 95% of the dudes here, by a mile, and he’s just accounting for dudes he can’t see with that 5%.

“Don’t even tell me you’re intimidated,” Stiles says, turns to Danny. “Danny, please tell Derek that he’s hotter than these dudes because I don’t think my opinion counts. He’ll believe you.”

Danny gives him the driest of dry looks, which, no.

Stiles lifts up Derek’s shirt, pats his six-pack. “Do you see this? Are we looking at the same abs? Come on.”

“Cut it out,” Derek tells him, but Stiles can tell he’s just embarrassed by the compliment.

“Sure, Stiles,” Danny says, and as he hands them drinks, his face changes. “You know, Derek’s going to get hit on all night. Lotta guys would sell their sister to take a guy like him home. Just you wait. The sharks are circling.”

“Shut up,” Derek tells him, ears going red.

“Hey, I’ve got a crazy idea.” Danny sips his drink quick, says, “You know, I bet they’d lay off if it looked like he was here with someone. I’d do it, but I actually want to get laid. But you’re not trying to hook up with anyone, are you, Stiles? You wouldn’t mind helping a bro out, I bet.”

That throws him for a second, but he lands on his feet, throws an arm around Derek’s shoulders. “You want me to be your fake boyfriend, baby?” he asks, grinning. Derek’s a little startled, but he doesn’t seem to be freaked.

“Or it might not work at all and it would be a total waste of time,” Danny says in a rush.

“I’m secure, dude, I can handle it,” Stiles tells him. “I know you’re totally testing me, and I’m telling you: I’m not gonna fail.”

“It’s fine,” Derek says to Danny, and there’s kind of a hard look there, so Stiles sips on his drink. He’ll ask Derek about it later. Derek better not be in on this whole testing-Stiles thing, though. He knows Stiles is a chill straight dude.

“Don’t worry, man, I’ll fight ‘em off if I have to,” Stiles says, patting Derek’s ridiculous pec. His drink is really good, like he can barely even taste the alcohol, so he sucks it down. “Anyway, what’s the plan here?”

“I’m gonna have a drink or two, scope out the field, and then I’m gonna dance. You two just be chill for now, and if I see someone I wanna talk to, maybe chat up his friends and make sure he’s not a serial killer or something. And if I’m dancing and some asshole won’t take no for an answer, just back me up. It’s all good.”

“I can so do that,” Stiles says. “I’m telling you, I’ve been Scott’s wingman, like, a million times. I’m awesome at it.”

He feels kind of awkward with his arm around Derek’s shoulders because they’re so fucking broad, so he drops his hand to Derek’s back. Shit, he’s fucking made of muscle, though. It’s insane. He probably looks like one of those marble statues naked. Only with a bigger dick. Which, you know, isn’t a weird thing because those statues have tiny little shrimp dicks, so.
Derek does not.

It doesn’t even matter if he did, really, because it’s got other things going for it. Well, he’s read that for girls, sex with an uncut guy is a little better, so that’s a cool thing for him and Stiles is just gonna stop thinking about Derek’s dick. Right now.

“Can I get another one of these?” Stiles asks, shaking the ice in his glass at Danny. He can feel his buzz coming on, fuck yeah.

“Fine, but after that, nothing but water for another couple hours. I don’t think Derek wants to carry you home.”

“I can handle myself, dude,” Stiles tells him.

Derek sets his empty glass down on the bar, forearm flexing, signals the bartender for another. Stiles wonders if Danny’s ever made Derek his wingman before, if he knows from experience that dudes are gonna hit on him like nothing else.

That thought is pushing at him, and he looks around, trying to scope out if anyone’s giving Derek a once-over. It’s kinda hard to tell, and he’s convinced that loud music totally makes it harder to see details, or maybe that’s the booze, but it feels like people are checking Derek out.

Stiles leans against the bar on both elbows, gonna stare down any dude that looks over too much. He’s giving a ginger the stink eye when Derek leans in close, mouth warm against his ear, says, “You wanna get picked up?”

“Huh?”

“The way you’re standing,” Derek says. “You’re the one who needs the fake boyfriend, not me.”

Stiles looks at him, and he’s close, hooks a finger in the v of his collar. “Guess it’s a good thing I’ve got you, then,” he says, moves in that extra couple inches for Derek’s mouth. It’s the most sober he’s ever kissed Derek, but it’s not like he’s doing it for fun or anything. He’d rather not have to deal with either of them getting hit on tonight.

As usual, Derek’s good at kissing, doesn’t draw it out any more than they need to, doesn’t let it get how it has the couple times they’ve done this. They just keep it short and sweet, Derek’s hand on the back of his neck, thumb smoothing down Stiles’ sideburn.

“Bitches gonna be jealous I got a man like you,” Stiles teases. Derek just rolls his eyes, drops his hand.

Grinning, Stiles raises his drink to his mouth, sucks it down through the straw.

“Hey, I’m gonna go talk to that guy,” Danny says loud enough for both of them to hear, nodding across the bar. “Just do your thing, I guess.”

Stiles salutes, watches him move away, says, “You ready for surveillance mode? I’m stealth, dude.”

“You’re the least stealthy person I’ve ever met,” Derek tells him.

“Fine. You’re on lookout detail, then.” Stiles turns away from Danny, towards Derek. “I’ll just make us blend in.” He tugs Derek in by his belt, and Derek gives him a look.

“Don’t even.”
Stiles sips at his drink innocently. “Don’t what?” The alcohol’s making him a little reckless, sure, but Derek’s fun.

“You know what.”

Shrugging, Stiles runs his fingers around Derek’s hip to his back, playing just at his waistband. It moves them in a little closer, so he can feel the heat off Derek’s body, thrilling through his buzz. His mouth feels numb, so he tests it out against the stubble on Derek’s jaw.

“Quit it,” Derek says.

“Why? It’s not like anyone here cares, and I haven’t seen you since Wednesday. I know you’ve gotta be kind of horny.”

“We’re not even dancing,” Derek says as he pulls Stiles’ hips against his, one thigh sliding between. “You know how this looks?” he asks, the warmth of his breath giving Stiles a shiver. “Shameless. Like we can’t even keep our hands off each other.”

“Yeah,” Stiles says cause he can play this game, too, “I bet they’re wondering why we’d even go out when we just wanna fuck.” He punctuates that by rolling his hips against Derek’s, and yeah, alright, maybe he shouldn’t have started this because he’s ready to rub himself off against Derek in front of a bunch of strangers.


“Sucks, man,” he says quick, running a hand through his hair.

“I’m gonna dance, come on.” He knocks on the bar for good luck, leads them toward the dancefloor. Just in fucking time, too.

Stiles is ready to throw down. He’s on top of the fucking world, he’s got the promise of a pretty great orgasm at some point, and this whole night is really not as bad as he’d thought it might be.

The music’s thumping hard enough that it feels like it’s in time with his pulse, good stuff for dancing, so he just kind of goes. Stilinski-style.

He almost misses Danny saying, “Tell your fake boyfriend that his inability to dance is killing my game.”

“Hey, Derek’s not a bad dancer!” Stiles yells over the music, and Danny gives him one of those fucking looks he does.

“Derek’s fine. But I’m going over there before anyone hot sees me with you. Have fun. Try not to do anything stupid, huh?”

“Did he seriously just try to slam my dance moves?” Stiles asks Derek.

For a moment, Derek just stares at him with this expression, but then he pulls him in, kisses him hard and deep, and yeah, that’s a really good idea. It’s kind of hard to imagine a bad idea involving Derek’s mouth, honestly. He’s going to need Derek to teach his next girlfriend how to kiss or something cause that shit is off the hook.

His body moves to the beat on accident, really, and Derek’s just right there, sucking his tongue into his mouth like it belongs there. Maybe it does, just a little.
God, but Derek’s back is ridiculous.

He can’t even handle it, has to slide his hands down to Derek’s ass, which happens to be just as ridiculous, but he can deal. All the dudes here have to be so jealous that Stiles gets to have his hands all over this ass.

Grinning, he moves away from Derek’s mouth, tingling lips up his jaw because he wants to see, really. It’s a stupid thing, but the second he catches a guy’s eyes following his hands on Derek’s ass, he gets this wild thrill. Fucking *loves* it. Just to rub it in the guy’s face, he slips his hands into Derek’s jeans, almost keels over.

“You’re not wearing underwear? *Fuck,*” he breathes, has to rest his head against Derek’s for a second. That guy looks *so* fucking jealous, too, and shit, he’s gotta angle his hips away from Derek’s for a second so he doesn’t come in his pants.

“Didn’t seem necessary,” Derek tells him, and then he’s sucking at the skin behind Stiles’ ear and he’s pretty fucking distracted for a moment.

“There’s this guy watching,” he says, and, like he’s daring himself, he squeezes Derek’s ass to hear the little sound he makes, just barely sweeps his fingers between his cheeks. “What do you think he’s thinking? That I’m gonna finger you right here?” Drunk and brave, he drags a finger over Derek’s hole. “That you’d let me fuck you?”

Derek pulls away from him, looking around. “Where’s Danny?” he asks, grabbing Stiles’ wrist.

“Why?”

“Because we’re gonna go get some air,” Derek says, not even looking at him as he drags Stiles away from the dancefloor, past the bar, past the *bathrooms.* He’s texting with his other hand, and shit, Stiles is sure he’s fucked up, pushed Derek too far with all that talk. If he’s saying they *need air?* He’s probably gonna give him a verbal smackdown. Probably thinks Stiles was coming onto him or something, and he *wasn’t.* He’s just an idiot who likes to talk. That’s *all.*

Derek pushes open this door and they’re outside, in the alley, and Stiles has a half-formed defense on his tongue when Derek hauls him against a dumpster and kisses the shit out of him.

*Oh.*

That kind of air.

Thank *God.*

Stiles fumbles with the button on Derek’s jeans, gets them open at fucking last, shoves both hands inside. Derek bites his lip, tugs a little, and if his pants were a little looser, Stiles probably would’ve already come by now.

Thankfully, Derek’s undoing his fly, cause Stiles’s hands are a little busy jacking Derek’s cock and groping his ridiculous ass. He buries the moan he makes when Derek finally gets his dick in his fist against his neck. Yeah, he’s *trying* to hold back, but he’s been keyed like nothing else for too long.

“I’m not gonna fucking last,” he says, and Derek just rucks up their shirts, jerks him through it until he’s biting Derek’s neck to keep from shouting. When he looks down between them, Derek’s hand is a fucking mess, the red-purple head of Stiles’ dick peeking out of his fist.

“You can stay hard, can’t you?” Derek asks, and without thinking, he nods. Sucks in a sharp breath
when Derek strokes him with a come-slick hand, and it’s almost too much, but it’s fucking amazing. His head thuds back against the dumpster. “You’re gonna kill me,” he says, “but I’m so okay with it.” He laughs, not entirely meaning to, holds onto Derek’s shoulder for support. Somehow, that turns into kissing again, which he’s so down for. Considering how fucking good Derek is, Stiles is probably getting to be a hella good kisser.

But seriously, Derek needs to share his gifts with the world.

Stiles kisses down his chin, the underside of his jaw, tells him, “Come on, lemme get you off,” as he mouths down Derek’s throat, around to the bite mark on the side of his neck. He runs his tongue over the imprint of his teeth, sucks as he gets his hand around the heat of Derek’s dick.

It’s not even really intentional, looking up, but when he does, he sees a pretty serious blowjob in progress really not far from them. Like, hella close, honestly.

Maybe it’s the mess, or the fact that both of Derek’s hands are on him, but he can’t help but imagine the wet heat of a mouth.

“Fuck, look at that,” Stiles pants against Derek’s skin. Derek presses in against him, moving to his hip. Seems content to just grind against him, if the precome smeared over Stiles’ stomach means anything, so Stiles grabs at his ass while Derek looks.

When he looks back at Stiles, there’s this shiver that runs through him at the steady dark of his eyes. And then Derek ducks his head down, and Stiles feels his dick jerk in Derek’s hand, and all he sees for one second is Derek getting on his knees. Only he’s not. He just spits on Stiles’ dick for some extra slick, and it’s fucking dirty. Makes Stiles think of porn.

Maybe he’s very specifically thinking of that first porno they watched, the gay one.

And maybe that’s why he gets a hand into the back of Derek’s pants, just strokes over Derek’s hole, and that’s a little weird, sure, but Stiles is pretty sure that a girl’s done this, too, and that Derek’s maybe even done it himself, and that means Stiles is just a substitute. That’s fine. That’s all this is.

“Did I ever tell you about the time I had a threesome?” Derek asks, timing it so good with a little up-twist on his dick.

“No, fuck, you definitely did not.”

“This girl I was with, she sucked me off for weeks to work me up to it. She really wanted to see me with a guy, you see. Just the once. She was up for pretty much anything, so I figured I owed it to her. So I did it.”

“Holy shit. Yeah?” It’s just cause it’s dirty, that’s why he’s a second away from begging Derek for deets, trying to tease it out of him by circling his rim.

“She said she’d let us both fuck her at the same time if I blew him a little first,” Derek says, lips playing against Stiles’ ear. “So I did.” Stiles is seriously hanging on the edge, and by the way Derek’s moving back and forth into his fingers and his hip, he’s right there too.

“You sucked his cock?” he asks, watching Derek’s messy hand slide up and down him. “Did you let him fuck your mouth?”

“Yes,” Derek says, and it’s the way he chokes on it, like he’s a little ashamed of how far he’d go for a girl, that gets Stiles. Derek’s already coming, all over his skin, but he gives Stiles that last little push
he needs.

“Oh my God,” Stiles says, laughing. “We just snuck out of a gay club to jerk each other off. I think we’ve reached our gayest point.” He laughs again, inspects the damage.

And wow, is there damage.

There’s so much jizz on him, it’s ridiculous.

He scrapes it off before it dries, does not give a single fuck as he wipes his hand off on the side of the dumpster. It’s probably seen worse, anyway.

While he carefully puts himself away, Derek wipes his hands off. There’s definitely a little spunk on his shirt, but he tucks it into his jeans on that side. That looks normal. Definitely. He has to wipe a little off his belt, but it’s okay. Can’t even tell, really.

The other guys are still going at it, and he’s impressed at their stamina, really. Also, he’s kind of anxious to get out of the gay hookup alley. Just in general.

Stiles looks Derek up and down, asks, “You good?”

“Yeah, I’m good. Let’s head back in.”

Back inside, they find Danny just coming off the dancefloor, shirt a little askew. “There you are,” he says. “I need agua. You should probably have some, too.”

“Good idea,” Stiles says, because he’s pretty sure that alcohol plus coming twice equals dehydration.

When they get up to the bar, Danny looks at them and cracks up, tries to hold it in.

Stiles takes a step back, offended. “What? What’s your problem?”

“Step up to the bar,” Danny says, grinning, “hands at your sides. Now look down.”

Well, fuck.

There’s blacklights under the bar and his and Derek’s hands and general midsections are lit up like Cinco De Mayo.

Stiles can’t help it: he laughs. It’s fucking hilarious, really. Anyone walking by would know exactly what he and Derek got up to, and it’s not like they’d seriously judge. It’s just fucking ridiculous.

“So, I guess this is the part where I admit that Derek and I are pretty tight,” he says. Derek’s not giving him any STOP, ABORT, DO NOT looks, so it’s gotta be okay.

“I can see that,” Danny says. He manages a couple seconds before the laughter sprays out of him.

“Can we get three waters, please?” Derek asks the bartender, not having any of it. Stiles and Danny are snickering, though, but what’s he supposed to do? They’ve been caught blue-handed. It’s not like Derek is pissed, at least, so that’s good.

When Derek turns around, he hands them both waters, gives Stiles a look because he’s still grinning. “Really?”

Danny laughs again.
“It’s a coping mechanism. He’s just in shock that I managed to get anywhere near tappin’ all this,” Stiles says, nodding at Derek’s whole Derekness. Because if he’s looking from the outside, at what it looks like, the idea that Stiles could seduce someone on Derek’s level is pretty fucking impressive. Danny’s probably a little bit wowed. But he’s not gonna blab. He’s a better dude than that.

Maybe Stiles is willing to let Danny think he’s a little gay if it means he won’t try to out them.

“We’re cool, dude,” Danny says at last, and Stiles is so gonna high five himself later. Aw yeah. The only person who’d be harder to convince of his awesomeness is probably Lydia. Or Jackson, but he doesn’t give a shit about Jackson’s opinion of him.

But he can’t really high five himself in public, so he just bumps his shoulder against Derek’s, takes a sip of water.

“You staying over tonight?” Stiles asks Derek.

After a second, Derek nods. “Yeah, sure.”

Really, Stiles feels kinda bad about how often Derek sleeps on the couch. But it would be really weird for him to sleep in Scott’s bed, and he’s pretty sure cramming them both in a twin only worked that one time because they were too drunk to not sleep.

They’ll figure something out. They always do.
The next morning, they wake up to Derek’s phone alarm on the floor of Stiles’ kitchen with a mostly-empty bottle of Jack and their pants half-off.

Binks is just sitting on the counter, staring at them with so much judgement in his eyes.

It’s not until Stiles sits up enough to get a look at the microwave that he sees what time it is.

“Oh, what the fuck, dude, it’s a Saturday. We are not getting up at seven. Come on, crawl with me to the living room. At least there’s carpet in there.” Really, he wants to curl up and die, but he’ll settle for a few more hours of sleep.

“I gotta go,” Derek says. “Lunch with Laura back in Beacon Hills. I told you that last night. At least I think I did. I don’t remember much after we got back.”

“Oh my God. You just made me think for a second and it fucking hurt. Don’t do that.” Stiles blinks, grimacing at the taste in his mouth. “Do me a favor? Can you, like, drag me to the couch? I think I can get myself on it, but getting there is a little much.”

Derek uses the counter for support to get to his feet, grabs Stiles’ hand, and nope, bad idea.

“Be gentle,” he hisses, and Derek gets him about a foot before Stiles throws in the towel. “No, leave me behind, soldier. You go on without me. I’d rather puke on linoleum.”

“You’ll be ok. You’ve got a button nose.” Derek looks at him a moment, sways. “I think I’m still drunk.”

“I wish I was still drunk.”

Derek shakes his head, holding onto the counter. “No you don’t. You really don’t.”

“Well, you can’t go then,” Stiles tells him. “If you die, I’m gonna be so pissed at you. Stay. You can make sure I don’t puke on anything important.”

“Yeah, okay,” Derek says, and he starts going into the fridge while Stiles tries to summon Binks from his spot on the floor for some snuggles. (Binks ain’t having that shit.)

It’s very possible he naps a bit.

At least, he’s pretty sure he wakes up to Derek handing him a microwaved burrito, and that makes it all kind of okay.

Stiles gets the text around noon, but he doesn’t check his phone until almost two.

Stuck at home for fall break. Back Tuesday pm.

It does, actually, serve to remind him that he has Monday and Tuesday off, but that means he has four Derek-less days. Well, three and a half. But they’re prime days, days when they have no other real obligations, and by all rights, they should be spent getting very, very high, eating, gaming, and getting off.
Except Stiles is going to be alone.

And Scott is stuck on some ranch out in the middle of nowhere for, like, mad cow research or something, so he doesn’t have WiFi.

This does not bode well.

The whole point of Derek was not being alone ever.

Well, sort of. He doesn’t really think about it like that, not since the very first time they hung out. It’s more like he just likes having Derek around because he’s a cool dude.

Only that cool dude is not around and Stiles is really not into going back to those few hours where he was bro-less.

It’s maybe a minute of quiet desperation before he texts Come backkkkkkkk.

It’s only a few days. You’ll be ok comes the almost-immediate reply.

Stiles snorts, sends Do you even know who I am? Grinning, he takes a pic of the cat, sends it with the message Binks misses you.

I miss him too Derek shoots back, and Stiles smiles to himself. He’s only a little jealous that Derek and the cat have mysteriously bonded. But it’s kind of cute, too, big old Derek with a kitty cat. Whatever.

Derek just needs to come back. ASAP.

We could be having four days of awesome bro time right now Stiles texts.

It’s my mom’s birthday. Family camping trip. Heading into the woods as we speak.

That is not a good thing.

Are you going to even have reception?

There’s a little pause, then, Won’t be that far out. Don’t worry.

Stiles grins as the beginnings of a plan start to come together.

~ ~ ~

“Who’s got you smiling?” Laura asks, looking over at Derek from the road.

“Probably his weird little boytoy,” Cora answers from the back seat before he can say anything.

Laura snorts. “Is he cute?”

“I mean, yeah,” Derek says, leaning against the passenger side window.
**Are you ever gonna be able to get away?** Stiles sends.

**Probably, he types, Yeah.**

He’ll find a way.

Jesus, he’s in over his head, isn’t he? It’s fucking stupid, but when he ran into Danny at the house this morning, he’d been all you go, dude.

He *knows* that things with Stiles are going great. Better than expected, even.

And he’d kill to be hanging with him right now. Four days with no school? Sounds like four days with no clothes.

Or it would be, if he didn’t have to be here.

Derek *likes* spending time with his family, sure, but he feels like Stiles is on the edge of something like a breakthrough. He just needs a little time with him, just enough for him to get where he needs to. He *likes* Derek, he does. And he’s so close to figuring it out.

“Does Boytoy have a name?” Laura tries. Cora snorts, and Derek glares at her, but she doesn’t say anything.

“I don’t….When I know it’s something, I’ll let you know.”

“Okay, Mr. Cryptic,” Laura says. “You do that.”

Rolling his eyes, he looks back down at his phone and *alright*, then, *that* is Stiles’ dick. Derek is somewhat familiar with it.

“Oh my God, is that a *dick pic*?” Cora asks and Derek quickly turns off his phone.

“No, it’s not—”

“That was *totally* a dick pic, Jesus. Does he know you’re with your *family*?”

He knows she’s only half as outraged as she sounds, but he feels kinda sketchy about it anyway, so he throws out, “Yeah, and how’s Caitlin?”

“What do you— Who *told* you about her?”

“People talk,” Derek tells her. He hadn’t been sure about the rumor anyway, not until she confirmed it.

“Well, at least she was just a one-time thing. You’re being strung along by this little—”

“I’m *not*. He’s into me. Even Danny believes it, and he warned me away more than you, even.”

“Who the *fuck* is Danny and why do I give a shit about his opinion on you blowing Stilinski?”

“Whoa whoa whoa, slow down,” Laura says. “*Stilinski? As in, Stiles* Stilinski? Someone catch me up or I swear to God I will turn this car around.”

Cora sighs while Derek contemplates throwing himself from the moving vehicle. He could tuck and roll, minimize some of the damage, maybe—
“From what Lydia Martin says, Derek has been fucking Stiles for weeks now. Only Stiles still thinks he’s some kind of heterosexual and Derek is making stupid decisions about it because he still thinks he’s going to be Mr. Derek Stilinski because he’s still in tenth grade. So.”

“You really don’t get it,” Derek says. “It’s not like that at all. I’m not even hung up on him like that. It was a crush. I moved on.”

“To fucking him?” Laura clarifies. She’s getting good at that look that Mom does, the one that makes him reevaluate his entire life’s choices.

“It was an accident,” he tells her. “Sort of. But he’s got some stuff to figure out about himself, and I’m helping. That’s all.”

“That’s stupid,” Cora says.

Laura nods. “She’s right. You’re a real person. You’re not there for other people’s character development, Mr. Literature Major.”

“Latin American Literature. Not Brit Lit. We’re better than those other nerds: we have magical realism.”

“GEEK,” Cora crows.

Laura sighs a very heavy sigh. “Derek, I love you, but you’re such a romantic it kills me sometimes. You’re gonna get your heart broken and carry that with you forever and ever because you think it’s beautiful and sad and you’re too scared to try again. You can only pine for so many years until it’s really hard for everyone else to watch.”

“It’s just sex,” Derek says, leaning against the door.

Because it is. Right now. Stiles can’t even admit that he’s attracted to Derek, let alone anything else. It’s all baby steps.

Sure, he knows Stiles has the ability to love people. The first thing he ever heard Stiles say was something about being in love with Lydia for, like, eight years, so he knows that Stiles gets it. The long game. Especially since he’s still into her after the girlfriend he apparently got during senior year.

Maybe it’s stupid, but he’d never heard of someone his age loving someone long-term like that. Everyone he knew was dating each other for two weeks, fucking around on each other just to hurt people. Even he’d never met the right person, but here was this kid who got it. Loyalty and love, the meaning of life in the grand romantic sense.

And alright, while he was in high school, he’d misjudged the situation. He’d thought they were meant to be or something and completely ignored the little detail where Stiles was in love with someone else. And he’d had some trouble with the whole idea of actually talking to Stiles. Because Derek had found himself in a social sphere that Stiles had openly had a lot of disdain for, and the couple of times he’d worked up the courage to approach, stuff had gotten in the way and it just hadn’t happened.

But they’ve moved past that.

Derek knows Stiles now. Pretty well. Knows his body, at least, knows some of his interests. Maybe they don’t talk a whole lot. But Derek’s working on it.
I hate you Stiles gets. He grins as Derek follows up with I’m stuck in a car with my sisters for the next two hours. You’re killing me.

Save these for later then he types out, hits send before he overthinks it.

And maybe he takes a couple more pictures of his dick in his hand. If only because he’s kind of put out that he has to deal with a boner completely alone. He’s been spoiled by Derek, really. Derek and his great hands and shockingly great ass and general everything.

Derek really should be here. His hand should be under Stiles’, slick with both their spit, his own dick leaving a trail of cooling precome against Stiles’ thigh.

Jesus, Derek’s going to be the death of him, though.

He’s not even here and Stiles is so, like, conditioned by being around him that he’s on edge.

Stiles manages to get a pretty artistic-looking cumshot, though, and he passes it along because it’s pretty damn good, if he does say so himself.

The orgasm, however, felt a little….empty.

Well.

It was fine. Whatever. Getting off is getting off is getting off. It just maybe wasn’t quite as good as he’s had recently.

Pissed off for no reason, Stiles decides to just smoke a bowl and pass out. Whatever. It’s no big deal. He’s fine. His dick isn’t broken. Everything is totally alright.

~ ~ ~

The family cabin looks the same as always, really, even though they haven’t all been out in a couple years. But Mom’s turning fifty, so they’re all together. The five of them, and Peter. Fucking Peter.

“Dibs on the guest room,” Cora says.

“You can’t call dibs. Mom and Dad and Peter aren’t even here yet,” Derek tells her.

Laura shakes her head. “I’ve got seniority and Mom’s stamp of approval. Cora and I are sharing that queen. You can have the bunkbeds. With Peter.”

“He snores like he’s dying,” Derek says.

“Then take the couch. Whatever. That’s not our problem,” Cora says.

“Is there any booze around here at least?” Derek tries. “We should do a sweep before Mom finds it
Laura laughs. “But brother dearest, you’re only twenty. As an adult, it’s my duty—”

“For a month. One month. I’m basically twenty-one.”

“Not according to your driver’s license, kid.”

He shares a look with Cora, though, and he trusts her to find a bottle of wine or something. They’ll sneak out later. They’ll probably end up talking about their feelings. It happens sometimes. They absolutely never talk about it.

They’re checking for rats and bugs and whatnot when he hears the crunch of tires on gravel.

“I think they’re here,” he calls from the living room.

“Someone come help us with the groceries!” his dad yells, and Derek goes ahead to help out.

Two and a half hours later, they’re all out on the back deck eating burgers as the sun sets over the lake.

It’s a silly thing.

He likes being with family, loves it, always has, even though Peter’s kind of a douche. In high school, he used to blow off his friends to hang out with them, but here, right now, he feels this bizarre sensation, a trip line in his gut — maybe once, maybe three, four, five times, he turns to catch Stiles’ laugh or eye roll.

But he’s not there.

They’ve spent too much time together, really. Only this doesn’t happen to him in his classes, or when he’s just hanging out at the KP house. Because he knows Stiles shouldn’t just be there.

Not here either, though, and that’s kind of freaking him out.

Alright, he indulges himself for a moment. He pictures it. Stiles, sitting in a chair next to him, legs in that lazy sprawl, hands moving in the air as he talks, and when he’s done, maybe one drops down by Derek’s, their fingers catch. And no one blinks because they’re used to it, because that’s just how they are.

His fingers buzz with that phantom touch, and he finds himself smiling the way he would at Stiles, at the light on his face, the light in his eyes as he would snark right back at Peter, and Derek’s thinking I love you I love you I love you at someone who isn’t even there.

Quietly, he separates himself from the table, goes inside. Heads for the bathroom just to put extra walls between him and everyone else because he can’t handle it.

He feels like he’s gonna be sick.

Maybe his hangover is catching up with him.

Maybe it’s just the fact that he’s stupid, he’s so stupid. Even if he can give Stiles a clue about the fact he’s pretty much definitely into men, or at least into him, then it’s a whole other thing for him to get to a place where he’s comfortable in being in a public relationship with a guy.
He’s so fucking worried about anyone thinking he’s gay or whatever, so fucking worried about what
Lydia or some other girl he doesn’t even care about thinks of him, it’s all just so stupid. Derek’s just
going to get himself hurt. Badly.

It’s not until he hears the phone ringing against his ear that he realizes he’s called Stiles.

“Hey, what’s up?” Stiles greets. He sounds half-asleep, or post-jerk, or high. He probably barely
notices that Derek’s not there.

“Not much.” Fuck, he sounds so obvious. “How are you?” And that’s even worse, Jesus.

“Fucking bored. Shitty. Still think it’s stupid that you’re out in the middle of nowhere.”

“It’s not really nowhere. We have a cabin.”

Stiles makes an outraged noise. “You have a cabin? That’s not camping, dude. I was picturing you
sleeping in a tent and peeing in the woods. What the fuck. You’re on vacation, basically. Asshole.
You must be having a fucking awesome time.”

Derek’s probably imagining it, but he sounds bitter. Fuck, he wants Stiles to be bitter that he’s not
there.

“It’s okay,” Derek says. “What’re you up to?”

“Languishing in my misery.” Stiles sighs, and Derek can see it. “I hate being alone. You know that.”

Derek doesn’t know what to say to that that wouldn’t sound totally desperate, so he says nothing.

“I sent you a bunch of horrible pictures, but at least one of them is hella good. I might have a career
in erotic photojournalism. Maybe. I don’t wanna talk it up too much.”

“Exactly how many dick pics did you send me?”

“Only like two or three…or maybe, like, ten. Who knows. I kinda lost track. It’s fun, actually. I was
surprised. You should try it sometime.”

Is he—?

“I’ve never taken a dick pic.” It’s possible that he has sent a couple pictures of his ass to a guy
before, but technically, his dick wasn’t in the frame.

“Then you should definitely take one. For science.”

“Well. I’m hanging up, then. I’ll call you later if I can get away.”

“Alright. See ya. Maybe.”

Fuck, Derek’s not going to do it. He’s not going to take fucking dick pics in the bathroom on his
mom’s birthday. While everyone’s probably waiting on him to get the cake.

He tells himself that even as he palms himself through his jeans. Finds Stiles’ messages on his phone,
the pictures, and yeah, most of them are little more than Stiles’ familiar hand on his fucking gorgeous
cock, but the last one really is a pretty nice moneyshot.

Honestly, Derek wants to know what goes through his head. How it all works. How he can
convince himself that there’s a heterosexual way to not only send multiple dick pics, but basically ask
for one.

Jesus, Stiles is…Derek knows, okay, he knows that Stiles is at least curious about fucking him. Maybe he’s not conscious of it, but there’s a difference between giving a dude a hand and playing with his asshole. A huge difference.

Derek snaps a few pics, just downwards and in the mirror, as he thinks about it, about Stiles really playing with his ass. Those long fingers twisting in and out of him, being spread wide on Stiles’ knuckles, the sweet stretch of his cock going in, in, in. Really, Derek would kill for Stiles to be the kind of repressed asshole that would bend him over and fuck him anywhere so long as he never has to touch Derek’s dick. He could get that, and he’s pretty sure, going even just by the gentle curve of Stiles’ cock, that it would be pretty fucking satisfying.

But that’s not who Stiles is.

He gets himself off fast, real fast, because he knows he’s been gone a while. Cleans up. Sends the pics to Stiles because he’s a fucking idiot. Whatever. He started it.

Fuck, he’s in too deep and he knows it. He knows it.

He doesn’t wait for a response, just heads back outside.

The amazing thing is that he manages to keep his phone in his pocket for a full minute. Cora gives him a look about it because she notices, of course. He’s a fucking wreck and they can tell, they’re just pretending not to because this is about his mom.

“Someone go get the cake. I want a slice as big as my face,” his mom says.

Later, a while later, he’s settled on the couch, rereading Stiles’ texts. Wondering how the fuck he can convey to Stiles that trying to start a dick pic competition isn’t something you do with someone who’s just a friend. But it’s useless, and he just sort of goes along with it without committing to any more photos. Not here, not now.


He’s still in his jeans, but he doesn’t bother with shoes as he follows her out onto the deck. The wine bottle in her hand catches in the moonlight. It’s a bright night, too, not quite a full moon but almost. The reflections off the lake make it brighter.

He follows her down the stairs, all the way down to the dock.

Across the lake, there’s a couple boats with lights on, people partying, but it’s far enough away that they can’t hear.

They sit at the edge of the dock, feet dangling over the water. Cora gets a corkscrew out of her pocket, pops open the wine.

“You can go first. I think you’ve got more shit than me,” she says, handing him the bottle. He manages to chug a third of it before he gives it back. Really, he might feel bad for not savoring it or whatever if it wasn’t that $8 Australian wine his parents keep stocked everywhere they stay for more than a day or two.

Cora drinks while he stares out at the lake. It’s not hitting him yet, but he doesn’t care. There’s just
too much.

“You’re right, you know. Of course you know. I thought I was done with him before it started, but I
don’t think I’m really the moving on type.”

“Not really, no.”

He sighs, takes the bottle when she holds it out to him. “We’d be so good, Cora. We’d be amazing.
The way we talk, how we move around each other…we have chemistry, or whatever you want to
call it. We could make each other happy, if he’d just let go of his bullshit. Fuck. We could be in love,
you know. The real deal.”

“But you can’t. Not as long as he thinks that he can’t.”

Derek sighs. “He needs me, though. He doesn’t know how to be alone, and I don’t want to leave
him like that. And it’s— it’s not like he doesn’t care about me, you know? We are friends. I don’t
have a ton of those.”

“Then make new ones. You need more than him. You need to be able to stop seeing him if it gets to
that point.”

“Yeah, I know. I do.”

“Do you even do stuff other than sex?” Cora asks.

“Well, yeah. We talk. Do homework. Play video games. That kind of thing.”

“You hate video games,” she says, and, well, she’s not wrong.

It’s not really his thing. Never been his thing. He has good reflexes so he’s usually pretty decent, but
he just doesn’t have an interest. But it’s what Stiles likes, and that first time, it felt like the thing to do
to stop it from getting weird. And now he doesn’t really know how to stop.

“Howabout this,” she says. “You try introducing him to stuff you’re into. See how he reacts.
Because you’re gotta be 50-50 with this stuff. You can’t be the only one making compromises.”

“I don’t think he’s into the same things, you know?” Derek says. What he means, really, is that he’s
pretty sure Stiles would freak out a little if he knew what kind of stuff Derek’s into. He’s not weird
or anything, but some of his interests are considered kind of feminine by a lot of people’s standards.
People like Stiles. People who sometimes conflate “femininity” with being into dudes. Which could
be a serious problem.

“Derek, I’m gonna be really real with you right now: you don’t just casually like the stuff you like.
No, you’re a fucking ridiculous romantic dweeb for philosophical reasons or whatever, and if he
can’t even sit through, like, Love Actually, there’s no way it’s going to work between you. You’d be
miserable. I’ll punch you in the dick if you let that happen.”

“Alright, fine. I’ll try,” he says, feeling a little uncomfortable at even the idea of doing stuff he likes
with Stiles. Even though he’s pretty sure he could get away with reading him Pablo Neruda if he
sticks to the original spanish and they’re partially naked. He’s pretty sure Stiles wouldn’t even
notice.

“Anyway,” Derek tries, “what about you?”

Cora sighs. “You know. The usual. Girl problems.” He kicks at her foot until she goes on. “There’s
this girl, I dunno. She’s, like, stupidly gorgeous, and I don’t really like her, but she’s sort of not-so-casually hinted that she might be down for some hatesex. But she’s also got a boyfriend, and I think the implication was that he’d be there? And I’m not into that.”

“Does she know that?”

“I dunno,” Cora says, shrugging. “Fuck, I don’t even know if she likes girls or if she just wants to put on a show for her douche of a boyf, but I’m a little sprung. Half-sprung. She really knows how to wear lipgloss and she fucks with boys for fun, and it’s beautiful to watch, really, but I don’t even know if she’s just trying to fake sexual tension as some kind of powerplay. To leverage me into her sorority.”

Derek laughs, saying, “She sounds like exactly your type.” Because Cora’s watched all of Scandal, like, five times because she’s in love with Olivia Pope, because she almost got into poli-sci to meet her Claire Underwood, because she’s got, like, four posters of Joan Holloway and Derek has absolutely no idea if they even make posters for Mad Men.

He’s thinking about it, though, about what she’s said, and it just hits him.

“Holy shit. You have a thing for Lydia Martin, don’t you?”

“What? How did you…?”

“Because Jackson’s my roommate,” Derek says, starting to smile. “Oh my God, she’s exactly your type. That’s terrifying.”

“Shit. Are you pissed at me?”

“Why would I be?”

Cora gives him a look, then peers into the wine bottle. “Because your boytoy is in love with her. If I somehow magically manage to seduce her, he’s going to be so sad.” Her eyes go wide all of a sudden and she grins. “Holy shit. If that happens, he’s going to need someone to comfort him, isn’t he? And I bet you he’s the type to think that if she’s with a girl, she’s out of his league forever. I bet you I could get us both laid. If I can figure out her deal, obviously. So tell me everything about her.”

So he does.

He ends up telling her about how Lydia’s trying to help him with Stiles, and Cora lights up.

“That’s my in. I can just tell her I want to help hook you up. That way I have an excuse to talk to her instead of having to wait for her to come bother me about sorority bullshit. God, Derek, this is so going to happen. We’re geniuses.”

“That we are,” he says, not sure if he’s feeling it. He wants Cora to be happy, but he’s pretty sure it’s not going to work on his end. And that’s fine, it is, it’s not like it’ll hurt what he’s after, but he’s not so sure it’ll help, either. But whatever, he’ll help Cora if she needs it.

They sit out there for a while, but it’s nice. They’re the closest, age-wise, in the family, so they’ve spent a lot more time together than anyone else, really. He’s comfortable with Cora.

Eventually, they help each other up and climb the stairs. He feels better. He does. It’s not all okay yet, but it will be. He’ll figure things out.

If he thinks about curling around Stiles when he goes to sleep, so be it.
Stiles isn’t really doing well. The most he manages is feeding Binks and heading to the corner store that doesn’t card to buy a couple Fours. Because booze, especially shitty booze, makes time pass a little faster.

But alright, he’s not sure he wants to day drink. That doesn’t ever go well for him. He can see Derek’s judgey little look about it because, yeah, it’s before noon. That is not the time for malt liquor.

Instead, he ends up caught in a pornado.

It happens sometimes, but it’s like *three hours* this time, and that’s a little sad.

He’s not even doing it to get off. He eats Fritos for part of it.

It’s a weird pornado, though. Research-oriented. That’s totally why.

Well, he ends up watching a lot of dude solo videos. Trying to pick up tips or something. And yeah, alright, he ends up watching a couple dudes finger themselves, and maybe he thinks about trying it himself, just for kicks, but he’s cheap and a coward so he doesn’t have any lube like the guys he’s watching.

They seem to be kind of into it, though. He watches one guy fuck himself on a kind of impressive dildo, and that’s whatever. He’s curious about whether the guy’s gay or not. Or if he just likes the butt stuff. Derek likes the butt stuff, he’s pretty sure. He’s not sure how far Derek’s ever gone with it, if he’s just tried a finger or two, or if he ends up like some of these guys, on his knees with a hand working hard behind him, slick sounds filling the room, lube dripping down his balls.

Maybe he’ll ask Derek about it. When they’re drunk or something, so he has an excuse. Because he’s curious. Kind of wants to see, just to understand.

And Stiles has always felt kind of weird about messing with his own butt. That’s just not what it’s for. But he’s kind of curious about what it feels like, if it feels different from a pussy.

But maybe he’s thinking about it a little too much, so he looks at different videos, ones without fingering, and that’s how he ends up watching a guy suck his own dick.

Sure, he’s heard that some people can do it, but he’s definitely never seen it. And Jesus. It’s definitely possible. People can do that.

Once he gets curious about something, really curious, it’s hard to stop himself from googling the shit out of it.

An hour later, he’s naked and feeling a little crazy, but he’s gotta try it.

Just to know.

He’s got a good feeling about it, though. He’s got a mad slouch, his organs are pretty compact or whatever, and his dick is probably big enough that he’ll at least *kind of* be able to do it.
Getting into position is a little difficult, though. He tries on his bed because the back of the couch minimizes his cushion space, and he needs space. And he stretches, too, old lacrosse stretches he couldn’t forget, trying to ease the muscles in his back and stomach, thighs.

And he just goes for it. Gets his legs up, over his head, balancing on his shoulders and yeah, he’s good. It’s not the most comfortable stretch, but he’s got a feeling that it’s gonna be worth it. He’s hard just from the anticipation, and wow, yeah, it’s a little weird seeing his dick that close up. Like, right in front of his face, too, and he’s gonna do it, he’s gonna do it.

He does it.

Just sticks his tongue out to lap at the head and fuck. Before he even thinks about it, he closes his lips around the crown, sucks a little as he moves his tongue, and holy fuck, this is the best idea in the entire world. He doesn’t even mind that it hurts his jaw a little because it’s his own dick he’s sucking. It feels fucking amazing. He barely remembers his last blowjob, but this. Such a good decision.

Sure, he can’t get in too far because a) he’s only barely that flexible, and b) the angle makes it totally impossible to get into his throat without, like, breaking his dick and probably choking himself to death. But he can pretty much get a solid mouthful, and even though it’s fucking weird that he’s tasting his own skin and precome, he’s super close in basically no time at all.

He’s also a fucking idiot because he’s too focused on getting off to think about what happens, and the first spurt or two go right in his mouth. The rest ends up all over his face and sure, he’s accidentally gotten come on his own face before a couple times, but this is all of it, and it tastes kinda weird. Sure, it’s his own, whatever, it’s not that horrible? But he feels kinda weird as he lowers his legs back down flat, swallows just on instinct.

Actually, there’s jizz in his nose and that’s kinda really gross. But there’s tissues for all that, and even though his mouth still tastes bitter and weird, he’s grinning.

Looks like he’s figured out a way to survive two more days without Derek.

Wait, Derek.

Derek’s gotta see this. Holy shit, this is so fucking cool, he’s gotta brag about it for years to him.

Feeling a little bit sore, over-stretched, he gets up, pops open a Four to reward himself and swallows a couple Tylenol.

His phone is in the livingroom, and he grabs it, types out real fast You’re never going to believe what I just did. Sends it.

Shit, he needs Derek here. He deserves the highest of fives right now.

Why does that worry me? Derek sends, and Stiles grins.

Maybe it should, he sends. But I’m not gonna tell you yet. I wanna show you.

Stiles looks down at his dick. Maybe he’s projecting, but he thinks it looks a little bit smug. It should. No sad, boring, lonely jerks for this guy. No, he gets the special treatment.

Fuck, when Derek gets back, he’s totally going to show him in person. Yeah, Derek’s gonna watch him suck himself off, and maybe Stiles will jerk him while he does it. Just to be nice.

Okay, maybe he’s actually kind of ready to do it again.
This might be a problem. It’s possible he’s on his way to becoming addicted to sucking himself off.

But he won’t know for sure unless he does it again.

This time, he takes his phone with him. His camera’s gonna be getting some use, that’s for sure.

~ ~ ~

“If you make another round of margaritas,” Derek’s mom tells him, “you can have one.”

“Can I have one?” Cora asks.

“You’re still eighteen. Not a chance.”

Derek sticks his tongue out at Cora when she heaves a heavy sigh, heading in.

Technically, Peter taught him how to make margaritas when he was sixteen and always let Derek have one, but whatever. Cora and Peter get along even worse than he and Derek do.

He gets everything out, and it’s not until the blender’s running that he spots his phone on the dining table. Dad doesn’t like them to be on their phones when they’re all together, and he’d been encouraged to leave it inside, but he’s wondering if Stiles ever texted him back.

He’s got no idea what kind of surprise is waiting for him, really, and that’s a little worrying. Maybe he found a girlfriend in the past 36 hours. Who knows. Stranger things have happened.

He fills up the margarita pitcher and sticks it in the freezer while he grabs his phone, opens up his conversation with Stiles. There’s a video. All he sees from the preview is Stiles’ face, but he looks around, just makes sure the back door’s shut before hitting play.

“Dude, you are never going to believe this, but you gotta check this out. Watch,” Stiles says and then there’s all sorts of movement, and he’s pretty sure Stiles is naked, and then what.

Derek shuts his eyes just to be sure he’s seeing what he’s seeing, that he’s not hallucinating or anything, but there’s Stiles, giving him a thumbs up as he wraps his mouth around his own dick.

“Mother of fuck,” Derek hisses. He can’t look away, honestly. Fuck, okay, he’s tried not to let himself think about Stiles’ mouth, but he looks so fucking good, like he’s enjoying it even, probably because it’s his own fucking dick, Jesus Christ.

Yeah, Derek needs to leave him alone for a few days from now on. If this is the shit he comes up with? Fucking hell.

And Jesus, the way he’s moaning, too, muffled by his cock, and his eyes are shut, like he’s gotten kind of lost in it. The camera’s moving a bit, too, like he’s just barely remembering that he’s holding it, shit. And he pulls back a little, spit or precome or both clinging to his lips as he does it, then he presses just the tip of his tongue to the head of his dick, pointing into his slit, just before he takes himself all the way in his mouth again.

Derek hits pause, heads straight for the bathroom because his pulse is pounding in his dick and he
really needs to get off to this right now, holy fuck.

Door closed tight behind him, he sets the phone down, gets himself out, hits play.

Stiles’ fucking plush red lips, stretched so wide. It’s a big cock, too. Derek hopes Stiles wasn’t his ex’s first because she’d have to be fucking brave.

It’s way too easy to imagine Stiles splitting his mouth open like this.

His hips give little thrusts into his mouth, and it probably fucking hurts, but Stiles makes these sounds like it’s the best thing that’s ever happened to him.

Fuck, Derek’s so fucking close, body starting to tense when Stiles pulls back to just the head, jerks himself a little clumsily, and Derek sees his balls draw up when he comes, fucking swallows. Derek barely manages to catch his own come in his hand, keep cleanup easy, but fuck if he doesn’t shoot a little more when Stiles pulls back and just a little dribble of come pushes out onto his lips. He wipes it away with a thumb.

“I think I’ve found my new favorite hobby, dude,” Stiles says. “Hurry up and come home.”

The video ends.

It’s a really good thing they’re not video chatting or anything, because the only thing Derek would be able to say is that was the single hottest thing I’ve ever seen, and he’s pretty sure there’s no straight way to spin that.

Granted, Stiles did send him a pornographic video of himself. He can call it what he wants, but they’ve left heterosexual territory way in the rearview mirror.

But he’s gotta reply something.

He thinks about it as he washes his hands, dries them off.

You’re a menace is all he can think of, and he sends it before he can overthink it too much. Whatever.

He looks basically normal, so he heads back into the kitchen, checks to make sure the margaritas didn’t freeze or anything, and takes the pitcher outside.

~ ~ ~

(Week 6)

Day Three of No Derek finds Stiles horrendously dehydrated.

He’d only had one Four, so it’s not like he’s really on the hungover side of dehydrated, but he’d ended up smoking a bowl and also he’s pretty sure he came like eight times before he finally passed out.
It’s possible he’s a tiny bit addicted to sucking his own dick.

But he won’t be sure until Derek’s here. Because he knows that even if he hadn’t found this beautiful talent, he’d be miserably jerking off a lot anyway. It’s a coping mechanism.

Anyway, he’s pretty sure he doesn’t have enough liquids in his body to regenerate more jizz so he ends up drinking an entire carton of orange juice. Looks like he’s getting his vitamin C for the week.

But it doesn’t make him less miserable.

He’s starved of social contact, needs it. And he’s Derek-deprived, really. It sucks.

Also, he’s hella sore. His whole body, his fucking jaw.

He takes a handful of Tylenol and smokes half a bowl, but he’s gonna ease off the self-sucking today.

That said, he does give a mean blowjay, if he does say so himself.

Which is not something he ever thought he’d say. But oh fucking well because he’s pretty sure he discovered the secrets of the universe yesterday. So. Yeah.

He might be going a little crazy all by himself.

~ ~ ~

It’s a combined effort that convinces his parents that he (and Cora) really should get back to school before Tuesday.

Cora’s apparently been texting Lydia, and Derek’s getting worried about the state of his blue balls, but they use words like studying and organizing and laundry and that does the trick. Laura’s ordered to drive them back to Beacon Hills, where Derek’s car is.

Unfortunately, Peter comes with them, which is mega gross because that means his parents want to be alone and ewwww.

But he and Cora sit in the back, occasionally texting each other about their pet projects.

He’s fucking anxious to get home, grab some stuff, and head back to campus. He’s probably not even going to stop by the house after dropping Cora off, just gonna go straight to Stiles’ apartment.

In theory, he should be able to get there in three hours.

In practice, it’s almost five.

Because Peter wants to stop for food and then Laura takes a shower and ends up blocking the driveway so he and Cora can’t leave.
Derek is not thinking about the dildo in his duffle bag.

But if he was, he’d be thinking about how it’s probably a bad idea, that he was right in the first place about not bringing it to school because Jackson borrows his clothes and doesn’t really have an idea of privacy, but he also needs to be fucked by something before he goes crazy. So.

Also, it vibrates.

But whatever.

Anyway, it feels like by the time they make it to campus, by the time Cora’s where she needs to be and he can head all the way around to the apartments on the other side, it’s a whole new day. Or something.

But he’s here, and with any luck, they should have a solid 24 hours to spend however they like.

~ ~ ~

Stiles is doing a bunch of yoga he found on the internet, trying to loosen up his muscles from yesterday, when someone knocks on the door.

Which is weird, but hey, maybe it’s a neighbor or something.

At least he’s dressed. And he’s considering sweatpants and a tank top to be real clothes, whatever.

He flings open the door and what.

That’s definitely Derek.

“Holy shit, you’re back early, thank God,” Stiles says, dragging him in by his shirt. He hugs him without thinking, ends up pressing Derek back against the door, and fuck, Stiles knows what his boners feel like through pretty much every pair of pants Derek owns, and that is definitely a boner.

“Guess you’re pretty happy to see me, too,” Stiles teases against his ear, rocking against him.

“You could say that,” Derek says. The sound of his voice is nice and familiar. “I think you have something you should show me in-person.”

Stiles groans, leaning back a little so he can talk face-to face. “Dude, I fucking wish. I tried it earlier and I swear, my whole body, like, seized up. I’m so sore. I’ve been doing yoga, and it helps a little, but I need at least another half hour of that and maybe some Vicodin before I try again.”

“That’s okay. Maybe later,” Derek says, but Stiles thinks he sounds a little disappointed. He should be, anyway, because it’s fucking awesome.

“Definitely later. Because I’m officially awesome at blowjobs and someone else needs to appreciate that.”

Well, that came out wrong.
“I didn’t…” He’s thinking, though, and it’s probably a really weird thing to think, but he spent most of the second half of yesterday with a dick in his mouth, and it’s really not that different.

No, that’s a fucking weird road to go down.

“You know, I’ve been saving that vodka from last week,” Stiles says, tucking his hands into Derek’s back pockets. “We should celebrate.” Derek’s ass feels really fucking good in his hands, and yeah, they should do that before they end up rubbing off on each other against his front door. Because that’s just sad.

“Good idea,” Derek says, and Stiles grins, leaves him to head to the kitchen, looks over his shoulder at him.

Derek looks kinda…restrained, maybe. Not relaxed, that’s for sure, which is dumb because he should be able to chill here.

“Dude,” Stiles says as he gets the vodka out of the freezer, “go borrow some sweatpants or something. Take a load off. Chillax, bro. I’ll make drinks.”

“Yeah, alright. Okay.”

While he heads into Stiles’ room, Stiles throws back a couple mouthfuls of mango vodka for courage or something. He doesn’t really have a reason to need courage, but whatever.

He mixes it with Sprite, maybe a little heavy on the vodka, but whatever. Gotta man-ify mixed drinks somehow, if that’s even possible.

Briefly, he considers packing a bowl, but he’s running kind of low, was gonna talk to his hookup today, before Derek got back, but thems the breaks. Besides, he’s not really sure he wants to get crossfaded tonight. That’s the side of sloppy he’s not sure he wants to be on.

Derek comes in wearing Stiles’ second favorite pair of sweats, barefoot, and that’s better. He’s probably wearing underwear, though, bro code and all that, but they may need to revise their personal bro code because there’s really no point in extra layers in the junk area here.

Stiles hands him a drink.

The familiar edge of a buzz is creeping up on him, and alright, he probably should’ve just told Derek to get naked or something because they both know where this is going. The outline of Derek’s bulge says enough, and yeah, he’s definitely wearing underwear. Because Stiles knows what it would look like, his hard dick tenting his pants. If he was hard enough, Stiles would probably be able to make out the ridge of the head.

“You okay?” Derek asks, and Stiles realizes that he’s totally just zoned out while staring at his crotch. Shit. He nods, looking away as he gulps down his drink.

“Do you want something to eat or something? I’m not super stocked right now, but I’m sure there’s something edible or whatever.”

“I’m fine.”

Alright, he’s stalling a little.

Because he needs a bit more alcohol to justify jumping Derek. Well. Alright, he’s done that this sober, but…he just needs a little more.
“ Fuck this, ” Stiles says, discarding his drink to grab the bottle and throw back another shot or two.

It’ll take a couple minutes to hit him, but whatever. It’ll hit him.

Derek manages to set his drink down before Stiles gets to him, thank God, because he doesn’t want to have to clean that up right now. He’s busy. Busy backing Derek up against the couch until he ends up half-sitting half-leaning on the arm, legs splayed for Stiles to get in close.

“I missed you, ” he says, teeth dragging against Derek’s lip. “ I missed this. ” He kinda likes this, being a couple inches taller than Derek, where usually he’s just a hair shorter. He likes being able to tilt Derek’s head back, fall into his mouth.

Derek’s hands are so fucking warm on the small of his back, under his shirt, his arms bracketing Stiles’ body. When he tugs at Derek’s hair, he makes this little open-mouthed gasp that Stiles tries to swallow. Derek’s nails skim up his spine, and fuck, Stiles is never going this long without him again. Not unless he’s literally balls deep in a girl for the entire time.

“ Stiles, ” Derek just says, and he shudders, turns it into a full-body grind as Derek starts to shove his tank top up. Stiles lifts his arms up, lets Derek pull it off him because it’s a great idea. Skin against skin. They’ve never been totally naked together before, but that’s something he’s definitely going to try. Being naked is awesome.

“Come on, ” he says, tugging at Derek’s shirt. “ You too, come on. ”

They get it off and Stiles grabs his shoulders, just looks, because Derek’s got the most ridiculous body.

“Someone needs to tell Jesus that Photoshop isn’t supposed to work in real life, ” he complains, feeling the little laugh Derek huffs as he slides a hand down his collarbone, his pec, his ribs, his stomach, all the way down to his happy trail. It stops at the top of his sweatpants. Well, Stiles’ sweatpants. Yeah.

“You’re fucking ridiculous, ” Derek tells him, thumb stroking over his hipbone.

“Yeah, well, I try, ” he says, going in for his mouth, but stops and says, “ What’s really ridiculous is that both of us are still wearing pants. ”

“I guess we’re going to have to do something about that, aren’t we? ”

Stiles smiles, just brushing against his lips. “ It’s like you’re reading my mind. ” Derek yanks his sweatpants down and Stiles moves back to step out of them.

In the past, he’s felt kind of ridiculous standing in front of someone while naked with a boner. It’s just that there’s nowhere really to hide. Girls can see how much he’s into them, and he feels weird about that, but with Derek, it’s fine. Because Derek knows he’s just horny in general, gets that it’s part of his personality or something, so it doesn’t matter.

Grinning, he tugs at Derek’s pants, gets him up so he can shove them down.

“ Dude, please do not think you need to ever wear underwear here, ” Stiles says as Derek lets him push him down onto the couch. “ I’ve touched your dick; I don’t have the patience to care if you go commando in my clothes. ”

“Noted, ” Derek says, and Stiles watches his stomach ripple as he breathes for a moment before pulling his underwear slowly off his hips. His dick slaps against his stomach, a string of precome
momentarily connecting him to his underwear, breaking when Stiles drags them down his thighs.

Very suddenly, Stiles realizes just how close he is to Derek’s dick. His face, at least. There’s usually at least a torso length between them, but Stiles apparently dropped to his knees without thinking about it. So he’s close, weirdly close, as he pulls Derek’s briefs down off one knee, then the other, down his calves until Derek slips his feet out of them, one at a time.

When he sets them back down, his thighs open a little wider, and Stiles moves in to close the gap, just trying to get closer to body heat.

But he’s closer to Derek’s dick, too, so he wraps his hand around it, gives him a nice, slow stroke or two. Derek’s head falls against the back of the couch, and Stiles is getting a very weird idea. Because the last time he was this close to a boner, it was in his mouth.

“I could show you, you know. What I do to myself,” he says, and he might regret this later, will probably regret this later, but no, it’s not that weird. “It’s just like jerking off. It’s not gay if I can do it by myself.”

“Oh, no.” Derek says, and thank God, because Stiles was about to freak out a little because it’s a weird gray area and Derek could possibly take it differently than how he means it.

Stiles scoots forwards a little more even, sits back on his heels, holds Derek’s dick up at the base and just goes for it. Just seals his mouth over the head. Maybe because they taste just about the same or something, but he can actually feel his mouth water, which is good, because Stiles personally prefers a sloppier blowjob. But whatever.

It’s not even really a blowjob. It’s more like masturbating, but with his mouth and someone else’s dick. It’s totally different.

It is, because he can’t feel it when he sucks, just hears Derek’s strained exhale, the throb of him on his tongue matching the pulse he feels in his hand, traveling up his arm. Curious, he takes Derek further in, lets him fill up his mouth.

There’s a soft sound as Derek’s fingers clench on the couch upholstery, bones standing out on the back of his hand.

His lips are spit-slick when he bobs his head. They burn with the heat of Derek’s blood. His tongue tries to learn the shape of him, a little off-put by the unfamiliar angle.

It’s not easy or anything. Yesterday, he was sure he was giving himself lockjaw, and it’s extra sore now that he’s trying to keep it open again. But he feels like maybe he’s talked up his skills a little so now he has to be awesome. He’s gonna suck Derek’s brain out through his dick.

Or something like that.

Derek’s making these little noises in his throat, lips pressed tight, that mean he’s close. Good. Because Stiles has maybe another two minutes before he’s gonna need to ice his jaw or something.

Sucking a little harder, he takes Derek’s balls in his hand. Lets his middle finger sneak down a little, just seeing if he can reach Derek’s hole like this, when he feels Derek’s balls tighten, feels him jerk in his mouth too soon before he comes for Stiles to have any real warning. He gets a mouthful, swallows so he doesn’t choke. Sucks Derek through it until he makes this little whine and Stiles pulls off with the dirtiest little pop he’s ever heard.

He’s thinking about having a sip or two of Derek’s drink to wash the taste of come out of his mouth.
when Derek pulls him up a little, leans over to kiss him. Hard and deep, enough force behind it that Stiles ends up on the floor with Derek sprawled over him, tongue scraping around his mouth filthily.

Maybe he groans a little because he knows Derek’s tasting himself. That’s fucking kinky, shit.

But then Derek’s mouth is gone, a hot, wet drag down his chest, making him fucking burn as it slides over the scrape of his stubble. Lower, then, down to his stomach, and Stiles shivers, startled.

“What are you doing?” he asks, his voice coming out rougher than he expects.

Derek looks up at him, hovering over his belly button, says, “Returning the favor.”

That’s basically all the warning he gets before his dick is in heaven. Hot, bone-melting heaven.

“Fuck, Derek—” he pants, biting his hand so he doesn’t say whatever stupid thing he wants to say because there’s heat boiling through his body, a raw flood of pleasure, and Derek’s looking up at him through his lashes as he goes down, down, down, and Stiles is a mere mortal. He can’t handle this.

He grabs Derek’s hair in warning, but he just sucks the orgasm out of his bones.

For a while, he just lays there, drawing in sweet, sweet breath.

Derek shifts a little, legs under his legs, and when Stiles manages to look at him, he’s leaning back against the couch. There’s a drop or two of jizz in his stubble, but he wipes it away.

His chest is a little flushed, the way it gets when they’re particularly active about it. It looks good on him.

Stiles sits up a little, on his elbows, sighs.

Derek gives him this look like he’s not really sure what just happened, and Stiles laughs because fuck if he knows. Because he’s not sure why, but it’s fucking hilarious to him right now. Maybe he should be worried about it, but he’s pretty sure he came so hard he’s not going to be able to stand up for a while.

“That happened,” Derek says eventually, and Stiles sits all the way up, legs bent over Derek’s thighs.

“Yep,” he says, trying to figure out if Derek’s about to freak right now; he looks okay. “So how do I rank, then?”

Derek shrugs, says, “Top five.”

“You dick,” Stiles tells him, grinning as he smacks Derek’s ridiculous chest. “I at least deserve a handicap for exhausting my skills yesterday.”

“Eh, I’ll think about it,” Derek says, smirking a little.

“I hate you so much. I’m not even telling you how you rank.”

(Top. Just top. Ever. Because it’s totally true: dudes give better head.)

Derek’s hand curls around his ankle, probably on accident. “I’ll survive, I guess.”

“Whatever. But I’m gonna vote that we do that again sometime in the future. Because I need to
prove myself and also come that hard again. But I think my jaw is going to fall off if we do it again tonight.”

“Hot,” Derek teases, smiling a little.

Stiles rolls his eyes so hard that it hurts. “Whatever. I’m hungry. We should pool funds and order takeout.”

“We have to get dressed for that, you know.”

“Excellent point,” Stiles concedes. “Let’s find something here. Then what? I’m feeling so lazy right now.”

“I dunno,” Derek says, looking away. “We could watch a movie or something.”

“Ooh, yeah, I haven’t watched a movie in ages.” It’s also right at his level of effort. “Okay, you pick something out on Netflix and I’ll see if I can scrape together some food.”

*Food* turns out to be chicken nuggets, popcorn, and Doritos. Whatever. It’s edible.

Also, he has most of a drink left. Yeah.

Stiles *almost* puts pants back on, but fuck that shit.

He comes in balancing the popcorn on top of the chicken nuggets, ketchup tucked under his arm, Doritos in his mouth. He lets those drop to the couch.

“Behold: the feast,” he announces.

Derek snorts, scrolling through movies indecisively.

Stiles sets the rest of the food between them, squirts some ketchup on a chicken nugget. “Just pick something, dude. I’ll watch anything. I once watched Dora the Explorer when I was high. Like, fifteen episodes. So seriously, pick anything.” He pops the nugget in his mouth, then remembers his drink in the other room, hops up to get it.

When he comes back, Derek’s selected something. The production studio credits run as he sits back down, careful not to spill his drink. Derek grabs a handful of popcorn, stone-faced.

There’s a couple on the screen, looks like they’re at an airport, then another, and—

“No, dude, oh my God,” Stiles says, grabbing for the controller. “We cannot watch Love Actually, okay? Do you want to see me cry? Because I will. Like a little bitch. It’ll be so pathetic that you, too, will have to revoke your man card.”

Derek stares at him, wide-eyed, as Hugh Grant starts talking.

“Shit, it’s started. Now we *have* to watch,” Stiles laments because this movie is the *best*. He used to think he and his dad were like Liam Neeson and the kid. “Fight Club rules, dude. You can’t tell anyone if I weep like a child.”

“Deal,” Derek says, smiling just a touch.

“I’m so serious. If you tell anyone, I’ll kill you. Just like that,” Stiles says as he settles down into his spot. One of his legs bumps against Derek’s and it’s not even weird. Maybe being naked, like, erases those boundaries. Who knows. But it’s all good.
All things considered, the (ambiguously unethical) social experiment known as *Derek Leaves for Two Days and Stiles Copes With Cocksucking* is actually somewhat of a success.

Stiles wakes up in Scott’s bed on Tuesday morning, very quietly moves into the living room so he doesn’t disturb Derek, who’s in *his* bed (it had all made sense last night), and takes some Tylenol to pregame the rest of the day. He also drinks a fuckton and does some of the yoga he never finished yesterday. Gently. He’s just keeping himself limber while the Tylenol kicks in for his second-day aches. Because he has plans.

Plans that involve his last bowl and a very naked Derek.

Very Naked Derek happens to be sleeping, though.

He might be a kind of sexy sleeper, to be honest about it. Because he sleeps on his belly and over the past week, Stiles has seen enough gay porn to know he looks like an opening shot, all spread out with his ass on display. Except he’s pretty sure that guys who’re built like Derek don’t really bottom, but whatever.

Stiles brings the packed bowl and lighter over, sets them down on the window ledge above his bed, and stares at the back of Derek’s head for a moment.

See, Stiles can’t imagine anything better than waking up to a bowl and a blowjob. It’s kind of the American Dream. And Stiles is the awesomest of awesome bros, so he would totally give Derek that awesome moment.

But he also worries just a little. About Derek waking up and deciding that last night was a horrible idea after all. That would be bad.

Maybe he can ease Derek into it.

Sighing, he eases himself onto the bed. It’s a tight fit, but Derek smacks his lips a little and shifts closer to the wall, makes enough room for him.

He really does have the most ridiculous body.

Stiles doesn’t even think about it, just sees his own hand reach out and trail down the dip of Derek’s spine, past the little dimples above his ass, but stopping right there, laying flat. Derek shifts a little more, pressing up into Stiles’ hand, and this is a little weird.

But Derek *does* like it when Stiles touches his butt. And it’s a nice butt to touch. Nice and round, and he’s pretty sure that booty got some serious bounce.

He’s not so sure he wants to wake Derek up, though. Sleep is pretty awesome.

Yeah, alright, but they’re young; they don’t really need to sleep that much. And it’s, like, ten in the morning. Derek’s totally slept enough.

Also, Stiles is kind of curious about the magical qualities Derek’s booty possesses. He’s only really grabbed it from one angle before, and considering how well he knows Derek’s dick and all, it seems kind of unfair to the both of them that he and Derek’s butt aren’t a little better acquainted.
He’s not going to do anything weird. He’s not gonna, like, lick his butthole or anything. No way. But he does sit up, very slowly, and move in between Derek’s spread legs so that butt is right in front of him.

All settled in, he lays a hand on each cheek, gently. It’s a nice fit when he spreads his fingers a little. And it’s a really good butt for playing with. Just the right amount of jiggle. Derek’s responsive, too, pushes into it when Stiles spreads him open, muscle moving under his hands as he lets Derek’s cheeks come back together again.

He’s waking up a little, that’s for sure.

When Stiles really works his fingers, Derek makes this soft sound, and Stiles is pretty sure he’s at least half awake. Getting there, for sure. Whatever. Stiles ups the ante a little bit, kneads gently and then harder as Derek’s thighs clench, keeps thinking the word supple. His thumbs trace the little creases between ass and thigh as Derek’s fingers curl against the sheets.

Derek groans, quiet, and, with a little smile, Stiles leans down and bumps his nose against Derek’s shoulder.

“Mornin,” he says, and Derek huffs a little but smiles, too.

“Not quite how I expected to wake up.”

“Well, it gets better,” Stiles says, and Derek hums. “Flip over.”

Derek sighs, heavy. “So much effort.”

“Lazy,” Stiles tells him, but he flips, Stiles moving with him to get back in place.

Derek looks up him, blinking slowly. His dick’s hard against his belly, legs on either side of Stiles’, and he looks good.

Stiles grabs the bowl and lighter, maybe sliding against Derek on purpose because his dick knows what’s up. He sits back, though, takes in a hit and darts forward to share it. Derek captures his lip, sucks for barely a second before releasing it, just teasing. He doesn’t need to, really, because it’s not like Stiles has trouble getting turned on. So he passes the pipe to Derek, starts moving down his body to get this show on the road.

“Wake and bake, plus blowjob. It doesn’t get better, dude. Actually, it was supposed to be a blowjob first, but your butt got in the way.”

“Shut up, my butt was not in the way.” He scoots up the bed a little so he’s partially upright.

“A little bit,” Stiles says, snorting as he slides further down Derek’s body. “But I’m not knocking it. In fact, I’d shake the hand of whatever Nobel Prize winner created it, but I have a gameplan. Because I’m awesome.”

“Oh really?”

Stiles answers by licking a line up his cock, lets his tongue play over the head. Just laps at him with a little smile, not sure what he’s waiting for until Derek bites his lip. Stiles slides his hands up and down Derek’s thighs, sucks him in, but goes easy on him.

Above him, Derek takes a hit. Stiles waits for him to exhale before trying to take more of him into his mouth. He’s got this vague goal, because seriously, deep-throating can’t be that hard. It looks pretty
easy in porn, at least.

Except when he tries, as soon as Derek’s dick gets into the back of his throat, he gags, coughs, chokes a bit, face going hot because Jesus, how lame. Has to pull off, actually, because his eyes are watering like a motherfucker.

“Pretend that didn’t just happen,” he says, voice kinda raspy. “We’re gonna try that again, and this time it’s gonna work.”

“You don’t even have to—”

“It’s gonna work.”

That’s maybe a bit optimistic, because he tries a little too hard, gags a bit too much. He’s kinda pissed off about it, actually. Third time’s the charm, though, right?

Wrong.

This cannot be as hard as his body seems to think.

“Jesus, fuck your dick, dude,” Stiles says.

“You could—” Derek sighs. “It’s like taking a shot. You have to open up your throat.”

Stiles glares at him for a second, then tries again, but chokes off at the last second.

“Fuck it, I’m just psyching myself out now.”

“That’s totally fine, you—”

“You don’t understand,” Stiles tells him. “If I give up, that means admitting that I have been mastered by your dick.” Then, “That came out wrong. No homo. But I won’t be satisfied until I’ve sniffed out the shampoo you use on your pubes, comprende?”

In the end, it takes him four more tries and a lot of swearing at Derek’s penis, but he wins. God, does he win. When he gets his mouth all the way down, he attempts to smirk up at Derek around him, holding up both middle fingers. Fuck yeah. Cause he’s conquered.

Derek laughs, and it kind of shoves him a touch deeper into Stiles’ mouth, and it’s not comfortable, not by a long shot, but he’s a winner so what the fuck ever.

And it doesn’t take more than a hard suck to shut Derek up.

The thrill of victory kinda gets him going, too, and he’s getting the hang of it. Even though the Tylenol isn’t quite working for his jaw. But Derek’s thighs are spreading and he’s moving, just a little, in time with Stiles’ mouth, his back arching against the mattress.

Stiles grabs his hips, holds him down.

“Oh, fuck fuck fuck,” he lets out between breaths, and Stiles thrives on it. Wants to say something, he’s not even sure what, but the only sound that happens is a little hum that makes Derek’s head thud against the wall.

Okay, Stiles has fought a long, hard struggle for this. He needs Derek to come. He’s invested.

And when he does, Stiles just wants to high five himself. Because not only does Derek sound like he
died a good death, but Stiles doesn’t even have to taste his jizz. He’s not even sure how he could possibly succeed more.

Well, maybe by getting off himself. That would be cool.

Yeah, he can handle that just fine, actually.

Stiles sits up, hand going right to his dick, gets his palm messy with precome.

“Come here,” Derek says, and Stiles doesn’t even think, just climbs up his body. Derek scoots down the bed, though, torso sliding between Stiles’ thighs. To tell the truth, Stiles isn’t really sure what’s going on until he finds himself holding himself up against the wall and one of the shitty bed posts, Derek’s mouth on his balls.

He’s not sure if that’s more gay than having Derek’s mouth on his dick, but Derek grabs him by the hips, guides his dick into Derek’s mouth, gets a rhythm going. Which is kind of a mistake because it’s basically an invitation to fuck his mouth.

And when Stiles does, well, he doesn’t exactly discourage it. At all.

He looks down, sees Derek’s dark head of hair, grabs it on instinct, and Derek’s mouth does this thing that makes Stiles’ eyes roll back in his head.

“Fuck, you’re— fuck,” is all Stiles can get out.

His hips move in these little rabbity thrusts because he’s trying not to, like, choke Derek, but he’s only human. Human and panting and trying so so so so hard to hold back, make it last a little longer, but that’s out of his reach.

He tries to be courteous or whatever, fingers tightening Derek’s hair to pull him away enough that Stiles doesn’t grind into his face or anything.

But he also kind of dies for a moment there, he must, because he’s sure that he sees heaven. Although that might be that the hand bracing him on the wall slips and he just about brains himself. It doesn’t even hurt, though, because Derek’s swallowing around him and basically ruining his life in the best way possible.

It takes a moment for him to regain enough presence of mind to collapse on the bed next to Derek, breath slowing, grinning.

“I’m voting for more sleepovers, dude, because this one’s been awesome,” he says as he fixes Derek’s hair.

Derek grins, slaps at his hand. “Ditto,” he says. “I’m hungry, though.”

They have In-n-Out for breakfast, and maybe they probably should’ve showered and made an effort to look like functioning humans, but they decided that they were too hungry for a shower.

It was mutually understood that shower meant easy-to-clean-up handjobs.

But whatever.

“So how’s your family?” Stiles asks. Really, he should’ve asked sooner, but hey, they’ve been busy.
“Good. They’re fine. Laura’s up for a promotion.”

“That’s cool.”

Alright, he doesn’t really know what to say. *We’re getting really good at blowjobs* is kind of a weird thing to say in a public place. It would *definitely* be misinterpreted. Even if he’s kind of proud of himself for this morning. And he can’t stop *thinking* about it.

It’s kind of nice, though, sitting and eating with Derek without *really* feeling like he has to do a lot of talking. It’s not really necessary. Sure, Stiles talks a lot sometimes, but usually just when he’s nervous or under pressure. There’s no reason to talk more than he means with Derek. It’s cool.

That’s how he knows, really, that they’re hella good friends. Best friends, even.

The thought kind of surprises him a little because sure, Derek’s his bro or whatever, but he’s never really thought of him in terms of *best friend*. Which is not to say that he’s really in the same classification as Scott, because Scott’s his brother from another mother and it’s just different, what they are to him.

But Derek’s definitely a best friend.

Which is *not* at all something he would’ve imagined back in high school. They just didn’t really know each other. Really, the only time Stiles can even remotely remember interacting with him was one time in junior year, and that was mostly running away on Stiles’ part.

“Remember that time in high school when you were gonna kill me?” Stiles asks.

Derek’s face screws up. “What the hell are you talking about?”

“Come on, dude. It was your senior year. Someone pranked you, I’d heard, and you, like, came after me with this, like, *death look* because, well, we all know that I’m the prank master. You totally almost squished my head like a grape, or you would’ve, if I hadn’t been so fast. I’m like the Flash, yo.”

It’s actually kind of funny, watching Derek remember. Because it’s so *obvious*. It’s all over his face. But then it kind of comes around to a weird place where Derek looks like he wants to kill something maybe, and Stiles is regretting trying to reminisce.

“FYI, dude, I *so* did not prank you. I was framed.”

“No, it’s…. Nevermind. I remember, yeah. What about it?”

Stiles shrugs. “Nothing, I guess. I just never would’ve thought we’d even be friends, and yet here we are. It’s kinda cool.”

“Yeah, I guess it is,” Derek says. He looks down at his fries, and Stiles watches the movement of his hands for a moment before he realizes his phone is buzzing in his pocket.

The screen says it’s Scott.

“Yo, what up, bro?”

“Well. *I hope you haven’t rented out my side of the room or anything because I’m gonna need it.*”

“Wait, what?” Stiles asks, sitting up straighter. Derek’s got one eyebrow up, but Stiles listens to Scott.
“It’s fucking wild, dude, there’s been these, like, brush fires for a couple weeks, but this one just got totally out of control. They’re sending us home because our insurance apparently doesn’t cover burned to a crisp or something.” Stiles blinks slowly, trying to process. “It’s really scary, actually. Watching the news, it’s like we’re in the middle of an apocalypse or something. People have lost their homes. It’s awful.”

“Oh my God, dude. Shit. Okay, well, I definitely prefer you not dead, so yeah. Wow.”

“We’re flying back tomorrow, so I guess I’ll see you Thursday? Shit, I’m gonna be so jetlagged. And my credits are gonna be fucked.”

“Hey, we’ll figure it out when you get here. Don’t worry. Just don’t die or anything.”

Scott laughs. “Yeah. I’ll do my best. I’ll be glad to see you, though. Been missing you, bro.”

“Me too. I’ll see you Thursday, okay?”

“See ya.”

Stiles hangs up, his face feeling a little weird when he looks at Derek.

“Scott’s coming back.”

It’s not even a question, he just says it, and Stiles’ stomach sinks into the floor.

“Yeah, yeah he is,” Stiles agrees, and he knows what Derek’s thinking. That as of Thursday, Stiles won’t need him anymore. That he won’t have to pity Stiles anymore or whatever. He’s not going to have to be the replacement friend.

“You’re not going to stop hanging out with me, are you?” Stiles asks because fuck, he doesn’t want that. He always knew no one was going to be able to replace Scott, and Derek didn’t, he made his own space, and it’s gonna suck more than Stiles did this morning if he decides to ollie out.

But Derek shakes his head, eyes a little soft. “Not if you don’t want me to.”

“Oh, thank God,” Stiles says, breathing out a sigh of relief. “I mean, I see you so much, it would be fucking weird if I didn’t, you know? Besides, sometime, maybe later today, if I can, I gotta show you that thing I can do.” He winks, not wanting to say it out loud, but Derek knows. Derek knows. And he’s kind of into it. In a curiosity kind of way, obviously. Because Derek’s possibly the straightest dude he knows, considering how comfortable he is.

But it’s good, definitely, that Derek’s not leaving him. It’s good.

Stiles makes an attempt to drag out their last couple days, but it feels like time decides to just fuck him over with it because it goes so fast. And the amount of time spent naked or nearly naked is just not enough because they have classes and things to do. But he tries to make a lot of really good use of their time.

The only thing better than showing Derek how he can get his mouth on his own dick is Derek’s mouth on him at the same time. Or Derek lapping at his dick before Spiderman-kissing him, when they both taste like him, and he never thought that would be something he’s into but he’s into it. Kind of wants to do it for the rest of his life, maybe, and if he didn’t have a life he needs to live, that’s exactly what he would do.
They can only fuck around for so long, though.

Stiles kind of has to clean a bit. His spaces tend to fall into chaos, a different chaos than his and Scott’s combined chaos, so he makes it less like the place is just his.

Derek helps him clean up, though, and Stiles blows him in the kitchen as a thank you, and it’s actually kind of cool, the way that works. Like when Stiles remembers Tuesday night that he has an essay due Wednesday morning and almost says fuck it, Derek offers him a blowie for incentive.

So many of his teachers in high school said he lacked motivation. Well, fuck them, because he was just waiting for sufficient motivation. And now he has it.

Only it gets a little weird. Maybe. Just a touch.

He convinces Derek to sleep over Wednesday night, not like it’s really too hard, and maybe ends up late to his Thursday morning class because of a long shower.

Well, now he knows that sharing showers isn’t actually that efficient because they end up stretching it long enough to get off twice, soapy and slick with their mouths tasting like tap water. It takes kind of a long time, actually, when he has a 9 AM class. That he comes in for the last ten minutes of. But whatever.

It’s weird, though, because it’s like they both know that they’re not going to get to hang out as much, and alright, he knows that, but he doesn’t know that. They’ll find a way, right? But it feels shitty, actually, when they split and go to their separate cars. Like an ending. Enough that Stiles almost convinces himself to skip his class entirely, drag Derek upstairs and just be naked forever. Because he’s scared, maybe, that he won’t get to again.

Nothing’s ending, though. He’s just being weird about it.

That weird feeling of dread totally goes away, though, when he picks Scott up from the airport.

They have one of those forever hugs and they’re both kind of laughing, and Stiles needed this. He needed his best bro.

“God, I know it’s only been, like, two months, but you look good, dude,” Scott says, grinning wide.

“Well, you look fucking tan and I hate it, thanks,” Stiles tells him. Scott laughs, thumps him in the shoulder, and yeah, this is the fucking best.

“Oh my God, I can’t wait to go home and sleep in my own bed.”

Stiles snorts, helps him get his many bags into the Jeep.

“Please tell me that you didn’t have intercourse in it, though, dude,” Scott says. “Or at least tell me you washed my sheets if you did.”

“I definitely did not wash them after,” Stiles tells him, grinning. “It’s just jizz. Jizz everywhere. You’ll be lucky if you can even see the sheets.”

Scott smiles back at him, shakes his head. “Come on, let’s go home.”

They hop in the Jeep, make their way out of the airport, and Stiles is buzzing with energy. Scott’s a little sleepy, maybe, but he’s got a little bit of a second wind going.
“So hey, you gotta introduce me to all your friends,” Scott says.

“Have you met Scott McCall? I feel like you have. Looks kinda like you, actually.”

Scott smacks his shoulder. “Shut up, I know you made friends. You would’ve called me, like, three times as much if you hadn’t.”


Scott gives him a look, and Stiles sighs.

“Alright, you know Derek Hale?”

“Well, yeah.”

“We’ve been hanging out some,” Stiles says. Which sounds much more normal than a few days ago, we spent a solid twenty-four hours together. Well, it’s not really abnormal, it’s just that…well, he’s not sure how they all fit together yet.

Scott’s nodding, says, “He should come over sometime, then. He doesn’t smoke, does he?”

“He does,” Stiles says, shaking his head a little because he very acutely remembers tasting smoke in Derek’s mouth.

“Well, I haven’t been high in almost two months, which is a problem, so you should invite him over, like, tomorrow afternoon or something. I’m getting seriously baked tomorrow afternoon, regardless, and it would be cool to chill together.”

“Alright, I’ll let him know,” Stiles tells him.

It’s not going to be weird or anything.

It’s just three bros hanging out.

Even though two of those bros are maybe a little used to semi-naked hangouts.

Well, it’s gonna be fun, isn’t it?

~ ~ ~

Derek’s very unsure as to the overall state of things.

Part of him is very happy about the recent developments. Because two months ago, the idea of getting a blowjob from Stiles would have been utterly ridiculous, a fantasy. Except Stiles kinda seems to like it. That definitely means something.

But he also wants to dig a hole and bury himself in it out of delayed embarrassment. Shit. Derek had kind of thought that Stiles had just coincidentally run away from Derek’s nearly-attempted prom invitation. Hadn’t even seen him, maybe. Hopefully. But knowing that he thought Derek was going to threaten him or something? Yeah, he’d like to just die now, thank you.

Stiles is an endless series of problems that Derek’s almost found solutions to. He makes everything
infinitely more difficult and complicated and better. And Derek hates it. And never wants it to end.

But he’s also deeply worried.

It’s not like he’s ever had any sort of problem with Scott McCall.

Really, it would be easier if he did.

No, most of what he’s seen of Scott is apologetic looks thrown over his shoulder and the background of Stiles’ laptop. He’s a nice dude, everyone knows that.

But he knows Stiles is never in a million years going to tell Scott about whatever the hell he thinks they’ve been doing, and frankly, he doesn’t really think Stiles will want to keep doing it. Sure, he said he did, but the reality of trying to sneak around behind your best friend’s back is a whole other thing.

Maybe not right away, but pretty soon, Stiles is going to get tired of it. He’ll call it off. He will. It’s just a matter of time.

A normal person’s survival instincts might say that he should just jump ship now, head it off, but he’s not normal. There’s this stupid fucking sliver of hope in him that says that Stiles might suddenly wake up before it comes to that.

Yeah, he knows it’s stupid.

Fortunately, he also has school work to worry about, a novel to re-read, so he doesn’t have to think about it.

Until he gets Stiles’ text.

On Friday.

Which is days and days sooner than he’d thought. Because he’d thought he and Scott would settle in a little, get used to living with each other again, before Stiles would even think of him.

Let’s get high is all the text says, which, in Stiles, means Let’s pretend to be straight while we get each other off for a couple hours. But whatever. It’s not like he has anything against the idea of getting Stiles’ dick back in his mouth. Or Stiles doing his weird thing where he makes a bunch of bizarre excuses for giving some of the most enthusiastic blowjobs Derek’s ever been on the receiving end of. Whatever. That’s just how they work.

Derek’s in his Friday clothes, anyway, because he’s only got one class and doesn’t give a fuck about it. Besides, Stiles likes it when he goes commando. Easier access. To the heterosexual delights of another man’s penis.

Except when Stiles lets him in, he doesn’t immediately go for Derek’s waistband.

He goes for the kitchen, to the fridge, and Derek follows. Stiles must be distracted or something. But he gets something for Derek to drink, non-alcoholic, which is probably even more surprising.

Scott’s not around, though, so why isn’t he trying to start something?

Maybe he’s waiting for Derek to actually take the initiative?

So Derek does, tugs him away from the fridge by his belt loops, and Stiles smirks, rolls his eyes, but he lets Derek pull him in. Lets Derek tuck his fingers into the front of his waistband, lick the hinge of
Alright, they’re sober, but there’d been a couple hours the other day that had been sober, too. So it makes some sense that Stiles is reluctant, but if he’s getting over it, that’s definitely a good sign.

Except then he hears the front door open, and Stiles is jumping away.

“Yo, dude, Marco was so happy to see me, he totally gave me a discount. How cool is that?” Scott says as he comes in.

Derek has no idea what he’s supposed to do.

“Hey, Derek!” Scott says, beaming. “Wasn’t sure when you were coming over, man. I would’ve cleaned up or something.”

Derek looks around. “This is the cleanest I’ve seen the place.”

“Oh my God,” Stiles says, punching him in the arm. “He didn’t need to know that.”

“Stiles, I’ve known you forever. I wouldn’t have moved in with you if I didn’t accept you for your mess.” Scott rolls his eyes a little and it’s very weird, but it’s like he’s trying to share a smile with Derek, and this is just weird in general. It’s off-putting.

“Whatever, dude,” Stiles says. “Want me to get my grinder?”

Derek chokes because how does Stiles know about Grindr? but no one’s reacting like that’s what he means, so he’s just gonna assume he misheard.

“I’ll get it,” Scott says. “And I’m gonna get out Roscoe. You’ve been keeping him company, right?”

Stiles winces. “Dude, it felt weird without you. He’s our child.”

“Who the fuck is Roscoe?” Derek asks, glancing down at Binks. The cat’s rubbing against his legs, so he picks it up.

“Roscoe was our eighteenth birthday present to ourselves,” Stiles explains. “He’s our bong. We technically have shared ownership, and we’re also the only people who’ve ever used him. He’s special.”

And just like that, Derek wants to curl up in a sad little ball for the rest of forever.

“Wow, rude, dude,” Scott says. “Why don’t you get Roscoe? And my grinder while you’re at it.”

Stiles kind of huffs, but he goes, and then it’s just Derek with the cat and Scott on the other side of the breakfast counter.

“He didn’t mean it like that,” Scott says quietly. “His foot’s in his mouth, like, constantly. But you know that, I guess. Thanks, too, for keeping an eye on him. Seriously.”

“What are you two assholes talking about?” Stiles asks as he comes in holding a very large bong.

“We were talking about how your cat has a big fat crush on Derek,” Scott says quickly, winking at Derek.

Stiles grimaces. “God, I know, it’s the worst. It’s so not fair.” He sets the bong down on the coffee table, then says, “Think fast!” at Scott, tosses him something small and shiny. Scott catches it, sits at
the breakfast counter, pulls out a baggie of weed.

“We should all watch a movie,” Scott says. “Kira showed me this one that I’m pretty sure would melt our brains.”

“Sweet! I’m so in,” Stiles says.

“What about you?” Scott asks Derek, and he shrugs because he doesn’t really care either way and it’s not like they’re going to be doing what Derek had expected, so he’s just trying to go with the flow.

Stiles comes over, rubs the cat’s head. “I hope no one ever lets you hold a baby, dude,” he says, and Derek’s not sure if he should be offended or not because sometimes the way Stiles says things is complicated.

“Babies like me,” Derek tells him. His cousins are at the baby-having age, so he’s got plenty experience with them.

“They would,” Stiles says, grimacing. “You’re terrible. Just make a fucking calendar already.”

Derek’s not really sure what that means, but Stiles goes to get a drink and Scott’s looking at him with a sort of realization on his face, eyebrows bouncing as his eyes move to Stiles and back. And that’s unnecessary. But Stiles is turning back before he can convey that no there’s nothing happening there. Because he’s pretty sure Stiles would kill him if he let Scott think they were something.

“So, Derek,” Scott says with a little bit of a smirk. “What’s your major?”

“He’s double-majoring because he’s fucking ridiculous,” Stiles answers, and Derek didn’t even know he knew that. “I think it’s, like, Spanish Lit and something else.”

“Latin American Lit,” Derek says, not sure he likes what Scott’s smile means, “and Spanish.”

Stiles makes a little put-out noise. “Are you shitting me? I didn’t know you were bilingual. You’ve been holding out on me.”

Derek shrugs as Scott leans forward on one elbow. He looks like he’s about to say something damaging. Well, not intentionally, maybe, but Derek’s pretty fucking sure he knows that there’s something going on.

But that could help him, maybe. Stiles would listen to his best friend, after all.

This could be a good thing.

“So who’s Kira?” Derek asks. “Girlfriend?”

“Just a friend for right now,” Scott says. “But I’m pretty sure it’s mutual. So I might be hanging out with her a bit. At her place.”

Jesus, he’s not even being subtle.

But Stiles doesn’t seem to get that Scott’s voluntarily sexiling himself.

Derek can only imagine what it’s like to live in a world of willful ignorance. Although he’s maybe being a little stupid, a little optimistic, thinking that this is going to help. Oh well. Sue him.

“So what you gotta do, man,” Stiles says. “I’ll do everything in my power to help you get laid. If
you need me gone, just let me know. I’ll just crash with Derek."

Stiles doesn’t even give him a look to ask if that’s cool, but then, Derek did spend forever here, so it’s not like they have boundaries. It would be a total dick move if he said no, and it’s not like he wants to anyway.

“Derek, you live at the house, right?” Scott asks because he apparently has paid some modicum of attention to Derek. “So you have a roommate. I wouldn’t do that, man. It’s cool.”

“His roommate’s Jackson, too,” Stiles says, laughing.

Derek shrugs when Scott gives him an apologetic look. “He’s not that bad. I don’t see him much, anyway.”

“Probably because he’s too busy fucking the love of my life,” Stiles says, sighing as he leans his elbows on the counter. He doesn’t notice that Derek grimaces, thank God, but Scott does, and now he looks fucking confused.

“So wait, you’re still into Lydia?” he asks and Derek wants to tell him not to go there, but there’s no good way.

Stiles snorts. “Does the earth orbit the sun? Does the day end in a y?”

Derek pretends to be very interested in the cat. Scott just sighs.

“Anyway, I’m gonna take a leak before we get this all started. Try not to be awkward together for two minutes,” Stiles says.

“Me and Derek are cool, dude,” Scott tells him, watching him head to the bathroom out of the corner of his eye. When the bathroom door shuts, he leans forward, talking low. “Okay, I’m not sure what his thing is, but I’m cool with it and I’m gonna figure out how to make him understand that. You shouldn’t have to go back in the closet for anyone.”

“You really don’t have to do that. It’s fine.”

Scott shakes his head. “It’s not fair to you, man. You’ve liked him forever. The least he can do is not make you hide that when you don’t have to. And you definitely don’t have to with me.”

“He doesn’t know that I… It would spook him. It’s fine. I’m working him up to it.”

“Working him up to what?” Stiles asks, and Jesus, he needs to take longer bathroom breaks.

“Jackson’s giving him grief,” Scott fills in. Thank God. Because Derek’s shit at excuses.

“Do I need to go have a talk with him?” Stiles asks, crossing his arms over his chest.

Derek stares at him, eyebrows up near his hairline, and Stiles’ kind of painfully adorable determined expression drops.

“No, you’re right. If you can’t intimidate him, I won’t have any better luck. You’re on your own, bro.”

I hate you, Derek wants to say, for giving me hope.

Scott leans on his stool, stretching. “Welp, I’m all done here. Let’s get baked, dudes.”
Not too long later, they’re watching this movie, The Fountain, and Derek’s high to the point where he’s trying very hard not cry because that shit is sad, goddamnit, and it’s only about 70% weird.

Scott’s sitting where Stiles usually sits and Stiles is in the middle, which is fine, totally fine, but he can feel Stiles’ knee against his thigh acutely.

When Derek’s not feeling his brain melt out of his skull because space and magic trees and Spanish Inquisition, or when he’s not biting his lip because it’s just a really beautiful love story all around and he’s got a weakness for that shit, he’s thinking about the occasional movements of Stiles’ leg against his, the urge to lift his arm to the back of the couch, pull Stiles in against his chest. It feels natural, like there’s no reason he shouldn’t. Derek’s not stupid, though, he knows it would go horribly, that it’s especially the wrong time to do it with Scott here. Not that Scott would care, but Stiles would.

He’d care anyway, though.

That doesn’t stop Derek from thinking about it. About his arm over Stiles’ shoulder, his palm flat over Stiles’ heart, his lips pressed against Stiles’ hair.

He breathes, forces it down, and alright, maybe he does cry, just a little, because the movie’s fucking traumatizing.

Anyway, he’s pretty sure both Scott and Stiles sniffle a bit, so it’s not like it’s a big thing.

When it’s over, they all very covertly wipe their faces.

“I’m thinking we need another bowl after that,” Stiles says. He looks at Scott first, and his eyes just skate off Derek.

“Go ahead,” Derek tells them. “I should get going. Got a fuckton of homework this weekend. First major papers due before midterms and all that.”

Stiles frowns. “You sure, dude?”

Derek nods quickly. “Yeah. Text me. Or whatever.” Don’t he almost adds, but it feels weird to distance himself like that. He’s not trying to make himself unavailable. Just trying to give Stiles an opportunity to make the inevitable clean break.

“He will,” Scott says. “It’s cool having you around, man.”

Derek gives him an appreciative smile, waves, but he’s unsure about it all. About what Scott’s support means. If it’ll still be there if he finds out what’s going on.

And fuck, the fact that he knows about Derek? That Derek has feelings or whatever? That could be a problem.

He finds himself in the parking lot, pressing his forehead against the cool glass of the driver’s side window of his car.

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“Alright, so what’s up with you and Derek?” Scott asks, and Stiles coughs out a lungful of smoke. “Shit, sorry, that was bad timing. But for real. What’s the deal?”

Stiles gulps down some water, says, “What deal? There’s no deal.”

“You know I’m cool with it, right? You’re my best friend. That’s never going to change.”

“Well, I really don’t know what you’re talking about, so.” Stiles shifts, nervous. He was sure that he hadn’t let anything slip. So sure.

“Dude,” Scott says, looking him right in the eyes, “I don’t care if you’re into dudes. It doesn’t make a difference to me. You’re still—”

“Jesus, I’m not gay. What the fuck, man? Marco must have given you different weed because you’re seeing things that aren’t there.” Stiles shrugs, looking away. “Derek’s a friend. We don’t even really hang out much. It’s not whatever you’re thinking.”

Scott sighs, touches his shoulder. “Stiles. It’s okay.”

“No, it’s fucking not. Because I’m not. He’s not. And that’s just not who I am, alright?” Stiles gets up, shaking his head. “Look, I’m going to bed. I’m wiped.”

He ends up burying his face in his pillow, but he still sees that look he’d almost forgotten on Scott’s face, from back when they were fourteen when he’d said I think we should stop doing this. And I really wish I could, but I don’t feel like that about you. And yeah, Scott had been wrong then, because Stiles had only ever wanted to be his friend. He was just curious, in a friend kind of way. That was all. Stiles likes girls, he likes Lydia, and Scott had just been confused. Like he is now.

It’s okay. It’s not Scott’s fault or anything. He’s just wrong.

That’s just not who Stiles is.

He’s not like that. He’s not some Neil Patrick Harris-type, he doesn’t go to clubs or give a shit about interior design, and when he gets off by himself, it’s because he’s almost always thinking about boobs. About girls. That’s just what he likes. It’s not like it’s bad if someone else is, like, a bona-fide gay guy, but that’s just not who he is.

Fuck, he wishes Derek didn’t have homework or whatever. Derek’s good at listening. He gets it.

It’s too much. It’s a bad high. Marco really fucked them over.

Whatever, he’ll just sleep it off. Everything’ll be better in the morning.

When he wakes up, it’s to a text from Derek.

**KPA and TD mixer at 4. Figured you or Scott might wanna know. Bring swim trunks.**

Stiles stares at it for a long time, rubs the crust from his eyes.

It’s probably the last time this year they’ll really get at the pool, considering what it’s been like lately. Might as well go for it. And Lydia will be there, in a bathing suit, so it’s not like there’s a real downside. Whatever. Scott won’t be weird like he was last night. Fucking laced weed, Jesus.
There’s two whole coolers filled with iced beers and a bowl of some kind of punch, but what really catches his eye is Lydia’s almost-naked back in a string bikini.

That, or Erica’s tube top.

He likes to think he has a faithful eye, but he can aesthetically appreciate.

And that totally extends to Cora. Even though she’s Derek’s sister and, like, way off-limits. But he’s only looking. Not even much. But the cut-outs of her bathing suit are flattering.


How he’s not checking out Allison is a total mystery. Well, not that Stiles is looking at her. Because that’s another big no.

“I’m getting a beer,” Stiles tells him. “You want one?”

“Nah, I’m gonna swim, I think.”

“Suit yourself.” He reaches into a cooler for a bottle, spots Cora’s legs come over, grabs a second. “Here,” he says, offering the bottle.

“Thanks,” she tells him, using the edge of the cooler to pop open the top. “Guess you haven’t seen my brother around, have you?”

He opens his beer with the doodad on his keychain. “Nope.” It’s not until then that he realizes that Derek’s nowhere to be seen; it’s just all the other KPA boys and Tri-Delta girls. “Hey, I thought you weren’t into this whole Greek thing?”

“Oh, I’m not,” Cora says. “But Lydia peer-pressured me into it. I mean, I don’t really have a problem with getting to swim and eat salsa all afternoon, so whatever.”

“Totally.” He feels a little weird, like he really needs to make up for the last time he saw her, so he tries for friendly. “You wanna hang out? I bet the hot tub’s okay.”

“Oh, fuck no. I know what kind of shit happens in there. The only way I’m getting in that hot tub is if I’m on the Pill, but I’ll go for the pool, I guess. But if you splash me, I swear to God, Stilinski, I’ll end you.”

“Fair enough,” he says, following her to the pool steps. “I thought all girls were, you know?” Scott’s on the other side of the pool, talking to a couple boys Stiles recognizes as pledges. Or are they brothers? He doesn’t pay a whole lot of attention to that stuff, honestly.

She raises an eyebrow at him, stepping in to her waist. “All girls were what?”

“On the Pill?”

She laughs. “Girls almost only take it for two reasons: the obvious, or hellish periods. I’m good on both counts.”

“Yeah, but you’re hot.” She gives him a look, and he holds his hands up. “Not like that. I just mean, like, you’re not worried about getting pregnant?”

“I’m into girls, idiot. Most effective birth control there is.”
Stiles stares for a moment, open mouthed, holding back his instinctual *that’s hot* because he’s pretty sure Cora would punch him in the face for it.

“I have no idea how lesbianism can be that shocking to you.”

“No, it’s not, I just— I didn’t know.”

She shrugs. “I know. Didn’t want you to not figure it out until a few years down the line. Would’ve been awkward for *everyone*.” She pats his head like a puppy, smirking. Takes a sip of her beer.

He rolls his eyes, catches Lydia coming over with a fancy-looking glass in her hand. She doesn’t get into the water, but her hand finds the metal rail for the steps.

“Don’t you want some punch? I made it myself,” she says, and she’s talking to Cora, not Stiles. That’s for sure.

“I’m fine,” Cora says. “You should get in.” Stiles *knows* that look in her eyes.

It takes thirst to recognize thirst.

“I don’t know about that,” Lydia says, glancing at him. Which, alright, he gets it, that she totally knows he’s got a thing for her, that she’s never in a million years going to want all up on him and maybe doesn’t want to hang out with him.

Well, he’s going to be *awesome* about the situation, even though he’s pretty sure it’s hopeless on Cora’s part, but at least maybe Lydia will appreciate him leaving. He's willing to do her that favor, even if it feels counter-productive.

“I’m gonna go check out the salsa selection,” he says. “Have fun.”

Yes, he’s totally passing up a chance to ogle Lydia, but it’s probably a good idea, anyway. Jackson’s on the patio, and he doesn’t want to start shit. No point in it.

Also, he’s kinda wondering where Derek is. Because it’s weird that he’s not out here.

What if he’s sick or something?

He’ll ask around.

In the meantime, though, he’s got some noms to check out. Salsa and dip are totally his best friends. Seems like there’s a good selection, too.

He nearly chokes on a chip, though, when he sees Danny come outside.

His *shorts*.

“Quit staring at my ass, Stiles,” Danny teases, coming up from the cooler with a beer.

“No, I’m not,” Stiles says, scrambling, because he *knows* those swim trunks. He’s *definitely* seen them before. On a dude. In a porno. A gay porno. That first one he and Derek watched. Which he *may* have scrubbed through once or twice since, in a purely curious manner.

Danny gives him this *look*, though, that turns into a slow, horribly evil grin.

*Fuck,* he’s so been caught.
“I’m gonna pee,” Stiles says, getting the *fuck* out of there.

Danny nods, smirking.

“Oh, fuck you very much, dude.”

“Hey, don’t talk to Danny like that,” Jackson says, but Danny’s just *laughing*.

Stiles flips him the bird as he heads inside.

But he doesn’t go for the bathroom. No, he goes for the stairs, heads *up*. And he knows where he’s going.

Derek and Jackson’s door is closed, but Stiles knocks.

“*Fuck off!*” Derek calls from inside.

“Don’t be so anti-social, loser,” Stiles yells back at him, smiling a little.

A moment later, Derek opens the door, gives him a complicated look that he’s not *really* sure he can parse out.

“What’re you doing up here by yourself? Come hang out.”

Derek shrugs. “I have stuff to do. Not really feeling it.”

“Oh,” Stiles says, sinking a little. “Do you want me to leave you alone?”

For a moment, Derek just looks at him, but he sighs, opens up the door all the way to let him in.

Stiles almost hops up onto his bed, until he realizes that the bottoms of his trunks are wet. So he drops them in the bathroom, tosses them over the shower rod so they don’t drip everywhere.

Derek’s at his desk, the door closed again, and he doubletakes when he looks at Stiles.

“You’re *very* naked,” he says, one eyebrow arching.

“Didn’t wanna drip everywhere. Don’t mind me. Go ahead and do your thing. I’m just bored of being outside.”

That’s *such* a lie, but he didn’t *really* come up here for anything. Just wanted to see what Derek was up to. That’s all. It’s no big thing.

He stretches out on Derek’s bed. There’s a bookshelf, because Derek’s a total nerd, secretly, and Stiles has never really gotten to check it out. Most of the titles are in spanish, though, so he just lays back, head on Derek’s pillow. It’s a pretty nice pillow. Soft, but not too soft.

Really, he could probably fall asleep like this.

With how fast he drank his beer, he’s *just* on the shy edge of a buzz, and it makes him a little drowsy, loose. Sleep is kind of an awesome idea.

“Are you taking a nap?” Derek asks, and Stiles lifts his head up.

“Maybe. Got a problem?”

“Well, it would be shitty of me to steal your bed. Come on.” Derek just looks at him, so Stiles waves him over, scoots closer to the wall. “Jesus, come on. Naps are the shit.”

After a second, Derek nods, shuts the lid of his laptop. Stiles stops him with a hand on his stomach before he gets on the bed, though. Tugs at the hem of his shirt.

“You don’t really need this,” he says, smirking.

Derek pulls the shirt over his head, drops it to the floor while Stiles hooks a finger in the waistband of his basketball shorts.

“These, either.”

They fall, and Derek climbs in next to him, naked. Stiles isn’t exactly sure how to navigate the small space, but he stays on his side, facing him until Derek flips over and Stiles is looking at his back.

A little hesistant about it, Stiles puts a hand on his waist. When Derek doesn’t shake it off, he slips it around him, closes in. Derek moves back into him, and this is nice. Stiles is a big fan of spooning. He doesn’t get to almost ever, and even when he’d been with Heather, they hadn’t exactly had a lot of sleepovers, so it was rare. But he knows he likes it. It’s comforting, holding on to someone.

But he’s also pretty much conditioned to get a boner when he and Derek are naked around each other. He feels a little bad about his dick chubbing up against Derek’s ass, but he can’t really control it. It’s not his dick’s fault, anyway. It’s just a reaction to stimuli.

Derek shifts a little and that so doesn’t help. Not a bit. And then he does it again, a little slower, and —

“You’re totally doing that on purpose, aren’t you?” Stiles hisses.

“You won’t be able to sleep with a boner,” Derek says. He’s not wrong.

Stiles wraps his arm a little tighter around Derek’s chest, mouthing at his neck a little. “What’re you planning on doing about it, big guy?”

Derek hums a moment, thinking, then moves Stiles’ hand to his own hip. Reaches down, halfway off the bed, for something underneath. When he comes back up, there’s a pop of a cap, and fuck, is that lube? Why would Derek have lube? He doesn’t use it on his dick, so it must be for—

Derek reaches back between them, wraps Stiles’ dick up in a slick grip, and holy shit. “I need to get some of that stuff, Jesus H. Christ,” Stiles says as Derek jerks him nice and slow, twisting his wrist to get it all spread around. It feels fucking ridiculous, actually, and he’s not sure what to do with his hand, so he just grabs at Derek’s shoulder helplessly.

“I bet I can make it feel better,” Derek tells him, and then he’s sliding Stiles’ dick down, between his buttcheeks, and fuck, is this happening? Is Derek about to stick Stiles’ dick in his ass?

Only, no, that’s not it, because he’s aiming Stiles lower, between his thighs. Where’s nice and warm and tight and with the slick of lube around his dick, wet, and Stiles might be dying a little bit. It’s basically definitely the best thing he’s ever felt in his life, and he can’t help but grab ahold of Derek’s hip and thrust, which feels even better, really.

“You have the best fucking ideas in the world,” Stiles says against his ear, sucking the lobe into his mouth. Derek grabs his ass, encouraging him, and they need to do this in another position sometime, for better leverage, because this is unreal.
“Like that,” Derek says, low in his chest, as Stiles basically gets a leg over him, rolls them a little so Derek’s more on his stomach. It means Stiles can plant a knee on either side of him, which is basically heaven. He braces his hands on either side of Derek’s head, too, rolls his hips. Has to drop his head to Derek’s back because it’s almost too fucking much.

“Fuck, Derek. Just fuck.”

Derek nods into the pillow, then reaches back, sinks his fingers into Stiles’ hair, and Stiles just lets go, lets his body move the way it wants, crashing into Derek in blood-hot waves.

He pants a damp spot into Derek’s skin, mouth running, saying, “You feel so goddamn good, fuck. It’s like I’m fucking you, Jesus. How is that—” He’s got just enough presence of mind to know that what he’s saying is crazy, so he shuts himself up. But then all he hears is their frantic breathing, the nasty wet sounds of their skin slapping together, Derek’s bed frame rocking against the wall. It sounds like they’re fucking, shit, it really does. Like, serious, balls-deep, no-holds-barred fucking.

Stiles feels like he’s close to crying when he comes, like it’s ripped out of him in the best way. It’s a release in the real sense of the word. Leaves him with just-wet eyes, grinning against Derek’s back, his shoulder blade.

It takes a second for him to remember that Derek’s got needs, too, and he slips back off him, dick twitching as it starts to go soft. Tugs at Derek’s hip, rolls him over, makes a space for himself between Derek’s legs.

Stiles can see how close Derek is, in the dark, dark flush of his dick. His mouth closes over just the head, suckles gently as he slips his middle finger through the lube coating Derek’s thighs, near his balls. Down, then, over his taint to rub at his hole. And alright, Stiles is a little scared, maybe, because he doesn’t even really know what he feels like on the inside like this, so he doesn’t push in far or anything, just feels around his rim from the inside, sucks a little harder until maybe a second later, Derek groans, and then Stiles just swallows him down.

Because spitters are quitters, as he’s always heard.

And he’s not a fucking quitter.

Stiles backs off, then leans over Derek to get a few tissues, cleans them up, starting with Derek’s thighs because Derek gets sensitive sometimes. The bedspread needs more than he can do, needs a washcloth or something, but he doesn’t have the energy for it.

Derek sighs heavily, and Stiles looks up at his face.

“Good?” he asks, and Derek nods, chest moving as his breathing slows. “Good. Now come on. Naptime.”

Looking at the mostly-wiped spot near his hip, Derek moves the covers down. Stiles moves up to help, and they end up under the comforter.

As they turn over, spooning in together, without thinking, Stiles presses his mouth to Derek’s neck. Just a careless thing, really. It doesn’t mean anything, just that he’s happy.

He’s just come — of course he’s happy.

When he wakes up, it’s dark outside, and the room’s gone dark with it.
Stiles shakes Derek’s shoulder, rouses him so he can finish whatever he’d been working on.

And then, sleep-hazy, feeling like a million years have passed, he finds his trunks, makes sure he looks normal, and heads back downstairs.

Everyone’s on the patio, laughing about something under the colored lights. They don’t turn when he slips outside.

He grabs a beer and a spot next to Scott, and he laughs, and everything’s normal.

But he keeps turning all night, up until he and Scott drive away, not sure what he's even looking for.
so much gay ok i've given up

(Weeks 7 through 9)

Stiles doesn’t have to make the choice again, and that’s maybe the best thing about it. It only takes that one time to confirm that they’re not stopping. There’s no reason to, anyway.

Scott’s gone a lot. Kira’s, the gym, the library, the vet clinic he’s halfway to an internship with. He’s got his own life, like he always has, maybe a little more of it these days, but Stiles sees him enough that it’s okay.

And Derek comes over a bit. Plenty.

It’s not even weird. Sometimes, he stays until after Scott gets home, and that’s cool. Because then it’s not like anyone’s sneaking around. There’s no reason to, anyway. It’s not like Stiles doesn’t want Derek there.

Even when Scott is sometimes there while they’re hanging out and they can’t touch or anything, it’s still fine. It’s fun, the three of them together.

Sure, occasionally, Scott looks at him a little weird, but he keeps it to himself, so it’s fine. Everything’s stable, it’s good.

(Week 10)

Professors are horrible people, or maybe it’s the administration, but either way, the week of midterms falls right before Halloween weekend.

It’s fine for Stiles, personally, because even though he pays the bare minimum of attention in class, he knows what he needs to study, which tends to be very little. It works for him. He’s in his last semester of core classes, so he knows most of it anyway.

Derek, though, he’s got more complicated stuff and Stiles knows he’s got something like three books to read and a fuckton of papers and all sorts of exams, so by the time the week starts, he’s nowhere to be found.

Well. That’s not true.

Technically, he’s in the library, but Stiles doesn’t go there. Not like he has anything against it, but he just doesn’t have a reason to go in the first place.

That is, until it’s Thursday and the most Stiles has seen of Derek since the weekend is a few text messages sent at worrying hours.

It’s not healthy.
Derek’s not like Stiles. He’s a normal person. He needs sleep, and he’s not taking care of himself. Stiles knows that, knows he’s probably not eating much or not eating anything substantial and drinking way too much coffee and getting all squinty-eyed at his stupid books and he’s probably sitting in those shitty wood chairs and his butt is probably numb, and quite frankly, he needs an intervention.

Stiles is just the man for that.

**If you’re still up I’m gonna punch you** he sends.

Not even a minute later, he gets a reply: **Probably gonna go home in an hour.**

It’s almost one in the morning, and Derek’s not even using that time well. Studying, Jesus, why.

**Doesn’t the library close in an hour?** Stiles texts.

**That would be why I’ll be going home :P**

Yeah, okay, Stiles is going to punch him. It’s not healthy for a man to be stuck under fluorescents at this hour. So he’s just gonna have to take matters into his own hands.

In the library lobby, Stiles almost sends Derek a text to ask where he is, but that would ruin the surprise. Besides, he’s got a good forty minutes before Derek’s going to get booted out, which is plenty of time to find him.

The first floor yields nothing, so on a hunch, he tries the top floor, the fifth.

He ends up darting and ducking past cubbies and tables past the weird reference books in the back, dipping into the last row of shelves because there’s a spare inch or two between books and shelf where he can scope out the study carrels in the back without being seen.

And that is how he finds Derek, all tucked away in the corner, a thin sheet of glass separating him from dark sky.

There’s a good ten books stacked up around him, and he’s typing away on his laptop, earbuds in, two cardboard cups from the coffee shop downstairs.

He looks fucking tired, kind of pale and washed out, which might be the lights, but he looks scrubby. His stubble stands out a bit too much. His hair’s a little messy, too, unwashed, and seriously, this boy needs someone to take care of him.

Well, Stiles can do that.

But only once he’s scared the shit out of him. Because he’s got needs.

Stiles doubles back to the center aisle and stealth-modes to the back wall, leapfrogging from carrel to carrel, staying low, out of Derek’s line of sight. He goes a little slow, waiting a few seconds between each little push closer so Derek doesn’t catch him out of the corner of his eye. Because it’s fucking one thirty and he does what he wants.

At last, he makes it to the carrel kitty-corner to Derek’s, goes for the full belly crawl, elbows and knees across the nasty ass carpet.
Alright, so Derek catches him.

Triple-takes, actually, then just stares at Stiles, who looks up at him from the floor a couple feet away and waves.

Derek yanks his earbuds out, blinks rapidly.

“What the fuck’re you doing here?” he asks as Stiles sits up.

“Saving you from imminent self-destruction, dude,” Stiles tells him with a little grin. “What do you think?”

So maybe he’s missed seeing Derek face-to-face this week. Derek-withdrawal is a very real thing. At least this time he didn’t send any videos.

(Alright, he recorded one and almost sent it but decided at the last minute to be a good bro and not distract him from his scholarly pursuits, and it was a really hard thing for him to do, so Derek better appreciate it.)

“You…” Derek trails off, frowning, and it’s okay, he’s sleep-deprived, it’s fine if his brain is a little slow.

“You need to go to bed. Come on, pack your stuff. I’ll give you a ride home.”

Derek shakes his head, says, “Can’t go to bed yet. I’ve still got another page to write.”

“Do it tomorrow, big guy,” Stiles says, getting up because they said in Psych class that people will be more likely to bow to your will if you’re taller than them. “You need to sleep, bro. You’ll be on top of your game in the morning.”

“I’m almost done,” Derek tries, and Stiles looks around.

“Dude, there’s no one else here. It’s only midterms. Finals, okay, I get it, but this is dumb. Come on. Don’t make me break out my skills of persuasion. I aced Speech last semester, you know. You don’t stand a chance.”

Derek leans back in his chair, rubs his eyes. “Fifteen minutes?”

There are methods of persuasion Stiles could break out if they were at home, but they’re not.

Well.

There is a security camera overhead, but it’s pointed out, and he’s about ninety percent sure that they’re in a blind spot. The other ten percent, well, worst case scenario, Derek gets banned from the library forever and he can’t do this stupid work-till-you-drop thing anymore.

But Derek does always get sleepy after he comes, and then he won’t be able to fight Stiles on the go-to-bed issue.

Alright, so there’s basically no downside.

As long as they don’t get caught by anyone they know. Which is pretty unlikely because it’s fucking deserted. There were some people on the first floor, but up here, Stiles saw one person near the elevators and that was it.

“I don’t know if I like that look,” Derek says, and Stiles smirks, mind made up. Grabbing the back of
the chair, he swings his leg over Derek’s, more than a little amused at his surprise.

“Fifteen minutes?” Stiles asks, getting distracted by the dark circles under Derek’s eyes, traces them with his thumbs. “I can do a lot in fifteen minutes.”

“Fine. I’ll go home,” Derek tells him, and Stiles can’t help but pout a little.

“Where’s your sense of adventure?” he asks. “I could be blowing you under the table as we speak. Come on, you nerd. I know you’ve got to have at least one fantasy about getting off in the library.”

Derek looks around, and Stiles knows he’s got him, just like that.

“See. There’s no one here.”

Derek frowns, clearly needing some persuasion.

“When was the last time you got off, huh?” Stiles asks, slipping a hand down Derek’s stomach to palm at the crotch of his jeans. “I bet you’ve been neglecting yourself, haven’t you? That’s not healthy, you know.”

As he talks, Derek’s dick twitches under his hand, starting to chub up a little, but he’s gonna need a little more to get all the way there.

“It’s been a while since we hung out, and you know how I get. And last time, Scott was about to come home, so that was rushed. I miss being naked with you, you know? When this week is over, we’re gonna take our time. We’re gonna take all day. Would you let me finger you, huh? Would you let me play with your ass?”

Derek nods, a little jerky, but the way his dick jumps is pretty much answer enough. Yeah, he’s into it, but he also looks really fucking tired, and Stiles feels for him, he does, presses a kiss to his mouth just to tell him he’s in good hands.

He stands up, still straddling him, says, “Scoot back a little, okay?” And Derek does, moves the chair to make enough room that Stiles can get between his legs and sink down, then slides down in his seat a little.

Stiles lifts up his shirt, kisses his stomach near his happy trail just because. Because he wants to be able to drag this out, but he can’t, not really, even though he’ll try. It’s nice, though, the warmth of Derek’s body. In his thighs, in his calf pressed up against Stiles’ side, in the line of his dick under Stiles’ hand as he opens up Derek’s jeans. Derek lifts up for him to tug them down a bit without having to be asked because they’ve done this enough.

He knows what Derek likes, too, knows the tricks and tells of his body. That’s weird, maybe, because the only person he’s ever known like this is Heather. It’s not like that, obviously. Derek’s more of a halfway point between Scott and Heather than anything else. A bro, but with benefits.

Great benefits.

Benefits he doesn’t even mind reciprocating, really. It’s not a hardship, at least. And sometimes reciprocating isn’t even necessary.

Like now, his options are really to either come in his pants or his hand, and both aren’t good for cleanup. It’s not like he’s going to ask Derek to blow him back because he’s tired, way too tired, and that’s not the point of this anyway. It’s a means to an end, that end being Derek at home, getting the sleep he obviously needs. It’s not about Stiles’ dick. He can jerk off when he gets home. Whatever.
This weekend, they should have plenty of time to do their thing.

Stiles is going for a quick blowie, and Derek’s on the same page with that, so it’s really not long before Derek’s shooting down his throat, fingers locked into the hair on the side of his head.

Because Stiles is an awesome friend, he tucks Derek back into his underwear, pulls up and buttons his jeans for him.

Derek rubs at his eyes for a moment before pulling Stiles down on top of him, kissing him hard and a little clumsy. It’s nice, though. The way he kisses is always awesome. Anyway, Stiles just kinda likes the feeling of being wrapped up in someone, of having their arms around him. He’s a hug slut, really, and Derek’s always good for it.

“Hey, come on,” a voice says, and Stiles jerks his face away from Derek’s, takes in a kind of tired-looking guy. “You can’t make out here. Go home. It’s almost close anyway. Time to clear out.”

“Yessir,” Stiles says, offering a little salute, because what else is he supposed to do, really? He doesn’t know the guy, at least, but he’s not sure what he’d do if someone he knew, someone like Scott found him macking on Derek. He’s not sure he could explain it in a way that would make sense to him. Scott just wouldn’t get what they’ve got going on.

But he helps Derek pack all his shit up, tosses away his coffee shop debris, helps him put back books, and they’re on their way.

“I should drive. I need my car,” Derek says when they get down to the first floor.

Stiles shakes his head. “No way. I’ll give you a ride in the morning. Just shoot me a text. But I don’t want you falling asleep at the wheel.” Derek sighs, smiling on one side of his mouth, and Stiles wants to take him to his home, but Scott’s there, wouldn’t get why Derek couldn’t go home, sleep in his own bed instead of Stiles’.

It’s not closer, technically, so he couldn’t even say that.

It’s silly that he wants to do it anyway, and his bed is really too small for it, but it’s late, isn’t it? He’s not responsible for the weird things he thinks after midnight.

“Hey, you gonna be up for the Tri-Delta party on Saturday?” Stiles asks as he pulls into the Alpha Phi driveway.

“I don’t have a costume or anything,” Derek says, and Stiles bats a hand at him.

“Don’t worry about it. I’ve only got one class tomorrow. I’ll pick us up something after. You can come over later when you’re all done.” He stops at the walkway to the door and Derek shrugs, sort of nodding, sort of not. He lingers for a moment, and Stiles isn’t sure what he’s supposed to do. Usually they bro-hug goodbye but that’s not really easy in his Jeep. Is he supposed to lean over the gear shift? But it’s not like they kiss goodbye, even though kissing is totally awesome always, but it’s just weird.

Derek opens the door and slips out, though, so he doesn’t have to worry about it anymore.

Maybe he worries about it a little anyway.

After his class the next day, Stiles goes home to do a little research on costumes.
It’s easy, honestly, because there’s a theme. *Saints and Sinners*. Lydia’s a genius for that because it really takes the pressure off for last-minute costumes. He’s just gotta buy something, that’s all.

And sure, maybe he’d like to be clever or punny about it, but all he can think of is sports team puns or maybe prostitutes, and that’s not very creative. Also, he’s not sure how to convey that a dude is a prostitute. So. That’s kind of a problem.

Stiles prints off a list of nearby places with costumes and heads out, figuring he’ll find something.

The first thing vaguely promising that he finds is a pair costume: priest with a boner and pregnant nun. But he’s not sure if he wants to go for sacrilegious? And also he’s got a feeling that he’d end up being the nun, and he’s not feeling like wearing a dress all night. Which would technically be happening either way, so.

There’s a cop stripper/prisoner costume set that would look hella good on Derek, but when your dad’s a cop, that just feels skeevy.

Also, he feels he has a duty to show off Derek’s assets because he’s been given this opportunity. For the good of the people. That really cuts down their possibilities, actually.

That, and the first three stores he goes to have almost the exact same selection.

The fourth, though…he blinks a couple times when he reads the name of the store because it’s definitely *adult*, but the description does promise a large selection of costumes for all needs, and if nothing else, he’ll get a laugh out of it, right?

This girl at the door makes him get out his ID, but Stiles is used to being mistaken for a little younger. It’s his nose or something.

But then there’s like, a lot of stuff he’s never really seen in person. Like dildos. Because he’s seen them in porn, obviously, but never in-the-silicone.

“Do you need help finding anything?” the guy at the counter asks, and Stiles shakes his head instinctively, then realizes that yeah, actually, he does need help.

“Oh, costumes?”

The guy nods, jerks his thumb towards the back of the store. Where there’s a very large sign that pretty clearly reads *Costumes*. Oops.

“If you need any help, don’t hesitate to ask.”

Stiles nods in thanks, goes, his face growing a little hot.

There’s a lot of costumes, as it turns out.

Some are definitely just for sex purposes because Stiles can’t imagine a public setting where you could go around like that, but there are some vaguely acceptable costumes that seem to cover all of the important bits. Definitely Halloween stock.

So he’s got options, but he has this theory, that no one at this party is going to go for the most obvious costumes because they’ll think everyone else will be doing that. Which means that he and Derek should because they’ll be the only ones doing it. Also, there are totally matching costumes.
Except, looking at the guys in the picture, he’s pretty sure that he would not be able to imbibe enough alcohol to walk around in a pair of booty shorts. That kind of confidence doesn’t come all that easy to him.

But the gold shorts, well. Derek would look good in them. They would probably get him laid. Well, definitely, because either way, they’ve got each other, but there’s no way a girl would look at Derek and his abs and his arms and his ass in those shorts and not wanna fuck him.

Grinning, he grabs the package, a little big for the set of wings it comes with, and definitely leaves the matching one behind. He’ll just grab a pair of horns and a pitchfork or something at another store on the way home.

He heads to checkout, pausing at a costume with assless chaps just to entertain the thought of Derek in them. Yeah. Moving on.

He sets the package down on the counter, starts getting out his wallet. Except he can totally feel judgement coming from this guy in waves.

“It’s not for me,” Stiles says. Regrets it immediately because that’s what they all say, isn’t it? Hating himself, he looks around as the guy has some trouble with the barcode. There’s a stand of like ten different kind of lube, and, alright, he’s thinking about that time at Derek’s and how much they need to do that again, so he grabs a bottle, sets it down, hoping he’s not too red.

The guy doesn’t even say anything, just rings up his ridiculously expensive order, puts it in a black bag for him. Stiles pays without looking at the guy, retreats.

When he gets home, Derek’s there. And so is Scott. They’re hanging out on the couch, watching Portlandia because Scott’s a hipster nerd and loves it.

“Yo, what up, dude,” Scott greets, eating a bowl of Lucky Charms.

“Not much. Just got together some hella rad costumes for the shindig tomorrow night. Derek? Away from the competition.” He sticks out his tongue at Scott, who probably has an awesome costume. He and Kira are going together, and Stiles is pretty sure they’ve been working on costumes all week.

Derek follows him into the bedroom and Stiles drops the bags on his bed.

“Alright, what’d you come up with?” Derek asks, eyeing the bags suspiciously. “And why does one of those look like a liquor store bag?”

“Ah, well, funny you should ask. It’s not from a liquor store, but it is for you.”

One of Derek’s eyebrows slants at him suspiciously as he sticks his hand into the bag.

Pulls out the bottle.

“You got me lube?” Derek asks, going from suspicious to full-on confused.

“Well, technically, no, that’s not just for you, but the other thing.”

Derek pulls out the costume package and eyes it very skeptically. Looks at Stiles, then back to the picture on the package.

“Where’s the rest of it?” he asks.
Stiles snorts. “That is the rest of it. But I swear to God, dude, I saw it and I just, like, knew you could pull it off. I mean, Jesus and Freddie Mercury did not give you that body to hide away, you know?”

“First off, I gave me this body, thanks, and there’s a difference between hiding your body and not getting arrested for public indecency.”

“Dude,” Stiles says. “If the cops bust up this party, public indecency is going to be the least of your concerns. And come on, you wear this, and anyone you wanna fuck’ll drool all over you. I’ll have to bring a towel because I’ll be in the splash zone, okay? If you don’t get laid in this, I’ll go down on you for, like, an hour, alright?”

Derek’s eyes dart to the lube, and alright, Stiles is willing, but then he asks, “If I’m wearing this, then what are you wearing?”

“The other bag,” Stiles says.

Derek pulls out a red cape and a set of horns, frowns.

“Wait, so you’re going naked?” he asks, and Stiles shakes his head quickly.

“No way, dude. I’m gonna wear, like, jeans and probably that red shirt I wore last weekend.”

Derek looks kind of pissed, actually. He’s got this little crease between his brows.

“No fucking way. You’re not wearing pants and a shirt if I’m walking around in my underwear. Not gonna happen.” He grabs the black bag, digs around in it for the receipt. “Yeah, we’re going back, and either we’re returning this or you’re finding something you can wear.”

“But Derek,” Stiles groans, waving his hands at his person, “no one wants to see all of this.”

Derek sighs heavily, pinches the bridge of his nose. “Well, I’m not walking around like this alone. Not gonna happen.” He sighs again, shrugs. “Look, I’ll return it even, find myself something, don’t worry about it.” He puts the costume back in the bag, hand twitching towards the lube but leaves it, and Stiles watches for a moment before making an exasperated noise.

“Okay, fine, you win. I picked out your costume, you can pick out mine. Let’s go.”

Derek raises an eyebrow.

“Hey, I gotta make sure you pick something that doesn’t have any cutouts in important areas.”

Twenty minutes later, Derek is holding up a costume package, pointing at it aggressively, and that line between his eyebrows is back.

“Seriously? Seriously? They match, Stiles.”

“I know,” Stiles tells him, “but my legs are all pale and weird.”

Derek glares. “Stop it, Jesus. You’re hot. Get over it.”

Stiles frowns at him. “Are you just saying that so I’ll wear the booty shorts with you?”

“I’m saying that as the guy who’s gonna be sucking your dick tomorrow night if I’m somehow, against the laws of nature, wrong.”
“God, you’re such a charmer,” Stiles tells him, but he smirks a little because hey, at least one of them has confidence in his body. “Fine. We can get the fucking booty costume. But when I feel naked and wanna leave, we’re leaving. Deal?”

“Deal,” Derek says, smiling just a touch.

“Good. Let’s go buy this abomination.”

They get up to the cash register and it’s the same guy from earlier. He definitely recognizes Stiles because it’s only been, like, an hour, and he looks Derek up and down in a way Stiles isn’t sure he likes, then gets this look, and fuck. Yeah. Stiles knows what this probably looks like, two dudes at a sex shop, making purchases.

They look like boyfriends. Like dudes boning on the reg.

Fuck, and Derek’s bigger, so he probably thinks Stiles is the one getting the D. That’s how it works, after all. Shit.

Well. There’s not a whole lot he can do about that impression. So whatever. He’s just going to ignore it. They don’t even know this guy.

But as they head to Derek’s car, when he thinks about it, the guy at the library last night probably thought so too. That’s not how it is, obviously, but maybe if they were, like, romantically and sexually into each other, it could be. But they’re just not like that.

Well, if he had to be gay, he’d want to be gay with Derek.

But that just isn’t them. He can’t just change himself like that. And it would be stupid if he did anyway because Derek’s not gay either, so it’s not like there would be a point to it. No, they’re good anyway. They’re happy. Doing their thing. Yeah.

When they get back, Scott’s in the middle of texting.

“Success?” he asks, not looking up.

“Unfortunately,” Stiles tells him. Derek elbows him in the ribs.

Scott nods, a little belatedly. “You staying the night, Derek?” he asks, phone going to his lap.

“I’m still recovering from this week. Gotta go to bed early so I’m not a zombie tomorrow.”

“Good,” Stiles tells him. “You need your sleep, loser.”

“Well, I was thinking we could do pizza, maybe a movie. You don’t have to go home now, do you?” Scott asks.

Derek shakes his head. “I can stay that long, I guess.”

“Good, because there’s this really good movie I saw a couple months ago and we should all watch it.” Scott looks at Stiles. “I should warn you, though. It’s kinda gay.”

“Dude, no, we are not having a repeat of— of that we don’t speak of.”

“What don’t we speak of?” Derek asks.
Stiles shakes his head at Scott, glaring, but Scott says, “We snuck in to see Brokeback Mountain when it came out and Stiles had to leave the theater because he was crying so hard.”

“Shut up, you were crying too! And you can’t even blame me, I mean, it was a fucking downer!”

“Yeah, but people weren’t turning around to look at me,” Scott teases.

Stiles rolls his eyes. “Yeah, well, it was traumatizing and I vowed to never watch a movie about gay dudes again.”

Except for porn, because that’s totally happened since. But Scott doesn’t need to know about that.

“Well, they’re girls this time, and there’s actually a happy ending, so—”

“Lesbians? Count me in, dude. Totally hot,” Stiles says, grinning, but he reconsiders, winces, looks at Derek. “I mean, not in a creepy way. Don’t tell your sister I said that. I think she’d kill me.”

“Oh my God,” Scott says, rolling his eyes. “What do you want on your pizzas?”

They’re all set to go when the pizzas get there, but then Scott checks his phone, offers a sheepish smile.

“Sorry, guys. Kira wants to hang out. Gonna take my pizza to go. Have fun!”

He’s out the door before Stiles can even wish him luck, which is weird, but he’s pretty sure she’s mega hot, so he gets it.

But still. Ditch on bro time?

Fine, that means that maybe it’ll be bro time of another kind.

Only the movie’s all queued up on his laptop and they’ve got hot pizzas; they might as well stick to the plan.

All in all, Stiles is a little surprised that Derek manages to stay awake the whole time, but really, he’s a bit of a goober. The idea of him falling asleep before the last kiss? Not fucking likely.

After, he yawns, stretching, his legs in Derek’s lap like they’ve been for the past hour. Derek yawns too, wide, and Stiles grins at him.

“Look at you. All sleepy. Go to sleep.”

“Put on another movie,” Derek says, so Stiles opens up Netflix while Derek leans back. Stiles swings his legs off Derek’s lap, sits up next to him, picks out a random comedy.

When Scott comes back, Derek’s head is on his shoulder and he’s out.

Stiles doesn’t say anything. Doesn’t even make eye contact.

But he doesn’t wake up Derek either, lets him sleep all the way to the credits when some pop song
roused him. As he rubs his eyes, Stiles thinks about fixing his hair, but he doesn’t.

Sleep always makes Derek’s eyes more green. It’s weird how that works.

“I should head home,” Derek says.

Stiles nods, a little too fast. “Yeah. I’ll see you tomorrow, though. Get ready to party, huh?”

Derek smiles, bumps his shoulder.

They get dressed for the party in Derek’s room because it’s just a short stroll down Greek Row to the Tri-Delta house, and they’re sure as hell not driving.

He feels really weird, though.

Showing a lot of thigh. And, like, on Derek, it looks just fine, looks sexy, even, because below that gold lycra, he’s got the thighs of an Olympic gymnast, but Stiles feels kinda weird and naked.

Also, if he gets a boner at any time during the night, it’ll be visible from space.

“I hope you’re not planning on doing any dancing tonight,” Stiles tells Derek. “With me or a hot girl. Because it’s not gonna end well.”

Derek looks at him, at all of him, and shrugs.

“Let’s go. I need to get a drink in my system before I chicken out.”

When they get there, it’s a little late, so the party’s in full swing. First stop is the drink station in the downstairs living room.

And there’s jello shots.

Fuck yeah.

Stiles hands Derek one, saying, “Bottoms up.” He meets eyes with Derek as he tongues the jello out of the little plastic cup.

Five later, he decides to go upstairs to find Scott and the mysterious Kira.

Only he runs into Danny on the stairs. Danny, who gives him a look and says, “Yeah, I don’t even wanna know.”

Stiles just rolls his eyes and keeps going, pushes through the dancing people, craning up and around them until he spots a familiar shaggy head.

“Yo! My man! What’s happening?” he greets, tugging Scott, dressed as a nurse (and not the sexy kind), into a bro hug. When they pull back, Scott holds him at arm’s length, looks at him.

“Nice...shorts.”

“Derek and I are playing booty shorts chicken,” he explains, waving away his glorified red underwear.
“Is that a euphemism for something?” Scott asks with a grin.

Stiles rolls his eyes. “Shut up.” He looks around. “Where’s your lady love, anyway?”

“Getting drinks. She should be— There! Hey, Kira! Come meet Stiles!”

Stiles turns, finds a girl in a yellow jumpsuit and blonde wig with a freaking Samurai sword on her back. She grins, hands a drink to Scott so she can shake Stiles’ hand.

“Nice to meet you! I’ve heard so much about you,” Kira says.

“Yeah, same,” Stiles tells her, making a mental note to high five Scott later because she’s gorgeous.

“So where’s Derek?” she asks.


“From what Scott said, I thought you two were pretty much attached at the hip,” she says, laughing. Scott doesn’t even blink, and Stiles feels weird, maybe. He and Derek don’t spend that much time together. Not really.

“Yeah, well,” he says lamely. “Gotta let my bro do his thing.”

“In the meantime, you should dance with us,” she says, and Scott nods quickly so Stiles knows he’s not cockblocking.

“Alright.”

The music’s pretty loud, considering, and his buzz is just starting to creep in, so it’s all good. He’s missed this, missed partying with Scott. Dancing and yelling along with the music. It’s different with Derek. More tactile, maybe, and that’s good, too, but a different kind of good.

With Scott, well, he doesn’t have to worry about anything.

There’s someone dancing near him. A girl, neon pink wig, and when he catches her eye, she laughs, dances in closer.

“What are you supposed to be?” he asks loudly, matching her rhythm.

“A stripper!” she says, grinning. “Well, Natalie Portman, technically, but don’t worry about it. We can both just be strippers.”

He almost protests that he’s not a stripper, but she’s hot, so he’s not gonna worry too much about it. They keep dancing, her hands on his hips. She’s so pretty when she laughs, and she laughs a lot, head tilting back onto Kira’s shoulder.

“You are so pretty,” she says, touching Kira’s cheek and whoa, that is not a thing Stiles was expecting. Alright. So he’s dancing with a lesbian who’s into Scott’s girl. Okay. “You and your boyfriend are so lucky.”

“He’s not my—” Kira says, but she and Scott both smile and shit, they’re cute, that’s not even fair. The girl smiles, then looks at Stiles, brightens, grabs his hand. “Come on, cutie,” she says, tugging him over into the corner. He frowns, not really sure what’s going on.
When she leans up to kiss him, he jerks back, surprised.

“Wait, you like girls,” he says, frowning deeper.

“Yeah!” she agrees. “Do you?”

“I mean, yeah.”

She grins, nodding. “Awesome. Let’s make out.”

That sounds like a great idea, but he’s still a bit confused by all of this.

“Okay,” he says, “but I’m not a girl.”

“I like boys, too,” she says, not missing a beat. “Do you?”

Like, what?

He literally just said he liked girls. That doesn’t even make sense. That’s not even an option.

Both.

That’s weird.

She kisses him, just lightly, but he feels kind of off-kilter.

“Hey, I’m gonna get a drink. Can we continue this when I get back?”

“Yeah!” she grins and as he steps back, he realizes how sloppy it is. How drunk she more than likely is. He’s not on that level, and he feels kinda weird about proceeding if he’s not.

Feels weird in general, actually, a little shaky, almost, as he hops down the stairs.

Yeah, he definitely needs a drink.

The booze table is pretty crowded, though, so he figures he’ll try the other room, see if he can find Derek, maybe.

He passes back through the living room into the dining room and there is Derek. With Cora, Lydia, Jackson, Danny, and Jose Cuervo.

“—come on, it’ll be fucking hot,” Jackson’s saying as Danny spots Stiles in the doorway and gives him a nod.

“For the record, I’m incredibly uncomfortable with this,” Derek says.

“Uncomfortable with what?” Stiles asks, surprising him a little.

Lydia huffs, says, “Jackson wants us to do body shots.” She tosses a lime in the air, catches it neatly. “But I think we’ll only do it if he does it. Tit-for-tat.”

“Who’s we?”

“My sister,” Derek grumbles. Stiles looks at Cora, sees the way she’s looking at Lydia, the way Lydia’s not really fighting it, and maybe he’ll help a bro out. Not like there’s a downside; he’ll get to watch.
“I bet I could distract you,” Stiles says close to Derek’s ear.

“Danny, you down?” Jackson asks as Derek narrows his eyes at Stiles in a very familiar look.

“You owe me so much for this,” Danny says. “So fucking much.” He pulls his shirt over his head and yeah this is apparently going somewhere.

“Derek’ll do it, too,” Stiles says, smirking as Derek rolls his eyes. “Someone cut that fucking lime so we can do this shit.”

Cora lays back on the dining table and Derek and Danny follow suit. Lydia grabs the salt first as Jackson cuts the lime, and Stiles just feels kind of weird about having Derek all spread out in front of him. Well, with other people around, at least.

Seriously, though, the shorts were a fucking great idea. They make Derek’s everything look fucking glorious, and yeah, they’re gonna leave soon. He’d rather get drunk and blow Derek than get really drunk and attempt, with no guaranteed success, to hook up with the pink wig girl upstairs.

“Here,” Jackson says like it’s not for the first time, wiggling the shaker of salt at Stiles. He takes it, shakes a like width-wise across Derek’s abs. Takes the bottle of Cuervo and pours it into the hollow of Derek’s belly button. Jackson passes him a lime wedge and he fits it in Derek mouth, pats his cheek when he rolls his eyes. And they are just about good to go.

Looks like everyone else is pretty much ready, too.

“Alright, let’s fucking do this,” Jackson says, poised over Danny’s chest.

Stiles licks his way across Derek’s stomach slow, teasing him a little because he can. Tongue burning, he sucks up the tequila, goes quick for the lime, bites it and spits it aside to get at Derek’s mouth.

Just a quick kiss, something that can be explained by having a little too much to drink, even though he’s not there yet.

Later, he’ll take his time.

“Fuck, that’s hot,” Jackson says and Stiles looks up. Cora’s hands all tangled up in strawberry blonde curls and Lydia’s about to get onto the table.

“I’m so out,” Derek says, getting to his feet.

It’s perfect timing.

Stiles swipes the Cuervo, drags him away while everyone else is distracted. Doesn’t stop in the living room, no, takes him right out the front door.

“Not quite what I meant,” Derek says, but he doesn’t look unhappy.

The top’s missing from the bottle, so Stiles just takes a swig and passes it to Derek. “Come on. We’ve got bro time to make up.”

Grimacing, Derek passes the bottle back. “Alright. But I’m not a fan of tequila.”

“I bet you could learn to love it,” Stiles tells him as he takes it, takes another sip. “Makes your clothes fall off, you know. Not that we’ve got a lot to work with in the first place, but that’s not the point. The point is nudity.”
Derek just shakes his head, so Stiles hooks an arm around his neck, smacks a kiss on his whiskery cheek. Alright, he’s not drunk enough for that kind of thing, but whatever. It feels good to do it, and Derek wraps an arm around his waist, turns his face so his nose presses into Stiles’ hair.

They make it to the house just fine, passing by another party in progress even.

The house is empty, though. No one’s home.

No one but them.

“Come on,” Stiles urges, pulling Derek by the wrist up the stairs.

Thank God there’s no one here because his dick is a dead giveaway for what he’s thinking.

They shut the door as a precaution, discard the mostly-full bottle on Derek’s desk, and then Stiles has him up against the door, fingers going to the elastic straps of his wings to tug them over his shoulders.

“Should’ve just stayed in,” Stiles tells him. Derek plucks the horn headband off his head. It clatters to the floor while Stiles tries to rub his lips raw on Derek’s jaw.

“Good idea,” Derek says, soft.

Stiles tugs Derek’s hips against him, slips his hands around inside his shorts to squeeze Derek’s amazing ass. “Let me finger you, _fuck,_” Stiles gets out. Once he says it, he can’t stop thinking about it. Misses it, having wet heat all tight around his fingers, knows Derek could totally be into it maybe.

“You want that? You sure?”

“Fuck yeah, dude,” Stiles says, fingers dipping into the crack of his ass quickly before pulling away again. “Come on, let’s get on the bed. You’ve got lube, right? Underneath?” He gets down to his hands and knees as Derek gets onto the bed. There’s a box below, a shoebox, which is fucking obvious but oh fucking well. But he opens it up and huh.

There’s lube in there, alright.

And a fucking _dildo._

“You…” Stiles isn’t sure what to say, really.

“Fuck,” Derek hisses, then, louder, “It just feels good, you know?”

Well, Stiles is onboard with that. Derek feeling good is usually a good thing, usually goes well for them both.

So he grabs the lube, gets up, looks Derek in the eye. “You fuck yourself with it?”

After a second, Derek nods.

“There’s nothing wrong with how you get off, dude,” Stiles tells him, touching his chest. “I’m not in a place to judge. Now can I get at your ass already?”

Derek snorts, and Stiles can feel the relief in it, wants that. Because Derek should never feel judged or anything. Not with him.

It’s all good, though, because Derek turns over, gets onto his hands and knees, putting that shiny
gold-covered ass right in his face. Stiles doesn’t even think, just lays his palms on either cheek. It feels fucking heavenly, and he can’t help but move a hand out of the way and rest his cheek on him.

There’s a sharp inhale, and when Stiles pulls away, peels the shorts down to the tops of his thighs, pleased when Derek’s legs spread, his ass pressing back closer.

Stiles gets this really sudden image of that one pornstar with the beard kind of like Derek’s, his face when that other guy had his tongue in him, and his dick jumps in his shorts. Fuck. Derek would love that, wouldn’t he? But is that weird to do?

Granted, Stiles kind of really misses eating pussy. Likes making someone else feel good, likes knowing what he can do with his mouth.

Eating ass can’t be that different, right?

Fuck. Can he just do that?

Well.

Not quite.

“Derek, can I…” Stiles trails off, sliding his fingers up and down the curve of Derek’s butt. “Can I just eat you out a little? No homo or anything, I just haven’t gone down on someone like that in ages, and I’m good at it, I swear. I can make you feel so fucking good.”

“—Yeah, yeah,” Derek’s saying, talking under him, and thank God.

Before he can think too hard about it, Stiles holds Derek open, kisses his hole, tongue sneaking out to press nice and gently. Derek twitches against him, and no, no, this is nothing like eating pussy, but when Stiles licks over him, he makes the softest little noise.

He gets Derek all wet, pushes in, and Derek just drops down. Moans. He’s tight around Stiles’ tongue, and it’s weird, alright, really fucking weird. Maybe too weird. And his dick aches, sorely neglected over the past week.

“I’ll do this properly later, but I gotta get my fingers in you, alright? Fuck, where’s the goddamn lube? Oh, there. Shit.”

He grabs it, squirts way too much into his hand on accident. It runs down his wrist. A fucking mess.

Dabbing his middle finger in it, he scoots up closer. Rubs around Derek’s rim nice and gentle, kind of amazed by how responsive Derek is to it.

“Do it, alright?” Derek says, voice strained.

Stiles tucks his finger into him, a slow slide into the heat of his body. “Like that?” Stiles asks, smiling a little when Derek nods. He takes it nice, too, nicer than Stiles would be able to. Must be used to it, though. If he can get that dildo into himself.

That in mind, he tries a second finger, and when it goes in, nearly palms his boner before he remembers that he’s got lube all-fucking-over his hand.

“Why haven’t we done this before?” Stiles asks. Derek rocks back into his hand, makes Stiles bite his lip. “Fuck, you like it so much, don’t you?” It’s stupid, he’s just stating the obvious, but it feels like a big thing to him.
There’s a difference between being aware that Derek likes things in his ass and being the one putting them there. It’s a great difference, maybe, because this side of it is kind of awesome.

“One day, man, you gotta use that dildo for me,” Stiles says as he twists a third finger into him. “You’ve seen me blow myself, dude. It’s only fair.”

“Just say when,” Derek tells him, gritting it out, and Stiles lets out a little involuntary groan, knuckles stuttering against Derek’s ass. Truth be told, he almost doesn’t want to see Derek do it right now because he likes this. Likes how it feels, the slide of it, the way Derek’s body tries to pull him in, how tight he is, how good that would feel. Not that he’s really thinking concretely about buttfucking or that Derek would ever go for it, but he’s human. He can’t just not think about it.

Trying not to think about it, Stiles thrusts his fingers in, moves them around a little, stretching, maybe, because that dildo’s not just gonna magically fit.

“I wanna do this all slow sometime, but fuck, you make me feel like a goddamn virgin because I can’t slow down. I just wanna see, shit.”

Derek makes a noise that’s almost a laugh, says, “Then let me show you already.” Stiles bites the inside of his cheek, slips his fingers out, and he really needs this shorts off. Now. Only both of his hands are all lube-y.

“Hey, can you—?” Stiles asks, looking down at his shorts and dear God. Most Obvious Boner in the Entire Universe goes to him. There’s a fucking wet spot, even, like, this is fucking ridiculous.

Derek pulls his shorts down far enough that they fall to the floor, and without hesitating, Stiles wraps a hand around himself. The hand that had just been in Derek’s ass. Fuck. People fuck each other’s asses all the time without condoms, though, so that’s not that weird, right? Granted, no ass-fucking going on. Well, between the two of them. He still feels kinda weird about it, though.

By now, Derek’s naked, got the dildo in his hands, which probably shouldn’t make Stiles’ heart beat a little faster but it does. Derek’s got a condom, too, rolling it onto the toy, which Stiles doesn’t get but hey, it’s Derek’s and it’s going inside him, so he can do whatever the fuck he wants with it.

Derek moves up the bed a bit, so Stiles climbs up and sits, idly stroking himself while he holds his super lube-y hand out so it doesn’t get all over him. Turning, Derek scrapes the bulk of the lube off his hand, spreads it all over the dildo and holy shit, this is totally about to go down. This is happening. This is real.

While he tries to control his breathing, Derek gets onto his hands and knees, reaches behind himself, presses the tip of the thing against his hole. When it goes in, Stiles maybe lets out a little involuntary gasp, but he’s gonna pretend he didn’t.

It goes all the way in and Derek’s body just accepts it.

His wrist works as he twists the toy, pulls it out a little and shoves it back in, and Stiles just holds the base of his dick, holds off. Lube drips down Derek’s balls, shines all over his ass, a fucking mess, but the best kind of mess, really.

“Is this how you do it? You just bend over and fuck yourself?” Stiles asks, voice breaking.

Derek nods, says, “Sometimes I do it like this.” He pulls it out, reaches between his legs to hold the dildo base-down on his bed, then just sinks down on it. Moves, slow at first, and Stiles realizes he’s too contorted to move much faster, so he moves forward. His fingers brush Derek’s as he replaces them, anchors the toy.
He’s closer, a lot closer, in a fucking great place to appreciate the play of muscle up and down Derek’s back, his thighs, as he moves up and down.

Stiles is so fucking turned on he can barely breathe.

It’s probably something he’ll regret later, but he grabs Derek’s hip with the lube-y hand, slides against his skin, but feeling Derek moving is something else. Derek stutters a little, but his pace picks up and he bounces on the fake dick, these little sounds punched out of him, fucks and Gods and the occasional Stiles.

Stiles licks a line up his spine, tastes the thin salt of his sweat, wants his hands all over.

Derek’s slick and opened up enough that when Stiles tests letting go of the dildo, it stays in place. He grabs Derek’s other hip, kneeling up behind him, mouths at his shoulder, his neck, his own dick sliding against Derek’s lower back. Derek slows, moving back against him a little.

When he hooks his chin over Derek’s shoulder, Derek’s dick is fucking dripping. He doesn’t do that, not normally, but he also doesn’t normally have ten inches of plastic in his ass.

Stiles gets an idea, and maybe it’s a bad one, playing off what happened last time they were in Derek’s bed with lube, but he gets in low behind Derek, slots his dick in the groove between Derek’s thigh and the dildo. Derek groans, head falling back against his shoulder as he reaches back and grabs Stiles’ ass.

They move slower together, but Stiles is ready to blow anyway. He bites at Derek’s throat, fucking out of his mind, overwhelmed, maybe, because there’s something about all of this that he needs. Needs all of it, really, and whatever that means isn’t something he wants to think about much.

He catches himself just before he comes, tries to save them a mess, rubs the head of his dick up the dildo, against where Derek’s stretched around it, shoots, his back bowed by it, his teeth open wide around Derek’s shoulder. It’s the kind of orgasm that scrambles his brain a bit, twists him up and wrings him out, and he’s going mad, maybe, because he’s never been happier.

Derek’s coming into his own hand when Stiles realizes that he’s gotten jizz all over his ass. He’s the most coherent, so he yanks a tissue off the bookshelf, hands it to Derek, and hops to the bathroom for a washcloth, the big guns.

As he cleans them both up, his head buzzes over the curves of Derek’s back, the edge of his jaw. He pulls out the dildo gently, tosses the condom, tries not to think about how much of his come is on it.

Derek’s sleepy, like he gets, but Stiles takes care of him, drops the dildo and lube back into the shoebox to deal with later, chucks the washcloth into the bathroom. Gets the covers down and both of them in, thankful, at least, that there’s no way Jackson’s sleeping here tonight.

“We should do that again sometime,” Stiles says, his voice sounding weird to his own ears.

Nodding, Derek says, “Definitely,” and tucks his head against Stiles’ shoulder as Stiles pulls the blanket up around them.

There’s this weird feeling in his chest, like it’s empty or too full or everything’s moving.

Derek’s breathing against his shoulder.

Not sleeping yet, but almost there.
Stiles knows what his sleep-breathing is like, and isn’t that weird? It makes the feeling in his chest get worse, and he’s pretty sure he’s not okay. Not sure why he’s not okay, but he’s not.

Derek flips over, onto his other side, the side Stiles knows he usually sleeps on.

Without thinking, Stiles turns, too, moves in against him, tucks his head down. And then he’s kissing Derek’s shoulder, like it’s just punctuation. Something necessary and unremarkable.

The bottom of his stomach drops out and he presses his lips together.

His mouth wants to roam over Derek’s body, but that’s wrong, that’s not a feeling he should be having. It feels too familiar, like he’s felt it a million times, but maybe he has. Maybe he always wants to kiss Derek, which isn’t shocking but it is, isn’t it?

Because you want to kiss people you like, and he can’t like Derek.

That’s not even an option.

Is it?

No, he likes girls. That’s for sure. He likes girls.

But that girl tonight, what she’d said, it was almost like she liked boys, too. Actually, he’s pretty sure there’s no other conclusion to draw from that conversation, but can people even do that? Don’t you have to choose one?

Very, very gingerly, he removes himself from the bed.

His phone is on Derek’s desk, where he’d left it before the party, and he grabs it, heads into the bathroom just to get a wall between him and Derek. Some sort of distance.

And then he googles, because fuck, he’s not sure what he’s supposed to do. He can’t talk to Derek about it. He’d get the wrong idea, think Stiles is wondering if he’s gay, and he’s not.

He’s not gay.

Reading the words on his phone screen, he sits on the edge of the tub, the porcelain cold against his bare ass.

His stomach drops further as he skims this article or blog post or whatever and he’s shaking, his knees and his hands and his whole body. Knows enough etymology or whatever to have a pretty idea of what the word bisexual means when he sees it, but he googles it anyway.

At some point, he drops his phone and just thinks really hard about breathing because maybe it’s not a definite thing, but it is possible, according to the laws of the universe or Wikipedia, that he could like Derek and still like girls and that is a very weird thing.

Because if both are possible, he does. God, he does.

It flattens him, knocks him over like the bus in Speed, and maybe he should call an ambulance or something because this is a horrible feeling. It fits in him too well, this idea. Because he cares about Derek, really really does, wants him to be happy and successful and healthy, and he wants to be there for that. In a very real, possibly long-term way.

And if there’s kissing and maybe some dick-touching involved, he’s so here for it.
Shit.

He’s really here for it. He’s always been really into it, and yeah, seeing Derek’s body makes him want to touch it and make him feel good, and that’s what attraction is, isn’t?

He’s so fucked.

Maybe he’s just psyching himself out. Maybe he’s just letting this whole idea get a little crazy. Maybe he’s just talking himself into it. That’s a thing that he could be doing. For sure.

So he goes back into the other room, walks over to the bed.

Derek’s facing the wall, and he’s not sure if that tells him enough about whatever the fuck is going on with him.

Trying to breathe like a normal human being, he gets into the bed.

Derek flips over, curls against him, his cheek rough against Stiles’ shoulder, and he can barely breathe at all. He’s just really aware of his breathing, and it’s too loud and too fast, like he can’t get anywhere near enough oxygen, but he’s not even moving or anything.

He’s had panic attacks before, and this isn’t it, just below the threshold, but he feels like he’s dying a little or maybe a lot and it has a lot to do with Derek’s arm around his waist and his toes against Stiles’ calf.

Fuck.

What the fuck is he supposed to do now?
Stiles doesn’t really sleep.

He has a few slips into half-sleep. Waking dreams. Falls in and out of them with this feeling of being paralyzed in a wide-open space.

Derek snuffles and moves around next to him, alternately curling against him and away from him. Warm, really warm, and solid. Living. He’s not sure why that seems so weird to him.

There’s this awareness now.

Of everything.

Every single little twitch, the changes in Derek’s breathing as he shifts through stages of sleep, the little noises he makes as he dreams, the warmth of his body under the covers. Stiles is painfully, maddeningly aware of it all. And how little it means.

It’s not the first time they’ve slept together in the literal sense, won’t be the last, and Derek doesn’t think anything of it. Sure, Stiles didn’t, either, but at the same time he understands why he’s here, he’s thinking about why Derek’s here.

It’s not even his fault.

Some dudes like butt stuff, some don’t, but Derek does. And that puts him in kind of a pickle, as a straight dude, because sure, he can fuck a girl, but it’s a whole other thing to talk to her about strap-ons. Stiles can imagine it’s difficult, and Derek was lucky for that one girl, but here he is, single and unable to satisfied the way he needs to be. Sure, he doesn’t like dudes, but getting what he needs from a dude is probably a fuck of a lot easier. Easier, but not exactly what he wants.

Based on what he knows, Derek would probably let Stiles fuck him, or at least could be worked around to it easy enough. Really, it’s probably going to happen one of these days, on accident, pretty much. But it’s not really what would satisfy him. It’s just as close as he can get without finding the right kind of girl, which could probably take a long fucking time.

Stiles is just filling in for her, this hypothetical girl.

That hurts more now than it would’ve a day ago, and shit, no wonder he’d kept himself from being here because this feeling of utter despair is horrible.

It all just keeps getting better and better.

This isn’t going to work, honestly.

All of this. With Derek. Being horribly, maddeningly close to him, but never quite connecting the way he wants to.

If he feels like this, he knows he’s acting different, and if Derek catches on, he’ll stop this. Cut it off. Probably won’t be mean about it or anything. He’ll probably feel bad, even. But he didn’t sign up for Stiles falling for him, so it’s not fair that he should have deal with it.

But what he doesn’t know won’t hurt him, right? All Stiles has to do is keep it a secret and everything will be just fine. Just like it’s always been. Derek probably won’t even notice.
Maybe he’ll have to dial it back a bit, but he can do this. He can be what Derek needs and not what he doesn’t. He’s just gotta be careful, that’s all.

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(Week 11)

Derek is going fucking crazy.

Fuck, he thought they were so close, that maybe Stiles would figure out that having your tongue in another dude’s ass isn’t the most heterosexual of past times.

Only Stiles is some kind of fucking magician or something. He’s so deep in denial, he might as well start an Egyptian scuba company. He’d be making bank, at least, and then maybe someone would benefit from all of this.

Because really, if he’d just understand, they could be fucking everywhere. All over the place. All the time. Stiles would love that.

But no.

No, he’s getting weird.

Which sucks, because really, the sex is the one thing Derek feels pretty good about, feels good during. It lets them get close the way they can’t with clothes on. Emotionally, or at least Derek likes to think it is. It feels like it is.

But Stiles is getting more hesitant, backing off.

Derek comes over one afternoon when Scott’s not there, and Stiles doesn’t kiss him at the door. Or in the kitchen. Or in the living room. No, he starts packing a bowl, tells Derek to get a beer from the fridge, and seriously? It’s four in the fucking afternoon. He’s got homework and class tomorrow morning; he can’t afford to get crossfaded right now.

Stiles is drinking, too, probably since he got home from his one o’clock class, going by the number of cans on the table.

The worst part is that he barely even looks at Derek until the bowl’s cashed. And then he’s all over him, in his lap, sucking on his tongue, trying to get his shirt off.

Honestly, Derek could’ve sworn they were past the point where Stiles needed to get fucked up to fool around.

That thought hits him like a well-aimed punch.

It makes sense, though.

It got a little too close to something Stiles couldn’t brush off, so now Stiles is compensating by regressing further into denial. Alright. Derek can probably work with that. Maybe it means there’s a breakthrough coming soon.
At this point, even if they weren’t occasionally naked together, even if he didn’t have stupid feelings, Derek would want to help him with that breakthrough. Not everyone had his parents, who always told him he was “perfect whether he liked girls, boys, both, or neither”. Not that Stiles’ parents necessarily fucked him up, but being told that a lot helped, maybe. And even if Stiles’ parents, his dad, really, meant it but didn’t say it to him, maybe that’s part of it.

But, well, Derek kind of stops thinking about it then because Stiles drags him to the bedroom, grabs the lube, and basically goes straight for his ass.

Derek’s never been able to think very well with something in his ass, and Stiles’ fingers are no exception. Kind of the opposite, actually.

“Scott’s not gonna be home for a few more hours,” Stiles says against his neck. The warmth of his breath makes Derek ache, choke when Stiles’ fingers twist in him. “Been doing some research. Wanna see if I can make you come just from something in your ass.”

Fuck, yeah, Derek’s gonna die, but it’s the best way to go.

Or maybe that’s Stiles’ dick. But he has yet to find out how fucking good that feels in him, maybe won’t ever, but fuck if he isn’t gonna pretend Stiles is getting him ready for it.

His mouth is dry and tastes like pot smoke, tongue sticking to the roof as he bites his lips closed tight, body buzzing and on fire and oh so sweetly in tune with the in-stroke of Stiles’ fingers. He’s so obvious like this, can feel his dick throbbing against his belly. It’s now that he wants to get into Stiles’ head, understand how all the little gears and excuses fit together in a way that makes this acceptable to him. Makes the stomach-dropping kisses he presses into the inside of Derek’s thighs acceptable.

When Stiles lifts his head up, Derek realizes how much of a mess his hair is, loves it, that he did that. That Stiles let him. That Stiles started it. That he’s always starting it.

“This must feel fucking amazing,” Stiles says. “You look like you’re seeing God, dude.”

Derek laughs, a light bark, thinking about Stiles’ ego, the finger just skirting around his prostate, how much he wants to kiss the world out of Stiles’ mouth.

It’s possible Stiles can read minds, though, because Derek watches his lips close in, pushes forward to meet them. Hooks an arm around Stiles’ neck as he settles in, straddling one of Derek’s thighs, the other hitched up. His fingers rub just right and so slow, in time with his mouth as he kisses away Derek’s little gasps.

Stiles strings hip up, suspends him, brings him right to the edge and holds him over it so his stomach swoops because he can see the drop.

“C’mon, Derek. You’ll come for me, won’t you?” Stiles asks between kisses spattered across his jaw. “Won’t you?” His fingers zero in just right, a slow, moving press while Derek’s whole body tenses in a rush. It goes on too long, maybe, and he’s shaking, and he’s just saying Stiles, and if he were thinking about it, he’d think that was too much of a giveaway but he doesn’t know how to stop.

After, Stiles beams at him, kisses the side of his hand, his chin, his nose, and his eyes are bright.

“I wasn’t even sure if you could do that,” he says, “but it was awesome, dude. That’s the coolest fucking thing.” He grabs a tissue, wipes Derek up, chucks it in the trash.

The warm edge of his cock rubs against Derek’s thigh, slow, and all Derek can think about is him
just pushing his way inside. It would be fucking easy, that’s for sure. Derek’s not usually one for just lying there and taking in, doesn’t usually like to get fucked after he’s already come unless he’s on top, but he’d be okay with it if it were Stiles. He’d give up that little bit of control for him.

“Fuck, dude, it must be good cause you’re totally zoning,” Stiles says, huffing a little laugh.

He has no fucking clue what he’s doing to Derek.

“I could show you,” Derek says. Regrets it the second it’s out of his mouth. “I mean, we don’t have to, it’s okay—”

Stiles shakes his head quick. “No, no, you can show me. We can do that. I mean, yeah. I can do that. Or you can do that to me. Just go easy. I mean, I’ve sort of felt around, but I never really put anything up there.” He grabs the lube off the window sill, comes back and rolls off of Derek, hands it to him. It feels heavier than it is.

“Don’t worry,” Derek tells him, smoothing a hand down his back, “I know what I’m doing. And if you don’t like it, just say, and I’ll stop. Alright?”

Nodding, Stiles pulls him down to kiss him too soft. It’s that sort of genuine affection that breaks Derek apart, so he kisses the moles on Stiles’ shoulders instead of his mouth, strokes up and down Stiles’ sides to relax him a little. He’s not tense, but Derek can feel his apprehension.

He considers eating Stiles out first, but then he remembers the first time someone did it to him, how freaked out he was to have someone that up close and personal with his ass. No, it wouldn’t be a good idea. It might feel awesome, but it’s better to be straightforward here, give Stiles what he’s expecting. It’s important. Not that he has a specific need to get at Stiles’ ass, even though it’s a great ass, but he just likes making Stiles feel good.

Derek maneuvers Stiles into an easy position on his stomach with Derek between his spread legs. Stiles’ cheek rests against the pillow and he bites his lip. When Derek runs a hand up the back of his thigh, he looks back at him, smiles.

“Go ahead, dude. I trust you.”

Stiles probably has no idea what those words mean to him, so Derek pushes the feeling away as he drizzles a little lube into his palm, gets his first finger nice and wet.

It’s not like he’s not being gentle, but Stiles jerks a little when Derek first touches his hole. He doesn’t go for the gold or anything, just rubs slow circles around his rim. Stiles hums at it. His eyes are squeezed shut, but his lids smooth out as he gets used to the feeling of Derek’s finger touching him there.

“Feels kinda nice, doesn’t it?” he asks and Stiles half-snorts, eyes staying closed.

“I’m familiar with this part. Showers and whatnot.”

Derek nods, wishing vaguely that he could feel this from Stiles’ side. Just so he’d know if Stiles is more or less sensitive, the right kind of touch he likes, all that. Oh well.

It’s kind of intentional, maybe, that he draws it out as long as he does. Until Stiles moves with his touch, getting a little friction between his dick and the comforter. Until he’s comfortable. Until he wants more.

He’s not like Derek was the first time he fingered himself. That had been a little over-zealous,
maybe. Once he’d really figured out he’d been into Stiles, he’d looked up a lot about all the ways men could fuck each other, tried a cautious swipe at his ass mid-jerk that had turned into two spit-slick fingers jammed in as far as they’d go.

No, he knows Stiles isn’t quite so into it, but he definitely doesn’t dislike it. When Derek’s touch grows a little firmer, really rubbing into him, he hums again, fingers tightening in his pillowcase near his nose.

Derek lets him be the one to make the crucial breach, nudging his hips back just enough to get the tip of Derek’s finger into him. He stills for a moment, lets Stiles’ body recognize it, then moves just the tip in circular wiggle to loosen him up a bit.

“This okay?” Derek asks, wanting to kiss him too much.

“Yeah, it’s good,” Stiles tells him. “Just expecting something a little more sudden. You took two of my fingers right off the bat. Feel like a bit of a wimp.”

“I’m used to it. You’re not. That’s okay.” He pushes a little, gets in all the way to the first knuckle, then realizes something. “I should be blowing you for this. To distract you. It’ll go easier.”

Stiles shakes his head. “I don’t want to be distracted. I wanna feel how you feel.”

“It won’t be exactly the same,” Derek says. “We’re wired differently, our nerves and everything. Just like your nipples are more sensitive than mine, my ass might be more sensitive than yours. You never know.”

He gets that first finger all the way in eventually, and by that point, Stiles is really doing most of the work, rolling his hips against the bed. It’s gonna be a mess if he keeps going like that, though, and Derek feels like it’s his duty to make sure that doesn’t happen.

He withdraws his finger, smiling at Stiles’ little noise of protest. “Flip over,” he says, tapping Stiles’ hip. Stiles huffs, but he moves, pulls his legs up a bit so Derek has better access. Derek gets all the way down, sucks one of Stiles’ balls into his mouth as he sinks his finger back into the slick heat of Stiles’ body.

“Oh fuck, dude, that’s—I gotta do this to you sometime,” Stiles says, voice cracking a bit. His fingers twist into Derek’s hair as he licks a slow line up the underside of Stiles’ cock. Times it right so that when he gets his mouth around the tip, he slips his middle finger into Stiles too. He barely even notices, groaning above Derek, heel digging into his back. The sharp tug on his hair makes his dick twitch, but he ignores it as he swallows Stiles down.

The fact that Stiles didn’t even question it when Derek could take most of his dick in one try is a testament to either Derek’s skill or Stiles’ denial. Enjoyable as it might be, it’s not easy. Not at all. Gotta have a bit of experience for it.

It doesn’t take long to get him off, though. He’d been pretty keyed-up in the living room, and the fact that he’s held off this long is a little surprising.

Derek could seriously watch Stiles come for hours. Loves it. Wants to take Stiles apart one day, ride him into oblivion, but they’re definitely not there yet. Maybe one day. Hopefully one day.

“I could definitely be into doing that again,” Stiles says, panting, an arm thrown over his eyes. “Shit, that was good.” He laughs, at himself, Derek thinks, because it’s that kind of laugh.

Derek moves up his body, grabs a tissue for his fingers, settles in between Stiles’ side and the wall.
For a moment, they’re close. In that kind of way that makes Derek want to wrap an arm around him and settle in for a nap, or even just lay there together, but he can see Stiles starting to freak out, see how much he’s itching to get away.

Fuck, Derek just wants to get in his face, tell him It's okay to like having sex with me, but he’s scared, maybe. Because Stiles would either accept it or run, and right now, Derek’s not sure which is more likely. It’s stupid, though. It’s fucking frustrating that he doesn’t just get it.

“I should probably go,” Derek says, mad or sad or just upset. “I’ve got homework to do.”

“Oh. Yeah, okay,” Stiles says, sitting up. “No, you should do that. Do your thing. I’ll see you around, I guess.”

Derek wants to kiss him or something, but he’s pissed at himself for wanting it, for not being brave enough to just say he wants it, for not just saying Date me. You won’t even have to do anything different.

Maybe he leaves because he wants Stiles to tell him to stay.

But he doesn’t.

~ ~ ~

Stiles maybe hates everything in his entire life. Everything that’s led him to this point. Or everything that’s led him to understanding he’s at this point.

“I thought Derek was coming over?” Scott says when he gets home, takes in the mostly-empty living room.

“He did. Left a couple hours ago.” Binks curls up in Stiles’ lap, a rare thing, but maybe the cat gets that he needs comforting. Animals can sense distress, right?

Scott frowns. “That’s weird.”

And yeah, it is, a little, but he’s pretty sure it’s mostly his fault. He feels like he’s acting really fucking weird around Derek. Can’t help it. He’s just too aware of everything, of how much of a miracle it is that Derek’s going along with all this in the first place. And God, he’s beautiful, so beautiful it makes him ache in all the wrong places.

“Do I give off gay vibes?” Stiles asks. It’s more to himself than anything else, but there’s a conspicuous silence and Scott’s staring at him. Looks away.

“I don’t know how to answer that,” Scott tells him.

Alright, so Scott totally knows. Knows something, at least. That’s great. Well, it’s not bad, it’s not like he’s necessarily trying to keep it a secret, but he also doesn’t want Scott to feel weird about sleeping in the same room as him. That would really fucking suck.

Stiles sighs. “Do I give off into Derek vibes at least?”

“It means, it kinda seems like you’re a little comfortable with being close to him.”
Laughing, Stiles wishes that were still true, that he didn’t feel like every cell of his body was giving him away.

“That happens, sometimes, with people you’re sleeping with,” Scott says. “You forget about personal space.”

“How long have you known?” Stiles asks.

Scott shrugs. “Since the first time he was over here. You’re not really subtle about it. I just figured I’d let you do your thing. Make myself scarce.”

“Oh my God, you’ve been sexiling yourself?” Stiles groans because this is the worst. He must be so obvious. Fucking fantastic. This afternoon is just getting better and better.

“That’s what bros do,” Scott says.

Stiles buries his face into the couch, making a frustrated noise.

“I’m not judging or anything, dude. I told you, it’s all good.”

He might not be, but what if Derek knows? What if he’s just being nice now? He probably feels bad, even, that Stiles is a total doofus and fell for him. Probably pities him. This is horrible. Everything is horrible.

He kinda misses Derek though. Even if it’s barely been any time at all. Wants to see him, be near him.

Jesus fucking Christ, he’s so fucked.

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(Week 13)

“So are you and Stiles a thing now?” Cora asks over her cardboard cup of coffee. They’re tucked away in the corner of the student union, against the windows.

“No,” Derek says, scowling. “Why would you even ask that?”

“Well, you two totally gave up on being subtle the other weekend. Everyone thinks you’re fucking now. You’re hot gossip, bro.”

Derek sighs. “It’s…Fuck, every time we’re together, I get this weird feeling, like one of us is about to say something, but then we just don’t. Honestly, I don’t think he really gets it. I don’t think he has any idea.”

“You should talk to Scott, then,” she says. “If anyone knows what’s going on in Stiles’ head, it’s Scott.”

“I…I like Scott, but it’s awkward. I mean, he knows that I’ve liked Stiles. I just feel like he thinks I’m manipulating Stiles or something.”
“Are you? That sounds like a guilt thing. You’re a guilt thing.”

Derek frowns. “I don’t know. I’m trying not to. I let him initiate everything. I make sure he knows he doesn’t have to do anything. But it’s dishonest, all of it. I hate it. Even when he’s, I dunno, affectionate, maybe? It all just feels like a lie folded into a lie.”

“Then just stop,” Cora tells him, shrugging.

“I would, but I don’t know. It always feels like he’s on the edge of a breakthrough. I’m still holding out for it, I guess.” He shakes his head. “You’re one to talk, anyway. How’s Lydia?”

“She seemed pretty good when she went down on me this morning,” Cora says with this edge of a grin that says she clearly thinks she deserves a high five, but Derek’s not gonna give it to her. “And sure, she hasn’t broken up with Jackson, but he’s fine with it. They’re a status thing, anyway. They don’t particularly like each other, they just fuck sometimes. I don’t get jealous about it, so it works just fine.”

“I don’t even understand how you can do that,” Derek tells her.

“I like her and she’s hot, but that doesn’t mean we’re gonna ride off into the sunset together. It doesn’t mean we won’t, but not everything’s about the end game. I mean, I’m eighteen. I’m just doing what makes me happy. You can be Mr. Serious all you want, but that’s not for everyone.” She shrugs. “You might wanna make sure of what Stiles wants before you finalize your wedding plans, you know?”

“It’s not like that. I know it’s not, I just. I don’t know what to do with him.”

She gives him a look. “You know exactly what to do with him, you’re just scared.”

“I just don’t want to fuck it up. I could be wrong. I mean, I think he’s into me, but if he can’t accept it, then it could all blow up in my face.”

“And not in a sexy way, I’m guessing.”

He grimaces at her. “Gross.”

“I don’t know how dicks work, bro. Not my problem that it’s gross.” When he rolls his eyes, she gives him a little smile. “Talk to your boy, though. That’s what I did with Lydia. It’s worked pretty well so far.”

“Yeah, maybe I will,” he says, even though he won’t. There’s too much to lose, honestly, and yeah, he’s fucking terrified.

“Sure you will,” Cora tells him.

Alright, she knows him too well. Well, he’s not gonna correct himself. Oh well.

~ ~ ~

Derek’s over, watching Fight Club with him. Scott’s not coming back that night, so they’re still naked, the buzz from the bowl they smoked earlier just starting to fade as they finish off the Digiorno Stiles stuck in the over before they started the movie.
On the coffee table, his phone starts buzzing.

The screen reads Dad.

Stiles hits pause on the DVD player, answers quick.

“What’s crack-a-lackin’, pops?” he asks, belatedly thinking that he should’ve put on pants or something. Derek grabs the second-last slice of pizza, and Stiles pointedly only looks at him above the chest.

“Just wanted to double-check that you’re coming home for Thanksgiving break next week.”

“That’s the plan. There’s a frat thing Tuesday, so I’ll pack and be home Wednesday night.”

“Scott too?”

“Yep.”

“Good. That’s part of the reason I called, actually. Melissa thought he was going to be in Australia for the holiday, so she’s got a cruise planned. Baja and all of that. So it was gonna just be the three of us guys, and I got this vision of us all sitting on the couch eating turkey pot pies.”

Stiles laughs. “Yeah, probably.”

“Well, a woman I work with invited us over, so I thought I’d see what you thought about it.”

“Is she the secret girlfriend you’ve been pretending you don’t have?” Stiles asks, grinning. Derek snorts at the other end of the couch.

“She’s married, so no, she’s not the secret girlfriend you’ve made up for me. No, she handles the Parks and Rec department and we’ve been working together lately, that’s all. She’s got a couple kids your age I think, so you and Scott wouldn’t have to field too many questions about your career plans.”

“For the love of God, Dad, tell me you’re not trying to get us to spend Thanksgiving with the Whittemores. I’ll stab myself with a fork before I even see pie.” Derek covers his mouth, holding back a laugh, and Stiles pokes him with his toes.

“No, no, it’s the Hales. I don’t think they have a kid in your grade, but they’re all in…” Stiles pretty much tunes it out because he can feel the blood draining from his face, dread creeping in to fill the space.

Ah, fuck.

What? Derek mouths.

Stiles shakes his head, listening back in for, “—so see if it’s all good with Scott. Is he there?”

“Uh, no, no, Scott’s not here right now. But I’ll let him know. He’ll be up for it.” Stiles isn’t sure if that’s a good thing or bad thing, but he can’t imagine Scott turning down the invitation, even if they didn’t know Derek.

“Alright, I’ll let you get back to whatever. Just let me know what he says tomorrow sometime.”

“I will. Uh. Love you, Dad.”
“Love you, too,” he says, then hangs up.

Stiles drops the phone in his lap, feeling very weird about all of this.

“Bad news?” Derek asks.

Stiles tilts his head. “No? But, well, I think we’re going over to your house for Thanksgiving.”

“Wait, my house?” Derek looks how Stiles feels, thank God, so he’s not the only one who thinks this is really fucking weird. Because it is. It’s the most awkward of awkward situations, but he’s pretty sure he can’t just be like no thanks, let’s not do that.

“I guess your mom invited us over. My dad, Scott, and me, I mean. For dinner. At your house. Where you live. With your family.”

Derek shakes his head slowly. “This is a disaster. You’re gonna have to help me bribe Cora because she’s gonna be hinting at things the whole time. Fuck me.”

“Oh shit, dude. This is weird. Fuck. I mean, Scott knows, but he won’t say anything, but like, shit, our parents?” Stiles shudders. “That’s just gonna be so fucking weird.”

“Tell me about it.”

Stiles snorts. “I didn’t think we were at the meet the parents stage yet,” he jokes, but as soon as he sees Derek’s face, he knows it’s the wrong thing to say. But Derek’s face clears up and he sighs, sinks into the couch.

“Scott won’t say anything, right?” Derek asks. “He’ll keep quiet?” He’s loose, like the fight’s gone out of him.

“I don’t think so,” Stiles says. “What, are your parents, like…you know. Would they be pissed if someone let something slip?”

Derek chuckles humorlessly. “No, it’s— they, well, they sort of think I’m into guys.” Derek sighs, looks at him like he’s waiting for some sort of axe to fall.

“Shit, dude, why?”

“Because…” Derek shakes his head, says, “High school. I told them I was so they’d let me have a girl over for the night. Never wanted to bring a girl home to meet them, so. I just…never corrected them.”

Stiles laughs. “Jesus, man. Not gonna lie, I almost did that with Heather, but my dad knew I was into Lydia for a while before, so it wouldn’t have worked. Gotta say, though, that’s genius.”

“Well, until it bites me in the ass,” Derek says, looking back at the TV.

“You kinda like it when I bite you in the ass,” Stiles teases, thinking about the other night, the bite mark he knows Derek’s sitting on.

Derek elbows him in the ribs, but he’s smiling a little.

“You know, I bet it’ll be just fine. No one’s gonna say anything, no one’s gonna notice anything. It’ll be okay.”

“Yeah,” Derek says, not sounding totally convinced as he runs a hand through his hair. “Let’s just
finish the movie.” Stiles thinks this is probably a bad time to say that Fight Club apparently makes him kinda horny, that he’d rather grind Derek into the couch than really watch it, so he keeps his mouth shut, wills his dick into submission.

For the moment, at least.

Thinking about how much Thanksgiving is going to suck kind of puts a damper on all of it, though. Just a bit.

Even though he kind of really wants to see Derek’s room and maybe sleep with him in his bed, but whatever. He’s given up trying to control that part of him, honestly. As long as it all stays in his head, he’s good. Derek will never know. Thank God.
“So what do you want *me* to do for all of this?” Scott asks over cereal the next morning.

“You’re gonna play it cool,” Stiles says. “So fucking cool. You’re gonna be *ice*, man. Because you get to spend the holiday hanging out with your two very good friends. Your two very good friends who have absolutely never touched each other’s junk.”

Scott swallows, grimacing just a bit. “As long as you never go into more detail than that, I can totally pretend that you and Derek aren’t fuckbuddies.”

“We’re *not* fuckbuddies,” Stiles corrects. “We’re *bros with benefits*. There’s a difference.”

“Pretty sure you’re the only one who has any idea what that difference is, but whatever,” Scott says. “Just like you’re the only one who understands why you’re not just dating him.”

Scott might as well have sprouted second and third heads.

“Fuck you, dude, you *know* why.” He shakes his head. “It would be weird, anyway. I can’t just, like, *date a dude*. I mean, I could, but I couldn’t, you know?”

Truth is, even *if* Derek were somehow mysteriously and suddenly into him, what then? Would they be, like, *boyfriends* or something? What would that even look like for them? And then he’d be *Stiles Stilinski, Dude With a Boyfriend*. And everyone would assume he’s gay because they’d just *assume*, and that’s just wrong, and he and Derek would have to introduce themselves to people as *boyfriends*, and he could possibly be down with that, but it’s also hella fucking weird.

He’s just not used to it yet.

“Whatever you wanna do, man, do it, but if you’re gonna pretend that you and Derek aren’t doing the do, you might wanna, like, act like it?” Scott says, then drinks the milk from his cereal bowl. “Just saying, you’re pretty obvious.”

Stiles groans, thumps his head down on the counter. “Fuck, seriously? Who knows?”

“Literally everyone,” Scott tells him, then pats his shoulder, wincing. “Sorry, man. But, like, *everyone*-everyone. Like, NASA, probably. And your dad’s a cop, so, just saying, you might want to practice or something. Study people who aren’t banging. I’m serious.”

“Shit, you’re right. Fine. I’ll talk to Derek.”

~ ~ ~

Derek’s sitting at his desk when he gets a text, and not from who he’s expecting, either. No, it’s from Scott.

*Fair warning. I’m not telling him about high school and all that, but you should. Maybe even over break.*
Derek frowns, sends **I REALLY don’t think that’s a good idea.**

Not even a full minute later, Scott responds. **You’re wrong. Just do it.**

**Fine** Derek shoots back. **But not until after Thanksgiving dinner.**

Honestly, he can’t imagine anything worse than having to sit at a table with his family and Stiles after he’s rejected him. There’s *literally* nothing more horrible.

But Scott’s right.

He does need to say something because it’s getting fucking ridiculous. He can’t do it. It’s gonna drive him up a fucking wall. This isn’t something he’s gonna be able to keep up.

~ ~ ~

A few hours later, Stiles has a beautiful burrito and a beautiful man in front of him.

“All right, so what are we doing here?” Derek asks him, and Stiles isn’t sure he’s referring to Chipotle.

“We’re eating burritos the size of infants, dude. What does it look like?” Stiles snaps, then regrets it.

“All right, and we’re people-watching. Which I would do alone, but it would look pretty fucking sketchy. So.”

Derek nods, takes a sip of his soda, and doesn’t ask questions. Stiles appreciates that a fuckton, actually. Even though he’s thinking about how the girl at the cash register asked if they were “separate or together” and he’d been completely paralyzed for a minute there.

Because Scott had said that they gave off banging vibes, but what if that’s not what it is? What if it’s other people picking up on the fact that Stiles has *feelings*? What if he’s the one fucking everything up?

And if other people can tell, how long before Derek picks up on it?

“All right, I give up,” Derek says. “What am I supposed to be people-watching for?”

Stiles sighs. “Well, Scott says that it’s really obvious that we’re, you know, and like, it’s literally my dad’s job to notice things, so we can’t just go home and act the way we’ve been acting. It won’t go well. So we’ve gotta figure out how people act when their dicks haven’t touched.”

Derek blinks at him, pretty much unreadable.

“Look, I’m just trying to do *something* to minimize this utter clusterfuck. Either we figure out how to be normal, or we just let the chips fall where they may, and I don’t know about you, but that sounds awkward and shitty in, like, five different ways.”

“It’s not that hard, you know,” Derek says, and Stiles rolls his eyes. “It’s *not*. We just have to stay at least a foot and a half away from each other at all times.”

Stiles narrows his eyes. “Fine. That’s easy. No problem.”
He takes a vicious bite of his burrito, but the killer guacamole mellows out his soul.

“You’re not doing it,” Derek says.

“Doing what?”

“The space thing. You’re not doing it.”

Stiles frowns, looks down. Under the table, his legs are definitely over on Derek’s side, touching his a bit, but he’s comfortable, and besides, sitting all bunched up is not at all prime burrito position.

“We can wait until Thursday for that. Doesn’t matter right now.”

Derek stares at him for a minute before taking a bite of his burrito. It’s a gross thing to think, maybe, but Stiles could probably fall in love with him for the way he eats. Because it’s a little...feral, maybe, but Stiles wants to pinch his cheeks or just touch his face or maybe kiss his mouth, only he’s eating, and really, he’s got a lot of conflicting desires here. Derek does that to him.

Honestly, Stiles just wants to do something that involves parts of their bodies touching, and he doesn’t even care what parts.

Actually, kissing would be nice. Kissing is always nice.

But he has rules now.

No kissing unless they’re intoxicated.

That’s a good rule. It makes sense. It’ll keep them going. It’ll keep the lines so Stiles doesn’t go too far into their grey area to a place where he can’t deny why he’s here.

But God, it’s hard.

This must be penance for something, but he’s not sure what for, just knows that some kind of karma is fucking him in the ass, and not even in the good way. It’s awful.

“So this party Tuesday is gonna be off the hook, huh?” Stiles asks so he doesn’t keep thinking about butt sex in public.

“I guess. That’s the plan at least. You’re coming for set-up, right?”

Stiles shrugs. “I can head over after my class. No problem.” He takes a bite, thinking. “So, we’re driving home Wednesday, right? I was gonna leave before noon, you know? But my dad’ll be able to sniff out a hangover from a mile away.”

“You’re not gonna drink?” The disbelief held in Derek’s crooked-up eyebrow is actually really impressive.

“Nah, see, if I get really drunk before, like, ten, and then stop, I should be fine. But I didn’t know if you wanted to do the same thing or not. We usually keep up with each other pretty well is all.”

Really, he just thinks it could be weird if he’s drunk and trying to get Derek naked if Derek’s sober. Awkward, maybe. He doesn’t wanna try anything Derek’s not into, that’s all. And if Derek’s sober, he’s probably not into it at all.

Derek makes a little non-committal shrug. “Sure, I guess. Should I tell Jackson to find somewhere else to sleep?”
“Well,” Stiles says, smirking a little, “if he doesn’t wanna be in the room for anything, yeah. I mean, I’m not shy, so he probably wouldn’t put me off, at least.”

“On the plus side, if we head up early, everyone else’ll be downstairs.”

Stiles grins. “Very true. With the music, we could get pretty loud, I bet.” Honestly, he’d just love to make Derek loud, would probably go down on him for hours if he’s sober enough, which is exactly why he should drink. Because that’s a little too obvious.

He’s definitely gonna get to play with Derek’s ass, though, which is great for both of them.

But there’s this feeling in him, like they’re leading up to something, and fuck, he wants it, he’s just not sure if it’ll freak Derek out or not. If it’s too much.

Well, he’ll just have to be careful.

(Week 14)

Stiles and Scott work on a beeramid, a pretty impressive one, for the party and it’s only awkward because Derek’s in the next room. Because he knows Scott’s thinking about it probably half as much as he’s thinking about it, which is still a fuckton, and that’s throwing him off.

“Stop staring, dude,” Stiles hisses at him, and Scott gives him a weird look.

“I’m not? Relax. You’re acting a little twitchy.”

“I’m being totally normal. Everything’s normal. What are you even talking about?”

Scott snorts, holds up his hands. “Whatever, dude.”

“Hey, you guys want a shot?” Danny asks, head popping into the living room.

“Yes,” Stiles says, maybe with a little too much enthusiasm, but he’d at least like to be buzzed enough to not feel completely weird.

He and Scott follow Danny into the kitchen, where Jackson’s pouring out shots of vodka. Flavored vodka. God.

Derek looks at him, pick one up, and Stiles feels it, something in his eyes, grabs a shot so he doesn’t drag Derek away and climb him like tree.

“Jesus, just get a fucking room before I stab myself in the face,” Jackson says. It takes Stiles a second to realize that he’s talking about him and Derek. That he’s seeing it, like it’s as obvious as Stiles feels like it is.

“Shut up,” Derek says, and Danny grins at Jackson in a way that makes Stiles nervous.

Stiles looks at Derek, at the way his shirt fits him, the way he never fucking shaves like a normal person who doesn’t live in the woods and it feels fucking amazing against Stiles’ skin, and shit, he’s this close to just saying fuck you to everyone else and going for it.

“I’m gonna need more alcohol for this,” Jackson says, pouring out more shots.
“Ditto,” Scott agrees.

“How mine,” Stiles tells them, setting the shot back down. “I think I’m gonna hold off for now.”

Mostly because he knows that drinking will give him an excuse to do exactly what he wants, and fuck, the pizza isn’t even here yet. It’s way too early for that shit.

“I’m gonna…” he looks around, trying to find something, says, “skim the pool.”

Alright, it’s a little too cold to swim, but it’s not like people aren’t gonna anyway. They’ll get drunk and skinnydip or something because that’s what they do.

Fuck, he really wants to skinnydip with Derek.

Jesus H. Christ, he’s a fucking mess.

“Jackson’s not really trying to give you shit,” Danny says behind him, startling him a bit, makes him miss the leaves he was going for. “That’s just his way of being supportive. He doesn’t mean anything by it.”

“It’s fine,” Stiles says, shrugging a little angrily as he stabs around the leaf with the skimmer. “I mean, I knew everyone knew, but only Scott’s really said anything. I dunno. I’m just a little stressed about it all. Did Derek tell you about Thanksgiving?”

“Nah, what’s up?”

Stiles sighs. “My dad and his mom apparently made plans to have Thanksgiving at his house. And they don’t even know we know each other. It’s just a lot, I guess. And I fucking hate Thanksgiving anyway, but now I’ve gotta pretend Derek and I are friends? But not even the way we really are because it’s apparently the most fucking obvious thing in the whole world, but whatever. I’m fine. It’s all good.”

“Shit.”

Pretty much, yeah.

And if Danny weren’t such good friends with Derek, Stiles might have asked him for advice on dealing with the fact that he’s got the fucking Titanic of crushes on him. But he can’t risk it getting back to Derek, even if Danny just hinted. It’s not worth losing him over. Not even.

“Have you thought of not pretending to be just friends?” Danny asks. “I mean, it might be easier on you. That’s all. And I’m sure his parents will like you just fine.”

Stiles gives him a look. “Stop being nice. It’s freaking me out. And no, that would be weird and horrible and I’m pretty sure Derek wouldn’t go for it. At all.”

“Did you talk about it at least?”

“Oh, duh. And he was definitely not into that. Whatevs. But whatever. Talking about it’s just making it worse.”

Danny shrugs. “Alright, man. But if you ever need to talk, I have experience coming out to parents, you know? If you’re worried about your dad.”

“God, I don’t even know if he’d believe it. I’m not even thinking about it.”
“Well, the offer stands, anyway,” Danny says. “I’m gonna head back inside. Don’t overthink anything, you know?”

Easier said than done, but Stiles is gonna try, at least.

A few hours later, he’s had just enough vodka to excuse his behavior and with a lite beer in his hand, he’s taken about as much of not being naked with Derek as he possibly can.

Which is very little.

It’s impressive he’s lasted this long, honestly.

“Have we made enough of an appearance already?” Stiles asks when he finds Derek on the back patio.

Derek checks his phone, looks at him. “It’s nine,” he says, like that means something, like it’s the first time Stiles has gotten anywhere near drunk this fast.

“That’s not a no.”

“No,” Derek says, mouth curling. “It’s not. Let me finish this for you, though.” He takes the beer from Stiles’ hand, gulps it down like maybe he knows Stiles likes the look of his throat when he swallows, like he’s teasing it a little.

“I’ll be upstairs,” Stiles tells him, aching.

Derek’s eyes on him make the hair at the nape of his neck stand up, but he heads inside, in and up, with purpose, doesn’t stop for anything, even Lydia calling out his name.

The bottle of tequila from Halloween is still on Derek’s desk, looking untouched.

Maybe it’s because he’s not even that drunk, but Stiles feels weird as he strips off his clothes, kicks them to the floor at the corner of Derek’s bed. It’s a stupid kind of weird, really, just excitement that he gets to actually be with Derek alone. Not that they weren’t, like, forty-eight hours ago, but that’s not the point.

The point is that it’s the last time before they go home, and Stiles has a bad feeling about going home. Like maybe they’ll give something away and Derek will want to stop and it’ll all be over. So this might be the last time.

He’s fucking terrified, honestly.

The door opens and Derek slips in, pulls his shirt over his head as soon as he sees him. Stiles hops up, hooks his fingers in the top of Derek’s jeans, mouths at his neck.

“What do you want?” Stiles asks, pausing to suck on his earlobe. “Tell me what you want.”

“I don’t know,” Derek says. His fingers slide up Stiles’ forearms, and Stiles hears something in his voice.

“You’re lying.”

Derek pulls back, takes Stiles’ face in his hands, moves back in like he’s gonna kiss him, but Stiles holds back, holds him there.

Going serious, Derek shuts his eyes, nods and whispers, “Vampire.” He laughs, then, his teeth bright and his eyes crinkled up, and Stiles is pissed, but he kisses him anyway.

“I fucking hate you, God,” Stiles tells him. “I was trying to be serious for two seconds, but remind me to never do that again, asshole.”

“I am an asshole,” Derek says, pressing a little kiss to the corner of his mouth, “but you should fuck me anyway.”

Stiles grabs two handfuls of his ass, grinning. “Can I?”

Alright, yeah, he kind of knows that it’s been sorta sliding its way onto the table, but it’s good to get confirmation and all of that. And Derek bites his lip, nods with that look in his eye that means he’s kinda pretty horny. Which is awesome.

“Then you need to be naked, like, ten years ago,” Stiles winces. “Or not, because that would be gross, but goddammit, you know what I mean.”

“Stop talking,” Derek tells him, smiling. “I’ve got some better uses for your mouth.”

Stiles smirks at him, pushes him back against the door and sinks down to his knees. “Like this?” He kisses the skin near Derek’s happy trail, opening up his jeans.

Honestly, if only there were a way to tell Derek how awesome it is to suck his dick without it getting weird. Because it’s awesome, and Stiles feels way better about loving it now that he’s gotten down with liking Derek. And really, he liked it a hell of a lot before that, so whatever.

Also, Derek’s dick is wonderful in all the ways. But whatever.

Jesus, he’s fucking gay as hell sometimes. Oh well. Because his gay self is gonna have a fucking awesome time fucking Derek, so. That’s cool.

Stiles yanks Derek’s jeans and underwear all the way down to his ankles then smooths his hands up Derek’s calves and thighs. Kisses Derek’s cock, lingering, to feel the heat of him against his lips.

This right here is one of his favorite views of Derek. He has a lot, really, but this one’s always nice. Derek looking down at him like this, it’s heady.

“Come up here,” Derek tells him, helping haul him up when Stiles starts to stand. “That wasn’t quite what I meant.”

His mouth is beer-bitter, but Stiles doesn’t even care, just holds onto him, kisses him back while Derek herds them to the bed. He puts his hands everywhere because he can, because he’s drunk enough that he has an excuse for it. To bury himself in Derek’s mouth.

Derek pulls away, though, and Stiles pouts for a moment before he comes up with lube and a condom. He puts out his hand for the lube, but Derek hesitates.

“I can do it faster,” he says, and Stiles frowns because faster’s not what he wants, but at the same time, he gets to watch.

“Alright,” Stiles says. “Here, gimme that, then.” He plucks the condom out of Derek’s hand, gets it open while Derek squirts out some lube.
The last time he rolled a condom on, he’d been with Heather. It’s weird to think of that, and it’s weird that this feels like the first time. Because he’s nervous, the way he was then, about being good enough, about being able to fucking last, about whether this will last.

“Come on,” Derek says and that’s fast.

“Are you sure you don’t want a little more…?” He wiggles his fingers in the air, and Derek shakes his head.

“I. Well, I fingered myself earlier. I’m good.”

Stiles is going to pretend that that’s not, like, ridiculously hot to him. Whatever. He can function like a human person.

“Lay back,” Derek tells him, and Stiles just goes with it, lays down.

When Derek climbs over him, alright, he’s totally fine, but his brain is melting just a little bit. Or a lot, maybe.

“You wanna do it like this?” Stiles asks because he’s maybe ten seconds from dying a very big little death, possibly.

“Is that okay?” Derek asks, poised above Stiles’ lap. “Do you wanna be on top?”

“No, this is fine, go for it. Fuck.”

Yeah, he has to throw his arm over his eyes because if he watches this, he’s going to win something for fastest orgasm in the universe, and he basically only touched his dick when he put the condom on, so that’s sad.

So he doesn’t watch, and he tries really hard to think of not-Derek stuff, but he can feel Derek lining him up right, and then—

“Oh my God,” Stiles groans as Derek sinks down onto his lap. “Fuck Jesus, what are you— How is that— Fuck, dude. God, your fucking ass.”

Stiles peeks because he’s a fucking idiot and watches Derek roll his body, squeezes his eyes shut and tries to picture the quadratic equation instead because this is not okay.

“You are literally killing me,” Stiles tells him, trying to think about literally everything in the universe except for the tight heat of Derek wrapped around his dick.

“Good,” Derek says, like a breath.

Then Stiles’ arms are being moved, his wrists held down on either side of his head, and when he opens his eyes, Derek’s face is so close to his. Which is just under the threshold of what he can handle, basically, what with his dick ascending the temporal plane and taking his goddamn brain with it.

Derek moves, and Stiles kisses him, almost missing and with a little too much teeth. But then he pulls back, not far, and just watches, and Stiles has never felt so naked in his life. It’s paralyzing, really, Derek’s eyes on him, like the dark of his pupils is swallowing Stiles up. He can’t do anything, just has to let it happen, let Derek take what he needs, hope he’ll never stop.

“Please,” Stiles asks, not even sure what for. “Please, Derek, come on.”
Derek grinds down on him, slow and deep, watches with his mouth falling open. Yeah, it looks fucking good, but he’s also pretty sure Derek has officially ruined his dick for everyone ever. There’s no way it can recover from this. No fucking way.

His pace starts to pick up, and Stiles feels like he’s shaking even though Derek’s holding him still. His toes are curled tight, heels digging into the bedspread, but Derek doesn’t want him to fuck upwards, so he doesn’t.

“Is this good for you?” Stiles asks because he needs to know.

Derek grins for a half-second, mouth still half-open in a soft moan. “Yeah, fuck. It is. It really fucking is.” He leans down, pressing Stiles’ wrists against the bed a little harder, smears a kiss across his mouth and releases him, sits back a bit.

“We should’ve done this sooner,” Stiles says, settling his hands on Derek’s thighs, feeling them flex as he moves. Derek braces himself on Stiles’ chest, fucks him harder, because that’s what’s happening, really. Derek might be the one with a dick in his ass, but Stiles is definitely the one getting fucked here.

“Wouldn’t be able to stop,” Derek gets out, and then he stops talking in multiple syllables, riding Stiles so good that if he could think straight, he’d actually be kind of jealous of his future-self for all the other times they should be be doing this.

Stiles grabs Derek’s hips just to feel him move, has to shut his eyes again, head thrown back into the pillow because he’s burning alive.

It’s gonna be over so fast, so he chokes out a warning, reaches for Derek’s cock to return the favor.

“If you touch my dick, I’m gonna bitch-slap you,” Derek says, and Stiles barks out half a laugh as he comes, fingers digging into Derek’s skin.

Derek doesn’t stop, rides him hard until he goes silent for a second, stutters. Some of his come lands on Stiles’ chest, and he watches Derek finish, dick twitching inside him, just on the good side of oversensitive. Derek’s a fucking vision, a little pink and shiny with exertion, and looking deeply pleased. Which is kind of the point, so that’s good. And it’s just a really good look on him.

Stiles wants to say You’re beautiful, but there’s no way to pretend that’s not what it is, so he bites the inside of his cheek, strokes Derek’s thigh.

“Good for you?” Derek asks.

“Kind of an understatement, but yeah,” Stiles says, and it’s too honest, so he tries, “And I mean that in the least gay way possible with my dick in your ass. But you know.”

“Yeah,” Derek says, sighing, “I know.”

He reaches between them, holds the base of the condom on as he lifts up, and alright, Stiles feels kind of cold without Derek in his lap.

“I’ll deal with that,” Stiles tells him, hopping up onto watery legs, going for the trashcan. He ties it off and tosses it and when he turns, Derek’s settling into bed. Stiles just wants to kiss him, possibly forever, so he turns out the light and crawls in against him, tucks himself against Derek’s body, cheek against his naked back, arm wrapped around his ribs.

Stiles tries not to breathe too heavily on him, hates that even though they’re this close, he can’t say
what he means.

It’s a problem, maybe, because he never falls asleep easily with Derek. Sleeps deeper than he does alone, but slowing down his head enough to get there is a labor to say the least. Enjoyable, maybe, but hard. And only sometimes in that way.

As always, it’s a long night.

Stiles wakes up first, too warm so just his back is pressed up against Derek’s, their feet touching.

It’s bright, quiet.

He can tell by Derek’s breathing that he’s starting to wake up. Makes sense, since he’s pretty sure Derek can, like, sense him being awake.

So it’s not like he’s particularly suave, so he pretends to wake up as Derek does, flips over. Derek does too, looks at him with sleepy-blinky eyes, smiles softly.

“Morning,” he says, voice a little rough.

Stiles moves in to kiss him but stops right at his mouth. “I have beery-morning breath, shit,” he says as he realizes it, and it’s probably a good thing, honestly.

“We could always brush our teeth,” Derek says, and fuck it. If Derek is willing to get out of bed so they can kiss, then it can’t be that gay or weird to makeout. Or if it is, maybe the fact that they totally had buttsex last night negates the minimal gay of kissing.

Either way, Stiles wants his mouth on that mouth a lot, and he’s gonna make it happen.

Maybe he makes faces at Derek in the mirror while they brush, and maybe he hip-checks him and brushes way faster than normal, but whatever.

“I gotta pee,” Derek says, smacking a minty kiss at the corner of his mouth.

“Fine,” Stiles tells him, then, “Me too. Hurry up. Because I don’t think I have to leave for a little while and we should definitely do productive things with that time. If you know what I mean.”

“No, I have no idea,” Derek says.

Stiles sticks his tongue out. “Go fucking pee, you asshole.”

Truth be told, if there were a magical world in which he could get away with it, he’d marry this boy for his sarcasm alone.

Not that he wants to marry Derek, necessarily.

That would be kind of weird. They’d have to see each other’s families and move in together, which might actually be okay because they’d get to fuck all the time. And then they’d have to find a dog Binks liked, because he’s pretty sure that even though Derek is a cat, he’s a dog person. But then they’d have to, like, buy kitchen appliances together and get asked questions about when they’re adopting kids, and for fuck’s sake, Stiles is twenty years old.

But he also kind of likes the idea of having a place where he and Derek cohabitate and also have together-people sex and maybe kiss each other in the mornings and afternoons and evenings and all
the other times of day.

“You okay?” Derek asks, coming back into the room.

“Me? Yeah, I’m fine.”

Derek shrugs. “Alright. You just had this kind of…I dunno, this _look._”

“A look? Like, what kind of look?”

“I don’t fucking know. A _look_. You know.”

Stiles rolls his eyes. “What does that even _mean_?”

“I don’t…” Derek shrugs again, looking at the floor. “Are you regretting last night?” It’s pretty quiet, like he doesn’t quite want to talk about it, and yeah, alright, Stiles gets not wanting to talk about it.

“Not _even,_” Stiles says quickly, then frowns at him. “Wait, are _you_ regretting it?”

“No, it was…well, you know how it was. You were there. I just wasn’t sure if…Nevermind. Don’t worry about it. Go pee.”

Stiles kisses Derek’s shoulder as he moves around him, trying not to worry too much about it because it’s just for Derek. Because he needs some comforting.

Pointedly _not_ worrying about it, he pees fast, washes his hands up, tries not to overanalyze his reflection.

When he goes back into Derek’s room, he’s picking up laundry, stuffing it into a hamper. Alright, maybe Stiles stares a moment because he’s fucking hot as hell, but whatever. Whatever.

“Naked chores? I can get down with that,” Stiles says, leaning on the bedframe.

“I’m just gonna run downstairs and throw these in the wash. I’ll get them after we….Sorry, my mom gives me these looks when I bring home dirty laundry and then she makes me wash them myself anyway, so might as well.”

Stiles waves a hand at him. “Nah, don’t worry about it. I’ll come with you. Kinda worried I’ll be, like, laying on your bed all naked and Jackson will come in and set me on fire or something.”

Derek grins. “Probably. Or maybe set _himself_ on fire, which would be kind of okay. Bit of a gamble.”

“Very true,” Stiles says, looking at him, and then he gets an idea. “Hey, you think anyone’s up yet? Because, you know, we could stay down there with your laundry, that way if we go for a second round, you aren’t late.”

“You’re going to get me kicked out of this house, you know that?”

Stiles shrugs, grinning. “That’s not a _no_…."

“If I get kicked out for fucking in the laundry room, I’m crashing at your place for the rest of the semester, _at least._” Derek says, and well, really, Stiles almost _hopes_ that happens. Well, if their apartment’s carrying capacity could really support four. Which is possible, but he’s pretty sure the bathroom would be angry.
“Let me put on some pants because we are so going for it.”

Six minutes later, Derek lets the washing machine lid slam shut with Stiles plastered to his back.

Stiles is maybe kind of trying to distract Derek by kissing his neck, his shoulder, slipping his hands into Derek’s sweats, and Derek’s a little annoyed, possibly, but as soon as that lid closes, he’s pushing their sweats down.

“Gimme the lube. You have, like, ten seconds to get that condom on, so hurry the fuck up,” Derek tells him, and wow, alright, Stiles is suddenly way hornier than he was two minutes ago, and considering that he’s had half a boner since before he even put pants on, yeah, that’s serious.

But Derek pretty much just slathers him up, arches his back in a way that gives Stiles a spectacular view of his ass, and pretty much leads him by the dick into him. Which, holy God, is kind of like dying in the best way, but it’s also maybe a little sudden. For a moment, there’s something a little tense in the bow of Derek’s shoulders, but then he’s moving, slowish, and then a lot faster, fucking himself back on Stiles’ dick hard enough that he has to grab at the wall next to them for balance.

It sounds fucking dirty, their skin smacking together over the sound of the washer, and Stiles fucking loves it, matches Derek’s rhythm. Gets a hand in Derek’s hair, makes him groan. But something about it feels off, and it’s a stray thought that gets him: he’s just Derek’s human dildo. That’s fucking depressing, actually, and fuck it, he’s not gonna be that. He just can’t.

So he kisses Derek’s jaw, his neck, gets his hands on the edges of the washer just below Derek’s and just gives it to him the way he’s trying to take it.

“Oh fuck, Stiles,” Derek pants, and the washer’s hitting the wall in rhythm, and Derek’s grabbing at his hand. Stiles’ hips are probably gonna be bruised, and Derek’s too, even, and his neck, for what Stiles is doing to it, but he’s got no regrets. For one, his body is pretty much on fire, in the best kind of way, and he couldn’t stop even if he wanted to.

“A fucking dildo can’t do this, huh?” Stiles says, almost hates himself for it, but it feels too good. Derek reaches around, grabs at Stiles’ ass, yanks him in harder, and that’s confirmation enough, really.

Fuck, it’s ridiculous, though.

“Your ass, dude,” Stiles pants at his ear.

Derek’s head falls back on his shoulder, mouth open, and he doesn’t even stop moving as he lets out this little sigh and his ass just forces Stiles’ orgasm out of him.

He probably sounds like he’s dying, but he’s already in heaven, so it’s not like it matters.

“Jesus, that was loud,” Derek says after a moment.

Stiles laughs against his neck, says, “Fuck yeah it was.”

“I hope we didn’t break the washer,” Derek says, and Stiles doesn’t miss the way his mouth quirks.

“I don’t think so, but that shelf is gonna need some Plan B.”

Derek looks at the shelf, covers his mouth. “That’s not even funny,” he says, but it’s not like they
both don’t hear him laughing.

“Come on, Derek, what if it asks you for child support somewhere down the line?” Derek rolls his eyes, grabs a paper towel, and Stiles pulls out then. Gently, just in case.

And he tosses the condom in the laundry trash. Because he gives zero fucks, and someone’ll think it’s from the party if they see it, anyway. When he turns back, though, he sees Derek’s neck and winces.

“Well, shit, dude. You’re gonna need some makeup for that. Oops.”

“Just saying, if the break goes to shit because you gave me hickeys, that’s on you,” Derek says, rubbing at his neck. He pulls up his pants, makes sure everything’s clean.

“I should head out,” Stiles tells him. He’d like to tell him that they should just go with it, let everyone know, but he’s not an idiot, so he holds his tongue.

“Alright. I’ll see you tomorrow, I guess, huh?”

Stiles blinks at how soon that seems. “Yeah. Guess so.” He shakes it off. “See ya, dude.”

Maybe he should kiss Derek goodbye, but he doesn’t. No, he doesn’t.
Derek can feel the ghost of Stiles in him when he slides into his driver’s seat. That’s the way he wants it. To hold onto the memory for as long as he can, since it’s all going to go to shit.

Fuck.

Sure, Cora said she didn’t say anything, but is he really supposed to believe that?

He’d very strategically not called his parents about it, just in case this whole stupid thanksgiving set-up is actually innocent, and even if it’s actually some secret horrible plan to ruin his entire life, he knows it’s best to just not show fear. No, he’s going to be totally cool about the whole thing, maybe casually slip into the conversation today that actually, he and Scott and Stiles are kind of bros, so really, his parents are doing him a favor by letting him hang out with them more.

But he’s also completely terrified of the Sheriff. Back in high school, he used to have this one recurring nightmare that started out great, with him successfully asking Stiles out, but then he had to go pick him up, and the Sheriff arrested him as soon as he got there and locked him away in the Sheriff Dungeon for Not Being Good Enough. And then told Stiles that Derek just didn’t show.

It was horrible.

And completely unfounded, he knows that, but he’s never been in a room with Sheriff Stilinski, and right now, he’s looking at having to wear that one turtleneck he’s never worn just to cover up Stiles’ hicckeys since he can’t just keep wearing his jacket with the collar turned up. And, well, they’re hicckeys he got while Stiles was showing him the path to the Lord with his fucking fantastic dick. And that just feels like a really weird situation to be in.

“Normal friends,” Derek says, feeling really ridiculous for talking to himself, “We’re just normal friends who do normal friend activities.”

Yeah, it’s going to take about thirty seconds for his family to see how he undoubtedly looks at Stiles and know he’s still gone on him.

Still, because Cora stole his journal in junior year and read it to everyone at the dinner table. Still because his mom tried to get him an invite to the Police Ball after he chickened out of asking Stiles to prom. Still because when he’d mentioned last year at this time that he was dating someone, all his parents had said was that they’d heard Stiles applied to his school.

Yeah, he’d told them he was totally over it, but they didn’t want to believe it. They’d been all you just don’t seem happy, Derek. Sure, he hadn’t really been, but he didn’t know that at the time. But that’s not the point.

The point is that Derek’s never had a friend as close as Stiles, but he doesn’t know how they’re supposed to act with sex taken out of the mix. He’s friends with Scott, too, but they haven’t known each other nearly as long, don’t spend as much time with each other. And really, he’s never had friends like them. He’s had people he talks to in classes or at parties, had the brothers to hang out with, but it’s different. Stiles is probably his best friend, which is weird, all things considered, and he’s not going to think too much about how he’s not Stiles’ best friend, but it’s just leaving him a little confounded.

“My God, no,” Cora says, hitting the eject button on the CD player in his car. “I draw the line at listening to 21 three times in a row. We’re putting on some Ke$ha and you’re going to pretend
you’re not driving home for your own funeral. Jesus, it’s not even going to be that bad. You’re being a drama queen.”

“This was your doing, wasn’t it?”

Cora rolls her eyes, unmistakable even in his peripheral vision. “For the last time, no. I’m pretty sure you only have Mom and Dad to blame for this. And honestly, I don’t think their top priority is your high school crush. Just saying.”

“That’s fair,” Derek concedes. He’s only mostly convinced. The thirteen year old in him says his parents are, in fact, trying to ruin his life, but he likes to think he’s grown a little as a person. His parents are people, people who have friends, and apparently the Sheriff fits that description enough to join them for thanksgiving dinner. Alright. Sure. That’s not weird. It doesn’t have to be.

“Maybe this is a good opportunity for you to tell Stiles how you feel.”

Derek just glares at her.

His parents give them both big hugs when they get into the house, enough to crush the air out of their lungs, and alright, he loves them. Even though they’re inadvertently creating a horribly awkward situation.

“You two can pick out what kind of pizza you want for dinner as long as at least one of you helps your father tonight with the pies,” his mom says as she fixes Derek’s hair automatically. “The other has to help Peter tomorrow with the turkey.”

“You’re trusting him again after last year?” Derek asks.

“Hey Derek,” Peter says from the couch where Derek’s mom can’t see him, flipping him the bird. “Good to have you home.”

“Yeah, good to be here,” Derek says, smoothing down his eyebrow with his middle finger.

His mom sighs dismissively because she knows. She knows.

“I’ll do pies,” Derek tells Cora.

“As long as I get to use that freaking electric bone saw thing tomorrow,” Cora says. “I’m okay with that.”

“Good,” Mom says, smiling, “because I was thinking Scott and Stiles could help Derek tomorrow. You’ll be able to use some extra hands, won’t you?”

They have an agreement that Derek does the potatoes, mostly because when he was twelve, he had a lot of anger for a pubescent kid and mashing them by hand was pretty therapeutic. Anyway, it’ll be better to have Scott and Stiles with him than getting into trouble elsewhere. Well, with Peter, mostly.

“Sure, yeah, whatever,” Derek agrees, going for nonchalant.

“You know, I can’t imagine being in your position,” Peter says, smirking a bit. “I was never really interested in anyone in high school the way you were, but I imagine this must be terrifically awkward for you.”

Derek gives him a death-stare, says, “I’m gonna put my stuff in my room. Let me know when Dad
wants my help.”

“By the way,” his mom says when he’s at the stairs, “Laura’s not coming. She’s got work.” Derek winces, guessing at how that conversation went. “Yeah. Well, it’s her life, and I’m not going to make a big deal out of it.” Derek hears a little of his dad in that, smiles as he heads upstairs.

“Roll that a little thinner,” Derek’s dad says of the pie crust he’s working on. Derek obeys, quiet. His father’s not much of a talker, and Derek’s better at replying than anything else, so when they’re alone, it’s pretty quiet unless Derek’s got something on his chest.

Actually, he’s pretty sure his dad knows all of the family’s secrets because he’s such a good listener, and Derek almost wishes he had the patience to be the same way, but that’s just not his lot.

“You’re going to be okay tomorrow?” his dad asks, and Derek glances at him, not sure how to answer. “Your mom didn’t realize until it was too late to take the invitation back. She was just…you know how she is. Never met a stray she wouldn’t feed.”

“Yeah, I know,” Derek shrugs. “We’re friends, the three of us. I’ve been hanging out with them a lot this semester. It’s okay. It’s not like they’re strangers or anything.”

His dad nods, stirring the apples on the stove. The buttery-cinnamon smell is starting to fill the kitchen, and Derek bets everyone in the living room is jealous of him right now.

“No one’s going to say anything, right?” Derek asks, staring at the rolled-out dough.

“I’ll make sure they don’t.” His dad smiles briefly, then sets the pumpkin down on the counter island with a thud. “You ready to cut this guy?” He offers the big-ass knife, and Derek takes it carefully, stabilizes the pumpkin, and begins to saw.

“Wear the sweater we got your for Christmas last year,” his mom says when he comes down in just a normal shirt.

“I thought Santa got me that,” Derek says because even though they’re all in college, his parents still insist on marking a few presents as from Santa. “My whole life is a lie.”

“Fine,” his mom says. “I’ll let you wear that. But just know that cranberry looks better with your complexion than orange.”

“It’s festive,” he tries, tromping back upstairs to change anyway. At least the sweater will cover enough of his neck.

When he comes back downstairs, Cora’s folded up on the couch, texting. Derek would bet money it’s Lydia, going by the smile on her face, but he won’t say anything because it’ll end up escalating into the second Cold War.

“Alright, do we look like a more or less normal family?” his mom asks, taking them all in.

“Maybe we should lock Peter in the shed out back,” Derek suggests.

Peter grins at him, sharp. “Hope you wanted dark meat this year.”

Derek glares right back at him, interrupted when the doorbell chimes throughout the house.
“Remember, guys, don’t scare them off,” his mom says as she goes to the door.

Even though if anything is scaring anyone off, it’s how she gets while watching football.

“Welcome to our home,” Derek hears, and he and Cora share a look, snorting. Honestly, the Sheriff better be a Saints fan because otherwise, it’s going to get ugly.

“Hey, man,” Scott says behind him, and Derek turns, accepts the bro-hug he offers. His eyes settle on Stiles, looking a little uncomfortable in a button-up that doesn’t quite fit him right. There’s a split-second of hesitation after Scott releases him before Stiles goes for the hug, too, and God, he smells good. Stiles-smell. It’s amazing.

It’s also probably the shortest hug they’ve ever had.

“What’s up, boys?” Cora says, looking up from her phone at Scott, specifically. “You can sit by me,” she tells him.

“Derek, can you take this into the kitchen?” his mom asks, handing him a green bean casserole, then, “Everyone, coin toss is in five. Get comfortable. Unless you have potatoes to peel. And I need to get the seven-layer dip, crap.”

Stiles raises an eyebrow, watching her run into the kitchen.

“We’re a football family,” Derek explains as his mom comes back in a Saints jersey, the seven-layer dip in her hands. “Come on, you can watch the game from the kitchen if you want,” he says as the Sheriff and his dad settle in on the couch. Peter’s in the recliner, and he catches Derek’s eye as he herds Scott and Stiles back into the kitchen, gives him a nod that Derek flips him off for.

“So, potatoes?” Scott says in the kitchen as Derek sets the casserole dish on the counter.

He takes the bag of potatoes out of the sink, sets it on the island. “Fifteen pounds of them,” he says. They do have multiple potato peelers, thank God. Once he gets them out, they get to work.

After a weird amount of time, Stiles says, “You’ve got a cool house.” Scott snorts, and alright, it’s not smooth. That’s okay.

“Thanks,” Derek says, not sure if it’s even right to thank him for it since it’s not like he picked out the house.

“You two are so weird,” Scott tells them, dropping a perfect potato peel on the counter. Fuck, Derek’s never been able to do that. Goddammit. Can’t even impress Stiles with his potato peeling skills.

It doesn’t take that long to get all the potatoes peeled and chopped and into pots to boil. They wander into the other room just in time for halftime.

The Sheriff’s never seen this side of his mother, the side who’s nearly ruined the TV over three separate Super Bowls, Derek can tell. He looks a little thrilled by it, maybe, which is better than afraid.

His dad gets the adults beers from the kitchen while his mom talks players with the Sheriff, and Cora chimes in to argue with them both every now and then.
“So, are you, like, the black sheep of your family?” Stiles asks.

“What?”

“You know, cause you play basketball and baseball even though you’re built like a quarterback,” he says, and Derek smiles because hey, he actually knows what sports Derek plays.

Derek shrugs. “I think if anyone’s the black sheep, it’s Peter. Because he’s a dick.”

Stiles laughs, butts his shoulder, and Derek wants to put his hand on Stiles’ leg or something, but he can’t. So he just smiles at him and thinks about it, about how Stiles doesn’t move his shoulder away so Derek can feel him in a warm line against his arm down to his elbow.

But it’s not long before Derek has to go back into the kitchen, check on the potatoes, make sure they’re not boiling over or anything.

“Oh,” he hears behind him, soft. Derek follows Stiles’ gaze to the other room, where the third quarter’s just getting started. No one’s paying them any attention. Too bad Stiles only kisses him drunk these days.

“It’s not that bad,” Derek says.

Stiles shakes his head. “No, it’s not.” He comes a little closer, too close, maybe, to be seen by anyone in the other room, so Derek draws him into the blind spot by the fridge. Stiles presses him up against the wall with his whole body, his nose dragging over Derek’s hairline, and it’s almost too much. Not on the good side of almost.

He knows he shouldn’t, but Derek turns his head and kisses Stiles anyway, soft, nuzzling into his face. Stiles makes a little sigh and his hand slides up Derek’s shoulder to his neck. Moving around to the other side of Stiles’ nose, Derek sucks on his lower lip a little, sweeps into his mouth. Hands slide through his hair.

A throat is cleared, and it takes a second for Derek to realize it’s not either of them.

They split fast and Derek almost punches the wall because fucking Peter.

“So this explains a lot,” Peter says, and God, this was so careless of him, fuck, this is the worst.

“If you say anything to anyone, I swear to God, I will end you,” Derek hisses.

“That’s ambitious of you.”

Derek looks at Stiles, says, “You should go talk to Scott or something, okay?”

Stiles nods because really, who wouldn’t want to get out of there, and he’s gone, throwing a fucking terrified look over his shoulder. Peter watches him go a little too intently, and sure, Stiles’ ass is a good one, but there’s no need to linger like that, Jesus.

“He’s delectable,” Peter says, and wow, creepy. “I’d never really gotten why you were so gone on some random boy, but I think I get it now.”

“Shut up.” Derek is not going to punch him. “Now, what do you want?”

“I’ve got a laundry list, and at least half of them involve your boytoy,” Peter says and no, Derek’s just going to kill him.
“That’s not an option, so you can fuck off and die,” Derek tells him. “I’d rather everyone in that room know.”

Peter rolls his eyes. “Good God, you’re possessive. That’s so boring.” He goes to the fridge, gets out a beer. “It’s much more fun to just let you sweat about it.”

He just leaves, and Derek should stop him, should fix it and get them all straight now, but he hesitates too long.

Jesus, at least it was a good kiss. Maybe it’ll be worth it when this all comes crashing down on them. Because sure, Derek would be able to bear it, bear the Sheriff, even, if it comes to that, but he’s pretty sure that Stiles would just cut and run or something. It would be too much for him. And really, no one needs to have their sexual identity crisis with an audience.

And that’s what it would be, really, because Stiles’ usual arguments don’t cover “my dick was in your ass twice.” Honestly, Derek had been most worried about being separate from him because he had this feeling that if he left Stiles alone, he’d think about it and be done, maybe. But it seems like it might be okay, like Stiles is maybe okay with it all, but they’d need to have a conversation about it to be sure, and Derek has no clue how to even approach it without spooking him.

Derek checks on the potatoes again and tries not to worry about what Peter might do.

It’s not long before both Scott and Stiles come in. Stiles gives him a panicked look, and Derek’s not sure what to tell him.

“He’s being a dick about it, and I don’t know if he’s going to do anything,” Derek tells him, low. Scott frowns, looking into the other room, but it’s not his battle. Well, it’s not a battle at all, not yet.

Stiles sighs. “So, what? We just let whatever happens happen?”

“For what it’s worth, whatever happens, I’m sorry.”

There’s a soft moment where Stiles just looks at him, like he’s ready, like he’ll take on anything, and Derek wants to kiss his hand or drag him into the other room and say I love this boy, and he’s kinda pissed off that he can’t. That’s just the way their cookie crumbles, maybe.

“I bet the potatoes are ready,” Derek says to diffuse himself.

They are, and he and Scott take the two pots over to the sink to drain, a cloud of steam rising up around them.

He hands Scott and Stiles mashers, gets out the milk, the butter, and they work as the burnt sugar smell of the sweet potato casserole swells in the room, overlaying the stuffing, the turkey.

It’s not long after the game is done that they’ve got everything set out on the dining table.

Cora wields the electric carver with a little too much enthusiasm as everyone else serves themselves, passes food around. It’s not ordered or anything, because they’re not, and it works out anyway. Even though Peter keeps giving him these stupid knowing smirks because he’s sitting next to Stiles, but he can’t even see that their legs are pressed up against each other, so fuck him.

Also, Derek pretends he doesn’t notice Stiles hoarding the rolls, even though he totally is.
And then it gets like it does. Derek’s mom asks Stiles and Scott about their majors, their classes, their general lifeplans, which Derek knows sucks. But they’re at that age where any adult they meet is going to ask, and running away isn’t really an option.

When Stiles kind of stumbles over what he’s thinking about doing out of college, Derek casually drops a hand from the table, squeezes his knee for support.

“And how did you all become so friendly?” Peter asks, clearly looking at Stiles and Derek. “Last I’d heard, Stiles, you didn’t even know who Derek was.”

Oh shit, yeah, Derek’s going to kill him. And he’s going to make it last.

“I introduced them,” Scott says quickly, and Derek is suddenly wondering how much he knows about how they actually met. Not a fine moment in his life, but drunkish and facing the possibility of sobbing through the second half of The Notebook, he’d made a kind of weird, horny choice.

Peter looks like he’s eating shit, but his face is always like that.

“Yeah, I mean, Derek and I’ve kinda known each other for a while. Thought he’d be a good guy to keep my brother-from-another-mother company while I was in Australia.”

“And Derek’s roommate is Jackson, who’s technically dating Lydia, who Stiles knows, and it’s this whole thing where everyone knows everyone,” Cora says, and Derek’s going to give her something awesome. “We all end up hanging out for Greek events anyway.”

“Wait, I thought you didn’t pledge,” Derek’s mom says, frowning.

“Technically, I didn’t.” Cora shrugs. “I just know people involved with it all. That’s it. But I’m not committing to anything. Anyway, wow, man, you’re the Sheriff? Arrest any bad guys lately?”

The three boys all snort because they know, but Derek’s going to be nice because Cora was.

“Well, we did have an arrest the other day. Found the poacher who’s been giving your mom grief,” the Sheriff says, and it’s really the first time Derek’s heard him speak. He sounds like a nice guy. Derek would be alright with spending some time with him, in a possible parent-in-law situation, but whatever.

“Yeah, my dad’s kind of a rock star,” Stiles says, grinning.

The Sheriff waves a hand, smiling a little.

Stiles’ knuckles brush against Derek’s shoulder, and he’s hyper-aware of it, of how all of this feels, him being here, Scott being here, since there’s no version of Stiles without Scott. It feels too right, honestly. Almost makes Derek sick.

“Derek, Cora, help clear the table and get some pie out here,” their mom says.

Derek gets up as the Sheriff says, “Boys, you help out.”

In the kitchen, the four of them all share a look.

They’re okay. They’re fine. It’s not going as bad as it could be.

And there’s pie.

Apple, pumpkin, sweet potato, and chocolate. Because his dad is an awesome pie-making master.
It’s weird, this thing they do, where everyone more-or-less gets along, where it feels like this somehow all fits together, like the only thing that’s not right is this little thing with Stiles, and he can feel the two of them sort of tripping over it.

Alright, Derek needs to sit Stiles down and just talk to him. They’ll work this all out. And if Stiles needs some time, that’s fine.

“I don’t even wanna move,” the Sheriff says. “Boys, you’re gonna have to roll me out the door when the time comes.”

“Gonna take that as a compliment,” his mom says, winking.

Derek bites his lip, thinking about holding it back, but ends up saying, “Hey, Mom, can they stay the night?”

She shrugs. “We’ve got the pull-out bed for the boys upstairs in the den, and Sheriff, if you want the guest room, it’s yours.”

“I should be heading home,” the Sheriff says. “Gotta be in early tomorrow. Crime doesn’t digest. But the boys can stay if they want, not that it’s my decision.”

Scott nods, and Stiles says, “Yeah, I’m in. But if some of that pie mysteriously disappears in the middle of the night, then it was definitely Scott. He sleep-eats. It’s a problem but we’re working on it.” Derek grins and his parents laugh.


His mom shakes her head, grinning. “Well, help yourself, if you can fit it.”

“You will regret those words,” Stiles says.

Scott nods very seriously. “See, we consider help yourself to be a challenge. And we don’t turn those down.” He smiles, then says, “But really, thanks for having us over. It’s been a great time.”

“Yeah, for you, maybe,” Derek’s mom says, because the Saints lost. It’s actually a wonder she’s not dressed in full-mourning.

Peter leans back in his seat, lacing his fingers together on his chest. “A sleepover. That’s cute.”

Alright, Derek wants to smack him, but also, he’s had a bottle of wine to himself for all of dinner, so it’s not like anyone’s going to take him seriously.

“We should go upstairs and watch Pacific Rim,” Cora says. Because she’s a human being and understands that it’s fantastic.

“Aww, dude, yes,” Stiles says, no-looking Scott. “We should have our own jaeger we’re so drift compatible. Like, it should have just spontaneously come into being for us to be its pilots.”

“Then come on, being around this many old people is starting to make me feel like doing taxes or something,” Cora says as she gets up, then hesitates. “Well, not you, Sheriff Stilinski. You’re pretty cool.”

That’s a high commendation from Cora, really, and Derek hopes he feels the full weight of that as they all head upstairs.

“Peter’s being weird,” she says, “—er than normal.”
Derek pops in the Blu-Ray, wincing. “He kind of has an idea about, you know, things.”

“I just want to say for the record that I think it’s both funny and utterly horrifying that practically everyone knows we’re boning,” Stiles says. “You’re the penis police, all of you, and I’m not here for it.”

Scott snorts. “You could try being a little bit subtle, but whatever. To each their own.”

“You know, I’d love to hear more about my brother’s sex life, but I can think of about fifteen thousand better things I could be doing, and watching this movie is at the top of that list.”

They all pile onto the couch, Stiles pressed tight up against Derek’s side, and fall into giant alien and robot battles, gone in it, just for a moment.

Later, when the movie’s over, they call it an early night. Derek pulls out the couch-bed, makes it up, gets them all settled as Cora heads to her room.

They don’t say anything, but Stiles gets under the covers next to Scott and Derek goes to his own room, and that’s the way it is.

For a while.

Derek doesn’t fall asleep easily, his mind running and running and running, and he’s awake when the knob of his bedroom door turns, the latch sliding out of place, the door sweeping across the carpet, Stiles’ silhouette.

The door closes behind him, and Derek flips up the covers for him to get in, suddenly warm. Stiles wiggles out of his jeans under the covers, his shirt. His hand is warm when it settles on Derek’s stomach, not moving, just resting there.

“Oh God,” Stiles groans, flipping over onto his back. “Three hours later and I’m still full.”

Derek looks at him in the dark, nudges their legs together.

Stiles shuts his eyes, settles in. “Your house smells like you, but also not like you. ’S weird. I like it.”

“It wasn’t so bad, right?” Derek asks. “After all?” He watches Stiles’ face, feeling like a voyeur because his eyes are closed, but liking that he’s here.

“No. It was kinda fun. Except for your douchey cousin or whatever.”

“Uncle.”

Stiles snorts. “God, that’s even worse.”

“Tell me about it.”

Derek thinks about touching his cheek, but Stiles sighs, relaxing a little more, and Derek’s going to let him sleep.

In the morning, Derek’s pretty sure he doesn’t wake up first, going by how Stiles’ thumb is smoothing over his chest in a little arc.
“Morning,” Derek says, voice a little rough.

“Yeah. Still pretty early.”

There’s some light coming in from the window, but it’s probably around seven.

Stiles’ arm slung over him adjusts, pulls him in a little closer, and Derek’s not particularly surprised to feel Stiles’ boner against the small of his back.

“Go back to sleep,” Derek says, slipping out of his grip and out of the bed. Out of the room, next door, to the bathroom. It’s been two days, anyway, but he’s also a human being and Stiles’ dick is gonna have to wait a little while to get in him.

When he crawls back into bed, Stiles flips over, arms held wide for him. He’s smiling, a little sleepy-dopey, and hugs Derek in with his arms and his legs.

“Hi,” he says, kissing Derek’s chin. “Your hair’s wet.”

Derek nods, rubs their noses together. His hands slide down Stiles’ back, pull him in by his ass so they’re flush against each other.

“Please tell me you’ve got lube here,” Stiles says, smiling.

“Side table drawer.”

Stiles backs up, gapes at him. “You don’t even hide it? Are you an adrenaline junkie? How did I not know this?”

“My parents don’t care.” Derek shrugs as Stiles goes for it. “It’s not like they don’t know I jerk off.”

Stiles shakes his head as he looks in the drawer, then frowns.

“Dude, you don’t have any condoms in here.”

Derek sighs, rubs a hand over his eyes, because he’d forgotten about that.

“I mean, not that we haven’t swapped fluids plenty, but you were pretty on-top of that before.” Stiles plays with the bottle of lube. “I mean, I haven’t slept with anyone else since we’ve been…not that it matters, I mean, it’s up to you.”

Derek doesn’t do this, as a rule. He’d listened when his parents told him to always be safe, even though he’s let it slide a little with Stiles, like not using a condom to blow each other would mean it wasn’t real sex.

Really, he should probably say no. Stiles isn’t his exception, anyway, he’s the rule, and maybe part of the reason Derek’s been so careful before is so he could be less careful with him.

“It’s okay, we can just jerk each other off or something,” Stiles says, and maybe it’s bad decision-making, but that sells it to him.

“No, it’s fine,” Derek says, sliding a hand up his arm. “We can do it.”

“You’re sure?”

Derek rolls his eyes, leans up to kiss him softly and soundly. “I’m sure. Come on.”
“Can I get you ready? You haven’t let me, so I just—”

“Yeah, do it,” Derek says, flipping over onto his stomach, resting his cheek on his arms. “Just be careful. My bed squeaks if you move too much.”

A soft line of kisses across his shoulder as Stiles settles in between his legs, then, “I’ll be careful.”

And he is, always a bit gentler than Derek is with himself, not quite so sure. His fingers are a sweet stretch, slow and precise. The way Stiles’ knuckles rub against his rim is enough to get him worked up, but he kisses Derek’s spine, drags his teeth over the curve of Derek’s neck, has him pressing back into Stiles in little movements.

“I know it’s not…but I love that you let me do this,” Stiles says, quiet, so quiet.

Derek bites his arm to keep from saying anything ridiculous, then manages, “You should fuck me, then.”

He’s not even sure how many fingers Stiles is using on him, but he knows he’s ready, wants it more that he really should. And the idea of Stiles’ bare cock in him is kind of a forbidden thrill, picks up the steady thrum of his pulse just a bit.

Even if it weren’t for Stiles’ fingers drawing out of him, he’d know what the head of his cock feels like. A little different without the little hollow bit of condom, but Derek’s felt him in his hands, his mouth, against his hip. Knows him.

Down to the bone-deep press of him all the way inside, his body eagerly making room as Stiles sinks in deep enough that his body is flush against Derek’s.

The first real thrust makes the bed squeak, and Derek reaches back, grabs Stiles’ ass to still him.

“Easy,” Derek tells him.

“I can do that,” Stiles says, settling against his body entirely. Chest-to-back, the warm weight of his legs all the way down to the soles of Derek’s feet. He braces himself on his elbows, forearms on either side of Derek’s shoulders.

Derek feels him deeper than he is, feels him everywhere.

When Stiles rolls his hips, it’s slow, barely-there, but just enough to get movement in the right places. It’s just these little rolls that have Derek breathing too hard, trying to move into it without josling the bed too much.

“Derek,” Stiles exhales, moving his nose over the back of Derek’s head. “I need a little more. Just a little, please.”

“Yeah,” Derek tells him because if it’s too loud, he’ll just let Stiles fuck him on the floor, so long as they don’t have to stop. Carpet burns are worth it.

Stiles spreads their legs a little, then roots his knees in the mattress, and Derek can feel the sweat where they’re touching, doesn’t care because when Stiles rocks into him, he’s pretty sure he dies a little bit. It’s right there, the length of him grinding against all the right places, and fuck, no matter what, they still have this. They can still fuck this good, whatever happens.

His dick is rubbing against his sheets in a way that would be too rough if they were really going at it, but it’s good like it is, just enough for all of it to be driving him crazy.
Stiles’ forehead rests against the back of his head, the hot puffing of his breath hitting the back of Derek’s neck, and even though Derek has him like this, has him, he wants more somehow, just wants. Too much, enough that it makes his head spin and buzz loud enough to drown out the way he’s panting Stiles’ name.

“Derek, please, I love you. God, I love you, I love—” Stiles bites off into something between a sob and a grunt, hips jerking just a little, and Derek’s not sure if it’s the words or Stiles that make him shudder, biting his arm as he comes like it’s an accident.

It’s a moment or two where Stiles is kind of limp on him before he pulls out. And then he’s not on the bed anymore. And he’s putting on his pants.

“Where are you going?” Derek asks, frowning as Stiles yanks his shirt over his head.

“Just gotta pee. I’ll be right back, just go ahead and sleep.”

“Alright,” Derek says, smiling, his eyes slipping shut as Stiles tiptoes out the door.

He should move out of the wet spot, but he can’t actually feel it right now and he’s a sloth, so he’s just not going to move for a while.

When Derek wakes up again, it’s at least mid-morning, maybe later.

And he’s alone.

If it’s that late, Stiles is just downstairs eating.

So Derek gets out of bed, his sheets jizz-glued to his happy trail at first. But he’s smart, has Wet Wipes in his drawer, cleans himself up before putting on some PJs to go downstairs. Leftovers are going to be fantastic. That stuffing’s calling his name.

Everyone’s on the downstairs couch, watching some game. Well, his family, at least. Which means Scott and Stiles have gotta be in the kitchen, probably decimating the stacks of Tupperware in the fridge.

Only they’re not there.

“Where are Scott and Stiles?” Derek asks, going back into the other room.

“They left. Had to help Stiles’ dad with something at the station, I think,” Cora says, not paying him any attention.

Derek frowns. “They didn’t have a car.”

“Then maybe he picked them up. I don’t know.”

There’s this horrible feeling, his feet and hands going cold and numb as everything settles in his chest and stomach, twists, bottoms out.

No, it’s okay.

It’s all fine. Maybe there was just some kind of paperwork or something that they could help with. Nothing major. It doesn’t have to be a lie.
It’s almost definitely a lie.

And there’s only one way to find out.

So he sends a text, just a Where are you?

There's nothing. Which is weird, because Stiles is good about texting. Keeps his phone on him.

That makes him a little twitchy, and he just needs to be sure of something. Not going to do anything, really, just a drive-by.

And he pulls up to the Stilinskis’ house, pretending he doesn’t know where it is from his creepier days in high school, and it doesn’t matter anyway.

Because the Jeep’s not there.

So he goes to the Sheriff’s Station, and this isn’t weird, this isn’t some crazy jealous bullshit, he knows. That the ground’s not there anymore. He’s just trying to steel himself to look down.

“Is Stiles here?” Derek asks, almost running into the Sheriff on his way somewhere.

“What?” he asks automatically, then, “No, son, he said he had something urgent at the apartment. Went back early. Brought that damned cat with him, though, thank the Lord.”

Fuck, Derek’s going to react to this like a normal person. He’s going to be just fine.

“Everything okay?”

“Everything’s fine,” Derek says, and he sounds fucking crazy, sounds like he’s about to fall apart, but no, he’s not.

He calls Stiles.

It goes to voicemail.

He calls Stiles again.

It goes to voicemail.

And again.

And again.

And then he just stops trying.
No, Stiles probably isn’t making the best decision ever, but right after having a panic attack in Derek’s bathroom, he promises himself that he’s allowed to just leave, so he does. And keeps leaving. The lie comes easy with his dad, but Scott’s a little harder, since he’s already worried and suspicious because Stiles woke him up and basically dragged him out the Hales’ front door.

“Did something happen, dude? You’re acting really weird.”

Stiles lifts Binks’ crate into the front seat, says, “No, I’m totally— Aw, fuck it. I fucked up, and I just really can’t be here right now, okay? I just need to take a couple days, get really high and watch the Powerpuff Girls until I forget people aren’t cartoons. Then I’ll be good. You said your mom wanted to drive you up Sunday anyway, right?”

“Yeah, but if you need me, I can—”

“I’m fine. Please. I just need to be alone for a while.”

That does it, like he knew it would, and they hug it out before going their separate ways.

The drive back to school is rough.

He keeps thinking about it, remembering how it felt, all wrapped up in Derek, how it felt like something real. Like they were real. And his stupid mouth. Usually he can hold it back, but he couldn’t. He let himself believe, for just a moment, that Derek wanted it like he does.

And fuck, he didn’t even know he could have a panic attack so soon after coming, thought the endorphins or some shit might keep him mellow, but he could feel it building almost immediately, his heart starting to leap, the feeling leaving his hands, how hard it was to just breathe normal, let alone speak. He’d been about to fall over when he’d finally stumbled out of Derek’s room, but thank God he pretty much passes out after getting off. At least he’ll never have to know.

Jesus, and just thinking about it again is freaking him out.

But he can’t stop reliving it, like he’ll be able to do something different, like there’s even a way to fix it at all.

So alright, he got a little caught up, let it all feel too normal, like they were a thing, and he can’t be blamed for liking it. For wanting to get caught up.

It means nothing.

It all means nothing and he’s a fucking idiot for thinking it ever could.

Fuck, he wasn’t supposed to fall in love with anyone, let alone Derek freaking Hale. Everything was so much easier when he thought Derek casually hated him. Before their dicks got involved.

It’s not like he doesn’t know he’s a coward, but he feels it too much. Because running away is one thing, and turning off his phone is another, but he has this weird hope, like if he avoids any possible interaction with Derek ever, then he’ll never have to see his reaction.

After just getting out, that was kind of the point. Fuck, thank God he wasn’t there the moment Derek
actually realized what he said, when it sunk in that Stiles is maybe a bit too gone on him. Was he pissed? Or does he just pity Stiles?

Stiles only has to pull over twice.
That’s not too bad.

And alright, so he buys a bit too much weed from Marco at the other end of the third floor, settles in with his snacks and loses himself in the candy-bright world of cartoons for a while. Powerpuff Girls, then Angry Beavers and CatDog.

He absolves himself of his responsibilities, doesn’t leave the couch except to go to the bathroom and make sure the cat’s okay.

Scott doesn’t even say anything when he gets in.

Doesn’t say anything for days.

Until it’s the next week and Stiles has missed a fuckton of very important classes but every time he thinks about explaining to his professors that he had to take some personal time to mope about a guy, the fear rises. And he hates himself for what he’s doing. But he can’t stop.

(Week 16)

“Yeah, okay, this needs to stop. You need to go to your classes this week,” Scott says, turning off the television and stepping in front of it. “I tried to let you sort out whatever’s wrong by yourself, but obviously, that was a mistake. So we’re going to talk. About your feelings.”

Stiles looks at him from his blanket nest, suddenly very aware that he hasn’t showered in a few days.

“What if I don’t want to do that?” Stiles asks. His voice is a little lower, a little rougher, than he’d been expecting.

“Too fucking bad, dude. Because it’s happening.” A little quieter, he says, “I’ve never seen you like this, okay? It’s freaking me out.”

It’s the genuine concern, maybe, that gets Stiles to make room for him at the other end of the couch. Derek’s end, his stupid brain supplies, and he wants to die, maybe, just to stop thinking about him.

“So, what brought this all on? Did something happen with Derek?”

Stiles doesn’t look at him, looks at his hands, nods.

“You wanna try talking about it?”

Stiles shrugs. “There’s no point. I fucked everything up. Talking about it won’t change that.”
Scott looks at him, head low, gentle, says, “Well, not talking about it hasn’t helped any, so maybe you should give it a try.”

“I told him I loved him,” Stiles admits, throwing a piece of lint at Scott.

“Yeah, but what did you do to fuck it up?”

Stiles kicks him, glaring. “Come on, dude, I just told you. I’m not gonna say it again.”

“No, I mean, did you say you loved him for his junk or something?”

Stiles sighs, his fingers itching to pack another bowl. “No,” he says, quiet. “I just told him I loved him. I mean, we were doing it, but I still said it. And now he’s probably pissed because I messed it all up with all the dude-liking and the feelings and shit.”

For this incredibly long moment, a series of moments, really, Scott just stares at him. His expression drops from concern to something almost like shock to him rolling his eyes, groaning loudly as he drags his hands down his face.

“Oh my God, Stiles,” he says, giving him this exasperated look that Stiles does not get. “You are the dumbest smart person I have ever met, oh my God, I am literally going to beat you up.”

He grabs Stiles’ head with both hands, getting way too into his business.

“Derek has the biggest crush on you in the world, doofus. God. You can see that shit from space. He wants to have your adopted babies so hard, bro, and if you can’t see it, you really need to schedule an appointment with your optometrist because I’m really worried about you driving with your eyes so fucked up. Ja feel?” Stiles just stares at him, so Scott nods his head up and down for him, says, “Yes, Scott, ja definitely feel. I should talk to Derek right now because he probably thinks I don’t like him because I ran my best bud out of his house like a fugitive.”

Stiles opens his mouth.

Closes it.

Opens again, saying, “Wait, what do you mean Derek likes me-likes me? He’s straight.”

Scott groans again, flopping back onto the couch, covering his face with both hands.

“Dude, don’t even front me on that shit,” Stiles says, “I know what’s what—”

“Derek’s been openly bisexual since, like, high school, dude,” Scott says. “Literally everyone knows. How the hell did you think you were boning him? Wait, how did you even start boning him?”

“We…” Stiles frowns, taking a breath to steady himself as he feels his world shifting alignment. “It was just a thing that happened. We were two straight dudes letting off a little steam or whatever, and then I got stupid over him, and— Seriously, since high school?”

Scott nods. “Yeah, dude, it was a whole big thing sophomore year. Some senior picked a fight with him about it in the quad. Do you not remember that?”

“I didn’t know him! I didn’t have Hale-dar, okay?”

“Well, he definitely had Stiles-dar,” Scott says, grinning. “He used to stare at you at lunch all the time. It was a little creepy, actually. Because I mean all the time, and his resting face is kind of angry,
so I kinda thought he wanted to kill you a little bit? But then I realized he was just too scared to ask you out, so I didn’t have to fight him for you.”

“Derek had a *crush* on me?” Stiles asks, because he’s trying to put it together, but it just seems like such a weird idea.

“Yes. That’s what I’ve been *saying.*”

Stiles punches him in the arm, glaring. “Why didn’t you tell me sooner, dude? *Bro code,* come on!”

“I thought he should be the one to do it!” Scott says, putting his hands up defensively. “He said he was going to over the break.”

“Oh my God,” Stiles whines, because he’s an idiot. And then louder, slapping a hand over his face, “*Oh my God.* Fuck. I fucked up. God, if he— Then that means that we— Holy shit, dude, I need to call him, like, *right now.*”

“That’s what I’m *saying,*” Scott tells him, waving his hand in a *go go go* gesture.

Except Stiles’ phone is totally dead, so he plugs it in and sits by it, his heart beating a little too fast. His knee bounces rapidly as he just sits on his bed, staring at the *battery charging* icon on the screen.

And he’s grinning.

Can’t help it. Because Derek *likes* him. Derek totally has a crush on him.

Which, honestly, makes more sense than the whole straight-guy-who-needs-butt-stuff thing, all things considered. A *lot* more sense.

At last, his phone turns on. Stiles scrabbles for it, breath falling out of him when he sees he has, like, twenty missed calls from Derek from last Friday morning.

And texts. Just three of them, not more than an hour apart.

**Where are you?**

**We don’t have to talk about it just answer.**

**Alright. I get it.**

Oh Jesus. If he’d just turned on his fucking phone, he wouldn’t be here right now, they’d probably be naked right now, or kissing or something. And it would be awesome. But Stiles is a complete fucking idiot.

And a coward.

Enough of one to not call.

No, he’ll send a text. Because he can feel less ashamed that way maybe.

**We should talk. You busy?** he sends, breathing deeply. He’s not going to worry about it at all, he’s just going to wait. This is a sure thing, right? So he doesn’t need to be so nervous.

But he’s really fucking nervous.
And then it gets worse.

Who’s this? is the reply. Which means that Derek deleted his number. Which means yeah, he really successfully fucked up.

It’s Stiles, he types out. I’m really sorry. About everything. Can we start over?

He sends it, then stares at the message, thinking about how this is really not the way to do this, but it’s a hell of a lot less terrifying to get rejected via text instead of over the phone.

It comes.

I’d rather not. I gave you your space, now give me mine. I’ll block your number if I have to.

“Scott!” Stiles yells, starting to panic. “He says he needs space. What do I do?”

Scott comes in, leans against the doorway, frowning. “Well, I guess you should do what I did with Allison when she said the same thing.”

“Which is?” Stiles asks, not liking that, since they’re not exactly together anymore.

“Give him space. You have to respect what he wants.”

Stiles makes an exasperated noise. “Yeah, but if what he really wants is me, then shouldn’t I give him that instead?”

“Look, you asked, and I told you. It’s your decision, but you know what I would do.”

“But what if he takes that time to decide he doesn’t like me?”

Scott smiles at him gently. “That’s the risk, man.”

“Well, it sucks. I don’t like it.” He sighs after a moment, scrubs a hand through his hair and it comes away greasy. “I’m gonna take a shower, okay?”

“Good idea, dude. You’re pretty rank,” Scott says, grinning.

Stiles sticks his tongue out at him as he walks past to the bathroom.

As he gets clean, he makes the decision to actually fucking do something instead of running away, and he’s going to stick to that. He’s run away too many times already. From his feelings, from Derek, from everything.

He’s not going to do it anymore. Obviously, that fucks things up. Time to try something new.

It’s a Sunday night, so just about everyone’s in at the house, doing homework and the like. With finals coming up, it makes sense. Even though it makes him embarrassed about skipping so many classes.

He knocks, like he does, because that’s polite, when there’s not a rager going on.

“Someone get the fucking door,” he hears Jackson yell from inside.
There’s nothing for a few moments, and then the door swings open to reveal a very put-upon Jackson Whittemore.

“I’m obligated as leadership to say that your little break-up isn’t going to have a divisive effect within the chapter,” Jackson tells him with a bored look. “That said, we’re all really pissed, and if I were you, I’d turn back around and leave.”

Stiles stares at him, a little surprised, then drops. “It’s not what you think, okay? Just let me in. I need to talk to him.”

“What, so you can convince him to hook up with you again? Not fucking likely. Just do us all a favor and go home. Leave Derek alone. Don’t so much as try to talk to him. As long as you respect his boundaries, we won’t take sides. Don’t force the issue. You won’t like what happens.”

“Really?” Stiles asks, unimpressed. “You know, I stopped feeling threatened by you when I learned you take punches like a bitch. Come on, just let me through. I totally misunderstood everything that was going on with us, and now I get it, and I can make things right. I just need to talk to him.”

“Well, I can’t let you do that, Stilinski.” Jackson gives him an angry glare that lasts all of a minute before it falls and he sighs. “Look, Danny’ll kill me if I let you in. So I can’t help you. Figure out another way.”

Stiles sighs, thinks about it. He could push more, force his way in. But if Danny’s involved, he’s not sure who else is, so it’s not a sure thing that he’ll even make it to Derek’s door. And Jackson’ll be fucking pissed at him, which he just doesn’t need. Maybe there’s some other way to go about this.

“I…” Jackson rolls his eyes. “Not that I’d help you or anything, but he’s been dragging down the mood of the whole house. Real downer. I’d like that to stop, seeing I have to sleep five feet away from his whole black hole thing. So, if I were smarter than you, I might talk to Lydia. Maybe she tried to talk him out of excommunicating you. But I wouldn’t know.”

“Thanks. Like, seriously. You’re only, like, forty percent of a buttwipe to me now,” Stiles tells him, clapping him on the shoulder. “Catch you on the flipside, bro.”

And now he’s off to the Tri-Delta house.

Might as well get it over with.

A girl he doesn’t know answers the door, frowns at him.

“Look, my name is Stiles and it’s really important that I talk to Lydia. Can you tell her? She’d let me in, I swear.”

Actually, he’s not entirely sure about that, but he hears a voice from inside ask, “Who’s at the door?”

And then Allison’s standing behind this girl, a little surprised by him, but she smiles.

“Stiles, hey, what’s up?”

He sighs, says, “Well, I fucked up a lot and I gotta talk to Lydia because if anyone knows how to fix it, it’s probably her.”

Allison purses her lips. “Alright. Well, she might be a little busy? We can check. But you can come
distract me from my criminal psych book if she is. Please.”

The other girl is long gone, but Allison lets him in, shuts the door behind him and leads him up the stairs.

“So,” she says, smiling a little too brightly, maybe, “how’re things?”

“By things, do you mean Scott?” he asks, smirking.

“I…A little. It’s not like I didn’t like him, you know? It was just a little intense for a first relationship. I had to get some perspective.”

“I don’t think he’s single,” Stiles tells her, because she deserves to know, at least.

She smiles. “That’s fine. I wasn’t asking that. I just wanted to see how he was, you know? I know he was really excited about going to Australia. Did he like it?”

“Yeah, I think so. I mean, you could, like, talk to him or something, you know. Send him a text. Just saying.”

“I’ve been thinking about it.” She shrugs. “Just wanted to make sure it would be okay, though. If he doesn’t want to talk to me, I can respect that.”

Stiles laughs. “Scott doesn’t hold grudges, and he never had anything against you for the whole break-up thing. Don’t worry about it.” They’re at Lydia’s door, but he says anyway, “By the way, if you want to talk to my dad about law enforcement stuff, just hit me up. Don’t be a stranger or anything. We’re good, you and me.”

“Cool,” she says, grinning. “And just to be clear, you’re not still into Lydia, right? Because you might want to go to my room if you are.”

“Nah, it’s not like that.”

“Great,” she says, and knocks. Stiles can hear music playing inside.

“You can come in,” Lydia says, and Allison pushes open the door, sticks her head in before opening it all the way. “What’s up?”

“Uh, hey,” Stiles says. A few months ago, he’d kill to see her like this, in a bathrobe, combing out wet hair, but it doesn’t move him and she’s not alone, anyway. Cora’s sitting with her feet up on Lydia’s desk, a laptop on her lap, raises an eyebrow at him.

“I bet I can guess why you’re here,” she says as Lydia sets her comb down.

“Should I be running for my life?” Stiles asks, twitching towards the door. Cora just rolls her eyes, though.

Lydia gets up, goes to her vanity for some kind of hair product. “If you’ve come to your senses and decided you want Derek back, then no, you’re safe.”

“Ah, it’s that drama,” Allison says. “Well, count me in.” She leans against the foot of Lydia’s bed, ankles crossed in front of her, and there’s three pairs of eyes on him.

“I mean, I’ve kinda been into Derek for, like, weeks, so yeah, I’m trying to fix things.”

“Weeks?” Cora asks, feet dropping, spinning in her chair to face him dead-on.
Stiles shrugs. “I mean, yeah, since, like, Halloween.”

Cora groans, wads up a piece of paper on the desk and throws it at him.

“Does he know that?” Allison asks.

Stiles winces. “I mean, he would, if I could talk to him?”

“So you just let him think you didn’t like him this whole fucking time?” Cora asks. “Because that makes you an asshole and I really don’t want to help you get with my brother if that’s the case.”

“It wasn’t like that at all,” he says. “I didn’t think he was even into dudes.”

“Well, congratulations, Stiles,” Lydia tells him. “You’re officially the biggest idiot on campus.”

“I know that now. And I may have acted a little rash because of it and now no one will let me in to even talk to him and he’s threatening to block my number and everything sucks a lot. Help me please.”

“I will, but only because boys are stupid and it makes me sad,” Lydia says.

“So stupid,” Cora agrees. “Why can’t you just be upfront about who you want to fuck like normal people? It works out so much better for everyone involved.”

“She’s right,” Lydia says. “But it’s too late now. We need to come up with a strategy.”

“You’re not gonna be able to get into that house for sure,” Allison says. “Isaac told me it’s basically been on Stiles lockdown since Derek decided to get over you. You’d get caught before you could convince him to talk to you, even.”

Stiles groans. “Then what the hell am I supposed to do?”

“Please tell me you know his class schedule,” Lyda says. “If not, we’ll have to find a way to get it, and that sounds like work.”

“No, I know it well enough. So, what, I just wait for him after his classes?”

“That’s kind of creepy,” Allison says. “Kinda sounds like an invasion of privacy.”

Cora shakes her head. “Only if you’re a stalker about it. Don’t lurk, or he’ll brush you off. If I know Derek, the only thing that’ll really sway him is something public.”

“That sounds way worse,” Allison argues.

“Maybe for a normal person, but my brother thinks gross shit like that is romantic. He’s a big gesture kind of guy.”

“No, she has a point, though,” Lydia says. “If your whole M.O. has been closet case asshole, then semi-publicly declaring your feelings for him would definitely convey that you’re serious about being with him romantically. If that’s what you’re going for.”

“And it better be what you’re going for,” Cora tells him, the threat heavy between them.

“No, it is, it definitely is, I just…” He shrugs, looking at Lydia. “With you, I always knew what I was getting — nothing. It’s harder when there’s hope.”
“You’ve got a bit more than hope,” Cora says. “Derek’s crush on you is legendary. I’m pretty sure you’re the only human being alive who didn’t know about it. I mean, even our parents know about it.”

Stiles gapes at her. “Your parents know? And I was there pretending to be friends—? I actually hate everything. I’m such an idiot.”

“So you’re not…” Allison trails off, frowning. “How do I put this delicately? You’re not upset that you thought he was straight when he’s actually had feelings for you?”

Cora gives her a look but Lydia shrugs, says, “Yeah, she’s got a point with that one.”

“I mean…wait, do any of you actually know how he and I started, well, doing our thing?” All three shake their heads, and Stiles is pretty sure he should be a little more embarrassed, but whatever. “I put up a craigslist ad looking for a straight dude to jerk off with. I mean, sure, I thought I was straight, but that’s not really a thing straight guys do, and, like, how was he supposed to know that wasn’t some sort of code for gay stuff? And like, four months ago, if I’d been in a position to jerk it with you, I wouldn’t have said a thing to shut it down.” Lydia rolls her eyes, but she’s smirking a little because he knows it pleases her, just a little, that she’s lust-worthy, at the very least.

“I’m kinda grossed out now in, like, three different ways,” Cora says, “but yeah, that sounds like online cruising for a gay hookup. Just saying.”

“It’s not like he was the one pushing for anything. I mean, I’m a little mad, but only because if I’d known, we could’ve been a lot less weird about everything and he’d actually be talking to me right now.”

“He will,” Lydia tells him confidently. “Once you figure out how you’re going to woo him.”

He snorts. “Yeah, that’s what I’m here for.”

“No no no,” she says. “It has to come from you, not from us. Or it won’t be meaningful.”

“That’s just how it works,” Cora tells him.

He stares at them, looking for help, and Allison takes pity on him, comes up and squeezes his shoulder to reassure him.

“Don’t worry, we’ll help you with the execution. All you need is an idea.”

~ ~ ~

Derek is not okay, but he’s come to understand that it’s okay to not be okay for a while. He’ll pick himself up soon enough.

And it’s not like he’s dying. It could be worse.

But being run out on and then completely cut off by Stiles like that? And then? Really, Derek had figured they’d nap for a while and then Stiles would go for the it was just the heat of the moment excuse, and Derek would think about rolling with that punch, and maybe he’d go for it instead. Maybe he’d say it’s okay if it’s not. And he’d ease Stiles into it, be gentle about it, because he’d been
so sure that Stiles was there.

Of course, then he’d woken up alone. Not even a goodbye.

And now Stiles wants to talk again.

Derek is so close to agreeing to it, but he shouldn’t. He knows that. He’s got all the proof he needs to tell that Stiles isn’t ready to be with Derek the way he’d like, and that’s fine. That’s why he’s moving on.

Yeah, he’ll get back to that once he’s found some sort of satisfaction in Stiles’ texts.

He sounds genuine.

Alright, Derek really wants to try again. They can just meet for coffee or something, talk, and Derek will explain and Stiles can explain his side of things and maybe it’ll go somewhere. Maybe that’s all they need.

“I know that face,” Danny says from Jackson’s bed. “Don’t do this to yourself. You always think you’re going to be happy with him and you never are. He’s proven that he can’t handle adult emotions. You don’t need that in your life.”

Danny’s right. He’s right.

If only Derek could convince himself to believe it.

~ ~ ~

(Week 17)

Stiles is a fucking bundle of nerves.

He’s hopping around from foot to foot, his hands twitching at his sides.

This is either going to be great or fucking horrible, and he has no idea which at this point.

The rest of Derek’s class cleared out almost ten minutes ago, and Stiles and the girls laid everything out exactly as it needed to be. He’d talked to Derek’s professor, pleaded his case, and she might not be the first one he tried, but she’s the first one to listen and help him out. She’d told him that she wouldn’t be able to keep Derek after class for longer than seven minutes, but apparently, she’d underestimated herself.

She’s a little bit of a talker, Stiles knows, because he’s been to her office hours an awful lot for someone who’s not any kind of literature student. All for a good cause.

He’s late, though, and Stiles really hopes it’s because she’s just talking too much and it’s not because Derek chose to escape instead.

“It’s okay, dude,” Scott says, holding him by both shoulders. “You got this. And if it doesn’t go right, I’m here. You know that. It’s gonna be okay. You can do this.”
“—and Derek?” his professor says, smiling to reveal just a touch of lipstick on her teeth. “Keep an open heart.”

“I will,” he says, because she says weird shit like that sometimes and the only thing to do, really, is to go with it. So that’s what he does, throwing her a wave as he heads to the door.

Bright colors in the window pane make him pause. A sign.

*Look down, Derek*

What the fuck? Jesus, is he going to have to call Jackson? Because hazing is so not a good way to cheer him up.

Sighing, Derek opens the door, rips the sign off the other side, crumples it. He’s about to chuck it at the trashcan across the hall when he looks down.

Wide sheets of paper, taped to the floor, going all the way down the hall to the stairs. Maybe further.

The one closest to him reads *No te amo como si fueras rosa de sal, topacio,* and then *o flecha de claveles que propagan el fuego,* and it just keeps going.

He follows, walking slow to the stairs as he reads, then faster and faster.

What even is this?

Well, he knows what this is, did a project on Neruda last semester, but what’s it for?

There’s no way—

*Is* there?

Because this isn’t some *prank.* People don’t use poetry for pranks.

By the time he’s in the stairwell, he’s practically skipping steps, almost misses the sign on the handrail, another line. His heart’s beating too fast, and he should slow himself down, remind himself that it’s stupid to hope for anything, but he can’t.

The stairwell opens up into the main floor lobby with a coffee stand, and it’s crowded, like usual, but Stiles is impossible to miss. Just the sight of him makes Derek grin and he can actually *hear* his heart beating like hell against his ribs as his stomach drops, and is this real?

“For the love of—” Stiles yells at a few passers-by, waving his hands at them. “Can you seriously not see the *Wet Floor* sign? You’re natural selection at work, goddammit!”

So it’s real. Or it’s just really fucking weird.

He spots Derek, then, wilting a little as the anger leaves him.

“Shit. Uh. I have a— Let me do this,” Stiles says, then hops up onto an armchair in the little seating area he’s standing in. The girl in the seat next to him, with big earphone on, glares at him, and Derek
nearly laughs, at the absurdity of all this, if nothing else.

“Yo! Hey!” Stiles says, clapping his hands. “How’s that coffee? Burnt as hell, right? Yeah, I bet. Anyway, I have a big dude-loving crush on this devastatingly handsome guy over here—” he waves an arm in Derek’s direction, and yeah, this is apparently happening “—so I’ve just gotta do a thing really quick. Enjoy your coffee. And the words of Pablo Neruda.”

“You’re not,” Derek breathes in disbelief, covering his mouth.

“Oh, I am, big guy. You just gotta hang in there for about three minutes.” Stiles clears his throat a bit more loudly than strictly necessary and just fucking starts reciting.

“I do not love you as if you were salt-rose, or topaz,

or the arrow of carnations the fire shoots off.

I love you as certain dark things are to be loved,

in secret, between the shadow and the soul.

I love you as the plant that never blooms

but carries in itself the light of hidden flowers;

thanks to your love a certain solid fragrance,

risen from the earth, lives darkly in my body.

I love you without knowing how, or when, or from where.

I love you straightforwardly, without complexities or pride;

so I love you because I know no other way 

than this: where I does not exist, nor you, 

so close that your hand on my chest is my hand, 

so close that your eyes close as I fall asleep. ”

Derek only lets him get through the whole goddamn thing because he’s not sure if this is one of those horrible too-good dreams and he’s just going to wake up.

Only he doesn’t.

And Stiles is just standing there, with one foot on the arm of the chair, waiting for him, and he doesn’t even know what to do, how to react to everything he wants just standing right in front of him in a t-shirt with a stupid slogan and poetry leaking out of his mouth.
“So, it was that, or Boyz II Men’s *I’ll Make Love To You*. Did I make the wrong choice?” Stiles says, and this little waver in his voice makes Derek cross the linoleum to him. “And then I was gonna do the poem in Spanish, but apparently, the hardest I can pronounce is *tortilla*, so.”

“That’s okay, I can order for you if you ever want to get Mexican food,” Derek says, and almost smacks himself in the face for it. “Also, I love you, so there’s that.”

“Yeah, I heard about that. From a *few* people,” Stiles says, hopping onto the floor, taking a step towards him. “I mean, you’re kind of okay, I *guess*. You know, I’m really pretty much indifferent, actually—”

Derek shuts him up with his mouth.

Because he *can*.

Apparently.

Stiles is a solid weight against him, in his arms. His lips are soft, gentle like his hands as he strokes Derek’s cheeks, and he can feel it, through Stiles’ chest, the weightlessness of everything falling into place.

“We gotta stop this,” Stiles says, pulling away, “or we’re gonna get kicked out of the building for PDA.”

Derek grins, his mouth still buzzing with the feel of Stiles. “Yeah, you’re probably right.”

“Well, *duh*,” Stiles says. His eyes pop wide suddenly and he jumps away. “Oh! Dude, I baked you a cake. I went all Betty Crocker on your ass, you’re gonna love it. I mean, it came in a box, so there was very little opportunity for me to fuck it up, and also, Scott helped, so it’s *totally* edible. Where’s the—”

“*Here*,” Lydia says, and hey, Lydia’s here. And Scott. And Allison. And Cora. And Erica. Shit, wow, it’s practically a Tri-Delta social, plus Scott.

But then Stiles turns around, cake held out in his hands.

And in a sloppy, crumb-studded icing rainbow read the words *YES Homo*.

“Get it?” Stiles asks, eyebrows wagging.

“No,” Derek tells him. “Fucking— I hate you so much.”

“Aw, baby, don’t be like that!” Stiles is grinning, and it drives Derek crazy, so he kissed him again, mostly hits teeth, and Stiles is scrambling to move the cake out of the way anyway, so Derek draws back and just stares at him.

“You’re such an idiot,” Derek tells him, cupping his cheek.

“You like it, though. You like it a *lot*.”

Derek rolls his eyes, but smiles a little. “God help me, but I do.”

“Good. Now let’s blow this popsicle stand, Der-Bear.”

“Nope,” Derek says without blinking.
“Sweetums?” Stiles tries. “Sugarplum?”

Derek sighs heavily, eyes finding Cora’s. “I’ve made a huge mistake, haven’t I?”

“Probably,” she says. “No surprise there.”

Lydia steps forward and takes the cake out of Stiles’ hands, saying, “I’m liberating this. And I’ll tell your bros that everything’s good between you two. Now go. People are staring. And not in a good way.”

“By the way,” Scott says, “I’m sexiling myself until tomorrow, but please be wearing some kind of pants tomorrow morning. That’s literally all I ask.” He gives them both a thumbs-up, grinning.

“You got it, dude.” Stiles salutes, then turn to Derek. “Come on, let’s catch up and make sweet lurve,” he says, smirking, but he takes Derek’s hand, and that’s all he really needs.

It’s weird, almost, surreal, like they’re floating across the cement to Stiles’ Jeep.

The sound of the door closing after him wakes him up a little, and he looks at Stiles, not sure what to do.

“Is this real?” Derek asks, pointing between them. “You want this. You want me.”

Stiles nods. “A fuckton, man.”

And that’s the crux of it, isn’t it?

“Exactly, man. I’m a man.” Derek narrows his eyes at him, says, “You’re comfortable with whatever that means for your sexual orientation? Because I can’t do this again. Where we’re pretending we don’t want this. Because I really, really do, but I’m willing to walk away if you don’t.”

“I want this,” Stiles says. “I had my bisexual crisis a month ago, and sure, it’s still a little freaky sometimes, but I don’t care. I’ll get over it. Because I want to be with you. Sex, yeah, but that’s not all this is, and we both know it. We’ve got something else, something awesome, and it works. It fits. I don’t want to lose that, not ever.”

Derek wants to believe it so fucking bad, but he’s worried, he’s fucking worried. “If we’re walking down the street, do I get to hold your hand? Do I get to tell my parents about us?”

“Yeah. Definitely. I’m in it, okay? I’m serious.” He reaches across the center console and takes Derek’s hand gently. “Dude, it’s not like I’d be ashamed to be your boyfriend, you kidding?” He winces a little, shrinks. “If that’s okay. Whatever you want to call it.”

“That’s…yeah, I mean, sure, if you want to call it something.”

“I want people to know what you are to me,” Stiles says, and Derek believes him, with that. Feels that he means it. “And it gives you something to refer to me as. You know, other than that guy I had a crush on in high school.”

“You know about that,” Derek says, his face heating up. “Shit. Sorry.”

Stiles looks at him like he’s crazy. “What? No, dude, I was dorky and ugly and weird in high school. If you saw all of that and liked me anyway? I am not looking that gift horse in the mouth.”
“Well, I’ll admit,” Derek says, smirking just a little, “you’re a bit more of an asshole than I thought you were back then.”

“Fair point. Can’t argue with that.” He grins. “Bet my dick’s bigger than you thought it was, though.”

Derek rolls his eyes, but he’s right. Granted, he was mostly thinking about Stiles’ heart back then. Well, and his mouth. And his hands.

“It’s all for you, baby. That’s what you get for being my boyfriend.” He makes a face, like the word tastes strange. “Feels weird to say it. It’s cool, but I’m not used to it yet. Boyfriend. Boyfriend boyfriend boyfriend. Huh. Can we go home, oh boyfriend mine?”

Derek snorts. “Fine.” He looks out the window as Stiles pulls out, then looks back. Stiles is mouthing the word boyfriend, and something about it makes Derek grin. “You’re okay with it, though? Everything? Me, and all?”

“Yeah, dude,” Stiles says, shrugging. “I carried a torch for Lydia for, like, ten years. I’m not gonna judge you for liking me from afar for just a couple. You still do, though, right? Like, you’re not going to stop talking to me again, right? Because you’re such a bitchy texter, I curled up and died for a minute there, you know?”

“I…I thought you were done. I was scared. But I won’t do it again.”

“Cool,” Stiles says. “As long as we’re on the same page.”

Derek nods, watching as Stiles’ lips form the word boyfriend under the hum of the car.

Stiles starts kissing Derek before they’re even all the way into the elevator in his building. Which is fine, it’s not like Derek’s complaining, not anywhere close.

But it’s a little hard to walk while kissing, which Stiles tries to do when the elevator doors open up for his floor. They trip over each other’s feet a bit, and he’s pretty sure the two girls in the hallway are staring at them because it’s the middle afternoon, not even night, but Stiles breaks from him for a second, waves at them.

“This is my boyfriend, Derek. Boyfriend Derek, this is…” Stiles frowns. “I actually don’t remember your names. Huh. Well, carry on!”

He drags Derek by his now-stretched-out shirt collar to his door, fumbles with his keys to get it open. Derek does his absolute best to not distract him, and he’s really proud of himself for it.

“Finally,” Stiles says when he gets the door open. “Now I need to kiss you all over.”

Stiles stays true to that, too.

Almost breaks his back over the couch trying to kiss him, knocks the remote off the coffee table when he bumps it. There’s a near thing where Stiles almost trips over the cat trying to pull him after by his mouth, but the three of them survive. The doorway to his room probably gives them more bruises than it ever should, but that’s life.
Of course, Stiles almost brains Derek trying to get his pants off, but whatever.

By the time they’re naked and twisting around each other in Stiles’ bed, Derek’s whole body is buzzing, set alight by Stiles’ mouth. It’s unreal, and he’s grinning, with shock or happiness or both, pulls Stiles to his face.

“I missed you,” Derek tells him, pressing a little kiss to the bow of his upper lip. “Don’t leave like that again. Tell me why, if you have to.”

Stiles looks down at him, dazed expression clearing. “I’m not going to leave you. Not ever.”

He moves back in again, and Derek loses himself in the curl of Stiles’ tongue, the way his back moves under Derek’s hands, the occasional bump of his nose. The heat of him, heavy on Derek’s chest, grounds him.

When he pulls back again, Derek just looks up at him. “I really wish I had some candles right now,” he says. “To set the mood.”

Derek groans, rolling his eyes, and flips them over.

“No, seriously, dude. We should get some Barry Manilow up in here. Some Elton John. I’m gonna make sure you feel the love tonight.”

“You don’t need that stuff,” Derek tells him, bending down to kiss his neck. “Just this. Just us.”

“I know, I…” Stiles sighs, tugs Derek’s face over his. “I just want to make sure you know. Not telling each other fucked us up, and I don’t want that to happen again. And I like saying it. After thinking I couldn’t. I don’t wanna stop saying it. I love you.”

“I love you back. You know that.”

Stiles nods, slides his fingertips into Derek’s hair. “Well, I wanna show you, too. If you’ll let me.”

Derek nods, and Stiles taps his hip to get him to move off of him. “I wanna rim you for a while, if that’s okay.”

“No, it’s horrible,” Derek deadpans as he rolls onto his stomach.

Stiles kisses his shoulder as he moves, says, “That’s the spirit, man.”

Smiling, Derek just settles in against Stiles’ pillows. Hands rub up the backs of his thighs, squeeze his ass, and yes, this is good.


“Flatterer,” Derek sighs, smiling.

“I mean, don’t get me wrong, I’m also kind of in love with your dick. Sometime, maybe you should fuck me, too. I’m not promising it a lot, because I don’t wanna make promises I can’t keep, but we could do that. Because your dick is beautiful. But right now, I wanna eat the fuck out of your ass, so I’mma get on that.”

Derek’s about to snark at him when Stiles spreads him and licks right over his hole, makes him sigh into his pillows at it.

Stiles is good at this. Knows just how to work him up until each flick of his tongue makes Derek
shudder and push back against him, uses his fingers just the right amount to tease with too-quick
touches. And he sounds like he *enjoys* it, which is the great thing. Sounds like he fucking *loves* it,
almost as much as Derek does.

By the time Stiles has his whole tongue in him, Derek’s panting, rocking back as he holds himself
open, his whole body burning with the warmth in his ass and the too-little friction of his dick
bumping against the sheets.

“Come on, get *in* me already,” Derek tells him, his voice full of frayed edges.

“Alright, I’ll stretch you out a bit first,” Stiles says, but Derek shakes his head.

“Just get yourself wet.”

When Stiles crawls up the bed for the lube, Derek rolls him onto his back, takes it, squirts some into
his hand. Stiles’ cock curves, flushed and dripping against his belly. It’s hot, solid in his palm, slides
through his fist like slippery silk.

Derek gets a leg over him, holds Stiles in place as he lines him up.

The first clutch of heat around his dick always scrambles Stiles’ brain a bit.

Above him, Derek’s mouth is open in a small oval. Not quite surprise, but almost, and Stiles feels
that. Because it’s kind of like the best surprise to be together like this again. To have everything so
warm, everything *Derek*, from the thighs locked on either side of his ribs to the wide hand spread in
a hot star over his chest.

“I love you,” Stiles says, because he means it, always does.

Derek cracks half a smirk, his face pink. “I know.”

It’s a *very* near thing, but Stiles just barely manages to hold off. His balls ache with it, but he’s pretty
sure his dick is in heaven, so it evens out.

“It’s *so* hot that you Han Solo’d me, you don’t even know,” Stiles tells him. “*Fuck*, dude.”

Derek drops down, kisses his jaw as he moves, rocking back onto Stiles so beautifully, he feels it in
his throat. And Derek’s warm, so warm, when Stiles wraps his arms around his back, holds him.
Anchors his legs to move with him.

There’s a soft groan in his ear, then another, and Stiles feels like he’s bursting open. Like this thing in
his chest is swelling too big for him to possibly keep it in.

It’s okay, though. There’s a place for it here, between them.

“I love you. So much,” Stiles says, holding onto Derek maybe too tight.

“Me too,” Derek says, inhaling sharply. “Me too, *Jesus*.”

He moves faster, and Stiles can hear it, loves it, loves everything about this. Wants the words to
convey that, wants to make Derek understand that this is everything he could possibly need.

“I need you.” Derek pants against him, moving too frantic to keep a real rhythm. “I love you, fuck, I do, I do.”

Stiles slides his hand into Derek’s hair, fucks up into him harder, chasing it. Knowing that the sweat-slicked rub of Derek’s dick between their stomachs will at least be enough, because he can’t stop himself anyway. He’s right there, anyway, and with Derek’s breath in his ear, he lets go, his vision blacking out for just a second.

His cheeks hurt from grinning too hard when he comes down.

They’re panting together, deep drags of breath. Their chests stick just a little when they meet, sweaty. Stiles can feel Derek’s pulse starting to slow under his skin.

Smiling small, he tucks his face against Derek’s hair as he runs just his fingertips over the dip of Derek’s spine, up and down, up and down.

Derek slips in an out of a doze. Stiles can tell by how his breathing changes, but it’s early still, so after a while, when odd swaths of his body are numb, circulation lost, he rouses him.

It’s a moment before Derek agrees to wake up. His grumbling is sweet, almost, if he weren’t rubbing beard burn into Stiles’ neck when he tries to burrow in.

“Come on. Up. We’ll eat, hang out, maybe watch a movie,” Stiles says. “I wanna snuggle the shit out of you on that couch.”

“Fine,” Derek says, sounding none too happy about it, but he moves. It feels a little weird when Stiles’ dick slips out of him, wet and probably a little bit gross. They need to clean up, honestly. Stiles grabs a t-shirt off the floor and scrubs flaked-up jizz off their stomachs, does his best with it all.

When he gets up, he grabs some pants for them both, just in case Scott needs to come home, and they make their way to the kitchen.

It’s weird, maybe, because Stiles feels tethered, like it’s not even possible for him to really separate himself from Derek. He feels good when he’s touching Derek, though, even if it’s just a small thing, like a hand on an arm.

They scrounge some leftovers and curl up in front of the TV, scanning through Netflix.

“I’m not seeing anything I haven’t watched,” Stiles says. “You?”

Derek shakes his head, humming.

Stiles snuggles in a little closer, sees something, smiles. “We should watch this.”

“It’s the first movie we watched,” Derek says, looking at him.

“I know.” Stiles smile grows a little wicked. “You know what we should do?”

“Am I going to like this?”

Stiles rolls his eyes at that, saying, “You know how there’s drinking games, right? Well, we should
play a kissing game."

“I could like that,” Derek concedes.

“I know. You would. You’re a sap.” He lifts Derek’s hand, runs his mouth across his knuckles. “What do you say we match them, huh? Kiss for kiss.”

Derek looks at him, smiling a little. “You’re kind of a sap, too, you know.”

Shrugging, Stiles hits play.

By the time the movie’s over, Stiles mouth is mostly numb and he’s halfway in Derek’s lap. Thinking about suggesting a second round.

“I always love the relationship between Sam and Liam Neeson,” Stiles says, looping his arms around Derek’s neck. “They remind me of me and my dad.”

Derek rubs his back, and wait.

“Holy shit, dude, I gotta tell my dad about us.” Stiles hops up and gets his phone from the other room, and when he comes back, Derek’s looking pretty startled.

“Are you sure? I mean, it’s a big thing, that’s all,” Derek says. He stretches a little as Stiles sits back on the couch.

“We tell each other everything. He deserves to know. And it’s not like he doesn’t like you.” Stiles is about to send the call but he pauses. “Is it okay if I tell him?”

Derek nods, a little stunned, maybe. “Yeah, definitely. I just…Yeah. It’s good.”

“Alright, cool,” Stiles says, hitting the screen and raising the phone to his ear.

“Stiles. Good to hear from you. What’s up? Do you need something?”

“I’m good, I’m good.” Stiles smiles at Derek, grabbing his hand. “I was just thinking about how you should make your famous lasagna when I come home for break. Special occasion.”

“Oh yeah? What kind? You didn’t get a tattoo, did you? I mean, a normal one’s find, but please tell me it’s not ugly, at least.”

“No, no tattoo, but I did get a boyfriend.” He bites his lip, grinning as he imagines his dad’s face.

“A—Okay, yeah, bring him home. Anyone I know?”


There’s a crackling sigh of relief on the other end. “Oh, thank God. I thought it was going to be that Whittemore boy for a second there.”

“Oh Jesus, Dad, never.”

“Well, good. Derek’s a nice boy. Cares about you, so that’s good. Even if he looks like he’s at least twenty-five.”
“I’m not complaining,” Stiles says, grinning. “Anyway, cool. I didn’t want to surprise you, or anything. Don’t wanna give you a heart attack.”

“Ha ha. Old man jokes. Hilarious.”

“That’s me,” he says, looking down. “But I’ll talk to you later. Coming home soon, so, that’s cool. I’ll actually get to stick around this time.”

“Good. Missed having time with you.”

“Me too.”

When he hangs up, Derek pulls him in, rolls on top of him, brackets him in with warm, familiar limbs.

“So this is really real,” Derek says.

“Definitely real,” Stiles tells him. “Now get down here. How the hell are you supposed to kiss me from up there?”

Derek falls over him, his kisses like rain, and Stiles is happy.

(Week 54)

The sun’s setting low over the lake, blood orange and bright. It’s still warm, almost hot, even though summer won’t technically start for another few weeks.

Stiles cracks a grin as Derek laughs, head thrown back at something Cora’s just said to Peter, and the late sunlight looks good on his face. He looks good in general, relaxed, at last, after the buzz of finals. Stiles had watched the stress leak out of him on the drive to the cabin until he fell asleep against Derek’s shoulder.

He’d found out later that Laura had taken a picture of them sleeping on each other. It might now be the background of his phone. Oh well.

Mrs. Hale sets her empty beer bottle down on the table, leaning back in her chair, sighing. She’d tried to get his dad to come up with them, but he’d been in the middle of a case, too far into it to take a fews days off out of town. It’s too bad, really.

Next to her, Derek’s dad’s already halfway to dozing off, palm upturned to hold her hand. It’s cute as hell, and Stiles never really got to see older couples. Didn’t know anyone with two parents who loved each other. Seeing it comforts him. And Derek’s dad looks good for his age. Derek’s probably gonna be a super hot middle-aged dude and it’s just going to wreck Stiles all the time.

Looking at him, yeah, yeah he definitely is.

And if he still looks at Stiles the way he is now, Stiles’ll gladly sign up to be wrecked by him until he dies.

“You losers are quiet,” Cora says, looking at them after the adults have gone inside.

“Just thinking,” Derek says, shrugging. “We should go swimming.”
“Why do I feel like that’s gonna get gross?”

“We’d never,” Stiles says, scandalized, grinning.

Cora levels a dry look at him. “Two weeks ago. I saw a butt and a half, and that was a butt and a half more than I ever wanted to see. So save it. I’ve seen things that can never be unseen.”

“Bathing suits, no booze, just a swim,” Derek says.

“Nah, I’m good,” she tells him. “Go ahead. I’m tired anyway. Gonna head to bed, I think.”

After she heads inside, Stiles looks at Derek. “You wanna swim?”

“I think I just wanna sit for a while.”

So Stiles scoots his chair until its arm touches Derek’s, sits back down, and rests his head on Derek’s shoulder. Derek takes his hand, plays with his fingers for a while as the sky darkens and the stars come out. Their knees knock together, gently, and Stiles is glad that it’s never really gone away, the awareness he’s always had of Derek. The way the hairs on his arm rise when it’s close to Derek’s, his skin prickling to close the synaptic divide.

“I never thought you’d be here,” Derek says quietly, just audible over the buzz of insects coming out after dusk.

“Me neither,” Stiles tells him, “but I’m happy I am.”
A WARNING

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End Notes

andddd i have a tumblr, y'all, if that's what ur into @ meechwoods.tumblr.com (formerly majestic-beard)
warning: i type like a computerized child, but u already know that by now

Works inspired by this one

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