# Heated Punishment

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**Heated Punishment**

by Notsalony

**Summary**

Stiles has decided he has discovered the secret to training the grumpiness out of Derek. Reward his good behavior with fantastic public sex. And punish the bad behavior with fantastic pubic sex.

**Notes**

You can thank commissioner 9 for this one.

As you’ve guessed this is a continuation of sorts for the Betas Heat story. This focuses more on Derek/Stiles punishment dynamic.

See the end of the work for more notes.
“Derek…” Stiles was wearing his uniform for the Lacrosse team standing there on the sidelines staring at just what it was that was sitting in Derek’s arms. His arms sat in such a way that his hands and forearms made a little tray to carry everything.

“Yeah?” Derek seemed confused as he stood there, looking adorable in his leather jacket and black jeans hugging his delicious ass perfectly as he stood there. Stiles took a furtive glance away from the coveted object that Derek was holding, instead drinking in the beauty of Derek’s body and he felt heat coil in his groin. Stiles felt himself growing hard as he lusted after Derek and it was the sound Derek made, clearly scenting Stiles’ arousal, that broke his trance and made him look at Derek’s face for a bit who seemed to be questioning what had gotten Stiles so side tracked. Thankfully he didn’t draw attention to it, knowing full well Stiles would talk about it. He had a habit of being perfectly fine talking about their sex life and his own sexual habits in very public settings, much to Derek’s chagrin.

“Did you bring me Starbucks?” Stiles flicked his eyes up to Derek who suddenly had gone very still. Had he made the wrong choice? Had he made the right choice but perhaps the wrong order? No… no. He was sure this was the right order. Stiles was remarkably consistent and particular about his coffee, and the seasonal drinks even more so.

“Yes?” He hedged his bets, aware that was more a question than anything approaching an actual answer.

“Was that an answer or a question?” Stiles paused, his hand dangerously close to the cup of delicious caffeinated joy. There was something about seasonal coffee infused coco that just did it for Stiles. He was so enraptured with his prize that he barely noticed the blankets thrown over Derek’s arm.

“A question.” Derek felt his cheeks flush. Stiles was a stickler for precise language sometimes. And Derek knew how it bugged him sometimes when Derek used vague language.

“At least you were honest about it.” Stiles chuckled as he picked up the drink with his name written on it. “You’re being a real sweetheart today.” He gave Derek a peck on the cheek before he took a sip. Oh sweet Gods above he got the right order, and on the first try too. It took Scott seven tries to get it right, and that time he’d had it written down too. Stiles smiled as he sipped the sticky hot liquid and looked up at Derek.

“Good?” Derek couldn’t keep the hope out of his voice.

“Perfect.” Stiles almost purred.

“Good.” Derek smiled as he relaxed and turned to go to the stands. Stiles stood there and watched him walk off, enjoying the sight of his ass in those jeans before heading back to the sidelines.

“Hey… did Derek do something right?” Isaac asked as he sat down.

“Yeah. He got me Starbucks.” Stiles smiled brightly.

“Didn’t you start that policy of rewarding him?” Isaac arched a brow.
“You know what… I did.” Stiles smirked as he stood up.

“Where you going?” Liam asked as Stiles headed towards the stands.

“If Coach asks where I’ve gone I’m in the stands.” Stiles walked off the field.

“Why?” Liam frowned.

“Derek needs a reward.” Isaac smirked.

“oh…ew…” Liam wrinkled his nose.

“Eh, you only say that now. Give it a few more weeks when you’re back in heat, and you’ll want to do it yourself.” Isaac gave him a playful shove before going back to watching the game.

“Hey?” Derek frowned as he looked up at Stiles standing there looking at him like he’d hung the sun and the moon and somehow wove the stars into being. “What’s up?” Derek had sat down and had been handing coffee out to some of the parents of the pack who were there to see the game. They were looking at Stiles as well as he opened his mouth.

“…” Stiles mumbled something.

“Huh?” Derek frowned, his wolf hearing had had trouble untangling that twist and turn of words that had left his boyfriend’s lips a little too fast for even him to grasp.

“I said…” Stiles took a calming breath. “Good boys get blow jobs.” He smiled at Derek.

“Wha… STILES!” Derek tried to stand but he was trapped as Stiles put his hands on his thighs and pushed down to get Derek back into a seated position. “This isn’t the time…”

“So?”

“YOUR DAD’S RIGHT HERE!??” Derek hissed gesturing to John.

“Don’t bring me into this.” John held up his hands and shook his head, taking his coco and avoiding looking at Stiles as he undid Derek’s jeans.

“Come on…..” Derek whined.

“Oh Derek… you know I have no shame” Stiles smiled brightly as he looked up at Derek as his zipper went down and his jeans parted to reveal the bare cock underneath. Derek wasn’t big on underwear, having a large cock had always made it difficult for him to find underwear that fit him, so he often went commando. “Such a tasty treat and all for me.” Stiles smacked his lips with the thick tube of flesh, before giving a wanton smirk and swallowing around the head to take Derek on down his throat.

“Ahem.” John cleared his throat next to Derek and as Derek snapped his head over to look at him he could read the parental glare on his face.

“I… he…..” Derek stammered, his mind torn between the pleasure of the mouth working up and down his shaft and the angry looking father glaring him down as his underage son was blowing his older boyfriend, in public.
“I know.” John sighed. “Frankly why do you think I helped repeal all the morality laws in town when it comes to public nudity. For as long as he’s known what his dick was for he’s either been touching himself in public or doing other things in public. And now with you I’m aware of some of the things you’ve done. And between you two and the pack with all of your nudity I’ve had to do a lot of restructuring on the laws do decriminalize public nudity and public sex.”

“you didn’t have to…” Stiles chose that moment to swirl his tongue around Derek’s sensitive tip and make him make a strangling noise.

“Of course I did. Liam alone has been the cause of like fifty three calls about a naked dog boy running around.” John sighed.

“STILINSKI!” Oh what fresh hell was this? Derek turned towards the other side and was face to face with a fuming Coach Finstock.

“I can…” Derek started.

“I’m not talking to you.” Coach glared at Derek who promptly shut up, only yelping when Coach tapped hard on Stiles’ head forcing him down on Derek faster. “Earth to Stilinski!”

“Yeah Coach?” Stiles came up for air looking a little worse for wear with the way his lips looked swollen.

“What the hell do you think you’re doing? We have a game going on!?” He gestured behind him to the game and the team that was watching him and snickering. “So what the hell are you doing over here with your face full of dick?”

“Well you weren’t using me in the game so I’m giving my thoughtful boyfriend a reward for being thoughtful.” Stiles chimed in as he smiled and went back to bobbing on the tip of Derek’s cock as he looked at the Coach who was standing there gob smacked and slack jawed with his mouth open looking like he was either in the middle of an aneurism or a stroke from the sheer shock that Stiles was being that direct. He finally shook it off and turned towards John.

“How the fuck are you okay with your son sucking dick in public? Make him stop and get back to the game!” Coach flailed as he looked at John.

“Don’t look at me.” John held up his hands to wave him off.

“But…”

“Seriously, have you met my kid?” John chuckled. “No one on this fucking planet’s able to tell him no and get him not to do something he wants to do. So if you ask me, Derek is the victim in all this. Frankly I’m more inclined to side with him in this if you ask me.” John shrugged.

“I… h… FUCK!” Coach screamed and kicked someone’s drink over and stormed off to the field again muttering about horny teenagers and fucking in the right place at the right fucking time. All in all it was quite clear just how pissed off he really was when he turned to Liam. “I suppose you’ll want to strip off next won’t you Dunbar.” He glared.

“If you don’t mind coach…” Liam smiled.
“Fuck it, why not, play the whole game fucking naked.” He threw his hands up and Liam shrugged and simply started taking off his uniform.

“Stiles…” John finally looked down at his son, silently marveling at the fact that not only could he fit all of that huge cock down his throat but that Derek seemed to possess the only thing on the planet capable of shutting Stiles’ mouth up for any amount of time.

“Yeah dad?” An obscene pop predicated that saying as he pulled off of Derek jerking him off slowly.

“Do hurry up. I think Coach wants you back on the bench.” He smiled at his son.

“Not so much up to me. He’s the one who’s holding out.” Stiles nodded towards Derek who for his part blushed horribly at this. How had a reward turned into this kind of next level of hell so suddenly?

“Derek?” John sighed.

“Yes sir…”” Derek felt the panic rising in his body.

“Do hurry up, Stiles needs back on the field soon.”

“Yes sir.” Derek silently hoped that the ground would rise up and swallow him, but instead of the ground, it was Stiles who swallowed him up, and with questing fingers brought him with a deep groan as he flooded Stiles’ mouth and with a contented sigh after cleaning him off, Stiles tucked him back in his pants, gave him a kiss on the lips and headed back to the field.

“Derek.” John dead panned.

“Yes sir?”

“You have some cum on your jeans.” He handed him a napkin and Derek frowned looking all around his crotch but couldn’t see anything. “Lower.” John nodded and down around his mid calf, where Stiles had been, was a clear splash of cum readily visible on his dark jeans.

“How did…?” Derek frowned, confused how he’d shot down there.

“Stiles wasn’t only working you off.” John supplied to which Derek’s eyes went wide and he faced forwards. Oh shit… how did he get cum down there, how did the Sheriff know about the fingers in his ass… wait… he couldn’t have… he… OH… Derek wasn’t sure what to do with this or what to even think. He’d just blow his load in the mouth of this man’s son in front of him, and his son had jerked off on his leg. His fucking leg. How had he not noticed that? Oh right, the blow job and fingers in his ass….

“Sorry sir.”

“It’s okay.” John commented as he faced forwards. “And Derek…”

“Yes sir?”

“Let’s never talk about this again?”
“Yes sir.”

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“What do you mean it’s checked out!” The growl that nearly shook the windows accompanied by a slamming sound made Stiles hang his head.

*Oh fucking hell...* He sighed, calmly putting his books he wanted to check out on the table nearest him and sighing to himself as he walked around the stacks. He was half way there when he heard a louder, more skin contacting sound. The sound spoke to Stiles of a clerk probably being hoisted up over the counter and slammed down against it as Derek dragged them towards him to threaten.

Normally this wouldn’t be so far out of the norm for Derek. But Stiles had been slowly coaxing him out of this mental state for a while now. So it was almost out of the blue with how fierce this need to pummel an unsuspecting bystander was as it reared its head just now. Stiles came around the last corner and spotted Derek with some poor guy drug across the polished oak desk, his shirt rucked up to expose tanned skin that seemed to be more than reasonably toned given his vocation. Stiles stopped to wonder how often the twenty something librarian must hit the gym, his mind wandering to places of sweaty toned men working out and suddenly wondered how he could possibly get Derek into a gym where they could fuck in the sauna.

“Derek?” Stiles asked casually, causing Derek’s angry face to seemingly glitch as his mind short circuited around the fact that his boyfriend and his dominant was standing there watching him behave badly.

Shit.

“yes?” Derek looked up, his hand inches from the face of the clerk who was no longer flinching from perceived oncoming pain and was looking curiously at Stiles like he was both awe inspired at the fact that just saying one word had gotten this mountain of muscles and coiled strength to stop trying to beat the ever loving crap out of him, but also scared that he was going to somehow make this worse. Which given that Stiles could see that on his face, he wondered if he’d caused a problem here before? He silently went through all his interactions here with that clerk.

Oh yeah... He’d found a pornographic novel in here and had sat down and jerked off in the stacks and had made quite a mess and he was pretty sure this clerk had been on staff then. *Yeah he has a good reason to worry I’d make it worse.* Stiles mentally nodded to himself as he smiled at the clerk who let his face show his naked fear suddenly.

“A couple questions...”

“A COUPLE?!” The clerk croaked out, nearing him a growl from Derek.

“First, do you have a gym membership?” He looked at Derek who blinked at him.

“What?”

“I think it’s pretty self explanatory.” Stiles shrugged.
“No, I don’t have a gym membership.” Derek frowned at him.

“How about you?” He looked at the clerk.

“WHAT?!” The clerk sputtered.

“Seriously, am I not speaking English?” Stiles blinked at the two of them.

“Of course I do.” The clerk sighed.

“Oh, cool, we’ll come back to that later. Derek, why is this guy on the desk?” Stiles glared at Derek who blushed.

“That lore book you were looking for, he said they’re all checked out, when the electronic card catalog over there says it’s on the shelf.” Derek pointed behind him to a computer that he’d clearly used to look up the book while Stiles had wandered the stacks trying to remember where he’d seen it. Aww he’d probably have had a blow job in his future if he hadn’t went about blowing up at the guy instead of handling it like, you know, a person. Stiles sighed.

“Let him go.” Stiles pinched the bridge of his nose.

“But.” Derek gaped at him.

“Down boy.” His voice hit a tone that Derek knew didn’t bode well for him and instantly his fingers left holding the clerk in place released him and he sagged off the desk with a plop on the floor.

“ow…”

“You okay?” Stiles glanced at the desk.

“fine.”

“Backdoor have an alarm on it?”

“nope.”

“Thanks. I left some books on the table by the card catalog, if you’d go ahead and check those out to my name I’ll be back for them in a few minutes.”

“sure.” The guy’s voice was shaking.

“Derek, follow me.” Stiles’ voice got tight and Derek’s eyes went wide as he hurried to follow Stiles as he wove his way through the library till they reached the what appeared to have been a fire exit once but was now just an old metal door that presumably lead outside to the alley outside if Derek’s sense of direction was helping him understand where they were in this place in relation to the outside world. “Come on out.” Stiles opened the door and held it open for Derek as he ushered him out. Guessing that the door would probably shut, he reached down and picked up the brick that seemed to show signs of having been used as a make shift door stop for a while now, and put it into the space between the door and the frame just below the hinge. That done Stiles glared at Derek.

“What?” Derek looked deflated as he stood there.
“You know what.” Stiles’ brow furrowed as he glared Derek down till he finally broke.

“Fine… I’m sorry I took my frustration out on him.” Derek sighed, knowing Stiles wanted to hear him say it.

“Better, but like hell does that actually do anything towards making this up to him or to me.” Stiles crossed his arms over his chest as he sized Derek up and down. “Strip.”

“You’re joking.” Derek stood there dumbfounded by this command.

“Do I look like I’m joking?” Stiles gave him a hard look, crossing his arms and glaring Derek down. “fine…”

“Don’t get an attitude with me. You messed up. You are going to be punished.”

“…” Derek mumbled.

“What was that?” Stiles glared.

“I’m sorry, you’re right.” Derek sighed.

“Better.” Stiles nodded. “Shirt.” Derek blushed and took the hem of his shirt and pulled it up over his body, revealing his rippling muscles and their light dusting of dark fur that detailed the sculpted flesh. Stiles traced that bared flesh with his eyes and waited till the shirt crested over Derek’s head and he stretched, pulling his arms out of the shirt and holding it. “Hand it over.” Stiles held out his hand and Derek blushed as he handed it over to him. “Pants.”

“Seriously?” Derek sighed.

“Hey, back talking just adds to your punishment.”

“but we’re in public…” Derek whined.

“And you wanted to show your ass by roughing up the librarian, so you chose this, not me.” Stiles crossed his arms and Derek hung his head. He knew he’d made his bed, now he had to lay in it, or stand in it as the case may be. With a low grumble he undid his belt and handed it over to Stiles. Stiles arched a brow and Derek knew instantly that he’d heard that, schooling his features he stared a head as he undid his jeans and then pulled his feet up one at a time to undo his shoes and set them aside as he stood in his socks to tug his jeans down. Once they were off and the long tanned expanse of his legs came into view Stiles gave a low whistle, to which Derek glared.

“What?” Stiles gave a fake innocent look.

“That’s not funny.” Derek glowered.

“Maybe, but seriously, you’re hot. We’re outside, and you’re taking your clothes off on my order. If I wasn’t in the mood to punish you, I’d probably fuck your brains out. But for now. Jeans.” He made grabby hands at Derek who sighed and handed over his jeans to Stiles who put them with his shirt. Stiles stood there taking his sweet time to fold them while Derek stood there in his boxers. He gave a small shiver, already feeling nervous about this even as his wolven senses perked up to keep him apprised of the situation around them.
“None of that.” Stiles poked him in the firm chest before looking him in the eyes.

“None of what?” Derek blushed, he was pretty sure he knew exactly what he was being chided over and he was hoping he’d get away with it.

“You’re extending your senses. You are being punished, being caught being punished is a part of that.” Stiles crossed his arm and tapped his foot. Derek sighed and hung his head as he let his senses fall back to human strength. “Better. “Boxers.” Stiles gestured and Derek put protective hands on the hem as if he was suddenly worried that Stiles was going to tear them off his body. He made a pleading noise in the back of his throat. “You really should have thought of that before you went and lost your temper.” Stiles gave him yet another pointed look and Derek’s shoulders sagged as he dropped his boxers and reached down to pick them up and hand them unbidden over to Stiles. Stiles folded them, appreciating the view of a very naked and only partially aroused Derek who knew better than to try to hide his sex with his hands.

“You get points for not trying to hide.” Stiles announced as he put the folded boxers with the clothes. “You’ll get to put your clothes back on when we’re done here.” Stiles crossed his arms and with a simple snap, a cardboard box twisted in on itself till it was a decent sized wicker seat.

“Thank you sir.” Derek stood there naked and waiting.

“Oh right.” Stiles said after a bit, reaching into his back pack that he’d had on him when he came out, and pulled out a bottle of lube. “I want you to take this, and liberally finger yourself with one hand while jerking that magnificent cock of yours off with the other, also soaked in lube.” Stiles handed the gaping werewolf the lube and sat back down, one leg thrown over the other’s knee and his hands both on the upper most knee as he hungrily eyed Derek up and down. Derek felt his face heat as his blush crept across his face and down his neck and chest. He couldn’t believe he was being ordered to do this. And the fact that he was about to do it left him even more shocked.

But he knew Stiles. If he didn’t do this now, he’d find something far worse for him to do right here as punishment, and he didn’t need Stiles’ mind thinking up worse punishments. Derek uncapped the lube and the complete lack of scent hit him first. He’d never had any lube that was so devoid of scent before, and with a curiosity that he hadn’t had for a long time, he squirted a dab on his finger and sniffed it. Strangely it felt cool to the touch, but as he sniffed it he couldn’t get a hit of anything. He frowned and looked at Stiles who simply sat there with an ear to ear smirk and a hunger in his eyes that made parts of Derek tighten with need. He’d never just put on a show like this for Stiles. But now he was starting to think that he should. That this could be a major part of their sex life.

This of course had the desired effect of fluffing Derek up a bit before he poured a healthy amount of lube on one his right hand and closed the lube before sitting it down. He dipped two fingers from his left hand into the pool of it and reached around behind him to work it into himself. He had to come back two or three times for more from his palm, but soon enough he had his fingers in himself just fine. And if it hadn’t been for the fact that on his hand it felt ice cold, he’d have been sure it was heated by the way his ass was starting to feel warmth spread out from back there. But as he took a hold of his already hard cock he realized that it had to be homemade.

Fuck… what did Stiles put in this? He thought to himself as he started stroking slowly at first, and then it hit him. His body began to flush as his temperature sky rocketed. It was like he was going into heat all on his own, which was nearly impossible to just go into heat like this. He looked down at his angrily hard cock and felt himself thrum with need all down his body. He’d never needed to
get off this bad since he was a teenager who’d just discovered what his cock was for. Fuck he had a need now. His mind going blank for a second as he worked himself over, he didn’t care where he was or what he was doing so long as he got him off. Somewhere in there he added more fingers to that tight hole of his and began to fight to hit his prostate with every in stroke.

“…” There was a sound. Something on the other side of his lust. “…ek” There it was again. Who was trying to get his attention, he had to get his body to where it needed to be. He was almost there. “Derek.” The instant he heard his name the fog of lust seemingly evaporated and Derek realized he was half bent over, stroking himself as he violently fingered himself as he stood there slack jawed and sightless as he drooled down his chin.

“I…” Derek frowned, how had he gotten that far gone in such a short period of time. He looked around like he was lost and he felt the fog on the edge of his consciousness threatening to swallow him whole again as he stood there still going. His eyes already felt like they were clouding over. “Where…” He’s voice was raspy, approaching hoarse with the sheer amount of need that was burning through his system. What was in this stuff? He looked at Stiles and could barely see him now as the need began to swallow him up again. The world was lost to that grey land of his all consuming heated lust fueled haze.

“Derek.” Stiles’ voice cut through the fog again and Derek blinked at him, the world coming back into focus for him as he looked at Stiles. “Shit… maybe I over did it with the lube…. Stiles bit his lip. “I mean I basically found the wolfsbane equivalent of Viagra and put some strengthening agents in with the basic base for the lube. But… this…” He gestured to Derek and while he spoke the world made sense and Derek wasn’t falling into a sea of lust to be gobbled up with his need to cum again. But he could feel that on the edge of his awareness, lurking, as if it something both apart of and separate from him. Almost like his wolf had always been there as both apart of him but also its own beast off on its own.

“You’re damn near gone already aren’t you?” Stiles sat there on the edge of his seat.

“yeah.” Derek nodded, panting as he mentally begged Stiles to let him cum. The words dying on his tongue, and some part of him knew that was the magic. The more he thought of that just now he realized the truth in it. He could practically see the magic of it as it worked around him. This was Stiles’ magic. It felt like him crawling through Derek’s veins and it was all he could do to grunt as he looked at Stiles.

“There it is.” Stiles chuckled. “Someone’s realized that they’re not in full control now, are they?” Another grunt and a look that indicated that Derek wanted to say something else but his tongue sat numb and pointless in his mouth as if the spell robbed him of any cutting remarks he might make. “I bet you can feel how full your balls are now can’t you?” Derek thought about it for barely a second and his balls felt like he hadn’t cum in weeks. How was that possible? He’d cum this morning with Stiles in the shower…

His mind slipped into that memory. Naked with the water cascading down his bare body as Stiles wrapped around him, inside him as his fingers were now. Their hands joined around his cock, stroking him to completion against the shower wall. But it was as if that hadn’t happened at all… and Derek wasn’t sure if that was the spell or the sense of his heat that, while artificially induced, was hitting him almost ten times as hard as it ever did these days. He grunted looking at Stiles.

“I bet you just want to blow your load don’t you?” Derek groaned, fuck he needed it. But he couldn’t say anything. “What’s the matter Derek? Cat got your tongue?” He smirked as Derek tried to scowl but a moan was all he could manage as he kept stroking. “Tell you what…. This one
you’ve earned. Cum for me Derek.” Derek arched his back and with a groan he came, spraying his load all over the pavement below them, some of it hitting Stiles’ shoe before dribbling down his own thigh. Derek panted and moaned, fuck he wanted to stop now, surely he was done, right? Right? His hand tried to move away but all it did was spasm and twitch before his movements became more sure again and he gave a panicked look at Stiles. Stiles who was sitting there calmly looking at the cum on his shoe.

“Tut tut. It looks like you made a mess.” Derek felt his hole spasm around his fingers, suddenly aware that he had four fingers deep in his ass, slam fucking his prostate with all his wolven strength. “And you were doing so well.” Stiles sighed. “But you know now that you have to get me to say the C word if you want to blow.” Stiles shrugged. “so ask for it?” Stiles reached his arms out at his sides, almost a sitting t pose. “I mean, maybe I’ll be merciful and say it if you ask me to.”

Derek tried but all that came out was a grunt and moans. He couldn’t make his tongue work while he worked himself over. He gave a look to Stiles who sat there with a wicked smirk on his face. “Not so easy is it?” He arched a brow at Derek who shook his head. He was pretty sure he’d have begged by now if he could speak. Maybe he just needed to give into the pleasure, and if on cue, the fog began to roll in around his vision, stealing him away from the world yet again.

“I mean… you have got to be needing to by now, right?” Stiles spoke again, his voice chasing away the fog that had been over taking Derek again. He shook his head. “Not feeling it?” Derek shook his head no this time. “Well if you are, surely you just have to try harder.” Stiles taunted him with his teasing tone. “I mean are you even trying?” Stiles shrugged as he looked at Derek who seemed to struggle harder now and barely made his hand do more than twitch. While his mouth hung open and issued forth obscene noises of pleasure that he couldn’t stop even if he wanted to just now.

“Jeez are you even trying Derek?” Stiles sighed rolling his eyes. “I mean… look at you.” At those words the fog rolled back enough from Derek’s mind that he realized where he was. He was standing naked in the middle of the alleyway behind the library, buck naked, jerking off while he fingered himself furiously. He was in public, naked, flogging his cock for all he was worth. He’d just cum once all over his boyfriend’s shoes but he already needed to go again. Why the hell was he like this? “I mean, for someone who’s as reserved as you purport to be… you’d think you’d have some shame or something.” Derek shivered, his whole body flushing as he realized that he did feel ashamed, he felt downright dirty standing here jerking off like a helpless teen, a prisoner of his own body and his needs. His eyes became downcast as he tried to look anywhere but at Stiles, his eyes locking on the cum splattered on Stiles’ shoe. The white standing out on his black sneakers. Fuck… he’d done that. How could he do something so vile? How could he…?

“Cum.” Stiles spoke calmly and low, it didn’t even actually register with Derek till he realized he was spraying his load, as hot and heavy as the first time all over Stiles’ pants and shoes. Fuck he damn near toppled over with the sheer need to pour everything he had out his body through his cock as he came again and again. “Speak to me slave.” Stiles snapped his finger and a small red spark formed and Derek felt like his tongue was suddenly his own again.

“Fuck….” He sobbed as he finished up that second orgasm finally. His body heaving with the effort to stay standing when all he wanted to do was curl up in a ball after how good that felt just then. But still he staid standing, still jerking, still fingering, his hole feeling hot around his fingers from the lube and how hot his body was getting. He couldn’t stop himself. He looked at Stiles. “I need to cum so bad…” He whimpered.

“I know baby. But if I just let you… you’ll never learn your lesson.” Stiles had somehow gotten close enough to cup the side of Derek’s face and his hand felt cold against his fever hot face. Derek
sobbed at that. He wanted nothing more than to cum right now and get this over with but he couldn’t remember what he was even doing this for. His mind was blurred and buried under the fog that even now, when ever Stiles stopped talking, flooded his mind and he was lost within its roiling mass.

Not that he was aware that he was saying this aloud. Or that he was lamenting that he didn’t know what lesson he was to be learning with this. He felt tender lips on his gaping mouth before a breeze of movement and when Stiles spoke again he was back to his chair. “You’re learning to control your temper. Let’s face it Derek. You have a horrible temper. You used to threaten to tear my throat out with your teeth. You weren’t exactly the most welcoming of Scott, and that’s why he didn’t trust you when it mattered the most. So I think we’ll do things like this to curb your temper and get you to a place where you learn to control that temper of yours even if it’s out of sheer fear of what I’ll do next. Don’t you Derek?”

“Please?!” Derek moaned, his mind barely clinging to sanity. He didn’t even know if he was still begging to cum or if he was begging for Stiles not to punish him more. Either way, he was standing there hunched over, naked, wanting and not even sure what he was wanting anymore.

“I’m not sure.” Stiles shrugged. “Make me believe you’re sorry.” Settling himself in as he watched his boyfriend and other half working himself over, he could feel himself hard in his jeans and he was almost itching to touch himself. Fuck, Derek had him going already, this was going to be a fun night. He smirked to himself, a small soft ping telling him no one was watching and Derek wasn’t even paying attention so Stiles let his hands wander down his body to squeeze and kneed his package till he rearranged himself to a more comfortable position, his hand resting on his bulge, not so much to hide it as it was to simply give himself some much needed friction here and there. He flexed his magic to create a ring of magic around his cock and balls to prevent him from cumming just yet. He didn’t want to blow his load this early.

“Please I’ll do anything!” Derek’s voice a little louder now, his desperation bleeding into his voice as he kept up the pace that Stiles had set him. Stiles felt the tingle that indicated that there was someone coming towards him. He’d spent enough time in Beacon Hills and around the supernatural to have developed a series of constant wards around himself. There was a human walking this way. Close enough… Stiles smiled.

“What do you want me to do Derek, and make me believe it?” He smirked wickedly, as Derek whined and moaned.

“Please let me cum…” He whined, his body drenched in sweat as he panted and moaned and trying to clear his mind. He was sure this fog of lust that seemed to flood into his mind and rob him of any senses. But at the moment he just couldn’t bring himself to care.

“Louder.” Stiles’ voice cutting across everything and making him want to obey. The magic making his voice carry even in the alley way, mostly sending it into the library behind them so that it echoed so that others would hear him. It left a hint of power in the air so that when Derek spoke it carried just as loud if not louder. Stiles wasn’t entirely sure if there’d be more people in the shop or if there’d be people coming from the street having heard what Derek shouted, but right that minute he didn’t care. He wanted to humiliate and broaden Derek’s horizons. Squeezing on his own cock, he almost gave a half thought to pulling out and jerking himself off, but he was going to save himself. He wasn’t a werewolf. Magic or not, human bodies can only cum so often before they need to heal and recoup, and while years of practice had given him a low refractory period, he still had one, which was why there were days he envied his friends and their werewolf multiorgasmic nature.
“PLEASE GOD, FUCK LET ME CUM!” Derek’s face was crimson with shame as he as furiously pounded his cock. Stiles chuckled to himself; he could feel more humans coming to see what that noise was. He reached forward and took a hold of Derek’s balls, he could feel the need inside them and with a spark of magic he could feel them swell up as if Derek hadn’t came in months. Derek’s eyes went blank as Stiles worked his magic, setting back he smirked up at Derek, drinking in the picture of it, aware that people were watching now. It didn’t matter. What mattered was the show, and by the gods Stiles was enjoying the show. He raised his foot and began to tap the balls from behind with the toe of his shoes. Derek moaned and whined as he begged again, loudly proclaiming his need to release his seed.

“Awww poor baby.” Stiles carefully opened a vial in his pocket, pouring magic into the fluid till it moved down the line of his body carefully contained so no one could see or sense it as it went along its path till it reached his shoe just before he connected again with Derek’s swollen balls and spread across the surface of the shoe. As he connected, the magic vanished and the raw wolfsbane oil soaked on his shoe came in contact with Derek’s balls making him howl almost in pain.

“please…” Derek’s voice was breaking as he almost crumpled up around Stiles’ foot, not sure if he wanted to keep it pressed against his balls or try to save them from it. There were tears in his eyes as he sobbed, his need so great, and Stiles pushed up with the shoe so that he rested it against Derek’s prostate, on the outside of his body, and with a spark of magic caused the fluid to spike up slightly and enter Derek without injuring him. Going to his prostate to make Derek feel it contract. He was going to have a massive orgasm, and he was more than aware of that, but he was falling into the lust, nothing existed but his hand and Stiles’ shoe. Fuck he wanted nothing more than to cum right now and it was taking everything in him not to blow his load without permission. Fuck…. The need…the longing… everything in him screaming to do it.

“Cum.” Stiles’ voice was light and soft and Derek cried out, sobbing harder as he came his cum arching up and hitting himself on the jaw and his eyes flew open, unaware of where or when in all this he’d closed them, only to flinch as he continued to cum. His cock becoming sensitive from how much and how long he was cumming still. Eventually it stopped but his balls remained just as swollen and Stiles began to tap them from behind and making Derek’s eyes water. He wasn’t sure exactly what was going on till he felt more pressure on his balls and realized someone he’d never seen before had wandered in and was squeezing his balls.

“Don’t mind him.” Stiles commented, his voice cutting through the fog for Derek. “I was just telling this lovely man all about you Derek. That you’re a pent up exhibitionist and you’ve just been fucking begging me to take you out here and make you milk your bloated balls out in public and he was kind enough to offer to work your balls over for you, wasn’t that sweet of him?” Stiles smirked as he pushed his foot up to give the guy more room to squeeze Derek’s balls harder.

“Yes…. ” Derek whined out, the man’s other hand coming up to tug on his nipples and smirking at Derek as he panted and moaned, he was close. How the fuck was he close already? It hadn’t been that long had it? He’d just unloaded all over his face… why was he needing to go again so soon? This… something’s… but the fog rolled in and filled his mind flushing away anything that remotely resembled coherent thought, he felt his balls contract in the stranger’s warm grip as it tightened around his tender flesh. “Fuck…. ” Derek let out a deep moan as his mouth fell open, his jaw going slack as he came across his chest and belly, certainly drenching the guy’s hand, but he didn’t care. Nothing mattered but the look of lust and the hot heady aroma of Stiles’ arousal that hung in the air thick around him.

“Thanks.” The stranger took his hands off Derek and licked his cum off his hands as he walked away. Stiles didn’t say anything and Derek was only vaguely aware that he’d taken himself in hand
again and was jerking off again. He starred with blank unseeing eyes as he worked himself right to the edge when Stiles filled his vision, the warmth of his scent bespelling Derek’s mind and capturing him and his attention as Stiles took his hand away from his needy cock. He’d not needed to jerk off this much in years… what was … his mind went blank again as he was turned around and bent over, presenting his bare ass to Stiles and the humans he could barely remember being in the doorway of the library as they watched him.

“…so fucking hot….” Stiles’ voice came to him as he opened something and slick liquid began to be applied to his hole. Lube. Stiles was lubing him up. Stiles was fingering him and lubing him up. Was he going to fuck him, right here? Derek felt his face flush as he realized he wasn’t entirely opposed to the idea. Where the fuck did that come from? When… oh… His mind went scattered as those lube slicked fingers found his prostate and the burn of the stretch and the wolfsbane lube was searing into his flesh as he quivered with need. He felt his face heat with the humiliation that he might be able to go just from Stiles’ fingers in him right here.

“Awaken.” Derek’s eyes cleared as did his vision and his mind. He was naked, in front of strangers, his dick was almost painfully hard and Stiles was fingering his asshole with wolfsbane lube. It burned but it seemed to make his cock swell all the more as it burned and the sweet torturous pain lanced through his system. He wanted nothing more than to take himself but he felt something thick touch his hole and his face was bright red with the humiliation that Stile was going to fuck him right then and there. He swallowed, accepting it when Stiles smacked his ass. “It’s not me. Just relax and let it in.” Let it in? Let what in? Derek turned and realized a very thick and long silicon dildo was touching his ass. Its shape indicating it was a prostate stimulator with enough girth and length to make him feel its presence no matter how he moved.

FUCK…. That was wide. The thickness slipping into his opening and he felt the pressure of the mountain ash inside the silicon. He looked up at Stiles who was waving a spell with his free hand to keep their voices to themselves now. He smiled at Derek and nodded. “I had this custom made. The silicon was mixed with powdered mountain ash so that you can’t touch it. Inside it are shapes of thicker mountain ash to form sigils and signs that let my magic spark through this in ways you can’t even begin to imagine. I don’t have to buy batteries or charge this fucker. This fucker will vibrate your prostate and ass and make you beg to be fucked.” Holy fuck. Derek swallowed as the thick base finished in him and his ass tightened around the narrowest point of the base so that it fit in him snug. Derek struggled to breath around the size of it inside himself.

“Huh, you seem a little tight. Better make sure it’s in the right place.” Right place? What could he mean by… oh… Oh fuck… Derek’s eyes went wide as the toy began to vibrate, Stiles’ magic bringing it to life inside Derek, even going so far as to heat the lube as Stiles began to slowly churn the toy inside him. Angling it for deep solid strokes along the length of him inside and working him over as they stood there. “My sweet Derek… I love seeing you like this.” He shoved harder and wrung a groan out of Derek’s lips as he worked it across Derek’s hyper sensitive prostate, working him over and fucking in slowly as he racked it across that knob of flesh. “I think you might be loosening up a little.” Stiles arched a little magic and milked a yelp out of Derek’s raw throat.

“Loose?” Derek gulped as he came back to himself, his face heated and his voice raw. How could he be remotely loose? He could feel his body practically painted on the toy even now and Stiles thought he was loose? How in the fucking hell was that even a thought that crossed his mind? Derek opened his mouth to protest this when Stiles made a bit of a tutting noise. Oh god… what now? Derek whined as Stiles spoke again.

“Only a little. I think you could use more work on it.” Stiles smiled. Derek could see him over his shoulder, his body shaking as he struggled to hold this position for Stiles. He bit his lip, unsure where this was going, where any of this was going. But he couldn’t hold his tongue forever. He
“w-work on it?” Derek’s voice broke. His eyes closing as it did, the shame in that sound. His voice hadn’t broken like that since puberty made every time he opened his mouth a battle with his changing body. And Stiles delighted in making that noise come out of him, at least by the smell that assaulted Derek’s nostrils from Stiles’ body said he did. The heady mix of arousal and dominance that rolled off of him like a fog from a moist bank with its spiced heat threatening to drive Derek into heat early as he was swallowed up in that smell. God he wanted to wrap himself up in it like a blanket and nuzzle that scent straight from Stiles’ crotch, where his natural musk was already mixing with the scent.

“Yep.” Stiles tapped the toy harder, again and again drumming his fingers across the base as it wrung noises deep from Derek’s core with every thump. “Time for a walk.” Stiles’ tone overly chipper as he simply stepped away from Derek leaving him slumped there wondering if he should stand up and accept what is going on and clearly going to happen or fight for some sort of covering. Damned if his cock didn’t throb with need at the thought of being walked down the street naked and exposed. Fuck he could touch himself right now and he’d cum everywhere. But his less lust blown mind

“Where to?” Derek’s voice sounded out his suspicious tone. He didn’t like when Stiles got chipper. It only spelled out trouble, for everyone, Stiles included. And Derek could see the way Stiles was practically vibrating where he stood as he bounced on the balls of his feet. He was happy. Too happy. Way too pleased with himself for anyone’s good, especially Derek’s.

“The street market.” Stiles tried, and epically failed at a neutral tone. He was way too proud of this decision and it was written, practically engraved, into every facet of his face and he almost knew it too. Derek sighed heavily, before speaking.

“but that’s… that’s like… six blocks away…” Derek whined, his head hung as he thought about being naked all that way, and glad that Stiles wasn’t a werewolf or he’d have known how happily Derek would have done it. Hell he’d have asked for a leash and had Stiles attach it to either his throat or his cock and lead him along naked and servile in front of everyone in town. Fuck his cock was rock hard as he started to leak precum down his leg. He hoped Stiles didn’t see, but knowing him he probably did. Derek felt his shame at his basic needs, his wants, his desires, as they flared up. He’d always wanted someone to dominate him. Someone to tell him what to say or do or think, he’d thought he had that in Kate. And then again in Jennifer. Now Stiles took him by the balls and brought him to heel with just a look but that same look could be the most comforting thing in the world to him.

“You’ll need these.” Stiles handed him his jeans back and Derek sighed. Stiles gave him a knowing look. “I wasn’t going to make you walk it naked. Not totally anyways.” Stiles smirked wickedly as Derek didn’t question it and simply started pulling up his jeans, stepping into them and zipping them up, fuck his hard on was noticeable in these things. He didn’t bother asking about the vibrator, he knew that wasn’t going anywhere, not anytime soon at least. He had six blocks of walking with it rubbing his prostate raw to grapple with, and then Stiles shopping, which was only ever rivaled by Lydia shopping, to contend with before he’d be allowed to probably walk home still farther blocks till he could maybe get some release from this torture in his ass. Maybe. Knowing Stiles he might make him keep it in all night, delighting in the torment of keeping Derek on edge and making his cock leak like a leaky faucet.

“The rest?” Derek arched a brow, standing there with his arms crossed to cover his chest and hide his rock hard nipples. He was turned on and he knew that Stiles knew that. Hell Stiles was the one keeping him like this. Putting him so much on display that it made Derek question his own
motivations when it came to what he might like and what he was willing to put up with.

“Nope.” Stiles smiled sweetly. “Just your pants.” He tucked his fingers into the waist of Derek’s jeans and pulled him into a kiss, licking their lips and sharing the taste of Derek’s creamy cum between them in a sweet snowball of a kiss. Before parting and smiling up at Derek who smiled with a slack jawed grin before he nodded curtly, he was still a bit surly and he wasn’t, at least on the surface, afraid of Stiles. Deep down, he was probably quaking where he stood at the things that Stiles might do to him.

“Fine.” Derek adjusted himself in his jeans, attempting to make it less noticeable. That wasn’t easy with his dick as big as it is and as hard, but he did his best. He watched Stiles as he did it, looking him in the eye and seeing the flash of disapproval flaring through him. Oh fuck. What had he walked into now…?

“Derek…” Stiles said in a sing song tone before walking up close to Derek, tutting at his boyfriend before and points Derek straight out from his body so that it formed an obscene tent in the front of his jeans. Derek felt his shoulders sag, even as his cock throbbed all the more at the embarrassing humiliation of being put on display like this. And without his shirt to cover it up this was going to be worse than anything else. Worse than being called to the front of the class when he’d first started getting boners, only to be all the more aroused by his own shame. Worse than that time Kate had made him strip off and float in the pool as he pleasured himself while she sat on the edge of the pool watching him from the lifeguard tower. He’d damn near drowned when he’d cum from the humiliation.

Fuck, she’d made him go outside after and do it all again as she turned on the over head lighting illuminating him to the night and blinding him to anyone who might have watched. And fuck, he’d about jumped out of his skin when Peter had stepped out of the gloom as he came and had clapped and thanked him for the show. Kate had been absent for that bit, having locked him out without his clothes and Peter had to break in and get him something to wear home. Which Peter of course had decided should be his shoes and a single sock to cover his shame. And then Peter had been an even bigger dick and take the long way home, stopping under every street light and grinning at Derek, because unlike Stiles, he was a werewolf, and he knew the scent of Derek’s shame and arousal mixing as he got off on the exposure. God Peter had lorded that over him for months after.

Barging into his bedroom when he knew Derek was jerking off and sitting as proud as could be watching, and telling Derek to go one. He clearly liked people watching. He had blushed, laying there naked and exposed, and silently pleading with his eyes but going ahead and jerking off for Peter who would sometimes bring in porn or open up whatever porn that Derek had been using and looking it over, critiquing his style and methods as well as what he got off to. Derek had liked it. Liked being made to submit, and Peter knew about it. Knew all about it, and took every opportunity to manipulate Derek into situations where he was naked in semi public and completely public places and directing him to try different masturbation techniques. From edging in the locker room showers after practice, to fingering himself to orgasm out in the preserve, Peter had taken control over him and he’d loved every minute of it, between Peter and Kate he was getting all the dominance he could handle and then some. Then the fire, and the loss of Peter… and of Kate… and ultimately he was alone with his sister who could smell but couldn’t understand… and fuck he’d needed someone like Stiles for so long now.

Jenifer had been a bridge and a boon when he needed a method to control his desires. She’d known what he was, and known to use chains to bind him naked on the bed, spread out with nothing but a blanket draped over him as she turned the lights on in front of the window with the curtains thrown open as she toyed with him, taking him apart and putting him back together again, a gooey mess of
cum and tingling need. And then she’d brought out the strap on, and fucked him senseless, the blanket thrown across the room to make him writhe on the bed and cum fully exposed as he rode her cock and begged for more. And he was the same with Stiles if he was honest.

Riding Stiles cock and even when Stiles bottomed and took him to the hilt, Stiles was the top, even then. Demanding, controlling, and exacting. And he loved every minute of it. Stiles deciding how deep, what angle, what position, and where Derek could stick his cock and when, not to mention telling him when he could finish. God that one night they’d went fourteen rounds and Derek hadn’t been allowed to cum once, and then when they were done Derek cuddled and was still hard and weeping in his boxers but he wasn’t allowed to even finish himself off. Hell Derek had snuck away to the shower and tried to finish himself off by hand only to have Stiles walk in and frog marching him back to bed, before handcuffing his hands to the head board and making him go through the night without any release. And in the morning had come the ball torture in the crusher that Stiles had bought at some point and he’d damn near flatted his balls before jerking him off and milking him for a thunderous orgasm that had coated the headboard and the top of Derek’s head. All that playing through Derek’s head now as he stood there in front of Stiles now and felt his throat grow tight as his loins throbbed with need.

“stiles…” Derek whined, his voice high in his own throat as he looked at Stiles, his eyes glowing wolven amber as he struggled to rein in his beast. He’d never wanted anything more in his life than to be Stiles’ bitch right now. Fuck he wanted Stiles to tear the clothes from his thighs and make him heel right here. The need flooding him with the realization that if he never said anything, Stiles would likely never know. Even with all his magic hyping up his senses, he couldn’t know what Derek didn’t tell him. Shit.

“Is that a complaint?” Stiles rested his hand on Derek’s hem again, this time toying with the button right above his crotch. Making Derek’s stomach do little flips as he struggled to control how much even this little show of power and control was doing to him, but Stiles had to feel the muscles flex and his body tighten under his skin where Stiles’ knuckles grazed his happy trail. “Because these can come off as easily as they went on.” Oh god yes. Derek wanted to beg, wanted to scream that all Stiles had to do was tell him and he’d strip them off himself, tear them from his body, rending the fabric till it was nothing but shreds and he had no choice. But he wasn’t sure he was ready to tell Stiles that he could be broken hat easily.

“Nope.” Derek struggled to regain some control over his voice. “No complaint.” He swallowed hard, biting back his lust and wanton desire as he choked out a bold faced lie. “No complaint here.” His voice thick as he said it, and he knew that Stiles had to know that was a lie, even if it was dipped in the truth of how much he really wanted to be the perfect puppy to Stiles’ every whim.

“Good boi.” Stiles kissed him from his tip toes, the briefest of their lips touching before Stiles stood there looking Derek up and down with a look that clearly promised sex and things that made Derek’s loins clench with need. “Now follow me.” Oh god the clench of his jaw, the set of his eyes as they locked onto Derek’s. Yeah he was ready to obey, but he had to hold out. He had… he had to.

“But…” Derek’s voice shook with need. He wasn’t sure which he wanted more right now to follow or to beg for more.Fuck, if he thought about it much longer he might just ask for what he really wanted right now. To be buck naked, humiliated, taunted and spanked as the vibrator in his ass fucked him through as many wrenched and milked out orgasms as Stiles wanted to wring out of his sore ass and battered prostate. And if they didn’t get moving soon he might just say that out loud. Fuck, he was too far gone for this shit right now.
“Do I need to spank you?” Stiles asked coldly and Derek thought of his ass clenching that big toy. Fuck, too many warring senses in his mind and body for him to keep track of and make any sort of sense out of right now. As he stood there, his lip quivering with need, he spoke from his heart.

“Nope.” His heart fluttering hard as he struggled to not show how much he was clearly lying right now. But everything in him was currently at war with itself as he fought to keep his naked need off his face as he told that lie and let Stiles believe he didn’t want to be spanked hard right now.

“Good.” They made their way to the front of the library, stopping only once they were in front of the guy who Derek had yelled at earlier and who was standing there slack jawed looking Derek up and down. “Apologize to the man.” Stiles nodded his head at the Librarian as he stood there and crossed his arms in front of them both. Derek looked at the pair of them, back and forth before he hung his head in shame.

“Sorry.” Barely above a whisper, Derek wasn’t sure either of them actually heard him, standing there half naked in public, a tent pitched in his jeans and cum, his cum, all over his chest and face. What a whorish slut of a picture he must make right now. Fuck… maybe if he misbehaved now, Stiles might…

“Like you mean it.” Stiles smacked his ass, making him clench hard around the toy in his ass. Oh fuck… much more of that and he’d do it. He’d blow another load and make a massive mess in his jeans, he wouldn’t even fucking care at this point if he went off. Hell he might even wolf out in front of all these people. How humiliating would that be, to lose control over his shift like that? To totally transform into his beta form as he came in his own jeans, his untouched and already leaking cock unloading as he got spanked right on the toy working him over? Derek had to swallow back his lust.

“I’m sorry…” Derek licked his dried and chapped lips, he wasn’t sure why they were suddenly dry or when they’d went dry. But he licked them, worrying them a little as he glanced at Stiles, hoping that this was good enough but also that it wouldn’t be. That Stiles might punish him all the more if he dragged his feet. Almost there, he could smell it on Stiles, he was almost there to punishing Derek… just a little more.

“For?” Derek’s jaw clenched as did his sphincter around the toy at the commanding tone in Stiles’ voice. It was like a vice on his balls, tightening, and he wasn’t sure if Stiles was doing that with his magic or if he was just imagining it. Brought to the brink by the steely tone in Stiles’ voice, fuck what had his life become?

“I’m sorry for being angry and losing my temper.” Derek swallowed hard as he looked up at the man who was standing there with an arched brow and his arms crossed as he studied Derek. Fuck… why did they have to make this so hard? Why did they have to make him this hard? Fuck he was so close to just taking himself in hand right now… He could just picture it, taking himself in hand and going off, all over this man and his desk and all these books.

“Go on.” Stiles tone was harsh and Derek swore he felt the vice like grip on his balls tighten and he let out an undignified squeak as he stood up a little straighter, trying to relieve some of the pressure on his balls and finding none no matter how he shifted his weight around. Fuck his balls hurt, but he was starting to like it even more than he thought he had liked it before. Fuck…. The things that Stiles was going to have the power to make him do if he ever found out about how much he liked, no needed this tight pressure on his balls. “Derek.” The power in that voice making the tightness grow till he was barely able to stand, his knees going weak as he struggled to say upright.

“I shouldn’t have threatened you. I should have been more polite and used my words.” Derek hung
his head again, his need to get this out over ruling his love of the humiliation and the pain as he gave into his need to be submissive to anyone, but especially Stiles. He looked up at the end, feeling embarrassed for being made to apologize like this. Maybe he shouldn’t have drug it out that much, and maybe he should have drug it out more, he wasn’t sure anymore.

“Good boi” Stiles kissed him in the cheek, licking a splash of cum there. Fuck, Derek’s toes curled in his shoes, he was damn near there. Why? Why did Stiles have to know the kinks to turn a werewolf into putty in his delicate human hands? Why did he have to know all the tricks and secrets that only other werewolves should understand… but couldn’t scent Derek to know what else he was hiding in his need? Was the world that cruel or that kind? Derek wasn’t sure which he felt it was anymore. And he wasn’t sure he really cared.

“You do this sort of thing often?” The Library frowned, his arms still crossed over his off white sweater vest and pale flannel underneath as he studied first Derek and then turned to Stiles, proving just who he was talking to. Derek wanted to whine; he both liked it and hated it when people spoke around him like this. Hated it because it meant he was being ignored, and liked it when he was being submissive, treated like a thing rather than a person. God, why wouldn’t the earth open up and swallow him now with all this humiliation wafting around him right now?

“Not before, but his temper.” Stiles shook his head. “He just has no self control sometimes.” Stiles sighed, resting his hand on Derek’s shoulder, moving his hand back to gently stroke in small circles at the base of Derek’s neck. The movement going straight to his groin and making his entire pelvic floor flutter and spasm. Which also meant Derek was tightening and loosening in constant contractions around the vibrator in his ass, which in turn slowly fucked himself with it, Stiles was making him fuck himself without ever touching anything below his neck.

“I can understand that.” He nodded, his eyes dancing across Derek’s exposed flesh before his scent changed. Not only was he aroused by what he was seeing, but he was also judging Derek. He thought Derek belonged here, suffering this. His eyes meeting Derek’s and the judgment was leveled against him, he truly believed Derek was getting exactly what he deserved. He shivered under the weight of that gaze and he felt himself throb in his jeans.

“I’d like to be put on the waiting list for the book I’m looking for, if that’s okay?” Stiles smiled brightly, obviously flirting with the man who was practically eye fucking his boyfriend. If Stiles had been a werewolf he’d have been able to smell how much seeing him flirt with someone else stoked Derek’s rancorous ire. He was fighting the urge to shift and tear this guy’s head off. Or to grab Stiles and make him not flirt with other people. He hated the lack of the power that he had in this moment, because if they were totally equal he’d have been able to say no and put a stop to this. But while he knew he could safe word out and Stiles would stop this scene… he wasn’t sure the jealousy was a reason enough to take this a step farther and safe word out. He was debating this stance when the Librarian spoke.

“Open his jeans while I do that, please.” He stopped looking at Derek and looked at Stiles. He knew who was running this show and he knew that Stiles wasn’t above trotting Derek’s sex out for other people to see. No matter how much he may like being treated like a thing, his wolf didn’t like this guy and did not like the way Stiles was flirting with him. And he was relatively sure that Stiles was aware of this fact, even if he couldn’t smell how much Derek was displeased at this man. But he was doing his best not to lose his temper, again.

“Oh sure.” Stiles simply unsnapped and unzipped Derek, letting him fall out in the open. His face flushed as he looked down, unable to truly comprehend the flippant and almost too casual way that Stiles simply revealed his bodies to others. One the one hand he liked it, he liked it a lot, and he
almost wanted to tell Stiles to go farther, take the pants. Take make him touch his aching cock right here… but he couldn’t. That wasn’t right… that wasn’t proper. He was drowning in his own heartbeat, think and like a wild trapped animal struggling to get out. He glanced down, his manhood standing strong and proud out in the open and all the shame and pleasure rushed up into him all the more and it was all he could do not to freak out.

“God you’re a lucky man.” The Librarian sighed, the want clear in his tone and the way his eyes lingered on Derek, he could even smell the arousal pouring off the guy. Would Stiles make Derek submit to this stranger? Would he make Derek drop to his knees and worship this complete stranger’s cock till he shot down his throat? And maybe take him from behind while he did it so that he was a true whore in use? Did Stiles even know that Derek wanted any of that? He couldn’t be sure but as the Librarian set things up Derek was sure he was looking at him and taking his time much more than was strictly needed in this situation or any situation where this might have been normal, before handing Stiles his books.

“Oh, I know it. You wouldn’t believe how great this thing feels in me.” Stiles stroked Derek’s cock, his long thin fingers wrapping around the heated flesh and working him from root to tip again and again as he continued to speak. “But his ass… and my gods his lips…” Stiles kept stroking, his hand pulsing with power as he worked Derek ever closer to the edge. Did he know what he was doing to Derek? Did he want Derek to spill his seed all over this place? To make an embarrassing scene right here? Fuck… they needed to have a talk about the rules and quick or Derek was going to cum when he wasn’t allowed.

“Sssh now Derek, the adults are talking.” Stiles made a sound of rebuke from the back of his throat as he shook his head, before turning back to the Librarian who was now so clouded in his arousal that it was all Derek could smell. This man wanted Derek to mount him and fuck him into oblivion. If Stiles only knew… would he let him? Let Derek fuck this poor man till he’d be unable to walk for the rest of the week or would he make Derek bottom for him so the next few hours would be even more uncomfortable? Or maybe neither, would he punish Derek for being too sexy? Kate had done that once. Taken him out to the mall and whenever a girl hit on Derek, he’d receive a shock from the shocking dildo in his ass. His cock was uncomfortably hard before he ever left, which only made the girls hit on him all the more. By the time they’d left Derek had made a scene as he came on the way to the car. She’d made him spend hours edging afterwards to prefect his control.

Granted Peter had been worse. He’d made Derek sneak out of the house naked as a punishment and took him a couple towns over and snuck him into a whore house that had put Derek on the stage and made him masturbate in front of faceless crowds for the rest of the night. He’d made two hundred bucks in tips, but he’d been shaking with shame and excitement and Peter’s only warning had been not to cum in his car. They’d drive with the windows down and taken the long way back home so anyone who looked in got an eyeful of Derek, naked and hard, and practically vibrating with need to touch his cock, much like he was now as Stiles held onto him, using his cock like a fucking handle. Fuck what he wouldn’t do if Stiles would just take him over the never ending edge he was ramming into quickly.

“But yeah, sleeping with him is pretty good. Did you get a look at his ass out there?” Stiles kept on stroking Derek like it was nothing, like there was nothing important to what he was doing. He might
as well have been talking about the weather or showing someone an app on his phone for all the care
he gave it. God, Derek shivered at that cold indifference and the things it did to him. And wait…
what… why was he talking about his ass… oh god he wasn’t going to…

“No, not really.” The Librarian blinked at Stiles before turning to look at Derek more fully now,
studying him like he wanted a perfect mental map of his body for later. He probably did. Peter had
always told him that people would pay good money to just have Derek in their spank bank let alone
touch him. Which, now that Derek thought about it, was probably how Peter had afforded his own
fancy car after he’d started taking photos of Derek, for all Derek knew there were still images of him
floating online, his body shivering at the thought of that. That Stiles could be scrolling through
tumblr and find Derek’s nude teenaged form from years ago. Would he know it was him? His mind
drifting to one where he’d had a thick dildo half in his tight ass looking over his shoulder at Peter as
he jerked off to the sight of him. Derek blushed slightly at the memory of how Peter had came on
him and his mother had remarked that maybe he should shower more, he smelled too much like Peter
for polite company.

“Oh well then…” Stiles tugged Derek’s jeans down over the rise of his ass till Derek could feel the
gentle breeze of the afternoon air on his smooth hairless ass, a reminder not to have a theoretical
conversation about thinking about shaving your ass with Stiles. Because he had him naked and face
down on the bed gently shaving him before devouring his ass, his chin covered in saliva and shaving
cream as he’d finally finished up making Derek baby smooth back there. Derek still remembered the
first time they’d gone swimming after that and he couldn’t find his trunks. Instead all he’d found was
this little latex looking sock thing and then Stiles had informed him that that was his bathing suit.

It had left nothing to the imagination. It’d basically been a pouch, six sizes too small, so that it was
sinfully painted on like a second skin on Derek’s cock and balls, and it didn’t even fully cover the
final inch of his cock so he’d been walking around at the beach with that on display. Stiles had been
so turned on at one point he’d taken Derek by the hand down the beach to some dunes and had
fucked his brains out before dropping his own trunks and riding Derek till he was screaming his own
release. Which had only drawn Scott’s attention to see if they were okay, god how he’d wanted the
earth to raise up and swallow him down as he writhed there naked under the gaze of their alpha as he
fucked the alpha’s best friend, not to mention the fact that Stiles’ cum was leaking out of his
well fucked hole.

But that all fled from Derek’s mind as Stiles’ hand grazed down his smooth ass right before he turned
him around, presenting his bare ass to the Librarian. “By all means look now.” Was that a note of
pride in Stiles’ voice? Derek felt his face flush darker as Stiles parted his cheeks to reveal the base of
the thick toy in his ass. Oh god, what must this stranger think about him? How was Derek ever
supposed to face this guy again? The way Stiles read through books, running through their pages
like other people breathed, they’d be here often…. Was that the point? Humiliate and humble Derek
with casual nudity so that everyone knew that he was a whore, Stiles’ whore, and that Derek
wouldn’t be able to go anywhere in town without judgmental stares and whispers he could all too
clearly hear? He wasn’t sure. And he definitely wasn’t sure if he wanted that or not. But as he
stood there with his ass on display he was well aware that he was now facing the street through the
open library doors watching as people glanced up, only to stop and do a double take at his hard cock,
his dripping tip, his ample balls, and the cum still dripping down his chin. Fuck… he needed to jerk
off again, his hands twitched, and he wasn’t sure if he’d cover himself or start stroking if he moved
them, so he opted simply to ball his fists up and clench them at his side, least he do something that
would make Stiles mad. Well… madder.

“Fuck…” That one word heralded a near smothering storm of hormones and pheromones that spoke
more than the tone that he’d just used did. He’d thought Derek’s cock was worth getting fucked by,
even here at work, but his ass… this guy wanted to fall to his knees and worship Derek’s ass. He’d had people admire his ass; he knew what his ass did to people. It’s why he often wore clothing that showed it off but didn’t look like he was trying to show it off. But as Stiles started speaking, he wasn’t entirely sure that Stiles wasn’t completely aware of what was going on here.

“If he wasn’t trust up with lube and the vibrator I’d offer you a taste. But we’re also in a bit of a rush.” With his mouth or his cock? Derek could smell the precum leaking out of the Librarian’s hard cock staining the material of his pants even now, so which did Stiles think the man wanted to use on Derek’s ass? He wasn’t sure why that mattered so much to him right now. But it did.

“Some other time maybe?” The Librarian had to struggle to get control over his voice, clearing his throat twice before he finally was able to speak without sounding like he was dripping sex from his throat. His eyes were still lust blown but Stiles probably didn’t know that. Derek wasn’t entirely sure what Stiles could and couldn’t see at this point. But it did make things interesting between them when at times he felt that Stiles was all but blind to the rest of the world of sensory input that Derek and the other supernaturals were connected to. Granted he felt the inverse was true when it came to the world of magic that Stiles had at least one foot firmly in now.

“Maybe. He ever loses his temper again, I’ll keep you in mind.” Derek swallowed, if, it was more a forgone conclusion that he was going to lose his temper eventually. He was known for this loss of temper. Fuck. He’d end up swinging from this guy’s dick before he knew it, he was sure of it.

“Here’s my private number.” The guy jotted it down on a card and handed it over to Stiles, who looked it over before putting it in his wallet. He smiled at the guy as he nodded.

“I’ll keep this just in case. I mean, we all know I’ll be back here, and this one…” He put hs hand on the back of Derek’s neck. “He’s attached at the hip to me, so I’m pretty sure he’ll be in again. You’ll have to let me know when you’re schedule is.” Stiles smiled brightly and Derek felt his face flush at the implication of that.

“Every other day.” The Librarian provided quickly, he knew a good thing when he saw it. And the pooling scents around him gave Derek a good idea that he was going to probably have to go rush and take care of himself before he kept working. Derek stood there and thought that this might be the extent of things. But then Stiles spoke again.

“Thanks, you want to touch him so you at least know what that feels like?” Stiles smiled brightly before the Librarian nodded and came around, his cool hands on Derek’s hot ass, feeling the muscles and definition in the glory that was his back side, hands going all over his back and ass, before he looked at Stiles and with a nod from him, hands went around front. Not as liberal with the front, as he didn’t want to make a mess, but he felt up Derek’s cock and balls, his nipples, his abs, and quietly thanked Stiles before quickly vanishing into the Library bathrooms. His intent clear, Stiles smirked before he turned to Derek. “You can redress now.” His tone was cheerful, he knew what he’d done and he was happy at this outcome.

“Thank you, sir.” Derek gave him a look, he couldn’t believe how open and free Stiles had been with his body. How manipulative he was using Derek to get at the Librarian. And he wasn’t sure he liked the idea of Stiles knowing just how to push people’s buttons and using him to do it. He wanted to get home and sort through these issues. He was less and less inclined to want to be right here, right now, and he was pretty sure his tone indicated that.

“Back talking again,” Stiles’ tone hardened as his smile dropped from his face. “…you’re leaving the top button undone when you get those pants back up.” He took a hold of Derek’s jaw and turned
him to where he was looking him in the eye. “You understand me?”

“yes sir.” Derek sighed, his eyes downcast as he looked more at the ground till Stiles squeezed his jaw and made him look at him.

“You need to learn that you don’t snap at people.” Stiles looked him in the eyes. “This is to get it through your thick head that you are going to treat people better.” He studied Derek’s face for a moment before he spoke again. “That’s better.” Stiles smacked him on his bare ass before heading out and leaving Derek to pull his pants back up and to adjust himself into the ridiculous tent yet again. Derek knew better than to try to spare himself the humiliation now. Not when Stiles was enjoying it almost as much as Derek was enjoying it. “Good boi.” Stiles said, putting his hand on the back of Derek’s neck. “We’ll be quick at the market.” He ran his finger through some of the cooling cum and fed it to Derek.

“yes sir.” Derek blushed, sucking on Stiles’ fingers. He knew his cock throbbed and slimed the front of his jeans even more so now that he tasted his own load. Stiles turned and looked at him, smirking. He knew. He knew what this was doing to Derek, he knew what he was doing and all of this was on purpose… fuck, he was so fucking screwed. Was Stiles going to use this like Peter or Kate? The worry was back, choking him with his own pulse, and once again he was glad Stiles wasn’t a wolf.

“Good answer.” They walked off, taking the long route there so that Derek got more sun and a lot more stares as he walked, bare chested and coated in drying cum that stood out sharply against his dark tanned complexion. Stiles smirked and paid them no mind, though Derek’s face was crimson was he walked along, people pausing to look at him and then turning around when he passed to listen to the loud buzzing coming from his ass.

Buzz

“What’s that?” Someone asked as Derek bent to pick something up that Stiles had bought. He knew exactly what it was, there was no way anyone could miss what that was. How many buzzing noises were there that came out of people’s asses? Derek mentally sighed as he felt Stiles’ hand on his lower back as he spoke.

“Oh it’s his toy.” Stiles shrugged, his tone bored and relaxed as if he was discussing the prices at the stand they were at.

“Toy?” How fucking thick was this guy? Derek wanted to growl. He wanted to scare him and make him leave. Why did there have to be stupid people here on top of all this? He started to get up when Stiles’ hand touched the hem of his jeans and flattened out, a sign to stay bent over.

“In his ass.” Stiles’ tone was losing the bored quality, but his playfulness wasn’t coming back. He was finding the guy a little thick too. Maybe Derek was rubbing off on him? Derek blushed at the thought of rubbing off on Stiles.

“Uh…” The confusion was clear on this stranger’s voice, their scent was confused and they were quickly becoming unsure if they even wanted to be here let alone know what was or was not going on here.
“Here let me show you.” He undid Derek’s jeans and showed his glorious ass and spread his cheeks to show them the thick base in Derek’s ass before he pulled it back and showed them the girth of it before slamming it back in place with a yelp from Derek. He was left to stay bent over as Stiles slowly fucked him again and again on the toy, opening him up as it raked over his prostate and brought him ever closer to another orgasm, and he’d be all for it if this person wasn’t there.

“Fuck….” The awed tone and the rush of scents letting Derek know they’d decided they wanted to be there watching this, made him feel vaguely dirty now.

“That’s the idea.” Stiles smirked, before nodding and letting Derek pull his pants up. He didn’t bother looking the stranger in the face, he didn’t want to know what he looked like, he just wanted to be done with this. He’d worry over that while he was masturbating later on, maybe while Stiles directed him or watched him. Derek’s face got hot as he thought about how much he wanted Stiles to take charge of his release later. But he had more pressing things to worry about now. Derek’s mind going blank as he went on with Stiles, they traveled for a little ways later stopping to grab some fruit from a vender when Derek bent over and caused the noise to be even louder.

Buzz

“What the hell….” A guy stopped short, his eyes zeroing in on Derek’s bent form. Derek stood up quickly trying to hide a little bit but Stiles was having none of that.

“Derek, show the nice man what made that noise.” Derek blushed horribly as he sat Stiles’ packages down and undid his jeans and pulled them down to his knees. He turned around and spread his own ass to show the man in question the thick base of his vibrator. A glance at Stiles confirmed he was well aware of what making Derek do this himself was doing to Derek, not that with his sex fully exposed it wasn’t painfully clear what he liked and didn’t like.

“Shit…” That one word drenched with the hot mix of cinnamon and something spicy as it flooded Derek’s nostrils was enough to tell him just how turned on the man was from the spectacle of him.

“You like it?” Stiles asked with a smile on his face. He knew. How could he not?

“How big is that?” The hushed awe filled tone making part of Derek quiver with need and anticipation of what Stiles might do or make him do next.

“Quite big.” He sat his own bags down and pulled back on the vibrator, showing the girth and eventually the massive length of it too. He gave it a slight twist, wringing a moan from Derek’s lips before slowly fucking it in against his overheated prostate.

“Fuck… how can he take something like that…?” Very well, every well indeed, was Derek’s thought, one of the last before he began to focus on trying to survive the slow steady fucking of his ass by Stiles and that fucking vibrator, clinging to the desperate need not to cum while all he wanted was to fall off that ever looming edge and cum hard.

“Dunno, it’s about the same size as me.” Stiles shrugged, that humble brag about how big he was making Derek tremble with need.

“Seriously?” The guy gave Stiles some serious side eye.
“Absolutely. I wanted him to know who was punishing him.” Stiles smirked wickedly. “And I want him to feel it. And since I’m not about to just walk down the street fucking him myself… toys seemed to work out better.” Stiles shrugged. Derek heard the skip in his heart beat and smelled the lie, he knew in that minute if Stiles could get away with it he’d have been fucking him in public. Fuck. Derek felt his face start to heat up.

“Can I watch it go back in some more…” The guy adjusted himself, the sound thunderous to Derek’s ears.

“Sure, Derek be a dear and hold yourself open.” Derek blushed furiously but did as he was told as Stiles turned and slammed the vibrator home on his prostate.

“Yes sir.” Derek groaned out as he struggled to hold his own ass open.

“Such an obedient boi.” Stiles stroked his ass before making Derek groan, before twisting it and pulling it out to the tip again. The wide tip of the vibrator distending the edge of Derek’s asshole, as Stiles worked the vibrator around and around in soft circles. Then, just before he slammed it home in Derek again, he angled it down to rake across Derek’s prostate with the in stroke. Again and again he did this making Derek shiver and moan; till Derek was openly cursing. “Such a mouth on this one.” Stiles sighed. “I should put it to better use right here and now.”

“Please…” Derek begged, his voice strained as Stiles fucked him faster and faster.

“You want me to fuck your tight whore mouth right here Derek?” Stiles’ voice seemed to take on a quality that Derek wasn’t used to hearing outside the bedroom. His cock throbbed harder at that tone.

“yes… no… I don’t know…” Derek pleaded, his voice strained from trying so hard not to cum.

“What do you want?” Stiles dominant tone was harsh and exacting and Derek gave in like a good submissive wants to.

“to cum… please sir… let me cum.” Derek was openly sobbing, his body vibrating with raw need.

“Since you asked so nicely.” Stiles smirked as he slammed hard into Derek’s prostate and with a near roar of a groan Derek let his cum fly, spraying his load on his jeans and all over the sidewalk. “Oh Derek, you made such a mess. Clean it up.” Derek blushed furiously as he took his jeans off and licked them clean, the crotch now wet from his tongue bath. Before turning the pavement and licking it clean. He turned to Stiles for orders and caught sight of Stiles’ father standing there with a look of bewilderment on his face.

“Derek… put some pants on.” John sighed, why did his son have to be such an exhibitionist with his boyfriend. He stood there with his disapproving face and absently thought back to the file he’d dug up when Derek had started dating Stiles, public indecency, mostly nude in places he shouldn’t be naked, and a few times getting caught masturbating in public places. His uncle Peter had always helped sweep it under the rug, but now…. Was it up to John to do it, to cover up this?

“yes sir.” Derek blushed, tucking himself back in his jeans, a considerable feat given how he was still quite hard and it took some maneuvering to get his ass and cock back into the jeans that looked practically painted on. Why did people wear those? John couldn’t understand the desire to crush
“Where’s your shirt?” He coughed when Derek didn’t make any real attempt to cover his naked, and as John looked at it, he realized cum covered chest. Derek for his part, to ashamed to talk, his face bright red, simply pointed to Stiles. “Stiles…” He closed his eyes as he turned to his son who was standing there looking like none of this phased him.

“Oh alright.” Stiles rolled his eyes and handed Derek his shirt back. Why did he have to be like this? Did he hit his head or something as a child? John couldn’t think of anything he’d have done. Maybe he ate some rat poison or something at the hospital while they were unconscious waiting on results with his mom… something had to explain… well this.

“Can you two PLEASE get off the street and take this somewhere else?” John pinched the bridge of his nose. “Like… his apartment, your bedroom… anywhere with four walls, not facing the street, and where I don’t have to hear it, clean up after it, or be involved in anymore of your….”

“My what?” Stiles blinked at his dad.

“Your foreplay.” He sighed.

“Right…” Stiles spun around. “Yep, absolutely.” Stiles smiled. “Come alone Derek.” He could put on a brave face but he’d just made his father say foreplay when it came to Derek being naked in public and his prostate milked. He was pretty sure he’d hear about this later, hopefully after his dad slept and they both had coffee…. Maybe he should invest in a thick juicy steak. Or was that too much of making him think of Derek’s tube steak? He was seeing Derek naked a lot more lately. But maybe…. “Hey Dad?” Stiles spun back around.

“I dread to ask this… but what?” John sighed heavily.

“Would offering you a prime cut steak be too much like a bribe or too much making you think of Derek like a piece of meat… because you know you keep seeing his…” John’s hand shot out around Stiles’ mouth, covering it.

“You ruin steak for me, and I will shot you.” He looked his son square in the eye who gave him a disbelieving look. “You’re magic, you can heal.”

“But it’s Derek’s body….” Stiles argued when the hand came off his mouth only for it to recover him quickly.

“I don’t want to hear about it, I don’t want to see it, I want this done. Can you take him out of here now?” He looked to Derek.

“yes sir.” Derek blushed, looking at the ground as he passed John who sighed heavily, taking Stiles by the arm and starting to move him away.

“Unbelievable, you behave badly and I get in trouble for it.” Stiles scoffed.

“Show’s over folks!” John yelled as the crowd that had gathered to walk parted. He reached out to grab Derek’s arm. “Do I want to know what this was about?”

“I lost my temper…” Derek blushed as he looked down, there was still half dried cum on his face.
“Oh god. He was punishing you…” John gaped at Derek before looking back at Stiles.

“yes…” Derek blushed, everything about him spoke of shame and embarrassment but John got to thinking about all those arrest reports. Always in the presence of Kate Argent or Peter Hale… and now Stiles… Derek had a type. And as much as he didn’t want to put his son in the same category as a deranged psychopath and a serial killer… Stiles was a dominate personality and he clearly had sway over Derek.

“And you got off on it?” John frowned, his mind trying to grasp this. If this was something Derek didn’t want… didn’t need than he’d talk to Stiles. He’d accept the steak because he deserved meat damn it, but he’d talk to his son about toning it down, or maybe finding a better outlet for his hobby. The Dunbar kid was a nudist, maybe he needed a dom so Derek could get a break.

“yes sir.” Derek blushed, his cock clearly still hard, as he watched, Derek gave Stiles a longing look. Oh he wanted this. He wanted this and more. If everything in his file was because of dominants making him submit, fuck. He could never show Stiles that file.

“Just… just go. Please?” John pinched the bridge of his nose as he released Derek, letting him go and letting Stiles and Derek leave.

“Yes sir.” Derek blushed and walked away with Stiles in tow. They quickly made it back to the loft where Stiles snapped his fingers and Derek’s clothes peeled off of him before laying on the floor, Derek completely naked and exposed. “Stiles…” Derek whined, he wasn’t sure if he was up for more, his memory was connecting the Sheriff’s questions to the deputy who had arrested him for being naked in a parking lot with a large dildo in his ass… only for Peter to smooth it over. And the same deputy later finding Derek with no clothing wandering the street and delivered him to the house, and thankfully Peter answered the door. He knew. John Stilinski knew. Now the question was, would he tell Stiles, and did Derek want him to? And all of this was going on in Derek’s head and making him less in the mood.

“You need to be on your bed, ass in the air. Now.” Stiles looked hungrily at Derek. And in that moment he wasn’t sure he could stop himself from submitting.

“Why…” Derek’s voice trembled with lust and need.

“Because I’m going to fuck that tight ass of yours till the lube runs out and you stop cumming. And then I’m going to fuck that whore mouth of yours till you can’t taste anything but my cum for days. After that we’ll discuss you getting to leave the house without your toy in that tight ass of yours.” Stiles smiled. “Because as bad as Kate was and as wicked as Peter was, and yes I’ve seen your files and your arrest record, I’m capable of doing shit that they could never and would never dream of, so get that pretty ass of yours up there, and let sir make you feel good.

“Yes sir.” Derek nodded.
Basketball shorts are fun…

Chapter Summary

Derek’s humiliation and punishment continues on.

Chapter Notes

Commissioner 9, we love you.

Derek didn’t always screw up. Sometimes he managed to do things that made Stiles very happy. Like when he knew Stiles was up to his eyeballs in studying and needed something to keep him going.

“Derek?”

“Yeah?”

“What is this?”

“You needed a snack.”

“I didn’t ask you to do this… or tell you to do this… did I?” Stiles frowned at the offered snack, unsure if he had done something without meaning to, again, or if Derek was simply being kind.

“No.” Derek looked at him funny.

“Oh. Okay. Where’d you get snacks at this hour?” Stiles looked up at the digital clock and realized it was almost closing here at the school library.

“I cooked them.”

“You cooked… snacks…” Stiles blinked blankly.

“Starbucks coffee, homemade doughnuts, cookies, and some breakfast bars.”

“you… made… breakfast bars?” Stiles arched his brow, picking up one of the bars that looked to be made of three of his favorite breakfast cereals. He picked it up and took a bite.

“I looked it up online and then I went and got your favorite cereals. I knew they didn’t make them with those brands so I…”

“oh my god.” Stiles moaned. “Try this.” He handed on to Scott.

“Okay…” Scott bit into it. “Pretty good.” He smiled at Derek who smiled at the dual praise.
“Derek.”

“Yes?” He turned to Stiles.

“Pick a corner.”

“Corner?”

“You get rewards.”

“R…rewards?” Derek blushed, his cock already filling out the front of his jeans.

“Yes.” Stiles’ voice took on a steely tone.

“W… what kind of rewards?”

“The after you pick a corner, leave your clothes here kind.”

“Oh.” Yep, Derek was very much aroused now.

“Choose.”

“Second floor… by the vending machine.” Derek blushed.

“Good choice. Strip.”

“yes sir.” Derek blushed as he pulled his shirt over his head and sat it on the chair next to Stiles’ bag before undoing his jeans and kicking off his shoes, leaving them and his socks on the chair and standing there naked, Scott checking him out, reaching out to fluff that hard cock already.

“Have fun.” Scott chuckled.

“Watch our stuff okay?” Stiles looked at Scott.

“Sure, go have fun. I’ll be here making flash cards.”

“Good… good…” Stiles took his cell phone and sat it on the table before pulling his own shirt over his head and leaving it on the chair with Derek’s clothes, he snagged a cookie and started undoing his jeans.

“Going nude too?” Scott arched his brow.

“Absolutely.” Stiles smirked. “This is a reward to Derek. And he likes me to go naked too. Don’t you big guy?”

“yeah.” Derek blushed, not bothering to hide his arousal from their alpha.

“Nice. You two have fun. I’ll just take myself in hand and take care of my own issues while I’m working.”

“You could always join in.”
“Oh I will be just not with the actual sex.” He smiled.

“Oh?”

“Derek likes it when he has to wear cum on his face.”

“Yeah…” Stiles frowned.

“I’m going to cum on his clothes.”

“Sweet!” Stiles smiled, taking Derek by his cock and leading him away up the stacks.

“I’m getting public sex… nudity… and alpha cum to wear home… all I did was cook and bring you food and drink…”

“Yes, and you thought about me.” Stiles lead the way, their soft feet falls on the carpeting so muffled even Derek could barely pick up on them. “So you get this.”

“But you… this…”

“Derek, do you want to be punished?”

“maybe?” Derek blushed.

“Really?” Stiles paused, in the middle of the walkway.

“I like it when you take control.”

“Go stand by the big window facing the parking lot.” Derek blushed and moved towards it, taking his place. “God…” Stiles conjured lube on his cock as he started to jerk off slowly. “Start jerking off, slowly. VERY slowly.” Derek nodded, confused but accepting the orders. He was about to ask what was going on or what was next when his voice failed him. A warm wet tongue found his puckered hole and began to eat him out, while fingers coated in magic began to spread him so the tongue could go deeper.

“fuck….” Derek stroked his cock faster, in time with the pounding of insistence from Stiles’ tongue.

“Slow up.” Stiles pulled back, his finger gliding over Derek’s prostate and wringing need and want from his body.

“can’t…”

“Oh you will.” Stiles smirked.

“Stiles…”

“I’m going to get what I want out of this too.”

“what do you want?”

“You’re going to edge. For every edge, you get a bigger reward.”
“b-bigger?”

“If you can make it to three edges I’ll let you cum in my mouth. You make it to five you get to cum in my ass. You make it to seven and I’ll open that window and let you cum all over the pavement.”

“Stiles…” The need thick in his voice.

“You make it to ten edges though… you don’t put clothing back on tonight, no matter where we go. Even if I want to go bowling.”

“S…ST….” Derek panted letting go and clenching his fists against the glass as he tried to cool his heated body down.

“That’s one.” Stiles smirked, adding a second finger. “Let’s go for two.”

“god…”

“Oh I’m not God. Not of anything pure anyways. But when I’ve milked your heavy balls till it hurts to cum and then still going… then you may call me Master.”

“Stiles…” Derek panted.

“What?” Stiles frowned.

“that’s two.” Derek panted.

“Oh…..” Stiles smirked wickedly as he added another finger. “We’re going to have so SO much fun with this.”

“I’m not sure if I can keep this up…”

“Oh you’ll keep it up big boy.” Stiles fucked him harder, his fingers flying in and out of Derek’s ass as he fought to bring him ever closer to the next edge. He worked him harder and harder…

“oh fuck..” Derek’s claws scraped down the glass.

“That three?” Stiles smirked.

“yes.” Derek’s head sagged as he nodded.

“That’s a blow job. You want to keep playing for more?”

“yes… no…. maybe…” Derek blushed.

“Talk to me Derek.” Stiles’ words punctuated with his fingers on Derek’s prostate.

“I just…” He panted.

“What is it?”

“I need you to take a firmer control.”
“Yeah…?”

“Yeah.” Derek nodded.

“I…”

“Like Kate and Peter.”

“yes.” Derek looked away.

“SSShhh.” Stiles stood up, his fingers still in Derek’s ass as he pulled him back. “You just look out at the people coming and going and you try your damnest not to cum. You don’t have permission to cum.”

“stiles….”

“No cumming or I punish you on top of your reward.”

“p-punish…” Derek blushed.

“Yes. Punish.” Stiles kissed his cheek. “Now you start stroking that cock.” Stiles knelt down and began to devour Derek’s hole as he fingered him faster and faster, the magic in his body making the lube flow as he worked him over.

“huh huh…” Derek huffed.

“Already?” Stiles chuckled.

“You… you’re dominating me… and you have your f…fingers on my…” Derek’s face went crimson.

“You like my fingers up your ass Derek?”

“yes.”

“Say it.”

“stil…”

“Say. It.” Stiles punctuated his words with sharp jabs of his fingers and a frantic twist.

“FUCK!” Derek whined.

SMACK

“Language Derek.” Stiles scolded him while aggressively fingerling his hole.

“I like your fingers in my ass…” Derek blushed.

“Good boi.” Stiles cooed as he worked faster and faster. His magic allowing him to move at inhuman speeds.
“fuck…”

SMACK

“god….” Derek moaned. “six…” Derek panted trying to catch his breath, his forehead against the glass.

“My my, you’ve made it a long ways in a short while….” Stiles cooed.

“so close…” Derek was leaking precum non stop now.

“You know… just one more edge and I open the window… four more and you don’t put clothes back on tonight.”

“yes…..” Derek moaned, his eyes lust blown as he looked at his own nude reflection.

“You want the window open if you make it to the next edge?”

“yes…” Derek nodded, biting his lip.

“I love how once I get you going you get better at telling me what you want.”

“i’m not that great at it…” Derek looked down.

“I don’t know big guy, you’re doing pretty good tonight.” Stiles stroked Derek’s ass.

“It’s weird…”

“What is?”

“Asking for it…?”

“Oh Derek, you’re always asking for it.”

“What?” Derek looked over his shoulder.

“Face front.” Derek’s head snapped forward. “Now what I mean is, with an ass like this, that much cock in the front, that face and this body….” Stiles stroked Derek’s ass. “God the muscles, the work, the genetics… I’m a lucky man to have you. And you’re submissive… and want a firm hand… you were wasted on those two morons. No, the problem is Derek that you had two stupid doms who didn’t understand what you were or how to properly use what you had to offer. Now does that mean that I do… yep. I know exactly how to use you. And half the fun for both of us is getting you to not only admit that you have needs or to say them, but to watch you as you war with yourself about even wanting to address them.” Stiles twisted his fingers and Derek whined high in his throat. “Seven?”

“yes.” Derek blushed.

“Good boi.” Stiles stood up, wiping his fingers on Derek’s thigh an walking to the center and undoing the locks before folding the windows in and suddenly Derek was standing there, illuminated by the light of the room and the lamp directly over head and completely exposed to the outside parking lot. Stiles stood behind Derek and reached down, taking his balls in his hand and pulling
down. “You’re going to make it those last three edges, right Derek?”

“yes sir.”

“Good answer Derek.” Stiles began tugging and squeezing on Derek’s nuts as he went back to eating Derek out. Derek’s hand flying up and down his red and swollen meat stick as he reached the eight edge, calling it out with a moan. His hands going up to tug and torture his tits as he panted and moaned, getting louder as he waited for the edge to recede enough that he could actually touch his aching cock. Fuck, just two more … just two more fucking edges and he could cum. Stiles promised… he’d let him cum after ten… didn’t he?

Derek took himself back in hand as he tried to remember Stiles’ wording. Three edges and he got to cum in Stiles’ mouth. Five and he could cum in Stiles’ ass. Seven and he could cum with the window open… ten and he didn’t put clothing back on after. Derek kept pumping, Stiles’ hands were warm as they tugged him down, down to the bottom of his sack before smacking him hard. Fuuuucckkkk…. He whined high.

“n-n-nine!” Derek all but shouted, his breathing erratic, his heart beat going all over the place as he struggled not to cum. Just one more. Just one more and he could cum. God just one more…. His whole body felt like it was on fire, his groin throbbing and thrumming with need. He was so close, just one more…

Stiles added a fourth fingers in with his tongue and the burn of his ass opening all that much more was enough to make him have to let go quickly. “Ten!” Derek screamed, vaguely aware of people out in the parking lot looking up at him as Stiles turned his fingers, twisted his hand and pulled back and spoke in an authoritative voice.

“Do not think of touching your cock now, just pull on those fucking nipples of yours. Stiles went to yanking down hard on Derek’s bruised balls while he obeyed and abused his nipples the pounding as his ass brining him untouched and causing him to cum like an unkinked fire hose. Derek wasn’t sure he’d have staid upright if Stiles hadn’t let go and grabbed him around the waist to hold him there. He came. Long and hard and constantly for a good solid three minutes before he slumped in Stiles’ arms and panted, softly mewing as he was snuggled.

Sometime later he realized Stiles had sat him in a chair facing the open window and was busy bobbing up and down giving him an enthusiastic blow job. Derek shivered, his fingers becoming claws as he came down his boyfriend’s throat, he smiled like a loon as Stiles took his hand and lead him down stairs back to where Scott was finishing up cumming all over Derek’s clothing, his own hard cock still out in the open.

“Hey Scotty, you good with me riding Derek as we get back to work?”

“Absolutely!” Scott grinned. “So long as I get to keep my cock out and play with it from time to time.”

“I don’t see why not. Do you Derek?” Stiles turned to him, stroking his slick cock as he led him by it.

“Nope…” Derek shook his head, taking Stiles old seat and sitting down, finding his cock already lubed up by Stiles’ wordless magic before he found Stiles simply sitting down on him, bold and brazen as anything.
“Comfy?” Scott smirked.

“Oh absolutely.” Stiles started bouncing.

“Good.” John’s voice cut across everything and they turned to look at the Sheriff, who currently had what looked like a large spray of cum all over the shoulder of his uniform.

“shit.” Derek sank into the chair as best he could.

“Hey dad.”

“Don’t hey me.” His voice got tight.

“Sorry sir.” Stiles sat up straighter, aware of his nakedness on Derek’s lap.

“Better. So… who wants to tell me why I can’t get a call about public indecency and it not be one of you boys?” He looked between each of them, taking in Scott’s amused face, Stiles’ slightly shifty look, and Derek’s crimson blush.

“Derek brought snacks?” Stiles offered him a plate.

“this is a reward…?” He pinched the bridge of his nose.

“Yeah.” Stiles nodded.

“So… imagine my shock when I show up and get a facial as your boyfriend and your submissive unloads all over me as I’m walking into the building to tell you guys to cut this shit out.”

“sorry…” Derek muttered, hiding his face behind Stiles body.

“And now you’re both still naked…. Why are you still naked?!?” His voice getting louder.

“Well, Derek made it to ten edges and…”

“You were edging him?”

“Well we…” He gestured between himself and Derek.

“STILES!??!”

“What… he brought snacks… what was I supposed to do?”

“KISS HIM!”

“Oh I did that.”

“I saw.” John glared, telling him in so many words that he’d watched him blow Derek.

“It’s a valid form of kissing, and the actual story behind the story of the frog prince.”

“what?” Johan sighed.
“The whole story is an allegory for giving oral sex to a guy and making him love you and being nice and sweet if you simply blow him from time to…."

“Stiles.” John’s voice was deathly low.

“Yes sir.”

“Finish up, get dressed, and the both of you come home, we’re having a talk about this.”

“Derek can’t.”

“Can’t what?”

“Get dressed.”

“Why?”

“He made it to ten edges.” Stiles said like it explained everything.

“Care to translate?” He looked to Scott.

“If Derek made it to at least ten, then he got to stay naked and humiliated for the rest of the night.” Scott offered.

“And you have your cock out why?” John glanced under the table.

“Mostly because they’re hot and I needed to relieve the pressure….” Scott blushed but made no attempt to cover up or put himself away.

“Right…” John pinched the bridge of his nose, walking away from the table.

“Well you as…” Stiles started but stopped under his dad’s glare.

“Right. Scott, put it in your pants. Stiles, get some pants on.” He walked over to the pile of clothes with cum all over them, assumed they were Derek’s with Scott’s cum all over it and pulled out the least cum coated sock and threw it at Derek. “You wear that till you get to my house, and then you’re wearing either that or a jock strap while I have a talk about right and wrong time to be naked in public.”

“yes sir.” Derek hung his head but took the sock he was offered.

“good. I’ll see you at home.” John marched out.

“Well that went pretty good.” Stiles smiled.

“HOME!” John’s voice shouted from the door of the library.

“Yeah… just great.” Scott snorted, tucking himself back into his pants as he did them up and packed his things up.

“You’re not the one stuffing yourself into a sock.” Derek grumbled.

“I can make it harder to stuff into that sock…” Stiles smirked.

“you’re wicked….” Derek groaned.

“And I can also be kind…” Stiles knelt in front of Derek, taking him in hand and helping him fill the sock till he was almost overfilling the material to the sock till it threatened to spill out and split the seams. Once contained, Stiles began to weigh it in his before engulfing the soft terry cloth in his mouth and humming along the moisten fabric till Derek gave a needy whine, he was on the verge of spilling his essence already.

“stiles…” The needy sound of his name caused Stiles to step back.

“I think that’ll do.” He gently patted Derek’s package before he stood up with a smirk.

“You two are too much.” Scott squeezed his own aching erection.

“Next heat I’ll blow you till my jaw aches.” He blew a kiss to his best friend and hooked his arm through Derek’s arm. “Let’s go face the music.”

“God this is going to be a nightmare.” Derek sighed.

“Tell you what, after we get through with Dad’s lecture, I’ll slip the jock off of you and you can have your way with me up in my bed.” Stiles smirked.

“S-seriously?”

“Yep.” Stiles smacked his own ass. “This is all yours if you make it through the parental lecture.”

“Fuck.” Derek hung his head, picking up his clothing and supplies.

“It’s not that bad…” Stiles squeezed Derek’s oversized package. “And just think of the rewards.”

“I think of the rewards much more and I’ll soak this sock.” Derek blushed.

“That’s the spirit!” Stiles smiled as they packed up in his car.

***

They sat in the front room, Derek in the ridiculous black jock strap that Stiles had got him. Specially made for men with big dicks so that it showed off their body at its best, and it did that job quite well making Derek look even better hung then he really was. He sat there next to Stiles on the sofa as the Sheriff paced and yelled about their escapades, even bringing up Derek’s record from so long ago. He’d yelled at Stiles about how he could treat Derek that way, and especially in public.

“He needs his temper managed.” Stiles had countered.

“Then just withhold sex…” Derek had made a whining noise and they’d both looked at him before
Stiles took a hold of him and shook it at his father.

“It’s kind of hard to leave this alone.”

“I’ve seen it. Several times. Recently in fact.” John crossed his arms, unimpressed with Stiles just now.

“Werewolves need more sex than humans do, their balls create way more hormones and sperm. Hell if I don’t drain him later by supper his balls will be so swollen he won’t be able to fit in his jeans.”

“Then he can masturbate.” John sighed. “It’s not like you put him in one of those things…” He gestured vaguely cupping with his hands.

“What things?” Stiles frowned, his mind suddenly conjuring up images of all sorts of devices to torture and titillate.

“he’s talking about the cock cage that Kate put me in… and left me tied up fucking myself on a dildo in public wearing nothing but the cage when your father got a call and came out to find me trying to milk my prostate…” Derek blushed.

“Seriously?”

“She’d not let me cum for a couple days… I was beyond mad with lust. Between her and Peter at the time… I could barely fit in my pants… I’d had to wear shorts that day because of the swelling.” He blushed looking down.

“You see what I mean… do you want to find him walking the house trying to fuck himself silly hours of the day and night?”

“If it meant my underage son wasn’t having unprotected sex with his werewolf boyfriend… maybe, yeah.” John nodded. A sentiment that he would later regret saying when he got up for the late shift and found Derek sitting in the living room, naked and sweaty, jerking himself off with a toy in his ass while watching porn on their smart tv. He’d almost told him to stop when he thought about to how needy the werewolf was. So he cleared his throat and Derek blushed furiously.

“You need someone to watch you?”

“the humiliation helps.” Derek blushed.

“I don’t have all night. You want me to watch you better hurry up.” John glanced at his phone and Derek blushed but took a hold of himself and started stroking, faster and faster till he arched his back and painted his furry chest with spent seed. John walked up and looked at Derek hard, his eyes lingering on him enough that Derek quickly sprang to full arousal again. “You really are insatiable…” John sighed.

“It’s part of being a wolf. Learning to control your needs…” Derek blushed.

“How often are the pair of you having sex?” John sighed.

“Several times a day…” Derek blushed.

“And is that all Stiles on bottom…”
“We switch…” Derek blushed harder.

“And after my talk this evening?”

“I topped.” Derek had left Stiles naked, his hole still wet from the fourth or fifth round they’d had where he’d gotten to top.

“How often do you usually masturbate on top of the sex?”

“Five of six times a day…” Derek blushed, he couldn’t believe they were having this conversation.

“You’re letting Stiles heal up because he’s only human, magic aside, he’s still just human.”

“Yes sir.” Derek nodded, he was aware that there was only so much sex that Stiles could take and Derek was also aware that he was starting to turn towards heat again.

“You spend much time sucking my son’s cock?” Derek could smell how aroused the Sherriff was getting and knew he was getting turned on himself.

“Yes sir.” Derek looked up at him, his hand still on his cock.

“Then you’re used to handling big meat.” John cupped himself.

“Y-yes sir.” Derek blushed, he couldn’t possibly mean…

“You get any cum on my uniform pants and I’ll spank your bare ass till even your werewolf healing has issues.”

“Yes, sir.” Derek fell to his knees as John opened his pants and pulled out his hard cock.

“If you need sex while you’re under my roof and my son needs to rest or heal… knock on my door, I’ll put you through your paces.” He fed his meat into Derek’s throat so he could only gurgle and moan as he nodded his ascent to being used by his boyfriend’s father.

***

Derek had been doing pretty good in Stiles’ eyes. Between all the times he’d been so thoughtful and kind, there’d only been a few small infractions where he started to get short with people. Stiles honestly had started to believe that Derek’s temper was finally under control. But that all came crashing down as Stiles sat in the coffee house waiting on his coffee that Derek had gone to get.

“What do you mean you don’t have an order with that name?” The volume of that alone to be heard clear where Stiles was sitting should have been warning enough that something was wrong. But Derek’s angry voice liked to carry, that wasn’t something Stiles had sort of gotten used to it, even without having heard it for a while.

“shit.” Stiles sighed and turned towards the registers, Derek had the barista by the collar of his shirt, hauled up over the counter and was pressed nose to nose with the guy growling into his face.
“Double shit.” Stiles sighed, stood up and walked over to the situation and he knew the minute Derek became aware of him because Derek’s eyes sort of widened as he turned to look at Stiles.

“But he…” Derek started.

“Put. Him. Down.” Stiles crossed his arms over his chest. He was doing his deep breathing exercises to control his breathing and leveled his gaze on Derek.

“But…” Derek looked stricken.

“Derek.” That one word held enough force in it that Derek let go and the guy fell to the counter.

“Now put him back.” Derek helped the man back to his feet. “You okay?”

“Are you two insane…?” The guy gaped at them.

“Probably. Are you okay?” Stiles never looked away from Derek who was pleading with his eyes as he stood there.

“Like I told him, I don’t have a coffee order for style.”

“Stiles.” Stiles corrected. “And it’d be the triple caramel half caff with seven pumps of cream.”

“That was a serious order?” The guy blinked at Stiles.

“Yes it was. And while I can understand my boyfriend’s anger at your tone, I do not condone it. So here’s what we’re going to do. I’ll go punish him and then get back in line to place my order again, because I earned the wait.” Stiles turned back to Derek. “Wait by the door.”

“yes sir.” Derek hung his head and walked off. Not that he couldn’t hear what Stiles did next though, even with all the other noise.

“Now, before I go.” Stiles leaned in. “I’m going to remain civil and in control here, but I do need you to do your part and place the order as you are given it.”

“how was I supposed to…” Stiles put his finger to his lips and the guy fell silent.

“Yours is not to question. Yours is to do. Now I’ve taken up enough of these people’s time. Please be respectful of them as they are respectful of you.” Stiles flexed a little magic into the guy before turning and walking towards Derek.

“how come he’s not getting punished.” Derek was aware how petulant he sounded to his own ears, but he didn’t care right now.

“He is. He has to work here for the rest of his life. You on the other hand, you’re going out into that alley back there and you’re taking your clothes off and folding them into a neat pile.” Stiles looked up into Derek’s eyes. “And then I expect you to lube up your tight hole for what’s to come next.”

“But…”

“Do I make myself quite clear?” Stiles asked never breaking eye contact.

“Yes sir.” Derek’s shoulders sank as he looked down.
“I’ll be along shortly.” Stiles pushed the special punishment lube into Derek’s hand.

“Stiles….”

“Derek, you know the rules. Now go.” Derek hung his head and headed outside. Stiles watched him go and turned his attention to the barista, muttering a charm under his breath and flexing just a little bit more magic. He’d improve the man’s disposition and leave him with blue balls for a week, adding an extra day of not being able to get off for every customer he was rude to from this point on. Once that was done he walked out to the alley to find Derek had pulled his shirt off and was folding it neatly.

“Always enjoy this part…” Stiles smiled, pulling one of the outdoor café style chairs up so he could sit down and watch as Derek laid the shirt on the table in front of him. “Now the pants.” Derek blushed as he undid his pants and slipped them down to reveal he was wearing the jock strap that Stiles had bought him. It was an anatomically correct pouch designed to maximize and shape Derek’s package while shaping and framing his ass perfectly.

“Someone had a good thought before he left home.” Stiles reached out his hand and Derek walked forward so that he was sitting his crotch in Stiles’ hand. “You do know why I do this to you, correct?” Stiles looked up the line of Derek’s body.

“Because I behaved badly.” Derek looked down.

“I don’t like having to punish you.” Stiles sighed.

“Maybe you should.” Derek bit his lip.

“What’s that mean?” Stiles arched his brow.

“Maybe I need you to take a heavier hand….” Derek blushed crimson thinking back to how Kate and later Peter had used his body, punishing him on a whim. Stiles had said he knew… but did he really? Did he know Derek’s secret shame? That he’d liked what they’d done to him.

“You mean like they did?” Stiles sat there unmoving, nothing given away, not to any of Derek’s senses anyways. He’d used magic long ago to figure out how to go so still that Werewolves barely noticed him when he didn’t want them to.

“maybe.” Derek bit his lip.

“Do you really want me to be that cold and hard on you?”

“not all the time… but maybe sometimes.” Derek shivered.

“Take off the jock.” Derek nodded and slipped it off, standing there naked, folding the underwear and picking up the lube without being told, and liberally lubed his fingers as he began to finger fuck his tight hole. He was up to a third finger when the side door to the coffee house opened and a server came out holding Stiles order.

“I… thanks?” Stiles blinked taking the drink.

“Sorry about him, he’s a dick to everyone.” She smiled, before turning to Derek and her eyes went
wide. He was frozen in mid thrust, his naked body on complete display.

“I didn’t say stop.” Stiles sipped his drink and looked at Derek who turned to him and blushed as Stiles made a gesture to continue. “It’s okay… he’ll either learn his lesson or he’ll suffer.” Stiles turned back to the server.

“I’m sorry.”

“You’ve lived in Beacon Hills for a while?”

“Born and Raised.”

“You know about the truth?”

“That he’s a werewolf and you’re not?”

“Oh no, I’m very much not a werewolf. I’m magic.” Stiles smiled.

“No such animal.”

“You know werewolves but not about the Druids or the magic?” Stiles arched his brow, all the while Derek fingered himself faster and harder.

“Just cuz werewolves exist doesn’t many all the myths are true.” She gave Stiles a look.

“Actually they kind of are.” He waved his hand and a chair moved over for her to sit.

“Holy shit…”

“So… yeah. He’s a werewolf. I’m magic. Not quite a Druid. Not yet anyways. But I do have enough control to do things that are useful.” He smiled as he sipped his coffee. “I put a small curse on your barista… he’ll learn to either be nicer to people or he’ll never use his balls again. Either way I’m done with him.” Stiles shrugged.

“Do you use magic to control him?” She eyed Derek

“Sometimes, this is just pure need for my dick.” Stiles shrugged.

“Seriously?” She snorted.

“Yep. My boyfriend’s submissive. And he was just telling me I needed to take a more firm hand with him. So I’m willing to think about that.” Stiles nodded.

“And I’m being told about all this why?”

“You’ve been nice to me, and I was curious about the stage in there. Stiles pointed over his shoulder into the main coffee house.

“We use it for open mic night and live shows.”

“Interesting concept… live shows…?” Stiles smirked his hand cupping and outstretched and Derek lay himself in Stiles’ hand to use as he saw fit. Stiles squeezed Derek’s nuts in his hand as he looked
at the server. “Do you ever get any *risqué* acts?” Stiles smirked.

“What do you have in mind?” She gave a glance at Derek’s balls in Stiles’ hand.

“Something practically indecent…” Stiles smirked wickedly.

“What did you have in mind?”

“Well….” Stiles grinned.

***

“Hey.” The server was up on stage drawing everyone’s attention to the staged area. “We have a paid show coming on in just a sec. You’re welcome to watch and if it becomes participation requested, you’re allowed to join in, but until then for your viewing pleasure, Derek Hale.” There was clamoring of noise before Derek walked on completely naked with his hands at his side. He left nothing to the imagination as the spot lights swivels to show off his nude flesh as he stood there with a slight tremor in his stance. He wasn’t so sure about this.

Every inch of his body was almost on fire it was so sensitive, he wanted this, but he wasn’t sure he should have asked for this so soon. He bit his lip. “Hi.” He blushed as he waved. “I’m Derek Hale and I’m being punished for losing my temper earlier….” Derek blushed at saying that. “So this is for all of you.” Derek pulled the stool over and sat down, letting his ass hang over the edge as he turned to face away from them, presenting them with the spread glory of his ass while he sat there spread, his thighs out straight from either side of the stool as he ran his hands up and down his ass.

*Smack.*

Derek smacked his own ass, the sound echoing and cutting through the noise of the coffee house till you could hear a pin drop as he moaned. He did it again.

*Smack.*

There wasn’t an eye in the place that wasn’t watching where Derek’s hand had left a red imprint on his meaty ass. He smacked himself again and again, spanking his own ass till it was flushed with heat rising to the surface and then he took the bottle of lube that he’d brought up with him and sat near him and lubed up his fingers, one hand going to spread the thick globes of his ass before his fingers delved into his tight hole and began to work himself open. He heard gasps from somewhere behind him but that didn’t matter, the only thing that mattered was the heat that pooled deep inside his belly as he worked his prostate over. He almost wished Stiles would come up on stage and simply fuck his brains out. But he knew that wasn’t on the menu, not today at least.

That thought alone heating his cheeks as he imagined a day when Stiles came up on stage and simply fucked him in front of everyone, leaving him wet and slick, practically dripping with Stiles’ load. And after he had had his fill, he could see Stiles inviting every man in the coffee house to fuck him, probably even letting the snide barista that Derek had heard Stiles curse fuck him, not that he’d get to cum again if he was mean apparently. But after him dozens of faceless men fucking him till his ass dripped semen for days after this encounter.
Derek’s hole twitched around his fingers. Fuck he longed to be used. He missed Kate’s strap on and Peter’s cock, slipping his shorts down as he sat on their lap at public sporting events for sports he wasn’t in so they could slip into his ass, and slowly fuck him while he sat there, leaving him long and hard and needy while they took their fill of him. He wondered if he could get Stiles to do that… his Stiles… fucking him quietly in public so that they wouldn’t notice that he was being a naughty boy till he came screaming and begging with sobs.

No… that wasn’t Stiles’ style. He wanted everyone to know that Derek deserved to be punished. Derek felt the burn of the fourth finger in his ass and began to pick up the pace, brutally fucking his own hole, riding the wave of pleasure and pain as he thought back to his past adventures. The basketball game that he’d had to miss because Peter had made him forget his homework at home. So he was in the stands sitting on Peter’s lap when he felt Peter move him and then heard the zipper lower. Peter’s warm flesh against his shorts clad ass had made him blush and Peter’s harsh lust filled voice in his ear had come so hot and fast against his skin.

“Lift up.” Derek had lifted up and felt the claw that tore the steam right below his hole, just enough for the thickness of Peter’s shaft to slide into Derek’s already lubed hole. He’d made him spend two hours before the game laying face down finger fucking himself till he was loose and slick and then he’d let him get dressed for the game. Now as Peter’s bare cock sank into him he realized why he’d been so dedicated to this detail. He’d just let Derek sink down on his length before they were married to the hilt and Peter and taken a hold of his hips and moved him till he was pressing right against Derek’s prostate. “Bounce… slowly…” Had been the next order.

Derek was used to fucking himself on things for either tormentor’s joy, but as he fucked himself on Peter, shallow strokes, making the head of Peter’s cock rub incessantly against his prostate, Derek was finding himself on the edge of orgasm after orgasm only for Peter to still, drawing it out. They stood together when the crowd stood, and sat back down hard in Derek’s case, causing him to groan aloud at the precious friction in his ass. Several great shots by his friends and team mates had him sweating and swearing under his breath as he struggled not to cum, his shorts obscenely tented with his hard cock.

“Such a foul mouth…” Peter had chuckled. “To think you suck my cock with that mouth.” He licked the shell of Derek’s ear and reached into his shorts and took a hold of him. He’d discovered the bruises on Derek’s balls and that his nephew had a desire to have his balls punished. So as he squeezed them with a vice like strength, Derek whined high in his throat.

“Peter…” He was close and he knew Peter could smell it.

“Beg.” Oh shit. Shit, not here, Derek remembered thinking.

“P… Peter…” Derek let the need show in his voice, his voice a little louder because when Peter said beg, he meant be loud and draw attention to yourself.

“That’s not my name.” His grip tightened. “Not when I’m this deep in your tight bitch ass whore.” Peter smirked as he sucked on Derek’s lobe.

“master…” Derek’s broken sob escaped his lips like an unwilling traitor as the ripple of muscle in Peter’s hands both squeezed and almost vibrated around Derek’s balls. His cock was hard against the back of Peter’s hand as Peter held onto him.

“That’s better bitch. Can’t let you think we’re equals when I’m this deep in your ass. Now what do you want me to do bitch?” Peter’s laugh was there in his voice, he was enjoying the heady mix of
sex and power.

“please master… let me cum…” Derek blushed saying the words aloud.

“Tell you what… beg me to undo the seam back here, all the way up the back so that these can go down… and when we stand up next time, you let them drop to your ankles.” Peter breathed heavily against his neck. “And when we sit down again, I’ll jerk your pathetic dick off while you openly fuck yourself on me, but for you getting to cum you don’t get to put those shorts back on till the game’s over… and you’re leaving the underwear here.”

“yes master.” Derek whined, he had no choice in the matter, he knew that.

“Good.” Peter kept up the pressure but his free hand freed his claws and tore making short work of the seam so there was an unobstructed line of bare flesh from his hole all the way up the back of his ass to the small of his back, leaving both his shorts and underwear open in the back. “I can’t wait to have a little more room to work with.” Peter cooed and before too long they were standing again and Derek narrowed his hips, letting his movements be a little more energetic till the shorts and underwear fell to his feet and he worked his shoed feet through the legs leaving himself naked from the waste down as they stood there. Peter smirked angling himself so that when they sat his cock rammed home into Derek’s prostate.

Derek could barely breathe around his own pleasure as Peter took him in hand, loosely and lazily jerking him off while he fucked himself on Peter’s dick. His movements becoming more aggressive even as Peter tightened his grip on his abused nuts, he’d been so consumed in his pleasure and the prospect of getting to cum that he hadn’t noticed Peter kick his shorts under the bleachers, Derek was going to have to go searching for them before they left later, but for the time being he’d fucked himself till he tightened around Peter and came. Spraying his thick load all down his own thighs and legs as Peter came in him.

Peter staid in him for the rest of the game, still hard for most of it, fucking him a couple more times till the game was over and Derek couldn’t find his shorts. Panicked he’d asked about them and Peter had pointed down the bleacher’s to the floor underneath where Derek could make them out. Blushing he’d had to sneak off his uncle’s cock to behind the bleachers, searching the dark for his clothes when he felt a hand smack down on his bare leaking ass. Kate had seen him come down here and as Derek turned around she had her strap on on, and Derek blushed as she pushed him down and fucked his ass with long even strokes before he blew his load all over his shirt. After that she let him pull on his shorts, not that it mattered, his ass and cock were leaking cum so the shorts were wet and sticking to him in seconds. He crawled back to Peter with shame and Peter had cackled with laughter, pulling the sides of the shorts open to inspect the damage on the way to his car.

He’d ended up fucking Derek again in the parking lot as the cars left, this time Derek completely naked as he came inside him, and he left Derek needing release so that he’d be more pliant. Granted that had led to Derek’s first threesome when one of Peter’s friends knocked on the car door and caught sight of how debouched Derek was. He’d been left naked and needy and Peter and his friend discussed Derek’s needs like he wasn’t there and wasn’t in charge of who got to fuck him.

Actually, thinking back on it, he’d never really been in charge of his sex life. He was a bystander who others decided who and how he was having sex. And some part of him liked that. He blushed as he realized he had almost came on the stool in front of the patrons at the coffee house.

“I hope you’ve enjoyed the show… so far…” Derek’s voice was shaky and uneven as he turned and
revealed his long hard cock to the room, several gasps, but he had to focus to see past the bright lights to where Stiles was sitting, Liam and Theo at the table with him and for some reason the idea of the two of them here made Derek blush all the more.

“… kind of glad that it’s your turn to take him. He’s starting to gear up to heat and I can’t keep up with his needs.” Liam was saying as he gave the handle of Theo’s leash over to Stiles. That was a mistake, Theo in Stiles’ hands would mean a great deal of things, but right now, when he hadn’t provided Derek with a dildo or prostate massager it meant that he’d figured on Theo coming here and catching him like this. He had always intended for something like this to happen… or had he? He wasn’t sure but he began to stroke himself as Theo sat there between the pair, looking up with heavy eyes at Derek. The raw hunger there stirring his loins to needing their release all the sooner.

“Theo, take your clothes off.” Stiles said evenly.

“here?” Theo asked with a flush on his cheeks that didn’t even remotely stop his magically controlled limbs from undoing his button down shirt and untucking it from his pants. With it handed over soon his under shirt and his jeans made their way to the table as did his boots and socks before his black boxer shorts were slipped down and handed over before he received his next set of orders. The look that Stiles had shot him having worked as an order that yes, he’d meant here and now. Derek shivered as he watched Theo sit there naked, hardening in public and blushing as Stiles spoke again.

“You’re going to go up there, finger Derek’s hole, use that lube to lube your cock up, and then you’re going to fuck him. On stage, fully, to release, in his tight ass. Where everyone can see.”

“Stiles…” Theo gave a needy whine. God, the sound of that made Derek tighten up. He was so ready to have Theo in him. It wasn’t the same as Stiles fucking him, but Theo had a good boy and he could sense that Theo liked his body too. Stiles simply nodded towards Derek and Theo stood, before Stiles smacked his ass hard enough to draw attention to him as he walked naked and bobbing up towards Derek.

“sorry.” Theo blushed.

“I need it.” Derek whispered back, their enhanced hearing picking it up easily as Theo leaned in and kissed Derek, two fingers finding his lube drenched and dripping hole and sinking to the hilt into Derek. He groaned around Theo’s tongue as he sucked on the pointed bit of flesh, happy to have someone to play off of. As they made out Theo made happy noises from the back of his throat, giving into the pleasure he was feeling as he worked Derek open. It didn’t take much for him to get his hand mostly coated in lube before he had himself in hand and was slowly jerking off.

“god Theo… I need it bad…” Derek whined high in his throat as he looked Theo in the eyes.

“yeah?” Theo was half out of breath from the pleasure coursing through his system.

“Yeah.” Derek nodded. Theo took himself in hand and pointed it firmly just behind Derek’s balls and slid in fast and hard, driving himself in home straight to the hilt till he was balls deep in Derek.

“fuck…” Theo took a hold of Derek’s cock and squeezed it. “You focus on those big balls of yours…” Theo grinned as he started slow slide out of Derek before stopping inches from being free of him only to sink back to the root of his manhood in him once again. He began to pick up speed as he thrust harder and faster into Derek, taking him with the need to release as it built, clawing its way through him. He had needs, needs that weren’t being met as everyone’s meat to fuck and use. But Derek could tell there was something more, something simmering under the surface that he could see
in Theo’s eyes.

“Fuck… so good… fill me up.” Derek moaned, making a good show of slamming back as much as his body would allow him to on Theo’s cock. Derek’s body was warming up, and he had a sense that either his heat was coming on or Theo’s might have been. Either way, someone was going to have to get their tight hole pounded. There was heat and friction, such delicious friction that Derek wasn’t sure where he ended and Theo started but that amazing heat seemed to crystallize.

His world narrowing down to Theo’s cock and his own tight ass around him. Derek’s mind blanked out in this place as he gave himself fully to the pleasure that flooded his system. This place he knew. Kate had gotten him here often enough that he’d stuck with her till she’d killed most of his family. Even Peter had gotten him to this place enough that he’d been willing to even try nursing on Peter’s cock in the hospital room, giving himself one last time with Peter before they fled.

His mind flashed back to that moment, Peter naked on the bed except for a hospital gown that he’d rucked up so that he could get at the undamaged penis that had gotten hard while the nurses bathed him. They’d left it untouched and when they left Derek had locked the door and taken off his own clothes before swallowing Peter whole. He wasn’t allowed to be clothed when blowing Peter. That was one of Peter’s rules. He liked to lord it over Derek that he was above him in every sense of the word. He’d taken Peter in his throat and brought him to a labored breathing climax but Peter didn’t awaken. So he’d mounted himself on Peter’s cock and fucked till he spilled all over the sheets and brought Peter along with him. But then he’d known.

Peter wasn’t in there anymore. He’d redressed and left, running to Lora and sobbing that he’d lost both his mistress and master as well as his entire family save his sister and somehow he wasn’t sure which was the greater blow to his mind. He’d spent years trying to find someone who could treat him the way that Kate or Peter had treated him. Going out with men and women at leather clubs and gay bars till his own self loathing made him believe he didn’t deserve to feel like that again. And till he’d gotten with Stiles he’d still assumed he never would have it again. He hadn’t earned it yet.

But here he was. Naked on stage being fucked in front of twenty or thirty people by their submissive, and Derek’s eyes rolled back in his skull as he came. His slicked cock spraying his load out over his chest and chin as he painted his own face with his release. Distantly he was aware of a clapping sound like distant thunder and then there was a much closer guttural growl as Theo spilled inside him. Derek’s eyes were glassy as he kissed Theo deeply, taking his tongue into his mouth and he was so far into sub space that he let Theo’s tongue dominate his.

Derek wasn’t here right now. Derek was somewhere else. Somewhere warm and cozy and floating so far away that Derek wasn’t even aware as Theo pulled out of him and left until the much larger presence of Stiles entered him. Derek gasped and wasn’t even sure when Stiles had taken his clothes off. The long unbroken line of flesh on flesh between them as Stiles fucked him on that bar stool on the coffee house’s stage was enough to tell him that Stiles was naked too. But he couldn’t remember Stiles stripping.

He should have feared that. Some part of him knew to fear being so far gone that he didn’t notice when things like that happened, but right now, in this floating place he didn’t care. He was too happy to be here, submitting to Stiles.

They made out and Stiles dominated his mouth, fucking his mouth like he was plundering his ass now while complete strangers watched on in utter shock before there was a shift and Derek gasped into Stiles’ mouth. He’d felt the electric thrill of magic along his skin as it ghosted over his spine before, but now, this naked and charged himself it was like a bolt of lightning that both froze and
burned at the heart of him as Stiles enchanted himself with the strength to pick Derek up. Not only picking him up but holding him aloft as he fucked him, Stiles’ hands and cock the only things holding Derek up. He’d taken Stiles like this a couple times when he got to top… but he’d never had anyone do this to him.

“master….” Derek cried out, unable to stop himself as he clung to Stiles like he was the only real thing in the whole of creation as he came again. His body writing in pleasure as he lost himself in the release.

“MINE.” Stiles growled out as he clutched Derek’s balls and squeezed right in the sweet spot between pain and pleasure as he came in Derek’s tight wanton hole and it was all Derek could muster not to cum again on the spot. Not that he had much left in the tank. But he was pretty sure he’d be full again in an hour or two. The perks of being a wolf, most humans wouldn’t have been able to cum again at all today.

And slowly on shaky legs, Derek was sat back down on his own bare feet and led off stage to applause, before being sat down on his own shirt so he didn’t leak onto the chair. Theo sitting there still quite naked and hard in just his leather leash as Stiles finished his drink and paid for a treat, having already redressed, part of Derek wondered if he used magic or if he’d just been that out of it to notice Stiles dress again. Derek was starting to come down from the high of the sex and getting to sub space like that and it felt too fast and too sudden. He started to panic and get too cold when Stiles’ warm hand touched the back of his neck.

“I’ve got you.” Stiles pulled him into him and held him tight. “I’ve got you.” Derek cried, he wasn’t sure why, he remembered blubbering something about Stiles being perfect and he was so sorry for disappointing him and going on and on about how it’d never happen again. In truth he didn’t know what he promised just then, and was only vaguely sure that he did make the promises. Stiles for his part spoke sweet nothings in his ear and rubbed his back, giving him the love and connection he needed to ground himself in that moment. When they were finally sure that Derek was grounded, he pushed foot into Derek’s hand.

“Eat.”

“sir?” Derek blushed.

“I mean it.” Stiles glared at him and then put some to Theo. “I’m by no means done with your punishment. This is just the start. But you went pretty deep into subs pace and I wasn’t sure how far you’d get before you came back. And now… now you’re going to eat and you’re going to drink some water slowly and get yourself more in the right head space for what comes next.” Stiles gave him a dark look.

“what… comes next?” Derek wasn’t sure if he wanted to know the answer to that or not.

“Oh a few things.” He smirked as he gave Derek a pair of sheer basketball shorts made of a very thin jersey material. “You’ll be wearing these.” Stiles grinned as Derek blushed, looking down at the thin material. They were practically transparent they were so sheer. He tested them by sliding his hand behind the fabric and blushed as he could clearly see most of the details of his hand through them.

‘fuck…’ Derek thought to himself. ‘If I can see this much of my hand…’ He kept looking at his hand through the material. ‘It’ll be like I’m practically naked…’ He blushed furiously as he thought about that. “S-stiles…”
“Sir.” Stiles corrected. “And I assume this is about the talk we had recently with my dad?”

“yes sir.” Stiles nodded at that, his hand on the back of Derek’s neck.

“I figured as much.” Stiles smiled. “But you asked me to be more like the pair of them.” Stiles looked right into Derek’s eyes, something darkly sexual passed behind his eyes. “And I aim to step up my game. Dad said he doesn’t want to catch you walking around naked around town again. So we’ll fix that.” He pushed the material at Derek. “Wear this and you’re not naked.”

“sir… I don’t think….”

“Exactly. You’re the horny meat I’m going to show off. At least right now while you’re in the dog house. But you don’t think. That’s what I’m here for.”

“yes sir.” Derek blushed as he looked at the fabric, before starting to move.

“Did I say put it on right now?”

“no sir.” Derek blushed sitting back down.

“Good boy. Learning to sit so easily. And I didn’t even need a rolled up newspaper.” Derek shot him a dirty look. “Puppy going to try to show his teeth now?” Stiles glanced at him over his cup of coffee.

“no sir.” He bit out.

“Good boy.” Derek didn’t want to admit just what that sort of thing did to him. Not now, not ever. But the praise made his very visible dick throb none the less. “Oh you liked that did you?”

“y…yes sir.” Derek flushed darker.

“Never been too ashamed of your needs to not tell me. Now.” Stiles pointed at the table and the shadows bent around to reveal he’d put a cock ring on the table. “This I want you to put on now.”

“I’m already…”

SMACK

“Did I say I wanted back talked boy?” Stiles had smacked Derek hard enough for the noise to echo through the shop and for anyone not already looking at them to now be facing them, openly watching. “Well?” Stiles held himself very still.

“no sir.”

“Then put it on.”

“yes sir.” Derek nodded, he picked up the toy and fed his balls through first and then his cock. As soon as he let go of himself he felt a spark of magic travel from it up his groin and through his spine, his whole body shivering with the power radiating off of it.

“Better. Try to touch yourself.” Derek did as he was bid and his hand was deflected away. “Excellent.” Stiles smiled, entirely too pleased with himself.
“Sir?” Derek blushed.

“Small bit of magic. So long as a human wears it, it’s just industrial strength latex. But when a werewolf or other supernatural wears one of these, some of the material transmutes into mountain ash. You’re effectively unable to touch your own cock for any reason or even able to take it off.” Stiles smirked, reaching out and taking a hold of Derek’s cock. “And you see that lovely rune right there?” He tapped the base of Derek’s dick.

“Yes sir….”

“That is a bind rune. You can’t cum except by your own hand.”

“s-sir!?” Derek looked alarmed.

“These pretty babies won’t be emptying again till you can jerk off, but the material prevents you from even touching yourself. So… that means I can spend the rest of my afternoon slowly teasing this big slab of meat of yours and you can’t do jack shit about it or even spray your load.”

“I…”

“Theo.”

“Yes sir?” Theo blushed.

“Get under the table and blow Derek.”

“yes sir.” Theo looked down, slinking under the table and taking Derek’s tip in his mouth. He looked up at Derek as he nursed on him.

“You’re wondering how he can touch you but you can’t?” Derek simply nodded, not trusting his own voice at the moment. “Simple. A basic charm to direct all the negative parts of the spell towards you. You can’t touch it. You can’t take it off. You can’t get off. And the only way this baby comes off is when I think you’ve earned it.”

“earned it, sir?” Derek swallowed, he’d only just cum on stage and his cock was hyper sensitive now and as Theo enthusiastically swallowed around him it was too much, his body already twitching from the desire to cum again.

“I’ve been going too easy on you. You’re still having these outbursts and it’s simply unacceptable any longer. So until you’ve done everything you can think of and everything I’ve thought of to make amends for this last outburst you won’t have the right to touch yourself let alone get off.”

“b-but…” Derek whined as Theo’s fingers found his slick hole and began to toy with him.

“But what Derek?”

“I need to cum.” Derek blushed, trying to figure out how to explain to Stiles that while wolves had a low refractory period, they also needed regular milking of their balls and prostates or they’d find themselves cranky and their swollen nuts would hurt so bad that they couldn’t hardly walk, let alone wear clothes. The longest Derek had ever gone since he hit puberty was a day or two, and he’d had to give up underwear by the end of day two.
“Oh I know about the whole swollen super blue balls werewolves get.” Stiles waved it away.

“But… how?”

“Who do you think taught Scotty about the birds and the bees, let alone who do you think taught him how to masturbate?” Stiles smirked. “I had to do a lot of research on how the whole wolf thing affected it. Which meant asking Deaton for books on werewolf arousal, and teaching Scotty how to know that he needed to get off. We also figured out that he needed his prostate milked regularly.” Stiles shrugged. “So I left you a way out.”

“Wha…?” Derek blushed.

“The rune Derek.” Stiles tapped the rune again. “Only by your own hand.”

“but I can’t jerk off…” Derek frowned.

“Seriously, that’s the only way you’ve ever gotten off?” Stiles snorted.

“Well no… but…” Theo worked his fingers against Derek’s prostate causing him to gasp.

“See Theo understands.”

“you mean I have to….” Derek blushed, unable to bring himself to say the words now that he began to understand what Stiles had done to him.

“Say it Derek.”

“you mean I have to finger myself to orgasm…?” Derek couldn’t meet Stiles’ eyes.

“That’s exactly what I mean Derek. You’re going to get your fingers up your tight ass and you’re going to work your prostate till you spill your seed completely hands free, no touching your dick. And you’re going to do that day after day till you’ve earned the right to use your dick again.”

“yes sir.” Derek blushed, he’d never had his sex taken away from him like this. He wasn’t sure what he would have done if Peter or even Kate had had the power to strip him of his most basic functions like this.

“Good boy. Theo, I want to see three fingers working his ass open, you’re dick was decent as a starter but his healing will have him starting to tighten up in a few minutes and I want that ass open wide. You hear me?”

“ges ger.” Theo spoke around Derek’s dick making him whine high in his throat. Fuck, if he could only cum, he’d have flooded Theo’s throat twice by now. Fuck… he couldn’t help the whine that escaped his lips or the spread of his thighs to give Theo a better access to his tight needy hole. His body drawing him to the tipping point of entering sub space again.

“Derek.” Stiles voice cut across everything.

“yes… sir…” Derek slurred his words, already farther along than he’d realized.

“I think those tits of yours could use some torture too.” Stiles attached clamps with wolfsbane soaked
teeth into his hard nipples and brought a hiss from Derek’s lips as he adjusted the bite of each clamp till he let go and the ball weight on each pulled Derek’s nipples down slightly.

“fuck…” Derek whined.

“My own little invention. The charm makes the weights heavier than they normally would be on their own, and my own magic can make them heavier or lighter at my own whim.” Stiles leaned in and licked the shell of Derek’s ear, his magic flexing and riding across Derek’s heated flesh causing the weights to grow heavier.

“s-sir…” Derek couldn’t help but gasp out.

“I thought for sure you’d say my name. I think you’ve earned a little pleasure out of that.” Stiles smirked. “Theo pull off, but keep your fingers working his hole.”

“yes sir.” Theo said as he pulled off of Derek with a wet pop.

“Derek, where do you want your pain.”

“Balls!” Derek cried out quickly.

“Oh you want your balls to get more punishment?”

“yes, please sir, please abuse my balls.” Derek panted through the pain in his tits.

“Okay.” Stiles slid his hand under Derek’s balls. “Theo hold his cock out of the way, I don’t want to smack it. Yet.” He grinned as Derek put heavy lidded eyes on Stiles. “Maybe when you’ve earned it.” He chuckled.

“Yes. Sir.” Derek grit out.

“He’s out of the way sir.” Theo bowed his head, holding Derek’s bigger cock out of the way.

“Ready for your pain boy?”

“yes sir.” Derek nodded as Stiles’ hand came down.

\textit{smack}

“One.” Derek cried out, keeping his thighs spread as Stiles raised his hand again.

\textit{smack}

“Two.”

\textit{smack}

“Three…” On and on they went, Derek counting out and Stiles smacking harder and harder till Derek cried out. “Twenty one…” He panted, his thighs quivering with need to close and protect himself.

“How’s that boy?” Stiles started rubbing Derek’s already swollen balls, the bruise blooming on the
surface as Stiles tended to them, his magic slowing Derek’s healing so his balls would feel this for days instead of minutes to hours.

“good sir. I enjoy the ache.” Derek panted.

“Good boy.” Stiles patted Derek’s balls lightly. “Still going to have to work off the right to use these things.” He squeezed them none too gently.

“I know sir. I’ve earned this punishment sir.” Derek panted, his eyes glassy.

“My sweet boy.” Stiles stood up and kissed Derek. “You’re going to stay in this floaty space for a bit longer and then I’m going to work you down.”

“yes sir.” Derek mumbled, Stiles let him stay in that floaty place for a while longer before he slowly brought Derek back to reality and put something in his hand. Derek looked down and noticed the large vibrating plug Stiles preferred when punishing him. Derek whined but lifted up and slipped it into himself, using Theo’s cum and what remaining lube there was to work the thick toy into his ass and aim it at his prostate. He was pretty sure that Stiles’ magic wouldn’t spare him the humiliation of fingering himself to release by letting him use a dildo. No, Stiles wanted to break him, and make him learn his lesson, and this was going to be the way he did it. Derek sat down on the toy and gasped as it began to vibrate against his needy prostate.

“Good boy. Now sit there and look pretty, Theo, I want a blow job while I finish my coffee. Once I cum then we’ll get you ready to go.”

“Yes sir.” Theo knelt under the table and undid Stiles’ jeans, pulling him out and began to devour Stile’s big cock, swallowing around him as he took one of the biggest things he’d ever had in his mouth down to the hilt. “Theo’s gotten much better sucking cock. I think Liam wore his skull more often than any of us.” Stiles shrugged as he sipped his coffee and looked at Derek. “You make me so fucking horny.” He flexed his magic and caused the weights on Derek’s chest to increase in weight again, stealing the big wolf’s breath as he gasped out.

“yes sir. Sorry sir.”

“It is quite distracting. But I suppose it can’t be helped.” He shrugged. “Oh well. I think I’ll get some use out of you later.” He smirked as he sipped his coffee slow, while under the table Theo tried to time his blow job. He knew his place, he had to get Stiles off just as he finished his coffee, not before and not after, not if he didn’t want to be in worse punishment than Derek was already in. He pulled Stiles’ balls out and gently massaged them, while Derek was a pain slut about his balls, Stiles was anything but. Maybe it was the human in him, or maybe it was just preference, Theo wasn’t sure. He was still part human at least and he’d always liked rougher sex.

“Enjoying your punishment so far boy?” Stiles smirked as Derek panted, his body flexing as his cock bobbed useless on its own.

“sir…. It’s so… I need…”

“What do you need?” Stiles smirked.

“I need to cum so bad…. ” Derek almost sobbed.

“Bounce on the dildo Derek.”
“yes sir…” Derek openly sobbed as he started working his body, his balls smacking the chair as he bottomed out, causing him to bit his lip.

“Good boy.” Stiles reached down and curled his fingers through Theo’s hair, pulling him tight to fuck his throat as he watched Derek bounce. Fucking his prostate hard and begging for more. ‘Such a fucking slut when he lets go.’ Stiles smiled, enjoying seeing Derek let go of all his baggage and rage and give into his needs. He watched and waited as he fucked Theo’s throat, finishing both his release and cup of coffee all at once. Sitting the cup down as he flooded Theo’s throat with cum. Once he was done he looked at Theo who licked him clean and put him back in his jeans before zipping him up.

“Good boy.” Stiles patted Theo’s cheek. “Stop Derek.” Derek sat down hard. “Now put your shorts on.”

“Yes sir.” Derek nodded as he picked up the thin material and slipped them on and blushed at how his package was practically visible through the material, aided by the cock ring he was even more on display than he’d normally be. Stiles reached out and cupped Derek and smirked as he squeezed Derek’s package, wetting the material with precum from Derek’s swollen cock. “Thank you sir.” Derek panted.

“Good answer boy.” Stiles smirked, and spotted Theo get up from under the table, some of Stiles’ essence on his lips. “You didn’t swallow all your treat?” Stiles arched a brow.

“I wanted to wear it with pride sir.”

“Good answer.” He tossed another cock ring to Theo who blushed and slipped it on, feeling how it adjusted to his body and tightened putting him even more on display but on some level he felt like he’d been put on equal standing with Derek. He felt better just for the feel of it.

“Thank you sir.” Theo held his head down, trying to hide the shine to his eyes.

“I have a pair for you too Theo.” Stiles produced another pair of the shorts which caused Theo to look up at him, he was to be allowed clothes? Theo took the clothing and pulled them on, only for Stiles to reach over and adjust him, the cock ring he was wearing keeping him ram rod straight out from his body and the magic coursing through the toy into his body was making him throb with need. He’d have to finger himself whenever, if ever, that Stiles thought to allow it. “We’re going to have to hurry, there’s a storm coming.”

“Wait… a storm?” Theo blinked, his mind wondering to how they supposed to walk in the rain.

“Yes. A storm.” Stiles gave a wicked smirk. “I mean… look at how those shorts are already reacting to just the moisture from your cocks.” Theo looked down, noting how his dick head was entirely visible now. “Just imagine how they’ll react to all that lovely rain.” Stiles smirked before standing. “Ready to go?”

“Yes sir.” Theo and Derek said as one.

“Oh I can get used to that.” Stiles smirked, leaving a large tip on the table and walking his boys out into the world. Stiles plotted a long path home so that they were only half way home when it didn’t just start raining it started pouring down. Stiles created a small deviation of magic above him that directed the water to either side of him, further drenching Derek and Theo. While dry the material
had been practically transparent but loose, soaking wet the material was transparent and skin tight. Derek mused on how it'd have been less humiliating to walk home naked. But he was glad for the clothing when the police cruiser drove up.

“I figured it’d be you two….” John sighed, rolling his window down and glance. “You three.” He corrected as he nodded to Theo who blushed. “Get in the back Stiles, Theo. Derek, get up front.” He hit the unlock button.

“Why’s he get to ride up front.” Stiles grumbled, already getting in back and maybe working a little magic so all the wetness on the top of the cruiser suddenly soaked Theo’s shorts even more.

“Because he’s going to be sucking my cock, like a good whore.” John answered matter-o-factly and Stiles blinked for a moment before shrugging.

“When did this start?” Stiles asked once he was sitting down.

“Right after our talk the other night.” John glanced back at his son, Derek still standing in the rain waiting for orders from his master. He knew better than to just take the word of others, even the Sheriff, over his master.

“Derek get up front. Theo, I expect you to match his pace on my cock.” Stiles settled in to the car opposite to his father, seated in the back, Theo scrambling in to follow after him, trying to figure out how to maneuver in the back seat of the cruiser while Derek got in the front seat and reached across to the Sheriff’s package and began to grope him.

“Don’t just play with it boy, get your mouth on it.” John rolled the windows up and put the cruiser into drive.

“Yes sir.” Derek licked his lips, undoing the work trousers and pulling out the big cock that had spawned his master. “It would be my pleasure sir.” He said quietly as he went down and took the big beast into his mouth, opening his throat and sliding down till he had all of it, his lips flush against the Sherriff’s body. It wasn’t unlike blowing Stiles, but as John settled a hand onto the back of Derek’s head, setting the pace for the demanding blow job he wanted, Derek knew he was in for a great deal of learning and work yet tonight before he’d even started earning his freedom again.

End Notes

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