Let Me Hear You (Roar)

by rohruh

Summary

Stiles had been nursing a hard on for the past three hours and Derek had been giving him looks and sending him texts (I can smell you from here stop it right the fuck now, which quickly escalated to I’m going to make you come so hard you forget your own name you filthy goddamn slut).

Notes

So I wrote a thing. It has been kind of inspired by this gif because Derek roaring is sort of super hot.

It was supposed to be a PWP with some roaring kink but then some feelings maneuvered their way in.

See the end of the work for more notes.

It starts when they’re in the shower together, soaping each other up after another long day of unsolved mysteries and sexually charged banter. Stiles had been nursing a hard on for the past three hours and Derek had been giving him looks and sending him texts (I can smell you from here stop it right the fuck now, which quickly escalated to I’m going to make you come so hard you forget your own name you filthy goddamn slut).

How was he supposed to react when Derek had roared the twins into submission though? He may be
a Beta now but somehow that made it even hotter, and to be honest, Stiles thought he looked better with the blue eyes. His boyfriend wolfing out and asserting his dominance got him hot, so what? The twins were jerks and no one even knew why they were still in Beacon Hills, cavorting around like they were part of the gang after they had fucking killed Boyd.

Back to the present, though, because now they were soaped up in the shower humping each other’s brains out and it was wonderful. Derek had a fist around both of their cocks, pumping them with careful, deliberate strokes. He ghosted his fingers over the head of Stiles’ cock and Stiles fell forward onto the wall of muscle, his cock spurting a trickle of precum. “I’m close. You’ve got to ease off—I’m too close. I’m gonna shoot in a second if you don’t let go.”

Derek’s grip relented and Stiles groaned into his chest, mouthing along Derek’s shoulder with hungry licks and bites. “You’re so hot. You were so hot today. Every time I started to get soft I would think about you being all sexy and dominant and I was hard as a rock again. Do you know how hard it is to subtly adjust yourself every ten minutes when you’re in the middle of the woods surrounded by werewolves?”

“Do you know how hard it is to smell that on you and know that everyone else could smell it too? I wanted to get you off right there,” Derek punctuated this with a sharp thrust of his cock against Stiles’ hip. “What got you so hot today?”

“It was the—you. Putting those assholes in their place. I may deny it from time to time but it’s kind of hot as fuck when you get all wolfed out and aggressive like that.”

Derek grinned, water beading on his eyelashes. “I thought you hated that.”

“I think that I used to? Or maybe I was in denial. I’m not sure. You used to be kind of scary but now I trust you.” Stiles may have imagined it, but he’d swear that Derek’s chest puffed out a little at that.

Derek fixed him with a look and grabbed his hips, backing him under the spray of water. “I want to make you come. What do you want? Do you want me to suck you off? Can I rim you?”

Stiles let out an involuntary squeak. “All of the above? I vote for all of the above.” Derek nodded, pulling him in for a wet and filthy kiss.

Derek was absolutely phenomenal at blowjobs. He kind of put Stiles to shame. He made it look so easy, and he was Stiles’ first, and when it came time for him to reciprocate for the first time Stiles tried to be cocky and arrogant and ended up choking embarrassingly on Derek’s thick, uncut cock. He tried to rectify this by giving himself blowjob lessons that he’ll never admit to (Yahoo answers + a lot of porn + a banana + a lot of alcohol). And hey, he may still not be able to deep throat, but he does his best to make up for that with eagerness and sloppiness.

Derek dropped to his knees, mouthing gentle kisses and licks along the shaft of Stiles’ cock. He wrapped his hand around the base and gave it a couple of jerks before snaking it lower to cup his balls, rolling them gently. At the same time, he licked a long stripe to the tip of his cock and then grinned deviously, taking it down his throat right to the base. Stiles groaned, his whole body leaning into it.

He set a rhythm fucking his mouth up and down on Stiles’ cock, occasionally pulling off for more teasing licks and kisses. It was absolute perfection. At the same time, his hands were cradling Stiles’ balls and gently thumbing his hole.

Seriously, fuck Stiles’ teenaged libido because he had already come twice today and he was not going to come again so soon. Think grandmothers, think worms, think about how gross the word
moist was, think anything to keep him from coming again so he could goddamn enjoy this.

Eventually, Derek pulled off with a slick pop. “You’re—can I rim you now? Is that okay?” He was looking up at him with pathetic puppy dog eyes that made Stiles’ heart melt.

As much as he put up his macho werewolf I-don’t-care-what-you-think persona, Derek still asked permission before he did anything with Stiles. Stiles had made it clear that he was 100% on board but even so, Derek never went near his ass without seeking Stiles’ nod of approval. He guessed it came with the territory of being scarred by your psycho ex-girlfriend. Derek didn’t want to pressure him—“what you’ve given me is more than enough”, he’d said sheepishly one night—which Stiles found endearing and a little bit romantic. That being said, he still loved being manhandled by his sexy werewolf boyfriend and Derek was more than willing to oblige Stiles’ requests once Stiles gave him the go ahead.

He inhaled sharply at the first touch of Derek’s tongue to his ass. When Derek rimmed him, he went all out. He just went to town on Stiles’ ass like a kid in a candy shop, making out sloppily with it with teasing kisses and licks and bites. Stiles shuddered, hands reaching forward blindly for something to hold onto and knocking down two shampoo bottles in the process.

“This was a bad idea,” Stiles groaned. Five seconds in and he was already desperately grinding against the shower wall.

Derek pulled back immediately, concerned. “What’s wrong?”

“Nothing! Sorry, sorry. Nothing’s wrong, big guy. Just—if you keep up with that, I’m going to come in about 30 seconds. And that would be a shame because I was really banking on you fucking me while we had the chance.”

Derek’s eyes softened with that and a small grin played at his lips. “I can do that. If it’s what you want, I can definitely do that.”

“Does the Pope shit in the woods? Is the sky blue? Are curly fries the food of the Gods? Yes, it’s definitely what I want. I just need some time to cool off first, if that’s okay. If you touch me right now I’m gonna blow.”

For the next few minutes they tried their best to ignore both of their raging hard-ons. They shampooed each other’s hair and gave each other head massages (one of Derek’s favorite indulgences—Stiles suspected it had something to do with the dog in him, but also maybe not because who doesn’t enjoy a good head massage?)

Once they had rinsed and toweled off they tumbled to the bed, Derek mouthing hungry and aggressive kisses along his chest. “Do you still want to?” he asked, and Stiles nodded.

“There’s a thing that I’ve been thinking about. If that’s okay. It’s kind of weird and I’ll totally understand if you don’t want to.” A blotchy, embarrassing blush spread from Stiles’ cheeks down his chest.

“What is it?”

Stiles hesitated. “I hope this doesn’t come out wrong. I kind of find it really hot when you wolf out and roar at people and I was wondering if you could do that while you were fucking me?”

Derek stared at him blankly.

“I just find it hot when you’re all dominant and stuff. Please forget it if it’s not something you’re into.
I just can’t keep my big mouth shut, I’m sorry. I’m an asshole. Please say something?”

“I’m into it,” Derek said quietly after a few more moments of silence. “I just wasn’t expecting that.”

Stiles placed a gentle kiss to his jaw.

“After everything that’s happened,” Derek continued, “with Kate and the Alpha pack and Boyd. I thought you hated that part of me. I’ve started to hate that part of me.”

“Hey,” Stiles pulled back so he could look him square in the eyes. “Those things weren’t your fault. There are bad werewolves just like there are bad people. And Kate was a manipulative asshole. I’ll admit that I was a little scared of your wolf at first. But I like that you can hear me when you’re far away, and that you can smell my emotions in a room I haven’t been in for an hour. I like your super strength. And I like when you’re growly and brooding and extra wolfy because it’s close to the full moon. Because those things make you you. And I like you. Kind of a lot.”

The grin that Derek gave him made his heart melt a little bit.

“So, um. How about you fuck me now?”

“I can do that,” Derek smirked. “That is something I can definitely do.”

Stiles paused, gripping Derek’s forearm. “We don’t have to do the thing if you’re not comfortable with it. We really don’t.”

“I am. Comfortable with it, I mean. I think it would be hot.” He leaned in for a kiss.

“Oh. Okay. That’s—yes. Okay.”

Derek shuffled down Stiles’ body until he was kneeling by his ass. “Can you pass me the lube?” he asked as he grabbed Stiles’ leg and hitched it over his shoulder. Stiles passed it down to him and he uncapped it, coating two fingers. “You ready?”

“I was born ready,” Stiles countered, wiggling his eyebrows.

Derek’s index finger, gently teasing at his rim, pushed in. Stiles let a deep, shaky breath out and willed himself to relax. The first bit was always the hardest for him. Derek worked his finger inside him, adding a second one once Stiles was pliant enough and then scissoring them. And yeah, his boyfriend’s werewolf senses helping him feel when Stiles was pleasured so he could keep hitting the perfect spot dead on? That was definitely another perk.

Within minutes he was squirming on the bed, 3 fingers fucking in and out of him with precise motions and his erection leaking against his belly. “I’m ready, I’m ready. Please fuck me. C’mon Der, fuck me.”

Derek didn’t need to be told twice. He gently pulled his fingers out of Stiles’ ass and then squirted some more lube onto them to coat his own cock. Derek held eye contact with him as he shifted his weight, the blunt head of his cock pressing against Stiles’ hole. Just as he pushed in, he leaned up to capture Stiles’ mouth in a kiss.

Stiles was loud during sex. He was just a loud person, in general. During sex, though, with Derek nailing his prostate like a pro, he just couldn’t shut himself up.

“Fuck me, oh God, fuck me. I love your dick. I love your fucking cock.”
Derek growled, alternating between gentle bites along Stiles’ clavicle and soothing them with his tongue.

“Yeah, right there. That’s perfect. You’re so good at this, oh God.”

Derek continued to pound into him, Stiles wailing and the bed thumping against the wall and yeah, this is why they couldn’t have sex while anyone else was home.

They had a technique figured out, so that Stiles wouldn’t come too quickly. Hard, sharp thrusts followed by slow, sensual, mind-numbing sex that felt amazing but also brought him back to reality enough that he could control himself.

Now, though, Derek was just going at it like there was no tomorrow. He jackhammered into Stiles powerfully and relentlessly.

“I’m getting close,” Stiles warned. “Really fucking close.”

When Derek leaned up to kiss him, his eyes were glowing blue. He let out a soft growl.

“Oh, fuck,” Stiles moaned. His thighs gripped Derek’s torso tightly and pulled him in closer, his hands scratching at Derek’s back.

Derek let out another growl, louder this time.

Stiles was canting off the bed now, reaching up to meet each of Derek’s thrusts.

And that’s when Derek did it. He let out a deep, powerful, thundering roar and the moment he did Stiles came all over both of them with a shout, completely untouched.

It was, hands down, the best orgasm of Stiles’ life.

“Come in me, please, come in me,” Stiles pleaded desperately through the aftershocks of his orgasm. Derek thrust in one last time and then just held on and pumped him full of come, whining and licking at Stiles’ neck. When he was finished, he pulled out gingerly and collapsed beside him, breathless.

They both lay there, boneless and covered in sweat and come, for a long time. Eventually, Derek gathered up the energy (damn werewolf stamina) to drag himself to the washroom and come back with a warm washcloth to clean them both up.

“That was perfect,” Stiles grinned.

Derek was staring at him with one of his intense gazes, the kind that was impossible to read. “What are you thinking, big guy?”

Derek regarded him for a few moments longer. “You’re perfect,” he smiled softly.

And yeah, Stiles decided right then and there that he would do anything to see that smile more often.

End Notes

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