warming the cockles, etc.

by Siriusstuff

Summary

Derek makes cock warming a more heated experience.

Notes

Based on the AO3 Tag Generator prompt: "naked werewolf cock warming," with the emphasis mostly on the cock warming.

“Wha—what?—what’re you doing?”

“I’m…”

Stiles pressed close to Derek, closer than he already was—really close.

He was very committed to the big spoon role.

“We’re fucking again already?” Derek asked.

“You say that like it would be a bad thing. But, no.—Not right at the moment, no.”

“Then wha—?”
“Shh, shh, shh.—You mad? You upset?”

“No—just—surprized?”

“Shh,” Stiles repeated, with a slow, little thrust of his hips—though not so little it didn’t force a tiny sound, something between an “ohh” and an “unh,” out of Derek.

Nuzzling Derek’s neck Stiles whispered, “It’s ‘cock warming.’” He pressed in again, eliciting another “ungh” from his werewolf boyfriend.

“More like really really slow fucking, if you ask me,” Derek felt moved to surmise.

“No one did.”

“Was your cock cold?” Derek had to ask.

Stiles held back a laugh. Instead he softly huffed in faux frustration, and with his mouth close to Derek’s ear tried to make his case: “You can’t appreciate the heightened intimacy of this? We’re not just spooning, we’re connected.”

“Oh, I can appreciate it,” Derek answered, responding with a trick of his own as he grinded back so that it felt like his rectum writhed around Stiles’s dick.

Then it was Stiles’s turn to groan an “unhh.”

“Derek,” he whined.

“Just making sure you’re warm enough,” Derek declared, the smirk clear in his tone of voice.

Stiles replied with a pointed thrust, but Derek’s grunt ended in “Oh, yeah.”

Stiles rolled them over more, nearly flat but not completely, not yet.

“I need more lube if we’re—“ Stiles started to say.

“No you don’t,” Derek assured, flattening out under Stiles, spreading his legs and pitching up his ass so that he was open wide.

“Oh, fuck fuck fuck,” Stiles cried, and started pounding.

“Tha’s the idea,” Derek answered, lips against the sheets.

He poked his butt up even higher, knowing Stiles could never resist the invitation to slam his pelvis as hard as he could against Derek’s ass. Derek knew whatever fatigue Stiles thought he’d felt would be forgotten— till after Stiles’s orgasm when he’d collapse and then Derek could assume the big spoon role around his little bunny rabbit of a lover.

Meanwhile, “Gonna wreck you,” Stiles cried, hammering away.

It felt great. Stiles’s frenzied thrusts registered like vibrations on Derek’s prostate and with only a few tugs on his own hard dick Derek was close to coming seconds later.

Soon as Derek did, Stiles’s body clamped tightly against him and faint strained whimpers meant he was coming too.

Hyper-sensitivity followed almost instantaneously after Stiles’s third or fourth orgasm and he
disengaged their connection like he’d been stung, flopping onto his back alongside Derek. He was blowing breath as if he’d been sprinting.

(Well, they were in the midst of a sex-marathon after all.)

Derek rumbled with deep laughter and engulfed Stiles in an embrace, shifting their positions, as he’d planned, till Stiles was the little spoon.

“I got ya, babe,” Derek crooned in Stiles’s ear and Stiles wriggled in his arms, not saying anything until he admitted, “Eh, so much for cock warming.”

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