As Ordered

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by KattsEyeDemon, seekeronthepath

Summary

During the year in which they turn eighteen, all American citizens are tested to find where they fall on the Dom-sub scale and are assigned to a Dom - either to mentor them as they learn how to be a Dom themselves, or to look after them and make sure their needs as a submissive are met. When Stiles tests as a sub, he’s assigned to Derek Hale, and the two of them gradually learn to rely on and love each other.
Derek is written by seekeronthepath; Stiles by kattseyedemon; and all other characters as suited the scene. Updates weekly.

WARNINGS: As is canon, Derek was in a relationship with Kate Argent at a young age. It was abusive, and Derek is dealing with the aftermath of that abuse throughout this fic. Specific warnings will be on the relevant chapters.
First Meeting

Stiles cursed, staring at the paper with his assignment, his fingers stroking the infinity mark in the divot of his jaw on his neck that showed he was a sub. "This isn't what I expected," he muttered unhappily, sitting on the stairs outside of the town hall. He took a couple breaths to calm himself before finally looking down at his lap. Looking over the pamphlets, his eyes grew wide.

Unless told otherwise by your Dom, you should be unclothed and kneeling when inside the house. You will not be allowed phones, computers, or other electronic devices unless specifically permitted by your Dom. All working subs must have both written permission slips signed by their Doms and verbal permission spoken between their Dom and their employer...Should you not listen to your instincts and instead repress them, in time you will get sick. Should you still resist you will eventually die.

Stiles groaned, placing his head on his knees. "Great, just great. Obey or die, it seems." He let out an almost hysterical laugh. He didn't really mind being a sub; it's more that he was afraid his assignment would be one of those Doms you constantly see in the news, arrested for the severe neglect and eventual death of their sub.

Stiles sighed, rubbing a hand over his face and cursed softly as he gathered up his pamphlets. He headed to a nearby park, looking for a place to read and think. The more he thought it through, though, the more the rules made sense. Really, they were there to make sure there were beginning guidelines. And he'd known some Doms that completely ignored them. Doms like his father. His mother had had a phone, clothes and everything else. True, the whole 'must wear a mark of your Dom' and 'permission for work' and such had still been in effect, but his father didn't see the point in his mother parading around in nothing but her collar and cuffs.

That's not to say that Stiles didn't want that. The more he thought about it, lying on the merry-go-round, the more he wanted a Dom that would be possessive. One that owned him, for lack of a better word. He wanted to know he was wanted and safe, to know that no matter how stubborn he was, his Dom would reel him back. He grinned to himself, absently spinning the merry-go-round with one foot as he stared at the paper stating his Dom's name, number, and address. His fingers grasped for his phone and he was dialing before his brain kicked in.

Derek was in the middle of writing a scene that was actually flowing well for once when his phone rang. He cursed, but hit save and answered it. He didn’t get calls often. It could be important.

"Hello?"

Stiles let out a soft breath. "Um...hi? This is Derek, right? This is Stiles. Sorry for the random call... I'm your sub? I just left the town hall." He kicked at the dirt, sending the merry-go-round into a lazy circle.

Derek bit back a curse. He'd almost forgotten that he'd put his name on the register of Doms willing to foster new subs. It had been Laura’s idea, but after he’d thought about it for a while, he liked it. He knew that he, at least, would treat a sub well. "Right, sorry. Do you need me to pick you up?" he checked.

"I'm just not sure what to do now," Stiles admitted. "What am I allowed to bring? Am I moving in? What do I tell my dad, the school, things like that." He cut himself off. "Sorry, I'm just nervous, I don't mean to ramble."
"No, it's okay," Derek said, leaning back in his chair, trying to think. "Uh...if you want to keep going to school, I'll support that completely. You'll be moving in with me, but it can be...for now, you don't have to move everything out of your home, alright?"

"What will I be allowed to keep?" Stiles asked softly, flailing a bit as he almost fell off the merry-go-round. He sat up, tucking the pamphlets into his backpack.

"Look, I know there are expectations about subs, but as far as I'm concerned, right now, you're a teenager," Derek explained. "I'm not going to spring a whole lifestyle on you overnight. Yes, there'll be rules, and yes, there'll be restrictions, but we'll figure out what works for us over time. Pack a bag for a two week stay, and we'll go from there. You can have a phone and a computer, that's fine."

Stiles let out a relieved breath, nodding to himself. "I can do that, thank you." he smiled. "You still live at 129 Preservation Drive, right?"

"Right," Derek confirmed. "Take your time this afternoon. I don't mind if you have dinner at home, either." It would give him time to make sure things were set up for...Stiles, the guy had said? "So long as you're here by...nine, let's say. I work from home, so anything we don't get to talking about tonight we can deal with in the morning."

Stiles nodded, forgetting that Derek couldn't see him. "Yes sir. Is there anything specific I should do before I come over?"

"Could you give your dad a copy of my contact details?" Derek asked. "Chances are, he'll want to get in touch with me. And if you've got any plans for the next few days, let people know you'll be busy. But other than that, no."

"I can do that." Stiles beamed, slinging his backpack over his shoulder and heading back to his jeep. "I'll be there before nine, I promise."

"Good," Derek said firmly. "I look forward to meeting you."

"I will too," Stiles murmured. "See you later." He smiled awkwardly even though Derek couldn't see it. "Bye."

"Bye," Derek replied and hung up. He stared at his phone for a moment, then looked at his computer screen and sighed. It's a good thing the deadline wasn't too soon on this one. It looked like he'd be busy for a while.

Stiles hung up, jumping up and down a bit to calm himself before he drove home. He had a lot to explain, and he wanted to make sure he had enough packed, and his homework done so he didn't have to worry about it, too. He didn't know what was going to happen tonight, but he wanted to be prepared.

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Stiles was driving up the road to where his phone was telling him Derek was, gaping at the beautiful forest. He actually gasped as the house came into view. "Oh, fuck me," he breathed, parking his car between a tree and...oh god, was that a Camaro?! He slid down, grabbing his suitcase and backpack before heading up and knocking on the door, shifting on his feet.

Derek answered the door to see a stranger on the step - a teenage boy, lean and pale, with wide brown eyes and closely shorn hair. "I'm guessing you're Stiles?" he asked. He'd found the email notifying him just after Stiles called.
Stiles nodded, tucking his lower lip into his mouth and grinning. "Yes sir. And thanks for using Stiles. Most people can't even pronounce my real name, and they all think it's weird."

"There's a note on your file," Derek explained, stepping back and gesturing Stiles to come in. "Let me show you to your room so you can put your bags down, and then we'll talk about some things."

"Of course there is," Stiles grumbled quietly, though he smiled at Derek. He was a bit confused about 'his room' but he was willing to just let things roll for the moment. "Okay." He looked around the house as they walked. "It's so pretty out here, and the house is gorgeous."

It was honestly too big for Derek. When Laura had been living here it had been better, and Derek hoped that having Stiles around would be good too. He led Stiles up the stairs and pointed to the bedroom next to his. "This is yours, mine's next door. The rules about your room may change over time, but for now, just treat it like your room at home."

Stiles beamed, walking into the room and gasping. "This is huge!" he laughed, setting his bags down by the bed. "And this isn't even the masters?"

Derek suppressed a smile. "I'm glad you like it. Do you want to talk here or in the living room?"

Stiles hummed as he thought. "Living room? That way it's more...neutral grounds, so to speak." He grinned, gazing out of the window for a moment before turning back to Derek, lower lip caught between his teeth.

Derek nodded. "That's reasonable." He'd never had a long-term sub before, although he'd done plenty of scenes. "This way."

Derek led Stiles back down stairs to the living room and settles on one of the couches. "Why don't we start with what you are expecting out of this? What do you know about long term Dom/sub relationships?"

"I don't know too much," Stiles admitted, curling up on an armchair. "I vaguely remember what my parents’ relationship was like, but that’s really my only personal experience. As for what I’m expecting? Not really much of anything. I’m in over my head, and after a day of all that stupid testing, which is ridiculous anyway..." He shook his head. "I remember parts of my parents...my mom wearing her cuffs and collar, and my Dad had this look toward my Mom sometimes that made her pout and turn away. I'm guessing now it was a 'you're about to be punished' warning." He laughed softly.

Derek frowned a little. The way Stiles was speaking in the past tense...had his parents split? It wasn't hugely uncommon for a child to stay with the dominant parent in the case of a divorce. Or had his mother died? He didn't think he wanted to ask right now. "Okay," he said quietly. "The thing you need to understand about Dom/sub relationships is that our society has the system it does as a solution for the mental health needs of submissives, and, to a lesser extent, Doms. It's not the only possible solution, but it's the solution we've got here. That means that the aim of any Dom/sub relationship should be to make sure both parties are happy and well."

"The instincts thing is real?" Stiles asked, his voice soft. "Mom....she got sick, really sick. And the only thing I can think of that may have finally pushed her over was the sickness thing. The ‘if you ignore your instincts’ thing. Does that happen if you're too sick to follow what they want?" The words tumbled out of his mouth before he could bite them back.
Oh god. "I'm sorry, Stiles," Derek said softly. "I know how hard it is to lose a parent. And no, that's not how the instincts work. A good Dom - and I don't doubt your father is one - will only ask a sub for what they can do. If your mother needed to obey, your father would have given her orders she was able to obey."

"He tried," Stiles murmured. "Simple ones like ‘rest’ and ‘eat this soup’, things like that. But it didn't seem to help." He gave Derek a small smile, shaking his head to dismiss the topic. "So what happens if I ignore an instinct?"

Derek accepted the change of subject, knowing what it was like not to want to talk about something. "In the short term, you might feel a little uncomfortable - emotionally, not physically. You'd start to feel stressed, anxious, guilty, depressed. As your mental health deteriorated, you'd find it hard to sleep, you might lose your appetite, your immune system would become less effective. People don't die of ignoring their instincts, but they do, rarely, die of the side effects, depending on how strong their instincts are. Your papers should have told you how submissive you are relative to the general population."

Stiles nodded, rummaging in his pocket for the paper he'd scribbled things down on. "The 10th percentile in submissive. Has it all in a step-ladder thing. With the 1st and 2nd percentile above the 7-8th percentile, and then a small dot where I am straddling that and the 9-10th percentile under it. The lady said that just meant I was a little more than the rest, but not enough to be labeled a super needy sub."

Derek raised his eyebrows. Chances were, they'd paired Stiles with him because he was a strong Dom, but still. "That's good to know," he said. "I'm pleased you told me."

Stiles flushed, shifting and lowering his eyes, not really understanding why that little bit of praise made him happy, but not rejecting it either. "What now?" he asked instead, fiddling with the paper.

Derek smiled at Stiles' reaction. "Now we decide what we want our ground rules to be. You'll be happier with some rules, I can tell you that now, but I don't want to restrict you just for the sake of it." He thought for a moment. "Tell me some things you know you should do that you often don't get around to, or forget."

Stiles tilted his head in thought, chewing on his bottom lip. "Getting to bed at a decent time on school nights, I get distracted easily. Taking my meds, too," he said slowly, thinking. "Being able to focus on my homework is hard usually, and I get detentions a lot in Chemistry because even though I think I'm not, the teacher thinks I'm constantly distracting others."

"Medication?" Derek asked. Stiles looked healthy - what was he taking medicine for?

Stiles flushed darkly. "I take Adderall," he murmured, shifting until he was sitting on his feet. He reached up, picking at the skin of his lower lip.

"Tell me why, please," Derek insisted, noting Stiles' nervousness. "I need to know so that I can look after you properly."

"ADHD," he murmured. "I have trouble focusing and I get fidgety." It wasn’t a perfect explanation, but it would do. Stiles kept picking at his lip, watching Derek.

"Thank you for telling me," Derek reassured him. "Hands in your lap, please. If you aren't careful you'll make your lip bleed." He looked away, thinking about it. "In the next week, I would like you to present me with some things to read that you feel best represent your experience of ADHD, and the medication you take for it."
Stiles dropped his hands to his lap, licking over his lower lip to rewet it. "Like research books?" he asked, unsure.

"Websites or blog posts will do," Derek explained. "If there's a book you think I should read, then you can include it. But the aim is for me to understand you, and your needs, not the entire spectrum of potential experiences."

Stiles nodded, offering Derek a small smile. "Thank you. Some people just think of me in general terms, but mine is more the fidgeting type. If I'm not totally absorbed I can drift easily. Drives my Chemistry teacher insane."

Derek nodded. "I'll keep it in mind. By the sound of it, it would be helpful if I enforced your medications and bedtime, supported you with your homework, and rewarded you when you managed not to annoy your teacher. Do you agree?"

Stiles nodded, smiling over at his Dom. "I have no idea how I manage to annoy him. I try my hardest and he always finds some reason to give me detention."

Derek rolled his eyes. "Harris?" he checked. "He always has to have a least favourite student."

"Yes! He haaaaaaates me." Stiles laughed, eyes lighting up. "Hates the ground I walk on, I personally think it's because my dad gives him so many traffic tickets. S'not like he can figure out that he's the problem that leads to traffic violations, apparently."

Stiles' laugh was infectious, and Derek smiled back. "I think I can actually do something about that," he said. "It's not uncommon for Doms to come to certain agreements with the school or a teacher of their sub. If I was to, say, request that Mr Harris report all infractions to me so that I could take charge of the disciplinary process...?"

"That would help. Then you'd see how ridiculous it is." Stiles smiled. "And I'll explain everything I was doing at that point."

"I'll still be punishing you for anything you really did do wrong," Derek warned. "But I'll always listen to what you have to say first."

Stiles nodded, giving Derek a small smile. "I can handle that. I have no problem if it's something I actually did wrong."

"Good boy," Derek said, testing Stiles' reaction. New subs were often ashamed of what they liked or needed.

Stiles flushed, pressing his face to his knees. He peeked out at Derek, fingers unconsciously going back to picking at his lip.

"Hands in your lap, Stiles," Derek reminded him. "Tell me how you're feeling right now."

Stiles dropped his hands back to his lap. "A bit embarrassed, mainly because of how much I liked the praise."

Derek nodded. "It's okay that you feel that way, but it's not something you need to be embarrassed about. Being a sub has its downsides, but there are also positive things, and one of them is that praise can make you feel very good."

Stiles gave Derek a shy smile, relaxing just a bit more.
"Good," Derek said approvingly. "So, for now, I'll get you a box you can put your medications in for the week, and if you take them every day without prompting, you'll get a reward, and if you forget a day, you'll be punished for that. Same for bedtimes: if you have your light off by midnight every night without me having to remind you, I'll reward you, and if you turn your light back on after I've told you to turn it off, you'll be punished."

Stiles shifting on his seat, nodding along with what Derek was saying. "What about papers? Or weekends?"

"If there are special circumstances, you may ask for permission to stay up later," Derek allowed. "But it's best for your health if you go to bed and get up at a regular hour, so in general, I'll stick to the midnight rule."

Stiles pouted for a moment, but nodded. "Yes sir." He played with the hem of his hoodie. "Anything else to start with?" he asked, curious.

"You're going to kneel by my side for an hour every evening to get you used to it," Derek decided. "You can still talk to me as you normally would from that position, but I do intend to train you over time. And we need to talk about punishments and rewards," he added.

"What about punishments and rewards?" Stiles asked, standing and walking over, listening to what the small voice in the back of his brain was saying as he knelt beside Derek's leg, facing him.

"Good boy," Derek said when Stiles knelt. "There's no point in me rewarding you with something you don't like. And I need to know how to punish you in a way that feels fair, but not distressing. So I want you, first, to tell me some things you enjoy."

Stiles flushed, lowering his face to Derek's knee. "That's going to take getting used to, feeling all floaty and warm when you tell me that." He laughed softly and thought for a bit. "Learning new things." He smiled. "I'm the king of research. I also like baking, and I can play piano and I like doing things with my hands. I used to have a garden, before my Mom passed." Stiles hummed. "I really like curly fries, and milkshakes too."

Derek smiled. "You sound like a wonderful person to have around," he said warmly. "How about, for a small reward, you choose a recipe for us to bake together?"

Stiles' eyes lit up and he nodded, tilting his face up to watch Derek and listen closely. "I like that one."

"For something larger, I'll take you to the garden centre," Derek decided. "There'll be restrictions on how much you can get each time, but you'll be allowed to choose within those parameters."

"I can have a garden?" Stiles breathed, sitting up just a bit, his hands on one of Derek's knees. Derek raised his eyebrows. "I take it that's something you care a lot about."

"I miss having one," Stiles murmured. "I kept meaning to start one back up after Mom died, I just...couldn't do it. Not in the same spot..."

Derek reached out slowly to stroke Stiles' hair, watching for any sign he was uncomfortable. "I understand," he said quietly.

Stiles let his eyes flutter closed, his lips parting as he leaned into the hand in his hair. "Thank you,"
he murmured softly. That meant more to him than he’d thought it would.

Seeing that it seemed to comfort Stiles, Derek kept up the motion. "This is something I wanted to talk to you about too, you know," he said softly. "Physical contact."

"Mmmm, what about? I like this," Stiles murmured, resting his chin on his hands, which were still on Derek's knee.

"Different people have different preferences for physical contact and comfort," Derek explained. Some subs - rarely, but it happened - hated being touched at all. "I want it to be pleasant for you when I touch you, so if there's something you particularly like or dislike, I need you to tell me. Oh," Derek added as an afterthought, "and our relationship won't be sexual."

Stiles was nodding along, then blinked at that last comment. "Why?" he asked, tilting his head just a bit, not wanting to dislodge the hand in his hair. He'd never heard of a Dom/sub relationship that wasn't sexual.

"Because consent is very important to me, and right now you have no reason to consent to sex with me," Derek explained. He closed his eyes, blinking back the memories of Kate. "What's more, you're in a situation where your consent is likely to be compromised - you're learning that it feels good to obey, to do what I ask."

Stiles frowned, his brows furrowed. "What if I do want it though? I may be a sub, sir, but I know my own mind. And although I don't want to, I can ignore the little voice in the back of my head." He scooted just a bit closer. "Did something happen?" he asked, voice soft.

Derek looked away. "You're very perceptive," he admitted quietly. "Yes, something happened. And I'm sorry, but I won't be your 'Dom with benefits'. If we ever have sex, it will be because our relationship naturally developed to that point."

Stiles frowned harder, sitting up straighter. "Dom with benefits? I'm sorry, but I don't see you as a fuck buddy. I see you as my Dom. If sex happens, it's going to be because we both want it - I can see us naturally developing it. Hopefully, at least in my case, sooner rather than later, because Dom or not, you're hot and..." He huffed out a breath, licking his lips. "I won't let something from the past dictate my life. You're my Dom, yes. But know that if I do anything, it's because I want to follow orders, and I want it myself."

"You know that not all subs stay with their first Dom, don't you?" Derek checked. "I'm fostering you, but that doesn't mean this will be permanent."

Stiles lowered his eyes, looking to the side. "I want it to be," he murmured after a bit. "I don't like the idea of going to a different Dom, and neither does the little voice in the back of my head."

"You've known me for an hour, Stiles," Derek pointed out, although he didn't stop stroking Stiles' hair. "I know your instincts are probably very strong right now, and once you've accepted a Dom, it's hard to let go, but you may not feel that way forever."

Stiles huffed, grumbling to himself. "You're giving up before we even get anywhere. You seem so dead-set that this won't be forever. What happened, sir?"

"I'm sorry, Stiles, but I'm not willing to tell you that yet," Derek said quietly. "It's not something I like to talk about."

Stiles let out a small sound, though he said nothing more, resting his chin back on his hands, leaning into the hand in his hair. "Just...please don't give up before we even try," he murmured.
"I'll do my best to be a good Dom for you," Derek promised. "To me, that doesn't require a sexual relationship, or a romantic one. I'm not excluding those possibilities, but they'll develop slowly, if they do."

Stiles nodded, chewing on his lower lip. He closed his eyes, letting out a soft sigh as he relaxed against Derek's leg. "What next?" he asked softly.

"Punishments," Derek answered, equally quiet. "I could punish you with pain, or with embarrassment, or by ignoring you, or silencing you, or by taking one of your privileges away...I need you to tell me what will punish you effectively, and what will distress you, and I need you to be honest, so I know how not to go over that line."

"Embarrassment is a no go," Stiles whispered. "The thought of that actually makes my chest hurt." He brought a hand to his chest, rubbing circles against it. "The others, I think would work, though it depends on the kind of pain. A lot of them would probably make me cry, or get upset, but none of them should distress me too badly. I think."

"Good boy," Derek said warmly, grasping the back of Stiles' neck reassuringly. "Thank you for telling me that. You were very brave."

Stiles let out a content noise, pressing back against Derek's hand, his head tilted back just a bit. "Thank you," he murmured. "Um, what kinda pain were you talking about?"

"Spanking," Derek said plainly. There were other ways to punish with pain, but not when Stiles was so new. "Over your underpants or on your bare ass, with my hand."

Stiles nodded, giving Derek a small smile. "I think that would work," he murmured, "on top of the other ones."

Derek looked at Stiles consideringly. "For now, you'll be punished with either a spanking or a timeout. In a time out you will stand still and silent, facing the wall, and I will ignore you for a set time. For minor mistakes, I'll punish you once a week."

Stiles let out a soft whine. He knew it was really hard for him to stay still and silent, especially both at the same time. He nodded though, looking up at Derek.

"So that we can both see how good or bad you've been, I'll track the punishments and rewards you've earned on a whiteboard in the kitchen," Derek went on. "Needless to say, I will be very unhappy with you if you tamper with it."

"I won't mess with it, I promise," Stiles said earnestly. The last thing he wanted was to be punished for trying to backtrack.

"Good boy," Derek said warmly. "You'll only get a timeout if I think you would need more spanks than you can take," he promised, having noted Stiles' reluctance for that one. "I'm hoping you'll be a good boy and I won't have to escalate beyond that."

Stiles nodded, one arm wrapping around Derek's leg. He was actually pretty comfortable where he was, though he was pretty sure his legs were asleep.

"Just a few more things, Stiles, and then I'll let you get settled in," Derek said quietly. "First, safewords. We are both learning each other, and how to be in a Dom/sub relationship together, and we will, most likely, both make mistakes. I use the traffic light system - I assume you're familiar with
"I think I’ve heard it mentioned. Red for stop, yellow for slow down or pause, green for ok?" Stiles asked to make sure, tilting his face up to Derek.

"That's right," Derek confirmed. "You are allowed to use those at any time, no matter what we are doing, and I will listen to them."

Stiles smiled softly, nodding to show he understood. "Anytime? Even during punishments?"

"Especially during punishments," Derek said immediately. "It's...there's a line between hurting you and harming you, or between making you upset and causing you real distress...I will never be upset with you for using your safeword."

Stiles nodded, giving Derek a smile. "I can do that. I'll remember that the words can be used at any time."

Derek hid a sigh of relief. Safewords were important. "Good boy," he praised. "Now, let's go get you your collar."

Stiles closed his eyes with a soft purr at the praise, blinking them back open and looking at Derek curiously. "Where to?" he asked softly,

"My room," Derek answered, offering Stiles his hands to help him up.

Stiles stood, swaying and trembling a bit as he fought to get his legs back awake. He gave Derek a shy smile, not letting go of Derek's hands until he was stable.

Derek smiled reassuringly. "I'm pleased with you for kneeling even though it was a little uncomfortable. Over time you should get better at being comfortable down there."

"I was comfortable until I stood up with dead legs, sir." Stiles laughed softly, patting Derek's arm. "Lead the way, Dom-o-mine."

Derek laughed a little at the name and, as requested, took Stiles back upstairs to the master bedroom. "You can sit on the bed," he offered. "I just have to get these out of the closet."

Stiles sat on the bed, wiggling back a bit and humming. "Your bed is super comfortable."

"Thanks," Derek replied, getting out the bag from the sub shop. "I got your mattress from the same place, so yours should be too."

Stiles smiled, bouncing a bit on the bed and humming. "I like it."

"Well, I hope you'll like these too," Derek said, pulling out two boxes. "I bought you a traditional collar, but I also got you this." He opened the smaller box to show a thick chain, almost a necklace.

Stiles blinked, smiling. "Oh, that's pretty." He reached out, running a finger along the chain.

"I'm glad you like it," Derek said softly. "I thought it would be...unobtrusive, if you were nervous about showing people you're a sub."

"I have no problem showing I'm a sub," Stiles grinned. "This would look pretty on me if I was shirtless too." He nodded. "I am not ashamed of being a sub, or of being your sub." He tilted his head to smile at Derek.
Derek shook his head incredulously. "You're...remarkable."

Stiles blinked. "Why's that, sir?" he asked softly, tilting his head to one side.

"I thought..." Derek sighed. "I thought this would be harder for you. It's a big change."

"Dad always did say I absorb huge changes quick." He smiled. "And it may be harder later than it seems right now - I might need time to get used to bedtimes and someone watching my meds. Or other things. But I'm willing to do it."

"You're wonderful," Derek murmured. "Now, you can't wear the metal collar to sleep in, just in case, so I'm going to put the leather one on you for now. When you want the metal collar, come ask me."

Stiles nodded, scooting closer to the very edge of the bed, smiling at Derek. "How do you want me when you put it on, sir?"

"Would it be too uncomfortable for you to kneel?" Derek checked. "Just for a little bit."

Stiles stretched his legs out for a moment before shaking his head and slipping back onto his knees, settling comfortably and tilting his head back to watch Derek with a grin.

Derek couldn't help but smile back. "Good boy," he said warmly. "Keep your head like that." He opened the other box and got out the traditional collar.

Stiles licked his lips, eyes flicking up and down Derek before settling on his face, his own gaze soft.

"Good boy." Derek unbuckled the collar and leaned forward to wrap it around Stiles' neck, checking the fit carefully as he did it up again. "Is that comfortable?"

Stiles hummed, bending his head this way and that to test the fit, before grinning up at Derek. "Perfect," he breathed.

"Good." Derek slipped a finger under the collar and tugged, pulling it tighter around Stiles' neck. "So long as you wear my collar, you are my boy. You will obey me, and I will direct you. You will place your care in my hands, and I will protect you. You will offer yourself to me, and I will hold you safe in my hands. Do you accept my collar?"

Stiles' breathing hitched, eyes locked on Derek's face. "Yes sir. I accept it," he breathed, widening his stance just a bit unconsciously.

Derek leaned forward to place a dry kiss on Stiles' forehead. "I gratefully accept your submission." He sat up, letting go of Stiles' collar.

Stiles leaned into the affection, a small, happy noise leaving his throat at the press of lips to skin. He smiled, opening his eyes to look up at his Dom.

"I'm going to let you settle in now," Derek said, glancing at his watch. "It's already after nine. If you have any questions, though, or you need anything, I want you to come and ask me, alright? I'll either be here, or in my study across the hall."

Stiles stood carefully, nodding. "Is there anything I need to know about tomorrow, sir? I have school..." He shifted on his feet.

Derek shook his head. "No school tomorrow. I'll need to confirm your continued attendance with
them, and I'd like you to have a little longer to settle in before you go back to your usual life."

Stiles settled, smiling softly. "After you do that, can you grab any work I'll be missing?" he asked after a moment.

"Of course," Derek promised. "I'm pleased with you for asking."

Stiles beamed at the praise. "Thank you! I'm going to go unpack and finish what homework I've got." He turned, taking a couple steps away, then turned back to Derek and kissed his cheek, all but bounding out of the room with a small grin.

Derek smiled after him. He could do this, he thought. He could be a good Dom for Stiles.
Weekly Review

Chapter Summary

“No matter what you do, I'll be there to help you be good again, okay?”
Stiles all but melted, eyes closing at the light scratches. "Okay," he whispered, a smile curling his lips. He was relaxed, happy again, and calm.
"That's my good boy," Derek murmured. "And my good boy has earned some rewards this week, haven't you?"

On Friday, Scott asks Stiles about Derek, and Derek and Stiles discuss the punishments and rewards Stiles has earned during the week.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Stiles was just about ready to start banging his head on the desk. It was hard to focus in class today, harder than usual. Usually just doodling on his notes would help, but this time it took reaching up to fiddle with his collar as well. He jumped as he heard Mr. Harris say his name in that tone.

"Mr Stilinski."

Scott sighed. Stiles never, ever managed to get through one of Harris' classes without getting into trouble. Hopefully it wouldn't be too bad this time?

"I am aware you aren't used to a Dom disciplining you," the man went on, "but I promise you, it will be far less pleasant than what usually happens to you when you misbehave in one of my classes."

"But I didn't do anything!" Stiles tried to explain, still a little bewildered as to why he was even being called out. He was taking notes, he was listening. He could actually say exactly what Mr. Harris had been saying the last five minutes at least.

Scott winced as Harris raised his eyebrows. "I don't accept excuses, Mr Stilinski, and I don't accept students who are distracted in my class. I'll be in touch with your Dom by the end of the day."

Just drop it, Stiles, Scott mentally urged his friend.

"B-but..." Stiles drifted off with a defeated sigh, slumping in his seat. Figures. At least now, maybe, Derek would see what he meant.

Harris nodded firmly. "Better, Mr Stilinski. Now that you have a Dom, I expect I'll see an improvement in your behaviour."

Scott glanced sidelong at Stiles. He hoped not. Stiles hadn't really told him much about this 'Derek' guy, but he didn't seem like he'd changed at all. But what if Derek punished Stiles like Harris thought he would? What if Stiles started to get scared and quiet like Scott's mom had been before she kicked his dad out?
Stiles didn't say anything else, though he was fighting not to roll his eyes and snort. Why did Harris expect better behaviour? He wasn't doing anything wrong. He pursed his lips, staring straight ahead, his hands flat on the desk. When the bell rang when he all but stalked out of the room, needing to breathe.

Scott hurried after him. "Stiles!" he called as he caught up to him. "Stiles, you know Harris is always like that."

"Ugh, I hate him." Stiles smacked his forehead on his locker, trying to dismiss the unpleasant experience. He put his books away and turned to give Scott a smile. "So, when is your testing again?"

Scott looked away. He really wasn't looking forward to testing. He didn't want to have a Dom, and he didn't want to be a Dom. He didn't want to be like his father. "A couple of weeks," he reminded Stiles.

Stiles smiled softly. He knew about Scott's reservations. "You won't be your dad, you know that, right? Even if you were a Dom, you would never be your dad. And besides, you could very easily end up on the low sub scale like your mom."

"Yeah, but...then I'd have to have a Dom," Scott objected. "I mean, either way I'd have a Dom, kind of, but..."

"You'll be perfect, I promise," Stiles reassured him, smiling softly. "You know my dad would help you in any way he could. Either by answering questions, or making sure your Dom knows what he's doing."

"Did he do that with yours?" Scott asked. "I mean, with the way Harris was talking..."

Stiles shook his head. "Sir has the situation the way it is because I told him about things that happened in the class. This way he'll take in both sides, and then go accordingly. And my dad would if I mentioned something, but I won't. He's been awesome."

"Yeah?" Scott asked, relieved. Stiles had been really, really nervous about his testing on Tuesday, and then he'd been gone all Wednesday, and he'd been pretty quiet about it ever since.

Stiles nodded. "I think he had a bad experience," he confided softly. "But he's a really, really good Dom so far. And the rules and so on are really good ones."

"What do you mean, a bad experience?" Scott asked, hushed. "He's a Dom!"

"There are asshole subs out there too, Scott!" Stiles whispered. "He won't talk about it right now, but I can tell it messed him up. Not in a bad way, so to speak. Just in a 'no sex unless it naturally goes that way' thing. Says he won't be a Dom-with-benefits. I seriously think someone was horrible to him."

Scott grimaced. "Dude, I don't want to hear about your sex life! How did that even come up?"

"He was listing the rules and guidelines and stuff," Stiles replied, grinning. "Anyway, enough about that. You'll be fine, and you know Dad will help you. You'd be an awesome Dom or sub; it doesn't matter which."

"I'm allowed to hug you, right?" Scott checked. Some Doms had really strict rules about their subs
touching people other than them, and it creeped Scott out.

"Pretty sure I am." Stiles laughed brightly, pulling Scott into a tight hug.

Scott relaxed as he hugged Stiles. This hadn't changed, at least. "You're sure you'll be okay tonight?" he asked.

"Positive. Even if I get a punishment, I'll be ok," Stiles reassured him, ruffling Scott's hair. That's what safewords are for. If it gets to be too much."

Scott sighed, still worried, but reassured by Stiles' confidence, and started walking again. "I trust you, dude. Just...look after yourself, okay?"

"Of course - my Dad didn't raise a dumbass." Stiles laughed, hooking his backpack onto his shoulders. "You got a ride home? Or is your bike actually working at the moment?" he teased.

Scott shoved Stiles sideways. "My bike works more often than your jeep does," he objected.

"Hey, I'll have you know that Dad just got her all tuned up!" Stiles grinned as he righted himself. "That didn't answer the question, Scoooooottt."

Scott sighed, resigned. "You won't get in trouble for being late home?"

"I'll explain it to him. And I'll text him right now what's going on." Stiles smiled, slipping his phone from his pocket on the way out of the parking lot, sending a quick text to Derek.

Sir, giving Scott a ride home, his bike broke down and he lives too far to walk. Be home asap

Good boy for letting me know, but ask first next time, Derek sent back. See you soon.

Stiles smiled, flushing a little still at the praise before replying, sorry, he just told me now when I asked him if he needed a ride, and slipping his phone back into his pocket. "Okay! Onwards to le casa de Scott!" He hopped in his jeep, turning it on and grinning at Scott. "Can't do much but drop you off, but at least you don't have to walk."

"Thanks, Stiles," Scott said, as he clambered into the passenger seat. "I appreciate it."

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Stiles swung open the door, closing it and leaning against it with a small sigh. He paused, slipping upstairs to leave his bag in his room. "Sir? I'm home," he called, not sure where Derek was.

"Go wait in the living room," Derek called back. There was an email in his inbox from 'Adrian Harris' which he knew they'd have to talk about, and they might as well discuss the week's behaviour (well, the last few days) at the same time. Derek wanted to start weekends with either rewards or a clean slate.

"Yes sir," Stiles replied, going back downstairs. When he got to the living room he paused for a moment, looking around, before kneeling next to the armchair.

Derek saved the file he was working on, unplugged the mouse he'd been using, and brought his laptop downstairs. "Good boy," he said, when he saw Stiles kneeling next to his preferred chair.

Stiles gave Derek a warm smile, his cheeks pink. He settled deeper into the pose, relaxed.
Derek sat, resting his laptop on the side table. "I told you on our first day together that once a week I would give you your punishments and rewards for minor infractions. That day is going to be Fridays, so we both know how the weekend will go."

Stiles nodded, eyeing the laptop on the side table for a moment before turning to Derek. "I like the sound of that. That way, either way, it's a fresh start, and I don't have anything distracting me because of guilt or anything."

"That's the idea," Derek agreed. "Go get the whiteboard for me, please."

Stiles swallowed hard, standing and going into the kitchen, where he took the tally board off the wall. He was happy for the two in the 'good' column. But he already had one ‘bad’ tally for forgetting to go to bed the night before yesterday. He had gotten distracted with Greek lore research.

"Thank you, Stiles," Derek said when Stiles came back. "Now, before we can deal with this, I need to talk to you about an email I got this afternoon."

Stiles groaned, thunking his head on the arm of the chair as he knelt again. "Harris," he muttered darkly.

Derek raised his eyebrows. "He told you he'd be in touch with me, I'm guessing?"

Stiles shifted on his knees. "Told me he expected better of my behaviour because I have a Dom now. 'I am aware you aren't used to a Dom disciplining you,' " Stiles mimicked Harris, his nose wrinkled, " 'but I promise you, it will be far less pleasant than what usually happens to you when you misbehave in one of my classes.' Then when I finally just slumped in my seat he told me that was better and that he would be getting into contact with you. Said he wasn't going to accept students distracting others. But I didn't do anything." Stiles knew he was rambling, but it gave him a chance to finally get his frustrations off of his chest. "I was listening! I was taking notes! All I did was doodle on my notepad to help me concentrate, and I was fiddling with my collar because it helped as well. I could recite to you the entire lesson even!"

Derek warmed to hear Stiles so attached to his collar. "Alright," he agreed quietly. "I'll tell him I dealt with the issue to my satisfaction."

"We were working on converting formulas. He'd just told us how to make the longer formulas make a little more sense. I have them written in my notes too. And he was showing us which chemicals you can't just leave by themselves or else they'll be unstable." Stiles huffed. "I wasn't really distracted, I just couldn't focus on writing down my notes and listening to him. My mind was starting to drift, so I started doodling. Usually that works, but this time I was antsy for some reason and I just reached up like this," Stiles explained, demonstrating, "to trace my collar and fiddle with the front of it as I wrote and listened."

Derek warmed to hear Stiles so attached to his collar. "Alright," he agreed quietly. "I'll tell him I dealt with the issue to my satisfaction."

"Thank you," Stiles breathed, hugging Derek as best he could from where he was. "He was so smug that my Dom would punish me just because he sent an email saying I was distracting."

Derek shook his head. "Well, you can be smug because you're getting away without a detention because he can't believe someone would disagree with him."

Stiles gave Derek a bright smile, kissing Derek's knee and hugging his leg. "Thank you, sir."

"You're welcome, Stiles," Derek said, stroking Stiles' hair in approval of the affectionate gesture. "I always want to be fair to you."
Stiles happily leaned into the touch, licking his lower lip. He knew what was coming, and he wanted to just soak this up for a moment.

"So, Stiles," Derek said, looking at the tally board. "Tell me what the marks are for this week."

Stiles chewed on his lower lip, resting his forehead on Derek's knee. "Good marks for going to bed on time last night, as well as for remembering my medications," he murmured. "And bad marks for not going to bed on time night before last."

Derek nodded. "Your good marks and bad marks don't cancel each other out," he explained. "You will always be punished for your bad marks and rewarded for your good marks. Do you understand?"

"Yes sir," Stiles said softly. He did understand, although, like most subs, he wasn't really looking forward to punishment.

"Good boy," Derek said. "I'm going to punish you now, and then we will wipe the tally board clean. You'll get five spanks, over your underwear. Do you have any questions or concerns about your punishment?"

"How?" Stiles asked. "Like here? Or somewhere else? Other than that, no, sir."

"Here," Derek said calmly, "and now. Pull your jeans down and bend over my lap."

Stiles let out a soft whimper, but swallowed it back and stood to push his jeans down. He bent over Derek's lap, chewing on his lower lip.

"What's your safeword, Stiles?" Derek checked, stroking Stiles' back reassuringly.

Stiles relaxed just a bit, his hands grabbing the arm of the chair. "Red," he murmured.

"Good boy," Derek said warmly. "You're going to count for me, Stiles, and you're going to apologise after each one. Are you ready?"

Stiles relaxed just a bit at the praise, though he knew what was coming. "Y-yes sir." He tensed, closing his eyes.

Derek didn't prolong the anticipation, knowing it would only make Stiles more anxious. He brought down his hand in a firm slap against Stiles' ass, although the sound was muffled by his boxers.

Stiles let out a gasp, rocking forward and collapsing the rest of the way into Derek's lap, his forehead on his hands. "O-one, I'm sorry, sir," he managed to say, wetting his lips.

Derek didn't say anything, just brought his hand down again, a little harder.

"Two, I'm sorry, sir," Stiles said, his limbs trembling.

The next slap landed on the crease between Stiles' ass and his left thigh.

"Three, I'm sorry, sir!" Stiles jerked to the right, rolling a bit more toward Derek, whining high in his throat. He hadn't been spanked since he was little, and even though the actual pain was bearable, the point was to drive home Derek’s disappointment that he wasn't doing what he was supposed to.

The fourth slap mirrored the third, on Stiles' right thigh this time.
"Four, I'm sorry, sir." Stiles was crying softly by this point. He knew it was almost over, but the spanking still seemed to take forever. And this wasn't even that many.

Derek swallowed hard when he realised Stiles was crying and paused for a moment, getting up the determination to land a final slap on the centre of Stiles' ass.

Stiles cried out, a soft sob hitching in his chest. "Five! I'm sorry, sir, I'm sorry, sir," he hiccupped. He wasn't turning away from Derek - rather, he was trying to curl closer, not sure if he was allowed to move yet, his body trembling just enough to be noticeable.

Derek stroked Stiles' back comfortably. "It's okay, Stiles, it's alright," he murmured. "You're forgiven, corazon."

Stiles shifted a bit, curling tight around Derek as he calmed down, sniffing softly. "Sorry," he murmured. He wiped at his face, reluctantly to move from his perch on Derek's lap. "What does 'corazon' mean?"

"You don't have to apologise for your reactions, Stiles," Derek said softly, still stroking Stiles' back. "It means 'sweetheart'."

Stiles smiled. "I like that," he murmured. "The endearment." He shifted until he could bury his face in Derek's neck, calming down gradually but completely. "I think spankings are a good punishment," he said after a few minutes. "I can't guarantee that I'll always remember to go to bed though," he admitted. "I get lost in things and lose track of time."

"Stiles, you didn't get punished simply because you forgot," Derek reminded Stiles, wrapping his arms around him. "You got punished because you didn't pay attention when I reminded you."

"Yes sir," Stiles acknowledged. "I was distracted. I'm sorry." He relaxed against Derek, not caring that his jeans were still around his ankles, soaking up the comfort.

"Good boy," Derek said quietly, knowing Stiles would need to hear it. "It's forgiven, okay? You took your punishment very well, and now you're my good boy again."

Stiles let out a relieved sigh, a smile curving his lips. "I like being your good boy." he whispered after a few moments.

"I like it when you're my good boy, too," Derek murmured. "I don't like punishing you."

"I'll try not to earn anymore," Stiles said quietly. "But I can't promise. I don't like making promises I can't for sure keep."

Derek moved his hand up until he was scratching lightly at the hair on the back of Stiles' head. "I know you'll do your very best, corazon," he agreed. "And no matter what you do, I'll be there to help you be good again, okay?"

Stiles all but melted, eyes closing at the light scratches. "Okay," he whispered, a smile curling his lips. He was relaxed, happy again, and calm.

"That's my good boy," Derek murmured. "And my good boy has earned some rewards this week, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir." Stiles smiled. "For my good tallies." He didn't want to move, though, his fingers tangling
in Derek's shirt.

"We decided that for your weekly rewards, you'd either get to bake with me, or get to buy something for the garden," Derek reminded him.

Stiles nodded, a hand going to pick at his lip. "Yes, sir."

"Stiles, put your hand down, please," Derek said firmly. "So, this week, we can either bake two things, or you can get one small to medium pot plant and some basic supplies, like gardening gloves."

Stiles wiggled just a bit, trying to decide. He let out a small whine. "Can we do parts of both?" he asked softly. "I want to bake with you, but I also want to get started on the garden."

Derek hummed as he thought about it. "We can bake one recipe, and you can get basic equipment," he decided. "We'll go to the garden centre on Sunday afternoon, and I'll give you more opportunities to earn a reward between now and then. If you're good, you'll be able to get a plant, too."

Stiles let out a happy noise, hugging Derek tightly. "Thank you, sir," he whispered, pulling back with a bright smile.

"You're very welcome, corazon," Derek replied, hugging Stiles back. "I want you to be happy with me."

"I am," Stiles murmured. "I promise. I'm very happy with the Dom I have; I couldn't have asked for a better one." He kissed Derek's cheek, hugging him tightly again. "What should we bake?"

Derek closed his eyes, swallowing down the upwelling tide of emotion in him. "Thank you," he murmured. "And that's your choice, Stiles. Getting to choose is part of your reward."

Stiles reached up, petting the back of Derek's hair as he thought, unconsciously moving closer to his Dom. "Do you like chocolate?" he asked, smiling widely.

Derek leaned into Stiles' touch. "Sure," he answered. "Preferably dark chocolate, or with other flavours as well."

"I have a recipe for chocolate chocolate chip espresso cake. Dad calls it death by chocolate." Stiles smiled. "We can use dark chocolate chips."

Derek smiled. Somehow he wasn't surprised that Stiles' preferred recipes were a little...dramatic. "Sounds good," he said agreeably. "We'll go grocery shopping in the morning."

Stiles wiggled in place with a happy noise. "Thank you!"

Derek couldn't help but laugh a little. "I take it you're not too sore?"

Stiles shifted a bit to test it. "Tender and a little sore, that's it, sir."

"Good," Derek said firmly. He had wanted to cause Stiles some pain in the moment, but nothing serious or lasting.

Stiles smiled widely. "How was work?" he asked softly.

"I'm getting there," Derek admitted. "But there's a couple of plot points that I just can't figure out
how to connect to everything else." After a moment, he added, "Corazon? Would you like to pull your pants back up so you're more comfortable?"

"I'm not uncomfortable," Stiles promised, still smiling. "Though I guess I do look weird." He shifted out of Derek's lap reluctantly, slipping his jeans up, huffing softly when they scraped against his ass.

"A little," Derek said, smiling. "Do you want to keep sitting here for a while, or would you like to make a grocery list?"

"Grocery list, please." he smiled. "I like sitting with you, but I'm starting to get antsy." He gasped. "Oh! Meds." He jumped up and ran upstairs to get his pill planner.

Derek laughed. He'd probably laughed and smiled more in the last few days with Stiles than he had in the last few weeks put together. Laura was going to be insufferable.

Stiles hummed, filling his box with his Adderall, wrinkling his nose at it. "Sooner or later I won't need you," he huffed, putting the bottle and box back where they went before slipping back downstairs, a small notepad in his hand. "Sorry." He grinned, rubbing the back of his head.

Derek shook his head, standing up. "It's fine, Stiles. I'm proud of you for remembering to refill your box on your own."

Stiles beamed at the praise, walking over and leaning against Derek’s chest for a moment.

"Come on then, corazon, let's make a list," Derek said, although he wrapped one arm around Stiles anyway. "I didn't shop last week with a second person in mind, so now's the time to tell me things you like to have in stock."

Stiles smiled, nuzzling into Derek's chest as he listened, feeling his chest rumble as he talked. "I like Sprite, and those weird small frozen pizza things. Not all the time though, like two a week?" he offered, not moving from where he was. "And I'd like to keep cereal or something here, the school's breakfasts are crap."

"We'll put it on the list then," Derek agreed. "You're going to come to the store with me, too, so if you see something you want or you disagree with my choices, you may politely ask."

"Yes, sir." Stiles beamed at him, scribbling the items down on the notepad. He quickly wrote out the things they needed for the cake, making sure to say dark chocolate chips. "Could we get white grape cherry juice? I have no idea what kind you like, but that's my favorite, other than orange juice." He hummed to himself, his brain bouncing everywhere.

Derek smiled. "We can. You also have permission to put any fruit or vegetable on the list you want, so long as you think we'll be able to eat it during the week." He didn't like food waste.

Stiles nodded, adding some grapes and celery to the list after a moment’s thought. "I like those for after school," he explained, showing Derek the list. "Anything else I should add?"

Derek took the list and quickly wrote down all the things he usually got - he had that list memorised, but Stiles would be helping him. "That should be everything, although we'll get larger quantities now that you're here."

Stiles smiled up at Derek, nodding and reaching up to pick his lower lip as he disappeared into his head, trying to think of anything else he might need during the next week.
"If you forget anything, or we run out, we can do a smaller shop on Wednesday evening," Derek said quietly.

Stiles blinked, smiling and nodding. "Sorry, didn't realize I had started picking at my lip again." He put his hand down, rewetting his lip with his tongue. "What next, sir?" he asked, tilting his head to the side.

Derek smiled approvingly. "It's a habit, Stiles. I know it's going to take you a while to break, and I appreciate that you're trying for me." He paused. "And what comes next is making dinner, I think."

Stiles nodded, heading to the kitchen and looking over his shoulder. "What should we eat?"

"Whatever needs eating soonest, since we're shopping tomorrow," Derek said honestly. "Do you want me to stay with you, or can you cook on your own?"

"I can cook, but come sit?" Stiles asked softly. He still felt the need to be as close as possible to Derek.

"Of course." It wasn't surprising that Stiles needed reassurance after his first punishment - he'd taken it well, but still. "Let me get my laptop and I'll sit at the bench while you work."

"Yes sir." he smiled, heading to rummage in the fridge. He let out a soft sigh, checking dates and pulling out the chicken, heavy cream, and cheese. That would work. He could make alfredo.

Derek got his computer, but found that he couldn't focus enough to do more than copy-editing - his attention kept getting drawn to Stiles moving around the kitchen.

Stiles hummed softly as he cooked, not getting distracted at all, just enjoying being close to Derek as he made the food. "It's almost done," he told Derek once he didn't have much longer.

"I'll set the table," Derek offered. He had to put his computer away anyway. "It smells delicious."

"Thank you." Stiles beamed, rummaging through the fridge again and finding enough vegetables to make a quick salad.

Derek took his laptop upstairs to the study and washed his hands, then came back to the kitchen to get cutlery and glasses for each of them.

Stiles smiled, sliding two full plates onto the table, the bowl of salad in the middle

"Get some drinks, please," Derek requested, serving salad onto first his own plate, then Stiles'.

Stiles nodded, getting himself some water before looking over his shoulder. "What would you like to drink sir?"

"Orange juice, please," Derek replied, smiling when Stiles brought him a glass. "Good boy. Thank you for cooking for us."

Stiles beamed at the praise before slipping into his seat. "There's enough left for more, or it'll last until Monday for your lunch, sir."

"Thank you, Stiles," Derek said as he scooped up a bite. "You're very thoughtful."
Chapter End Notes

Thank you so much for all your encouraging comments! (And holy hell, I wasn't expecting this many subscribers!) There's many more chapters to come - we've got 70,000 words written so far and we're still going. We're keeping the posting relatively slow so we can make sure it's consistent, and everything’s well-edited.
"Tell me how you're feeling, corazon," Derek requested quietly, trying to draw Stiles slowly back to a more normal headspace. Stiles let out a small whine, blinking, his brow furrowing. "Heavy," he mumbled. "Warm. Calm. Brain shut up."

Derek smiled, amused. It really showed that Stiles was a natural sub. "That's good, corazon. You're so good for me."

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Derek introduces Stiles to subspace.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

On Saturday afternoon, Derek knocked on Stiles' door. "Finish what you're doing and come to my study, please," he ordered.

Stiles looked up from his chemistry book and nodded, closing the book and setting it to the side. "I'm done. I was just reading ahead anyway."

Derek smiled slightly at what he was increasingly realising was characteristic eagerness for Stiles. "Good boy," he said warmly. "We need to talk about some things."

Stiles tilted his head. "Did I do something wrong? Or is it a different kind of 'talk about things'?" he asked, following Derek into the study.

Derek shook his head, pointing to the other chair as he sat down. "Sit. You haven't done anything wrong, this is just something we need to discuss."

"Oh, okay then." Stiles smiled, curling up in the chair and watching Derek. "What are we going to talk about, sir?"

Derek sighed, running a hand through his hair. "What do you know about kinks? Or scenes?"

"In general or specific?" Stiles sat up straighter, his eyes lighting up.

Derek huffed a laugh. "I should have guessed you'd already looked into it," he admitted. "Whatever you know."

"There's a lot of different kinks, and scenes are usually an intense time between Dom and sub that can use kinks, or other limit-testing activities. A Dom or sub both can easily stop the scene, with safewords, or actions in the case of being gagged," Stiles recited, stopping for a moment to breathe. "Can be used as a trust building exercise as well as one to build up tolerance, kinda like my knees from kneeling."

Derek raised his eyebrows, impressed. "That was...thorough. And kinks?"
"Go all over the spectrum. Everything from age play on down to zoophilia," Stiles replied, smirking a little. "Kinks vary from person to person, and while some absolutely love a certain kink, others may hate it so much they feel disgust toward those that enjoy it. There's a lot of assholes spouting about how some kinks are disgusting while others aren't."

Derek nodded. "I have a feeling this is unnecessary, but..." He got a book called *A New Sub's Guide to Kink* out of his desk drawer. "I'd like you to read this, and really think about it. It's organised from the simple and common at the front towards the rarer, more intense kinks at the back, and it includes stories from subs who enjoy each kink about their experiences. If there's something that appeals to you, make a note, and we'll discuss it."

Stiles reached out, clutching the book to his chest with a smile. "I will!" he promised, pulling the book down to his lap and leafing through it absently. He suddenly flushed, shifting in his seat before closing it and looking back up at Derek, chewing on his lower lip.

Derek raised his eyebrows. "Something caught your attention, there, corazon?"

Stiles flushed darker, nodding and shifting on his chair.

"Are you going to tell me what it was?" Derek asked, pushing a little. Kinks could be embarrassing, but part of his role as Stiles' first Dom was to help him get over that embarrassment.

"The section on denial and edging," Stiles murmured. "Had a picture of a cock cage and a caption explaining what it was," he elaborated, his voice still soft.

"I see." Unfortunately, unlike a lot of kink, there wasn't a non-sexual version of orgasm denial. "Should our relationship get to that point, I'll be happy to explore that with you," Derek allowed.

Stiles gave Derek a small smile. "Is there one you want to try, sir?" he asked quietly, changing the subject, since he knew Derek wasn't comfortable with anything sexual right then. "I'm willing to try a lot of them that I can think of."

"I want to give you a regular opportunity to try something like a scene," Derek explained. "Which we will, in general, do on Saturdays, so that if something goes wrong, you have a full day before you have to go to school afterwards."

Stiles nodded, smiling. "Yeah, subdrop doesn't sound fun. But what would you like to try today?" he asked, his fingers tracing the book.

"I'd like you to kneel at my side while I work, which is similar to things we've done before, but I'm also going to cuff your hands behind your back," Derek explained. "And I want you to be silent."

Stiles licked his lips, the thought of being bound warming him. "I want to try," he breathed.

"Good boy," Derek said. "Now, you're going to kneel for me for an hour, and I understand being quiet and still is hard for you. If you accidentally talk in the first ten minutes, there won't be any penalty, but if you can make it the rest of the hour without speaking, you'll be rewarded."

Stiles nodded. "Where?" he asked, his voice soft. Being quiet would be hard, but he thought he could do it.

Derek smiled approvingly and gestured to the floor by his feet. "Right here. Come over and I'll put the cuffs on you." They were in a drawer of his desk which Derek was starting to think of as his
'Things for Stiles' drawer.

"Arms behind or in front?" Stiles asked as he walked up, kneeling next to Derek's leg.

"Corazon, I need you to stand so I can reach," Derek pointed out, taking Stiles' hands and tugging gently. "Behind, please."

Stiles flushed. "Sorry, sir." He gave Derek a sheepish grin, curling his fingers around Derek’s for a moment before standing and putting his arms behind him.

"Good boy." Derek fastened the leather cuffs around Stiles' wrists, snug, but not tight, and hooked them together. "Does that feel alright? Not too tight?" he checked.

Stiles’ breathing hitched, his chest tightening for a moment, then dissolving into warmth. "Perfect," he whispered. "They're alright, sir."

"Good boy," Derek murmured, kissing Stiles' cheek. "On your knees, now. You can rest your head on my leg if you want."

Stiles gave Derek a bright smile at the affection, slipping carefully to his knees. He shifted around for a moment, finding a comfortable position, then rested his forehead gently on Derek's leg, sinking into the pose.

"Good boy," Derek said, stroking Stiles' hair with his left hand. "Quiet for me, now, unless you need to safeword. Tell me yellow if the cuffs get uncomfortable, please."

Stiles just hummed in answer, closing his eyes and arching into the touch. He shifted, leaning further forward. His brain was slowly slowing down, and he let out a long sigh as it did.

Derek made a note of the time and kept his hand idly moving over Stiles' hair. Stiles was lovely on his knees, he really was.

Stiles kept his eyes closed. The only thing he could hear over his own breathing was Derek working; the only thing he could feel was the carpet under his knees, the leg beneath his forehead, and the hand in his hair. His brain was already slower, and he could feel himself sink deeper as he relaxed.

Derek checked on Stiles every five minutes or so, and honestly, he was impressed. Stiles wasn't fidgeting at all, he'd barely made a sound, and he looked like he was genuinely shifting towards or into subspace.

Stiles was all but slumped against Derek's leg by forty-five minutes in. He felt heavy and warm, wanting to just press closer to Derek and never leave.

When their time was up, Derek tugged lightly on the back of Stiles' collar. "Corazon?" he murmured quietly. "You're allowed to speak."

Stiles whined softly, lifting his head a bit to stare up at Derek, pupils blown completely wide. He didn't speak, just leaned closer to him.

"It's alright, Stiles, take your time," Derek reassured him. "You don't have to get up just yet."

Stiles hummed, leaning into Derek’s touch every time his fingers brushed him. He didn't want to get up, not yet. He shuffled forward, just a bit, until he was wrapped around Derek's leg as much as he could while still kneeling with his hands cuffed.
"Do you want me to uncuff you, corazon?" Derek asked softly, stroking Stiles' hair.

Stiles honestly didn't know. On one hand, he wanted to get closer to Derek. But on the other, he didn't want to lose the calm, warm space he managed to find. He wondered, vaguely, if that was a subspace place. He knew he wasn't terribly deep if it was, but then again he honestly didn't care. Stiles let out a soft whine. "Want closer," he managed to say.

"Good boy." Derek knew that Stiles probably wanted to stay in his current headspace forever, but he really did want to bring the sub out of it. An hour was plenty for a first time. "I'm going to uncuff you, and then you can sit on my lap, okay?"

Stiles blinked dazedly at Derek as he thought. "Yes, please," he mumbled. Sitting on Derek's lap meant he got to be closer. He wanted to be closer.

"That's it, Stiles, you're doing so good for me," Derek praised. "Can you get up for me? I'm going to unhook your cuffs, and then we can sit together, okay?"

Stiles hummed, carefully standing, though he was extremely shaky. "Sir..." he murmured.

"Good boy," Derek said warmly. He gently turned Stiles around so that he could unhook the cuffs from each other, then settled Stiles on his lap and began to massage his arms.

Stiles almost purred, slumped against Derek's chest and pressing as close as possible, flexing his fingers.

"Tell me how you're feeling, corazon," Derek requested quietly, trying to draw Stiles slowly back to a more normal headspace.


Derek smiled, amused. It really showed that Stiles was a natural sub. "That's good, corazon. You're so good for me. Will you let me take the cuffs off you?"

"Tay." Stiles held up his wrists, giving Derek a small smile at the praise, leaning against his chest.

"Good boy." Derek gently unbuckled one cuff, then the other, and placed them carefully on the desk. He wrapped his hands around Stiles' wrists in their place to help him transition.

Stiles shivered, liking Derek's hands there almost more than the cuffs. He leaned closer, burying his face in Derek's neck and breathing deeply. "Sir," he murmured. "Feel heavy."

"I know, corazon, but I need you to come up a bit for me, okay?" Derek replied quietly.

Stiles let out a soft whine, nodding. "I try." He nuzzled close, then carefully sat up, keeping himself as close to Derek as he could. With his face no longer buried in Derek’s leg, he blinked rapidly at the sudden change in light, and shivered lightly, licking his lips and giving Derek a small smile.

"That's it, Stiles," Derek praised, "There you go." He shifted his right hand from Stiles' wrist to wrap around his waist, steadying him as he sat up.

Stiles smiled at the praise, blinking slowly, his brow furrowed. "Sir?" he asked after a few moments. "Why am I all heavy?"
Derek smiled. "You went into subspace a little, Stiles," he explained. "Apparently for you it makes you feel heavy."

"Hmm, and warm." Stiles rubbed his eyes with his free hand. "I remember thinking it wasn't as low I could go."

Derek nodded. "I'll keep it in mind. I didn't really want to take you as low as you could this time, though." He smiled a little. "It was intense anyway, wasn't it, corazon?"

Stiles nodded. "I liked it though. And I still feel kinda heavy, is that normal?" He frowned softly, swaying towards Derek. "And I like binding," he confided.

"It can take a while to get back to normal after a scene," Derek explained, rubbing his thumb over Stiles' wrist. "I'm letting you come up nice and slowly to give you plenty of time to adjust."

Stiles gave him another small smile. "I like you doing this," he murmured, looking at where Derek had his hand wrapped around his wrist. "Feels nice."

Derek smiled, and impulsively pressed a kiss to Stiles' forehead. "That's good," he said. "I want you to feel good."

Stiles pressed into the kiss, letting out a happy noise. "I do," he said, smiling.

"You sound like you're feeling a little steadier now, too," Derek observed.

Stiles nodded. "I'm not as slow to think anymore," he admitted, still wanting to be closer.

"That's good," Derek said. "Is there anything you want right now? Are you uncomfortable at all?"

Stiles shook his head, smiling. "I like it here. But I'm thirsty."

"Do you think you're steady enough to come downstairs with me? Will you be okay on your own if I go get you something to drink?"

"No. Don't leave me," Stiles couldn't help whining, his free arm curling around Derek's neck.

"Alright, corazon, it's okay," Derek reassured him immediately, hugging him tighter around the waist. "I'm not going anywhere until you're ready."

Stiles relaxed, laying his head on Derek's shoulder as he calmed his breathing. A few minutes later he wiggled a bit. "Really thirsty. I'll go down there with you."

Derek smiled at him. "Good boy. Up you get." He used his grip on Stiles' waist to help him stand.

Stiles gasped softly, clinging to Derek to keep his knees from buckling. "Sorry."

"That's okay, corazon," Derek murmured, smiling as he stood up, supporting Stiles all the way. "You're allowed to be a little shaky."

Stiles gave him a small smile, not letting go, waiting for his legs to hold.

Derek wrapped Stiles up in a proper hug, waiting for him to be ready to move. "No rush, corazon. Take your time."

Stiles nuzzled into Derek's jaw as he regained feeling in his legs.
"That's it," Derek murmured, rubbing Stiles' back. "There we go."

Stiles let out a soft sigh, relaxing as he managed to finally stand on his own.

"Good boy," Derek crooned as he felt Stiles' weight move off him. "You're so good, corazon, there we go."

Stiles hummed, still clinging, but on his own two feet. "Sir."

"Yes, Stiles?" Derek asked quietly.

"Thank you," Stiles murmured, smiling softly.

Derek smiled widely and pressed a kiss to Stiles' forehead. "You're welcome, Stiles. Thank you for submitting to me so beautifully."

"I love doing it," Stiles admitted, nipping at Derek's jaw, a hand going to pet the side of his face.

Derek laughed a little at how affectionate Stiles was. "I'm glad you enjoyed it, corazon. Are you ready to go downstairs now?"

Stiles nodded, smiling. "I'm thirsty," he murmured. "I'm surprised how much."

Derek let go of Stiles - or rather, changed from hugging him to wrapping an arm around his waist in support - and gently urged him towards the door. "Sometimes that happens," he said quietly. "You'll feel better for having something to drink - and maybe some of that chocolate cake?"

Stiles' eyes lit up. "Chocolate cake!" He smiled brightly, leaning against Derek as they walked.

Derek smiled. "I'm sure it'll be delicious." They made their way slowly down the stairs to the kitchen, and Derek settled Stiles on a chair at the kitchen bench. "Are you going to be okay if I let go for a minute?" he checked.

Stiles tilted his head to one side for a moment, then nodded. "For a minute," he agreed.

"Good boy," Derek said, pressing a kiss to Stiles' hair. He got down one of the tall glasses and filled it from the tap, passing it to Stiles with the caution, "Drink it slowly."

Stiles took a sip, gasping and taking a larger gulp before forcing himself to drink it slowly like Derek had said.

Derek moved the cake from the cooling rack onto a large plate and cut a slice for them to share, getting out a fork to eat it with and bringing it over to Stiles.

Stiles smiled at Derek over the rim of his glass. "Thank you," he murmured, after finishing the water.

Derek looked at Stiles consideringly. "Would you like me to feed you the cake, corazon, or do you want to eat it yourself?" he asked.

Stiles hesitated, flushing softly. "Feed me?" he whispered, almost silently.

Derek sat. "Look at me, Stiles," he ordered quietly. "You don't have to be ashamed of what you want."
Stiles tilted his head back to look at Derek, his cheeks darkening.

"Tell me what's going through your head, corazon," Derek murmured.

"I like you taking care of me," Stiles admitted in a small voice.

"That's not a problem, Stiles," Derek told him gently. "It's a part of who you are - having a Dom take care of them is something a lot of subs enjoy."

"I really, really like it," Stiles smiled. He leaned closer, eyes sparkling and mischievous.

Derek grinned to see Stiles so light-hearted and forked up a bite of the cake, offering it to him.

Stiles took the bite, letting out a happy noise and licking a bit of chocolate from his lips.

Derek smiled, eating a bite himself and humming. "It's very good," he commented. "Thank you for sharing the recipe." He offered Stiles another piece.

Stiles took the bite, smiling. "I want to share a lot of recipes with you. This one was one of my mom's."

Derek raised his eyebrows in surprise. It was obvious that anything to do with Stiles' mother was very precious to him. "Then I'm honoured," he said softly.

Stiles eyes softened. "You're one of the only ones I've shared it with," he admitted, kissing Derek's cheek and fiddling with his glass.

Derek smiled at him. "Thank you," he murmured, and offered Stiles another bite.

Stiles took it, his eyes sliding half closed, still feeling groggy. "Garden stuff tomorrow?"

"Don't talk with your mouth full, corazon," Derek reprimanded him gently. "And yes, garden stuff tomorrow. You've definitely earned an extra reward or two."

Stiles’ eyes lit up, and he swallowed hurriedly. "Plants?" he asked.

Derek smiled at him. "Yes, Stiles, you can get some plants. Do you have any ideas for what you'd like to get?"

"Not really, I just want some flowers and some bulbs for spring." Stiles smiled softly.

"Well," Derek said, thinking. "This week, you can choose three medium pot plants, and whatever you need - within reason - to look after them."

Stiles’ eyes sparkled. "I'll get some for inside! It's too cold for ground plants."

"So long as they don't make a mess, that's fine," Derek agreed.

Stiles beamed blindingly, kissing Derek on the cheek. "Thank you, sir!"

Derek smiled back, carding his fingers through Stiles' short hair. "You're very welcome, corazon. It's my pleasure to give you things that make you happy."

"You make me happy." Stiles leaned into the touch, almost falling off his chair. "What now?" he murmured after a few moments. "Anything else you want to try tonight?"
Derek laughed a little as he steadied Stiles. "I think this was plenty, don't you?"

Stiles flushed. "Just asking," he muttered, and smiled, leaning into Derek's arms.

Derek rubbed Stiles' back, smiling. "Next week, corazon," he promised. "Unless something happens, we'll do a scene every Saturday, okay?"

Stiles smiled, nodding up at Derek. "Okay," he said, fiddling with his fingers. "What should we have for dinner?"

"Well, we bought ingredients for stir fry," Derek suggested. "Or we could do something else, if you wanted."

"Mmm, that sounds good." Stiles nodded. "Chicken? Or beef?"

"Beef," Derek decided, since they'd had chicken last night.

Stiles nodded, standing carefully before smiling widely. "Alright - rice or noodles with it?"

Derek stood too, kissing Stiles' forehead. "Noodles, please, corazon."

Stiles nodded again, leaning into the affection before kissing Derek's cheek. "Yes sir!" he chirped, then headed to the stove.

Derek went to the fridge and got out the meat and noodles, then looked at the vegetables. "Which vegetables do you want?" he asked.

"Broccoli, sugar snap peas, carrots, and onions okay?" Stiles hummed as he dug out the large skillet and started the pasta water.

"Got it," Derek replied, getting them out of the fridge. "Want me to chop?"

"Yes, please!" Stiles kissed his cheek before digging around for the sauces they had bought.

Derek started with the onion, much as he hated it. "Half of this is enough, right?" He hadn't cooked for more than one person very much for a long time. "Or should I use less?"

"Half should be plenty." Stiles looked over his shoulder. "It's more to season than to actually eat."

"Thanks." Derek started chopping, cutting it fairly fine out of habit.

Stiles kissed Derek's cheek again, taking the meat and slicing it up, tossing it into the skillet to cook for a bit.

Derek moved from the onion to the carrots. "How do you want these chopped, Stiles?" he checked. "Sticks or rounds?"

"Sticks, please! They cook a little better than rounds." Stiles beamed, taking the almost-done meat out of the pan and putting the onions in the oil as well as some garlic.

Derek nodded, chopping up a large carrot, then moving on to the broccoli. "Is this enough?" he checked.

Stiles glanced over and nodded. "That's plenty." He slid the carrot into the pan. "I'd do a little more than half of that broccoli."
"Will do," Derek said easily, chopping some more pieces. He couldn't help but be impressed by how well Stiles was bouncing back from the scene, even with as much time as Derek had given him to readjust. It was reassuring.

Stiles took the rest of the veggies once Derek was done with them, humming softly to himself. His hands were still shaking a bit, but it was manageable. He added the beef back in once the vegetables were tender, quickly finishing everything off. "Can you drain the pasta?" he asked softly.

Derek smiled, and passed behind Stiles to get the pot. "Of course," he murmured. He got the sieve out of one of the bottom cupboards and poured the noodles into it, settling it on top of the empty pot when he was done. "I'll get us some bowls," he offered.

Stiles smiled softly. "Thank you!"

Derek served the noodles, then put the bowls where Stiles could get to them. There'd be enough for leftovers, probably.

Stiles stirred in the sauce, tongue poking out of the side of his mouth. He filled the bowls, smiling brightly at Derek. "All done."

"It looks lovely, corazon," Derek praised, getting forks for them both.

Stiles shivered at the praise, smiling and setting them on the table.

Derek eyed Stiles contemplatively as he sat down. It's not that Stiles being subby was a bad thing, it's just...Derek needed to know how much Stiles would need from him.

"What do you want to drink, sir?" Stiles asked, getting glasses down.

"Water's fine for me," Derek replied, "but I'd like you to drink something with some sugar in it - juice or soda."

Stiles tilted his head as he filled Derek's glass up. "Why's that, sir?" he asked, setting the water next to Derek's bowl before rummaging in the fridge, pulling out the new bottle of juice.

It occurred to Derek that Stiles would probably feel better if he had explanations for the things Derek did. "The reason subdrop happens is because subspace gives you an emotional high, and there's various brain chemicals involved in that," he explained. "You need to level them out gradually afterwards or you're likely to get a corresponding low."

Stiles nodded, smiling. "Like a subdrop?" he asked softly, taking a swallow of his juice before moving to the table.

"That's what subdrop is, yes," Derek agreed. "There's also other things, like replacing electrolytes, making sure you don't get dehydrated, that you replace the energy you used in intense scenes...but a lot of what I do after a scene is about helping you level out."

Stiles drank some more of the juice, nodding. "Yes, sir."

"Which reminds me," Derek said. "If you are ever feeling odd or down or...bad in some way after a scene - and I don't mean just after, sometimes it takes a little while to really sink in - I want to find me and tell me, okay?"
Stiles gave Derek a small smile. "What are the symptoms?"

"Physically, you might start to feel tired, or achey, or cold, among a few other things," Derek said seriously. "But what I'm most concerned about is the emotional effects - and sometimes they can take a couple of days to show up, so I really do need you to tell me when something is wrong. Almost any negative emotion except anger - fear and anxiety, guilt, shame, agitation, depression...you could experience any of that if something goes wrong and you go into drop."

Stiles nodded in thought. "And it can happen at any time?"

Derek frowned. This was probably intimidating for Stiles. "It's most likely in the one to three days after a scene, but because you're always subbing for me at least a little, it's possible it could happen at other times too."

Stiles nodded. He'd make sure to pay attention to himself.

"Thank you, Stiles," Derek said quietly. "I know this must be...not frightening, but..." He sighed, unable to find the words. "I just...whatever you're feeling, I'll be there to help you, okay?"

"It's a bit overwhelming, but I know you'll keep me safe," Stiles said, fiddling with the last of his food. "I trust you, sir."

A glowing warmth grew in Derek's chest. "Thank you," he murmured again. "It means a lot, that I have your trust."

Stiles let his smile soften. "You really do. I know you will never knowingly harm me, and I know you'll do everything in your power to keep me safe."

"I will," Derek promised fervently, taking Stiles' hand. "I promise you, Stiles. I will."

Stiles smiled, squeezing his hand in return. "I know you will."

Chapter End Notes

Thank you everyone for your wonderful comments! I hope you enjoyed this chapter just as much
"Is Stiles normally this quiet while cooking?" Scott asked suddenly, looking toward the open study door. Derek tilted his head. "No..." he said slowly. "I'd better check on him." He stood, then paused, looking at Scott. "I'm going to give Stiles the privacy he needs, but if he's willing, we'll be a little more open so you can see how we interact. Would you be comfortable with that?"
Scott took a moment to think before nodding. "It might help. And at first I may be a little awkward, but I really do think it would."
Derek nodded. "Okay." As he led the way down the stairs, he warned, "If Stiles says 'red', I want you to leave the room, alright?"
Scott nodded again. "Got it."

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Scott comes to visit and meets Derek for the first time; Derek offers him some reassurance about his upcoming testing.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS:
Stiles has a panic attack, and then experiences something like subdrop. He is extremely distressed, but Derek and Scott do their best to help him as soon as they find out.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Scott eyed Stiles uncertainly as they drove up to Derek's house. "You're sure it's okay for me to be here?" he checked. "Derek won't mind?"

"I already asked," Stiles reassured him, smiling. "He doesn't have a problem with it, as long as my homework got done before bed." he bounded out. "Come on Scotty!"

Scott followed, as always. He'd spent a lot of time in his life following Stiles places. Part of him was glad that that hadn't changed now that Stiles had a Dom. The rest of him was nervous about meeting the famous Derek.

"Sir! I'm home! And Scott's here too!" Stiles called, hurrying to put his bag in his room before wandering back downstairs. "Where are you?"

"In my office, Stiles," Scott heard Derek call back. Scott shifted on his feet awkwardly, unsure of himself in this unfamiliar, expensive house.

"Come on." Stiles grinned, tugging on Scott's arm as he headed for Derek's office. "Hi!"
"Welcome home," Derek said, smiling, as he turned away from his computer. "I assume this is Scott?"

Scott hung back, not sure what to do.

"Yup!" Stiles tugged on Scott's shirt. "Come on man, it's just my Dom. He won't bite you."

"Um...nice to meet you?" Scott said awkwardly. "Thanks for letting me come over, uh, sir?"

Derek shook his head. "Stiles is the only one who calls me 'sir'. It's nice to meet you too, Scott, and you're welcome." He offered a hand to shake, and Scott took it gingerly.

Stiles giggled softly, kissing Derek's cheek. "I'm going to work on my plants and fill my pill box, sir."

"Good boy," Derek said approvingly. "I'll probably be up here until dinner time - Scott's welcome to stay for that, by the way."

Stiles beamed. "Thank you," he replied, tugging Scott out of the room.

"You're welcome," Derek called back.

Scott just followed Stiles back downstairs, not trying to free him arm at all. "You think he was serious about me calling him Derek?" he asked. Scott's dad had always been really strict about that.

"He doesn't say things he doesn't mean." Stiles smiled softly. "He's not one of the assholes." The 'like your dad' went unsaid.

"Okay," Scott said slowly, reserving judgement until he'd had a chance to actually talk to Derek properly. "So...plants?"

Stiles nodded, leading him to the little bench under the kitchen window where his plants were. "Sir said when its' time to plant, I might be able to get flower bulbs!"

"That's awesome!" Scott replied. He knew how much it meant to Stiles to have flowers again. "So he just...bought you these?"

"They're my rewards," Stiles admitted. "At the end of each week we go through punishments and rewards. They don't cancel each other out, and just going to bed on time gets me a reward tally." He carefully watered his plants as he explained.

Scott looked at the number of plants there. "If it's one plant per night, you've been sleeping terribly lately."

Stiles grinned. "This isn't the only reward I'm able to get. Sometimes it's baking time, or art supplies for my drawings, things I like."

"Does that mean you don't get to bake unless you earn it?" Scott asked.

Stiles flushed, shifting from foot to foot. "I don't get to bake with him...."

Scott frowned, bumping Stiles' shoulder with his. "You really like him that much?"

Stiles nodded, bumping him back. "I really do. Why wouldn't I?"
Scott shrugged. "I mean...you haven't known him that long, y'know. And you've never liked teachers or whoever telling you what to do. But baking with him is a reward? Like, a nice one?"

"Yup." Stiles shrugged back. "I don't really know why it's different, but it is. And I like hearing him call me 'good boy' and things like that, too. He calms me, keeps me centred. Sure, there are times I hate cutting off my random research because I have to be in bed by midnight, but still."

"Well, calm's good, I guess." Scott bit his lip, thinking. "...hey Stiles?"

Stiles looked up from where he was pruning dead leaves off of his poinsetta. "What's up, Scott?" He smiled, putting his things away and washing his hands.

"Do you - do you think I'll be a sub?" Scott asked quietly. It just...it was scary seeing the way - Scott didn't want to say Stiles had changed, exactly, because he was the same at school, but…

Stiles frowned softly, pulling Scott into a tight hug and murmuring in his ear. "Listen to me, Scotty my boy. You might be. There's nothing to say you won't be. But there's also nothing to say you won't be a Dom. Either way, you'll still be you. I'm not different. I'm calmer, sure, and Lord knows I need someone tying me down to keep me from the clouds. But it doesn't actually change you."

"But you are different," Scott objected. "Like, on Monday, you were all...I don't know, you were something."

"Explain it to me." Stiles pulled back a bit. "Explain to me how I'm actually different?" He raised an eyebrow, dragging Scott up to his room so he could refill his pill box.

"It's not really obvious unless you're talking about Derek," Scott admitted. "Or, like, here. But it's like...you haven't handed in any of your random papers since you met Derek, you know, the really random ones. And you're less jittery, which is good, but it's different, you know? And just...Monday." Something had happened on the weekend, Scott was sure - Stiles had been so calm, like, almost unnaturally calm.

"I wouldn't be surprised if I was still in subspace a bit on Monday," Stiles admitted, counting out his pills. "And the random papers and jitters were usually because I couldn't focus, because I would forget to take my Adderall. That's another thing I'm tallied reward or punishment for. Taking my meds like I'm supposed to."

"What's...subspace like?" Scott asked hesitantly.

"Amazing really." Stiles laughed, flicking a pill in each day's space. "Kinda warm, really calm, my mind actually shuts up for once!" He grinned, clicking the box closed before setting it on his dresser. "And it's even better if you have one of the good Doms. Sir just held me close so I didn't feel panicked or like I was going to fly away. Just letting me float for a while before calling me back down slowly so I didn't crash."

"That sounds really weird," Scott said. "And what if you didn't have one of the good Doms?"

Stiles tilted his head. "You'd be able to tell really fast." He gave Scott a thoughtful look. "Dude, do you want to talk to Sir? He'd be able to explain some things from the Dom side."

"Do you think it would help?" Scott asked, uncertain.

Stiles nodded. "I think it would help with the stuff you're worried about. He can answer any Dom-..."
ish questions you have, kinda like I will the sub. That way, either way you end up going, it'll be less terrifying."

"I, uh..." Scott rubbed a hand over his hair. "He won't mind?"

Stiles shook his head. "I doubt it." He smiled softly. "Would you like me to go ask?"

"Yeah, maybe," Scott said, looking away.

Stiles grinned widely, ruffling Scott's hair. "Wait here, I'll go ask."

Stiles scrambled up from where he was sitting, all but running to Derek's office. "Sir!"

"What's wrong?" Derek asked as Stiles came in. "Are you two okay?"

"Yes sir." Stiles leaned against Derek's shoulder and kissed his cheek. "Can you talk to Scott? His test is in a few days and he's kinda freaking out about it. I've given him some answers on the sub side, but can you on the Dom? He's very, very nervous and worried."

"What's making him nervous?" Derek asked with a frown.

"I can't quite pinpoint it. I think he's afraid of messing up if he gets Dom. His dad...let's just say his mom is on the top of the 'not very submissive' subs and she kicked his dad out after she got sick of the abuse." Stiles shifted a bit. "His dad is one of the assholes," he murmured after a moment. "I think Scott is terrified of doing the same."

Derek grimaced. He knew that fear too well. "If he's afraid of being that person, he won't be."

"I know that, I really do sir, but I suggested maybe he ask you some things? Would that be okay? I told him I didn't think you'd mind, and hearing it from the mouth of a good Dom might help quell the terror a little," Stiles pleaded.

"That's fine, Stiles," Derek said softly. "Do you think he'll be more or less comfortable with you there?"

"Thank you," Stiles breathed, relieved. "And I honestly don't know. I'll bring him in here and ask."

Derek waited, thinking. Scott, from everything Stiles had said (which was a lot), seemed like a good guy, if a little absent minded. But Derek could understand him being worried about abuse if his father had been that way. Derek didn't really know if he could help, but he'd try.

Stiles quickly got Scott, assuring him that Derek would talk to him before all but shoving his friend into Derek's study. "I'm going to go fix dinner, sir!"

Derek gave Scott a wry smile. "Has Stiles ever been subtle?" he asked quietly. "Come on, sit down."

Scott gave Derek a small smile in return, shaking his head as he stepped over to the chair, sitting and furrowing his brow. "Honestly, I'd be worried if he was subtle."

Derek huffed a laugh. "True." He paused, watching Scott for a moment. "Stiles says you're worried about your testing."
Scott hesitated before nodding. "Did he tell you why?"

"He told me what he thought the reason was," Derek replied. "Which isn't the same thing."

"He's probably right, he's uncanny like that." Scott gave Derek another smile. "My Dad...he wasn't the best of Doms," he started, his voice hesitant. "I'm terrified that I'll end up just repeating the cycle. And honestly, I haven't actually had one-on-one contact with many other Doms...you and Stiles' dad. That's it."

"More to the point," Derek suggested quietly, "You haven't had a chance to see how other Doms treat their subs."

"Exactly." Scott nodded, resting his elbows on his knees. "Either way, I'm nervous. If I'm a sub, who's to say I won't end up with a Dom like my Dad? And if I'm a Dom..."

"If you're a Dom," Derek said softly, "you'll be able to choose exactly how you want any sub of yours to be treated. Being a Dom means having a lot of choice, and a lot of control."

"And then there's the girls I'm attracted to," Scott murmured. "They aren't even the least bit sub like. Even less than my own mom." He paused, pressing his lips together. "Part of me is afraid of having that amount of control. Simply because who's to say I won't get corrupted with it after a while? My Dad was fine until a certain point."

"Being worried about that is a good thing," Derek reassured him. "I know I was, and still am. I think all good Doms are worried about that line between just enough and too much."

Scott nodded, chewing on his lower lip in thought. "And if I end up being a sub? I don't want one of those Doms..."

Derek leaned back. "You know, people don't talk about the screening process for Doms who mentor or foster. But they're there. Police checks, tests, for a mentor you get an in-home evaluation of how you scene, for a foster Dom, you get an interview with a counsellor. After a month, there's a check-in with the new Dom or sub about the partnership. Meeting a Dom through the testing system is possibly the safest way to do it."

"What about Stiles? Didn't he get you in a raffle?" Scott rubbed at his face, leaning forward a bit.

Derek shook his head. "I signed up to foster, and went through the screening processes, about six months ago. They then put me on the waiting list. Stiles got me because I'm the foster Dom with the closest match to his ranking in this region."

"So, kinda like you're the right kind of Dom level to Stiles' sub level? Do they actually rank them?"

Scott frowned.

Derek nodded. "It's not a binary, 'yes or no' thing," he explained. "Stiles is...colloquially, he's a needy sub. It takes very little for him to react to me in a subby way, and it's something he enjoys, and enjoys a lot of. But that's not not all subs."

Scott gave him a confused look. "He is?" He pursed his lips. "You mean like my mom. She's not really that needy or subby. Hell, if not for the mark on her neck..."

Derek smiled. "My sister and her sub are like that. They scene for fun occasionally, but they're very equal, and Jordan's never subby around anyone else."

"I'm not sure Stiles is like that at school at all, he doesn't seem different. But as soon as we're alone..."
or here..." He furrowed his brow, looking at Derek. "He may be an all-the-time person. At least later on. Because as soon as he was in the jeep, he wasn't just Stiles anymore. If that makes sense. Would I be like that as a sub?"

"I don't know you well," Derek admitted. "But Stiles...the first thing I noticed about Stiles was the way he liked reassurance and praise. Having me look after him makes him feel safe. Can you imagine feeling like that?"

Scott tilted his head, thinking for a moment. "I think I could," he admitted. "And I can see him like that. Really can. He was always wanting to be good, to be acknowledged." Scott looked up, locking eyes with Derek. "He's going to need it a lot, just to warn you. Especially here in the next couple of weeks. He won't say why, and I can't say because it's his to tell."

"Thank you," Derek said gravely. "I appreciate the advice." He closed his eyes, thinking. "There was a time when I thought I'd be a sub. Maybe I could have been."

"Why did you think that? I haven't known you much, but I can tell you're a Dom from the time I first saw you." Scott sat back, confused. "And there are times I feel like I'd be a Dom, but then again there's times when I feel more like a sub. So...that's one reason I'm so nervous for Monday."

"That's not rare, for someone low-ranking," Derek said. "To have that experience. There are even people who switch, in whatever relationship they're in. As for me...I was in a relationship with an older Dom, before my testing. It...had a strong impact on me."

Scott pursed his lips. "You mean it went badly," he said plainly. "There's a part of me that wants to be a Dom. Just so I can do better than my waste of a father. And then again, there's a part of me that feels I would do good as a sub." He slipped his hands into his hair, yanking on his curls.

"Scott," Derek said, drawing on the authority he used with Stiles sometimes. "Stop pulling your hair, please." He wanted to see (and wanted Scott to see), how he would react.

Scott blinked, looking up to Derek before slowly lowering his hands after one more yank. He froze once he realized what Derek had done before rubbing his face. "It's times like these I think I'd be okay as a sub, and then there's a small part of me frowning so hard right now."

"Chances are, Scott," Derek said, speaking more normally. "You'll be very low ranking in either. The thing about power dynamics is that it's still you. It's just another way to be who you are." It had taken Derek a long time to accept that, but it was true, nonetheless.

"So either I'll be a non-needy sub like my mom, or I'll end up being one of the 'gentle' Doms I hear about?" He tugged again on his curls in thought. "I'm sorry, it doesn't seem like it, but the talking is helping me."

"It's okay," Derek promised. "I get it. I'm glad I can help." He sighed. "I don't like the term 'gentle' Dom. It implies that high-ranking Doms can't be gentle. But yes, that's what I was referring to."

Scott tilted his head in thought, unconsciously using one of Stiles' signs as he picked at his lip. "I'm a little calmer about it, I think. I'm still worried, but not to the point that I feel on edge. What did you mean by mentor Dom? And is there any way to ask for a specific one? Like could I ask for you or Stiles' dad? Since I know for a fact you two are good?"

"You couldn't ask for either of us," Derek said immediately. "You can't mentor a close relative of you or your sub, and you can't mentor unless you and your sub have been together for at least three
years. You could ask for my sister, maybe. I know she's been approved for that."

Scott let out a small whine, wrinkling his nose as he nodded. "Thank you, really, thank you. I'm not as freaked out as I was"

"It's okay to be nervous, alright?" Derek pointed out. "Testing is a big deal, and California sex ed is incredibly unhelpful. Theoretically, your mentor or foster Dom will teach you everything you need to know, but that doesn't help until you've got one."

Scott gave him a wry grin. "Is it bad that just you telling me it's okay helps me settle? And yet, also makes me chatter in my head."

Derek gave Scott a wry smile. "One of the most important things I learnt from my mentor is something they never actually said to me. But they told their sub a lot: nothing you think or feel or want is bad."

"That makes sense." Scott grinned. "Is Stiles normally this quiet while cooking?" he asked suddenly, looking toward the open study door.

Derek tilted his head. "No..." he said slowly. "I'd better check on him." He stood, then paused, looking at Scott. "I'm going to give Stiles the privacy he needs, but if he's willing, we'll be a little more open so you can see how we interact. Would you be comfortable with that?"

Scott took a moment to think before nodding. "It might help. And at first I may be a little awkward, but I really do think it would."

Derek nodded. "Okay." As he led the way down the stairs, he warned, "If Stiles says 'red', I want you to leave the room, alright?"

Scott nodded again. "Got it."

When they came downstairs, Stiles looked up from where he was cleaning up a glass dish he'd dropped, his hands bleeding and shaking.

"Shit. "Corazon, come here please," Derek said firmly. "Leave that there."

"B-but.." Stiles shook harder, even as he carefully stood. "It's in my feet too," he whispered, curling his shoulders in

"Okay," Derek said calmly. "I'll come to you." He strode over, thankful he habitually wore shoes around the house, and picked Stiles up. "I'm going to take you to the couch, and we're going to get that glass out, alright, corazon?"

"I'll just...clean up here," Scott offered awkwardly, and Derek gave him a grateful nod.

"Thank you," Stiles whispered, burying his face in Derek's neck, starting to cry softly. "I'm sorry." He began to try to explain what happened, words pouring out of his mouth. He'd been making his mom's potato salad to go with the BBQ chicken he had made. But suddenly he couldn't breathe and he was panicking.

"Shhh," Derek said, carrying Stiles over to the couch. "It's alright. You haven't done anything wrong, corazon, you're fine."
"I broke it," Stiles whimpered, his chest moving faster as he fought to keep calm. He flexed his fingers, whining softly as the small pieces of glass caused his hands to sting.

"It's okay, Stiles," Derek murmured, sitting down with Stiles in his lap. "I'm not mad at you, corazon. It's okay." Now that he was sitting, he could let go of Stiles to deal with the glass. "Give me your hands, chiquito, and keep them still for me, alright?"

Stiles held his hands out, palms up as he asked, his voice trembling with trying to stay calm and quickly losing. "W-what does chiquito mean?"

"Good boy," Derek said as soon as Stiles offered his hands. "It means 'little one'. I need more than one name for you, after all." The pieces were mostly large enough that he'd be able to get them out with his fingers, but tweezers would probably help. And somewhere to put the pieces. "Scott?" he called softly.

Scott stuck his head out of the kitchen. "What's up? Are you guys okay?"

"Could you get me a bowl, please?" Derek requested. "And a damp cloth."

Stiles whimpered at the praise, his trembling getting worse. "I- I like that one, sir," he whispered tentatively. He didn't even look up at Scott, too busy breathing and keeping his focus on Derek to calm down.

"That's good, chiquito," Derek praised, stroking Stiles' hair. "You're doing so good for me."

Scott finally found the cupboard with the bowls and brought one over. He looked at Stiles' hands and winced. "Do you guys have tweezers?"

"First aid kit in the main bathroom upstairs," Derek told him quietly. "Thanks."

Stiles whimpered softly, leaning into the touch. "T-trying," he mumbled, his entire body shaking.

"Good boy," Derek said, turning his entire attention back to Stiles. "Now, this is going to hurt a little, okay?" he warned, as he reached for the biggest piece he could see. "But it will get better soon. You cry if you need to, chiquito."

"Y-yes sir." Stiles whined, clenching his eyes shut tightly. He was slowly calming under the praise from Derek, but his hands were still shaking.

"That's it, corazon, you're doing so good," Derek murmured, pulling piece after tiny piece of glass from Stiles' palm. Eventually the remaining pieces were too small, and he switched to the other hand. "I'm so proud of you, chiquito, you're doing really well."

The praise was the only thing keeping Stiles from going into full blown meltdown. He was crying softly already, sniffing. "I'm sorry, sir. I broke it, I broke it. I didn't mean to," he kept repeating under his breath.

"It's okay, chiquito. It was an accident, so it's okay," Derek promised him. "Can you do something for me, corazon?"

"Wh-what's that sir?" Stiles asked, sniffing and wincing as each piece was pulled out.

"I want you to take some nice slow breaths for me, okay?" Derek said encouragingly, stroking Stiles'
wrist where he held it. "In...and out...Just like that."

Stiles let out another whimper, but he fought to try and follow what Derek had said, his breathing shaky and stuttering. He saw Scott watching them, but he didn't mind, licking his lips and shifting his legs, yelping and crying again when a piece embedded further.

"That's good, Stiles, you're being so good." Derek looked over Stiles' hands. They were bloody, and there were still pieces to remove. "Would it be okay with you if Scott fixed your feet while I finish with your hands?" he murmured, giving Scott a hopeful look. Scott nodded, eyes wide.

Stiles whimpered, but nodded. He couldn't stop the shaking in his body, his teeth gnawing at his lower lip.

"Good boy." Derek moved the bowl of glass shards from his side to Stiles' lap and lifted Stiles' legs a little, giving Scott room to sit. "You're so good, chiquito, I'm so proud of you." He took the tweezers Scott passed him and returned to his work on Stiles' palms.

Stiles let out a half-hysterical giggle, clenching his eyes closed for a moment as he fought to keep his breathing even and deep like Derek had told him to.

"That's good, chiquito." Finally, Derek though he'd gotten everything out of Stiles' left hand. He took the damp wash cloth Scott had brought and gently wiped the blood away. "Can you feel any more glass in that hand, corazon?" he asked quietly.

Stiles carefully flexed his hand for a moment before shaking his head. "No, sir," he whispered. "It's a little sore, but no glass." His breathing was just a tad too fast, the adrenaline starting to drain out of him, leaving him teary again.

"Good boy," Derek praised, and pressed a kiss to that palm. "Try to keep your breathing slow for me, okay? Like I showed you. It's okay if you can't, but I want you to try."

Stiles’ fingers curled slightly around Derek's chin and he nodded as he fought to keep his breathing slow and even. He didn't do too well, but he kept trying. He swayed a bit, almost dizzy as the adrenaline passed.

"Just a few minutes and you can curl up against me, okay, chiquito?" Derek said, taking shards out of Stiles' right hand as fast as he could. "You're doing so good for me, corazon, I'm so proud."

"K-kay," Stiles agreed, his voice soft and tearful. He didn't care that Scott saw him acting like he was. In fact, he hoped it help Scott understand. Understand that he wanted this, needed this...

Scott, meanwhile, was...god, this was worse than he'd seen Stiles in years. There had been panic attacks, sure, which were much more dramatic, but they were also over faster, and maybe the way Derek had let Stiles be less upset but for a longer time was a good thing, but it was...shit. Scott hoped Stiles would be okay soon.

Stiles tilted his head until he was looking at his lap as Derek finished taking glass out of his hand. He saw the worried look on Scott’s face, but honestly couldn't get the strength to ask what was wrong. He looked up at Derek, his head resting on the couch, falling to the side as he whimpered, jerking his leg just a bit as he felt a large piece get removed.

Scott winced. "Sorry," he muttered. "I think that's the biggest bit."
"'kay." Stiles whimpered, still trembling, but he finally got his breathing under control. "Done?" he asked, pleading.

"I'm done," Derek promised, wiping Stiles' hand off and kissing it like he had the other. "Scott, hold on for a second, I'm going to move Stiles." Carefully, Derek shifted the sub until he was curled up in Derek's lap, face buried in his shoulder, with Derek's arms around him. "Okay, you can keep going."

Stiles clung tightly to Derek, sobbing quietly as he all but buried himself in Derek's arms, though he made sure his feet were still for Scott.

"It's okay, chiquito," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' back steadily. "You cry if you need to, I've got you. You're alright, corazon. I know it hurts, but it'll stop soon."

"I broke it," Stiles sobbed. "I'm sorry." He couldn't stop crying.

Derek pressed a kiss to the top of Stiles' head. "I forgive you, corazon. Everyone drops things sometimes," he murmured. "You're still my good boy."

That settled Stiles more than anything. "Promise?" he asked, his voice a little louder - enough for Scott to hear. He sniffled, pulling back just long enough to rub at his eyes with his arm before pressing close again.

"I promise," Derek said softly. "You're my good boy, Stiles. Haven't you been good for me, letting Scott and I look after you? You've been so good, chiquito."

"I'm trying," Stiles admitted, his trembling easing slightly. He glanced down at Scott before burying his face in Derek's neck.

"You're doing very well," Derek reassured him. "I'm proud of you."

Just then, Scott looked up. "I, uh, I think I've got everything? Stiles?"

Stiles carefully bent his feet and curled his toes before nodding. "Thank you," he whispered.

Scott glanced at Derek nervously. "It's fine, Stiles," he said, almost as quietly. "Do you, uh...want me to leave?" Because Stiles and Scott may have shared everything in the past, but the way Stiles was with Derek seemed...private.

Stiles shook his head slowly. "It's okay." He smiled softly. "I don't mind."

Derek nodded approvingly at Scott, then turned his attention back to Stiles. "Are you ready to talk about what happened, chiquito, or would you like to cuddle some more first?"

"Both," Stiles murmured, pressing close and burying his face in Derek's neck.

Derek laughed slightly. "Alright, corazon." He reached up to stroke Stiles' hair. "So...you went downstairs to cook, and then...?" It was obvious that the bowl itself hadn't been what upset Stiles. Something else had happened first.

"I was making barbeque chicken," Stiles started, his voice soft. "I started making the potato salad, and it hit me that it was my mom's recipe I was unconsciously using. I...my chest started to hurt, and my fingers went numb. When I started coming out of the panic attack, there was glass all over the floor around me, and -" Stiles paused, taking a deep breath. "I started freaking out again. That was
the crystal bowl you had in the cabinets, the one I can tell cost a bit. I started scrambling, trying to think of what to do. I moved a bit to get the broom, but I realized that it really was everywhere, next thing I know I'm on my knees scrambling for the glass." He looked down at his hands. "I didn't even feel the glass until you started pulling it out."

"Okay," Derek said calmly. "Thank you for telling me, chiquito. I need you to know that I won't be angry or upset about anything you damage by accident, okay?" Things hadn't had much value for him after the fire. They were too easily lost. "I can afford to replace the bowl."

"'kay," Stiles whispered, trembling softly. "I feel funny." He kept his voice soft.

"Can you tell me more about that, chiquito?" Derek asked, keeping his voice gentle.

"Dizzy, still kinda panicky, heavy, kinda still want to cry. Guilty," Stiles explained.

"Okay." Stiles had said before that subspace made him feel 'heavy'. It would be strange for him to be in subdrop right now - they'd done nothing in the last couple of days to lead to it - but it sounded like subdrop, so treating it that way would probably help. "I need you to listen to me, chiquito," Derek said gently. "You don't have anything to be guilty for. You're a good boy, my good boy, and I'm proud of you."

Stiles' eyes watered, burying his face in Derek's neck. "I broke it," he whispered, voice hitching. "I don't remember how or why, I just remember my chest feeling tight and feeling like my skin was crawling."

"It's okay, Stiles," Derek murmured. "It's okay that you broke it, and it's okay that you don't remember. You're doing so well, chiquito. You haven't done anything wrong, corazon, you're so good."

Stiles curled up in a tight ball, clinging to Derek and crying softly. He didn't say anything for a few minutes, sniffing and nuzzling close. "I'm sorry," he whispered at last. He didn't know why he was feeling so torn up about it, especially after Derek had already told him that it was okay and that he didn't do anything wrong.

"Scott, can you get Stiles some juice, please?" Derek asked, looking over Stiles' head. "And bring the block of chocolate in the fridge, too."

Scott bit his lip and nodded. This was...really hard to watch. At least he could do something to help. He hurried to the kitchen and got the orange juice and chocolate as requested, making a note that he really should finish sweeping up the glass soon.

Stiles whined softly, not wanting to come out from the hiding spot he'd buried his face in. One hand was gripping Derek's shirt tightly, the other tugging gently at his own hair.

"I know, chiquito." Derek murmured, gently removing Stiles' hand from his hair. "But you can be good and drink your juice for me, can't you, corazon?"

"Wanna be good," Stiles murmured, though he stayed where he was for a few minutes more before pulling away just enough to sip at it.

"Good boy," Derek praised, stroking Stiles' hair. Seeing that Stiles' hands were still shaking a little, he took hold of the glass to help steady it.
Stiles drank half the juice before pulling away from it with a soft noise. He pressed his face back to Derek's neck, nuzzling close.

"Good boy," Derek said. "Well done." He leaned around Stiles to put the glass on the coffee table and pick up the chocolate. "I'm going to break the chocolate into pieces," he warned Stiles, "and then I'm going to feed some to you, alright?"

"'Tay," Stiles murmured after a moment, peeking out from his hiding spot to watch what Derek was doing. He was slowly starting to calm, his trembling almost gone as well as the sniffling. The juice and being held seemed to be helping ground him out of the spiral he had found himself in.

Derek hid a sigh of relief when Stiles looked up of his own volition. He was stabilising. "Okay, chiquito, open your mouth for me," he ordered, bringing a piece of chocolate to Stiles' lips.

Stiles opened his mouth slowly, his hold on Derek still tight. He took the chocolate, humming lightly to himself as he slowly chewed.

"Good boy," Derek praised. "You're being very good, chiquito, I'm proud of you." He pressed a kiss to Stiles' forehead.

Scott looked away. This was...Christ, Stiles had said they weren't doing anything sexual, and he could see that, but it was so intimate. He couldn't help but feel he was intruding. "I'm going to go get the rest of that glass in the bin," he said awkwardly. "Unless you need me for something else?"

Derek shook his head. "That's fine, Scott. I appreciate it."

Stiles smiled at the praise, relaxing a bit more. "I don't mind him watching," he murmured when Scott left the room. "I think it'll help. And a part of me likes it when you do this in front of people. I feel safer just being myself."

"Thank you for telling me that, Stiles," Derek said, offering Stiles another piece of chocolate. "I would never let other people see you submitting to me unless you were willing."

Stiles took the bite, waiting until he had finished it before whispering softly, "I am sorry, sir. About the bowl. And I have no idea why I was feeling like I was. I didn't like it. I'm still a little funny feeling, but not near as much as I was."

Derek kissed Stiles' forehead lightly. "I accept your apology, Stiles, and I forgive you. It's okay." Dismissing Stiles' guilt wasn't going to help, after all. "I'm glad you're feeling better."

Stiles leaned into the affection, letting out a small sigh. "Thank you," he breathed.

"You're very welcome," Derek said quietly, stroking Stiles' hair with his free hand. "Can you tell me how you're feeling in a little more detail please?"

Stiles leaned into the strokes, humming softly. "I feel tight. Kinda like I can't fit my skin," he offered.

Derek frowned. "Okay." He thought about it for a moment. "I'm going to try something, but I have to let go of you to do it, because I need both hands. You don't have to move. Is that okay?"

Stiles whined for a moment. "Yes sir," he whispered, licking his lips.

"Good boy." Derek carefully moved the arm that had been around Stiles' back and reached for Stiles'
hands, holding his wrists firmly. "Does that help at all?"

Stiles shivered, letting out a soft breath before he nodded. "Yes sir. It helps a bit, starts to loosen my skin."

"Okay," Derek said calmly, hiding his relief. "Then we're going to sit here like this until you're ready to get up, and then I'm going to get the cuffs."

"'Tay," Stiles breathed, relaxing a bit further against him, blinking slowly. "Where's Scott?" he asked suddenly, blinking lazily.

"He's in the kitchen," Derek reminded him quietly. "Do you want him here?"

"Don't want him to feel bad about watching," Stiles murmured. "I don't mind. He kept asking me what subspace is like, and I know what those cuffs will do. Maybe it'll help him."

Derek hummed, thinking about it. "When you're ready," he said at last, "I'm going to invite him to join us again. He's going to look after you for me while I get you the cuffs, and you can reassure him that you don't mind him being here. I think he'll feel better about it coming from you."

Stiles nodded, giving Derek a small smile. "Thank you, sir," he whispered, leaning up to kiss Derek's cheek.

A couple of minutes later Stiles licked his lips. "I think I'm ready," he murmured in a tiny voice.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' wrists with his thumbs. "You're being very brave and I'm proud of you." He kissed Stiles' forehead, then called out, "Scott? If you're done, could you come in here, please?" It occurred to him to feel guilty for making Scott run errands for them, but he dismissed it. He'd be thanking Scott later, though.

Scott had finished sweeping up the glass by then, had packed away the barbeque chicken for Stiles to deal with later, and was now washing dishes just for something to do. He put the plate he was cleaning on the drying rack and hurried back to the living room. "Are you guys okay?" he asked. They - Stiles - looked better, at least. Calmer.

Stiles gave Scott a small smile, relaxed and soaking up the feel of Derek's strokes on his skin. "Hi."

Stiles looked...kinda dopey, actually. It reminded Scott of how he'd been on Monday. Scott glanced at Derek.

"We think Stiles will feel better if I handcuff him," Derek said plainly. "But I'm going to have to go get them, so we were hoping you'd be willing to sit with Stiles while I do."

Scott bit his lip and looked at Stiles, unsure.

"Please?" Stiles asked softly. "I don't mind you being here, seeing me like this. I think it'd help, and you seem so worried." He continued to ramble, his voice trailing off before he licked his lips.

"It won't...matter that I'm not Derek?" Scott checked. "That I'm not really a Dom?"

Derek shook his head. "Stiles needs me, but he also just needs comfort and human contact. He trusts you, and you care about him. It's enough."

Scott nodded slowly and came over to sit on the couch. "So...how do we do this?"
Stiles smiled, his smile still almost too soft to even be called a smile. "Thank you," he whispered. He looked up at Derek, letting him guide.

"Stand up for me, okay, corazon?" Derek requested, still holding Stiles' wrists to steady him.

"Yes sir," Stiles murmured, slowly sliding off of Derek's lap and carefully standing up. He gave a small grin as he did, glad that the glass hadn't caused him any lingering pain.

"Good boy," Derek praised, standing up himself. "Now, you can sit down with Scott. I'll stay until you're ready."

Stiles nodded, moving a little bit and sitting as close as possible to Scott before smiling up at Derek. "I'll be okay," he promised, though his voice was shaking a bit at the thought.

Scott wrapped around Stiles' shoulders. This, at least, he knew how to do, from all the years of anniversaries they'd weathered together. "Hey, bro," he said quietly. "We're good, okay? I'm right here."

Stiles nodded, pressing close, and burying his face in Scott's neck. "Thank you," he murmured softly.

"It's fine, Stiles," Scott promised. "No big deal, okay? Totally fine."

Derek nodded approvingly at Scott and crouched so he was on Stiles' level. "Chiquito? Is it alright if I go get the cuffs now?"

Stiles let out a soft whimper but nodded, fingers curling around Derek's arm for a moment before letting go. "Yes sir." He gave Derek a small smile, pressing closer to Scott.

"Good boy. You're being so brave for me," Derek praised. "I'll just be a couple of minutes, okay?" He kissed Stiles' palms, then let go of his wrists and hurried upstairs.

Chapter End Notes

Just so you know, this scene will be continued over the next couple of chapters - we're definitely not finishing it there.

Thank you all once again for all your lovely comments! It's amazing to see that so many people are reading this, and your feedback is truly delightful. We hope you all enjoyed this chapter as well, and look forward to your comments!
Remembrance

Chapter Summary

"Hey Stiles," Scott said quietly. "You okay?"
Stiles nodded against Derek's thigh, smiling. "I feel a lot better," he admitted softly. "I don't know why I was the way I was, but this helped."
"I'm not sure either," Derek admitted slowly, "but...well, I was treating it like subdrop."

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Derek and Scott continue to help Stiles recover from his panic, but when Stiles begins to feel better, something reminds Derek of his /own/ past.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: very brief and vague allusions to Derek's abusive relationship with Kate; also (after the section in italics), Derek dealing with grief not very well - snapping at Stiles and suppressing his feelings.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"He's really careful of you, isn't he?" Scott said into the silence Derek left behind.

Stiles turned to curl up practically in Scott's lap. "What do you mean?" he asked softly, trying to keep focused on Scott. "And you do know that I really don't mind you here, right? I really do think it might help you not be so freaked out. And to see what I meant about subspace and things like that."

"Dude, this isn't about me," Scott pointed out. "This is about what you need. Like, am I helping at all? Am I just distracting you guys from the main issue? Because you were pretty epically freaked out, and it's not going away like a panic attack."

"You are helping," Stiles insisted. "You helped take the glass out, and I have no idea what you did in the kitchen, but it helped too. I have no idea why it's not going away like with a panic attack. Maybe because of my instincts? I have no clue." He curled close, one hand tangled in Scott's shirt. A smile crossed his face. "You are helping. And with just two sentences, you're already a good Dom if that's what you get at the test." He nodded, face buried in Scott's neck. He mimicked Scott's voice. " 'Dude, this isn't about me. This is about what you need.' " He smiled against the skin of Scott's neck, pressing as close as he physically could.

"Physical contact is a big deal, huh," Scott noted, stroking Stiles' back, avoiding what Stiles had said. This was different to how they usually were, but not that different. Stiles had always been huggy.

"Anyway, what I meant about Derek...all the touches and kissing and stuff, but he also kept checking in with you, you know? Asking if you were okay with what he was doing."

"Avoidance doesn't make it go away," Stiles grumbled quietly before nodding. "Yeah, he does. I kind of like it." He smiled. "And yet, I don't, because I have a feeling I know why he's that careful."
He used to have a sub that wasn't a good one, I just...I think they were one of the bad ones. And so now he's so careful. He doesn't want to get into anything sexual unless it naturally happens. And while I understand that, I'm not going to lie and say I've never thought or dreamt about my Dom that way. He's hot, and he takes good care of me, and...

Scott shook his head. "It wasn't a sub," he said quietly.

"What do you mean?" Stiles asked softly, not moving an inch, holding his breath. "A Dom hurt him? A Dom hurt my Sir?"

"When we were talking earlier..." Scott said quietly, "he told me that before he was tested, he was in a relationship with an older Dom. He didn't say anything else about it except that it 'made a strong impression' on him."

Stiles growled. "He's mine. My Dom," he grumbled. He let out another sigh, relaxing back against Scott. "He's so careful not to push any limits or anything. And honestly, I don't have very many limits."

Scott raised his eyebrows at this show of possessiveness - which honestly, was typical of Stiles, but he hadn't seen applied to Derek before. "Maybe the idea of pushing you is one of his limits," he suggested. "You should talk about it."

Stiles was quiet for a few moments. "I will," he murmured, relaxing as he nuzzled into Scott's neck.

"He seems happy with you," Scott pointed out softly. "I mean, not that I know him very well, but he doesn't look like a guy that smiles easily, and he smiles at you a lot."

"I like his smile," Stiles admitted. "And I like the little things of affection. And the pet names. Didn't know I was one for pet names..."

"It's kinda cool that they're Spanish," Scott admitted. He paused. "...okay, I probably shouldn't tell you this, but, uh, if you ever wanted a Spanish thing to call him?"

Stiles tilted his head a bit, though he didn't come out of hiding. "What's that?" he asked, intrigued.

"Um." Scott looked at the ceiling. Wow, this was awkward. Because seriously, this felt like interfering in his bro's sex life and just...awkward. "'Mi amo'. It's, uh...it means 'my master'."

Stiles grinned, hearing the awkwardness in Scott's voice. "That's awesome. Thank you." He placed a smacking kiss on Scott's neck. "And don't be embarrassed."

"Dude, I am embarrassed as hell right now," Scott admitted easily. "I'm giving you advice on how to get with your Dom. It's awkward."

Right about then, Derek came back into the room, relaxing when he saw how comfortable the two teens were. "How are you two doing?" he asked.

Stiles let out a soft giggle, peeking out at Derek, holding out a hand for his Dom. He loved Scott, really he did, but he craved Derek.

"We're good," Scott promised, figuring that Stiles wasn't going to tell Derek himself.

"Good," Derek replied, crossing the room to take Stiles' hand. "Tell me how you're feeling,
"Still kinda tight," Stiles admitted softly, the endearment making him smile. "But very slowly getting there."

"Good boy." Derek considered the sub for a moment. "Do you want to kneel for me, or do you need me to hold you?"

Stiles furrowed his brow in thought. "You choose?" he offered. "I can't decide."

"Okay." Kneeling would probably put Stiles deeper into his space than just being cuffed, which Derek had a feeling would help him. "Stand, please, and hold your hands out in front of you."

Stiles stood, balancing himself for a moment before holding out his hands, palms up. He gave Derek a smile.

Derek smiled back, fastening the cuffs snugly, but not tightly. "How are your cuts?" he checked.

"They don't hurt," Stiles answered, his voice soft as he tilted his head back to watch Derek.

"That's good," Derek replied. "Now, here's what's going to happen." He held Stiles' hands in his and looked him in the eye. "I'm going to sit, and you're going to kneel quietly for me. You don't have to be silent, but you don't have to talk, either. I'm going to be touching you the whole time, with my hand on your neck or in your hair, but I'm going to talk to Scott, too. Is that okay?"

Stiles blinked, processing, before nodding, a smile crossing his face. "Yes sir." He stepped closer, nuzzling Derek's jaw for a bit.

Derek scruffed up Stiles' hair a little. "Good boy," he said warmly. He pointed to the floor between Scott and where he'd been sitting earlier. "Kneel."

Stiles grinned widely at the ruffling before kneeling between Scott and Derek's leg, his hands resting on his thighs as he quickly sunk into the position.

Derek sat, resting his hand on Stiles' head comfortably. "Good boy," he murmured. "You just kneel and be quiet for me, okay?"

Scott shifted awkwardly. Even more than everything that had gone on so far, this was a Dom/sub pair interacting, and he didn't know what he should be doing.

"It's alright, Scott," Derek said quietly. "Pretend he's not here if you need to. I'm looking after him."

Stiles was almost purring, settling deeper and leaning into the hand on his head. He was already drifting off slowly, a look of utter contentment on his face. He reached out, petting Derek's shin before doing the same to Scott. After a moment he put them back on his thighs, content to just kneel.

"Wow," Scott murmured. "He's...he's really out of it, isn't he?"

"Stiles goes into subspace easily," Derek explained. Chances were, Scott hadn't seen a sub who was 'spaced before. "This isn't the deepest he could go, but it's deep enough for today."

Stiles grinned lazily at them leaning forward to nuzzle into Derek's knee, resting his head there.

Scott frowned, watching Stiles. "You know, people talk about sub instincts a lot. And everyone
knows what a Dom does, at least a bit. But are there, like, Dom instincts? You said earlier that you're a strong Dom - is it just that you're really, really not a sub? Or is there something else?"

Stiles blinked, closing his eyes and letting himself just float, the sounds of his best friend and his Dom's voices flowing over him.

"There are Dom instincts," Derek answered. "They vary person to person. Protection is part of it. Possessiveness. Where subs find that letting go of control makes them feel safe and calm, for a Dom, having control of a sub helps them feel in control in general."

"Could a sub be as possessive as a Dom normally?" Scott asked suddenly, thinking back to Stiles' growl. "And what are some of the instincts you have right now?" His curiosity getting the better of him.

Derek blew out a breath, scratching lightly at Stiles' hair. "Subs tend to like being possessed rather than being possessive themselves." he said. "But in a good pair, the Dom and sub belong to each other equally. It's not easy for a foster pair to get to that point, because of all the power imbalances they're working with, but they can."

Scott hummed, watching Stiles lean into Derek's touch. "He's possessive of you," he admitted after a moment. "He started growling at the thought of someone hurting you."

Derek's head jerked up. "What - why were you talking about that?" he demanded.

"He had mentioned that he thinks someone hurt you. That you had a sub that had hurt you in the past," Scott explained quickly, raising his hands in surrender, his chest hurting. "All I said was that I didn't think it was a sub. And honestly, I don't know you very well, but it seemed like someone had hurt you. When I told him that I didn't think it was a sub, he started growling and ranted a bit about an asshole Dom hurting his Sir."

Stiles grumbled softly at the sudden shift in the feeling of the room, nuzzling closer to Derek.

Derek closed his eyes and took a deep breath, reminding himself that they hadn't meant anything by it, that they were both just concerned about him, that he'd shared the information with both of them freely and voluntarily. Finally, he opened his eyes. "Stiles. Scott," he said steadily. "I would appreciate it if you didn't talk about my past. It's private, and it's difficult for me. I'll share what I'm willing to share when I'm ready."

Stiles let out a whimper, curling a bit at the tone of Derek's voice. It was steady, but still had a bit of disapproval in it.

Scott frowned softly. "I'm sorry, Derek. But...just to let you know how it came to that conversation. I had asked Stiles questions and he was answering. Telling me how much you take care of him and such. He seemed a bit upset that you were letting your past decide what you and his relationships would be like. He understands of course, but I could tell that he doesn't like it. He doesn't like that someone hurt you, doesn't like that that someone is still hurting you enough that you are so, so careful with him." Scott groaned, rubbing his face. "I'm not making any sense am I?"

Derek sighed, scrubbing a hand over his face. "I'll talk to him later," he agreed wearily. He looked down at Stiles. "Are you okay, chiquito?"

Stiles whined, hiding his eyes against Derek's thigh. "Sorry," he whimpered. "No mad."

Scott nodded, rubbing his own face. "I think the sudden change in mood startled him," he offered.
Derek grimaced. "It's alright, chiquito," he promised softly, stroking Stiles' hair. "You're alright. I'm - I'm not mad."

Stiles relaxed, letting out a last whine before letting himself sink back under.

Scott sighed, chewing on one end of a thumb. "Listen. I know us talking about it upset you, but please. I know Stiles. Don't be upset or mad or anything when you talk to him about it. Or hell, most things, don't actually sound or look angry if you can help it. He tends to take even a loud tone as a personal attack. I blame Jackson honestly. You can be upset, of course, or hell, even angry. I'm not going to tell you how to feel. I'm just saying when you talk to him, go for firm or something. If you can't help it, have him stand in the corner or something until you calm down enough to do it." Scott gave him a pleading look. "I know my best friend. I know what will set him off on a spiral of self-blame and hate."

Derek looked at Scott steadily. "You're going to be an excellent Dom," he said quietly.

Scott blinked, startled. "Thank you?" He licked his lips. "I don't know which I'd rather have...."

Derek smiled wryly. "Don't worry about it, then. I just wanted to let you know."

"You thought I might hurt someone you care about," Derek began, "and your response was to tell me not to, and how not to. A sub would, by default, try to appease and calm. You challenged me."

Scott scrubbed the back of his neck. "I guess?" He gave a wry grin.

"It's not a big deal," Derek replied. "But you've clearly been trying to figure things out, and I thought you should know." He paused. "And, for the record, I don't ever intend to reprimand Stiles unless I'm calm. I know very well that if I can't control my own emotions, I need to remove myself from the situation."

A relieved smile crossed Scott's face. "Thank you," he breathed. "I know you wouldn't hurt him, but a lot of people don't know that with Stiles, just the tone is enough."

"I appreciate your looking after him." Derek looked down at Stiles, where he was stroking the sub's hair over and over again. "And I'm sure when he's more his usual self, he'll say so too."

"Just having him as a friend is worth it." Scott laughed.

Stiles hummed, pressing into Derek's touch like a cat.

Derek glanced at the clock on the wall. He didn't really want Stiles to be down for too long, and he and Scott had been talking for a while. "Can you come up a little for me, chiquito?" he murmured.

Stiles whined, pouting a bit. "Wha'sit?"
Scott had to hide his laugh behind a cough. "He’s actually adorable like this."

"He’s beautiful," Derek said warmly. "Aren't you, corazon? You're my beautiful good boy."

Stiles gave them a huge grin, blinking and trying to shake off a bit of the fog. "Yours." He nodded.

Derek smiled back. "Can you keep talking to me, chiquito? Tell me how you're feeling?"

"Kinda heavy, floaty, nice...safe."

Stiles gave a dazed smile.

Scott smiled back, biting back on the urge to pet his hair.

"That's good, chiquito, you're doing very well," Derek praised. "I want you to come up for me though, alright? A little less heavy and floaty."

Stiles pouted, though he started shifting a bit, his eyes blinking rapidly.

Derek smiled at him. "Good boy, that's wonderful."

Stiles gave him a small grin at the praise, licking his lips. "Thank you," he murmured after a moment. "I don't feel tight anymore."

"That's good, corazon," Derek murmured. And good that Stiles was aware enough that he remembered why he was kneeling. "You're doing really well."

Stiles rested his head on Derek's thigh, humming softly to himself, fighting to keep from sinking again. He looked over at Scott, smiling softly. "Hi, Scotty."

"Hey Stiles," Scott said quietly. "You okay?"

Stiles nodded against Derek's thigh, smiling. "I feel a lot better," he admitted softly. "I don't know why I was the way I was, but this helped."

"I'm not sure either," Derek admitted slowly, "but...well, I was treating it like subdrop."

"Subdrop's like that?" Scott exclaimed in a hushed voice.

"Sounds like what I read." Stiles sighed softly, content to stay kneeling and cuffed. "And at least now I know what to look for to tell you, Sir." He smiled, still too happy to be really worried.

Derek shook his head. It's not that Stiles was an optimist, exactly, but...it was so Stiles to take the last hellish hour and turn it into a learning experience. "You're wonderful, chiquito," he said warmly. "How are you feeling right now?"

Stiles gave Derek a grin, resting his chin on Derek's thigh to look up at him. "Still a little floaty, but not really heavy. And the tight feeling is completely gone."

"That's good, corazon." Derek paused, considering. "I understand if you don't want to talk about it, but I really would like to understand what happened a bit better. You've been a little too upset when I've asked you to make much sense."

Stiles shifted, reaching up to pick at his lips. "From what I can remember of when the bowl broke, I started having a panic attack," he admitted. "And for some reason, after I came out of it, seeing the mess around me caused a different kind of panic. Not sure why it mimicked subdrop."
Derek put a hand on Stiles' cuffed hands as a gentle reminder. "You seemed very guilty about making a mess, and about breaking a bowl you believed was valuable. That might have something to do with it - guilt is a difficult thing for subs."

"And, uh..." Scott put in, figuring the others weren't going to mention it. "Just having something to do with your mom is probably tough right now, right?"

Stiles pouted at Derek, but lowered his hands as he thought. "Yeah," he whispered, glancing over at Scott. "That's probably it, Scott." He lowered his head, resting his forehead on Derek's knee. "It's almost the anniversary," he mumbled wetly.

Derek swallowed hard. He knew, intimately, how bad anniversaries could be. "Oh, chiquito," he said softly. "Get up here so I can hug you."

Stiles stood carefully, his hands on Derek's thigh to balance himself before sitting in Derek's lap, hiding his face in Derek's neck. "Three days," he whispered.

Derek didn't say anything, just stroking Stiles' back up and down slowly, soothing him.

Stiles slowly relaxed, sniffing softly and curling into a ball. "Thank you," he murmured after a long moment.

"You're welcome, Stiles," Derek said, almost as quietly. "I'll always look after you. I know it's...hard, to remember the ones who are gone. And I know I'm not her. But I'm here."

Stiles smiled, nuzzling closer. "Thank you," he murmured again. He reached out with his bound hands, grabbing the edge of Scott's sleeve, though he stayed curled up in Derek's lap.

Scott grinned weakly at Stiles. "Is that you asking for a group hug, bro?"

Stiles let out a giggle. "Get in on this Scotty, you know you wanna." he teased, peeking out from where he was hidden.

Scott laughed and shifted over on the sofa so he could wrap an arm around Stiles' shoulders. "Is that enough hugs for you, then?"

"Good." Stiles grinned, shifting down to bury himself in both sets of arms, letting out a soft sigh.

"So, yeah, thing you may not have known about Stiles?" Scott said conversationally, ignoring the potential awkwardness of partially hugging Derek, a not-quite-stranger. "He is a total cuddle monster. Like, ridiculously so."

Derek laughed a little, looking down at the top of Stiles' head. "Is that so? I never would have guessed."

Derek laughed a little, looking down at the top of Stiles' head. "Is that so? I never would have guessed."

Stiles giggled again, curling closer. "I'm tactile, okay?" he huffed, his bound hands digging into Scott's ribs to tickle him.

Scott jumped back. "Dude! No fair!"

Stiles let out a small cackle, tugging on Scott's arm. "Sorry, sorry!" he laughed, peeking out from Derek's neck.

"If you two are going to play, I'm uncuffing you first, chiquito," Derek said, amused. "I don't want
you falling because you overbalanced yourself."

"Yes sir." Stiles grinned, though he refused to move from Derek's lap.

Derek carefully untangled himself enough that he could reach the cuffs to unbuckle them. "There we go," he said when he was done.

"So…fair game?" Scott checked, eyebrows raised.

Stiles laughed, burrowing deeper in Derek's arms. "Save me!" he squeaked.

"Nope," Derek said easily. "You started this, you deal with the consequences."

Scott grinned and launched a tickle attack, going right for Stiles' ribs.

Stiles screeched, laughing and trying to hide against Derek. "Noooooo, saaaaave mee!" he screeched, laughing and batting at Scott's hands.

Derek looked away, caught in a memory.

"Derek, save me!" Cora cried, ducking behind him as Josh chased her.

Derek looked around as if he had no idea what she was hiding from and twisted his head to look over his shoulder. "From what, Cee-cee?" he asked.

She groaned, frustrated with him. "Derek! From Josh, of course!"

"Ohh, from Josh," Derek replied, then paused. "So why are you hiding from Josh?"

"Because she took the last of the cookies, and I will have my revenge!" Josh yelled, racing into the room.

Derek shrugged, "Seems fair," and stepped aside.

Stiles laughed, squealing out a laugh as he slipped from Derek's lap and onto the floor with an "OOF! Dammit Scott."

Scott shrugged. "Like Derek said, you started it, right Derek?"

Derek didn't answer.

"Sir?" Stiles scrambled up to straddle Derek's lap, seeing the far-away look in his eyes. "Sir?" he reached out, petting Derek’s cheek.

Derek shook himself out of the memory, taking a deep breath and letting it out slowly. "Sorry," he said quietly. "I was...thinking."

Stiles tilted his head, worry in his eyes. "About what? Are you okay?" He kept his voice just as soft, leaning close until their foreheads were pressed together.

Derek's breath hitched. "About my - my sister," he admitted. "When she was young."

"Your sister? Did she used to get tickled to defeat from her best friend too?" Stiles' voice was soft, his hand gently petting Derek's cheek.
"No, she - " Derek looked away, biting his lip. "My brother..."

Scott frowned. "I didn't know you had a brother," he said. "I thought it was just you and Laura."

Derek clenched his jaw.

"Sir?" Stiles asked, his voice soft as he carefully caught Derek’s eyes again. "Did something happen to them?" His eyes were understanding as he wrapped his arms around Derek's neck.

"You could say that," Derek said harshly. "You've lived here all your lives, haven't you? I'm sure you remember the fire."

Stiles' brow furrowed for a moment, his eyes calculating as he searched his memories. "Oh," he breathed. "Oh no. I'm so sorry. You're one of the Hales from the fire. Oh, god, Sir." He hugged Derek tightly. "I'm sorry, I didn't know."

Derek let out a hollow laugh. "I'd rather people forget about it. It's better than staring and useless sympathy." 'Sorry' couldn't bring them back.

Stiles flinched, but didn't let go. "I know that sorry isn't going to do much," he whispered. "But that doesn't make my understanding useless."

That flinch - it wasn't right for Derek to upset Stiles. Carefully, methodically, he packed his grief and anger and guilt away until his face was smooth and his breathing was steady. "Sorry," he said calmly, face blank. "I shouldn't have snapped."

"Sir, it's understandable," Stiles murmured, nuzzling Derek’s cheek for a moment. "I don't want you to box everything up," he whispered into Derek’s ear. "Just please, don't take your anger out on me. I didn't do anything. I'll help in any way I can."

"Leave it alone, Stiles," Derek said quietly. "There's nothing anyone can do. It happened, and I have to live with it." And my part in it, he thought.

Stiles tightened his hug. "Still," he murmured, though he dropped it, content to hold Derek close and tight, trying to comfort him.

Scott looked away from the two of them, trying to give them privacy. If Derek was one of those Hales...he had a lot of people to mourn.

Derek was stiff in Stiles' arms. He wanted the comfort the sub was offering him, but...he needed to be strong for Stiles. He couldn't let go so that he could grieve.

"Sir, please," Stiles whispered. "You don't have to be strong all the time. You helped me, let me help you. Please." He kept his voice soft enough that Scott wouldn't be able to hear, but Derek would.

Derek swallowed and shook his head. "I can't," he rasped. "I'm sorry. I just- can't."

"Why?" Stiles asked, his voice still soft, one hand carding his fingers through the back of Derek's hair. "It's okay to grieve, it's okay to be upset that they're gone. It's okay to let yourself fall apart every once in awhile, Sir."

Derek shook his head again, any words he could say a painful lump in his throat. He had to be strong, had to protect, and if he let himself... "You need me," he said at last.
"You need me too," Stiles insisted softly. "I'm okay, I'm safe, you're doing everything you need to. Just please, let it go, okay? Just for a little while, let me be the strong one."

"Uh...should I go?" Scott asked awkwardly. This was, like, really, really private. It's not like he could really help.

Stiles had completely forgotten Scott was there. He sent him a small smile. "Keep your phone on Scott, and take my Jeep, I'll call you tomorrow, okay? Thank you so much."

"Okay," Scott said, getting up. "Keys are on the table near the door, right?"

Stiles nodded. "Thank you. I'm serious Scott." He locked eyes with him. "Thank you so much."

Scott shook his head. "It's no big deal, okay? Just...look after yourself. And him. Or each other, I guess." He shrugged awkwardly. "You know what I mean."

Stiles smiled softly. "Be safe with Betsy, ok?" His arms tightened around Derek, though he leaned against Scott for a moment in a ghost of a hug.

Scott rolled his eyes. "Yeah, yeah, I'll take care of your car." He paused, then said softly. "And, um, Derek? Just...thanks. For earlier. It helped."

Derek honestly appreciated the distraction. "You're welcome, Scott," he replied. "You're a good kid."

Scott smiled awkwardly and left the room, leaving an awkward silence behind him.

Chapter End Notes

Once again, thank you for your lovely comments - it's so encouraging to read them! I'm also very pleased to inform you that our draft has hit a hundred thousand words this week, so you've got at least fifteen chapters to go.

Hope you enjoyed it!
"Sir!" Stiles called, cupping Derek's cheeks. "Sir!" He leaned up a bit so he wasn't pressing into him too much. "Sir, come on, you need to calm your breathing."
Derek was buried in memories, muttering over and over again, "get away, get away, don't touch me, I don't want you to touch me, let me go, get away," his voice getting louder and louder.
Stiles whimpered, jerking back in surprise and falling out of Derek's lap. "S-sir?" he asked, his voice small.
-----
Derek gets caught up in unpleasant memories and withdraws from the world, leaving Stiles alone.

This chapter is one of the angriest we've written, in terms of the mental health of the characters, so if you think there is a possibility you could be distressed or triggered by something in the tags, please read the warnings below, and take care of yourself.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Derek has a flashback, remembering his relationship with Kate (after 'Derek was shaking by now') and the feeling of being restrained and touched when he didn't want to be. He remembers something she said to him, including calling him 'slut'. See end-notes for a spoilery warning of something Derek and Laura talk about her doing - a controlling aspect of their relationship, not sexual.

Derek's distress in this chapter causes /Stiles/ a great deal of distress too. When Derek has a flashback he rejects Stiles' touch, and ignores him until Stiles safewords. Derek withdraws to his room, leaving Stiles alone, and Stiles experiences subsickness, a state in which he is both physically unwell and mentally distressed. He is feeling extremely guilty and upset by the time Derek is ready to fix it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stiles turned to Derek, pressing close. He didn't say anything, just combing his fingers through Derek's hair.

Derek sat in silence for a long time. He'd never been much of a one for words. At last, he blurted out, "She would have been your age, you know."

"Your sister?" Stiles asked, his voice still soft and soothing against Derek's ear. He nuzzled close.

"Cora," Derek said softly. He never talked about her, about any of them, but Stiles... "Her name was Cora. She was the youngest of the four of us."

"That's a pretty name," Stiles murmured, wrapping his legs around Derek's waist to hug him closer.
Stiles wanted him to talk, wanted him to grieve like he needed to, and wasn't afraid to keep right where he was.

"She didn't like it much," Derek murmured, blinking back tears. "She thought it sounded too much like Laura."

Stiles laughed softly. "I can see that. I hate my real name, it's hard to say. But you can always have nicknames." He kissed Derek's ear, keeping up the gentle nuzzling.

"We used to call her Cee-Cee," Derek admitted. "It was...it was her and Josh I was thinking of earlier."

Stiles tightened the hug. "She sounds amazing," he murmured softly. "Josh was tickling her?"

"No, she - " Derek gulped a breath. "He was chasing her and she - she was hiding behind me and she said, you know..."

"She said 'save me'." Stiles smiled softly, using the hand not in Derek's hair to rub at his neck and upper back. "It's okay," he murmured. "Just let it out, ok? Tell me about Josh, he sounds like a good brother."

Derek pressed his face into Stiles' neck. "He and Cora were - they played together all the time, you know? He'd just started middle school when..." Derek cut himself off and changed topic. "And since I was a sophomore, it was a pretty big age gap. I used to - to find him annoying, because he'd follow me around all the time, but I just...I wish..."

"I know. You wish you had more time," Stiles soothed. "It's okay, I've got you, it's okay." He pressed a kiss to Derek's temple. "He sounds like a perfect younger brother."

Derek snorted. "No such thing," he muttered into Stiles' shoulder. "Family just...is." And now it wasn't. Now it was Peter in his hospital room, and Laura living with Jordan, and Derek on his own in a big empty house.

Stiles huffed softly. "There is too. And yes, family just is. But that doesn't make it any less perfect. True, the measures you use to measure perfect differs, but it's all the same." He kissed along Derek's jaw, scratching his scalp softly. "Who else, sir?" he asked, his voice soft.

"My - parents," Derek forced out. "My grandmother. My aunt. My...my baby cousin." It was a litany he could never forget, one that ran through his head over and over on the worst of nights.

Stiles hugged Derek tight to him. "I am sorry, sir," he whispered. "I wish I could go back and fix it, just like with my mom."

Derek shook his head. "You couldn't have done anything." Derek was the only one who could have prevented it, and he hadn't.

"You couldn't stop it either," Stiles murmured. "I have no idea what happened, but with a fire, you can't control very much."

"I could have," Derek objected. "It was my fault." It was all because of him.

"How is it your fault, sir?" Stiles asked softly

Derek shook his head. "I - I can't," he whispered. "Please, Stiles, don't make me."
Stiles held him tighter. "Okay. Shhh, it's okay," he whispered, kissing his cheek. "It's okay, I won't make you, it's okay, Sir, it's okay."

Derek was shaking by now, trembling with the weight of the memories and the guilt, his breathing speeding up, and the person in his lap (Her) holding him tight (holding him down) was too much, too much, and he needed to get away, he needed to hide, he needed to...

"Sir!" Stiles called, cupping Derek's cheeks. "Sir!" He leaned up a bit so he wasn't pressing into him too much. "Sir, come on, you need to calm your breathing."

Derek was buried in memories, muttering over and over again, "get away, get away, don't touch me, I don't want you to touch me, let me go, get away," his voice getting louder and louder.

Stiles whimpered, jerking back in surprise and falling out of Derek's lap. "S-sir?" he asked, his voice small.

As soon as the weight was gone, Derek stood, pacing, reminding himself that he could, that no one had tied him down, that no one was holding onto him, that he didn't have to obey orders.

Stiles whimpered, watching Derek. "Sir?" he called, reaching up and grabbing Derek's hand. "Sir? Are you okay?"

Derek shook off the grip - he didn't want anyone touching him, holding him, he just needed to be free and safe.

Stiles whimpered, getting up on his knees and trying again. "Sir? Please. Sir," he begged softly, not knowing what to do.

Derek didn't hear it. All he could hear was Her voice in his ear. "Come on, sweetie, doesn't it feel good, letting me play with you? Such a pretty slut for me."

Stiles was freaking out, trembling and trying to get Derek's attention. He couldn't stand it anymore. "R-red," he whimpered. "Red. Red. Red. Sir, please. Red." He couldn't take it anymore.

That cut through the memories. Derek froze, blinking as the scene in front of his eyes dissolved. "...Stiles?" he asked.

Stiles was crying softly. "Sir, he breathed, scrambling up and hugging him tightly. "Sir, what happened?" he sniffled.

Derek was stiff in Stiles' arms, but he didn't fight it. "...bad memories," he admitted quietly. It was much more than an understatement. "I'm sorry."

"It's okay, you just worried me," Stiles whispered. He let go after a moment, tilting his head back. "Are you okay, sir?"

Derek licked his dry lips. "...no," he croaked. "No, I - I need to be alone. Will you be okay? To - to be on your own for a little while?" He couldn't ignore Stiles right now, but he just needed to hide.

"Sure." Stiles gave Derek a small smile. "I'll put some food right outside your door, okay?" he offered, leaning up to kiss Derek's cheek.

Derek forced himself to hold still for the affectionate gesture. "Thanks," he said shortly. "Look after
yourself for me, alright? I just...need some time." Time to forget again, to push the memories back.

"Yes sir." Stiles nodded, patting Derek's arm. "I'll get you some dinner."

"Stiles?" Derek said quietly, catching the sub's gaze. "Thank you. And I'm sorry." And with that, he retreated, upstairs to his room, where he'd weathered bad memories a hundred times before.

Stiles smiled, watching him go up the stairs before turning to the kitchen.

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The next few days were hell. Stiles knew Derek needed time, but he wasn't feeling good. He was so tired, and when Derek hadn't even come down for the review, he took it upon himself to keep his own tallies, being honest in them even. By Monday he didn't really want to get out of the bed. He didn't feel good. The only sign that Derek was even alive was when he'd hear the pipes start up indicating the master suite's bathroom being used. And that the plates he put in front of Derek's door disappeared. Today was Scott's test, and he couldn't even make it to school that day, much less to talk to Scott yet about his testing that morning. He whimpered, burying himself up to his nose in the blankets, his body shivering as his eyes drooped.

As soon as Scott got home from Laura's house, he called Stiles, wanting to share the news. "Stiles!" he said when he finally picked up the phone. "I got Dom! And Laura Hale is fostering me!"

Stiles smiled softly. "That's great, Scott. You'll be a good one." he murmured, his voice quiet and rough from disuse.

"She's really cool - she and Jordan had me over for lunch after my testing, and they were just...normal, you know? And she said she just wants me to come over on the weekends and she'll give me stuff to read, but otherwise it's going to be - wait." Scott paused. "Stiles, are you okay? You sound sick."

Stiles groaned softly. "I am sick," he grumbled after a moment. "I don't want to admit it, but I am. Sir...he hasn't been out of his room since Thursday. He said he had to be alone for a bit, but...what did I do wrong?" He sniffled, cursing himself silently as he curled tighter under his blanket. His bedroom door was wide open where he hoped to see Derek pass by. "What did I do?"

"Maybe he's sick," Scott suggested. "I mean, he seemed okay when I left - sad, but okay. Did - did something happen?"

"He got stuck in memories," Stiles whispered. "Started freaking out. I ended up having to safeword because I started panicking. He wasn't answering me and was scaring me, yelling to let go and leave him alone. That snapped him out of it, the safeword. Then he apologized, asked me to take care of myself for a bit, and disappeared. I don't understand. What did I do wrong?" Stiles whimpered. "I'm sorry."

"Wait," Scott said, "you safewarded and then he disappeared on you for four days? What the hell!" He may have known next to nothing about D/s stuff, but he knew enough to know that was bad.

Stiles broke down then, sobbing softly. "What did I do wrong?" he whimpered again. "What did I do, Scott? I don't feel good, I don't even think I can walk right now. I just want to sleep."

"Shit." Scott ran a hand through his hair, trying to think. "Stiles, look, you definitely didn't do anything wrong, I can promise you that, okay? Definitely nothing bad enough for him to abandon
you, I just..." Scott had no idea what was wrong with Stiles, but something obviously was, and his instinct was to ask Derek, but Derek was part of the problem and...wait. Laura. Laura had said to feel free to text her with questions any time. "Hey Stiles?"

"Y-yes?" he sniffled, rubbing his nose against the sleeve of one of Derek's shirts he'd pilfered from the laundry room. He'd thought it would help, and it did a bit, but now he didn't know what would help. He just wanted his Dom back.

"Would it be okay if I asked Laura about this?" Scott asked. "I mean, chances are she knows how to deal with Derek having a freak-out, and if you're sick because of, you know...sub stuff, then she can probably help with that too?"


Oh god. "I'm sorry, Stiles, I'm so sorry." And what the fuck was Derek doing, leaving Stiles on his own like this? "I have to hang up so I can call Laura, okay? But I'm pretty sure she'll be there as soon as she can, and if she can't come over, I will, so you just hang on, alright?"


"I will, I promise." Scott hung up, and immediately called Laura. "Come on, come on, come on," he muttered, while he waited for her to pick up.

Laura was laughing as she picked up the phone. "Scott? You just left, what's up?" he kicked her feet up on the coffee table.

"Stiles is freaking out because Derek hasn't left his room for four days and I think Stiles is sick and I don't know what to do," Scott said, all in a rush.

"Whoa there, puppy. Slow down and explain that garbled mess you just vomited out." She frowned, sitting back up. "All I heard was Stiles and Derek."

"You know how Derek - your brother - is my best friend's Dom, right?" Scott said, only slightly slower. "Well I visited on Thursday and - and stuff happened, and then they were talking about the fire, so I left, and apparently after I left something happened and Derek freaked out and Stiles safeworded and Derek told Stiles to look after himself and then Derek went and hid in his room and he hasn't come out and Stiles is sick and upset and I thought that maybe you could help?"

"Shit." Laura groaned, bashing her head on the back of the couch before sighing. "Okay. Here's what I'm going to do. I'm going to head up there, because luckily I have a key. I'm going to check on Stiles, and then you better hope I don't fillet my brother. I don't think he meant anything by it. The fire is a very touchy subject with him, I'll tell you why another day. What I want you to do, if you don't mind, is go to the grocery store. I know for a fact my brother goes on Saturdays and if he hasn't been out of the room, that means the food is gone or running low."

"Okay," Scott said, sighing in relief. "I'll see you there. Thanks, Laura."

"No problem, Scott." She smiled, hanging up and frowning. She leaned into the kitchen to warn Jordan, grabbing her purse before stalking out of the house. It didn't take her long to get to Derek's house. She didn't bother to knock, instead pushing the door open.
"Stiles?" Laura called, making her way upstairs. "It's Laura - Scott sent me to check on you." She stuck her head into the open door of what used to be the main guest bedroom.

Stiles was still crying, though he peeked out of his blanket, eyes blood shot. "L-Laura?" he sniffled. Jesus. Derek had so fucked up. "Yeah, buddy," she said softly. "Are you doing okay? You look a little rough."

"Don't feel good," Stiles whispered. "Laura? What did I do?" His breathing hitched as he shakily pushed himself up, the collar of the shirt he had stolen falling off one shoulder. "Wh-what d-did I d-do?" he sobbed.

"You didn't do anything wrong," Laura promised, hurrying over to the bed. "Can I sit down, sweetheart? I want to give you a hug, okay."

Stiles nodded, wiping his face as he fought to stop crying. "'K-kay."

"Thank you, Stiles," Laura said warmly, sitting down on the edge of the bed and spreading her arms welcomingly. "Can you come here for me?"

Stiles shifted over, curling up close in her arms. "Wh-what did I do wrong?" he whispered. "I-is it cause I safeworded? What did I do?" he begged, his own brain still stuck on the guilt spiral since he last saw Derek.

"Sweetheart, you didn't do anything wrong," Laura promised, stroking Stiles' back. This kid may be a stranger, but she'd heard about him from Jordan before, and a little bit from Derek in the last couple of weeks, and combined with everything going on right now, she was pretty much a hundred percent sure that he was a damn good kid. "You're being really good right now, and I promise you, safewording is never a bad thing. My little brother is just having a tough time, and he's forgotten he needs to look after you even when he's upset." Which she would be reminding him of.

"My mom died when I was little," he blurted. "The a-anniversary was yesterday." Stiles choked on another sob. "I want sir! I'll be good! I promise!!"

Oh, f*ck. "I know you will, sweetheart," Laura said soothingly, hugging Stiles' close. "I can see you're a very good boy, and it's okay, it's going to be okay. Do you think you can be a brave boy while I go and get my brother for you?"

Stiles hid his face for a few minutes before he nodded. "Want sir," he whispered, turning to hide a cough.

Shit, the kid wasn't just upset and exhausted - he was starting to get physically sick. "Good boy," Laura praised him, knowing that it wouldn't do nearly as much good as if Derek said it, but hoping anyway. "You're being really good, and I'm really impressed, okay? Derek will be here soon, so you just sit tight." She stood, kissing Stiles' forehead gently, and left the room.

Stiles whimpered, curling back into a ball and started coughing again.

Laura ran her hand through Stiles hair before all but flying down the hall to Derek's room, banging hard on the door. "You have three fucking seconds to open this door," she hissed.

Derek stirred when he heard the knocking. He'd been reading, tucked under the covers, escaping into fiction from the hell of his own memories. "What?" he muttered, bewildered, and sat up.
"Now Derek Lee Hale. One....two...." She growled, knocking again.

Derek threw off the covers and got up, reaching the door just as Laura yanked it open.

"What is wrong with you?" she hissed, marching inside and barely controlling the urge to slam the door.

"I don't - what - Laura?" Derek stuttered, his brain sluggish and confused. "Why are you here?"

"You know, I gained a new Dom to mentor today. Imagine my surprise when he called not long after leaving my house, concerned about his friend. I show up here, and can you guess what I found?" Laura was almost yelling by this point. "Your sub, getting physically sick with subsickness, thinking it’s his fault for safewording when you terrified him, and wrapped up in a shirt I know is yours, begging for his Dom and promising he'll be good! Get. Your. Shit. Together. It's not your fault about the fire, it was that psycho bitch Kate. Don't let her taint what you have with Stiles."

Oh god. "Stiles is sick?" Derek asked immediately. "What - why?"

Laura shoved his chest to punctuate her words. "Because his dumbass of a Dom decided, after his sub safeworded no less, to disappear for four fucking days! He was left to take care of himself, not understanding why his Dom disappeared, blaming himself and he is sobbing and begging to have his Dom back. The anniversary of his mom was yesterday Derek! And he spent it alone thinking that maybe if he was good enough, maybe if he hadn't safeworded, his Dom would come back!"

Derek stumbled back. "Shit. Fuck." All the guilt he'd been hiding from for the last...four days? Really? came flooding back, and more. He groaned. "I told you I shouldn't sign up to foster, Laura, I knew I'd just fuck it up."

"You haven't fucked up...." Laura sighed. "Let go of the psycho, okay? I see great things in you and Stiles. But you need to not let her fuck it up. This is repairable. You're allowed to grieve, brother, but don't ignore your sub to do it. Let him help. I bet he's already offered, huh?"

Derek looked away, closing his eyes. "He - he wanted to, but he was...sitting in my lap, and touching me, and I kept thinking about her and I just...I couldn't let her - let anyone - touch me, I needed space, and then..."

"And then you freaked out." Laura sighed softly. "Derek. You need to talk to a therapist or something. Talk to someone, even if it’s just Stiles. But for right now, you're going to console your sub, hold onto him, Derek. I can already tell he really really cares for you."

"I - yeah," Derek admitted. He'd been to therapy before, and it had helped, and eventually he'd stopped. But what was good enough for life on his own apparently wasn't good enough for life with a caring and insightful sub, which should have been fucking obvious. "I'll see if I can get an appointment with Theresa," he agreed, sighing. It felt like admitting he wasn't okay, like back-sliding. But...he wasn't okay. He wasn't okay because he wasn't okay enough to look after Stiles, which he'd promised to do. So...therapy.

Laura pulled Derek into a tight hug. "This is not going to make you weak. This is making you strong for yourself and your sub. I haven't talked much to Stiles, but I can already tell how much he needs and wants you. I see potential there."

"He's seventeen," Derek objected weakly, "and I'm his foster Dom. No one stays with their foster Dom." It wasn't quite true, but given the age gaps that tended to happen (easily fifteen years or more sometimes), it was rare.
Laura asked. "You know he's too stubborn to let that affect anything. And last I checked? You're the Dom assigned to him. Nowhere on that paperwork does it say 'foster'."

"It's not - Laura," Derek complained, running a hand through his hair. "You know what I mean."

"And you know exactly what I mean," she huffed. "You've got a stubborn, good, needy sub that wants you. No one else. I can tell that just from looking over his paperwork and talking to him for all of ten minutes."

Derek looked away. "Is - is he okay?" he asked quietly.

"He's getting physically sick." Laura sighed, sitting next to him and rubbing his back. "He's crying, and thinking this is all his fault. He is honestly thinking that if he hadn't safeworded or maybe if he did something differently, you wouldn't have hidden for so long. And let's not forget again that his mother's anniversary was yesterday, and he didn't have anyone to distract him from it. It's repairable. But if it continues..."

"Shit. Fuck." Derek buried his face in his hands, and the next words were muffled. "I lost track of the days..." Jesus, poor Stiles.

"That's what I figured." Laura rubbed her hand over her face. "Listen. I know you're grieving, and that's a perfectly ok thing to do. But don't hide, don't ignore your sub. I bet anything he was offering to help." She stood, grabbing his arm. "Now get in there, take care of Stiles, and for god's sake, let your sub take care of you."

Derek didn't resist, but murmured on the way out the door, "I can't tell him what I did, Laura."

"I think you should," Laura said softly. "I think it would help him understand what happened. Not to mention it might help you feel better."

Derek turned, hugging her, and buried his face in her neck. "I can't," he muttered hoarsely.

"Yes, you can," Laura murmured, hugging him tightly. "You can. It'll be okay."

"He'll hate me," Derek objected. "I hate me."

"He won't hate you," she insisted. "And you had nothing to do with that bitch’s ideas."

"She did it because of me," Derek argued. It was something he could never forget. "They'd be alive if not for me."

"She did it because she's an insane bitch that decided the best way to punish someone for spending time with their family is to burn them to the ground. That is in no way your fault. The only thing that would be your fault is if you do the same to Stiles because he spends too much time with Scott and his Dad."

Derek reared back. "I wouldn't - Laura, you know I would never do that, I could never - why would you say that?"

"To get it through your head that she’s the one in the wrong. Not you." Laura tugged him back into a tight hug.

"Laura..." Derek said helplessly, blinking back tears.
"You did nothing wrong," she insisted. "If you won't believe that from your sister, take it from another Dom. You. Did. Nothing. Wrong. You were good. It was her that did the wrong thing."

"I was good?" Derek couldn't help but ask, his voice small and trembling.

"You were good. You were so good. You did nothing wrong." Laura rubbed Derek’s back soothingly and carded her other hand through his hair. "I promise." Jesus, if she could kill Kate, she would.

Derek took a deep, shuddering breath. "I'm sorry," he said quietly. "I shouldn't still need this."

"Derek, listen to me. It is perfectly fine to still need affection, to still need to hear that you were good, and that it isn't your fault. And I'll tell you every damn day if that will help." Laura smiled, kissing his hair.

"I might - having Stiles..." Derek swallowed. "I might need it more for a - for a little while."

"Then I will text you, I will talk to you on the phone. Every single day. And I'm sure, if you told Stiles, he'd make sure and tell you too."

Derek shook his head. "It's - it's my job to look after him, not the other way around."

"Subs can look after Doms too, Derek. Jordan tells me how much I help him all the time. A bit of praise on either side helps," she insisted, tugging lightly at his hair.

Derek huffed. "Maybe you should be mentoring me as well as Scott," he muttered.

Laura rolled her eyes. "You don't need mentoring, you just need small reminders every now and then that you're human. And that Stiles obviously cares for you." She paused for a moment before continuing, her voice soft. "Derek. I think, from what I saw, that it could be getting serious. I very much thing that Stiles is starting to care more and more."

"It's only been a few weeks, Laura," Derek pointed out. "If there's...anything, it's probably just infatuation with his first Dom."

"Tsk, I doubt it. Otherwise the subsickness would be all about how he was sorry and he'd be good. I've never seen a subsick sub going on and on about how he just wants his Dom." She thumped him lightly in the head. "And you cannot tell me that he doesn't make you smile more these days. That he doesn't make you happy or make you laugh."

Derek looked away. "How he makes me feel isn't the point." He shook his head and stood. "He needs me. I should go."

"Dammit Derek, it does too matter. You're starting to fall for him. And I'm telling you right here, right now, that Stiles is falling for you too." Laura sighed, getting up and yanking on her own ponytail. "He needs you, and not just because you're his Dom," she murmured, kissing Derek's cheek. "Shoot me a text when you have him and yourself settled, okay?"

"Okay," Derek replied, steeling himself. "Is it...really bad?" he asked quietly.

"It's bad. But it could be worse," she answered, her voice just as quiet. "He just needs you. He's so scared that he did something wrong."

Derek nodded. "He didn't," he said softly, and left the room.
Stiles was whimpering, buried under his comforter and quilt, wearing Derek's clothes. He heard Laura call out a goodbye and the front door close.

Derek paused in the open doorway of Stiles' room, knocking on the frame. "Chiquito?" he said quietly. "Are you alright?"

Stiles gasped softly, peeping out of his blanket. "Sir?" he asked, his voice shaking. He held out one trembling hand, wanting Derek.

So Stiles didn't hate him, at least. Derek crossed the room hurriedly, sitting on the bed next to Stiles and taking his hand. "I'm here, chiquito," Derek murmured. "I'm sorry."

Stiles covered a cough before using what little strength he had to scramble into Derek's lap, breaking down again. "My sir, my sir! I'm sorry. I'll be good, I promise."

Derek swallowed hard. God, Stiles was breaking his heart. "You're already good, corazon," Derek said firmly, wrapping Stiles up in a hug. "You're so good for me, chiquito. You've got nothing to be sorry for."

Stiles buried himself in Derek's arms, letting out a small happy sound. "Wh-what happened, then?" he asked softly, still trembling. He felt like shit, but being in Derek's arms helped.

Derek bit his lip, but he owed Stiles an explanation. "Do you remember on Thursday," he began quietly, tucking Stiles' face into his neck, "when you had a panic attack, and then went into something like subdrop because of the bowl?"

Stiles nodded softly, listening closely. "Yes, sir. It took a while to get better before you put me in subspace instead."

"Well, when I was talking to you, something similar happened to me," Derek explained. He took a deep breath. "Because I was already thinking about the fire...I ended up having a flashback, and even when you brought me out of it by safewording, I was still remembering a lot of horrible things that I didn't want to think about."

"I wasn't bad by safewording?" Stiles whispered. "Why didn't you let me help?"

"You are never, never bad by safewording," Derek said seriously. "And in this case, it helped me too, not just you. I'm glad you did it, and I'm very sorry I didn't look after you like I should once you had."

Stiles hummed, smiling against Derek's neck. "My sir," he breathed, letting out a shuddering breath. "Please don't hide," he whispered. "At least from me."

"I'm sorry, Stiles," Derek murmured. "I - those memories...they make me feel guilty. And a lot of other things, but the guilt is the worst. And I'm not good at dealing with it."

"Why guilty? S'not your fault," Stiles murmured, tangling his hands in Derek's shirt.

"The woman who did it said it was," Derek replied, avoiding Her name. "She made me feel like it was."

"Not your fault," Stiles said stubbornly. He kissed along Derek's neck, nuzzling close.
"It's hard for me to believe that," Derek explained, as calmly as he could, trying not to directly contradict Stiles. "She said and did a lot of things to me that left it deeply ingrained. I've - I've been to therapy about this before." He sighed. "And it looks like I'll be going again."

Stiles pulled back just enough to look Derek in the eyes, his own red and bloodshot, swollen and honestly exhausted. "Not. Your. Fault. I don't care why she did it, sir. It doesn't make it your fault. You didn't start it. It was her."

Derek looked away. "A lot of the time I can believe that," he said quietly. "But there are times when I can't. And that's what happened on Thursday, and I dealt with it badly."

"I'll tell you whenever you need to hear it." Stiles sniffled, leaning forward to press their foreheads together. "S'not your fault, and honestly, she's psycho if she even tried to blame it on you."

Derek smiled sadly. "Laura agrees with you." He let go of Stiles with one arm to scrub a hand over his face. "I...this is probably as much as I can talk about Her today, and I think it's probably just as important to talk about you right now. Are you alright?"

"I think so," Stiles whispered. "Still don't feel good, but I don't feel all cry-y anymore." He pressed closer.

"That's good," Derek said. "I'm sorry I left you alone."

"Not alone anymore," Stiles murmured, kissing his cheek. "My sir is here."

Derek stroked Stiles' hair. "Can you tell me how you've been since Thursday?" he asked quietly.

"You missed the tally talk," Stiles whispered. "I've been keeping up with them anyway. Saturday I did all my homework." He paused. "S-sunday...."

"Oh, chiquito, I'm so sorry," Derek said, hugging Stiles' tight.

Stiles buried himself against Derek, hiding his face in his neck. "I miss her," he whimpered, letting out a soft sob before he could bite it back.

"It's okay to cry, corazon," Derek soothed him, stroking his back gently. "You go ahead and cry, chiquito, I've got you."

Stiles tried to hold on, only to break into loud, guttural sobbing, clinging tightly to Derek, letting out his grief, his pain, and everything from the last four days.

Derek didn't try to soothe Stiles; he just held him close, rubbing his back and murmuring over and over again, "I've got you, chiquito, I'm here."

It took a while for Stiles to drift to hiccups and sniffles, wiping his eyes with the hand not twisting up in Derek’s shirt.

"There we go," Derek said softly. "I've got you, corazon, you're alright."

"Mine," Stiles murmured with a hiccup, his hand tightening in Derek’s shirt.

Derek frowned slightly, confused - but then he remembered what Laura had said earlier, and Scott the other day...and the way Stiles had greeted him. "And you're mine," he promised Stiles.
Stiles relaxed, slumping against Derek. He let out a soft sigh, nuzzling Derek's neck as the scent of his Dom calmed him. "Promise?"

Derek paused. He couldn't exactly promise to keep Stiles forever, not when he didn't mean it, but...he did want that. "You're my boy as long as you want to be," he said at last.

Stiles smiled, nuzzling close. "Always," he nodded, playing with one of Derek's hands, eyes half closed.

Derek's heart skipped a beat. He knew Stiles didn't really mean it - not when he was still upset, not when he barely knew Derek - but it was still...at least he knew what it sounded like now, when Stiles said that.

Stiles looked up at Derek, eyes still wet but a smile on his face. "I mean it. Always, my sir," he insisted, bringing Derek's hand up to nuzzle into his palm.

Derek leaned forward to kiss Stiles' forehead in a silent promise. He'd be there as long as Stiles wanted him to be. "Are you feeling a little better now?" he murmured.

Stiles nodded, pressing a kiss to Derek's palm before cupping it to his cheek. "Better. Not all the way, but better."

"That's good, corazon," Derek said quietly. "I'm sorry I wasn't here for you."

"It's okay," Stiles whispered back. "You're here now." He shifted on Derek's lap, straddling it and pressing close.

Derek shook his head. "I'm still sorry." He closed his eyes for a moment, thinking. "Chiquito, can you do something for me? This is important."

Stiles hummed in question, tilting his head back a little to look at him.

"I want you to consider this more important than any other rule I give to you, alright?" Derek said seriously. "If you haven't talked to me in twenty-four hours, I want you to come find me and talk to me, no matter what. And if I still won't talk to you, I want you to call Laura."

Stiles furrowed his brow, listening closely and nodding. "I will, I promise." He kissed Derek's cheek, nuzzling it for a moment.

"Good boy," Derek said softly. "This is...your welfare is more important to me than anything, Stiles."

Stiles nodded, nuzzling along his jaw like an affectionate cat. "I understand," he whispered.

Stiles didn't seem to want to get off Derek any time soon, and Derek, to be fair, wasn't exactly inclined to let go, either. "Would you like to lie down, chiquito?" he suggested.

"Yes, please," Stiles murmured, clinging tightly to Derek at the mere thought of him letting go.

Derek gently moved Stiles back enough that they could both lie down, curling an arm over his waist once they were settled. "Better, corazon?" he asked.

Stiles let out a soft, happy sound, pressing close as he nuzzled along Derek's jaw, kissing and nipping before settling down, one hand tangled in his shirt, the other hooked around Derek's head to comb through the hair at the back of Derek's head.
“Querido?” Derek asked quietly. "We don't have to talk about it if you don't want to, but...would you feel better if we dealt with your tallies sometime soon?"

Stiles thought carefully, tilting his head a bit. "I think it would help," he admitted softly.

"Okay," Derek agreed. "Then we'll do that when you're ready." And, he thought to himself, Stiles would be getting a big reward to make up for this weekend. "You said you've been keeping track of your tallies?"

"Yes, sir." Stiles nodded. "I made sure to tally that I went to bed, but I forgot my meds yesterday."

"That's alright, chiquito," Derek promised him, rubbing Stiles' back gently. "I'm very proud of you for being so good without me there to help you."

"Wanted to make you happy," Stiles murmured, nipping at Derek’s jaw again.

"And now it's my turn to make you happy, I think," Derek countered.

"What do you mean?" Stiles asked softly, tilting his head to the side.

"I want to indulge you for a little while, chiquito," Derek explained. "Not just rewards - although you'll get that, too - but little things as well." He bit his lip. "I...want to make up for abandoning you."

"You came back," Stiles murmured, resting their foreheads together. "Don't do anything you don't want to. Please." He gave Derek a smile. He certainly wasn't going to turn down any affection or indulgence. But he wanted Derek to want them too, and not just because he was trying to make up for the past weekend.

Derek swallowed hard. "You're perfect, querido," he said, awed. That Derek's welfare would be Stiles' priority after all this... "If I promise I won't, will you ask for what you want?"

Stiles hummed, a small smile on his face. "I will try, I promise." He nodded, though he didn't want to move from where he was.

"Good boy," Derek praised. "You'll be staying home with me until Wednesday, alright? I'll call the school to let them know later."

"Yes, sir." Stiles smiled, closing his eyes and taking deep breaths. Just the scent of his Dom made him relax. It was one of the reasons he'd filched the shirt he was wearing.

"Rest, Stiles," Derek murmured. "I'll be here."

Stiles smiled, nuzzling close and kissing his neck. "Mi amo," he breathed before falling asleep, finally peaceful.

Chapter End Notes

WARNING: Laura strongly implies the fire was set by Kate as a punishment for Derek spending time with people other than her.
Okay! Things will improve from now on, I promise. Did you like it?
Getting Better

Chapter Summary

"I really like all the pet names. Makes me feel safe." Stiles managed not to say ‘and loved’, but he didn't know if it worked. He grinned, reaching up and brushing the tips of his fingers against Derek's blush.

Derek couldn't help but lean into Stiles' touch. "I'm glad, querido," he said quietly. "I want you to always feel safe and cared for with me."

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Now that both of them are feeling more normal, Derek and Stiles try to get back into their regular routine.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Stiles woke up a while later, whinging softly in his throat, one eye cracking open.

Derek smiled at him. He'd been more or less awake the whole time Stiles was sleeping, thinking over what he wanted to do over the next few days. "Hey, chiquito," he murmured. "How are you feeling?"

Stiles let out a soft, happy sound, trying to pull Derek closer to his sleep heavy body. "I'm feeling good, sir."

Derek let himself be moved. "That's good, chiquito. I'm glad you're feeling better."

Stiles let out a happy sound, smiling up at Derek. "Are you feeling better?" he asked softly, stroking Derek’s cheek.

Derek smiled back, a little sadly. "Yes, I'm better," he replied. After all, better was a relative term. He was still sad, but he was better.

Stiles leaned forward, nuzzling their noses together for a moment before dragging Derek into a tight hug, almost curled around his head. "It'll be okay, sir."

"I know, Stiles," Derek sighed. "I'll be back to normal in a few more days." There was a time when he couldn't have said that, when an episode like Thursday's would have triggered weeks of grieving and guilt and even more flashbacks, but, well...therapy did make a difference. As did time.

Stiles buried his nose in Derek's hair, humming softly. "It'll be okay," he whispered again, hugging him tighter.

"Thank you," Derek said quietly, hugging Stiles' back. "Your...support means a lot to me."

Stiles smiled softly, letting out a contented noise. He didn't want to move from that spot, even though he needed to use the bathroom.

When Stiles started squirming a little, Derek guessed what was going on and smiled. "Go on,
querido. We should get up anyway. Hopefully there's still something edible downstairs."

Stiles whined softly, but nodded, kissing Derek on the cheek before hurrying to the bathroom. He took the time there to wash his face too, though he didn't want to give up Derek's shirt.

Derek got up too, but he waited at the top of the stairs for Stiles. He had a feeling the sub wouldn't want to be apart from him for long.

Stiles walked out of the bathroom, his eyes lighting up happily at the sight of Derek waiting for him. He slipped close, resting his forehead on Derek's arm.

"Come on, chiquito," Derek said patiently. "Let's get something to eat - lunch, I guess?" Derek wasn't entirely sure what time it was, but he thought it was afternoon some time.

"Late lunch I think," Stiles whispered, following Derek down the stairs closely. "I think we still have sandwich things."

"Then we'll make sandwiches, and we'll go shopping tomorrow," Derek decided. "If we don't have things for dinner, we can order take out."

Stiles nodded, giving Derek a grin as he kept a hold on his hand and arm. "Okay." He blinked as he walked downstairs. He hadn't been down here except to get stuff out of the kitchen for a while.

Derek winced as he walked into the kitchen. It wasn't that it was a mess, exactly, except, well...it was a mess. Stiles had obviously run out of energy at some point for keeping up with the dishes, cleaning the benches, taking out the trash - more or less anything except basic food preparation.

"Sorry," Stiles whispered, picking at his lip. He walked over, starting to load the dishwasher he rarely ever used.

"Hey," Derek said calmly, following Stiles and catching him around the waist. "Hold on a second, chiquito. Look at me?"

Stiles looked up, leaning into Derek's hold. "Yes, sir?"

"Tell me why you're sorry, please," Derek requested, watching Stiles carefully.

"I didn't keep it clean," Stiles murmured, flicking his eyes to Derek's before flicking them down.

"Neither did I," Derek pointed out. "The housework is both of our responsibilities."

"I didn't have the energy," Stiles whispered. "Haven't since Saturday night."

"Okay," Derek said, swallowing back his guilt. "And it's not your fault you didn't have the energy, so you don't have to be sorry."

Stiles pressed close, kissing Derek's cheek. "No guilt," he murmured. "You lost track of days. No guilt, sir."

Derek's mouth twitched. "In that case," he countered, accepting Stiles' point, "no guilt from you either. Does that sound fair? We both get a pass for the last few days?"

Stiles smiled softly, raising his head to kiss Derek's jaw. "Deal."
"Okay," Derek agreed. "In that case, I'm going to do the counters while you load the dishwasher."

Stiles grinned, nodding and kissing his jaw again before turning back to the sink.

Derek let go of him, and went to change the trash bag. "I'll just be a minute, okay, corazon?" Derek checked.

Stiles nodded, biting the inside of his cheek. "Okay, sir." He was nervous, but it was just a minute.

"Good boy." Derek put out the trash as quickly as he could, wincing at the gravel underneath his bare feet, and was soon back in the kitchen.

Stiles was leaning against the counter, the dishwasher running. He had his eyes closed and he was taking steady breaths. When he heard Derek come back in, he turned, burying his face in Derek's neck for a moment, shivering. "Sorry."

Derek hugged Stiles close. "It's okay, chiquito, you're alright," he reassured Stiles. "It's okay that you need me close right now. I'm right here."

Stiles relaxed into the hug, breathing deeply. His fingers tangled up in Derek's shirt, letting out a shuddering breath. "I don't understand it. You were only gone a moment..."

"You've been subsick, querido," Derek reminded him. "It's going to be a little while before it really sinks in that I'm here."

"I don't like it," he whispered. "I knew where you were, but my first reaction was that you were gone again." Stiles shivered, kissing Derek's neck before lifting his head to lock eyes with him. "I'll be okay," he murmured, more to himself than Derek. "We'll be okay."

"That's right, chiquito," Derek promised. "I'll look after you."

Stiles smiled, kissing Derek's jaw before hugging him tightly and turning to clean up the table. "Almost done," he murmured, smiling widely. He paused by the tally board, looking at it for a moment before continuing on.

Derek emptied the dustpan into the bin and started sweeping the floor. "It looks a lot better already," he said.

Stiles smiled, settling more into his own skin as he cleaned off the table, taking a deep breath once the kitchen was back in his usual state.

Derek emptied the dustpan into the bin and brushed his hands on his sweatpants, looking around the room. "It looks good, Stiles," he complimented. "Well done."

Stiles smiled at the praise, the tension in his chest unfurling just a bit. "Thank you, sir."

Derek glanced at the tally board. "Chiquito?" he asked. "How do you feel about doing the tally talk now, so that we can wipe this clean and start fresh?"

Stiles looked back toward the tally board before nodding. "Please. It might help." He gave Derek a small smile.

"Alright, corazon," Derek said, smiling back. "You know what to do - lounge room, on your knees. I'll bring the board."
"Yes sir!" Stiles kissed Derek's jaw, slipping into the lounge and falling to his knees beside Derek's chair, taking in a slow breath before sinking into it.

Derek followed, sitting down and putting the board where they both could see. "Tell me what the good marks are, please," he ordered politely.

"I remembered to go to bed, and taking my meds most days," Stiles murmured, reaching over and pointing to one over to the side. "I didn't know if that one would count. I had made a 100 on my Chemistry quiz on Friday."

Derek smiled proudly at Stiles, petting his hair. "That's wonderful, querido - you definitely deserve a reward for that."

Stiles preened at the praise, leaning into the touch and beaming. "I got a compliment from Harris even. Well...it was more a 'Finally, Stilinski, I thought I'd have to have your Dom string you up by your toes' - I think he still thinks that every single email gets me punished regardless..."

"If it makes him go easier on you, he can think what he likes," Derek replied, rolling his eyes. "Now, chiquito, it's your choice what these rewards will be - whether it's doing something together or me getting you something, and what those things should be. But I'm going to give you a new option today: you're allowed to ask to try something in the kink book, and if I'm comfortable with it, we can do that."

Stiles licked his lips, tilting his head. "Can I get some new things at the art store? I want to draw you." He flushed. "And can we go get curly fries? Maybe milkshakes too? Doesn't have to be today." Stiles shifted on his knees as he thought. The new option made him flush darker as he thought. He did have some things he wanted to try…

"The art store will be two tallies, so you can get what you want," Derek agreed, smiling a little at Stiles' blush and giving him a chance to think. "Going out for curly fries will be three tallies - maybe we could go tomorrow, before we shop."

Stiles nodded, giving Derek a small smile. "U-um." he shifted again, reaching up to pick at his lower lip. "Can we try the age play and petplay? Or some kind of sensation play? There were a lot of those." Stiles mumbled the last few words, his face bright red.

Derek raised his eyebrows. "That's quite a bit we'll need to talk about, querido. For now, we can do one of those things." And god, the thought of Stiles bound and trusting him in a sensation play scene…

Stiles licked his lips. "Can you pick which one?" he asked softly. "I can't really choose which I want to try first."

Derek thought about it for a moment. "I'd like you to tell me what appeals to you about each of them," he decided. "And then yes, I will choose."

"I like the thought of being able to let certain aspects of myself out with the age play. I know sometimes I can act younger." He shifted on his knees. "And I like the thought of being cared for like I was younger." He paused as he thought about the next one. "There are times I can be affectionate, like a cat. Scott used to call me an excitable puppy. Though that one also usually gets crossed with 'excitable kid'..." He grinned. "And for the last one, I love the thought of finding out what you'd do. Trusting that you won't hurt me, and that even little bits of pain don't
hurt, just amplifies...I - I like the thought of being blindfolded..."

Derek swallowed hard. "I very much like the thought of you blindfolded," he admitted, his voice rough.

Stiles gave him a bright smile, leaning forward to rub his cheek on Derek's knee. "I like the thought of just waiting for the next touch, shivering because I want to feel it."

Derek cleared his throat, stroking Stiles' hair. "I guess we'll be doing sensation play first, then."

Stiles smiled, pushing into Derek's hand. "Yes sir," he murmured, his hands rubbing at Derek's leg. He knew they still had the punishment tallies to do, but he had the rough voice and obvious want from Derek to hold close, so he wasn't even nervous.

"We'll talk more about that later," Derek promised, "but do you feel that's a fair reward for your tallies? A trip to the art store, going to the diner for lunch tomorrow, and a sensation play scene?"

Stiles tilted his head for a moment, smiling. "I think so." He nodded and hugged Derek's leg. "I'm excited."

"I'm glad," Derek said, still stroking Stiles' hair. "I want the scenes we do to be something you look forward to." He paused, frowning a little. "Are you ready to talk about your other tallies now, querido?"

"Querido?" Stiles murmured in question before nodding. "Yes sir, I am." He smiled a bit, resting his chin on Derek's knee.

"Darling," Derek explained, blushing slightly. He'd been trying to keep to relatively neutral pet names, insofar as that was possible, but after Stiles had gotten sick, and with the way he'd been so caring towards Derek when he was...Derek couldn't help but be a little more affectionate.

Stiles beamed, nuzzling close. "I like it. I really like all the pet names. Makes me feel safe." He managed not to say 'and loved', but he didn't know if it worked. He grinned, reaching up and brushing the tips of his fingers against Derek's blush.

Derek couldn't help but lean into Stiles' touch. "I'm glad, querido," he said quietly. "I want you to always feel safe and cared for with me."

Stiles smiled brightly. "I do," he promised, petting Derek a bit longer before turning to the board, his head still on Derek's knee. "The bad tallies are for times I've missed my meds, and I forgot to eat a couple times last week. I got distracted."

Derek hummed, thinking. "When exactly did you forget to eat?" It didn't seem right to punish Stiles for distress Derek had caused.

"Last Tuesday and Wednesday." Stiles flushed softly. "I got distracted with looking up how ancient Egyptians mummified people..." He shifted. "I forgot yesterday too," he whispered.

"Well, yesterday I'm not going to punish you for," Derek said immediately. "For two reasons. Firstly, it was an anniversary and you were going through subsickness, so there's extenuating circumstances. Secondly, I doubt you'd have forgotten if I'd been there like I should. So that's going on the list with everything else we're excusing each other for from this weekend. Do you agree?"
Stiles nodded. "Yes sir." He smiled. "I hadn't put a tally for that one, or missing my meds yesterday. I haven't had a chance..."

"Okay," Derek said evenly. "We aren't going to put those on the board. The other tallies will stand, though."

"Yes, sir." Stiles nodded and licked his lips. "What punishment, sir?" he asked softly. He knew he needed it, and he had a feeling it would help ground him more in the fact that Derek was there.

"I don't want to give you a timeout," Derek explained. It wouldn't be good for Stiles right now to be isolated. "So it's going to be a spanking."

Stiles nodded, moving to stand. "How?" he asked, giving Derek a smile. He kissed Derek's cheek, murmuring a "Thank you, sir," for deciding against a time out. He didn't think he'd be able to handle that right now.

"Pants down," Derek ordered easily. "But you can keep your underpants on. Over my lap, and it's going to be two for each tally."

Stiles wiggled out of his pants, leaning over Derek's lap and resting the tips of his fingers on the floor. "Yes sir." He settled at the order, letting out a soft sigh.

"Keep count for me please, querido," Derek requested. "Ready?"

Stiles nodded, licking his lips. "Ready, sir," he murmured, spreading his legs just a bit for balance.

"Good boy," Derek said, rubbing Stiles' ass to warm him up a little before he began. He kept his first strokes quick and light, pausing just long enough for Stiles to count each one.

Stiles panted, closing his eyes and whimpering after each count. He was crying softly by the seventh, slumping over Derek's lap. His chest was unfurling completely though, the tension in his shoulders loosening.

When they were halfway through, Derek paused, rubbing Stiles' ass soothingly. "You're doing really well, querido. Halfway there. I'm proud of you."

Stiles pressed into his hand. "Yes sir," he panted, sniffling and licking his lips. The praise calmed him just a bit, though he was still crying.

"Okay, chiquito," Derek warned, "I'm going to keep going now. Are you ready?"

"Yes sir," Stiles breathed, bracing himself. He didn't like spankings - well, he didn't like punishment spankings. He didn't know about the other ones.

"Good boy." The next three hits landed heavier and slower.

Stiles let out a soft whine, sniffling softly and rocking back into each hit.

"You're doing good, chiquito," Derek praised. "Just four more."

Stiles nodded, his arms shaking as well as his knees. "Yes sir," he whimpered.

"Come on, querido," Derek encouraged him. They were pretty close to the limit of the spankings Stiles had taken so far, but he was doing well. "Count for me, please." He landed another hit, not too hard, on the meat of Stiles' ass.
"Eleven!" Stiles cried out, weeping silently. His breathing hitched and he panted as tears fell down his cheeks and onto the floor. "Twelve!" He was shaking, but the ball of guilt that had grown over the past few days was melting away.

Even though he wanted to, Derek didn't let the last hits ease off. Stiles needed this.

"F-fourteen!" Stiles finally sobbed, his knees giving out so he was laying heavily on Derek's lap. He hated punishments, but he could tell he’d needed this.

"Good boy, querido, good boy, Stiles," Derek started reassuring him right away, rubbing Stiles' back. "I've got you, chiquito, and I'm so proud of you, you took that so well for me."

Stiles sobbed hard, leaning into the hands on his back, managing to sit up enough to kick off his pants and curl up against Derek, burying his face in his Dom's neck as he cried. "Thank you," he gasped.

"Oh, querido," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair. "You're welcome, corazón, you're so good."

Stiles hiccuped, sniffling and managing to stop his sobbing. He kept a tight hold on Derek though, not caring that he was in just his boxers and Derek's shirt, his sweats kicked off.

"You're so good, chiquito," Derek murmured over and over again. "My beautiful good boy."

Stiles slowly settled, the praise and affection calming him until he let out a shuddering breath, nuzzling Derek's jaw and leaning back just enough to wipe his face free of tears.

Derek reached up and wiped Stiles' cheeks with his thumbs. "Do you need a tissue, chiquito?" he asked quietly.

Stiles shook his head, leaning into the hands on his face with a small, content noise. "Thank you," he breathed.

"You're very welcome, querido," Derek murmured, a small smile on his face. "That wasn't too much?"

Stiles shook his head, nuzzling close. "I would have safeworded," he whispered. Stiles closed his eyes, resting his forehead on Derek's jaw.

"Okay," Derek said, smiling a little wider in relief. "I - I trust you, Stiles."

Derek hugged Stiles back. "I have a feeling you won't want to move for a little while, although I will have to get up at some point and get us lunch and something to drink."

Stiles let out a whine at the thought, his stomach protesting with a loud growl. He flushed darkly, hiding his face.

Derek laughed a little. "You don't have to be embarrassed, chiquito - you forgot lunch yesterday, I dare say you haven't eaten today...you need food."

Stiles nodded, still blushing, but he had a smile on his face. "What should we have?"

"Will sandwiches be enough for you?" Derek asked. "I saw when we were clearing up that there
was still bread and spreads, so we can do that even if we can't make anything more substantial."

Stiles smiled. "That's fine, sir." He didn't want to move, but he knew he'd have to, so he slowly slid off, hugging Derek tightly before he let go.

Derek kissed Stiles' cheek approvingly as he got up. "I'll be right back, chiquito," he promised. He didn't bother to actually put sandwiches together in the kitchen - he just collected ingredients, plates, and knives, and brought them all back to put them on the coffee table, hurrying back to the kitchen to get a couple of glasses of water, too.

Stiles smiled, kneeling carefully next to the chair, putting bread on each plate and opening jars. "Thank you." He took his water, drinking about half of it.

"You're welcome, querido," Derek said, putting together his own sandwich.

Stiles ate two sandwiches, going back to get water three times. "Thank you, I feel a lot better."

Derek had to admit, he felt better too - not just from the food, either. "I'm glad, chiquito," he said, smiling. "We should watch a movie or something else non-productive."

"Avengers?" Stiles perked up, smiling brightly as he scrambled back into Derek's lap.

Derek laughed a little. Stiles was ridiculously fond of superhero movies. "Alright, chiquito - how about you get it set up for us and I'll see if we have any popcorn."

"Yes sir!" Stiles kissed Derek's cheek before wriggling down to search the shelves for the movie, humming happily.

As it turned out, they did have popcorn, although Derek made a note to buy some more when they went shopping tomorrow. While it was cooking, he brought out the last of the soda and a jug of water, figuring they wouldn't want to get up while the movie was going, and put away the sandwich stuff.

Stiles cleaned up a bit from dinner, stacking things neatly and orderly before putting in the DVD, curling up in the corner of the couch, waiting for Derek.

Derek paused in the doorway, looking at Stiles. He'd known the teen for less than a month, but he'd already become such a big part of Derek's life. He didn't want to think about what it would be like when Stiles eventually left. He doubted he'd have the heart to take on another foster sub. He supposed he'd just have to live with the quiet.

Stiles glanced up, seeing Derek and beaming brightly. "Sir," he whispered, reaching out his arm, hand unfurled toward him. "Are you alright?"

Derek smiled back, dismissing his melancholy train of thought. "I'm fine, Stiles," he promised, coming over with the popcorn and sitting down. "Want to start the movie?"

Stiles' smile brightened even more as he crawled into Derek's lap, holding the popcorn in his so they both could reach it. "Yes sir!" He smiled, resting his head back on Derek's chest before pressing play.

Derek wrapped one arm around Stiles' waist and reached for the popcorn with the other hand as the movie began. It was familiar enough that he didn't really have to pay attention to know what was going on - and in fact, he was frequently distracted by Stiles' enjoyment, and his simple presence in Derek's arms.
Stiles laughed, relaxing against Derek. He turned his face into Derek's neck as the movie ended, nuzzling and letting out a soft, happy sigh.

Derek stroked Stiles' hair absently. "Are you feeling better, chiquito?" he murmured.

"Much." Stiles smiled, kissing Derek's neck. "Much better."

"I'm glad, chiquito," Derek replied. "You'll tell me if you need anything, won't you?" Just then, the doorbell rang.

"Always." Stiles beamed, but startled at the doorbell. "Wh-what?" He blinked, peering over Derek's shoulder at the door.

"Maybe it's Laura again?" Derek wondered aloud, nudging Stiles off his lap so he could get up. "She'd be off work by now, even with the long lunch she took to meet Scott."

Stiles slid over onto the couch, chewing on his lower lip. "Maybe. Be careful?" he asked softly, squeezing Derek's bicep.

Derek didn't comment on Stiles' unusual worry, instead saying, "I'll check through the peephole before I open it. Okay?" as he got up.

Stiles nodded, standing as well and kissing Derek's cheek. "Sorry, it just came without warning."

"Our phones are upstairs," Derek pointed out. "Although it's true we weren't expecting anybody."

The doorbell rang again, a little impatiently, and Derek hurried over to see who it was. "It's Scott!" he called back to Stiles, and opened the door.

"Scott!" Stiles blinked, walking close and smiling at his friend over Derek's shoulder. "Hey, bud, what'cha doing here?"

Scott let out a huge sigh of relief when he saw Stiles looking more-or-less normal. "Laura pointed out you'd need groceries if you'd both been hermits all weekend," he answered. "So I'm playing grocery fairy." He gestured to the bags at his feet - just a couple, with the basics.

Stiles beamed, hooking his arm with Derek's, though he leaned over to hug Scott tightly with his free arm. "Thank you, Scott."

"I'll take those," Derek offered, picking one up in his free hand, although he didn't try to dislodge Stiles. "How much do I owe you?"

"You don't have to pay me," Scott objected, although in all honesty, he and his wallet would appreciate it. "It wasn't that much."

Derek shook his head. "I'm reimbursing you," he said firmly, stepping back to hold the door open. "Come on in."

Stiles reached down, scooping up the other bag and grinning wider as he noticed a poptarts box sticking out. "Awesome! Thanks, Scotty." He kept a hold of Derek, following him into the kitchen.

Scott watched them closely as he followed. Stiles seemed happy, but the clinginess was definitely not normal, and Scott couldn't forget how he'd sounded on the phone. "Um...are you okay, Stiles?" he asked at last.
Stiles' eyes flicked up to Derek, kissing his Dom's jaw for a moment before turning to Scott. "Yeah, I'm okay. Thank you for calling Laura." He smiled softly. "I'm a lot better than I was, I promise."

"So she - she helped?" Scott checked. It had been nerve-wracking, relying on someone he barely knew to make sure Stiles was okay and *not* checking up on him then.

Derek nodded, smiling wryly. "She kicked me in the ass and told me to get over myself and look after Stiles," he admitted. "Thank you."

Stiles laughed. "She did? Aw, I wish I could have seen the look on your face," he teased gently, kissing Derek's jaw again.

"I'm sure you'll see me looking guilty at some point," Derek pointed out, skimming over the other things he and Laura had talked about.

Stiles started unpacking the bag he had brought into the kitchen. He paused, blinking at Derek before kissing his jaw.

"Did you think I didn't feel guilty when Laura told me that?" he asked.

"No, sir." Stiles shook his head. "I looked at you like that because I don't want to see you guilty."

Derek grimaced. "Well, hopefully I won't do too much worth being guilty over, and you won't have to."

Scott watched the interplay with interest. "Is it, uh...is it okay if I ask what was going on?"

Stiles looked over with a blink. "What do you mean?"

"Dude, I didn't hear from you after Thursday until I called you, and you weren't all that coherent," Scott pointed out. "Like, you said that Derek freaked out and you safeworded and then Derek went to his room and didn't come out, and you said you were sick, but..."

Derek closed his eyes. "Stiles got subsickness because I left him alone, and especially because I left him alone in difficult circumstances," he explained.

"Honestly Scott, I'm okay now," Stiles promised, wrapping his arms around Derek's arm. "Yes, I may be clingy for a few days, but I'm a *lot* better than I was. Laura kicked some sense into Sir. He'd actually lost track of the days. He thought it had been only a few hours."

"I didn't lose track quite *that* much, chiquito," Derek corrected. "I *did* think - to the extent I thought about it at all - that it was probably Saturday, not Monday."

"Still, it's a lot better than it was." Stiles laughed. "But honestly, I'm okay, promise."

Scott huffed, turning to Derek. "You aren't going to leave him alone again, are you?" he said waringly. "Because I don't care if you're Stiles' Dom, you don't get to do that."

Stiles turned to Scott, startled, his eyebrows furrowed. "Scott!"

"What?" Scott said. "It's obvious that you...like him enough to forgive him, dude, but it still wasn't okay."
"Still. It won't happen again. We've already worked out a system just in case." Stiles frowned, clutching at Derek's arm. "And yes, I do."

Derek rested his free hand on Stiles'. "Thank you, Scott," he said seriously.

Stiles let out a soft humph, looking between the two.

"Thanks for what?" Scott raised an eyebrow.

"While I never want to hurt Stiles," Derek explained quietly, "I know that I'll make mistakes, and I worry constantly that I'll fail him. Thank you for your willingness to call me on it when I do something wrong."

Scott stared at him hard for a moment before nodding. "As long as you know. I'm not as forgiving as Stiles. Don't hurt him like this."

"I respect that," Derek said firmly, "but Stiles being upset is enough motivation. I don't want to hurt him."

Stiles was grumbling to himself but Scott nodded. "Good." He crossed his arms. "because if you do, I don't care of you are the alpha of all Dom's, I will make you pay."

Derek, honestly, was sceptical of Scott's ability to carry out such a threat, but he didn't insult Scott by implying it. "Understood," he said instead.

Scott nodded, uncrossing his arms and giving him a small smile. "Thank you. Though you might have hurt him, at least you're trying to make up for it." He reached over, ruffling Stiles' hair much to his despair.

Derek nodded and changed the subject. "Thank you for the groceries too - do you want to stay for dinner?" He was privately hoping Scott would say no, but it seemed polite to offer.

Scott tilted his head to watch Stiles and Derek. Nah, Stiles still looked a little like he needed a cuddle. "No, thanks though." He gave them his personal brand of lopsided grin. "And you're welcome. I wasn't sure what you needed, so I got a few random things, and some things that I know Stiles loves."

Stiles perked up. "Poptarts!"

Derek rolled his eyes. "Not before dinner, chiquito," he warned. "I don't want you spoiling your appetite."

"Yes sir." Stiles pouted, making Scott laugh.

Scott waved, ruffling Stiles' hair again before walking out. "Bye! Be good Stiles, and treat him right, Derek."

"I will, Scott," Derek promised. "Have a good night."

Scott closed the door behind him, shaking his head and scrubbing at his hair. "They need to just tell each other they're falling for the other," he grumbled to himself. "The pining is going to get obnoxious."

Stiles hugged Derek's arm. "Knowing Scott, there's a lot of canned soup and bagel bites." He
laughed brightly, eyes sparkling.

Derek couldn't suppress a smile in return. "If soup's what we've got, I guess we'll eat soup," he said, shrugging.

"We have sandwich things, so we could have grilled cheese with it." Stiles grinned widely, reaching up to kiss Derek's jaw.

Derek caught Stiles' cheek in his palm and returned the kiss with one of his own. "Whatever makes you happy, querido."

Stiles let out a soft breath at the kiss, smiling softly and leaning into Derek's touch. "You make me happy," he murmured, pressing close and humming. "Do you like ham on your grilled cheese?" he asked, flushed.

Derek's own smile softened at Stiles' pronouncement. "Please," he agreed quietly, brushing his hand over Stiles' hair as he let go.

Stiles let out a happy sigh at the affection, hurrying to grill them some sandwiches. They didn't need too much, but it'd been a few hours since lunch.

Derek quietly found the soup and started it heating, watching Stiles fondly. He was wonderful.

Stiles clicked on the radio, singing along and using the spatula as a mic. He giggled as he spun, flipping a sandwich up in the air before almost not catching it.

"Careful," Derek warned, laughing a little. "We wouldn't want your hard work ending up on the floor."

Stiles grinned widely. "I have skills, sir, skills." He laughed, setting their plates on the table and moving the pan off the heat.

"I'm sure you're a masterful sandwich maker," Derek said, raising his eyebrows. "That doesn't mean you can't be distracted."

Stiles just grinned, kissing Derek's cheek as he finished putting food and drink on the table.

Derek poured the soup into bowls and brought it over, sitting next to Stiles rather than opposite him so they could still touch easily while they ate. "Thank you for cooking, Stiles," Derek said quietly. "You're very good."

Stiles beamed at the praise, wiggling in happiness. "Thank you."

Chapter End Notes

Just one more chapter in this story arc, guys - the reward Derek promised Stiles.

I'd like to let you know that we're always up for suggestions, prompts, and requests - we have our own ideas about where this story is going, but there are plenty of scenes we haven't planned out.

I hope you enjoyed it, and we're looking forward to your comments!
Stiles let out a soft whine. He didn't know exactly what he wanted, at least not all of what he wanted. He panted softly, managing to take a few deep breaths. "Trying, sir," he whispered, his tongue flicking out to his lower lip.

"Good boy," Derek praised. "You're doing very well." He sat up, and uncovered the objects on the table, considering which to use first.

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Derek, as promised, rewards Stiles with a sensation-play scene. They both react a little more than Derek had planned for.

Stiles shifted nervously, though he couldn't hide how excited he was to get home from school, barely keeping himself from breaking speeding laws. It was the day that Sir had said they'd try the scene he had wanted for a reward.

Derek looked over the collection of things on his bedside table and covered them with a cloth. He'd wanted to do this in here so that, if something went wrong, Stiles' room was still a comfortable place for him to retreat to. He checked the time, and hurried downstairs. He wanted to meet Stiles at the door today.

Stiles hummed, letting out a relieved sigh as he finally parked and slid out, slinging his backpack over a shoulder and leaping up onto the porch to pull open the door.

Derek was waiting just inside the living room and held his hand out for Stiles' bag. "Did you have a good day, chiquito?" he asked, voice level.

Stiles beamed up at Derek, handing him his bag and stepping close to kiss his cheek. "I did!" He smiled. "How was work?"

"Productive," Derek answered, leading Stiles towards the stairs. "Do you want to rest for a bit before we scene, chiquito?"

"No sir, I'm okay." Stiles curled his fingers in Derek’s. He didn't know if he could sit still enough to
"Good boy," Derek said warmly. "We're going to take it nice and slow, okay?"

Stiles nodded, leaning against him, giving him a small grin. "Yes sir," he whispered, nuzzling along Derek's jaw.

When they reached Stiles' room, Derek stopped and turned to Stiles. "I'm going to go and wait for you in my room now, corazon. I want you to do whatever you need to do to help yourself feel ready for me. I want you to strip to your underwear, or if that makes you uncomfortable, the least amount of clothes you can feel comfortable in. When you're done, come to my room and kneel for me. Do you understand?"

"Yes sir, I understand." Stiles gave Derek a smile, kissing his cheek. He took a deep breath, nipping at Derek's jaw, before slipping into the room, heading for his shower. Chemistry had been gross that day, and he didn't want anything that may have lingered to be a part of today.

Derek went to his bedroom to wait. Everything was ready on the side table - there was nothing Derek could do except pace, but he wanted Stiles, whenever he came in, to see Derek calm and steady. He sat on the bed.

Stiles scrubbed every inch of himself clean, smiling as he dried his hair. He took some deep breaths, putting on a pair of his softest boxer-briefs before walking to Derek's room, stepping in and closing the door behind him before walking to kneel by Derek's legs, smiling softly up at him.

Derek swallowed hard as Stiles walked in. He was...beautiful. And maybe Derek had already known that, but it was easier to ignore when Stiles was wearing actual clothes. "Good boy," he said hoarsely, resting one hand on Stiles' hair. "Tell me what we're doing today."

Stiles let out a happy sound at the praise, tilting into the hand. "We're going to do a sensation play scene. As one of my rewards from last week, sir." He peeked up at Derek, mouth shifting into a playful grin.

"That's right, chiquito," Derek said approvingly. "I'm going to get you to lie on the bed, and I'll cuff your hands to the headboard and blindfold you and ask you to be still for me. I'm going to touch you, with my hands and with other things, in various places and ways. I will not cause you pain. I will not leave the room until the scene is over. Do you have any questions?"

"I can't move at all?" Stiles asked softly, turning his head to nuzzle at Derek's hand.

"I'm not going to punish you if you react to what I'm doing," Derek promised, trailing his fingers over Stiles' cheek. "But I'll be very proud and pleased if you can be still."

Stiles shivered, his eyes fluttering closed. "Yes sir." He smiled. "I understand. I want to make you proud."

"I'm sure you will, chiquito," Derek said warmly. "You're very good. Do you have any other questions?"

Stiles shook his head just a bit, nuzzling Derek's hand. "No sir," he replied. "I'm ready."

Derek smiled and patted the bed beside him. "Then I'd like you to get on the bed, please. Lie on your back, arms above your head."
Stiles stood, kissing Derek on the cheek before stretching out on Derek's bed, taking a small breath as he stretched out, shifting a bit.

Derek got the blindfold - a simple silk scarf - and brought it over to Stiles. "Head up a bit so I can tie this," he ordered quietly.

Stiles lifted his head to give Derek room, looking up at him in trust, a tiny smile on his face.

"Good boy," Derek murmured reverently, awed by the acceptance and calm on Stiles' face. He folded the cloth into a band and gently wrapped it around Stiles' head, tying it snugly. "Is that comfortable, querido?"

"Yes sir." Stiles' voice was breathy as he closed his eyes, turning his head just a bit to face Derek. He was already feeling calm. One would think it would worry him, not being able to see Derek. But he wasn't scared or nervous at all. He trusted Derek, and he knew his Dom would take care of him.

"I'm going to cuff your hands now, querido," Derek murmured. Later, he would surprise Stiles with his touch, but not yet.

"Yes sir." Stiles smiled at the warning, relaxing further into the mattress. His chest was warm and his excitement still there, but it didn’t make him feel jittery any longer. The more they tried, the more Stiles realized that sensory deprivation helped calm him. The cuffs, the blindfold...

Derek was using the familiar leather cuffs, each attached to a strap he could buckle around the bars of his headboard. He stroked Stiles' arm, telegraphing his movements, before putting the cuffs on him.

Stiles let out a soft hum, smile curling his lips as he felt the cuffs slip on, shifting his arms into a comfortable position. "Thank you, sir."

Derek's eyes widened. "You're welcome," he said awkwardly. He didn't know what he'd expected, but Stiles thanking him...that, he definitely hadn't. He attached Stiles' right wrist to the headboard and walked around the bed to do the other side. "Is that comfortable?" he checked.

Stiles tugged a bit, testing them before grinning. "Yes sir." In a quieter voice, he added, "I like it. Feels good."

"I'm glad," Derek murmured as he attached Stiles' left hand to the headboard. "If at any point your hands, arms, or shoulders start to feel sore, I want you to tell me, okay?"

"Yes sir, I will." Stiles nodded, moving a bit to straighten up his head and to lick his lips. He had pink splashed across his cheeks and his stomach was warm, and gently twisting, making him want to squirm.

The contrast of the dark blue cloth and Stiles' pale, pink-tinged skin was breathtaking, and Derek couldn't help but drop a fond kiss on Stiles' forehead. "Good boy," he praised quietly.

Stiles all but purred, the affection and praise making his smile wider. He didn't move anymore, remembering one of Derek's orders. "Am I allowed to talk or make noises and so on?" he asked after a moment, not moving other than to speak and lick his lips again.

"You can speak, querido," Derek said warmly. "In fact, I'd love to hear how you're feeling." If for no other reason than to be able to check in.
Stiles smiled. "Thank you, sir," he whispered. "I didn't think I'd be able to be still and quiet." He let out a short giggle.

Derek smiled. "I think you could do it if I really wanted you to," he said. "But it's a lot to ask, and I'm not asking it today." He began to trail his fingers over Stiles' cheek, down his neck and chest.

Stiles shivered, letting out a soft sound and fighting to keep from arching up against Derek's fingers. This was the first time his Dom had actually touched him like that, and it lit a fire in his stomach.

Derek mapped Stiles' torso with his hands, keeping his touch light, not lingering anywhere, but drinking in the feeling of Stiles' skin under his fingers.

Stiles sucked in a breath as Derek's fingers passed under his left ribs, his stomach trembling for a moment as the light touches barely grazed his nipples. "Oh..." he whispered, tucking his lower lip between his teeth.

Noting Stiles' reaction, Derek swept his hands over that spot again, his touch a little firmer.

Stiles let out a soft whine, eyes rolling back under the blindfold.

"Are you okay, querido?" Derek checked, moving his hands to safer territory, although he didn't back away.


Oh. Derek swallowed hard. "I've got you, querido," he said hoarsely, sweeping his hands down Stiles' torso to his hips in long strokes.

Stiles let his mouth drop open in a soft pant as Derek's fingers ran over his hips. His skin was tingling. "O-oh," he breathed, his fingers curling a bit - but otherwise, he didn't move.

Derek ignored Stiles' crotch and began to stroke down Stiles' leg, covering Stiles' skin with his touch.

Stiles let out a long, low sound as he felt Derek's thumbs run down his inner thigh near his knee. He whimpered softly, curling his toes to keep from moving.

A part of Derek's brain was cataloging all the ways he could make Stiles moan, even as he told himself that this kind of chaste touch was all he'd ever ask for. "Spread your legs a little," he ordered softly. "I'm going to get on the bed between them."

"Yes sir," Stiles breathed, spreading his legs apart, arching into Derek's touch as he did so. He wanted more, wanted to feel Derek everywhere. He wanted to beg Derek to just take him apart.

Derek got on the bed, pressing Stiles' hips back down into the mattress with one hand and reaching up to caress his cheek with the other. "Good boy," he praised.

Stiles let out a sharp whine as his hip was pinned down, shivering and tilting his head just a bit to lean into the touch to his cheek. He let out a soft whimper, licking his lips at the praise, wanting more, wanting more of Derek.

Derek swept his thumb over Stiles' lips, teasing him a little.

Stiles parted then, panting softly and swiping at Derek's thumb with the tip of his tongue.

Derek shivered and withdrew slightly, turning his attention back to Stiles' legs - his right one, this time.
Stiles whimpered, letting out a breathless giggle as Derek's fingers swept up the back of his knee.

"Ticklish, hmm?" Derek said, smiling, and brushed his fingers over the spot again, hoping to coax another laugh from Stiles.

Stiles let out a bitten off giggle, nose wrinkling as he fought to keep from pulling his knee away.

Derek stopped when he felt Stiles' leg twitching under his fingers. It wasn't fair to make Stiles do something Derek had asked him not to. He stroked the back of Stiles' knee firmly, smoothing away the ticklish feeling, and continued down Stiles' calf.

Stiles relaxed back against the bed, toes curling when Derek got to his ankle, the inside dip making him take a sharp breath.

When he reached Stiles' foot, Derek stopped his slow progress, resting one hand on each of Stiles' ankles and sweeping steadily up Stiles' body.

Stiles continued letting out soft whimpers, his stomach twisting pleasantly as he felt every warm touch. His skin was almost singing.

When Derek reached Stiles' shoulders he paused and moved up the bed so he was straddling Stiles' torso. "How are you feeling, querido?" he asked quietly.

Stiles panted, licking his lips. "Good," he whispered. "Really, really good." He let out a soft moan as he felt Derek straddle him, his fingers curling again.

From his new position, Derek was able to smooth his hands up Stiles' bound arms, until he could interlace his fingers with Stiles'.

Stiles let out a soft sound as fingers stroked along his left inner bicep, his fingers curling around Derek's.

"Good boy," Derek murmured in Stiles' ear. "You're doing really well, chiquito. I'm going to start touching you with things other than my hands now. Colour?"

Stiles let out another soft sound at the feel of Derek so close to his ear. "Green. Green, sir." he panted.

"Alright, chiquito," Derek said soothingly. "Shhh. Can you calm down for me a little, corazon?"

Stiles let out a soft whine. He didn't know exactly what he wanted, at least not all of what he wanted. He panted softly, managing to take a few deep breaths. "Trying, sir," he whispered, his tongue flicking out to his lower lip.

"Good boy," Derek praised. "You're doing very well." He sat up, and uncovered the objects on the table, considering which to use first.

Stiles let out a soft whine when Derek sat up, licking his lips and taking another deep breath.

Derek picked up another silk scarf like the one over Stiles' eyes and trailed it over Stiles' arm.

Stiles let out a soft hum, his mouth falling open a bit at the smooth touch. "Soft."

Derek slid the cloth over Stiles' skin, keeping his touch light.
Stiles let out a soft sound, goose bumps raising up and his nipples pebbling hard, his mouth open wider as he panted.

Derek swallowed hard at the show of vulnerability from Stiles, and lifted the cloth so it barely trailed over the sub's neck and chest.

Stiles whimpered, tilting his head back just enough to give him more room, mouth open as he panted.

"Good boy," Derek said hoarsely. "So good, querido." He wrapped his hand in the cloth and caressed Stiles' torso, pressing down firmly, picking up a feather with his other hand.

Stiles let out a high whine as Derek's hand found the spots that made his stomach twist pleasantly. "O-oh" he moaned

As Derek's silk-wrapped hand moved down Stiles' torso, he brushed the feather over Stiles' cheek.

Stiles gasped, tongue flicking out to wet his lips, pink high on his cheeks.

Derek was almost panting with the intensity of the scene as he brushed the feather over the sensitive skin of Stiles' throat and jaw.

Stiles whined high in his throat, tilting his head back again, submitting and pleading all at once.

Derek shivered. "God, querido, you're so good," he said, his voice low.

Stiles whimpered. "Good for you, sir," he murmured without thinking, his brain short-circuiting every time Derek's hand stroked somewhere else.

"You're perfect, chiquito," Derek answered, a lump in his throat. He shuffled back on his knees so he could trace the feather in swirling patterns down Stiles' torso.

Stiles moaned, fighting to keep his chest on the bed at the swirling motions of whatever it was that was trailing along his skin.

"Querido, I'm going to swap to something new now," Derek warned, unwrapping the silk from his hand. "Can you tell me how you're feeling?"

"Good. Very, very good." he moaned. He licked his lips, sucking on his lower one.

Derek couldn't help it. He cupped his now-empty hand to Stiles' face and brushed his thumb over those perfect, irresistible lips.

Stiles gave a soft whine, leaning into the hand, his tongue flicking along the thumb on his lips before he nipped at it.

Derek could feel his cock stir and bit back a moan. This wasn't supposed to be a sexual scene. He wasn't going to take advantage of Stiles like this. He gently disengaged his thumb from Stiles' mouth, stroking Stiles' cheek in reassurance, and retrieved the bullet vibe from the bowl of ice water. He wasn't going to turn it on, but it was a good size and shape for this.

Stiles whined at the loss, leaning into the stroke on his cheek before licking his lips again, panting softly. He made a questioning sound as he heard clinking. "Wha...?"

"Shh," Derek comforted him. "I've got you. Just feel." He pressed the cold vibe into Stiles' palm, letting him get a sense of it.
Stiles gasped softly, fingers curling just a bit in reaction. "O-oh." He shivered, goosebumps running up his arms.

Derek didn't give Stiles time to get used to the temperature, lifting the vibe up off his skin, and pressing it down again on his other wrist, over his pulse.

Stiles let out a soft whine, lips falling open again, the whine turning into a soft moan.

Derek left it there for a little longer this time, then lifted it again, touching it for a bare second to the hollow of Stiles' throat.

Stiles let out a loud moan at that one, flushing darker when he realized what he had done.

Derek paused, considering, but in the end, he couldn't resist the appeal of Stiles' nipples, flushed and hard. He pressed the vibe down firmly, first on one, then the other.

Stiles let out another loud moan, head falling back, mouth open wide as he panted. "O-oh fuck...."

Derek made a tiny noise as Stiles moaned, and put the vibe to Stiles' skin again - at his hip, this time - working it back and forth across Stiles' torso.

Stiles curled his toes tightly as he moaned, his mouth not even bothering to close. His stomach twisted warmly, spikes of warmth shooting down his groin as the cold metal hit spot after spot.

Derek swirled the vibe over Stiles' torso until the metal warmed, then pressed it to Stiles' half-open mouth. "Kiss it, chiquito," Derek ordered, almost breathless at Stiles' submission and his own daring. "It's time for something new."

Stiles hips jerked just a bit before he could force them back down, his lips curling to press a kiss to the warmed metal.

Derek swallowed hard, wishing that he too could be kissed by those full lips, and put the vibe back in the bowl of ice water, picking up a small square of hessian.

Stiles panted softly, fingers curled as he fought to keep from pressing toward his Dom. God, he wanted him. Wanted him something fierce.

With the hessian, Derek was brisk, rubbing it in circles over Stiles' skin from wrist to shoulder, one arm at a time, then down his chest and torso.

Stiles gasped softly at the rough hessian, shivering. His skin was already so hyper-sensitive, that even the rough fabric sent static through his limbs.

When he reached Stiles' hips, Derek moved to kneel between his legs again, continuing his path down Stiles' right thigh.

Stiles gasped, whimpering and shifting his legs just a bit, trembling softly.

Derek was focused on the skin of Stiles' calf and ankle under his hand, but he couldn't help but notice the bulge in Stiles' briefs when he moved to the top of Stiles' other thigh.

Stiles whined high in his throat. His mind was everywhere and nowhere at once, his limbs trembling and his cock hard as each brush of the hessian made his skin warmer and warmer.
Derek froze. He couldn’t - he didn’t know what to do. Should he just ignore it? Wait for Stiles to calm down? But in a scene like this, Stiles probably wouldn’t calm down. Not with sensations this intense, not with having them build up so long. He couldn’t touch it. That would be...awful. Stiles hadn’t consented, and now he couldn’t consent, and Derek...he’d have to ignore it. He swallowed, and returned to Stiles’ left leg, his touch unsteady.

Stiles whimpered, shivering softly. He panted, fingers and toes curling at the feeling. "O-oh..." he hummed. He wondered, in the back of his mind, why Derek was suddenly shakier than before.

Derek continued with the vague plan he’d had, rubbing until he reached Stiles’ ankle and then switching to bare hands again, but the spark of spontaneity, of delight, was swallowed up in worry and uncertainty.

Stiles purred softly as he felt Derek’s hands again, melting back into the bed, each stroke still enough to stack that burn higher, but also rather soothing to his skin.

Derek smoothed his hands over every inch of Stiles' skin where it was flushed from the hessian, stroking gently in long, upward sweeps

Stiles settled against the mattress, shuddering softly.

When Derek had reached Stiles' shoulders - as far as he could get from his current position - rather than straddling Stiles again, he moved so he was sitting on one side of the bed.

Stiles turned his head toward Derek, panting softly. "Sir," he murmured.

"Are you alright, corazon?" Derek murmured, reaching down to cup Stiles’ cheek.

"Yes sir. I'm good," Stiles panted, leaning into Derek’s touch. "I feel good."

"Good," Derek murmured. "I'm going to take the cuffs off in a minute - is that okay with you?"

"Yes sir," Stiles breathed. He curled his fingers, the question wanting to get out but he refused to ask it.

Derek noticed the movement and reached up to hold Stiles' hand. "Is everything okay, chiquito?"

Stiles smiled, clutching his hand. "I'm okay, sir"

Derek smiled back at him - a little uncertainly, but he did smile, not that Stiles could see. "That's good, corazon," he murmured, using his free hand to unbuckle the cuff.

Stiles reached up once he was able to, fumbling around until he was able to cup Derek’s cheek in return

Once he realized what Stiles was trying to do, Derek moved to make it easier. "How’s your arm, chiquito?" he asked conscientiously. "Is it sore?"

"No sir, not sore," Stiles replied. Petting Derek’s cheek, he leaned up to clumsily kiss his jaw.

The kiss actually landed on Derek’s chin, but he didn’t mind. "Lie back, chiquito," he told Stiles. "I still need to take off the other cuff."

Stiles flopped back, smiling up at Derek.
"Good boy," Derek murmured, leaning across Stiles to uncuff his other hand. He rubbed Stiles' wrist gently, checking it for marks from the cuffs, and brought it back to Stiles' chest.

Stiles purred, leaning into each touch, thighs trembling.

"Do you want the blindfold off, chiquito?" Derek asked, lying down on his side next to Stiles.

"Want to see you," he murmured, moving closer to Derek.

"Alright," Derek said quietly. "But it's going to take a little while for your eyes to adjust, so I want you to close your eyes until I say you can open them, okay?"

"Yes sir," Stiles breathed, nuzzling forward.

"Good boy." Derek tucked Stiles' face into his chest and carefully untied the blindfold, pulling it out from between the two of them and smoothing his hand over Stiles' hair.

Stiles pressed a kiss to Derek's chest, letting out a soft sound.

Derek put the blindfold to one side and hugged Stiles close, stroking his hair. "Can you tell me how you're feeling, chiquito?" he murmured.

"Warm," Stiles breathed. He squirmed closer, and flushed darkly as he realized how hard he was.

Derek smiled. "Can you tell me a little more, corazon?" He needed to know how spaced Stiles was, and the easiest way to figure that out was to get him to talk.

"I feel..." Stiles pressed closer. "Calm. Just a little heavy, but my skin feels all tingly."

Stiles definitely didn't sound as spaced as he had some other times, which matched what he said about not being so heavy. "Do you like how it feels, chiquito?" Derek asked. "The tingling?"

"Very, very much." Stiles smiled softly, kissing Derek's chest. "I really liked it."

"Good," Derek said, relieved. "I'm glad I could please you." Doing what made Stiles happy was really his aim, after all.

"You always please me, sir," Stiles murmured. "Always."

"Thank you, chiquito," Derek answered. "Would you like me to tell you what I was touching you with? Would you like to guess?"

"Feather?" Stiles guessed, leaning up to kiss his jaw. "And silk?"

"Well done, chiquito," Derek praised. "That's the first two things."

Stiles let out a soft sound, pressing close. "I think the last one was linen or burlap? I don't know the other though..."

"The third one was a bit tricky," Derek admitted. "The fourth one was burlap."

"What was the third one? It felt like metal, but it was freezing." Stiles kept his eyes closed, tilting his head back to kiss Derek's jaw, nipping it after a moment
"It was metal that I'd put in ice water," Derek explained. "I didn't want to use an ice cube in case it melted before we got to that part."

Stiles nodded, smiling softly. "I really liked that one." He shivered. He was still hard and aching but content to ignore it for now. He wanted Derek horribly, but didn’t want to freak him out.

Derek stroked Stiles' back gently. "Cold is something a lot of people like in sensation play, chiquito," he said. "Do you think you'd like to do that again?"

"Yes, please!" Stiles said eagerly, beaming. He pressed his fingers along Derek’s side absently.

Derek smiled back. "Then we will." He thought about it for a moment. "One thing we didn't try as part of today its pain - not that we necessarily have to at any time, but I'd like you to think about whether it's something you’d like to try when we play."

Stiles shifted, letting out a soft whimper as he rocked forward at the thought. "I think I’d like that," he breathed.

"We'd start with something little, okay?" Derek promised, eyes dark. "Like me scratching you a little bit with my fingernails - I could show you, if you want?"

Stiles nodded, shivering softly. "Please," he begged.

Derek raked his fingernails lightly down Stiles' back.

Stiles gasped as he arched, letting out a soft moan. "O-oh."

Derek raked his fingers back the other way, pressing down a little harder this time.

"O-oh! Please," Stiles whimpered, fingers scrabbling for a hold as he let out a long moan.

Derek paused, closing his eyes, then scratched down Stiles' back one more time, hard enough to leave marks.

Stiles let out a loud moan, head falling back and mouth parting as he panted. His hips jerked forward without his say so, fingers clinging to Derek.

As Stiles' hips (and his cock) came into contact with Derek's thigh, Derek shoved himself back and away.

Stiles let out a yelp, his eyes flying open and blinking at the harsh light. "S-sir?" he asked, suddenly scared he'd fucked up. "Did I do something wrong?" He reached out a hand for a moment, not sure if he was allowed to touch.

Shit. "You didn't do anything wrong," Derek tried to reassure him, taking Stiles' hand. "You...startled me. But it's okay."

Stiles nodded, chewing on his lower lip. He tried to keep the question back, but honestly he had waited long enough. "Why won't you touch me, sir?" he blurted. "Why won't you kiss me or anything? You said we'd let it fall that way naturally, but..." Stiles lowered his eyes. "I don't want to push or hurt you, so I don't know when or if I can do things. Like kiss you." His grip on Derek's hand tightened just a bit. "I'm sorry."

Derek sighed and scrubbed a hand over his face. "Do you want to deal with that?" he asked,
nodding at Stiles' crotch. "Or would you rather ignore it?"

Stiles pressed his lips together. "Sir..." He sighed. "I'll ignore it for now," he murmured. He wasn't going to push. He wasn't going to hurt his Dom like that.

"Okay." Derek sighed again, mustering his thoughts. "Your father's the Sheriff, right?" he asked. "What do you know about consent?"

"Consent means both parties are willing and want to engage in any form of touching." Stiles tilted his head. "If that's what you're worried about, I'll give you consent right now. Because honestly I've wanted it a while now. But I didn't want to hurt you, or push you."

"Can a thirteen-year-old consent?" Derek pointed out. "Can a person give consent while drunk or drugged?"

Stiles' brow furrowed in confusion. "No sir," he answered, waiting to see where Derek was going with this.

"So it's not just about both people saying 'yes'," Derek explained. "There are other factors." In his case, there had been quite a few. "If one person is lying to the other, that can be rape by fraud. If one person threatens, blackmails, or coerces the other, that's not really consent."

Stiles nodded, chewing on his lip. "Okay...I - I haven't done that have I?" He wanted to be sure.


Stiles let out a small, relieved breath. "I was just making sure, sir," he promised. He scooted closer, pressing his forehead to Derek's cheek. "I still don't understand though. Why'd you ask me that?"

"Just...one more thing, Stiles, and then I'll explain," Derek promised, wrapping one arm around Stiles' waist. "We don't think it's okay for a teacher to have sex with their student, or a doctor to have sex with their patient, even if both parties are adult and sober. Do you know why?"

Stiles tilted his head in thought. "Consent problems?" he asked softly. "At least for the last one, I'm assuming something like abuse of authority for the others? What does that have to do with us?"

"When I was younger," Derek said slowly, "I was in a relationship that I considered consensual. For a number of reasons, it wasn't."

Stiles’ hold on Derek tightened. "Are you okay?" he asked softly. "Did they get in trouble? What happened?"

Derek looked away. "In the end, they did," he replied. A lot of other things had happened first, but he didn't want to talk about that right now. "I'm...mostly okay."

Stiles reached up, cupping Derek's face in his hands, petting him softly. "Are you afraid that I can't give consent because I'm your sub? Because honestly, sir, I'll tell you yes every single day if you need me too. I'll always tell you when I don't want something. I promise. You are not the person that hurt you. And you never will be."

"She was older than me," Derek said quietly. "I was submitting to her, and it was the first time I had submitted. I started to spend more time with her than I spent with my family. I was devoted to her.
Everything she asked, I did willingly."

Stiles kept stroking Derek's cheek, pressed close and listening. He wanted to let Derek get everything out. He looked like he needed it.

"Stiles, I'm older, I'm teaching you...it's hard, very hard, for me to accept your consent." Derek bowed his head. "I'm sorry. I'm trying to do the things you want, but...well, there were things I wanted once."

Stiles made a soft, frustrated noise. "Sir," he breathed, pulling Derek into a tight hug, "I'll do anything to make you believe that what I'm saying is real. I trust you. I know you won't hurt me. I know you won't do anything I don't want, either. I'm not going to lie, I've wanted to kiss you since I first saw you, before you actually did any sort of Domming. I know my mind, sir. I'm not going to push you, because that's wrong. Just..." He sighed, burying his face in Derek's neck. "Trust me? Please?"

"I want to, Stiles," Derek sighed. "Truly, I want what you're offering. You're..." He brushed his cheek over Stiles' hair. "I want our relationship to be more than Dom and sub."

Stiles smiled. "I do too." he whispered. "You're my Dom, true, but I want more. Just. Please trust me. I'll always tell you if I don't like or want something. Always."

"I think..." Derek bit his lip. "I think I need you to initiate. To...not just to say yes, but to ask for it in the first place. That way I'd know it was your idea."

Stiles hugged him tightly. "You want me to be the first to do things?" he asked. "I can do that, I promise. As long as you promise that if I accidentally go too far for you that you'll stop me."

"Could you...ask first?" Derek suggested tentatively. "You can ask me to do something, too. I'll say no if...if something's wrong."

Stiles nodded, hugging him tightly. "Thank you," he said gratefully. "I don't want to push you and hurt you, I don't want to hurt you at all."

"I won't let you," Derek promised, hugging Stiles back. "I - it might be kind of slow going, though."

Stiles nuzzled Derek's jaw. "I understand. I don't mind slow, I promise. Just..." He flushed, pulling back enough to lower his eyes before chewing on his lower lip. "Can you kiss me?" he asked softly, his voice almost inaudible. It was something he'd wanted for a while, but he didn't know if it was okay yet.

Derek let go of Stiles' waist to tilt his chin up, searching his eyes. After a long moment, he leaned in and pressed his lips to Stiles' in a slow, gentle kiss.

Stiles let out a soft gasp, shivering and pressing into it as much as he could, his eyes fluttering closed. His stomach twisted as warmth spread through his body. Oh, how he had wanted this. He parted his lips slowly so he didn't startle Derek.

Derek pressed back into Stiles, sucking lightly on his lower lip. He reached up to cup the back of Stiles' head, holding him there.

Stiles moaned softly, nipping at Derek's upper lip, wrapping his arms around Derek. God, this was perfect.
Derek's forehead bumped Stiles' as he tried to deepen the kiss and he snorted a little. "I guess I'm out of practice," he murmured.

Stiles let out a breathless giggle. "Oh, you have permission to do this all the time, I promise," he breathed. "Though the forehead bumping doesn't have to be included," he teased lightly, nipping at Derek's lip.

"You're sure?" Derek checked, a little breathless himself. "I can't say I'll mind." Kissing Stiles was...amazing.

"Absolutely," Stiles swore, giving him a small grin. "Always up for kissing." He leaned forward just a bit, nuzzling their noses together.

Derek smiled and pressed a tiny kiss to the corner of Stiles' mouth. "I'm pretty sure I will be, too."

Stiles smiled wider. He didn't want to move at all, didn't care that he was mostly naked, didn't care that he was still half-hard even. He just didn't want to move. Wanted to stay there with Derek. He leaned forward, kissing his Dom softly for a moment, nuzzling close.

Derek wrapped Stiles in his arms. Dressed the way he was, he'd get cold if Derek wasn't careful. "I'm sorry if I made you feel like I thought you'd hurt me," he said quietly.

Stiles shook his head. "I was afraid I'd end up being like her," he admitted. "I don't want to be like her. But I want you. I want you so badly," he confided softly, pressing close.

"You could never be like her," Derek said fiercely. "Never."

Stiles gave him a brilliant smile, leaning over to kiss his cheek, lingering. "You aren't her either"

"I'll do my best to remember," Derek agreed. "Are you...feeling better, now?"

Stiles nodded, giving him a grin. "I really did like that scene, by the way"

"Is there anything you'd like us to do differently if we did it again?" Derek asked curiously.

Stiles tilted his head in thought. "Not off the top of my head? You seemed a bit shaky at one point, though, were you and are you okay, sir?"

Stiles had noticed that? "I'm okay," Derek reassured him. "I just...I noticed you were hard, and I didn't know what I should do."

Stiles flushed. "It wasn't just the scene..." he admitted, smiling shyly. "It was also the fact that you were touching all these spots that felt so good."

Derek smiled back. "That's good to know. I'm sorry I...hesitated, I guess. I didn't think you'd pick up on that."

Stiles shook his head. "It's okay, sir, promise." He smiled, kissing Derek's jaw.

"Okay," Derek said, and kissed Stiles back. "Now, how are you feeling? Physically and mentally, please."

"Warm, safe." Stiles smiled. "Still a little tingly, but not heavy or anything. I feel happy," he whispered, leaning forward to nip at Derek's lower lip before nuzzling his jaw.

"Good," Derek murmured. "I want you to be happy."
Stiles nodded, tangling his fingers in Derek’s shirt. "I am."

Chapter End Notes

Sexy times! Or at least, a beginning to them. It's going to get more intense as we go on, but for now, Stiles and Derek are keeping it slow.

I (seekeronthepath) want to give you guys a short apology for falling behind. Normally, I'll edit our transcript, pass it on to KattsEyeDemon, and she'll check it over in time for us to post on Saturday, but I fell behind this week. So thank you for your patience, and I'll try not to let it happen again.

I (KattsEyeDemon) Tend to just forget the days. It happens when time blends together lol

On a happier note, comments! Thank you so much for them, they are always a delight. As always, we look forward to hearing what you think of this chapter, and any ideas you have for the future ;)
Ms Morrell glanced at Stiles as he sat, and noted his nervousness. "Mr Stilinski, my name is Marin Morrell, and I'm here to make sure that you're being appropriately looked after by your Dom," she introduced herself, and took a seat. "Would you mind telling me why you're anxious about this appointment?" It was rare, but sometimes Doms threatened their subs into acting a certain way during the evaluations, and she'd like to know now.

"I don't want to lose him," Stiles whispered, his eyes tearing up.

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After a month as Dom and sub, Derek and Stiles are called into the Dom/sub Assignment Centre to make sure their partnership is working out.

The notification letter from the Dom/sub Assignment Centre had arrived a couple of days ago, so here Derek and Stiles were, on the steps of the town hall, about to go in for their one-month review. Derek could tell Stiles was nervous, and tried to reassure him. "All they're going to do is ask us each some questions about our relationship, to make sure I'm looking after you properly," he said quietly. "It's going to be fine." It was rare for a foster Dom to be separated from their sub.

"Promise?" Stiles asked, chewing on his thumb nervously, turning to face Derek. He was scared. He didn't want to lose Derek, and he didn't want to talk to someone else about their relationship.

"Querido, do you think our relationship is unhealthy?" Derek pointed out, reaching out to cup Stiles' cheek.

"No sir!" Stiles insisted, leaning into Derek's hand, the hand he was chewing on dropping to wrap around Derek's wrist, stroking it as he watched him.

Derek smiled a little. "Do you think your father would consider our relationship is unhealthy?"

"No sir." Stiles shook his head a little. "I'm just nervous. And scared. I don't want to lose you," he whimpered, brow furrowing.

"Come here, querido," Derek said, opening his arms in invitation. "You aren't going to lose me."
Stiles all but fell into Derek's arms, hugging him tightly, burying his face in Derek's neck. "My dom," he whispered. "My Derek. I'm scared," he said again, fingers tightening in Derek's shirt.

"I've got you, chiquito," Derek promised, brushing his cheek over Stiles' hair. "We're going to be okay." At least, Derek hoped so. He really did think their relationship was a good one, and Laura had said it was too, but...he wanted the validation of the DAC officials. He wanted to know he was doing the right thing. "Can you be brave and honest and good for me today, querido?" he asked quietly.

Stiles nodded after a moment. "Yes sir," he whispered, voice wavering. He would be. He'd be good and honest. "I can't promise the brave part though," he murmured.

"If you're honest even though you're scared, I think that's very brave, chiquito," Derek said softly.

Stiles gave Derek a shy smile, nuzzling his jaw and breathing deeply. "Thank you, sir."

"That's my good boy," Derek said warmly, kissing Stiles lightly on the lips. "Are you ready to go in, chiquito?"

Stiles brightened just a bit at the praise and kiss. He gave a small whine, his brow furrowing before sighing. "I think so, sir. Let's get this over with, so I can be back home with you."

"Good boy," Derek said firmly, and turned to lead Stiles inside, keeping an arm around his waist. "I'm proud of you."

Stiles relaxed against him, smiling softly and pressing close as they walked through the door. He didn't want to do this, was still scared, but he could force himself through it.

Derek led Stiles to the DAC offices and paused at the desk. "Derek Hale and Stiles Stilinski, here for our one-month review," he said when the receptionist looked up.

The receptionist looked through the files on their desk and nodded. "Take a seat, please, Mr Hale," she said. "Ms Morrell will be out shortly."

Stiles pressed closer to Derek. The closer the time came, the clingier he became. His hands were trembling where they were clutching at Derek.

Derek didn't bother to pick up one of the magazines lying around, his full attention on keeping Stiles calm. "I've got you, chiquito," he murmured soothingly. "I'm right here, I've got you, you're safe."

Stiles scrambled to straddle Derek's lap, pressing close and breathing in deeply. The scent of his Dom helped a bit, as well as the soothing voice.

"Querido?" Derek murmured, rubbing Stiles' back comfortably. "Is it going to help you if I tell you about things DAC might do other than separate us?" Sometimes Stiles needed information and logic. Sometimes he just needed reassurance.

Stiles thought for a moment before nodded. "Please," he whispered. "My brain is stuck on that one thing."

"Okay," Derek replied, keeping his voice steady and calm. "The only reason they'd remove you from my care immediately is if they believed you were endangered by me, alright?"
Stiles nodded. "And I'm not in any danger," he murmured, more to reassure himself than to add to the story.

"You're safe with me," Derek agreed. "If they thought our relationship was really unhealthy, and we weren't likely to fix it, they'd find you a new Dom, and there'd be a one-month transition period."

"Don't want another Dom. Want you," Stiles huffed, clinging tightly.

"I know, chiquito," Derek said, smiling. "And they'll take that into account. Even if they thought our relationship wasn't good, we'd both want to fix it, wouldn't we? We'd want to stay together."

Stiles nodded rapidly for a moment, clinging tighter. "We're good, though," he murmured. "I've been good, right?" he asked, suddenly scared. "I haven't done anything wrong?"

"You've been good, Stiles," Derek promised, grateful that the receptionist (the only other person in the room) seemed inclined to ignore them. "You've been a very good boy. And DAC doesn't really care if you've been good - that's my business as your Dom. They're worried about me being good."

"You have been good!" Stiles gasped, his hold tightening. "You've been a wonderful Dom!"

"Thank you, querido," Derek murmured. He kissed Stiles' forehead lightly in thanks, then said softly, "That's all they really need to know. If they think I'm good, or that I want to be good, and we both want to be together, they'll support us."

Stiles relaxed a bit, pressing into the kiss before tilting his head up, offering, "I don't want another Dom. I'm yours."

Derek reached up to trace Stiles' collar. "You're my sub," he agreed quietly, "and I don't want to let you go."

Stiles gave Derek a bright smile, shifting closer on Derek's lap. "Yours," he murmured, kissing Derek's jaw.

"That's right, querido," Derek agreed. "Are you feeling a little better now?"


Derek kissed Stiles gently. "That's good, chiquito. It's going to be okay, I promise."

Stiles relaxed into the kiss, his eyes fluttering. "Thank you," he breathed, a smile curling his lips.

"That's my good, brave boy," Derek praised.

The receptionist cleared her throat. "I'm sorry to interrupt," she said awkwardly, "but Ms Morrell should be done with her last appointment in a minute or two." She paused. "And, for the record...you're possibly the cutest couple I've ever seen come in here, so I don't think you'll have a problem."

Stiles smiled at Derek's praise, only to flush darkly at the receptionist, giving her a shy smile before ducking his face into Derek's neck. He did take her words to heart though.

Sure enough, a minute later, a woman in a navy suit with long black hair came out of the main office. "Mr Stilinski?" she asked, looking at the chair Derek and Stiles were sharing. "If you could please come through?"
"Good, and honest, and brave, okay?" Derek whispered, kissing Stiles swiftly.

"Yes sir," Stiles whimpered, leaning into the kiss hard for a moment before heading through to where Ms. Morrell was. His hands were shaking.

Ms Morrell glanced at Stiles as he sat, and noted his nervousness. "Mr Stilinski, my name is Marin Morrell, and I'm here to make sure that you're being appropriately looked after by your Dom," she introduced herself, and took a seat. "Would you mind telling me why you're anxious about this appointment?" It was rare, but sometimes Doms threatened their subs into acting a certain way during the evaluations, and she'd like to know now.

"I don't want to lose him," Stiles whispered, his eyes tearing up. "I want to keep my Dom! And I'm scared. Scared I'll lose him. We've done nothing wrong," he blurted out before clicking his mouth shut and blushing. "Sorry."

Ms Morrell offered Stiles a box of tissues. "Did Mr Hale tell you that we were going to separate the two of you?" she asked steadily.

Stiles shook his head. "Said it was because you wanted to make sure he was being good, and he has!" he insisted, blowing his nose and wiping his face. "I'm just scared. I really don't want to lose him. I don't want another Dom. I'm sorry." Stiles sighed, rubbing his face again. "My mind latches onto one things and sends me into panics. I was better before I came in here, when Sir was helping calm me down. I'm still better than I was..."

"Okay," Ms Morrell said calmly. This, after all, was nowhere near the first time she'd had a distressed sub in her office. "I'd like you to take some deep breaths for me, please. From the sound of it, I doubt I'll be separating you and Mr Hale."

Stiles fought to breathe deeply and calm down, but he could only cry more at what she said. "Thank you!" he gasped, rubbing his eyes. "Oh, I'm so sorry. I don't know why I'm crying so much."

"You don't have to apologise, Mr Stilinski," Ms Morrell reassured him. "You're crying because your relationship with Mr Hale is important to you, and to your emotional equilibrium, and that relationship was threatened. It's completely understandable."

"I love him," Stiles admitted softly to her. His chest constricted - he wanted to tell Derek, but he was scared.

Ms Morrell hid a frown. Mr Hale was an attractive man, and Mr Stilinski had scored quite high in his initial tests. It wouldn't be surprising if the sub had latched onto his attractive mentor, and she would need to check the reciprocity of the relationship with Mr Hale. "I'm glad to hear that your initial placing is working out well for you," she said aloud.

Stiles looked up, watching her for a moment. "I don't just love Sir because I'm a sub," he huffed without thinking. "I love him because he's him."

Ms Morrell smiled slightly. "Alright," she replied. "Are you ready for us to proceed with the usual questions now?"

Stiles flushed, nodding. "Yes ma'am. Sorry, I just don't want you thinking it was just because he's my Dom. I know I'm on the intense side of being a sub, but honestly, that has nothing to do with it."

"I understand," said Ms Morrell, reserving judgement. "The first few questions are about D/s
relationships in general, to see what you've learned in the last month. Are you ready?"

Stiles nodded, shifting a bit and chewing on his thumb.

"What do we mean when we call someone a sub?" Morrell asked.

"Submissive, can be either on the intense, needy side, like me, or on the neutral, independent side like Ms McCall. We have instincts that we need to obey or else we get sick, and need to be taken care of and guided. Even the neutral ones need it time from time."

Morrell nodded and made a note. "And Doms?"

"Dominants. Either on the gentler side, or the more..." Stiles paused, struggling with wording. "Master-ish side, for lack of a better word." He shifted in his seat. "They have instincts as well, and thrive on taking care of a sub, as well as having the control of meeting a sub’s needs."

"Who holds the power in a Dom/sub relationship?" It was technically a trick question, but generally very revealing.

Stiles tilted his head in confusion. "They both do. Sure, the Dom gives orders and so on, but the only reason he can is because the sub willing submits to him or her"

Morrell smiled a little and made a note. "Good. You'd be surprised how many people get that wrong. Tell me about safewords."

"Why on earth would they get that wrong?" Stiles wondered aloud before smiling. "Safewords are words to either completely stop a scene, or slow it down. They can be used at any time, even during punishments, should the sub not be able to handle something or if something is wrong." He tilted his head. "Mine are the traffic system. Red for stop, Yellow for slow down, Green for good or okay."

"Tell me about a time you used one of your safewords," Ms Morrell requested, noting that Stiles hadn't mentioned a Dom using a safeword.

Stiles shifted on his seat, flushing darkly. "I've only had to use it once," he whispered. Honesty; his Dom told him to be honest, because they would know. But this wasn't something that was normal... "And I only used it because my Dom was panicking." Stiles swallowed, lifting his head to watch Ms Morrell. "He was stuck in a flashback. He'd been treated very horribly in the past, and he was stuck in a flashback. I couldn't seem to get through to him, and he was scaring me because he wasn't responding and he was pacing. My first instinct was to safeword because I knew, out of anything I could have said, that that would get him out of his flashback." Stiles shifted again. "I was scared because it was obvious how hurt he had been. And I was right, following that instinct to safeword snapped him out of it. Brought him back to the present."

Ms Morrell raised her eyebrows. In a way, the story was both good and bad - it showed that Mr Hale was conscientious about safewords, but it also indicated that he had mental health issues which might interfere with his stewardship of Mr Stilinski. "And what did Mr Hale do then?" she asked at last.

Stiles shifted uncomfortably. "He hid away to calm down for a while," he admitted. "His sister came and yanked him out and told him off. He was talking about continuing the therapy he used to have, because he doesn't want that to happen again. That's the only time I've had to safeword."

"And what did you do while Mr Hale was 'hiding away'?” Morrell asked softly.
"Did my homework, made sure the house was still clean, kept track of my tally board," Stiles ticked off on his hand, shifting on his seat. "I got sick there at the very end, that's why his sister came to knock sense into him. He had lost track of the time in his panic. That's what really made him re-set up the therapy. He refuses to ever put me through that again."

Ms Morrell pursed her lips. "Well, in that case, I definitely approve of his choice to seek help. I'm glad the two of you have a support system."

Stiles teared up. "Please don't take him away just for that. Please," he begged softly.

"Mr Stilinski -" Morrell sighed, and glanced at the file in her hand. "Stiles. My purpose here is not to break up functional pairings. I am not going to separate you and Mr Hale for mistakes."

Stiles let out a relieved breath. "Sorry." He flushed, looking toward the door. "That was the main reason I was scared I would lose him," he whispered. "Yes, I got sick, but we have people that can smack us back if we need it. Like you said, a support system..."

Ms Morrell sighed. "Stiles...people with mental health issues - such as yourself and Mr Hale - still need and deserve to take part in Dom/sub relationships like anyone else," she explained. "There are circumstances where there are increased risks - panic attacks, flashbacks, delusions...these can all compromise the safety of a scene, and in some cases, I will recommend that D/s activities be limited or excluded for those reasons. Bipolar disorder, among other things, can increase the chance of both subdrop and top drop, and again, I may recommend extra caution. But D/s activities are also beneficial to the mental health of many people, and it would be equally as irresponsible of me to deny a depressed sub a Dom as it would be to let a severely traumatized veteran do bondage."

Stiles nodded after a moment. "There are things we've done that have helped my panic problems," he murmured. He twisted his hands together. "Are there any more questions?"

"Not many," Ms Morrell reassured him. "What is subsickness, and how can it be prevented or treated?"

"Subsickness is the emotional, mental, and physical sickness that develops from not listening to instincts as well as a few other factors. It can be prevented by listening to your instincts and regular orders from your Dom. Can be treated the same way as a subdrop, though that varies from sub to sub."

Ms Morrell raised her eyebrows. "That was very precise." Perhaps Stiles had looked it up after his own experience. "You mentioned subdrop - what is it, and how can it be avoided or treated?"

"When a sub comes down from a scene too fast, or if something changes to startle him out of that mindset. Can be feelings of uselessness, guilt, worthlessness, as well as thinking they'd been bad and are undesirable. Can be avoided by making sure the sub comes down from his mindset smoothly, as well as not doing something to jolt the sub out of it. Can be treated with things such as standard aftercare and extra praise and affection."

"Tell me about some of the aftercare Mr Hale has done with you," Morrell suggested quietly.

Stiles smiled. "Holding me close, petting my hair and back." He tilted his head. "Feeding me food sometimes and getting me water. We've also talked about the scene, and what I liked and things I may not have liked. Though when I'm in subspace, he lets me float and praises me more before bringing me down slowly."
"It sounds like Mr Hale is very good to you," Morrell said, smiling. "Just one more thing: what have you learned while being paired with Mr Hale?"

"What do you mean?" Stiles asked. "By the last question? Could you reword it?"

"Everyone learns things from their relationships," Ms Morrell explained. "What have you learned from being with Mr Hale? Not just from him, but from your experience of living with him and caring about him."

Stiles hummed in thought. "I learned small things, like the affect not eating has on my meds. Or that Sir likes his coffee a certain way. I learned that sharing my mother's recipes doesn't have to be a sad thing. I learned things I like in scenes. I've made another friend, I've learned that with motivation it's easier to remember my meds, or to go to bed at a decent time."

Morrell smiled brightly at the young sub. "Then I'd say you and Mr Hale are very good for each other. You can leave now, and please send him in."

Stiles smiled brightly back at her before flushing. "Can I take a minute with him before first?" he asked softly. He really just needed to be held for a moment.

"Take all the time you need," Morrell agreed quietly.

"Thank you." Stiles smiled, bolting from the room and instantly clambering into Derek's lap, straddling it and pressing close, letting out a deep, shaking breath.

Derek dropped the magazine he'd been flipping through and wrapped his arms around Stiles. "Are you alright?" he asked, worried.

Stiles nodded, curling closer and breathing deeply, letting out the tremors he'd been holding back. "That was scary," he whispered. "N-not really hard to answer questions, just...hard in general." He looked up, nuzzling Derek's jaw.

Derek rubbed Stiles' back and kissed him, trying to steady him. "I've got you, chiquito," he murmured. "I'm sure you did very well."

Stiles leaned into the kiss, letting out a small, happy sound. "I was honest, and as brave as I could be," he whispered, relaxing fully against Derek. "And good. She said she wants to talk to you next, but when I asked, she said to take the time I needed to calm down."

"I'm very proud of you," Derek said. "You'll get a reward when we get home, I think." So long as Morrell didn't have anything too harsh to say to Derek.

Stiles’ eyes lit up as he smiled brightly, kissing Derek softly. "I like making you proud," he admitted.

"I'm glad," Derek replied. "Should I be asking you to do challenging things more often, to give you the opportunity?"

Stiles wiggled a bit on his lap, smiling softly. "I like the thought of that. Slow first, please?"

"Of course," Derek agreed. "And if there's anything you want to learn to do, let me know, and we can try that, too."

Stiles nodded, smiling softly up at him, head tilted back. "I can't think of anything yet, but I'll try and
"How about you think about that while I go in and talk to Morrell?" Derek suggested. "It might distract you from worrying."

Stiles nodded, kissing Derek again, leaning into it and using the kiss to settle himself down. He pulled away after a moment, flushing softly. "Yes sir. I'll try and think of one while you're talking to her."

"Good boy," Derek praised. "It's okay if you can't, but if you can, I'll be proud, alright?"

Stiles gave Derek a small smile. "Yes sir. Please, be safe." He kissed Derek's cheek, hugging him tightly. Those three words were on the tip of his tongue but he bit them back.

"I will," Derek promised. "Do you think you can get off my lap so I can stand up, querido?"

Stiles pouted softly, though he went to stand, taking as long as he could.

Derek hid a laugh at Stiles' obvious reluctance. "The sooner you let me leave, the sooner I can come back," he pointed out.

"Fiiiiinne," Stiles whined playfully, kissing Derek's cheek and standing up. He smiled shyly up at Derek, his hands going up to pick at his lower lip.

"Chiquito," Derek reminded him as he stood, taking Stiles' hand away from his face. He kissed Stiles' forehead quickly. "I'll be right back, querido, okay? You'll be fine."

Stiles gave him a shy smile, nodding and leaning into the Derek's before curling up where he'd was sitting, trying not to panic as his Dom walked into the office.

Derek did his nervousness behind a façade of confidence as he entered Morrell's room, but he wasn't sure how effective it was.

Morrell looked up from her notes, giving him a small smile, waving to a seat. "Sit down, Mr. Hale."

Derek sat, looking unhappily at Morrell's notes. "Derek, please," he requested.

Morrell smiled, setting down her pen and clasping her hands on top of her notes. "This is going to be very simple, Derek. It shouldn't take too long, okay?"

"I'd appreciate that," Derek replied. "There's only so long Stiles can deal with the anticipation."

"He seems very attached to you." Morrell smiled wider, recalling the soft confession the sub had uttered. While she was a little worried that it was just attachment to his mentor Dom, something told her it wasn't quite what she thought.

Derek smiled softly, thinking of Stiles' affectionate kisses. "He is - it's a big responsibility," he admitted.

Something in Morrell's chest settled at that smile. "You're rather attached too, hmm?" Her smile was soft.

Derek didn't want to admit it, but he'd told Stiles to be brave and honest, and he could do no less. "He's very important to me."
Morrell nodded, making a small note before pressing her lips together. "Derek. Stiles told me about what happened when he had to safeword. I want to know what you plan on doing about that. And your plans to avoid the following subsickness, as well as if you get triggered again."

Derek sighed. "I'm seeing my therapist again, for a start. I need to be...better than I used to be, if I'm going to be able to look after him."

"That is a good start." She nodded, twining her fingers together. "And if you do get triggered again? If Stiles' starts getting subsickness again?"

"I don't want to abandon him again," Derek said firmly. The memory of Stiles' desperate clinging when Derek finally emerged was still far too fresh. "If I don't speak to him for a day, he has instructions to confront me no matter what, and if it doesn't work, to call Laura - my older sister.'

"Ah yes, Stiles mentioned her." Ms Morrell laughed softly. "I take it you're close to her?"

"We were all either of us had for years," Derek said softly. "Yes, we're close. She's mentoring Stiles' best friend now, actually."

"Sounds like you two have a lovely support system. That's crucial in cases like yours." She smiled, leaning forward with a soft sigh. "Derek." She paused for a moment. "I hope you keep this in mind. You are allowed to safeword as well. It's not just for subs, you know. If you are in any way uncomfortable, you have just as much a right to end the scene as your sub."

"Why are you...?" Derek asked, confused. "Did Stiles say something?"

Morrell shook her head. "Stiles told me about the triggered episode. As well as what followed. I was just letting you know. Because a lot of Doms don't realize that safewords work both ways."

Derek closed his eyes for a moment. Historically, him safewording hadn't exactly done any good. "I'll keep it in mind," he said

"Good." Morrell leaned back in her chair. "Overall, Derek, you're doing a really good job." She smiled. "Your sub is happy, healthy, and cares very much for you. To the point that twice he started crying because of how scared he was that he'd lose you. But even fearing that, he didn't lie, he told me everything honestly, even when he was scared it would cost him you. You have a very well behaved and lovely sub. Take pride in him." She stood, tucking her notes in their file. She held out her hand for Derek to shake. "You may go with your sub, Derek. There's no reason for us to even suspect you. You're a wonderful Dom."

Derek blinked, shocked. Stiles was amazing, of course, and he knew Stiles thought he was a good Dom, but...Morrell agreed? Who must have seen hundreds, maybe thousands of pairs? "Th-thank you," he stuttered, standing to take her hand. "We don't even need a supervisor?"

"No, Derek, I think you're doing wonderfully. I will, however, request that I see you in six months' time for another review, just to see how you are doing with the therapy, and if anything else happens. But honestly, Derek. You're doing a great job. Keep it up." She squeezed his hand after shaking it, smiling.

"I... Thank you," Derek said again, his mind totally blank. "Stiles will be relieved," he said at last.

"Oh, I have no doubt he will be." Ms Morrell smiled. "You too, I imagine. I'll send a letter closer to the check-in, just to remind you. Have a great day, ok?"
"Uh - you too," Derek answered absently, still off-guard. "Just...thank you, again. I'll...see you in six months?"

"Six months." She raised her eyebrows, amused. "Go on, Derek. Take a moment if you need it, but I can bet that Stiles is slowly pacing a hole in my lobby carpet."

Derek shook his head, his mind seizing on the picture of Stiles, anxious but brave, waiting for him. "No, I'd better go tell him. Thanks."

Stiles was jittery, leg bouncing as he tried to keep from picking at his lips. His hair was a mess and he was almost ready to scream he was so nervous. As soon as he saw the door open he jerked up, twisting his hands together until Derek was back in the lobby, door closed behind him. He all but ran to Derek, clinging to him tightly. "How'd it go?" he asked, fear in his voice.

Derek caught Stiles up in a tight hug. "We're good," he said instantly. "Everything's fine."

Stiles slumped against him, tears in his eyes. "Oh thank god," he said in a rush, clinging tightly. "My sir."

"I've got you, mi querido, it's alright," Derek reassured him. "All we have to do is come back in six months to make sure everything's still good, okay? And almost everyone has to do that."

Stiles pressed a long kiss to Derek's jaw, nuzzling close. He didn't care that they were still in the lobby of the DAC. He just wanted his Dom. He wanted to not feel so panicked.

"Mi querido, tell me how you're feeling," Derek ordered, worried at how jittery Stiles was.

"Scared, relieved, worried, the panic is slowly leaving," Stiles sniffled. His fingers were trembling as they twisted in Derek's jacket.

"That's good, chiquito, you're doing really well," Derek praised. "I won't put you in subspace in public - do you think you'll be alright until we get home?"

Stiles nodded. "Just, please, don't let go," he whispered. "Even if it's just my arm or something? Please?" He knew the subspace would help him calm down, but he wasn't that thrilled at the thought of doing it in public either.

"I've got you, mi querido," Derek promised. "We're going to stay like this until you're ready, and then I'm going to have my arm around your waist until we get to the car. Is that okay with you?" he checked.

"Yes sir," Stiles breathed, relaxing a bit against him and soaking it up for a few moments. "O-okay, I wanna go home," he whispered.

Derek pressed a kiss to the crown of Stiles' hair and stepped back a little. "Let's go, then."

Stiles clung as much as he could as they walked, pressing close to Derek and leaving his eyes on the ground.

"Mi querido?" Derek asked quietly as they left the hall, hoping to redirect Stiles to happier lines of thought. "Did you think of anything you wanted to learn, while you were waiting?"
"I think I want to learn to crochet," he murmured after a moment. "I was looking at one of the magazines and there's this huge thick blanket in it that I wanted to see if I could make."

Derek was a bit surprised, but didn't say so. "That would be nice for aftercare, wouldn't it?" he said instead. "I'm proud of you for thinking of something."

Stiles gave him a tiny smile. "I thought it would be nice to keep it for aftercare, or just curling up under it. It was really thick and looked really soft."

"Well, maybe for one of your rewards this week we can go to the craft store and get you some supplies," Derek suggested. "We could even go today - you've definitely earned it - but I suspect you'd rather go home."

"Please. I want to go home. Can we go later, or tomorrow? I just..." Stiles flushed, shifting a bit. "I need you."

"Later is fine, chiquito," Derek promised. "We'll go straight home."

Stiles relaxed, smiling up at Derek and kissing his jaw. He paused near the car, shifting his feet. Derek didn't try to urge him on, just wrapped him in a hug and held him close. "Mi querido, I'm going to need you to be brave again, okay? I can't hold you and drive."

Stiles let out a soft whimper, hugging him close and nodded. "Yes sir," he whispered, shivering a bit.

"Good boy," Derek said warmly. "You're doing really well, mi querido, okay? You just tell me when you're ready."

Stiles took a deep breath, clenching his eyes closed. "Okay, let's go home"

"Good boy." Derek stripped off his jacket and handed it to Stiles. "Put that on, okay?" he ordered as he unlocked the car and opened the door for Stiles to get in.

Stiles slid on the jacket before slipping into the car, burying his face in the leather and breathing deeply.

Derek got in quickly and started the car. "What would you like to do when we get home, chiquito?" he asked, hoping to keep Stiles distracted from his lingering anxiety.

"Want you to pick. Just want to stop these jitters," Stiles whined.

"Something familiar or something new?" Derek asked. Since the sensation play scene they'd started discussing kinks in more detail, to the point that Derek had a few potential scenes stored up in his brain.

"Something new?" Stiles gave Derek a small smile. He curled up on his seat, jacket covering his mouth and nose, one hand having traveled to grasp the hem of Derek's shirt as he drove.

"We can do something new, chiquito," Derek agreed.

Stiles smiled, settling deeper in the jacket and trying not to vibrate out of his own skin.

"We've talked about a few things," Derek remarked. "Is there something that appeals to you today or do you want me to choose?"
"You choose," Stiles whispered. "I can't get my brain to focus on one," he admitted, pulling his legs into the seat with him.

Derek glanced over at Stiles, curled up small and clinging. "Would you like to be a little boy today?" he suggested carefully.

Stiles tilted his head in thought before nodding, giving Derek a small smile. "Yes sir."

Derek smiled back. "Okay then. Is there anything in particular you'd like to do, or not do?" They'd discussed it before, but it was worth checking.

"Don't want to do the diapers thing." Stiles shuddered. "I don't think I'll get that far back anyway."

"That's fine," Derek said calmly, although he was privately pleased. He didn't know if he could manage Stiles being that young. "We don't have supplies for that, anyway."

Stiles relaxed, smiling shyly up at Derek from where he was curled up in the seat. "Thank you."

"You're welcome, chiquito," Derek said, his voice warm. "I like looking after you."

Chapter End Notes

Almost fifty thousand words! And, god knows how, more than two hundred and fifty subscribers! You guys are great, and super motivating. I hope you all enjoyed it, and we're looking forward to your comments.
Three Little Words

Chapter Summary

Stiles gave a happy hum, cuddling close. "Love you Daddy," he murmured softly, his eyes half closed.

Derek's breath caught, and he buried tearful eyes in Stiles' hair. Little Stiles loved him - Derek who played with him, and fed him, and cuddled him. Little Stiles loved his caretaker, his family. Derek sighed, knowing what Stiles needed to hear, and knowing it would mean so much more than little Stiles would really understand. "I love you too," Derek confessed, his voice cracking.

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As agreed, Stiles slips down in mental age and lets Derek look after him for a while. But there are some things he's willing to let slip as a little kid that he wouldn't normally say.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: If age play isn't your thing, skip this one, or at the very least, skip to the last three paragraphs. Completely non-sexual though, and age play will ALWAYS be non-sexual with these two. Stiles calls Derek 'Daddy' while little. Also, really really brief mention of Derek/Kate after "But that only made Derek cry harder" in the second-last paragraph.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stiles scrambled to sit up properly as their house came into view. "Home," he breathed.

A warm feeling welled up in Derek's chest at how easily Stiles had adopted his house as their home.

Stiles unbuckled, slipping from the car and going to wait beside Derek's door for him. He was still almost vibrating out of his skin.

Derek looked at Stiles consideringly as he got out and locked the car. "I think I'm strong enough to carry you piggyback," he suggested. "Would you like that, chiquito?"

Stiles' eyes lit up as he nodded. "I haven't had a piggy back ride since I was little," he whispered. "But...I don't want to hurt you..."

"If you're too heavy, I'll just put you down," Derek promised. He turned his back to Stiles and crouched a little. "Hop on, then."

"Stiles crawled onto Derek's back carefully, arms around Derek's neck loosely, legs wrapped around his waist.

Derek straightened up with a grunt, grabbing Stiles' legs to support them better. "You can hold on
tighter if you want," he commented as he started back towards the house.

Stiles relaxed against Derek, tucking his face in Derek's neck, his grip tightening just a bit. "'kay."

"Good," Derek praised. "You can let yourself slip a little, okay?" he pointed out. "Younger or subbier or whatever you need."

Stiles smiled, nuzzling close to Derek and letting out a soft sigh.

"That's it, chiquito, I've got you," Derek promised quietly. The locked front door presented him with a bit of a dilemma - his keys were still in his hand, but he'd have to let go of Stiles to use them.

Stiles clenched his legs tighter around Derek's waist so his Dom could open the door.

"Thanks, querido," Derek said, letting go just long enough to get the door open. "Mind your head."

"Yes'sir," Stiles murmured, already relaxing and sinking just a bit.

"That's good, corazoncito." Derek carried Stiles to the living room and backed up to one of the couches. "Are you going to let me put you down now?"

"What's corazoni - whatever it was you just called me?" Stiles asked softly, loosening his legs to slide off Derek's back and onto the couch.

"Corazoncito," Derek repeated slowly, sitting down next to Stiles. "'Corazon', which you've heard before, means heart or sweetheart. And 'cito' means little. So 'corazoncito' means little heart or little sweetheart."

Stiles beamed up at him, cuddling close, making himself into a small ball to try and sink further into it. "I like it. I love all your pet names."

"I'm glad, chiquito," Derek said, dropping a quick kiss to Stiles' lips. "Are there any other pet names you'd like me to use?"

"I like all of them," he murmured against the kiss, letting out a small, happy sound. He really did like the affection Derek was more open to giving now.

"Well, corazoncito," Derek smiled, "are you going to be a little boy for me this afternoon?"

Stiles nodded, giving Derek a shy smile. "I want to be," he whispered. "It's just hard sinking down when I'm so jittery."

Derek hummed, thinking. He didn't want to cuff Stiles when they were aiming for age-play, and making him kneel could work, but he still didn't think it was the best idea. "How do you feel about me helping you change into play clothes?" he suggested. They had both dressed fairly formally for the DAC appointment, and it would be nice to wear something more casual.

Stiles perked up at that. "That might help, and this shirt is itchy." He smiled, suddenly shy. Not at the thought of Derek changing him, but more because he wanted so badly to sink down where he didn't need to worry.

"Alright, then, chiquito," Derek said, standing up and offering his hand to Stiles. "Let's go upstairs."

Stiles slid his hand into Derek's, standing and smiling at him, kissing his jaw. He followed his Dom up the stairs, holding his hand tightly. He was already starting to relax.
Stiles' room was messy, but not enough that Derek was going to say anything. Stiles had a right to his own space, and to keep it the way he liked it. Instead, Derek led Stiles over to the chest of drawers and asked, "Where are your t-shirts, corazoncito?"

"Second drawer," Stiles murmured, content to sit on the floor next to Derek, making himself smaller again.

"Thank you, nene," Derek said absently, looking through the options. After a bit, he picked out a black shirt with the Batman logo and a shirt with a target on it in blue, red and white. "Which do you want?"

Stiles flushed softly. He pointed to the Captain America shirt before pausing, his head tilting to the side. "Wha's 'nene'?"

Derek put the Batman shirt away and handed the Captain America shirt to Stiles. "Hold that for me, please. Nene means baby boy, corazon," he explained.

Stiles flushed darker, giving Derek a small smile as he clutched the shirt close. "I like it," he admitted softly. He held the shirt to his chest, but didn't move to strip or put it on. He wanted Derek to do it.

"Are pants in the bottom drawer?" Derek asked, smiling down at Stiles.

"Uh huh." Stiles nodded, pulling his feet close and crossing his legs. He chewed on the end of his thumb. "Pants and shorts in the bottom. Jamma's in the top with the socks and underwear."

Derek stroked Stiles' hair and crouched to look in the bottom drawer. "Thank you, nene," he said as he looked, choosing a well-worn, baggy pair of jeans. "Up you get."

Stiles stood up carefully, making sure not to let go of the shirt. "'tay." He gave Derek a smile, chewing on the tip of his thumb. He had to admit, the pet-name and the way both parts of the outfit Derek had picked were bigger than he was made Stiles sink just a little further.

"Good boy," Derek said, smiling. He stayed on the floor, carefully unbuckling Stiles' belt and pulling it free, then unbuttoning and unzipping Stiles' pants and slipping them down over his hips.

Stiles let out a soft laugh, wiggling his hips to help get his pants off, one hand on the wall to brace himself as he toed off his shoes.

Derek tugged the pants down to the floor, holding them in place for Stiles to step out of.

Stiles stumbled, managing to catch himself on the dresser but had to muffle a laugh in the shirt in his hand. "Oops. Sorry."

"That's okay, corazoncito," Derek reassured him, moving the pants out of the way so Stiles wouldn't step on them again, and unfolding the jeans, holding them open for Stiles to step into. "So long as you didn't get hurt, it doesn't matter."

"'Tay." Stiles smiled, carefully stepping into the pants, sighing softly at the much softer material. "Thank you."

"You're welcome, nene," Derek said warmly, pulling the pants up around Stiles' waist and doing them up for him. "Is that comfy?"
"Much better," Stiles said, nodding. "Not itchy. Shirt now?" he asked, plucking at the slick shirt he was wearing. He liked it, he really did, but right now the way it itched his skin was driving him insane.

Derek nodded, and knelt up to start unbuttoning it. It occurred to him that Stiles really should have some nice shirts that didn't itch - or maybe, since Stiles hadn't complained earlier, he just needed softer fabrics when he was subby.

Stiles smiled widely, setting the Captain America shirt on top of the dresser and held out his arms, giggling softly.

Derek raised his eyebrows at Stiles' giggles and tickled his ribs lightly.

Stiles screeches out a laugh, his arms clamping down, his nose wrinkled. "Noooooo. No tickle."

"Are you sure, nene?" Derek asked, grinning, as he sneaked his fingers up towards Stiles' armpits.

Stiles laughed, back up against the wall. "No! No tickkklee!" His nose was crinkled and his eyes bright and wide. "Daddy! No tickle me."

Derek paused. "Colour, Stiles?" he checked. He liked Stiles' laugh, and he thought Stiles was enjoying the tickling, but it was best to be sure.

"Green," Stiles chirped back, smiling brightly at Derek. "My favorite color!"

Derek smiled back gratefully, and attacked Stiles' armpits.

Stiles giggled, screeching as he slid down the wall to the floor, curling up and laughing brightly. "Daaaaaaadddy!" He panted, trying to wiggle away.

Derek wrapped Stiles up in a huge bear hug. "You can't get away from me!" he threatened. "I'm - " he searched his memory for an appropriate villain - "the Dread Dinosaur Derek!"

"Nooo! Not the dreaded dinoswar!" Stiles giggled, wiggling around in Derek’s hold. "Daddy save me!" he cried out, laughing and squirming.

Derek laughed as he squeezed Stiles tighter. "Nope! You're all mine, nene - I'm not going to let you go."

Stiles giggled, burying his face in Derek's neck. "All yours, Daddy," he chirped back. "I put on shirt now?"

"Oh no, nene, you'll get your arms all tangled up," Derek said warmly, letting go and sitting back. "Arms out, corazoncito."

"'Tay!" Stiles giggled, holding his arms out. "I'm a plane!" He wiggled his fingers, shifting where he was sitting.

Derek unrolled Stiles' sleeves, pulling the unbuttoned cuffs over Stiles' hands one at a time. "Can you pull your arms out of the sleeves?"

Stiles nodded, giggling a bit as he flailed his arms. "Out!" he whined, shaking his arms loose. "There! All done, Daddy." He grinned. "Cap'n 'Merica shirt!" he squealed, reaching for it and handing it to Derek.
Derek grinned, shaking out the shirt and scrunching it up to the neck-hole. "Arms, nene?" he asked, holding the shirt out to Stiles.

"Arms!" Stiles held his arms out in front of him, wiggling his hands into the arm holes of the shirt. "Who's your fav'rite Daddy? Mine's Bucky!"

"I think you're my favourite, corazoncito," Derek answered as he tugged the shirt over Stiles' head.

"Silly Daddy!" Stiles smiled. "I'm not a 'uperhero!"

"Are you sure?" Derek asked quietly. "I think you're pretty super."

"I'm not a hero, Daddy." Stiles fist ed his shirt, tugging it down. "You're my hero though, Daddy!" He smiled brighter, scrambling up. "We have maccy cheese for dinner?"

Derek thought through the contents of their cupboards. "I think we can do that, nene," he replied, getting up as well. "Come on, querido, let's go downstairs."

"Yay maccy cheese!" Stiles screeched, running down the stairs. "Daddy, why do we have stairs? Why can't we just jump? Cuz its too high?"

"Even if we could jump down, how could we get back up?" Derek pointed out, following more sedately. "Careful, corazoncito."

"Jumping!" Stiles giggled, jumping off the last step. "Tada!" He turned, smiling up at Derek. "I can color?" he asked, bouncing on his toes. "Please Daddy? I p'omise not to color on the walls or floor."

Derek was privately impressed at how deeply Stiles had managed to sink into the role. "I know you won't, nene," Derek said, ruffling Stiles' hair. "You're a good boy, aren't you? We can colour."

Stiles smiled, reaching up to grab Derek's hand, nuzzling it and squealing happily. "Thank you! I'm Daddy's good boy." He nodded, spinning and running into the living room, where he tripped on air and fell to the rug with an 'oof'. "Whoops, crash landing," he giggled breathlessly.

"You okay, nene?" Derek checked, although Stiles seemed fine. He was much clumsier like this, which Derek supposed made sense, but he hadn't really thought about before.

"Crash and burn!" Stiles laughed, nodding and sitting up. "I trip on air." He shrugged. "I okay, Daddy."

"Good," Derek replied, smiling back. "Would you like to colour at the table or on the floor, corazoncito?"

"Table!" Stiles giggled, scooting up so he was pressed against it.

"Can you sit at the table like a good boy while I get your colouring things?" Derek asked.

"Yes, Daddy!" Stiles said, beaming. He sat with his legs stretched out at the table, humming softly as he drew invisible patterns on the tabletop.

"Good boy," Derek praised, ruffling Stiles' hair again, and went upstairs for Stiles' art supplies. Considering how well this was going, he'd have to get Stiles some proper colouring books soon, but for now he at least had pencils and paper.
Stiles hummed softly to himself, fiddling with his fingers on the table top. "Man down, Man down!" he mumbled, making one of them fall off the table.

Derek took a moment to collect himself upstairs. Stiles had gotten little so fast. Which, so far, seemed typical of him and subspace, and yes, Derek had suspected he might have an affinity for age play, but...it was a lot of responsibility. No more than any other time, he reminded himself. Stiles trusted Derek to look after him. And Derek would. He started back down the stairs.

Stiles was laying on top of the table chattering to himself.

"Chiquito," Derek said, sighing, although internally amused. "Is that sitting at the table like I told you to?"

Stiles squeaked, rolling off the table with a giggle. "Sorry Daddy!" He scrambled to re-seat himself, giving Derek an innocent smile.

"Corazoncito, we eat off that table," Derek pointed out. "We need to keep it clean."

"Yes Daddy. Sowwy." Stiles lowered his eyes, still giggling softly. "Was just p'aying."

"Are you really sorry, nene?" Derek asked, putting the stuff in his hands down and reaching out for Stiles' shoulder.

"I am," Stiles murmured. "Was just playing. Didn't think about it..." He looked up at Derek, an innocent look on his face.

"Well, when we're done playing, you can help me clean the table," Derek decided. "There are places good for playing, and there are places for other things."

"'Tay," Stiles mumbled, shoulders slumping. "Don' like cleaning," he whined softly, more to himself than to Derek. "Color now?"

"You can colour now, nene," Derek agreed, passing Stiles the pencils and paper. "You're using special colouring paper today," he explained. "The lines are invisible, so you have to guess where they are and what the picture might be."

Stiles' eyes lit up. "Really? Do they show up at all? Or are they always inbisible?" he tilted his head, taking the pencils and picking out a green one. "Is it a dinoswar?"

"It might be a dinosaur," Derek said, smiling gladly that Stiles had accepted his explanation for the blank paper. "You'll know you got it right if you get a good picture at the end."

Stiles grinned widely, his tongue poking out of the edge of his mouth as he drew, chattering softly to himself as he colored. "Daddy! Which one is blue?"

Derek raised his eyebrows at the question, but picked out three pencils for Stiles. "You can have a light blue, a medium blue, or a dark blue," he explained. "Which one do you want?"

"Dark!" Stiles giggled, taking the darker one and scribbling in the sky. "It's night time! Shhhh, dinos are s'eeping."

Derek smiled at Stiles' clumsy colouring where he was normally so precise. "Is the moon up?" he
whispered obediently. "Or are there only stars?"

"Only stars!" Stiles replied, taking the yellow and stabbing some dots through the blue. "See?"

"I do see," Derek agreed. "What else is there in this picture? A dinosaur, the sky, stars..."

"Trees!" Stiles smiled, tongue sticking out of his mouth as he carefully drew in a sloppy tree. "And a wake." He drew the lake in the bottom corner. "Dinoswar is playing at the wake." He nodded to himself, grinning up at Derek. His pupils were blown and wide, his feet moving slightly as he colored.

"Wow!" Derek said, feeling a pang as he remembered playing with his siblings like this when they were little. "I think you figured out all the invisible lines, nene, because that looks perfect! You did such a good job!"

Stiles preened and beamed at the praise, coloring in the grass before showing Derek. "Tada! Dinoswar!"

"You are such a good drawer, nene," Derek praised. "In fact, I think we should put that on the fridge." They could take it down when Stiles was big again if he was embarrassed.

Stiles' eyes grew larger. "The fwidge!? Yes! Please, Daddy?" He hopped up, bouncing on his feet.

Derek grinned at him and stood, taking Stiles hand and picking up the picture. "Let's go put it up now, then."

"Yay!" Stiles squealed happily, tugging on Derek's hand and trying to lead him to the fridge faster. "Now everyone see it!"

Derek smiled, but didn't let Stiles pull him any faster. "The fridge won't go away if we take two minutes longer to get there."

"You don' know that, Daddy!" Stiles said, tugging harder. "Maybe it walked away!"

"On what legs?" Derek asked, letting Stiles tug him but not going any faster.

Stiles giggled, using both hands to try and tug Derek along. "It grew them! Silly Daddy!"

"Ohhhh," Derek said. "Well, I guess we'd better check, then." He grinned and ran for the kitchen door.

Stiles squealed, running into the kitchen and pouting. "Aw, it's still there!" He giggled, peering around Derek. "Guess it gets to hold my pic'ure, and not have legs!"

Derek wrapped an arm around Stiles' waist. "It's a good thing too," he pointed out. "Or we wouldn't be able to make you mac and cheese for dinner."

Stiles let out a loud gasp. "My maccy cheese!" He scrambled to hug Derek, half climbing him before humming and letting himself slide down to the floor with a laugh. "Whatimesit?"

Derek laughed at Stiles' antics. "Time for me to make you dinner," he answered, "if you can let me go long enough for me to do it." There was absolutely no way he was letting Stiles near hot pots like this, no matter how competent he was in the kitchen normally.
"Car'oons?" Stiles asked. "I can watch car'oons while dinner cooks?"

That was a fairly good solution, actually. "Alright, nene," Derek agreed. "Let's put this on the fridge, and then we can clean the dining table, and then you can watch cartoons."

"Yuuuck, c'eaning?" Stiles wrinkled his nose, but nodded, his shoulders slumped. "Hate c'eaning. wanna watch car'oons." He pouted, turning to the fridge and pointed. "There?" he asked, smiling shyly up at Derek.

Derek ceremoniously clipped the picture in place. "Is that how you want it?" he checked. "And no one likes cleaning, Stiles, but it still needs to be done."

"Perfect!" Stiles agreed, then wrinkled his nose. "Yuck, c'eaning. Daddy help?" He looked up pleadingly.

"How about you put your colouring things away upstairs, and I use the spray cleaner?" Derek suggested. The table was actually pretty clear, because Stiles stress-cleaned and, well, the DAC appointment had been worrying him since the letter came.

" 'Tay. Then I help wipe it off." Stiles nodded, scrambling to gather up his pencils and papers, chattering softly to himself as he ran up the stairs.

Derek sighed, thinking through the rest of the evening. Cleaning the table, making dinner while Stiles watched cartoons, eating, cleaning up from dinner? Maybe he should save that for when Stiles was bigger. No, he'd need aftercare and it wouldn't get done till morning, by which time the cheese would be hardened and disgusting.

Stiles bounced down the stairs, giggling as he skated into the room on his socks. "Daddy!" He almost crashed into Derek, hugging him tightly. "Wipe now?"

"Whoa!" Derek cried, catching Stiles around the waist. "You're going to need a helmet if you keep racing around like that." He passed Stiles a wipe.

"I'm a fast runner!" Stiles giggled, wiping at the table, scrubbing it. "C'ean c'ean c'ean. I c'ean so I can watch ca'tooogooogooogoooons!" he sang.

Derek smiled wryly at Stiles' (fairly awful) singing voice, spraying the cleaner just ahead of where Stiles was wiping. "Make sure you get everywhere," he warned.

"Alllll the germies!!" Stiles sang, giggling as he finished wiping off the table. "Shiny!"

It was funny, really. Stiles could, in fact, carry a tune in a bucket. Derek had heard him singing along to things enough times to know. But right now? No. "Well done, corazoncito," Derek praised. "Pass me the cloth and go sit on the couch, okay?"

" 'Tay!" Stiles beamed at the praise, almost vibrating out of his skin as he handed Derek the towel before running into the living room and vaulting over the couch.

Derek winced. "Nene, no running inside!" he called. He was definitely making that a rule for when Stiles was little. They'd break something someday otherwise.

Stiles giggled from where he had flown to plop on the couch. "Sorry, Daddy!" he called, curling up in the corner of the couch, humming to himself.
Derek huffed, following Stiles into the living room. "Nene, if you keep running around indoors, I'm going to have to start punishing you," he warned.

"No!" Stiles screeched, pouting up at Derek and burying himself under one of the small blankets on the couch. "I be good! No 'panking."

Derek put his hands on his hips. "No spanking," he agreed. "But every time you forget and start running around, you'll sit quietly on the floor for one minute." He didn't want to punish little Stiles the same way he'd usually do it.

"Ughhhh," Stiles whined, flopping down to lay down on the couch. "I be good, Daddy, I be good."

"Good," Derek praised, finding the remote and switching to one of the kids channels. "Here you go, chiquito."

"T'ank you!" Stiles replied, curling back up on the couch to watch the cartoon, his thumb absently slipping into his mouth as his eyes were transfixed. Even when he'd been an actual kid, the TV was one of the only things that would keep him still for any length of time.

"If you need anything, you come get me, okay?" Derek said, putting the remote next to Stiles. "Especially if you're feeling yellow or red."

"Ota'y!" Stiles gave Derek a small smile, his voice slurring around his thumb. "I make sure to tell you, Daddy, if it happen."

Derek smiled at him gratefully. "Good boy." He went to the kitchen, and started water boiling for the pasta.

Stiles chattered quietly to himself, eyes locked on the TV, even as his fingers and hands flapped around as he talked. Eventually he was upside down on the couch, head hanging off and his legs on the top of the couch. The chattering picked up speed and volume, until he finally burst out with "BOOM! and head-shot!" He giggled madly, rolling a bit where he was laying.

Derek laughed quietly in the kitchen. Stiles was ridiculous, really, and Derek couldn't help but love it. While the water boiled, he got the ingredients out of the cupboard and fridge. They didn't have macaroni, but they had spirals, and hopefully Stiles would like that too. He could break apart the sliced cheese instead of using pre-shredded stuff. After a moment's thought, Derek got out the broccoli and bacon as well. He wanted at least some vegetables.

Stiles started shouting along with a theme song on the TV, bouncing a bit on the couch before hopping off. "Blast off!" he screeched, racing into the kitchen and landing a jump next to Derek. "Daddy!" He grinned happily, hugging Derek tightly. "Maccy cheese done? Ooooh, twistys!"

Derek sighed. "Not yet, nene, and I warned you about the running." He still needed to make the bacon and finish the sauce.

"Noooo! I be good, I'm sorry." Stiles gave a high whine. "Please Daddy, I be good."

"Nene, you said that already and you weren't," Derek pointed out.

"Pease! I be really good, P'omise!" Stiles begged, turning to head back into the living room with exaggerated slowness.
"No," Derek said firmly, brushing his hands off on his pants, and going over to Stiles to rest a hand on his shoulder. "You're going to sit where you are for one minute and be still and quiet. Clear?"

"Daaaaaaaaaaaddy," Stiles whined, though he slipped to sit on the floor, pouting at the tile. It was hard to keep still and quiet.

"Nene," Derek said quietly, crouching down to Stiles' level. "Do you see that clock? All you have to do is wait for the thin second hand to do a full circle."

"That's forever!" Stiles complained, crossing his arms to keep from fidgeting, tucking his legs close to stop them as well. "I try, Daddy," he whispered.

"Good boy," Derek praised. "I know you can do it."

Stiles wiggled a bit at the praise before stilling, staring at the clock. It was really hard to keep still, his mind flicking from thought to thought.

Derek stayed right next to Stiles, offering his quiet support. He didn't want Stiles to feel isolated by this punishment.

Stiles pouted softly, shoulders slumping and slumping. Finally, the minute was up, but he didn't move, not sure if he was really allowed to be done.

When the minute was up and Stiles showed no signs of moving, Derek murmured, "Corazoncito? You can move now."

Stiles perked up, scrambling to hug Derek around the knees. "T'ank you!"

Derek laughed a little and ruffled Stiles' hair. "You're welcome, nene. Are you going to be good now?"

"I be good!" Stiles smiled up at Derek, hugging his leg tightly, his own legs curled around it.

"Good boy," Derek praised. "Now come on, up you get. Dinner's going to be another ten minutes while I get everything ready."

"Maccy cheeeeesee!" Stiles squealed, scrambling up. "More ca'toons?" he asked, tilting his head.

"Ten more minutes," Derek agreed, "and you be good."

"'tay!" Stiles skipped back to the couch, curling up with his thumb in his mouth as he watched the TV. He ended up tugging the soft blanket off the couch onto his lap, rubbing it with his fingers.

Derek put the pasta on, quickly chopped the bacon and fried it, then began to mix up the sauce. As he worked, he tried to figure out how he was going to bring Stiles back up. Maybe they could watch a movie together and he could transition gradually?

Stiles screeched at something on the TV, laughing brightly, and pulled the blanket up to his face, absentely brushing it along his cheek and nose. After a few minutes, he headed into the kitchen again, blanket in tow and thumb still in his mouth. "Daddy?" his words slipped out slurred. "I can help?"

Derek glanced at Stiles, then looked around the kitchen. "Can you find me a colander, corazoncito?" he asked, after a moment.
"'taaaaay!" Stiles smiled, nuzzling Derek's arm for a moment before going over to rummage in a cabinet. "Here Daddy!" He beamed, putting the colander in the sink so Derek could use it, the blanket in his free hand.

"Good boy," Derek praised. "Can you put away the ingredients on the counter?"

Stiles nodded, carefully putting everything away, tongue poking out one side of his mouth. "There! All done, Daddy!" he beamed.

Derek strained the pasta and broccoli and began to mix it into the sauce. "Can you get out two bowls for me?" he asked Stiles.

"'tay." Stiles stood up from where he was sitting, rummaging around and producing two bowls. "Fork!" he giggled, getting forks and setting everything on the counter. "Table?"

"Forks on the table, nene," Derek agreed, "but I need to put food in the bowls first. You don't want us eating air when I've made this lovely mac and cheese, do you?"

Stiles giggled again. "Air not as tasty!" He set the bowls on the counter closer to the stove, going into the dining room to put the forks on the table.

Derek served the pasta and brought it to the table, not wanting Stiles to handle the hot bowls. "What do you want to drink, corazoncito?" he asked.

"'ilk p'ease!" Stiles slurred around his thumb, kicking his feet back and forth where he sat.

"Okay," Derek said. "Don't start eating before I come back." He grabbed a glass for Stiles and one for himself, filling his with water and leaving the tap running for a minute so the saucepan could soak, then brought the glasses over to the table.

"'ooks num'y!" Stiles said cheerfully, peering into his bowl. "What that?" he asked, poking one of the pieces of broccoli that was sticking out.

Derek laughed a little. "Use a fork, nene. That's broccoli."

"'ooks wike a tiny tree," Stiles noted, his thumb slipping out of his mouth so he could grab his fork. "Does it taste good, Daddy?" he asked, tilting his head and poking the broccoli.

Stiles usually liked broccoli, so... "How about you try some and see?" Derek suggested. If he didn't like it, the cheese would cover the taste a bit.

"Tiny tree," Stiles cooed, popping it into his mouth. He blinked for a few moments before grinning happily, shoving food into his mouth.

"Chew, Stiles," Derek reminded him, and started to eat his own food. "It's not going to disappear."

Stiles nodded, grinning at Derek with both cheeks bulging. He chewed, humming happily to himself as he ate.

Derek ate quietly, letting Stiles set the mood of the meal.

"Daddy! What we going to do after maccy cheese?" Stiles asked, popping a piece of bacon into his mouth happily.
"We're going to wash the dishes," Derek replied, "and then we're going to watch a movie."

"Scrubby scrubby." Stiles laughed, sucking noodles off his fork. "All done!" he said at last, showing Derek his empty bowl.

"Well done, nene," Derek praised. "Can you drink your milk too?" He still had a little to go, having eaten slower than Stiles.

Stiles nodded, beaming at Derek before starting to drink his milk, pausing to blow bubbles in it with a giggle.

Derek considered it, but in the end, he didn't say anything, just finished up and grabbed his bowl and glass as he stood. "Are you ready, nene?" he asked.

"Done!" Stiles beamed, grabbing his bowl and cup and taking them to the sink. "Bubbles?"

"I'll run the water, nene, and you can put in the bubbles," Derek agreed. "But not too much, okay?"

" 'tay! Little bubbles," Stiles agreed, grabbing the dish soap and waiting for the water to run before squirting in some soap. "That much?"

"That's plenty, nene," Derek praised, stirring the water with his hand to make it foam up. "See?"

"Bubbles!" Stiles screeched, grabbing some in his hands and giggling, clapping his hands together to send them everywhere.

Derek couldn't help but laugh a little, too. He scooped up a little of the soapy water with the empty pan and put it next to sink, handing Stiles a scrubber. "How about you have a go at that while I do the bowls, nene?" he suggested.

"Scrubby scrubby!" Stiles nodded, scrubbing the sides of the pan as he bounced on his toes.

Derek filled the pot with soapy water and put the forks, knife, and wooden spoon in it to soak, then started washing the bowls, putting them next to the sink when he was done.

"All clean?" Stiles asked, tilting the pan a bit for Derek to see. He was still scrubbing it, not wanting to miss spots.

"Looks good, nene," Derek congratulated him. "Well done! Would you like to wash the forks?"

"Yes p'ease!" he giggled, swirling his hand in the water. "Where at?"

"Here you go, corazoncito," Derek said, getting the forks out of the pot and handing them to Stiles. "Make sure you get between the tines."

"Otay!" Stiles giggled, carefully cleaning the forks. "All c'ean! Any more?" he reached into the water, swishing his hand around.

"Now you can wash the spoons," Derek suggested, passing them to Stiles and taking the knife himself. He didn't want Stiles to cut himself.

" 'tay! Anymore after?" Stiles asked, already washing the spoons carefully.

"Just the pot," Derek said, giving the chopping board he'd used for the cheese and bacon a quick
scrub. "And then we rinse everything."

"'tay!" Stiles started scrubbing the pot, giggling and leaning over it.

Derek emptied out the sink and filled it again with clean water, dumping the cutlery, bowls, and glasses in.

"Swishy swishy!" Stiles sang, swirling the dishes around to rinse them.

Since Stiles was having so much fun rinsing, Derek got a tea-towel and started drying. "Can you pass me the knife, please? Be very careful, it's sharp."

Stiles grabbed the handle, tongue poking out of his mouth as he handed it to Derek. "Sharp hurts if not careful," he murmured.

"That's right, corazoncito," Derek agreed, taking the knife, rinsing it off, and drying it. "And I don't want you to get hurt."

"No hurt!" Stiles reported, showing Derek his hands. "All clean!" He pulled out the last bowl, beaming up at Derek.

"Well done!" Derek praised. "Would you like to dry, or put things away?" He reached across and pulled the plug out.

"Things away," Stiles decided, carrying the pot and pan over to the racks, standing on tiptoe to put them up.

Derek watched him, wiping down the bowls and cups. "You're such a good helper, corazoncito."

Stiles beamed widely, bouncing on his toes and almost dropping the pan. "Whoops." He giggled, putting it up and heading to grab the other things.

Derek emptied the sink and dried his hands on the tea-towel, then put away the cutlery and utensils while Stiles did the bowls and glasses. "Shall we watch a movie, nene?" he suggested.

"Yes p'ease! What movie?" Stiles bounced over to Derek, hugging him tightly and trying to climb him, before sliding down to the floor again.

Derek smiled at Stiles' antics and crouched down. "Want a piggyback again, nene?" he offered. "I was thinking we could watch *Beauty and the Beast.*" They actually had that one, for one thing.

"Yes please! I love piggy back rides." Stiles smiled, climbing onto Derek's back and holding on tight, nuzzling his hair. "I like that movie too!" Older Stiles liked it too; it was one of his favorites.

Derek carried Stiles into the lounge room again and put him on the couch. "How about you make that comfortable for us while I get the movie started?" he suggested, seeing the mess Stiles had made of the cushions.

"'tay!" Stiles giggled at the mess, burrowing under the cushions for a moment before starting to straighten them out, pulling the blanket he'd been carrying around over his lap and tucking his thumb back into his mouth.

Derek settled on one end of the couch with the remote, opening his arms up to encourage Stiles to curl up against him. "Come on, chiquito, I want to cuddle you."
Stiles gasped happily, burrowing into his side, the blanket still over him. "Cuddles!" he said around his thumb, resting his head on Derek.

Derek wrapped his arm around Stiles and stroked his arm. "Querido, can you listen carefully?"

Stiles nodded, looking up at Derek and blinking slowly. "Was'it?"

"Chiquito, I'd like you to try to come up while we watch," Derek explained. "You're a wonderful little kid, but you're a wonderful adult too, and I'd like you to try to be more of an adult if you can. You can take all the time you need, and I'll be right here."

Stiles' brow furrowed but he nodded. "I try," he murmured, leaning up to kiss Derek's cheek. He curled close, letting out a soft sigh.

"Good boy," Derek praised, kissing Stiles' forehead. "Thank you." He settled in and started the movie.

Stiles gave a happy hum, cuddling close. "Love you Daddy," he murmured softly, his eyes half closed.

Derek's breath caught, and he buried tearful eyes in Stiles' hair. Little Stiles loved him - Derek who played with him, and fed him, and cuddled him. Little Stiles loved his caretaker, his family. Derek sighed, knowing what Stiles needed to hear, and knowing it would mean so much more than little Stiles would really understand. "I love you too," Derek confessed, his voice cracking.

"Why Daddy cry?" Stiles slurred, resting his head on Derek's shoulder. He felt really warm and heavy, content to press close to Derek.

"Because sometimes love is sad," Derek said softly. "I'll explain it when you're older."

"P'omise?" Stiles slurred, resting his head on Derek's shoulder. He felt really warm and heavy, content to press close to Derek.

"I promise, nene," Derek sighed. He glanced at the TV, where the Disney castle was showing, and turned up the sound.

Stiles hummed absently with the music, slumping against Derek, his thumb falling out of his mouth. His eyes were half closed, and by the time Belle ran away from the castle, Stiles was shivering, looking around and blinking. "Sir?" he whispered, unsure.

Derek was instantly alert. "I've got you, chiquito," he murmured reassuringly. "You're safe. Take your time."

Stiles absentely climbed into Derek's lap, burying his face in Derek's throat. He breathed deeply, relaxing a bit at a time until he was loose and pliant against him. "What time is it, sir?" he asked softly.

"Uh..." Derek didn't actually know. "About seven, I think?" It had been a bit after five when they'd done Stiles' punishment, and then they'd finished making dinner, and they'd eaten and done the dishes, and then the movie had started... "Maybe a bit earlier."

"Mkay." Stiles smiled against the skin of Derek's throat, kissing it softly before pulling away just enough to look up at Derek. "Thank you," he murmured, leaning up to kiss Derek's jaw.
"You're welcome, querido," Derek said softly, pressing gratefully into Stiles' kisses. "Would you like to finish watching the movie, or would you like to talk?"

"Talk," Stiles replied, running the tip of his nose along Derek's jaw, kissing the corner of his mouth. "I feel much better."

Derek turned away, getting the remote to pause the movie. "I'm glad, querido," he said quietly.

"Why do you seem sad?" Stiles whispered, leaning even closer. "Did I do something to make you sad?"

"What do you remember?" Derek prompted gently. From what he knew, most littles could remember what they did when they were small, given a bit of time.

Stiles frowned, tilting his head and thinking. "I remember coloring." He flushed softly, remembering the picture on the fridge. "I remember the cartoons, being punished for running...dinner..." He blushed darker when he remembered what he'd whispered. "I remember telling you I loved you."

Derek swallowed. "That's everything, then," he reassured Stiles. "You were a very good boy, overall."

Stiles shifted a bit at the praise, his cheeks still pink. "Why are you sad, sir?" he asked again.

He couldn't avoid it any longer. "Because I love my little boy," Derek admitted. "But that's not the only way I love you."

Stiles' breathing hitched. "What other ways?" he asked, shifting forward in Derek's lap, eyes locked on his face. Did Derek love Stiles like Stiles did him?

Derek kept his eyes down, not daring to see what was on Stiles' face. "I'm beginning to love you in every way I can think of."

Stiles' eyes lit up, leaning forward to pull him into a tight hug, his lips over Derek's ear. "I love you, Derek," he admitted, his voice quiet and awed, deliberately using his name, wanting Derek to know it wasn't just his Dom Stiles loved, but the man his Dom was.

Derek's head flew up and he stared at Stiles. Surely he hadn't heard what he thought he'd heard?

Stiles beamed at Derek, his arms still around his Dom's shoulders. He leaned forward, nuzzling his jaw affectionately. "I do," he murmured. "I love you, it wasn't just kid me talking."

"But - " Derek stammered. "But why?" With what Morrell had said earlier, he was starting to think today was a dream, and he was going to wake up and have Stiles taken away from him. This couldn't be real.

"Why do I love you?" Stiles laughed softly, tilting his head. "Sir, you're amazing. And I'm not just talking about how good a Dom you are. I enjoy talking to you, spending time with you. Why is it so hard to believe that I would love the man who just so happens to be my Dominant?"

"It's not that I'm your Dom," Derek protested. "I mean...why would you love me?"

Stiles snorted. "I just said, silly." he teased, a grin on his face. "You may be my dominate, but I don't just love my Dom. I love you. Because I know you, I know how you like your coffee, and the
chocolate stash you think you're hiding in your office. I love making you laugh, hearing it and seeing the grin cross your face. I love the fact that you refuse to do anything by halves, giving everything your all." He reached out, running his hand through Derek's hair. "I love you, Derek," he whispered, kissing his cheek.

Derek started crying in earnest then. It was too much, too much to hear after years of quiet 'I love you's between him and Laura as they said goodbye, after - after Her, after all the 'I love you's he'd never hear again from his family.

Stiles' brow furrowed in confusion, dragging Derek into a hug. "It's okay," he murmured softly, letting his Dom cry. He ran his hands over Derek's back and up into his hair, kissing his temple. "I've got you."

But that only made Derek cry harder, because Stiles had him, he did, and Stiles would never hurt him, never ever. "The - the last person who said they - they loved me," he sobbed, "b-burned my family to death because...because I loved them too."

Stiles gasped, gripping Derek closer. "Oh..." he breathed, scooting as close as he could. That made a lot of sense, the puzzle pieces slipping together from what he knew of the Dom that had hurt Derek. "Oh, sir," he whispered. "Derek, I would never do something like that. You're safe, I'm safe," he soothed. "Laura and her Sub are safe. I promise, I won't cause any of them harm. Especially you."

"I know," Derek gulped. "I know you wouldn't, I know."

Stiles smiled brightly, kissing him gently and cuddling close. "Sir," he breathed, wiping the tears from Derek's cheeks softly. "I have much to learn from you, and I want to keep learning for the rest of my life." His smile softened.

Derek buried his face in Stiles' neck, his breath still sobbing in his throat even as he began to be able to hold the tears back. He wanted the comfort Stiles was offering.

Stiles hummed softly, content to cuddle Derek close. He was worried, but he knew that his Dom needed to let it out. And he was elated. Derek loved him back! Even if it was just the beginning of that feeling, Stiles would take it.

Derek could barely comprehend it: Stiles loved him, and they were both safe. Stiles loved him! And Morrell thought Derek was a good Dom, and was looking after him right, and Stiles loved him.

Stiles ran his hands through Derek's hair, humming lightly. "My Dom," he hummed. "My Derek." he cuddled closer, cupping Derek's cheek in a palm, thumb brushing away tears.

Derek nuzzled into Stiles' palm with all the sweetness he'd once shown to Her and she'd trodden into the ashes.

Stiles' eyes lit up with joy. "Sir," he murmured, resting their foreheads together. "Do you need anything?"

"Please stay," Derek begged. He felt so safe right now. "Just...hold me, and stay."

"Yes sir, of course I will." Stiles smiled, hugging him. He shifted on his knees a bit to settle down, hugging him tighter. "I've got you."

It was a long time before Derek loosened his hold on Stiles' waist, shifting away the tiniest bit, long
enough that Derek had half fallen asleep in Stiles' arms before he did.


Derek hummed happily, then realized he'd forgotten - they'd been doing aftercare when he started crying. "St'les, chiq'to," he murmured. "You okay? After th' scene?"

Stiles beamed. "I'm very good." he whispered softly. "I promise. Come on, sir, let's get you into a bed." He laughed softly, going to stand up.

Derek grumbled, but let Stiles pull him up, keeping Stiles' hand in his as they climbed the stairs to his bedroom.

Stiles giggled softly at the half asleep Dominant. "Come on," he soothed, leading them into Derek's bedroom and tugging him toward the dresser. "PJs." He smiled, pulling a pair of Derek's pajama pants out of the dresser for himself, and another for Derek.

"You're staying?" Derek checked, unbuttoning his shirt just enough to take it off.

"I'm not going to leave you alone right now, sir," Stiles replied, slipping his shirt and pants off, pulling on the pajamas. "If you'd rather, I'll go to my own room again tomorrow, but you really don't need to be alone at the moment, sir." He was concerned about Derek being alone after the release of all that crying.

"You're so good," Derek murmured. Stiles was just...he was thoughtful, and when he cared about you, he could be so kind and caring, and just...wonderful.

Stiles beamed a smile at him, kissing his cheek. "Your good boy," he whispered. "Come on." He tugged on Derek's hand, leading him to the bed.

Derek slipped under the covers and opened his arms in invitation. "Come here, please?" he begged.

Stiles slipped under the blanket, pressing himself into Derek's arms, letting out a happy sound.

Derek pulled Stiles close, his eyes falling closed again as he nuzzled into Stiles' neck. "Love you, mi tesoro," he murmured, barely audible.

"I love you too," Stiles said, smiling. "What does mi tesoro mean, sir?" He curled up close, his eyes falling shut.

"Mm?" Derek hummed, half asleep already. "My treasure," he breathed.

Stiles chest warmed, a smile crossing his face as he cuddled close. He was half asleep when he let out a happy noise.

On the edge of consciousness, Derek pressed a tiny kiss to Stiles' neck in response.

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Chapter End Notes

They finally said it! It's been a long time coming folks, but they're listening to each other now. And we'll start earning our rating any day now.
I hope you enjoyed it, and we are, as always, looking forward to your comments and suggestions.
Stiles let out a soft moan, tilting his head to deepen the kiss, his mind swimming and floating just enough that it felt almost like a dream. God, he never wanted it to end if it was.

Derek wanted that kiss to never end, wanted to drown in the taste of it, but eventually he broke away, gasping for air. "I love you, mi querido," he promised.

"L...love you too," Stiles panted softly, his lips curling into a smile.

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The morning after Stiles and Derek's one-month evaluation, they wake up in bed together and talk about what they want their relationship to become.

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Stiles woke slowly, grumbling softly and curling closer to his Dom. Oh, last night wasn't a dream. His lips curled into a wide smile, pressing a kiss to the chest and neck he was being hugged to.

Derek, already awake, kissed Stiles' hair in return. "Morning, mi tesoro," he murmured.

Stiles smiled up at him, kissing Derek's jaw. "Morning, sir," he whispered.

"How are you feeling?" Derek checked quietly, well aware that he hadn't been much use to Stiles last night.

"Amazing." Stiles grinned up at Derek, eyes sparkling. "I'm okay, sir," he soothed. He knew his Dom didn't feel right about the minimal aftercare the day before. "I promise."

Derek carded one hand through Stiles' hair. "Thank you for looking after me yesterday," he said softly. "You didn't exactly sign on for all my baggage but you...helped. A lot."

Derek leaned into the hand in his hair, purring softly. "You needed it, Sir." He gave his Dom a soft look. "And I wasn't going to leave you there when you needed me."

"I'm still getting used to being lo- looked after," Derek admitted, blushing lightly at his slip.

Stiles' smile softened, nuzzling Derek's cheek. "I love you." he murmured. "And even Dom'
sometimes need to be looked after."

Derek couldn't help the bright smile that spread across his face. "I love you too, mi querido," he said warmly.

Stiles smiled, reaching up to trace that smile. He loved when he managed to make his Dom smile, to laugh. He settled closer, his ear over Derek's heart.

"It's nice," Derek murmured, "having you here."

"Having me here?" Stiles laughed softly and teased, "I've been here for a little while already." More seriously, he added, "I'll always be here."

Derek blushed. "I meant here, in my bed, with me," he muttered, ignoring the fluttering in his chest at the sound of the word 'always' in Stiles' mouth.

Stiles let his smile widen, pressing his face to Derek's throat as he hugged him. "I really like sleeping in here. That was the best sleep I've had in a while." He let his voice drop to a whisper. "And I liked feeling safe in here with you."

Derek clutched Stiles close, internally preening at the idea of making him feel safe. "Would you like to sleep here more?" he suggested. "It's up to you."

Stiles rapidly nodded, grinning widely. "I love that you were considerate to give me my own space, but sleeping in my own bed, knowing you were down the hall just isn't the same."

"I want you to always have choices," Derek said quietly. "Real ones, not 'do what I want or do something unpleasant'."

"I didn't want to ask you for this," Stiles admitted, just as quietly. "I didn't want you to say no, and I didn't want to seem like Her."

"If you don't ask me for things, mi querido, I often won't offer," Derek pointed out. "I'm far more worried about becoming Her than I am about any similarity between the two of you. I don't want to pressure you."

"Sir. Please." Stiles huffed slightly, pulling back just enough to level Derek with a look. "You don't have to worry about becoming her. You won't. Because unlike Her, I can easily tell you no, and you won't get angry."

It had been worse than anger. Oh, her anger was frightening. But her disappointment, her disgust was worse, the shame of it, the way it made Derek want to curl up and hide. Even with the memory of it, he could feel himself withdrawing from being Her failure.

Stiles leaned forward, nuzzling Derek's jaw for a moment. "Sir, it's okay," he soothed. "You love that I can easily say no. You love giving me choices, and you love that I'm not afraid to say no. Those are good things to have."

Derek clutched Stiles close, anchoring himself to the present moment with the feeling of his sub in his arms. "Give me a minute," he begged.

"Of course." Stiles smiled, content to be hugged tightly, his face in Derek's neck, kissing every now and then, his hands rubbing Derek's back.
Derek took a few deep breaths, relaxing gradually as he pushed the memories away. "Sorry," he muttered at last.

"Why are you sorry, sir?" Stiles asked, confusion on his face as he tilted his head back to look at Derek.

"You were talking and I wasn't listening," Derek explained. Wasn't it obvious? "I interrupted our conversation."

"Hmph. You needed a moment." Stiles snorted. "Needing a moment to pull yourself out of a flashback isn't a bad thing, sir."

Derek looked away. "It doesn't bother you?"

"Why would it bother me? It's not your fault you have PTSD over what she did. You need moments to collect yourself, and that's perfectly okay." Stiles smiled warmly. "Just let me know when you need a second, okay?"

"But what if I need time, and you need me?" Derek pointed out. "What if it happens in a scene?"

"I believe in you," Stiles reassured him. "You'll know what to do. If anything, call Scott, call Laura. This is blanket permission for those two Doms to step into any scene we're doing, if you need time."

"Stiles, what if you're naked, or Little, or it's a sexual scene?" Derek pointed out. "Are you really willing for them to see you like that?"

Stiles tilted his head in thought for a moment. "Those two, other than my dad, would be the two I would trust with that. And honestly, if it's a sexual scene, I'd rather not my dad." Stiles wrinkled his nose, humor in his eyes. "I'm not saying it will happen, sir. But I would rather you be able to take what you need, to anchor yourself. I already know safewording can bring you back if I have to use it, but don't let it cause you to avoid things. We can put steps in place to help."

"It feels like I'm not able to look after you, mi querido," Derek admitted.

"You are," Stiles insisted. "You've done wonderfully so far, and it's not like you've had to have much time. You're a good Dom." He frowned, tugging on Derek's chin until he was looking at him. "Listen to me, Derek Hale. I love you. I love you as a man, and as a Dom. You wouldn't hurt me, you wouldn't do anything that may cause me harm, you wouldn't do anything but make sure I get everything I need. And dammit, sometimes giving a sub what they need is for you to do what you need. You go to therapy, you talk to me. If need be we plan every single scene out like it's a life or death situation. If something happens and we're in a scene, you will know what to do. You will be able to take care of me, even if it's just until Laura or Scott gets here. I believe in you. I trust you."

"When did you get so wise?" Derek joked half-heartedly, swallowing back happy tears. "Stiles...I don't know how I got so lucky as to have your love and your trust, but I'll do everything I can to make you happy. I'm sorry you got stuck with looking after me, but I'm so, so grateful you're here."

"I research a lot and my Dad is a cop," Stiles joked, smiling brightly. "You already do make me happy." He kissed Derek's jaw. "And don't be sorry - again, everyone needs to be looked after every now and then."

"Do I..." Derek paused, licking his lips nervously. "Do I look after you enough? When you need it?"
Stiles tilted his head. "What do you mean? Like during aftercare? Or when I'm panicking? Sir, you do a wonderful job, I promise. You make sure I'm safe, you comfort me, and you hold me tightly."

"And that's...what you need?" Derek checked. "There's not something I should be doing but don't?"

Stiles hummed softly in thought. "I can't think of anything right this second." He smiled. "I want you to not worry about what my answers will be to things. I will tell you if I don't like something. I promise."

Derek frowned. "If you...if you ever feel pressured to give a particular answer, or you just don't want to tell me, you can choose not to say anything, okay?" She had wanted Derek to like everything she did; she'd taught Derek that 'a sub always says yes'; sometimes he'd felt like he was playing a desperate game of 'guess what's in my head'.

Stiles smiled. "Okay," he promised. "But I promise to tell you the truth. Honesty, ok? From both sides. From you, and from me."

"I'll be honest," Derek promised. "Even if sometimes I can't - can't answer."

"That's all I ask," Stiles whispered, tugging the blanket higher and kissing Derek's shoulder.

"Stiles," Derek said, then paused. Maybe he was wrong, maybe he'd misinterpreted. But if he hadn't... "You say you don't want me to worry about your answers...do you worry about mine? You never seem to ask for things."

"Sir..." Stiles paused, picking at his lip absently. "Sometimes? I didn't like talking about certain things before last night. I didn't want to push you, or make me out to be like her..." Stiles gave Derek a tiny smile. "Nothing really big though, I promise. Mainly things out of the kink book I like that I know are sexual, that kind of thing."

Derek's eyes darkened as he imagined what Stiles might have liked. "You could never be like Her," he said lowly. "So how about we talk through some hypotheticals?"

Stiles noted the darkened eyes with a small grin. "What hypotheticals?" he asked, content to talk with Derek, a hand playing with the light dusting of hair on his chest.

"Oh, no." Derek smirked. "You haven't been sharing. You get to start us off, mi querido."

Stiles shivered. "But, I'm not sure what you mean, sir?" he murmured.

"Tell me something you've read about and wanted, mi tesoro," Derek explained to him, his voice husky. "Tell me something you've imagined but haven't told me about."

Stiles inhaled sharply at the tone of his voice. "Um..." He blinked, trying to think of something right off the bat. "I told you this when you first asked about the book. Edging, or denial." He blushed softly. "I like the thought of being tied down. Maybe even blindfolded. Begging and pleading, even as you back off again." Stiles paused to lick his lips. "Begging and yet at the same time, loving it. Knowing that when or if I do get to cum, it'll be explosive." He'd dreamed of that more often than he would probably ever admit.

"Would you like to be helpless, like in our sensation play scene?" Derek suggested, swallowing hard at the images Stiles conjured. "Would you control yourself for me, or would you need help?"
"Yes," Stiles murmured. "I like that thought." He smiled, licking his lips and taking a deep breath. "I want to, but the first few times, I may need help."

Derek reached out to stroke a single finger down Stiles' face, watching him in wonder. "Do you want me to train you, mi chiquito?"

Stiles shivered at the thought, nodding after a moment, leaning into the touch on his face. Oh, the things he wanted.

"You'll be everything you want to be," Derek murmured. "And you'll let me make you that way, won't you, tesoro?"

"Yes," Stiles whispered, tilting his head back. Oh, he wanted that, craved it. Just the picture in his head made his stomach warm.

Derek traced his fingers delicately over Stiles' exposed neck, fingerling the chain of his collar. "What will I make of you, mi chiquito?" he murmured. "What will I teach you?"

"Anything. Everything," Stiles answered, his eyes fluttering shut at the touch, his own thumb tracing one of Derek's ribs.

"Be specific," Derek replied swiftly, though not harshly. "What should I teach you?"

Stiles swallowed, his cheeks pink as he tried to force himself to think. "Come only with permission," he breathed, high in his throat. "Want you to teach me things you like, reward system during a scene, things like that."

Derek's eyes darkened even more. "And how will I reward you, mi querido?"

"By letting me come," Stiles whispered, his voice breathy. "Or maybe getting to make you come."

"And if you're very, very good and get to make me come," Derek murmured in Stiles' ear, "how will you do it?"

Stiles shivered, letting out the smallest whimper. "Anyway you'd like me to, but I'd beg to taste you, beg to feel you."

"Do you want my cock in your mouth, chiquito?" Derek shifted to press Stiles back into the bed. "Do you want to learn to take it all?"

Stiles let out another whimper, spreading himself out on the bed under Derek. "yes, sir." he managed to work out of his throat. "Want to learn. Take it all down, suck you dry."

Derek aligned his groin with Stiles and rolled his hips once. "What if I want you to be still?" he asked. "What if I wanted you to just hold my cock and wait?"

Stiles let out a soft moan, his stomach twisting as he pressed back against Derek’s weight, eyes fluttering closed. "I would. Would sit there for hours just holding, floating in subspace and not caring one whit what was going on around me." he panted.

Derek reached down to find Stiles' hands and brought them up to pin them to the pillow. "Would you take all of me, Stiles?"

"Yes sir. All of you. Everything," Stiles breathed, curling his fingers and staring up at Derek, pupils blown and eyes dark.
Derek kissed him, rolling his hips down and delving his tongue into Stiles' mouth at the same time, exploring him.

Stiles let out a high pitched noise, eyes closing as he returned the kiss. He let his legs slide just a bit wider, moaning into Derek's mouth, arching his back.

Derek rolled his hips down again, pressing their cocks briefly together, and broke their kiss to kiss and nip his way down Stiles' wrists and arms.

Stiles let out a high pitched moan, eyes closing as he returned the kiss. He let his legs slide just a bit wider, moaning into Derek's mouth, arching his back.

Derek rolled his hips down again, pressing their cocks briefly together, and broke their kiss to kiss and nip his way down Stiles' wrists and arms.

Derek nuzzled briefly at the sensitive skin of Stiles' inner elbow before pressing his lips to Stiles' Adams apple. "Be loud, chiquito," he ordered. "Beg for what you want."

Stiles let out a high pitched moan. "Want more," he begged, his voice still breathy. "Feels so good, Sir." He wriggled just a bit.

"More of this?" Derek teased, nipping at Stiles' throat.

"Yes!" Stiles whimpered, hips jerking up against him. He curled his fingers in Derek's grasp, mouth parted.

Derek gasped at Stiles' helpless little movement underneath him and pressed down harder, kissing his way down to Stiles' collarbone.

"O-oh," Stiles gasped, tilting his head back more, the weight of his Dom making his head spin.

"You can barely move, can you, mi chiquito?" Derek murmured. "I'm holding you down everywhere."

Stiles let a small smile curl his lips. "Love it," he admitted softly. "Feel safe, feel awesome. Kinda dizzy and floaty and god, I need more."

Derek fitted his legs between Stiles' and pressed them apart, grinding down.

"F-fuck." Stiles moaned softly, bending his knees a bit to widen his legs even more, his hips rocking up in return. He was hard as a rock, and was dizzy with the pleasure and from being pressed down.

"Not yet," Derek said, rutting against Stiles' crotch, rolling his hips to rub their cocks together.

Stiles let out a soft whine, his toes curling as he panted, leaning up, trying to get another kiss. He couldn’t make it far, being pinned.

"You want something, mi tesoro?" Derek asked teasingly.

"Kiss me?" Stiles asked breathlessly. He leaned up again as much as he could, the show of strength making him shiver.

Derek waited just long enough to reinforce Stiles' helplessness, then bent down and kissed Stiles thoroughly.

Stiles let out a soft moan, tilting his head to deepen the kiss, his mind swimming and floating just enough that it felt almost like a dream. God, he never wanted it to end if it was.
Derek wanted that kiss to never end, wanted to drown in the taste of it, but eventually he broke away, gasping for air. "I love you, mi querido," he promised.

"I-love you too," Stiles panted softly, his lips curling into a smile, even as he tried to rock up again.

Derek decided to let Stiles try - he dropped his weight fully onto the sub underneath, but stopped resisting his movements.

Stiles let out a sharp whimper, his hips rocking up again and again. "Sir," he breathed out shakily, twising his hips just a bit, trying to tease Derek. His stomach was tightening and he knew it wouldn't take too long before he couldn't hold back.

"Try as hard as you want, Stiles," Derek said, as calmly as he could make himself sound with Stiles' cock rubbing against his own. "I'm not letting you go."

Stiles moaned, licking his lips and twisting both his hips and his wrists, dark, blown eyes locked onto Derek's face.

Derek suppressed a curse. Stiles was so...much. "What do you want, mi querido?" Derek demanded.

Stiles let out a soft whine at the demanding tone, his hips hitching again. "You," he breathed. "Want to come, want to feel you, want to taste you, anything, everything," he begged, twisting his hips sharply, grinding against Derek.

"I'm close, Stiles," Derek confessed lowly. "Will you come for me, tesoro?"

Stiles whined high and long. "Yes," he whimpered. "Please. Fuck, Sir," he said softly, almost under his breath, his skin prickling at Derek's confession.

Derek kissed the join of Stiles' neck and shoulder in warning, grinding down. "Then come for me," he ordered, and bit down hard.

A shout left Stiles, his hips jerking as he came, eyes rolling into the back of his head. He whimpered softly, his head lolling to the side for Derek, trembling and jerky, still rolling his hips unconsciously.

It wasn't long before Derek came too - it felt almost instant - burying his face in Stiles' neck.

Stiles curled his fingers as much as he could around Derek's hands, panting softly and shifting to press his nose to Derek's temple.

"Fuck," Derek gasped. Oh god, they'd had sex. They - He - "Are you alright, mi querido?" he asked.

"Mmmm?" Stiles gave him a small smile, leaning up to kiss his jaw. "I'm perfect," he murmured. "Sticky, yes, but perfect."

"We should clean up." Derek mumbled, but didn't try to move. (Twice as much mess as with - no.) "You really are, you know."

Stiles blinked, tightening his hold on Derek's hands just a bit. "Really are what, sir?" he asked, tilting his head to the side, not wanting to move, content to lay there.


Stiles flushed darkly, hiding his face in Derek's neck. "You're the perfect one"
"We'll have to agree to disagree on that, querido," Derek replied softly, stroking the back of Stiles' hand with his thumb. "Because I don't think I could find a flaw in you if I tried."

Stiles gave him a small grin. "I ramble a lot, get distracted easily, and can be too needy."

"And I talk too little, get caught in bad memories, and need you just as much," Derek countered.

"We're a pair." Stiles grinned. He leaned up, kissing and nipping at Derek's jaw.

Derek reached up to stroke Stiles' cheek. "Are you happy? With me?" he asked quietly.

Stiles gave him a bright smile, leaning into the touch. "I'm very happy," he whispered, his freed hand coming down to brush Derek's hair out of his eyes.

Derek leaned unconsciously into Stiles' touch. "I'm happy too," he confessed softly.

Stiles' whole body brightened at that, and he preened softly. "I'm sticky." He laughed. "Sticky and comfortable."

"I should get off you so we can clean up," Derek said reluctantly.

Stiles pouted, even as he nodded, kissing Derek's jaw, nuzzling down his neck.

Derek carefully rolled off Stiles, staying close.

Stiles smiled, sitting up carefully. "I liked that, by the way, in case it wasn't clear." He flushed.

Derek couldn't help blushing too. "No, that was..." He cleared his throat. "I could tell. Were you in your space for a bit there?"

"For a little bit," Stiles admitted, grinning widely. "Especially when you pinned me down and told me I couldn't move."

"You really like bondage, don't you, mi chiquito?" Derek said, smiling.

Stiles nodded, giving him his own grin, even as the flush on his cheeks flared brighter.

"I have a trip to San Fransisco coming up," Derek said thoughtfully. "I could go shopping for us."

Stiles perked up. "Shopping?" he asked curiously, tugging off his pants, not caring that he was now naked.

Derek got out of bed and stripped as well, holding his hand out for Stiles' pants. "There are better shops in San Fran," he explained. "And I only have the basics in terms of bondage equipment." High quality cuffs and collar, able to be attached to each other or to other anchor points in various ways, and some bondage tape that came complimentary with some other purchase he'd forgotten. They could make do, but he didn't want to just 'make do' with Stiles.

Stiles stood, handing Derek his pants and grinning. "Hey, you're doing better than me." He laughed. "The only thing I had is a small vibe that is hopefully still buried in my room at Dad's house."

Derek raised his eyebrows. "Considering you're not supposed to be able to buy sex toys at all yet, that's impressive."
"Internet!" Stiles grinned widely, bending back just a bit to stretch with a soft sound.

Derek quickly turned away from the obscene sight of Stiles stretching naked in his bedroom. Now was not the time. "Well, I'll be buying bondage equipment for us in person, but we can pick out some options online if you want."

"That's where I got mine." Stiles grinned, walking over and kissing Derek's shoulder. "What should we do for breakfast?"

"Your choice, querido," Derek said, smiling over his shoulder at Stiles. "I'm going to shower."

Stiles nodded, grinning and heading to his own shower to quickly scrub clean, heading downstairs in nothing but a pair of boxer briefs, too tied up in his thoughts to care.

Derek showered quickly, uneasy without Stiles' smile there to reassure him. He'd had sex with a teenage sub - no. He'd had sex with Stiles, who loved him, and whom he loved. Stiles had been helpless to stop - No. Stiles had asked. Stiles had begged to be held down. Derek had done what Stiles wanted.

Stiles turned on the radio as he made French toast, blasting it loudly and singing along with it. He felt wonderful. He hoped Derek wasn't chewing himself out, or worrying, or at least if he was, maybe the music would help?

The sound of Stiles singing jolted Derek out of his self-recriminations long enough for him to get out of the shower and dry off. He pulled on a clean pair of boxers and hurried downstairs.

Stiles was plating up the French toast, poking the bacon that was just finishing when Derek came into the room. He turned, smiling widely and taking the bacon off the heat, setting plates on the table.

"Stiles, could you hold me for a minute?" Derek asked quietly, not meeting Stiles' eyes.

Stiles blinked, turning to switch off the stove completely before walking closer, cuddling Derek close, his face in Derek's neck. "Of course," he murmured, his voice low and soothing in Derek's ear. "Are you alright?"

"Just...need to know that you're happy," Derek muttered, taking comfort from Stiles' easy embrace.

"I'm very happy." Stiles reassured him, nuzzling his cheek. "I'll give you a hint: when I'm singing to music, I'm happy, ok? I don't do it every time I'm happy, but if you hear it? I'm happy."

Derek sighed in relief. "Okay." Stiles was so amazing, coming up with ways to deal with all Derek's issues. "Sorry. I'm better now."

Stiles beamed. "I have magical hugs." He cackled, his nose crinkling. "Come on, I made breakfast, and there's coffee if you want some, sir."

Derek couldn't help but laugh a little too. "Thank you for making breakfast, Stiles. I'd love some coffee."

Stiles smiled. "Cream? Sugar?" he asked, heading to grab a mug, stretching up to get it and pouring coffee into it.

"Stiles, you know how I like my coffee," Derek pointed out, rolling his eyes. "One sugar, no cream."
Stiles stuck out his tongue. "I know that, but anyone could need more on a random day, sir"

Derek grinned at Stiles' mischief. "I see. And you think today's a day for extra sugar?"

"Yes sir!" Stiles grinned, setting Derek's coffee in front of him.

Derek hummed, picking up his coffee and taking a sip. "No, one sugar's still just right for me, querido. You'll have to have the extra sugar yourself."

Stiles leaned down, kissing his cheek. "Extra sugar," he teased, grabbing forks and the syrup and butter.

Derek smiled at him. "What do you want to do today, tesoro?" he asked, taking a bite of his French toast.

Stiles hummed around a piece of bacon. "What would you like to do today, sir?" he asked. "I just want to spend it with you."

"Do you have assignments you need to work on?" Derek checked. It was getting to that time of term.

Stiles grinned, shaking his head. "I finished them during free period. So I'm all yours."

"I like the sound of that," Derek said, smiling back. "There are edits I need to go over, but maybe we could go out to the Preserve today?"

Stiles nodded happily. "I like the Preserve. It's been a while since I've been exploring anyway." He smiled brightly, drowning his French toast in syrup.

"You'll get sticky again," Derek warned, but didn't try to stop him. If Stiles wanted to eat far too much syrup, that was up to him.

"I'll be careful, sir," Stiles promised, smiling softly. "What would you like to do in the Preserve?"

"There are walking trails," Derek explained. "I used to walk there all the time when I was trying to think." Since Stiles had come to live with him, he'd felt the need to stay home more.

"Trails? That sounds interesting," Stiles replied. "I used to explore my grandparents' backyard woods. It was fun."

"We'll go for a walk then," Derek said decisively. "We could even have a picnic, if you wanted."

"Oh, that sounds awesome!" Stiles grinned. "Especially if we can bring Doritos and that pimento cheese we found at the grocery store a week ago."

Derek smiled. "We'll bring what we can easily carry, chiquito, including water bottles. If there is room for Doritos, we'll bring them."

"Yesss." Stiles wiggled a bit in his seat. It had been a while since he ate Doritos. He didn't eat them too often because he had a habit of eating a huge bag in one sitting.

Derek laughed. "Should I be putting Doritos on the rewards list, querido?"

Stiles' eyes gleamed. "Oh! Yes, please. I love them, I just can't eat them often because the huge family-size bags? Yeah, those are gone in one sitting." He flushed, scratching the back of his head.
sheepishly.

"Well, I think I can manage to limit the serving sizes for you," Derek said, smiling.

Stiles grinned, still sheepish. "There was one time, Mom had bought like five bags of them for a sleepover..." He paused, his eyes getting a bit sad, though his grin widened. "And by the time Scott and the others showed up, I had eaten every last crumb. Spent the night moaning and running to the bathroom."

"Well, we'll try to avoid that," Derek said, his eyes crinkling. "Do you want to look through the cupboards and see if there's anything else you want to get before we go?"

Stiles shook his head, grinning. "Just need soda!"

"Then we'll leave in an hour," Derek declared.

Stiles bounced up to do the dishes, grinning widely and singing to himself.

Derek shook his head, smiling, as he watched him, then got up to go get dressed.

Chapter End Notes

Relationship Achievement Unlocked: Mutual Orgasms!

Sex may not be the defining characteristic of an important relationship, but still, it matters a lot to these guys, and they've been building up to it for a while. We hope you enjoyed it, and look forward to your (always amazing) comments!
"So this was bothering you earlier today," Derek concluded, worried. "When did it start?"

Stiles chewed at his bottom lip. "About an hour after you left," he whispered hesitantly.

"Stiles, I dropped you off at school this morning on my way out of town," Derek pointed out. "You've been dealing with this all day?"

Derek has to go to San Francisco for a couple of days to talk to his publisher. Stiles doesn't find his absence easy.

"Tesoro?" Derek called from his office. "Can you come here please?"

Stiles blinked, looking up from where he was rolling a skein of yarn into a ball. "Yes sir!" he called out, tucking the ball in progress into his box of yarn, humming lightly as he untangled himself from another bit of yarn, and heading into Derek's office. "Hi." He smiled widely, kissing Derek's cheek. "Hi, querido," Derek said, smiling back. "Take a seat." After Stiles arrived, Derek had gotten a second office chair, although they rarely used it.

Stiles curled up in the other office chair, tucking his feet under himself and not being able to resist spinning from side to side using his hand on the desk. "Is work going ok Sir?"

"I have everything ready for tomorrow's trip except one, chiquito," Derek replied. "And that, I need your help with."

Stiles pouted softly. He was nervous about Derek being gone for so long. True, he'd be at his Dad's. But that wasn't his Dom. Stiles tilted his head. "What's that, sir?" he asked, his voice softer. He knew how important this meeting is for Derek, but that didn't mean he'd have to like it.

"I promised I'd go shopping for us, remember?" Derek reminded him. He wanted Stiles to have something to look forward to while they were apart.

Stiles' eyes darkened at the thought, a small grin crossing his face. "Yes sir! I remember that." He nodded, pulling one of his knees up to his chest so he could hug it to him as he swayed.

"So let's have a look and see what our options are and what appeals to you, alright?" Derek said, swapping to a window that had the bondage section of one of the better online catalogues.

Stiles flushed, leaning over to peer at the computer. "Anything you like?" he asked, licking his lips.
"I think you'd look lovely in a harness," Derek admitted. "But this is about you, chiquito."

"What kind of harness?" Stiles asked, curious, his eyes darkening as he saw what looked to be some kind of swing, and a pulley system before flushing and looking down the picture list.

"Oh no," Derek said, noticing Stiles' reluctance. He passed the mouse to Stiles. "I want you to open a tab for everything that catches your eye in the next two minutes, okay? Then we'll talk about the kind of things you've picked."

Stiles blushed even darker, even as his free hand reached out for the mouse. "Yes sir." He scrolled back up to click on the swing and pulleys, then scrolled down, looking around. He opened a tab with some sort of intricate rope that was pictured looping up and down someone's arms, another that had a chest harness/shirt that seemed to have cuffs that could attach to various spots on it. He shifted in his seat, having to pause for a moment before continuing on.

Derek watched carefully. It seemed like Stiles was interested in the more intricate kinds of bondage - Derek made a note to find out how to get a hook put in for suspension bondage.

Stiles smiled a little at the under-the-bed restraint system that didn't involve tying to headboards. He clicked on it, then flushed bright red, wanting to just scroll down to the bottom of the page instead of opening the next one.

"Be honest, please," Derek said softly. "Even if it's not something you're ready for, I'd like to know it appeals to you."

Stiles fidgeted, chewing on his lower lip. "It’s not like I’m not ready for it, it's just…” He blushed even darker. "I really like the thought of it," he murmured, clicking on the cock-cage.

Derek's mouth dropped open in a soundless "oh", and his eyes darkened. "Then someday I'll be very glad to try it with you," he said, voice husky and low.

"I think I'm ready now," Stiles whispered, the tone in Derek's voice making his stomach twist. "I did tell you I wanted to try edging and denial and stuff." He shifted, almost falling out of the chair.

"You did," Derek agreed lowly. "I'll buy you a cage when I'm in the city," he promised, "and we can explore that."

Stiles finally just gave in to what he wanted to do, crawling into Derek's lap. "Thank you." he breathed, finally getting to the bottom of the page.

Derek wrapped his arms about his sudden lapful of Stiles. "You're very welcome, querido," he said, pressing a kiss to Stiles' cheek. "Would you like to keep looking, or is that enough options for today?"

Stiles shakes his head, grinning. "That's enough to start out with," he murmured, snuggling closer.

Derek clicked through the tabs Stiles had opened. "I think the most versatile option for us for now is for me to buy us some rope and sign up for the shibari course that, uh...not DAC, the sister organisation..."

Stiles giggled softly. "The one that Dom Corp puts on?" he asked softly, his tongue flicking out to
wet his lower lip as he turned around, cuddling into Derek's chest, his face in his neck, nipping playfully.

"That one, yes," Derek agreed, stroking Stiles' back to settle him. "It's going to be a little while before I'm comfortable using more than basic ties on you, but once I have the hang of it, I can do a lot with rope."

Stiles smiled, nuzzling closer. "I look forward to everything." He laughed softly, but his laugh petered out into silence as he frowned, clinging tighter. "I'm not going to like this. You being gone," he confided in a whisper.

"I'm not going to like missing you," Derek replied, almost as softly. "I'll be back soon, though, tesoro. It's just a few days."

Stiles pressed his lips together tightly, trying to blink away the tears suddenly hitting his eyes. He didn't say anything, tightening his grip on Derek with a small sound.

"Shh, tesoro," Derek murmured, rubbing Stiles' back comfortingly. "It's alright, querido. It's going to be alright."

Stiles let out a soft whine, clutching at him. "H-how did you know?" he asked.

"How did I know what?" Derek replied, confused.

Stiles let out a wet chuckle, holding him tightly. "Even without re-realizing, you c-comforted me," he whispered, his voice hitching as he finally started crying.

"Oh, tesoro," Derek sighed. "It's okay, querido. You cry if you need to, I'm right here."

Stiles let out a soft sob, shifting closer, tucking himself as close as he could. "My Dom," he whimpered. "I don't know why I'm freaking out so bad. I know there's calling, and skype, and you can give me orders to follow even from far away I just...I love you."

"I love you, mi tesoro," Derek murmured. "I think maybe you're freaking out because the last time I left you..." He trailed off and shook his head. "This won't be like that."

'I know, it's just..." Stiles shivered, hiding his eyes in Derek's neck. "I'm just scared," he admitted softly.

"It's okay to be scared, querido," Derek said quietly. "There's nothing wrong with being scared."

Stiles pressed small, wet kisses to Derek's neck as he sniffled. "I'm going to miss you."

"I'm going to miss you too, chiquito," Derek murmured. "But you'll have your Dad, and Scott, and even Laura if you need her, okay? And you can call me whenever you need."

"Can we skype?" Stiles asked, his voice small and unsure. "I love them, I do, and they're awesome Doms. But they aren't my Dom. So it'll help if I need it, but I want you."

"We can skype," Derek promised immediately. "I'm not going to abandon you."

"I know, it's just scary. You aren't just down the hall this time," Stiles whispered. "And I know it's not the same, but..."

"You're still going to be my boy," Derek said seriously. "You'll always be my boy, tesoro."
"Your boy." Stiles smiled at that, kissing Derek's cheek. "Always."

"That's it, querido," Derek said, smiling back. "Are you feeling a little better now?" He leaned around Stiles to grab a tissue from the tissue box. "Here."

"Thank you," Stiles murmured, wiping his face and blowing his nose. "Yes sir, I do feel a bit better." He gave Derek a tiny smile, rubbing his eyes.

"Good," Derek said gently, giving Stiles an encouraging look. "How about we get out of this chair, okay?"

Stiles gave him a small grin, wiggling a bit where he was. "I like it here," he pouted, but slid slowly off Derek’s lap.

"If you want to be in my lap, chiquito," Derek replied, "there are more comfortable places to do it." He was still getting used to flirting with Stiles, but he was finding that he liked it.

"I was pretty comfy." Stiles gave him a cheeky grin. "I like your lap."

"There's not much room to move in an office chair," Derek pointed out.

Stiles' grin turned mischievous. "Yeah, I can't really dance for you there." he teased, sticking his nose in the air and walking from the room, swaying his hips and peering over his shoulder with a sly smile.

Derek watched Stiles leave with a smile, then stood to follow him. They had time for some fun tonight.

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Stiles was picking at his lip, staring at the computer and jiggling one leg. It hadn't been that long since Derek left, and he already wanted him back now.

Derek, having checked into his hotel and gotten set up with the wifi, decided to see if Stiles was online. Seeing his active icon in skype, Derek started a call.

Stiles scrambled with his mouse, letting out a short screech as the video pulled up. "Sir!" he breathed, smiling, feeling a bit better just seeing Derek’s face. He shifted on the bed, putting the laptop on the end so he could lay on his stomach.

"Hi, chiquito," Derek said fondly, sitting on the bed with his computer in his lap. "I'm just checking in - are you doing okay?"

"It's hard", Stiles admitted, reaching up to pick at his lip. "I can't seem to keep still."

Derek hummed, frowning. "But you're managing? Do you think you'll need extra help?"

"I don't know." Stiles was frustrated, unable to sit still at all. "I've been all jittery and jumpy. And I made sure to take my meds," he promised. "I'm just...antsy, unsettled."

"Well done for remembering your medication," Derek said instantly. "Is this something that's happened to you before?"

Stiles shook his head, though he did beam at the praise. "No, I don't know why I'm so unsettled." He made a frustrated noise, thunking his head down on the bed, his foot jiggling against the wall behind him.
Derek frowned. "Stiles, chiquito, kneel on the floor for me?" he suggested. "Move the laptop so you can still see."

Stiles slipped off the bed, turning the laptop and pointing it to where Derek could see him and he could see Derek, kneeling quickly on the floor, even as his feet kept shifting, his fingers twitching.

"Good boy," Derek praised warmly. "Now, I want you to hold your wrists like this, okay?" He held up his hands, each one encircling the opposite wrist, so Stiles could see what he wanted.

Stiles warmed at the praise, something settling just a bit as the praise hit and his wrists circled each other like Derek wanted. He was still wiggly though.

"Well done, chiquito," Derek said. "Squeeze your wrists, nice and snug, like I'm holding you."

Stiles squeezed tightly, letting out a soft whimper, swaying forward just a bit. He could picture Derek there holding his wrists tightly like he did when they were just grinding on their bed.

"How does that feel, tesoro?" Derek asked, watching Stiles carefully.

"Good," Stiles murmured, his chin slipping to his chest. "Not the same, but good."

"Are you still jittery?" Derek was worried about Stiles slipping down too far, but he didn't want Stiles to be uncomfortable either.


"I miss you too, tesoro," Derek replied. "Tell me about your day? How's your dad?"

"He seems okay, kinda worried about me, but even before I was tested as a sub, I was what he called needy." Stiles snorted. "I had a bad moment earlier," he admitted. "I started freaking out, and it took my Dad pushing me to my knees and grabbing my shoulders to get me to calm down."

Derek frowned. "I'm glad he can be there for you, but if you don't mind - what upset you?"

"I'm not even sure," Stiles said with a shrug. "I just couldn't stand the jittering anymore and I just started getting really upset. That basically turned into Stiles’ personal brand of rambling and ranting."

"So this was bothering you earlier today," Derek concluded, worried. "When did it start?"

Stiles chewed at his bottom lip. "About an hour after you left," he whispered hesitantly.

"Stiles, I dropped you off at school this morning on my way out of town," Derek pointed out. "You've been dealing with this all day?"

Stiles nodded, shifting on his knees. "I tried," he squeaked. "I tried. I made it home before I started freaking out bad enough for my Dad to intervene. Though Scott looked like he was going to at school a couple of times."

"Stiles..." Derek sighed and tried again. "Querido, why didn't you get in touch with me sooner?"

"You were traveling," Stiles whimpered, lowering his head. "I didn't want to just send you a text..."

"Squeeze your wrists," Derek ordered. "Feel how I'd hold you if I was there? You're my boy, tesoro. You're not a bother."

Stiles let out another small whine as he squeezed his wrists tighter, his eyes fluttering closed. "I'm
"sorry, sir," he whispered.

Derek sighed. "I accept your apology, querido," he said quietly. "But please get in touch with me if something like this happens in future."

Stiles nodded, shifting on his knees and letting out a soft whine.

"Good boy," Derek said softly. "Now tell me - is what I'm doing at the moment helping at all?"

Stiles nodded again, chewing on his lower lip. "Yes sir." he breathed. "It's not completely gone, but it's better than it was."

"That's good." The problem was, Derek didn't want to put Stiles in subspace without being physically there. There were too many potential risks. "Chiquito, how do you feel about letting your father help us?" he said at last.

"Depends on how you mean it," Stiles replied softly, still shifting on his knees.

"Do you remember when I handcuffed and blindfolded you and got you to kneel for me?" Derek said. "I'm thinking of something like that. It's still going to be my voice and my orders, but your father is going to be the physical presence for you, if he's willing."

Stiles shifted a bit more before nodding. "Want me to go get him?" he asked softly. "If anything I could call Scott."

"Would you prefer Scott?" Derek asked. Personally, he'd rather the man with more experience, but he could understand if Stiles felt more comfortable with his friend.

Stiles flushed. "Probably? Considering my reaction the last time I was blindfolded?" he squeaked out. He'd rather his friend see him turned on and making noises than his father.

Derek scrubbed a hand over his face. "Okay, good point." He looked up, thinking for a moment, then said, "Alright Stiles, here's what's going to happen. You're going to take the computer to your father so I can have a word with him while you call Scott. When Scott gets to your house, all three of us are going to talk about what we're doing before we do anything. Is that clear?"

"Yes sir," Stiles breathed, wanting nothing more than to press close and nuzzle against Derek's cheek, whining softly when he realized he really couldn't. He stood, taking the computer and heading to find his dad, giving him a small smile and handing him the laptop as he pulled his phone out of his pocket.

"Son?" the Sheriff asked, a little confused. "What's going on?"

"Sir wants to talk to you." Stiles flushed softly. "It's about the jitter thing today." He quickly shot Scott a text begging him to come over.

John raised an eyebrow at Stiles. "I see." He put the laptop on his desk where he could see it properly. "So, Derek, what did you want to ask about?"

"Stiles just told to me how he's been feeling today," Derek explained. "He felt a little better when I got him kneeling, so I'm going to try to put him into his space a bit and see if that helps. Scott's going to help us out, but I wanted you to know what was going on so that, if Stiles has any issues afterwards, you know the context."
Stiles shifted from foot to foot, flushing darkly and trying to keep from picking at his lip, failing horribly.

John looked at Stiles. "I'm guessing it was your idea to get Scott involved?" Not that Scott wasn't good-hearted, but he wasn't exactly well-trained, either.

Stiles nodded. "There's some things I don't want my father to see," he squeaked, his face bright red.

"This won't be anything sexual," Derek added, blushing a little himself, "but Stiles would rather avoid the possibility of you being there and him...reacting to me."

"I do actually know what young D/s pairs get up to," John pointed out, amused. "Just keep in mind that I'm here if you need help."

"There's you knowing, and then there's you knowing."

Stiles flailed, squawking as the doorbell rang. "Scott!" He ran over, yanking the door open.

"You're doing good with him, you know," John said quietly.

"Thank you," Derek replied, a little stunned. "I'm trying my best."

"Just keep in mind that if you ever aren't good to him, I won't be good to you," John warned.

"Dad! No threatening my Dom!" he frowned, jumping over. "Mine."

"Stiles," Derek said warningly. "John, I completely understand. I'll always do my best by Stiles, but I appreciate you looking out for his welfare."

"Sorry sir, but still. My Dom." He pouted, one hand scratching his hair, the other tangled in Scott's shirt.

"And you're my son," John pointed out. "Go on, back upstairs with all of you." He handed the laptop back to Stiles. "And Scott, if you need anything, you tell me, okay?"

Scott nodded, a little bewildered, but grinning. Stiles wasn't his Sub, but there was something about even the hold his friend had on his shirt that settled something in him.

Stiles smiled, grabbing the computer and scrambling upstairs.

When they were all back in Stiles' room, Derek suggested to Stiles, "Put the laptop down where you both can see - and don't kneel yet, querido, we've got things to discuss."

Stiles nodded, ending up curled up in the computer chair, one hand still tangled in Scott's shirt.

"Stiles, tell Scott what's going on, please," Derek ordered. He wanted to see what Stiles had understood was going to happen.

Stiles blushed, fidgeting with a loose thread in his jeans. "U-um. I was jittery and anxious all day at school, and then dad had to yank me to my knees to calm me down. And Sir wants to take me down to my space for a bit, but wants someone there for the physical stuff."

"Okay, I saw the jittery thing," Scott agreed. "But what exactly do you mean by 'taking him down to his space'?" he asked Derek.
"Do you remember when Stiles was upset because he dropped a bowl, and I cuffed him and got him to kneel?" Derek asked.

"That put me into subspace," Stiles murmured. "It's one of the best ways to calm me down."

Scott nodded. "So...just something like that? Do you even have cuffs over here?"

"I brought mine that sir had used," Stiles admitted softly, rummaging in one of his suitcases. "Sir was saying something about blindfolds and you being the physical part to his voice. And because of what happened the last time I was blindfolded, I didn't want my dad to do it."

"I want the blindfold so that it's easier for Stiles to imagine me there," Derek explained to Scott. "Is there anything you can use for that? We can do without if need be, but..."

"I have a few bandanas?" Stiles offered. "And this really soft scarf that my Baba gave me for my sixteenth." Stiles grinned, rummaging in a drawer and pulling out a soft, decently long scarf.

"Yeah, this'll work," Scott agreed, wrapping it around Stiles' head to check the length.

"Stop," Derek said firmly. "We're not ready to start, so nothing gets put on Stiles yet."

Stiles giggled. "He's making sure it's long enough, sir," he murmured. "He wasn't tying it or anything."

Derek didn't answer, giving Scott an expectant look instead.

Scott quickly unwrapped the makeshift blindfold and nodded. "Sorry." Laura had been very clear about how important negotiations were before a scene started, even a little bit.

Stiles smiled at the care Derek was showing, patting Scott's arm. He leaned forward, resting his head on Scott's shoulder. "Thank you," he murmured. "I just...don't feel as comfortable with my Dad seeing me like that as with you. If it can't be Sir..."

"Dude, I will back-up Dom you whenever you need, it's cool," Scott reassured him. "And, y'know, thanks. For trusting me with this. I don't really have experience, after all."

"I'm going to be on the line the whole time," Derek promised. "I just need you to be there to provide Stiles with physical contact and to be able to untie him in an emergency."

"And this way you get a bit of experience with a Dom watching over." Stiles smiled, leaning against his friend for a moment, breathing deeply even as his hands started fidgeting.

"So. You are going to cuff and blindfold Stiles, hands behind his back, and Stiles will kneel at your side," Derek elaborated. "Please keep in physical contact with him while we do this. Stiles, I'm going to ask you to be quiet for me, okay? Not silent, and it's not an order. Just you trying to be quiet."

Stiles shifted in his spot, nodding. "Yes sir," he breathed.

Scott just grinned at the almost adoring look on Stiles' face, nodding himself. "Kay. By my side while I'm sitting in the computer chair works?"

"So long as I can see you both and Stiles is comfortable, it's your choice," Derek agreed. "Stiles? Do you have any questions?"
Stiles shook his head, smiling softly. "No sir, I'm okay." He bounced a bit on his toes as Scott moved the laptop around to where Scott and Stiles could easily be seen.

"And Scott?" Derek asked. "Are you comfortable with what we're doing?"

Scott looked between Stiles and Derek and nodded. "Yeah, I'm fine. I'll be the backup Dom whenever you two need me to be. I've seen Stiles in a lot of ways, so there's not much that would throw me."

Derek smiled at him. "Thank you. And if you think something's wrong at any point, or you're uncomfortable, don't hesitate to call yellow or red, okay? You're a part of this scene, so you have a right to safeword."

Scott nodded, giving Derek a smile. "I will. And thank you for trusting me with Stiles." He looked over at the flushing sub.

Derek smiled softly. "Thank you, Scott. Now, Stiles." His voice got deeper and more sure. "Give the cuffs to Scott and put your hands behind your back, please."

Stiles' eyes darkened just a bit, but he handed Scott the cuffs, turning around and sliding his hands behind his back, leaning into the hand that Scott ran over his shoulder unconsciously in praise.

"Good boy," Derek said warmly. "You're going to be a really good boy for me today, aren't you, querido? You'll let Scott make everything dark and still for you, and you'll nice and quiet for us."

Stiles let out one of his soft purring noises, nodding. "Yes sir." he breathed, already starting to settle. Scott held up the cuffs in question to Derek, along with the scarf.

"Cuff him snugly but not tightly," Derek said softly. "You should be able to fit a finger easily between the cuff and his skin. Hook them together directly; don't use the chain."

Scott nodded, grinning and carefully attaching the cuffs to Stiles, rubbing the sub’s biceps after hooking them together, standing close for a moment so his body heat would calm down the goose bumps on Stiles' arms.

Stiles whimpered softly, rocking back against Scott and tilting his head back as he started to sink, his knees trying to buckle.

"That's it, querido," Derek murmured. "You can kneel, chiquito."

Scott helped Stiles lower carefully to the floor, running a hand through Stiles' hair, grinning at the soft, contented noises.

"There we go." Derek watched enviously. He wished he could be there with Stiles right now. "How are you feeling, querido?"

"Getting...better," Stiles murmured, leaning into the hand in his hair, letting out a happy noise when Scott scratched lightly at his scalp.

Scott smiled, biting back the praise that wanted to bubble up, not wanting to ruin the image of Derek being here. He held up the scarf to the laptop in question.

Derek nodded at Scott. "You're going to be blindfolded now, tesoro," he told Stiles. "Okay?"

" 'tay," Stiles murmured after a moment, closing his eyes as Scott slid the scarf over them, tying it
securely but making sure not to yank hairs.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, giving Scott a grateful smile. "I want you to be quiet and still for me now, okay? Speak up if you're yellow or red, but otherwise, just let us take care of you."

Stiles nodded, shifting a little on his knees to settle more comfortably. Scott ran his hands through Stiles' hair as he sat down, giving his friend a soft smile, glancing up at Derek.

"He'll be down for a while," Derek told Scott softly. "It doesn't take much."

"He's kinda adorable like this," Scott admitted softly, lightly scratching Stiles' scalp and only flushing a bit at the soft moan he received.

"He's beautiful," Derek said, quirking a smile. "And very responsive to touch."

Stiles just made another happy sound, almost completely out of it.

Scott grinned, nodding his head. "I never thought I'd see Stiles as anything more than just Stiles. But you're right. He's beautiful, especially like this. Is that my Dom instincts or something?"

Derek shrugged. "Being a Dom isn't separate from who you are, Scott. Do you really need to know what's 'Dom instincts' and what's you?"

Scott grinned. "It was the easiest way to explain what I mean." He shrugged himself, looking down to where Stiles had lolled his head back on Scott's knee, his mouth parted softly. "And yes, he's beautiful. Especially like this," he said again, and nodded. "And now that I think about it, it's not the quote unquote Dom in me. It's just me." He grinned up at Derek again. "I know he's not mine. But that doesn't mean I can't appreciate what I do get of him. He's an amazing friend."

"You're a good friend to him too," Derek pointed out. "Not many would abandon their evening for a text that I'm sure gave as little information as Stiles could manage."

"I'm used to the vague texting," Scott grinned. "And I'd much rather help out Stiles than anything else. I was very tempted today to pull him into an old classroom and figure out a way to help. But I didn't know what you would think about that so..."

"I appreciate the thought," Derek said wryly. "Both of them. In future, if you're worried about him, let me know? He didn't actually tell me until I called him this evening."

"Sure." Scott nodded. "I'll get your number from Stiles' phone later." He gave Derek a wry grin. "I'm not even sure how I'd be able to help. But I would have tried."

"Well, what have you been learning with Laura?" Derek asked. "Maybe some of that would be useful."

"Things like ways to snap subs out of freak-outs actually. Odd, maybe she thought this would happen," he mused. "Ways like the force to the knees thing that Stiles was saying Mr. S was doing to him earlier. Different ways of getting attention based on the level of freak out. Also the general sub stuff. Yesterday she was explaining why the mark was so sensitive. It was a bit of a cool conversation, though she was just starting to talk about bondage when something came up with work." He grinned. "So you actually started me on that one."

"There's a reason why dealing with freak-outs usually comes first," Derek pointed out. "It's because
it's essentially first aid - it's the most likely thing to come up for you before you get into a relationship yourself."

"True, but she rattled off a lot of ways to work with freak-outs that I don't think you want me to do to Stiles," Scott replied, dry amusement on his face.

"She's not teaching you to be Stiles' Dom," Derek pointed out. "She's teaching you how to be a Dom to all the subs you partner with in future."

Scott nodded. "Yeah, I know. it's just odd when she's telling me things like kissing and other things and the first person I know that pops into my head that would freak out like that isn't my sub." He laughed.

"I wasn't really aware of many subs when I was being trained either," Derek admitted. But then, he'd been a special case. His training had been with a retired couple who worked more or less exclusively with subs and Doms that had been abused, and it had all been extremely theoretical and philosophical.

Scott hummed softly. "True," he admitted, stroking Stiles' face, keeping his touch warm and soft.

"Querido?" Derek asked, trying to get Stiles' attention. "Can you tell me how you're feeling?"

"Greengreengreen," Stiles said softly, leaning into Scott's hand. He nipped absently at the pad of his thumb, making Scott to laugh.

"That's good, chiquito," Derek said warmly. "Can you give me a little more detail, please?"

Stiles pouted, still nipping at Scott’s thumb as he thought. "Floaty, safe, warm. Heavy...how can I be heavy and floaty?" he wondered.

"Maybe you're floating in something very dense," Derek suggested, although he had a feeling it would go over Stiles' head right now. "Are you feeling jittery at all?"

Stiles giggled, turning to press and nuzzle at Scott's hand. "Nope! No jitters."

Derek smiled. "That's good, chiquito. Do you want to stay down a bit longer or are you ready to come up?"

"Wanna stay," Stiles whined, letting out a soft breath. "Five more minutes?"

"Okay, tesoro," Derek agreed. "Five more minutes."

Stiles went back to his happy melting place, every now and then nipping at Scott's thumb.

"So affectionate." Scott cooed, grinning down at him and unable to stop the praise. "Is he always this responsive?"

"Usually, yes," Derek said fondly. "He's very sweet."

Scott smiled, running his other hand through Stiles' hair, just to watch him purr and lick his lips. "He really is. I can only hope my sub would be similar."

Derek smiled back at him. "You'll find a sub that you care about and that fits you, Scott."
Scott nodded, letting out a soft hum, not quite smothering his snort of amusement when Stiles managed to catch the end of his thumb between his lips, refusing to let it go. "It's times like this that I realize exactly how much I care for Stiles. I'd do almost anything for him. He's my friend, my brother." He shrugged, giving Derek a grin. "And like he said, I'd probably be the safest bet for...things...rather than his father."

"No offense, but I'm hoping we won't have to take you up on that offer," Derek admitted wryly.

"Well, duh, that would mean he's having issues and you aren't in town." Scott laughed. "Just keep it in mind, okay? I know he loves his Dad, but I also know that Stiles' doesn't like to be...too vulnerable, let's say, when his dad can see."

"Do you know why?" Derek asked quietly. "You don't have to tell me."

"I'm not sure, really." Scott answered, letting Stiles all but suck his thumb, his other hand tangled in the sub’s hair. "He's always been very...private? When it comes to his father seeing things. Never without a shirt on, etc. And yet with me he has no issues stripping down entirely and playing King Of The Mountain in the pool." Scott sighed. "I think it may be just the level of trust. While he trusts his father, he doesn't quite trust that level with his father, ya know?"

Derek hummed, tucking the information away for further thought. "I'll keep it in mind," he promised. "Scott...is there anything you think I need to talk to Stiles about? I know he's honest when I ask, but that doesn't mean he'll bring things up."

Scott tilted his head in thought, humming lightly. "Not that really jumps out at me? He can be very insecure. Thought for sure I'd hate him and stop being his friend over not having any more cookies at one point a couple of years ago. It can get pretty bad."

Derek frowned. "I'll watch out for that," he promised. It was in character with what he'd seen from Stiles so far, but he didn't want Stiles feeling like that.

Scott just gave Derek a warm smile, startling just a bit when Stiles pulled his head away lazily.

"Thirsty," Stiles murmured, shifting a bit and coming up from his headspace a little.

Derek glanced at the clock on his computer. "Good timing," he muttered to himself. "Can you come up for me, querido?" he asked Stiles.

Stiles whined, pouting softly. "Don't want to, but thirsty," he repeated, turning his head toward Derek's voice, even as he leaned back against Scott.

Scott kept up the soothing touches, petting his hair and down his cheek and shoulders.

Derek frowned. "Okay, here's what's going to happen: Stiles, can you be a good brave boy and manage with just my voice for a couple of minutes?"

Stiles whined high in his throat, frowning softly even as he nodded. "Little bit of time?" he asked, his voice small.

"Just a little while," Derek promised. "You'll still be cuffed, you just won't have anyone touching you." The cuffs kept Stiles secure when he was feeling like this, and right now, that was more important than the possibility of Stiles needing urgently to get out of the restraints.
Stiles whined again, nodding. "I be good."

Scott gave him a soft smile, petting his hair and kissing the subs forehead. "Want me to get water?" he murmured to Derek.

"Water and juice," Derek said quietly. "If there's chocolate, or fruit, get some of that, too. Ask the Sheriff about aftercare if you're not sure."

Scott nodded. "I'll be quick," he promised, kissing Stiles' hair again before slowly leaving him and hurrying downstairs.

Stiles whined as soon as the touching stopped.

"I'm still here, querido," Derek said, trying to anchor Stiles with his voice. "I'm still right here, okay? You're being so good, tesoro."

"'tay," Stiles whispered, facing where Derek's voice was. "Love you, sir."

"Love you too, mi querido," Derek murmured. "I'm so proud of you, you're doing so well."

"I'm thirsty," Stiles whimpered.

Scott finally managed to gather what he needed before running back up the stairs, putting the bottles of water, juice boxes, chocolate bar, and the peeled orange on the desk. He immediately reached out, running his hand through Stiles' hair, making the other relax again.

"You're going to get something to drink in just a moment, okay?" Derek promised him. "Just some water to start."

Scott nodded, slipping a straw into a bottle of water, gently tilting Stiles' head up just a bit to put the straw to his lips.

"Sip it slowly, chiquito," Derek ordered. "Take your time."

Stiles let out a happy noise, both at the touch, and the water, sipping it slowly but not stopping until most of the bottle was empty. "Thank you," he breathed, getting a soft kiss to the forehead in return.

"You're welcome, mi querido," said Derek, with a grateful smile for Scott. "Can you tell me how you're feeling at the moment?"

"Less floaty and such." He smiled, still leaning into Scott. "Calmer."

"Good." Derek didn't want Stiles to have to really acknowledge his absence until he was fully out of subspace. "You're going to be uncuffed now, alright? Is that okay?"

Stiles shifted a bit before nodding. "Yes sir." He smiled, shifting around so Scott can slowly uncuff him, rubbing his arms and hands lightly.

"Good boy." Both Stiles and Scott were doing incredibly well, and Derek was impressed. "Scott's going to get you an orange now, and I'd like you to eat it, please." How would Stiles react to the reminder of Scott's presence?

Stiles startled just a bit, letting out a soft giggle. "Yes sir!" he laughed, accepting the piece of orange from Scott's fingers. "I forgot it was you doing the touching," he admitted softly. "I knew you were
"That was the point," Derek said, smiling. "When you're done with the orange, will you be ready for Scott to take the blindfold off?"

"Yes sir," Stiles murmured, still leaning into Scott's touches. He knew it was Scott, not Derek, but for some reason it still soothed him. He slowly finished his orange, letting out a small hum.

"Well done, chiquito," Derek praised, nodding to Scott. "Close your eyes so you've got a chance to adjust to the light."

Scott slowly untied the scarf, letting it slip from Stiles' eyes and smiling at him. After a moment Stiles blinked his eyes open, causing Scott's smile to widen, leaning forward to press a small kiss to Stiles' forehead. "Feeling better?" he asked softly, getting a small nod and a grin.

Derek watched silently as the friends interacted. Scott had earned the reassurance of knowing he'd been good to Stiles.

Stiles let out a soft sign, leaning against Scott, still needing the contact, though his eyes were on Derek's face, warm and smiling. "Thank you, sir." He smiled. "I'm sorry I hid it."

"You're welcome, tesoro," Derek replied, unable to help the smile spreading across his face. "I'll put a tally in the punishment column for your not telling me and we'll deal with it when I get back, okay?"

Stiles nodded, relaxing fully, the last bit of tension sucked away at that. "Thanks Sir." He peeked up at Scott from where he had ended up curled against him on his lap. "Thanks Scott."

Scott grinned, ruffling his hair slightly. "No problem, Stiles."

Derek shook his head. "Don't dismiss it, please," he told Scott. "You did something that was very important to us, you unhesitatingly accepted my instructions, and you did it well."

Scott flushed. "Anytime," he murmured, unable to keep himself from kissing Stiles' forehead again, hugging him close. "I mean it. If Derek's out of town again, or anything where I'd need to be your temp Dom, I'll be there, ok?"

"Trust me," Derek said dryly, "You're first on our list."

Stiles nodded, tilting his head at Derek.

Scott blinked in confusion as well. "Why do you say it like that?" he asked, curious.

"It's a very short list," Derek pointed out. "I don't have friends, Stiles doesn't have close friends other than you, and Stiles would rather not be in his space around his dad. It's you and Laura."

Stiles nodded. "Yeah. I love my dad but..." he shook his head. "I would not be able to slip into it easily or stay in it very long."

Scott gave Derek a small grin, hugging Stiles close. "Like I said before. Anytime. I'm new, I'm still learning, but I refuse to just let my best friend panic or not have what he needs."

"There'll be times I might ask Laura to help instead, because she is experienced, but you have Stiles' trust, and that's more important," Derek reassured him.

Scott nodded, shrugging. "I figured."
"Stiles, how are you feeling?" Derek asked.

"A lot better," Stiles chirped, grinning. "Though..." His face fell. "You'll still be gone for three days...."

"Almost the end of the first day, tesoro," Derek reminded Stiles, a little sadly. "Two more to go."

"And then new toys?" Stiles asked, trying to see a bright side in Derek leaving for the meeting.

"And then new toys," Derek agreed, ignoring Scott's blush.

Stiles smiled widely, reaching up to poke Scott's cheek, just knowing it was flushed. "Awww," he cooed. "Scott's embarrassed."

"Am not," Scott mock grumbled, biting at Stiles' finger and making him squeak.

Derek cleared his throat and changed the subject. "I take it you're all the way up now, Stiles?"

Stiles nodded, smiling widely. "Yes sir. And I am feeling calmer than I was." He poked Scott's cheek again, laughing.

"Good," Derek said firmly. "Up you get, then. We're done with the scene."

Stiles pouted, but he stood slowly, stretching out his legs. "Yes sirrrrr."

Scott smiled, folding the scarf and rolling his eyes fondly at Stiles.

"Good boy," Derek told Stiles. "And Scott? I know praise isn't the same for you, but...you did well."

Stiles shifted from foot to foot, grinning widely.

Scott smiled, tilting his head. "S'not the same, but still appreciated. Thanks, Derek."

"You're welcome." Derek glanced at the time. "Chiquito, how do you feel about me hanging up soon?"

Stiles let out a small whimper, though he glanced at the clock himself. "Yes sir," he sighed softly, shoulders slumping a bit. "Day after tomorrow you'll be home?"

"Day after tomorrow," Derek promised. "I'm going to text you to check in on you tomorrow, and if at any time you start feeling off, I want you to call me, okay?"

Stiles nodded, a hand going up to pick at his lips, only to have it gently smacked away by Scott with a "Don't do that, you'll bleed."

Derek huffed a laugh. "I've been telling him that."

Stiles huffed, pouting at them both, his arms crossed. "Rude."

Scott just ruffled his hair. "Well this rude one doesn't want you to bleed, and I highly doubt he does either."

"Scott's right about that," Derek said, smiling. "Which you already know, tesoro."

"Yes sir." Stiles gave Derek a small smile, rubbing the back of his head. He walked over, sitting right
in front of the computer, his face falling into a sad frown. "I miss you."

Derek sighed. "I miss you too, mi querido," he said softly. "Just two more days."

"I love you. And I'll keep my phone on me all day," Stiles promised.

Derek smiled back. "That's my good boy," he said proudly. "You can text me whenever you want, okay? Call if you need me."

"Yes sir," Stiles smiled, the praise making him relax a bit more. "I'll talk to you tomorrow?" he offered, his brow furrowing. He didn't want to end the call, but he knew that Derek needed sleep.

"Absolutely," Derek reassured him. "I'll text you, and I'll call you, and you can call too."

Stiles gave him another smile, nodding. "I hope you sleep okay. And I hope your meeting goes well."

"Thanks, querido," Derek replied. "Sleep well."

"Night," Stiles whispered, finally ending the call before slumping back on his bed, almost not realizing Scott was sitting near his legs.

"D'you want me to stay or go?" Scott asked. "Mom won't be mad if I stay."

Stiles chewed on his lip hard. "Stay?" he asked, his voice soft and almost small. "Just...I don't think I can sleep alone."

"Sure, bro," Scott said easily. It's not like they hadn't done sleepovers a thousand times before. "No problem."

Stiles pressed his lips together hard, blinking back tears. "Why do I feel like crying? I'm not dropping or anything. I can tell I'm not. I just..."

Scott shrugged, reaching over to ruffle Stiles' hair. "I dunno, but Laura said that scenes make subs extra emotional sometimes. Maybe that's it?"

"Maybe," Stiles admitted. "That and I just... I don't like being so far away." He wrinkled his nose, not even caring that Scott was ruffling his hair.

Scott lay down, rolling onto his side to look down on Stiles. "You'll be okay, Stiles," he promised.

Stiles gave him a small smile, pressing closer and burying his face in Scott's chest. It wasn't his Derek, but it was a decent substitute. "Thanks," he murmured, the day and the scene hitting him all at once and leaving him drained.

"Don't worry about it," Scott said quietly. "I've got you."

Stiles let out another soft whine, slipping off to sleep, clutching at Scott's shirt.

Scott shook his head and settled in.

Chapter End Notes
Support systems are awesome. We hope you all enjoyed it!
I know I enjoy OUR support system ;) -(K)
"R-rules," Derek stammered, trying to remember them. "For the cage. I put it on, I take it off. You don't get to choose. Tell me if it's uncomfortable."

Stiles nodded, listening carefully, even as he set out to tease his Dom, grinding his hips forward just a little bit, testing the waters. "I'll tell you if it's uncomfortable," he whispered, his voice slightly higher. "And I wouldn't dream of taking it off once you put it on me, sir."

-----

Derek comes home, and he and Stiles celebrate.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Derek gets triggered, but calls yellow and Stiles stops. His reaction is mild. Derek also calls himself 'broken' for still being traumatised by Kate. Stiles contradicts and reassures him.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stiles sighed, rubbing his eyes and resting his forehead against the steering wheel of his jeep. He didn't want to go to an empty house anymore. He wanted to go home with his Dom. He wanted his Dom back from that trip! But he still had hours to wait. He finally slid out of the car, dragging his backpack behind him.

Derek had managed to rush through everything he needed to do today, in San Francisco, and had got on the road a few hours early - early enough that, when he heard Stiles' Jeep pull up outside, he was already sitting on the couch, waiting for him.

Stiles rubbed his eyes again, unlocking the door and tossing his bag to the side as he closed it and locked it. He grouched to himself, walking through the house to the living room, eyes on the ground, a hand tugging on his fringe.

Derek watched Stiles walk towards the kitchen, apparently oblivious to his presence. "Querido," he said warmly, a little amused. "I'm home."

Stiles stumbled, his eyes lighting up as he turned. "Sir," he cried, beaming brightly and unable to keep himself from running straight for Derek, scrambling to straddle his lap. He was trembling as he wrapped his arms around Derek, hugging him tightly.

"Oof," Derek gasped out, hugging Stiles back. "You missed me, huh?" he teased.

"My sir," Stiles breathed into his ear, a smile curling his lips. "I missed you very, very, very much."
"And do I get a welcome home kiss, querido?" Derek asked, smiling broadly.

"All the kisses," Stiles laughed softly, pulling back enough to cover Derek's lips with his, a soft whimper leaving his throat.

Derek met Stiles' lips in an open-mouthed kiss, moaning slightly into Stiles' mouth.

Stiles slid his hands down to fist in the front of Derek's shirt, shivering as he tilted his head, letting the kiss deepen as he scooted closer. A sharp whine slipped from him, eyes fluttering closed.

Derek slid his hands down Stiles' back to grab his ass and pull Stiles tight against him as he nipped lightly at Stiles' lower lip.

Stiles moaned softly, rocking against Derek and back into his hands, tongue flicking out to trace his upper lip. He felt settled, comfortable in his own skin again, and better than he had been since Scott and Derek took him down to his space.

Derek broke away, panting. "Do you want your present, love?" he asked breathlessly.

Stiles' breath hitched at the pet name, and he nodded as he panted, "Yes, please." He leaned forward, nipping up Derek's jaw, nuzzling his ear.

"R-rules," Derek stammered, trying to remember them. "For the cage. I put it on, I take it off. You don't get to choose. Tell me if it's uncomfortable."

Stiles nodded, listening carefully, even as he set out to tease his Dom, grinding his hips forward just a little bit, testing the waters. "I'll tell you if it's uncomfortable," he whispered, his voice slightly higher. "And I wouldn't dream of taking it off once you put it on me, sir."

"How - how long?" Derek asked, his hips jerking up almost against his will. "How long do you want to wear it?"

Stiles let out a soft whine. "A-as long as you want me too," he panted. God, it made him hotter than fire thinking about Derek holding the key, deciding when it was going to be used and not.

"Hours?" Derek asked desperately. "Days?"

"Weeks even." Stiles whimpered. "Want you to be in control of it."

Derek ground his hips upwards. "I'll train you," he promised. "Teach you. Give you a special treat for every day you take the cage without complaining."

Stiles panted softly, rolling his whole body down to grind his hips against Derek's, his head falling back a bit. "W-want it. Want you."

"You want one last orgasm from me before I get the cage?" Derek gasped. "Take it."

"Please," Stiles begged, his hips rolling faster, not caring that they were still dressed. "Please sir, want it." He wasn't just talking about wanting to come, either.

"Make yourself come, Stiles," Derek ordered. "Make yourself come and I'll put the cage on you."

Stiles shifted, letting out a sharp noise as the grinding he was doing amped up, his head falling forward to watch Derek with wide eyes and he came with a choked off moan, eyes rolling
backwards into his head as he slumped forward, hips rocking unconsciously as he whimpered.

Derek stroked Stiles' back, murmuring soft praise into his ear. "Such a good boy, chiquito, so beautiful, you did just what I wanted, so good for me, tesoro..."

Stiles all but purred into Derek's neck, a hand slipping to rest on Derek's lower stomach in question. He didn't want to push or do something uncomfortable to him.

"Let me get your cage," Derek said. "You can - you can make me come as a reward for letting me put it on you."

Stiles did purr at that, grinning widely and slipping from his lap to the floor, kneeling quietly, ignoring the wet spot in his pants.

Derek hesitated, but...he'd seen Stiles so close to naked already, and he really did need access to Stiles' cock and balls for this. "Strip, please," he said quietly, getting up to retrieve the bag from behind the couch.

Stiles stood, wiggling out of his clothes, a small smile on his face as he got back on his knees, dark eyes watching Derek.

Derek had already unpacked the cage and figured out how it went together, while he was waiting for Stiles, so he pulled the framework of metal bars from the bag and opened it up. "Stand," he ordered, sitting on the couch so Stiles' groin would be in easy reach.

"Yes sir," Stiles breathed, scrambling up to stand in front of Derek, his stomach warm. He could almost get hard, just from the thought of this.

"It might be a good thing you just came," Derek said, getting a tissue from the box on the coffee table and gently wiping Stiles clean. "I need you soft for this." He carefully fed each of Stiles' balls, then his cock, through the cock ring.

Stiles shivered, putting his hands behind his back without thinking about it, his eyes locked on Derek.

"Good boy," Derek praised quietly, putting spacers on the pins that connected the ring and the cage itself, just to be sure it wouldn't be too tight. The shopkeepers in San Francisco had been fairly firm about that. "I'm going to put a bit of lube on you for the cage now," Derek explained.

"Yes sir." Stiles' voice was rough, shaky with how good this was feeling. And not even really physically, since he had that cock-ring on. His skin was almost buzzing.

"Are you doing okay, chiquito?" Derek asked, standing up and reaching out to caress Stiles' cheek.

"All the green," Stiles murmured, leaning into Derek's hand. "All of it." He smiled up at Derek, licking his lips, his eyes dark. "Love you. Love this."

"Love you, mi tesoro," Derek murmured. "My good boy."

Stiles let out a happy rumble, leaning forward to press his face into Derek's neck.

"Stay right here while I get the lube, okay?" Derek told Stiles. "Stand still for me."

"Yes sir," Stiles whispered, freezing where he was, hands still behind his back.
"Good boy." Derek quickly went upstairs to get the lube from his room, internally cursing his unpreparedness. Hopefully Stiles would be okay, though.

Stiles smiled at Derek's retreating back. God, he felt amazing. Even though he was trapped, he felt free. He wasn't floating down, he knew this, but it was a lethargic, stretching kind of feeling that made him settle into his own skin.

When Derek came back, the smile on Stiles' face took his breath away. "You're beautiful, mi tesoro," he breathed.

Stiles flushed softly, though he didn't move, licking his lips and watching Derek with lidded eyes.

"My beautiful good boy," Derek praised, going back over and sitting on the couch again. He warmed the lube in his hands and carefully spread a little over Stiles' cock.

Stiles' breathing hitched at the touch, his body trying to get hard, only to be stopped by the cage. Oh it was almost a dizzying feeling. It was hard to describe, but he loved it.

"That's it, mi querido," Derek soothed him. "Almost there." He picked up the body of the cage, holding it in his hands for a little while to warm the cool metal, then carefully fed Stiles' cock into it.

Stiles shuddered, his head tipping back just a little bit. After a moment he leaned forward, all but begging for a kiss.

Derek leaned up and pressed a tiny kiss to Stiles' lips. "One last thing, mi querido," he said softly. "The lock."

Stiles let out a small whine, his pupils widening a bit. "Yes sir. Please." He kept his voice quiet, clenching his hands to keep from reaching for Derek just yet.

"Thank you," Derek said, heartfelt. He clicked the padlock into place, then put the key carefully into his pocket. He'd get a chain or something for it later.

Once the lock clicked shut, Stiles couldn't keep standing, slipping to his knees in one fluid motion, a small whine in his throat.

Derek stroked Stiles' hair, reassuring him. "You're perfect, mi amor," he murmured.

Stiles' breathing hitched. He'd watched enough TV and read enough books to know what 'mi amor' meant. He gave Derek a small smile, leaning forward to kiss Derek's hip through his jeans. "Mi amo," he answered. "Perfect for me."

Derek closed his eyes, overwhelmed. "Where did you learn that?" he asked hoarsely.


Derek swallowed hard. "Yours, querido," he promised. "I'm yours."

Stiles grinned, nosing Derek's shirt up enough that he could kiss his bare skin, though he made sure not to go any further, not wanting to push.

Derek froze. "Corazon, not there, please," he said quietly. "That's yellow for me."

"Sorry," Stiles murmured, moving away from Derek's hip to look up. "Are you ok?" he asked. Shit,
he hadn't meant to do something to upset him.

Derek relaxed. "I'm alright, chiquito. But please don't...kiss, or lick, my abs. I don't...enjoy it."

"She did it?" Stiles asked softly, nuzzling close, arms sliding around Derek's thighs.

Derek nodded. He didn't want to say it aloud, bring Her into this space between them.

Stiles tilted his head up to Derek, eyes still dark, licking his lips. "Can I make you come now?" he asked softly, wanting to make sure it was okay.

Derek almost laughed - Stiles' request seemed so far from where he was. "Give me a minute," he said instead, sitting heavily on the couch.

"Of course." Stiles settled more comfortably on his knees, his head resting on Derek's knee. He hoped he hadn't seemed pushy, and he hoped that his kissing Derek's hip wasn't going to cause Derek pain, even emotionally.

"Sorry, love," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair. "I didn't mean to interrupt you, I'm just...still a little bit broken."

Stiles made a negatory noise, leaning into the fingers in his hair, even as he looked Derek in the face. "You didn't interrupt anything, sir!" He huffed, brow furrowed. "And you aren't broken. You've been hurt before, and you're still working through it, but that doesn't make you broken, mi amo."

Derek drew in a sharp breath at the endearment. He felt even less worthy of it now. "You're sure, Stiles?" he asked. "You want me as...tu amo, when you can't even kiss me sometimes?"

Stiles frowned. "I can kiss you plenty of times," he huffed. "Just because you can't handle it certain places without a flashback, doesn't make you any less mi amo..." He shifted until he was kneeling between Derek's legs, his head on his thigh. "Listen, sir. Please. I love you. You're my Dominant just as much as I'm yours in every. sense. of. the. word." He smiled. "You're mi amo, my sir, my Derek. I'm here with you, no matter what. You're an amazing Dom, and honestly I wish I could go back in time and shank her in the throat."

"She's, um, on death row," Derek admitted. "Because of my family." Her lawyer had made a case for clemency because of mental health factors, but it hadn't worked.

"Good," Stiles all but growled, wrapping an arm around Derek's leg. "Mine. My Dom, my Derek, mi amo."

Derek looked down at Stiles helplessly. "You're very protective, aren't you, chiquito?"

Stiles grinned, nodding. "I am. Just as I'm yours, you're mine. And I won't let anyone hurt you. Not even me."

"You promise?" The words slipped out before Derek could stop them.

"To the best of my abilities." Stiles nodded. "I promise." He gave Derek a grin. "And I have Scott, Laura, and my Dad to kick ass for me too. We'll protect you."

Derek bent down and kissed Stiles' forehead. "Thank you," he said fervently. "Thank you, Stiles."

"Always." Stiles grinned, leaning into the kiss.

"You're wonderful, querido," Derek murmured. "So good."
Stiles settled back onto his knees, resting his head on Derek's thigh from where he was still kneeling between Derek's legs, breathing him in.

Derek was abruptly aware of the possibilities of their respective positions. "Chiquito," he said quietly. "Do you still want to make me come?"

Stiles peeked up, a small smile on his face. "Yes sir," he murmured, part of him knowing how they were sitting, the rest craving it.

A shiver ran down Derek's spine. They'd never done more than grind against each other, and now Stiles was kneeling at his feet. "You can use your hands or your mouth or both," Derek offered, aware of Stiles' inexperience.

Stiles' eyes widened before darkening in understanding, his hands reaching for the button and fly of Derek's jeans. "I can?" he asked, then paused for a moment. "What do I not need to do? Like the kiss on the hip."

Derek frowned, thinking. He'd had sex since Her, and after the first few times he'd managed to mostly divorce it from memories of Her. There hadn't been much tenderness in those encounters, though - not that She had really been tender, but there had been a parody of care in Her actions. "I think we'll be okay," Derek said slowly. "Just...stop if I ask."

"Of course, sir." Stiles smiled, leaning forward to nuzzle against Derek's cock through his pants, breathing deeply before blowing warm air through the denim.

Derek felt his flagging erection stir again and sat up. "You have good instincts, corazon," he said, amused.

"Hmm?" Stiles asked, darkened eyes lifting to Derek's. He pulled back just enough so he could lick his lips, sucking his lower one into his mouth. Hands plucked at Derek's button, sliding the fly down slowly.

Derek swallowed hard. "You can feel the impact you have on me, chiquito," he pointed out.

"You smell good," Stiles murmured, unrepentant, as he tugged open both sides of Derek's pants, mouthing along his cock where it was peeking out, still covered by his underwear.

Derek hummed in pleasure, letting Stiles explore.

Stiles let out a soft moan, tugging on Derek's pants pleadingly. "Take them off? Want to taste."

Rather than getting up to take his pants off, Derek pulled his cock out of his briefs, tucking the elastic under his balls.

"That works too." Stiles grinned, running his tongue up the shaft of Derek's cock, moaning at the taste.

"Oh god," Derek said shakily. "So good, querido."

Stiles let out a small whine high in his throat, pupils blowing wide as he sucked the head into his mouth, eyes never leaving Derek's.

"Do you like the taste of me, querido?" Derek asked, reaching down to stroke Stiles' hair.
Stiles hummed in answer, tongue flicking across the slit, eyes half-lidded as he sunk just a bit further down onto Derek, sucking and licking.

Derek shuddered, pressing his hips hard into the couch so he didn't choke Stiles by accident. "Don't take too much, querido," he warned. "I don't want you choking."

Stiles whined, sucking hard as he pulled off. "I know from a chubby bunny game that I have no gag reflex," he panted, tilting his head back to look at Derek. "You won't hurt me. I'll tap your ankle if I need to stop for a minute, okay? Please sir." The last words were raspy as Stiles leaned forward again, moaning around Derek as he teased and tasted.

Derek raised his eyebrows. "You're impossible, tesoro," he said gratefully. "Alright, love. Take your reward."

Stiles just popped off with another grin, shifting closer. "I'm not impossible. Just I know what I like and want. And I want you not to worry quite so much. I'm loud, it's not like I have any problems telling you when something's wrong," he teased, his fingers lazily stroking him before he sunk back down with a whine.

Derek gave up. Or rather, he gave in, sinking into the pleasure of having Stiles at his feet, Stiles' mouth on his cock.

Stiles moaned softly, resting his hands lightly on Derek's knees as he sunk down, taking in as much as he could, swallowing around him.

Derek bit back a curse as the vibrations around his cock drew him closer to the edge. "Doing so good, querido," he gasped instead. "Making me feel so good."

Stiles whined at the praise, sucking him harder as he pulled back, moaning around him as he sank back down, the taste and weight of Derek driving him wild.

"You're so - nn - good at this, tesoro, so good for me," Derek praised, barely aware of his own words, his attention transfixed by Stiles' mouth on his cock.

Stiles shifted a bit, sinking down as much as he could, slowly as he relaxed his throat, not pausing until his nose was pressing into Derek's stomach.

Derek groaned deeply, trembling with the sensations. "Oh fuck, love, you shouldn't be able to do that so soon, you're im- oh - impossible, impossibly good, christ..."

Stiles swallowed around him for a moment before pulling off with a pant, coughing a bit and rasping out, "You've never seen me eat a popsicle when it starts to melt." He panted, licking his lips and diving back in, tongue curling around him.

"I can't decide whether I should - fuck - buy you more popsicles or - nn - never buy them, so you can't tease me," Derek gasped. He reached down to cup Stiles' cheek. "Tesoro, I'm - I'm almost there; you should pull off if you - ah - want to."

Stiles leaned into Derek's touch, coming up just half-way off, suckling him like he would a popsicle, flicking his eyes up to Derek, almost no iris around his pupils.

"You - you want to?" Derek checked, grasping at the fraying threads of his control.

Stiles hummed. He wanted it, wanted to taste. He'd end up licking it off his hand anyway, might as well get it straight from the source.
The vibrations pushed Derek over the edge. "Fuck, fuck, mi querido, I'm - "

Stiles hummed again, tongue flicking across Derek’s slit one last time, hands sliding up to rest on Derek’s stomach, eyes not leaving his.

Derek shuddered, his hips thrusting up as he came.

Stiles swallowed as much as he could, pulling off with a small cough, come splashing along his chin as he panted. His tongue flicked out to get as much as he could off his face, tilting his face toward Derek. "You taste good," he murmured, sucking his lower lip into his bruised and swollen mouth.

"God, Stiles." Derek stared down at the sub with dark eyes, tenderly swiping come off Stiles' face with his thumb. "You're perfect, mi chiquito."

Stiles sucked Derek's thumb into his mouth to clean it before letting it fall with a grin. "How am I impossible, sir?" he asked, kneading his stomach like a kitten.

"I know you're not experienced, Stiles," Derek pointed out softly. "And you give me a blowjob like that?"

Stiles flushed. "I may have been practicing on those popsicles," he admitted, grinning. "And you tasted good. And you sounded nice. I like hearing it."

Derek shook his head in disbelief. "You're wonderful, mi tesoro," he said, tucking his cock back into his pants. He patted his lap. "Get up here."

Stiles scrambled up, straddling his lap and smiling down at him. "Why's that? Because I like to give popsicles head to practice?" He laughed brightly.

Derek huffed, shaking his head. "You just are." He glanced down at the cage between them and reached to trace it with his fingers. "How are you feeling about this, tesoro?" he asked.

Stiles shivered, licking his lips. "I like it. Made me dizzy when you put it on, and when I sucked you off. And I'm already more sensitive than I was before."

"More sensitive to what, mi chiquito?" Derek asked, trailing his fingers in slow, swirling patterns over Stiles' cock.

"Touch." Stiles panted softly, rocking his hips forward. He knew it was fruitless, he wouldn't be able to get hard, and coming while caged was almost impossible. But it felt so good.

"Shhh, still," Derek hushed Stiles gently. "I've got you, mi querido. Just let me touch you."

Stiles let out a soft moan. "Mi amo." he breathed, resting his forehead on Derek's shoulder, trembling. He would happily admit he liked this. Liked Derek touching him, telling Stiles to just let him. He knew he could stop it with a three letter word, but he didn't want to, God, he didn't want to. He loved Derek being truly commanding.

"Mi amor," Derek murmured, like a prayer. He kept his touch light and gentle, the alternating bars and flesh rippling under his fingertips. Stiles was so beautiful, so responsive.

Stiles whimpered, burying his face in Derek's neck, rocking into his fingers. His toes curled slightly as he panted, his arms slipping behind his back without thought.
"Good boy, querido," Derek praised him softly. "I've got you." He began to slide his hand slowly up and down the cage in a parody of a handjob. "You're doing so well, chiquito."

Whimpers kept falling from Stiles' throat. He knew he was making a mess on Derek's stomach, precome drooling out of his cock, even though it was all caged up and unable to get harder. "Sir," he panted, kissing and biting at Derek's neck lightly, rocking his hips.

"I've got you, querido," Derek murmured, slowly, gently ramping back the intensity.

Stiles was dizzy, wanting more, and unable to get it. He lifted his head a bit, panting and whimpering into Derek's ear. He'd take it like a good boy, he'd take it because it felt so good.

"Shhh, tesoro," Derek murmured, stroking Stile' hair with his free hand. "That's enough for now, you're doing so well."

Stiles slumped against him, shivering and panting. The arousal sat in his stomach like a crouching jungle cat, waiting to pounce. Only he knew it wouldn't, he'd stay wound up like a spring, ready for his Dom to do this again and again, edging him continually. And he was looking forward to it.

Derek was in awe of the power Stiles had given him. "I've got you, mi amor," he promised. "I've got you."

"Mi amo," Stiles whispered softly, nuzzling just behind Derek's ear. "I love you."

"I love you, Stiles," Derek murmured. "I love you so much."

Chapter End Notes

A slightly shorter chapter than usual, but hopefully the content makes up for it. :)

Happy Easter to all of you that celebrate it, and to everyone else, I hope you have an excellent weekend.
I personally plan to eat my weight in ham. :) -K
An Expedition

Chapter Summary

When they got to the store, Derek reminded Stiles, "Remember: stay with me, speak only to me, and ask if you want something. Colour?"

"Green," Stiles breathed, kissing Derek’s jaw before sliding from the car, staying right next to him.

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Derek and Stiles experiment with exploring their roles a little in a public setting. Unfortunately, they forgot to take into account other people.

(Please read warnings)

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: There's a few things that come up in this one. First of all, public play - not so much a warning as an anti-warning. There is absolutely nothing sexual in this chapter, apart from a little murmured teasing and a too-big shirt that exposes Stiles’ neckline a bit. Stiles isn't in subspace at all, and Derek doesn't try to push him there. The rules mentioned in the summary are as far as they go.

BUT, the strangers aren't so nice. Warning for some fairly explicit (overheard) cat-calling, including calling him a 'cocksucker' and implying he is 'owned'. Stiles doesn't interact with the strangers, and they don't attempt to address him directly or approach him. However, Stiles is quite upset, and panics a little bit until he can get back to Derek. If you want to skip this section, the cat-calling is in the first few lines after the paragraph break when Stiles goes to get popsicles. His panic continues until the line starting "Stiles smiled softly" about six lines before the next paragraph break.

Derek is triggered during this chapter. A woman comments about Derek 'showing [Stiles] off', calls Derek 'sweetie', and touches his arm. Her actions are a little iffy, but Derek is primarily triggered by associations with Kate. Derek remembers some things Kate told him that are unpleasant by implication (that his consent is not important). Stiles notices fairly quickly that Derek is upset, and immediately comes over to get the stranger away and comfort Derek. If you want to skip this section, it starts just after a paragraph break when a stranger says "'He's cute' ", and the interaction with the stranger is over by the next paragraph break. Derek doesn't fully come out of his flashback until halfway through the final paragraph/section.

Finally, a warning for victim blaming. Not intense, but both the stranger and an acquaintance, Mrs McPherson, imply that the way Stiles is dressed (jeans and an over-large t-shirt) is an invitation. Mrs McPherson is very friendly and supportive about it (the 'if you're dressed like that, do such and such thing'). The stranger suggests to Derek that Stiles is being 'shown off', and later says to Stiles that he should expect his outfit to be taken as an invitation. Stiles immediately contradicts her and tells her off. This takes
Stiles was in the kitchen, swinging his hips to the music flowing around him as he sang along. He'd just finished the dishes from breakfast and was wiping down the counters and table, pausing every now and then to roll and rock to the beat, grinning widely. "When I move, you move, just like that."

Derek smiled broadly as he watched him from the doorway, leaning on the frame. Stiles' singing had become an anchor for him, a reminder that everything was okay. He liked watching, too - he saw no reason to interrupt.

Stiles swung around, eyes closed as he sang, his body moving to both dance to the song and flick the cloth back into the sink in one smooth motion. He opened his eyes as he started the last verse, squeaking softly and grinning. "Sir!" He walked over, wrapping his arms around Derek's neck and tilting his face up for a kiss.

"Hey, chiquito." Derek smiled and gave Stiles the kiss he was looking for, quick and sweet. "Nice dancing."

Stiles grinned, wrinkling his nose. "That's not dancing, that was me goofing off. Then again, a type of dancing I do involves a chair and a very hard Dom," he teased, savouring the kiss before nuzzling along Derek's jaw. "How's work coming along? Break time?"

"Break time," Derek agreed, rolling his shoulders. "If I keep going right now I'm going to end up cross-eyed."

"Well, that's no good, you'd look rather silly like that," Stiles huffed playfully, turning to turn down the music, hips swinging to it before it fell quiet.

Derek huffed a laugh. "No, we wouldn't want that," he agreed. "That's your job."

"Hey!" Stiles laughed, pouting up at Derek before lifting his nose. "I am not silly. Sarcastic? yes. A brat? Yes."

"You're not a brat," Derek disagreed, snagging Stiles around the waist and hugging him close. "You're a perfect good boy."

Stiles beamed. "You can be a good boy and still be a brat." He laughed, hugging Derek back. "What would you like to do?"

Derek sighed. "We should probably go grocery shopping," he said reluctantly.

"Hmmm, true. I ran out of popsicles." Stiles gave him a teasing grin, licking his lips. "And we need other food of course."

Derek rolled his eyes. "I can't believe how many popsicles you go through, even if you are practicing. It's barely even March."
"At least I get the real fruit ones." Stiles spun, grabbing the list off the fridge.

"Should we get some of those plastic popsicle molds?" Derek wondered aloud. "You could make your own, then."

Stiles grinned. "I could make pudding pops!" He laughed, poking Derek's cheek. "You know, for someone that calls me a tease, you sure aren't stopping me from doing it," he teased gently, mischievous grin in place.

"It makes you happy," Derek said, shrugging. "I like your smile."

"I like yours too." Stiles kissed Derek's cheek before slipping on his shoes. "Do I look okay?" He spun in a circle, showing off the huge shirt he'd stolen from Derek's closet that looked to even be too big for the stockier Dom, the neckline sideslipping off a shoulder until Stiles pulled it back up. One side of the shirt was shoved into the waistband of his jeans, to keep a pocket free.

Derek smirked. "You're showing off, tesoro," he observed. Stiles had asked for his leather collar today, and it was unmistakable above the low-hanging neckline of the t-shirt.

"I like being yours." Stiles grinned, ruffling his own hair. "And I like teasing you this way as well, it's fun."

"Well, if we're going out like this, I expect you to be on your best behaviour," Derek said, smiling. "We don't want people thinking I have a naughty sub, now, do we?"

"Of course, sir," Stiles replied. "I wouldn't have people think I was naughty. At least, not bad behaviour wise," he teased, walking over and leaning against Derek for a moment.

Derek wrapped an arm around Stiles automatically, thinking. "Mi amor..." he said slowly. "Do you want people to see you being my sub? Actively obeying me, I mean, not just being my partner."

Stiles smiled. "I like people knowing I'm yours. And I like the thought. I can't honestly say I like it if I've never really tried it."

Derek frowned. "Okay, here's what we'll do," he decided. "If I give you an order you're uncomfortable with, you can say 'I prefer not to'. And if you want me to order you to do something, you can ask me if you may do it. Does that work?"

Stiles nodded. "I can remember that," he replied. "What are the rules then?" he asked softly, leaning up to nuzzle and nip along Derek's jaw. It wasn't his fault, he was so tactile to begin with, but his Dom made him want to curl up like a kitten begging for touches.

Derek smiled down at him. "Stay at my side unless I tell you otherwise, let me speak on your behalf, and ask me first if there's anything you want to buy. Does that sound fair?" he checked.

Stiles beamed, nodding and kissing the corner of his mouth. "Mi amo," he hummed, nuzzling close. Derek felt his heartbeat speed up and a hot blush on his cheeks. "Mi amor," he replied, in a promise they'd been trading back and forth all week. "Are you ready to go?"

Stiles smiled, running fingertips along the flush on his Dom's cheeks. "Yes sir, I'm ready to go," he murmured, tucking his face under Derek's chin for a moment before turning for the car, humming lightly to himself.
"Wait for me, querido," Derek warned, catching Stiles by the hand.

Stiles squeaked, laughing softly and sending Derek a smile. "Sorry sir." He kissed Derek's cheek, settling where he was to wait.

"Good boy." Derek brought Stiles' hand to his lips and kissed it as he overtook him. "Now we're going."

Stiles soaked up the praise for a moment, beaming. "Thank you," he murmured, following Derek closely to the car.

"In you get, love," Derek said as he unlocked the driver-side door. "Do you need anything special for your baking this week?"

Stiles tilted his head as he slid into his spot. "Hmm. More apples, and some more chocolate chips is all I need, I think."

"You put them on the list?" Derek checked, starting the car.

"Yes sir, as well as more Italian sausage for that pasta dish you like." Stiles beamed, buckling his belt and curling up.

"Thanks, tesoro," Derek replied. "You're very thoughtful."

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When they got to the store, Derek reminded Stiles, "Remember: stay with me, speak only to me, and ask if you want something. Colour?"

"Green," Stiles breathed, kissing Derek's jaw before sliding from the car, staying right next to him.

"Good boy." Derek led Stiles into the supermarket, collecting a trolley on the way. He consulted the list, and headed for the produce section.

Stiles hummed lightly to himself, following closely and tugging a bit on Derek's sleeve, causing the neckline on the shirt he was wearing to slip from a shoulder. "The green apples? Please sir?"

Derek smiled at Stiles approvingly. "Alright, chiquito," he agreed. "You may get some for us."

"Thank you Sir," Stiles replied. He reached out and collected a few apples, tying them up carefully in the little plastic bag, sucking on his lower lip.

When Stiles came back with the apples, Derek praised him and gave him another task. "Go to the deli counter and ask for two hundred and fifty grams of shaved ham, please."

Stiles nodded, beaming at the praise. He ignored the looks that seemed to be thrown his way as he stepped up to the deli counter, asking politely for what his Dom wanted, giving the girl a smile as she handed it to him. "Thank you." he murmured, wanting to stay polite and be good.

"You're welcome, cutie," she replied, looking him over with a bright smile. "Have a good day."

Stiles flushed, hurrying back to Derek and pressing close. The looks just got stronger with the blushing, but he kept ignoring them, fiddling with the neck of the shirt.

"Is everything okay?" Derek asked quietly. "Do you need a break?"
"I'm okay," Stiles murmured. "The deli lady said I was cute and was checking me out." He didn't tell Derek about the stares.

"You are cute," Derek replied, although he wrapped a possessive arm around Stiles' waist. "Did she make you uncomfortable?"

Stiles shook his head. "Just startled me," he admitted, smiling up at Derek. The stares made him uncomfortable, but he couldn't really say anything if it was just staring.

"Good," Derek replied, smiling back. "You're doing very well, corazon."

Stiles beamed at the praise, kissing Derek's cheek. "May I get more cherry popsicles?"

"You may, chiquito," Derek agreed. "Get us some frozen peas and corn while you're there, please."

"Yes sir!" Stiles said cheerfully, kissing Derek's cheek again as he all but ran to the freezer section, sucking on his lower lip as he looked over the different types of popsicles. Should he get just cherry? Or a cherry/blue raspberry variety box?

"Fuck, look at that kid," came an anonymous murmur from behind him. "Man, I bet he's the best cocksucker in the next three towns."

"I wonder who owns him?" someone else replied.

"I wonder if they'd let us try him out."

Stiles froze where he was, his eyes widening as he was reaching for a popsicle box. He almost dropped the box in his shock, starting to tremble. A part of him wanted to wheel around and rip them new ones, another wanted to preen and strut back to his Dom, flipping them off on the way. But the part that won the battle decided he was going to grab the box to his chest and walk swiftly back toward Derek, biting down on his lower lip to keep his words in his mouth.

"Stiles!" It was Mrs McPherson, who'd lived across the road from him all his life. "It's good to see you!"

Stiles started, almost dropping to box again, his hand going to his collar for a moment. He gave Mrs McPherson a smile, waving with his free hand as the box stayed lodged under the arm that was holding his collar. He passed her, promising himself that he'd ask to call her later to explain. He couldn't stop, couldn't stop until he could find Derek. He was trembling, eyes starting to fill as he fought to keep his cool.

Derek was looking at spaghetti sauce when Stiles found him again.

Stiles stumbled up to him, dropping the box into the cart before letting out a soft sob, clinging to Derek and burying his face in Derek's back where he was pressed against him. He shuddered softly, shivering and clenching his hands tightly in Derek's shirt.

"Stiles, what happened?" Derek exclaimed, clutching Stiles tight and turning so the sub was protected between Derek, the trolley, and the shelves. "Are you alright?"

Stiles was mumbling softly to himself, not answering Derek, just pressing closer. He finally looked up, shivering and swallowing hard. He explained what had happened, his grip getting tighter and tighter, then gasped, closing his eyes tight so he didn't start crying again. "I'm sorry! I didn't grab the
vegetables you wanted me to get! I'm sorry, I'm sorry."

"It's okay," Derek said soothingly, still desperately trying to figure out what had upset Stiles so badly. "We can get them together later."

"The-they…" Stiles took a deep breath. "Rude comments, were saying things like wondering if you'd share, or comments about my mouth. I basically ran away, even though I didn't want to, and then Mrs McPherson tried to stop me to talk, but I wasn't supposed to so I didn't, and can I send her a message letter explaining? And I'm sorry!"

Derek all but growled when he heard people had been harassing Stiles. "It sounds like you did all the right things, querido," he reassured Stiles, rubbing slow circles on his back. "I didn't think about what would happen if someone recognized you, and I'm sorry. You can write her a letter later, and if you like, we can look for her so you can explain in person."

Stiles gave Derek a small smile at the tiny bit of praise, soaking it up and using it to calm down. "I see her down the aisle," he murmured, waving at her, still sniffling. "I am sorry, though, sir. I tried not to let it get to me. I wanted to just tell them off or flip them off and stalk back to you, but then my brain started spinning and I couldn't think, only act."

"It's okay, querido," Derek promised. "You shouldn't have to deal with that."

Stiles smiled softly as he calmed down, kissing Derek’s jaw. "Can I go talk to Mrs McPherson? She's right there, a few feet away. I don't want to go any further away anyway."

"I can come with you if you want," Derek suggested. It was his fault Stiles had been rude, after all.

Stiles smiled. "Yes please! She can meet you that way!" He wiped his eyes, sucking on his lower lip as he fixed his shirt the way he wanted it, liking that he looked pleasing to Derek, though the ‘appreciation’ of the others wasn't in his plan.

Derek reached up to cup Stiles' cheek and kissed him softly. "Good boy," he murmured. "You're doing really well."

Stiles let out a happy noise at the kiss, pressing into it and the hand on his cheek. He smiled, nuzzling close for a moment. "Love you," he murmured, gently tugging his Dom toward where the woman stood staring at the bread.

"Love you too," Derek replied quietly.

Mrs McPherson didn't notice them until they got close, focused on comparing prices.

"Sorry about earlier," Stiles started softly, not wanting to startle her. He leaned against Derek, the panic from earlier leaving him a bit drained.

"Oh!" Mrs McPherson looked up, startled. "Oh, Stiles, it's you. Don't worry about it, honey, it's obvious you were upset."

"It's more that I told him to be quiet without thinking everything through," Derek explained sheepishly. He held out his hand. "Derek Hale, ma'am."

Stiles giggled. "You didn't know I'd see anybody, sir!" he defended softly. "I was upset because of minor things that happened and had me reeling. I'm okay though."
Derek shook his head. "I didn't know, but I should have allowed for it anyway."

Mrs McPherson looked him over with one raised eyebrow. "Seeing as you cheered him right up, I wouldn't say you're doing a bad job. Everyone makes mistakes, even a big strong Dom like you."

Stiles eyes lit up, knowing he had Mrs. McPherson's 'blessing' for the Dom he had. "He's perfect for me." He beamed. He'd told Mrs. McPherson his fears before. He tilted his face up to look at Derek, a mischievous look in his eye.

"Hmph." Mrs McPherson looked at Derek's blush, then at Stiles' smiling face. "He'll do," she decided. "So long as you don't go putting each other on pedestals and forgetting you're real people, you'll do alright."

"No problems there, Mrs. McP." Stiles grinned widely. He stood closer to Derek, kissing his cheek and whispering softly so the poor lady couldn't hear - "I wonder what else my Big Strong Dom could do. Pin me up on the wall, perhaps?" - before sliding back down onto his heels, beaming at her and gesturing to the cart. "We'll leave you to your shopping, ma'am. I have popsicles that I don't want melting. Don't taste as good and aren't as fun that way!"

Mrs McPherson shook her head, laughing a little. "Get on with you now," she scolded him fondly. "And if you're going to go about half-dressed, stay with your young man here and let him look after you."

Stiles pouted. "I'm fully clothed!" he hmphed, leaning against Derek.

Derek turned his head, brushing his stubbled cheek over Stiles', to murmur in his ear, "You're enticing. You like you just got out of bed and can't wait to go back."

Stiles flushed high in his cheeks, licking his lips. "Well, the going back to your bed part is true," he murmured back, leaning into the nuzzling. "I'm serious though, I wonder what your strength can do, my strong Dom."

"We'll experiment," Derek promised quietly. "We do need to finish shopping, though."

Stiles eyes lit up at the first part, only to pout at the second. "Yes siiirrr," he whined, leading Derek toward the freezer section, his lip tucking back into his mouth as he looked over his choices, prepared to ask Derek for some, half wondering if the comments would continue with his Dom there.

"Peas and corn," Derek reminded Stiles. "That's all we need from here."

Stiles nodded, smiling slightly, one hip popping out. "Do we want the mix, Sir? Or two separate ones? I can't remember the recipes."

"Mix is fine," Derek said simply. It was nice, being with Stiles like this. Just...spending time together.

Stiles nodded, reaching into the bottom of the case for a bag. "All done!" He smiled and kissed Derek's cheek. "Is there anything we're missing?"

Derek checked the list. It was all crossed off, but... "Chocolate chips," he said suddenly. "You needed chocolate chips."

"Oh!" Stiles beamed, happy that Derek had remembered. "That's in the next aisle." He shifted from foot to foot. "Can I go get them?" he asked after a moment.

"You go ahead and choose, querido," Derek agreed. "I'll follow you."
Stiles nodded, kissing Derek quickly and scurrying to look over his choices, trying to pick for the cake he was making this week.

"He's cute," a stranger observed, pausing next to Derek with the weight of her basket resting on her hip.

"What?" Derek asked, trying to figure out why on earth someone would approach him like this.

She rolled her eyes, quirking a smile as if inviting him to join in with some inside joke. "Your eager little boy over there. He's cute," she repeated. "This your first time showing him off?"

"I'm not - " Derek stuttered and stopped. Wasn't he showing Stiles off? Wasn't that the point of this? But not the way she made it sound, like he was inviting people to...share Stiles.

She laughed. "Oh come on, sweetie, you know what you're doing."

Derek froze.

Stiles hummed softly to himself, finally grabbing the dark chocolate that Derek seemed to prefer, walking back and pausing at the end of the aisle, blinking. Who was that lady?

The woman kept talking, but Derek couldn't hear her over the memories of someone else who'd once said that to him. She rested a hand on his arm and Derek shuddered, wanting her off, but remembering that 'good boys let their owners touch them'. "Please," he croaked at last. "Let go of my arm."

Stiles' eyes widened, hurrying up to Derek, putting the bag in the cart before wrapping Derek in a hug, tucking his head under his chin. He turned his face to look the lady dead in the eye. "Please let go of my Dom." His voice was overly sweet, though his eyes were hard. "He already asked you to, and it's obvious you're making him uncomfortable." He reached up on the side away from the stranger, petting his Dom's cheek like he usually did, trying to pull him out of the flashback he could see coming on.

The woman frowned and took a step back. "I was just being friendly," she objected.

"My Dom," Stiles said simply. "And if you can't see when someone is upset, then I pray to every deity up there that you learn before you have a sub or Dom of your own." He sniffed softly. "I apologize if I seem rude, but the last thing I want is my Dom hurt or upset, and you were obviously upsetting him. I also hope you weren't one of the ones commenting on my mouth earlier or the ones wondering if my Dom would 'share' - that did nothing but make me upset."

"Well if you're going to be dressed like that," she said, sneering as she looked Stiles over, "you shouldn't be surprised that people take it as an invitation."

"The only invitation it was to was my Dom. No one else. And how is this a bad way to dress? I'm in a shirt and jeans. It's not like I'm wandering around in nothing but my collar!" Stiles felt his lip curl in response to the sneer, his hackles rising. "You can't really see anything except maybe a shoulder when the neckline falls. Nothing else. If this was 'dressing to invite talk' then I'd hate to see the clothing that doesn't! Good day, Ma'am. I hope you have a lovely one," Stiles finished, and promptly ignored her, tilting his head up to kiss Derek's jaw. "Sir," he murmured. "Come on, it's okay."
Derek shivered under the kiss, his whole body tense. Stiles was talking to him. Did Stiles need him?

"Come on, sir," Stiles whispered. "Come on. You're safe. It's okay," he assured Derek. "Just listen to me, okay? It's safe, but we're in the middle of the store. Come on, it'll be okay. She's not touching you anymore. I got her to let go. Probably gonna get punished for how I spoke to her, but you already knew how protective I am. Come on." He kept murmuring softly in Derek’s ear, leaning against him so Derek could feel that it was *him* and not *Her*.

Stiles was here. He wasn't *Her* sub anymore. He belonged to Stiles. Stiles made sure he was safe.

"My Dom," Stiles soothed. "Such a good Dom, a wonderful one. S'my turn to assure you. It's okay." He kept his voice quiet, glaring at the lady’s back as she stalked off. "Come on, Sir, come back to me, it's okay. We're in the middle of the aisle and we need to finish up and go home. Come on," Stiles urged softly, kissing Derek’s cheek.

Stiles needed him. Stiles needed him to...finish up? Oh. Finish shopping. They were shopping. Right. Derek blinked, finally registering the scene in front of his eyes.

Stiles smiled, nuzzling his cheek. "Feeling a bit better, sir?" he whispered.

"I'm sorry," Derek muttered, blushing a little when he realised he'd just had a flashback in the middle of the store. He hadn't done that in years.

"Why are you sorry?" Stiles asked, pulling back to tilt his head to the side. "It wasn't anything you did." He smiled, kissing Derek lightly. "Ready to go home? Or need some more hug first?"

Derek laughed weakly. "I could always use more hug," he admitted. "But we should go."

Stiles hugged Derek close, kissing his jaw softly. "Love you," he murmured, stroking Derek’s arm.

"I love you too, tesoro," Derek replied quietly. "Thank you."

"Mi amo," Stiles hummed, kissing Derek softly before slowly sliding away, giving him time to pull him back closer if he needed.

Derek smiled slightly. "Mi amor," he replied. "I'm alright. Let's get out of here."

"Yes sir," Stiles agreed gladly, kissing Derek one more time before taking hold of the cart, staying close to him. He lifted his nose as they passed the woman from before, but he made no other move to acknowledge her as they headed to the checkout. She wasn’t important.

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Chapter End Notes

Not all experiments end well, sadly. The boys will be fine, though.

I want to take a moment to thank (almost) all of you for your wonderful, supportive comments. They mean a lot to us, and are hugely encouraging. However, as we write the chapters weeks in advance of posting them, we aren't seeking concrit on this work,
and we ask that you keep any to yourself. Thank you!

Though please continue to give us ideas for them to do! Who knows, we may add it in a future chapter! -K
"Right now, the answer is no," Derek said firmly, trying to pretend the image of Stiles sucking him in the car wasn't running over and over through his head. "When we get home? If you're good."

Stiles let out a soft whine, the picture stuck in his head as he shifted where he was. "Yes sir. I'll be good, really good, want to taste, love you in my mouth," he rambled before cutting himself off, biting down on his lower lip.

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After they get home from the grocery store, Derek and Stiles indulge themselves.

(This one's pretty much just smut)

They made it out of the store without any further drama, thank god. When they'd finally gotten everything in the car and settled in their seats, Derek sighed and tilted his head back against the headrest. "Let's not do that again," he suggested.

"Do what, Sir?" Stiles asked softly, turning so he was facing Derek, his legs curled up under him. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean for anything to happen."

Derek shook his head. "Not your fault," he insisted. "It just...did you have fun today?"

"I did except for the comments and then that woman." Stiles growled at the end, wrinkling his nose before curling closer. "I liked teasing you," he admitted. He knew what wearing his Dom's clothes did to Derek.

"Really?" Derek asked. "Just about everything that could go wrong did."

"And yet, we handled it. There weren't any meltdowns, no panics that involved running out of the store. We did good," Stiles murmured, scooting over and pressing against Derek. "Just because there's assholes in the world, doesn't mean our trip did bad."

"You think so?" Derek shook his head. "I don't want us to just be handling things."

Stiles smiled. "Well, this was the first run. You can't expect perfection on the first try, sir." He moved until he was straddling Derek's thighs, careful not to hit the steering wheel.

Derek leaned back, resting his hands on Stiles' hips and looking him in the eye. "You really want there to be a second try?"

"I want to try everything with you." Stiles smiled. "So yes, I want to try again. Not today, but yes." He leaned forward, resting their foreheads together.
Derek sighed. "If that's what you want, we'll talk about it," he agreed. "Not now. I'd forget things."

Stiles beamed at him, kissing him softly and leaning against Derek, one shoulder peeking out from the shirt. "I love you."

Derek hugged Stiles gently, still settling back into his equilibrium. "Love you too, querido," he replied.

Stiles tucked his face into Derek's neck, kissing and nuzzling as he relaxed. "Ready to go home?" he asked softly.

"Past ready," Derek agreed. "You're going to get off my lap first, though."

"Booo." Stiles pouted, slipping off Derek's lap, but buckling up in the middle seat rather than going back to the far side. "Ready," he said, leaning against Derek.

Derek shook his head ruefully as he got the car going. "You're incorrigible, love," he said fondly. It was one of his favourite things about Stiles - he was submissive, but he was in no way meek. He'd never hesitate to speak up if he didn't like something.

"You love it," Stiles sang, resting his head on Derek's shoulder. Half way down the road, he licked his lips, eyes sparkling. "Can I suck you off?"

The car jerked as Derek's head whipped around to stare at Stiles.

Stiles giggled, his grip tightening on the seat and Derek's thigh as he shot Derek a grin. "What?" he asked. "You don't want me to?"

Thank god they were still in the parking lot. Derek took a deep breath, then another. "You had to ask me that while we're driving, Stiles?" he said pointedly, fixing his eyes firmly on the road ahead of him.

Stiles sucked his lower lip into his mouth. "Wanted to. Kinda flew out of my mouth without thinking?" He tilted his head.

"Sure it did," Derek said dryly, glancing at Stiles in the mirror.


"Right now, the answer is no," Derek said firmly, trying to pretend the image of Stiles sucking him in the car wasn't running over and over through his head. "When we get home? If you're good."

Stiles let out a soft whine, the picture stuck in his head as he shifted where he was. "Yes sir. I'll be good, really good, want to taste, love you in my mouth," he rambled before cutting himself off, biting down on his lower lip.

"You're always good for me, chiquito," Derek reassured him. "Right now, I want you to play with yourself for me." Stiles was caged again - he increasingly was, since he liked it so much and Derek liked to tease.

Stiles whimpered, wiggling a bit in his seat, sliding his hand down his chest and stomach. "Where, sir? How?" while the cage kept him from getting hard, it just meant the arousal sat wound tight in his stomach, and that didn't stop his cock from drooling through the bars.
"Get out your cock, querido," Derek ordered. "Tease it for me."

Stiles moaned softly at the order, tipping his head back as he lifted his hips, moving the seatbelt around to shove his pants down, his hand curling around the cage and his cock, panting softly as he stroke and teased himself. "Sirr."

Derek swallowed hard, and his voice, when he spoke, was husky. "Good boy," he praised. "So good, so sexy for me."

Stiles whined high in his throat, moving his hand like he was jacking himself off, his hips raising into each stroke. "Please, sir," he begged softly, partly to put on a show, and partly because he needed something, anything.

"What do you want, chiquito?" Derek asked lowly. "You're being so good."

"You," Stiles begged softly, finally just unbuckling his seatbelt once they hit the forest line, laying back on the seat, one leg tossed over it, the other curled as much as possible so Derek had plenty of room to drive. He was trembling as he teased himself, hands scratching at his thighs and tugging at his shirt until it was up almost over his mouth, his free hand then going to twist and pinch at his nipples.

When Stiles moved to undo his seatbelt, Derek slowed to a crawl, keeping a wary eye on his mirrors. "You don't want to come?" he asked Stiles, smirking.

"That too, but that's in your control," Stiles panted. "And we're in the forest now, patrols very rarely come by here, and it's Dad's day today so he'll steer clear," he rambled between whining moans. "Want you. Please sir." He didn't know what he was begging for, his stomach tight and his thighs trembling.

"I said you could blow me when we got home, if you were good," Derek pointed out, though he was already looking for a good place to pull over. "We aren't home yet."

Stiles whimpered, chewing on his lower lip. "You taste so good," he breathed. "So hot and heavy on my tongue, I love it, want you to fuck my mouth, want to feel you in my throat," he begged, teasing himself almost as much as he was sure it was teasing Derek, his hips arching.

Derek wanted that, fuck Derek wanted that. But the more he drew it out the better it would be. He parked, and offered Stiles his right hand. "Suck my fingers, querido."

Stiles scrambled to reach out and grab Derek's hand, sucking three fingers into his mouth down to the knuckle. He kept up the teasing strokes to his cage, not even sure if they were home yet as he sucked Derek's fingers like they were his cock.

Derek shivered as Stiles swallowed his fingers down. "When we're home you can have my cock," he promised. "God, Stiles. You'll take it down so good, won't you?"

Stiles couldn't talk, just sucked on Derek's fingers harder, a soft moan leaving him as his eyes fluttered closed.

"How would you feel if I didn't let you out of the cage tonight?" Derek asked softly, testing Stiles' reaction.

Stiles whimpered high in his throat. He wanted to come. But his hips arched up, rolling into his own
hand at the thought of the denial. He wanted to come, true, but he wanted Derek to control it more. It felt better, made him soar higher, when he actually had permission, when Derek was wanting him to come.

"Stiles," Derek said softly, pulling his fingers out of Stiles' mouth. "Mi amor, I need a colour on that, please."

"Greengreengreen, so green," Stiles panted, trying to pull Derek's fingers back.

"We're almost there, love, but I need to drive," Derek said apologetically, taking his fingers away and wiping them on his pants. "I want you to suck your own fingers and think about what I'm telling you, okay?"

Stiles whined, but gave a soft "yes sir" as he slid his middle two fingers into his mouth, sucking on them and panting hard through his nose. He opened his eyes, locking them onto Derek.

"That's my good boy," Derek said warmly. "I'm going to make you feel so good when we get home. You'll blow me, of course, but then - if you're comfortable with it...well, have you heard of prostate massage?"

Stiles whimpered, nodding his head and wiggling where he was laying down, what he had read (and watched, hey, he was a teenager!) flashing through his mind. He hadn't had it done to him, obviously, but just the thought…

Derek wasn't exactly surprised. There seemed to be very, very little that Stiles hadn't heard of. "I'm going to finger your hole," he promised. "I'm going to rub your prostate until your cock starts leaking come."

Stiles let out a small keening noise, messily sucking at his fingers, his other hand digging his nails into his inner thigh.

Fuck, it was practically impossible to pay attention to the road when Stiles was like this. "I'm going to empty you out," Derek went on, "until even if I let you get hard, you could only come dry."

Stiles could only keen again, his cock already drooling clear precum all over him. "Please," he slurred around his fingers. "Please sir."

"Be patient, love," Derek said soothingly. "I know you can do it."

Stiles whined, taking careful breaths to calm down, his hand on his thigh sliding down to tease his hole, just rubbing a bit.

"Have you played with your hole before?" Derek asked. Thank god, the house was in view. Not much longer.

Stiles held up one finger, whimpering. It was only once, but he'd not gotten far. It was intense.

"Once?" Derek checked. He was mildly surprised that it hadn't happened more often. "Did you not like it?"

Stiles whimpered, having to slide the fingers out of his mouth. "Loved it. Came so hard I almost blacked out....next day was my testing."
"And you didn't want to try while I was around?" Derek asked.

"Was researching before...tried it cause I got too curious," Stiles admitted, licking his swollen lips.

Derek glanced at him. "Have you imagined me doing it to you?"

Stiles nodded, shivering and sucking his fingers back into his mouth to try and muffle the desperate whine. He had, oh god, he had. Pictures flying through his mind even then that made his stomach twist in knots.

"You're going to be so good for me today, aren't you?" Derek murmured, eyes dark.

"Yessir," Stiles slurred around his fingers, sucking hard and spreading his legs as much as he could, teasing them both.

Finally, Derek turned into their driveway and parked the car. "Well, chiquito," he said lowly, "let's find out."

Stiles whined high in his throat, pushing up on one elbow, eyes locked on Derek. "One of these days." he panted, the fingers falling from his mouth. "One of these days, I want to be bent over the hood of this car and fucked until I scream."

Oh god. Derek swallowed hard, his mouth dry, and told Stiles hoarsely, "Tidy yourself up. You can't walk inside with your cock out." Not dressed like that, anyway. There were ways.

Stiles whined, but moved to pull his jeans back on, wiggling and arching to get them pulled up before sitting up, panting and licking his lips. "Want you."

"We have to get the groceries inside," Derek pointed out, clinging to practicality.

"Popsicles." Stiles' eyes lit up, and he licked his lips before sliding from the car with a hot look toward Derek. He grabbed the bags holding the perishables and hurried into the house, not even looking back, determined to at least get the perishables put away.

Derek grinned as he got the other bags and locked the car. Stiles could be so...so earnest sometimes.

He followed Stiles in and put his bags on the kitchen counter.

Stiles slid boxes and packages into the freezer and fridge, licking his lips, chewing hard on his lower one. He turned around, finally just letting himself slide to his knees next to Derek, leaning against his leg.

"Good boy," Derek said warmly, stroking Stiles' hair. "Well done, chiquito."

Stiles sunk against him at the praise, nuzzling as much as he could, waiting. "Mi amo."

"Mi amor." Derek could feel his dick pressing against his jeans. "You've been so patient, querido."

Stiles shifted on his knees, sucking on his lower lip, unconsciously rocking his hips to try and get some kind of friction.

"No." Derek put a hand on Stiles' shoulder. "You don't get to hump my leg unless I tell you that you can, chiquito."

Stiles whined softly, freezing at the denial before shivering, licking his lips and butting his head
against Derek’s thigh. “Sorry, mi amo.”

Derek hummed. “Sit back on your heels,” he ordered, wanting Stiles close, but not touching him.

Stiles whimpered, but moved to sit back onto his heels, his hands automatically going behind his back. He tilted his head back, watching Derek with dark, blown-pupiled eyes.

“Better,” Derek said, unzipping his jeans and getting his cock out. It was already flushed and hard, and Derek gave a tiny groan as he took himself in hand.

Stiles sucked in a breath, his eyes falling to Derek’s cock, tongue poking out to rewet his bottom lip. “Mi amo,” he murmured. “Please.” He wanted it, needed it.

Derek kept going, stroking himself achingly slowly. “You tried to please your cock with my body without permission,” he said firmly. “So now you don’t get to use your body to please my cock.”

Stiles’ eyes widened as he whimpered. “Please. I’m sorry. Please mi amo, please,” he started begging softly, his voice changing in pitch as he watched Derek’s hand.

“Are you really sorry?” Derek asked.

“Yes mi amo, yes,” Stiles pleaded. “I didn’t know I was doing it, please. Please.”

Derek rubbed his palm over the head of his cock, smearing it with precome, then resumed his slow strokes. “Will you do it again?”

“Not without permission. Please Sir, please mi amo, I’ll do anything,” Stiles begged, swallowing hard and flicking his eyes from Derek’s face to his cock and back. “I’ll be good. I’ll do anything, please, mi amo. Want to taste, want to suck, want you so far down my throat I’ll feel and taste you for days.”

“That’s better,” Derek said firmly, doing his best to hide his reaction to Stiles’ words. “You may kiss my cock.”

Stiles whimpered softly, murmuring a “thank you, thank you”, leaning over to press his lips to the head of Derek’s cock, fighting the urge to just open his mouth and taste.

“Good boy, there you go,” Derek murmured, stroking Stiles’ hair with his free hand. “That’s better, you’re being really good.”

Stiles relaxed a bit under the praise, rubbing his lips gently and slowly along the tip of Derek’s cock, pursing them every so often as his eyes fell half shut, tongue caught in his teeth to keep him from tasting before he had permission.

“You can lick it, querido,” Derek allowed. God, Stiles was amazing.

Stiles let out a happy sound, his tongue slipping from his lips to lave along Derek’s cock, curling around it as he moaned softly, his hands tightening and his toes curling.

Derek couldn’t help moaning himself. “So good, tesoro. So good for me.”

Stiles whimpered, shifting on his knees. “Please,” he begged softly, breathing hotly against Derek. “Please mi amo, please.”
"Yes," Derek breathed. "Suck me, Stiles."

Stiles let out a whimpering moan, sucking Derek down almost immediately, his groin pulsing at the feel of it, his stomach clenching.

Derek shuddered. "Fuck," he moaned. "Fuck, Stiles, so good."

Stiles moaned again, his eyes flicking up to Derek's face as he suckled and bobbed his head, taking deep breaths and forcing himself down until his lips were pressing against Derek's skin. He whimpered, shifting on his knees. He wasn't hard, the cage saw to that, but he was so sensitive it almost hurt, but it hurt so good.

"That's it, chiquito," Derek said, breathing hard. "Swallow me - mm - down, chiquito, you can do it." He gently took hold of a handful of Stiles' hair (he'd been growing it out) and tugged it slightly.

Stiles let out a high, sharp whine at the tug, hips jerking forward before he settled them back down, swallowing hard and holding himself with Derek in his throat.

"Fuck," Derek panted, holding Stiles in place. "That's my good boy, fuck, so good."

Stiles swallowed over and over around him, his eyes rolling into the back of his head as he let out choked-out whimpers, loving every second of it.

Derek was panting hard, right on the edge from all the teasing in the car and the physical sensations of Stiles around his cock right now. "I'm close," he confessed. "You want - oh - want my come, chiquito?"

Stiles hummed, swallowing hard around him, leaning into it. He wanted it, wanted it so badly. His limbs were shaking with the effort of keeping still, fighting to keep from clutching at Derek.

Derek shuddered and moaned as he came, his hand tightening on Stiles' hair.

Stiles moaned softly, suckling and swallowing everything he could down, eyes fluttering shut.

Derek gently withdrew from Stiles' mouth, praising him softly and petting his hair. "You're so good, querido, you did so well for me."

Stiles whined softly at the loss, though he leaned into the praise and the petting, a happy sound leaving his throat, voice slightly rough as he murmured. "Love you, mi amo. Tasted so good."

"I love you too, tesoro," Derek said warmly. "Do you want to come upstairs for your milking now?"

Nodding, Stiles licked his lips, carefully getting up, swaying gently before catching himself. Just hearing Derek talking about doing that to him made him drip with precome.

"Good boy," Derek crooned, tucking himself into his pants and reaching for Stiles' collar. "Here we go, mi amor."

Stiles followed as Derek lead him, humming softly. "Mi amo."

"Strip and lie on the bed," Derek ordered, when they got to the bedroom. "On your back. Keep your shirt on. I'm going to bind you."

"Yes mi amo," Stiles murmured, dragging his lips along Derek's jaw for a moment before following
his orders, stretching out on the bed at last, holding out his arms for Derek.

Derek used rope, this time, to fix Stiles wrist to the headboard, then propped his hips up with a pillow and moved to his feet. "Comfortable?" he checked.

Stiles twisted his hands a bit, licking his lips as he nodded. Stiles' eyes were a bit glazed as he looked down to Derek, his legs restless as he curled and uncurled his toes.

"That's good, tesoro," Derek murmured. He caressed Stiles' feet as he anchored them to the bed. "How are you feeling, love?"

"Good," Stiles breathed. "Excited, hot, so many horny thoughts in my head I could make a lifetime of pornos."

Derek laughed. "Good," he said firmly, getting the lube.

Stiles licked his lips, eyes locked onto him. "Want to feel you," he murmured. "If it's like the last time I had fingers in me, it's going to get very loud, very quickly. I was just glad to be alone in the house when I'd done it."

"Good," Derek said, taking off his own shoes and pants to get a little more comfortable, then settling himself between Stiles' thighs. "I want to hear you." He poured some lube onto his index finger and pressed it lightly against Stiles' asshole.

Stiles gasped softly, chewing on his lower lip, his darkening eyes watching Derek's face. "I like hearing you when I'm sucking you off," he admitted softly. "Wonder what it would sound like when I'm wrapped around you. When you're balls deep in me." Stiles’ cheeks were pink, partly with embarrassment, but mostly from arousal.

Derek closed his eyes, caught by the image, and bent down to kiss Stiles just above his caged cock, still rubbing small circles around Stiles' hole.

Stiles let out a soft sound, arching into his kiss, the gentle rubbing driving him slowly insane. "Mi amo..." he sighed, a smile curling on his lips.

"Mi amor," Derek murmured. "You're doing so well, chiquito - are you ready to take me inside?"

Stiles nodded rapidly, his eyes darkening further. "Please. Want to feel you."

"Good boy." Derek praised, pushing the tip of his finger against Stiles' hole. "Can you relax for me, chiquito? Let me in?"

Stiles let out a whimper, rocking against his hand before focusing on relaxing, letting out a slow breath as the tension left his muscles. "Please," he begged.

"There we go," Derek murmured, pressing slowly in, fucking his finger in and out a little to help Stiles adjust.

"Oooh," Stiles moaned, eyes fluttering shut. "Oh shit" He arched his back and tried to get more.

"That's it, chiquito," Derek said quietly, feeling around for Stiles' prostate. "I've got you."

"Feels so good," Stiles whimpered. "Oh!" He jolted up, a whine in his throat. "Oh, mi amo."
Derek smiled in satisfaction and began to rub the spot he'd just found, over and over in tiny circles.

"Fuckfuckfuckfuck," Stiles muttered, his fingers and toes curling as Derek rubbed against his prostate. "Oh fuck." He panted, trying to grind down on Derek’s hand, his cock leaking drop after drop of precum until he was almost dribbling nonstop.

"I've got you, querido, just take it," Derek murmured. "There we go, you're doing so well."

"Please," Stiles begged, his thighs trembling. "Please. Want more, please." He knew that even begging would probably get him nowhere, but he couldn't help it. "Fuck."

Derek just kept rubbing slow circles - although, fuck, Stiles' begging was wonderful. Amazing. Beautiful. "Come on, love," he encouraged the sub beneath him. "You can do it, I know you can."

"W-want," Stiles tried to force out. "W-want, feel, you," he managed to say right before he let out a long, high moan, shouting as his body jolted and trembled, the liquid dribbling from his cock turning white as his eyes rolled into the back of his head. Holy shit! That was awesome, but coming without getting hard for some reason made it even more intense. Stiles let out a sharp whine, panting and hands twisting in the bindings just a bit.

Christ. "So good, mi amor, so amazing," Derek praised, stroking Stiles' hip as he eased his finger out of Stiles' clutching hole. "You're so beautiful, querido."

Stiles pressed backwards, trying to get Derek back. "Mi amo," he said, licking his lips.

"You want me to keep going, tesoro?" Derek asked, bending over Stiles to kiss him. "You'll be sensitive."

Stiles leaned up, kissing him hungrily. "Want you," he murmured.

"I'm right here," Derek promised, sliding his hand up under Stiles' shirt in a slow caress.

Stiles moaned softly, arching into his touch. He came, he knew he did, he felt it, but his body was still wound tight, The need still strong. He tilted his head back for another kiss, pleading. "Mi amor."

Derek lay on his side next to Stiles and kissed him soundly. "Mi amor," he murmured like a promise, thumbing Stiles' nipple. "My good boy."

Stiles twisted just a bit, arching into the touch. "Yours. Please sir, please." He didn't even know what he asked for, just that he felt a need.

Derek pushed Stiles' shirt up to his armpits, stroking his hands over the pale torso the cloth revealed. Slinging a leg across Stiles' hips, Derek rolled a little, putting pressure on the beautiful sub beneath him.

Stiles head fell back with a moan, rolling his hips up to grind against Derek. He was still caged, and he knew it would just tease himself more. But he didn't care. He wanted to feel Derek. All over him.

Derek took hold of Stiles' arms, pressing him into the bed. "Be still," he ordered. "Be a good boy and be still for me, querido."

Stiles froze, pants leaving him as he watched Derek, trying to keep from just writhing under his Dom.
"Good boy," Derek praised. He stroked the pale underside of Stiles' arms with his thumbs. "Well done."

Stiles gave Derek a wide smile, soaking up the praise and relaxing a bit. His toes were still curled and all he wanted was to feel Derek, and luckily he had his Dom straddling him.

"That's mi chiquito bueno." Derek smiled back. "You can relax now, tesoro - can you relax for me? - I've got you, I'm holding you."

"Yes sir," Stiles whispered, sucking and chewing on his lower lip as he slowly relaxed completely. He actually could now that he could feel Derek holding him. The desperation a little less.

Derek murmured quiet praise as Stiles relaxed, encouraging him, sweeping his thumbs in a slow, rhythmic caress.

"Sir," Stiles murmured, lazily leaning into Derek's touch.

Derek kissed Stiles softly. "There we go, mi amor, my good boy, you're doing so well," he said, his voice almost a whisper. "How are you feeling?"

"Warm, stomach all tight, feel good," Stiles whispered back, lips still against Derek's. He curled his fingers as he tried to push up just a bit for another kiss.

Derek smiled, but pressed down harder, reminding Stiles, "Still. Be still, tesoro. Lie back and let me love you."

Stiles' eyes fluttered shut with a soft sound, relaxing back into the bed. "Yes sir," he murmured. "Love you."

Derek lay down on top of Stiles and began to kiss him, lightly and lovingly, on all the skin he could see.

Stiles let out a small whimper, his lips falling open in a pant. He shivered after a moment, when Derek's lips brushed just under his ear along his sub marking.

As he worked his way down Stiles' neck and torso, Derek murmured "good boy," or "I love you," every time the sub relaxed.

The praise made him almost dizzy, Stiles' fingers and toes curling with each murmured word, the kisses and fingers making him whimper. Stiles' kept his eyes closed, his mouth parted just enough to pant.

When he reached Stiles' groin, Derek propped himself up on his elbows and asked, "Do you want me to take the cage off?"

Stiles whimpered at that, conflicted. "Want you to do what you want," he finally breathed. He wanted it off, true, but even more than that, he wanted Derek to choose.

Derek hummed. It was time for Stiles to have it off, but if he'd really wanted it on, Derek would have let him keep it for a while longer. As it was... "Keep still for me, tesoro," he murmured, retrieving the key from around his neck. "I'm taking it off you."

Stiles nodded, letting out a soft sound. He opened his eyes, looking down at Derek with blown
Derek unlocked the cage and stroked the skin he could reach through the bars as he eased the body of the cage off.

Stiles' whines grew higher in pitch as his body rushed to fill out, to show his arousal. "O-ooh..."

"There you go, love," Derek said soothingly, stroking Stiles' hip. "You want me to touch your cock?"

"Please," Stiles whimpered. "Want to feel you, want you. Please, mi amo. Please Sir, please."

Derek moved so he was straddling Stiles' thighs and fisted their cocks together, jerking them slowly.

"Oh fuck." Stiles moaned, arching his back and trying to roll up. His body felt like it was lit up to the point that he might just explode at each tiny brush of skin on skin. He was so sensitive, both from having come earlier, as well as the fact that this was the first time in a while he was out of the cage. He loved the cage, loved how owned it made him feel. And after it was off, he was always buzzing, skin overly sensitive and yet he loved every minute of it.

The feeling of Stiles' cock, hard despite the remaining cock ring and slick with precome, sliding against his own, made Derek groan, and he sped his hand up.

Stiles let out a high pitched whine. "Sir," he panted, reaching out to touch Derek before the tug reminded him he was tied down. "O-oh. Please, sir," he begged, panting harshly and rolling his hips as much as he could.

"I've got you, tesoro," Derek murmured, between gasps at the pleasure of it. "What do you need?"


The warm glow that rose in Derek's chest at that moment mixed strangely but perfectly with the heat in his groin. "I'm right here, love," he promised fervently. "Come for me, mi amor, I know you can do it." He was so close.

Stiles rolled his hips once, crying out as Derek stroked him again, coming hard and shaking like a leaf. He came so hard and so suddenly that it felt like it was ripped from him, come landing on his cheek and on down his chest and stomach. "Mi amo," he murmured, still rolling his hips, shuddering at each wave of pleasure that made his stomach all but pulse.

Stiles' orgasm set off Derek's in a chain reaction that felt as inevitable as the next beat of their hearts. "My good boy," Derek praised when he could speak again, collapsing onto Stiles' chest. "My love."

Stiles tilted his head, nuzzling as close as he could, soaking up the praise. "Sir," he panted. He didn't care that they were both covered, a small part of his currently instincts laden brain revelled in it.

Derek lay there for a moment, enjoying the closeness between them, then sighed. "I should get you untied, mi amor."
"Mmmm." Stiles hummed, nuzzling Derek's jaw and nipping at it. "Sooner or later," he murmured quietly, letting out small, content noises at being held down with the weight of his Dom, and the bonds.

"Two rounds is enough for now, I think," Derek decided, smiling at Stiles' affectionate nuzzling.

Stiles let out a soft giggle, his nose at Derek's cheek. "Yes sir," he chirped, nipping at his lower lip before going back to his jaw.

Derek huffed a tiny laugh as well. "So we're going to lie here a little longer, but not long enough to get stuck together, and then I'll untie you, alright?"

"Perfect," Stiles hummed, letting his eyes close as he relaxed, nuzzling Derek's jaw and cheek. "Love you."

"Love you too, tesoro," Derek replied quietly. "How are you feeling?"

"Warm, safe." Stiles smiled. "A little heavy, but not a lot," he admitted softly, breathing deeply with his nose buried in Derek's neck.

There was still something strange to Derek about Stiles submitting so happily when he wasn't in subspace, but Derek knew it was his own issues that made it so disconcerting. He tilted his head to kiss Stiles' hair. "I'm glad I can make you feel safe," he admitted.

"You always make me feel safe," Stiles admitted softly, giving Derek a small grin. "Just now it's easier to feel it, because I love being pressed down by you. Makes me feel all warm and protected and..." He sighed contentedly.

"I like knowing nothing can reach you to hurt you," Derek confessed. "I like knowing you trust me to protect you."

"Of course I trust you!" Stiles smiled, nuzzling at Derek's jaw. "Just like I know you'll protect me. You'll do your ever loving best to make sure I never get hurt."

"I will," Derek agreed quietly, as serious as he'd ever been in his life. "But - speaking of getting hurt - are your wrists and ankles okay? The ropes didn't rub?"

Stiles smiled, tilting his head in thought as he wiggled his fingers and toes. "Rub? I don't know, they may have slight marks. But they don't hurt, so I don't care." He grinned.

"If it doesn't hurt, that's fine," Derek replied, smiling back. "Are you ready to clean up?"

Stiles pouted for a moment, nodding. "Yes sir. any longer and we'll be together forever and not in the cool, love-you way." He laughed brightly, his nose crinkling.

Derek smiled back, rolling off Stiles and sitting up. He took off his shirt and used it to wipe most of the come off them both, then set it to one side and carefully removed the last few components of the cock cage.

Stiles let out a soft noise as the ring was pulled free, still sensitive. It didn't hurt though. "Gonna need a shower or bath, that's for sure."

Derek laughed too. "Yeah. We could shower together?" he offered, turning to untie Stiles' feet.

"Yes please," Stiles breathed, stretching his ankles out.
Derek carefully undid the knots holding Stiles' ankles to the bed frame, rubbing them gently where they were lightly marked by the rope.

Stiles licked his lips, a grin stretching across his face. "Oooo, yummy view." He gave a soft chuckle. "S'not fair you have such a good ass, sir."

Derek glanced over his shoulder with a laugh. "You do too, querido, so I'd say it's fair."

"Do not," Stiles snorted and grinned at Derek, curling his fingers and licking his lips.

"You can't see your own ass, so you'll have to take my word for it," Derek countered, crawling up the bed to get to Stiles' hands.

Stiles leaned up to kiss him, letting out a happy sigh. "Showerrr," he sang, wiggling against him. "Could blow you in there."

Derek gave Stiles an exasperated grin. "I do need to get some work done today, love," he pointed out.

"I know, sir." Stiles smiled innocently. "We'll already be in the shower though."

Derek shook his head as he untied Stiles' hands. "You're incorrigible."

"You like it." Stiles laughed brightly, rubbing along the stubble on Derek's jaw.

"I like you," Derek agreed, leaning back and helping Stiles sit up. "How're you feeling?"

"Really good." Stiles smiled, kissing Derek’s chin and nuzzling his jaw.

"Good," Derek said firmly, kissing Stiles' cheek in return. "Shower time."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for reading, guys, and thanks in advance for your comments!
"Isaac..." Scott sighed. "Look, we all know your dad's hurting you. Or, well, Stiles and Derek know someone's hurting you, and I know it's your dad. Are you going to let us help?"

Isaac shifted where he sat, his eyes on the counter. "I don't know if you can," he whispered, looking up at Scott longingly.

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Scott and Stiles end up in a group with Isaac at school and realize something's wrong. They invite him over to Derek's that afternoon so they can figure out how to help.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Canonical child abuse of Isaac. It's described in reasonable detail, and Isaac is afraid of what will happen to him when he gets home. Derek asks about sexual abuse, and Isaac answers in the negative. However, it's made clear that Mr Lahey has certain homophobic attitudes to gay subs, and has been threatening his son with the sexual abuse of his future Dom. (Language used is things like 'mess you up', 'wreck that mouth'). If you feel the need to skip this chapter, a brief summary is in the end notes.

Stiles jumped out of his jeep, running late for school. He just hoped he had grabbed everything. He all but ran into the school, panting softly as he skidded into his locker before falling to the ground, groaning. "Fuck, I made it, yes! Best day ever." He fisted one hand in the air from where he was laying down on the tile and tilted his head back, grinning at the sight of familiar sneakers.

Scott offered him a hand up. "If you crack your head doing that one of these days, you know Derek will freak, right?" he pointed out.


Scott snorted. "Just." He disentangled himself from Stiles, but kept one arm slung around his neck. "Come on, you don't want to be late after you made all that effort, do you?"

"Ack!" Stiles flailed a bit. "No! That would ruin it, Scott!" He huffed, tugging Scott toward the English classroom.

Scott laughed and followed along. They got there just before the teacher, hurrying to sit in their usual seats.

"Win!" Stiles fist-pumped, cackling softly. Once the teacher showed up he calmed down, a hand
stroking his collar to relieve the jitters from earlier.

"Now that we've read all the way through The Graveyard Book," Ms West announced as everyone settled in. "I want you to split up into groups of three or four and discuss some of the overarching themes and structures of the book. You can choose your own groups."

Stiles groaned softly, immediately reaching out and grabbing Scott's shirt and calling "Dibs!" softly. He looked around, and reached over to tug on Isaac Lahey's sleeve. "Hey, wanna work with me and Scott?" he asked, tilting his head. Something was off about Isaac, and the more he thought about it, the more seemed wrong.

Isaac jumped, startled a bit and blinked owlishly over at Stiles. "Um. S-sure? If Scott's up for it?" he answered hesitantly, automatically deferring to the Dom in the group.

Scott smiled at Isaac, shuffling his stuff over so they could all sit around the one table. "Sure, dude," he said easily. "Here, drag a chair over."

Stiles smiled, shoving his bag under the table and stacked his supplies so Isaac would have room. "Best group ever!"

Isaac gave them a tiny smile, tucking himself between them, relieved that they wanted him in the group. He didn't much care for the others in that class. His eyes slid over to Stiles and how he stroked his collar. He wanted to ask if having a Dom was as bad as his father made it out to be, but he was afraid of the answer.

"So," Scott said, dragging Stiles back to the topic as he often did. "The Graveyard Book. Isn't it cool that we got to read something interesting for a change?"

Stiles nodded. "Much better than more Harper Lee," he grinned, doodling in his notebook, a squirrel leaping onto an acorn.

Isaac smiled shyly. "I liked it, though my brain doesn't want to comprehend what the teacher wants."

Scott looked at Stiles, who was usually the one to interpret teachers' weird requests for them. "I guess she wanted us to find things that came up all through the book, not just in particular scenes?" he suggested.

Stiles nodded. "Yup. Things like the whole 'no leaving the graveyard' thing." He looked over to Isaac when he noticed the stares, giving the other boy a small grin.

Isaac chewed on his lower lip. "You'd think he wouldn't like that rule. I know it's hard to not leave someplace. Though at least he's doing good in there."

"Well, he does get sick of it eventually," Scott pointed out. "But, I don't know, it's kind of like...he always belongs to the graveyard, doesn't he? Like, even when he goes to school later, he still does all the spooky stuff."

Stiles hummed, twirling his pencil. "Yeah, he still liked things from before, but..." He tilted his head in thought.

Isaac reached up, tugging on one of his curls. "You can like things about where you're from and still not like a good chunk." He knew that from experience.
"Yeah, I guess." Scott rummaged in his bag for his copy and flipped through until he got to the end. "But look, here - where he's leaving for good, he's sad about going. But I guess he's also kind of happy? I don't know."

"It's a bittersweet moment I guess." Stiles furrowed his brow. "Kinda like how I felt about my test. Happy because I'd be finding someone just for me. But I wasn't considered a child anymore. It's kinda a weird feeling."

Isaac tilted his head as he watched Stiles. "Was it bittersweet? Or more a happy, confused feeling?"

Scott watched, intrigued. It hadn't been like that for him - Doms weren't expected to take full responsibility until they were older.

Stiles weighed that for a moment. "Yeah, more happy-confused. Because I had no idea what was supposed to happen."

Isaac nodded. "I can understand that, though obviously most subs wouldn't have a full-blown Dom at first?"

Scott frowned, shaking his head. "Dude, that's not how it works at all. What do you mean, 'full-blown Dom'?"

Isaac ducked his head, lowering his eyes. "U-um. ..."

Stiles waved away what Scott had said. "Pretty sure he just meant a sub doesn't get a fresh Dom without the Dom having a mentor. A mentored Dom would be what he meant as a full-blown Dom?" he asked Isaac, smiling at the other's small nod, and reaching over to rub his back.

Scott glanced at Stiles, wondering why he was so careful about reassuring Isaac. "New subs get a foster Dom first," Scott confirmed. "Mentors have to be at least five years after their testing, and there's tests and stuff to make sure they know what they're doing."

Isaac nodded, chewing at the corner of his lip.

Stiles gave Isaac's down-turned head a concerned look, looking at Scott and mouthing slowly, 'Something is going on with him. Gentle words.'

Scott nodded, willing to follow Stiles' lead. "It's really frustrating the way school doesn't tell us this stuff, right?" he said, trying to make Isaac feel better about what he didn't know. "I didn't know anything, not really, until I talked to Laura and Derek."

Isaac chewed on his lower lip, giving Scott a shy smile. "They really need to," he agreed softly.

Stiles smiled at Scott, beaming in happiness that he seemed to understand. "Yeah, it would have made more sense. I got lucky enough to get a 'full blown' Dom." He kept his hand on Isaac's back, noticing how the other leaned into the friendly touch, almost like he was starving for it.

"Yeah, Derek's great," Scott agreed, smiling back at them both. "Oh, sorry," he added, looking at Isaac. 'Derek's Stiles' Dom, and Laura's my mentor. They're siblings."

Isaac tilted his head to look at Stiles before looking back at Scott. "Really? How'd you manage to get Stiles' Dom's sister to mentor you?" he asked, looking confused by what he'd just said.
Stiles laughed. "It's a bit confusing, huh?"

"I asked," Scott said, shrugging. "She was on the list already, and she was a good match, so they agreed."

Isaac nodded, unconsciously leaning closer to both of them, his shoulders drawn up a bit as he got lost in his head. He wanted a good Dom like Stiles had, like what Scott looked to be becoming. But...that was if he got sub. But there was no way he wouldn't, not the way his father was going on.

Stiles frowned softly, his brow furrowed with worry as he saw Isaac all but curl up.

Scott leaned closer to Isaac, trying to bolster him against whatever was bothering him. "Is there someone you want?" he asked quietly. "For when you get tested?"

Isaac hesitated, chewing on his lower lip, shy. He didn't know if Scott would take it the wrong way. "Someone like Derek, or like what you'll be once you learn everything," he whispered, his cheeks going pink.

Stiles smiled. "He'll be the best Dom." He nodded. "He helped me out already once before."

Scott blushed and ducked his head sheepishly. "Come on guys, I'm nothing special," he demurred. "I literally just sat there while Derek talked to you, Stiles."

Isaac was just as pink, his mind filling up with images of Scott doing things like petting his hair. He loved having his hair played with already...

Stiles grinned. "Yeah, but you did it so well I couldn't even tell if it was you or Sir." He huffed playfully, looking back to Isaac. "You'll be fine. If that's what you get, being a sub, you'll get someone like him. Or hell, for all we know, you'll get him." Stiles laughed softly, unconsciously running his hand through Isaac's hair, blinking as the other teenager practically melted.

Scott shook his head. "I couldn't even get on the list for years, bro," he pointed out. "And if you meant Derek, I'm pretty sure he's taken."

"Hell yeah, he's taken. Mine." Stiles huffed softly. "But you never know what will happen. There have been cases." He shrugged. "And like Sir said, a lot of times, the foster Dom isn't your only Dom."

Isaac just let out a soft sigh, resting on the table between his friends, content to just sit there with Stiles' hand in his hair.

Scott glanced at Stiles, a little worried about how, well, subby Isaac was being - especially since he hadn't been tested yet. "Uh, Isaac..." he said carefully. "Are you okay, dude?"

Isaac hummed, giving Scott a small smile. "I'm okay," he whispered. "Just feels nice." His voice went softer, obviously not intending for the other two to hear. "Don't get nice ones often."

Stiles gave Scott an almost panicked look as that last sentence hit him. Did Isaac mean something bad?

Scott bit his lip nervously, looking back at Stiles with no less uncertainty and worry. "You should hang out with us," he blurted. "I mean, uh, Ms West is probably going to make us do more projects and stuff, so it makes sense. You're great at English."
"Don't let him lie," Stiles teased, keeping his tone gentle. "What he means is, you should really hang out with us more often. We don't talk very much anymore, and frankly, that makes me sad. Besides, it might help to have a sub and a Dom-in-training around." He smiled, lightly scratching Isaac's scalp.

Isaac peeked up at them both from his curls. Shit, they'd heard, didn't they? But... they were trying to help him get away a bit? "Thanks." He gave them a small grin. "I think I'd really like that."

Scott's shoulders slumped with relief as a broad grin spread across his face. "Awesome!" he exclaimed. "Maybe after lacrosse tomorrow we could - "

He was interrupted by Ms West, announcing: "Five more minutes, then we'll all come together for a class discussion."

Stiles thunked his head on the table. "Fuck." He laughed, not removing his hand from Isaac's curls. He could tell it calmed the other down and it actually helped him too.

Isaac hid a grin behind his book. "You'll get a headache like that," he teased.

"He's trying to be symmetrical," Scott explained facetiously. "You see, this morning, he was running late, and he..."

"Hey, hey, hey! Just because I skidded in spectacular style!" Stiles protested, cutting off at Isaac's true laughter, his eyes crinkling and eyes bright.

"Oh, so he was just making sure his front had the same treatment?" Isaac grinned, eyes still bright.

"Yeah, all his dots make him sensitive about symmetricality," Scott said solemnly. "Wait, is that a word? I don't think that's a word."

"Rude!" Stiles laughed, wrinkling his nose. He swatted out at Scott, catching his arm. "I'll have you know Sir likes my dots!"

Isaac grinned. "I'm sure he does," he teased, flushing darkly as he realised what he had said. "Whoops," he squeaked.

Scott snorted. "Well, you're not wrong," he told Isaac. "Seriously though, we should actually talk about the book."

"Now I have nice mental images and really don't want to." Stiles laughed, though he nodded and skimmed some of the pages.

Isaac just grinned, settling back into the book. "So, what will they want to talk about?"

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Stiles grinned, bounding down the halls to the lockers. "Scott! Let's get Isaac to sit with us." He slid next to his friend, his brow furrowing in worry for their friend. "We have to protect him," he whispered.

"Well, yeah," Scott agreed in a hushed voice. "But what are we supposed to protect him from?"

"I don't know," Stiles whispered. "But when I had my hand in his hair, he acted almost like one of those subs that have been neglected and touch starved and..." He flailed his arms around as he tried
to find the right words to make his point, his eyes watering.

"Stiles, how do you even - " Scott hissed, then cut himself off. There was never any point in asking Stiles how he knew something. "Anyway, isn't it too soon for him to have all those instincts and stuff? If he hasn't been tested?"

"For those on the super needy side of the scale, there's a percentage that can actually get a sort of head start," Stiles whispered back, his hands scrambling the hem of his hoodie between them. “And I swear, Scott, he seemed really close to subspace or something with just a hand in his hair. But if he's showing that soon, since it's still a few days until his birthday and the testing, then that means he isn't getting anything good from home. I'm worried!” He let out a small whine at the thought of Isaac being hurt. "And I've seen other stuff too, Scott. If you move too fast around him he shrinks back."

Scott frowned. "Maybe - I was thinking we could invite him to my house to study or hang out or whatever, some time when Mom's at work," he said slowly. "But maybe it would be better to go to Derek's? If we did?" Scott hated the idea that someone was hurting Isaac, but he was way out of his depth, and he didn't know what to do.

"I could ask Sir? If he knew, maybe he had ideas that could help?" Stiles started picking at his lip in thought, his eyes frantic. "I don't want him hurt, Scott!" he whimpered - just the thought of one of his friends hurt like that made his chest tight. "I'll text Sir, and then at lunch we can ask Isaac to come over? My house if Sir is okay with it, your house if not?"

"You don't think we're moving too fast? We don't even know what's happening," Scott pointed out. "We've barely talked to Isaac since middle school."

"Scott, I know it's weird, but trust me, something's wrong. It's like a weird spidey-sense, ok?" Stiles winced a bit as he pulled a small piece of skin off his lip, though he didn't stop picking.

"Stop that, you know Derek hates it," Scott said absently, grabbing Stiles' hand. "Of course I trust you, dude. I just..." He sighed. "I guess if we're wrong, we still got to hang out with him, so it'll be fine."

Stiles grabbed hold of Scott's hand tightly, taking deep breaths, his other hand grabbing his phone and frantically texting out a huge paragraph explaining things to Derek, finally just ending it with: *Can he come over this afternoon? PLEASE?!* - SS

Scott watched nervously over Stiles' shoulder for the whole three minutes it took Derek to reply.

*Yes. I'll stay in my office unless you need me.* - DH

Stiles let out a relived breath, giving Scott a beaming smile. He quickly sent back another text as they headed to lunch.

*I'll always need you mi amo* - SS

>You're sweet, mi amor. I meant if you need me for something specific.* - DH

Scott watched fondly as Stiles texted back and forth with Derek, and waved Isaac over when he spotted him.

*I might need a hug to help calm down. I'm freaking out.* - SS
Stiles smiled at Isaac, pulling him into a hug as they headed into the cafeteria.

Isaac grinned back, sinking into the hug and nuzzling in without thinking for a moment. "Come on, I think it's chicken nugget day."

*It's going to be okay, love. We'll work it out. - DH*

"Yeah, looks like it," Scott agreed. "Waaay better than 'lasagna'."

That text helped settle Stiles some, a smile on his lips. "I still say that meat sauce was actually the leftover taco meat from the day before!"

*Yeah, but I'm just nervous. I don't like the thought of him hurt - SS*

Isaac wrinkled his nose. "Much better than that chopped steak. I'm pretty sure that wasn't actually steak in any form!" He laughed, tugging them both by the hand into the lines, not really wanting to let go, reluctantly letting his hand slip free.

Scott slung an arm around Isaac's shoulder when he noticed his reluctance. "Hey, Isaac - I'm going over to Stiles' house after school; do you want to come with?"

Isaac chewed on his lower lip, leaning into Scott. "Sure." He grinned. He didn't want to go back to that house anyway.

Stiles grabbed a plate, laughing softly. "We have pop tarts and snacks and a huge TV!"

"Derek's house is ridiculously nice," Scott agreed.

Stiles smiled, grabbing an extra drink. "Yeah, and Sir is awesome."

Isaac chewed on his lips. "He doesn't hurt you?"

Scott winced. "Dude, Derek is, like, paranoid about Stiles not getting hurt," he replied.

Isaac laughed a little, still nervous. "Really?"

Stiles smiled, nodding as he sat down. "He always makes sure I'm not hurting even when I'm tied or something."

"Everyone's supposed to do that," Scott pointed out, blushing slightly. "That's like, basic bondage - don't tie someone so that hurts, or so that it would hurt if they pulled against it."

Stiles grinned. "Exactly. He's awesome"

Isaac smiled slightly. A part of him was scared about that, but another part grew warm at the thought.

"So you're definitely coming, then?" Scott checked.

Isaac nodded after a moment, grinning. He couldn't stay longer but even one evening would be wonderful.

Stiles beamed, leaning over to ruffle Isaac’s hair gently.

"Awesome!" Scott said, relieved. "Meet us at Stiles' jeep when school's over?"

Isaac nodded, grinning and swiping one of Stiles' cookies.
Scott shook out his legs, cramped from the small backseat of the jeep, as he got out of the car at Derek's house. He'd taken the seat before Isaac could even offer - Isaac was way too tall to sit back there - but it was still uncomfortable.

Stiles bounded up the steps, grinning back at the two. "Come on in! Dunno if you want the living room or my room, but I'll meet you there. I'm going to let Sir know we're here." He left the door open for them before bolting up the steps and into Derek's office. "Sir!"

Isaac chewed on his lower lip, shifting his feet and tilting his head to look at Scott. "He has his own room?"

"This house is ridiculously huge," Scott pointed out, slinging his backpack over his shoulder and leading Stiles inside. "He has a big room."

"I just...why?" Isaac asked, curious. He didn't understand why Stiles had a room all to himself.

"Why not?" Scott countered. "Also, I don't know if you've figured this out, but Stiles is messy."

"Why would he have that much space to himself? I thought you had to stay with your Dom, to listen to him, sleep with him, things like that?" Isaac frowned, though he did nod. "Yes, Stiles can be very messy, but it's more organized chaos than anything else."

"Some D/s pairs do that," Scott agreed, "but not many. Or at least, I don't think so? I mean, Derek and Stiles don't, and Laura and Jordan, and Mom and Sheriff S definitely don't, so..."

Isaac nodded, deep in thought and almost running into the wall near the door. "Oops." he murmured. "I thought..." He hesitated, side-eyeing Scott for a moment.

Scott laughed. "Dude, it's not gonna be the first time I've seen someone walk into a wall. At least you dodged." 

Isaac gave Scott a small grin. "U-um..." He suddenly shook his head. He couldn't ask that. Doesn't matter if he's starting to wonder if it's true, what his father has been saying. Doesn't matter anyway.

Scott looked considerately at Isaac, then led him to the kitchen. "Want something to drink?" he offered. "Stiles'll come back down when he's done saying hi to Derek."

Isaac nodded, chewing on a nail as he sat at the island bar stools. "Does he normally take a bit?"

Scott shrugged. "Depends on the day," he admitted. "Sometimes he just sticks his head in the door to say hello. Today might take longer, though."

"Is he okay? He seemed kinda antsy today," Isaac asked, fiddling with the soda can in front of him. "He, uh..." Scott couldn't exactly say, 'He's freaked out that someone hurts you'. "Something upset him a bit, but Derek'll fix it. It's fine."

Isaac frowned. "Did I do something wrong?" he asked, his voice small and quiet. Did he upset Stiles?

"No!" Scott said instantly, stumbling over himself to reassure Isaac. "No, not at all, you're fine, you're perfect, Stiles just - he's just upset, okay? It's not your fault."
Isaac chewed on his lips again, shoulders curling a bit. "Promise?" he asked, shuffling a bit where he was sitting. "Promise Derek will fix it? That Stiles will be ok?"

"He'll be fine," Scott promised. "I've seen Stiles worse than this, and Derek has fixed it."

Isaac took a breath, nodding with a tiny smile. "Sorry," he murmured.

Scott shook his head. "Don't worry about it," he replied, smiling. "It's - it's nice that someone else worries about him like I do."

Isaac gave him a grin, reaching out to pat Scott on the shoulder. "But you sound like you're sure Derek is good...for him," he hastily added, trying to cover his own blunder.

"Yeah, but it's not the same," Scott explained. "Derek's Stiles' Dom and his...well, his boyfriend, I guess. It's not the same as being his friend or his brother."

Isaac nodded, humming in thought. "Is he good?" he finally just asked. "Stiles doesn't have one of the bad ones?" He asked, really meaning 'one of the ones that he knew of'. All he knew was the majority of Doms were assholes. Scott, of course, wasn't, so maybe Derek wasn't either.

Scott grinned. "He's good," he promised. "He makes Stiles happy, and Stiles hasn't had to safeword once, not really."

"Safeword?" Isaac asked, confused. He didn't know what one was. He'd heard about them before, but his Dad wouldn't tell him, just saying that it wasn't something sissy subs had to do because a good Dom wouldn't like it.


Isaac tilted his head. "But I thought Doms didn't listen to things like that?" he asked, confusion finally just breaking down the walls he tried to keep up.

Scott closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "They do," he gritted out. "If they're any kind of Dom, they do."

Isaac flinched softly, lowering his eyes. "Sorry," he whispered. "That wasn't what I was taught..." He tried to explain, sensing the anger.

"Then whoever taught you is an asshole," Scott snapped, then took another deep breath. "Sorry," he said, softer. "I'm not mad at you."

Isaac squeaked softly, hiding his face behind his hands for a moment before peeking out. He watched Scott for a moment before relaxing and lowering his hands. "Why are you mad?" he asked softly. "And my dad..." He cursed softly at his slip, avoiding Scott's eyes.

"A Dom is supposed to protect their sub," Scott explained as patiently as he could manage. "The fact that your dad made you think different...I'm angry at him."

Isaac furrowed his brow. "Oh," he murmured, picking at his thumb's cuticle.

"Isaac..." Scott sighed. "Look, we all know your dad's hurting you. Or, well, Stiles and Derek know someone's hurting you, and I know it's your dad. Are you going to let us help?"
Isaac shifted where he sat, his eyes on the counter. "I don't know if you can," he whispered, looking up at Scott longingly.

"But will you let us try?" Scott pushed. "Even if it means getting him arrested?"

Isaac shifted, chewing on his thumb. "I think..." He hesitated. "I think I would like you to try," he admitted finally. "I'm not sure how you can, but..."

Scott sighed with relief. "Thanks, Isaac," he said fervently. "We'll make it happen. Even if you have to stay with me or something until your testing."

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Meanwhile, Stiles hurried into Derek's office and crawled into his lap, mindless of his computer. He was still shaking from that morning, his lower lip a little rawer than before.

"Hey, love," Derek murmured, taking hold of Stiles' waist to steady him. "You okay?"

"Still all panicky," Stiles whispered softly, pressing close. "I need..." He whined, unable to even think of anything specific. "I just..."

Derek tucked Stiles head into his shoulder, hugging him close. "I've got you, chiquito," he promised. "I'll make sure it's okay."

Stiles whimpered, tucking himself closer. "I need...." he was frustrated, unable to name when he needed so bad, his hands fist in Derek's shirt.

"Stop," Derek said firmly, stroking Stiles' back to gentle the command. "Don't talk, don't make noise. Just sit with me."

Stiles let out a soft sound before he could bite it back, leaning against him, breathing deeply, his fists in Derek's shirt growing tighter, even as he relaxed a bit, his head tucked in Derek's neck.

"Good boy," Derek praised, rubbing rhythmically up and down Stiles' back. "That's better, querido, that's very good."

Stiles nuzzled into the skin of Derek's neck, sucking absently as he slowly calmed. He figured he'd end up leaving a mark, but it did help, and he liked the idea of seeing his hickey on Derek's neck.

Derek shivered a little, and his voice was deeper as he told Stiles, "I've got you now - all three of you. While you're here, I'll look after you. You don't have to choose, Stiles, or be afraid of what might happen. I'll keep you safe."

Stiles let out a soft whimper at the change of tone, all but slumping against Derek. Derek would do what he could to protect Isaac, even if it was only while he was here. He clenched his fingers tighter, twisting the shirt around his hands.

"Quiet, Stiles," Derek reminded him softly. He slid his hand up to Stiles' neck and gently took hold of his collar, tugging on it lightly.

Stiles' breathing hitched, his eyes fluttering shut, nipping at the skin in his mouth before letting the tug guide his lips away from Derek's neck. He stayed quiet, though he wiggled on Derek's lap.

"Good boy, there we go," Derek said warmly. "You're doing so well, aren't you, chiquito? I want
you to answer some questions for me - nod your head if that's okay."

Stiles nodded, nuzzling his jaw for a moment blindly, not wanting to open his eyes just yet.

"You can speak - only to answer me," Derek murmured. "Who am I?"

"My Dom," Stiles breathed. "Mi amo." He listened closely to the voice in his ear, the light tugs on his collar making him shift.

Derek smiled at him. "That's right, mi amor. Well done. Do you remember what I promised you when I gave you your collar?"

"That you'd take care of me, keep me safe," Stiles whispered, the praise making him shiver. He opened his mouth to add a 'but...' to it before clicking his mouth closed.

"Good," Derek said. "Do you trust me to do that?"


Derek bowed his head for a moment, touched by Stiles' trust. "And I always will, love," he promised. "Tell me what you're afraid of, querido."

"Isaac's being hurt." Stiles whined high in his throat. "I...I don't want to say things that may not be true, but someone's hurting Isaac! A Dom, or even his Dad, I don't know, I just...I can't..." He whimpered. "I don't want him hurt!"

"Shh, mi amor," Derek soothed him. "If I tell you that I'll make sure he's safe, will that help you?"

Stiles settled a bit, still whimpering. "H-how?" he asked, his voice breathless now as he fought to keep from freaking out.

"Shh, chiquito," Derek murmured. "Do you trust me?"

"Y-yes sir," he sniffled. "I just. I'm scared."

"I know, mi amor," Derek said softly. "But I promise you, I'll make sure Isaac is safe." He'd get Laura to help him, probably. And Jordan.

Stiles sniffled again, pulling back just a bit to look Derek in the eye. "Thank you," he murmured. He was still panicked, but the fact that Derek was going to make sure Isaac was safe meant a lot.

Derek smiled gently at Stiles. "You're welcome, querido. And I'm so proud of you for seeing that someone was hurting him and wanting to help. You're so good."

Stiles gave him a watery smile, leaning close to kiss him softly. "Come on," he murmured after a few minutes. "He's downstairs with Scott."

"Good boy," Derek praised. "You're sure you want me there?" If someone was hurting Isaac, an adult Dom would probably be frightening rather than reassuring.

"I want him to trust you too," Stiles whispered. "Just...show the softer side?" He smiled, petting Derek's cheek.

Stiles relaxed into the kiss, taking deep breaths as he slid off Derek's lap, tugging him gently from the office.

Derek followed Stiles' downstairs, holding his hand.

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Stiles blinked as he walked into the kitchen, beaming at Isaac. "Isaac! This is my Sir, Derek." He tugged gently on Derek's hand, kissing his cheek. "Hey, Scotty! Did you get me one?" He whined softly, giving Scott puppy eyes, even as he got his own soda.

Isaac curled up a bit without thinking, watching Derek with slightly wide eyes. He noticed the soft smile on his face, hesitantly lowering his defences just a bit. He scooted closer to Scott without thinking. "Hi," he murmured shyly.

Scott gave Derek a warning look, shuffling closer to Isaac.

Derek smiled at Scott briefly, then turned to Isaac. "It's nice to meet you," he said quietly. "Let me know if you need anything while you're here, okay?"

Stiles watched his two friends for a moment, grinning softly. "He won't hurt you," he promised Isaac. "He wants to help." He slid his hand back into Isaac's hair like he had in class, petting him softly.

Isaac watched Derek warily, even as he nodded. He felt safer with Scott close and when Stiles slid his hand back into his curls he relaxed further, leaning against Scott's side.

Derek watched the three of them for a moment, thinking privately to himself that if Isaac was turning to Scott like this after so little time...well, that implied the two of them could have a lot of trust.

"Isaac has agreed to let us help him," Scott announced, figuring Isaac wouldn't want to have to say all this. "With his dad."

Stiles let out a breath. "Isaac, it's your dad?" he asked softly, his brow furrowed in worry, even as he kept petting the curls in on Isaac's head.

Isaac could only nod, careful not to dislodge Stiles' hand. "It's...not good." he murmured after a moment, his eyes lowered and one hand going up to grab Scott's shirt at his side.

Derek watched the three of them for a moment, thinking privately to himself that if Isaac was turning to Scott like this after so little time...well, that implied the two of them could have a lot of trust.

"I'm sorry about this, Isaac," he said quietly, "but I'm going to have to ask you some questions to help me figure out what's best to do. Is that okay with you?"

"C-can Stiles and Scott stay?" he asked, his voice small.

Stiles ran his hand from Isaac's hair to go down his back a couple of times before slipping back into his hair.

Scott, following Stiles' lead, started rubbing Isaac's back. "Of course we'll stay," he said, glaring at Derek as if to dare the other Dom to make him leave.

Derek just nodded. "If you're willing for them to hear, then there's no problem. It's your choice."

Isaac nodded, pressing his face to Scott's side. "Okay. I'll answer them," he whispered.
Stiles poked Scott's neck to get his attention, raising his brows in a 'dude, calm the glaring' way.

Scott rolled his eyes, but it broke the tension. "Thanks Isaac," he said softly. "That's really great."

"Can you tell me if your dad ever hurts you physically?" Derek asked. "Even if he apologises, or says it was an accident."

Isaac swallowed hard, nodding slowly. "Yes," he whispered, shivering in memory.

Stiles made a soft noise, pressing closer to the other sub, lightly scratching at his scalp the way Stiles himself liked.

Scott tensed. He'd guessed, but still...

"Okay," Derek said calmly, suppressing his anger with the ease of long practice. "Is it something that happens often? Has he ever hurt you badly?"

Stiles took a deep breath, keeping back the anger and panic.

Isaac let out a soft whimper, holding out his arm, tugging the sleeve almost all the way up where he had bruising that was just turning green. Along with lifting the side of his shirt, a thin scar running over his ribs. "At least once a week. Wh-when I do something wrong."

Scott's hands curled into fists as he made to stand up. "I - I'm going to..."

Isaac let out a soft whine, his hand clutching tighter in Scott's shirt.

Stiles reached out, grabbing Scott's arm. "Hey. I want to get him now too, but we have to do this right, or nothing will happen and Isaac won't be able to be safe like we want him, okay?" he rambled, trying to distract.

"Scott," Derek said firmly. "Your sub comes first. No matter what."

That caught Scott's attention, and he subsided unhappily. "Sorry, Isaac," he mumbled.

Isaac flushed at Derek's words, even as he burrowed closer to Scott. "I'm sorry." He whispered softly.

Stiles blinked at what Derek said, grinning widely. Oh good, he hadn't been the only one to see it.

Scott sighed and shook his head, hugging Isaac to his side. "Don't be," he replied. "Derek's right, you're more important right now."

Isaac relaxed slowly against Scott, giving a small sound as he tilted his head up to look at Scott.

Stiles smiled, slowly sliding his hand away from Isaac and looking at Derek, that helpless look back in his eyes, his brows furrowed.

Derek reached a hand over the bench to take Stiles'. "Are you okay to keep going, Isaac?" he asked gently.

"I won't interrupt again," Scott promised.
Isaac hesitated, the hand on his shoulder warm. "I'm okay." He nodded, his hand going to fist the back of Scott's shirt.

Stiles held onto Derek's hand like a lifeline in both hands, bringing it up to his face.

Derek hesitated. "I'm sorry to ask this, but...your father, has he ever - is he sexually abusive too?"

Scott stiffened, but didn't pull away from Isaac this time.

Isaac shook his head. "No, he didn't ever do anything like that. There were a few times he said things like 'Your Dom will mess up that mouth really good, sissy sub,' and things like that, but only when he was three-sheets-to-the-wind-drunk."

Stiles took a deep breath, burying his nose in Derek's hand to keep his scent close.

Scott hugged Isaac close, unable to do anything else with all the emotions swirling in him.

Derek closed his eyes, clutching Stiles' hand tight for strength. "I guess that answers the emotional abuse question," he said stiffly. "Isaac, I want you to know that the things your father tells you are wrong, very wrong. Can you try to believe that, please?"

Isaac buried his face in Scott's shoulder, listening carefully to Derek. He hesitated before nodded. "I'll try," he whispered. "U-um...S-stiles is okay with you right?" he squeaked, unable to keep from asking as he peeked out at Derek, watching how Stiles was with him.

Stiles smiled, fighting to keep his eyes from watering. "I'm awesome with him, Isaac," he soothed. "I love him."

"Love you too, mi querido," Derek replied, then looked back at Isaac. "I swore to protect and care for Stiles when I took him as my sub, and I'll keep that promise."

"Now we need to find a way to do that for you," Scott said.

Isaac nodded shyly, clinging tighter to Scott. He looked around, taking a moment to breathe when he saw the clock. "Oh no!" He seized up.

Stiles frowned softly. "Isaac? Izz, what's wrong?" He watched as Isaac's face melted into pure terror.

Scott glanced at Derek for reassurance, and seeing an encouraging look, began to rub up and down Isaac's arm. "Isaac, I've got you, it's okay," he said, repeating things he'd heard Derek say when Stiles was upset. "We're going to make sure it's okay, you're going to be fine."

Isaac clung tighter to Scott, a small sob caught in his throat. "I'm late!" he gasped. "I'm late. H-he'll be home in five minutes and I'm supposed to have dinner on the table and..." He looked up to Scott, his eyes watering.

Stiles let out a small noise, clinging tighter to Derek's hand, seeing what Isaac was saying. Isaac would get hurt.

Derek thought fast. "Isaac, you're not going home tonight," he decided. "You can stay here, or if you're uncomfortable with me, you can see if Ms McCall will let you stay with Scott. But you aren't going back to your house until we have a sure way of stopping him from hurting you."

Scott gave Derek a grateful look, then turned his attention back to Isaac. "Are you okay with that?"
he asked softly. "Will that help?"

Stiles thought fast, chewing on his lip and giving Derek a grateful look. He moved to stand near Derek, leaning to whisper in his ear. "I wonder if watching us would do Isaac some good, like with Scott before his testing."

Isaac relaxed a bit, finally starting to cry silently as he nodded. "Th-thank you," he whispered. "A- and I think I-I would be safer here, at the moment. Th-though, I don't want Scott to leave either," he whispered the last part, his hand tightening in Scott's shirt. True, he would be safer in a house of a full-fledged Dom and not one under mentor-ship, but...he really didn't want Scott to leave him either.

"I can stay," Scott said hurriedly. "It won't be the first time, I can totally stay, I even keep a set of clothes here just in case."

Derek raised his eyebrows. He hadn't known about that. "Stiles, can you make sure guest rooms are ready for Scott and Isaac, please?" he asked, heedful of Stiles' advice. "I need to make some phone calls."

Stiles nodded, kissing Derek's jaw and nuzzling it for a moment before running out of the room.

Isaac chewed on his lower lip, relaxing fully at Scott's words. "Thank you," he breathed, looking around before just settling for burying his face in Scott's shoulder, breathing deeply.

"Thank you for letting us," Scott murmured, hugging Isaac close. "You're safe now."

Chapter End Notes

SUMMARY: Stiles and Scott notice that something is wrong with Isaac (as well as other signs, he is notably subby in response to touch, and Stiles compares him to touch-starved subs), and guess that someone is hurting him. They invite him over to Derek's that afternoon, and Stiles asks Derek to help while Scott gets Isaac to agree to /let/ them help. Derek asks Isaac for some details, making Scott angry. Derek reminds Scott to 'look after your sub first' - it's clear Scott is feeling very protective towards Isaac. Isaac realises he's late home, so they decide he should stay over. Scott promises that they'll keep Isaac safe.

Yay, Isaac! He's about to become a big character for this story, so it's great to introduce him to you guys. Looking forward to your comments!
"Hey Derek, is something wrong with Stiles?" John picked up the phone, confused as to why his son's Dom was calling him.

"He's fine, sir," Derek reassured him. "I'm afraid I'm...well, I'm calling you in an official capacity, more or less. To report the physical and emotional abuse of a minor."

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Derek calls the Sheriff to help with Isaac's dad; Scott, meanwhile, helps Isaac through his panic.

Isaac let out a soft, content sound as he was wrapped up in Scott's arms, eyes flicking around the room and settling on the board near the fridge. "U-um..." He chewed his lower lip. "What's that?" It was a dry erase board with a line of tape down the middle and a smiley face on one side, a frowning face on the other. There were a handful of tallies under the smiling one, and a few under the frowning one.

"It's, uh, Stiles' tally board," Scott explained. "For when he's been good and bad. They start fresh every week."

"Hmm." Isaac tilted his head, chewing on the tip of his thumb.

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Derek made sure he was out of earshot before he took out his phone and called the Sheriff.

"Hey Derek, is something wrong with Stiles?" John picked up the phone, confused as to why his son's Dom was calling him.

"He's fine, sir," Derek reassured him. "I'm afraid I'm...well, I'm calling you in an official capacity, more or less. To report the physical and emotional abuse of a minor."

John was silent for a moment, his eyes widening. "What? Who? Are they okay?" He scrambled for his work phone and his note pad. He hated cases like this but he'd be damned if it continued.
Stiles hummed, walking down the steps and kissing Derek's cheek before slipping back into the kitchen, catching the end of Scott's explanation. "Huh?"

"The tally board," Scott explained. "Isaac was wondering what it was."

"Oh!" Stiles smiled. "When I do something that breaks the rules Sir set, I get a tally under frowning face, following the rules gets one under the smiling one. They don't cancel each other out, and we figure out on Friday how to do each one. That's where my plants and art supplies comes from mainly. My rewards board. And usually I just get a spanking or maybe time outs or something for the other. Then it's all wiped clean. Blank slate every Saturday morning."

Isaac chewed on his lip, starting to tremble every time he looked at the clock. He was terrified.

Stiles watched them for a moment, sliding around to Scott's other side. "I would advise you text Laura or something. You just might need to send him down to subspace if he doesn't settle soon."

"I'll text her," Scott whispered, "but it's up to Isaac, not me."

"I know that." Stiles rolled his eyes. "I just figured he might need it, so it was better you ask for advice for the just-in-case."

Scott sighed and got out his phone. Minor emergency at Derek's house. May need to calm down panicking sub (not Stiles). Advice? - SM

first off, make sure it's ok with him. Consent is huge, especially if they're panicking. - LH

Just make sure he knows what you plan on doing, and set the standard light system safewords. - LH

Follow your instincts. - LH

"Isaac Lahey," Derek elaborated. "A classmate of Stiles and Scott. He's currently at my house, and he'll be staying here overnight. He's only bruised right now - emotionally, he's not so great."

"Fuck." John sighed, scribbling out information. "How long has this been going on? Any scars or other physical signs that would still be there once bruising faded?"

"I didn't ask how long," Derek admitted. "Sorry, sir. But apparently he gets hurt at least once a week, so it's routine now. He has a scar on his abdomen."

John cursed fluently for a moment, sending a text to his deputy to ready records and such. "Okay. I don't care if you have to put the phone down to ask, or what you need to do, but I need you to ask him if there's anywhere in the house that would show signs of it."

"Okay," Derek agreed. "Just a minute, sir." He headed back towards the kitchen, phone in hand.

"Isaac?" he called softly.

Isaac peeked up at Derek. "Yessir?" he asked softly, pressing close to Scott.

"I'm sorry, but I need to know if there's anything in your house that would show that your father mistreats you," Derek said gently. "Something he hits you with, maybe."

Isaac whimpered, starting to tremble. "Th-the deep freeze d-down in the basement," he whispered,
curling his shoulders up. "I-I have to clean it each time he l-lets me out of it, b-but it still has finger
nail m-marks and stains from when I was in there t-too long. O-other than that it-it's the belt or a
switch or a b-bottle."

Stiles took a deep breath, shooting Derek a panicked look, his lips pressed together so hard they were
white.

"Excuse me," Derek gritted out, and strode out of the room. "He's been kept in the deep freezer in
the basement, apparently," he reported to the Sheriff, his voice cold. "Despite his attempts to clean it,
there are still nail marks and stains. Belt and switch as well, but that could be harder to find."

Stiles took a deep breath. "I'm going to go to Sir, make sure he's okay. You guys can use my room or
the guest room if you need to, okay?" He smiled at Isaac before hurrying after Derek.

"Isaac, look at me please," Scott murmured. "You're doing really well, telling Derek all of this, and
I'm proud of you, okay?"

Isaac whimpered, tilting his head up to look at Scott, still shaking hard. "K-kay," he whispered. Why
couldn't he stop shaking?

"You're fine, Isaac, I know it's scary," Scott said gently. "But we're here, okay? You're safe."

Isaac started crying, clinging tightly to Scott and shaking hard.

"Fuck," John said grimly, slamming the door behind him and hurrying to his squad car. "I've
recorded this with Deputy Fletcher, we're heading over there right now. We'll get the bastard. Isaac
won't have to spend another night at home, even if I have to take him in myself."

"Good," Derek said firmly. "Don't worry about Isaac for now, okay? We're looking after him. Let
me know when you've got things sorted out."

John let out a soft sigh. "Wonderful. Thank you so much, Derek, for letting me know. I'll send you a
text or something when we have him. Watch out for Stiles, he's not great when someone he cares for
is hurt."

Stiles walked up, shaking and pressing close to Derek's side, nuzzling his Dom.

"Good luck, sir," Derek said, and ended the call. "Your dad's on his way to Isaac's house now," he
told Stiles, wrapping an arm around his shoulders. "He was...pretty angry."

"Good," Stiles murmured, reaching to pull Derek down into a kiss. "Thank you," he said softly. "I
think Scott may end up having to put Isaac into his space. He's kinda freaking out." Not that Stiles
wasn't also freaking out, he was just more worried about Isaac at that point in time.

Derek grimaced. "I'd better supervise, just in case," he murmured, and led Stiles back towards the
kitchen, an arm around his waist.

"Isaac, I need you to be brave and hold on for a minute, okay?" Scott said, clinging desperately to
calm. "There's - I - look, I think I can help with how you're feeling, but I need to talk to you about it
Isaac whimpered, taking a deep breath and wiping at his eyes. "Wh-what?" he asked, tilting his head to look at Scott, trembling.

"Okay, so, long story short, we're all pretty confident you're a sub, right?" Scott said quickly. "And subs have various headspace things they do, one of which is subspace which is this sort of floaty thing where you're focused entirely on your Dom and you don't have to think about other stuff, and it always makes Stiles feel heaps better when he's panicking about something. And I can try and help you get there? But only if you want me to."

Isaac clutched tighter to Scott, chewing on his lower lip. He had never really heard of subspace. "It'll help?" he murmured. "If it'll help, I can try," he whispered after a moment. "Never heard of it th-though."

Stiles stayed clutching at Derek. "If it'll help," he offered softly, "you can watch me and Sir?" He watched as Isaac hesitated before nodding then looked up at Derek. "Is that okay, sir?"

Derek frowned, thinking it over. "Let's move to the living room so we can use the couches," he suggested. "Stiles, you can kneel for me, and Isaac can kneel for Scott, if you're both willing. Isaac, if anyone does something you don't like, even just a little bit, say 'no', 'stop', or 'red'. Okay?"

Scott, quietly relieved to have a more experienced Dom in the room, followed Derek's lead. "I don't know what's going to work for you," he explained quietly. "But I won't hurt you in any way, or say anything bad about you, or restrict your movements at all. I'll just ask you to do some simple things for me, and tell you you're good."

Isaac relaxed a bit, nodding. "Okay," he whispered, hiding his face in Scott's shoulder, even after they stood.

Stiles smiled softly, kissing Derek's cheek and murmuring a soft "Thank you." He really did think if Isaac saw him and Derek interacting, it would help calm him down as well as show him even more that his father was wrong.

Derek led them into the living room and sat on one of the couches, positioned so Scott and Isaac could sit opposite him, and gestured to the floor next to his foot.

Scott, more tentative, just sat down with Isaac next to him and asked softly, "Are you willing to kneel on the floor for me?"

Stiles smiled, settling in his place next to Derek's feet, laying his head on Derek's knee as he got comfortable. He sighed softly, already relaxing a bit.

Isaac watched Stiles for a moment, looking up to Scott and nodding, chewing on his lip. "I trust you." he murmured, scooting so he could slide off the couch, tucking his legs under himself as he knelt, swaying softly as just the feeling of kneeling next to Scott hit him.

"Thank you, Isaac," Scott murmured. "You're doing really well."

Isaac gave Scott a tiny smile, the praise loosening something in his chest.

Derek watched them carefully, carding through Stiles' hair with his fingers to soothe him, and saying softly, "Quiet and still for me today, chiquito, but not silent."
Stiles made a questioning noise. "Whispers?" he murmured, wrapping one arm around Derek's calf before falling still. Blinking slowly at the buzz from Derek's pocket as a text came through.

*Got him. Freezer and belt both show evidence of usage outside of their intended use. Keep him safe. Melissa will stop by tomorrow to bring him the clothes we found as well as his personal items. - JS*

*It's bad, this man hasn't stopped spewing filth since we picked him up. - JS*

Derek checked his phone, then announced softly, "You're safe, Isaac. Scott's mom will bring your things tomorrow."

Scott smiled broadly and reached out to pet Isaac's hair. "Thanks, Derek," he said quietly.

Stiles smiled, kissing Derek's knee. He was so happy now.

Isaac's eyes watered a bit, sniffling softly as he relaxed even further, all but melting against Scott's fingers. "Thank you."

"You're really, really welcome," Scott promised. "I'm so glad you're safe, Isaac. I'm so glad we could help you."

Isaac sniffled softly, laying his head on Scott's knee. "I want to try," he whispered, seeing Stiles already being calmer. "I want to know what it is."

"Okay, um - " Scott glanced at Derek, not sure what to do.

"Simple orders," Derek said softly. "All he has to do is follow them."

"Right, right," Scott said. "Sorry, Isaac, I'm still really new with this, but I'm going to do the absolute best I can, okay?"

"'Kay." Isaac gave Scott a shy smile, chewing on the end of his thumb.

"Can you put your hands on your knees for me, Isaac?" Scott asked, remembering all the times Derek had stopped Stiles from picking his lips.

Isaac licked his lips, his hands slipping down to rest on his knees, tilting his head back to watch him. "Yessir," he murmured without thinking.

"Good boy," Scott said automatically, then bit his lip and winced, peeking at Isaac to see how he'd taken it.

Isaac gave a small sound, swaying forward to lean against him at the praise, his eyes fluttering shut

Scott sighed in relief. "Okay, good," he murmured. "Well done, Isaac, that was really good. Can you keep your eyes shut for me?"

"Yessir," Isaac replied, fingers flexing on his knees. He was already feeling just a bit lighter, a bit calmer. Oh, he liked this.

"Good boy," Scott said again, scratching at Isaac's hair. "You're doing really well. I'm, uh - I'm proud of you."

Isaac let out another sound, leaning into the fingers in his hair.
Stiles wasn't very deep, just enough to be calm and comfortable. He squeezed Derek's leg, grinning at Scott and gesturing him to continue before remembering it wasn't supposed to move. "Oops, sorry," he murmured.

"I understand, chiquito," Derek said softly. "But I do expect you to stay still for me when I've asked you to."

"Yes sir," Stiles murmured, squeezing Derek’s leg before settling.

Isaac whimpered, sucking his lower lip into his mouth.

"Shh, you're fine," Scott soothed him. "You're safe. And Stiles is safe too - Derek, what's going to happen to Stiles for disobeying that order?"

Derek smiled at Scott approvingly. "Nothing - it was something small, he apologised, and he promised not to do it again. It's forgiven."

Stiles hummed, smiling at Isaac to show that he was okay.

Isaac settled a bit, leaning his head against Scott's leg, taking deep breaths as he calmed down. "Sorry."

"You don't have to be sorry," Scott said immediately. "It's okay that you were worried. But we're all safe here."

Isaac nodded, nuzzling Scott's knee as he finished calming back down to where he was. He didn't feel much different than before, but now he felt just a little more grounded, breathing in deeply through his nose.

"There you go," Scott murmured. "You don't have to worry about anything. I've got you."

"Promise?" Isaac asked softly. "I don't want to fall."

"I won't let you fall," Scott promised. "I'm right here, and I've got you, and you're safe. You aren't going to fall."

Isaac whimpered, leaning against Scott's hand as he tried to finish calming down, tried to let the floaty feeling tugging in his chest pull him down to float.

"That's it, Isaac, I'm right here," Scott murmured, stroking Isaac's hair. "Can you be really good and breathe on my count?" Breathing exercises used to help Stiles when he was panicky, so chances were they'd help Isaac. "Breathe in...and out..."

Isaac took a shuddering breath, listening closely as he moved his arms around Scott's leg, his eyes watery.

"Good boy," Scott praised. "And again: in...and out...in...and out... You're doing so well, Isaac."

Isaac whimpered at the praise, slowly relaxing against his leg, eyes falling half lidded. He was walking the line, chewing on his lower lip even as he kept breathing.

"In...and out...in...and out..." Scott kept up the rhythm, happy to repeat it as many times as Isaac needed. "I'm so proud of you, Isaac, you're being so good. In...and out..."

Isaac calmed his breathing slowly, listening carefully to Scott. He smiled, resting his head on Scott's knee. He wasn't in subspace, at least that he knew of, but he wasn't panicking quite as badly
anymore.

"Are you feeling a bit better, Isaac?" Scott asked hopefully.

Isaac nodded, tilting his face up to Scott’s. "A little…”he whispered, giving Scott a small smile. "Dunno if I got to the subspace thing, but I'm not as shaky."

"Okay, good," Scott said, relieved. "Do you want to stay down there for a little while longer?"

Isaac chewed on his lip, lowering his eyes, afraid to ask for what he wanted. He pressed his face to Scott's thigh, his shoulders curling up a bit in a nervous tell.

Scott stroked Isaac's hair reassuringly. "It's okay, you don't have to move," he murmured. "You can stay right there as long as you need."

"I want..." Isaac hesitated, leaning into Scott's hand. "I want to sit here, but I want to curl in your lap," he blurted out, hiding his eyes.

Stiles bit back a giggle, smiling. "I feel like that with Sir a lot."

Scott smiled. "Come on then," he said warmly, patting his thigh. "Up you get."

Isaac's eyes widened before he scrambled up, straddling Scott's thighs and tucking himself close, going limp against him.

Scott wasn't entirely sure what to do with his hands, but he figured a hug would work? "Is that better?" he asked, although the answer was pretty clear from Isaac's body language.

Isaac hummed, cracking open a hazy eye to watch him before tucking his face back in Scott's neck.

Stiles bit back a giggle. "And that's what he needed to slip under."

"You'll make him self-conscious, love," Derek murmured.

"Sorry," Stiles murmured softly, flushing.

Scott started rubbing Isaac's back, up and down, slow and soothing.

Isaac made a small content noise, burrowing closer, letting out a happy sigh once he was settled.

"There you go, Isaac," Scott murmured. "I've got you, you just relax."

"Mmm, sir," Isaac murmured back, fully relaxed and lightly rubbing his thumb over a piece of Scott's shirt.

"Uh..." Scott looked up at Derek. "What now?"

"You're giving Isaac a place to feel safe," Derek reminded him. "Just let him be there for a while."

"Even just a little while in subspace can help us feel safe. And the fact that he found subspace while being in your arms and lap says a lot about the trust he has in you to take care of him." Stiles interjected, though he made sure not to move again.

Isaac just burrowed closer, mouthing unconsciously against Scott's neck.
"Okay," Scott said, trying not to squirm. "So I just sit here?"

Derek nodded. "You just sit there. But don't forget he's listening to you."

"Even though he probably aren't listening to us, he'll always listen to you in this state of mind." Stiles whispered.

Isaac shifted, pressing closer and shifting as he adjusted to settle heavily in Scott's lap. He felt so safe....

"Okay," Scott said quietly. "He's being so sweet - do you remember when his testing is, Stiles?"

"He only has a few days," Stiles murmured. "Maybe it was Monday? Today's Thursday, and I think I remember him mentioning Monday earlier. And he's being sweet because you make him feel safe enough to be himself. Just like Sir does with me."

"What'd going to happen when he's tested?" Scott asked.

"I'll put in a recommendation for him to go to the Grishams," Derek said. "They foster subs and Doms with...special needs."

"Will they let Isaac continue seeing Scott?" Stiles asked softly.

Scott's grasp on Isaac tightened involuntarily as he realised that somehow, today, a part of him had accepted Isaac as his to protect.

"Jane and Simon try to keep as much of the support structure of the people they foster in place as they can," Derek reassured them. "They won't stop Isaac going to school, and they won't try to break up his friendships. If he wants to date, they'll want oversight, but I don't think they'll have an issue with Scott."

Isaac hummed at the hug, one hand going to pet at Scott's cheek.

Stiles smiled. "So yes," he assured Scott. "You can keep him. They'll be mentors of a sort themselves. Is that right, sir?"

"Since both of you are inexperienced, you won't be able to scene without supervision until you get certified as competent," Derek warned. "But Jane's never a permanent Dom to any of her subs, obviously, and she and Simon encourage subs to have other Doms in their lives. They tend to work in tandem with a guardian Dom, which was Laura in my case, but in yours...I wouldn't be surprised in the Sheriff got involved, actually. It's complicated."

"It sounds complicated," Scott agreed. "But he'll be alright?"

"I'm sure he will be." Stiles smiled. "He has you. And we'll all protect him. But Scotty, look at him. A part of him has claimed you just like you him."

"I don't know what I'm doing, though," Scott pointed out. "What if I mess up?"

Derek smiled at him. "That's why you have a supervising Dom around. Me or Laura, or Isaac's Dom, or even the Sheriff. If you make a mistake, any of us will help you fix it."

Isaac made a small grumbling noise at the 'Isaac's Dom' part, clutching at Scott.

Stiles suppressed another giggle at Isaac's possessiveness. "And I don't think you'll mess up. You have good instincts already, Scotty, and that's what you use mainly anyway."
Derek hummed. "Yes and no," he said slowly. "There's skills you need to learn, too, and things you have to watch out for. Doing something like this, yes, that can be relatively intuitive, but instincts aren't always enough."

Scott grimaced and nodded. "Yeah, I - I get that. There's a lot to think about."

Isaac nuzzled just behind Scott's ear, letting out a soft sigh.

Stiles hummed. "Laura and the couple Derek's going to try to get him will help. And you know Dad and Sir would "

Scott sighed. "I know," he admitted. "It's just...hard."

Stiles smiled softly at his friend, seeing the attachment already.

"That's why I know you'll be a good one," Derek said with a wry smile. "You can probably bring him up now if you want," he added.

Isaac hummed, his nose buried in Scott's neck, breathing deeply.

"Okay," Scott said carefully. "Do I just talk to him? Ask him stuff?"

Derek nodded. "Try to make him a bit more aware. And plenty of reassurance."

"Okay." Scott took a deep breath. "Isaac? You there, dude?"

Isaac whined, clutching tighter. He furrowed his brow, leaning back a bit to look up at Scott, his eyes still hazy. "Sir?" he asked, his voice still soft and small.

Stiles smiled. "You saw Sir bring me back up before, Scott," he murmured encouragingly.

"Hey, Isaac," Scott said quietly, rubbing Isaac's back. "You're doing really good, dude. Can you talk to me a bit? Tell me how you're feeling?"

"Safe," Isaac whispered after taking a moment to process what was asked of him. "Warm. Heavy and slow. Kinda like swimming in warm molasses." He blinked rapidly, trying to focus on Scott.

Scott smiled. "That's great, Isaac," he said warmly, kind of awed that he'd managed to get Isaac there. "Can you tell me how you're feeling physically?"

Isaac gave him a small smile at the praise, tilting his head to the side in thought. "Arm's sore. Tired," he murmured after a moment, resting his forehead against Scott's jaw.

Scott frowned. Isaac's arm...was that the bruise he'd shown them earlier? "Well done," he said, rather than ask about it. "You're doing really well, Isaac. Do you think you can try to be a bit more normal in your head now? A bit less heavy and slow?"

"But I like it." Isaac pouted, huffing softly. He sat up though, still pressed close to Scott, watching him as he slowly started coming up.

"I know, dude, but you've had enough for now," Scott replied, kind of pleased that Isaac was objecting. It meant he was comfortable.

Isaac grumbled softly, a pout on his face. "Kaaay." He huffed, his brow furrowing as he blinked.
"Kinda dizzy now."

"It's fine, I've got you," Scott promised. "You're doing really well. How are you feeling?"

"Not as heavy. Still feel safe and warm." Isaac smiled, his hand going up to pet Scott’s cheek.

"I'm glad," Scott murmured, smiling back. "You're feeling better than you did earlier?"

Isaac nodded, tilting his head in thought. "Still sore and tired, but not panicky anymore. I think it helped that the cops already got him."

"You heard that, then?" Scott checked. "I wasn't sure how much you were listening at that point."

Isaac nodded again, giving Scott a small smile. "It helped, I think," he murmured. "That and being right here." He pressed close, breathing deeply.

"Cool," Scott said, smiling. "I'm glad I could help."

Isaac smiled, resting his head on Scott's shoulder, though now his eyes were alert, looking around and settling on Stiles, giving him a small grin.

Stiles giggled softly, wrinkling his nose. "What should we have for dinner, sir?" he asked Derek softly.

"Do we have enough of anything for four?" Derek replied. "And if we do, that depends on what Isaac likes."

Scott grinned. "I'm good with take out, or whatever you guys want."

Stiles hummed. "This close to the weekend, no sir, not really anything we can stretch. We have cereal and such but that's about it."

Isaac gave them a shy smile. "I'm good with anything, I just can't have hazelnuts."

"Well, if we're getting take out, we'll get something you like," Derek decided. "What's your preference?"

Isaac chewed on his lip. "Chinese? I didn't get to eat it that often," he admitted softly. "But it's one of my favorites."

Stiles tensed just a bit, though his face didn't change. His fingers dug in Derek's calf as he fought to keep calm.

"Chinese it is," Derek said gently. "Stiles and I usually get Mongolian lamb, sweet and sour pork, mixed vegetables, fried rice, and some egg rolls. What do you prefer?"

"Can I add some chicken chow mein to that list?" Scott asked.

"Can I have shrimp lo mein?" Isaac asked softly, tucking his face back in Scott's neck.

Stiles smiled. "Extra egg rolls?" he added. "Those sound really good right now."

"So, Mongolian lamb, sweet and sour pork, chicken chow mein, shrimp lo mein, mixed vegetables, fried rice, and double of egg rolls," Derek checked. "All good?"
Scott nodded firmly. "Good."

Stiles giggled softly. "Want me to go get plates down?" he asked softly, though he still leaned heavily against Derek's leg.

"It can wait a little while," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair. "The order won't get here in the next five minutes - I haven't even made it yet."

Stiles giggled, leaning into the hand in his hair with a small purr.

Isaac smiled, nuzzling Scott's neck before lifting himself back up a bit to watch him. "Thank you," he murmured softly, blocking out the other two there, nuzzling Scott's cheek.

"You're welcome," Scott told Isaac. "Thank you for letting me try."

Isaac opened his mouth, hesitating for just a moment before wrapping his arms around Scott's neck, hugging him close, his lips pressed to his ear. "Please tell me I'm not imagining this. That I'm not imagining the claim I feel from you."

"You're..." Scott sighed. "You're not imagining it, but I don't know what to do with it. I just...you're my friend, and I want you to be safe."

Isaac smiled slowly, lips curling against Scott's ear. "I didn't want to imagine it," he admitted, his arms clinging just a bit tighter.

Stiles watched his two friends, smiling softly. He'd seen the looks the both of them have been sending the other. Even while Scott was with Allison or Becca he was casting Isaac looks that Stiles didn't even know if Scott realized.

Derek leaned down to murmur in Stiles' ear, "So how long have those two been a thing?"

"Never," Stiles replied. "I don't think they realized how much the other returned the feelings," he admitted, keeping his voice a whisper. "I see the looks and the longing and I put it together, but I doubt they did."

"Hmm." Derek patted the couch by his side. "Come curl up with me, mi querido," he suggested.

"And if I were you, I'd let them go at their own pace. You shouldn't push them."

Stiles slipped up to curl up beside Derek, cuddling close. "I know. I may drop hints, or say things, but I won't push. It needs to happen as they are comfortable. I do know Isaac, though - he won't let it go too slow. Not now that he realizes that Scott feels a bit of the claim. He'll go slow, sure, but not real slow."

"Keep in mind he's got a lot to think about right now," Derek pointed out, watching the other pair fondly. "Their relationship may not look like what you expect for a while."

"I know," Stiles whispered, smiling. "And just because they don't show it outwardly, doesn't mean behind closed doors is the same. Did you order the food, sir?" he turned his head, kissing along Derek's jaw.

Derek smiled. "You distracted me," he replied. "One second." He got out the phone and dialled the Chinese place.
Stiles giggled softly. "I like distracting you." he murmured against Derek's free ear.

Isaac let out a soft sigh, nuzzling his face into Scott's cheek. "Scuffy," he teased lightly.

"Really?" Scott asked, pleased. "You think I'm starting to get facial hair?"

Isaac nodded, nuzzling him again. "I like it. It's there, just little prickles, but it's there. Growing in." He tucked himself closer, his knees bent on either side of Scott, pressing into the back of the couch.

"Awesome!" Scott grinned at him. "What do you think, reckon I'd look good with a beard?"

Isaac tilted his head, looking at him before grinning. "Hell yeah you would." He nodded, thunking their foreheads together gently. "Then again, you look good now." He wrinkled his nose with a grin.

"Yeah?" Scott said softly. "You think so?"

Isaac nodded, not moving his face from where it was right in front of Scott’s. "I know so."

Scott blushed, looking down and away from Isaac's bright blue eyes. "Thanks," he mumbled. "You, uh...you too."

Isaac's eyes widened a bit before he grinned. "Thank you," he murmured, nudging Scott's nose with his own, trying to get him to look back up. "Am I making you uncomfortable?" he asked, keeping his voice low and private.

"N-no?" Scott stuttered, glancing up. "I just...this is kinda new. For me. I have no idea what I'm doing."

"I have no idea either, honestly." Isaac let out a soft sigh. "I just know that I really really like how I'm feeling right now, and that I'm following both the feelings I have in my head, and the fact that I've liked you for a while." He flushed bright red, ducking his face back into Scott's throat.

"You have?" Scott asked wonderingly. "You've barely talked to me in years, though." Lacrosse, yeah, they saw each other. And in English. But other than that...

"I got threatened," Isaac murmured. "And I was afraid. Afraid you wouldn't like me, or even worse, that my Dad would find out about you and would hurt you or make it horrible for me even more." His hold on Scott tightened just a bit. "But..." He sighed softly, slumping against him. "I don't want to hide anymore. All I ever did was hide..."

"Someone threatened you?" Scott asked angrily. "Because of me?"

Isaac pulled his head back up, leaning their foreheads together. "Yes. My dad., he whispered. "Told me if I ever turned out to be another..." Isaac paused, chewing on his lip. "If I turned out to be another one of those gay sissy subs he'd beat my Dom stupider. Please. Don't get angry. He's gone now, right?"

"I'm still angry at him," Scott muttered fiercely. "And Isaac, you need to know...there are guys, subs, who like to be sissies, okay? But being a gay, male sub doesn't make you one of them."

Isaac blinked slowly. "Like being one? If I'm not one like my Dad was saying, what is one?" he murmured, mostly to himself, sucking his lower lip into his mouth. "I was okay, as long as you weren't hurt, I was okay."
"You being hurt or upset or afraid matters, Isaac," Scott objected, blushing furiously as he tried to think of a way to explain sissies. "Uh...a sissy is a guy who likes being feminised a lot, and the focus during, uh, sex is totally on him being, um...fucked."

Isaac blinked, wrinkling his nose. "I don't like dresses and things, so I don't think I am one," he murmured. "And it's one of those things that if you get told something enough times, you start to believe it. Things like how you don't matter, how you're a piece of shit and no one, sub or Dom, will want you..."

Scott hugged Isaac tight. "Not true, none of it's true," he promised fervently. "You do matter, Isaac, you're wonderful, you're wanted, okay? You're important."

"Wanted?" Isaac asked, though he hugged Scott back just as tight. "Promise?"

"You're wanted," Scott repeated. "You're wanted, Isaac, I promise."

Isaac closed his eyes, breathing deeply as he kept their foreheads pressed together. "Who?" he asked softly, needing to hear it.

"I..." Scott licked his lips nervously. "I...want to spend time with you. To be around you."

A small smile crossed Isaac's face, his arms tightening around Scott. "You do?" he asked, his voice barely above a whisper.

Scott honestly wasn't sure what he was feeling right now (although he was sure Stiles would laugh at him about it later), but he knew that much. "Yeah," he replied. "I do."

Isaac smiled wider, opening his eyes to look Scott in his eyes, pressing a swift kiss to the corner of Scott's mouth and ducking his head back into his neck, face hot from how hard he was flushing.

Scott gave Stiles a kind of panicked look. In retrospect, yes, of course, the kiss made sense, but at the same time...what? Isaac had kissed him?

Stiles suppressed a giggle, giving his friend a smile. "He's liked you for a long time," he murmured, just loud enough for Scott to hear him. "Years even. Why'd that freak you out?"

Isaac hummed, smiling against Scott's neck as he heard Stiles.

"I didn't know?" Scott said, his voice high-pitched with surprise and confusion. "And I didn't, I don't, I...aren't I straight?"

Derek bit his lip, suppressing a laugh, and said, "Ultimately that's a question only you can answer, but based on the last hour, I'd at least consider biromantic."

Stiles bit his lower lip. "I think Sir is right. It's up to you to answer that one, but I'll tell you this. Even when you were with Ally or Becca, you would give these...longing looks, to our little curly friend."

Scott looked down at Isaac. "Sorry I'm freaking out on you," he said. "I just, uh, yeah. I'm kinda dumb sometimes."

"You aren't dumb." Isaac snorted. "Just because I've figured out what I am, doesn't mean you have," he soothed, stroking Scott's arm.

"Who," Derek interjected. "The word you want is 'who', not 'what'."

Scott nodded. "What he said."
Isaac flushed, nodding. "Sorry." He smiled softly, nuzzling Scott's cheek. "I did mean 'who'. I don't know why I'm all tripping over the English language."

Stiles giggled. "Probably hunger and still coming down from the panic from earlier."


"S'ok sir," Isaac murmured without thinking. "That's what the Chinese is for." He looked up at Scott, his eyes crinkled in amusement.

Derek smiled and shook his head. "You're doing fine," he said reassuringly. "Stiles, be a good boy and get some juice for you and Isaac please?"

Stiles nodded, kissing Derek softly before slipping into the kitchen and coming back with a couple of juice boxes.

"Yeah, but you still need to drink something," Scott countered. He smiled at Stiles as he took the juice box. "Thanks."

Derek opened his arms to invite Stiles to snuggle up again. "Good boy," he murmured. "Well done."

Stiles purred happily, nuzzling close, handing Derek the juice box to open for him.

Isaac smiled softly, shifting a bit so Scott had some room to use his arms, though he didn't leave Scott's lap.

"Do you, uh...want me to hold it for you?" Scott offered awkwardly when Isaac's arms didn't move from around his neck.

Derek watched curiously as he handed the open juice box back to Stiles, murmuring, "There you go, tesoro."

Stiles sipped at it, cuddled close to Derek, a contented smile on his face.

Isaac smiled. "Don't have to," he whispered, one hand slipping free to hold the juice box, though he did lay his head back on Scott's shoulder as he sipped at it, his eyes falling half closed.

Scott tentatively wrapped a hand around Isaac's, steadying his hold, and tried to remember things he'd heard Derek tell Stiles after a scene. "You, um, you did really well today, you know. Letting us help you with your dad, and letting me help you when you were freaking out, and kneeling for me and stuff. You did good."

Isaac let out a happy sound at the praise, and at the hold Scott had on his hand.

Stiles smiled, watching his friend. "Tell him things you liked that he did, things like that, it's okay," he murmured around his straw.

"Are you talking to me or Isaac?" Scott asked jokingly. He really would appreciate some assurance. "Um...you were really obedient - like, you knelt when I suggested it and stuff...you answered my questions honestly, even when they were hard, that was really good..."

"Both." Stiles grinned. "You're doing fine, Scott, just be honest and relax, it's okay."

Isaac smiled around his straw, his free hand playing with Scott's hair.
"You did well, Scott," Derek agreed. "You paid attention to Isaac, and you checked in with him, and you listened to what he needed."

Stiles nodded. "You did awesome."

Isaac nodded as well, tucking himself closer, fingers moving to lace with the ones wrapped around his.

"Isaac, you've gone pretty quiet - you okay?" Scott checked.

"I'm good." Isaac murmured, a smile on his face. "Just comfortable. And feel safe."

Scott smiled back, a shy grin. "Good. Uh...my legs are starting to go a bit numb, though," he admitted.

Isaac huffed out a pout, shifting a bit on Scott's legs before sliding to the side like Stiles was sitting with Derek.

Stiles giggled. "You two are adorable."

Scott blushed furiously. "No we're not," he argued.

Derek laughed. "I'm afraid I have to agree with Stiles on this one."

Isaac grinned, leaning up to press his nose to Scott's cheek, lips grazing his jaw as Isaac spoke. "I'm not adorable, but you are."

Stiles giggled, hiding his face in Derek's neck.

"Oh come on!" Scott objected. "I get no respect!"

"I respect you. I just also think you're hot." Isaac hummed, nose crinkling in amusement against Scott's cheek.

Stiles just sent him a grin, startling a bit at the doorbell. "Food!"

"I'll get it if you get the plates, chiquito," Derek suggested. "Are we all fine with eating on the couch?"

"Sounds good to me," Scott replied.

Isaac nodded, grinning as he finished off his juice.

Stiles hopped up, bending over to kiss Derek hard before all skipping into the kitchen for plates, sticking his head back out. "Forks anyone? or everyone good with chopsticks?"

"I am incompetent and you know it, Stiles," Scott confessed cheerfully. "Stop trying to make me look bad in front of Isaac."

"Bring us a spare fork to serve things with, please," Derek called as he went to the door.

"Yes sir!" Stiles called, giggling and sticking out his tongue at the other two before slipping back into the kitchen.

Isaac smothered a laugh. "I'm good with chopsticks," he said, smiling at Scott. "I can try to teach you? You don't look bad, promise."
Scott grinned at Isaac. "Then teach me, oh wise one."

Derek paid and brought the cartons of food back to the coffee table, sharing them out before sitting down again.

Stiles smiled, tucking himself at Derek’s feet, passing him a plate of food with an eggroll sticking out of his mouth.

Isaac giggled, taking a couple pairs of chopsticks before turning to Scott, his eyes bright. "Here, hold this one like this...." he guided Scott's hand around the chopsticks.

Chapter End Notes

Hopefully the formatting wasn't too confusing? Unfortunately, with our newly expanded (and still expanding) cast, this sort of parallel, intertwining conversation is going to be happening a lot, so we'd really appreciate feedback on how to make it easy to read.

Isaac's going to be safe now, thank goodness. It might be a little while before he's okay, but all the boys are going to do their best to help. Hope you enjoyed it, and looking forward to your comments!
To Cry Sanctuary

Chapter Summary

Stiles smiled, cuddling close for a moment. "What are you doing here? Don't you have patrols today?"

John sighed. "We need to figure out what's happening with Isaac," he explained. "Is he going to live with his Dom after Monday? Should we try to find a family member for him to stay with? A foster parent? He can't be an emancipated minor as a sub, he needs a guardian."

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Isaac's safe now. But he needs to plan for the future too.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Once again, for the abuse of Isaac. Mostly not described in detail in this chapter - the most challenging sections are the very first section/paragraph, where Isaac wakes from a nightmare about his father hurting Scott, and Isaac's answer to the question "Why didn't you report him?", where he describes being put in the freezer for the first time.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Everything was quiet later that night when Isaac started tossing and turning, his face crumpling up as he begged, "N-no. Y-you can't. He…"

Scott couldn't sleep. He kept thinking that Isaac's dad would get out somehow and come find him. And when he managed to get off that topic, he got stuck thinking about the Isaac revelation in general.

Isaac whimpered, curling up in a small ball and scooting across the bed until he was pressed against the wall between him and Scott. He let out a loud whine. "No! G-get away. No, L-leave h-him alone! T-take me!" he cried out, thrashing.

Scott startled. Was that Isaac? He threw the covers off and hurried down the hall to stop in the door of Isaac's room, horrified.

Isaac whimpered, back pressed to the wall and his hands over his head. "D-dad! Stop, please. I'll be good, I promise, please."

"Isaac, wake up!" Scott urged, approaching the bed. "Isaac, it's okay, you're safe, your dad's not here."

Isaac started crying. "Please! Please, I'll be good," he whimpered, shifting around on the bed. Scott's
voice finally pierced through and he shot up with a cry. He looked around, trembling hard. He burst out sobbing when he saw Scott. "S-s..."

Scott reached out a hand tentatively, not wanting to spook Isaac any more. "You're safe, Isaac," he promised. "It was a dream, just a dream."

Isaac shot forward, burying his face in Scott's chest as he cried, shaking and trembling.

Scott clutched Isaac close and sat heavily on the edge of the bed. "You're safe, Isaac," he repeated. "You're safe, it's okay."

Isaac scrambled into his lap, straddling him and pressing close, tucking his face in Scott's shoulder as he cried. "I was so scared. So scared Dad had found me. Found you."

"He won't," Scott promised, rubbing Isaac's back. "He can't. You're safe here."

"D-dreamed that I-I had woken up and he was there. Y-you were hurt and he was holding so-something..." Isaac whispered, sniffing as he started to settle down.

Scott's heart clenched in his chest as he tried to soothe Isaac. "I'm okay," he murmured. "See? I'm fine."

"Don't need you hurt. Please, don't be hurt," Isaac whispered, his hand going to run along Scott's arms and face, his eyes scanning for the blood he saw in his dreams.

"I'm not hurt," Scott promised. "I'm fine, Isaac, I'm okay. I'm not hurt."

Isaac pressed both of his hands to Scott's cheeks, his eyes watering again. "Promise?"

"I promise," Scott said, reaching up to wipe the tear-tracks from Isaac's cheeks. "We're safe. I'm not hurt."

Isaac nuzzled into Scott's hand, sniffing. "I'm sorry," he whispered. He knew how bad his nightmares could get. He'd been hurt enough for them before.

"Why are you sorry?" Scott asked, confused.

"I didn't mean to wake you up. I didn't mean..." Isaac trailed off, lowering his eyes a bit. I didn't mean to be a burden.

Scott shook his head. "No - no, dude, you didn't wake me, I was already awake when I heard you, I just..."

"You just what?" Isaac asked, sniffing softly, still not looking Scott in the eye. He felt horrible for waking him up. Couldn't even do this one thing right.

"Hey, Isaac," Scott said gently. "Can you look at me? Show me you're okay?" The sound of Isaac's whimpering pleas was still echoing in his ears.

Isaac licked his lips, flicking his eyes up to Scott's. His eyes were a bit dull, tears still filling them. "S...Scott," he murmured, biting back the word he wanted to say.

"Yeah, s-sweetheart?" Scott stuttered and blushed, but didn't try to hold back the endearment that slipped out.
Isaac let out a soft whimper, pressing closer at the petname. "I am sorry," he murmured, absentely stroking Scott’s cheek.

"There's nothing for you to be sorry for," Scott insisted. "I was already awake, I chose to come help you out - not that I ever wouldn't have, but you know what I mean."

Isaac gave him a tiny smile. "I like the petname. And I like you holding me," he murmured, one hand slipping down to Scott's shoulder, the other still petting his cheek.

"I like holding you," Scott replied, smiling back hopefully. "Are you feeling better now?"

"A little," Isaac murmured. "I am sorry though. I'm sorry I'm such a burden, such a problem."

"Isaac, no," Scott said immediately. "No, you aren't a burden at all! You're not a burden, not a problem - you're perfect."

Isaac shook his head, sniffling. "I'm not perfect. I just cause trouble. I don't want you hurt, I don't want my Dad to find me." His breathing hitched and he leaned closer. "I can't let him find you. I just can't. That would hurt me more than anything he ever did to me."

"Isaac, sweetheart, your dad's going to jail," Scott reminded him. "He won't be able to hurt anyone any more - not me, and not you."

"Promise me," Isaac begged softly. "Promise me he won't hurt you. Please. I don't care about me. I can't let you get hurt."

Scott looked Isaac in the eyes seriously, swallowing hard around the lump in his throat at Isaac's disregard for himself. "He won't hurt me, Isaac," he said steadily. "He won't hurt me, and he won't hurt you."

Isaac leaned forward, thunking their foreheads together gently. "Promise me," he begged again, even as he pressed closer, his body finally relaxing just a bit.

"I promise," Scott breathed. "He won't hurt us. We're safe."

Isaac let his eyes close with a soft sigh, leaning against Scott heavily, one hand still running along his jaw. "Thank you," he breathed.

Scott wrapped his arms around Isaac's waist, holding him close. "You're welcome...sweetheart," he murmured. "And you're not a burden to me, not ever, okay?"

Isaac hesitated before nodding. "Yes..." he breathed. The petname had him relaxing further, his eyes half lidded as the tension and panic bled out.

Scott bit his lip hesitantly. "Hey, Isaac?" he asked. "Would you like to, uh...stay with me? Or for me to stay with you? Tonight? In case you have a nightmare again."

Isaac nodded. "Please. I don't care which room, just..." His grip on the other boy tightened. "Don't leave me. Please."

"Okay, okay, shh," Scott agreed hurriedly, trying to soothe Isaac again. "I won't leave you. Come to my room with me?"

Isaac whimpered softly, pressing close and nodding. "Yessir," he murmured. He was just in his
boxers and t-shirt, though he did grab his jeans off the floor as he stood, shivering and trying not to just crawl back into Scott's lap, making a half-aborted movement before he could stop himself.

"Hey, sweetheart, I've got you," Scott reassured him, catching Isaac's hand to lead him to the other room. "I'm right here."

Isaac gave him a tiny smile, clutching at his hand as they walked. He looked around Scott’s room a bit, blinking before letting out a small breath. He dropped his jeans near the desk tucked in the corner, shivering and pressing close to Scott. "Don't leave," he begged softly, his hand going to tangle in the shirt on Scott's chest.

"I'm right here, dude," Scott reassured him, leading him to the bed. "You get comfortable, okay? And I'll sleep on this side, closer to the door."

Isaac nodded, slipping into the bed, pulling the covers up while pressing his back almost to the wall. He wanted to just press against Scott, feel him there. He wanted to feel safe again.

Scott got back into bed, shifting around to get comfortable. He wanted to give Isaac plenty of space - didn't want him to be claustrophobic.

Isaac finally gave in, pressing close to Scott and letting out a soft whine. He leaned up, nuzzling lazily against Scott's cheek. "I like you holding me. Feels safe," he murmured after a moment, when he figured out what the tossing was about.

"Oh," Scott murmured, throwing one arm over Isaac's waist. "Good."

Isaac let out a happy noise, kissing Scott's jaw as he pressed close, relaxing with a sigh. "You don't ever have to ask or anything about this, okay? This is the safest I've felt in years. I..." He smiled up at Scott, kissing his chin, then sighed. "This was one of the only thoughts that would keep me sane in that damned freezer," he admitted softly.

"You - you thought of me?" Scott asked, shocked. Sure, Isaac had *said* he'd liked Scott for ages, but...

"Yessir." Isaac tilted his head back to look at Scott, smiling softly. "Thoughts of being able to do this, and more, were the only things that kept me okay. If I hadn't had them, if I didn't care for you so much..." His breathing hitched at the thought.

"Why didn't you ever try to stop him?" Scott couldn't help but ask, shifting his hand to caress Isaac's cheek. "Why didn't you report him?"

"I tried," Isaac whispered. "That's when the freezer started...." He leaned into the hand on his cheek, his eyes fluttering closed. "Tried to call 911. Had them on their way when he caught me. He punched me in the stomach and kidneys before dragging me down to the basement, putting me in the freezer we had been de-icing. It wasn't even fully thawed yet. Shoved me in there, put a few cinderblocks on top and walked back upstairs. I could hear him talking to the cops, acting baffled. But they couldn't hear my screaming...."

"Oh god." Scott wanted to throw up. "You...he...they..." He buried his face in Isaac's chest, reassuring himself that the heart still beat there, that Isaac was safe.

Isaac blinked in the mostly dark room, pressing a kiss on Scott's head before humming. "I'm okay," he whispered. "I promise. You'll keep me safe. So will Stiles, Derek, Stiles’ Dad, but you...you'll keep me the safest. I know you will. I trust you with my life."
"Isaac," Scott pleaded, his voice cracking. "I don't know how. I don't know what I'm doing."

"I don't either." Isaac snorted. "I just know that I need you. And that we can figure it out," he murmured. "Intstincts of course, and yes, the training that Derek and Stiles were talking about but..." He chewed on his lip. "I trust you. You'll do everything you can. I know you will." Isaac wiggled down until their foreheads were pressed together again. "I trust you. I trust you with everything I am, sir," he murmured. He didn't care that the honorific fell from his mouth. In his mind, it was true anyway. He felt the claim, he wanted it. He didn't care how long it took, how much teaching and learning. It didn't matter to him. He felt the claim.

"I don't..." Scott licked his lips. "I don't really...feel worthy of that, Isaac. I'm - I'm just a guy. But I'll try my best, I will."

"I'm not worthy of a lot of things," Isaac replied quietly. "Much less being your 'sweetheart' but I want to be. I want to be good for you, I want to be yours."

"I...really can't imagine you being anything but good," Scott admitted. It's just...he'd been a Dom for barely a month. Or, well, he might have been a Dom longer, but he hadn't known. And no matter how many looks he'd apparently been throwing Isaac, he hadn't been thinking about it. He wasn't ready for this.

Isaac chewed on his lip. "I know it'll take a long time," he whispered, dropping his gaze. "I know it might be years between now and when we won't have to have people watching or helping or anything. I know you have a lot to learn, so do I. I just..." He sighed softly. "I'm sorry."

"No, don't be sorry," Scott objected. "It's just..." To be honest, he didn't know if he wanted to - to plan for that sort of future. Isaac was so sure, and Scott just...wasn't. "I might take a while to adjust," he admitted.

Isaac hummed in understanding, keeping his eyes lowered. "I know," he murmured, trying not to let the sadness show. He'd known Scott wouldn't leap on it just like that. He knew that. It didn't mean it hurt any less. He understood that Scott was probably freaking out because he was barely considered a Dom, and Isaac hasn't even had his testing yet...but Isaac would just have to hold the feeling of the claim close.

"I'm sorry," Scott said helplessly, stroking Isaac's cheek. "I wish I had your certainty, I just...don't."

Isaac leaned into the touch with a small sound. "I didn't have very many certain things in my life. So I clutch at any I have," he admitted softly. "And it is okay, even though it does hurt a bit. I know that it'll take a while, I know that..." He took a deep breath. "That you don't care for me like that..."

"I will look after you," Scott promised, a sharp ache forming in his chest at the pain in Isaac's voice. "And I care about you. The rest...just give it time? And we'll see?"

Isaac nodded, giving Scott a small smile. "I'll give it all the time in the world," he murmured. He shifted a bit to cuddle closer, his head resting on Scott's shoulder. He was half sprawled over the Dom, giving a small contented sound.

Scott hummed, shifting a little to accommodate Isaac, and yawned. "Jesus," he muttered. "What time is it?"

"S'like three," Isaac murmured, yawning with a small squeak, blinking up at him. "I know you don't." He yawned again, starting to drift off. "But I think I love you," he murmured, nuzzling closer
and closing his eyes, mostly asleep.

Scott blinked, but sleep dragged him down before he could think about that enough to know what to do with it. It would have to wait until morning.

Stiles was frowning as he peeked into Isaac's room. Where'd he go? Looking around he grinned at the sudden thought. Creeping along the floor of the hall, ignoring Derek at the end of it, he slid his phone out of his hoodie pocket, setting it to silent and bringing up the camera before sneaking inside. The sight he was met with made him bite his lip hard to keep from cooing. He watched them for a few moments more, smiling at the way Isaac was curled up with Scott, Scott's lips against Isaac's forehead and Isaac's hand curled up next to his face. He hadn't seen either friend that relaxed in a long time. Stiles smiled one last time, slowly creeping out of the room, slipping the door closed before heading back toward Derek. They'd be okay.

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John sighed as he waited for someone to open the door and let him in. Isaac had been staying with Derek all weekend, which worked as an interim solution, given his particular circumstances, but his testing was tomorrow, and if they didn't sort things out now, they would all just get more and more confused.

Isaac whined. "CHEATER!" He laughed, diving over Scott's lap to try and take away the game controller, causing both their cars to veer off the lane and into the abyss. "Cheating cheater who cheats!" He grinned, eyes bright.

Stiles giggled, kissing Derek's cheek as he got up to answer the door, ruffling both Scott and Isaac's hair as he headed into the hall. Stiles pulled open the door, grinning widely. "Dad!"

"Hey, son," John said, grinning broadly and wrapping Stiles in a hug. "It's good to see you! How's everything going?"

"Really good." Stiles smiled, cuddling close for a moment. "What are you doing here? Don't you have patrols today?"

John sighed. "We need to figure out what's happening with Isaac," he explained. "Is he going to live with his Dom after Monday? Should we try to find a family member for him to stay with? A foster parent? He can't be an emancipated minor as a sub, he needs a guardian."

Stiles let out a slow breath through his nose. "I know what I would like to say, but here, come talk to Sir," he murmured, tugging on his father's hand.

"Not Isaac?" John asked as he followed Stiles in. "Technically, Derek's not involved."

"Isaac's in there too," Stiles assured him. "And I meant talk to Sir about what I want," he murmured, more to himself than his father, but he didn't lower his voice.

Isaac froze from where he was straddling Scott's lap, one hand reaching up for the controller held just out of his reach. "Sh- Sheriff."

John smiled a little at the familiar scene - if with different participants than he was used to. "Isaac,"
he greeted solemnly, nodding. "I'd like to apologize on behalf of the Department for us not being able to help you sooner. The evidence we were able to gather was...horrifying, and I'm deeply sorry you had to go through that."

Isaac lowered himself fully into Scott's lap, the hand he had raised lowering to grip at Scott's shirt. "It's okay," he whispered. "You didn't know. And they didn't know the one time I was able to get them to come out. I was in the freezer..."

Stiles took both controllers, setting them next to the TV before curling up in Derek's lap, gripping his hand tightly.

"I was wondering what happened with that call-out," John said grimly, watching the tension in the room skyrocket. "I'm not actually here to talk about your father, although the necessary processes will go faster if I can get a statement from you."

Isaac swallowed hard. "I can give one if you need it," he murmured. "C-can they stay?"

"Everyone?" John checked. Generally people wanted a bit more privacy for this sort of conversation. Then again, Isaac was clearly getting a lot of reassurance from Scott, and Scott seemed to be relying on Derek for reassurance. "If you give permission for that, then yes."

Isaac nodded rapidly. "They make me feel safe," he said, his voice small.

Stiles gave Isaac a small smile, situating himself on Derek's lap, knowing that Derek might need him for what he'd hear.

John sighed and sat down. "Would you rather get the statement over and done with, or do you want to talk about the rest first?" he asked.

"What exactly are we discussing?" Derek asked.

"Isaac's guardianship and living situation," John admitted.

Isaac's grip on Scott tightened at that. "I like it here," he murmured, his voice so small that probably only Scott could hear him.

Stiles chewed on his lower lip, opening his mouth to speak before clicking his teeth shut, his lips pursed.

"Your situation is unusual for a few reasons," John explained. "If you were younger, you'd go to a family member or a foster parent. If you were older, you'd be with a Dom and you'd either move in with them, or if they were the problem, you'd change Doms."

"But Isaac is in between," Derek said heavily. "And honestly, I don't know if living with a foster Dom full time would be good for him. Isaac, what do you think?"

Isaac was shivering. "I like it here," he said again, this time a little louder. "I don't have any other family, don't want a foster parent, and..." He fell silent, leaning down to press his face to Scott's neck, breathing deeply and letting his scent calm him.

Stiles wiggled a bit, slipping out of his Dom's lap and heading to his dad, whispering in his ear. "They have a claim," he murmured. "Though from what I'm able to tell, it's really, really new, Scott doesn't know what to do, and feels comfortable with Sir around. Isaac doesn't really trust a lot of people, but he trusts Scott with everything. And I think he trusts us too." He pulled back after a moment, shifting on his feet and flushing. "Thought you might want to know that bit." He gave his
dad a small grin before heading back to Derek's lap, lowering his eyes as he whispered to him, "Sorry Sir, but maybe that would help?"

Derek smiled at Stiles a little. "You are an incorrigible meddler," he murmured fondly. "It's alright, querido."

"You love me anyway." Stiles sniffed, grinning.

John sighed and ran a hand down his face. "So this is even *more* complicated," he muttered to himself. A claim on its own gave Scott customary rights, but only when it was acknowledged by the pair and the people around them, and it didn't give *legal* rights without an actual contract of guardianship, which Scott couldn't do yet.

"If I can make a suggestion?" Derek said quietly. "You might want to look into the fostering *pairs*, John."

Isaac whimpered, not bringing his face up. He knew Derek was probably talking about that nice couple he'd mentioned the other day, but the thought of losing what he had at that moment....it hurt.

"Hey, hey," Scott murmured. "I'll still be there, okay? You may not be living with me, but I'll still be there."

"Well, he certainly qualifies," John agreed, looking at Isaac. He was almost a *stereotypical* picture of a traumatized sub, and frankly, not all Doms were prepared for that, or willing to manage it.

"I was mentored by the Grishams," Derek went on. "They tend to take up to three subs or Doms at a time, depending on their needs, and they always live at least part-time at home. They're very experienced, and very accommodating. If they're not fully occupied right now, I think they'd be a good fit."

Isaac clung tightly to Scott, sniffling and trying not to cry. "I don't want to leave." he whispered. "I finally feel safe. I have you here, and Stiles, and even Derek. But..."

Stiles gave a small noise, moving to the floor next to Isaac and Scott, wrapping his arm around Isaac's back, trying to help Scott calm him down.

Scott rubbed slow circles on Isaac's back. "Hey, sweetheart - do you trust me?" he asked. "Do you trust that I wouldn't let anyone make you go somewhere you wouldn't be safe?"

Isaac whimpered, but nodded after a moment, the petname helping to settle him. His grip on him tightened until his knuckles were white.

Stiles hugged him for a moment before standing back up, slipping back over to Derek, his eyes showing his Dom how worried he was.

"I see your point, Derek," John agreed, "but if the Grishams - or the Zhous, if the Grishams can't - take him, he'll still need a foster parent. It can't be you, or even Laura, if she was willing - you're both occupied with Stiles and Scott."

Derek frowned, thinking. "I know this is asking a lot, but...as I understand it, you and Ms McCall are a stable, well-established pair, well able to support your own sons, and because Stiles is living with me, you now have more resources available. Could you consider taking Isaac?"
Isaac sniffled softly, twisting his hands in Scott's shirt. He'd had a couple of nights without nightmares, and now it was going to happen again. He was going to have to leave where he felt safe. Sure, he knew the Sheriff was a good man, and his house would technically be the safest in town, but...

Stiles gave his dad a small smile, then turned his smile to Scott and Isaac. "You know Sir would probably let you come over a lot," he murmured to Isaac, trying to calm him down further.

Scott opened his mouth to make a cynical comment about Derek not being the one who made that choice, then looked at Isaac and closed it again. Not the time.

John blew out a breath, thinking hard. Take in Isaac? It would be easier on him and Scott, obviously. And John had been a registered foster parent since was a deputy. But it was a lot of responsibility. Derek was right that it would be easier with Stiles gone (and true, the house had been echoingly quiet without him), but that didn't make it nothing. Finally, he looked at Isaac. "Would you mind telling me how you feel about all this, son?" he asked. "There's only so much of this conversation I'm willing to have over your head, not when you're as old as you are. You've a right to be involved in decisions about your life."

Isaac tilted his head to peek out at the Sheriff. "I'm..." He swallowed hard. "I like it here," he said again, though this time the others could hear it. "I like spending time with Stiles, and with Si- with Scott, and with Derek too. I feel safe here. The closest I could probably get to it is living with you and spending time here and with Si- Scott." He was shivering, his teeth chattering as he started to settle down from his panic. "I know I can't stay here." He dropped his voice to a whisper that was meant only for himself but he knew Scott could hear. "I can't ever stay where I feel safe...."

Stiles wiggled in Derek's lap, wanting to help his friend but not knowing how. He let out a soft, almost silent whine.

Scott glared at the Sheriff defiantly, and John sighed. "We'll work something out, kid," he told Isaac warily. "Scott used to be over my house every afternoon Stiles wasn't at his - I'm used to hosting visits. And I know my place isn't anywhere near as fancy as this one, but it's nice enough, and I'll do what I can to help you feel comfortable and safe, like you do here."

"You don't have to be alone," Derek said quietly. "Stiles or Scott can visit you; you can visit them. You can time things so Scott only spends time with Laura when you're at the Grishams', and you can study together in the evenings. You'll be okay."

Isaac looked the Sheriff dead in the eye. "Mr. S, I used to get shoved in a deep freeze at least twice a week, I'm pretty sure your house is fine."

John looked at Isaac speculatively. "I was wondering if you'd come out from Scott's shoulders and talk to me today," he said warmly. "And no, no freezers at our house."

Isaac huffed out a whine. "But he smells good," he groused, though he did turn his head to face the Sheriff, away from Scott's shoulder, not moving other than that.

Stiles giggled softly. "There's our Isaac." He grinned, nodding along with Derek. "I have no problems with you spending nights here either, as long as Sir's okay with it."

Isaac flushed, though he just tightened his hold on Scott. "Thank you," he whispered to Derek.

Derek smiled gently. "Not all the time, of course," he warned. "We do like having some time to ourselves. But yes, you can visit."
Stiles gave him a grin, wagging his eyebrows and trying to make his Dom laugh.

Derek smirked and rolled his eyes at Stiles' ridiculousness.

Stiles crossed his eyes, sticking out his tongue.

John considered things, then stood and walked over to Isaac, holding out his right hand. "John Stilinski," he said firmly. "It's nice to meet you, Isaac."

Chapter End Notes

Poor Isaac.
Kindness

Chapter Summary

"I'll call Morrell in the morning and let her know about the parade," John sighed. "She'll take my word for it that she needs to contact the Grishams."

Stiles laughed softly. "Parade?" He wiggled a bit in Derek's lap.

"Isaac, Derek, and I to start off with," John listed off. "And if you think I don't know you'll be tagging along with Scott to meet us afterwards, Stiles, I don't know what I'm supposed to do with your estimation of my detective skills."

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Now that introductions have been made, there are some practical questions to consider.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Isaac gives a statement about his abuse - off-screen, but he is very upset afterwards. Derek also discusses Paige, who suicided due to bullying in this AU; if you want to skip that section, skip to the end of the paragraph/section that begins with Stiles asking about Valentine's Day.

Isaac blinked up at the Sheriff and cautiously held out his hand. "Nice to meet you too," he murmured. "Though you already know my name." He gave him a grin, his other hand still tangled in Scott's shirt.

John shook Isaac's hand, grateful that he'd allow even that much contact from an adult male Dom. "There are some things you should know if you're living with me," he explained.

Isaac tilted his head to show he was listening, though he tucked himself closer to Scott, his now free hand going to card through Scott's hair to soothe himself.

Scott hugged Isaac tight, although he had a feeling he knew where the Sheriff was going with this and he grinned.

"First, and most importantly," John said seriously, "ignore anything my son tells you about my diet. I am allowed to eat red meat, and if he's not going to live with me anymore, I'm not going to keep pretending I don't get diner food for lunch when he's not paying attention."

Stiles sputtered. "Dad!" he screeched. "You need to be careful!"

Isaac let out a tiny laugh, his eyes lighting up at the flailing he heard from where Derek and Stiles was, and slapped a hand over his mouth.

"Stiles is under the impression that because my doctor warned me about high cholesterol once, four
years ago," John said over the top of Stiles' dramatising, "that I am about to keel over with a heart attack at the slightest provocation."

Derek watched the byplay enviously.

"I refuse you having a heart attack! REFUSE!" Stiles fumbled where he was, growling half-playfully. "Strict limits on the meat! Lots of veggies."

Isaac crinkled his nose in amusement. "I like steaks," he admitted softly

"Traitor!" Stiles playfully squawked, shaking his fists in the air.

Scott laughed. "Stiles, I don't think you'll win."

Stiles flopped over dramatically. "Whyyyyy, et tu Isaac!" He groaned, pushing his face into Derek's side.

Isaac giggled, his hand dropping, a broad grin on his face that hadn't been there in years.

John smiled, nodding firmly. "Well, I think with that agreement in place we can manage anything else that comes up, don't you, Isaac?"

Isaac hesitated. "I can keep Scott?" he asked. "And..." He paused. "I get really bad nightmares", he murmured. "I...didn't have them the past couple of nights."

~~

Stiles slid until he was sitting up in Derek's lap, giving the others a bit of privacy as he looked Derek in the eye. "Hi." He grinned.

"Hi," Derek murmured. "That was well done - your father's a good man."

~~

"I have no objection to you dating Scott, visiting Scott, or Scott visiting you," John agreed. "If you're having sex, I don't want to know, unless you need advice and think I'm the best one to give it. If telling me is easier than going out to buy...supplies...yourself," he added awkwardly, "then please do. If you're doing scenes, I do want to know about it - either me, Derek, Laura, or your assigned Dom needs to be there, I'm afraid. What happens at Derek's house is none of my business, and I won't ask; I trust him to look after you boys effectively."

Isaac squeaked, turning bright red and shifting at the images popping through his head. "I can do that." he murmured. His hold tightened on Scott, a smile curling his lips. He wasn't going to be kept away from Scott. Thank god.

~~

Stiles smiled at the spiel he heard pouring from his dad. "He is," he said, kissing Derek softly. "I love you. Are you okay? You seemed a little...jealous?" He furrowed his brow, one hand coming up to lightly scratch at Derek's chin and jaw.

"I'm fine, love," Derek answered gently. "I just...miss my dad. I'm okay."

Stiles frowned softly, curling close. "I'm sorry sir," he murmured, petting Derek’s cheek.

~~
"Good," John said, nodding. "I'll get a whiteboard or something where I'll write up my shifts - they aren't always predictable, so I may not be home when you are - and I'd appreciate it if you'd let me know where you're going to be as well. Keep a phone on you so I can get in touch, just in case, and I'd like to have dinner with you at least a couple of times a week, so I know how you are. Fair?"

Isaac blinked, taking in this information before nodding. "I can do that. Though I'd have to find out what Dad did with my phone...."

John shook his head. "We'll go through your house to get you your things, but if you can't find your phone, I'll buy you a replacement," he insisted. "And, speaking of which - we do have a guest room, but it's smaller than Stiles'. Considering he's moved out, I have no objection to putting you in Stiles' room and moving what things he's left behind to the old guest room."

"I'm fine with anything." Isaac smiled softly, relaxed against Scott. He knew that they would be doing the statement, but for now he was content.

Stiles tossed his dad a grin over his shoulder before turning back to Derek. "Anything you want to do for Valentines?" he asked softly, just trying to get Derek talking and away from the far away, sad look that was in his eyes.

Derek flinched. It was an older, sadder memory, this time. "No," he said quietly. "It's not something I usually celebrate."

Stiles saw the flinch, tilting his head. "That's okay," he soothed. "Is it Her, or family?" he asked after a moment, shifting until he was straddling Derek's lap much like Isaac was doing to Scott.

"Neither, actually," Derek confessed. "My first girlfriend, before Her...she loved Valentines' day. And she - she died then." Derek had been too late, too late to save her.

"Oh," Stiles breathed, pressing closer, kissing Derek's jaw.

Derek leaned into Stiles' comforting touch. "I was there when she died...I was the only one there when she died. I didn't know how to save her."

"What happened?" Stiles asked softly.

"She...we were going to meet up for a date," Derek explained. "But - she had problems with depression, bad depression, although very few people knew. She was good at pretending to be...happy. You could hear it when she played, though. She played cello."

Stiles nodded, petting Derek's cheek. "Go on," he urged softly. "It's okay. I'm here."

"Someone - we never found out who - left her a letter 'from me' to read before our date," Derek said slowly, his voice throaty and rough. "She, well...you can guess what it said."

Stiles hugged him tightly. "I'm sorry," he whispered. It wouldn't have been good.

Derek was stiff in Stiles' embrace. "I - I can't do this here," he said in a rush. "Not with...everyone listening." They obviously weren't listening, but it felt that way.

"it's okay," Stiles said softly. "We can talk later or something, okay? Doesn't have to be now, sir, it's okay," he soothed, rubbing Derek's arm, nuzzling his jaw.
"Thanks, mi amor," Derek muttered into Stiles' neck. "Sorry. Just...not now."

"It's okay." Stiles smiled, petting his Dom's hair.

"S-so h-how do we do this?" Isaac asked the Sheriff, his hold on Scott still tight.

"Well," John said contemplatively, "short-term, we go to your old house and get any stuff you really want, bring it over to my place. We'll get you at least half-way moved in and you boys can have a sleepover tonight." His look included Stiles as well as Scott and Isaac - and there was a hint that it didn't exclude Derek either. "Tomorrow, Derek and I will come with you to your testing and work it out with Morrell so you get assigned to the Grishams or the Zhous, and we'll take you there to meet them - if you don't mind, Derek."

Derek shook his head, and cleared his throat, rejoining the conversation. He could make up the time in the evening. "No, it's fine. It'll be...nice, to see Jane and Simon again."

Isaac clung to Scott even tighter. "Can Scott come too?" he asked softly. "I don't know what the testing will do...I know what Stiles told me, but..."

Stiles nodded. "It drained me, and you know that I can handle a lot of things thrown at me. But if he's already showing instincts and such, and then they use the unblock serum and the testing?...it might not end well."

"Morrell isn't DAC officer for the town for nothing," John pointed out. "She's a switch who decided to do something with it, and she's better at helping strangers deal with emotional extremes than anyone I know."

"It's not the same," Scott muttered. "Do you think...would Mom let me take time off school to be there?"

Stiles agreed with Scott, waving his hand toward where Isaac was all but plastered on Scott. "Sir can't calm him down near as easily as Scott can, and Sir's one of the only Doms that Isaac trusts."

Isaac nodded at what Stiles said, licking his lips. "E-even if it's not during, I...I want to see him right after. Please."

John sighed. "What time's your testing, Isaac?"

"Noon," Isaac whispered. "And from what Stiles said, it would take probably four hours anyway, including that hour they use to let the serum do its work. So technically school would be out..."

"I'll be there," Scott promised. "I'll come right over and wait for you, okay?"

Isaac relaxed, giving Scott a bright smile. "Thank you," he murmured.

Stiles giggled. "They've sat like that most of the weekend, if that gives you any kinda clue, Dad."

"Hey!" Scott exclaimed, shooting Stiles a dirty look.

John shook his head. "And I thought you were quick to latch onto Derek."

"Stiles didn't need me in the same way, so I didn't let him get so close," Derek pointed out.

"Oh, I'm latched onto Derek all right." Stiles gave them a dirty grin.
Isaac giggled softly. "I'm comfortable here though." He bent down. "You'll tell me if your legs are asleep, right?"

"I'm pretty sure you'll be able to feel me squirming, Isaac," Scott replied. "Don't worry."

Isaac gave him a sly grin. "Oh really?" He giggled.

"I'll call Morrell in the morning and let her know about the parade," John sighed. "She'll take my word for it that she needs to contact the Grishams."

Stiles laughed softly. "Parade?" He wiggled a bit in Derek's lap.

"Isaac, Derek, and I to start off with," John listed off. "And if you think I don't know you'll be tagging along with Scott to meet us afterwards, Stiles, I don't know what I'm supposed to do with your estimation of my detective skills."

Stiles sniffed, raising his nose. "I have no idea what you mean, Dad."

Isaac poked Scott's cheek, grinning still.

Scott poked him back experimentally.

Isaac squeaked, laughing softly and poking Scott again, leaning closer with his eyes bright.

John watched, eyebrows raised, as two near-adults (scary as that thought was) kept themselves entertained with a poking war.

Isaac laughed softly, his fingers suddenly diving for the spot on Scott's side that he knew was ticklish.

Stiles covered his grin, eyes glinting with mischief himself, tilting his head to look up at Derek. "So cute," he cooed quietly.

As Scott shrieked and dodged (albeit ineffectively), Derek reminded Stiles, "Keep in mind that while they're too caught up in each other now, they will remember to get you back for the mocking later."

That's what siblings were for.

"Pshh, I'll enjoy it." Stiles smiled, leaning back enough to kiss Derek's chin.

Isaac laughed brightly, continuing to tickle the boy he considered his Dom.

Scott, gasping, flopped backwards onto the couch. "Uncle! Uncle!" he cried. "Stop!"

Isaac giggled, curling close again. "Fiiine," he sighed. "I guess I'll stop tickling you." His smile didn't fade though.

~~

Stiles chewed on his lip. He knew his Dad needed that statement, but he didn't want to stop the calming interactions between Isaac and Scott, knowing how little Isaac had had.

"What's wrong, querido?" Derek murmured, wrapping his arms around Stiles' waist.

"They still have to do that statement. But Isaac finally got comfortable with laughing and smiling
again. And that will take it away, as well as the moving again. I worry," Stiles said softly, a hand going up to pet at Derek's jaw.

"Just because this happy moment has to end doesn't mean he won't be happy again," Derek comforted him. "No one's happy all the time, not really."

"I'm worried though. I know Dad said he had no issues with Scott coming over whenever, but... Isaac has nightmares?" Stiles ran a hand through his own hair, yanking on it a bit.

~~

Isaac smiled, kissing Scott's cheek. "You'll come visit, right?" he asked, suddenly very shy.

"Of course," Scott reassured him, propping himself up on his elbows. "I've spent half my life at the Stilinski house - it's like another home to me. I'll be there."

"Promise?" Isaac asked, supporting himself over Scott with his hands, a worried look on his face.

"Promise," Scott said softly. "I won't leave you behind."

Isaac leaned down, resting their foreheads together as he grinned. He blinked, looking over to see Stiles, his smile softening.

~~

"Hey," Derek said gently, taking Stiles' hand. "Are you saying your dad doesn't know how to look after someone who's had a nightmare? Because I don't think that's true."

Stiles smiled weakly. "No, that's not true, he can. But..." He chewed on his lower lip. "I'm just worried."

"Stiles..." Derek said, not noticing the silence that had fallen over the room. "I get why you're worried. You look at Isaac and you see that he's been hurt, that he's wounded. But think about how he's endured. He's strong, and he's healing. He'll be okay."

Stiles flicked his eyes from Derek to Isaac and back, chewing on his lower lip. "I know," he murmured. "I want to string that man up by his balls and cover his asshole with honey and set bees and hornets on him," he deadpanned, his eyes narrowing.

Isaac sputtered, the mental image almost sending him into hysterics as he fell against Scott, tears in his eyes from the laughter.

"I hate to break up the fun," John said gently when the laughter had subsided, "but Isaac, I need a statement from you before I go."

Isaac looked over to John, his eyes wide, even as he nodded, his hold growing tighter on Scott's shirt.

"This might take a while," John explained gently. "And I'm sorry, but it's not going to be easy on you. I'm going to be asking for a lot of details about what your father has said and done to you, even if it happened a long time ago. I'm going to get a recording of the interview on my phone, since I don't have the usual equipment, to make absolutely sure the notes I take are correct, and I'll ask you to go over my notes when I'm done to make sure they match what you remember. We can do it here,
where you're comfortable, and the others can be here if it helps you, but they need to be quiet while
we're talking. You can take a break whenever you need to. Is that okay?"

Isaac swallowed hard, nodding along to what John was saying, starting to shake a bit already. He
knew this had to be done though. He needed his Dad gone for good.

"Good boy," Scott murmured in his ear. "You're being so brave."

John got out his phone and set up the record function, putting it on the coffee table and getting out
his notebook. "Let's start with your full name and address..."

-----

Isaac was crying, shaking hard and trying to all but burrow into Scott's chest. "Don't let him out," he
pleaded. "Please, don't let him out!"

Stiles was crying, stifling his sobs in Derek's shoulder.

John swallowed hard, his face pale. There were few things he hated more than child abuse, and
Lahey was a particularly bad one. John reached out to Isaac, offering him a sturdy hand. "He'll do
time, son," he promised. "He won't hurt you again."

"He won't hurt anyone," Scott added, shaken and angry. "We're all safe."

Isaac reached out to grip the Sheriff's hand for a moment before going back to trying to get closer to
Scott. His hands had already slipped under Scott's shirt to clutch at his skin. "Sir," he whispered, his
voice wet. "Sir."


"Promise?" Isaac's voice was so quiet he wasn't even sure if Scott could hear him. "Please. Sir.
please. I...just..." He let out a shuddering sob.

"You're safe now," Scott repeated, starting to rock Isaac gently. "I've got you. You're safe."

~~

Stiles tightened his grip on Derek's shirt.

Derek wrapped Stiles up in his arms, holding him close.

"He hurt Isaac," Stiles whispered wetly, clutching so hard at Derek's shirt that his arms were shaking.
"I want to kill him."

"I know," Derek said ominously. "Trust me, I know."

Stiles peeked out at his Dad, his eyes blood shot, wet, and angry. "If I ever see him outside of a cell,
he'd go back in it in a matchbox."

"I know, son," John said heavily. "I know."

Stiles rubbed his face, sniffling softly and pressed his cheek to Derek's, taking deep breaths to calm
down.

~~
Isaac pressed his face to Scott's neck, letting out a small, keening sob as he sunk against Scott. He kept begging softly, not knowing what he was begging for, but knowing that Scott could give it to him.

"You're safe, Isaac," Scott murmured, deeply angry that someone could hurt Isaac like this, and trying to hide it. He slid one hand up Isaac's back so he was holding him at the waist and back of the neck, keeping him close. "I'm right here, and he can't get to you."

Isaac shuddered, his body relaxing a bit at the hold on his neck, though he kept sobbing. "Sir, sir," he pleaded softly between hiccupping breaths.

Scott looked at Derek and John wide-eyed. "What do I do?" he mouthed. Isaac was so upset, and Scott was doing everything he could but it just wasn't working.

"Ask him questions," Derek murmured. "What he's feeling, who you are to him, what the situation is." He'd always found it easier to be calm when someone else led him through the logic of it.

Isaac was shaking hard, whimpering softly.

Stiles nodded at Scott. "You probably also need to tell him he's yours." He shrugged. "Helps me with Sir."

"But...is he...?" Scott knew he could feel a tug, but he didn't know if he wanted to acknowledge it. He was still too unsure. "Isaac, are you with me?" he asked instead, following Derek's advice first.

Isaac peeked up at him, his eyes wet and red. "S-sir," he hiccupped, giving Scott a small nod once the words sunk in.

"Good boy," Scott praised, relieved that Isaac was at least talking. "Tell me where we are right now, sweetheart." The endearment still tasted awkward on his tongue, but Scott was getting better at it.

Isaac blinked, taking a deep breath and thinking. "S-stiles and D-derek's," he whispered, his breath hitching as he cried.

Scott squeezed Isaac's neck, hoping the gesture would mean something positive for Isaac. "Good boy, you're doing really well," he murmured. "And who's here with us?"

Isaac let out a soft sound at the squeeze, his eyes fluttering closed. "S-stiles, D-derek and the Sher-iff." he hiccupsed, shaking hard.

"That's right," Scott agreed softly. "Just the five of us. No one else is here, and no one else is going to come here. Just us."

Isaac didn't say anything, just pressing his forehead against Scott's so he can keep his gaze on Scott, his eyes still filled with tears.

Scott had a feeling that just talking to Isaac was doing more good that anything he actually said. "Tell me about Sheriff S," he suggested. "What's he like? Who is he to you?"

Isaac let out a whimper. "K-kind. S-stiles' Dad. T-took my dad a-way."

Despite the desperate scene, John couldn't help smiling at the compliment.

"That's right, sweetheart, well done," Scott praised. "And he's going to help you another way too,
right?"
"L-live with him," Isaac whispered. "A-and let me k-keep you." He was still crying and shaking, but not as hard as before.
Scott squeezed Isaac's neck again, smiling at him gently. "Good boy. How about Derek, can you tell me about Derek?"
Derek blushed and looked away. He didn't think there were many people who'd call him sweet.
"L-loud." Isaac let out a sound halfway between a sob and a laugh. "Caring. P-perceptive. O-observant." He was still crying, though he was able to breath between each hiccup.
Scott grinned a little. "Yeah, that's Stiles alright. Who is Stiles to you?"
"F-friend," Isaac whispered. "B-brother."
Stiles' breathing hitched, his eyes widening. He had no idea Isaac saw him like that. It made him really warm.
Scott smiled broadly at Isaac. "You're amazing, sweetheart," he praised. "So good, so caring and loving."
Isaac let out a hiccupping sob, sniffling and reaching up with one shaky hand to pet at Scott's face.
Scott loosened his grip a little so Isaac could have more room to move. "Five people in this house," he reminded Isaac. "Sheriff S, who's kind; Derek, who's sweet; Stiles, who's caring; you...and me. Who am I, sweetheart?"
"My sir," Isaac whispered. "Scott." His tears began to slow, his eyes roving over Scott's face. "M-my sir. K-kind, caring, sweet, a little aw-awkward," he added after a moment, shivering and shaking still, though his crying had almost stopped.
Scott ducked his head, still grinning. "That's my good boy," he said, not noticing the possessive. "How are you feeling, sweetheart?"
Isaac let out a soft sound, nuzzling closer. "Still sh-shaky." he murmured. "B-but not as d-desperate." He rubbed his nose against Scott's, giving him a tiny smile. "I like being your good boy." he murmured after a bit.
~~
Stiles smiled, pressing his smiling lips to Derek's cheek. "He did that without noticing," he murmured almost silently.
"I figured," Derek replied quietly. "He's not ready to own it, but he feels it."
"I think he just has a hard time believing he has it. That or he just doesn't understand where it came from," Stiles murmured, nuzzling Derek's cheek.
"I wasn't ready to be yours, or for you to be mine, when we started," Derek pointed out.

Stiles hummed in agreement. "But now you are mine." He grinned.

Scott relaxed in a great sigh of relief at Isaac's smile. "That's good, sweetheart," he said. "I'm helping, right?"

Isaac sniffled, nodding after a moment and pressed his lips to Scott's cheek. "Always."

Scott blushed. "Thanks, Isaac," he muttered, embarrassed. "I'm not that great, but...thanks."

Isaac let out a wet giggle, his eyes lighting up. "You're perfect to me."

"We'll have to hang out more," Scott decided, smiling back, grateful for even that tiny laugh. "So you can see what a mess I am."

"Nope, not a mess," Isaac countered. "A bit awkward, yes, but not a mess." He kissed Scott's cheek again, sniffling softly as the tears finally slowed to a stop. "And that's just because you aren't used to things."

"'Things' meaning you?" Scott asked, raising his eyebrows.

Isaac giggled, sniffling softly. "That's one way to put it." He smiled, petting Scott's cheek.

John quietly got up and left to look for tissues. He was fairly sure the boys kept some in the kitchen - failing that, he'd check the bathroom. But they needed them...and maybe a little privacy.

Scott smiled back, relieved. "Are you feeling better now, sweetheart?"

"Getting there," Isaac murmured. He gave Scott another small smile, sniffling softly.

"Good," Scott replied. Seeing Isaac so upset had been...awful.

John came back into the room with a box of tissues and quietly offered them to Stiles and Derek.

Stiles took one, smiling his thanks up at his dad as he wiped his face.

Derek shook his head silently. He'd felt many things during Isaac's recitation of the abuse he'd suffered over the years, but he hadn't cried. He didn't cry often, anymore.

Stiles kissed Derek softly, smiling.

Isaac let his smile soften, leaning forward to kiss Scott's cheek again and again.

"What's this for?" Scott wondered aloud.

Isaac shook his head, kissing Scott's nose. "You're amazing."

"Not really," Scott demurred. "I'm just...trying to make sure you're okay."
"You really are though. And I'm doing better." Isaac smiled softly, kissing his cheek again.

Scott smiled back. "I'm glad," he said quietly. "I don't like it when you're upset."

John cleared his throat. "Either of you boys need some tissues?"

Isaac looked up at John, giving him a tiny smile before taking a tissue and wiping his face, then starting to wipe Scott's face off. "I cried all over you."

Scott shrugged. "It's fine, dude," he said easily. "I work at a vet's; I've had much worse things on me than tears."

Isaac leaned down, running his nose and mouth up Scott's jaw before letting out a happy sigh into his ear.

Derek sighed. "Alright, everyone," he decided, nudging Stiles over so he could stand up. "Lunch."

Isaac groaned, burying his face in Scott's neck.

Stiles whined at having to move but he stood up. "What should we eat?"

"No, chiquito, you don't have to get up," Derek told him. "Are burgers good with everyone?"

Stiles shrugged. "Want to help you," he said simply.

Isaac nodded, giving Derek a shy smile.

"Burgers sound great," John said with a grin. "Assuming I get an actual burger."

Stiles narrowed his eyes on his Dad, pursing his lips. "You get an actual one if you eat a salad too."

Isaac giggled against Scott's cheek. "Like that will stop him outside of here, Stiles," he teased.

John rolled his eyes. "A burger with salad for me, I guess," he agreed, resigned.

Scott laughed and Derek smiled. They'd be alright.

Chapter End Notes

I hope you guys are all enjoying the Scisaac - Sterek is still the main pairing for this story, but there's going to be plenty of the people around them now that they've gotten through the honeymoon phase.

As always, we're looking forward to your comments (and thanks for the reassurance about the formatting last chapter)
Meet and Greet

Chapter Summary

Simon smiled at Isaac. "We've mentored and fostered a lot of kids here," he explained, "so we feel like we've figured out some pretty good systems. But we've also learnt that everyone has different needs, so if there's something we're doing that isn't working for you, let me or Janet know, alright?"

Isaac gave a hesitant nod. "I'll make sure and tell you," he promised.

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Isaac (and everyone else) meet the couple who are going to be his foster pair. It's not an easy afternoon.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Isaac starts this chapter off subdued and needy because of his testing. The Grishams are kind, but they need to know his background, so Isaac describes the abuse he suffered. This distresses him to the point of dissociation, and Scott spends most of the rest of the chapter bringing him back and calming him down.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Derek smiled as the Grishams' familiar house came into view. He'd managed to get the Sheriff to go back to the station at least, but his car was crowded with him, Isaac, Scott, and Stiles all crammed in. "Almost there," he announced.

Stiles nodded, looking out the window with a soft smile. "They aren't that far away from your house, are they? The preserve is just a couple miles away I think."

Isaac was quiet, his fingers twined with Scott's and dried tear tracks on his face.

"Yeah, they're pretty close," Derek agreed, turning into their driveway. "I used to walk here sometimes instead of asking Laura to give me a lift."

"I like their house," Stiles hummed, chewing on his lip and throwing a slightly worried look into the backseat.

Isaac didn't look up from his lap, blinking slowly as he tried to re-orient himself.

Scott squeezed Isaac's hand as Derek parked. "We're here, sweetheart. Can you get out of the car for me?"

Isaac licked his lips, nodding and sliding out after Scott, standing close to him, hiding his face in Scott's neck for a moment to gather himself. "Yes sir," he whispered.
Stiles shot them both a worried look before taking Derek's hand.

"Good boy," Scott murmured, following Stiles and Derek to the door of the house.

Isaac's grip on Scott tightened, though he didn't do much else.

Stiles smiled, standing close to Derek.

Derek rang the doorbell, and waited.

Janet looked up from the blanket she was working on, humming lightly. "That should be our new foster." She stood, stifling a groan before heading to the door, shaking her head at Simon when he went to stand up. "It's okay," she said, opening the door and smiling. "Derek! How are you?"

Derek smiled widely, letting go of Stiles to hug her. "I'm good, Janet," he replied. "This is my sub, Stiles, and behind us are Scott and Isaac."

Janet patted his back, smiling. "Oh, you're a cute one," she cooed at Stiles, making him blush.

Isaac peeked out of Scott's neck to study Janet, giving her a shy smile.

"Oh, I see how this will be." Janet smiled, looking over to Derek. "This boy’s his Dom?" she asked, her voice soft and soothing. "Simon, please get some tea ready."

Derek nodded. "It's still very new," he explained quietly as they followed Janet in. "But Isaac's very attached."

Simon put the kettle on and started getting out mugs. After a moment's thought, he got out a plate of shortbread too, and set it on the round dining table.

Janet smiled, turning to watch Isaac and Scott for a moment before nodding. "I can see that. Luckily, we can work with that." She walked up to Simon, running her fingers over his hair. "Good boy," she praised. "Thank you for getting the shortbread, That's a lovely addition."

Isaac looked around, pressing close to Scott and not really talking to anyone. He watched his foster couple, a small smile on his face at the obvious affection.

Stiles looked up at Derek, grinning softly. "They seem nice." He murmured, kissing Derek's jaw.

"Thanks, Jane," Simon murmured, bending down slightly to kiss her cheek. "Now then boys, the kettles boiling for tea but I don't know what you'd like - preferences?"

"They are," Derek replied quietly. "You know mine, Simon."

"I, uh, don't really drink tea?" Scott admitted. "Water's fine."

Isaac didn't say anything, though he sent Simon a small smile.

Stiles hummed. "That sounds really good actually, thank you very much."

Janet smiled, walking over to Isaac and looking him in the eye. She wasn't that much shorter than him. "Listen, little one," she murmured softly. "It's okay to be overwhelmed, it's okay to feel like you’ve been shoved out to sea. But don't let it completely rob you of your words, of your actions. They are still yours." Her eyes crinkling as she smiled. "Just as your fellow here is."
Scott blushed, but he had to admit it was reassuring that the Dom who was going to look after Isaac accepted him.

Isaac flushed softly, his grip on Scott tightening. "I really can keep him?" he whispered.

Janet laughed softly. "Of course." She smiled, reaching up and gently patting his cheek. "Of course you can. Me and Simon will help you, just as Scott's mentor will help on his side. To make sure you both are the best Dom and sub you can be. It'll be okay."

"But that's enough serious talk for the minute," Simon said, coming out of the kitchen with mugs in his hands. "Tea, shortbread, gossip...then we can deal with the serious stuff."

"Tsk, Simon's such a gossip." Janet winked, making Isaac smile just a little bigger. "Come on Isaac, Scott." She gestured them to follow her to the table.

Isaac flushed softly, heading into the dining room, still not letting go of Scott though.

Derek grinned. "Here, Simon, let me help you with that," he offered. Six mugs and glasses were a few too many for just two hands.

Stiles squeaked, stepping up. "I can help too!"

Derek smiled at Stiles. "Of course you can, love," he said, leading Stiles into the kitchen.

Simon raised his eyebrows. "Love, is it?" he asked, passing Stiles the milk and sugar. "I know what I want the gossip about." He tsked, giving Stiles a conspiratorial look. "Mr Strong and Silent, this lad - he never tells us anything. Why, I don't think you've come to visit since January!"

Stiles flushed, giving Simon a small grin. "That's when I had my testing," he confided.

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Isaac sat at the table trying to keep himself from sitting in Scott's lap, though he didn't know how successful he was at hiding it.

Janet watched him for a moment, smiling softly. "You." She turned to Scott, raising an eyebrow. "You're having some trouble coming to terms with exactly what Isaac is to you, yes?"

"Uh..." Scott froze, caught by surprise. "...yes? It's been, um, not even a week, wow, it feels longer, but yeah. Less than a week. And I thought I was straight? So, yeah."

Janet smiled, patting his shoulder. "It'll take a little bit to get used to it, I understand. Though you realize that you could be the straightest person on the planet, that doesn't change the fact that a part of you has claimed Isaac. I can see it, look how close you are to him, even without him trying to get closer. It'll take a while, I agree, but you'll see more and more that you claim him without thinking."

"One reason that I calmed down so fast after the statement was given was because you called me yours," Isaac admitted in a soft voice, eyes on the table.

Scott sighed and squeezed Isaac's hand. "You know I'll do my best, Isaac, just...be patient? I'm a little slow sometimes." Honestly, what he really needed was a good long conversation with Stiles, but he'd been looking after Isaac all weekend.

"I am." Isaac nodded, giving Scott a small smile. "I'm being patient, I promise. I was just saying."

Janet smiled. "Is there anything I can do for you?" she asked Scott, sensing that he may need a bit of
"It's okay," Scott said earnestly. "Derek and Laura - she's my mentor - and Sheriff S, Stiles' dad, they're all helping me, I don't need you too." He winced. "Sorry! I didn't mean it that way. I just - god, I'm so sorry. I'm fine, ma'am. Thanks."

Janet gave a soft laugh, patting his shoulder again. "It's alright. I just meant if you needed a moment to breath, maybe talk to a friend or a parent."

Isaac looked up at Scott in concern. "Do you need a minute with Stiles?" he asked softly. "I know how important he is to you."

Scott shook his head at Isaac. "It's okay, it can wait," he said quietly. "It's not like we're making the big decisions about my life today."

Isaac gave him another concerned look. "Are you sure?" he murmured, even as he scooted closer.

"I'm fine," Scott reassured him. "It can wait."

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Simon cackled. "I see how it is," he said fondly, clapping a hand on Derek's shoulder. "I've been abandoned for a younger model. Shame, Derek. You'll break my heart."

Derek laughed. "Janet's the only one who could do that, Simon, and she's got you wrapped up tight."

Stiles giggled softly, watching Derek was a fond look on his face.

"Right then," Simon said firmly, checking that they had everything. "Oh! Stiles, could you get me some teaspoons? The drawer in the corner."

Stiles nodded, slipping over to the drawer and humming. "How many?"

"Let me see...six," Simon decided. "One for everyone having tea and one extra just in case."

Stiles nodded, grabbing the spoons and humming to himself. "Okay! Six spoons, and a bunch of random glassware." He grinned.

Simon led the boys back into the dining room with a smile, putting cups of tea in front of first Janet, then Isaac, and sitting down next to Janet where his own cup was. "I was right about there being gossip, love," he revealed, taking a sip. "Derek's gone and got himself a love match."

Stiles just grinned at Derek, poking his cheek after putting down the things he had brought in.

"Oh really now!" Janet laughed. "Well, at least it's a love match. When did you two meet?"

"I'm his foster Dom," Derek admitted. "Since mid-January."

"My only Dom," Stiles huffed, pouting at Derek.

Janet laughed softly. "Your sub seems to think differently on the foster part, Derek."

"Yes, well, technically he is my foster for the rest of the year," Derek countered. "And you wanted to know how we met, so I told you."
"You can't blame a sub for getting itchy when you don't claim him," Simon pointed out. "Just as you can't blame a Dom for being nervous about a claim."

Stiles was silent, shifting on his seat. Simon was right, something about Derek calling himself a foster Dom bothered him.

Janet watched both Stiles and Derek for a moment, her hands steepled under her chin. "My Simon is right. A Dom can be nervous about a claim, nervous about how much has changed in so little time. Just as a sub can get bothered or even uncomfortable when the claim goes unacknowledged."

Derek glanced at Stiles and sighed. "Mi amor," he said, almost under his breath. "You know you're mine."

Stiles settled, chewing on his lower lip. "I know that. But hearing otherwise doesn't feel right," he murmured back.

"I don't see me being your foster Dom as a contradiction to me being your long-term Dom as well," Derek explained. "It's...a specific contract we have within our relationship, where I've taken responsibility for teaching you about D/s in general, not just about me and what I like."

Stiles nodded. "I know this, I do," he murmured. "It's just something about the way it was phrased that bothered me."

"What can I do to help?" Derek asked.

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Isaac gave Scott a tiny smile. "Okay. Just...don't just ignore yourself because of me. Please?" he asked softly.

"I won't, you just...need more help right now," Scott murmured.

Isaac nodded. "Just...soon? Even if you have to leave me here or something?"

"I won't leave you if you're uncomfortable," Scott promised. "I can do that much. But I'll talk to Stiles soon."

Isaac chewed on his thumb nail. "I'll be okay," he murmured to Scott. "I think... I'm not going to like being separated. But. You need time. You need to think about you. Not just me."

"...probably," Scott admitted. "But that doesn't mean I want you to not get in touch or whatever if you need me, okay?"

Isaac nodded. "I promise. Even if it's just texting, I will, I promise. But...promise me that you won't forget to take care of yourself? even if it's just talking to someone?"

"I won't," Scott murmured. "I'll look after myself."

Isaac gave him a small smile. "Thank you, sir." he whispered, kissing Scott's cheek.

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Janet hummed, watching both whispered conversations over the rim of her cup.

Simon smiled, watching them, and leaned over to whisper in Janet's ear, "We raised a very fine Dom in Derek, don't you think?"
Janet nodded, a hand going to cup Simon's cheek. "We really have," she replied.

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Stiles shifted again, thinking. "I'm not sure," he whispered. "I just...feel a little unsettled."

Derek leaned over and kissed the corner of Stiles' mouth. "I'm here and you're mine, mi amor," he promised, wrapping an arm around Stiles' waist. "I've got you."

Stiles smiled, leaning against him with a soft sigh, closing his eyes as he let it sink in. "Thank you, sir," he murmured softly.

Isaac gave Stiles a soft smile, a piece of shortbread held up to his mouth.

Stiles smiled up at Derek. "My sir," he murmured, petting Derek's cheek and scratching lightly at the stubble there.

"Feeling better now, chiquito?" Derek checked, leaning into Stiles' touch.

Stiles nodded. "Still a bit unsettled, but I think that will fade."

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Janet let out a soft coo. "We did raise him well, and now he has someone he cares a lot for."

"Good," Simon said firmly. Derek had been...well, doing this Janet and Simon saw a lot of traumatized kids, but still, the haunted look on Derek's face stood out in Simon's memory as one of the worst. He'd flinched at almost everything for months. "He deserves someone he can love."

Janet nodded. "And luckily, that someone seems to love him back." She remembered all too well how Derek felt that no one would want him.

Simon watched contentedly. It was the best thing in the world when they saw one of their kids in a strong, healthy relationship. In the nearly twenty years they'd been doing this, he'd found no greater reward.

Janet continued to watch just for a little bit before sighing. "Simon, it's that time again," she mock-whined. "Serious stuff. Ick."

Isaac shifted in his seat, his grip on Scott's thigh growing tighter.

Simon laughed. "It's alright, Isaac," he promised. "I know you've probably had a rough day, but we'll get this over with as quickly as we can."

Scott rested his hand on Isaac's, trying to reassure him.

Isaac pressed close to Scott, taking a deep breath and nodding.

Janet smiled. "I'll let Simon explain how things go around here normally, but just know that you don't have to live with us, and I won't keep you away from your Dom, okay?" she promised, patting Isaac’s arm and sliding another piece of shortbread onto his plate.

Simon smiled at Isaac. "We've mentored and fostered a lot of kids here," he explained, "so we feel like we've figured out some pretty good systems. But we've also learnt that everyone has different
needs, so if there's something we're doing that isn't working for you, let me or Janet know, alright?"

Isaac gave a hesitant nod. "I'll make sure and tell you," he promised, chewing on his lower lip, his free hand going up to pick at it.

"Good," Simon said. "Now, our aim here is to help you figure out how to be comfortable and happy in your adult life, with or without a relationship. That means figuring out what your needs are, how to use your support systems to manage those needs, and how you can help manage them yourself. We'll be here for you for as long as you need, but nothing's going to make us happier than when you don't need our help anymore, right, Derek?"

Derek gave Simon a wry half smile. "I remember the 'graduation' party."

Stiles giggled. "Graduation party?" he asked.

"There was a cake and everything," Derek said drily.

Stiles grinned. "Pictures?" he teased.

Derek shook his head. "Sorry, Stiles. No pictures for you."

Isaac nodded, chewing on his lip. "So you'll be kinda like tutors?"

"That's the goal," Simon agreed. "You're always welcome here, and we'd like it if you could stay over at least once a week, but the most important thing is to help you with your life. We're not trying to make you a permanent part of ours, like Derek and Stiles over there."

Isaac nodded, relaxing a bit, even though he was still leaning on Scott.

Janet smiled. "I know you've been through some nasty stuff, but just know that it's over, and we'll be here to help you in any way possible, okay? If that means overseeing scenes between you and your scruffy man here, that's fine, I'll more than happily watch over and make sure you both are safe."

"Derek watched for us a couple of times," Scott admitted. "It...helped. I'm still really new - like, a month, so I have almost no idea what I'm doing. And Isaac...it could be really bad if I mess up, you know?"

Isaac leaned his head on Scott's shoulder. "I trust him." he murmured. "But I know he's still unsure of himself. Just like I am a lot of the time."

Janet hummed, listening close. "You're doing very well," she praised Scott. "For seeing that you don't have the training to do a proper scene alone. With small things like grounding Isaac if he needs it, you can do that alone, as long as you have your phone close by just in case. But anything more than that, you need to have us supervise. We don't have to be the only options: Derek, apparently the Sheriff, your own mentor, it doesn't matter as long as you have another Dom on hand."

"Yeah, that's what people have been telling me," Scott admitted. "Thanks."

"Reassurance is always good." Janet winked at Scott.

"Now, Isaac," Simon said gently. "As a general rule, we only know a very rough outline of what's happened to one of our kids going into things. All we know about you, for example, is that you had a physically abusive relationship with someone, and it's only just ended. It's up to you what you
choose to tell us beyond that, but I want you to keep in mind that we can help you better if we know what we're helping you with. And we do need you to tell us if you have any triggers - things someone might say or do that are likely to upset you badly."

Isaac hesitated, swallowing hard. "Th-this is going to be hard," he whispered, more to warn Scott than anything else. "I... My dad..." He hesitated, swallowing hard and starting to shake. "My Dad recently got arrested," he murmured, suddenly going very still and calm, his voice detached.

Janet frowned slightly. It wasn't good when a sub, when anyone started going that detached when talking about what had happened. She looked toward Scott, her brow furrowed.

"Most of my childhood I was beaten, thrown into a freezer, beaten with a belt. I have thin scars all up and down my back, as well as one on my ribs..." Isaac’s voice was still...dead, calm even, emotionless. "I don't like voices being raised in anger, I don't like belts in general, and I'm claustrophobic unless I'm under Sir."

"We'll have to warn Erica," Simon murmured. She was starting to come out of her shell, but it meant she was loud sometimes, and that wouldn't go well with Isaac. "Okay," he said, louder, but still gently. "I've still got some of my old suspenders, so I can put my belts away for a while. Neither of us like yelling, and we'll be very careful about the claustrophobia."

Scott held Isaac's hand tight, watching him with a worried look on his face. He'd never been this bad, not...emotionless. "Isaac?" he whispered.

"I'm not sure about other triggers." Isaac continued in the same voice. He squeezed Scott's hand back, tilting his face to him.

Janet chewed on her mouthful of shortbread, brushing away the crumbs. She turned to look at Scott. "You may need to step in," she warned him, then looked to Isaac. "Small spaces like closets? Are rooms okay?"

"As long as there's a window and I'm not locked in." Isaac's voice hadn't changed. His posture had though, sitting up straight, shoulders back and eyes turning to hover over Simon's head to look at the wall.

"Thank you," Simon said softly. "How about verbal triggers? Are there any words or phrases we should make sure to avoid?"

Scott wanted to scream at them to stop, to stop hurting Isaac like this, to stop making him talk about it...but he kept silent, wrapping an arm around Isaac's waist in all the comfort and support he felt he could offer.

"Other than 'useless piece of shit', none that I know of." Isaac was dimly aware of Scott's arm, but he felt very far away.

Janet watched him, worry pinching her brows. She knew this had to be talked about, but the last time someone had dissociated with them... it hadn't ended very well.


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Janet pursed her lips, gesturing at Derek and Stiles. "You two go ahead and get settled in the living room. This may turn interesting, and I'd rather Stiles not start crying or panicking. That won't help Isaac right now."
Stiles sputtered, but he could see her point.

Derek nodded, pulling Stiles up with him as he stood. "Thanks for letting us stay, Janet," he said quietly. "I appreciate it."

"Don't worry about it." Janet gave him a small smile. "Just go cuddle on the couch or something."

Stiles stood with Derek, walking into the living room even as he looked back toward Isaac.

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"Isaac," Scott said gently. "Isaac, are you listening to me?"

Isaac didn't look at him, though his grip tightened just a bit.

"Okay, so you're listening to me a little bit," Scott interpreted. "That's cool, that's totally fine. I'm guessing you don't want to talk right now? Uh...squeeze once for yes, twice for no."

Isaac finally tilted his head to look at Scott, his eyes almost vacant. "Sir," he murmured, his hand squeezing three times, the last one a long squeeze. He didn't not want to talk, he just felt like he wasn't a part of his body.

"So that's a...not sure?" Scott guessed. "How do you feel about me hugging you?" he checked.

Isaac gave Scott's hand a long squeeze, his eyes vacant, but feeling safer in Scott's arms.

Janet let out a soft sigh. "He's not too deep yet. But you need to bring him back. Honestly, that varies with each sub, I'm not sure how with him just yet," she admitted.

Scott moved closer and hugged Isaac properly, awkward as it was while sitting. "Would you like to be on my lap?" he asked. It seemed to be Isaac's favourite way to be close to Scott in general.

Isaac hesitated just a moment before letting out a sharp nod. He couldn't hear much, and he felt like he was seeing Scott and feeling Scott from a long way away. Kinda like sounds coming down a hallway.

Janet stayed quiet, watching, but letting Scott move them.

"You're doing well," Simon reassured him when Isaac was settled on Scott's lap. "Get him to focus on what he can sense, on feeling his body, if you can."

Scott nodded. "Isaac?" he said gently. "Can you do something for me and think about what you feel with your hands?"

Isaac was in his favourite position, straddling Scott's lap at eye level with him. He reached out slowly, almost as if in a trance, resting his hands on Scott's chest. "Soft," he murmured, voice still distant. "Warm, hard."

"Good boy," Scott said, relieved that Isaac was at the very least talking. "Well done. What else can you feel? With your hands or with other parts of your body?"


Scott nodded, smiling a little in relief. "That's right, Isaac, you're safe. Safe here, safe with me."
Isaac let out a small hum, not answering other than that. "Safe," he murmured, blinking slowly.

Janet pursed her lips. "Try to get him to focus on one thing. Your face for example. That may help him realize where he is."

Scott nodded gratefully. "Isaac, can you do something for me? Can you look at my face, tell me what I look like? Feel like?"


Scott blushed hard. "If you say so," he muttered, embarrassed.

Simon chuckled. "Let your sub admire you, son. Love can make anyone beautiful, and it's not like you're plain."

Janet just grinned, nodding along to what Simon was saying.

Isaac tilted his head a bit. "Red," he murmured, leaning closer, eyes flicking over Scott's face.

"What's wrong?" Scott said instantly. "Are you okay? Do I need to let go?"

Isaac blinked, confused. He shook his head, his fingers fluttering over Scott's cheeks. "Red colored," he explained, though the fact that he had unintentionally safeworded and Scott instantly followed it made him come back just a bit. He blinked rapidly. "Sir," he whispered, leaning in, their foreheads pressing together.

Janet smiled in relief. "Oh, he wasn't safewording. He was talking about your cheeks," she murmured, watching Isaac closely. She paused for a moment. "Though your reaction seemed to actually help him. This might be a good time to just follow your instincts. Don't be so worried around reactions and if you're doing it right. That's what me and Simon are here for."

"God," Scott couldn't help saying. "You scared me, sweetheart. I thought I'd hurt you."

Isaac shivered at the pet name. He shook his head slowly. "Never. Hurt," he murmured.

"I'm glad you believe in me," Scott replied, reaching up to cup Isaac's cheek. "Can you tell me a bit about how you're feeling, please?"

"Far away," Isaac whispered, leaning into the touch after a moment. "Scared. Want...need."

"I've got you," Scott promised. "Can you feel me touching you? I'm right here with you."

"Kinda," Isaac replied softly. "Far away need...closer." He frowned, frustrated at himself.

"More skin-to-skin contact should help," Simon suggested quietly.

Scott tucked Isaac's face into his neck and rested his hands, one on Isaac's neck, and one on the small of his back, under his shirt. "Does that help at all, sweetheart?" he asked.

Isaac shivered, nuzzling his face against Scott's. "Sir," he breathed, starting to tremble lightly. "Need..."

"I'm right here, sweetheart," Scott said, hoping desperately that he was doing the right thing. "What
do you need?"

"You." Isaac let out a soft whimper. The pet name made his grip on Scott tighten, his back arching a bit into his touch. "Sir."

Janet made a mental note to get Scott there as soon as possible should something like this happen during a session with them.

"I'm here, I've got you," Scott promised. "Tell me where my hands are, sweetheart, tell me what you can feel."

"B-back. Neck." Isaac was shivering at that point, his voice clearer. "More," he whimpered, starting to get frustrated that he couldn't get the words out. "Feel you. Need... Please."

Scott bit his lip and glanced at Janet and Simon. "Would it be better if we took our shirts off so you could feel me more?" he guessed. "Is that it?"

Janet just smiled. "Pretend we aren't here," she reminded Scott.


Scott looked up at the ceiling. Jesus Christ, this was awkward. He knew he was blushing fiercely as he carefully took Isaac's shirt off, then his own. "Is that better, sweetheart?" he asked when they were settled again. "Now you can feel me more?"

Isaac let out a low sound, curling closer and shivering, his face tucked against Scott's as he pressed every possible inch against Scott. "O-oh." He made a small, helpless sound, rocking forward, settling so that they were pressed together everywhere. "Sir," he breathed.

Scott rubbed big circles on Isaac's back, covering him with touch. "That's it, sweetheart," he murmured. "Come back to me, please. You can do it."

Janet let out a soft sigh. "What are your instincts telling you to do, Scott? Listen closely to them. You're doing very well."
Scott didn't know what to do - Janet kept telling him to go with his instincts, but he didn't know what his instincts were. "You're okay, Isaac, it's fine, you're perfect," he murmured. Praise was always good, right? "It doesn't matter, sweetheart."

Isaac shivered, settling just a bit. The pet name and the grip on him starting to calm him down.

"Good boy, that's it, sweetheart," Scott crooned. "You're doing really well, Isaac. Talk to me? Tell me how you're feeling, please?"


"Okay, that's good," Scott said, relieved.

"From what I can tell, Isaac," Simon murmured, keeping his voice low so as not to startle them, "you were dissociating. It's something some people do when they don't want to deal with the situation they're in - they go out of their body, away from the moment, for a little bit."

"I don't like it," Isaac whispered, clinging to Scott. "I could barely feel him. Could barely hear him. I didn't like it. I know I have to talk about the things that happened, why did I dissociate?" He curled one hand in Scott's hair, tugging lightly as he nuzzled.

"Knowing things in your head isn't always enough," Simon explained sadly. "You didn't feel safe, having to talk about it, so your brain took you away where you wouldn't have to feel it."

Isaac curled tighter around Scott, nodding slowly. "Oh."

Janet hummed to herself. "Now that most of the serious talk is out of the way, hopefully that will help."

"Are you...are you okay?" Scott asked carefully.

Isaac nodded, kissing along Scott's jaw to his ear. "Thank you," he murmured. "For bringing me back. I couldn't find myself."

"Of course," Scott replied. "Of course I helped."

"My Dom," Isaac murmured, his nose tucked behind Scott's ear.

Scott bit his lip. "My Isaac," he said tentatively.

Isaac let out a happy sound, his lips curling into a smile. He let out a soft sigh. "I know you aren't used to it. And it's okay. But just hearing that makes my chest warm."

"I'll try to be better about it," Scott promised, smiling back awkwardly. "It's just new still, that's all."

Just then, they heard the front door slam open and shut. "Janet? Simon!" a female voice yelled. "Mom pissed me off again, can I have dinner over here?"

Isaac gasped, his eyes going wide. "Wh-who?" he asked, clinging even tighter to Scott, shaking softly.

"Erica." Janet groaned, pinching her fingers over the bridge of her nose. "Scott, you may need to
calm him back down if loud voices are a trigger. I'll speak to her." She stood, running a hand through Isaac's hair briefly before heading into the living room.

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Stiles was staring at Erica, wide-eyed. "Hey, you're Erica Reyes! You were only a grade above me..."

"Stiles?" Erica asked, stuttering to a stop. "What are you doing here? And...and Derek?"

Derek quirked his mouth in a half-smile. "Hi, Erica." They'd met a few times last year when he'd come to visit Janet and Simon - not that he knew her well, but...

Stiles grinned widely, waving his fingers in the air. "I'm here with him." He jerked his thumb at Derek, curling deeper into his side, his fingers going to his collar.

Janet pursed her lips as she walked into the living room. "Erica Reyes, how many times must I tell you to please A: not slam my doors either open or closed, and B: not yell like you're a banshee? I want you to be yourself. But we get sensitive subs and Doms, remember?" She had kept her voice soft, resting her hand on Erica's arm. "We have one such sub now who is triggered loud, angry voices."

"We've got a new sub?" Erica asked. "And Stiles, you're with Derek?"

"Yeah, we're together," Derek agreed. He didn't mention the fostering thing this time - he figured Stiles wouldn't appreciate it twice in one day.

"Yes. Isaac Lahey." Stiles nodded, giving Derek a wide smile and leaning back against him.

Janet nodded. "He's come from a very abusive father. Luckily, I think the claim he already has to a Dom is only going to do him good."

"He's claimed already?" Erica asked, curiously. "Why isn't he with his Dom?"

"His Dom's not old enough," Derek explained.

"Scott's just found out he was a Dom like a month ago. And the claim is very very new." Stiles smiled, content to answer Erica's questions. She seemed better, happier than the shy girl from school.

"So please, Erica, watch your volume, ok?" Janet reminded her.

"Wait, your friend Scott?" Erica realised. "He got Dom? Good for him!"

Stiles nodded, smiling. "You did too, right? Awesome! Knew you had good Dom qualities."

"Thanks, Stiles," Erica said, ducking her head. "Even if it's basically impossible for me to do it properly."

"Nonsense. Just because you have to figure ways around your seizures doesn't mean you can't do it properly." Stiles tsked. "I bet you'll be a wonderful Dom!"

~~

"That's Erica," Simon explained softly. "We're mentoring her - she's harmless. She won't hurt you."

"You hear that, Isaac?" Scott said quietly. "You're safe. You're fine."
Isaac shivered, though he did nod as he relaxed against Scott. "Safe."

"Yeah, sweetheart, you're safe," Scott promised.

Isaac smiled at the name, relaxed against him, his nose turned to bury in his neck. "Am I hurting you?" he checked, shifting his weight.

"You're not hurting me," Scott reassured him. "You're fine. How do you feel about meeting Erica?"

Isaac hesitated, swallowing hard. "I don't really want to move for a few minutes, if that's ok?" he asked softly. "I don't mind meeting her, I just..."

"That's okay, sweetheart, you don't have to move," Scott promised. "Are you okay with her seeing you with your shirt off?"

Isaac shifted on Scott's lap before nodding. "Don't want to stop touching."

"I'll keep my shirt off and my hands on your skin," Scott offered. "I just figured...you might not want her seeing your scars is all."

"I'm not ashamed of them," Isaac murmured after a moment. "They show what I've survived." A part of him was a bit embarrassed, but he refused to let that dictate what he did with Scott.

"Okay," Scott agreed. "Simon, could you, uh...would you mind letting everyone know that they're allowed in now?"

Simon stood, smiling at the pair, and ran a hand over Isaac's hair like Janet had. "You're good boys, the both of you," he told them. "I'll tell Janet she can start letting people back in."

Chapter End Notes

One more chapter and then we're focusing on Sterek for a bit, but in the meantime, have some OCs and an Erica cameo!

(My apologies for the late posting, it's entirely my fault - seeker.)

Looking forward, as always, to your lovely comments.
"Awesome." Erica left a bag on the couch and stuck her head through the dining room door. "Hey, guys, can I come - whoa! Muscles!"

Isaac's head flew up, a dark blush on his cheeks. "U-um, hi?" He gave her a shy smile, shifting on Scott's lap but refusing to move.

Now that Isaac's feeling better, they can all get to know each other properly.

Janet looked up as Simon walked into the room, smiling. "Is he more settled?" she asked softly. "He didn't panic too much?"

Stiles was worried, chewing on his lip. "Are Isaac and Scott okay?"

"They're alright," Simon reassured everyone. "Scott got Isaac back to himself and settled him right down - I was impressed, really, considering how little he knows. Scott said you're welcome to go back into the dining room if you want, but Isaac doesn't want to move just yet so they won't be coming out here."

Derek relaxed, relieved. There had been too many crises with Isaac already, and each one had taken its toll.

Stiles gave Derek a pleading look before wiggling out of his hold and into the kitchen. "Isaac," he breathed. "Scott." He relaxed at the sight of them, that doing more to reassure him than Simon saying they were okay. "...Isaac? Can I hug you?" he asked, stepping closer but waiting until he saw the small nod before all but engulfing them in his arms. "Oh, you scared me. I'm so glad you're okay."

Isaac let out a soft sigh, happily encased in one he considered a brother, and the one he was very quickly beginning to love.

"Simon said he was dissociating," Scott explained, looking up at Stiles.

Stiles gave Scott a worried look. "Are you okay, bud?" he asked softly, petting Isaac's hair.

Isaac nodded, peeking out at Stiles with a small smile. "I'm okay."
Stiles breathed deeply, hugging both of his friends close. "Totally shirtless," he teased gently. "I feel very left out."

Isaac huffed a giggle into Scott's shoulder, his eyes crinkling.

"Isaac wanted skin-to-skin contact," Scott explained.

Stiles nodded. "Did that help?" he asked softly.

Isaac chewed on his lower lip, nuzzling Scott's jaw. "Such a scruffy man." he teased.

Stiles laughed. "I'm so jealous. I have yet to hop aboard the beard train. Luckily Sir seems to have enough for us both."

~~

"I didn't freak him out, did I?" Erica asked nervously.

"Just a little," Simon said, frowning. "So I'll thank you to be a little quieter from now on."

Janet patted Erica's arm. "Keeping control of your voice is definitely something that you will need to work on. Because you never know the circumstances your sub was in before you got him or her."

"Jeez, Janet, it's not like I knew and didn't care," Erica pointed out. "I didn't even know he was here."

"I never said it was a 'knew and didn't care'." Janet raised an eyebrow. "And I'm not angry at you, if that's what you were thinking. I'm just letting you know. It's something that any Dom in relation to Isaac will have to think about."

"Like the way people around you need to remember your needs," Simon reminded her gently.

Erica huffed unhappily. "I guess you've already told him everything, then?"

"No, that's up to you to share," Simon replied. "Although he will need to know."

Janet smiled. "We will not tell people without your permission. It's not our story to tell."

"You told me about Isaac," Erica pointed out.

"That's to warn you about certain triggers. And because he just had an episode of dissociation just by talking about it." Janet smiled. "While I'm sure it would be good for Isaac to tell you himself, if he goes into such a state from it, as well as has triggers like the voice, and claustrophobia...well, those are very important to tell the other members that may come and go in this house."

"We only got Isaac away from his dad on Thursday," Derek explained quietly. "He's been quiet and anxious all weekend, and he's had some very bad moments. We're trying to create a support system for him more or less from scratch."

"This Thursday?" Erica asked, hushed. "How long had it been going on?"

"A long time," Derek said grimly.

"Years," Janet said bluntly. "He needs all the support he can get. The only one that has gotten any reaction from him so far when he goes that far is Scott. And Scott's a new Dom himself. Even newer than you." She smiled softly. "He's been through a lot, so I'm not trying to give him special
treatment, but just like there's certain things we do for you that we won't for others, we have to take
into account with him as well. Things like controlling our voices, certain phrases that we may say
even to something inanimate. Even just making sure not to leave him alone in a small room without a
window or an open door. Just small things. And he doesn't even know all of the things that might
trigger him."

"Derek has stubble constantly," Scott agreed. "Isn't it scratchy?"

Stiles grinned. "No, it's very soft. And I like it. Makes interesting marks on my skin too." He
waggled his eyebrows, making Isaac laugh.

Scott blushed. "You two are going to be the worst gossips, aren't you?"

"Of course! Who else better to talk to than your best friend and my brother, hmm, sir?" Isaac teased,
laughing brightly and loudly at the blush, kissing along Scott’s cheek.

Stiles just grinned. "If it makes you feel any better, at least you aren't the only Dom in that gossip?"

"It makes me feel slightly better," Scott allowed.

Isaac gave him a bright smile, leaning down to kiss the corner of his mouth before ruffling his hair.
"At least it's just with Stiles?" he offered.

Stiles grinned. "True, and you know I won't tell a soul what I hear. 'cept Maybe Sir if he wants to
know."

"Should I just...not come over for a while?" Erica suggested, looking daunted. "It's not like I need
you the same way a sub would."

"I don't think this should change when you come over, no." Janet shook her head. "You're fine,
Erica. This could be a good learning experience for you as well. And regardless of whether you need
us as much as a sub, you're still our foster, and you deserve just as much a space here as he does.
Besides, from what I can gather, he may feel very guilty and bad if you didn't show up."

"He really would," Derek put in. "He's also hoping to spend a lot of his time in other places - at my
house, at Scott's house, and at the Sheriff's house where he's officially living."

Erica raised her eyebrows. "That sounds really complicated. How come he's doing that?"

"He's got a big support system," Simon explained patiently, "and he needs them a lot right now. He
hasn't found his new equilibrium yet."

Janet nodded. "While the claim with Scott is still so new that Scott's still getting used to it, Isaac is
more comfortable with him and Stiles than anyone else that I could think of." She broke off, blinking
at Derek as a bright laugh echoed through to the living room. "Was that...?"

"That was Isaac," Derek confirmed, smiling. "Stiles is good at making him laugh."

Erica grinned. "Okay, I've got to meet him now."

Janet's face bore a smile of relief. "Oh good, he must be feeling much better. And yes, Erica, you
may, just as you may stay for dinner."
Awesome." Erica left a bag on the couch and stuck her head through the dining room door. "Hey, guys, can I come - whoa! Muscles!"

Isaac's head flew up, a dark blush on his cheeks. "U-um, hi?" He gave her a shy smile, shifting on Scott's lap but refusing to move.

Stiles giggled. "I know right? I'm so jealous right now you have no idea."

"Hey," she replied, smiling at Isaac and Scott. "I'm Erica. Apparently I freaked you out a bit when I showed up? Sorry about that. Are you okay now?"

Scott waited, giving Isaac a chance to talk to Erica on his own.

Isaac nodded after a moment. "Sorry, I wasn't expecting it." He gave a small, self-depreciating smile. "I'm Isaac."

Stiles frowned at Isaac before covering it with his normal smile.

"Nah, it's my fault," Erica said, trying to be reassuring. "It's nice to meet you. And I'm assuming this is Scott?"

Scott grinned at her. "Yeah, I'm Scott."

Isaac gave her a small, normal smile. "Nice to meet you too."

"Can we talk about how I'm a Kelly look alike in a sea of Barbies and Kens?" Stiles whined. He had muscles, sure, but he was the lithe one of the boys. More slender and toned rather than the muscles that Isaac and Scott both had.

"Aww, I think you're pretty," Erica cooed. "And if you're comparing me to Barbie, I don't know if I should be flattered or offended."

"Probably flattered," Scott advised. "He doesn't really think before he speaks, so..."

Stiles blinked a bit before grinning. "What he said. My filter is dead and long gone, I've given up caring really. Besides, my Dom likes me mouthy. And thanks, I think? I don't think I am, but I'll take any compliment that I can."

Isaac laughed before pulling a straight face. "Stiles, your voices makes my stomach twist and your eyes make me wanna fart butterflies."

Stiles laughed so hard he almost fell to the floor.

Erica snorted and pointed finger-guns at Isaac. "You, Isaac, are awesome," she declared. "Stiles, your face is like the prettiest of frogs," she said breathily, batting her eyelashes.

"You have muscles like a racoon," Scott joined in.

Stiles screeched out with laughter, sliding to the floor as his knees grew weak.

Isaac just grinned, leaning over from his position in Scott's lap. "Your smooth, snake skin sets fire to my soul."
Janet looked up from her blanket at the laughter from the kitchen. "I'm assuming that one is Stiles?"
She asked Derek, her smile going up to her eyes.

"Yeah, that's Stiles," Derek said, getting up and going to the dining room to see what was going on. Standing in the doorway, he saw Stiles literally laughing on the floor, a half-naked, grinning Isaac hanging off a half-naked, grinning Scott, and Erica leaning on the table and cackling.

"Your thick camel eyelashes make me swoon," Erica gasped between breaths, which set off a new round of laughter around the room.

Derek stared. "...what the hell?"

Isaac laughed harder. "Stiles was feeling left out and Erica called him pretty and I don't really know what happened!"

Stiles wiped at his eyes, giggling. He held out a hand to get some help up.

Derek pulled Stiles up and into a hug. "Trust you to lighten the mood," he murmured in Stiles' ear.

"See?" Scott said triumphantly. "Derek thinks you're pretty like a beautiful frog!"

Stiles beamed up at Derek. "Ribbit." He giggled, fluttering his eyelashes, leaning up to kiss Derek, even as he kept laughing.

Isaac laughed brightly, burying his face in Scott's neck.

Derek leaned in and captured Stiles' laughing mouth with his, kissing him joyously.

Stiles closed his eyes, one hand going to scratch through Derek's stubble as he returned the kiss, still giggling.


"Dayum," Erica said appreciatively as she watched them. "I'd like that scruff too, I reckon."

Derek felt his face get hot, and pulled away gently, wrapping an arm around Stiles to keep him close.

"Mine," Stiles hissed playfully at Erica, turning to nuzzle along Derek's jaw.

Erica raised her hands in surrender. "Don't worry about it, pretty, I'm not going to take your man." She quirked a smile, then looked at Derek. "Or your man, either."

Derek smiled back at her gratefully. It wasn't that he exactly needed the reassurance, but...well, it settled something in him to have his claim acknowledged.

Stiles grinned at her, petting Derek's cheek.

Isaac giggled. "I pictured Stiles as a puffed-up fox."

Scott squirmed a little, trying to resettle Isaac in a different spot.

Isaac nodded, giving Scott a shy smile before settling where Scott was trying to wiggle him to,
kissing his cheek in apology.

"Feeling better, sweetheart?" Scott murmured.

Stiles grinned widely. "Erica made him laugh. And I made him laugh. I call that a win!"

"I call it a win too," Erica agreed, smiling at Isaac. She bit her lip and shifted. "Do you, uh...has Janet or Simon told you why I'm here?"

Isaac nodded to Scott, kissing along his jaw. "Yes sir, I'm feeling better." He smiled, peeking out at Erica and shaking his head. "Why are you here?" he asked, blinking curiously.

Stiles shifted and lifted himself up to kiss Derek again.

"I, uh..." Erica closed her eyes and steeled herself. "I have epilepsy," she admitted in a rush.

"Wait," Scott said slowly. "I remember that. You had a seizure at school once."

"More like a hundred times," Erica muttered.

"Gym class," Isaac murmured. "You're with Janet and Simon to help figure out how to work around the epilepsy?" He gave her a small smile, a hand going to card through Scott's hair at the base of his neck.

"Yeah," Erica admitted. "I could really hurt someone if I had a seizure at the wrong time - or even if they were just in subspace, that could mess them up."

"That sounds really hard," Scott commented. "Do you at least get some warning before a seizure happens?"

Erica grimaced. "Most of the time...but not always much of a one."

"I think you can figure it out." Isaac gave her a tiny smile. "It'll be hard, I bet, but you were nothing if not smart and stubborn in school."

"How do you know that?" Erica asked curiously, flattered. "We weren't in the same grade, and I wasn't exactly loud and proud."

"I'm nosy." Isaac smiled. "And no one really paid attention to the quiet boy with a locker near the teachers’ lounge."

Stiles giggled against Derek's lips before pulling away. "I know because I'm nosy and like to poke around places I shouldn't."

"Every notices you though," Scott told Stiles. "You're the least inconspicuous person I've ever met."

Derek laughed. "I have to agree with that, chiquito."

"That's why I said be places I shouldn't be, poking my nose." Stiles stuck out his tongue. "I can be quiet when I need to be!" he whined, pouting up at Derek.

Isaac stifled a giggle in Scott's neck.

"When I ask you to, yes you can," Derek agreed, amused. "But generally not otherwise."

Stiles pouted. "Again, if I wanted to. And if I needed to." He crossed his eyes at Derek, sticking out
his tongue.

"Pretty much exactly the opposite of my guy, then," Erica concluded.

"Your guy?" Isaac can't help but ask, blinking up at Erica.

Erica grinned and pulled out her phone, passing it to Isaac. The picture showed her standing in the arms of a tall, well-built black guy with a shaved head, who was smiling down at her fondly. "Boyd," she explained. "We've dating for three months now."

Isaac smiled widely. "I've seen him! He is very quiet. Doesn't talk much, even in class or the lunch room. Is he your sub?"

"I'm not his Dom officially," Erica said with a shrug. "But his foster Dom doesn't mind us dating, and I think by the time I can take him on, we'll want to try it. He's great - probably the kindest guy I've ever met."

Derek smiled at her. "Good. You deserve someone kind."

'That's amazing! And learning your techniques with someone you plan on keeping as a sub can have its advantages." Stiles nodded, grinning widely.

Janet poked her head into the dining room. "Dinner's almost ready, just need to set the table, if you'll do that Erica. As well as getting the drinks, if you could, Derek."

"Yes, Janet," they chorused, then looked at each other awkwardly.

Stiles giggled softly. "Well, twins," he teased. "Anything I can do to help?"

"If you'd like to, Stiles, could you go help Simon finish up?" Janet smiled at Stiles’ eager nod. "Such a helpful boy you have there, Derek."

"I'm very proud of him," Derek agreed fondly, kissing Stiles' forehead.

Stiles flushed, nuzzling close to Derek, the praise making him warm. "Love you," he murmured.

"Love you too," Derek murmured, guiding Stiles to the kitchen.

"You guys might want to put your shirts back on," Erica suggested, taking her phone back from Isaac and putting it in the pocket of her jeans. "Not that I mind the eye candy, but...just a thought."

Isaac pouted, resting his chin on Scott's shoulders. "Ugh, clothes," he complained softly. He tilted his head, sucking a kiss to Scott's neck before sitting up, smiling down at him. "Where did our shirts go, sir?"

"I think they're under the chair," Scott said. "Could you get up so I can look?"

Isaac groaned. "Comfy," he whined, even as he slid up, getting off of Scott's lap.

"Good boy," Scott praised as he got up, shaking out his legs. "Do you think we'll manage to get to a couch next time?" he wondered.
Isaac gave him a grin. "Hope so. If anything, drag me over to one?"

Scott smiled back, pleased that Isaac wasn't feeling guilty about needing help. "I'll do my best," he agreed. He fished their shirts out from under the chair and made a face. "Okay, note to self: don't take off two people's shirts at once or they'll get impossibly tangled."

~~

Stiles smiled at Simon. "How can I help?" he asked, kissing Derek's jaw and biting it playfully before dancing away.

"If I get you a colander, can you drain the vegetables?" Simon asked, fetching plates from a cupboard under the counter. "...four, five, six, seven," he muttered, counting them.

"Sure." Stiles grinned, taking the colander and started draining it while Simon was counting the plates.

Simon spread the plates out on the counter and started serving sausages and chicken drumsticks, thinking that if Isaac was going to lead to this sort of gathering - which he didn't mind at all, it was wonderful to hear that kind of laughter in their house - they might have to start getting more supplies when they shopped.

Stiles hummed softly, turning to Simon. "Anything else?" He grinned, popping a piece of broccoli into his mouth.

Simon smacked his hand lightly. "Wait until we're at the table, young man," he reprimanded. "And serve it up evenly between the plates, please. Here." He passed Stiles the tongs he'd been using.

~~

Isaac laughed softly, pulling and tugging at the shirts to try and detangle them.

"No, wait," Scott said, laughing. "Hang on a second, if we're both pulling it's just going to get worse. I think...if we turn yours the right way out..."

Isaac giggled, turning his shirt right side out and peeking into it to see where Scott's went.

"Ahah!" Scott exclaimed. "Okay, hang on a second...there!" Triumphanty he presented Isaac with two separated shirts.

Isaac grinned, tugging on Scott's and sticking his tongue out.

"Oh, you want mine?" Scott said with a grin.

"It smells like you." he grinned. "And we're about the same size soooo...." Isaac hummed, rubbing his stomach.


"Aw," Erica complained as she came in with cutlery. "But I liked shirtless muscle time."

Isaac beamed at him, handing over his shirt and moving closer to kiss Scott's cheek. He peeked out at Erica, grinning. "Don't want to blind the others with my whiteness."

~~
Stiles pouted. "Quality control!" he whined, though he took the tongs and started separating them between plates. He’d started seeing Simon and Janet as a sort of grandparent figures, which was why he didn’t get upset at the reprimand.

"If you think I haven't heard that excuse a hundred times before, you're fooling yourself, my lad," Simon said, raising his eyebrows.

"Gotta make sure it's cooked all the way," Stiles teased back, waving the tongs in the air. "What next?"

"Start taking them out to the table, please," Simon replied.

Stiles nodded, taking a couple of the plates and heading into the dining room, setting them on the table and grinning at Isaac and Scott. "Ah, now I can live in blessed denial that you have those muscles I’m jealous of."

"Is that what started the whole thing earlier?" Derek wondered as he came out with orange juice and a jug of water. "I like your muscles."

"What muscles, sir? I'm a twig!" Stiles flailed his empty arms.

"Derek has enough for both of you." Isaac giggled.

"You have beautiful, strong, lean muscles," Derek answered. "Don't be so self-deprecating, please."

"Derek works out, like, all the time," Scott confided to Erica. "It's ridiculous. He has a gym in his house."

Stiles pouted softly, nuzzling Derek's jaw. "Yes sir," he murmured, before peeking out at Erica with a grin. "He does the weights and pull up bars with no shirt and tiny shorts. I love watching him. He could pin me to a wall." He let out a small sigh, all but melting against Derek at the thought.

"Should I be using my strength against you more?" Derek murmured curiously, softly enough that only Stiles could hear.

"I like the thought of it," Stiles admitted, his voice just as soft. "Not all the time, of course, but maybe we can try?" He smiled up at Derek. "Makes my stomach twist and warm at the thought."

"I'll put it on the list, then," Derek said warmly. "Now go get some more plates, querido."

Stiles beamed, kissing him swiftly before hurrying back to the kitchen, bringing in plate after plate until he was done. "Anything else, Simon?" he asked.

"No, you're good," Simon answered. "Thank you, Stiles, that was very helpful."

Stiles beamed. "Welcome!" He patted Simon's arm before heading back to Derek, pushing him gently to sit before straddling his lap and leaning against his chest, much like Isaac was with Scott.

Isaac grinned softly. "Could you pin me against a wall?" he asked Scott, thinking aloud, giving him a searching look.

"Probably not," Scott admitted, shrugging. "I'm not as strong as Derek, and you're bigger than
"Hmmm, true." Isaac grinned, though he did lean close to Scott. "You could still pin me, though. Just not off the ground." he teased.

"Wouldn't that bother you?" Scott wondered.

Isaac tilted his head in thought. "I don't think so?" he offered. "Dad never did anything like pin me down."

Simon came out of the kitchen and sighed, hands on his hips. "Boys, I understand the affection, I really do, but not while we eat, please. We have chairs enough - use them."

Stiles pouted against Derek's neck, nipping it before slowly sliding off of his Dom's lap.

"I guess we'll think about it then," Scott offered. "For later, I mean. Now come on, off you get."

"Pick sausages or chicken, everyone," Simon told them all as he sat down.

Isaac sighed, kissing Scott's cheek as he sat in his own seat. "Sausage," he decided.

Stiles was already sitting at his plate, giving Isaac a small, 'feel ya bro' smile.

Derek helped pass food around, looking gratefully at the people sitting around this table - Janet, Simon, Erica, Isaac and Scott, and...Stiles. His boy. And if only Laura were here, it would be...like family. He smiled gently. "Thank you," he told Janet, hoping she would understand.

Janet smiled, reaching over to pat Derek's arm, watching him look around. "My pleasure."

Chapter End Notes

And that brings us to the end of this Scisaac arc - next chapter is back to a Sterek focus.

Looking forward, as always, to your lovely comments - even if we don't reply, we appreciate every single one.
"So, love," Derek told him softly. "The way I see it, you did two things wrong yesterday: you left your phone behind after I reminded you, and you didn't call me to say you were staying at Scott's or when you were upset."

"Yes sir," Stiles murmured, his eyes lowering to the floor as he leaned against Derek. "I'm sorry."

-----

Stiles has been spending a lot of time with Scott and Isaac lately. It probably shouldn't be surprising when something eventually goes wrong.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Derek loses contact with Stiles and becomes anxious that something has happened to him. Stiles realises that he has lost contact with Derek and becomes distressed, but Scott calms him down. Later in the chapter, Stiles is punished with a five minute time out. This is upsetting for him, but Derek stays in the room, tracks the time, and reassures Stiles verbally and physically as soon as it's over.

Derek sighed. Stiles was at Scott's again. At least, he thought it was Scott's - it might have been Stiles' old house. Either way, Derek missed him - though he couldn't begrudge him for enjoying his holiday.

~~

Stiles smiled, cheering and throwing his hands up in the air as he finished first in the race. "Reigning Mario Cart champ wins again! HA!"

~~

Derek glanced at his watch. It was getting late - late enough that he should start dinner. *Are you eating at Scott's?* he texted Stiles.

~~

Stiles jumped up to answer the door. "Pizza time!" he called, paying with the cash Mama McCall had handed him before taking the pizzas and bumping the door closed with his hip. "Dude, you did get extra pepperoni, right?"
When half an hour had passed with no answer, Derek called. Maybe Stiles hadn't heard his phone, or it was in his bag. But the phone rang out, and still no answer.

~~

Stiles laughed, thwapping Scott in the head with a pillow. He vaguely wondered why Derek hadn't tried to get a hold of him. He'd only mentioned staying over at Scott's in passing. But he figured that his Dom was taking some time to unwind from a rough chapter he'd written.

~~

Derek called again, and again, and still no answer. He had a horrible feeling that something had happened to Stiles - but maybe that was needless paranoia? But what if it wasn't?

~~

Stiles pouted softly as he drifted off. Why didn't Derek at least text? He sighed, the whole 'texting or calling first' thing never occurring to him. He didn't want to intrude on his Dom's relaxation time. He tossed and turned, a frown on his face. He missed his Dom.

~~

It was after midnight now, and still Stiles hadn't answered the phone. Derek paced up and down the halls, trying to convince himself that nothing was wrong, that it had simply gotten late and Stiles had decided to stay at Scott's. He at last ran out of energy, even in his anxiety, and found himself sitting uneasily on the couch, still waiting and hoping Stiles would call.

~~

Stiles finally gave up around three am. He wanted to hear Derek's voice. Rolling off the cot, he went to his bag, his hands going for the pocket he always kept his phone in and froze. O-oh. Shit. He scrambled, dumping his things out and trying to find his phone. "Scott!" he wheezed, trying to force his panic down. Now was not the time. "Scott!" He went over, shaking his friend's shoulder.

Scott huffed and rolled over, burying his face in the pillow. "G'way, St'les," he mumbled.

"Scott, please!" Stiles shook him again. "I can't find my phone. I forgot my phone."

Scott groaned and blinked blearily at Stiles. "So?" he asked groggily. "Who the hell do you need to call?"

"Sir," Stiles whimpered. "He asked me to keep my phone on me, and I didn't and I didn't remind him that I may stay over and - and…" He took a gulping breath "I need to get home. I need to call him. Please Scott. I just..." He was starting to freak out a bit too much, his hands shaking.

"Stiles." Scott sat up. "If you call him now, he's not gonna answer. It's the middle of the night, he'll be asleep by now."

~~

Derek had stayed in the living room, the TV on to help keep him awake, but he was so tired...

~~

"Please," Stiles whimpered. "Need to at least try. I messed up. Oh fuck, I messed up. I'm going to be in trouble."

"I messed up, Scotty," Stiles whispered wetly. "I miss him, and I messed up and forgot my phone, I don't remember if he even heard me mention staying over. I should have made sure."

"Stiles, it's not the end of the world," Scott promised. "You'll go home in the morning, and he'll be there, and you'll apologize, and it'll all be okay, alright? It's going to be okay."

Stiles reached up, picking at his lips. "Promise?" he asked softly. "I want to try and call him. Please?"

"It's - Christ - past three in the morning, Stiles," Scott sighed. "If you call him now, he won't answer because he'll be asleep, like we both should be. Wait until it's actually morning, okay? Then you can go home and talk to him, and you'll apologize, and it'll be okay."

"Kay," Stiles whispered, twisting his hands. If he'd taken his jeep, he'd drive himself home right then and there. He curled back up on his cot, knowing he wasn't going to get much sleep if any.

"It'll be fine," Scott mumbled. "Just...sleep." He rolled over and buried his face in the pillow again.

Stiles pulled the blanket around him, pressing his eyes into his pillow and trying to sleep. Trying and only managing to get a couple of hours total before seven a.m. He finally managed to talk Mama McCall into taking him home, explaining what happened. He was tired, bags under his eyes.

"It's going to be okay, sweetie," Ms McCall promised as she dropped him off. "I'm sure Derek will understand. You take care now, okay?"

Stiles sniffled, nodding and hurrying into the house. "Sir?" he called, setting his bag beside the front door, he'll deal with it later.

Derek startled awake of the couch. "Nnn - Stiles?" he asked hoarsely.

"Sir," Stiles breathed, hurrying to the couch and knelt in front of it. "Sir, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to, I freaked out because I couldn't sleep and was going to call you and couldn't find it." He reached up, resting his hands on Derek's arm. He knew he was in trouble. knew he'd be punished for what happened. It was his own fault. He should have double checked that he had his phone. Especially after Derek asking him to keep it on him.

"But you're okay?" Derek asked urgently, leaning forward to look Stiles over. "You're safe?"

"I'm safe, I promise. And other than not really being able to sleep much, I'm okay." Stiles nodded. "I didn't mean to forget my phone. I thought it was in my backpack... I should have double checked. I'm sorry."

"Your... You forgot it?" Derek checked, his brain still slow from the early morning and lack of sleep. "I didn't hear it..."

"It may have died...oh fuck." Stiles cursed, smacking himself in the forehead. "It died yesterday after I was playing Trivia Crack all morning. I'd plugged it in to charge before heading to Scott’s, and forgot to take it off my charger... I had it on silent while I played the game because the music annoys the mess outta me."
"Oh," Derek said softly, still trying to process. Stiles was okay. Nothing had gone wrong. He'd just...forgotten his phone. "Let's go to bed," he said finally. "I hardly slept last night, and I need to hold you."

Stiles nodded rapidly, tugging on Derek's arm. "I couldn't sleep. I kept tossing and turning. Then I drove Scott insane at three am because I couldn't find my phone."

"You wanted to call me?" Derek asked, standing up with a groan. His back hated him now.

"I couldn't sleep," Stiles murmured. "I missed you. And I hadn't heard from you all evening...but... I thought you were just relaxing, because of that chapter that was hard..." He stood, keeping his eyes lowered as he leaned against Derek.

"I texted you about dinner," Derek admitted, leading Stiles upstairs. "And then I called when you didn't answer. I was so worried."

"I'm sorry," Stiles whispered, keeping his eyes on the floor. He was so tired. He knew he was in trouble, but at that point in time, he just wanted his Dom and his bed.

"God, Stiles," Derek whispered, pausing at the top of the stairs to look at him. "I just... I was so scared."

"I'm sorry, sir, I am." Stiles looked up at him, blinking slowly. "I wanted to come home earlier, but Scott told me to get some sleep, that you would already be asleep. I tried to sleep, really I did, I just..." He shook his head tiredly. "I know I'm in trouble," Stiles whispered. "I just want to sleep. Please? Just sleep for now? Want to be held." He admitted the last in a tiny voice.

"I'm more relieved than anything," Derek replied gently, drawing Stiles into a tight hug. "I'm just so glad you're safe. We'll sleep."

Stiles relaxed into him, breathing him deeply. "Yes sir," he said softly, soaking up the feeling for a moment before carefully pulling away and tugging on Derek's hand as he walked to their room, stripping down completely.

Derek stripped off as well, leaving his boxers on, and pulled back the covers, shivering a little with the cool of the room.

Stiles flopped onto the bed, wiggling until he was in the middle under the blankets, his arms held out with a soft whine. "Sirrrr."

"I'm here, love," Derek murmured, getting in after him and taking Stiles in his arms. He was here, and Stiles was here, and they were safe.

Stiles let out a soft sigh, burying his nose in Derek's neck and promptly falling asleep. He was safe, his Dom wasn't too angry at him, and he could finally sleep. He’d missed Derek.

Derek watched Stiles sleep, an involuntary smile spreading across his face at the sight. "Love you, querido," he breathed, and slipped softly to sleep himself.

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Stiles woke near noon, grumbling at the light that had shifted to shine onto his face. He hissed playfully at it, burrowing into the blankets and trying to get away. "No light. Evil light. Sleep time, why, mister light. Why do you hurt me so?" he grumbled to himself.
"Because if you don't get up soon, you'll ruin your sleep schedule," Derek replied, looking up from his book. "And that may not be a problem now, but it will be at the end of spring break."

Stiles groaned. "My sir is in cahoots with the evil light," Stiles complained, scooting closer and burying his face in Derek's side for a moment, before finally peeking up at him. "What time's it?"

Derek glanced at the alarm clock on his nightstand. "Ten to twelve. If you weren't up in ten minutes I would have woken you."

"Again, in cahoots with the evil light." Stiles gave Derek a small smile. "Did you get more sleep, sir?"

"I did," Derek replied, quirking one corner of his mouth. "I see you did too - feeling better?"

Stiles nodded, giving him a small smile as he sat up. "How long have you been awake, sir?"

"About an hour," Derek said, putting his book to one side so he could wrap an arm around Stiles' waist. "I'm a bit more of a morning person than you."

"Just a bit," Stiles teased, tucking himself close. "Have you eaten anything?"

Derek shook his head. "I wasn't hugely hungry, so I figured I'd wait for you," he explained.

Stiles nodded, crawling into his lap until he was straddling it, petting at his cheeks. "What should we have?"

"I'm fine with just cereal today, if you don't mind," Derek admitted. He'd probably be ravenous later, considering he'd barely eaten anything last night, but he just didn't feel up to heavy foods this morning.

"Okay," Stiles murmured, kissing along Derek’s jaw and just breathing him in for a moment before putting pants on and heading downstairs.

Derek sighed reluctantly and got out of bed, pulling on a t-shirt and sweatpants of his own and following Stiles down.

Stiles looked up from where he was pouring cereal, smiling. "Lucky charms okay?"

"That's fine," Derek said quietly, watching him. "You don't have to serve me breakfast, you know," he added. "I never put it in the rules that you had to do cooking or chores."

"But I like doing it!" Stiles smiled, sliding a bowl over the counter, tugging up his slipping sweats as he turned to grab his.

"Okay," Derek said noncommittally, sitting down to eat.

Stiles shifted where he stood, keeping his eyes on his bowl as he headed to his seat. The air to him felt tense.

They ate in silence, Derek unsure how to deal with his feelings this morning - even if he did feel better about things than he had early this morning - and Stiles clearly affected by it.

Stiles finished his cereal, washing his bowl and fidgeting before checking in his plants and going to refill his medbox just for something to do. He was three seconds from begging for Derek to do
Stiles was just getting more agitated, and Derek knew it wasn't fair to make him wait any longer. "Can we talk?" he asked.

Stiles nodded rapidly, heading for Derek, not even thinking when he slid to his knees. He looked up at Derek, shifting in place.

Derek sighed. "Last night wasn't good, Stiles, and I don't want it to happen again," he said quietly. "Do you agree?"


"What could we have done differently?" Derek asked, wanting to hear what Stiles had to say.

"I could have double checked where I thought I had put my phone," Stiles offered, running a hand down Derek's leg. "Make sure you heard me when I said where I was going, so if anything happened you could call them?"

Derek nodded. "I could have called Scott, when I got worried, or your father, since I wasn't sure."

"I am sorry," Stiles whispered, resting his forehead on Derek's knee. "I would have come home at 3 am when I couldn't find it, but Mama McCall was at work and Scott wasn't awake and I left the jeep here..."

"I'm glad you stayed, if that's when you figured it out," Derek said gently. "You must have been exhausted."

"I was. I was so tired, but I couldn't find my phone, and I just wanted my Dom," Stiles admitted. "And then Scott told me that you were probably asleep and that it'd be okay, but I still couldn't sleep."

"Why were you awake so late?" Derek asked. "If you didn't know anything was wrong. Did you and Scott get caught up playing video games again?"

"I couldn't sleep." He shrugged. "I tried. I really did, I was in bed before midnight, I just couldn't sleep."

"Good boy for trying, even though you couldn't," Derek told him. "Why didn't you try to call me sooner?"

"I didn't think of the house phone, and I was trying to get Scott to let me use his," Stiles murmured. "He was mostly asleep though, and was just telling me to sleep, that I'd see you today."

Derek shook his head. "Not at three in the morning, Stiles. At midnight, when you couldn't sleep. Or even before then."

"I didn't want to bother you," Stiles whispered. "You'd had such a hard time with that chapter, and when I hadn't heard any noise from my phone, I figured you were unwinding from it, maybe even already asleep..."

Derek sighed, stroking Stiles' hair sadly. "You're never a bother, Stiles, and you can always call me. I want you to call me, if you're upset in any way."

Stiles leaned into the hand in his hair, nuzzling his palm after a moment. "Yes sir," Stiles whispered,
giving Derek a small smile. "I promise."

"So, love," Derek told him softly. "The way I see it, you did two things wrong yesterday: you left your phone behind after I reminded you, and you didn't call me to say you were staying at Scott's or when you were upset."

"Yes sir," Stiles murmured, his eyes lowering to the floor as he leaned against Derek. "I'm sorry."

"Do you agree?" Derek checked. This was important; he needed to know Stiles understood. Stiles nodded. "I agree. I should have figured it out sooner. And I should have checked that I had my phone."

"It's not about figuring it out, Stiles," Derek told him. "Once you'd forgotten your phone, you'd forgotten it, and I can't blame you for missing my calls after that. It's about you making sure I know where you are, and that you're safe, and talking to me when you need me."

"Yes sir," Stiles replied after a moment, his eyes flicking up. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to worry you either."

"I want you to know that I'm not going to punish you because I was worried and frightened," Derek said gently. "We both know a punishment has to happen, though."

Stiles nodded, chewing on his lower lip, a hand reaching up to pick at it. "Doesn't make me any less sorry for worrying you," he murmured.

"Thanks, love," Derek said softly. "Now, there are going to be two parts to your punishment, alright?"

Stiles swallowed, nodding. "Yes sir." He gave Derek a tiny smile. He didn't like punishments, but he knew he needed them. And this was something very important. More than just remembering to take his meds.

"Because you didn't remember to keep in touch with me and let me know where you were and where you were going to be, you're going to stay here for the rest of Spring Break, okay?" Derek said, stroking Stiles' hair. "Scott and Isaac can still visit, and I don't consider this a 'grounding' as such, but you're not to go out without me. Do you understand?"

Stiles leaned into the hand on his hair, murmuring a soft, "Yes sir." He relaxed just a bit. He could do that. He'd been missing Derek anyway.

"And I'm sorry, Stiles," Derek said gently, "but for your phone, you're getting a time out. Five minutes."

Stiles whined softly, swallowing hard. He didn't like being ignored, and this was definitely him going to be ignored. "Yes sir," he whispered, standing and kissing Derek's cheek before going to the corner.

Derek stopped him, taking hold of Stiles' arm with one hand. "Rules first," he reminded him. "When you're in time out, I want you silent and still. No noises except your safeword, no movement except your safe gesture. I'll excuse a little fidgeting or accidental noise, but if I think you're trying to attract attention, I'll add an extra minute. I will keep the time, and tell you every minute that has passed. I will tell you if you have earned extra time, and I'll tell you that you can move and speak when you're
done. You may choose any position you want, but you must face the corner, and you cannot move
for the duration of your punishment. Any questions or concerns?"

Stiles relaxed a bit, "No, sir, I understand." He gave Derek a small smile, still not really wanting to
do this, but knowing he for sure earned it. A part of him, the self-deprecating part, even said he
deserved more. He took a deep breath, licking and chewing at his lower lip.

"That's my boy," Derek said gently. "Go to the corner now - I'll tell you when we're starting." He
got out his phone and found the stopwatch app.

"Yes sir." Stiles felt a little less dread at the praise in Derek's voice, heading over to the corner,
kneeling after a moment. He breathed carefully, shifting on his legs until he was comfortable, before
falling still. After a moment he slid his arms behind his back.

"Are you ready?" Derek asked quietly.

"Yes sir," Stiles called back just as softly, before falling still and silent, praying that he would be able
to make it. He knew he would, he just hated being ignored, and hated that his Sir was Right. There.
and he couldn't even touch him. He'd missed Derek so much.

"Good boy," Derek praised, hoping to give Stiles something to hold onto. "Starting...now." He set
the timer going, and began to tidy the living room. Whatever the pretense, he wasn't going to take his
eyes off Stiles during this, but the pretense was important.

Stiles swallowed back a whimper, closing his eyes tightly as he fought to keep from shifting. His
punishment had only just started, but he could already hear his Dom going about cleaning like he
wasn't sitting in the corner.

Derek counted seconds in his head, glancing at his phone every few moments. It was a relief when
he was able to call, "One minute."

Stiles wasn't able to bite back a small sound, his fingers curling without his say-so. He could do this.
It was only four more minutes.

"Careful," Derek warned quietly. He didn't say anything else, though, and he kept his distance. He
hadn't cleaned up in here in a while, and there was plenty to do - the blanket on the couch to fold,
DVDs to put back where they belonged, things on the coffee table to put away. "Two minutes," he
announced.

Stiles swallowed hard, opening his eyes to stare at the walls of the corner. Three minutes. In three
minutes he could leave the corner. In three minutes he could climb into Derek's lap. He missed him.
The longer he spent in the corner the more he felt it. He missed their lazy make-outs, scenes where
he learned something new. He missed his Dom. He missed his Derek. He missed making him laugh
and seeing the smile stretch over his face. Stiles' eyes filled with tears.

Derek could hear Stiles sniffling slightly and asked to set him free, to catch him up and kiss him until
he couldn't do anything but smile. But he'd said five minutes. Five minutes it would be. He watched
the time pass, second by second, until at last he could say, "Three minutes."

Two minutes. Just two more minutes. If Stiles hadn't had forgotten his phone, he'd be spending that
time he wanted with Derek...he'd be spending it with him now, curled up in bed, or maybe even on
the couch. Didn't have to be a scene, just... he missed Derek. He let out a soft sound, almost a sob,
before he could bite it back. He pressed his lips together, determined.
"That's twice," Derek said quietly. "One more, and you get an extra minute."

Stiles' tears fell over and down his cheeks, and he bit his lips hard to keep from making noise. He wouldn't be able to handle extra minutes.

"Four minutes," Derek announced, trying to hide his own gratitude that they were nearly done.

One more minute, just one more minute. It became a chant in Stiles' head as he silently cried. He was trembling by that point, his lips sore and bruised as if he'd been kissing for ages.

Part of Derek thought he should announce thirty seconds, or do a count-down perhaps. But in the end, he simply said, "That's five minutes. You're done, mi amor," and crouched behind Stiles to deal with whatever would happen when he turned around.

Stiles whipped around, letting a sob through as he slammed into Derek's chest, clinging tightly. "I'm sorry!" he hiccuped. "I'm sorry!"

Derek fell back to sit on the floor, holding Stiles close. "It's okay, Stiles," he promised, stroking Stiles' back. "You took your punishment like a good boy, and now you're forgiven."

"I'm sorry," Stiles hiccuped again, his tears starting to slow as he clung to Derek. Once he had stopped crying he tilted his face up with a soft snuffle, blinking his eyes to clear his vision. "I missed you," he whispered, his voice breaking. "I missed you so much. I didn't realize how much until last night. We haven't spent that much time together lately. Just us. I missed my Dom. I missed my Derek. I just..." He pressed even closer to Derek, tucking his face into Derek's jaw.

"I've missed you too," Derek admitted. "But you're here now. We're both here now."

"I just..." Stiles leaned up, kissing Derek hard for a moment before gentling off and pulling away, licking his lips. "I love you," he whispered softly. "And I'm sorry."

"I love you too," Derek replied, pressing his own tiny kiss to Stiles' lips. "I've missed you, but you're forgiven now, okay? There's nothing left to be sorry for."

Stiles' eyes watered before he blinked them back, giving Derek a small smile. "Thank you, sir," he said softly, relaxing against him.

"I love you, mi querido," Derek said gently, rubbing Stiles' back. "It's all fine."

Stiles flung his arms around Derek's neck, burying his face and pressing as close as he possibly could.

"What do you need, love?" Derek asked. Stiles had been hopping back and forth between Scott and Isaac and school for weeks now, despite Derek's best efforts. "What can I give you?"

"Just...you," Stiles breathed. "I need you. I just need my Dom, my Derek. I need mi amo and I need my love. Just...you." He pressed closer, trusting Derek to keep him from falling.

"I'm here," Derek promised, a smile spreading across his face. "I've got you."

Stiles let out a happy noise, clinging tightly. "There's my Derek," he murmured. "My Dom." He reached up, petting Derek's cheek, his thumb tracing the corner of his smile.

Derek leaned into the touch, smiling wider at Stiles' happiness. "You're feeling a bit better now?" he
"Feeling a lot better," Stiles murmured after a moment, smiling as he tilted his face up to him.

"Good." Derek kissed Stiles again, short and sweet. "Want you happy."

"You make me happy." Stiles smiled, kissing him back.

"I'm glad, mi querido," Derek said softly. "I'm sorry I had to punish you."

"It's okay. I'm the one that broke a rule," Stiles murmured. "Don't be sorry."

"Well, it's over," Derek replied, caressing Stiles' cheek. "Is there anything you'd like to do now?"


"Sounds wonderful, tesoro," Derek said with a smile. "Chess?"

Stiles nodded, kissing his cheek. "Where do you want me to set it up?"

"Wherever you're comfortable, chiquito," Derek said gently. After a punishment like that, Stiles was going to get everything he wanted.

"S'gonna be hard to set it up right here," Stiles teased, kissing Derek again before standing up from his lap. "Coffee table?"

"Sounds good, love," Derek agreed. "I'll get us drinks."

Stiles nodded, scrambling to get the chess board, setting it up, then sitting on a cushion by one side of the low table, his legs stretched out underneath it as he set up the pieces.

Derek got a couple of glasses of juice and set them on the table, smiling at Stiles as he settled on the floor, his back resting against the front of the couch. "Thank you, querido."

Stiles beamed. "Black or white, sir?" he asked, fiddling with the white king in his fingers, twirling it around.

Derek reached out and took the black king. "Since you set up the board this way," he suggested, "you can start."

Stiles grinned, moving his first piece before looking at Derek curiously. "I have a question, sir. Something that my mother used to say. Do you know the most important piece of the chess board?"

"The queen," Derek answered easily, moving one of his pawns forward to allow space for his bishop to move. "She can do whatever she wants."

"You have it correct, but not the reason." Stiles smiled, moving his next piece. "She's the most important, yes, but because she can do anything to protect the king. Just like in a Dom/sub relationship. Everyone says that Dom's have all the power, but really it's the sub. Even though we need Doms because we love them and because of our instincts, we hold a lot of power. With one word, we can stop everything." Stiles peeked up at Derek. "Besides. A queen is nothing without a king to protect and love. A sub is nothing without his Dom to love and protect." He paused in his rambling to smile. "Because sometimes, the Dom needs just as much protecting. And that's completely fine."
"I think some people would say the Dom is like the queen, then," Derek said, stalling as he tried to think through that extraordinary statement. "The king - the sub - can end the game, but it's the queen that acts, for the most part. Isn't that what Doms do?"

Stiles tilted his head in thought as he made his next move. "I can see that." He beamed. "The king can end the game with but one word, the queen protects and acts, but with one word she stops."

"Which would make you my king," Derek pointed out, taking one of Stiles' pawns.

Stiles retaliated by stealing a knight, giggling. "Does that make you my queen?" he teased gently, his toes tickling under Derek's shirt from where his legs were tucked close.

Derek smiled back at him. "If you wish it, your majesty," he said gravely.

"You'll look wonderful in a red dress." Stiles laughed, then his head. "If anything I'd be wearing the dress," he commented, taking another pawn.

Derek raised his eyebrows. "I've worn a dress," he said.

Stiles blinked, his eyes going a bit wider. "Really?" He tilted his head to the side. "When?"

"I was red riding hood to Laura's big bad wolf at Halloween one year," Derek replied. "And she may or may not have got me up in drag for her twenty-first."

"Oh, that's amazing!" Stiles exclaimed. "I'll have to see if there's pictures. I bet your legs looked awesome!"

Derek groaned. "Please don't ask Laura," he begged. "She will mock me so hard."

Stiles laughed softly, leaning over the board to steal a bishop. "Check. And what do I get if I don't?" His eyes sparkled with mischief.

Derek took Stiles knight with his queen. "Out of check," he announced. "I don't know, querido, what do you want?"

"I want to know what you would decide," Stiles said after a moment, eyeing the board before taking Derek's queen with his last bishop, knowing it would get taken. "And even though I wouldn't actually ask Laura if you asked me not to, I'd still like to hear what you think of. I like hearing your thoughts."

Derek sighed. "I should have seen that," he muttered. He looked at the board, thinking about his next move. "I'd dress up for you, I think."

Stiles grinned. "Would make blowjobs interesting," he mused. "Random question, because my brain works like that: what scene do you want to do next? I don't care when, that's up to you, but I'm interested and nosy."

Derek triumphantly captured Stiles' knight and hummed thoughtfully. "I know very well that you're curious," he said, smiling. "Would you like to try some more intricate bondage? I'm much more comfortable with it now that I've been going to the classes."

Stiles tilted his head as he studied the board, his grin widening as he nodded. "I'd like to try just about anything," he admitted before moving his last pawn. "Checkmate!"

Derek laughed and knocked his king over. "You're good at this, chiquito," he said, impressed.
Stiles beamed. "Thank you! Sometimes it's good for your mind to go a thousand different directions at once." He laughed. "Though I like when it all falls quiet."

"You want to be quiet for a while?" Derek suggested, smiling at him.

Stiles nodded after a moment. "I like it. I like that my brain just shuts off and I just feel and hear and smell, everything, is You."

“We can do that,” Derek agreed.

Chapter End Notes

And back to Sterek - a little angsty this time, but there's fluff and smut next chapter, we promise.

As always, we look forward to your delightful comments :)

"Good." Derek reached out to hug Stiles tight. "Mi amor, I have an idea for our next scene," he admitted. "But...I'm not entirely sure you'll like it."

Stiles made a questioning noise, nuzzling along Derek's jaw and reveling in the hug. "What is it, sir?"

"I'd like to take some pictures of you when you're bound," Derek explained. "You and I would be the only one who would see them, but..."

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Derek and Stiles try shibari for the first time, and Derek tries to show Stiles how beautiful he is.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Derek smiled gently. "You're beautiful when you're like that, you know."

Stiles blinked. "When I'm like what? In subspace?" he asked, flushing. "Really?"

"Of course you are, mi querido," Derek said, reaching out to caress Stiles' cheek. "You're absolutely lovely."

Stiles leaned into the touch, closing his eyes and flushing darker. "I don't think so," he murmured.

"You think you're not beautiful?" Derek asked, frowning. Stiles had said things like this before, but...Derek had always thought them just throw-away comments.

"A lot of time, yes," Stiles whispered, lowering his eyes once he had opened them. "Sometimes, I do."

"What can I do to help you believe how lovely you are?" Derek asked. These things couldn't just be fixed, but sometimes they could be helped.

"I...don't know." Stiles shrugged. "But you're welcome to try things." He didn't know why, he'd just never really seen himself that way.

Derek hummed. "Your eyes, Stiles, are deep and golden and gorgeous. Can you accept that I believe that?"

Stiles shifted where he was, nodding after a moment before running his fingers along the chess board. "Yes sir." He didn't believe it though.

"Good boy." Derek gave Stiles a searching look. "Can you tell me something about your body that you like?"
Stiles chewed on his lower lip in thought. He didn't know what to tell Derek. "U-um..." He looked down, lifting his hands up. "I like my hands? They're dextrous, and can handle a lot of small work. And I can type seventy-five words a minute."

Derek smiled sadly. There was nothing wrong with liking your body for what it could do, but he wished Stiles could like how his body looked, too. "Good boy," he murmured. "I like your hands too. They're elegant."

Stiles leaned closer at the praise, cursing the table for being between them. "They're long."

"You have lovely long fingers," Derek agreed. "Good for touching."

Stiles reached up to pick at his lower lip, giving Derek a tiny smile. "I like touching you."

"And I like you touching me," Derek agreed, reaching out to lace his fingers with Stiles', holding his hand tenderly.

Stiles smiled. "What else do you like?"

"I like the smile you're wearing right now," Derek said warmly. "It lights up the room, and makes me want to smile too."

"I like you smiling." Stiles nodded, slipping around the coffee table to sit by Derek, his back against the coffee table, his legs curled against the couch so he was facing him.

Derek smiled at him, a tiny reward, and asked quietly. "Can you tell me something else you like about yourself?"

Stiles wiggled where he was sitting at the praise, flushing softly and picking at his lip. "Uh...I like my moles," he murmured after a moment. "S'like playing connect the dots, or constellations."

"I like them too," Derek agreed, reaching out to catch Stiles' hand and kiss a mole on the back of it. "And I love your beautiful pale skin, the way it looks like it's almost glowing sometimes."

Stiles blushed. "Because I keep turning red," he murmured, lowering his head.

"Not at all," Derek said gently, reaching out with his free hand to tip Stiles' chin up, "although I like your blushes too. But sometimes your skin is just...luminous."

Stiles gave him a confused look, leaning into the hold on his chin, leaning closer in general. "What do you mean?"

"When you're stretched out, naked and gorgeous on our bed," Derek explained, "sometimes it's like there's a spark of light inside you, and you're pale and shining and wonderful."

Stiles went dark red, licking his lips at the image that stretched out his mind. "I don't remember being that way. I don't know if I'd be glowing like that. Probably all sweaty and noisy."

"Do you believe that I believe it, mi amor?" Derek asked softly. "That I see you that way?"

Stiles watched him from the corner of his eye before nodding, "I can't tell you what to see, sir." He gave Derek a tiny smile. "And I like the thought of actually being that way. I just don't believe it myself."
Derek smiled proudly. "Good boy," he praised. "I think you're beautiful, okay? Beautiful and lovely and gorgeous."

Stiles didn't believe him, but nodded anyway. "I don't know why I can't see myself that way," he admitted softly. "I want to, I want to see me the way you do, but..."

"We're all harder on ourselves than the people who love us, querido," Derek said quietly. "But we'll practice, okay? Every day, I'll ask you for something you like about yourself, and I'll tell you something I like. Do you agree?"

Stiles hesitated, nodding and taking a deep breath. "Yes sir," he replied, wiggling a bit, and leaning over to kiss Derek's cheek.

Derek cupped Stiles' cheek and guided him to kiss his mouth instead, soft and chaste, but loving. "Thank you, mi tesoro. I'm proud of you."

Stiles sucked in a sharp breath at the kiss, pressing closer with a smile. "I like making you proud," he admitted, nuzzling their noses together.

"Good." Derek reached out to hug Stiles tight. "Mi amor, I have an idea for our next scene," he admitted. "But...I'm not entirely sure you'll like it."

Stiles made a questioning noise, nuzzling along Derek's jaw and reveling in the hug. "What is it, sir?"

"I'd like to take some pictures of you when you're bound," Derek explained. "You and I would be the only one who would see them, but..."

Stiles flushed even darker, wiggling closer. He thought a moment, chewing on his lip. "Only if they are just ours. I think I'd like you having a pic of me in your phone."

"Just for us," Derek promised. "I think I still have an actual camera? If I don't, I'll use your phone so you have control of who sees them, okay?"

Stiles nodded, giving Derek a small smile. He wasn't sure why his Dom wanted to take his picture, but it did make him a bit hot under the collar at the thought.

"You're okay with it?" Derek checked. "Are there any restrictions you want to put in place for this?"

Stiles wiggled in his spot as he thought. "Just. Don't share unless I say it's okay. Like if you wanna share with Scott or someone just ask. Scott's okay, since he'll end up helping at school when needed. Hell, even Isaac's okay. But never my dad unless it's absolutely necessary." He licked his lips. "Everyone else just ask. And password your phone if you take it on it."

Derek nodded, his face solemn. "I won't show anyone without your explicit permission," he promised, "and I won't keep the photos anywhere that people could find them."

Stiles beamed. "Then I'm okay with it. I'm just... I know that sharing with someone you don't trust can lead to bad things. But I really like the thought of you having a picture of me to look at whenever."

"You do?" Derek asked, smiling.

Stiles nodded. "When you need a good thing to see during work, or just as a reminder." He shrugged.
Derek leaned in and kissed Stiles joyfully. "We'll have to take a picture for you, too," he suggested.

Stiles grinned mischievously. "What would be my picture, sir?"

"I'm going to have to request that I at least have underpants on," Derek admitted. "But other than that, what would you like?"

Stiles licked his lips, eyes going unfocused as he went through his memories. "I liked the look you give me sometimes," he murmured. "One that looks like you're ready to pin me against a wall and devour me. You get this dark, hungry look on your face and your dominance just kinda...oozes everywhere." He shifted as his stomach warmed just from the thought.

"I ooze, do I?" Derek asked, amused, though his voice was low and husky from the look on Stiles' face.

Stiles shifted again, his eyes going wide and dark. "Yes," he breathed. "And your voice now is almost like then..."

Derek hummed thoughtfully. "And you without your phone on you..." The problem was, Derek wanted Stiles' full attention on him when he was being dominant, and taking a picture was a distraction.

"Such a loss." Stiles murmured, not sounding sorry at all, his eyes trained on Derek's face. He shifted onto his knees, leaning closer to Derek, breathing him in.

"Give me your hands, tesoro," Derek ordered lowly.

Stiles let out a shiver, his lower stomach twisting in heat as he held out his hands, tongue rolling his lower lip into his mouth.

"Good boy," Derek said, taking Stiles' hands and standing up. He led Stiles out from beside the coffee table, then paused. "Close your eyes. Keep them closed."

Stiles nodded, closing his eyes tightly, curling his fingers around Derek's hands, a small smile on his lips. He didn't know what they were doing, but he trusted Derek.

Derek let go of Stiles' hands, telling him, "Just for a moment, chiquito," and moved so he was standing next to Stiles, left hand on Stiles' left hip, right hand touching his elbow so Stiles would know where he was.

Stiles turned his head toward where he thought Derek was standing, smiling soft. He stood still, waiting for Derek.

Derek couldn't help but smile in return, even though Stiles couldn't see it. "Hold my hands and follow where I lead," he ordered gently. "Clear?"

"Yes sir." Stiles nodded, slipping his hands carefully down to reach for Derek's hands.

"Good boy," Derek praised, waiting for Stiles to take hold of his hands before he moved.

Stiles followed carefully, slow at first but picking up to a normal speed once he settled into his temporary sight loss. Derek would make sure he didn't fall.

"Well done," Derek murmured, awed by the trust Stiles had in him. "We're near the stairs now,
okay? First step...now."

"Kay," Stiles whispered, lifting up his foot and searching for the top of the stair before stepping up.

Derek squeezed Stiles' hand. "Well done, querido, that's it," he praised. "You can set the pace for now, okay? I'll warn you when we reach the landing."

"Yes sir." Stiles smiled at the praise, carefully climbing the stairs.

"So wonderful, love," Derek said gently. "Two steps left, querido."

"One," Stiles murmured, stepping up, clutching at Derek's hands. "Two." He paused, tilting his head to the side.

"That's the end of the first flight," Derek reassured Stiles, leading him onward. "Turning the corner now and... Here's the next set of stairs, right in front of you."

Stiles nodded, feeling for the stair and smiling as he started walking up the second flight. He liked this.

"You're happy, mi amor?" Derek asked, seeing Stiles' smile.

Stiles just smiled wider. "I'm always happy with you here. I feel safe."

A warmth bloomed in Derek's chest. "I'll always keep you safe, mi amor," he promised, pressing a tiny kiss to the corner of Stiles' smiling mouth.

Stiles turned to press into the kiss, his smile widening until it was almost splitting his face open. He stepped up onto the last step, moving his foot forward to make sure there wasn't anymore.

"So beautiful," Derek murmured, letting go of Stiles' hands to cup his cheeks instead. "So wonderful, so good for me."

Stiles pressed into the hands, soaking up the praise, the low tone of Derek's still stroking along his skin.

"Are you going to be good and let me bind you?" Derek asked lowly. "Tie you up so you can't move at all?"

Stiles couldn't help the low whine that escaped, both at the tone, and the thought of what Derek was talking about. "Yes sir," he breathed.

"That's my good boy," Derek said, pleased, and took hold of Stiles again to lead him to the bedroom. "I won't gag you, but you can use our non-verbal safeword too, if you want, okay?"

"Yes sir." Stiles smiled, lacing their fingers together. His eyes weren't so tightly shut, but they were still completely closed, his whole body relaxed.

"Good." Derek led Stiles to the centre of their bedroom and let go of him, crouching down to take Stiles' pants off. "Tell me if you get cold," he told Stiles.

Stiles tilted his face down as if he were watching Derek, shimmying his hips a bit to tease, a wicked grin on his face.

Derek huffed a laugh as he lifted Stiles' feet one by one off the floor to get the pants out of the way. "Stay," he warned, and went to the closet to find the bag he'd been bringing to the ropes classes.
Stiles tilted his head, trying to hear where Derek had gone, his fingers playing along the edge of his own hip.

Derek set out several lengths of deep blue rope, his safety scissors, and after a moment's contemplation, took a pillow from the bed for Stiles to kneel on later. "Is it alright if I leave to get a camera?" he asked quietly. "Do you need to go to the toilet?"

"I'm good," Stiles promised. "And no sir, I don't need to." He kept his eyes closed, giving Derek a soft, shy smile. He wanted this, his stomach tightening at the thought of Derek having that. He was just nervous.

"Good boy," Derek said, kissing him lightly in reassurance. "I'll be right back."

Stiles leaned into the kiss before listening to Derek leave the room. He didn't peek or anything, content to stand there and hum, waiting for Derek to return.

Derek hurried to find his camera in the electronics drawer of his desk and got back to Stiles barely a minute later, relaxing when he saw Stiles looked perfectly fine. It went very against his instincts to leave a sub alone during a scene.

Stiles tilted his head. "Sir?" he asked softly, he thought he'd heard Derek walk into the room.

"Yes, querido?" Derek replied, putting the camera on the floor and considering everything.

"Was making sure it was you I had heard." Stiles smiled. "Did you find the camera?"

"I did, tesoro," Derek said. "Now, the way I want to bind you, I'm going to do a harness first, okay? You'll still have freedom of movement, and I want you to tell me if anything feels tight or pinches. Okay?"

Stiles nodded, shifting a bit on his feet. "How do you want me while you do it? Like this? Or on the bed or...?"

"Right there for now, chiquito," Derek reassured him. "I'll tell you when I want you to move."

Stiles nodded, a small smile on his lips, lifting his arms just a bit to give Derek complete access to his chest.

"Good boy." Derek unfolded one of the longer lengths of rope and hung it around Stiles' neck, an equal length on either side. A few twists, and he crouched to pass the ends between Stiles' legs. "Feet a little apart, querido," he murmured.

"Yes sir," Stiles whispered, shuffling his feet apart, the soft rope making him lick his lips, color already high on his cheeks.

"There we go," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hip absently as he passed each end of rope up and around to the front again, through a twist, and back.

Stiles let out a soft sound, leaning into Derek's touch on his hip before falling still for him.

"Comfortable, love?" Derek checked as he crossed the ropes over and passed them to the front again, this time looping through the twist over Stiles' ribs.

Stiles tilted his head in thought. "Yessir," he answered. "No pinches or anything."
Derek smiled, relieved. Not that this was the hard part, but at least he was doing good so far. "Good," he murmured, crossing the ropes over and passing them through the final twist at the front, framing Stiles' pecs, then under his armpits and up under the loop around his neck. "The harness is almost done now, mi amor."

"Kay," Stiles whispered, settling a bit heavier on his feet. He liked how the ropes held him.

Derek threaded the ropes down to the lowest pair of crossing ropes on Stiles' back and wrapped the loose ends around them to get them out of the way. "Okay," he said quietly. "I'm doing the ropes on your arms next. How are you feeling?"

"Good," Stiles murmured. "Held. I like it." His voice was pitched just a bit higher, his cheeks still holding color. He did like it. Just like he'd liked the bondage they'd done so far.

"Do you need a drink of water before we keep going?" Derek asked. After this point, he absolutely wouldn't be leaving the room, so he thought it was worth asking.

Stiles shook his head. "I'm good, sir," he promised, leaning forward, wanting to feel him. "How do you want my arms?"

Derek stepped closer, embracing Stiles gently.

Stiles let out a happy noise, nuzzling his face into the skin in front of him, kissing and nipping as he hugged him.

"You're being so good for me, chiquito," Derek murmured. "I'm so proud."

"Yours," Stiles whispered, a smile curling his lips. "I like making you proud. And I like the harness."

"I'm glad," Derek replied softly. "Can you put your hands behind your back for me please?"

Stiles nodded, not moving his face from Derek's neck even as he tugged his arms behind his back, pressing his wrists together.

"That's my good boy," Derek praised. "I'm going to have to let go so I can tie you, okay?"

Stiles whined, pouting softly before sighing. "Yes sir," he murmured, nipping the skin under his face one more time before rocking back a bit.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, stepping back and getting another hank of rope. He found the middle and formed a knot with a large loop coming out from each side, and fed the loops up over Stiles' arms until they reached his shoulders.

Stiles licked his lips, shifting from foot to foot, the slight restriction the harness gave making him still again.

Derek pulled slightly on the tails of the ropes, tightening the top loops, then formed a new set of knot and loops, once again feeding Stiles' arms through.

Stiles let out a soft sound as the loops were tightened. "Oh," he breathed, rolling his shoulders back before falling back into place. "Sir," he sighed, barely audible.

"You like it then?" Derek asked, smiling as he added another set of loops.
"Mmmhmm. I do." Stiles nodded, lacing his own fingers together. "I'm not sure why, But I really, really like being tied up."

"Let go, please," Derek ordered, gently separating Stiles' hands so he could feed them through a fourth set of loops, these ones sitting just below the elbow.

"Sorry," Stiles murmured, curling his fingers into loose fists. His voice was a bit breathy, going softer and a bit quieter with each loop.

"That's okay, querido," Derek assured him, stopping to check on the loops, dark and secure against Stiles' skin. "One more," he explained, settling one around Stiles' forearms.

Stiles just nodded a bit, his head tipping back.

Gently, Derek settled a final pair of loops around Stiles' wrists, tightening them and wrapping the tails around them to form cuffs. He tied off the loose ends and checked how everything looked. "I'm done with your arms now, mi amor," he announced softly. "Comfortable?"

"Mmmm." Stiles nodded, dipping just a bit into subspace. For some reason binding his wrists did that if it was Derek.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, coming around to Stiles' front and kissing his forehead. "I'm going to lead you to the side of the bed now."

"Yes sir," Stiles whispered, leaning into every touch, stumbling forward.

"That's it, chiquito," Derek encouraged him. "There we go." He scooped up the pillow he'd put on the floor earlier and nudged it into place. "Kneel now, please. There'll be a pillow on the floor."

Stiles nodded, kneeling carefully, letting out a soft sigh as he felt the pillow. He settled onto his heels, smiling. "Love you, sir."

God, Derek was lucky. "I love you too, Stiles," he murmured, crouching down to kiss Stiles sweetly. "I'm so glad you're mine."

Stiles let out a soft moan at the kiss, his smile spreading wider. "Yours. Always."

"Mine," Derek promised softly. "You're my good boy. Do you think you can stay kneeling like that for a while?"

"Yes sir," Stiles breathed, the possessiveness making his blood run hot.

"That's my boy," Derek murmured. "If you start feeling uncomfortable, and especially if you feel pain anywhere, I want you to tell me 'yellow'. Is that clear?"

"I will," Stiles promised softly, shifting and settling deeper into his stance.

"Good boy." Derek took a short length of rope, anchored one end by wrapping it around the rope of the harness, and began to make loops around Stiles' right thigh and calf.

Stiles sucked in a soft breath, his head tipping back as he slid deeper.

"There you go, love, that's it," Derek murmured, adjusting the rope carefully so it wouldn't pinch and it wasn't too tight.
Stiles let out a soft sound, almost like a humming coo, as he slid deeper down, until the only thing he could hear was Derek, the only thing he could feel was Derek's hands and the snug comfort of the ropes.

Derek reached up to caress Stiles' hair briefly, then fed the rope between Stiles' thigh and calf, tightening the looser loops into snug cuffs, and wrapped the loose end around the harness to finish up.

Stiles leaned into the touch, a smile on his face. He liked it when his mind went quiet. It made him feel peaceful. Made him feel like he was where he was supposed to be.

"You're doing so good for me, chiquito," Derek murmured, starting on Stiles' other leg. "We're almost done now."

Stiles just hummed, shifting a bit when Derek needed to tilt him certain ways. He leaned into every touch he could, small hungry sounds leaving his throat.

Derek smiled at him, kissing his cheek when he was done. "You're so beautiful, love," he said gently. "Is it okay if I take some pictures of you now?"

"'Kay." Stiles nodded, tilting his face up, begging for a kiss, his lips bitten and chewed on from earlier.

Derek leaned in and kissed him gently, letting Stiles take what he needed.

Stiles let out a happy sound, nipping at Derek's lower lip before relaxing again, content to just float.

"There you go, querido," Derek said softly, loving the look on Stiles' face. "Can you tell me how you're feeling right now, please?"

"Floaty. Warm. Safe," Stiles murmured, forcing each word out. "Loved." He smiled up at Derek, his eyes still closed.

"You are so loved, tesoro," Derek promised. "I'm getting the camera now, alright? I'm going to take a few pictures, and then I'll come right back to you, okay?"

"Kay." Stiles nodded, tilting his head back just a bit, and waited patiently, a soft smile on his face, his lips parted softly.

Stiles was so fucking beautiful. How could he not see it, Derek wondered. He got his camera and turned it on, first taking some photos of the ropework, the contrast of deep blue rope and pale skin, then turning on a lamp and switching off the main light and coming around to sit in front of Stiles on the bed.

Stiles licked his lips, his body lax in the ropes. He couldn't hear any camera noises, but he supposed that Derek may have turned them off so they didn't startle him. "Hmmm," he moaned softly as he flexed his stomach.

"You're beautiful, love," Derek murmured, making absolutely sure the flash was off. He took one last photo, focusing on Stiles' face this time, then said softly, "Open your eyes, mi amor."

Stiles let out a happy noise, his eyes slipping open at his Dom's urging. His pupils were blown, leaving just a honeyed ring around them, his lips falling open just a bit more, his tongue flicking over
his bottom lip.

Derek smiled softly at him. "You're so lovely," he murmured. "One more photo, querido?"

Stiles nodded, licking his lips again and watching him.

Derek wanted to be able to show Stiles later how beautiful he was when he was under. He took a photo, checking that it came out okay, and set the camera aside. "Thank you, mi amor."

Stiles' lips curled into a smile, blinking slowly. "Anytime," he teased lightly, his voice still too far out of it to actually sound teasing.

"How are you feeling, love?" Derek asked softly.

"Still warm and heavy," Stiles murmured. "Floaty, like I'm on a cloud, but I can feel all snug and safe," he rambled softly, his eyes blinking slowly.

"You're so good, mi amor," Derek told him, bending down to offer Stiles a kiss.

Stiles let out a happy moan, pressing into the kiss lazily, parting his lips for his Dom.

Derek licked into Stiles' mouth, eager from the last half hour of binding and caressing his naked body.

Stiles moaned again, leaning forward to try and get more as he sucked on Derek's tongue, his toes and fingers curling in his bindings.

Derek cradled Stiles' head between his hands as they kissed, holding him steady.

Stiles whimpered, flexing and curling his toes and fingers again, just to feel the ropes. He leaned into Derek, begging silently for more with his lips and tongue, nipping at Derek's lips and kissing back almost desperately.

"I've got you," Derek murmured into Stiles' mouth. "Relax."

Stiles hummed, settling back a little bit, another soft moan leaving him as the ropes around his chest shifted. God. this felt wonderful.

"Good boy," Derek said quietly, carding his fingers through Stiles' hair. "Would you like to rest your head in my lap?" Well, more like crotch from this angle.

"Yessir. Please," Stiles murmured, slipping back as deep as he was, his tongue flicking over his lips every now and then.

Derek spread his legs so Stiles wouldn't end up leaning on his knees - it couldn't be comfortable - and guided Stiles' head to rest against his inner thigh.

Stiles let out a soft sound, nuzzling closer. He let his eyes slip back closed, content to press close.

Derek stroked Stiles' hair gently, soothing him deeper again. "That's it, chiquito, so good," he murmured.

Stiles smiled leaning into the touch, his head tilting into it, his mouth still softly parted as his eyes fluttered.
"My good boy," Derek repeated, happy to stay here as long as Stiles wanted.

Stiles let out another soft sound, leaning forward to nuzzle at Derek’s groin, mouthing lazily and making small whines. He wanted to taste him. Just... wanted him. He had no idea how long he’d been kneeling, though he'd happily stay here 24/7 with Derek.

"You want my cock, querido?" Derek asked gently. "Or something else?"

Stiles whined high in his throat, mouthing at Derek’s dick through the fabric. "Cock," he murmured against the fabric after a few moments, once the question had sunk in. "Want it. Want you. Please sir?"

Derek shivered at the tone in Stiles' voice. "I've got you," he promised softly, pulling his sweatpants down enough to get his cock out. It was chubbed up, but not hard, and he didn't really want to turn this into sex. "You can suckle," he told Stiles, "but be gentle. I don't want a blowjob right now."

Stiles let out a happy noise, nodding slowly and nuzzled close again, sucking Derek's cock into his mouth before pausing with a soft sound. He kept to just holding Derek in his mouth, suckling gently every now and then, pressing as close as he could.

"That's just right, chiquito," Derek praised him, stroking his hair. "That's perfect."

Stiles let out a soft sigh, sucking gently for a moment before letting himself just slip off where his brain wanted to go. He lost track of time. Could have been half an hour, could have been three hours, he had no idea.

Eventually, Derek pulled Stiles gently off his cock and murmured, "I need to untie you now, mi amor."

Stiles whined high in his throat, sucking his lower lip into his mouth, his eyes flicking up to Derek. "Kay," he murmured, almost pouting.

"Good boy," Derek said, bending down to kiss Stiles' forehead. "You don't have to come up just yet, but that's enough time in the ropes for now."

"Yes sir." Stiles sighed, leaning into the kisses and sucking lightly at his lower lip. "I stay still."

"That's my boy," Derek praised. "You're so good." He tucked his cock back into his pants and got down on the floor by Stiles' side to start unwrapping the frog-tie.

Stiles preened at the praise, wiggling his fingers a bit in silent glee at the words from his Dom.

Just getting the end free took a while, and Derek was newly aware of the importance of safety shears. There was no way Derek could have got Stiles out of this in a hurry without them, if he'd needed to.

Stiles made sure to stay as still as possible as he felt the ropes slowly come off, his lower lip in his mouth still, bruised.

Derek gently rubbed the marks revealed by the rope, massaging and caressing Stiles' pale skin. "Does that feel okay?" he checked as he moved to Stiles' other side.

"Mmm, feels good. Kinda tingly, but the fingers rubbing feels very nice," Stiles murmured, slow and
"Good." Derek had been fairly certain Stiles would mention it if something were wrong, even as far down as he was, but it was always good to be sure. He began unwrapping Stiles' other leg.

Stiles let out a soft noise, his brow furrowing. "Can I shift off my knees?" he asked. He was starting to come up, but his left leg was tingly in the pin and needles way. "I think I had made them too tight with my wiggling."

"Thank you for telling me," Derek said softly. "Here, I'll help you onto the bed." Gently, he raised Stiles up and turned him so he was sitting.

Stiles let out a happy sigh. "Much better. Thank you." He leaned forward, kissing Derek's jaw. "I wiggled too much I guess."

"I should have checked on it," Derek murmured, frowning. He crouched down, smoothing his hands in long, sure strokes down Stiles' leg.

"S'ok. Just said something because it was more tingly than the other one." Stiles smiled, letting out a happy sigh at the touches. "Much better."

"How do you feel about standing up while I undo the rest?" Derek asked. He could manage with Stiles sitting, but it would be easier to have a bit more room.

Stiles nodded, giving Derek a soft smile. "Here? Or in the middle off the room again?"

"Here is fine, but turn around please?" Derek requested. "I have to do your arms first."

Stiles nodded as he stood, turning to let Derek at his arms, looking over his shoulder with a soft smile. "I love you."

Derek rested his hands on Stiles' hips and pressed a small kiss to his bare shoulder. "Love you too, mi querido," he replied softly.

Stiles beamed, leaning against him for a moment before straightening so his Dom could continue unwrapping him.

Once Derek got the ends untied, the arm binding was easy to undo. He simply had to loosen a pair of loops enough to get them off Stiles' arms, then pull on the tails to undo the knot, and then he could start on the next pair.

Stiles arms swung forward with a soft sigh, Stiles reaching behind him to bury his hand in Derek's hair.

"Your arms aren't sore?" Derek asked.

"My shoulders are a bit...loose. but that's it. Feels nice," Stiles replied, scratching Derek's scalp lightly.

"Okay," Derek said cautiously, but he leaned into Stiles' touch anyway.

"Promise," Stiles murmured, tilting his head back onto Derek's shoulder. "Not sore. They might be later, but right now they just feel loose. Almost noodly."

Derek dropped a kiss on Stiles' cheek. "Well, noodles or not, I'm going to give them a rub just in case, okay?"
"Yes sir," Stiles replied, leaning into the kiss before turning his head to kiss Derek properly.

Derek smiled into the kiss and murmured, "Love you," when they broke apart.

"Love you too." Stiles beamed, standing carefully so Derek could get to his arms easier and to reach the ropes of the harness.

"Thanks," Derek said quietly, coming around the front of Stiles to massage his arms in long, firm strokes.

Stiles let out a soft, happy noise, wiggling his fingers against Derek's when he reached them. "I liked the ropes."

"I'm glad," Derek said, smiling as he caught Stiles' hands in his. "You looked beautiful in them."

Stiles flushed, but said nothing, tightening his hands on Derek's before lifting his arms for him.

Derek stepped closer and hugged him, murmuring, "You did. And when you're ready, I'll show you."

"Kay," Stiles murmured, nuzzling into the hug for a moment, a soft smile on his face.

"Good boy." Derek paused, enjoying the feeling of Stiles in his arms, then asked, "Are you ready for me to take the harness off, querido?"

Stiles hummed an affirmative, pulling back just enough to give Derek room to work.

Derek needed to go behind Stiles again to get the ends free, but once he'd got them loose, he came back to the front so he could watch Stiles as he untied him. "How did it feel?" he asked.

"I liked it. Felt like I was being pinned in place. But the ropes teased when they shifted. Kinda like a lot of fingers." Stiles chuckled, wiggling his own.

"Yeah, David said that was supposed to happen," Derek replied, smiling as he pulled the loose ends back through the twists. "That was the simplest karada he showed us, but there were other harnesses - he mentioned tying knots so they'd sit over sensitive spots?"

Stiles flushed at that thought. "That would be interesting," he offered, the thought of it making him warm.

"Yeah?" Derek murmured, crouching down to pull the ropes out from the final twist and then forward between Stiles' thighs. "Would you like to experiment at some point?"

"I think I'd like that." he nodded, spreading his legs just a bit to give Derek space to move the rope, letting out a soft sigh as it brushed against his skin.

At last Derek stood and took the final loop over Stiles' head, leaving him pale and naked as Derek began to wind the rope into a hank.

Stiles smiled, shifting on his feet and reaching out to run his fingers through Derek's hair.

Derek leaned into Stiles' touch, then put the rope on the floor and held out his hand. "Let's get you dressed so you don't get cold," he suggested.
Stiles pouted, though he did reach out and take Derek's hand, nodding slowly. "Yes sir." He stuck his tongue out, crossing his eyes.

Derek laughed. "What was that for?"


"I didn't know it was a competition," Derek said, grinning.

"It wasn't. I just wanted to make you laugh. I love making you laugh." Stiles kissed his cheek, pressing close and nuzzling Derek's jaw.

"You're wonderful, mi amor," Derek murmured, taking Stiles in his arms.

"Why's that?" Stiles asked, blinking up at him, smiling as he pressed closer.

"You just...are," Derek said helplessly. "You're always so eager to try things, and you love making me smile and laugh, and..." And you want me.


Somehow, 'Derek' in Stiles' voice sounded like 'love'.

Stiles hummed, his fingers wiggling between them to slide up Derek's chest, a fingertip bopping Derek on the nose. "Boop," he murmured, grinning at him. "What would you like to do now, sir?"

Derek huffed a laugh. "Whatever you want, Stiles," he admitted.

"Chinese and cards? We can play strip poker," Stiles teased.

"You'd have to be dressed for us to play strip poker," Derek pointed out, smiling.

"Ugggh, fiiine, clothes." Stiles pouted, wrinkling his nose. "Then strip poker and Chinese food." He wagged his eyebrows. "Maybe if you're good I'll eat your eggroll."

"Oh my god, Stiles," Derek muttered, pinching the bridge of his nose and trying not to laugh. "You're ridiculous."

"Maybe, but you enjoy it," Stiles said, and laughed.

Chapter End Notes

Happy times for sterek, finally. :)

The ties Derek used look a little like these:

We're looking forward, as always, to your delightful comments.
An Unwanted Reminder

Chapter Summary

Derek watched Him, frozen to the spot, as He got into His car and drove away. At last, shaking, he looked down at his phone and made a call. "...Sheriff?"

John grumbled over his salad, picking out all the chicken and throwing away the cabbage. He hated cabbage. Blinking as his phone rang, he swept it up. "Hello? Derek? Bud, what's wrong? Why do you sound like you've seen a ghost?"

Derek huffed a terrible laugh. "Because I have, in a manner of speaking."

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Derek encounters someone from his past at the gas station. It's not pleasant.

PLEASE READ WARNINGS

Chapter Notes

WARNING: SEXUAL HARASSMENT. PAST RAPE.
This chapter goes hardcore into Derek's past with Kate. It includes a third person (present only in the first paragraph/section) who participated in that abuse, and who, in the present, verbally harasses Derek. Derek comes out of that encounter on top, but it leaves him shaken and upset. He explains his past with Kate to Stiles, so warnings for sexual abuse, abusive relationships, and grooming as well.

If any of this is likely to be an issue for you, please, please skip this chapter. The key takeaway, plot-wise, is Derek's growing trust in Stiles, and the Sheriff's support of them. Take care of yourselves.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Derek was at the gas station when it happened. He'd been filling up his car when he heard someone come up behind him.

"Well, well, well, I'd recognize that ass anywhere! You sure did grow up nice, didn't you?" He smirked, pressing close behind Derek, almost touching him. He couldn't believe his luck when he saw Kate's old bitch at the pumps.

Derek froze. Him. He'd never known His name, but he'd know His voice anywhere. Derek opened his mouth, but he couldn't speak.

"What's the matter? Not going to tell me how ya been? Too busy pumping nozzles like normal?" The man couldn't help but poke, close enough now that he could see his breath ruffling some hairs
Derek shuddered. "Get away from me," he croaked, forcing the words out around tongue and lips gone numb.

"What's wrong, sweet cheeks?" The man let out a warm chuckle. "Can't tell an old...friend...hello? Heard you got yourself a pretty new sub. Wonder if he feels as good as you did."

That forced Derek into motion when nothing else could. He slammed the gas pump back into its socket. "Son of the county sheriff, too," he challenged. "I never was able to describe you...if you leave right now, I won't turn and look."

"Oh, so sweet cheeks did grow into his collar." The man let out another laugh. He loved taunting the bitch. He doubted very much that he'd turn around. "Tell me, does your little bitch moan as much like a slut as you did?"

Derek closed his eyes, fists clenched by his sides. "Threaten my sub one more time and you'll find out how seriously I take a collar." He was shaking, and he didn't know if it was from fear or rage.

"Feisty," the man taunted. "Wonder just how he's faring right now, hmm? He's at school, right? Or supposed to be..."

Derek spun on his heel and punched the man in the face. He'd packed on muscle in the years since She had him, and he'd taken more than one self-defense class.

"Shit!" The man fell backwards, cursing and grabbing his nose. "Jesus, bitch has a bite to him now." He stood, wriggling his nose to test it out. "Testy, testy. Can't even say hi to an old playmate."

Derek pulled his phone from his pocket. "You were my fucking rapist, you bastard," he spat. "Now leave."

The man sighed, wiping the blood from his hand onto his jeans. "Fine, fine, fine, ruin all my fun. Lucky for you, it's my last night in this town. Gotta follow my dick to greener pastures." He raked his eyes up and down the bitch. "Especially since this one is full of manure." He huffed, walking off with a grin over his shoulder. "I'll make sure and tell Kate I saw you today, sweet cheeks. She might be interested in knowing her bitch has his own bitch now."

Derek watched Him, frozen to the spot, as He got into His car and drove away. At last, shaking, he looked down at his phone and made a call. "...Sheriff?"

John grumbled over his salad, picking out all the chicken and throwing away the cabbage. He hated cabbage. Blinking as his phone rang, he swept it up. "Hello? Derek? Bud, what's wrong? Why do you sound like you've seen a ghost?"

Derek huffed a terrible laugh. "Because I have, in a manner of speaking."

"What? Come on, Derek, talk to me." John pushed away his food, his face a pinched frown.

"I don't know if you remember, sir, but there were..." Derek swallowed, but forced himself to keep going. "There were two people involved in my - my case."

John wasn't the Sheriff for nothing. "Son, are you telling me you just ran into the second one? Where are you? Are you in a safe place?"
"Gas station," Derek said shortly, his knees weak with relief that he hadn't had to explain. "He's gone. I watched him drive away."

"Can you describe him? Do you recognize him at all? License plate, description of the car, anything. I don't want him anywhere near you." John took out his notepad, pen ready. Deputy Leon stuck her head in his door and perked up at what she heard.

"I - He - " Derek stuttered. It seemed impossible that this was happening - his mind shied away from the thought. "He said he was leaving town. I don't want him to come back."

"Derek," John said firmly, "I'm going to do my damnedest to make sure he's sitting in the cell next to Kate. But I need you to tell me what you saw, okay? I need you to describe him, or even if you can give me a name, the car color and make, plate numbers, things like that. Everything you can, okay? Because as soon as I get that, we're going out to catch the asshole. It's only noon, we have time."

"I - " Derek closed his eyes and swallowed. He'd threatened Stiles. "I'll tell you," he promised. "I - he said - I'll tell you."

"Okay." John's voice turned soothing. "Are you safe right this second? Can you come here, or tell me where you are so I can come to you? Would that help?"

"I'm just - " Derek looked around the parking lot. "I haven't paid for my gas," he said helplessly. "I was filling up, and He - and then..."

"Okay, I'm on my way right now." Sheriff gestured at Deputy Leon to be on call before grabbing his jacket and heading to his cruiser. "Where are you? I want you to tell me, lock your car, and then head inside and stay there. Even if it's just locked in the bathroom or something, okay? Tell the cashier that you're waiting for me."

Derek nodded, then felt like an idiot, because of course, the Sheriff couldn't see. "I'm at the - the gas station near the highway," Derek said, trying to breathe evenly. "I'll - I'll wait in the shop, sir."

"Good." John smiled. "Stay on the phone with me, okay?" He pulled out toward the highway, thanking anyone listening that it was close by. "Talk to me, alright? What are your plans this week? Anything good?"

"I - " Derek stumbled over his words, confused by the change of subject. "Stiles and I were...we were going to see a movie, sir?" he said hesitantly, locking the car.

"Which one? And I'm just trying to keep you from panicking son." John smiled.

"Oh." They were going to see the new Marvel movie - Stiles had been excited for weeks. "Iron Man 3?"

"I bet Stiles is going nuts with how excited he is." John kept his tone upbeat as if this was just a normal conversation, trying to make Derek calm down.

"He's been re-watching all the other movies," Derek offered hesitantly as he stepped into the shop.

"That is definitely Stiles." John laughed. "I'm almost there. Is he planning to drag you to the Thai place afterwards?"

"Yeah." Derek looked apologetically at the woman behind the cash register and went to the back of
the store to 'browse' the soft drinks.

"He'll eat his own weight in the pad thai, I kid you not." John snorted softly to himself, swinging up around the back of the store, not wanting the stranger to see him there with Derek's car out front, if he was still around. Climbing out he walked into the store. "I'm here bud," he murmured before hanging up and eyeing the store, heading toward where he saw his son's Dom. "Can I touch you?" he asked as soon as he was in front of Derek, not wanting to scare him.

Derek just stared at him, confused. "I - why?"

"I'd like to hug you, but I don't want to scare you after what you went through," John explained, giving Derek a small smile.

"Oh." Did he want a hug? His skin felt...itchy. He wanted Laura. Or Stiles. Stiles. Derek looked up suddenly. "You have to tell Stiles to stay at school," he said urgently. "He can't - he has to..."

"Okay, calm down," John soothed. "What's wrong? I'll text Stiles and tell him to stay there for a bit."

He held up his hands, palms out.

"He - He said..." Derek faltered, not wanting to remember. "He said he was leaving, but he...he kept talking about..."

"He was talking about Stiles. Derek. Just yes or no, okay? Was he threatening rape or bodily harm to my son?" John reached out, his hand hovering over Derek's shoulder, giving him time to pull away.

"Not - he implied..." Derek swallowed hard, leaning forward the barest inch into John's touch. "He was...curious."

"That's enough to bring him in. Can you describe him for me? As much as you can." John finally tugged Derek into a loose hug, giving him room to get away if he wished, but offering comfort.

"Brown hair...light brown," Derek started, forcing himself to think about those horrifying few minutes of watching Him walk away. "Taller - no. Not as tall as me." He'd seemed bigger, but...

"Stocky?"

John nodded, writing it on his pad, his arms still around Derek. "Okay, anything else? What he was wearing, plate numbers, car make, model, color, things like that. Anything at all."

"Blue sedan," Derek said, trying to remember. "He...might have a broken nose now?"

John let out a startled laugh. "Good on you, bud," he praised, rubbing Derek's back. He pulled up his walkie talkie, pressing the button and pursing his lips. "Tal, I need an APB put out for a middle aged man, brown hair, stocky, medium height. Driving a blue sedan, possibly with a broken nose. Make sure and check the ER. Charge is code 220 plus a past 261."

"10-4, sir. Everything okay your end?" John could hear from the walkie talkie.

"PTSD victim, no injuries on this side. Get that man ASAP, Tal, vic was told he'd be leaving town topside. I want this bastard behind bars before the crow calls. Over and out." John set the walkie talkie down on his shoulder, turned up so he could hear as Tally dispatched the other units. "Son, listen to me, okay?" John ran his hand over Derek's hair. "I need you to take a few deep breaths, relax, and focus, alright?"

Derek flinched away. "Don't - don't touch my hair, please," he begged.
"Okay," John soothed. "I'm sorry. Here." He slid his hand back onto Derek's back, rubbing small, soothing circles. "Can you breathe for me, Derek? Deep breaths. Once you've calmed down, I'll follow you home to make sure you're safe, and then, just to make sure, I'll pick Stiles up from school."

"Okay," Derek mumbled, trying to focus on his breathing the way the Sheriff wanted.


Derek clutched at the Sheriff's instructions like a lifeline, an anchor, Ariadne's thread guiding him out of the labyrinth of panicked memories that were haunting him. Trying to follow them, he realized he was almost hyperventilating, but gradually he managed to slow his breathing.


As Derek gradually got less panicked, he found himself embarrassed instead. What was he doing, breaking down like this in a gas station? He tried to gently disengage from the Sheriff.

"Are you feeling better? Calmer?" John asked softly, having turned them so Derek wouldn't be watched.

"Yes, sir," Derek muttered. "Sorry. He... It threw me."

"I can understand that one. It would have thrown me too, in your place. Ready to head home?" John said.

Derek sighed. "Yeah," he agreed. "I should probably pay for my gas first."

"Okay. Let's go." John rubbed Derek's upper arm soothingly before following him to the counter. It wasn't until they were just out of the door when his walkie talkie crackled. "What was that, Tal?" He pressed it close to his ear.

"We've got a suspect for the APB you called earlier, sir," she replied.

"Take him in and put him in a line-up. Over." John looked at Derek. "I'm sorry, but I need you to confirm that it is him, okay? We need to make sure we have the right person. Line-ups are simple. You're on one side of the glass, they're on the other. They can't see or hear you. One by one they'll stand up a bit closer and you just have to tell me yes or no, okay? But it has to be actual words. This way we can put him away for good. Since the trial with Kate, we've had an open spot just for him, just waiting to find him."

"He wasn't..." Derek swallowed and tried again. "It was just Kate, with the fire. I'm almost sure." It wasn't His style - He didn't get invested like Kate had.

"That's a good thing, Derek, but he still raped you and tortured you for a long time. He's still going down for that." John soothed. "And for implying my son is in danger from him."

"Okay," Derek said quietly. "Okay."

"Do you want to ride with me? I can get a deputy to drive your car to the house for you," John offered, a hand resting on Derek's shoulder.
Derek shook his head. "No, I - I can drive," he said firmly. "Just...call Stiles? Tell him to be careful? Just in case?"

"I will, and I'll make him stay at the school until I get him," John promised. "Meet me at the station. They're bringing him in now."

"Okay," Derek said quietly. "I should - I should pay for the gas. And then I'll meet you."

"Good." John smiled. "I'll wait outside for you at the station, okay? Be safe. Call me if you change your mind on needing a ride, alright?"

"Yes, sir," Derek agreed. "I'll see you there."

John patted him on the back, and returned to his cruiser.

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Stiles hurried out of his dad’s car, letting Scott hop from his Jeep and head toward his dad's cruiser. Waving, he quickly let himself inside the house, dropping the bag next to the door. "Sir!"

Derek sat, head in his hands, on the couch in the living room. He'd been there for a while...he didn't know how long. 

He had been arrested, but that didn't stop the memories of Him from haunting Derek - or the memories of Her.

"Sir!" Stiles breathed, going to kneel in front of his Dom, reaching his hands out to rest on Derek's knees. "Sir."

Stiles' touch woke Derek from the memories - at least, it pushed them back. "Stiles," he breathed. "You're alright?"

"I'm okay. I promise," Stiles gave Derek a small smile. "Are you alright?" He scooted closer, his hands rubbing Derek’s knees. He wanted nothing more than to just curl up in Derek's lap and hug him, but he didn't want to force a flashback on him. "Can I sit in your lap? Or do I need to stay here?"

"Can you...next to me?" Derek suggested. He was sensible enough to know that, as much as he wanted the closeness, he needed to make sure he wasn't being held.

Stiles nodded, curling up on the couch next to him, leaning against him carefully. "This okay?" he asked, curling himself up even smaller.

Derek nodded. "Thank you," he murmured, leaning back gently. "I'm sorry."

"Why on earth are you sorry, sir?" Stiles blinked up at him. "I'm just glad you're safe! When Dad told me what happened I almost jumped from his car in rush hour traffic to try and get home faster!"

"I'm sorry I can't hug you like you want," Derek explained, although Stiles' worry warmed him. "I don't want to hurt or scare you," Stiles countered. "And while I'd rather be curled up in your lap, I'm happy just being able to do this without it bothering you. Now. Are you okay, sir?" he asked, a hand reaching out to pet Derek’s cheek gently.

Derek bit his lip. "Did...did John tell you all of it?" he asked hesitantly.

"He told me something happened that had to do with Her. But he wouldn't tell me what. Said it wasn't his to share." Stiles kept petting Derek’s cheek, his nails scratching lightly like he always did.
"She...she used to - to have a man f-fuck me," Derek stuttered. "And he was here."

Stiles sucked in a breath. "Was that who Dad was talking about booking?" He pressed a bit closer, his hand still petting, trying to keep Derek grounded. "And I'm so sorry. She should have never done that, she should have never done a lot of things she did."

"She shouldn't have," Derek agreed softly. "But she did."

"I love you, mi amo," Stiles whispered, kissing Derek’s shoulder. "And I'm sorry you went through that. Is there anything I can do to help?"

Derek shook his head. "Just...be with me," he murmured. "And be safe."

Stiles smiled. "I'm safe. I'm always safe with you, and I'm right here." He laced their hands together. "Can you tell me what happened?"

Derek took a sharp breath. "Today, or..."

"We can start with today. But..." Stiles chewed on his lower lip. "I'd like to hear what happened back then. Even if it's just so I know what not to do so I don't trigger something."

Derek closed his eyes. "If I'm going to tell you, I should tell you from the beginning," he said hoarsely. "He didn't - nothing he did today was that bad, really. It was the reminder."

Stiles kept his hand on Derek's cheek, humming lightly. "A reminder?"

"I met...Kate...when I was sixteen," Derek said quietly. "Within two months, I considered her my Dom. She killed my family six months later. He was a - a 'birthday present'," Derek spat the words, "when I turned seventeen."

Stiles let out a small noise. "You were so young, sir. You weren't even tested yet." Stiles frowned, concern coloring his face and tone. "And a birthday present? What the hell?"

"If I'd been tested already, it wouldn't have worked," Derek pointed out. "Even if I'd been a sub, I would have had a Dom."

"So she did this on purpose from the very beginning." Stiles frowned, his thumb working small, gentle circles on Derek's wrist.

"Did you think she just fell in love with me?" Derek said. It came out harsher than he'd meant it, but he felt...odd. Far away. "She was twenty-five."

Stiles lowered his eyes. "No, sir. I don't know what happened. I was just thinking aloud, I'm sorry."

"Stiles, don't..." Derek's voice cracked. "Don't apologise, please. Please don't apologise."

Stiles just nodded, reaching up to pet his cheek. "Yes sir," he soothed. "It's okay."

"I... She was a swimming coach for a while," Derek explained. "After Coach Lahey quit."

"Issac's dad?" Stiles asked softly. "And I didn't know you were on the swim team!"

Derek gave Stiles a bitter half-smile. "I liked swimming. I'd always liked sport, but swimming was so...quiet. There was something calming about it."
"I can see that. Just you and the water." Stiles smiled softly.

"It was a long time, afterwards, before I could get in a pool again," Derek confessed quietly. "The first time I really got angry about it, after...I'd gotten out my trunks and had an anxiety attack, and I just...I was so mad that she'd ruined it for me."

Stiles rested his head on Derek's shoulder. "Are you able to swim now?" he asked quietly. "If you'd like to try, I'll be with you."

"Sometimes," Derek said quietly. "On my good days. It's easier if it's a river or lake or the ocean - somewhere not chlorinated."

Stiles nodded. "Would you like to try a pool sometime? Not today, not tomorrow, just...some day?"

"Maybe."

Stiles shrugged slightly. "But I've found other ways to exercise."

Stiles smiled. "Well, I'm proud of you," he murmured. "You've done so well, sir. There are some people that would never be able to swim again. the fact that you can, even with some restrictions...I'm proud of you."

Derek blushed and turned his head to hide his face in Stiles' shoulder.

Stiles smiled, leaning his head on Derek's. "Why are you blushing, sir?" he asked, his voice soft.

"You're not the only one who likes praise, you know," Derek murmured.

Stiles beamed at him. "I'll try to give you some more often, sir," he promised, nuzzling close.

"That's how she got to me in the first place," Derek confessed. "Praise. Telling me how good I was, making me blush."

"Well she's a horrible person. You are a very strong person to come through all you've done and still be this wonderful man and Dom."

"She's a psycho and frankly if she wasn't already done with, I'd kick her ass."

"She made it seem like..." Derek licked his lips nervously. "She used to say I'd obviously be such a - a sweet sub, one day, with the way I took praise. And then it was...I wish I had a sub as sweet as you', and she started giving me instructions and telling me I was a good boy for following them, and it was - after Paige, it was nice, to be told I was good, but she kept sort of...reminding me, that I was doing what she said. Making these comments about how I obviously enjoyed it."

"She wanted to mold you into a sub just for her." Stiles frowned, pursing his lips. "I'm sorry you went through that."

"It was... It was the frog in boiling water thing, I guess,' Derek admitted. "At first, it seemed innocuous, and kind of nice? And she was hot, so it was flattering, too. But she was always pushing me, my limits, and by a month before the fire it was denial and CBT and humiliation and crawling around naked and eating her out after He fucked her while He fucked me and they told me I was a - a come-hungry whore, and I - I couldn't seem to do anything right."

Stiles let out a small sound. "You do so many things right," he murmured, wanting to soothe over those hurts. "You're a wonderful person. Wonderful Dom, wonderful boyfriend, friend, brother. You put me into subspace so nicely and smoothly and when I come back, you're right there, waiting to
catch me, making everything perfect."

"She used to - to complain that I was 'too young' to get to subspace - that's how she explained it, that I hadn't had my testing yet - and then I'd..." Derek looked away, ashamed. "I'd offer her all sorts of things to get her to keep me. But she always wanted more. She'd say things like 'good subs don't have limits' or 'good subs don't need safewords', and then she'd say that she knew I could be so good, couldn't I? And then I'd say yes, and she'd make me do something awful, but she'd make me come too, and use it as proof that I 'liked it'."

"I will drag her through a bed of broken glass by her hair," Stiles grumbled. "My sir. My Derek." He pressed a quick kiss to Derek's temple. "You are good. You aren't a sub, but you are good, sir. I promise. And you know now that that's not the way subs are. And we know that age doesn't matter for subspace because of Isaac." He leaned his head close. "You are good. You're so good, I promise."

"Thanks, Stiles," Derek said, smiling weakly. "I'm...a lot better about it than I was. She said the fire was because of me, you know? It was a punishment."

"What on earth could burning someone's family be a punishment for?" Stiles sputtered, pressing closer.

"Spending too much time with them," Derek answered. "She wanted me with her all the time, and she 'made allowances' for me mostly eating and sleeping at home, but picking - picking Cora up after school was apparently...apparently I wasn't devoted enough."

Stiles pursed his lips. "Listen to me, please sir? You did nothing wrong. I promise." Fuck, if Stiles ever saw that bitch... "You were being a wonderful big brother. She's the one that decided to be a murdering scumbag. What she did was so horrible the word doesn't even do what she did justice."

Derek gave Stiles a grateful look. "Anyway, He... I'd never seen him before, he was always behind me, it was part of the 'game', but He found me at the gas station today."

"Oh sir," Stiles whispered, pressing even closer. "Are you okay? He didn't hurt you did he?"

Derek shook his head. "No, he - I punched him, actually. He didn't actually touch me."

"Good! I hope you broke his nose into where his brain should be!" Stiles kissed Derek's forehead. "I'm proud of you. That must have taken a lot of courage from you."

"He threatened you," Derek muttered, embarrassed.

"Doesn't make me any less proud," Stiles countered. "If anything it just makes me feel even safer. My Dom, my wonderful Derek, is willing to stand up to a complete waste of space from his past, someone who did unspeakable things to him, because he threatened me. I feel like swooning." The last part was a gentle tease as he cuddled closer. "I love you."

Derek looked at Stiles, bewildered by how he had ended up with this incredible man. "You're amazing, Stiles," he murmured. "I love you too."

"And he loves me. Yup, I'm swooning." Stiles let out a dramatic sigh, fluttering his eyelashes, before giggling. "You're amazing."

"You think so?" Derek asked. He felt battered. Not physically, but mentally,
emotionally...personality-wise, he was like a piece of paper that had been scrunched up and spread flat again. He'd never be smooth and shiny and...easy, the way some people could be.

"I know so." Stiles nodded, smiling softly. "My amazing Derek."

"I wish you didn't have to deal with...all this," Derek said, waving a hand vaguely. "It's..."

"All of what? Your past? Sir..." Stiles sighed softly. "Derek, listen," he murmured. "What happened to you was horrible. But I will tell you this right now, okay? If I could go back and see that paper with your name on it, knowing everything I know now, do you know what I would do? I would still be your sub. I love you. Your past is something that hurt you. And I'm here to help you heal, to help you in any way I can...to love you."

"You're sure?" Derek asked quietly.

"I'm a thousand percent positive," Stiles said, kissing Derek's cheek. "I'd pick you every. Single. Time."

Derek sighed and relaxed. "Hold me, please?" he begged softly. "I'm...well, obviously I'm not at my best right now."

"I'll always hold you," Stiles murmured, turning a bit and holding out his arms. "Like this? or me in your lap?"

Derek didn't answer verbally. His face buried in Stiles' neck and arms wrapped around his waist answered for him.

Stiles hummed, cuddling him close, holding him tightly. "I love you," he whispered, kissing Derek's hair.

"Love you too," Derek murmured. "I won't let him hurt you."

"I know you won't." Stiles smiled. "I believe in you."

Chapter End Notes

We made it! This was the most unpleasant chapter we've written (we literally called it 'the icky bits'), so from here on, we're on an upswing. -Seeker

This part, I legit cried so hard writing. And sorry, also, for the slightly late chapter, today has been hella busy! -Kattseye

We look forward, as always, to your comments.
Melissa shifted on her feet for a minute, taking stock of herself, then gave John a small smile. "Tea please. I'm too wound up and tense for coffee."

"Okay," John replied. 'Tea' meant Mel needed him to be her Dom, not just her friend. 'Tea' meant Mel needed someone to tell her to sit down and rest for once. 'Tea' meant Mel needed some pampering. "Come on through to the kitchen," he ordered, tone a little firmer than before, "and I'll get that started for you."

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John Stilinski and Melissa McCall have had an arrangement for years: when she needs a friend, John will be her friend, and when she needs a Dom, he'll be that too.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Brief, non-graphic description of the results of a violent assault on three young subs. If you want to avoid it, you can skip from where Melissa says "It was horrible" to where John says "Shh, honey" in the second paragraph/section.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

It occurred to John, as he answered the door, that Melissa really should have a key to this house. It would make sense. Stiles and Scott had always been in and out of each other's places, to the extent that John thought of Scott almost as another son, and Melissa was here at least every couple of weeks even without Scott.

Melissa gave John a small smile as she greeted him. "How's work been?" This arrangement had been going on a while, and while she may not be near as needy as Stiles, or even Scott's Isaac, she still had instincts, and she was content with her Dom.

"Quiet, thank god," John replied, stepping back to let her in. "Apart from that bastard that hurt Derek, but we've got him off our hands now."

"He won't be let out or anything, right?" Melissa frowned. She hadn't been very happy when she had heard the APB when they came in to check the ER. When John had told her why, she was angry. She didn't really know Derek, but from what she knew of him growing up, and from Stiles...

"No, he's been convicted," John reassured her. "Or at least, not soon. It wasn't a life sentence, but..."

Melissa relaxed, crossing her arms. "As long as he's gone long enough for that poor boy can heal."

John sighed. "He certainly deserves a chance. Coffee or tea today?"

"I'll kill the man before he hurts Derek again," Melissa muttered. She shifted on her feet for a minute,
taking stock of herself, then gave John a small smile. "Tea please. I'm too wound up and tense for coffee."

"Okay," John replied. 'Tea' meant Mel needed him to be her Dom, not just her friend. 'Tea' meant Mel needed someone to tell her to sit down and rest for once. 'Tea' meant Mel needed some pampering. "Come on through to the kitchen," he ordered, tone a little firmer than before, "and I'll get that started for you."

Melissa took another deep breath, stretching her neck out as a bit of the tension left her body. "Yes sir," she agreed. She didn't like admitting when she had problems. She wasn't a needy sub, she was very low on the intensity scale while Stiles was very high - Isaac hovered right around the same. She was the one that ended her last relationship. Kicked Rafe out after she got sick of the abuse. It had taken years for her to feel completely comfortable admitting to John when she needed to be Dommed. More often than not, she'd say coffee, and they'd sit there gossiping and teasing each other like the best friends they were. But sometimes, her skin got too tight, her emotions started acting up. She'd tried to push through before, of course, but Melissa wasn't stupid. She knew that at that point if she didn't get it, she'd get subsick, just like any other sub.

Heading into the kitchen, Melissa leaned against the counter, waiting absently for John's next order, her arms still crossed, shoulders hunched up just a bit. She really, really didn't like admitting she needed this.

John left Mel alone for a minute while he put the kettle on and got out mugs and teabags, giving her a chance to settle. "Tell me how you're doing, please," he suggested while he waited for the kettle to boil.

"Work has been hell." Melissa sighed, a hand going up to rub her face. "I'm tense, irrationally irritated, and honestly feel ready to scream and cry. Feel like my skin is trying to crawl off my body. Normally, it wouldn't be so bad, but with work being as stressful as it has been..." She trailed off, pursing her lips.

John sighed and nodded to the stools at the kitchen bench. "Sit," he ordered. "Let me look after you."

Melissa shoulders stayed hunched a bit, but she did slip onto a stool, curling her legs under it. "Yes sir," she murmured. She rested her arms on the counter, still mostly hugging herself.

"Hey," John said softly, reaching out to tuck a strand of Melissa's hair behind her ear. "You okay, Mel?"

Melissa leaned into the touch with a sigh. "I'm just wound tighter than a spring. I feel like I'm going to start clawing off my skin. It's only been a couple weeks, but then work decided to be a giant bag of dicks...at one point literally."


Melissa nodded, reaching out to cradle the cup with both hands, the fact that John was obviously biting back a grin making her relax a bit. "It really was. Very messy though." She sipped at her tea, watching him.

"I'm sure Stiles would get a kick out of it," John said, getting out a chopping board, a knife, and a
"Not so much." Melissa winced as that day went through her again. "It wasn't you on call today, thank god, it was a horrible day." She leaned against the counter, her eyes falling half closed as the tension started easing out of her.

"Yeah?" John said softly, encouraging her to talk if she needed. Sometimes she needed to.

"It was horrible, sir," she whispered, a hand reaching up to massage her temple before sliding to the back of her neck, rubbing absenty. "A Dom decided to trap a few subs in his house…" She trailed off, swallowing. "We lost three of them from blood loss."

"Oh, Mel," John murmured sadly, putting everything down to come stand behind her, wrapping her in his arms. "You were on shift when that came in? I'm so sorry."

Melissa leaned back against his chest, a hand going to clutch at his arm as she shook a bit. "I was one of the ones working on at least one of the subs. I called T.O.D on one."

"I'm so sorry," John said again, hugging her closer. The worst thing about their jobs was this, he thought. You got to help people so much, but you saw so much hurt, too.

Melissa soaked up the comfort, pressing her face to the side into his arm, breathing deeply.

"You're so brave, Mel," John murmured, relaxing as she took the comfort she needed. "So strong. But you don't have to be strong right now. I've got you."

Melissa set her tea down, her hand going to twist in John's shirt. "They weren't that old," she whispered. "The youngest just turned twenty."

"Shh, honey," John soothed her. "You cry if you need, Melissa, okay? I'm right here."

Melissa pressed her lips tightly together, blinking rapidly. She hated crying; it made her feel weak, even though she knew everyone needed to cry once in a while. She turned a bit on the stool, pressing her face to John's chest. "I don't like crying, sir," she said wetly.

John sighed. "Me neither, Mel," he admitted. "But I think you need it right now, and it's safe here. Nothing bad's going to happen if you cry."

Melissa let out a soft whimper, slumping against John after fighting for another minute. She let out a hiccuping sob, clutching tighter. "He was only twenty! The others weren't that much older either. They were so hurt, so damaged, I tried to save them, sir, I tried!"

"I know you did, hon," John said softly, rubbing her back. "You always try as hard as you can, you do a wonderful job. Sometimes there's just nothing we can do."

"Jordan had to h-hold me back. I-I wanted to rip the D-Dom to shreds," she hiccuped. Her muscles were still sore from struggling with the cop's hold, fingers clawed and reaching for the handcuffed Dom, blood still on her scrubs.

"Of course you did," John said with a tiny smile.

"I'm not going to apologize. I told the director the same thing when she 'reprimanded' me." Melissa snorted, sniffing and rubbing her face against his chest.

"I wouldn't expect you to, Mel," John reassured her. "There's certainly been people I've wanted to
punch in the past. And good on you for standing up for yourself."

Melissa smiled at the praise, breathing deeply. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to slobber all over your shirt."

"That's what the washing machine is for," John said easily. "I'm sure this shirt's had worse things on it."

Melissa let out a wet laugh, tilting her head back and stroking his face.

He smiled at her. "Feeling better, hon?"

"Yeah, even though I don't like to cry, I do feel a bit better." Melissa smiled.

"Something like that, you have to cry," John said, shrugging. "Now, you just drink your tea and let me look after you a bit, alright?"

"Yes sir." Melissa looked up with a soft smile, running her fingers down his arm as she went to pick up her cup.

John smiled back at her and squeezed her tight for just a moment before he let go. He went over to the fridge, looking over what they had and getting out a couple of punnets of berries and the cantaloupe he'd bought a few days ago.

Melissa let out a soft sniffle every now and then, relaxing as she sipped her tea.

John started chopping fruit - it was a familiar routine between the two of them now. Mel would come over, and John would make tea and fruit salad (just about the only sweet thing he could reliably make - his baking was appalling), and they'd talk about whatever was going on.

"I hate feeling like my skin is going to crawl off," Melissa grumbled as she finished the cup in her hand.

"Let me know if you need more from me, okay?" John said quietly. Sometimes Melissa didn't want any more than this, just...company.

Melissa shifted on her stool, sighing softly. She didn't want to admit what she needed. She'd never been one that could easily fall into that subspace that Stiles and Isaac both loved. A part of her wished she could. She pursed her lips in thought. She wasn't sure what she needed, exactly.

"Mel," John said seriously. "Is letting me look after you going to be enough?"

"I don't know," Melissa finally sighed, putting her elbow on the counter and her chin in her hand. "This is helping, I promise, I just..."

"It's fine," John reassured her. "It's not a problem that you need help sometimes, Mel. I like looking after you."

Melissa shifted on her stool, her cheeks pink. She'd grown very fond of John over the years. She liked their arrangement, and it helps that they're best friends.

John smiled at her, scooping chopped fruit into a bowl. "Let me hand feed you?" he suggested. "We could go to the living room so you can kneel, too, if you like."
Melissa tilted her head in thought, nodding when the idea gave her a pleasant shiver. "I think that will help."

"Good," John said, smiling. "Go pick a spot and I'll mix some blueberries in this and be right out."

"Yes sir," Melissa answered, slipping off the stool and heading into the living room, looking around before tugging a pillow off the couch and kneeling next to John's chair.

After a minute, John followed her out, smiling when he saw where she was. "Comfortable?" he asked.

Melissa nodded, giving him a small smile in return. "Sorry, I just...this stressed me out so much that it's worse than usual."

"Don't apologize, Mel," John said as he sat down. "You never have to apologize for what you need from me."

"It just bothers me," she confessed, her voice soft. "Sometimes I think it'd be easier if I was on the scale where Stiles or Isaac is..."

"Melissa," John said, equally quietly, resting a hand on her hair. "You are an amazing, strong, independent woman. You've taken your neutrality and you've made a good life out of it."

Melissa smiled, leaning into the touch with a soft sigh. "It still bothers me sometimes." She admitted.

"What about it?" John asked gently.

"I just...maybe it wouldn't be so hard for me to admit things I need. It wouldn't be so hard for me to slip under into subspace..." Melissa said, her brow furrowing. "Frankly it pisses me off sometimes."

"That it's hard for you to get there?" John clarified, frowning.

"Yes. Or that I just... It's hard to admit what I need." Melissa shrugged, a hand going up to rub the back of her neck.

John sighed. "We get along okay though, don't we? You haven't got subsick in years."

"Oh, yes sir!" Melissa bolted up onto her knees instead of sitting back on her heels. "That's not what I meant!" She made an unhappy noise. "That wasn't anything toward you, I promise."

"Hey, you're fine," John said instantly, stroking her hair. "It's fine, Mel, calm down. I just wanted to make sure."

Melissa nodded, sinking back to her heels. "Sorry, I didn't want you thinking it was anything to do with you."

"Melissa..." It was easy to forget, usually, that she'd been married to Rafe for a long time before she kicked him out. "You know that even if it was, it'd be okay?" John said gently.

"I don't want you upset! And it's not true." Melissa looked to the side, her hand going to rest on John's knee. "I know you wouldn't do anything if it was."

"I don't want you upset either, Mel," John reminded her. "If you told me I was doing something wrong, that didn't work for you...yes, I'd be disappointed in myself at the time, but I'd be glad of the
opportunity to fix it, too."

Melissa nodded. "I think this week has just ..." She sighed. "I'm so tired, and worn out, and yet I can't settle down, my skin is crawling."

"Okay," John said quietly. "I want you to put your hands behind your back and keep them there while I feed you, and for now, I'd like you to be quiet, okay?"

Melissa hesitated for a moment before slipping her hands behind her back, letting out a slow breath as she slowly relaxed.

"Good girl," John told her. "Thank you." He picked up the bowl of fruit and offered Melissa a piece of strawberry.

Melissa settled at the praise, leaning forward to take the bite from John's hand carefully, her eyes slipping closed.

It was, John thought to himself, a little bit awkward to be hand-feeding a woman you considered a good friend. There were...connotations, that just didn't apply here. Still, he and Mel had been doing this a long time, and they'd never made it anything but what it was - care, and comfort.

Melissa thought it a little odd to do this, but the more fruit John fed her, the more relaxed she became, sinking into her pose. She didn't slip under, but the tension dissipated, and the crawling feeling slowly went away.

"That's it," John said quietly as he saw Melissa relax. "You're doing great, Mel, just let me look after you."

"Yes sir," she whispered, giving him a small smile. "This is helping a lot."

John smiled back at her. "Good," he murmured. "You're being so good, Mel."

Melissa returned the smile, leaning forward to rest her forehead on his knee for a moment, breathing deeply. "Much better."

"We're almost done with the fruit," John said quietly, stroking her hair with his clean hand. "I think you should stay there for a while after, though."

"Hmm?" Melissa turned her face just enough to look up at him, leaning into the hand in her hair.

"I think you need to kneel a little longer, Mel," John explained. "Is that okay with you?"

"Mhmm. Yes, sir." Melissa let a small smile cross her face. "Any particular reason why?"

"Because you've settled pretty deep, for you," John explained, still stroking her hair. "I think maybe you'd feel better if you got to enjoy it for a while." Particularly considering her comments earlier about - well, essentially about wishing she was more subby.

"Mmkay sir," she murmured. She was comfortable where she was; she wasn't sure when the boys were going to be over (she'd been told Scott was staying over with Isaac) but she just let herself settle into a space where she didn't really care.

"Good girl," John replied softly. Melissa was awful at looking after herself, and since she was letting him, he was going to.
Melissa let out a soft sound at the praise, closing her eyes and sinking a bit deeper.

"That's it, Mel, you're being so good for me," John murmured. "There you go, just let me look after you."

Melissa almost slumped against his leg, her fingers loosening on her other wrist. "Yes sir," she whispered.

"Good girl," John said again, stroking her hair. She worked so hard, and cut herself so little slack. She deserved praise.

Melissa smiled softly, her eyes closing as she soaked everything up, slipping deeper than she had in a long time.

"That's it, Mel," he murmured. "I'm proud of you."

Melissa's smile softened even more, her pupils glazed over.

John let her kneel there for a good quarter-hour, stroking her hair and praising her, before he slid his hand down her cheek to lift her chin until he could look her in the face. "Mel?" he asked softly.

Melissa whined softly, nuzzling into his hand for a moment before blinking up at him. "Mm?" she murmured, blinking quickly and trying to focus.

"Hey Mel," John said, smiling at her. "You're doing really good, but I'd like it if you could come up a bit and talk to me."

Melissa sighed softly, wrinkling her brow as she blinked. "'bout what sir?"

"Anything you like," John replied, although it occurred to him that choosing a conversational topic might be a little challenging for Melissa right now. "How's Scott doing with Isaac these days? I usually keep out of their way if they're here."

Melissa furrowed her brow in thought. "Isaac... He's doing better. Still flinches at certain things. Though he's better than he was. He laughs more freely, teases Scott and others a bit more without hesitation."

"I'd noticed that," John agreed. "What about Scott? I got the sense he wasn't entirely sure about Isaac at first."

"Seems to be a bit more sure of himself now."

"Walked in the other day with Scott teasing Isaac. Something about how his sub was the curliest haired of them all. It was adorable."

"That's been his go to way to cheer Isaac up lately."

Melissa smiled. "Our boys were pretty lucky, you know. Finding partners they can claim this young."

"I'm so proud of them. All four of our boys." She already included Derek whenever she talked about their kids. Isaac as well. "Though there needs to be less of Scott running around the living room with Isaac on his back singing Circle of Life and calling him Simba."

"That's been his go to way to cheer Isaac up lately."

John snorted. "I'd be lying if I said it surprised me. After some of the things he and Stiles got up to
when they were younger...

"As long as they don't get chocolate cake mix on the ceiling, I'm good." Melissa laughed.

"How is it that Stiles moved out and I ended up with the same chance of teenage mess?" John joked.

"Just lucky I guess," she teased. "And you love it, don't lie."

"I love that Stiles is happy," John admitted. "I was always worried, about what would happen to him if he got sub. It's not easy."

Melissa smiled widely. "No, it's not, but he's in his element. Especially with Derek."

"Derek's the most conscientious Dom I've ever met," John said dryly.

"What do you mean?" Melissa laughed softly, shifting on her knees a bit.

"You might not have seen it," John replied. "You don't spend much time with him, but...that boy puts Stiles' welfare above anything, I swear."

"That's not all that bad. Though I hope he takes his own welfare in hand as well. He won't be helping Stiles if he gets hurt." Melissa frowned, concern on her face. Since she'd come out of subspace, her spark had come back, her voice strong and her body more receptive. She wasn't hiding any more, hugging herself with shoulders up to her ears.

"I think - I could be wrong, of course - but I think it makes Stiles sad, how careful Derek is," John said quietly. "Because of why he is that way. And maybe a bit frustrated, too."

"I'm sure it does," Melissa murmured. "That's something that Stiles and Derek have to talk about though, even though Derek seems to me to be the one to push his own problems under the rug and not talk about them. I'm hoping he's at least going to therapy for what happened to him in the past though."

"He is," John assured her. "Stiles mentioned it once. Apparently he took a break for a while, but then he panicked on Stiles, so he started going again."

"At least he is going to it. Maybe therapy can help in the other thing too?" Melissa asked, giving him a soft frown.

"With how careful he is?" John shrugged. "I think Stiles' trust in him will help plenty."

"It probably would." Melissa shrugged as well. "I'm just wondering if there's something else that would help too. I don't know,"

"Maybe," John admitted. "If there is, Stiles will figure it out, I expect."

"He is a very smart boy," Melissa agreed, nodding.

John snorted. "Too smart for his own good sometimes. And too damned curious."

"Sometimes, it's not a bad thing." Melissa laughed. "Sometimes it makes us worry, but he'll be okay."

John sighed. "Miracle of miracles, I actually think they all will be." He offered Melissa his hand.
"Come on, Mel, let's get you off the floor."

Melissa slipped her hand into his, standing up slowly. "I think so," she said, nodding. "Our boys will be okay, John."

John stood too, and pulled her into a hug. "And how about you, Mel?" he asked. "Are you going to be okay?"

Melissa soaked up the hug, smiling softly against John's shoulder. "I'm doing a lot better," she admitted. "And I think I'll be okay. Sorry for the breakdown earlier."

"You don't have to be sorry," John reassured her. "What else am I here for?"

"Being an amazing father and sheriff," she teased, pinching his side playfully.

John smiled at her. "Maybe," he said. "But I'm your friend as well."

"You really, really are. My best friend," Melissa admitted with a smile. "And you're an amazing Dom."

John shrugged. "As long as I'm good enough for you, that's good enough for me."

Chapter End Notes

And now, a brief break from our regularly scheduled programming for some John and Melissa pre-slash. Hopefully you guys enjoyed the change? -Seeker

I actually like the dynamic they have, it makes me smile :) -KattsEye
"Well, I should hope so, cuddling a dead person makes the cuddle octopus sad," Laura teased, pinching Jordan's side lightly before tugging his head up into a hard kiss. "My lovely Jordan," she said, smiling. "Look at you, all mussed hair and red cheeked. Like a blushing church boy. But I know different, hmm?" She laughed, hugging him close and rolling them so she was plastered on top of him, tugging half the blanket over them to enfold them completely.

Jordan hummed and rolled his hips upward suggestively. "Not so innocent, certainly," he agreed.

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Laura and Jordan spend some time together, and make a decision about their future that they hope will make everyone happy.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Brief, non-graphic mention of the abusive Dom from last chapter in the first paragraph/section.

Impact play: specifically, use of a flogger. Jordan consents enthusiastically throughout. If you need to skip it, you can skip the fourth paragraph/section.

Laura groaned, thumping her way to the couch and flopping down. "I hate Mondays," she grumbled, her arms falling to her sides. "Jordan, are you home from shift yet or am I alone on this Earth?"

"In the kitchen," Jordan called. "How was the shop?"

"Good, clean, and when I left it, in one piece." Laura smiled, pushing herself up to stand, sauntering into the kitchen and pulling Jordan into a kiss. "How are you?"

Jordan sank into her arms. "A bit wrecked, honestly," he admitted. "Really bad day at work today."

Laura made a small comforting noise, holding him close and running her hand through his hair. "What happened, love?"

"Fucker of a Dom had four subs trapped in his house," Jordan replied. "three of them died at the hospital. The fourth one...I only hope they can help him heal."

"Jesus fuck," Laura cursed, hugging him tightly. "Oh baby." She ran her hand up and down Jordan’s back, trying to give him as much comfort as she could. "Come on. Let's go to the bedroom, have a cuddle, hmm? Seems like we both may need it."
"Thanks, Laura," Jordan murmured. "That would help a lot."

"Come on, go into the bedroom, get the soft aftercare blanket and spread it on the bed before stripping down," Laura told him, keeping her voice soft and gentle. "I'm going to be there in two minutes, I want you done, understood?" She was hoping just a bit of ordering around would help her normally strong sub settle a bit.

Jordan smiled at her and ducked his head. "Thanks, Laura," he said again. "I don't need coddling tonight, you know. Just cuddling."

"Oh, I know." Laura smiled. "Just hoping it would help settle your skin a bit before I cuddle the shit outta you," she teased, swatting him on the ass. "Giddy-up, you're wasting time."

Jordan rolled his eyes, but went to their room with a fond smile. She didn't take shit, Laura, but she could be surprisingly fluffy with the people she really cared about. As he set things up, he spared a thought for Scott's mom, who'd been the sort of angry that turned into despair if it didn't reach its target, back at the hospital. He hoped she had someone looking after her too.

Laura hummed, quickly grabbing some bottles of water and juice before snagging their plethora of takeout menus, their phones, and a bowl of grapes, heading into the bed room. She was a bit worried, yes, but she knew that Jordan would tell her if it got to be so bad he needed more than cuddling. And after the tiring day she had herself, honestly a cuddle would do them both a world of good.

By the time Laura arrived, Jordan was lying, as instructed, naked on their aftercare blanket. He raised an eyebrow at Laura's 'supplies'. "I see you don't plan on moving for a while," he teased.

"I take cuddle time very seriously." Laura sniffed, raising her nose in the air playfully as she stripped herself, curling around Jordan, tucking the blanket around them.

Jordan wriggled closer, until every part of him that could be touching Laura was. "Thanks, Laura," he murmured.

"Anytime Jordan," Laura replied, kissing his forehead. "I love you. And I'm sorry today was shit. Did they catch the fucker at least?"

"Yeah, we got him," Jordan said grimly. "One of the subs got out and led us right there. Melissa McCall almost attacked him at the hospital."

"Scott's mom? Feisty sub, that one. I hope she's getting the care she needs, too." She kissed Jordan's forehead. "And I hope he gets drawn and quartered."

"We'll see," Jordan murmured. "But it's homicide, the evidence is incontrovertible, so he'll be in jail, at least. Like Argent."

"Good," Laura snarled, holding her sub tight and close as if she could protect him from the world. "My Jordan. You're such a wonderful man, such an amazing cop. You save so many people and I'm so proud of you."

Jordan blushed and hid his face in her neck. "Thanks, Laura," he muttered, pressing a kiss to her skin. "Love you."
"I love you too." Laura grinned, kissing his hair and wrapping her legs around his waist. "I am the cuddle octopus, what ever shall you do?" she teased, trying to bring back the laughter that she loved to hear.

"I'll live," Jordan replied, smiling.

"Well, I should hope so, cuddling a dead person makes the cuddle octopus sad," Laura teased, pinching Jordan's side lightly before tugging his head up into a hard kiss. "My lovely Jordan," she said, smiling. "Look at you, all mussed hair and red cheeked. Like a blushing church boy. But I know different, hmm?" She laughed, hugging him close and rolling them so she was plastered on top of him, tugging half the blanket over them to enfold them completely.

Jordan hummed and rolled his hips upward suggestively. "Not so innocent, certainly," he agreed.

"Innocent looking until you get them in bed," Laura said, rocking against him.

Jordan inhaled sharply as Laura's smooth skin slid over his. "And what happens next?" he asked breathlessly, pressing back into her movements.

"Hmmm, well, that depends," Laura's grin grew predatory, "on whether or not cuddling will be enough anymore."

"I think," Jordan croaked, "it won't be."

"Oh goodie," Laura teased, leaning down to nip at his jaw. "What would you like, hmm, Jay?" She rocked her hips, trapping his cock against her as she felt him harden up.

Jordan groaned. "Ride me?" he begged. Things had been busy lately, they hadn't had much time for...this.

Laura hummed, pulling him to her by the chin, kissing him hard. "With such pretty begging, how can I resist?" She laughed, grinding against him more to tease herself than him, her eyes fluttering closed. "You can touch me, or the headboard, nothing else." she ordered, her voice dark and husky as she settled on her knees, raising up far enough to press him at her entrance. She slid down slowly, a moan leaving her throat and her head rolling back. "Always feel so good for me."

Jordan moaned in sync with her, reaching for her hips, running his hands up her sides until he was cupping her breasts. "May I?" he asked.

Laura nodded, grinding down slowly with a groan, leaning forward to give him more room, tossing the aftercare blanket to the side for now. It'll get washed afterwards.

Jordan caressed her breasts, rolling her nipples between his fingertips, leaning up, yearning to suckle, even as Laura's hands held him down.

"Ah-ah-ah," Laura scolded, rocking against him and lifting her hips. "You only get to earn that. Show me how much you want to taste." She kept her orders light-hearted, but her hand slipped into his hair, tugging his head back as far as it would go as she sucked up a dark mark just under his sub marking.

Jordan whimpered. "Please, Laura," he begged. "Please let me please you, let me suckle you, let me make you feel good."

"Such pretty begging." Laura panted, rolling her hips and grinding between each slide up and down his cock, her eyes half closed. "Come on then, my Jordan." Laura's lips tugged into a grin. "Let's see
how good you are at that, hmm? I bet you'll make me feel amazing. Prove it."

Jordan curled upwards, cupping Laura's breast to bring it to his mouth. He started soft, but soon he was suckling eagerly, caressing Laura's other nipple as he did.

"Fuck," Laura groaned, one hand in Jordan's hair, the other slipping down to his stomach to brace herself. "Come on," she panted. "Feels so good, baby. You've got more for me, I know you do."

Jordan moaned around Laura's nipple, hips rolling involuntarily upwards, and started kissing it like he would her clit - not sucking as much as probing with his tongue, tiny circles, quick, flickering motions, and wet warmth.

"There we go., Laura moaned. "That's perfect, makes me clench just thinking about that pretty mouth. Do you feel what you do to me?" She clenched tightly around him, her fingers sliding further down to tease at her clit, rocking down harder to bury him completely in her.

Jordan panted, trying to hold himself back as Laura took her pleasure from him, trying to make her feel good, to be good, to be a good boy, but it was so much...he made a muffled sound.

"I know," Laura cooed softly. "Such a good boy." She ran her fingers through his hair, her other hand guiding one of his down to her clit. "Come on, baby. Make me come. I'm so close. Want to feel you fill me up as I clench around you." She stilled on his lap, not wanting to push him too much – just rocking slowly against him, just enough to feel him move against her g-spot.

Jordan gave Laura a grateful look, still panting hard, and began to rub her clit, all the ways she'd taught him.

"O-oh that's a good boy," Laura moaned, her nails scraping lightly down his chest. It didn't take long before she was whimpering high in her throat, lower lip caught in her teeth. She leaned forward, nipping at Jordan’s jaw and mark before letting out a sharp noise, pulling back to look him right in the eye. "Now," she managed to say before she started to come, tugging his hand away from her as she rocked hard against him, clenching tightly and letting her eyes fall half shut as she watched him.

Jordan let go, the clench of Laura around his cock, the sting of her claiming marks on his skin, her skin under his hands and mouth, her scent, aroused and satisfied, her weight above him, her command in his ears...he let go, and fell into the orgasm that was waiting for him with a wordless cry.

Laura wrapped Jordan up in her arms, holding him close, fingers running through his hair. "Such a good boy for me," she praised softly, smiling "Always so perfect." She reached out, re-wrapping them in the aftercare blanket, kissing him gently.

Jordan buried his face in her neck, still shuddering with the aftershocks of the pleasure running through him. "I'm good," he murmured to himself. "Yours."

"Yes, Jordan. You're all mine. All mine and so good. Perfect." Laura smiled, letting him nuzzle close.

"I made you feel good?" Jordan checked. He was always a bit subbier after sex.

"So good," Laura promised. "You made me feel wonderful. Did such a great job." She kept her voice gentle and loving as she cuddled him close. "In fact, I think you deserve a reward, you made me feel so good. What would you like off your list, hmm?"
"Could you mark me?" Jordan asked shyly. "Please?" He wanted to feel the sweet sting of the pleasure-pain, wanted to feel Laura whenever he sat tomorrow from the bruising on his ass.

Laura felt a grin grow on her face. "Of course, my sweet boy." She kissed along his jaw. "Want some restraints to feel tied down? Or is my word going to be enough to keep your hands where I leave them?"

"I want to be good," Jordan said slowly, trying to decide. "I want to, but...can I be tied? Helpless?"

"Of course," Laura said instantly. "I want you to turn over onto your stomach while I grab the things I need. I don't want you to move once you do except to lift your hands to the headboard. The only word that needs to pass your mouth is one of your safewords. Can you tell me those right quick?" She gently levered herself off of Jordan's lap, staying hovering over him with a hand in his hair.

"Yellow for slow down, red to stop a specific thing, and mayday to stop the scene," Jordan answered obediently, gazing up at her hopefully.

"My good boy." Laura smiled, kissing his forehead. "Okay, turn over now. Hands on the headboard and don't speak except for those words," she ordered, nipping at Jordan’s jaw before standing to head for the chest at the end of the bed.

Jordan watched her go, then rolled over the way he'd been told and put his hands in position. He shivered in anticipation, his bare ass feeling exposed and vulnerable.

"Look at you all pretty and stretched out for me." Laura grinned, running her nails up his back as she returned to the head of the bed, quickly tying him to the headboard, one hand going to his hair to tug. "Should I use the flogger?" she wondered aloud. "Or maybe the crop..."

Jordan opened his mouth to answer her, then remembered he wasn't allowed to speak, and closed it. He was helpless, and it was perfect.

"I think the flogger today, hmm?" Laura teased, scratching down Jordan’s back and swatting his ass before picking up the flogger. "I don't expect you to keep count, I expect you to just feel. You may make noise, but the only words out of your lips better be your safewords. Understood?"

Jordan frowned as he tried to figure out how to answer, then nodded, hoping that was okay. A shudder ran down his spine at the thought of it.

"Good boy." Laura's grin widened before swinging down the flogger onto Jordan's ass. She only waited a few seconds between each blow, alternating her speed and intensity.

Jordan tried to keep his breathing even, but the stinging thud of the flogger drove gasps and whimpers from him as his ass warmed under Laura's blows.

Laura grinned, pausing and rubbing along Jordan's thighs and ass, kissing his lower back. "There we go. All warmed up for me. So warm and already a bit pink," she cooed. "What's your color, baby?" She didn't want to make Jordan to drop by losing track of his state of mind. She lightly scratched with her nails, kissing along the pink marks left behind.

Jordan moaned at Laura's touch. "Green, Laura," he promised. "Please, green." He wanted more.

"Good boy," Laura praised, biting hard and sucking up a hickey on his side just above his hipbone. "I'm going to go full throttle now, okay? Just want you to feel. Let yourself slip under if you can." She knew it was hard for Jordan to get to subspace. As it usually was for more independent subs. She also knew this was a good way to get him there. "Gonna mark you up all pretty." She stood,
teasing him with the flogger for a moment before starting again, harder than before.

It hurt, oh god, it hurt. But for every yelp of pain there was a whimper of pleasure too, because fuck, it hurt so good. Jordan wanted to plead, to beg for more, but he couldn't. He couldn't say anything.

Laura slowed down a bit, her eyes and ears locked onto her sub. She watched as the ass and thighs in front of her grew pink and then red, her tongue caught in her teeth as she swung every few seconds, giving her sub time to breathe in between.

Jordan was lost in sensation, each thudding stroke a blur in the haze of pleasure-pain that filled him up to overflowing.

"Such a good boy for me," Laura murmured, her voice a soft counterbalance to the blows from the flogger. "So pretty." She licked her lips, her eyes roving over him. "Taking it so well." She kept up the praise, her hand reaching down to grab the back of Jordan's neck firmly, careful not to block his breathing. "You're mine. And you know it, love it, don't you? My perfect Jordan."

_Yours_, Jordan mouthed, but he didn't make a sound.

"Five more. You can take it," Laura praised, making each one count. "My perfect boy."

Jordan moaned, panting under the blows. His whole world was Laura now, Laura and the flogger and the pain and the pleasure of it.

When Laura had counted out five more she dropped the flogger, running her finger tips along the welts, pressing a kiss to each one. "Good boy. My perfect boy."

Jordan whined, arching into her touch, but he still couldn't speak, couldn't beg, couldn't move.

"Talk to me. You're allowed now, Jay." Laura ran her hands up Jordan’s back to the cuffs. "How you feeling?"

"S'good," he slurred, turning his head to watch her hand. "Hurts good, Lo."

"Perfect. Just the way you like it, hmm?" Laura’s smiled at the slurred speech, gently untying her sub. She spent a few minutes rubbing his wrists and arms, making sure there weren’t any marks there, humming lightly. "Few more minutes and then I'll get the lotion. For now, just float, baby, I have you." Laura held him close, kissing his forehead.

"Mmm." Jordan snuggled closer, hissing when it made the hot skin of his ass flex and burn. "Love you, Lo."

"I love you too, baby," Laura said softly. She loved that pet name. One only Jordan called her. She ran a hand through his hair, humming quietly.

Jordan leaned into it, still drifting in a cloud of endorphins, letting Laura do what she wanted.

After a little while, Laura ran her hand down his back. "Okay baby. I need to get the lotion on you, and I need you to talk to me, okay? Tell me how you're feeling." She reached into the side table drawer for the aloe, her nails scratching lightly at his scalp.

"'m good," Jordan murmured, feeling far away from the words he was saying. "Floaty. Sore."

"Okay, well, the lotion will help with the sore. But I need you less floaty please, baby." Laura
smiled, spreading the aloe on Jordan’s welts.

Jordan whined, but he did what Laura wanted, clinging to her voice and touch and using her as an anchor to help reel himself back in.

"You've been such a good boy," Laura murmured, hands smoothing the aloe over his ass and thighs. "It's been a while since you've been this deep, always so gorgeous." She kept up the stream of talk, hands rubbing up and down Jordan's back and arms after she was done applying the aloe. She carefully pulled him up, kissing his forehead.

"I was good?" Jordan checked. He was less fuzzy now, but it was still so important. Was he good?

"You were very good," Laura promised, kissing him softly. "Very, very good. My good boy. Just like always. Such a brave, good boy."

Jordan met the kiss hungrily. Every touch of Laura's on his skin was perfect; he wanted more.

"Thank you," he said when they separated, not even sure what he was thanking her for, but meaning it just the same.

Laura smiled brightly, licking her lower lip. "Always and forever, Jay," she promised. "You're very welcome." She kissed him again, running her hand through his hair. "How are you feeling now, baby?"

"Really good," Jordan admitted, smiling up at her. "Still sore, but the aloe helped, and I like it. I'm more 'here'."

"Good," Laura said, tugging lightly at his hair. "My good boy."

Jordan closed his eyes happily, relishing the sensation. "Yours," he repeated. "Your boy."

"Yup, all miiiiiiiiiiiiine." Laura squeezed him close, rocking and rolling around playfully.

Jordan sank into Laura's arms, unable to help the smile that spread across his face at her playing. He wanted this forever, he really did.

Laura hugged him tightly, burying her face in his hair. "I love you."

"Love you too," Jordan replied automatically. Honestly, he couldn't imagine not loving her. "Lo-Laura," he said quietly. "Would you..." He sighed, and tried again. "You know Scott and Isaac? How they look at each other?"

Laura smiled softly. "Like the other hung the moon? Yeah. Would I what, Jordan?"

"I don't think I could ever look at anyone but you that way," Jordan confessed. "I'll look at you like that - I'll feel like that about you - forever, Laura. Would you...would you let me promise that?"

Laura sucked in a breathed, her hand tightening in Jordan's hair. "Are you sure?" she asked, shoving the hope down so he wouldn't hear it. Something like this had to be just his choice. "Baby, you have to be completely sure."

"Laura, I want to marry you," Jordan promised. "Or be properly collared by you, either one. But I want to promise you I'll always be here."

Laura tugged him closer, hiding her face and holding him tightly. "I want that. I want both of those. Oh my fucking god, Jordan. I love you." She let out a laugh, pulling back just enough to kiss him
Jordan kissed her back deeply, relieved and joyful. "So we're getting married?" he checked, when they broke apart. "Sorry, it was a bit of an impromptu proposal."

"Naked too," she teased, her eyes bright. "Yes, we're going to get married. I love you." Laura tapped his cheek with a grin, leaning their foreheads together.

Married. They were going to get married. "You're going to have to pick between Derek and Scott for your bridesmaids," Jordan pointed out. "I assume Derek's going to win?"

"He wears a better dress." Laura teased. "And I can have both, Derek will just be the 'of honor' part."

"I should probably ask Nina to be my best man," Jordan murmured. She'd been his partner at work for three years now, almost as long as he'd been in Beacon Hills.

"I think Nina would be thrilled." Laura smiled, kissing him softly.

"D'you think I'll get Derek's blessing?" Jordan asked. He was almost sure, but Derek was so important to Laura…

"I know you will. You know Derek loves you as a brother," Laura reassured him.

"I'm really glad he's got Stiles now," Jordan admitted. "I really wasn't sure about him fostering, but Stiles is good for him."

"Stiles is good for him." Laura smiled. "I wasn't sure either, but he needed someone. And I couldn't have picked a better sub for him myself."

"I wouldn't have guessed it." Jordan had known Stiles, at least a bit, through the Sheriff, well before he'd been paired with Derek. "He doesn't exactly strike you as careful."

"Nah, but you have to admit he's just stubborn enough to keep Derek from sinking too far. And that boy is a force of his own. Surprised he's so low on the scale though, from the stories you've told me," Laura said, frowning.

Jordan shook his head. "He's just a one-man sub." Stiles still didn't take shit from anyone, not at the station at least. It was only with Derek, or when Derek was involved at least, that he could be called obedient.

"What do you mean, Jay?" Laura wondered, getting up and grabbing the water and fruit. She handed Jordan one with a glance that said she wanted him to drink it all.

Jordan smiled and obediently sipped the water. "It's not hugely uncommon, at least with the intense ones," he explained. "You've seen Stiles when he's down, right?"

"The drop? Yeah, it was horrible." Laura shook her head. She could still hear Stiles crying out for 'his Dom' and she shuddered at the hurt she had heard in his voice.

Jordan winced. "Was he at all interested in making you happy? Doing what you wanted?"

Laura tilted her head in thought, mouth pursed. "No, he wasn't, not really. I thought it was a bit strange, but I was more concerned that he was screaming out for his Dom. Even praising him didn't
"Whereas Isaac - he's just as intense a sub, but even though he's very attached to Scott, you could Dom him if it was necessary," Jordan pointed out. "He'd listen to, he'd even go down for you, or for any Dom he really trusted."

Laura hummed. "Yeah, that sounds like Isaac. He'd have to trust you tremendously, but he would. Is that what you meant by Stiles being a one-man sub?"

"That's it," Jordan agreed, taking a grape from Laura's hand. "He's only a sub for Derek."

Laura chuckled, feeding Jordan another grape as she relaxed against the headboard. "I want to be a fly on the wall whenever someone else tries to test that themselves. Stiles may very well eviscerate them!"

"He won't accept it, that's for sure," Jordan agreed, smiling.

Laura laughed softly. "I don't see Derek being very accepting of that either. My brother would probably maul them and pour acid into the wounds."

"I don't know..." Jordan said thoughtfully. "Your brother's not nearly as threatening as he looks, not really."

"No, he's not. Not after that bitch - " Laura still snarled at the mention of Kate "- hurt him. But at the same time, I don't think he'd let anything happen to Stiles. Stiles seems to ground him."

"He's been happier, when I've seen him," Jordan noted, reaching up to stroke Laura's hair, to soothe her. "Even considering how he was doing better."

Laura leaned into the comfort, a grumble still in her chest. "I'm glad," he murmured after a moment. "My baby brother deserves to be happy. Deserves to have someone that loves him, actually loves him, without the shit that bitch put him through."

"More to the point," Jordan replied, "Stiles loves Derek even with all the shit Argent put him through."

"He does. And Derek. Poor Derek, you know how long Derek thought he couldn't be loved because of her. Or was even afraid of it, because of what she did." Laura pursed her lips. "Derek's doing much better. I still have to talk to him every day. Make sure he knows that he's good. That he's a wonderful Dom. But I think he may be finally starting to believe it himself."

"It's because of you that he's come this far, you know," Jordan murmured. "It's even because of you that he's got Stiles."

"Because I pushed him to sign up to be a foster?" Laura asked softly. "I felt bad about it, but I was so desperate for him to see that he's a wonderful Dom, a wonderful person, and deserving of the love and care of a sub..."

"I was honestly surprised they accepted him," Jordan admitted. He could say it, now that they had, now that they'd assigned Derek a sub, now that it had worked. "I thought he was too...too wounded, still."

"A part of me is surprised too," Laura confided. "But I knew it was the best shot at helping him. He couldn't continue the way he was, Jay!"
"Hey," Jordan said quietly, drawing Laura into a soft kiss. "I know. I was there too, remember? You were never going to let him not get better, Lo. He's improved so much."

Laura let out a pent up breath, relaxing into the kiss. "He really has. I haven't seen him laughing and smiling this much since before her."

"Remember when I started dating you?" Jordan asked. "We couldn't even hint at you being a Dom while he was around." Even a mention of kneeling would leave Derek afraid, though by that stage he'd been able to hide it pretty well.

Laura nodded, her lips pursed. "I think it was fortunate that you aren't the same level as Stiles and Isaac. He'd be terrified that I would hurt you somehow."

Jordan looked at her. "Would you want me to be?" he asked. "Do you only like me this way because of Derek?"

Laura gave him an incredulous look. "Hell no. I like you this way because it's you." She reached over, cupping his cheeks. "Listen to me, Jay. You are mine. You may not be as needy as the other two, and yes, it was fortunate that you aren't when it comes to my brother. But I wouldn't care if you were the neediest sub ever, or if you were so independent you never had a subby moment. You're still mine. I love you. If that meant that my brother got scared more often because of what you needed, then so be it. He's my brother, I love him, but you are my sub."

"Okay," Jordan said, relaxing a bit. "Sorry, it's just...you know what it's like. Either I'm not a real sub because I'm too neutral, or I'm not a real cop because I'm a sub."

"I know, baby," Laura soothed, petting his cheek. "And what have I told you before? Don't listen to them. They're assholes and we don't need that negativity. You're a kick-ass cop, and you're my good boy. Just because you're a sub doesn't mean you aren't a wonderful cop, and just because you're neutral doesn't mean I can't put you under when you or I need it. You're my good boy."

"I try, you know I do," Jordan murmured. "I just get sick of it all. But I love being your boy."

"I know you do," Laura said. "And I love having you as my boy." She kissed him softly. "Always and forever."


Chapter End Notes

And now, back to your regularly scheduled programming...with some wall sex.

Hopefully you guys enjoyed the change as well - we're looking forward, as always, to your comments
Between a Rock and a Hard Place

Chapter Summary

Stiles whimpered, his back arching as he tried to press closer, a shudder running through him. He pulled back from the kiss to pant against Derek’s mouth.

Derek was panting too. "Well," he said between breaths. "That was unexpected."

"Not complaining at all." Stiles gave a breathless laugh, leaning closer to kiss Derek softly. "Random make-outs in the middle of the living room give me very, very good ideas."

Laura has some good news for Derek. Derek and Stiles' celebrations turn into something very different.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Derek was in the kitchen, clearing out the fridge, when his phone rang. "Laura?" he asked. "Is everything okay?"

Laura grinned, running her hand through Jordan's hair as the sub dozed. "Everything is perfect, Derek," she said happily. "I just have a question for you."

Derek relaxed at the obvious happiness in Laura's voice, smiling. "Go on, then," he replied.

"What color do you think would look best on you for a bridesmaid dress?" Laura asked, almost vibrating with excitement.

A bridesmaid's... Derek's head snapped up, and a broad grin spread across his face. "You asked him?"

"He asked me! He asked for a permanent collaring too!" Laura almost squealed, barely stopping herself as she glanced down at Jordan. "And that's not answering my question, Maid of Honor," she teased.

"Laura, that's wonderful!" Derek said warmly. "Congratulations. And I'm afraid Stiles has exclusive dibs on me in a dress, you'll have to put me in some outrageous suit instead."

"Don't think I won't, baby brother," Laura cooed. "Stiles has dibs, huh?" She leaned back against the headboard, scratching at Jordan's scalp lightly. "Tell me - I know it may be too early in your mind, but would you think about permanent collaring with Stiles? Just a question."

Derek shrugged slightly. "I think I would swear it, but...it doesn't seem fair on him."

"How so?" Laura asked, her voice soft. "Why isn't it fair to him for his Dom to want to keep him?"
"He's too young to make that kind of commitment," Derek replied, a little frustrated. "Laura, please, do we have to talk about this now?"

"Okay, okay. Sorry," Laura soothed. She didn't believe in that too-young hooey, but she didn't want Derek getting upset. "How is Stiles doing anyway? And how is my brother?"

"We're good," Derek reported. "He seems more settled since spring break - I think it's helped that he and Isaac and Scott aren't doing sleepovers every other night. And he's been very patient with me since...since Her friend came through."

Laura growled softly. "I wish I could legally feed him his own balls. I'm sorry you had to go through that, Der," she murmured. "But I'm glad things seem to be doing well. And I'm proud of you, I really am."

"For not running away this time?" Derek asked wryly. "It was a near thing."

"No, for letting him help," Laura replied. "For not hiding. So yeah, a bit with the not running away. But even if it was a near thing. The thing is, you didn't do it. You let your sub help you, you let John help you. And for that, I am so fucking proud. You told the cops, you pointed that bastard out and made sure he gets to rot in jail. You did so good." Laura smiled. "It doesn't matter if it was a near thing or not. The point was, you didn't run and hide."

Derek ducked his head, and when he replied, his voice was rough. "Thanks, Laura. Now go celebrate with your new fiancé."

"Oh, trust me, I will as soon as he wakes up." Laura grinned mischievously. "You take care of yourself and Stiles, ok? Give him a hug from me."

"Will do," Derek promised. "I'm allowed to tell him?" Not that he thought Laura was planning to keep the engagement private, but it was worth checking.

"Of course!" Laura beamed. "Love you, and talk to you later." She hung up after saying goodbye, her face softening as she looked down to Jordan's head on her lap.

Derek ducked into the living room and saw that Stiles, who had been vacuuming, was now dancing around and using the furniture polish can as a microphone. Derek laughed and shook his head as he watched. "Stiles," he called. "Got a minute?"

Stiles squeaked, flailing a bit and dropping the can before flushing. "Sir!" he exclaimed, scooping it up and turning down the music, then walking over to kiss Derek. "What's up? Is something wrong?"

"Nothing's wrong," Derek reassured him, smiling. "I've got news from Laura."

"News?" Stiles tilted his head, his eyes lighting up. "What is it?" He pressed closer, breathing his Dom in and smiling happily.

"She's getting married," Derek announced, grinning. "It sounds like it's going to be a collaring ceremony, too."

Stiles eyes widened as he bounced on his toes. "Really? that's amazing!" Stiles beamed up at Derek. He hummed, his head tilted to the side and his eyes flickering a bit like he did when he was trying to drag up information he had looked up long ago. "Collaring ceremony...Oh! A permanent collar?!"
"That's right," Derek confirmed. "Apparently it was Jordan who asked."

Stiles' eyes grew even more excited. He couldn't really speak he was so wired - instead he wiggled in place, like a little happy dance, before wrapping his arms around Derek.

"You're excited, chiquito," Derek observed, amused, as he hugged Stiles back. "I'm the one who's going to be Maid of Honour, apparently."

"Hey! I get to be the one to see you in a dress!" Stiles whined playfully. He leaned up to nip at Derek's jaw.

Derek smiled, and caught Stiles' mouth with his. When they broke apart a minute later, he breathed in Stiles' ear, "I already told Laura you had dibs."

Stiles melted into the kiss, panting softly and grinning at Derek's voice. "Oh good," he breathed back, pressing closer, his fingers twisting in Derek's shirt.

"You might want to warn Scott," Derek suggested softly. "I'm pretty sure she'll want a second bridesmaid."

"Maybe he'll be in a dress." Stiles let out a soft laugh, nodding. "I'll text him later," he promised, too content to really move at the moment.

"Have you ever been to a wedding?" Derek wondered aloud. He hadn't.

Stiles shook his head, grinning. "Nope. Never been to a collaring either. Dunno if that's private though." He shrugged, kissing along Derek's jaw.

Derek smiled. "The whole point of a permanent collaring is that it's public. It's no longer just a promise to each other - it's a promise to everyone that you belong to each other."

Stiles tilted his head to the side, his brain going into overdrive. He leaned closer to Derek, kissing him softly.

Derek kissed him back, sliding his arm around Stiles' waist as he sucked lightly on Stiles' tongue.

Stiles let out a soft sound tightening his grip on Derek as he pressed into the kiss, catching Derek's lower lip between his and sucking.

Derek slipped his hand under Stiles' shirt as he deepened the kiss, pulling Stiles closer.

Derek moaned, rocking forward as he tugged at Derek's shirt. He slipped his hand under it, moaning softly.

Derek's hands moved upwards, stroking Stiles' sides until he could thumb at Stiles' nipples.

Stiles whimpered, his back arching as he tried to press closer, a shudder running through him. He pulled back from the kiss to pant against Derek's mouth.

Derek was panting too. "Well," he said between breaths. "That was unexpected."

"Not complaining at all." Stiles gave a breathless laugh, leaning closer to kiss Derek softly. "Random make-outs in the middle of the living room give me very, very good ideas."

Derek smirked. "Care to share?" he asked.
"Involves pinning me to the wall." Stiles grinned, nipping at Derek's lower lip.

Derek narrowed his eyes thoughtfully and stood up. "Come on then." He offered Stiles a hand up. "Let's try it out."

Stiles shivered, licking his lips and sliding his hand into Derek's, his eyes darkening. "I like how you can just kinda sling me around, okay?" he murmured, blushing a little.

Derek gave Stiles' hand a tug, pulling him up and catching him in his arms. "Then let's give it a try," he suggested lowly.

Stiles gave a soft moan, leaning up to try and drag Derek into another kiss, letting his knees bend a bit to lean against him.

Derek kissed Stiles back, embracing him, but his mind was already racing ahead. He slid his hands down Stiles' back to his waist, then after a pause, to cup his ass. "Legs around my waist," he warned Stiles, and hitched him into the air.

Stiles gasped into Derek's mouth, a soft whine leaving his throat as he wrapped his legs around Derek's waist, his stomach clenching tightly as arousal spiked down his spine. "O-oh."

Derek paused for a moment, checking his grip. "If you hold me around my neck, I can do this for longer," he suggested quietly.

Stiles flung his arms around Derek's neck, trembling. "I love you," he breathed, his pupils so wide the gold was almost lost.

"Love you too, mi amado querido," Derek murmured. The moment stretched on, timeless, until Derek broke it by hitching Stiles up a bit and moving towards the stairs. "Bedroom?"

"Wh-what did you say?" Stiles asked, unable to keep from rocking forward. "And yes. Please sir." He sucked at Derek's jaw, one hand sliding through his hair.

"My beloved darling," Derek translated. It took every ounce of his determination to keep his focus on moving, on carrying Stiles around furniture and up the stairs. "My darling beloved. My beloved beloved, even."

Stiles grinned against Derek's jaw, clutching tighter to his Dom. "My sir," he breathed. "Amor de mi vida."

Derek froze. "...what?" he croaked. He must have heard wrong. Or Stiles had meant something different.

"Amor de mi vida." Stiles smiled. "I did say it right, didn't I?" he asked softly, stroking Derek's hair.

Derek's arms trembled as he stared at Stiles. He'd need to put him down soon. "Love of your life?" he whispered.

Stiles smiled even wider. "Yes. I was saying it correctly." He kissed Derek’s cheek. "Love of my life."

Stiles believed what he was saying. Everything in his voice, in his face, in his body language - everything said he believed it.
"I love you." Stiles breathed. "You're the love of my life. I'll love you forever. In this life and the next."

"I - we're halfway up the stairs," Derek said helplessly, blinking back tears. Stiles believed it.

Stiles smiled softly, slipping his legs down before gently tugging on Derek. "Come on. Let's get to bed?"

Derek blushed. "Sorry," he muttered. "We were in the middle of something."

"And then I dropped a bomb on you. It's okay, sir." Stiles laughed softly, nipping at Derek's jaw. "Besides, doesn't mean we can't restart here in a moment"

"I just..." Derek began, then gave up on trying to find words that made sense. "I love you, mi querido."

Stiles grinned. "I love you too, Derek." He kissed Derek's jaw and tugged him into the bedroom.

It was enough to remind Derek of what they'd been doing, of what Stiles had wanted, and he stopped stock still. "You have two choices," he announced lowly. "I can pin you against a wall, or I can put you on the bed. If I want you to move, I will move you. If you move from where I want you, I will put you back. Colour?"

"Green." Stiles sucked in a breath, turning back toward Derek. "Wall," he breathed. He knew that Derek would move him if need be.

Derek nodded, and let go of Stiles' hand. He didn't tell Stiles to stay still - the whole point was that Derek didn't need Stiles' help to get the sub where he wanted. He went over to the nightstand and found the lube, slipping it into his pocket.

Stiles rocked forward just a bit, watching Derek as he walked around the room. He didn't move, remembering that Derek wanted him not to.

When Derek came back and saw Stiles standing expectantly in exactly the same spot, he smiled. "Good boy," he murmured. "Feel free to try to move around if you want to."

Stiles watched him for a moment before trying to move closer to kiss his Dom. He licked his lips, eyes blown wide.

Derek smirked challengingly and met Stiles' movement, stalking towards him. But rather than pause and accept a kiss, Derek kept going until Stiles was forced to back up.

Stiles sucked in a sharp breath, moving backwards as he looked up, licking his lips. He let out a soft whimpering pant, sucking on his lower lip.

Derek continued, step by step, herding Stiles until his back hit the wall.

Stiles pressed against the wall, his pupils blown wide as he arched closer to Derek. His stomach was twisting with arousal - he was almost throbbing he was so hard.

Derek reached down to cup Stiles' crotch and smirked. "Having fun?" he asked.

"Always," Stiles breathed, rolling his hips and tilting his head back. He tried to press closer.
Derek caught Stiles' hips, forcing him to stay exactly where he was.

Stiles gasped, head thunking back. "Siiiiirr," he moaned softly, hands reaching out to run up Derek's arms.

Derek leaned in, his mouth right by Stiles' ear. "Patience," he whispered.

Stiles huffed softly, almost melting against the wall. He was panting softly, pushing against Derek's hand just to feel himself pinned back.

"You see," Derek murmured, his voice almost soundless. "I - " he rolled his own hips forward " - would like to fuck you. And to do that...well." Derek moved one hand from Stiles' hip to his ass and squeezed it. "You'll be a lot more comfortable if you let me take things at my own pace. Colour?"

"I am so green I'm the hulk," Stiles breathed, his hands grappling for a hold on Derek's shoulders. "So green. Please. I want that. I want you." He was going to go insane. that's all there was to it. Death by boner. Yup, that'd be on Stiles' gravestone.

Derek huffed a laugh. "Good to know," he mumbled. He kept up the pressure on Stiles with his torso as he reached between them to undo Stiles' jeans.

Stiles leaned his head back against the wall, his eyes fluttering shut with a moan. He loved it when Derek showed off how strong he was.

Stiles' cock was hot when Derek brushed against it, unzipping Stiles' fly, then his own. *His* cock was hard, and aching.

Stiles let out a keening whine, rocking his hips forward. "Sir," he panted, sucking his lower lip into his mouth. "Please." He slid his hands down Derek's arms, tugging lightly at Derek's waistband. He wanted to feel his Dom grinding against him, no clothes in the way.

Derek let Stiles shove his pants down past his hips, simultaneously doing the same to him.

Stiles groaned, his fingers tracing every inch of skin he could reach, leaning his head back. "Kiss me please?" he begged softly.

Derek didn't think he could ever deny Stiles when he asked like that. He leaned in, and ghosted his lips over Stiles' open mouth.

Stiles let his mouth part wider, trying to entice Derek to deepen the kiss, his fingers clinging to whatever part of Derek he could reach.

Derek pressed his lips to Stiles' again, but rather than kiss deeper, he grabbed Stiles' ass and lifted him upwards, bracing him against the wall.

"O-ohhh." Stiles moaned into the kiss, kicking his pants off his legs before wrapping them around Derek's waist, unable to keep from rolling his hips against his Dom's. His stomach was tight and hot, a vaguely desperate feeling radiating from Stiles' chest.

"Stiles," Derek said huskily, "I need you to help me." He adjusted his grip on Stiles' ass and thigh with one hand, and with the other, he reached into his pocket. "I can't let go, so you need to hold the lube."
"Yes sir," Stiles murmured, his voice rough and breathless as he slid his hand down Derek's arm to take the bottle of lube, just the mention of it sending a jolt of static through him. "God, I want you."

Derek swallowed hard at the slide of Stiles' skin on his. "So good, chiquito," he praised, bringing his hand up between them. "Three fingers, Stiles. Lube them." They'd been doing more and more anal play lately, but Derek was still cautious.

Stiles let out a small whimper at the thought, rocking against him as he managed to get the lube opened, slicking Derek's fingers while chewing on his own lower lip. He slid his own shirt up as far as he could, the fabric driving him insane, rubbing and scraping over his nipples. The sensitivity when he was turned on was torture enough.

Derek did his best to breathe steadily, to keep calm as Stiles rubbed against him. He hitched Stiles up again, and reached around and under him to trace Stiles' hole.

Stiles let out a high pitched whine, shivering and clinging to Derek. He arched his back to try and press back onto the finger. "Sir."

"Shh, I've got you," Derek promised. He pressed the tip of his lubed finger in, just slightly. "Come on, chiquito, let me in, I know you can."

Stiles whimpered, chewing on his lower lip as he forced himself to relax bit by bit until the only thing holding him up was Derek.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, easing into Stiles' hole and starting to fuck his finger in and out. "That's it, chiquito."

Stiles panted, eyes opening to lock onto Derek's, rubbing his hips back into each movement. His pupils were blown so wide only a thin ring of Stiles' iris could be seen, a light sheen of sweat making his hair stick to his forehead. "Please," he begged, fingers sliding up into Derek's hair.

"Stiles, do you think you're open enough for two?" Derek asked desperately. He wanted to, he just... He couldn't hurt Stiles. "Can you open for that?"

Stiles nodded rapidly, hiking his legs higher on Derek's waist. "Please. Want to be stretched out for you, wanna feel you," he pleaded, one hand going to rest on the wall above his head.

"Okay," Derek breathed gratefully, inserting a second finger and starting to stretch Stiles wider.


Derek scissored Stiles hurriedly, well aware that the longer he took to prep Stiles, the less time they'd have before he'd have to put Stiles down. Finally he was able to insert a third finger. "Almost there," he muttered.

"Feels so good," Stiles whimpered, rocking and letting out a startled shout as Derek hit his prostate. "O-oh fuck!!"

"I will in a minute," Derek panted, focusing on trying to hit that spot again.

Stiles let out a breathy laugh, only to cry out as it was brushed over again, back arching sharply. "Fuck. Please sir," he begged.
"Ready?" Derek asked breathlessly.

Stiles nodded rapidly, whimpering. "Fuck me. Please sir, want you."

"Then lube my cock," Derek ordered. He couldn't do it himself, but he was determined to make sure Stiles was comfortable (and yes, he wanted Stiles' hands on his cock too).

Stiles let out a soft whine at the order, fingers fumbling for the lube bottle again before wrapping his slick hand around Derek's cock, arching his back to get a better grip. A gasp was punched out of him at the feeling, rocking back hard on Derek's fingers.

"Fuck," Derek swore, bucking into Stiles' hold. "Fuck, fuck, arms around my neck, Stiles, let me lift you." He pulled his fingers out of Stiles' ass and grabbed him with both hands.

Stiles hurried to wrap his arms around Derek's neck, the swearing in that husky voice only driving his arousal higher. "Please," he begged. "Fuck, please sir, want you."

Derek took a deep breath and lifted Stiles up, shifting his hips until the tip of his cock was nudging at Stiles' hole.

Stiles whimpered, licking his lips. "Please. I'm ready, I promise. Please sir," he begged softly, his mouth against Derek's ear. "Take me. Please."

Derek shuddered and gasped, and impaled Stiles on his cock.

Stiles cried out, his head thumping back against the wall. He whimpered, rocking a bit in Derek's hold. God, it had a bit of a burn to it, but he was quickly growing addicted to the feel. "Feels so good. Fuck."

"Stop hitting your head, you'll bruise it," Derek said breathlessly, trying to adjust to the feeling of Stiles, fuck, Stiles, fucking Stiles, the way it filled up his world.

"Feels so good," Stiles murmured, tilting his head forward to rest their foreheads together. "God, I love you," he breathed, tightening his legs and arms. He was thrown for a loop, the feel of Derek in him making his world fall end over end.

"Love you so much, mi amado," Derek replied, trying to catch his breath. "Are you ready?" He rolled his hips, teasing.

"Yessss," Stiles moaned. "Come on, sir, please. Fuck me, take me, claim me. Please," he begged, his voice going lower, husky, and rough.

Fuck. Derek couldn't hold back any more, not with Stiles saying things like that, and he didn't want to. He thrust upwards, hard and fast, setting an almost reckless pace.

Stiles let out a long, low moan, one hand going to smack the wall, arching into his thrusts. "Yessssss." he hissed, eyes fluttering closed.

Derek fucked Stiles roughly, gripping his ass tight and pressing his back against the wall. God it felt good.

The rough pace made Stiles arch closer, his eyes half closed as he panted. Ever since the nails raking down his back during the day they used the sensation play, he'd found he loved just a slightly rough edge to some things.
Derek could feel his arms getting tired after so long holding Stiles up, but the feeling was subsumed by the pleasure, sharp and overwhelming, of fucking him.

Stiles felt the slight tremble in Derek's arms, leaning forward until he was speaking softly in Derek's ear. "Please sir. Take me to bed. Take me apart, please," he begged, clenching around him and whimpered.

Derek huffed, smiling. "Found me out, hmm?" he asked Stiles, pausing his movements.

"You're strong," Stiles panted. "But even you must be getting tired by now. And I want to be taken apart, not having you worrying about keeping us both off the floor. I want to feel you." He rolled his hips hard.

Derek groaned, and panted, "Don't know what more you're planning to - to feel." His cock was, christ, buried to the hilt in Stiles' ass. "Stay still," he warned, hitching Stiles up for a better grip.

Stiles gasped, holding on tightly and freezing, his mouth panting softly in Derek's ear. "A soft bed under me, my Dom fucking me with hands bruising my hips and thighs. Not to mention you can get even deeper when you aren't worried about falling. God, you feel so fucking good inside me, sir," he breathed, a hand tangling in Derek's hair. "And you have to admit, getting a cramp right now would suck with you holding me up against the wall. Hot in theory and for making out, not so much for getting my brains fucked out."

"It was your idea," Derek pointed out fondly. He stepped away from the wall experimentally, testing his hold. "But since you've changed your mind..."

Stiles laughed, gasping as it shifted Derek to hitting his prostate. "Good idea at the time, now I just want to have you take me apart. You can't do that if you're pinning my heavy ass to the wall," he teased breathlessly, tugging at Derek's earlobe with his teeth.

Derek inhaled sharply as he carried Stiles to the bed. "You're impossible, corazon," he murmured, smiling. "Let go so I can put you down?"

Stiles chuckled softly, leaning back a bit and loosening his arms. "You wouldn't have me any other way," he teased, running his fingers down Derek's chest.

Carefully lifting Stiles up so he could lay him on the bed, Derek grinned and shook his head. "I really wouldn't, amado. Now, you said something about me taking you apart?"

Stiles stretched out on the bed, grinning up at Derek. "Yes. I want to fall apart under you. I want to be taken apart and put back together. And I know you can do it. My Dom. My Derek."

"I'll certainly do my best," Derek promised, his eyes dark.

Chapter End Notes

To be continued...

We look forward, as always, to your wonderful comments.
"What do you want more?" Derek asked. "To touch me? Or to come?"

Stiles let out a loud whine, his eyes widening. "I'm supposed to pick one of those. Jesus fuck."

"You are," Derek confirmed, and waited.

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Derek does his best to take Stiles apart.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS:
For kinkyness, rather than anything actually distressing, but there's some comeplay in here and some ass-to-mouth, so if that squicks you, you can skip the sixth, seventh, and eighth paragraph/sections where it's mentioned. (I mean you can skip the whole chapter if you want, this one's pretty much PWP.)
Derek calls yellow at one point but it's very quickly cleared up.

Derek looked at Stiles consideringly, then snapped, "Hands above your head, legs apart. Keep them there."

Stiles jolted at the sharp order, a moan leaving his throat as he moved to do as Derek said, planting his feet and twisting his fingers in the sheet.

Derek got onto the bed, leaving his clothes on and kneeling between Stiles' legs, his flushed cock pointing at Stiles' crotch.

Stiles licked his lips, his eyes dark and locked onto Derek. He was sorely wishing he'd taken off his damned shirt before he moved into place. He wanted to feel everything.

Derek leaned forward, sliding his hands up Stiles' torso, taking his shirt with it, revealing flushed and gorgeous skin. He tugged the shirt up over Stiles' head, but left it tangled around his arms, imprisoning them.

Stiles' breathing hitched, his arms trapped in his shirt, his lower lip caught between his teeth. His knees spread further just a bit; Stiles wanted to feel him. Pink flushed high on his cheekbones at being exposed to his Dom, though he had no issues with Derek looking him over.

Derek reached out for one of Stiles' nipples, rolling it experimentally between his fingers as his other hand wandered over Stiles' bare skin.
Stiles gasped, arching his back. "Oh shit!" he cursed, his eyes rolling back a bit. He never understood why his nipples were so sensitive, but it made his arms tremble.

Derek smirked. Stiles wanted to be taken apart, well... He pinched Stiles' nipple, hard, with his nails.

Stiles yelped, back arching sharply as he cried out, "Fuck!"

"Good or bad?" Derek checked. With Stiles, a little pain was usually good, but still...Derek didn't want to get that wrong.

"Good," Stiles panted. "Sharp, but good." He licked his lips, watching Derek through hooded eyes.

"And other pain like that?" Derek asked. He was starting to think of a plan of action, now. "Are you green for that?"

"Green. Want to try," Stiles panted, rolling his hips up to tease Derek.

"Oh, you want attention on your cock as well?" Derek said, teasing. "You can have my cock in your ass, but your cock's your job for now." They weren't in the best positions, but if Stiles rested his ass on Derek's legs, Derek could stay kneeling up while Stiles warmed his cock...

Stiles groaned, licking his lips. "Yes, pretty please sir." He batted his eyelashes, dying to reach up and tug at Derek's clothes.

Derek moved forward a bit, lifting Stiles' hips and easing the two of them together like puzzle pieces. They fit perfectly. "Good, querido?"

Stiles moaned, his eyes closing as he tipped his head back, rocking his hips. "Fuck yeah. You feel amazing."

"So do you," Derek pointed out. He bent down, leaning over Stiles' torso, scraping his teeth over pale skin, licking the marks he'd left behind.

Stiles whimpered, arching into each touch, his hands jerking up before he forced them back down. "O-oh," he breathed.

Derek smiled to himself, pleased, as he worked his way closer and closer to Stiles' nipples.

Stiles whimpered, shifting his hips as Derek's movements rocked him into Stiles. "O-ohhhhh," he moaned, arching his back and crying out as his prostate was hit.

The movement brought Stiles' chest up to Derek's face, and he gently bit at Stiles' neglected nipple.


Derek kept up a gentle pressure with his teeth as he scraped his fingernails over Stiles' other nipple, rolling his hips.

Stiles' mouth fell open as he moaned, eyelids fluttering, his hands twisting the sheets hard. "Please," he murmured. He had no idea how long he could last, and every touch was sending shocks along his skin.

Derek lifted his head. "Stiles?" he said lowly. "You're not allowed to come."
A whine fell from him as he shuddered. "Yes sir," Stiles whispered. Shit, this was going to destroy him.

Derek sat up a little and began to set up a pattern, his hands ranging over Stiles' torso, one always caressing, the other scratching, pinching, seemingly randomly, but always where Stiles was sensitive.

Stiles' couldn't hold any of his noises back, his body writhing with each touch, his thighs trembling as he fought to keep his feet planted rather than wrap them around Derek's waist like he wanted to. His head fell back, throat bared as he whimpered, mouth parted so he could pant out each breath.

God, Stiles was beautiful. Wonderful. Amazing. "Talk," Derek ordered. "About anything you want, but if you're quiet, I stop touching you."

"Oh fuck, rude." Stiles let out a breathless gasp. "Can't think to talk," he groaned. "Want to touch you, want to wrap my legs around you."

"It doesn't take thought to say 'please'," Derek pointed out, pinching a mark into the skin over Stiles' hip. "And you seem to able to do a lot more than that."

"Oh trust me." Stiles jerked with a soft moan. "That's the predominate word in this noggin at the moment. Please, sir."

Derek rolled his hips forward, his eyes dark. "Please what?" he asked huskily.

"More. Please more. Everything. I want everything. Please sir? I'll be good, I promise." Stiles whimpered, the look in Derek's eyes just stoking the fire hotter.

"You're always good, querido," Derek replied quietly, stroking Stiles' side to settle him.


Derek considered it, thinking of something Stiles had mentioned long ago, but they'd never really tried out. "What do you want more?" he asked eventually. "To touch me? Or to come?"

Stiles let out a loud whine, his eyes widening. "I'm supposed to pick one of those. Jesus fuck."

"You are," Derek confirmed, and waited. He kept his hands on Stiles' skin to make it clear that Derek touching Stiles would still be happening, no matter what Stiles chose.

Stiles whimpered, wiggling a bit where he was. Finally he let out a whine. "Touching you," he breathed. "Please. Please." He knew he probably just signed his orgasms' death certificate, but he needed to touch Derek, needed to feel him under his fingers. He's tactile, craves touch.

"I'm making you responsible for avoiding an orgasm," Derek warned. "If you're too close, it is your job to ask me not to make you come. Understand?"

"Yes sir," Stiles panted. "Please. Need to touch you, please," he begged, his hands twisting in the sheets and shirt that was wrapped around them.

"Good boy," Derek said, smiling at him. "But if you fail, you'll get the cock cage for three days, and I won't be trying to make it fun."

Stiles whimpered, shifting a bit. "Please. I'll be good, please," he promised. While the thought of
being teased mercilessly in the cock cage for days sort of turned him on, at that point, he just really wanted Derek.

"Okay," Derek said soothingly. "I'm going to have to move away briefly to change our positions, but I'll be right back, okay?" Carefully, he sat up and eased himself out of Stiles.

Stiles whined, shivering softly and licking his lips. "Kay," he whispered, watching Derek like a hawk.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, taking his pants off. He pulled his shirt off over his head, then reached for Stiles' arms and got rid of his, too.

Stiles' arms shot out, tracing Derek's chest, his eyes wide as he traced down his pecks. "My sir."

Derek paused for a moment, letting Stiles feel him. "My boy," he replied gently.

Stiles gave him a beaming smile at that, sliding his hands up to tangle in Derek's hair, tugging him and trying to pull him down into a heavy kiss.

Derek let him, smiling back, putting one hand in the centre of Stiles' back and the other on the back of his head, holding him close.

Stiles let out a soft sound at the touches, pressing as close as possible and making a happy noise.

"Stiles," Derek murmured against Stiles' lips. "You want me to fuck you, don't you? I need you to let me move so I can do that."

Stiles nodded, pulling back from the kiss just a bit, licking his lips and sliding his hands free of Derek's hair to slide back down to his shoulders.

"That's it, chiquito," Derek murmured. He lay down on top of Stiles (grateful for the respite for his knees - how did Stiles do that all the time?) and reached in between them to guide his cock back into Stiles' hole.

Stiles moaned, bucking his hips and trying to get him deeper, even as his hands traced the muscles on Derek's back, his face tucked in Derek's neck.

"Wrap your legs around me," Derek suggested, his breath catching. "Better angle."

Stiles threw his legs around Derek', clutching tightly and crying out sharply as his prostate was nailed. "Fuck. Please sir," he begged softly, hands constantly moving.

"I've got you," Derek promised, panting. "Gonna fuck you now, querido, gonna fuck you so good."

"Yesss," Stiles hissed. "Fuck me. Please sir. Want to feel you long after we're done." He begged, his fingers scratching lightly.

Derek thrust forward, and for once, he was indulging himself. He wasn't trying to make Stiles come - Stiles didn't get to come - so Derek could fuck him as hard and fast and deep as he wanted, could revel in the feeling of Stiles clutching him close, could just...enjoy.

Stiles whimpered, hiking his legs higher on Derek's waist. "Yess. Please sir. Want to feel it. Want you to fuck me." He was rambling again, his mouth going a mile a minute.
"Y'feel good?" Derek checked. He could feel Stiles' cock hard against his stomach, could feel the rhythmic clench of Stiles' hole, but he had to be sure.

Stiles could only nod, kissing Derek as he rolled his hips back into each thrust, clenching tightly around him randomly. He reached up, tugging lightly at Derek's hair, panting against his mouth. "Wanna make you feel good too."

"You feel so - mm - so good, chiquito," Derek moaned. "So good around me."

Stiles gave Derek a grin, leaning up to latch onto his neck just under his ear, kissing and nipping as his hands slid down his chest. He paused for a moment before lightly twisting a nipple, wondering if Derek had the same problem Stiles did.

Derek shuddered and gasped. "Stiles..." he panted.

Stiles smirked against his skin. "Yes sir? "he murmured back, plucking at the nipple he held, tongue tracing down Derek's neck to suck at his collar bone.

"You - oohh, so good," Derek moaned. God, he was... "'m getting close," he murmured. "Are you - ah - you good?"

"Mmhm." Stiles rolled his hips, his fingers going to hi Dom's other nipple, his free hand going to scratch lightly down his back.

Derek shook his head suddenly. "Yellow - yellow on the fingernails," he blurted out. "I'm sorry, but..."

Stiles whipped his arm away from Derek's back, freezing. "Sorry," he breathed. "It's okay, it's okay sir," he soothed, his voice soft and gentle. "I won't do it again." He reached up, his hand cupping Derek's cheek. "Are you okay?"

Derek leaned into Stiles' touch, panting. "I'm fine," he promised. "I'm just...not fingernails. But I'm fine."

"No nails, check." Stiles nodded, kissing Derek's jaw, and smiled softly. "Thank you for telling me."

"Sorry," Derek said again, automatically. "I didn't mean to interrupt, uh...us."

"Sir, it's fine," Stiles insisted. "I would rather you interrupt this than keep something like that secret." He tugged Derek closer, tightening his legs around his waist.

Derek's breath hitched as Stiles shifted around his cock, making him briefly forget what they were talking about. "O-okay," he told Stiles, trying not to groan.

Stiles laughed softly. "Okay to continue, sir? Or do we need to stop?" he asked, voice serious, even as his hand slipped into Derek's hair.

"Fuck, don't stop," Derek blurted out, then blushed. "I'm okay," he said, more quietly.

Stiles let out a bright laugh, kissing along his jaw. "Good. Let me know if I do anything else, ok?" He smiled, rubbing up and down Derek's back, careful not to use his nails. He rolled his hips, trying to get Derek to pick back up the pace.

Derek's breath hitched and he let out a tiny groan. "I will," he promised, rolling his hips in tandem
Stiles moaned into his ear, his voice soft as he started rambling, clenching tightly whenever his prostate was hit. "God you feel so good. Want to feel you fill me up, want to walk around feeling empty and wanting more and more." He latched his mouth back onto Derek's neck, working up a dark hickey.

Derek thrust long and deep, grinding against Stiles' ass when they came together. "I'm going to - ohhh - going to come, in a - a minute," he warned Stiles, panting. "You ready?"

"Fill me up," Stiles begged. "Want to drip I'm so full." He hiked his legs higher, one hand sliding down to grab Derek's thigh, rubbing. "Please, sir. Please."

Derek tensed, holding himself back as he asked, "And - nn - you? Are you getting, getting close?"

"Yes sir," Stiles breathed. "W-want to, b-but only if you tell me." He panted, remembering the words earlier that meant Derek would decide if he got to. He cried out as his prostate was hit again, his body jerking as he barely held back. Now that Derek had brought his attention to it, he was fit to burst, his stomach wound tighter than a spring.

"Good," Derek panted. "You still can't come." Fuck, he was - he was right on the edge, so close, so close…

Stiles let out a soft whine, moving to suck Derek's lower lip into his mouth, letting out a startled gasp each time his prostate was hit, his back arching. "Amor de mi vida," he breathed.

Derek shuddered. "Mi querido amor," he gasped, his hips thrusting forward one last time as he came.

Stiles let out a high cry, pulling his Dom closer and holding him tight. His eyes fluttered closed as he smiled.

Derek buried his face in Stiles' neck, panting.

Stiles buried his face in Derek's hair, humming lightly. "And now I can't feel my legs. Glorious feeling," he giggled. He was still rock hard, having barely held onto his own orgasm. The practice with the cage has helped his control just enough it seemed.

"You're good?" Derek mumbled, his brain still slow to work after the orgasm. "Feel good?"

"Feel amazing," Stiles murmured, nipping at Derek’s ear.

"Le' go a minute?" Derek asked, shifting his hips. "I wanna see you."

Stiles' breathing hitched at the shift, though he loosened his arms and legs, letting Derek lean up.

Derek pushed himself up on one elbow, gazing down at Stiles with love in his eyes. "Beautiful," he murmured, running a hand over Stiles' skin. A corner of his mouth quirked, and he traced a finger down Stiles' flushed and impatient cock. "Especially here."

Stiles whimpered, his eyes rolling back as he fought not to buck into Derek’s touch. "'m close," he warned, breathless.

"Good boy," Derek praised, taking his hand away.

Stiles slumped back onto the mattress, panting heavily, a small smile on his face from the praise.
"You asked me to take you apart," Derek murmured. "Do you feel taken apart yet?"

Stiles shifted a bit. "I definitely feel well fucked," he said with a laugh. "Taken apart? Not quite, but that may be more with me picking to touch you over my orgasm, so," - he shrugged - "I got what I wanted."

Derek grinned back and raised his eyebrows challengingly. "Do you want to stop?"

Stiles laughed again, licking his lips. "Only if you want to," he teased.

Derek eased himself out of Stiles before they could stick together. "I have a few ideas," he said. "I'd like to see if I can take you apart without an orgasm."

Stiles let out a small whine, wiggling a bit in place when he was empty. "How so, sir?"

"I'm going to hold your cock so you can't come," Derek explained, "and I'm going to keep you on the edge of orgasm for as long as I can."

Stiles shuddered, nodding after a moment. "Green," he breathed.

A corner of Derek's mouth quirked upwards. "Good," he said firmly. "But first...I'd like you to clean my cock." He crawled up Stiles' body until he could sit, straddling his chest.

Stiles whimpered, opening his mouth so Derek could see his tongue against his lower lip.

"You want to taste?" Derek teased gently.

Stiles ran his hands up Derek's chest, pleading. "Yes sir. Pleassse"

Derek shrugged. "Go right ahead. I told you to clean me up."

Stiles lifted his head, sucking as much of Derek's cock into his mouth as he could.

Derek cupped the back of Stiles' head, supporting him and gently pushing his mouth further down on Derek's cock.

Stiles sucked and slurped messily, tongue curled around him. "Mmmmm."

"Are you enjoying that, chiquito?" Derek asked lowly. "Are you enjoying the taste of my come?"

"Mmmhm." Stiles moaned, eyes flicking up to Derek's face, his tongue slipping into the slit of Derek's cock.

Derek shivered. "Did I say you could try and suck me off? I said you could clean my cock."

Stiles let out a soft whine, going back to just sucking and licking the come covered cock in his mouth, his eyes flicking down.

When his cock was clean, Derek tugged on Stiles' hair, pulling him away. "Good boy," he said. "Do you want some more?"

Stiles whined at being pulled away, panting softly. "Yes sir. Please." He licked his lips, plucking at
Derek's nipples.

Derek shuffled back and brought Stiles' hands down to his own nipples. "Tease yours, not mine," he ordered. "Hurt them."

Stiles panted softly, eyes locked on Derek as he twisted his own nipples, crying out when as he got rough. "Please," he panted, rolling his hips up.

Derek reached behind him and dipped his fingers into Stiles' hole. "Please what?" he asked, bringing come-covered fingers forward and offering them to Stiles. "Please this?"

Stiles whimpered, sucking Derek's fingers into his mouth, hips still rocking up. Once they were clean he let them fall with a small pop. "So close. Please sir."

"Please help you be good?" Derek asked, teasing. God, Stiles was amazing. "Please stop you from coming?"

Stiles groaned, closing his eyes tightly. "Please," he murmured again, arching sharply as he gave a hard twist to one nipple.

"Good boy." Derek got off Stiles and took hold of his cock around the base, holding it tight.

Stiles cried out, whining and trembling. He panted, melting into the mattress. Fuck yes. Even though he hadn't come, the fact that his Dom was controlling it made him harder than ever.

"That's it," Derek murmured. "Good boy."

Stiles gave Derek a trembling smile, soaking up the praise. He panted softly, his limbs trembling as he let his hands slip to the mattress.

"There we go, querido," Derek praised. "How are you feeling?"

"Empty." Stiles laughed a little. "But shaky." He reached out for Derek, his hand trembling.

Derek took his hand and brought it to his lips. "I've got you, chiquito," he murmured.

Stiles smiled, settling a bit and tugging on his hand. "Love you, mi amo."

Derek let Stiles' hand go. "Love you too, amado," he replied. "Do you want me to keep going?"

Stiles tilted his head for a moment before shaking it, flushing darkly. "We go anymore and I'll not be able to warn you in time."

Derek smiled down at Stiles warmly. "Such a good boy for me, amado. How about if I hold you back, like I am now?"

Stiles flushed, wiggling a bit. "Can try?" he offered. "I can try to keep back."

"Good boy," Derek said again. "You tell me if you need me to slow down, okay? Or if I've got something in your mouth, snap your fingers."

Stiles smiled at the praise, nodding and holding tightly to Derek's hand. "Yes sir, I will."

Derek smiled back. "I'll need that hand, querido," he warned. "Especially if you'd like to taste me again."
Stiles let out a small noise, dropping his hand and licking his lips, eyes dark. "Please sir," he begged, arching his back and trying to get more.

"Nipples, Stiles," Derek reminded him as he reached for Stiles' hole. He traced the gape of it teasingly, before pushing two fingers inside to scoop up his come.

Stiles cried out, arching his back sharply, rocking back onto Derek’s fingers, even as his own snuck back up to his nipples, twisting.

Derek took the opportunity to rub Stiles' prostate, stroking his perineum with a thumb at the same time.

"Close!" Stiles whined, bucking against him and trying to get more. "Please sir!" he begged, his brain already scattered.

Derek just made sure his grip was sure on the base of Stiles' cock, but he didn't slow his fingers at all.

Stiles whimpered, rocking his hips and rolling his eyes back, feeling like there was a wall he was running into. "Sir, please. Please," he begged, yelping as his nail caught his nipple.

"Shh, chiquito, it's alright," Derek soothed him, withdrawing his fingers from Stiles' hole. "I've got you. Here, suck."

Stiles panted, sucking Derek's fingers into his mouth to suck them clean, his hands clutching at Derek's forearm.

Derek pressed down on Stiles' tongue, trying to anchor him, as he bent down and took Stiles' cock in his mouth.

Stiles cried out, eyes rolling back into his head as he trembled, sucking messily at Derek's fingers and moaning loudly around them. God, he wanted to come, and yet, he found himself swaying on the line between being there and subspace.

Derek hummed approvingly at Stiles' reaction, hollowing his cheeks and bobbing his head.

"Pl-please," Stiles begged, words pouring from his mouth, not even aware of what he was saying, his voice getting higher and higher. "Please. Sir, mi amo, please loveyou fuck, please."

Whatever Stiles was saying was muffled by the fingers on his tongue, but Derek thought he could guess the gist. He swirled his tongue around the head of Stiles' cock.

Stiles whined, his hips making aborted movements as he fought to keep still and not thrash, his stomach tight and arousal burning at his lower spine - he was so close he didn't know how he'd make it any further. He was already flirting with the edges of subspace, going between lazily sucking at Derek's fingers and frantically trying to get every single taste off of them.

Derek pulled off Stiles' cock and began to lick it, kitten licks interspersed with kisses, working his way down to the root.

Stiles keened, trembling softly. He didn't want to stop, wanted to tip over. But at the same time, he didn't know how much more he could take.

Derek hummed, skipping over where his hand was to nuzzle at Stiles' balls.
Stiles whimpered, his knees jerking just a bit, sucking Derek's fingers further down.

Derek paused, then, oh so lightly, pressed a kiss to Stiles' hole.

Stiles jerked, gasping loudly around Derek's fingers, going limp on the bed, trembling and lazily sucking on Derek's fingers. His eyes were blown wide and hazy as he looked down his body to Derek.

Derek looked up and withdrew his fingers from Stiles' mouth. "Colour, amado?" he asked gently. "How are you feeling?"

Stiles whined softly. "Green," he whispered after a moment. "Heavy, warm…"

Derek let out a relieved breath. He hadn't been sure that he could get Stiles there, to do what Stiles had asked, but he had. "That's my good boy," he murmured, caressing Stiles' cheek.

Stiles hummed, leaning into the touch, a smile on his face. He was happily floating, revelling in his Dom's attention.

Stiles' cock was still a dark, angry red when Derek carefully let go, wanting to hold Stiles properly.

Stiles wiggled a bit, whining softly but trying to get Derek to come closer, nuzzling his hand. He didn't say a word, feeling almost dizzy with how floaty he felt. He gave Derek a smile, reaching out with one hand, the other still holding Derek's arm.

Derek smiled back, and shifted to lie down next to Stiles, on his side so he could curl around him. "So beautiful, amado," he murmured. "My beautiful good boy."

Stiles hummed, turning to bury his face in Derek's chest, nipping absently at the skin under his mouth.

Derek wrapped an arm around Stiles, cradling him close. "You feeling good, querido?" he asked quietly, scratching at Stiles' hair.

"Mmhm." Stiles smiled, leaning into the scratches with a softly parted mouth. "Love you."

"I love you too, chiquito," Derek murmured. "Rest now. I've got you."

Stiles had no idea how long he'd been under when he finally started to resurface, blinking blearily and nuzzling his nose into Derek's chest. "Sir," he breathed, tilting his head back a bit.

"Back with me, querido?" Derek asked warmly.

"Yessir." Stiles smiled lazily. He still felt a bit dizzy, but he thought he'd gone down further than usual.

Derek smiled back and kissed the corner of Stiles' mouth. "Good boy. How are you feeling?"

"A bit dizzy. But other than that I feel good." Stiles turned his head to kiss Derek properly, grinning widely.

Derek leaned into the kiss gladly. "Worth the orgasm you didn't have?" he asked when they broke
Stiles grinned, nuzzling Derek's jaw. "What time's it?"

"I don't know," Derek admitted. "It's been quite a while. If you let me roll over I'll check the clock?"

Stiles let out a put-upon sigh. "Fiiiine," he whined, letting go of Derek with a pout. "My Dom leaving me for a clock!" he gasped dramatically, back of his hand to his forehead.

"I could stay," Derek pointed out, grinning. "We'd just never know what time it is."

"But I'm hungry too, sir!" Stiles whined. "Oh, the conundrum!" he gasped, starting to giggle.

"If you're hungry, querido, we'll eat," Derek said simply, the corners of his eyes crinkling as he smiled down at Stiles. "It doesn't matter if lunch is early. You should eat after a scene like this, anyway."

Stiles just grinned, sitting up slowly and kissing Derek's jaw, nipping softly. "Can we have fajitas?"

"Whatever you want," Derek promised. He looked Stiles over carefully. "You seem like you've mostly come up now."

Stiles nodded, giving Derek a smile. "I don't feel heavy at all. Still a bit dizzy, but I think that's more because of how deep I went. Never went that far before. Couldn't even feel you, only hear you."

"Did you like being that deep?" Derek asked. "What I did to get you there?"

"I liked it," Stiles reassured him. "Though that was intense enough it probably shouldn't be an everyday thing." He laughed.

Derek smiled. "No, chiquito," he agreed. "But I really wanted to give you what you'd asked for, and I'm glad I could."

"All apart in pieces," Stiles agreed happily, shifting to his knees on the bed. "Come on, sir. You can chop the onions while I find where our wok went."

"All right, amado." Derek leaned close to kiss Stiles' forehead. "Let's go."

Chapter End Notes

So...that happened. I think this is our first true PWP chapter.

Your comments on last chapter were lovely and encouraging - we hope this lived up to your expectations.

Today's EARLY chapter is brought to you by Seeker, who, ya know, other than your lovely KattsEye, actually has a social life! She'll be gone all weekend so early chapter! Plus, we DID kinda leave y'all hanging last chapter. -KattsEye
Playtime

Chapter Summary

When they were all seated - Derek with Stiles curled up against him - Derek asked, "Nene? Can you explain to Isaac what we're doing, from your perspective?"

Stiles tilted his head as he thought, smiling and gesturing that Isaac could sit anywhere. "I was being little." He shrugged. "It helps calm me down, going to where all I have to do is play and be myself."

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Isaac comes over when Derek and Stiles are doing an age play scene. As it turns out, playing with little Stiles is kind of fun.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: This is another age-play chapter, so skip it if you feel the need. The key plot point is that Stiles and Derek have their six-month DAC appointment coming up. Once again, the age-play is absolutely non-sexual. Isaac joins them, and Derek and Stiles pause to make sure everyone is okay with this.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"Nene," Derek said with a sigh when he came back into the living room, "I don't mind if you play with more than one toy at a time, but I do mind when they end up all over the room. That's what you have a play-mat for."

Stiles looked up from where he was making a Lego tower. "But Daddy!" he whined. "They has spots they has to be in!" He stood, giggling and running over to Derek, wrapping his arms around him and trying to climb up him, squealing louder as he slid down to the floor. "I move dem though," he promised. "Daddy help?" He looked up, lip pouted out and eyes wide.

Derek smiled ruefully. "I'll help, corazoncito," he agreed. "I'll get the ones near the table, and you can get the ones near the stairs, okay?"

Stiles nodded, grinning widely. "CLEAN UP CLEAN UP EVERYBODY EVERYWHERE," he sang at the top of his lungs, bouncing around, dragging his toys to his play-mat.

Derek shook his head. Stiles could be...exuberant normally, but never as much as when he was little. He was so loud, in fact, that Derek almost didn't hear the doorbell.

"DOOR!" Stiles cried, running toward the door, hopping over one of his toys. "Daddy! Door!"

Isaac blinked as he heard a squeal coming from inside the house. Were Stiles and Derek watching a movie or something? He shifted on his feet, rubbing one of his arms. He'd had a shitty day, and even
though he didn't live here, with Scott at Laura's for the evening, he didn't want to be at the Stilinski's. He still felt safer here.

"Nene, stop!" Derek called urgently, hurrying after him. "You don't know who it is!" God, almost anyone would be a disaster.

Stiles whined, pouting. "But what if Isaac? Or Scotty?!" He paused with one hand on the knob, blinking at Derek.

"No," Derek said firmly. "Go finish putting your toys away while I see who it is, and if it's Isaac or Scott, maybe I'll let you say hello." Derek was hesitant to do so - their play had still been almost entirely private, and Stiles was especially vulnerable at the moment - but Stiles had, in general, been very open to those two seeing him when he was subbing.

Stiles whined, even as he headed back toward his toys. "Wanna seeeeeee," he huffed, before quickly becoming distracted. "TOYS! No, Sir F'uffers, you 'sposed to be on the mat!" He giggled, moving his stuffed bunny.

Isaac shifted on his feet, knocking again.

Derek opened the door, running a hand through his hair when he saw who it was. "Sorry Isaac, but this really isn't a good time -"

Isaac flushed, opening his mouth to apologize quickly, already taking a step back, his shoulders curling up the slightest bit when a shout stopped him, a confused look on his face.

"Done! I done. I say hi now?" Stiles whined from where he was sitting on his playmat, flopping back and covering his face with Sir Fluffers.

"Not yet," Derek called over his shoulder. "I'm sorry, Isaac, I really am," he said quietly. "Normally I'd let you in even if he was down, I'd just ask you to stay out of our room, but when Stiles is like this he gets...everywhere."

Isaac grew even more confused. "What's going on?" he asked, his voice quiet. "Why does he sound so...childish?"


Derek closed his eyes. "Because right now, he more or less is a child," he admitted. "One of the ways Stiles and I...play, is that he gets into a headspace that is much younger, and I look after him and let him be young."

Isaac gave him a shocked look. "Did he just call you Daddy?" He was trying to wrap his mind
around it, but part of him was panicking. He’d heard about this kind of thing before, true, but he’d never actually known anyone that did it.

~

"Daddy!" Stiles whined. "I’m t’irsty! Who’sit outside? Is it Scotty? Iz’c? Mr. Po’ato man?"

Derek was torn between dealing with Isaac's confusion and looking after Stiles, but as always, it was Stiles who won. "Look, wait here for a bit while I look after him, okay?" he said hurriedly. "He wants to talk to you, but he’s more distractable than usual like this. You can sneak into the kitchen or something."

Isaac just nodded, his face still confused. Though it did make him relax a bit seeing that Derek still cared the same as he did with normal Stiles.

~

"Daaaaaaaaaaaaaddyy," Stiles sang. "Daddydaddydaddydaddy." He picked up Sir Fluffers, making the soft toy fly through the air. "T’irsty! Want juice! Wanna talk to Mr. Po’ato Man!"

Derek smiled gratefully at Isaac and hurried back to the living room. "Sorry, nene," he said, catching Stiles up in a hug. "Let's get you some juice, okay?"

"Juice!" Stiles squealed happily, hugging Derek. "I has apple?" he asked, his thumb slipping into his mouth as he tugged Derek toward the kitchen.

Isaac slipped inside, heading straight for the kitchen, the voice filling the house still causing a bit of confusion. That was Stiles? He sounded so cute!

~

"Yes, you can have apple, nene," Derek said fondly, letting Stiles pull him along, completely forgetting where he’d told Isaac to hide.

Stiles giggled. "Come onnnn. So slow Daddy!" he whined, miming tugging on a huge weight, turning to enter the kitchen, his eyes lighting up. "Isaac!" he squealed, letting go of Derek's hand and bounding toward Isaac, wrapping him in a hug. "Yay, Isaac’s here!"

Isaac startled, his eyes going wide as he looked down at where Stiles was hugging his chest. "Hey Stiles," he murmured, his face still shocked, even as one of his hands went to pet Stiles' hair, making Stiles beam.

Oh, shit. "Sorry," Derek mouthed. "Nene, did you ask if Isaac wanted a hug?"

Stiles froze, his eyes wide. "No..." He looked up at Isaac. "I’m sowwy. I hafta ask."

Isaac furrowed his brow, patting Stiles' back. "Thank you for the apology," he murmured, his mind still scrambling to explain what he was seeing, hugging Stiles back. "I enjoy Stiles hugs though."
Derek smiled gratefully at Isaac. "Do you want something to drink?" he offered. "I was just getting Stiles some juice."

"I has apple!" Stiles screeched brightly, wiggling against Isaac before pulling away, running to the fridge. "Daddy! I has 'ippy?" he asked.

Isaac winced when he heard Stiles call Derek 'Daddy' again, but it was instinctive more than a reaction to the actual situation. It was pretty clear that, whatever was going on with Stiles, Derek was, well, being Derek: looking after him as best he could. "I'll just have some water, thanks," he murmured.

Derek smiled at Isaac, reaching up to the top cupboard to find Stiles' sippy cup. "Yes, nene, you can have your sippy cup," he said.

"Yay! Look, Isaac! I has dinoswars on 'ippy!" Stiles giggled, spinning in a circle and carefully putting the bottle of juice on the counter. "Daddy! I wanna watch car'oons! I watch?" he pleaded, glancing Isaac and grinning. "Isaac! You pway legos with me? P'ease?" he hastily added, a bright smile on his face. "Eep! I left Sir F'uffers!" He scrambled out of the room to scoop up his Bunny, coming back into the kitchen with his thumb in his mouth.

Derek watched Isaac getting more and more bewildered and caught Stiles by the hand. "Nene?" he said quietly. "You can watch cartoons in a minute, but right now, we need to talk a little bit, okay? I'm calling yellow."

Stiles whimpered. "Why?" he asked simply, shifting from foot to foot and coming up just a bit, blinking but not removing his thumb. It comforted him.

"Because when we play, it's important that everyone wants to, and everyone knows the rules," Derek explained, squeezing Stiles' free hand. "It's not okay for us to play with Isaac yet because we haven't talked about that with him."

Isaac ducked his head. "It's not important," he muttered. "You don't have to stop because of me."

Stiles turned to Isaac, blinking slowly. "No, he's right," he slurried around his thumb. "You would want the same if I came over durin' a scene of yours and S'otts." He wasn't as deep now, though he still didn't move his thumb.

Isaac bit his lip. "I would," he admitted.

Derek smiled, relieved. "So let's go sit down and talk, and then maybe we can play some more," he suggested.

Stiles smiled, pulling his thumb out of his mouth, but still holding onto Sir Fluffers with a death grip. "Where? Here or couch?" he asked, his voice still soft.

"On the couch, nene," Derek decided quietly. "We may as well be comfortable."

Stiles nodded, tugging lightly on Derek's hand as he headed for the couch, giving Isaac a small smile.

Isaac followed, but hung back, not sure what was expected of him.

When they were all seated - Derek with Stiles curled up against him - Derek asked, "Nene? Can you explain to Isaac what we're doing, from your perspective?"
Stiles tilted his head as he thought, smiling and gesturing that Isaac could sit anywhere. "I was being little." He shrugged. "It helps calm me down, going to where all I have to do is play and be myself. I'm sure you noticed in school sometimes I'd be more exuberant kid than anything else."

"You, uh..." Isaac shrugged awkwardly. "Maybe a bit? But nothing like this."

Stiles wiggled where he was, fighting with how to explain it. "I like it," he murmured. "I can feel safe. And it calms me down, because a lot of 'grownup' issues go away in my mind when I'm like that. First time we did it was after the DAC appointment for our one month. We have another one in a week or two and I'm nervous, so..."

"We'll be fine, amado, you know that," Derek murmured.

"I know, but it doesn't stop the nerves." Stiles shifted again, leaning his head on Derek's arm. "Being little helps. And I liked being taken care of." He paused for a moment, his lips pursed. "Isaac, what's bothering you about it? Is it really just shock, or something else?"

"I didn't say it bothered me," Isaac pointed out, stalling. "I just...you call him Daddy?"

Stiles flushed burned hotter. "When I'm little, yes. He takes care of me and loves me and makes me not run in the house but also lets me eat weird things for dinner if I wanted them."

It sounded...nice. Kind of. "What if..." Isaac asked tentatively. "What if you do run in the house? Or do something wrong?"

"One minute sitting still and quiet on the floor," Derek answered quietly. "After I've warned him and he's kept doing it. I've also made him help me clean sometimes."

"And you know how hard it is for me to be still and quiet. It's even worse when I'm little." Stiles laughed a little. "Derek doesn't use the same punishments. He has them more...child appropriate, for lack of a better phrase."

"Oh." It helped, to hear that Stiles was...safe, like this. Not that he wouldn't be! But, still, Isaac couldn't help worrying...

"Do you have any other questions, Isaac?" Derek asked.

Stiles smiled, reaching out to pat Isaac's knee. "It's okay if it shocked you. I think it shocked Sir how deep I fell the first time. How quickly I did."

"Speaking of which," Derek said, "I couldn't really ask you, earlier, if you were okay with Isaac being here."

Stiles tilted his head, smiling. "I'm okay with it," he promised.

Isaac shifted, watching them for a few moments longer. "I'm okay with it too, I think."

"You're sure?" Derek asked. "If you'd rather not be here, then you can. You couldn't really avoid Stiles earlier, but if you want to go upstairs..."

Isaac smiled. "I'm not going to lie, I'm a bit out of my element, but He sounded adorable earlier. I want to see, if that's okay."

Stiles grinned, pressing his face into Sir Fluffers' fur.
Derek smiled. "He's very cute. Aren't you, nene?" he asked Stiles.

Stiles flushed darker, peeking out.

Isaac grinned, reaching over to poke Stiles gently in the ribs.

"He's ticklish," Derek commented, mentally sitting back and letting the two subs work it out.

Stiles wiggled, laughing softly, peering up at Derek. "I can go back?" he asked quietly.

"Yes, Stiles," Derek agreed. "We've talked about everything we need to. So long as you know, Isaac, that you can safeword at any time if you're uncomfortable?"

Isaac nodded, smiling. "I'll keep it in mind."

Stiles beamed, curling closer, his face hiding in Sir Fluffers’ fur, peeking out again to Isaac.

"Would you like to watch cartoons, nene, or would you like to show Isaac your toys?" Derek suggested.

"Cartoons and then showing?" Stiles asked. He wasn't down just yet, so his voice was shy.

"That sounds good," Derek agreed. Watching cartoons would give Stiles a chance to sink back into his headspace. He leaned forward to get the remote from the coffee table and passed it to Stiles.

"Here you go, chiquito - you can choose."

Stiles smiled, fiddling with the remote before clicking it over to Disney Junior, eyes trained on Jake and the Neverland pirates as he started to sink back down, thumb slipping into his mouth…

It wasn't exactly riveting, but Derek didn't mind watching with Stiles.

It didn't take long before Stiles was giggling softly, his eyes bright. " NO JAKE GO THA UDDE WAY!" he screeched, laughing and almost falling off the couch.

Isaac startled, surprised at what seemed to be a sudden shift.

"He tends to go down pretty fast," Derek murmured, sympathizing with Isaac's apparent bewilderment.

Isaac let out a soft laugh. "Yeah, he really does doesn't he?"

Stiles giggled, flopping himself off the couch dramatically. "NO JAKE! Hook’s over there! Don't go dat-a-way!"

"He likes being like this," Derek said. "Hey, nene - would you like me to get the rest of your juice?"

"Juice!" Stiles squealed. "In 'ippy! P'ease," he tacked on, his eyes widening pleadingly.

Isaac hid a grin behind a hand. Stiles really was adorable.

"Very polite," Derek said approvingly. "Look after Isaac while I'm gone, okay?" he suggested as he stood up.

"Tayyyyyyyyyyyyyy!" Stiles giggled, turning to Isaac. "Wanna play with blocks Isaac?" He slipped his
thumb back in his mouth, one bunny ear being rubbed between finger and thumb. "Did you know Bunnies can have LOTSa babies in 'ittle time? So many bunnies!"

Isaac smile, nodding and slipping down to sit on the floor beside Stiles. "That is a lot of bunnies."

Derek listened in as he went to the kitchen, but hung back, letting them get used to each other.

Stiles giggled. "Bunnies EBEwhere!" He waved his arms around him. "Why don’t we has long ears like bunnies?" he wondered, grabbing his own earlobes and tugging.

"Because we don't need to hear as well?" Isaac suggested, shrugging.

"True." Stiles chewed on his lower lip. "HOP!" he giggled, jumping up and down in a small circle. "I'm a bunny!"

"You're very loud for a bunny," Isaac pointed out. "They don't make any noise."

"I'm a HUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUUGE bunny." Stiles giggled, dropping to the ground and burrowing under the blanket he kept near his playmat. "My Den!"

"Wolves have dens, not bunnies," Isaac said. "And foxes. But bunnies have burrows."

"Burrows?" Stiles poked his head up out of the blankets. "I a fox? Foxes can squeak like a puppy! Or even a kitty! And they nosy, but it okay, cuz they can' help it!" He wiggled around in the blanket. "C'mon Isaac! P'ay blocks with me. P'ease?"

"I'll play," Isaac agreed, turning off the TV and getting down on the floor. "What are we building?"

"Towers." Stiles hummed, pulling his Legos closer to the two of them. "Let's see who can build the tallest tower eber!"

"Tall towers?" Isaac couldn't imagine that Stiles when he was...older, would find something that simple interesting. "Okay, then." He started setting out a wide foundation of longer blocks, figuring the tower would be more stable if it had a solid base.

Stiles giggled, chattering softly - mostly to himself - as he built his tower. "And then Sir F'uffers was lost! Turneded out Daddy washeded him. Now he all smells wrong."

Isaac thought back to the way Stiles hid his face in the toy all the time. "Sauce?" he asked.

"I washed him accidentally," Derek admitted, coming in with juice, "but you have to admit he needed it."

"Jelly!" Stiles exclaimed. "Smelleded like strawb'y jelly! Oooh! Juice! T'ank you, Daddy." He reached out for his sippy cup, his smile bright on his face.

"You're welcome, nene," Derek said fondly. "And what did we learn from that?"

"Bunnies no can eat PBJ sammiches." Stiles shook his head, his voice sad. "But that's okay, I still share juice!" He giggled, tipping the cup up so he could get a long drink from it.

"You're very good at sharing," Derek praised, smiling. "A little too good where Sir Fluffers is
concerned, maybe."

"Sir F'uffers loves strawb'y jelly, Daddy! O'course I share!" Stiles said. "Same as I share s'more poptarts wif Isaac. Cuz he loves them."


Stiles beamed. "S'mores Isaac loves. Scotty loveses the b'own sugar ones! Daddy, what kind do you like bestest?" He tilted his head up to blink at Derek.

"I don't really like poptarts, nene," Derek admitted. He didn't like a lot of processed foods. "They're too sweet for me."

Stiles gasped, his eyes wide. "Dat okay, Daddy! I sweet enough for youa." He batted his eyelashes before falling to the ground giggling.

"Yes, you're very sweet," Derek said, sitting down between the two of them on the floor. "And very silly too."

"Silly!" Stiles repeated happily, rolling on the floor a bit. "Daddy lookie! We build 'owers!" He poked the top of his, giggling.

"Are you sure?" Derek asked. "Isaac's doesn't look like a tower at all. Maybe he's building something else."

"It'll be a tower," Isaac objected. "I just wanted to build the bottom before I started going up."

"Big tower!" Stiles agreed, patting Isaac's shoulder. "Very strong! Daddy! Wanna build?" He nudged the bucket of legos closer to Derek.

Derek shrugged. "I think I'll just help you two, if you don't mind?"

"That's fine," Isaac said quietly.

"Tay!" Stiles said, flopping over to grab Sir Fluffers, pulling him close. He looked between the bunny and Isaac. "Sir F'uffers wanna help you, Isaac, not me!" Stiles set the bunny very carefully beside Isaac, tongue poking out the side of his mouth.

"Thank you, Stiles," Isaac murmured, although he had no idea how a stuffed bunny was supposed to help him play with legos.

Stiles beamed at Isaac. "Welcome!" He stuck his thumb in his mouth, stacking his blocks while murmuring softly to himself.

Derek split his attention between Stiles and Isaac, getting up occasionally when he spotted rogue blocks that had escaped the play-mat.

Isaac contentedly stacked his tower and higher, focusing on making it as solid as he could. And he might have been trying to get a rainbow effect with his placement of the blocks. It was kind of soothing.

"Isaac building pwetty tower," Stiles slurried, grinning at Isaac. "I wike it." He nodded, stacking his own blocks carefully. "Daddy. We have maccy cheese for dinner?" he asked, blinking over at Derek. "With little twees?"
"That depends," Derek said. "Isaac, are you okay with mac and cheese with broccoli and bacon mixed in?"

"Sounds fine to me," Isaac replied. He'd eat whatever was put in front of him. It was a well-reinforced habit by now.

"Isaac like little twees?" Stiles beamed, sucking on his thumb and standing to wander off, dragging his colouring books over to the play-mat.

"I don't mind either way."

Stiles tilted his head. "Little twees make you big and strong!" he exclaimed, flipping to a picture of a cat, grabbing the purple crayon.

"You don't think I'm big enough?" Isaac asked. He was taller than almost everyone he knew, including these two.

Stiles tilted his head, giggling. "I t'ink you strong too!" he smiled widely around his thumb. "But little twees still good for you." He nodded solemnly.

Isaac gave in. "Bring on the little trees, I guess," he said with a shrug. "Thanks for cooking, Derek."

"Isaac doesn't hafta eateded them though, if Isaac don't wanna." Stiles curled his shoulders up, not sure if he'd made his friend mad.

"Hey, no," Isaac said, dismayed. "I'll eat anything, remember? Come on, get over here."

Stile slipped his thumb into his mouth, scooting over to Isaac. "I know. Isaac not like eating everything though. Isaac just eats it cuz food."

"You noticed that, huh." Isaac grimaced and wrapped an arm around Stiles. "Why are you upset, s-sweetie?" He stumbled over the pet name, but it seemed strangely appropriate.

"Uhuh. I see." Stiles cuddled into his side, sucking on his thumb and reaching out to drag Sir Fluffers closer, his ear between finger and thumb. "I don't wanna make Isaac do som'fing he no wanna do," he whispered, his eyes on his knees.

"There's a difference between wanting not to do something, and just...not really wanting it," Isaac explained, knowing the words didn't make much sense. "It's like, um...you like playing blocks, don't you? Do you like playing go fish?"

Stiles tilted his head. "I wike p'aying b'ocks more," he admitted.

"Okay," Isaac said. "But if I asked you to play go fish because I like it, would you play with me?"

"Uh huh." Stiles nodded his head and blinked. "Ohhhhhh. You still don't hafta eat it, Isaac..."

"I know, sweetie," Isaac reassured him, relieved that he'd got his point across. "But I don't mind, really. I'm sure it will be very good."

"Daddy makes it homemade. Tasty. Extwa cheese," Stiles gave Isaac a tiny smile, pressing close as he could.

"Sounds good," Isaac murmured, rubbing Stiles' shoulder. He bit his lip. "Stiles, can you do something for me?"
"Hmm?" Stiles blinked up at him. "Wha'sit?" He smiled around his thumb, reaching up to spring one of Isaac's curls.

"Does your...Daddy - does he have a rule about lying?" Isaac asked.

"Not 'posed to lie," Stiles murmured. "I haste have two minutes sit-y time if I lie."

"Well, Scott and Janet have agreed that I'm not supposed to lie either," Isaac explained. "So if you're not sure if I really want to do something, all you have to do is ask, and then you'll know."

Stiles tilted his head. "P'omise?" he murmured, tilting his head. "Wha' happens when you lie?"

"That depends on how bad the lie was," Isaac explained. It had taken them a while to figure out punishments that were fair and didn't make Isaac think of his father. "I sometimes get a time out, but more often, I have to write down what I lied about and why, and what the truth is, and why I shouldn't have lied."

Stiles nodded. "Dat sounds fair." He gave Isaac a small smile. "Isaac hungry?"

Isaac smiled back. "I'm looking forward to dinner," he said, ruffling Stiles' hair.

"That's good," Derek said, sticking his head out of the kitchen, "because it's nearly ready. Time to pack up your toys, nene."

"Awwww. No wike cleaning!" Stiles whined, flopping back and huffing. "Okay. Sir Fluffers stay out?"

"Sir Fluffers can stay out," Derek agreed, "but only Sir Fluffers." Stiles was very good at bending the rules.

Stiles wiggled a bit before pulling himself up, grinning at Derek. "Isaac, you help p'ease?" he asked shyly, reaching up to spring one of Isaac's curls.

"Sure, I'll help," Isaac agreed, although he looked mournfully at his stunted tower. "I guess I'd better start taking this apart."

"I helps you build higher later?" Stiles offered, patting Isaac on the shoulder. He giggled, starting to fill the block box with his legos. "Looky! You can put your tower in carefully and they stay together!"

Isaac smiled and followed Stiles' example. "Thanks, sweetie," he said. "You don't mind?"

"Uh huh! I a good helper!" Stiles hopped up to start getting his toys, singing at the top of his lungs, "CLEAN UP CLEAN UP EBEBODY EBEWHERE!"

Isaac stared, stunned by the sudden onslaught of sound. It occurred to him that he never could have done this - never been so carelessly, exuberantly, loudly cheerful - as a child.

Stiles squealed happily, shoving his toys in his toy box, but making sure not to squish the block box so Isaac's tower would stay safe. "All done!" he announced, holding Sir Fluffers by one ear. "Daddy! I has juice wif maccy cheese?" he called, his thumb slipping into his mouth. "Isaac like juice?"

"I prefer soda," Isaac admitted, doing his best to be truthful so as to avoid a repeat of their earlier
"But I like juice too."

"Soooodaaaa for Isaac," Stiles sang, the hand that was holding Sir Fluffers' ear reaching up to grab Isaac's hand. "C'mon. We has soda in da fridge"

Isaac followed Stiles into the kitchen, giving Derek a rueful smile.

"What are you doing, nene?" Derek asked.

"I bring Isaac to soda!" Stiles said, beaming. "He wike soda more than juice."

"That's very thoughtful of you, corazoncito," Derek praised, ruffling Stiles' hair. "What are the rules for the fridge?"

Stiles' eyes scrunched as Derek messed up his hair. "I don' mess with it! Daddy has to. Cuz of the eggie oopsie."

Isaac snorted. "I assume I'm allowed to get drinks out?" he asked. From the looks of things, dinner was almost ready.

"Go ahead," Derek replied. "Nene, can you get forks and bowls for us, please?"

"Tay!" Stiles said, setting Sir Fluffers on his seat before skipping to the cabinet. "Eggies go SPLAT when they fall on the floor." He giggled. "Squish!!!"

"Did you help Derek clean it up?" Isaac asked curiously, getting apple juice, soda, and a jug of water out of the fridge. "Derek, do you want anything?"

"I'm fine, thank you," Derek replied.

"Yup! Eggies slimy. Yuck." Stiles scrunched his face up, tongue sticking out. He slipped his thumb in his mouth. "Sippy please?"

"It's still in the lounge room, nene," Derek said as he drained the pasta. "You'll have to go get it."

Stiles gasped. "Sippy!" he squealed, running into the living room.

"He's kind of, uh...the only phrase I can think of is 'high maintenance' - like this, isn't he?" Isaac murmured.

Derek shrugged. "Sometimes he needs more of my attention than others. I'm fine with that."

"Daddy! Sippy empty! I has more?" Stiles asked, bounding back up to Derek and Isaac with a grin, sippy cup in hand.

"One more cup, and that's enough for tonight," Derek decided. "Okay, nene?"

"Yay! One more sippy!" Stiles wiggled in place, giggling happily. "Apple?"

Isaac glanced at Derek, then took the sippy cup and filled it with apple juice.

"Drink it slowly, nene," Derek told Stiles. "You don't want to finish it before we've started dinner, after all."
“'Tay! T'ank you, Isaac." Stiles smiled, taking his cup back before flopping into his seat, cuddling Sir Fluffers.

"You're welcome," Isaac said, fiddling with his hands as he looked for something to do.

"This is ready now," Derek announced. "Get glasses for you and me while I serve, please?"

Isaac obeyed gratefully.

Stiles giggled, kicking his feet and humming happily, his face buried in Sir Fluffers' fur.

At last, Derek brought the food over and they all sat down. "Make sure you don't get Sir Fluffers dirty, nene," he warned Stiles.

"But Sir F'uffers wikes 'ittle twees too, Daddy!" Stiles argued "He’s a bunny!"

"But bunnies don't like bacon, or cheese sauce," Derek pointed out. "He especially won't like them in his fur."

"Twue. And I don' wanna Sir F'uffers to take a baf," Stiles murmured, carefully setting the toy down on the fourth dining chair, patting his head. "There you go! No ickies for Sir F'uffers!"

"Good boy," Derek said, smiling at Stiles.

Stiles beamed, crawling back into his chair, cooing softly at his food. "Little twees!"

"Corazoncito?" Derek asked after a little while. "I think it's time for you to start coming up now."

Stiles whined, pouting softly around his fork before nodding. "'Tay," he huffed. He kept eating slowly, shaking his head every now and then.

"Take your time," Derek murmured. "There's no rush."

Isaac watched curiously.

Stiles whined softly, pouting and shifting. He didn't want to come up, but he knew he had to. He couldn't stay down too long. And he'd been down since they woke up. He shifted, his back slowly straightening, the grip on his fork changing.

Isaac realized that, even without Stiles saying anything, he could tell when Stiles was feeling, well, normal again. "Hi," he said quietly.

Stiles gave Isaac a small smile. "Hi, Izz. Are you okay?" He rubbed one eye tiredly, looking amused when he reached for his drink realized it was still in the sippy cup.

"Yeah, I'm okay," Isaac murmured, quirking a half-smile. "Are you?"

"A little groggy, But I'm good." Stiles grinned, reaching out to spring one of Isaac's curls, scratching his fingers through them for a moment before turning to Derek and giving him a small smile. "Thank you, sir."

Derek smiled back warmly. "Thank you, querido," he told Stiles. "You were a very good boy today, and I'm glad I could help you."
Stiles flushed, ducking his head. "I'm just nervous. I know we've only gotten better the past few months, but...a part of me is still scared."

"Well, I mean," Isaac offered, biting his lip when Derek and Stiles both turned to look at him, "uh...Scott told me you weren't really, like, together last time, right?"

"You could put it that way," Derek said steadily.

"We both wanted the other. But he didn't want to accidentally do the whole ‘authority pressure’ thing, and I didn't want to push him for something he didn't want." Stiles reached out and patted his Dom's leg, smiling.

Derek set his hand on top of Stiles'. "We actually admitted it later that day," he told Isaac. "Stiles doesn't have a filter when he's little."

Isaac winced. Wow, that must have been awkward.

Stiles flushed. "I really, really don't. And that's saying something because I don't have much of one when I'm not little." He scrubbed at the back of his neck sheepishly.

"You're cute like that, you know," Isaac told him. "Even if you are loud."

Stiles’ flush grew darker, giving him another sheepish grin. "Sorry. The volume filter goes away too." He ate the last of his food, one finger rubbing the edge of his bowl afterwards.

Isaac ate some more, then cleared his throat. "I, uh...when I asked that? About you and Derek? It was kind of for a reason. I mean...the DAC gives priority to couples rather than just pairs, right?"

Stiles blinked. "Yeah. They tend to expedite stuff when it's for couples. Compared to listed pairs. Why?"

"So, you're a couple now," Isaac pointed out.

Stiles nodded, chewing on his lip.

"Amado," Derek murmured, squeezing Stiles' hand. "We're a couple. The DAC always tries to keep couples together and not interfere."

Stiles slumped in his seat as it finally clicked. "Oh," he breathed, the tension that had been coiled inside him for the last couple of days melting away.

Derek smiled, leaning in to kiss the corner of Stiles' mouth. "And remember last time? All Morrell wanted was for me to go to therapy, which I'm doing. We'll be fine."

Stiles leaned into the affection, grinning. "And I haven't had any more subsick or subdrop."

"We'll be okay, querido," Derek said again, giving Isaac a grateful look. Nothing he'd said since the letter came had been able to calm Stiles down, but Isaac had done it.

Stiles nodded. "Still a bit nervous, but I think that's more because I'm hoping my mouth doesn't run away from me," he murmured. "But I'm feeling a lot calmer now. Thanks Isaac." He smiled at his friend.

"You're welcome," Isaac said quietly. "Thanks for letting me in today. I kind of had a shitty day,
"What's wrong?" Stiles made a soft sound, scooting closer to the other sub and leaning close, offering comfort.

Isaac shrugged. "It's kind of dumb, but...I was trying to get the lawnmower out of the garage at your old house and I knocked over a bunch of boxes and got stuck," he admitted. "I kind of freaked out a bit."

"Are you alright?" Derek asked, looking Isaac over carefully. "Have you talked to Scott? Janet?"

Stiles reached out, smoothing a hand down his friend's back. "Are you hurt?"

Isaac shook his head. "A couple of scrapes, that's all. And Scott's at Laura's - apparently there's something important they needed to talk about."

"That doesn't mean he wouldn't answer the phone to you, you know," Derek said gently.

"He'd always answer the phone to you. I know for a fact he picked the ringtone for your number to be the loudest he could find, so he would hear it even when he can't hear the other tones." Stiles smiled, rubbing his back.

"I didn't want to bother him," Isaac muttered. "It's not a big deal."

Stiles pursed his lips. "Isaac," he said, turning to face him. "It is a big deal if you're scared or hurt or even if you're just needing to hear his voice. It's important to let your Dom know. Even if all he could do to help was talk to you until you were calm, that's still something. Not telling him might even be considered lying by omission. I learned that one the hard way. I bet if you called right now, he'd come running to you, and you know he would."

Isaac looked away. "I'm fine now," he protested. "I just...I came here because your dad won't be home for hours and I didn't want to be alone and I'd rather be here than Janet and Simon's. But I'm fine now."

Derek privately thought Isaac was telling the truth - any unsteadiness that Isaac had had when he arrived had been smoothed away by playing with Stiles - but he wasn't going to interfere.

Stiles tilted his head, pursing his lips. "Yeah, I can see that. But still. Please, Izz. Don't think stuff like that, ok? Just...Talk to him. Call him, text him, something. But don't leave him out of the loop on things that are bothering you. He can't give you everything you need if you don't let him have an idea of it. As much as Dom's are amazing, they aren't mind readers."

"Isaac," Derek said quietly, "I promise you, it feels good to know you're looking after your sub. That they trust you to look after them."

"Guys, I don't - " Isaac sighed. "Can we drop it, please?" he asked plaintively.

Stiles pressed his lips together, nodding after a bit. "Just - please. Remember that, okay? You just gotta trust him." He smiled, leaning in and resting his head on Isaac's shoulder.

Isaac opened his mouth to retort that he did trust Scott, then closed it again. He just wanted to stop talking about this. "I think I'll go to bed," he said instead. "Thanks for dinner, Derek."
Stiles let out a soft whine, not realizing how late it was. "You’ll be at school tomorrow?" he asked.

"It would feel weird not to go, on the last day," Isaac said. "Not that high school was great all round, but it was still a big thing."

"I get to dress in a gown that will make me look like Batman when I leave it open. I'm good." Stiles grinned. "But yeah, last day is important."

"Are you planning on college, Isaac?" Derek asked.

Isaac shook his head. "I can't afford it," he admitted. "Besides, I don't really want to leave."

"You could always go to the community college with me? I'm thinking about going, basically just for funsies. I have no problem being my Dom's kept boy." Stiles fluttered his eyelashes at Derek.

"You know I don't agree with that," Derek said, frowning. "You could go to the best colleges in the country. You shouldn't settle for community college."

"Sir, I'm going to the community college because I'm happy just where I am." Stiles smiled. "Honestly, while I love learning, I hate school. So I get to take the classes that interest me, and learn interesting things, stay right where I am all nice and cozy, and some day win sub week on Jeopardy."

"So long as you promise to tell me if you ever want to go to college properly," Derek said firmly. He knew he couldn't win this one - he'd already tried more than once - but that didn't mean he'd stop worrying. "I've set money aside, and it's going to stay that way."

"I promise." Stiles said, leaning over to kiss Derek hard. "But honestly. I'm very content with this." He gave Derek a small grin.

Isaac tried to melt into the background, feeling awkward.

Stiles beamed at Derek, then turned back to Isaac and let his smile soften. "Do you need a ride back to the house? " he asked softly, already standing and petting Isaac's curls

"Um...could I stay?" Isaac asked tentatively.

Stiles grinned. "I have no problems with it." He tilted his head to Derek in question, though he'd already pulled Isaac into a hug.

"That's fine, Isaac," Derek agreed. They had room.

"I'll head up then," Isaac said, giving Stiles a squeeze and then extricating himself.

"The pajamas you left last time are on the bed in the room you like," Stiles said with a grin. He never teased Isaac, but he found it adorable that he always wanted to sleep in the one he and Scott shared that first night.

"Thanks," Isaac said again, smiling back. "I'll see you in the morning."

"Good night, Isaac," Derek replied.

"Night Izz!" Stiles turned to Derek, grinning widely and flopping onto him. "Come on sir, take me to bed." He fluttered his lashes.

Derek rolled his eyes. "Alright then, come on," he said fondly. "Let's go upstairs."
Chapter End Notes

Moving to the completely opposite end of the smut/fluff scale...

Sorry for the slightly late chapter, I've been mainly mobile the last couple of days because back. -KattsEye

Hope you enjoyed!
Future Plans

Chapter Summary

"You've been my student for almost six months now," Laura said slowly. "Which means - if you wanted - in a couple of weeks you'd be allowed to take an accreditation exam."

"Accreditation exam?" Scott frowned, tilting his head in confusion. "I thought the exams weren't until I was twenty-one?"

Laura shook her head. "No, when you're twenty-one they're mostly a formality - almost no-one fails them. But an accreditation exam is designed for Doms who either want to be able to take a sub before they age out, or for Doms who want to show that they have a deep, broad knowledge of BDSM."

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Scott's going to college soon, and neither he nor Isaac are looking forward to the separation. But Laura presents them with an opportunity that could make things a lot better for both of them.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

It was only a couple of days after graduation when Laura decided she really should be talking to Scott about accreditation. He'd be starting college in a few months, and it would be hard for him to concentrate on learning about Domming and around a science degree. "I suppose you're wondering why I've called you here today," Laura told Scott in a fake-serious tone when he showed up.

"Well I'm hoping you don't have a daughter's wedding to complain about, but yeah, a bit." Scott grinned, shooting Isaac a text asking how his sub was doing. His sub. He was still kinda getting used to it, but just thinking those words made something in his chest settle. It didn’t help that Isaac was so sweet that Scott just wanted to curl around him and keep him hidden from the world.

"Is that Isaac you're texting?" Laura asked. It had been wonderful to see Scott settle into his relationship with the other kid.

Scott smiled, nodding as he sent the text. "Yeah, I haven't had too much of a chance to see him since Graduation, so I'm spending the night over at the Sheriff's. Was seeing how he was feeling and if he wanted me to grab us takeout later."

"It's actually Isaac I wanted to talk to you about, in a roundabout way," Laura explained.

Scott gave her a confused look. "What about him?" His brain was jumping to a lot of conclusions, but he knew if Laura was bringing it up, they were more than likely just that, conclusions, not what was actually happening. He looked down at his phone, smiling at the return text: a pleading demand for his weight in Chinese food.
Laura sighed. "Phone away, Scott - and you know I normally wouldn't ask when it's Isaac you're talking to, but I need your full attention."

Scott's gave her a concerned look, texting Isaac that he'd be there as soon as he was done at Laura's before putting his phone in his pocket. "What's up, Laura?"

"You've been my student for almost six months now," Laura said slowly. "Which means - if you wanted - in a couple of weeks you'd be allowed to take an accreditation exam."

"Accreditation exam?" Scott frowned, tilting his head in confusion. "I thought the exams weren't until I was twenty-one?"

Laura shook her head. "No, when you're twenty-one they're mostly a formality - almost no-one fails them. But an accreditation exam is designed for Doms who either want to be able to take a sub before they age out, or for Doms who want to show that they have a deep, broad knowledge of BDSM."

Scott perked up. "So I can have Isaac faster?" he checked, leaning forward. "Right?" He felt a thrill down his back. The thought of waiting until twenty-one, while he understood why…he didn't like it. Because Janet and Simon could only do so much. And he wanted to take care of Isaac himself.

"You could," Laura said. "But you need to understand that accreditation is hard. There's a lot you'll have to learn to be able to pass."

Scott set his mouth, determined. "Then I'll work as hard as I possibly can," he said firmly, his back straightening. "What do I need to do, Laura?"

Laura blew out a breath. She'd thought Scott would likely want this, but now that it was confirmed…well. They had a lot of work ahead of them. "So far, I've had you studying very general things, that apply to all subs in all situations," she said. "But if you want your accreditation, you'll need to learn a lot of specific skills and techniques - including plenty that won't apply to Isaac. You'll need to show that you understand the theory behind a lot of different kinds of play, and that you know how to responsibly seek out the practical skills necessary. Some Doms take two years to learn it all."

"I'm not 'some Doms'. Other Doms don't have Isaac. And I do." Scott gave her a small smile. "I'm a very fast learner when determined. That's the only way I passed Chemistry."

Laura snorted. "Well, I'll do my best to get you through as much as I can before you leave for college - we may not get through everything, though."

"My college isn't that far away, Laura." Scott grinned. "I'll be home every weekend probably, especially with Isaac still being here."

"You may be coming home, but that doesn't mean you won't have work to do," Laura pointed out.

"Laura," Scott sighed. "I need him. I'll do whatever I have to. True, it may very well take me a year. And if that's the case, so be it. But I refuse to not do every single thing I can."

Laura smiled. "Alright, then." She put a stack of pamphlets and books on the table between them: The DAC Guide to Accreditation, Understanding BDSM: For Doms, Domination: Advanced Techniques, and What A Sub Wants, among others.
"A bit of light reading?" he teased, pulling the DAC book toward him and flipping through it.

"The DAC guide is mostly to give you a sense of what they're testing for - you'll need more than what's in it," Laura explained. "And you may have a break at the moment, but I don't, so you'll get through things faster if you can do some reading in between talking to me. I'll have you talking to Jordan more, too - that's part of it, getting a better understanding of what subs experience and want."

Scott nodded, licking his lips and grinning. "I know what I'm doing this summer," he teased. "Between you, Isaac, and these books, I'll get sleep and food and that's it, but it'll be so worth it."

"Speaking of Isaac..." Laura said, shifting in her seat. "Scott, you need to - a lot of what you learn you'll never use. Especially on him. He needs to... You should make sure he knows that. Because you'll be studying everything."

"He needs to what, Laura? Come on, be blunt with me." Scott looked up. "I know I have to learn everything. Even stuff that will frighten him. Things he would safeword in a heartbeat. He knows that. Doesn't mean I'd ever try to push him into something."

"There's knowing and knowing," Laura explained, rubbing a hand over her face. "There's knowing you'd never hit him, and then there's seeing you study the safe places to whip someone."

"Oh." Scott shifted on his chair. "I'll talk to him. I promise. And if anything, I'll study that stuff when he isn't around."

"Good," Laura said, relieved. "And when you do... make sure he knows you're happy with what he is willing to do? Studying for your accreditation is important for both your futures, but don't neglect the present moment either. He'll miss you when you go."

Scott nodded after a bit. "I was going to study when I wasn't with him. Or even with him for things he would want." He smiled. "I'll be spending all the time with him I can before I leave. And I'm already looking into the dorm's policy on overnight visitors so he could come with me for a few days."

Laura smiled at him. "I'm proud of you, you know. You're good at this, and good for him."

Scott flushed, ducking his head. "I want to be good for him. I want to give him what he needs. Even if it's just a kiss and a cuddle. I like knowing that Isaac can take what comfort he needs from me."

"You've got good instincts," Laura reassured him. "So long as you let him help you in return, you'll be fine."

"I still have trouble understanding what everyone keeps talking about with 'instincts'," Scott complained, even as he felt a tightness in his chest loosen at the reassurance. "'Use your instincts, follow your instincts.'"

"Let me give you a scenario," Laura suggested. "Isaac comes over, he's hunched in on himself, he won't look you in the eye, he's quiet. What do you feel? What do you want to do?"

Scott shifted again, uncomfortable at just the thought. "Worried, concerned. Ask him what's wrong, tug him into a hug and rub his back, maybe run my hand through his hair. He loves it when I do that."
"You didn't have to think about it," Laura pointed out.

"Because I know it would help," Scott replied. "And I worry about him when he's all withdrawn. My sub shouldn't be withdrawn..."

Laura smiled. "Why not?" she asked patiently.

"Because he's mine!" Scott huffed. "He deserves everything. He isn't normally withdrawn. I want him happy, carefree, outgoing. I want to rend his father into dog food for what he did to Isaac."

"Do you have logical reasons for any of that?" Laura pressed. Scott just didn't know how to recognize the instincts he had.

Scott furrowed his brow in confusion. "No... Not really..." He pursed his lips. "Oh. That's what you mean by instincts, isn't it?"

Laura grinned at him. "Yes. The things you want to do, that you know are right, but you don't really think about why or how you know it." She tilted her head to one side. "What about if you came over and Isaac was clingy, but he wouldn't look you in the eye? What would you do?"

"Hold him tight on my lap, one hand in his hair, the other on the small of his back where he usually melts against me if I hold. After a little bit I'd ask him what's wrong." Scott blinked as his mouth answered without him even thinking about it.

"See?" Laura said. "You know what to do. Now, using what I've taught you so far, tell me why that's the right thing to do."

"Why what is the right thing to do?" Scott hummed as he thought. "With the instincts, it's because it'll help you comfort your sub and help to make sure nothing goes wrong. With the scene you just described... The sub could be overwhelmed, or they could just need comfort for a few moments while trying to straighten out thoughts in their head. With Isaac? He usually does that when it's a bad day for him, when memories are scaring him or something happened to trigger him. Last time it happened was when he heard someone shouting outside my window at their dog. The words and tone ended up making him very clingy. After I held him like I told you, he calmed down enough to realize that it was just someone outside, not his father."

"So." Laura gave Scott a challenging look. "Are your instincts trustworthy?"

Scott snorted. "I get what you and Stiles and Janet keep harping about," he teased. "I just couldn't figure out what you guys meant by it."

"Well, now you know," Laura replied. "I'm sorry I didn't talk to you about it before."

"It's not like I brought it up either, Laura." Scott laughed. "Okay. So, what should I be studying first?"

"I've actually covered the basic philosophies with you fairly thoroughly," Laura explained. "So review those sections, but from now on we need to focus more in depth on different kinds of play. It's all divided into categories, but different people do it differently, and basically the only consistent ones are impact play, bondage, and role play. Is there a type of play you'd like to start with?"

"Of those three?" Scott asked. "Bondage, maybe? Isaac doesn't like small spaces, but sometimes I wonder if there's something that will make him feel held without trapping him or anything. Maybe a
type of rope or something that would hold him at places like his lower back..."

"A harness, maybe," Laura mused. Well. She had, in fact, been prepared for this. She stood up. "Come on then, I want to lend you something."

Scott tilted his head curiously. "Lend me something? Like what?" He stood, following Laura.

Laura took him to the study and rummaged around in the bottom drawer of her desk. "Here we go," she muttered, and stood up, placing a wooden artists' mannequin and a ball of jute string in his hands. "Practice your knots," she advised.

"Just call me a boy scout," Scott commented, fingering the string for a moment. "Okay. So practice which knots?"

"Square knot, larks head, half hitch, column ties," Laura said promptly. "There's instructions in one of the books I've lent you for a bunch of different ties, and I can show you, but muscle memory matters. And practice tying and untying them."

Scott nodded. "I'll learn," he promised. "Luckily, I was a cub scout."

"Good for you," Laura said dryly. "You can practice on Jordan when you think you've got the hang of it."

Scott grinned, nodding and absentely knotting the rope in his hands. "What else for today, Laura? Just practicing the knots?"

"Go home and practice knots, and write me an explanation of why you'd use some and not others," Laura said. "I also want you to mark the sections about bondage in the books I got for you, and we'll discuss the similarities and differences next time."

Scott nodded, shifting on his feet. "Okay." He gathered up the rope and model, smiling. "I'll practice for a little bit before heading to Isaac's, and I'll practice more tomorrow."

"Good," Laura said. "Feel free to ask me any questions, of course - but if I were you, I'd also think about asking Derek. Jordan's not into bondage much, but from what I hear, Stiles is, and Derek's been brushing up."

"Yeah, Stiles goes down pretty quick with some cuffs." Scott hummed in thought. "Kay. I'll ask him if I have any questions I wouldn't ask you." He grinned, hip-bumping her as he passed. "Since it's the day of your daughter's wedding after all. Or was it your cat's quinceanera?"

Laura rolled her eyes. "Oh, go home to your sub," she told Scott exasperatedly.

Scott grinned at her, popping into a little salute. "Ma'am yes ma'am!" He laughed, scurrying out of the house and to his bike. He put the practice items and books in his backpack, grinning, and pulled out his phone. 'Heading home. I'll bring extra egg-rolls. Just for my sweetheart,' he sent, grinning at the answering picture of a ruffled, grinning Isaac.

Laura shook her head as Scott left. He was a good kid. For her first student, she couldn't have done better.

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Isaac was flung over the couch. The Sheriff had a night shift and Isaac was using the time to just be completely lazy. He'd already changed for bed into a pair of pants and nothing else, and half buried
under the soft, thick blanket that Stiles had made him. He peeked up as he heard the door, grin widening on his face. "Egg-rolls, my love! Come to meeeeee."

Scott snorted. "And what am I, chopped liver?" he called teasingly. "Maybe I should keep these to myself."

"Noooo! Egg-rolls!" Isaac laughed, untangling himself from the blanket, and coming up to lean against Scott's chest, breathing deeply.

Scott smiled, taking Isaac in his arms. "If you convince me I've no need to be jealous of egg-rolls, maybe I'll let you have some," he suggested with a grin.

Isaac tilted his head back, grinning up at Scott. "My sun and stars," he teased, kissing Scott's cheek. "You know I'll be with you with or without a nice egg-roll supply. Besides, who can resist them? And you, you are the bringer of egg-rolls, so of course I like you more than egg-rolls." He wrapped his arms around Scott's neck and nipped at his earlobe.

Scott warmed despite himself. "Of course," he agreed lowly.

Isaac smiled, pressing close to him, taking comfort in his Dom. True, it would be a while before he could officially wear Scott's collar...but he knew it would happen. "My sir," he teased, tugging on Scott's hair lightly, his eyes twinkling with mischief. "Did you bring the shrimp fried rice too? We can watch movies and gorge ourselves."

"Yes, I brought fried rice," Scott said, rolling his eyes. "But, um...I wanted to talk to you about something Laura told me today, before we watch any movies."

Isaac gave him a confused look but nodded. "Sure. I'll get drinks. What would you like with your fork?" he teased. "Or do you want to try the chopsticks again?"

"I think I'll stick with a fork today," Scott said with a blush. "Coke, please?"

"Awww, don't blush, sir." Isaac pouted, kissing Scott's cheek. "Makes you even more puppy like and makes me wanna coo." He grinned, heading into the kitchen. Today was a good day.

"I can't exactly help it," Scott called after him.

Isaac didn't say anything, just grinned as he came back, handing Scott his coke and head-butting him affectionately on the shoulder before sliding to sit on the couch. "So what did you and Laura talk about?" he asked, digging in the bag for the egg-rolls and wiggling in happiness.

Scott took a sip as he tried to figure out where to start. "There's a way for me to be your Dom sooner," he blurted. "Officially, I mean."

The egg-roll slipped from Isaac's fingers, his eyes widening in shock. "Really?" he breathed, straightening up. "What is it? Are you serious, sir?"

"I'm serious," Scott said, unable to help the smile spreading across his face. "There's this test I can take, to show I'm ready to have a sub. Technically I'm allowed in a couple of weeks, but I wouldn't be ready then."

Isaac's face slowly split into a wide smile, his eyes bright. "But sooner than three years!" he exclaimed. "I - I..."
"Sooner than three years," Scott agreed, putting his drink down and opening his arms wide.

Isaac scrambled over to Scott, his hands trembling as he clutched at his Dom. "Sooner," he breathed.

Scott held Isaac close, rubbing his back. "Probably not before I go to college, Laura thinks," he admitted. "But if I work at it, maybe by New Years?"

Isaac let out a soft sound, pulling back just enough to stare him in the face, leaning forward to kiss him swiftly before tucking his blushing face into Scott's neck, his whole body still trembling. New Years. He could be Scott's completely by New Years.

"I know," Scott murmured. "It's a lot to take in."

"I'm happy," Isaac said softly, one of his hands slipping up to play with Scott's hair, trying to calm himself down. They'd somehow ended up in Isaac's favorite position, straddling Scott's lap and pressed close. "I'm happy, and I'm excited. I want to wear your collar so badly. I want to be yours."

"You're mine now, sweetheart," Scott promised him. "In every way but one, you're mine."

Isaac shivered, a smile on his lips. He liked the fact that Scott wasn't hesitant any longer about claiming him. "I want to be yours in every way there is," he murmured. "What do you have to do for that test thing?"

Scott grimaced. "Basically, I have to learn everything about every possible situation that could come up with any sub. Seriously, Laura gave me like a billion books to read."

"Homework. You'll never escape it." Isaac laughed, tilting his head back and smiling widely. "What's the first thing you're learning then?"

"Bondage stuff," Scott replied, shrugging. "Knots and things. I have a little mannequin to practice on, it's kind of silly."

Isaac flushed, shifting a bit. While bondage was something that he knew might not be a good plan for him, he still liked the thought. Not to mention that Stiles wasn't quiet about how nice it felt to be tied up.

"Uh..." Scott said hesitantly. "Just so you know - some of the stuff I'm learning you probably don't want to know about."

Isaac shifted again, his brow furrowing before his eyes widened. "Oh," he breathed, stiffening a bit. He'd forgotten about things like impact play.

"Yeah," Scott said, wincing. "Just...it's not cause I want to do that stuff, okay? It's because I have to show I know how to be safe with it."

"S-so we don't have to do it?" Isaac asked timidly.

"Oh, sweetheart, no," Scott said, dismayed, hugging Isaac tight. "We don't have to do anything. Nothing you don't absolutely want, okay?"

Isaac nodded after a moment, breathing deeply and relaxing. "Promise?"

"I promise," Scott said firmly. "If you don't want it, I don't want it, and we won't do it. No matter what."
Isaac smiled, kissing his jaw. "Thank you sir," he murmured, petting down Scott’s back as he pressed closer.

Scott shook his head. "No need to thank me, Isaac. That's how it should be."

"Still," Isaac said, kissing along Scott’s jaw.

"No, there is no 'still'," Scott objected. "Isaac, this is important."

"I know," Isaac agreed, lips brushing against Scott’s cheek. "I know that's how it's supposed to be. I can still be thankful that it's not how my dad kept saying it would be."

Scott sighed. He wasn't going to win this one, much as he wished he could. Isaac shouldn't be grateful for someone respecting his limits, when that was the bare minimum a Dom was expected to do.

"I want to wear your collar," Isaac said. "Way more than I want egg-rolls." He peeked up at Scott, a grin sliding onto his face.

"Well, right now, you get egg-rolls," Scott said, grinning back.

Isaac leaned up to kiss him, almost purring.

Scott kissed him gently back, cupping his cheek.

"Mmmm you taste better than egg-rolls," Isaac murmured against Scott's lips, his own quirking into a soft smile.

Scott just hummed, looking into Isaac's eyes, enjoying the moment.

Isaac pressed close, breathing deeply for a moment before grinning. "Come on, Chinese food is good cold, but it tastes even better hot."

"You got it," Scott replied.

Chapter End Notes

Our boys are getting older, and look! A rogue plot arc appeared!
"Have you been together long?" the girl asked quietly. Derek smiled at her. "I was Stiles' assigned foster Dom," he replied. "This is our six-month evaluation."

Stiles grumbled a little, pouting up at Derek. "Assigned foster Dom but not going to leave once the year is up, sir."

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Stiles and Derek go to the DAC center for their six-month evaluation, and then to the diner where they had their first date for their anniversary.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: A waitress at the diner calls Derek ‘sweetie’, which is a bit of a trigger for him. His reaction is mild, Stiles comforts him immediately, and when Stiles asks the waitress to not use that phrase, she apologises straight away. This happens at the beginning of the second-last paragraph/section, with conversations about it happening in the last two paragraph/sections.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Even though Isaac had calmed his fears, Stiles was still extremely nervous - almost vibrating in his seat - as they pulled up to the DAC.

"Stiles," Derek murmured, putting a hand on Stiles' thigh. "Mi amado querido. No matter what, you'll always be mine."

Stiles looked over, giving Derek a small smile. "My sir. Dunno why I'm so nervous..."

"Because it's a risk," Derek said seriously. "It's a low one, and one we have to take, but that doesn't make it easy."

Stiles took a deep breath, trying to calm down. "What do you have planned for after?" he asked, trying to keep his mind off of their evaluation.

"If you're up to it, I thought we could go out to dinner," Derek suggested. "Celebrate our anniversary."

Stiles eyes lit up, a grin on his lip. "Where to?" he breathed, moving to press close to Derek, nipping at his jaw.

"Wherever you want," Derek replied, smiling. "If it's the fancy Italian place on Main, we'll go there. If it's the diner we went on our first date, we'll go there."
Stiles eyes lit up. "The diner! Please." He smiled. "While I like the thought of being fancy with you, I'd rather just eat in a place where we can laugh loudly and see who can eat more curly fries."

"It's going to be you," Derek pointed out. "It's always you."

"My love of curly fries can't be beat." Stiles laughed, shifting a bit. He felt a little lighter, but he was still nervous. "Well, except for by my love of you," he added. "Come on, sir. Let's get this over with."

Derek pressed a swift kiss to the corner of Stiles' mouth. "We'll be alright, love," he promised.

Stiles said nothing, returning the kiss and breathing deeply before nodding and sliding out of the car, his hand already fiddling with his collar.

Derek got out and locked the car, coming around it to take Stiles' hand and lead him towards the town hall. He didn't say anything - what could he say that he hadn't said already?

Stiles pressed close to Derek as they entered the DAC office, his fingers reaching up to pick at his lower lip.

Derek let the receptionist know who they were and sat down with Stiles, his gaze roaming over the now familiar waiting room. There was someone else there, an older woman. Waiting to be interviewed as a foster Dom, maybe?

Stiles fidgeted a bit, picking at his lip and pressing close to Derek. His eyes flicked around the room a bit before settling on Derek's face, breathing deeply to try and settle himself.

"You're fine," Derek murmured. "We'll be alright."

A moment later, a shaken-looking girl came out of the office with a stack of papers in her hands, heading straight for the older woman. "I got s-sub, Mom," she whispered. "I have to contact my - my Dom by the end of the day."

The older woman gave her daughter a small smile. "Well then, we'll make sure you call them, okay? Who is it?"

The girl shuffled her papers awkwardly. "Um...Alex Medina?" She caught her breath and her hand flew to her mouth. "Ohmygod, Mom. Short for Alexandra. I didn't think they would...!

"Didn't think they would what, Alice?" Her mom stood, a hand on her daughter’s shoulder, a smile on her face.

Alice wrapped her Mom in a desperately enthusiastic hug. "I didn't think they'd listen," she said, the words half a sob. "I thought they'd make me go to a boy."

Stiles smiled as he watched, his mouth running away from him before he could call it back. "They listened to me. They always listen."

Alice's mom blinked, looking over to the other couple in the room, watching the sub's knee bounce nervously, a hand fiddling with his collar, drifting between that and picking at his lip. His other hand was wrapped up in his Dom's hand, leaning fully against him. "I'm glad." She let out a soft smile, kissing the top of Alice's head.
"Is it..." Alice started to ask, then apparently thought the better of it. "Have you been together long?" she asked quietly.

Derek smiled at her. "I was Stiles' assigned foster Dom," he replied. "This is our six-month evaluation."

Stiles grumbled a little, pouting up at Derek. "Assigned foster Dom but not going to leave once the year is up, sir." He poked Derek in the side, giving Alice a small smile. "Ask your question. I promise it's not as bad as you think it may be."

Alice's mom stifled a laugh at the pout, smiling wider. "I was the same way with my Dom, don't you worry."

"Anyone else, I would introduce myself as your Dom," Derek told Stiles. "But it's more relevant here that I was your foster, so I said that. I'm fairly sure Alice can tell we're more than that."

Alice laughed softly at the byplay. "I just wondered if it was...if you were scared when you met him," she asked Stiles.

Stiles hummed, poking Derek's side again as he thought. "Not really scared as more excited and nervous," he finally settled on, grinning.

"I won't say that there's no reason to be nervous," Derek said quietly. "But foster Doms are all vetted very carefully, and chosen carefully, too. You might not fall in love with...Alex?...but she won't do anything to hurt you."

Stiles smiled, leaning against Derek. "She was chosen because she most complimented you. So I don't think there's anything to be scared about. I couldn't picture my life without my Sir anymore."

"Not all fosters are compatible like we were, chiquito," Derek murmured to Stiles. "You shouldn't get her hopes up."

"I know that, sir," Stiles replied softly. "I was just trying to help calm her down a bit."

"It won't help if she's disappointed with what she finds when she actually meets her," Derek replied quietly, then told Alice, "At the very least, you can trust that you and your Dom should be friends. And if you aren't, you'll be able to change."

"Thank you," Alice said softly. "You guys are...well, it's nice to see that it's not just for movies, you know? That it can be real."

Stiles flushed softly. "Sorry sir," he whispered, and gave Alice a small smile. "It's real. Even if she's not your Dom, she can at least be your friend."

Alice's mother glanced at her watch, smiling at the other two. "Thank you, both of you," she said. "Come on, Alice, if you want to eat at that little cafe you like, we need to go."

Ms Morrell cleared her throat from where she'd been standing in the door of her office, watching them. "And Stiles, I need to speak to you, when you can tear yourself away."

Stiles let out a small whimper, nodding to Ms Morrell before turning and pressing his face to Derek's cheek, breathing deeply for a moment. "Honest, good, brave," he murmured to himself, reminding himself of last time.

"That's right, mi amado," Derek replied. "And I'll be right here waiting when you're done."
"Kay," Stiles whispered, kissing Derek’s cheek. "Love you, sir," he murmured before standing to head toward Ms Morrell, a small, nervous smile on his face.

Morrell smiled back reassuringly and led Stiles into her office. "You two seem a bit more settled," she observed.

Stiles gave her a wider smile. "Claimed," was all he said, his fingers back at his throat, fiddling with his collar. "And I love him."

"I don't think that's the difference," she replied gently. "I think the difference is that you both know that."

Stiles nodded, grinning widely. "He loves me too!" he chirped, relaxing a bit.

"That's wonderful," Morrell said warmly. "I'm very glad he was able to tell you that." She hadn't been sure Derek would. He could be a very withdrawn person. "What else has changed, since I last talked to you?"

"Well. There's Isaac and Scott... And Laura is getting married!" Stiles curled up, chewing absently on his thumb

"Isaac...Isaac Lahey?" Morrell checked, glancing at her notes. He was a memorable case, and of course he had more frequent check-ins than most, being assigned to a foster pair. "And Laura, is that Derek's sister?"

Stiles nodded. "Me and Scott were the ones to figure out what was going on. And yeah, she's Sir’s sister. And Scott's mentor."

"You're a complicated bunch, aren't you?" Morrell said, eyebrows raised. "Let me see if you've got this right. Your best friend is being mentored by your Dom's sister. And his boyfriend is being fostered by your Dom's old mentors, and fostered in a different way by your father and your best friend's mother."

"That sounds like it," Stiles agreed, smiling and relaxing further into his seat. "Oh!" His smile slipped off. "Another person that had hurt my Dom in the past showed up... He's arrested now though. In jail."

Morrell frowned. "How did the two of you handle that?" she asked. The last time she and Stiles had talked, Derek had been responding to trauma by withdrawing completely.

Stiles flushed darkly. "Talked for a while and then scene'd after he was better." He licked his lips, eyes unfocused as he remembered. He had really really liked that scene....

Morrell raised her eyebrows at the look on Stiles' face. "I take it Derek's a bit more willing to listen to what you want these days," she said dryly. "He didn't pull away from you?"

Stiles shook his head, smiling. "If anything he was holding onto me as much as I was him."

"That's the way it should be," Morrell said, making a note to ask Derek for his perspective on events. "What's changed about your relationship with him? What have you learned?"
"We're more than just Dom and sub now," Stiles replied. "I've learned how to help him when he starts worrying and freaking out. I've learned more things I love in scenes..."

Morrell smiled at the blush on Stiles' face. "Such as?" she probed.

"We've found that me being little for a while is a great way to calm my anxiety. And I love being tied up." He shifted in his spot. "And I love in it when he gets a little rough and possessive during...certain things..."

"I've heard just about everything you could possibly say," Morrell said quietly. "I understand your wish for privacy, but there's no need to be embarrassed when talking to me."

"I'm not embarrassed to tell you," Stiles squeaked. "I just don’t need to...linger on those thoughts." He flushed darkly.

She smiled. "Alright, then. I take it you're happy with the way things are going?"

Stiles nodded. "I'm very, very happy with him," he said, smiling.

"Is there anything you'd like to change?" Morrell asked. "Not that I'll count that against the two of you, you understand; just so you can talk to a neutral party about it."

"Not that I can think of," Stiles murmured. "We've learned how to talk about things. And he seems to be learning he doesn't have to treat me like glass."

"Sounds good." Really, these two had been promising when she'd met them last, but seeing how comfortable and sure Stiles was now...well, meetings like this were one of the best parts of her job.

"Send him in when you're ready, please," she said, standing up.

Stiles smiled brightly. "Thank you!" he replied before slipping into the lobby and onto Derek's lap, burying his face in Derek’s neck.

"Hey, querido," Derek said quietly, rubbing Stiles' back. "You alright?"

Stiles nodded, shivering a bit and soaking up the affection. "Your turn when we’re ready, she said." He leaned up, kissing Derek hard.

Derek leaned into the kiss, holding Stiles close. "Well, you let me know when that is," he murmured when they broke apart.

Stiles gave him a small smile. "It was better than last time, but I still just want to not leave you for a bit. Though I know you need to go talk to her. Just..." He trailed off, burying his face in Derek’s neck and sucking absentley as he pressed closer.

"Mi amor," Derek reminded him softly. "Mi querido amado. I'll come back to you."

Stiles smiled, relaxing slowly. "I love you. Let's get this over with," he said at last, his eyes sparkling. "So we can go eat curly fries and then maybe I can eat other stuff too," he teased, poking Derek's side.

Derek smirked, kissing Stiles on the cheek. "You'd better let me up then," he pointed out.

"Ugh, didn't see this part of that," Stiles whined playfully, huffing and sliding onto the next chair. "FiIIIine." He nipped at Derek's earlobe before pulling away. "Love you. I'm going to see if they
have that one craft magazine still. I want to try another pattern."

Derek laughed. "We can buy patterns at the craft store, chiquito," he pointed out, though he did appreciate Stiles having a distraction. He stood up. "I'll be back soon."

"I know, but I like to see their ideas too." Stiles smiled up at him. "Hurry," he whispered, reaching up to pick at his lower lip. He was nervous of course, but he'd distract himself.

"I will," Derek promised, and walked into Marin's office.

Ms Morrell looked up, giving him a soft smile. "Well, you certainly look more relaxed, Derek."

Derek smiled back, a little embarrassed. "Stiles and I understand each other better now," he replied. It was an understatement, but it summed things up.

"Yes, he seemed quite happy with how things were going." Marin kept the small smile on her face. "How do you about how things are going?"

"I'm a very, very lucky man," Derek said quietly.

He was looking far more relaxed than the last time she'd seen him in that chair. "How is your therapy going?" she asked after a moment.

Derek shrugged. "How does it ever go? In the long term, it's helpful, and in the short term, it's draining. I'm seeing Theresa every couple of weeks; Stiles has been very good about giving me space afterwards."

Marin smiled, nodding and conceding to the words. "It sounds like you two have a decent system set up. What about this person from your past? Stiles said he's in jail now, but are you alright?"

Derek drew in a sharp breath. Of course that was going to come up, but somehow, he hadn't been expecting it. "He's gone now," Derek said, as steadily as he could manage. "He's gone, and in jail."

"I'm glad. I'm glad you're safe now, Derek. Are you doing alright with everything?" Marin gave him an encouraging smile. "And if it's better, we can drop that line. I just wanted to make sure you were doing okay. Make sure to talk to your therapist about it, alright?"

"I have," Derek replied. "It's just - it wasn't a good experience. I don't like thinking about it."

"Honestly Derek, I don't blame you one bit. It's not nice to think about, and it causes you panic. That's fine, just make sure you are talking about it, okay?" she said softly, genuinely sorry for needing to bring that up. "Tell me how things have changed for you these past few months."

"Stiles loves me," Derek answered instantly, a smile unconsciously spreading across his face.

Marin smiled back warmly. "And do you love him as much as that smile is saying you do?"

"I love him more every day," Derek said softly. "I'm so glad he's in my life."

Marin sat back, watching Derek with a small smile on her face. "From what I've seen, Stiles feels the same. Is there anything you need to talk to me about? Any plans that you're confused about or anything like that? I'm here to help, after all."
Derek paused. "Is it...normal, for him to be so committed to me so soon?" he asked slowly. "He - he's very sure we're forever."

"It's not hugely common to have that certainty this early, but it does happen." Marin nodded. "While the percentage of foster pairs that become permanent is growing, it's already about 30% that settle into a permanent placement. I personally think it's growing because of the more in-depth testing that is leading to better foster matching. So yes, Derek. It's completely normal."

"Oh." That was a lot more common than Derek had imagined. He'd thought it was one in ten, maybe, or even less. He remembered the scene in the waiting room before Stiles had gone in. "The girl who was here before us - she was really happy she got a woman."

Morrell's smile softened even more. "She was terrified she wouldn't have a choice in Dom. I tried to reassure her that the sexual preference question wasn't just to waste paper, but, well..." She chuckled.

"What do you do when someone asexual comes in?" Derek asked. "Or aromantic, I guess."

"They're put with a Dom of the same preference when we can. Not all Dom/sub pairings are sexual, or romantic." She hummed in thought. "We try to put everyone with someone of a compatible sexuality. If there isn't an asexual Dom available at the time, they might end up with a pair like the Grishams. Not because something is wrong, but so that both sides get what they need. If I put an asexual sub with an allosexual Dom, well, that may end up being something that will end badly. Or it might end up being a good choice." Marin paused for a moment. "It's complex, choosing Doms for each sub. But we do our best to make sure both sides are getting what they need, and to try to keep unhealthy relationships from developing."

For the first time, Derek wondered what had happened to Her when she was placed. What was her mentor like? He shook his head a little, dismissing the thought. "Well, I'm glad I'm with Stiles," he admitted. "And I'm grateful for it."

"Good," Marin said. "Stiles was telling me about finding out things he liked during scenes. Have you found anything you like more than you thought you would?"

"I like it when he trusts me," Derek said quietly, wondering what Stiles had told her. "And I like...making him wait."

She smiled. "It's good to learn new things about yourself. Stiles mentioned some things he'd found he liked in your scenes, it's why I asked. I won't tell you what he said, though – you'll have to get it out of him yourself." She gave Derek a playful wink. "I think we're done here for today, Derek. You're doing very, very well and honestly your case is the kind I dream of having more often."

Derek ducked his head. It was still surprising to hear that, although he'd been getting better at believing people when they said he was doing a good job. "Thanks," he muttered.

Marin stood, stretching a bit before holding out her hand for Derek to shake. "I'll see you in six months for the end of fostering visit. This one will be happening in house though, so that might make Stiles a little more relaxed, being on home turf so to speak."

Derek shook her hand, trying to seem as put-together as she apparently thought he was. "Is there anything we should do to prepare for that?" he asked.

Marin gave him a smile she normally reserved for private. "Some tea or coffee would be nice, but it's going to end up being nothing more than a chat. Maybe a demonstration if both you and Stiles are willing. That's all." She patted the hand in hers gently.
"Oh," Derek murmured. "Okay then. I should, uh...I should get back to Stiles."

"You do that. And Derek? Don't worry so much about appearances with me, hmm? I see right through them." Marin gave him another smile, letting him pull away. "I'll contact you to make an appointment in about six months, alright?"

Derek blushed and nodded, leaving quickly to get back to Stiles.

Stiles looked up from where he was engrossed in a crafting magazine, his face splitting into a grin as he scrambled out of his seat and all but threw himself at his Dom. "Sir," he breathed happily.

"Hey querido," Derek said, catching Stiles in his arms. "We can go home now, if you're ready."

Stiles nodded, grinning. "Curly fries and other fun things wheeee," he teased, leaning up to kiss Derek softly. "Are you alright?"

"I'm fine," Derek promised. "It was all pretty straightforward. Let's go on our date."

Stiles nodded, watching him for a moment before nuzzling close, one of his hands slipping into Derek's hair to scratch lightly. "I love you," he murmured.

"Love you too, chiquito," Derek replied softly.

Stiles smiled, kissing Derek's chin. "Come on! Cuuuurly fries! May I have a milkshake too, sir?"

Derek used his arm around Stiles' waist to turn him towards the exit. "Whatever you want, amado," he said with a smile. "Just this once."

Stiles grinned, tilting his head back as they walked so Derek could see. "Whatever I want?" he asked innocently, face showing all of his mischief.

Derek laughed. "Once," he said firmly. "And to encourage you to be reasonable, you'll pay the tip for what you order."

"Yes sir!" Stiles replied. "Awww, I don't have my money on me." He frowned. "Can I pay it back to you when we get home?"

"You can," Derek allowed as they got to the car. "Actually, that reminds me - I've been meaning to talk to you about you working, now that you've finished school."

Stiles blinked, looking up from where he was buckling his seat-belt. "Yes sir?" he asked, a bit confused, but wanting to hear.

"I can easily afford to support you, and I'm happy to do so," Derek reassured him as he started the car. "But I'm worried about you getting bored if you don't have something to fill your time with."

Stiles tilted his head in thought. "What about an Etsy store or something? I can sell my crafting, and the crafting in and of itself will help? What did you have in mind, sir?"

Derek shrugged, glancing at Stiles. "That's up to you," he replied. "Whether you work or volunteer or study, part or full time or casual, from home or away from it, I don't mind. But I'm not happy with you having nothing to fill your time but me."

"I have more than you," Stiles protested. "I have my plants, and Scott and other friends, and besides,
I like spending time with you."

Derek smiled with a sigh. "I know you do, love. But it's not going to be like our weekends. I have to work, and a lot of the time, I'll need space for that, or at least quiet. You'll need something to do."

Stiles nodded, giving Derek a small smile. "I can start an Etsy store. And the money I make from it can just buy me more supplies. Isaac loves his blanket I made him. Maybe I can sell some really soft ones as aftercare blankets like the one I made for us."

Derek thought about it. "Alright," he decided. "But once a month, I'd like you to give me a report of how your various projects are going, and any money you've spent or received. Not because I expect you to meet some kind of quota - but I'd like you to take this seriously, and that way we can both see how it's going. Does that sound reasonable?"

Stiles smiled at him. "I'll give you the passwords for the paypal account I'll make with it too. That way you can check up on it if you need or want to."

"Are you sure?" Derek asked. "It's your money, or it will be."

"I'm sure," Stiles said. "I trust you, and besides, I like knowing that I have someone checking on me. Especially if it's you."

Derek smiled despite himself. "Alright," he murmured. "And chiquito? I don't mind you changing your mind about this, or anything you decide to try, but I want you to keep going for six months before you make any major changes once you start. It takes a while to get used to things changing."

Stiles chewed on his lower lip, nodding. "I want to try. And besides, I like my crafts. they help calm me down too."

"Good." Derek reached out and took Stiles' hand. "I'm proud of you, Stiles. You did so well in your finals, even with everything else that was going on, and you're making a beautiful garden for the house, and now you've come up with something you do that you're good at and you enjoy."

Stiles beamed brightly at the praise, lifting their hands to nuzzle Derek's palm. "I love you. And I'm proud of you too," he murmured. "For talking things out instead of hiding or running when you're scared or panicking. And for trusting me."

"I love you too, mi querido," Derek said gently, warmth blooming in his chest at Stiles' praise. "Although I'll need my hand back so I can park."

"Grrr, my hand," Stiles huffed playfully, nuzzling and kissing his palm one more time before letting him have it back. "Fries!"

Derek snorted, shaking his head. "You and your curly fries," he muttered.

"You love me and my curly fries," Stiles teased, poking his Dom's side before slipping from the car. "I love you and all your quirks," Derek agreed, getting out of the car and locking it, "including your curly fries. It doesn't mean they aren't quirks."

"The quirks that make me me," Stiles said. "Two orders curly fries and a large chocolate shake. Mmmmmmm." He licked his lips.
Derek was quietly amused that two large curly fries and a milkshake were what Stiles considered extravagant, but he didn't comment. The diner, at least, wasn't too crowded, so they found themselves a booth pretty easily.

Stiles curled up between the wall and Derek, content to press against him. "Oooooh, sir! They have chocolate peanut butter milkshakes!"

"That's new," Derek commented, looking through the menu. "I take it you'll be giving them a try?"

"I hope it tastes like icecream-y Reese's!" Stiles grinned up at Derek. "What are you getting, sir?"

"Bacon burger and a coke," Derek decided.

Stiles perked up as the waitress came by, smiling widely as he noticed it was the same girl as when they had their first date here.

"Ready to order?" she asked cheerfully.

"Sure," Derek replied. "Two curly fries, bacon burger, a coke, and a large chocolate peanut butter milkshake."

Stiles beamed widely as he nodded, tucking his face in Derek's arm and breathing deeply.

The waitress read back their order, then asked, "Would you like a jug of water and a couple of glasses for the table?"

"What do you think, chiquito?" Derek murmured.

Stiles tilted his head. "Just in case? Good for brain freezes."

Derek laughed. "That's a yes, then," he told the waitress.

She grinned at them both. "I'll get that for you, then, and your meals'll be right out."

"Thank you." Stiles chirped, grinning at her and wrapping his arm around Derek's arm.

"No problem, sweetie," she replied, heading briskly back to the kitchens.

Derek froze briefly, but with Stiles wrapped around him he shook it off quickly enough.

Stiles rubbed Derek's arm. "What's wrong?" he asked softly.

" 'Sweetie' isn't a good word for me," Derek murmured. He didn't really want to talk about it. It would spoil their day.

"Is that why all the names you call me are Spanish?" Stiles asked, kissing Derek’s shoulder. "It’s okay. I'm here. You're safe."

"One of the reasons," Derek replied. He had bad associations with a lot of English pet names. But 'sweetie' was the worst. "And I know. Thank you."

Stiles smiled, kissing his cheek. "I love you."
"Love you too," Derek murmured, leaning into the kiss.

The waitress came back, as promised, with a jug of iced water and a couple of glasses, as well as cutlery for both of them.

Stiles smiled at the waitress, nuzzling Derek's cheek. "Thank you, Ma'am."

"You're welcome, honey," she replied. "Which one of you is the burger for?"

"Me." Derek quirked a smile. "Stiles here is the one who wants to see how many curly fries he can eat in one sitting."

"Allll the curly fries, sir!" Stiles teased, before looking toward the waitress, a soft smile on his face. "Ma'am. Can I ask a favor? Can you not say 'sweetie' to either of us? Sir has had issues in the past with it and it really really bothers him. I'd very much appreciate it."

"Oh!" The waitress brought her hand up to her mouth. "I'm so sorry, are you okay?"

"I'm fine," Derek told her. "It's not a big deal."

Stiles smiled brightly. "He'll be ok, I promise. I just wanted you to know." He stroked down Derek's arm soothingly, not wanting his Dom to feel any unease from earlier.

"No, of course," she said, clearly flustered. "I'm sorry about that. I'll remember. I, uh, I'll go see how your order's going."

"Stiles," Derek said quietly when she'd gone. "You made her uncomfortable."

Stiles' face fell. "I didn't mean to!" he protested. "Honestly I didn't. I just wanted her to know so if something happened she'd know why!"

Derek sighed, tugging Stiles closer. "I'm not saying you did the wrong thing, chiquito," he reassured him. "I just...it wasn't that important."

"If it bothered me like that, what would you do?" Stiles asked seriously. "It's important, sir. I'll apologize to her, I promise."


Stiles smiled, kissing his shoulder. "Just because it's you, rather than me, doesn't make it any less important."

"To me, you're always more important," Derek confessed. "No matter what."

"Well, to me, you are." Stiles reached up to caress Derek's cheek, lightly scratching his nails through his stubble. "I will apologize to her though, I didn't mean to make her uncomfortable."

"I just...didn't want to make a fuss," Derek muttered, blushing a little at this evidence of Stiles' affection.

"I didn't mean to either," Stiles said. "But Sir, if it bothers you..."

"Let's change the subject, shall we?" Derek suggested. "How's Scott doing with the upcoming move away from Isaac?"
"He's worried about him," Stiles murmured. "But he's already planning on being home every chance
he gets. And he called the dorm yesterday to see what their view on visitors was. So Isaac can go up
there sometimes and stay a couple of days with him."

"It's probably a good thing Isaac's still with Janet and Simon officially," Derek noted. "They can be
an anchor for him when Scott's gone."

Stiles nodded. "Also the fact that Scott may be accredited by New Years!"

"So quickly?" Derek knew Scott was working on his accreditation now, but that was a lot of work
for six months.

"He's determined," Stiles said proudly. "He wants to be able to completely claim Isaac as soon as
possible."

"Do you think he's ready for that?" Derek could remember how hesitant Scott had been at first, how
long it had taken him to really accept Isaac's devotion.

"He's come a long way," Stiles assured Derek with a smile.

Derek sighed. "Still, it's a big commitment. And they're young."

"I'm the same age," Stiles reminded him. "Scott wants it. He wouldn't try so hard if he wasn't ready
to work for it."

"You're young, querido," Derek countered. "I'm not saying he's not ready, or not willing to do the
work."

"I personally think he's ready. Usually when he puts on that determined face he's ready," Stiles said
with a quiet laugh. His eyes lit up as the waitress came back with their food. "I'm sorry if I made you
uncomfortable," he apologized immediately. "I didn't mean to. I just...

She gave him a relieved smile. "No, it's fine, I just felt awful that I'd made you uncomfortable, you
know?"

"It's alright," Derek told her. "Really."

"I really am sorry. I was just trying to warn before something could happen and I put my foot in my
mouth." Stiles flushed, ducking his head.

"It's okay," the waitress promised. "I - I really am glad you told me. I don't like upsetting people."

"Well, thank you," Derek said. "And thank you for the meal, it looks great."

"Tastes good too!" Stiles murmured, already shoving a fry in his mouth.

Derek shook his head. "He has no table manners," he said fondly.

The waitress laughed. "Don't worry about it, I've seen worse. I'll leave you boys to it."

Stiles thanked her after swallowing his mouthful, leaning up to kiss Derek's cheeks. "I have table
manners!" he huffed playfully, poking Derek in the side.

"Mm-hmm," Derek said, the corners of his eyes crinkling with his smile.

Stiles stuck out his tongue, tugging his milkshake closer. "Rude." he huffed playfully.
"Maybe I should have you practice being polite sometime," Derek suggested, his voice low.

Stiles lowered his head. "Sorry sir," he murmured back, his hand slipping down to curl in Derek's. He hadn't meant to be rude.

Derek sighed, squeezing Stiles' hand. "I was teasing, love," he explained. "Like you were. I'm sorry it came across differently."

Stiles smiled, leaning over to kiss Derek's cheek. "Want a fry?"

Derek rolled his eyes. "Yes, I'll have one of your fries. I don't suppose you have any interest in salad?" The burger came with a side, but Derek had a feeling Stiles was perfectly satisfied with his completely unhealthy lunch.

Stiles eyed the salad. "I'll split it with you, and I'll give you some of my fries," he offered, smiling.

Derek smiled back. "That's my good boy," he murmured. "I'll take some when I'm done with my burger, how about that?"

Stiles nodded, grinning and shoving more fries into his mouth, reaching for his shake.

Derek huffed a laugh, and applied himself to his burger.

Chapter End Notes

You guys, oh my god. Kattseye and I wrote some /awesome/ stuff this week. Which… you will probably not see for another six months, because of how much lag we've got. But it was awesome!

I'mma give a small spoiler. BONUS CHAPTERS WHEN IT COMES OUT YAY - Kattseye

Hopefully you found this chapter, and you'll find all the other chapters in between, awesome too.
Conflict Resolution

Chapter Summary

Stiles whirled around, a frown on his face. "Hey! I was using that!" he huffed, crossing his arms. He turned, lifting his nose in the air before rummaging through cabinets, looking for the windex, not caring that he was slamming the cabinet doors. He was so beyond caring at the moment.

"Stiles," Derek said dangerously. "You will stop, or I will stop you." He didn't know what the hell was wrong with Stiles, but he wasn't putting up with it anymore.

"Or you'll what? Stop speaking to me? /Again/?" Stiles snapped.

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Derek and Stiles have a fight. Then they make up, to mutual (great) satisfaction.

Chapter Notes

No warnings, apart from the fairly obvious fact that they argue in the first paragraph/section. By the second, they’ve settled into actual communication.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Stiles huffed, banging the pots and pans around as he cleaned the dishes. That was the second time in four days that Derek hadn't come down for lunch. Fifth time this week he’d waved Stiles away when he came to let him know it was ready and ask if he wanted Stiles to bring it to him. Two weeks since he’d last spent any quality time with his Dom. Sure, they slept in the same bed, and Stiles at least saw him during breakfast and Dinner, when Derek would make sure and give him small orders to follow during the day so he didn't get subsick. But dammit, he wanted his Dom! He wanted his boyfriend. Stiles pursed his lips, slamming the cabinet closed and turning back to the sink to grab the last dish, carefully putting this one away as it was glass. He had already cleaned the house, though just to mess with Derek, he’d moved everything three inches in various directions. He was tempted to start an all-out prank war just to get Derek to look at him.

Derek scrubbed at his face, trying to ward off a headache. Honestly, it had taken him an hour to write the last two hundred words. An hour. He'd been trying to prod himself through the writer’s block by mixing it up with editing and research, but it just wasn't working. The same way it hadn't yesterday. Or the day before. Or the day before that. It was driving Derek insane, and goddammit, all the noise Stiles was making downstairs wasn't helping. Derek stuck his head out the door of his study. "Could you keep it down?" he yelled. "I'm trying to think!"

Stiles paused, pursing his lips and bristling. "Oh, I am so sorry!" he laid it on thick, sarcasm evident. Part of him couldn't believe that those were the first real words Derek had said to him since (Stiles paused to look at the clock) almost seven hours ago. He knew Derek had to work, but he could have least have talked to him before now. Stiles had worked himself into a small rage, pulling out the
vacuum cleaner to go over the carpets again, muttering under his breath. "Yelling at me isn't going to help either of us."

Derek closed his eyes and breathed out slowly, going to the bathroom for some Advil. Using the vacuum cleaner was just trying to make a point, whatever that point was. "Stiles, I'm serious," Derek called, coming down the stairs and looking around the living room until he found the power point where the vacuum cleaner was plugged in. He yanked the cord out of the wall. "Enough."

Stiles whirled around, a frown on his face. "Hey! I was using that!" he huffed, crossing his arms. He turned, lifting his nose in the air before rummaging through cabinets, looking for the Windex, not caring that he was slamming the cabinet doors. He was so beyond caring at the moment.

"Stiles," Derek said dangerously. "You will stop, or I will stop you." He didn't know what the hell was wrong with Stiles, but he wasn't putting up with it anymore.

"Or you'll what? Stop speaking to me? Again?" Stiles snapped, slamming the last door closed, windex in his hand. He grabbed some paper towels, knocking the metal holder into the sink and cursing before digging it out.

Derek came up behind Stiles, cursing when he stubbed his toe on a box, and caught him around the waist. "I will stop you," he repeated, more quietly, "because you need to stop. And we need to talk."

"Oh, now he wants to talk," Stiles hissed, involuntarily leaning into the touch on his waist before he pulled away. "You told me to do the windows." He waved the Windex in the air a bit. "You told me to make sure I ate, never mind that this is the second time in just a few days you have refused to eat. Never mind that all I've heard from you other than 'goodnight' were orders to make sure I don't get sick." Once he started he couldn't stop ranting. "So what is so important that you want to talk about it now, sir?" Hurt was clear on Stiles’ face, not at all hidden by the anger. He was more than frustrated at being ignored. He hated it. "What a-am I being punished for?" Stiles’ voice caught. The last time he'd been actually ignored was when he had timeout. "What did I do wrong?"

Derek closed his eyes. Shit. He hugged Stiles closer, hoping the touch would communicate for him if he was too clumsy to find the words. Again. "It's not because of you," he said quietly. "I haven't ignored you as a punishment. You did nothing wrong to cause it. It's my fault, and my mistake. I'm sorry."

"Then what is going on, sir?" Stiles demanded, not fighting the embrace this time, his arms lowering as he turned to rest his forehead on Derek's shoulder. "I know you were having problems with that one chapter, but then suddenly the only time you're talking to me is saying goodnight or telling me things to do so I don't end up subsick. And then you kept getting angry. So I thought – I figured the best way to get your attention was to make you angrier..."

Derek's heart sank. "I'm sorry," he said again. "I'm so sorry, amado. I tend to - when I get writer's block, I usually just keep shoving at it until I can break through or I can't handle it anymore, and that's what I was doing. It wasn't fair to you. I'm sorry."

"If I'd known that, it probably wouldn't have bothered me so badly," Stiles admitted, mostly to himself. He pressed a kiss to Derek's neck, soaking up the hug. "I'm sorry I was making so much noise," he said, chewing on his lower lip. "I just didn't know how else to get your attention when all you would do was wave me off...then again, I could have just come in and slid under your desk," he mused, already feeling calmer.
Derek shook his head. "You were right to be angry at me, querido," he said softly. "Not that I agree with your methods, but you were right to be angry." Derek was angry at himself. How could he have done that to Stiles? How could he have forgotten that Stiles needed him?

Stiles reached out, pinching Derek's side lightly. "No beating yourself up, sir. "he grumbled softly. "S'not like you realized it, either, didja?"

"I should have," Derek muttered. "I really, really should have."

Stiles grumbled, still agitated from earlier but less at Derek and more at the situation. "You're human, sir," he reminded. "Even humans have bad days. Luckily, I'm stubborn as hell."

"And loud," Derek said, raising one eyebrow. "And don't think we won't be talking about the bratting later, by the way."

Stiles couldn't help but grumble again, pouting against Derek's neck. "You like me loud."

"There's singing when you're happy, and there's slamming doors when I have a headache," Derek countered.

"I don't slam doors often," Stiles murmured back. "And you like me loud in more ways than just singing." Stiles poked Derek's side teasingly and pressed closer, nose buried in his neck.

"I do," Derek agreed, his voice low and warm as he stroked Stiles' back, holding him close. "Love you, querido."

Stiles relaxed against him completely, nipping at Derek's neck. "Love you too, sir," he murmured, the warm tone soothing over his feelings. "Love you so much."

"Come on, amado," Derek suggested. "Let's go sit down." He led Stiles to the living room, cursing a couple more stubbed toes and banged knees, and sat on the couch, leaving it up to Stiles whether he sat or knelt.

Stiles was hard pressed to keep his face straight when he realized why Derek kept bumping into things. He crawled into Derek's lap, humming happily, tucking his head under Derek's chin.

Derek cradled Stiles in his arms, taking comfort from the closeness and letting Stiles take comfort as well.

Stiles latched onto Derek's neck after a few minutes, sucking just under his ear, wanting to make a mark. He pressed closer, a smile curling his lips.

Derek laughed a little when he noticed what Stiles was doing. "Always like to leave a mark, don't you, chiquito?"

"My sir," Stiles chirped in answer, nipping the mark he'd left. "Besides, it's my calling card," he teased, kissing and biting his way along Derek's jaw.

"You just like using your teeth," Derek argued fondly.

"Well, duh." Stiles snickered, nipping his chin before moving up to nip at Derek's lower lip. "You do too."

"Not nearly as much as you," Derek breathed, proving kiss point by kissing Stiles with no biting at
Stiles laughed into the kiss, eyes fluttering shut as he let out a happy sound, sucking Derek's lower lip into his mouth, tongue laving over the area he'd bitten.

Derek kissed Stiles deeply and joyfully, remembering all at once what he'd been missing.

Stiles' eyes opened, the corners crinkling as his lips curled into a smile. He bit at Derek's lip again, a small giggle leaving him.

"What are you laughing at?" Derek asked, smiling. "You think you've won the kissing war?"

"Yes!" Stiles grinned, nipping again and tugging lightly.

"Oh no," Derek teased, peppering kisses all over Stiles' face. "I think you'll agree that I'm winning the kissing war."

"Nooo, I win!" Stiles laughed, wrinkling his nose before diving forward to deepen the kiss again, reaching down to tickle Derek's side.

Derek laughed into the kiss, feeling a great weight fall from his shoulders as he collapsed backwards under Stiles' onslaught. "And what's your prize then, oh victorious one?"

"You!" Stiles exclaimed, straddling Derek's lap so he could move closer, his knees pressing into the back of the couch as he grinned widely at Derek.

"Mhmhm." Derek gave Stiles a teasing look. "What are you going to do with me, then?"

"Don't know just yet," Stiles said. "Any ideas?"

"Well," Derek said slowly, putting on a 'thinking' face, "you could take me somewhere more comfortable than the couch. A bed, maybe?"

"One of these days I'm going to beg you to bend me over the couch," Stiles teased as he stood. "To the bed, sir," he breathed.

"One of these days we'll do a tour," Derek promised, following Stiles to the stairs.

Stiles' eyes darkened, and he all but ran to their room.

"Well," said Derek, spreading his arms as he stepped inside. "How do you want me?"

Stiles licked his lips, watching him hungrily. "What are you willing to do? And I just want you, sir, just you "

"Ask, amado," Derek said huskily, privately enjoying this semi-reversal of roles. "I'll tell you a colour."

Stiles shivered. "Want you to kiss me, want you to watch as I stretch myself out so you can get started on that bent-over tour."

Derek smiled back, his eyes dark. "Very, very green," he assured Stiles, coming closer.

Stiles grinned wider, tilting his head back as he sat on the edge of the bed. "Oh good, I do so love the
thought of a Bent Tour," he mused.

"Want to work up an itinerary for that?" Derek murmured, standing between Stiles' knees and bending down until their lips almost touched.

"What's the fun in that? Spontaneity is important," Stiles teased. "Maybe I should just wear a plug," he murmured against Derek's lips. "That way you can just surprise me with each location. You'd like that, hmm? All stretched out and held open for you to just slip in at any time?"

Derek moaned into Stiles' mouth. "Three day tour," he said huskily. "You can have the cage."

Stiles eyes lit up, nipping at Derek's lip. "Sounds like a great time," he breathed. "Can't wait. Want me to make you watch as I stretch myself out, hmm?"

"Go on," Derek murmured. "Put on a show for me, chiquito. Just don't forget you need permission to come."

Stiles shuddered, arching up just a bit to kiss Derek hard before pulling away and turning over so he could reach the bedside table...and let's be real, to also tease his Dom by swaying his ass against Derek's crotch.

Derek shivered and moved away, sitting down on the end of the bed, watching hungrily.

Stiles licked his lips as he slicked up his fingers, turning his head to watch Derek as his slick hand reached back. He spread his legs and bent over the bed, groaning softly as he teased himself, putting on a bit of a show for Derek.

Derek moaned as well at the sight, palming the bulge of his cock in his pants.

Stiles carefully slipped the first finger into himself, moaning and sucking on his lower lip. "Want to feel you stretching me wide. Gonna feel so good, sir," he whimpered.

"So beautiful," Derek murmured. "God, Stiles, you're so hot."

Stiles whined at the praise, rocking back against his finger before sliding in another one.

"That's it, chiquito," Derek praised breathlessly. "Open yourself up for me, nice and wide. Show me your lovely hole."

Stiles whimpered, his knees trembling before he steadied himself, rocking forward on the bed and back onto his fingers, lips parted in a pant. He twisted a bit so Derek could see better, his eyes still locked on his Dom heatedly.

Derek unzipped his pants, freeing his straining cock. "Good boy," he panted. "So good."

Stiles licked his lips, slipping in a third, the praise making him burn hotter. "Want to feel you. God, you'll feel so good stretching me out. Please sir."

Derek sat forward, stroking his hand down Stiles' back, over the curve of his ass, tracing over where Stiles' hole was stretched around his fingers. "You need more?" he asked huskily.

"Yesssss," Stiles pleaded, hips bucking backwards at the touch, toes burying in the soft carpet. "Please. I'm ready, want to feel you."

"What if I want to wait?" Derek asked, wanting to hear Stiles beg.
Stiles let out a high whine. "Th-then I'll wait," he panted. "But I want to feel you. Please sir?" he begged softly, spreading his legs just a bit wider, crying out as a finger caught on his prostate.

"You don't get to come until I'm in you, amado," Derek reminded Stiles. "Better get those fingers out so you don't work yourself up too much."

Stiles groaned, shivering as he tugged his fingers free slowly, a whimper leaving him at the empty feeling.

"Spread yourself," Derek ordered, breathing hard. "Show me your hungry hole."

Stiles couldn't help the moan that he let loose at the words falling from Derek's mouth, words that made him blush, made his cock twitch. He reached back with his free hand to join the other, digging his fingers in his ass-cheeks as he spread himself, arching his back to lift his ass higher. "Please."

Derek groaned at the sight. "How long would you stay like that?" he wondered aloud. "Waiting and begging for me."

"All day," Stiles panted. "All the time. Please sir. Please."

"Please what?" Derek asked, standing up and coming up behind Stiles.

"Want you," Stiles moaned, having to turn to bury his face in the blanket when he couldn't see Derek anymore.

"Please what, Stiles?" Derek asked patiently, holding Stiles' hips.

Stiles groaned, rocking back into his grip. "Please," he begged. "Please sir. Want to feel you. Feel you stretch me wide, fuck me. Take me. Fill me up and then plug me for later."

"Good boy." Derek eyed Stiles' hole and decided that yes, there was enough lube there already. He lined his cock up, and thrust slowly in, giving Stiles time to adjust to the stretch.

Stiles let out a low, long keen, rocking back as much as he could, forcing himself to stay relaxed. God, it felt good.

"That's it, chiquito," Derek said, panting. "That's it, take me, there you go."

"So good. Please sir, fuck." Stiles cursed softly, his toes curling as he tried to make him move.

"Wrong order," Derek teased. "It's 'please fuck me, sir'."

Stiles couldn't help the shaky laugh. "Fuck my brains out," he panted. "Want to feel you, Fill me up. Please sir? Fuck me. Please?"

"Okay," Derek finally conceded, resettling his grip on Stiles' hips. "And amado? You're allowed to come on my cock if you can do it before I come fucking you." Without further warning, he withdrew and thrust back in, fast and hard.

Stiles keened, his hands flying from his ass to grip at the sheets, panting heavily. The words, gift, warning, order, whatever you want to call them, making his stomach tighten and his breathing quicken.

The bed was sturdy, but Derek could swear he heard it creak as he fucked Stiles, grunting with the
exertion.

"Fuckfuckfuck," Stiles cursed, shifting his hips again and crying out as his prostate was slammed, his cock trapped between his stomach and the bed. "Sir. Sir please," he begged, not sure what for. He was getting closer with each thrust, almost dizzy with how fast it was coming. "Close," he whimpered in warning.

"So'm I," Derek panted. Fuck, he'd been hard before he even started fucking Stiles, but the sensation was overwhelming now. "You'd better hurry if you want to come."

Stiles let out a sharp whine, shivering and sliding his hand down the bed, intending to stroke himself. He wanted to come so badly. And while a part of him wanted to see what Derek would do if he wasn't able to do it, he really, really wanted to come.

"No," Derek said sharply. "You come on my cock, from my cock, or you don't come." Right now, anyway. He'd give Stiles another opportunity later if he couldn't do it.

Stiles let out a sharp whine, freezing and shivering as that order just pushed him higher, teetering on the cliff. "F-fuck," he moaned. "Pl-please. So close. Please sir," he begged, his voice high pitched and breathy.

Derek bent over Stiles' back and sucked a hickey into his neck.

Stiles' let out a cry, his hand slipping up to tangle gently in Derek's hair, tilting his head to give him more room as he jolted, the angle of Derek's cock changing as he moved to slam straight into Stiles' prostate, dragging him over the edge as he came, shivering and panting as he panted the sheet white under him.

Derek, already close, was tipped over the edge by the feeling of Stiles coming under and around him, by Stiles' moan, by his pleasure.

Stiles whimpered, sucking on his lower lip and rocking back against him through his aftershocks, Derek's lips on his mark. "God, feels so good, sir," he slurred happily.

Derek made a noise halfway between a hum and a moan, collapsed on top of Stiles. "Y'r good?" he checked.

"Mmmhmm," Stiles hummed, content to be pressed under Derek. He stretched his arms up, petting Derek’s shoulder and hair. "Love you."

"Love you too," Derek replied, still soaking in the moment. It wasn't long before his back started to ache, though. "Think we can get our legs on the bed?" he suggested.

"Mmm, might need to wiggle on, I'm comfy." Stiles huffed out a chuckle. "Gonna plug me up, sir?" he teased, clenching around him a bit.

Derek gasped. "Well, since you ask..." he said breathlessly.

"Let the bent tour commence." Stiles snickered to himself. "Which plug you going to use sir? The normal one? The pretty one with that shiny jewel on the end? The vibrating one? The one that vibrates and has a shiny on the end?"

Derek eased himself out of Stiles. "The jeweled plug without the vibe," he decided.
"Gonna be all pretty," Stiles murmured, whining softly as Derek pulled out, holding still and shivering softly. "Gonna tease you all three days, give you a pretty show."

"Do you like that thought?" Derek asked, wiping his cock off on the sheets (they were a mess anyway) and tucking it back into his pants. "Being pretty?"

Stiles nodded. "Wanna be all pretty for you," he said with a smile, peeking over his shoulder. "Why?"

Derek smiled softly back. "If you want to be pretty, amado, we'll find things for you to wear that make you look pretty." He went to the toy box at the foot of the bed to look for the plug. "Speaking of which - tell me something that makes you beautiful today."

"Like what things? And ummm..." Stiles' smile softened. "You. You make me feel beautiful."

Derek found the plug and closed the box, coming back over to sit down next to Stiles. "Well done, amado," he murmured fondly, bending down to kiss Stiles' cheek. "But I'd like to hear something specific, like every other day."

Stiles beamed at the phrase before pouting. "But it's hard. I'm running out of things..." He shifted a bit. "I like my eyes."

"Your eyes are lovely, querido," Derek agreed. "And when you can't think of anything new to say, you can start thinking of new reasons why you like things you've already said."

Stiles nodded, swaying his hips with a grin. "Yes siiiiir"

"So, today you like your eyes," Derek summed up, smiling back, "and I like...hmm. I like how easily I can mark you." He ran his fingers over the hickey on Stiles' neck.

Stiles' breathing hitched. "I love having your marks."

Derek hummed, lubing up the plug and working it into Stiles' hole. When it was settled, he wiped away the come and lube that had leaked out of his hole, cleaned his hand on the sheets, and pulled Stiles' pants back up. "There, chiquito," he said, satisfied. "All set."

Stiles panted, going to stand carefully and whimpering as the plug shifted. He smiled, looking to Derek and licking his lips. "Thank you sir."

"You're very, very welcome, mi amor," Derek said warmly. "And I'm sorry I've been neglecting you."

"You've been busy," Stiles replied. "And I know that. Understand it. But... it felt like you were ignoring me on purpose. I know that's not the case, but that's what it felt like." He kissed Derek's jaw, nipping gently.

"I shouldn't have shut you out," Derek murmured, wrapping an arm around Stiles' waist. "I didn't even realize I was doing it, but I should have. You can come into my study whenever you want to, okay? Unless I specifically tell you to stay out, which I promise I won't do often."

Stiles beamed at him, nodding. "I can bring my crochet in or something to work on."

"How's that going?" Derek asked. "Obviously I haven't really been paying attention the last couple of weeks - is there anything new with the store?"
"Nothing really new yet. I want to build up an inventory first," Stiles explained.

Derek nodded. "Sounds like a good plan. Have you thought much about pricing?"

"I found a good calculator on google where you input the cost of materials and how long you spent to make it and it spits out a good price." Stiles smiled. "The formula was explained taking the house you spent making it and multiplying it by ten and adding it to the cost of materials for the price."

"That's not much per hour," Derek pointed out, although he could understand why. Handcrafted stuff took so long to make - a lot of people couldn't or wouldn't pay for the real cost in man-hours. "How much would one of your aftercare blankets be with that formula?"

Stiles tilted his head, eyes flicking as he did mental calculations. "About a hundred fifty. Give or take depending on the kind of yarn and how big they want it."

"That's pretty good," Derek replied, though he worried they wouldn't sell.

"And I've already made a few different hats and scarves as well," Stiles said happily, beaming at the praise. "I found some themed buttons and I'm going to put them on a cardigan once I've practiced it enough to make it without making it look weird. I'll open up the shop here in a few days. I just want to finish the blanket I'm working on."

"Hmm." Derek thought through the layout of the house. "I think we should make one of the guest rooms your workroom," he suggested. "Or maybe your bedroom, I suppose."

"My bedroom will work." Stiles grinned. "I like sitting on the window seat, and all my yarn is already in there!"

"Do you want to keep the bed in there?" Derek asked. "We could dismantle it, give you more room for storage and work-space."

Stiles tilted his head. "I like that idea. Can get a craft table?"

"Absolutely," Derek agreed. "And some boxes, for storing materials and finished projects in?"

Stiles smiled widely. "I like my shop stuff."

"Good." Derek kissed Stiles gently, apologetically. "I really am sorry, amado. Can you forgive me?"

"Already forgiven." he smiled, moving to press close. "Can you forgive me for giving you a headache?"

Derek shook his head. "It wasn't your fault. You just weren't helping. And yes, I can. And have."

"I'm going to go make you some lunch. Since you haven't eaten since breakfast. I may just do it naked," Stiles teased, sucking on his lower lip.

Derek's eyes darkened. "Don't forget I promised you the cage, querido," he warned.

Stiles perked up, grinning widely as he shimmied out of his pants, shivering as the plug shifted inside of him. "Ready, sir."

Derek kissed Stiles' forehead and got up, going to the toy box again to find the cock cage.
Stiles tugged off his shirt, shifting a bit. Since the first time they'd tried the cage, Stiles made sure to keep himself trimmed so that way when he wore the cage no hairs got caught or anything. That wouldn't end well. "Gonna stay naked the whole time."

"Three whole days?" Derek asked dubiously. "I'll have to put a warning sign on the door."

"Well if someone knocked I'd put on clothes," Stiles said, laughing. "At least shorts. Unless sir wants them to see."

"I think they'd be able to tell you were doing something special for me even with you wearing clothes," Derek replied.

"True, but still," Stiles teased. "Wanna not have to worry about clothes. Though if you want me to, I will." He grinned.

"Naked is more than fine," Derek murmured, eyes raking over Stiles' body.

Stiles smiled widely, turning slowly and bending over to grab his clothes.

"I wouldn't tease if I were you," Derek suggested, coming over with the cage. "Sit, please."

"But I like teasing," Stiles mock-complained, turning to sit on the bed, knees spread.

Derek hummed, separating the parts of the cage. "Good," he said lowly. He took Stiles' cock in hand and slid the ring down it and into place. "I have a challenge for you, about teasing."

Stiles' breathing hitched. "What kind of challenge?" he breathed, licking his lips.

Derek fitted the posts into place and picked up the cage itself. "Technically, I have two challenges, but the other one can wait. I'd like you to show off your ass to me, and your pretty plug, by bending at the waist rather than the knees while we do this."

Stiles licked his lips, nodding. "That I can for sure do, I had planned on it." he grinned, trailing his hands up his thighs.

Derek shook his head, smiling. "Shameless, aren't you, chiquito?" He fitted Stiles' cock into the cage and locked it in place. "There."

Stiles just grinned, raking his nails up his own inner thighs with a lewd noise, tilting his head back. He wanted to drive Derek insane.

Derek's eyes darkened as he watched marks form on Stiles' pale skin. "Then my other challenge for you," he said lowly. "is to do what you're supposed to, as well as teasing me. Cleaning windows, wasn't it?"

"Yessir," Stiles murmured, looking up from beneath his eyelashes, tongue quick to dart over his lips. "I'll get right on it. Before or after lunch, sir?"

"We'll have lunch first," Derek decided, glancing at his bedside clock.

Stiles nodded, standing fluidly and stretching, a small moan leaving him as the plug shifted. "What would you like to eat?"

Derek shifted his hips slightly, holding himself back. "Something we can reheat easily, so we can eat leftovers tomorrow. I'd rather you weren't cooking all the time."
"Mmk. Shepherds’ pie okay?" he checked, turning to reach down and pick up his clothes from where he’d "accidentally" knocked them off the bed.

"Knees," Derek reminded Stiles, tapping the backs of them where they were bent. "And yes, your shepherds’ pie sounds lovely."

Stiles paused where he was bent over, straightening his knees and sucking his lower lip in his mouth as he peeked over his shoulder. "Okay. That's a quick make too."

"Good boy," Derek murmured, admiring the view. "Let's go down, then."

"Yes sir." Stiles grinned, swaying his hips from side to side on his way to the kitchen, then bending at the waist to rummage for the casserole dish and the pan he wanted.

Derek sat at the counter, watching. "Would you like me to help?" he asked.

"That's okay," Stiles smiled over his shoulder. "Just sit back and relax, sir."

Chapter End Notes

To be continued! We won't be doing the whole of the - as Stiles calls it - 'Bent Tour', but we will give you guys a snapshot.

Sorry it's a bit late guys, I have a family member in ICU so I've been there- Kattseye

We're looking forward, as always, to your lovely comments.
Chapter Summary

Derek let Stiles rock back onto his cock, then reached up to hold Stiles' hand against the window.

Stiles gasped softly, freezing completely, his eyes fluttering closed as he rocked back again. "F-fuck."

"Stiles," Derek said warningly. "What are you doing right now?"

Stiles whimpered. "C-cl-cleaning the window?"

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That afternoon, as part of their 'Bent Tour', Stiles and Derek play some games.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: brief mention of slightly disordered eating. Derek has a habit of skipping meals when he's busy, and making up for it later. Stiles doesn't like this, and Derek agrees to at least have a snack for lunch every day.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Derek sat. But 'relaxed' was not the perfect word to describe how he felt as he watched Stiles' naked body move around the kitchen, muscles shifting under pale skin, light glinting now and then off the cage or the plug.

Stiles hummed happily, finally bending over to slide the pan into the stove once the casserole was made, his legs spread just to make sure Derek could see the sparkling jewel.

"Feeling pretty, chiquito?" Derek asked with a half-smile at Stiles' showing off.

"A bit." Stiles grinned over his shoulder as he closed the oven door. "I like teasing you."

"Mm. How long will that take to cook?" Derek asked.

"About twenty-five minutes," Stiles replied, coming over to where Derek was sitting, kissing his jaw.

Derek reached up, carding his fingers through Stiles' hair and pulling him closer.

Stiles straddled Derek’s lap, hips hitching as the plug shifted to nail his prostate. He gave a soft groan, pursing his lips to keep from moving more.

"Enjoying yourself, chiquito?" Derek murmured, raising his eyebrows and reaching down to grope Stiles' ass.
"Feels good," Stiles hummed. "Every time I move it shifts, stretching me out."

Derek walked his fingers over Stiles' ass to press lightly at the plug. "Feel full, querido?"

Stiles rocked his hips forward against Derek, moaning softly. "Yes sir. Almost as full as I do when you're in me."

Derek swallowed hard. "Is that so?" he asked huskily.

Stiles nodded, licking his lips and tilting his head to the side just a bit. "Yes sir. Feels almost as good too. But you feel so much b-better," he groaned, rocking back and forth, teasing his Dom.

"Hungry, aren't you, chiquito?" Derek murmured, his eyes dark and his cock thickening in his pants.


Stiles was really testing now. "It's a good thing we're in the kitchen then, isn't it?" Derek replied. "Up, chiquito."

Stiles pouted, sliding slowly off Derek’s lap to stand. "It is, sir." He grinned, stretching.

Derek took hold of Stiles' hips and spun him to face the counter, pressing down on his back.

Stiles gasped softly, letting his chest meet the counter with a small moan, automatically spreading his legs wider and peeking over his shoulder. Oh, this was an even better feeling than he thought it'd be.

Derek twisted the plug, loosening it, then pulled it out and put it into Stiles' hand. "Hold that for me," he ordered, "and stay still."

Stiles gripped his fingers around the slick plug, shivering and nodding before falling still, his forehead resting against the cool granite.

Derek didn't draw it out, getting his cock out quickly and guiding it into Stiles' hole.

Stiles arched his back as much as he could, crying out and moaning. He couldn't get hard, but that didn't diminish the arousal he felt.

Derek stroked Stiles' back, soothing him, giving him time to adjust.

Stiles panted softly, soon leaning into Derek’s touch, just enough to get more contact, but hopefully not enough that it would be considered moving.

Derek began to fuck Stiles leisurely, with long, rolling strokes, watching the clock all the while.

Stiles kept moaning, panting on the granite until it was fogged with condensation.

"Are you enjoying yourself, querido?" Derek asked, trying to mask the pleasure in his voice.

"Always, s-sir," Stiles breathed, tilting his head to rest his cheek on the counter. "Love feeling you."

"Love you, amado," Derek gasped. "So much."

"Love you too," Stiles panted, clenching around him. He flicked his eyes up to the timer, clenching tighter each second.
When there were five minutes left on the timer, Derek stopped moving.

Stiles couldn't stop the whine, moving back against him without thinking. He froze, panting. "Sirrr..."

Derek swallowed hard, trying to compose himself. "Yes, love?" he asked.

Stiles whined softly, squeezing tightly and rocking back. "Why'd you stop, sir?" he couldn't help but ask.

"Because I wanted to stop," Derek replied simply, waiting.

Stiles chewed on his lip, thunking his head gently on the counter. He kept clenching, trying to drive Derek crazy again.

It was working, but Derek could be patient when he wanted to be. He stayed still.

"Please," Stiles whined. "Why?"

"Because I wanted to," Derek said again. He took pity on Stiles. "You're not asking the right question, amado," he hinted.

Stiles whined, chewing on his lip. "Why did you want to? What do you want, sir?" he asked, hoping he was asking the right things.

"Better," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' trembling spine. "What do you want, chiquito?"

"Y-you," Stiles breathed. "Want to know why you wanted to stop," he begged, arching into the touch.

Derek bent over Stiles to whisper in his ear, "Because I want to hear you beg."

Stiles gasped softly, a sharp spike of pleasure shooting down his spine. "Please," he started begging, his voice soft and breathless. "Please sir. Please."

Derek rolled his hips, the new angle letting him go deeper.

"Fuck yes. Please sir," Stiles moaned, his fingers tightening where he was holding the plug. "Please. Wanna be full of you."

Derek ground into Stiles, fucking him with short, jabbing thrusts.

"Shitshitshitshit." Stiles swore, rocking up onto his toes, bouncing lightly. He whimpered, his free hand going back to scrabble for Derek's hip

"Are you close?" Derek teased. He was.

Even though he was caged, Stiles felt like he was on that edge, teetering and barely holding on. "Y-yes sir," he admitted, clenching tightly around him.

With that admission from Stiles, Derek stopped holding back and let himself come, shaking with it.

"O-ohh," he whined, shivering in pleasure. Precum was drooling out of the cage, his thighs trembling.
The oven timer went off, loud and jarring, startling both of them.

Stiles gasped, almost losing his grip on the plug. "Fuck. Food's done, sir. Rather good timing." He glanced over his shoulder, lower lip tucked between his teeth.

"I was aiming for that," Derek admitted, still panting. He took the plug from Stiles and eased out gently.

Stiles clenched tightly, pouting over his shoulder. "Well, you have marvelous aim, my sir," he teased, swinging his hips a bit. "Plug me up please?" he begged softly. "Don't want to lose any of it."

Derek smiled at Stiles and pressed the plug against his clenched hole. "Let it in, love, there you go," he murmured.

Stiles relaxed, humming softly as the plug slid home, licking his lips and slowly pushing himself to stand. "Luckily dinner won't burn that quickly," he commented.

"Pass me a tissue to wipe up with and then you can go clean up while I serve," Derek replied.

Stiles got Derek a paper towel, moistening it a bit with water. "Love you, sir. "he smiled, kissing his Dom's cheek.

Derek smiled back. "Love you, querido. Now go clean yourself up."

Stiles grinned, nipping at Derek's jaw. "Yes sir," he murmured, turning and sashaying away, his hips swinging. Each movement made him whimper as the plug shifted, but that just made the hip swings more dramatic.

Derek shook his head at Stiles' blatant tease, wiping himself off and washing his hands. Once he was clean and redressed, he got the pie out of the oven - plenty for leftovers, as requested - and found a couple of plates.

Stiles leaned against the shower wall, a small smile on his face. He tipped his head back with a hum, chewing on his lower lip. God, this was perfect. He'd wanted, craved, for his Dom to not worry so much about being careful, and he thought Derek might have finally caught on. Or even just become more at ease. That worked too. Stiles grinned, scrubbing down and shivering as the plug shifted. He'd wear this all day every day if he could. He liked being pre-stretched, waiting. It helped that sometimes he loved surprises. Especially sexy surprises. He took the detachable shower head, making sure to clean all the soap from his cage, his knees trembling at the feeling of the pulsing water. At this rate, he'd come in the cage. God, that always threw him for the best of loops that loops had to offer....

Climbing out and drying off, Stiles stretched, moaning softly and heading back downstairs. He was growing used to the shifting of the plug, but the knowledge, the knowledge of being open and caged for his Dom... Well, that just made his stomach tight and his chest warm and fluttery.

When Stiles stepped into the kitchen, his eyes were dark and his lips reddened. "You're beautiful, mi amor," Derek couldn't help but say as he passed Stiles a plate. "Thank you for lunch."

Stiles flushed, chewing on his lower lip. "Thank you," he breathed, actually believing for once that he was beautiful. Taking his food, he kissed Derek's jaw.
"You're very welcome, amado," Derek replied, leading Stiles out to the dining table.

Stiles shifted for a moment, licking his lips and carefully sitting so he wasn't pressing on the plug too hard. As it was he still gave a hitched whimper, chewing on his lower lip even more.

Derek smirked. "Sensitive, querido?" he asked.

Stiles grinned. "Feel every shift. I'm surprised I'm not leaking all over my chair to be honest."

"If you make a mess, I'll expect you to clean it up, chiquito," Derek said firmly.

Stiles' smile turned sly. "How would you like me to clean it up, sir?" he breathed, leaning forward and letting out a soft moan as he essentially rocked onto the plug.

Derek raised his eyebrows, a little shocked by his own daring. "I think you can figure that out," he replied.

Stiles flicked his tongue on his lower lip. "I'm sure, sir. But I like hearing it. I like hearing you tell me things." His eyes grew just a bit darker.

"Then hear this," Derek replied. "You are not to waste my come. It can be plugged in your ass, or you can lick it up."

Stiles shivered softly, letting out a quiet whine as he stilled. "Like it in me," he murmured. "Don't want to lose it."

"Can you feel how full you are?" Derek said lowly. "Can you imagine how full you're going to be?"

Stiles could only nod, leaning over a bit to rest his head by his food, shivering and trying to get his thoughts under control. The way his Dom talked, smooth, but rough at the same time, was sliding over his nerves and making him tremble.

"You need to eat, Stiles," Derek reminded him. "You need to keep your strength up."

Stiles could only groan, breathing for a few more seconds before sitting up to take a bite. "Yes sir."

"Good boy," Derek praised. He took a sip of water, trying to calm himself down a bit. "You're being very, very good, amado."

Stiles smiled at the praise, using it to steady his hand as he ate methodically.

Derek stayed silent, letting Stiles eat without distraction.

Stiles finished his plate, letting out a relieved sigh. It had been hard, focusing on eating when his mind wanted to sink down. He didn't need to do that right now. And besides, he still had windows to wash.

"Well done," Derek said quietly. "Are you still hungry at all?"

Stiles shook his head. "No sir, I'm good." he smiled. "Want me to pack up the leftovers?"

"You do that," Derek agreed. "I'll do the dishes." He got up, and led Stiles back to the kitchen.

Stiles nodded, chewing on his lip as he bent over at the waist, rummaging for a tupperware that would fit the leftovers, one hip cocked as he shifted things around.
Derek had to drag his gaze away from Stiles as he started the water running.

Stiles pulled himself back up, shifting over to empty the dish into the tupperware, sliding the dish over to Derek before grinning at him mischievously. "Anything else while I’m putting this in the fridge?"

"No thank you," Derek replied, not taking the bait. There'd be time for that later.

Stiles pouted a bit, nodding and kissing Derek’s cheek before turning to take the tupperware to the fridge, grabbing the paper towels and the windex. "It shouldn't take me too long to do the windows, sir."

"I'll join you once I'm done here," Derek promised.

"Yes sir." Stiles beamed. "I'll start in here, probably be in the living room by the time you're joining me." He kissed Derek’s jaw again, heading to the window, a determined look on his face.

Derek smiled after him, then focused on finishing the dishes as quick as he could. There were a few left over from earlier in the day as well, but not too many. Derek sighed, knowing he should have been eating with Stiles, but he just...hadn't.

Stiles glanced over at the table, blinking. "Sir. Weren't you hungry? You didn't eat lunch either..."

"I ate some, chiquito," Derek reassured him. "It was very good, love."

"Promise? You need to eat too, sir." Stiles shifted from foot to foot, chewing on his lip.

Derek opened his arms, offering Stiles a hug. "Come here, amado. I'll be fine."

Stiles sunk into the hug, cuddling close for a bit. "I just want you to make sure you eat too, sir. It's important," he murmured, kissing Derek’s chest, over his heart. "I want my sir healthy and happy."

"And you're very good at making me so," Derek reassured him, stroking his hair. "Such a good sub for me, aren't you?"

Stiles relaxed into the hug, smile on his face. "All yours."

"That's my good boy," Derek murmured fondly.

Stiles nodded, smiling and leaning up to kiss his jaw. "Just please. Don't skip any more meals? Even if you don't eat with me, just...eat something? Lunch really bothered me."

Derek frowned. "It did?"

"Just that I knew you didn't eat anything. I don't mind too much if you don't eat with me. Because I know you're busy and I know that you can get stuck. But at least eat?" Stiles ran a finger along Derek's frown. "I want you healthy and happy. And skipping meals isn't healthy."

Derek sighed. He'd had a long-standing pattern, since the years after the fire when his appetite had been minimal, of putting off eating when he was busy with something. He usually ate a fair amount later to make up for it, but Stiles was right that it wasn't exactly healthy. "I'm sorry," he admitted quietly.

"It's okay," Stiles reassured him, nuzzling close. "Just. Even if it's just fruit and a protein bar or
something, please?" He was worried. He’d had issues in the past with skipping meals because of research or jitters. He knew how much better he felt now that he was on a set eating schedule.

"I will," Derek promised, stroking Stiles' hair. "I might need you to remind me, but I will."

Stiles smiled. "I can do that," he promised. "I love you"

"I love you too, querido," Derek replied quietly. "Are you feeling better now?"

Stiles nodded, nipping Derek's jaw. "Yes sir. I just worry." He smiled, pulling back just enough to tilt his head, licking his lips.

Derek sighed. "I know, love. But I'm alright."

Stiles smiled, nodding. "I trust you." He reached up, bopping Derek’s nose lightly with a finger before dancing away, giggling.

Derek laughed. "Go on then," he told Stiles. "Back to your task, and I'll get back to mine."

"Sir yes sir!" He gave him a cocky salute, grinning and swaggering back where he was cleaning one of the windows, bending over at the waist to scoop up the Windex.

Derek shook his head, smiling, and went back to drying the dishes.

When he finished, Derek quietly approached Stiles, who was absorbed in his work.

Stiles was cleaning the bay window in the living room, hips swinging as he bent over to start on the lower half, singing softly under his breath.

Derek took hold of Stiles' hips and stepped in close behind him.

Stiles' breath hitched, freezing save for the spreading of his legs. He looked over his shoulder at Derek, chewing on his bottom lip, eyes blown.

"Don't mind me," Derek said, stroking Stiles' hipbones. "I wouldn't want to interrupt."

Stiles' lower lip tucked between his teeth as he shivered, pressing back in his grip. He turned back around to continue cleaning the window, and his breathing hitched as he realized he could see outside, so anyone outside could see in.

Derek rolled his hips against Stiles' ass, teasing him.

Stiles paused, bracing himself and shivering, his mouth falling open to pant as Derek's grinding moved the plug. It almost felt like he was being fucked.

As soon as Stiles stopped cleaning, Derek stopped too, shifting his hips back a little.

Stiles whined, taking a moment to pant, looking back over his shoulder. His brain was going round and round as he turned back to his task. Was Derek really doing what he thought he was?

Derek kept silent, waiting for Stiles to figure out the game. As soon as Stiles started cleaning the window again, Derek pressed forward.

Stiles whimpered, pushing back and pausing, brain finally starting to piece it all together. Oh, this is
deliciously evil.

When Stiles froze again, Derek stroked his hip in encouragement. He almost had it now...

"Oh," Stiles breathed, looking over his shoulder, his eyes blown dark and huge. One hand went to wipe at the window, eyes locked on Derek.

"There you go," Derek murmured. "You understand now?"

"Yes sir," Stiles whimpered. "This is going to drive me mad. In the best of ways."

Derek smirked and rolled his hips forward. "Good boy. I'm sure you can manage."

"Feels almost as good as having you in me," Stiles panted.

Derek hummed. "That could be arranged," he teased. "If you're good."

"Please," Stiles begged softly, knowing that Derek loved hearing him beg. "God, I want to feel you." He paused long enough to get a better grip on the cloth, trying to make sure the window was actually getting cleaned too.

Derek swallowed hard, and when he spoke, his voice was low. "Clean the window, Stiles," he ordered, "And we'll see."

"Y-yes sir," Stiles panted, spraying more windex on the window before going back to wiping it down.

At first, Derek just watched, standing close, keeping Stiles' hips tucked up against his own.

Stiles whimpered, rocking back and swaying his hips, wanting to drive his Dom to insanity.

Derek matched Stiles' movements, but kept it slow, even as his cock hardened in his pants.

Stiles glanced over his shoulder, his hands still working the windex off the glass. "Please," he whimpered.

Derek kept up a gentle, rolling rhythm. "Please what, chiquito?" he asked.

"Want you." Stiles whined, shuddering as the plug rubbed at his prostate, a small pool of precome drooling out of the cage and onto the floor.

"Want me to do what?" Derek reiterated. He wanted Stiles to learn to beg properly.

"Fuck me. Please sir," Stiles begged, whimpering. "Want to feel you, want your cock in me."

"Good boy," Derek said warmly. "It's alright, I've got you. You're okay, love."

Stiles groaned at the praise, rocking back against him, his shaking hand skittering along the glass, soft squeaking noises echoing back.

"Shh. You're alright, amado," Derek murmured, sliding his left hand from Stiles' hip to rest just below his navel.
Stiles moaned, his eyes fluttering closed, falling still except for the hand scrubbing at the window.

Derek pressed a kiss to the back of Stiles' neck, smiling against his skin. "Doing so good, querido," he said softly. "You want me to fuck you?"

"Please," Stiles begged softly, lowering his head so Derek had more access. "Want you to fuck me. Want you to slide into me. Gonna feel so good."

Still holding Stiles close with his left hand, Derek slipped his right hand between them, fishing his cock out of his pants and pulling out Stiles' plug, dropping it on the floor.

Stiles whined high in his throat, sucking on his lower lip. He clenched up, shivering as he remembered Derek's words from dinner about cleaning up his mess.

Derek guided his dick to nudge against Stiles' hole, finding it clenched tight. He smiled and murmured, "Let me in, chiquito?"

Stiles shivered, nodding and relaxing. He tried to rock back in Derek's grip, wanting more. "Please."

Derek let Stiles rock back onto his cock, then reached up to hold Stiles' hand against the window.

Stiles gasped softly, freezing completely, his eyes fluttering closed as he rocked back again. "F-fuck."

"Stiles," Derek said warningly. "What are you doing right now?"

Stiles whimpered. "Cll-cleaning the window?" he breathed, his eyes moving to where Derek was pinning his hand to the glass.

"Good boy," Derek kissed Stiles' neck again, rewarding him for the correct answer. "I expect you to pay attention to your task."

Stiles whimpered again. "Yes sir," he panted. "I-have to pay attention to the window washing."

"Can you do that, chiquito?" Derek asked, rolling his hips to show Stiles what he meant to do. "Can I get a colour, mi amor?"

Stiles’ eyes, if possible, got darker as he nodded, chewing on his lip. "Green," he breathed, barely audible.

"Good boy," Derek said lowly. "So good for me."

"Please," Stiles murmured, eyes still locked on their hands, his mouth parted. He was going to fall under so hard, he just knew it. And the way he was going to get there was going to be amazing.

Derek shook his head. "I'll only fuck you while you're working, chiquito," he explained.

Stiles whimpered. "Kay," he whispered, moving his hand to scrub at the window, lips still parted.

Derek rewarded him by tilting his hips up, fucking Stiles with slow, rolling strokes.

Stiles keened, eyes closing for a movement before popping open to lock onto his moving hand, forcing it to stay moving, even as his knees trembled.
"That's it, love," Derek breathed, almost as overwhelmed as Stiles.

Stiles couldn't really make any words, his hand shaking and nearly dropping the paper towel as he scrubbed. His hips rocked back, cock drooling precome in an almost constant stream.

Derek licked his lips, a new idea coming to him. "I think you're - oh - done with the top part, amado," he panted.

Stiles whimpered, but shifted over just a bit more to spray the bottom, his hands almost dropping the bottle as the angle shift had Derek drilling into his prostate. He cried out, high and blissed out, his scrubbing hand slowing just a moment.

Stiles' cry made Derek groan, his movements stuttering with the clenching of Stiles' hole. "Oh god, querido," he panted. "So good."

Stiles was barely able to keep his hand moving, wiping up the windex. He was so close to coming. Coming while caged up and being fucked against a window where anyone could see them…

"That's it, chiquito, so good for me, so wonderful, come on amado, just a little more..." Derek panted as he got closer and closer to the edge.

Stiles gave another cry, his stomach pulsing and hole clenching tightly around Derek as the stream of precome turned white. He whimpered, eyes completely glazed as he pressed back against Derek, hand moving very slowly on the window.

"Oh god." Had Stiles come? Either way, Derek had reached the point where he couldn't turn back, and a few seconds later he tipped over the edge with a moan.

Stiles whimpered, clenching tightly around Derek and panting, his lips and mouth dry as he fought to keep from falling to his knees where he was. He was so heavy, and yet he felt amazing.

When he finally stopped shaking, Derek brought Stiles' hand to his lips and kissed the back of it. "So good, mi amor," he praised. "Well done."

Stiles looked over his shoulder, watching Derek with a soft smile.

"Good boy," Derek murmured. He stroked Stiles' belly comfortingly. "How do you feel about me pulling out, love?"

Stiles whimpered, nodding after a moment, once it had sunk in what Derek was saying.

"Good boy," Derek said again, pulling out gingerly and crouching down to pick up the plug.

Stiles swayed, leaning against the window with a small whimper, closing his eyes. He panted softly, knees trembling.

Derek stroked Stiles' hip, trying to steady him as he pressed the plug back in. "Let's get to the couch, amado. Sound good?"

"Mmm." Stiles gave him a tiny smile, rocking back into the plug before nodding. He reached out with one hand, petting Derek's jaw clumsily, fingers scratching at his stubble a bit.

"Good boy," Derek praised, leaning into Stiles' touch. "Come on, amado." Carefully, he stood, guiding Stiles to the couch. "Can you tell me how you're feeling, querido?"
"Heavy. Floaty. Warm. Safe." Stiles gave Derek a small smile, curling up against him. "Thirsty, warm."

"Thirsty's not so good," Derek muttered, smiling down at him. "But the rest is just right."

Stiles cuddled close, drifting. "Full."

Derek stroked Stiles' hair, letting him rest. "That's my boy," he murmured. "So good for me."

Stiles leaned into the touch, soft smile still on his face. It took a few minutes, but he slowly started to drift up, shifting a bit more and murmuring against Derek's skin where he had pressed his face to his Dom's neck.

"Hey, amado," Derek said softly, smiling. "Coming back to me now?"

"Mhmm." Stiles smiled, sucking lightly on Derek's neck. "Love you."

"I love you too, querido," Derek murmured. "You were so good for me, love, so obedient, so beautiful."

Stiles' smile widened, a hand going to scratch lightly through Derek's beard. "That's only the second time I've come in the cage," he murmured. "And it threw me just as much as the first time."

"Considering how difficult it is, I don't think you should be surprised that it doesn't happen often," Derek pointed out, eyebrows raised.

"I'm surprised I've done it that many times," Stiles admitted with a laugh. "It's hard to do, and honestly it felt like it was ripped out of me this time. It was awesome."

Derek smiled down at Stiles, kissing his forehead. "You liked it, then? The...game, I suppose."

Stiles hummed, nodding and cuddling closer. "It was hard, but I liked it," he agreed.

"You did so well," Derek praised warmly. Honestly, he was a little in awe.

"Took me a minute to latch onto it." Stiles laughed softly at himself. He stretched, letting out a soft, content moan as everything shifted. "What do you have planned for tomorrow?"

Derek smirked. "Do you really want me to tell you in advance?"

Stiles licked his lips, tilting his head. "A hint, maybe?" he suggested.

"Fucking will be involved?" Derek huffed a laugh. "To be honest, love, I don't really know yet."

Stiles' lips curled into a sly grin. "Oh goodie, that sounds good to me," he said, and laughed.

Derek smiled widely. "It's good to see you happy, amado."

"You make me happy," Stiles insisted, kissing his jaw.

"You weren't earlier," Derek pointed out.

"That was a lot of worry and such. And I may have let my inner brat run free." Stiles sniffed. "You
still make me happy. Just because we had a bump doesn't mean anything. Couples bicker sometimes."

Derek looked away and didn't answer.

Stiles wiggled a bit where he was, uncertain. "Sir?"

"What is it?" Derek asked.

"I love you. You make me happy. Even happiness can have grey spots to make them sweeter," Stiles said softly.

Derek bent his head to brush his lips over Stiles' hair. "I trust you," he murmured.

Stiles beamed at him, cuddling closer. "Mi amo"

He really meant it, Derek realised. He trusted Stiles, not just in this moment, with these words, but in everything, and everything yet to come. "Mi amor," he replied, voice cracking.

Stiles looked up with a smile. "You okay, sir?" He leaned up, nipping at Derek’s jaw.

"I love you," Derek said simply, leaning into Stiles' touch. "And I trust you."

Stiles chest warmed, and he smiled softly, pressing close. "I love and trust you too."

"Looking forward to tomorrow?" Derek asked softly.

"Always," Stiles agreed.

Chapter End Notes

I'm pleased to report that we have another fic in the works (not that we're stopping work on this one at all), in a very different BDSM AU, with Dom!Stiles. It might take us a couple of months before we start posting, but it's in the wings.

Also my uncle is out of ICU currently!! Still in the hospital but as of this posting he is doing OK! - Kattseye
Hope you guys enjoyed the unrepentant porn this week
"He's been working pretty hard for you, hasn't he?" John asked, heading for the kitchen, and more importantly, the coffee. Honestly, he was pretty impressed by what Scott had been doing this summer.

Isaac nodded, lifting his chin a bit. He was proud of his Dom. He just also wanted his Dom with him. "He really is. And I really appreciate it. I'm just scared. We only have ten days before he l-leaves."

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Scott goes to college; Isaac stays in Beacon Hills. It isn't easy for them.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Isaac experiences two distressing incidents in this chapter. In the first, after a minor injury, he has to remind himself that he's safe, and he contacts Scott for reassurance. His distress is limited to the second paragraph/section of this chapter. In the second, Isaac is experiencing subsickness, which is causing pain, loss of appetite, and insomnia as well as emotional distress. This chapter only shows /after/ Isaac seeks help, but it refers to disordered eating, emotional compartmentalisation, and Isaac smacks his own forehead as a kind of punishment at one point. The entire third scene of this chapter deals with these themes - please be careful with yourselves.

"Isaac?" John called as he arrived. "I'm home, if you're here."

Isaac peeked around the doorframe to his room and smiled toward the stairs. "I'm here, Mr. S," he called, setting down his book before heading down.

John went to put his gun in the safe, relaxing a bit without the weight of it on his belt. "No Scott tonight?" he asked over his shoulder.

Isaac just shook his head, his eyes flicking down with pursed lips. "No, he's doing an accreditation practice test to see what he still needs to work on..." There was only a week or so left until Scott left for college.

"He's been working pretty hard for you, hasn't he?" John asked, heading for the kitchen, and more importantly, the coffee. Honestly, he was pretty impressed by what Scott had been doing this summer.

Isaac nodded, lifting his chin a bit. He was proud of his Dom. He just also wanted his Dom with him. "He really is. And I really appreciate it. I'm just scared. We only have ten days before he l-
leaves."

John turned around, giving Isaac a sympathetic look. "Want a hug, son?" he asked quietly.

After a moment, Isaac nodded, moving closer. He wasn't usually keen on others touching him, but he was getting better with John.

John opened his arms and waited for Isaac to come to him. He was so glad that Isaac was less wary of him these days.

Isaac stepped into the hug, fingers going to cling to John's jacket. "He's leaving soon." His voice cracked as he spoke.

"You'll be okay, son." John hugged Isaac tight, rubbing his back. "He'll come back to you."

"I know, I'm just... What if I freak out again?" He'd been having panic attacks and disassociation when talking about his past. It wasn't happening as often as before, but...

A corner of John's mouth twitched. "You know, Scott may be better at helping you than the rest of us, but we aren't completely hopeless."


"I'm sorry you can't go with him," John said quietly. "I know it's hard."

"Hopefully soon I can," Isaac said, his voice hopeful and small.

John suppressed a sigh as he thought about the expense. Scott was lucky to be able to go to college at all, honestly. Managing accommodation for two wasn't going to be easy for them. "We'll see how it goes," he said, reserving judgement.

Isaac nodded. "I know it won't be easy but..."

"I'd offer to help you pay for it, but I don't really have the money to spare," John admitted. "I know Mel doesn't either. Have you and Scott talked about the money aspect at all?"

"Not really. We've talked a bit about it, but not much." Isaac shifted on his feet as he pulled back.

John looked at Isaac seriously. "I think you should have that discussion," he said. "You and Scott aren't going to have the luxury of financial security for a while - Mel and I will always give you a home to come back to, of course, but if you want to set up shop by yourselves, you'll need as much income as you can get. And once you're his, you'll need Scott's explicit permission to work; better to talk it out now."

Isaac nodded, chewing on the tip of his thumb. "We'll talk, promise." He gave John a soft smile.

"Good," John said firmly. "Now then, what are we going to do for dinner?"

"I have lasagne in the oven," Isaac said, beaming. "Real cheese and lots of it."

"Have I ever mentioned how much I appreciate getting to eat real food now you're here?" John joked.
"There's also spinach in it to appease Stiles." Isaac’s eyes crinkled in amusement. "But more cheese to help counteract it."

"I can deal with spinach in my lasagne if I get real cheese," John replied.

"And there's a salad and garlic bread. Real butter on the garlic bread." Isaac grinned, heading to the kitchen when the timer beeped. "And you have good timing."

"I'll set the table then," John offered, going to the cutlery drawer.

"Thank you!" Isaac said, humming as he got the food out. He turned to close the oven door, then yelped as his arm bumped against it.

John turned to see what was the matter and hurried over to Isaac. "Here, put that down, you need cold water on that."

Isaac whimpered, shivering as he put the pan down, his hands shaking. "Sorry!"

Shit. "You're fine, Isaac," John said softly, running the cold tap. "Can you come over here, to the sink?"

Isaac nodded, slowly coming closer. He was murmuring softly under his breath, trying to calm himself. "S'ok. Accident. Not in trouble. He can't hurt me. Dad's not here..."

"Good boy," John murmured, letting Isaac take it at his own pace. "You're being so good, Isaac, well done. Can you put the burn under the cold water? You can check the temperature first, if you want."

Isaac relaxed just a bit at the praise, quickly testing the water before sliding his arm into the stream, sighing as the pain eased.

John sighed in relief. "Well done, Isaac," he praised. "I'm going to go get the burn cream, alright?" With Stiles in the house, he'd always kept a full first aid kit, and he'd seen no reason to stop doing so after the kid left.

Isaac nodded, still murmuring his reassurances. He was doing better with surprises like this, but he'd still be texting or calling Scott.

"Good boy." John hurried upstairs to the bathroom to get the burn cream.

Isaac leaned against the counter, taking deep breaths. His free hand slid out of his pocket to get his phone, texting Scott: **Sir. Need you Burn Just talk may help even can't type right**

**Isaac, sweetheart, when you can, tell me if you're okay? Please**

**hurts but ok. Did the Mantra thing just scared and shaky**

**Good boy. Well done. I'm proud of you**

Isaac sniffled, smiling the praise. **I like making you proud**

**I'm very proud of you, Isaac. Are you feeling any better?**

**yes sir. A bit calmer. Still shaky though**

**Good. How's the burn?**
Isaac glanced at his arm. *barely there. Looks like it won't even blister*

*Great. Look after it properly please, and I'll have a look when I see you*

*yes sir*

*Good boy*

Isaac smiled, holding his phone to his chest. God he was so gone on his Dom. Just a few texts calmed him so well.

John, who'd been waiting just outside the kitchen when he heard Isaac's phone go off, called out, "Isaac?" It was usually better to warn the kid you were there when he was feeling jumpy.

Isaac blinked. "Sorry!" He'd completely forgotten about the Sheriff.

"Don't worry about it," John said, coming into the kitchen. "Did talking to Scott help?" Isaac looked a lot calmer already.

Isaac nodded, giving John a slightly shaky smile. "Yessir, he always does."

John smiled back and offered Isaac the cream. "I got you one of the bigger band-aids so you can cover it up, too - I wasn't sure how large the burn was."

"Thanks! That should cover it fine." Isaac showed John the burn, red and irritated.

John shook his head and gently spread some cream over the spot. "Think I've got it all?"

Isaac eyed it for a moment and nodded. "Think you did. Thanks." He gave John a small smile. "Sir told me he'd check it out later to make sure I treat it right."

John smiled back. He knew that Scott didn't *really* need to make sure Isaac was treating the burn. But it was a good way to assure Isaac that he cared. "Shall we see if dinner's still hot?" he suggested.

Isaac nodded, the small smile still on his face as he checked the food. "Cool enough to eat but not cold." He laughed. "Good timing again, I guess."

John smiled at him. "Good. It looks delicious."

Isaac beamed at the compliment and turned to take the food to the table. "Quick, before Stiles’ dad sense picks up on it!"

John laughed. "I have it on good authority that he has plans tonight," he countered as he sat down. "I'm sure Derek can keep him distracted."

Isaac sputtered out a laugh. "I'm sure he can!" He grinned, handing John the serving spoon to get started.

It was always great to see Isaac laughing, John thought as he served himself. When they'd first got him away from his bastard of a father, it had seemed like every time he laughed, it caught him by surprise. But now, well...happiness looked good on the kid. John was glad he was a part of that.
"Shh, don’t tell, but Scott's mom brought over pie," Isaac whispered, eyes sparkling. It was taking a while, but he could feel himself coming out of his own shell.

"Wait, Mel's apple pie?" John asked. "Or is it one of her 'experiments', because we have an agreement about those."

"It’s apple," Isaac said, grinning widely. "Though she made me promise that you eat a nice side of salad with your dinner to earn it."

John rolled his eyes fondly. "Of course she did. You're all part of the same conspiracy." He sighed. "Come on, then, let's eat."

"I offset it all with extra cheese and the ice cream I bought to go with the pie," Isaac teased, scooting the salad bowl closer to John as he got his own lasagne.

"You're a good kid, Isaac," John said, tucking in.

Isaac ducked his head, flushing. "Thank you."

-----

Scott had said his goodbyes to Isaac last night - well, and this morning, since Isaac had stayed over to see him off. But there’d been hugs and kisses and promises to call, and then they’d all packed the car together, and now it was just Scott and Stiles, driving away from Beacon Hills. "Do you ever think about going away to college?" Scott asked.

Stiles hummed, reaching up to stroke his collar as he merged into the highway. "Not really anything past a vague ‘what if’. I like the thought of just taking little courses that interest me, and my store is starting to pick up a bit. Why?"

Scott shrugged. "I just...always figured that if we didn't both go to college, it would be you, you know? You're way smarter than me."

"Man, don’t start that, you are smart." Stiles huffed, smacking Scott’s leg. "Having second thoughts?"

Scott sighed. "It's not like we used to talk about, you know? The two of us against the world?" His mouth twisted wryly. "I mean, I still want to learn this stuff, but I'm leaving a whole lot behind."

"There's other colleges," Stiles reminded him. "And you'll only be an hour and a half away now." A small smile crossed his face. "That ‘whole lot’ is Isaac, isn't it?"

"Yeah," Scott admitted, a smile stealing across his face. "He's really great, you know that?"

Stiles smiled at the besotted look on Scott's face. "There's that look you didn't know you were giving him in school!" he sang, poking Scott in the side.

"Was I really, though?" Scott asked. Isaac was amazing, but Scott didn't feel like he'd really recognised that until after Isaac latched onto him.

"Yup. Swear on my mother's grave," Stiles promised. "It may have been something you were unconsciously ignoring because of age, I dunno."

"You think I didn't want to acknowledge I was, I am, bi?" Scott asked.

"You might have, honestly." Stiles shrugged. "I just tell you what I see."
"It's not like you ever said anything," Scott pointed out. Not to say that Scott hadn't noticed Stiles was into guys, but they hadn't talked about it. "You just called and told me you got a guy called Derek as your Dom."

"Dude, I asked you if you thought Danny would find me attractive. I wasn't exactly keeping my lips sealed." He laughed, shoving at Scott's arm. "Besides, what was I going to say? ‘Hey Scott, I know you’re hard core dating Allison. But have you seen the googoo eyes you make at Isaac?’ "

Scott sighed sadly as he thought about Allison. The two of them had tried really, really hard to make it work. But her parents had a grudge against Scott he'd never fully understood (and Allison's mom was scary), and as their testing got closer there'd been more and more pressure for them to act like a Dom/sub pair, and it just...well. It hadn't worked out. "Do you think I'd have got back together with Ally eventually if Isaac wasn't around?" he wondered aloud.

"Honestly? No. She got Dom and I just don't see it happening. " Stiles’ smile softened. "Seems almost like fate, really."

Scott shook his head. "Just because it's convenient for me doesn't mean it's perfect for her. I'm lucky, but it's not the same thing."

"You know what I mean. Fate that you and Isaac are together. And Ally-cat will find someone perfect for her," Stiles reassured him.

"She's going to Columbia, right?" Scott asked. "I guess there's plenty of people to meet in New York."

"So many people!" Stiles agreed. "She'll be okay." He patted Scott’s arm, soothing him. "So how are things with Isaac? And your accreditation thing?"

Scott shrugged. "I'm worried about him," he admitted. "He's an incredibly strong person - obviously, to get through everything he has - but he's got used to leaning on me when he needs help and I won't be there to support him. Not in the same way."

"Just be there for him as much as possible. Me and Sir will be there to help too." A frown settled on Stiles’ face – he was worried too.

"Everyone's said that, you know?" Scott commented. "I had to talk to the Grishams last week - I can totally see why they're good at what they do, by the way, even if Isaac's a special case - and they said they'd support Isaac as much as he'd let them." Scott sighed. "If he lets them."

"I'll keep an eye on him," Stiles promised. "I'll call you if he gets bad."

"Thanks, bro," Scott said gratefully.

"Dude, anytime!" Stiles grinned. "More willing to admit the claim now?"

"Yeah, he's mine," Scott agreed. It would be kind of silly to be doing everything he was for Isaac and not acknowledge the claim.

Stiles' smile broadened. "Tell him a lot, okay? I can tell you from a sub’s perspective that hearing that helps a lot."

"I don't want to be too possessive," Scott replied. There were a lot of things to be careful about with
Isaac - which Scott didn't mind at all, by the way - so he preferred to be cautious.

"He won't see it as a bad thing. If anything it'll just help assure that he's safe and wanted." Stiles’ voice was muffled as he stuffed a twizzler in his mouth.

Scott still wasn't sure. "Have you actually asked him, or are you just guessing?"

"It does that for me. And I've seen him when you call him yours." Stiles gave Scott a small smile. "Ask him if it helps, or I'll ask even."

"No, I'll ask," Scott promised. It wouldn't hurt anything to ask, after all.

Stiles smiled. "How's the accreditation work going?"

Scott grimaced. "Well, I did the practice test," he replied. "But..."

"How'd you do? And remember it's a practice test! Not the real thing." Stiles exited off the highway. "Lunch?"

"Sure," Scott replied, then sighed. "I'm just not ready yet. I mostly did okay in the bits I had studied, except I made a few really dumb mistakes that I'm kicking myself about. And my essay was apparently good? But there was this big section I didn't have a clue about."

"You'll get there; I have faith in you," Stiles said. "You still have four months until New Years. And if you can't get it by then, it's okay." He pulled up to a McDonalds, getting out to stretch. "Besides, if it's not long after, think of how kick ass a Valentine's present that would be."

That startled a laugh out of Scott. "Thanks, bro," he said gratefully, slinging an arm around Stiles' shoulders.

"Very welcome." Stiles preened, leaning into his hold. "Time for a shit ton of fries!" he crowed, fist-pumping as he realized they'd just made fresh ones.

Scott rolled his eyes fondly as they stood at the back of the queue. "I'll buy."

"Best. Friend. Ever."

-----

"Isaac!" Janet exclaimed when the boy came barrelling through their front door. "Are you alright?"

Isaac's eyes were wet, his lips pressed tight together. "I'm sorry for b-barging in," he whispered, rubbing at his eyes. He was so tired....

"No, honey, you're fine," Janet reassured him, ushering Isaac towards the living room. "Here, let's sit down."

Isaac leaned into Janet's touch, his lips curling into a soft pout. He cared for Janet, being so kind, but she wasn't his Dom. He wanted Scott. Sitting down on the couch he sniffled again, his hands going to cover his face.

"You're fine, honey," Janet said again, rubbing Isaac's shoulder. "Do you want to talk about it, or do you want to just sit down for a while?"
"I just...I thought I'd be able to do this? He's so close to getting the accreditation thing, but it's been almost a month and I just..." He sucked in a breath, trying to calm down.

"Breathe for me, Isaac," Janet said calmly. "Nice and slow." Poor boy. He wasn't in an easy situation right now.

Isaac took in a shuddering breath, his fingers trembling as he forced himself to control his breathing, trying to calm himself. "I'm sorry."

"It's alright, honey, you're doing really well," Janet murmured. "You never have to be sorry for how you feel."

"My chest hurts," Isaac admitted, hands still shaking but his breathing a little more normal now. "My head hurts. I haven't slept well, and my appetite is gone. I know a lot of it is my own panic, but..."

Janet did her best to hide her alarm, and her best was very good. "You're right to tell me, Isaac," she replied. "That sounds like subsickness to me - unless you think you're coming down with something else?"

Isaac just shrugged, sniffling and rubbing at his nose and eyes. "I dunno Janet, I just..." His breathing hitched as he fought back a sob. "I'm just so tired. I want to sleep. But no matter what I try I can't."

"It's okay, honey," Janet promised, making rapid plans inside her head. "I'll stay right with you, and you're going to be okay. Have you eaten today?"

"Forced myself to eat a protein bar earlier, but that's it," Isaac murmured. He was so tired. But he couldn't sleep, and it was making him want to cry. He wanted Scott. wanted to be held and wanted to hear his pet-name and...

"Okay." Janet looked him over. Christ, the poor boy looked awful now she was paying proper attention. "Do you think you can be a good boy for me and eat?"

Isaac whined, even as he nodded. "I don't want to, but I will try." He sighed, pulling off his shoes and tucking his feet under himself, making himself smaller.

"That's a good boy," Janet said, cuddling him close. "Now, then, here's what we'll do: we're going to sit here until you're feeling less shaky, and then you're going to have a nice hot shower while I make you some soup. You're going to go to your guest room and lie down, and I'll come keep you company and we can have a good chat while you rest. Do you have any questions or problems with that?"

Isaac shook his head. He wanted Scott, but he didn't want to bother him. Not when he was trying so hard to make it so Isaac could be with him. He just... He sighed, leaning into the cuddling and trying to imagine it was Scott. Janet's plan was settling him a bit, he felt closer to tears than panic. "Yes'm," he murmured.

"Good boy," Janet murmured, rubbing Isaac's shoulder. She should have noticed sooner that he was getting shaky, but because of Isaac's situation, he just wasn't spending that much time with them. Still, she was kicking herself.

Isaac sniffled, resting his head on her shoulder as he fought to force down the emotions again. It had worked for the last week, bottling everything up. He could do it again, surely. He took a deep breath, letting it out slowly. "I think I'll be okay," he murmured, his voice just slightly flat.
Janet had been doing this a long time. She knew compartmentalising when she saw it. "But you don't have to be, honey," she said quietly. "There's nothing I want to do more right now than sit here and hold you and help you feel a little better, so you just go ahead and be sad, okay?"

Isaac nodded, sniffling and reaching up to rub at his eyes. "I want sir," he whispered a couple minutes later, all of his fears just tumbling out. "I want him. I just... I don't want to bother him, I know he's working hard, I don't want to burden him, I just want to curl up with him and sleep for more than the hour a night I've been getting for the last month."

"Isaac, sweetheart, there's nothing Scott would want more than to do that with you," Janet promised him, making a mental note to get Scott down here soon, because they needed to change things. "I am absolutely sure of it."

Isaac choked on a sob. "Want him, Janet," he whimpered. "I tried. I tried to wait. I tried to not be a burden. Useless!" He reached up, smacking himself in the forehead.

Janet gently took Isaac's hand, holding it firmly to keep him from hurting himself. "There's no hitting in this house, Isaac," she reminded him sternly. "And there's no insulting people, which includes yourself."

Isaac sniffled, tears falling freely. "Yes ma'am. Sorry," he whispered.

"'Good boy," she said firmly, squeezing his hand. "You're going to be okay, honey, so you just cry if you need."

Isaac's breathing hitched before he just broke, sobbing harshly. He just wanted to sleep. Sleep and curl up in Scott's arms.

"There, there," Janet murmured, tucking Isaac into her chest and holding him close in her arms. "It's going to be alright, my honey-lad. You're going to be okay, and you're going to sleep, and your young man loves you with all his heart."

"I want him! Why does it hurt so much, Janet?" Isaac sobbed into her chest, clutching his own shirt in his fists. A shirt that was actually Scott's.

Jane sighed. "It hurts because you love him, honey," she said calmly, making herself an anchor for Isaac in this storm of emotions.

"I want him," Isaac cried, a muffled scream getting caught in his chest. "Why does it have to hurt?"

How long had the poor boy been holding this in? "I'm sorry, honey," Janet murmured, rubbing Isaac's back. "He'll come home for you soon."

"P-promise?" Isaac hiccupped, shaking hard, pale and trying desperately to calm down.

"I promise," Janet said firmly. "Scott's going to come home to you soon." Today, if she had anything to say about it.

"Please," he begged, his breath catching in his throat as he forced the words out. He was so tired he was swaying in Janet's grip.

"It's okay, Isaac," Janet promised. "It's going to be okay."

Isaac soon fell quiet, exhausted and sniffling. "Hurt."
"I know, sweetheart," Janet murmured. "It'll pass."

Isaac let out a pitiful whine, though he was too exhausted to care.

"You're such a good boy," Janet praised him. "You've been so brave, so strong, dealing with all this on your own, and then you were honest and good in telling me and letting me help. You're so good, honey."

The praise helped a bit, but as much as Isaac cared for Janet she wasn't his Scott. "Yes'm," he whispered.

"That's a good boy," she murmured. "You just sit here with me until you're calm, and then you can go have a nice hot shower and we'll see if you can get some rest."

"Shower now? Feel ick." Isaac rubbed at his eyes, still pale and shaky.

"Alright, honey," Janet agreed, still stroking Isaac's hair. "You know where everything is, don't you?"

He nodded, leaning into her touch for a moment before standing shakily. "Towels in the closet?"

"That's right," she confirmed. "And you just hop right into bed when you're done, okay? I'll bring some soup up."

Isaac nodded chewing on his thumb as he headed for the shower, swaying a bit with each step. He was so tired. Maybe he'd just collapse after he got clean.

As soon as Isaac was out of the room, Janet hurried to the kitchen, getting out her phone to text Simon. *Isaac's subsick and needs looking after. Please tell Erica to stay away tonight, and let John know that Isaac's with us. I'm calling Scott.* Next, she looked around in the bottom cupboards for the canned soup they kept for occasions like this, when their kids needed comforting.

Simon cursed under his breath, quickly texting Erica what was happening before replying: *Done. Will be home soon, let me know when Scott will be by, please*

*Thanks*, Janet answered, then called Scott. She waited anxiously as the phone rang out, and didn't leave a message. She dialled again.

Scott grumbled as his phone started ringing again, rustling in his papers for it and swallowing hard when he saw it was Janet. "Janet? What's wrong? Is everything okay?"

"No," Janet said simply. "You need to come home, Scott, as soon as you can. Isaac needs you."

Scott sucked in a breath, pushing away from his desk and tugging on his shoes. "What happened? What's going on?"

It was tempting to blame the boy, but really, it was more Isaac's fault that his. "Isaac's very subsick," Janet explained. "He's been hiding it from everyone, but he hasn't been sleeping, or eating much, and he's hurting."

"Fuck! I should have seen it." Scott grabbed his keys and wallet, scrambling down the stairs of the dorm. "Leaving now. Is he with you?"

Janet sighed. "He's good at hiding his feelings, Scott. We should have seen it, any of us that care
about who live here. He's just having a shower now, and then I'm going to try and feed him some soup and see if I can get him to rest."

"I'll be there as soon as I can, already in the car." Scott pretty much squealed out of the parking lot, thanking every deity out there that his mom had found a cheap car for him.

"You be safe, alright?" Janet admonished, and hung up the phone with a sigh. Time to get that soup on.

"I will." Scott hung up, pursing his lips and cursing himself as he sped up. He should have known. He'd been wondering why Isaac seemed sadder than normal the last weekend he was down. He'd assumed it was because he was leaving again. He should have seen it. Dammit! It was a little over an hour and a half later when he swung into Janet's driveway.

Simon had the door open before Scott even got there. "Good, you're here," he said, obviously relieved. "Isaac's in his usual room - Janet's been sitting with him, but she hasn't been able to really improve anything."

Scott sucked in another breath, kicking off his shoes. "What should I expect?"

Isaac whined softly. Great, now he was hallucinating Scott's voice.

"Clinging and crying," Simon said wearily, leading Scott to Isaac's room. "He's exhausted."

"Poor sweetheart," Scott sighed. "Thank you, Simon."

Isaac whimpered at the nickname, peeking out of the blanket. "Sir?"

"I'm here, sweetheart," Scott said, hurrying over to the side of the bed. "I'm so sorry, but I'm here now."

Isaac burst into tears. "I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I tried. I tried so hard. So tired, hurts!" He reached out, sobs caught in his chest.

Oh god. Scott's eyes were wet and his chest hurt as he sat down next to Isaac, wrapping him up in a hug. "Shh, sweetheart, shh, it's okay," he murmured. "You're perfect, you're so good, there's nothing to be sorry for, I'm here now, I'm sorry."

Isaac, sobbing, clung to Scott like he was trying to burrow under his skin. "I'm sorry," he whimpered again, trembling hard, pale as a sheet. "I love you, please. I'm sorry."

"It's okay, Isaac," Scott promised desperately. "You're so good, you don't have to be sorry, you're - you're my good boy, always, sweetheart."

Isaac leaned up, tucking his face in Scott's jaw, managing to calm down just a bit. "Y-yours?" He asked, his tone wet and pleading. He won't want another sub?

"My boy," Scott promised, settling one hand on the nape of Isaac's neck, holding him in place. "My good boy, my sweetheart, my Isaac."

Isaac sniffed, the hold on his neck calming him almost as much as the words. "Yours," he whispered, not caring that he was naked, not knowing if Janet was still there or not. He was still pale but there was just a bit more color in his skin.
"Isaac?" Scott said quietly. "Do you think you could be a brave boy for me and hold on without me for a second while I take my shirt off and get under the covers with you? If not, it's okay."

Isaac swallowed hard, debating. He didn't want to hold on without his Dom. But if he did he'd get shirtless cuddles. After a moment he nodded. "Yes sir."

Scott pressed a kiss to Isaac's hair, squeezing him tight. "That's my best good boy," he praised before letting go and hurriedly stripping his shirt off.

Isaac soaked up the praise like a sponge, holding back a whimper until Scott was under the covers with him. He curled close, letting out a soft, relieved sound.

"That's it, sweetheart," Scott murmured. He maneuvered Isaac so the sub's head was tucked under his chin and Scott's leg was thrown over his hips, wrapping him up as much as possible in touch.

Isaac let out another sound at Scott's hold, his nickname making him whimper.

"Can you tell me how you're feeling, Isaac?" Scott murmured soothingly.

"Hurts. It hurt. Why did it hurt?" Isaac whined. "I'm sorry sir. I tried to be strong." He slumped against him, feeling useless.

Scott felt awful. His sub was hurting, and it was all his fault. "It hurts because I went away," he explained. "It's my fault, sweetheart, not yours. I'm so sorry."

"No," Isaac objected weakly. "Not your fault." He took a deep, steadying breath. "My fault. I kept shoving it down. I should have told you," he finished in a whisper, his hands trembling as they reached up to cup Scott's face in his hands. "W-wanted to be strong. Make you proud to have me...so you wouldn't decide on someone else..."

"Oh, Isaac," Scott sighed, blinking back tears. "I wouldn't choose someone else, not ever. I'm so proud of you, sweetheart. My boy."

Isaac's face screwed up with more tears, and he pressed close, his forehead against Scott's.

"I've got you, sweetheart," Scott promised. "I've got you, and I'm not letting go."

Isaac's breathing hitched. "I love you" he whispered, his fingers trembling.

"My boy," Scott reassured him, wishing he'd listened to Stiles' advice sooner. "I love you too."

"Yours," Isaac whispered. He was so tired, his eyes already starting to slide closed, a bright, happy smile curling his lips at Scott's admission. "My Dom"

Scott smiled back, relieved, stroking Isaac's hair. "That's it, sweetheart," he murmured. "You rest. I'm here."

"So tired." Isaac yawned. " Tried to sleep, couldn't." Isaac hummed, curling tightly around Scott, and drifted off to sleep.

"I've got you," Scott said, his voice so low it was almost inaudible. "You're safe, sweetheart. You're my good boy."
Sad Isaac... It will get better, though, we promise.

On another note, in addition to the other BDSM AU we've mentioned we're working on, this week we published Owned, the first collab we did together. It's a slavery AU, so please heed the tags, but you're all welcome to check it out at http://archiveofourown.org/works/7533691

As always, we're looking forward to your lovely comments.
Re-evaluating

Chapter Summary

"My boy," Scott replied quietly. Isaac already looked much better than he had the night before, but he still wasn't back to normal. "Sweetheart, when did you start feeling like this? Feeling bad, and tired, and useless?"

Isaac shifted, lowering his eyes. "A couple of weeks ago."

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Now that the crisis is over, Scott and Isaac can start dealing with the actual problem.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Disordered eating. While Scott has been at college, Isaac has been barely eating at all, due to a loss of appetite. Scott figures this out, and is horrified to see the way Isaac has lost weight. Isaac agrees to eating at least something at least three times a day, and to letting Scott check on that. This one winds through the whole chapter, so if it's an issue for you, I honestly suggest you skip it - there's a summary in the endnotes.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It wasn’t until late the next morning that Isaac woke up, whimpering a little as his eyes slid open.

Scott hadn't left - Janet had been nice enough to get him a book so he wouldn't get bored, because it had been late-ish when he arrived, but not really late enough for him to actually sleep - but he didn't actually notice right away.


"Oh!" Scott exclaimed. "Hey, sweetheart. How're you feeling?"

Isaac grumbled softly, pressing closer. "Meh much better than the last month. Feel like I've been run over though."

Scott pursed his lips. "Why didn't you tell me you were having a bad time?" he asked, trying to sound curious rather than accusing.

Isaac lowered his eyes to Scott's chest. "I wanted to show that I can wait for you to get the accreditation," he whispered. "I wanted to not be a burden..."

"You...figured the best way to get me to be your Dom after New Years was to not let me be your Dom before New Years?" Scott asked, confused.

Isaac whined, shaking his head. "No! I wanted to... You've been working so hard and..." He trailed off, sniffling. "I'm an idiot."
Scott gave him a lopsided smile. "Maybe a little," he agreed. "But you're my idiot, so it's okay."

"Yours." Isaac nodded, giving Scott a tiny smile.

"You're not a burden, sweetheart," Scott murmured. "It doesn't matter what you need."

Isaac nuzzled close. "I am sorry," he said quietly. "My sir."

"My boy," Scott replied quietly. Isaac already looked much better than he had the night before, but he still wasn't back to normal. "Sweetheart, when did you start feeling like this? Feeling bad, and tired, and useless?"

Isaac shifted, lowering his eyes. "A couple of weeks ago," he murmured, his voice soft. He liked hearing Scott call him his. He hadn't think he would up until the first time it passed Scott's lips.

"Oh, Isaac," Scott said sadly. "Two weeks and you didn't tell me?"

Isaac gave a soft whine, ducking his head. "I'm sorry, sir," he whispered. "I was trying to be strong. Didn't want to be a burden."

"Isaac..." Scott trailed off, trying to think of how to express this. "It takes strength to trust me, too. That's how I want you to be strong."

Isaac shifted, chewed on his thumb. "Yes sir," he agreed softly. "I'll try to be strong."

Scott stroked his hand over Isaac's hair. "You're so good for me, sweetheart," he murmured. "My good boy."

"I like being yours. Your sweeth-h-heart." Isaac's breath hitched and his eyes filled with tears.

Scott closed his eyes, feeling helpless. "Come here," he said quietly, gathering Isaac even closer. "I've got you."

Isaac sniffled, his hands going to bury in Scott's hair, scratching his scalp lightly before leaning up to kiss him desperately.

Scott kissed back, but mostly, he just let Isaac take what he needed.

Isaac pressed as close as he could get, whimpering softly, shivers wracking his body again.

Scott rolled them both over, pressing Isaac down into the mattress. "I'm here, Isaac," he said firmly. "I'm here, and I'm not going anywhere."

Isaac sucked in a breath, his grip on Scott's hair tightening as a shudder ran through him. He parted his legs a bit so Scott could settle more comfortably, eyes closing.

"Hands up," Scott ordered, letting himself lie heavy on top of Isaac. "I'm going to pin your wrists above your head, okay? Colour?"

"G-green." Isaac was still trembling as he let his hands slip reluctantly from Scott's hair to lay above his head, his pupils widening just a bit at how heavy Scott was. Grounding. Anchoring.

Scott took Isaac's wrists in one hand, not holding them too tightly, but keeping them in place against the bed. "Good boy," he praised. "So good for me, aren't you, sweetheart?"
Isaac whined high in his throat. He wanted to be. God, he did. Wanted to be Scott’s good sweetheart. He sucked his lower lip into his mouth, gazing up at Scott. "Want to."

"Can't you feel how good you're being for me right now?" Scott encouraged him. "Lying nice and still beneath me, letting me do what I want."

Isaac's eyes slid half-closed and he sucked on his lower lip. "Yes sir," he breathed. He wanted Scott. Badly, in any way he could have him. "Yours."

Scott's eyes were drawn to Isaac's lips as if by a magnet, and he couldn't look away. "My good boy," he managed to say, even with the...distraction.

Isaac took a deep breath, the praise and claiming making his pupils just a bit wider, his stomach warm. His now slick, shiny lip slipped free, his mouth parting. The look on Scott's face made Isaac's toes curl; it was almost...hungry.

Scott swallowed hard, licking his lips. God, Isaac looked incredible. He shifted his hips without realizing.

Isaac sucked in another breath, soft groan leaving his throat, tongue dragging slowly over his bottom lip.

"So hot, baby, so beautiful," Scott found himself murmuring.

Isaac let out a soft whine, his fingers curling around Scott's. Everywhere his Dom was touching felt warm, their bare chests up against each other. Oh yeah, he was naked. He'd forgotten.

Scott squeezed Isaac's wrists, reassuring. "Feeling good?" he murmured.

"Yes sir," Isaac breathed, his eyes locked on Scott, shivering at Scott's hold on him.

Scott considered, then decided to push a little. "Would you like a kiss, sweetheart?"

"Please." Isaac tilted his head just a bit, trying to get closer to Scott's lips without lifting his head. He wanted him. Wanted all of him, his Dom.

Scott leaned in slowly, sucking lightly on Isaac's shiny lower lip.

Isaac let out a soft moan, tongue flicking out to trace Scott's upper lip.

Scott broke away and came back in from a different angle, delving into Isaac's mouth.

Isaac moaned softly, returning the kiss, but letting Scott lead, his eyes fluttering shut. Fuck, he felt good, tasted good. Wanted more.

Scott hummed approvingly as Isaac gave in.

Isaac shivered again, spreading his legs just a bit wider in an unconscious invitation, nipping at Scott's lips.

Scott eased away, turning the kiss from hungry to sweet and soft.

Isaac let out a soft whine, though he relaxed a bit more into the bed, a small sigh slipping from his mouth into Scott's. He loved kissing Scott, loved how even this sweet and gentle kiss made his
stomach twist happily, warm with pleasure.

Scott smiled into the kiss when he felt Isaac relax, slowly easing off more until the kiss was a simple touch of lips.

Isaac let out a soft pant against Scott's lips. "Sir," he whispered. He wanted more, but he knew pushing wouldn't end well. He didn't want to be pushy anyway.

Scott kissed Isaac's forehead, then his cheeks, then the tip of his nose. "That's enough for now, sweetheart."

Isaac whined, pouting a bit as he leaned into each kiss. "Yes sir," he murmured, wrapping his legs around Scott's waist, half afraid he would leave.

"Hey," Scott said quietly, stroking Isaac's cheek with his free hand. "No need for that, baby."

Isaac shivered at the name, a soft smile on his lips as he leaned into Scott's touch. "Sorry sir."

"It's alright," Scott murmured. "But seriously, sweetheart, you can relax. It's okay."

Isaac licked his lips. "I missed you," he admitted sadly.

"I missed you too," Scott reminded him gently. "I always miss you."

"My sir," Isaac murmured.

Scott smiled. "My boy," he replied. He let go of Isaac's wrists, curling up next to him and settling down to cuddle him for a while.

Isaac pressed close, a small part of him crowing at the fact that he was naked and his Dom was halfway there too. Made him run a bit hotter, but he pushed it aside for now, nuzzling his face into Scott's neck, breathing deeply. "Yours."

Isaac was so much better than he'd been last night, or even when Scott had woken up this morning. He wasn't trembling in Scott's hold, he wasn't pale, or withdrawn. The smile on Isaac's face was a relief to see, and Scott clung to him gladly. "Do you want to get up, sweetheart?" he asked.

"Meh," Isaac grumbled. "Need to sooner or later, but ..." He was kinda afraid that Scott would leave.

Isaac's stomach rumbled, and Scott laughed. "You need to eat, sweetheart," he pointed out.

Isaac grumbled again. "Haven't been hungry." He shrugged. He was starting to feel it now though. He wasn't sure how much he could eat, though.

Scott sighed. "When was the last time you had a proper meal?" he asked sadly.

"Last weekend when we had that sushi," Isaac admitted, ducking his head further into Scott's neck. It was already Thursday again; he'd gone all week without food other than the half an apple he'd forced himself to eat once a day or so.

Scott's heart sank. "And before that?"

Isaac shifted guiltily. "The weekend before when we went to that one buffet place," he whispered.
Scott sat up abruptly. "Isaac, let me look at you," he said, shoving the covers down.

Isaac squeaked, flushing darkly at the abruptness, but not moving. "S-sir?" he murmured, confused. He wasn't even shy about Scott seeing him naked.

Scott stared at Isaac's far-too-visible ribs, reaching out to touch, then closed his eyes and looked away. "I'm sorry," he forced out. "God, Isaac. I'm so sorry."

Isaac made a confused sound, reaching out to grab Scott’s hand, tugging on it to try and get him back. "What do you mean? Why are you sorry?" He sat up, pressing Scott's hand to the side of his chest, enjoying the warmth, and reaching out with his free hand. "I wasn't hungry." He wasn't sure why but his hand started to shake. "Sir...."

Scott let himself be drawn in close again. "You've been starving yourself," he explained. "Not deliberately, but...Isaac, I can see your ribs. This can't go on."

"I wasn't hungry," Isaac repeated, his eyes flicking down to rest on Scott's chest. "I'm sorry," he whispered. "I didn't realize... I just knew I wasn't hungry...."

"You don't have to be sorry," Scott objected. "I'm sorry. I haven't been looking after you properly."

Isaac frowned. "Sir, yes you have," he huffed, for some reason getting irritated. "You didn't know. I hid it, I didn't want to be a burden. I didn't want to interrupt your studies. I know how hard you've been working. And why? For me. I didn't..." Isaac pressed his lips together, his anger bleeding away and his head dropping to look at his lap. "I didn't want to seem ungrateful, or even to distract you..." He sighed softly. "It sounds so stupid when I say it out loud, but that's what I was trying to do."

"You're not a distraction," Scott said firmly. "College is a distraction."

"I'm still sorry," Isaac murmured. "I didn't mean to lose weight, I didn't mean to get sick..."

"That's not something you could control, sweetheart," Scott pointed out.

Isaac just kept his eyes lowered, his hands both touching Scott in some way. "I'm sorry," he said, flushing darker as his stomach grumbled again.

"We're going to go eat, okay?" Scott said, sighing. "Just...I'm not angry at you, or disappointed, or anything. I'm just worried."

Isaac nodded, licking his lips. "I'm still sorry," he said again, leaning forward to kiss Scott's cheek and jaw.

Scott could practically hear Laura saying 'sometimes subs need to say sorry even if there's nothing to be sorry for', so he didn't keep trying to convince Isaac otherwise. He just kissed Isaac gently and murmured, "Ready to get up?"

Isaac leaned into the kiss. "Not really, but I need to," he murmured. "Need to eat, and let Janet know I'm okay." He lowered his voice a bit. "Wanna just stay in bed with you forever..."

"I know, sweetheart," Scott said. "Come on, let's get you some clothes."

Isaac nodded, reaching down off the side of the bed where he'd dropped his clothes, holding up the shirt to look it over. It needed to be washed, honestly, but it was Scott's and it smelled like his Dom.
He’d found it comforting.

Scott didn’t say anything when he recognized the shirt, but part of him (the possessive part) was pleased. He picked his own shirt up off the floor and put it on, taking his time as he waited for Isaac.

Isaac tugged on Scott's shirt, burying his nose in the neck of it for a moment before reaching for his jeans. “Where are we going to eat?”

"Let's go to the kitchen and see what's here," Scott suggested.

Isaac nodded, leaning close to him after buttoning his jeans, his stomach sinking as he realized they were starting to hang off his hips. He'd made his Dom worried, he'd lost so much weight...

Scott wrapped an arm around Isaac's waist and led him out to the kitchen, ducking his head when he saw Simon drinking a cup of tea. "Hey," he said quietly.

"Morning, boys," Simon said, looking the two of them over. "You doing alright?"

Isaac stepped closer to Scott, even as he nodded to Simon, giving the other sub a tiny smile. "Hi."

"You look better for a rest," Simon observed, keeping his tone light.

"I was able to sleep." Isaac's smile grew a bit. "But now it's food time." He reached up, curling his fingers in Scott's shirt.

Scott smiled. "What do you feel like?" he asked. "Nothing too heavy, I think."

"Eggs?" Isaac tilted his head. "Omelettes maybe, some toast as well?"

Scott considered it, then nodded. "But start with the toast," he decided. "I don't want you to overeat and start feeling sick."

"Want me to cook?" Simon offered, looking at where Isaac was clinging to Scott's shirt.

"Yes sir," Isaac told Scott, before giving Simon a tiny smile. "That would be amazing, thank you."

He didn't want to let go of Scott just yet.

Scott guided Isaac to sit down at the kitchen bench. "Any chance you can do one for me too?" he asked.

"Of course," Simon said with a smile, getting the bread out of the pantry. "Do you boys want to catch me up on what happened yesterday?"

Isaac lowered his head to stare at his lap. "I was subsick," he murmured.

Simon shook his head. "That's always awful, isn't it?" he replied. "You don't know why you feel like hell, you just do."

Isaac smiled. "Exactly. it wasn't fun, that's for sure." He tugged lightly at Scott's shirt, tilting his head back.

"If I remember rightly, you'll be wanting something sweet," Simon commented, setting the kettle boiling again. "I'll make you some tea while I'm getting these eggs going."
Isaac's smile grew. "Thank you Simon," he murmured, leaning against Scott and closing his eyes. He still felt exhausted, but now it was more weary and worn than tired.

"Do you, uh..." Scott couldn't really think of a polite way to ask this, but he was curious. "You sound like you've been subsick before?"

"Oh, it happens to all of us at some point," Simon replied, getting eggs out of the fridge. "No-one comes out of the womb knowing what they need."

"They were telling me once that even those like your mom get subsick on occasion," Isaac murmured, rubbing at Scott's shirt hem between two fingers.

"Oh," Scott said, new information making him reconsider old memories. "After Dad left, she was really...not okay, for a while. Like, for months. She got better around the time when the Sheriff started coming around more."

"Probably that's when they worked out their situation." Isaac nodded, chewing on his lower lip, his chapped lips peeling.

"Aaaaaand that's all I want to talk about my mom and Stiles' dad," Scott said, making a face.

Simon raised his eyebrows. "Life and love don't stop in your thirties, you know."

Isaac's grin turned impish. "I walked in on them standing awfully close the other day."

Scott screwed his eyes shut and put his hand over Isaac's mouth. "No," he said firmly. "No stories about Mom and Mr S."

Isaac's eyes shined with his mirth as he dragged his tongue over Scott's palm.

"Isaac..." Scott said warningly, trying to hold in laughter.

Isaac grinned, doing it again, his eyes and nose crinkling in amusement.

"Isaac, enough," Scott said firmly, even though he was smiling. "Be good."

Isaac pouted, even as he nodded to show he submitted, his eyes still sparkling with mirth.

"It's good to see a smile on that face," Simon commented, beating the eggs. "Your boy here's been moping, Scott."

Scott grimaced. "I know. I'm sorry."

Isaac grumbled, kissing Scott's palm before gently tugging his hand down. "Don't be sorry, sir," he huffed.

Simon looked between the two of them thoughtfully. "You don't think Scott should be sorry, Isaac?" he asked, hoping to draw the boy out a little.

Isaac shook his head. "It's not his fault."

"I left you alone!" Scott argued unhappily.
Simon wasn't going to let Scott derail this. "Why do you say that, Isaac?"

"I'm the one that hid what was bothering me." Isaac murmured, keeping his eyes locked on Scott. "I'm the one that didn't speak up, didn't eat, didn't sleep..."

"Why did you do that?" Simon asked gently.

"I wasn't hungry," Isaac answered. "I tried to sleep and couldn't. I hid what was bothering me because I didn't want to be a burden. I didn't want to stress out my Dom. I know now that it did the opposite..."

Scott clutched Isaac tight, keeping his mouth shut by sheer force of will. Simon was helping. Scott needed to let him.

Simon hummed, thinking. "What does that mean, being a burden?"

Isaac leaned against Scott, soaking up the hold and warmth from his Dom. "Troubling, causing unnecessary stress or worry..."

"What makes worry unnecessary?" Simon asks, pushing gently.

"When it could have been prevented..." Isaac ducked his head, hiding in Scott's chest.

Simon gave Isaac a moment, measuring milk into the eggs and getting out some bacon to add to the mix. "How could it have been prevented, Isaac?" he went on when he thought Isaac was calm.

"...by telling Sir when I started feeling wrong. By talking to him," Isaac admitted.

"So you originally didn't tell Scott you were feeling bad because you thought he didn't need to worry about you," Simon clarified, "but now you think you burdened him by keeping it secret."

"I didn't want him to have to worry about me, so I hid it," Isaac corrected him softly. "And yeah, I did."

"Is it a bad thing that Scott worries about you?" Simon asked.

Isaac shook his head. "Shows he cares, I just... He has enough with school and the tests..."

"Okay," Simon said with a nod. "Would you mind answering some questions for me, Scott?" His tone was slightly more deferential, talking to the young Dom, but it was clear he was in charge of the situation.

Scott straightened his back, still holding Isaac close and tight. "Sure." He nodded, a hand going to rest on the back of Isaac's neck.

Simon smiled, getting Isaac's toast and buttering it for him. "Do you worry about Isaac when you're at college?"

"Of course I do," Scott replied. "I worry if he's doing okay or if he's managing to handle things okay. I'll never not worry."

Simon slid the plate over to Isaac, giving Scott a sympathetic look. "What else do you worry about, other than Isaac?" Knowing the question wasn't an easy one, he added, "Just the most important things."
"Thanks," Isaac whispered, nibbling on the toast.

"Getting my accreditation, so I can have Isaac,” Scott said first. “Whether Stiles and Derek are okay, how my mom and Mr S are doing."

"College?" Simon suggested. "Your classes, your assignments."

Scott nodded. "Yeah, but more because I want to take care of Isaac and college can help me do that" Simon smiled. "Could you put your worries in order? Most important first?"

"Isaac, test, college, Stiles, Mom," Scott listed, combing his fingers through Isaac’s hair.

"Isaac?" Simon asked gently. "What do you think about that?"

Isaac ducked his head. "Didn't want to worry you."

Scott smiled. "I'm going to anyway. You're my sub, it's what I do. It's who I am."

Simon smiled. That was the most difficult bit done with, and he might as well give them some time to think on it. "Now then," he said cheerfully, "you want any extras in these eggs?"

Isaac shook his head. "What you have is fine, Simon." He tilted his head up to look at Scott. "Thank you, sir."

"There's nothing to thank me for, sweetheart," Scott murmured. He looked up at Simon, asking, "Some bacon or ham in mine, please?", then turned his attention back to Isaac.

"You take care of me, even when I can't seem to do anything right," Isaac protested, his fingers tangling in Scott's shirt

"What do you mean?" Scott said with a frown. "You're so good, Isaac."

"Don't feel like it sometimes," Isaac confessed. "Scared. That I'd wake up in that freezer and this is all a dream. Scared you'll decide that I'm not worth it...."

Scott swallowed hard. "Never, Isaac," he promised sadly. "You're...such an amazing person, so strong, to have endured all that and still be brave and kind and good the way you are. You're worth the world, sweetheart."

Isaac clutched at Scott. "Don't feel very brave." he whispered. "Or good."

"Can I make a suggestion?" Simon said quietly. "Sometimes it's helpful to practice saying things aloud when we find it hard to believe them."

Isaac peeked out at Simon, confused. "What do you mean?" he asked, fingers tightening in Scott's shirt. Honestly he'd kind of forgotten the other man was there.

"I think you should try saying 'I'm good' to Scott," Simon suggested. "To help yourself believe it."

Isaac hid his face again. "But I don't feel like I'm g-good."

"I think you are," Scott said, gently but firmly. "I'd like you to try, sweetheart."
Isaac whined high in his throat, tilting his head back to look up at Scott. "I - I'm..." He swallowed hard. "I - I..." He shook his head, suddenly very self-conscious.

"You can do it, Isaac," Scott murmured, rubbing his back. "Come on, baby."

Isaac let out another soft whine, fingers clenching in Scott’s shirt at the name. "I-I'm g-good," he stammered, his shoulders drawing up around his ears.

Scott grinned broadly. "Well done, sweetheart!" he told Isaac. "I'm so proud of you."

Isaac flushed, giving Scott a tiny smile as he soaked up the praise, relaxing against him. he liked making Scott smile. Liked making him proud.

"One more time?" Scott asked, hoping that with Isaac more relaxed, it would be easier.

"I-i'm g-g-g-good," Isaac managed to say. "I-I'm g-good."

Scott beamed, and kissed him. "You are getting the biggest reward for that, sweetheart," he promised. "We're gonna keep practicing, but seriously - that was so good."

Isaac leaned into the kiss, giving Scott a tiny smile. He was almost shaking from it, but a part of him had lightened a bit.

"My wonderful, brave good boy," Scott praised. "Now, are you doing alright with that toast? Not feeling sick at all?"

"Not sick." Isaac smiled. "Kinda hungry actually."

"Good," Simon said, figuring this was an okay time to interrupt. "Because your omelettes are ready, and I don't think you want them cold."

Scott grinned at Simon as he set plates and cutlery in front of them. "This looks great, Simon, thanks."

"Cold eggs are gross," Isaac agreed. "Thank you." He smiled, tugging his plate closer.

"You're welcome, both of you," Simon replied. "I'm pleased that you're working things out."

Isaac ducked his head, taking a couple of bites of his food, keeping them small and slow. "I want to be good."

"I can see that you're trying really hard," Simon agreed.

Isaac smiled softly, one hand tangled in Scott's shirt as he ate. "Want to be brave."

Clumsy though it made him, Scott kept his right arm wrapped around Isaac as he ate. "I think you're very brave," he said quietly.

"I don't feel brave. I feel like a coward," Isaac admitted softly, pushing his half empty plate away.

"You're full?" Scott asked. "And I really, really don't agree with that. Why do you think so?"

"Full," Isaac agreed, leaning against him. "And because I'm so scared. I was so scared that I couldn't even go to you about being scared."
"Brave' doesn't mean 'fearless', baby," Scott murmured. "You're brave because you keep trying, even when you're afraid."

"Doesn't feel like it," Isaac whispered. "Just feels scared and small and..." He let out a soft noise. "I like feeling small and protected, but not scared. I don't like being scared."

"I don't like it either," Scott agreed. "How can I help you feel better?"

"I don't know." Isaac shrugged, leaned closer. "Just don't want to be scared."

Scott closed his eyes. He hated not knowing what to do, not knowing how to help. He searched his memories, hunting for something that might work. When in doubt, he remembered Laura saying, reassure a sub that you're in charge, and they're safe.

Isaac turned on the bench until he could hook his legs over Scott's.

Scott tucked Isaac a little closer and rested one hand on the back of his neck, squeezing slightly. "I've got you, sweetheart," he promised. "I'll keep you safe."

Isaac felt a soft whimper punch from his throat, his eyelids fluttering. "Promise?" he murmured. "Don't feel brave. Want to be brave. want to be Good."

"I promise," Scott replied. "I'll look after you. I'll always look after my good boy."

"How can I be good for you?" Isaac asked softly.

Scott frowned, thinking. "Do you mean things to do right now, or stuff to do regularly?"

"Both?" Isaac asked, his voice growing smaller. "Just want to know. Want to be good."

"Okay," Scott said, rubbing Isaac's back. "It's okay, sweetheart. We're going to go to the living room now, and you're going to kneel for me, and we can talk about making some rules, alright?"

Isaac breathed, nodding as he kissed Scott softly. "Yes sir," he said, moving to stand, grabbing their plates to take them to the sink.

(Simon found himself strongly reminded of the scene in Pirates of Penzance where the sisters decide to give the leading couple as much privacy as possible while still technically chaperoning them. 'Let us close our eyes and talk about the weather' - although in his case, it would be reading about the weather. He followed the boys out to the living room and unfolded a newspaper, giving them what privacy he could.)

Isaac shifted on his feet before heading to the living room, settling on the floor next to the spot on the couch that Scott always seemed to prefer.

Scott sat, stroking Isaac's hair in praise. "Good boy," he murmured. "Now then. Rules."

Isaac sunk his head onto Scott’s knee. "Rules. What kind, sir?"

"I think..." Scott sighed. "I think the most important thing is that I want you to take care of yourself."

"What do you mean, sir?" Isaac asked, tilting his head back to look up at him. "How so?"

"Like with food," Scott replied, thinking of how thin Isaac was now. "I know you've been too sick
to really be hungry, but you need to make sure you eat."

"I did try, promise." Isaac nodded though, chewing on his lip. "I'll make sure to eat."

"Three times a day, sweetheart," Scott added. "It's okay if it's small, but it has to be something. And if I'm not with you, I want you to text me and let me know, okay?"

"Yes sir," Isaac agreed. "What else?" He smiled, relaxing even more as they talked.

"Let me know in the mornings how you slept?" Scott suggested. He was making it up as he went along, but...Isaac had looked terrible last night, and Scott wouldn't have even known. He wasn't inclined to resist the urge to check in more.

"What if I can't sleep? I tried so hard..." Isaac chewed on his lower lip. "I don't want to wake you up, sir."

"If it's really important for me to sleep in, or not be disturbed, I'll put my phone on silent," Scott promised. "You never have to worry about interrupting me. And if you can't sleep, I want to help you."

Isaac nodded, shifting on his knees and smiling. "Yes sir, I promise."

Scott smiled back, bending down to kiss Isaac's hair. "Good boy."

Isaac soaked up any and all affection from Scott, the praise making him warm. He still felt a little iffy, but better than he had last night.

"Would you like more rules, sweetheart, or are those two enough for now?" Scott asked.

Isaac thought for a few moments. "I think that's okay? But what do those have to do with being brave?"

For a couple of minutes, Scott couldn't really think of an answer. "It's...trusting me is brave," he said at last, hoping he'd come up with something Isaac would accept. "With what you do right, and with your mistakes, and all that stuff. Talking to me when you're scared."

After a moment, Isaac nodded. "I'll be brave," he breathed, closing his eyes. "I want to be brave and good for you."

"Good boy," Scott murmured. "So: you'll eat three times a day and let me know that you have, or if you felt too sick or upset to eat, and you'll let me know in the mornings how you slept, or if you couldn't sleep."

"Yes sir," Isaac murmured, leaning more into Scott. He felt restless, true, but the panic was fading.

"How are you feeling, sweetheart?" Scott asked, looking Isaac over.


"That's...good," Scott said, grimacing a little. Isaac obviously needed something, Scott just didn't know what.

"Feel guilty still," Isaac murmured. "I..." He froze, swallowing hard as his instincts slammed into him.
Scott reached down to cup Isaac's cheek. "Sweetheart? What's wrong?"

Isaac nuzzled into Scott's hand. "Punish," he admitted, cheeks red.

Scott's heart sank. He hadn't wanted to think about punishment. "You need to be punished?" he asked. "Or is it just that you're expecting it?"

Isaac pressed closer as he thought it through. "I think I need it. Not really expecting it, not like with my father. I need it."

Chapter End Notes

Summary: The next morning, Scott and Isaac discuss what's been happening. Isaac hid his condition (loss of appetite, inability to sleep, general miserableness) because he didn't want to be a burden. Simon helps Scott reassure Isaac that he's not a burden, that Scott wants to know when Isaac's having trouble, and that he's good. Scott and Isaac agree on some rules: Isaac is to eat something (it can be small) three times a day and let Scott know what it is, and Isaac is to call Scott in the mornings and let him know how he slept. Isaac requests to be punished for hiding his condition from Scott.

These boys /will/ get happier times soon, we promise. In the meantime, we look forward to your lovely comments.
"You said it's been a couple of weeks since you started feeling bad, right?" Scott checked.

"Yes sir," Isaac breathed, ducking his head in guilt

"Let's do fourteen, then," Scott decided. "Fourteen swats for hiding from me, and then you'll be my good boy again, okay?"

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Scott punishes Isaac. It doesn't go exactly to plan.

Okay," Scott said. "What do you think you should be punished for?" Because there were okay answers to that question, and there were not-okay answers.

"For hiding how I was scared, for what I didn't tell you, that I should have." Isaac took a deep breath.

Scott rested his hand on the back of Isaac's neck, squeezing lightly. "Okay," he said again, racking his brains for something appropriate. "I don't...I can't give you a time out for this," he admitted. "I don't know what we should do instead."

Isaac's eyes closed at the grip on his neck, relaxing a bit. "I'm not sure what else you can do. S-spankings? I don't know."

"I don't want to hurt you," Scott said with a frown. "Won't that...bring up bad memories?"

"Just...don't use a belt or s-switch. I trust you to stop if I can't take it," Isaac admitted.

"I will," Scott promised. "Of course I will." He still felt woefully out of his depth. He looked around the room, his gaze landing on Simon. "Simon?" he asked. "Could you...uh, advice?"

Simon closed his book, giving Scott a small smile. "I'd keep it simple," he suggested. "Your hand for starters. That way, if anything, you'd hurt yourself before you hurt him. Keep your eye on him the entire time for tells that he might need to stop, even before he says something. Lay him over your lap
rather than a bed, so he can feel you the entire time."

Isaac ducked his head, nuzzling Scott's knee.

Scott nodded, taking it in. "Would you, uh...could you come sit with us? So you can tell me if I'm
doing it wrong?"

Simon nodded, shifting so he was in a closer seat. "I'll keep an eye on you two."

"I'll tell you when it's gone too far, promise," Isaac murmured.

Scott ran a hand over Isaac's hair. "I want to know before it goes too far."

"I'll tell you," Isaac promised again.

"Make sure you've got a yellow signal," Simon reminded them both, "In case it's getting towards red
but it's not there yet."

Scott gave Simon a grateful look. "Can you do that, Isaac?" he asked. "Tell me yellow when it starts
to feel bad, mentally, more than it should in a punishment? Or even if you just need a break."

Isaac nodded. "I'll do that," he agreed. "As long as there's no belts or sw-switches, I think I'll be
okay."

"Never," Scott promised. "They're a hard limit for you, so never."

Isaac gave Scott a bright smile, leaning up to kiss his jaw.

Scott bent down a little so Isaac could reach, smiling. "Now, sweetheart," he said quietly. "We need
to talk about how many."

"How many swats?" Isaac asked, keeping his face pressed close.

"That's right," Scott said. "Simon, how many do you think would be okay?"

Simon hummed in thought, looking between the two of them. "Honestly this is something you need
to think on yourselves, but I'd not go any more than fifteen."

Isaac reached up with a shaky hand, scratching his nails through Scott's scruff.

"Isaac?" Scott asked carefully. "What do you think?"

Isaac just nodded, chewing on his lower lip. "Want you to decide, sir." He wanted to just let Scott
take control. He needed this.

"You said it's been a couple of weeks since you started feeling bad, right?" Scott checked.

"Yes sir," Isaac breathed, ducking his head in guilt

"Let's do fourteen, then," Scott decided. "Fourteen swats for hiding from me, and then you'll be my
good boy again, okay?"

Isaac nodded, his shoulders already relaxing. "Yes sir."

Okay. Isaac wasn't actually apprehensive. That made this so much easier. "Up on my lap then,
sweetheart," Scott said.

Isaac stood, slipping over Scott's lap and settling in. Honestly just lying on his lap like this would help. He wrapped a hand around Scott's ankle.

"Okay," Scott said, swallowing hard. "We're going to do this over your clothes, and I want you to count for me. Can you do that?"

"Yes sir," Isaac breathed, fingers stroking over Scott's ankle.

That affectionate touch was what finally shook Scott out of his indecision, and he nodded. "Okay," he said again, and brought his hand down on Isaac's ass.

Isaac sucked in a breath. "O-one," he counted, his voice wavering just a bit, but he quickly settled back on Scott's lap, his free hand reaching out for the other side of the loveseat.

Feeling a little more confident, Scott slapped him again.

Isaac gasped softly. "Two," he groaned, hiding his face in the cushions. Why did this make warmth curl in his stomach? Why did it turn him on?

Scott frowned, trying to figure out Isaac's reactions. They didn't seem bad... He hit the top of Isaac's thigh next time, figuring that if he was hitting too hard it would help not to have it all in the same place.

"Three," Isaac breathed, his thumb still stroking over Scott's ankle. He licked his lips, knowing his pupils were probably blown wide, and shifted a bit on Scott's lap, his cheeks and ears pink.

Scott slapped Isaac's other thigh, then asked, "Can I get a color, sweetheart?"

"Four," Isaac panted, hiding his face. "Green, sir. Green."

"Okay," Scott said doubtfully. "I'm going to go a bit faster now - is that okay?"

Isaac nodded, chewing on his lower lip. "Yes sir," he breathed, peeking over at Simon before hiding his face again, the flush growing darker.

Simon had a feeling he knew what was going on, but he didn't see a need to intervene just yet.

Scott set up a steady pace, leaving just enough time for Isaac to count between blows.

Isaac kept up with the counting, his voice getting breathier with each one until, "Twelve," he groaned, wiggling a bit where he was.

Scott paused. "Sweetheart?" he asked. "How're you doing?"

"Good," Isaac breathed, licking his lips. "Green. Promise."

"Just two more," Scott reassured him. "Two more and then we're done, okay?"

Isaac could only nod, sucking on his swollen lower lip. "Kay."

"Good boy," Scott praised, stroking Isaac's ass soothingly before delivering a hard smack to the right side.
Isaac gasped out a "Thirteen." His hips rocked back unconsciously; then he slumped, sinking a bit further into the spot he'd found.

Scott finished with a matching blow to Isaac's left cheek, watching him carefully.

"Fourteen!" Isaac panted, rocking his hips forward without thought, the hand around Scott's ankle loose, the other clutching the couch.

"Good boy," Scott said instantly. "Well done, sweetheart, you're forgiven. You took your punishment so well."

Isaac was so confused. He turned his head to rest his cheek on the couch, panting softly, his pupils blown. His pants were tighter, and his stomach was wound like a spring. Why had he liked it? He wasn't supposed to like punishment like this.

Scott stroked Isaac's back, still trying to figure out what was going on. "Are you too sore to sit on my lap?" he asked, wanting to see Isaac's face, and figuring the closeness would help Isaac with whatever he was feeling.

Isaac shook his head, slowly moving off of Scott's lap so he could straddle Scott's thighs, tucking his face in Scott's neck, panting the entire time. He hummed, his mouth latching onto Scott's neck without thought, arms going over Scott's shoulders.

Oh. Oh. "I guess spanking isn't a bad thing, then," Scott teased gently, when he finally caught on.

Isaac made a small noise, nipping at Scott's neck, pulling up to kiss along Scott's jaw, picking up on the light teasing and relaxing even further. If Scott wasn't upset, it wasn't a bad thing. He rocked forward, arms tightening just a bit.

"Can you use your words, sweetheart?" Scott asked, part of him still shocked at just how affected Isaac was. "I need to know how you're feeling."

"Good," Isaac breathed. "Feel good." He licked his lips, brushing them against the stubble lining Scott's jaw, one of his hands slipping into Scott's hair.

Scott swallowed hard, trying to think. "Do you remember that Simon's here?"

Isaac just huffed out a soft breath, nodding against Scott's jaw. "Don' care," he murmured.

"Don't mind me, I'm just reading the paper," Simon said kindly, turning away a little.

Scott gave Simon a grateful look and turned back to Isaac. "Okay, sweetheart," he said. "But our clothes are staying on, okay?"

Isaac pouted, even as he nodded, mouthing at Scott's jaw again, pupils blown so wide you could barely see the colour around them.

"I've got you, sweetheart," Scott promised. "You go right ahead."

Isaac moaned softly, rocking his hips, trying to tease his Dom as he sucked up to his ear, panting softly. "Sir."
It was working, but Scott didn't have the same abandon Isaac did with Simon in the room. "Good boy," he murmured. "That's it, sweetheart."

Isaac whimpered, hands starting to tremble as he pressed closer. It honestly wouldn't take him too long, having climbed into it as fast as he did. He kissed along Scott's cheek to his mouth, a questioning noise leaving his throat. A part of him wanted Scott terribly, but another, small part of him realized that with Simon in the room, he wouldn't get his Dom completely.

Scott kissed Isaac back, trying to show how much he loved him and wanted him.

Isaac's breathing hitched at the kiss, pressing closer. After a moment he pulled back, just a bit, whispering against Scott's lips. "Want you."

"I've got you," Scott murmured. "I'm right here."

"Want." Isaac licked his lips, shifting closer. "Need." He let out a shaky breath, his hips moving and dragging dirtily against Scott, tilting his head back to bare his neck to his Dom, moaning long and low in his throat.

Scott swallowed hard, the feeling of Isaac's cock against him making his own cock harden. He leaned in, sucking at Isaac's skin.

Isaac moaned softly, one hand slipping down to grip at Scott's back, the other still in his hair. His lips were parted as he panted, grinding and rolling his hips, the feeling of Scott beneath him driving him insane.

"Good boy," Scott murmured. "There you go, that's it, come on." He slid one hand down Isaac's back, gripping his ass.

Isaac whimpered, melting into Scott's hold, so close it almost hurt, his toes curling where his feet had tucked themselves under Scott's knees. "Cl-close. Sir." He sucked his lower lip into his mouth, rocking so he was arching into the grip on his ass with each drag.

Scott groaned. "God, Isaac, so good for me, sweetheart, come on, baby, come for me, you can do it."

Isaac let out a high pitched whine, falling forward to kiss Scott hard, muffling his own words as he rocked forward, release yanked from him and making him shudder. His cheeks turned dark pink as he slowly calmed down, panting against Scott's mouth. God, just hearing his Dom tell him to come...

"Good boy," Scott gasped, trying to calm himself down. "So good, sweetheart."

Isaac panted softly against Scott's mouth, his hand slipping from Scott's back to his crotch, teasing Scott through his sweats.

"Hey," Scott said quietly, pressing his hips back down into the couch to stop himself bucking up into Isaac's touch. "Isaac, please don't do that."

Isaac whined softly, sliding his hand back up Scott's stomach to rest over his heart. "Why?" he asked, his voice soft and quiet. "Sorry."

Scott leaned in to give Isaac a quick kiss. "I don't want to come right now, and you're too sexy for me to resist if you do that."
Isaac licked his lips, his eyes darkening just a bit further. "Want to see. Later?" he asked softly, pressing close and kissing just under his Dom's ear.

"Later," Scott promised throatily. "God, Isaac, you'll be the death of me."

Isaac gave Scott a toothy grin. "Only a little death," he murmured, giggling at his own joke, nipping at Scott's jaw before peeking over at Simon. "Sorry."

"It's okay," Scott replied, smiling. "I'm glad you're happy."

Isaac gave him a tiny smile. "U-um." He chewed on his lower lip, ducking his eyes to Scott's chest. "That didn't feel like a punishment," he whispered. "Didn't know I would like that..."

Scott had figured. "Do you feel like you need a different punishment?" he asked carefully. "It's what we agreed on, so I'm satisfied, but..."

Isaac wiggled where he sat. "I think so. I'm not sure why, but that didn't feel like one at all." He flushed, his eyes cutting to the side.

"Some subs like a bit of pain," Scott said gently. "One of my books compared it to, like, spicy food? That it's intense and painful, but in a good way?"

"Just didn't expect it," Isaac murmured, pressing close. "But then you spanked me and it was like you were in a direct line to my cock." He flushed darker.

"We'll play with that later," Scott promised. "When we don't need a chaperone anymore."

Isaac sucked in a breath at the thought, chewing on his lower lip. He lowered his eyes to look up at Scott hotly. "Promise?"

"Promise," Scott agreed. "Now, we need an actual punishment, since the spanking didn't work."

Isaac shifted on Scott's lap, ducking his head to hide his face.

"It's not your fault," Scott promised, stroking Isaac's hair. "Neither of us knew how you'd react. It just happened."

"I'm not sure what other things could be counted as punishment," Isaac admitted softly, enjoying the touch.

"Um...when I was younger, Mom banned me from TV a few times when I was grounded," Scott suggested. "We could do something like that?"

"I don't watch much TV though..." Isaac frowned. "Um, there's always my ipod?" he offered, his voice soft. He was addicted to his ipod, honestly.

Scott thought about it. "Would you be okay with me taking your ipod away for a couple of weeks?"

Isaac swallowed. "I won't like it, but I'll be okay," he said, chewing on his lower lip.

"Good boy," Scott said proudly. "You'll get to pick one song every day to listen to on your computer, and you can listen to it as many times as you like, and you're allowed to listen to background music that just happens to be going, but that's it, okay?"
Isaac nodded, shifting again. It wasn't going to be easy, but the proud tone of Scott's voice made it easier.

"Any questions, sweetheart?" Scott asked.

Isaac shook his head. "Not really about that." He gave Scott a small smile. "How's the work going?"

"College, or accreditation?" Scott asked.

"Both." Isaac smiled, pressing closer, unwilling to get up even to change into clean pants.

"College is alright," Scott said. "A bit overwhelming. I miss you all a lot. Corey - my roommate, remember? - he's still kind of a dick. The Dom/sub segregation is still really weird to me."

"Ugh, stupid Corey," Isaac grumbled, kissing Scott's neck. "And it would be, but it's kinda understandable."

"I definitely wouldn't be comfortable with you rooming with a strange Dom if you went to college," Scott admitted. "I feel like a possessive jerk for saying it, though."

"Don't feel like that." Isaac grinned. "I like you being possessive."

"You like it when everyone knows you're my boy," Scott agreed.

Isaac nodded, shivering at the words. "Yes sir, I do. Yours."

"Just a few months, sweetheart," Scott promised, stroking Isaac's hair. "You'll be wearing my collar soon."

Isaac whined softly. "Want to wear it now."

Scott sighed. "I'm sorry," he murmured. "We'll work something out."

"Don't be sorry." Isaac shook his head, petting Scott's cheek. "I'm just wanting it badly. I can wait for you to pass, I promise," he murmured. "I'm just...antsy I guess?"

Scott grimaced. "I'll think about it. What we can do to make it better for you."

Isaac frowned softly, his fingers tracing Scott's mouth. "I want my Dom happy," he murmured. "If that means it takes longer, then okay."

Scott frowned harder. "That doesn't even make any sense," he protested. "Why would taking longer make me happy?"

Isaac made a soft sound. "I don't know. I just don't want you all frowny and grimacey. I want you happy."

"You make me happy," Scott said firmly. "You make me so happy, sweetheart, you don't even know."

Isaac smiled softly, his fingers still tracing Scott's mouth. "You make me happy too."

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Isaac woke up slowly, frown passing over his face as he realized that today was the day Scott went back to school. He scooted closer, burying his face in Scott's neck.
Scott stirred, grumbling in his half-sleep. "'sit morning?" he mumbled.

"Don't want morning," Isaac grumbled, scooting closer.

Scott threw an arm over Isaac, snuggling deeper under the covers.

Isaac smiled, nuzzling close and running his hand down Scott's side.

Scott rolled, ending up half on top of Isaac.

Isaac let out a soft sound, melting under him with a small smile, nuzzling and nipping at Scott's neck.


"No want morning," Isaac mumbled. "Want to keep you here." He arched against Scott, wrapping arms and legs around him.

Scott laughed softly. "So you're going to cling like an octopus so I can't leave?"

"Yes." Isaac grinned, nipping at his neck. "All mine."

Scott gasped. "Oh no!" he exclaimed. "An Isaac has captured me! What am I going to do!"

Isaac laughed brightly, wiggling against him to get a better grip. "Why are you asking the Isaac?" he grinned.

Scott snorted. "I guess I'm stupid in the mornings," he admitted.

"Nope. You're mine. All the time." Isaac smiled, clinging tighter.

"Always," Scott agreed softly. "I'm always yours, sweetheart."

Isaac grinned, nuzzling up his jaw. His smiled slipped off as he thought through what had to happen. "I don't want you t-to go. I'mma miss you."

"I'll miss you too," Scott murmured, pulling Isaac closer. "And we'll see each other again soon."

"When?" Isaac asked softly, his hands tangling in Scott's hair as he scooted closer until there was no space left between them.

"It's Sunday now, yeah?" Scott said. He'd come down Thursday night, and stayed the whole time since - it had been wonderful. "So how about you come visit me on Wednesday - not to stay over, I don't think, but we can eat together and hang out between my classes and stuff - and then I'll come down next weekend like usual."

Isaac nodded after a moment. God, he didn't want this to stop, the last few days were exactly what he needed so much. He needed Scott, it was so wonderful to have his Dom all to himself. "I can do that. You aren't that far away." Isaac smiled, kissing Scott's jaw.

Scott kissed Isaac's cheek in return. "Maybe we can go shopping," he suggested. "I've got a bit saved up, and I'd like it if you could wear something from me."

"Wear what?" Isaac blinked, interest piqued. he knew it wasn't the wanted collar, but still, it would work for them.
"Um..." Scott lay back, thinking. "Cuffs, I guess? I'm not sure I like the imagery, though. Maybe a harness, if we can afford it."

Isaac let out a soft happy sound, humming into Scott's ear. "I like that."

"Yeah?" Scott murmured.

"Yes sir." Isaac breathed. "I like the thought of you pinning me. I love it when you pin me down."

"That's...not what I was thinking of," Scott admitted. "But I'll keep it in mind."

Isaac grinned. "I figured, I just wanted to say." He shrugged, shifting a bit. "What were you thinking of then?"

"Something you could wear under your clothes that was like me holding you," Scott explained. "A reminder that you're mine."

Isaac’s eyes lit up. "Like a hug? Or a temporary collar of sorts?" He tilted his head to the side in thought.

"Like both," Scott agreed, smiling.

A huge grin crossed Isaac’s face. "I like that idea," Isaac whispered, kissing Scott softly. "But I don't like the fact that you're leaving today."

"I don't like it either," Scott replied, kissing Isaac back. "But I'm not leaving yet."

"Mine," Isaac grumbled, curling up more in the blanket.

"And you're mine," Scott promised, kissing the top of Isaac's head.

Isaac let out a happy sigh, pulling the blankets over their heads so all he could see, feel, and smell was Scott.

"This is like a really low budget version of one of Stiles' blanket forts," Scott said, laughing a little.


"Yeah?" Scott replied, stroking his hand down Isaac's hip.

"Mmmhmm." Isaac stretched, giving Scott more to touch, hands playing with his hair, eyes half closed.

Scott leaned in and nipped at Isaac’s neck, gripping his ass firmly.

Isaac gasped, his eyes fluttering shut. "Ooohh," he moaned, arching toward Scott. He tilted his head back to give Scott more room to play, panting softly already, stomach clenching from the grip Scott had on his ass.

Isaac was so goddamn responsive. Scott kept going on his neck, trying to leave a mark.

Isaac let out a soft whine. "Please," he begged softly. His free hand slid down Scott's side, stroking over his hip, wanting to just pull his pants off. He wanted to see his Dom.
"Yeah?" Scott breathed, swallowing hard. "You want to...?"

Isaac flushed, nodding and trying to pull him close. "Yes. Want it. Want you," he murmured, licking over his lower lip as he tugged at Scott's waistband.

Scott shoved his boxers down, wriggling to get them off his legs. "Yours too," he said as he did. "It's only fair."

Isaac giggled softly, nodding and shimmying out of his bottoms. "I was naked Thursday when you came in," he reminded Scott, licking his lips and unable to stop from staring. "God. Gorgeous," he breathed, his cheeks pinking as he reached out, running fingers along Scott's stomach and hips, tracing up to his shoulders.

"Yeah, but I wasn't looking then," Scott countered, feeling his cock stir at Isaac's gentle touch, reaching out to make his own explorations. "You were upset; that's pretty much all I was thinking about."

Isaac smiled, arching into Scott's touch, letting out a shuddering gasp as fingers brushed just under his belly button, and again at one on his hipbone. "Not upset now, sir," he breathed. "Want..." He flushed, fingers lightly scratching down Scott's side to his hips.

"Want what?" Scott asked, reaching out daringly to trace his fingers down Isaac's cock.

Isaac gasped, arching up into his touch, mouth falling open. "You. Want you, want it, want you," he begged, one of his hands going to tug at his own curls.

"You've got me," Scott replied, catching Isaac's lips in a hungry kiss.

Isaac moaned softly, his hand slipping from his own hair into Scott's, tugging lightly as he returned the kiss. God, he felt like he was on fire, but he loved the burn.

Scott groaned, shifting closer to Isaac until their bodies were touching, Isaac's cock rubbing against his own.

"Sh-shit," Isaac groaned, rolling his hips dirtily as he forced his eyes open, pupils wide as he looked over Scott, licking his lips.

Scott gasped. "Feels so good," he moaned, mirroring Isaac's movements.

"Very good," Isaac whimpered, his free hand slipping down to tentatively trace Scott's cock, shivering. "C-can't wait until you can take me apart."

Scott, thrusting up automatically into Isaac's touch, had a dangerous thought. "Can I..." he whispered, blushing. "Can I spank you?"

Isaac whimpered, his own cheeks flushing darker as he nodded. "Yes sir," he breathed, his hips jerking at the thought. "Please." He wiggled a bit, the warm twist in his stomach demanding he move.

He didn't really have much room to move, and god knows he was too embarrassed to spank Isaac properly, but Scott managed to slap Isaac lightly on the ass.

Isaac cried out softly, arching and trying to pull himself closer to Scott. "O-ohh," he moaned, even
just that light slap setting his nerves on fire in the best of ways. He wanted more, wanted Scott, and he was almost dizzy with it, drunk with it.

Encouraged by Isaac's reaction, Scott tried again, harder this time.

Isaac couldn't stop the desperate keen that left his throat, his fingers tracing and teasing Scott, even as he rocked forward. His movements were clumsy, but curious, wanting to feel Scott, wanting to make him feel as good as he was. He licked his lips, looking up at Scott with wide, blown eyes as one of his thumbs slicked over the head of Scott's cock.

"Fuck," Scott gasped, rocking up into Isaac's grip. "Shit, feels so good."

Isaac whined high in his throat, his blush spreading down his neck as he hooked one leg around Scott's, grinding up and shuddering. "Sir," he breathed, licking at his lower lip.

Scott rolled, landing on his back with Isaac on top of him.

Isaac gasped, shifting until he was settled again. "Sir." He ground down, whimpering at the feeling, letting one of his hands trace down Scott's chest, holding himself up with the other.

Scott reached between them to pull clumsily at Isaac's cock. The angle was awkward, but he hoped it would feel good anyway.

Isaac’s head fell back with a quiet groan, and he bit his lips to stifle the sound. His fingers dug into Scott's chest in reflex, rolling into the pull. "Sir," he begged, dragging his hand down to wrap around Scott's cock.

Scott thrust up into Isaac's grip, his cock so hard it almost hurt.

Isaac whimpered, rocked forward by the movements of Scott's hips, his eyes fluttering closed before he forced them back open. "W-won't take long," he whispered, flushing darkly and cutting his eyes to the side.

"Me neither," Scott groaned. "God, Isaac. Feels so good." He resettled his hand, but he couldn't figure out how to jerk Isaac properly.

Isaac whimpered again, his cheeks darkening as his hand curled in the sheets, grinding forward into Scott's hold.

Scott landed a clumsy kiss on Isaac's cheek, reaching up to spank him one more time.

Isaac let out a sharp cry, freezing for a moment, then rocking forward desperately. "Please," he whimpered. "S-so..."

"Come on," Scott begged, getting desperate himself. "I want to see you come, baby."

Isaac shuddered, leaning down to press their foreheads together. God, he was so close, so close it almost hurt. "I - I..."

"Come for me, please," Scott panted, rocking up against him. "Come on."

Isaac let out a high keen, shuddering as he finally came, his chest coming to rest on Scott's as he shook, trying to keep from falling completely. "S-scott," he panted, eyes locked on Scott's face, one shaky hand sliding down the mess now on Scott's stomach to wrap around his hard cock. "Pl-please. Want to s-see." His voice was breathy, completely blissed out, only holding himself up because he
wanted to see Scott come.

Scott had been barely holding himself back, and Isaac's pleas pushed him over the edge. His hips jerked as he came and he groaned.

Isaac gave Scott a fucked-out smile, burying his face in Scott's throat, letting himself fall completely. "Sir," he breathed.

Scott hummed inquiringly. Words were too hard right now.

Isaac let out a happy sound, burrowing closer, nipping and sucking absently on Scott's neck, intent on marking him.

Scott smiled, cupping the back of Isaac's head to keep him there.

Isaac hummed happily, content to just sprawl out on top of Scott, lips on his Dom's neck. "I love you."

"I love you too," Scott murmured, the words tasting new and wonderful in his mouth, even now.

Isaac's lips curled up even further, hiding in Scott's neck from the world. From the fact that Scott was leaving later.

"My good boy, my wonderful good boy," Scott murmured, stroking Isaac's hair. "You made me feel so good, sweetheart, did you feel good too?"

"Feel amazing," Isaac mumbled, soaking up the praise and wiggling a bit in happiness. "Yours. Want to always be yours."


Isaac's smile grew, pressing closer. "I don't want you to leave. Want to go with you."

"I'm sorry," Scott murmured, rubbing Isaac's back. "We can't yet."

"Don't be sorry," Isaac said softly, arching his back into the touch. "You're trying to get it done as fast as possible. I can wait, I just don't like it." He smiled. "Want to be yours, want to not have to be watched when we scene, want to wake up like this all the time."

"Me too," Scott promised. "I'll find a way for you to live with me. There aren't exactly couples' dorms, but I'll work something out."

Isaac's grin didn't waver at all. He'd recently been talking to lawyers, and so he knew some things that they might be able to do. "I am looking forward to being yours officially." He whispered his confession into Scott's ear. "I want to learn everything with you. Learn everything we like. Things like the spanking."

Scott groaned. "Christ, the spanking," he murmured. "God, you were so hot."

"Really?" Isaac asked, licking his lips. "I wonder what else I would end up liking?"

"I guess we'll have to start trying things," Scott said, grinning back. "One thing about the
accreditation, it's certainly given me lots of ideas."

"Hmm? Like what?" Isaac smiled, kissing Scott's jaw.

"Like, um..." Scott's mind went blank, overwhelmed. "I dunno, cockwarming? Roleplay?"

Isaac hummed, feeling daring as he kept his voice a soft murmur. "Cockwarming? You like the thought of me on my knees just holding your cock in my mouth for hours? Or maybe sitting on it?"

Scott shuddered. "Fuck, Isaac," he groaned. "You want that?"

"Mnhmm." Isaac nipped at Scott's earlobe. "Sounds amazing actually."

"Yeah?" Scott breathed.

"Mnhmm. Do you like that thought, sir?" Isaac breathed, sucking at his Scott's earlobe.

"Want you with me all the time," Scott murmured.

"I want to be with you all the time." Isaac smiled. "With or without your cock in me."

Scott sighed. "I'm sorry I have to go."

"It won't be that long until we both have each other," Isaac murmured. "all the time. We'll get a shitty one room somewhere near your school and be like this every morning."

"It's going to be amazing," Scott agreed, giving Isaac a soft kiss.

"It's going to be perfect." Isaac smiled into the kiss. "Not without hardships, because we're young and all that jazz, but still perfect."

Scott sighed. "We'd better get up," he said reluctantly. "We both need a shower, for one."

"Ugh, getting up isn't in the daydream." Isaac tsked, shifting closer. "But I like showers." He grinned widely. "Take one with me? We can be economical and save water," he teased.

Scott huffed a laugh. "Seems reasonable," he replied lightly.

Isaac hummed happily, sucking at his neck one more time before slowly sitting up. "One shower, coming up." He grinned, not at all avoiding the teasing roll of his hips as he stood.

Scott rolled his eyes. "Such a tease," he muttered fondly. "If you had your way, we'd never get dressed."

"Clothes are overrated." Isaac grinned toothily, his curls falling into his eyes. "And besides, you like the views, don't lie, sir," he teased, turning to strut toward the bathroom.

"No one would believe me," Scott commented, following him. "I don't think anyone wouldn't like the views."

"Then take heart in the fact that these views are just for you, sir," Isaac said with a smile.

"All mine," Scott agreed, catching Isaac around the waist and hugging him. "My boy."
Our boys are going to be a bit happier now, so yay!
Looking forward to your comments, as always.
"You get to make a suggestion on that, querido," Derek reminded Stiles. "And then I'll choose from what you're interested in."

"What if I want you to surprise me? Like during a sensation play scene or something?" Stiles grinned, shifting closer.

Derek raised his eyebrows. "I can do surprises," he agreed.

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Stiles and Derek haven't done something new in a while. They decide to change that.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

"Stiles," Derek called from his office. "Can you come join me, please? You can finish what you're doing first."

Stiles blinked, peeking over his shoulder. "Yes sir! Almost done!" He smiled, finishing the small crocheted plush quickly, then setting it to the side to add to the order he was working on. He quickly untangled himself from his yarns and heading for Derek's office. "Yes sir?" he said, ducking down to kiss Derek, nipping at his lips.

Derek kissed Stiles back quickly, then patted his knee. "On the floor, amado," he said. "I'd like to talk to you about some things."

Stiles slid to his knees, his chin resting on Derek's knee. "What would you like to talk about sir?" he smiled, his fingers going to play with the light hairs on Derek's leg under his jeans.

Derek rested his hand automatically on Stiles' hair. "Everything was in some upheaval over Scott's summer break," he explained. "Scott and Isaac were making plans, and needed support; Laura and Jordan started planning their wedding; you were setting up your shop, I was finishing Dark Face of the Bright Lady...it's understandable we got out of a few of our routines."

Stiles leaned into the hand on his hair, small smile still on his face. "It's been a busy summer," he murmured.

"But we're heading into autumn now," Derek went on, stroking Stiles' hair a little, "and if there's one thing I've learned about working from home it's that you need your own routines."

"True. Routines help me in general," Stiles admitted. "What did you have in mind, sir?"

"Do you remember, when we first started, how we used to spend our weekends?" Derek asked.

Stiles’ eyes lit up. "Play, and doing things together from the reward board."
Derek smiled. "That's right, querido. We'd spend time together, enjoying ourselves."

Stiles let out a happy sound. "I have missed it," he admitted softly. "Things just went all catawumpus for a bit."

"I miss having time when I can focus just on you," Derek murmured. "Time when nothing else matters but us."

Stiles smiled, kissing Derek's knee. "Me too. What should we do this weekend?"

"You get to make a suggestion on that, querido," Derek reminded Stiles. "And then I'll choose from what you're interested in."

"What if I want you to surprise me? Like during a sensation play scene or something?" Stiles grinned, shifting closer.

Derek raised his eyebrows. "I can do surprises," he agreed. "But I'm going to need to know your limits for this scene in advance so I can take them into account. What can't I surprise you with?"

Stiles tilted his head in thought. "Nothing that's a hard limit of course. Um... I can't really think of anything at the moment. Except don't spring up anything where you leave for a while. Warn me for that one"

"I won't leave you alone," Derek promised. "I won't ever leave you alone mid-scene."

"Then I'm okay," Stiles said, kissing Derek's knee again.

Derek smiled too at the affection, and bent down to kiss Stiles' hair. "So you want to be surprised...and blindfolded, I assume. Do you want to be bound before we start?"

"Not to begin with." Stiles licked his lips. "Blindfolds are awesome."

Derek had a thought, and smirked. "Would you like me to surprise you with the start of the scene?" he suggested.

Stiles’ eyes lit up. "Oooh, yes sir!!"

"Good boy," Derek said firmly. "I'm going to give you a couple of days to think about it, ask me any questions you have, set any additional limits. At some point after you wake up on Saturday morning, I will blindfold you, and we'll start the scene. Is that okay?"

Stiles nodded, wiggling a bit where he was kneeling in excitement.

The corner of Derek's lip twitched. "That's all I needed to talk to you about, amado," he explained. "So unless you'd like to stay here..."

"I'll bring the blanket I need to make in here" he scrambled up, kissing his Dom hard. "Want to be in here with you. But if I just sit there I'll end up distracting you by wanting to suck your cock."

Derek laughed into the kiss. "Love you, querido."

"Love you too!" Stiles grinned, hurrying to get the in-progress blanket, and curling up in the arm chair in the corner to work on it.
Stiles hummed as he stepped out of the bathroom, towel rubbing at his hair. He was excited; it was finally Saturday.

Derek grinned - he'd been waiting for Stiles in the corridor - and pulled him into a hug. "If I were you," he whispered in Stiles' ear, "I'd wear sweats the next couple of days."

Stiles let out a soft sound, grinning widely. "Yes sir." He kissed Derek's jaw, returning the hug. "What should we have for breakfast?"

"Nothing too heavy," Derek recommended. "Scrambled eggs and toast?"

"Sounds good. We have some fruit too," Stiles suggested, nipping at Derek's jaw. "I'll get dressed and then go fix breakfast."

"Good boy," Derek praised, ruffling Stiles' hair. "Do you have any last questions, or are you green?"

"Green." Stiles grinned, and headed to his room.

It wasn't until just after lunch that day that Derek moved. When Stiles went into the kitchen to put their plates on the sink, Derek followed, as silently as he knew how, pulling a blindfold from his pocket and wrapping it around Stiles' face from behind.

Stiles gasped, going still and carefully setting the plates down in the sink, licking his lips. "Sir."

"Colour, querido?" Derek asked quietly. If Stiles didn't want this, he'd step away.


Derek fastened the blindfold in place and kissed the back of Stiles' neck. "Such a good boy," he praised. "I'm going to make you feel so good."

Stiles rolled his head forward at the kiss, licking his lips. "Yours," he promised. "Please sir."

Derek slid his hands up under Stiles' shirt, thumbing at his nipples.

Stiles leaned back against Derek's shirt, his mouth falling open in a soft groan.

Derek nuzzled at Stiles' neck, humming as his hands explored Stiles' torso.

Arching into the touches, Stiles moved his hands behind him to hook his fingers in Derek's belt-loops. "Feels good."

Derek took a step back, drawing Stiles along with him, bringing him away from his anchor point in the room.

Stiles whimpered softly, gripping the belt loops, but trusting Derek. He turned his head to try and nuzzle at Derek's jaw.

God, Stiles' trust was so beautiful. Derek cupped Stiles' face with one hand and guided him into a kiss.

Stiles let out a soft moan, kissing back almost desperately, running his hands back over his own stomach before looping them over his head, burying his hands in Derek's hair.
Derek just waited for Stiles to calm down, holding him steady.

Stiles whined, shivering as he relaxed against Derek, fingers lightly scratching Derek's scalp.

"That's it, querido," Derek murmured. "There you go."

Stiles hummed, smiling softly. He let Derek take a lot of his weight, his knees bent slightly.

Stiles leaning on him gave Derek an idea, and he bent down to pick Stiles up in a bridal carry.

Stiles gasped, arms looping around Derek's shoulders as he shuddered. He loved feeling how strong his Dom was.

Derek carried Stiles out of the kitchen, taking him on a winding tour of the downstairs part of the house, hoping to disorient him.

Stiles tried to follow where they were going for a while before finally giving up and resting his head on Derek's shoulder, just letting Derek guide him.

"That's it," Derek murmured. "Let me look after you, chiquito."

"Yes sir," Stiles breathed, smiling against his neck.

When Derek set Stiles back on his feet it was in the living room, in front of the armchair that had clear space in front of it because the coffee table wasn't big enough.

Stiles swayed a bit, still holding onto Derek. He tilted his head back, smiling.

"Beautiful, amado," Derek murmured, waiting for Stiles to steady himself. "How're you feeling?"

"Good. Little floaty," Stiles breathed.

"That's good," Derek replied softly. "That's perfect, well done, chiquito."

Stiles purred at the praise, leaning closer. "Where are we?" he asked, not really caring.

"With each other," Derek answered. "At home. Safe."

Stiles grinned all lopsided. That wasn't what he'd asked, really, but he took it for what Derek had meant. To not worry about it.

God, Derek loved that grin. "Kneel for me, amado," he said fondly. "I'm going to sit down."

Stiles didn't lose the grin, even as he slid his hands down Derek's side to guide himself to his knees, his head falling back. "What kind of surprises am I getting?"

Derek laughed softly, amused. "They wouldn't be surprises if I told you, would they?" he pointed out.

"Darn, you saw right through me," Stiles said with a grin, fingers kneading his thighs.

"You are doing so good, querido," Derek said with a smile, stroking Stiles' hair. "You've done so good so far, you're getting a little bonus."

Stiles made a questioning noise, wiggling a bit as he soaked up at the praise.
Derek *had* actually prepared for this, so he wouldn't have to leave the room if he was here and wanted to reward Stiles. "I have to get something," he said, "but count to ten and I'll be back, okay? I'm not leaving the room."

Stiles nodded, licking his lips. "One...two..."

Derek quietly moved over to the coffee table and opened the drawer underneath to retrieve a tupperware container. He opened it, and picked out the bar of chocolate, just warm enough from the room temperature to break apart easily. Equally quietly, he came back to Stiles and set his free hand in his hair.

"Seven, ei-" Stiles stopped when he felt the hand in his hair, smiling softly and leaning into it. "Sir."

"Hi, querido," Derek murmured, sitting down in the armchair. "Open your mouth for me?"

Stiles parted his lips, tongue resting on the bottom one, leaning closer.

Derek carefully placed a square of chocolate on Stiles' tongue, waiting for his reaction.

Stiles perked up, humming happily as he curled his tongue up to drag the chocolate into his mouth. "Mmmm, yum."

"Good boys get rewarded," Derek murmured, smiling at the look on Stiles' face. "And you've been very good so far."

Stiles let out a happy sound, sucking the last of the chocolate off his tongue after it had melted. "That was good," he breathed.

"Would you like another piece?" Derek asked.

"Yes please!" Stiles beamed, though obviously Derek couldn’t see how his eyes were crinkling as his mouth opened again.

Derek shook his head, putting his finger on Stiles' tongue instead, letting him suck. "One reward at a time," he said calmly. "You can earn a second one soon."

Stiles hummed, happy to suck on Derek's finger instead, tongue curling around the digit. He grinned, leaning forward to suck more into his mouth.

Derek huffed a laugh. "So enthusiastic, aren't you, sweetheart?"

Stiles smiled wider around his finger, pulling off with a pop. "Always, with you," he promised.

"And always good for me, too." Derek bent down to kiss Stiles' hair. "You've let me carry you, chiquito - will you crawl for me, too?"

Stiles flushed softly, lips parting with a soft sound. "Yes sir," he whispered, his hands sliding up Derek's legs to his knees.

"So brave," Derek praised. "I think that deserves a kiss."

Stiles tilted his head back, smiling. "I love kisses," he breathed. He was settled in his own skin now, low level arousal thrumming through him.
Derek bent down, sucking softly on Stiles' lower lip, slipping his tongue into Stiles' mouth.

Stiles let out a soft moan, pressing into the kiss hungrily. He loved kissing Derek, could happily do it for hours. He lifted one hand to pet along Derek's stubbled jaw.

Derek threaded his hands into Stiles' hair, holding him gently in place as he kissed him deeper.

Stiles whimpered in delight, relaxing even further into the kiss, letting Derek completely dominate it as he fought to keep from going boneless. God, he hadn't had a kiss this...hungry in days, it was glorious.

The kiss went on for a wonderful forever, but eventually Derek had to pull back.

Stiles whined, pouting softly as he panted through his nose. "That was wonderful."

"Mm," Derek hummed, nuzzling a little, then forcing himself to pull back. "So good, amado."

"You taste good," Stiles murmured, hands drifting up Derek's thighs. "...wonder what else tastes good."

"I guess you'll find out when you get your next reward," Derek teased. He stood up, tugging gently on Stiles' hair to encourage him to follow. Oh, and he'd almost forgotten something. He pulled a sharpie from his pocket, tipped Stiles' head forward, and wrote 'brave' on the back of his neck.

Stiles shivered both at the tug to his hair, as well as the feeling of what he thought might be a pen on his neck. He hummed in question, crawling forward a bit to nudge at Derek's leg.

"Hold still," Derek murmured. "I don't want this smudged." He wanted Stiles to stand in front of a mirror when the blindfold was taken off and see himself covered in praise.

Stiles froze where he was, fingers in the carpet. "What smudged, sir?" he breathed, curious.

"I'm writing on you," Derek replied. "You'll find out what I wrote later, but I promise it's all good things."

"Mmm, okay." Stiles smiled, tilting his head a bit more to give Derek room.

Derek smiled, and added the word 'obedient' to Stiles' shoulder.

Stiles shivered a bit, licking his lips. He was sure he could make out the words if he concentrated, but he didn't care. He just wanted Derek.

"Okay," Derek said, recapping the pen and putting it in his pocket. "Follow me." He rested one hand on Stiles' head and started walking, keeping the pace slow.

Stiles stumbled for a bit before following his Dom, chewing on his lower lip the entire time.

Derek kept up a stream of encouraging commentary as he once again led Stiles a winding way - he wanted Stiles to rely on him, to have nothing to anticipate, nothing he could anticipate. "That's it, chiquito, well done, there's no rush."

Stiles smiled, tilting his head back to give Derek a grin.

Derek kept Stiles to the carpeted parts of the house, and after a little while he asked, "Would you like
to go upstairs?"

"Sure." Stiles smiled up at him. "I'll follow you anywhere."

"You are such a good boy," Derek praised, smiling back, even though Stiles couldn't see. "You can stand up for the stairs, okay?"

Stiles nodded, leaning forward to nuzzle Derek's knee. "Now? Or not at the stairs yet, sir?"

"Not quite yet, chiquito," Derek answered. "I'll tell you when."

Stiles hummed in answer, smiling as he slid closer, nuzzling up Derek's thigh, making sure not to go all the way up to Derek's hip. "Ready, sir."

Derek ruffled Stiles' hair fondly, leading him fairly directly to the stairs.

Stiles stayed close, leaning into any touch Derek gave him, sinking just a tiny bit into his head, trusting Derek to guide him.

Derek paused, stroking Stiles' hair, when they reached the stairs. "We're there, querido," he said. "Can you stand up for me?"

"Yes sir." Stiles slowly stood, stretching his legs out to make sure they weren't cramped, one hand on Derek's arm.

"Good boy," Derek said, quickly kissing Stiles' cheek. "Now, like we've done it before - I'll tell you when we get to the landing, so all you have to do is listen to me and keep going."

Stiles smiled, leaning into the kiss and turning his head, trying to get one of his own. "Yes sir."

Derek obligingly kissed Stiles' lips as well, smiling. "Are you ready?"

"Yes sir," he breathed against Derek's mouth, smiling and nipping at his lower lip. "I'm ready."

"Up we go then," Derek murmured, marveling at Stiles' trust. "The first step is about a half-step in front of you."

Stiles smiled, nodding and lifted his foot, starting to steadily climb the stairs, one hand on Derek's arm.

"Coming up to the landing in three...two...one more..." Derek warned.

Stiles stopped on the landing, a small smile in his face. "Thank you."

Derek kissed his cheek. "Of course, chiquito," he replied. "What else would I do?"

Stiles smiled, leaning into the kiss. "Love you."

"I love you too, querido," Derek murmured. "Ready to keep going?"

"Yes sir." Stiles smiled, one hand on Derek's arm. "Ready when you are."

Derek led Stiles slowly forwards, warning him when the stairs started, warning him again when they finished, until they stood at the top. "Well done," Derek praised.
Stiles beamed at the praise. "Want me to crawl again, sir?" he asked, leaning toward him.

"Yes," Derek decided after a moment. "We're going straight to our bedroom, so it won't be for long."

Stiles smiled, sliding down to his knees. "Ready, sir," he said.

"Good boy," Derek said, resting his hand in Stiles' hair again. "Let's go."

Stiles smiled, leaning into his hold before heading toward where he knew the room was.

Derek watched Stiles move, turning over options in his head. Should he keep Stiles on the floor, or make him stand? Strip him now or later?

Stiles paused when his fingers felt the door, sitting back on his heels and licking his lips.

Derek opened the door and led Stiles slowly inside. "Stop," he said, when there was clear space around them. "Stand."

Stiles stood slowly, a hand reaching up to try and cup Derek's cheek. "I love you, sir." He grinned lopsidedly, hovering halfway to subspace.

Derek stepped into the touch, holding Stiles' hand in place. "I love you too," he murmured. "My beautiful good boy."

Stiles flushed, the grin widening. "What would you like me to do now?"

"Arms up, chiquito," Derek said. "I'm going to take your shirt off."

Humming, Stiles lifted his arms, tilting his head back just a bit. "Pants too, or just shirt?"

"You'll have to wait and see," Derek murmured, slipping his hands under Stiles' tank top and sliding it slowly upwards.

Stiles let out a soft moan as he felt Derek's hands on his ribcage and nipples, shivering

Derek hummed approvingly. "Let go for me, amado," he murmured encouragingly, pulling the shirt up over Stiles' head. "I've got you."

"Yes sir," Stiles murmured, relaxing into Derek's hands completely.

"Good boy," Derek praised, dropping Stiles' shirt on the floor. "Hands behind your back."

Stiles put his hands behind his back, taking hold of his own wrists.

Derek kissed his forehead, then his lips, praising him wordlessly.

Stiles smiled, wiggling closer as much as he could and returning the kiss.

"Hold still, querido," Derek said quietly. "Can you do that?"

"Yes sir," Stiles whispered, freezing where he was and relaxing back into his stance.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' cheek, then stepped back. He got the sharpie out of his pocket, considering where and what to write.
Stiles leaned into the touch, staying where he was when he felt Derek step back. He hummed to himself, aware that Derek was still there, but happy to wait.

'Eager' Derek wrote on Stiles' abs, just to the left of his bellybutton. He added 'enthusiastic' along the line of Stiles' collarbone, and 'beautiful' in the center of his chest.

Stiles muffled his giggles, toes curling in the carpet so he could keep still, letting out a soft moan when the sharpie brushed close to his hips and when it hit a certain spot on his collarbone.

Derek smiled, blowing cool air over the ink to make sure it wouldn't smudge.

Stiles gasped, his lips falling open as he shivered. "Sir," he breathed, flushing softly as his nipples hardened.

"Mm." Derek scraped his teeth down towards Stiles' nipple and sucked.

Stiles cried out, arching his back and moaning. "Please sir," he begged, lightning shooting down his spine with each suck.

A thrill ran through Derek at Stiles' reaction, but he was going slow today, so he let go.

Stiles whined, a soft pout in his lips, but that was the only reaction he gave.

Derek placed a tiny kiss in the hollow of Stiles' collarbone as a reward, but found he couldn't resist tasting him there as well, kissing and nipping his way down Stiles' chest.

Stiles whimpered, his mouth falling open to pant as he slipped a bit more into his space

Derek wanted to keep going, but it was awkward bending over, so he knelt, his hands on Stiles' hips to hold him steady.

Stiles moaned louder, shivering and feeling his knees weaken until the only thing really holding him up was Derek's hands on his hips.

Derek nuzzled at Stiles' happy trail, mouthing at his abs, feeling Stiles quiver beneath his mouth.

Stiles whimpered, shivering as the press of what felt like Derek's mouth moved over his abs. Trying valiantly to hear anything over his own breathing, he tightened his grip on his own wrists. He wanted to see, guessing that Derek had moved down to his knees.

Derek pushed Stiles' sweats lower and bit lightly at his hip.

Stiles gasped, hips rolling forward at the sharp nip, his stomach quivering. "Siiiir," he moaned, feeling his sweats slip down just a bit

Derek bit harder, leaving his mark there, and made a mental note to put the word 'responsive' somewhere on Stiles' skin.

"Oh God," Stiles groaned, his knees trying to buckle at the feeling. "Sir."

Derek slid Stiles' pants down and off his hips, letting them fall to the floor. "Left foot up," he said, his voice low and rough.
The sound of Derek's voice made Stiles whimper, his whole body giving a shudder before he slowly lifted his left foot, wanting to just beg for him now.

"Good boy," Derek soothed him, getting Stiles' foot free of his pants. "Now your right foot."

Stiles set down his left, swaying forward with the praise before lifting his right, mouth open as he panted.

God, Stiles was down so deep right now. Derek took Stiles' pants all the way off and threw them off to the side, out of the way, then gently guided Stiles' foot to the floor so he wouldn't overbalance.

Stiles licked his lips, whining softly. "Sir. "he breathed, not wanting the soft touch to leave.

"What's wrong, amado?" Derek asked softly.

"Want..." Stiles flushed softly, licking his lips again, sucking on the lower one.

"Yeah?" Derek murmured, still kneeling at Stiles' feet. "What do you want, love?"

"Want you," Stiles breathed. "Want to feel you."

"Okay," Derek said. "I'm going to let go so I can take off my clothes, and then I'm going to carry you to the bed, okay?"

"Yes sir," Stiles breathed, the mental image of Derek getting undressed making him moan.

Derek gave Stiles' cock a considering look. It was already hard and flushed, even though Derek had avoided touching it. "I want you to touch your cock for me," Derek decided. "I want to see you," he added, emphasizing what Stiles couldn't have.

Stiles whined, one hand already leaving its place behind his back to slip down his stomach. A wrecked sound left him as his fingers wrapped around his own cock, knees fighting to buckle. "Oh fuck," he swore. Just the fact that he couldn't see made each brush, each feeling and sound ten times more intense.

Good boy," Derek praised, his voice hoarse just from watching. He shucked his shirt off hurriedly, putting it with Stiles' clothes in the corner, and started on his pants.

Stiles couldn't help the wrecked noises leaving his throat as he heard the shuffling in front of him. God, he ached for Derek. He kept his hand moving, each slow drag making him shudder.

"Give me a show, Stiles," Derek said, his voice low and eyes dark. "Show me how beautiful you are."

Letting out a small whine, his cheeks flushed, Stiles shifted so his legs were spread, his free hand slipping up his chest as he twisted and curled the other around his cock.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, going to the bedside table to empty out his pockets, but never taking his eyes off Stiles. "Beautiful. Play with your balls for me, querido, can you do that?"

Stiles shuddered, sliding the hand from his chest down his stomach to cradle and roll his balls, almost falling to his knees as he whimpered. He was so fucking gone, he was vaguely surprised he was still standing.
"Fuck," Derek muttered. "So good for me, querido, so sexy, so beautiful, look at you, god." He shoved his pants off his hips and kicked them into the corner. "Feeling good, chiquito?

Stiles could only give a desperate keening whine. "Y-y-yes. So good." He was trembling, the sound of Derek's pants hitting the carpet making him shudder.

"Let go of yourself, love, I'm picking you up," Derek warned.

Stiles forced himself to let go, reaching out with both hands toward Derek's voice, fingers spread. "Sir," he breathed, his voice completely wrecked.

"I've got you." Derek wrapped Stiles' arms around his neck and picked him up, holding him close for a moment.

Stiles gasped, tightening his arms as he shifted so he could get his legs around Derek's waist, arching into Derek. He loved feeling this, both of them completely bare and not a sliver of air between them. "Sir."

"Hey, amado," Derek said, smiling. "How're you feeling?"

"Heavy, prickly, warm," Stiles breathed. "Kinda floaty. More than some, but not all the way I don't know." He worked his way down Derek's jaw, nipping and sucking. "Want so much. Feels so good."

"Prickly's new," Derek commented, carrying Stiles over to the bed. "I'm putting you down now," he warned.

"Good prickly," Stiles murmured. "Touch," he whined, his arms tightening a bit. He licked his lips, feeling the cool sheets against his thighs and under him.

"I'm not going to leave you again," Derek promised. "But I do need you to let go so I can get in bed with you."

Stiles visibly brightened. "Yesss, sir in bed too!" He let go, flopping backwards, trusting Derek as he landed on the bed with a soft oomph. "Want you."

Derek shook his head, smiling, at Stiles' trust, and got in the bed, maneuvering them both until Stiles was underneath him, lying flat.

Stiles couldn't help but moan as he was covered, a soft, happy sigh leaving him. As turned on as he was, as...prickly...as he was, he loved being held down by Derek.

Derek just lay there for a while, his thumb idly caressing Stiles' cheek, giving him a chance to calm down. Things had gotten pretty intense a minute ago, and Derek wanted this to keep going for a while.

Chapter End Notes

We're leaving chapter in a slightly awkward place, I'm afraid, because there wasn't really a better to place to split the scene - which really is about two chapters long. Hopefully you guys are okay with that?
On a related note, I (seeker) am finding I don't have quite as much time for editing as I used to, and especially if we start posting our other fic, I might need some help so we can keep up the posting schedule. Would any of you lovely people be interested in doing some copyediting for us? You'd be paid in our undying gratitude and access to our substantial buffer of unposted chapters.

I (kattseye) suck at most editing skills, and I'm sorry to say a lot of mistakes are MINE (lol OTL) but like Seeker said, we are a good twenty or thirty chapters ahead right now (I think) and we have a few chapters of our other fic too :)

Looking forward, as always, to your encouraging comments.
Derek kissed Stiles' forehead, above the blindfold, and murmured in his ear, "You look transcendent. It's like you're having an orgasm in slow motion. Being able to give you that..."

Stiles sucked in a breath, the words whispered in his ear making him whimper and suck harder on Derek's thumb. He could feel the light brush of Derek's lips on the shell of his ear and it made static shudder down his body.

Derek and Stiles continue their scene, and they both try to show each other how much the other means to them.

Stiles slowly calmed, his breathing deepening as he leaned into the touch. "Sorry," he whispered, licking his lips and wrapping his arms around Derek.

"Why are you sorry?" Derek asked, frowning. "You're perfect, amado."

Stiles smiled. "Went a bit nuts there. Sorry."

Derek sighed. "Stiles, what do you think my aim was?" he said with a smile, hoping it came through in his voice even though Stiles couldn't see. "It's...wonderful, how responsive you are. Please don't apologize for it."

Stiles blushed. "I won't," he promised. "It's obvious you like it." He smiled teasingly, turning to nip the pad of Derek's thumb before sucking the finger into his mouth.

Derek smiled back. "You're beautiful, mi amor, always. But especially then."

"Hmm?" Stiles hummed questioningly, tongue curling around Derek's thumb.

"You are." Derek kissed Stiles' forehead, above the blindfold, and murmured in his ear, "You look transcendent. It's like you're having an orgasm in slow motion. Being able to give you that..."

Stiles sucked in a breath, the words whispered in his ear making him whimper and suck harder on Derek's thumb. He could feel the light brush of Derek's lips on the shell of his ear and it made static shudder down his body.

Derek grinned wickedly and slipped his free hand between them to tweak at Stiles' nipple.

Stiles' back arched sharply, his mouth falling open in a gasp, his fingers curling in the blanket. Derek slipped his thumb free of Stiles' mouth, insinuating it under them both to grab Stiles' ass,
squeezing it as he pinched Stiles' other nipple.

Stiles let out a soft, broken sound, each brush of Derek's hands driving him insane. "Fuck. Sir," he huffed, legs spreading without thinking.

"More?" Derek asked.

"Please," Stiles breathed, shivering.

Derek pinched again, twisting a little, and moved his other hand until his fingers brushed against Stiles' crack.

Stiles keened, his body rolling devastatingly to try and get more. His hands flew up, gripping Derek's shoulders.

"Use your words," Derek prompted, squeezing Stiles' ass. "What do you want, chiquito?"

"You!" Stiles forced out, rocking back into the grip Derek had on his ass. Fuck that felt so good. Warm fingers exploring.

"Me where?" Derek asked, rolling off Stiles, giving him room to move. "Show me, chiquito."

Stiles whined, his hands starting to trace his body, slipping down until he could grab his own ass the way Derek had done. He let out a moan, his head thunking back on the bed. "Sir," he whined. "Everywhere."

Derek couldn't help the smile that spread itself across his face. He reached over to the nightstand and got his pen, writing 'responsive' in the first large blank patch he noticed on Stiles' torso and 'enthusiastic' in the second.

Stiles gasped out as he felt the pen again, brushing over his hipbone as Derek trailed it along his skin. "Oh fuck. Please sir."

"More words?" Derek asked, thinking about what to write next.


"I'm here," Derek promised, leaning down to kiss Stiles' forehead. "I'm right here with you. I'll look after you, amado."

Stiles leaned into the kiss, almost purring, rocking back into his hand. "Please."

"I want you to be patient, querido," Derek explained gently. "I think you can be a good boy and be patient without me binding you -- what do you think?"

Stiles shivered, thinking for a moment while chewing on his lip. "Yes sir. I want to be good."

"Good boy," Derek praised, cupping Stiles' cheek. "Are you going to be patient, then?"

"Try," Stiles breathed, leaning into Derek’s hand and nuzzling it.

"You're doing so good, querido," Derek murmured. "I'm so proud of you, I know you can do it."

Stiles smiled, licking his lips and nipping at Derek's fingertips.
"Now, then, just a few more words and then I'm going to give you a treat, okay?" Derek said, smiling even though Stiles couldn't see him.

"Yes sir," Stiles breathed, unconsciously spreading himself wider, hands still on his own ass, baring himself.


Stiles leaned desperately into the kiss, sucking on Derek's lower lip.

Derek let Stiles take what he needed for a little while, then gently disengaged. "Patience, chiquito," he murmured.

"Trying," Stiles murmured, licking his lips. "You taste good."

Derek ran his left thumb over Stiles' lips as he uncapped the pen again and looked over Stiles' torso.

Stiles sucked Derek's thumb into his mouth, suckling lightly, a content noise leaving his throat. As much as he wanted more, he'd wait for days if that's what Derek wanted.

Derek smiled, and in careful, clear letters, wrote 'loving and beloved' just above Stiles' heart.

Stiles shivered at the cold touch of the pen, licking along the tip of Derek's thumb, trying to tease him.

Derek huffed a laugh, adding 'playful' along the line of Stiles' ribs.

Stiles giggled at the soft laugh, twirling his tongue around Derek's thumb.

Derek considered his handiwork, then added 'trusting' over the soft skin of Stiles' belly. It was enough for now, he thought - with the way Stiles was teasing him, he wanted to get on with things.

Stiles whimpered, arching his back as soon as the pen had moved, wanting more.

"Chiquito, I want you to turn over, on your knees, and present yourself for me," Derek said quietly, pulling his thumb out of Stiles' mouth. "Can you do that?"

Stiles gasped as Derek's words registered, his stomach clenching before he nodded, licking his lips and shifting to roll over. He slid up to his knees, careful not to dislodge the blindfold as he lowered his shoulders to the bed. Trembling, he reached around and grabbed at his own ass again, spreading his legs and whimpering as the cool air of the room brushed over him.

Derek swallowed, steadying himself, and got to his hands and knees behind Stiles, running his stubble over Stiles' ass.

Stiles' breathing hitched, rocking forward in surprise at the rough scrape of what felt like Derek's jaw. "O-oh," he moaned, fingers digging into his skin.

Derek did it again, slower this time, dragging his jaw towards Stiles' crack.

Stiles whimpered, shivering. "Sir," he breathed, turning so his cheek was against the bed, thighs starting to shiver.
"You're fine, querido, I've got you," Derek promised. "Just feel what I'm doing."

"Y-yes sir," Stiles breathed, slowly relaxing back into his stance, small crescent marks on his ass from where the nails dug in.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, leaning in and kissing Stiles right on his hole.

Stiles gasped loudly, body jerking in surprise before rolling back, a high pitched whine leaving his throat. "Sir!" he whimpered. God, it was like lightning over his skin.

Derek hummed eagerly, kissing Stiles again and licking at his hole. He was going to make Stiles feel amazing.

Stiles arched his back, mouth falling open in a constant pant. "Oh fuck. Please," he begged softly, each movement Derek made dragging a shudder from him.

Derek pressed the tip of his tongue into Stiles' hole, just slightly, seeing what would happen. He loved the noises Stiles was making.

Stiles whimpered, warmth flooding him. God, he loved the slippery wet warmth against him, rocking back against Derek and crying out as he felt it slip inside just the tiniest bit, but not near enough. He let go of his ass, sliding his hands up to push against the mattress as he tried to rock back and get more. "Shit. Please, please sir. God, feels good," he begged, sucking on his lower lip.

Derek pulled away. "Stiles," he said firmly. "What did I tell you to do?"

Stiles made a devastated noise as he felt Derek pull away. "S-sorry," he panted, taking a moment before forcing his hands back to spread himself wide open, arms trembling.

"That's better," Derek replied. He bent in again, thrusting his tongue deeper into Stiles.

Stiles cried out, rocking back against Derek's face, the small stretch just making him pulse with pleasure. God he wanted more, wanted to feel his Dom.

Derek tongue-fucked Stiles, loosening him up, his own hips thrusting a little into the air.

Stiles had fallen into a nonsensical babble, whimpering and moaning as he rocked back onto Derek's tongue, the warmth and slippery wet making his toes curl as he fought to keep a hold of his ass.

Derek groaned at the noises Stiles was making, nuzzling in as close as he could, slipping his hand round beneath Stiles to stroke at his cock.

Stiles cried out, panting hard. "S-sir. Close," he whimpered, the feeling of Derek's fingers around him as well as his tongue slipping in and out of him driving him toward the edge.

Derek redoubled his efforts, humming encouragingly and pulling away for a brief moment to breathe and pant, "You can," before diving back in.

Stiles' back arched sharply in surprise and he cried out, shuddering as he tipped over the edge now that he had permission, feeling his own come hit his chest right where it rested on the bed, scouring red streaks on his skin as he curled his fingers.
Derek gently disengaged, ignoring his own eager cock to roll Stiles on his side, away from the wet patch, and smooth his hands over the marks Stiles had left on his own skin.

Stiles shivered, licking his lips and sucking on the lower one, hands reaching blindly out for Derek, the smooth warmth of Derek's hands like a balm where he'd scratched.

"I've got you, chiquito," Derek murmured, curling up behind Stiles so he wasn't in the wet patch either and catching his hands. "I'm right here with you."

Stiles made a blissed-out noise, curling close and shuddering every now and then, his skin hypersensitive.

Derek rubbed his hand in slow circles over Stiles' stomach, trying to ignore his own arousal. If Stiles needed this to be the end of the scene, Derek would do that. "How are you feeling, amado?" he asked softly.

"Good," Stiles breathed. "Really good." He licked his lips after a moment. "You didn't come?" he murmured, wiggling back against Derek.

Derek inhaled sharply. "Not yet, no," he admitted.

"Why?" Stiles asked, rolling his body to tease his Dom.

Derek closed his eyes, groaning. "You were more important," he answered. "I wanted to make you feel good."

"I did and I still do, sir." he murmured, grinning at the groan. "I want to make YOU feel good now."

Derek considered it, dropping his head to Stiles' shoulder as his hips twitched impatiently. "Okay," he said at last. "Do you want the blindfold off, or do you want to keep it?"


Derek reached up and carefully undid the knot, cupping his hand over Stiles' eyes to protect him from the light.

Stiles nuzzled forward against Derek's hand, his hands slipping behind him to tease his Dom.

Derek nipped at the skin of Stiles' shoulder when he felt Stiles' hand on his cock. "Hands on your thighs," he said firmly. "This happens on my terms."

Stiles whined, pouting softly but moving his hands to his own thighs, hips still rocking and twisting. "Please, sir."

"I'm going to take my hand away now," Derek said, (outwardly) ignoring Stiles' begging. "Tell me when your eyes have adjusted."

"Yes sir," Stiles breathed, arching his back to rock his hips back further. He blinked rapidly, knowing it would help. "I'm fine."

"You want to feel my cock in you, chiquito?" Derek teased. "You want me filling you up?"

"Please! Want it. Want to feel you." Stiles wiggled backwards.
"You need lube," Derek reminded him. "And I - I want to try you riding me." He didn't know if it would work. But he wanted to try.

Stiles moaned softly, shivering. "Want to try that with you." He licked his lips, barely keeping from reaching for Derek again. He knew that even *trying* this could end up with Derek being unable to handle it, but the thought...

"Okay," Derek said, taking a deep breath. "Lube." He rolled away from Stiles, sitting up to get lube from the bedside table.

Stiles pouted as Derek rolled away, sitting up and watching him, licking his lips. "Sir," he breathed. "Remember you can safeword too if you need to, okay?"

Derek bit his lip and nodded. "I'll remember," he promised.

Stiles beamed, shuffling closer to kiss him hungrily.

Derek smiled as he wrapped his arms around Stiles, letting him take what he wanted.

Stiles purred, nipping and sucking on Derek's lower lip, moving to carefully straddle Derek's lap.

"You still need lube, love," Derek broke away to point out.

"Want me to do it? Or you?" Stiles murmured, rocking forward.

"You're too eager," Derek pointed out. "You won't stretch yourself enough."

Stiles huffed, hiding his grin in Derek's jaw. "I'm always eager with you, sir."

"I know," Derek murmured, tracing the word on Stiles' abs. "See?"

Stiles looked down, carefully piecing together all the words on his body, slowly beaming at Derek, cheeks flushed. "You like it," he finally whispered, rocking forward again.

"I really do," Derek agreed, unable to suppress his own smile in the face of Stiles'. He liked it. He liked the words.

"What does this one say?" Stiles reached up, tracing what he could see of the one that was over his collarbones. "I can't get my head to bend that way."

"Obedient," Derek answered. He should have thought of how difficult it would be for Stiles to read some of these. "It says 'brave' on the back of your neck."

Stiles' smile just grew, leaning forward to kiss him. "I love you, sir."

"I love you too, tesoro," Derek murmured, accepting the kiss.

Stiles smiled into the kiss, his hands petting through Derek's hair as he started rocking again, teasing.

Derek fumbled with the lube behind Stiles' back, pouring some onto his fingers.

"Want to feel you," Stiles breathed. "Please sir, want it, please," he begged softly, licking his lips as he tucked his face into Derek's neck.
It wasn't the best angle, but Derek managed to get his fingers gently rubbing the outside of Stiles' hole.

Stiles groaned softly, rocking back onto Derek's fingers. "Ohh, yess."

"You want me in you?" Derek teased, circling around Stiles' hole.

"Yesss. Please sir," Stiles begged, mouth sliding up to Derek's ear. "Please sir, want you in me. Want to feel you stretch me open."

"Ask me to finger your hole," Derek prompted, his eyes dark.

Stiles shuddered, nipping at Derek's earlobe, his pupils dilating. "Please finger my hole open, sir. Please. Want to be nice and wide open for your cock."

Derek swallowed hard and pressed his index finger into Stiles' tight hole, pumping it in and out.

Stiles let out a soft, almost broken sound, his head falling back. "Fuck."

"That's what I'm going for," Derek muttered, nudging a second finger at the rim of Stiles' hole impatiently. "Do you think you can take another one?" he asked.

Stiles let out a small laugh, rolling his hips in a circle before nodding. "Please," he whispered, breathless. "Want it."

Derek eased his two fingers as deep as they would go, twisting and scissoring them to stretch Stiles out.

"Yess," Stiles groaned, his lips finding Derek's ear again. "Feels so good. Please, sir," he pleaded softly, rocking onto his hand, trying to essentially fuck himself.

Derek crooked his fingers, trying to find Stiles' prostate.

Stiles kept rocking, his arms and legs clenching in surprise as Derek found his prostate, lips attaching just under his Dom's ear. "F-fuck. Fuck, fuck," he whimpered as he sucked a mark on Derek's neck.

Derek was hard as a rock - he'd been holding back for what felt like hours, looking after Stiles, and he was so close now, so close to fucking him. He pulled his fingers out and tried again with three, hurrying to stretch Stiles enough for his cock so he could finally, finally get inside him.

"Want you," Stiles moaned, working his hips in small circles. "Want you to fill me up. Please sir?"

"Are you ready?" Derek panted. "Please, Stiles, tell me you're stretched enough."

"Yes, please," Stiles begged. "I'm ready, promise. Want you." He licked his lips, kissing up Derek's neck and jaw to his mouth.

Derek accepted the kiss for barely a moment before he broke away. "Let me get my back against the headboard," he said.

Stiles nodded, scrambling back so Derek could move. he watched, licking his lips. "I love you, sir."

Derek glanced up at him and sighed happily. "Love you too, amado," he murmured, settling himself and lubing himself. "Come on then."
Stiles scrambled over, straddling Derek and kissing him as he lifted to his knees. He reached back, licking his lips as he lined Derek up with his hole, flicking his eyes up to Derek's as he slowly sank down.

Derek's eyes locked on Stiles, and he was breathing hard as Stiles' tight hole (god, how could he ever mistake it for anything else?) surrounded his cock. His hips twitched, tiny, aborted jerks, but he managed to keep them more or less on the bed.

Stiles let out a long, low sound, eyes fluttering a bit as he seated fully in Derek's lap, rocking and grinding against him teasingly. "Fuck. Sir, you feel so good."

Derek groaned. "So do you," he countered. "Fuck, I - I don't know how long this is going to last."
"W-won't be long for me," Stiles admitted, slowly starting to move, shuddering at the drag.

"You already came once," Derek pointed out, trembling as he held himself back.
"True" Stiles panted. "Not doing this so I'll come, doing it so I can feel and see you. Love it," he rambled, his hands going to rest on Derek's chest as he started a slow pace, baring his throat with a soft moan.

Derek couldn't help but roll up, meeting Stiles' rhythm with his own.

Stiles moaned, licking his lips and keeping up the pace. "Sir. Please. I want to see, want to feel." He panted, clenching tightly around Derek’s cock.

Derek groaned, bracing himself on the bed as he thrust up into Stiles, relying on him entirely for the rhythm, the sight and sound and *feel* of Stiles filling up his world as he tried desperately to hold back.

"Come on, sir." Stiles panted, forcing his words out between each movement. "Fill me up. Please. I'm so close, wanna come to you coming, please sir," he begged, his voice breathy.

Fuck. Derek didn't think he could ever resist Stiles begging like that. He let go, teetering on the edge for a scarce second before tipping over.

Stiles' breathing hitched as he felt and saw Derek come, his eyes widening as he shuddered, slamming himself down and grinding in place as he came himself, eyes hazing over just a bit as he panted. "S-sir."

"Mi amor," Derek gasped, still shuddering with the aftershocks. "Oh god, Stiles, amado, so wonderful."

Stiles slumped down to Derek's chest, panting softly and all but purring at the praise. "My Dom," he whispered, kissing his jaw.

"I think you've pretty thoroughly demonstrated that," Derek said, huffing a small laugh as he slumped back against the headboard.

Stiles gave a small giggle, licking his lips and cuddling closer. "Nah, pretty sure *you* did that one." He grinned.

Derek smiled back softly. "Did you like it?" he asked. "Not just riding me...the whole thing. Your
surprise."

Stiles beamed. "I loved it." He reached up, tracing the words on his body. "I really really liked it."

"Even if it was a bit overwhelming?" Derek knew he'd kept Stiles very worked up, for a long time.

Stiles nodded, shifting a bit and sucking in a breath. "I still loved it."

"You were amazing," Derek confessed. "You trusted me so much..."

"I always trust you, sir." Stiles smiled, kissing Derek's jaw and nuzzling close. "I love being good for you."

"You're so good, amado," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair. "Such a good boy."

Stiles smiled, leaning into the touch and soaking up the praise. "Wanna be perfect. Just for you."

"You are perfect," Derek agreed, cuddling Stiles close. "My perfect, trusting, beautiful boy."

Stiles laughed brightly, pressing kisses along Derek's jaw. "My perfect, trusting, beautiful Dom."

Derek blushed, but didn't protest, turning towards Stiles' kisses.

Stiles smiled at the flush, kissing him softly. "Come on, let's go take a bath."

"Good plan," Derek said, looking down at the mess on Stiles' stomach. "But...you can wipe off, but I want you to take a picture of the words I wrote on you before we wash. So you can look back and remember what I think of you."

Stiles nodded, smiling. "Will you take the pictures? One of the front and one of my neck?" He had a pose he wanted to do with the 'brave' one.

"I'd be very glad to," Derek said quietly. "We'd better get up before we get stuck together."

"But I like being stuck together." Stiles grinned, sliding up off of him.

"Coming unstuck is less pleasant," Derek pointed out, grunting slightly as he levered himself up. "How about you go get some of that come off you while I find my phone?"

"Yes sir." Stiles smiled, going to carefully clean up the come, not wanting to ruin the writing.

Derek was halfway downstairs before he remembered he'd left his phone on charge in his office that morning and turned back. When he got to the bathroom, Stiles was tenderly cleaning around the writing Derek had left on him, and Derek found a beaming smile on his face that he couldn't hide for the life of him.

Stiles looked up, returning Derek's smile. "Neck first?" He turned, legs spread before sliding his hands behind his head, fingers laced and somehow managing to lay his thumbs on either side of the word, bracketing it.

Derek swallowed hard. That wasn't just Stiles letting him take a picture. That was Stiles posing, incredibly. Derek cleared his throat and brought his phone up. The first photo was out of focus, shaky. The second one was better, although Derek couldn't help but feel it didn't do Stiles justice. "Do you want to see?" he asked.
"That one's for you." Stiles grinned over his shoulder before turning. "Because you're brave, too."

Oh. "Thank you," Derek said quietly.

Stiles smiled, kissing him softly. "And I wanted to pose for you." He grinned, keeping his legs spread but holding his arms out to show off the writing on his front.

"Do you like me taking photos?" Derek asked as he documented the words on Stiles' torso.

Stiles nodded. "I like posing for you. I like knowing you have them to look at." He smiled, walking closer and kissing along Derek's jaw.

Derek reached out to put his phone on the sink so he could wrap his arms around Stiles properly. "We should get the bath running," he murmured.

"Mmm, bath," Stiles hummed, kissing along Derek's jaw one more time before turning to start the water running.

Chapter End Notes

We have good news and bad news. The good news is, the excellent Chicktar has agreed to beta for us! The bad news is that Kattseye needs dental work. :( If any of you are feeling particularly benevolent and supportive, you can help her out at https://www.gofundme.com/2p4cmje2.

(I'm a broke fanfic writer that can't eat much because OW)-Kattseye

Thank you all, as always, for reading (there are more than five hundred of you now! holy shit!), and we look forward to your lovely comments.
"Lonely and scared," Derek muttered, thinking it over. "I guess I can work with that." Derek couldn't help it. He smirked. "You could 'help' me with something else if you like," he said suggestively.

"Oh really?" Stiles grinned, pressing closer. "Do tell, sir." He mouthed along Derek's jaw, grinning widely.

Derek bit his lip, hesitating. But he'd been thinking about this for a while, and he thought he could do it... "Well," he said, a mask of flippancy over his nerves, "Someone told me to go fuck myself the other day, but I can't quite reach."

Chapter Notes

Time to test some boundaries with Derek, though he seemed to enjoy it.

Derek stopped in the doorway of Stiles' workroom, suppressing a laugh at the organized chaos. Stiles found it easier to switch between projects than work on one all the way to completion, so there were dismembered toys, a half-finished blanket, a messy stack of patterns on the desk, and a half-empty plastic bag of stuffing, all scattered around the room. And Stiles, in the window seat, as always.

Stiles looked up from the bolero jacket he was making, smiling brightly at Derek. "Sir!" He set his yarn and hook to the side, picking his way around the room to loop his arms around Derek's waist, kissing his cheek. "How's that chapter coming?" he asked, his voice soft.

"Time for a break," Derek replied, wrapping his arms around Stiles' waist. "Claire's being uncooperative."

"Bad Claire, no biscuit," Stiles laughed softly, nuzzling close. "That's okay, my cuddle meter was low."

Derek smiled back gratefully. "How're you doing?" he asked.

"I'm doing good," Stiles nodded. "People love my little plushies, and I'm able to keep a decent stock so I can send them out fast."

"They're cute," Derek said with a shrug. "And you found a yarn that's colourful and nice to touch." He thought about it, then kissed Stiles' forehead. "I know it's a couple days early, but would you like to do your sales report now?"

Stiles leaned into the kiss before smiling. "Yeah, might as well," he agreed.
"Let's sit down," Derek suggested. "You can get your computer or your other records and we'll talk it through."

Stiles nodded, smiling widely and clearing off the couch for Derek before poking under a pile of yarn he was sorting through for his laptop and his record binder.

Derek watched Stiles fondly, settling in. "I'm really proud of you for this, you know," he said. "The Etsy store. You've been doing an amazing job at it."

Stiles beamed, handing him the binder after curling up with Derek. "I like doing it."

Derek opened the binder to the current month and paged through it, looking at receipts for packaging materials and yarn, invoices for different products, customer reviews. After a little while, he nodded. "Explain this for me," he ordered. He wanted to see what Stiles was taking from it.

"From what I can figure with math, I'm actually making a profit of about three hundred or so dollars a month. I haven't touched much of the earnings, really, but I've found places that sell yarn and stuffing and such in bulk, so I've been doing that to save a bit." Stiles smiled, turning so he was sideways on the couch, legs curled close.

Derek raised his eyebrows. "Is that three hundred a month profit compared to material costs, or is labour included at all?"

"It's what is left over after materials are covered and I've bought more to replace them," Stiles smiled.

It wasn't anywhere near a living wage, but then, Stiles didn't need a living wage. And compared to zero dollars a month, it was quite a lot. "Well done," Derek said after a moment. "Take me through the costs?"

"I spend roughly 30 dollars on enough stuffing for 35-40 small toys. The yarn for those toys usually adds up to be about 25 dollars and I have some left over. Yarn for blankets varies depending on the size of the blanket, but usually ranges between 30-40 dollars for throw blankets. The toys I'm selling for 10-15 dollars apiece, 20 or so for larger ones. Throws are about 70, and blankets vary based on size." Stiles smiled, ticking things off on his fingers.

"So you make the biggest profit on materials with the toys," Derek concluded. "They take you the least time, too, don't they?"

Stiles nodded. "If I actually finished them all in one go, it'd take me an hour tops to make one. Not including stuffing it. I keep up a decent stock of them though, just to make sure I can get them out quickly."

"That's...eight dollars an hour for that labour?" Derek checked. Better than minimum wage, actually. Which said something about minimum wage. "What about the blankets, how long do they take now that you're a bit more practiced?"

"Blankets depend on the size really, but if it's one of the more simple patterns of throws it takes me a couple hours once I get into a good rhythm. Bigger than a simple throw it varies, so the price varies. I charge more per hour for a blanket than I do a toy. Because the toys are always the same patterns and don't vary really in colors like a blanket or throw can." Stiles nodded, grinning. "Plus I like making the headless toy run around the bench screaming before I finish them."
Derek laughed. "Of course you do." He flipped through the binder to an unhappy customer review. "What happened with this one?"

"Hmm?" Stiles leaned over, frowning softly. "Apparently her little baby pulled the stuffing out of the toy and she blamed it on it not being made right. Even though the toys are crocheted, so it's like full of tiny holes no matter how tight of a gauge I do. She also said the colors weren't the same as the picture, refusing to believe that certain dye lots are slightly different. Both things which I've put disclaimers for on the product listing." He poked the page. "I think personally she was just hoping to keep the things and get a refund at the same time."

"So you're satisfied with the service you're giving despite the review?" Derek checked.

Stiles beamed, nodding. "I have a lot of reviews, and that's my only bad one."

Derek smiled back. "Then I'd say you're doing very well, amado. Are there any products you think you should stop stocking, or make commission items, or start stocking that you don't?"

"I'm looking into patterns for baby dresses and those cool picture things like the ones that make the baby look like a turtle." Stiles grinned, pulling up the pictures of newborns dressed in little crochet outfits so Derek could see.

"Cute," Derek said, looking over Stiles' shoulder. "You think there'll be a demand?"

"We'll see," Stiles shrugged. "The patterns are pretty cheap and I can make it with leftover yarn to see how the demand is."

"Well then, Mr. Stilinski," Derek said, affecting a formal tone, "It looks like you're well on your way to becoming a successful businessman."

Stiles sat up straight. "Rather," he murmured in a fake british accent before falling over giggling. "I like making things, sir."

Derek looked around the room pointedly. "Really? I never would have guessed."

Stiles' grin grew wider. "At least it's semi clean. I have all the things in boxes except for my craft table."

"Which is very impressive," Derek murmured, kissing Stiles' cheek.

Stiles beamed, setting the computer and binder to the side before straddling Derek's lap, nuzzling close. "Cuddle meter!" he sang.

Derek laughed and hugged Stiles tight. "If you say so, mi amor."

Stiles grinned, loving Derek's laughter. "I do! You need to cuddle to make up for Claire being evil, I need cuddles because of my cuddle meter."

"Claire's not evil - that's the problem," Derek retorted, grinning. "She's coming out far too guileless."

"She's the bad chick, right?" Stiles hummed, tilting his head.
"Well she's meant to be complex," Derek said, rolling his eyes. "She's expedient, that's all. She has different moral goals. But yes, she's the antagonist."

Stiles hummed softly in thought. "What about making her complex by making her simple? People don't really expect cut-and-dried bad guys anymore."

"That's because cut-and-dried bad guys are unrealistic," Derek pointed out. "Everyone thinks they're doing the right thing; they just have a concept of 'rightness' that comes from a different place."

"I'm pretty sure there are evil people in the world that just like to do things their way or no one gets to do anything." Stiles smiled. "Those are what I consider cut-and-dried. 'My way or the highway' assholes."

Derek shook his head. "It doesn't fit. She's turning sick teenagers without asking their permission beforehand, so she can expand her pack with minimal risk of exposure. But she also considers it helping them, which technically, it is. It's not that she's trying to change other packs, except for the usual territory pressures."

"Hmm." Stiles furrowed his brow in thought. "Maybe she hadn't been taught the proper way to do things? Maybe something happened in the past that would make it to where she didn't learn the things she needed to when it came to this?"

"An omega who ended up an alpha?" Derek asked, and sighed. "I just...I don't want to write yet another crazy villain."

"Not crazy. Just...desperate? Or just lonely?" Stiles smiled. "An omega who is having trouble with the Alpha power, and at the same time just wanting more family?"

"Lonely and scared," Derek muttered, thinking it over. "I guess I can work with that."

Stiles beamed. "I hope it helps." He leaned forward, kissing Derek softly.

Derek savoured the kiss, sucking lightly on Stiles' tongue for a moment before pulling back. "You always help, love," he murmured.

Stiles smiled softly, running his fingers through Derek's hair. "I like helping," he admitted quietly. "I like knowing I've helped."

Derek couldn't help it. He smirked. "You could 'help' me with something else if you like," he said suggestively.

"Oh really?" Stiles grinned, pressing closer. "Do tell, sir." He mouthed along Derek's jaw, grinning widely.

Derek bit his lip, hesitating. But he'd been thinking about this for a while, and he thought he could do it... "Well," he said, a mask of flippancy over his nerves, "Someone told me to go fuck myself the other day, but I can't quite reach."

Stiles gave him a surprised look, his eyes softening. "Okay, first off, who told you that? I want to shank them. Second off, are you sure, sir?" he asked, his voice gentle. "I don't want to hurt or scare you."
"No one important," Derek said, dismissing the first question, quietly amused by Stiles' protectiveness. "And I'm sure I want to try," he reassured Stiles quietly. "If something goes wrong, I trust you to stop."

Stiles gave him a small smile. "As long as you are completely sure, I want to try." He cupped Derek's cheek. "But you HAVE to tell me if I do something wrong, please, sir," he whispered. "I don't want to hurt you or ANYTHING."

"We'll take it slow," Derek promised. "And I'll...as long as you don't mind, I'll ride you so I have more control."

Stiles smiled, nodding. "There's a term for that, you know," he teased. "Domming from the bottom. I think it would suit this one." He winked. "You'll be Domming still, just..." he shrugged, running his fingers through Derek's hair.

"With your cock in my ass," Derek finished.

Stiles gave him a cheeky grin. "Yeah, that's the gist of it anyway." He laughed, kissing Derek softly. "Are you sure?" He had to ask again, nervous about hurting or scaring Derek. The last thing he wanted was to do anything that would make his Dom safeword.

"It's not something I've done since..." Derek trailed off, but he knew Stiles would get the gist. "But I, well, physically...it worked for me, at the time. I think it could feel really good." He'd been daydreaming about it feeling really good.

Stiles' smile was soft. "Yes, sir," he murmured, kissing along Derek's cheek to whisper in his ear. "I'll do it. Just...make sure and safeword if you need to. Promise me that?"

"I will." The one time Derek hadn't safeworded had left them both so distressed that they'd needed Laura and Scott to come over to get them back to a point where they could actually cope.

Stiles smiled, nodding again and kissing him hungrily.

Derek's hands wandered up and down Stiles' back as he returned the kiss, mapping the familiar planes of the muscles there.

Stiles shivered, smiling against Derek's mouth before pulling away to murmur against his mouth. "Where do you want to do this, sir?"

"I think a bed will probably help," Derek said dryly.

"Hmm, true," Stiles grinned softly, wiggling and grinding against him a bit before standing. "Come on." He turned, already stripping his shirt off.

"If you leave a trail of shed clothes on the floor, you'll be picking it up on your knees later," Derek warned. In the bedroom, that was fine. Not in the corridor.

"I'll carry them to the bedroom." Stiles grinned over his shoulder, shimmying out of his sweats and bending at the waist in the door to pick them up.

Derek shook his head, smiling. "You're incorrigible, chiquito."

"You love it, sir," Stiles grinned, swaying his hips as he headed to the bedroom, slipping his clothes into the hamper.
"I love you," Derek murmured, reaching for the hem of his own shirt.

Stiles hummed, turning to watch, licking his lips.

Derek stripped quickly. He knew his triggers, or most of them, and he knew what was likely to make him uncomfortable. Being watched in a sexual context, 'putting on a show', was one of those things, and today was going to be a challenge anyway.

Stiles gave him a small smile, walking close and hugging him tightly. "It'll be ok," he murmured. "I trust you, sir, and I don't want to hurt you. You're precious to me, my Dom." He wanted to soothe the nerves he saw.

"I do want this," Derek promised, hugging Stiles back.

"I know, sir," Stiles smiled. "Do you want to do the prep, or me?" He nuzzled close, suckling on Derek's neck.

"I think..." Derek said after a moment. "I think you would be better." Which would have the bonus of getting to feel Stiles' fingers inside him, something he'd been imagining eagerly for a while.

Stiles smiled. "With you straddling my stomach? That way you have more control over it and can't feel trapped." He remembered how Derek didn't like to be pinned sometimes, and he had a feeling this was definitely one of those times.

Derek nodded. "You're so thoughtful, querido," he murmured. "Thank you."

Stiles flushed softly. "I need to know the limits, please, sir. Ways I can and can't touch you, things like that."

"I need to see you," Derek said instantly. "I always need to see you. Go slow. Stretching me too quick will be...bad. Playing with my prostate is fine, but don't focus on it exclusively if you aren't going to be touching my cock. No pain. Don't...praise me, how I feel, that sort of thing. I need to remember I'm your Dom."

Stiles nodded. "Well, I'll be under you, so I'm easy to find, sir," he grinned, trying to get his Dom to relax. "I'll go slow, I promise," he assured, kissing along Derek's jaw. "And you ARE my Dom."

"My boy," Derek murmured fondly.

Stiles beamed, nipping his jaw before laying out on the bed, bottle of lube in hand. "Come on, sir," he murmured, stretching out.

Derek's eyes darkened and he followed Stiles to the bed, straddling him on his knees.

Stiles sucked in a breath, his hand slipping up Derek's chest, letting out a soft whine as he tried to tug him down into a kiss.

Derek let himself be drawn downwards, kissing Stiles tenderly. "I love you, querido," he murmured.

"I love you too, sir," Stiles murmured against his lips. He slicked up his hand, keeping his clean hand wrapped around Derek's neck as he kissed him deeply, lube fingers slipping down to circle Derek's hole.

Derek hummed, loving the feeling.

Stiles smiled into the kiss, slowly and carefully slipping into Derek, sucking in a breath at the heat
and tightness.

It was uncomfortable at first. Derek hadn't had anything in his ass in a long time, and he was tight. "Wait," he warned Stiles. "Just...let me adjust."

Stiles nodded, smiling up at him. "Let me know, ok?" he murmured.

Derek reached up to take Stiles' free hand, squeezing it as he took a few deep breaths. "Okay," he said after a minute. "Go slow."

"Yes, sir," Stiles murmured, slowly starting to pump in and out, biting his lower lip. "Want to make you feel good, sir."

Derek found his hips rocking as Stiles finger-fucked him, the look on Stiles' face warming him.

Stiles whimpered, chewing on his lower lip, nuzzling his cheek. "Let me know when you're ready for the next one," he breathed.

Derek rolled his hips a little, testing. "I think I can do it," he decided. "So long as you're careful."

"Yes, sir," Stiles breathed, kissing him again as he slowly started slipping in a second finger. "God, sir," he whined, rocking up a bit.

Feeling Stiles' hardening cock rub against his ass, Derek raised his eyebrows. "Just from fingerling me?" he asked, a little breathlessly.

"Y-your face, sir." Stiles whispered, licking his lips. "Y-you just have to look at me and I'm fit to keel over from a major boner."

Derek laughed shakily. "Could be a little - nn - inconvenient," he teased.

"There's a certain look in your eyes you get," Stiles panted, carefully scissoring his fingers. "This dark, almost hungry look."

Derek let out a tiny groan. "Hungry, am I?"

"Hungry," Stiles breathed. "Like a wolf stalking prey." He licked his lips.

Derek gave Stiles a considering look. "You've never asked for - oh shit!" That had definitely been his prostate.

Stiles licked his lips. "Asked for what?" he murmured, brushing just once more over the little bump he'd found before continuing to stretch.

Derek moaned. "Roleplay," he gasped, when he had enough brains in his head to think again. "You're a dramatic person. Playful. But you've never asked."

Stiles grinned. "I'm up to try almost anything," he murmured, nipping at Derek's mouth. "I love you, sir."

"Love you," Derek answered, kissing Stiles eagerly.

Stiles grinned into the kiss, fingers constantly moving to stretch his Dom open. "Ready for more?" he whispered.
"You're really good at that," Derek confessed. "Please."

Stiles beamed at the praise, kissing along Derek's jaw while he slipped another in slowly, twisting them around. "I like making you feel good, sir."


"Yes, sir." Stiles chewed on his lower lip, spreading his fingers, dragging over Derek's prostate once again. "Ready?"

Derek took stock of himself and nodded. "Hands on the bed," he told Stiles shakily, letting go.

"Yes, sir," Stiles breathed, moving so his hand was up by his head, gripping the pillow. He slowly slipped the other free, teasing Derek's prostate on the way out before letting it join the other, tilting his head back for Derek. "I love you."

"Love you, too," Derek murmured, picking up the lube and pouring some onto his palm. He raised himself up on his knees, reaching under himself to take hold of Stiles' cock, covering it in lube.

Stiles arched up a bit, his mouth falling open in a soft moan, his eyes still locked on Derek. "Sir, please."

Carefully, Derek guided Stiles' cock so that the tip was nudging at his hole, circling his hips a little as he reminded himself that he was in control, this wasn't going to hurt.

Stiles whimpered at the feeling, his stomach quivering. He'd never felt anything like this. He lifted his hands higher on the bed, crossing them at the wrist before looking up at Derek dazedly, wanting to make sure his Dom was ok. "Sir," he moaned. "Mi amo."

"Mi amor," Derek murmured, taking one last deep breath before starting to sink down on Stiles' cock.

Stiles froze, his eyes wide as his cheeks grew pink and his lips parted in a pant. "O-oh."

Derek clenched and released, helping himself sink slowly down until he was sitting on Stiles abdomen. "Okay, chiquito?" he asked, reaching out to stroke his cheek.

"Y-yes sir," Stiles breathed, turning his head into Derek's touch, nuzzling. "D-does it feel good? A-anything I can do?"

Derek smiled at him, his wonderful boy, so caring and loving. "Just let me," Derek asked, raising himself up again. "Hold still and let me."

"Yes, sir," Stiles panted, forcing his hips down and shuddering at the drag.

Derek rested his hands on Stiles' chest, steadying himself as he began to slowly fuck himself on Stiles' cock.


"No coming," Derek ordered breathlessly, moaning when he found the right angle and speeding up.

"Yes, sir," Stiles whimpered, his thighs trembling. "D-does it feel good?"

Derek rolled his hips, grinding down when he reached Stiles' pelvis before pushing himself back up.
"Nnn, fuck, feels - feels fantastic," he grunted, chasing his pleasure, for once, with little thought of Stiles' own.

Stiles' eyes trained on Derek's face, his mouth parted as he panted, watching his Dom. He was so fucking hot. Stiles let out a soft moan, his fingers twisting in the pillow to keep them there. He loved that Derek was just taking his own pleasure out of Stiles, loved it so much that it was hard to keep from coming just at the sight.

Stiles was hard and hot inside him and fuck, Derek was definitely doing this again. Even without a hand on his cock yet, the pleasure of it was fantastic. If it had ever felt like this before, he'd forgotten. Hell, even in dreams it hadn't felt this good.


Derek glanced at Stiles face and god, the sight of him. "My cock," he panted. "You can touch my cock."

"Thank you," Stiles chanted, one hand slipping down to wrap around Derek's cock, sucking in a breath as his own toes curled. "Sir." he breathed, licking his lips and chewing on the bottom one.

"Oh fuck," Derek gasped, speeding up, twisting on the downstroke. Shit, he just wanted to fuck himself on Stiles forever.

Stiles let out a soft, broken sound, his eyes wide and blown as he watched Derek. God, he wanted to watch his Dom feel this good for the rest of his life.

The pleasure of it all was a liquid warmth, flowing along Derek's veins, filling him up almost to overflowing.

"Please," Stiles begged softly, not sure what he was begging for. He wanted to see Derek come, wanted to know he was feeling good, wanted to come himself. "Please, sir."

Derek's eyes locked on Stiles. "Fuck," he muttered. He looked gone, as gone as he ever had without Derek putting him into his space. And Derek hadn't really even been paying attention - he had to admit, he'd been selfish this time. "Please what, mi amor?" Derek asked, reaching up to cup Stiles' cheek, stroking his thumb over Stiles' bottom lip. "What do you need?"

Stiles flicked his tongue out, sucking on the tip of Derek's thumb before answering. "Want to see you come," he murmured. "Want to know you feel good, want to..." he trailed off, panting softly, his thumb slipping over the tip of Derek's cock, rubbing the precum around before bringing that thumb up to his mouth, sucking on it with a moan, his eyes growing just a notch darker.

"Oh god," Derek panted. "Make me come, chiquito. Make me come all over you."

Stiles reached out, curling his hand back around Derek's cock, his mouth falling open as he panted, watching Derek. "Close," he whimpered, stroking and twisting just a bit at the end, legs shifting just a bit, toes curled tightly.

"Should I let you come?" Derek asked, fucking himself faster, harder. "Or should I leave you hard and wanting?"

Stiles let out a high whine, keeping up the movements of his hands, his eyes blowing wider. "Want
you to choose, just want to come. Want to watch you come more, though. Want to see, want to see you feel good. Please, sir," he rambled.

Derek was going to make Stiles wait, but then he realised that if Stiles came, Derek would feel it. "Come for me," he demanded, clenching rhythmically around Stiles' cock. "Fill me up, chiquito."

Stiles gasped, his stomach clenching hard at Derek's words, the clenching sending him over that edge before he could even think, his free hand yanking at his own hair as he arched up. "Sir!" he cried out, his eyes rolling back before he slumped down, eyes opening just a slit to watch his Dom, pupils wide and hazy.

The feeling and sound of Stiles as he came set Derek off, and bare seconds passed before he was spilling come all over Stiles' stomach and chest with a groan.

Stiles was panting, his cock twitching as he watched Derek, licking his lips. He was so out of it, he was just about beyond speech.

Derek pulled off gingerly, clenching his ass to keep Stiles' come inside, and lay down next to Stiles, turning his head to kiss him gratefully.

Stiles purred into the kiss, kissing back messily and only slightly clumsily, a small smile curling his lips.

"Feeling good, chiquito?" Derek murmured. "You made me feel so good."

Stiles gave a small sound, the smile growing a bit. "Good," he nodded. "Like you good," he murmured after a bit, his speech a bit sluggish.

Derek bit his lip, hiding delighted laughter at how, well, fucked-out Stiles apparently was. "I don't think I understand that last bit, love," he prompted.

Stiles wrinkled his brow, licking his lips. "Like you feel good," he murmured, his brow furrowing more as he tried to force out what he wanted to say. "Like when you feel good."

Derek's smile softened. "Well done, querido, I understood that time," he murmured, stroking Stiles' forehead to smooth away the lines there. "Thank you."

Stiles relaxed, his smile returning as he pressed into the touch. "I make you feel good?" he murmured after a bit, wiggling and managing to turn toward him completely.

"You made me feel very good, amado," Derek reassured him, tracing fingers through the mess on Stiles' chest and bringing them to Stiles' lips. "See?"

Stiles opened his mouth without looking when he felt Derek's fingers, his eyes lighting up just a bit when he sucked Derek's fingers into his mouth and tasting him. He hummed, his eyes falling half closed, corners of his mouth curled up.

Derek watched in awe. "You'd do that forever, wouldn't you?" he murmured absently.

"Hmm?" he murmured around Derek's fingers, his still blown eyes looking up toward Derek's face.

"It's fine, love, don't worry about it," Derek said quickly. "You're perfect."

Stiles pulled off Derek's fingers with a small pop. "Wanna know what said," he murmured, his lips
still pressed against Derek's fingers.

"I said you'd do that forever," Derek replied softly, stroking Stiles' hair with his free hand.

"Do what?" he blinked, lazily sucking Derek's fingers back into his mouth.

"That," Derek said, smiling. "Sucking on my fingers."

Stiles hummed in understanding, his lips curling into a small smile, his eyes sparkling with mischief as he started slowly coming back to himself.

Derek simply watched, letting Stiles suckle his fingers, making sure he was anchored for however long he drifted.

Stiles hummed softly, pulling off after a few minutes to press closer, fingers curling into Derek's hair as he nuzzled along his jaw. "Would suck on something else all the time too," he murmured, his voice still a bit slow, but almost back.

"I'd never get anything done," Derek said, smiling.


"I'm wonderful," Derek promised, overwhelmed that even after everything that had just happened, Stiles was worried for him. "You did everything right."

Stiles relaxed, giving Derek a small smile. "Good. I like making you feel good." he beamed. He suddenly flushed, looking down at Derek's chest. "I didn't expect to slip under like that. That was odd. a new place..

"I'm so telling Isaac," Stiles cackled softly to himself, wiggling a bit in his own glee at that conversation with his friend as he pressed closer to Derek, kissing his jaw.

"I wasn't heavy," Stiles murmured. "I felt more like I was standing on top of the clouds, but I felt safe up there. Everything was staticy. Like the feeling I get when you talk dirty to me, that kind of clenching feeling in my lower spine and stomach." He shrugged. "My mind was still there, I could still see and hear and feel, but it was magnified, and I couldn't get the words in my head in a straight line." He suddenly laughed brightly. "You fucked my brains out!" he screeched in hilarity at the sudden explanation, one hand slapping over his own mouth to try not to laugh in Derek's face, his eyes brimming with mirth. "I love you, sir."

"Love you, querido." Stiles was wonderful when he was in his space, but he was equally amazing when he wasn't, bright and smiling and...fun.

"I'm so telling Isaac," Stiles cackled softly to himself, wiggling a bit in his own glee at that conversation with his friend as he pressed closer to Derek, kissing his jaw.

Derek raised his eyebrows. "Do you often talk to Isaac about our sex life?" he asked, smiling to show he wasn't angry.

He flushed, wiggling a bit more. "Sometimes. I think it helps. He's getting ideas of things he wants to try with Scott and he confides things in me too to get my opinion."
Derek hummed. "I don't mind you talking about what you feel and like. But I'd rather you keep my reactions private, where that's possible. Fair?"

Stiles nodded, looking a bit sheepish. "I wasn't gonna say what we were doing exactly"

"What were you going to say then?" Derek asked.

"Just that you fucked my brains out and explain the mindspace. Maybe add the sucking fingers bit," he flushed, licking his bruised lips.

"You really liked that, didn't you?" Derek murmured.

"I liked seeing you come undone like that," Stiles smiled.

"I meant the finger-sucking, but okay," Derek replied.

Stiles flushed darkly. "I like that. I like other sucking too. Dunno if you realized, I have a bit of an oral fixation. You have a lot of hickeys usually."

Derek smirked. "I'd get you a toy to do that with, if not for the fact you generally hate being actually gagged."

"S'not my thing, that's why I like fingers, or even your cock." Stiles waggled his eyebrows. "I'd much rather you put your fingers in my mouth to keep me quiet than gag me. Kinda like this one video I saw of them fucking in a dressing room." His eyes darkened in remembrance.

Derek shook his head fondly. "I love you."

"I love you, too," Stiles grinned. "It's one of my favorite hot thoughts lately." He hummed, tilting his head to the side in thought.

"Me gagging you with my fingers?" Derek clarified.

"The thought of being fucked somewhere like a dressing room with your fingers in my mouth to try and keep me quiet," he murmured, licking his lips.

Derek frowned. "You mean...like exhibitionism? Having sex where someone might find us?"

Stiles flushed darkly, lowering his eyes. "Mmmhmm," he murmured. "Something like that has crossed my mind a few times," he admitted.

"What do you like about it?" Derek asked.

"Dunno really. It's more the thrill of being seen I guess? Knowing that everyone knows I'm yours."

Stiles shifted a bit, the flush darkening. "Kinda why I like it when you let me show Isaac or Scott that it's ok. Other than helping THEM of course."

"So it's more than just the risk of being discovered, then," Derek said, cupping the back of Stiles' neck in reassurance.

Stiles leaned into the touch. "A bit of both?" he murmured, tilting his head back and enjoying the touch.

"You want to be seen, but you also want the risk of being seen," Derek murmured, thinking.

Stiles nodded, shrugging a bit. "I know it doesn't make sense," he murmured, shifting his head to lay
on Derek's shoulder.

"You're not the only person out there to feel that way, you know," Derek pointed out.

Stiles hummed. "I know, it's just hard to put into words I guess?" he reached up, tracing patterns on Derek's chest.

"Jungle runs a Masquerade Ball once a month," Derek said quietly. "Faces and genitals must be covered, but everything else is fair game. Blue bracelets for playing, white for watching."

His eyes lit up, licking his lips. He paused, his eyes slipping up to lock onto Derek's. "Are YOU ok with something like that?"

"I'm okay with you being seen," Derek answered carefully. "I'm...less okay with being seen myself."

"Do you feel comfortable Domming me in public," he murmured. "I don't want to do something that you're not okay with."

Derek sighed. "I think this is going to be one of those 'try it and see' situations," he admitted. "I don't have a strong feeling one way or the other."

"Sir, Stiles murmured. "If we do this, please, if you are uncomfortable, we'll leave, ok? At any point in time. I won't be upset or anything, promise. I want you to like doing things too."

"Okay," Derek agreed. "Can we stick with dancing the first time we go? You can wear your cuffs, if you want, and maybe be shirtless? But nothing more than that."

Stiles nodded, grinning softly. "Yes, sir," he murmured, kissing Derek softly. "Is there something you want to try?" He tilted his head a bit, curious. "You are trying this after all."

"You've done everything I've asked for," Derek said quietly.

"Doesn't mean there isn't something you still want to try." Stiles smiled. "Mi amo."

There was something. Something Derek was almost sure Stiles would - or should - say no to.

"It's...that," he finally said. "Being...tu amo."

Stiles tilted his head. "Explain?" he asked, a soft smile on his face. His mind was trying to click things together, but there were so many ways that could be taken.

Derek took a deep breath. "Having a day, almost like a - a long scene, with you by my side, subbing hard. Having to...to ask to speak, and things."

Stiles eyes unfocused a bit as he drug up a mental image, licking his lips. "A day or weekend every now and then? Can you talk me through a typical day?" he murmured, his eyes darkening just a bit at the idea.

"You'd - we'd wake up," Derek said tentatively, "and you'd stay there until I woke up too, or I'd wake you up, and I'd lead you to the bathroom and you'd crawl, and I'd give you permission for your morning routine, and then you'd prepare your hole and put in a plug so you'd be ready for me, and I'd lead you downstairs and you'd kneel, waiting while I made breakfast for us both, and I'd feed you, and then we'd go up to my office and you'd warm my cock while I worked, and..." Derek
trailed off and shrugged.

"I think," Stiles licked his lips. "I think I'd like to try that, sir," he breathed. "There are parts that I'm neutral on right now, but other parts I really really like the idea of." He leaned forward, nuzzling his face into Derek's neck to hide the sudden darkening of his pupils that he knew was happening.

"What do you like?" Derek asked. trying to process.

"I like the warming bit," Stiles flushed, wiggling a bit. "And the bit about breakfast, and the plug. Those three the most. The others I'm neutral on, but I kinda want to try."

"I would...there would be some fairly strict rules," Derek warned. "Always addressing me as 'mi amo', speaking in response to direct questions or to ask for something, staying on your knees unless given permission to stand..."

Stiles nodded. "I figured, sir," he smiled. "I still want to try. I may not like it, just as you may not like doing the Jungle thing. But I still want to try."

"Thank you," Derek said quietly, leaning in for a kiss.

Stiles accepted the kiss, purring softly to himself. "No need to thank me, sir," he murmured.

"I think there is," Derek replied. "Thank you for choosing to try."

Stiles grinned. "Thank you for trying the club thing," he murmured.

Chapter End Notes

Interesting times are to be had with these two soon :) 
Also! Seeker is out on a trip this weekend with no internet! So if the notes/summary/title are odd, that's my fault! -Kattseye

Thank you to the lovely Chicktar for betaing <3

Also, my hubs may very well lose his job, so I'm trying to count on that gofundme even more for my teeth. It's tough when you live on a mountain and pressure changes hurt your teeth constantly lol. Even sharing would help <3 gofundme.com/2p4cmje2
"The gist is that the club's not responsible for what you see in there, the club's not responsible for your privacy, the club's not responsible for enforcing the bracelets," the bouncer explained. "Any questions?"

Stiles tilted his head, looking up at Derek, giving him a small smile and murmuring softly so the bouncer won't hear. "Are you okay with it?"

"I'm fine, chiquito," Derek promised. "I looked into it beforehand. You can sign."

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Stiles wants to be seen - so Derek takes him to a club where that can happen.

Chapter Notes

Not so much a warning as a heads-up on kink: this is an exhibitionism chapter. There is no nudity, no non-consenting participants, and no unsolicited commentary, but if it squicks you, feel free to skip the middle bit - it's pretty obvious when things are happening.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Stiles licked his lips, finishing up the blanket he was making. He was excited to try the Jungle that night, wiggling in place at the thought.

Derek laughed a little when he noticed. He'd borrowed Stiles' work table to work on their masks. Not that he was particularly good at this, but it had felt important for Stiles to wear something he had made, and Stiles was politely not commenting on how clumsy the design was.

Stiles grinned at the sound of Derek's laughter, sticking his tongue out playfully. He looked over the masks, chest warming at the care Derek took with it, even if they were a little lopsided. His Sir had made it for him.

They were pretty simple. Just plastic half-masks from the craft store, painted in swirling patterns - gold and red on Stiles', green and blue on Derek's - with thick black cord glued to cover up the sharp plastic edges, and the cheap elastic replaced with ribbon.

"I like them," Stiles said, beaming, folding the blanket before slipping it into a box.

"They're not very elaborate," Derek demurred, blowing on the glue to encourage it to dry.

"Don’t have to be. My sir made them. They're perfect. Another claim." Stiles smiled. "So that, my collar, and shorts? Or jeans?"
"Jeans," Derek said firmly. "And your cuffs." He was going to make it perfectly clear that Stiles already belonged to someone.

Stiles smiled. "Yes sir." He stood, heading to his printer where he’d left the shipping label for the blanket, kissing Derek on the way.

"Now, rules for tonight," Derek said, watching Stiles as he waited for the glue to dry the rest of the way. "If you safeword and I don't immediately respond, assume I didn't hear you and show me two fingers for yellow or three fingers for red. It's going to be loud."

Stiles nodded, smiling at Derek. "I will, sir," he promised. "You too?"

"Me too," Derek sighed, smiling back fondly. "Second rule: no one touches you but me. Accidental touches because of the crowd are fine, but if someone is touching you otherwise, that's a problem that I need to know about."

Stiles nodded, chewing on his lower lip. "I don't like others touching me unless you give permission," he admitted.

Derek nodded. "And I'll protect you from that in every way I can," he promised. "It shouldn't be an issue - we'll be wearing red 'off-limits' bracelets - but just in case."

Stiles beamed. "I promise to let you know, in any way I can."

"Good boy," Derek said firmly. "Third rule: all clothes stay on. All of mine, and all of yours. If you want to grind up against me, that's okay, but clothes stay on."

Stiles nodded. "Hands over clothes?" He tilted his head in, going to lean against Derek.

Derek nodded in agreement. "No one will be naked in the main room of the club, but there'll be people a fair bit more exposed on the dance floor anyway, or playing more intensely. If you want to watch, that's fine. We'll discuss future possibilities after."

Stiles nodded, smiling. "Trial run!" he chirped.

"Final rule," Derek said, smiling back. "I won't use your name while you're there and you, obviously, won't be using mine. Is there anything you'd particularly like me to use?"

Stiles thought about it for a moment, chewing on his lips. "The one that means ‘little one’," he murmured. "I like it. Do you want sir or mi amo or something else?"

"Sir," Derek decided. "And I'll be happy to call you chiquito tonight."

Stiles beamed widely, leaning down to kiss Derek lightly. "Love you."

"I love you too," Derek murmured.

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The queue wasn't incredibly long, but it was slow moving, and when Derek and Stiles got to the front, they found out why: they had to sign a waiver before going in.

"The gist is that the club's not responsible for what you see in there, the club's not responsible for your privacy, the club's not responsible for enforcing the bracelets," the bouncer explained. "Any
questions?"

Stiles tilted his head, looking up at Derek, giving him a small smile and murmuring softly so the bouncer won't hear. "Are you okay with it?"

"I'm fine, chiquito," Derek promised. "I looked into it beforehand. You can sign." He signed his own form and asked the bouncer for two blue and two red bracelets.

Stiles reached out to sign, licking his lips before pressing against Derek's side, grinning at the bouncer.

The bouncer shook his head. "First-timers, right?" he asked as he passed them the bracelets. "Be careful in there."

Stiles nodded, giving the bouncer a small smile before following Derek. "What's the blue bracelet for?" he asked softly.

"We're playing, not watching," Derek explained.

"Oh." Stiles flushed. "I forgot those had different ones too," he admitted with a grin.

The club was a shock of noise when they walked in, loud music interspersed with moans and swearing. Derek kept himself focused on Stiles.

Stiles turned to Derek, smiling softly, reaching up to kiss his cheek and speak in his ear. "I'm serious, sir, the moment you want to stop, we'll stop. I don't want to do anything that makes you upset or uncomfortable."

"I know," Derek replied, fixing his gaze on Stiles. "It's alright."

Stiles beamed, nuzzling along Derek's jaw in a move that usually helped calm his Dom. "I love you, sir."

"Love you too," Derek murmured. "Now, this is your show. What do you want to do first?"

Stiles tilted his head in thought, licking his lips. "And of course my mind goes blank," he laughed softly. "I don't mind staying in the main room with me on your lap or something like that, or even dancing. Though the first may be a bit more comfortable for you sir."

"Then let's go to the bar," Derek suggested. "We can get some soda or something, and you can watch everyone."

Stiles smiled, nodding and slipping his hand in Derek's. "Mmm, I hope they have root beer." He grinned, his eyes crinkling behind his mask.

"They should," Derek said, shrugging. He led Stiles to the bar, an arm around his waist, and found a free stool in the corner.

Stiles smiled, tilting his head back to kiss Derek's chin.

One of the bartenders looked towards them and asked, "What can I get you boys?"

"Root beer and a coke, if you can," Derek replied.
The bartender smiled. "Sure," he said easily. "Is your boy talking tonight, or just you?"

Stiles just beamed, giving the bartender a bright smile before turning to nuzzle against Derek, murmuring softly. "Either way is fine, sir." He kept his voice low and between them, fingers petting at Derek's arm.

Derek considered it for a second, then answered, "Just me." It was another shield between Stiles and strangers, and Derek wanted that.

Stiles hummed, wiggling closer to Derek, almost in his lap. He smiled as their drinks were set in front of them, looking up at Derek in question.

"What is it, chiquito?" Derek murmured.

"I love you," Stiles murmured softly. "Do you want to sit here, or move to a couch? Up to you." He smiled, holding his soda close and leaning his head on Derek's shoulder.

Derek figured the fact that Stiles had even mentioned it meant he'd been eyeing the couches, so he put a twenty on the bar to pay for their drinks and stood.

Stiles flushed, realizing he may have been found out. "I'm serious, sir," he murmured. "I just want to be with you." He slipped close, kissing Derek's cheek. "I just like your lap better than a stool."

"It's fine, chiquito," Derek promised him. "I don't mind."

Stiles smiled softly, following Derek over to an empty couch, promptly straddling Derek's lap and tucking himself close. "I like sitting like this," he happily admitted, nuzzling Derek's jaw. "I feel safe. If I need to move, just let me know?"

"I will," Derek said quietly, rubbing Stiles' bare back with his free hand. "It's fine."

Stiles leaned into the touch, smiling. "Promise?" he murmured, setting his already empty can down before wrapping his arms around Derek's neck.

"I promise," Derek agreed, leaning in for a kiss, awkward around the masks, but still lovely.

Stiles purred softly, his lips curling into a smile. He let one hand move to cup Derek's jaw, scratching lightly at the stubble.

Derek mirrored the gesture, but rested his hand on the back of Stiles' neck, his pinky finger touching Stiles' collar, his thumb stroking the infinity mark near Stiles' jaw.

Stiles shivered, his mouth parting in a soft moan, the hold on his neck, as well as the strokes to his sub marking making him all but melt.

"There you go, chiquito," Derek murmured. "Relax for me."

"Yessir," Stiles replied, rocking forward to press as close as he could, his head tilting back to give Derek more room.

Derek reached out to carefully put his drink down. It looked like he wasn't going to finish it. "Good boy," he told Stiles. "Well done."

Stiles let out a soft sound, the noise around them dimming slightly as he focused on Derek, relaxing
completely. "Wanna be good." He licked his lips, sucking on the bottom one.

Derek leaned in, offering a kiss.

Stiles licked his lips, leaning forward to kiss Derek, letting out another soft moan, sucking on Derek’s lower lip.

For Derek, it was as if there was no one else in the world, just the two of them, kissing.

Stiles sank down just a bit, the thumb still stroking his mark slipping him deeper. He shivered as soft voices drifted through his mind, just general chatter really, but enough to realize that they weren't alone. He moaned softly, rocking forward without thinking and leaning into the kiss.

~Oh, look at those two!~

~Gorgeous~

~Aw, Man, red bracelets~

Derek stroked down Stiles' back until his hand was cupping Stiles' ass, urging him closer.

Stiles whined high in his throat, rocking his hips closer, shivering. His hands went behind him to grasp at Derek's thighs for a moment, not sure where to put his hands and not really caring, the almost gossiping whispers around them making him shudder, his nipples pebbling as the kiss grew harder.

~Damn, he's pretty~

~Such a good boy for his Dom, look at him, he's good~

Derek broke the kiss, but kept his hold on Stiles, tucking Stiles' face into his neck and ignoring the slight discomfort of the mask against his skin. "I've got you, chiquito," he breathed in Stiles' ear. "That's my good boy."

Stiles whined, latching his mouth onto Derek's neck, sucking in time with his rocking hips, the words in his ear making him shiver and rock harder.

"Come on, love," Derek murmured, tucking Stiles as close as he could. "Come on, chiquito, my good boy."

Stiles whined, his knees pressing into the back of the couch, rocking back and forth between Derek's crotch and the hand he had on Stiles' ass. He slid a hand clumsily into Derek's hair, the other wrapping around Derek's neck. He whined softly, shuddering and sinking, his movements turned almost lazy, even as his stomach clenched in arousal.

~No, I don't want to go to the dance floor, I wanna see what happens with these two~

~Shit that's hot~

"Can you come for me, love?" Derek asked, doing his best to suppress his own arousal. He wasn't going to let strangers see him orgasm. But Stiles was clearly loving this. "I know you can do it, chiquito, you're such a good boy, come on now."

Stiles whined high in his throat, his hips grinding hard. He was close, so close. Whimpering he
sucked at Derek's neck desperately, the mixture of his Dom's hand on his ass pulling him close, and the thumb on his marking finally pushing him over the edge as he came with a cry, his back bowing as he slipped completely under, the whispering growing louder in his ears.

~~So cute~~

~~Wow, that was amazing~~

~~Damn those red bracelets~~

"Good boy," Derek praised immediately. "Well done, chiquito, such a good boy for me."

Stiles purred, still suckling lightly at Derek's neck, eyes glassy and pupils blown as he pressed close, wiggling a bit. He didn't say anything, content to float.

"That's it, love, you just relax," Derek murmured. "You can stay there as long as you want to."

Stiles let out a happy noise, his fingers rubbing Derek's hair between his fingers, only vaguely realizing that someone had walked up to sit on the couch just opposite.

The woman smiled, crossing her legs and watching them for a moment before speaking. "You have a very lovely boy there. It's been a while since I've seen one slip under so quickly."

Derek stiffened slightly, then closed his eyes and reminded himself that Stiles had wanted to be admired, and that came with comments. "Thank you," he said awkwardly.

Stiles murmured softly against Derek's neck, feeling the stiffness and hugging him as much as he could.

She blinked, giving Derek a small smile. "Sorry if I made you uncomfortable. That wasn't my intention. You must be very proud of him though."

The apology helped, and the hug. "We're new to this," Derek explained. "And it's more his thing than mine."

"Ah, that explains it." She let her smile widen. "I think it's nice that you're willing to try though, a lot of Doms wouldn't be so open to trying." She watched as Stiles shifted around on Derek's lap. "How long has he been yours?"

"Nine months," Derek replied, rubbing Stiles' back soothingly. "We're still finding out what we like."

She smiled, watching them interact. "There's a lot of trust there, I can tell." She reached up, straightening her own black and silver mask before standing. "Sorry for startling you," she murmured, that small smile still on her face. "I'll leave you be now, I just wanted you to know that there are quite a few people in this room that find you both very lucky to have the other."

"It's - ah - thank you," Derek murmured. "I appreciate the...courtesy."

The woman gave him another smile. "Just relax. The bouncers protect everyone, no matter what that waiver says." She gave them a tiny bow before moving off.

Stiles hummed, nipping at Derek's neck before pulling back to murmur. "Sir." He wasn't completely up, but he sensed that Derek was still a little uncomfortable.
"Hey, chiquito," Derek said softly. "How're you feeling?"

"Floaty. Warm and safe," Stiles murmured. "You 'kay?"

"I'm fine, love," Derek promised. "Everything's fine. You were so good for me."

"'omise?" Stiles slurred, nuzzling along Derek’s jaw and the dark mark he had made on Derek's neck.

"You were so, so good," Derek reassured him. "I'm so proud of you, chiquito. My good boy."

Stiles made a happy sound, his lips curling into a lazy smile. "Love you," he murmured. "What tim'sit?"

"Love you too, chiquito," Derek replied softly. "I'd guess it's about eleven?"

"M'kay," Stiles smiled, his hand going up to clumsily pet at Derek's face. "Time home?" he asked softly. "Or wanna stay?"

Derek shrugged. "Do you want to stay and be admired some more?" he asked. "Everyone thinks you're very lovely."

Stiles hummed, his thought processes still slow. "No sir. Wanna go home with you." He curled his mouth into a smile, leaning up to whisper in Derek's ear. "Wanna make you come too. Wanna see. Wanna suck your cock on the way home. But driving important." He murmured the last to himself, pressing closer.

Derek shivered. "Very good, chiquito," he praised, his voice deep and hoarse. "Let's go home."

Stiles smiled up at him dazedly, the tone of his voice only making him lick his lips. "Home."

"Come on now, love, up you get," Derek murmured. "I can't get up until you do."

Stiles huffed, pouting softly, even as he nodded and wiggled off of Derek's lap, standing carefully. He blinked, looking around before his eyes locked back onto Derek.

Derek stood too, trying to ignore both the wet patch and the hard bulge in his pants. "Ready to go, chiquito?" he asked.

Stiles nodded, pressing close and breathing deeply. "Yes sir," he murmured, giving him a small smile and gently tugging on his hand.

Derek wrapped his arm around Stiles' waist, keeping him close as he led him to the door. "You were so good tonight," he praised as they walked. "I'm so proud of you."

Stiles soaked up the praise, his lips curled into a bright smile. "Thank you," he whispered. "For trying with me."

"You're so welcome, love," Derek murmured. "I love making you happy." He looked up as they reached the entrance, guiding Stiles around the crowd there, leading him into the cool night air.

Stiles shivered a bit, pressing closer. "I didn't make you uncomfortable?"

Derek hugged Stiles closer. "Not far to the car, chiquito," he promised. "And no, you were perfect."
Stiles nodded, taking deep breaths to steady himself, smiling brightly as the camaro came into view. Derek helped Stiles in, then came round to his own side and started up the car as quick as he could so he could get the heat on.

Stiles licked his lips, grinning and giggling at his own thoughts. "You always seem so intrigued at the image of me sucking you off in the car," he commented.

"Oh my god, Stiles," Derek said. "Not here - do you want your dad's deputies to find us?"

Stiles laughed, grinning. "No sir." He shook his head. "I just noticed how your voice goes whenever I mention it."

"You're pleased with yourself, aren't you?" Derek commented, shaking his head as he got the car going. "You're smiling like the cat that got the cream."

"I like how your voice goes all husky and rough when I mention that I want to suck your cock in your car," Stiles teased, his nose crinkling with his grin.

"Oh really?" Derek murmured. "Is that so?"

"Mmhmm," Stiles hummed, his eyes locked on Derek. "Makes me want it all the more."

Derek leaned in, capturing Stiles' mouth in a searing kiss.

Stiles smiled into the kiss, his eyes fluttering closed as he enjoyed it.

Derek put everything he had into the kiss, everything he'd been unwilling to express in the club, every bit of desire and love and want.

Stiles let out a soft whine, his breathing shuttered, lips curling into a wider smile, eyes crinkling mischievously. "So," he panted, pulling away just enough to speak, "that wasn't a no."

"That was an 'I love you','" Derek countered.

"I love you too," Stiles beamed, nipping at Derek's lower lip. "Forever."

"Let's go home," Derek murmured. "I can reward you for being so good tonight when we get there."

Stiles' eyes lit up, grinning widely. "Still not a no, sir," he teased, kissing Derek again before buckling up, stretching happily.

"It is for now, and that's all you need to know," Derek said, his eyes tracing the shift and stretch of Stiles' muscles.

Stiles pouted, even as he nodded. "Yes sir." He licked lips, wiggling in place.

Derek took his mask off - it was awful for his peripheral vision. "You can take yours off too, if you want," he offered.

Stiles smiled, slowly slipping it off. "I like it," he murmured, tracing the edges of the mask. "Because you made it for me."

"I'll make us better ones," Derek promised. "More comfortable."
Stiles beamed at him, sprawling across the seat as much as he could, flailing a bit until he got comfortable.

Derek laughed as he started the car. "Ah, my ever-graceful sub," he teased.

"All yours," Stiles chirped, grinning up at Derek from where his head ended up near Derek's leg.

"Stiles, sit up and get your seatbelt on," Derek told him.

"Seatbelt is on." Stiles tugged at the belt to show him, even as he dragged himself up. "Yes sir." He gave Derek a small smile.

"It won't do any good if you're not sitting up," Derek reminded him, smiling back briefly.

"I was comfy." Stiles grinned, adjusting the belt before settling back. "Ready to go home sir," he murmured, reaching out to kiss Derek's shoulder.

"Good boy," Derek praised, leaning into the kiss. "We'll be there soon."

-----

"Did you enjoy yourself?" Derek asked, when they were finally in bed together.

Stiles stretched, scooting closer and nodding. "I did," he murmured. "I forgot exactly how much you playing with my marking turned me on." He laughed a little, nipping and kissing along Derek's jaw. "Did you?"

"I don't really think about it much," Derek replied. "It seems unfair that I can just do this - " he pressed his thumb on Stiles' mark " - and you do that."

Stiles let out a startled moan, his cheeks flushing. "H-how's that unfair?" he asked, licking his lips.

"You don't exactly have a defense," Derek pointed out. "Or an equivalent."

"Hmm?" Stiles furrowed his brow in thought. "I don't normally let people near my neck," he pointed out. "And besides, when it's not you, it's not as strong." To show Derek what he meant, he reached up, stroking his own mark, only shivering a bit, licking his lips. "And what do you mean an equivalent?"

"I meant, I can affect you that way, but there's nothing you can do to me that's the same," Derek explained. "And I meant defense against me doing it, not other people."

"Oh." Stiles grinned wider. "You may have a spot like that, we just haven't found it," he laughed. "And I don't want to defend it against you, mi amo." He leaned forward, kissing Derek's cheek.

Derek's eyes darkened. "Now I want to find out how much I can do to you just by playing with the mark."

Stiles licked his lips, his own eyes darkening a bit as well. "Like what?" he wondered, already tilting his head to the side and back a bit to bare it.

"I already know I can make you moan," Derek murmured. "Can I make you hard? Can I make you come?"

Stiles licked his lips, chewing on his lower lip. "Probably," he hummed, just the thought causing his stomach to tighten.
"We'll try it some time," Derek promised.

Stiles grinned, leaning forward and capturing Derek's lips in a hungry kiss, pulling back to pant softly. "Now who's the tease," he laughed brightly, nuzzling close. "I love you, sir."

"I love you, Stiles," Derek murmured in reply. "And that wasn't a tease, that was a plan."

"I love you too," Stiles replied. "And I know that." He kissed along Derek's jaw. "The thought makes me warm."

"A lot of things make you warm," Derek commented. "You're a warm guy, apparently."

"You make me warm," Stiles grinned. "And by warm I usually also mean turned on."

Derek raised his eyebrows. "I never would have guessed," he teased.

Stiles stuck his tongue out at his Derek, huffing playfully.

"Shh, love," Derek murmured, yawning. "It's late. We should sleep."

Stiles gave Derek a soft smile, curling closer, his lips against Derek's throat. "I love you," he breathed. "Mi amo."

"Mi amor," Derek murmured, settling in and tucking the covers closer around them.

Stiles let out a soft, almost squeaky sigh as he settled in, quickly falling to sleep, his hand on Derek's heart.

Chapter End Notes

Hope you guys enjoyed! Thank you to the lovely Chicktar for betaing, and to those of you who've offered Kattseye your support with her dental issues - it really is appreciated.

(Even though now I found another cavity. FML I BRUSH MY TEETH I SWEAR - Kattseye)

We look forward, as always, to your lovely comments. (Also, I'm curious - what would you like to see from these guys in the future?)
Double Date

Chapter Summary

Stiles let out a happy shout on the other side of the ring, racing over to the watching area and almost vaulting over the side he'd come up to it so fast. He panted, eyes bright and cheeks pink. "Isaac! Scotty!" He beamed, turning to Derek. "Sir, you staying here or you going to skate?"

"I don't want to slow you down," Derek demurred. Unlike Stiles, he was an awkward skater.

"How about I keep Stiles company and you skate with Scott?" Isaac suggested shyly. "He doesn't like to go too fast on the ice."

-----

On one of Scott's trips back to Beacon Hills, he, Isaac, Stiles, and Derek all go to the rink together.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Stiles was bouncing in place, peering behind him where Derek was and grinning. "Are they here yeeeet?" he whined playfully, even as he leaned back for a kiss, his head tilted back. They were waiting for Scott and Isaac to get there, and Stiles was impatient to get on the ice, his skates already on his feet but the guards keeping the blades from cutting the carpet of the watch area.

"Stiles," Derek said, exasperated. "Go skate a few laps. They'll get here when they get here."

Stiles pouted. "Sorry sir," he murmured, leaning in and kissing Derek's cheek before grinning at him and hurrying to the door of the rink, leaving his guards with Derek as he stepped out onto the ice.

Derek shook his head, watching as Stiles raced around the rink, glad they'd gotten there early enough that there wasn't much of a crowd yet. Stiles needed to burn off some energy.

Stiles grinned, spinning and racing, somehow more graceful on the ice than he ever was on dry land.

"Wow. I always forget how fast he is," Scott laughed as he and Isaac stepped close to Derek, his arm wrapped around Isaac's waist.

"He got impatient waiting for you," Derek explained. "Want to go get your hire skates?"

Scott nodded and led Isaac up to the counter, quickly gathering the skates and kissing Isaac's forehead before heading back to the watching area to sit on the bench. "There you go, sweetheart," he murmured, ruffling Isaac's curls.

Stiles let out a happy shout on the other side of the ring, racing over to the watching area and almost vaulting over the side he'd come up to it so fast. He panted, eyes bright and cheeks pink. "Isaac! Scotty!" He beamed, turning to Derek. "Sir, you staying here or you going to skate?"
"I don't want to slow you down," Derek demurred. Unlike Stiles, he was an awkward skater.

"How about I keep Stiles company and you skate with Scott?" Isaac suggested shyly. "He doesn't like to go too fast on the ice."

Scott laughed brightly. "Good idea, Isaac," he praised, running his hand through Isaac's hair. "Stiles was always dragging me around."

Stiles smiled softly, reaching out to pull Derek into a kiss. "It's okay, Sir. You'll never slow me down," he promised.

"Go on with you then," Derek encouraged him. "We'll be on the ice soon." He began to put on his own skates, putting his boots by the little pile of Stiles' stuff he'd decided not to bring onto the rink.

"Thanks, sir," Isaac murmured, smiling.

"Go on then, sweetheart," Scott encouraged, unable to keep from pressing another kiss to his hair.

Stiles grinned, looking over to Isaac. "Come on, Izz! I have things to tell you," he whispered loudly, cutting his eyes to Derek.

Derek rolled his eyes. "Remember what I told you about my privacy," he warned, but smiled in permission.

Isaac looked back at Scott, but he couldn't help his curiosity, and he quickly joined Stiles on the rink.

Stiles giggled, nodding. "Yes sir!" he sang, grabbing Isaac's hand and starting to skate, laughing softly. "Guess what?" he whispered, his eyes lighting up as they reached the middle of the rink, grinning widely.

"What?" Isaac asked, still finding his balance.

~

Scott raised an eyebrow at Derek. "What was that about?"

Derek smiled despite himself. "Stiles likes to gossip with Isaac about what subbing for me is like," he explained.

"Why's that?" Scott laughed, pulling on his skates, keeping an eye on Isaac.

Derek shrugged. "Stiles likes to talk about things. And I think he feels like it helps Isaac, too."

Scott hummed. "That explains some of Isaac's questions lately. They might be stuff you've done to Stiles and the information was shared."

~

Stiles giggled. "Sir fucked my brains out! It was a totally different space than usual."

"What?" Isaac asked, raising his eyebrows. "You're kidding!"
"No!" Stiles laughed brightly, his eyes sparkling. "It was amazing!"

"What did he do?" Isaac asked in a hushed voice.

"Can't say that part," Stiles mourned softly. "I promised Sir. But he did say I could tell you how I felt and things, he's just very private about some stuff, and that's okay." He leaned forward. "But it was amazing. Something we've never done. And dunno if it'll happen again but that space was awesome. Wasn't really floaty, more like...my brain couldn't focus. Not really slow, just scattered, blank."

"That sounds amazing," Isaac murmured, awed.

"Oh, it so was." Stiles grinned, starting to skate backwards in front of Isaac. "I couldn't even string two words together without frustration. And you know how much my brain doesn't shut up easily."

"What's he been asking about?" Derek said curiously.

"Last thing he asked about was sensory deprivation?" Scott remembered. "I dunno if it's a good idea with the freezer background, but he wanted to see. Told him it was a maybe and that even if it did happen I wouldn't be tying him down at all. He doesn't need to feel trapped."

Derek considered it. "I definitely understand the caution. One thing to keep in mind about sensory deprivation, though, is that it makes them more sensitive to touch and so on. Which I think is why Stiles likes it."

Scott hummed in thought. "That may be why he wants to try it. He's responsive as it is, but I think hearing things like that from Stiles is opening up what he is curious about. Kind of like seeing that it's okay to like things, so he's not so afraid to ask?" He ran a hand through his hair. "It won't take me much longer on that test," he continued in a quiet voice. "Probably have it right around New Year's or just a couple of weeks afterwards. Thank fuck the first year of school is mostly basics. I want to surprise Isaac with my certification. Either for New Year's or as a Valentine's present. Any ideas?"

"I can't wait until Scott and I can do stuff like that," Isaac confessed, getting moving again.

"It shouldn't be too much longer, right? And technically you two can scene, you just have to be supervised... Then again, I don't see much of that happening." Stiles laughed softly, patting Isaac’s arm. "Come on, tell me some things you want to try."

Isaac blushed hard. "Spanking," he whispered. "Well, not try, so much as do..."

"Do? Oooo, do tell." Stiles giggled at his own joke, chewing on his lip. "Like little swats or actual spankings?"

Isaac blushed even harder, if that were possible. "Actual spankings. Um. Pretty hard." He rubbed the back of his neck. "It was actually meant as a punishment? But it, uh. Didn't work."
"I don't think he'll care about the date," Derek pointed out. "He just wants as much as he can get of you, as soon as he can."

"True. Might mean more to just surprise him the day I get it," Scott said, smiling softly. "He wants so badly to not be far from me."

"The Wednesday visits were a good idea," Derek reassured him. "He's been doing better since you started that up."

Scott frowned, a bit of guilt still nibbling at him. "I should have known," he murmured, the memory of how sick Isaac had been making his stomach churn.

"Hey," Derek said quietly. "It's okay. Doms make mistakes too."

"Hmmm. You like a bit of pain then?" Stiles wondered, tapping his chin with a finger as he thought.

"I didn't think I would," Isaac muttered. "But I really, really did."

"Did it put you under?" Stiles couldn't help but ask, being nosy. "What else are you wanting to try?"

"A little bit?" Isaac guessed. "Sometimes I can't tell how much is me being subby and how much is me being horny as fuck."

"Yeah, sometimes you'll just feel good ole fashioned hornier than a rabbit." Stiles grinned. "I get like that too, it's actually rather amusing because it's usually when my questions throw Sir for a loop."

"Now I know how you felt that one time with Stiles." Scott shook it off, taking a deep breath. "It hurt, seeing him that sick."

"Sorry we didn't catch it," Derek said quietly. "Stiles and I were probably the best placed to do so, and we didn't."

"S'not your fault." Scott shook his head. "He was hiding it, and hiding from you two, most likely. It's okay now, he's better, and we have a system in place in case it starts happening again." He smiled softly. "I'm trying to get this certificate as fast as possible. Laura's actually surprised I'm doing so well so quickly. But I have a reason to do this. I learn quickly when needed."

"You should talk to Janet, and maybe Morrell, about the paperwork you'll need to do to transfer Isaac to you once you're certified," Derek suggested. It wasn't going to be instantaneous, but they could make it faster. "And keep in mind there's a delay between the test and getting the actual certificate."

"Yeah, that's why I'm not going to tell him when I take the test, only when I have the certificate in my hot little hands," Scott smiled. "I've already talked to Morrell and Janet both, and I think they were going to try and expedite the paperwork so that as soon as I have a positive on my test, they'll get it taken care of so by the time I have the certificate, I'll also have Isaac."
Isaac laughed. "He seems pretty unflappable usually," he commented.

"Yeah, but you mention wanting to suck him off in the car..." Stiles laughed, his eyes crinkling.

"You didn't," Isaac said, grinning. "Seriously?"

"I want to!" Stiles laughed. "But every time I say it, Sir deflects. Though he never technically says no." He hummed, eyes sparkling. "If you could do one thing with Scott now that you can't normally do until he has that certificate, what would it be? You know I'm nosy."

Isaac groaned. "Basically any combination of scene and sex? Probably sex with my hands tied above my head, I'm almost sure that's going to be fantastic."

"I can let you know that at least with me, it is," Stiles grinned. "Or even if Sir just pins my hands down." He shivered, smiling to himself.

~

Derek raised his eyebrows. "You seem pretty organized," he remarked. "Don't tell me you already have a collar, too."

Scott flushed, shifting his eyes away. "I don't have it, but I know the one I want to get. I'm just waiting really," he admitted.

Derek looked out at Isaac and Stiles on the ice together, winding their way through the crowds. "You want my advice on a collar?" he asked.

Scott tilted his head, nodding. "I'll take any advice I can get," he admitted. "I'm still a bit out of my depth, but I'll be damned if I don't give Isaac the life he deserves."

"Cut down your favourite belt," Derek said simply, "as long as it's not too wide. It's cheap, but it's going to mean more than a store-bought collar, because it's so unambiguously yours."

"I can do that," Scott nodded. "I don't wear belts anymore, because of the obvious connotations, but I can take one and cut it down, maybe get some suede or something to line it with..." He licked across his lower lip, eyes unfocusing as he thought. He could have the inside stamped with what he wanted too, something so Isaac would always know he was his good boy.

~

Isaac watched Stiles enviously. "God, I am so sick of waiting," he complained. "I just want to be Scott's already."

"It'll happen soon," Stiles soothed, rubbing his friend's back. "I know he's working as hard and as fast as he can, he wants you to be with him too." He kept his voice soothing, seeing the small pout on Isaac's face. "Bet you he'll have it by the end of February," he sang, grinning and holding out his hand.

"End of February?" Isaac said. "Stiles, it's only the beginning of October! That's five months."
"I was giving leeway," Stiles laughed. "I bet you he has it before New Year's. He's fighting tooth and nail."

Isaac hugged himself, hunching over. "I hate waiting," he muttered.

Stiles let out a small sound, pulling Isaac into a hug. "I know, Izz," he murmured, holding him tight. "It'll be okay."

--

Derek smiled. "Laura's covered leather care with you, hasn't she?" he checked. "She actually has a fairly extensive kit at home, so I suggest you get her involved."

"That's something she said she was going to keep until close to when I take my test, but I'll bring it up, get her to help me get the collar ready."

Scott smiled. "Even if it's just explaining what to do. I want to see Isaac the day I get my certificate and be able to collar him right then and there. God, I'm so sick of waiting." He tugged at a strand of hair. "I want him now, Derek."

"Hey." Derek wrapped an arm around Scott's shoulders. "Look at him out there. That's your boy. No matter what the paperwork says."

Scott leaned into the other Dom, taking a deep breath and looking out to where his pouting sub was. "Yes, he's mine," he murmured. "I just want to finish claiming him. I want him, Derek."

"Well what are we sitting on the sidelines for?" Derek pointed out. "They've had their gossip time, we can join them."

Scott nodded, his eyes still on Isaac. "Something's wrong," he murmured, tugging lightly on Derek's arm and heading straight for the subs.

"What's wrong?" Scott asked softly as he approached, his hand going to Isaac's back.

Isaac shrugged unconvincingly. "I just hate waiting," he said quietly. "It's fine."

Stiles gave Scott a small smile, mouthing at him 'certificate'.

Scott hadn't needed Stiles' explanation though, gently drawing Isaac into his arms. "Soon, sweetheart," he said, his voice low as he pressed his face to Isaac's hair, kissing his head. "I promise." He didn't tell him that his testing day was a few days before Christmas. Didn't tell Isaac that if he passed he would have the certificate by New Year's. He didn't want to get Isaac's hopes up, just in case. He'd take that test, and he'd ace it. He wouldn't let Isaac go any longer than he had to without him.

"Are you guys okay?" someone asked from nearby. Isaac looked up and recognized Erica's boyfriend - he'd come over to Janet and Simon's for dinner once or twice.

"Hi Boyd," Isaac said quietly. "We're alright. Are we in the way of anyone?" Not that he thought they were - it was a public skate.

"Course not," Erica grinned, skidding to a stop next to her boyfriend. "This place is actually almost empty. Which is kinda odd, honestly... Batman!" She slid over, hugging Stiles after gently patting
Isaac's shoulder.

Stiles laughed, hugging her back and letting out a screech when she spun in a circle.

Scott smiled at Boyd, shaking his hand, his other hand slipping into Isaac's curls, petting and scratching lightly. "Mine," he murmured softly into his hair.

Isaac leaned into Scott's touch, melting a little. "My Dom," he murmured.

Derek finally caught up to them all, having taken the long way round, and nodded at Boyd, waiting for Erica to let go of Stiles. "I thought you only worked weekdays," he commented.

Boyd shrugged. "Can't skate with Erica when I'm working," he pointed out.

Stiles laughed, kissing Erica's cheek before tucking himself under Derek's arm.

"Not to mention I can ride the Zamboni anytime with him." Erica grinned, eyes sparkling with mischief.

Boyd gave Erica a fond look, rolling his eyes.

Scott smiled. "You know it." He kept his fingers in his sub's hair, kissing his forehead.

Isaac smiled gratefully at Scott. "Thanks, sir. Do you want to skate together?"

Scott smiled, kissing Isaac softly. "Of course, sweetheart," he murmured.

Stiles smiled up at Derek. "Why'd you not want to skate with me? I don't mean to go so fast."

"You have fun going fast," Derek explained. "It would be pretty tedious for you to have to baby me around the - "

Suddenly, Erica looked up sharply. "Boyd," she snapped.

"Got it." Boyd dug his toe pick into the ice and carefully picked her up, skating away with her as quickly as possible.

Scott blinked, watching them for a moment before remembering and letting out a small sound of understanding. "Seizure," he murmured to the others, turning back to Isaac and kissing him softly, trying to get him to feel better from earlier.

Stiles turned back to Derek, smiling softly. "I like going fast, true, but I also like being with you more."

"Okay," Derek said, still distracted by Boyd and Erica's swift departure. "Is she going to be okay?"
he wondered.

Stiles nodded. "From what I remember, she and Boyd have worked out a warning system, they've left to find her somewhere safe before it hits."

~

Scott gently led Isaac into a slow pace, keeping his arm around his sub. "What's wrong, sweetheart?"

"I just..." Isaac sighed. "I'm just impatient, sir, that's all."

"If it helps you any," Scott offered, "I am too. I want you to be completely mine so badly it hurts. That's why I'm pushing so hard."

Isaac gave Scott a small smile, rubbing at his face with one hand. "I know you are, sir, it just...hits me harder sometimes than others."

~

"It's not fair on her," Derek murmured. "I wish I could fix it."

"I do too," Stiles sighed. "She doesn't deserve that at all."

"No one does," Derek replied. "At least she's got Boyd supporting her."

Stiles nodded, grinning and tugging lightly on Derek's hand. "I can support you too, Sir. So you don't fall," he teased lightly.

"God, I hate getting moving once I've stopped," Derek muttered, steeling himself.

~

"What were you and Stiles talking about?" Scott asked curiously. "If you don't mind telling me."

Isaac flushed darkly. "Honestly? Scenes and sex."

Scott raised his eyebrows. "So Derek was right then."

Isaac flushed darker. "What did Derek say?"

"That you and Stiles like to gossip," Scott teased.

~

Stiles giggled, holding out his other hand to take Derek's. "Come on sir, I've got ya."

Carefully, Derek dug his toe pick in and pushed off, just managing to get it out of the ice in time not to trip him.
Stiles beamed. "There you go." He started skating at a slow pace, keeping his movements smooth so they were easier to follow.

Derek followed haltingly, admiring Stiles' grace. "It isn't fair that you go backwards better than I go forwards," he complained gently.

"Think of it this way, sir." Stiles mused, amusement on his face. "I'm better than you at this, but you're better at regular walking than I am."


Stiles beamed, loving making Derek laugh. "At least we walk more than skate," he teased.

~

Isaac just groaned, thunking his head on Scott's arm. "Yeah, sir, we do," he huffed, seeing the humor in it.

"Hey, I'm glad you're friends with Stiles," Scott reassured him. "He's my best friend - it would suck if you didn't like him."

"You don't mind that we gossip like that?" he wondered, chewing on his lower lip.

"Why would I?" Scott asked.

Isaac shrugged. "I should have asked first?"

"It's just gossip," Scott said easily. "And it's Stiles. It's not like you're spilling my greatest secrets."

"You have secrets?" Isaac grinned, twisting on his skates to skate backwards, smiling widely at Scott. "Can I know? Oh great sir."

"How come everyone can skate backwards all of a sudden?" Scott asked, exasperated. "And no, you can't, they're surprises for you, keeping them secret is the whole point."

"I like skating." Isaac said simply, smiling. "It's not hard, promise." He pouted softly, though his eyes lit up. "Surprises?"

"Yes," Scott confirmed. "And that's all I'm telling you. You'll have to wait and see for the rest."

Isaac puffed out his cheeks, pouting. "Yes sir." He gave Scott a tiny smile, slipping his fingers up the sleeves of Scott's shirt.

Scott shivered. "Your hands are cold!" he exclaimed. Isaac was still skinny enough that he got cold easily.

"I'm trying to steal your warmth," Isaac laughed, grinning. "Come on, sir," he tugged gently toward the edge of the rink. "Can we get hot cocoa from the snack bar?"

"Good plan," Scott agreed. "My treat." He rubbed Isaac's hands between his own as they stepped off the ice, trying to warm them up.

Isaac smiled, kissing Scott's cheek. "Thank you, sir," he murmured, pressing close, trying not to trip.
They clumped over to the snack bar, which was in its own heated room off in one corner - it was astonishingly warm after being on the ice. "Just hot cocoa?" Scott checked as they queued.

"Do they have nachos?" Isaac asked, peering up at the menu, chewing on his thumb.

"If we get nachos without Stiles, he'll stab me with his skates," Scott warned.

"He can get his own, or I'll share," Isaac laughed. "I'll protect you!"

"You laugh now..." Scott said ominously.

"I'll protect you," Isaac promised, smiling brightly and kissing Scott’s cheek.

Scott smiled at him, and when they got to the head of the queue, he ordered nachos as well as their hot cocaes. "Not the most glamorous date ever," he admitted as they waited for their food.

"Still a good one to me," Isaac smiled, leaning against Scott and letting out a soft sigh. "You're here, so..."

"I'm sorry we have to be apart," Scott murmured, wrapping his arm around Isaac's waist. "And, by the way, I'm so proud of how well you've been doing since we set up the new rules."

Isaac beamed, soaking up the praise. "It's hard," he admitted.

"I know," Scott said. "And it makes me even prouder." They collected their food and found a table in the corner, making sure it was big enough for four. "It seems like this week wasn't too bad, though?"

Isaac curled up next to him, reaching out for a nacho. "Not too bad, no, and tonight is helping too," he smiled softly.

"Good," Scott said, kissing Isaac's cheek. "I like it when you're happy."

"You make me happy a lot," Isaac murmured, leaning into the kiss.

"Good," Scott said firmly.

Isaac smiled softly, shoving a nacho in his mouth as he spied Stiles dragging Derek over.

Stiles gasped, his eyes widening. "Nachos!!"

Scott sighed. "Here we go," he muttered.

"Stiles, what's the point in bringing me over to the table if we're clearly just about to go queue for food?" Derek pointed out as they came over.

Isaac laughed softly, kissing Scott's jaw.

"Because it's tradition that I steal a nacho from Scott," Stiles grinned.

"Tradition?" Scott sputtered. "As if, dude. You're just an asshole who likes to mooch."

"Tradition!" Stiles laughed, stealing a nacho and shoving it into his mouth.
Isaac busted into laughter, his eyes crinkling.

"And you!" Scott rounded on Isaac dramatically, one hand on his heart. "You swore you would defend me! Betrayer!"

"You weren't stabbed with a skate, were you?" Isaac laughed, hugging Scott close.

"It's no use, Isaac," Scott said despondently. "Words cannot defend you. You have tarnished the purity of my love."

"I'll just go and get more nachos, shall I?" Derek said dryly.

Isaac giggled, hiding his laughter in Scott's shoulder. "No, not the love!" He tugged on Scott, almost sending them backwards.

Stiles beamed up at Derek. "I'll come with you!" He cuddled up to Derek's side, kissing his jaw.

Scott gasped. "And now he throws me to the ground!" he exclaimed. "Alas, I am crushed by his cruelty!"

"Sure you don't want to stay and watch the sideshow act?" Derek checked.

Isaac screeched playfully, tackling Scott to the side.

Stiles giggled, but shook his head, smiling. "I want to be with you."

"Careful of your skates, guys," Derek warned.

Scott sighed. "Yeah, okay, good point. Let me up, Isaac. We don't want to accidentally stab someone for real."

"Kay," Isaac murmured, kissing Scott hard before standing him up.

Stiles laughed softly.

"Thanks, sweetie," Scott murmured, his eyes crinkling at the corners with his smile.

"Let's go get food," Derek told Stiles, tugging gently on his hand. "I'm guessing you want nachos?"

Isaac beamed, settling on his Dom's lap.

"Yes please," Stiles smiled. "And a hot dog?"

Derek shook his head fondly. "You," he said, "are a bottomless pit." But he dutifully made his way to the counter to make the order.

"You love it," Stiles grinned, twining their fingers together.

"I love you in all your facets," Derek agreed. "Doesn't mean I'm entirely fond of them all."


"Of course," Derek replied. "Why do you ask?"

"You seem a little upset is all." Stiles smiled, his hand slipping up to pet Derek's cheek.
"Do you mind," Derek asked quietly, "that I don't...play, and laugh, like the others?"

"You mean like Isaac and Scott do?" Stiles gave him a small smile. "It doesn't bother me, honestly. If I want to goof off and wrestle, they're here. And when they aren't, you're content to watch me roll around. Just because you aren't like them doesn't mean it's bad. It never even went on my radar to even think about wanting you like that. I love you just the way you are."

"You seem so happy with them," Derek said. Seeing Stiles smile and laugh like that...

"I am happy. They're my friends. But sir," Stiles leaned over to whisper, making sure to look him in the eye. "You make me happiest."

The smile that spread across Derek's face was soft and grateful. "I love you, querido," he murmured.

"I love you too," Stiles beamed, tracing his Dom's smile with his thumb. "You make me really happy," he murmured, nuzzling his cheek.

"You lovebirds going to order?" asked the girl at the counter.

Derek blushed, embarrassed, and stepped up to the counter. "Nachos, a hot dog, orange juice, and a hot chocolate, please."

Stiles giggled softly, petting Derek's cheek. "It's okay sir, it's not like we're in a line. We were at the end."

Derek paid and stepped off to one side to wait, leaving the counter free. "It's still not polite," he told Stiles.

"Sorry," Stiles apologized to Derek, and the girl behind the counter.

"You're fine," she reassured them. "Like your boyfriend said, it's not like anyone else was waiting."

Stiles beamed, pressing close to Derek, his hand wrapping around his drink. "Come on, sir, before Isaac is full melting status on Scott."

Derek glanced over at them. "Yeah, they need an intervention," he commented. "Here, you take the hot dog, I'll follow with your nachos and my hot chocolate in a minute when they're done."

"Yes sir." Stiles smiled, leaning up to kiss him firmly before laughing brightly and hurrying back to the table.

Isaac was straddling Scott's lap, his lips pressed to Scott's jaw as he smiled.

"I'm glad you're having a good day, sweetheart," Scott murmured. "I like seeing you happy."

"You make me happy," Isaac admitted. "You saved me, and you're my sir and..." he flushed, mouthing at Scott's jaw and neck, losing his train of thought from the taste of Scott's skin.

"I've got you," Scott promised, settling his hands on Isaac's back. "I'm here."

Isaac trailed the tip of his tongue up Scott's neck to his ear. "I feel you," he murmured. "I want-"

"Guuuuuuys, skating rink's not for sexytimes," Stiles laughed, plopping down across from them and making Isaac turn bright red, ducking his face down into Scott's neck.
Scott blushed hard, but he was used to being embarrassed by Stiles. "Dude, when Isaac and me are in the same room? That room's for sexytimes." He didn't know if he'd pulled that off - he was kind of laughing a bit.

Isaac let out a small chuckle, nipping at Scott's neck before murmuring. "It'll be even more soon," he teased.

Stiles grinned, watching his friends for a moment. "So, how far have you gone?" he asked, filter completely gone.

Scott buried his face in Isaac's neck. "Oh my god, Stiles," he muttered.

Isaac squeaked, laughing and tilting his head to give Scott more room.

"What?" Stiles grinned, mischievously.

"We're in public!" Scott objected, his words muffled by Isaac's shirt.

Isaac giggled again, kissing Scott's neck.

Stiles grinned. "So? 'S'not like anyone can hear us."

Scott groaned. The snack bar may not have been crowded, but there were people there.

Derek walked up with the nachos and hot chocolate, raising his eyebrows at the scene he found. "Have you killed Scott?" he asked mildly.

"He's embarrassed," Isaac giggled, running a hand though Scott's hair.

Stiles just grinned, shoving almost half of his hot dog into his mouth, eyes sparkling.

"Well maybe you should stop embarrassing him," Derek suggested, sitting down. "Here." He moved one of Stiles' nachos to Scott's carton. "Payback."

Stiles huffed around his hot dog but didn't say anything, leaning against Derek's side.

Isaac just grinned, leaning down to whisper in his Dom's ear. "S'not like we were fucking right here, sir."

Scott swore. "That was just unfair, Isaac," he complained, raising his head to look at Derek appealingly. "How do you cope?"

Derek smirked, guessing what Isaac might have whispered. "I find a combination of ignoring it in public and indulging it at home works well."

Isaac giggled, wiggling a bit on Scott's lap.

Stiles snickered softly, licking his lips and murmuring quietly. "I have a goal...to suck you off in your car."

Derek sighed long-sufferingly. "Stiles..." he warned, exasperated.

Stiles gave him an innocent smile. "What? I do!"
Isaac tilted his head. "That sounds like fun," he whispered.

"You're an incorrigible tease, chiquito," Derek scolded gently, smiling to soften it.


Derek accepted the kiss, then turned his attention to stealing some of Stiles' nachos.

Stiles huffed, sticking his tongue out at Derek.

Isaac leaned forward, kissing Scott softly. "What time do you have to head back?"

"Six, six thirty?" Scott replied. "I'd rather not be driving in the dark."

Isaac nodded, shifting a bit and pressing closer. It wasn't that long then. "Not long until Thanksgiving break. And then Christmas," he breathed.

"That's right," Scott reassured him, hugging him around the shoulders. "And I have to be in town for Laura's wedding on Halloween, too."

Isaac perked up, smiling. "Where are you staying? With me? Or your mom? ...Not that I'd be somewhere other than wherever you end up," Isaac giggled.

"With Mom, probably," Scott replied. "Seeing as I'll be here for a wedding. I don't want to impose on Mr. S."

"You wouldn't be imposing," Isaac pouted. "But that's okay, I'll still be with you." He shoved another nacho into his mouth, grinning softly.

"Has Laura decided what she's making us wear yet?" Scott asked Derek.

"Last I heard, she was tossing up whether having one best man in a suit and one in a dress would look too strange for a Halloween wedding," Derek replied.

Stiles' eyes lit up, a grin stretching over his face. "Oh reaaaally now?"

Isaac stifled a laugh in Scott's shoulder.

"I guess I don't get it," Scott admitted. "I mean, not that I'd say anything to Laura, but...weddings aren't really meant to be funny you know? Or at least it seems that way to me."

"Do you really expect anything less from Laura though? This wedding so far sounds so perfectly...them honestly," Stiles shrugged. "Laura is a bit odd, but it works. And Jordan loves it."

Isaac snorted. "Shhh, I wanna see if she puts Derek in a dress."

Derek shook his head. "Stiles has dibs," he explained.

"Awwww, boo," Isaac sighed, though he did grin over at Stiles, eyes sparkling.

"You can help me decide on a color," Stiles teased his friend, crossing his eyes.

Laura wants her wedding to be happy more than she wants it to be serious. A day for smiling and laughter? That's a good thing."

Isaac's eyes shone with mischief. "Hot pink!"

Stiles giggled, his grin huge as he turned to Derek, looking at him critically with his head tilted to the side.

Scott frowned, thinking it over. "I guess," he said.

"Stiles?" Derek said quietly. "What are you thinking?"

"If hot pink is your color," Stiles beamed, mischief on his face as well as Isaac's. "I'm thinking more fire red."

"No! Emerald!" Isaac laughed. "It'll make his eyes stand out!"

"I didn't realize you'd been paying so much attention to Derek's eyes," Scott teased.

Isaac flushed, pouting at Scott and nipping his lip.

Stiles laughed, leaning into Derek's side.

Derek hugged Stiles around the shoulders. "This was a good idea," he murmured.

"I like being with you and them," Stiles murmured back. "And they needed it."

"It would be incredibly difficult, being away from you," Derek replied softly.

"I feel the same," Stiles nodded. "I didn't do too well that one time we had to, remember, and that was only a couple of days."

"I don't really want to stay and skate any more, do you?" Scott asked Isaac lowly. "If we've only got a few hours left, I can think of a better use for them."

Isaac's eyes darkened, the tone making him lick his lips. "Want to go home?" he breathed. "Sheriff's at work until eight."

"He won't mind if you're too worn out to cook, will he?" Scott replied, then looked across the table at the others. "We might head out."

Isaac shifted closer, the promise he heard in Scott's voice making him hungry. "It's pizza night tonight," he breathed.

Stiles blinked, looking between them before grinning and nodding. "Be safe." He stood, hugging them both at once before bouncing back toward the rink, spinning when he was half-way there, still somehow graceful while clunking in the skates. "Come on, Sir!"

Derek rolled his eyes, smiling. "No scening," he warned Scott as he stood to follow Stiles. "You don't want Isaac going into drop after you leave."

"I know," Scott said reluctantly. "No scenes."

"Don't have to have a scene to do things," Isaac hummed, grinning.
Stiles laughed softly, grabbing hold of Derek's hands and tugging lightly. "Have fun!" he called, smiling to himself.

"Oh, we will," Scott promised, laughing as he watched Stiles pull Derek back out to the main rink. "Won't we, sweetheart?" he murmured to Isaac.

Isaac shivered, grinning widely and nodding. "Come on," he breathed, rocking forward to tease him before sliding up off his lap, pulling his skates back on.

The air of the rink was shockingly cold on their skin when they emerged from the eating area, and Scott hurried for their things.

Isaac shivered, hurrying after his Dom and taking his shoes from him, kissing him before dropping down onto a bench, wanting the skates off, wanting out of this place, wanting to be home...alone...with his Dom...

Scott took off his skates, grateful they were hockey skates instead of ones with laces, and slipped on his shoes. "Here, I'll take them back to the skate hire," he offered.

"Thank you, sir," Isaac smiled, handing Scott his skates before standing and grabbing the backpack they had brought, shifting in his shoes to settle them all the way on his feet.

Scott returned the hire skates as quickly as he could, eager to be alone with Isaac, and met him near the door of the rink.

Isaac smiled, tilting his head to kiss Scott's cheek. "Take me home?" he breathed, licking his lips as he pulled back.

"Home," Scott agreed, taking Isaac's hand to lead him out of the rink.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks to our beta, Chiktar, and thanks to all of you for your patience with this being a little later than usual.

Happy thoughts, prayers, (money thrown my way like a high class stripper) would be appreciated. My dental stuff has just turned into a fever/infection in my teeth/jaw. - Kattseye
gofundme.com/2p4cmje2

We hope you enjoyed, and we look forward, as always, to your lovely comments.
"Eager, aren't you, sweetheart?" Scott murmured, his voice low. "Looking forward to being home?"

"With you," Isaac breathed, Scott’s tone making him step closer. "Come on, sir," he begged. "Want you to take me home, lay me out, and make me forget that you have to leave." He grinned, licking his lips slowly.

-----

Scott and Isaac have sex, and talk about what they want.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Isaac licked his lips, dark eyes roving up and down his Dom.

Scott glanced back, blushing when he saw how Isaac was looking at him. "Eager, aren't you, sweetheart?" he murmured, his voice low. "Looking forward to being home?"

"With you," Isaac breathed, Scott’s tone making him step closer. "Come on, sir," he begged. "Want you to take me home, lay me out, and make me forget that you have to leave." He grinned, licking his lips slowly.

"I'll make you forget everything but my name," Scott promised, his heart racing at his own daring.

Isaac shivered, eyes growing darker as he tugged Scott to try and go faster. "Sounds perfect."

They hurried to the car together, Scott getting in on the left. "What do you want, sweetheart?" he asked as he started up the car. "What can I give you to remember?"

Isaac licked his lips, unsure of what to ask for. "I want you," he said simply. "I'm not sure what my limits will be. I just want you. God, sir, I think about it all the time."

"Yeah?" Scott said lowly, gripping the steering wheel tight. "What do you think about? When you touch yourself, when you dream of me."

Isaac let his head fall back, his voice almost breathless. "Pinning me down, opening me up so slowly, fucking me until I cry. Love every second if it, beg for more."

"Slow and sweet, hmm?" Scott asked, his pulse racing.

"Slow, teasingly, crooning dirty phrases until I'm a mess." Isaac's voice was breathy, his body trembling at the thought.

Scott raised his eyebrows. "You want dirty talk, babe?"

"Want me over you? Under you?" Scott glanced sideways at Isaac. "You want dirty talk, you're going to have to repay the favour."

Isaac whined softly, cheeks pink. "Both," he breathed. "Under you, pinned, or on my knees, shoulders on the bed with a hand in the middle of my back. Over you, grinding down on your dick because I'm too tired to ride you but God you feel good..."

"Want me to wear you out, sweetheart?" Scott murmured, his voice low.

Isaac nodded after a moment. "Want you. So h-hungry for it."

"Hungry, baby?" Scott asked.

Isaac shivered at the name, humming in answer and shifting on his seat, wanting to just get home. "Want to taste, feel, breathe you in."

"You want to forget everything in the world but me," Scott suggested daringly.

"Yessss," Isaac hissed softly, letting his eyes close, hands twisting in his shirt cuffs.

"Keep your eyes closed," Scott said softly. "Focus on what I say, and how you feel."

Isaac hummed in answer, licking his lips and leaving his eyes closed as he relaxed against the seat, ears trained on his Dom.

"Good boy," Scott murmured. "So good, aren't you? You're going to be so good for me."

Isaac shivered, nodding and licking his lips. "As good as I can be," he breathed. "God, I want...I want to be able to scene without someone there, but I'm happy just being with you."

"I want that too," Scott said fervently. "God, I want that too. But today, I want to wear you out."

Isaac let out a happy sound, nodding a bit. His eyes were still closed tightly. "Wear me out, want it."

"Want to - to open you up and fuck you until your muscles turn to jelly," Scott went on, wincing a little at his own awkwardness. He wasn't really good at this.

Isaac let out an almost startled moan, goosebumps prickling on his skin at the thought. It was the first time Scott had said anything like that, and it caused Isaac's stomach to clench tightly in arousal.

Scott, pleased by Isaac's reaction, added, "I'll stretch you out and fill you up. You want that, sweetheart?"

"Yes. Fuck. Please sir," Isaac whined, unconsciously grinding back against the seat he was sitting on at the image. "Want it all the time. Want to feel you, please," he begged softly.

"You will, baby," Scott promised. "We're almost home. You will."

"Want you," Isaac whimpered. "God, I'm throbbing for it." He groaned. Why was he wanting it so much? Was it because they hadn't yet? Or...

"You want my cock, sweetheart?" Scott teased. "Want it in you?"

Isaac whimpered, only able to nod, the pictures in his head twisting his stomach in hot knots.
"Tell me what you're thinking, baby," Scott said, turning onto the Stilinskis' street.

"Want that," Isaac breathed. "Want it so badly. So bad it almost hurts, feel so empty whenever I think about it," he rambled, cutting himself off with a blush. "I don't know if it's normal," he murmured, more to himself than to Scott.

Scott frowned. "If what's normal?"

"How much I want," Isaac breathed, his hands going to grip the material of his shirt, keeping his eyes closed even as he unconsciously spread himself out.


Isaac let out a soft whine, flushing darker and covering his face with his hands for a minute or two. He took a deep breath, finally peeking out to look at Scott. "I want you. So badly. All the time. If I let myself drift into that area of thought for any length of time, I feel so..." He struggled for words, his lips pursed.

"So what, sweetheart?" Scott asked gently. "Help me understand."

"I don't even understand it." Isaac let out a short laugh. "I want. I want you, god, the dreams I have," he admitted. "The thoughts I have, and I'll admit it, Stiles gives me ideas sometimes that make me wake up writhing, whining about being empty and so hard it hurts."

Scott swallowed hard. "What happens next?" he asked hoarsely. "When you wake up like that?"

"I try to keep it going, in my head, shivering at each touch I pictured," Isaac breathed. "Would fumble around for lube, or even just suck on my fingers for a while before slipping them down to tease myself." He panted, rocking forward on the seat. "Never actually pressing inside, but just teasing."

"Good boy," Scott replied, startled by how strongly he felt about it. "That's for me to do."

Isaac let out a small sound, shuddering at the praise, licking his lips. "Just teasing, pressing and circling until I'm so close I'm afraid I'll come apart at the seams. Sometimes I'll come like that, but sometimes...sometimes my mind comes up with images that drag it from me, images of being fucked, impaled, stretched..."

"You really want to get fucked," Scott murmured to himself.

Isaac flushed at the sound that he made, his hands going over his face again. "I told you," he whined softly, wiggling a bit in place.

"Hey," Scott said gently, "You don't have to be embarrassed. It's not like you're the only one of us looking forward to sex. It's okay."

Isaac licked his lips, peeking out of his fingers, blinking when he noticed they were in front of his house. "Come on," he breathed, cheeks still pink as he slid from the car, looking at Scott over his shoulder with dark eyes.
Scott followed, drawn along behind as if by some invisible thread tying them together.

Isaac led him into the house, locking the door behind him and kicking his shoes off before slipping his hand in Scott's, smiling. "Come on, sir," he murmured, tugging a bit as he walked backwards towards the stairs.

Scott caught up in two long steps, wrapping Isaac in his arms and kissing him hungrily.

Isaac let out a startled sound that immediately switched to a low moan as he pressed into the kiss, throwing his arms around Scott's neck. "R-room," he panted against Scott's mouth, shuffling them backwards while trying not to lose the kiss.

Scott wished he was strong enough to actually pick Isaac up like he knew Derek could do to Stiles, but he wasn't. "You're going to have to turn around," he pointed out between kisses.

Isaac whined softly, clinging tighter, panting already. "You're going to have to stop kissing me for that." He grinned into the kiss, pressing closer as a hand tangled in Scott's hair.

"Not really planning on it," Scott breathed, tracing his lips over Isaac's jaw and down to his neck.

Isaac let out a breathless chuckle, tilting his head back to give Scott more room, his knees threatening to buckle as Scott's lips brushed against his mark. "Come on, sir," he breathed. "Take me to bed."

"Up, go," Scott croaked, trying desperately to hold himself together. "I can't wait anymore."

Isaac's stomach clenched, whimpering softly as he leaned forward just long enough to nip at Scott's lower lip before bolting up the steps, stumbling into his room. Fuck, he didn't want to wait anymore either. Wanted. So much.

Scott followed, a little slower, pressing hard on his crotch as he tried to calm down. He had to - he couldn't hurt Isaac. Couldn't rush this.

Isaac tossed his backpack toward his desk, pulling off his socks when he heard Scott step into the room. Turning, he let out a soft sound, his hands going for the hem of his shirt.

Scott groaned when he saw Isaac stripping and went straight for his own belt, fumbling with the buckle.

Isaac tugged his shirt over his head, tossing it to the side before watching Scott, licking his lips. His eyes turned hungry, not even registering the belt, and knowing that Scott would never use it on him anyway. He turned away to tug his blanket off his bed, shoving at his own pants with a hand.

Scott pushed his pants halfway down and dragged his shirt off as he kicked his legs free, watching Isaac all the while.

Isaac finally just gave up, whining and yanking his pants off, falling backwards onto the bed with an 'oof' when he tried to turn around. "F-fuck."

"W-we need lube," Scott stammered, staring at all the skin on display as he finally finished stripping. "And maybe a condom."

"Bedside drawer," Isaac panted. "H-have an unopened box, but don't care if we use them or not." He wiggled a bit, sticking his hand under his pillow to pull out the tube of lube he kept there, eyes
locked on Scott, roving hungrily.

"There's supposed to be less...mess with one," Scott breathed, eighty percent sure there wasn't any blood left in his brain.

"Meh." Isaac licked his lips. "Still doesn't matter to me. Have to wash the sheets after anyway, and I kind of like the thought of feeling you sliding down my thighs." He stretched out, arching his back, more to tease than to actually stretch.

"Jesus," Scott swore, feeling his cock twitch. "Oh my god, Isaac."

Isaac sucked his lower lip into his mouth, his eyes dark as they trailed down Scott's chest and abdomen. He was dark red, but couldn't help his reactions to his Dom. "Sir," he breathed, eyes flicking back up to Scott's face.

"Isaac," Scott replied, stepping closer and reaching out hesitantly.

Isaac sat up, licking his lips again as he lifted his hand to tangle in Scott's fingers, a grin stretching along his face. "Come on, sir," he breathed. "Want you. Please?"

"Yeah," Scott said lowly, stepping closer. "We're really doing this?"

"Please," Isaac whispered, tilting his head back, tugging on Scott's hand. "God, I don't want to wait anymore. Please."

"Okay," Scott murmured. "Fuck. Okay." He climbed onto the bed, looking Isaac over. "Do you want to be on your back, or..."

Isaac flushed, chewing on his lower lip, images flashing through his head. "I think..." he scooted back a bit more, laying back just a bit. "I think on my back the first time," he whispered. "Want to see you. But god, the thought of being on my hands and knees." He wiggled a bit, breathing out slowly.

Scott swallowed. "You basically want to try out everything, don't you?" he asked, kneeling between Isaac's legs.

"With you," Isaac breathed, spreading his legs wider, giving Scott a shy smile. He was nervous, yes, but god, he wanted.

Scott bit his lip, trying to figure out what to do next. "Um. Maybe put a pillow under your hips? Would that help?"

Isaac nodded, tugging his pillow over and wiggling a bit, arching up to put it just under his hips, shifting until he was comfortable. "Kiss?" he asked, tugging Scott. "And relax, please." He gave Scott a small smile, his eyes showing his nerves.

Scott smiled back and leaned down to kiss Isaac softly. "Thanks, sweetheart," he murmured.

Isaac smiled into the kiss, hugging him close. "For what, sir?"

"For looking out for me," Scott replied. "What do you want to do next?"

Isaac just smiled. "Deep breaths, and kiss me, sir," he breathed. "The rest will come to us. And when it comes to making sure I'm ready, well," he flushed, "Stiles told me things." He reached up, mouthing along Scott's jaw.
Scott smiled gratefully, guiding Isaac's mouth to his. "Love you," he said quietly.

"I love you too," Isaac whispered, letting his eyes flutter shut at the kiss, relaxing into it and letting out a happy sound.

Scott kept one hand cupping Isaac's cheek and slid the other down his body, caressing it lightly.

Isaac let out a small sound, arching into Scott's touch, his own fingers exploring Scott's upper body, wanting to find the places that would make him groan, curse, or even lose control.

Scott could feel Isaac's cock hot and hard against his own and he groaned, squeezing Isaac's ass.

Isaac let out a startled moan, rocking back into Scott's hold, turning the kiss hungry and slipping a hand into Scott's hair.

Scott rolled his hips down, pursuing the pleasure of it.

Isaac whined high in his throat, his head falling back as he wrapped his legs around Scott's waist, the slide of their bare skin making him tremble.

Isaac's grip on Scott startled him enough that he remembered what they'd actually been planning on. "Hey, Isaac," he panted. "You still want me to - to fuck you today?"

"Yes," Isaac breathed, licking along his lower lip. "God, please sir," he begged, his voice quiet even as he arched up against Scott.

"Fuck," Scott muttered. "Isaac, sweetheart, I can't prep you from here," he pointed out, trying to keep hold of his brain.

Isaac whined, letting his legs fall back to the bed, spread so that Scott's hips settled more against him, dragging a soft moan from him. "Please."

"Okay." Scott reluctantly sat back on his heels. He needed to see. "Pass me the lube, babe?"

Isaac flung his arm out to where the lube had fallen, handing it to Scott with a soft flush. He licked his lips, bending his knees a bit and watched him, eyes hot and dark.

Scott looked at Isaac's asshole, trying to figure out how the hell his dick was going to fit in there. It looked really small. Flashing a nervous smile at Isaac, he poured some lube on his fingers - one thing he had retained from the 'reading materials' Laura had given him (and holy shit, that had managed to be really embarrassing somehow) was that there was no such thing as too much lube...okay, that was probably too much lube.

Isaac licked his lips, watching Scott with a small smile. "Sir," he said softly, waiting until he'd caught Scott's attention. "Relax," he murmured. "It's not like it's rocket science, promise." He reached out, sitting up a bit to swipe at the lube slipping down Scott's wrist. He chewed on his lips for a moment before grinning. "Wanna see what I do when I wake up thinking of you?" he offered.

Scott blushed hard, nodding as words deserted him. "Please," he breathed.

Isaac flushed, licking his lips and stealing just a bit more of the lube off of Scott's hand, sliding his fingers down one of his thighs to his hole, peeping up at Scott through his eyelashes as he slowly
started to tease himself. Small whines left his throat, his other hand clenched in the blanket.

"Oh - oh wow," Scott murmured, resting his clean hand on Isaac's hip. That looked...yeah, okay. He reached out to touch, just tracing Isaac's hole, like Isaac was doing.

Isaac shuddered, his head falling back with a soft moan, rocking against their fingers. God, Scott's fingers felt so much better than his own. "W-want," he breathed, peeking back up at Scott though slits, cheeks pink.

"Can I...?" Scott asked, pressing gently at Isaac's hole, feeling the resistance there. "I don't want to just, like, shove my way in."

"S-start with one," Isaac breathed, repeating what Stiles had told him, though god he was being impatient. No, focus, can't hurt yourself, Isaac! "Please, want it." He groaned, rocking against Scott’s fingers and shuddering.

Scott stroked Isaac's hip with his thumb, trying to steady him as he pressed his finger in - holy shit, he was in Isaac. Just the tip of his finger, but still...Scott pushed in a little further.

Isaac sucked in a breath, shivering and fighting to keep from rocking back, the touch to his hip making him shiver as the finger sliding into him made him moan. Fuck, he felt so good already, and they were just getting started. "Yesss," he moaned, his head falling back.

"I guess that means I'm doing it right," Scott joked, a little nervously, fucking his finger in and out of Isaac's (really) tight hole a little bit.

"Y-yes," Isaac panted. "Feels good." He gave Scott a small smile, forcing himself to slowly relax, rocking into each small thrust of Scott's finger. After a little bit he hummed. "Another?"

"You're sure?" Scott checked. Isaac was definitely looser, but it still seemed kind of impossible that two fingers would fit in his hole.

Isaac nodded, pulling Scott into a kiss. "Yes sir," he breathed. "Just go slow?"

"Slow." Scott nodded. "I can do slow." He pulled his finger out of Isaac's hole and pressed his first two fingers close together, making them as small as possible. Gently, he tried to fit them in Isaac's hole.

Isaac flopped back, forcing himself to breathe as he rocked back, small whines leaving his throat. "O-oh."

"Is that good?" Scott asked cautiously, pausing his movements.

Isaac could only nod, chewing on his lower lip. "So good," he promised.

Scott carefully pushed in a little further, noting optimistically that Isaac hadn't gone soft.

Isaac whined softly, slipping back until he was laying down, his legs spreading further. This felt so much better than when he teased himself. He loved the stretch, the slight burn.

Scott took it as an invitation, twisting his fingers a little as they went deeper. "It still feels okay?" he checked. "I'm not going too fast?"

"Perfect," Isaac breathed, rocking hips and whimpering.
Scott started to fuck Isaac with his two fingers together, trying to figure out what came next. "Tell me when you're ready for me to, uh..." He trailed off.

Isaac gave a breathless laugh, arching his back and shifting his hips, crying out as Scott's fingers managed to find his prostate. "Fuck," he moaned.

Oh wow. Scott felt around for the spot that had made Isaac cry out, wanting to make him feel like that again.

Isaac shuddered, hips rocking back and moaning long and low. "F-fuck that feels..." he breathed, his eyes locking onto Scott.

"Good?" Scott asked hopefully. "Good's what I was aiming for."

"Amazing," Isaac breathed. He let out a soft cry, back arching as his prostate was hit again. "Please," he panted. "More."

Scott bit his lip. "More of...that, or more fingers?" he asked.

"S-scissor," Isaac panted. "J-just more. I-in a bit, another one," he managed to work out, rocking his hips up, trying to suck in more.

"Right," Scott muttered. He knew he'd forgotten something. Cautiously, he spread his fingers apart.

Isaac let out a soft sound, arching his back. "F-feels so good. Stretching. And the b-best burn..."

Scott frowned, moving his fingers closer together and fucking Isaac a bit. "I don't want to hurt you. To go too fast."

"D-doesn't hurt," Isaac moaned, rocking his hips. "I'll tell you when it hurts. It doesn't. The burn I'm t-talking about feels so fucking good. Want to feel you deep inside, filling me up." He was rambling, and he knew it, but god he couldn't stop it.

Scott, reassured, spread his fingers apart again. "Promise you'll tell me if I do something wrong?" he asked.

"Yes sir," Isaac moaned. "Promise. F-fuck feels so good," he whimpered, fingers clenching into the sheet. After a few moments he licked his lips, lifting his head to watch and let out a moan at the sight, clenching tightly around Scott's fingers. "M-more. R-ready for another."


"H-how am I amazing?" He let out an incredulous laugh, clenching tightly.

"You're just..." Scott shook his head. "Amazing. Everything about you. You're wonderful, sweetheart."

Isaac flushed, shaking his head and throwing an arm over his eyes, sucking on his lower lip.

"No? You don't believe me?" Scott asked.

Isaac shook his head. "Not amazing," he murmured, sucking in a breath as he felt Scott's fingers brush his prostate again.
"Yes you are," Scott said firmly, trying to hit the same spot again. "You're my good boy, and you're amazing and wonderful and beautiful."

Isaac let out a sharp whine, arching and trying to impale himself on Scott's fingers, teeth gnashing at his lower lip. "D-don't believe," he panted. "Please sir, ready, just, please." He reached down, burying his hand in Scott's hair.

Scott shook his head, remembering what Simon had shown them. "When you can say, 'Scott thinks I'm wonderful', you can have my cock," he told Isaac.

Isaac let out a sharp noise, stomach tightening and cock twitching before he covered his face with both hands, dark red.

"I promise you, Isaac," Scott murmured, stroking Isaac's hip. "I promise you it's true. I do think you're wonderful."

Isaac shivered, licking his lips, the look on Scott's face making him take a deep breath. "Please," he begged softly, his face turning redder as he spread his legs. "Sc-scott thinks I'm w-wonderful. Please sir, please."

"Well done, Isaac," Scott praised instantly, withdrawing his fingers to lube up his cock. There was still enough left on his hand to get it slick. Carefully, he pressed the tip against Isaac's hole. "Here we go," he breathed.

Isaac whined at the praise, trying to pull Scott closer, the teasing press of Scott's cock-head against his hole driving him nuts. "Please," he begged softly. "Fill me up. Please? So empty, want you so badly."

Scott groaned as he pressed into Isaac - fuck, he was so goddamned tight and hot and…

Isaac let out an almost broken sound, melting into the bed, his hands scrambling for a hold on Scott's biceps. "O-oh," he panted, legs wrapping around Scott's waist. "Sir."

Scott eased himself in until he was fully sheathed in Isaac's hole, breathing hard as he tried to keep himself from coming on the spot.

Isaac sucked on his lower lip, eyes dark and blown. He was speechless, the static travelling up his spine making it to where he was already teetering on the edge.

Scott began to slowly shift his hips back and forth, his motions still a bit jerky from the overwhelming sensation.

Isaac's head thunked back, panting with a whimpering moan. "Feels so good," he finally managed to work out. "I loveyouloveyouloveyou."

"Love you," Scott gasped in reply, fucking Isaac faster. "I don't think - won't last long."


"Oh fuck," Scott groaned. "Fuck, Isaac." It was almost embarrassing, that it took so little to make him come, but Isaac looked so good below him, and felt so good around him, and was begging him, and Scott couldn't hold on any longer.
Isaac let out a keening noise, feeling Scott pulse, tugging him down, rocking against him, whimpering. "Please," he breathed, so close he hurt. All it would take was the slightest touch, words even. He didn't want to lose the feeling of being so full, so full of Scott.

"Yes," Scott gasped, still shaking. "Yes, Isaac, yes."

Isaac rocked up against Scott, the rough drag of Scott's treasure trail against Isaac yanking his own release from him, a broken keen leaving him as he wrapped around Scott like an octopus, not wanting him to pull away...or out. He panted in Scott's ear, letting out a breath of a laugh. "I love you."

Scott slumped down on top of Isaac. "I love you too," he murmured.

Isaac let out another small chuckle, tucking his face into Scott's neck, fingers kneading Scott's shoulders.

"You good, sweetheart?" Scott mumbled into Isaac's hair.

"Mmmhmm." Isaac smiled, running his nails very lightly down Scott’s back to knead at his lower back near where Isaac’s ankles were crossed behind him. "Feels so good."

Scott smiled softly, lifting his head to get it free of Isaac's curls before he spoke. "You're like a cat, kneading at me like that," he said.

"Meow," Isaac teased, nipping at Scott's chin. He laughed softly, slipping one hand up Scott's back to his hair, tugging playfully.

Scott bent his head, nudging Isaac gently like affectionate cats at the practice always had, then brushed his cheek past Isaac's own.

Isaac let out a squeak, laughing brightly and rubbing Scott's cheek back, his grin almost splitting his face. He tangled both hands in Scott's hair, scratching lightly.

Scott grinned back, happy to see Isaac so happy. "Feel good, kitty?"

Isaac nodded, grinning at the...ahem...pet-name. "Really good. I love you, Scott."

"I love you too," Scott murmured. "It's so good, being here with you."

"I love being with you," Isaac murmured. "Going to be so happy to wake up next to you, tease you awake until you pin me down." His eyes sparkled with mischief, grinning widely.

Scott laughed. "We'll get there, sweetheart," he promised.

"I know," Isaac smiled, wiggling a bit to settle closer. "I just really am looking forward to it."

"Hold still a second, sweetheart," Scott warned. "I want to cuddle you instead of squashing you, but I need to get out of you first."

Isaac let out a whine. "Like it," he sighed softly, even as he loosened his hold, smiling at Scott. "Wasn't kidding when I said I wanted it. Love feeling you in me. Wonder how you taste..."
Scott extracted himself carefully, shaking his head as he lay down on his side next to Isaac, trailing his fingers idly over Isaac's torso. "You really are insatiable, aren't you, baby?"

Isaac flushed softly. "Sorry?" he offered, scooting close and letting out a startled groan when he felt a bit of...Scott...slip down his skin.

"Are you alright?" Scott asked, worried for a moment that he'd hurt Isaac by going too fast.

Isaac nodded, his cheeks growing darker. "Yup, I do like the feeling of you sliding down my skin."

"Oh my god." Scott blushed hard, startled by Isaac's boldness.

Isaac giggled softly, turning so he was facing Scott, licking his lips. "What?" he asked innocently.

"You know what," Scott said, mock-crossly. "You can be absolutely shameless sometimes."

"And yet, you don't seem to mind," Isaac grinned, licking his lips and looking Scott up and down. "Is it a bad thing that I am?"

Scott smiled crookedly. "You know I love you," he replied. "So I guess it isn't."

Isaac smiled, his thumb going to trace the corner of that beloved crooked grin. "That's what I was trying to explain earlier, by the way," he murmured. "I find myself constantly hungry for you."

"Does it bother you?" Scott asked curiously.

Isaac shook his head. "Not really, was just afraid it might freak you out. I wasn't kidding when I said I wanted you all the time, feel so empty and god, just the thought of not having you in me in some capacity kinda makes a small part of me panic." He laughed. "I feel like I'm weird, or maybe even a freak for wanting that."

"If you had any idea how out there some kinks are..." Scott muttered, then shook his head. "Isaac, you're not a freak. It's fine."

"What do you mean?" Isaac asked, curiosity piqued. "And are you sure?"

"I'm sure," Scott said firmly. "And, uh, have you heard of rule thirty-four?"

"What's that?" he asked, scooting closer and kissing along Scott's jaw.

"Um. There's porn of everything," Scott summarized. "Like, if you can think of it, there's porn of it."

Isaac gave him an odd look. "I have a really good imagination."

Scott shook his head. "There's still porn of it," he said flatly. "Don't test it."

Isaac laughed, his grin huge. "Why does that sound like it is spoken from experience?" He licked his lips, watching Scott for a moment. "So, tell me a story," he grinned. "Tell me what you thought of doing to me. I'm curious."

"Stiles," Scott said in explanation. "And I'm not...I don't really have many kinks? Personally?" He rubbed the back of his neck and mumbled, "I just like seeing you happy."

"Just because you don't have many kinks doesn't mean you didn't imagine doing things." Isaac smiled, reaching up to scratch Scott's jaw lightly.
"I've imagined..." Scott blushed. "I've imagined having you all to myself for a day, or even a weekend, and only leaving the bed to eat and shower."

Isaac smiled. "That sounds nice," he breathed. "Can get up to all kinds of things that way, and only seventy-five percent of it being sex." He grinned widely, fingers tracing Scott's blush. "Any situation you're thinking of to cause this blush?"

"I want to - to have sex with you while you're in subspace," Scott admitted. "I want to wear you out and, and make you beg."

Isaac sucked in a breath, licking his lips. "What do you mean?" he breathed, shifting a bit as his eyes darkened just a bit. "Like put me under by fucking me? Or by putting me there first? And I like the thought of all of those."

"Both," Scott murmured. "You could...I bet you could be so good for me. You'd stay in the position I wanted, and you'd be so patient, even when you were begging, and you'd want it so much."

"Yes sir," Isaac breathed, licking his lips before sucking the bottom one into his mouth. Fuck, that sounded amazing. "What position should I be in for you?"

"Fuck," Scott said. "All of them? Want you to show yourself off to me."

"Mmm, which first?" Isaac grinned mischievously, leaning forward to mouth at Scott's neck and jaw.

"On your knees?" Scott suggested breathlessly, leaning into Isaac's kiss.

"On my knees for you?" Isaac breathed, rocking forward, set on teasing his Dom out of all his control. "Sucking you down? Or on my hands and knees, thighs trembling as I beg?"

"The - the second one," Scott answered, his face burning. "Or...presenting yourself. To me."

"Don't blush, it's okay." Isaac grinned, raking his teeth lightly along the stubble on Scott's jaw, shivering and hooking one leg over his hip. "I like hearing what you like doing to me, sir," he said. "Want me to spread my knees so far I'm almost laying down? Completely bared..."

Scott nodded wordlessly, overwhelmed by the images Isaac was conjuring.

"What would you do to me then?" Isaac whispered, sucking Scott's earlobe into his mouth, giggling inside a bit at the dumbfounded look on his Dom's face. "What if I were to move? Wiggle a bit or slide out of position, just to see what you would do?"

"I'd put you back," Scott said instantly. "Hold you there."

Isaac let his hips roll forward with a small moan. "Tell me more," he begged softly.

Scott raised his eyebrows, startled to feel Isaac hard against his thigh. "You don't get to move," he said. "You'd stay where I put you, or I'd keep you there. Maybe I'd...I'd spank you if you fussed."

Isaac let out a small sound, his cheeks flushing darkly as he hid his face against Scott's neck, sucking. "N-now you know that probably w-wouldn't actually get me to stay. Just get me to beg prettier."

"I'd have to keep going until you needed me more than you needed more spanking," Scott said
hoarsely.

"Always need you more," Isaac whispered, his hands starting to explore Scott's chest.

"Need me more than what?" Scott asked softly.

"More than spanking," Isaac breathed. "Even more than eggrolls and salted caramel ice cream."

"I'm glad I rate higher than salted caramel ice cream," Scott teased, raising his eyebrows.

"That's a high compliment," Isaac replied, lips quirking into a grin, even as his hand slid down to Scott's lower stomach. "Wonder if you taste better."

"Would you like to find out?" Scott breathed, licking his lips.

"Yess," Isaac groaned, eyes locking onto Scott's mouth before leaning forward, kissing him shyly. His hand slipped down just a bit, fingers teasing along the hairs there.

Scott hummed in pleasure, kissing Isaac eagerly.

Isaac melted against him, hand sliding down to wrap loosely around Scott's cock, rocking forward.

Scott thrust lazily into Isaac's hand, rolling his hips.

Isaac moaned softly, his free hand spasming against Scott's chest as he pulled back from the kiss, panting. "Want to... Please, sir."

"Go on then," Scott said lowly.

Isaac shivered at the tone, licking his lips before he started shifting down the bed, kissing along Scott's chest.

Scott rolled onto his back, giving Isaac free rein.

Isaac gave him a shy smile, fingers and tongue tracing random patterns on Scott's chest and abdomen before sucking up a mark just over Scott's hip, pulling off with a soft pop. He looked down at Scott's cock, licking his lower lip and sucking it into his mouth before leaning down to swipe his tongue along Scott's slit, moaning.

Scott's hips jerked upwards without his say-so. "Sorry!" he yelped.

Isaac laughed a little, his eyes flicking back up. "Don't be sorry," he murmured, stroking Scott's hips. "I like your reactions."

He leaned back down, sucking the head of Scott's cock into his mouth and letting out a wrecked moan at the taste.

"Oh fuck," Scott groaned, writhing helplessly under the onslaught of sensation.

Isaac's eyes fell half closed as he sucked lazily, watching Scott as he slid further down, hand wrapping around what he couldn't fit into his mouth, moaning happily.

Scott was breathing hard, swearing as Isaac made him feel, god, impossibly good.

Isaac hummed around him, pulling off with a pop to pant for a moment, licking his lips. He flicked his dark eyes up at Scott as he slid back down, keeping his eyes on Scott's face.
"So amazing, fuck, sweetheart, so good," Scott murmured, reaching down to cup Isaac's cheek. Isaac moaned, leaning into the touch as he swirled his tongue around the head of Scott's cock, sucking harder. He wanted to taste him, wanted to hear him.

"OH - Isaac - please," Scott cried, drawing closer and closer to his second orgasm of the afternoon. "Don't stop, please..."

Isaac sucked in a breath, sinking down just a bit further and sucking harder, twisting his head a bit, his free hand sliding up to scratch lightly at Scott's inner thigh.

Scott grasped at Isaac's hair without thinking, tugging on it as he thrust desperately upwards.

Isaac let out a desperate moan, keeping his hand wrapped around the base so he didn't choke. He started grinding his hips against the bed, loving Scott's reaction.

"Fuck...shit...Isaac," Scott groaned, spilling into Isaac's mouth.

Isaac whined, sucking him down and swallowing as much as he could, the rest spilling down his chin as he pulled off, gasping, his eyes blown and hazed. He panted, licking lightly and teasingly to clean Scott off, a soft almost purring noise leaving his throat every now and then.

Scott panted, stroking Isaac's hair. "Sorry," he gasped. "Should have warned you."

Isaac hummed, leaning into the touch, grinning happily up at him. "No sorry," he murmured, his mind heavier than it usually was. He blinked, trying to lick all the come off of his mouth and chin, wiggling up a bit until he was laying on Scott.

Scott frowned. "Baby, can you tell me how you're feeling?" he asked, wrapping his arm around Isaac's shoulders.

Isaac hummed, finally just wiping his mouth and chin with his hand before nuzzling close. "Bit heavy," he murmured. "Not as much as space." He nipped at Scott's jaw, ignoring the arousal still curling in his stomach, content. "Foggy."

"I need you to come up, sweetheart," Scott said quietly. He needed Isaac to find his equilibrium so he'd be safe when Scott left.

Isaac whined, blinking. "Sorry. Didn't mean to slip," he murmured, his cheeks blushing red as he slowly dragged himself up.

"It's alright," Scott reassured him gently. "It isn't a good time, that's all."

Isaac couldn't help the tiny pout on his lips, barely there. He kept blinking, finally managing to pull himself up to curl closer, a hand going to Scott's hair.

"Hi, sweetheart," Scott murmured, smiling.

"Hi," Isaac murmured back, shyly tucking his face into Scott's throat. "I am sorry," he whispered against his skin. "Didn't know that would put me under."

"Neither did I," Scott pointed out gently. "It's okay."

Isaac smiled, shifting a bit so his knees were on the mattress, arms curled next to him. "I love you,"
he breathed, flushing again.

"I love you too," Scott murmured. "Can I get a kiss, sweetheart?"

Isaac lifted his head to hover over Scott, a smile on his face. "Always," he murmured, kissing his Dom as his eyes slipped closed.

Scott kissed Isaac sweetly, then his eyes flew open. "I can taste myself," he exclaimed.

Isaac let out a small chuckle, his lips curling into a grin. "Taste so much better than salted caramel ice cream."

"You made me feel really good, you know," Scott praised.

Isaac let out a soft, happy sound at the praise, beaming. "I like making you feel good," he admitted, cheeks growing pink.

"And I like making you happy," Scott murmured, kissing the corner of Isaac's smile.

Isaac leaned into the kiss, turning his head a bit to capture Scott's lips. "How much longer until Thanksgiving break?" he sighed softly, scratching lightly at Scott's scalp.

"Five weeks, sweetie," Scott replied gently. "Just four more weekends. One, and then the wedding, and then two more."

"And then semester finals and then you're home for a month," Isaac breathed, his lips curling back into a grin.

And I'll take my accreditation test and bring you back with me, Scott thought to himself.

Isaac let out a soft sigh. "Need to get a countdown calendar or something," he hummed. "And I get to see you this weekend too... Are you going to dress up for Halloween?"

"Apart from Laura's wedding?" Scott asked. She'd kept things fairly muted in the bridal party - different coloured contacts for all of them - but she'd mandated costumes for the guests.

"Yes," Isaac grinned, petting at Scott's cheek. "You'll be here longer than that, right?" His grin turned mischievous. "So I can always have you fuck me through the mattress before you leave." He loved seeing Scott's reactions at the things that he thought of.

Scott blushed hard, his eyes darkening at the same time. "I'll make time," he promised fervently.

Isaac sucked his lower lip into his mouth, grinning. "Oh, you like that thought, hmm?" he murmured. "Want to try on my hands and knees then, want to feel you pin my hips in place."

"Jesus christ," Scott groaned. "I do not have time for round three today."

Isaac muffled a laugh in Scott's neck, nipping at the skin under his mouth. "Just gotta hold onto it until you can throw me on the bed and fuck me."

"No, seriously," Scott said, trying not to laugh. "Come on, we've gotta shower."

Isaac pouted. "I like teasing," he grinned, wiggling a bit before slipping off of Scott to stand, stretching with a soft moan. "Shower with me?"
"God yes," Scott breathed, then caught himself and blushed.

Isaac just grinned, licking his lips and watching Scott through half closed eyes. "What is that thought you have in your head, sir?" he teased, reaching out to tug Scott up and toward the shower.

"Yes," Scott murmured. "Just...yes."

"Yes what?" Isaac laughed, tugging him into the bathroom before bending over to start the shower.

"Yes everything," Scott teased. "And especially yes to sharing the shower."

Isaac laughed, stepping into the shower before leaning back out to tug Scott into it, his smile huge and bright.

"Love you, sweetheart," Scott murmured.

"I love you too, sir," Isaac smiled, stepping under the water. "Come on, help me clean?"

Scott stepped in close, hugging Isaac from behind and kissing his neck. "Absolutely."

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys! Hopefully you enjoyed Scott and Isaac's slightly awkward first time fucking. We're thinking about making this a series so we can post little extras and things, and maybe answer some prompts from you guys - is that something you'd be interested in?

Thank you, as always, to Chicktar for betaing, and to all of you for your lovely comments.

Fun times ahead for me. I'm almost to what would pay for some of my teeth, but I'm completely in soft food territory now. At least I'm on antibiotics for the infection now! *sigh* gofundme.com/2p4cmje2 -Kattseye
"I...I was thinking..." Derek swallowed. "I was wondering how you felt about...calling me 'Master'. Just for a day."

Stiles hummed, leaning closer before smiling, eyes sparkling with mischief. "Of course, Master," he murmured, kissing Derek's jaw.

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Before they went to the club, Derek and Stiles talked about their fantasies. This was Derek's.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Somnophilia. It's all negotiated beforehand, but if you want to skip it, it's the first paragraph/section after the line marking a scene change.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"So," Derek said after dinner, once everything had been put away. "Rules for tomorrow."

Stiles immediately perked up, locking his eyes on Derek and grinning. "Yes sir?" He'd been waiting for this since Derek had told him about his fantasy.

Derek licked his lips nervously. "I want a colour on every rule, okay?" he said. "We're negotiating."

"Yes sir." Stiles nodded, giving Derek a small smile and taking his hand, petting the back of it to try and calm Derek's nerves.

"Ask permission to speak," Derek forced out, watching Stiles' reactions carefully.

"Green, but how am I to ask if I can't speak?" Stiles smiled, kissing Derek's palm.

"You're allowed to ask to speak at any time," Derek said, clutching Stiles' hand for reassurance. "And you can safeword at any time, of course."

"Of course, sir," Stiles smiled. "So I can speak to ask permission? I just want to double check. Still green."

"You are always allowed to say 'may I speak' or one of your safewords," Derek confirmed, a little more confident now. "Otherwise you need permission."

Stiles grinned. "Yes sir," he nodded, scooting a bit closer. "What's the next one?"

"On your knees - on the floor, unless I tell you otherwise," Derek replied, squeezing Stiles' hand.
"Green," Stiles grinned. He leaned up to kiss Derek's cheek. "I like kneeling for you."

"You won't - you'll stay there," Derek explained. "Unless we're in bed, or you're on my lap or something, you'll be kneeling or crawling. You're sure that's okay?"

"Green," Stiles nodded firmly. "I'll let you know if I need to sit on my butt and stretch out my legs or something."

"You'll wear the cage all day." This rule, Derek was more confident of. They'd done it before and it had been fine.

Stiles’ grin widened. "Green." He wiggled in place, feeling hot. The thought of Derek fucking him while caged did that.

"And a plug," Derek added, smiling at Stiles' eagerness.

"Green," Stiles breathed. "Keep me all open for you."

"Would you..." Derek hesitated. "Would you like me to put the plug in tonight, so you wake up that way?"

Stiles shifted, dragging his tongue along his lower lip in thought. "Yesss. Or wake me up with it," he grinned.

"You might wake up first," Derek pointed out, covering his surprise.

"That doesn't happen often, sir," Stiles laughed. He was rather fond of the little burrow he usually made in his sleep.

"You really want me to..." Derek trailed off.

"If you want to," Stiles murmured, shifting closer. "But I'm not going to lie, waking up like that sounds hot."

"I… You promise it's okay?" Derek checked. "I don't… You can't say no when you're sleeping."

"I promise," Stiles nodded, smiling and leaning over. "It's a fantasy of mine, honestly."

"It is?" Derek asked, searching Stiles’ eyes. "Why didn't you...well, I can guess why you didn't mention it."

Stiles flushed. "Not something I could ever bring up before."

"I will listen," Derek promised, searching Stiles' gaze. "I may not...actually do it, but I'll listen, to the things you want."

Stiles smiled, leaning forward to kiss his jaw. "Thank you, sir."

"You're welcome, querido," Derek answered softly.

"What next?" Stiles shifted to straddle Derek on the couch, pressing close with a grin.
"No clothes," Derek breathed, looking up at Stiles.

"Green." Stiles grinned, leaning forward to nip and suck at Derek's neck, nuzzling.

Derek held him close. "I love you, querido," he murmured.

"I love you too, sir." Stiles smiled. "Any other ones?" he murmured. "Plugged all day, no talking without permission, kneeling unless told otherwise."

"Just...tell me if you need anything. Anything," Derek said seriously. "Or even want anything. You won't be able to get it or do it yourself, so I need to know."

"Yes sir," Stiles smiled. "I promise," he added, petting Derek's cheek. "Want me to call you 'mi amo'? Or 'sir'?"

"I...I was thinking..." Derek swallowed. "I was wondering how you felt about...calling me 'Master'. Just for a day."

Stiles hummed, leaning closer before smiling, eyes sparkling with mischief. "Of course, Master," he murmured, kissing Derek's jaw.

Derek shivered, his eyes darkening. "You're sure, amado?"

Stiles nodded, grinning when he noticed the look in Derek's eyes. "Green. Promise."

Derek captured Stiles' smiling mouth with his own, kissing him gratefully, hungrily.

Stiles melted against him, humming into the kiss. He pulled away just enough to pant against Derek's mouth, laughing a little. "What's wrong, Master?" he teased.

"Nothing's wrong, chiquito," Derek replied. "You're just a very, very good boy."

"I like being your good boy," Stiles smiled. "And I like being yours in general."

"I like being yours too," Derek murmured, carding his hand through Stiles' hair. "And I love you being mine.

Stiles let out a soft sound, leaning into Derek's hand. "I like the thought of tomorrow," he murmured, licking his lips.

"Is there anything you want to do?" Derek asked. "Or want me to do?"

He licked his lips in thought, humming lightly to himself. "Not that I can think of? Mainly just want you to be my Master."

"I'll do my best," Derek promised.

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When Derek woke up, he didn't remember at first that today was going to be anything special. He curled in closer to Stiles, enjoying the warm comfort of their bed, and only stopped to think when he felt bare skin against his groin. Stiles usually wore at least boxers to bed. But this morning...this morning he wasn't wearing boxers because he wasn't allowed to wear clothes today. Derek was suddenly significantly more awake. He rolled onto his back, thinking of everything they'd planned the night before, breathing deeply to calm himself down. He wasn't going to rush this. Derek slowly reached for the lube and plug on the nightstand, bringing them under the covers to warm them
against his skin so he wouldn't shock Stiles awake with the cold. Then he looked at Stiles, trying to figure out the best way to do this.

Stiles grumbled when Derek shifted, flopping onto his stomach, one arm curled under his pillow, the other tucked close to his chest. He let out a soft sigh and slipped back to sleep.

Well. That...made things easier. Christ. Derek couldn't believe he was doing this. Couldn't believe he was lubing his fingers, probing gently between Stiles' ass cheeks to press a finger against his hole.

Stiles shifted a bit, soft sigh leaving his lips, a smile curling his lips, but showed no signs of waking, trusting that he was safe.

Derek rubbed lightly around Stiles' rim, gently encouraging him to relax enough to allow Derek's finger inside. This was going to be slow and careful. When Stiles' hole was a little looser, Derek pressed just the tip of his finger in, waiting while Stiles adjusted.

Stiles moaned softly in his sleep, melting further into the bed before rocking back a bit. Oh, this was one of his favorite dreams.

Derek raised his eyebrows, surprised and reassured by Stiles' response. Carefully, slowly, he began to fuck Stiles with his finger.

Stiles shivered, pressing back into the touch, face turning to press into his pillow with a soft sound. Best dream ever.

Feeling a little bolder, Derek took hold of Stiles' hip, stroking it with his thumb as he pressed the tip of a second finger to Stiles' hole.

Stiles groaned softly, shifting a bit and wanting to be closer, grinding against the mattress. Oh, Dream Sir, why so torturing?

It was strange, doing this, Derek thought to himself as he pushed two fingers in deeper. He wasn't just...Stiles was reacting, even if he wasn't conscious. He was doing this with Stiles, responding to him, and somehow he hadn't realized that would happen.

Stiles let out a soft moan, spreading his legs further, the fingers on his hips driving him nuts. Come on, he loved the build up, but he wanted his Dream Dom in him now.

The plug wasn't too big, and Derek was getting impatient, so he scissored Stiles hastily, stretching him out as quickly as he could, and pulled out.

Stiles let out a small whine, rocking back and trying to get more. No, he didn't want to be empty. Come back.

Derek warmed the plug in his hands for a moment before lubing it up, and pressed the tip carefully to Stiles' hole.

Stiles let out a soft sigh at the pressure, relaxing and pressing back. Wait a minute, that wasn't his Dom's cock...that's...oh! He shifted, starting to wake up in surprise, still mostly out of it.

Derek pushed the plug in, slowly and inexorably, twisting it a little to help settle it in Stiles' hole.

Stiles' eyes popped open with a keen, rocking back hard against the plug, looking over his shoulder
with sleep-hazed eyes. "Sir," he breathed, his brain not catching up just yet.

"Good morning, chiquito," Derek said lowly, caressing Stiles' ass as he seated the plug in place.

Stiles' breathing hitched, licking his lips. "Morning," he rasped, his mind catching up and making him flush and duck his head.

"Roll over," Derek murmured. "Let me see you."

Stiles flung himself over, crying out softly as he jarred the plug, his cheeks flushed.

"Did you enjoy your wake-up this morning?" Derek asked, cupping Stiles' cheek with his clean hand.

Stiles leaned into the touch, cheeks flushing darker even as he nodded, his tongue swiping along his lower lip. He had finally remembered what today was.

Derek smiled gratefully, leaning in for a kiss.

Stiles gave soft, happy sound, tilting his head into the kiss, but letting Derek lead it, arms going around Derek's neck.

Derek kissed Stiles thoroughly, their tongues tangling in Stiles' mouth as Derek held him close.

Stiles moaned, his fingers burrying in Derek's hair, pressing as close as he possibly could. God, they'd just started and he was already hard as a rock.

Derek could feel Stiles' cock, hard against his thigh, and hummed as he pulled away. "We need to get you caged," he murmured.

Stiles whimpered, having forgotten about that. He wiggled against Derek, wanting him back down.

"Hmm." Derek looked Stiles over. "When you're soft, you can have a kiss," he decided.

Stiles couldn't help the soft whine that left his throat, his hands going to cover his face. Fuck, he was so turned on he didn't know how he'd be able to calm down enough for the cage to go on.

"You can do it, chiquito," Derek soothed. "It's okay. We'll wait as long as it takes."

Stiles took a deep breath, nodding but not removing his hands. He wouldn't be able to and still manage to calm down. He kept up the deep breaths, feeling himself sink just a bit deeper in the bed as his body relaxed.

Derek didn't speak, knowing it probably wouldn't help. Instead, he stroked Stiles' hair, slow and soft.

Stiles leaned into the touch, just the calming motion helping to make it a bit easier. It took a while, but the arousal finally began to slip away until he was left soft and the tight spool in his stomach loosened. He slid his hands off his face and up to Derek's chest, giving his Dom a tiny smile.

Derek smiled back, proud and pleased. "Good boy," he said warmly, bending down to give Stiles a gentle kiss.

Stiles returned it, letting out a soft sigh. He could kiss Derek all day. He kept his hands where they were, not moving to try and take more than Derek gave, not wanting to get hard again. It was almost
torture to try and calm down after being that worked up.

Derek ended the kiss reluctantly, but it wouldn't be fair to keep going if he was going to cage Stiles without letting him come, which he was. He reached over to the nightstand for the cage, wincing a little at the cold metal.

Stiles grinned, kissing along Derek's jaw and nuzzling close, sighing in contentment, even as he watched Derek grab the cage. He shifted, spreading his legs farther apart before stretching until his back popped with a soft moan.

Derek warmed the cage in his hands for a minute, then deftly disassembled it. Stiles had worn this enough times, after all.

Stiles left his hands above his head, watching his Dom and licking his lips. It was going to be a task, to not talk, but he'd do it.

Derek smiled at Stiles, carefully putting the ring on over his balls, then pulled his cock through.

Stiles' breathing hitched, eyes locking onto Derek, a small grin curling his lips, lifting his hips without thinking about it.

Derek raised his eyebrows, a silent half-reprimand. This wasn't for Stiles' physical pleasure. He bent his head to check the posts and spacers, then picked up the cage itself and began to slide it onto Stiles' cock.

Stiles flushed, lowering his hips and sucking his lower lip into his mouth to chew on it. God, today was going to be the best kind of torture.

Derek fitted the cage in place and looked up at Stiles. "Are you comfortable?" he checked.

Stiles shifted a bit, making sure nothing pulled or pinched before smiling. "Yes, Master," he breathed.

God. Derek had almost forgotten Stiles would be calling him that, and it went straight to his cock. "Good," he murmured, trying to hide the effect Stiles had on him as he locked the cage in place.

Stiles grinned, eyes sparkling. Oh, he'd noticed the darkening of Derek's eyes and how he'd shifted.

"We're going to shower now," Derek announced, getting out from under the covers. "Come."

Stiles nodded, slipping from the covers and onto the floor, staying on his knees a bit to stretch before crawling after his Dom, unable to keep his hips from swaying.

Derek smiled gratefully at Stiles' easy obedience, leading him to the bathroom with only a quick stop to get his own clothes for the day.

Stiles butted his head against Derek's leg, pressing his lips to his bare leg for a moment. He looked up, grinning, before following Derek into the bathroom and shifting onto his knees. It's a good thing he kept the house clean.

Derek stroked Stiles' hair fondly. "You can stand while we shower, chiquito," he said quietly. "But let me wash you." He took Stiles' collar off and set it on the sink.

"Yes, Master," Stiles smiled, standing to step into the shower, kissing Derek's jaw as he passed.
Derek got the water started, then stripped off his underwear and threw it in the hamper before joining Stiles under the spray.

Stiles pressed close, nuzzling Derek's shoulder with a grin. He didn't say anything, instead spreading his hands out to the side to give Derek room to do what he wanted.

God, Stiles was perfect. Derek nudged him more directly under the water, tilting his head back to get his hair thoroughly wet.

Stiles let out a happy sound at the water, tilting his head back further and closing his eyes. He couldn't help the small laugh that left his throat. He loved the water. He actually missed swimming. Maybe he could talk Derek into getting passes to a pool or something this coming summer.

Derek was curious about the laughter, but let it be for now. He soaped up a washcloth and took hold of Stiles' hand.

Stiles curled his fingers loosely around Derek's hand, humming happily as he felt the washcloth.

Carefully, thoroughly, Derek working his way up Stiles' arm to the shoulder, then turned him a little so the water would wash that arm clean while he soaped up the other one.

Stiles let out a soft sigh, enjoying the feel of Derek cleaning him, fingers twisting in the water to help get the soap off.

Derek turned Stiles again, to face fully away from him, and began to work on his back, caressing the planes of the muscles there as he moved the washcloth down.

Stiles leaned into Derek's touch, arching and grinning as he rocked back.

Derek crouched to wash Stiles' ass and legs, hoping his hands were saying everything he found so difficult some days.

Stiles let out a happy sound, leaning into the touch, arching and rocking back. He smiled to himself, feeling the care and love in Derek's touch.

Derek stood, kissing the back of Stiles' neck and turning him around. "Feeling good?" he checked as he re-soaped the cloth.

Stiles nodded, licking his lips. "Yes, Master," he whispered, leaning close and mouthing at Derek's jaw. He could probably easily slip into subspace from here.

"Good," Derek replied softly. "You're being such a good boy for me, I'm so proud."

Stiles just beamed, leaning closer until he was leaning against Derek.

Stiles' smile was...beautiful. Wonderful. Derek couldn't help but smile back, even as he reminded Stiles, "I need you to move back so I can wash you, chiquito."

"Yes, Master," Stiles breathed, sucking a kiss to Derek's jaw before standing back up, tilting his head back into the water again.

"Did I say speak?" Derek reprimanded lightly, washing Stiles' neck, admiring the faintest of tan lines (Stiles didn't really tan, but it showed a little) where his collar normally sat.
Stiles whined softly in apology, flushing at having forgotten. It wasn't like he had said much, but he was glad all he was getting was a gentle reprimand. He tilted his head so Derek could reach everywhere on his neck, humming lightly.

"It's alright, chiquito," Derek reassured him, kissing his forehead. "I know you're getting used to the rules, and you were very polite. But don't forget again." He scrubbed at Stiles' chest, tweaking his nipples just because he could.

Stiles nodded against the kiss, sucking in a breath at the attention to his nipples, making him break out into goosebumps.

Derek smirked. "Like that, don't you?" he murmured, doing it again.

Stiles nodded again, whimpering softly and leaning into Derek's touch, though he made sure to stay standing.

"Pinch them," Derek told Stiles. "Tease them. I'll tell you when you're allowed to stop."

Stiles let out a whine, his own hands slipping up to tease at his nipples, cheeks dark red as he pinched and pulled at them.

Derek did his best to ignore the noises Stiles was making as he washed the rest of Stiles' torso and moved down to his groin. He wasn't very successful, and he could feel his cock hardening between his legs.

Stiles spread his legs wider to balance himself, each brush of Derek's fingers making his noises louder, his head thunking back against the wall.

At last - finally - Derek was done, all of Stiles scrubbed clean except his face and hair, and Derek surged to his feet, catching Stiles' mouth and kissing him.

Stiles moaned softly, pausing only a moment in playing with his nipples before resuming, opening his mouth up to Derek.

Derek pulled Stiles close, groping his ass as he kissed him, savouring the taste of him.

Stiles let out a whine, rocking forward, trying to tease Derek as much as he was teasing himself.

Derek could feel the hardness of Stiles' caged cock against his own, and the contrast only made him harder. "On your knees," he gasped, breaking away. "Suck me."

Stiles instantly slipped down to his knees, eyeing Derek's cock for a moment before sucking it into his mouth a bit awkwardly because his hands were occupied. He moaned softly, sucking.

"Fuck." Derek buried his hands in Stiles' hair, holding him in place as he thrust deep, deep into Stiles' mouth and throat.

Stiles let out a whimpering moan, relaxing his throat and swallowing around the head of Derek's cock when he bottomed out.

Derek groaned, rocking his hips back and forth, fucking into Stiles.

Stiles shivered, sucking hungrily each time Derek withdrew, his eyes darkening as he flicked his eyes up to watch him.
Derek didn't try to hold back at all, thrusting in, taking his pleasure from Stiles' eager mouth until he came, hands clenching in Stiles' hair.

Stiles moaned around him, swallowing quickly, not wanting to lose any of it. He could barely breathe, but that only made the haze in his mind grow.

Derek pulled out and crouched down, looking at Stiles through the water raining down on them both. "Thank you, chiquito," he said quietly. "That was so good. You can let go of your nipples now."

Stiles panted, his hands falling to his lap, leaning forward a bit, soaking up the praise like a sponge, eyes dark.

Derek kissed Stiles' forehead fondly. "Such a good boy," he murmured. "I'm proud of you."

Stiles grinned, leaning into the touch. The praise was making him feel almost drunk as he reached out for Derek.

Derek caught Stiles' hands and tugged him upwards. "Come on now, chiquito. I still need to do your hair."

Stiles smiled dazedly, nodding and standing slowly.

Derek watched Stiles carefully for a long moment before turning him around and picking up the bottle of shampoo. "Tilt your head back, amado," he murmured.

Stiles braced his hands on the wall, tilting his head back and shifting so his stance was stable again. He smiled softly, blinking rapidly so he wouldn't sink down too far.

Derek poured some shampoo into his hands and began to massage it into Stiles' scalp.

Stiles all but melted under his fingers, soft, contented sounds leaving his throat, slightly raspy from being used.

Stiles' boneless slump against the wall made Derek smile, and he rinsed his hands carefully before taking hold of Stiles' hips to guide him back under the spray. "Eyes and mouth closed, chiquito," he murmured. "We're rinsing you off."

Stiles hummed in answer, pressing his lips and eyes tightly closed, even as he leaned into the touch to his hip. God, they'd barely started and he already knew he was going to be halfway to subspace all day.

Derek let go of Stiles' hips to card through his hair, making sure all the shampoo was rinsed out, then nudged him out of the water again to apply conditioner.

Stiles giggled, leaning back against the wall, his head still tilted back, some of the now slight curls sticking to his forehead.

Derek smiled as he rubbed the conditioner in. "What's funny, chiquito?" he asked.

"The tile's cold, Master, it startled me." Stiles grinned, answering Derek's question as he leaned into the massaging fingers.
"Is that so?" Derek asked. "Come on, under the water again."

Stiles nodded, taking a step back into the water, trusting Derek not to let him fall as he was still bent back.

Derek moved with him, supporting him. "Almost done now," he murmured, rinsing Stiles' hair clean for the final time. "Then you'll be all clean."

Stiles smiled, closing his eyes and mouth tightly, hands sliding behind himself to grab Derek's hips.

"Oh no," Derek warned, "I have to wash too, remember? And since you're..." He checked over Stiles' hair, "...all clean, you can dry off while I wash."

Stiles pouted, even as he nodded, turning to kiss Derek's cheek and nuzzle his jaw for a moment before slipping from the shower.

"Good boy," Derek responded. "Be extra careful around the cage, please, and wait for me on the bathmat when you're done." Hurriedly, he started soaping himself up. His fingers were already wrinkled from the amount of time he'd spent washing Stiles.

Stiles smiled happily at the praise, carefully drying off before kneeling on the bathmat, watching Derek through the translucent shower curtain.

Derek managed to get through his own shower in record time, though when he stepped out for a towel, Stiles was still already waiting.

Stiles smiled, handing him the fresh towel he'd left on the counter and drying off Derek's legs with another.

"Thank you," Derek said warmly, taking the towel and drying off his hair. "How are you feeling?"

"Little heavy, warm, clean." Stiles grinned up at Derek. "Content, Master."

Derek smiled down at him and put the towel down on the counter to pick up Stiles' collar. "Here," he said. "Chin up, chiquito."

Stiles lifted his chin, settling a bit as he did, eyes slipping closed. He loved feeling the collar around his throat, loved playing with it.

Derek buckled the collar snugly around Stiles' neck, caressing his cheek. "Love you," he murmured.

Stiles nuzzled into the hand, a bright smile on his lips. He nipped at the pad of Derek's thumb.

Derek smiled back, picking up his towel again to dry off the rest of him. "Go get me my pants, chiquito."

Stiles nodded, kissing his thigh before turning on his knees and crawling over to where Derek had set out his clothes, carefully carrying the pants over to him.

"Thank you." Derek said, taking the slacks and pulling them on. "My belt, please."

Stiles smiled, grabbing the rest of Derek's clothes and carefully put them up closer to him, handing Derek his belt.
Derek threaded the belt into the belt loops of his slacks, then picked up the dark green button down and put it on. "Do the buttons up for me, chiquito," he ordered.

Stiles pressed his face to Derek's stomach for a brief moment before letting his fingers drift to Derek's buttons, taking things slow and lifting up on his knees to get the last couple done up, his hands sliding back down Derek's chest to smooth things down.

"Well done," Derek praised warmly, tucking his shirt into his pants and doing his belt up. "Is there anything you need before we go down and have breakfast?"

Stiles tilted his head in thought, shaking his head after a moment, smiling widely up at Derek.

"Alright, then." Derek picked up their towels and dropped them in the hamper, then started rolling up his sleeves as he led Stiles towards the stairs.

Stiles licked his lips, watching Derek more than the ground. God, his Dom was so fucking hot like that, formal except for the rolled sleeves and the top button undone. Fuck.

"You can stand up for the stairs," Derek said, pausing at the top.

Stiles stood, kissing Derek's cheek and pressing close for a moment before starting down the stairs, swinging his hips. He was aiming to tease his Dom into insanity. Then again that was a normal goal for him.

Derek shook his head, smiling, when he noticed what Stiles was doing. He wasn't exactly subtle.

Stiles looked over his shoulder, grinning widely at the smile on Derek's face, shaking his ass at him before hurrying down the stairs. He paused at the bottom of them before looking back up at his Dom, slipping to his knees.

"Good," Derek said with a nod, stopping at the bottom of the stairs to rest his hand on Stiles' hair.

Stiles leaned into the touch, smiling softly at the praise. He was finding it hard to not say the things he normally would, but he'd keep his mouth shut.

Derek led Stiles to the dining table and paused. "Wait for me here," he ordered. "I'm going to make us both some breakfast."

Stiles nodded, settling in to wait, a hand going to stroke the grain in the table leg, watching Derek.

Derek bent down, kissing Stiles' forehead, then went into the kitchen. He put some toast on for Stiles, and poured a bowl of cereal for himself. After a moment's thought, he got a cup of Stiles' white grape juice as well, putting a straw in it so it would be easier for Stiles to drink while Derek held it.

Stiles watched Derek though the kitchen doorway, smiling slightly and leaning against the table. Today had just started, and already he liked it, liked the things that Derek was doing. Sure, what was going on would change, of course, but they'd already figured out Stiles liked being bent over randomly anyway so he didn't see any kind of problem. And then of course there's the fact that he was a raging exhibitionist, which would solve any random visits that might happen.

Derek ate some of his cereal while he waited for Stiles' toast to pop up, then buttered it and cut it into squares. After a moment's consideration, he got an apple out of the fruit bowl and cut it into slices.
Obviously he couldn't carry everything at once, but he ferried it all out to the dining table in a couple of trips and sat down next to Stiles.

Stiles scooted closer, resting his head on Derek's thigh with a small, happy sigh.

"Hi chiquito," Derek said fondly. "You want something to eat?"

Stiles nodded, smiling up at Derek, his fingers going to smooth down one cuff of Derek's rolled sleeves.

Derek picked up a piece of toast and held it to Stiles' lips. "There you go, love."

Stiles hummed as he gently tugged the toast out of Derek's fingers with his teeth.

Derek took a spoonful of cereal while Stiles was chewing, then offered him another piece.

Stiles nuzzled his hand for a moment before taking the new piece, his chest warm and tight at the care that Derek took with him.

Derek smiled, and before offering Stiles more toast, picked up the cup of juice and lowered it so Stiles could take a sip if he wanted.

Stiles let out a happy noise as he realized what the drink was, sipping on it for a bit before pulling back, beaming up at Derek in thanks.

Stiles could be incredibly cute sometimes, Derek mused, smiling back at him. "You're welcome," he murmured, getting Stiles another piece of toast.

Stiles beamed even more when Derek realized what he was saying, kissing his wrist before taking the piece of toast with his lips, wiggling a bit in place, sucking in a breath when the plug shifted.

Derek fed Stiles the toast piece by piece, offering him sips of juice in between. When Stiles was done, Derek took the opportunity to finish his own breakfast before picking up the saucer of apple slices.

Stiles rested his head on Derek's thigh as he heard his Dom finish his cereal, one hand slipping under the leg hem of his pants to stroke his ankle.

Derek smiled a little at the affectionate touch and reached down to tip Stiles' chin upwards. "There's more, chiquito," he murmured. "Unless you're full?"

Stiles gave a soft sound, opening his mouth and leaned into the hand tipping his head back. He wanted more.

"Alright, then," Derek said. He picked up a slice of apple and held it to Stiles' lips. "Here you go, love."

Stiles sucked it into his mouth, eyes lighting up as he chewed. He hummed happily, scooting as close as he could get.

Derek loved taking care of Stiles like this, loved Stiles letting him take care of him like this. Piece by piece, he handfed Stiles the slices of apple, smiling at the look on his face.

Once the apple was gone, Stiles nuzzled close, kissing Derek's palm in thanks.
"Clean my fingers, chiquito?" Derek prompted. He was sticky from the apple juice and the butter.

Stiles hummed, sucking Derek's thumb into his mouth, slowly treating each finger to what probably constituted a mini-blown job, let's be honest. He grinned, saving Derek's middle finger for last. He sucked it down, his eyes flicking up to his Dom as his tongue curled.

Derek looked down at Stiles, eyes dark. "You're shameless, love," he said lowly.

Stiles' eyes crinkled, pulling off Derek's finger with a lewd popping noise, sucking his lower lip into his mouth. He fluttered his eyelashes playfully.

Derek laughed. "I'll get my laptop and then you can warm my cock under the table, okay?"

Stiles nodded eagerly, tilting his head. "May I speak?" he asked, his voice soft.

Hearing that was...god. Exciting. "You can speak, chiquito," Derek replied.

"Master, would you like to do it here at the table? Or under your desk? You have a big enough well under it that I could fit." Stiles smiled, licking along his lower lip. "And may I have some more juice?"

"You can definitely have more juice," Derek replied. "Just a minute." He stood, going into the kitchen to refill Stiles' cup as he thought about the other question.

Stiles smiled, settling back on his knees and humming to himself, his hands laying palm up in his lap.

Derek came back and sat down, holding the cup where Stiles could easily drink from it.

Stiles smiled brightly around the straw in his mouth, drinking happily. He really, really liked this juice, to the point that mainly what he'd been drinking lately was that instead of sodas even.

Derek smiled at Stiles' easy happiness. "We'll go upstairs," he decided. "When you're done with your juice."

Stiles nodded, sucking down the rest of his juice quickly, kissing Derek's wrist in thanks.

Derek left the cup on the dining table as he stood, leading Stiles back towards the stairs. "You can stand for the stairs again," he said quietly.

Stiles nodded, standing and kissing Derek's jaw before heading upstairs, waiting for him. He kept licking his lips, images flicking through his head.

Chapter End Notes

Hey guys!

Thanks as always to Chicktar for betaing, and to all of you for your lovely comments.
"Hi," Derek said quietly. "You can speak, chiquito."

Stiles smiled dazedly. "Master," he murmured, nuzzling into Derek's hand, and letting out a happy noise.

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A continuation of Stiles and Derek's 'master day'.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: there's some very mild petplay in this chapter. Specifically, Stiles gets into a headspace he identifies as being a fox cub. He's still verbal, and they don't do anything that they wouldn't do otherwise. If petplay squicks you, you can skip the second section, and the three sections after they finish eating.

When Derek caught up to Stiles, he kissed him gently, cupping his cheek. "Are you enjoying yourself?" he murmured, searching Stiles' gaze. "Is there anything you need?"

Stiles leaned into the touch, smiling brightly. He nodded, then shook his head, kissing Derek's jaw.

Derek smiled in reply. "On your knees then," he ordered. "Follow me."

Stiles just slid to his knees, crawling after Derek and shamelessly watching his Dom's ass the entire way. Holy shoulder to waist ratio, Batman.

Derek led Stiles to his office, and pulled his chair away from his desk, giving Stiles access to the footwell. "Let me get you a cushion," he said, going over to Stiles' usual chair to grab one. "You'll be there a while."

Stiles smiled his thanks, settling himself on the cushion, licking his lips as he watched Derek.

"Alright, then." Derek sat down, rolling the chair forward until his legs were bracketing Stiles, and reached down to get out his cock. It was already half-hard from anticipation. "Tap my leg three times if you need something," he told Stiles. "And remember, unless I say otherwise, all you're doing is warming my cock. This isn't a blowjob."

Stiles nodded, licking his lips again as he leaned closer, his arms wrapping around Derek's thighs so he was comfortable, sucking his cock into his mouth. He couldn't help sucking hard once before settling down, finding a position he could easily breathe in and keep for a long period.

"Good boy," Derek said, shuddering a little at the feel of Stiles' mouth. "That's my good boy."
Stiles hummed at the praise, nuzzling forward a bit before falling still, his tongue curled around Derek's cock.

Derek stroked Stiles' hair while he waited for his laptop to start up. It's not that he exactly wanted to work today; it was more that he wanted to feel Stiles' devotion while he was doing other things.

Stiles let out a soft sigh, enjoying the petting just as much as he was enjoying the feel and taste of his Dom.

After a few minutes, Derek got caught up in answering emails and reading blog posts and he mostly forgot about Stiles - a part of him remained aware though, awed and grateful.

Stiles stroked his thumbs along Derek's side, eyes going hazed the longer he was there.

Derek opened up the document where he was working on his best man's speech for Laura's wedding. He hated public speaking, but he was kind of obliged, and he wanted it to be good.

Stiles was barely aware of the passage of time, content to feel and smell and taste his Dom, floating happily even as his fingers kneaded Derek's skin every now and again.

Eventually, Derek started to get hungry, and realized that it was almost lunchtime. God, he'd lost track of time. He reached down, gently stroking Stiles' hair, trying to get his attention.

Stiles hummed, the sudden touch to his hair welcomed as he tried to lean into it without moving.

Derek, reassured, carded his fingers through Stiles' hair and tugged gently. "Time to stop now, amado," he murmured.

Stiles whined, pulling away slowly and blinking up at him, licking his swollen lips.

"Hi," Derek said quietly. "You can speak, chiquito."

Stiles smiled dazedly. "Master," he murmured, nuzzling into Derek's hand, and letting out a happy noise.

"How are you feeling?" Derek asked.


"Let's get you something to drink then, hmm?" Derek suggested. "Are you hungry too?"

Stiles tilted his head, nodding after a bit. "Little bit, dunno."

"Okay," Derek replied. "Well, I'm hungry, so we'll go downstairs and I'll make some lunch, and if you want some, that's fine."

Stiles nodded, smiling. He leaned forward, nuzzling Derek's inner thigh for a moment with a happy sigh.

"Enjoying yourself?" Derek asked fondly, his smile crinkling the corners of his eyes.

Stiles nodded again, nipping before letting out a soft giggle at the smile on Derek's face.

Derek raised his eyebrows. "What's funny, querido?"
"Nibble," Stiles murmured, nipping Derek's thighs again.

Derek couldn't help but laugh - he had no idea what Stiles was finding funny right now, but the very incomprehensibility of him was funny. "I don't understand," he said.

"I nibble. Nibblenibblenibble." Stiles nipped up and down Derek's thigh.

"Are you a bunny rabbit now?" Derek asked teasingly.

"Fox!" Stiles grinned. "Sorry, floaty."

"You're perfect, chiquito, it's fine," Derek promised. "Do foxes nibble?"

"Sometimes," Stiles hummed, kissing up Derek's stomach.

"What else do foxes do?" Derek asked fondly.

"Playful." Stiles nodded, kissing up Derek's chest. Well, as far as he could reach anyway.

"That's what they are, not what they do," Derek pointed out, smiling down at Stiles and stroking his hair.

"Play," Stiles said, leaning into the touch, his eyes hazed over.

"Do you want to play?" Derek asked.

Stiles nodded, licking his lips. "Master needs to eat though," he reminded Derek softly.

"Well, let's go eat, and then we can play," Derek decided. "You need something to drink, too, don't you."

"Thirsty," Stiles nodded, kissing Derek's abdomen again, nuzzling close for a moment. "Love my Master."

"I love you too, mi chiquito," Derek murmured, smiling softly. "Let's go downstairs."

Stiles nodded, wiggling out from under the desk and crawling to the door, sucking on his lower lip.

Derek followed, shamelessly watching Stiles' ass sway, and tapped his shoulder when they got to the stairs. "Want me to carry you this time?" he suggested.

Stiles tilted his head, grinning and nodded. He licked his lips, shifting so Derek could pick him up.

Derek picked Stiles up in a reverse piggyback, wrapping his legs around his waist.

Stiles buried his face in Derek's neck, nuzzling softly. "Master," he sighed.

"Shh," Derek reminded him softly, going down the stairs fairly quickly so he wouldn't get tired.

Stiles hummed, mouthing at Derek's neck instead of speaking his apology, wrapping himself tightly around Derek.

"Oh no," Derek scolded gently, putting Stiles down on the couch rather than directly on the ground.

"No kissing it away. Just water for you now, chiquito. No juice, no soda."
Stiles whined softly, ducking his head, mouthing 'sorry', lowering his eyes to his lap.

"That's better," Derek said firmly. "Come on then, back on the floor."

Stiles nodded, keeping his eyes lowered as he slipped back onto the floor to his knees, pouting just a bit. He hadn't meant not to apologize, but he didn't want to get in more trouble by talking...not that that worked apparently.

"Do you have something to say?" Derek asked. "You're allowed to speak."

"I'm sorry, Master." He rushed to say, tilting his small pout up at him. "I didn't want to get in more trouble by continuing to talk, that's why I didn't apologize then. I'm sorry, Master, I didn't mean to forget."

"You're allowed to ask to speak at any time," Derek reminded him. "And that was a very good apology, thank you."

Stiles gave him a shy smile, sucking his lower lip into his mouth after a moment. He nodded, taking a deep breath to relax.

"Feeling better, chiquito?" Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair reassuringly.

Stiles nodded, leaning into the touch with a small smile, he reached up, dragging Derek's hand to his mouth, kissing the palm.

Even without his words, Stiles was a very clear communicator. Derek brought Stiles' hand to his own mouth and returned the gesture.

Stiles flushed, his smile turning soft and gentle, eyes sparkling. He leaned forward, nuzzling Derek's thigh.

"Love you too, querido," Derek murmured.

Stiles beamed brightly at being understood, tugging lightly on Derek's hand before starting to crawl toward the kitchen.

Derek stood and followed. When they got to the kitchen, he got Stiles a glass, filled it with water, and handed it down to him. "Give it back when you're done, and I'll refill it," he promised.

Stiles nodded, drinking the water with a happy noise. He swallowed it down quickly, now realizing how thirsty he was before handing it back up to Derek, a small flush on his cheeks.

Derek filled it and gave it back, smiling at him. "You really were thirsty, weren't you?" he commented.

Stiles nodded, drinking slower but still draining the glass before giving it back. He shook his head, done for now.

"No more?" Derek checked, putting the glass on the counter. "Are you hungry?"

Stiles nodded, grinning widely before nodding again, holding up his hand to show 'a little'. He kept nuzzling Derek's leg.

"Well, I'm going to make a couple of grilled cheeses," Derek said. "You can have half of one if you
like, and if you're still hungry after that, I'll make a third for us to share. Sound good?"  

Stiles’ eyes lit up, and he nodded eagerly, hugging Derek’s leg.  

"Alright, chiquito," Derek said, ruffling Stiles’ hair. "I need you to let go so I can cook. You can watch me from the corner."

Stiles nodded, slowly letting Derek's leg go, smiling up at him before crawling to where he'd be safe to watch.  

"Good boy," Derek said, turning the sandwich press on and going over to the fridge to get out the cheese.  

Stiles purred happily, settling in a comfortable position, watching Derek walk around while sucking on his lower lip.  

Once the sandwiches were in the press, Derek came back over, crouching down. "How are you feeling, amado?" he asked. "Headspace-wise."

Stiles tilted his head, slightly hazed eyes watching Derek. "Still kinda heavy," he murmured. He licked his lips.  

"That's fine, chiquito," Derek reassured him. "You don't have to come up, I just want to know where you're at."

Stiles smiled, leaning forward to kiss his jaw. "Thank you, Master," he murmured into Derek’s ear, nuzzling close.  

"You're very welcome," Derek replied softly. "You're being so good today, making me so proud."

Stiles beamed at the praise, nipping Derek's earlobe before sitting back into his pose, hands on his thighs.  

Derek stood, checking on the sandwiches. They were just about done, so he refilled Stiles' glass and got a glass of coke for himself and put them on the counter. "You can use a stool while we eat," he told Stiles.  

Stiles beamed, crawling over to one of the stools and pulling himself up so he could sit down, sipping more of his water.  

Derek smiled at him briefly, getting out a couple of plates and dishing up the sandwiches, halving one of them so Stiles could have a piece. "Tell me if you'd like more," he reminded Stiles.  

Stiles nodded, poking his sandwich for a moment before deciding to let it cool a bit, taking a bite a few moments later after blowing on it. Stiles smiled, chewing happily. He wasn't too hungry, true, but that didn't mean he didn't enjoy eating. Especially if that meant he'd spend more time with Derek.  

Derek sat next to Stiles, bumping up against him as he ate, musing on the day so far. Stiles had been wonderfully obedient, beautifully so.  

Stiles finished his food, draining his glass before curling around as much of Derek as he could, nuzzling happily.  

"So sweet," Derek praised, wrapping his arm around Stiles' shoulders. "Look at you, chiquito, aren't
you good?"

Stiles hummed happily, nuzzling Derek's shoulder. He loved the praise.

"That's my boy," Derek murmured. "Let me finish my lunch and then we'll play, alright?"

Stiles' eyes lit up, sitting up a bit so Derek had room. He nodded, slipping to the floor and leaning against Derek's legs.

"You like that, hmm?" Derek observed, amused. "Little fox cub."

Stiles perked up, grinning widely and wiggling in place, nuzzling Derek's knee.

"Oh?" Derek asked, grinning back. "I got it right?"

Stiles let out a soft laugh, peeking up at Derek.

"Hmm." Derek made a show of 'thinking'. "What do fox cubs do?"

"Play!" Stiles giggled, nipping at the outside of Derek's thigh.

"What sort of games do little foxes play?" Derek asked. "Do they play...monopoly? Poker?"

Stiles' face crinkled up in mock disgust, shaking his head.

"No poker for fox cubs, huh?" Derek said, suppressing a grin at the look on Stiles' face.

Stiles shook his head again, nipping Derek's thigh, his clumsy fingers kneading what he could reach.

Derek petted Stiles' hair. "Why don't you tell me what games they do play, then?" he suggested.

"Hunt!" Stiles grinned, leaning into the petting. "Hide and seek. Wrestle!"

Derek raised his eyebrows. Well, they had been still and quiet all morning. "We can play hide and seek," he agreed.

Stiles wiggled, giggling and nuzzling close. "Play!"

"But first," Derek said, "I need to go to the toilet, and I think maybe you do too."

Stiles tilted his head in thought, nodding with a flush along his cheeks and nose.

"It's fine, chiquito, no need to be embarrassed," Derek reassured him. "Just remember to clean and re-lube yourself if you need to take the plug out. I'll meet you in the living room in about five minutes? You're allowed to stand."

Stiles nodded, standing and kissing Derek's cheek. He shifted on his feet, chewing on his lip for a moment before zipping off, wanting to be done as soon as possible.

Derek shook his head fondly, and took a moment to collect the dishes and tidy the kitchen before going for the downstairs bathroom.

Stiles shivered a few minutes later as he slipped the plug back in after drying off from the quick shower he'd taken. He groaned, thunking his head on the counter before heading back into the living room, kneeling in the middle of the floor.
Derek smiled when he found Stiles kneeling in the living room. "Good boy," he praised, "but you won't be very good at hide and seek if you have to crawl everywhere."

Stiles giggled, grinning up at Derek and covered his eyes. He peeked through his fingers for a moment before covering them again.

"You're seeking first?" Derek checked.

Stiles grinned, nodding and mouthing out numbers.

"Count loudly, please," Derek told him. "I need to be able to hear you. And no leaving the house for this game."

"Yes, Master!" Stiles agreed happily. "One!" he called out, making sure his voice was loud.

"Good boy," Derek replied, hurrying away. After a few precious moments of indecision, he slipped up the stairs to hide behind the door of Stiles' room.

"Twenty!" Stiles cried out, giggling as he stood and looked around, his head tilting to the side before creeping up to look behind furniture. He quickly cleared the ground floor, then snuck upstairs, his eyes focused even in their hazed state.

Derek felt incredibly conspicuous, listening hard as he tried to follow Stiles' progress.

Stiles hummed lightly, all but pouncing into each room to look, finally bounding into his own and looking around. He tilted his head, trying to listen to see if he could hear his Master, licking his lips.

Behind the door, Derek grinned as a thought occurred to him. He rushed from his hiding place and pounced on Stiles.

Stiles squawked, falling to the floor and squirming, laughing brightly.

Derek mock-growled, tickling Stiles' ribs.

Stiles squealed, laughing and growling back, wiggling and trying to wrestle Derek, small squeaks leaving him at the tickling.

Derek was heavier, though, and stronger, so Stiles didn't manage to flip him.

Stiles growled playfully, nipping at Derek's shoulder and giggling, squirming under him. He'd managed to turn over, but that was about it, hands flailing out the sides.

Derek bit down lightly on the back of Stiles' neck. "Mine," he growled.

Stiles shivered, falling limp with a small whimper, rocking back without thinking to grind against Derek.

Derek rutted against him, caught up in the moment.

Stiles growled weakly, spreading himself out for Derek, grinding back against him with soft whines leaving his chest.

"Want me to unplug you?" Derek breathed, his cock hard in his pants. "Fill you up?"
Stiles whined high in his throat, grinding back against the hard length he felt, his mind already a mess. He laid his cheek on the deep carpet. "Please," he begged, voice rough and edged with a faint growl, eyes hazed and blown.

Derek reached his hand between them, fumbling to get his cock out of his pants, rolling on his side a little so he could get the plug out of Stiles.

Stiles rocked up a bit onto his knees, those soft, growly whines turning into a moan when the plug slipped free. He looked over his shoulder, licking his lips and wiggling a bit, wanting to feel Derek pin him back down.

Derek blanketed Stiles with his body, pressing him into the floor, rocking against his slick, open hole.

Stiles growled weakly, his eyes fluttering closed. God, he was going to go insane. In the best of ways. He couldn't come easily with the cage on, but that didn't mean he loved being filled any less.

"Tell me if I go too fast," Derek warned, and reached down to guide himself in. God, Stiles was tight.

Stiles whined high in his throat, rocking back and squirming a bit, testing. Derek felt so fucking good.

Slowly, Derek pressed all the way in, feeling Stiles' hole clutch around him. "So good," he murmured. "You feel so good."

"Mate," Stiles answered, speaking from his chest, and clenching tight. He whined, squirming and trying to get Derek to move, wanting more, a part of him wanting Derek to just make him take it.

Derek rutted forward, grinding down against Stiles.

Stiles whimpered, his hands going to push at the soft carpet, fingers digging into the pile as he rocked back.

Derek began to fuck Stiles in earnest now, fast and rough, driving those amazing noises from his mouth.

Stiles couldn't help the noises, moving his arm over so he could bite it to muffle the words that wanted to spill over. God, he loved this, loved feeling Derek. Wanted to be full of him, plugged up and swimming in pleasure.

Derek groaned, pounding Stiles hard. He'd been holding back all day - enjoying other things, sure, but this, fuck, this was amazing. Stiles hot and tight around him and squirming and whining under him and…

Stiles moaned, reaching back with a hand to touch anywhere on Derek he could reach, blown eyes looking over his shoulder. "Please," he panted. "F-fuck."

It tipped Derek over the edge, and if maybe he should have been ashamed in his lack of stamina, as he fucked Stiles through it, Derek couldn't find it in himself to care.

Stiles let out what could only be described as a purr, his hand tangling in Derek's hair. His toes curled as he clenched around Derek, milking him for all he was worth.

"God," Derek panted. "God, fuck, Stiles."
Stiles let out a soft giggle, pressing his face into the carpet. "Mate," he murmured.

"You said that earlier," Derek noted, still pulling his brains back together.

Stiles hummed. "Mate for life." He nodded, carefully slipping down so they could lay down, feeling the heavy weight of Derek and currently content to let out a soft, rumbling satisfied noise.

Derek blinked. "Foxes?" he clarified, slumping on top of Stiles and nosing at his neck.

"Mmmhmm." Stiles smiled, tilting his head forward a bit to give Derek more room. "Mate."

"My Stiles," Derek agreed, and tugged lightly on Stiles' collar with his teeth.

Stiles let out another rumbling hum, smile splitting his face. "Yours," he murmured, falling silent as he remembered he wasn't supposed to talk, content to lay on the floor under Derek, sinking deeper into his headspace quite happily.

Derek began to place tiny, affectionate kisses on all the skin he could easily reach.

Stiles let out a soft sigh, relaxing fully on the floor. He moved his head so his cheek was on the floor, smile curling his lips. His mate.

The movement brought Stiles' sub mark into easy reach, and Derek began to suck and worry at it.

Stiles gasped softly, stomach pulsing with sudden arousal. He whined, shifting his hands to dig into the carpet, stomach clenching.

"Okay, querido?" Derek checked.

"Mmmhmm," Stiles hummed, smile curling at the corners of his mouth. He licked his lips, sucking his lower one into his mouth.

Derek kissed the spot and breathed, "Should I keep going?"

Stiles hummed again, nodding just a bit. "W-want to see," he breathed. "If I can with just that. Even in cage," he managed to work out of his throat, his body still feeling like a contented cat. "Love feeling."

"Christ." Derek kissed Stiles' mark again, tenderly. "You're amazing."

Stiles let out a small whine, wiggling his fingers deeper into the carpet.

Derek nipped carefully, teasing Stiles' skin with his teeth, then licking back over it.

Stiles gasped, shivering and squeezing down on where he could still feel Derek in him.

Derek breathed out hard, rolling his hips slightly.

Stiles cried out, shivering at the drag. He tilted his head to offer up his mark.

Derek sucked hard on the spot, marking it as his own.

Stiles keened, his body trembling as arousal ricocheted through him, knocking him dazed.

Derek reached up to stroke Stiles' hair, soothing him.
Stiles trembled, leaning into the touch as he panted, a hand moving to bury in Derek's hair. "I've got you," Derek murmured, his lips brushing over Stiles' skin. "I've got you, chiquito."

Stiles smiled, relaxing back on the floor, letting Derek do what he wanted. "Feel good, amado?" Derek asked softly. "I want you to feel so good."


Stiles let out a shuddering moan, panting softly at the praise.

"Want me to keep going, or should we just stay here for a while?" Derek asked.


Derek thought about it for a minute. "You just relax, querido," he said softly. "Drift, if you want. I've got you."

Stiles smiled, not moving other than to close his eyes. He soaked up the feeling of his Dom pinning him down, his breathing deepening as he settled even further into this odd mindset of his that he'd tumbled into that morning.

Derek enjoyed the moment for a while, holding Stiles safe and content beneath him.

Stiles hummed, wiggling a bit under Derek, shifting. He licked his lips, sucking on the lower one, his eyes opening halfway, hazed and blown.

"Hi," Derek murmured.

Stiles' lips curled into a lazy smile, one hand reaching up to pet clumsily at Derek's head.

"So sweet," Derek praised softly, leaning into Stiles' touch.

Stiles' smile grew at the praise, petting Derek's hair with a happy sound, soft and almost silent.

"My good, sweet boy," Derek murmured. "You make me so happy."

Stiles let out another happy noise, tugging just a bit on Derek's hair.

Derek smiled. "You like that, hmm?"

"Mmmhm," Stiles grinned happily, petting slowly, carding his fingers through Derek's hair.


Stiles hummed, wiggling a bit under Derek, the praise and pet names making his heart light.

"My perfect sub," Derek said quietly. "Mi amor."

For once, Stiles' praise didn't stir Derek to protest. He was too content right now.

Stiles eventually wiggled a bit, sucking in a breath as he felt Derek's cock shifting. It might be soft, but it still managed to keep him plugged for the most part. He groaned softly, blinking open his hazed eyes, and spread his legs further apart, letting his Dom settle closer than he already was.

"Hi love," Derek said quietly. "Back with me?"


"That's fine," Derek reassured him. "Do you want to get up off the floor yet?"

Stiles hummed as he thought, wiggling a bit. "Please. Pretty sure the carpet has imprinted itself on my skin, Master." He let his amusement shine.

"It'll need cleaning, too," Derek observed, shifting backwards.

"I'll shampoo it tomorrow, Master," Stiles promised, flushing darkly.

Derek kissed Stiles' blushing cheek. "It's fine, querido. I'm just thinking we probably would have been better off in a bed."

Stiles giggled. "You tackled me, Master," he teased.

"I did," Derek admitted, blushing slightly. "I wasn't quite expecting it to go like that, though."

"I liked it, Master," Stiles assured softly. His grin widened. "My mate."

"We should talk about the fox thing at some point," Derek said. "It's new."

Stiles flushed. "Sorry," he murmured. "Didn't know that would happen."

"If it was a problem, Stiles, I would have stopped you at the time," Derek reassured him. "You were cute like that."

Stiles flushed darker. "Cute?"

"Very cute," Derek replied. "We should get up."

Stiles nodded, chewing on his lower lip as he wiggled to his knees. "Bed?" he murmured.

Derek pulled the rest of the way out and nodded. "Bed."

Stiles shuddered, an involuntary whine leaving him as Derek pulled out. "Yes Master," he breathed, pushing up on his hands and knees.

"The plug's not clean anymore, so I'm not putting it back in," Derek warned as he got up. "If you want to keep that inside you, you'll have to do it yourself."

Stiles groaned, nodding and carefully starting to crawl out of the room, shoulders lowered and back arched to try and keep more of Derek inside of him.

"Fuck," Derek muttered, scooping up the plug and following him. "Fuck, look at you."
Stiles moaned at Derek's tone, his shoulders dropping lower to the ground.

"Good boy," Derek praised, "Keeping yourself full of my come, so eager for me, you've been so
good all day."

Stiles swayed slightly side to side as he crawled, licking his lips. He finally made it to the bedroom,
dropping his shoulders to the floor as he took a moment to calm down.

"You're doing so good for me," Derek praised. "Well done, chiquito, you haven't let any of it spill,
you're doing so good."

Stiles let out a soft moan, hiding his eyes in one of his arms.

Derek crouched, stroking Stiles' back. "Good boy," he murmured. "I've got you."

Stiles leaned into the touch, whining high in his throat at the praise. He clenched his ass tighter,
shivering.

"Shh," Derek soothed him. "You're alright, chiquito. It's alright. Can you get up on the bed for me?"

Stiles nodded, chewing on his lower lip as he carefully made his way onto the bed, muscles shaking
with the effort of holding Derek's come in.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' back. "Good boy, you're doing so well, I'm so proud
of you."

Stiles panted, burying his face in the pillow. He relaxed, spreading his legs without thinking.

The sight was mesmerizing. "Beautiful, chiquito," Derek breathed. "God, I want to fill you up."

'Please," Stiles couldn't help but whisper. "Master."

Derek thought about it for a while, kneeling behind Stiles with one hand on his ass. "One of our
toys," he murmured. He wanted to see Stiles stretch, around something bigger than his cock. "The
beads, I think."

Stiles shivered, groaning and arching into Derek's hand. "Green," he pleaded, speech almost
impossible.

"I'm tying your arms first," Derek decided. "Behind your back, so get comfortable with your
shoulders on the bed, please."

"Yes Master," Stiles panted, shifting so he was laying on his shoulders, hands going behind his back.

"Good boy," Derek told him. "Stay." He got out their toy-box and unpacked the tapered set of beads
and a length of smooth rope.

Stiles shivered at the order, curling his fingers around each other as he tried not to shift so he could
see what Derek was doing.

Derek decided to use the butterfly arm-binder that had quickly become one of their favorites, and
dropped the beads on the bed to unwrap the hank of rope.

Stiles shuffled his knees wider, whimpering softly. He wanted to feel Derek, somehow, not just the
warmth he felt from around him.
Derek frowned, stepping forward and crouching down so he was in Stiles' field of view. "Are you alright, querido?" he asked.

Stiles licked his lips, nodding. "Yes Master," he breathed. "Just want to feel you. Please."

Derek reached out, cupping Stiles' cheek. "Like this?" he checked.

Stiles relaxed a bit, leaning into the touch. "Yes Master," he breathed. "Just want to feel you, in any way."

"Then I'll stay here until you're ready," Derek murmured. "I can't always touch you while I tie you."

Stiles hummed, burying his face in Derek's palm, breathing deeply for a few moments before nodding. "I'll be okay, Master," he promised.

Derek leaned in and kissed Stiles' forehead. "That's my boy," he said warmly. "If you need me, you say so, alright? Same if something doesn't feel good."

"Yes Master," Stiles smiled, leaning into the kiss, settling deeper in the blanket.

"Good boy." Derek stood again and found the bight, making the first knot to form the shoulder loops. "I need you to let me have your hands," he told Stiles.

Stiles nodded, nuzzling the pillow as he loosened his hands, laying them palm up on his lower back.

"Thank you." Derek took Stiles' hands gently, feeding them through the loops, then moving the loops up Stiles' arms until they settled around his shoulders.

Stiles let out a slow breath, his eyes fluttering closed. God, he loved feeling this. Control being taken away bit by bit until all he could do was take it.

A second knot, a second pair of loops settling tight around Stiles' smooth skin, binding his upper arms.

Stiles groaned softly, his all but limp fingers curling slightly. He'd be tied, spread out on that bed like a feast just waiting for his Dom.

Derek kissed Stiles' palms as he worked the next pair of loops over them and up Stiles' arms.

Stiles let out a soft sound, hands curling involuntarily around Derek's mouth loosely. He shuddered, burying his face to hide the flush.

"So good for me," Derek murmured as he made the final loop for the wrists. "My good boy."

Whimpering, Stiles trembled lightly, flirting with the edges of the space he always went to bound like this. He wasn't there, at least at that moment, but god, it was heady, feeling this.

Derek kissed Stiles' palms again as he tied the rope off. "That's it," he said quietly. "Let go, love. I've got you."

Stiles smiled, relaxing in the bonds, trusting Derek to make sure he didn't end up at odd angles. Spreading his knees and raising up on them, he presented himself, fingers twining together.
...and it's another sex cliffhanger. We seem to do that to you guys a lot.
(Pst: It's cause we like watching you drool in our comments ;P ) -Kattseye
Thanks to Chicktar for betaing, and to all of you for your lovely comments

Update on Kattseyes gross teeth. I have the 15% down payment needed to get almost half of my teeth financed, so on Tuesday I'm going to be getting the worse of them worked on :) Here's to hoping I can get the other money needed for the others asap! -Kattseye
End Scene

Chapter Summary

"We'll take it slow," Derek reassured him, "but you can do it. You're going to do it. You're going to take everything I give you, aren't you, chiquito?"

"Yes, Master," Stiles breathed.

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Derek and Stiles finish their Master day, and cuddle a lot.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Brief discussion of petplay in the final paragraph/section

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Beautiful," Derek praised, admiring Stiles' twitching hole. "Ready for the beads, love?"

"Yes, Master," Stiles breathed, shivering and swaying his hips side to side to tease.

Derek's eyes darkened, and he quickly lubed up the beads. The smallest one was a little smaller than the plug Stiles had been wearing, so he didn't bother to prep him before gently pressing it to Stiles' hole.

Stiles groaned, pressing back against the bead, trying to get it inside him faster.

Stiles was so eager, Derek went straight to the second bead, pressing it in as well.

Fuck. Stiles whimpered almost silently, grinding back against the stretch, turning his head so he could pant.

Derek pressed on the bead with his fingers, fucking it in and out of Stiles.

"Hnnn," Stiles groaned, rocking back harder, slipping a bit closer to that warm space in his head.

"That's it, querido, so good for me," Derek murmured. "Ready for another one?"

"Please," Stiles begged, panting and rocking his hips.

The third bead was a little larger than Derek's cock, enough that Stiles would feel a stretch. Derek slowly pushed it in, watching Stiles' hole open up around it.

"O-oh," Stiles whined, thighs trembling as he rocked back slowly, grinding against the bead in Derek's fingers. "Sh-shit."

Derek let the bead pop inside, and then, just as slowly, pulled on the string to draw it out.
Stiles cried out, shivering and rocking back, eyes quickly starting to haze over as he fell.

"That's it, open up for me," Derek murmured, pushing the bead in again, feeling the way Stiles' hole had loosened up.

Stiles whined as he rocked back, goosebumps rising on his skin.

"You want more?" Derek asked, rubbing Stiles' rim with his thumb. "They only get bigger from here."

Stiles hid his whimper in the pillow before nodding. "Want to tr-try," he panted, grinding back against Derek's thumb.

"We'll take it slow," Derek reassured him, "but you can do it. You're going to do it. You're going to take everything I give you, aren't you, chiquito?"

"Yes, Master," Stiles breathed, arching his back to open himself up more, moaning as the beads shifted inside him.

Derek pulled the third bead out and put it in again, repeating the action until Stiles' hole gaped open, not resisting at all.

Stiles whined. "Please," he whispered, eyes going unfocused before sliding closed again.

Derek picked up the fourth bead, slick in his hand, and pressed it to Stiles' open hole.

Stiles ground back, mouth falling open as he tried to force it in.

Derek gripped Stiles' hip, holding him steady. "Take your time, love," he told Stiles. "We have all the time in the world."

Stiles moaned softly at the hold Derek had on his hip, rocking back carefully against the bead, panting.

"That's it, chiquito," Derek murmured. "Almost there."

"W-want it," Stiles panted, his whole body trembling.

Derek slowly pushed the widest part of the bead through Stiles' stretched rim.

"O-oh!" Stiles keened, somehow managing to shove himself back on it, precum drooling rapidly from his cage.

Derek shuddered as he looked at the bead, clearly visible in Stiles' hole. He reached around to rub Stiles' belly, feeling the weight of the beads shifting inside him.

Stiles whined as he shifted, floating happily in his own head. He could feel each bead moving, causing him to groan.

"All good, love?" Derek checked.

"Y-yes," Stiles breathed out, sinking against the bed.

Derek pressed the bead deeper in with his fingers, feeling it knock against the one higher up.
Stiles couldn't help the way his hips jerked, precome puddling under him as he cried out. "Oh," he whimpered, loose and pliant, even when he was on the edge of coming, cage be damned.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hip. "You're doing so good."

Stiles had lost speech, humming happily and leaning into Derek's touch at the praise. His thighs were trembling so hard he was surprised he'd managed to stay up on his knees.

Derek gave the string a few gentle tugs, pulling the fourth bead back against Stiles' rim.

"O-oh," Stiles moaned, rocking back and curling his toes in the blanket.

"That's it, amado, just one more," Derek murmured. "Do you think you can take one more?"

"Try," Stiles panted, eyes wide and unseeing, fingers curling and uncurling.

"Good boy," Derek praised, stroking Stiles' hip. "You're going to be so full, aren't you? Full up and stretched wide."

"Like it," Stiles whimpered. "Like being full."

"Okay," Derek said. "Okay, Stiles, I've got you. I'll fill you up."

"Thank you," Stiles breathed. "Thank you, Master. Please," he begged, his filter completely gone. "Want to feel so full."

Derek took hold of the last bead. It was big in his hand, and he swallowed hard at the thought of seeing it in Stiles. Carefully, he brought it to Stiles' hole and began to push.


"You can do it, chiquito, I've got you," Derek soothed, rocking the bead against Stiles' hole. "Just open up for me."

Stiles arched his ass higher, opening himself wider while rocking back.

"There you go, almost there," Derek promised him, pressing it in. "You're almost to the widest part, you've almost got it."

Stiles sucked in a sharp breath, pushing back and letting out a high keen when he felt himself stretch almost impossibly wide.


Stiles whined, clenching tightly around the beads, so close, his stomach so tight.

"So good, love, so good for me, such a good boy," Derek murmured. "Can you kneel up for me, chiquito? I'll help you."

Stiles wiggled up, starting to sit up on his knees, crying out sharply as the beads shifted down to press on his rim.

Derek put one hand on Stiles' chest and one on his back, steadying him. "Feel good, chiquito?"
"Cl- close," Stiles murmured, rocking back and forth just to feel the beads shift, his fingers curling in Derek's shirt.

Derek frowned, glancing down at Stiles' caged cock. "To...to coming, querido?"

Stiles whimpered, nodding, swaying backwards, just wanting to feel Derek.

"Okay," Derek soothed. "You're fine, chiquito, you're doing so good, just look at how beautiful you are right now."

Stiles whined at the praise, grinding his hips back against air as he leaned into Derek's touch

"If you can come in the cage, you're allowed to," Derek reassured him. "It's alright, love."

"W-want to," Stiles whimpered. "L-love it. Love you."

"I love you too," Derek murmured, moving so he could press a kiss to the corner of Stiles' mouth. "My good boy."

Stiles turned his head, purring happily as he rocked back and forth, shuddering.

"Almost there, querido," Derek said. "Let's get you bent over again, I don't want you falling."

Stiles whimpered, leaning forward, a high keen leaving him as the beads battered his prostate

Derek held Stiles up so he wouldn't fall on the mattress, supporting him until he was settled again. "I want you to count to five," he said. "On five, I will pull them out."


Derek took hold of the ring at the end of the string of beads and pulled.

Stiles let out a short scream as the beads were tugged free, coming hard and melting into the bed.

Derek watched in awe, automatically murmuring praise under his breath.

Stiles hummed, not really moving or speaking, eyes unfocused.

"I'm going to get your arms untied so you can lie down a little easier," Derek said softly, stroking Stiles' arm under the ropes. "Colour?"

"Gre-" Stiles breathed, licking his lips.

"That's good," Derek murmured, finding the ends of the rope and starting to unwind them. "You're doing so good, amado."

Stiles purred, curling his toes and nuzzling the blanket.

"You just lie there and feel good, chiquito, that's perfect," Derek said softly. He carefully untied Stiles' wrists, checking the marks there, and then the next-lowest set of loops.

Stiles smiled, floating in darkness, his thighs trembling.

Derek carefully, patiently, untied Stiles' arms, then rubbed his hands up and down them in long, smooth strokes, easing the muscles there. "Let's get you on your side," he murmured.
Stiles grumbled softly, pushing with his knee weakly to flop over. "Mas-er," he slurred, reaching out a hand.

Derek flipped the blanket back so he wouldn't have to lie in the wet spot and got into bed, taking Stiles' hand. "I'm here, love," he said softly.

Stiles purred, nuzzling close and closing his eyes with a happy sigh, nuzzling Derek's palm after bringing his hand up to his face.

Derek scritched lightly at Stiles' hair, watching him fondly.

Stiles leaned into it, absently sucking two of Derek's fingers into his mouth.

"You there, querido?" Derek murmured.

Stiles opened his eyes slowly, pupils blown wide and hazed over as he sucked, tongue curling around Derek's fingers.

"Aren't you beautiful?" Derek praised, petting Stiles' tongue with his fingers.

Stiles flushed softly, curling closer to him. "Mmm."

"My good, beautiful boy, that's right," Derek murmured. "And you've been so good for me today, all day. I'm so proud of you, chiquito."

Stiles smiled, reaching out a hand to clumsily pet Derek's cheek, his eyes slipping closed.

Derek turned his head to kiss Stiles' fingers, mirroring his affectionate suckling.

Stiles let out a small sound, blinking rapidly. He didn't want to come up, and yet he did. It was hard to choose, causing him to wiggle in place.

"Shh, it's alright," Derek soothed him. "We have plenty of time, love, you don't have to come up yet."

Stiles relaxed, letting his eyes fall half closed with a soft sigh, watching Derek blearily.


"Hmmm," Stiles hummed, sucking Derek's fingers further into his mouth, one hand holding Derek's wrist loosely, the other still clumsily petting Derek's cheek.

Derek let himself drift, just watching Stiles and making sure he was okay.

Stiles lost track of time, blinking slowly back to himself some time later, his affectionate suckling turning into small nips.

Derek raised his eyebrows. "Feeling foxy again?" he murmured.

Stiles grinned, shaking his head and pressing close to Derek, his face in Derek's chest. "No, Master."

He was verbal though, which was good. "How are you feeling?" Derek asked.

"Warm," Stiles grinned. "Open, comfortable."
Derek smiled, kissing Stiles' fingers again. "Good," he said. "Are you enjoying yourself?"

Stiles nodded, a small smile on his face from the kisses. "Are you, Master?"

"Very much," Derek replied warmly. "You've been so good, Stiles."

Stiles flushed, hiding his face in Derek's chest. "Like being your good boy."

"And you have been," Derek assured him. "You've been good for me all day."

Stiles let out a happy sound, pressing closer and gasping as he felt Derek's erection hit his hip. He licked his lips, tilting his head to the side. "You didn't..."

Derek bit his lip to hide a smile at Stiles' dismay. "I was a little preoccupied, love."

Stiles pouted softly. "Like seeing you come."

"You were overwhelmed enough, chiquito," Derek pointed out gently. "I didn't mind waiting."

"Please may I make you come now? I'm okay, Master, promise," Stiles murmured, licking his lips.

"You may," Derek said with a smile.

"How would you like me to?" Stiles asked, pressing closer, nuzzling Derek's chest.

Derek thought about it. "I want to see your face," he decided. "Use your hands."

Stiles smiled, one hand sliding down Derek's chest, popping buttons along the way until he could thumb open his slacks.

Stiles' hands on Derek's skin were electrifying, and he shivered.

Stiles giggled softly, leaning forward to mouth at Derek's collarbone as he slipped his hand into Derek's boxers, fingers curling around Derek.

Derek groaned, hips jerking forward.

Slipping his hand back free, Stiles lifted his hand to his mouth, licking his palm and fingers, peeking out at Derek from under his lashes as he slid his hand back down to wrap around Derek's cock, stroking slowly.


Stiles' nose flared as he sucked in a breath, speeding up his hand, his eyes flicking up to Derek's.

"Yes," Derek panted, bucking into Stiles' grip. "Fuck."

Stiles whined softly, Derek's reactions making him shiver.

"You have the best hands," Derek groaned.

Stiles flushed, shaking his head and hiding his face in Derek's neck, twisting his hand near the head of Derek's cock.

"Fuck," Derek bit out. "And chiquito, don't hide from me praising you."
Stiles whimpered, tilting his head back so Derek could see him, his eyes still lowered.

"Good boy." Derek was breathing hard. "My balls, love," he directed.

Stiles chewed on his lip, slipping his free hand down to pet at Derek's balls.

Derek groaned, rolling his hips.

Stiles whined softly, his eyes flickering back and forth between Derek's face and his hands around Derek's cock.

"Come on, chiquito, come on, fuck," Derek muttered.

"Wanna see," Stiles breathed. "Please Master? Love seeing, love making you come."

Derek shuddered, thrusting faster into Stiles' fist as he drew closer to the edge.

"Please, Master," Stiles begged softly, nuzzling along Derek's neck before looking him in the eye, his own blown wide.

"Stiles," Derek moaned, coming all over their stomachs.

Stiles whined high in his throat, his come covered hand slipping up to slip two fingers into his mouth.

"God, you're beautiful," Derek panted.

Stiles flushed, ducking his head and sucking two more fingers into his mouth to clean them.

"Gorgeous," Derek murmured, smiling at him.

Stiles finished cleaning up his hand, giving Derek a shy smile. "I think you taste good."

"You're wonderful, amado," Derek replied softly, kissing Stiles' forehead. "Love you."

"I love you too, Master," Stiles breathed, leaning into the kiss, one hand slipping up to curl around the edge of Derek's open shirt.

Derek rolled onto his back, drawing Stiles with him to rest his head on Derek's chest.

Stiles giggled at the sudden movement, curling closer and nuzzling Derek's jaw. Fuck, he looked hot with his shirt undone and slacks pulled open.

Derek rubbed Stiles' back idly, his arm resting under Stiles' head. "You've made a mess of me, haven't you?" he murmured.

"Tasty mess," Stiles laughed. "Best kind of mess."

"You want to taste?" Derek asked, gesturing to the come on his abs.

Stiles eyes lit up. "Yes please!" He wiggled a bit, scooting down the bed.

Derek smiled at Stiles' enthusiasm. "Go on then, love. Clean me up."

Stiles let out a happy noise, tongue dragging along Derek's skin.
Derek watched silently, stroking Stiles' hair. He couldn’t have done this six months ago, but right now, he was too content for it to bother him.

Stiles moaned, sucking sloppily at Derek's skin, tracing his belly button with his tongue.

Derek raised his eyebrows. "You really like that, huh."

Stiles flicked his eyes up, grinning against Derek's now moist skin. "Yes, Master."

"Tell me why," Derek suggested.

"You taste good," Stiles said simply. "And I like your reactions, and I just love you."

"Love you too, querido," Derek replied, smiling softly.

Stiles smiled widely, nipping at Derek's stomach before nuzzling it.

"So affectionate," Derek murmured fondly.

Stiles laughed. "I love you. And I'm tactile, Master."

"You definitely are," Derek agreed, cupping the back of Stiles' neck. "My lovely, loving boy."

Stiles beamed, leaning into the touch and wiggling back up. "Anything you'd like me to do, Master?" he whispered, sucking his lower lip into his mouth.

Derek shook his head. "Just cuddle with me for a while."

"Happily, Master!" Stiles beamed, curling close and tucking his face into Derek's chest.

"I love you, Stiles," Derek murmured, looking down at him with a soft smile on his face.

"I love you too." Stiles beamed up at him, nipping his chin.

"You've been wonderful today, you know that?" Derek said quietly.

"I like being your good boy," Stiles murmured.

"You've been a very good boy," Derek reassured him. "It's time for us to end the scene now, though," he added reluctantly.

Stiles pouted, nuzzling close and hiding his face.

"We can't do this forever, amado," Derek reminded him gently.

"Yes sir," Stiles sighed, kissing Derek's chest.

Derek smiled approvingly at the change in title. "Good boy. Would you like me to take the cage off you now?"

"Yes please," Stiles smiled, nuzzling close. He was not sure if he did want it off or not, but making a choice for himself would help pull him up.

"Alright," Derek agreed, sitting up a little. "Roll onto your back?"
"Yes sir." Stiles smiled, rolling slowly with a soft groan, stretching.

Derek's gaze wandered appreciatively over Stiles' form before settling on his crotch. He pulled the chain with the key off over his head and sat up.

Stiles watched him, chewing on his lower lip and unable to keep from wiggling.

"Still, love," Derek reminded him as he unlocked the cage. "You don't want me catching your skin with any of this."

Stiles froze, grinning a bit and shaking his head. "No sir, that wouldn't be good."

Derek nodded and unhooked the padlock, passing it to Stiles. "Hold that, please."

Stiles nodded, curling his fingers around the little lock, squeezing Derek's fingers before he released them.

Derek smiled approvingly, reaching down to carefully slide the main part of the cage off Stiles' cock.

Stiles shivered, a flush travelling down his body.

Equally carefully, Derek eased the cock ring off Stiles' cock, then his balls, putting it with the cage to be cleaned later.

Stiles relaxed into the bed, shivering as the arousal that had sat in his stomach for so long stretched.

Derek stroked Stiles' hip, soothing him. "Okay?" he checked. "Nothing's sore?"

Stiles shifted a bit, shaking his head. "No sir, nothing hurts," he promised.

"Good." Derek bent down to give Stiles a kiss. "Would you like to help me make dinner?"

Stiles’ eyes lit up, nodding and leaning up for another kiss. "Yes sir," he grinned.

"Alright, then, up you get," Derek said. "You should put some clothes on."

"Yes sir," Stiles nodded, wiggling over until he was on the edge of the bed before rolling off, giggling as he thumped into the ground.

Derek rolled his eyes. "You have legs, you know," he pointed out.

"I'm a fox, they tumble," Stiles snorted, standing and stretching before swinging his hips as he went for a pair of shorts.

"You're also a human being," Derek countered.

"True," Stiles grinned, wiggling into a pair of loose shorts that barely hung onto his waist. "That's why I get to keep you."

"We keep each other," Derek said instead, tucking himself into his pants and getting out of bed. "Those shorts look obscene, chiquito."

"Perfect, then," Stiles laughed, wiggling his ass at Derek before slipping closer.

Derek rested his hands on Stiles' hips, smiling at him gratefully. "You're very good to me," he
"Even if you do like to tease."

"I love to tease," Stiles grinned, slipping his arms around Derek's neck. "I like it when you lose control."

"My control keeps you safe," Derek pointed out, but he didn't try to step away.

"Maybe I like it when you lose control sometimes," Stiles murmured. "And there are varying degrees. I know you'll stop if I safeword, even when you lose it."

Derek shook his head. "It's still my job to monitor."

Stiles pouted, though he hid it by nipping Derek's chin. "Love you."

"Love you," Derek replied, kissing the corner of Stiles' mouth. "Let's go downstairs."

"Yes sir," Stiles beamed, kissing him back before strutting out of the room, hips swaying.

Derek caught up to him easily, wincing a little as they passed Stiles' room and he remembered what they'd done there. It was remarkable Stiles didn't have rug burn, really.

Stiles looked over his shoulder, grinning. "I'll get clean sir," he promised. "Though it's kinda funny, we have some good carpet for me not to have gotten some kind of rug burn...shame. Would have liked a nice little reminder of that." He laughed brightly, hopping off the last step.

"I'm worried about you, not the carpet," Derek said, rolling his eyes.

Stiles turned, giving him a broad smile. "I'm perfectly fine, promise," he nodded.

"Good," Derek said firmly. "Now then, what do you want for dinner? You haven't eaten much today."

Stiles tilted his head in thought. "I think we have things for stir-fry? Or we still have those pizzas in the freezer," he smiled.

Derek weighed it up. Would cooking the stir-fry help ground Stiles, or would it be better to go for the simpler meal? "Pizza," he said after a moment. He'd rather sit and watch TV with Stiles, or something like that, until dinner was ready.

Stiles nodded, grinning. "I'll go start the oven?"

"And I'll get the pizza unwrapped," Derek agreed, going to the fridge. "Do you want Hawaiian or pepperoni?"

Stiles tilted his head in thought, humming lightly. "Hawaiian? Get some fruit in there?" He laughed, poking the buttons to preheat the oven, leaning against the counter.

"Fair enough," Derek said, getting the box down. "You did have fruit at breakfast, though."

"True, I'm just also fond of warm pineapple, and I don't know if I can handle pepperoni grease right now," Stiles smiled, hopping up to sit on the counter and swung his legs gently.

Derek smiled at him as he unwrapped the pizza. "Thank you for being honest, love."
Stiles beamed at Derek, startling when the oven beeped to show it was ready. "I will never get used to that. Like the toaster giving me my delicious squares of sugar and goodness."

"The fact that the toaster still surprises you will never stop being funny," Derek said, setting the pizza on a tray and sliding it into the oven.

"I forget how long it takes! I never expect it to POP! out of nowhere!" Stiles laughed, pouting at Derek and crossing his arms.

Derek closed the oven door and set the timer. "Do you want to hang out here or on the couch?" he asked.

"Couch!" Stiles grinned, slipping off the counter. "Cuddles are better," he laughed.

"You can pick something to watch, if you like," Derek offered. "I'm happy with tonight being movie night."

Stiles smiled, kissing Derek's cheek before all but running to the living room. "Marvel my love, I have returned!" he sang, cackling as he rooted around for Captain America.

Derek rolled his eyes fondly. Nine times out of ten, if Stiles got to pick the movie, he'd choose a superhero movie.

"Sir! We're watching Dorito Man and the fuck me Russian," Stiles called, curling up on the couch.

"I'm pretty sure Bucky's a long way from 'fuck me' during this movie," Derek commented mildly, settling himself next to Stiles.


Derek shook his head. He wasn't about to admit that he sympathized with some of Bucky's bewilderment at Steve's devotion.

"10/10 would do pre-war Bucky too." Stiles licked his lips, grinning and wiggling closer to Derek, tucking his head onto his Dom's chest.

Derek stroked Stiles' shoulder, settling him in place.

Stiles let out a contented sound, eyes locked on the movie, though he kept an ear out for the oven timer they had set.

Derek was only half watching, the rest of his attention on Stiles and remembering the day they'd had.

Stiles blinked, looking up from the movie to catch Derek watching him, grinning widely and letting out a startled sound as the timer went off. "I'll get it!"

Derek snagged the remote to pause the movie. "Don't forget to cut it before you bring it out," he reminded Stiles. "And bring some napkins for after?"

"Yes sir," Stiles beamed, kissing Derek's cheek. "What do you want to drink?" he asked, already walking off. Hey, he was easily distracted, okay?

Derek laughed to himself, calling out, "Orange juice."
"Yes sirrrr," he sang, sliding the pizza out of the oven before turning the oven off and wandering around the kitchen, adding drinks next to a couple of plates before cutting the pizza and carefully balancing everything as he walked to the living room. "I brought the whole pizza because I don't wanna moooooove."

"Good plan," Derek agreed, shuffling over a bit so he'd be sitting upright, impressed that Stiles was managing to carry everything on the one tray without spills.

Stiles grinned, setting his spoils on the coffee table. He slid a couple of pieces onto a plate and handed it to Derek before getting his own.

"Thank you," Derek said absently, watching Stiles carefully. "Amado, is there anything you need, to help you settle after today? Anything I can do for you?"

Stiles shifted from foot to foot, holding his plate and looking down, flushing. "I'm not sure? But the cuddles are helping." He curled back up on the couch, pressing close.

Derek smiled, relieved. "I'm just...not entirely sure what the best path is, because you've dipped into so many different spaces today, and they were spaced out with me looking after you as well. But I want you to know that you were very, very good today, and you made me very happy and proud."

Stiles beamed up at him, nuzzling his chest for a second before pulling back. "The fox one threw me," he admitted, taking a huge bite of pizza.

"It surprised me too," Derek agreed. "We vaguely talked about pet play, ages ago, but then you never brought it up after."

Stiles flushed, ducking his head to hide. "Didn't know about that space."

"Tell me about it?" Derek asked. "What was it like? What did you want, when you were like that?"

"I'm not really sure what about it I can explain," Stiles laughed, eating between sentences. "It was like I was seeing things brighter, even though I know my eyes weren't different. Wanted to play, nip, wrestle, and...mate." He paused, his face going red. "I liked it though, things felt simpler. Almost like an 'I want it, so why is it so bad?' type of mindset, I guess? I'm confusing even myself!" He hid his face in his hands.

"It's okay," Derek promised. "We'll figure it out." He thought about what Stiles had said for a moment. "So you were...less inhibited?"

"Yes sir. Didn't care if I thought something was maybe inappropriate, I just wanted, so I did it." Stiles shuffled closer, cheeks pink.

"You didn't do anything wrong," Derek reassured him, wrapping an arm around Stiles' shoulders. "I enjoyed it, all of it."

Stiles relaxed, grinning. "Was feeling very playful, more than usual, and I liked the wrestling."

"It was fun," Derek agreed.

Stiles grinned up at him, nipping his jaw. "I like it too, dunno what caused it."

"Well, it started after the cock-warming," Derek said slowly. "Maybe that had something to do with
Stiles flushed darker, hiding his face. "Maybe."

"Why are you hiding, love?" Derek asked gently.

"Still didn't expect that space to pop up," Stiles admitted. "And I like it."

"Then it was a good surprise for both of us," Derek reassured him.

Stiles peeked up, chewing on his lip. "You like it?"

Derek smiled at him. "You were cute."

Stiles' lips quirked into a grin. "As a yippy fox?"

"As a playful, cheerful fox cub," Derek agreed.

Stiles smiled, tucking his face in Derek's chest.

"Is it something you'd like to do again?" Derek asked, stroking Stiles' hair.

"I would like too," Stiles nodded, leaning into Derek's touch.

Derek smiled fondly. "We'll put it on the list, then."

Stiles tilted his head back into Derek's hand, lips parting as he relaxed a bit, the small amount of tension and embarrassment leaving him.

"That's better," Derek murmured. "Now eat your pizza."

Stiles smiled, pushing up to kiss Derek's cheek before shoving half a piece of pizza into his mouth with a happy sound.

Derek got his own slice of pizza and started the movie again, content that they'd said what needed to be said. Anything else could wait.

Chapter End Notes

Aaaaaand that's that little arc all wrapped up! Next up: a wedding (and now the wedding song from Corpse Bride is stuck in my head-Kattseye) Thanks to our beta, Chicktar, and to all of you for commenting.
"I love you," Derek agreed with a crooked smile, drawing Laura into a hug. "Let's get you married."

Jordan and Laura get married, with Scott and Derek attending, and Isaac and Stiles in the very front row.

"Laura, calm down," Derek insisted, spinning her away from the mirror and resting his hands on her shoulders. It was her wedding day, and she wasn't going to say anything aloud, but her fidgeting gave away the nerves as clearly as a shout. "You're beautiful, he loves you, and it's going to be fine."

Laura pursed her lips, her hands still fiddling with the hem of her dress, the small belladonna and wolfsbane tattoo on her thigh peeking out. "I'm trying to calm down." Her voice was small for the first time in years as she fought to keep her breathing even. "I promise, I'm trying." She turned her head and rested her chin on one of Derek’s hands, deliberately relaxing as she reminded herself that just underneath it hid a small tattoo of the sun and moon, the one she’d picked for her sub, her love. She'd chosen a one-shoulder dress just to show it, wanting Jordan to see what she knew was his favorite tattoo.

"Jordan loves you," Derek said quietly. "You've come up with a beautiful ceremony. No matter what happens, at the end of today, you two will be tied together for the rest of your lives, and you'll be ecstatic."

"I'm ecstatic now, let's be honest, Der." Laura gave him a small smile. "I just... I don't want to mess up, you know I tend to fuck things up without meaning to at important times like this."

"Jordan would forgive you," Derek reminded her. "He loves you just as much as you love him. As long as you're married, he'll be happy."

"Thank you," Laura said wetly, leaning in to hug him tightly.. "Best little brother ever award," she teased after a moment, trying to pull herself back together.

"Hey," Derek said, hugging Laura back. "You'll mess your eye makeup if you cry, and then Scott's going to have to borrow Nina from Jordan again."

"That'll just make Jay worried." Laura laughed, pulling back just enough to wave at her eyes, drying them a bit. "Seriously though, thank you, Derek." She grinned, reaching up to pat her brother on the cheek. "Help me pin up my hair? I don't want it to hide Jay's tattoo, either. He quite enjoys that one."

"It's a good tatt," Derek said with a shrug. The sun and moon tattoo was one of his favourites on Laura - there was so much affection in it. "How can I help?"
"I'm thinking more an over-the-shoulder braid, or even just curls, but over the other shoulder." She grinned. "Mainly I need help making sure I got all my hair, I tend to miss some. And of course it's a good tatt, you know I only hire the best in my shop." She raised her nose pompously, sitting on the ottoman in front of the vanity. "Where's Stiles? He with Isaac?"

"Probably," Derek said, gathering Laura's hair together and picking up the hair brush.. "Last I heard, they were planning to stick together."

"Those two are little imps, is what they are," Laura laughed, closing her eyes happily as she felt Derek start to brush her hair. "And I'm glad you managed to get those contacts in without too much of an issue. Has Stiles seen them yet?"

"No, but he knows about them." Derek smiled. He'd gotten used to the contacts now, and he more or less forgot about them - except whenever he glanced in the mirror and saw icy blue eyes looking back. Laura's eyes were the same crimson red as her dress.

"You should see Jordan's." Laura laughed brightly. "Never seen such orange as the contacts floating in their solution!" She managed, with Derek's help, to get all of her hair over one shoulder, braiding it loosely and puffing the sides out so it looked messier.

"You've got some bits falling out on this side at the back," Derek told her, tapping her bare shoulder. "Should I tuck them in?"

"Ack, stupid hair, thanks. Yes please." Laura sat still, smiling at her brother in the mirror. "Not much longer," she whispered, reaching up to trace the moon on her tattoo.

There was a stubborn bit that was just short enough it needed a bobby pin, but most of it tidied up easily enough. "Not much longer," Derek agreed, "and he'll be Jordan Hale."

"Sooooooon." Laura grinned, wiggling a bit on her chair and fiddling with her bracelet.

Derek shook his head fondly. "I'm..." He sighed, meeting Laura's gaze in the mirror. "Thank you, for keeping our name," he said quietly.

"It's our name," Laura said simply, reaching up to grab his hand. "And soon, we'll have more Hales. Our family."

"You two want kids?" Derek asked.

"I think I'd like that," Laura smiled. "At some point."

"Laura, they're almost ready for you." Scott slipped into the dressing room, still a bit embarrassed at the dress he was wearing.

"Scott," Derek said quietly. "The sooner you forget you're wearing that, the sooner everyone else will."

"I'm not used to a breeze, okay?" Scott groaned, shifting on his feet. "Other than that, it's actually comfortable."

Laura laughed brightly. "But it looks so pretty with your eyyyyyyyyyyyyyyes."

"It's black," Derek pointed out. "Black has nothing to do with gold contacts."
"Makes them pop." Laura grinned, standing up and walking over to pat Scott on the cheek.

Derek rolled his eyes. "Only you would have a Halloween wedding," he muttered.

Scott snorted, grinning widely. "Come on, Laura, let's get you up there for your sub."

Laura smiled, nodding and taking a deep breath. "Hush, you love it, Der."

"I love you," Derek agreed with a crooked smile, drawing Laura into a hug. "Let's get you married."

"I love you too, Derek," Laura said, hugging him back. "Yes, I want him. He's mine!"

Scott rolled his eyes fondly. "Yes, Laura, he's yours, and now you get to make him yours forever, come on." He led the way out of the room, flats clicking on the tile floor.

Stiles and Isaac were waiting impatiently in Laura's side of the crowd, gossiping about the costumes everyone was wearing. For the most part, people had stuck with fairly serious outfits, but there were a few people that had gone all out. "That girl has wings," Isaac pointed out, eyes wide.

Stiles nodded, stroking the tail he'd pulled into his lap. "I like them!" he said. He was a fox, wearing clip-in ears and a tail attached to the belt loop at the back of his shorts. His eyes were rimmed in eyeliner.

Just then, the officiant showed up, making his way to the front of the hall. People started to settle down now that it looked like things were starting.

Stiles wiggled a bit, tugging at Isaac's sleeve and almost laughing as the music started. "Perfect." He waved at Derek, blowing him a kiss.

~

Derek's gaze panned over the crowd as he took his place by Laura's side, catching on Stiles and Isaac, who were sitting in the front row of the bride's section. He closed his eyes and sighed, muttering, "Of course he's a fox."

~

Stiles cackled to himself, pleased by his Dom's reaction. "Dude! Told you he'd like it."

~

"What do you mean?" Laura murmured, amused as she watched the sub shake Isaac's arm and whisper into his ear.

Derek blushed. "They're his favourite animal," he said lamely.

"Liar," Laura teased, poking his cheek. "Bet they're yours too then."

Scott gave Derek a confused look.

"Not now," Derek muttered. "It's about to start."

Laura shot him another amused glance over her shoulder before looking back to where Nina and Jason were walking down the aisle, her Jordan not far behind them. She sucked in a breath, licking
"Look," Stiles whispered into Isaac's ear. "She wants to eat him alive."

To be fair, Isaac thought, Jordan looked pretty amazing. He was wearing rich orange silk under the black suit, and somehow he'd matched his shirt to his contacts. "Are you surprised?" he murmured.

"Not really," Stiles murmured honestly. "Look at you," he teased. "Bet Scott didn't want to let you out of his sight."

Isaac shrugged. He'd gone for a Wesley/Dread Pirate Roberts costume, figuring that it was relatively simple and reasonably comfortable. (And presumably, if he got the nerve up, he'd make a 'mawwage' joke at some point in the evening.) "Scott was a bit preoccupied with his own costume," he replied.

"He looks more comfortable up there now," Stiles admitted, watching Scott smile, no longer hunched over in embarrassment. "Though this may be your only chance...I should take pictures!"

Stiles grinned, watching as the officiator started talking.

"After the ceremony," Isaac whispered. "Now shh."

"Rude," Stiles huffed playfully, though he did fall silent, fiddling with the tail on his lap.

"We are gathered here today," the officiant began, "to witness the union of Laura Hale and Jordan Parrish. To celebrate, as they swear love and loyalty to each other, before us all, for the rest of their lives."

Scott smiled at the looks on both Laura and Jordan's faces. They looked so enamored that he was surprised they were even listening to the officiant. His eyes drifted over the crowd, subtly looking for Isaac and Stiles, smiling softly when he saw them.

"We all make commitments to each other in our lives, of greater or lesser duration," the officiant went on. "And at times, we find that we are no longer able to fulfill those commitments. But marriage is a promise that, no matter what comes, you will stand by each other. You will help one another through life's struggles, and celebrate its joys together."

Derek looked out at Stiles, wondering if the day would come when they made these promises to one another.

Stiles eyes were locked on the man, mouth parting as he shifted to watch Derek, a small smile on his face. He wanted that. He wanted Derek forever. He shifted forward, cocking his head to the side, licking his tongue over the tiny fangs he had in his mouth.

A corner of Derek's mouth quirked when he noticed what Stiles was doing.
"You will learn and grow together, and strive to support one another through the changes and challenges life brings to you. Marriage is a promise that, for the rest of your lives, you will respect and love each other. And so I ask all of you here today to witness that promise."

~

Stiles flicked his eyes between the officiant and Derek, knowing that his face was showing how much he wanted. He couldn't help it, all he could think of was him and Derek being up there instead. Though he did see the absolute love Laura and Jordan had. He wanted that. Wanted that forever. He reached over, grabbing Isaac's hand to keep himself from bolting up to Derek.

Isaac gave Stiles a sympathetic look, squeezing his hand. He got it. He wanted that too, someday.

~

The officiant paused. "At this time, we would like to take a moment to remember all those who, through tragedy, are unable to be with us today. Though they are not physically among us, they are with us in our hearts and minds, and I ask you all to bow your heads for a moment as we remember them."

~

Stiles squeezed back, giving his friend a small smile before locking his eyes back on Derek at the officiant's words, knowing that even the small reminder would hurt. He furrowed his brow, chewing on his lower lip.

Scott shifted a bit as everyone's heads lowered, putting a hand in the middle of Derek's back in case he needed a bit of grounding.

Derek leaned gratefully into Scott's touch, glad that Laura had Jordan to support her. There were so many people who should be here, and instead, it was only them. It ached.

~

The moment of silence stretched on until it was broken at last by the officiant's quiet, "Thank you." He smiled at them all. "And now, with our surety of their blessing...let's get on with it, shall we?"

~

Scott rubbed Derek's back for a moment, smiling softly before turning his attention back to the officiant.

"Mi amo," Stiles whispered under his breath, blinking back tears so he didn't mess up his liner.

~

"Laura Hale," the officiant said clearly. "Do you promise to love Jordan Parrish freely - without restrictions; honestly - without deceit; now - without hesitation?"

"Yes." Laura nodded, adding under her breath,"All the goddamn time, he's mine."

~

Scott had to press his lips together to stifle his laughter as he had heard her.

Derek grinned, and he saw Jordan smile as well. Trust Laura.
"Do you promise to accept him just as he is, sharing with him and supporting him through the experiences of your lives, be they easy or difficult, happy or sad, challenging or mundane, till death do you part?"

"Not even death can part us," Laura said, gripping Jordan's hand tighter, her crooked grin stretching wider.

"And do you, Jordan Parrish, promise to love Laura Hale freely - without restrictions; honestly - without deceit; now - without hesitation?"

"I do," Jordan said quietly, squeezing Laura's hands in return.

Laura smiled, her thumb slipping down to stroke the inside of Jordan's wrist, happiness all but bursting out of her.

"Do you promise to accept her just as she is, sharing with her and supporting her through the experiences of your lives, be they easy or difficult, happy or sad, challenging or mundane, till death do you part?"

Jordan smiled broadly. "I most certainly do."

Laura beamed, licking her lips and flicking her eyes over to the officiant. She wanted to kiss him. Badly.

~

Stiles was blinking rapidly, his grin almost blinding.

~

The officiant turned to the crowd. "Laura and Jordan are here to marry each other. No one else's will or words can create this union; accordingly, I call upon them both to state their pledge and promise before you all. Laura?"

"I pledge to always take care of you," Laura said softly, keeping her voice more private, though she knew the others could hear it. "I pledge to try not to hog all the blankets, or drink the last of the milk before putting the empty jug in the fridge." Her mouth quirked into a grin. "I pledge to get you down into any space you need, to make you laugh when you need it, regardless of whether you know you need it." She reached forward, cupping Jordan's cheek. "I promise to support you in anything you wish to accomplish, and kick the asses of those who say you can't. I promise to love you for the rest of our lives and then some. Even the fates can't keep us apart."

Jordan's smile turned soft at the last. "No, they can't," he murmured. "I promise to love you," he said, louder, letting everyone know it. "I promise to support you like you have supported me. I promise to be honest with you. I promise to hold your hand whenever you get a new tattoo, and help you look after it afterwards. I promise to love all your art, even if I don't understand why anyone would want it as a tattoo. I promise to tell all my friends how bad-ass you are. I promise to be your family, and take your family as my own." Jordan met Derek's eyes as he said this last, and Derek swallowed hard as he nodded.

"My family," Laura breathed. "And hey, you love my tatts," she teased, forgetting the officiant was
even there.

"I do," Jordan agreed, biting back a grin.

~

Scott hid a laugh, though apparently not well enough to keep Laura from flushing as she realized what they were doing.

Stiles grinned, cooing quietly to Isaac over how cute they were.

~

The officiant waited for them patiently, and when they were done with the banter, looked at Derek and Nina. "Do you have the rings?"

Nina, stifling a laugh, handed Jordan a ring, her eyes sparkling.

Derek reached into his pocket and pulled out the ring, a simple gold band, and handed it to Laura.

"These rings," the officiant said clearly, "represent the vows you have made here today. May they be a physical sign to everyone that meets you of your love and commitment. Laura, as you place this ring on Jordan's finger, repeat after me: I give this ring to you, my beloved, my friend, my husband."

"I give this ring to you, my beloved, my friend, my husband. My everything." Laura smiled, kissing Jordan's palm after slipping on the ring.

"Jordan, as you place this ring on Laura's finger, repeat after me: I give this ring to you, my beloved, my friend, my wife," the officiant prompted.

Jordan's hands, miraculously, were steady as he took Laura's hand, sliding the simply engraved ring onto her finger. "I give this ring to you," he said, his mouth dry, "my beloved, my friend, my wife. My everything."

Laura beamed, curling her fingers around Jordan's, squeezing lightly to help ground her sub, her own eyes misty.

"Wear these rings as an unchanging symbol of your unchanging love," the officiant said warmly. He looked up at the crowd. "Friends, with these rings, Laura and Jordan have sworn to marry. But there is another oath they wish to swear today: one symbolized by a collar. Jordan, please kneel."

Laura helped Jordan out of his jacket, passing it to Derek before turning to smile at Jordan, her husband. "Mine," she whispered, just between them.

"Yours," Jordan agreed, dropping gracefully to his knees.

Laura licked her lips, watching as Jordan slid to the floor, a smile quirking at the corner of her mouth at the sight of the pale strip of skin where Jordan's collar usually sat. "So gorgeous. And all mine."

~

"Save it for the wedding night," Derek muttered in her ear. "You're almost done."

"Jordan, take Laura's hands, and repeat after me," the officiant said, ignoring the by-play with a
twinkle in his eye. "I, Jordan Parrish, swear to honour and obey you."

"I, Jordan Parrish, swear to honour and obey you."

"To serve you faithfully, and to accept your guidance as my Dom."

"To serve you faithfully, and to accept your guidance as my Dom." Jordan looked up at Laura, embarrassed to realize his eyes were wet.

Laura chewed on her lower lip, sniffing softly and giving Jordan a small smile, one of her hands drifting up to wipe away a stray tear from Jordan's eyes.

He smiled up at her gratefully. His Dom. His wonderful Laura.

"Now you, Laura," the officiant prompted gently. "I, Laura Hale, swear to honour and guide you."

"I, Laura Hale, swear to honour and guide you," she whispered, her eyes locked on Jordan's, her hand still cupping his cheek. She forgot that others were there (again) and gave him a small smile.

Jordan leaned into her hand automatically, gladly accepting her touch.

"To protect you faithfully, and to accept your service as my sub."

"To protect you faithfully, and to accept your service as my sub," she repeated, her voice still in that soft, private tone, thumb brushing his cheek. God, she wanted this to be done, wanted to get her sub back all to herself. Him, her, their takeout menus, and their bed. Perfect.

"The collar?" the officiant prompted. Derek took the case from Scott, and opened it to offer the collar to Laura, nudging her to get her attention.

Laura took the collar out, grinning at Derek almost sheepishly. "But look at him, he's so pretty," she cooed quietly, stroking over the collar as she turned back to Jordan.

Jordan blushed, ducking his head.

"As you place the collar around Jordan's neck, repeat after me," the officiant said clearly, making sure the crowd could hear him in case they didn't hear Laura. "With this collar, I claim you as my sub."

Laura grinned at the blush, wrapping the collar around Jordan's neck slowly. "With this collar, I claim you as my sub," she murmured, a thumb sneaking out to trace the blush along Jordan's cheek.

"Now you, Jordan: I accept this collar, and I accept your claim."

Jordan hadn't realized how sharply he missed Laura's collar around his neck until it was buckled snugly in place again. "I accept your collar," he said roughly, "and I accept your claim."

"Mine," she grumbled softly again, the rough tone of Jordan's voice making her eyes light up.

"Jordan, you may stand," the officiant directed.

Laura reached out, tilting Jordan's head back and pressed her lips to his forehead, a smile curling her lips.

Jordan kissed her hands as he drew himself up, standing as her equal once more.
"Skipping ahead?" the officiant said with a smile. "Alright. Ladies, gentlemen, and all others present, I have the very great pleasure to pronounce these two people husband and wife, Dom and sub, and to present to you the new Mr and Mrs Hale!"

"Thank fuck," Laura laughed, dragging Jordan into a hard kiss, her arms thrown over his shoulders.

Scott laughed loudly, grinning. "Impatient Laura!"

They weren't the only ones who laughed, but Jordan was too busy kissing his wife to pay attention.

Laura grinned into the kiss, pulling away with a pant. "All mine. I love you."

Stiles beamed, wiggling in his chair, the shirt he was wearing (Derek's of course) twisting out of the knot he had the hem in.

"I love you," Jordan replied, beaming. "My wife. Christ. We're married."

Laura couldn't help the wet chuckle, returning his smile. "My husband," she murmured, pulling him close for a cuddle, dimly aware that Scott was laughing at her, but she'd get back at him later when he passed the accreditation with flying colors. That boy has been fighting so hard, and it looked like he was going to win.

-----

"A fox," Derek said bluntly when they finally got in the car to go home after the reception. "Really, Stiles? A fox?"

Stiles couldn't help it, he broke down into giggles, his grin broad and open. "Yes!"

Derek rolled his eyes fondly. "The teeth are a nice touch," he admitted.

"Halloween at Hot Topic!" Stiles beamed. "Look, they actually can get molded to my teeth and pop on and off," he said, showing him before slipping them back on. "You liked it, don't lie, sir," he teased, pressing close.

"I like you no matter what you wear," Derek agreed, wrapping his arm around Stiles' shoulders. "Did you have a good time?"

"Yes sir," Stiles smiled, nuzzling close for a moment. "I liked it." His voice was soft, his smile softening. He wanted that.

"Good," Derek said, equally softly. "I'm sorry I couldn't be with you most of the time." As Laura's 'maid of honour', and the representative of her family, he'd been kept busy a lot of the time.

"I was okay. Sir..." Stiles chewed on his lower lip, one fang showing. "I really liked it." He didn't want to come out and say it, a small flush on his cheeks. "I..."

"Stiles?" Derek said quietly, cupping his cheek.

Stiles closed his eyes, nuzzling into Derek's hand. "I want," he whispered, flush darkening.

"What do you want, amado?" Derek asked gently, stroking Stiles' cheek.

Oh. Oh. Derek was speechless, searching Stiles' eyes desperately for the proof that he meant it.

Stiles gave him a tiny smile, kissing his Dom's palm. "I want it," he whispered. "I want to be yours."

"I..." Derek's mouth was dry, and he swallowed hard. "I want that too."

Stiles blinked, locking eyes with him before beaming brightly, his whole face lighting up as he flung himself at Derek.

"Not yet," Derek warned helplessly, catching Stiles in his arms. "I don't..."

"Don't what?" Stiles asked, moving to straddle Derek's lap in the car, flicking his tail out of the way so he didn't sit on it.

"Just...not yet, okay?" Derek mumbled, burying his face in Stiles' neck. "I'm not ready."

"Of course," Stiles smiled, nuzzling close. "I'm not going to force you, sir, that's not very nice. I just like that I'm not the only one," he ended in a whisper, hands curled in Derek's shirt.

"Of course not," Derek whispered. "Of course."

"Are you okay?" Stiles asked, keeping his voice soft, tilting his head a bit.

Derek nodded wordlessly. He was just...overwhelmed, a little.

Stiles kissed Derek's hair, humming happily and settling more firmly on his lap, hopefully helping to ground him as he cuddled closer, not caring that they were in a car.

Derek took a deep breath of Stiles' scent from the crook of his neck, feeling the surety in his embrace.

"Mi amo," Stiles soothed, running a hand through Derek's hair. "Amor de mi vida."

Derek shuddered as the words ran through him. "Mi amor," he replied hoarsely.

Stiles let out a small whine, nuzzling close and trying to calm Derek down. "What can I do to help?"

Derek didn't know, couldn't name the anxiety curdling inside him. "Can we just...it's okay, now? Nothing has to change?"

"Why on earth would something change?" Stiles asked, confused. "We both want each other forever. You don't want to make the whole pomp and circumstance that Laura and Jordan just did, not yet. And that's okay," Stiles smiled widely. "I can wait, sir," he promised.

"We're the same," Derek said desperately, not even knowing why he was so desperate to hear it. "Nothing's changed. We're the same."

"Nothing's changed," Stiles promised. "I love you just as much now as I've loved you before. We're the same," he soothed. "My Dom."

"I love you," Derek said softly. "Thank you, Stiles. I love you."

"I love you too," Stiles smiled, nuzzling his face into Derek's hair. "Can you explain why it freaked you out?"
"I...not really?" Derek admitted. "It's to do with - I think it's about you committing to me. It's too soon."

"Sir, I'll choose you any time," Stiles murmured. "We can wait, I promise, it's okay, but I won't be leaving you. You're my Dom."

"I'm sorry," Derek said quietly. "You're my boy, and I love you, but the idea of claiming you, of restricting your choices, it scares me. I'll talk to Theresa at my next appointment, I promise."

Stiles pressed closer. "I love you," he murmured. "Don't be sorry, please," he begged softly. "And claiming me isn't restricting me at all."

"It feels like it," Derek admitted.

"I certainly don't feel like it is." Stiles smiled. "Are you okay? Need a bit more cuddle?"

"More cuddles, please," Derek said quietly, blushing a little.


Derek soaked in Stiles' touch for a while, not speaking. Eventually, though, he stirred. "I love you," he murmured.

"I love you too," Stiles smiled, nipping at his ear, careful of his fangs.

"Sorry about the freak out." Derek finally untucked his head from Stiles' neck. "Let's go home?"

"Don't be sorry, sir," Stiles murmured, smiling and nuzzling Derek's cheek. "Yes please." He was happy though, knowing that his Dom wanted him just as much.

Derek guided Stiles' lips to his own, kissing him softly.

Stiles let out a happy noise, sinking into the kiss, his hands slipping around Derek's shoulders.

Derek pulled away. "When we're home, chiquito," he murmured, kissing Stiles' cheek to soften the rejection. "Not now."

Stiles whined softly, but smiled, leaning into the kiss before slipping off his lap.

"Good boy." Derek smiled at Stiles and did his seat-belt up. "I think I'll just go to bed when we get back. It's been a long day."

Stiles nodded, giving him a small smile. "Eat something first? Even if just a power bar? You didn't eat much in the reception, sir."

"I was a bit preoccupied," Derek pointed out, but he nodded. "I'll have a sandwich."

"I figured." Stiles laughed, buckling his seat-belt and petting his tail. "Did you like my costume?"

"Definitely," Derek agreed, smiling. "Are you planning to use it again?"

Stiles nodded, grinning widely. "I really like it."

"I'm glad you had fun," Derek murmured.
"I love you." Stiles beamed, kissing Derek’s cheek and settling in for the ride home.

Chapter End Notes

Hey, everyone. It's been a tough week for everyone, no need to go into why, but hopefully some wedding fluff will cheer you up a little?

Also, we have news! We've decided to create a tumblr for this and our other RPs, www.asordered.tumblr.com. We hope you'll all come by and read some of the snippets we've already posted and prompt us with more, or ask any questions you have about this or our other fics.

Thanks as always to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you for reading and commenting
Isaac tilted his head, watching Scott for a moment before just falling forward, hugging him tightly and burying his nose in Scott's damp neck. "I missed you."

Scott hugged Isaac close, something in him easing at the feel of his boy in his arms. "Me too," he murmured. "It's so good to be home, me too."

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Scott comes back to Beacon Hills for Thanksgiving break

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Isaac smiled as his phone rang, bolting from his desk chair to flop onto his bed, scrambling for his phone. "Hello?" he said breathlessly.

"Hi, sweetheart," Scott replied, grinning. "Guess what?"

"Sir." Isaac grinned widely, rolling onto his back. "What?" he asked, tilting his head, his eyes running along his calendar before letting out a soft sound. "You come home today!"

Scott bit back a laugh at Isaac forgetting. "Not only that," he said, "I'm all packed."

Isaac let out a happy screech, almost falling off the bed. "You're leaving now? I get to see you soon? Please sir." he started rambling, more excited than he had been for a while.

"Isaac!" Scott interrupted him, laughing. "I'll never get a word in edgewise."

"Sorry sir." Isaac clamped his mouth shut, the laughter making him relax back against the bed.

Scott shook his head fondly. "You're adorable."

Isaac flushed, smiling softly. "Am not, sir." He shook his head. "What were you wanting to say?"

"Just to let you know that I am about to leave," Scott replied. "And I guess you already answered my question about whether you were looking forward to seeing me."

"Of course I am! I finished cleaning downstairs so I could just drag you upstairs and not move for a while!" Isaac grinned widely. "Sure, I need to vacuum the floor of my room, but that shouldn't take long."

"You realize I'm going to be sleeping at my Mom's house this time, right?" Scott checked.

"I'll just follow you then," Isaac replied. "And that doesn't mean I can't keep you for a while."

"Isn't it supposed to be the other way around?" Scott teased with a grin.
"Oh, I'll let you keep me alright," Isaac murmured, his eyes sparkling. "Please be safe though, there's rain predicted."

"I'll drive carefully," Scott promised. "I mean, traffic's going to be awful, with everyone headed home, but I'll be careful."

"Do you want me to order something to eat? Thankfully you won't have to drive in the dark." Isaac stood, fidgeting as he tried to straighten up an already clean room.

Scott thought about it. He should probably go home, but...surely his mom wouldn't mind him arriving after dinner? "Sounds good," he decided. "Pick something you want."

"You." Isaac grinned and laughed softly. "I'll call your mom while you drive, let her know, so she wouldn't be worrying."

"Thanks, sweetheart," Scott replied. "And you'll get me soon enough."

"Welcome," Isaac smiled. "I get to torture a poor delivery driver." He laughed. "Be safe," he whispered, gripping his phone tighter. "You aren't as much fun to cuddle when you're in pieces."

"I promise," Scott reassured him. "I'll take it slow, and I'll take a break if I start to get tired."

Isaac finally relaxed completely, smile soft on his face. "Thank you, sir," he whispered. "Come to me, please?" He didn't want to say goodbye, but he knew that Scott didn't need to be talking and driving.

"I'll see you soon, sweetheart," Scott promised gently. "Be good."

"Yes sir," Isaac smiled. "Love you." He hung up the phone, shifting from foot to foot, and called Melissa quickly so he could go dig up the takeout menu and order. It always took them a while to begin with, you add rain, and by the time the food arrived, Scott would be almost there.

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The drive was pretty terrible. It started raining, hard, about half an hour in, and it didn't let up, so the roads were slippery and visibility was poor. By the time Scott got to Beacon Hills, he was exhausted, and thanks to the clouds, it was nearly dark. His umbrella was buried in his bag under a whole lot of other stuff, and he'd parked fairly close, so he opted to hurry through the rain with his hand over his eyes and backpack on his back until he could get onto the Stilinski porch. He knocked hard on the door, hoping someone would let him in soon.

Isaac had just set the food on the table, pushing John's food over to him when he heard the knocking, grinning happily as he spun around and all but ran for the door. "Oh!" He covered his mouth to hide his grin at the sight of Scott, dripping wet. "Sir! I didn't know it was time for your shower," he teased, reaching out and tugging him inside. "I still have some of your clothes, luckily."

Scott rolled his eyes, sighing fondly. "Thanks, Isaac. Is Mr. S in?"

"Welcome," Isaac smiled widely. "He's eating because he has work here in a little bit." He tilted his head, watching Scott for a moment before just falling forward, hugging him tightly and burying his nose in Scott's damp neck. "I missed you."

Scott hugged Isaac close, something in him easing at the feel of his boy in his arms. "Me too," he murmured. "It's so good to be home, me too."
Isaac let out a small, content noise, holding tightly and bringing Scott in, not wanting to let go, except that he started getting cold. "You're getting me wet," he deadpanned, breaking off into giggles as he stood back up. "Come on, dry clothes, then food. I got some from that Thai place down the street." He leaned over, kissing Scott hard, shivering. God, just kissing his Dom made his stomach twist.

"Well, I see two drowned boys in my front hall." John was amused, tossing the last bite of his spring roll into his mouth. "I'm heading out, Isaac, make sure and lock the door behind me."

"Yes sir," Scott agreed. "Have a good night."

"Here's to hoping." John clapped Scott on the back with a grin, ruffling Isaac's hair after a moment, going slow so the boy saw what he was going to do. "Scott, as much as I know Mel is waiting for you, you might want to stay here if the storm doesn't let up."

Isaac grinned, absently leaning into the affectionate ruffling, his hands slipping under Scott's shirt to settle on his sides.

"I'll call her," Scott promised, leaning up against Isaac. "I don't really want to go out there again."

John grimaced a bit. "I really, really don't blame you, son." He laughed, pulling on his coat and patting his pockets to make sure he had everything. "Be safe you two, and make sure and eat before it gets cold," he winked, slipping out of the door.

Isaac flushed, hiding his face for a moment before locking the door. "Come on, sir. Let's eat." He smiled shyly.

Scott smiled back. "I'm going to run upstairs first and get changed. Get me some cutlery please?"

"Yes sir," Isaac smiled shyly. "Drink?"

"Coke, please," Scott replied, stretching up to kiss Isaac's forehead. "I'll just be a minute."

Isaac leaned into the kiss before nodding and kissed Scott's jaw, turning to head into the kitchen to grab their drinks and lay out the rest of the food. He smiled, privately fantasizing about their future place, his smile growing.

Scott hurried upstairs and rifled through Isaac's drawers for sweatpants and a t-shirt - he didn't bother looking for his own things, he preferred to wear Isaac's anyway. He took them to the bathroom, stripped down, and toweled himself off before getting dressed again, borrowing one of Isaac's sweaters on his way back down.

Isaac looked up, beaming at the sight of Scott in his clothes. He walked up, nuzzling his face into Scott's neck.

"Hi, sweetheart," Scott murmured, smiling.


"Distractions are for after dinner," Scott agreed. "And after I call Mom."

Isaac gave him a mischievous look, tongue flicking out to wet his bottom lip.

"After dinner, sweetheart," Scott reminded him, smiling.
Isaac just grinned, though his cheeks were pink. He was still getting used to the fact that it wasn't a bad thing to want as much as he did all the time.

Scott kissed Isaac's blush and led him to the dining table. "Let's eat before it gets cold."

Isaac nodded, sitting down and scooting close.

They were quiet while they ate, just leaning into each other and enjoying the company. "I missed you so much," Scott admitted when he was done. "It's stupid, I see you twice a week usually and I still missed you like crazy."

"It's not stupid. I see you just as much and I missed you too." Isaac smiled, putting their trash into the bags to throw away. "It'll be amazing when I don't have to wait to see you, just have to walk into another room or wake up."

"You reckon we'll be able to do it?" Scott asked, wrapping an arm around Isaac's waist. "Get our own place?"

"Yes!" Isaac smiled brightly. "I..." He chewed on his lip. "I've been talking to lawyers," he admitted softly.

"Lawyers?" Scott asked, frowning. He turned to look Isaac in the eye. "Sweetheart, why do you need a lawyer?"

Isaac reached up, picking at his lower lip. "Pressing charges and suing my dad," he murmured. "I've pretty much already won, because of the evidence against him. So by Christmas time I'll have the house, and a good sum of money. Not a lot. But maybe enough for the deposit and first month or two of rent and utilities on an apartment depending on what we got?" He lowered his eyes, fidgeting.

"We have a house?" Scott said, unable to process it.

Isaac nodded. "Or we'll have the house once we won, but even the judge said everything else is just a formality with all the evidence against him."

"We'll..." Scott felt like he needed to sit down. Except he was sitting down. "Isaac...what?"

"What?" Isaac asked, his brow furrowing. "Are you okay?"

"I'm just kind of shocked," Scott said blankly. They had a house? He hadn't thought he'd ever be able to afford a house.

"We can do with it what we want. I have no idea what you'd like to do after school, sir, and we can just use it for storage once everything is cleaned out." Isaac wasn't looking forward to cleaning it out....especially the basement.

"We're not using a house for storage," Scott objected. "If we're not living in it, we should sell it, or rent it out, or something."

"Even if it's temporary. You need to finish school, sir." Isaac smiled. "Could always use it as storage just when you're in school. Or we can sell it. I'm not sure which would be the best route. Where do you want to go after school, sir?"

"I want to be a vet," Scott replied. It was fairly obvious from his choice of degree. "I don't really care
where we live, except that I'd like it to be relatively close to home."

Isaac smiled. "So we can spend the time you're in school, on breaks and such, fixing it up. Painting it, bit by tiny bit furnishing it. That way when you're done with school, we may have a lovely home already waiting for us here. I'm sure Dr. Deaton could use some help."

"I should probably actually talk to him about that," Scott admitted. "I mean, he definitely needs an assistant, but does Beacon Hills really need another vet?"

"We're bigger than you think," Isaac shrugged. "If anything, being an assistant would look good on your resume?" he offered, smiling. "And there's cities only twenty minutes away that could use more vets too."

"I guess, yeah," Scott replied. "You've been thinking about this for a while, haven't you?"

Isaac blushed darkly, shifting on his seat. "I want to make good memories in it to override the bad," he murmured. "And while it may be easier to sell it...it was my childhood home..."

Scott smiled. "If that's what you want, sweetheart."

"I want to renovate the basement though," Isaac whispered. "Make it bright, maybe into something fun. But bright. So much light, no dark corners or f-freezers."

"Of course," Scott agreed instantly. "A rec room or something?"

Isaac nodded, smiling softly. "Game room or something of the sort." He pressed closer, taking a deep breath. "But for now, storage and starting to little by little put it together."

"Okay," Scott said quietly. "Okay. We can do this."

"Why do you seem freaked out, sir?" Isaac asked softly, giving into temptation and straddling his Scott's lap, tucking himself close.

"It's...I'm not ready to be an actual adult," Scott explained. "Like - house-owning and full-time-job-having and...stuff."

"I'm not really either," Isaac admitted quietly, his head tucked under Scott's chin. "But I want to do it. I want to do it with you." He smiled. "I know it won't be easy, that the settlement money will only cover so much. But I want to, I want to do it."

"You're really brave, sweetheart," Scott praised. "I love you."

"Sometimes, I don't feel brave. I love you too," Isaac breathed, kissing along Scott's jaw. "I love you so much."

Scott hugged Isaac close, brushing his face across Isaac's cheek. "Thank you," he murmured.

"For what?" Isaac blinked, his arms wrapping around Scott's shoulders, fingers in his Dom's hair.

"For holding me? Comforting me? Being brave?" Scott said with a shrug.

Isaac laughed, cuddling close. "We'll figure it out," he nodded, kissing Scott softly. "I promise. It'll be hard, but we'll figure it out."
Scott smiled into the kiss. "We will," he agreed. "Let's go upstairs so we can snuggle while I call Mom."

"Yay cuddle time." Isaac laughed, rolling his body a bit before standing up, cheeks flushed softly as he went to clean off the table.

Scott got the cutlery while Isaac dealt with the rubbish, putting it in the sink before coming back for their glasses.

Isaac smiled, waiting for Scott to put them in the sink before grabbing his hand and tugging lightly, leading the way upstairs. As much as he loved sitting at the table with his Dom, he needed more.

Scott followed, smiling fondly.

Isaac led them into his room, making sure the door was locked, just in case the Sheriff came back for some reason. "I really did miss you."

"I missed you too," Scott murmured, kissing Isaac's cheek.

Isaac smiled, turning his face to return Scott's kiss, pulling away just enough to strip to his boxers and pressing close. Even if that's all they did, he'd be happy.

"Isaac, I still have to call Mom," Scott reminded him. "I'm not talking to her with you naked."

Isaac grinned impishly. "Distraction?" he asked, sliding into the bed and covering himself up to his nose. "I'm covered."

Scott shook his head, laughing. "You're ridiculous, sweetheart," he said fondly. "I guess it'll do." He went over to his bag and grabbed his phone.

"Am not!" Isaac laughed. "I don't like wearing clothes around you, but I don't want to distract you when talking to your mom. Anyone else? Yes! Your mom, no!"

"You just want to be naked all the time?" Scott asked, eyebrows raised.

"When by ourselves? I like being naked. Means I can cuddle closer." Isaac shrugged, cheeks dark as he lowered his eyes.

"You're adorable, sweetheart," Scott murmured, sitting on the bed. "Now shh, so I can call Mom."

Isaac flushed darker at the comment, giving him a small grin before wiggling under the blanket to where only his eyes peeked out at Scott, watching him silently.

Scott grinned at him as he dialed, waiting for his mom to pick up.

Melissa hummed happily, glancing the clock and sighing softly. It was pouring outside, dark, and frankly she was worried about Scott. She startled, letting when the phone rang, picking it up and almost laughing to herself as she answered. "Hello?"

Isaac licked his lips, eyes darkening as he watched Scott.

"Hi Mom," Scott said happily. "I just wanted to let you know, I got to the Stilinskis' safe, but I'm
thinking I might stay over tonight?"

Melissa let out a small sigh of relief. "I was just thinking the same, if you weren't already out on the roads. They are horrible, and as it stands, I may end up being called into work with all the accidents. Be safe, and please, make sure you have John's weather kit handy in case you lose power or something, okay?" Her son wouldn't be out on those dangerous roads, this storm looked horrible.

Isaac slowly lowered the blanket to his chest, sucking on his lower lip, eyes still locked on Scott.

"We'll be fine," Scott reassured her. "Trust me, we're not planning on leaving the house."

"Thanks for that lovely information." Melissa remarked dryly, humor in her voice. "Just what every mother wants to know."

She laughed, a grin stretching across her face. "Be safe in the house too, Scott," she teased. "And I'll talk to you tomorrow, okay?"

Scott blushed. "I'll come over in the morning," he promised, then glanced at Isaac. "Or for lunch, anyway. You be safe too, alright?"

"Take your time," Melissa mused. "Just be safe, and I will as well. I'll text you if I end up being called in."

Isaac flicked his tongue out along his lower lip, shifting onto his knees.

"Okay," Scott agreed. "Bye, Mom."

"Bye sweetie, give Isaac a hug for me." Melissa smiled, hanging up the phone and plugging it in in case the power went out.

Isaac waited until the phone was down before slinking close to Scott, eyes dark.

"Hi," Scott said breathlessly.

"Hi." Isaac gave Scott a small smile, leaning over to kiss up Scott's jaw.

"I've missed you," Scott breathed, leaning into Isaac's touch.

"I've missed you too, sir," Isaac murmured against his cheek, nuzzling close and scooting to press against him.

Scott wrapped his arms around Isaac, holding him there.

Isaac relaxed, grinning up at him before tilting back, dragging Scott over him as he fell backwards onto the bed, barely managing to get his legs from under him as he went.

"Oof." Scott flopped on top of Isaac, grinning at him.

Isaac let his eyes half close in happiness, returning Scott's grin with a small one of his own.

Scott nuzzled into Isaac's neck, kissing and nipping at the tender skin there.

Isaac sucked in a soft breath, tilting his head to the side and wiggling under his Dom, heat curling in his stomach.

"What do you want?" Scott breathed, nibbling on Isaac's earlobe.
Isaac whined high in his throat, arching up. "You. Always want you," he murmured, his hands moving to slip under Scott's shirt, scraping nails lightly up his side. His feet were flat on the bed, cradling Scott between his thighs. "Too many clothes, sir, please."

"I've got you, sweetheart, you can undress me," Scott murmured. "I'm here now."

Isaac smiled, tugging Scott’s shirt up and off, lips attaching to his Dom's collarbone as he fumbled with the waist of Scott's pants. Well, technically his pants, and wasn't that hot, seeing your boyfriend walk around in your clothes? Doesn't matter if you're a Dom or a sub. Hot.

Scott lifted his hips off the bed to give Isaac a hand.

Isaac smiled, slipping Scott's pants off as much as he could, using his toes to finish tugging them off. He licked his lips, trailing back up to Scott's face, arching up for a kiss.

Scott indulged him, kissing Isaac deeply, savouring the taste of him.

Isaac whimpered softly, wrapping his arms around Scott, almost kneading at his back. Eyes fluttering closed, he tried to press closer, always closer, wanting more.

"Shh, I've got you," Scott murmured. "I'm right here, sweetheart, feel me weighing you down?"

Isaac nodded, letting his head fall back onto the mattress, mouth parted. "Sir," he breathed, feeling heavy and pinned and he loved it. Loved the safe feeling he got when Scott was weighing him down.

"Good boy," Scott praised. "You want me? Want me to take care of you?"

"Yes sir," Isaac murmured, licking his lips. "Please. Please sir." He kept up the movement of his fingers, kneading and stroking Scott's back and sides, everywhere he could reach.

"Tell me," Scott demanded, rolling his hips down against Isaac's.

Isaac cried out, rolling his hips up to try and meet Scott's. "Please," he begged, licking his lips. "T-take care of me. Please sir, please."

"Tell me how," Scott urged him. "Tell me what you want me to do. Beg me, sweetheart."

Isaac couldn't help the whimper that left him, Scott's words making him shiver. He loved that Scott kept dipping into dirty talk, the words making his skin prickle and his stomach heat. "W-want," he panted, arching up. "Want you. Sir, please. Want you, want you to touch me, kiss me, drive me crazy until I'm near tears before letting me come, want to suck you off, your hand in my hair." He knew he was rambling when he cut himself off, panting heavily and closing his eyes as he tried in vain to hide his red face in Scott's neck.

"You want to suck me off, baby?" Scott murmured, stroking Isaac's hair to reassure him. "You want to make me come?"

"Please," Isaac begged softly, swallowing hard as he leaned into the touch. God, he wanted. "Please."

"Then do it, sweetheart," Scott said simply, rolling them over so Isaac was on top. "You can do it, baby, I know you can."
Isaac moaned softly, wiggling to try and move down Scott's body from where he was.

"That's it, baby," Scott breathed as Isaac settled over his crotch. "Look how hard I am already."

Isaac let out another soft noise, nosing along Scott's cock, stroking teasingly.

Scott hummed in pleasure, shifting his hips on the bed.

Isaac breathed in long and deep, his eyes fluttering open to show how dark his eyes were. He took the head of Scott's cock into his mouth, suckling needily.

"Oh!" Scott exclaimed, his hips bucking up and his eyes closing.

Isaac moaned, letting Scott's cock thrust into his mouth, fingers going to knead at Scott's thighs.

"Fuck, sweetheart, so good," Scott groaned, his hands clenching in the sheets.

Sucking in a breath to keep from moaning, Isaac kept just the first inch or so in his mouth, eyes fluttering half closed. He let out a needy whine, tongue flicking over his slit.


"You," Isaac murmured, licking precum off his lips before sinking back down hungrily.

"You've - nn - you've got me," Scott replied, groaning. "I'm here, sweetheart."

Isaac smiled around his mouthful, keeping his pace slow, tongue curling around Scott.

"Oh god." It felt so good.


"Good boy," Scott praised breathlessly. "So good, Isaac, fuck, I've missed you so much."

Isaac sank further with a hum, tilting his head a bit to relax his throat until he got almost all of Scott inside. He wanted to just tug Scott's hip to force him down his throat. But he was nervous.

Scott groaned, trembling with the feeling. "God that feels good, baby. You're amazing."

Isaac hummed, his eyes flicking up Scott's body to his face, flushed from the praise.

"Fuck, doing so good, sweetheart, look at you," Scott gasped.

Isaac whined, dipping his tongue into the slit of Scott's cock, eyes darkening further at the taste.

"Nngh, come on baby, you can do it, you're so good, you can take it, can't you?" Scott babbled.

"Mnhmm," Isaac hummed, sinking back down on him until his nose was brushing Scott's front, only having to pause once to breath deeply.

Scott's hips jerked off the bed, and he petted at Isaac's hair apologetically. "'m gonna come," he panted. "Isaac - "

Isaac let out a startled moan at the jerk.

Scott tried to pull back as he came, but the vibration of Isaac's throat was enough to trigger a toe-curving orgasm.
Isaac pulled off with a cough just to suck him back down to suck him clean.

Scott groaned, panting. "So good," he gasped. "Such a good boy."

Isaac pulled off with a pop, panting and dazed. Licking his lips he grinned.

"Fuck." Scott flopped backwards, his hand resting idly in Isaac's hair. "Pretty awesome welcome home, there."

Isaac leaned into the touch, nuzzling into Scott's crotch.

"You're staying down there, huh?" Scott said lazily, once he could actually think again.

Isaac smiled, kissing his way up Scott's body, nuzzling random parts.

"So sweet," Scott praised, smiling fondly. "You feeling good, baby?"

"Mmhmm," Isaac grinned, moving to straddle Scott's waist, nuzzling close.

Scott kissed Isaac's cheek when it came into reach, then his lips.

Isaac licked into his mouth lazily, moaning. "Love tasting you."

Scott hummed into the kiss, scratching his fingers through Isaac's hair.

Isaac rocked forward lazily, content to just kiss Scott.

"That's my boy," Scott breathed. And soon he would be, legally. One more practice test to be sure he was ready, and then Scott would be going for his accreditation. He was so close.

Isaac let out a happy whine, sinking against him. God, he wanted his Dom. Wanted to not have to be watched.

"My boy," Scott promised. "It won't be long now."

Isaac beamed at him, cuddling closer just as a huge crack of thunder echoed, sending the house into darkness.

"Well that was dramatic," Scott commented, laughing.


"Hang on, let me find my phone so I can turn it off and save the battery," Scott said, scrambling around in the darkness. "Unless you think we should get the torches now?"

Isaac sat up, rubbing his arms. "Flashlights can wait," he murmured, sending a quick text to let the Sheriff know what happened, turning off his phone and setting it to the side.

Scott nodded, turning his own phone off. "Yeah, we may as well just cuddle. We don't really need lights for that."

Isaac just let a mischievous grin cross his face. "Yeah, we can do that." He shifted on the bed in the dark, licking his lips. "C'mon."

Scott could hear the mischief in Isaac's voice, even if he couldn't see it on his face. "What are you
planning?" he said suspiciously.

"What do you mean, sir?" Isaac grinned, trying (and failing, honestly) to make his tone innocent.

"Here I am, a poor defenseless Dom, trapped in a dark bedroom with no idea what you might do to me..." Scott said melodramatically.

"Poor, poor sir," Isaac teased, grinning and sliding slowly toward him, licking his lips. "Whatever shall you do?"

"I shall have to cast myself upon your mercy," Scott replied, slapping his hand over his heart, "and pray that your intentions are honourable."

Isaac laughed, pressing close and not bothering to hide the way his hands slipped down Scott's sides. "Depends on your definition of honorable. I'd much rather you do not so honorable things to me in the darkness."

"Oh?" Scott murmured, grinning. "Want me to deflower you?"

"Hmmmm, yes please," Isaac breathed, trailing his nose along Scott's shoulder.

Scott traced his hands down Isaac's back to his ass, pressing him close.

Isaac let out a soft sound, rocking back into Scott's hands, his own scratching up Scott's sides and around to rest on his shoulder blades.

"You didn't get to come earlier, did you?" Scott murmured. "That was rude of me."

"I wanted to taste you," Isaac shrugged, smiling at the tone of Scott's voice. "So no, you weren't being rude."

"Well, it's your turn now," Scott replied softly. "So perhaps you should tell me how you want to come."

Isaac nuzzled into Scott's neck in thought. "Undo me," he whispered. "Make me fall apart to where the only thing holding me together is you."

"We're not supposed to scene," Scott reminded him hoarsely.

Isaac whined high in his throat, pouting. "I know," he sighed. "Rain check." He smiled, nipping at Scott's shoulder, loving the husk in his voice. "What are you picturing, sir?"

"I'd - I'd finger you," Scott replied, mumbling as he buried his face in Isaac's hair. "Rub your prostate. Maybe...with a vibe?"

Isaac sucked in a breath, rocking down without thinking. "Yeah.." he murmured, tilting his head for Scott.

"And you'd...you'd rub against me, because it was all you could do, because it was so much," Scott said in a rush.

"Yes sir," Isaac breathed. "Because it would feel so good, because I want more." He groaned, rolling his hips forward.
"How much?" Scott panted. "How much do you want it?"

"So much," Isaac breathed. "So much I need it."

"Tell me," Scott demanded roughly, pressing Isaac closer. "What do you need?"

Isaac couldn't help the soft whimper at the demand, hips hitching. "N-need you," he breathed. "Need you to open me up, stretch me open just for you, play with me until I'm unable to hold back, slow and steady, fast and hard, keep me on my toes."

"I will." Scott rolled, pressing Isaac down against the bed. "Soon. Soon, I will, sweetheart."

Isaac whimpered, reaching up to twist his hands in his pillow as he was pinned, eyes rolling up. "God, I want you. Always want you, need you," he rambled.

Scott rolled his hips against Isaac's, hard as a rock. "Are you going to come for me, sweetheart?"

A sharp whine was Scott's only answer as Isaac arched up, his hands untangling from the blankets to scramble for a hold on Scott's back. "Close," he punched out of his throat, shuddering with each roll of Scott's hips.

"God, Isaac," Scott gasped. "I love you."

"I-love you too," Isaac whined high in his throat. "W-wanna come. God, I'm so close." Oh god, he was rambling again. How did Stiles handle that all the time?

Scott drew in a sharp breath and started rutting against Isaac's abs. "When I do," he allowed.

Isaac arched up, trying to get more, nails scraping lightly down Scott's back, hands trembling. "Sir."

"I've got you, sweetheart," Scott panted.

Isaac licked his lips, tilting his head back and rolling his body, trying to send Scott over the edge, and ending up teasing himself until he was shaking. "O-oh fuck."

"Come on, baby." God, Scott was so close... "Just a little bit more, you can do it."

Isaac let out a sharp noise at the endearment, hips jerking. "Please," he whispered into the darkness, barely able to make out the looming figure of Scott above him, and oh yeah, he kinda wanted to try that blindfold now, he could see the appeal that Stiles had tried to explain. "O-oh fuck oh fuck oh fuck," he chanted, grinding himself against Scott, barely hanging onto his own release.

Isaac's whispered plea brought Scott to the edge, and the grinding tipped him over. "Isaac!" he cried out.

The cry of his name made Isaac freeze, whimpering high in his throat as he was shoved over the cliff, coming between them and digging his nails in slightly in shock. He panted, leaning up to kiss any part of Scott he could reach. "Sir..."

"Isaac," Scott said gutturally, tilting his head so Isaac's next kiss would land on his cheek instead of his ear.

Isaac gave him a lazy smile, lips curling against Scott's cheek before moving to kiss along his jaw to his mouth. "Sir," he breathed against his lips, the kiss slow and lethargic.
Scott hummed happily, feeling tiredness weigh him down.

Isaac grinned, wiggling a bit under him before letting out a contented sigh. "I love you," he murmured. "I'm so happy you're home. Even if it's just for a week or so."

"I'm happy to be here," Scott slurred, nuzzling at Isaac's cheek. "Missed you."

"Missed you too," Isaac whispered, eyes closing with a happy sigh, leaning into the nuzzles. He'd soak up all that he could, and dream of what it would be like to be like this every day.

Scott wanted to stay awake, wanted to cherish this moment, make it last forever, but his eyelids were drooping and he was so sleepy...

Isaac couldn't help the small giggle that left him as he recognized Scott's sleepy snuffling. "Sleep, sir," he soothed, rubbing Scott's back. "It's okay." He hummed, kissing down Scott's jaw to bury his face in Scott's neck, the scent of his Dom starting to soothe him closer to dreamland, too.

Chapter End Notes

Hi all! We hope this week's been better than last week, and you're all safe and well. If you need some distraction, check out our tumblr, where we post little snippets and would /love/ to answer any questions or prompts.

Thanks, as always, to Chicktar our beta, and to all of you for reading and commenting
It dawned bright and clear on Thanksgiving morning. Unfortunately, it also dawned early, and Derek was awake. "Calm down, Stiles," he urged. "Dinner is hours away. We've got time."

"It won't be ready!" Stiles was in panic mode, twisting his hands in a dishcloth as he paced the floor. "Everyone is going to get here with the sides and dessert and yet this turkey will still be fucking FROZEN!"

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Stiles, Derek, Scott, Isaac, Melissa, John, Laura, and Jordan prepare to share a Thanksgiving dinner.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: In the first section, Stiles is very anxious about getting the food ready on time. In the second scene, Laura and Jordan talk about his family, who is unsupportive about his life choices. In the third section, Isaac tests himself by accompanying John to buy alcohol - it goes well.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

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"It won't be ready!" Stiles was in panic mode, twisting his hands in a dishcloth as he paced the floor. "Everyone is going to get here with the sides and dessert and yet this turkey will still be fucking FROZEN!" He was close to hyperventilating, trembling.

"Stiles!" Derek stepped into Stiles' path and took the dishcloth from his hands. "Stop. Kneel. Breathe."

Stiles let out a high pitched whine, his body following the orders before his mind could catch up. "Sir! I need to..." He pursed his lips, frowning up at Derek from where he was now kneeling in the middle of their kitchen. "I need to..."

"Breathe, Stiles," Derek repeated, resting his hand on Stiles' head. "I've got you. Breathe for me, nice and slow, can you do that?"

Stiles gave a hesitant nod, leaning into the hand and trying to breathe, his brows furrowing. "I need...The turkey..."

"Stiles," Derek said quietly, stroking Stiles' hair. "We have hours. Whatever is going to happen can
wait for five minutes while you calm down."

"I don't want it to be ruined," Stiles whimpered, fighting to take deep breaths, the air shuddering in and out of his lungs.

"No matter what, amado, we will be having dinner with our family," Derek reassured him. "No one is going to love you any less if you make a mistake."

"But..." Stiles took a deep, shuddering breath, closing his eyes. "I want to make you proud," he finished in a tiny voice.

Derek bent down and kissed Stiles' hair. "I will be proud of you," he said warmly, "no matter what."

"Want to make it perfect," Stiles whispered, closing his eyes tightly, even as he relaxed at the affection.

Derek smiled sadly. "Thanks to you, chiquito, there's going to be seven people celebrating Thanksgiving with me for the first time in almost a decade," he said. "It's already perfect."

Stiles gave him a trembling smile, reaching out to wrap his hands around Derek's legs, nuzzling close and finally relaxing against him. "I'm sorry," he said softly. "I just...I want it to be perfect. Want it to be perfect for you."

"You are my perfect good boy, and I am always proud of you." Derek stroked Stiles' hair, encouraging him to stay where he was. "And I will enjoy today a lot more if you can relax than if we have a perfect turkey."

Stiles sucked in a deep breath, his face buried in Derek's lower stomach, shivering for a moment. He smiled, humming to himself. "I can try, sir," he offered. "I just..."

"You get anxious," Derek finished for him. "And that's okay. But the thing about cooking the turkey is that there are very few urgent steps in the process. You can afford to take a minute to calm down. Are you going to listen to me today when I tell you to take that minute?"

"Yes sir. I'll try," Stiles whispered. "You may need to make me though, sometimes I can't force myself to." He was being honest, continuing his deep breathing, sucking down Derek's scent like a starved man given food.

"If you can be good today, and kneel whenever I tell you to, you'll get a reward," Derek offered. "How about that?"

Stiles perked up, peeking up at Derek with a grin. "Yes sir! What kind of reward?"

"You'll have to wait and see," Derek said, grinning back. "Unless there's something you really, really want?"

Stiles thought for a moment before shrugging. "Not really?" He pressed closer, hugging his legs. "I'll do my best."

"Good boy," Derek praised, stroking Stiles' hair some more. "Now, are you feeling a little calmer?"

"Yes sir." Stiles smiled, leaning his head back into the touch. He needed to get things done, no matter how much teasing his Dom sounded like fun…
"That's good," Derek replied. "Up you get, then. Can you explain to me what's going wrong?"

"I can't find the herb butter I had made a couple of days ago, and I can't seem to find where our roaster pan went," Stiles explained, standing slowly.

"Those are both things we can replace, if we have to," Derek reminded him. "But I'm sure we'll find them. What container is the butter in?"

"It's in the green-lidded pyrex container," Stiles said, smiling a little. "I made it a couple of days ago so the herbs could infuse into the butter better."

"It sounds great," Derek replied, smiling back. "Does it need refrigerating?"

Stiles wiggled in place, the small bit of praise Derek gave him helping him stay calm. "That's the thing," he said, "it didn't have to be, but I may have stuck it in there and now I can't find it!"

"It's okay," Derek reassured him quietly. "I'll have a look, alright? I want you to go have a shower and get dressed."

Stiles shifted on his feet, chewing on his lower lip. "Yes sir," he finally agreed, looking around the kitchen before kissing Derek's jaw and heading upstairs.

Derek took a deep breath, looking around the kitchen. After all Stiles' banging around, it wasn't exactly organised. He went over to the fridge, checking the freezer first, just in case, and then settled in to sort through the shelves.

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"Why does this always smell so gross, but taste so good?" Laura whined, hip cocked to the side as she mixed the cream of mushroom soup up with the green beans for the green bean casserole that they had to bring.

"I wouldn't know," Jordan replied, adding yet another peeled potato to the pile on the counter.

"So gross," she huffed, spraying the casserole pan with non-stick spray and spread the mixture into the pan. "Where'd those French's fried onions go?" Laura hummed, looking over the island where everything had kinda exploded.

"Here." Jordan pulled them out from under the bag of leftover beans.

"Thank you!" Laura grinned, pulling Jordan into a short, hard kiss. Jordan kept his hands, covered in potato juice, out to the sides, but he smiled into the kiss. Leaning back, he looked impatiently at the pile of potatoes. "This should be enough, right?"

Laura tilted her head, studying the small mountain of potatoes before grinning. "Looks good to me, babe."

"Thank god," Jordan muttered, getting a knife to chop them. It wasn't strictly necessary, but it made the process a little quicker.

"Poor baby, peeling all day long." Laura tsked teasingly, sprinkling her pan with the fried onion bits before slipping it into the oven, swinging her hips as she hummed. She enjoyed cooking, but goddamn she was already done. "Your mom wasn't too mad, was she?" she asked. "When you said
"She...said some things." Things Jordan wasn't about to repeat to Laura, about how Laura's family apparently didn't count, so why not go to the Parrishes?

"I'm sure she did," Laura replied, her voice dry. God, she hated that woman. "S'not like she actually likes me. And if it wasn't for your awesome cousins and your dad, I'd probably suggest doing every holiday here."

Jordan sighed. "She's not a bad person," he offered. "She...she was a good mom, you know? She just doesn't understand why I wanted to leave."

Laura sighed as well, walking over and gently taking the knife away from Jordan and pulling him to face her. "I know that," she murmured. "She was a wonderful mom to you, I get that. But she hates me for 'taking her baby away'. She'll never like me simply because I'm the Dom you chose. It wouldn't matter who you chose, she still wouldn't like them." She slid her hand up to cup Jordan's cheek. "And honestly you are mine, so I really don't give a flying rat's left testicle if she never likes me. I didn't claim her, I didn't marry her. I claimed you. I married you."

"I do care," Jordan admitted. "You're the most important person in my life, absolutely, but...my family's important too. Just like your family is important to you."

Laura smiled. "I know. That's why I put up with her. That's why I play nice when I'm around her. Because I know she's important to you."

Jordan leaned against her, hiding his face in her neck. "Christmas is going to be fucking awful," he mumbled.

"Why do you say that?" Laura asked, holding him close and combing her fingers through his hair.

"The microaggressions," he sighed. "Why couldn't I settle down with a nice Dom, doing something safe? Why did I have to move so far away? Am I really going to keep doing my job now that I'm married? How am I going to look after our kids if I get shot?"

"Jordan. I want you to listen to me." Laura's voice went firm, her hold on him tightening. She didn't use what they called her 'Dom voice' very often, but she'd be damned if her sub worried about something as stupid as his family's issues with his life. "If I have to make this a rule, I will. I don't want you even replying to things like that. You pretend they were never said. I know it's hard, but I won't have it making you upset or sad."

"I can't just blank my mom," Jordan pointed out. "Or my grandpa."

"No, I'm not saying blank them," Laura explained. "I'm saying not to answer questions they are asking to dig at you. Legitimate questions, yes, digging ones meant to hurt you, no. If anything, either get my attention or come find me."

Jordan pursed his lips. "...I'm not sure I can do that," he admitted.

"Why?" Laura asked simply, not upset at all that Jordan was saying that. He was always truthful with her. She tugged him gently over to the couch so they could be more comfortable.

"It's..." Jordan sighed. "So, there's certain expectations on me - always have been - in my professional life, and fairly commonly in my personal life as well. As a male sub in a non-traditional
field, there's that line I have to walk, all the time."

Laura hummed her understanding, pushing him to sit down before straddling his lap, cupping his face in her hands. "I don't like that your family treats you like that. And even though I know it's only two of them, even one can cause you to drag. Last visit it took almost three days before you would say anything outside of answering a question of mine."

"It's fine," he tried to reassure her. "I just...keeping the peace is a big part of me now." His mouth twisted into a wry smile. "No pun intended."

"Such a big bad cop," Laura teased. "But damn fine in a uniform." She kissed his nose and nipped at it playfully. "I won't have you being upset or sad," she murmured. "I'm serious, Jordan. You start feeling that way, you let me know. I don't care if we end up cutting the visit short. I won't have my sub beaten down like that again."

"I do want to see them," Jordan told her. "Like you said, Dad's great, and my cousins. And Aunt Sylvie couldn't make it to the wedding."

"I know," Laura said. "That's why I said if need be we'd cut it short, rather than not go at all. It's important to see your family. And your aunt promised me that cake recipe!"

Jordan smiled back at her, a little weakly. "Do you get why I can't ignore Mom when she says stuff like that?"

"Honestly, not really," Laura admitted. "But then again, I kinda do. It's hard to explain. I don't understand perfectly because I never had that problem. But I can understand the reasons you said. But dammit, Jordan Lee Hale." She growled lightly. "You will not just let her walk all over you. You find me if you start feeling upset or sad or uneasy. I don't care if that means you have to excuse yourself in the middle of a sentence."

"Having an excuse to get away is good," Jordan reassured her. "I just...really don't want to make a fuss."

"I know, baby," Laura soothed, a smile on her face. "But you know me. Sometimes I'll make a fuss when it's needed. No one makes my sub feel like that. You're mine."

Jordan ducked his head. "It's okay if it's you," he admitted, wrapping his arms around her.

"I'm special." She grinned, shifting closer until she was pressed as close as she could possibly get.

"You're the best," Jordan agreed.

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Isaac grinned. "Found them!" he called down the aisle, already pulling a couple of bottles of Scott's preferred root beer off the shelf.

"Thanks, son," John replied absently, looking through the unsurprisingly specific list Stiles had texted him. "That's the last of the soda...unless there's something you want that's not in here?"

Isaac flushed, a smile crossing his face the same way it did every time John called him 'son'. "No, I think that's everything. I couldn't find that weird canned tea I had a while back. Not surprised, that was in a more specialty market than a normal Walmart."

"Dinner rolls, then," John said, trying to decide how he was going to handle getting the wine. He
wasn't sure Isaac would be comfortable in the liquor section.

Isaac nodded. "He mentioned something about regular ones, and then those weird sweet ones that are made with pineapple juice or something."

John rolled his eyes, heading towards the bread section. "Of course he did. What's the chance of us actually finding them?"

"You never know," Isaac said, grinning and looking around the breads with a soft hum. "Maybe these were what he was talking about?" he asked, holding up a bag of King's Hawaiian rolls. "I remember having these before with BBQ chicken. They were tasty."

"Let's go with that," John agreed. "Is one packet of the normal rolls enough?" He hadn't hosted eight people for Thanksgiving...ever. Even when he'd spent the holiday with his extended family, he hadn't been contributing to the food.

"If we get the twelve count of both, we should be good." Isaac smiled, grabbing another package of the sweet rolls.

John shrugged, picking the normal rolls off the shelf and putting them in the trolley. "I guess leftovers are traditional," he commented. "It won't do any harm if we get too many."

"Exactly." Isaac gave him a tiny smile, knowing what else was on that list of Stiles'. Honestly he didn't know if it would be an issue or not, it's not like the liquor you could find in a Walmart was his Dad's preference....

John sighed, recognizing the anxiety on Isaac's face. "Do you want to meet me at the checkout?" he offered. "You don't have to come with me."

Isaac set his mouth into a thin line. "No, I want to try. They don't exactly sell Crown Whiskey or Scotch in Walmart."

"If you're sure," John agreed. As Isaac had gotten more comfortable over the last - god, it was almost half a year now - that he'd been living with John, John had done his best to give him the respect of letting Isaac decide when he could cope with things. "We'll give it a shot."

Isaac gave him a grateful smile, turning on his heel to walk toward the wine and beer section, chin held high. He waited until John caught up, though, before stepping into the aisle, taking a deep breath. He relaxed a bit after a moment when the panic that used to overwhelm him barely even twitched. He sent John a beaming smile.

John grinned back, going efficiently for the things he needed.

Isaac hummed softly, tapping away at his phone, grinning at the picture of Scott in a Captain America onesie (a birthday gift from Isaac) that was his wallpaper.

Root beer acquired, Sir - IL

...I also conquered another stepping stone of my past - IL

Yeah? What happened? - SM
Isaac chewed on his lip, unsure how to explain. Finally he just took a picture of himself with the packs of beer, sending it to his Dom.

*You're...getting beer? - SM*

*Oh! You're in the liquor aisle! - SM*

*Yes sir, I am in the liquor aisle. Without much panic either - IL*

*Well done! - SM*

Isaac beamed at the praise, wiggling a bit in happiness.

*Love you – IL*

*Love you too, sweetheart - SM*

John returned to Isaac and waited patiently for him to notice.

Isaac held the phone close for a moment, the looked up to see where John was, startling when he saw him. "Oh." He flushed. "Sorry."

"It's fine," John said with a smile. "I'm not in a rush."

"You say that now, but wait until Stiles starts freaking out about where you are." Isaac laughed, leading the way to the checkout line.

"Derek will calm him down," John said easily. "We've got plenty of time."

"I don't wanna walk in on that!" Isaac replied, smiling widely.

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"Scott, calm down, it's not the end of the world if you mess up that cake!" Melissa was amused, arms crossed as she watched her son basically take over their kitchen. She'd already finished the pies they were bringing, and was letting them cool before she packaged them up.

"Do you think it's done?" Scott asked anxiously. He hated this bit. A cake was never done at exactly the time the recipe said.

Melissa smiled. "I think it's perfect, look." She took a skewer, showing him that it was clean after poking the middle of the cake. "He'll love it, calm down, it's okay."

"Okay." Scott took a deep breath, and got the cake out of the oven, setting it down on the stove so it wouldn't burn the counter.

"Let it cool while you make the frosting. Do you need some help?" Melissa kept the smile on her face, finding it adorable how worked up he was trying to make Isaac's favorite cake.

"No, I want to do this myself," Scott said with determination. He eyed the cake unhappily, knowing
he had to tip it out onto the cooling rack and hoping against hope that it wouldn't stick to the tin.

"Make it then, I'll get this on the cake plate for you, save some time." Melissa smiled, reaching out to rub his back. "I'll answer any questions you have."

It's not that Scott hadn't baked before. He'd baked plenty. But he hadn't done carrot cake before, and he hated frosting. And this was different frosting, with cream cheese in it.

Melissa hid her amusement, turning to get the cake plate and its lid out. "Take the beaters out and beat the cream cheese until it's silky and smooth. After that's done, just add some powdered sugar a little at a time, beating it in each time. Then beat in one capful of vanilla extract."

"Okay." Scott nodded, getting out the cream cheese and a clean mixing bowl. "Wait, where are the beaters? Are they clean?"

"They're clean, I washed them while you watched the cake bake," she teased. "Drawer with the flatware, in the back. Hand mixer is in the next drawer down."

"I know where we keep them, Mom," Scott said, rolling his eyes and getting them out. "I just didn't know if you washed them."

"Don't roll your eyes at me," she scolded. "You're panicking. Don't let me bring up the brownie disaster of sophomore year."

Scott winced. "This won't be like that," he protested, slotting the beaters in place and plugging in the mixer.

"That's why I'm making sure it doesn't happen," Melissa said. She quickly tipped the cake out of the pan and onto the cake plate, humming happily. "This looks lovely!"

"Yeah?" Scott grinned, measuring the cream cheese into the bowl.

"Good job, Scotty." Melissa smiled. "He'll absolutely love it."

Scott ducked his head. "I just wanted to do something for him, you know? He's been so patient."

"It's a very sweet thing," she promised. "And patient? Oh, for your testing? Have you set the date for that?"

"I've told him New Years," Scott replied, starting up the mixer. "But he doesn't know the details. I booked it for when I come down the weekend after the break."

"Wait, so you'll have the certificate before New Years?" Melissa grinned widely. "And Isaac is under the impression you won't have it until some time in January?"

Scott ducked his head. "If it goes well, and they process it quickly, then maybe by Christmas?" he admitted. "More likely a bit later."

"Scott, knowing what I know of Isaac, ringing in the new year like that would put him on cloud nine. And not just because he finally has you." Melissa smiled, ruffling her son's hair before swiping her finger though the frosting in the bowl. "Mmmm, tasty. Good job."

"Mooom," Scott complained, ducking away and trying to hide his grin. "Don't mess my hair up."

"Oh please, like Isaac won't be messing it up," she teased, ruffling his hair again. "I'm proud of you."
Scott blushed. “Thanks, Mom.”

"Come on, time to frost this." Melissa smiled, patting Scott's cheek.

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"I'm not good at prayers, so nope," Stiles said with a grin. "But I will say this: I'm thankful for everyone in this room, and everyone else that meant I got Sir."

"Oh, we're doing thank you's?" Laura asked from across the table.

"I figured might as well make it uber cliche," Stiles teased, lacing his fingers with Derek's.

"I like it," Isaac murmured, his voice soft, one ankle hooked around Scott's.

"I guess I'll go next, then?" Scott said, glancing at Isaac. "I, uh, I'm thankful for all you guys, and I'm especially thankful for Isaac, and everyone who's helped us."

Isaac turned bright red, sending Scott a tiny smile. "I'm thankful for Sir and for Stiles, for seeing that I needed help and not taking no for an answer," he said.

Scott took Isaac's hand and squeezed it gratefully.

John looked around the table. "I'm thankful for my son, for actually asking for help. And I'm thankful that all of us are safe and well, and that my family got bigger this year."

Melissa laughed softly, patting John's hand. "I'm thankful that I have four lovely kids, all of whom I'm very, very proud of. And I'm thankful for my Dom for knowing exactly what I need when I need it, even though I don't half the time."

Isaac and Stiles both flushed, smiling happily at Melissa.

Derek gave her a wondering look when he realized she meant him. Melissa considered him a son?

Jordan looked at Laura. "I'm thankful that you said yes," he said simply, smiling at her. "And for my excellent in-laws."

Melissa sent Derek a wink, smiling brightly at Jordan.

"I'm thankful I have you," Laura murmured, kissing Jordan's cheek. "And I'm thankful my brother found an awesome sub and family to pull into the fold."

Derek looked around the table, holding Stiles' hand tightly. "I..." He cleared his throat and tried again. "I'm thankful for Stiles, for him choosing me. And helping me, and forgiving my mistakes, and...everything. And I'm thankful for Laura, for sticking by me. And I, well, like John, I'm glad we're all safe and well. And that my family's bigger this year."

Stiles gave Derek a beaming smile, leaning over to kiss his Dom hard. "Food time!" he crowed, winking at Melissa when the woman started laughing. "Dad, no pie for you without at least two helpings of veggies!"

Isaac and Melissa gave John a conspiratorial grin - there was a whole apple pie already tucked away in the Stilinski fridge.
Derek pulled out the big knife and the tongs and started carving the turkey while the other dishes were passed around the table. "Looks good, Stiles," he said.

Stiles relaxed at the praise, tension leaving his shoulders that he hadn't realized he was carrying. He'd been so nervous.

"Could I have the potatoes?" Jordan asked Isaac. "After all that work peeling them, I'm hoping they came out okay."

Isaac laughed, passing the bowl carefully over.

Laura snickered. "Poor baby, you'll never get the potato starch off your hands," she teased.

"I know the feeling," Scott said sympathetically. "I usually help Mom with the potatoes."

Melissa just grinned, taking another careful bite, chewing and swallowing it before winking at Isaac. "He made something just for you," she whispered, enjoying the pleased flush that traveled over Isaac's cheeks.

"You know what?" Derek said, frustrated. "We're going to be waiting all night if we wait on me to carve this. John?"

Stiles laughed brightly, eyes sparkling. "Want me to do it, sir? I could have it done in five minutes probably."

Scott snorted. "Just give it to Stiles," he advised.

"Fine," Derek agreed, passing the utensils over. "He deserves to serve what he cooked anyway."

Stiles grinned. "Scott's seen me completely demolish a chicken carcass before." He chirped, standing and quickly taking all the meat off the turkey and setting it onto the platter beneath it.

Isaac blinked, laughing brightly. "That was fast!"

After a moment, Derek joined in the laughter. "Why did you even let me try?" he asked Stiles.

"Because you're my Dom and I like seeing you do things," Stiles replied. His tongue was poking out of the side of his mouth as he finished stripping the last of the meat off the bones.

"Well, now that Stiles has thoroughly demonstrated my incompetence..." Derek said, smiling to show he wasn't offended, "turkey, anyone?"

Stiles stuck out his tongue, laughing. "You should have seen me with the frogs in biology!"

"You know better than to ask that like it's a question, bro, lay it on meeeeee," Laura sang, holding out her plate and winking at Jordan. "I like my meat."

Derek rolled his eyes and passed her the tongs. "Here," he said. "Serve yourself."

"Yessss." Laura laughed, clicking the tongs before grabbing some of the meat. "Anyone else while I'm the tong wielder?" She grinned, putting turkey on people's plates, making sure John got one of the legs.

John gave Laura an approving look, carefully ignoring Stiles' extravagant outrage at the other end of
the table as he poured gravy over his mashed potatoes.

Stiles huffed, pouting and crossing his arms. "The only reason I'm letting this go is because it's Thanksgiving," he said petulantly.

Isaac ducked his head into Scott's shoulder, his own shoulders shaking with silent laughter.

Melissa just grinned, making sure to pile extra veggies on John's plate. "It's all about balance, John," she teased.

Scott threw his arm around Stiles' neck and tugged him in close. "Isn't turkey healthy anyway?"

"Yeah," Stiles said, smiling at his friend and leaning close. "The white meat anyway. But I'm watching you, mister." Stiles sent his dad a playful glare, ripping a roll apart.

Isaac laughed, making sure John had at least two rolls, grinning mischievously. "I saw the results of his last blood tests, Stiles. He's okay."

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The meal passed in friendly conversation, everyone catching up on each other's news, until they were left contemplating the demolished turkey and almost empty dishes. Derek stood and began to collect everyone's plates. "I didn't actually think we'd eat it all," he admitted with surprise.

"Fooooood baby," Stiles laughed, patting his stomach.

Melissa stood, helping collect plates, tsking at John and shaking her head, telling him she'd do it.

"I didn't really contribute to the meal," John pointed out. "I should at least clean."

"It's fine, Dad," Stiles said, gathering the platter with the bones and the leftover meat. "Just sit, enjoy."

Isaac laughed softly, patting John's shoulder. "We got this." He smiled, scooping up what dishes he could hold before following Stiles into the kitchen.

"Dishes can wait for later, but if you could scrape the plates off into the bin and stack them on the sink?" Derek directed Isaac. "And Stiles, can you put the rest of the turkey in a container for tomorrow? If people want to take leftovers home, we can divide it up once we're done."

"Yes sir!" Stiles said, playfully saluting before digging around for a container big enough.

Isaac mock-groaned, cheerfully scraping the dishes and putting them in a sink full of hot soapy water.

Melissa discreetly got out the carrot cake and took it to the dining room, swapping it for the mashed potato dish. "None of you touch that until Isaac gets back," she said firmly.

Laura whined. "But it looks so good!" She cut her eyes to Scott, winking playfully. She'd figured out why they had to wait for Isaac.

Scott ducked his head to hide his grin. "I'll make sure of it, Mom."
Melissa returned to the kitchen, getting the pies this time. "Are we serving cream or ice cream with these?" she checked.

Stiles looked over from where he was storing the leftovers. "I'd put out both, just in case," he said, grabbing the whipped cream out of the fridge and the ice cream out of the freezer. "Isaac, grab some small plates and a few knives? We have a pie server somewhere in the flatware drawer."

Isaac nodded, grabbing a small stack of plates before rummaging around, holding up two different pie/cake servers and three knives. "Done!"

"You can't carry all those yourself," Derek objected. "I'll take the plates." He got out forks and dessert spoons as well, plus a couple of bigger spoons for serving the cream and ice cream. "I think that's everything."

Isaac smiled, handing him some of the plates before taking all of the cutlery. "Yay, time to shove more into our already full stomachs," he joked.

Stiles grinned. "Hey, I'm planning on shoving sweet potato pie in me until it leaks out my tear ducts, okay?"

Derek winced as he led them back to the dining room. "That is a truly horrific mental image, chiquito. Thanks for that."

"What is?" Scott asked curiously.

"The same comment I make every year about Mama McCall's sweet potato pie." Stiles grinned as he heard Melissa and his dad laugh. "I want to shove so much pie in me it leaks out of my tear ducts."

Isaac crinkled his nose, laughing softly.

Laura laughed hard, smacking the table lightly. "I like that! I'm the same way with chocolate pie!"

"No chocolate pie this year, I'm afraid," Melissa replied. "Sweet potato pie, apple pie, and carrot cake."

"I may have to fight John for the apple pie then," Laura said.

Isaac blinked, peering under the lid of the cake plate. "Carrot cake?" he asked breathlessly, his eyes widening.

Scott smiled softly, taking Isaac's hand and pulling him down into his chair. "Carrot cake," he agreed. "If I messed it up, pretend I didn't?"

Isaac's eyes lit up even more as he curled his hand around Scott's and turned his head to look at him. "You made it? Why?" he asked, unable to fathom why his Dom would make him his favorite cake, when he knew baking wasn't the man's forte.

"Because you like it," Scott said simply, leaning in to press a short kiss to Isaac's mouth. "I wanted to do something special for you."

Isaac's eyes watered a bit, bolting forward to kiss Scott hard, hugging him tightly. "Thank you," he whispered softly against his lips.

"You're so welcome, sweetheart," Scott murmured. "We'll make it a tradition, yeah? Carrot cake for
Thanksgiving."

The smile Isaac gave him with as bright as the sun, eyes crinkled and still wet. "Best tradition yet."

Laura smiled, cutting a slice of the cake and passing it down the table to sit in front of Isaac.

Derek quietly gave them some space, cutting some sweet potato pie for Stiles, and some apple for himself. "Do you want ice cream, chiquito?" he asked.

"Cool whip please!" Stiles requested, kissing Derek's cheek in thanks. "Love you, mi amo," he murmured, almost inaudible against Derek's cheek.

Isaac sniffed softly, wiping at his eyes before looking down in front of him, laughing softly. "Magic cake," he cracked, licking his lips and picking up his fork. He took a bite, eyes closing in bliss, his hand still tangled in Scott's shirt. "Perfect," he breathed, sucking and licking frosting off his fork.

Scott swallowed hard, and turned his attention to getting some pie for himself. Now was not the time.

"Love you too, querido," Derek replied, filling Stiles' plate appropriately and passing it over.

Stiles happily dug in, dragging his feet until he was sitting on them, wiggling happily.

Isaac gave Scott a small grin, eyes sparkling with mischief rather than tears now as he sucked more frosting off his fork.

Laura couldn't stop the small laugh that bubbled up, watching her student fall under his sub's spell.

Melissa just rolled her eyes in fondness, sliding John a slice of pie, and giving him the biggest scoop of ice cream she could beside it, kissing his cheek.

John started eating quickly, making the most of Stiles' distracted attention.

Scott did his best to pretend he wasn't blushing, even with Isaac in the corner of his eye.

Jordan tried the carrot cake and waggled his eyebrows at Laura as he licked his own fork clean.

Derek just watched everyone, his hand resting on Stiles' knee, enjoying the moment.

Chapter End Notes

By an astonishing coincidence (no, seriously, we wrote this in June), we have a Thanksgiving chapter to give you this week! I hope those who celebrate the holiday had a good one, and those who didn't are having a lovely weekend.

Thanks as always to our beta Chicktar, and we hope to hear from you guys in the comments or at our tumblr
Almost There

Chapter Summary

Scott hurried to the door, pressing the doorbell impatiently. He'd just gotten his practice test results, and he wanted to tell Laura about it.

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Laura and Scott discuss their plans for Christmas

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Laura hummed, shuffling papers around and looking over to the window as she heard a car pull up, a smile crossing her face. This had been a long journey for Scott, and he was so close to finishing it. It made her heart happy to see her student flourish like he was. He was a determined little asshole when it came to studying for this test. Though she understood. If she was in his place, she'd do the same to get Jordan.

Scott hurried to the door, pressing the doorbell impatiently. He'd just gotten his practice test results, and he wanted to tell Laura about it.

"Come on in, puppy!" Laura teased, watching him all but bounce on her porch from the window.

"I passed!" Scott exclaimed, letting himself in. "With honours!"

Laura stood, her face beaming. "That's amazing! You'll kick this test's ass so hard you'll make it your bitch. Oh my fucking god, Scott!" She laughed, amazed that he'd done so well, and yet at the same time, not surprised at all. She pulled him into a hug, squeezing tightly. "I'm so fucking proud of you, Padawan."

"Oh my god," Scott said, clinging to her. "Oh my god, I'm nearly there. Shit. Oh my god."

Laura laughed softly, ruffling his hair as she held on tight, the wonder and shock in his voice making her grin so hard her cheeks hurt. "So close. You'll do so wonderful on that test. Come on, talk to me Scott, tell me about what you've thought about for Isaac's collar. Don't lie and say you haven't, I saw those mobile bookmarks."

"I..." Scott licked his lips. "Derek said I should, uh. Make it."

"Make it? Oh! The belt trick?" Laura smiled, pulling back a bit. "Have a belt in mind you'd like to use? I have some good shears and an awl you can use to add more prong-holes."

"Yeah? Derek said you had tools," Scott replied. He stepped back, rubbing the back of his head. "Do you really think he'd like it?"

"Hun, I'm pretty sure he would." Laura nodded, jumping almost out of her skin as she felt Jordan wrap around her from behind.
"He will," Jordan murmured sleepily, nuzzling into Laura's neck. "It's a part of you." He had been sleeping when the happy noises woke him up.

"Hi Jordan," Scott said. "It just...kind of seems cheap, you know? Instead of buying Isaac something new."

"The things you make with feeling mean much more than what you buy. You can still get it embroidered or something if you'd like, but knowing it's something you made would mean a lot more to him. He doesn't have to know it was made out of a belt either." Jordan barely peeked out from Laura's neck, mouthing lightly, still half asleep. "Got shift soon, Lo."

"Okay, Jay," Laura murmured, petting his cheek. "Be safe and aware, okay? Love you."

"Love you too."

"Is it a good idea to use one of my belts?" Scott asked after Jordan sleepily wandered off to shower. "Or should I buy a new one?"

"I think it will be. It won't be looking like a belt. It'll be looking like a collar you made for your sub. It'll mean a lot to him." Laura smiled. "I have a bunch of things, some stamps and the like, for you to use. It won't be recognizable as a belt after you're through. And like Jay said, he doesn't have to know it used to be a belt. Just say that you made it."

Scott nodded, biting his lip as he thought it through. "I think... I'm going to give it to him for Christmas," he admitted.

Her eyes lit up. "Oh, he'll be thrilled! Though, and I'm just taking a wild guess here, you may want to do that bit in private after the festivities." Laura was highly amused, as she always was watching exactly how much of a minx that Isaac turned out to be.

"Well, it's not like we're doing a big group Christmas like we did Thanksgiving," Scott pointed out. "You and Jordan will be away, and Stiles told me he and Derek want a day to themselves, so I'm guessing Isaac and I will do the morning at each of our houses and then he'll come to my place and Mom will go to the Stilinski's, or vice versa."

"That actually sounds like a good plan, though you'd want to clear everything with your mom, or at least warn her," Laura pointed out. "And make sure and stock up on water and things beforehand," she teased, patting his cheek. "We have the last of the paperwork in from Janet. They just need Isaac's signature and then he'll be transferred to you. So, how do you want to present this to him? He doesn't know it'll be so soon, last I checked..."

"He's thinking New Years," Scott confirmed, blushing at Laura's first comment. "I thought I'd just give him everything as a set, you know?"

"Like you won't take the test until New Years? Awww, surprises are awesome!" Laura laughed, going to scoop the papers off the desk. "If you bring everything here, I'll keep it so he doesn't accidentally find it until the twenty-third. We're leaving for Christmas in New York that day."

"I'd have to do the leather work here anyway," Scott said with a shrug. "Thanks, Laura. Are you looking forward to the trip?"

Laura wrinkled her nose. "Yes and no," she laughed. "Me and my dear mother in law don't get along, and she doesn't like who Jordan picked and what he does for a living."
"Why?" Scott asked, frowning in confusion. "Because it's not safe?"

"Because ‘how can he handle raising a child if he gets shot’," she mimicked, wrinkling her nose. "And because I'm a tattoo artist."

"Are you two planning on kids?" Scott said. "I thought you weren't."

"Meh, we might in the future, but right now, no. They're very traditional." Laura rolled her eyes with a sigh.

Scott couldn't really imagine Laura with a kid. "Hopefully you'll have a good Christmas anyway?"

"I plan on seeing how loud I can make my sub in his childhood bed," Laura said innocently.

Scott winced. "I did not need to know that, Laura," he complained.

"But it's a lovely sound." Laura laughed, ruffling Scott's hair. "I really am proud of you."

"You've been a fantastic teacher," Scott demurred. "I couldn't have done any of this without you."

"Scott, I just gave you the tools. You're the one that did the work." Laura smiled softly. "Any ideas for your first non watched scene?"

Scott blushed hard. "...I think that I'd like to celebrate our privacy, uh, privately?"

Laura just snickered, ruffling his hair. "Fine, fine, no gossip for me then, spoilsport."

Scott rolled his eyes. "I'd tell you to hit Stiles up if you really want gossip, but you probably don't actually want this kind of gossip about your brother."

"Nah, not really on my list of things I like, picturing Derek in those kinda ways," Laura said. "I just like seeing your reactions, Pup."

"Because you're embarrassing," Scott replied.

"Nah, I'm just not afraid to talk about things that others balk at." She grinned at him. "Go on, go spend time with Isaac, you know he wants to cling. And let me know when you have the materials for the collar. I have all the tools you'll need here."

"Yeah, okay," Scott agreed. He was leaving tomorrow night, and he didn't want to miss the rest of the time he had. But he'd had to tell someone about the practice test, or he'd have spilled to Isaac and ruined the surprise.

Laura gave him a wink, laughing softly and ruffling the boy’s...no, the man’s hair. "Go on, ya goof, kiss your sub senseless."

"You don't know what we'll do," Scott objected, grinning. "Maybe we'll go play minigolf."

"Yeah, I don't think that's the hole in one that either of you want," she teased.

Scott snorted, unable to help himself. "You're terrible. I'm going now," he announced.

"I'm a bright ray of sunshine in your grey life," Laura replied, sticking out her tongue. "Be safe, and tell Isaac hi for me!"
"Will do," Scott promised, and headed out the door.

Chapter End Notes

It's a short chapter today, but
Keep an eye out tomorrow (sat) as there will probably be something extra here ;) -
Kattseye

Thanks as always to Chicktar, our beta, and to all of you for your lovely comments. Feel free to stop by our tumblr for more of our writings
Check-in

Chapter Summary

Derek waited for Stiles in the usual chair, knowing that this week wouldn't be an easy one.

Stiles knelt in front of Derek, holding out the whiteboard.

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At the end of another week, Derek punishes Stiles and rewards him

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: There's spanking in this chapter, but it's barely described. It's early on and clearly signalled - if you want to skip, it's the first half of the second paragraph/section

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Stiles groaned, putting the last of the dinner leftovers away, popping the last bite of eggroll into his mouth before picking up his board and heading back to the living room. He was not looking forward to the punishment section of this. He never was, honestly, but this past week had been bad, with forgetting his medicine, and thus ending up with terrible sleeping habits because he'd stay up to late working on things for his shop that he'd lose track of time three times before finally going to bed well after two in the morning.

Derek waited for Stiles in the usual chair, knowing that this week wouldn't be an easy one.

Stiles knelt in front of Derek, holding out the whiteboard and swallowing his mouthful before giving him a trembling smile. He knew he'd earned every mark.

"Okay," Derek said quietly, taking the board and stroking Stiles' hair. "Let's go over this. Tell me what each mark is for."

Stiles took a deep breath, reaching out to point at each tally. "Not taking medicine, not sleeping on time, not taking medicine, skipping meals, not sleeping...." he continued on a handful more, his shoulders climbing higher and higher, his voice quieter.

"Is there anything you'd like to tell me about why you earned these tallies?" Derek asked quietly.

"I forgot my meds one day and kinda spiraled," Stiles murmured, lowering his hand and his eyes to his lap.

"Okay," Derek replied, resting his hand on Stiles' shoulder. "Do you think, if future, it would be better if I kept a closer eye on you when you forget your meds?"
"Maybe?" Stiles said. "At least until I can reorient it. It always throws me off when I miss a dose." Honestly he'd been jittery all week because of it. It was only the past couple of days that he'd finally been able to calm down.

Derek nodded. "Then in future, I'd like you to come and tell me as soon as you realize, and I'll look after you more closely for the rest of the day. Okay?"

"Yes sir," Stiles murmured, keeping his eyes down, leaning his forehead on Derek's knee. "I'm sorry."

"I know you are, amado," Derek said sadly, stroking Stiles' hair. "It'll be over soon."

Stiles sniffled, already trembling a bit. "What do I get?"

Derek thought about it. It was a lot of tallies, but they were all minor, and more or less unintentional. "Twenty spanks," he decided. "Two for each."

Stiles whimpered, nodding after a moment. At least he wasn't getting a timeout. He didn't think he'd be able to stand being in timeout that long.

"Alright then, chiquito," Derek said, putting the whiteboard aside. "Up you get."

Stiles shakily stood, shucking his clothes without thought and stepping closer.

"That's it, love," Derek praised, bending Stiles over his lap and rubbing his bare ass. "Are you ready?"

Stiles gripped Derek's ankle like a lifeline. "Yes sir," he whispered, sucking in a deep breath and trying to relax.

Derek didn't draw it out any longer, taking Stiles through his punishment as quickly as he could without overwhelming him. Stiles took it well, but it was hard for them both, and Derek was glad when it was over.

Stiles clung tightly to Derek, crying into his neck and trembling. Just like he always did. He hated being spanked.

"It's over now, amado," Derek soothed him, rubbing Stiles' back. "You're forgiven. It's all over."

Stiles kept close, nuzzling and mouthing at Derek's neck as he slowly calmed, sniffling softly. "I'm sorry," he whispered. "I'm sorry."

"I know," Derek murmured, kissing Stiles' hair. "You're forgiven, querido. You took your punishment like a good boy and you're forgiven now."

Stiles slumped, tucking his face against Derek's jaw. "My sir," he murmured, his voice wet even after he stopped crying.

"That's right, chiquito," Derek promised. "I'm yours, and you're mine. My good boy."

"Yours," Stiles whispered, pulling back just enough to rub his eyes free of tears. "I hate punishments."

"I don't like them either," Derek admitted. "But you don't have to be sorry anymore now, and that's
good, isn't it?"

"Yes sir." Stiles smiled, sniffling. "I love you."

"I love you too," Derek replied warmly. He reached out and grabbed a tissue, offering it to Stiles. "Here."

"Thank you." Stiles gave him another smile, rubbing his eyes with the tissue before blowing his nose and letting out a soft sigh.

"You're welcome, love," Derek murmured. "Are you feeling better?"

"Much," Stiles assured him, nuzzling his jaw.

"Good," Derek said firmly. "Shall we talk about rewards now?"

"Yes please," Stiles said softly. He liked this part much better, and he shifted closer on Derek’s lap, licking his lips.

Derek smiled back and picked up the board again. "Tell me about these," he said, pointing to the good tallies.

"Finished that tricky cardigan that was driving me insane. Kept the bedroom clean, remembered to eat..." Stiles listed off, chewing on his lower lip.

"Well done," Derek praised, hugging him. "Especially the cardigan. Good job."

Stiles soaked up the praise, hugging him back tightly. "That cardigan was a pain, but it was fun."

Derek, who could remember all the swearing that had gone into it, raised his eyebrows.

Stiles gave him an impish grin. "I liked your reactions to some of my curses," he admitted.

Derek huffed a laugh. "Well, then. What would you like for your rewards, chiquito?"

Stiles chewed on his lip in thought, nuzzling into his jaw. "Um..." He flushed. "Can we do a scene?" he murmured. "The sensation one again? I really liked that one, and it's been a while honestly."

Derek looked at the tallies again. "We can do a scene," he decided. "Can you tell me more about what you liked last time?"

Stiles cheeks, if possible, got darker. "I liked where it was going last time before you stopped it. Because we weren't together then...."
"I didn't so much stop as redirect," Derek replied, but he understood the point. "It can be a lot more overwhelming that way," he warned.

Stiles wiggled a bit where he was sitting on Derek's lap, tucking his face in Derek's hair. "I know," he murmured. "I like the thought of it, of you teasing me like that until I'm pretty much crying I'm feeling so much."

"I think it would work best if I put a cock ring on you," Derek said slowly, thinking it through.

Stiles shuddered softly, nodding and mouthing at Derek's neck. "Yes sir," he agreed.

"You like that idea, hmm?" Derek cupped the back of Stiles' head, keeping him there. "Do you like the idea of me putting something inside you?"

"Mmmhm." Stiles hummed, his eyes fluttering shut as he sucked lightly at Derek's neck, nipping gently.

Derek tilted his head back, offering himself up for Stiles.

Stiles let out a soft whine, sucking and kissing his way up Derek's neck and along his jaw, leaving a mark where neck met shoulder. He kept moving until he was kissing Derek, sucking on his tongue and tugging on his bottom lip with gentle teeth.

Derek smiled into the kiss, letting Stiles have everything he wanted.

Finally Stiles pulled away with a pant, whimpering softly and pressing his face into Derek's chest, cheeks still pink.

"Feeling good, chiquito?" Derek murmured. He was.

"Yes sir," Stiles murmured, nuzzling absentlly at Derek's chest. "Sir feel good?" he asked, kissing back up to nuzzle his cheek.

"I'm feeling very good, amado," Derek promised. From the sound of him, Stiles was in his space a little already.

Stiles let out a happy noise, nuzzling him gently before curling close. "Good. Want Sir feel good. Always."

Derek wrapped his arms around Stiles, cuddling him. "Thank you, chiquito," he murmured. "You're such a good, thoughtful boy."

Stiles cuddled closer, his mind hazy as he grinned crookedly. "I'm yours."

"That's right, querido, my boy," Derek agreed. "My good boy."

Stiles let out a small whine, rocking closer and hiding his face. "Yes," he breathed

"Can you look at me, chiquito?" Derek asked gently. "Can you let me see you?"

Stiles whined, but he leaned back to look up at Derek, giving him a small smile and petting his stubble. "Hi."

"Hi, chiquito," Derek said with a smile. "Aren't you pretty?"
Stiles flushed, giving Derek a wider smile. "Like being pretty for you," he murmured, leaning forward to nuzzle Derek’s jaw, coming up just a bit out of his space. "Love you."

Derek cupped Stiles’ cheek, stroking it with his thumb. "I love you too," Derek replied. "My beautiful, pretty boy."

Stiles hummed, nuzzling Derek’s palm before taking his thumb into his mouth, suckling gently.

Derek raised his eyebrows, but smiled. "Do you like that, querido?" he murmured. "Having something of mine to suck on?"

Stiles hummed again, nodding and curled his tongue around Derek's thumb. His eyes were hazy and half-closed as he tried to press closer.

Derek stroked Stiles' hair with his free hand. "Would you like something bigger?" he suggested.

Stiles perked up, wiggling a bit and nodding, sucking hard on Derek's thumb. He wanted to be full of Derek.

Derek laughed. "That's a pretty enthusiastic yes," he commented. "Alright then, chiquito, can you get down on your knees for me?"

Stiles whined, curling one hand around Derek's wrist to keep sucking on his thumb as he slid off his Dom's lap.

One-handed, Derek opened his pants enough to get his dick out, plump and flushed from Stiles' wriggling and sucking. "Here you are, querido."

Stiles eyes lit up a bit, letting Derek's thumb slip free with a small pop before leaning forward, nosing his way up Derek's cock, tongue dipping into the slit with a small moan. He scooted closer, hands resting lightly on Derek's inner thighs as he took the head into his mouth, suckling and slowly sinking down, eyes falling half-closed again.

Derek let out a moan himself, feeling his cock harden in Stiles' mouth.

Stiles smiled around his mouthful, his blown eyes flicking up to Derek. "Hmm?"

"Fuck." Derek gripped the arms of his chair, holding himself back. "Fuck, you feel so good."

Stiles hummed again at the praise, kneading lightly at Derek’s inner thighs, sinking down as far as he could and still be able to breathe. He moaned around him, suckling hungrily.

Derek gasped, his hips jerking upwards without his say-so. "So good," he groaned. "God, Stiles."

Stiles hummed, his eyes closing, staying still so Derek slid all the way down his throat before settling back.

Feeling Stiles open up for him like that... "Want me to keep going?" Derek said tightly.

"Mnhmm," Stiles hummed, shifting a bit before settling, relaxing his throat and curling his tongue around Derek's cock, teasing.

Cautiously, Derek fucked into Stiles' throat again, shuddering at the feeling.
Stiles moaned, his eyes opening briefly only to fall shut once more, sucking hard when Derek pulled out. Fuck that was good. "Mmm," he hummed, begging wordlessly.

"I can fuck your face?" Derek asked, searching Stiles' expression.

Stiles pulled off for a second, whimpering high in his throat. "Please," he rasped. "Please, I'll keep my hands here and do something if I need to stop, just please." He begged, so deep that he kept swaying now that he wasn't 'anchored'. He placed his hands more firmly on Derek's inner thighs, nuzzling his cock. "Please, mi amo."

"God, Stiles," Derek muttered, awed. "I've got you, mi amor, I promise." He threaded his fingers through Stiles' hair and lowered Stiles' face onto his cock.

Stiles moaned, relaxing his throat and swallowing around Derek's cock when he bottomed out. Fuck this felt amazing, the fingers in his hair guiding him and it just...he couldn't describe it.

Derek groaned, fucking up into Stiles' throat, the sensations overwhelming.

Stiles whimpered, sucking hard and curling his tongue around Derek every time he withdrew. God, he wanted more. He knew his voice was going to be raspy, and honestly just the thought made his stomach tighten. And don't get him started on the fact that he was completely bare and his Dom fully dressed.

"So good, so **fucking** good," Derek praised, fucking into Stiles' throat over and over.

Stiles opened his hazy eyes to look up at Derek, smiling as much as he could at the look on his Dom's face.

Fuck, that smile... "God, you're amazing, chiquito," Derek panted.

Stiles hummed, dipping his tongue into the slit the next time Derek pulled back, the small smile still on his face.

"Fuck!" Derek groaned, panted as he fucked deeper, harder.

Stiles whimpered, taking a deep breath when he could before starting up a steady hum, wanting to taste his Dom, wanting to drive him insane.

"Oh god," Derek choked out, right on the edge. "I'm close, love, I'm so close."

Stiles hummed higher in understanding, sliding his hands along Derek's thighs, forcing himself further down, swallowing around Derek's cock.

Derek moaned, shuddering, as he came down Stiles' throat, holding him in place.

Stiles swallowed as much as he could, feeling some slip from the corner of his mouth to slide down his chin. The hands in his hair making him shiver.

Shivering with the aftershocks, Derek let go, letting Stiles up to breathe..

Stiles gasped in a breath, panting heavily, even as he licked his bruised lips, eyes almost closed. He couldn't sense too much, he was so far down.

"So good, love," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair. "That was perfect, chiquito. You're such a
good boy."

Stiles soaked up the praise, even if he could only hear it as if through a long tunnel. The hands in his hair were what he felt most, and he leaned into them with a rasping purr.

Since Stiles seemed to like it, Derek kept petting him, murmuring praise and compliments over and over again.

Stiles smiled, nuzzling Derek's thigh and resting, enjoying the affection as he slowly started drifting back up.

"I'd love to hear some words from you, love," Derek said softly. "You just let me know when you're ready for that."

Stiles hummed, taking a few minutes more before tilting his face up. "Kiss?" he asked, voice husky from the use. "Please sir?"

Derek smiled, leaning down to kiss Stiles' forehead, then his lips, licking them clean.

Stiles leaned into the kiss, lips quirking as he came back to himself. "I liked that" he admitted, voice still husky and rough.

"Really?" Derek said, amused. "I'd never have guessed."

Stiles stuck out a tongue, huffing softly before crawling back up into Derek's lap. "When do you want to do the scene?" he asked curiously, nuzzling his jaw.

"Let's give you some time to recover from that one, hmm?" Derek suggested.

Stiles just nodded, nuzzling close and settling against his Dom, fingers scraping lightly through Derek's stubble.

"Are you cold, love?" Derek checked.

"No, sir." Stiles smiled, nuzzling close. "I have a Dom-heater."

"Cute." Derek wrapped his arms around Stiles, hugging him tight. If he was going to rely on Derek to keep him warm, Derek would warm him as much as possible.

Stiles laughed, shaking his head and patting Derek's jaw. "I love you." he murmured.

"Love you too, querido," Derek replied.

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Stiles stretched, groaning softly as he woke up. "Hmm?" he murmured, cracking open one eye. "Sir."

"Good morning," Derek replied, kissing Stiles' cheek. "In five minutes' time, I am going to blindfold you. Do what you need to do before we start."
"Yes sir." Stiles beamed, hurrying out of the bed and into the bathroom.

Derek smiled, and went to gather his materials. The silk, hessian, feather, and chilled vibrator again - since all had gone down well last time - but also ropes, a blindfold, a cock ring, and nipple clamps. He brought them all to the bedroom and covered them with a piece of cloth.

Stiles made sure he was clean before drying his hair (and body, duh) and heading to the bedroom, knocking on the door in case Derek wasn't ready, slipping to his knees as an afterthought.

When Derek opened the bedroom door to find Stiles naked and kneeling, a wave of lust went through him. "Good boy," he said huskily.

Stiles beamed up at him, reaching up to grab his hand, nuzzling into it before laying a kiss on the palm. "Yours."

"Mine," Derek agreed, cupping Stiles' cheek and tilting his head up. "Are you ready? Do you have any questions?"

"I'm ready." Stiles smiled. "No questions, I trust you, mi amo."

Derek smiled back softly, still incredibly grateful for the trust. "Thank you, mi amor. If I do something you're unsure about, you say so right away, okay?"

"Yes sir, I promise," Stiles said, nuzzling Derek's palm.

"Good boy," Derek praised. "Come lie on the bed, please."

"Yes sir." Stiles smiled, scrambling up and kissing Derek's jaw, then sliding onto the bed to lay in the middle, watching him. He was excited. He'd loved this the last time, and they weren't even together then.

Stiles' excitement was infectious, and Derek quickly brought him the blindfold, tying it around his head. "Can you see anything?" he checked.

Stiles looked around, shaking his head after a moment. "No sir," he murmured, already relaxing into the bed.

"Good boy," Derek praised. "Hands up."

Stiles hummed, flopping his hands over his head, grabbing the headboard.

Instead of leather cuffs, Derek used rope, wrapping several times around each of Stiles' wrists to make sure it wouldn't rub.

Stiles gasped softly, squirming a bit in place, his cheeks flushing. There was something about ropes that always made him a bit...wiggly.

Derek smiled at Stiles' reaction, not trying to settle him. Instead he moved to Stiles' feet and gently tugged them into place.

Stiles squeaked, chuckling a bit and curling his toes as he felt Derek's hands.

Derek laughed a little, gently tying Stiles' ankles to the baseboard of their bed.

Stiles shuddered, settling heavier on the mattress, his toes curling against the baseboard.
Derek cast a third piece of rope over Stiles' leg, dragging it up his body and letting the knotted end rub over skin.

"O-oh," Stiles moaned, flushing as he wiggled against the feeling.

"Maybe," Derek mused aloud, but quietly enough that Stiles would have to be trying to hear him, "I should have used cord instead of a cock ring."

Stiles whimpered, wiggling in place, sucking his lower lip into his mouth.

"Do you like that thought?" Derek murmured, twitching the rope so that it rippled over Stiles' abs.

"Anything." Stiles whined, high in his throat. "Rope, cockring, hand, anything."

"Shh, amado," Derek murmured, reaching down to caress Stiles' cheek. "I've got you. Just feel, you're fine."

Stiles leaned into the hand, taking some deep breaths to calm himself down. "Yes sir," he breathed.

"Good boy," Derek praised. "I've got you, mi amor. All you have to do is lie there and feel. You're perfect."

"Yes sir," Stiles replied, nipping at Derek's thumb.

"Good boy," Derek said again. "Are you ready to keep going?"

"Yes sir." Stiles smiled and relaxed back against the mattress.

"That's it, querido," Derek murmured, taking the loose rope away and exchanging it for a cock ring. He traced his fingers down Stiles' hips to his cock, not wanting to startle him.

Stiles hummed, leaning into the touch, licking and chewing on his lower lip. He loved this. Feeling Derek but unable to see, to move.

Carefully, Derek fitted the cock ring in place. "Comfortable?" he checked.

"Yes sir." Stiles nodded, shivering a bit.

"Good boy." Derek uncovered the things he'd brought up and considered his options. After a moment, he dipped his fingers in the bowl of ice water cooling the vibrator and flicked them over Stiles' torso.

Stiles shivered, chewing on his lower lip and wiggling a bit.

Derek repeated the action, then trailed wet fingers down Stiles' torso.

Stiles arched under the fingers, whimpering, his brain going a thousand different directions, even as he forced himself just to focus on feeling.

Derek smiled, moving up to wet Stiles' nipples, then blowing cool air over them.

Stiles groaned, shivering and sucking on his lower lip as his nipples hardened and pebbled, goosebumps raising along his skin.
Derek bent down and put his mouth over one of Stiles' nipples, sucking lightly.

Crying out, Stiles arched, the heat of Derek's mouth right after the cold water making his cock throb in its ring.

Derek smiled and sucked harder, using his teeth a little.

Stiles moaned, his hands curling in their bonds.

Derek hummed approvingly, reaching out to roll Stiles' other nipple between finger and thumb.

"Please," Stiles groaned softly, trying to get closer.

Derek pulled away.

Stiles whimpered, flopping back completely on the bed, panting lightly. He was already so hard it almost hurt, his brain starting to melt with the surprise sensations.

"Are you alright, querido?" Derek checked.

"Yes'ir" he nodded, tilting his head toward Derek.

"Good boy," Derek praised, smiling. "I'm going to do something new, so you tell me right away if it's not alright, okay?"

Stiles nodded again, giving Derek a small smile, the praise making him relax.

As quietly as he could, Derek picked up the nipple clamps (disconnected from their chain), and fastened one on Stiles' far nipple.

Stiles jerked, crying out, and groaned. Fuck, it felt like needles, but in the best way possible. He trembled softly, panting in both surprise and a little pain, his arms trembling.

"Colour?" Derek asked, his hand hovering, ready to take it off if Stiles needed him to.

Stiles took a minute to take stock of himself. "Green," he breathed. "Green, promise. Please sir, please."

"I've got you, chiquito," Derek reassured him, stroking his hand down Stiles' side. "It's alright." He waited a moment more, then put the second clamp in place.

Stiles had no idea what the things were, not in this state, but the sharp, delicious pain sent shudders down his spine and he cried out, arching sharply into the air. The initial bite faded into a dull throb, keeping time with the throbbing of his cock.

"That's it, love," Derek murmured, awed by Stiles' response. "You're doing so good, querido."

Stiles let a small smile curl his lips, sucking his lower lip into his mouth. "Mi amo," he panted softly, trying to get some sort of friction.

Derek watched Stiles' hips buck in the air - it gave him an idea. He wrapped his hand in the silk scarf, making sure it was completely smooth, and brushed his hand against Stiles' cock.

Stiles moaned softly, turning to try and hide his face in his arm, trembling
Derek wrapped his hand around Stiles' cock and stroked once before letting go.

Stiles whined high in his throat, body arching. "Please," he groaned, his toes curling against the footboard.

"Again?" Derek asked lowly, relishing Stiles' reaction.

"Please. Wanna feel," Stiles begged, his head tipping back.

Derek began to slowly stroke Stiles' cock. The silk made it a strange, slightly muffled sensation, but Stiles' reaction was...everything Derek could have wanted.

Stiles whined high in his throat, hips rocking up into Derek's grip, trembling. "O-oh. Fuck."

"Feel good, chiquito?" Derek murmured.

"Yessir," Stiles slurred, wiggling in place, trying to rock into Derek's hand.

"That's it, chiquito, just like that, keep going," Derek said softly.

Stiles moaned at the permission, rocking upwards, trembling as he grew closer to a release he knew the cockring would block. "Ohhh," he groaned, straining to try and reach it regardless, hovering over the precipice.

"You want to come, querido?" Derek murmured, eyes dark.

Stiles could only whimper, the tone of Derek's voice causing his hips to jerk up. He was so close. To coming or to subspace he didn't know, didn't care, he just wanted to get there.

"Use your words, Stiles," Derek said firmly. "Do you want to come?"

"Yes, no, maybe," Stiles begged. "Want to feel. Please, sir. Please."

Derek relented, letting go of Stiles' cock and bending down to kiss him thoroughly.

Stiles whimpered, leaning as much as he could into the kiss, panting softly.

Derek cupped Stiles' cheek, stroking his cheekbone with one thumb. "Calm down, amado," he murmured. "I've got you. I'll give you what you need."

Stiles leaned into the touch, sucking in a deep breath and trying to force himself to calm down, focusing on the stroke of Derek's thumb. "Y-yes sir," he whimpered. He didn't understand why both times they've done this he's had to calm down so much.

"It's okay, chiquito," Derek promised. "I know this is overwhelming - it's meant to be."

"Love you," Stiles breathed, his voice high pitched even as he fought to calm down completely. "Trust you. Just...feel..."

"It's a lot," Derek agreed softly. "But you don't have to comprehend any of it. You don't have to think. You don't have to anticipate. You only have to feel what I do to you."

"Yessir," Stiles murmured, turning his head to nuzzle into Derek's palm. "Just feel."
"Good boy," Derek praised. "So sweet, chiquito. I know you're going to be so good."

Stiles smiled at the phrase, the blindfold still firm over his eyes, even as they hazed over a bit. "My sir."

"My boy," Derek agreed. "Do you need me to take it slow for a little while?"

"I'm okay now," Stiles said softly, the urgency having backed off. "Promise."

"Alright," Derek replied, giving Stiles another quick kiss. "Just remember, I'll give you what you need, okay?"

"Yes sir," Stiles breathed, leaning up to kiss him again, feeling stubble under his lips. "I trust you."

Derek hid a laugh when Stiles' kiss caught his chin. "Thank you, mi amor."

Stiles grinned crookedly, hearing the humor in Derek's voice. "Love you."

"Love you too." Derek lifted himself up and put the silk back on the nightstand. For now, he kept his hands empty, and reached up to finally give Stiles' arms some attention, stroking his hands over them in long strokes.

Stiles relaxed, a soft sigh leaving him as the smooth touch lulled him, his brain shutting down.

Derek hummed approvingly, but didn't speak, not wanting Stiles to have to think about words.

Stiles' head lolled to the side, mouth parted just a bit. The methodical touch was both soothing and sensitizing, and he felt his skin grow more and more receptive.

Derek gradually moved down to Stiles' shoulders, then his chest, avoiding his clamped nipples.

Stiles shivered, the skin of his chest feeling hotter than normal. Moaning softly, he arched into Derek’s touch.

Derek hummed again, stroking down towards Stiles' hipbones.

Stiles let out another moan, rocking his hips, the fingers brushing his hipbones making him shiver.

But Derek moved on, covering Stiles' thighs and calves with touch just as he had his arms.

Stiles settled back on the bed, thighs trembling as he soaked up the touch. God, just the smooth touch of Derek's fingers was enough to have him teetering on the edges of his space.

Derek hummed approvingly, and stepped away when he reached Stiles' feet.

Chapter End Notes

Bonus chapter! Also, chapter fifty!
Surprise~~!! Even though it's a cliffhanger :P -Kattseye

So, question for you guys: once these guys get past Christmas, we're going to have an
opportunity to split the fic and start up a sequel. To us, of course, it's really all the same thing, but what we'd like to know is if /you/ would prefer us to continue this fic to infinity and beyond, or if you'd prefer us to break it up a little.
Chapter Summary

Stiles whimpered, his stomach quivering as he rocked back against Derek, wanting to feel, wanting to taste and smell and hear him, all of him. Wanting to be covered until no one could smell anything other than who Stiles belonged to.

Derek groaned, already on edge from teasing Stiles for so long. He was close, so close.

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Derek and Stiles continue their scene from last time. Later, they go to the zoo

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Stiles huffed, wiggling a bit, feeling Derek's gaze. God, he was so close to his space.

After a moment's consideration, Derek picked up the vibe, wiping it mostly dry on the sheets. It was an insertable one, rather than the bullet he'd used last time, but it was still slim, and Derek only touched the tip to Stiles' skin - at the hollow of his throat.

Stiles gasped, his mouth falling open and his back arching, the sudden cold bringing up goosebumps on his skin.

Derek traced the vibe down towards Stiles' navel, achingly slowly, watching the damp trail it left behind shine on Stiles' skin.

Stiles shivered, arching into the light, buzzing touch. His muscles contracted and relaxed with each movement from Derek. "O-oh," he breathed.

With his free hand, Derek stroked Stiles' side in parallel, his touch firm and sure.

Stiles groaned softly, trying to lean into both touches at once. His mind had stopped working, just reacting to each touch and the heat he felt from Derek.

When the vibe reached the base of Stiles' happy trail, just above the cock ring, Derek lifted it off Stiles' skin.

Stiles couldn't help the small whine, licking his lips and sucking the lower one into his mouth.

Derek bent down and kissed him, distracting Stiles as he uncapped the lube and poured some onto his fingers.

Stiles happily kissed back, nipping and sucking at Derek's lips and tongue, lifting his head to try and get more.

Derek indulged him, slipping his tongue into Stiles' mouth, exploring him.

Stiles moaned softly, toes curling as the kiss melted his insides.
Derek gently pulled away, murmuring "Good boy" as he did.

Stiles panted softly, grinning at the praise. "Love kissing you," he murmured, his voice breathless and a bit slurred.

"Me too, amado," Derek replied, reaching between Stiles' legs with his lubed hand. "You're doing so good." Carefully, he touched one finger to Stiles' hole, tracing the rim.

Stiles jerked in surprise, his mouth falling open with a groan. "W-wanna be good," he murmured, tilting his head back even as his hips rocked against Derek.

"You're so good, chiquito," Derek promised, rubbing Stiles' hole in tiny circles. "My good boy."

Stiles whined high in his throat, twisting his hips and trying to get Derek's finger in him.

"Come on, love, you can be patient, can't you?" Derek coaxed.

"T-try," Stiles offered, chewing on his lower lip, his hips still moving in tight circles.

"Good boy." Derek waited just a little longer, drawing it out, before pressing the tip of his finger into Stiles' hole.

Stiles arched, his mouth falling open. "Please," he groaned, tugging lightly at his bonds before falling still. Small pants left his lips as he shivered.

Slowly, slowly, Derek fucked Stiles with that finger, in and out.

"Please," Stiles begged again, his head falling to the side, hips moving without his knowledge. He was hovering over that edge again, so close to his space that his body tingled with more than the new sensitivity wrought by Derek's fingers.

Derek began to rub at Stiles' perineum as he fucked him, reaching up to pluck at the clamps.

Stiles bucked, moaning, his mind slipping as he started to float, his hips moving rhythmically, not even noticing if he matched Derek's pace.

Derek smiled, accommodating Stiles' movements easily, spreading lube inside Stiles' hole.

Stiles let out a small sound, fingers and toes curling, wanting to feel his Dom, but unable to really explain what he was thinking. "More," he begged, his voice soft and breathy.

"Soon," Derek promised. "Soon, love." He picked up the vibe, slim and tapered, and inserted it into Stiles' hole as he removed his finger, switching it to a low hum.

Stiles' whole body jerked in surprise, moaning weakly, his cock jerking in its confines. "O-oh fuck," he slurred, his head tilting back, hips rocking still.

"There you go, love," Derek murmured. "That feel good?"

Stiles could only nod sluggishly, mouth open in a pant as he rocked back, his breathing hitching each time it hit his prostate.

"Good boy," Derek praised. Fuck, but Stiles was beautiful. "Just look at you, love, being so good for me."
Stiles moaned, hips jerking again before continuing to rock back, basically fucking himself on the slim toy in him. "Pl-" he garbled, his speech pretty much gone.

With his free hand, Derek reached up, offering Stiles his fingers to suck.

Stiles could only moan helplessly, sucking Derek's fingers into his mouth, tongue curling around them. He strained against his bonds, rocking on the toy as his brain melted even more.

"That's it," Derek murmured. "Perfect, amado, you're perfect."

Stiles soaked up the praise, thighs trembling. He let out a soft whimper, keeping his hips moving.

"So good, querido," Derek said, letting go of the vibe. One-handed, he slipped his briefs off, exposing his aching cock.

Stiles whimpered, barely hearing Derek ruffling around, making him shudder. "Nnnngh."

"Good boy, here you go," Derek praised, getting himself up on the bed, poised on hands and knees over Stiles.

Stiles' lips parted as he felt Derek shift, the warmth of his Dom sinking into him. He tilted his head back, offering up his throat with a soft whimper, arching closer, the vibe still going.

Derek pulled his fingers free of Stiles' mouth and lowered himself down until they were skin on skin, touching everywhere.

Stiles whined as he lost Derek's fingers, happily giving them up once he realized he could feel all of Derek. "Mmmph," he groaned, arching up into Derek.

Derek shivered as his cock slipped over Stiles' sweaty skin.

Stiles groaned, turning his head and burying his face in any part of Derek he could reach, breathing deeply, surrounding himself with his Dom.

Derek tucked Stiles' face into his neck, making sure he wasn't going to get smothered, and started to rut up against Stiles' abs.

Stiles' breath caught, his hips rolling up in reaction to the drag of what could only be Derek's cock against him. "O-oh," he breathed, hips hitching unconsciously.

"That's it, chiquito, good boy," Derek praised, feeling Stiles' cock hot and hard against his stomach.

"Plee--" Stiles panted, so deep that he couldn't finish his words, and so hard that he throbbed with each heartbeat. "Plee--"

"You want it?" Derek murmured, low and deep. "You want my come on you?"

Stiles mouth dropped open, his whine punched out of him by the tone of Derek's voice, the husk of it causing his body to tingle. "Plea-" he begged breathlessly.

God, Stiles was beautiful like this. Dark blindfold against pale skin flushed with arousal, reddened lips open and wanting, his whole body straining desperately for Derek. Derek had been holding himself back so much, giving Stiles sensations to experience, to explore, but now...now he could seek his own pleasure, and he did, rutting faster and rougher against Stiles.
Stiles whimpered, his stomach quivering as he rocked back against Derek, wanting to feel, wanting to taste and smell and hear him, all of him. Wanting to be covered until no one could smell anything other than who Stiles belonged to.

Derek groaned, already on edge from teasing Stiles for so long. He was close, so close.

"Plea-", Stiles whimpered. "Sir," he begged, his toes curling. He was so close it hurt, and still, the ring kept him from coming.

"I got you," Derek panted, breathing hard. "I'm here, love."

"Nee-", Stiles whimpered. "W-wan-" He was trembling, tugging at his bonds to try and touch Derek.

"Fuck, Stiles, fuck," Derek gasped, clutching at Stiles' wrists as he shuddered. "Feels so - nn - I'm gonna..."

Stiles' breath caught in his throat as he arched up, feeling the warmth spread over his abs and chest, the hands pinning his wrists down. "S-sir," he choked out, eyes rolling into the back of his head under the blindfold, teetering over a dangerous area. "Plea-"

"You can - can come, love," Derek promised, breathing hard. "Come on, chiquito."

"R-ring," Stiles whimpered. He was close enough that he could come with it still on, but he knew it'd be almost painful. "W-want.."

"You want it off?" Derek checked. "Yes or no?"

"Y-yes," Stiles panted out. "Plea-" he begged. "S-so clo-

"I've got you," Derek promised, rolling to the side. He fumbled with the cock ring, opening the catch.

Stiles jerked, crying out and shuddering, coming as soon as the ring was undone, Derek's fingers still fumbling with it. Stiles whimpered, flopping a bit as he shuddered, toes and fingers curled.

"Good boy," Derek praised, stroking Stiles' hair, dark with sweat. "You were so good for me."

Stiles gave him a blissed out smile, panting softly and leaning into the touch, his skin still tingling. He shivered, licking his lips.

"I'm so proud of you, amado," Derek murmured. "Can I keep you tied up for a little longer, chiquito?"

Stiles nodded, panting and smiling still. He turned his head, nuzzling what skin he could reach of Derek's. "Yessir."

"Thank you, Stiles," Derek said softly. "There's some things I haven't touched you with yet, but I think it might be time to stop for the day."

Stiles couldn't really understand too much of what Derek was saying, humming lightly with a small pout, having got the gist of it. He was still under, sluggish, warm, and content.

Derek smiled at him, leaning in to kiss that pouting mouth. "It's alright, amado," he promised. "You're still going to feel good."
Stiles smiled, leaning up to try and kiss him back. "Yessir," he murmured, settling on the bed.

"Good boy," Derek reassured him. He reached for the towel he'd used to hide everything, wetting it in the now merely-cool water and gently wiping Stiles' stomach clean.

Stiles hummed, arching into the touch, a happy sigh leaving him as the sweat and drying cum were wiped away.

"Feeling a little more comfortable, querido?" Derek murmured, cleaning his own stomach off.

"Mmmmmhm." Stiles nodded, leaning into any touch he could feel.

"That's good, love." Derek smiled, carefully turning off the vibe and pulling it out, wiping Stiles' hole clean. "Can you tell me how you're feeling?"

"Heavy," Stiles forced out, a few moments passing between words. "Warm."

Metaphorically warm rather than physically warm, Derek thought, eyeing Stiles' bare skin. "Good," he murmured. "You just stay there, okay? I'm going to untie your feet now, but you don't have to do anything but lie there."

"Tay." Stiles nodded slowly, uncurling his toes and humming lightly.

"That's it," Derek praised. Carefully, he undid the ropes around Stiles' ankles, rubbing the skin gently.

Stiles moaned softly, relaxing into the bed, the fingers on his ankles working out any tension from yanking on the bonds.

Derek smiled, smoothing his hands over the marks on Stiles' ankles and up his calves. "Good boy," he murmured. "Feeling good, chiquito?"

"Mnhmm," Stiles smiled, licking his lips, tongue dragging slowly over his lower one. "Floaty. Warm. Heavy."

"Good," Derek said firmly, moving to the headboard and working on the ropes around Stiles' wrists. "You enjoy that."

"Like it. Love sir," Stiles murmured, almost to himself, his words so slurred together a tiny part of him was surprised that Derek could understand him.

"Love you," Derek replied softly, unsure of the rest, but sure of that much at least.

Stiles let out what could only be described as a purr, a smile curling his lips.

Carefully, Derek unbound Stiles' wrists, rubbing at the marks there. Marks were pretty much inevitable, but bruising and rope burn wasn't, and Derek was glad to see that they'd avoided that today.

Stiles curled his fingers around Derek's hands, smiling brightly. "My sir," he mumbled, turning his head to nuzzle any part of Derek he could reach.

What Stiles ended up nuzzling was Derek's side, not far below his armpit, and Derek twitched away. "I'm ticklish there, chiquito," he warned.
Stiles giggled to himself, wrinkling his nose. "Noted!" he murmured, his voice still 'space heavy.

"Close your eyes, querido, I'm about to take the blindfold off," Derek warned, stroking Stiles' cheek.

Stiles leaned into the touch for a moment before nodding. "Yessir," he slurred, nipping at Derek's thumb.

"Good boy." Derek untied the blindfold carefully, making sure he didn't catch Stiles' hair, and shifted so his shadow fell over Stiles' face. "You can open your eyes now."

Stiles' eyes fluttered open, hazy and blown, a soft smile on his face as they slowly focused on Derek. "Sir," he breathed.

"Hi, chiquito," Derek said, unable to help his smile.

"Hi." Stiles smiled back, leaning his head up so he could nip and suck at Derek's lower lip.

Derek gladly let him, wrapping his arm around Stiles and encouraging him to sit up.

Stiles sat up carefully, wrapping his arms around Derek's neck, grin on his face. "Hi." he whispered.

"You said that already," Derek murmured fondly, smiling at him.

"Double hi," Stiles grinned, nipping at Derek's lip. He blinked for a moment, coming back up just enough to tease his Dom a bit more. "I'll say something else I've already said, I love you."

"I love you too," Derek replied, grinning as he realised Stiles was on his way back from his space. "Are you thirsty?"

"Yessir," Stiles nodded, nuzzling against Derek's cheek, the fingers of one hand finding their way into his hair.

"Shall we get you something to drink?" Derek suggested.

"Kay." Stiles nodded, but didn't move, happy and content where he was.

"Come on, love," Derek encouraged him. "Either you let go of me, or you come with me - which would you like?"

"Come with," Stiles murmured after a moment, nuzzling close. "Don't wanna let go."

"Alright, chiquito," Derek agreed. "Let's get some clothes on you, then. We don't want you getting cold."

"Ugh, clothes," Stiles murmured, but he sat up, his arms still around Derek, trembling a little as he finished coming out of his space.

Derek noted the shiver with concern. "You okay, querido?" he checked.

"Mmhmm." Stiles nodded, giving Derek a small smile. "I have a Dom-heater."

"Nice to know what my most important function is," Derek said, smiling back.

"Well, not the top function," Stiles laughed, nuzzling into Derek's neck for a moment. "But still a
Derek grinned and picked Stiles up off the bed. "Clothes, querido," he repeated, setting Stiles on his feet next to the dresser. "At least pants."

"Ugh, clothes," Stiles sighed, grinning at Derek even as he rummaged for a pair of sweats, one arm still holding onto Derek.

"Good boy," Derek praised. "Grab me a pair too?"

"Yes sir!" Stiles beamed at the praise, holding up a pair of sweats for Derek, another pair flung over a shoulder as he kicked the drawer shut. "Pants!"

"Thank you, love," Derek told him, taking both pairs. "Here." He held open a pair for Stiles to step into.

Stiles bounced a bit to get his second foot into the sweats, wiggling his hips. "Your turn."

"You're bouncy," Derek observed, putting on pants.

"Feel a little wired. Almost like the time I downed three energy drinks," he admitted, nuzzling Derek's shoulder.

"I've never seen you bouncy after a scene before," Derek commented, hugging Stiles with one arm but leaving him some freedom to move.

"I've never felt like this after a scene." Stiles shrugged, content to nuzzle close. "It was like an energy shot."

"Is that a good thing?" Derek checked, nudging Stiles towards the door. "Do you have any idea why it is?"

"I dunno," Stiles admitted. He let Derek nudge him toward the hall, leading the way to the kitchen.

"Well, do you like it?" Derek asked as they went down the stairs. "Would you like to try to get there again?"

"I like it so far," Stiles said with a nod. "Though I'm not sure what we did." He rubbed at the back of his head, trying to think of anything that may have triggered the 'bounce'.

Derek thought through it. "Adding sex to the mix was the only thing we really changed since last time we did sensation play," he said dubiously.

"Yeah, but how would that make me bouncy and wired?" Stiles hummed, fiddling through the fridge until he found his juice pouches with a happy sound and a wiggle.

"I have no idea," Derek admitted, smiling fondly. Stiles was adorable right now. "Maybe the bondage was part of it too? That you didn't get to actually do anything?"

"Maybe it's just a mixture?" Stiles hummed, tongue sticking out the side of his mouth as he carefully stuck his straw into the pouch. The last time he'd just all gung-ho'd it the straw went through the pouch. Both sides.

Derek shrugged. "I guess we'll just have to see if it happens again, and figure it out then," he said.
Stiles grinned in triumph, sucking the straw into his mouth, leaning against Derek. "I kinda like it though. I'm almost vibrating. But in a good way."

"I'm glad you like it," Derek replied, smiling softly. "I'm not sure what I'd do if you didn't."

"Why wouldn't I?" he blinked, tilting his head back to watch Derek, a grin on his face.

"You might prefer being calm," Derek pointed out, wrapping his arm around Stiles' waist.

"I like the calm feeling, yes, because then my mind shuts up for once, but my mind isn't going in circles like usual, and I feel energized. I like this just as much as the calm." Stiles smiled, nuzzling close. "Not to mention the scene drove me batty in the best of ways."

"Yeah?" Derek wasn't relieved, exactly, but it was always good to hear that Stiles really had liked what he'd thought up.

Stiles nodded, beaming brightly. "Yup." He kissed Derek's jaw before working on finishing his juice.

Derek nuzzled into Stiles' hair happily.

Stiles let out a happy noise at the nuzzling, smile wide around his straw. "Is there anything else today you wanted to do, sir?"

"I hadn't thought of anything, but...we should do something. Go somewhere." Take advantage of the infectious energy Stiles had.

Stiles’ eyes lit up. "Where?" he asked, bouncing a bit from foot to foot, making sure not to dislodge Derek from his hair.

"If you don't mind driving, we could go to the city?" Derek suggested. "To the zoo, maybe?"

Stiles sucked in a breath. "Zoo!" he agreed, nodding quickly. "I can drive!"

Derek laughed. "Maybe not while you're so bouncy," he suggested. "You can drive us home, querido."

"Yes sir!" Stiles grinned, loving Derek's laugh. "Aw man, that means more clothes," he groaned, thunking his head on Derek's shoulder. "But the otters! And owls! And tigers!"

Derek laughed again. "I'm glad you like the idea. Go on, go get dressed. I need to pack up the scene."

"Yes sir," Stiles murmured, nipping Derek's jaw and kissing him softly. "But you need clothes too. My dom," he giggled, hugging Derek before scrambling up the stairs.

Derek shook his head, following him more slowly. Stiles was really, really cute right now.

Stiles tugged on a pair of jeans, hopping a bit as he picked out a shirt. One of Derek's of course, but at least the neckline didn't fall off his shoulder this time. He tucked one side into the jeans so he could stick his phone in his pocket.

Derek, meanwhile, gathered up the towel and the silk he'd used on Stiles, dropping them in a laundry basket, and began to wind the ropes into hanks. "Go get a bag and put some snacks in it, chiquito,"
he said, when he saw Stiles was nearly ready. "And a couple of your juice pouches and a couple of water bottles."

"Yes sir!" Stiles beamed, handing Derek the last bit of rope before hurrying downstairs, grabbing the quilted bag he had stashed in the pantry for snack carrying. He hummed, stashing apples and pretzels in the bag before slipping in their drinks, adding an ice pack and some string cheese into the insulated bag.

With the rope bundled, Derek put it, the clamps, the blindfold, and the hessian he hadn't used away. The vibrator and the bowl of water he took to the bathroom, rinsing them both and leaving them on the sink to clean properly later. That done, he found himself a t-shirt and some jeans to wear, and got changed.

Stiles hopped up to sit on the counter, waiting for Derek and humming brightly, swinging his feet. He felt good, more energized than he had been in a while, and it wasn't the kind that was going to leave him in a crash later on.

Derek came down soon enough. He took one look at Stiles and started laughing. "That shirt, Stiles? Really?"

Stiles grinned. "Whaaaat?" he laughed, looking down at the t-shirt he was wearing.

"I guess it's thematic," Derek admitted. "With the giraffe and all." With a giraffe wearing sunglasses and saying 'what's up?', specifically.

Stiles’ grin widened. "I like it! And it's one of your shirts that the neck doesn't fall off one shoulder. It'd be awkward having one shoulder more tanned than the other."

"It's a joke shirt that Laura bought me as a joke," Derek corrected. He hated yellow.

Stiles grinned. "I like it," he teased. "Laura has good taste in joke shirts."

"You keep it then," Derek suggested.

Stiles lit up, grin widening. "I like it because it smells like you. But I get to keep you too, so I'm happy," he said, slipping from the counter.

"That's good," Derek said, smiling. "You've got the food?"

"Yes sir!" Stiles grinned, holding up the bag. "I got apples and pretzels and string cheese. I figured we'd probably end up getting snow cones or something like that at the zoo, and so I went the less sugar route."

"Good idea," Derek praised. "Now, I want you to get a hoodie and a hat - we may have heating here, but it'll probably get cold outside."

"Uggghhh, okay." Stiles pouted, setting the bag on the counter before hopping away to grab his red hoodie and Slytherin beanie, grinning at Derek.

"Good boy," Derek said. A moment later, he added, "You look like you're Christmas-themed - getting into the spirit of the season?"

"I like Christmas," Stiles said. "But nah, I just like both of these." He laughed, holding up the beanie.
"I'm a Slytherin, and with the hoodie," he paused to hold it up. "Scott used to call me Little Red because I'd always have my hoodie on."

"I'm guessing you didn't appreciate that at the time," Derek commented. "Is there anything else we need before we go?"

"Nah, after a while it was amusing. The first couple of times it was more a 'Really Scotty?' but..." Stiles shrugged, "it's a fondness in his tone when he said it." He laughed and shaking his head. "Just your jacket, sir," he teased.

"Mine's by the door," Derek pointed out, grabbing the bag and leading Stiles out.

Stiles grinned, leaning into Derek for a moment as he followed, bouncing his way to the car.

Derek shook his head, smiling, and got in.

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Stiles grinned crookedly as they finally entered the zoo, wrist bands on their wrists and the bag having been checked. "Come on sir!" he laughed, pointing to the map. "Otters are really close!"

They were halfway across the zoo, but far be it from Derek to deter Stiles from something he was this excited about. "Lead the way," he said fondly.

Stiles beamed, grabbing Derek's hand and chattering excitedly as he hurried to the otters. "They hold hands in their sleep so they don't drift away from each other. They also have a special rock that is their favorite that they keep in their pouch to bash open clams and such on their chests..."

Derek smiled, squeezing Stiles' hand and letting him talk. "You're very fond of otters, aren't you?"

"I am." Stiles' smile softened. "They were my favorite animal for a long time when I was little. I'm still fond of them. My favorite right now are foxes though. I kept trying to talk Dad into letting me have a Fennec or a Domesticated Fox. But those are so expensive."

Derek shook his head. "Wild animals shouldn't be pets."

"Nah, there's a facility in Siberia that actually breeds and raises ones that are domesticated. They're like puppies. But it's so expensive and then there's the import cost and..." Stiles shrugged. "But yeah, it's only those that are truly domesticated. And there's the whole 'not legal in California' bit."

"You tried to convince your dad to get you a fox from Siberia?" Derek said incredulously. "Stiles."

"I was ten, okay!" Stiles laughed. Turning, he smiled widely at Derek. "And it didn't work, even with my trifold project board and power point I'd made."

Derek shook his head, laughing. "Of course you made a powerpoint. I love you."

"I love you too." Stiles smiled, turning to look at the otters, stretching to see the smaller, baby ones, and pointing them out to a little girl near him.

Derek watched fondly. It was easy to see a connection between the otters and Stiles - they were so playful and energetic, running and swimming laps of their enclosure, chasing each other around...and affectionate too.

Stiles laughed brightly, leaning over the rail just a bit to watch before turning to Derek, smile almost blinding.
"Enjoying yourself, querido?" Derek asked, the corners of his eyes crinkling with his smile.

Stiles nodded, grinning brightly and turning back as the girl tugged on his shirt, pointing at where the otters decided to nap.

Stiles was good with kids. It made Derek wonder, a little - but that was a thought for another day.

Stiles laughed, nodding to what the girl was saying and waving bye as she and her mom walked off. He turned back to Derek, tilting his head with a grin. "What's your favorite, sir?"

"I'll give you three guesses," Derek said. He thought it was fairly obvious, really.

Stiles studied him for a moment, a grin lighting up his face. "Wolves?" he guessed, thinking of the figurines they had in their den.

"Got it in one," Derek replied, grinning.

"They're over there!" Stiles grinned, pointing to a section just a few yards ahead. "Come on!"

Derek followed, smiling at Stiles' childlike delight. "There's no rush, love," he pointed out.

"I'm excited, okay." Stiles huffed playfully, tugging on Derek's hand. "And I want to see the foxes too."

"We've got time," Derek reassured him. "And if there's anything we don't see today, we can always come back."

"Must see alllllll!" Stiles cackled, grinning happily.

----

Stiles groaned, leaning against Derek's shoulder as they walked out of the zoo, a stuffed fox in his arms, the otter one he'd gotten shoved in their bag. "Bouncy gone."

Derek hid a laugh. "You can rest in the car, love," he replied. "Come on now."

"Don't wanna walk no more," Stiles whined. "My legs are gonna be sore later."

"The car's not far, chiquito," Derek reminded him. "Once we get there, you can sit down, alright?"

"Yes sir," Stiles murmured, clinging to Derek's arm. "Thank you for my stuffs."

"You're welcome, chiquito," Derek replied. "Would you like to be little so you can play with them, sometime soon?"

Stiles tilted his head in thought. "I like being little," he murmured. "I think I would like that." He smiled. "I love you."

"I love you too."

Chapter End Notes

Stiles took us a little bit by surprise when we wrote this one, but we hope you enjoyed it
Thanks, as always, to our lovely beta Chicktar, and to all of you for reading and commenting. We love hearing from you, here or at our tumblr
Chapter Summary

Derek tried to hide his smile at the knowledge of Scott's Christmas gift for Isaac. Maybe this was a good time to do some digging. "That's a good idea," he agreed. "What would you like, in something like that?"

Isaac smiled. "I'd just be happy with my collar. Though I like the thought of something special written inside or matching cuffs. Things like that. Maybe thin cuffs that look almost like bracelets?"

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Stiles, Derek, Scott, and Isaac go Christmas shopping

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

"Okay, time for me to go," Scott said, kissing Isaac's cheek. "I'll see you in a few hours." He'd told Isaac he was doing a practice test, figuring that would satisfy his curiosity.

Isaac pouted, accepting the kiss, then letting the pout melt into a grin. "Kick its ass!" He laughed, reaching up to ruffle Scott's hair, messing it up. "There, much better."

Scott rolled his eyes, trying to hide how nervous he was. "I'll do my best," he promised. "I love you."

"I love you too." Isaac smiled, pulling Scott into a hug and nuzzling his cheek. "You'll be fine, sir," he murmured. "I promise. It's just a practice test, and I'm sure you'll kick its ass."

Scott bit his lip, already regretting the deception. But the surprise would make Isaac happy...right? Well, it was too late now. He squared his shoulders, squeezed Isaac tight one more time, and let go. "Have a good afternoon, sweetheart."

Isaac nodded, kissing his jaw one last time. "Love you. Good luck." Oh, how badly he wanted this one to be the real test. He wanted his Dom now, dammit.

"I love you," Scott repeated, tearing himself away. He couldn't be late, not today. He had to get this right.

Isaac chewed on his lower lip, waving as Scott drove off, shifting foot to foot. He needed to clean his room....and wash his sheets...but all he wanted to do was sit and watch movies to try and distract himself. The call of the Netflix was strong.

-----

True or False:

A subdrop can happen at anytime. T or F
Corporeal Punishment is always the best type of punishment for a sub. T or F

The second one was obviously false, but the first...if someone wasn't scening at all, then they were unlikely to drop, right? But then, sometimes there was a delay of hours or days, and a lot of couples scened often enough that there was always a risk. Scott hesitated, and filled in the bubble next to the 'T'.

Short Answer:

Write a 5-7 sentence paragraph explaining what you would do should your sub come to you in distress and your voice alone wasn't helping.

Use comforting touch (within the limits of what the sub usually likes), especially skin-to-skin contact. Hug them close and keep reassuring and praising them until they calm down - make sure to tell them that it's okay to be upset. Stroking their back or arm or hair can be comforting, and something physical to focus on when they can't process what you're saying. Once they're calmer, it's a good idea to give them a task that's easy to accomplish, something you can praise them for. Always find out what caused the distress before you consider the incident over, and always give your sub some time to level out afterwards before you consider initiating anything sexual.

Write a short 3-5 sentence paragraph explaining what signs to look for when checking for SubDrop.

Unexpected mood swings are often the first signs of subdrop - especially fear, depression, guilt, or unworthiness. Physical symptoms include feeling cold (even if the immediate surroundings are warm), shaky, dizzy, or achy. Subs may also become less aware of their physical needs - forgetting to eat, hydrate, or sleep. It's also worth considering whether your sub is more submissive or eager to please than they usually are outside a scene.

Essay:

Write a page, front and back, or more to answer the following prompt.

You come home from work, it's been a long day and you notice that the house is too quiet. Heading upstairs you find your sub curled up in bed, wearing your clothes and generally surrounding themselves in your scent. This sub has problems with certain phrases that trigger crashes and panic attacks. They're very responsive and they had been trying to call your (dead) phone. They feel abandoned. How would you go about settling your sub back into normalcy as well as anything you may do afterwards. Be as descriptive as possible.

Oh wow. This was...well. It was actually kind of a lot like what had happened with Isaac a couple of months ago. Scott took a few minutes to think through how he was going to structure this, then began:

The stages of responding to sub distress are checking for danger, evaluation of the problem, verbal reassurance, physical comfort, addressing the root cause, and re-establishing normalcy. The first thing to do in this situation would be to make sure that the sub was not injured or at risk of injury. Then it would be important to have a discussion about what they are feeling and how that has affected them. During and after this, I would stay physically close, encouraging them to seek out comfort however they felt most comfortable, and I would tell them they hadn't done anything wrong.
Once my sub was calmer, I would explain in more detail why I hadn't been able to respond to them earlier, and we would make a plan for dealing with the situation in case it happened again. Finally, when they were ready, I would encourage them to get out of bed and eat something and drink some water, before doing something familiar that we both enjoyed, like playing a game or watching TV.

Subs in distress may be careless of their well-being, or in particularly bad cases, might self-harm in some way, so it's important that whenever you find them in that state, you check them for any injuries...

-----

Morrell checked the clock, smiling to herself as she heard Scott set down his pencil right before time ran out. "Alright." She walked up, taking the stack of papers and carefully straightening them. "I'm sure you're already aware, Mr. McCall, that it could take a couple of weeks for you to get your certificate if you pass. I will, however, make a slight exception to the rule and at least let you know if you passed by phone tomorrow afternoon." She smiled, her eyes warm. "It's a pleasure to see someone working so hard, for someone they care for. I have the utmost faith in you, Mr. McCall; Mr. Lahey is a very lucky sub."

Scott let out a huge breath. Win or lose, pass or fail, he'd done it. He'd done the test. "Thank you," he said, fumbling with his things as he stood up. "That's - that's really great of you. I, uh, I guess I'd have to plan something else for Christmas if I didn't. Sorry, I'm babbling, aren't I?"

Morrell’s smile didn't drop at all. "Just make sure, if it's a surprise, to not be around Mr. Lahey tomorrow at three. And rambling is alright. You're nervous. That's a good sign."

"Tomorrow at three," Scott said firmly, running his hand through his hair. "I'll remember."

-----

Coming up with another excuse to avoid Isaac was even harder, and Scott had ended up asking Stiles for help.

Stiles just grinned, laughing as he waved bye to Derek. "Come on, Christmas shopping! Have to get the S.O. a present!"

Scott gave Stiles an I'll-love-you-forever-thank-you-so-much-bro-you-can-have-my-firstborn' look, and turned to hug Isaac. "We'll meet you guys at the food court in an hour, yeah?" he checked.

Isaac smiled, hugging Scott tightly. "Yes sir!" he agreed.

"Cmon Scott! There's this one store I found that I wanna look at." Stiles smiled, checking the time and trying to hurry up.

Derek (who'd been warned in advance) didn't complain about being left with Isaac when usually the two of them didn't spend much time alone together.

~

Scott, on the other hand, was hurrying to get out of sight. "Where can I actually take a call?" he asked aloud. "Should we go to the carpark or something?"

"Nah, the store I'm talking about is completely empty normally so it's quiet. And I think Erica is working so if anything she can let us into a fitting room," Stiles laughed.
"Thank god," Scott said. It was only a few minutes to three, and he was jittery as hell.

Stiles smiled softly, rubbing Scott's back before leading him into the obscure clothes shop.

Isaac chewed on his lower lip, tilting his head at Derek. "Where to?"

"We can do yours first, if you like," Derek suggested. "I'm...still trying to figure out what to give Stiles. Craft supplies, maybe, or a stack of books about completely different topics."

Isaac nodded, shifting. "I'm not so sure either." He smiled shyly. "But I'm sure I can figure it out in the electronics store or something."

"Well, what does he like?" Derek suggested, heading in the vague direction of the Best Buy. "What do you guys do together?"

Isaac shrugged. "He likes video games and Superman. Also I could probably get him an Officemax gift card for school materials."

"Gift cards are kind of impersonal, aren't they?" Derek asked. "I mean, it sounds thoughtful, but..."

"If I get him one it'll probably be along with something else. Maybe that Fallout game he's been wanting and a gift card?" Isaac hummed in thought.

"Maybe," Derek agreed, privately still thinking that something more meaningful would be best.

"I'll know when I see it." Isaac nodded to himself, biting his lip until it was almost raw.

Stiles was looking at a leather jacket when Scott's phone went off and he startled.

"Oh god, oh god," Scott muttered, fumbling with his phone. He looked like he was about to hyperventilate.

"Breathe, bro." Stiles rubbed Scott's back, leading him into a fitting room, smiling at Erica as she held the door open for them.

"May I speak to Scott McCall?"

Scott cleared his throat. "Speaking," he said shakily.

"Hello! This is Ms. Morrell. I told you I'd call you with the results."

"Hi...how did I do?" Scott asked nervously.

"Hey," Derek said gently. "You should stop biting your lip like that, it's gonna hurt."

"Sorry." Isaac gave a small smile, cheeks red. "I tend to do it without thinking." He leaned forward into Derek for a moment before straightening. "Alright, let's see what's in here."

"You don't have to apologize," Derek reassured him. "If you see anything you think Stiles will like, let me know?" Even though he really, really wanted to do something sentimental for their first
Christmas together.

"I will," Isaac promised, grinning widely. "Though, just to let you know, he really really likes his collar." He smiled, his fingers drifting to his own bare neck, his smile turning wistful. "Maybe something to go with it?"

Derek tried to hide his smile at the knowledge of Scott's Christmas gift for Isaac. Maybe this was a good time to do some digging. "That's a good idea," he agreed. "What would you like, in something like that?"

Isaac smiled. "I'd just be happy with my collar. Though I like the thought of something special written inside or matching cuffs. Things like that. Maybe thin cuffs that look almost like bracelets?"

"You passed, with Honors even," Morrell said. "You actually got an unusually high mark, congratulations."

"...oh my god," Scott said, his mind gone blank. "He's...I'll get the certificate soon, won't I? Oh my god. Thank you. Thank you so much!"

Stiles blinked, grinning so wide it was amazing his face didn't split, hugging Scott tightly from the side.

"No, Mr. McCall, thank you. I've very rarely seen someone so determined. You also beat the record of time it took to take and pass the test from the day of your designation. Certificate is already in the mail, you should have it a few days before Christmas."

Scott hugged Stiles back fiercely. "Thank you so much," he said again, torn between laughter and tears. "Oh my god, thank you. I - I'm babbling again, aren't I? I should let you go."

Morrell let her amusement shine through. "I have no problems with an excited Dom, Mr. McCall. I wish you well, and make sure to get your transfer papers to me, Mrs. Hale assured me you already had them. Other than that, enjoy your day."

"Stiles does like his cuffs," Derek agreed. And a gift of cuffs implied a greater claim, too - not like a permanent collar, but wearing casual cuffs implied that you and your Dom were serious about each other. It was a good idea.

"He does, he loves wearing them." Isaac grinned. "And if you get thinner ones that's more for all day every day, he'd probably puddle on the floor in a happy mess."

"Thanks Isaac," Derek said. "I think I'll do that."

Isaac beamed, looking through and grabbing the Fallout game, holding it close. "It'll be a good addition. Though I'm still going to look for another gift."

"I'd suggest something Scott could keep with him as a reminder of you," Derek said, following Isaac to the checkout, "but you're going to be living together soon, aren't you?"

"Like a necklace or something?" Isaac asked thoughtfully, his head tilted to the side. "And I hope so. Probably in about four or five months from now..." He sighed wistfully.
"Sure," Derek agreed. "Jewelry, or even a key-ring. It doesn't have to be expensive to be meaningful."

Isaac nodded, holding his bag close as they walked, his eyes scanning over the storefronts before freezing, tilting his head at a display of leather bracelets advertised as being a band a sub could give their Dom.

~

Stiles laughed, rubbing Scott’s back, trying to calm him down a bit.

Scott squeezed Stiles tight. "Oh my god," he said again. He still couldn't believe it.

Erica rapped on the door. "I take it you got good news?"

Stiles laughed. "Yeah, he got him. He passed the test!"

Scott was bouncing on his toes, trying to get rid of some of the energy of his excitement. He opened the door and seized Erica in a hug.

Erica laughed, patting Scott on the back. "You got it, tiger. You lucky lug."

Stiles could only beam, grabbing that leather jacket he was looking at and letting Scott hug Erica while he went up front to the other cashier, paying for it. It'd be a nice disguise for his present.

"I am so, so lucky," Scott agreed, blinking back tears. "Fuck."

Stiles' lips were still curled in a soft smile when he came back, gently prying Scott's arms from around Erica so she could go help a customer. "Yes, you are. And so is Isaac for having a Dom like you."

Scott took a few deep breaths, trying to calm himself down. "Shit," he said. "How am I going to explain why I'm so excited?"

Stiles laughed. "Tell him the truth. A bit. Tell him you passed your practice test. Or that you found the perfect gift."

"I guess I did," Scott said, grinning.

Stiles laughed, nodding. "You really really did. Now come on, I still need to find Sir another present. There's this book I want to get him from the bookstore."

"Of course," Scott agreed, following along, still in a bit of a daze. He'd done it.

~

Derek saw Isaac stop moving and paused. "Isaac?" he asked.

"I think I found something," Isaac murmured, leaning closer to the glass.

Derek glanced at what Isaac was looking at, smiling. "I'd say you have," he agreed.

Isaac beamed up at Derek, slipping into the store. It didn't take long to get the cuff he wanted. It was gorgeous, a leather strap that wrapped around the wrist with a silver swirl holding the ends together. He talked to the lady for a moment, flushing darkly as she smiled, nodding her head and taking it into the back for a few minutes, to stamp the phrase, 'My Savior, My True Dom - Sweetheart'.

...
"It's beautiful," Derek said softly, thinking of the moment when they each received the other's gift, and making a note to remind Scott to open Isaac's present first. "He'll love it."

"You think so?" Isaac breathed, stroking it one last time before the woman boxed it, wrapping a bow around it before handing it to him, a smile on her face.

"I'm sure of it," Derek said firmly.

Isaac relaxed a bit, his fingers stroking the ribbon, his cheeks pink.

Derek smiled at him. "I'd say you've found Scott's presents then, wouldn't you?"

"Yup!" Isaac grinned.

Stiles couldn't keep the grin off his face, throwing an arm over Scott's shoulder. "So, weren't you going to find a place-keeper on the gifts for the public eye? Or just tell him your present is later?"

"His birthday isn't that far away," Scott pointed out. "I'll look, at least."

"Shush, I have to figure something out for Sir for his birthday too," Stiles countered. "And I was just asking, Scotty."

"Oh yeah, I forgot his birthday was on Christmas," Scott replied, following Stiles towards the escalators. "What are you planning to do for that?"

"Laura told me about this book of all sorts of obscure fairy tales Sir used to have as a kid, it's apparently pretty rare, but I managed to find a copy online, and it's being shipped to me." Stiles grinned. "That's his other Christmas present. I need one for his birthday now, I'm just trying to think of something good."

"Are you going to celebrate them separately?" Scott wondered.

"I'm not sure yet, we may. I might give him the birthday present in a few days," Stiles shrugged.

Scott frowned. "Do you think I should get him something? I mean, I was planning to give him a card, but..."

"S'up to you, man." Stiles shrugged. "He's not really one for material possessions I don't think, it's just...the thought that counts in it." He hummed, looking around the bookshop.

"Do you want to help me choose something for Stiles?" Derek suggested. It was the sort of formal leather-wear store that had a large range of collars, cuffs, and bracelets - he could probably find something here for Stiles.

"Sure." Isaac looked over things. "But even if I suggest something, it'd mean more if you choose. Especially to Stiles."

Derek hummed, going over to the cuff display.

Isaac chewed on his lips, eyes roving the cuffs.

"Is the braided leather strong enough to be functional, rather than decorative?" Derek asked the
salesperson. He wasn't sure he'd trust it, but he liked how that style looked.

The woman smiled, pulling out a few options. "This pure braided leather can be, but for long-term use I recommend this one." She held up a cuff with a braided leather facade, showing the buckle was firmly attached. "And like all our products, they come with a lifetime warranty."

"He writes about werewolves, right?" Scott checked. "Maybe I could get him a book about wolves or something."

Stiles tilted his head. "That could work. I'm probably gonna give him a couple of things, honestly."

"Yeah," Scott agreed. "Maybe you could get him something like I'm getting Isaac?"

"Like a cuff or something?" Stiles tilted his head, humming softly. "I like that idea."

"Yeah, maybe," Scott said absently, perusing the shelves. "Oh hey! This looks good." He pulled out a book about wolves being reintroduced to Yellowstone. "What do you think?"

Stiles hummed, looking the book over before grinning. "I like it! I can also get a couple of informational books on different kinds of wolves. But those I can easily find online."

"How many gifts are you planning on giving him?" Scott asked, tallying it up in his head. The jacket, the books, the bracelet...

"Total?" Stiles hummed in thought as he paid the cashier. "Six."

Derek hummed, considering. "What do you think, Isaac?"

Isaac lit up, nodding. "I like that, it's nice."

"Would you like to try it on?" the saleswoman suggested.

Isaac flushed darkly. "Oh, it's, um, it's not for me, it's for his sub, my brother."

Derek smiled to hear Isaac calling Stiles his brother so easily.

"My apologies," the saleswoman said awkwardly.

"It's okay," Isaac replied, smiling. "It's an easy mistake to make. I would have thought the same."

"Well, do you think your brother would like it?" the saleswoman went on gratefully.

"I personally think he'd love it." Isaac's smile softened at the thought of how Stiles would react.

"That's a lot, Stiles," Scott pointed out, getting out his wallet to pay for the wolf book.

"Worth it," Stiles beamed. "He deserves everything."

"Stiles," Scott said seriously. "Just because he deserves everything doesn't mean you need to give it to him all in one go. There'll be other gift-giving occasions."
"Three for each one isn't a lot though, Scott," Stiles countered, sticking out his tongue.

"Don't forget you've got your anniversary coming up as well," Scott pointed out, leading Stiles out of the shop. "And then there's Valentine's Day."

"True, but I still have plans for them. And birthday and Christmas are the bigger ones." Stiles smiled, brushing off Scott's comment about Valentine's.

"Fair enough," Scott said, backing down. Stiles was stubborn, and if he'd made up his mind, Scott wasn't going to be able to change it. "How much longer do we have?"

Stiles grinned, looking at his phone. "About fifteen minutes. So we'd better head toward the leather shop, there's one right next door and one across the mall."

"Let's just go to this one," Scott said. It was more of a general-purpose gift shop, but it would work.

Derek gave the cuff another long look. "I think you're right," he agreed.

Isaac beamed at the small praise. "And you know they'll make him extremely happy. Kinda like a permanent collar without the actual service just yet." He'd seen the longing on Stiles' face during Jordan and Laura's wedding. He'd been the same.

Derek wouldn't go that far, exactly, but it wasn't a conversation he really wanted to have with Isaac just now. "I'll take it," he told the saleswoman. "Can I get a message stamped on the inside, please?"

Isaac smiled, patting Derek's arm in understanding. "It's another way of claiming him as yours," he murmured.

The saleswoman beamed. "Of course sir! What would you like? I can have it done in five minutes."

Derek thought about it. "Can I get some paper and write it down? It's in Spanish."

The lady nodded, getting one of their business cards, flipping it over to the blank side and handing him her pen. "We have the tilde stamp, if need be," she offered. "As well as accent stamps."

"Thanks," Derek said. He thought about it for a long time, then wrote 'amor de mi vida', and on another line, 'mi amado querido'. "Do you think he'll like that?" he checked with Isaac.

Isaac murmured it softly under his breath, eyes flicking a bit as he translated it in his head from what he remembered from classes. "I think he'll love it so much he'll cry," Isaac said honestly, grinning widely.

"Then that's what I'll get," Derek said firmly, passing the card to the saleswoman.

"Yeah, I can always take it somewhere to get it personalized," Stiles smiled, leading Scott into the store and blinking. "That's a lot of leather cuffs," he said, blinking, trying to find something that screamed Derek.

"They're a popular gift, I guess," Scott said, shrugging, and trying not to be intimidated by the quality compared to the collar he'd made at Laura's.

"Yeah," Stiles murmured, tilting his head. "I wanna make it really personal, you know? Derek
deserves all the things, but things like this need to be really special. The jacket and books and such are awesome because thought went into them, but this needs to be really special, you know?” He knew he was rambling. But this was important. "Oh!” Stiles’ eyes widened as he scooped up a bracelet to look it over. It was braided leather with a bracelet clasp like silver buckle and a silver plate at the front that would be perfect for personalizing. "What do you think? I can put something special on the inside of the metal, and his name or something on the outside."

"I think he’ll love it," Scott said, giving Stiles a hug. "What are you going to get engraved on it?"


"You call him that now?" Scott asked. He hadn't realised that Stiles had actually taken his suggestion, ages ago.

Stiles flushed, nodding. "Not all the time, but yeah."

"You're getting this one, right?" Scott checked.

Stiles nodded, already heading to the cashier. He smiled at the man as he asked if they engraved, flushing as he filled out the form so ‘amor de mi vida’ would be inside and ‘mi amo’ on the outside of the plate, scheduling to pick it up in a couple of days. "C'mon Scott! Time to go back."

"Whoops," Scott said, glancing at his phone to check the time. "We'd better hurry, or we'll be late."

Stiles just grinned. "Wouldn't be the first time. C'mon lover boy, let's get you back to your sub."

~

The sales woman happily rung Derek up before taking the cuff into the back to stamp it. She was back quickly, wrapping it in a box like she had with Isaac's purchase. "I wish you both the best of Christmases and please, come back should you need anything else!"

"Actually, could we get a bag?" Derek asked. "We're meeting up with our partners, and I'd like at least a little more camouflage."

The saleswoman laughed, nodding and rummaging under the counters for black nondescript bags. "Here you go. These don't have our logo on it."

"Thanks," Derek said gratefully. "Have a good day."

"You too!"

Isaac smiled, tugging on Derek's arm. "Five minutes."

"Right, thanks," Derek said, hurrying after him.

Isaac laughed. "Bet we get there before they do anyway!"

-----

Derek and Isaac had just managed to find a table when Derek saw Stiles and Scott approaching from the other side. Derek stood and waved.

Stiles grinned, tugging on Scott's arm until Isaac caught sight of them, walking up to Derek and
Isaac's eyes brightened, beaming at Scott and jumping up to all but slam into his chest.

"We did," Derek agreed with a smile, looking down at the bags in Stiles' hands. "I see you did too. Did you get good news?"

Stiles grinned, nodding and bouncing a bit before pulling Derek into a light kiss, murmuring almost silently against them. "He did it."

"Good for him," Derek replied, equally softly. "Isaac will be over the moon."

Stiles smiled, nuzzling their noses together. "Scott almost floated up to the moon himself."

---

Isaac wasn't paying the other two any attention whatsoever, nuzzling into Scott's neck and breathing deeply. "Did you find something for your mom?" he teased, his voice low. He slipped his hands around Scott's middle, under his jacket.

"Damn!" Scott said, still grinning. "I knew I forgot something."

Isaac huffed out a laugh, content to all but slide into Scott's clothes with him. "Did you at least think about what to get her, sir?" he teased.

"I have to admit," Scott replied, "I was mostly thinking about you. God, Christmas was going to be wonderful."

Isaac flushed, a grin splitting his lips. "Really? What about?"

"What you'd like, of course," Scott said, kissing the corner of Isaac's mouth. "What would make you happy."

Isaac turned his head a bit, sighing into a soft kiss. "I'm very easily made happy, sir," he teased. Though he knew one thing that would for sure be his favorite thing ever. Thank fuck he only had a few more months before he could be claimed completely. He could do it, he could do it...

"Well, I want to make you the happiest I possibly can," Scott said firmly, squeezing Isaac tight before letting go. "...you may have to help me with Mom's present, though."

---

Stiles hummed, kissing Derek again. "What do you have left to get? The people?"

Derek shrugged. "That depends on who I'm expected to give gifts to. I have something for gifts for you, Laura, and Jordan, and I always bring Janet and Simon some flowers on Christmas eve. But what about your side of the family?"

"I ordered Dad's last week." Stiles grinned. "I haven't gotten Scott's yet, but I couldn't really do that today, ya know? I also need to talk to Isaac and make sure we don't double gift him." He mused. "Or rather I'll ask Isaac if he's getting Scott Fallout and then go from there. Mama McCall is easy for me, it's already been ordered and should be at the house any day now."

"Well, luckily for you, I can tell you what Isaac's getting Scott, since he bought it all today," Derek said easily. "And yes, he is getting him Fallout."
"Oh good, at least he's getting it," Stiles said, leaning against Derek. "He's been excited for it. Hmm, I think I may make him a Superman cardigan now that I actually know how to make cardigans."

"Wouldn't that take ages, though?" Derek pointed out. Stiles was a quick hand with a crochet hook these days, but a cardigan was still a fairly large project. "There's only a few weeks left."

"I'll make a quick beanie and scarf set. That won't take me longer than a day to do, that way I can try to make the cardigan, and if I don't have it finished by then, I still have some to give him, and the cardigan will end up being a birthday present or something," Stiles grinned.

Isaac laughed brightly, his eyes sparkling, before kissing Scott's cheek. "That's fine, I'll help," he said, his voice teasing, hands sliding around Scott's waist slowly as he stepped back. "You have no ideas though?"

"Not really?" Scott admitted, shamefaced. "She's never had a lot of time for hobbies that I've known, and I feel like giving her something for the house would not impress her."

"Maybe something a bit more sentimental? Or something that she enjoys. A season on DVD of a show she loves?" Isaac mused, biting his lip at the face Scott gave him.

"I've never actually seen my mom sit down and watch TV for more than half an hour," Scott said. "Does she watch TV now I'm at college?"

"I've seen her sit down after work to just breathe. Though now that I think about it, it's usually some healthy cooking show on....maybe she's taking notes for John?" Isaac said. He ran a hand through his curls, staying close to Scott.

Scott wrinkled his nose. "Those shows are really boring," he complained.

Isaac threw his head back and laughed. "I'm not going to make you watch them, sir," he teased. "Maybe some nice cookware or something? I heard her cursing to herself one time about how she needed some new pans."

"You don't think she'd be mad I was getting stuff for the house instead of, well, her?" Scott asked.

"It's a practical thing that she needs. And the fact that you got her something means she won't be mad, you goof," Isaac laughed. "And whose house is it exactly?" He poked his Dom's stomach, grinning.

"Hers," Scott replied, frowning a little. "What has that got to do with it?"

Derek shrugged, acquiescing. "It's cold enough," he agreed. "Do you think I should get him something?"

"If you want to, sir, and if you know something he'd like. He won't be expecting anything." Stiles leaned forward, nuzzling along Derek's jaw and breathing deeply. "I love you."

"I love you too," Derek replied instantly, even if he was a little confused. "Why the sudden affection?"
"Because I wanted to," Stiles grinned. "And because there's a girl over there that's staring at your ass and you’re my Dom," he huffed playfully.

"So anything you get for the house would belong toooooo...?" Isaac grinned. "Just because it's for the house, doesn't mean it's not for her, sir. Though you could always get her some pretty scrubs for work, or even a new tea set. I know she'd love the last one at least."

"Claiming me, are you?" Derek teased.


"Tu amo," Derek agreed quietly, thinking of the cuffs. "I'm yours, querido."

"I'm not getting Mom a work uniform, Isaac," Scott said drily. Buying her clothes was bad, and buying her work things was worse. "Christmas is supposed to be about taking a break."

"Then get her a tea set. She's taken to drinking tea every night, especially that chamomile one you keep finding in the cabinet. Personally I wouldn't be surprised if it's not long before she just moves in with John. He seems to calm her just as much as the tea does," Isaac laughed. "And she doesn't have a proper tea set."

"Okay," Scott agreed, "but you have to help me pick it." It was weird to think about his mom moving in with Sheriff S. Good weird, mostly, but still. A lot of things were changing now.

"Of course," Isaac beamed, slipping his hand in Scott's, threading their fingers together. "We staying at John's or Melissa's tonight?" he asked softly. He was going to be wherever Scott was. He didn't want to be away from his Dom any more than necessary. He already had to wait a few months to actually live with him, he wanted the experience now.

"My mom's?" Scott said hopefully. Being with Isaac was most important, of course, but he'd missed his mom, too.

Isaac smiled, nodding. "Sure. I just want to be with you, I don't mind being in either house." He flushed darkly, ducking his head. "Sometimes Melissa lets me sleep in your bed if I'm having a bad day."

Stiles’ eyes fell half closed as his lips curled up, almost like a cheshire cat grin. "Si, mi amo," he murmured, flicking his eyes over to stick his tongue out at the girl, tugging Derek away a bit. "Come on you two!" he called to Scott and Isaac. "We're blocking tables."

Derek grinned at Stiles, hiding a laugh.

Stiles grinned up at Derek, poking his cheek. "I see that hidden laugh, sir," he teased.

"Really?" Derek teased back. "I guess it isn't hidden, then."

"I'm able to read your expressions," Stiles teased. "And I like it when you laugh," he said, his voice soft with a small smile. "Oh! Can I get an ice cream?" he asked, catching sight of a Dippin Dots kiosk.
"Have you eaten any real food since breakfast?" Derek checked.

Stiles hummed in thought, scratching the back of his neck. "I don't think so. Not that I remember anyway."

"Then - considering it's almost two - we're going to get you some lunch instead," Derek decided.

"Really?" Scott asked, following Stiles out of the food court. "Just...my room, that can help?"

Isaac ducked his head down as they walked. "Yeah," he murmured. "Being surrounded by things that smell like you. It's almost like waking up and seeing you right there."

"You're kind of adorable, sweetheart," Scott replied, grinning.

"How's that?" Isaac laughed, his cheeks still red, one hand going over his eyes.

"You're just cute," Scott said, shrugging. "And when you blush, you're even more cute."

Isaac shook his head, staying close to Scott so he didn't run into anything. "No I'm not!"

"You don't want me to call you cute?" Scott asked, putting on a sad face.

Isaac peeked out, groaning softly. "I like it when you call me things like that," he admitted. "I just don't believe them. They're a nice thought though."

Scott put an arm around Isaac's shoulders and stood on his tiptoes to place a kiss on the top of Isaac's head. "You're cute," he said firmly, "and adorable. And a lot of other things besides."

Isaac almost melted at the small act of affection. "I don't think I am, but I like you calling me that. I like that you think I am. Does that make sense?"

"I guess," Scott agreed. He didn't like Isaac's low self-esteem, but he kind of got it. Enough that he wasn't going to push.

Stiles pouted softly, but nodded, smiling after a moment up at Derek. "What should we have?"

"It's your choice, chiquito," Derek said. "As long as there's protein and a vegetable involved."

"Bah, restrictions," Stiles huffed playfully. "What about that new Chinese place a few blocks away? Isaac said their Egg Drop Soup was really good, and they have plenty of other things too."

"Sounds good," Derek agreed. "Hey guys, we're gonna head off. Enjoy your afternoon."

Isaac's lips curled into a small smile. It's not like he could help his bad self-image. When you get told something often enough... He jerked out of his thoughts, smiling at Derek and Stiles, waving. "See you guys later!"

Stiles smiled widely, waving at his friends before tucking himself under Derek’s arm. "So much chinese food," he cackled softly to himself.

"If you overeat, there'll be no sympathy from me," Derek warned.
"Hell, I wouldn't have sympathy for myself," Stiles laughed, pressing close

Chapter End Notes

Isaac's present for Scott
Derek's present for Stiles - if they had buckles instead of snaps
Stiles' present for Derek

There's one more chapter between this one and the Christmas chapter, so you'll be getting a bonus update this week, as soon as I've got the editing done

Thanks as always to our lovely beta Chicktar, and all of you for reading and commenting. We'd love to answer any questions or prompts you guys have, either here or at our tumblr
Stiles pulled his stuffed animals closer, murmuring softly to them. "It okay, Kiki. It okay, S'ekers. Daddy find Mr. F'uffers." He cut himself off, coughing softly and groaning, pulling the blanket back over his face.

Poor Stiles. He looked and sounded utterly miserable. Derek hurried downstairs to get him a sippy cup of apple juice and, after some hasty rummaging in Stiles' toybox, to retrieve Mr Fluffers. He took the stairs more carefully on the way up, slipping into the bathroom to get the tylenol and tucking the toy into the crook of his arm so he could carry the box.

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Stiles gets sick, and withdraws into his being Little

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: This is an age-play chapter. Stiles is in his Little headspace for almost the whole thing, and calls Derek 'Daddy'. Apart from that, it's your standard sick-fic, pretty much. There's no plot, so if you need to skip, go right ahead.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Stiles?" Derek called, a little worried. While it wasn't unusual for Stiles to sleep later than Derek, he'd usually have at least gotten up by now. It was almost eleven o'clock. Derek stuck his head into their bedroom. "Are you okay, chiquito?"

Stiles groaned, curling around his small hoard of stuffed animals, peeking out of the blanket. "Shhhh. Why Daddy so loud?" His head hurt, and honestly he wanted to cry he felt so icky.

What. Derek came closer, trying to figure out what was going on. "Stiles?" he asked quietly.


"You're sick?" Derek sat down on the bed and reached out to rest the back of his hand on Stiles' forehead. "Yeah, feels like you have a temperature alright."

"Daddy's hand cold," Stiles said, reaching out to cradle Derek's hand close. "Feels good." He sniffled, slipping his other thumb into his mouth, though he had to leave his mouth open to breathe.

Derek sighed, now sure of it. Stiles was in little space. "Would you like me to get you a cool cloth to put on your forehead, nene?" he suggested.

"Tay." Stiles sniffled. "I can't find Mr. F'utters. Daddy find?" He curled up tighter around the stuffed
"I'll have a look for him soon," Derek promised. "Is there anything else you want, corazonchito?"


"Oh, chiquito," Derek said sympathetically. "I'm sorry you're sick. I'll bring you some juice and medicine, and a cool cloth, and then I'll look for Sir Fluffers, okay?"

"Icky med'cine," Stiles complained, though he nodded just a bit, coughing and grumbling quietly.

"No, chiquito, it's just a couple of tablets," Derek promised. "Do you think you'll be able to swallow those? Is your throat sore?"

"ittle sore," Stiles murmured. "Not bad though." He peeked out of the blanket at Derek, his eyes fever-hazed. "Daddy. Head hurts bad." His eyes teared up and he sniffled softly, trying not to cry. He hated being sick.

"I'm sorry, nene," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair. "I'll do my best to make it feel better, okay?"

Stiles' eyes closed a bit at the soothing touch. "I'm sorry, Daddy. Don’ mean be sick."

"It's not your fault, querido," Derek promised. "No one can help being sick."

Stiles nodded, closing his eyes and scooting to where he was closer to Derek. "Cuddles," he murmured, his voice muffled both by the thumb in his mouth and the fact that he was stopped up.

"We can do that, nene," Derek agreed. "But I think you're going to feel a lot better once I've got you some Tylenol, okay?"

Stiles wrinkled his nose but let out a soft sigh. "Tay," he agreed, keeping his eyes closed.

"Good boy," Derek praised. "I won't be long."

"Kay Daddy," Stiles mumbled, pulling his stuffed animals closer, murmuring softly to them. "It okay, Kiki. It okay, S'eakers. Daddy find Mr. F'uffers." Stiles cut himself off, coughing softly and groaning, pulling the blanket back over his face.

Poor Stiles. He looked and sounded utterly miserable. Derek hurried downstairs to get him a sippy cup of apple juice and, after some hasty rummaging in Stiles' toy-box, to retrieve Mr Fluffers. He took the stairs more carefully on the way up, slipping into the bathroom to get the Tylenol and tucking the toy into the crook of his arm so he could carry the box.

Stiles grumbled to himself weakly, peeking out of the blanket every now and then to see if Derek had come back yet. He let out a tiny, subdued "Yay!" when Derek walked back in, sporting Mr. Fluffers. "Mr. F'uffers!" he coughed, managing to catch his breath, holding out an arm for the stuffed toy. "T'ank you Daddy. See Kiki, See S'eakers, I tolded you Daddy find Mr. F'uffers."

"Which one's Kiki?" Derek asked curiously, his voice soft and fond as he passed Stiles his rabbit.

"This is Kiki." Stiles lifted up the fluffy stuffed fox from the zoo. "That's S'eakers!" He poked the otter in the stomach before sneezing, looking startled. "Ack!"
The expression on Stiles' face was almost comical, and Derek did his best to hide a smile. "Bless you," he told Stiles. "Do you need a tissue?"

"Uhhuh," Stiles admitted, a hand covering his lower face. "Tissue p'ease." He sat up slowly, cringing a bit as the aches shifted in his body.

Derek put the sippy cup down on the bedside table so he could get Stiles a couple of tissues from the box there. "Why don't I go get the wastebasket from my office?" he suggested, passing the tissues to Stiles.

"Tay." Stiles sniffled, blowing his nose and cringing. "Uck. Why so much, nose?" he whined, using his free hand to rub his eyes.

"I'll definitely get the wastebasket," Derek decided. "Back in a minute, nene."

"Tay," Stiles grumbled, wiping at his nose. "'tupid nose."

"It's just feeling cranky today," Derek told him, standing up and ruffling Stiles' hair. "Like the rest of you, by the look of it."

"Want cuddles," Stiles murmured, sniffling. "I can has Daddy cuddles?"

"Two more minutes, nene," Derek promised. "Can you wait that long?" He felt bad for Stiles, he really did. Being sick enough that he retreated into being little? It couldn't be fun.

"Tay." Stiles pouted, sniffling and rubbing at his face. He felt like ick. He just wanted his sippy cup and Derek.

"That's my good boy," Derek praised, bending down to kiss Stiles' hair. "I'll be back soon." This time he didn't have to go downstairs, at least. Just to his study for a wastebasket, and to the bathroom to wet a washcloth.

Stiles laid back down, closing his eyes and whining softly. "Feel ick," he grumbled into his bunny's fur.

Derek returned, wincing in sympathy with the pained look on Stiles' face. He set the wastebasket down next to the bed, put the cloth on the nightstand, and got in next to Stiles.

"Daaaaddy," Stiles whined, curling closer to Derek, hand going to fist in his shirt.

"Hi, nene," Derek murmured, rubbing Stiles' back gently. "You're feeling pretty miserable, huh."

"Feel icky, Daddy," Stiles complained. "Make it stop. P'ease?"

"I'll do my best, corazoncito, but I can't fix everything, okay?" Derek warned. "Here. Can you be a good boy and take some pills and drink some juice?"

"Sippy?" Stiles sniffled, scooting closer. "I try, Daddy, I p'omise." He sat up carefully, holding his hands out for his sippy cup, eyeing the Tylenol box with disdain.

"Come on, nene, one at a time," Derek encouraged him. He got a couple of Tylenol and held one out to Stiles. "Can you swallow this like a big boy?" he encouraged him.

"Tay." Sties nodded, quickly drinking to swallow it down with a tiny wince.
"Good boy," Derek said warmly. "One more."

Stiles followed directions, wincing again. "Owie. No more. P'ease, Daddy."

"No more," Derek promised. For another four hours, anyway. "Drink the rest of your juice please, nene."

Stiles gave Derek a tiny smile, resting his head on Derek's chest as he drank from his sippy cup, pausing every now and then to just told the spout with his teeth as he breathed through his mouth.

"Good boy," Derek reassured him. "You're going to feel better soon, I promise."

Stiles closed his eyes, soaking up the feeling of being close to Derek. "Don't like bein' sick," he humphed around his sippy cup spout. He reached out a hand, flopping it around on the bed until he could pull each of his stuffed animals closer as he clung to Derek.

"I know, corazoncito, it's not nice at all," Derek agreed. "Would you like something cool on your forehead again? Or your neck, maybe?"

"'es p'ease," Stiles said, his voice still muffled around the spout. "Daddy comfy."

"Alright, then." Derek picked up the damp cloth from the nightstand and draped it over Stiles' forehead. "There you go, nene. Does that feel good?"

Stiles let out a soft, happy sound. "Uuh. T'ank you," he murmured, rubbing his cheek absently on Derek's shirt right over his chest. "Love Daddy." He smiled around the spout, sucking the last of the juice out of it before pouting. "All gone," he mumbled, shaking the cup a bit before curling even closer, his thumb taking the spout's place.

"Love you too, nene," Derek promised, putting the cup on the nightstand. "How about you rest a while while we wait for that medicine to work, okay?"

"Kay." Stiles sniffled, closing his eyes, his free hand twisted in Derek's shirt, slipping off to doze without even thinking about it.

Poor Stiles. He looked utterly terrible. Still, sleep could only help, and hopefully by the time he woke up, the Tylenol would have kicked in.

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Stiles slept about an hour, whimpering every now and then in his sleep. When he woke up, he was groggy, whining high in his throat. "Daddy. Hungry," he complained. His voice was rough and his throat still sore, but his head wasn't hurting as bad and he wasn't freezing anymore. "And t'irsty."

"How's your headache, corazoncito?" Derek murmured.

"Head not hurt," Stiles replied. "T'roat hurt. No more cold ei'her" He sat up, swaying a bit and yawning. "Can I have maccy cheese, Daddy?" His voice was rough, and not just from sleep.

"Chicken soup might be a better idea," Derek pointed out, "but you can have mac and cheese if you want."

"Egg dwop soup?" Stiles asked softly, rubbing his eyes. "Can make with chicken soup." Now that he thought about it, maccy cheese didn't sound so good; his stomach was angry at him.

"I can do that," Derek replied gently. "How about we get you set up on the couch downstairs? Then
you can watch cartoons while I make soup for you - does that sound good?" It occurred to him to
wonder if they actually had chicken. He might have to call Isaac and ask him to go on a supply run.

"Kiki and S'ekers and Mr. F'uffers come?" Stiles asked, rubbing his throat. "I can have more s'ippy
cup juice?" He was already scooting closer to the edge of the bed, dragging Mr. F'uffers by his ear.

"You can bring your toys," Derek agreed. "And you can have more juice, too, as long as you drink
at least one cup of water for every cup of juice."

"Blegh, water," Stiles grumbled, knees trembling as he stood, gathering his toys and clutching them
tightly. "I have blankie too? The soft sk'ishy one?"

Derek nodded, kissing Stiles' forehead and wrapping an arm around his waist. "You can have the
squishy blanket, nene."

"T'ank you." Stiles sniffled, leaning against Derek. "I 'ike sk'ishy blankie." He yawned. "Daddy,
neck sore," he whined, rubbing his throat.

"I'm sorry, corazonzito," Derek murmured. "How about, rather than juice, I get you a popsicle
instead? The cold might make it feel a little better."

"I have juice too?" Stiles asked, nodding after a moment.

"You can have juice too," Derek promised.

"Okay," Stiles said, keeping his voice soft as they headed downstairs. "Where's sk'ishy blankie?" He
yawned, looking around the living room.

"It's in the linen closet, nene," Derek reminded him. "Here, you sit down on the couch and I'll get
you some things so you can get settled."

"Tay." Stiles flopped on the couch, scooting until he was firmly curled up in "his" corner, setting his
animals around him.

Derek let Stiles settle, trekking around the house to get all the things Stiles needed. His pillow from
upstairs, and the squishy blanket. Tissues and a wastebasket. His sippy cup, filled with water this
time. And a raspberry popsicle from the freezer. "Here you go, nene."

Stiles took the sippy cup, taking a long drag before wrinkling his nose. "Ick." He sighed, taking
another sip before taking the popsicle. "T'ank you."

"Water's good for you, nene," Derek said firmly. "You're welcome." He bent down and kissed
Stiles' forehead. "I'm going to see about making that soup now, okay? Do you have everything you
need?"

"Don' hab Daddy. But Daddy gotta cook," Stiles murmured, giving Derek a tiny smile.

Derek smiled warmly. "Love you, chiquito," he replied, stroking Stiles' hair. "You call out if you
need anything, okay?"

"Tay." Stiles nodded, leaning into the hand and eating his popsicle.

"Good boy," Derek said, and left Stiles to go scrounge up some soup.
Stiles laid his head on the arm of the couch, watching cartoons, but he didn't do it with any of his normal exuberance. He stayed quiet, curled under the blanket and surrounded by his toys.

Derek, meanwhile, was able to gather together some cubes of stock, the chicken they'd been planning on using in a stir fry, and some alphabet pasta he'd been planning to cook next time Stiles was little - not that this was anything like the situation he'd been hoping for. He chopped the chicken as he set the stock and water heating, then turned his attention to the vegetables.

Stiles whined softly, coughing hard and curling into a tighter ball. "Daaaaaaaaddy," he complained. "Don' like cough!"

Derek hastily washed his hands in the sink and came back to the living room. "I'm sorry, nene," he murmured sympathetically. "I'll get you a hot water bottle, how about that? The heat should help."


"I'm sorry, chiquito," Derek murmured. "Hopefully after you've had some soup, it'll clear up a little, but if it doesn't, I can go out and get some cough mixture?"

"Ick. Med'cine." Stiles whined, sniffling. "I'm sowwy," he sighed, his eyes tearing up. "Don’ wanna be bad. Don’ wanna be sick"

"Oh, querido," Derek said sadly, sitting down next to Stiles. "You're not bad at all, nene. You can't help being sick, no-one can."

"Don’ like being sick," Stiles whined, tears falling down his cheeks. "Don’ like it."

Derek pulled Stiles into a gentle hug. "It'll be over soon, love, I promise. I know it's horrible."

Stiles buried his face in Derek's chest, crying softly. "Don’ like," he sniffled, slowly calming down. "Head hurts again."

"I'm sorry, querido," Derek said helplessly. "I'm going to get you some Advil, okay? I can't give you Tylenol again this soon."

"Tay," Stiles murmured, not even fighting the medicine. "I have anoder popsicle? P'ease?"

"You can have another popsicle," Derek agreed. "Do you want to hug some more, or do you want to let me up so I can go get it for you?"

"One more hug," Stiles said, nestling close for another moment or two. "Tay," he whispered.

"Good boy," Derek praised, rubbing Stiles' back a little before letting go. He picked up Stiles' sippy cup and the now clean popsicle stick. "I'll be back soon, nene."

"Tay," Stiles murmured, curling back up around Squeakers, Mr. Fluffers under one arm and Kiki under the other.

Right. Advil, apple juice, popsicle, hot water bottle, and checking on the soup. Actually, checking on the soup could wait a little, as long as it wasn't boiling over. Derek gathered up the things Stiles needed right away and turned the kettle on before going back to deliver it all.
"T'ank you." Stiles sniffled, adding the hot water bottle to his pile of things to curl around. "More juice?"

"It's juice in the sippy cup," Derek confirmed. "But you need to take a couple more pills."

"Tay." Stiles took the pills without complaint, wincing as they went down. "T'ank you," he said. "Don' like head hurt." He sniffled, fiddling with the popsicle wrapper.

Derek took the wrapper and put it in the wastebasket, then got a couple of tissues. "Time to blow your nose, nene," he said. "Come on, now."

Stiles wrinkled his nose, taking the tissues and blowing his nose hard, panting after. "Yuck," he complained, shoving the tissues into the trashcan before doing it again.

"It's pretty gross, I know," Derek agreed. "But it will help you feel better."

"Still don' breave good." Stiles shook his head slowly, not wanting to hurt it anymore.

"Not yet, but every little bit helps," Derek said, tapping the tip of Stiles' nose. "You've just got a lot of snot in there, nene, and until it dries up, it's gotta get out somehow."

"Yuck, snot." Stiles crinkled his nose at the tap, slipping the popsicle into his mouth. "Wan' no more sick."

"I know, nene," Derek said, smiling a little. "Give it time, that's all."

"Tay," Stiles mumbled around his popsicle, eyes drooping. "T'ank you for popsicle"

"You're welcome, corazoncito," Derek replied, smoothing Stiles' hair, damp with sweat, back from his face. "I'm going to go finish the soup now, alright?"

"Tay," Stiles murmured, leaning into the affection and curling back up. "Love you."

"Love you too, nene," Derek replied, giving Stiles one last kiss on the forehead before standing up and returning to the kitchen.

Stiles hummed, curling into a tighter ball after Derek left, finishing the popsicle then sucking on his sippy cup lazily, eyes drifting closed. He dozed, laying his head on the arm of the couch.

The pot hadn't boiled over or boiled dry while Derek was busy, thank goodness. He tipped a cup of alphabet pasta, a couple of cans of creamed corn into the mix, and added some spring onions as well. While he waited for that to cook a bit more, he got a couple of eggs out of the fridge and started making the egg mixture.

Stiles sneezed, whining high in his throat, waking up groggily and looking around before wiping his nose. Yuck. "Hate sick," he grumbled, curling around Squeakers. "Don' like it."

As he waited for the pasta to finish cooking, Derek got a spoon and started skimming the fat off the top. There was enough soup here for both of them for a few meals, so he wouldn't have to cook again until Stiles was better, hopefully.

Stiles shivered, wrapping the squishy blanket around him as he stood, stumbling into the kitchen. "Daddy. Juice gone." He coughed, rubbing his eyes with one hand, the other holding onto the blanket and his sippy cup.
Derek put the spoon down and hurried over to Stiles, wrapping him in a hug.

Stiles let out a soft happy sound, leaning into the hug. "Sippy empty," he mumbled, nuzzling into Derek's shoulder. "My daddy," he whispered, more to himself than to Derek.

"That's right, nene," Derek reassured him, rubbing Stiles' back.

Stiles gave him a small smile, nuzzling close and letting out a soft sigh. "Hungry," he murmured. "Soup almost done?"

"Almost done," Derek agreed. "Do you want to watch me pour the egg in?"

"Yes, p'ease." Stiles nodded eagerly. He liked watching the eggs being cooked. "I like eggies."

Derek smiled. "You like the mess they make, too," he teased. He took Stiles' sippy cup and filled it up with water before handing it back to him.

"Uhhuh, it goes skish." Stiles laughed, coughing and taking a drag off the water. "T'ank you."

"You're welcome, nene," Derek said warmly. He looked into the pot. "I think this is ready for the eggs now - come on and have a look, corazonicito."

Stiles slipped his free hand's thumb into his mouth, scooting closer to look into the pot.

Derek stepped to one side, making sure he wouldn't knock into Stiles, and stirred the soup until it was swirling. Then, he slowly poured the egg mixture in.

Stiles let out a soft giggle, watching the egg threads start to cook. "Skishy."

Derek smiled, glad that he could make Stiles happy despite his cold.

"Soup! Eggie soup." Stiles snuffled, leaning back to wipe at his nose.

"There's pasta in it too," Derek confided, grimacing as Stiles wiped his nose with the back of his hand. "Let's get you back on the couch where you've got some tissues, how about that?"

"Daddy come soon?" Stiles asked softly, nodding and sucking down more water. "More drink?" he asked, his voice almost a whisper to keep his throat from hurting.

"You've finished your water, nene?" Derek checked.

Stiles nodded, having just sucked down the last bit. "Weally t'irsty," he murmured, flushing softly and ducking his head.

"That's okay, chiquito," Derek reassured him, taking the sippy cup to refill it. "It's a good thing that you're drinking lots of water and juice. You're losing fluid at the moment by sweating and sneezing and blowing your nose, so you need to replace it."

"Tay." Stiles smiled shyly, sucking on the spout and nuzzling Derek's arms before stumbling back into the living room.

Derek got one of their larger bowls and ladled soup into it until it was half full, setting it on the counter while he turned the heat down on the stove and got a spoon for Stiles. Then he carried them out to the living room and sat down on the couch. "I'm going to hold the bowl for you, nene," he
explaned. "Can you feed yourself, or do you want me to?"

Stiles ducked his head, shyly reaching out for the spoon. He kinda wanted Derek to feed him, but didn't want to ask. "Eggie soup."

"That doesn't actually answer my question," Derek pointed out. "Do you want me to feed you, nene?"

Stiles ducked his head further, dropping his hand. "Uhuh," he said softly, almost inaudible. His cheeks were pink, and not with a fever.

"Okay then," Derek said, matter-of-factly. He held the bowl up and scooped out a spoonful of the broth, blowing over it to cool it. "Open up, nene."

Stiles opened his mouth, the flush growing. "T'ank you," he whispered after he swallowed, feeling shy.

"You're welcome, chiquito," Derek said fondly, offering Stiles another spoonful. "I like taking care of you."

Stiles gave Derek a tiny smile, taking the bite, his eyes closing as the warm broth soothed his throat. "Helps throat," he murmured.

"That's good," Derek said softly. "I'm going to give you a bite with some chicken now, so chew this time, okay?"

"Tay, Daddy." Stiles nodded slowly, opening his mouth before chewing the bite, swallowing it with a soft wince. "Need chew more," he murmured to himself.

Slowly, Derek fed Stiles the soup, spoonful by spoonful, pausing now and then to help him blow his nose.

Stiles swallowed the last bite, yawning softly and rubbing his eyes. "Warm drink?" he asked softly.

"How about you go to the toilet first," Derek suggested, "and then after, you can have a nap?"

"Tay." Stiles nodded, rubbing his eyes and standing up, swaying a bit before stumbling toward the bathroom.

Derek smiled after him, tidying up a little and taking the soup bowl into the kitchen. He checked the time, and decided it was probably fine to make Stiles some theraflu.

Stiles stumbled back to the living, thumb in his mouth. "Done, Daddy."

"Good boy," Derek praised, giving Stiles a hug. "Would you like to nap on the couch, or in bed?"

"Cuddles?" Stiles asked, hopefully. "Bed, p'ease."

"We can do that, nene," Derek agreed. "Let me just get your tissues and your drink."

"Tay. I get 'tuffies," Stiles murmured, scooping his toys up and hugging them tightly.

"Good plan," Derek said, ducking into the kitchen for Stiles' theraflu.
Stiles smiled, walking up the steps, panting by the time he was done. "Ugh," he whined, flopping onto the bed.

Derek did his best to smother a laugh. He wasn't very successful.

Stiles waved his hand, whinging softly. "Don’ like 'teps!" he huffed, wiggling up the bed until he could get under the blanket.

Derek put the mug and the tissues in his hands down and tucked Stiles in a bit more securely. "Comfortable, nene?"

"Mmhmm." Stiles nodded, holding out one arm. "Cuddles p'ease."

Derek smiled, circling the bed to get in on his usual side. "Of course, chiquito," he agreed. "Drink your theraflu first, though."

"Med'cine?" Stiles wrinkled his nose, but sat up to drink it, sticking out his tongue at the taste.

Derek privately agreed with Stiles. As much as it advertised a 'honey and lemon' flavour, it was pretty obviously not honey and lemon. "Good boy," he praised, when Stiles set the empty mug back on the nightstand. "Well done."

"B'egh." Stiles coughed. "Med'cine icky," he whined, though he soaked up the praise, scooting closer to Derek, thumb back in his mouth. "Ick."

"I know, nene, but it'll make you feel better," Derek promised, stroking Stiles' hair. "You're feeling better than you did when you woke up this morning, aren't you?"

"Uhhuh," Stiles murmured. "Little bit." He held up his hand, showing Derek how little the bit was. "Head no hurt. Th'oat hurt, but not head."

"That's good," Derek said, kissing Stiles' forehead. "And hopefully, the medicine will help the rest of you feel better until your body heals."

"Wha' time's it?" Stiles asked softly, nuzzling close, content to bask in the cuddles, his eyes falling half-closed. He had kept dozing off today, and he hated sleeping, but this part he liked.

"Mid-afternoon or so," Derek murmured, tucking Stiles' head under his chin. "You rest, nene. I'll be right here."

"Tay," Stiles murmured, closing his eyes and cuddling close, slipping off to sleep for the third time that day.

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Stiles groaned the next morning, covering his head with the pillow and whining softly. God, his head hurt. Not as much as yesterday, but ow. He peeked out of the pillow, hissing weakly at the light pouring in from the window.

Derek had been reading, waiting for Stiles to wake up. "Good morning, chiquito," he murmured. "How are you feeling?"

"I feel like shit," Stiles huffed. "Like I got hit by two trains and one pissed-off chihuahua..." He scooted closer to Derek, wrapping an arm around his thigh.

Derek laughed, startled. "I take it you're feeling bigger today," he said dryly.
Stiles fell silent for a moment, peeking up at Derek. "Sorry," he murmured, nuzzling his Dom's thigh. "Don't know why I slipped yesterday. Still feel horrible, but not as bad. It's only two trains today, not eight."

"You don't have to apologize for what you need, querido," Derek reassured Stiles, stroking his hair. "I never mind looking after you."

"I love you, sir," Stiles murmured, leaning into the strokes. "I don't think I have a fever today actually. I'm hoping that means the bug is going away. I hate being sick."

"I love you too, chiquito," Derek replied softly. "So, low or no fever...is the headache back? You're not coughing as much, but you still sound congested."

"Headache is where the trains are stationed apparently," Stiles grumbled. "And my throat hurts a bit, but it's more scratchy than anything."

"I think the sore throat might actually because of the congestion," Derek commented sympathetically. "How about I get you some tylenol, and then you take a shower? You'll probably feel a lot better when you're clean."

"Yes sir." Stiles nodded carefully, cringing a bit as his head throbbed. "Do we have more of that soup? It was really good, and it helped my throat. Or cream of wheat or oatmeal, or something like that."

"I did a fairly large batch," Derek said, smiling. "There's still some left."

"Oh goodie." Stiles hummed, sniffing. "That was really really good. And honestly the only thing that sounds even half as good is hot chocolate with so much whipped cream I could bathe in it."

"Well, maybe we'll do that later," Derek replied. "Come on now, love, up you get."

Stiles groaned, flopping his way to the edge of the bed and slowly slid off to a standing position, rubbing his temple. "Stupid trains. I didn't buy these tickets. Ugh."

"Here." Derek passed Stiles the box of Tylenol on his side of the bed. "Take two."

"Yes sir." Stiles groaned, taking the box and kissing Derek's cheek before wandering into the bathroom, grumbling the entire time about pulling up the train tracks and putting out hawk nests for the chihuahuas.

Derek shook his head fondly and headed downstairs to heat up some soup.

Chapter End Notes

And there's your bonus chapter! See you next weekend for the Christmas chapter
Christmas Day

Chapter Summary

"Hey, Lo?" Jordan murmured. "It's Christmas morning. Laura?"

"John?" Melissa peeked through the door, smiling when she saw he was awake. "Merry Christmas."

Stiles had to keep from tackling Derek when he saw his eyes open. "Merry Christmas!"

Isaac made a happy noise, kissing Scott's cheek. "Merry Christmas," he laughed, hugging tighter.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Jordan hummed as he woke up, trying to stretch, before quickly realizing it was a bad idea. His childhood bed was only just big enough for him and Laura when they spooned. He sighed, and reached for Laura's hands, squeezing them gently. "Hey, Lo?" he murmured. "It's Christmas morning. Laura?"

Laura grumbled, burying her face in the back of Jordan’s neck, kissing it sleepily. "Hmm? Oh. Merry Christmas," she whispered, her voice rough with sleep. "I love you."

"I love you too," Jordan murmured, smiling a little. "I'd love it even more if I could see your face."

Laura grumbled again, but loosened her hold so Jordan could turn around. "Hi."

Jordan rolled over and leaned up to kiss Laura's lips. "Hi. Looking forward to Christmas morning at the Parrish house?"

"I'm looking forward to watching you open your present," she teased, knowing he'd love the new holster she'd gotten him as well as the more...private...present of the new restraints.

Jordan grinned. "Hopefully you'll enjoy yours too." He'd got her a book of record-breakingly terrible tattoos, figuring it would make her laugh. He sighed. "Come on, time to get up. Or my nephew's going to come looking."

"Noooo, not after they bounced on me yesterday, the little terrors," Laura grumbled, her eyes and mouth showing her amusement and fondness. "Come on, I smell eggnog."

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Melissa still had to stifle a laugh when she woke up for the first time in years in the arms of a man in her bed. She wiggled a bit, turning over and smiling at John's relaxed face. And this man had wanted to take the couch last night. Nope. Her couch was lovely, but not for a man as tall as John, and definitely not to sleep. Her heart grew warm watching him sleep, and she hummed a little as she
slipped out of bed to get them both some coffee. She put his at his normal chair, the present she got him next to it. She just knew he’d love the book of unsolved crimes, knowing his brain loved a good puzzle. And the fact that she'd slipped a giftcard to Cold Stone Creamery in the cover would guarantee her a grin.

John woke up slowly, and it took him a while to figure out where he was. He could count the number of vacations he'd taken in the last decade on his fingers with a few to spare, and this definitely wasn't a hotel bed. It was too comfortable. It was only when he opened his eyes that he recognised Melissa's bedroom and remembered why he was here. Scott had had a word with Mel about a week ago, tentatively broaching the idea of him celebrating Christmas with just Isaac, since he had something special planned. Melissa had taken the hint, and a couple of days ago John had 'spontaneously' informed Isaac that he was going to stay over with Melissa on Christmas Eve, so he and Scott would have the place to themselves. And John firmly intended to metaphorically stick his fingers in his ears about whatever was going on over there.

Melissa crept back up the stairs after setting up a simple breakfast of fruit and croissants. "John?" She peeked through the door, smiling when she saw he was awake. "Merry Christmas." She came over and sat down next to him, leaning over to kiss his cheek. "How did you sleep?"

"Better than I have in ages," John admitted, sitting up. "Merry Christmas, Mel."

"Good!" Melissa smiled softly. "I have coffee, croissants, fruit, and cheese in the living room for breakfast."

John raised his eyebrows. "Real butter croissants?" he said, swinging his feet out from under the blanket.

"Of course, it's Christmas," Melissa teased, amused at John's enthusiasm for real dairy. "We are even going to have burgers for lunch. And I mean real beef, not turkey."

"You're the best, Mel," John said gratefully, grinning at her. He knew it was a little ridiculous how enthusiastic he was about Stiles-rated 'unhealthy' foods these days, but there really wasn't anything out there that actually tasted like 'the real thing'. "Let's go eat, then."

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For once, Derek didn't wake up first. Instead, he was woken by Stiles practically vibrating with excitement next to him.

Stiles had to keep from tackling Derek when he saw his eyes open. "Merry Christmas!" he exclaimed.

"You used to wake your dad up at four in the morning on Christmas day, didn't you?" Derek said, amused. "Merry Christmas, love."

"It was five, thank you very much," Stiles huffed, eyes crinkling in laughter. "Presents! Wanna give you yours."

"Alright then," Derek agreed, smiling widely. "Shall we go downstairs, then?"

Stiles nodded, scrambling out of the bed, almost tripping. "ACK! Not like this!" he cried out, falling to the ground and instantly bursting into laughter.

Derek hid a grin and offered Stiles a hand up. "Do you think you can keep yourself in one piece long enough to open your gifts?" he said drily.
"Oh! You first!" Stiles exclaimed, laughing and pulling himself up. "It's your birthday! Happy Birthday!" He bent back over, wiggling under the bed to drag out the three books he had gotten his Dom.

Derek raised his eyebrows, a smile creeping across his face unbidden. "The presents under the tree weren't enough?" he teased, but he couldn't help but be happy that Stiles was acknowledging his birthday too.

"Birthday presents don't go under the Christmas tree, sir!" Stiles gasped in mock outrage. "I made your favorite cake too," he said, beaming. "It's in the fridge."

"You didn't have to do that, querido," Derek said fondly, leading Stiles downstairs.

"Wanted to!" Stiles countered cheerfully. "Come on, present time!" Stiles put the wrapped books in front of Derek on the island, almost bouncing out of his skin, eyes wide and bright. "Open!!"

"Stiles," Derek said, completely failing to be stern. "Calm down."

"But I want to see you open them!" Stiles whined, eyes wide and pleading. "I like giving presents. And it's your birthday! And Christmas!"

"Querido," Derek said firmly, taking Stiles' hands. "I want you to take five deep breaths for me, okay?"

Stiles whined, breathing deeply and slowly relaxing. "Sorry. I'm just very excited," he murmured, flushing.

"I know, chiquito," Derek replied, brushing a soft kiss over Stiles' mouth. "But Christmas morning isn't going anywhere, and nor are our presents. It's okay that you're excited, but I'd like it if you could be patient too. Can you do that?"

"I can try," Stiles promised, leaning into the kiss. "I just want to see your face when you see your presents. I really like giving presents." He flushed softly, looking down. "And it's your birthday...."

Derek smiled gently. "You're very thoughtful and generous, Stiles, and I'm sure I'll like all your presents very much. How about we set everything on the coffee table so we can get comfortable on the couch while we open them?"

"Yes sir." Stiles smiled, kissing Derek's cheek before spinning around to get the cake from the fridge. "Birthday cake for breakfast!" he exclaimed, grabbing flatware and cake plates before taking everything to the living room.

"Just this once," Derek allowed, grinning, and gathered up the pile of probably-books to take them to the couch.

Stiles curled up on his kneeling cushion, grinning up at Derek. He loved that cushion - he'd made it himself when he was bored and learning to hand sew a couple of weeks back. "Happy birthday to you!" he started singing, laughter in his eyes.

Derek shook his head, amused. Stiles was so silly sometimes, but god, Derek loved him. "Thank you, chiquito," he said when Stiles was done, placing a kiss on the top of Stiles' head. "That was very sweet of you."

Stiles rested his chin on Derek's knee, smiling. "I love you."
"I love you too, Stiles," Derek murmured. "Shall I open these now?"

Stiles nodded excitedly, sitting up and watching closely.

The first present, once Derek carefully removed the wrapping, turned out to be the memoir of a man who'd studied wolves and lived as part of a pack for years. Derek flipped to the contents page, skimming over it curiously. "You talked to Scott about this, didn't you?" he said absently.

"We got them at the same time," Stiles grinned. "But I saw this and knew you'd like it." He scooted closer, enjoying the look on Derek's face.

"Thank you, querido," Derek said, setting the book carefully aside and working on opening the next one.

"You're very very welcome." Stiles smiled widely, eyeing the one in Derek's hands now, honestly unable to remember which one had the Santa Wolf wrapping paper on it.

Derek looked surprised when the goofy wrapping paper revealed smooth brown leather, and on flipping through the book, he found heavy cream pages. "A notebook?" he checked. "I'll be scared to write in it, it's so beautiful."

"Yup, a journal! The pages are lined on one side, blank on the other side of them, for doodles or character references or the like." Stiles beamed. "There's actually another one of them that I've already snuck into your nightstand. They came as a set, though the one in the nightstand is a little smaller."

"Stiles," Derek said fondly, shaking his head. "You didn't have to get me so much."

"Birthday!" Stiles objected. " Wanted to! You deserve all the things. Aallll of them."

"So do you, chiquito," Derek said, "but I only got you one present. Do you and your dad normally do multiples?"

"Sometimes, sometimes not." Stiles shrugged. "We don't expect anything. And the fact that you got me something is awesome! But I would have been happy just being here with you for Christmas." He smiled softly. "And besides, it's not my birthday!"

"I'll have to do something special for your birthday, then," Derek said, already trying to think of what Stiles would like.

"You don't have to." Stiles shook his head, smiling and slipping the last present into his Dom's lap.

Derek wasn't sure what he was expecting when he opened it, but a book of folktales from his childhood wasn't it. "Stiles..." he said softly. "How did you...?"

"Talking to Laura, and a lot of research." Stiles smiled, reaching up to stroke down the binding of the well-looked-after book."Took me a while, but I finally found a copy in good condition."

"Stiles..." Derek said again, blinking back tears. There were stories in here he'd never seen anywhere else. "Come up here, please."

Stiles scrambled up to sit next to Derek, carefully moving the books to the coffee table to lean against his Dom's lap. "Are you alright?" he murmured.

"Just a little overwhelmed," Derek replied softly, pulling Stiles into a tight hug. "Thank you, love."

Derek held on tight for a long moment, then cleared his throat and leaned back. "How about we eat some cake before we do Christmas presents?" he suggested, needing a bit more time to compose himself.

"Okay," Stiles said softly, leaning up to give Derek a gentle kiss. "Love you." He smiled wider as he slipped back to his cushion and cut the cake, making sure Derek had a bigger piece. "Birthday man slice!" he sang, handing it up to his Dom.

Derek bit his lip, amused. "You take birthdays very seriously, don't you, querido?"

"Yes," Stiles nodded, grinning widely. "But only things like what you've seen." He laughed, cutting his own piece before turning so he was facing Derek. "And you get your birthday and Christmas all in one day, lucky!"

Derek hadn't generally considered it lucky, but then, few people had celebrated his birthday with such enthusiasm as Stiles did. Normally, celebrating Christmas was enough trouble for them. Rather than tell Stiles that, Derek took a bite of the cake and hummed. "New recipe?" he asked. "The lemon taste is stronger."

"Yup! It has the zest in there too, and there's a lot of juice in the batter. I also put some juice in the frosting too. Just a splash." Stiles smiled, taking his own bite.

"It's good," Derek praised. "Zingy."

Stiles beamed at the praise, licking frosting off of his lip. "I thought it'd be good with the cream cheese this time, to use the new recipe."

"It definitely works," Derek agreed. "We'll have to save some to share with the others."

"Yes sir!" he beamed brightly, eating the rest of his cake contentedly.

Derek felt a bit better after eating something, and while he waited for Stiles to finish, he got up to retrieve the three presents under the tree, moving the cake away to make room on the coffee table.

"Yours first!" Stiles grinned, wiggling closer to the table, watching the packages he knew were Derek's.

"How about we take turns?" Derek suggested. "I open one, then you open one, then I open one?"

"Yes sir!" Stiles beamed, watching him closely. "Do the bigger one first! Please."

Derek had his suspicions about the somewhat squishy package. Stiles seemed like an obnoxious-Christmas-sweater kind of guy. He was wrong, though.

Stiles grinned widely as Derek held up the jacket. "I couldn't help myself. I saw it and all I could picture was you wearing it." He hugged Derek's calf. "Merry Christmas."

"Thank you, amado," Derek said. It really did fit into his style. Still, he was a bit distracted by what he knew was going to happen next. He hoped Stiles liked the cuffs.

Stiles beamed at the praise, almost preening. "My turn!"

Derek grinned, excited. "Your turn, love," he agreed, picking up the small box and giving it to Stiles,
watching anxiously.

Stiles looked it over, grinning happily at Derek before slowly unwrapping it and taking off the lid. "Oh," he breathed, his eyes going wide. "They're so pretty!" He beamed, taking the cuffs out and tracing the braided facade. "There's something on the inside?" he murmured, spying some words. Turning the cuffs so he could read, he mouthed them, his eyes watering up. "Really?" he whispered, tracing 'amor de mi vida' that was stamped inside.

Derek reached down to cup Stiles' cheek, stroking it with his thumb. "Really, amado," he murmured.

"I love you," Derek replied softly, hugging Stiles back gladly.

Stiles sniffled, pulling back after a moment, a beaming smile on his face. "Your turn," he said quietly, keeping the cuffs held up to his chest. "Amor de mi vida."

"I will," Derek said. "Do you want me to put the cuffs on you?"

"Yes please," Stiles whispered, holding them out after a moment, his fingers stroking the braiding.

Derek didn't think he'd ever heard Stiles so quiet for so long. Gently, he buckled the cuffs around Stiles' wrists. "Comfortable?" he checked.

Stiles nodded, a small smile on his face. They weren't enough to send him into his space, but he felt held and loved. "I love them."

"I'm glad," Derek murmured. "I love you, querido."

Stiles smiled, pressing close to Derek and kissing his jaw. "Your turn though, sir," he teased.

"Of course," Derek agreed. "Time for my fifth present of the day, from the most enthusiastic gift giver I know."

Stiles' grin widened. "But it's your birthday too!"

Derek shook his head fondly. "Alright, amado," he agreed. "Give me some room?"

"Yes sir." Stiles nodded, going back to kneeling on the cushion, handing Derek his box before placing his hands on Derek's knees, grinning.

It was a lot smaller than Stiles' other gifts, and the wrapping paper was plain. When Derek opened it, his first reaction was to laugh.

Stiles could only grin. "Great minds think alike," he teased, rubbing at Derek's knees.

"More than you'd think," Derek admitted, glad Stiles had understood his reaction. "Isaac got Scott the same thing."

Stiles let out a delighted laugh. "Oh, he'll love that! I really hope he opened his before Isaac got his from Scott!" He smiled, resting his chin on Derek's knee. "It's engraved too."

"It is?" Derek removed the bracelet from the box, examining it properly. Oh. Oh, wow. "Thank you, Stiles," he said softly, offering Stiles the bracelet and his left wrist. "Put it on for me?"
Stiles' smile softened again, taking the bracelet and carefully latching it onto Derek's wrist, kissing his palm after. "Mi Amo," he promised softly, nuzzling into Derek's hand.

"Mi amor," Derek answered.

Stiles smiled. "Merry Christmas. This one and the ones to come."

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Scott had barely been able to sleep last night, jittery with anticipation. His certificate had only just arrived in time, but it was here, folded into an envelope on top of the box that held Isaac's new collar. Assuming he accepted it - which Scott was sure he would, but...well. Scott would have been pacing by now if it wasn't too suspicious.

Isaac smiled, waving goodbye to John after lunch, hiding his own small laugh as Melissa kissed his cheek under the mistletoe, saving that camera snap for later… He waited until they were gone completely before scooping Scott's present out from under the tree, turning to beam at Scott. "Merry Christmas," he murmured, holding out the small box, blush on his cheek. Sure, he'd gotten Scott the Fallout game as his present to open during family time. But the bracelet...it was important to him.

"You got me something else, too?" Scott asked, taking the box eagerly and starting to unwrap it.

"Too?" Isaac laughed, pressing close, wanting to see Scott’s reaction. "Of course I did."

Scott ducked his head. "There's, uh, something I wanted to wait to give you in private," he explained.

Isaac tilted his head curiously, but nudged the box in Scott's hand. "Well, yours first then," he said, trying to hide his nerves. He wanted Scott to like it.

The wrapping paper revealed a box that, when Scott opened it, had a leather bracelet inside. But it was only when Scott took the bracelet out to admire it that he saw the most important part - Isaac's message. *My Saviour, My True Dom - Sweetheart.*

Isaac flushed, ducking his head just a bit as he watched. "Do you like it?"

Scott beamed, wrapping Isaac in a huge hug. "I love it, sweetheart. I'll wear it whenever I can."

Isaac let out a relieved laugh, hugging back tightly. "I was hoping you would," he said, soaking up the feeling of being in Scott's arms.

"It's amazing," Scott promised him. "I love it, really."

"I'm really glad." Isaac made a happy noise, kissing Scott's cheek. "Merry Christmas," he laughed, hugging tighter.

"Merry Christmas, sweetheart," Scott replied. He paused and bit his lip. "Can we sit down for the next thing?"

Isaac tilted his head, nodding and grinning. "Here or bed?" he asked softly.

"Here," Scott decided. Though he figured he could understand why Isaac had suggested the bed, even if he was guessing wrong.

Isaac grinned, nodding and moving to sit on the couch. "Okay, now, why am I sitting down?"
Scott bit his lip, and retrieved the gift. He sat, and gave Isaac the envelope. "Just...read it."

Isaac tilted his head, slipping the paper out of the envelope and spreading it open. Lowering his eyes to read, he gasped, eyes welling up and over. "I-is this real?" he begged, his voice high with hope and tears. His hands were shaking, keeping his eyes on the certificate in front of him. "I - I get to be yours completely?"

Scott knelt on the floor in front of him, offering Isaac the box with the collar. "It's real," he said shakily. "It's finally real."

Isaac carefully set the certificate to the side, trembling hands going to open the box and pulling out the collar, stroking a finger along the buckle. "Th-this is," he whispered, "this was yours. I remember it from school." He launched himself forward, hugging Scott hard and crying. "Sir. My sir."

"Yours," Scott said, hugging him equally tightly. "I'm yours now."

The collar (oh my god, his collar!) slipped down Isaac's forearm, his hands slipping into Scott's hair as he kissed him hard, desperate. He was still crying, but he was laughing as well. "That wasn't a practice test, was it? Oh my god." Isaac sniffled, his eyes wide and sparkling, his whole demeanor ecstatic.

"It was the real deal," Scott agreed, grinning so hard his cheeks ached. "I got the news the day we went Christmas shopping." Now that he could, he wanted to tell Isaac everything.

"You sneaky Dom!" Isaac laughed, bright and happy, before leaning forward to kiss Scott again, his hands still trembling. "That's why you and Stiles were in such a hurry to split."

"It was so hard not to tell you," Scott admitted, running his hands over Isaac's back like it was the first time they'd ever embraced. "I just about cried when I got the news, I was babbling to Morrell and hugging everyone."

Isaac buried his nose just under Scott's ear, breathing deeply as his hands buried in Scott's hair. "Now we just have to transfer the Dom thing with Janet..." He pouted. He wanted to be claimed and be Scott's now dammit.

"That's the other papers," Scott told him with a smile. "All they need is your signature, a signature from a witness, and to be filed with the DAC."

Isaac gasped, squeezing closer. "Really? We could do it tomorrow with John or something?" he breathed, moving to straddle Scott's lap to get as close as possible.

"Sweetheart," Scott said, looking up at him, "if the DAC wasn't closed for Christmas, we could do it today."

Isaac could only laugh, his eyes crinkling. He was glad that Scott was just as impatient as he was. He sat back a bit, fiddling with his collar. "Put it on me?" he asked, almost begging.

"Of course," Scott said, still amazed that this was really happening. He reached up with trembling fingers to undo the fabric strap from the Grishams that had been tied around Isaac's neck.

A soft sigh left Isaac as the ribbon slipped from his neck, and he tilted his head back so Scott could put the collar on. He was trembling, still straddling Scott's lap, his emotions almost overflowing. He got to have his Dom. He could finally be claimed by him. His instincts and mind were soaring.

Scott fumbled a little with the new collar, distracted by trying to remember all the oaths and promises
he'd read for initial collarings. "When you wear this collar," he said after a moment, wrapping the strap around Isaac's neck and fiddling with the buckle, "you're my sub. I'll protect you, and I'll look after you, and I'll tell you what to do, and you in turn will do what I say, and let me watch over you. Do you accept?"

"Every day," Isaac said softly, his hands slipping down to tangle in the sides of Scott's shirt. "Every day I'll accept."

Scott tucked the loose end of the collar into the keeper, still barely believing that this was his collar around Isaac's throat. "I love you," he said, his voice rough. "My boy."

Isaac let out a soft whimper, both at the pet name, and at the tone of Scott's voice. "I love you too," he breathed, leaning forward to kiss Scott hard, the feeling of his collar around his neck sending his nerves singing.

Scott kissed back, and somehow, it felt completely new, wonderful and overwhelming. "Are you going to be a good boy for me today?" he breathed when they broke apart.

Isaac couldn't help the soft whimper that left him yet again, already a bit breathless. "Yes sir," he whispered back, his eyes darkening. His hands were trembling, slipping up Scott's sides and back into his hair.

"My good boy?" Scott pressed, his pulse racing.

Isaac shivered. "Your good boy," he breathed, tongue slipping out to flick along his lower lip. "Always yours."

At that, Scott couldn't help but lean in to catch that beautiful mouth with his own, nipping at Isaac's lower lip.

Isaac moaned, his fingers tangling in Scott's hair. He sucked on Scott's upper lip, unconsciously rocking closer, trying to all but climb into Scott's clothes. "Yours," he breathed into Scott's mouth. "All yours." God, they really needed to go upstairs. Secluded completely, just them. They had the house to themselves, true, but here anyone could walk in.

Scott's mind raced with the possibilities. They could do what they wanted now, whatever they wanted, and it was so overwhelming he didn't know where to start. "Mine," he promised Isaac. "And I'm yours?"

"Mine." Isaac nipped at Scott's lower lip. "My Dom," he promised, rocking forward again. One hand drifted down to his collar (Collar! He wouldn't be getting over that for a while), tracing it and tugging gently on it, groaning softly and shaking. "All yours," he whispered. "Finally. Completely."

"I love you," Scott murmured. "I'm gonna make you feel so good. Today. Every day. Cause you're my good boy, my Isaac."

"I love you too," Isaac said, his voice wobbling a bit, before he licked his lips, sucking his bottom lip into his mouth to chew on it, watching Scott with blown eyes. "My Sir." God, he was already aching, just at the thought.

"Let's go upstairs, sweetheart," Scott said lowly. God, the things he wanted to do to him...

Isaac let out a soft groan, scrambling up to stand, holding out a hand in case Scott needed it to get up. His eyes were dark, breathing just a bit quicker as he watched Scott, tongue flicking out every now and then to swipe at his lower lip.
Scott stood, leaning in to breathe in Isaac's ear. "Go to our room. Strip. Get on your hands and knees on the bed. Present yourself."

Isaac's breath hitched, a high whine leaving him with a shiver. He hadn't realized he loved Scott talking that way so much until he'd done it. He licked his lips, his voice barely a whisper: "Yes sir."

He turned, all but bolting up the steps to the room, not bothering to close the door once he entered it. Stripping quickly, he dumped his clothes in his hamper, his hand going to touch his collar as he headed for the bed. Isaac whimpered, the order echoing in his head and making his stomach jolt with heat as he slipped to the middle of the bed on his hands and knees, lowering his shoulder to press his face into the blanket, his cheeks bright red. He couldn't help it though, spreading his knees further, knowing exactly what Scott would see when he came in. God, the thought of it...

Scott swallowed hard as he watched Isaac run to obey him. It was the first time he'd ever really given Isaac orders and fuck. This was going to be amazing, if he didn't explode from just...everything. He followed, giving Isaac time to settle, and shit, when he reached their bedroom he was glad he had. "Beautiful," he breathed. "Oh my god."

Isaac moaned softly, his cheeks bright red where he buried his face into the blanket, his arms slipping down to grab the insides of his thighs. His whole body was shaking just a bit, and hearing Scott's exclamation made him shiver and suck on his lower lip.

"Such a good boy," Scott praised, stripping hurriedly. "My good boy."

The praise wasn't helping the ache in Isaac’s chest and stomach, a soft whine leaving him as he spread his knees further, thighs trembling. He lifted his head just enough to try and look behind him, lower lip still tucked between his teeth.

Scott finally got himself out of his pants, kneeling on the bed behind Isaac and palming his ass. "Sir," Isaac groaned, rocking back into Scott's touch, turning his head into the blanket to muffle himself.

"Tell me, love," Scott murmured. "I want to hear you. Tell me what you want."

"Want you," Isaac groaned, trying to look over his shoulder again, eyes dark. "I just want. I want you, I want everything. Want to feel you. N-need to feel you," he begged, pressing back into Scott's hands again.

Scott stroked his hands up Isaac's sides. "I'm here, sweetheart," he promised. "I'll give you everything."

Isaac shivered, slipping his arms out from under him, moving them to grab the blanket. "Everything," he breathed. "Claim me. Please. Please, sir."

"I want to - to fuck you," Scott blurted out, blushing hard.

Isaac gasped, pushing up just enough to look over his shoulder at Scott, locking eyes with him, his own blown so wide and dark you could hardly see the color in his eyes. "Please," he begged, breathless. "Please sir. Please. Claim me, fuck me, please." He knew he was rambling now, but he didn't care, pleas dripping from his lips.

Scott leaned forward, but he couldn't reach Isaac to kiss him from this angle. Instead he pressed his fingers to his own, then Isaac's, lips. "I will, sweetheart," he promised. "Can you wait while I open you up?"
Isaac whimpered, nodding and flushing bright red, burying his face back in the blanket, knees shifting just a hair wider. "Want," he whispered, arching his back and trying to tease Scott into going faster.

"I'm just going to get the lube, sweetheart," Scott murmured, stroking Isaac's back reassuringly. "And a condom, maybe?"

Isaac hummed, flushing softly. "Don't care about the condom," he murmured. "That's up to you, sir," he managed to force out, peeking back over his shoulder, most of his face hidden.

"It'll be cleaner," Scott pointed out, blushing a little.

"Still don't care," Isaac responded, his own cheeks pink. He secretly liked the thought of it. An almost...primal claim.

"I guess no condom then," Scott conceded.

Isaac chewed on his lower lip, pushing up on his hands so he could look fully behind him (and so he'd stop feeling so awkward with them talking with his ass in the air). "If you want to use one, sir, we can. I just personally don't care. Kinda like the thought of being...claimed that way. It's still up to you, your choice."

"I don't have strong feelings either," Scott admitted, getting up so he could get the lube. "But yeah, maybe for this time, at least?"

Isaac chewed on his lip harder, nodding with a blush. "Yes sir," he murmured, quickly lowering his head. God, he wanted this so badly, and yet, he can't help but be nervous. It's not like they haven't had sex before. But, for some reason, this time it was so different.

"You have to tell me if I do something wrong," Scott urged, getting the lube out of the top drawer next to the bed. "If it hurts, or you don't like it or something. Promise you'll say something?"

"I promise." Isaac smiled, nodding and arching his back. What Scott said made a bit of the nerves go away, but even with those nerves, he wanted. His stomach was clenched tight at just the thought of finally having Scott completely, of him being claimed. He ached, wanting any touch, anything from Scott that he could get.

"Good boy," Scott praised, settling back into place. "You're so beautiful, darling, so fucking hot."

Isaac groaned, licking his lips and swaying a bit as his stomach clenched tighter in arousal. "Yours," he said, turning to look at Scott. "Yours."

Scott traced his fingers over Isaac's ass, closer and closer to his tight hole. "My boy," he murmured. Isaac moaned high in his throat, burying his face to muffle himself and hide. Scott hadn't even touched him much yet and he was a mess.

"Don't hide from me, sweetheart," Scott told him, rubbing his thumb in gentle circles around Isaac's rim. "You're my boy now. Let me hear you. Let me see you."

Isaac lifted his head back up as he moaned again. He pushed back against Scott's fingers, his whole body flushing at Scott's words.

"Good boy," Scott breathed. "My good boy." He pulled his fingers back to lube them.
One of Isaac’s hands slipped up to trace along his collar, the other sliding back under him to grab at his inner thigh, fingers digging in slightly as he trembled. The praise and the fact that Scott was calling him his drove him crazy.

Scott swallowed hard, bringing his lubed finger to Isaac's ass and just pressing it against his hole. "Come on darling," he murmured. "I'm gonna fill you now, are you gonna let me in?"

Isaac let out a small sound, eyes fluttering closed at the tease. He whimpered, chewing on his lower lip and pressing back against where he can feel Scott against him. He slowly forced himself to relax, his back arching as he slumped. "Please," he begged, breathless.

"Fuck," Scott breathed, seeing and feeling Isaac's hole open up for his finger.

Isaac couldn't help it, couldn't help but press back onto Scott's finger, panting and whimpering. God, his body was going to combust. He'd always loved the burn, the stretch. The fact that Scott was in him, even if it was just a finger.

"Good boy," Scott praised, twisting his finger as he pressed it deeper, thrusting it in and out.

Isaac let out a whine, rocking back as much as he could, the hand that was at his collar slipping to fist the blanket. His eyes fluttered shut, panting as he twisted his hips, trying to get more. "Please."

Scott's hips were rocking unconsciously in the air as he tentatively added a second finger. "I've got you, sweetheart," he promised.

Isaac let out a long, low moan, rocking back and circling his hips. Feeling Scott brush up against his prostate he cried out, bucking his hips back and begging as the hand on his thigh slipped up to touch himself, trembling.

"Hey, no," Scott scolded, slapping Isaac's ass playfully. "Later."

Isaac cried out again, spikes of pleasure going up his spine, his hand falling back to lay on the mattress, hips working faster, trying to get more. It was barely a smack, the skin not even tingling anymore, but mixed with the fingers in him, it made Isaac desperate. "Please," he groaned, pressing his eyes into his arm, panting.

Oh. Oh. Scott had almost forgotten about Isaac's reaction to spanking. "More, honey?" he said lowly, pumping his fingers in Isaac's ass.

"Please! Please sir, please!" Isaac begged, moaning as his prostate was hit again, his knees spreading so wide they were barely holding him up.

Scott brought his hand down in another slap, still light.

Isaac jerked just a bit, whimpering and pushing back, pleading. "Please." His voice was rough, eyes blown and dark.

"Okay," Scott murmured. "It's okay, sweetheart, I've got you." He brought his hand down again and again, letting the fingers of his other hand rest inside Isaac's hole.

Isaac cried out, spasming and shoving himself back on Scott's fingers, soon turning into a babbling mess.

"I've got you, sweetheart," Scott said again, smoothing his hand over the marks on Isaac's ass. "We've got all the time we need."
Isaac whined high in his throat. "Need. Want," he begged, arching into each touch.

"That's it, baby," Scott breathed, watching him in awe. "Fuck yourself on my fingers, sweetheart, I know you can do it."

Isaac couldn't help the groan, fucking himself back onto the fingers spreading him open, his brain spinning and toeing a line he hadn't really crossed yet. Oh, he knew what it was, true, from talks with Simon. But the last time he'd been anywhere close to it, he couldn't stay or go to deep.

Good boy," Scott praised, his voice husky and rough. "So good, honey. Do you want another finger?"

"Please," Isaac begged, barely able to get the word out. He was panting hard, a thin sheen of sweat already covering his body as he trembled. "W-want...you."

"You've got me, darling," Scott promised. "I'm yours now." He pulled his fingers out as that sunk in, quickly re-lubing them and pressing three fingers to the rim of Isaac's hole.

Isaac shuddered, his breathing hitched. "O-oh," he huffed out, rocking back. His. Scott was his. Finally, completely, totally his.

"Slow, sweetheart," Scott warned. "Let yourself adjust."

"Want you," Isaac whined, chewing on his lower lip and twisting his hips, trying to tease. God, he felt like any moment he could just start floating.

"Shh, sweetheart, almost there," Scott promised. "Just one more finger, just to be safe. You can wait that long, right?"

"Try," Isaac panted, toes curling at the stretch, his eyes fluttering closed. God, if this is just what Scott's fingers felt like right now...

"Good boy," Scott praised, wiggling his fingers and twisting them in place.

Isaac cried out as Scott's fingers brushed his prostate again, his hands fistin the blanket. "God, please, sir. Please," he rambled, twisting his hips and trying to get more, or to tease Scott into giving him more. "Please."

"Soon, sweetheart," Scott promised, stretching Isaac out as quickly as he could. "You can be patient for me, can't you?"

"T-trying," Isaac panted, twisting the blanket in his hands. His voice was rough and slightly breathless, curls matted to his forehead with sweat.

"Good boy." Scott leaned down, pressing a kiss to Isaac's back, between his shoulder blades. "You're such a good boy for me, aren't you sweetheart?" he murmured. "So ready, so eager, so obedient."

Isaac whimpered at the praise, peeking over his shoulder to Scott, eyes blown and a bit hazed over. "Yours."

Scott smiled, feeling a thrill go through him every time Isaac said that. "My boy," he agreed. "You gonna show me how good you are?"

Isaac shivered. "Yes sir," he breathed, even as his hips rocked back. "Wanna be yours. Totally.
Completely. Please," he begged softly, letting out a stuttering whine as Scott's fingers hit that spot yet again.

"I'm going to be yours," Scott breathed, applying himself to making Isaac make that noise again. "You're going to be mine."

Little hitching whines and moans left him, and Isaac was completely unable to stop them as he trembled. "Love h-hearing that," he panted. "Th-that I'm yours."

"Mine," Scott agreed, crooking his fingers over the nub he'd found that made Isaac shiver and moan. Isaac whimpered, grinding back against his fingers. "Cl-close," he whined, his cheeks heating up as he tucked his face into the blanket, thighs trembling.

Scott couldn't help the moan that idea tore from his throat. "Fuck, sweetheart. Okay, choices. I want to fuck you, yeah? That still good?"

A high whine was Isaac’s answer, hips grinding back. "Please," he whimpered, slightly muffled by the blanket. God fuck yes. He wanted that so badly.

"Okay," Scott said, taking a deep breath. "What about if you come? You want me to keep going?"

Isaac felt a moan almost punch out of him at that thought, the image almost sending him over the edge. "Yes. Yes. Fuck, yes."

"Just ignore your cock and keep going," Scott confirmed, a little nervously. "Because, uh...this isn't about your cock. Right?"

Isaac could only moan, rocking back. "Y-yes sir," he panted, not hearing the nerves in Scott's voice, just his words, his orders. Fuck, he was going to be a mess. "Close," he whimpered, even as he kept going, rocking and twisting his hips.

"You need another finger before you take my cock," Scott said. At least, that was probably the safe thing, to make sure Isaac was comfortable. "Are you going to hold off til I'm in you?"

"Trying," Isaac whimpered, trembling hard. God he was so close. "Want to feel you, want you to fuck me, claim me, please."

"I will," Scott promised roughly. "I will, sweetheart, you just have to wait a little longer." He pulled his fingers out again and carefully added a fourth - Isaac was tight around them.

Isaac whimpered high in his throat. "Please!" He begged, the actual word almost inaudible.

"You're okay, honey," Scott promised, thrusting his fingers slowly in and out. "It's okay."

"F-fu..." Isaac groaned, back bowing as he slammed himself back "C-can't h-hold out m-much longer," he warned, his voice almost as fucked out as he felt.

Scott didn't think he could wait much longer either. "Are you ready, sweetheart? You want my cock in you?"

"Please!" Isaac groaned. "So empty." How in the hell could he feel empty when his Dom was four fingers deep into him? God, even Isaac didn't understand his desperation.

Scott pulled his fingers out and hurriedly lubed his cock. "I've got you, honey," he promised.
Isaac cried out at the loss, trembling harder, begging and rambling.

Scott carefully, slowly, replaced his fingers with his cock, and fuck. It was fucking amazing.

"S-sir," Isaac groaned, one hand sliding up to push at the wall to the side of the bed, using the momentum to rock back, sucking Scott into him with a high moan, toes curled so tight his feet were even shaking. He twisted his hips, groaning softly and let his free hand slip behind him, grabbing any part of Scott he could reach. "O-oh."

Isaac's hand on his thigh just spurred Scott on, and he groaned as he thrust deeper.

"Oh god," Isaac whimpered. "Please sir, so close, please. Wanna come with you fucking me. Please. Please, want to feel you. All of it, please."

Scott felt clumsy and overwhelmed, his hips jerking in an uneven rhythm as he fucked into Isaac's hole.

Isaac cried out as Scott managed to hit his prostate again, the shock of it causing him to tip over the edge, clenching tightly down as he came and rocking back jerking against Scott and basically slamming himself back.

"Oh fuck!" Scott yelped at the cascade of sensations, barely keeping from coming himself.

Isaac had almost melted, his shoulders and arms against the bed, back arching so his ass was higher, rocking and grinding a bit without thinking. Though right now thinking was kind of hard, his brain starting to grow foggy and blurry. He whimpered, managing to turn his head to look over his shoulder at Scott, twisting his hips, trying to tease him. His dark eyes were hazed over, curls still stuck to his forehead and lips bitten red and slightly parted.

"Fuck, you're beautiful," Scott gasped, trying to set up a rhythm. "Just look at you."

Isaac could only moan, his eyes fluttering half closed, the pleasure mixing with just the slightest bit of pain from being oversensitive. God, he was already very addicted to this. He always wanted this. Every damn time.

Scott's words were deserting him, grunts and moans pouring from his throat. "What - " he managed to say. "Sweetie. What d'you need?"

Isaac only hummed, pushing into each thrust, rocking his hips to set up a nice rhythm, his hands slipping back to hold onto his own thighs. "Feel...good," he groaned, trembling. Somehow, he was getting hard again. It's good to be a teenager.

"I'm close," Scott admitted, his grip on Isaac's hip clenching tight enough to bruise. "Isaac..."

Isaac whimpered, clenching around Scott, trying to get more of those sounds, more of his name being spoken like that. "Sir," he murmured, hazy and almost drunk with it, feeling himself slip further down that rabbit hole.

"Oh fuck," Scott gasped as Isaac clenched around him. "Fuck, Isaac, 'm gonna come..."

"Please," Isaac groaned, hips twitching as Scott brushed over his sensitive prostate.

Scott came, collapsing on top of Isaac a moment later, overwhelmed.

Isaac whimpered, slipping his knees out from under him so he was now pinned under Scott, slipping
all that much deeper into his space. He almost purred, nuzzling Scott's arm where it was near his head, hips still rocking a little.

"Feel good?" Scott mumbled, shifting his arm a little closer.

"Mmmm," Isaac hummed, breathing deeply against Scott's skin, letting himself just relax, slipping and enjoying it. He was anchored just enough that he wasn't scared, from Scott's touch, scent, sound.

"Isaac?" Scott murmured, rubbing his cheek against Isaac's hair. "I love you."

Isaac let out a happy sound, pressing a sloppy kiss to Scott's forearm, murmuring against it, his voice blissed out and soft. "Love you."

Chapter End Notes

Merry Christmas to all of you, as well! (And to those of you who don't celebrate it, I hope you're enjoying the long weekend.)

As for my 9week pregger ass, I'll be shoving Cherry Cheese trifle in my face at high speeds -Kattseye

Our boys have been waiting a long time for this, and I'm happy to tell you that there's plenty of good things yet to come - we've got well over six months buffer right now. If you guys have any questions about this or our other fics, or you have prompts you'd like to see one of us write, please let us know! The best Christmas gift we can get as writers is to hear from you guys.

Thanks to Chicktar, our beta, and to all of you for commenting, and we'll see you next week for our anniversary!
Chapter Summary

It was early Thursday, and Stiles was grumbling to himself as he pulled a french toast casserole out of the oven. "Steam cleaned yesterday, dusted last night, should probably mop after doing dishes. Where did that box of tea go that I got?"

Derek looked into the kitchen and sighed. "It's not an inspection, Stiles. Morrell's not going to be judging you on your homemaking skills."

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Stiles and Derek's anniversary is coming up, which means a check in with the DAC. Unfortunately, the upcoming assessment brings to light an issue Derek didn't even know Stiles had

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Anxiety, compulsive behavior. Stiles is worried about the DAC visit, and Derek finds out he feels 'itchy' if he doesn't clean the whole house every day

Stiles peered into the oven, grumbling to himself. "I want you now, cheesecake. Why do you have to take so long, hmm? And you'll need to be cooling for a long time after thi---" He was cut off by the alarm, making him laugh brightly and slip the pan out of the oven, setting it on the cooling rack. "Excellent!" he crowed, flipping through the recipe book and trying to find something that would taste good that night for dinner before they ate their cheesecake. He almost dropped the book as he heard his Dom's phone go off in the living room. "That tone always startles me." He snorted, flicking his earbuds in and cranking up his music, aiming to give Derek some privacy.

Morrell tapped her fingers against her notebook, phone tucked in her shoulder. "Mr. Hale? This is Morrell from the DAC."

"Ms Morrell!" Derek exclaimed, confused. "Is something wrong?"

"Of course not, Mr. Hale." Morrell couldn't help a small chuckle. "I am just calling to set up the one year evaluation home visit. It is that time."

"It..." Derek blinked. It was a year, almost. Shit. He'd need to plan something for the anniversary. Stiles would be disappointed if he didn't. "Well, we both work from home, so..."

"Excellent. I have an opening in three days, if that is a good time for you two?" Morrell said, flicking through her calendar.
"On Thursday?" Derek checked. "We can do that. How long will it take? What do you need us to do?"

"It shouldn't take more than two hours," Morrell replied. "Maybe three. And honestly that's only if you two are okay with letting me sit in on a sample scene. Nothing intense, of course, but enough that I can see your dynamic. Other than that, just be willing to answer honestly, like you both have in the past. It's a very simple evaluation, and from what I've seen in your past two visits, we shouldn't have any issues." She scribbled down their names. "Is about two alright? That gives you both time for lunches and to take care of anything from the morning you may need to."

Derek frowned a little. "Two should be fine," he said. He'd have to talk to Stiles about what they let Morrell see.

"Just keep in mind, Mr. Hale, that if you two are not comfortable with me seeing something, that is completely up to you," Morrell reminded him. "I'll see you Thursday. I'll try not to be dressed too...formally, so maybe it will help you two feel more at ease."

"Thanks," Derek said shortly. "See you Thursday."

"Of course. Have a nice day."

Stiles was chopping onions for the fajitas he was making, unconsciously singing louder than he probably should be along with his ipod. "Then one night as I closed my eyes, I saw a shadow, flying by..."

"Querido," Derek called, trying to get Stiles' attention.

"I am a lost boy, from Neverland, usually hanging out with Peter Pa--" Stiles spun to get the bell pepper, blinking as he caught sight of Derek. Setting the peppers on the cutting board he turned off his ipod, flushing softly. "Sir? Everything okay?" He wiped his hands on the towel before slipping around the counter.

"That was Morrell," Derek explained. "From the DAC."

Stiles' brow furrowed. "Why would she be ca-- oh..." He chewed on his lower lip. "I forgot about that," he admitted sheepishly.

"So did I," Derek admitted. "She's coming over on Thursday afternoon."

"What do we need to do?" Stiles asked, trying to not let his brain run in circles, but already making lists of things he'd need to clean and do.

"Talk to her together," Derek said, knowing his abruptness betrayed his discomfort. "Maybe scene."

Stiles took a few steps closer, leaning against Derek and trying to calm him down. "Are you comfortable with that, sir?" he asked, his voice soft.

"I'm not sure," Derek admitted. "Are you?"

Stiles took the question seriously, tilting his head this way and that in thought, picturing someone there. True, he'd found out he was a bit of an exhibitionist. But having someone watching to basically grade them? It was a bit daunting. "I think," he paused for a moment to give Derek a small smile, "I'm fine with it. If I end up not being fine, that's what safe words are for. But don't do it if you
are uncomfortable with it, sir." He wrapped his arms around Derek's neck long enough to kiss him lazily, trying to soothe the tension he felt.

"I don't want her to see us having sex," Derek said. He sighed. He could have asked more questions, he supposed. But he hadn't. "I don't want her to see you naked at all."

"Okay," Stiles nodded, completely happy to those conditions. "I'm sure she wouldn't want to see us being uncomfortable, sir," he beamed. "I'm happy doing whatever you're more comfortable with. Just because we've realized I'm an exhibitionist doesn't mean you are. And I kinda like that possessiveness you have going on," he teased, trying to make Derek just relax and smile.

The corner of Derek's mouth twitched, but he was still dissatisfied. "What should we do instead, do you think?" he asked. "It's not that we exclusively scene during sex, but...usually when we scene it's to do with sex."

"Ah! Gimme that smile back, I earned that one," Stiles huffed, poking the side of Derek's mouth with a pout. "We can always do something like that one time you had me kneel, and every time I moved, you'd put me back until I slipped under. Oooo, or I can be little for a while."

"I don't know if you'd be able to answer her questions very well if you were little," Derek pointed out.

"Hmm, maybe, maybe not, but doesn't mean we can't start the scene after questions. Or depending on what they were, little me would be able to answer." Stiles smiled. "Just a thought. I don't know when she wanted us to scene, but it's not like I can answer her if I slip into 'space while sceneing anyway, and you know how nicely I go down."

"True," Derek agreed, finally smiling. "You're beautiful."

That started a blush out of Stiles, smiling back and tracing the tip of his finger along Derek's smile. "Thank you?" he murmured. He still didn't see it most of the time, but hearing Derek call him that made his chest warm and his mind lighten, a bit of the self-doubt wiped away.

Derek kissed Stiles' finger softly. "You're welcome."

Stiles smiled. "So little Stiles scene? Or the pose? Or if you have an idea, I'm up for it." He leaned forward, kissing Derek again before tugging him to the island, turning back to the onions and peppers, sliding a bit of pepper over for Derek to nibble on. "Cheesecake's done, by the way. Should be cool enough by the time we eat."

"How about you kneel while you answer her questions, and then I can cuff you, maybe let you suck my fingers?" Derek suggested. "Do you think that would work? Or should we be doing something more active?"

Stiles hummed, shifting from foot to foot. "That might work? I'm not sure. And I can't promise to not accidentally try to make it sexual or anything like that, sir, because I can't control myself when I get to that point. Though that might be hot," he admitted, grinning. "Being denied something during a scene that I try to do."

"I know you'll listen if I say no," Derek murmured, smiling a little. "We've still got a few days to think about it."

"You just know I'm a sneaky little fox about stuff. So that might be interesting. " Stiles laughed,
turning to grab the beef, slicing it thinly so he could marinate it.

"We will come back to the fox thing some day," Derek warned, smiling. "Don't think I've forgotten."

Stiles just grinned. "That one is hard to explain, and you know it, sir," he sang, stuffing the meat into a ziplock bag with the marinade, rubbing and massaging the bag for a moment and plopping it in a bowl to make sure it didn't leak on the counter.

"So are a lot of things," Derek said. "We're still going to talk about it. When this is over."

"Fiiiiiiine," Stiles huffed, his eyes twinkling. "But you get to be the guinea pig for my new cheesecake recipe."

-----

It was early Thursday, and Stiles was grumbling to himself as he pulled a french toast casserole out of the oven. "Steam cleaned yesterday, dusted last night, should probably mop after doing dishes. Where did that box of tea go that I got?"

Derek looked into the kitchen and sighed. "It's not an inspection, Stiles. She's not going to be judging you on your homemaking skills."

"That's good, because I plan on eating most of this pan," Stiles snickered. "But I just...I want to prove that this is a nice place. It really is, and I don't deep clean it as much as I should..." He shifted on his feet, tilting his head. "Did I clean the bathrooms?"

"Stiles." Derek crossed the kitchen to take Stiles' wrists and hold them. "In her job, Morrell sees all kinds of people, and all kinds of houses. She sees apartments that don't get any care because the people living in them are too busy. She sees broken down houses where the landlord won't fix anything. She sees places where nobody gives a shit, because a clean living space isn't a high priority. This is fine."

Stiles shivered at the hold over his cuffs, lowering his eyes before flicking them up to Derek's, listening. "I want you to be proud of our home," he murmured. "And I'm not sure how else I can do it. I want you proud of me...and even though you say you are, when the house is messy, sometimes I don't feel like I should be prideful."

Derek sighed. He hadn't really realised this was such an issue. He glanced at the oven clock, and decided they had time to deal with it. "Querido, it's my house as much as yours," he pointed out. "It's on both of us to make sure it's clean. Let's eat, and then we'll talk about this some more."

"I know it's just..." Stiles sighed softly, nodding and knowing it would take a while. "It can wait a bit." He smiled softly, grabbing the whipped cream, fruit, and syrup before setting them out on the table.

-----

When they'd eaten, and were washing up the dishes, Derek asked Stiles, "How long do you think it will take us - both of us - to finish cleaning the house to your satisfaction?"

Stiles ducked his head, scrubbing at the pan. "U-um," he murmured, flushing a bit, feeling a bit embarrassed. "I have the bathrooms, bedroom to straighten up and bed to make. Then I just need to mop and make sure my plants haven't got dirt and things on the shelf," he mumbled.

"So, an hour?" Derek asked, erring on the generous side. "Two?"
"Probably. I'll have to really clean the bathrooms. The other stuff shouldn't take me too long, probably," Stiles admitted, scrubbing the last of the gunk off the pan, rinsing it off and passing it to Derek without meeting his eyes.

"Okay, then," Derek agreed. "Morrell's coming at two. You're going to take a break from cleaning until eleven, and then I'll help you until we get it done. Is that clear?"

Stiles whined softly, his shoulders slumping. "Yes sir," he whispered, hearing the order that Derek meant it as. He didn't know why this was so hard.

"Good boy," Derek praised warmly. This was obviously challenging for Stiles, even if Derek didn't know why. "Do we still have a spare whiteboard?" he asked.

"I think so, in the supply closet." Stiles waved over to the door next to the pantry, grumbling a bit at a bit of stuck on food on the fruit glaze bowl where some had dried before they managed to do dishes. "Why?"

"Because we're going to make a chart of the different rooms in the house and the things that need to be done to clean them, so we can keep track of how much you're doing," Derek explained.

"O...kay?" Stiles was confused. "Why?" he asked again as he finally finished the last dish, rinsing it carefully.

"You said it's hard to be proud when the house is messy," Derek said. "But a week's hard work can disappear in a day, if it's a messy day. This way, both of us can see the work you do and be proud of it."

"I..." Stiles chewed on his lower lip. He wasn't sure what to say. Part of him kind of wanted to cry because he really did want to make Derek proud, but another part of him wasn't sure it would work.

"Chiquito..." Derek reached out and cupped Stiles' cheek. "Tell me what you're thinking. If you don't like the idea, we won't do it."

"I...I like it, I just...don't know if it would work." Stiles mumbled out the last bit, nuzzling into Derek's hand.

"Well, let's try it for a couple of weeks and see," Derek suggested.

"Yes sir," Stiles murmured, giving Derek a shy smile before wiping down the counters, not even thinking about it, just knowing that he needed to.

"Stiles." Derek put his hand on top of Stiles. "No more cleaning until eleven o'clock, okay?"

"Good boy," Derek said, wrapping his arms around Stiles and tucking Stiles' face into his neck. "It's okay, querido."

Stiles clung to Derek, breathing deeply. "Don't know why it bothers me so much," he whispered. "I want to make you proud of how nice our home looks, of me for being able to do it..."

"I'm proud of you always, chiquito," Derek promised, stroking Stiles' hair. "I love the way our house is with you living in it. You make it warm and comfortable and a place I want to be."

Stiles sniffled softly, tucking his face further into Derek's neck, hiding. "I'm sorry."

"You never have to be sorry for how you feel, love," Derek said softly. "You're still my good boy."
Stiles just hugged him tighter, slowly calming down. "I like being your good boy. I like making you proud."

"I love you, Stiles," Derek murmured. "And I'm so proud you're letting me help you with this."

Stiles smiled, one corner of his mouth tucking up as he kissed along Derek's jaw. "I love you, sir," he murmured.

"Now how about you get me that whiteboard and we see what we can work out?" Derek suggested, pleased that Stiles was a little happier.

Stiles nodded, still a bit confused on what the board would even be for. "I'll go see if we have a spare," he murmured, kissing Derek's cheek and slipping into the supply closet, humming and digging a bit to drag out a board just a bit bigger than his tally board.

Derek got a ruler and the fine whiteboard marker from where it hung attached to the tally board, and went into the living room to sit on a couch in easy reach of the coffee table.

Stiles took the board to the living room, chewing on his lower lip as he curled up in the corner of the couch, handing Derek the board.

"Good boy, thank you," Derek told him, taking the board and setting it on the table. After some thought, he ruled four rows at the bottom, labelling them 'clear surfaces', 'clean surfaces', 'sweep/vacuum', and 'wash floors' on the left hand side. "Those are the main chores you do in any one room, right?" he checked.

Stiles tilted his head to the side. "Mostly, except for bathrooms of course. And dishes..."

Derek hummed. "Alright," he said. "They can get their own section on the other side, maybe." He started marking columns, about an inch wide, starting on the left and working across.

Stiles had his knees to his chest, watching Derek with his brows furrowed. "I'm still not sure what this is for, sir."

"Every week, you can tick off the things you did," Derek explained, writing the names of the upstairs rooms (except the bathrooms) vertically in the long row at the top of each column. "So we can both see how much there was." He ruled a thicker dividing line, then started writing the downstairs rooms.

Stiles nodded. "To help me keep track."

"And so I can reward you for how much you've done," Derek said, drawing another thick dividing line, and marking the next three columns 'ensuite', 'upstairs bathroom', and 'downstairs bathroom'.

Stiles blinked, flushing softly and ducking his head. "Kay."

"Do you ever partially clean one of the bathrooms?" Derek asked.

"Like a quick clean? Yes sir, usually on busy days," Stiles murmured, fiddling with his fingers. "Usually it's normal cleaning."

"Okay." Derek wiped out the dividing lines for the bottom three rows, so there was a small box and a longer rectangle in each of the 'bathroom' columns. "You can tick the small box if you do a quick
clean, and the large one if you do the whole thing."

"Weekly? or daily?" Stiles murmured, shifting his eyes to the TV, unconsciously looking for dust.

Derek frowned slightly. "How often have you been cleaning the bathrooms?" he asked.

"I clean them every day," Stiles murmured. "Like the rest of the house." He flushed, bringing his knees up and hiding his face.

"Oh querido," Derek said sadly, rubbing Stiles' back. How had he not noticed this? "The whole house? That's too much."

"S'not that bad when I do it every day," Stiles murmured.

It was a big house. Really big. And Stiles was cleaning the whole thing every day? "Once a week, Stiles," Derek said firmly. "You can do some cleaning every day, but for most things, once a week is enough."

Stiles let out a soft whine. "I can try," he finally murmured.

"Good boy," Derek said. "There are more important things to me than my house being spotless," he explained. "I'd rather you spent more of your time doing things that made you happy - unless cleaning makes you happy?"

"Sometimes it does," Stiles admitted softly. "I like knowing I did a good job, I like knowing that if someone comes over it looks really nice. And I feel...relieved?...when it's done being cleaned." It was hard for him to explain.

"Can you explain that a bit more for me?" Derek asked gently. "Why is it a relief when the house is clean?"

"I...itch?...when it's not cleaned up. It bothers me. A part of me starts looking for every dustmite if I haven't cleaned it that day. And it irritates me, but doesn't... it's..." Stiles was getting frustrated, trying to explain it. "It's almost like I have ants crawling on me when I notice that I haven't cleaned that day. It wasn't this bad before my testing. I would end up cleaning once a week or if I couldn't find something. But now...it just..." He rubbed at his arms, thunking his forehead onto his knees.

Derek wrapped his arm around Stiles' shoulders, offering physical comfort as he tried to figure out the best thing to do. "So, before your testing, you cleaned regularly, but not all the time, and now it really bothers you?"

"Yeah," Stiles murmured, nodding and curling up against him, soaking up the comfort. "I used to only deep clean once a month, maybe. And now the shampooing and such happens once a week or at least twice a month."

"If you could go back to cleaning as often as you used to and be okay with that, would you want to?" Derek asked. He was really worried now, honestly.

Stiles shivered, chewing on his lower lip. "I want to. I don't like feeling all...itchy. I don't like it. But even right now I'm sitting here cataloging what I ended up not cleaning yesterday..."

"I'm worried that if I put some kind of rule around your cleaning, it'll mean you're uncomfortable more of the time," Derek admitted. "That's not what I want."
"I don't like feeling like this, sir," Stiles admitted, almost inaudibly. "I'm kinda used to it now, I just clean right after breakfast, then cook lunch, then do things in the afternoon for my Etsy shop. I just can't sit still at all in the morning, the itchy makes me feel...okay, you know how people have restless leg syndrome? Kinda like that..."

Which Stiles' ADHD was probably contributing to. Shit. "Has it gotten worse?" Derek asked. "Or was it like flipping a switch?"

"Wasn't as fast as flipping a switch, but I noticed within a couple of weeks that it had got worse than it was before. Used to be messes only bothered me when they got to where I couldn't find something or I tripped or it'd been a while. Now the only 'chaos' I can seem to handle is the craft room..."

"Which is your space..." Derek said, thinking aloud. "Has it gotten worse since then? Do you have more problems now than you did six months ago?"

Stiles tilted his head in thought, chewing on his lower lip. "Not that I'm aware of?" he murmured. "Around things like today, my skin gets crawlier, that's it.."

"Okay." Derek didn't know if his ideas were going to work, but he had to try something. "You normally clean all morning, right?" he checked.

"Yes sir," Stiles nodded. "Then I start lunch about 11:30..." He was picking at his lower lip, his other arm wrapped around his knees.

"Alright," Derek said, pressing a soft kiss to Stiles' temple. "We're going to try some new rules. They're not for forever, and we can change them, but I want to try. First of all, if there's any cleaning you feel the need to do in the afternoon, you come get me and we'll do it together."

Stiles didn't say anything, his brow furrowing. He nodded after a moment, picking at his lip. He didn't normally itch in the afternoon if he'd cleaned that morning.

"Secondly," Derek went on, "in the mornings, you have a free pass to warm my cock whenever you want. So if you only clean for an hour, you can warm my cock for two or three hours before it's time to get lunch ready." He was hoping that positive reinforcement would motivate, and subspace would soothe, but really, he had no idea how this would pan out.

Stiles' eyes widened. He loved warming Derek's cock with mouth or ass, he didn't care, loved the way he just floated. Maybe...maybe that would help the itching. "Can try," he whispered, picking at his lips and wincing as a bit peeled off.

Derek caught Stiles' hand gently. "You'll make your lips bleed," he warned. "Thank you for agreeing to try. Would you like to warm my cock now?"

Stiles curled his fingers around Derek's, licking at his lip and crinkling his nose at the slightly raw spot. "Please," he breathed, sucking the lip into his mouth and peeking up at Derek. He wasn't allowed to clean until eleven. And he was already really antsy.

"Okay," Derek agreed. "Good boy for asking for what you need. I'm going to watch some TV, and you're going to kneel right here and keep me warm." He let go of Stiles to unzip his pants and get his cock out.

Stiles scrambled off the couch, pulling his cushion into place before kneeling. He peeked up at Derek for a moment, then leaned forward to sink down onto his cock, whimpering softly and almost going
limp against him. He wrapped his arms around Derek's waist, breathing deeply through his nose.

"That's it, querido," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair. "That's perfect. You're doing exactly what I want, and there's nothing else you could be doing right now that would please me more."

Stiles let out a soft whimper, eyes fluttering closed. He let himself slip away, suckling every now and then without thinking. He was relaxed and able to stop the itching.

Derek smiled down at him, reaching over his head to grab the remote and find something to watch.

Chapter End Notes

It's our anniversary! Yay! It's also Derek and Stiles' anniversary! Yay! ...unfortunately, the course of true love never did run smooth.

However, we have an anniversary gift for you guys: you will have noticed that this work is now part of a series we've made for our collaborations, and on the stroke of midnight (or thereabouts), we will be posting a new, completed work to this series. It was written in response to a prompt from one of you guys, and we had a lot of fun doing it, so we hope it encourages you to send us more prompts, either here or at our tumblr

Thank you as always to Chicktar, our beta, and thanks to all of you for a wonderful year!
Chapter Summary

Stiles nodded, giving Derek a small smile. "Need to eat. And the panic won't set in bad until about two normally. Dunno if it's going to be different with the evaluation though..."

Panic? How could he have possibly missed this? What the hell had he been doing that he couldn't see Stiles was having problems? What sort of Dom was he, that he didn't know? "I guess we'll have to see," Derek said, trying to keep his voice light.

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Derek helps Stiles get ready for the DAC visit, and the two of them talk to Morrell about what's happened.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Continuation of Stiles' issues with compulsive behavior from the previous chapter; some self-blame from Derek/about/ that compulsive behaviour; anxiety about abandonment from Stiles.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

At eleven o'clock exactly, Derek threaded his fingers through Stiles' hair and pulled him off his cock. "Amado?" he murmured. "It's time to stop now."

Stiles whined, blinking hazily up at Derek. He licked his slightly swollen lips, leaning forward just a bit so Derek's fingers tugged more.

"Feeling good, chiquito?" Derek said fondly. "Come on, up in my lap."

Stiles let out a soft, happy sound as he slowly climbed into Derek's lap, nuzzling his jaw. "Feel good."

"That's good, love," Derek murmured, tucking Stiles in close. "So good. I'm proud of you."

Stiles smiled against Derek's neck, slowly coming back to earth.

"That's my good boy," Derek murmured, keeping up a constant stream of quiet praise.

It took Stiles a bit, but he finally pulled away just enough to kiss Derek's jaw. "Love you, sir."

"I love you too, querido," Derek said, smiling. "How are you feeling?"
"Calmer," Stiles murmured. "Brain hasn't caught up fully yet."

"That's alright," Derek reassured him. "While you're calm, can you tell me what the most important thing to clean is?"

"Today? Bathrooms," Stiles said, smiling. His brain hadn't caught up yet, so he wasn’t itching.

"Okay," Derek said. "I'm going to help you. Would you feel better if we split up, or if we worked together on each one?"

Stiles chewed on his lower lip. "I'm not sure," he murmured. "Work together? That way I see that it's done each time?"

"Good idea," Derek praised. "And you can make sure I'm cleaning to your satisfaction, too."

Stiles gave him a shy smile. Maybe it would work. "Yes sir."

"Good boy." Derek smiled back and kissed Stiles' forehead. "Are you ready to get up?"

Stiles nodded, chewing on his lip and wiggling against Derek, grinning before slipping off.

Derek stood and stretched. "Let's get you some water before we do any cleaning, hmm?"

"Yes sir." Stiles smiled shyly, his chest starting to tighten as he realized how close the evaluation was. And there were still things dirty (at least to him)...

Derek leaned in for a quick kiss, then led Stiles to the kitchen.

Stiles shifted from foot to foot, chewing on his lower lip. "Sir," he murmured, not really wanting to say anything, but knowing he should. "It..."

"You're, uh, 'itchy'?” Derek guessed.

"Getting there." Stiles looked around, chewing on his thumbnail. "Sorry," he mumbled, lowering his eyes.

"It's okay, love," Derek reassured him softly. "I know you're doing your best."

"Mopping, bathrooms, bedroom, trash..." Stiles listed to himself, his eyes flicking around before settling back on Derek, giving him a small smile.

"Bathrooms first," Derek reminded him. "One step at a time, amado."

Stiles nodded, chewing on his lip. "Downstairs first," he murmured.

"Good boy," Derek praised. "Are you still keeping the cleaning things in the laundry?"

Stiles nodded. "Except the toilet cleaner, it's under the sink in each bathroom," he whispered, already wiping the counter again.

Derek noticed the motion, and made a promise to himself that if this didn't improve within a month, he was going to take Stiles to see a therapist. "Alright then," he said. "Lead the way."

Stiles nodded, finishing the counter before slipping into the laundry room, gathering the mirror cleaner, Clorox wipes, Ajax powder, and his scrub brush into a bucket. He stopped and added a roll
of paper towels, the wet Swiffer and the pads for it, along with a trash bag.

Derek just waited, letting Stiles do and get whatever he needed.

Stiles gave Derek a tiny smile, slipping into the downstairs bathroom and wetting down the bathtub before sprinkling Ajax on it and letting it sit.

"I'll do the mirror and the sink," Derek offered. Stiles obviously had a routine here, but he was pretty sure wiping down surfaces was something he could do to Stiles' standards.

Stiles nodded, holding out the wipes and the mirror cleaner. "Thank you," he murmured, grabbing the toilet cleaner.

"Of course, love," Derek replied, getting to work. "You're welcome."

Stiles smiled briefly at him, before quickly falling into his normal pattern of scrubbing and cleaning the toilet and bathtub, humming softly under his breath.

Ironically, cleaning the bathroom was making Derek realize it...really didn't need cleaning. A bit of soap scum on the sink, a tiny bit of dust, a misplaced hand towel - there was barely anything to do.

Stiles finished the tub and toilet, letting out a soft sigh as he stretched, looking around and swiffering the floor that Derek wasn't on, standing near the door so that half of the room could dry, giving Derek a tiny smile.

"It looks good," Derek praised, eyeing the wet floor and crossing it with only one step in the wet section.

Stiles gave him another tiny smile, swiffering where Derek had been standing, grabbing his bucket before making sure any footprints were re-swiffered, almost beaming at the clean room before turning on the exhaust fan and heading to the stairs for the next one.

Stiles was efficient, Derek had to give him that, he thought, as they went through the same routine on the next bathroom. It wasn't entirely reassuring that Stiles had gotten bathroom-cleaning down to a fine art, but it was something, he supposed. When both the upstairs bathrooms were done, Derek hugged Stiles and gave him a kiss on the forehead. "What next, amado? Mopping or bedroom?"

Stiles cuddled into the hug, smiling. "Bedroom, since we're in here now, and then mopping kitchen and hallways. But before mopping I need to take the trash out."

"I'll do the trash," Derek promised. "So let's do the bedroom now, and then it won't take long, yeah?"

Stiles nodded, grinning. "Make bed, vacuum, straighten up, and every Friday change sheets."

"I'll vacuum while you tidy up, how about that," Derek suggested.

"Yes sir," Stiles agreed, heading for the bed to smooth it out and make it, fussing with one corner when it wouldn't cooperate.

Derek gave Stiles his space, retrieving the vacuum cleaner and starting to work on the floor.

Stiles growled, yanking on the sheet and finally getting it to work, finishing the bed while still grumbling. He went through and cleaned their dresser and straightened their nightstands, twitching with the bed pillows every once in a while.
The noise from the vacuum was hiding Stiles' audible reactions, but Derek could easily see that he was irritated.

Stiles finished his parts of the room, eyeing the floor, just a tiny bit of his frustration leaving at the proof that Derek was actually doing it. Instead of humoring him.

"Did I miss anything?" Derek checked as he switched the vacuum off.

Stiles shook his head, still annoyed but giving Derek a smile. "Looks good, sir."

"So this room's done?" Derek checked. "It's just downstairs left?"

Stiles looked around and nodded. "Trash and mopping. And lunch and dishes."

"Well, it's already getting close to midday," Derek pointed out. "So let's do lunch first, how about that?"

Stiles shifted on his feet, nodding. "What would you like for lunch?"

"Something simple, I think," Derek suggested. "How about grilled cheese?" It was one of Stiles' comfort foods, and Derek wanted him to have all the comfort he could right now.

Stiles smiled, nodding. "I think we have some soup still as well." He washed his hands before heading downstairs, wiping the sink back out before he left the bathroom.

"Sounds good," Derek agreed, following Stiles to the kitchen. "Are you okay to take a break from cleaning until after we've eaten?"

Stiles nodded, giving Derek a small smile. "Need to eat. And the panic won't set in bad until about two normally. Dunno if it's going to be different with the evaluation though..."

Panic? How could he have possibly missed this? What the hell had he been doing that he couldn't see Stiles was having problems? What sort of Dom was he, that he didn't know? "I guess we'll have to see," Derek said, trying to keep his voice light.

Stiles turned back to him, looking at him quizzically before shaking his head. "Sir. I'm okay," he promised quietly. "The panic only happens if I ignore the itch too long. And honestly, you helping and the warming earlier is helping. And the panic isn't as bad as when I used to have panic attacks. It's more of a 'Gotta get it done now' panic. Please. Stop beating yourself up. And don't say you weren't. Your voice may not have changed but your eyes..." He bowed his head.

"Stiles..." Derek said helplessly. "Why didn't I know? It's been a year!"

"I didn't really see it as a problem before. So I didn't say anything," Stiles murmured, keeping his eyes down. "I don't mind cleaning, you know this, Sir, and sometimes I use it as a chance to plan things while I'm doing it. Projects, plans for that day, when my next visit with Isaac would be, things like that."

"Liking cleaning is all very well, but not when you don't have a choice," Derek replied.

"I have a choice. I could have ignored the itching." Stiles sighed, shifting on his feet. "Don't beat yourself up about it, Sir. Please." Part of him was yelling at himself for even mentioning it. It wasn't like it was seriously messing with him past the itching and mild panic if he ignored it. And now his Dom was thinking it's all his fault and it wasn't and... "Please."
"I'm supposed to look after you," Derek said, frustrated.

"And you do!" Stiles insisted. "I just." He let out a breath, his shoulders slumping a bit. "To me, it wasn't a big deal," he mumbled. "I'm sorry. I should have said something."

Derek didn't understand. "How could it not be a big deal?"

"It didn't feel like one to me," Stiles murmured. "So I needed to clean more or else I'd get a bit more twitchy..." He shrugged, keeping his eyes on the floor. He felt guilty for having not told Derek sooner, seeing how much it was bothering Derek.

Derek sighed. "I want you to be able to be content, Stiles," he explained.

Stiles nodded. "I don't even think about it much anymore," he murmured. "When I do it right after breakfast, before the itching really starts..."

"Just..." Derek sighed. "If you get 'itchy', come find me so I can keep you company. Please?"

"That I can do," Stiles promised. "And again, today did help, sir. I wasn't as itchy after the warming as before it," he murmured, flushing.

"Do you think it's still helping?" Derek asked hopefully. "Are you less itchy now than you would have been?"

Stiles tilted his head. "Guilty, yes. Itchy...yeah, I'm less itchy than I would have been." He smiled, blushing. "Especially after this morning with the warming. It helped settle me a bit."

Derek smiled a little, relieved. "We'll keep doing that, then," he said.

Stiles leaned against Derek's chest, tucking his face into Derek's neck. "I'm sorry," he murmured.

"Sorry for what, chiquito?" Derek checked, rubbing Stiles' back.

"Not telling you sooner," Stiles replied. "For upsetting you..."

"It's not - " Derek cut himself off. It wasn't entirely Stiles' fault that Derek was upset, but it partially was. "Okay. Can you tell me, in your own words, why this wasn't okay for you to not tell me?"

"I was hiding it, pretty much," Stiles murmured, hiding his face. "It's important to tell you things that bother me. No matter how little."

"That's right," Derek said. "We're going to do a punishment for it now, okay? So we can move forward with this."

Stiles face crumpled at the word 'punishment'. "Yes sir," he whispered, not lifting his face from where it was hidden.

"You're going to do a five-minute time out while I make lunch," Derek told him gently, stroking his hair. "Can you do that, love?"

Stiles let out a soft whine, nodding and slumping his shoulders. "Yes sir," he said, his voice trembling. He hated time outs. He hated punishments.

"I know you'll be good," Derek murmured. "You'll be a good boy and you'll take your punishment and then you'll be forgiven, okay? I know you can do it."
"Kay," Stiles whispered. "Where do you want me?"

Derek pointed to the corner of the kitchen near the door. "Over there, please, where I can keep an eye on you."

"Yes sir," Stiles murmured, kissing Derek's jaw before slinking off to the corner he'd pointed to, kneeling facing the door.

"Good boy," Derek praised. He glanced at the oven clock, making a note of the time. "Your time starts now."

Stiles nodded, falling still and quiet, tears already pooling in his eyes.

It was hard to see - Stiles was so wrought up already. But Derek honestly did think this punishment needed to happen, so he kept silent and focused on making lunch, with only occasional glances Stiles' way.

Stiles sniffled every now and then, his hands trembling. He wasn't itchy anymore. He was just ashamed. Ashamed that he'd hidden it for so long. Ashamed that it was even a thing that was happening.

It was a relief when Derek saw the time was almost up. He quickly took the sandwiches out of the press (they weren't quite done, but they'd need reheating anyway) and hurried to kneel in front of Stiles. "You're done now, querido," he said hurriedly. "You're forgiven."

Stiles looked up, crying softly. "I'm sorry," he hiccuped, reaching up to wrap his arms around Derek's neck. "I'm sorry."

"I know, chiquito," Derek murmured, wrapping Stiles in the warmest hug he could manage. "I know you're sorry, amado. I forgive you. You're my good boy."

"I'm sorry I have the itching. I'm sorry I hid it, I'm sorry," Stiles whimpered, tucking close.

"It's alright, amado," Derek promised, rubbing Stiles' back. "Mi amor. It's all forgiven. You can't help the itching, and you've told me now, and you're forgiven."

Stiles clung to him tightly, soaking up the comfort. "I don't like the itching," he whimpered. "I just grew used to it."

"I know, querido," Derek soothed him. "It's okay. We'll fix it. We'll find a way."

Stiles slowly settled, sniffling softly. "I really don't like time outs," he grumbled half-heartedly.

"I know," Derek said, smiling a little now that Stiles was more himself. "How are you doing?"

"Head kinda hurts from crying, but other than that I'm okay." Stiles sniffled. "Still worried about two o'clock..."

"It's going to be alright, chiquito," Derek promised. "Let's get up so you can wash your face, and then I'll get some juice."

"Yes sir," Stiles whispered, nuzzling close for a moment longer before standing, his legs trembling for a moment. He looked down at the knees of his pants, tilting his head, his eyes roving over the tile. "Don't need to mop," he murmured. "Just use the broom really well."

"That's good to know," Derek said, glad that Stiles' urge to clean was flexing at least a little bit. He
led Stiles over to the sink, running the water so Stiles could splash some on his face.

Stiles leaned over, letting the water run over his face for a moment before pulling back with a soft breath, rubbing water from his eyes.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, bringing over a glass of juice. "Let me just reheat our sandwiches and then we can eat, hm?"

"Yes sir," Stiles murmured, sipping at his juice, keeping it slow as he watched Derek finish lunch. "All that should be left is trash and lunch dishes and sweeping tile floors."

"Well, I'll take the trash out now while you finish lunch, and then we'll be almost done," Derek said. He wanted Stiles to have some time to relax, actually properly relax, before Morrell arrived. It had been a stressful morning for both of them.

"I'll make our plates while you do it?" Stiles offered, peeking into the soup and noticing that it was pretty much done. "What would you like to drink, sir?"

"Orange juice, please," Derek said, pressing a kiss to Stiles' cheek as he passed to empty the trash. "I'll be back in a minute."

"Yes sir." Stiles smiled, quickly setting the table with their food, cleaning the sandwich press quickly so that part would be done.

Derek took the trash out to the bins outside and just - took a moment to breathe. Unlike the last couple of times they'd talked to Morrell, he wasn't worried about losing Stiles. In fact, he was starting to wonder if they should tell about their issues, just so he could get some help figuring out what to do. Everything he'd suggested so far just felt like stopgap measures - hell, the whiteboard idea was clearly completely insufficient for the problem at hand.

Stiles dried the press off, putting it up where it went before looking around. He took a deep breath, looking down at his hands. The mini-scene from earlier really had helped calm the itching, and it wasn't as intense as usual.

Derek gave himself a minute, then went back inside, sticking his head into the kitchen to let Stiles know, "I'm just washing my hands, love."

"Yes sir! Plates are on the table." Stiles smiled, sitting down and continuing to sip at his juice. He was nervous about the evaluation, that much was true, but other than that, he felt oddly calm.

"Be there in a minute," Derek promised.

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Five minutes to two o'clock and Stiles' nerves had jumped up. He was curled under Derek's arm, focusing on his breathing. It wasn't so much the evaluation that was freaking him out. It was more the fact that they had someone coming into the house that had to do with the DAC at all. The small part of his brain that still sometimes thinks that Derek will be taken away always kicks in. Luckily this time it was much smaller though.

Derek was just doing his best to hide his own nerves from Stiles. He wanted this to go well. He wanted Stiles to come out of it happy.

Stiles startled a bit when the doorbell rang. Scrambling up, he bolted for the door.
"Stiles -" Derek called, but he gave up and followed him to the door.

Stiles swung open the door, giving her a tiny smile, reaching back with one hand for Derek. "Hello."

"Hello, Mr. Hale, Mr. Stilinski," Marin greeted them. "May I come in?"

"Of course," Derek said, stepping back to make some room. "Come through to the living room."

"I'll get some tea." Stiles gave her a nervous smile, kissing Derek's jaw before slipping into the kitchen, taking some deep breaths.

Marin glanced after him. "How are you?" she asked Derek.

Derek led her into the living room and gestured at the couches. "Please, sit." After a moment, he decided to be honest. "We've had...kind of a rough morning."

Stiles leaned against the counter, taking a deep breath to calm himself. Standing after another moment and putting on the kettle, setting up a small wooden tray with some mugs and teabags using the calming motions to re-center himself.

"How so?" Marin asked, frowning.

"I found out about something that's been bothering Stiles for a long time," Derek replied, unwilling to go into more detail without Stiles' permission. "And it kind of...devolved from there."

Finally putting hot water in each mug, Stiles put a small sugar bowl on the tray and grabbed the cream from the fridge, before taking the wooden tray into the living room.

Derek smiled at Stiles, even as a part of him wondered why Stiles was putting so much effort into presenting the tea nicely. Was it him, or was it his...itchiness? No. No, Stiles was himself, always. He made his choices, even when informed by the whole cleaning thing. "Thank you, Stiles," he said. "Come sit."

Stiles beamed, curling up under Derek's arm. "I figured bringing everything in here would be easier than trying to bring them in one at a time." He smiled, kissing Derek's jaw. "Love you," he murmured.

"I love you," Derek agreed, tucking Stiles in close.

Marin watched the byplay curiously. Whatever issues they'd had this morning, the two seemed to have resolved them.

Stiles relaxed, tucking his face in Derek's neck for a moment, humming lightly.

"How are you, Stiles?" Marin asked courteously.

"I'm okay, Ms. Morrell." Stiles gave her a shy smile. It was true - now that they had talked a bit, he was much calmer than he'd been that morning.

She smiled back. "I hear you had a challenging morning?"

Stiles lowered his eyes, nodding after a moment. "Yes ma'am." He leaned more heavily against Derek, peeking up at him, not sure what to say.

"Tell as much or as little as you want, love," Derek murmured. "If you don't want her to know, she doesn't have to."
"Could she help?" Stiles murmured, tucking his knees close. "I..." He paused, taking a deep breath. "I've had this weird itchy thing going on since around my testing," he admitted. "I have to clean. Every day. I..." He shifted, looking to Derek to help explain, growing frustrated again.

Derek rubbed Stiles' back, trying to reassure him. "From what Stiles has told me today, if the whole house isn't cleaned every day, it makes him feel uncomfortable and... 'itchy'."

"And this started about the same time as your testing?" Marin asked Stiles. "Before or after?"

"After. Not sure how long after, but it was after. It wasn't really a flip of the switch," Stiles murmured, pressing into Derek's touch.

Marin hummed. "Did Derek assign you cleaning duties when you became his sub?"

Stiles shook his head. "Said we'd share them. But the house wasn't really messy at all, the only bad mess was..." He gasped softly, "Wh-when I broke that bowl," he murmured, tucking closer to Derek at the memory.

"What..." It took Derek a moment to realize what Stiles was talking about, but as soon as he did, he curled around Stiles protectively. "Oh, love," he murmured sadly. "It's okay."

"Can you tell me a bit more about that incident?" Marin asked gently.

"I..." Stiles swallowed hard, soaking up the comfort from Derek. "I had a panic attack not that long after my testing, and I dropped a bowl full of food all over the floor, shattered it. After I stopped having the panic attack, I...I freaked out, seeing the bowl. Something happened to where the only thing we can liken it to was sub-drop. The panic that is," Stiles murmured, forcing himself to speak loud enough to be audible. "W-we got me calmed down, th-then Sir was in a flashback. Then the sub-sickness thing I told you about. D-did I not fully get over the panic? Is that what's causing this?"

"I don't think that's exactly it," Morrell said gently, "but I do think you're right that it's connected. Can you do something for me, Stiles?"

Stiles tilted his head. "Sure?"

"I want you to imagine that Derek's gone out for the day, and you decided to... you bake, don't you?" Morrell checked. Derek nodded at her, and she kept going. "Okay. You decided to do a lot of baking, and you haven't cleaned up yet, so the kitchen is full of dirty mixing bowls and measuring cups, and there's flour on the counters."

Stiles shivered, shrinking a little bit. "O-okay," he whispered, not sure where she was going with this.

"I know this is uncomfortable, Stiles," Marin said sympathetically. "But I think it will help." She waited a moment longer, then asked, "What does Derek do when he comes home?"

Stiles hid his face, cuddling close to Derek. "I don't know," he said, his voice soft and shaky.

"I think some part of you thinks it knows," Marin pressed gently. "Walk through this with me. You're in the messy kitchen, and Derek comes in and he..."

"He leaves!" Stiles cried out, clinging even tighter to Derek.

Derek clutched Stiles just as tightly, burying his face in Stiles' hair. "I wouldn't," he promised. "I wouldn't, Stiles. Mi amor. Mi amado querido. I wouldn't leave you like that."
Stiles was crying softly now, clinging tightly to Derek and keeping his face hidden. "My sir. Please. Mine. Please."

"My boy," Derek promised. "I've got you, love. I'm right here. You're right here with me."

Stiles slowly managed to stop crying, his hands twisted in Derek's shirt. "Y-yours," he whispered after a while.

"My boy," Derek said again, swallowing hard. "I'm so sorry, Stiles."

"No sorry," Stiles murmured, confused. "Why are you sorry?"

"You think I'd leave you for a messy kitchen," Derek said, angry at himself. "I wouldn't, I never would."

Stiles slipped his arms up, wrapping them around Derek's shoulders and neck, hugging him close. "I'm sorry," he whimpered.

"No, love, you're perfect, you don't need to be sorry," Derek promised. "I love you."

"Love you too," Stiles whispered. "I am sorry."

"Why are you sorry, Stiles?" Marin asked quietly.

"I don't like feeling like that. I don't like the itches. I logically know he won't leave. But, there's that small panic," he whispered, clinging to Derek.

"Your feelings are not your fault," she said steadily. "Can you say that for me?"

"M-my feelings are not my fault?" Stiles repeated softly, peeking out to her.

"That's good," Morrell praised, careful to avoid excess familiarity. "It's not your fault that you get itchy or panicked. It's not your fault that you're afraid."

"Not Sir's fault either!" Stiles grumbled, poking Derek's neck.

"I didn't say that," Marin said, at the same time as Derek pointed out, "It's partly my fault."

"Not your fault," Stiles grumbled. "Sorry, Ms. Morrell. I can feel the self-anger from him."

"I left you when you were upset," Derek pointed out. "That started this whole thing."

"We didn't know." Stiles sniffled. "I was feeling okay."

"You'd only just recovered, and then I abandoned you," Derek argued.

"Hold on a minute," Morrell interrupted.

Stiles looked over, sniffling softly. "Yes ma'am?"

"I don't think talking about whose fault it isn't will help either of you," she said calmly. "I think you two went through something difficult together, and it's still having an impact on you both. Let's deal with the situation we have now, hmm?"

Stiles sniffled. "I agree," he murmured, cuddling close to Derek.

"Alright," Derek relented, kissing the top of Stiles' head. "I don't suppose you have any
"What have you been doing so far to combat the problem?" Marin asked.

Stiles soaked up the affection, letting out a small sound. "You explain? My head’s all jumbled right now..."

"Of course, querido," Derek murmured. To Morrell, he said, "Stiles told me that normally he spends all morning cleaning. So I've told him that any time he isn't cleaning, in the mornings, he's allowed to come and warm my cock."

Marin nodded. "Stiles? Do you think that will help?" She believed it would, but it was Stiles who counted here.

"It helped some this morning," Stiles admitted, his cheeks flushed.

Marin smiled at him. "I think it's a very good strategy, actually, considering the roots of this anxiety," she told them both. "Stiles may be anxious about abandonment, but that physical, intimate connection would be a constant reassurance of your presence, Derek."

"Helps that I like doing that too," Stiles murmured.

"I imagine it does," Marin agreed, smiling.

"I also - I figured even if Stiles was able to stop cleaning during the morning, he might still get itchy later," Derek explained. "So I've set a rule that if he needs to clean in the afternoon, he needs to get me so I can help."

"And what do you think about that?" Morrell asked Stiles.

"I'm still not sure," Stiles murmured. "I kinda like the thought. Might help me realize, actually realize, that it's not just my job...." He still was clinging to Derek, his voice soft.

"It really isn't," Derek assured him. "Querido, are you okay?"

Stiles gave a hesitant nod. "Yes sir," he murmured. "Just a little...antsy still. I didn't like picturing that."

"It's alright, love," Derek promised, kissing Stiles' hair. "Would you like to stay where you are, or would you like to kneel?"

"I don't know," Stiles whispered, pressing as much into the kiss as he could. "I don't want to let go of you."

"That's okay," Derek promised. "You're okay, amado. Come sit in my lap, alright? Unless you have more questions for Stiles?" he asked Morrell.

"I'm happy for us to go to the observation part of this evaluation," Morrell agreed. "I think you're handling Stiles' anxiety about housework very well."

Stiles scrambled over, curling up in Derek's lap, his face tucked into Derek's neck. "Sorry," he whispered. "I'm sorry."

"You're okay," Derek promised. "You're a good boy, love. You've done nothing wrong. I love you."
"Love you," Stiles replied softly, nuzzling and nipping at Derek’s skin for a moment. He slid a hand into Derek’s hair, petting absently, letting the feel and warmth and smell of him calm him down.

"You're my good boy," Derek murmured, tucking Stiles in as close as he could. "Remember earlier? I forgave you. You have nothing to be sorry for. It's all forgiven."

"I'm all antsy, and I don't know why. The picture won't leave my head." Stiles kept his voice soft, though he had a feeling Morrell still heard it.

"Okay, amado," Derek said quietly. "That's okay. Can you picture something different for me? Trust me that it's going to help a little?"

"Yes sir," Stiles whispered. "I'll try." He swallowed hard, almost clinging to Derek.

"Good boy," Derek praised, holding Stiles close. "You're alright, chiquito. I want you to picture yourself waiting for me to come home, okay?"

Stiles closed his eyes, still petting Derek's hair. "Yes sir," he murmured, trying to focus on that picture, of himself just waiting.

"Good boy," Derek murmured. "I come in, and I'm happy with you, okay? I'm happy to see you."

Stiles shivered, managing to force the image in his head to show a happy Derek walking through the door. "Yes sir. I see it."

"And I say hi, and I see what you've been doing that day, and I'm still happy with you," Derek promised.

"Promise?" Stiles begged softly, his trembling having almost stopped.

"I promise, mi amor," Derek said. "No matter what, I'm happy with you. I'm happy to see you."

Stiles nodded, hugging Derek tightly, finally calming down. "I love you."

"I love you," Derek said firmly. "No matter what, Stiles."

Stiles slumped, his hold loosening, but he didn't move away. "Sorry."

"You've done nothing wrong," Derek murmured. "I forgive you, okay? I've forgiven you."

"Thank you." Stiles kept his voice soft, licking his lips. "Thank you."

"You're welcome, amado," Derek said gently. "Can I have a kiss?"

Stiles leaned back a bit, tilting his head up for a kiss, cheeks flushed. Derek smiled, and pressed a gentle kiss to Stiles' lips, pausing there for a long moment before pulling back. "I love you," he murmured.

Stiles let out a contented sigh. "Love you too," he murmured, taking one of Derek’s hands and playing with his fingers.

Derek let Stiles have his hand, looking at him fondly.

Marin let them have a moment, then cleared her throat delicately.
Stiles squeaked, hiding his face in Derek's hand. "Sorry!"

"It's alright, Stiles," Morrell reassured him. "I've seen all I need to, to confirm that you're communicating and looking after each other. If you like, I can leave without seeing you scene."

Derek looked at Stiles, wanting to know what he thought. "Chiquito?"

Stiles chewed on his lip, nuzzling Derek's hand. "I want to," he murmured shyly. "But only if you do."

"How close are you to your space, do you think?" Derek asked softly.

"Not that far," Stiles admitted, his voice soft and a bit quieter than usual. He nuzzled Derek's palm.

"Alright." Derek smiled, kissing Stiles' forehead. "I'm going to connect up your cuffs, and you can kneel for me and suck my fingers, okay? Do you think that will be enough?"

Stiles' eyes fluttered closed and he nodded. "Yes sir," he breathed, licking his lower lip. True, he would prefer Derek's cock, but he knew nothing like that would be happening. Not with Morrell there.

"Okay," Derek murmured. "Down you get, querido, and give me your hands." He kept a standard cuff connector on him most of the time now.

Stiles slipped off his lap to the floor, dragging his kneeling cushion over before settling onto it, holding out his hands.

"Good boy," Derek praised, linking the cuffs on Stiles' wrists and offering Stiles his fingers. "Here you are, love."

Stiles curled his fingers around Derek's wrist, already starting to sink just having his hands linked, sucking Derek's fingers into his mouth, eyes fluttering closed.

"That's it," Derek murmured. "That's all you have to worry about right now."

Stiles let out a whimpering moan, his eyes fluttering closed, suckling almost desperately.

Derek pressed down lightly on Stiles' tongue. "It's alright, amado," he promised.

Stiles slumped with a whimper, sinking deep and hard, swaying where he was.

"Good boy, amado," Derek said softly. "You're perfect."

Stiles swayed closer, sucking harder to get Derek's fingers all the way in his mouth.

"Shh," Derek soothed as he obliged him. "You're okay, love. I've got you."

Stiles whimpered, relaxing to the point that he was leaning against Derek's knees.

"That's it," Derek praised. "That's my good boy." Once he was sure Stiles was settled, he glanced up at Morrell.

Stiles hummed, suckling happily on Derek's fingers, resting against Derek's knees.

Ms. Morrell was smiling. "He does go down rather easily. That proves a lot of trust, Mr. Hale."
"He was already halfway there," Derek said, shrugging.

"And he was halfway there because of you. Don't just brush off the knowledge of his trust in you. It's a wonderful thing to have a sub's full trust, like you obviously have his. I think you know that, but you're trying not to admit it." She crossed her legs, sipping from her mug. "It's always refreshing to see that much trust in a relationship."

"...what happens if you don't see that?" Derek asked, a little warily.

"Don't see the trust? Don't worry." Marin smiled a little. "I can tell when a sub is just nervous about someone else seeing a scene, or about the visit in general. There are signs, of course, that I watch for that aren't good ones. But I've seen none of those here. If I had, I would have Stiles in my car already and had left. But I had no doubts that this would be a lovely visit."

Derek raised his eyebrows. "You'd have just...taken him?"

"I would not have left him in a situation that I deemed unsafe," Morrell said firmly. "Now, of course, there are varying levels. If it was something small, I'd leave you with certain suggestions and conditions. If I was witness to some kind of abuse, he'd be in my car faster than you can say oops."

In one way, that was reassuring. In another, it just highlighted how Derek had slipped through the cracks when he was young. "How do you get into this job, anyway?" he asked, changing the subject.

"Social work, with a major in D/s studies and a minor in psychology, and I had an accreditation test to pass as well." Marin sipped from her mug again. "He chose a very good tea, by the way. This is quite lovely."

"Did you hear that, amado?" Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' tongue to get his attention. "You chose good tea. Well done."

Stiles made a happy noise, his hazed, blown eyes peeking up at Derek.

Morrell smiled warmly. "And that just cemented the fact that you two have a wonderful Dom/sub relationship going. I don't need to see anymore. I'm quite proud of you two."

"Proud?" Derek asked.

"Yes, proud." Marin set her now empty mug back down on the tray, leaning forward a bit for emphasis. "You've been through so much, Mr. Hale. And for you to come out of something like that and become the wonderful Dom you've shown me you are, well, that's extraordinary. And for Mr. Stilinski to show time and time again how much he trusts you, how much he obviously cares for you. For trusting his instincts and even for the help he gave Mr. Lahey - yes, I got the details of that - I'm very proud of both of you. I've never been more proud of a couple I've had walk through my doors in all my years working for the DAC."

Derek closed his eyes for a second as he took a shuddering breath. "Thank you," he said quietly. "Do you mind, ah, showing yourself out?" He nodded to Stiles. "I don't want to make him get up."

"I have no problem at all," Morrell said with a rare smile. "And you are very, very welcome. I'm only sorry we weren't able to catch that Dom before she did what she did." She stood, smoothing out her skirt and slowly walked over, telegraphing her movements as she patted his shoulder. "Be well, Mr. Hale. Call me if either of you ever need advice."

Derek watched her leave, a little overwhelmed, then bent down to kiss Stiles' hair. "It's just us now,"
he said, relieved. "Everything's good, mi amor."

Stiles smiled around Derek's fingers, petting his knees awkwardly with his tied hands.

"Would you like to come up, querido?" Derek checked.

Stiles' brow furrowed in confusion, tongue curling around Derek's fingers. He hummed again, leaning closer.

"I'm guessing that's a no," Derek said, a soft smile replacing the look of shock and sadness on his face.

Stiles let out a happy sound, nipping at the pads of Derek's fingers before slipping them back into his mouth.

"Alright, chiquito," Derek conceded. "You can stay there for now."

Chapter End Notes

And here we go - the beginning of a new year for our boys, and for us as well. Hopefully 2017 will treat us all a little better than 2016 did.

Well, at least until July my body is going to hate on me, but as long as the rest of the world doesn't hate on me, I'm good -Kattseye

Thanks, as always, to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you who comment - we love hearing from you! (You can also find us on tumblr)
Moving Day

Chapter Summary

"No, sweetheart," Scott said firmly. "The first time we have sex in our new home, I want it to be in our new bed. You'll just have to wait."

Isaac pouted for a moment before flopping back onto the tabletop. "Fiiiiiiiine. Yes sir," he groaned.

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Isaac and Scott move in together, celebrate moving in together, then celebrate some more

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Isaac took a deep breath, his hand on his collar, looking over to Scott. God, he actually had his dom now. And he was going to finally get his wish of being with him all the time.

Scott reached out to grab Isaac's hand, squeezing it. "They already approved us," he reminded Isaac (and maybe himself). "We just have to sign the lease."

Isaac smiled, squeezing back. "I just...I finally get to wake up with you every day. It's happy nerves, promise, Sir." He threaded their fingers together, turning back to the door. "Let's get our keys." His smile turned sly. "Maybe visit it before our stuff even gets here...celebrate," he teased.

"Uh, I don't know about you..." Scott said slowly, "but I prefer to 'celebrate' on furniture. Just a thought."

Isaac laughed brightly. "Just a thought, sir. We can always wait until we get our bed in there," he teased.

"Sounds good to me," Scott agreed.

"My knees and back may thank us later for not having carpet burn." Isaac laughed, tugging his Dom into the door of the office.

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Scott sighed as the movers left, exhausted. Maybe they could have done it themselves if they weren't moving cities, but as it was...hiring a truck was worth it not to have to make multiple trips. Not that either of them had all that much stuff to call their own. The new flat was still pretty bare. But at least it had a fridge, and a washing machine, and a dining table. Only one bookshelf, though, and no bed. Neither of theirs were really big enough, not for long term. "We should probably go to IKEA," Scott admitted.

"Oh good." Isaac laughed, deciding to lay on the table, shirtless and panting from helping move furniture up two flights of stairs. Why were the cheaper apartments always upstairs? "We can test out
couches and beds that way, deciding what we want." He waved toward where the bedroom was. "I don't think boxes of clothes would be comfy to sleep on, sir."

"I mean, if we piled up enough blankets and towels and pillows, we could probably cope for a night," Scott pointed out. God. He didn't want to move.

"Mmmm, true." Isaac arched against the table, shifting a bit so he could look over at Scott. "But we might as well, since we have Stiles and Derek here to help get things up those thrice damned stairs. Wait, more than thrice, there were at least eight distinct times..." He laughed, covering his eyes. "I don't mind the stairs, but that washer was not light, and this table is solid mahogany!"

"You weren't even carrying either of those," Scott pointed out, amused. "The movers brought them in and Derek and I got them into place."

"Semantics. Still heavy." Isaac waved his hand lazily, a grin on his face. He licked his lips, turning to watch Scott again. "I love you."

"I love you too." Scott came over to half-lean, half-sit on the table. "D'you think Stiles and Derek will be much longer? I'm starving."

Isaac's eyes darkened, licking his lips with a grin. "I am too," he teased, tugging on Scott's arm until he could pull him into a kiss. "Depends on which McDonald's they went to," he murmured.

"Isaac," Scott said sternly (even though he was completely unable to help the smile on his face), "Derek and Stiles are not going to walk in on us making out on the new dining table."

Isaac just grinned, seeing the smile on Scott's face. "Who said anything about making out?" He asked innocently, nipping at Scott's jawline.

"Your body language did," Scott countered, even as he tilted his neck to give Isaac better access. Isaac let out a soft laugh, sucking kisses along Scott's jaw until he reached his ear, tugging lightly on the lobe with his teeth.

Scott shivered. "Isaac..." he warned.

"Mm?" Isaac pouted, pulling back enough to lick his lips and flick his eyes up at Scott's. "Yes sir?" he asked, voice dripping with innocence and mischievous eyes wide.

Scott shook his head fondly. "Come on, honey, we don't want to scar them if they walk in at the wrong moment. That's enough now."

Isaac pouted, the mischievous look still on his face. "Later then." He grinned. "I want to test exactly how solid this table is."

"Isaac!" Scott exclaimed. "This is the dining table."

"So? I'll clean it after." Isaac laughed brightly, flopping back onto the surface and stretching out. "S'not like we don't own cleaning supplies, sir."

"Yes, but can we find them?" Scott pointed out.

"Box labeled 'Ugh Cleaning'," Isaac replied promptly, chewing on his lower lip and letting his eyes fall half-closed, sending Scott a hot look.
"No, sweetheart," Scott said firmly. "The first time we have sex in our new home, I want it to be in our new bed. You'll just have to wait."

Isaac pouted for a moment before flopping back onto the tabletop. "Fiiiiiiiiine. Yes sir," he groaned. He was startled by a knock on the door before Stiles peeked in, giggling to himself.

Stiles grinned widely. "Yay, shirtless muscle time!" He smirked, bringing in the drink carrier and passing Scott and Isaac their drinks. "Not going to lie, wouldn't have been surprised if I had walked in on more," he teased, making Isaac pout again.

"Not for a lack of trying," Isaac replied, sliding off the table and kissing Scott's cheek.

"I'm guessing that's why you came in first," Scott said, taking a sip from his coke. "Derek's got a much lower tolerance for shenanigans."

"More like he's not a raging exhibitionist and voyeur like I am." Stiles grinned, turning to stick his head back out the door. "It's safe, sir!" he called, before turning to stick their straws in his and Derek's cups.

Isaac grinned, pulling his chair close to Scott, leaning against him, head tucked against Scott's shoulder. He'd been clingy the past few days. Though it was probably just because moving wore him out.

"Good to know," Derek said dryly, coming in with one of those huge brown paper bags. "Stiles, help me sort out whose is whose."

"Yes sir!" Stiles grinned, kissing Derek's jaw before rummaging in the bag, setting Isaac's and Scott's food in front of them silently, noticing that they needed a moment.

"You okay, sweetheart?" Scott murmured.

"Yeah, just...worn," Isaac murmured. "As far as I can tell that's what's wrong. Just feel a little..raw."

"Do you want to kneel while we eat?" Scott suggested.

Isaac flushed softly, wiggling a bit. "It may help," he whispered. "Luckily I got nuggets." He slipped from the chair to kneel next to Scott, leaning his head on his Dom's knee for a moment to breathe deeply, already relaxing a bit.

"Here you go," Stiles murmured to Derek, sliding his Dom his food, and moving the pile of ketchup and sauces so Scott could reach them.

"Thank you, chiquito," Derek replied quietly, turning away from Scott and Isaac to give them some privacy.

"Do you want sauce on those, love?" Scott checked, stroking Isaac's hair while his hands were still clean. "And fries?"

"No sir," Isaac smiled, leaning into the affection. "Just nuggets and fries this time." He didn't feel like fighting with packets.

Scott smiled. "I'm gonna alternate, okay? One nugget, then a few chips, then another nugget. You don't have to talk."
Isaac nodded, kissing Scott's knee, nuzzling a bit before settling, a small smile on his face.

Scott picked up a chicken nugget and held it where Isaac could reach, but not right in his face. No one wanted to pay too much attention to McDonalds food.

Isaac took the nugget carefully between his teeth before nuzzling Scott's fingers. He let out a happy sound, one arm wrapping around Scott's leg.

"That's perfect, sweetheart," Scott praised, getting himself some fries with his free hand.

Isaac smiled, laying his head on Scott's knees as he finished that nugget, relaxed.

Scott picked up a few fries and held them for Isaac to take, glancing across the table at Derek and Stiles. "You guys were a huge help today, you know," he said.

Isaac slowly ate, eyes drooping a bit as he finally let himself slip just a bit into his space.

Stiles beamed. "I like helping," he nodded. "And I know it's a big change."

"We weren't going to let you do this on your own," Derek added. "Of course we helped."

Scott looked around. The apartment was bigger than his dorm room, of course, but it was a lot smaller than his home in Beacon Hills. "You think we'll do okay here?" he asked.

"I think it's a lovely place to start being yourselves." Stiles insisted. "No one watching you or coming in unexpectedly. Rules you set up yourself." He let a small smile cross his face. "It's different without a parent, I'll give you that, but honestly, it's good. And you'll both do wonderful."

Isaac grinned, kissing Scott's palm.

Scott smiled down at Isaac. "You agree, huh?" he murmured.

Isaac nodded. "A place for just me and you," he said softly, keeping his voice quiet without thinking. "I've had a lot of dreams about this."

"We're here now," Scott replied, equally quietly.

Isaac gave him one of the brightest smiles he'd ever made. "We are. I love you. And I'm feeling much calmer than I was." He leaned more against Scott. "Though IKEA is huge..."

"We'll wait as long as you need," Scott promised, offering Isaac the last of the fries. "You can stay there for as long as you want."

Isaac smiled, taking the fries and eating them before wrapping both arms around Scott's legs, pressing his eyes to his Dom's knees.

Stiles hid a smile behind the last of his nuggets, eyes glinting. "Ok, so, what should we add to the IKEA list? Couch? Bed?"

"Definitely bed," Scott agreed. "I'm not so sure about IKEA couches, but we kinda need one."

"You also need more shelving," Derek pointed out. "And somewhere to keep your clothes."

"And this way you can try them to make sure you like them." Stiles grinned. "So." He pulled out his
phone, making a list. "Bed, couch, dresser? It'd be awesome if you found a bedroom set you like, they sometimes have bundle sales. A couple of bookshelves. Anything else?"

"That's enough for one day," Scott said. "Or we'll be wrestling with allen keys until midnight."

"I'm an allen key master." Stiles grinned, but he nodded, saving the note.

Isaac ran his hands up the outside of Scott's thighs, peeking up at him with a grin. "Ready when you are, sir," he murmured, feeling much more relaxed than earlier, much more centered. And, of course, much more excited.

"You're sure, baby?" Scott checked.

"I'm sure." Isaac nodded, tugging playfully at Scott's belt loops. "Want to try out beds." His grin grew mischievous, not phased when Stiles started giggling at the blatant pass on his Dom.

Scott snorted, bending down to kiss Isaac's hair. "You're back to normal, alright," he said. "Come on then. Up you get."

Isaac gave Scott a crooked grin, wiggling up off the floor, kissing Scott hard. "Love you," he murmured.

Stiles just laughed brightly. "Good to know I'm not the only sub I know that does that with their Dom." He turned, leering playfully at Derek.

"You're definitely not the only sub who teases from their knees," Derek agreed.

"Love you too, Isaac," Scott replied.

"You like it when I do it." Stiles grinned, leaning over to kiss Derek lightly.

Isaac beamed, shifting until he was standing next to Scott, bending back to stretch with a soft groaning whimper.

"So, IKEA?" Scott suggested.

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Isaac laughed, sliding the pizza box in the fridge. "That will be a good breakfast. At least better than coffee."

"Don't diss my coffee!" Stiles squawked, flailing a bit, though it was obvious he was tiring. He finished tugging on his jacket and leaned against Derek, too lazy to put on his hat.

"We really have to get going," Derek said, hugging Stiles around the waist to help keep him upright. "But don't hesitate to call if you need help, alright? It's not like we have a busy schedule."

"We will," Scott promised, hiding his eagerness to get them on the road so that he could be alone with Isaac. "Thanks again for all your help."

"S'also not like we live that far away." Stiles gave them a small smile, waving to where Isaac stood in the kitchen, his other arm snaked around Derek.

Isaac chuckled, waving back and stretching. "Be safe on the way home! And thank you."
"You're welcome," Derek replied. "Have a good night."

*We will,* Scott thought, though he didn’t say it aloud.

Stiles waved one last time before they left, yawning sleepily.

Isaac just smiled, walking over to make sure the locks are done.

"Welcome home, darling," Scott murmured, coming up behind him and wrapping his arms around Isaac's waist.

Isaac leaned back, smiling widely. "Welcome home, sir," he whispered in return. He couldn't help the teasing wiggle he did, grin widening. "All ours."

Scott laughed. "Is that how it is?" he teased.

Isaac just grinned wider, spinning in Scott's arms, leaning against the door. "How what is?" he asked innocently.

"Are you gonna try to convince me you *weren't* rubbing up on my cock just now?" Scott said, grinning.

"Oh no, that was me." Isaac laughed, hooking his fingers in Scott's belt loops and tugging him closer. "Question is, am I going to convince you to try out our bed?"

"We gotta sleep somewhere, right?" Scott said innocently, completely failing to hide his smile.

"That is one use for it, true," Isaac replied, tilting his head back. "Come on, sir. It's not the table."

"That's true," Scott agreed. "You wanna tell me what you want me to do on this bed of ours?"

Isaac's eyes darkened. "Want you to spread me out, open me up and fuck me. Or maybe me riding you. Your choice. Anything, just want you."

"Spread you out, huh?" Scott said, warmth pooling inside him. "Want to try out those anchor points in the new headboard?"

Isaac opened his mouth just a bit, flicking his tongue out to wet his lips. "Yes. Please," he begged. He loved being pinned. One would think with his past he wouldn't, but it's different with Scott.

"You gonna be a good boy for me?" Scott murmured, leaning in close and nosing at Isaac's throat.

Isaac groaned, giving Scott more room. "Yes sir," he murmured, his stomach curling hotly.

Scott scraped his teeth lightly over Isaac's adams apple.

Isaac couldn't help the shiver he gave, rocking his hips forward with a small whine. "Oh fuck."

Scott reached between them to palm to bulge in Isaac's pants. "Yeah, baby?" he murmured.

Isaac slumped against the door, groaning. "Yeah, please sir," he begged softly, still tugging on Scott's belt loops.
"That's it, sweetheart," Scott murmured, encouraging him. "You want me to touch you?"

"All the time," Isaac breathed, rocking his hips forward, eyes falling half closed.

Scott reached up with his other hand to tug on Isaac's collar. "Tell me where."

"Everywhere," Isaac moaned, the tugging making him lean forward against him.

"Over your clothes?" Scott challenged, his eyes dark.

"Under," Isaac begged, seeing the spark in Scott's eyes. "Please want all the time, slip up behind me and slip a hand down my pants, grab my ass, tug me closer for a kiss, anything. Anytime, please."

Scott slid his hand up from Isaac's crotch to slip under his shirt, resting on his abs.

Isaac let out a low sound, pleading with both eyes and voice. "Please, sir," he breathed, arching into Scott's touch.

"This is what you wanted, right?" Scott teased. "Me touching you?"

Isaac whined, thinking his head back against the door. "Please," he begged, "want your touch everywhere, want to feel you spread me open."

"Show me, sweetheart," Scott ordered. "Show me on your skin where you want my touch." He loved seeing Isaac needy like this.

Isaac whined, letting go of Scott to wrestle his shirt off, flinging it to the side before going for the button of his pants with one hand, the other sliding along his own skin, whimpers leaving him when he hit a good spot. His collarbone, nipples, right side of his neck, left hipbone.

Good boy," Scott breathed, watching him hungrily. "Look at you, baby. Such a good boy."

Isaac finally managed to shove his pants down, rocking his hips to get them to fall to the floor, his hand travelling over his hotspots there too. Inside of his thighs, sliding down a bit until his fingers could brush the spot on the back of his right knee, trembling.

Scott stepped in close again, cupping Isaac's cheek with one hand and stroking down his chest with the other. "Good boy," he murmured, and leaned in to kiss Isaac hotly.

Isaac let out a high moan, his hands slipping up, giving himself a stroke as one hand slid around to grab his own ass, finally just giving in completely to the kiss.

Scott's hands slipped down and around, gripping Isaac's ass and tugging him closer.

Isaac groaned, rolling his hips against Scott, leaning forward to pant into his ear, tugging at the lobe with his teeth.

Scott hissed at the bolt of pleasure that went straight to his cock. "Fuck, Isaac," he gasped.

Isaac let out a husky, desperate laugh. "Yes please," he panted, sucking Scott's earlobe into his mouth.

"You gonna let me tie you down?" Scott breathed. "Let me touch you everywhere?"

Isaac whimpered. "Yes sir" he breathed, rolling his hips, panting in Scott's ear. "Please. Fuck, please sir."
"And you're going to be so good for me, aren't you?" Scott went on, squeezing Isaac's ass in promise. "You're going to beg for every minute of it."


Scott kissed Isaac again, swift and deep, then let go of him and stepped aside. "Go," he said. "Lie down. Show yourself off."

Isaac swayed in place for a bit, thrown by the kiss, then he nodded, grinning at Scott and all but running into the bedroom, stumbling just a bit on his pants. Once he finally made it, he flung himself onto the bed, spreading himself out. He bent his knees so his feet were flat on the bed, spread wide as he let his hands wander.

Scott followed, shedding layers as he went. By the time he got to their new bedroom, he was completely naked, well-defined muscles and flushed cock exposed to the air.

Isaac whined high in his throat, licking his lips and watching Scott with hot, dark eyes. "Sir," he groaned. He loved the fact that they were all alone. Loved the fact that he could be as loud as he wanted, for as long as he wanted.

"Show me how you want me to touch you," Scott ordered, stalking closer.

Isaac trembled, his eyes growing dark as he let his hands wander, eventually just slipping down to grab the sheet, pleading with Scott. "Please," he whimpered, already harder than a rock.

Scott reached down, pinching Isaac's nipple hard.

Isaac cried out, arching his back and reaching up, grabbing Scott's arm, though he didn't move him closer or away, just held him. Fuck, that felt like static shooting down his spine to his cock, making him throb.

"Colour?" Scott checked, brushing his palm gently over Isaac's reddened nipple.


"Good boy." Scott pinched the other, harder.

Isaac arched up sharply, hands twisting in the sheets. "Please," he begged, his voice cracking. "Please sir."

Scott bent down to take Isaac's nipple in his mouth, suckling at it.

Isaac moaned, fingers going to slide into Scott's hair, parting his legs wider, wanting Scott closer. "F-feel good."

Scott hummed, smoothing his hands over Isaac's torso, covering him with touch.

Isaac all but melted into the bed, moaning softly, combing Scott's hair with his fingers.

That's it, Scott thought, unable to speak with his mouth full. Relax. He hummed approvingly.
Isaac whimpered, shifting on the bed, his body relaxing at the gentle sucking, warmth rolling through him. "O-oh."

Scott pulled off, murmuring a quick, "Good boy," before focusing his attention on Isaac's neglected nipple.

The praise made him shiver, tilting his head back with a small moan as his other nipple was soothed.

Scott could see Isaac's cock, flushed and hard, from the corner of his eye, but for now he kept his focus where it was, wanting Isaac totally relaxed.

Isaac whimpered, sucking on his lower lip, his legs slipping down until he was flat on his back, the only movement being from his curling fingers

"Good boy," Scott murmured, pulling away so he could stroke Isaac's skin with his hands, his touch following the trails Isaac had marked out.

Isaac let out a soft moan, eyes tracking Scott, then fluttering closed. "Please sir," he groaned.

"I've got you, baby," Scott promised. "Let me take my time."

"Yes sir," Isaac breathed, licking his lower lip and sucking on it. He spread himself out, fingers combing through Scott's hair.

"Good boy," Scott praised, gradually moving down Isaac's torso. He wanted to make this good for Isaac - wanted to make it intense.

Isaac arched suddenly, shivering as Scott hit the spot on his hip, trembling. "Oh fuck."

Scott kissed it, then worried at it gently with his teeth.

Isaac let his eyes pop open, letting out a high pitched noise. "Oh shit, oh shit."

"Shh, it's okay," Scott soothed him, licking over the spot. "Just feel, sweetheart."

"I am," Isaac moaned softly, though he relaxed back into the blanket and sheets. "Feels so good. Please sir."

Scott got up onto the bed, kneeling between Isaac's spread legs, and bent over to take the head of Isaac's cock into his mouth.

Isaac barely kept from jerking his hips up in surprise, moaning loudly, almost echoing through the still kinda empty apartment.

Scott suckled gently, trying to copy everything Isaac had tried on him that had felt good.

Isaac kept up the moaning, breaking off into a soft whimper. "Cl-close. Please sir."

Scott pulled off briefly. "You want to come, baby?" he checked. "Or do you want me to stop?"

"Don't know," Isaac whined. "Want to come, want you to pick, just ...please." He was so desperate he was almost shaking.

"That's alright, sweetheart, you're so good," Scott promised. "You still want me to fuck you?"
"Please!" Isaac begged. "Want you. So much. Please." His mind was spinning, dipping down into subspace and lifting back up, almost making him dizzy.

Scott stroked Isaac's side in gentle reassurance. "It's okay, love, I will," he promised. "You're okay." He was, he thought, extremely glad that they'd decided to pack the lube with the 'essential toiletries', so it had already been put on the nightstand. He grabbed it, and lubed his fingers. "I'm gonna finger you now, baby, okay? I've got you."

"Yes! Yes, sir, please." Isaac groaned, spreading his legs as wide as he could, planting his feet on the bed again, trying to give Scott more room, desperate.

Scott started stroking Isaac's hip again, soothing him as he pressed a lubed finger to Isaac's hole. "You're alright," he murmured. "See?"

"O-oh," Isaac moaned, rocking back against the finger, wanting it in him, wanting it so bad. "D-do it. Stretch me out. Fuck me, claim me over and over, please."

"There you go, baby," Scott murmured, finger-fucking Isaac steadily, opening him up as quick as he could.


"Just a minute, love," Scott promised. "Just let me open you up a little, sweetheart. I'll fill you up, I promise."

"Empty," Isaac whined, his eyes fluttering closed before he forced them back open, wanting to see Scott. "Please." He couldn't help but beg, the thought of being full and pinned and lovely just making him more riled up.

Scott hurried to fit two fingers into Isaac's hole, twisting them a little. "Better, baby?"

Isaac managed to nod, grinding and twisting his hips on the fingers, moaning, his fingers going to reach for Scott.

"You're gonna be okay, sweetheart," Scott promised, scissoring his fingers. "I'm gonna fuck you so hard, come deep inside you."

"Yes, please sir, please!" Isaac begged. "Want.\" He groaned, fingers tracing what he could reach.

"Hands above your head, Isaac," Scott ordered. "Keep them there."

Isaac groaned, his hands slipping up the bed to grab the headboard, arching and crying out as the barely there shift made Scott hit his prostate.

"That's it,' Scott praised, eager to finish stretching Isaac out. "Sweetheart, do you think you can take a stretch today?"

"St-stretch?" Isaac asked, rocking his hips. "Want you."

"I know," Scott agreed, "and you're gonna get me. I'm just trying to figure out if we could try after two fingers instead of using three."

"Please," Isaac begged, his eyes widening. He loved the small amount of stretch from three fingers, he wanted more of it. "Yes. Please, green. Please." His voice was almost silent as he panted and
begged.

Oh, wow. "Okay, good boy," Scott soothed. "I've gotta pull my fingers out for a minute, but then you'll get my cock, okay? Are you going to wait patiently like a good boy?"

Isaac let out a high whine before he nodded, his arms trembling as he tightened his hold on the headboard.

"Good," Scott praised, pulling out. He lubed his cock thoroughly, hands a little shaky with anticipation, and pressed the head of his cock to Isaac's hole.

Isaac couldn't help the small whine that left him as he grew even more empty, but he didn't say anything, wanting to be good. "Please," he whimpered, rocking against the head of Scott's cock, groaning as it popped in and out.

"I've got you, baby," Scott promised, breathing hard. "All you have to do is open up for me."

Carefully, he guided his cock deeper, shuddering at the feeling.

Isaac's breath caught, his eyes wide and dark. Oh, the stretch and slight burn was even better. He moaned softly, grinding back, wanting more. "I-love it," he panted. "Love you. Please sir."

"I love you," Scott gasped, grabbing the base of his cock to help himself not come from the incredible stimulation.

Isaac moaned at the image of Scott over him, looking down his body to watch, his cheeks pinkening as he whimpered, rocking back and trying to get Scott deeper.

Scott groaned. "I need you to open up, sweetheart," he managed to get out. Isaac was so tight around him, fuck. "Relax for me, please."

That just made Isaac moan louder, Scott's words spiking down his spine. He forced himself to relax though, wanting more and knowing that he was too tense at that point. "So good."

"Okay, okay," Scott muttered, sinking in a little deeper and rolling his hips.

Isaac let out a soft noise, going back to melting against the bed, ankles hooking together as he wrapped his legs around Scott's waist.

The angle opened Isaac up a bit more, and Scott pushed in a little more, then pulled out partway and pushed in again in a long, slow fuck.

Isaac tipped his head back, lips parting as he groaned. One hand slipped off the headboard, grabbing the pillow under his head to keep him from reaching for Scott.

"Ohhhhh fuck, Isaac," Scott moaned, fucking him as fast as he could bear. "So good, sweetheart."

"Close," Isaac whined, clenching around Scott tightly. "Want you to fill me up. Please. So empty, sir. Please."

Scott gasped. "Fuck. Fuck, I - I'm close, love," he admitted. He wanted to be able to last longer, but at least Isaac didn't seem to mind that he couldn't yet.

"Yessss," Isaac hissed, arching his back. "Please sir," he begged, tugging on the pillow under his head. His eyes were dark and hungry, swollen lips parted as he panted. Best thing about being a
teenager. Quick recovery times. And they weren't on a time limit.

Scott swallowed, breathing hard as he fucked Isaac faster, gripping Isaac's hips tight. "Come on," he breathed. "Come on, Isaac, I want you to come, what do you need?"

Isaac's breath caught in his throat, back arching sharply, the grip on his hips dragging him over the edge as he came, his hands shooting to warp around Scott's shoulders as he almost screamed with it.

The stimulation of Isaac clutching around him as he came was so intense that Scott couldn't help but follow.

Isaac whimpered, tucking his face into Scott's neck as much as he could, not wanting to let go at all.


"Green," Isaac whispered, holding Scott tighter, sucking the lobe of Scott's ear into his mouth, a smile curling his lips.

Scott gave up on propping himself up, letting them both sink into the mattress. "You were so good, sweetheart," he murmured.

Isaac smiled at the praise, nuzzling along Scott's jaw. "Love you," he whispered, kneeling Scott's back, slipping his hands up into his Dom's hair.

"I love you too," Scott replied softly, kissing Isaac's cheek. "My boy, my sweetheart."

Isaac let out what could only be a purr, taking a deep breath. "Bath time?" he teased, wiggling a bit. "I plan on testing out that soaker tub."

"Fitting two is gonna be a bit of a squeeze," Scott pointed out.

"I'll just sit on you," Isaac grinned widely, pressing his smile into Scott's cheeks. "I have a lot of tests to perform with that tub."

"Oh?" Scott asked, smiling. "Are you going to do science?"

"All the science." Isaac laughed, tugging on Scott's curls. "So many sciences."

"I think you've messed up the plural there," Scott teased.

"So? My point was made," Isaac teased back, nipping at Scott's jaw. "So much science with my science partner."

"I'm starting to think that when you say the word 'science', you're thinking of something different to what I am," Scott said lowly.

"Depends on what you're thinking of." He grinned, clenching around where Scott was still in him, teasing.

Scott gasped, groaning a little. "I was - was thinking of running experiments to learn things."

"Hmm? Like what?" Isaac grinned at Scott's reaction, licking his lips.

"All sorts of things," Scott managed to say. He felt like his brain had melted out of his skull with the
pleasure earlier, and it still hadn't fully come back. "What do you want to learn?"

"Everything you're willing to teach me," Isaac said simply. "I want to see what makes you lose it. I wanna do something that drives you over that edge of control."

"What if I'm learning too?" Scott asked quietly.

"Then we'll learn together." Isaac shrugged, running his nails lightly down Scott's back.

Scott shivered a little, nosing against Isaac's cheek. "I love you," he murmured.

"I love you too." Isaac grinned. "That feel good, sir?" he asked, part serious and part teasing.

"That you love me?" Scott smiled. "It's wonderful."
Isaac laughed brightly, nuzzling. "Good. But I meant the nails on your back," he teased.
Scott hummed, neither agreeing nor disagreeing. "It's kinda nice," he replied.
Isaac's grin widened, dragging his nails down Scott's back again, arching his back at the same time.

It took Scott a minute to catch on. "...you want to go again?" he asked, eyebrows raised.

"I always want to go again," Isaac hummed. "I told you, sir. I feel so empty and wanting. All the time." He leaned up, running his nose along Scott's jaw.

"Oh my god," Scott replied blankly, overwhelmed with the possibilities. "...what if I prefer you like that?" he said, after a minute.

Isaac shivered. "What do you mean?" he asked, his voice soft, but his eyes growing darker at the prospect.

"What if you had to earn my cock?" Scott murmured. "I'd get you a plug, and maybe a dildo to play with, but my cock would be a reward."

Isaac let out a soft moan, nodding after a moment, his hips rocking up before he could think.
"Green," he breathed. "Would you watch me with the dildo? How would I earn your cock, sir?"

"Sometimes I'd watch you," Scott said lowly. "But I think you'd use it even if I weren't, wouldn't you, sweetheart?"

"Would want you. Begging, pleading, wanting to have you in me so much." Isaac licked his lips, grinning.

"I love seeing you like that," Scott admitted. "Desperate."

"Desperate for you? You wanna come home one day to see me strung out and sobbing in desperation, fucking myself with that toy, wishing it was you?" Isaac grinned, eyes darkening even more at the image.

Scott groaned. "God yes," he admitted. "Maybe I wouldn't even fuck you, maybe I'd drag it out even longer."

"I'd be so hungry," Isaac murmured. "So hungry for you."
"Maybe I'd let you suck me," Scott suggested. "But you couldn't do it with anything in your hole, you'd have to be empty."

Isaac rocked his hips up, whimpering softly. "So empty."

"What would you rather have?" Scott murmured. "A dildo in your ass, or my cock in your mouth?"


Scott couldn't help the smile that spread across his face. "I love you, Isaac," he said softly.

"I love you too, sir," Isaac replied with a grin. "My Scott."

"My Isaac," Scott agreed, kissing Isaac's nose. "Now let's get cleaned up, before we get stuck like this."

"Not the worst of things." Isaac laughed, letting his legs slip down. "Bath time."

Chapter End Notes

So, I have a question for you all: kattseye and I have been working on a couple of other projects, and one of them is approaching the point where we'd be able to start posting. However, unlike the other things we've put up, it would be ongoing, which means a little chunk of work every time we post a chapter, just like this one. So my question is, how would you feel about As Ordered updating less frequently (if it meant we'd be posting another sterek work in parallel)? What if we maintained weekly posting for As Ordered, but had fortnightly posting for our other project? What if posting less frequently meant we could start posting sooner? -Seeker

Thanks, as always, to our beta Chicktar and to all of you for reading and commenting, and we'd love to hear any thoughts or prompts you have either here or at our tumblr
Stiles frowned, hurt growing on his face. "You've been ignoring me. So I thought you didn't care anymore." He answered honestly, turning back to turn the vacuum back on. He was hurt, frustrated, and honestly, scared.

"What?" What Stiles had said was so unexpected that there was nothing else Derek could say. His mind had gone blank.

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Derek and Stiles comfort each other

Stiles sighed, finishing up the lunch dishes, keeping his eyes lowered. Here it comes, any moment now. Derek would just get up, pet his shoulder, kiss his forehead, and leave the room to disappear. It's been happening the last three or four days. Ever since the day he spent sobbing his heart out against Derek's chest for the better part of the day on his mom's anniversary. He set the dishes aside, looking around absently.

Derek glanced over at Stiles as he put the last of the dishes away. "I'm going to go back to work," he murmured, resting one hand on Stiles' shoulder and kissing him gently. This anniversary had hit Stiles hard, and Derek didn't feel he had any right to intrude on that grief. "Be good, amado."

"Yes sir," Stiles murmured, though he kept his eyes down, leaning into the kiss and touch, trying to soak up as much as he could. He waited until Derek went back upstairs before sitting down at the table, head in his hands as he cried silently. He didn't understand. Why was Derek being so distant? Oh god, were his feelings changing? Did he not love Stiles anymore? Stiles hand slipped down to clutch his chest when that thought made it hurt. Why? He looked around, swallowing hard and getting out the vacuum.

Derek hadn't been in his office five minutes when he heard the vacuum cleaner turn on downstairs. "What?" he murmured, getting up. Stiles wasn't supposed to clean after lunch without company. He'd never broken that rule so far.

Stiles finished picking up the magazines he'd accidentally knocked over while reaching a plug, sniffling and rubbing his eye before starting to vacuum the living room, the repetitive motion almost soothing even as he frowned, rubbing at his arm every few swipes along the carpet. Why was Derek distancing himself? He refused to let his mind settle on some things, even when they were creeping in anyway.
Derek hurried downstairs. "Stiles," he said, but Stiles didn't look up. "Stiles!"

Stiles jumped, dropping the vacuum in his surprise, looking around to Derek. "Yes sir?" he asked, quickly picking up and turning off the vacuum, though he didn't move.

"Why didn't you come get me?" It didn't make sense that Stiles wouldn't - they'd been doing so well with the cleaning thing. "If you need to clean in the afternoons, you're not supposed to do it alone."

Stiles frowned, hurt growing on his face. "You've been ignoring me. So I thought you didn't care anymore." He answered honestly, turning back to turn the vacuum back on. He was hurt, frustrated, and honestly, scared.

"What?" What Stiles had said was so unexpected that there was nothing else Derek could say. His mind had gone blank.

"You've been ignoring me," Stiles sniffled, the hurt showing even more as he vacuumed. "Ever since Monday, you've been ignoring me. As soon as lunch is over, you run off and basically hide. Do...do..." he couldn't bring himself to say it. 'Do you not love me' made his chest hurt, made him scared of the answer, his hands trembling.

"Fuck," Derek breathed, hurrying to Stiles' side, tentatively wrapping his arms around him. "I didn't mean... I just wasn't sure..."

Stiles almost sagged, starting to cry. "Why were you ignoring me? Please sir. Please. Tell me what I did, please? I don't like being ignored."

"You seemed - I thought you wanted space," Derek said helplessly. "Your mom, that's not my grief. I'm sorry. I misunderstood. I shouldn't have - "

"Sir." Stiles sniffled, his heart feeling lighter now that he knew it wasn't what he'd thought. "I'd never want space from you," he whispered after turning off the vacuum again, curling against Derek. "Never from you."

"I've got you," Derek murmured, holding him tight. "I'm sorry, love. I didn't understand."

"You didn't ask," Stiles said simply, holding on just as tight, his limbs still shaking.

"Oh love, I'm sorry," Derek said again, burying his face in Stiles' neck. "You're right, I should have."

Stiles tucked himself close, clinging to Derek. "I love you," he whispered, tears still on his face.

"I love you too," Derek murmured, rubbing slowly up and down Stiles' back. "I'm sorry you've felt alone."

Stiles felt a wave of fresh tears leave his eyes, fully relaxing against him. His Dom still loved him. "I always want to be with you sir," he said softly, his voice wet.

"You can join me whenever you want, querido," Derek promised. "You don't have to stay away if you don't want to."

"Yes sir," Stiles whispered, his face tucking into Derek's shoulder. "I always want to be with you. Forever. Until we die of old age. I want to be yours."
Derek didn't know what to say to that. After a too-long moment, he murmured, "I love you."

"I love you too," Stiles murmured back. He cursed himself, curling tighter in Derek's arms. "I'm sorry," he whispered. "I know you think it's too soon. But I want you as my Dom, as more, forever."

"It's not your fault," Derek said, as firmly as he could manage with nerves making him shaky. "It's my issues here, Stiles."

Stiles looked up at Derek's shaky voice, reaching up to pet his cheek. "What are you scared of, sir?" he murmured. "I want to help. Please?"

"The future is..." Derek shook his head. "It's uncertain. Unknown. And good things don't last."

Stiles curled himself around Derek, hugging him tightly. "I love you," he murmured. "And yeah, the future can be scary. But I'm not scared. Not when I'm with you."

"I'm glad," Derek said quietly. "I - I can't promise you forever, Stiles. Not because I don't want to - and I promise I am working on this, it's just...hard."

Stiles pressed closer, if that was possible, kissing along Derek's jaw, nodding and feeling his chest settle at the fact that Derek was trying, really hard. "Love you," he whispered.

"I love you, Stiles," Derek promised. "I don't think I'll ever not love you. I just can't promise. I guess I have to hope that it's enough."

Stiles nodded and tucked his face into Derek's neck, clinging to him.

"I'm so sorry," Derek murmured, pressing his lips to Stiles' hair and rocking him gently. "I love you, querido, I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry," Stiles whispered. For some reason just the fact that Derek wanted it to be forever...that helped.

"But I am," Derek said softly. "You're still upset."

Stiles gave a shaky laugh, hugging Derek tightly. "Sir, I like the idea of forever," he explained. "And I understand why you can't promise that. B-but just the fact that you want it. That does help me. And I just..." Great, he was crying again. "Just don't distance yourself. Please. I can't stand it. My mind starts going in circles and I can't get off that roller coaster and my insecurities start up tenfold."

"I'm sorry," Derek said softly. "When I'm upset - really upset, or anxious, or depressed - I prefer to be alone, mostly. You've seen me do it, withdraw when things got too much. I should have realised you were different."

"You didn't know," Stiles sniffled. "I'll let you know if I need alone time, okay? Same with you. Just let me know. We have a system just in case it goes too long, just... I love you."

"I love you too," Derek replied instantly. "Of course I do."

Stiles gave him a bright, if slightly teary, smile. "Mi amo."

"Mi amor." Derek pulled away enough to lift one hand to Stiles' cheek and wipe away the tears. "I'm sorry, querido. I do love you."
Stiles leaned into the touch, his eyes fluttering closed, smile turning softly. "Sometimes, I need to be reminded," he murmured.

"Don't I tell you enough?" Derek asked, thinking of petname after petname, of the cuffs Stiles wore even now.

Stiles nodded, hugging him tightly. "You do, I was just saying. Sometimes I need to hear it. And you do tell me. The last few days have just been weird."

"Will you tell me if you need me like this again?" Derek asked. "I'm trying, but sometimes I mess up."

"Yes sir," Stiles nodded, smiling brightly and petted his cheek. "I promise."

"Thank you," Derek murmured, relieved that Stiles was looking happier. "Now, do you want me to help you clean?"

"Yes please," Stiles replied, flushing darkly as he remembered that rule. "I was just going to vacuum and then start laundry..."

"How would you prefer me to help you?" Derek asked.

"Can you gather all the laundry and start a load?" Stiles asked, smiling. "Just make sure there's no whites in there."

"Of course," Derek said, smiling back and giving Stiles a quick kiss as he moved away. "Are we changing the sheets today, or can that wait?"

Stiles tilted his head. "Sheets today too, but that's a separate load altogether."

"How about I get the first load on while you vacuum, and then you can help me strip and make the bed?" Derek suggested.

Stiles nodded, settling a bit and smiling at Derek. He leaned forward, tucking his face against Derek's shoulder for a moment to settle himself, the itch soothing. "Thank you."

Derek stroked Stiles' hair. "You're welcome, sweetheart," he murmured.

Stiles sucked in a breath, his eyes going wide. "Y-you..." He leaned back, trembling hands going up to cup Derek's cheeks. "You called me sweetheart," he whispered, his face breaking out into a huge smile as he all but threw himself in Derek's arms, hugging him tightly. "I love it. I love you." He'd never thought Derek would be able to use English pet names. Not with all that she had put him through. He loved the little Spanish names that Derek gave him, but this one...the first English petname that Derek ever called him, this one almost made him want to cry, but the best of tears.

Derek stumbled back a step before he managed to catch himself and Stiles. "I...guess I did?" he agreed.

Stiles hugged him tighter, slipping his arms around Derek's neck and pulling him into a kiss. "I love you, sir," he said. "I'm glad you called me that. I love it. I love any name you call me, but that one is special to me now."

Part of Derek didn't want to acknowledge what he'd said, and what it meant that he'd been able to
say it. But another part of him was so glad Stiles had noticed... "I feel safer now," he admitted quietly. "I feel like you are safe, too."

Stiles smiled brightly at him. "I'm just happy you feel safe," he murmured. "Safe enough that you can do something like call me English names. I love it. And I'm so happy. I'm so happy for you too."

"I love you, okay, sweetheart?" Derek murmured. "I'm getting there."

Stiles' smile only brightened at the name. "I love you too," he whispered, kissing Derek's jaw. "I'm so happy you're feeling safer. Just... I want to help. Want you to always feel safe and happy."

"You do help," Derek promised. "On my good days, and bad ones."

"Good." Stiles nodded, lightly scratching Derek's stubble, grin still on his face. "My sir," he teased. "Come on, laundry time. Then I'm dragging you to bed."

Derek laughed. "Alright, love," he agreed. "Laundry, and then you can have your way with me."

Chapter End Notes

Today's chapter is really short, so we'll see you again tomorrow with another one.

Thanks as always to our beta Chicktar, and all of you guys for reading and commenting.
Getting Started

Chapter Summary

Isaac peeked up, chewing on his lip. "I love you," he whispered. "And I'm so happy I can finally be yours."

It had been barely even a month, but it was still amazing to Scott that it had happened. "Me too, baby," he said quietly.

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Isaac and Scott start talking about what their lives might be like, now that they're living together

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Scott flopped down onto the couch, tipping his head back. It had been a long day.

Isaac smiled, slipping from the kitchen and leaning over Scott before tapping his nose. "Long day?" He leaned a bit further down, kissing his Dom softly.

Scott hummed in agreement, reaching up to hook one finger under Isaac's collar and tug him closer. "Cuddle with me, babe?"

Isaac's breath hitched, then he smiled brightly. "Of course." He let himself flop onto his Dom, wiggling around until he was stretched out on Scott's front. "How'd the English test go?"

"English is not my favourite subject," Scott said grumpily, absently rubbing Isaac's back. "I'm not a big fan of the gen ed requirement." He sighed, brushing his cheek over Isaac's hair. "Were you good today?"

Isaac hummed, content. "Gen ed sounds tedious," he grumbled. "And yeah, I finished unpacking. And I went to Starbucks this morning to get some coffee for the coffee maker. They're so backed up and short staffed, the poor workers."

"Are they hiring?" Scott asked. "You could apply." Isaac getting a job wasn't urgent as such, it was just...kind of important to get done soon. If at all possible.

"I think it'd be good. But you'd have to talk to the manager to let them know you're allowing it." Isaac smiled. "And besides, pound of free coffee each week! I think I'd like it."

"Of course I'll give permission," Scott said instantly. It was standard practice for subs to list their Doms just after their references on their resumes, so that interested employers could make sure they were actually eligible to work. "You should try it."

Isaac flushed, hiding his eyes. "I kinda already got an application," he admitted, his voice soft. "That's how I know about the coffee. I also get coffees and food during shifts."
"Good to know," Scott said. "As long as you don't end up living on muffins."

"They have sandwiches and other things too," Isaac replied. "But muffins are my favorite. And chocolate croissants."

"Sweetheart, I love you," Scott said seriously, a smile tugging at the corner of his lips. "I want you to have things you want. But you are not having muffins and croissants for lunch every day, no matter what your job is."

Isaac laughed, his eyes crinkling. "Bacon egg sandwich and a chocolate croissant or muffin?" he bartered, tilting his head to peek up at Scott.

"No dessert at lunch," Scott said firmly, "except for special occasions. You can have a muffin in the afternoons if you're hungry."

"Awww, croissant..." Isaac pouted playfully. "That a rule, sir?" he teased, poking Scott's side.

"Maybe," Scott replied. He gave Isaac a thoughtful look. "Do you want more rules?"

"Probably going to need them, sooner or later, sir," Isaac admitted, shrugging and curling closer to him.

"You already know when you're being good, though, right?" Scott pointed out. They'd set some rules early on, but they were mostly about making sure Scott (or Janet, back then) knew when Isaac wasn't okay. They weren't really about behaviour.

"Most of the time." Isaac shrugged, lowering his eyes. Sometimes he still questioned it, but he was getting better.

Scott frowned. "Do you think having more rules would help?"

"I think so," Isaac murmured. "Having rules will let me know what I can't do without having to worry or ask."

Scott hummed, thinking. "Well, you already know you can't lie to me," he said slowly. "You can't not call me if you're upset. You have to let me know you've eaten, if I'm not with you. What else do you find yourself worried about?"

Isaac shifted, letting out a small hum of thought. "I have trouble remembering things if I'm panicking. Like I'm running late, things like that. But other than that, I don't know."

"So not so much having specific rules as having clear expectations?" Scott guessed.

"I guess? I don't know, sir," Isaac shrugged, hiding his face in Scott's chest.

"Hey, sweetheart, that's fine," Scott reassured Isaac, stroking his hair. "It's okay if you're not sure."

Isaac peeked up, chewing on his lip. "I love you," he whispered. "And I'm so happy I can finally be yours."

It had been barely even a month, but it was still amazing to Scott that it had happened. "Me too, baby," he said quietly.

Isaac wiggled higher, bumping their noses together with a grin. "What would you like to do
tomorrow? It's Saturday, so you don't have any lessons. I kinda want to drop off the application, but that won't take but like two seconds."

"You've already written a cover letter and stuff?" Scott checked.

"Mmhmm. I don't have much on it, but it looks nice." Isaac smiled.

Scott smiled back. "I guess we'll go by the Starbucks tomorrow then."

Isaac beamed, wiggling and leaning up to bite and nibble at Scott's jaw. "Can we go shopping too?"

"Yeah, we should get groceries," Scott agreed.

"Can I get hot pockets?" Isaac asked, shifting up until he straddled Scott's waist.

"You can get hot pockets," Scott agreed, pleased that Isaac was less hesitant.

Isaac grinned widely, wiggling a bit. "Anything else we need to do tomorrow?"

"We should go for a walk," Scott suggested. "Get to know the neighborhood. We haven't really had time yet."

"Time to explore," Isaac grinned, kneading Scott's stomach lightly.

"My abs don't need a massage, Isaac," Scott pointed out lightly.

Isaac grinned. "Anywhere else need one?"

"I wouldn't say no to a back massage," Scott replied.

Isaac laughed. "Sure, turn over," he said, getting up.

"Yes, sir," Scott teased, rolling over and shuffling sideways a bit so he wouldn't fall off the couch.

"Well, that just felt wrong." Isaac laughed, straddling Scott’s waist again and kneading along his spine.

Scott hummed, grunting occasionally as Isaac dug into the sore spots near his shoulders. "You're good at that," he murmured.

Isaac beamed at the soft praise, digging into a knot that had formed at the back of Scott's neck. "Thank you, sir."

"God," Scott groaned. "I have spent too much time hunched over a laptop this week."

"Need one of those cool computer chairs that tilt back with the monitors over you. That'd be better on your back." Isaac laughed softly, bending down to kiss Scott's cheek, nuzzling for a moment before continuing the massage.

Scott snorted. "I'll put it on my letter to Santa this year, how about that?"

"Ho ho ho," Isaac teased, rubbing out the last knot before flopping onto him.

"All done, huh?" Scott mumbled, his face pressed into the couch cushions.
"No more knots," Isaac agreed, shifting until he was tucked between Scott and the back of the couch.

Scott rolled onto his side so he could see Isaac's face. "Thanks, sweetheart."

Isaac leaned forward, kissing Scott's cheek. "You're very welcome, sir," he murmured, reaching up to slip his hand in Scott's hair. "What would you like to do for dinner?"

"Whatever you want, if it means I don't have to cook." It's not that Scott wasn't willing to cook in general, but he really didn't want to get up for a while.

"Ugh, cooking." Isaac wrinkled his nose, grinning. "Pizza or something tonight? And we can stock up on 'normal' food tomorrow?"

"Sounds like a plan," Scott agreed. "Groceries in the morning and exploring in the afternoon?"

Isaac beamed, nodding and reaching for his phone. "Pizza, Chinese, Thai, or that Indian place?"

"Pizza's fine, if you'd like that?" Scott said.

Isaac nodded, draping himself over Scott and calling their order in, grinning as he hung up the phone. "45 minutes!" he chirped, leaning over to suck Scott's earlobe into his mouth.

"Not right now, honey," Scott said lightly, stroking Isaac's back to take the sting out of it. "After dinner."

Isaac let out a soft whine, pouting softly against Scott’s ear, even as he just settled more firmly on top of him. "Was teasing you," he murmured, nuzzling close. "Like seeing you all hungry and kinda powerful."

"Yeah?" Scott asked. "Like...when I make you wait?"

Isaac flushed, hiding his face against Scott's cheek. "Yeah. Or just when you take control of what's going on. Just kinda...all powerful. Like that mighty warrior from the book I'm reading." Scott didn't need to know that the book he was reading made him all hot under the collar...

Scott sat up a bit. "Dude, a mighty warrior?"

Isaac let out a small squeak, flushing darker. "Mmhmm. You get this look on your face like you could eat me alive. And I love it, but that face also says you'll do it when you damn well please."

"So...it's a good thing when I don't give you what you want?" Scott asked carefully.

"Hard to explain." Isaac groaned, flopping onto the couch cushions and chewing hard on his lip. "I do and I don't." He hesitated. "I like seeing you in control, in power. But I don't want you to always be 'No, you can't have what you want', you know?" He flailed his hands a bit, confused himself about what he was trying to say.

Scott thought back to his studies with Laura. "You want to know it's up to me whether you get it," he guessed. "That it's my choice."

"Kinda," Isaac squeaked, hiding his face.

"What do you want me to choose for you?" Scott asked.

"That's harder to explain." Isaac flapped his hands, trying to get his thoughts in order. "I like you
teasing me. Making me earn things, not being too harsh, but loving how desperate I get, and then, if I have, let me have it, or if I haven't earned it, tease me by making me watch, things like that? I don't knooooooow." He wiggled further into the couch, bright red.

"Hey, baby, you're fine," Scott soothed him. "You don't have to be embarrassed."

Isaac squeaked again, peeking at Scott. "Sorry."

"It's okay," Scott promised, tracing his fingers over Isaac's collar and the back of his neck. "If you feel that way, it's fine. But you don't have to. I'm not going to judge you, sweetheart."

Isaac shivered at the surprisingly calming touch along his neck and collar. "Sir."

"Isaac," Scott said seriously. "I want to make you happy. And sometimes I need you to tell me what I can do to make that happen."

"You do make me happy," Isaac insisted, calming more the longer Scott's fingers traced his collar and neck.

"Good," Scott said firmly. "But I'd like to make you as happy as I can, so can you tell me if there's anything you've been wanting since we moved in together? Be honest, please."

"Other than being bent over all the surfaces?" Isaac squeaked. "U-um..."

"Tell me, sweetheart," Scott ordered softly. "I know you can be good."

Isaac shifted, chewing on his lip. "W-wanted..." He took a deep breath. "Wanted to try things that pushed my limits too," he admitted softly. "And want to have permission, love hearing you, want to hear you all the time."

"By pushing your limits, do you mean doing things that make you nervous, or, like, endurance stuff?" Scott asked, concerned.

"Both?" Isaac peeked out. "I want to try things, things that may make me nervous but that I may like."

"Okay," Scott said slowly. "We're going to have to be really careful about this."

"I know," Isaac murmured, flushed and hiding his face.

"It's okay!" Scott promised hurriedly. "I don't mind, not at all."

Isaac shook his head, keeping himself hidden.

"Isaac..." Scott said warningly. "What's wrong?"

"Don't want you to do something just because I want it," he whispered, turning his head finally. "And I don't know why I feel embarrassed to say things."

Scott sighed. "Do you trust me, Isaac?" he asked softly.


"Then trust me that I won't do anything I don't want to, okay?" Scott replied.
Isaac watched him, relaxing after a bit and giving him a shy smile. "Yes sir."

"Good boy," Scott praised, smiling back.

Isaac squeaked when the doorbell rang, flushing darkly.

It took Scott a moment to remember that they'd ordered pizza. "You're fine, honey," he promised. "I'll go pay."

"Thank you," Isaac murmured, waiting until Scott got up to roll off the couch to get plates.

"Okay, so, we've never actually done a full kink negotiation thing," Scott pointed out, bringing the pizza back and sitting down. "How about we get a checklist - I'm pretty sure there are some examples in the books Laura gave me - and go through it together?"

Isaac nodded, bringing in some plates and drinks before curling up in the corner of the couch. "Sure. It's something we need to do, no matter how nervous I am about it." He flushed.

"You can change your mind, okay?" Scott pointed out, picking up a slice of pizza and taking a bite. "We should really redo them regularly," he added, once he'd swallowed.

Isaac nodded, flushing. "Will you be honest in them too?" he asked, murmuring softly. "Please. Don't.... Don't change things just because you don't think I'd like it."

"I'll be honest," Scott said. "But sweetheart, I need you to know that you are much more important than sex. Any kind of sex. It doesn't matter what I write, your happiness is more important."

Isaac nodded after a moment, smiling and sinking his teeth into a piece of pizza. "I promise to keep that in mind."

"Good boy," Scott praised.

Isaac beamed, stealing some of Scott's pepperoni.

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After the meal, Scott got up and went rummaging around for his D/s books. "I'm sure there were some checklists here," he muttered.

"Hmmmm, if anything we can google them?" Isaac offered after putting away leftovers.

"Yeah, but you have no idea how many there are," Scott complained, bringing his books over the table. "Here, help me look. If you see one that you like, let me know."

Isaac nodded, chewing on his lip and starting to look through one of the books, stretching out a bit.

"This one's just a pre-scene check, that's not right," Scott muttered as he flipped through the books. "This one's really long, but it's sorted by type, which I like."

Isaac hummed, shifting through the pages. "Here's one similar to what you have." He slid the book over to show Scott. "It seems pretty in depth too."

"I think I like that rating scale better," Scott admitted. "What do you think?"
Isaac hummed, reading it over a bit, his cheeks flushed pink. "I do too," he admitted. "It's easier for things that I'm willing to try, or things that I'm a little more hesitant but still want to try."

"Let me get a pencil," Scott suggested. "You can write your answers in the boxes, and I'll write mine in the margins."

Isaac nodded, grinning up at Scott.

Chapter End Notes

...to be continued

And with that, this fic has reached three hundred thousand words. 300k! More importantly (to us, at least), we've got almost 900 kudos and close to 600 subscribers. We love you guys!

(I stare at my statistic page and cry all the time. Damn hormones :P -Kattseye)

Thanks, as always, to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you who are reading along with us
Scott shook his head. "You don't get my cock yet."

Isaac let out a soft whine, mouthing up Scott's neck to his ear. "Want to earn it. Please sir, tell me how?"

Scott shivered. "For a start, we finish discussing this list," he said hoarsely. "We agree on rewards and punishments. We agree on our rules. Then, if you were good, and honest with me, you can have it."

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Scott and Isaac discuss the checklists they filled out.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: discussion of somnophilia - skip the fourth paragraph/section if you'd prefer to

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It took a long time to fill out the checklist. Like, a couple of hours. After about two minutes, Scott went looking for a copy of the form online so he could print off his own copy, because otherwise, it was going to take way too long.

Isaac felt his face screw up as he googled yet another term that he ended up marking a soft limit. "This sure is...thorough..." he murmured, scribbling little comments near some of them.

"Thorough's good," Scott said, wrinkling his nose at the 'fluids' section. "It's just...uncomfortable."

"My comments are making me laugh," Isaac admitted, peeking over at Scott and grinning.

"I'll look forward to reading them then," Scott replied.

Isaac smiled shyly, going back to filling out the questionnaire, pausing to look things up on his phone every now and then. He finally set the book down, flopping over to bury his face in Scott's lap. "Done!"

"I'm almost there," Scott said distractedly, petting Isaac's hair. "Give me a few minutes."

Precisely seven minutes and thirty-five seconds later, Scott put down his pen with a sigh. "God, that thing is long," he complained.

"So many things," Isaac murmured, lulled by the smell of Scott and the petting.
"Alright, let's have a look." Scott picked up Isaac's list and started skimming through, focusing on the comments. After a minute or so, he started laughing, loud and delighted.

Isaac blinked up at him, giving him a smile. "Which one?"

"Everything!" Scott said helplessly. "Isaac, look at this!" In the 'fluids' section, where Scott had written 'NOPE' (blood play), Isaac wrote 'N.O.'. Where Scott had written 'now i feel gross for wanting to see my come on you :(', Isaac had written 'Why in the hell was this placed with these others? I want to be covered in you'. Where Scott had written, 'vampirism. sigh', Isaac had written 'you aren't Lestat'...and it just kept going like that. It was like they'd been having a conversation instead of filling them out on their own.

Isaac blinked, letting out a bright laugh, his eyes crinkling. "What the..." He buried his head in Scott's stomach, laughing helplessly.

"Hang on a minute, I want to try something." Scott went through the lists, focusing on the numbers, circling where they'd rated anything different by more than a point. "Isaac..." he said slowly. "There are like, three hundred and fifty things on this list. And we're only different on eight of them. Eight."

"That's not that many." Isaac's eyes widened. "How is there only eight?"

"I guess we're just really compatible?" Scott hazarded, biting his lip to keep back a laugh. "Probably. That's so weird though." Isaac laughed, pressing his face back into Scott's stomach.

"It makes things a lot simpler, though," Scott pointed out. "Anything - apart from those eight - where one of us is a five or a four is on the yes list. Anything where one of us is a zero or a one is on the no list. Twos and threes are maybes, but unless there's a comment, we could probably ignore them. And then we should talk about those eight."

Isaac chewed on his lip, nodding. "So, what are the yeses?"

Scott glanced over the pages again. "A lot of things," he summarized. "Basically all the affectionate stuff. A lot of butt stuff - here, look."

"Butt stuff." Isaac snickered, peeking onto the pages. "There really isn't a lot different," he breathed, his eyes flicking over their responses.

"There really isn't," Scott agreed. "And, uh, with the anal hook thing? I do not mind, I promise you."

"I'm not a fish." Isaac laughed. "The pictures looked odd, I'm not even sure why or how that would feel good."

"It's kind of a predicament bondage thing?" Scott explained awkwardly. "Like, I'd attach the hook to your collar, maybe, so whenever you moved your head, you'd feel it in your ass. It doesn't matter anyway. It's a limit for you, so it's off the list."

Isaac grimaced. "While the thought sounds nice, but that just seems kinda uncomfortable. Hooks..."

"It's off the list," Scott reiterated. "I don't need a why. You said no, so we won't do it."

Isaac gave Scott a small smile, kissing his cheek. "Some of them, I put a one because I just wasn't sure about something. I guess I should have put twos instead on those. Like the corsets and things
"I'll be perfectly happy if you never get dressed up for me, sweetheart," Scott reassured him. "Is it something you want to talk about?"

"The corsets I'm just not sure how people breathe in them," Isaac said honestly, shrugging. "The others, I'm curious, but hesitant. I may use that in the future though, I don't know..."

"It's up to you, okay?" Scott said, smiling. "I won't say I don't like the thought of you wearing them, but I'm not going to bring it up. You can do your own research, and ask me about it when you're ready."


"Of course," Scott said. "And, with the harness and the mental bondage thing - it's cool if you don't want to, yeah?"

"The mental bondage, that one was honestly me not understanding what it is. You aren't a telekinesis person are you?" Isaac peeked up at Scott, confusion on his face.

Scott laughed a little. "Honey, it means me keeping you still by what I want. By telling you what I want. It's me putting your hands above your head and you keeping them there because I said so."

Isaac's eyes widened, his cheeks flushing. "Oh," he breathed. "You did that before. I really liked it."

Scott swooped in and kissed Isaac's cheek. "So is that still a three now you know what it is?"

"Five." Isaac laughed. "I don't have to have it, but I love it. Even though it's really hard to remember you told me to keep my hands there."

"Maybe you'll get better with practice," Scott suggested lowly.

Isaac shivered at the tone, his eyes darkening. "We'll find out," he murmured, wiggling around until he was straddling Scott, mouth on his Dom's jaw.

There were still things to talk about, but Scott couldn't resist resting his hands on Isaac's ass and tugging him closer.

Isaac moaned softly, rocking forward, sucking a mark just under Scott's ear.

Scott slipped his hands up under Isaac's shirt. "You can make us both feel good," he breathed, "but you aren't going to get to come."

Isaac let out a soft sound, hips jerking against Scott's. Even with that sentence ringing in his ear, he kept rocking, circling his hips as he slid a hand down to rest on Scott's lower stomach, teasing.

"Tell me what you need, Isaac," Scott murmured.

"You." Isaac said simply. "Need you. Need to feel you, have you stretch me open and fill me up. Want to feel you for hours afterwards."

Scott shook his head. "You don't get my cock yet."

Isaac let out a soft whine, mouthing up Scott's neck to his ear. "Want to earn it. Please sir, tell me
Scott shivered. "For a start, we finish discussing this list," he said hoarsely. "We agree on rewards and punishments. We agree on our rules. Then, if you were good, and honest with me, you can have it."

Isaac groaned, tucking his face in Scott's neck, rocking his hips one last time before he forced himself to be still. "Yes sir," he breathed.

"Good boy," Scott replied softly. "Now if you want to sit in my lap, you'll have to do it sideways so I can look at the papers."

"Yes sir," Isaac murmured, kissing along Scott’s jaw before turning so he could see.

"Good boy," Scott murmured. He looked over the lists, hunting for the items he'd circled. He tapped 'sex while asleep'. "Let's talk about this."

Isaac flushed, looking over the scoring. He'd put a four there, the thought alone making him squirm with arousal, but Scott had put a two. "What about?" he murmured, licking his lips.

"You want this," Scott said simply. "But it's not something I could be comfortable with unless we do some negotiation."

Isaac nodded. "I figured it would be a talk about it first thing," he murmured. "I just...my stomach clenches when I think about it. Waking up to you spreading me open, or even your mouth on me." He flushed, shifting a bit. "Maybe I'm so deep asleep I don't wake up until you're sliding into me." He shifted again, goosebumps going up his arms.

"You liking it - wanting it - that definitely makes me more comfortable," Scott admitted. "How would you tell me when you were consenting to that?"

Isaac hummed in thought, leaning over to nuzzle at Scott's neck. "Could be something I leave on my nightstand rather than yours? Like a book that I move before bed if I'm consenting to it happening."

"Something a bit more obvious, please," Scott requested. "But it's a good idea."

"Go to sleep naked?" He offered, shrugging. "Even after sex, we normally pull boxers on to sleep."

Scott shook his head. "Way too ambiguous. We'll find something for you to keep in a drawer and set out when you want it. A paperweight or something."

"Oh! I have a snowglobe that's in here I can take in there?" He pointed to the brightly colored snowglobe that was one of his Christmas presents from Stiles. "It's bright enough that it'll be obvious when it's there."

"That works," Scott agreed. "What do I have permission to do, when you do that?"

"Anything that I can think of," Isaac grinned.

Scott rolled his eyes. "Take another look at this list and then try again."

Isaac flushed, looking over the list. "Rimming, fingering, sex, toys, some restraints like hands, I'm not sure on blindfolds, um..." He wiggled in Scott's lap.
"I'm not going to restrain you or put blindfolds on you when you're asleep," Scott said. "I don't want you to panic when you're half-awake and you don't know what's happening."

Isaac smiled, kissing his cheek. "Other than that, I'm pretty good with anything you'd throw at me."

"What toys are okay?" Scott pressed. "If I'm unsure, sweetheart, I won't do it. So I need you to explicitly tell me everything you want me to do to you."

"Vibrators, dildos..." Isaac shifted, his breath quickening. "Plugs." His eyes darkened.

"You want to wake up all plugged up, huh," Scott murmured lowly.

"Like the thought of being all open and desperate for you, just slip out the plug and voila, prep done," Isaac breathed.

"So it's okay for me to play with your hole with hands, mouth, vibrator, dildo, plug..." Scott checked. "I can fuck you too?"

Isaac nodded, his eyes darkening. "Oh fuck yes."

"I can touch your dick?" Scott asked. "I can blow you?"

"Green," Isaac breathed. Licking his lips he peeked up at Scott. "What about you? Can I wake you up with blowjobs?"

"Um..." Scott hesitated, thinking about it. "You can wake me up with kisses," he decided. "And touch."

"Touch? Where?" Isaac chewed on his lips.

"Wherever you like," Scott replied, then corrected, "Well, not inside me. And don't, like, jerk me off. But soft touches on my dick are okay."

Isaac nodded, leaning up to sucking Scott's earlobe into his mouth.

"You really like doing that," Scott observed, tucking his fingers under Isaac's chin. "I'm starting to think..." He nibbled lightly at Isaac's ear.

Isaac let out a high pitched sound, shivering and pressing closer. "O-oh," he breathed.

"Oh I see," Scott said, amused. "Where else should I use my teeth, do you think?"

Isaac flushed, his chin still in Scott's fingers. Oh, he hadn't realized his ear was that sensitive. He was already trembling in Scott's lap, wanting him.

"Use your words, sweetheart," Scott murmured. "Where do you want my teeth?"


"Good boy." Scott smiled, then scraped his teeth lightly over Isaac's jawbone before kissing his way down the soft skin of Isaac's throat.

Isaac clung to Scott's shirt, his eyes fluttering closed as he let out a soft whine, his hips rocking.
Scott turned his head to bite, hard enough to bruise, on the side of Isaac's neck, above his collar, and brushed his hand oh-so-lightly over the bulge of Isaac's cock.

Isaac cried out, his head falling to give Scott more room, his hips jerking into his touch as he felt Scott's teeth, keening softly as they scraped over his marking.

Scott lifted his hand away. "You only get to be touched if you can stay still," he warned Isaac lowly. "Are you going to be good?"

"Yes sir," Isaac panted, trembling and forcing his hips to still. His free hand clung to Scott's shirt, the other to the thigh of Scott's pants. "Please."

Just as lightly, Scott brushed his hand back over Isaac's cock, feeling the heat of it through Isaac's pants.

Isaac tilted his head back in submission, whimpering softly and trembling as he forced himself to stay still, the touch almost maddening.

Scott moved his hand back and forth over Isaac's crotch, too light to be called rubbing, just...feeling.

Isaac's hold tightened on Scott, panting softly. The barely there, almost curious touching was making him tremble, making him want to just rut up. But he couldn't. Because while maddening, he didn't want it to stop unless it was for more.

"That's it, baby," Scott murmured. "You're doing well. Feeling good?"

"Yes sir," Isaac managed to pant out. "Please sir. More. Please." He begged, knowing they had to finish the paperwork, but then he shifted his head, the bruise on his neck twinging and making him moan anew.

"We agreed you wouldn't get my cock until we were done," Scott pointed out. "I'm not touching your cock either, not more than this."

Isaac slumped against Scott with a soft whine, trembling. "Y-yes sir," he whimpered. He didn't know what else they needed to talk about.

"Would you like to play with your nipples?" Scott said.

Isaac shivered. "W-won't be able to c-concentrate on the talk," he admitted softly.

"Oh, Isaac," Scott said, smiling. "Aren't you good?"

Isaac flushed darkly, ducking his head and panting. "W-want to be g-good for you."

"You're so good, baby," Scott promised. "We just have to talk about rules and rewards and punishments, okay?"

"Yes sir," Isaac murmured, finally starting to calm down a bit. "I'm okay," he promised, taking some deep breaths.

Scott smiled and leaned in to kiss Isaac's cheek. "Good boy," he said. "I love you."

"I love you too." Isaac smiled, tucking his face in Scott's neck for a moment before peeking back out. "What's next?"
"Let's talk about punishments now, so we can get it over with," Scott suggested.

Isaac sucked in a little breath, nodding and scooting closer. "Yes sir, what about them?"

"So far, we're using time outs, and writing lines," Scott summed up. "You're still okay with those? They work?"

"For now they do." Isaac nodded. "Not sure what we would do when they don't help. But we'll get to that if it happens."

"Well, pain's not an option, or humiliation of any kind," Scott said firmly. "I could do that thing I did after you got subsick and take your ipod or something?"

"That could work," Isaac murmured, giving Scott a small smile when he basically promised that punishment wouldn't be anything like what his father would have done. True, he already knew Scott wouldn't do that, but it was nice to hear.

"I'm tempted to say chastity too," Scott admitted, "but I want to play with chastity as well, a lot, and I don't want you getting your wires crossed, if that makes sense?"

"Yeah, that would get confusing after a while." Isaac laughed softly. "Can always figure something out. A certain degree of it that's punishment only or something."

"I think denying you access to me would probably be the best punishment," Scott mused. "Not being allowed to make me come or something."

Isaac pouted. "Yeah, that would do it." He licked his lips. "Especially since I like making you come."

"How would you feel about watching me jerk off?" Scott asked. "If you knew it was a punishment, I mean."

Isaac let out a low whine. "I don't like it. So I think it would work as a punishment?" He shifted, his frown deepening.

"We'll put that on the list, then?" Scott checked.

Isaac nodded. "We can at least try it." He smiled softly, nuzzling into Scott's cheek. "What next?"

"That's the hard part over," Scott reassured him. "Next is rewards."

Isaac smiled. "I like that thought better."

"I should hope so," Scott said, amused. "That's the point of them."

Isaac just grinned crookedly. "I like being your good boy."

"And I want to reward you when you're good," Scott replied, "so you'd better help me think of some treats."

"You." Isaac grinned. "Um. ITunes cards? Hmmm..."

Scott winced. "Maybe treats that don't require money?" he said awkwardly.
Isaac laughed. "I was just naming things, sir," he soothed. "Movie nights? Like piling on the couch and cuddling during the movie kind. Or even something like I pick a date. One that doesn't cost much but is still special."

"That sounds good," Scott agreed after a moment. "As long as you know that - never mind."

"Nuh uh, what were you going to say, sir?" Isaac pouted. "If I have to be honest and not hide neither can you."

Scott made a face. "I'm not trying to hide, exactly. My train of thought just got muddled. I was thinking that, I don't know, you shouldn't feel like you have to earn dates and stuff, but then I thought that you'd be really good most of the time so it would hardly make a difference, and then...I dunno."

Isaac let out a soft laugh. "I wasn't thinking I had to earn dates, sir," he assured. "I was talking about earning special dates we don’t do a lot."

"Okay," Scott conceded. "So...cuddling on movie night, picking a special date..." A thought occurred to him and he blushed.

Isaac hummed in question, reaching up to poke Scott's flushed cheek. "Whatcha thinking ‘bout?"

"Um." Scott ducked his head. "We've mentioned before, the idea of, uh, earning my dick? That it could be a reward?"

Isaac grinned. "Like earning cock warming? Or earning your come?"

"Or, um, earning me fucking you," Scott added hesitantly.

Isaac nodded, his eyes wide. "Yes please," he breathed, rocking without thinking about it.

Scott lifted his hand, denying Isaac stimulation. "It means that, if we used those things as rewards, you'd only get them when you were good. Is that okay?"

Isaac licked his lips, nodding after a moment. "Okay. I like the thought of you coming home and I get to suck you because I was good. And besides," he grinned, his eyes dark. "Only good boys get your cock."

"You like that thought, hmm?" Scott murmured lowly.

"Yes sir." Isaac licked his lips. "Want to be good, want to be able to suck you."

"Well, we’d better come up with some rules so you can earn it, hadn't we?" Scott replied.

"Yes sir!" Isaac grinned. "No lying...Text you what I eat..."

"Call me if you're upset," Scott added.

Isaac nodded. "Ummm..." He flushed. "No coming without permission."

"I like that one," Scott said, brushing his lips over Isaac's cheek. "In fact, I don't want you to touch your cock without permission. That okay?"

"Yes sir," Isaac breathed. "Any other ones?"
"Do you want more rules?" Scott asked.

"It doesn't feel complete," Isaac murmured.

Scott shrugged a little. "Okay, well, what don't we have rules about?"

"Umm..." Isaac tilted his head in thought. "Sleeping things, what I eat, house cleaning, thing like that."

"I want you in bed by midnight, then, or one o'clock?" Scott guessed. "I don't know, does that seem fair?"

Isaac nodded. "Dunno about what my schedule will be, but most subs aren't allowed to work at all past six o'clock for safety reasons."

"Yeah, alright," Scott agreed. "Not that subs can't be badass - I mean, look at Jordan - but I get why they do it."

Isaac grinned. "It also depends on the job. So like Jordan could probably work until nine or so. But in food and retail? Six."

"I can't say I'm not happy that you'll be home for dinner," Scott admitted.

"I'm happy about it too." Isaac smiled. "I like knowing I can sleep with you each night without worrying about jobs."

"So, bedtime?" Scott confirmed. "Midnight?"

Isaac nodded. "Yes sir." He smiled. "That way, if I get caught up in things on my phone or something, I still have a set time to be watching for."

"Okay," Scott agreed, thinking back to Isaac's list of things to have rules for. "Um...food next, I guess? I mean, you're already letting me know when you eat."

Isaac laughed softly. "Yeah, I'm just more worried that if there's not a rule, I'll end up eating junk food all the time."

"Like the muffins thing?" Scott said, raising his eyebrows.

"Yup, like the muffins thing." Isaac flushed, ducking his head.

"Well, my rule about no dessert for lunch stands," Scott commented.

"Yes sir," Isaac pouted, eyes twinkling. "Can I have muffins and croissants when I have morning shifts?"

"You can have a sweet for morning or afternoon tea," Scott allowed, "if you eat something decent for lunch."

"I can do that, save the sweet things for breakfast or snack," Isaac nodded, beaming. "They have decent things too, so I'm safe."

"Lunch has to have some kind of protein," Scott told him. "And preferably either a vegetable or a fruit, but it's okay if not."

"I think they have fruit. And they have bacon and egg sandwiches and protein packs with cheese and
boiled eggs and things like that," Isaac assured him, smiling.

Scott smiled back at him. "You've done your research," he commented.

Isaac nodded, beaming. "And I had Starbucks for breakfast a lot as a kid, since Cam was addicted to them. Though their menu is even bigger now."

"Well, the rule stands even if you don't get the job, okay?" Scott told him. "A decent meal for lunch, with protein and preferably fruit or vegetables, and no dessert."

Isaac nodded. "Yes sir," he smiled. "I can do that."

"Good boy," Scott said, then frowned. "I don't really feel like it's fair to make you do the chores."

"And that's ok," Isaac laughed. "I was just giving ideas, Sir."

"Should we leave it at that, then?" Scott suggested. "Or do you need me to give you some tasks or something?"

Isaac shifted a bit. "I think we should wait and see if I get the job first for something like tasks." He smiled. "I'm okay with leaving it here."

Scott nodded. "We'll revisit it in a month, or a few months?"

Isaac hummed. "Probably just whenever we see that it may be necessary," he offered.

"End of each month, I'll check whether you want to change anything," Scott said firmly.

Isaac smiled. "Yes sir," he nodded, his hand slipping into Scott's hair, tugging playfully.

"Good boy," Scott said with a smile, a plan forming. "You were very good during this whole thing."

Isaac flushed, wiggling a bit at the praise and preening. "I like being your good boy."

"Well, you know what good boys get?" Scott asked, his eyes dark.

Isaac tilted his head, sucking in a breath after moment, his eyes darkening as he let out a soft whimper. "Please," he whispered, licking his lips.

"That's right, sweetheart," Scott murmured. "Say it out loud for me."

"Only good boys get your cock," Isaac breathed after a moment.

"That's right," Scott said lowly. "And you're going to be a very good boy for me tonight, aren't you?"

"Yes sir." Isaac sucked his lower lip into his mouth. "Please sir."

"You're going to do four things for me." Scott's eyes were dark and his voice was husky. "You're going to strip. You're going to crawl to our room and our bed. You're going to lie down with your feet flat on the bed and your legs as far apart as you can comfortably go. And you're going to pinch your nipples until they're sore."

Isaac let out a shuddering breath, the moan catching in his throat. "G-green," he said, just the tone of
Scott's voice making his stomach twist pleasantly. He stood, slowly starting to strip, eyes locked on Scott.

Scott watched, his hands clenched into fists as he struggled to hold himself back.

Isaac carefully piled his clothes on the couch, licking his lips and slipping to his knees, managing to keep his eyes on Scott until he actually started crawling toward the bedroom, his hips swinging.

Scott had to admit he was staring. In his defense, Isaac had an ass that deserved to be stared at. He stuttered to his feet and followed.

Isaac peeked over his shoulder, licking his lips before he pulled himself into the bed, laying on his back. He let his hands slip to his chest, arching into each tug he pinched to his nipples. His feet planted on the bed with his legs splayed wide as he gasped, hips rocking.

Scott stripped, fumbling with his clothes because he couldn't bear to look away. "Fuck, sweetheart," he breathed. "Look at you."

Isaac whimpered, chewing on his lower lip as he twisted his nipples lightly, dark eyes locked onto Scott. "Please sir," he begged, somehow managing to spread his legs further.

Isaac's desperation made Scott even harder, and as impatient as he was to keep going, he wanted to make Isaac wait more. "Do they hurt?" he demanded urgently. "Your nipples, do they hurt?"

"G-getting there," Isaac whimpered, almost wincing at a particularly harsh pinch. "Please sir," he begged, rocking his hips.

"Not yet," Scott ordered, squeezing the base of his cock to help himself wait.

Isaac whined, letting out a small hiss when his nipples hit the sore, hurting stage. "Sir," he whimpered.

"Yes, sweetheart?" Scott asked lowly.

"Please," Isaac begged softly. "Sore." He shivered, his eyes blown wide.

"Good boy," Scott praised, striding closer, getting lube from the nightstand and kneeling on the bed.

Isaac didn't stop pinching his nipples, not sure if he could yet, watching Scott and licking his lips. "Your good boy."

"Hands down, sweetheart," Scott ordered, and when Isaac obeyed, he straddled Isaac's chest, high up. "You have two choices," he said. "I can use this," he held up the lube, "or I can fuck your face."

Isaac tangled his hands in the sheet, his eyes widening. He whimpered, licking his lips and letting his eyes drift from the lube, up to Scott's face. "F-fuck my face," he begged, the thought of it too strong to resist.

Scott put the lube down, swallowing hard. "If you can't talk, and you need to stop, snap your fingers twice. Got that?"

Isaac nodded, licking his lips. "Yes sir," he whispered, sucking his lower lip into his mouth, eyes going darker.
"Good boy," Scott murmured, shifting even closer, guiding his cock so it tapped against Isaac's lips.

Isaac gasped softly, parting his lips and swiping his tongue along Scott's slit, his eyes rolling back just a bit as he opened his mouth wider.

Scott groaned. "Oh, sweetheart, you want this so bad, don't you?"

Isaac could only nod, his tongue flicking out again to taste, resting on his lower lip.

Scott tilted his hips forward, testing, and...fuck.

Isaac whimpered, sucking lightly as the head of Scott's cock slid into his mouth, tonguing at the slit. He melted into the bed.

Scott couldn't help reaching to cup Isaac's cheek, stroking it with his thumb as he rocked his hips back and forth.

Isaac finally just let his eyes roll back, his mouth relaxed and throat open for Scott with a soft whimper.

Scott thrust deeper, speeding up, and groaned. "God, Isaac, how do you even do that? Take me so deep?"

Isaac hummed, his fingers flexing in the sheets, swallowing around him.

"Ah!" Scott's hips jerked and he lost the rhythm for a second.

Isaac hummed, his glazed eyes flicking up to Scott's face.

"Oh fuck, fuck. I love you Isaac, god, so fucking good..." The words poured from Scott's mouth without his input or control.

Isaac whimpered, tongue curling around Scott, sucking when he could, his eyes blown so wide they looked black. His fingers curled tightly in the blanket, stomach and cock pulsing with arousal.

"You - fuck, Isaac - you get to choose," Scott gasped, getting closer and closer to the edge. "I'm gonna, nng, gonna come soon. You want it in, in your mouth, down your throat, or - oh, fuck - on your face?"

Isaac whimpered, his fingers going to pat on his cheek, even as he sucked harder. He wanted both. Wanted to taste, wanted to wear. Proof he'd been good.

Scott groaned and pulled out. "Choose, sweetheart," he ordered.

Isaac whined. "Want both. Want to taste, to wear it." His voice was wrecked, husky and rough as he leaned up, trying to get him back.

Scott shuddered. "I'll try to pull out as I come?" he offered.

Isaac nodded, panting softly. "Please," he begged, his gaze drifting from Scott's face down his chest and stomach to his cock, his mouth falling open again.

Scott shifted forward until just the head of his cock was in Isaac's mouth, thrusting shallowly as he took care of the rest of his cock with his hand.
Isaac relaxed again, suckling and tongue at Scott's slit as much as he could, eyes flicking up to watch Scott.

Scott panted, his hips twitching as he stripped his cock, and fuck, yes, there, he was so close...

Isaac whined high in his throat, sucking harder when he felt the trembling of Scott's legs.

Scott groaned, pulling out a second after he started to come, watching it spill over Isaac's face in shocked awe.

Isaac cried out, tilting his head a bit and moaning as he felt each drop hit his skin, making him tremble, his tongue coated.


Isaac let out a soft laugh, panting and unable to keep his hips still, licking his lips over and over again.

"That was so good, Isaac, oh my god," Scott praised. "You enjoyed that, right? It was good?"

Isaac nodded, giving Scott a grin. "Loved it," he panted, still completely worked up.

"Hang on a second," Scott said, getting off Isaac, then staring at his straining cock. "Fuck, that almost looks like it hurts."

Isaac let out a small humming moan, almost too blissed out to notice, though he was trembling and his cock was almost purple it was so hard. "P-probably would have c-come with you fucking my f-face if it had gone on too much longer."

"You think you could have come from that?" Scott asked, awed.

Isaac nodded. "I really do," he breathed.

"...do you want to try to come without anything on your cock?" Scott said, still staring.

"C-can try," Isaac panted, "Won't take much, sir. Please."

"I'm going to play with your nipples," Scott said huskily, lying down on his side. "You can touch me, but not yourself."

Isaac whimpered, nodding and pressing closer to Scott. "Please," he whispered. "Want to come. Please." He had Scott's drying come on his face, but he didn't care, feeling almost blissed out and halfway to subspace just from that.

Scott tucked himself in close and lowered his mouth to Isaac's nipple, licking and sucking gently as he reached out to caress the other with his thumb.

"O-oh fuck," Isaac groaned, arching his back into the wet heat of Scott's mouth, his muscles starting to tremble as pleasure shot down his spine.

Scott alternated sucking and nipping, twisting and caressing, doing his best to make it impossible for Isaac to tell whether he was getting pain or pleasure.

"Please, please," Isaac whined, jerking and trembling. "Close. Please." He slid his hand into Scott's
hair, tugging lightly.

Scott pulled off, replacing his mouth with his free hand as he murmured, "That's it, sweetheart, come for me, just from this, just from sucking my cock and me hurting your nipples, come all over your belly like I came on your face, come on, Isaac..."

Isaac let out a choked off moan, his eyes widening as he jerked his hips up, coming hard. He whimpered, collapsing onto the bed, his eyes glazing over.

"Oh god," Scott groaned, shifting up Isaac's body to kiss him, heedless of the come on Isaac's face.

Isaac let out a small sound, pressing into the kiss, his hand still in Scott's hair, the other going up to pet at his cheek.

When Scott pulled away, he was gasping. "Fuck, Isaac," he breathed.

Isaac smiled, leaning up to mouth lazily at Scott's jaw.

"Oh, sweetheart," Scott murmured, cuddling close for a moment. "You were so good, baby."

Isaac let out a happy noise, curling on his side, burying his face in Scott's neck and enjoying himself.

"Isaac, love," Scott said after a moment. "I need to clean you up, can you let go of me so I can do that?"

Isaac whined, pouting softly but letting go, licking his lips and stretching out on the bed, making small noises to himself.

"Good boy," Scott reassured him instantly. "That's my lovely good boy. I'm going to leave the room for a minute, okay?"

Isaac let out a plaintive whine, his hand reaching for Scott and refusing to let go.

"Alright," Scott conceded immediately, lying back down. "I'm not going to leave until you're okay. And then I'll be right back, alright?"

Isaac let out a happy noise, falling quiet, content to cuddle close. It took him a few minutes before he started blinking, murmuring to himself again until he let out a soft, almost groggy "Sir?"

"Yes, sweetheart?" Scott murmured, stroking Isaac's hair. "You with me?"

"Uh huh." Isaac flushed, chewing on his lower lip. "That was weird," he breathed. It was the first time he'd gone completely under for more than a couple of minutes.

"Good weird?" Scott checked.

"Mhm," he assured, kissing him hard and grinning. "Just, different. Good different, but different."

"Good," Scott said, smiling back. "Can I go get you a washcloth now?"

Isaac flushed, nodding almost shyly before stretching as he let go of Scott.

Scott got up, rolling his shoulders. "Good boy," he said. "I'll be right back."
"Yes sir." Isaac smiled brightly, trying not to roll over on his stomach like he wanted to.

Scott hurried to the bathroom - as much as he could hurry, when he was feeling so languid and, well, fucked out - and soaked a washcloth in warm water, fetching their aftercare blanket from Stiles on his way back. "You can have this when you're clean," he told Isaac as he came back in, setting it on the floor. "How are the sheets?"

"Decent." Isaac smiled. "I made sure not to roll over to stretch like I normally do."

"So just sweaty?" Scott confirmed, sitting on the bed and lifting the washcloth to tenderly wipe Isaac's face clean.

"Mmhmm." Isaac nodded, closing his eyes for Scott to clean his face, reaching up to hold his wrist lightly.

"Feeling good, love?" Scott murmured.

"Yes sir." Isaac beamed. "Very relaxed." He laughed a little and nipped at Scott's thumb.

Scott brushed his thumb over Isaac's lips before lifting up the cloth and re-scrunching it so he could use a clean part to wipe down Isaac's abs.

Isaac let out a soft sigh when he was finally clean, kissing Scott's cheek. "Thank you, sir."

"You're welcome, baby," Scott replied gently, getting up to wipe himself down, then toss the washcloth onto the pile of dirty clothes he was definitely going to put in the laundry in the morning, and picking up the aftercare blanket. "Here."

Isaac let out another happy sound, pulling the thick, soft blanket over him, reaching out a hand. "Come on, sir," he murmured, wanting cuddles.

Scott settled in under the blanket, and lying like this, cuddling together, the height difference didn't mean a thing. "I love you, Isaac," he said softly. "You were so good for me."

Isaac let a soft smile show. "I love you too, Scott," he whispered.

"Are you hungry or thirsty or anything?" Scott checked quietly, brushing Isaac's hair away from his face.

"No sir, I'm okay." Isaac smiled, leaning into the touch, feeling drained but revitalized at the same time.

"Good." Scott smiled gently at him. "You were so amazing tonight, Isaac. With the talking, and with...after. I love you."

"I love you too." Isaac smiled. "You were amazing too, sir," he assured, tucking his face into Scott's neck. "I'm so happy. I'm here in our place, and I can have you every single day."

"You'll have me always," Scott promised.

Chapter End Notes
You can read the full checklists Isaac and Scott wrote [here](#).

Thanks, as always, to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you for reading and commenting. Prompt us something! We'd love to write it for you.
Anniversary

Chapter Summary

A month after their final evaluation, Derek and Stiles were watching TV when Derek said abruptly, "We should do something tomorrow."

Stiles blinked, tilting his head back to look at Derek from where he was sprawled across his Dom. "Like what?" he asked curiously, attention on Derek rather than the 8775th re-watch of Avengers.

"Something nice," Derek said with a shrug. "It's our anniversary."

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Derek decides he and Stiles should celebrate their /real/ anniversary. So of course, they go to a sex shop.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Some allusions to Derek's relationship with Kate. He fills out a kink list (off-screen) which Stiles reads, and they visit a sex shop. There are some things that make him uncomfortable, but nothing more than that.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

A month after their final evaluation, Derek and Stiles were watching TV when Derek said abruptly, "We should do something tomorrow."

Stiles blinked, tilting his head back to look at Derek from where he was sprawled across his Dom. "Like what?" he asked curiously, attention on Derek rather than the 8775th re-watch of Avengers.

"Something nice," Derek said with a shrug. "It's our anniversary."

"We can always take a picnic and try to find that clearing from a while back in the woods," Stiles grinned. "Or we can go shopping just for fun, not for groceries."

Derek gave Stiles a slightly suspicious look. "What do you mean, 'shopping for fun'?"

"Well, there's just shopping like at IKEA. Or there's sex stores and stuff," he teased.

Derek...was actually considering it. "It is so like you," he pointed out, "to want to go to a sex shop on our anniversary."

Stiles beamed. "And then we can goof off in the woods, or maybe go camping?"
"You're not generally a big fan of camping," Derek pointed out, smiling at the gesture.

"But you like camping." Stiles shrugged, grinning and reaching up to pat his cheek.

"Only if you're sure you'll enjoy it..." Derek said reluctantly, but he couldn't hide the anticipation in his eyes.

"Sir, I'll be with you," Stiles said. "I'll love it. And besides, maybe camping with you will erase the past icks."

"We'll figure it out," Derek said, less optimistic, but still hopeful. "And there's no shame in coming home if you don't like it, okay?"

"I'll tell you," Stiles promised. "But honestly. I want to."

"Okay then." Derek automatically started planning the things they'd need and frowned when he realised he only had a one-person sleeping bag. "We'll need to visit a camping store," he admitted.

"Do we have a tent? If not can I try out the displays?" Stiles asked.

Derek rolled his eyes. "I have a tent, Stiles," he said dryly. "But we'll need a good sleeping bag this time of year."

"Can I try them out anyway?" Stiles grinned crookedly. "Not to mention I don't have camping boots either."

"No trying out the tent displays," Derek told him. "But we will get you boots. Is there anything else you need, clothes wise?"

"Oh, booo." Stiles mock-pouted, grinning after a moment. "Um...for camping? Probably just the boots."

"In general," Derek corrected. "You've been living here for a year and we may go grocery shopping every week, but we don't do other shopping that often."

"I probably need to replace some of my pants," Stiles hummed. "And my underwear," he admitted, shifting until he could watch Derek. "Other than that, I think I'm covered. I'd like to get more clothes for not public, but..." He shrugged.

"There's only so much we can do in a day," Derek said, already kind of exhausted at the thought of so much shopping, even if he loved the idea of the results.

Stiles nodded. "We can save regular clothes shopping for another day."

"Thanks," Derek said quietly. "Sorry."

Stiles blinked, sitting up a bit to kiss Derek’s chin. "Why are you sorry?"

"It wouldn't be too much to do if I didn't find shopping so exhausting," Derek explained, squeezing Stiles a little tighter. "Even dragging it out ridiculously, you can visit four shops - or half a dozen I guess - in a day."

Stiles leaned more heavily against him. "It's okay," he soothed. "Really."
"You don't mind going out again if we miss something?" Derek checked.

"Don't mind it at all." Stiles grinned. "I like spending time with you, even shopping."

Derek sighed. He didn't want to spend tomorrow shopping, not all of it. "How about we just go to the sports and camping store in town this afternoon? The range isn't as big as the city shops, but it'll do."

"And that leaves us more time tomorrow for fun stuff, wheee." Stiles laughed, almost rolling off of Derek's lap.

"You're really looking forward to that, aren't you?" Derek commented fondly.

Stiles grinned "I love spending time with you, I already said that. But even more so, we spend a lot of time at home, and while I like that, it's nice to do things outside the house. A change of pace."

"I guess," Derek said with a shrug. He was mostly looking forward to seeing Stiles' reactions. Like a kid in a candy store, probably.

"Not to mention I love exploring things that tend to hide. Like a sex shop!" Stiles laughed brightly.

"There's a limit to what I'll buy us, you know," Derek warned.

"Yes sir." Stiles nodded, still grinning. "But it's fun to imagine."

"Well, we can make a list while we're there," Derek allowed. "If we don't buy it tomorrow, maybe we can buy it later."

"Yes sir." Stiles smiled, leaning over to kiss Derek softly. "Love you."

"I love you too," Derek murmured.

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In the morning - bright and early, but not too early - Derek handed Stiles a stack of paper and a pen as they got into the car. "So we can make a shopping list," he said, and buckled in.

Stiles grinned, looking down at his lap. "Oh, a kink list?"

"I did mine last night," Derek explained. He'd wanted to have some privacy for that. "And we're not getting anything that isn't a yes for both of us so yes, a kink list."

Stiles beamed at him, tucking his legs up on the seat with him as he went through it.

"Let me know if you've got any questions," Derek said, and focused on the drive.

Stiles nodded, already working on it and grinning, wiggling a bit every now and then at certain points.

"Enjoying yourself?" Derek commented.

"Some make me wiggle," Stiles flushed.

"I can see that," Derek said, amused.

Stiles gave him a soft smile, chewing on the side of his thumb as he filled it out, flushing darkly at
some, and wincing at others. "Okay," he murmured, when they were almost to the city. "Done."

"I'm impressed," Derek said. "It took me longer." Then again, Stiles probably had a lot more in the 'haven't done' columns than Derek did.

Stiles beamed. "Can we stop at Starbucks or something? I need to stretch, and we can look over the things."

"Can we go for a walk?" Derek asked. "We can stop for a coffee or something, but..."

"Sure," Stiles agreed. "Are we close enough to the beach?"

"We can go that way," Derek agreed, turning off in that direction. "My list is in my backpack, if you want to look."

"Sure." Stiles smiled, twisting in his seat to rummage in the back seat, pulling Derek's backpack into his lap.

"I just...there are some things where my past experience isn't the same as what I expect things with you to be like," Derek warned. "You should pay more attention to the numbers in the future column."

Stiles nodded, giving Derek a small smile. "Would you like me to skip over the first two columns?" He wasn't sure if Derek actually wanted to bare that part of himself just yet.

Derek shook his head. "If I didn't want you to see it, I wouldn't have written it down," he said, looking straight ahead. "It's...you should know. What - what's happened. To me."

"I just don't want to make you uncomfortable," Stiles admitted softly, reaching over to run his hand down Derek's arm.

"Read it," Derek said, a little abruptly. And then, softer: "Please."

Stiles blinked in surprise, his face softening after a moment. "Yes sir." He leaned over to kiss and nuzzle Derek's cheek, turning his eyes back to the paper now in his hands.

Derek carefully didn't look at Stiles as he navigated them to Ocean Beach. He was fairly sure he didn't want to see Stiles' reactions right now.

Derek gave Stiles a grateful look, the tension in his shoulders easing. Of all the things Stiles could have commented on, that was probably the easiest to deal with.

"And shaving myself?" Stiles grinned widely. "Helps the panties not feel so weird, probably." He saw the grateful look, blowing Derek a small kiss. He wasn't going to actually talk about things that Derek wasn't feeling up to. No matter how much he wanted to get that bitch's location to rip her hair out follicle by follicle.
"I think, um, me shaving you, actually," Derek admitted. "Would be interesting." Stiles trusting him with that? It would be...intense, at the very least.

Stiles tilted his head to the side. "Mmm. I like that thought." He smiled.

Derek sighed. "I hate city traffic." They were probably a five minute drive from the beach, if he remembered it right - but only if there'd been no cars on the roads. It was probably going to take them twice as long to get there. "What else did we agree on?"

"Hmmm." Stiles looked over the two papers, licking his lips and flushing. "Corsets, cross-dressing, suits… Mmmm…suits." Stiles had to shake the image out of his head, eyes darkening at the image of Derek in his suit. "Suspension...Though, your comment is making me rethink the phallic gag part," he admitted, scanning the papers with his fingers keeping his place as he turned to look at Derek.

"You originally said no?" Derek asked.

"No, I just hadn't put it up so high," Stiles admitted. "I had it at two, so it wasn't even in the limits part, but the more I think about it, especially with your comment, the more I think I want to try it. Also on the list is nipple clamps." He shifted, his flush darkening. "Mental orgasm sounds hot, as does doing it on command." He shifted again, lowering his eyes. "You want me to act like a brat?" he teased, trying to lighten the sexually charged air around him.

"The fact that we don't own nipple clamps yet is just silly," Derek commented. They both loved playing with Stiles' nipples. "And it's not so much that I want you to act like a brat as I think you might enjoy being a bit mischievous sometimes, and I'm happy to accommodate that."

"I'm very mischievous. Comes with being a fox." Stiles laughed, pointing to the petplay square. "Which, luckily, we both seem to like." He grinned crookedly as he scanned further down the list. "Hitachis, fucking machines, and remote controlled toys yes please," he said lightly, though he still shivered at the thought.

"Let's talk more about the fox thing," Derek said as they finally reached the beach. Now all he had to do was park.

"I like it." Stiles shrugged. "It's a...different headspace."

"Can you tell me what's different about it?" Derek suggested, looking around for a spot. "And what's different to normal subspace, or age play?"

"Like the difference for each one?" Stiles hummed, pointing out where there was a parking spot, close to a picnic table.

"Thanks, love," Derek said absently, turning his attention to parking the car for a minute.

Stiles smiled, thinking. "My regular subspace I'm heavy, kinda floaty, and calm. Very, very calm. I can feel and hear you, but others, not so much." He tilted his head. "Little space? That's more bright, colors, it's more cheerful, all the bad thoughts tend to just leak out." He smiled, unbuckling his seatbelt and turning to face Derek. "In the fox headspace. Everything is sharper, hearing, scent, things like that. Even things against my skin is magnified a bit. I love to play, mate, and wrestle. I'll probably honestly use my teeth more to do things like open things, or even to tug on your clothes. At least, that's the impression I got."

"More sensation, but you'd probably hate bondage," Derek commented, getting out and rolling his
Derek smiled down at the top of Stiles' head. "But not keeping still," he agreed. "What about blindfolds?"

"That might be interesting, with the heightened smell anyway." Stiles laughed, grinning up at Derek. "Though getting me back to that space might take a bit since I just kinda fell head first into it the first time. Maybe the tail thing would help, along with the cockwarming or something as well." He trailed off in a hum, his head tilted and his eyes flicking side to side as he thought rapidly.

"We'll think about getting you there later," Derek said firmly, taking Stiles' hand and leading him down towards the beach. "Right now I want to talk about what we do once you're there. Would you like hand-feeding?"

"I love that generally," Stiles admitted, curling his fingers around Derek's. "So probably, though I'd probably be a little more nippy."

"I can live with nippy." Derek smiled at him. "I'm thinking you might enjoy being hand-fed with a blindfold on, if taste and smell are heightened for you."

Stiles nodded after a moment. "I think I like that. And then there's the fact that I seem to be more mischievous too." He laughed.

"Do you think you'd ever be calm, as a fox?" Derek asked as the beach came into view.

"I'm not sure?" Stiles shrugged. "I won't say never, but I honestly don't know."

"I guess we'll just have to see what happens," Derek decided. "Chances are, it's rough-housing and sex. Unless there's something specific you want?"

"Not that I can think of right now?" Stiles offered, shrugging. "Rough-housing, sex, maybe just some rolling around soft things and outside."

"Outside?" Derek asked. "How likely are you to run away from me?"

"Not very likely." Stiles shook his head, leaning against Derek for a moment. "You're my Dom, my sir, my mate. My alpha." He smiled.

"I know that," Derek said, letting go of Stiles' hand to wrap one arm around his shoulders. "But that doesn't mean you won't get it into your head to play tag."

"I'll make sure and ask." Stiles smiled, cuddling close. "Luckily we have a privacy fence."

"Please keep in mind that I don't mean this in a bad way," Derek warned, "but if you're a fox, I don't know if you will ask. I think you might just do."

Stiles hummed, nodding a bit. "It may be a good idea to keep me in the backyard or the house then," he admitted. "We have a nice privacy fence and we do have spaces on the gate for locks..."

"Okay." Derek relaxed. It was a good plan; Stiles would be safe. "What's your feeling on clothes?"
"As the fox? Not too wild on them, honestly, though not sure how you would feel outside with that," Stiles mused. "Probably at least a pair of loose shorts outside, or when I need to wear them."

Derek frowned. "Maybe we should get you some knee pads," he suggested.

"Maybe," Stiles hummed. "So if I'm flopping on the floor, I don't hurt myself? I mean, I'm not sure if I'll be crawling or walking, I can't remember what I was doing last time."

"I think it was kind of a mixture," Derek said, thinking back. "But you were already crawling a lot that day."

"True. It might be a good precaution." Stiles shrugged. "Don't sex shops sell ones meant for crawling?"

"We can look," Derek said. "And, uh, did you say a tail plug was a yes?"

Stiles nodded, grinning. "The comments amused me." He pulled out the folded lists from his pocket, pressing his into Derek's hands. "Read them! It's only fair for both of us to have read the others. And that way it'll give you ideas."

Derek started reading, a little warily. And yes, there were things that made him uncomfortable, but Stiles' comments were funny, and then he got to anal torture - according to Stiles, 'wtffff? Isn't that what happens after bad thai?' - and couldn't help but laugh.

Stiles tilted his head, grinning at his Dom before letting out a soft sound, scooping up a shell that was in the sand of the beach. "Oooo, pretty."

Derek glanced at Stiles and shook his head fondly. "Go on then," he said. "But you'll only get to keep one."

Stiles beamed, slipping off his shoes and leaving them with Derek before going over the sand, picking up each shell to look it over.

Derek watched him for a minute, then turned his attention back to the papers in his hand. He smiled when he saw how much Stiles apparently liked him in a suit, frowned when he noticed the things Stiles wanted that Derek wasn't going to do. It wasn't exactly new to read that Stiles loved blindfolds and restraints, but the reassurance was welcome. And he was frankly awed by the number of times Stiles called him 'amo' and 'master'.

Stiles looked up from comparing two very nice shells, smiling at Derek. "Could I have a few more than one? I have an idea for a pretty decoration for the coffee table." He noticed the small frown, tilting his head to watch his Dom.

"They're important to the ecosystem," Derek said, shaking his head. "Just one."

Stiles pouted, but he nodded with a soft "Yessir", going back to where he was crouched, looking the two shells over and trying to decide which one he wanted before setting one back into the sand, scooting down to where he found another shell to repeat the process.

On the whole, there wasn't anything that surprised Derek on Stiles' list, which was nice to know. Stiles liked bondage, roleplay, costumes, and toys. He wasn't into any sort of extremes, preferring to explore a little of a wide range of sensations. He was an exhibitionist, but not into sharing. For the most part, Derek liked, or at least tolerated, the things that Stiles liked. It was something of a relief, to
see Derek wasn't depriving Stiles of anything he badly wanted.

Stiles let out a triumphant sound, shooting up and hurrying back over to Derek, his feet covered in sand. "Look!" he beamed, showing him the perfectly shaped conch shell, still pearly inside.

"I take it you've found your shell for the day?" Derek said, smiling at Stiles' enthusiasm. It was very pretty, true.

Stiles nodded, grinning happily and gently brushing sand off his shell. "I still have an idea for the coffee table, but I can get shells from the craft store too."

"If you want," Derek said with a shrug. "We should wrap it in something so it doesn't get damaged before we get home."

Stiles nodded, giving him a small smile. "I think we have some old newspaper in the car that I'll wrap it up in, and put it in the glovebox so it doesn't get smashed." He kissed Derek's cheek. "Love you."

"Stiles?" Derek cupped Stiles' cheek and drew him into a slow, sweet kiss. "I love you too."

Stiles let out a soft sound at the kiss, his cheeks pink as his eyes fluttering briefly closed. He gave Derek a small smile, nuzzling into his palm. "You okay?"

"I'm okay," Derek confirmed. He looked out at the ocean, timeless and unchanging and indifferent, and took a deep breath of the salty air, letting it out slowly. "Let's go shopping, sweetheart," he murmured.

Stiles' smile went so bright it almost split his face, kissing Derek again before hugging him. "I love you, mi amo," he murmured. "And I really really like being your sweetheart."

Derek hugged him back, then turned them both towards the car. "You know there'll be days when I can't say it," he warned.

"Just makes the others all that much better." Stiles grinned, reaching down to brush the sand off his feet once they were on the pavement, slipping his shoes back on after all the sand was gone.

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The trip to the sex shop (and yes, Derek did know where he was going; he'd done his research yesterday) was occupied by lighter conversation, and Derek was grateful to Stiles for going along with it. It was only when they got there that Derek glanced at Stiles and said, "I might - if I see something and need a moment, it doesn't mean we have to leave, okay? It just means I need a moment."

Stiles tilted his head, watching Derek for a moment before nodding. "Let me know, okay?" he asked softly. "I'll hug you or give you space if you'd rather. And please, if you do need to leave, just tell me."

Derek closed his eyes, thinking. "You're in charge of making sure I'm okay," he said eventually. "I can do color check-ins, and you get me out of there if you think you need to, okay?"

Stiles smiled, nodding. "I'll keep you safe, mi amo."

"Thank you," Derek murmured. He kissed Stiles softly, steeled himself, and walked into the store. Stiles smiled softly, slipping into the store after Derek, holding his hand. "Mi amo," he murmured.
softly, a reminder.

It was, for a sex store, surprisingly...friendly-seeming. Nothing could hide the sheer quantity of leather and rubber on display, but it was less daunting than Derek had been worried about. "Where would you like to start?" he asked Stiles quietly.

"Pet play stuff?" Stiles offered, his eyes flicking around and relaxing a bit more as the more...harsh...toys seemed to not be in sight. "How are you doing, sir?"

"Green," Derek replied, his mouth quirking a little at the reversal of roles. "I'm fine. And that sounds like a good idea."

Stiles beamed, kissing his cheek and looking around. "Ooooh pretty tails!" He gently tugged Derek into the direction of an array of tail plugs.

Derek smiled fondly and followed. "I assume you like the fluffy ones?" he asked.

Stiles nodded, running his fingers through the fluffy, soft tail of a deep russet red. "So many pretty colors." he breathed.

It occurred to Derek that he had no idea how to clean these. He'd have to ask.

Stiles went through each tail, petting it thoughtfully. "Are there any you like, sir?" he asked, tilting his head.

"I think they're all very nice," Derek said. "You should look at the plug parts as well as the tails - they're not all the same."

Stiles nodded, picking up each plug and checking it over, shifting from foot to foot as a flush went along his cheeks. "Um," he murmured. "I think I like this one best," he admitted softly, holding out the one with the russet colored fur.

"It looks good," Derek said, taking it and feeling the weight of the plug and the softness of the tail. "You're sure?"

Stiles nodded, giving him a small smile. "I really like that one."

"Alright, then," Derek said, and went looking for the box in the shelves below the hanging display.

Stiles hummed, looking over the other items on the next shelf, tilting his head. "Were you talking like these kneepads?"

"Something like that, yes," Derek agreed, passing the box with the tail plug to Stiles so he could examine them more closely.

Stiles hugged the box to his chest, grinning. "Which ones?"

"The ones with the elastic fabric rather than the velcro, I think," Derek said, thinking aloud. "We don't want you getting caught on something." What size would Stiles be, though?

"That would suck." Stiles nodded, jumping as a voice spoke behind him.

"May I help you find something?" A woman stood, smile on her face with a cloth measuring tape hanging around her neck.
Derek’s first instinct was to say no thanks, but he was sensible enough to be grateful for the help. "We're looking into doing some...pet play," he confessed. "I want to get Stiles knee pads in case he ends up crawling a lot."

The woman nodded, smiling politely. "That's a very good idea! We have different sizes of bands, and it's easy to find one, if you don’t mind me measuring above and below your knee? I can do it over your jeans."

Stiles nodded, watching as she measured around his knees, murmuring to herself.

"Okay, so you'll want to find some with a high number of twelve, low of ten," the saleswoman said. "That's in either band style. We have a tester on the display to try on over pants. They should be snug, but not too tight."

"Thanks," Derek said. "And, uh, I actually had a question about the tail plugs?"

"Yes sir?" She looked over to Stiles, smiling at the box. "Oh! Nice choice."

"That's his decision, not mine," Derek said, nodding to Stiles. "But I'm wondering about cleaning it."

"Oh, it's surprisingly easy," the woman explained. "The tail can actually detach. A strong magnet holds it on, so it takes a bit of effort to get it off. The tail is hand wash and the plug just as normal."

"Wouldn't you be more likely to damage the fur pulling it off that way?" Derek asked, concerned. "And would metal toys end up getting stuck to it?"

"Metal toys may end up stuck, true, but as to the damage risk, it comes with a small spatula to work between them." She pulled one from her pocket, taking one of the displays and showing how it works. "You can, of course, just carefully wash it in one piece, just make sure to air dry it."

"Stiles?" Derek asked. "What do you think?"

Stiles tilted his head, taking the display when the woman offered, trying it out himself. "It's not too hard."

Derek glanced at the saleswoman. "Thanks for the demo," he said in a polite dismissal. She smiled, nodding. "Let me know if you need anything else, okay? My name's Lily."

Stiles nodded, waving as she walked off before turning back to Derek. "How ya doing, mi amo?"

"Still green," Derek reassured him. "Although I'm not too sure about that tail design. I know there are ones out there that don't detach."

"They have more brands here," Stiles offered. "And they don't look like they detach at all."

Derek sighed. "Shall we have another look, then?"


"I'm fine," Derek promised, smiling down at Stiles. "It's just annoying."

"What's annoying?" Stiles smiled back, still cupping Derek’s cheek...
"You picked something you really liked," Derek said, "but it's got this weird detachable thing so we have to revisit that decision."

Stiles shrugged. "They have other ones I like too." He smiled. "And even one in the same color." He turned to grab his second favorite, the same russet color, except this one had a white tip, and it was a different brand. "See?" He picked up the box for it, looking it over. "I don't see anything about detaching it either."

"Is there anything about looking after it on the box?" Derek asked.

Stiles hummed, looking over the back of the box. "For the most part, looks like the same way you clean a regular toy, though it suggests spot cleaning the tail portion and make sure to air dry completely before storing."

"I guess we can manage that," Derek agreed. "Thank you, chiquito."

"Welcome." Stiles smiled, putting the first up and cradling the second. "This one is a bit more fox-like too."

"As long as you're happy, love," Derek murmured. "Let's get you some knee pads, and then we'll move on, okay?"

Stiles nodded, grinning widely and looking over the pads. "Did you see anything you liked?"

Derek reached out to finger a simple black leather pad. "It looks simple, but comfortable. What do you think?"

Stiles tilted his head, looking it over before nodding, smiling widely. He looked for his size tester, taking it and sticking his tongue out of the side of his mouth as he slipped it on.

Derek wrapped an arm around Stiles' waist to steady him, then, once Stiles had it settled in the right spot, he crouched down and felt the pad, looking for any rough or hard spots. "You should kneel," he suggested. "See what it's like."

Stiles rested his hands on Derek's shoulder as he lowered himself to the knees, shifting from padded knee to unpadded. "There's a much better cushioned feeling on the knee," he said. "Almost like my floor pillow."

"Is the padding shifting at all?" Derek asked.

Stiles shifted again, shaking his head. "It's not, and the bands aren't digging in either."

"Okay," Derek said. "You think the size is right, too?"

"Yes sir." Stiles smiled, standing and moving his leg. "It's not moving out of place."

"Alright, then," Derek said. And, since he'd learned from last time, he picked out a box and looked it over to see if there was anything he wasn't expecting.

Stiles worked the other off, humming happily. "I really like this one. It's soft too."

"Alright, then." There weren't any surprises on the box, so Derek tucked it under his arm and took the sample from Stiles to hang it up again. "What should we look at next?"
"Hmmm." Stiles looked around. "The gags? That phallic one is making my head go in circles."

"Alright," Derek agreed. "But, just so you know, I do have a budget in mind for today. We won't be able to get everything."

Stiles nodded, grinning widely. "Yes sir!" He led Derek to the gags, glad that the store seemed to not have anything too freaky.

Derek followed, averting his gaze from the gags themselves and focusing on Stiles' face.

Stiles reached up to cup Derek's cheek. "How about we skip this one today? We can buy the, online."

"You should get a sense for them in person," Derek countered. "Even if we do buy online, it's easier if you've seen one before."

"How are you?" Stiles asked, his voice serious.

"...yellow," Derek admitted reluctantly. "But I'm handling it."

Stiles hummed. "Nope, we're heading to another section." He shook his head. "I'm not going to let you linger out of green."

"Stiles," Derek said quietly. "If you want to look at them, I can wait for you somewhere else."

Stiles shook his head. "I'm fine," he smiled, kissing Derek's cheek and leading him away.

Stiles could be so compassionate, Derek thought to himself as he followed Stiles through the bondage section. "I love you," he murmured.

Stiles smiled. "I love you too, mi amo." He kissed his cheek. "Are you feeling better?"

"I am," Derek promised him. "I'm fine, Stiles."

"Color?" Stiles stopped in front of the lingerie section.

"I'm green, Stiles," Derek replied, not exactly impatiently, because he knew he'd asked Stiles to check in on him, but still.

"You gave me a task and I'm going to do it," Stiles said firmly, frowning. "And I don't want you getting freaked out."

Derek sighed, drawing Stiles into a hug. "Thank you for being so diligent, querido," he murmured. "But I'm really fine."

"Love you," Stiles murmured, hugging him tightly.

"Love you too," Derek replied. "Now, let's look at clamps and then we can go have lunch or something."

Stiles smiled, nodding and tugging lightly on Derek's hand to lead him over. "What kind?"

"Probably not clover clamps," Derek commented. They could be quite painful. "Something adjustable, maybe?"
Stiles winced as his 'mental google' brought up a pic of that. "I like adjustable, good for many different sessions." He hummed, looking over the clamps. "Any that look really good to you, sir?"

"I prefer the ones on a chain rather than the tweezer style," Derek admitted. "What do you think?"

"Pluck pluck." Stiles grinned, miming tugging on a chain on his chest.

Derek rolled his eyes and smiled fondly. "Bullnose clamps, then?"

"Hmmm." Stiles tilted his head, looking them over. "I like them." He grinned.

"Pick a set you like, then," Derek told him.

Stiles looked over them, picking out a pair that were a matte grey color, smiling widely. "I like these! Are they okay?"

Derek looked them over carefully, reaching out to feel them and test the adjustment screw. "Get me the box, chiquito," he told Stiles.

Stiles rummaged on the shelves, holding out the box and grinning.

Derek looked over the little box carefully and nodded. "Are we done?" he asked.

"I think so." Stiles nodded, smiling. "Unless there was something you want to look at?"

"Not here," Derek said, glancing back towards the lingerie section. "We're going somewhere else later to get you something pretty, though."

"Oh! I love pretty things." Stiles beamed, leading him to the checkout.

Derek glanced sideways at him. "You love wearing pretty things," he corrected, getting his wallet out.

"That too." Stiles grinned happily.

"Hello, how can I help you today?" the cashier asked when they reached him.

Stiles smiled, setting his boxes on the counter. "Hi," he murmured, suddenly feeling a bit shy.

The man smiled at him, obviously familiar with such shyness, as he scanned the three boxes. "Trying something new?" he asked kindly.

Stiles eyes brightened a bit as he nodded. "It's mine and Sir's anniversary."

"Congratulations to you both, then," the cashier said. "That comes to eighty-three dollars, ninety-six cents."

Stiles smiled, turning to kiss Derek's cheek. "Thank you," he told the cashier, beaming.

Derek stepped forward. "I'll pay by card, please," he said, offering it to the cashier. A couple of minutes later, they were leaving the shop with their things.

Stiles grinned happily, almost bouncing in place. "Thank you!"

"You're welcome, sweetheart," Derek said, his shoulders relaxing a little as they walked away. It
hadn't been that bad, but he still felt better having more control of the situation.

Stiles tucked himself close, kissing Derek's jaw when they paused by the car. "Where to? Camp time?"

"Not til this evening, chiquito," Derek told him. "Shall we do lunch before we go to the lingerie shop?"

"Yes sir!" Stiles smiled brightly. "Did you find any yummy spots to eat the last time you were here?"

"We could see if we can meet Isaac and Scott for lunch," Derek said reluctantly.

Stiles smiled, shaking his head. "Want to spend time with you. I love Isaac and Scott, and would like to see them, but not today, today is just us."

Derek caught Stiles' cheek and kissed him.

Stiles blinked, sinking into the kiss, his lips curled. "What was that for?"

"I just love you," Derek said simply. "I don't have lunch planned or anything, but I'm sure we can find something."

"I love you too." Stiles hummed, kissing him again and nodded as he slipped into the car. "Any seafood places?"

"We'll find something," Derek said.

Chapter End Notes

I'm sure you'll never guess what kind of bonus we have for you today...you can check out Stiles and Derek's kink lists here. We're gonna be exploring some new things from these in the near future - it's going to be fun!

We /also/ are very pleased to announce that we've started posting Set Your Burdens Down, a BDSM-verse that's a little more like real life and a LOT more like canon, with sub!Alpha!Derek, switch!Stiles, and budding Scallisaac. We hope you'll all check it out!

Thanks, as always, to our beta Chicktar, to all of you for reading and commenting, and especially to one of Kattseye's friends who decided to liveblog their reading of some of our stuff - it made both our days!
Chapter Summary

The cashier looked up, smiling softly. "Hello! May I help you find something? Answer any questions?"

"My...boyfriend is looking at getting some lingerie," Derek admitted a little awkwardly. "But we're both new to this. What do we need to know?"

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Derek takes Stiles to a lingerie shop, then the two of them go camping.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Stiles blinked, looking around the store as they walked in, shifting from foot to foot in excitement.

"Go explore, sweetheart," Derek told him fondly. He wanted to talk to the salesperson here about sizing. "I'll be with you in a minute."

"Yes sir!" Stiles beamed, bolting down an aisle.

Derek smiled after him and went up to the counter. "Hi," he said.

The cashier looked up, smiling softly. "Hello! May I help you find something? Answer any questions?"

"My...boyfriend is looking at getting some lingerie," Derek admitted a little awkwardly. "But we're both new to this. What do we need to know?"

"Oh! I'll be happy to give you some guidance. Do you know of any colors you'd like? Materials, cuts, things like that?" The man stepped around the counter, holding a small notebook and pen.

"I think that's Stiles' purview," Derek said, smiling a little. "Wherever he's got to. I'm more worried about practicalities."

"Like cleaning? Most are just machine wash in delicate cycle and hang dry or low dry cycle," the clerk promised. "Some are hand wash only though!"

Derek could remember almost getting crucified once for throwing Laura's things in the wash with his without sorting out the delicates. "Do we need to use a different detergent?" he checked.

"Nope! Though I'd steer clear of any chlorine bleach."

"Sizing?" Derek asked, leading the man towards where he thought he saw Stiles' head between the aisles.

"Most are by waist size. Almost like pants," the cashier assured. "Tops by shirt size."
That was straightforward enough, Derek supposed. Assuming Stiles knew his waist measurement accurately. They turned a corner and found Stiles perusing a wall of satin.

Stiles looked over, his cheeks flushing at the images going through his head. "Hi," he murmured. He held a pair of cheeky panties in his hand, and was tracing the lace trim with his thumb. "Sorry, sir."

The clerk just smiled. "That's a nice cut."

"You don't have to apologize, Stiles," Derek said. "I told you to go explore."

Stiles gave him a shy grin, his fingers skimming over the satin again. "I like these," he murmured. "But I like others too. So many choices!"

"I have the same problems," the salesperson promised. "Also, I'm sorry, I forgot to introduce myself. I'm Mark."

"Nice to meet you," Derek said.

Stiles waved a bit, his cheeks still pink.

Mark rubbed his hands together, crooked grin on his face. "Alright! Is there any cut you think you'd prefer? Sometimes it's easier to start there."

"I like these," Stiles murmured, holding up the panties that would show a good portion of his ass, but weren't a thong. "But I'm not sure what other ones there are. What about you, sir?" He gave Derek a small look, his eyes darkening. "Any you'd like to see me in?" he teased, gaining a bit of confidence.

"I think you'd look good in blue," Derek said quietly, watching with a smile.

Mark nodded. "It would suit your coloring wonderfully. As would a soft green maybe. As for cuts, is there anything you can think of that you'd like him to try?" He directed the question to Derek, pulling out a small chart from his apron that had different styles pictured.

The question felt a little off, to Derek - being asked to pick what Stiles did, rather than what he'd like to see. But he looked over the chart and said, "Bikini, maybe? It would show off your hipbones."

Stiles nodded, peering at the chart. "The lower cuts would," he admitted. "I like the ones with the straps for backs too."

Mark grinned. "I have one that you might like a lot then." he hummed, walking down the aisle a bit before coming back, holding up a pair of hip-hugger panties where the back was a web of straps. "How's this? We have a lot of different colors too." He turned them so Stiles could see the back.

Derek raised his eyebrows. That was...god, on an actual person, on Stiles, it would be almost obscene.

"I really like them," Stiles admitted, his grin growing.

Mark nodded. "This style is one of my favorites," he admitted.

Derek was pretty sure that, if Stiles was wearing them, his crack would be mostly exposed, webbing and lace drawing the eye downward to where his hole was hiding. "Okay," he said, only a little roughly.
Stiles brightened even further at the subtle tone of Derek's voice. "My jewel would look so pretty with this," he murmured, taking the one from Mark and heading over to look over the colors.

Mark showed his amusement. "We have a few different ones that have straps like that, if you'd like to see? There's also more for day to day use."

Derek raised his voice slightly and called to Stiles, "You get three pairs today, so just pick one of those for now." More quietly, he told Mark, "I want him to have a range."

"Yes sir!" Stiles looked over his shoulder, grabbing a blue pair, folding them carefully before hurrying back.

Mark nodded. "We have quite a few styles and colors. If it's going to be a day-to-day thing, we have three-packs and five-packs of plain cotton ones."

Derek hid a smirk at the skillful upsell, but he nodded. "He liked the - what was it? - cheeky ones, didn't he? What colour options do you have in those in cotton?"

"We have neutral sets with white, black, and tan. And we have two different coloured packs." Mark smiled. "If you both like blues, I’d suggest our jewel-tone pack with blue, purple, and green. The five-pack also has red and a lighter blue."

Stiles kissed Derek's cheek, still looking over the shelves.

"What do you think, querido?" Derek asked gently.

"I saw the jewel tones. I really like them," Stiles admitted. "I also found these." He showed Derek a pair of panties that would be so low cut that they would barely cover him. They material was black, but so sheer it was see-through.

"You're shameless, aren't you?" Derek murmured low in Stiles' ear. "Alright. Go pick out a satin pair of some sort, minimal ornamentation, while I get the cotton ones."

Stiles shivered, licking his lips and giving him a hot look. "You know I am," he replied, before nodding and heading over to the satin materials. He tilted his head as he looked them over, finally finding a red pair he liked, fairly simple, except for the keyhole at the back waistline, a small bow being the only decoration.

The total for the panties - deep blue lace, black sheer, red satin, and jewel cotton - was honestly mildly obscene, but with the excitement on Stiles' face, Derek didn't mind, and he left the shop satisfied.

Stiles was clutching the bag, his cheeks pink but his eyes dark. "Thank you," he whispered.

"You're welcome, sweetheart," Derek murmured in his ear. "But. You don't get to touch your new panties again until I say you can, alright? You're going to have to wait to wear them."

Stiles whined, pouting softly but he nodded, leaning against him. "When can I wear them?" he asked shyly.

"Not yet," Derek replied simply. "You're going to have to be patient."
Stiles pouted again, shifting on his feet before sliding into the car.

"Would you like to try and convince me to make it sooner?" Derek suggested, then added, "Home now?"

"Camping," Stiles murmured, cheeks pink. "Want to wear them." He licked his lips. "How?"

"Tell me what it means to you, to be wearing panties," Derek said, starting the car and getting them going in the direction of Beacon Hills. "What you imagine I'd do."

"I want to wear them, want to feel pretty, love teasing you," Stiles admitted. "Had a dream the other night, that I was cleaning the bedroom when you came in from a shower. and all I was wearing were the panties..."

Derek glanced at Stiles, looked at the traffic around them, took a breath, and murmured, "You have permission to play with your nipples as we drive. When the car is moving." Of course, in the city, the car was stopped almost as much time as it wasn't, but that just meant Stiles would tease himself more.

Stiles shivered, licking his lips and scooting down in the seat a bit, spreading his legs unconsciously as he started teasing his nipples, his mouth falling open.

"In your dream, what did I do?" Derek asked quietly, doing his best to keep his eyes on the road.

"Comment on me being a tease," Stiles murmured, starting to pant softly. "Push me so I'm bending over the bed, so you could tug down just enough of my panties to tease me back."

"You do love to tease," Derek commented lowly. "How much of the time are you trying to get me to fuck you, Stiles?"

"Seventy-five percent on a bad day." Stiles couldn't help but grin, his knees spreading wider as he let out a soft moan, twisting his nipples lightly.

Derek laughed. "Is that so, sweetheart?"

Stiles grinned at the laugh, looking over to Derek while at a stop light. "It's my goal in life to tease you to insanity," he affirmed. "But only the best kind of insanity."

"Love is a kind of madness, isn't it?" Derek replied, smiling at him.

"True, but I like the look in your eyes right before you pounce." Stiles smiled back, licking his lower lip and sucking it into his mouth as his hands moved back to his nipples.

"I thought we decided you were the fox," Derek pointed out.

"Yeah, but you're my mate," Stiles countered, his sentence trailing into a gasp as his back arched.

Derek raised his eyebrows. "Does that mean I have to be a fox too?" he asked.

"Nope. You're a wolf," Stiles replied, rocking his hips unconsciously.

"Because I write werewolf novels?" Derek said skeptically.

"Who's my pack then?" Derek asked curiously, sidetracked. "Just you?"

"Me and Isaac and Scott." Stiles grinned, one hand sneaking down his stomach.

"Scott and Isaac take care of themselves," Derek said, his eyes on the road ahead. "We just support them."

"Yeah, that is still a type of taking care." Stiles huffed playfully, teasing himself.

"And how do you think Scott would feel about me claiming them for my 'pack'?><" Derek asked, then glanced at Stiles and frowned instantly. "Hey."

Stiles flushed. "Yes sir?" he tried, innocent look on his face as he slid his hands back up to his chest.

"I saw that," Derek said sternly. "No. Nipples only."

"Yes sir." Stiles pouted, wiggling in his seat.

"If you're going to tease, sweetheart, you're going to have to live with being teased in return," Derek said with a smirk.

"S'not going to stop me," Stiles sassed lightly, voice drifting off on a soft moan.

"I'm sure," Derek said. "Feeling tender, chiquito?"

"Yes sir." Stiles licked his lips. "Sore, tender."

"Hands out from under your shirt, then," Derek ordered. "Let your shirt rub against them."

Stiles slipped his hands down to his spread thighs, whimpering as the shirt brushed against his nipples, shivering.

"Enjoying yourself?" Derek asked, glancing sideways - and only keeping it to a glance by sheer willpower.


"Nope," Derek said cheerfully. "You'll have to wait."

Stiles whined softly, rocking his hips into each bump of the car.

"It's actually a pretty nice drive, isn't it?" Derek commented. They were out of the city by now, and the landscape passing by was kind of nice.

Stiles groaned, thunking his head back. "I like the fields and woods."

"Thank you, again, for agreeing to go camping with me," Derek said, a little more seriously.

Stiles smiled, rocking a bit into a bump with a soft gasp. "I want to go camping with you. Want to see if it was the company that made camping ick when I was younger."

"Who did you go camping with?" Derek asked, genuinely curious, and also hoping to help Stiles settle some.

"Honestly? My dad and Scott. Scott spent the entire time whining about mosquitoes and his lack of video games." Stiles licked his lip, turning his head to look Derek up and down hungrily. "Want you.
Want to taste," he whined softly.

Derek squeezed the steering wheel, looking straight ahead and trying to ignore his blush.

"Please sir?" Stiles asked softly, not wanting to push, but genuinely asking. He never did get a no after all.

Derek relaxed slowly. "It's...not something I feel comfortable saying 'yes' to," he admitted. He didn't really have a good reason to say no, to be fair. He was just kind of squeamish.

Stiles hummed softly. "What would make you more comfortable doing anything like that?"

"It's not safe, for a start," Derek said. That was the most...coherent objection he had.

"What if we're on a back road? Like the wooded drive to our house?" Stiles offered, licking his lips.

"Hitting a tree would kill you as much as hitting another car would," Derek said seriously.

"That way we can go as slow as needed. Our road isn't traveled much at all," Stiles countered.

"Stiles..." Derek said, frustrated. "I don't have it in me to be so careless with your safety."

Stiles chewed on his lower lip. "What about when parked? In our garage or in the woods, behind a closed shop, things like that?"

"Wouldn't doing it in our garage miss the point for you?" Derek asked curiously.


"It..." Derek bit his lip. It was silly, really. With everything else they'd done, why should this be the thing that made him squirm? "It feels...transgressive, I guess."

"What do you mean?" Stiles asked softly.

"There's a limit to the scening, or the sexual contact, that people do in public," Derek said slowly, trying to unpick how he felt about it. "I know exhibitionism is about playing with that limit, I guess. And for me it can be...exciting to think about. But as it moves from fantasy towards reality, the risk gets less exciting and more..."

"Scary?" Stiles offered. "That's why I thought maybe start with something like the garage or parked in the woods or something."

"It's silly," Derek said, feeling awkward. "It's not like I have a reason for it or anything."

Stiles watched him for a moment, his lips pursed. "Sir," he murmured, shifting to sit back up and turning in his seat to face Derek as much as possible. "Sir, you know you can have limits, right?" he murmured. "And I mean limits that don't give you panic attacks and flashbacks."

Derek glanced at Stiles and didn't answer.

"Just like I have limits that don't cause me panic attacks. Things that I just legitimately don't like, or that bother me. And if this is a limit for you, I'll stop asking," Stiles said seriously. "But if it's something you want to try, then I'll be more than happy to suck your dick while you drive down a back road. I trust you not to hurt us."
"I don't trust me," Derek muttered to himself, then looked at Stiles. "We could...try what you said earlier. Parked in the woods."

"You may not trust yourself, but I do. So please, trust me to trust you." Stiles gave Derek a small smile. "And thank you. But I'm serious, sir. Safeword if it goes wrong, okay? I don't want to push past a limit."

"I'll tell you if I start feeling bad," Derek agreed.

Stiles beamed, kissing Derek's cheek.

"Have you had a good day so far?" Derek asked.

Stiles nodded. "Thank you for the panties," he murmured.

"Even though I'm not letting you wear them yet?" Derek replied.

"Yes." Stiles pouted. "Even though I haven't earned them yet."

"It's not about earning," Derek corrected. "I just don't want you to have them yet."

"Humph," Stiles complained, sinking further into his seat, his legs spread.

"You object, sweetheart?" Derek challenged.

"Want to wear them," Stiles murmured. "Want to be all pretty, just for you." He lowered his eyes to his knees, licking his lips.

"You're always beautiful," Derek reminded him. "Tell me something that makes you beautiful today."

Stiles chewed on his lip, his fingers tracing his collar. "I like my legs," he said softly. "Longer than most people see on a boy, but that just makes me faster, though not graceful."

"I've seen you be graceful," Derek commented. "And I agree, you have lovely legs. They're elegant."

"Only while skating," Stiles murmured, self-deprecatingly.

"Stiles," Derek said warningly. "Take the compliment. I think your legs are lovely, and elegant."

Stiles just nodded, rubbing his hands on his thighs, his cheeks flushed. He still had a very hard time accepting things like that, or even thinking them.

"And I'm proud of you," Derek added, his voice gentler, and quiet. "For being able to think of something so easily."

Stiles gave him a tiny smile, soaking up the praise and relaxing a bit.

"I love you, sweetheart," Derek said quietly. "Beautiful or not, I still love you."

"I love you too," Stiles whispered. "And there are times I think myself beautiful, but it's not often. It's more than it was before I had you, though..."
Derek turned his head to smile at him warmly. "I'm glad, chiquito. I'd love you no matter what you looked like, but I want you to be able to feel good about yourself and how you look."

Stiles warmed at the sight of the smile he loved putting on his Dom's face. He gave Derek a shy smile, hand going up to pick at his lip.

"Do you want to have dinner at home, or bring things with us to cook over a fire?" Derek asked, changing the subject.

"A campfire won't bother you, right?" Stiles double checked, reaching over to pet his arm.

"A campfire's fine," Derek promised him. "I know how to manage a campfire."

Stiles smiled. "Hotdogs and s'mores?" he asked softly. "I can make potato packets out of foil to put in it."

"Maybe some corn cobs too, they're not bad cooked in the embers," Derek suggested.

Stiles smiled, nodding. "With butter, salt, and pepper in both packets."

"Sounds good," Derek agreed. "Do you want marshmallows too?" He wasn't particularly attached to marshmallows, but he had a feeling Stiles didn't agree with him.

"Yes please! S'mores. Yummmmm." Stiles grinned, tilting his head against the back of the seat.

"I never would have guessed," Derek said dryly.

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Stiles poked at his marshmallow, humming softly and trying to make sure it was good. He liked them charcoal-esque sometimes, but not the first one.

Derek watched him fondly, stoking up the fire from the low embers they'd needed for cooking to a cheerful blaze.

Stiles let out a happy noise, grinning at Derek and handing his Dom his own skewer with a marshmallow already on it. "Here's yours, sir," he said, turning back to perfectly roasting his so his first s'more would be perfection.

Derek took it with a smile. "Thank you, sweetheart." It was easy to smile out here, in the quiet.

Stiles couldn't help the small noise he made at that, his eyes lighting up, even as he flushed, grabbing his supplies. He really really liked hearing that petname, loved that Derek even felt comfortable enough to call him something in English. Sweetheart was very very quickly becoming his most favorite name.

"Everything alright?" Derek asked, not really concerned with Stiles so clearly happy.

"Yes sir." Stiles flushed. "I like that name. I really do."

Derek leaned across to kiss Stiles' cheek, unable to resist that blush. "I'm glad," he murmured.

Stiles blinked, giving him a soft smile. "I am too," he admitted, scooting closer.
"I'm...really glad you came to me," Derek said softly, watching his marshmallow cook. "That you stayed with me."

"I'm glad I got you," Stiles admitted. "And I'll stay with you." He kissed Derek's cheek again, headbutting his shoulder gently.

"I'm glad you loved me," Derek murmured. "Love me. I'm glad you forgave me."

"I always will," Stiles beamed, sinking his teeth into his s'more, squeaking as chocolate went across his cheeks.

Derek laughed. "You're a mess, love."

Stiles' nose crinkled as he hid a laugh. "My s'more went s'mush."

"As they usually do," Derek said, smiling. "When's the last time you had s'mores?"

"When I tried to shove one up Scott's nose on the whining trip," Stiles admitted, grinning widely, marshmallow and chocolate still on his face.

Derek shied away from that mental image so hard he knocked his marshmallow into the flames, hurriedly pulling it out and blowing on it to stop it burning.

Stiles blinked. "Are you alright?" he asked, not sure if he was amused or not. "I wasn't going to do that to you sir." He grabbed the wet wipes he'd packed for just this occasion, cleaning his cheeks.

"Just..." Derek said helplessly. "Oh my god, Stiles. Molten marshmallow is bad enough when you get it on your fingers, but up your nose?"

Stiles giggled, snorting into the wipe a bit before peeking over it. "The s'more had cooled off enough that it didn't burn him. And besides, it didn't really get up his nose, the tricky fucker jerked backwards, fell off the log, and into a puddle that had formed from the summer shower that day."

"I don't think he did it on purpose, Stiles," Derek said, rubbing a hand over his face. "Christ. How are you two still friends, again?"

"Nah, I know he didn't do it on purpose, but he likes to say he dodged a squishy bullet." Stiles grinned. "And honestly, no clue, though the gummy bears in my ears the next night as I slept was a good comeback."

Derek stared. "I just want you to know," he said eventually, "I was never that gross."

"We were thirteen." Stiles laughed, purposefully charcoaling the next marshmallow.

"Thirteen and gross," Derek said definitively, blowing on his marshmallow some more and taking a tentative bite.

Stiles laughed, blowing the fire out on his marshmallow, shoving the entire thing in his mouth.

Derek loved Stiles' laugh, he really did. It was possible he was feeling a bit sappy tonight.

Stiles beamed, sitting as close as possible, resting his head on Derek's shoulder after a bit. "Love you."

"Love you too, sweetheart," Derek murmured, swapping his marshmallow stick to his other hand so he could wrap his arm around Stiles and tuck him in close.
Stiles hummed happily. "Happy anniversary," he whispered, his breath showing in the air, but the fire and his Dom making him warm.

"Happy anniversary," Derek replied.

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Stiles woke the next morning and stretched with a soft hum, peeking out of the sleeping bag.

When he heard the rustling, Derek opened his eyes. Despite the cold, he'd slept better than he almost ever did, and he'd been enjoying listening to the morning while he waited for Stiles to wake up.

Stiles hummed sleepily, turning to cuddle closer to Derek, nipping at his chest playfully. "Morning," he yawned.

"Good morning, chiquito," Derek murmured, smiling at him. "Did you sleep well?"

"Mnhmm," Stiles smiled, yawning again before pressing closer and kissing along Derek's jaw, nipping every now and then.

"Feeling affectionate this morning?" Derek teased, cupping Stiles' jaw and brushing his thumb over Stiles' sub mark.

Stiles shivered, moaning softly and parting his lips, nipping his jaw. "Always," he murmured.

Derek moved his hand to cup Stiles' cheek instead, offering Stiles his thumb to suck.

Stiles sucked Derek's thumb into his mouth, nipping the end before suckling eagerly, nuzzling close.

Derek could feel Stiles' cock hot against his thigh; his own was rubbing against Stiles' abs. "Nice and slow, querido," Derek told Stiles softly. "We have all the time in the world."

Stiles whined, his voice just as soft as Derek's as he gentled his sucking, his hips rocking unconsciously in time.

"That's a good boy," Derek praised, insinuating his thigh between Stiles' legs. "Just like that."

Stiles whimpered softly, shifting so he was almost splayed across Derek, his limbs trembling as he forced himself to go slow, rocking his hips, his tongue curling around Derek's thumb. His eyes fell to half-closed, staring at Derek with blown pupils.

"That's it, chiquito, you're doing so good," Derek praised. "That's perfect, love."

Stiles let his hand slip to Derek's chest, tracing patterns, slipping down a bit more as he whimpered.

"You're okay, amado," Derek murmured, soothing Stiles down further.

Stiles let out a soft noise, his hand resting on Derek's lower stomach, fingers teasing further down. He curled his tongue around Derek's thumb, hips rocking gently.

"Sweetheart?" Derek said quietly, lips brushing against Stiles' forehead. "I don't want to have to clean the sleeping bag, so we're going to have to be careful about this."

Stiles shivered at the name, letting out a small hum, flicking his eyes up to Derek's face.
"I'm not saying no," Derek reassured him. "I'm not saying later. But we might need a change of location."

Stiles let out a soft sound of understanding, not moving his hand any lower, but still sucking on Derek's thumb.

"So..." Derek said, feeling bold, here in this place all to themselves. "How do you feel about moving to the car?"

Stiles sucked in a breath, his eyes widening before darkening, an almost desperate sound leaving him in a tiny keen.

"Yeah, sweetheart?" Derek murmured. "You want that?"

Stiles whined again, nodding and pressing closer.

"That's my boy," Derek praised softly. "It's going to be cold outside the sleeping bag, though."

Stiles shrugged, unwilling to let go of Derek's thumb, even as he reached for the zipper.

"I'm going to need my hands, sweetheart," Derek warned.

Stiles whined, though he let Derek's thumb drop with a small pop.

"Good boy," Derek praised him, reaching out for the sweatshirt he'd left right next to their bed.

Stiles whined, rocking and grinding his hips against Derek's thigh. He shivered, making himself stop before wiggling a bit, trying to hurry out of the sleeping bag.

Derek unzipped the other side, clambering out and shivering as he pulled the sweatshirt over his head and dragged his cold jeans on. Whatever they were going to do when they got to the car, it was too cold at this time of day to be naked.

Stiles quickly pulled on his clothes, his eyes not losing the heat as he scrambled to unzip the tent.

"Stiles, shoes," Derek reminded him, tugging on his boots (but not bothering with socks).

Stiles whined, pausing to tug on his shoes, chewing on his lower lip.

"Good boy," Derek said, ruffling Stiles' hair as he met him at the door of the tent. "There's no rush."

Stiles soaked up the affection and praise, giving Derek a smile as he opened the tent.

It was, to be precise, fucking cold. Derek hurried Stiles towards the car, where at least he'd be able to put the heat on.

Stiles slipped inside, shivering a bit, but licking his lips and shifting in place. The cold had done nothing to calm the heat that'd been sparking since Derek offered the car.

Derek hurried to turn the heat on, distracted for a couple of minutes by sheer comfort factors. But then he turned, and - "Oh sweetheart," he said lowly, awed at the look in Stiles' eyes. "Come here."

Stiles let out a small whine, scrambling out of his shoes before hurrying to climb into Derek's lap, whimpering softly.
"Shhhh," Derek soothed him, stroking his hair. "I've got you, mi amor. It's alright."

Stiles let out another small whine, nuzzling closer, though he stopped his flailing.

"Can you use your words, sweetheart?" Derek coaxed. "Tell me what you're feeling."


Fuck, Stiles was beautiful like this. "Good boy," Derek praised. "You've been so good."

Stiles whined, starting to shed his sweater, tugging at both his waistband and Derek's sweater, the heater already heating up the car.

"Alright, sweetheart," Derek agreed, stripping the shirt off. "You can touch."

Stiles let out a soft noise, almost faceplanting into Derek's chest, nipping gently and working up marks.

"You're very bitey today," Derek commented, attempting nonchalance.

Stiles let out another soft, questioning noise, peeking up at Derek, not wanting to cross a line no matter how desperate he was.

"It's fine, sweetheart," Derek promised, leaning in for a kiss that started sweet and quickly turned hot.

Stiles couldn't help the moan that left him, grinding against Derek and sliding his fingers into Derek's hair. He knew that by now the windows of the car were fogged up, but he didn't care. It wasn't about him seeing the outside anyway when he was like this.

Derek rolled his hips up, relaxing into the pleasure of it.

Stiles let out another, almost embarrassingly loud, moan. Reaching back to grab the bottom of the steering wheel for leverage, he rolled his hips, his back arching.

"Fuck, Stiles," Derek groaned. "You want it like this?"

"Please," Stiles begged breathlessly, the desperation coming back. "Please. Want pants off, want you. Please, sir."

"Pants off, we can manage that," Derek agreed, panting.

Stiles whined, leaning forward to suck Derek's earlobe into his mouth, rocking his hips.

"We can't - mm - rub against each other and take our pants off," Derek pointed out.

Stiles groaned, trying to take his pants off in Derek's lap before giving up and flopping to the side to yank them off.

Derek laughed, a little, at Stiles' frustration as he wriggled his own pants off. "It's alright, chiquito, it's just for a minute."

Stiles grumbled, throwing his pants into the back seat with a huff. He sat on his knees on the cushion, watching Derek strip with a hungry look on his face.
"Happy now?" Derek said, when he was down to his briefs.

Stiles whined, tugging on the waistband of Derek's briefs, slipping his hand into the slit to tease Derek, scooting closer, completely naked himself.

Derek grinned. "I take it that's a no," he commented, hooking his thumbs into his briefs and slowly pulling them down.

Stiles licked his lips, pressing even closer, waiting until Derek's briefs where on the floorboard before straddling his Dom again, letting out a high whine as he rolled his hips.

Derek groaned at the sensation. "Do you want to come like this?" he asked. "Just rubbing up against each other?"


"I'm not fucking you here," Derek panted. For a number of reasons - mess being one, impatience another.

Stiles whined high in his throat, rocking his hips, setting out to tease Derek and teasing himself in the process.

"I'm serious," Derek said, as sternly as he could with shivers running up his spine and his cock leaking all over Stiles' belly.

"Kay," Stiles whimpered, rock hard and aching, his hand slipping back to grab the steering wheel again, his other in Derek's hair as he ground his hips down.

"God, you're so good, sweetheart," Derek panted. "When's the last time I let you come?"

Stiles licked his lips, nipping at Derek's jaw. "Can't think," he murmured, his breathing heavy and labored.

Derek slipped his hand between them to grasp Stiles' cock, their combined precome making it slick.

"O-oh," Stiles gasped, thighs tensing as he lifted a bit, rocking up into Derek's hold. "Oh fuck."

"Come on, chiquito, I've got you," Derek promised, speeding up his hand. "You're so good, sweetheart, enjoy this."

"I -I..." Stiles gasped, his back arching sharply, his head falling back. He couldn't hold back as his release was yanked from him, his eyes rolling back as he slumped forward, panting into Derek's ear, hips moving weakly.

"That's my good boy, so good," Derek panted, the feeling of Stiles coming against him driving him insane. "My good boy."

Stiles whimpered, shifting to lay down on the seat, licking his lips and drinking in the loss of control,
hunggrily sucking Derek down.

"Fuck!" Derek cried as he cock was enveloped by wet heat. "God, Stiles."

Stiles hummed, kneading Derek’s thigh a bit as he sucked, bobbing his head in time with the rolls of Derek's hips, eventually just holding still, moaning.

Derek's fists clenched as he fought to restrain himself enough that he wouldn't choke Stiles.

Stiles sucked harder, whining softly and reaching out with his free hand to grab the side of the door, teasing Derek as much as he could, his hips swaying as he shifted to his knees.

Derek was reminded, suddenly and sharply, of their surroundings, and he couldn't help the noise he made.

Stiles answered with a soft noise of his own, his hand slipping up Derek's thigh before going to fist at his own hair, still desperate, even after his own orgasm.

"Oh, sweetheart," Derek breathed, unclenching one fist to lay his hand over Stiles'. "Is that what you need?"

Stiles let out a soft whine, his hips bucking and sinking further, wanting Derek, loving how little control the man had right now, wanting to feel it.

"I've got you," Derek promised lowly, threading his fingers through Stiles' hair and holding him in place as he fucked up into that perfect mouth. "Look at you, you're, god, getting off on this, aren't you? On blowing me here, in our car, in the middle of the woods, of me holding you here..."

Stiles could only whine higher in his throat, his eyes flicking up, dark and blown. He relaxed a bit in his hold, hips still swaying, letting his legs slip back out until he was grinding against the seat, his hands holding on as Derek fucked his throat. Fuck, it was amazing, his stomach tightening.

"Hey." Derek let go of Stiles' hair to slap his ass lightly. "No. Keep your cock off the seats."

Stiles sucked in a breath, moaning softly and lifting himself back onto his knees, his thighs trembling. He whined, teasing Derek’s slit with his tongue on an upstroke in apology.

"It's alright," Derek promised him, panting, and returned his hand to Stiles' hair. "You're okay, love."

Stiles hummed, pressing into Derek’s hand before sinking back down, his mind set on making Derek completely lose it.

Derek moaned a little, feeling constrained in how loud he could be by the setting.

Whining, Stiles sucked harder, eyes flicking up to Derek, spreading his legs a bit so one foot was on the floorboard, balancing a bit before he slipped his hands behind his back, leaning into Derek's hold.

Stiles was relying entirely on Derek's hold on him to keep his head up and fuck, it was an amazing feeling, to have all that trust. "God I love you," Derek groaned. "My good boy."

Stiles whined, letting his eyes flutter shut, tongue curling around Derek's cock, hell bent on making him lose his mind. He'd already lost his.

Derek thrust up, again and again, panting and cursing.

Stiles let out a low moan, relaxing his throat and dropping his jaw, sucking each time Derek was
pulling out.

"I'm going to - " Derek warned, loosening his grip on Stiles' hair as he felt his orgasm approach like an oncoming freight train.

Stiles hummed again, letting himself sink down as he felt Derek's grip loosen, swallowing around him.

Derek let out a long, low groan as he came, feeling Stiles' throat tight around his cock.

Stiles swallowed quickly, hands slipping down to push himself up after a moment, licking his lips and Derek's cock clean before nuzzling his thigh, letting out small sounds.

Derek, panting, stroked Stiles' hair. "That was so good, sweetheart. Are you okay?"

Stiles leaned into the touch, slowly pulling himself up and back to straddling Derek's lap, giving him a soft smile. "I'm good," he murmured, nuzzling along Derek's jaw. He felt odd, but good.

"You certainly are," Derek agreed fondly, smiling back.

Stiles stifled a laugh, nipping at his jaw. "Feel a bit odd. But good odd," he murmured.

"Tell me about it?" Derek asked, leaning back a little so he could look Stiles over.

Stiles hummed, thinking a bit. "Heavy, but more of a sun-warmed feeling rather than swimming through honey." He shrugged. "Feeling very energized, and a bit bouncier than normal, but still content on your lap."

"Do you need anything?" Derek asked. "Are you hungry? Thirsty?"

Stiles licked his lips, shaking his head. "I'm good," he whispered.

Chapter End Notes

There's more to come! Expect lots of fun times with Stiles and Derek's purchases.

And in the mean time, let us know what you think! There is nothing we love better than your comments, whether they are questions, prompts, or incomprehensible flailing (honestly, the flailing is kind of our favourite). Thanks to Chicktar our beta, and to all of you for reading!
"I'd..." Derek cleared his throat. "How do you feel about me bathing you, when we get home, and shaving you, so you're clean and smooth for the panties?"

Stiles laid his head back on the seat, licking his lower lip before sucking it into his mouth. "I want that," he murmured, his stomach tightening.

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Derek and Stiles pack up their campsite and go home to play with yesterday's purchases.
"We should get cleaned up and start the fire for the morning," Derek told him.

"I already cleaned you up," Stiles snickered, wiggling a bit before sliding sideways off of Derek's lap. "Where'd my shirt go?"

"I...have no idea," Derek said, and started laughing. This was ridiculous.

Stiles smiled, loving Derek's laugh as he finally dug his shirt out from the backseat. "I love you!"

"I love you too," Derek replied. More than that, he loved how Stiles made things fun.

Stiles beamed happily, all but rolling around in the car as he tugged his clothes on. "Itchy," he murmured, tugging on the thigh of his pants before slipping from the car.

"Sweetheart?" Derek checked, turning the car off and pocketing his keys as he followed. "Your clothes are itchy?"

"Mhmm." Stiles nodded, rubbing absently at where the shirt was itching his stomach. Stiles blinked, his attention drawn by a moving tree branch. "Hmm? Bacon?" he turned back to Derek, giving him a toothy grin.

Derek frowned thoughtfully. Something about this headspace was different..."I have to get the cookstove out," he told Stiles.

Stiles pouted. "Awww, bacon." He walked around, exploring a bit, absently itching as he looked around, perking up as birds flew up from a bush.

Derek watched Stiles curiously as he got the breakfast things out of the trunk of the car and started cooking. "Come get some water," he called.

Stiles scurried over, grinning at Derek. "Water?"

"Mmhm." Derek passed Stiles a cup he'd filled from one of the big water bottles they'd brought with them. "Tell me how you're feeling, chiquito."

"Same." Stiles shrugged. "Just itchy." He gulped down the water, his eyes closed.

Seeing how quick Stiles had drunk it all, Derek took the cup and refilled it before handing it back.

Stiles let out a happy noise, drinking half of that cup before handing it back. "Thank you!"

Derek hummed, thinking. "You're welcome, sweetheart," he said. "Tell me, love, how do you feel about helping pack up the tent?"

"Kay!" Stiles giggled, scrambling for the tent and falling into it, struggling with the sleeping bag. "Attack of the things," he squawked.

"Stiles!" Derek called. "If you can't go slow, it'll wait, okay? Just uncap the air mattress so it can deflate."

Stiles sat up, his head popping out from under the sleeping bag. "Kay!" He unplugged the mattress, curling into a ball in the middle of it, happy under his sleeping bag.

Derek shook his head. What the hell was up with Stiles? He seemed so...not random, exactly, but
impulsive. Derek finished the bacon, turned the cookstove off, and got out a couple of bread rolls, tearing them apart so he could make bacon sandwiches. "Stiles, food!" he called.

Stiles scrambled from the 'den' he had been in, hurrying to Derek. "Bacon," he said happily, flopping on the ground next to Derek.

Derek sat on a medium-sized rock and passed Stiles his roll. "Tell me if you're still hungry after."

Stiles just nodded, already biting into his, happily munching away on it.

Again, something was off with the way Stiles was acting - not that he was normally an elegant eater, but... "Stiles?" Derek said quietly. "I'm sorry to do this, but I'd like you to try and get to a more normal headspace if you can, please."

Stiles grumbled, pouting up at Derek, sitting up and curling close to his legs, not wanting to whatsoever.

"I'm sorry," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair. "But I don't know what you need like this, how to look after you. If we were at home, it might be different, but we're not. So I need you to come back to me, mi amor."

Stiles grumbled, but leaned into the stroking, his eyes falling closed.

"I don't know what you need," Derek said again, "but I'm here."

Stiles hummed, finishing his food, then cradled Derek’s hand in his, nuzzling. "My mate," he murmured, and he started wiggling in place, blinking.

Oh. That, Derek recognized. "You were being a fox," he murmured, and all the little strange moments of the last hour began to slot into place.

Stiles peeked up at him, humming lightly. He was starting to come up, swaying softly.

"I still need you to come up," Derek said gently. "But I understand better now."

"Yes sir," Stiles murmured, his voice lower and calmer.

"How are you feeling?" Derek asked, when he thought Stiles was probably back to normal.

"Little heavy but okay." Stiles smiled, kissing Derek's palm.

"Alright," Derek murmured. "Can I have a hug?"

"Of course." Stiles stood, pulling Derek into a hug, humming happily.

"Sorry I couldn't let you stay a fox, querido," Derek said, hugging Stiles close.

"You're right though," Stiles replied, nuzzling at Derek’s jaw. "We have precautions at home, and a safe place for me to be without getting lost or hurt. We don't here."

"If you were little, it might have been different," Derek admitted. "I know what to do with you like that."

"Fox isn't what we’re used to." Stiles shrugged.
"You were fun like that," Derek reassured him. "Just...unpredictable. We'll do it again."

"We need to figure out what we do that sends me there," Stiles said with a laugh.

"Well, what was it this time?" Derek asked. "Last time...you were warming my cock, I think? But we do that a lot, and it doesn't send you there."

"I was so desperate. Was I that desperate before?" Stiles flushed as he remembered the rough handling, his stomach tightening.

"Um..." Derek couldn't remember off the top of his head. He frowned, thinking. "I think you were wearing the cage that day?"

"Desperate," Stiles agreed. "And I remember..." He tilted his head, his eyes lighting up. "You were rougher. Just a bit, almost like earlier. I love that, by the way."

"Do you think maybe it's that?" Derek asked. "I'm almost never rough."

"That may be it. That mixed with the desperation. Though you being rough would bring that out," Stiles mused.

"I guess we'll try some other time," Derek allowed, smiling at him. "Now, are you still hungry, or should I put the stove away?"

"I'm okay." Stiles smiled back. "We can always have an early lunch later on."

"Stiles, I can make more," Derek pointed out.

Stiles shook his head. "I'm okay, really. Not hungry."

"Alright," Derek agreed. "Do you want to have another go at packing up the sleeping bag?"

Stiles was amused, nodding and kissing Derek for a moment before pulling away. "I'll get it packed up," he said, beaming.

Derek grinned at him. "Let me know if you need help, okay?" Packing sleeping bags wasn't the easiest task.

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Stiles had just finished tying the sleeping bags up, the air mattress folded neatly. "Sometimes I hate sleeping bags," he panted.

"I'll take that and the mattress to the car," Derek said, smiling. "You get all the little stuff out of the tent?"

"Yes sir!" Stiles smiled, grabbing a backpack to put the items in, making sure nothing was in the tent.

Derek dumped the sleeping bag and air mattress in the trunk of the car, next to the cooler and the stove, then returned to the tent. "Are you done?" he called.

"Yes sir," Stiles called back, slipping from the tent and stretching. He tied off the bag, grinning at Derek.

"Have you got the tent bag there too?" Derek asked. "Time for us to pull it down, I think."
"Yes sir." Stiles held up the bag after tugging it from his pocket. "Ready when you are."

Derek tilted his head, inviting Stiles outside. "Come on then. You wanna get the pegs?"

"Yes please." Stiles nodded, going around the tent to yank them from the ground, only falling on his ass once with a laugh. "I always forget that sometimes they are really easy to pull up."

"It's all angles and tension holding the tent in place, not...friction, or whatever it is," Derek told him, half-zipping the inside door and closing up the door of the fly.

"Yeah, I just tend to forget and yank on the pegs harder than I should." Stiles laughed, carefully packing the pegs.

With all the pegs out, Derek was able to pull the fly off the body of the tent, laying it out on the ground as neatly as he could manage and folding it into a strip.

"The worst part of camping. Setting up and packing," Stiles grumbled half-heartedly, carefully packing each piece.

"It's not that bad," Derek said, unhooking the poles from the tent corners and watching it collapse. "Here, you grab the other end and you can fold them as I feed it through."

Stiles nodded, carefully folding, concentrated on his task. He didn't want to lose anything or mess it up.

"Stiles," Derek said, shaking his head at how serious Stiles was right now. "Don't worry so much. We've got plenty of time."

"Just don't want to mess it up, I'm not used to tents." Stiles flushed, peeking up at Derek.

"Look, the worst that's going to happen is that two segments still inside the fabric will separate, and that's just a nuisance, not an actual problem," Derek reassured him. "Modern tents are pretty hard to fuck up."

Stiles just nodded, giving him a tiny smile. "Lucky for me, then."

"You're fine, love," Derek promised. "Now, can you pull the end of that one through? At this point it's easier to pull than push."

Stiles nodded, following the direction, tongue sticking out of the side of his mouth. "There!" he panted once they were finally done. "I hate cleaning up campsites," he laughed.

Derek shook his head. It wasn't that hard.

Stiles stuck his tongue out at Derek. "What's that look for?"

"It's really not that bad," Derek said, efficiently feeding the next pole through. "It's not particularly hard labor, or especially complicated, and with two people, it goes pretty fast."

"I just don't like cleaning up campsites." Stiles shrugged. "It's not hard, true, just don't like it. But it needs to be done so..." He shrugged again, folding the poles.

Derek got the last pole, the one that supported the 'patio', then folded all the fabric of the tent inwards so it made a strip a little narrower than the length of the bag.
Stiles smiled, holding open the bag for Derek, crouching to watch him.  

"Not yet, querido," Derek said, getting the folded fly and setting it on top of the rest of the tent. "We roll these around the poles, it helps compress the air out so everything fits."

Stiles nodded, making sure things were stacked neatly. "Need to get a pop up tent," he murmured, amused.

"We just need to start giving you something else to do while I'm packing up, that's all," Derek said, kneeling on the ground and bringing his weight to bear as he rolled up the tent.

"Like what?" Stiles asked, curious. "We've already packed everything else."

"I don't know," Derek said. "Maybe I'll get you to bring the sleeping bag and mattress outside the tent to pack them next time. Or I could get you to pack up the cooking things."

Stiles nodded. "That could work. Sorry," he added. "I don't mean to get so irritated with the tent."

"You don't have to like every chore that needs doing, Stiles," Derek pointed out, grabbing the tent bag and carefully fitting it around the rolled-up tent. "Pass me the pegs?"

Stiles handed him the pegs, sighing softly. "Yeah, but just because I don't like them doesn't mean you do."

"Chores are both of our responsibilities," Derek said firmly, tucking the peg bag in and zipping the whole thing up. "If one of us likes it less than the other, it makes sense to delegate it. And if we both don't like it, then we can take turns."

Stiles shifted on his feet, cheeks pink. "Sorry."

"It's okay, querido," Derek reassured him. "I know you're still getting used to that."

Stiles nodded, fidgeting with the hem of his shirt. "Ready to go?" He gave Derek a shy smile.

Derek gave the campsite one last look over. "I'd say so," he agreed, beckoning Stiles over for a hug. "Thank you, sweetheart."

Stiles sunk into the hug, nuzzling close, beaming at the name. "You're welcome, mi amo. I love you."

"I love you too, mi amor," Derek said. "Now let's go home and I can tell you what I'm planning with those panties."

Stiles lit up, hurrying to the car and bouncing on his feet. "Come on, sir!" he called, grinning, licking his lips obscenely.

Derek laughed and followed.

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"You said you were interested in shaving," Derek said, once they got the car going. It was a pretty short trip.

Stiles flushed, nodding and buckling his seatbelt, curling his legs up. "Yes sir. I like the thought of it."
"I'd..." Derek cleared his throat. "How do you feel about me bathing you, when we get home, and shaving you, so you're clean and smooth for the panties?"

Stiles laid his head back on the seat, licking his lower lip before sucking it into his mouth. "I want that," he murmured, his stomach tightening.

"It's not something I've done before," Derek admitted. "I'll be careful, but..."

"I trust you." Stiles smiled widely. "Completely."

It took Derek's breath away, hearing that, knowing that.

Stiles shifted on his seat as he thought about it, flushing as his stomach tightened.

"...shower or bath?" Derek asked after a moment.

"Bath?" Stiles asked. "It will help soften the hair, and I'm not sure if I would be able to stay standing..."

"Good idea," Derek said. "Is there anything else you think I should know about that part of it?"

"Um, I'm not a hundred percent sure?" Stiles flushed darker.

"Well, you can tell me at any time if you think of anything, okay?" Derek told him.

Stiles nodded, smiling softly. "Which panties today?"

"I was thinking about that," Derek said. "And...I've heard some people use something like that as a signalling system."

"how so?" He hummed, curious, the idea intriguing him.

"It mixes in with roleplay," Derek explained. "But for us...maybe you could pick a specific pair when you wanted denial? Or one for anal play, a focus on stretching and playing with your hole."

Stiles hummed in thought. "That might work, we got a lot of colors. And then there's the fancier ones..."

"I was thinking that the plain ones might be more everyday," Derek admitted, feeling a little awkward. "And the special ones could be associated with particular types scene."

Stiles’ eyes lit up. "I like that!" he grinned.

"Yeah?" Derek glanced sideways at him, smiling. "What scenes do you think you'd want with each?"

Stiles hummed in thought. "The cheeky ones I think for denial. Keyhole satin for sensations? Or maybe stretching? And the strappy cheeky ones...hmm." He tilted his head. "I'm not sure on those. Kinda wanna wear them to drive you insane... Oh! What if I want it rougher?"

"What do you mean by rough?" Derek asked, a little warily.

Stiles hummed a little. "Like this morning, or when I feel very hungry." He licked his lips, eyeing Derek from the corner of his eyes. "Not any rougher than you've already been with me. But if it ends up being rougher, that's good too. I'll tell you if it's ever too much."
"So...light slaps, scratching, biting, pinching or biting your nipples, wrestling..." Derek checked, feeling kind of bad about how long the list was already.

Stiles grinned, nodding. "Tugging on my hair, holding me in place, things like that." He watched Derek for a moment. "No guilt," he grumbled, poking Derek in the side. "I like it. I would tell you if I didn't. You know I'm very opinionated."

That made Derek laugh, breaking the slight tension that had built up. "Sorry, love."

Stiles grinned wider at Derek's laugh, settling back on his seat. "It's okay, just remember."

"I'll do my best," Derek promised, parking the car in their garage.

Stiles smiled, slipping out of the car and coming around to Derek's side. "I like every facet of you. Gentle, intense, rough, and everything in between," he whispered, kissing Derek's cheek.

Derek smiled softly at him. "Thank you, sweetheart."

Stiles beamed. "And I love that name," he admitted softly. "Both because it's a name from you, and because it's your first pet name in English for a long time."

"You love the pet names I give you so much, I think someday you're going to stop answering to Stiles," Derek said, shaking his head and opening the trunk to get out their camping gear.

"Why answer to Stiles when I have your pet names?" Stiles grinned. "At least you don't know how to pronounce my real name..."

"I think I've forgotten what it is," Derek admitted. "Should I learn?"

Stiles flushed, shifting from foot to foot. "Might as well," he offered, giving Derek a shy grin. "Przemysław."

"Doesn't your name start with 'p'?" Derek asked. Because that sounded like it started with 's'.

"Welcome to Polish," Stiles said, grinning.

Derek stashed the tent, air mattress, sleeping bag, and cookstove in a corner of the garage. "So it's...'shem-iss-wow'?"

Stiles hid a giggle. "Close," he said. "I think there's a youtube video with how to pronounce it."

"I'd rather you taught me," Derek said, ferrying the cooler to the front door while Stiles carried a backpack full of miscellaneous things. "Say it again, slower?"

Stiles nodded, turning to face him after they set things down, so Derek could watch his mouth. He sounded it out slowly a couple of times before getting quicker and finally just saying it normal. "See? Przemysław."

"Sheh-miz-wuv," Derek copied. He could tell it wasn't quite right, but...

"Very close." Stiles grinned, saying his name slowly again. "Przemysław... There's a reason I have my name as Stiles on most things."

"I'm going to need more practice," Derek admitted. "I don't think my ear's tuned enough to get what
"I'm doing wrong."

"It's more the accent. It's hard to get when you didn't grow up hearing it. That's why I suggested the youtube video. Sometimes hearing it from multiple places helps." Stiles shrugged. "But you have it super close."

Derek checked the car was locked and let them into the house. "I'm glad," he said, leading Stiles through to the living room.

Stiles set the backpack down before walking up to Derek, kissing his jaw.

Derek hummed, embracing Stiles, his hands slipping down to cup his ass.

Stiles rocked his hips back into his hold, letting out a soft sigh, his arms wrapping around Derek's shoulders.

"Would you like to rest for a while?" Derek offered.

"I'm good," Stiles murmured, nuzzling Derek's jaw. "Want to spend time with you."

"We can spend time together not scening," Derek pointed out. "Despite any evidence to the contrary."

"Well, yeah." Stiles laughed. "I never said anything about having to scene," he teased, kissing Derek's jaw. "What would you like to do?"

"...defeat me utterly at MarioKart," Derek said, after a pause. He was bad at the game, but he'd decided that if he didn't come last, it was a success, and the fact that Stiles invariably placed didn't bother him much.

Stiles laughed brightly. "Glutton for punishment," he teased. "Come on, maybe you'll win this time, who knows!"

"Stiles, I never win," Derek pointed out. "And when it looks like I might, you pick Luigi's gold mine and I fall into the abyss a dozen times."

"Practice, practice, practice," Stiles sang as he went to find the controllers.

"I don't know that practice is helping," Derek said good-naturedly. "Come on then."

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Stiles was cheering, his controller falling off the couch as he won his sixth game. "I win! And look, you placed!"

"I did," Derek said, pleased. And maybe they hadn't done Luigi's goldmine, or rainbow road, or that one with the ghosts, but he'd take it.

Stiles beamed, kissing Derek hard. "Very good!"

Derek raised his eyebrows. "Are you going to reward me now, chiquito?"

Stiles grinned widely. "What would you like?"
Derek hummed. "I think..." he said eventually. "I think I'd like you to call me 'master' while I shave you."

"Yes, Master," Stiles murmured, straddling him and pressing close, licking his lips. "What to do that now? Or later?"

"Now," Derek said lowly. "You can suck me while the bath runs."

"Mmm, yes please." Stiles grinned, sucking Derek's lower lip into his mouth.

Derek pulled away a little. "Not the part I meant," he joked. "Up you get, now. Upstairs."

Stiles grinned widely, wiggling in place to tease Derek before scampering up the stairs.

Derek followed, stripping down to his briefs in their bedroom before joining Stiles in the bathroom, the bath already running.

Stiles turned, licking his lips and sinking to the floor, already nude. He smiled crookedly, opening his mouth and resting his tongue on his lower lip.

"Here's the rules," Derek said, hooking his thumbs in the waistband of his briefs. "While you have my cock in your mouth, you have your hand on your cock. No coming. Is that clear?"

"Yes Master," Stiles breathed, eyes looking Derek up and down, pupils blowing wide.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, sliding his briefs down off his hips, his cock springing free.

Stiles licked his lips, scooting close, sucking Derek's cock into his mouth, a hand slipping down his stomach to his own.

"That's it." Derek reached down, stroking Stiles' hair, keeping everything smooth and gently. "That's just right."

Stiles hummed happily, sucking and bobbing his head.

Derek began to thrust, slow and smooth, just tapping at the back of Stiles' throat.

Stiles moaned, keeping time with each thrust with his hand.

"Would you like it deeper?" Derek murmured.

"Mmhmm," Stiles begged, sucking harder, his hips rocking into his hand.

"Alright, sweetheart, open up for me." Derek kept it slow, but this time he thrust deep, letting Stiles feel every inch of him.

Stiles relaxed his throat, his eyes fluttering closed as Derek hit the back of his throat. His eyes flicked up to Derek, sucking harder.

"Shh," Derek said, stroking Stiles' hair. "Stop trying to make me come. Just relax."

Stiles shivered, watching Derek for a moment, then relaxing, slumping against Derek's legs.

"That's it, chiquito," Derek murmured. "Just let me in, and stroke your cock. Nice and gentle, nice and slow, nice and easy."
Stiles groaned, his hand twisting and stroking slowly, hips rolling into it. He loved this, and just the fact that Derek was crooning him through it just made the heat hotter.

"That's it, sweetheart." Derek glanced at the bath. It was more than half full, and he'd have to check the temperature soon. "We're almost done though, alright?"

Stiles hummed in desperation. God, this was turning him on so badly. He wasn't near the desperation of earlier though.

"Now, I'm going to count the last ten thrusts for you," Derek murmured gently. "Here we go. One...two..."

Stiles counted along in his head, trembling as he kept up the stroking.

"Five...six..." Derek was slowing down as he counted.

Stiles whimpered, forcing his hand to go slower, keeping time.

"Eight...nine..." Derek watched to make sure Stiles had taken a good breath. "Ten," he finally said, coming to rest with his cock deep in Stiles' throat.

Stiles choked on a moan, trying to press closer. He froze his hand, trembling.

Derek waited for a long moment, then pulled out, his cock impossibly hard. "That was very good, sweetheart," he told Stiles.

Stiles swayed forward, catching himself on Derek's thighs as he panted. "Bath?" he asked hoarsely.

"We just need to check the temperature," Derek agreed.

"Yes Master," Stiles breathed, sitting back on his heels.

"Good boy," Derek praised him, going over to the tub and dipping his hand in. It was a little hotter than he usually liked, so he turned the hot water off and left the cold running on its own for a little while.

Stiles watched, dunking his fingers in the bath after a moment. He smiled softly to himself, flicking the water a bit.

"Good?" Derek checked.

Stiles nodded, swirling it around a bit. "Feels good," he said, his voice rough.

"Alright, then," Derek said, turning off the cold water. "In you get."

Stiles stood long enough to stretch and slide into the tub, letting out a soft sigh. "Feels good," he said again.

"I'm glad," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair. "Now I want you to keep something in mind, okay? I can't shave you if you're hard. So I want you to take this time to relax, as much as you can."

Stiles groaned softly, leaning back into Derek's touch. "Yes sir." He focused on relaxing, stretching out in the tub.
Derek found a washcloth, wetting it and covering it with soap before lifting Stiles' hand out of the water. "You're a good boy," Derek praised softly, carefully cleaning each of Stiles' fingers, then his palm, then the back of his hand. "I'm proud of you. You're mine."

Stiles let out a small sound, letting Derek’s words and tone soothe along with his hands, until he relaxes completely.

"That's it," Derek murmured, gradually moving up Stiles' arm. "I love you, sweetheart. You make me so happy."

Stiles smiled, watching him for a moment. "I love you." He replied. "Very much."

"My sweetheart," Derek said, reaching for Stiles' other hand once he reached his shoulder. "Chiquito. Mi tesoro. Corazon."

Stiles let out a happy noise at the names, resting his head on the tub and relaxing completely. "Mi amo."


Stiles let out a happy sigh, his eyes closing. "I love you too, Master."

Gently and quietly, Derek washed the rest of Stiles, murmuring praise endearments the whole time.

Stiles wasn't hard anymore, but just the comfort of Derek's touch and words made his skin more sensitive.

"How are you feeling, sweetheart?" Derek asked quietly, once he was done.

"Relaxed," Stiles replied, his voice soft and quiet. "Warm. And just a bit heavy."

"That's very good, love," Derek told him. "Now, I think it's going to be easiest for me to shave you if we drain the bath first so you can stand, okay?"

"Yes, Master." Stiles grinned, shifting to stand up, spreading his legs just a bit.

"Or you could just stand," Derek acknowledged. "What do you think?"

Stiles shifted, nodding after a moment. "This'll work, and that way you can wash off the razor in the tub, Master," he suggested.

"Alright." Derek looked up at him, the angle unfamiliar. "Let me know right away if you're feeling wobbly, okay? I don't want you falling."

"Yes Master." Stiles spread his legs a bit more, watching him.

Derek got up to get shaving soap and a razor from the drawer under the sink and brought them over, kneeling again. "Tell me straight away if you think I'm doing something wrong," he told Stiles.

"I will, Master. I trust you," Stiles said, his voice still soft, smiling as Derek knelt with a razor in hand.

Derek, figuring he'd start with the easy part, spread shaving gel down Stiles' happy trail to the well-
trimmed hair above and around his cock, then got the razor and started working his way down from Stiles' bellybutton in careful strokes.

Stiles had to stifle a giggle at first, until he got used to the sensation, watching avidly as his hair started disappearing.

Derek rinsed the razor every few strokes, wanting to be sure it would work at its best. Unfortunately, when he got down to Stiles' crotch itself, he discovered that the nooks and crannies there were a lot more complicated than his upper lip. "Uh...maybe put your foot up on the edge of the tub?" he suggested.

"Yes Master." Stiles raised a foot carefully, leaning on the wall behind him as he got his bearings, bracing one foot on the side of the tub. "Is that better?"

Derek carefully took hold of Stiles' dick, tugging it away from Stiles' body a little so the skin he'd planned to shave was stretched out. "Better," he agreed, spreading shaving gel where he hadn't earlier.

Stiles chewed on his lip, focusing on keeping himself soft. It was hard, so to speak. Though he knew it wouldn't be too much longer.

This section required a lot of maneuvering, but Derek managed. It wasn't a totally clean shave, but he preferred that to accidentally giving Stiles a nick. "I think I'm just about done," he told Stiles.

"Yes Master," Stiles breathed, already feeling more bared. God, he just wanted to slip on his panties, tease the shit out of Derek.

"You should feel," Derek said. "See if you're happy with it."

Stiles reached down, his hands just a bit shaky as he slicked his fingers along his bare skin. "Oh, wow," he whispered, eyes widening.

"You don't mind that it's rough in spots?" Derek asked.

"It's very rare, the spots," Stiles answered, giving Derek a small grin. "So I barely feel them."

Derek smiled back at him. "You like it, then?"

"Yes Master." Stiles leaned forward, kissing Derek softly. "Thank you."

"You're welcome, amado," Derek replied. When they parted, he glanced back at Stiles' crotch. "Somehow I don't feel like aftershave is a good idea," he commented.

"Yeah, that sounds like the bad kind of tingle," Stiles mused, wincing a bit at the thought.

"Should we just skip it?" Derek wondered aloud. "Is there something we should use instead?"

"Probably just regular lotion would work better, because of where it is." Stiles shifted from foot to foot, his cheeks pink at the wet slick of his thighs rubbing together against his balls.

"Lotion it is," Derek agreed, standing up and kissing Stiles' cheek. "Let me get you a towel and then we can do that. Drain the bath please?"

Stiles leaned into the kiss, nodding after a moment and reaching down to pull out the stopper,
watching as the water swirled down the drain. "I like it, feels nice. Just different."

"Different how?" Derek asked, coming back and passing Stiles the lotion.

"Feels a bit more vulnerable," Stiles replied, squeezing some lotion into his hand.

He looked it, too. Naked and bare and uncollared, Stiles looked... Well. Derek wanted nothing more than to wrap him up and protect him.

Stiles looked up from where he was slicking his hand down his stomach after finishing around his cock and balls. "Hm?" he asked, tilting his head.

"You do look vulnerable," Derek murmured. "It makes me want to hold you close."

Stiles gave him a crooked grin. "I like being vulnerable for you," he said simply, "There, all lotion covered."

"Good boy," Derek said, picking up Stiles' collar. "Come here, please."

Stiles carefully stepped from the tub to the mat, slipping to his knees. He looked up at Derek, smiling softly as he bared his throat.

"I'm going to go to the bedroom while you dry off and lay out your panties," Derek murmured, bending down to wrap the collar around Stiles' neck and buckle it snugly. "And then I'm going to go downstairs. When I come back up, you will be kneeling next to the bed in the pair of your choice, and the others will be put away in the dresser. Clear?"

"Yes, Master," Stiles whispered, licking his lips and trying to think of which ones he wanted to wear.

"Good boy," Derek said. He kissed Stiles on the forehead and stood up. "I'll leave you to it."

Chapter End Notes

Which ones, which ones, oh which ones will Stiles pick? Find out next weekend ;) - Kattseye

Thanks, as always, to our beta Chicktar, and thank you to all of you for reading and commenting!
Derek paused. "I'm afraid I don't remember what we decided these were going to be for - was it sensation play, or ass play?"

"We didn't decide." Stiles shrugged. "Though maybe this time it could be ass play?"

"You'd like me to stretch you out?" Derek murmured. "Fill you up with our toys and empty you out again, and then pull those panties up to cover your wide-open hole?"

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Derek and Stiles have fun with anal beads and multiple orgasms.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Derek went quickly to the bedroom, getting the bag of panties that he'd left next to the dresser and unwrapping each pair, laying them all out on the bed for Stiles to choose from. He was curious to see what Stiles would pick. But he also had a feeling Stiles would dry off quickly, so he hurried downstairs to sort out aftercare foods.

Stiles peeked into the bedroom to make sure Derek was gone before coming inside, looking over the panties. He licked his lips, shifting from foot to foot as he tried to figure out which pair he'd like to wear. He finally slid on one, carefully folding the others to place in his drawer of the dresser, kneeling next to the bed. The satin rubbing his freshly shaven skin made him shiver, feeling the keyhole opening settle right over the crack of his ass.

Derek put together his usual tray of crackers, fruit, chocolate and juice, bringing it carefully upstairs so the liquid didn't spill. But when he stepped into the bedroom, he stopped abruptly.

Stiles didn't look behind himself, only guessing at what image made Derek stop in his tracks. He knelt there, legs wide, ass encased in satin and his hands twined behind his head so his thumbs were framing his neck, much like a while back when Derek took pictures of the words he wrote on Stiles' body.

It took a moment for Derek to place the familiarity of the pose. "How long were you holding that position?" he asked curiously. Stiles' arms must be tired.

"Five minutes," Stiles answered, a smile tugging at the corners of his mouth. He licked his lips, not seeing his Dom, but hearing the clattering of the tray stop as Derek entered the room was worth it.

Derek was impressed, honestly. Setting the tray down, he came around to stand in front of Stiles. "Hands down, sweetheart."

Stiles lowered his hands to rest on his thighs, tilting his head back to look up at him.

"You look beautiful," Derek said, resting his hand on Stiles' hair. "Do they feel good?"
Stiles licked his lips. "Yes Master," he said, giving Derek a small grin. "Almost gives me goosebumps. I feel pretty."

"You're a very pretty boy," Derek agreed. He paused. "I'm afraid I don't remember what we decided these were going to be for - was it sensation play, or ass play?"

"We didn't decide." Stiles shrugged. "Though maybe this time it could be ass play?"

"You'd like me to stretch you out?" Derek murmured. "Fill you up with our toys and empty you out again, and then pull those panties up to cover your wide-open hole?"

Stiles whimpered at the images, nodding and leaning forward to press against his thigh. Derek stroked Stiles' hair, soothing him. "It's alright, sweetheart, I'll look after you," he promised. "You'll be okay."

Stiles relaxed, a smile curling his lips. "Thank you, Master."

"You're very welcome, chiquito," Derek replied. "Get up on the bed for me now, please. On your knees, hands behind your back. I'm going to pick out some toys for us to play with."

Stiles nodded, moving to climb onto the bed, kneeling in the middle with his hands behind his back, thumbs absently hooking into the keyhole of his panties. Derek went to their toybox and opened it, trying to decide what would be best to use.

Stiles looked over his shoulder, licking his lips. He couldn't help but wiggle, feeling the satin slide across his skin.

Derek pulled out the beads immediately, but his next choice took him longer. After some consideration, he got out a fairly basic dildo - smooth silicon, average thickness, average length. He put them both on the bed, then came over to Stiles. "I can't work on your ass with you kneeling like that," he pointed out. "So I'm going to help you tip forward."

"Yes Master," Stiles said, giving Derek a small grin before slowly tipping forward, spreading his legs. Derek caught Stiles' chest with one hand, supporting him on the way down, and settled a pillow under Stiles' head and shoulders.

"Thank you." Stiles gave Derek a smile, rubbing his cheek against the pillow, his hands still behind his back.

"You're welcome," Derek replied, stroking Stiles' back from the nape of his neck to where his hands met above his ass.

Stiles arched his back into Derek's touch, humming lightly. His thumbs flexed where they were hooked in the keyhole.

Derek reached for the panties, feeling how smooth and soft they were as he slid them down off Stiles' ass, just enough to expose him.

Stiles groaned, shivering as the panties slipped down. "Oh," he whispered. "That feels almost like the sensation play."
"There's a reason I wanted you to get some satin ones," Derek murmured, amused.

"I like them," Stiles replied, his voice still soft.

Derek smiled, stroking Stiles' now bare ass. "I'm glad," he said. "And I'm glad they feel good."

Stiles pushed back into his touch, humming happily.

"So, I'm going to get undressed," Derek announced softly, his thumb tracing Stiles' crack. "And while I do, I'd like you to start opening yourself up."

Stiles groaned, rocking back into his touch, his hand slipping from his back for the lube. "Yes Master."

Derek bent down to kiss Stiles' palm, then put the lube into his hand. "I'll be watching," he said.

Stiles grinned over his shoulder, slicking his fingers up before setting out to tease Derek.

Derek stripped slowly, enjoying the view.

Stiles traced the rim of his hole for a moment, letting out a breathy sigh as he finally sunk a finger in. He whimpered, looking over his shoulder, his eyes dark.

"Aren't you beautiful?" Derek murmured, his hands going to the button of his jeans, his torso already bare.

Stiles flushed, still rarely thinking himself beautiful. But...the panties did make him feel pretty. "Like being pretty," he answered, breathing hitched as he slid in another finger, rocking back.

"You're very pretty," Derek agreed, slowly unfastening his pants.

"Don't feel like this often," Stiles admitted, stretching himself open, almost desperate now.

"Well I'm glad you do now," Derek replied, slipping his jeans down his legs until he could step out of them, leaving them on the floor.

Stiles watched him as best he could, his eyes darkening as they roved over Derek's skin. "Want to be pretty for you."

"Sweetheart," Derek said, coming over to the bed and crouching to meet Stiles' gaze. "You will never not be beautiful in my eyes."

Stiles flushed, his fingers still scissoring, eyes locked on Derek. "Always?"

"Yes," Derek promised, reaching out to stroke Stiles' cheek. "Always, love."

Stiles gave Derek a small grin, nuzzling into his hands, shifting forward to kiss over his heart, the movement making him cry out as his fingers brushed his prostate.

"Enjoying yourself, querido?" Derek teased.

"Always," Stiles grinned, purposefully going into a full body roll with the next brush of his prostate.
Derek smiled at him. "Well, do you think you're ready to take something bigger than your fingers?"
he asked.

"Want to," Stiles said, his voice already breathy as he spread his legs as wide as he could.

"Alright, sweetheart," Derek agreed, getting the dildo and lubing it up. "Fingers out and display yourself, please."

Stiles moaned, slipping his fingers out only to dig both sets of nails into his ass, tugging until his hole was displayed to Derek, his back arching.

Derek bent down, blowing cool air over Stiles' hole and watching him tremble, before easing the very tip of the dildo inside.

Stiles let out a sharp, high whine at the cold air, a gasp quickly following it as he felt the tip of the dildo. He rocked back, begging quietly.

Derek held the dildo still. "Would you like more?" he murmured, teasing.

"Please Master," Stiles begged, just the way he knew Derek liked him to, breathy and desperate, his body trying to suck in more of the toy.

Derek's eyes were dark and his voice low as he promised Stiles, "I'll give you what you need," and slowly pushed the dildo in.

"Oh fuck," Stiles said, moaning long and low as he glanced over his shoulder, shuddering at the dark eyes he saw.

Derek began to pump the dildo in and out in long, slow strokes.

Stiles bucked his hips, gasping as the dildo grazed his prostate, the satin still encasing his cock made him even harder, the fabric dragging over freshly shaven skin.

"Talk," Derek told him. "I want to hear your voice."

"Please!" Stiles begged. "Feels so good, love it. Love you, Please Master."

"Good boy," Derek murmured, keeping the fucking slow and steady. "That's perfect."


"More what?" Derek asked, tracing one finger around Stiles' rim where it met the pumping dildo.

"Just more. Please Master. Please, I'll be good," Stiles promised, digging his nails in so much he was almost breaking the skin.

Derek stopped moving the dildo, letting it rest in Stiles' ass while he lubed his fingers.

Stiles keened, trying to get any kind of movement. "Please!"

"Patience, Stiles," Derek murmured, easing his finger in next to the dildo.

"Oh fuck," Stiles cursed, burying his face in the pillow. "Fuuuuuuuck." God, the burning stretch felt
amazing.

"I take it that's good?" Derek commented, moving the dildo back and forth in tiny increments.

"Yes, Master. Please." Stiles was almost breathless, his voice barely audible. "Please."

Derek twisted his finger as he pressed the dildo slowly deeper, shifting until he could rub at Stiles' tight walls, searching for his prostate.

Stiles cried out, jerking his hips back, his hands slamming to the side to grab and fist at the sheets, perfect crescents left in his skin.

Slowly, very slowly, Derek moved the dildo in and out, in and out, pressing and rubbing with his finger at sporadic intervals. "For tonight," Derek murmured, eyes caught on the stretch of Stiles' rim, "I'm going to say yes when you ask for permission to come. Each time."

"Oh jesus fuck," Stiles cursed, pressing his face into the pillow, his hips jerking. Derek’s promise made him almost come right then.

"With that in mind..." Derek said, "would you like another finger?"

"Please," Stiles groaned. "Please." He pushed his hips back, grinding against Derek's fingers and the toy.

The second finger went in easier than the first had, but only just, and Stiles still felt incredibly tight around him.

"Jesus fucking christ," Stiles cursed, twisting the blanket in his hands as he ground back against the sensations, hips bucking.

"You know what?" Derek decided abruptly. "You can be still, or I can stop moving. Make a choice, Stiles."

Stiles cursed, forcing his hips to still. "Please," he begged, fingers kneading the bed. It was hard to stop moving, chewing on his lower lip.

"That's better," Derek said firmly, stroking lightly over Stiles' prostate as a reward. "Feeling full?"

"Y-yes sir," Stiles moaned, jerking unconsciously at the stroke, forcing himself to still.

"You're going to take more, you know," Derek said, matter-of-factly.

"Master, Please," Stiles begged, so close. How in the hell was he even going to hold more?

"Please yes?" Derek asked. "Please no?"

"Can it even FIT?!" Stiles asked, exasperated and desperate. "Please. Feels so good."

"Let's find out," Derek told him. "I'm going to pull out now, and you are going to use your thumbs to hold yourself open."

Stiles let out a high pitched whine, forcing his hands to let go of his grip on the bed. "Yes Master," he said, panting softly.

"Remember you're allowed to ask to come at any time," Derek reminded Stiles gently as he pulled dildo and fingers out of Stiles' hole.
Stiles let out a sound of loss as Derek pulled out of him, his fingers going to hold himself open. "So close." he panted, his cock still throbbing.

"Do you want permission to come?" Derek asked, watching the way Stiles' thumbs were exposing him, how empty he looked.

"Please," Stiles begged. "So empty. So close. Please may I come, Master, please make me come."

Something occurred to Derek, and he couldn't resist following up on it. "It's Przemysław, right?" he said, trying to remember the right pronunciation.

Stiles felt his stomach clench tightly as he whimpered. "Yes Master," he panted, surprised that Derek had gotten it completely right, the name actually sending shivers down his spine.

"Good." Derek slipped his finger inside Stiles' open hole and just barely petted Stiles' prostate. "Przemysław, come."

Stiles let out a short scream, coming so hard the wind was knocked from him, almost drawing blood with how hard he dug his nails into skin. "Master!"

Derek was genuinely shocked at how much that had affected Stiles, and he quickly began to soothe his fingers over Stiles' skin, waiting for Stiles to come back to him.

"Wh-what?" Stiles said, his voice wrecked and shaky as he finally stopped trembling quite so much. "Jesus fucking Christ on a cracker."

"That was amazing," Derek murmured, a smile in his voice.

Stiles flushed, pressing his face into the blanket, his hands dropping from the hold he had on his ass.

"Are you okay, sweetheart?" Derek asked gently.

Stiles shivered as he stretched a bit. "Empty," he murmured. "But other than that, I'm okay, promise." His voice was a bit huskier than normal from the scream, his skin flushed darkly. "That was a lot harder than normal...

"We'll discuss this more later," Derek promised, stroking Stiles' back, "but I've been thinking about how we can approach orgasm control."

"Hmm?" Stiles asked, leaning into the strokes to his back. "How so?"

"Step one," Derek explained, "is teaching you that you can't come without permission. Do you think you've learned that?"

"I think so," Stiles said as he stretched out completely, clenching down on nothing and whining. "It doesn't feel right when I do come without permission."

Derek's hand slipped down to Stiles' ass, and one finger traced the rim of his hole. "If I told you you didn't have permission, and you were right on the edge, what would you be thinking?"

"A lot of curse words and pleading," Stiles answered, rocking back against his touch. "But I'd work on not letting myself."

"The aim," Derek said, "is for you, when you get to that point, to be so desperate to be good that if
I'm not giving permission, you beg for help to stop you from going over."

Stiles could only groan, hiding his face. "Yes Master," he said. God, this was going to be hard. Maybe that's what Derek was going for?

"Now, I'm not going to start really pushing that part of your training just yet," Derek said, smiling a little and dipping his finger into Stiles' hole. "But there's no reason not to get a head-start on step two."

Stiles rocked his hips, moaning softly. "Wh-what's step two?"

"Linking your orgasms to a trigger," Derek murmured, eyes dark as he watched Stiles trying and failing to get satisfaction from something so small. "Every time you come, I'll say the trigger. And soon, every time I say the trigger, you'll come."

"Fuck that's hot," Stiles laughed breathlessly, still trying to rock back onto Derek's finger. He couldn't help that his refractory period was tiny.

"And I think, Przemysław..." Derek said, with a meaningful pause, "I've decided what that trigger will be."

Stiles cursed, his stomatch clenching at the way Derek said his name. "M-my name?!" He looked over his shoulder, his eyes dark.

"Not quite," Derek admitted. "I want to be able to call you by it sometimes. But I will use your name when I tell you to come, like I just did."

Stiles groaned, hiding his face to hide his flush. He peeked back behind him. God, the amount of times he's hated his name, and already Derek has wiped them all out. He loved his fucking name.

"Like that idea?" Derek teased.

"Yes sir," Stiles whispered, watching his Dom as his hips started to sway, teasing and taunting.

"Then we'll work on it," Derek promised, pulling his finger out.

Stiles whined, pouting at him over his shoulder. Yeah, he was bordering on that over sensitive edge, but all this talk of a "trigger phrase"...

Derek raised his eyebrows. "Oh, you want me to stay? You don't want me to get you the beads?"

Sucking in a breath Stiles spread his legs further, whining softly. "Want them," he admitted. "Just didn't know what you were doing."

Derek reached out with his clean hand and tapped Stiles' nose. "That's for me to know and you to find out, unless I decide otherwise."

Stiles wrinkled his nose, giving Derek a small grin. "Yes sir," he shrugged, settling back onto the bed, hips swaying.

"Good boy," Derek praised, getting the beads and lubing them up. "Are you ready for these?"

"Yes Master. Please," Stiles begged softly, reaching back to hold himself open again.
"Oh, good boy," Derek murmured, his eyes going dark and heavy-lidded at the sight. He pressed the first bead in - it was small enough that it wasn't a stretch, not after what they'd done already.

Stiles let out a happy noise at the praise, rocking back into the bead as it popped easily in. "Feels so good."

"You're not too sensitive?" Derek checked.

"Feels sharper, but not in a bad way," Stiles answered, swaying his hips.

"Mm." Derek looked him over. "Do you want the second one - you could take it, I'm sure - or would you like me to just play with the first for a while?"

"More. Please Master," Stiles whined, clenching and trying to feel the first bead like he knew he'd be able to feel the others. God, he was going to go bonkers.

"Your wish is my command," Derek teased, bringing the second bead up to press against Stiles' rim. "Open yourself up a little more, sweetheart, I need to get this past your thumbs."

Stiles shivered at the petname, arching his back and tugging lightly at his rim, moaning softly at the stretch. "Like this?" he asked, breathless.

"Exactly like that," Derek said, pushing the bead inside. Once the widest part was past Stiles' thumbs, it went easily.

"Shit fuck," Stiles groaned, rocking his hips back, trying to tease Derek and only ending up grinding the beads together inside him, electricity going up his spine.

"Feel good?" Derek asked, letting go of the beads so they hung, swaying, from Stiles' hole.

Stiles groaned, his hips still swaying a bit, causing the beads to shift which only caused him to sway his hips again. "Oh fuck," he groaned. "So close. Why am I so close again?!" he panted, hiding his face as he chewed on his lower lip.

"Because you're wonderful," Derek said, bending down to kiss each of Stiles' ass cheeks.

"Please," Stiles begged softly, his breathing hitching with each sway of the beads, the second one grinding against his prostate. "Please Master. Please. Don't want to come yet." Stiles' voice was a high whine, vaguely remembering Derek's words about asking to stop from coming, and partly actually not wanting to come yet, wanting to prolong it.

"Good boy." Derek took hold of the third bead, lifting it so the others hung from his hand instead of directly from Stiles' ass. "Better?"

Stiles groaned when the weight was lightened so it wasn't grinding against his prostate. "Thank you," he panted, flushing darkly at the praise.

Derek smiled. "You're welcome," he murmured, giving Stiles time to calm down.

Stiles relaxed a bit after a moment, his breathing not as harsh, even as he held himself open. "Okay," he whispered. "I'm okay."

"You're okay," Derek agreed, reassuring him. "Are you ready for another?"
"Yes Master," Stiles breathed. He arched his back a bit more, shivering as it fully exposed him.

"I don't think this one will fit past your thumbs," Derek said. "We can try, if you want."

Stiles whined softly, slipping his thumbs free and moving his hands to the small of his back. "Better?" he asked, gasping and clenching down.

"It was until you clenched," Derek said, tugging on the string to pull the second bead partway out, encouraging Stiles to open up.

Stiles moaned loudly, relaxing and spreading his legs a bit wider, opening himself back up. "Please."

Derek released the string, letting the beads settle deeper. "Good boy," he praised.

Stiles looked back over his shoulder, eyes wide and a bit hazy, staying relaxed. "Yours."

"My sweetheart," Derek reassured him, seeing that Stiles was sinking down.

Stiles gave Derek a crooked grin, gripping his cuffs and waiting patiently. Low level arousal burned in his stomach.

Derek picked up the third bead, thicker than the dildo, and pressed it against Stiles' open hole. With the way he'd been stretched already, it went in without much effort, but the next one would definitely be different.

Stiles could only moan, rocking back against the bead, his limbs trembling again. "So full." He loved it, wanted more, wanted his Master. He was already being pushed toward the edge again, chewing on his lip as he held himself back.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' back. "You're doing so well, sweetheart, taking all this for me."

Groaning at the praise, Stiles leaned into the touch, begging silently. After a moment he looked back over his shoulder at Derek, trying to tease by swaying his hips only to freeze when he realized he wouldn't be able to and not come.

"Alright, chiquito?" Derek checked.

"Close." Stiles said, his voice breathless and panting, trembling. "I..."

"It's alright, Przemysław," Derek reassured him. "I told you that you would be allowed to come as many times as you asked tonight, and I meant it. Are you asking?"

Stiles jerked a bit at the name, whimpering softly and nodding. "Please," he begged, knowing he wouldn't be able to hold it back if he tried anymore, the third bead pressing insistently on his prostate.


Stiles let out a high whine at his name, trembling hard from being that close to the edge. The second time his name fell from his Dom's lips, he jerked at the command, coming hard when the bead shifted. He whimpered, slumping a bit so his ass was up with the rest of him almost a puddle.

"Beautiful," Derek murmured. "That was just beautiful, sweetheart. Thank you."

Stiles let out a high whine at the praise, his thighs trembling. "Master," he breathed, trying to look at
Derek again, spreading his legs to both stabilize his shaking and to open himself back up from where he clamped down.

"I've got you, sweetheart," Derek promised, moving around so Stiles could see him easily. "It's alright. You're doing so well."

Stiles relaxed, his hands twisting a bit in the blanket once he was able to see Derek easier. He gave Derek a crooked, bright grin. "Like being good for you."

Derek couldn't help but smile back. "And you're a very good boy," he replied.

Stiles preened at the praise, licking and chewing at his lower lip. "How many beads left?" he asked.

"Two," Derek told him. "Do you remember from last time?"

"Yes, Master." Stiles licked his lips. "Want to hold all of them for you." Even if it meant he'd come after each one.

"I believe you can," Derek agreed. "How are you feeling?"


Derek smiled at him. "That's good. You tell me if that changes and it gets too much, okay?"

"Yes Master, I promise." Stiles gave Derek a small grin, curling fingers and toes into the blanket.

"Good boy," Derek praised. "Are you ready for the fourth?"

Stiles nodded, spreading his legs the last bit he could. "Please."

"That's my good boy," Derek murmured. The fourth bead was larger than Stiles' hole had stretched so far; the first part went in fine, but as Derek slowly pushed it in, it got harder.

"O-oh," Stiles whined, the burning stretch making him tremble. It wasn't too much, per say, just a lot. He looked over his shoulder, reaching back to try and pull his ass even more open than it already was.

"Shh, sweetheart, just relax for me, there's no rush," Derek soothed him, pulling the bead all the way out again. "Here we go, we're trying that again now." He pushed it in, slow and steady.

Stiles forced himself to relax, moaning softly as the bead stretched him wider than he was, the burning a pleasant sensation as his arms began trembling. "O-oh."

Just a little more...and the bead popped inside. "There you go, chiquito," Derek praised. "Feel that?"

"Uh huh," Stiles said, nodding his head and panting. He was so fucking full, and his cock was already twitching, wanting to come again, though he was pretty sure he was close to coming dry.

"Good boy." Derek pulled slowly on the string, drawing the bead back out, loving the noise Stiles made.

Stiles keened, shoving his hips back, mourning the loss of the burning stretch. "Please!"

When Derek put it in the second time, the bead went easier, Stiles' hole stretching obscenely around
"Fuck!" Stiles cursed, not being able to help himself as he started moving.

"It won't get you anywhere, sweetheart," Derek said, amused, watching Stiles hump the air. "And you've still got one more to take."

"Please, I want it!" Stiles whined, trying in vain to get more.

"You'll get what you need," Derek promised, rubbing Stiles' ass. "I'm just going to make some room first, okay?" Derek pressed the fourth bead deeper with his fingers, feeling it knock against the others.

Stiles whined high in his throat, his limbs starting to tremble at how full he was. "Master," he pleaded softly. He wanted to hold them all for Derek. This was the first time they'd used them all. Especially this set.

"You can do it, sweetheart," Derek promised. But the fifth bead was quite possibly the widest thing Stiles had ever had inside him, and Derek couldn't get it in at first. "Relax for me, chiquito," Derek told him. "Let it in."

"Trying," Stiles whispered, his voice high in his throat as he completely melted, forcing himself to slow down and relax. Oh, this was going to be...interesting.

Derek kept up the pressure, and millimeter by millimeter, the bead moved into Stiles' hole.

Stiles was gasping, his breathing fast as he fought to stay relaxed. Fuck, this one burned. He felt like he was being split open. But he kept at it, rocking back against it and pushing so he could work it in. Wanted to do it, wanted to prove he could. Though Jesus fuck it was almost too much, his eyes watered, even as they darkened further.

"You okay?" Derek breathed, seeing the way Stiles was trembling.

"Y-yeah," Stiles worked out, thighs trembling so hard he almost fell. "I-i'm okay. Just... a lot." He whimpered. "I can do it. I want to do it. Please."

Derek moved to grip Stiles' hip with one hand, supporting him, holding him in place as he exerted steady pressure on the bead with the other. "It's okay, sweetheart," Derek promised. "You can, and if you can't, that's okay."

"Want to," Stiles panted, voice determined as he shook. Fuck, but it burned. He focused on relaxing and pushing into it, knowing that would help. He knew that Derek would watch out for injury. He just wanted to take it. Wanted to show Derek he could.

They were almost there - so close...

Stiles let out a cry as it finally slipped in with a soft sound, not caring that it was jarring at his prostate as he fell completely flat for a moment, panting.

"Good boy," Derek praised, running his hand gently up and down Stiles' back. "Well done, sweetheart, just look at you, you took that so well..."
Stiles let out a breathless whine, the praise making him dizzy. "Close," he whispered, shifting when the beads dug at his prostate, every inch of him feeling the grinding and shifting of the beads. "How am I so close to coming again?"

"Because you're beautifully sensitive and responsive," Derek murmured, keeping up the long, steady strokes. "You're doing so well, sweetheart."

Stiles whined at the praise, his hair stuck to his forehead with sweat as he rocked back onto his knees, crying out with each shift. "So close, Master," he panted.

The words ran down Derek's spine like molten gold, white hot, electrifying. "Can you hold it?" Derek asked, sliding Stiles' panties back up over his ass, hiding his stretched-out hole.

"I can try," Stiles admitted. "Will try very hard for you, Master."

"That's my wonderful good boy," Derek said warmly. "I'm so proud of you."

Stiles felt his lips curl into a smile, looking over his shoulder at Derek. The keyhole in the satin panties showed just the barest peek of his stretched out hole in this position, the satin feeling almost too much on the skin of his ass.

"I want you to get up, sweetheart," Derek explained, "and I want you to kneel on the floor and let me fuck your face. Let me fill you up. Do you think you can do that?"

"Fuck yes," Stiles groaned, his mouth already salivating. He took a few deep breaths before pushing himself up off the bed, unable to stand completely straight. "Oh shit," he groaned, bending over a bit before slipping to his knees beside the bed, one hand gripping the bed frame as he panted, the other on his thigh.

Derek crouched, cupping Stiles' cheek. "Are you okay, chiquito?" he asked worriedly. "Is it too much?"

"I'm okay," Stiles panted after a moment, giving Derek a tiny smile. "Just very very full. And I almost came. Want to come with you in my mouth. Please Master." Stiles licked his lips, nuzzling into the hand on his cheek and sucking Derek's thumb into his mouth.

"I'm going to have to take the beads out," Derek reminded him. "If you've only just come, it's going to be very intense."

Stiles whined, letting out a soft sigh as he nodded. "Yes sir." He knew it would probably be too much to have the beads taken out after he came, that it would probably trigger one just by them being removed. He just really really liked the thought of it.

"This is your choice, Stiles," Derek said quietly. "Snap your fingers twice at any time and I'll pull out so you can speak. If you ask for permission to come, I'll give it."

Stiles watched him for a moment before nodding. "I want to," he whispered. "I know I'd probably end up doing the painful coming one when they're taken out, but I want it. I love coming while sucking your cock, Master. It's one of my favorite ways."

Derek nodded, brushing his thumb over Stiles' reddened lips and leaning in to kiss his forehead. "Alright, sweetheart," he agreed.

Stiles’ eyes fluttered closed, sucking Derek's thumb into his mouth even as he tried to grin around it.
"Come on, sweetheart, kneel up for me," Derek said, smiling back at him.

Stiles carefully straightened up so he was kneeling properly, moaning softly as the beads shifted. "So full, Master."

"I know." Derek thought he could even see a bulge in Stiles' belly where the beads sat. He stood, stepping closer so his feet were bracketing Stiles' knees, so his hard cock was scarcely an inch from Stiles' mouth. "You ready, sweetheart?"

Stiles looked up at Derek before trailing his eyes back down to lock onto Derek's cock, his mouth parting and tongue sitting on his lower lip. "Yes Master."

Derek smiled down at him, his eyes dark and hot. "Good boy, Stiles. Remember, snap your fingers if you need to pull back for any reason, okay?"

Stiles nodded, sucking on Derek's thumb again, salivating in excitement. "Please."

Derek withdrew his thumb and reached for Stiles' hair, pulling Stiles down onto his cock.

Stiles moaned, suckling hard as soon as his mouth was filled with his Master's cock, hands curling in pleasure. He always loved sucking Derek's cock, god, it was so good.

Derek only waited a moment before he pulled Stiles down further, making his intentions clear.

Stiles' eyes flicked up to Derek, his tongue cupping the cock in his mouth as he relaxed completely. A hitched whine left him as the beads shifted but otherwise he went lax against Derek, letting him do what he will.

Derek guided Stiles up and down his cock, getting faster as his arousal grew more urgent, breathing hard.

Stiles moaned, his hands going to just rest on Derek's hip, growing closer the faster Derek got. He whined, shifting on his knees which only caused him to grow closer to the edge. He snapped his fingers clumsily, looking up at Derek with dark eyes, sucking hard when he could.

Derek pulled out immediately. "You okay, sweetheart?"

"Please Master," Stiles rasped, already trying to tug him back. "Want to come. Want to taste you and want to come, please."

"Alright, love," Derek agreed, smiling down at him, eyes dark. "When I come, I'll give you permission."

"Thank you," Stiles breathed, leaning forward to suck Derek's cock back into his mouth.

Derek thrust harder now, chasing his own pleasure, feeling the way Stiles leaned into it, knowing the beads would be knocking together in his belly.

Stiles let out cut-off whimpers and moans, the beads clanking together and pressing into every single inch of him, his prostate battered as he fought to hold on. God it was glorious.

"Swallow," Derek ordered, thrusting deep. He was so close now, fuck.

Stiles hummed his understanding, sucking hard whenever Derek was trying to pull out, wanting to
taste him.

Derek pushed in again, deep as he could go. "Swallow, Przemysław."

Stiles sucked in a breath at his name, his body trembling as he swallowed around Derek, throat convulsing around Derek's cock.

And that...that was enough, that was so much... As he came, Derek managed to slur out, "Przemysław, come," curling over Stiles, fingers buried in his hair.

Stiles kept swallowing around him, the command triggering his orgasm without his knowledge as he cried out around Derek's cock. Fuck, that was amazing. He whimpered, still sucking and swallowing, though much slower as he came down from his own, trembling and just on that borderline of too sensitive.

"Good boy," Derek panted, pulling out carefully. "So good, good boy, Stiles."

Stiles gave him a wide smile, swaying a bit, hovering over subspace but not really dipping down into it.

Derek crouched down, cupping Stiles' cheek. "How are you feeling, sweetheart?" he murmured.

"Warm. Bit heavy," Stiles murmured, leaning into the touch. "Kinda sensitive, but not too bad."

"That's good," Derek said softly. "Can you get up on the bed for me? Hands and knees."

"Yes Master." Stiles smiled, shakily and carefully standing up to climb onto the bed, the movement making the beads dig into his almost-too-sensitive prostate, driving out moans and whimpers as he got into position.

"So good, sweetheart, I'm proud of you," Derek murmured, following him onto the bed. "You're doing so well."

Stiles relaxed at the praise, nuzzling the pillow.

Derek stroked Stiles' back, up and down, nice and slow. "There's no rush," he explained. "You just enjoy feeling full like this, and when you're ready..."

Stiles hummed, rocking gently into Derek’s touch. He relaxed for a bit more, letting the shifting of the beads drive him higher and higher.

"That's it, sweetheart." Derek smiled at the look on Stiles' face, flushed and pleasure-drunk. "You've done so well today, I'm so proud of you, taking so much for me."

Stiles gave Derek a small smile, nuzzling the pillow. He was close to subspace, eyes almost completely hazed over.

"The whole weekend, you've been so good," Derek murmured. "You're wonderful, querido. I love you so much."

"Love you," Stiles murmured back, shifting before whining softly. "Ready. Please Master?"

"Alright, sweetheart," Derek reassured him, slipping his fingers under the waist of Stiles' panties, teasing at the skin underneath.
Stiles rocked back, whimpering softly. He was so close, and so sensitive, he was hovering, toes dipping into the pool of subspace with each movement of the beads in him.

"I've got you," Derek promised, sliding Stiles' panties down his legs, uncovering his cock this time.

Stiles shivered as the cool air brushed over him, his fingers curling tighter in the blanket as he turned his head to watch Derek with dark eyes and bitten red lips.

Derek smiled at him. "I think you can come for me when I pull these out," he murmured, twining his fingers around the string hanging from the beads. "Do you agree?"

"Yes Master." Stiles nodded, chewing on his bottom lip. He was so close to the edge too, and he knew this one would have the bite of pain in it, but he wanted it.

"Are you ready to do that?" Derek pulled lightly, putting just enough tension on the string to tug the biggest bead up against Stiles' rim.

Stiles whined high in his throat. "Please Master. Please," he begged softly, spreading his legs a bit and reaching up to brace himself on the headboard.

Derek smiled darkly, watching closely in case Stiles' limbs failed him. "Alright, then. Przemysław..." He tugged the beads out in one long, hard pull. "...come."

Stiles gasped sharply at his name, gripping the bed frame and letting out a sharp scream as he came, the beads flying from him with a tug of Derek's hand. He fell completely flat on the bed, panting heavily and whimpering, his eyes completely hazed over, grip tight on the headboard.

Derek dropped the beads, gently parting Stiles' ass cheeks to inspect his hole, making sure there weren't any tears.

Stiles murmured softly to himself, wiggling in place. He let out a soft sigh and nuzzled into his pillow with a happy hum.

Derek gently drew Stiles' panties off, making a mental note to soak them as soon as he could. It would be a shame to ruin them the first time they were worn.

"M'sir," Stiles murmured, enjoying the floating feeling. "S'done?"

"You're done," Derek agreed softly, stroking Stiles' hair. "My good boy."

Stiles leaned into the touch, soaking up the praise and affection. "M'sir."

Derek lay down next to Stiles, still stroking Stiles' hair. "My lovely, wonderful sweetheart," he murmured.

Stiles smiled dazedly, nuzzling close and enjoying the affection as he slowly came up. "Sir," he rasped, a hand flopping up to rub Derek's chest.

Derek laid his hand over Stiles', holding it there. "Sweetheart?"

"Hi." Stiles gave Derek a weak grin. His eyes were clear but it was plain that he was exhausted. "Love you."

"I love you too," Derek replied softly. "How are you feeling?"
"Good. Happy. Sore but I'm okay," Stiles promised, digging his fingers into Derek's chest lightly.

"That's good," Derek murmured. "If you let go of me for a moment, I can clean you up," he offered, waiting to see how Stiles felt about the separation.

Stiles whined, refusing to let go for a moment longer before relaxing. "Kay. I'm itchy."

"I bet you are," Derek said with a smile. They'd finally started keeping cleaning wipes in the night stand, so Derek retrieved the package and got one out. "This will be cold," he warned, and gently parted Stiles' ass cheeks to wipe the lube off his hole.

Stiles whined, trembling and closing his eyes. "Cold. And a bit sore," he murmured, flushing darkly at how open he was.

"You'll be tender for a while," Derek agreed, looking with awe at the slight gape of Stiles' hole. "Tell me if the pain gets worse, or sharper."

"Yes sir," Stiles said, his voice soft. "I love you."

"I love you too," Derek murmured. "Can you roll over so I can get the rest of it?"

Stiles pushed himself into rolling over, groaning softly. "Flop," he laughed to himself after he finished, stretching slowly and carefully.

Derek winced a little at the mess of tacky and dried come on Stiles' skin. At least it wasn't caught in his pubic hair, since Stiles didn't have any right now.

"Itchy," Stiles grumbled as he felt the cool wet cloth on his stomach.

The first pass didn't get all of it - not even most of it, really. The second was better, but Derek was wary of scrubbing at Stiles' skin at all, knowing he'd be tender.

Stiles let out a soft sigh, wiggling a bit. "Stuck?" he murmured. "Bath?" He wasn't in subspace, he was just so exhausted he actually didn't want to speak at the moment.

"Maybe later," Derek offered. "Can you live with it for now?" Stiles looked like he wouldn't be able to hold himself up in the tub.

"Yeah," Stiles nodded after a bit, wiggling and trying to scoot closer to Derek. "Nap?"

"Nap," Derek agreed fondly, kissing Stiles' cheek. "Let me just get the covers out from under you, okay? I don't want you getting cold."

"You'll keep me warm," Stiles said, leaning into the kiss.

"And so will the blankets," Derek said firmly. He got up, putting away lube and clean wipes, throwing away the dirty ones, dropping panties and toys next to the laundry hamper, turning the light off, and tucking Stiles in before sliding into bed next to him.

Stiles let out a happy noise, burying his nose in Derek's throat. "Panties every day," he weakly cheered.

"If we did something this intense every day, I don't think you'd survive it," Derek said, amused.
"Hmm, probably not. What a way to go though," Stiles joked, nipping lightly at Derek's skin. "Regular panties every day, other panties special."

"Sounds good," Derek agreed, stroking Stiles' hair. "You like them, then?"

"They make me feel pretty," Stiles whispered. There were still a lot of times that Stiles didn't feel attractive. But the panties had helped. "I really like them."

Derek kissed the top of Stiles' head. "I'm glad," he said fondly. "Because you are, you know. Always."

Stiles gave him a shy smile. "Nap time," he murmured, tucking his face into Derek's throat and quickly drifting off.

Derek, wrapped around him protectively, watched over him for a while, but it wasn't long before sleep claimed him as well.

Chapter End Notes

We're going to have /fun/ with this trigger phrase...

Thanks, as always, to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you guys reading along. There are almost six hundred of you now! Hope you had a great week, and we look forward to your comments.
"Of course Stiles likes panties," Scott muttered, stroking Isaac's hair. By this point, he knew more about Stiles' sex life than he'd ever planned to know.

"He was telling me about their anniversary," Isaac murmured, peeking up at Scott. "Sorry, sir."

"It's fine, I know you two like to gossip," Scott promised, smiling down at him. "Just keep me out of the loop on Stiles' sexcapades, okay? As long as he and Derek are having a good time, that is literally all I need to know."

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Gossiping with Stiles encourages Isaac to ask for Scott to be a little rougher than he normally would

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Some spanking - after Isaac puts the paperweight on the nightstand (about halfway through). Isaac is super enthusiastic about it.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stiles spun in his computer chair, groaning loudly. "Oh my god, Isaac, it was amazing. I'm still a bit sore, but it's one of those sores where you get hard every twinge."

Isaac's eyes were wide. "But that was two whole days ago?" he said, awed.

"Perfection!" Stiles laughed. "There's barely any soreness left, I have to clench tightly and grind back to feel it, but damn it's just..." He drifted off with a blissful sigh, peeking over his shoulder to make sure Derek wasn't behind him. "I came I don't even remember how many times!"

"We haven't done multiple orgasms," Isaac admitted, cheeks flushed. "Is it...it's not painful?"

"The last one was almost painful, but the others after the first one? Mainly stepping it up with intensity with each one. I'm pretty sure the last couple were dry though." Stiles hummed in thought, tapping his chin. "And all this because of a pair of panties." Stiles grinned. "Seriously, you should see the ones I got to drive Sir insane!"

"I'd say the panties were an excuse more than anything else," Isaac pointed out. "Could you get them clean afterwards? I thought silk was super hard to clean."

"They were more a satin, and we soaked them for a while before washing them. They seem okay. Though after a few times we'd have to replace that specific pair," Stiles mused. "Don't know how the strappy ones would hold up, haven’t worn those yet...might do that this weekend."
Isaac's eyebrows flew up. "You're going to die of sex," he said flatly. "Christ, Stiles. What are the strappy ones for again?"

"Rough play." Stiles laughed delightedly. "Things like pinning me down or against a wall or moving me where he wants me. God damn, Isaac, how strong he is is ridiculous!" He moaned, dropping his head back against the chair.

Isaac licked his lips, picturing Scott doing the same to him. With the size difference swapped, it was unlikely, though. Still, a boy could dream.

Stiles grinned. "Oh yes, you're imagining Scott doing it, hmm?" He teased, leaning forward. "I bet he would if you spoke up. He used to fling me around like a ragdoll when we were wrestling." He licked his lips. "Maybe I'll just wear the panties and one of the pretty plugs I have and tease and tease until Sir goes insane and just bends me over the table."

Isaac's mouth dropped open when he saw Derek come up behind Stiles, one finger on his lips. "Sounds like fun."

Stiles froze, his eyes widening as he leaned back, head falling back again to look up at Derek. "Hi, sir!" he grinned. "Sounds like you're going to have fun this weekend?" He was dark red and his voice slightly sheepish.

"Mmhmm," Derek replied, amused. He glanced at the computer screen. "You don't mind if I steal this one, Isaac?"

Isaac shook his head, letting out a squeak. "No, sir!"

Derek nodded. "Bye, Isaac," he said, and closed the call.

Isaac was bright red, giggling to himself and looking at his Skype screen where Stiles had just been. "Oh," he murmured. "Oh my." He couldn't help himself, laughing brightly, even as he pulled up Google to look into panties... Stiles had him curious.

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"Isaac?" Scott called. "I'm home!"

Isaac squeaked, flushing dark red and whipping around. "Hi!"

Scott raised his eyebrows. "What were you doing?" he asked. What was Isaac embarrassed about?

Isaac couldn't help the next squeak, hiding his face in his hands. "Looking at things..." He trailed off, knowing he wasn't actually blocking his computer at all with the way he was sitting.

Scott came around behind Isaac, looking over his shoulder. "Oh," he said, blushing. "Um. I see."

Isaac whined, burying his face in Scott's shirt. "U-um, yeah... I-I was talking to Stiles..."

"Of course Stiles likes panties," Scott muttered, stroking Isaac's hair. By this point, he knew more about Stiles' sex life than he'd ever planned to know.

"He was telling me about their anniversary," Isaac mumbled, peeking up at Scott. "Sorry, sir."

"It's fine, I know you two like to gossip," Scott promised, smiling down at him. "Just keep me out of the loop on Stiles' sexcapades, okay? As long as he and Derek are having a good time, that is literally
"I was explaining why I was looking at lacy panties," Isaac grumbled, mock pout firm on his face. "I like them..."

"Yeah?" Scott murmured, eyes darkening. "You'd look super sexy, you know."

Isaac felt himself relaxing a bit at the dark promise in Scott's eyes. "Yeah, I like the lacy ones though, and this one that looks more like a spider web than a pair of panties." Isaac paused, then added hesitantly, "He was also talking about rough play."

Scott frowned slightly. "That's pretty vague, baby," he pointed out. "Do you want to clarify that for me?"

"Being pinned and bent over and moved where the other pleased," Isaac whispered, flushing darkly.

"We've done a little bit of the pinning before," Scott said slowly, tangling his fingers in Isaac's hair.

"Mmmhmm." Isaac leaned into the fingers in his hair, watching Scott avidly. "And I loved it."

Scott tugged gently. "So how about you tell me what I need to not do," he suggested.

Isaac let out a soft sound, shivering. "Um... Nothing I can think of right now? I'll let you know, I promise."

"Make sure you do," Scott said firmly.

"Yes sir," Isaac breathed, biting his lower lip into his mouth and sucking on it.

Scott smiled darkly down at him, using his grip on Isaac's hair to tilt his head back. "Good boy," he praised.

Isaac couldn't help the high whine he let out, soaking up the praise like a sponge. The dark smile on Scott's face made him shiver, his stomach clenching tightly.


"Want you," Isaac whispered, chewing on his lower lip. "Want you to decide. I promise. I'll tell you if I need to stop."

Scott nodded. "Up," he ordered, tugging on Isaac's hair. "Over to the wall."

Isaac sucked in a breath, standing up with darkening eyes as he backed up toward the wall, licking on his lips.

Scott kept moving after Isaac's back hit the wall, crowding him, pushing down on his shoulders to encourage him to kneel.

Isaac shuddered, letting the hands on his shoulders guide him to his knees, his hands going to rest on his thighs as he tilted his head back. He kept his eyes locked on Scott's, knowing they were darkening more and more as the arousal in his stomach climbed.

Scott kept one palm pressed against Isaac's shoulder, holding him up against the wall as Scott undid his fly with his other hand, getting his cock out.
Isaac whimpered, his eyes flicking down to lock onto Scott's cock. His mouth was watering, hands lifting up unconsciously.

"Hands down," Scott warned, tilting his hips away from Isaac's face.

Isaac let out a soft whine, forcing his hands down to curl in his own pants where they stretched across his thighs. "Yes sir," he breathed, licking his lips. "Please. Can I taste you? Please."

Scott shifted his hand to Isaac's hair, holding him back. "Are you going to be good?" The tip of his cock was only inches from Isaac's face, but as they were, he couldn't reach it.

Isaac let his mouth fall open, whining softly. "Yes sir. Please. I'll be good."

Scott waited.

Isaac’s whimpers grew higher in pitch and volume, the hand in his hair holding him in place, even as he shifted on his knees. "Please sir, please; I'll be so good, please let me suck your cock, please."

"You're allowed," Scott told him, relaxing his grip slightly.

"Thankyouthankyouthankyou," Isaac breathed, leaning forward to suck Scott into his mouth with a keening noise.

But Scott was still holding him back enough that his lips could barely draw in the head of Scott's cock, let alone anything more.

Isaac whined high in his throat, suckling as much as he could. "Please," he begged, lips brushing against Scott's slit. "Please sir."

Scott shuddered, impossibly turned on by Isaac's desperate begging for his cock, and thrust slowly into Isaac's mouth.

Isaac let out a desperate moan, relaxing his throat to invite Scott's cock into it, wanting everything. God, he loved this.

"You can touch your cock," Scott said, as casually as he could manage while thrusting deep into Isaac's throat. "I'm not going to stop you."

Isaac moaned, spreading his knees wider as he swallowed around Scott. He wasn't even sure if he wanted to touch his own cock, too distracted with the cock in his mouth.

Scott's hips jerked and he groaned, his knees a little weak. Fuck, Isaac was good at this now.

Isaac couldn't help the whines he let out as he tongued the head of Scott's cock whenever possible, tongue curling around the shaft as he sucked him in deeper, eyes already beginning to haze over.

Scott thrust in again, setting up a rough rhythm, grunting a little.

Isaac groaned, his hands going behind his back. He curled his hands together tightly as he sunk into Scott's use of his mouth, moaning softly.

Scott used his grip on Isaac's hair to hold him up, moving him where he wanted him.

God, this was amazing, Isaac thought. He'd have to get more advice from Stiles.
"Feeling good, baby?" Scott panted.

"Mmmm," Isaac moaned, suckling hard whenever he could.

Scott groaned in reply, his hips stuttering, feeling Isaac's throat vibrate around him.

Isaac somehow found a way to even make his humming sound like pleading, rocking back on his heels and desperately sucking.

"You want me to - fuck - to come, sweetheart?" Scott teased, panting.

"Mmm!" Isaac whined, sucking every time he could, his hands scrabbling on the wall.

"Good boy," Scott told him. He was already on edge - it wouldn't take much more.

Isaac opened his half-hazed-over eyes, dark and hungry as he flicked them up to Scott, sucking hard.

Scott thrust deep, feeling Isaac's throat tighten around him as he came.

Isaac let out a choked off moan, swallowing him hungrily, his hands coming up to rest on Scott's hips. Fuck, he tasted good.

Scott gasped, curling over Isaac, shuddering a little. It was...things were so intense with Isaac.

Isaac let out a happy noise, kneading Scott's hips a bit as he suckled until he could slide off, not wanting to hurt Scott.

Scott pulled out gingerly. "God, sweetheart," he panted. "That was amazing. How're you feeling?"

"Kinda heavy," Isaac breathed, sucking on his lower lip, looking obscene with his messed up hair, fucked swollen lips, red cheeks, and blown eyes.

"Fuck, you're beautiful," Scott said, not even thinking about it. "Come on, let's go to bed."

Isaac flushed in pleasure at the praise, soaking it up like the desperate little thing he was, carefully getting up, tongue flicking out along his lips.

Scott steadied him, one arm around his waist. "All good?" he checked.

Isaac licked his lips again, nodding. "All good," he promised, grinning before leaning forward to kiss Scott sloppily.

Scott leaned into the kiss, smiling. Isaac was dopey as fuck right now.

Isaac tangled his hand in Scott's hair as they walked, tugging him into another kiss as he fell backwards onto the bed.

Scott laughed into the kiss, blanketing Isaac with his body, cupping Isaac's cheeks.

Isaac moaned softly, smiling into the kiss at the sound of Scott's laugh. God, he loved this man. Loved to hear him laugh.

"I love you," Scott murmured, grinning.

"I love you too." Isaac beamed, curling his legs around Scott's waist, not wanting him to get up.
"Fuck, I love you so much."

"Not gonna let me go, huh?" Scott said, pressing a smiling kiss to Isaac's jaw.

"Nope, never." Isaac tilted his head back to give Scott more room, his own lips still curled. "My Dom."

"I can't move like this, though," Scott pointed out, kissing over Isaac's neck. "Which means I can't take your pants off."

"Oh, well, if that's going to happen, I need to move my legs." Isaac laughed breathlessly, loosening his legs so they fell to the bed, hands burying themselves in Scott's hair.

Scott grinned at him. "Let go, sweetheart. I'm not going to leave you here."

Isaac play-grumbled, letting his hands fall to the bed by his legs. "I know you won't, sir." He grinned, mischief on his face. "I just like the thought of you moving me where you want me."

"So you're holding onto me?" Scott pointed out, shuffling down Isaac's body to undo his pants and wriggle them down his hips.

Isaac let out a hum, lifting his hips to help Scott. "Well, maybe I want you to move me, even if I'm holding on. And besides, I like you, why wouldn't I hold onto you?" He licked his lips, eyes darkening.

"I need leverage," Scott said, dragging Isaac's pants down his legs and licking his lips at the smooth skin it revealed. "You're bigger than me."

"Not that much bigger," Isaac snorted, arching his back to tug his shirt off.

"We're going all the way naked, huh?" Scott asked, tossing Isaac's pants and underpants on the floor. "Guess I'd better strip too."

"I like being naked." Isaac shrugged. "Maybe one day I'll surprise you and be just in panties when you come home."

Scott blushed, his eyes widening, and he distracted himself with taking his shirt off.

Isaac grinned wider, set on teasing Scott as he wiggled along the bed. "That'd be hot, hmm? You opening the door and I'm kneeling in the living room with nothing but a pair of skimpy panties framing my ass, mouth already open and begging for a taste."

"You've really latched onto the whole panties thing, haven't you?" Scott asked hoarsely, licking his lips.

"The look on your face." Isaac licked his lips, eyeing him up and down. "I like it. The dark, hungry look."

Scott undid his pants and slid them down his hips, eyes locked on Isaac's. "Yeah?" he breathed.

"Love it." Isaac licked his lips, stretching out to try and tease and tempt Scott. "What do you think of? When I say that I'll be wearing panties, all open and ready for you, begging desperately from the time the key enters the lock. Maybe I'll tease myself all day so by the time you walk in, I'm almost crying I'm so desperate, but God, I'm loving it. Want you to just spread me wide and fuck into me."
Or maybe take my mouth like you did a few minutes ago. Fuck that was amazing..."

"Fuck," Scott said shakily. "Isaac..."

"Hmm?" Isaac sucked his lower lip into his mouth, dark eyes watching Scott. "Come on, sir, please? Tell me? I want to hear. Or even show me, I'm up for that one too." The tone in which Scott said Isaac's name made his stomach clench in arousal, his eyes darkening. Oh, he liked that sound.

Scott blinked, startling back into action. "I was going to suck your cock," he said, hurriedly shoving his pants off. "But I don't know if I can not fuck you after all of that."

Isaac let out a breathless laugh. "Come on, sir, I want to hear. Or feel. Something, please?" he begged, making his voice high and desperate, knowing exactly what it did to Scott. God, he felt so empty...

"Get me the lube," Scott ordered sharply, rolling onto his butt so he could get his feet untangled.

Isaac shivered at the sharp order, grinning widely as he stretched so he could reach the side table. Flopping over into his stomach to rummage around, he smiled, taking the colorful paperweight they had found to signal he was willing for sleeping fun, and setting it on the nightstand before grabbing the requested lube. He arched and wiggled and did pretty much anything he could think of to tease Scott.

Scott's breath caught at the sight of the paperweight - then he rolled his eyes at Isaac's antics and slapped his ass. "Stay still."

Isaac let out a hitched moan, looking over his shoulder with wide eyes. He'd almost forgotten the spiking pleasure of spanking. He shifted to get more comfortable. "Yes sir," he breathed.

Scott grabbed Isaac's hips and pulled him up onto his knees, nudging his legs apart, leaving him exposed. "Stay like that," he ordered.

The order made him whine, wiggling just a bit, curious. He couldn't help it, the orders and Scott moving him making Isaac's legs tremble. He was so listening more to Stiles...


Isaac gasped, shuddering. "Yes sir!"

"Good." Scott slicked his fingers and probed at Isaac's hole.

Isaac groaned, rocking back without thinking, wanting more. "Please."

Scott gripped Isaac's hip firmly with his left hand, holding him still as he carefully pressed two fingers in.

"Fuck that feels good," Isaac moaned, talking about the hold Scott had on him just as much as he was the fingers inside him. "Come on sir, please?"

"Be patient," Scott said fondly, fucking his fingers in and out, feeling how tight Isaac was around them.

"But want you now," Isaac said, his voice breathy as he tried to rock back into the feeling, spreading his knees further. "Please? Oh please, want to feel you. So empty."
Scott's eyes grew dark in anticipation, and he crooked his fingers, searching for Isaac's prostate. "It's like my fingers are hardly there, huh?"

"N-not enough," Isaac whimpered as Scott found the spot and sent fire racing up his spine. "Always want more. Want you. God, I just want you filling me up. Always. All holes, just please."

"Mmhm."

"Should get a plug," Isaac panted. "Add that to what I wear with the panties. Already all stretched out a-and," he paused, letting out a moan as his prostate was brushed again, "waiting..."

"Always waiting for me, aren't you, babe?" Scott breathed.

"Always. Always waiting. Always wanting," Isaac groaned, turning his head and staring at the paperweight, flushing at the images that went through his head before hiding his face in his pillow. "Could happily live with you filling me up."

"I can't hear you with your face in the pillow, sweetheart," Scott pointed out, adding a third finger.

"Can quite happily live with you fucking me all day every day," Isaac said, lifting his head out of the pillow only to moan loudly when the third finger slipped inside.

"I'd never get anything done," Scott teased.

"But it'd be fun," Isaac panted, giving Scott a grin before he started swaying, trying to tease Scott at the same time and probably not succeeding, since he was trembling so hard.

Scott slapped Isaac's ass. "Christ, love, stay where I put you. You keep forgetting."

Isaac moaned, all but melting where he knelt. "Don't keep forgetting. Want to see what you'd do," he admitted.

Scott raised his eyebrows, considering, and pinched Isaac's ass, hard. "If you need a spanking, ask," he said firmly.

Isaac jerked, moaning loudly and hiding his face. "L-like teasing you too," he panted. "Like being spanked, like it when you do this."

Scott hummed. "Choose," he said. "Me spanking you, or me finger-fucking you."

Isaac whined. "Both. Want both, please," he begged softly. "Want you to fuck me, want to feel you."

Scott shook his head. "Choose. I'll fuck you later."

Isaac whined, thumping his head into his pillow as he fought to decide. "Sp-spanking."

"Good boy," Scott said, swiftly withdrawing his fingers and slapping Isaac's ass hard. "Thank me, and ask for more."

Isaac cried out, rocking back, feeling both empty from his fingers being removed, and burning hot from the hard smacks on his ass. "Th-thank you sir. Please. Please can I have more? Please?"
"You know, I'm really starting to see the appeal of a paddle," Scott admitted, mirroring the red mark he'd left with another hard slap.

"Please," Isaac gasped out, gripping the pillow with his hands. His skin felt like it was on fire, and his stomach was in knots, but goddamn, he was so turned on, so close...

"Thank me, and ask for another," Scott reminded him, waiting.

"Th-thank you, sir," Isaac managed to work out. "Please, sir, please, I love it. Please."

"That was good," Scott reassured him. "But there wasn't a question there. 'Thank you, sir. Please slap me again.' 'Thank you. Please may I have another, sir.' "

Isaac whined softly, flush starting in his cheeks and spreading down his chest and shoulders. "Th-thank you sir, please slap m-me again."

Scott swallowed hard, and did what Isaac had asked.

"Thank you sir, please. Please slap me again. Please," Isaac begged, his voice a pitch higher. Scott drew it out, making Isaac wait, before landing a blow on the join of ass and thigh. Isaac rocked forward with a cry, before pushing back into Scott's hands. "Thank you sir," he said, his voice breathy. "Please, spank me again, slap my ass, please."

Scott did, right over Isaac's crack, watching his skin flush and darken. "Beautiful," he murmured. Isaac slid his hands into his own hair, tugging hard. "Thank you, please sir, please may I have more?"

Scott began spanking Isaac in a slow but steady rhythm, covering his ass with red marks. Isaac tugged harder on his hair, whimpering high in his throat and shuddering as he moaned.

When Isaac's ass and thighs were practically glowing, Scott stopped, breathing hard. Isaac was a mess, whimpering and rocking back and forth. "Please," he panted.

"Shh, baby, you're alright," Scott promised. "I've got you, sweetheart."

Isaac looked over his shoulder, whining high in his throat.

Scott reached out, offering Isaac the fingers of his left hand to suck as, with his right, he guided the tip of his cock into Isaac's open hole.

Isaac sucked on Scott's fingers, his eyes drifting closed and one hand wrapping lightly around his wrist, tightening in surprise as he tried to rock back. "O-oh," he whimpered around the fingers in his mouth.

Once he was in, Scott shifted his grip from his cock to Isaac's hip, holding him steady. "You did say you wanted to be full everywhere," he pointed out breathlessly.

"Mmhmm." Isaac moaned, melting in place. He clenched tightly around Scott, almost coming just from that, barely able to hold back.
"Are you gonna be good?" Scott teased, fucking slowly forward.

"Mmhmm," Isaac hummed around the fingers in his mouth, tongue curling around Scott's fingers, rocking back and whimpering high in his throat. Fuck, he was almost floating he felt so good.

Scott kept it up that way, long, slow strokes, knowing he was driving Isaac mad.

Isaac moaned softly, desperately trying to get more. "Please," he begged, muffled by the fingers in his mouth.

Scott was honestly impressed he'd lasted this long, but there were still things he wanted to try, so he forced himself to take slow, deep breaths as he reached around and took Isaac's cock in hand.

Isaac let out a guttural sound. "Please," he whimpered, sucking harder on Scott's fingers. "Please."

"You want me to play with your cock, baby?" Scott teased, fucking Isaac faster.

Isaac was barely able to hold back, almost delirious. "Please," he begged, pulling Scott's fingers out until they were just inside his lips. "Please, so close."

"Please yes?" Scott asked. "Please touch your cock? Please fuck you fast?"

"Please can I come. Please. Please please," Isaac begged, "please."

"Not yet," Scott said cruelly, jerking Isaac's cock and fucking him in counterpoint.

"Please," Isaac whimpered. "I'm so close, please please sir."

"You can wait, can't you?" Scott murmured, petting Isaac's tongue gently. "You can be a good boy and be patient for me."

"Try," Isaac said, resting his head on the pillow and sucking hard at Scott's fingers. God, he was so close.

Scott didn't ease up, taking his pleasure and driving Isaac mad at the same time.

Isaac quickly grew so desperate he could hardly talk, his thighs trembling.

"That's my good boy," Scott praised. "That's - fuck - you're so good, baby, doing so good for me, sweetheart. You want to come?"

"Mmhmm," Isaac whimpered, shivering and fighting the edge of subspace he could feel.

"Just a little longer, sweetheart," Scott murmured. "That's it, you can do it."

Isaac dragged his teeth lightly along Scott's fingerpads, clenching tightly around him. He was pushing back, almost fucking himself onto Scott's cock, slipping deeper and deeper into subspace.

"That's it, baby, just let go, let me fuck you, let me look after you," Scott said breathlessly. "I've got you, Isaac, all you have to do is not come for me, that's all, I'll take care of everything else."

Isaac let out a soft sound, finally just letting himself sink as he slipped into subspace, slumping on the bed.
"That's perfect," Scott panted as Isaac relaxed. "That's it, love. Come for me now, sweetheart."

It took a split second for the order to sink in, but the next thrust dragged his release from him, screaming Scott's name before he completely slumped. He was flying, floating, and all he could feel was Scott, all he could taste and all he could hear and smell.

Scott shuddered, Isaac's orgasm triggering his own. "Isaac," he groaned.

Isaac sucked lazily on his fingers, humming happily when he felt Scott come, wiggling his hips.

Scott collapsed onto Isaac's back, too overwhelmed to hold himself up.

Isaac let out a happy noise, the weight anchoring him as his tongue curled around one of Scott's fingers.


Isaac soaked up the praise, floating up toward the surface just enough to murmur, "I love you."

Scott wrapped his arm around Isaac's waist and rolled them both onto their sides, nuzzling Isaac's neck.

Isaac came up slowly, his voice drowsy and slurred when he started talking. "Sir...love you."


Isaac smiled, curling a bit and settling comfortably, eyeing the paperweight as he started drifting off.

"You were so good, sweetheart," Scott told him, nuzzling against Isaac's neck. "So perfect and beautiful and obedient for me."

Isaac let out a happy hum, smiling as he half-dozed, still vaguely aware, but content and relaxed.

Scott let him drift for a while, tracing patterns on Isaac's abs.

An hour or so of dozing and Isaac was waking back up, stretching lightly with a contented hum.

"Hi, sweetheart," Scott murmured. "How are you doing?"

"Good." Isaac smiled, stretching and shifting against him again, wiggling and pulling Scott tighter around him.

"You were so good for me, love," Scott praised, squeezing Isaac tight.

Isaac let out a soft, happy sound. "I like being good for you," he admitted, licking his lips. "I feel all groggy, but the good kind."

"I pushed you pretty hard," Scott admitted, brushing his lips over Isaac's shoulder.

"Still liked it," Isaac soothed him. "Especially when you ordered me to stay where you put me. Fuck, that was hot." He laughed.

"You're not very good at holding still," Scott teased.

"I couldn't help it!" Isaac laughed. "And besides, you putting me back made me even hotter."
"Speaking of - are you sore?" Scott asked. "We should probably get cleaned up."

"Little sore, but the good kind that makes me want to ride you, just to feel it longer." Isaac grinned, already scooting toward the end of the bed. "Might want to eat dinner too, though, at some point."

"Yeah, good point," Scott agreed. "I'm starving."

"What should we have? I think we have swiss chicken things." Isaac hummed, one hip popped to the side as he crossed his arms.

"Sounds good." Scott got up, rolling his shoulders. "I'll remake the bed while you cook?"

"Yes sir!" Isaac playfully saluted, grinning widely and walking to the kitchen, still completely bare.

Scott shook his head, his eyes unconsciously tracking Isaac's bright red ass as he left the room. He was amazing.

Chapter End Notes

There is more to come...and yes, we will be following up on the paperweight.

Thanks, as always, to our beta Chicktar and to all of you who read and comment. Let us know what you liked!
"Doesn't feel too bad," Isaac said as he wiggled a bit, flushing. "Kinda tight, but not painful."

"Good," Scott said, relieved. "Tell me if that changes?"

Isaac only nodded, giving him a warm smile.

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Scott and Isaac have a fun morning together, but Isaac’s afternoon doesn't go so well

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Somnophilia - Isaac has clearly indicated his consent using a prearranged signal, and Scott kisses and touches him while asleep. Scott also sucks Isaac's cock a little just before he wakes up. Isaac is very happy with the situation as soon as he realises what's going on. If you prefer, you can skip to the beginning of the second paragraph/section, when Isaac wakes up.

Subdrop. Isaac goes through some pretty unpleasant subdrop immediately following the main section break. He's emotionally distressed and physically off-kilter, and ends up with cuts in his knees and hands because of broken glass. Scott's not with him at the time, but he comes home as soon as he realises something's wrong. If you want to skip to when Scott gets home, skip from the big section break to the next long paragraph/section without changes in left/right justification

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Scott eyed the paperweight on the dresser, knowing it indicated Isaac's consent, but still feeling nervous about the whole thing. Isaac was asleep still, naked - not that he usually slept naked, but he must have decided it would make things simpler this morning. Tentatively, Scott traced his hand down Isaac's side.

Isaac hummed, murmuring softly in his sleep and letting out a soft sigh. He stretched, sinking back under after settling a bit closer to Scott, his arm flung across the bed.

Feeling a little more confident, Scott began to map Isaac's torso with his fingers, tracing the hard lines of his ribs, the softer hollow of his belly.

Isaac groaned, shifting into the touch, smiling softly, his eyes flickering in sleep.

Isaac's nipples were soft, pale pink against paler skin, and Scott wanted to suck. He brushed his fingers over them.
Isaac's back arched just a bit, a soft gasp leaving his throat as he spread himself out wider. His chest fell in soft breaths as he slept, fingers curled loosely.

Scott bent down, encouraged, and closed his lips over Isaac's nipple, suckling lightly.

"Hnn." Isaac groaned, arching into his mouth and shivering, shifting a bit as he grew harder.

Isaac's cock caught Scott's eye and he pulled away, wondering. What if...? He hadn't sucked Isaac's cock before, but he'd wanted to yesterday. He moved down Isaac's body and gave his cock a tentative lick.

Isaac shuddered, rolling his hips as his fingers twitched. He flung his head to the other side, his mouth opening partway.

Scott paused, worried he'd wake Isaac up. But then, didn't he want Isaac to wake up? He wasn't sure. Rather than try and think about it more, he gently took the head of Isaac's cock into his mouth.

"Mmm." Isaac moaned softly, his hips rocking up as he shifted again, eyes fluttering.

Scott sucked gently, exploring Isaac's cock with his tongue.

Isaac sucked in a breath, his eyes fluttering open. "S-sir?" he asked, his voice heavy and drowsy, still half asleep. He tangled his hands clumsily in the blanket.

Scott hummed, sinking lower onto Isaac's cock and reaching up to stroke his hip.

"O-oh fuck." Isaac moaned long and low, his voice raspy still. Arching up, he gasped, one hand going to curl uncertainly in Scott's hair.

Scott pulled off. "You're awake now?" he checked. "This is okay?"

"Please," Isaac groaned, arousal hitting him low in the gut. This was better than he could have hoped for. He wasn't scared in the slightest, and fuck, he was so turned on. "Please sir." He nodded frantically.

Scott smiled up at him. "Tell me if I do something you don't like. And, uh...try not to thrust up? I'm not as experienced at this as you."

"Yes sir," Isaac agreed, his voice rough and breathless. He trembled, forcing his hips down to the mattress.

"Thank you, sweetheart, that's good," Scott murmured. He bent down again and started licking and kissing Isaac's cock all over, getting more familiar with it.

"Oh fuck," Isaac moaned, throwing one arm over his eyes. "Sir...don't think I'll have too much control," he admitted sheepishly. He wasn't close to coming yet, but him still being drowsy wasn't helping.

"'S okay," Scott promised, nuzzling at the tangle of hair at the base of Isaac's cock. "I'll let you."

Isaac could only groan softly, relaxing into the bed at his Dom's permission. "Thank you," he breathed.

Scott licked a line from the base of Isaac's cock to the tip, following the veins under the surface.
"Oh god." Isaac whined high in his throat. It was the first time he'd gotten any form of a blowjob, and he was being ripped apart. And he loved it. Almost as much as he loved sucking Scott.

Scott tried licking the head again, dipping his tongue experimentally into Isaac's slit.

"Fuck," Isaac cursed, his free hand slipping into his own curls, tugging harshly. His hips rolled up just a bit before he could force them down, fire licking up his spine.

The motion butted Isaac's cock against Scott's teeth, and Scott opened his mouth reflexively to let it in.

Isaac whimpered, forcing himself to relax, he didn't want to hurt Scott. "Feels good."

Scott hummed, bobbing his head experimentally, talking hold of the base of Isaac's cock to keep it steady.

"Oh god." He wasn't going to last long, his thighs trembling as the humming jerked through him.

Scott bobbed a little deeper, and with a stroke of inspiration, started moving his hand in tandem.

"So close," Isaac warned, his fingers tightening in the blanket and Scott's hair as he panted heavily.

Scott pulled off briefly. "'S okay," he promised. "You can."

Isaac could only whine, his eyes rolling back as he hovered on the edge. Fuck. It wasn’t much longer before he was crying out a warning as he came, hands flying up to cover his face.

Scott sputtered a little as Isaac's come flooded his mouth, most of it spilling down his chin.

"Sorry sorry," Isaac panted, though he was rapidly sinking into his space.

"No, you're - " Scott coughed a little. "You're perfect, love."

"Sorry," Isaac murmured, lazily reaching for Scott's face, tugging on him to drag him into a kiss.

Scott let Isaac pull him up, smiling into the kiss.

Isaac smiled back, nuzzling along Scott's jaw for a moment. "Morning," he murmured, raising up out of his space almost as quickly as he’d dipped down.

"Morning, sweetheart," Scott said, raising his eyebrows. "Did you enjoy yourself?"

Isaac flushed, nodding. "Yes sir. I really liked it," he promised, giving Scott a small grin and shifting closer.

Scott smiled back. "I mean, I wasn't very good," he admitted.

Isaac just grinned, leaning forward to swipe his tongue through the come on Scott's cheek. "I thought you were awesome," he murmured. "The proof is kinda all over your face there, sir," he teased, continuing to trail his mouth along Scott’s jaw and cheek, cleaning him up.

Scott laughed a little, blushing. "Thanks, Isaac."

Isaac kissed back along the now clean skin to his mouth, humming into a kiss. "Welcome." He
grinned. "What time is your first class again? I'll make us some breakfast."

"Eleven," Scott replied. "There's no rush."

"Oh good, I could talk you into taking a bath with me then," Isaac teased.

"I'll be a bit of a squish," Scott pointed out, "but you definitely could."

"I'll just have to sit on you." Isaac shrugged. "We'll make it work."

Scott smiled warmly at him. "I love you, sweetheart."

"I love you too." Isaac grinned, nipping at Scott's lower lip before pulling back. "Come on, bath! Then I'll fix food." He started to roll out of the bed.

Scott hissed. "We'll put some lotion on your ass, too. That looks pretty red, still."

"Doesn't feel too bad," Isaac said as he wiggled a bit, flushing. "Kinda tight, but not painful."

"Good," Scott said, relieved. "Tell me if that changes?"

Isaac only nodded, giving him a warm smile. The relief on Scott's face made him realize exactly how safe he was with Scott. He'd known he was before, but sometimes it hit you like a ton of bricks.

Scott smiled back, and got out of bed.

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Isaac was doing the dishes when he started feeling off, his hands starting to tremble. "Huh?" He said to himself, carefully setting down the plate and watching his hands. Feeling almost dizzy and starting to get sad and upset, he leaned against the counter, gripping it tightly and watching the faucet run as his eyes welled up.

Scott pulled out his phone as he left the lecture. No texts from Isaac - he mustn't have had lunch yet.

Scott shrugged and headed to the coffee cart outside the library.

Feeling weak in the knees, Isaac started to cry. Did he need to eat? Maybe... He felt nauseated, but he knew that he got that way sometimes if he went too long without eating. Turning, he stumbled to the fridge, pulling out a jar of pickles. Maybe he could just eat a couple of these and... He gasped, staring in horror as the jar slipped from his fingers to the floor, shattering. Oh god, he was in trouble.

Scott got himself a coffee and a sandwich, thinking of his admonition to Isaac not to eat dessert for lunch. Wincing a little as he tucked his wallet away, he wondered if he should start packing lunches.

Isaac whimpered, falling to his knees among the mess, shaking so hard that his hands weren't able to grip anything. He had to get it cleaned up! Had to! His heart was pounding, panting as he fought to calm down and wasn't able to. He had to eat, to text Scott. Why did he feel so bad?
Scott checked his phone again. It was almost one-thirty, and he still hadn't heard that Isaac had eaten. Frowning, he called Isaac's phone.

Isaac could vaguely hear his phone ringing, but he felt too numb to even attempt to scramble for it. He sat, pressing back against the counter and put his slightly bleeding hands over his ears as he fought to come back from whatever had hit him. He couldn't calm his heart rate or his breathing.

Isaac hadn't answered. He didn't answer the second time Scott called either. Scott looked at his schedule again. "Fuck it," he muttered. He could afford to miss a lecture. They were posted online anyway. *On my way home, sweetheart,* he texted Isaac.

Isaac whimpered, slumping over onto his side, his knees pulled to his chest as he started crying harder, staring at the glass on the floor, the juice and pickles all over the place, and only faintly feeling the cuts on his palms and knees.

The whole trip home Scott was constantly conscious of his phone, waiting for a text message that never came. When he finally got back he raced up and into their apartment, calling out. "Isaac?"

"S-sir," Isaac forced out through his tears, his chest hurting.

"Oh god." Scott dumped his bag on the floor and ran to the kitchen. "Isaac."

Isaac was sobbing, forcing himself to look up at Scott, the water running in the sink seeming louder than it was. "Sir!"

"Oh god, is that glass?" Scott said frantically, hurrying to Isaac's side. "Sweetheart, what happened?"

"St-started feeling weird, shaky," Isaac whimpered, showing Scott his trembling hands. "Was doing dishes. Thought maybe cause I hadn't eaten. Tried to get some pickles for a sandwich and it just...couldn't hold the jar. I just..." He paused for a moment, letting out a choked sob. "I'm sorry! I don't know what's going on. I'm so upset and sad and angry and I don't know why!"

"God, Isaac," Scott said helplessly, wracking his brains for something that would help. "I'm so... Fuck. Shit, I think this might be subdrop." He was suddenly struck with a memory of Stiles, more than a year ago, shaking on a different kitchen floor because of a broken bowl.

Isaac whimpered, hands shaking as he tried to get a hold of himself. "I don't know what to d-d-do," he sobbed.

"God, darling, sweetheart, it's okay, I promise," Scott said urgently, reaching out to stroke Isaac's hair. "It's going to be okay, love."

Isaac reached out for Scott, his hands bloody and trembling. "Sir. Please, sir," he begged, sobbing hard and fighting to calm down.
"It's okay, Isaac, it's okay," Scott promised, leaning closer. "Can you take three deep breaths for me?"

Isaac struggled, but finally managed to take some deep breaths, locking his eyes on Scott as he still fought to calm himself, panicking.

"That's so good, sweetheart, just like that," Scott said. "You're doing really well."

Isaac gave him a shaky smile at the petname, slowly starting to calm his breathing, though he was still crying.

"Good boy." Scott smiled back sadly. "Do you think you could maybe move to the sofa with me? Away from all this glass?"

"My knees hurt." Isaac sounded surprised when he tried to sit up. "Ow..." He pursed his lips, sniffling sadly. "I'm sorry."

"It's alright, sweetheart," Scott promised. "Let's get over there and then we'll clean you up, okay?"

Isaac clung to Scott, the pain quickly invading his senses as the adrenaline faded away.

Carefully, Scott helped Isaac up, guiding him away from the smashed pickle jar.

Isaac whined softly, limping to the couch to sit down, shaking so hard his teeth were chattering.

Scott sat and opened his arms, beckoning Isaac close. "Come hug me, sweetheart," he said softly. "It's going to be okay."

"I don't know what happened," Isaac whimpered, scooting over carefully, tucking himself as much as he could into Scott's arms, taking comfort from them.

"That's okay," Scott reassured him, rubbing Isaac's back. "It's alright. You'll feel better soon, I promise."

"I'm sorry, I didn't eat, I just..." Isaac hiccuped, hiding his face, his hands in his lap.

"It's fine, sweetheart, you're forgiven," Scott promised. "Subdrop makes you feel really awful, and it sounds like this came out of nowhere, didn't it?"

"Y-yeah. I was doing the dishes, and just suddenly felt gross and woozy," Isaac said, his voice soft and his teeth still chattering.

"Which is why the tap's still running," Scott concluded. "That's fine, honey, your brain's just got into a kind of weird place, it's not your fault at all."

"Why'd it happen?" Isaac murmured. "I was just fine...."

Scott hummed, thinking about it. "I mean generally, it's because you were coming down from subspace and it happened too fast. Specifically...I guess I must not have given you enough aftercare last night? Or maybe this morning? Or sometimes it happens for no reason at all, pretty much."

"But I felt completely fine. Wasn't in space or anything when you left for class..." Isaac frowned, confused, but finally managing to calm down.
"Sometimes it just happens that way," Scott said apologetically. "Can you tell me how you're feeling right now?"

"Still shaky, kinda scared but not as bad, my heart's calmed down some too." Isaac sniffled, nuzzling close. "Just...confused. And a little upset still."

"Subspace basically makes you high," Scott explained. "There's a natural corresponding low, which you can mitigate with aftercare, but sometimes it still happens. And sometimes it's delayed. I'm sorry, love."

"I don't like it. I felt fine, wonderful even, before it hit," Isaac said, almost whining.

"I don't think anyone likes it," Scott said. "Do you think you can do something for me, sweetheart?"

"Hmm?" Isaac looked up at Scott, sniffling a bit but feeling much calmer.

"You're going to feel a lot better if I can get you something to drink and something to eat and the first aid kit," Scott explained. "But..."

Isaac whimpered, knowing that that meant Scott had to get up. "U-um." He shifted a bit, lowering his eyes to his knees. "I - I can stay here?" he offered, his voice tiny.

"I won't get up until you're completely ready," Scott promised hurriedly. "Seriously. You're doing so good right now, Isaac - there's nowhere I'd rather be than right here with you."

Isaac let out a little relieved sound, pressing closer. "Thank you," he whispered. "I just need a few more minutes. Though my knees are throbbing."

"You can have as long as you need," Scott murmured, rubbing Isaac's back. "It's all fine, love."

Isaac fell silent, soaking up as much of the affection as he could, knowing that in order to fully feel right, he needed a couple of things. Things he couldn't have until he was able to let Scott get them. "I'm okay," he whispered a couple of minutes later. "Just please, hurry?"

"Absolutely," Scott promised, wriggling out from under Isaac and kissing his cheek. "Do you think you can take your pants off for me while I'm gone?"

"Yes sir." Isaac nodded. Hopefully the jeans had stopped the glass from going too deep when he fell earlier. He shifted to reach for the button, focusing on his task so he didn't realize that Scott was not there.

Scott hurried to the kitchen, dodging the glass to turn off the running tap and retrieve bottled water, a carton of juice, a block of chocolate, and a mug, putting them all in a grocery bag so he could carry them. Then he went to the bathroom to get their first aid kit, and last to their bedroom to get the aftercare blanket, before coming swiftly back to Isaac.

Isaac had managed to get his pants down his hips and thighs but he was struggling to get them past his knees, wincing each time where the blood had caked the denim to his legs. He was crying softly, pulling very carefully.

"Oh, sweetheart," Scott said sadly, putting down the things in his arms. "Let me?"

Isaac looked up, sniffling softly but relaxing again when Scott was close once more. "W-was hoping
my jeans helped keep my knees safe, dunno about that one now...

Scott knelt down, resting his hands on Isaac's bare thighs. "We're not going to know until we get these off," he said. "Can I try?"

"Yes sir," Isaac whispered. The feeling of Scott's bare skin against his actually helped settle him. He seemed to crave Scott's touch, always, from simple things like Scott's hand in his hair, all the way to rougher touches.

"Good boy," Scott murmured. "You tell me right away if it gets too much, okay?"

Isaac could only nod, gritting his teeth. He could live through the pain. He'd lived through worse.

"Good." Carefully, Scott eased the tacky denim away from Isaac's skin, wincing at the sight of all the blood there.

Isaac whimpered, closing his eyes tightly, only to spring them open to lock onto Scott when the pain flashed something darker at him. He wouldn't sink into that.

"Sweetheart, are you okay?" Scott asked. He didn't stop though. They needed to get this over with, and it shouldn't take too much longer. "Can you give me a colour?"

"Yellow," Isaac whispered. "But green. Just...keep talking?" he begged. "I can't close my eyes."

"Okay," Scott said worriedly. He finally managed to get one leg of the jeans past Isaac's knee, and moved onto the other one. "You're doing really well, you know. I'm sorry it hurts, I'm so sorry you're hurting, but you're being so good."

Isaac whimpered, keeping his eyes on Scott, his throbbing fists clenching in the sofa cushions. The praise helped, and the apology, two things he never got from his father.

"We're halfway done now," Scott reassured him, leaning up to kiss right above where Isaac's knee started to get bloody. "I'm so proud of you, sweetheart. It's almost over."

Isaac sniffled, starting to cry softly. "I'm sorry," he said, his voice wet.

Scott shook his head sadly. "You don't have to be sorry, Isaac, I promise. It's not your fault, not any of it. There's nothing you need to be sorry for."

"I'm sorry I can't handle this without dark things going through my mind."

"That's not your fault, sweetheart," Scott said firmly, pausing for a moment to look up at him. "It is completely okay, alright?"

"Yes sir," Isaac whispered, blinking back more tears. "It's just.." He winced when a section tugged out a large piece of glass. "It's just hard to remember."

"Sorry, love," Scott murmured as he revealed another unpleasant cut. "Isaac, it's okay if sometimes you don't feel safe, as long as you let me help you when that happens. Alright?"

"I'll try and remember," Isaac murmured, wincing again and whimpering. "I'll try...."

"Good boy," Scott praised. "You're being so good, sweetheart - we're nearly there."
"My hands are hurt too, though not as bad," Isaac admitted. "I kinda...fell on my knees after I broke the jar."

"We'll get to that in a little while," Scott said, internally wincing at the mental image Isaac's words conjured up. "Once we get your jeans off, we're going to take a short break."

"Kay." Isaac sniffled, using the back of his hands to wipe at his cheeks.

Scott frowned, easing Isaac's jeans down...just a little more...and finally, away from his knee. "Okay, I just need to pull these off now."

Isaac could only nod, slowly straightening out his legs so Scott could pull his jeans off, starting to shiver and tremble again.

"That's so good, love," Scott praised gently, bundling them up so the glass was wrapped in several layers and getting up off the floor. "Here, I brought your blanket out."

"Blanket," Isaac whispered, pulling it closer carefully so he didn't stain it with his hands. "Thank you." He gave Scott a tiny smile, sniffling softly.

Scott wrapped the blanket around Isaac's shoulders and kissed him gently. "You're very welcome, sweetheart. You'll feel better with something in your stomach, so will you let me help you with that? I have juice and water and chocolate."

Isaac could only nod, his hands trembling where he was holding the blanket. "Please."

Scott smiled at him, perching next to him on the couch and breaking the chocolate into pieces. "Alright, sweetheart, open your mouth for me?"

Isaac opened his mouth, turning toward Scott and resting his tongue on his lower lip

"Good boy," Scott said, carefully placing a piece of chocolate on Isaac's tongue.

Isaac relaxed both at the praise and the chocolate melting on his tongue, leaning closer and taking some deep breaths.

"Would you like some more?" Scott asked, stroking Isaac's hair with his free hand.

"Yes please," Isaac asked, his voice almost inaudible as he slowly started to calm down now that the jeans were off. He didn't look down at his throbbing knees, keeping his eyes on Scott.

"One more piece and then a sip of water, okay?" Scott said, matching actions to his words.

Isaac settled even more at the order, however soft spoken and suggestive it was. "Thank you," he whispered again, sipping on the water as his tremors slowly stilled.

"You're welcome," Scott murmured, holding the bottle so Isaac wouldn't have to. "Drink as much as you like; I'm sure you're thirsty."

Isaac only hummed, ending up sucking down half the bottle before he pulled away just slightly enough so Scott knew he was done. He panted softly, licking the drops off his lips. "Thirstier than I thought," he said sheepishly.

"That's fine, sweetheart," Scott promised, kissing Isaac's cheek. "More chocolate?"

"Please," Isaac murmured, opening his mouth again for another square. He felt better, though he was
still feeling kind of clingy.

Scott fed Isaac another couple of pieces then kissed him soundly, tasting the traces of chocolate that lingered on his tongue.

Isaac sucked in a breath, leaning into the kiss and letting Scott control it, almost pleading for more in the way he whined.

Scott cupped Isaac's cheek, but drew away from the kiss, smiling at him. "You're so good, Isaac. Can you tell me how you're feeling?"

"Itchy," Isaac murmured. "More settled though." He shifted a bit. "Knees throbbing, hands sting, but other than that I think I'm okay."

"That's really good," Scott said. "I mean, not that you're hurting, but that your headspace is a little better."

"Still feel kinda...sniffly, if that makes sense." He felt like he'd start crying at the smallest provocation. "But I'm not as jumpy feeling."

Scott nodded. "A bit better, but still...fragile, I guess?"

"Uh huh." Isaac nodded. "Kinda like the smallest wind would blow me to pieces." He focused his eyes on Scott's chest, his shoulders slumping a bit. "I'm sorry."

"It's fine, Isaac, really," Scott promised. "You can't help it, and I never mind looking after you."

"I feel like a failure." Isaac said, his voice going back to the tiny, soft way he'd spoken earlier.

"Well you aren't a failure to me," Scott said firmly. "I'm proud of you, always."

"Really?" Isaac asked, his voice almost breaking as his eyes welled up. Fuck, here he goes...

Scott wrapped Isaac up in his arms. "Really," he murmured. "You're my sweetheart, and I'm proud of you."

Isaac sniffled, his breath hitching as he choked out a sob. "Really? I want you to be proud. I - I..." he sobbed, hiding his face as he cried.

"I'm so proud of you, sweetheart," Scott promised, rubbing Isaac's back. "You're such a good boy for me, and you're doing so well. You looked after yourself for me all last semester, and you were so patient while I worked for my accreditation. You were really brave with your father, with letting us help you, and with standing up to him so that we could have this place, so we could live together. And even on a small scale, you were so amazing last night, and this morning. I'm so proud of you."

Isaac could only sob harder, feeling lighter than he had in ages as the doubts he had in his mind were thoroughly wiped away. "Want t-to make you pr-proud." He buried his face in Scott's neck, breathing him in as much as he could through a stuffy nose, the warm touch of Scott's hand rubbing his back soothing him.

"And you do," Scott said gently. "I love you so much, Isaac. My good boy."

"L-love you," Isaac breathed, slowly starting to stop crying. "I love you so much. My sir. My Scott."

"I'm happy you and Stiles saved me. I'm so happy that you chose m-me..." A part of him still couldn't believe that the man he'd fallen for actually wanted him back. A part of him wished he could write a letter back in time telling 15-year-old Isaac all the great things that would happen.

"Oh sweetheart, of course I did," Scott replied. "It just took me a while to catch up to you, that's all."

"I just...I wish I could tell myself back then that I'd be safe. That you'd have me. That I'd be a sub, but you know what, it's ok to be a sub. It's not what Dad was saying it was..." Isaac knew he probably sounded like he was rambling, but he didn't care, tears still streaming face, even as he tilted his face up to look Scott in the eye. "That the man I loved would save me from hell and show me exactly how amazing it'd be."

Scott pretty much melted.

Isaac gave him a trembling smile, nuzzling his cheek before sniffing. "I love you," he whispered. "And while my father was shit, I'm glad it led me to you."


Isaac's cheeks flamed, ducking his head a bit to hide. "I don't feel like it," he murmured. "Why?"

"You're so loving and sweet and...just, wonderful," Scott said, kissing Isaac's cheek.

Isaac squeaked lightly, though he accepted the affection, pressing closer. "So are you."

"I love you, sweetheart," Scott murmured.

Isaac gave him a small smile. "I love you too, Scott." He leaned forward, kissing his jaw. "My sir."

Scott smiled back. "My boy," he replied. "How are you feeling?"

"Better," Isaac murmured. "Except my knees and hands. I don't feel too shaky anymore. Still feel a bit brittle, but not as much as before. I guess I needed that cry."

"Maybe," Scott agreed. "But I'd better finish dealing with those cuts."

"This is going to hurt," Isaac complained, finally looking down at his knees and wincing.

"I'm sorry, it is," Scott agreed. "But it needs doing."

Isaac let out a soft sigh, clenching his eyes shut for a moment before nodding. "Okay, let's do it." He breathed out slowly, bracing himself. "I like pain like when you spank me, but this..."

"No, this isn't very fun," Scott said. "Um, it might be best if I rinse them first - I guess I should have brought a bowl of water or something."

"I'm okay for a couple of minutes," Isaac promised. "Just...not longer than that."

"Okay," Scott said, kissing Isaac's cheek as he got up. "I'll be back in just a minute, sweetheart, but if you yell I'll come running, alright?"

Isaac nodded, chewing on his lower lip as he waited. He took deep breaths, looking over the damage
to his knees.

Scott came back quickly, even though there was only so fast he could go without spilling the water, and knelt in front of Isaac.

"The jeans helped a little," Isaac murmured. "Pretty sure these would be deeper without them."

Scott nodded, grabbing the half-empty bottle of water and uncapping it. "I'm going to pour some water over these first, to wash out anything that's still in there, okay?"

"Kay...." Isaac winced, hoping no more glass was embedded.

"Good boy." Carefully, Scott poured the water, biting his lip as he saw Isaac flinch.

Isaac whimpered, trembling a bit as he watched the blood be washed slowly away. "Stings."

"Sorry," Scott said, carefully drying the skin. "This next bit will probably sting too." He unzipped the first aid kit and got out a box of disinfectant swabs.

Isaac watched him closely, trying to focus on something other than the throbbing sting that was his knees. "Probably. But it's needed."

"Yeah, well, you're getting a reward later for being so brave with all of this," Scott decided, ripping open a packet. "Sound fair?"

"What kind?" Isaac asked curiously, his eyes locked on Scott. It was hard to keep his mind off of his knees, but talking to Scott helped.

"I don't know," Scott said, cleaning Isaac's knees briskly, hoping to get it over with as quickly as possible. "What would you like?"

Isaac flinched, letting out a soft sound. "U-um..." Honestly his mind was blank, trying to focus on anything but the burn of disinfectant. "C-can I buy some panties or something? A plug even?"

"We can do that," Scott agreed, making a note that he was going to be eating packed lunches for a while so they could spare money for the treat. "I think you'd be beautiful with something like that."

"I - I submitted the application to Starbucks," Isaac murmured. "Th-they said I'd hear something before the end of the week, and that they'd need to talk to you first if they are going to offer me the job." Hopefully it would help, even just with a bill or so, anything would help.

"That's amazing, Isaac," Scott said enthusiastically. "Well done." He looked over Isaac's knees carefully. "Do you think you can feel any glass still in there?"

Isaac carefully bent his knees back and forth, wincing. "I feel a piece in each," he whispered. "Closer to the top of them."

"Good boy," Scott said, getting the tweezers. "Thank you. Here?"

Isaac winced. "Yessir," he whispered. "Almost the same spot on the other one too, just a bit lower."

Scott nodded, probing cautiously with the tweezers and carefully pulling the sliver out.

Isaac lifted his hand to his mouth, biting the flesh between forefinger and thumb. His hands may be
hurting, but he didn't think there was any glass in them.

Scott glanced up as he moved to Isaac's other knee and frowned. "Sweetheart, don't hurt yourself."

"Sorry," Isaac whispered and lowered his hand to his lap, trembling. "I was trying to distract myself."

"I know, love," Scott said quietly, stroking Isaac's calf. "But not with pain, please." He hurried to remove the final bit of glass. "You're sure there's none left in your hands?"

Isaac curled his hands, focusing carefully so the pain in his knee wasn't his focus. "I don't feel any," he promised.

"That's good," Scott said, passing Isaac the box of swabs as he got out antiseptic cream and dressings for his knees. "Do you think you're brave enough to clean them yourself?"

Isaac took a deep breath, nodding and carefully ripped open a packet. "I can do it," he whispered, shivering a bit as he cleaned one of his hands, taking careful breaths.

"That's so good, sweetheart," Scott praised, spreading cream over Isaac's knee and sticking a dressing down over the top. "I'm proud of you."

"These don't look as bad." Isaac kept his voice a whisper, switching hands after a moment, wincing as one stung worse than the other.

Scott smiled up at him as he stuck a bandage on his other knee. "That's great - are there any cuts or grazes that are bleeding still?"

"Just this one that's a bit deeper than the others," Isaac admitted, showing him a cut that was still bleeding slightly near his thumb.

Scott squeezed a little of the antiseptic cream onto it and wrapped a band-aid around it. "There," he said. "How are you feeling, sweetheart?"

"The cream is helping them not sting." Isaac gave Scott a small smile. "And I feel a bit more settled."

"That's good," Scott said, smiling back. "You were so good for all of that, love, really. I'm so proud of you."

Isaac gave Scott a trembling smile, opening his arms, wanting him close again.

Scott got up off the floor and pulled him into a tight hug. "You're alright," he murmured. "Everything's okay."

"I love you," Isaac said, his voice soft and fragile sounding. "Thank you. For fixing me up."

"I love you too," Scott replied quietly. "I'm sorry you've had such a bad day."

"You made it better...Oh!" Isaac froze, seeing the clock they'd stuck on the wall next to the door. "Sir, your classes..."

Scott shook his head. "You're more important. Besides, they put the lecture recordings online anyway."

"But..." Isaac chewed on his lower lip, flushing a bit at Scott claiming him as the most important yet
"You're more important, Isaac," Scott said again, firmly. "I was worried about you, and I was right to be worried. What if I hadn't come home for another hour? What would have happened to you?"

"I don't know," Isaac whispered honestly, wrapping himself around Scott. "Thank you for saving me."

"Why didn't you call me?" Scott asked. "Or answer when I called? Not that I'm blaming you," he added hurriedly. "It's fine, I just want to know."

"It felt like I could hear my phone through a tunnel, but by that point I was already in the middle of everything and I couldn't even move from my spot on the floor, scrabbling with the glass," Isaac said, tucking his face in Scott's neck.

"You didn't have it with you, huh," Scott commented, stroking Isaac's hair.

"Nu-uh, it was on the coffee table. I was just doing the dishes, didn't want the phone to get wet." He loved it when Scott petted his hair, sending calming vibes down his back to settle him.

Scott hummed. "I think maybe you should keep your phone in your pocket when I'm not around. Just in case."

"Yes sir," Isaac nodded, nuzzling close and trying to settle back into his skin from all the stress.

"I'm so proud of you though," Scott murmured, resting his hand on the back of Isaac's neck, over his collar. "You've been so good and brave today."

Isaac whimpered. "I didn't feel good and brave," he admitted. "But I'm feeling better now."

"You've done everything I've asked you to this afternoon," Scott pointed out. "Even when it was scary, or it hurt. I'd say that's good and brave, wouldn't you?"

Isaac swallowed hard. "Really?" he asked, wanting to make sure. "I didn't eat lunch though. I just.."

"You were trying when the subdrop hit," Scott reassured him. "You did your best."

"Thank you." Isaac gave Scott a tiny smile, curling closer. "I love you."

"I love you too," Scott replied gently. "Tell me how you're feeling?"

"Much better than I was," Isaac promised. "My knees are sore, but other than that, I'm unharmed. I still feel a little clingy, but I'm okay otherwise."

"That's great, sweetheart," Scott said. "You cling as much as you like. Are you hungry at all?"

"A little, but more just worn," Isaac admitted.

"Hmm," Scott replied, leaning down to grab the plastic bag that still held a carton of juice and a cup. "Here. Drink some juice and we'll call it good and maybe take a nap."

Isaac carefully held the cup with both hands, shifting so he was still sitting on Scott's lap, but could hold the cup between them as he slowly drank it.

"Good boy," Scott praised, kissing Isaac's forehead.
Isaac gave him a tiny smile leaning forward once the mug was empty. "Thank you for the juice," he said, leaning his head up to smile at Scott.

Scott smiled back. "You're very welcome, love. What do you think? Nap-time?"

"Please," Isaac nodded, shifting to stand shakily. He wanted to sleep, wanted to curl up with Scott. Scott took Isaac's hand and kissed it. "Alright then," he said. "Nap-time."

Chapter End Notes

Poor Isaac... (and to a lesser extent, poor Scott). They'll both be fine, though.

Thanks as always to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you who read and comment. We look forward to hearing from you!
Playing

Chapter Summary

Derek gripped the base of his cock and closed his eyes, fighting for control. "Let's be clear," he said. "You're going to suck my cock until I come, and I'm going to try to be a little rough with you to see if that triggers your fox headspace. I also am not going to let you come. If we do trigger that headspace, I'm going to help you strip, and we're going to try out your kneepads and your new tail. Any questions or requests?"

Stiles perched close to him, flicking his eyes up. "No sir," he murmured, his voice raspy and rough. "Want to see how rough you can be."

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Derek experiments with teasing Stiles into his fox headspace

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: This is a pet play chapter. Kind of. From about halfway through ("Stiles cried out in surprise, shuddering and slumping against him, falling head-first into his space"), Stiles is in his fox headspace. At this point Derek puts his tail-plug in, but the rest of the time what they're doing is playful rather than sexual. If you decide to skip this half, see the end-notes for the plot-relevant thing.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Scott rubbed his face. "No, I just. How in the hell were you able to handle it when Stiles dropped that bowl? After all that I'm almost afraid to let Isaac out of my sight." He picked up another soup can, reading it and the price before putting it in the cart. His free hand held his phone as he shopped, Isaac at home cleaning up while he grabbed dinner supplies.

"To be fair," Derek pointed out, "Stiles and I weren't together then. And I didn't exactly handle it well." His reactions that day were the thing he regretted more than anything else he'd done in the last year and a half with Stiles.

"Or so you thought." Scott read back over the list, thumb tracing over Isaac's looping script. He looked around, grabbing the box in question before entering the price into the calculator sitting in the child’s seat of his cart. "From what I could see, you were handling it. It just, kinda threw me, ya know? And scared the shit out of me."

"No, I know," Derek agreed, thinking back to those few times when he'd seen Stiles in distress. "You feel helpless, when something like that happens."

"Exactly! And yet, he did amazingly once I was able to get to him. I wasn't even home!" Scott smacked himself in the forehead with the box he was holding. "Did so well I gave him a reward. Never mind that I'll be eating packed lunches the next month or so."
"Rewards don't have to cost money," Derek pointed out, though he was curious about what Scott had bought. "Especially when neither of you are working right now."

"Yeah, but I asked him what he would like, and dammit I was going to get it for him." Scott huffed, idly pushing the cart past the gaming aisle and into the paper goods. "If that means I need to pack a lunch, I'll pack a lunch."

Derek hummed. "You're good to him. Still, keep in mind that time's worth more, in the long run, than gifts, usually. Baking with me is still one of Stiles' preferred rewards."

"Yeah," Scott agreed, "it's just hard to find things that we can do like that, that he doesn't automatically assume is a reward just for me to do simple things like hug him. I want to kill that fucker for hurting him." Putting the package of toilet tissue in the cart, Scott turned toward the registers. "And besides, a plug and a pair of panties was worth the look on his face when I told him to pick them out."

Ah. Derek raised his eyebrows. "Stiles made an impression, I take it."

"I'm not exactly minding it, honestly." Scott snorted, giving the cashier a smile as he loaded his items on the belt. "Though he kind of flailed on a bit about you interrupting their talk? Want to tell me about that?" He couldn't help but tease, remembering the dark flush on Isaac's face.

"Stiles and I have an agreement about his talks with Isaac," Derek said, then added more lightly: "and since he was planning on teasing me, I thought I'd tease him back."

Scott laugh warmly, pushing the cart to his car. "I take it he enjoyed that, hmm?"

"We had fun," Derek replied, amused.

"We did too when I came home." Scott licked his lips at the memory, slipping into the driver's seat. "He should hear soon about that job..."

"Hopefully he gets it and you don't have to draw quite so much from your savings," Derek said, then paused. "...I realize this may be unwelcome," he said awkwardly, "but...you know I can afford to help you financially, if you really need it."

"I appreciate that, really I do, but I want to do it. If it comes to it, I'll take the offer, but I want to take care of him." Scott pursed his lips.

"Just keep it in mind," Derek allowed. "You don't need it now, I know, and hopefully you won't ever, but accidents happen. And you two are basically my brothers-in-law."

"Thank you, really," Scott smiled, relaxing a bit knowing that they had help in the wings. "Brothers in law?" he teased, happiness in his voice.

Derek rolled his eyes. "You know what I mean."

"I do know, and I still find it hilarious. And in the good way," Scott promised, pulling into their driveway. "But seriously, thank you. It's a bit of a relief to know that should something happen, we do have a backup."

"You're welcome," Derek replied. "You know, you should call Stiles more. He likes talking to Isaac, but he misses you too."
"I tried, he wasn't answering his phone." Scott grabbed the bags out of the trunk, one trip, because that's the only way to do it. "But yeah, I miss him too."

"I'll let him know," Derek promised.

"Knowing him he's knee deep in yarn or sewing material." Scott mused. "But I'm home now, gotta go. Thank you, Derek, seriously."

"You're welcome," Derek replied. "Say hi to Isaac for me."

"Of course! Give Stiles a noogie for me, and I'll talk to you two later, bye." Scott smiled, setting his bags on the counter.

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Stiles poked his head in, watching Derek hang up his phone. "Who was that?" He tilted his head, yarn caught in his hair and thread on his shoulders.

"Scott," Derek told him, smiling at how disheveled he was. "Isaac had some issues with subdrop, and he wanted some reassurance."

"Are they okay?" Stiles frowned, walking in carrying a half-sewn pair of pajama pants, the tie for them hanging over his shoulder.

"They're both fine," Derek said, reaching out. "Scott's just a little shaken."

Stiles smiled, stepping closer into Derek's outstretched arm, kissing his jaw. "I'm making pajama pants."

"I can see that," Derek replied. "Are they for you, or to sell?"

"These are for you, but I'm trying out things to possibly sell," Stiles said, smiling. "Can you try them on?"

"Sure," Derek said, standing up, pleased that Stiles had made something for him. A moment later, he realized he was about to automatically leave the room to get changed, and laughed.

Stiles snickered, grinning widely and holding out the pants. "They're not hemmed and the waist isn't finished, but other than that..."

"They look good," Derek told him, stripping off his jeans.

"I'm hoping it fits," Stiles said, holding up the tie. "If it's loose, then the tie would be fine."

"Pajamas are supposed to be a bit loose," Derek pointed out, stepping into them. "That's what makes them comfortable. Why sheep, though?"

"I thought they were amusing." Stiles grinned. "At least I didn't get the cows in tutus fabric."

Derek snorted. "I love you, Stiles. But no."

"Hence the sheep," Stiles teased, grinning widely and licking his lips at the sight of Derek's abs
before the pants were settled into place. "Oh, goodie, this shows the V of happiness."

Derek shook his head, laughing. "You're incorrigible, love. Come here."

Stiles grinned wider, stepping close and resting his hands on Derek's sides. "What? I love the floppy barely-hanging-onto-your hips look."

Derek leaned in, his lips scarce millimeters away from Stiles', and murmured, "They're sheep pants."

"Yeah, and? Still hot, and gives you the sleepy ruffled look that makes me just want to fall to my knees," Stiles breathed, eyes flicking up to meet Derek's gaze. Holy shit, he loved when Derek did things like this.

"Oh?" Derek raised his eyebrows expectantly.

Stiles licked his lip, nipping at Derek's lower lip before slipping to his knees, unable to keep from teasing Derek as he checked to make sure the waist would fit okay.

"You should check the hems too," Derek murmured, resting one hand on the top of Stiles' head.

"Yes sir," Stiles grinned, leaning closer, nuzzling Derek's thighs. "Hmm, maybe a half-inch hem."

Derek looked down, admiring the curve of Stiles' back as he bent over.

"Perfect," Stiles breathed, noting absentely that while loose and flowy, the pajama pants didn't hide the bulge in Derek's crotch at all.

"Modest of you," Derek teased.

"Who said I was talking about the pants?" Stiles teased softly, licking his lips.

"You weren't?" Derek asked, raising his eyebrows. "What were you talking about then?"

"You," Stiles said simply, leaning forward to nuzzle the bulge in front of him.

Derek shook his head, and his voice was rough. "I'm far from perfect, Stiles."

"Perfect to me," Stiles murmured, peering up at Derek. "Time to take these off, I think."

Derek hummed, nudging the pants off his hips so they slipped down to the ground.

Stiles let out a contented noise, burying his face in Derek's boxers, mouthing at his cock.

Derek swallowed hard, stroking Stiles' hair. "Happy, sweetheart?" he murmured.

"Always," Stiles mouthed, peeking up at Derek. He grinned, nudging with his nose until he could feel the hot skin of Derek's cock against his lips.

Derek shivered, his hand moving to cup Stiles' cheek, thumb rubbing across his sub marking.

Stiles whined, shivering and nuzzling closer. He lifted his hand, sliding them up to the hem of Derek’s boxers, tugging them down. His eyes darkened as Derek was bared, licking his lips.

"Ask nicely," Derek murmured, holding Stiles in place.
Stiles whined high in his throat, his eyes only darkening further. "Please?" he said, his voice soft as he breathed him in. "Please may I taste?"

Derek felt a surge of heat run through him. "You may," he said huskily. "But only taste."

Stiles leaned forward, taking the head into his mouth and suckling gently. His stomach was tight, tingly as he tasted his Dom. He whimpered, shifting on his knees.

Derek closed his eyes, tilting his head back. "God, Stiles," he breathed.

"Hmm?" One side of Stiles’ mouth quirked up in a grin, slowly sinking further down Derek’s cock.

Wait. "I said 'taste'," Derek said, grasping for thought. "I specifically said only to taste."

Stiles whined, pulling back until just the head was once again in his mouth, lowering his eyes. Damn.

Derek took a couple of panting breaths. "Lick and kiss all you like," he said. "But no sucking."

Stiles whined, pulling off to pout up at Derek before letting his tongue flick out along the slit, his eyes fluttering closed with a soft moan.

"Better," Derek said, his cheeks flushed.

Stiles traced the ridges of Derek's dick with his tongue, moaning softly before pressing a soft kiss to the head, pulling back with a string of precum stretched between them.

"Fuck." Derek took a shuddering breath. "Fuck, look at you. God."

Stiles’ nostrils flared, eyes widening and darkening. His tongue flicked out to break the string, sucking his lower lip into his mouth. "Please," he rasped, tongue dipping back into the slit for a split second. "Pleeease, want to suck."

Derek reached for his cock, stroking it soft and steady, his eyes caught on Stiles' face.

Stiles whined, eyes falling down to lock onto Derek’s hand, opening his mouth. "Please."

"Please what, Przemyslaw?" Derek asked lowly.

"Sh-shit," Stiles whimpered, his stomach and crotch pulsing as he was shoved close to the edge. How in the fuck... "Pl-please. Want to suck. Want you in my mouth, please sir."

Derek let his hand fall away. "You may," he said.

Stiles let out a broken sound, all but falling forward to suck him down, not stopping until he was all the way down, giving a choked-off moan.

Stiles’ enthusiasm was overwhelming, and Derek groaned. "Don't, fuck, don't forget you need to breathe," he warned breathlessly.

Stiles did his best imitation of a growl, sucking hard. His hands went to knead Derek's thighs a bit, his eyes drifting half closed as the sharp edge of his arousal cooled a bit.
"You needed this," Derek panted, his hands tangling in Stiles' hair, "didn't you?"

Stiles could only whimper, his eyes flicking up to Derek before he settled back down. He leaned subtly into the hands in his hair, silently begging for more. It'd been a while since they've done this, and he loved it. God, did he love it.

Derek began to drag Stiles up and down his cock, breathing hard at the feeling.

Stiles let his eyes flutter closed as he went almost limp, letting Derek guide him but keeping up a steady suction. He was so hard, his pants rubbing just a bit each time he was shifted. Just enough to drive him crazy.

"So good," Derek praised, his fingers flexing in Stiles' hair. "Do you feel good, Przemysław?"

Stiles sucked in a breath as he was shoved close to the edge again, whimpering softly. Fuck, he really hoped it was only when Derek said his name. He sucked harder, eyes popping open for a moment.

Derek pulled Stiles off his cock. "In words, sweetheart. Tell me how you feel."

Stiles whined, his eyes trailing up to Derek's, blown wide and dark. "Good. Please. Green," he begged, licking his lips.

Derek smiled, cupping Stiles' cheek. "That's all the words you've got right now, hmm?"

Stiles whined, nuzzling into the hand on his cheek. "Please. Want it. Love it."

"It's alright, Przemiława," Derek soothed him. "You're so good, such a good boy."

Stiles let out a higher whine, his whole body trembling as the name rolled over him. "Sir...Master...please."

"More?" Derek asked. "Or something else?"

"Anything," Stiles breathed. "Just please." He opened his mouth, teasing Derek as much as he could from where he was held.

Teasingly, Derek offered fingers to suck.

Stiles whined, pouting up at Derek before taking what was offered, nipping at his fingertips before sucking them into his mouth.

Derek narrowed his eyes slightly, thinking. "Would you like to try being a fox today, love?"

Stiles glanced up, nodding after a moment. He tugged back just enough to murmur around his fingers. "Pants back in room first."

"Good point," Derek agreed, stepping out of them. "Go. And come back quickly."

Stiles scooped them up before scrambling out of the room, chewing on his lower lip as he stashed them.

Derek sat down, breathing hard. Fuck. Stiles' effect on him was just... Christ.
Stiles put the pants up before hurrying back to Derek, taking in the image his Dom made with hungry eyes.

"Hey," Derek said hoarsely, smiling at him.

Stiles grinned widely, slipping to the ground and crawling toward Derek slowly, his eyes glinting.

Derek gripped the base of his cock and closed his eyes, fighting for control. "Let's be clear," he said. "You're going to suck my cock until I come, and I'm going to try to be a little rough with you to see if that triggers your fox headspace. I also am not going to let you come. If we do trigger that headspace, I'm going to help you strip, and we're going to try out your kneepads and your new tail. Any questions or requests?"

Stiles perched close to him, flicking his eyes up. "No sir," he murmured, his voice raspy and rough. "Want to see how rough you can be." He licked his lips. "I'll be a good boy, I'll tell you if I go into yellow or red colors."

"If you can't speak, snap your fingers," Derek reminded him. "Two for yellow, three for red. Or pinch me, if you need to."

"Yes sir." Stiles' voice was almost gravelly, his eyes trailing down Derek's body to the hand on his cock. He grinned, lopsided and mischievous. Leaning forward, he hovered over Derek's cock, lips a scant few centimeters away from the tip.

"Fuck," Derek muttered. He fist ed his hand in Stiles' hair and pulled him forward, thrusting up at the same time.

Stiles let out a choked off moan, his hands going to rest on Derek's knees, rubbing absently. Fuck he loved this.

Derek wasn't in the best position to fuck into Stiles' mouth, so he used his grip on Stiles' hair to guide him down and up again.

Stiles sucked hungrily, each tug and yank making his stomach clench. God, he loved this. Could feel himself tingling.

"So good, Stiles," Derek panted, breathing hard as Stiles' throat tightened around his cock.

Stiles smiled as much as he could, his hands creeping up to tangle in Derek’s shirt, stretching and arching his back, aiming to tease Derek into a frenzy.

"Fuck, you're hot," Derek swore, hips pumping, driving his cock in and out of Stiles' throat. "Shit."

Stiles let out a choked moan, clinging for dear life to Derek's shirt, tingles building up in the back of his head.

"I'm close," Derek admitted. "You breathing okay?"

Stiles let out a hum, flicking his eyes up to him, sucking hard.

Derek shuddered. "Fuck. Okay. God, I'm so close."

Stiles hummed high in his throat, making sure Derek could feel it, wanting him to be rougher, to tip him over that edge he was walking.

Derek groaned, thrusting deep, his hands clenching in Stiles' hair as he came.
Stiles swallowed hungrily, kneading his stomach a bit, the hard grip on his hair sending him completely under.

Derek shuddered as Stiles' throat milked his cock, tugging him gently off when he got oversensitive. "Fuck, Stiles. So good."

Stiles grumbled, licking his lips and flicking his blown eyes up to Derek. He didn't say anything, just grinned lopsided.

Derek tugged on Stiles' hair again. "Up," he said huskily. "On my lap."

Stiles almost purred at the tugging, scrambling up to straddle Derek's lap, automatically going to nuzzle his jaw.

Derek drew Stiles back a little and bit at the skin of his neck, just below his ear.

Stiles almost melted against him, letting out a contented rumble, his fingers burying in Derek's hair.

"Feeling good, amado?" Derek murmured.

"Mnhmnn," Stiles panted, his mouth falling open and his eyes sliding half closed. Absently grinding his hips forward, he pet at Derek's hair, chest rumbling a bit as he tried to get more.

"Stay still," Derek said firmly, his hands slipping down to hold Stiles' hips.

Stiles whined, unable to keep from rolling his hips a couple more times before settling, toes curling.

"Good boy." Derek nipped at Stiles' neck again, then licked over the spot, soothing it.

Tilting his head to let Derek have more room, Stiles whined, tugging just a bit on Derek's hair before letting his arms settle around his shoulders.

"What do you need?" Derek asked quietly.

"More," Stiles begged. "Please." He was hovering just over the line, could almost feel himself sinking back into that fox headspace.

"Want me to mark you, love?" Derek smiled at him, his eyes dark. "Where everyone can see?"

"Yessss. Mark me," Stiles pleaded, trying to get closer. "Mark me as yours. Only yours."

"My boy," Derek promised, giving Stiles a gentle kiss. "And I'm yours."

Stiles let out a happy noise, rocking forward again, trying to get more. "Please."

"Stiles," Derek said sharply. "What did I tell you to do?"

"Sorry," Stiles gasped, freezing and shivering against Derek. "Just...please."

"Shh," Derek soothed him. "You can be good, can't you, sweetheart? You're my boy, my good boy. I just don't want you to overstimulate yourself, not when I don't want you to come. Are you going to be good?"
"Good," Stiles murmured, relaxing against him. "Want to be good, want to go down, be fox."

"That's so good, amado," Derek praised, letting go of Stiles' hip to rub his back gently. "If you can't find your fox headspace today, that's okay too, alright? I know you're doing your best for me."


"Thank you for telling me, Stiles, that's very good." Derek gave Stiles another quick kiss. "I'm going to give you a treat, okay? If you think you can do it and not come, you can rub your hips against me."


"Alright, sweetheart," Derek agreed. "Good boy."

Stiles hesitantly rocked his hips, shuddering at the feel. God, he just wanted to fall off the edge, he really didn't even care at that point in time if he came or not.

"There you go, Stiles," Derek murmured, "just keep holding back for me, I know you can do it."

Stiles nodded, tilting his head back to bare his neck to Derek, groaning softly. God, that felt good though.

Derek smiled, and leaned in to take what Stiles was offering, sucking at pale skin, then worrying it with his teeth.

Stiles gasped, arching his back. "Yes. Please," he begged trembling.

Derek kept at it, humming in encouragement.

"Please, please, please," Stiles chanted, his voice getting higher and higher.

Slipping one hand up under Stiles' shirt, Derek scratched his nails down Stiles' back.

Stiles cried out in surprise, shuddering and slumping against him, falling head-first into his space.

"Sweetheart?" Derek murmured, a little concerned.

Stiles grumbled, nuzzling close and nipped his jaw.

"Tell me how you're feeling, if you can," Derek said quietly, pulling his hand out from under Stiles' shirt and reaching up to stroke his hair.

Stiles grumbled again, giving Derek a tiny smile. "Good!" He leaned forward, running the tip of his nose along Derek's cheek, scenting him.

"Mmm." Derek was getting better, he thought, at identifying when Stiles was in his fox headspace, and he thought this probably counted. "How do you feel about us getting your tail out?"

"Tail!" Stiles scrambled off Derek, almost falling backwards, trusting Derek not to actually let him get hurt.

Derek laughed, grabbing Stiles around the waist. "Hold your horses, love. It's not going to run
"My tail," Stiles grumbled, going back to scenting Derek's cheek, breathing him in. "Mate."

"You're definitely foxy now, aren't you?" Derek commented, though he frowned a little at the adjective. "We need better words for this."

Stiles let out a happy rumble. "Tail?" he asked, wiggling against Derek, wanting down and to have his tail. Wanted to play too, but he wanted his tail more.

Derek shook his head, smiling at Stiles. "Alright, kit, let's go get it. Do you want to lead the way to our room?"

Stiles perked up. "Kit!" He grinned, nodding and scrambling down off Derek’s lap, bolting from the room and into theirs.

Derek followed a little slower, tucking his cock into his boxers, and smiling when he found Stiles wriggling on their bed.

"Tail," Stiles murmured, wiggling in his spot where he was spread out on his stomach, ass in the air.

"Stiles, you're still dressed," Derek pointed out, amused. "Get over here."

Stiles wiggled toward the edge until he all but slid off the bed, looking at Derek upside down. "Tail?"

"In a minute, kit, but I need you to stand up first so I can take your pants off," Derek explained. "Come on, over here." He pointed to the floor just in front of him.

Stiles rolled over and over until he was at Derek's feet, standing up quickly and grinning at him, hair a rumpled mess and his shirt off one shoulder.

Derek laughed as he crouched down to undo Stiles' jeans. "Good boy. Now stay still a minute, okay?"

"Kay." Stiles wiggled a bit before settling, shifting his toes and fingers to keep from moving. Tail. He wanted his tail, and his mate.

"That's very good," Derek praised, tugging Stiles' jeans down off his hips.

Stiles shivered, feeling better after the itchy material was off. "Why clothes. No need."

"Not like this," Derek agreed, biting back a grin as he encouraged Stiles to step out of his jeans. "But they keep you warm, and cover you up around other people."

"No clothes," Stiles huffed, tugging on his shirt. "Mate no clothes." He reached out, tugging on Derek's shirt.

"If you can figure out how to take your shirt off on your own, I'll take mine off," Derek offered. "But I'm keeping my boxers."

"Evil clothes." Stiles glared balefully at Derek's boxers, but nodded, plucking at his shirt. Soon he was fighting with it, on the bed thrashing around and growling, finally managing to tug it off. His hair was sticking up everywhere and he was panting, but he was finally naked.

Derek honestly couldn't help but laugh as he watched. Stiles was adorable.
"Evil clothes," Stiles grouched again, reaching out as he panted, plucking at Derek's shirt again. "No mate clothes."

"Alright, love," Derek agreed, stripping his shirt off easily and dropping it on the floor. "Happy now?"

"Mate," Stiles purred, pressing close and nuzzling at Derek's chest.

Derek wrapped Stiles up in his arms, hugging him close. "Love you, querido," he murmured.

"Love." Stiles let out a happy sound, nipping at Derek's chest and wiggling against him, trying to tease and play at the same time. "Tail?"

"Alright, kit, I'll get your tail out," Derek agreed, kissing Stiles' cheek.

Stiles let out a happy yip, wiggling and falling back on the bed, rolling around happily.

Derek smiled at him and went to their toy box, quickly finding the ziploc bag they'd carefully stored the tail in. "Don't forget I need to open you up first," he reminded Stiles.

"Mate?" Stiles asked, his eyes darkening a bit as he rolled over. The move he did could only be described as 'presenting himself' as he spread his knees wide, ass up and back arched, his arms laying flat on the bed by his head.

"Fuck," Derek muttered, coming over and getting out the lube, stroking his hand down Stiles' back. "Look at you."

Stiles arched into the touch, letting out a rumbling noise. "Mate." He licked his lips, swaying his hips, aiming to tease, wanting Derek.

Derek poured lube onto his fingers and carefully probed Stiles' hole, being a little less cautious than usual.

Stiles moaned softly, rocking his hips back. "Mate. Good."

"Do you want me to stretch you slowly, take my time?" Derek asked. "Or should I go quickly, so you can have your tail sooner?"

"Both," Stiles whined. "Tail. Mate please."

"I can't go slow and fast," Derek pointed out, pumping his index finger in and out.


"Fast it is," Derek agreed, stroking Stiles' hip with his free hand. "Tell me when you think you can take a second finger."


"Already?" Derek asked. "You're sure?"

"Please," Stiles whined, clenching tightly around the finger already in him, trying to fuck himself with it. "Mate."
"It's alright, sweetheart," Derek promised, pulling out and adding a second finger. "See? I've got you."

Stiles cried out, shoving himself back. "Mate." He panted, the burning stretch making static go through his limbs but damned if he didn't love it. "Tail."

"Soon," Derek promised, twisting his fingers. "You have to get used to this first."

Stiles moaned, rocking and swaying his hips, grinding back in a circle. "Good. Feel good."

"That's good, kit, you're doing really well," Derek praised. He scissored his fingers, gradually stretching Stiles out.

"Please." Stiles reached his hands out above his head, pawing at the blanket. "Mate. Mate. Please."

"Shh, kit, I've got you," Derek promised, crooking his fingers to stroke Stiles' prostate.

Stiles cried out. "Close," he warned after he managed to catch his breath.

Derek stilled. "You okay, kit?"

"Uh huh." Stiles nodded, wiggling back. "Close. Mate."

"Not yet," Derek warned. "Can you wait?" Stiles' abbreviated way of talking was rubbing off on him.

"Try," Stiles whined, nodding and hiding his face. "Tail?"

Derek spread his fingers out, testing, and looked at the plug. It would be a stretch. "If we go slow," he decided.

"Please," Stiles begged softly, clenching around Derek's fingers. "Tail. Please."

"Okay." Derek pulled out his fingers and got the tail plug out of its bag, careful not to get lube on the fur as he slicked it up.

Stiles whined as Derek pulled free, swaying his hips and murmuring to himself. "Mate. Mate. Love mate. Tail."

"That's right, love, I'm just getting your tail for you," Derek reassured him. "You're being so good and patient." Carefully, he guided the tip of the plug into Stiles' hole, pressing it in slowly.

Stiles sucked in a breath, stretching out and rocking back against it. "Mate. Tail," he purred, bearing down on the intrusion, wanting it in.

Derek let Stiles lead, watching carefully for signs of the plug being too much, but it seemed to be okay. "Not too big?" he checked.

Stiles shook his head, panting softly. "Good. Feel good. Please. Mate."

Derek just kept up steady pressure, bracing the plug for Stiles to fuck himself onto.

It took a few minutes, but Stiles finally pushed back, feeling the plug settle into place as he cried out, whining high in his throat and begging. "Please. Good."
"There you are, querido, you're so good," Derek praised, stroking Stiles' hip. "It's in now. Your pretty tail is in, all settled."

"Tail," Stiles panted, shifting a bit and letting out a pleased noise as the fur from the tail brushed the back of his thighs and ass.

"It looks good," Derek commented, getting the packet of wet wipes out of the nightstand to clean his hand, and making a note they needed to buy more soon.

"Tail!" Stiles grinned, swinging his hips around before falling over onto his side. "Mate!" He reached for Derek.

Derek laughed and lay down next to Stiles, letting Stiles hug him.

Stiles clung, scenting Derek happily, making soft yipping and growling noises. "Mate!"

"Hi, kit," Derek said, grinning widely.

"Mate!" Stiles purred, nuzzling close. "Play!"

"Oh yeah?" Derek raised his eyebrows. "What games do you want to play? I'm guessing not Monopoly."

"Outside!" Stiles perked up. "Wrestle."

Derek frowned a little, but the backyard was fenced in... "Outside or wrestling," he decided. "I don't want you rolling around on the grass without any clothes on."

Stiles pouted, wiggling against him. "Outside! Wrestle later?"

"Later," Derek agreed, kissing Stiles' forehead. "Let's get your kneepads on before we go out."

"Outside!" Stiles happily squealed, rolling off the bed.

Derek got up and retrieved the knee pads from the toy box. "Come here, kit," he called.

Stiles scrambled up, standing in front of Derek with a grin, playing with the tip of his tail. "Hi!"

"Hi," Derek said, smiling back. "Give me your foot, chiquito."

Stiles grinned, sitting on the bed before lifting his foot, carefully perched so he wasn't squishing his tail.

"Good boy." Derek worked the elastic tube up Stiles' leg until the pad was settled over his knee. "Comfortable?" Derek checked.

Stiles bent his knee, humming softly. "Good!" He gave Derek a small grin and lifted up his other foot, wiggling his toes.

Derek couldn't help it. Biting back a grin, he reached out and tickled the sole of Stiles' foot.

Stiles screeched, laughing brightly and falling back onto the bed, his foot hiding under his other leg. "Mate!"

Launching himself up, Derek reached for Stiles' ribs.
Stiles yipped loudly, wiggling against him and laughing brightly.

Derek loved Stiles' laugh, he really did. "Should I stop or keep going?" he teased.

Stiles didn't answer, wiggling against him, turning over to scramble across the bed, laughing brightly.

Derek chased after him, careful not to grab Stiles' tail.

Stiles laughed, scrambling out of the room and toward the back door.

Derek grabbed the kneepad he'd abandoned and chased after him.

Stiles laughed, spinning around in the kitchen to grin at him. "Mate! Play!"

"You need your other kneepad," Derek pointed out, laughing as he opened the door to the backyard.

"Then play?" Stiles asked, jumping outside and letting out a surprised noise. It was still cold, but he loved it, eager to run around.

"Then we'll play," Derek agreed, beckoning. "Come on, over here."

"Like cold." Stiles grinned, stepping closer to Derek. "Hi."

"Hi," Derek replied. He kissed Stiles quickly, then crouched down, holding the tube of the kneepad open for Stiles to put his foot in.

Stiles grinned wider, sliding his foot into the tube. "Play!" he yipped, nuzzling Derek as soon as the kneepad was in place. "Outside!" His skin was chilled but he didn't care, bounding outside before falling to his knees to look under the porch, curious.

"What are you looking at, kit?" Derek asked curiously.

Stiles just peeked up at him, grinning widely before slipping off the porch.

"Chiquito?" Derek followed him, wondering what was going on.

Stiles yipped softly, tilting his head and sticking his hand under the porch. "Mate...."

Derek frowned, coming over and crouching down. "Stiles, what are you doing?"

"Kit!" Stiles grinned, wiggling his fingers and cooing softly.

"What?" Derek asked, confused, peering into the dark space under the porch. "Is there something there?"

Stiles nodded. "Kit," Stiles cooed, wiggling his fingers again, his smile widening as a small ball of fluff crept forward. "Kit! Mate!" He gently tugged the fluffball over, sitting up and cuddling the shivering thing to his chest. "Shhhh, kit," he murmured, nuzzling it. Green eyes popped out from the ball, staring at Derek.

Well, shit. "Hi there," Derek murmured, sitting down on the grass.

"Kit!" Stiles smiled brightly up at Derek, cradling the kitten close. "Small," he whispered, petting the
little ball of fuzz gently, grinning at the small mew he received. The kitten was mostly black, one ear tip and one foot dipped in white.

"Stiles, I need you to come back to me please," Derek said quietly, wary of doing anything that would upset the kitten. "Can you do that?"

Stiles whined, pouting up at Derek. "Kit..."

"I can't look after it and you with you like this," Derek explained. "Sorry, love."

Stiles whined again, carefully scooting closer to Derek, starting to shiver himself as he slowly came up, curling around the kitten.

Derek wrapped an arm around him. "Ready to go inside, sweetheart?" he suggested.

"C-cold." Stiles shivered, burying his face in the kitten’s fur as it meowed its agreement. "S-sorry, sir." The cold hadn't bothered him as Kit, though now he was shivering hard.

"It's not your fault," Derek reassured him. "Come on, up you get."

Chapter End Notes

Plot-relevant thing: Stiles found a kitten under the back porch!

She's adorable, by the way. And she'll be sticking around.
(I wish I had a kitten like her D: I love kitties -Kattseye)

Hopefully you guys all enjoyed this chapter - thanks as always to our beta Chicktar, and all of you for reading and commenting
"Well, apart from the slight malnourishment, she looks to be in good health," Dr Deaton told them both. "I can't guarantee it, but most likely she hasn't been spayed yet, so it's recommended that you have that done in the next month or so. Are you planning to keep her?"

"She'd not have grown her hair back fast enough, since she's so tiny," Stiles cooed. He looked over to Derek. "Are we? If you'd rather not, maybe Isaac? It'd be a nice soothing critter to have."

Derek frowned. "I don't know..."

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Stiles and Derek take the kitten they found to the vet, and decide she'd make a good birthday present for Isaac

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Stiles stood up, making sure not to jostle the kitten. "So c-cute," he couldn't help but say, carefully climbing back onto the porch.

"Hopefully she's old enough that she doesn't need special care," Derek said, leading Stiles inside and closing the door.

"Tiny." Stiles shivered, his teeth chattering a little. The kitten burrowed closer, peeking out to look around. "Eyes open though, that's a good sign."

"I'll go get your blanket," Derek said. "You meet me on the couch?"

"K-kay. Thank you sir." Stiles gave Derek a small smile, absently pushing off the knee-pads with his free hand, picking them up and setting them on the counter before heading for the couch. He curled up in the corner and raised the kitten to eye level, checking her (after peeking to make sure it was a her) over for injury. "Poor kitty, you look like you've been through some things. Luckily nothing bad, just a couple of scratches and you need some feedings."

Derek came back with the blanket and wrapped it around Stiles before tucking himself in next to him - Stiles wasn't the only one who was cold. "We should take her to the vet," he commented. "She doesn't seem like a stray to me."

"Her ribs are starting to show," Stiles murmured, petting the soft fur along the kitten’s side. "And whose would she be? There's not a bunch of people here."

"I suppose that's true," Derek commented. "Still, if she's missed meals, maybe she's just been lost for a while."
"Easy way is to see if she's chipped. Kinda have to microchip pets, more and more it's becoming law. So no chip means this little girl is homeless." Stiles grinned at Derek.

"Did you learn all this from Scott?" Derek asked curiously, idly caressing Stiles' hip.

"Yeah, and from dad," Stiles replied. "He's had issues with pets being lost, but without a chip, they're considered abandoned. It's not happening everywhere, but more and more places are requiring you to microchip your pets." He leaned into Derek's hold, finally warming up, laughing as the kitten popped her head out of the blanket to look around. "She's purring."

Derek smiled, offering his fingers to the kitten hopefully. "You don't mind that we had to cut our playtime short?"

"I'm a bit pouty about it, but honestly I'm okay. I understand why we had to," Stiles smiled softly, watching the kitten sniff Derek's fingers before rubbing her cheeks against the pads. "Aw, she likes you."

Moving slowly so as not to startle her, Derek moved his hand to scratch her behind the ears. "We'll make it up another time," he promised. "I was having fun."

"I liked it," Stiles said, his lips curling into a soft smile, the kitten purring loudly. "I liked seeing you play, hearing you laugh."

"It was... I don't think I've laughed that much in a long time," Derek admitted. "Thank you."

"For what?" Stiles blinked, tilting his head to the side. "I liked hearing it, I love your laugh."

Derek shrugged, focusing on the kitten. "Thank you for playing with me."

"Always." Stiles smiled brightly, laughing as the kitten launched itself at Derek, climbing up the couch to perch on his Dom's shoulder, meowing at him and kneading his cheek. "Awww."

"Ow," Derek complained. "Little claws."

Stiles just giggled, gently tugging the kitten down. "Silly girl, he's not for kneading."

The kitten made a cranky noise and nipped at Stiles' fingers.

"Little chomper." Stiles laughed, fiddling his fingers for the kitten to play with. "Do we have any leftover chicken still?" he wondered softly. "And we can take her to see if she's chipped, the vet would be able to tell us more about dietary needs, though she looks around twelve weeks."

"You reckon she's weaned?" Derek asked. "And how do you know how old she is?"

"Let me see your teeth, little one." Stiles murmured softly, looking into the kitten's mouth. "I think so, though of course I'm not a professional. And I'm assuming, she's not very big, but still active enough to climb and jump."

"So long as you're sure she can eat it," Derek said worriedly.

"She won't eat what she can't. We'll keep a close eye on her while she eats," Stiles promised. "Though, even some chicken broth would work too. That'd help hydration levels as well."

"That might be better," Derek said, "just to start. We don't want her overeating."
"Yeah, and broth would be easy on her tum." Stiles scratched under the kitten's chin, smiling widely.

"You're really cute, you know that?" Derek commented.

Stiles flushed. "Huh?" He blinked, feeling shy. "Why do you say that?"

"You just are," Derek said, kissing Stiles quickly.

Stiles smiled, leaning into the kiss. "Broth then vet." He grinned, sending Scott a picture of the kitten once he'd grabbed his phone from the coffee table.

"Broth then clothes then vet," Derek corrected. "And you'll have to take the tail out too."

Stiles flushed. "Kinda forgot I was naked and plugged," he admitted.

Derek raised his eyebrows. "I'd assume the feel of the tail is fairly distinctive."

"Still forgot," Stiles pouted. He stood, stretching with a soft hum, and went to the kitchen with the kitten, phone in hand.

Derek shook his head fondly, watching the swing of Stiles' tail as he walked, then decided to go upstairs and get clothes for both of them.

Stiles dug around for a small can of broth, humming softly as he opened it.

The kitten perked up instantly, meowing loudly for food.

"Okay, okay, quit ya screaming," Stiles said with a laugh, putting the kitten on the table and the bowl of broth in front of her, watching her attack it.

? - SM

Kitten! Found her under our porch - SS

Is she okay? She looks skinny - SM

ribs showing. Gonna give her broth then vet time - SS

:( She's healthy otherwise, though? - SM

Seems to be. She's currently attacking the broth. - SS

She's cute - SM

"Stiles, you need to get dressed," Derek called down the stairs. "Should I just bring your clothes down?"

"Yes please! I don't want to leave her alone because she's on the table, but she's probably going to bite my hand off if I stop her eating." Stiles laughed, pouring just a bit more broth into the bowl. He was doing it slowly, making sure she didn't eat to much.

"Okay," Derek replied, picking up Stiles' clothes from where they'd been left on the bedroom floor, then grabbing socks and shoes for them both.

"No more, kitty," Stiles murmured, the kitten loudly complaining that her bowl was empty. "Don't
want you getting sick, you can have some more after the vet."

"God, she's loud," Derek commented, coming into the kitchen.

"She's hungry," Stiles replied, smiling. He reached out, scooping up the kitten and cuddling her close; her yowling gradually stopped and turned into purring.

"And affectionate," Derek commented. "Here, pass her to me while you get dressed."

"She's sweet." Stiles passed her to Derek, watching as the kitten curled into a ball in his Dom's arms. "Same, little kitty," he commented, tugging on his shirt. "At least that means she'll probably be okay in the car if one of us holds her."

"Mm," Derek agreed. "You can leave the plug in the downstairs bathroom for now - we'll clean it later."

"Yes sir." Stiles smiled, kissing his cheek and slipping into the bathroom to finish dressing, feeling empty once the plug was out, but carefully set it on the counter for now.

When he came back, Derek was sitting on a kitchen stool, talking quietly to the kitten. "...very cute, you know. I wonder how he knew you were there?"

Stiles couldn't quite keep back the small chuckle. "You're adorable sir."

Derek glanced up at him. "What makes you say that?"

"You just are," Stiles replied. "And I knew she was there because I could hear her. Kit's senses are a bit better than mine apparently. Don't ask me how that works, I don't even know, maybe I just focus differently? Anyway, I heard her meowing."

"What else is different when you're like that?" Derek asked curiously. "Could you take her while I put my shoes on?"

"Yeah." Stiles scooped up the kitten, laughing as she butted her head on his jaw. "And mostly things just look brighter, my senses are a bit better, and my thought process is simple. Not quite the same as when I'm little, but close."

"You're a lot more wordy when you're little though," Derek pointed out, bending down to get his shoes on.

"True, but my thought processes aren't quite as complex as I am normally. With Kit though...I'm very simple. Almost instinctive?" Stiles shrugged, slipping his shoes on without his hands, cuddling the kitten closer.

Derek nodded. "You're very playful, too."

"I am." Stiles laughed. "And very distractable." He shrugged, putting his jacket on carefully.

"I don't know," Derek teased. "You were pretty focused on getting that tail."

"Course I was, you were doing it to me," Stiles teased back, bumping his hip gently against Derek's as he passed him, heading outside. The kitten mewed unhappily at the cold, burrowing against Stiles' neck under his scarf.
"I'm pretty sure that's not why," Derek replied. "I'm assuming you want me to drive so you can keep holding her?"

"Either one, though the heater in the Camaro works better than Betsy's." Stiles shrugged, shifting in place.

"Camaro it is," Derek agreed, leading Stiles toward the garage.

Stiles smiled, kissing Derek's cheek when he could. "I love you," he murmured before slipping into the car.

Derek raised his eyebrows as he got into the driver's seat. "I love you too. What brought that on?"

"I just love you." Stiles stuck his tongue out playfully. "Don't need a reason. But it could be because you're amazing."

Derek blushed a little and focused on starting up the car. "What makes you say that?"

"You are. You knew that we'd have to stop playing to take care of this little one, and you don't mind taking her to the vet to get her checked over. And you're adorable with her." Stiles shrugged.

"Of course we had to stop playing," Derek replied.

"Some Doms wouldn't care, would just ignore the cold, starving kitten." Stiles kissed the kitten's head, smiling softly.

"Scott wouldn't," Derek pointed out. "Or Laura, or your dad, or Janet, or Erica."

"They aren't my Dom," Stiles grinned. "A lot of bad Doms wouldn't. The ones you listed are good ones."

"Well, since I'd rather classify myself as a good Dom than a bad one, I don't see how it means much," Derek countered, but he was smiling.

Stiles stuck his tongue out, laughing as the kitten poked her head out of his scarf.

"Could you look up directions?" Derek asked. "I'm not sure I remember how to get there from here."

"I know the way," Stiles said. "Turn right up here at the light, and the next one turn left."

Derek glanced sideways at him, then laughed. "Right - how many times did you drive Scott to work?"

"A lot, and I used to get lost on purpose to see if I could make it back to where I needed to be."

"Why would you do that?" Derek asked curiously.

"Partially because boredom, and partially because I was curious," Stiles replied. "I always made sure my cellphone was charged at least."

"You're a very curious person, aren't you?" Derek commented.

"Yeah, drove Dad nuts." Stiles laughed brightly, nuzzling the kitten as he pointed at the vet’s office.
"Here we go."

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"Well, apart from being slightly malnourished, she looks to be in good health," Dr Deaton told them both. "I can't guarantee it, but most likely she hasn't been spayed yet, so it's recommended that you have that done in the next month or so. Are you planning to keep her?"

"She'd not have grown her hair back fast enough, since she's so tiny," Stiles cooed. He looked over to Derek. "Are we? If you'd rather not, maybe Isaac? It'd be a nice soothing critter to have."

Derek frowned. "I don't know..."

"If you aren't willing, sir, I'm pretty sure Isaac would love a kitten," Stiles smiled, watching the kitten play with a cotton ball, batting it around.

Derek hummed. "Are you sure? We could make it a late birthday present, but if he doesn't like her, we've got a problem."

"Then we'll figure something out, though I'm pretty sure Isaac will like her." Stiles reassured him. "I'm sure."

Dr Deaton cleared his throat. "This practice doesn't operate as a shelter, but if you like, I can give you the contact information of some shelters in the region?"

"That would be good, thank you," Derek replied.

Stiles gave Deaton a soft smile. "Thank you." He picked up the cotton ball, holding it above the kitten's head. "We can get some supplies for her too, so it's not so hard on them money-wise."

Derek frowned a little. "Dr Deaton, would it be possible for you to make a list of what she'll need?"

"Of course," Deaton replied, getting out a notepad and writing some things down. "And just ask the receptionist about the list of shelters on your way out, alright?"

"We'll do that," Derek said, nodding.

"Thank you doc." Stiles beamed, taking the list and tucking it in his pocket before scooping the kitten up. "Say thank you, little one," he cooed, laughing as she meowed loudly before burrowing back into Stiles' chest.

"Thanks," Derek echoed, and led Stiles out to the waiting room.

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Once they got home, Derek called Scott while Stiles occupied the kitten with a bit of yarn.

Scott smiled as he looked at the caller ID, picking it up and looking back to see if Isaac was still doing the dishes. "Hey Derek, what's up?"

"Hi Scott," Derek replied. "Is Isaac listening?"

"Nah, he's doing the dishes, why? What's up?" Scott stood, kissing Isaac's cheek and murmuring that he was going to talk to Derek in the bedroom before walking off, closing the door behind him.

"The kitten Stiles found isn't chipped," Derek explained. "Stiles was thinking Isaac might like her,
but I'm not giving a pet for a present without asking first."

"I think that'd be an amazing present." Scott admitted after a moment. "Though I'm not sure if we could afford toys and things like that..."

"As long as you can afford ongoing costs, Stiles and I can get you set up," Derek said. "We'll call it a birthday gift."

"Yeah, cat food isn't that expensive and neither is litter, so I can do that. He'd love it," Scott said, letting a small smile cross his face. "Thank you."

"There's no way Stiles would let her go to a shelter," Derek pointed out. "But I'm really not ready to look after a pet."

"There's unfortunately few no-kill shelters, so I'm not surprised," Scott said, nodding. "And honestly, it could be good for Isaac, and he'll love it. What time do you want to meet up? Or do you two want to come here? I can fix something and we can play games or something for Isaac's birthday."

"We'll bring her up for a visit," Derek said. "And I'm pretty sure she'll occupy Stiles and Isaac for a while."

"Knowing those two, it's that and gossiping." Scott mused. "How about tomorrow? My class got cancelled because the teacher is going to some kind of business convention, so I'll be free after noon."

"We can do that," Derek agreed. They'd have to get kitten things tonight anyway, so she had something to eat and somewhere to sleep. "We'll make it a surprise visit?"

"That'd be awesome," Scott agreed, nodding to himself. "I'd come here probably about three-ish. That way if I have to go to the store or something, it's taken care of." He smiled happily, excited. Isaac was going to love it.

"Alright, we'll leave after lunch," Derek replied. "I'll see you tomorrow afternoon, then."

"Kay, bye, be safe." Scott smiled at his phone, heading into the kitchen to pull Isaac into a hug.

Stiles looked up, beaming brightly at Derek. "Pet shop time? She can fit in my pocket."

"Pet shop time," Derek agreed. "But you need to be careful with her, okay? She might get freaked out by all the animals at the shop."

Stiles nodded, standing back up and scooped the kitten up, settling her in his jacket after he put it on. "I like pet shops. Put together a gift basket to go along with the kitty, yes yes yes. I know they have disposable litter trays that are good for, like, overnight stays that we could get for tonight - it comes with litter in it. That way we can wrap up everything else."

"How do you know that?" Derek asked.

Stiles just grinned. "Deaton should buy stock in them, the amount of times Scott had to run and get some because they ran out of normal litter."

"Alright," Derek agreed. "We're bringing her to Isaac tomorrow afternoon, so we won't need it for long."
"Awesome, we could chuck it in the outside trash on our way out the door tomorrow," Stiles suggested, almost vibrating with excitement. He loved giving gifts to people, and he knew how much Isaac would love this little kitten.

"Nothing too extravagant, okay?" Derek said firmly as they got back in the car. "We're going for the things on Deaton's list, and that's it."

"Couple of toys?" Stiles asked, busting out the puppy eyes. "I promise not to make it too crazy, but Deaton literally just wrote things like bed and collar and litter pan on here."

"You can have twenty dollars for toys," Derek allowed. "But that's it. You don't know what she'll like yet."

"I know she likes strings and balls, thank you," Stiles countered, kissing Derek gratefully. He hummed happily, letting the kitten nibble and play with his fingers.

"You're welcome, chiquito," Derek replied.

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Scott took longer than usual to come back from class that day - he'd stopped to get cake mix and chips and popcorn, figuring they'd make something of a party of it. Luckily they all fit in his backpack; he was determined that this afternoon would be a surprise. But when he got home, it turned out he wasn't the only one who'd made plans.

Isaac hurried upstairs, barely remembering to text Scott what he ate. He wanted to be done before his Dom came home. God, he was hard as a rock just thinking about it. He spent a while teasing himself, writhing on the bed as he gasped. Fuck, it felt almost as good as Scott. Sliding the plug into his slackened hole, he froze, free hand scrabbling at the sheet as he moaned. Fuck fuck fuck. He stood carefully, panting and shaking, already desperate. He headed over to the dresser, slipping on the pair of lace and cotton panties that Scott had gotten him before stumbling to the living room, falling to his knees not that far from the door, panting heavily. A little bit later, he was whimpering, grinding back to tease himself until he heard the key in the lock. He straightened up, spreading himself to show off as he opened his mouth, tongue resting on his lower lip.

Scott opened the door and his jaw dropped. Oh, fuck. He'd never gotten this hard this fast before in his life. "Isaac," he rasped.

Isaac whimpered, his eyes darkening at the look on Scott's face. Fuck, he loved seeing that hungry look. He reached back, grabbing his wrists so he wasn't tempted to drag Scott closer. "Sir," he begged, his voice high and pleading.

Scott dropped his bag on the floor and absently swung the door closed, his eyes fixed on Isaac. "God, you've got the plug in too, don't you?" he asked.

"Yes sir," Isaac whimpered, grinding back a bit as Scott's voice brought back the full feeling. The lovely feeling. The plug was just a bit smaller than Scott, smooth and bulbed at the end.

"Have you been playing with yourself?" Scott asked lowly, stepping forward. "Teasing your cock and hole?"


"Show me," Scott ordered. "Get out your cock."
Isaac let out a sharp whine, scrambling to obey, pushing the panties down just enough to free his cock.

"Touch yourself for me," Scott told him, drinking in the sight. "Bring yourself to the edge - but don't come."

Isaac slid his hand down his naked chest, whining as his fingers circled his cock, stroking slowly. His eyes stayed locked on Scott, mouth open and tongue resting on his lower lip as he panted, licking his lips every other stroke.

"Faster," Scott demanded, breathing hard.

"Yes sir," Isaac said, his breathing hitched as he quickened his pace, his thighs trembling. Fuck, he was close. He whimpered loudly. "Please."

"You don't get to come," Scott said firmly. "And you don't stop unless you're going to come otherwise."

Isaac swayed softly at the order, whimpering as his hips rocked into each stroke, then suddenly froze. "Close."

"Good boy," Scott praised. "You can let go now - deep breaths."

Isaac let go, his hands resting on his thighs as he panted, taking deep shaky breaths. It took a few moments, but he calmed.

"That's it, sweetheart," Scott soothed him. "Now, I want you to remember how that felt, okay? Taking yourself right to the edge and then stopping. If you're going to wait for me like this, that's how I want you to tease yourself."

"Y-yes sir," Isaac whimpered, shifting. God, it was maddening. He'd drive himself crazy, but that would get him right where Scott loved him when he was desperate. Almost sobbing for it. "Please."

"You've settled again?" Scott checked.

Isaac nodded, absently rocking back and forth, his cheeks pink.

"Then do it again," Scott said, stepping closer still.

Isaac whimpered, reaching for himself and trembled as he started stroking himself fast, his mouth falling back open in a pant as he watched Scott, his toes curling.

"Good boy," Scott praised, his voice husky. "That's it, show me you know how."

Isaac tilted his head back, eyes half closed as he panted. Fuck, the tone of voice was driving him higher than just his hand could do. He froze, flinging his hand away when he teetered on that edge, crying out sharply. "F-fuck." He barely held on that time.

"Good boy," Scott praised. "That was perfect. You're perfect."

"Please sir," Isaac begged, reaching out for Scott and grabbing his hips. "Please."

"Shh, love," Scott murmured, crouching down and stroking Isaac's hair. "I've got you."
Isaac leaned into the touches, panting heavily as he started to settle again.

"Tell me how you're feeling, sweetheart," Scott said softly.

"Good, so good, empty, but not, want...want so much, please," Isaac rambled, tilting his head back into Scott's hands, his flush travelling down his chest.

"That's perfect," Scott said, leaning in for an open-mouthed kiss, his tongue fucking into Isaac's mouth.

Isaac let out a high keen, kissing back hungrily, his hands slipping into Scott's hair. The feeling of Scott's tongue fucking into his mouth made his hips rock, the earlier teasing and the edging that Scott had ordered making him feel like he was already toeing the line.

The kiss didn't last long though, before Scott pulled away. "The more you edge for me," he murmured in Isaac's ear, "the more you will feel like this. And I want you to feel like this."

Isaac whined softly, messily tangling his fingers in Scott's hair, tilting his head to give Scott access, the whisper in his ear making him throb.

Scott smiled a little. "Next time you're waiting for me," he continued, even quieter, "what will you do?"

"Th-this," Isaac panted, his cheeks dark red and his eyes almost glassy with how blown they were, locked on Scott.

"Good boy." Scott leaned in even closer and nipped at Isaac's sub mark.

Isaac jerked in surprise, gasping loudly. Fuck, that felt good. He leaned closer, whining. "Please."

"Bedroom, sweetheart," Scott said firmly. "On your knees."

Isaac could only nod, scrambling to get up, not caring that his legs were tingling as he rushed to the bedroom, falling back to his knees beside the bed, panting heavily.

Scott took a few moments to collect himself, hiding his face in his hands and breathing hard. Fuck. Isaac was going to be the death of him. When he felt like he'd got himself under control, he stood up and followed.

Isaac was leaning over the edge of the bed, panting quietly, one hand tangled in the blanket, the other slipping down his stomach to tease himself.

"Oh, Isaac," Scott breathed. "Look at you."

Isaac whined, swaying his hips, teasing Scott. The lace barely hid where the plug was stretching him open.

Scott stripped his shirt off hurriedly and kicked off his shoes.

"Sir," Isaac moaned, rocking into his hand. When he was close he cried out, arching his back as he yanked his hand away.

"Oh, good boy, Isaac, so good," Scott praised, awed. "Just wait a little longer, sweetheart, you can do it." His hands flew to unbutton his jeans, and he fumbled with the zip as he struggled to shove
them off his hips.

Isaac arched his back sharper, trying to beckon Scott closer just with his body, muffling his sounds in the blanket.

"My good boy," Scott praised, finally getting his pants off, striding forward to take hold of Isaac's hips. "I've got you, sweetheart."

"Please," Isaac begged, pressing back into Scott's hands, the hot touch of his Dom dragging out a soft moan.

Scott pulled out the plug, dropping it carelessly on the bed.

Isaac cried out, rocking back, pleading. "Please! Please sir, please, so empty."

"Shh, love," Scott soothed him, his voice rough. "You want me in you, don't you? I had to take the plug out to do that."

"Yes! Please sir," Isaac whined, pressing his face into the blanket, hands twisting in the fabric.

Scott lined up his cock and pressed the tip inside, hissing at the tight heat there.

Isaac let out a keening cry, pushing back, trying to get more. "Please," he begged, his voice breaking.

"I don't want to go too fast for you," Scott gritted out, breathing hard as he clutched at control. "It's not too much stretch?"

"No, more. Please sir, please," Isaac whimpered, looking over his shoulder. "Please, I'm okay, I'm stretched, please. Don't leave me empty, please."

Scott couldn't wait any longer - he slammed into Isaac, burying his cock to the hilt.

Isaac let out a sharp cry, clenching tightly. "Thank you thank you," he rambled, twisting and grinding his hips back against Scott.

"Fuck," Scott gasped. "Oh god, Isaac, fuck, you f-feel so good, god..."

"Fuckmefuckmepleasefuckmefuckme," Isaac begged, spreading his knees wider and almost screaming as that brought Scott against his prostate.

Scott rutted deep into Isaac, hands gripping tight as he fought to move, but still stay deep in Isaac's hole.

Isaac scrabbled for a hold, bucking his hips and whined as the hold on his hips kept him from moving much. Oh god he loved the rough edge to it though. "Please," he pleaded, desperate.

"Please what?" Scott asked breathlessly, grunting a bit as he fucked Isaac hard and fast.


Scott groaned. "Come when you want," he panted. "I won't take much longer."

Isaac whimpered, letting go of his control and came with the next thrust against his prostate. Almost
screaming, he flopped onto the bed, clenching tightly around Scott's cock, eyes glazing over.

"Oh fuck," Scott swore, moving faster, desperate. "Fuck, you're so good, Isaac, oh my god, I can't - fuck!"

Isaac panted, letting out little *huh-hnnn* noises with each stroke, clenching tighter. He was completely relaxed on the bed, loving the feeling of Scott pinning him.

Scott moaned, shuddering and collapsing on top of Isaac as he came.

Isaac let out a happy sound, scooting his head over so when Scott's landed on his shoulder he could lean over and nuzzle him.

"Fuck," Scott panted, still catching his breath. "God. Fuck."

Isaac laughed breathlessly, slowly coming back up. "I like that."

"What?" Scott asked, confused, though he was smiling too.

"I like that reaction," Isaac explained, laughing again. "God that was good. Did you even close the door?"

"Yeah," Scott replied, laughing breathlessly. "Just."

"Happy birthday to meeeeee," Isaac joked, wiggling under Scott.

"I'm glad you liked your presents," Scott replied, the awkwardness of their positions sinking in, and he laughed again.

"You liked them too," Isaac teased, smiling happily at hearing Scott's laugh. He loved it.

"I definitely did," Scott said. "Can we get on the bed properly, do you think?"

"Somehow," Isaac laughed, peering over his shoulder.

"Hang on, I'll pull out," Scott suggested. "We'll be able to move that way."

Isaac pouted, but nodded, wiggling against him. "Feels good."

Scott pushed himself up and away, pulling out with a groan. "That was amazing, love, really."

"Best idea ever," Isaac crowed, laughing as he started scooting up the bed.

"Yeah, you did well," Scott agreed. "That was goddamn amazing."

"Ten out of ten, will do again." Isaac flopped over onto his side, giving Scott a shy smile. "How was class?"

"Not bad," Scott replied. "I - oh!" Suddenly he remembered going shopping, and *why* he had.

Isaac tilted his head. "What's wrong?" He asked, reaching over to run his fingers through Scott's hair.

"Nothing's wrong," Scott reassured him. "Just..." Should he try and keep the visit secret for longer?

Isaac tilted his head the other direction. "Just what? Did you forget something?"
"Um." Scott made his decision. "Kind of? I had - have - plans for this afternoon."

"Plans?" Isaac sat up, scooting closer. "What did you have plans for?"

"For your birthday," Scott said. "I brought home a cake mix and stuff."

Isaac's eyes lit up. "Cake!" He grinned. "Can we make it? What kind?"

"Just, y'know, chocolate cake," Scott replied. "Nothing fancy."

"Thought means more than cost or fanciness." Isaac tsked playfully. "Come on sir, let's make it together." He grinned.

"You need clothes for cooking," Scott said firmly, kissing Isaac's cheek.

"Ugh, clothes." Isaac stuck out his tongue, bending over the edge of the bed to scoop up his clothes where he had left them earlier on before Scott got home.

"Um...maybe we should shower?" Scott suggested.

"Good idea, I love being covered with you, but that accidentally getting into the cake is not the way I want to eat your cum." Isaac grinned, sauntering toward the bathroom, panties still hooked under his ass.

"Fuck," Scott muttered. Isaac gave him the most incredible mental images.

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Isaac grinned, picking up the kitchen from the cake making while Scott was writing on the frosted cake. "That's going to be awesome. What should we eat for dinner other than cake?"

"I dunno," Scott replied, checking the oven clock anxiously. He didn't know how much longer he could keep the secret.

"Hmmm." Isaac leaned against the counter, thinking on what they could have, only to jump when the doorbell rang. "What?" He blinked.

Scott heaved a sigh of relief and hurried to open the door. "Come in!" he exclaimed. "It's good to see you."

Stiles stood in front of Scott's and Isaac's door, almost bouncing in place, the little kitten hiding in his jacket, Derek carrying the large wrapped box where they had stashed the supplies, including a couple of bags of food and litter.

Isaac walked into the living room, face showing his shock and surprise. "Stiles? Derek?" He turned to Scott. "Was this your plan?" He laughed, ecstatic as he bounded over to hug Stiles.

Stiles laughed brightly, hugging Isaac in return, laughing even harder when there was a small disgruntled meow from his scarf. "Happy Birthday!" He gently unearthed the kitten, holding her as she blinked up at Isaac with her huge green eyes.

"Wha...who...ahhh." Isaac sputtered, reaching out to pet the kitten, his eyes lit up like a Christmas tree. "Such a pretty kitty. Wait...She's mine?!" He looked between the three, cradling the kitten after she'd jumped over to him, settling close and purring loudly.

"We found her under the porch," Derek explained, smiling. "She doesn't have an owner."
"Happy birthday," Scott said quietly, coming up to wrap an arm around Isaac's waist.

"I...But.." Isaac looked between them all, eyes watering as he finally looked down at the kitten, laughing wetly when she headbutted his chin, purring even louder. "Thank you," he whispered. "But..we don't have anything for her..."

"That's where the second half of your birthday present comes in." Stiles grinned, pushing the large box closer. "It has toys, litter pan, bowl, collar, a tag and code to take to the petstore and have engraved, as well as two bags of litter, two of food, and she's already had her first shots, and she's been chipped now. Pretty much everything she'll need."

"Except we don't think she's been spayed yet," Derek admitted. "We didn't have time for that."

"What are you going to call her, sweetheart?" Scott asked, smiling at Isaac.

Isaac sniffled softly, laughing as the kitten seemed to be trying to lick the tears away. "Um." He tilted his head at the kitten, laughing again when she did the same. "What's the Polish word for kitten?" he asked, looking over to Stiles.

"Kotek." Stiles grinned.

"Hmmm, That won't work for you when you're bigger though, tiny," Isaac mused. "How about Hana?"

("This is adorable," Scott whispered to Derek.

"You should have seen Stiles when he found her," Derek muttered back.)

"Bad ass assassin child? Perfect. You haven't seen her attack a cotton ball." Stiles laughed brightly.

Isaac grinned, holding the kitten higher, snorting when she crawled up to his shoulder and sat there almost like a tiny furry parrot. "Are you having fun, Hana?" he asked, only to try not to bust out laughing at the tiny smug sounding meow he got in reply. "Thank you, guys, really."

"You're welcome," Derek replied. "I'm glad you like her."

"I love her," Isaac nodded, grinning at Scott as Hana rubbed against his jaw. "Thank you, sir."

Stiles grinned, bouncing up on his toes. "You'll never guess how we found her!"

"Stiles," Derek said warningly.

Stiles squeaked, flushing darkly. "Yes sir?" he asked, innocently.

Isaac blinked. "Wait, outside?!"

Scott looked between them all, trying to guess what was going on, and blushed.

"I wasn't going to give specifics," Stiles insisted, pouting softly.

Isaac flushed darkly. Hana meowed, stretching up to bat at Isaac's curls.

"So, uh...we made cake?" Scott suggested, hoping to avoid the awkwardness.
"Ooo, cake." Stiles grinned, accepting the change of subject.

Isaac snickered softly, taking Hana and holding her close as he started shifting through the box to set up things.

"You should put her down," Scott suggested quietly. "Give her a chance to explore."

Isaac nodded, setting her down next to him on the floor, laughing as she looked around briefly, then tried to climb Scott's jeans.

Stiles sat on the couch, grinning widely. "She'll do that."

"Hi, cutie," Scott crooned, reaching down to scratch her ears. "I know, it's a pretty big new place. Just give us a little while to set up your things, though, and then you'll feel much better, won't you?"

Hana purred, leaning into Scott's touch before hopping back down, scrambling under the couch, peeking out every now and then before scrambling over to another section. Isaac laughed at her antics, rolling a ball over for her to pounce on.

"I dunno, Scott, both are rather amazing." Stiles grinned back, leaning against Derek's side. "Though I vote for cake while she explores."

"Sounds good," Derek agreed.

Isaac smiled, setting up the litter pan. "I'll move this somewhere else later on, but right now it'll be over here in the corner so she can find it." He scooped her up, setting her in it so she'd know where it was.

"She used it okay yesterday?" Scott checked. Usually cats learned from their mothers, but they didn't know what had happened to her before she ended up under Stiles and Derek's porch.

"Yeah, she was fine," Derek reassured him.

Isaac watched Hana run around, grinning widely. "She's adorable," he murmured, standing and kissing Scott's cheek.

"I'm glad you like her," Scott replied. "She's honestly pretty friendly, so she can't have had too bad a time."

"Probably got dumped or lost, poor thing." Isaac frowned softly. He loved animals, so the thought of Hana having been dumped...

Stiles stood, laughing to himself as Hana attacked his feet playfully. "Their loss, your gain."

"Seriously though," Scott said. "Let's cut this cake."

Chapter End Notes

Please note: in general, don't give pets as gifts, please. Pets are delightful, but not everyone is prepared to do the work to look after them, and sometimes it will end up with that pet going to a shelter. Quite possibly, that's how Hana ended up on her own in the first place. On a happier note- this time, things worked out and Isaac and Scott both
think she's adorable. You'll be seeing more of Hana in future.
(I'd like to add that yes please give me ALL the kittens-Kattseye)

As always, thanks to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you for reading and commenting
Isaac grinned, wiggling his toes as he relaxed. "I didn't realize making coffee was so hard!" he whined, pouting. "So many recipes!"

"You'll get it," Scott promised, rubbing Isaac's ankle gently. "I'm so proud of you."

-----

Isaac starts work at Starbucks, and hits a few bumps along the way.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: A rude and aggressive customer triggers an intense flashback for Isaac. He isn't in any physical danger, and his workmates are supportive and helpful, but it's still pretty intense. If you need to avoid it, you can skip from the paragraph that begins with "Isaac had discovered a new hate for early morning rushes," to the next line indicating a section break.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Isaac let out a soft breath, kicking off his shoes and throwing himself on the couch, laughing when Hana immediately climbed the couch to curl up on his chest, meowing on about her day. "Hello to you too, little one," he murmured, voice weary as he started to scratch and pet her. Working would take some getting used to, that's for sure.

Hana kneaded at his chest, head-butting his fingers.

"You're so adorable," Isaac smiled, slowly relaxing. "It's nice, relaxing and listening to your purring. Did you have a good day? I bet you found all the dust bunnies under the couch and vanquished them. All I did was learn how to make coffee and got a pamphlet with the recipes to a bunch of other coffees."

Hana gave a tiny sneeze and shook her head.

"Oh, you didn't vanquish the bunnies? Did you sell them?" Isaac laughed, scratching behind an ear.

Hanna purred, leaning into Isaac's touch.

"Well, start paying rent then. Lazy kitten," Isaac teased, smiling. "Selling all those dust bunnies and not sharing, tsk tsk."

Hana scrunched up her eyes and yawned hugely, before turning around and lying down on Isaac's chest with her back to his face.

"Rude, I see how it is." Isaac huffed, smiling and petting long strokes down her back, sinking into a
Scott, who'd come out of the bathroom a couple of minutes ago and had been quietly watching them, came over. "You're both adorable, you know that?" he murmured.

Isaac looked up at Scott, flushing darkly. "What do you mean?" he asked, moving his feet so his Dom could sit down too, careful not to disturb the purring kitten.

"Talking to the kitten," Scott explained, sitting down and putting Isaac's feet in his lap. "You're cute."

Isaac flushed even darker, giving Scott a tiny smile. "I don't think I'm cute."

"Then we'll have to disagree," Scott said. "Because you definitely are to me."

Isaac grinned, wiggling his toes as he relaxed. "I didn't realize making coffee was so hard!" he whined, pouting. "So many recipes!"

"You'll get it," Scott promised, rubbing Isaac's ankle gently. "I'm so proud of you."

Isaac let out a contented sound, a smile on his face. "I like making you proud," he admitted, his voice tiny. "I like knowing I've made someone proud of me. Especially you."

"Well, I'm very proud of you," Scott repeated. "My lovely good boy. Did you have a good day?"

Isaac soaked up the praise, smiling as Hana yawned and butted her head against his hand. "I did. It was hard, and I felt like a lot of info was trying to be shoved into my head all at once, but it was good."

"I know that feeling," Scott commiserated. "It'll pass."

"They have me doing a bit of everything to see how I am with it." Isaac shrugged. "It's just a lot. I'm okay though." He smiled. "How was yours?"

Scott shrugged. "It was fine. I'm not enjoying physics."

"Physics is just Science and Math's one-night-stand," Isaac snorted.

Scott laughed. "You can do my homework for me, then."

"Oh yuck, no thanks." Isaac grinned brightly, nudging Scott with his foot.

Scott grinned back, tickling the sole of Isaac's foot.

Isaac laughed, tucking his foot between Scott and the arm of the couch, Hana grumbling at the movement.

"I'll make dinner tonight," Scott offered. "You've earned a rest."

"Thank you sir." Isaac smiled, pressing himself deeper into the couch, letting out a soft sigh as he cuddled his kitten. "Love you."

Scott snorted. "Is that aimed at me or her?"
"Both," Isaac said, laughing a little. "I love both of you."

"I'm sure she loves you too," Scott teased.

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"Hey, honey," Scott called from the kitchen as he heard Isaac get home. "How was your day?"

"Pretty good." Isaac kicked off his shoes, scooping up Hana when she tried to climb his pants. "I finally managed to get one of the orders written down correctly on the cup!"

"Nice," Scott replied. "I told you it wouldn't take you long to get the hang of it."

"It's getting a bit easier, I just keep second guessing myself." Isaac groaned, Hanna climbing up on his shoulder. "Whatcha doing?"

"Making coffee," Scott teased. "Nah, I was just getting a snack. I forgot to pack lunch today, so I'm starving."

"Ack, sir, you need to eat too." Isaac frowned. "Why didn't you get something at the cafeteria? We've already paid the bills this month."

"Yeah, but we'll need to pay them next month," Scott pointed out. "And if I'm going to indulge, I'm going to do it with something better than cafeteria food. I could wait."

Isaac frowned, silently vowing to make Scott's lunch himself before he left for work each morning. He could put it in a cooler bag and leave it on top of his backpack.

"Hey, it's fine, sweetheart," Scott promised, coming over and wrapping Isaac up in a hug. "It's just a late lunch."

"Still going to make you lunch every day," Isaac murmured, soaking up the hug.

"You don't have to do that." Scott squeezed Isaac a little tighter. "Admittedly, I'd love it. But you don't have to."

"I want to. I need to know that you're eating as well," Isaac insisted as he hugged back just as tight.

"I suppose that's fair," Scott agreed.

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"Sir! I finally was able to make most of the drinks!" Isaac hurried through the door, grinning widely and picking up Hana to swing in a circle before depositing her on the couch with an ear scratch.

Hana made a very loud unhappy noise, and was only slightly mollified by the scratches.

"Well done!" Scott exclaimed, looking up from his laptop at the dining table. "That's awesome,
Isaac laughed brightly. "Spoiled," he teased, picking Hana back up and petting her. "Sorry if I scared you." He bounded over to Scott, cradling her close. "I didn't make one mistake!"

Scott got up and hugged him. "Well done, sweetheart. I think you deserve a reward for that - what do you say?"

Isaac, if possible, lit up even further. "What do I get in reward?" he asked curiously, kissing Scott hard and nuzzling his jaw as Hana clambered up to their shoulders, grumbling.

Scott hummed. "Shoulder rub, handfeeding, or you pick our next date," he decided.

"Hmmm." Isaac tilted his head to the side as he thought. "Handfeeding please," he decided, grinning up at Scott.

Scott smiled back. "Of course, love."

Isaac let out a happy sound. "What's for dinner? Any ideas?"

"Ugh, cooking," Scott complained. "Actually, since I just ate, do you mind waiting a little while?"

"Of course," Isaac agreed. "I'm not really hungry right now anyway."

"Thanks." Scott kissed Isaac quickly. "I'm proud of you, okay?"

"Thank you." Isaac smiled, leaning into the kiss, breathing him in. The praise made him feel like maybe, just maybe, he could be awesome at this job.

"I'm thinking I'm gonna start looking for work myself actually," Scott confided. "Now that I'm not driving to Beacon Hills every weekend, I've actually got time, and we kind of need it."

"Just don't overload yourself, okay?" Isaac looked Scott in the eye. "You can't help either one of us if you run yourself ragged."

"I did okay last semester when I was studying for accreditation," Scott pointed out. "I'll manage. And that's if I get a job anyway, which isn't guaranteed."

"Just promise me that if it gets to be too much, we reconvene?" Isaac urged.

Scott frowned, his hand coming up to cup Isaac's cheek. "Hey," he said quietly. "We'll be okay. And you can always ask, you know?"

Isaac felt something settle in him, leaning closer. "I just don't want you overworking yourself. Stress tends to make people lash out."

Scott frowned harder. "I'm only human, love. But if I ever do something that makes you afraid, I want you to call someone right away, okay? Tell me that you need space, and call someone. I won't blame you for it."

Isaac gave a hesitant nod. "I know you wouldn't do anything on purpose, sir, I just..." He sighed, nuzzling close. "I love you."

"I love you too," Scott murmured. "And of course I wouldn't. But I can't guarantee that I won't ever
snap at you because I'm tired, or stressed. So I'm giving you permission - hell, call it instructions, okay? - to walk away from me and call Stiles or Derek or Laura or Stiles' dad or my mom or whoever makes you feel safest, and tell them that you need help. Got that?"

"Yes sir," Isaac whispered, hugging him tighter, listening to Hana scrabble around in the kitchen. "I promise."

"Good boy," Scott praised. "I mean, chances are I'll realize I fucked up and feel bad and then they'll call me and yell at me and I'll feel really bad, and then I'll apologize and we'll figure out how to help you feel safe again."

"I always feel safe with you. And I will, even when I'm scared," Isaac admitted, shrugging.

Scott melted a little. "I love you, sweetheart," he murmured.

"I love you too, Scott." Isaac smiled, tilting his head back to look him in the eye.

"You're a really awesome person, you know that?" Scott commented.

Isaac just shook his head, flushing softly.

"You are." Scott looked at him seriously. "You're so brave, and willing to try new things, and you're generous and loving...you're great."

"You are too," Isaac murmured, kissing him softly. His cheeks were pink from the praises that Scott was spilling out, his fingers twisting just a bit in Scott's shirt.

Scott smiled at him. "I love you, and I'm proud of you, and I really, really like you, okay?"

Isaac laughed brightly. "I love you and really really like you too," he teased. "And I'm proud of you too."

"Thanks," Scott replied. "So tell me more about your day..."

-----

Isaac had discovered a new hate for early morning rushes. Everyone seemed to be in an extra hurry because it was Friday. He reached over to grab a cup, smile plastered on his face. He was feeling shaky already, but he was focused on getting through this.

Before he could even ask what the guy wanted, he snapped out, "Quad grande, non-fat, extra hot, caramel macchiato upside down."

Isaac just blinked. He was frozen, watching the customer as he swallowed. Come on Isaac, just ignore the tone. "Of course, sir, would you like anything else today? Or will that be all?" How in the fuck do you even write that down? How do you make it a Quad Grande...upside down?

"Just my coffee," the man replied, glancing at his watch. "Would you hurry up? I've got a meeting."

"Of course sir." Isaac looked down at the register, hesitating. The others were rushing around, so it's not like he could get help. How in the hell... He swallowed hard, reaching out to grab someone close by and murmuring that he needed help, only to be told to wait just a second and she'd help. Oh boy...
The man rolled his eyes. "If you can't make the fucking drink, at least ring it up so I can make a phone call. Apparently I'll be late this morning."

"Just one moment sir, I'm sorry, I'm still in training and I'm not sure how to ring up your order," Isaac tried to say in a calm voice, though he knew it was shaking. Oh, this wasn't good...

"Put it as something generic and charge me $6.78 then," the man demanded. "I get the same thing every day I come in here, it's not that fucking hard."

"Sir, I need to place it correctly so they have an accurate inventory sheet as well as cost sheet," Isaac managed to work out, his hands starting to shake as he wrote his order on the cup. At least, he thought it was the order. He gave the cup to the line behind him, praying that help was coming.

"Look can someone competent get over here and fucking serve me?" the guy called, ignoring Isaac to look at the other staff behind the counter. "The idiot's holding up the entire fucking line."

Isaac whimpered, flinching at the guy’s tone, and the way he was trying to loom over him. "S-sir," he tried again, "I'll just t-take a moment."

"If it was only going to take a moment, you'd be done by now," the man countered, his voice getting louder as he got more frustrated.

"Sir, I need to place it correctly so they have an accurate inventory sheet as well as cost sheet," Isaac managed to work out, his hands starting to shake as he wrote his order on the cup. At least, he thought it was the order. He gave the cup to the line behind him, praying that help was coming.

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"If it was only going to take a moment, you'd be done by now," the man countered, his voice getting louder as he got more frustrated.

Finally, one of the other baristas came to the register. "Thanks for your patience, sir, what was your order?"

"Quad grande, non-fat, extra hot caramel macchiato upside-down," the man gritted out, scowling.

"I didn't know," Isaac squeaked, scrambling away from the cash register only to fall on the floor. He kept scrambling back, starting to hyperventilate. The tone, the anger, loud voices, threw him into a torrent of memories he'd rather forget. "I'm sorrysorrysorrysorry," he rambled, pulling his knees up to his chest and starting to cry.

"Oh, fuck," he heard someone say. "Hey, Isaac, are you okay? Can you get up?"

"Sorry, please, sorry sorry," Isaac whimpered, curling tightly. "Please. Don't yell, no, please, I'll be good."

"Shit, he's gotta be dropping."

"Does anyone have his Dom's number?"

"We've gotta get him out of here - he's going to get stepped on."

It felt like he was drowning, his chest tight and panic raging through his body. "I'm sorry," Isaac sobbed, not fighting the hands that led him into the back. "I'm sorry, please don't put me in the freezer, please, I'm sorry. Dad, I'm sorry, I'll be good, please."

"Holy shit."

"Oh my god, the poor thing."

"Hang on, I'm gonna see if I can get him to respond to me. Isaac. Isaac. Are you hearing me? Nod if you are."
Isaac whimpered, nodding after a few seconds, squeezing his eyes shut. "Please. Not the freezer, please. I'll be good, I promise, just please."

"It's okay, Isaac, I believe you, we won't put you in the freezer. You're a good boy. Nod if you understand."

"Oh my god, I can't - should we leave?"

"If you can't shut up, yes."

Isaac curled tighter, crying just a bit harder. "I'm sorry! Don't lock me in, please!"

"Okay, this isn't working. Jake, go find the employee folder, I'm not going to try and get his phone like this."

"Got it."

"No! Please don't lock me in here, Please! Dad, I'll be good, I promise, I won't be a stupid sub, please!" Isaac begged, his hands scrabbling on the wall next to him, curling tightly and struggling for a grip, as if he was trying to open something.

"Fuck, I can't watch this."

"Then get back and mind the fucking register, there's still a queue out there!"

"Please let me out..." Isaac cried, covering his head with his arms and starting to rock. "Please. Pleasepleaseplease..."

"Isaac. Isaac. Can you hear me? Isaac. I'm going to touch your arm in a second. I'm not going to hurt you."

"I-let me out. Please," he whimpered, his voice getting fainter, though it wasn't because he was coming out of the flashback. "Please Dad, I'll be good..."

"Okay, I've got his Dom on the phone."

"Thank god. Give it here, I'll handle it. Hi, you're Scott? I'm putting you on speaker, he's unresponsive right now."

"Jesus. Okay, thanks. Sweetheart?"

Isaac whimpered, lifting his head a bit. Oh god, he was starting to imagine hearing Scott again. He just wanted out of this freezer. He whined high in his throat, his eyes fogged over.

"Isaac, my sweetheart, my good boy, you're safe. I promise you are. No one's going to hurt you."

"Please let me out." Isaac started to cry harder, but the words gradually sunk in. "S-S...Scott."

"That's right, sweetheart, it's Scott. Can you do something for me, do you think? You're such a good boy, love."

Isaac sniffled softly, tears running down his face. "Wh-what?" he asked, confused by what he thought he could see and feel, and hearing Scott’s voice.
"That's so good, Isaac, I'm so glad you're listening to me. Can you stretch out your legs for me?"

"B-but I'm locked in the freezer. C-can't..." Isaac slowly stretched his legs, expecting to hit the wall of the freezer and blinking when he didn’t. "H-huh?"

"You're not in the freezer, sweetheart," Scott said kindly. "Tell me what you can feel about the space around you."

Isaac's hands reached out as he whimpered softly. "Cold floor, cold wall...n-no lid..."

"That's really good, that's so good," Scott praised. "You've got a friend in the room too - is it okay for her to hold your hand?"

"K-kay." Isaac was shivering now, blinking rapidly, trying to figure out why his brain was saying something he wasn't feeling or hearing.

"Sorry, I don't know your name - take his hand please?"

"Yeah, I got it. Hi Isaac - can you hear me now?"

Isaac whimpered. "K-kyra? Wh-what...Sir..." His grip tightened on her hand, flashback slowly fading.

"You're at the coffee shop, okay?" Scott explained. "You were having a flashback, so they called me. Can you take three deep breaths for me?"

Isaac managed to take a deep, shaky breath. He fought the panic still in his chest to take another, slowly calming down.

"That's really great, you're doing so good, love," Scott praised. "My good boy. You're safe now."

"I'm sorry," Isaac said, his voice cracking as his eyes finally cleared. "I'm so sorry sir. Sorry Kyra."

"It's fine, sweetheart," Scott reassured him. "It's not your fault at all. Kyra, does anyone at the shop have an issue with this?"

"Well, you scared a few people," Kyra admitted. "But just because we didn't know how to help you. We're sorry you were put in that position, Isaac."

"I-I was doing okay until he started getting so angry he was yelling," Isaac explained, his voice still shaky. "I'm sorry, I tried not to..."

"Look, that guy?" Kyra said. "He was a dick. You were doing your best, and any reasonable person would have accepted that. It's not on you, and I'm going to see if we can change things around so you're not on register as much, if at all. Okay? It's not your fault."

"How do you even make a macchiato upside down?" Isaac wondered aloud, still trembling like a leaf. "I'm sorry I scared you guys," he whispered. "And I'm sorry I failed, sir..."

"You put the syrup in first," Kyra explained. "It makes it mix a little better."

"Sweetheart, you didn't fail, not at all," Scott promised.

"What's a quad grande?" Isaac sniffled, finally starting to calm down. "And I feel like I have, sir."
"Grande's the size, right?" Kyra said. "Quad means he wanted four espresso shots in it, instead of the two we'd usually put in that size."

"What do you think you failed to do?" Scott asked gently.

"Oh," Isaac sniffled. "I just...I was being patient, I wasn't having an attitude, I even told him I was training, but I still pissed him off."

"That's not on you, Isaac," Scott said firmly. "You're not responsible for other people's feelings."

"Scott's right," Kyra confirmed. "You did everything that you could have done, and he pissed himself off."

"Still sorry," Isaac whispered, tucking his legs back to his chest as he sniffled. He wasn't in the flashback anymore, but he was drained. "And I'm sorry I slowed everyone down."

"Isaac, you've only been working here a few weeks," Kyra pointed out. "We don't expect you to be as fast as the rest of us."

"I should have known." Isaac shook his head, hiding his eyes in his knees.

"No, Isaac, you did really well, okay?" Kyra promised, squeezing Isaac's hand. "You were polite, and you did the things you could do, and you asked for help, and you stuck to the protocol we taught you. You didn't do anything wrong."

"I'm trying to do good." His voice trembled. "I'm trying so hard."

"You're really good, Isaac, promise," Kyra urged.

"You are," Scott confirmed over the phone. "I'm really proud of you, sweetheart. Can you tell me how you're feeling right now?"

"Shaky, kinda clingy and like I'm about to cry. My mind keeps going up and down, everywhere." Isaac sniffled, giving Kyra a tiny smile.

"Kyra, can Isaac hug you?" Scott asked.

"That's fine with me," Kyra replied, opening up her arms.

Isaac all but fell into Kyra's arms, crying softly. "I'm sorry!"

"It's okay, sweetie," Kyra murmured, hugging Isaac tight. "You're fine."

"Isaac, love?" Scott asked.

"S-sir?" Isaac asked, sniffling and pressing closer to Kyra. He wanted his Dom. His Scott.

"I'm going to come pick you up, okay?" Scott said gently. "But that means that I'm going to have to hang up the phone at some point."

Isaac let out a desperate noise. "No! Please sir, please. Want you here, but please, don't hang up," he whimpered.

"Shh, sweetheart, it's okay, I'm not going to leave you," Scott said hurriedly. "I'm not going to hang
"I..." Isaac whined, chewing on his lip. He knew Scott couldn't drive and talk at the same time, it's not safe. But... "Please, just... I want you here, please."

"I know, sweetheart, I know it's hard, you're being so brave," Scott soothed him. "Is having Kyra there helping?"

"Little bit," Isaac said, sniffling again. "S'not you though. Please, just get here? Please?"

"I will, as soon as I can, but I'll have to hang up," Scott repeated. "And I'm not going to do that until I know you'll be okay."

"Hey, Isaac?" Kyra said quietly. "You know I'm happy to help with whatever you need, yeah? I'm your supervisor and your duty Dom, and I'd like to think we're becoming friends too."

Isaac looked between Kyra and the phone, chewing on his lower lip. "J-just get here. Please sir," he begged. "I-I'll be okay with Kyra, just...please."

"Kyra, you're sure about this?" Scott asked worriedly.

"We'll be okay until you get here," Kyra promised. "Is there anything I need to know?"

"We're pretty standard with the basics," Scott replied. "We use the color system, touch and praise is good, pain and yelling is bad, restraints can go either way so I don't suggest you go near it. Isaac?"

"Y-yes sir?" Isaac sniffled, curling closer to Kyra. He was able to relax a bit, but he just wanted Scott.

"You're being really good, and I'm so proud of you, and I want you to remember that," Scott said warmly. "I have to hang up so I can come get you, but Kyra's going to look after you until I get there, okay? So be good for her."

"Yes sir, I promise," Isaac sniffled, rubbing his eyes. "I love you."

"I love you too," Scott murmured. "See you soon."

"See you soon," Isaac whispered, watching as the call dropped before whimpering. "Hurry..."

"Shh, sweetie, you're fine," Kyra promised, reaching up tentatively to stroke Isaac's hair. "Are you still feeling shaky?"

"Uh huh," Isaac murmured, leaning into the touch, the soothing voice helping him calm down a bit. He was shivering hard, almost like he was freezing.

"Hold on a second, okay? I have to be loud for a second." Kyra put her hands over his ears and called out, "Sean!"

Isaac whimpered, covering her hands and pressing tighter.

"Yeah, what's up?" Sean poked his head into the office, eyes on Isaac. "He's okay, right?"

"Getting there," Kyra said with a grimace. "Did we get through the morning rush okay?"
"Yeah, even that one customer was shocked about what happened until the GM came in. He’s been reported, and he’s banned from here and all the other places with subs. Other than that, rush went fine, Jake stepped in after he reported the douchecanoe."

"Good to know," Kyra said, sighing in relief. "Can someone make Isaac a hot chocolate when you've got a minute? He needs the sweet."

"Yeah, sure. I'll make it for him now, it's finally slowed down." Sean gave them both a smile, heading back into the front before hurrying back with a fresh hot chocolate. "Careful," he said absently, handing it over to Kyra.

"Th-thank you," Isaac sniffled.

"You're welcome, sweetie, you're doing good," Kyra reassured him. "Here, I want you to take the cup and I'll steady it for you, okay?"

"Kay." Isaac nodded, carefully cradling the cup, the praise settling him a little. It wasn't Scott, but it was better than the panic from earlier.

"Good boy." Kyra steadied the cup, helping Isaac raise it to his lips. "Drink it slowly, okay?"

"Kay." Isaac nodded again, sipping carefully at the hot liquid, feeling it start to soothe him. "S-sorry," he whispered after a few moments.

"Why are you sorry, sweetie?" Kyra asked. "You're being so good."

"Sorry I got someone banned from the store," Isaac explained softly. "I didn't want to cause trouble."

"Isaac, that's on him, not on you," Kyra said firmly. "You were very good, and very professional. He was a dick."

"Yes ma'am." Isaac sniffled. "I didn't do bad? I didn't lose my j-job?"

"Oh, sweetie, no," Kyra said sadly. "You did the absolute best you could, and no one faults you at all for what happened. Of course you didn't lose your job."

Isaac couldn't help but start crying again. "I thought I'd lost it."

"Do you want me to ask Jake to confirm it for you?" Kyra asked. "Here, put your cup down so I can hug you properly."

"N-no, I'm okay, I just thought..." Isaac set the cup down carefully, leaning into Kyra's hug.

"You're a good boy, Isaac," she said firmly, holding him tight. "You're good at this job, and you're learning fast. We want you here."

Isaac let out a choked-up sob. "Thank you...thankyouthankyou."

"Oh, sweetie." Kyra reached up to brush her hand over Isaac's hair. "Of course. And you're so welcome."

Isaac kept crying, hugging Kyra tighter as he shook. "Thankyouthankyouthankyou."

"Shh, Isaac," she soothed him gently. "You're okay, sweetie, you're being so good."
"Hey, Kyra?" Sean said, sticking his head in the door. "There's a guy here, says he's Isaac's Dom? You wanna bring Isaac out, or should I bring him back?"

Isaac rubbed his eyes, hiccuping. "C-can y-you bring him h-here, Sean? I-is that okay? W-won't get in tr-trouble for it?"

"It's fine," Kyra said. "Sean, check with Jake if you want, but it should be okay."

Isaac kept sobbing and hiccuping, reaching out for Scott when he was escorted back by Jake. "Sir!"

"Isaac," Scott said desperately, dropping to the floor with no care for his knees. "God, sweetheart, come here, I've been so worried."

Isaac scrambled out of Kyra's arms and into Scott's, burying his face into Scott's neck and trying to get as close as possible, tears running down his face. "Sir!"

"Sweetheart, my good boy, my Isaac, please tell me you're okay," Scott begged, rubbing Isaac's back. "I'm sorry I had to hang up, but I got here as fast as I could."

"I-I'm okay," Isaac promised, sniffling softly as he started calming down. "I'm okay, I promise. I-I was doing okay, but I was scared I'd lose my job, but Kyra said I hadn't, so..."

"Of course you haven't lost your job," Scott said, hugging Isaac tight.

Isaac sniffled, finally calmed down completely. "I'm safe," he murmured, more to himself than to anyone else.

"You're safe," Scott promised. "Safe with me, okay? I won't let anything hurt you."

"Kay." Isaac gave him a smile, kissing him softly. "Love you."

"God, sweetheart." Scott closed his eyes, still catching his breath. "I love you too."

"Sorry I worried you...didn't know it would get that bad," he admitted softly, rubbing one hand on Scott's chest, the other through Scott's hair.

"Don't be sorry," Scott said firmly. "Everything you could do, every choice you made today, you chose right, okay?"

"Kay." Isaac nodded, feeling drained and weak from the last of the lingering worry and panic draining out of him.

"Good boy." Scott glanced up at Kyra, who was tidying things that didn't need to be tidied in an attempt to give them privacy. "I think we're just about ready to head home."

"I'm sorry, Kyra," Isaac sniffled. "But my next shift is tomorrow?"

Kyra frowned. "Look, it's - " she glanced at her watch " - only quarter past ten, and we're open to seven thirty. Take the day, and if you think you'll need more, just let us know before closing. Fair?"

Isaac hesitated, his brow furrowing. "Fair," he nodded. Not that he'd be calling in regardless. He couldn't be skipping hours.

"We'll let you know," Scott said. Isaac would be calling in if he had anything to do with it. After this
morning, he needed a break.

Isaac stood shakily, sniffling softly and tugging off his apron to carry it outside. "Thank you again, Kyra."

"Seriously," Scott agreed, "thank you. I owe you one."

Kyra shook her head. "It's fine. Look after yourselves, okay?"

Isaac nodded, giving her a smile before heading out the back, his shoulders hunched just in case anyone was staring.

Scott shepherded him to the car, his nerves still fizzing with adrenaline from the trip here. "How are you feeling?" he asked. "Do you need anything?"

"I need my bed, my Dom, and my kitten." Isaac sniffled. "I just… I need to be cuddled for a bit. I'm also hungry and thirsty."

"When we get home, you can cuddle up with Hana while I heat you up some soup," Scott offered. "And then we'll watch a movie or something."

"Thank you." Isaac smiled softly, scooting as close as he could in the car, cursing the console. He rubbed his eyes. "I have to wash my uniform too at some point."

"It can wait," Scott replied.

"Yes sir," he murmured absently, leaning his head back and relaxing, breathing steadily and slowly.

-----

Hana seemed to be able to tell that Isaac was having a bad day, because she settled in under the covers with him and stayed there, purring.

"Hello little one," Isaac murmured, nuzzling her close and relaxing into the bed. He sniffled softly, scratching her behind her ears and letting the purring noise soothe him. "Such a good pretty girl. You know Papa's sad, hmm?"

Hana made a 'mrrr' noise and turned around, pressing her back up against Isaac's chest.

"So cute." Isaac laughed softly, scratching her chest and closing his eyes, soaking in the comforting purr, the sound of Scott rummaging around the kitchen, and the scent and feel of their bed.

Scott came into the bedroom with a bowl of soup and a slice of bread on a tray. "You want to sit up so you can eat, sweetheart?" he suggested.

"Kay." Isaac sat up, cradling Hana close for a moment before depositing her in his lap, petting her and smiling up at Scott. "Thank you."

"You're welcome, love," Scott replied, setting the tray down on Isaac's knees. "You've got it?"

"Yes sir." Isaac nodded, shifting a bit so the tray was stable. "Thank you." He smiled brightly up at Scott, making sure Hana wouldn't be squished before starting to eat slowly.
Scott leaned down to kiss Isaac's forehead. "Feeling better now you've got kitten cuddles?" he asked.

"Always, though I'd feel better getting Scott cuddles too," Isaac grinned, letting out a soft sigh. He took another bite, laughing as Hana started batting gently at his spoon. "That's mine, little one."

Scott sat down next to Isaac and carefully picked Hana up, cuddling her against his chest. "You can go back on the bed when Isaac doesn't have a lap full of hot soup, kitten."

Isaac could only laugh at the loud meow that got. "Spoiled," he teased, quickly finishing his soup. "That was perfect."

"I'm glad," Scott replied. "Here, I'll swap you - kitten for dishes."

"Deal," Isaac smiled, taking Hana and holding her close. "See, there you go," he mused as she batted playfully at his nose before rubbing against him. "She's ridiculously affectionate," Scott commented, "for a cat."

"I love it." Isaac grinned widely, nuzzling her close. "And I think she can tell that today's a bad day."

"I'm sorry it all happened," Scott said, setting the tray on the nightstand. "Are you feeling okay now?"

"I'm feeling better," Isaac quickly assured him, leaning against Scott’s side. "I'm not as shaky either."

"That's so good," Scott said, wrapping his arm around Isaac's waist. He needed the comfort too.

Isaac leaned over to nuzzle at Scott's jaw, breathing him in. "I love you. And I'm sorry I scared you."

"It's not your fault, love," Scott murmured. "You did everything right, I promise."

Isaac let out a soft sigh, slumping against him. "I'm okay, I promise." He smiled softly.

"Here, let's lie down," Scott suggested. "You must be tired."

Isaac flopped back, cuddling close to Scott as he let out a happy sound. Hana curled up on his chest, going to sleep as he laughed. "Lazy kit."

"Cats like sleeping," Scott said with a shrug. "She'll probably spend more time prowling when she's older, though."

"Probably," Isaac said softly. "Kittens sleep a long time."

Hana actually woke up after about half an hour, stretching dramatically before trotting off towards the kitchen.

"Awww, kitten left me," Isaac whined, pouting playfully. "Oh, whatever will I do! I've been abandoned!"

"Aw, poor Isaac," Scott teased. "Here, I'll lie on your chest instead." He rolled over, blanketing Isaac with his body.

Isaac took a deep breath, grinning up at him. "Oh, you're heavier than a kitten, but in a good way," he assured, stretching out under Scott.
Scott hummed, nuzzling at Isaac's neck.

Isaac tilted his head back, humming lightly. "Love you," he murmured, wrapping his legs around Scott in a hug.

"Love you too," Scott murmured, kissing his way up Isaac's neck.

Isaac hummed happily, his eyes fluttering closed. "Feels good."

Scott smiled against Isaac's skin. "That's good, sweetheart. I want you to feel good and safe and happy."

"Safe," Isaac purred, wiggling against him and settling more under him.

Scott brought his hands up to tangle in Isaac's hair. "Close your eyes, sweetheart," he suggested quietly. "Just feel me."

Isaac let his eyes drift closed, leaning into the fingers in his hair with a content sound. "Sir."

"Good boy," Scott murmured. "You're safe here with me."

Isaac smiled wider, nodding carefully. "Safe with my Sir."

"My good boy," Scott replied softly, kissing the corner of Isaac's mouth. "Tell me how you're feeling?"

"Warm. Happy," Isaac murmured, trying to tilt his head so Scott was kissing him completely.

Scott's hands in his hair held him still, but after a moment, Scott moved to meet Isaac's lips properly.

Isaac whined softly, letting out a content sound when Scott moved to kiss him, parting his lips and letting Scott dominate it as he quickly turned into a puddle.

Scott's hands slid up to grasp Isaac's wrists - not tightly, just enough to weigh him down.

Isaac relaxed, his feet sliding to the bed as he widened his knees. Letting out a soft moan, he ground upwards again, shivering as the sparks slid through his body.

"My good boy," Scott murmured, hips rolling against Isaac's. "My good, brave sweetheart."

Isaac licked his lips, curling his fingers loosely. "D-don't feel like it," he whispered.

"Say it for me anyway," Scott replied. "You're good."

Isaac whimpered. "I-I'm g-good," he repeated, almost inaudible.

"Good boy," Scott praised, rolling his hips down. "Again."

"I'm g-good," Isaac whined, his voice still very quiet as he tilted his head back.

Scott nipped at the skin of Isaac's throat, soothing it with his tongue. "Good boy. My good boy."

Isaac arched against him, letting out a panting whine. "Yours."

"My good boy, Isaac, can you say that for me?" Scott murmured, resting heavily on top of Isaac's larger frame.
"Y-your g-good boy," Isaac murmured, his eyes fluttering open for a moment before drifting back shut as his mouth fell open with a gasp.

Scott caught Isaac's lips in an open-mouthed kiss, hips rutting slowly against him. Everything felt warm and heavy around them, like sun-warmed honey.

Isaac let out a soft sigh into the kiss, relaxing into it, kissing back lazily as he rolled his hips, warmth spreading through his limbs until he was heavy and slow with the movements.

When Scott came, it caught him by surprise, the pleasure taking him over without warning.

Isaac sucked in a breath, feeling Scott tense up as he came, causing his own release to be pulled from him. He hadn't even realized he was that close. He panted, feeling kinda drowsy.

Scott hummed. "Feel good?" he slurred, nuzzling into Isaac's neck.

"Uhhuh," Isaac panted, nuzzling close. "Warm and heavy."

"Me too," Scott admitted, smiling.

"Your good boy," Isaac whispered, kissing his jaw. "I'll work harder on believing it always."

"That's all I ask," Scott said quietly.

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"So Scott got him home, and talked to him about staying home the next day to rest as well. From what they tell me, Isaac's going to be purely coffee jockey now, no more register and little contact with customers directly." Melissa took a sip of her coffee, picking at the remains of her piece of pie. "That poor boy doesn't get any breaks it seems."

"His workplace was understanding," John pointed out. "I've seen worse for people with PTSD."

"And he has a lovely duty Dom," Melissa conceded. "I just can't help but worry about them. I'm glad he wasn't seriously hurt, but it easily could have gone wrong."

"I know, Mel, but risks are part of life," John replied. "He did well, Scott did well, and everyone was okay at the end of it. It was the best we could hope for, really."

"That's a good point." Melissa settled down, putting her scrunched-up napkin on the table. "It's just irritating because you want to protect them, but can't. They need to grow..."

John frowned. "Honestly, I wish Stiles was growing a little more."

"What do you mean?" Melissa asked curiously, lifting her mug to her lips and leaning closer.

"He could be - should be - more than just a house-sub," John replied. "He's a smart kid, he should be doing something that uses that."

"Isn't he using that to take Etsy by storm?" Melissa pointed out. "Last I heard, he's making quite a nice sum. And I think Scott said he was taking an online psychology course to try and understand PTSD better for Isaac." She shrugged. "And yet again, didn't he choose to be a 'house sub'?"
"He can do better." John shook his head. "Look, I know Stiles, and he devotes himself to people wholeheartedly. I'm not surprised he didn't want to leave Derek, but that doesn't mean I agree with him."

"That's the thing as parents," Melissa commented. "Not agreeing with their choices, but knowing that they'll go about it their own way. He's smart, yes, but he's also doing what he loves, and that just so happens to be getting yarn and material everywhere while researching and chattering Derek's ear off."

"What happens if they don't last?" John asked.

"Can you honestly tell me you don't see them lasting?" Melissa asked seriously. "And it's not like you have to be young to go to school, John."

John's thumb rubbed his wedding ring absently. "No one plans for a relationship to end, Mel. Sometimes they just do."

Melissa watched for a moment, then reached out to lay her hand on top of his. "You want to save him the pain, but in doing so, he'll end up miserable."

"Where would you have been after the divorce if you didn't have your own life?" John said quietly. "Your work carried you through it."

"Yes, but my work meant doing something I love to do," Melissa countered. "Just like he's doing something he loves to do. No one says the Etsy shop has to stop if something happens. From what I'm told, he doesn't need money from Derek to continue, he buys it all himself."

"He can't support himself on that," John pointed out.

"Then he'll go to school," Melissa said promptly. "Or find a job to supplement it. Life isn't about jobs and working, John."

"It is when you don't have enough," John said quietly. "You and I both know that." They weren't poor, but they both knew about debt.

"Yes, but we also know the value of living in the moment," Melissa replied softly, holding his hand tighter.

John snorted. "You're an optimist, Mel."

"And you're a pessimist, John," she said tartly. "Let him be whatever makes him happy. If, and I do mean if, that changes, we'll do what we can to help."

"Alright," John said with a sigh, shaking his head. "I'm glad you've been around to help me look after him, you know. I couldn't have done it on my own."

"I'm glad you were there to help with Scott too," Melissa admitted, patting his hand. "It means a lot to me." She smiled, getting up to refill their mugs.

John shrugged. "Of course I was. Thanks for doing dinner tonight. I'll cook on Friday?"

"Deal." Melissa grinned. "I'll make sure we have that good ice cream to have for dessert."
Chapter End Notes

Poor Isaac. He'll be alright, though.
(Also let me act like I'm 12 for a moment.....hehehehe this is chapter '69' ...... okay I'm better :P -Kattseye)

Thanks, as always to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you who read and comment
Stiles blinked, shifting up to give Derek room and sticking his bookmark in his textbook. "Everything okay?"

"I'm okay," Derek promised. "But...Theresa thinks it might be a good idea for you to come along one week."

Derek invites Stiles to a therapy appointment. Some things get brought up that neither of them had been ready to talk about before.

Stiles was singing softly to himself as he sat on the couch, his class books stacked on the table next to him. This psychology course had a lot of texts, and Stiles loved to read ahead. He was chewing on a Twizzler that was hanging out of one corner of his mouth, as one hand traced a finger down the page, the other twirling his pen.

Derek, sitting at the table, glanced over at him. "Do you think you'll do more courses after this one?" he asked. "You're obviously enjoying it."

"I might, I was looking at their courses earlier actually." Stiles smiled, looking up at Derek and making a kissy face at him. "And I am enjoying it, but I don't want to be stuck doing classes that are boring to me, so I'll stick to ones that interest me and just take those. Sooner or later I'll have enough for some sort of degree, but I'm happy doing this."

"If it looks like you are getting close to a qualification, I think we should discuss you spending some more dedicated time," Derek commented. "But for now, I'm glad you're enjoying yourself."

Stiles nodded. "Deal." He grinned, chewing up the last bit of his candy. "Can we get some more Twizzlers at the store later on?"

"Sure," Derek agreed. "Anything else we need?"
"I think I'm out of shampoo too," Stiles commented absently, reading a passage and frowning. "Sir...have you ever felt detached from something? Like you just can't be happy or sad about that thing, that you push it away?" he asked, curious and tentative. "I'm reading over symptoms and signs of PTSD...and I'm just curious."

Derek frowned hard. "I'm not a case study," he said.

"I know you aren't," Stiles insisted. "You don't have to tell me, I was just curious." He shrugged, hunching his shoulders a bit. "Didn't mean to upset you."

"I'd rather - " Derek cut himself off. "If there's something you want to know, because it matters to you, you can always ask, Stiles," he said quietly. "But I don't like answering questions just for the sake of it."

"It's about you, that always matters to me," Stiles sighed. "And I am curious. Probably too curious for my own good." Shrugging, he sunk a little further into the couch, clicking his pen over and over. "But you're right. You aren't a case study and I'm sorry... I wasn't trying to treat you like one."

Derek came over, reaching out for the hand holding the pen, stilling it. "I'm trying to be more open," Derek said gently. "I don't always succeed, but I do try. It's alright."

Stiles opened his fingers to trap Derek's hand, bringing it to his lips for a soft kiss. "I love you, sir," he said, voice just as soft.

Derek relaxed, smiling a little. "I love you too."

Stiles nuzzled the hand in his grasp, books temporarily forgotten. "How's therapy going? You seemed little broody yesterday when you came home."

"Actually, I wanted to talk to you about that," Derek admitted, sitting down.

Stiles blinked, shifting up to give Derek room and sticking his bookmark in his textbook. "Everything okay?"

"I'm okay," Derek promised. "But...Theresa thinks it might be a good idea for you to come along one week."

"Oh." Stiles sucked in a breath, that thought never had occurred to him, honestly. "Are you okay with that?" he asked, tentative.

Derek smiled a little. "I wouldn't have brought it up otherwise."

Stiles returned the tentative smile. "Then I'll be happy to go with you. As long as you are completely okay with it, sir."

"It's..." Derek searched for words. "Theresa's good at helping me say things out loud, or frame them differently."

Stiles hummed. "Where without her sometimes you can't figure out how to say what you mean?"

"Sometimes I just can't put it into words at all," Derek explained.

"I have those moments sometimes." Stiles nodded, giving Derek another soft smile. "When's your next appointment?"
"A couple of weeks," Derek replied.

Stiles sat up, kissing Derek's cheek. "Then I'll be there with you."

"Thank you," Derek said quietly.

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"Hi Derek," Theresa said when they came in. "And you must be Stiles?"

Stiles gave Theresa a small grin, waving awkwardly. "Yes ma'am, hi!" He was tucked against Derek's side, feeling a bit shy.

"Theresa," she replied, smiling a little. "It's nice to meet you. Would you like to sit down?"

Derek's usual chair didn't seat two, so he nudged Stiles to the sofa instead.

Stiles sat down, unconsciously slipping off his shoes to tuck his legs under him, making himself a bit smaller. Like usual when he was nervous.

Derek wrapped an arm around Stiles' shoulders, automatically tucking him close.

"Would you like some water?" Theresa offered.

"I'm fine," Derek replied, as usual.

"No, thank you." Stiles answered, giving Derek a small smile.

Derek rubbed Stiles' shoulder in silent reassurance.

"How have you been, Derek?" Theresa asked, as she often did.

Derek shrugged. "I've been pretty good. A little nervous about this."

Stiles leaned into the touch, the hand he had resting on Derek's thigh tightening just a bit.

Theresa looked at them both seriously, but her voice was soft. "Can you tell me what your goals are for this conversation? Stiles, I'd love to hear from you too."

"Um, I'm not sure? I'm just here to be with him." Stiles gave her a small, crooked smile, leaning heavily on Derek's side.

"Okay," Theresa said. "Derek?"

Derek took a breath, composing his thoughts. "There's things I find hard to discuss that affect the way I see my future with Stiles. I - well, mostly I just want to make sure Stiles understands."

Stiles blinked, looking up at Derek. He didn't say anything, just cuddled closer and gave him a small smile.

Derek frowned a little, rubbing Stiles' shoulder. He was usually more talkative than this. "Querido?"
he murmured.

"Hmm." Stiles gave Derek a small smile. "What's wrong?"

"You're very quiet," Derek said softly.

"Nervous," Stiles admitted, shrugging a bit. "And I don't want to make an ass of myself."

"There's no wrong thing to say here, Stiles," Theresa said gently. "It's okay if you'd rather not talk, but I hope you'll share what you're thinking with us."

"We'd be here all day just for me then." Stiles laughed softly. "My brain goes ninety to nothing."

Theresa smiled back at him. "That's fine by me," she said.

"I'm just nervous," Stiles explained. "Sir asked me to come, I'm still not sure why you asked him to bring me, but I support him, and I want to know what I can do to help." He lifted his chin a bit, mouth in a firm line.

"I know I frustrate you sometimes," Derek admitted. "That my uncertainty about us hurts you."

"It's not that I don't know you love me, you just seem always hesitant and kinda distant when I even mention forever..." Stiles petted Derek's thigh absently.

"I don't understand how you can be sure," Derek tried to explain.

"What do you mean?" Stiles tilted his head, giving him a soft confused look. "You've said that sometimes, but I still don't understand what you mean by that, sir."

"It's..." Derek shook his head. "You're just so young."

"That doesn't mean I can't be sure in my choices, sir," Stiles insisted softly. "And I, for one, choose Derek Hale."

Derek gave Theresa a helpless look. He and Stiles had had this conversation too many times, and he didn't know how to fix it.

"Derek, do you think you could explain what you mean when you say Stiles is young?" Theresa suggested carefully.

Stiles took Derek's free hand, petting it gently to try and provide some sort of comfort.

Derek pulled his hand away automatically, leaning away from Stiles. "People don't...make good decisions, when they're young," he said slowly, choosing his words carefully. "They don't have enough life experience."

Stiles gave Derek a slightly hurt look before stifling it, shoving it down so he could listen. "There's a lot of older people that don't make good decisions either. That's life. You can't walk on eggshells your entire life."

Derek looked away. Stiles didn't understand.

"Rather than talking in absolutes," Theresa suggested, "how about we talk about risk-taking? Everyone takes risks as part of everyday life, and makes decisions about what risks they're willing to
"Yeah..." Was he not actually hearing something?

"Derek, can you tell me what risks Stiles is taking, or offering to take, in his relationship with you?" Theresa asked.

Derek took a deep breath and nodded. "He's taking a risk that I'm a bad person," he started.

Stiles stayed silent, wanting to wait his turn, but he lifted his face up to watch Derek. He wanted so badly to speak, but visibly bit his lips closed. Derek needed to not be interrupted.

Once his first response was out there, it was easier for Derek to think of others. "He's taking a risk that I'll hurt him, accidentally or deliberately. He's taking a risk that I'll make him do something he doesn't want. Or that I'll stop him doing something he does want. That I'll lie to him about Doms' expectations. That I'll make him anxious, make him panic. That I'll abandon him."

When it was clear Derek had finished, Theresa turned to Stiles. "How do you feel about that?" she asked.

"It's true that those are risks. but those are risks that everyone takes. But at the same time, sir… Derek." Stiles tilted his head. "I'm also risking you being wonderful, which you have been. Risking you being loving, calming, understanding, patient, supportive. Which you've been all those. Accidents happen, I'll give you that, but I never, never will believe that you would hurt me of your own volition. All those risks, I'm taking them. Because I see you. And because I love you. If no one took risks, there'd be no true happiness in the world. I choose to take those risks. Every. Single. Day. And I will. Every. Single. Day."

"Just because you love someone, it doesn't mean they're a good idea to have in your life," Derek objected.

"Why are you scared of me choosing you? Scared of me risking you?" Stiles asked. "A part of me feels like you're calling me stupid for it. Which I'm not stupid or naive."

"When I made those choices," Derek finally said, pain written clearly on his face, "I was. I was naive, and I was stupid."

"Derek," Theresa prompted. She didn't need to say more.


Stiles let out a small noise, reaching out to tentatively lay a hand on Derek's arm. "They're risks I will take," he said again. "I'm not you, and you sure as hell ain't Her."

Derek hated himself for flinching, but he did flinch.

"Oh! Sorry, sorry," Stiles said quickly, yanking his hand back so hard he hit himself in the chest. "Are you hurt?"

"No," Derek said, harsher than he should have been in his frustration with himself. "I'm fine."

Stiles sucked in a breath, hunching in on himself. "You're angry. And I don't think it's at me, but
"That's how it feels," he managed to get out, shrinking a bit.

"Okay," Theresa said calmly. "Stiles, thank you for telling us how you're feeling. Derek, I'd like you to take three deep breaths for me."

He did, but it didn't feel like it helped too much.

Stiles gave Theresa a small, hesitant smile, pulling his legs up to his chest as he watched Derek, worry in his eyes - not for himself, but for his Dom.

"Derek, have you and Stiles discussed how you experience physical contact when you're stressed?" Theresa asked.

Derek looked away. "No."

Stiles blinked. "D-did I hurt you? O-or cause a flashback?"

"You didn't - it's not that simple," Derek replied. "It's not like when you touch me it feels like Her touching me, it's just..." Derek sighed. "She touched me all the time, and when I'm stressed and anxious, touch feels threatening."

"Oh... I'm sorry, sir, I didn't know. I would have asked..." Stiles shrank back a little, feeling guilty.

Derek shook his head. "It's my fault for not saying anything," he said. "You don't have to be sorry."

"Should have asked anyway," Stiles whispered, resting his chin on his knees. "And I'm sorry I made you feel threatened. I never want to make you feel that way."

"I can handle it usually," Derek offered, trying to make it better. He had a feeling it didn't work though.

"You shouldn't have to worry about whether you can handle it or not." Stiles chewed on his lower lip. "Can I have a hug? Or do I need to wait a bit longer?"

Derek felt his hands unclench at the way Stiles asked for permission to touch. "Can I hug you, but you not hug me?" he asked.

"Deal." Stiles gave him a tiny smile, uncurling and scooting just a bit closer, but waited for Derek to come to him.

Derek carefully wrapped Stiles up in his arms, hugging him close, then pulling away.

Stiles soaked up the hug, tucking close for as long as he could, giving Derek a small smile when he pulled away. "Thank you. Is there something I can do to help?"

"It's fine," Derek said automatically.

Theresa frowned, just slightly, and looked at Stiles. "What sort of things would you be willing to do to help?" she asked.

"A lot." Stiles didn't hesitate, shooting Derek a worried look. "As long as it's not being by myself for longer than a day without warning, I'm fine with a lot of things. I just want to help. I don't like that he's feeling like this and I want to help."
"That's very compassionate of you, Stiles," Theresa praised. "I was hoping you might have some specific ideas for things that could help. Derek, too - any thoughts?"

"It's unpredictable sometimes," Derek said unhappily. "Sometimes I just...need to pull away. And that hurts you."

"If you need time, just let me know, okay?" Stiles offered. "I can go work on something yarn related for a couple of hours and then I'll check in and ask if you're okay or if you need more time. If it goes too far, I'll call Scott and Isaac and talk to them for a while. You pulling away with no warning is what hurts."

"I don't always have warning," Derek muttered.

"From what you've told me before, I don't think that's entirely true," Theresa suggested. "Is it still the case that your aversion to touch is triggered more by a general state of mind than a specific action?"

"...yes," Derek admitted.

Stiles sat up a bit, a pleading look on his face. "Then just tell me," he said hopefully. "Or if I reach for your arm or something just say 'not now' or something, I don't want to cause you distress, sir, really I don't."

Derek closed his eyes. "...I don't like telling you 'no','" he said quietly.

"Why?" Stiles asked softly. "When it comes to something like this, I'd rather you tell me no than you flinch away or get scared."

Derek looked away, ashamed.

"No!" Stiles leaned forward a bit. "Sir, please. Don't be upset. I just wanted to let you know."

He twisted his hands together to keep from reaching out. "I just..." He fell back against the arm of the couch, his voice growing softer. "Just...please. I'd much rather you say no. That you need time, that you need to breathe, that you're scared. I want you to feel comfortable confiding in me when you're in a bad mindspace rather than just bottling it up. I just want to help."

Derek looked at Stiles with wide eyes, but he still didn't speak.

"Derek," Theresa said quietly, "what are you afraid is going to happen if you say no?"

"I..." Derek closed his eyes, thinking. "It's - I'm supposed to let him touch me. I mean, it feels that way. But I'd want to anyway, I don't want to disappoint him."

"Sir, if the roles were reversed, what would you do?" Stiles asked softly. "Because honestly consent and safe wording and all that important stuff ain't just for you, ya know."

After a long pause, Derek admitted, "Safewording feels unsafe to me."

Stiles blinked. "Why's that?" he asked, keeping his voice soft and (hopefully) soothing.

Derek's fists clenched again, nails biting into his palms. "Because I was taught it was bad, and bad boys are punished," he gritted out. "Safewording hurt me."

"Oh Derek..." Stiles breathed. "Sir, that's not... Please tell me you know that's not right, that that was wrong... And if we need to practice to help you, we can, I promise. Just like mine with the fact that I
don't find myself beautiful or anything like that."

"I know it's wrong," Derek replied. "That doesn't fix the reflex."

"Have you ever found yourself in a situation with Stiles where you wanted to withdraw your consent and you couldn't?" Theresa asked. It was an unpleasant question, but better to get it out in the open now.

Stiles sucked in a breath, almost afraid of that answer. He looked at Derek then down at his knees, trying to not make him feel watched.

"No," Derek said firmly. "I've...when I couldn't safeword, I've said no in other ways."

"Like the yellow when I kissed your hip that one time?" Stiles asked softly.

Derek shook his head. "That's one of our safewords. I meant more when I've told you to get off my lap, or stop touching me, or when I've pulled away."

"Oh!" Stiles smiled. "When you've warned me things were going badly. Okay."

"So I think one thing that's emerging here," Theresa suggested, "is that Derek, when you most need to be understood, you find it hardest to communicate. Does that sound right?"

Derek grimaced. "Probably."

Stiles turned to blink at Theresa, wondering where she was going with this.

"A safeword is meant to help with that - to be something easy to remember and say even when talking is difficult - but obviously that's not working here, at least not on its own," Theresa continued.

"Should we have one that's specifically for that? Because he associates actual safewords with punishment?" Stiles asked, tilting his head, trying to think of something.

"Derek?" Theresa prompted. "I know you like the colour system for its clarity, but there are couples who have other safeword systems. Is it the specific word, or the action of safewording that feels unsafe?"

"Both, I guess," Derek said, frowning as he tried to figure it out.

"You didn't seem to have an issue with saying yellow that time." Stiles reminded softly. "Is it just red that throws you off? Is it possible to say, like, purple or something when you start having problems with me touching you in any fashion? Or something like telly or something."

"On a good day it's easier to do hard things," Derek explained.

"I don't want to make you uncomfortable or scare you. Just like you wouldn't want to make me feel those things." Stiles said, giving Derek an encouraging smile. "I'd rather you use that word when you need to, regardless if you can shove it down. If it's bothering you, I need to know. Please. I want you to feel more comfortable with doing things like that. I just need you to also be comfortable with letting me know when your mind is sinking into dark waters, okay?"

"I get it," Derek said. "It's just...hard."

"I know," Stiles murmured. "Can I hold your hand? Or is that too much right now?"
"Thank you for asking," Derek said quietly. "It helps." He reached out for Stiles' hand, holding it loosely in his own.

Stiles smiled, stroking his thumb against the back of Derek's hand for a moment before letting them lay on the couch between them. "You just need to let me know when it's a day I need to ask, okay? I have no problems doing it, but I won't know it's one of those times if you don't tell me."

The idea of setting parameters in advance rather than having to safeword for specific things helped a little. "If I say I need space, you'll wait to touch me?" Derek checked.

"If you tell me that you need it, I'll make sure and ask before I touch you, and if you say no, I won't," Stiles swore, squeezing Derek's hand a little. "I promise. The only time I would do anything otherwise is in an emergency. And I mean a life-or-death hospital-type emergency."

"Okay," Derek said quietly. "Thank you."

"No thanks needed, sir." Stiles gave him a tiny smile.

A silence followed, eventually interrupted by Theresa. "That seems like a very sensible way to approach the problem. Do you have any concerns you'd like to raise, Stiles?"

"I'm just worried," Stiles admitted. "I want to help, I want to do everything I can to help him get better, I just don't know what to do or how to do it."

"Stiles, I'm doing well," Derek said, concerned. "My mental health isn't your responsibility."

"I still want to help," Stiles said, stubborn. "I know it's not, but I want to help, sir."

"And you do," Derek said firmly. "But my problems aren't going to go away anytime soon."

"I know that, sir." Stiles gave Derek a small smile. "Healing isn't a straight line."

"It also isn't a short one." Derek sighed, squeezing Stiles' hand. "I appreciate you supporting me like this."

Stiles gave him another smile, a bit wider. "Of course, sir! I love you."

"I still appreciate it," Derek told him. "Love doesn't make things easy."

"No, but it makes them worth it. Completely and irrevocably." Stiles smiled, patting Derek's hand.

"You know I think the same thing about you, don't you?" Derek asked.

"That you love me? I know that, I promise." Stiles smiled brightly.

"No, that I want to support you," Derek corrected. "That helping you is worth it."

Stiles' smile softened. "I'm okay," he promised. "And I appreciate it, really I do."

"You aren't always," Derek pointed out.

Stiles flushed, diverting his eyes. He had a feeling he knew what Derek was talking about.

"Stiles?" Theresa said, and Derek startled. He'd almost forgotten she was there. "You don't have to
talk about whatever it is, but I'd like to be able to help you both."

Stiles hesitated, using his free hand to pick at his lower lip. "U-um...I itch if I don't clean," he murmured, feeling very shy and wishing he'd sink into a hole.

"Could you explain that a little more?" Theresa suggested gently.

"I..." Stiles shifted, uncomfortable. "It's hard to explain?" he offered, "If I don't clean the house, completely, everyday, I start itching and getting very anxious."

"Is this something you've been experiencing for a long time?" Theresa asked.

"A year now give or take," Stiles whispered.

With the pressure off himself, Derek found it easier to wrap an arm around Stiles' shoulders.

Theresa watched them carefully. "Is there anything else you find yourself needing to do regularly?"

Stiles leaned against Derek tentatively, not wanting to scare him. "Mostly that."

Theresa nodded. "And when you don't do it, you feel 'itchy'? Are there any particular thoughts or fears associated with that?"

"Not any that I’ve noticed by myself," Stiles said. “Though we've found that it might be because I don't want to make a mess and make Derek leave again...even though that wasn't what happened when it started. My brain did a dumb." He sighed, pressing his eyes to his knees.

"What happened there?" Theresa prompted.

"This was just before I started seeing you again," Derek explained. "I told you about it at the time - when Stiles got sick because I left him alone."

"I had broken a bowl that sent me into a bad panic. And it was not long after I calmed down that the flashbacks happened..." Stiles whispered, curling smaller.

"That must have been very frightening for you," Theresa said gently.

Stiles nodded. "So what we figured happened was I associated making a mess with him leaving and me getting sick. So now if I don't make sure everything isn't messy, I kinda go nuts. And I'm talking mopping and scrubbing and vacuuming and polishing every single day."

"How have the two of you been managing that?" Theresa asked.

"Stiles gets...rewarded, if he leaves off cleaning during the morning," Derek explained.

"And we have ideas that help keep me from getting itchy in the first place. And if after lunch I have to clean, I'm supposed to ask him and he'll help," Stiles murmured, pink in the cheeks.

Theresa nodded. "How has that been working for you?"

"It helps, but I still get itchy, and sometimes I clean downstairs and don’t realize it's after lunch until Sir finds me..." Stiles admitted, picking at his lower lip.

"I'm going to ask you to think about some things that are uncomfortable," Theresa said. "Are you
willing to do that?"

"I can try," Stiles nodded, wincing as he peeled off a bit of his lip.

"Stiles," Derek said quietly. "You'll make it bleed. Please stop."

"Sorry," Stiles murmured, licking over his lip to soothe it, his hand going to his knees. "Nervous habit."

"I know," Derek murmured.

"I have a Rubik's cube, if you'd like something to fiddle with," Theresa offered.

"Yes please," Stiles nodded, giving her a shy smile. "I'll end up picking again if I can't fidget."

She smiled back, getting up. "That's fine," she promised. "You're not the first and you won't be the last." She picked the toy up from one of her bookshelves and offered it to him.

"Thank you," Stiles said, fingers already starting to fidget with it absently, tucking himself back against Derek's side.

"You're welcome," she replied. "I'd like you to really think about the itchy feeling you get when you don't clean everything, and the thoughts that come with that. Can you tell me some of what goes through your head?"

"Mostly it's just 'This is so messy, I have to clean it' or 'clean it, clean it, gotta clean it!' There's no really formative thought that makes the fear and itchy feeling," Stiles admitted, sucking on his lower lip gently as he fiddled with the cube. "My thoughts start going haywire too."

"Like what?" Theresa pressed.

"'Don't want to make sir mad', 'need to clean it up', 'so useless, can't even keep a house clean.'" Stiles rattled some off, eyes locked on the cube so he couldn't see the pity that was probably on her face.

"I wouldn't - " Derek objected, but Theresa held up a hand to stop him.

"Are there other times when you feel useless?" she asked Stiles.

"When I don't know how to help Sir." Stiles flushed. "And when I think someone is angry at me."

"So that thought, about being useless, that's connected with their anger?" Theresa prompted. "How so?"

"It's been like that since I was eight," Stiles said, trying to play it off. He hadn't even told Derek about this.

"Is there something specific you remember from back then that made you feel that way?" Theresa asked.

Stiles let out a soft sigh, giving in. "My mother died. I was in the room with her. I don't remember exactly what happened, but in the rush of doctors and nurses I fell and broke my arm. I got yelled at because Dad had to take me downstairs while Mom had just died," he whispered, barely audible to Theresa. "For the next few months, like most grieving people I guess, Dad had a very short temper. Spill my milk while trying to pour it into a bowl one handed? Get yelled at. Leave my toys on the coffee table, yelling, didn't realize I was being so noisy and dad had a migraine? Yelling. Most of it had to do when things got messy because hell, I was eight years old and for most of it I had a broken
arm. Dad eventually got sense knocked into him by Ms McCall, and apologized and stuff. But by then, I was always very aware of if I'd done anything that would make him or anyone upset." Stiles took a deep, shaky breath. "It didn't last very long, and he hasn't yelled since."

"Oh, querido," Derek murmured, hugging Stiles close. "I'm so sorry."

Stiles tuckied his face in Derek's neck, breathing deeply. "I didn't realize it had affected me so badly. But the more I think on it, the more that I can remember times I've just about panicked at the thought of pissing someone off."

"That must have been, and still be, very hard to deal with," Theresa said sympathetically.

"I do okay a lot of the time. Though it's why I tend to shrink without thinking when I think I've made Sir mad," Stiles admitted, letting out a soft sigh.

"Stiles..." Derek said warily. "Have I...god, I did that earlier, didn't I. Fuck. I'm so sorry, querido."

"It's okay." Stiles shook his head. "It's not like you knew, and you're allowed to have your own feelings, sir. Don't force them down because of me."

"The same goes for you, though," Derek countered. "And I don't want you to be afraid."

"Stiles, earlier we talked about ways Derek could indicate he was feeling unsafe and didn't want to be touched," Theresa pointed out. "Would you be willing to use a safeword of some kind to tell Derek when he's making you uncomfortable because he seems or is angry?"

Stiles thought for a moment, chewing on his lip. "I can," he nodded. "Just...not the normal ones we use." He lifted his head a bit to whisper to Derek. "Can I hug you back? Please?"

"Yes, you can hug me," Derek said sadly. "Come here, amado."

Stiles let out a small sound, hugging him tightly and tucking close. "Wanted to make sure, you weren't wanting it earlier..."

"I know," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair. "That was very good and thoughtful of you. Thank you."

Stiles smiled, leaning into the touch and relaxing against him. "I'm sorry," he whispered. "I didn't want to make you sad."

"You have nothing to be sorry for," Derek reassured him. "I'm very proud of you for being honest."

Stiles tucked himself as close as possible, his hands fistng in Derek's shirt. "I dunno what to do about the panic word though."

"You don't want it to be one of our safewords?" Derek checked, brushing his cheek over the top of Stiles' head.

"I just don't know what word would work," Stiles murmured. "And I think it may help...just like you saying for me to ask on bad days."

"It doesn't have to be anything special," Derek reassured him. "Just something that's unusual enough that I'll recognise it. Okay?"
"Like kotek?" Stiles wondered. "Or fluffnut?" He gave Derek a shy smile, trying to lighten the mood.

Derek pulled away enough to smile back at him. "Exactly like that. Would you like to use one of those?"

"Kotek would be easier to remember," Stiles said honestly. He hesitated before leaning up to kiss Derek’s cheek.

Derek cupped Stiles' cheek, stroking it with his thumb. "Kotek it is, then."

Stiles leaned into the touch as any residual tension left him. "Thank you."

"Of course, querido," Derek murmured. "You're welcome."

"May I make a suggestion?" Theresa said quietly. "Think about what you want to happen after Stiles uses that safeword."

"After Sir was getting angry and was making me uncomfortable so I say kotek?" Stiles asked, unsure.

Derek nodded. "What do you need to hear, when you feel like that? How can I reassure you?"

"I don't know?" Stiles shrugged. "Just...soothe I guess? Usually I internally panic."

"Are there any negative thoughts that are particularly prominent when someone is angry near you?" Theresa prompted. "You've mentioned feeling useless...?"

"Usually it's like 'should've known, stupid, stupid' and things like that," Stiles whispered. "Or that they hate me. I'm a burden..."

"What makes you think you're a burden?" Theresa pressed.

"I'm not sure," Stiles replied. "I have ADHD, I'm clumsy, I don't know when not to poke my nose in, and I'm a sarcastic fuckwit."

"That's not true," Derek objected hotly. "Who told you that? I - shit." He deflated as he realized he was probably making things worse. "Sorry, querido. I love you."

Stiles shook his head, smiling. "You're fine," he promised. "And I told myself that. And some bullies years ago."

"They were wrong," Derek said firmly. "You can be sarcastic, and curious, but those are good things, and you're so smart, querido. I wouldn't change you if I could."

Stiles sniffled, hiding his face in Derek's neck. "Thank you," he whispered, feeling stupid for the tears that were welling up.

"I love you," Derek murmured, rubbing Stiles' back. "It's okay."

"Love you too," Stiles replied softly, settling against Derek and sniffling until he managed to calm down. "I'm sorry."

"Why are you sorry, love?" Derek asked.
"That I believe what they said," Stiles whispered.

"That's their fault, not yours," Derek said firmly. "It's okay, querido."

"But I'm the one believing them," Stiles said, his hold on Derek tightening.

"It's hard to let go of the things we believe," Theresa said gently. "It takes time, and sometimes deliberate effort."

"That's why I have problems trying to think of things I like about myself. It's getting a little easier, but it's still hard," Stiles murmured against Derek's neck, trembling softly.

"What are you doing at the moment that's helping?" Theresa asked.

"Sir has me pick a part of my body every day and tell him things that I like about it." Stiles peeked out at Theresa.

"That sounds like a lovely exercise," Theresa said, smiling at them both. "How do you feel about doing something similar for aspects of yourself other than your body?"

"What do you mean?" Stiles asked, sitting so he could watch her but still be plastered all over Derek.

"Telling Derek something non-physical that you like about yourself," Theresa explained.

“Oh," Stiles murmured, sniffing. "I think I can do that..."

"We'll do it the same way we do the others," Derek said. "You tell me something, and then I tell you something."

"Yes sir." Stiles nodded, suddenly turning red. "I'm sorry. This was supposed to be your therapy day..."

"It was supposed to be our therapy day," Derek corrected. "If I needed it to be just about me, you wouldn't be here."

"Still sorry," Stiles murmured softly. He felt worn out. He hadn't had therapy in a long time and forgot how worn out he got during it. Almost drained.

"Stiles?" Derek said quietly, cupping Stiles' cheek. "Thank you for sharing all this with me. I'm glad you did."

Stiles gave him a weary smile, nuzzling into the hand. "Thank you for letting me help," he murmured.

"You're welcome," Derek replied.

In the silence that followed, Theresa said, "We're running out of time, so we're going to have to wrap it up here. Derek, your homework for this week is to practice noticing when you're uncomfortable before Stiles tries to touch you. Stiles, obviously I may not see you again, but I'd like you to think about seeing someone to discuss some of the issues that came up today."

Stiles shifted. "Yes ma'am," he murmured, laying his head on Derek's shoulder. He knew that seeing someone might help, but he didn't like the thought.
"We'll talk about it," Derek promised. "Thanks, Theresa. I'll see you in a couple of weeks?"

"That should be fine, let me just grab my diary," she replied.

Stiles stayed quiet, feeling more worn than he had in a long while. He wanted a nap and a good cuddle with Derek, needed it.

The silence worried Derek a little. It worried him more when they were halfway home and Stiles still hadn't spoken up. "You okay, sweetheart?" he asked.

Stiles sucked in a breath, the name settling something in his chest. "I'm okay," he promised. "Just...drained." His voice choked off, cursing himself silently.

"That's fine," Derek promised. "We'll be home soon."

"I need cuddles, a nap, and I'm sure we both need things to help," Stiles murmured.

"Cuddles and a nap sounds lovely, sweetheart," Derek agreed.

Chapter End Notes

A tough chapter, but a hopeful one, I think. If there's anything I should have warned for better, please let me know - Seeker.

This should also show just a bit more on the whole panic/flashback/subsick situation from a while back :) for those that were concerned (<3) If there's anything you guys would like to see, feel free to send us an ask on tumblr (asordered.tumblr.com) or even just comment here :) Can't promise it'll happen anytime soon, but you never know, that may spark a whole DIFFERENT story (it's happened before HAHA) -Kattseye

Thank you, as always, to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you for reading and commenting.
Derek tried to do what Theresa had asked. Each day when he got up, he thought about how he felt, whether the world seemed safe. Eventually a day came where it didn't.

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Both Derek and Stiles have bad days sometimes, but the two of them are gradually developing better tools to deal with them.

Derek tried to do what Theresa had asked. Each day when he got up, he thought about how he felt, whether the world seemed safe. Eventually a day came where it didn't. "Stiles," he said quietly over breakfast, "I think I - I'm going to need space today. Sorry."

Stiles looked up from his waffle, blinking a bit. "Okay," he agreed, giving Derek a small smile. "I'll bring you lunch and see if you're okay then. Can I have a hug before you go upstairs?"

Derek's shoulders slumped a little as he relaxed. "Thank you," he replied. "You can still spend time in my office if you want. Just...I won't be very tactile today."

"That's okay." Stiles smiled, sliding over the bowl with the warmed fruit glaze in it that he knew Derek loved. "I'll ask before I touch, okay?"

"Thanks." Derek smiled back at him. "You can have a hug though. That's fine."

Stiles got up, giving Derek a brief, tight hug. "I love you," he murmured. "And I will do anything I can to make you feel safe." Stiles pulled back with a soft smile. "I'll ask you how you're feeling during lunch, okay?"

"The same for you, okay?" Derek said firmly. "Let me look after you with the cleaning thing."

Stiles nodded. "Okay, deal," he agreed. "We'll both try our hardest."

Derek paused, then kissed Stiles' cheek before pulling away. "I love you," he murmured.
"I love you too," Stiles replied, beaming. "I love you very much." He kept the smile on his face as he sat down again, nudging the food dishes closer to Derek in case his Dom wanted more. "Let me know if you need me, okay?"

"I will," Derek promised, smiling at the look on Stiles' face.

-----

Later, once Stiles finally packed away his cleaning supplies and when lunch was just about ready, he trekked up the stairs, humming softly to himself. "Sir?" he knocked on Derek's office doorjamb, a soft smile on his face at the sight of his Dom's back.

Derek looked up and turned around. "Hi, chiquito." He'd buried himself in writing, and if it would probably need heavy editing later, at least it was words on a page. And he felt a bit better. "How are you?"

"I'm okay, how are you?" He smiled. "Can I touch you? Or do you still need space?"

While the idea of Stiles touching him wasn't bad as such, the thought that he could still have control of when and where and how made Derek feel so much more relaxed that he shook his head.

"Touching is okay, but can you still ask first?"

"Of course." Stiles nodded, walking up. "Is it ok if I hug you now?"

"It's okay," Derek said quietly, opening his arms.

Stiles hugged Derek tightly, nuzzling close. "I love you."

"I love you too," Derek replied. "How was your morning?"

"It was okay. I got the cleaning done, and lunch is in the oven. It needs probably another thirty minutes. I made a huge pot pie casserole."

"We'll be having leftovers for dinner, then?" Derek asked. "It sounds lovely."

"Probably. Though I'll end up making a salad or something to go with it during dinner." Stiles smiled brightly, nuzzling as close as he dared.

"Thank you," Derek said. "You take very good care of me."

Stiles could only smile. "You take very good care of me too," he murmured. "And I appreciate it a lot, I know I'm a mess."

Derek shrugged. "No more than I am," he pointed out. "And you put up with me."

"I love you," he replied, slipping to his knees next to him. "How's work going?"

Derek rested a hand in Stiles' hair. "I've been pretty productive," he admitted. "I often am, on my bad days." Not that today was a particularly bad one.

Stiles leaned into the touch, relaxing a bit as the tension loosened ever so slightly. "That's an outlet for you."

"Yeah," Derek agreed. "I get to think about something else for a while."

"Kinda like my crochet or cock-warming or something like that. I just drift." Stiles smiled up at him.
Derek raised his eyebrows. "I can't think of many contexts where those two would be a pair..."

"I'm an odd person, remember?" Stiles teased, grinning.

"More than a little odd, I'd say," Derek replied.

Stiles stuck out his tongue, crossing his eyes. "You love it."

Derek laughed. "I love you, anyway," he said. "How do you feel about telling me your things you like about yourself for the day?"

"I like my eyes, they're an unusual color. And my mind, I have so much knowledge stored that I could probably win Jeopardy." He shrugged, smiling up at Derek.

"Well done," Derek praised. "Hmm. I like your smile. And I like how compassionate you are."

Stiles flushed softly, his smile widening. "I love you."

"I love you too," Derek replied.

-----

One morning Stiles woke up already itching, getting up early in the hope that cooking might help.

"Stiles?" Derek mumbled, rolling over. "You okay?"

"Yeah, just gonna make some french toast casserole for breakfast, that sounds good." He gave Derek a small smile, leaning over to kiss his cheek. "Love you, sir."

Derek frowned a little, but he wasn't really awake yet. "Okay," he allowed. "Love you too. I'll come down in a bit."

"Sure." Stiles smiled. "I'll make sure we have plenty of coffee. Do we want bacon and eggs with it? Or just the casserole?"

"Casserole sounds like plenty," Derek mumbled, blinking.

"Kay. Love you." Stiles kissed his cheek again before drifting downstairs in nothing but his boxer-briefs, feeling sort of absent minded.

Derek lay in bed for a while longer before he got up, tugging on sweats but not bothering to shower just yet.

Stiles slid the casserole into the oven, fidgeting in place before starting to clean the kitchen like he usually did, taking deep breaths. He couldn't figure out why he was so itchy.

"Stiles?" Derek said, watching from the kitchen door. "You okay, love?"

"Yeah, just itchy." Stiles shrugged, rolling his shoulders and continuing to clean the counters.

Derek frowned. "Come here please?"

Stiles shifted, finishing the counter he was on before walking up to Derek, giving him a small smile. "Yes sir?"

Derek beckoned Stiles into a hug. "It's really bothering you, isn't it, sweetheart?"
"Uhhuh." Stiles nodded, nuzzling close. God, he loved that petname.

Derek hugged Stiles close, rubbing his back. "I'd like to try something, if that's okay?" he said gently. "I'd like to get you to show me what you think needs cleaning, and then I can tell you whether I'm happy with it as it is."

"Can try," Stiles murmured after a moment, "but I don't know if it would work." He shifted, cuddling against Derek and trying to force the itching down. "Need to mop. And clean the vent hood on the oven...." he started.

Derek kissed Stiles' hair. "Mm, yeah, I can see how mopping would be good," he agreed. "But the whole stove and oven looks fantastic right now."

"Vacuum and dust and polish in the living room..." He swallowed, the itchy not receding at all. He hoped it would later on when he cleaned.

"Let's have a look, okay?" Derek suggested hopefully.

Stiles nodded, pulling back just enough to start walking toward the living room, shifting on his feet as he stood in the middle of it. Honestly it wasn't even bad, but all Stiles saw was mess.

"This looks really good," Derek said, looking the room over sadly. "Thank you for keeping it so clean for us. I'm grateful."

Stiles gave him a shaky smile, pressing close. "Bathrooms," he said, shrugging. "Just... everywhere."

"Oh, sweetheart," Derek murmured, tucking Stiles' face into his neck as he hugged him. "The house looks lovely. It really does."

"I'm sorry," Stiles cried softly, unable to keep the tears from coming down. "It's so itchy today. I don't know why, it woke me up."

"Sometimes bad days just happen," Derek said quietly, stroking Stiles' hair. "I'm here for you, okay? We'll get through this, and sooner or later you'll feel better again."

Stiles sniffled, nodding slowly. "Kay...Breakfast should be done any minute." He sniffled again. He was still incredibly itchy, his fingers picking at his nails.

"After we eat, I'm going to give you a few options, alright?" Derek murmured. "I can help you clean, so you don't have to be alone. We can do some gardening, so you're out of the house. Or you can warm my cock, to help distract you."

"Don't want to be alone," he whispered. "B-but...I don't know what would stop the itching other than that. I don't even think cockwarming would work." He was upset, his skin prickling.

Derek sighed. "That's okay, sweetheart. I'll keep you company for as long as you need. I love you, and I love helping you."

Stiles nodded, lowering his eyes as they welled up again. He was just a burden. That's all he was. "Breakfast should be ready," he murmured, heading back toward the kitchen.

"Thank you for cooking," Derek told him, going to the cupboards for plates while Stiles dealt with the casserole. "Before you came here I mostly just had cereal for breakfast, but you're such a good cook."

"Well, I love having you here so I can try new things," Derek said firmly. "Come on, sweetheart. Let's eat some of this before it gets cold."

Stiles nodded, sitting at the table and tucking his legs under him after setting the pan between them, left over fruit salad from the night before next to it. "I haven't made this in a while," he smiled.

"It's good," Derek said, filling his plate. "I'm glad you made it."

Stiles gave him a shy smile. "I like making things that people like to eat," he admitted.

Derek smiled back hopefully. He didn't know if he was helping, but he had to try.

Stiles ate, humming softly to himself. "I wonder if this would taste good with pumpkin spices. Or apple pie spices."

"It's already got cinnamon," Derek commented, "so I feel like the apple pie stuff might work better."

"Hmm, true. Both of those spices have cinnamon, but the apple one is the more subtle of the two to me." Stiles shrugged. "It'd for sure taste good with apple pie filling tucked in between the layers," he mused.

"I look forward to tasting your experiments," Derek commented.

Stiles gave him another shy smile before tucking into his food further, trying to ignore the itching. Derek would love that smile if he didn't know exactly why it was so tentative. As it was, he kept silent and ate.

After Stiles was done, he stood, kissing Derek's cheek before heading to do the dishes, wanting to make sure they were done so he wouldn't have to worry about them.

Derek immediately followed, making sure all the breakfast things other than the dishes were put away before going over to Stiles' side with a clean tea towel. "I'll dry?" he offered.

Stiles gave Derek a small smile. "Thank you," he whispered, passing Derek the plate in his hands.

"You're welcome," Derek said. "It's my house too. I should help."

Stiles just gave him a softer smile, turning to continue scrubbing the dishes, not even humming or singing as he normally did.

Derek kept him silent company, drying the dishes as Stiles washed them and ferrying them to the cupboards.

After Stiles was done he washed out the sink, using the last of the soap to make sure it was clean before rinsing it. "Mopping time," he murmured. "Can you start polishing and dusting the living room? Won't take me long."

"Alright," Derek agreed, wrapping one arm around Stiles and leaning up to kiss the top of his head. "You tell me right away if you need me, okay?"

"Yes sir." Stiles leaned against him for a moment, giving him a soft smile before digging out his mop and bucket, pursing his lips as he cleaned.
Derek dutifully went to the living room, dusting and polishing, but he couldn't help fretting. It was so much work, all the things that Stiles felt compelled to do.

Stiles mopped, chewing on his lip as the list in his head kept knocking. God, why wouldn't the itching stop? He hated this. Hated the itching. Hated feeling like this. Once he was done he went into the living room, looking over what still needed to be done before grabbing the vacuum.

"Stiles, hold on a moment," Derek said quickly. "Can I hug you?"

Stiles blinked up at him, giving him a tiny smile before nodding, setting the cord down to walk up to Derek. "I love hugs."

"Good," Derek replied, wrapping Stiles up in his arms. "I want you to come to me for a hug every time you think of it today, okay?"

"Think of a hug?" Stiles asked, nuzzling close and breathing deeply.

"Sure. Or even just when you think about asking." Derek pulled back enough to kiss Stiles' softly. "I don't want you to be left without a single bit of the comfort that you want today."

Stiles smiled softly, leaning forward to kiss Derek again, nuzzling close for a moment. "Thank you," he whispered.

"Of course, sweetheart," Derek promised quietly. "I love you."

"I love you too." Stiles smiled, tentative and still soft. He kissed Derek's cheek before heading back to the vacuum, his shoulders tight as the itching was still there.

Derek stuck around, watching with concern as Stiles ran the vacuum over the floor.

Stiles finished it up, looking around the living room before letting out a small sigh and headed for the bathrooms and bedroom, murmuring to himself about the list he needed to clean. "Floors, counters, toilets, both showers, tub, make bed, vacuum upstairs."

Derek followed, tapping Stiles on the shoulder. "Remember I'm helping you - what do you want me to do?"

Stiles blinked, giving Derek a tiny smile. "Can you do the bedroom right quick? The bathrooms shouldn't take me but half an hour or so."

"Just make the bed and tidy up?" Derek checked.

Stiles nodded. "And vacuum." He tilted his head, eyes moving as he took in the room in his mind’s eye. "And dust the TV, the long duster I use for that is in the closet."

"Got it," Derek said with a smile. "Want a hug?"

"Please," Stiles whispered, sinking into Derek's arms to try and get his nerves under control.

"You know, if you have to stop every five minutes for me to hug you, I won't mind," Derek murmured, holding Stiles' close. "It...helps me, helping you."

"I hate being itchy," Stiles confided softly. "But I don't know what else to do to stop it."

"We haven't been working on this for that long," Derek pointed out. "We'll figure something out."
"Yes sir," he murmured, nuzzling into Derek's neck for a moment, nipping at it before pulling away. "Need to finish." He walked away, muttering the list to himself again, absently scratching at one arm.

Derek frowned worriedly as he watched him walk away, then sighed and took the vacuum cleaner to the bedroom.

It did take almost thirty minutes for Stiles to come back out of the bathrooms, panting softly with how hard he had to scrub the tub till it was clean enough. He gave Derek a tiny smile. "Can I have a hug?" he asked, already walking toward him, sweaty.

"Of course," Derek said, opening his arms. "Good boy for asking."

Stiles sank against him, pressing as close as possible. "The itching is gone for now," he murmured softly, worn out.

"That's good," Derek said quietly. "I'd like to wash you, if that's okay, and then I'd like to bind your cuffs together and hold you for a while."

"Please," Stiles nodded, pressing closer. He wanted that. Wanted to just not think for a bit.

"Is there anything else you'd like?" Derek asked.

"You. Please. Just...I hate this. I hate the itching. Make it stop," Stiles pleaded, his breathing hitched.

"I'm going to do my best," Derek promised. "But Stiles, I need you to remember that I don't want it either. Okay? It's something we're trying to fix together, not something I'm deliberately letting you feel."

"I know." Stiles sniffled. "I just don't like it. Today it's been the worst it's been in a long time." He wasn't going to tell Derek about the scratches on his thighs where he'd accidentally scratched too much while he was cleaning the tub. Derek'd see them soon enough. They weren't bad, after all, just red, not even breaking the skin.

"I'm sorry you're feeling this way," Derek said quietly. "I love you so much, Stiles. Go pick out - actually, get a pair of your cotton panties, you should get to have nice things today. I'll get the shower running."

"Kay. I love you too," Stiles murmured, pressing closer for a moment before slipping away to their dresser, rummaging through his panties to choose the blue pair. The color was soothing.

Derek went to their newly-cleaned bathroom, making sure to grab fresh towels for them both. He got the shower going and stripped off, stepping under the water to wait for Stiles.

Stiles set the panties on the bed before stripping and tossing his clothes in the hamper, hurrying into the shower with Derek, letting out a soft, happy sigh at the feel of the water.

It warmed something in Derek, to see a smile on Stiles' face. "How do you feel about being quiet for me?" Derek suggested gently. "Just nod if you want to. Or we can talk about it."

Stiles just nodded, wanting to just be for a while. Just be Stiles, not the itch that had been torturing him the last five hours.

"Good boy," Derek praised, drawing closer to kiss Stiles as they both stood under the spray. "Tell me if you need something, but I want you to be quiet otherwise. Got that?"
Stiles just nodded with another soft smile, leaning into Derek's kisses and sighing softly. He needed this. Bad.

"That's my boy," Derek said warmly. "You just stay like that, okay? I'm going to do your hair first."

Stiles leaned his head back, his smile loosening into a more relaxed expression as he leaned against Derek, trusting him.

Derek threaded his fingers through Stiles' hair, massaging his scalp a little as he made sure all his hair was wet.

Stiles let out a small noise of contentment, sucking on his lower lip. It was hard, staying quiet when a thought crossed his mind, but it helped him relax all the more, his mind finally starting to quieten.

"That's it, good boy," Derek murmured, getting the shampoo. "Close your eyes, now."

Stiles closed his eyes, leaning into the massaging fingers, one hand going to rest on Derek's bicep.

Derek poured some shampoo into his palm, then began to rub it into Stiles' hair.

Stiles hummed softly, staying still as his hair was washed and rinsed, his eyes fluttering back open to look up at Derek with a shy smile.

"Mi amado querido," Derek said, relieved. "Conditioner now. Eyes closed again."

Stiles nodded, closing his eyes again and leaned against Derek, trusting him completely. He mouthed "Mi amo" before falling still.

It eased something in Derek, to see Stiles content again, and he smiled as he finished washing Stiles' hair.

Stiles flicked his eyes back open, kissing Derek's chin in thanks, already feeling better with the sweat and anxiety all but washed off.

Derek smiled. "Hi sweetheart - what was that for?"

Stiles just smiled wider, nuzzling his jaw again. He loved hearing his special petname, knowing that Derek was pleased. Both with him and with everything.

"Just feeling affectionate?" Derek guessed.

He leaned his mouth against Derek's cheek, mouthing "Thank you" before kissing along to his chin, nuzzling close.

"You're so welcome, mi amor," Derek replied. "Let me get a washcloth and I'll wash the rest of you."

Stiles nodded, stepping back a little, reaching to get the cloth to hand to Derek.

"Good boy," Derek praised, smiling at him as he got the cloth wet and soapy. "Thank you."

Stiles smiled wider at the praise, leaning back against the wall to give Derek room.

Derek started with Stiles' arms, working his way from wrist to shoulder, the brush of the washcloth as much affectionate as practical.
Stiles hummed happily, relaxing bit by bit as Derek cleaned him up, the affection sinking into his bones.

"I love you," Derek murmured, cleaning Stiles' chest, then kneeling down. "I'm so proud of you, sweetheart, so grateful to be here with you."

Stiles' eyes slipped closed as he soaked the affections up, the praise, the love. Let it soothe him.

Derek frowned at the marks on Stiles' thighs, partially erased now by the heat of the water, and he leaned in to kiss them. "I'm with you, amado," he promised. "We'll be okay."

Stiles looked down, flushing softly when he remembered the scratches. He gave Derek a soft, loving smile before leaning back again.

"My beautiful boy," Derek said, smiling up at Stiles as he washed his legs. "You're being so good."

Stiles let out a soft sound, reaching for Derek as soon as he was clean.

"Yes, sweetheart?" Derek asked, smiling up at him with eyebrows raised.

He whined playfully, wiggling his fingers and pouting. He wanted a hug.

Derek grinned, taking Stiles' hands and pulling himself up. "Better?"

Stiles nodded, cuddling close. He shivered as the water started to cool a bit.

"Alright, time for us to get out and get you dry," Derek said. "Ready for me to turn the water off?"

Stiles nodded, shivering a bit as he climbed out of the shower, teeth chattering.

Derek quickly followed, wrapping Stiles up in a towel like a burrito.

Stiles laughed, wiggling against Derek before settling against him with a soft hum.

"You're cute," Derek commented, kissing Stiles' forehead.

Stiles flushed, hiding his face as they headed to the bedroom. He didn't feel cute half the time.

"Hmm. Is that a happy blush?" Derek asked, smiling at him.

Stiles gave him a tiny smile, nuzzling close.

"My cute boy," Derek said, hugging him around the shoulders. "Come on, love."

Stiles pressed close for a moment longer before starting to dry off. He felt calmer, though shyer than normal too. He blamed the itching.

"These are the panties you picked?" Derek checked, picking them up off the bed.

Stiles nodded shyly, smiling and reaching out to run his fingers along the leg trim.

"They're lovely," Derek praised, kissing Stiles' forehead.

Stiles smiled, leaning into the kiss. He liked his panties. Helped him feel as cute as Derek said he was.

"Alright," Derek said, holding the panties open for Stiles to step into. "Put them on, and then you can
have your cuffs and collar back."

Stiles carefully stepped into the panties, his hands on Derek's shoulders for balance, shimmying his hips once they settled comfortably, a smile growing on his lips.

"Beautiful," Derek praised. "You have a lovely smile, sweetheart."

Stiles flushed, lowering his eyes shyly before going to get his cuffs and collar, kneeling next to Derek.

Derek smiled down at him, stroking his hair. "Good boy. Give me your collar now?"

Stiles held it up, tilting his head so Derek could put it back on him. He loved his collar, felt naked without it. He'd worn it enough that there was a white mark where it normally was.

Derek wrapped the collar carefully around Stiles' neck, buckling it snugly in place. "There you go, sweetheart."

Stiles let out a soft sigh, settling on his knees and leaned against Derek's legs as he held up his cuffs.

One by one, Derek took the cuffs and buckled them on Stiles' wrists, finishing by hooking them together.

Stiles slumped against his legs, nuzzling close and almost purring as he sunk down a bit. He tugged lightly at his cuffs, testing them before letting out a happy sound.

"That's right, love," Derek murmured. "I've got you now. You don't need to worry about a thing."

Stiles gave him a soft smile, blinking blearily.

"Oh, sweetheart, you're tired, aren't you?" Derek said quietly, stroking Stiles' hair. "You've worked so hard this morning."

Stiles hummed in answer, nodding and scooting closer. He was so tired, worn out and finally, blessedly not itching at all.

"Come on, then," Derek murmured. "Up and into bed. We'll rest for a while." He needed a rest too, honestly - more for emotional exhaustion than physical.

Stiles nodded, crawling up onto the bed before curling up on his side, reaching out for Derek with his cuffed hands, fingers curling as he pouted.

Derek grinned. "What's wrong, love?"

Stiles pouted, wiggling his fingers before grabbing Derek's hand and tugging. He wanted cuddles.

"Alright, chiquito," Derek agreed, smiling broadly as he shifted over the bed to take Stiles in his arms. "Better?"

Stiles nodded, letting out a soft sir, his bound hands pressed against Derek's chest between them, his eyes already drifting closed, though he wasn't sleeping just yet.

"There you go," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair. "You rest now. You're safe with me."

Stiles gave him a tiny smile, his mouth parting just a bit as he slipped into a light sleep, pressing as close as possible to Derek.
We're a little late this week; I've been offline since Thursday at a camping event, so things took a little extra coordination. Thanks all for your patience - Seeker.

And I just suck at figuring out things like warning notes :P -Kattseye

As always, thanks to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you for reading and commenting
"I'm fine," Derek said. "I'm just - I'm a little worried."

"Hmm?" Stiles nuzzled Derek's jaw, still feeling groggy.

"I don't think either of us expected you to be little today," Derek pointed out gently.

-----

When Stiles wakes up little after a stressful morning, he and Derek go looking for help to better manage his anxiety.

(Note: this follows on directly from chapter 71)

Stiles grumbled softly, tucking his face in Derek's chest before blinking his eyes open. He looked around, giggling softly at Derek's sleeping face. He reached up with one hand, blinking at the cuffs that bound him together. "Daddy? Daaaaaddddy."

"What?" Derek mumbled, yawning a little as he opened his eyes.

"'ands Daddy," Stiles laughed, lifting his hands up so Derek could see they were still locked together. "Oh! I nakey." He wiggled a bit, peeking under the blanket. "Yay panties!"

"...oh Jesus," Derek muttered as his brain caught up. "Hi, nene." God, Derek wasn't wearing anything at all. "Let me get your hands and then you can go get dressed, okay?"

"I keep panties?" Stiles asked, pouting slightly. "Daddy nakey too." He giggled softly, eyes crinkling in amusement. "Daddy isn't wearing panties though...why?"

Derek reached up to unhook Stiles' cuffs as he tried to think of a good answer for that. "I had a shower and forgot to get dressed," he said. "You can keep the panties."

"Silly Daddy," Stiles giggled. "'ank you," he murmured when the cuffs were unhooked. "C'othes!" He wiggled out from the bed, heading over to his little drawer, rummaging happily. "Dino shirt, dino shirt!" he sang as he pulled out his T-Rex shirt and a pair of shorts. "Dino shirt!"

"Close your eyes for a minute please, sweetheart?" Derek asked, sitting up. "I need to get some
clothes too." And no matter if Stiles had seen him naked a thousand times before - it just felt wrong when he was little.

Stiles covered his eyes after he pulled his clothes on, wiggling in place as he talked to himself. "No lookie at Daaaaaaaaaaaaddy. Nakey Daaaaddy," he said, giggling.

Derek hurried to get briefs, jeans, and t-shirt out of the dresser and pull them on. "Okay, you can look again, sweetheart. Good boy."

Stiles giggled, peeking through his fingers. "Daddy c'otheded!" he sang, hugging him tightly. "Hi Daddy." He grinned. "I has snack?"

"It's probably lunch-time by now, isn't it?" Derek commented. "How about you get your stuffies so you can play while I make us something to eat. I'll get your sippy cup too."

"Yay sippy!" Stiles giggled, running out of the room and to his toy box, digging around until he pulled out all three of his stuffed animals, scrambling down to the couch, talking to them each in turn. "Daddy! Squeakers and Sir F'uffers and Kiki hung'y too!"

Derek shook his head ruefully. "No running in the house, nene!" he called out. "Be good."

"Sowwy! I forgotted!" Stiles replied, cuddling Sir Fluffers close as he chattered on, petting Kiki and using Squeakers as a pillow.

"Don't forget again, please," Derek said, ruffling Stiles' hair as he caught up. "I don't want you knocking into something and hurting yourself."

"Tay, I try." Stiles nodded. "What's lunch?"

"How about peanut butter and jelly sandwiches?" Derek suggested. "If you promise not to feed them to your toys."

" 'dey like PBJs too, Daddy!" Stiles objected. "But I p'omise. No share wif dem."

It occurred to Derek that it might be good for Stiles to make some toy food when he was big that they could use in situations like these. Little Stiles loved feeding his toys. "Good boy," Derek praised. "Now, do you want to colour or play with legos while I get lunch ready?"

"Cowor!" Stiles squealed, giggling brightly and rolling off the couch. "I cowor at ki'chen table?"

"You want to come keep me company, nene?" Derek asked fondly. "How about you go get your crayons and pick out a colouring book, and I'll get some juice for you."

"Tay!" Stiles smiled brightly, taking his toys and sitting them in the free seats of the table, making Kiki and Squeakers share one so Derek's chair was free. He scurried up the stairs, careful not to run as he gathered his crayons and his favorite kitten coloring book before heading back down.

Derek, meanwhile, got out Stiles' sippy cup and one of the plastic plates he liked to use, and poured him some apple juice.

"Apple?" Stiles grinned happily, kicking his feet a bit as he colored. "T'ank you!"

"You're welcome, sweetheart," Derek replied, spreading peanut butter on bread. "Now, which jelly would you like?"
"Do we have peach?" Stiles tilted his head. "Peach sound yummy!"

"We have peach," Derek said, deciding he may as well do the same for both and scraping the knife clean on the rim of the peanut-butter jar.

"Yay peach!" Stiles cheered, pumping his hands in the hair and laughing when Sir Fluffers fell. "Silly Sir F'uffers! That's not your spot!"

Derek shook his head, smiling at Stiles. "How's the colouring going?"

"Look!" Stiles giggled as he pointed to the green kitten he was coloring. "He has purple s'ripes!"

"I can see that," Derek replied, reaching over to ruffle Stiles' hair. "He must be a very unusual kitten, then."

"Speshul," Stiles agreed, humming happily as he colored.

"Does he just have special colours, or is he special in other ways?" Derek asked, cutting Stiles' sandwich into pieces.

"Teleport!" Stiles giggled. "Magic kitty!"

"Magic, huh?" Derek smiled, sliding Stiles' plate across the bench. "What does he use his magic for?"

"Ebil," Stiles deadpanned, before letting out a happy squeal. "Yay! T'ank you Daddy! I love peebweejay with peach!"

Derek snorted. "You're welcome, nene. You'd better move your book though. You don't want to get your evil magic teleporting kitten all sticky."

"No! Not my kitty!" Stiles squealed, giggling and setting his coloring book under Squeakers. "Dere! All hidden." He hummed happily, shoving a piece of his sandwich into his mouth.

"Chew with your mouth closed, sweetheart," Derek reminded him.

"Kay." Stiles grinned, chewing carefully as he swayed in place, humming. "Num!" He giggled brightly, shoving another piece into his mouth.

Derek turned his attention to his own sandwich, letting Stiles eat.

Stiles ended up with peanut butter and jelly on his face and fingers, one hand curled around his sippy cup. "Dat was yummy!"

Derek smiled at him, sighing at the mess. "Come on, let's get you cleaned up."

"I all 'ticky." Stiles wrinkled his nose, carefully wiggling down so he didn't get anything messy.

Derek led Stiles to the bathroom and helped him wash his hands and face. "Sweetheart," he said once they were done, "could we have a grown-up talk for a little while?"

Stiles blinked. "Cuddles firs'?" he asked, giving Derek a shy smile.

"We can cuddle," Derek agreed. "Couch or bed?"

"Bed, pwease," Stiles said, still looking a bit shy.
"Of course, nene," Derek agreed. "Come on then."

Stiles beamed, scurrying his way into the bed, curling up and reaching for Derek with a soft smile.

Derek smiled back at him as he got into bed, pleased by Stiles' happiness even if he was worried about his headspace.

Stiles let out a happy noise, slipping his thumb into his mouth as he curled up with Derek, trying to focus to be bigger for him.

"That's my good boy," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair. "I'd love it if you could come up for me, but take your time. There's no rush, sweetheart."

Stiles hummed, leaning into the touch and tucking himself as close as possible, very slowly coming up.

"I love you," Derek said quietly. "My good boy. You've done so well for me today."

Stiles smiled, the thumb slipping from his mouth as he opened his eyes, blinking rapidly. "Sir..?"

"Hi, querido," Derek replied, leaning in to kiss Stiles' forehead. "Are you okay?"

"Kinda dizzy, but I'm okay." He gave Derek a tiny smile.

"Okay, good," Derek replied, cupping Stiles' cheek.

Stiles leaned into the touch, letting out a soft sigh. "Are you okay?"

"I'm - it's been a long morning," Derek admitted.

Stiles nodded. "That's why I asked if you were okay," he murmured.

"I'm fine," Derek said. "I'm just - I'm a little worried."

"Hmm?" Stiles nuzzled Derek's jaw, still feeling groggy.

"I don't think either of us expected you to be little today," Derek pointed out gently.

Stiles flushed darkly, hunching his shoulders a bit. "Sorry, didn't know that would happen."

"It's okay," Derek reassured him quickly, "but I'd prefer if I had some idea why it happened."

"I'm not sure. Maybe just leftover tension?" Stiles asked softly.

"How does being little help?" Derek asked, trying to understand. "The only other time you've got little without warning was when you were sick."

"Being little, it..." Stiles hesitated. "It's like a safe spot. And even though I felt safe, a part of me was scared because of this morning..."

"Scared of what?" Derek wondered. "Of being itchy again?"

"Of how itchy I was," Stiles admitted. "It scared me, my anxiety was through the roof. The only time it really calmed was during the hugs."
Derek frowned. "I'm sorry, Stiles, I need you to help me understand. Were you itchy and anxious, or were you anxious about being itchy?"

"Anxious because I was itchy. I couldn't figure out why I was itchier than ever before, so..." Stiles gave him a shy smile and shrugged.

"So...you didn't know what to do about it?" Derek guessed. "How to stop it?"

Stiles nodded. "It was so bad. It woke me up and kinda made me freak out."

"Okay," Derek said. "Honestly, it was scaring me too. I didn't know how to help you."

"I didn't know how to help myself," Stiles pointed out, thunking his head against Derek's chest.

"Yeah, but part of my job is looking after you when that happens," Derek pointed out. "I'm supposed to take care of you."

"It hit me really by surprise. We've never had that happen before. Never had it itch so badly," Stiles whispered, pressing closer.

"Stiles, I...I think we need help with this," Derek admitted, rubbing Stiles' back. "Because we're managing this, but only because you can actually spare four hours a day to focus on it. And I don't know if we're really fixing it at all."

Stiles whimpered. "I - I'm scared," he whispered. "The thought of going to someone and talking scares me."

"Was it so bad, seeing Theresa?" Derek prompted gently.

"No, just...I was nervous," Stiles admitted. "And it drained me, really bad."

"Therapy does that," Derek said ruefully. "It used to be I'd walk away in tears more often than not. I actually used to walk home rather than driving, so I could have time to process."

"I don't want to be alone," Stiles said softly. "I know I need to be alone during therapy to talk, but after... I don't want to be alone at all."

"You don't have to be," Derek promised, pressing his lips to Stiles' in a brief but heartfelt kiss. "I see no reason why I couldn't be with you after for as long as you needed."

Stiles gave him a tiny smile. "Thank you," he whispered. "I think...I think that I may need to talk to someone. I don't want to be scared like this morning."

"I think that's very brave of you," Derek praised. "It doesn't fix things right away, and it might take a few tries to find a therapist that fits, but it does help."

"Kay," Stiles agreed. "Just don't want to be alone after. My brain won't be a good spot."

"I won't leave you alone when you need me," Derek promised. "You can always come find me when you need me, and after therapy, I will be right there with you."

"Thank you." Stiles kissed Derek's jaw, sighing softly. "Maybe Theresa would be a good place to start?"
"We'll call up and make an appointment for you," Derek agreed. "Just as long as we don't schedule it on a day when I have mine - our coping mechanisms don't really match."

"Deal, sir." Stiles nodded, pressing his face to Derek's chest. "I love you."

"I love you too, sweetheart," Derek murmured. "I'm sorry today's been such a roller-coaster."

"You made it a lot better," Stiles promised, his voice softly. "And thank you, for not getting mad that I'd slipped into little space without realizing."

"Of course I didn't get mad," Derek replied instantly. "It's not your fault. It just happened."

Stiles gave him a bright smile. "I love you."

"I love you too," Derek said again. "We'll get you through this."

"I hope so. I did not like today...well, this morning." Stiles flushed. "I liked the comforting part."

"You were very sweet," Derek replied, smiling. "And shy, and cute."

"It's not often I feel as cute as you call me." Stiles shrugged softly. "And I did at that point. Especially with my panties."

"I figured they're associated with good things for you," Derek explained. "I wanted you to have something positive."

"They help me feel beautiful," Stiles admitted, flushing as he realized he was technically still wearing some.

Derek smiled softly. "I'm glad. Because you are, in my eyes." He paused, caressing Stiles' cheek. "I know it's probably going to be hard, but can you tell me something beautiful and something you like about yourself?"

Stiles leaned into the hand on his cheek, trying to think of something. "My skin," he murmured. "And I like my curiousity."

"Tell me something about your skin that's beautiful," Derek prompted gratefully.

"I don't get acne or anything. And I like that it's usually soft without having to use too much lotion," he murmured, giving Derek a tiny, shy smile.

"Okay," Derek said. "Well done. And today, I love...hmm, your blush, I think. And your bravery."

"My blush?" Stiles squeaked, flushing even darker.

"Is it that surprising?" Derek asked.

"Don't know why," Stiles admitted. "It's just me flushing."

"It's cute," Derek said. "Or hot, depending on the circumstances. And it looks good on you."

Stiles sputtered out a laugh. "Circumstances? Like what?" He tilted his head back, his cheeks still pink even as he looked at Derek.
"Whether you're blushing because you're shy or aroused, for one," Derek replied, grinning.

The pink on Stiles’ cheeks darkened as he looked away, chewing on his lower lip. He loved making Derek grin. He smiled, flicking his eyes back.

"Now, is that a shy blush," Derek teased, "or..."

"Mostly shy, but a good one," Stiles admitted, his lips tugging into a wider smile. "I like making you grin."

"I'm glad you're happy," Derek said sincerely, pulling Stiles into his arms for a hug.

"You make me happy." Stiles smiled, tucking close and soaking up the hug. "And I like making you happy."

"Thank you, Stiles," Derek murmured. "I do my best."

Stiles pressed closer, curling around Derek and holding him tightly.

-----

Stiles was curled up in Derek's lap, looking around the waiting room of Theresa's office, trembling a bit with nerves. He was scared, he'd admit it.

"You're sure you don't want me to come in with you?" Derek checked, stroking Stiles' hair. "I wouldn't talk, I just...if you needed me to hold you..."

"I-I'm sure," Stiles whispered, almost clinging to his Dom. "I-I want to at least try. C-can always call you in if I can't do it."

"I'll be waiting out here the whole time," Derek promised. "And as soon as you come out, I'll be here for you to hug, okay?"

"Kay." Stiles sniffled, letting the fear show on his face. "N-need to do this. Just..."

"It's okay to be afraid," Derek said quietly. "If you can't handle it, I'm not going to blame you. But I think you're a very brave person, and I believe you can do this."

"Good, brave, honest," Stiles whispered, still clinging to Derek.

"That's my good boy," Derek praised him. "And no matter what happens, I'll be proud of you just for going in there, alright? Even if two minutes in you can't handle it and you leave. I'll still be proud."

Stiles nodded, looking up as he was called and hugged Derek tightly before heading into the office, still trembling.

"Hi Stiles," Theresa said warmly, offering him his choice of armchair or couch. "It's good to see you again. Would you like some water?"

"N-no thank you," Stiles whispered, curling up in the armchair. "Sorry," he murmured, feeling bad for being so scared.

"That's absolutely fine," Theresa promised. "Whatever you feel, that's okay."
Stiles gave her a tiny smile. "I'm just nervous."

"That's completely understandable," Theresa reassured him. "If you don't mind, I need you to sign a confidentiality agreement before we begin, like last time. Essentially what it says is that what you and I discuss is never going to be shared by me, not even with Derek, just like I'd never tell you what I'd spoken about with him."

"Yes ma'am." Stiles nodded, signing the clipboard with the papers before trying to relax a bit. "Though I don't mind, sometimes, if you tell Sir about me."

"Unless you specifically ask me to tell him something, I won't," Theresa clarified. "The only exceptions to the confidentiality clause are that I might discuss your situation with my colleagues, in general terms, without your identity attached; and if I believe you or someone else is in real and present danger based on what you've told me."

Stiles nodded. "That's understandable." He gave her another tiny smile. "I'm not sure where to go from here."

"Well, I'd like it very much if you could tell me what your goals are for our time together," Theresa prompted. "What would you like me to help you with?"

"I don't wanna be itchy anymore," Stiles whispered. "It got really bad a couple of days ago, really bad. It freaked both of us out."

"What does that mean for you, it being really bad?" Theresa asked gently.

"I woke up feeling like my skin was crawling and that I needed to do anything I could to make it stop," he explained. "Usually it's cleaning the house. And I mean cleaning. Like I do every day, scrubbing, mopping, dusting everything."

Theresa nodded. "And when you did that, did it help?"

"It does, but it's exhausting, and it worries Sir because of how much it takes to get the itching to stop," Stiles admitted. "And the other day, it stopped afterwards, but I was near frantic with it. I accidentally scratched my thighs into welts because I was itching."

"Have you ever considered hurting yourself to make it stop?" Theresa's face was calm and unreadable.

"I've felt like the only way sometimes is to peel my skin off, but I never actually considered hurting myself." Stiles shook his head. "I think that the first one is more anxiety thoughts."

"That's really horrible," Theresa said sympathetically. "I'm sorry that's happening to you."

Stiles gave her a shaky smile, still shivering a bit with nerves. "I want it to stop. I don't know how to make it stop other than clean the house like a germaphobe with a cold..."

"Well, we'll do our best to find some ways for you to mitigate that," Theresa reassured him.

Stiles nodded, finally relaxing a bit as he leaned forward.

-----

Stiles was worn out and exhausted by the time he stepped back into the waiting room. God, he wanted his Dom, wanted to just be held for a moment. It hadn't been as bad as he feared, and he'd
even felt a bit of his hesitance slip away while he talked. It wasn’t his fault he felt like this. He (and Derek) had done nothing wrong.

Derek glanced up from his book when he heard the door open. "Hi sweetheart," he said, opening his arms. "How are you feeling?"

Stiles gave him a small smile, falling into his arms and curling close. "Not as bad as I thought I'd be," he murmured. "I'm exhausted, and feeling a bit exposed, but..."

"That's really great," Derek said, rubbing Stiles' back. "You think you'll stick with Theresa?"

"I think so." Stiles nodded, soaking up the comfort. "And she told me ideas that may help me calm down when I get the itching." He flushed a bit. "One of them was you assuring me a bit more...aggressively? I didn't know therapists could even talk about Domming stuff... Then again, that makes sense..."

"What do you mean?" Derek asked.

"It's hard to explain? I didn't even really know what she was talking about," Stiles admitted. "I guess things like we're doing with the warming and such, but maybe a bit more?"

"I think you or I might have to ask for some more details on that, chiquito," Derek commented.

"Maybe." Stiles sighed, nuzzling closer. "I love you. Thank you for coming with me."

"Of course, love," Derek murmured. "Let's go home."

"Mmmmm, home," Stiles agreed, smiling at the thought.

-----

Things got better. Not instantly, but they did improve. Derek privately thought that just having someone who treated his anxiety as a solvable problem was helping Stiles. And they did manage to figure out what Theresa had meant in that first appointment about Derek Domming Stiles out of his anxiety spirals.

Stiles walked into the office, rubbing one cuff and flushing. It was getting better, but there were times he hated asking for help, because it made him feel weak. Luckily Derek helped that feeling too. He walked up, tapping Derek on the shoulder as he slipped to his knees, shivering and fighting the itchy feeling steadily growing in his stomach.

Derek glanced at Stiles and smiled sympathetically. "Good boy for asking for help," he praised. "Hands, please."

Stiles shivered - the praise, as always, starting to settle him. He held up his hands, holding them together as he shifted just a bit closer. "Itchy," he grumbled, more frustrated than anything else.

"I know," Derek said, hooking Stiles' cuffs together. "But you're going to kneel here for me and breathe nice and slow, like Theresa taught you, okay?"

"Yes sir." Stiles smiled, already relaxing now that he was hooked up, his breathing automatically falling into the rhythm that Theresa taught him, in...out....in...out...

"That's it, good boy," Derek praised.

Stiles leaned his head on Derek's thigh, nuzzling lazily as he focused on breathing, the smell of
Derek helping calm him slowly. He whimpered, a few minutes later, when the cycle wouldn't stop, the itchiness suddenly flaring. "Sir," he said, still focusing on his breathing.

"It's alright, Stiles, I've got you," Derek reassured him. "You're doing exactly as I asked, okay? You're being very good. It'll pass, I promise."

Stiles whined again, his hands going to grip Derek's pant leg as he pressed his head against Derek's thigh, forcing himself (barely) to keep up the steady breathing.

"You're safe, Stiles," Derek promised quietly. "It'll pass. Focus on feeling me and my hold on you."

Stiles flicked his eyes up to Derek, breathing and clinging. He hated the itching. Knew what it was, but it still angered him that he even had it at all. Stupid brain.

"Come on, Stiles, here we go," Derek murmured. "My hand in your hair, focus on that for two full breaths. Breathe in..."

Stiles barely managed to pull his focus to Derek's hand, the gentle grip of his Dom anchoring him. He slowly started to calm, his breathing getting deeper.

"Good boy," Derek praised, speaking slowly and quietly. "Now your collar."

Stiles managed to change focal points, his breathing getting slower and slower as he finally calmed and the itch ebbed. He was claimed, he was wanted.

"Well done, mi amado," Derek murmured, smiling a little as he saw Stiles calming down.

Stiles gave him a small smile at the praise, his eyes fluttering closed. "Thank you, sir," he breathed. Derek bent down to kiss Stiles' forehead. "You're very welcome, sweetheart. Now your cuffs."

Stiles focused on his cuffs, feeling them bind him and could only smile as the last of the itching finally melted away, leaving him slumped against Derek's leg.

"That's it," Derek murmured. "Now, I think the house looks great, and doesn't need to be cleaned any more today. How do you feel about that?"

"I think..." Stiles tilted his head, taking stock of how he felt and what he knew the house looked like. "I think so too. But I do still have lunch dishes."

"I'll do the dishes today," Derek offered. "We'll call it a reward for you doing so well just now."

Stiles smiled, nuzzling close. "Yes sir." He let out a soft sigh as he stayed where he was.

"Do you want to stay there while I work, or do you want me to detach your cuffs so you can come work in here?" Derek asked.

"Want to work on the blanket I was working on. It's a special baby blanket, and they're paying a lot more for a rush order," Stiles murmured, tilting his head back to silently beg for a kiss.

Derek leaned in and kissed Stiles softly, lingering there.

Stiles sucked in a breath, pressing closer into the kiss, a smile curling his lips.
"I love you," Derek said as he pulled away, caressing Stiles' cheek. "Go get your blanket, sweetheart."

Stiles smiled, quickly getting the blanket before curling back up in his spot next to Derek.

"Here, give me your hands and I'll unhook you," Derek said.

Stiles lifted his hands, letting Derek unhook him before kissing his thigh and leaning against it as he worked.

Derek turned his attention back to his laptop, muttering occasionally in frustration. He was getting close to the deadline for his first draft, which meant that he had to write a whole lot of connective tissue between the scenes that had come easily.

Stiles was curled close to Derek's leg, softly starting to sing after a bit, keeping it soft and soothing.

Derek glanced at him and laughed a little. "Trying to keep me calm, chiquito?"

Stiles gave him a tiny smile, still singing and humming. He turned his eyes back to his blanket, hands quickly moving.

Derek smiled back and ran his hand over Stiles' hair. "Alright, love."

Stiles leaned into Derek's touch, humming happily. "I like calming you."

"You're very good at looking after me in general," Derek praised.

Stiles' smile turned soft. "Good, I like helping." He nodded.

"I know you do," Derek said quietly. "And you know I like helping you too."

Stiles nodded, his hands still moving, yarn twisting into each stitch.

"I'm really proud of you for letting me do that today," Derek admitted. "I'm glad it worked." It didn't always.

Stiles gave him a shy smile, pausing long enough to kiss Derek's hand.

"Feeling quiet, love?" Derek asked gently.

"Still kinda feeling a little drained," Stiles admitted. "But I feel calmer at least."

"I'm glad," Derek replied. "You'll let me know if I can help?"

"Yes sir." Stiles nodded. "I promise. and I promise to help you too when you need it." He smiled.

Derek smiled back. "Thank you, love."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks as always to Chicktar, our beta, and to all of you for reading and commenting. And thanks for your patience with the last couple of chapters! We should be back on track next time.
Make sure and feel free to 'prompt' us either in the comments or at our shared tumblr (asordered.tumblr.com) :P You can say a headcanon, small rp, or even just a what if thing -Kattseye
**Lingerie**

Chapter Summary

Derek trailed along a little behind him, amused. "It's your money," he pointed out proudly. Stiles' Etsy store was doing well; he'd earned this.

"Yessss." Stiles did a little wiggle dance as he walked through the parking lot. "Gonna get me something pretty to wear for you too, sir." He grinned over his shoulder, wiggling his ass at his Dom. "Something to surprise you with maybe."

-----

Stiles (with a little help from Erica) gets some things to surprise Derek with; Derek is very appreciative

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Stiles was almost bouncing as they got closer to the mall, his eyes lit up with excitement. "I'm going to eat all the mall food." He laughed, rubbing his hands together. "And go to so many stores." It had been a while since they'd been out together, and Stiles wanted to go to the craft store, as well as see if Derek would go to the sex store. And then there were the other places that called to Stiles and his wallet.

Derek trailed along a little behind him, amused. "It's your money," he pointed out proudly. Stiles' Etsy store was doing well; he'd earned this.

"Yessss." Stiles did a little wiggle dance as he walked through the parking lot. "Gonna get me something pretty to wear for you too, sir." He grinned over his shoulder, wiggling his ass at his Dom. "Something to surprise you with maybe."

"I don't think it counts as a surprise if I was with you when you bought it," Derek pointed out.

"Just cause you're with me, doesn't mean you'll see it," Stiles sang, grinning wider. "Or maybe you'll see a piece or two, I'm hoping more than that though." Stiles shrugged, spinning around once he was just inside the door, his eyes sparkling with mischief. "Make you go so crazy you'll want to fuck me over the hood of your car," he murmured, savoring the look on his Dom's face.

"Keep your voice down," Derek warned, his own voice husky. "There are kids here."

Stiles licked his lower lip, sucking it into his mouth as he took in the darkness in Derek's eyes and the husky voice. "Doesn't make it any less true. I love the thought of you bending me over the hood of your car." His voice was quiet as he stalked closer. "And fucking me until I'm hoarse and feeling you hours later." He paused for a moment, tongue flicking along his bottom lip before grinning. "Let's go to the bookstore first! I want to see if they have your whole series on the shelves!"

"We did that last time," Derek said, shaking himself out of the haze Stiles' fantasy had lured him into.

Stiles' grin just widened, leaning forward to nuzzle just under Derek's ear. "Hold onto that image. I
still want it," he murmured before pulling away and turning back around. "Fiiiinnnnneeee," he mock-whined. "Let's go to KinkyBoots!

Derek laughed a little, shaking his head. "Alright, love. Do you want me with you, or do you want to surprise me?"

"Both!" Stiles grinned widely. "I can just buy the things I choose when you aren't loooooking," he sang, going back to lean against Derek, kissing him softly. "Besides, maybe you'll see something you want to try?"

Derek was still a little bit ambivalent about being in sex shops, but he was getting more used to this one. "I'll be in the book section," he told Stiles. It was easier to avoid things he didn't like there.

"Yes sir!" Stiles smiled, kissing Derek softly. "Let me know if you get uncomfy, kay?" Stiles was already looking over the outfits, licking his lips.

"I will," Derek promised.

Stiles smiled widely at Derek, giving him another kiss before all but bounding into the racks of clothing....if you could call it that. He wanted something that would drive Derek around the bend. He hadn't been there too long, though, when he heard a familiar voice: "Oh! Hi, Stiles!"

Stiles looked up from the different hosiery, smiling widely. "Erica, hi!" He waved, grinning as he noticed Boyd behind her. "How are you two? Whatcha here for?"

Boyd's hand slipping to cup Erica's hip under her jacket. "We're good so far," he answered, his voice low pitched and warm. "Right now just looking. Though that may change before we leave."

"Hmm," Erica hummed, glancing over at Boyd, a wicked glint in her eyes. "We'll see. Probably only in our imaginations today."

Boyd just smiled back, his eyes darkening in response. "We'll see," he amended, the thumb of his hand slipping just under her shirt. "What are you here for, Stiles?"

Stiles grinned, pointing at the hosiery in front of him. "I want to buy an outfit to wear for Sir. See exactly how crazy I can make him."

"Looks like you're in the right place," Erica commented. "Looking for anything in particular?"

"Not sure honestly." Stiles shrugged. "Kinda wanna try heels, kinda not sure if I'll break myself in them." He laughed, picking off a package of hose that were very fine mesh with the black seam up the back of the legs. "I like these, I know that, especially because they're thigh highs and have that weird little bow. But other than that, I'm not sure. Any ideas?"

"Hmm." Erica looked him over thoughtfully. "Wearing them on their own, or with anything in particular?"

"Kinda thinking panties at the very least." Stiles said, looking over his choices. "Maybe just bottom stuff for now? Like maybe garter belt or something and heels? S'not like I'll probably be wearing them long." He grinned mischievously, laughing at Boyd's snort.

"Hey, you can have sex in thigh-highs and heels," Erica countered, smirking. "You should let me take you make-up shopping sometime."
Stiles gave her a shy grin. "As long as it's not too crazy," he laughed. "Okay, so which of these heels would not kill me in the five minutes I'll be standing in them? I kinda like the taller ones, but I'll need to practice, that's for sure."

"Even a low heel will affect your posture and your legs," Erica advised. "Just make sure you start with something that actually holds your foot securely. And probably more towards wedges than stilettos."

Stiles hummed softly to himself. "Like these?" he pointed to a set that was probably four inches, though the heel was a bit wider than a stiletto. "I like the color," he admitted, stroking the finger over the bright red material.

"Well, you've always liked red," Erica said. "What size are you?"

"In men's I'm a ten." He tilted his head, quickly doing the math. "So a women's eleven-ish?"

Erica nodded. "Boyd, would you find a saleswoman for us, please?" she asked. The shoe on display was a size nine.

Boyd nodded, squeezing Erica's hip before heading to get an associate.

"I really like the color." Stiles shrugged, unrepentant.

Now that she'd been with Boyd a couple of years, Erica felt a lot less awkward about the crush she'd once had on Stiles. "No, it suits you," she agreed. "I'm guessing you've already got panties to go with this stuff?" And if she quietly tucked away the image of Stiles in panties and heels for later consideration, well, that was her business.

"I have some, yeah." He grinned. "I have some like this and this. Which would be better?" He pointed to the two pairs, one the exact copy of the cheeky lace panties he had, the other just like his pair that had the webbing of straps and the bow on the back holding the straps together.

"Are they red or black?" she asked. "Because you probably want to stick to those colours if you're wearing red heels."

"Yeah, the strappy ones are black. Though the cheeky ones are blue." He hummed. "I have some red satin ones, but I don't want that code mixed with this." He grinned.

"Code?" Erica asked curiously. "Oooh, they mean things?"

Just then, Boyd returned with a saleswoman. "How can I help you both?" she asked.

Stiles just grinned at Erica, nodding before turning to the woman. "Hi! Do you have these in a size eleven? Or a ten?" He smiled brightly, pointing to the heel that he'd fallen in love with.

"We should," she replied with a smile. "I'll just have a look for you."

"Thank you!" Stiles beamed at her, looking over the garter belts. "Should I wear these? Do I need them?"

"Tights don't actually want to stay up," Erica explained. "When you're wearing normal pantyhose, your hips help keep them up a bit, but I still sometimes put an extra pair of panties on top so they stay up. When you're wearing thigh-highs, a garter belt helps make sure they actually stay. If you're only
going to be wearing them for ten minutes, you probably don't need it, but if you were going to be doing physical activity," she waggled her eyebrows ridiculously, "then it would help them stay in place."

Stiles just grinned, nodding and grabbing one of the simpler ones, lacy and sheer, but still simple.

"They do actually come in different sizes," Erica pointed out. "You'll want to try that on."

Stiles blinked, nodding. "Not even sure how to, honestly."

The saleswoman came back with a couple of shoeboxes and Erica smiled at her. "My friend here is thinking he'd like to try on a garter belt as well - would that be okay?"

"That's fine," the woman replied. "Do you need help at all?"

"I have no idea what I'm doing," Stiles said with a laugh. "Though, if Erica will help me, I'll be okay."

"I mean, I will," Erica said, "but are you sure you want me to see you in your underwear?"

"I don't care, just let me go make sure Sir's okay with it." Stiles smiled, handing over the things he'd picked up and zipping to the books. "Sir?" he called, trying to find his Dom.

Derek glanced up from the book in his hands. "Stiles?" he asked. "Done already?"

Stiles gave him a shy smile. "No sir, I was just wondering if it would be okay for Erica to help me try something on? I need to make sure it fits. I'm fine with it, I just wanted to make sure you were."

"Erica's here?" Derek asked curiously. "What are you trying on?"

Stiles just gave him a mischievous grin. "Surprise!" He nodded. "She's here, her and Boyd. And it's something I have no idea how to try on, it's why I need help figuring it out." He rocked back and forth on his toes, grinning wider.

"As long as your underpants stay on, that's fine," Derek agreed.

"Yes sir!" Stiles leaned in, asking quietly, "Even though they're the plain panties?"

Derek's eyes flicked to Stiles' crotch. "Even though," he agreed. "You're fine, love."

Stiles nodded, kissing him swiftly before heading back to Erica. "Okay! Let's try this on," he grinned. "Just can't strip completely naked."

"Which you shouldn't do anyway," she pointed out. "Shoes first, though."

"Wasn't planning on it." Stiles grinned, crouching down to tug on the smaller size, wiggling his foot as he braced himself using Boyd's arm. "Not too tight."

"These aren't leather, so they're not really going to stretch as you wear them," Erica warned, crouching down to look more closely at the fit. "Put on the other one and walk a little."

Stiles slipped the other one on and walked a few steps. He was shaky for a moment until he got his bearings and managed to walk correctly. "That's gonna be a leg workout," he mused.
"It looks good, though," Erica pointed out.

"Seems like they fit okay, too," Boyd added.

"These are easier to walk in than I thought they'd be." Stiles laughed, spinning on one toe. "Okay, so belt next?" He turned to the associate, thanking her when she pointed out the fitting rooms right next to the clothing racks. "Boyd, could you hold these?"

"Sure," Boyd shrugged, holding the box of shoes once Stiles took them off. "Have fun," he teased, eyeing Erica with a knowing smirk. He knew about his Dom's old crush.

"Thanks, baby," Erica replied, kissing his cheek. "While we're busy," she added in a low murmur, "why don't you have a look around and decide which of these you'd most like to see me ride you in? Top three, ranked."

Boyd's eyes darkened as he drug her into a hug. "Yes ma'am," he murmured, grinning. "Now, go help our friend be just as much of a tease as you are."

Stiles giggled, watching them for a moment. "I know what you're dooooooing," he teased Erica as they started walking to the fitting room.

"Why do you think we come here?" Erica countered, grinning.

"Do tell." Stiles laughed, closing the door behind them before tugging off his shirt and wiggling out of his pants, showing the red cotton panties he'd worn that day (planning to tease Derek with them later). "Okay, how the hell do I put this on?"

Erica took it out of his hand and unhooked it. "It's like a bra," she explained, then stopped. "You...have probably never actually handled a bra."

Stiles looked at his chest before raising an eyebrow at Erica. "Nope." He laughed brightly. "Come on Obi-Wan Catwoman. Teach me your ways."

"Okay, so, it's a hook and loop closure," she said, turning around and putting it on loosely over her shirt so he could see how it worked. "Until you're used to it, just do it up at the front and then slide it around."

"Okay." Stiles nodded, shifting onto one foot as he watched, not feeling self conscious at all about being almost naked around his friend. "What are these strappy parts?"

"Those clip onto your tights." Erica unhooked the belt and passed it to Stiles. "Here, you try."

Stiles fumbled with it for a moment, managing to finally get it straight around him. It took a few tries before he had it hooked, but he did so with a triumphant sound, spinning it around and letting it settle on his hips. "Okay, so these would just clip onto the thigh highs once I have them on?" He asked, playing with one of the thin black adjustable straps.

"Yep." She grinned at him. "You want the ones at the back to be longer, to accommodate your butt when you bend over."

"And I'll be bending over a lot." Stiles cackled, bending to grab the package for the belt. "Do you think this one fits okay? It's comfortable, and not tight, but I don't feel like it's going to fall off."

"Turn around?" Erica looked it over thoughtfully. "You're not on the last or the first set of loops, and it seems to be sitting well. You're probably fine."
Stiles turned around, leaning a bit against the wall to try out the feel of the belt. "I like it, it's softer than I thought it'd be."

"So..." Erica said. "Wanna try it with the tights?"

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Stiles grinned, clutching the black KinkyBoots bag close, sending Derek mischievous looks. "This is going to be fun."

Boyd just snorted again, tugging Erica closer as they walked. "From what I saw? It will be."

Derek raised his eyebrows, holding his own, smaller bag. "So, food court?" he suggested.

"Yessssss." Stiles beamed at Derek, leaning against him. "Food from everything!"

"Just remember that the two of us have to eat everything you buy," Derek reminded Stiles. "Don't get too much."

"I won't," Stiles promised, kissing Derek's cheek. "I just like getting things from every thing. Like fries from McDonald's, sandwiches from Chik-fil-a, drinks from someone else," he counted off on his fingers. "Things like that. Though I'm feeling Chinese, so I might get some from there too."

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"No, that's just Stiles," Erica replied.

"You seemed happy when you came out of the store," Boyd murmured to himself, amused.

"It's nice catching up," Erica replied quietly.

"And the fact that I'm pretty sure you have new fantasy material had nothing to do with it?" Boyd teased, his voice soft so the other two couldn't hear it as they entered the food court.

"That boy has damn nice legs," Erica countered. "I challenge anyone to disagree with that."

"I can see them from here, they're nice," Boyd mused, flicking his eyes over Stiles' skinny jeans.

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"Which place has your favorite fries?" Stiles asked Derek seriously.

Derek glanced around. "Here? Probably Burger King."

"Okay! So fries from Burger King, entrees from the China Wok, drinks from the boba place?" He tilted his head, looking over the stores.

"It's your money," Derek reminded him fondly. "Get what you like, querido."

"Want to get your favorites too," Stiles grinned, tugging him toward the Chinese place. "See you at a table!" he called to Boyd and Erica.

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Boyd was amused. "He's adorable. What would you like to eat today?"
"I'm cool with burgers," Erica replied. "How about you?"

"Sounds good to me. Let's do Wendy's, I'm feeling the need for a frosty." He gave her one of his rare soft smiles, tucking some of her hair behind her ear. "And I'll tell you all about what I pictured in those clothing racks."

Erica cupped the back of Boyd's his head, bringing him down for a kiss. "Good boy."

Boyd leaned into the kiss, smile curling his lips as he stood back up. "Now, first off, I saw this corset..."

Stiles had already gathered most of the food he had wanted, leading Derek to a table as he chattered. "Think you can handle the arcade?"

"Mmhmm," Derek agreed, carrying their drinks. "Are you going to invite Erica and Boyd to join us?"

"Uh huh! They're in line now though, I'll wave them down, and text Erica real quick." Stiles was already tugging his phone out of his pocket as he tucked himself into a chair, quickly shooting off a text and grinning. "Ski-ball!"

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"So," Derek said when they got home, "are you going to show me what you bought, or are you saving that for later?"

Stiles grinned, holding the bag to his chest. "Maaaaybe. What did you get?" he tilted his head to the side, curiosity finally winning over.

Derek pulled out a book and handed it to Stiles. *Permission to Come: Orgasm Control, Step by Step.*

Stiles read over the cover, turning dark red as he peeked up at Derek. "Ooohhh," he whispered, squirming in his spot on the sofa.

"Now, we've talked about this," Derek said, "but we've never really worked out a plan."

Stiles licked his lips, nodding and tracing a finger along the words in the title. "We've done a little bit, but not really much."

Derek nodded. "So we're going to discuss it, and then we're going to be systematic about this. It's probably going to be a couple of months of us really deliberately working on it. Is that okay?"

Stiles nodded, happily. "I just want to give you your surprise first, before we actually start it. Though that can wait until after the talk."

Derek smiled. "Thank you, sweetheart." He reached out to cup Stiles' cheek briefly. "So, I want you to be able to come on command, and exclusively on command. Do you want that?"

Stiles could only nod, giving him a shy smile. "I really, really like that thought."

"Okay," Derek said. "Training you for that is going to involve a lot of denial. Are you okay with that?"

Stiles shifted again, flushing at the fact that he was actually rather turned on with this. "Yes sir."
"Thank you, sweetheart." Derek smiled at him. "Now, this may need some revision later, but for now, I think what I'd like to do is spend the next month focused on denial, and the following month on conditional orgasms."

"Conditional orgasms? What's the difference?" Stiles asked seriously.

"You know how you have to ask for permission?" Derek said.

"Yes sir?" Stiles blinked. "Ohhh, so like I have to ask every time?" He smiled softly, carefully setting his bag on the floor before curling up with the book on his lap.

"Yes, but also, I won't agree as often," Derek explained. "Or I'll make you wait, or push you to have multiple orgasms in one scene."

Stiles' eyes darkened as he leaned forward. "Yes please," he murmured.

"To start off, though," Derek said, "it's going to be a week in the cage."

"Yes sir," Stiles nodded hurriedly, crawling forward on the couch a bit.

"A week in the cage, a week out of the cage with no coming, a week in the cage, a week out of the cage with daily edging but no coming," Derek elaborated. "That okay?"

Stiles wiggled in place, flushing softly. "Yes sir. Please." He licked his lips, chewing on them.

"Good boy," Derek praised, smiling as he stroked Stiles' hair. "Do you want one more orgasm before we start?"

"Please," he murmured, flushing. "I want to give you your surprise."

"Should I close my eyes?" Derek teased.

Stiles smiled shyly, chewing on his bottom lip. "Yes please, I'm going to go unpack it from the box. Do you want to do things here or bedroom?" he asked.

"Bedroom is better," Derek agreed. "I'll wait for you there?"

"Yes sir!"

Stiles smiled, shoosing Derek out of the room before slipping into the downstairs bathroom, his cheeks pink as he unpacked the bag. Taking a deep breath, he slowly and carefully put everything on, including the red cheeky panties he bought to go with them. Humming softly to himself, he took in the image of himself in the mirror, his cheeks flushed. Fuck, this was going to be awesome. He leaned closer to the full-length mirror, tousling his hair carefully, chewing on his lips until they were almost stained looking. He carefully posed to get a picture on his phone (for sending to Derek later on to tease) before heading upstairs, his clothes carefully packed into the bag and his phone on the coffee table. He opened the door to the bedroom, peeping in before shyly standing in the doorway, one hip cocked and a blush on his face.

Derek had stripped to his jeans and boxers, not sure what to expect. He certainly hadn't been expecting this. His eyes dragged slowly down from Stiles' flushed face to his high-heel-clad feet, and his mouth dropped open. "...I see why you got Erica to help," he said hoarsely. "Remind me to thank her."

Stiles gave him a crooked smile. "You like it?" he asked, strutting toward him, hips swaying.
"You're stunning, sweetheart," Derek murmured, standing up. Stiles was actually taller than him like this.

Stiles gasped softly as Derek stood, eyeing him up and down. "I know I'm wearing the denial panties," he said, "but can we ignore that part this time?" He walked closer, watching him through half-closed eyes.

"Just this once," Derek agreed, reaching out to take hold of Stiles' lace-clad hips.

Stiles grinned, swaying his hips gently side to side, not wanting to knock Derek's hands off, just wanting to tease him. "Like it?"

Derek raised his eyebrows, his eyes dark. "Making it clear what you want, querido?"

"Want to drive you crazy. Love doing that," Stiles murmured. "Want to know what you're picturing. Want you to do it."

Derek tugged Stiles in by his hips, feeling the bulge of his cock rub against Stiles'. "I think you can feel what I want."

Stiles’ grin widened, grinding his hips forward and tilting his head back with a soft moan. "Then take it," he teased, his hips starting to twist and turn as he rocked forward.

Derek crouched a little, sliding his hands down to the join of Stiles' ass and thighs, and lifted.

Stiles gasped, flinging his arms around Derek's shoulders. Fuck, he'd forgotten exactly how hot Derek's strength made him. "Sir," he breathed, his stomach pulsing.

"Legs around my waist," Derek ordered, feeling smooth fabric against his skin.

Stiles whimpered, slipping his legs up and around Derek’s waist, his head tilting back with a soft moan as that brought him even tighter against his Dom, the soft fabric of his panties rubbing against rough denim. Fuck.

"You realize the only thing that's coming off before I fuck you are the panties?" Derek breathed, carrying Stiles over to the nearest wall.

"Just rip them off, I don't care," Stiles panted, trembling softly already and just wanting more. "Take me. Claim me. Fuck me so hard I'll be dreaming about it. Please sir."

"You're mine," Derek murmured, biting at Stiles' neck.

"Yours," Stiles moaned, tilting his head back against the wall. "Yours. Just yours."

"And you're going to be so good for me, aren't you?" Derek murmured. "You're going to let me control when you come, every single time."

"Yes sir," Stiles said, his voice low and hungry as he started to tease, grinding forward, only to get lost in the motion, hips hitching.

"Feeling good?" Derek teased, lost in the expression on Stiles' face.

Stiles could only hum, the drag of cotton and lace on denim making his cock throb as he drew closer to the edge. "Take me," he begged, chewing on his lower lip.
Derek let go of Stiles' legs. "Lie down," he ordered. "And I will."

Stiles groaned, slipping his feet back to the ground, carefully making sure he had his balance on his heels before rolling against Derek and slipping away toward the bed, his hips swaying. "How do you want me?" he asked, humming lightly as he bent over the mattress, arching his back and looking over his shoulder.

"On your back," Derek said lowly, undoing his jeans. "I want to see your face."

"Yes sir." Stiles crawled onto the bed before turning over, his legs spread and his feet planted on the mattress. After a moment he reached down, grabbing the heel of a shoe in each hand. His eyes stayed locked on Derek, sucking hard on his lower lip.

Derek slid jeans and boxers down off his hips, watching Stiles' face.

Stiles panted, his eyes darkening as his cheeks flushed, his hips rocking unconsciously.

Stepping out of his pants, Derek stalked closer.

Stiles couldn't help the tiny moan that left him, his eyes locked on the hungry, dark look on Derek's face.

Derek reached for Stiles' hands. "Let go. I'm going to take your panties off."

Stiles let Derek move his hands, whimpering as he grabbed the blanket instead, arching his back and rolling his hips up.

"Be patient," Derek soothed him, stroking Stiles' ankle. "You'll wait as long as I want you to, sweetheart."

Stiles' eyes fluttered at the name, his mouth parting softly. God, he wanted Derek so fucking badly. Derek took hold of Stiles' ankles, gently tugging until his legs were stretched out on the bed.

Stiles moved his feet so the heels wouldn't drag too much, rocking his hips back and forth. He stretched his arms up, trying to entice and tease even more, wanting to see just what Derek would do.

Derek got on the bed, sliding his hands slowly up Stiles' legs.

Stiles hummed, arching his back and trying to get more of that touch. "God, that feels good."

"Good," Derek replied quietly, continuing the motion over Stiles' hips and up his sides, his thumbs brushing lightly over Stiles' nipples.

Stiles gasped as he arched sharply into his touch, shivering. "Fuck."

But Derek's hands kept moving, still sliding upwards until he was holding Stiles' wrists against the bed, his body laid out on top of Stiles.

Eyes locked on Derek's, Stiles panted, arching his hips and grinding against Derek as much as he could. "Fuck."

"You want me to fuck you?" Derek said lowly.

"Please." Stiles nodded, panting softly, the dark honey of Derek's voice making him shiver.
"Then stay there," Derek warned, letting go. "Are you going to be good?"

"Yes sir." Stiles licked his lips, curling his hands up in the blanket to help keep them there.

"Good boy," Derek said, pushing himself up and back and reaching for Stiles' panties.

Stiles rocked his hips up, wanting more. "Want you," he groaned. "Fuck."

Derek lifted his hands away, glancing at Stiles in warning. "Be patient," he reminded him.

"But..." Stiles groaned, chewing on his lower lip. "Please," he begged softly.

"Stiles, after this, you are going to wait an entire month for your next orgasm," Derek pointed out. "If you can't be patient, it's not going to work."

Stiles whined softly, but fell still, trembling, watching Derek hungrily. "Yes sir."

"You're going to be good?" Derek checked.

"I'll be good," Stiles whimpered, chewing on his lower lip and fighting the urge to arch up again.

Derek reached for Stiles' panties again, sliding them carefully down over the straps of his garter belt.

Stiles shivered, moaning softly as his cock popped free from the fabric, his eyes drifting down his body and up Derek.

Derek watched with dark eyes as he pulled Stiles' panties the rest of the way off.

Stiles panted, setting his feet back down once Derek had the panties off, leaving him in his heels, thigh highs, and garter belt. "Sir," he moaned.

Between Stiles' parted legs, Derek realized he could see Stiles' hole, clenching and slick. "You prepped yourself," he commented, impressed.

"Mnhmm." Stiles clenched down on nothing, making him whine. "W-would have put in a pl-plug, but I forgot to grab one first."

"No, this is good," Derek said lowly. Kneeling between them, Derek took hold of Stiles legs and bent them back until his knees touched his chest and his hole was lewdly exposed. "Hold them there."

Stiles sucked in a breath, feeling wonderfully open and vulnerable, his arms hooking under his stocking-clad knees. He felt the straps of the garter belt line his ass, framing his open, wet hole.

"Good boy," Derek praised, sinking two fingers into Stiles' hole to feel how ready he was.

Stiles cried out, his eyes rolling back a bit as his legs trembled. "Fuck," he moaned, clenching tightly around Derek's fingers.

"You're very well stretched for how little time you took," Derek said, twisting his fingers to rub at Stiles' prostate. "Do you think you're ready for me?"

"Yes! Please sir, please," Stiles panted. "Just fuck me, please."
Derek pulled his fingers out and reached for the nightstand. There's no such thing as too much lube, after all.

Stiles flushed darkly as he realized what a picture he made with black stockings and belt with bright red heels held in the air. "L-like my surprise?" he asked, trying to focus on anything but how much he wanted Derek in him.

A little startled, Derek glanced at Stiles' face and softened. "It's wonderful, sweetheart," he said quietly. "You're so sexy like this."

Stiles sucked his lip into his mouth, tightening his arms around his legs. "Feel it," he murmured, clenching down on nothing.

"Good," Derek said, getting the lube and slicking up his cock. "I want you to feel so good, love."

Stiles couldn't help the small wiggle as he whined, eyes locked on Derek's hands. "I do," he promised, panting heavily. "Please sir."

Derek smiled at him, eyes dark as he moved forward. "Good boy," he praised. "You've been good and patient."

Stiles' breath quickened, panting softly and soaking up the praise. God, he wanted Derek in him already! Fuck!

Derek shuffled even closer, then carefully guided his cock into Stiles' hole.

Stiles arched his back, letting out a high sound. "F-fuck," he groaned, the slight burn putting the most wonderful edge on it. "Fuck. that feels..."

Derek shifted around a little for better leverage, then thrust deeper.

Stiles moaned, the sounds drifting into whines as he clenched down around him. "Please," he begged, his eyes half closed and his cheeks pink as he panted.

"My boy," Derek grunted, fucking into him. "God, Stiles, when you came in looking like that..."

"T-tell me," Stiles panted, gripping his legs tightly. "W-want to hear."

"You looked like fucking porn, Stiles," Derek said with a groan.

Stiles groaned, closing his eyes. "J-just for you," he said, higher pitched. "W-wanted to drive you c-crazy."

"You did, Stiles, fuck," Derek forced out. "Fuck, you look so good."

Stiles' grip was loosening on his knees, whines punched out of him with each thrust. "T-turn you o-on and make you l-lose your mind."

"God, you're amazing," Derek panted. "Look at you."

"W-wanted to take pictures," Stiles admitted. "Took some earlier."

"Fuck, Stiles," Derek swore, speeding up.
Stiles’ head fell back as he moaned, losing his grip on his legs and barely managing to move his feet so his heels didn't catch Derek. "G-gonna sneak you messages with dirty pictures in them. All of them. At random times."

Derek shifted a little so Stiles' legs were hooked over his shoulders. "Fuck, I'm so - so proud of you, god," he panted. A year ago - six months ago - Stiles would never have had the confidence.

Stiles felt the flush travel down his neck and chest, his hands gripping the blanket as he felt Derek's stubble through the soft material of his stockings. "Wh-why?" he asked, trying to focus on making the feelings last. "God, sir. Fuck."

"Because you're - you love your body, your looks," Derek answered him, breathing hard.

"B-because you sh-showed me," Stiles panted, one hand slipping down to run his fingers along the garter belt.

"I love you," Derek groaned as he thrust deep, again and again. "God, Stiles, I'm close."

"Please," Stiles begged. "I love you too, just please, want to come, please. So close."

"Wait," Derek demanded breathlessly. "After - after me."

Stiles could only manage a nod clenching tighter on Derek's cock, arching his back and moaning loudly.

"Fuck - f-fuck...Stiles!" Derek cried out as he came.

Stiles whimpered, clenching down hard. "Please," he begged, wanting to hold back until Derek said he could, but he was holding on with his nails.

Breathing hard, Derek reached for Stiles' cock, stroking it urgently.

"Please, please, please," Stiles begged, thighs trembling.

"Feeling good, chiquito?" Derek breathed, smiling.

"Yessir," Stiles slurped, panting as he arched his hips into each stroke. "Please sir. Please."

"Good boy," Derek praised, kissing wherever on Stiles he could reach. "Good boy, Przemyslaw."

Stiles jerked, gasping. "Please." His voice was higher, pleading and begging. "Oh, please sir, please."

"That's it, sweetheart," Derek murmured, rubbing his thumb over the head of Stiles' cock. "Przemyslaw, come."

Stiles cried out as he came, hips jerking in shock as he shuddered.

"Good boy," Derek soothed him. "So good for me, sweetheart, that's perfect."

Stiles slumped to the bed, panting heavily and watching him with dark, blown eyes. "Sir," he gasped.

Derek pulled away, carefully letting Stiles' legs back down to the bed. "My sweetheart," he
murmured. "Good boy."

Stiles reached out for Derek, wiggling his feet to get the heels to fall to the floor. "My sir," he whispered. "Mi amo..."

"Mi amor," Derek replied, moving up the bed so he could curl around Stiles' side. "How are you feeling, sweetheart?"

"Heavy. Hot." Stiles gave him a small smile. "Tired mainly, but good."

"That's really good, love," Derek said, smiling back. "You're so good."

Chapter End Notes

Happy fun times with lingerie! (And some hints about what's coming up)

Thanks, as always, to our beta Chicktar and to all of you for reading. We look forward to your comments!
Stiles shivered, freshly shaven and sprawled on the bed, watching Derek. They were about to start the training, and just the thought of it made his blood thrum in his veins.

"Do you have any questions before we start?" Derek asked.

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Derek begins to train Stiles for orgasm control

Stiles shivered, freshly shaven and sprawled on the bed, watching Derek. They were about to start the training, and just the thought of it made his blood thrum in his veins.

"Do you have any questions before we start?" Derek asked as he took Stiles' cock-cage apart into its different pieces.

"What are you going to be doing while I'm caged?" Stiles asked, breathless. "Because just having the cage on won't do too much..."

"You say that now," Derek pointed out with a grin, then shook his head. "I don't intend to do anything significantly different this week - you'll just be experiencing all of it without getting hard, playing with your cock, or coming."

Stiles licked his lips. "So still no touching myself? And you get to touch me? I like it when you touch me."

"I won't stop touching you, sweetheart," Derek promised. "This isn't about getting you used to not scening or having sex - it's about getting you used to doing those things without coming."

Stiles relaxed, nodding with a smile. "So normal rules then?" he asked softly.

"Normal rules," Derek agreed. "Ask before you play with yourself, and I'll usually agree. But you'll only be let out of the cage if you need it for cleaning."

"Yes sir." Stiles stretched out, arching his back and teasing. "I'm ready."

Derek cupped Stiles' cheek and leaned up to kiss him. "You're very good, sweetheart."

Stiles murmured softly in pleasure, pressing close into the kiss. "Love you."

"I love you too, querido," Derek replied softly.

"Teach me?" Stiles asked, wiggling in place. He wanted this. God, did he want it.

Derek smiled. "I will."
It was only Wednesday and Stiles was already aching. Not the bad way, no, the good way, the way that edged him in denial every single day.

Derek, on the other hand, didn't seem to have noticed. At least, he wasn't acting like he had.

Stiles lay flung out on the couch, trying to keep his mind off of his cage and the low grade arousal he'd had since this started.

"Hi, Stiles," Derek said, wandering past on his way to the kitchen for a snack.

"Hi." Stiles gave Derek a shy smile, wiggling on the couch before flopping an arm over his eyes with a soft - almost inaudible - groan.

"You okay?" Derek asked, doing his best to keep a straight face.

"I'm okay." Stiles flopped his other hand in the air. "Just turned on, like all week."

"You'll get used to it," Derek replied. "Does this usually happen when you're in the cage? I don't seem to remember it."

"I think it's because I know why I'm in the cage other than it just being the cage," Stiles tried to explain, wiggling a bit on the couch.

"I seem to remember you thinking on Sunday that just being in the cage wouldn't do anything," Derek said, teasing gently.

Stiles whined softly, arching and wiggling again. "I didn't think so either!"

Derek reached down to cup Stiles' face, tracing his thumb over Stiles' lips.

Stiles leaned into the touch, his arm still hiding his eyes as he let his tongue flick out to swipe at Derek's thumb.

Derek stayed there for a moment, then pulled away. "Want me to get you anything from the kitchen while I'm up?" he offered.

"I'm okay," Stiles said. "I love you. Even when I'm pouting."

"Love you too," Derek replied. "Don't let your pouting get in the way of getting things done, okay?"

"Yes sir," Stiles nodded. "I'll start laundry here in a bit."

Derek really wanted to backpedal - he hadn't meant to push Stiles about cleaning, not when the cage had been effectively distracting him - but he bit his tongue. "I meant more your shop, but whatever it is you've got planned is fine."

"Yeah, I planned on starting laundry before tackling this one blanket that was ordered last night rush order. Shouldn't take me longer than an hour though." Stiles peeked under his arm at Derek, smiling brightly. "I was just flopping around like a fish because of the cage for a moment. One of those maybe if I react it'll calm down a bit things, ya know?"
"I guess next week you'll get to find out if that strategy works," Derek said.

-----

"It didn't work." Stiles panted, flung back out on the couch and fighting the urge to touch himself and come. "It did not work!"

"You did very well," Derek soothed him, stroking his hair. It was the first time Stiles had touched himself since he'd got the cage off, and it had taken no time at all to get him to the edge.

"Fuck," Stiles whined, trying to tamp down his arousal. The praise did help, as did the soothing touch.

"You're good, Stiles, you're very good," Derek praised. "How are you feeling?"

Stiles gave him a trembling smile. "Kinda shaky," he replied honestly. "Didn't expect it to be this intense. The good kind, but still..."

"Still a lot to handle," Derek finished. "I know. How can I help?"

"I honestly don't know," Stiles laughed breathlessly. "Help me calm down somehow?"

Derek nodded. "Kneel, and you can warm my cock," he suggested.

Stiles shivered, slipping off the couch to kneel, turning to face Derek, his lips parted.

Derek sat, getting his cock out. "Just warm it for now," he told Stiles. "I suggest you put your hands behind your back so you aren't tempted."

"Yes sir." Stiles licked his hands behind his back before leaning forward to take Derek's cock into his mouth.

Derek shivered a little, sensitive from watching Stiles edge himself. "Good boy," he praised. "You'll do that every day for me, won't you?"

"Mmmhm." Stiles sucked Derek down all the way before settling, suckling gently every now and then as he calmed.

"That's my good boy," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair. "Well done."

-----

Stiles panted, clinging to the bed and trembling. God, holding back was driving him insane. He was looking forward to having the cage again. So it wouldn't be so hard to hold back.

"You're doing so well for me," Derek praised, holding Stiles' hand. "I'm so proud of you. One more day before the cage again. You can do one more day, can't you?"
"Try," Stiles panted, nodding and turning to him. He soaked up the comfort Derek offered, chest heaving and face pink.

"I know you will," Derek said firmly, leaning over to kiss Stiles' cheek. "You're almost halfway there, sweetheart. You're so good."

"Wh-what will the second month entail?" Stiles asked, trying to distract himself.

"A mixture," Derek replied. "You won't be in the cage much, if at all, but you'll be edging regularly. Sometimes I'll let you come and sometimes I won't."

"Oh, okay." Stiles let out a shaky laugh, pressing close. "I love you."

"I love you too," Derek said quietly. "I'm so grateful you're willing to do this for me."

"I want to, it's just hard." Stiles snorted, looking at his erection. "Literally."

Derek laughed. "I guess that means you're feeling better?"

"Getting there," Stiles murmured, focusing on Derek. "Keeping my attention on you helps."

Derek leaned in, kissing Stiles softly.

Stiles slowly relaxed, threading a hand in Derek's hair. "Mmmm, best Dom ever."

"Yeah?" Derek murmured.

"Mnhmm. And he's all mine," Stiles whispered against Derek's lips, sucking the lower one into his mouth.

"Just like you're mine," Derek said with a smile.

-----

Stiles panted softly, gripping the edges of the table, whining softly. Not that it would do anything, with the cage firmly locked onto his cock and Derek teasing him into insanity. "Fuck," he cursed, thunking his forehead on the table top.

"God, you feel so good," Derek groaned. "Feeling good, love?"

"U-uh-huh," Stiles said, clenching tighter around him, wiggling his hips to try and entice his Dom. "More intense like this."

"Yeah?" Derek panted. "Anything, nn, anything else different?"

"Can feel m-more of you. Fuck, goddamn," Stiles whimpered, every vein and inch of Derek's cock burning the fire hotter.

"Do you mean the position or the cage?" Derek asked breathlessly.

"B-bit of both I think." Stiles twisted his hips, cursing loudly as Derek hit his prostate.

"God, I love you." Derek gripped Stiles' hips harder, slowing down as he tried to drag it out.
"Love you too," Stiles panted. "God, you feel so big and good and FUCK!" Stiles shivered, clinging to the table.

"Colour?" Derek checked, though he wasn't really worried. Just a little more...

"Green," Stiles promised, his voice broken and breathless as he rocked back hard, shuddering as Derek dragged across his prostate.

"Clench - clench down," Derek ordered, breathing hard. "I'm close..."

Stiles moaned softly at the order, clenching down around Derek's cock, shivering. Fuck, the first time he came after all this edging and being caged was going to throw him out of the stratosphere.

"Oh, fuck," Derek swore, coming hard.

Stiles moaned, clenching rhythmically, milking Derek for all he had as he slumped on the table. "I love you."

"Love you too," Derek murmured, resting his hands on the table and leaning heavily on them. "Feeling good?"

"Mmmhhmm. Very good," Stiles panted. "Next week is gonna be tough, I'm all keyed up."

"There's going to be a slight change to the rules from last week," Derek revealed, easing out. "You won't be edging once a day."

"Oh goodie." Stiles smiled over his shoulder, managing to not whine at the emptiness, but only just barely.

Derek smirked a little. "You'll be edging more."

Stiles groaned, dropping his forehead onto the table. "What? How much more?" he couldn't help asking. "I'm going to get carpal tunnel, aren't I?"

"An extra time each day," Derek explained, stroking Stiles' back. "Once on Sunday, twice on Monday, three times on Tuesday..."

"Oh god, carpal tunnel," Stiles groaned, thunking his head against the wood again.

"Somehow I don't think you're going to have to work that hard to get to the edge," Derek pointed out, plugging Stiles up and helping him stand. "And if you need a break, you can always ask me to edge you instead."

Stiles moaned softly as the plug was inserted, the metal quickly warming to his body temperature. "True." He held onto Derek's arms as he got his balance. "And I like you edging me."

Derek smiled, pulling Stiles into a hug. "You're amazing, sweetheart."

"Hmm? Why's that?" Stiles blinked, hugging Derek back happily as he nuzzled under his ear.

"You just are," Derek said, unable to explain how good it felt to have Stiles' trust, to see how much Stiles trusted him in what Stiles let him do. "I love you."

"I love you too." Stiles smiled, tilting his head back. "Now, about that offer for pizza earlier..."
Stiles whimpered, stumbling into the office and falling at Derek's feet, pressing his forehead against Derek's thigh. "Sir. Please. Help. I can't. I can't do it anymore by myself. Please." It was Thursday, or, in Stiles mind, only Thursday. Five times today. He was supposed to edge five times. And he was only on number four when he just needed his Dom's touch.

"Oh, sweetheart," Derek said instantly, stroking Stiles' hair. "Shh now, you're alright. I've got you."

Stiles pressed closer, taking some shuddering breaths as he fought to calm down.

"You're so good, love," Derek murmured. "My good boy, mi amado querido, I'm so proud of you. I've got you now."

Stiles peeked up at him, his eyes wide and a bit watery. "Yours."

"My boy," Derek agreed. "Would you like to come sit on my lap, sweetheart?"

"Please," Stiles scrambled up to straddle Derek's lap, grinding absently.

Derek set his hand on Stiles' hip, stilling him. "You're alright, querido."

Stiles whined softly, hiding his face in Derek's neck. "My sir."

"My good boy, my Stiles," Derek murmured, cuddling Stiles close. "You're doing very well, love. I know it's a lot."

Stiles sucked in a breath, his eyes drifting closed. "Want to make you proud. It's just hard."

"You're making me very proud," Derek reassured him. "I know it's hard, but I know you can do it, too."

Stiles gave him a watery smile. "Want you."

Derek smiled and kissed Stiles gently. Stiles melted into the kiss, moaning softly. He sucked Derek's lower lip into his mouth nipping softly. Derek hummed, letting Stiles take what he needed. Stiles kept up the kiss, shivering a bit as he started to come down from the desperate edge he was clinging to.

Eventually, Derek gently pulled away. "Better?" he murmured.

"Much," Stiles breathed. He gave Derek a shy smile, wiggling against him.

"That's good," Derek said, smiling fondly. "Do you want to take a bit of a break before I help you?"

"Bit of a cuddle," Stiles murmured, pressing close. "Five minutes?"

"Of course," Derek agreed, rubbing Stiles' back. "You know you don't have to do them all at once?"

"I know, I just like to," Stiles licked his lips. "And I didn't do them all squashed together. It's almost dinner time and I'm doing the last two..."
"You've got two left?" Derek asked.

Stiles shook his head. "One more now," he murmured. "At least for today."

"Good boy," Derek praised warmly. "I think today's enough to think about, for a while."

Stiles gave Derek a smile, though he was confused. "What do you mean?"

"I mean don't worry about dealing with tomorrow's tasks yet," Derek explained. "Tomorrow's soon enough to think about it."

"Oh." Stiles gave Derek a shyer smile, laying his head on his shoulder.

"How are you feeling, love?" Derek asked quietly, stroking Stiles' hair.

"Good," Stiles murmured, enjoying the cuddle. "Kinda tired, but it's not a sleepy tired."

"I'm not surprised," Derek admitted. "I've been pushing you pretty hard."

"It's a good tired though." Stiles laughed softly.

"I'm glad," Derek replied. "I hope you'd tell me if it wasn't."

"Of course!" Stiles blinked up at him, sitting up just a bit. "I swear, I'll tell you if it's ever too much."

Derek smiled a little. "Thank you, sweetheart," he murmured. "Tell me, how would you like me to help you tonight?"

Stiles wiggled in place a bit. "Um...I'm not sure...just...play with me."

"Mmhm?" Derek slipped his hand between the two of them to rub against Stiles' crotch. "Like this?"

Stiles sucked in a soft breath. "J-just...play," he panted, flushing softly at how turned on he already was.

Derek kept his touch light, but like this, Stiles didn't need much. His other hand slid under Stiles' shirt to thumb at his nipple.

Stiles let out a high whine, tilting his head back as he let his mouth fall open just a bit. "Sir..."

"Yes, Stiles?" Derek prompted.

"Please," Stiles squeaked, hiding his face in Derek's neck, his hips grinding.

Derek let Stiles grind against his hand, not discouraging him at all. "Please what, chiquito? What do you need?"

Stiles didn't answer, whimpering softly and clinging to Derek. God, he was growing closer by the second. He was so keyed up, so wired....

"Chiquito, what are your tasks at the moment?" Derek asked quietly.

"H-hmm?" Stiles blinked, mouth open in a pant. "T-tasks?"

"What is it that you need to do today?" Derek said, smiling encouragingly.
"E-edge f-five times," Stiles panted. "A-and f-finish the blanket I'm working on. M-make dinner and cl-clean up from it." He tried to lay out what he had planned, his hips grinding harder.

"Good boy," Derek praised, feeling the bulge of Stiles' cock hot and hard against his hand. "Are you near the edge now?"

"Cl-close," Stiles whined, rocking hard. He'd taken to not wearing very many clothes, just shorts as the constant low level arousal made his skin more sensitive to fabrics and he really didn't want to wear them anyway.

"Good boy," Derek said again. "What are you going to do when you get to the edge?"

"I-I'll stop?" Stiles whimpered. "D-don't know if I c-can. Help. Please sir."

"I'll help you," Derek promised. "Now?"

"N-now," Stiles gasped, jerking against his stomach. "Pl-please."

"Good boy." Derek pulled his hands away, setting them on Stiles' shoulders to keep the two of them apart.

Stiles whined high in his throat, panting hard and fighting to calm down.

"That's it, deep breaths," Derek murmured. "You can do it, love."

Stiles shuddered, slowly focusing on his breathing. "L-love you."

"I love you too, sweetheart." Derek smiled, kissing Stiles' forehead. "Well done."

Stiles gave him a shaky smile. "Two more days."

"Two more days," Derek agreed.

-----

On Sunday morning, Derek woke up to the sound of Stiles moaning in his sleep as he rutted lazily against the bed. Derek reached over and squeezed Stiles' hand. "Stiles, wake up."

Stiles whined, sucking on his lower lip as his hips ground down into the bed, his eyes fluttering open just a bit. "Sir?" he slurred.

"Good morning," Derek said, smiling a little. "Pleasant dreams?"

"Mmmm." Stiles gave him a sleepy smile, rolling over to press close to Derek. "Mmhmm. Dreamed of you."

Derek blushed a little, despite himself. "That's sweet of you," he commented, playing idly with Stiles' hair.

"Why's that?" Stiles asked, still sleepy. "I love you, course I dreamed about you." He smiled, nuzzling close.
Derek shook his head, dropping the subject. "How are you feeling this morning?" he asked instead.

"Horny." Stiles grinned, sleep starting to clear from his eyes.

"I guess I should have picked up on that," Derek commented. "You're going to get to come today, you know."

Stiles eyes lit up. "Really? It's Sunday?"

"It's Sunday," Derek agreed. "You forgot?"

"I just woke up," Stiles pouted, pressing close and yawning sleepily.

Derek shrugged. "So when would you like to do the scene?" he asked, biting back a grin. "Before we go to bed tonight?"

Stiles whined, pouting playfully at Derek. "Siiiiirrrrr." 

"No?" Derek teased. "How about after lunch?"

Stiles growled playfully, leaning forward to kiss him, nipping at Derek's lips.

Derek grinned. "I take it that meant, 'yes please, let's scene after lunch'?"

Stiles grumbled, pouting. "Want you now. Please?" he couldn't help but beg.

"Alright," Derek conceded. "Go clean yourself out and I'll get things set up in here. I want you laid out on the bed with a vibrator in your ass, driving you so high you can't even think."

Stiles shuddered, moaning softly. "Yes sir, I'll be right back." He scrambled off the bed to head to the bathroom, cock already hard.

Derek got up, folding the covers back so they wouldn't get in the way, and got out the cuffs - not Stiles' usual ones, but cuffs he could attach to the head- and base-board of the bed to hold him in place. After a moment of consideration, he also got out the nipple clamps.

Stiles quickly returned, cleaned and shivering from arousal. "Sir," he murmured, sliding over to Derek and kissing his jaw.

"Hi," Derek replied, smiling. "Do you want me to tie you down?"

"Yes please." Stiles grinned, moving over to the bed. "How do you want me, sir?"

"On your back, hands above your head," Derek instructed. "I'll need to take your usual cuffs off."

Stiles followed the order, stretching out on the bed with a soft sound. "Why?" he asked curiously.

"So I can put the other ones on," Derek explained. "Wearing two pairs of cuffs isn't ideal."

"Oh, true." Stiles flushed, giving Derek a shy smile as he held out his hands.

"Good boy," Derek said, smiling back. As he took Stiles' hands to swap the cuffs over, he added, "How do you feel about nipple clamps today?"

Stiles shuddered. "It'll be intense, but I like them, so yes please."
"Intense is what I'm aiming for." Derek double checked the tightness of the cuffs and moved down to Stiles' feet. "And I intend to keep you here until you've come exactly as many times as I want you to."

Stiles whined softly his eyes already darkening. "H-how many is that?"

"I'd prefer to keep it a surprise," Derek admitted, stroking Stiles' ankle a little. "Is that okay?"

"Uh huh." Stiles nodded, licking his lips and wiggling on the bed.

"Thank you," Derek murmured, securing the ankle cuffs. "Are you comfortable?"

"Yes sir," Stiles breathed, twisting in his bonds and testing them out, cock hard against his stomach as his stomach clenched just with the thought of Derek playing with him. Fuck, he was so hot for Derek. "Please," he begged.

"Shh, sweetheart," Derek soothed him, grabbing the nipple clamps and moving up the bed. "I've got you." He lay down and took one of Stiles' nipples in his mouth, suckling gently.

Stiles arched his back, crying out as the wet heat surrounded his nipple, more sensitive than normal.

At the same time, Derek reached across and fit the clamp onto Stiles' other nipple.

Stiles arched even higher, letting out a high moan as he trembled. "O-oh fuck."

Derek hummed and pulled away. "Would you like the other one?" he asked.

"Please," Stiles begged, his eyelids fluttering until they were half closed.

Derek nodded and fitted the other clamp in place, adjusting it a little until it sat perfectly.

Stiles was trembling, panting softly and rocking his hips up. How in the hell is he already so close?!

"Doing okay?" Derek checked gently.

"Y-yeah. J-just so close already. How in the h-hell..." Stiles whimpered, turning his head to watch Derek with blown dark eyes.

"I've been keeping you on edge for days," Derek reminded him, cupping Stiles' cheek. "I'm not surprised that it didn't take much."

Stiles leaned into the touch, his breathing coming out in soft pants, each throb of his nipples making him shiver.

Derek kissed Stiles softly. "I'm going to open you up for the vibe now, okay?"

Stiles nipped and sucked at Derek's lower lip. "Kay," he whispered, licking along Derek's lip, desperate and trembling.

"Good boy," Derek praised, soothing him. "You're being so good, sweetheart."

Stiles gave him a small smile. "D-don't know if I can hold it until it's all the way in. I'm going to try my hardest."

"That's okay," Derek replied. "But you don't get to come until I say, so if you need help to stop, I want you to tell me. Alright?"
"Yes sir." Stiles gave Derek a softer smile as he settled a bit, taking deep breaths.

Derek smiled back, moving away so he could get the lube.

Stiles focused on his breathing, though it didn't take too much of the edge off. "Love you."

"I love you too," Derek murmured, kneeling between Stiles' legs and slicking his fingers. "You're so wonderful, querido." He reached out and gently traced Stiles' hole.

Stiles shivered, all his nerve endings much more sensitive than before they started the training. After a month of edging and caging he was so sensitive to touch that just the brush of Derek's fingers against his hole almost drew him to the edge.

Derek rested his other hand on Stiles' hip, holding him in place and soothing him as he carefully inserted a single finger in Stiles' hole.

"O-oh fuck ohfuckohfuck," Stiles cursed, trying to focus on the hand on his hip as he shook.

"That's it, good boy," Derek reassured him, pumping his finger slowly in and out.

Stiles tried to rock his hips, whimpering softly as Derek's hand held him down, being pinned just driving him higher.

"Tell me how you're feeling," Derek said quietly.

"Close. Cl-close to the edge. Intense," Stiles rambled, turning to try and hide his face in his bicep.

"Stiles, let me see you," Derek told him. "Is it too much?"

"N-not too much. J-just a lot." Stiles peeked out, eyes blown so wide Derek could hardly see the iris.

Derek smiled at him, awed by the trust Stiles was showing. "Good boy," he praised. "I'm going to switch to the vibe now, okay?" The one Derek was planning to use was slim - Stiles didn't really need more prep.

"K-kay." He gave Derek a tiny smile, focusing on his breathing and trying not to focus on the amazing feeling of Derek's finger in him.

"That's my good boy." Derek pulled his finger out and reached for the vibe, lubing it up thoroughly. "Okay, here we go, love," he warned, as he pressed the tip to Stiles' hole.

Stiles braced as much as he could, arching slightly as he felt the vibe slip into him. "O-oh shit," he whispered, his voice breaking.

"Colour?" Derek checked.

"G-green," Stiles managed to work out after a moment.

"Good boy," Derek praised, thrusting the vibe in and out a few times. "I'm going to turn this on now, and you're going to wait until I tell you to come. Colour?"

"Green," Stiles whined, shivering and rocking his hips as much as he could.
Derek waited only a moment longer before turning the vibe on low.

Stiles arched his back sharply, mouth falling open in a silent yelp as it hit his prostate.

"You okay, querido?" Derek checked, moving around to Stiles' side so he could hold the vibe with one hand but still reach Stiles' face with the other.

"Y-yes sir," Stiles forced out as he whimpered and moaned, his hips grinding down on the vibe as much as he could. "Please. So close."

"I know, sweetheart," Derek murmured. "Just wait a little longer, I know you can."

Stiles managed to nod, his eyes falling closed as he focused on holding back. It was a bit easier than he'd thought it be, but god, did he hover on that edge.

"That's so good," Derek praised, letting Stiles settle for a minute. "Feeling good, love?"

"Uhhuh." Stiles was grinding down on the vibe, little whimpering moans falling from his lips as he fell into what could only be described as a pleasure haze.

Eyes fixed on the blissful expression on Stiles' face, Derek reached down and wrapped his hand loosely around Stiles' cock.

Stiles' mouth parted in a small 'o', rocking up into the grip before rocking back down on the vibe.

"There you go," Derek murmured. "That's it, sweetheart."

Stiles whined, his hands curling as well as his toes, the low-level vibrations sliding up his bones as he was suspended in the haze.

Derek closed his hand a little more firmly around Stiles' cock, stroking it slowly.

Stiles moaned, thrashing just a bit before settling back into his back and forward motions.

"Are you close, sweetheart?" Derek prompted, his entire being focused on Stiles and his reactions.

"Uhhuh. Please," Stiles whimpered, thrashing a bit in response to Derek's voice.

"Look at me, Stiles," Derek said lowly, eyes fixed on Stiles' face.

Stiles whimpered, forcing his eyes open to look over at Derek. His pupils were so large you couldn't see any of the honey amber of Stiles' eyes. "S-sir..."

"Yes, sweetheart?" Derek asked.

"L-love... y-you," Stiles panted. He arched up, his eyelids fluttering a bit.

Derek swallowed hard, closing his eyes for a moment. "I love you too, mi querido," he murmured. "So much."

"Cl-close," Stiles whimpered, his thighs and arms trembling so hard they visibly shook.

"Fuck, Stiles, you're amazing," Derek breathed. "Przemysław, come."

Stiles sucked in a breath, his eyes going wide as he let out a short scream, back arching sharply as he came, his eyes rolling back into his head.
Derek pulled his hand away from Stiles' cock immediately, going to cup his cheek. "Well done, Stiles, good boy, that's so good," he murmured hurriedly. "You're okay, sweetheart - can you give me a colour?"

Stiles hummed softly, flopping his head over to the side to stare at him. "Gr..." he tried.

"Nod or shake your head," Derek said. "Green?"

Stiles nodded slowly, a small smile on his face, still panting softly.

Derek smiled back warmly, leaning in for a kiss.

Stiles hummed lightly, sucking on Derek's lower lip, his eyes fluttering closed again.

Derek pulled away a little. "Can you tell me how you're feeling, sweetheart?" he asked quietly. "If you can't, that's okay."

Stiles opened his mouth, a soft whine leaving him as he tried to talk. "G-good. Heavy. Warm," he finally managed, his voice slow and shaky.

"That's very good, love," Derek murmured, kissing Stiles' forehead. "I'm so proud of you."

Stiles gave him a loopy smile. "Love you," he murmured, slowly coming back up.

"Love you too, sweetheart," Derek replied, glancing down Stiles' body towards his crotch. "Tell me, would you like to come again?"

"Try?" Stiles panted. "Want you. Want you in me. Please? Fuck me please?"

Derek took hold of the vibe, still buzzing, and thrust it in and out a couple of times. "Like that?"

"N-no. Want you," Stiles panted, arching up into the strokes.

"Soon," Derek promised, turning the vibe up a level.

Stiles whimpered, thrashing a bit, as he rocked against the vibe, staring in rapt fascination as he actually started getting hard again. "O-oh."

"See, you can do it," Derek encouraged him. "You can get hard for me again, come for me again."

Stiles whined softly, his hands tightening into fists as he rocked against the vibe, crying out as his still sensitive prostate was struck. "Oh fuck."

"It's a lot, I know," Derek soothed him. "But I know you can handle it."

"W-want..." Stiles panted. "Want you. Please. Talk to me. Touch me, something."

"Do you want me to touch your cock?" Derek asked.

"Please. Want you. Something, please anything," Stiles rambled, panting against Derek's mouth, nipping at his lips.

Derek smiled a little, letting go of Stiles' cheek and pulling back so he could take hold of Stiles' cock again.
Stiles whined, arching into his touch, almost keening as that drove him higher with how sensitive he was. "FUCK!"

"That's it, good boy," Derek praised. "Do you think you can come for me?"

"U-uhhuh. Please, please," Stiles begged, hurtling towards the edge so fast he didn’t know if he could stop.

"Good boy," Derek said, awed. "Then Przemyslaw, come."

Stiles cried out, falling over the edge and coming, letting out a high whine as he clenched down on the vibe.

"Good boy, so good, look at you, sweetheart, so wonderful and amazing for me," Derek said, pulling out the vibe and letting go of Stiles' cock so he could focus on Stiles' face, and god, that face...

Stiles' hair was stuck to his forehead, his eyes blown dark and wide, watching Derek hazily. He gave him a loopy half-grin, his cheeks pink. He was still panting, his fists curled loose in his bonds.

"You look amazing," Derek murmured, lying down beside Stiles and kissing his cheek, one arm thrown over Stiles' waist.

Stiles turned to kiss Derek's chin after he had his cheek kissed, leaning against Derek as much as he could as he panted "I love you."

"I love you too, sweetheart," Derek replied. "How are you feeling?"

"Kinda sensitive, not sure if good or bad kind, though I don't think it's bad," Stiles admitted, tucking his face against Derek's.

"I know it's a lot," Derek said. "But you really are doing very well."

"It almost feels like I have no control when you say that phrase." Stiles flushed darkly, shifting a bit in place. He really liked it.

Derek smiled a little. "That's what I'm going for," he explained lowly. "I want to feel like you hear it, and you come. That's it."

"Like you say it out of nowhere and that happens? Is that even possible?" Stiles shivered, the tone of Derek's voice making his stomach twist pleasantly.

Derek shrugged a little. "I won't test it unless I believe you can do it," he reassured Stiles. "But I will gradually test how little you need."

Stiles gave him a tiny smile, nodding and nuzzling as close as possible. "Love you."

"I love you too, sweetheart," Derek murmured, wrapping himself around Stiles. "I'm so grateful you're mine."

"I'm so happy I'm yours," Stiles whispered, letting his body relax and rest for a little bit.

"You're my good sweet boy," Derek said, smiling, "and I'm so, so proud of you."
Stiles gave him a happy smile, kissing him softly. "You're my amazing Dom. And I love making you proud," he slurred, his body relaxing completely.

Derek could feel his cock pressing against Stiles' hip, but he didn't want to make anything of it just now. "Thank you, sweetheart," he murmured.

Stiles wiggled against him, humming and smiling. He was delighted to float for a few minutes, arousal low in his gut as his senses caught on to the fact that Derek was hard against him, but content to let Derek lead.

After a while, Derek asked quietly, "Do you still want me to fuck you, love?"

Stiles sucked in a breath, his eyes flicking over to Derek's. "Please," he begged softly, pouting a bit and wiggling against him. God, that sounded amazing.

"You're sure?" Derek checked. "And if I want you to come again?"

Stiles nodded, wiggling more and trying to rock his hip into Derek's lap. "Yes sir. Please. Want to. Will come for you. Please."

Derek lifted himself up a bit, moving so he was lying on top of Stiles. "Is this better?"

Stiles let out a happy noise, rocking against Derek and nuzzling his jaw. "Much. Please sir. Fuck me? I want to come from your cock and voice alone. Please? God I love it. I love you."

"You're really vocal today," Derek commented, grinding his hips down a little. "And I love you too."

"C-can't help it," Stiles whimpered, his eyes fluttering as he started growing hard again. "It's like the filter between my brain and my mouth is completely and totally gone."

"It's interesting," Derek said breathlessly, brushing his cheek against Stiles'. "Since you go non-verbal a lot."

Stiles leaned into Derek's cheek, panting softly against his ear. "C-can't control my mouth right now. You could probably ask me for my deepest darkest secret and I'll blab like I'm under Veritaserum."

"Tell me a fantasy you haven't told me before, then," Derek challenged, fumbling for the lube.

Stiles whimpered. "We're in the middle of a store, a clothing one," he panted, rocking up and generally not helping one bit. "I'm being my normal sassy, teasing self and you just push me into the dressing room, barely locking the door before you shove me down on my knees and I suck you for a while before you fling me against a wall and fuck me right then and there, whispering f-filth into my ear the entire time."

Finally grasping the lube, Derek rolled onto his side a little so he could slick his fingers, reaching down to probe Stiles' hole. "Filth like what?" he asked.

Stiles whined high in his throat. "'S-such a tease, what would people think if they saw you like this, hmm sweetheart?' " He tried to mimic Derek's voice, failing.

"They'd think you'd done exactly what you did," Derek breathed, scissoring his fingers to stretch Stiles' out. "That you'd begged for it."
Stiles couldn't help the moan that slipped out. "A-always. Please."

"You couldn't be loud like this, though," Derek pointed out. "Do you think you could keep quiet for me?"

"W-would try, but may need y-your fingers," Stiles panted softly.

"You'd need me to gag you, huh?" Derek thrust a third finger into Stiles' hole, checking the stretch. Stiles arched, moaning loudly. "Yes... 'Gag you so you'll be quiet, wouldn't want to be caught now would we?'

"Wouldn't want anyone to guess what we're doing," Derek continued, pumping his fingers in and out hurriedly.

"Fuck!" Stiles whined. "Feel so good. Please!"

"Tell me specifically what you want me to do," Derek ordered.

Stiles whined, trying to get his brain to work. "Play with me, tease me, fuck me so hard I'll have lovely bruises on my hips. Fill me up, please!!"

"Tease you?" Derek said. "Alright." He pulled his fingers out, leaving Stiles completely empty. Stiles whined high in his throat, thrashing in his bonds. "Sir, please!" he begged, his eyes flying open. "Please!!"

"You don't want me to tease you?" Derek asked, even as he reached down to slick his cock.

"Want you! Please," Stiles begged, his voice breaking from his earlier cries. "Please!"

"Shh, I've got you, love," Derek murmured. "You'll be okay."

Stiles watched him hungrily, twisting his hands in his bonds and fighting to get closer.

Derek shifted down Stiles' body a little, then carefully guided his cock into Stiles' hole.

Stiles froze, taking a deep breath and letting it out as a shuddery moan. "Oh fuck," he said, his voice breathy as his eyes widened, locked on Derek's face. That was so much more intense than the vibe. Even more than the fingers he just had in him. Perfect.

"Beautiful, sweetheart," Derek praised, his voice low and husky.

Stiles' cheeks flushed, his mouth parting just a bit as he watched Derek with awed eyes. Worshipful eyes even.

Derek kissed the hollow at the base of Stiles' throat. "Ready?"

"Always. Want you." He tilted his head to give Derek more room, clenching around him and shuddering at the feeling.

Derek thrust deep, and once he started, he couldn't stop. Not with how good Stiles felt, with how Derek had been teasing them both.
Stiles arched his back, crying out and breaking off into a litany of rambling curses and pleas. "Please! Fuck sir, god, just please, fuck fuck fuck fuck."

Derek braced himself on his forearms, for once not even trying to control the rhythm, knowing that anything he did at this point would be enough for Stiles.

Stiles managed to arch his back enough that Derek hit his prostate, causing him to almost scream as it threw him toward the edge. "Please," he panted, his face tucked beside Derek's. "Please sir. Fuck. So close. Already, please."

"You can, nn, you can wait, love," Derek gasped, chasing his own release. "Wait for me."

Stiles could only nod, whimpering and moaning softly in Derek's ear, tightening his thighs around him as much as he could. "W-want to be dripping with you."

Derek groaned. " Fuck, Stiles, you can't just say things like that..."

"Fill me up, please sir? Please mi amo. I love feeling you drip out of me," Stiles panted, fucked out, but still there enough to give a mischievous smile.

"Fuck." Everything about Stiles - his touch, his face, his voice, his words, the way he clenched around Derek's cock - all of it was pushing Derek on, closer and closer. He took as deep a breath as he could manage, and told Stiles, "Przemyslaw, come."

Stiles gasped, the phrase yanking his release from him as he cried out, clenching even tighter as his eyes rolled back. "Sir!"

Stiles' orgasm pulled Derek's from him, and he collapsed on Stiles' chest.

Stiles nuzzled into Derek's hair, panting softly. "L-love you."

"Love you too, sweetheart," Derek mumbled. "You okay?"

"Mmhhmm." Stiles nodded, smiling against Derek's hair. "I'm awesome. Hands kinda numb though, cause I was wiggling."

"I'd better uncuff you," Derek said reluctantly. He didn't really want to move, but Stiles came first.

"But warm," Stiles whined, nuzzling Derek's hair and breathing deep.

"Do you mean me on top of you, or being cuffed?" Derek asked. 'Warm' had multiple meanings, with Stiles.

"You on top of me," Stiles admitted, giving Derek a shy smile.

Derek smiled back. "Then I'll uncuff you and lie back down," he suggested.

"Mmmm, I approve." Stiles sniffed, grinning widely. "I like it when you pin me down. And you're comfortable."

Derek took a breath, then pulled out, rolling off to one side.

Stiles couldn't help the whine as Derek pulled out, shivering and wiggling in his bonds.
"You okay, chiquito?" Derek asked, shuffling up the bed to reach Stiles' wrists.

"Yeah, Just like being full of you," he admitted, tilting his head to watch Derek release his hands.

Derek rubbed Stiles' wrists and arms gently as he brought them down to Stiles' sides, then moved to the other end of the bed to free his feet.

"Much better." Stiles let out a happy sigh, the tingles in his arms meaning they were still okay. Not that he'd really cared, it was awesome. "Come 'ere," he whined, flexing his fingers and lifting his arms for Derek once his feet were loose.

Derek grinned and lay back down on top of Stiles. "Like this?"

"Perfect." Stiles nodded, curling his arms around Derek's shoulders, nuzzling close. "Best place ever."

"I love you," Derek said fondly. "You're amazing.""Ditto." Stiles grinned, nipping at his jaw. "Now I'm all sore in the best way possible and am currently very comfortable."

"Did you like it?" Derek asked quietly, looking for reassurance. "What we've done, this month."

"I loved it. I love you." Stiles smiled, kissing his cheek. "Even when it was frustration incarnate, I loved it."

Derek smiled a little. "Yeah?"

"Hell yeah." Stiles nodded again, curling his body around Derek like a limpet. "You're amazing."

"I didn't push you too hard?" Derek asked. Because he had pushed, over and over again.

Stiles shook his head. "I will tell you if you ever push too hard," he promised. "It was hard, yes, but I loved it."

Derek brushed his lips over Stiles' throat, relieved. "You still want to keep going?" he checked.

"Later." Stiles smiled. "Cuddles. And probably food at some point too." He laughed brightly, happy.

Derek smiled. "I just meant in general, love."


"More of me calling you Przemyslaw?" Derek teased.

Stiles sucked in a breath as arousal rushed through him, causing him to flush darker. "Uh-huh."

"If I use it all the time it won't have the same effect," Derek pointed out, smirking. "We'll just have to save calling you 'Przemyslaw' for special occasions."

Stiles groaned, hiding his face in Derek's neck.

"Is something wrong, sweetheart?" Derek asked, rolling his hips just a little.

Stiles groaned again, rocking his hips up as his eyes fluttered. "Y-you know exactly what, sir," he
murmured, nipping at Derek’s jaw.

Derek hummed. "Do you want to try for a fourth time?" he offered. "We can do that."

Stiles flushed, licking his lips. "Uhhuh." He nodded, feeling kinda shy at that point.

Derek’s eyes tracked the flick of Stiles’ tongue, and he leaned in to kiss him gently.

Stiles relaxed at the kiss, his hips rocking up. "Mmm..." he moaned. God, he loved being kissed by Derek. Loved it.

"Feeling good, Przemysław?" Derek asked against Stiles' lips.

Stiles whined high in his throat, hips jerking up. "Yes sir," he breathed. "Mi amo..."

"My Stiles," Derek murmured. "You can feel me weighing you down, can't you?"

"Uh huh." Stiles nodded, rocking against him and letting out a soft string of curses.

"What do you want, love?" Derek asked.

"You. Want you," Stiles whispered, sucking a mark under Derek's ear. "Gentle and warm, rough and burning, I don't care, I just want you."

"I'm here," Derek said quietly. "I'm right here with you, love."

Stiles let out a happy sound, nuzzling closer and rocking up. "You make me feel amazing. God, I love you."

"I love you too, Przemysław," Derek replied, reaching up to stroke Stiles' hair.

Stiles whined high in his throat at his name, tilting his head back.

Derek threaded his fingers into Stiles' hair, holding his head back, and nipped at his throat.

Stiles moaned, testing the grip in his hair slightly before letting out a higher pitched moan. "F-fuck."

"I've got you, Przemysław," Derek promised, pressing his hips down.

"Fuck," Stiles whimpered, rocking his hips up hard. God, just hearing the name in that tone of voice made him want to come then and there.

"Shh, sweetheart," Derek murmured. "You're okay, just feel."

Stiles whined, relaxing in Derek's hold, his eyes fluttering. "Yes sir."

"That's my good boy," Derek praised, kissing Stiles' throat. "Now, Przemysław...come."

Stiles gasped, the command coming from nowhere and ripping his orgasm from him, shaking and trembling as he reeled in surprise.

Derek groaned as he felt Stiles come, rolling his hips lazily against Stiles' slick belly, not so much chasing his own orgasm as just enjoying the pleasure of the sensations.

Stiles panted, his head rolling to the side a bit as he relaxed, enjoying the warmth and pressure of Derek holding him, anchoring him.
After a moment, Derek snorted. "You need a bath," he commented. "We're both covered in come."
"Baths are lovely," he mused, still blissed out, his voice soft.
The tone of voice caught Derek's attention. "As are you, sweetheart," he said quietly. "You doing okay?"
"Yeah, just...fuzzy. The good kind," Stiles assured, giving him a small smile.
"Alright," Derek replied, smiling back. "I'm going to roll off you now, though, if you'll let me go."
"Boo. Fiiiine," Stiles whined softly, letting go and stretching with a happy sound.
Derek rolled off to one side, stretching out a little, then sat up, humming.
Stiles stayed where he was, his eyes half-closed as he happily drifted.
Derek kissed Stiles' forehead and got up. "I'll be back in a minute, love," he promised.
"Mmmmkay," Stiles nodded, petting the bed beside his hips absently.
Derek headed for the bathroom to get the bath running, making sure they had clean towels as well, then hurried back to Stiles' side.
Stiles smiled. "Hi," he murmured, reaching up to cup Derek's cheek.
"Hi," Derek replied gently. "All good, sweetheart?"
"All good," Stiles said, his voice still warm. "Are you okay?"
Derek smiled at him. "I'm perfect, mi amor."

Chapter End Notes

A bit of a long one this week, so we could fit it all in - hopefully you guys had fun.
Chapter Summary

"It occurs to me," Derek pointed out once they were done, "that if you've finished the orders you had to do today, you have some free time. Don't you, Przemyslaw?"

Stiles nodded, opening his mouth to speak only to have to suck in a breath and hold onto the counter as arousal slammed into him.

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Derek experiments with Stiles' new desperation after all their edging, and they discuss some possibilities for the future

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Discussion of humiliation, including some slut-shaming language. If you prefer to, skip the remainder of the paragraph after "Names like what?" Derek asked cautiously.' The paragraph after that includes some discussion of desperation play, including watersports (our boys aren't into that, btw).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Can you help me unload the groceries, Stiles?” Derek called out. He'd gone to get them himself that weekend, since Stiles had a couple of different rush orders to fill.

"Yes sir! One moment, I'm just finishing this last stitch!" Stiles called, quickly finishing up the blanket before weaving in the ends and folding it, almost running down the stairs. "Here! Sorry," he said, flushed.

"It's fine," Derek said, closing the fridge door for a second so it would stop beeping at him. "Could you get the vegetables?"

Stiles nodded, kissing Derek's cheek before heading out to the camaro, scooping up an armful of bags before hurrying back inside. "Was there anything else in the car? Or was it all in the trunk?"

"No, that should be everything," Derek replied, putting the eggs away. "Thanks, love."

"Welcome!" Stiles smiled, unpacking the bags onto the island so they could be sorted, singing softly to himself.

Derek smiled, reaching over and cupping the back of Stiles' neck to draw him into a kiss.

Stiles let out a pleased sound, leaning against him and soaking in the kiss. He loved that Derek felt comfortable enough now to just kiss him whenever.

"How's the throw going?" Derek asked when they pulled apart, his hand still resting on Stles' neck.
"It's done." Stiles answered, leaning into his touch. "Just need to pack it up with the pillow cover they wanted that matched. I finished that too, luckily they wanted a rather simple design."

Derek hummed thoughtfully. "When we do our next review, we should talk about raising your prices," he suggested.

Stiles tilted his head, humming in question. "Why raise them?" he asked, seriously curious.

"Because you're only charging ten dollars an hour," Derek replied. "It's clear by this point that people are willing to pay for what you make; I think you should at least try for a better wage."

Stiles tilted his head, nodding after a moment. "That might be a good idea." He smiled brightly at Derek. "Thank you, sir."

"For what?" Derek asked.

"For the suggestion," Stiles said, kissing his cheek.

"You're welcome," Derek replied. "Now, let's get the rest of this put away."

"Yes sir!" Stiles gave Derek a playful salute before turning back to the counter, putting the lettuce and other vegetables in the fridge, humming happily.

"It occurs to me," Derek pointed out once they were done, "that if you've finished the orders you had to do today, you have some free time. Don't you, Przemyslaw?"

Stiles nodded, opening his mouth to speak only to have to suck in a breath and hold onto the counter as arousal slammed into him. "O-oh," he panted, cheeks flushing. Derek hadn't let him come in a couple of days, but he'd been edging every morning.

"Would you like to kneel for me?" Derek asked.

Stiles nodded, moving to where he was standing in front of Derek. "Here or...?"

"In the living room," Derek replied, watching him carefully. "But...if you want to crawl..."

Stiles gave him a grin, slipping to his knees and starting to slowly crawl toward the living room, giving Derek a bit of a show.

Derek let out a relieved laugh, following. "Looking good, chiquito," he teased.

Stiles looked over his shoulder at Derek, cheeky grin still on his face as he knelt in the living room.

Derek sat, beckoning Stiles closer.

Stiles smiled, crawling closer and nudging Derek's knee with his nose.

Derek spread his legs, wordlessly inviting Stiles to kneel between them.

Stiles slipped between his Dom's spread knees, spreading his own and leaning forward to bury his face in Derek's crotch.

Considering that Derek was fully clothed, the gesture shouldn't have had nearly as much effect as it did. Derek hummed, threading his fingers through Stiles' hair.
Stiles hummed, rocking his hips lightly as he nuzzled closer. "Want to taste. Please sir?"

"You can," Derek agreed, undoing his fly. "Keep your hands behind your back."

Stiles rushed to put his hands behind his back, flicking his eyes from Derek's crotch to his face, licking his lips. His hips kept up the tiny rocking motions, grinding against his jeans.

"Good boy," Derek praised. He got his cock out, and waited for Stiles to come to him.

Stiles sucked in a breath, leaning forward to suck the head of Derek's cock into his mouth, moaning happily.

Derek hummed, thrusting in. "So good, querido," he murmured.

Stiles moaned, rocking his hips. After a few moments he shifted position, moaning softly as he managed to grind against Derek's leg and ankle.

Derek raised his eyebrows, but moved his leg so it would be easier for Stiles to rub against it while sucking him.

Stiles started making soft sounds, sucking harder and swallowing Derek down completely, all while his hips were grinding in small circles, taking the pleasure where he could. He didn't even realize he was doing it, like the last week or two. He'd find himself grinding and touching himself unconsciously, the low thrum of arousal a normal feeling now.

Derek hummed and moaned as Stiles suckled his cock, his hand in Stiles' hair encouraging him to stay where he was.

Stiles whimpered, tongue curling around Derek's cock, hands clenching together to keep him from touching. God, he loved having Derek in his mouth, the heavy silken weight of him driving him even further into arousal.

"I've got you, chiquito," Derek promised, panting. "It's alright."

Stiles flicked his eyes up at Derek, grinding against his leg before slowly stopping, pulling his hips away just a bit as he swallowed around Derek, eyes locked on Derek's face.

"I'm close," Derek warned, his hips jerking up.

Stiles moaned louder, humming to send vibrations through Derek, wanting to taste him, to know that he made him come.

Derek groaned as he came, rubbing Stiles' crotch with his shin and panting, "Przemyslaw, come."

Stiles jerked in surprise, barely able to swallow his mouthful as he came, eyes locked on Derek's face.

Derek pulled out hurriedly. "Shit, can you breathe, love?" He hadn't even thought about the possibility of Stiles choking.

"Hmm?" Stiles blinked, looking up at him and swallowing what was in his mouth. "I'm good," he murmured. "I was just surprised." He flushed.

Derek sighed in relief, smiling. "Okay," he said. "That's good."
Stiles smiled, licking a few drops of come from the corner of his mouth. "You taste really good, sir."

"Thanks, sweetheart," Derek said, stroking Stiles' hair. "Are you feeling good?"

"Mmhmm." Stiles nodded, leaning into the hand in his hair. The low level of arousal was still there, but it wasn't as urgent as it had been.

"Did you even notice you were...humping me?" Derek asked quietly.

Stiles flushed darkly. "Not really… I was?" He'd been doing it unconsciously.

"Yeah," Derek said, smiling a little. "Even with the way I've been working you up, you can't come without some stimulation."

Stiles gave him a tiny smile, his cheeks bright red. "You do it a lot, actually," Derek commented. "At least, in the last few weeks you have."

"Didn't realize I do it so much," Stiles murmured. "Is that a bad thing?"

"Are you enjoying yourself?" Derek asked.

Stiles shifted. "It's hard to explain? I do but I do it unconsciously, more as a get it where and when I can, even though I know I'm not going to come..."

"...I think I like that," Derek admitted, watching Stiles carefully for his reaction.

Stiles nodded, leaning against Derek's legs and resting his chin on a thigh. "That makes sense." Stiles grinned. "You also seem to like my crawling," he teased lightly.

"Maybe," Derek admitted.

"Why?" Stiles smiled wider, tilting his head. "I like crawling."

"It...emphasizes the power exchange," Derek offered.

"I liked it," Stiles confirmed. "Kinda like it when you make me all wiggly and desperate." He flushed, turning his face. "Just like my fantasies tend to have you making me like that in different ways. Kinda like when you tease me a bit. Saying how desperate I am. I like that...am I even making any sense?" He didn't want to actually say the words, didn't know how Derek would react to them.

Derek blushed a little. "It doesn't...bother you?" he stammered.

Stiles blinked. "No, why would it?" he asked honestly. "I love the power exchange." He flushed, chewing on his lower lip, taking a deep breath. "My fantasies tend to have things that I'm afraid might scare you," he rushed out. "So I don't mention them a lot. But being all wiggly and squirmy? Crawling? Teased? I liked it. A lot more than I had ever thought I would when I filled out the kink
"I'm..." Derek cleared his throat. "I'm starting to think maybe...maybe some of my answers might have changed as well. A bit."

Stiles smiled, leaning more heavily against him. "Like?" he asked, curious.

Derek bit his lip. "Could you come up here?" he asked. "Not...on my lap, just next to me."

Stiles blinked, nodding and moving so he was curled up next to Derek, smiling. "Are you alright?" he asked, his voice soft.

"I just...need some reassurance," Derek murmured, hugging Stiles around the shoulders. "That you're here because you want to be."

"Always," Stiles promised. "I love you, and I love being yours. And I want to be here," he hurriedly assured Derek, cuddling closer and petting his arm.

"Thank you," Derek said quietly, giving Stiles a small smile. "I appreciate you putting up with me when I get like this."

"Why wouldn't I support you? I love you." Stiles smiled, kissing Derek's cheek. "Now, what's up?"

"I think..." Derek closed his eyes and took a deep breath. "I think I might be changing my mind about humiliation."

Stiles' smile softened. He stayed quiet though, kissing Derek’s cheek and letting him talk it out. He did let out a small hum, bringing Derek's free hand up to his mouth to kiss it.

The affection helped, unlocking words Derek didn't think he'd have had the courage to say otherwise. "I never really, I mean, I didn't understand how humiliation could be anything other than...degrading."

"I don't see it as degrading," Stiles murmured. "There is some people that do, but some the line is further on down than right there. I like the thought of being called names, of crawling and things like that. Do I expect it? No, because you have had some bad shit happen to you, sir. And I don't ever want to do something that makes you uncomfortable. But I don't see it as being degraded. It's all about the power exchange." He gave Derek a soft smile, pressing tighter against him. "And I'd like it at the club and at home much more than I would in front of my father. Things like that."

"How does it...feel, for you?" Derek asked hesitantly.

"Like what do I feel like?" Stiles asked, humming in thought. "I like it, I like the pure domination and teasing aspect. It's hard to explain, but the teasing, crawling, things that make me all squirmy just makes the fire burn hotter. More intense. Doesn't make it better than other things, so to speak, but I like the exchange of power it implies."

"Like...that day you had all the extra rules, when you were calling me master?" Derek guessed.

Stiles smiled, nodding. "Kinda like that. I really liked that. Maybe not every single scene we do or day or anything like that, but I like it. Even just small bits strung into other scenes. Teasing in one scene on denial, things like that. Even just a name here or there will send sparks down my spine."
"Names like what?" Derek asked cautiously.

Stiles flushed, tucking his face in Derek's shoulder. "I didn't want to freak you out," he whispered. "I still don't."

"I really appreciate that," Derek replied. "But can you tell me anyway? When I'm prepared, things don't upset me as much."

Stiles hesitated, chewing on his lips. "Been dreaming, both during sleep and just daydreaming, and usually the name ends up coming out of cumslut or 'my own personal whore'." He drifted off, chewing on his lip. "Even just slut sometimes." His voice was tiny, not wanting to freak Derek out, but he did ask him to say it anyway.

Derek took a breath, mentally stepping away from his initial reaction. "I can't do cumslut, I'm sorry," he admitted. "I just, that one..."

Stiles nodded, hurriedly throwing his arms around Derek, hugging him close and nuzzling him to try and calm any freak-out he may have started. "It's okay!" he insisted. "Don't be sorry, I didn't want to freak you out, I'm sorry."

"Stiles, it's fine," Derek said, ducking his head to hide a smile. "You did exactly what I asked; you don't have to be sorry."

Stiles cuddled him, nuzzling and whining softly. "Promise?" he asked, afraid he'd upset Derek.

"I promise," Derek replied, cupping Stiles' cheek and looking into his eyes. "Okay? I'm fine. You did what I asked. That was good, love."

Stiles relaxed, giving Derek a small, relieved smile. "I'm sorry one of them struck a cord..."

"It's not your fault," Derek said wearily. "It just is."

Stiles smiled softly, kissing Derek's palm. "I love you. Mi amo. My Dom, My Derek."

"I love you too, querido," Derek murmured.

"Were the others okay? I had a bunch of names in my head, but I didn't want to say too many..." Stiles admitted, his voice soft and soothing. "And it's okay to having feelings change." He smiled. "That's what talking is for."

"I'm not sure," Derek admitted. "They might be. Do you want to tell me the others?"

Stiles hesitated. "Slut, whore, hussy, cocksucker..." He drifted off, chewing on his lip. "And pretty much a lot of those plus a few other words to make them longer. like 'moaning like a french whore' and 'filthy teasing cockslut'," he rambled, hiding his face.

Stiles' tone of voice couldn't stop the harshness of the words to Derek's ears, and he had to admit he flinched away a little.

Stiles let out a soft sound, tucking his face under Derek's chin. "Sorry," he whispered, his shoulders slumping. "I don't like scaring you. It's why I haven't said anything."

"No, I - I did ask," Derek countered, rubbing Stiles' back. "They're just...hard words."
"What do you mean?" Stiles asked, his voice soft as he cuddled Derek closer, trying to soothe any fear he might be feeling.

"They sound like hate," Derek admitted quietly.

"I don't hear them like that," Stiles murmured. "Maybe in certain circumstances, but not in ours. I promise."

Derek nodded a little, brushing his cheek over Stiles' hair. "Can you tell me what they sound like to you?"

"In my fantasies and dreams and things they don't sound mean," Stiles explained. "If anything, playful, teasing, affectionate. Because I know you'd never hurt me. And because I trust you."

"I'm glad, chiquito," Derek said. "But...I don't know if I can do it."

Stiles gave him a small, almost sad smile. "Sir, I don't want you to do it if it makes you uncomfortable. It's not as much fun and not as good for me if you're not liking it either." He kissed Derek’s cheek. "Besides, I like the small bits you've been doing anyway."

"Yeah?" Derek smiled back hesitantly.

Stiles smiled wider, nodding and kissing his cheek. "What are some things you want to do with it?" he asked softly.

"I haven't really thought about it," Derek admitted, looking away. "I just...we didn't really talk about it, what we were doing, and I thought we should."

"It's okay," Stiles promised. "I like it." He nodded again, tucking closer to Derek. "Can you tell me things you'd like to do? Think about it now if you can. I won't get upset, no matter what."

"You're so good to me," Derek murmured. "Um...I really like the way you've been edging and stuff lately. And I - I like the idea of you asking for permission and me telling you no? Or...making you edge by humping my leg or something."

"Mmm, I like those too," Stiles flushed, resting his head on Derek's shoulder, absently drawing patterns on Derek's palm. "Permission for what?" he asked, wanting to make sure.

"T-to come, or maybe touch yourself," Derek replied. "Were you...thinking of something else?"

Stiles flushed darker, tucking his face in Derek's neck. "I research a lot of random things when I get distracted," he admitted. "Came across a blog that talked about certain scenes for bathroom permission and food permission, things like that. Kinda like a boost to Master days or something. Sounded interesting."

Derek blinked. "That seems...very controlling," he said slowly. "I mean, what if I said no?"

"The bathroom thing is more of a desperation thing, begging and pleading after a while," Stiles clarified. "Though the blog went into things such as something that basically boils down to getting your jimmies on watching your sub pee themselves. Like if they couldn't hold it in any longer. Not sure about that bit, but I like the desperation part. Or the part where sometimes it's yes, sometimes no, sometimes no until a task is performed. Like 'not until you make me come with that mouth' or something like that." Stiles flushed, wiggling in place a bit. "My imagination went a little nuts."

"I'm not sure I'm comfortable with that," Derek admitted.
"And again, that's okay. I don't want to do anything you don't feel comfortable doing." Stiles gave
him a tiny smile, nuzzling closer.

Derek pursed his lips. "We could play with a different kind of desperation?" he offered. "Restricting
how much you can touch or something?"

Stiles tilted his head in thought. "How so?" he asked, curious.

"How would you feel if I made you edge in the morning, but then didn't let you touch yourself for
the whole day?" Derek explained. "What if I did that multiple days in a row?"

Stiles flushed. "What about the unconscious stuff?"

"Humping things would be allowed," Derek decided, considering. "But I think for every time I
cought your hands in your pants it would be an extra edge the next day."

Stiles' eyes lit up. "I like that idea," he mumbled. "What else were you thinking about? Let your
mind drift if you need to, I'm insanely curious now."

"Maybe," Derek said, blushing, "maybe I'd let you touch yourself if you were sucking a cock? And
one of our toys would count. So when you got horny, you could either hump the furniture, or suck a
- a dildo while you jerked off."

Stiles squirmed, his cheeks flushed as he pictured it. Just the way Derek described it made his
stomach twist pleasantly. "You'd come down for lunch one day to find me on the couch, writhing
and whimpering."

"What would you do?" Derek asked lowly. "If I found you like that?"

"Beg," Stiles murmured. "Probably try to put on a show, try and tease you, like I love to do."

Derek moved his hand to cup the back of Stiles' neck, holding him firmly. "Like what?" he asked.

Stiles moaned softly at the hold on his neck. "Suck the dildo in my mouth further, arching my back
and playing with my hole, trying to make you come closer. Slip the toy from my mouth and beg for
the real thing. Choke myself on your cock I'm sucking it so deep..."

"God, I don't think I could resist you like that," Derek admitted, his hips shifting.

"Maybe you'd just stretch me open, maybe just tug a plug out of me and slip into me, fucking me on
the couch, a toy in my mouth as I whine and moan and plead for more. Always more," Stiles panted,
shifting and rocking his hips. "Beg you to come, beg to be filled with you, dripping your come down
my thighs as I walk toward the laundry room to change the loads over, peeking over my shoulder
and grinning, teasing you into following me..."

"But then you'd end up humping the machine because you couldn't help yourself," Derek
contributed. "You'd know I was watching you, but you wouldn't care."

"Yessir," Stiles admitted, panting. "I love putting on a show for you, inviting you to touch, teasing
you, wanting to drive you insane." He slipped his hand down his own stomach, unconsciously going
to touch himself again.

"Stiles," Derek warned, taking hold of Stiles' wrist. "Do you want those rules to be hypothetical or
Stiles sucked in a deep breath at the hold on his wrist his eyes drifting up to lock onto Derek's. "Real," he murmured after a moment.

"So unless I say otherwise, you'll edge every morning?" Derek clarified. "You only have permission to touch yourself if there's a cock in your mouth? And if you break that, you'll edge extra?"

Stiles squirmed. His wrist was still in Derek's hand, and the words and hold weren't exactly helping the throbbing want in his groin. "Yes sir," he promised, dragging his tongue along his lower lip.

"Okay," Derek said, his blood running hot. "Then be good." He let go of Stiles' wrist, waiting to see what would happen next.

Stiles panted softly, eyes locked on Derek's. He was tempted to touch himself anyway, squirming in place as he shifted instead, leaning against Derek as he slowly slid down to the floor, mouth parted softly. "Want you."

"Yeah?" Derek breathed, eyes fixed on Stiles' face.

"Uh huh, please?" Stiles licked his lips, wiggling in place.

Derek almost said yes, but... "No," he decided, getting his cock out. "You can watch."

Stiles whined high in his throat, his eyes locked on Derek as he sucked on his lower lip, his hands fisting the material of his pants to keep from touching himself.

Derek didn't understand how Stiles watching him jerk off could be one of the most intense things they'd ever done, but it was, and fuck. God. "Want to help?" he asked, panting a little.

"Please." Stiles scooted closer, licking his lips. "Want to help." Fuck this was hot, eyes intense and dark, fixed on Derek, his lower lip slipping into his mouth to suck on as he rocked his own hips.

Biting his lip at his own daring, Derek let go of his cock and offered Stiles his palm. "Lick."

Stiles reached up to cup Derek's hand, licking the taste of Derek's cock off, moaning lightly and wanting more. "Please," he whined softly.

"Get it wet," Derek told him.

Stiles panted, licking Derek's palm over and over until it was coated, wordlessly begging for more.

"Good boy," Derek said, groaning in pleasure as he wrapped his now-slick hand around his aching cock.

Stiles whimpered, both at the praise and the fact that he wasn't allowed to suck Derek's cock. He licked his lips, spreading his legs until he was almost sitting on the ground, hips rocking forward as he watched avidly.

When he realized Stiles was able to rub against the carpet, Derek shook his head. "Up on your knees," he panted. "Stay there."

Stiles could only whine, moving so he was up on his knees, his hands going to rest on Derek's knees. "Please sir," he begged softly. "Want to taste, want to suck you down my throat, please."

"So you can touch yourself?" Derek teased breathlessly, twisting his wrist a little as he reached the
end of each stroke.

Stiles whined. "Want to. Want you." His eyes were locked on Derek's hand, mouth open a bit in longing.

Derek looked him over thoughtfully. "...No."

Stiles whined, scooting closer. "Please," he begged, panting softly, his cheeks pink.

"No," Derek repeated. "But, shit, I'm going to come in a minute. You want to taste?"

"Please." Stiles nodded, moving closer, his eyes flicking up to Derek's. He was trembling with how much this was turning him on as he flicked his eyes back down, licking his lips. "Please? Please, mi amo?"

Derek shuddered. God, Stiles was amazing. "Mouth open, then," he warned, feeling his orgasm coming closer and closer.

Stiles let his mouth drop open, his tongue resting on his lower lip. God he wanted it. Wanted what he knew Derek was planning. He flicked his gaze up to Derek, locking eyes with him and moaning softly.

"Stiles," Derek groaned, his hand flying over his cock. "Fuck, you're so good, such a good boy, look at you."

Stiles wiggled in place, trying to get closer, trying to keep from touching himself. God, he just wanted to taste...

"God, sweetheart," Derek gasped as he came, come spurting onto Stiles' face and into his mouth.

Stiles moaned helplessly, leaning forward to rub his cheek against the head of Derek's cock as he finished coming, licking the cum from his lips.

"Fuck," Derek panted, slumping back. "Fuck, Stiles."

Stiles sat up, licking come off his lips and as much as he could off of his face.

"You're a mess," Derek said fondly, stroking Stiles' hair with his clean hand.

Stiles leaned into the touch, grinning at Derek. "I'm your mess."

"You are," Derek agreed. "You doing okay?"

Stiles nodded, using his thumb to get a bit off his jaw before sucking it into his mouth. "I'm awesome."

Derek grinned. "You definitely are," he replied. "I didn't push too hard?"

Stiles shook his head, grinning and dragging his finger along his cheek, making a show of slipping it into his mouth to suck clean. "I'd tell you if you did."

"Thanks, love." Glancing around for something to wipe his hand clean with, Derek realized he had another option, and offered it to Stiles.
Stiles eyes lit up, taking Derek's hand in both of his, licking along his palm and fingers with a soft moan.

"You really like that, huh," Derek commented, his voice husky.

"Mmhmm." Stiles pulled off a finger with a pop. "You taste good."

"Fuck, I love you," Derek murmured, eyes dark.

Stiles gave him a dark grin. "I love you too," he murmured before sucking Derek’s middle and ring fingers into his mouth.

Derek laughed a little. "Making up for lost time, sweetheart?" he teased.

Stiles flushed softly, wiggling a bit where he was.

Derek smiled. "I'm glad you're feeling good," he murmured.

Stiles let the fingers slip free, smiling up at Derek. "You always make me feel good."

"My good boy," Derek said softly.

Stiles beamed, crawling up to sit next to Derek again, one leg thrown over Derek's. "I love you."

"I love you too," Derek replied.

Chapter End Notes

I actually forgot this chapter happened, and I just...unf :P Make sure and let us know of any plot bunnies rattling around in your heads, you never know what could influence us :) -Kattseye

Thanks, as always, to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you for reading. We're looking forward to your comments!
Continuation

Chapter Summary

Stiles let out a soft, happy sound at the kiss, pressing close. "I love you," he rasped.

"I love you too," Derek replied quietly. "I'm so proud of you for the last two months. I've kept challenging you, and you've just kept going for it."

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Derek and Stiles play with the new rules they've set up.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: very faint hints of humiliation after Derek finishes the dishes in the fifth scene

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Sir," Stiles whimpered, still mostly asleep, wiggling against the bed, grinding and rocking his hips.

"I'm here, sweetheart," Derek murmured in reply, stroking Stiles' hair.

Stiles opened his eyes blearily, grinding harder with a moan.

Derek smiled a little. "Bring yourself to the edge for me?"

"U-uh-huh." Stiles nodded, grinding his hips hard in a circle as he panted.

"Good boy," Derek murmured. "So good, Stiles."

"Sir," Stiles slurried, his stomach tightening as he grew closer.

"That's it, sweetheart, come on now," Derek encouraged him. "Just a little more."

Stiles hid his face, moaning loudly, suddenly freezing and turning on his side, panting heavily.

"Sweetheart?" Derek asked gently. "You okay?"

"U-uh-huh." Stiles flushed, panting and scooting closer. "Got too close."

"Well, that's what I asked you to do, isn't it?" Derek pointed out, smiling and cupping the back of Stiles' neck. "But right now...Przemysław, come."

Stiles had relaxed at the touch to his neck, but at Derek’s command, his eyes flew open, letting out a soft cry as he came.

Derek had been ready to help Stiles along with his hand, and was awed to see him respond so easily.
"Good boy, so good, so wonderful," he praised, drawing Stiles closer. "My good sweetheart."

Stiles clung to Derek, shivering and shaking. It was the first time he'd come from the order alone - he'd already calmed from the edging so it hadn't been that. He hid his face in Derek's chest, panting softly.

"Oh, sweetheart," Derek murmured, rubbing Stiles' back. "You okay?"

"Uh huh, just surprised me," Stiles murmured, pressing closer. "Liked it though."

"It was amazing to see," Derek promised. "I'm so proud of you, love."

Stiles smiled softly, cuddling close and letting out a soft sigh.

Derek kissed Stiles gently, smiling at him. "Feeling good?"

"Yes sir," Stiles murmured, still kinda groggy but enjoying himself.

"That's good," Derek replied quietly. "I'm glad you're enjoying this."

Stiles gave him a small smile, kissing his cheek before stretching with a soft moan. "Breakfast time!"

"Take as long as you need to get up, chiquito," Derek reassured him. "I'm not in a rush."

Stiles flopped over onto him for a moment, kissing and nuzzling at his jaw. "S'okay. I'm hungry, and I know you are too." He smiled. "Hmmm, what to make though..."

"Does it ever occur to you we could just have cereal?" Derek asked lightly.

"Yeah, but that's boring." Stiles grinned. "Would you like cereal, sir?"

Derek shrugged. "Not especially, but I'm not fussy. What would you like?"

Stiles hummed in thought, tracing patterns on Derek's chest. "Kinda want waffles. That sounds good."

"We'll have waffles, then," Derek agreed.

Stiles smiled widely. "Cherries, strawberry, or peaches for the fruit?"

Derek hummed. "We haven't had peaches in a little while, let's do that."

Stiles nodded, beaming widely and leaning down to kiss Derek. "Waffles and peaches, coming up!"

"You do that," Derek said. "I'm going to have a shower."

"Yes sir!" Stiles smiled widely, wiggling off the bed and heading towards the kitchen.

-----

"How's the itching today?" Derek asked as they did the dishes after breakfast. "You doing okay?"

"I'm okay. It's itchy, yeah, but not as bad as it has been, actually." Stiles gave him a small smile. "More a small irritant rather than an actual itch. At least today."

"That's great!" Derek replied, pleased. "Would you like me to help you with anything, or do you want to test it today?"
Stiles looked around, shifting on his feet as he passed Derek a plate. "Other than dishes, can we test it? I want to see..." He hated the fact that he felt like he had to clean everything, every day. Because logically he knew everything was clean.

Derek smiled, pulling Stiles gently into a hug. "Absolutely," he promised. "Do you want a reward if you manage it?"

Stiles nodded after a moment. "At least for now, because I want something to kinda latch on to, ya know?" He gave Derek a small smile, hugging him back.

"Okay," Derek agreed. "Do you want to decide what it's going to be now or later?"


"Really?" Derek asked. "Choosing is part of the reward."

Stiles glanced up shyly. "I like it when you think of rewards for me," he admitted.

"...like what?" Derek asked. He didn't want to mess this up.

Stiles blinked. "Sir, I like the things you think of, you aren't going to pick something I won't like," he said softly.

Derek shook his head. "I want to pick something you love," he explained.

Stiles could only chuckle. "Okay, okay," he murmured, running his hand down Derek's arm. "I love being Kit, cockwarming, cuddling, gardening, baking with you, and that half-asleep time when you drag me closer in bed and whisper sleepy words into my skin."

Derek couldn't help the soft smile that spread across his face. "I love you," he said gently. "How about, if you get through today, we'll do some gardening tomorrow afternoon?"

Stiles smiled widely, nodding. "Yes please!" he kissed Derek's cheek. "And I love you too," he added, nuzzling close.

"I have to get back to these edits," Derek replied, hugging Stiles tighter for a second, "but come find me whenever you want, okay?"

"Yes sir." Stiles smiled, kissing his jaw and pressing close. "I love you."

"I love you, Stiles." Derek pulled back and kissed him quickly. "Good luck today, okay?"

"Kay." Stiles gave Derek a brighter smile at the kiss. "I'll probably bring my laptop down to the living room for now."

"You do that," Derek agreed. "I'll see you at lunchtime?"

"Yes sir!" Stiles smiled widely, sneaking one last kiss before he pulled away. "I'm thinking cheesesteaks."

"Sounds good," Derek replied.

-----

Stiles, for the most part, had a decent day. He spent most of it downstairs researching odd things since he didn't have any orders to do for once. The itching didn't get worse, but he did end up almost
trembling by lunch, simply because of how long the 'habit' had been. It wasn't that he needed to 
clean, but he'd been doing it for so long that not doing it left him a bit adrift, not sure if he was 
restless or bored.

When Derek came downstairs for lunch and saw Stiles, he frowned a little. "You okay, love?"

"Yeah, just a little antsy," Stiles murmured, clicking his pen even as he went to check the sandwiches 
in the oven.

"Itchy, or...?" Derek looked Stiles over carefully.

"Not really just..." Stiles took the pan out of the oven, plating up the sandwiches. "Just antsy. Like I 
should be doing something, but I'm not. Kinda restless."

"So it's not that you need to clean, so much as you need to be doing something?" Derek clarified.

"Yeah." Stiles nodded. "I'm not really feeling the itchy stuff, just more that I should be doing 
something and I usually am, but I'm not... I have no orders today, my stock is at a good point, and I 
know now a lot more about how cats reproduce."

Derek nodded. "I'd offer to take you somewhere, but I really do need to work today."

"It's okay." Stiles gave Derek a grateful smile. "I'll probably just end up outside or curled up in my 
chair in the office. Maybe play a video game or something."

"You should do that," Derek said. "You don't do as much just for fun as you used to."

"I enjoy what I do." Stiles shrugged. "It's just the cleaning itchy bit that I'm not enjoying. But we're 
working on that."

"Well, you can reward yourself," Derek said with a shrug. "I'm proud of you, you know."

Stiles flushed. "Proud? What did I do?" He blinked, setting the plates on the table once they'd cooled 
some. Molten cheese was not fun when it was on the roof of your mouth.

"You've been dealing with your...anxiety stuff really well," Derek did his best to explain. "I mean, it 
hasn't all been good days, but you've handled the bad days well."

"I think it helps that I have a name for it now, rather than just my 'itch'," Stiles confessed, sitting at 
the table and pulling his legs onto the chair with him. "Though I doubt it'll all be kitten and 
rainbows...."

"We'll get there," Derek promised, reaching out to take Stiles' hand.

Stiles gave him a small smile, squeezing Derek's hand. "One day," he nodded. "Both of us."

"I'll probably have PTSD all my life," Derek admitted. "But it's getting better."

"And I'll probably have this to some degree all my life too. Maybe not about cleaning but..." Stiles 
smiled. "We're in this together."

-----

Derek lay on his side as he watched Stiles get ready for bed. "I'm proud of you," he said. "You did 
it."
Stiles gave him a small smile, tugging on his favorite pair of sleep shorts before sliding into the bed, pressing close. "Thank you," he whispered. "I'm just hoping tomorrow isn't bad either."

"We'll get there when we get there," Derek reassured him, rubbing Stiles' back. "Even if it is, I'll help you, and you have your reward to look forward to."

Stiles eyes lit up. "It's the perfect time to plant flower bulbs too." He grinned.

Derek smiled back. "You know...this morning you mentioned another thing you loved..."

Stiles blinked. "Hmm?" he asked, a smile curling his lips. He loved seeing Derek smile.

Derek leaned in until his lips brushed against Stiles' ear. "Would you like to warm my cock, sweetheart? You can."

Stiles gasped softly, a shiver going up his spine. He flushed, wiggling a bit as he nodded and scooted down so they were both still on their sides, tugging at Derek's boxers.

Derek looked down at Stiles, stroking his hair. "Go on, amado."

Stiles smiled up at him before shifting closer, taking Derek's cock into his mouth with a soft sigh, relaxing as he sucked.

Derek hummed, enjoying the sensations. "You know you could touch yourself," he reminded Stiles. "If you wanted."

Stiles hummed, having forgotten that rule, but other than reaching down to cup himself, he didn't move, too intent and focused on the cock in his mouth.

"Oh, sweetheart," Derek murmured, running his hand through Stiles' hair. "You're wonderful. I admire you so much, love - my beautiful brave boy."

Stiles let out a soft sound, suckling and pressing closer, the words of praise spinning in his head and making him relaxed and warm.

Derek hummed in pleasure. "So beautiful, so loving. My sweetheart."

Stiles flicked his eyes up to Derek's face, tongue curling around his cock. He was starting to sink, his eyes getting darker and hazy.

"Feeling good, querido?" Derek murmured. "I want you to feel so good, love."

"Mm," Stiles hummed, closing his eyes as he sunk further.

"It's been a long day, hasn't it?" Derek said softly, stroking Stiles' hair over and over. "Time to rest now."

Stiles started to drift off, his suckling growing softer until he was just holding Derek in his mouth, dozing.

Derek gently pulled out, hoping it wouldn't wake Stiles.

Stiles whined in his sleep, his lip slipping into his mouth, though he didn't move otherwise, a small sigh leaving him.

Derek considered their positions, then scooted down the bed, bringing a pillow with him. That way
he could cover them both with a blanket at least, even if they weren't stretched out.

Stiles murmured softly in his sleep, pressing close to where his face was tucked in Derek's throat. "Love..."

Derek smiled softly, cuddling Stiles close. "Love you too, sweetheart," he murmured.

"Stiles," Derek said warily, watching Stiles' snickering turn into outright guffaws, "put the pizza down."

Stiles managed to slide his pizza onto his plate before he doubled over with laughter, his eyes watering, "What's new pussycat, oooohooohohhh."

Derek shook his head, snorting, and rubbed Stiles' back. "Breathe, love," he reminded him.

Stiles took in a sharp, deep breath. "I laugh at this one all the time, I don't know why it just kicks me right in the giggle-dick."

"The giggle-dick," Derek said flatly.

Stiles just grinned at him. "Yup. Right in the giggle-dick." He let his eyes flick back over to the TV, snorting out another loud laugh before picking his pizza back up.

Derek rolled his eyes. "Alright, then." He finished his current slice in a few bites, then glanced at the open box. "I'm done," he said. "Do you want more, or should I put the rest away?"

"I'm done." Stiles said, slipping the last of his into his mouth and sucking the grease off his fingers.

"Napkins," Derek replied, passing one to Stiles and taking one himself.

"S'more fun to suck it off." Stiles grinned, though he did take the napkin and wiped the rest of his hands, licking his lips.

Derek stood, grabbing their plates. "You stay, love, I'll clean up," he said.

"You sure sir?" He asked, blinking even as he flopped down on the couch, twisting and curling into the warmth left behind by Derek much like a cat.

"I'm sure," Derek replied, smiling. "Let me take a turn at cleaning up. You watch your show."

Stiles smiled widely. "Love you!" he called after him, settling in.

With just two plates to wash, Derek didn't bother to do more than rinse them for now. They could wash them properly with the breakfast dishes easily enough. The remaining slices of pizza he put on a larger plate, covered them in clingwrap, and then put it in the fridge. The box, he threw away, washing his hands before returning to the living room. When he saw Stiles, his pulse sped up.

"Hands, chiquito," he reminded him.

Stiles whined, having not even noticed that his hands had slipped into his sweats, stroking and teasing himself. He slipped his hands free, tilting his head back as he watched Derek, licking precum from his palm.
"I thought you were watching the show," Derek pointed out, his eyes dark. "But I guess you got distracted."

Stiles shifted where he was laying spread out. "Didn't know I was doing it."

"You're still getting an extra edge tomorrow," Derek said, then bit his lip as he considered what he was about to say. "I know it's hard to control yourself," he said slowly, "but you can't just jerk off all the time."

Stiles sucked in a breath, letting it out in a soft whine as he flushed. "I'm sorry." He wasn't. His voice showed it. The way he licked his palm again showed it.

Derek called him out on it immediately. "You're not. If I turned around you'd probably start right up again."

Stiles’ blush grew darker, shifting and wiggling in his spot. He didn't say anything, his tongue flicking along his fingers as he gave Derek a hot look.

Feeling a little bolder, Derek kept going. "If you insist on playing with your cock, you can go get a dildo."

Stiles whined, shifting again. God, he couldn't even explain why that made him so hot. He pouted a little at Derek. "Can't I suck on you? Your cock is the best."

"No," Derek said firmly. "I'm not a pacifier for when you're feeling horny. Go get a dildo."

Stiles shuddered, panting softly as he rolled off the couch, the pout still firmly on his face. "Yes sir..." He headed upstairs, licking his lips the entire way. Fuck, that was hot.

Derek palmed his own crotch, a reminder to control himself, and turned the TV off. He got up and fetched a book instead - he could more easily fake absorption that way.

Stiles came back downstairs holding the dildo he’d chosen - the one just Derek’s cock, to tease him with. He whined when he saw Derek reading a book, pouting before he flung himself back on the couch, his head touching Derek's thigh.

"Hello," Derek said idly, as if his whole being wasn't focused on Stiles right now.

Stiles headbutted his thigh affectionately, already dragging the toy up so he could suck on the head of it, moaning softly as his free hand slid back into his sweats.

Derek kept his eyes on the page, but he'd already completely lost track of the story.

Stiles moaned, both the act of what he was doing, and the fact that he knew Derek was trying to ignore him made him burn. Oh sure, he hated being ignored, but he knew exactly what this was. That it wasn't him actually being ignored. He sucked the dildo further into his mouth, moaning loudly and rocking his hips into his hand.

Derek turned a page and reached down to play with Stiles' hair, as if he was just lying there.

Stiles moaned, leaning into the touch as he fucked the dildo further into his mouth, the sounds wet and messy as he was basically giving it a rather sloppy blowjob. His hand was still in his pants, hips and back arching as his eyes fluttered closed.
"Enjoying having a cock to suck?" Derek teased, avoiding acknowledgement of what Stiles' other hand was doing.

"Not as good as yours," Stiles panted, barely getting the words out before he was sucking on the dildo again, his eyes opening to lock onto Derek's face.

"Better than nothing, though," Derek countered. "Better than having your mouth empty, isn't it?"

"Mhmmm." Stiles nodded before sucking in a breath and deep throating the dildo, giving a choked off moan and shivering.

"God, sweetheart," Derek breathed. "Feels so good, doesn't it? Being full? You'd be this way all the time if you could."

"Uh huh," Stiles whimpered, writhing against his hand, forcing himself to still as he came closer to the edge, sucking harder on the silicone toy.

"Good boy," Derek praised, still playing with Stiles' hair. "Good boy, there you go."

Stiles was breathing heavy, his eyes locked on Derek. He whined high in his throat, choking it off with the toy.

"That's it, sweetheart." Derek smiled down at him, eyes dark. "There you go, so good."

Stiles lifted the hand that was in his pants, switching it to hold the dildo as his other slid into his own hair, gripping it tightly. He let out a shuddering moan, his eyes rolling just a bit as they closed again, the words Derek was saying echoing in his head, the dark eyes ingrained in his memory.

Derek couldn't wait any longer. "Do you want to come, sweetheart?" he asked.

"Mmm!" Stiles moaned, nodding and opening his eyes to plead with Derek. He was close, true, but it had more to do with the motions of what he was doing mixed with the tone of Derek's voice.

"Alright, sweetheart," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair away from his face. "Przemysław, come."

Stiles eyes rolled into the back of his head as he came, whimpering as he let the toy fall from his mouth. "S-sir."

"Good boy," Derek praised. "Well done, love, that's wonderful."

Stiles gave Derek a smile, pressing closer to his thigh.

"Feeling good, sweetheart?" Derek checked, smiling back.

"Uh-huh. Wanna make you feel good." Stiles twisted until he was on his stomach.

Derek shifted his hand to stroke Stiles' hair. "I'm feeling pretty good just from watching you."

Stiles buried his face in Derek's side. "Like making you feel good."


Stiles let out a happy sound, nuzzling his way to Derek's crotch, mouthing at his cock through his
Derek’s hips shifted up, seeking Stiles’ mouth.

Stiles pushed hot air through Derek’s pants, lightly scraping with his teeth.

Derek hummed, eyes fluttering shut.

Stiles moaned, trying to nudge Derek’s pants out of the way without his hands.

He didn’t have much success. "Here, sweetheart," Derek breathed, fumbling until Stiles had access to his cock.

Stiles pulled back just enough for Derek to pull down his pants, letting out a soft sound as he returned to where he was, nudging Derek's boxers out of the way to suck the head of Derek's cock into his mouth with a happy moan.

Derek moaned, incredibly hard already. "God I love you," he panted. "So good, sweetheart."

Stiles hummed, his eyes crinkling in a smile before he sunk further, all the way to the root, giving a choked off moan.

Derek cried out, his fists clenching.

Stiles pulled back just a bit so he could take a deep breath before sinking back down and swallowing hungrily.

"I’m about to - " Derek warned, scarcely in time before he started coming.

Stiles quickly swallowed him down, making soft, contented noises between gulps.

"Fuck, sweetheart," Derek panted. "Come up here, on my lap."

Stiles pulled off, panting as he scrambled to straddle Derek's lap, nuzzling along his jaw. "Sir," he rasped, smiling happily.

Derek met Stiles’ lips with his in a desperate kiss, slipping his hand between them and into Stiles' pants to grasp his cock.

Stiles gasped, rocking into Derek’s hold, arousal spiking up his spine as he returned the kiss, letting him dominate it.

Derek jerked Stiles off, rough and messily, panting against Stiles’ mouth.

Stiles whined, his hands slipping into Derek's hair, rocking into his hand. "Fuck," he panted. "Fuckfuckfuck."

"Przemyslaw, come," Derek said urgently, pulling away from Stiles just long enough to suck hard on his sub mark.

Stiles cried out sharply, coming as he let his head fall back, eyes rolling back over.

Derek hurriedly caught Stiles around the waist to stop him from falling. "You okay?" he asked, his voice rough.

"U-uh huh," Stiles panted, hands slipping around Derek’s neck, trusting him not to let him fall.
Derek held him close, kissing the mark he'd left on Stiles' neck. "That was so good, sweetheart."

Stiles let out a soft, happy sound at the kiss, pressing close. "I love you," he rasped.

"I love you too," Derek replied quietly. "I'm so proud of you for the last two months. I've kept challenging you, and you've just kept going for it."

Stiles flushed, giving him a shy, crooked smile. "I liked it."

"Yeah?" Derek asked.

Stiles nodded, feeling a bit shy. "Yeah. It was hard sometimes, but I liked it. What happens after everything?"

"Well, I'd like to keep going with the rules we've established," Derek said. "Edge every morning, no touching without a cock in your mouth, only come when I say, always come when I say... Is there anything you'd like to add?"

"I don't think so." Stiles grinned, lazily grinding against him, though he was content to cuddle.

"Really?" Derek said, raising his eyebrows. "You just came. Twice."

"Can't help it." Stiles flushed softly, ducking his head and peeking up at Derek through his lashes.

"You really can't, can you?" Derek commented, his eyes dark. "Maybe I should get you a fucking machine to keep you occupied."

Stiles whined, the flush on his cheeks going darker at the thought. "Wouldn't be as good as you," he murmured, rocking harder against him.

"It wouldn't have to be," Derek murmured, his lips brushing against the shell of Stiles' ear. "Not when it kept going and going, until you lost track of time, and it still didn't stop."

Stiles couldn't help the soft whimper at the feeling of Derek's lips against his ear, hips jerking against him. "O-oh."

"And you wouldn't come - couldn't come," Derek went on. "I'd put you on your hands and knees so nothing touched your cock at all."

"O-oh." Stiles groaned, rocking and grinding. "W-wouldn't come till you said. Couldn't."

"Maybe I'd put a cock ring on you," Derek said, reaching down to squeeze Stiles' ass, "but you wouldn't really need it. You could be fucked to within an inch of your life and you still wouldn't come without my say-so."

"Uh huh. N-not unless you say so," Stiles groaned, rocking back against Derek's hand, head tilting back to bare his neck.

"Good boy, Przemyslaw," Derek praised lowly.

Stiles hips stuttered as he moaned, just his name bringing him to the edge.
Derek waited.

Stiles whimpered, settling against him with a soft moan.

"You okay, sweetheart?" Derek murmured.

"Y-yes sir," he panted, pressing close.

Derek smiled, rubbing Stiles' back. "I've got you, love."

Stiles smiled back, lazily rutting against Derek’s hips, arms wrapping around his shoulders. "Sir..." he breathed, nuzzling along his jaw.

"Yes, chiquito?" Derek asked.

"Please," Stiles whined, growing closer again, really fast.

"Please what?" Derek prompted gently.


"You've already come twice," Derek pointed out. "No."

Stiles moaned, pouting softly and burying his face in Derek's neck as he fought to calm down. Oh, he wouldn't come without permission, but god...

"Shh," Derek soothed him. "You can wait, sweetheart. I know you can."

"Yes sir," he whimpered, nuzzling closer and taking some deep breaths.

"Good boy," Derek praised, kissing Stiles' hair. "That's it."

Stiles smiled against his neck, nipping playfully.

"A little calmer now?" Derek checked, smiling.

"Mmhmm." Stiles nodded, giving him a tiny smile as he pulled back to look at Derek.

"Good," Derek said warmly. "How about we go get cleaned up?"

"Oh goodie, bathtime with Sir." He grinned, wiggling a bit as he slid off Derek's lap.

"A quick shower, that's it," Derek told him, getting up. "Then I'm going to get some more work done - if you need to warm my cock, you can, but that's it, okay?"

Stiles’ eyes lit up. "I love warming your cock. I'll always take that chance." He nodded, turning to head toward the bathroom.

Chapter End Notes

We're not done playing around with this, by the way ;)

Thanks as always to our beta Chicktar, and to all you guys for reading. 400 000 words!
That's a /lot/ of words. We look forward to hearing from you guys in the comments - when did you start reading? What are your favourite parts of the story? What would you like to see in future?
"You're going to do inventory for your shop soon, aren't you?" Derek asked. "I thought we could go to the craft store together afterwards, and we could make a game of it?"

"Hmm?" Stiles blinked in confusion. A game?

Derek took a breath, feeling nervous. "Do you think you could be a very good boy and act normal in public, even if you were very horny?"

-----

Derek tests out the effect of Stiles' name on his state of mind when they go to the mall.

"Sweetheart?" Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair.

Stiles looked up at him, suckling harder on Derek's cock in question, his hands slipping up to curl around Derek's thighs.

"No, keep it soft, please," Derek said, smiling a little. "I had an idea for something we could do together - can I tell you about it?"

"Mmmhmm." Stiles gave Derek a soft smile, gentling his suckling.

"Good boy. You're going to do inventory for your shop soon, aren't you?" Derek asked. "I thought we could go to the craft store together afterwards, and we could make a game of it?"

"Hmm?" Stiles blinked in confusion. A game?

Derek took a breath, feeling nervous. "Do you think you could be a very good boy and act normal in public, even if you were very horny?"

Stiles drifted a bit, thinking. He hummed, nodding a bit. Yeah, he wanted to try.

"Do you think it would feel good to act calm in public when you're secretly aroused?" Derek asked.
Stiles flushed darkly, nodding a bit more. The game of it would be amazing. Keeping calm until he could fall apart...

Derek threaded his fingers through Stiles’ hair and pulled him gently off his cock. "Do you think you’d enjoy if I called you Przemyslaw instead of Stiles all day?"

Stiles gasped, the name throwing him toward the edge. "Y-yes, sir," he panted, arching his back, whining softly.

"You'll have to pretend better than that," Derek pointed out, mock-sternly. "Can you do that?"

"Uh huh, want to. Want to show I can do it," Stiles panted. "Make you proud." Maybe even manage to finally blow Derek in the car, even if it was back in the garage.

"Show me, Przemyslaw," Derek directed him. "What would you say if someone came up to you and asked if they could help you find something?"

Stiles sucked in a breath, but forced a smile onto his swollen lips. "I'm just looking right now, but if you could point me toward the yarn?" He managed to say it without much trembling.

"Good boy, Przemyslaw," Derek praised. "Well done."

Stiles gave Derek a trembling smile, the name making him shiver.

"Do you think you can do that for a whole afternoon?" Derek prompted, cupping Stiles' cheek.

"Want to try!" Stiles leaned into the touch, smiling brighter.

"Alright, sweetheart," Derek agreed. "On the weekend?"

Yes, sir," Stiles agreed. "I need to pick up more red yarn anyway."

Derek smiled back. "We'll do a proper shopping list before we go. I want to make sure you get everything you need."

Stiles nodded, giving him a shy smile, still between Derek's thighs, leaning forward to nuzzle at him.

"Do you have any questions?" Derek asked gently.

Stiles gave him a mischievous smile. "Can I suck your dick again?"

Derek laughed. "If you insist, love," he teased.

"Oh good." Stiles' grin widened as he leaned forward, sucking Derek's cock back into his mouth with a happy sound.

Derek shook his head fondly. "Love you, sweetheart."

-----

Stiles shifted in his seat, fiddling with the seatbelt. "What colors would you like in a sweater?" he asked, curious.

"I don't know," Derek said, glancing sideways at Stiles as he started up the car. "I tend to like muted, darker colours, I guess. Maybe maroon? Are you thinking of adding some sweater yarn to your shopping list?"
Stiles nodded, chewing on his lower lip. "I have a pattern I want to try..."

"So you'll experiment on me?" Derek teased.

"Yup." Stiles grinned. "I think you'd like it. It's a pullover style and it has those thumb holes in the sleeves so the sleeves don't ride up when you're cold."

"It sounds nice," Derek admitted. He paused. "Are you looking forward to today?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," Stiles admitted with a small grin. "I like the thought, I really really do."

"If it's getting too much for you at any point, tell me, alright?" Derek said, a little worriedly. "I don't want to accidentally push you too hard."

"I promise to let you know," Stiles said, nodding and giving Derek a small smile. "It'll be okay."

"Okay," Derek replied. "Then here are your rules: you will be polite to everyone we encounter - that means replying when they say hello or ask you something; you will not let anyone know how horny you are; and unless you safeword out, we won't leave until you've bought everything on that list."

"Yes, sir," Stiles breathed, shivering and scooting further down in his seat.

"Good boy, Przemysław," Derek praised.

Stiles whined high in his throat, his eyes fluttering shut.

"You can do better than that," Derek scolded gently. "What would someone say if they saw you?"

"Dunno," Stiles murmured, making himself sit up and take a steadying breath.

"Are you sure?" Derek asked.

"I'm sure," Stiles whispered.

"Do you know what they'd see?" Derek murmured, glancing sideways. "They'd see a sub, fully dressed, not even being touched, but begging for it with his body."

Stiles let out a soft whimper, turning to watch Derek.

"You know what they'd think, don't you?" Derek said quietly.


"Maybe they'd think you had a vibrator hidden somewhere," Derek offered. "Some reason for whining like that. But you don't, do you?"

"No sir, I don't," Stiles panted, trying to keep focused on anything but the images flooding his mind.

"Do you think you could handle wearing a vibe?" Derek asked.

"I like the thought," Stiles admitted. "Want to try."

"I think a vibe might be too much for you like this," Derek pointed out quietly. "You're looking a little overwhelmed.

"You saying my name does that." Stiles licked his lips, breathing carefully and measured.
"I've only said it once so far," Derek replied.

"Images in my mind too," Stiles breathed, finally as calm as he’d been when he got into the car.

Derek glanced at him and smirked a little. "Good."

Stiles couldn't help the tiny whimper that left him at that smirk. Fuck, his Dom was fucking hot.

"Shh, love," Derek murmured. "You'll be okay."

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Oh, he was not okay. Not. They'd only been in the shop for five minutes, one skein in the cart, and Stiles’ knuckles were already white with the grip he had on the handle bar. He was dying.

"You okay, Przemyslaw?" Derek asked, one hand resting in the small of Stiles' back.

"I'm okay." Stiles looked up at Derek, his eyes wide and dark. The touch wasn't helping either. Fuck, he was going to end up begging Derek to fuck him over the polymer clay display.

"Good boy," Derek said, his own voice low as he watched Stiles' reactions. "What's next on the list?"

"Need another ten hook. Mine decided to go AWOL a few days ago," Stiles replied, giving Derek a small smile.

"You could get a nicer one this time," Derek suggested. "Why don't you go ask where they're kept?"

Stiles nodded, giving him a small grin. "That one was plastic, but I kinda want one of those that have a slightly thicker handle." He went up to one of the workers and asked, "Hi, could you point me to where the crochet hooks are?"

"Sure," she replied with a smile. "Just over here. What are you working on?"

"I'm aiming to make a huge blanket, and another project is a sweater for my Dom." He smiled, relaxing a bit. "I have an Etsy store too, but all my hooks tend to run off like they have legs."

"They do that," she agreed, leading him to the section with all the needlework tools. "Do you have a case for them?"

"Oh, I've been meaning to get one, I just have them shoved into my Marvel mug at the moment." He flushed, giving her a grin.

"Sounds pretty cool," she said, grinning back. "Not the easiest way to keep them organised, though."

"No, that's for sure," Stiles grinned. "Which one do you recommend?" He'd managed to calm down from Derek calling his name three times in five minutes.

"It depends on what you want, really," she replied. "See, these ones are good, but only if you don't knit at all. These ones are more versatile. But they're not that nice to look at."

"I don't knit much," Stiles admitted. "And I think I'd do better just having knitting needles in a separate case." He smiled, grabbing a soft case, rubbing the embroidery on it.

"Fair enough," she agreed. "Is there anything else I can help you find?"
"No, I think that's it." Stiles grinned. "Thank you! These are awesome."

Derek, meanwhile, had gone to the front of the shop, looking at flyers for various workshops and craft fairs.

"Sir!" Stiles smiled, coming up to him and leaning against his shoulder. "Almost done, just a few more things, and it's all yarn."

"Hi, Przemyslaw," Derek said, stumbling a little over the name. It wasn't exactly automatic, after all. "Do any of these interest you?" he asked, gesturing to the flyers.

Stiles sucked in a sharp breath. Dammit, he'd just finished calming down. He managed to keep himself mostly calm though, moving to look over the flyers. "U-um. Not really. The auction kinda looks interesting. The one where you make things for charity to get your name out?" He mentally patted himself on the back; his voice had barely shaken.

Derek nodded. "Have you considered getting a stall at a market some time? There's plenty of people out there who don't use Etsy."

"That might be a good idea, or at a convention if I can make more fandom related things!" Stiles tapped it out in a notepad on his phone. "I like that idea."

Derek smiled. "So what's next on the list, Przemyslaw?"

Stiles sucked in another breath, his voice trembling as he started talking. "Just the different yarn. But it's a lot of them."

"We'll take all the time you need," Derek promised. "Lead the way."

Stiles smiled, leading him over to the yarn, touching each skein. "Hmmm. Want some soft ones..."

"Are there any particular brands or fiber types you're looking for, Przemyslaw?" Derek asked.

"H-hmm." Stiles gripped the handlebar tighter as he looked over the yarn. "Not really. I go mainly by feel. Though the lightweight baby sport yarn I've found makes better plushies."

Derek nodded. "You've got certain weights you need, though, don't you? And colours?"

"Mmhmm." Stiles nodded. "The baby sport yarn in red, blue, yellow, green, and purple. Worsted weight in a blue, yellow, and green for a blanket that was ordered. And the sweater yarn. As well as a handful of different fibers and colors for various small projects." As he was talking, he was already skimming through the yarn, tossing in a couple of skeins each time he hovered over one section.

Derek loved seeing Stiles so confident and skilled. "You're wonderful, Przemyslaw," he said warmly.

Stiles gave Derek a small smile, his eyes dark and hungry as he looked up at him from where he was crouched by a shelf full of novelty yarns. He licked his lips slowly as he stood.

Derek smiled a little. "Would you like a kiss, Przemyslaw?"

"Yes please." Stiles nodded, stepping closer, tossing a ball of 'fur' yarn into the cart. He wanted more than a kiss. He wanted to get fucked right there in aisle seven.
Derek reached up to cup Stiles' cheeks, holding him in place as he gave him a soft, quick kiss.

Stiles whined when it was over, pouting softly and leaning back in to nip at Derek’s lower lip.

"Not here," Derek scolded gently. "It's rude."

"Yes, sir," Stiles sighed, still pouting. "Almost done, just need to grab five more skeins."

"Good boy, Przemysław," Derek said, rubbing his thumb over Stiles' pouting lips. "Well done."

Stiles pupils dilated even more as he forced himself to step away. "O-okay," he whispered, visibly getting his bearings before tossing a few more skeins into the cart. "I think that's everything."

"Are you sure?" Derek asked, looking everything over. "Do you want to check the list just in case?"

Stiles nodded, already looking over the list and mentally ticking things off. "The only thing I need is more stuffing, and that's up there by the checkout."

"Well done," Derek said. "I'm proud of you, Przemysław."

Stiles smiled at him, shifting as his jeans rubbed against the aching erection he had. Thank fuck his panties kept it somewhat pinned down.

"Go on then," Derek murmured, nodding towards the checkout. "Get what you need. I'll come too."

Stiles smiled, pushing the cart up toward checkout, scooping up the stuffing he'd seen earlier, making sure it was the one he normally got before plunking it in the cart.

Derek followed silently, just being there in Stiles' peripherals.

Stiles pushed the cart up to the checkout, smiling widely. "I think we've got everything now that we've bought half your store." His smile widened at the cashier's laugh, the pretty girl scanning each skein.

"Yeah, wow," she said. "That's quite a haul. Stocking up?"

"Yup! I run an Etsy store, and I needed some more for the projects there. That and I'm trying my hand at clothes now," Stiles rambled, grinning widely.

"Nice," she replied. "I don't have the patience for stuff like that - I mostly sew."

"That's another thing I'm going to try here soon," Stiles admitted. "I'm making squares for a quilt right now though, it's for my dad's birthday." He grinned, his nose crinkling.

"That's really sweet," she said, ringing everything up. "Alright, would you like to become a member?"

"Sure! I have a feeling we'll be back, this is an awesome yarn selection!" Stiles smiled, taking the bags and putting them in the cart. God, that was a lot of yarn.

Derek smiled as Stiles gave her his details and paid for everything, stepping a little closer to rest his hand on Stiles' back.

Stiles tilted his head back, grinning widely. "Ready to go, sir?" he asked as he slipped his new
membership card into his wallet, thanking the cashier.

Derek nodded. "Let's get this to the car, Przemysław."

Stiles sucked in a breath, giving the cashier another grin before waving as he led the way to the car, almost slumping against the trunk after loading the bags into it. "Fuck me."

"Nope," Derek said simply. "Let's go have afternoon tea, Przemysław."

Stiles couldn't help but whine high in his throat. "Why?" he asked, even as he stood, pushing the cart into the cart return, his hands shaking.

"You like mall food," Derek pointed out.

"True, but I meant why won't you fuck me?" Stiles pouted playfully, deciding to just roll with it, even though it was getting hard to hide the tremor in his hands.

"Because I want to have afternoon tea first," Derek replied, watching Stiles carefully.

Stiles could only pout, nodding a bit and eyeing him out of the corner of his eye. Oh, he knew something was up, but he was willing to wait. At least for a bit longer.

"Good boy," Derek said.

Stiles gave him a small smile, heading back inside.

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By the time they sat down with their food, Stiles was trembling again, thankful for the chair under him as his knees could barely hold him up.

"Doing alright, sweetheart?" Derek said softly, resting his hand on Stiles'. "Do you need to stop?"

"I-I'm okay," Stiles murmured, the warm hand on his calming some of the tremors. "Just...fuck me," he groaned.

"We're in the middle of the food court," Derek pointed out warmly.

"Don't care," Stiles whined, wiggling a bit, even as he forced himself (barely) to calm a bit, shoving a chicken nugget into his mouth.

"Sweetheart," Derek said firmly, "we're not doing anything where someone might see who doesn't want to. Be patient, okay?"

Stiles shivered, nodding. "Sorry, sir," he murmured, closing his eyes to take deep breaths.

"Good boy," Derek praised. "Just finish your food, sweetheart, and then we'll go, okay?"

Stiles smiled, eating another of his nuggets, curling his fingers around Derek's hand. "Yes, sir."

Derek kept hold of Stiles' hand while they ate, and only reluctantly let go when he stood up so he could carry the trash from their meal.

Stiles smiled, sucking down the last of his smoothie as he followed Derek, putting his cup in the trashcan. "I love food courts," he hummed, "but not as much as I love you."
Derek laughed a little, wrapping his arm around Stiles' waist and leading him, not to the exit, but towards the bathrooms. "Love you too, Przemysław."

Stiles felt his knees go weak, a whimper forcing itself out of his throat. Oh, he'd just managed to calm down. Fuck.

"You're doing very well," Derek reassured him quietly. "How about you tell me how you're feeling?"

"Need you," Stiles whispered, not even noticing where they were heading, focusing on Derek. "Desperate. Please."

"I'll look after you," Derek promised, turning down the side corridor to the bathrooms.

Stiles panted, hiding his face in Derek's arm as they walked, trusting his Dom not to let him get hurt.

The bathroom was, thankfully, empty when they arrived, so Derek was able to lock them both in a stall without anyone seeing. "Stiles," he murmured.

Stiles peeked up at him, blinking at the sight of the stall walls. "H-huh?" he asked, licking his lips.

"Anyone could come into the room and hear us," Derek said lowly. "But here, no one can see us."

Stiles let out a soft whine, his eyes fluttering a little both at the image Derek was giving him, and the tone of his Dom's voice.

"So," Derek murmured, wrapping Stiles in his arms, "if you want, and you can keep quiet, I'll let you come."

Stiles nodded rapidly, clinging to him, arms wrapped tightly around Derek's shoulders. "Please, sir," he breathed, kissing along Derek's jaw.

"You want me to touch your cock?" Derek murmured. "Make you come into the toilet with your fingers stuffed in your mouth so you can't make a sound? Tuck you back into your panties and lead you back to the car, through the crowds, with everyone looking at you?"

Stiles whined brightly. "Y-your fingers," he begged, rocking his hips forward, aware of the echoing of his voice.

"My fingers?" Derek asked, his lips brushing against Stiles' ear. "What do you mean?"

"W-want your fingers in my mouth. N-not mine. Please, sir?" Stiles shivered, tilting his head to give Derek more room.


Stiles' knees buckled with a soft moan. Fuck. Just... fuck. "Please."

"Turn," Derek ordered firmly, his arms still wrapped loosely around Stiles. "Face the toilet."

Stiles turned carefully, his knees shaking as he faced the toilet, letting his soft moans echo through the room as he rocked his hips back against Derek's crotch.

"You need to be quiet," Derek reminded him, one arm around Stiles' waist holding him in place. "Do
you need my fingers, Przemsyław?"

"Please!" Stiles cried out, his knees trembling so hard he was surprised he was still standing.

"Shh," Derek soothed, bringing his left hand to Stiles' lips. "Here, suck. If you need me to stop, snap your fingers."

"Uh huh." Stiles nodded, sucking Derek's fingers down with a soft moan, tongue curling around them as he suckled.

Derek let Stiles suck his fingers all the way into his mouth. "Can you be quiet now?" he asked gently.

Stiles whined, but he fell silent, sucking hard on Derek's fingers.

"Good boy," Derek murmured. "Undo your jeans for me, Przemsyław."

Stiles let out a muffled gurgle, his fingers fumbling with the button and fly, before managing to push his jeans down his thighs.

"Pull your panties down," Derek added. "Don't touch your cock."

Stiles shakily slid his panties down, moaning softly as the cooler air brushed against his cock as it sprung free.

"Good," Derek said softly. "Now keep quiet." He wrapped his hand around Stiles' cock, rubbing his palm over the head to gather the precome there.

Stiles managed to suck in a breath, sucking harder on Derek's fingers to help stifle the high whine trying to escape, his eyes fluttering closed.

Derek began to stroke Stiles' cock hard and fast, whispering in his ear, "You know what they'd think if they heard you? If they saw you?"

Stiles wasn't able to stifle that whine, his knees and thighs trembling.

"Some of them would be shocked, I'm sure," Derek went on, his voice still barely audible. "They'd stare, wouldn't they? Because they couldn't believe what they were seeing, couldn't believe how desperate you were."

Stiles was clinging to Derek's pants, moaning and whimpering, the sounds muffled by the fingers in his mouth, images flashing through his head. Yes. Cockslut, desperate whore, slutslutslutslut.

"But there'd be others, wouldn't there?" Derek murmured lowly. "The ones who stared because they couldn't take their eyes off you."

Stiles whimpered, tilting his head back, leaning against Derek's face.

"Those ones would believe," Derek told him. "They'd know. Wouldn't they, Przemsyław? They'd know exactly what you are."

Stiles nodded, his mind swirling with imaginary voices. 'Look at that little cockslut, so desperate. Fucking slut.'
"Could you come?" Derek whispered. "If I told you to, could you come, here in a mall bathroom?"

"Mmhmm," Stiles whimpered, pleading wordlessly, almost dizzy with how close he was, how the images spun in his mind, the hand on his cock, fingers against his tongue and his Dom's voice in his ear.

They heard the door open, and Derek froze as they listened to the footsteps that entered the room.

Stiles sucked in a breath, trying to rock into Derek's hand, the whine he wanted to let out getting caught in his throat. All he needed was the command. That's all, Derek wouldn't even have to touch him.

Derek didn't dare move, his entire attention focused on tracking the man who'd just come in.

Stiles listened, fighting the urge to moan loudly, his hands trembling against Derek as he sucked harder on his Dom's fingers.

Finally, the man left, and Derek let out a shuddering breath as the door swung shut.

Stiles let the whimper out, shivering against Derek. His hands still shook, legs barely holding him up.

"Alright," Derek said shakily. "Okay." He'd never really thought about someone finding them, not like that.

Stiles whimpered softly, shivering and trembling. A part of him screamed at him, wanting him to ask if Derek was okay.

"You okay, chiquito?" Derek asked quietly, closing his eyes for a second.

"Mmmhmm." Stiles nodded slowly, flicking his eyes over to look at Derek, making a questioning noise.

Derek pulled his fingers out of Stiles' mouth. "What is it?" he asked.

"Are you okay?" Stiles asked, breathless and panting.

"Oh," Derek replied, suddenly awkwardly aware of their situation. "I'm...fine. It just, I was surprised. And you?"

Stiles tilted his head back, giving him a fucked out grin, sucking his lower lip into his mouth. "I'm so fucking good. Fuck me. God, please."

"I'm not fucking you here, chiquito," Derek said firmly. "You get a handjob, that's it."

Stiles let out a disappointed sound, even as he nodded, wiggling against him.

Looks like they were...back on track, Derek supposed. He nodded a little to himself, and shifted his grip on Stiles' cock. "Ready to keep going?" he asked.

Stiles nodded, kissing Derek's cheek and jaw before wrapping his hand around Derek's wrist, aching to get any part of Derek in him that he could. Even if it was just his fingers in his mouth.

"You want my fingers back?" Derek murmured, a little surprised.
"Uh huh. Please," Stiles whined, begging softly and wiggling against Derek.

Derek stifled a tiny moan of his own and obliged, letting Stiles have his fingers to suck. "Alright, sweetheart," he murmured. "There you go."

Stiles moaned again, sucking hard on Derek’s fingers, rocking his hips back against his crotch. Derek started stroking Stiles' cock again, slowly this time. "Good boy," he murmured. "You’ve done so well today."

The praise almost made Stiles melt, his eyes rolling back into his head. God, he was so fucking done for.

"That's it, sweetheart," Derek said softly. "Almost there, aren't you?"

"Mnhm!" Stiles whimpered, his fingers twisting in Derek's pants. Fuck, he was already there, he knew he was, but he hadn't been given permission yet.

"I know, sweetheart," Derek murmured. "I know. It's okay." His hand slowed, and stopped.

Stiles let out a high whine, suckling on Derek's fingers and trembling in his Dom's hold as he fought to keep his thoughts straight.

"Shh, it's okay," Derek soothed him. "Przemysław, come."

Stiles let out a muffled cry, his back bowing as he came. Once he was spent, he slumped, Derek’s hand the only thing keeping him up.

"...ood, sweetheart, my perfect boy, come on now," he gradually realized Derek was saying.

Stiles whimpered softly, managing to roll his face toward Derek, giving him a soft kiss on the jaw. "Sir," he slurred, not even realizing that Derek had tugged his fingers free.

"Sweetheart," Derek replied gladly, still mostly holding Stiles up. "Talk to me?"

"Hi." Stiles gave him a blissed out smile, nuzzling just a bit. "You'kay?"

"I'm fine, sweetheart. Are you?" Derek gradually realized that he also hadn't really thought about how he'd look after a subbed-out Stiles until they got home.

"I'm'kay." Stiles nodded, yawning a bit. "Need nap though," he murmured.

"Can you wait until we get to the car?" Derek suggested, grabbing some toilet paper to wipe away the (minimal) mess they'd made.

"Mnhmm. I wait." Stiles nodded, the dazed smile still on his face. "Wan’make you come too."

"Oh sweetheart," Derek murmured. Stiles didn’t end up like this all that often, and Derek usually tried to enjoy it. "Later, love. Do you think you can stand up straight for me?"

"P'mise?" Stiles slurred, even as he clumsily stood, getting his balance.

"I promise, sweetheart," Derek murmured. "You just be good, okay? Like standing up for me like that, that's perfect." Now able to let go of Stiles without worrying about him falling, Derek pulled
Stiles' panties back up, and then his jeans.

"Like panties," Stiles murmured, watching him drowsily. "You like panties?"

"I love the panties," Derek reassured Stiles, feeling unbearably fond. "You look lovely in panties."

Stiles let out a happy hum, a pleased look plastering itself on his face. "Feel pretty. Nap time now?" he asked, one hand going to rub at his eyes.

"You're my lovely, pretty boy," Derek agreed. "It's not quite nap time yet, though. Just a little bit of a walk first, sweetheart."

"Mmmmkay." Stiles nodded, giving Derek a soft smile. He wrapped his arms around one of Derek's, nuzzling his shoulder.

Derek sighed. "Alright, come on, love," he murmured, unlocking the cubicle door. He led Stiles over to the sink, turning on the tap. "Let go for a second so you can wash your hands, sweetheart."

"Hands clean." Stiles murmured, peeking out at the sink before letting go to wash his hands anyway.

"Good boy," Derek said, washing his own hands. He didn't care what Stiles had touched; he just didn't like the idea of Stiles walking out of a public bathroom without washing his hands. "Alright, there you go. All rinsed and clean?"

"Uh huh." Stiles nodded, showing him his clean hands. "All clean."

"Well done," Derek said warmly, leading Stiles over to the hand dryers.

Stiles let out a squealing laugh at the hand dryers, his nose crinkling as he dried his hands.

Derek raised his eyebrows, but he supposed that was better than Stiles being upset by the noise. "All done, love?" he asked, after a minute or so.

"Mnhmm." Stiles nodded, yawning again. "Wanna curl up and nap. Wanna make you come."

Derek bit his lip, and wrapped one arm around Stiles' waist. "Later, sweetheart," he promised quietly. "For now, do you think you can be very quiet until we get to the car?" He loved Stiles in every state of mind, but it wouldn't be good for Stiles' lack of filter right now to come into contact with a child at the wrong moment.

"Kay. I be super quiet. Shhhh." Stiles grinned, pressing closer and nuzzling his shoulder.

"Good boy," Derek said. "Shh." He led the way out of the mall, walking slowly so Stiles wouldn't stumble.

Stiles stayed quiet, every now and then murmuring a small "shh" to himself, yawning and nuzzling Derek's arm.

At last they reached the car, and Derek let go of Stiles to open the door for him. "There you go, sweetheart," he said. "You can talk now. Well done being quiet."

"Thank you." Stiles smiled, kissing Derek's cheek before sliding into the car, letting out a happy purring noise as he curled up in the warmth.
Derek closed the door and walked around the car to get in on the other side, making sure they had a degree of privacy before asking, "How are you feeling, sweetheart?"

"Warm. Heavy. Like covered in a lovely weighted blanket of love," Stiles rattled on, flopping over the console to bury his face in Derek's arm.

"I'm glad to hear that," Derek said fondly, petting Stiles' hair. "I love you so much."

"I love you too! Very much. I make you come now?" Stiles let his eyes fall half closed in contentment at the petting.

"Not yet, sweetheart," Derek apologized. "Would you like to take a nap until we get home?"


Derek smiled a little. "I did," he agreed. "You'll be more comfortable if you're not leaning on the console, you know."

Stiles whined, pouting as he shifted so he wasn't on the console, his hand still tucked to hold the side of Derek's shirt, already dozing off.

"There you go, love," Derek murmured, starting up the car for the drive home. "Rest now."

Stiles hummed, settling down deeper in his seat as he fell asleep completely, his fingers only going lax a little.

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Derek let Stiles sleep the whole way home, figuring that it was a safe way to look after him while he was driving. Once he was parked in the garage, though, he reached over and cupped Stiles' cheek. "Sweetheart?" he murmured.

Stiles grumbled, pouting softly and cracking open an eye. "Hmm?" He was more clear headed after his nap, but still a bit groggy.

"We're home, love," Derek said softly.

Stiles' eyes brightened. "I can make you come now?" he murmured, yawning softly. "Like making you come. Tastes good and love the sounds and the faces you make."

"You can make me come, sweetheart," Derek said fondly. "Do you want to go inside first?"

Stiles nodded after a moment. "As much as I want to suck you off here, I want to take my time with it and not really have to move afterwards." He grinned impishly, licking his lips.

"Oh, hey, you've got your words back," Derek said, undoing his seatbelt.

"For the most part," Stiles murmured, amused. "Did I lose them?"

"You did a little," Derek said fondly, smiling at him. "You were very cute."

Stiles flushed, his grin turning lopsided. "I love you." He kissed Derek's cheek before sliding from the car and heading into the house.

"Stiles," Derek called after him. "The shopping."
Stiles popped back into the garage, his cheeks bright pink. He was already in just his panties, having stripped as soon as he was in the house. "Oh, I forgot." He flushed, making sure the garage door was down before rushing over to help. "Sorry, sir."

Derek laughed a little. "It's alright, sweetheart," he said, unloading the trunk. "But I'm not carrying all this myself."

Stiles gave him a crooked grin, gathering up his share of the bags before wiggling his ass at Derek and heading back inside, laughing. "I didn't plan on it!"

"No, you just forgot," Derek agreed, locking the car and following him.

Stiles hurried up the stairs to put the bags in his room, licking his lips.

Derek followed a little slower, but still eager, dropping the bags he carried on the floor as he pressed Stiles up against the door.

Stiles sucked in a breath, arching against him and letting out a soft moan.

"How're you doing, chiquito?" Derek murmured in Stiles' ear, his hips rolling against him.

"Really good," Stiles breathed back, tilting his head to give Derek more room, his eyes falling half closed.

"Mmhmm." Derek bit lightly at Stiles' neck. "Want me to ride you?"


"Alright then," Derek murmured. "I'm going to clean myself out and open up a bit. When I'm done, I'll find you on the bed, stroking your cock."

"Yes, sir. Anything," Stiles whined softly, his hands petting Derek's arms and shoulders.

Derek stepped away. "Then go."

Stiles nodded, swaying toward him, his eyes dark, before he bolted for the bedroom, his legs trembling at the images running through his head.

Derek went to the bathroom instead, but his eyes followed Stiles for a long moment.

Stiles stripped off his panties, his thighs trembling as he stretched out on the bed. He wiggled as he settled, then slipped a hand down his body to wrap around his cock, moaning softly.

Derek prepared himself quickly and more or less mechanically - he wasn't trying to get pleasure out of this; he was just trying to get ready for Stiles.

Stiles whimpered when he saw Derek walk in. "Sir. Please. Want to make you feel good, please."

Derek's eyes softened. "That's my lovely, caring boy," he praised as he approached. "So thoughtful and sweet."

Stiles stretched out, arching into his hand with a soft moan. "Love you, please. Love making you feel good."
"Love you too, querido," Derek murmured, cupping Stiles' cheek. "You're going to get to do what you want, okay? Let me ride you, and you can do what you want."

Stiles squirmed, stroking himself faster with a soft whine. "Yes, sir," he panted, eyes roving up Derek's body, his eyes darkening as he met Derek's gaze.

Derek got on the bed and swung his leg over Stiles, straddling his torso. "Ready, sweetheart?" he asked lowly.

Stiles nodded, licking his lips. "C-can I touch you? Somewhere? Anywhere?"

"Anywhere you want," Derek promised, reaching behind him to guide Stiles' cock as he sank down.

"O-oh fuck," Stiles whined, his back arching and hands flying to grab Derek's thighs.

Derek paused. "You okay, sweetheart?" he checked.

"Uh huh," Stiles whimpered. "I feel good," he said, forcing his eyes to focus a bit - they were starting to haze over. "Are you?"

Derek sank down a little further, relishing the stretch. "Yeah, love," he promised, working his hips. "I'm good."

Stiles moaned softly, bending his knees a bit to help stabilize Derek, his hands slipping up to Derek's sides. "Oh fuck."

By the time Derek seated himself fully on Stiles' cock, his thighs were trembling, and he needed to take a moment to compose himself.

Stiles was barely able to bite back the compliments, knowing those weren't good for Derek. He panted, his eyes fluttering closed before he forced them open again.

"So good, sweetheart," Derek panted, bracing his hands on Stiles' abs as he lifted himself up and ground down again.

"F-fuck," Stiles couldn't help but curse again, his hands slipping down to Derek's hips. "Tell me what to do. Please sir, want to know what I can do to help y-you," he begged breathlessly. He always got like this when Derek wanted to ride him. So close to losing it so soon. They hadn't done it more than once or twice since that first time, and Stiles never asked for it. That was something for Derek to decide on.

"Touch my cock," Derek ordered, rocking a little to get Stiles' cock against his prostate.

Stiles slipped his hand down, stroking Derek's cock, whimpering as his thumb gathered precum. He was making Derek feel good.

"That's - that's good," Derek groaned, riding Stiles harder.

Stiles kept up a soft stream of words, quickly sinking down as he shuddered at the pleasure. Fuck, he may not say it, but Derek did feel wonderful around him. "Love you, please. Fuck, sir. Please. Want to feel you come, see it, please."

"Do you want to come?" Derek asked breathlessly.

"Yes," Stiles admitted. "B-but want you to come more," he panted, his voice starting to slur.
"Fuck, Stiles," Derek swore, fucking himself faster. "So good, you're so good."

Stiles whined softly, his eyes fluttering. "L-love you," he said.

"Love you so much," Derek promised, panting.

Stiles couldn't help his choked-off moan, his eyes darkening.

Derek reached out to cup Stiles' cheek. "You okay, love?"

Stiles nodded, panting heavily and stroking along Derek's skin and cock, his own eyes rolling back like it was Derek doing this to him.

"Words, please," Derek requested, pausing. "Give me a colour, sweetheart."

"Green! Please," Stiles whined, arching up as much as he could.

"Shh, I've got you," Derek murmured, rolling his hips. He was almost there...

Stiles groaned, chewing on his lower lip. "F-fuck."

He - he needed... "Faster, Stiles," Derek ordered. He needed more.

Stiles sped up his hand, twisting his hand a bit on each upstroke, arching his back. "Please. Want to see you come," he begged, his voice broken up and spacey.

Derek groaned. "Przemysław, come," he begged, sitting right on the edge. He wanted to feel Stiles come inside him.

Stiles let out a sharp cry, coming with trembling thighs and arms, his eyes rolling back as he sunk down completely.

Derek moaned as he came, his cock spurting onto Stiles' chest.

Stiles let out a blissful sound, running his spare hand through the come on his chest, watching Derek groggily, a lopsided grin on his face. "I love you coming."

Derek smiled at him, panting. "Thank you, sweetheart."

Stiles grinned the same grin he had at the mall, licking his lips. "Welcome."

Derek lifted himself up, inhaling sharply as he felt Stiles' come leaking out of him, and lay down next to Stiles.

Stiles let out a soft purring sound, turning onto his side and flopping onto Derek, nuzzling close.

"Love making you come. Love you. Wanna forever."

Oh. Stiles was losing his words again. "Love you too, sweetheart," Derek murmured, quietly glad he'd got Stiles to this point again. He'd been disappointed that they couldn't enjoy it more back at the mall.

"Like petname." Stiles nodded, grinning almost dazedly. "Like all sir petnames."

"All them." Stiles nodded, smiling back. "Sir like nickname. Mi Amo."

"I do like it," Derek agreed softly. "I like it when you call me my name, too, did you know that?"

"You do?" Stiles blinked, licking his lips. "Like when serious?"

"Mnhmm." Derek smiled at him and kissed his cheek. "I like hearing it."

"Derek." Stiles smiled widely at the kiss, nuzzling close. Derek sighed happily. "Hi, Stiles."

"I try more," Stiles murmured. "I say sir cuz it help."

"Helps with what, love?" Derek asked gently, cupping Stiles' cheek.

"When we do that. It help Derek." Stiles nuzzled into his hand happily. He knew it helped Derek, to be riding him instead of Stiles on 'top'. To have Stiles call him sir. "And you sir."

Derek still didn't really understand, but there was no point pressing it right now. The sentiment was sweet at least. "Thank you, sweetheart."

Stiles beamed. "Derek no get flashbacks when Sir. And ride." Stiles nodded, playing idly with Derek's fingers.

"Oh." Oh, Stiles. Derek hadn't realized how much Stiles thought about it, how careful he was about making Derek feel safe.

Stiles blinked blearily at him. "Hmm? you okay?"

"I'm good," Derek promised. "And you are very, very good."

Stiles beamed. "Good good good. All good," he sang lightly, nuzzling close and falling quiet, content to cuddle.

"All good," Derek repeated, cuddling him close. "You're my thoughtful, loving, sweet good boy."

Stiles smiled wider, slowly starting to come up. "I love you."

"I love you too," Derek murmured. "My wonderful boy."

Stiles grinned, blinking quickly as he came up. "Are you okay? Not hurting or anything?"

"I'm fine, sweetheart," Derek promised. "How about you?"

"I'm good." Stiles nodded, his cheeks flushing. "I love you."

"I love you too," Derek replied, happy to say it as many times as Stiles needed. "You were so good today."

Stiles gave him a shy smile. "I like being good for you," he murmured.

"You're lovely, sweetheart," Derek told him. "And you were very cute."

"Hmm?" Stiles blinked. "Cute?"
"When you lose your words like that," Derek explained. "You're always affectionate and happy. I'm glad I got to spend time with you like that. You were cute back at the mall, too, but I didn't get to enjoy it in the same way."

Stiles gave him a shy grin. "You like my spaces?" he asked, suddenly a bit insecure.

"You've doubted it?" Derek said, frowning. "Of course I do."

"Sometimes I do," Stiles replied honestly. "Not really anything specific, just...I get insecure sometimes."

"I love being with you in your different headspaces," Derek promised, kissing Stiles softly.

Stiles relaxed, giving him a shy smile. "Really? Even though I get weird sometimes?"

"Weird like what?" Derek asked.

Stiles ducked his head. "Like with Kit...or when I slip into little space..."

Derek kissed Stiles again. "Sweetheart, we work together to get you there," he pointed out. "Do you think I'd be doing that if I didn't like it?"

"I hope you wouldn't do it if you didn't like it," Stiles countered, his voice soft and his brow wrinkled.

"I like playing with you when you're Kit," Derek promised. "I like looking after you when you're my corazoncito. I like cuddling you when you lose your words."

"I don't know why I suddenly feel like this," Stiles whispered. "I'm not dropping or anything..."

"It's alright, sweetheart," Derek promised. "If you need me to reassure you sometimes, that's okay."

"But...why would I feel so insecure? It's not like you hide how much you like my stuff..." Stiles was perplexed by his own emotions, not understanding where they were coming from.

"Why do you think I wouldn't like those things?" Derek asked gently.

"There's not a lot that you instigate, that I notice," Stiles murmured. "So I don't want you to do something you wouldn't like."

"Thank you, sweetheart," Derek told him. "But I meant, what about them do you think I wouldn't like?"

"I don't know," Stiles confessed. "I have no idea honestly."

"It's okay that you don't," Derek promised. "Will you tell me if you figure it out?"

Stiles nodded, tucking his face in Derek's neck. "I'm sorry."

"It's fine," Derek murmured. "You're very good sweetheart."

"I'm sorry," Stiles whispered again, keeping his face tucked away. After a few moments he took a deep breath, relaxing against Derek.
"That's better," Derek said softly. "You're alright, love. You're very good to me."

"I like knowing that you like the things we do," Stiles whispered. "I don't want to be like h-her. I don't want you to do things you don't like. I love doing things you like."

"You'll never be like her," Derek promised. "I love what we do, sweetheart, I promise. I love being with you."

"I'm afraid of that a lot. That I'd do something that would remind you of her. I don't want to do that. No, afraid isn't the right word." Stiles' brow furrowed. "Cautious?"

"I do appreciate that, sweetheart," Derek said. "I'm very grateful. But you can relax a little as well. I've always told you when there's been a problem, haven't I? And then we've fixed it."

Stiles nodded. "I just don't like going that direction," he said softly. "I don't like the thought of you ever having problems. So I try to avoid things. Like I always call you Sir when you ride me, and I ask if I can touch then too." He gave Derek a small smile. "I don't mind doing it, I love calling you sir. You are sir. I just..."

"You do it for me," Derek said. "To keep me safe."

"Uh huh," Stiles nodded, flushed. "I want to always be a safe person for you."

Derek smiled gratefully, cupping Stiles' cheek. "Thank you, love. But you don't need to be so afraid of making a mistake, really."

Stiles returned the smile with a soft one of his own, leaning into the cheek. "Just...promise me you'll always tell me, like you have been? Even if you think it's something I really want. I won't want it if it bothers you. Just like those names I was saying the other day. I know those bother you, so..."

"We've found ways around that, though, haven't we?" Derek pointed out. "I don't have to say them, to... Well. For you to think them. Right?"

Stiles nodded, giving him a shy smile. "Part of me still would like to hear them, but the majority of me refuses for you to say it if it's going to cause you any distress."

"So we found a workaround," Derek said. "And we'll keep doing that, okay?"

Stiles nodded, giving him another smile. "Yes sir. I'm sorry, I have no idea where the self-doubt came from..."

"You don't have to be sorry for how you feel," Derek said firmly. "Not ever, okay? Not being insecure, or anxious, or sad, or even angry at me. You don't have to apologize for that."

"Yes sir." Stiles tucked his face in close, kissing along Derek's jaw as the last of the tension left his body. "Same for you."

"Thank you, sweetheart," Derek murmured. "Stiles...are there any headspaces I've been neglecting, that you want to do more of? We've been a bit caught up in the orgasm control project, but I don't want that to take away from other things you care about..."

Stiles hesitated. "You haven't been neglecting anything, first off." He poked Derek in the side, a small smile on his face. "Um...I kinda miss being Lil' me and Kit sometimes...But like you said, we got a bit caught up. It's taken a while with the control thing."
"Do you want to do some age play sometime soon?" Derek asked.

Stiles thought for a moment before nodding, giving him a shy smile. "Yes, please."

"Alright," Derek agreed. "Probably not until next weekend, but we'll do it. Is there anything you want me to get for you for then?"

"Not that I can think of?" Stiles murmured, chewing on his thumbnail.

"Okay, then," Derek said softly. "Want to get up and get cleaned up?"

"Kay." Stiles nodded, grinning softly before kissing Derek softly. "Come on, Derek, let's take a bubble bath. I want to try that bath bomb I got in the mail." He stood, stretching.

"Whatever you want, love," Derek replied.

Chapter End Notes

We hope you guys enjoyed reading this one as much as we did writing it - we enjoyed it a /lot/.

Thanks, as always, to our lovely beta Chicktar, and to all of you for reading. We look forward to your comments!
Chapter Summary

"How've you been? Has the secret project with Derek been going well?"

Stiles' grin turned almost cat-got-the-cream. "Amazing!" He leaned closer to the computer. "Let's just say it was a very intense two months."

Isaac leaned in, eyes wide and curious. "Come on, you can't just not tell me," he pleaded. "What have you been doing?"

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Isaac has a gossip session with Stiles; then Scott comes home and they have some fun of their own.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: This chapter contains desperation play involving restricted bathroom usage. It isn't intense, and Isaac is able to go to the bathroom before it gets too much. Scene negotiation takes place in the section/paragraph beginning "Isaac didn't say anything, just bit playfully at Scott's chin and jaw, keeping his nips light so he didn't leave marks." The desperation itself is in the second last section/paragraph, beginning "Isaac flushed darker when he realized what the full feeling he was having was." There is also brief mention of consent play in the scene negotiation section.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

"Stiles!" Isaac said when the Skype call connected. "We haven't heard from you much lately!"

Stiles grinned, sipping on his hot chocolate. "Dude! You're looking amazing." Isaac did, he looked healthier and happier than Stiles had ever seen him. The last few months in Scott's care had done wonders. "And oh my god, is that Hana?! She's getting big!" He couldn't help but laugh at the kitten (who was not that little, though still classified as small) reaching up to bat at a curl on Isaac's head from where she was perched on his shoulder.

"She eats enough," Isaac commented, grinning. "How've you been? Has the secret project with Derek been going well?"

Stiles' grin turned almost cat-got-the-cream. "Amazing!" He leaned closer to the computer. "Let's just say it was a very intense two months."

Isaac leaned in, eyes wide and curious. "Come on, you can't just not tell me," he pleaded. "What have you been doing?"

"Picture not being able to come, no matter what he did to you, or how much you touched or edged.
Over and over and over. Because the only thing that will do it is a command. A certain command that he used each time over a span of weeks, basically training you. God damn, it's amazing, Izz."

Stiles shivered just at the thought.

Isaac's jaw dropped. "He trained you to only come on command?" he whispered. "I mean, I need permission, but..."

"Yes! It's awesome." Stiles wiggled in his seat, the flush higher on his cheeks. "And before you start thinking shit thoughts, I wanted it."

Isaac frowned indignantly. "Hey, I know Derek better than that." He blushed. "And I know how much fun denial can be."

"Oooo, do tell." Stiles laughed brightly. "And ask any questions, I'll answer what I can, which, surprisingly," he thought back to when he asked Derek what he was allowed to say, "is a vast majority of it."

"You get to tell me stuff this time?" Isaac said, a little surprised. "Huh." He smirked. "So, you've just been in sex bootcamp for a couple of months, haven't you?"

"Not really?" Stiles laughed. "I mean, the majority of the first month was just edging. One week on, one week off the cage. The weeks off I'd be edging at least once a day, but usually more than that." He flushed darkly. "It's to the point I'll be rocking against something unconsciously, touching myself without thinking. And it's not like I think I'll come from it, just...feels good, ya know?"

"I know," he murmured.

Stiles grinned toothily. "It got so bad, but it was so awesome. Then we instituted a rule that said I can only touch myself if there was a cock in my mouth. And it doesn't have to be Derek's, it could be a toy."

Isaac groaned, his mouth watering as he pictured it. "I think I'd die," he complained. "Jesus christ."

"I did, but god, it was so worth it." Stiles laughed brightly. "Especially the desperation concept of it." He chewed on his lower lip. "And then the second month. Every now and then I was in the cage, but most of the time I wasn't. The edging ramped up, and Sir added other sexual things like fucking and oral and god damn that was where I was hungry for it. 'Bout halfway through I wasn't even wanting my own release, it's just...wow."

"Scott's got me edging for him a lot," Isaac admitted, awed. "And you...after awhile, I kind of stop thinking about coming? I just need him so much."

"Exactly! It's kinda like an extension of that. Like I don't care as long as I can make him cum." Stiles flushed, rubbing the back of his neck to keep from stroking himself.

"Wait..." Isaac eyed Stiles suspiciously. "You want to be edging now, don't you?"

Stiles squeaked, covering his eyes. "How in the hell?!"

Isaac laughed. "Wow, you're really cute when you blush."

Stiles peeked out between his fingers. "So are you!" He almost whined, pouting playfully.
"Mmhmm," Isaac replied, grinning. "So, was I right?"

"Yes!" he admitted, grinning back. "S'not like I can help it."

"Not anymore," Isaac teased, raising his eyebrows.

Stiles could only laugh. "Oh god, just half of the command phrase is enough to slam me toward the edge from a total flaccid point," he admitted.

"That must be so good for teasing," Isaac guessed.

"Especially since it's just my name and 'come'." Stiles laughed.

"You get hard every time he calls you 'Stiles'?" Isaac asked, gaping. "How do you get anything done?"

Stiles shook his head. "No, Isaac, my name," he stressed, a grin circling his lips.

It took Isaac a moment to get it. "Your unpronounceable Polish name that no-one even knows?" he clarified. "Derek knows how to say it?"

Stiles nodded. "So if you ever hear him say it, I'm on the edge." He sounded more amused than anything. "Even if you can't tell."

Isaac raised his eyebrows. "He's teasing you in public now?" he asked. "He wasn't doing that before."

"We had a test." Stiles grinned, resting his chin on his hand. "See if I could make it through the craft store with him calling me by name instead of Stiles. See if I could keep it hidden how much it was affecting me. How calm I could be. When I came after all that was done, goddamn, it was intense!"

"Oh my god," Isaac breathed, thinking of how desperate he could get. "You have so much more self-control than me."

"I'm pretty sure I barely made it." Stiles laughed. "I was begging him in a whisper as we left the store! Trembling, the whole nine-yards. Jesus fuck, just the thought of it." He shivered.

"That's so intense, god," Isaac murmured. "Do you think you're gonna keep doing that stuff?"

"Yeah, we kinda integrated the rules of it with our normal ones," Stiles replied. "Really makes me hot every time I think about it. Can't touch myself without a cock in me? Dude, I'm planning on surprising him one day with that thing." He grinned mischievously. "Okay, so, your turn. Spill the juicy things!"

"I mean, I'm working, and he's working now, and he's studying, so we don't have as much time as you guys," Isaac pointed out. "But...he loves me waiting for him when he gets home, if you know what I mean."

"Oooh, have you tried the panties yet?" Stiles grinned widely, taking another sip of his hot chocolate and licking whipped cream from the corner of his lips.

Isaac flushed. "I've tried the panties a lot," he admitted.

"Dude, I'm wearing some now," Stiles replied. "It's fine. You're not going to say anything that'll
"freak me out or something," he promised. "Anything else you've thought about trying? I may have tips or advice!"

"I'd...kind of like to try a cock gag?" Isaac said. "Or just being gagged more."

"Cock gag, like you're getting spit roasted when Scott's fucking you?" Stiles hummed. "I can see you liking that, from what I know about you." He grinned a little. "And you mean something like his fingers in your mouth gagging you? Or more like a spider gag?"

Isaac shivered a little, then shook his head. "Spider gags freak me out. Other kinds though, that might be good. Mainly Scott's fingers."

"It's the name isn't it?" Stiles wrinkled his nose. "I don't need something holding my mouth open while Sir fucks it." He laughed. "I can tell you from experience that the fingers will send you deeper than you think!"

"They look painful," Isaac admitted. "I know they're not really, but they look like it." He blushed. "...being held so I can't suck when Scott fucks my mouth would be..."

"I know right? Annoying. I like sucking." Stiles said, nodding as he chewed on his lower lip. "Seriously though, it's amazing when you're being pinned down with his fingers in your mouth, the only thing keeping you quiet..."

"Um." Annoying wasn't quite the word Isaac would use. 'Maddening', maybe. 'All-encompassing'. "I think I'd like it..." he admitted shyly. "Not being able to suck, I mean."

"Oh really!" Stiles grinned. "Well, that's another thing then. You might like it, or even just a simple ring gag, it doesn't look as scary, promise."

"Yeah, but I've read that they aren't big enough a lot of the time," Isaac said, not thinking about what that said about his internet history. "Which, I mean, that would be it's own kind of desperation..."

"Hmm, true." Stiles tapped a finger on his lips as he thought. "Though they make custom sized ones. Let me get that link I found. The sites made for those with...ahem...larger throat fuckers." He clicked absently on his bookmarks, quickly sending Isaac an IM.

Isaac glanced at the site, then bookmarked it, blushing. "I'll have to save up," he murmured. "I have a coupon code for free shipping and ten percent off your first order." Stiles sent him the code after a moment of searching. "But seriously, it shouldn't take long, they luckily aren't that expensive. Could always surprise Scott."

"Mm." Isaac pictured Scott coming home, finding him plugged and edging in his panties, drooling through a ring gag that would hold him perfectly open for Scott's cock.

"S'nice thought, hmm?" Stiles grinned at the look on Isaac's face.

"It's...he could just fuck my mouth whenever," Isaac tried to explain.

"Trust me, I know the feeling." Stiles hummed. "It's almost enough to make you start drooling now, if you aren't already."

"You get to touch yourself whenever you're sucking something," Isaac pointed out. "But I can't come unless he gives me the command. Not permission, just command."
"Scott gets me to edge continuously whenever I'm waiting for him," Isaac countered.

"I've edged five times already today." Stiles grinned wider, enjoying the banter.

Isaac started laughing. "Yeah, okay, you win."

Stiles laughed brightly. "Okay, so, there's the ring gag, you already have the panties, is there anything else you want to try?"

"Are you proposing to be my fairy kinkmother?" Isaac teased.

"I'd look bitching in blue wings and heels, don't lie." Stiles grinned. "Speaking of heels, that's a fun thing to have."

"Of course you have high heels now," Isaac said, shaking his head. "You two are really intense, you know that? In a good way."

Stiles laughed. "I surprised him with those. It was awesome. Heels, garter belt, stockings, and panties. It was amazing."

"I bet it was," Isaac said enviously. "My first time with the panties was pretty mind-blowing."

"What shoe size are you?" Stiles asked "I may know what to get you for Christmas! Even though that's a long way away...fuck, what's the next gift giving date...fuck it, I'm getting them for you for Scott's birthday."

"Stiles, that's sweet of you, but..." Isaac frowned and shook his head. "Don't, please. It's the kind of thing I want us to buy, not get as a gift. It can wait until I've got the money."

Stiles pouted, huffing and resting his chin on one hand, elbow thunking on the table. "Fine, fine. Can I at least send you a gift card?"

"You guys already got me Hana, and all her stuff," Isaac pointed out. "Besides, I'm sure there's a thrift store in this city that has men's heels."

"More than likely." Stiles sighed. "And yeah, but that was your birthday!" He couldn't help whining; he wanted to help his friends, spoil them a bit - they deserved it! Especially Isaac, with the shit he'd been through.

"Scott has more going on in his life than his sex life with me," Isaac said firmly. "He doesn't buy things for himself much, so you'd better get him something good, okay?"

"Well duh, he's my friend, as are you, I spoil my friends." Stiles grinned. "Don't tell, but I'm making him blanket that's a blend of his favorite superheros and villians. So much fabric!"

"We're gonna end up with a lot of blankets and cushions from you, aren't we?" Isaac commented.

"You love them." Stiles hummed, crossing his legs as he shifted in his chair. "Ooo, question. Have you ever thought about lapdances?"

"Not a lot?" Isaac admitted. "But you clearly have."

Stiles shrugged. "It's something we'll probably never be able to do because of Derek's past," he explained. "And I'm okay with that. But that doesn't mean it won't be something that you guys might
be interested in, you never know."

"Living vicariously through me, huh?" Isaac teased. "Honestly, I always feel weird about showing off like that."

"How so?" Stiles asked softly. "It's not like it's public, and if you ever want to drive Scott loony, that'll do it."

"It just seems like it needs a kind of confidence I don't really have," Isaac admitted.

"Somehow I think the shy way you'd do it wouldn't be any different to him." Stiles smiled softer. "But it's up to you two, I just threw that one out there." He laughed. "Find a song you get lost in, one you don't notice you're dancing to. I know you and your music."

"I'll think about it," Isaac said, then changed the subject. "How's the store?"

"It's actually doing pretty good," Stiles replied. "Raised some of the prices, and sales haven't changed at all." He grinned. "I think it's going much better than Sir, or even I thought it would."

"That's really great," Isaac said, smiling. "What are you doing with the money?"

"For the most part, it's paying materials and such, and for any random project I want to try and figure out," Stiles explained. "Like the quilts. The rest of it is basically spending money, honestly, though honestly I'm not spending much of it at a time. I have about..." His drifted off, his eyes flicking and fingers moving through the air a bit as he calculated what he knew to be in his bank and how much of it needed to be transferred to the private account from his business one. "Like nine hundred or so that's pure pocket money? I'm saving some for something else, but about three hundred of it was the last month's earnings. I project it getting up to about five hundred a month with the price increases. And that's profit, that's after materials and such." He grinned.

"Five hundred a month's pretty good," Isaac said, impressed. "I mean, Scott only makes about twice that at the moment."

"Especially with it basically me just goofing off and making crafty things," Stiles mused. "But that does mean I can get kick ass presents!"

Isaac laughed. "You're a generous soul, Stiles."

"I like to spoil my loved ones," Stiles admitted, Isaac's easy laugh soothing a place in his chest that constantly worried for the other man.

"Well, this loved one appreciates it a lot," Isaac said. He glanced at the clock. "Scott's gonna get home soon, so I'd better go."

"Ooooo, got plans, do you?" Stiles waggled his eyebrows playfully. "Go have fun, give Scott a hug for me, and I'll talk to you two soon, okay?"

"Of course," Isaac said. "And say hi to Derek from both of us."

"Sure!" Stiles grinned. "Bye, Izz, love ya!" He clicked the call closed, letting out a happy sigh. "I'm still buying you things," he said, cackling. "Just not those things..."
Isaac smiled as he got up, closing his laptop and looking around to make sure the place wasn't too much of a mess before going to the bathroom to prepare himself. It just felt right, making sure he was ready for whatever Scott wanted when he got home. It didn't take long for him to be stretched open and plugged, laying on the floor with his laptop, completely naked and honestly not caring one whit. He heard the key in the lock, humming lightly and turning his head to smile at the door.

Scott shut the door as fast as he could to make sure Hana didn't get out, then glanced up, looking for Isaac. "Hi, sweetheart!" he called out.

"Hi!" Isaac shifted to his hands and knees to stand, laughing at Hana, who looked to be visibly pouting as she slunk away from the front door. "How was work and class?" He walked up to Scott, almost falling against him, breathing him in.

Scott let his satchel drop to the floor so he could hug Isaac close. "Not too bad," he murmured, rubbing Isaac's back a little. "I didn't need to ask anyone where things were today, at least."

"At least there's that." Isaac grinned, tilting his head up just a bit to kiss Scott's cheek, nuzzling close. "Didn't you have that quiz today?"

Scott winced a little. "Yeah, that was... I've done better, let's say that."

"Doesn't matter, I know you'll do well in the class." Isaac grinned. "One quiz won't sink you."

Scott smiled gratefully. "Thanks for the vote of confidence. It helps."

Isaac gave him a grin, kissing him hard. "I always believe in you. You can do it!"

Scott laughed a little. "I believe in you too, sweetheart. How was your day?"

"Good." Isaac smiled. "Got home from work and talked to Stiles on Skype for a little bit. That's why my hair probably still smells like coffee."

Scott shrugged. "I don't mind it as much as you do," he pointed out. "How's Stiles? He hasn't been in contact much lately."

"I don't mind it, it's just annoying when I think I'm not smelling like coffee, then I smell my hair..." Isaac laughed. "He's doing very good! Turns out the project they were working on was... what was it Stiles called it?" He frowned, his face furrowing for a moment before clearing back into his grin. "Oh yeah! Orgasm control."

Scott made a face. "Welp, that's as much as I need to know," he said. "I guess you guys had a good gossip, though."

Isaac's eyes brightened mischievously, grinning. "Yes sir, we did. Talked a bit about his shop too, he's making decent pocket money off of it, and he seems intent on spoiling us."

"He should be saving that," Scott muttered. "I mean, good for him, having plenty of extra must be nice, but... rainy days, you know?"

Isaac nodded. "He said he was saving some, but he wanted present holidays to be good."

Scott sighed a little and kissed Isaac's cheek. "Well, I guess Derek will make sure he doesn't do anything too extravagant. Let's sit down, shall we? I've spent too much time on my feet this afternoon."
"That's what I figured too, to be honest." Isaac said, leading Scott to the couch.

"Hey, Hana," Scott murmured, offering her his fingers. She turned her head away, though - Scott had a feeling she didn't like the smell of other animals he came home with after work.

"Rude," Isaac huffed, tapping Hana on the head with a single finger. "Don't be upset with your Papa, he works with other animals too, ya know. Doesn't mean he wants them to be his pet."

"Cats will be cats," Scott said with a shrug. "As long as she doesn't start peeing on things because she's feeling territorial, I don't mind if she's not so cuddly when I haven't washed."

"Still," Isaac huffed, pouting at Hana, who just licked a paw and wiped it over her head. She stared up at Isaac for a moment, then turned to Scott, sniffing his hand, rubbing up against it and sauntering off. "Diva." Isaac said fondly.

"Like I said, she's a cat," Scott said, settling so he was leaning on the arm of the couch. "She's more yours than mine anyway."

"You're her papa," Isaac murmured, flopping over onto Scott, pressing close, his hands slipping under Scott's shirt to stroke against his skin. He was always so touch hungry.

Scott stroked Isaac's back and shoulders, tracing the muscles there. "You okay, sweetheart?" he asked gently.

"Yeah, just...want to feel you," Isaac whispered, his cheeks flushed. He still got shy about how much he needed this. Touch. Even the simple touches that Scott was doing now. Just...touch.

"Go ahead," Scott said fondly, leaning down briefly to kiss Isaac's hair. "Whatever you need, honey."

Isaac leaned a bit into the affection, wiggling his way until he was almost in the shirt with his Dom. "Want all."

"Alright, can you sit up a second?" Scott asked.

Isaac nodded, scrambling backwards so Scott had room, licking his lips.

Scott sat up and tugged off his shirt, dropping it on the floor. "There you go, love," he said, leaning back again. "Better?"

Isaac licked his lips, nodding close, letting out a soft noise when their bare chests pressed together and he relaxed. "Sorry."

"Why do you feel like you should apologize, honey?" Scott asked, idly caressing Isaac's back. "You're fine."

"I still don't know why I'm so hungry," Isaac murmured, nuzzling into Scott's collarbone.

"Which kind of hungry do you mean?" Scott checked. "And I've told you before, however you feel is okay."

"All different kinds." Isaac flushed, tucking his face to hide.

"You don't mean food, right?" Scott checked, giving Isaac a teasing smile. "Because I'll need to get
up if I'm going to cook.”

Isaac whined, shaking his head and giving Scott a small smile against his collarbone. "No sir, not food."

"Just checking," Scott reassured him, stroking Isaac's hair. "You don't have to move."

Isaac wiggled against him, letting out a small huffing sound, even as he relaxed. "I am sorry though."

"Why are you sorry?" Scott asked gently. "What do you think you're doing that's bad?"

"I think I'm still getting used to the fact that it's okay that I need and want this,” Isaac whispered. "Because a part of me feels like a burden still."

"Well, you aren't," Scott said firmly. "Okay? It's thanks to you that we can live together at all, you know. I mean, we'd have figured something out, but I really had no idea what it would be."

"Huh?" Isaac blinked. "Thanks to me? Why's that?"

"Money, Isaac," Scott pointed out gently. "I could never have supported the two of us on my savings from working at Deaton's, and I only got this job a month ago. But you got that settlement from your father, and you've been working for a while. You bring in more than I do."

Isaac flushed. "Oh." He gave Scott a tiny smile. "I forgot." He wiggled against Scott. "I like you having control over things, so things like that don't even cross my mind."

"Well, I'd like to exercise my control over things by reminding you that financially, I'm the burden," Scott said, smiling a little. "Do you resent it?"

Isaac gave him a tiny smile back, shaking his head. "I'd never resent anything with you,” he murmured. "But you aren't a burden."

"If I'm not, why would you be?" Scott pointed out.

Isaac didn't say anything, not wanting to admit that sometimes he still heard his father's voice telling him he was worthless.

"Sweetheart?" Scott prompted, his hand pausing in Isaac's hair.

"Sometimes," Isaac began, taking a deep breath and promptly hiding his face. "Sometimes I still hear him..."

"Oh, honey," Scott murmured. "It's okay. You'll be okay."

Isaac wiggled against him, trying to press closer. "I'll be okay," he echoed.

"You will," Scott promised firmly, resting his palms flat on Isaac's back and pressing down so he was held there. "I'll be here, and you'll be fine."

Isaac let out a high whine, his eyes fluttering closed. He loved being pressed down by Scott, his Dom's big hands pinning him in place.

"That's it, sweetheart," Scott murmured. "I've got you."
Isaac clutched desperately at Scott's sides, his lips pressed to his collarbone as he worried the skin with his teeth.


Isaac was trembling a bit now, but more out of relief than anything else. He hated that he still needed this reassurance, sucking marks on Scott's collarbone and shoulder as he soaked up the words and touch. He was getting better, this didn't happen as often as it had in the beginning, but every now and then it struck.

"Can you say it for me, honey?" Scott said gently. "That I want you?"

"You want me," Isaac whispered. "I'm not a burden. I'm yours." He chewed on his lower lip, nuzzling at the mark he made.

"Good boy," Scott praised. "That was perfect."

Isaac pressed a small smile into Scott's collarbone, shivering. He loved earning praise.

"Better, honey?" Scott asked gently.


Scott shook his head a little. "And what are you apologizing for this time?"

"I think this mark will take a while to heal..." Isaac offered. Honestly he wasn't sure what that apology was for.

"Have I ever minded being marked by you?" Scott pointed out.

"No sir," Isaac couldn't help but admit, remembering times when Scott would only return the favor, or laugh and talk about wearing a scarf during class.

"And I don't mind now," Scott said firmly.

Isaac didn't say anything, just bit playfully at Scott's chin and jaw, keeping his nips light so he didn't leave marks.

Scott grinned. "I take it that's you feeling better?" he guessed.

"Yes sir." Isaac smiled, tugging at Scott's earlobe with his teeth.

Scott cupped Isaac's cheek and gently nudged him to move until their lips met in a soft kiss.

Isaac let out a soft sound at the kiss, his eyes fluttering. Just the fact that Scott moved him there made him feel more relaxed. Scott wanted him.

"Hi," Scott murmured. "Feeling good, sweetheart?"

"Mmhmm." Isaac smiled against Scott's lips, watching him through half-closed eyes. "Always."

"What can I do to make you feel good?" Scott asked softly.
Isaac's brow furrowed, not sure on what to say. "I dunno," he whispered. "I just...want you."

"You've got me," Scott replied, spreading his arms. "What do you want to do with me?"

Isaac squirmed. "I..." His brow furrowed. "I don't know." He huffed. "I just want you." It was frustrating, trying to express what he wanted. Part of it was a part of his brain saying ‘No, don’t say that’, and part of it was truly not being able to put it into words. "I want you to control it. Pin me down, fuck my throat, Just...I want to suck you, no matter what, just sucking. Need you."

Scott frowned a little as he tried to understand what Isaac was asking. "You want to suck my cock, but you also...don't want to have a choice?"

Isaac flushed just as dark as he had while talking to Stiles. "Kinda?" He gave Scott an uncertain smile. "Like, I know it's actually my choice because I can always tap out, but..."

"Sweetheart..." Scott said warily. "This isn't about consent play, is it? Because I won't do that."

"No!" Isaac gave him a startled look. "Like the rape fantasies? No! I promise. I just..." He flushed, letting his head drop to Scott's chest. "Nevermind," he murmured.

"No, tell me, please?" Scott asked. "I won't judge you for whatever it is. We might not do it, but I won't think any less of you, okay?"

"It's..." Isaac sighed. "Hard to explain? Like, I'm sucking your cock, because I want to, and because you want me to, but if I start to pull away, no matter what, you just go 'no, stay' and basically put me back where you want me." He blushed even darker, doubting his face would ever go back to normal.

"So...not not wanting to," Scott said slowly, "but knowing I'm going to make you put it at the top of your priority list."

"Yeah..." Isaac chewed on his lower lip. "Like if I decide something like 'oh, I need to do this', you just kinda be like 'No, you need to be doing this,' and...yeah." He looked away shyly. "I don't know how to explain it that doesn't sound weird in my head."

"What if you need to go to the bathroom or something?" Scott asked.

Isaac squeaked, his face (if possible) going darker. "U-um, that one too," he whispered, cutting his eyes away, squirming.

Scott raised his eyebrows. "You want me to make you hold it?"

"I...can't really explain this one," Isaac admitted. "I just...the power exchange portion, and the desperation of it...."

"So it's just a control thing?" Scott clarified. "Not a - a pee thing?"

"Not a pee thing," Isaac promised. "I just..." He squirmed again, blurtit out. "I like it when you're in complete control."

"Oh," Scott said. "You...like knowing you don't have choices? For a while?"

Isaac nodded. "I know that I can stop it at any time. I just..." Could he stop saying 'I just'? God, he was being stupid. "I'm sorry."

"It's okay," Scott told him. "You don't have to be sorry. We can do this."
"Don't have to if you don't want to," Isaac murmured.

"Isaac," Scott said firmly. "I'm going to go sit at the dining table with my chemistry stuff. In three minutes, you're going to join me, and you're going to suck my cock until I decide otherwise. Colour?"

Isaac whimpered. "Green," he breathed. He shivered, chewing on his lower lip as he scooted back on Scott so he could get up.

"Good boy," Scott praised, smiling at him. "I suggest you go to the toilet and drink some water, maybe wash up a little. Whatever you need so you'll be comfortable."

Isaac nodded, kissing Scott’s jaw and cheek before giving him a smile and heading for the bathroom.

Scott took a moment to process, then put his shirt back on and grabbed his bag. He put his textbook and notebook on the table, then got out his laptop to look up the problem sets for the week.

Isaac took a few moments in the bathroom to breathe. God, he wanted this. But it still made him nervous. The good kind, but still. Walking out of the bathroom, he drank a glass of water before heading into the dining area, cheeks flushed.

"Hi sweetheart," Scott said, spreading his legs to make room for Isaac under the table. "Two snaps for yellow, three for red, okay?"

"Yes sir." Isaac gave him his shy smile, slipping under the table and settling in comfortably, running his hands up Scott's clothed legs.

Scott waited while Isaac got his cock out, letting him take his time.

Isaac let out a breath as he tugged Scott's cock free, leaning forward to suck the head into his mouth with a whimpering moan.

"That's it, sweetheart," Scott murmured, resting one hand on the back of Isaac's head and gently pressing down. "There you go."

Isaac almost slumped from the gentle pressure. Fuck, he needed this. Fuck. He suckled greedily, his arms wrapped under and around Scott's thighs so he could scoot closer.

"Shh, gently now," Scott told him. "I need to concentrate, okay?"

Isaac whined, even as he settled into a more soothing rhythm, eyes closing. Fuck, he needed this.

Scott smiled a little. "There you go, that's better," he murmured. "You just stay right there, okay?"

Isaac hummed his understanding, suckling for a bit longer before pulling back a bit, testing what Scott would do.

Scott just pressed down a little on the back of Isaac's head, holding him in place.

Isaac moaned, settling in for a while, content to be filled the way he was, Scott pressing him down onto his cock, a plug stretching his ass open.

When it seemed like Isaac had settled, Scott let go, trying to focus on his homework.
Isaac sunk into a half daze, the only sound other than Scott's clicking and shuffling being the small humming sucks from Isaac.

It was actually...really soothing, and kind of grounding? having Isaac like that. Scott had to admit, he really enjoyed it.

Isaac shifted, flushing softly before settling back where he was, tongue curling around Scott's cock as he sucked. He'd almost fallen asleep, it was so soothing.

Scott's hand drifted down to idly stroke Isaac's hair.

Isaac let out a soft sound, smiling as much as he could at the stroking, leaning into the hand in his hair.


Isaac let out another sound at the praise, sinking further onto him to swallow around Scott's cock.

"Gently, honey," Scott reminded him.

Isaac settled back down where he was, squirming a bit in his spot as he started to get more aware of his body.

"Good boy," Scott praised, letting go again and turning back to his homework.

Isaac flushed darker when he realized what the full feeling he was having was. It wasn't just the plug, or Scott's cock. He took a deep breath, deciding to ignore the need to use the bathroom. At least for now.

Scott started flipping through his textbook to see if he could find the section on this kind of question; what he was doing wasn't working.

Isaac finally started pulling back. He had to go pee.

Scott reached down automatically, holding Isaac in place.

Isaac whined softly, squirming but settling back into place, the heat in his stomach flaring and not from the need to use the toilet.

Scott thought about it for a moment, then told him, "Shh. Stay there."

Isaac moaned softly, squirming a bit, but still sucking just a bit harder. His eyes fluttered half closed as he pulled his focus away from his bladder. No. Sir said to stay. His stomach tingled as he started getting more aroused, his cheeks flushed with just a bit of embarrassment, but the kind he secretly liked. And if that ain't a mindfuck...

"Gently," Scott reminded him. "Stay right there, and be gentle."

Isaac settled, his suckling gentling as he managed to push the bathroom need out of his mind. At least for the moment.

Scott smiled, stroking Isaac's hair. "Good boy."

Isaac flushed, humming lightly at the praise.
Scott turned back to his homework again. He wasn't getting anywhere fast, but he was making some progress.

Isaac pulled away a couple minutes later, his cheeks red. "Need to pee," he murmured, his lips never fully leaving Scott's cock.

Okay. How did Isaac need him to respond to this? "Stay," Scott said, resting his hand on the back of Isaac's head to hold him in place. "Colour?"

Isaac whimpered softly. "Gr-green." He shuddered, squirming in place even as he sucked Scott's cock back into his mouth.

"Good boy," Scott said, pressing Isaac down again, his cock fattening in Isaac's mouth as he thought about the situation.

Isaac moaned when he felt Scott growing hard. Fuck. He whimpered, his own hardening cock making him even more squirmy as he sucked eagerly.

Scott's head tilted back, his eyes closing in pleasure at what Isaac was doing.

Isaac whimpered softly between each suck, milking Scott's cock, his eyes flicking up to Scott's face.

"Good boy," Scott murmured. "That's so good, honey."

Isaac squirmed until he found a position that it wasn't so strong an urge, bobbing his head hesitantly, testing.

Scott hummed approvingly, stroking Isaac's hair a little.

Isaac moaned softly, bobbing his head with each suck, his limbs trembling.

"That's it, that's so good," Scott praised, breathing hard. "Such a good boy, sweetheart."

Isaac couldn't help the little whimpers that escaped his throat, swallowing hard around Scott when he could. Fuck. Fuck.

God, it was so good. "I love you," Scott panted. "God, Isaac."

Isaac took a breath before sinking all the way down, swallowing over and over, his eyes fluttering closed.

"Fuck!" Scott exclaimed. "Fuck, Isaac, I'm going to come in a second..."

Isaac hummed the next time he sunk down, his eyes fluttering.

Scott cried out as he came, his back arching and his hands clenching in Isaac's hair.

Isaac swallowed him down, trembling as he forced himself to hold back.

"God, sweetheart," Scott panted as he calmed down.

Isaac pulled off, panting softly and swaying. "Can I use the bathroom now, sir?" he asked, breathless, voice husky, as he squirmed.

"Oh," Scott breathed shakily. "Oh. Yes. Go on, sweetheart."
Isaac grinned, standing and bending over to kiss Scott hard. "I love you," he breathed, his voice still blissed out as he ran from the room, trembling.

Scott slumped, catching his breath.

When Isaac returned, it was with a soft, shy smile, his cheeks flushed.

"All good, sweetheart?" Scott asked, smiling gently.

Isaac smiled, nodding and going to straddle Scott's lap. "Yes sir." He kissed along Scott's jaw.

"Was that okay?" Scott checked, his hands settling on Isaac's hips.

"Yes sir. Promise," Isaac reassured him, rocking his hips without thinking. Getting rid of the urge to pee hadn't caused him to lose any of his arousal.

Scott felt Isaac's cock rub against him and hesitated, then asked, "Do you want to kneel again, or do you want to do your own stuff?"


"Alright, love," Scott murmured, moving back so he could meet Isaac's eyes. "Ask me if you need something?"

Isaac flushed, giving him a tiny smile. "Yes sir," he murmured, settling comfortably.

"Good boy," Scott praised, brushing his hand over Isaac's hair before shifting forward again to work on his assignment.

Isaac made a happy sound and rested his head on Scott's thigh.

Chapter End Notes

Omg you know you write far ahead when you almost forgotten about gems like this :P - Kattseye

As always, thanks to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you for reading. We look forward to your comments!
Future Possibilities

Chapter Summary

Isaac didn't notice the shower turning off or the sound of Scott's footsteps approaching. "Found anything interesting, honey?" Scott asked, wandering over.

Isaac froze, looking up at Scott with his mouth softly parted in surprise, his cheeks red. "U-um..." He flushed darker, tilting the screen back so Scott could see.

Scott's mouth dropped open. "...oh," he said. One day Isaac would stop surprising him like this. He hoped that day was a long way away though.

---

Isaac and Scott have some fun on the floor, then talk about the future

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Isaac was lying on his stomach on the living room floor, his knees spread a bit and his eyes locked on the screen of the laptop in front of him. He’d pulled up the site Stiles had sent him, and he’d chewed his lower lip almost raw to keep his whimpers hidden from Scott while he was in the shower. Fuck, the thought of using these gags...

He didn't notice the shower turning off or the sound of Scott's footsteps approaching. "Found anything interesting, honey?" Scott asked, wandering over.

Isaac froze, looking up at Scott with his mouth softly parted in surprise, his cheeks red. "U-um..." He flushed darker, tilting the screen back so Scott could see.

Scott's mouth dropped open. "...oh," he said. One day Isaac would stop surprising him like this. He hoped that day was a long way away though.

Isaac chewed on his lower lip. "Is that a good ‘oh’, or a bad one?" he ventured, shifting up until he was kneeling next to Scott's leg, still as naked as earlier, the plug still firmly in him.

"Good, I think," Scott said, crouching down so he could see better. "Tell me what you're thinking?"

"You watching TV or Netflix or something while I'm between your legs and you just start fucking my throat." Isaac hummed in thought. "Maybe use it in a surprise for when you come home. Be all desperate and aching."

"We do that anyway," Scott pointed out, more curious than contradicting. "How is this different?"

Isaac flushed darker. "It was..." He took a deep breath. "Me and Stiles were talking and got to things about me wanting to be gagged more. With your hand, your fingers, phallic gag, things like that. Then Stiles asked if I'd thought of spider gags or ring gags, and well..." He trailed off for a moment. "I like the thought of not being able to close my mouth. So desperate to suck and feel, but only able to become a drooling mess."
"Oh," Scott said, biting his lip as he pictured it.

"Basically what I did." Isaac let out a soft laugh. "Then he gave me this site because I mentioned how most ring gags might be too small for that... They make custom ones..."

"...are you ordering a ring gag the size of my dick?" Scott asked incredulously.

Isaac's cheeks darkened. "Yes sir," he replied honestly. "Actually, just about a quarter inch bigger, so that way you can fuck into it without hurting yourself..."

A thought occurred to Scott. "You can judge the size of my dick to within a quarter inch?"

Isaac could only nod, holding his hand up and wrapping it in a circle like he does on Scott. "It's about 1.7 inches in diameter. So I figure if I got a two inch diameter ring..."

"God, Isaac," Scott said, shaking his head with a smile. "You're pretty amazing, you know that?"

Isaac ducked his head, his blush staining down his neck. "Why's that?" he murmured.

"Just...that you're paying attention, I guess?" Scott replied, shrugging a little. "I don't know, it just...reminds me that you care, when you do things like that."

Isaac gave him a shy smile. "Of course I'm paying attention. I want to know everything about you. Kinda like I know that you prefer chocolate sprinkles on your hot chocolate when you think no-one is looking. Or that that you ran around the house with me on your back singing Circle of Life at the top of your lungs, not even pausing when your mom walked in."

"I paused when I ran out of breath though," Scott pointed out, grinning at the memory. "I don't know. You don't mind that I'm not as...attentive?"

"That's because breathing is necessary," Isaac replied, before looking at Scott curiously. "What do you mean? Not as attentive?"

"I feel like you probably know more about me than I do about you," Scott said. "I don't think I notice things in the same way."

"Well, honestly, you aren't wanting to suck my dick all the time," Isaac mused. "But you know things about me!"

"I know what you're afraid of, and some of the things you like in a scene, because you've told me," Scott said. "I know you're affectionate, and you love having a pet. I know you care about your clothes a lot more than I do, when you're wearing them. But...I don't know."

Isaac smiled. "Picture us. Saturday morning at breakfast, you're making our food, how do you put it in front of me?" He knew Scott knew a lot more about him than he thought.

"What do you mean?" Scott asked. "There aren't that many ways to put a plate of food on the table."

"How you put it on the plate, what exactly, how many, how my cup is," Isaac explained. "Just...walk through every single step you do."

Scott frowned a little. "If you want. Um, you like bacon, because it's not something that you get on work days, so I do a couple of rashers of bacon, but the type with less fat. And a couple of boiled eggs, and buttered toast cut into strips. Unless we're doing pancakes that day, you have those with
raspberries and whipped cream when we can get it, or maple syrup otherwise. You drink apple juice with breakfast because you like taking a break from coffee."

Isaac smiled wider. "How is that not noticing things? Or being attentive?"

Scott ducked his head. "I guess."

Isaac tilted his head, reaching out with one hand to tip Scott back so he settled onto the floor before straddling his lap. "You may not realize you notice things, but you do."

Scott's hands settled automatically on Isaac's hips. "Thanks, love," he murmured.

Isaac smiled, kissing along his jaw. "Want to get that ring gag, wait until you come home to see me begging for you."

"So what else do you want that we haven't talked about?" Scott asked.

"I had a dream last night," Isaac admitted softly. "You were pinning me against the wall somewhere, fucking into me while you had my hands pinned behind my back, chest to the wall with your fingers in my mouth to keep me quiet. Or your hand over my mouth. I'm not sure where we were."

Scott pulled Isaac close and rolled. "You really like me pinning you, don't you?" he murmured.

"Yes sir." Isaac gasped at the sudden change of position, stretching himself absently on the carpet, giving Scott a small, lazy grin.

"Is it that you can't move, do you think?" Scott asked, rolling his hips down. "Or is it something else?"

Isaac licked his lip into his mouth. "I don't know," he whimpered. "I th-think..." He blinked, focusing on Scott's face. "I think it's because I can't move, and you're controlling everything but it's so...I'm safe."

"You're safe," Scott promised. "When I'm holding you, nothing can hurt you, huh?"

"Uh huh." Isaac nodded. "And I just... It sends shivers down my skin and makes my stomach pulse and tighten and my mind lose it's form." He spread his legs wider, rocking his hips up.

Scott wasn't surprised to feel Isaac's cock hard against him - he hadn't let Isaac come at all so far today. "What else makes you feel like that?" he murmured.

"Earlier," Isaac admitted, his voice going softer. "With your hand on the back of my head, telling me to stay, that it was okay."

"I'm glad," Scott said. "What did you like about it?"

"I liked how firm you were," Isaac replied. "Controlling, and yet...still you, still gentle about it. Fuck, it makes me so hot," he whined. "The soft husk your voice gets when you start pulling out the Dom voice."

"I can do 'firm'," Scott said, making a mental note. He smiled a little, brushing his cheek past Isaac's to murmur in his ear, "You give very good blowjobs, you know."

Isaac sucked in a breath, flushing softly at the praise. "Really?" He licked his lips.
"Really," Scott promised, nuzzling Isaac's neck. "I'm not just letting you suck my cock because you like it. You make me feel so good."

Isaac whimpered, hips jerking in surprise when Scott's lips passed over his marking.

"My good boy," Scott murmured. "Feeling good, baby?"

"U-uh huh," Isaac promised, flopping back onto the floor, licking his lips and tilting his head to the side, absently noting the stockpile of toys Hana had hid under the TV stand.

"That's so good," Scott praised, smiling down at him.

"H-huh?" Isaac blinked, chewing on his lower lip before half sitting up again, capturing Scott's lower lip in his.

Scott pressed down gently on Isaac's shoulder, guiding him to lay flat on the floor again. "I'm glad you feel good," he explained.

Isaac drew in a deep breath, his eyes going darker at the gentle, firm pressure keeping him down. "Want to make you feel good, too."

"You did that already," Scott pointed out, sliding down Isaac's body.

Isaac half sat up again, licking his lips. "And? I like making you feel good."

"Stay down," Scott told him, eyeing Isaac's hard cock.

Isaac moaned at the order. "Yes, sir," he breathed, lying back down and hiding his eyes with one arm.

Scott looked up at him, poised directly over his cock. "I want to either see your face, or hear your voice," he said. "Okay?"

"Yes, sir," Isaac promised, nodding and peeking down at him, his cheeks bright red, feeling a bit shy.

Scott grinned up at him, then bent down and kissed Isaac's cock.

Isaac let out what could only be called a squeak, squirming shyly. He didn't know why he felt that way, he just did.

Scott laughed a little, glancing up at Isaac's face. "You okay, honey?"

"Uh huh." Isaac gave Scott a soft smile. "Sorry, just...feel shy and wiggly."

"You're cute when you're shy," Scott commented. "But is there anything I can do to help?"

"I don't think so?" Isaac offered. "Kinda like feeling like this, just...different."

"Tell me if you stop liking it, then," Scott said. "And like I said, let me see your face or hear your voice."

Isaac moved his arms to the carpet, dipping his eyes demurely as he flushed just a shade or two darker.
"That's perfect, love," Scott praised, before lowering his lips to Isaac's cock again.

Isaac moaned softly, his hips, absently grinding back against the plug as he wiggled under Scott.

Scott licked around the head, trying to copy the things he liked best when Isaac did them.

"O-oh," Isaac squirmed, feeling both shy and exposed, one hand slipping down as if to hide himself.

Scott reached out, taking Isaac's hand and setting it by his side as he dipped his tongue into Isaac's slit.

"Shit," Isaac cursed, whimpering and curling his hand into the carpet where Scott had it pinned lightly.

"Good boy," Scott murmured, stroking Isaac's wrist with his thumb, as he dipped his head to nuzzle at Isaac's balls.

"F-fuck," Isaac whimpered, unable to keep his hips from rocking just a bit into the feeling.

"Good?" Scott asked, licking Isaac's balls experimentally.

"Y-yes." Isaac shivered. Why in the hell was that so sensitive? He felt so vulnerable and he loved it.

Scott carefully, slowly, took Isaac's balls into his mouth, sucking gently.

Isaac was trembling, his fingers curling as he felt goosebumps go along his skin, his eyes fluttering closed with a soft whine.

Scott kept going a little longer, then gently pulled away.

Panting, Isaac tilted his head up so he could see, eyes blown wide and dark.

"Isaac?" Scott murmured, stroking Isaac's hip. "How are you feeling?"


"Vulnerable is good?" Scott checked.

Nodding, Isaac flushed. "Yes, sir." He gave Scott a trembling smile. "Promise."

"Okay," Scott said, smiling back. He leaned down to kiss Isaac's hip, then suck, leaving a pale mark.

"Oh fuck," Isaac moaned, his head thumping back to the carpet, back arching.

Scott bit down, worrying the skin with his teeth.

"Shit," Isaac whimpered, his free hand scrabbling for a hold on the carpet. "Please."

"Please what?" Scott asked, kissing the mark he'd made. "What do you need, sweetheart?"

"I want you. Your mouth, your hands, your cock, all of it. Just...fuck!" Isaac whined, squirming. He hadn't come earlier, and his body was reminding him of that fact.

Scott licked at the precome leaking from Isaac's cock, then swirled his tongue around the head. "I've got you," he promised.
Isaac moaned softly, his thighs trembling as he fought to keep from thrusting up. "Please."

"Come whenever you want, sweetheart," Scott said, "just warn me first, okay?" He didn't think Isaac was there yet, but this time, he wanted Isaac to not have to hold back.

"Yes, sir." Isaac licked his lips, squirming against Scott, trying to get more, even as he tried to tease him.

Scott let go of Isaac's wrist to pin his hips down, then took Isaac's cock into his mouth and began to bob down on it.

"Fuck!" Isaac whined high in his throat, his back arching sharply, only kept down by Scott's hands on his hips.

Scott bobbed lower, wary of his gag reflex, and lightly scraped Isaac's cock with his teeth on the way back up.

"Oh!" Isaac whined. "S-soon."

Scott pulled up so he was just suckling at the head, letting go of Isaac's hip to take hold of his cock and jerk it quickly.

"Sirsirsir," Isaac rambled, scrabbling for a hold before sinking his hands into his hair. "Close!"

Scott glanced up and hummed, hoping Isaac would understand.

Isaac started thanking him, his voice choking off mid-word as he came, drifting off into a silent wail.

Scott managed to swallow most of it, milking Isaac's cock with his hand.

Isaac shivered, moaning lightly as he panted, his eyes fluttering.

Scott pulled off, wiping his face with the back of his hand and rolling off to one side.

Isaac curled onto his side, panting. He watched Scott through half-closed eyes, a grin on his face.

"You good, sweetheart?" Scott asked.

"Yes, sir," Isaac murmured, giving him another soft smile. "You okay?"

"I'm good," Scott promised. "And you're very good."

Isaac flushed, tucking his face in Scott's arm.

"Still feeling shy, honey?" Scott murmured.


"It's okay," Scott promised, shuffling up a little so he could see Isaac's face better. "Do you need me to not look at you or something?"

"Nothing like that, I just..." Isaac gave him a tiny smile. "It's more I like feeling shy with you, but I don't know what causes it."

"You like shy, you like vulnerable..." Scott mused. "I like it too, by the way."
"Really? It's not weird?" Isaac peeked up at him, through his curls. Damn, he needed a haircut.

"Nothing about you is weird," Scott said firmly.

"But...how can I like being that after what my Dad did?" Isaac frowned, confused.

Scott shrugged. "Maybe it's because it reminds you I'm not like him," he suggested. "When you're vulnerable, I look after you."

"Maybe," Isaac conceded, pressing closer. "That would make sense."

"Mm." Scott shrugged again. "Well, either way, you're very cute."

Isaac just grinned, laughing brightly when Hana jumped onto his hip, meowing loudly.

"Oh, hi Hana," Scott said warmly, reaching out to scratch her behind the ears. "Thanks for not interrupting us earlier."

Hana leaned into Scott's touch, mewing softly, precariously balanced on Isaac's hip. Isaac laughed.

"She seems to understand when we're doing things."

"It's probably not hard to tell," Scott said, picking her up in case she decided to use her claws to get a better grip. "The important question is whether she understands that she shouldn't be around."

"She seemed content enough to hide with her toy stash," Isaac mused, pointing to where he could see her toys under the TV Stand. "I was wondering where those went."

Scott laughed. "Someday she'll get too big to fit under there and then what's she gonna do?"

"Knowing her? Probably whine and cry until we get her toys for her." Isaac laughed, scratching under Hana's chin.

"And then hide them in our shoes," Scott added.

"Probably. Or under the bed." He mused, smile bright and easy. He wiggled his fingers for Hana to play with, his eyes lighting up.

Scott watched fondly as Hana started mock-hunting Isaac's hand, incredibly glad to see him so light-hearted.

Isaac fell into a giggling fit as Hana's butt wiggled and she pounced, only to backflip messily away from his hand. "Silly kitten!"

"I love you," Scott breathed, smiling warmly as he watched.

Isaac blinked, grinning widely. "I love you too!" he kissed Scott's cheek before rolling onto his back, laughing as Hana jumped onto his stomach.

"You might want to put some underpants on if you're going to let her pounce on you," Scott suggested, propping himself up on his elbow.

"That's true, it won't end well if she thinks I'm a toy," Isaac mused, sitting up and gently putting Hana on Scott before standing to go put on some boxers.
Scott only left Hana where she was for a few moments before getting up himself, following Isaac to the bedroom.

Isaac peeked over his shoulder, grinning widely as he bent to step into his boxers.

"How long are you planning to keep that plug in?" Scott asked, leaning on the doorframe.

Isaac flushed. "U-um. I actually forgot it was in?" he offered, shifting. "And I like being open and ready for you whenever..."

Scott smiled. "You're sweet," he commented.

"Huh?" Isaac blinked, tugging his boxers up, leaving the plug firmly in place. "Why's that?"

"You just are," Scott said with a shrug. "I love you."

"I love you, too." Isaac grinned widely, stretching only to moan when his back gave a satisfying popping noise.

"I should get dinner going," Scott said, his eyes tracing the curve of Isaac's back.

"I have stew in the crockpot, should be ready in about an hour." Isaac smiled, feeling his Dom's eyes on him and continuing to stretch.

Scott smiled, coming closer and wrapping his arms around Isaac's waist from behind. "Thanks, love," he murmured.

Isaac leaned against him, grinning over his shoulder. "Welcome," he murmured, kissing Scott’s jaw and swaying gently.

"Isaac..." Scott said idly, his hand carding slowly through Isaac's hair, staring at the ceiling, "Are we going to go home after my finals?"

Isaac tightened his grip on Scott, nuzzling further into his Dom's shoulder, his voice soft in the darkness as they lay in bed, Hana curled on the pillow next to them. "We should. Should get the house ready. ...Or even just walk inside," he swallowed hard.

"If you're not ready, it's okay," Scott reassured him quietly. "I know it has a lot of memories."

"It's... just," Isaac paused, "I feel like I need to do it, you know? Like even if we hire someone, I need to be there. To see it. To watch it transform from Hell to home."

"We don't really have the funds to hire someone," Scott pointed out. "But I get what you're saying."

"Yeah, I know. But even if it's just us doing it, I need to see it gone. I need to see him gone." Isaac gave him a small smile.

"That doesn't mean we have to do it now," Scott promised, kissing the corner of Isaac's mouth.

Isaac turned his face to kiss Scott back. "I know, I just... I need to," he tried to explain. "even if it's just little by little, like we go there on weekends or something, I don't know..."

"I'm not trying to tell you not to do it," Scott said quietly. "I think it's a good idea. I just don't want you pushing yourself if it gets too much, just because you think you should."
Isaac nodded. "If you see me doing it, please, stop me," he whispered. "You'll be there with me, right?"

"Of course!" Scott replied instantly. "...I would never make you face this alone."

Isaac gave him a relieved smile. "Thank you," he said, his voice still soft.

Scott looked up at the ceiling again. "What would it be like, if it could be anything you wanted it to be?"

"What? The house?" Isaac asked, tilting his head before pressing a kiss above Scott's heart.

"Mmhm," Scott replied, caressing Isaac's shoulder with his thumb.

Isaac let out a content sound at the soothing touch. "Warm. Full of love and laughter. Safe. Bright and happy..."

Scott smiled. That wasn't really what he'd meant, but it was probably a better answer. "Do you care what it actually looks like?" he asked.

"Not really?" Isaac offered, tilting his head. "Like, I have some ideas of what I'd like our home to look, but really, it's just things I don't want there, you know?"

"Like what?" Scott asked.

"The freezer, for one," Isaac said. "I don't want it there at all. Maybe make the basement into a game room or something happy like that, to hide the past. I'd love to re-carpet the house, and paint the walls something happier than beige and white."

"Re-carpeting and repainting is manageable," Scott said slowly, thinking it over. "I mean, it sounds like it would be, at least."

"Painting's not bad. The carpet is the part that might be tricky," Isaac admitted. "But there's places that do that for not much more than buying the carpet. I just...want to turn it into a home."

"I know, sweetheart," Scott murmured, frowning a little as he thought about the cost. "I think...we should probably stay here over the summer, but we could go down on the weekends to work on it."

"That would work. And with both of us working, it won't be that hard to build up a nest egg, so to speak." Isaac hummed softly. "We'll be pulling in a lot more funds that way and can save a lot more. Especially if we don't change too much of what we're doing. We can start with painting, because that would be cheaper, and that way we can just rip the carpet up and don't have to be so careful with not spilling paint on it."

"We'll have to clear out some stuff first, though," Scott pointed out. "I mean, I assume your dad took some things with him, but there'll be stuff left behind, too."

"Yeah, that's our first task." Isaac smiled. "Luckily those dumpster pod things aren't that expensive and they haul it off when you're done."

"You've really thought about this, haven't you?" Scott commented.

Isaac flushed, nodding slowly. "I don't want it to be like it was growing up." He shrugged a bit.
"You could sell it," Scott pointed out.

"Yeah, but..." Isaac chewed on his lower lip. "What if we turn it into a rental house or something? It'd bring in some extra money, and that way it'll be the home it needs to be. As much as I would love to live in it, do that ourselves, I just...you have school, and I doubt Deaton will be ready to retire yet when you graduate..."

Scott couldn't believe he hadn't thought of it. "That's a great idea, sweetheart," he said. It would make things...so much easier.

Isaac smiled, kissing Scott’s chest again, scooting closer. He hadn’t got dressed again after the scene - he was getting to the point that he didn't like wearing clothes when they were alone. "It'll help us not be quite so stretched for money, and this way I still have the house, in case we end up wanting to live there at some point."

"Assuming we can get a tenant, we'd be able to cover our rent, probably," Scott said, starting to get excited.

"Scott, I lived in a good neighborhood close to the middle school and elementary school, we'll get a tenant." Isaac pointed out.

"Huh," Scott replied. "So...we're sorting out the house this summer?"

Isaac smiled, nodding slowly. "I think we can get it ready to rent by August or sooner. And so it'll be rented by the time fall semester starts."

"We'll talk to Mom and Mr. S about it," Scott said. It's not like he had any idea how you went about renting a house.

"Talking to Mr. S would be the best thing, though Ms McCall would probably have some good tips on things that families might be looking for." Isaac smiled. "And she might have ideas on colors and carpet types."

"We'll see," Scott replied. Privately, he just wanted some reassurance from his mom that he was doing the right thing.

Isaac nodded. "I love you," he murmured, starting to drift off, a part of him settling now that the house wasn't completely up in the air anymore.

"I love you too, sweetheart," Scott said softly. "Sleep well."

Isaac let out a soft sigh, drifting off with his ear over Scott's heart.

Chapter End Notes

A rogue plot appeared! We're gonna be looking in on Scisaac for the next little while as they sort out house things.

Thanks as always to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you for reading. We look forward to your lovely comments!
Moving On

Chapter Summary

John paused. "Have you heard from Scott recently?" he asked.

"I was talking to him a couple of days ago." Melissa’s voice softened. "He said that he and Isaac were going to put the house up for rent after repainting and such this summer."

-----

Melissa and John are still getting used to life without their kids around. When Melissa visits John one evening, they talk about some possible changes.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Melissa let out a tired sigh, pulling her key out of the ignition and heading to the door of John's house, letting her shoulders relax more with each step. She was tired, but she was also relieved that work was done for the day. And she even had the next couple of days off, a rarity.

John must have heard her pull up, because he opened the door as she got to the porch. "Come on in, the casserole's nearly done," he said, smiling. "You must be exhausted."

Melissa stepped close, giving him a hug. "It smells amazing," she murmured, stepping out of her shoes with a happy groan. "And yes, you'd think people would realize that having a stomach bug is not worth the ER costs. And even worse, the ones that act like that is so much more important than the level one trauma patient from a car accident..."

John led her into the living room and gestured at the couch. "Here, get your feet up," he suggested. "Do you want something to drink?"

Melissa slumped onto the couch, moaning happily as she propped her feet up. "Do you have anymore of that lovely orange and chamomile tea?" she asked. She didn't need to be taken care of like when she just asked for 'tea', but a hot cup of actual tea sounded amazing.

John smiled, acknowledging the answer-within-an-answer. "Of course I do," he replied. "Give me a couple of minutes and I'll bring it right out."

"Lovely, lovely man." She smiled back, then let her head fall against the headrest, wiggling her toes. "I need new shoes."

"Get some orthodontic insoles," John advised from the kitchen. "They work wonders."

"Hmm, I may use that weird foot-mapping insole machine in Walmart after all." Melissa let out a soft laugh, stretching out her instep.
John paused. "Have you heard from Scott recently?" he asked.

"I was talking to him a couple of days ago." Melissa's voice softened. "He said that he and Isaac were going to put the house up for rent after repainting and such this summer."

John relaxed a little as he brought Melissa her tea. "So he's spoken to you, too. Good."

"I think he said they were going to ask you about the legal things?," Melissa said. "I personally think that Scott just wanted some validation from me that he was doing okay." She couldn't help her fond laugh, giving John a warm smile as she took her tea. "Thank you."

"They're young to be dealing with this," John said, taking a seat in the armchair opposite. "I mean, God, Mel, they're not even twenty."

"It's hard to imagine them being grown," she said quietly. "And yet, I think, at least so far, they're doing very well."

"Renting out the house is a good idea," John agreed. "They'll have to be a bit more deliberate about their money management, though. Being a landlord means paying for a lot of minor crises."

"But since they're currently able to actually pay all of their bills on what they're making right now, they may just use the rent money for things like that, and for an emergency fund of sorts," Melissa pointed out. "Isaac called me while Scott was at school still, asking what the best carpet for the price was, and what their budget should be for getting the house ready to rent out." She took a sip of her tea. "But I agree, they're going to have to be careful. Though they seem content with the way things are now. And from what I was told, Scott would be working all summer to build up a cushion for them."

John hummed. "Life takes you by surprise, though." He was still paying back the debts he'd accrued during Claudia's illness.

"Yes, that's why he's adamant about starting that emergency fund," Melissa pointed out. "Isaac seems to have a way with numbers, too, rattling on about cost fluctuations and budgets."

"Good for him," John said. "God knows I didn't know enough about that when me and Claudia were starting out."

"I also told him that it might be good to see a therapist once his insurance starts next month," Melissa murmured. "Because he admitted part of the reason he's taking over all the math is he doesn't want to stress Scott out to the point of being angry with him. I tried to tell him that Scott isn't his father, but well, I don't know how well I got through."

John frowned. "That's understandable, but..." He sighed. "...still not ideal."

"That's why I suggested a therapist. Even just a couple of visits could help. And honestly, John, was our own start ideal?" she asked, sipping on her tea and relaxing into the couch.

"Yours or mine?" John teased. "I think I had a pretty good run." There was a melancholy look on his face, though.

"You really did." Melissa reached out, taking his hand and rubbing her thumb along the back of it, giving him comfort. "Me, not so much," she mused.

"You did your best," John told her. "Scott's a good kid, even if Rafe was a bastard."
"He's a wonderful young man, no thanks to that abusive bastard." Melissa frowned, feeling weary. "I just hope, like every parent, I guess, that they take time to spend with each other. Money can only go so far."

"I don't think they're likely to forget to," John said. "They're very close."

"This is true. And the love is very apparent. We were lucky," she mused, "that all of our boys found love."

The oven timer went off and John got up, sighing. "Do you want to eat out here or at the table?" he asked.

"Would it be alright if we ate in here?" Melissa asked. "The thought of moving to the kitchen makes my feet throb." She smiled, sitting up. "What did you make us, John?"

"This is fine," John reassured her. "You can put the TV on if you want. And it's nothing fancy, just beef and vegetables."

"That sounds lovely anyway." Melissa smiled, relaxing back into the couch, flipping the TV over to the cooking channel, leaving the volume at a low murmur, letting out a bone weary sigh.

John emerged from the kitchen a couple of minutes later with a couple of plates. "I'll just grab some cutlery," he said.

Melissa nodded, giving him a warm smile as she took their plates. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," John said easily.

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By the time they were done with dinner, it was almost nine o'clock, and John eyed Melissa's frequent yawns with concern. "I don't know if you're safe to drive right now," he commented.

"I don't think I am either," Melissa murmured wearily, rubbing her eyes. "Thank god I don't have work for a couple of days."

"You've been working too hard," John said quietly, taking her hand.

"I'm the only one that can take extra shifts." She tried to defend herself, gripping his hand tightly, another yawn threatening to break through.

"Just because you don't need to look after Scott anymore doesn't mean you don't need to look after yourself, and your health," John replied, watching her seriously. "If the hospital needs more hours than you all can safely work, they need to hire more staff, not overwork the ones they've got."

Melissa sighed, her shoulders slumping just a bit. "Yes, sir," she conceded, secretly pleased that John cared enough for her to be like this. "I'll stop taking extra shifts as much."

"It's not an order if you don't want it to be," John said, "but thank you. I worry."

"I think I need that one to be an order, sir." Melissa smiled. "And I know you worry, John. And I won't take extra shifts if you won't."

John laughed ruefully. "That's fair. I can't guarantee there won't be emergencies, but I'll stop
covering for my deputies just because they need someone to cover."

"And I'll do the same." Melissa gave him a mischievous grin. "God, I'm so tired, John..."

"You're staying here tonight," John said firmly. "I'm not on until the afternoon tomorrow, so you can
sleep in as long as you want. There's clean sheets on the bed in Stiles' old room."

Melissa couldn't even argue, she was so tired. She clung to his hand, yawning. "Sounds lovely."

"Come on," John said, standing up and tugging her with him. "Upstairs. I haven't got anything that'll
fit you, but I'll grab you one of my t-shirts so you don't have to sleep in your scrubs."

"Your t-shirt would be a nightgown on me anyway," she replied sleepily, curling her hand through
his before walking up the stairs, yawning.

"You're not that much shorter than me," he said, letting go of her hand to wrap his arm around her
waist.

"No, but I am smaller than you in general," Melissa reminded him. "So that's more material." She
smiled, leaning into him. She had grown quite fond of John.

"Fair enough," John allowed, leading her to Stiles' old room. It was a little dusty, but otherwise
clean, and the bed was made. "Here, sit down and I'll get it for you."

Melissa gave him another smile, kissing his cheek before sitting on the edge of the bed, running her
fingers along the quilt.

John left briefly, coming back with a well-worn shirt. "Here," he said. "And don't forget to turn your
alarm off. You're sleeping in tomorrow."

Melissa gave him that cheeky, crooked grin again. "Yes, sir." She pulled out her cellphone, already
disarming her alarm. "Thank you." She took the shirt, absently burying her nose in it when she
realized it smelled strongly of him.

"You're welcome," he murmured, leaving her to it. "Sleep well."

"You, too." Melissa sighed as the door was closed, stripping out of her scrubs, relaxing even more
when the clothes were off. Sure enough, when she slipped on the shirt, it went down just enough to
cover her underwear, which was how long she liked her nightgowns anyway. Smiling, she climbed
into the bed, burrowing under the blanket before turning off the light. Exhausted and surrounded by
the scent of her best friend and Dom, it took no time at all for her to fall asleep.

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When John woke in the morning, it took him a while to remember that Melissa was still there. He
was in the shower, actually, when he realised he should have brought more than boxers and an
undershirt to change into.

Melissa woke to the sound of a shower turning on. She smiled, feeling a lot better than she had the
night before. Sitting up, she looked around, blinking as she remembered where she was. Laughing
softly, she slipped from the bed, tugging on her scrub bottoms before stepping out into the hall, her
hair still in a messy halo around her head and pillow marks still on her face. Slipping into the kitchen,
she started coffee, rummaging around for breakfast items so she'd have food made when John came
downstairs.
"You're a godsend, Mel," John said when he came down, yawning a little. "Thanks for putting the coffee on."

Melissa turned around, smiling. "No problem." She walked up, giving him a hug. "Breakfast isn't much longer either. Even though it's like ten."

"First meal of the day is breakfast, no matter what time it is," John said, blinking sleepily as he hugged her back.

Melissa nuzzled into John's chest, breathing in the scent of his bodywash and aftershave, feeling it settle her bones. "Well, yes, that is a good point."

John yawned a little. He could roll out of bed with the best of them when he had to, but when he didn't have to, he was pretty slow to get going. "Besides, ten's not that late," he pointed out.

"Compared to how I normally am when not on night shift, it's late." Melissa smiled, nuzzling against a bit more before turning to the bacon. "And don't worry, I won't tell Stiles about you having this in your fridge, if you eat spinach in your omelette."

John rolled his eyes, getting out mugs for them both. "I'm a grown man, I make my own decisions about my bacon consumption."

"I'd like to see you tell that to Stiles and it have any effect." Melissa said with a laugh, running her hand carefully through her tangled hair.

"You need a comb for that," John observed. Her hair was too thick for finger-combing to do much good.

Melissa nodded, grinning over her shoulder. "All I did was roll out of bed and put on pants." She shrugged one shoulder, starting on the omelettes so they would be done at the same time as everything else.

John poured out coffee for both of them, setting hers down next to the stove and sitting down at the kitchen bench. "I don't think I even have a spare toothbrush," he admitted, taking a sip. "I should probably get one, in case this happens again."

"That was the best night's sleep I had since Scott started college," Melissa admitted, sipping at her coffee as she cooked.

"Really?" John replied. "You haven't mentioned sleeping badly."

"I haven't been able to put my finger on why." Melissa shrugged. "It's been more restless tossing and turning. Or waking up when I hear just about anything, from the house creaking to a car going down the street."

"You don't think it's a health thing, do you?" John asked, looking concerned.

"What do you mean?" Melissa replied, turning to set their plates on the table and giving him a confused look.

John shrugged. "I don't know - you're the expert here. It just occurred to me that it might be something, I don't know..." he waved his hand vaguely, "hormonal or something."
Melissa blinked, then her face softened. "John," she murmured, stepping around the table to wrap her arms around his head in a hug. "I'm fine. It's probably just empty nest syndrome."

John hugged her around the waist, not trying to pretend he hadn't been worried. It was probably silly of him, he knew, but Claudia's illness had left him wary. "Alright," he allowed. "Then if the nest's too empty, you can use the guest room here whenever you want."

Melissa ran her fingers through John's hair, smiling softly. "I'll take you up on that a lot. I'm actually thinking of maybe selling the house..."

"Really?" John asked, rubbing her back absently. "Because Scott's moved out?"

"Yeah, and it's just...too much." She sighed, scratching lightly at John's scalp.

"Mel, you'd better rescue that omelette," John warned reluctantly.

Melissa huffed out a soft laugh. "The pan's off, it's okay," she murmured. "It's done, I just haven't transferred it to the plate."

"Oh," John said. He wasn't very observant this morning, apparently. "Well, we'd better eat. But keep talking - what's going on?"

Melissa laughed, dishing out the omelettes and sitting down. "With?" she asked, her voice soft and eyes sparkling.

"With the house," John said, raising his eyebrows at her. "What's wrong with it?"

"It's just a lot." She shrugged, looking down at her plate. "It's really empty. And I honestly don't need that much space. It was perfect when Scott was there, but now that he's off on his own life..." She sighed, resting her cheek on one hand as she watched John. "The only reason I kept it after the divorce was so Scott would be stable and the mortgage was affordable, even if it took a lot to cool it down in the summer."

John nodded. "And Scott's obviously not moving back in any time soon."

"He's stubborn, my son," she agreed. "But that's a good thing when it comes to things like this."

"Well, I don't think you're wrong for wanting a smaller place," John admitted. It was hard, acknowledging that their kids weren't going to come back. "I couldn't leave this house, but you're different."

"Because my mortgage is paid..." Melissa trailed off, letting out a sigh. "I'm sorry, John," she murmured, patting his arm.

"It's not because of my mortgage," John said, shaking his head. "It's because of the memories."

"Oh." She should have thought of that. "There's a lot of them here, true." Her smile turned warm. "Even for me and Scott."

"You did well with him, you know," John told her. "He's a good kid."

"Thank you. You did wonderful with Stiles." Melissa pushed her mostly empty plate away, sipping at her now-cool coffee.
John stood, taking her plate. "I'll get the dishes," he offered. "Since you cooked."

"Thank you." Melissa stood, taking his coffee cup. "I'll get us some more coffee, then."

"Thanks, Mel," John replied.

"No problem, sir," she teased, bumping her hip against his as she walked past.

-----

"Isaac?" Scott murmured, kissing the back of Isaac's neck. "Time to wake up, sweetheart."

Isaac grumbled, his eyes fluttering open, even as he pressed back against Scott. "Sir?" he slurred, yawning. "What time 'sit?"

"Quarter to seven," Scott said, hugging Isaac around the waist. Not early for a work day, but it was a Saturday. "We're going to Beacon Hills today, remember?"

"Mmhmm." Isaac yawned, squirming and turning until he was facing Scott, nuzzling close and mouthing at his jaw, still kinda asleep. "Can we get donuts on the way?"

Scott considered. "Yeah, alright," he murmured. "How are you feeling?"

"Kinda...tight," Isaac eventually answered, peeking up from where he was hiding, nerves showing in his eyes. "But I need to do this."

"We'll take as long as you need," Scott promised. "And I'll be with you the whole time."

Isaac let a small smile cross his face. "Thank you," he whispered, kissing him softly. "Let's get this over with." He sighed, wanting to stay in the warm bed with his Dom. Maybe make it warmer...

Scott grinned, hugging Isaac tight for a second, then pushing the blankets back. "Let's get going, then."

Isaac soaked up the hug, smiling. "Apple fritters! And chocolate milk. Because coffee right now may just make me super jittery."

"I'll drive then," Scott said. Unlike Isaac, he didn't have to get up at a ridiculous hour of the morning for his regular shift, so he was a bit better rested. "Do you want to take first shower?"

"Together?" Isaac asked playfully. "Promise not to try and start things in the shower."

Scott raised his eyebrows skeptically. "Alright," he allowed. "Come on then."

Isaac laughed at the look on Scott's face, relaxing a little as he led the way. "I like taking showers with you."

Scott leaned over and kissed him quickly. "Me too, honey."

-----

Isaac grumbled, shoving another donut hole in his mouth. "My fritter is gone," he whined playfully, twisting open his second chocolate milk.

"That's what happens when you eat it," Scott teased.
"But it was so goooood." Isaac wrinkled his nose, stealing one of Scott's donut holes in retaliation. "Want your other juice?"

Scott shook his head, pulling his box of donut holes towards him possessively. "I'll drink it later."

Isaac laughed, curled up in his seat, trying to keep what they were going to do to the back of his mind.

Scott smiled at him, popping a donut hole in his mouth. "We should go by Mom's first," he suggested. "Drop our stuff off."

Isaac nodded, sucking on the bottle of chocolate milk before wiping the milk-stache off. "That'll be easier than hauling it around. Plus safer for our electronics."

"Gives us more room in the car if we have to take stuff to the dump or something," Scott said with a shrug.

Isaac nodded again, tongue swiping at his lower lip as he looked out the window. "It's going to be a busy day."

Scott reached out, resting his hand on top of Isaac's. "Just remember we can take a break whenever you need."

Isaac turned his hand to curl around Scott's, giving him a small smile. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," Scott said, leaning across the table for a kiss.

Isaac smiled into the kiss, trying to make it last as long as possible.

Scott pulled away eventually, cupping Isaac's cheek.

Isaac leaned into the touch, nuzzling his palm. "Ready to go? We can save the rest for the road, it'll be an hour or so anyway."

"Are you?" Scott asked quietly.

"As ready as I will be," Isaac admitted. "Just...don't leave me alone in the house, okay?"

"I won't," Scott promised. "I'll even do bits of it on my own, as long as you tell me what you want."


Isaac gave him a bright smile, standing and tugging on Scott's hand. "Come on, sir."

-----

Melissa smiled, shifting through another box that had been in the spare closet, this one full of clothes from when Scott was little. She looked up when she heard Scott's car, holding up an old sports jersey from when he was in elementary school.

Scott rolled his shoulders as he got out of the car, heading for the trunk to grab their bags.

Isaac went to help him, swinging his backpack onto his back and grabbing the last remnants of their food before heading toward the house.
Melissa met them at the door with a soft smile, automatically pulling Isaac into a hug before tugging Scott into one too. "My boys."

"Hi Mom," Scott said, hugging her tight. "It's good to see you."

Melissa smiled widely. "It's so good to see you too," she admitted, soaking up the hug. "How was the trip?" She turned to look at Isaac, taking stock.

Isaac gave her a shy smile, shifting a bit after hugging her to resettle his bag. "The trip was okay," he promised, "not much traffic."

"People are mostly going the other way on weekends, anyway," Scott commented. "How have you been?"

"Tired, but okay." Melissa smiled, leading them inside. "Sorry about the mess."

Isaac blinked, looking around at the stacks of items, clothes in boxes, pictures stacked neatly. "Uh..."

"...what is all this?" Scott asked, staring.

"I'm sorting." Melissa shrugged, stepping over to place the small jersey in a box with significantly fewer clothes than the ones with 'DONATE' on the side. "I'm planning on selling the house, maybe move into an apartment, not sure yet."

Isaac peered into the box, a small smile on his face as he realized it was filled with what could only be Scott's old clothes and his baby book.

"You're selling the house?" Scott said, looking a little lost. Somehow he'd never really thought that this might change.

Melissa looked over, pulling her son into another hug. "It's just too big for me now," she explained. "Too empty. I'm jumping at every noise and I hardly ever sleep well. So yes, I'm selling the house. Or maybe renting it out, I'm not completely sure yet."

"Oh," Scott said, letting his bag fall to the floor. "Wait, you've not been sleeping?"

"I'd toss and turn, and would wake with every noise." She shrugged. "I'm okay though, Scott."

Isaac shifted on his feet. "But...where...?"

Scott glanced at Isaac, confused.

"Where will you go?" Isaac asked hesitantly

Melissa gave Isaac a gently smile, pulling him carefully into a hug. "I'll find an apartment, something smaller. But that doesn't mean you two aren't welcome. I promise."

Well. It looked like she was set on this, so... "How can we help?" Scott asked.

Melissa blinked, giving Scott a smile. "Right now, you can do the most help by continuing on as normal. Since I'm not sure where I'll be moving just yet. Once I do, I might ask for more help." She pressed a kiss to both boys’ hair. "But for now, you have bigger fish to fry."

"Right, yeah," Scott agreed, glancing at Isaac. "Any advice?"
"Start piles for trash, keep, and donate," she recommended briskly. "I'll take a look at any furniture and tell you whether you could easily sell it, which would help pay for work on the house."

Isaac nodded, falling quiet as he processed Melissa’s news. Her house had become a safe spot for him, and he didn’t like thinking about it not being there anymore.

Scott moved a little closer and started rubbing Isaac’s back. "Sounds like a plan," he agreed. "Isaac, do you think there'll be a lot you want to keep?"

Isaac leaned into Scott's touch, forcing his brain to go back to his house, mentally walking through it. "I don't think so honestly," he said softly. "Very few things."

Scott nodded. "Well, if it's not much, we can bring it home with us, maybe in a few trips."

Isaac nodded back, turning to tuck his face in Scott's neck. "I don't think there will be much."

"It's okay, sweetheart," Scott murmured. "If you need a break, you just tell me."

"I will." Isaac smiled against his skin, kissing it softly before standing back up. "Okay, let's go."

"Boys?" Melissa said, looking between them. "Take the vacuum cleaner. And a lot of dust cloths."

"Oh yuck, I hadn't thought about that." Isaac wrinkled his nose. "Thank you."

"Cleaning the place properly can wait til later," she said, "but there's no reason to work in all that dust if you don't have to. Wait - do you know if the electricity is still going?"

Scott shook his head. "Isaac?"

"I'm not sure honestly. I think it is? Though I think it was temporarily cut off, so all we'd have to do is call them..." Isaac shrugged.

"Or we could ask to borrow Stiles' cordless vacuum," Scott suggested. "We'd only need power for that and the lights anyway."

"And I have a few flashlights and battery lanterns you could use for that." Melissa added in, watching as Isaac relaxed a bit.

"That'd work." Isaac gave them both a shy grin.

"Thanks, Mom," Scott said, smiling. "Let me just call Stiles and let him know."

Stiles didn't answer the phone, but rather, quickly called back, panting softly. "Hey, sorry. What's up?"

Scott grinned, guessing what Stiles had been up to. "Hey, dude. Isaac and I are gonna start sorting through his house today, and we were wondering if we could borrow your vacuum cleaner? There's no power over there right now."

Isaac tilted his head, hiding a giggle at Scott’s grin. *That* was a grin that said Stiles had been busy.

"Huh?" Stiles seemed distracted. "Oh! Yeah, sure, it's all charged up, and should last several hours."

"Okay, cool," Scott replied. "We'll come by in, like, twenty minutes?"
There was a soft voice speaking in the background before Stiles answered. "That sounds fine," Stiles rushed out, letting out a small squeak. "See you then!"

"Is he okay?" Isaac laughed as the call ended.

"He's fine," Scott said with a snort. "Hopefully he'll be wearing clothes when we get there."

"Boys," Melissa scolded. "I try to keep my knowledge of your sex lives to a minimum - help me out, please?"

Isaac couldn't help the laughter that spilled from him, his eyes lighting up. "Sorry!"

Scott grinned. If it made Isaac laugh, it was worth it, especially today.

Melissa shook her head fondly. "I'll go get you boys the flashlights," she said.

Isaac sat on the couch, still laughing softly. "I love you."

"Love you too, honey," Scott replied. "Feeling better?"

"A little, yeah." Isaac smiled up at him, then turned that smile to Melissa when she came back in.

"Here you are," she said. "Three battery lanterns and two flashlights. This way you can keep the lanterns in the rooms without much light and use the flashlights otherwise."

"Thanks, Mom. I might grab some bottles of water, too," Scott said, figuring that cleaning everything out would be thirsty work.

"That's fine," Melissa replied. "I'll bring some lunch around when it's time, shall I? Or would you two like to meet up somewhere? My treat."

Isaac nodded "I'll probably need to get away from it for a bit by that point," he admitted. "Could do lunch around one or two?"

"One o'clock," Scott said firmly. "The diner near the station, maybe? We'll be pretty grubby, I'm guessing."

"That sounds lovely, they have amazing food." Melissa nodded. "I'll meet you two there at one; I'll get there a bit early and save us a booth."

Isaac nodded. "Sound good, I love their milkshakes."

"Thanks, Mom," Scott said, hugging her tight. "We'd better get going."

"You're very welcome. There's spare batteries in the bag too, just in case." Melissa hugged him close, running her fingers through his hair before doing the same to Isaac.

Isaac soaked up the affection, letting it continue to calm him. "See you at lunch."

Chapter End Notes

Melissa and John don't get as much screen time, but we do love them. Hopefully you loved them too - they'll be back, over the next little while
Thanks, as always, to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you for reading. We look forward to your comments!
"I want to help," Stiles insisted. "Even if it's just dusting. I will make that dust my bitch. At least for today." He turned to Scott, flicking his eyes to Isaac. "I want to help."

Scott looked at Isaac, wanting to know what he thought.

Isaac just gave him a small smile, nodding. He trusted Stiles. And if he managed to freak out completely, he wasn't afraid to show it in front of Stiles.

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Scott, Isaac, and Stiles go to the Lahey house to start cleaning it up. They're making progress when Isaac is confronted by some old memories

[please read the warnings on this one]

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: past child abuse + panic attack/flashback

This entire chapter is about the long-term emotional impact of Isaac's past abuse. In the paragraph starting "It didn't take them long, luckily, to work their way back toward the other bedrooms", there's description of Isaac's room being a shitty place and of the freezer.

The panic attack/flashback begins after a marked section break, in a paragraph starting with "Isaac was humming to himself". References to alcoholism in the same paragraph. The rest of the chapter follows the emotional aftermath of the flashback as Scott gradually helps Isaac calm down and feel safe again.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Scott rang the doorbell of Stiles' house and waited.

When Stiles opened the door, his face was flushed, and he was panting softly. "Let me just grab my shoes and we can go," he said, stepping back to let them in.

Isaac giggled softly, the look on Stiles' face one he'd seen before in their gossip chats.

"Wait, we?" Scott asked as he came inside. "Dude, we just need to borrow your vacuum cleaner."

"I want to help," Stiles insisted. "Even if it's just dusting. I will make that dust my bitch. At least for today." He turned to Scott, flicking his eyes to Isaac. "I want to help."

Scott looked at Isaac, wanting to know what he thought.
Isaac just gave him a small smile, nodding. He trusted Stiles. And if he managed to freak out completely, he wasn't afraid to show it in front of Stiles.

"Derek's cool with it?" Scott checked. "I know Saturday's kind of, well..."

Stiles' flush darkened. "He's okay with it," he promised, tilting his head towards the other room. "Sir! They're here!"

"I heard," Derek said, coming into the hallway and wrapping his arm around Stiles' waist. "Hi Scott, Isaac. How are you?"

Stiles pressed back against him, humming low in his throat.

Isaac gave Derek a cheeky grin. "I'm okay," he said. "Nervous, but okay."

"I'm glad to hear it," Derek said. "You're staying with Melissa tonight?"

"Yeah, we are," Scott replied. "Did you know she's planning to move?"

Stiles frowned. "I think Dad had mentioned something. Said that he offered her my old room whenever she needs a good night's rest because hers have been shit?"

"It's weird," Scott said. "I can't even remember the house we lived in before that."

"It'll be okay though, at least you didn't move during school or something." Stiles shrugged. "It'll be weird, I know, but at least she kept it until you moved out."

"Do you think your dad might move now you're gone?" Derek asked Stiles curiously.

"Maybe in a few years when the house is paid off." Stiles shrugged again. "Mom's hospital bills almost had us foreclosed on. So the mortgage still isn't paid off..."

Derek hugged Stiles closer for a second. "By the way, if you guys need storage space for the things you're keeping once you get to the renting stage, let me know. We've got plenty of space."

Isaac smiled. "Thank you," he said, shoulders relaxing a bit more. "Affording a storage room would have been hard."

Stiles tilted his head back, kissing at Derek's jaw.

"We'd better get going," Scott said. "But thank you."

"You're welcome," Derek replied. "Don't work too hard today."

"We'll try not to." Isaac gave Derek a shy smile.

"I'll be back later," Stiles murmured against Derek's cheek, nuzzling close for a moment.

Derek smiled back, letting go of Stiles. "I'll grab the vacuum cleaner for you," he said. "Be good today, Stiles."

Stiles grinned. "Of course!" He tsked playfully. "When am I not?"

Derek just raised his eyebrows and leaned in to murmur something in Stiles' ear.

Stiles whined, the flush darkening as he leaned over to whisper back.
Scott couldn't hear what it was, but he *could* see Stiles' blush, and he laughed.

Isaac's grin widened, seeing Stiles shifting against Derek. "Do you need a moment?" he teased.

Derek shook his head, pulling away again. "It's fine," he said. "Just a second."

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Stiles pouted as Derek pulled away, giving Isaac a wink before following Derek to grab his shoes, tugging on him to stop in the kitchen, leaning up to kiss him hungrily.

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Isaac turned to Scott, grinning widely. "They're almost as bad as we are."

Scott laughed a little. "I think they're worse, honestly."

"Well, I mean, they both work from home." Isaac grinned. "If we did that, we'd be just as bad if not worse."

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Stiles pulled away from the kiss, panting softly. "You know you can call me my name around those two, right?" he said, turning to grab his shoes from beside the back door.

"I know," Derek said quietly. "But I won't."

"Why?" Stiles asked, using one hand on the counter to balance as he tugged his shoes on with the other.

"I'd just rather not," Derek said. "And Scott doesn't want to be involved in our games anyway."

Stiles sighed, walking up to hug Derek, setting the vacuum to the side. "I love you," he murmured.

"I love you too," Derek said softly. "Now go help your friends."

"Kay." Stiles smiled, kissing along Derek's jaw before grabbing the vacuum and turning around to head back to the door, a soft flush on his face.

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Isaac just grinned from where he'd ended up wrapped around Scott.

Scott rolled his eyes. "You're sure you don't just want to stay home and have sex?" he teased.

"I always want sex." Stiles grinned. "But I always want to help. And besides, it's better than doing it in front of you, hmm?" he teased back.

Isaac laughed brightly. "Sir, you have to admit, what would we be doing if we weren't here?"

"Cleaning out your house already?" Scott teased, smiling to take the sting out of it. "Come on, let's go. We're meeting Mom in like, three hours."

Isaac stuck out his tongue. "Yeah, come on, we can get a good chunk done..."
Isaac swallowed hard, shaking a little as the house came into view. It had been so long. The terror that filled him wasn't as strong as it had been when he lived there, when his father still had him. But it was terror all the same. "W-we can start in the living room, make the two piles for donations/sales and trash and just put the keep stuff in the car," he said shakily. "Th-that way we have places to put things before the trash pods get here later on today." His hands were trembling but he was trying to push through.

"Sounds good, sweetheart," Scott said warmly, trying to reassure Isaac as much as possible. He pulled up in the driveway and parked the car, looking the house over. The lawn was overgrown, and the front windows were filthy. It had been almost a year and a half since Isaac had moved out, and it showed.

Isaac swallowed hard, forcing himself out of the car just as Stiles' jeep pulled up next to them.

Stiles took in the sight of the house and Isaac, letting out a breath. "We're wearing masks in there, holy shit, there's got to be an entire colony of dust bunnies!"

Isaac let out a sharp laugh, leading the way to the door, his hands shaking as he unlocked it. Stiles looked over to Scott, raising his eyebrows.

Scott gave Stiles a grateful look. "I didn't actually think of those," he admitted. "Or garbage bags, even. I'm kind of an idiot."

Stiles smiled. "Hey, Isaac, why don't you go get those right quick? It'll give you a bit to calm down, too, and me and Scotty here will start dusting things off."

Isaac looked between them. "You'll be okay?"

"We'll be fine," Scott promised. "There aren't any memories for us here. Get garbage bags, dust masks, cloths, paper towels... Stiles, can you think of anything?"

"Get windex too, we'll make sure the windows can help light the way." Stiles nodded, smiling softly.

Isaac thought for a moment, then nodded shyly. "Okay." He kissed Scott softly, and hugged Stiles. "I'll be back soon."

"See you soon, sweetheart," Scott replied. He watched from the doorway as Isaac left, then turned to Stiles. "How do we tackle this?"

"First things first, open all the windows you can. That'll help with light and get the ick scent out." Stiles smiled, stepping into the house and shuddering. "So many dust bunnies!"

Scott breathed in and instantly started sneezing. When he finally stopped, he panted, "Note to self: breathe through mouth in future."

"Yeah, at least until we can get the majority of the dust bunnies gone." Stiles laughed, patting Scott on the back before walking around to start opening the windows.

Scott went through to the kitchen and did the same, wrinkling his nose at the coating of dust on the sink.

It didn't take them long, luckily, to work their way back toward the other bedrooms. Stiles stepped into one bedroom, noticing it was more a shrine than anything else. Slightly creeped out, he walked
into the next only to freeze. This was Isaac's? It had Beacon Hill pennants on the wall, a dingy mattress set on the floor in the corner, and a desk made of boxes and plywood on the other wall. There wasn't much else in the room, presumably because Isaac got a lot of his things when they managed to free him. Stiles quickly walked over, going to open the window only to curse when he saw it was nailed closed. "Scott, find me a hammer, would you?" he called out.

"What?" Scott called out, sticking his head out of the master bathroom. "Why do you need a hammer?"

"Because the bastard had Isaac's window nailed shut," Stiles growled.

Scott frowned hard, and his fists clenched. "We're probably going to have to go into the basement to get a toolbox," he said warily.

Stiles cursed. "Let's go then, I want to get my reaction to the freezer over with anyway, so I don't scare Isaac."

"Yeah, that's...probably a good idea," Scott admitted. "Come on."

Stiles followed Scott to the basement, his hand gripping his friend’s arm as they looked around with the flashlights. "Fuck. Scott..."

It was dusty, dank, and mostly bare. The freezer was the biggest thing there, and it loomed. "I know," Scott murmured.

"It... How - how in the hell did he fit?" It wasn't even a big freezer, no wonder Isaac was claustrophobic.

Scott could picture it far too well. He'd seen the way Isaac curled into himself when he was panicking.

"This isn't going to be good for him," Stiles murmured, quickly grabbing the toolbox and all but dragging Scott upstairs.

"He isn't going down there," Scott said when he could speak again, his eyes shut tight. "We're going to pretend it isn't there this weekend. It can wait for next time."

"I agree fully." Stiles nodded, swallowing hard. "It's too much for the first day." He led the way back to Isaac's room and started to pull the nails out of the window.

"Jesus," Scott said when he walked in. "God, I can't..."

"Trust me, I know. The other room, Cam's if I'm right, is like a fucking shrine," Stiles hissed, slamming the window open once he finally got the nails out. "Oh, Isaac's back." He took a deep breath, waving when his friend got out of the car. "All the windows are open, so it's not quite so hard to breathe, but there's so many dust bunnies I'm wondering if we could sell them as pets!"

Isaac looked up, laughing. "No, I don't think they'd sell well!"

Hearing Isaac laugh was such a fucking relief, Scott couldn't help but smile. "Come on in!" he called. "We're just about ready for the dusting."

Isaac called out his affirmative, heading to the trunk to get the bags.

Stiles turned around, giving Scott a small smile. "Dude, this room...it's going to be hard. But not near
as hard as that fucking basement."

"At least it'll be quick," Scott said bleakly. "There's barely anything here." He sighed. "Come on, let's go back to the living room."

Stiles nodded, hugging him tightly before running to the living room, getting there right when Isaac entered.

Isaac was a bit apprehensive, but the shopping had helped him calm down before he stepped foot into the house.

"Thanks for shopping, sweetheart," Scott said as he came into the living room. "Pass me a dust mask?"

Isaac smiled, digging around in the bag to pull one of them out, passing it to Scott before handing Stiles one. "There is a lot of dust in here. Holy shit."

"First step is just to get the majority of the dust onto the floor, I think," Scott said, looking at Stiles to see what he thought.

Stiles nodded. "Would make it a lot easier, cause we can just vacuum it up at that point."

Isaac passed out the cloths, grinning.

"I'll cover the bedrooms," Scott said immediately. He didn't want Isaac to have to deal with that.

Isaac blinked. "Alright, I call the kitchen and bathrooms."

Stiles laughed. "And I'll get the rest!"

Grabbing his supplies and pulling a dust mask onto his face, Scott tried to figure out which bedroom he should start with. Isaac's would be fastest, and Camden's emotionally easiest, so... He steeled himself, and headed for Mr Lahey's room.

-----

Isaac was humming to himself, the soft sound of Stiles' vacuum coming from the living room as he finished up the kitchen. One more cabinet to go. He reached up into it, not even paying attention until he'd grabbed a bottle and pulled it down. As soon as his eyes registered the label, the bottle slipped through numb fingers to crash onto the counter, spraying shattered glass and Scotch all over the counters and floor. Not that Isaac noticed, as he'd already let out a shriek, falling backwards, and was scrambling across the floor until his back hit a wall, the scream hanging in the air.

Stiles jumped, hurriedly turning off the vacuum. "SCOTT!" he called out, just in case, already running for the kitchen.

Scott dropped what he was doing and ran. "Isaac!" he cried.

Isaac screamed again, trying to back up even further, though the wall blocked his way. He was pale and shaking, his eyes wide and filled with tears.

Stiles slid into the kitchen, taking stock of what happened before slowly and carefully walking toward Isaac. "Izz. Isaac, come on buddy," he said, trying to to calm him, but to no avail.
Scott caught himself on the door frame, his eyes sweeping over the mess to land on Isaac's scared face. "Oh, sweetheart," he said desperately. "Isaac, you're safe, I promise. Can you hear me?"

Isaac let loose a sobbing wail, the pet-name making him blindly look around for Scott.

"Sweetheart, I'm here," Scott promised, coming closer and dropping to his knees by Isaac's side, taking his hand carefully. "I'm right here, sweetheart, you're safe."

Isaac whipped his head around to look at Scott, his eyes still wide, face still pale and terrified. His vision cleared just a bit, just enough to recognize Scott. "Scott!" he sobbed, scrambling into Scott's lap, winding tightly around him. "Sir!"

Stiles couldn't help his small sigh of relief, and he turned toward the broken mess on the counter and floor, setting out to quickly clean it up.

Scott wrapped his arms around Isaac, holding him close and rocking gently. "Shh, I've got you," he murmured. "You're safe with me, sweetheart. It's over. You're safe."

Isaac sobbed so hard he got the hiccups, clinging and trembling. His brain was still trying to process what had happened, trying to banish the image of his father's drunken rages out of his mind.

"Shh, love," Scott soothed him, rubbing Isaac's back. "Can you breathe with me, sweetheart? Deep breaths now, slow as you can. In...out..."

Isaac tried to follow his breathing, very slowly starting to match it, though he was still sobbing.

"That's so good, sweetheart, good boy, love, my good boy," Scott praised softly, letting Isaac cry into his shoulder. "You're safe now, I've got you."

Isaac slowly calmed down, still pale and trembling as he clung to Scott. "I'm s-s-sorry."

Stiles finished cleaning up the mess, noting the label on the broken bottle. He peered into the open cabinet, and cursed. "Scott, take him into another room for a minute. There's more. I'll clean it up."

"You're okay, sweetheart," Scott murmured, giving Stiles a grateful look over Isaac's shoulder. "Do you think you can come sit on the couch with me?"

Stiles returned the small smile, turning back to grab a new trash bag, making sure the sink was clear so he could pour out the bottles.

Isaac nodded, clinging tightly to Scott, even as he went to stand up, trembling hard.

"Good boy," Scott praised, helping Isaac up. "I'm so proud of you, sweetheart, come on now, here we go."

Isaac stumbled to the couch, curling up in Scott's lap, shaking like a leaf, but oddly quiet now.

"You're safe, I'm here," Scott murmured, slipping his hands under Isaac's shirt to rest on his back. "I've got you, sweetheart."

The skin on skin contact made Isaac whimper, his own hands twisting in Scott's shirt, tugging at it clumsily. He wanted touch. Wanted Scott. Wanted...

"Can I kiss you, sweetheart?" Scott asked gently, stroking Isaac's back with his thumb.
Isaac tried to speak, finally just nodding, leaning closer and tugging absently at Scott. Need. Needed.
Scott leaned in, one hand coming out from under Isaac's shirt to cup the back of his head instead, and kissed him softly.
Isaac trembled at the kiss, whimpering softly and trying to deepen it, his eyes fluttering shut as he finally started to feel safe.
Scott hummed, holding Isaac where he was and opening his mouth to let Isaac in.
Isaac whined, kissing him almost desperately, the hold on the back of his neck turning his shivers from fear to pleasure as he slowly, finally, calmed down completely.
"Sweetheart?" Scott said quietly, pulling away only as much as he needed to speak. "How are you feeling?"
"I will," Scott promised. "Nothing's going to hurt you. I'm here. You're my boy, and I'll look after you."
"Need..." Isaac whined, tugging on Scott's shirt before burying his face in Scott's neck. He wasn't even able to pinpoint what he needed.
"Do you need to kneel, sweetheart?" Scott asked gently. "Can you tell me any more?"
"You," Isaac whimpered. "Need you. Need..." he was growing frustrated with himself, tears in his eyes.
Stiles walked in, watching Isaac stutter for a moment. "He literally needs you," he offered, recognizing the panicked desperation on Isaac's face. "'S'not always about kneeling. It's more...service, for lack a better word. Feeling like he's doing good, rather than just hearing it. Knowing he's good to you, good for you. Last time I was like that, I wouldn't settle without cock-warming or something like that. It's almost midday. How about we head out, you can take him to your mom's house for some privacy or even come over to mine and use your guest room."
"I think I'd rather go to yours," Scott admitted, stroking Isaac's hair. "Could you drive us? I don't think I should let go of him."
"Of course, c'mon." Stiles smiled, keeping his voice soft so he wouldn't freak Isaac out. "I'll bring you back to grab the car later on. Or I'll bring Sir and we'll take it to your mom's." He quickly took their bags of trash to the curb, making sure the one with the bottles didn't clink too much as he passed Isaac.
Isaac whined high in his throat, trembling softly.
"Shh, love, it's alright," Scott murmured. "I'm going to stay right with you, and we're going to go to Stiles' house so we can relax, okay?"
"Kay," Isaac whispered, still shivering, even as they stood and headed to the jeep. He wouldn't let go of Scott, straddling him in the backseat and refusing to move.
"Dude, don't worry about it." Stiles waved away Scott’s protests. "I'll stick to back roads and I'll be careful. We aren't that far anyway, and once we hit the preserve, there's legit no one on the roads."
Scott was tense and anxious the whole trip, though, twisted to the side so Isaac was at least partially on the seat.

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Stiles soon pulled into their driveway, opening the door so Scott could slide out. "C'mon in and head right up, I'm going to go tell Sir what happened, okay? We'll leave you guys alone."

Isaac stood, clinging tighter to Scott, the fact that they were now in one of Isaac's 'safe spots' barely calming him.

"Thanks, Stiles," Scott said quietly, rubbing Isaac's back. "If we don't come out by quarter to, can you call my mom and let her know what's going on? We were going to meet her for lunch."

"Of course." Stiles nodded. "I'll go ahead and text her to warn her that it may be a possibility. Go take care of him." He smiled softly. "Take all the time you need."

Scott nodded. "Come on, Isaac," he murmured. "Can you let go a little so we can get up to our room?"

"Room?" Isaac whimpered, loosening his grip a bit so they could walk, trembling.

"Our guest room," Scott explained gently, leading Isaac up the stairs. "Where we sleep when we stay over, remember?"

Isaac nodded, shivering as he stumbled up the stairs. "Room."

"Good boy," Scott said. "You're doing very well, almost there now."

~

Stiles made sure they were safely in the house, locking behind them before all but running for where he could hear Derek in the living room.

Derek looked up when he heard Stiles' footsteps. "Stiles? What's wrong?" he asked.

Stiles scrambled to set Derek's laptop aside, climbing into his lap and hugging him tightly, taking a moment to calm himself down.

"Stiles, are you okay?" Derek asked worriedly, wrapping his arms around Stiles. "Are you hurt?"

"I'm okay," Stiles whispered, sinking into Derek's hold. "It's just...Fuck, Derek." He sniffled, starting to shiver. "Isaac...he - he found one of the Scotch bottles in the kitchen. Went into a panic. God, the look on his face, sir!"

"Oh," Derek murmured, calming down a little. "I'm sure he'll be alright, querido. Scott will look after him."

"Sorry," Stiles replied hesitantly. "Didn't mean to scare you." He sniffed, relaxing into Derek's hold. "Just...needed this. It was hard to keep calm. God, Derek, the way he screamed!"

"Oh, sweetheart," Derek said sadly, rubbing Stiles' back. "It's okay. It's going to be okay."

Stiles soaked up the affection, calming down and letting out a soft sigh. "Isaac's in bad shape. Brought them here to their room. It's a safe place to Isaac, and Scott can help him calm down completely and come back from the terror he's still stuck in."
"We'll stay downstairs until they come down, then," Derek decided. "Do you want to kneel, or are you okay?"

"I'm okay," Stiles whispered. "As much as I want to, I'd rather do it once everything settles down some. I feel a bit too antsy...does that make sense?"

"That's fine, sweetheart," Derek promised. "Whatever you need."

Isaac whined, stepping into the room and looking around, not letting go of Scott. "Need."

"You need to be good for me?" Scott asked. "Like Stiles said?"

Isaac nodded, whimpering and pressing closer, not caring that the door was still open.

"Good boy," Scott said warmly. "Thank you for trying so hard to communicate, love, you're doing very well. How do you feel about lying down with me on top of you? Can you give me a colour?"

Isaac blinked, nodding and tugging at their clothes. "Green! Need..."

"Good boy," Scott praised. "Can you take your clothes off for me?" Skin contact would probably help Isaac as much as anything else would.

Isaac gave a clumsy nod as he tugged at his clothes, managing to kick his jeans and boxers off before getting tangled in his shirt, letting out a frustrated sound before it finally went flying. "Sir," he murmured, tugging at Scott's clothes. He needed him. Needed him.

"Slowly," Scott said, resting his hand on Isaac's. "Can you do that?"

Isaac flicked his eyes to Scott's face before nodding and slowly started tugging Scott's clothes off, sucking on his lower lip. "Sir," he breathed once he finally managed to get all of Scott's clothes on the floor, licking his lips and trying to press closer.

"Well done," Scott praised, smiling at him. "Go lie down, under the covers, on your back. I'm just going to shut the door and then I'll be right there."

Isaac let out a sharp whine, nodding and scrambling to get under the blanket, shivering hard. "Need," he couldn't help but say, resting on his back and fighting the urge to flop around or go back to clinging to Scott.

Scott shut the door quickly and slipped into bed, laying himself out on top of Isaac. "Better?" he asked.

Isaac let out a sharp whine, curling around him. "Need."

"Isaac, sweetheart, I need you to use your words," Scott said worriedly. "I'm sorry I don't understand, but I need you to tell me what you need."

"Don' know," Isaac admitted. "Need." He nuzzled into Scott's neck, sucking at the skin absently.

"Okay," Scott replied, frowning. "We're going to stay here like this, then, and when you figure it out, you can ask, okay?"

"Empty. Need." Isaac nodded, nuzzling close, sucking up a mark on Scott's shoulder and neck.
"Empty?" Scott asked, trying not to get distracted.

Isaac shivered, clinging to Scott. "Uh huh."

God, Scott didn't know if he could do sex with Isaac like this. Assuming that was what Isaac meant. He brought his hand up to cup Isaac's face and traced his lips with his thumb.

Isaac whined, his lips parting to suck Scott's thumb into his mouth.

"Better?" Scott asked, letting Isaac suck.

Isaac whined again, sucking harder on Scott's thumb, settling just a bit.

Scott sighed in relief, grateful that something was helping. "Okay, that's good, honey, you just keep doing that as long as you need."

Isaac's hand went up to wrap loosely around Scott's wrist, tongue curling around his thumb as he sucked. Letting out a small whine, he pressed as close as he physically could.

Scott let himself slump, resting his head in the crook of Isaac's neck. God. He hoped Isaac would be okay soon.

Isaac let out a happy sound at the weight, suckling hungrily on Scott's thumb as he slowly calmed.

"Okay," Scott murmured. "Okay." It was going to be fine. Isaac would be fine, and he would just...lie here and let Isaac suck his thumb, he supposed.

Isaac's free hand wrapped around Scott, hugging him tightly, his suckling slowing down. "Sir," he slurred after a while, not wanting the thumb to move.

"Have you got your words back, sweetheart?" Scott asked quietly, not moving.

"Mmm." Isaac gave him a tiny smile curled around Scott's thumb. "Love you, sir. Love you very much."

"I love you, too," Scott said, closing his eyes. "I'm sorry I couldn't help more."

"You help," Isaac slurred around Scott's thumb, his brow furrowing. "You help lot."

Scott huffed. All he'd done was lie here while Isaac begged him for something he couldn't figure out.

Isaac sucked harder on Scott's thumb, frowning, then let it slip out. "You help," he insisted. "I'd still be stuck in the panic if it wasn't for you."

"Thanks," Scott said quietly. But he knew that even if he'd got Isaac out of it, it was Isaac who'd really calmed himself down.

Isaac wiggled, making an upset sound before wrapping himself tightly around Scott. "Why do you think you don't help me?" he asked.

"Because I couldn't do anything!" Scott said, frustrated with himself. "You kept saying you needed me, and I couldn't..."

"I need you. I always need you," Isaac murmured. "There are a lot of times even I can't figure out
what I need. This was one of those times."

"I should have known," Scott muttered. "I should have been able to guess."

"You aren't a mind reader, Scott!" Isaac objected, frowning. "I should have known as well, should have been able to guess that there were still bottles around. Is it my fault for panicking?"

"That's different," Scott replied firmly. "We all knew it was likely that *something* would trigger you today. I mean, not that badly, but still. And it's not something you can help."

"How is that different?" Isaac asked seriously. "We didn't know what would happen, just like you didn't know what I was needing. We're still learning things, I haven't been triggered into that state much."

"Then what *would* have helped?" Scott asked.

Isaac gave him a confused look. "What do you mean?"

"If I couldn't have known before, then tell me now," Scott replied. "What should I have done?"

Isaac blinked, forcing his mind to focus. "Um, this helped," he said, tightening his hold on Scott. "And sucking on you helped..." He trailed off, blushing. "And your words helped, too."

"Which ones?" Scott asked, relaxing a little. "What should I say?"

"The ones where I'm safe, that I'm good," Isaac murmured. "Especially that you have me. That I'm yours."

"Okay," Scott said quietly. "You are, you know. Good and safe and mine."

Isaac smiled softly, leaning to kiss him hard.

Scott sighed and accepted the kiss. He still didn't think he'd done as well as he should have.

Isaac nuzzled into his jaw, whining softly. "Please don't beat yourself up," he begged. "Please? This is a learning process, remember?"

"I know," Scott said wearily. "Don't worry about me, sweetheart."

"I'll worry about you," Isaac murmured, "because you worry about me. You're my sir, my Scott. We look after each other."

"We do," Scott said quietly, smiling a little. "How are you feeling?"

"Much better." Isaac nodded. "Still kinda clingy, but not panicking anymore." He smiled, kissing Scott softly.

"Ready to get up, do you think?" Scott asked.

Isaac whined, pouting softly. "I never want to get up when I'm in bed with you, especially during naked times." He laughed brightly, his eyes crinkling.

"We need to get up eventually," Scott pointed out.
"No, no, we stay," Isaac grumbled playfully.

"Isaac, honey," Scott said fondly, "we need to let Stiles know you're alright."


Scott laughed, kissing him softly. "Later on, naked time in the bed."

"Yes sir." Isaac smiled, kissing Scott softly before loosening his grip. "Let's go, we don't want to keep your mom and them waiting."

Chapter End Notes

Poor Isaac. It gets better from here, but it's still gonna be a rough road for a little while. Grab your tissues! -Kattseye

We hope you guys enjoyed the chapter - thanks as always to all of you for reading, and to our beta Chicktar. We look forward to your comments!

And...we have some news. We're working on a project (which you should see the fruits of sometime in the next day or so) to work our way through a loooong prompts list and do a whole bunch of one-shots. Mostly Sterek, probably, but it might vary now and then, and there'll be side pairings too. First one should be up Monday! (So that's today, or tomorrow for North Americans, depending on if you've slept yet :) -Kattseye)
Isaac turned to Scott, reaching out for him with both hands. "Hi." He smiled. "I am feeling better."

Scott handed Isaac his juice and sat on the arm of the loveseat. "So am I," he admitted. "Do you think you're up for lunch with my mom?"

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Directly after the previous chapter, Scott and Isaac catch up with Melissa, and Stiles tries his hand at some matchmaking between her and the Sheriff.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: In the second paragraph, Derek and Scott briefly discuss using cockwarming as a calming technique, and the consent issues around that

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Stiles nuzzled into Derek's neck, breathing deeply. He was okay now, but he was enjoying the closeness.

Derek looked up when he heard footsteps on the stairs. "Stiles," he murmured. "They're coming down."

Stiles looked up, smiling softly, relieved to see Isaac laughing and poking at Scott's side.

2

"I'm going to eat all of the fries. All of them!" Isaac declared, beaming.

"Well, it's Mom's treat," Scott allowed. "Assuming she hasn't given up on us."

Stiles smiled. "She's waiting to hear from you two."

Isaac nodded, jumping down the last couple of steps, going to wrap his arms around Stiles (and Derek). "Sorry I scared you," he said, hugging tightly. "Can you talk to him? He's beating himself up," he added in a whisper.

"I'm not surprised," Derek murmured.

Stiles hummed, nodding and hugging Isaac back.

Isaac nuzzled closer to his 'brother'. "Just...help?"
Derek nodded. "Let me up, chiquito."

"Kay." Stiles slid from Derek's lap, smiling at Isaac. "Feeling better?"

"Much." Isaac nodded, flushing. "Sorry I freaked out."

"It's not your fault," Scott said firmly. "No one blames you."

"I blame myself," Isaac countered.

"I can understand that," Derek said quietly. "But it's not right, and it doesn't help."

Isaac tilted his head as he listened to Derek, then turned back to Scott. "I won't blame myself if you don't blame yourself either."

Scott shook his head. "It's different."

"How?" Stiles asked, leaning on the back of the couch. "Why are you blaming yourself anyway? It's not like we saw it coming."

Scott looked at Derek for help. "I should have known what to do..."

Ah. Derek nodded sympathetically. "Come on," he said, tilting his head towards the kitchen. "Let's get everyone some drinks."

Isaac chewed on his lip, watching them walk into the kitchen. "I'm sorry, Stiles."

"Don't be, you've done nothing wrong. I'm just worried about you being okay." Stiles smiled, ruffling his curls, the image of Isaac's terrified face ingrained in his memory.

Derek led Scott into the kitchen, leaning against the counter. "You feel helpless, and guilty for being helpless, right?"

"Yeah," Scott admitted. "I should have known! Known what he needed, but I couldn't figure it out, and he wasn't in a space where he could tell me..."

"Being a Dom doesn't make you omniscient, Scott," Derek said seriously. "Sometimes you'll make mistakes. Sometimes you just won't know what to do. That's okay."

"But he kept begging for help," Scott objected. "I did nothing, I couldn't do anything, couldn't figure out how to help." He sighed, looking toward the living room where he could hear Isaac laughing, a part of him easing at the sound of that laugh again.

"I know," Derek murmured. "It's awful when there's nothing you can do. But you stayed with him, and now you can plan for next time. He's okay, Scott."

"Has..." God, why in the hell was he even thinking of breaching this subject. "Has Stiles ever needed something sexual from you during a freak out like that?"

Derek sighed, ignoring the awkwardness. "Cockwarming is something Stiles finds soothing, and we use it to help with his anxiety generally. So yes, there have been a few occasions where we've done that because he's been panicking."

"So it's not bad that the only two words Isaac could manage to get out were 'need' and 'empty'"
mostly?" Scott rubbed at the back of his neck, his cheeks pink. "Because I'm not sure if I could remedy something like that with sex when he's like that."

"I get it," Derek said wryly. "In a situation like that, he's in no state to consent, not really. And sex doesn't fix mental health problems. But getting into a more subby space could help him balance out, so it's probably worth discussing what he wants in that scenario."

"Like for prior consent of different acts..." Scott didn't want to add in the system they had for when Isaac wanted to be asleep when things happened. He'd leave that to the subs' gossip.

"It's not ideal, but it's better than nothing," Derek said, turning away to get down some glasses.

Scott nodded, his brow furrowed. "You're sure? That I couldn't have known?"

"Has this ever happened before?" Derek asked, filling one glass with grape juice for Stiles, and another with water for himself.

"Not this, no. He's had flashbacks before, but not pure panic like this time," Scott said, thinking back to the flashback Isaac had at work a couple of months ago.

"Then no," Derek replied, "you couldn't have known. What will Isaac want to drink?"

"If you have any apple juice, that'd be awesome. But you don't have to, we should be leaving soon to meet Mom." Scott paused. "On second thought, he needs the sugar after that attack..."

"We have apple," Derek said, turning to the fridge to get out the bottle. "And yourself?"

"Water's fine, thanks." Scott smiled, walking up to help him, taking both his and Isaac's glasses.

"And thanks. I think I really needed to hear that. Isaac said it wasn't my fault, but it still felt like it, like he was being biased."

Derek shrugged, picking up the drinks for him and Stiles. "I get it," he said. "They want to protect us, so there's always that doubt..."

"Yeah." Scott looked down at the glasses in his hands. "So thank you. For being unbiased."

"Anytime," Derek said, leading the way back to the living room.

Scott walked in, smiling as he saw Isaac curled up in the loveseat, talking softly to Stiles. God, he was glad to see that smile again.

Isaac laughed, reaching one foot out to poke Stiles' leg. "Now, you know I need more details than that!"

"I can't give any more than that!" Stiles whined, laughing as well and perking up when he saw Derek.

"You two and your gossip, honestly," Derek said, rolling his eyes as he passed Stiles his juice. "Feeling better?"


Stiles just grinned, sipping at his juice and humming happily. "We like our gossip!"
Isaac nodded, giving Derek a shy grin. "I like hearing it. Helps me feel like I'm not weird for some of the things I like." He turned to Scott, reaching out for him with both hands. "Hi." He smiled. "I am feeling better."

Scott handed Isaac his juice and sat on the arm of the loveseat. "So am I," he admitted. "Do you think you're up for lunch with my mom?"

"Yes sir." Isaac nodded, sipping at the juice with a happy sound, leaning against Scott's thigh on the arm of the loveseat.

Scott hummed. "I'd better call her and let her know we're still coming."

Isaac nodded, nuzzling into his thigh, letting the warmth and scent of Scott settle him even more.

-----

Scott looked around the diner for his mom, waving when he saw her and leading Isaac over. "Hi, sorry we're late."

"Yeah, sorry." Isaac flushed, then squawked as Melissa tugged him into a tight hug.

"I'm just glad you're feeling better," she said, kissing Isaac's curls. "You scared me when I got Stiles' text."

"We were all a bit freaked out," Scott admitted. "But everything's fine now!" he added hurriedly. "We're okay."

Isaac let out a soft laugh, turning to Scott and grinning. "I'm okay," he promised.

Melissa let her amusement show, raising an eyebrow at Scott. "Alright then, let's get some food, hmm?"

"Yeah, I'm - I'm actually really hungry," Scott realized, sitting down. He hadn't actually noticed.

"Me too. All the fries." Isaac nodded, curling up in the booth with Scott, leaving the other side for Melissa.

Melissa just shook her head, smiling. "Then you can order all the fries. Just don't be surprised when you turn into a potato."

Scott laughed. "I've heard that one before."

"And you've yet to turn into a potato," Melissa pointed out.

"So obviously, he has never eaten too many fries," Isaac grinned, pointing at the milkshake menu. "Ooooo, look! They have a kiwi limited edition one with strawberries!"

"It was more Stiles who used to get that, rather than me," Scott said, wrapping his arm around Isaac's shoulders.

Isaac tucked closer, his feet pulled up on the seat so he could curl up. "Let me guess, curly fries?"

"Curly fries," Melissa said, amused. "I'm sure he's dragged Derek here a couple of times, too."

"What are you getting, Mom?" Scott asked.
"Probably the chicken fried steak. I really like how they make theirs," Melissa admitted.

"Ooo, that sounds good." Isaac grinned, feeling a bit happier than before the freak out even.

"I haven't had steak in a while," Scott said thoughtfully. It wasn't the cheapest cut of meat, so they usually got something else.

"My treat," Melissa reminded him, knowing that money was a little tight for the boys.

"Thanks, Mom," Scott replied. "I'll get the ribeye, then."

Isaac just grinned, saving that information for later on. "I'll get the chicken fried steak and fries and a shake."

Melissa nodded. "And I'll join you." She winked at Isaac. "And then I'm taking a burger to John, but don't tell Stiles, okay?"

"Is he actually at risk of heart attack?" Scott asked curiously. "Or is it just Stiles worrying?"

"He's not at any greater risk than other men his age," Melissa explained. "The doctor had nothing but good words at his last appointment. Stiles just worries because of that scare in the past. And because John’s a cop."

"It's good that he's healthy," Isaac said. "Though if you give him extra cheese in his lasagna, he'll almost cry with joy." He grinned widely. "He won't even mind eating vegetables and salad if it means extra cheese and apple pie after."

Scott raised his eyebrows at Isaac. "You were aiding and abetting, huh?"

"At least I got him to eat his veggies." Isaac grinned mischievously.

Melissa laughed brightly. "He's got a glowing review on his last exams, he's fine."

"We'll have to come with you when you take him lunch," Scott said. "I haven't seen him in ages."

Isaac perked up even more, nodding his head happily. He'd grown to see the Sheriff as a father figure, and he'd missed him, a little.

Melissa nodded, smiling. "I'm sure he'd love to see you two."

"How's he doing, anyway?" Scott asked. "Is living alone bothering him like it does you?"

"He seems lonely." Melissa sighed, smiling at the waitress when she brought their drinks over. "Though as far as I know, it's not affecting his sleep cycle."

Scott frowned. "I guess that's better than it could be."

"I plan on spending the night some, both for the better sleep it gives me, and to keep him more company. I'm there almost every day anyway." Melissa smiled at him from over the rim of her cup.

Scott glanced at Isaac, intrigued. His mom and Mr S had always been good friends, but this was different.

Isaac raised his eyebrows at Scott when Melissa was talking to the waitress, a surprised look on his
face. We're Mama McCall and the Sheriff getting together-together?

Scott shook his head slightly, but he grinned. He didn't think anything was going on...yet.

Isaac's grin turned bright and happy. "He enjoys it when you come over. Always sitting in his chair almost impatient until he hears your car," he revealed.

Melissa looked between the two of them suspiciously. "Don't you boys go getting any ideas," she warned.

"Too late!" Isaac sang, laughing brightly and chewing on the straw of his shake.

"We just want you to be happy," Scott said seriously, smiling at her.

Melissa looked between the two of them, rolling her eyes with a fond smile. "Boys." She sighed, shaking her head and letting the subject drop.

-----

I think there's something going on between our parents - SM

What do you mean? - SS

Mom's been staying over at your dad's place a lot - SM
Like, a /lot/ a lot - SM

Wait, like STAYING staying? - SS
Dude, Details! - SS

I don't think so? Not yet, at least - SM
But apparently she's not been sleeping well at home, so... - SM

Omg omg omg - SS
Dude, if they aren't dating yet, what can we do to help? - SS
Because I've seen the way my dad lights up talking about her - SS
ACTUAL BROTHERS - SS

What if she moved in with your dad instead of getting an apartment? - SM
You heard she's planning to move, right? - SM

Yeah, I know she's moving - SS

That would be good, I know the old man's lonely :( - SS

He's not /old/ - SM

He's not even forty-five - SM

Dude, I just meant old man as in my dad lolol - SS

we need to set them up - SS

Like holy shit - SS

Like we tried to when we were fourteen? - SM

That ended well - SM

Dude, so? We need to try! - SS

and besides, we have a MUCH better idea about relationships now than we did then - SS

For one fact, we don't think that lady and the tramp shit actually works - SS

Are you saying you've never tried to get Derek to share spaghetti with you? - SM

yea, I have - SS

He was confused until I explained and then he just laughed fondly - SS

THE POINT IS - SS

We know better now.... - SS

So what are you thinking? - SM

You're the one that lives there - SM
idk - SS

could just start talking to dad - SS

:P - SS

I mean, would that work? - SM

It's a start - SS

Couldn't hurt anyway - SS

so long as you don't make too big a deal of it and scare him off - SM

even if they don't get together, it would be cool if she moved in with him - SM

it would - SS

It'd help them both - SS

But cmon, it'll be cooler to have them together - SS

well yeah - SM

I'll let you know how the talk goes with him. - SS

Or hopefully your mom does :) - SS

*eyeroll* - SM

Shush you - SS

I'm brilliant - SS

uhuh - SM

Rude - SS
go prove me wrong then - SM

oh good, a challenge - SS
I shall maketh you eat thine words heathen! - SS

...sounds fake, but okay - SM

RUDE - SS

BD - SM

SHUN THE NONBELIEVER - SS
....I'm calling him right now - SS

you do that - SM

[long delay]
HA! I win - SS

...what happened? - SM

was talking to him like normal - SS
mentioned that the house was so empty, and was he okay - SS
Then mentioned that Mama M told me she was moving - SS
Said 'hey, why doesn't she just live with you' - SS
Apparently he'd been thinking about it - SS
BUT I STILL WON - SS
how is that winning? - SM

I told you I'd do it and get him to ask her - SS
so I win - SS
I shunned the non-believer - SS

maybe I'd better find a brother that doesn't shun me then - SM

Shush, I don't shun you, just the fact you don't believe in me - SS
Your own brother *sniff* - SS

not yet, technically - SM
Oh shush, you know good and damned well we're brothers - SS
ACCEPT MY LOVE, SCOTTY - SS

<3 - SM

That's better *sniff* - SS
<3 - SS
go attack Isaac with love ;) - SS

:) - SM

Attack! *cackles* - SS

-----

Melissa grinned at the sight of the cruiser in her driveway, setting the teapot to one side and hurrying to the door to meet the man that made her smile grow even wider. Her heart thumped as she leaned out, pushing her hair back from her face. "John!" she said warmly.

"Hi, Mel," John replied, smiling back at her. "I thought I'd come by and give you a hand with the sorting - it's boring work without some kind of company."
"I'll always welcome your company." Melissa reached out a hand to tug him into a hug. She'd just been thinking about how lonely she was feeling, in this huge empty house.

John held her close for a moment, then stepped away. "Glad to hear it," he said, coming inside and looking around. "Wow. You've made a fair bit of progress here, haven't you?"

"It's a lot easier when I think about what I need versus what I just want to keep." She smiled, putting the china tea set in the 'sell' pile she had going on. "For instance, I have four tea sets, and this one isn't my favorite anyway, so I'm going to probably sell it."

John nodded. "It's the things with memories attached that are the hardest." God knows he had a few boxes he kept for pure sentimentality. He leaned his hip on the kitchen counter. "Our boys are meddling again, just so you know."

"I'm not surprised." Melissa let out a small, amused sigh. "Isaac and Scott were doing the silent talking thing at the diner the other day. Which one got to you?" She turned, giving him a smile smile, feeling shy for the first time in a long time.

"Stiles," John said, shaking his head fondly. "To be fair, they're being a little more subtle than they were the last time this came up. Though I really don't think it's possible to be less subtle."

"They thought that by forcing us to eat one long noodle, that'd we'd pull off a Disney movie," she deadpanned, her eyes shining with amusement. "And then proceeded to get sauce all over the kitchen."

"Good intentions, but very poor execution," John agreed, grinning. "Though I suppose it meant they got it out of their system for a while."

Melissa hummed. "So what was Stiles doing?" she asked, bending over to rummage around in a box.

John took a deep breath. "He thinks I should ask you to move in with me," he said, trying to sound casual. "And I agree."

Melissa straightened up instantly. "John..." she breathed, coming over to him. "You agree? Why? I mean, of course I will, but I'd like to hear why."

John relaxed, smiling. "You will?"

Melissa smiled back. "Of course I will! But why?" she asked again, stepping close and tilting her face up to look him in the eye.

"You're my best friend, and we're both lonely," John said simply. "Having you over in the evenings is the best part of my day, and sharing breakfast with you when you stay over is even better. You've been a support to me since you got me back on an even keel after Claudia died, and I've tried to be the same for you since Rafe left. We've been practically co-parenting Scott and Stiles for years. After they moved out, we might have grown further apart, but we did the opposite, and I'm grateful for that. We've got an opportunity right now to be closer, and I want to make the most of it."

Melissa couldn't help the grin on her face, or the tears in her eyes. "Of course," she said, throwing her arms around John’s neck and hugging him tightly.

John hugged her back, a little startled. "You okay, Mel?" he checked.

Melissa nodded. "Of course I'm okay," she replied. God, she loved this man - she loved this man...
John pulled back a little, searching her face. "You're sure?" he murmured.

"Perfect. 100% sure," Melissa promised.

She had such a lovely smile, John thought to himself. "Alright then," he said. "How can I help?"

Melissa hugged him tightly before letting him go. "Start with the dishes? Anything you think we need can be kept, but put the rest in the donate pile. I've already taken out things I want to keep for sentimental reasons, like my grandmother's tea set."

John nodded. "I'll do that." A thought occurred to him, and he laughed a little. "I'm going to have to get Stiles to come over to clear out his room for you."

Melissa laughed. "Luckily he doesn't have too much in there."

"Yeah, he came and picked up most of it when Isaac moved in," John said. "Still, it's going to be your space, and I want you to be able to do with it what you want."

Melissa gave him a warm smile. "I appreciate it," she said, her voice soft. "Luckily I find that bed quite comfortable, so there's one less thing for us to worry about here."

"I'll get a key cut for you," John offered. "There's no rush for you to move in, of course, but I want you to be able to come over whenever you want."

"I'll help out with rent and bills," Melissa insisted. "And honestly the sooner I can get this house on the market, the sooner that last bit of Rafe is out of my life for good. I don't consider Scott his. At all."

"We'll sort it out," John promised. Having some help with the mortgage would be welcome, honestly, but he didn't want to ask too much. "...I'm glad you said yes," he added quietly.

Melissa flushed, giving him a small smile. "I'm glad you asked."

-----

"What's got you so excited?" Derek asked, amused.

"Mama M is moving in with dad!" Stiles crowed, cackling happily. In his celebratory dancing he almost dropped the box of his things he'd just brought over from the Stilinski house.

Derek frowned a little, confused. "Is she having trouble with money or something?"

Stiles just grinned, shaking his head. "She's getting lonely in the house by herself, so she's selling it. And Dad asked her to move in with him, and basically me and Scott have been wanting this since we were thirteen!"

"Here, let's take that up to your room," Derek suggested, taking the box from Stiles' arms.

"Thank you!" Stiles beamed. "It's mainly old clothes of mine from high school, but some of them will make interesting quilt squares, so I wanted to keep them."

"Fair enough," Derek said, shrugging as he led the way to the stairs. Most of his high school things he hadn't had the option to keep. He wasn't going to begrudge Stiles some sentimentality. "So tell me about this thing with Ms McCall and your dad."

"Plainly? Me and Scott have wanted them together ever since Mama M literally kicked his Dad out."
Stiles smiled. "She's very close to my heart."

"Yeah?" Derek asked, glancing back at him. "I never heard what happened to Scott's father."

“He abused her," Stiles said quietly. "Would smack her around a bit when he got angry, or when she wouldn't submit so easily to him. She's up there on the independence scale." He paused, breathing deeply. "Most of it was emotional abuse though, and one day Dad took her aside when they were picking me and Scott up from school when we were about ten, told her that she didn't have to deal with that, that there were options. A couple days later, she showed up to the house declaring that she was done with him, and asking Dad to come back her up while she kicked him out. He left me and Scott home, told us not to answer the door for anyone. Went over and helped her get rid of him." Stiles scooted the box under his craft table for now. "They stayed the night at our place, just in case, but we never saw him again. He didn't even show up to the divorce hearing."

Derek wrapped his arms around Stiles' waist, hugging him gently as he thought that through. "I'm glad she got out before it got worse," he said eventually.

"We are too. And I'm glad she only needed a bit of counseling on it. It could have been much worse." Stiles leaned against him. "She's...my mom," he admitted. "It's taken me years to be able to say that. My mama will always be my mama. But she's my mom. Does that make sense?"

"Oh," Derek murmured, rubbing Stiles' back. "Does Scott feel that way about your dad?"

"Yeah." Stiles smiled. "I don't know if it's that...close, but yeah. She was the one that kicked some sense into Dad after my mom died, remember? She was there to pick us both up, get us back on the right track, and bring Dad out of the alcoholic slump he was falling in."

"I remember," Derek said quietly. "She's family."

"Exactly," Stiles agreed. "So I'm really really happy. That they're together, that my Dad loves someone again, even if he doesn't realize it, that he's happy. I've even been looking the other way on his diet stuff, because I know Mama M will make sure he's healthy."

"Are they actually together?" Derek asked.

"Not yet," Stiles admitted. "Never mind the Lady and The Tramp fiasco of age fourteen." He grinned. "But we can both tell they'd like to be."

Derek laughed a little. "Tried your hand at matchmaking, did you?"

"Let's just say it's hard to get sauce off ceilings." Stiles grinned even wider at Derek's laugh.

"Sauce off the..." Derek trailed off, shaking his head incredulously. "Only you, Stiles."

"Hey!" Stiles objected, starting to laugh. "Scott was there too! He's the one that said if we put it on high it'd cook faster! We just weren't watching it and...."

"I don't think I want to know," Derek said, grinning.

Stiles stuck his tongue out, reaching out to poke Derek in the cheek. "Rude!"

"Oh really?" Derek said, bringing his hands around to tickle Stiles' sides.

Stiles screeched in laughter, grinning widely and poking Derek's cheek again. "Tag, you're it!" He bolted.
Derek laughed and chased after him.

Chapter End Notes

Yes, we will eventually end up with John/Melissa. (Do they have a ship name?) But it's gonna be slow burn all the way :) 

Thanks, as always, to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you for reading. We look forward to your comments!
Scott glanced sideways as he tidied up. Last weekend had been, frankly, awful, even with spending most of it at his mom's after the big disaster. And they were scheduled to go back to Beacon Hills tomorrow; if he didn't change something, he had a feeling Isaac would have just as bad a time as before.

-----

Isaac and Scott go back to the Lahey house. Things don't exactly go well, but they're better than last time

(Please read warnings)

Isaac shifted on his feet as he did the dishes, humming lightly to himself and trying to keep his mind off the coming weekend.

Scott glanced sideways at him as he tidied up. Last weekend had been, frankly, awful, even with spending most of it at his mom's after the big disaster. And they were scheduled to go back to Beacon Hills tomorrow; if he didn't change something, he had a feeling Isaac would have just as bad a time as before. "Isaac?" he said quietly.

Isaac blinked, setting the last dish on the dish rack before turning to Scott. "Yes sir?" he asked, giving him a small smile, though his brows furrowed at the look of concern. "Is something wrong?"

"We need a plan for tomorrow," Scott said seriously, watching Isaac carefully. "Let's go sit down."

Isaac nodded after a moment, giving him a softer smile before heading to curl up in 'his' corner of the couch. "Talk about what?"

Scott sat down, reaching out to take Isaac's hands. "If you panic again..." He trailed off and shook his head. "I need to be able to do better than last time."
Isaac didn't say anything. He didn't think Scott had done badly. "Okay?"

"You needed something from me," Scott said, squeezing Isaac's hands. "Something I didn't know how to give, and you couldn't tell me at the time. Do you think we can figure out what it was?"

"I can...try? What was I saying?" Isaac chewed on his lower lip, scooting closer to Scott as he tried to remember what had happened.

"Just...'need'," Scott quoted, looking away as he remembered. "Over and over again. 'Need' and 'need you'. 'Empty' a couple of times as well." He'd been dreaming about it this week. About being helpless as Isaac begged.

Isaac flushed darkly, hiding his face in his hands. "Oh," he squeaked. He knew exactly what he'd been begging for, but he couldn't ask for Scott to feel comfortable doing any of it...

"Isaac?" Scott asked quietly. "What is it?"

"I...you." Isaac peeked out. "I literally wanted you. Wanted to not feel empty anymore..."

Oh. Scott frowned a little. "I need you to be explicit here, sweetheart," he murmured. Isaac flung himself onto his back, hands hiding his bright red face. "I wanted your cock in me in some form or fashion," he blurted out. "Something to fill me up. For all I know cockwarming and a plug in me would have worked. I just...I can't - I can't ask that of you," he finished in a whisper. "I know how badly you were freaking out. I can't ask that you do that. It wouldn't be fair to you."

Scott took a deep breath and let it out. Derek had talked about this. They could make it work. "Honestly, I'd have done pretty much anything to help you calm down," Scott admitted.

Isaac peeked out of his fingers at his Dom. "B-but..."

"I couldn't have had sex with you though," Scott said, suppressing a grimace. Just the idea of it, when both of them had been feeling so awful and...not-themselves, made him feel sick. "I don't...I don't know what to do if that's what you need."

"I don't expect you to do anything like that, sir," Isaac murmured, sitting up and tugging his knees to his chest, feeling vulnerable, and not in the way he liked. "I...I don't want to be a burden, and I don't want you to do anything that makes you feel queasy or anything. The pinning and sucking on your thumb did help a lot," he offered, his voice soft and tentative.

"You're not a burden, sweetheart," Scott said firmly. "Not ever, okay? This is something we need to work out together, that's all."

Isaac let out a hesitant nod, though he didn't uncurl. "I'm sorry," he whispered.

"Isaac, come here," Scott sighed, opening his arms. "Let me hold you for a second, okay?"

Isaac nodded, crawling across the couch to curl up in Scott's arms, clinging tightly.

Scott hugged Isaac close, brushing his cheek over Isaac's hair. "I love you," he murmured. "And there's nothing you can do that will make me not love you. There is nothing about being with you that I resent or regret. Okay?"

Isaac whimpered, relaxing a bit. "I don't want you to do something that makes you feel queasy. I'll be
"Okay."

"We need to work out a compromise," Scott said. "Because how you were on Saturday...that wasn't okay."

"I..." Isaac swallowed. "I-if it helps, I don't see it as sexual?" he offered. "I-I see it more as comfort when that happens....A-and I-like I said, cockwarming or even plugs would probably do it."

Scott frowned, thinking. "What if you were already wearing a plug?" he suggested tentatively.

Isaac tilted his head. "Like while we're cleaning the house? That might help, a little bit."

"I mean, if you panicked, would it still help even if you'd already had it in for a while?" Scott asked.

"I don't know." Isaac wrinkled his brow. "It might?"

"I'm..." Scott closed his eyes and whispered, "I'm not sure I can handle it if it doesn't."

Isaac hid his face. "Won't know until we try," he said tentatively. "I'm sorry."

"It's not your fault," Scott reassured him. "You can't help it."

"I know it'll happen again before we're done," Isaac whispered. "I can't escape it."

"I'm sorry you have to go through this," Scott said quietly. "I wish I could make it better."

"You help. More than you realize," Isaac promised, sniffling. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry I'm broken."

"Oh, sweetheart," Scott said sadly. "You're not broken. You're just hurt, that's all."


"Oh honey, shh now," Scott murmured, rubbing Isaac's back. "It's okay. We'll be okay, sweetheart. You're my good boy."

"I'm s-sorry." Dammit, why did he want to just cry?

"It's okay, Isaac," Scott promised softly. "I've got you."

Isaac sniffled for a bit, fighting the urge to cry as he clung to Scott. "I love you," he whispered.

"I love you too, sweetheart," Scott murmured. "You can cry if you need to, it's okay."

"B-but..." Isaac sniffled, "I don't like crying. It's a stupid reason to."

"If you feel like crying, that's a good enough reason," Scott said firmly.

" 'S stupid reason." Isaac couldn't stop the hitching in his voice and chest. "I feel like I'm forcing you to do something, and I don't want you to do something you don't want and-" He trailed off, the tears finally escaping.

"It's not stupid," Scott reassured him, rubbing Isaac's back gently.

Isaac curled tightly around him. "I'm sorry," he hiccuped.
"It's not your fault," Scott soothed him. "It's okay."

"B-but it is my fault!" Isaac sobbed.

"How's that, sweetheart?" Scott asked gently.

"I'm the one that freaks out. I'm the one that apparently wants and needs something that makes you queasy. I'm sorry!" Isaac was rambling now, thumping his head on Scott's shoulder over and over.

"Isaac, stop," Scott said firmly. "Stop punishing yourself. If you need it, that's for me to do."

Isaac whimpered, thumping his head one last time before falling still, still crying.

"You don't have to feel responsible for things you didn't have a choice about," Scott told him softly. "Did you choose how you reacted? To anything that day?"

Isaac shook his head, sniffling and listening closely to Scott, his hands twisting in Scott's shirt.

Scott nodded, kissing Isaac's hair. "Then it's not something you have to be sorry for, because you couldn't help it."

"St-still. D-don't want you doing things that make you queasy. Even though I don't see it as sexual at the time," Isaac whispered, hiding his face.

"Then we won't," Scott reassured him. "I didn't do anything I was uncomfortable with yet, okay? So we'll call it a soft limit and leave it there."

"K-kay," Isaac sniffled. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry." He couldn't help but apologize, because he honestly didn't know how it was going to go if he started freaking out again.

"It's alright, honey," Scott promised. "You're okay."

Isaac slowly calmed, still clutching to Scott tightly, though he managed to pry his face from Scott's neck. "I love you."

"I love you, too," Scott said gently. "Can I have a kiss?"

Isaac gave him a shy smile, wiping his face before leaning to kiss Scott, letting out a soft sigh.

Scott smiled back. "Thank you," he murmured. "Let's get you some tissues, okay?"

Isaac nodded, shifting off Scott's lap, but leaving one hand curled in Scott's shirt as he reached for the tissue box on the coffee table.

"You can wear a plug tomorrow," Scott said quietly. "And if you need it, you can have a kiss or have my fingers to suck, and we'll see if that will be enough, okay? And if it isn't, that's not your fault."

"Kay," Isaac agreed, wiping his face. It took a little while for him to calm down, but soon he gave Scott a mischievous grin. "So no sex on my childhood bed?" he asked, wanting to see Scott laugh again.

Scott smiled and huffed a laugh. "If you really want to have sex there, we'll do it when you're happy, how about that?" he offered.
"Fulfill my teenage dreams of you fucking me on my bed." Isaac grinned. He felt better after seeing Scott laugh. "Could be fun. Maybe cover my mouth with a hand and act like we have to be all quiet. Not like he’s there, but yeah."

Scott shook his head, awed at how well Isaac had bounced back. "You're amazingly resilient, you know that?"

"I have to be." Isaac shrugged. "Otherwise who knows how bad off I would have been when you and Stiles saved me," he said flippantly. "I know I'm broken and hurt, but..."

"You're strong," Scott finished. "And you're not broken, Isaac, I said that before."

"There's a lot of times I feel broken, sir," Isaac murmured. "There's times when I wonder if I can even be a good sub. But the more time I spend with you, the more I'm believing I'm just the sub I need to be."

"Isaac, you're perfect," Scott said sadly, cupping his cheek. "Well, I mean, you make mistakes and stuff. But you're still perfect."

Isaac leaned into the touch, turning to nuzzle Scott's palm. "You're perfect, too," he murmured.

"Thanks, love," Scott said quietly. "Do you think you'll be okay?"

Isaac smiled softly. "I'm going to try my best."

-----

Isaac swallowed as they pulled back up to the house, their stuff already at Melissa's. "Okay. Let's go." He sucked in a breath. "Stiles did get all the bottles, right? You promise?"

"I promise," Scott said firmly. "And I'll double-check when we get in there. Do you want to maybe start sorting through your brother's room?" There shouldn't be too many bad memories in there.

Isaac nodded. "Yeah, that should be okay." He gave Scott a grateful smile. "And that room will end up being mostly trash, honestly. There's a lot of stuff in there that was kept just because it said his name."

That was...really sad, honestly. "Well, if you want to keep some things to remember him by, you can," Scott pointed out quietly.

"I had planned on it." Isaac smiled. "Just...the room is filled with basically anything that reminded Dad of Cam. I loved Cam, he was an awesome older brother. But...I don't want that much. I don't need that much."

Scott nodded, hugging Isaac around the shoulders. "Whatever you want, love. Is there anything you specifically want me to save from the kitchen? Or should I just grab whatever stuff we don't have at home that could be useful."

"Yeah, just the stuff we could use," Isaac agreed, smiling. "Oh! And there's a small bowl that Cam made me when I was little. It should be with the other bowls, but it's obvious it's not a cereal bowl. I used to use it for like m&m's and goldfish crackers...If Dad hasn't tossed it."

Scott nodded. "I'll keep an eye out for it, and if I'm not sure, I'll keep it aside." They were starting to get a system set up - things to sell or donate in the living room, things to keep in the car (to be brought either to Derek's house or their apartment), and trash in the hired dumpster out front. They
were probably going to have a massive yard sale in a couple of weeks.

"Thank you." Isaac smiled. "It shouldn't take me too long, honestly, with Cam's room."

"Well, when you're done, you can look through the things I've already sorted and make sure I haven't messed anything up," Scott offered. "Or you could clear out the bathrooms? I'm assuming there's nothing to keep there, but there's probably some little things."

"Yes, sir." Isaac smiled widely. "Though..." He hesitated. "Will you do Dad's? Just in case?"

"Of course," Scott said. "I'll do his bedroom too. Do you want me to keep things if they look like they might be your mom's?"

Isaac nodded. "She had a jewelry box I definitely want," he murmured. "And I think Dad kept a bottle of her perfume, too. I used to sneak in there, before Cam died, and smell it."

"If I see perfume I'll keep it aside," Scott promised. "Ready to get started?"

Isaac nodded, pantomiming rolling his sleeves up. "Let's do this!"

-----

Isaac sprawled back on the lawn, humming along with his iPod as he waited for Scott to get back with their lunch, absently listing things he knew he wanted to try and sell at their yard sale here in a couple of weeks. He didn't actually realize Scott was back until Scott's shadow fell across him, blocking out the sun. Isaac blinked up at him, smiling brightly and sitting up, tugging his headphones out. "That didn't take long at all!" he said, patting the blanket next to him.

"Nah, lunch rush is mostly over," Scott said, sitting down and passing Isaac the food. "What are you working on?"

Isaac let out a happy sound, popping a fry into his mouth. "Yard sale prices," he murmured around his mouthful, leaning against Scott's side.

Scott rolled his eyes and reached over to close Isaac's notebook. "Take a break, sweetheart. We've been working all morning."

Isaac pouted, even as he set his notebook to the side, stealing one of Scott's fries. "It's going really fast, though. Luckily that means that we'll be able to have everything done and a renter moved in before end of August."

"Let's not count our chickens just yet," Scott said easily. "We've still got to do your room, the living room, and the basement. We'll probably spent most of next weekend getting rid of everything, and then we've got to paint, and then we've got to get the carpets replaced."

"We can do that in two months." Isaac grinned. "What we don't sell, we can just donate."

"We'll see how it goes," Scott said. He'd never had to deal with this stuff before, of course, and he was sure there were things he wasn't thinking of. "How do you want to handle this afternoon?"

"Back yard and living room and then call it an early day? That'd probably take us to about five anyway," Isaac suggested. "Could do my room real quick, too - that really won't take long. I just...the basement will take the entire day. I can foresee that one being something I really need the plug for...and possibly your fingers or something."
Scott nodded, wrapping one arm around Isaac's shoulders. "Everything except the basement this afternoon, and then that tomorrow. I might ask Derek to come over in the morning and help me with the heavy lifting, if that's alright with you?"

Isaac nodded, smiling softly at him. "I...I need to see it go into the dumpster. I need to see it leave and be thrown away."

"You're so brave, Isaac," Scott murmured, kissing his cheek. "I'm really proud of you."

Isaac gave Scott a tiny smile. He didn't feel brave, but it helped, hearing how proud Scott was of him. He reached over, stealing another bite of Scott's food, grinning wider.

"Hey!" Scott exclaimed, grinning. "If you're going to be like that, I guess I'd better eat faster, then."

"It's good! Where did you get this?" Isaac laughed, popping more into his mouth.

"There's a new place that opened up on Main, near the drugstore," Scott replied, letting go of Isaac to shield his food with one hand. "And stop stealing mine! I got you your own!"

Isaac just laughed, laying back onto the grass, humming happily as he ate the last of his fries.

Scott sighed, smiling. "I'm glad you're happy, sweetheart."

Isaac blinked, giving Scott a smile before handing out a fry to him. "You make me happy, Scott."

"Are you courting me with fries?" Scott asked, amused.

"Would you prefer long winded poems of how your eyes sparkle in the sun and your smile lights up the dark corners of my world? Complete with roses and simpering?" Isaac grinned.

"I don't think you're capable of simpering," Scott replied. "And my eyes are just brown."

"No no no! They are not 'just brown'!" Isaac grabbed his chest with a gasp, sitting up to stare deep into Scott's eyes, one dimple showing in his cheek. "They are the most warm and lovely chocolate shade, melted and swirling like the depths of my love for you."

Scott laughed. "Sure they are."

"Accept my compliments!" Isaac squawked, laughing as he all but tackled Scott to the ground.

"Seriously, though," Scott protested, grabbing Isaac as they fell onto the blanket together. "My eyes are brown, right?"

"Yes." Isaac smiled. "They are. And I like them."

A soft smile spread across Scott's face. "God, we're such saps," he commented. "I love you."

"I love you too." Isaac beamed. "And it's okay to be saps," he reminded, tapping Scott on the nose with a finger before kissing him hard. "C'mon, let's get the rest of this finished for the day so we can go flop onto your bed at Mrs. M's and maybe have a bit of fun." He grinned wider, waggling his eyebrows playfully before scrambling up.

Scott rolled his eyes, but sat up and offered Isaac his hand. "Help me up?"

"Of course." Isaac grinned, holding out his hand to tug Scott up.
Scott used Isaac's grip to pull himself up and into a hug, smiling at him. "Let's get going, then."

Isaac soaked up the hug, nuzzling close, and grinned. "We can do it!" He picked up the blanket and notebook, taking a deep breath, then headed for the door.

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Isaac was trembling, standing in the yard and clutching Scott's hand tightly, waiting for Derek to show up. "This is going to suck."

"Deep breaths, sweetheart," Scott murmured, cupping Isaac's cheek. "It is. But you're a strong, resilient, amazing person, and you'll get past it. Derek and I are going to go down first and turn all the lights on and get the freezer out of there." They'd got the electricity reconnected during the week. "It'll be easier after that, won't it?"

Isaac nodded, giving Scott a small, trembling smile as he nuzzled into his hand. "Yeah. I just...I need to see it leaving. But I can't be in the basement with it down there."

"And that's fine," Scott said firmly. "Everyone has limits."

Isaac relaxed a bit, smiling softly. "I love you," he murmured, kissing Scott's cheek and jumping as the Camaro pulled into the driveway. "Oh, Derek's here."

"Hi guys," Derek said as he got out of the car. "How's it going?"

"Not too bad," Scott replied. "Thanks for coming. I appreciate it."

Isaac gave him a small smile. "Where's Stiles? Did he end up buried in yarn and quilt supplies again?"

"There's a craft fair in the next town over next weekend, and he just got confirmation that he'll have a stall," Derek explained. "So, of course, he wants to make sure he'll have as much stuff as possible to sell."

"That's great!" Scott said.

"Oh! That's awesome! I bet he's excited." Isaac grinned widely, leaning against Scott. "How many boxes are in your living room for it right now?"

"A few," Derek admitted, smiling proudly. "He's basically bringing his entire stock with him."

"That's really fantastic," Scott said. "Is it on the Saturday or the Sunday? We'll have to come by and see."

"I love craft fairs," Isaac nodded, grinning widely.

"It's the Sunday," Derek replied.

"Oh, good!" Scott said. "That means we can still do our yard sale on Saturday."

"Friday is my off day too, if we wanted to do the sale Friday and Saturday, and then the craft fair on Sunday," Isaac reminded, starting to steel himself before turning to face the house. "Okay, let's get this thing done with. It's not going to end well..."

"Isaac," Scott said quietly, leaning in to murmur in his ear. "We'll be a few minutes, but I'll be right with you, okay? You need a reminder, you just feel your collar and clench down. Got that?"
"Yes, sir," Isaac breathed, shifting and feeling the plug move against his inner walls, his hands going to hold his collar. "I'm ready."

"Good boy," Scott said, kissing him quickly. He looked over at Derek. "Let's go."

Isaac watched as Scott walked into the house, his hands starting to shake. This was it, he'd finally see the freezer for the first time almost a year and a half. And best yet, he'd get to see it go straight into the dumpster. But at the same time, he was terrified. He remembered the panic of the Scotch bottles. His stomach was churning as he tried to calm his racing heart.

It seemed like an eternity before Scott and Derek came out of the house. Scott was walking backwards so Isaac couldn't see his face, but Derek was scowling furiously, and the two of them threw the freezer in the dumpster with more energy than you'd expect after carrying it up two flights of stairs.

Isaac fell to his knees as soon as he saw it, whimpering and wrapping his arms around his middle, eyes locked on the freezer as it was tossed into the dumpster. He was pale and shaking, though a small part of him felt elated. He knew that freezer was the last of it. The last of the signs of abuse in that house. And yet...he was still panicking. Like walls were closing in on him.

Scott turned around and swore. "Isaac!" he cried out, hurrying over and dropping to his knees on the grass. "Are you okay?"

Derek hung back, worried, but not sure how to help.

Isaac's hand went back up to his collar, gripping it tightly as he tilted his head up to look at Scott. He tried to force words out of his mouth, but he couldn't, the panic gripping his chest and not letting him breathe.

"Breathe with me, sweetheart," Scott said desperately, reaching out to take Isaac's free hand, resting his other palm flat on Isaac's chest, feeling the beat of his racing heart. "Can you do that? You're safe, I promise. Just breathe."

Isaac clutched at Scott's hand, eyes locked on him as he tried to focus on his breathing, his hand sliding from his collar over to rest on Scott's chest, letting out a hitched sound.

"That's it, come on now, copy me," Scott said, hoping against hope that this would work. "Out...in...out...in..."

Tears started to well up in Isaac's eyes as he drew in a shaky breath, managing to slow his own breathing down, but that just quickly turned into sobs and hiccups.

God. Scott blinked back his own tears and asked quietly, "Can I hug you, sweetheart?"

"Ple--" Isaac nodded, already leaning forward, his words breaking. He'd managed to calm his breathing down, but his chest was still tight, his body shaking with adrenaline.

Scott let go of Isaac's hand to wrap him up in a tight hug. "Shh, I've got you, sweetheart," he murmured. "Just breathe. You're safe now."

Isaac clung to him, his eyes wide and dark. He was still pale, but he couldn't close his eyes, not right now, even though he felt safe where he was.
"You're safe," Scott said, over and over again. "I've got you, love. You're safe."

Isaac hiccuped, leaning forward to bury his face in Scott's neck, his body still tense and trembling even as he curled around Scott.

"You're doing so good," Scott reassured him, rubbing his back slowly. "Do you think you can try and relax for me? Start with just your hands and arms, okay? Let them relax a little. You're safe."

Isaac let out a high whine, shaking his head and trembling. He did manage to get his arms to relax, but just as quickly curled them around Scott to clutch at him.

"What's wrong, sweetheart?" Scott asked worriedly. "Can you tell me?"

"N-need," Isaac managed to work out. It wasn't as bad as the last time. "S-safe. W-warm...H-heavy," he tried to force out, frowning. He knew what he was trying to say. It just wasn't wanting to come out of his mouth.

Scott frowned, glancing around at the street around them. "You need me to pin you down?" he guessed.

Isaac gave a relieved whimper, nodding and clinging tightly to him. "Ple--"

"Not here, sweetheart," Scott said lowly. "Can you come inside with me? Just to the living room."

Isaac whimpered, staring up at the house before turning his head to the dumpster where he could see the cord of the freezer hanging out. He nodded. "Yes'r."

"Good boy," Scott praised, stroking Isaac's hair. "That's so good, baby, I'm so proud of you. Are you ready to stand up?"

Isaac nodded, shaking and trying to stand up. "N-need."

"Soon, I promise," Scott said, getting up himself and using his hold on Isaac to keep him upright.

Isaac hiccuped on a sob. "Need. Ple--"

"I know, sweetheart, but you're doing so well, can you wait just a bit longer?" Scott begged. "Just until we get inside and then I can pin you down, I promise."

Isaac nodded, sucking on his lower lip as he cried, shakily trying to walk.

"That's really good, honey, good boy," Scott praised helplessly, leading Isaac inside. They'd kept the couch clear so they'd have somewhere to relax, and Scott led Isaac there now. "Just over here, sweetheart, come on now."

Isaac hiccuped, stumbling and almost falling, clutching at Scott. "S-sorry. Sorrysorrysorry. Once the apologies started, he couldn't stop them.

"No, it's okay, you've done nothing wrong!" Scott hurried to reassure him. "You're a good boy, Isaac, such a good boy for me, I promise you are!"

Isaac's voice broke on one last "sorry" before he sat down on the couch, shivering. "Ple--"

"Okay, shh now, I will," Scott promised, stroking Isaac's hair. "Lie down for me, sweetheart, I've got
you."

Isaac lay down, stretching out and trying to relax but he just ended up whimpering, his hands still tangled in Scott’s shirt.

"Let go for a second?" Scott asked. "I'll take my shirt off, you know that helps."

Isaac pried his fingers free, shivering and tugging on his own shirt.

Scott hurriedly stripped his t-shirt off and dropped it on the floor, straddling Isaac's waist and waiting.

Isaac finally was able to pull his own shirt off, whimpering softly and rocking his hips up unconsciously, even as he reached out for Scott. "Ple... Need."

"Good boy, there you go," Scott murmured, lowering himself down to lie flat on top of Isaac. "Better?"

Isaac let out a relieved sound, clinging tightly as his body slowly started to relax. He nuzzled into Scott's neck, latching onto the skin just under Scott's ear.

"That's it, sweetheart," Scott said, relieved. "That's so good, just relax for me."

Isaac sucked up a huge mark on Scott's neck as he relaxed, his breathing gradually slowing.

"That's it, I've got you," Scott murmured. "You're doing so well, love. Can you tell me how you're feeling?"


"Good boy," Scott praised instantly. "I'm proud of you for using your words, and for being honest with me. You're doing really well."

Isaac relaxed a bit more at the praise, nuzzling Scott's jaw, kissing lightly.

"I know you're scared and upset," Scott murmured. "But I'm so proud of you for letting me take care of you. You're doing really well, love, you're being so good."

"Thank you," Isaac whispered, clinging. "For saving me."

"Always," Scott promised lowly. "I'll always save you."

Isaac's lips twitched into a smile, the last of the tension finally bleeding away as he clung to Scott.

Scott hid a sigh of relief as he felt Isaac relax. "I've got you, love," he murmured. "You're safe with me."

"Safe," Isaac breathed, nuzzling and sucking on Scott's neck.

"Yeah, sweetheart, you're safe," Scott promised, reaching up to stroke Isaac's hair. "Safe now."


"Why are you sorry, love?" Scott asked softly.

"Sorry I scared you," Isaac explained, worn out and still a bit shaky. "Sorry I panic..."
"Oh, baby, it's okay," Scott said sadly. "You couldn't help it. I'm just glad you're feeling better."

"Make lot better," Isaac promised. "Love you."

"I love you, too," Scott murmured, smiling a little.

"Love so much." Isaac nuzzled into his neck, slipping into a half stupor, drifting.

Scott stroked Isaac's hair gently. "My good boy," he soothed him. "You're safe, love."

After a while Isaac blinked, hugging Scott tightly. "I'm sorry, sir," he said quietly. "Are you okay?"

"I'm okay," Scott said, smiling a little. "And you don't need to apologize."

Isaac hummed. "I'm sorry for scaring you," he murmured.

"It's not your fault, love," Scott replied. "I'm just glad you're feeling better."

Isaac gave him a small smile, one hand slipping into Scott's hair, breathing deeply. "I love you. And I'm feeling much better."

Scott smiled back, relieved. "That's really good to hear. Are you ready to get up, do you think?"

Isaac tightened his hold. "Little bit longer?" he pleaded, not willing to give up the warm comfort just yet.

"That's fine, honey," Scott reassured him. "I'll stay here as long as you need."

Isaac relaxed, breathing him in and relishing the comfort for a few more moments. Soon, though, he smiled, kissing Scott softly. "I'm okay now," he murmured. "I just...I'm sorry I scared you. It hit me a bit hard. And...oh god, where's Derek?"

Scott laughed a little. "I have no idea," he confessed.

"We might want to find him," Isaac laughed, giving Scott a grin. "And to finish the basement. Luckily the freezer was the only thing that should have freaked me out."

"Yeah, okay," Scott agreed, pushing himself up. "Hey, Derek?" he called out.

"Yeah?" The voice was muffled.

"Ack!" Isaac let out a soft laugh, sitting up to peer around. "Are you in the woodwork or something?"

Derek looked in the door and smiled, glad to see Isaac feeling better. "No, I was downstairs. Are you guys okay?"

"I'm okay," Isaac promised, giving him a shy grin. "Sorry if I scared you."

Derek shook his head. "I was worried, but it's fine. I'm glad you're feeling better."

Isaac nodded, giving him a crooked grin. "Alright, let's finish the basement so we can declare the hard part done!" He stood, leaning over to kiss Scott. "Thank you," he whispered.

"You're welcome," Scott replied.
Poor Isaac. But the hard part's over now, and things are going to get better.

We hope you've all had a fantastic week - we're having some pretty exciting times ourselves. I (seeker) am going on a two week trip to the UK to celebrate finishing my undergrad degree (which will involve lots and lots of museums and extremely old buildings), and kattseye...well, there's some even more exciting news that we're looking forward to revealing when the time comes.

As always, thanks for reading, and thanks to our beta Chicktar. We look forward to your comments!

(Also, don't forget to check out our new series of one-shots here)
"I love you," Scott murmured. "You did so well today."

"I love you too." Isaac smiled, reaching one hand back to start petting at Scott's hair. "Thank you for being there for me."

"Of course I was," Scott said. "I wish I could do more."

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Isaac and Scott celebrate getting through the weekend. Unfortunately the next morning, Scott isn't feeling so great.

That evening, at home, Isaac let out a sigh as they brought the last of his things in. "Phew! At least the really hard parts are done."

"The emotionally hard, anyway," Scott agreed, flopping back onto their bed. "Ugh. I really don't want to go to work tomorrow."

"I feel ya there," Isaac groaned, falling onto the bed next to Scott. "Next weekend yard sale, then we can start the major stuff."

Scott rolled onto his side, propping himself up on his elbow. "We need to talk to Mom about talking to a real estate agent."

"Mmmm, good point. We'll look into that one over the next weekend," Isaac agreed. "But renting, luckily, doesn't require a real estate agent. It'll be good to talk to one about legal stuff, though."

"Yeah, I guess," Scott said. Technically, it was Isaac's house, so it was really his decision how they did this.

"But that is a really good idea," Isaac added, giving Scott a reassuring smile. "Thank you."

Scott shrugged a little. "You're welcome."
Isaac rolled to look at him. "You okay?" he asked, reaching out to cup Scott's cheek.

"I'm fine," Scott replied. "I'm glad that part's over."

"I am too," Isaac admitted, laying back down and scooting close to Scott.

Scott smiled a little, cupping Isaac's cheek. "You're safe now," he murmured. "It's all done."

Isaac hummed, leaning into the touch. "I'm safe," he whispered back. "Thank you for saving me."

He leaned forward, kissing Scott softly.

"You saved yourself too, you know," Scott pointed out. "We couldn't have done anything if you hadn't let us, if you hadn't agreed to make a statement."

"You two actually cared to see what was going on," Isaac countered. He nuzzled close, breathing Scott in. "I love you."

"I love you, too," Scott replied softly, hugging Isaac gently.

Isaac curled close, letting out a happy sound.

"You're so good, sweetheart," Scott murmured. "I'm so proud of you. You were so brave today."

Isaac flushed softly, leaning forward to kiss him hard. "Yours," he murmured.

"Yeah," Scott agreed quietly. "And I'm yours, love."

Isaac beamed, rolling over on top of Scott, kissing him over and over again. "All mine. And I'm all yours."

Scott grinned at him, his hands coming to rest on Isaac's ass. "We should shower," he suggested. "We're all dusty."

Isaac hummed. "But we'll just get dirty again," he teased, grinding his hips down.

Scott raised his eyebrows. "Is that so?"

"Mmhmm." Isaac grinned cheekily.

"I'm pretty sure I'd still prefer not to be dusty," Scott pointed out pragmatically.

"Hmmm, true. You'd taste better non-dusty anyway." Isaac laughed, rolling over. "C'mon, sir!"

Scott shook his head, grinning, and got up. "Alright then, let's shower."

Isaac grinned, bolting for the bathroom to start it up.

Scott laughed at his enthusiasm and followed, grabbing a change of underwear for each of them on the off chance that they'd end up actually using them.

Isaac was already in the shower by that point, grinning at Scott's laugh and reaching out to tug him into the shower as well.

"Let me get my pants off first," Scott protested, rolling his eyes.

Isaac beamed, wiggling in place. "Hurrrryyyy," he play-whined.
"Impatient," Scott scolded. "Get yourself clean and I'll let you wash me, how about that?"

Isaac pouted. "Yes sirrr." He grabbed for his loofah, soaping it up before starting to scrub himself, flushing darkly as he realized the plug was still in him. "O-oh."

"What's up, sweetheart?" Scott asked curiously.

Isaac's flush grew as he turned, leaning his chest against the wall of the shower so Scott could see the plug. "I forgot it was in," he murmured. "Completely forgot." It wasn't really that hard, it was their smallest, short and about half as thick as Scott's cock.

Scott blushed. "So did I," he admitted.

Isaac chewed on his lip, swaying his hips to tease his Dom for a moment before standing back up. "C'mon," he murmured, rinsing the soap off himself.

Scott tossed his clothes into the hamper and stepped in. "Having a good time, sweetheart?" he asked.

"Always." Isaac grinned, licking his lips and eyeing Scott up and down.

"Come on, then," Scott said, spreading his arms. "You want to wash me?"

"Mmmhmm." Isaac nodded, starting to scrub down one arm, his mouth attaching to the other shoulder.

Scott wrapped his arm around Isaac's waist automatically, laughing. "You're feeling affectionate tonight, aren't you?"

Isaac grinned, nipping and scrubbing at the same time. "Effective cleaning tool," he teased.

"What do you mean?" Scott asked.

"Scrubbing and kisses. Best ever." Isaac peeked up at him.

"You're sweet," Scott said, smiling back at him. Isaac tended to lose his words a little when he was feeling subby--it was cute.

Isaac gave him a small smile, lowering his eyes as he scrubbed Scott's skin, kneeling in front of him to clean his legs, licking his lips.

Scott let his hand rest on the top of Isaac's head, stroking his wet hair.

Isaac leaned into the touch, letting out a soft sound. "All done," he murmured, but he didn't move.

"Mmhm?" Scott asked. "We're finished showering?"

Isaac nodded. "Except your hair." He grinned, head tilted back.

"And yours," Scott pointed out. "Do you want me to wash your hair, sweetheart?"

"Yes, please." Isaac stood after a moment, a small pout on his face as he took the shampoo, pouring some in both of their hands before starting in on Scott's hair.

"I can't do yours at the same time as you do mine," Scott pointed out, leaning into Isaac's touch.
"We'll get soap in our eyes."

"It's okay, we don't have *that* much hair," Isaac mused, scrubbing for a bit before tilting Scott's head back to rinse the suds out.

Scott could feel himself relaxing under the stream of hot water. "Thanks, love," he murmured.

"Welcome," Isaac beamed, making sure it was all rinsed out before kissing his jaw. "All done."

Isaac turned, humming softly and bracing himself on the wall.

"Good boy," Scott murmured, working the shampoo into Isaac's curls. "You were so good today, and yesterday. I'm proud of you."

Isaac leaned into the touch, murmuring happily to himself.

Scott glanced appreciatively at the arch of Isaac's back and stepped closer, his feet nudging Isaac's a little.

Isaac spread his legs a bit, arching his back and trying to tease him.

"Is that how it is?" Scott murmured. "You can rinse now, love."

Isaac flushed darkly, tilting to rinse his hair free of soap.

"There you go," Scott murmured, his hands stroking down Isaac's back. "You're so good, baby."

"Mmmmm, feel good," Isaac said, leaning into the hands on his back.

Scott reached down further, nudging the plug.

Isaac let out a moan, rocking back into it.

Scott took hold of the base and twisted. "Feel good?" he murmured.

"U-uh huh," Isaac panted, hand slipping a bit as he rocked back.

Carefully, Scott tugged. Isaac had tightened up during the day, of course, but if he went slow...

"O-oh," Isaac moaned, spreading his legs wider, trembling a bit but letting out encouraging whimpers. "Feel good."

"Can you relax, sweetheart?" Scott murmured, rubbing his thumb around Isaac's stretched rim. "Just let it out for me, come on now."

Isaac nodded, focusing on relaxing as he pushed back into Scott's touch, mouth open in a soft gasp.

"Good boy, almost there," Scott said, feeling the plug shift.

Isaac whined, panting heavily as he felt the plug shifting, slowly starting to slip free.

"Shh, you can do it, sweetheart, I know you can," Scott murmured. "Push now."

Isaac pushed, letting out a shocked moan as it slipped free, his knees almost giving out. "Oh fuck."
"There we go, love, that's perfect," Scott praised. "Good boy."

"Sir," Isaac moaned, thunking his head gently on the shower wall, the steam around them making him even warmer.

Scott rinsed the plug in the stream of water, then set it down to free up his hands.

"Please," Isaac whined, looking over his shoulder, his wet curls in his eyes.

Scott smiled gently at him. "I'm going to clean you up a little first, okay? And then we're going to get out of the shower so we don't have to worry about the hot water running out."

"Cold water Ick," Isaac nodded, swaying his hips at Scott.

"Good boy," Scott praised, getting a washcloth and kneeling. "Spread your legs a little more?"

Isaac shifted, spreading his legs and arching his back.

"That's perfect," Scott murmured, holding Isaac's ass cheeks apart with one hand and gently wiping him clean with the other.

Isaac rocked back, shivering and groaning. "O-oh."

"Almost done," Scott said absently.

Isaac wiggled his hips, trying to get more. "My sir."

"Yours," Scott agreed, smiling. "Alright, sweetheart, time to go dry off."

Isaac let out a soft hum, turning to kiss Scott hungrily before slipping from the shower.

Scott followed, turning away as he dried off to hide his arousal.

Isaac dried off, moaning softly at the feel of the towel before he stumbled into the bedroom, falling face first into their bed, only wiggling across until his legs were off the floor.

Scott laughed a little when he saw. "Impatient, love?" he teased.

Isaac whined, looking over his shoulder and pouting. "So empty! C'mon sir, please?" he swayed his hips, grinning crookedly. "Need you to fill me up. Please?"

"Are you gonna touch yourself for me?" Scott asked, coming closer. "Make yourself feel good?"

"Mnhmm." Isaac chewed on his bottom lip, slipping a hand back to tease himself, moaning. "Please. Fuck I need...."

"That's my good boy," Scott praised, watching avidly. "And you need lube, is what you need."

"Mhm," Isaac nodded, swaying his hips, putting on a bit of a show.

Scott scooped up the lube from the nightstand and poured a little over Isaac's fingers, deliberately not touching him.

Isaac whined, rocking back and teasing himself, looking over his shoulder to lock eyes on Scott's face as he slowly teased his fingers into his hole.
"Go on, sweetheart," Scott murmured. "Stretch yourself out."

Isaac moaned, rocking his hips back as he fucked his fingers into himself. Fuck, it felt good.

"That's it," Scott praised, wrapping his hand loosely around his cock. "Can you do one more?"

Nodding, he easily slipped another into him, the lube and being plugged helping keep him not quite as tight as he had been. "Please," he begged, moaning softly.

"Shh," Scott soothed him, reaching out and taking hold of Isaac's hip. "I'm right here, sweetheart."


"Empty?" Scott teased. "You've got three fingers in you--nearly four."

"But I want you," Isaac whined. "Need you. Please?" he begged softly, a teasing lilt to his voice.

"Need me to touch you?" Scott asked, stroking Isaac's ass. "Is that what you need?"

Isaac stuttered out a moan. "Touch me, fuck me. Please, sir. Please?"

"Just a minute, baby," Scott promised, bending over to kiss Isaac's back. "Just let me get lubed up, okay?"

"Kay." He arched his back into the kiss with a soft sigh, twisting the fingers in him as he waited, rocking back.

"Good boy." Scott hurried to pour lube onto his cock. "Take your fingers out now, please."

Isaac tugged them free, going to grab the blanket, absentmindedly noting that they needed to wash their bedding, even as he swayed his hips. "Please, sir. Need you."

"Shh, sweetheart," Scott soothed him, guiding his cock into Isaac's hole. "I've got you, love."

Isaac moaned, rocking back, trying to get more. "Feels so good," he whimpered. "Fuck."

"That's it, baby," Scott praised. "Fuck yourself on my cock."

Isaac moaned, shoving himself backwards and shuddering as Scott bottomed out. "Yes, sir," he whimpered, starting a steady rock back and forth, clenching and moaning softly.

Scott bent over, bracing himself on the bed. "That's so good," he gasped. "Good boy."

Isaac started swaying his hips as he moved, moaning loudly when Scott's cock brushed his prostate. "Fuck. Oh my fucking god," he gasped, panting and speeding up.

"That's it, fuck," Scott panted. "Make yourself feel good."

"Please," Isaac begged desperately, his eyes fluttering shut. "Fuck. Oh fuck."

"Please what, sweetheart?" Scott asked. "What do you need?"


"More what?" Scott asked. "I don't know what you want, baby."
"More of you. Touch, something, anything, please. Whatever you'll give me, I just want more." He peered over his shoulder, his pupils blown and cheeks pink. "I want to feel all of you."

"Here?" Scott asked, reaching out to press his hand down in the middle of Isaac's back. "Or here?" He carefully traced where they were joined.

"Oh shit, please," Isaac panted, rocking back. "Both, please please, want all of you."

"Hold still then," Scott warned, holding him down.

Isaac cried out, falling still under Scott's pinning hand with a soft whimper. "Yessss."

A little nervously, Scott probed Isaac's hole, but he opened up surprisingly easily, and Scott was able to fit the tip of one finger inside.

Isaac scrambled for a better hold on the blanket, his mouth falling open as he cried. "Fuck! Sir, oh fuck." He tried to rock back, the hand on his back keeping him in place and ramping the arousal higher.

Scott pressed down harder, fucking Isaac with his finger as he held him still.

Isaac's eyes rolled back into his head as he whimpered and moaned, the hand on his back and the extra stretch shoving him closer and closer to the edge. "Close! Please, sir," he said, his voice nothing more than a breathy pant.

"Just from this?" Scott asked, shocked. Then again, this position did have Isaac's cock rubbing against the bed.

Isaac whined, trying in vain to rock back and forth. "U-uh huh," he panted, his flush drifting down his neck and torso. "F-fuck me. Please sir, please, I need it, please."

"Okay," Scott said, breathing deeply to calm himself down. "Shh now, I've got you. Just let me." He shifted his hips, feeling the extra tightness from his finger in Isaac's hole.

Isaac moaned softly, clenching tightly as he felt Scott move. "Oh fuck."

"That's it," Scott murmured, rolling his hips again. "Shh now."

Isaac was having problems staying quiet, moaning and whimpering with each roll of Scott's hips, his own hips bucking back as much as he could. Which wasn't very much at all, as he quickly found out.

"Good boy," Scott praised softly. "You're doing very well." And with that, he pulled his hips back and started fucking Isaac in earnest.

Isaac cried out sharply, tensing and unconsciously opening himself wider. "Fuckfuckfuckfuck. Please sir, please."

"I've got you," Scott panted, working to hold himself back. "I've got you. What do you need?"

"So close," Isaac whined. "Please, sir, please let me come, please," he pleaded, his voice wrecked, but looking over his shoulder up at Scott almost in awe, his face almost worshipful.

Scott shook his head. "After me," he said firmly. "Wait."

The look didn't leave Isaac's face, if anything it grew fonder, his eyes darkening. "Yessir," he slurred, panting and trying to hold back as much as possible.
"God, you're so good, baby," Scott panted, stroking Isaac's back with his thumb as he held him down. "I love you."

Isaac shivered, licking and sucking on his lips. "Love you, too," he breathed out, his fingers twisting in the blanket.

"My good boy," Scott praised, breathing hard as he fucked him. He was close, now.

"Yours, yours yours yours," Isaac whined, clenching around him to try and milk the orgasm from Scott's cock. "Please."

"Mine," Scott grunted, right on the edge. "Oh, fuck."

"Wanna be full of you," Isaac whimpered. "Please."

"You're, nn, already full," Scott pointed out, his voice rough.

"Fill me up, plug me so it can't escape. Please. Fuck, please." Isaac moaned softly, as he tried in vain to move again, milking Scott. "Please." He clenched down tightly.

Scott swore, groaning as he came, filling Isaac up with his come.

Isaac whined as he quickly followed, shivering hard as he came and melting into the mattress. "Oh fuck."

"Good boy," Scott panted, pulling his finger out and collapsing on top of Isaac. "Fuck. Good boy."

Isaac let out a happy sound, relaxed and content where he was pinned under Scott. "My sir."

Scott smiled, nuzzling at the back of Isaac's neck. "Your sir," he agreed.

Isaac murmured happily, leaning into the kiss and letting out a soft sigh.

"I love you," Scott murmured. "You did so well today."

"I love you, too." Isaac smiled, reaching one hand back to start petting at Scott's hair. "Thank you for being there for me."

"Of course I was," Scott said. "I wish I could do more."

"I love you." Isaac smiled. "You did wonderfully."

Scott shrugged a little, not sure he agreed. It had been better than last week's catastrophe, when he'd been completely useless, but...

Isaac hummed. "Perfect," he murmured, yawning a bit. "Just, ...you were perfect."

"Don't fall asleep," Scott said. "We're half off the bed, you can't be comfortable."

"Best spot ever," Isaac huffed playfully, opening one eye to look up at him before grinning. "But okay."

Scott pushed himself back, pulling out carefully.

Isaac groaned softly, clenching tightly as he tried to keep Scott in him.
"Isaac..." Scott warned. "Let me go, please."

Isaac whined, pouting softly as he relaxed. "Yes, sir."

"That's better," Scott said, pulling out the rest of the way and stroking Isaac's back as he did.

Isaac pouted at him over his shoulder, even as he leaned into each touch. "But I wanted you filling me up," he play-whined, wiggling his ass at Scott.

"And you got it," Scott pointed out. "Come on, get in the bed properly, I'll go clean your plug."

"Yes, sir." Isaac shifted back up the bed, carefully moving so he wouldn't lose any of Scott out of him.

Scott kissed Isaac's forehead and went to the bathroom, scooping up the plug and washing it in the sink. It had been a good day, really, despite how it had started. Isaac had bounced back really well - Scott honestly didn't know how he did it.

Isaac let out a happy sound, his eyes drifting half closed as he watched Scott walk from the room to the bathroom across the hall. He wasn't really scared of that house anymore. The things left would be sold, donated, and moved so that the house could start over. It settled something in his chest, much like the feeling of a chapter of your life closing. It was a good feeling, though.

Scott sighed, turning the plug over and over in the soapy water. He was really glad the hard parts were over; he didn't think he'd be able to take a third weekend in a row with Isaac panicking. This time had been better, but Scott honestly didn't know if it was just because the panic wasn't as bad or if the plug had actually helped. He wrinkled his nose - he still didn't like the whole plug/cock-warming thing as a solution for Isaac's panic attacks, but it was better than being helpless when Isaac needed him.

Isaac shifted around, inching bit by bit until he was starfished in the bed, one arm curled around Scott's pillow, breathing his Dom in. He smiled softly, listening to the soft sound of water running.

Scott blinked, realising he'd spaced out a bit, and drained the sink, running the tap again to rinse the plug and his hands. He was exhausted, and not just physically. It just...it had been a long day. A long weekend. A long few weeks. Maybe they could take next weekend off. No, they'd promised to go to Stiles' craft fair. Scott sighed again and reached for a towel to dry off with, wiping his cock clean as well before tossing it in the hamper.

Isaac hummed lightly to himself as he heard the water turn off. "Sir," he slurred. "I love you." He kept his voice loud enough for Scott to hear in the small-ish apartment they had, but not loud enough for the neighbors to hear.

A soft smile spread across Scott's face as he headed back to their bedroom. Isaac was too good for him, really: affectionate and sweet and loving... Scott came over, kissing his forehead again. "Love you too, Isaac," he murmured.

Isaac gave him a soft, sleepy smile. "Love you very much. My sir, my Scott."

"Feeling good, sweetheart?" Scott checked softly.

"Mhmm." Isaac nodded, smiling and letting his eyes drift shut. "Sleepy and warm and awesome."
"You want your plug back?" Scott offered, sitting on the bed and stroking Isaac's hair.

"No, thank you." Isaac hummed, scooting closer to Scott. "Love you." He yawned.

Oh. Scott had assumed... Looked like he was wrong. He shrugged, putting the plug down on the bedside table and getting under the covers, turning the lamp off as he did. "Good night, love," he murmured.

Isaac let out a small purring noise, scooting as close as possible. "Don't need plug when have you," he murmured. "Night." He leaned up, kissing Scott's cheek and nuzzling a bit. "Love."

Scott smiled a little, settling in. "Sleep well, Isaac," he said softly. "Love you."

"Lo--" Isaac trailed off, slipping into sleep with one hand still clinging to Scott.

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When Scott woke in the morning, sluggish and sleepy, Isaac was already gone. Of course he was. His shift started at six in the morning, and Scott didn't start until nine. The bed felt emptier than usual, though, and somehow Scott was even more exhausted than he'd been when he went to sleep. It took hitting snooze three times before he could make himself get up and eat breakfast, and he found himself staring at his uniform ten minutes later and trying not to cry. "Fuck it," he muttered, calling his boss and flopping back on the bed. "Hi, Kate," he said wearily when she picked up the phone. "I think I've got some sort of bug or something, because I feel awful. Is it okay if I take the day off?"

She was understanding, thank god, and a few minutes later Scott was able to bury his face in the pillow and pretend the day wasn't there.

Isaac frowned as he clocked out for his break, taking his drink over to the break room, pulling out his phone. Usually Scott would text him a good morning text, but he'd received nothing.

*Hey, did you wake up on time? - IL*

Scott heard his phone buzz, but the idea of rolling over and checking seemed too daunting, when it could be anyone and anything. He thought about it for a minute, then decided it could probably wait and turned back to tumblr.

Isaac's worry only deepened when he got no response. He tugged off his apron, dialing Scott's phone. He listened to it ring, worry showing in how jittery he was with each ring.

Scott shut his eyes tight, listening to the phone ring and steeling himself to answer, but it rang out by the time he actually grabbed it. When he saw it was Isaac who'd called, he took a deep breath and dialed back. It didn't matter if he was feeling off if Isaac needed him.

Isaac fumbled with his phone when Scott called him back, hurriedly holding it up to his ear. "Sir! Are you alright?"

"Me?" Scott asked, sitting up. "Are you? You sound kind of upset."

"I'm okay, just worried." Isaac relaxed a tad. "I hadn't heard from you like usual, so I texted, but didn't get a response. Are you okay?"

"Oh," Scott said. "I'm really tired, that's all. I took the day off work."

Isaac frowned. "Sir, are you okay? You sound off." He sounded devoid of his usual cheer, or really any emotion.
"I'm fine," Scott said quietly, staring at the ceiling. "I'm just exhausted. Don't worry about me."

"Sir...I'm coming home." Isaac frowned, standing up and motioning into the office for his manager. "I'll be there in a few minutes, okay?"

"You're in the middle of your shift," Scott protested half-heartedly. Having Isaac home sounded really nice, as long as Isaac didn't want anything more than cuddling.

"It's fine, sir. But I have a feeling I'm needed more there." Isaac had a sad smile on his face. "I'll be there in five minutes, okay? I love you."

Scott smiled a little. "I love you, too."

Isaac was quick to talk to his manager after he got off the phone. His face must have shown how worried he was as his manager waved him off and told him to get home. Isaac smiled, thanking her profusely before bolting home, not stopping until he was in their living room, locking the door behind him. "Sir?"

Scott got reluctantly out of bed, heading out to the main room. "Hey, Isaac," he said quietly.

Isaac looked him over as he took off his apron, stumbling closer and pulling him into a hug. "What's wrong, sir?" he whispered, nuzzling close.

Scott shrugged. "I'm coming down with something, I guess," he mumbled, more or less collapsing into Isaac's arms. "You should probably stay away. I don't want you to get sick, too."

"As if, I'm okay." Isaac smiled against Scott's cheek. "C'mon, let's get you into bed then."

"Yeah, okay," Scott said. It sounded really nice, actually.

Isaac led him to the bedroom, his worry still growing. Scott was fine when they went to bed last night... "You don't seem to have a fever right now..."

"No, I'm just feeling really...gluggy," Scott said, shrugging a little.

"Hmm, gluggy?" What the fuck did that mean? Isaac got him back into bed before stripping down to his boxers and sliding in with him, phone in hand.

"Yeah," Scott said, rolling onto his back again. "Sluggish and tired and...bleh."

"That's odd, that's not usually how you get sick." Isaac frowned softly, pressing close.

Scott shrugged a little. "Physically, just fatigue," he said. "It's mostly mood stuff."

"Can you remember what caused it, if anything?" he asked softly.

"I just woke up like this," Scott murmured.

Isaac nuzzled his cheek. "No fever, any body aches or anything? Or just feeling yuck?"

"No," Scott said, leaning unconsciously into Isaac's touch. "I just...I just feel really awful," he admitted. "You shouldn't have come home, but I'm glad you did."

"I will always come home for you," Isaac murmured, petting Scott's other cheek, his brow furrowed
in worry. Something wasn't right. "Have you eaten?"

"I had some toast," Scott replied, snuggling a little closer. "Before I called in sick. I don't really have an appetite."

"Okay," Isaac smiled, kissing Scott's cheek. "I love you." He took his phone, quickly shooting a text to Stiles.

Dude, something's wrong with Scott, he says he doesn't feel good, but he's a lot clingier than normal - IL

Stiles blinked, looking down at his phone, setting down the baby dress he was making to frown, walking into the office. "Hey, sir. Isaac said Scott's acting weird..."

Scott blinked, his eyes watering a little, and buried his face in Isaac's neck.

" Weird how?" Derek asked.

" What's wrong, sir?" Isaac murmured, hugging Scott close.

" Isaac said that he says he doesn't feel good, but he's a lot clingier than normal." Stiles frowned.

" Scott's kinda grumpy when sick, not clingy."

" I don't know," Scott muttered, frustrated with himself. " Sorry, I've been kind of teary today."

" Huh," Derek said. " Well, hopefully he feels better soon."

" It's okay, Scott. My Sir," he murmured, holding onto him tightly, fingers flying on his phone.

teary and not know why he's feeling like that? Seems frustrated at himself - IL

Stiles blinked, holding his phone up so Derek could read it. " Something doesn't seem right...."

" Yeah?" Scott asked, his voice muffled against Isaac's shoulder.

" What do you mean?" Derek asked, looking at Stiles.

Isaac smiled. " My sir."

Stiles' brow furrowed. " He's acting odd."

Scott relaxed a little, a couple of tears leaking out, but he was smiling.

" What's wrong, do you think?" Derek asked, turning to face Stiles fully.

" Oh sir. What's wrong?" Isaac asked, concerned.

" It just... I felt like that. When I got sick. Do Doms get something similar?"
Scott shook his head a little. "I'm fine," he promised. "Just teary, like I said."

Derek raised his eyebrows. "Yes, Doms can get drop too--do you think that's what's happening?"

Isaac curled around him, letting out a soft sound.

Stiles brows furrowed in worry before he nodded. "I just...Scott doesn't act like this when he's sick. He's more whiny and grumpy. Not teary and clingy."

"Are you okay?" Scott mumbled.

"And he doesn't usually have issues with depression, either," Derek commented.

"I'm perfect," Isaac whispered. "I'm just worried about you."

Stiles shook his head. "No, he really doesn't. That's why I think something's wrong."

Scott shook his head a little. "Shouldn't worry about me. I'll be fine."

Derek opened his arms, offering Stiles a hug. "Come here. He'll be okay."

"Of course I'll worry about you, Scott. You're my sir."

Stiles sunk into Derek's arms, trembling softly. "I didn't know Doms had drops. Like, I knew from reading, but reading it and seeing or hearing it is another thing. And what could have caused it?!"

"I'm supposed to look after you," Scott replied, but he cuddled a bit closer.

"It's alright, chiquito," Derek reassured him. "He's going to be fine. Doms can drop just like subs can, it's just rarer. It happens for a lot of reasons, same as with subdrop, but part of it's often the Dom needing to know that they're good, essentially. Knowing that they did the right thing."

"Doesn't mean I can't look after you sometimes. And we look after each other." Isaac curled around him, hoping the skin on skin might help Scott like it did him.

"So I need to just tell Isaac what's happening and how he could help?" Stiles sniffled, his brow furrowed. He hated feeling useless. And right then, he was, because there wasn't much he personally could do.

Scott shook his head a little, but he didn't say anything.

"Hey," Derek said softly. "It'll be okay, love. Scott's going to be fine, he's just having a bad day."

Isaac gave a soft sound. "Don't shake your head. I mean it, sir. Just because you're the Dom doesn't mean you have to be on constant guard. It's okay," he murmured, nuzzling into Scott's hair. "You're amazing."

Stiles nodded against Derek's shoulder, sniffing softly. "Kay," he murmured, pulling back just enough to shoot a text to Isaac saying what was going on before cuddling back into Derek's arms. "I love you."

"Yeah?" Scott murmured.

Derek stroked Stiles' hair, cuddling him close. "Love you, too. It'll be fine."
Isaac read the text, his frown softening. "Of course! You always take such good care of me," he murmured, nuzzling into Scott.

"I didn't last weekend," Scott pointed out.

"You did, too," Isaac countered. "You helped so much."

"I just sat there," Scott protested. "You needed me and I couldn't do anything!"

"You did not. You held me, soothed me, even when I myself couldn't figure out what I needed. You still calmed me down, sir. You did perfectly," Isaac murmured.

"I should have known," Scott grumbled, even as he subsided a little.

"How on earth could you have known?" Isaac asked softly. "I didn't even know."

"I'm your Dom," Scott argued. "It's my job to know things."

"And you will learn as we go on," Isaac countered. "We hadn't experienced that before, and we had no clue on what to do. Now we do. It's a learning process. You don't stop learning once you pass the accreditation course, sir."

"I don't know enough," Scott said, shaking his head a little. "I should have waited. I'm useless."

"Was Derek useless when Stiles dropped? Or had the sub sickness?" Isaac frowned. "Am I useless because I don't know how to make things better? Because I'm still learning?"

Scott shook his head again, pressing closer. What Isaac was saying was nice, but it was only stressing him out more.

"You are an amazing Dom. You take good care of me, and I love you and am so lucky to have you," Isaac murmured, nuzzling his hair. "You're my Dom, just like I'm your sub."

"Stop it," Scott begged. "Just let me be."

Isaac frowned, hugging him tightly, a hand burying itself in Scott's hair, almost petting him. "You're not feeling well," he murmured. "I think you're in a drop," he admitted, keeping his voice soft.

Scott's brain was sluggish, and it took him a minute to understand what Isaac was saying. He hummed. "Maybe, I guess."

"I want to help you out of it," Isaac continued. "If there's anything you can think of that could help, tell me, okay? For now, I'm going to love on you more than usual and make sure your fluids and such are up, okay?"

Scott nodded, sighing.

"I love you. My sir," Isaac murmured, kissing along his hairline, trying to show how much he really did love Scott. "Thank you for being the perfect Dom for me. The perfect man."

Scott cringed away. He couldn't help it--everything Isaac said sounded like a lie.

Isaac let out a soft sound, clinging to Scott. "It's the truth!" he insisted, tilting Scott's head back to look him in the eye. "I swear it, on my mother’s and brother’s graves. You are perfect for me. Dom, man, lover, friend, companion. Perfect."

Isaac sucked in a breathe. "Okay, I'm sorry," he soothed. "Do you need me to let go?" he asked, his brow furrowed, worry clear on his face. Scott safeworded...

Scott didn't know. He just needed to not hear all those things coming out of Isaac's mouth, all those expectations he couldn't live up to. He shrugged.

Isaac hesitantly cuddled closer, humming softly and continued to pet Scott's hair. "I love you," he murmured, but he said nothing more, holding him tightly, securely.

Everything just felt wrong. Where earlier he'd been fatigued and clingy, now Scott just felt restless, fidgeting in Isaac's arms.

Isaac tried to soothe him, internally panicking and texting Stiles again. He knew he'd ask Derek, but he didn't know who else to ask, except maybe Laura.

Scott frowned grumpily, rolling over to face away from Isaac. He wanted to get up, to pace, to do something.

Stiles looked down at his phone, frowning as he turned to Derek. "Sir." he whispered, handing him his phone to show him the panicked message from Isaac.

Isaac reached out, rubbing along Scott's spine. "C'mon, let's get something to drink, and some lunch."

Scott figured it would involve getting up, at least, so he made a vaguely assenting noise and sat up.

Derek frowned. "You know there's really nothing Isaac can do except keep him company."

Stiles frowned deepened. "I know, I just..."

Isaac led him into the kitchen, humming softly and busying himself with making them soup. "Could you make the sandwiches for us?" he asked, hoping that if Scott did something it'd help.

"It's just frustrating," Derek agreed. "And worrying."

Scott shrugged and went to the pantry to get bread.

"Thank you, sir." Isaac beamed at him.

Stiles rubbed his face. "I want to help, but I can't. Not as much as Isaac can."

Scott gave Isaac a weak smile when he saw his face. "Could you just call me Scott right now?" he asked.

Isaac blinked. "Sure? Any particular reason? Or just cuz?" he smiled, kissing Scott's cheek.

"I'd just prefer it," Scott lied. Really, he just didn't want to be a Dom right now, didn't want the reminder.

Isaac blinked at him. "Scott..." he murmured, leaning over to kiss Scott's cheek again. "Please.
"Just...tell me okay? You never were a good liar."

"I don't want to be a Dom right now," Scott admitted reluctantly.

"Okay." Isaac smiled. "You know I don't mind calling you your name, Scott. I just like to know why you prefer whichever one at that time. Even if it's something like this."

Scott relaxed a little. "Okay," he said, turning back to the sandwiches.

"Thank you, Scott." Isaac kissed his shoulder, thinking hard as he set up the soup, chewing on his lower lip. Would that even help?

The two of them worked in silence, and Scott found himself relaxing a little at the practical domesticity of it all. He knew what he should be doing, and he knew how to do it.

Isaac hummed softly as he finished up the soup, letting it simmer before turning to Scott, a small smile on his face. "Can I ask a question?" he tilted his head. "You're a bit overwhelmed with how much we've been doing, is that what happened? We aren't exactly an all the time Dom and sub, but lately...."

Scott frowned, thinking about it. "Maybe?" he guessed. "I don't know. It's just a lot of responsibility."

"We can try and back down? Like only scene once or twice a week or so?" Isaac hummed in thought. "It's not like I need to scene with you to ride you through the mattress or something," he mused.

"Don't you need the rules and stuff?" Scott asked warily.

"Yea, but most of them are things that you put in place like eating and such. I can still do those without interfering with a more even keel," Isaac murmured. "And I'm not going to pretend that there won't be times when I'll need it, but yeah. I know you need breaks, too. You aren't as intense a Dom as I am a sub. Even just a couple days would probably really help you."

Scott gave Isaac a doubtful look. "...we could just be Scott and Isaac?"

"At least for a few days," Isaac smiled. "Even if it's just a couple days a week. I want to. I want to help you feel better, and I think it'll be good to just be us. We've been going strong since you claimed me. And while there'll be days that I need it, or that I'll end up needing my Dom, I also need my Scott."

"Are you sure?" Scott asked hopefully.

Isaac nodded, beaming. "I'm sure, Scott."

"Why are you so happy?" Scott said, confused.

"Huh?" Isaac blinked. "You mean now? Because I know something that'll help you feel better."

"But..." Scott shook his head. It didn't really make sense to him, but maybe his brain was just being uncooperative.

"But what?" Isaac tilted his head. "C'mon, talk to me."
"But it means not doing the things that you want," Scott told him.

"What do you mean?" Isaâc pressed closer. "Just means I am Isaac, and you are Scott."

"Yeah, but you--you love all that stuff, the plugs and the panties and the waiting and the edging and the pinning and..." Scott didn't realise he was speaking faster and faster until he cut himself off.

"Yes. I do," Isaac nodded. "But more than that, I love you." He smiled. "Panties and plugs and pinning can be non-BDSM too, you know. They can just be us."

"You want a Dom, though," Scott said quietly.

"I need a Dom sometimes, true," Isaac admitted. "And you are my Dom. But, Scott, listen. Not every relationship has to be a 24/7 one like Stiles and Derek's." Isaac carefully turned off all the burners before walking forward, guiding Scott to the living room, pushing him onto the couch before straddling his lap to look him in the eye. "You are my Dom. But before that, before anything, you are Scott McCall, my lover, my friend, and the man I love. All that before the word Dom ever enters the picture. If you need a couple days break, I'll give you a couple days break from being the Dom. Okay?"

"I'm supposed to look after your needs," Scott objected his hands coming to rest on Isaac's hips as he looked up at him.

"You can do that just as well as my boyfriend." Isaac tsked. "You don't have to be a Dom all the time to make sure I'm okay. Just...trust me? Please?"

"I trust you," Scott objected grumpily. "Of course I do."

"Then trust me on this, okay? I'll tell you if I need my Dom. Or you'd know I'd need my Dom. But otherwise? Just be my boyfriend, okay?"

Scott sighed. "I'm sorry I'm such a mess."

"You aren't a mess." Isaac smiled. "Not any more than I'm a mess."

Scott tipped his head forward, resting against Isaac's chest. Isaac wrapped his arms around Scott, humming lightly. "I love you," he whispered.

"I love you, too," Scott murmured.

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"Scott!" Isaac grinned, turning to wave him over. "Look! So cute." He bent over again, peering at the different tapestries of different baby animals.

"Isaac," Scott said fondly, rolling his eyes as he backtracked. "Let's see Stiles first, okay? Then you can explore to your heart's content."

"Awww, okay," Isaac pouted, giving the lady at the booth a small smile before grabbing Scott's hand. "Where is his booth again, anyway?"

"I think he's somewhere near the food?" Scott said, gesturing in that vague direction. "I dunno. This place isn't that big, we'll find him."

"He would be near the food," Isaac said, laughing and looking around. "There's so much!"
Scott smiled. It was good to see Isaac so happy - they didn't really go on dates much, but they'd have to do this kind of thing more often if it made Isaac smile like that. He let go of Isaac's hand and wrapped an arm around his waist. "We'll see it all," he promised. "We've got all day."

"And the yard sale went so much better than I could have hoped!" Isaac chattered. "This is an awesome weekend! Oh! I see him!" Isaac waved a hand in the air before leading Scott on.

Scott laughed, following Isaac through the crowds.
"Stiles!" Isaac grinned, hopping up to his friend to pull him into a hug.
"Iz!" Stiles laughed brightly, hugging him tightly and ruffling his curls. "You guys made it!"
"Of course we did," Scott said, glomping onto them both. "How's it going?"
Isaac let out a little squeak, giggling softly at being squashed between the two of them.
Stiles grinned, tugging Scott closer. "It's going pretty good! It helps that kids are entranced by the little plushes."
"Do you want me to mind the stall while you all catch up?" Derek offered dryly from behind them.
Stiles cried out. "Oh, sorry!" he grinned, kissing Derek on the cheek and ruffling Isaac's and Scott's hair before turning back to the front of the booth, chatting with a small child who'd become entranced with a little dragon plush.
Isaac stifled his laughter, turning to Derek and hugging him too. "Hi."
"It's good to see you," Derek said. "And Scott, you're doing okay?"
"Yeah, I'm fine," Scott said ruefully.

Isaac blinked, grinning. "What's wrong, Scott?" He teased, slipping back under his boyfriend's arm.
Stiles waved to the small girl and her mother, laughing as she made her new dragon wave back.
"Just sorry I freaked you guys out, that's all," Scott replied, glancing over at Stiles.
Stiles gave Scott a soft smile. "I'm just glad you're alright now. Drops suck."
Isaac pressed closer, hugging him from the side.
"I'm fine now, though," Scott promised him. "Really."
"Good!" Stiles reached out, tugging on a strand of hair.
Isaac hummed, looking around, almost buzzing. "There's so many pretty things here!"
Scott grinned. "How about we go have a look at everything, and then when we've seen what there is, we can decide what we'd like to get," he suggested.
Isaac nodded, grinning widely before hugging Stiles and bouncing off. "Oh! Scott! These are gorgeous windchimes!" he called back.
Scott laughed. "I'd better go with him. See you guys in a bit."

Stiles laughed, waving him off before turning back to his stand, smiling softly. "Having fun?" he asked Derek, who was currently lounged in a camping chair. "You look like delicious candy I want to eat, but alas, craft things."

Isaac was eyeing a small windchime made of shells. "So pretty."

Derek rolled his eyes, smiling. "No flirting in front of potential customers," he said firmly. "Save it until we get home."

"It is," Scott agreed when he caught up, wrapping his arm around Isaac's waist. "We'll come back, okay?"

"Sir, yes, sir!" Stiles gave a teasing salute before turning back around to talk to a lady that had walked up to him asking about a blanket.

Isaac nodded, blinking at the windchime, even as he kept looking back over his shoulder at it.

"We'll come back," Scott promised. "But there's lots of beautiful things here, okay?"

Isaac nodded, grinning. "I think I saw a stand that sold blown glass too!"

Scott smiled fondly. "Whatever you want to look at, sweetheart."

Isaac beamed. "You need to find something you like, too," he insisted. "We'll make our apartment all bright and happy!"

"Just having you there makes it happy," Scott promised.

Isaac couldn't help but flush. "Brighter," he murmured. "Like the sun coming through our windows into a safe space where time's frozen."

Scott kissed his cheek. "Feeling poetic today, sweetheart?"

"Only a bit." Isaac leaned into the kiss absently. "But it's a picture that I'd love to bring to life. Almost like a fairy house, mystical and warm."

"We'll work on it," Scott promised. "This is certainly a good place to start."

Chapter End Notes

(WARNINGS: Scott gets Dom-drop in the second main section. He experiences depressive symptoms, which scares Isaac, but the two of them manage to get back on an even keel)

All the whoopsy doodles are mine this time! Our lovely Seeker is currently off exploring a different country than usual, so I've been left to my own devices on editing :P - Kattseye
Thanks, as always, to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you for reading. We look forward to your comments!
New Things

Chapter Summary

Derek crouched down next to him, cupping Stiles' face. "I want to reward you," he murmured. "But what I have in mind involves kneeling for a long time."

Stiles shivered. "Green," he murmured, kissing Derek's palm.

Derek rewards Stiles for his success at the craft fair. It brings up some things they should talk about.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Derek leaves Stiles alone during a scene, with a way to contact him at any time if he is distressed. Nothing bad happens. Use of a cock gag. Lots of humiliation inside Stiles' head, which he thoroughly enjoys. (Skip to "'Time to stop now, sweetheart,' Derek said gently." if you want.) Later negotiation of the humiliation thing, which gets derailed by other conversation

"Phew." Stiles flopped onto the couch, the last few boxes stacked in the hallway. "Thank god most of them are empty now. I was surprised I sold so much!"

"You did wonderfully," Derek said, smiling at him. "I'm so proud of you, chiquito."

Stiles basked in the praise, almost purring with happiness. "That was fun, though."

"You were friendly and polite with all the customers, you were professional about the prices you'd set, and you brought a large selection of good-quality products with you," Derek told him. "I'm very proud."

Stiles relaxed completely, letting out contented sounds, a happy smile on his face.

Derek crouched down next to him, cupping Stiles' face. "I want to reward you," he murmured. "But what I have in mind involves kneeling for a long time."

Stiles shivered. "Green," he murmured, kissing Derek's palm.

Derek nodded. "You have fifteen minutes then, Przemysław," he said quietly. "Drink some water, eat something if you're hungry, go to the toilet, whatever you need to do. In fifteen minutes' time I will find you kneeling naked next to our bed. Clear?"

Stiles jolted at his name, breathing already shuddering, even as he nodded. "Yes, Master," he breathed, kissing Derek's jaw before shooting from the room. He'd eat a couple of protein bars and
drink some water before heading for the bathroom.

Derek's eyes darkened as he watched, then he made his way up to his office. He'd bought a couple of surprises for Stiles, and had been waiting for an occasion to use them.

After doing his routine in the bathroom, Stiles hurried to the bedroom, kneeling beside the bed and trying to sit still.

Derek entered the bedroom and smiled. "Good boy," he said as he approached. "Well done."

Stiles beamed, settling into place as he watched Derek.

"I have two things for you," Derek explained, setting a bag down on the bed as he sat in front of Stiles. "The first one is this." He handed Stiles a doorbell, or the button for a doorbell.

Stiles blinked down at the doorbell, tilting his head. "What's this for, sir?" he asked curiously.

"I'm going to leave the room during this scene," Derek said quietly, bringing out the other half of the doorbell kit. "I'll keep this where I can hear it, so if you need me, you just press that button, okay?"

"Yes, sir." Stiles nodded, smiling brightly.

"Good boy," Derek said, stroking Stiles' hair.

Stiles leaned into the affection, his smile softening. "What's the second thing, sir?"

Derek reached into the bag and pulled out a cock gag. "This."

Stiles eyes darkened, his mouth falling open in a pant.

"I take it that means you want to try it?" Derek said, smirking.

Stiles nodded, licking his lips and leaning forward a bit. "Please," he begged softly

"Stiles," Derek murmured, watching him seriously, "I'm going to buckle this in place, and then I'm going to leave the room. You're going to stay here, kneeling, for quite some time, unless you decide to safeword by pressing the bell. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir," Stiles said after a moment, eyes flicking between the gag and Derek.

"Colour?" Derek asked, needing to be absolutely sure.

"Green," Stiles promised, already hard just at the thought.

Derek smiled. "Open your mouth, then."

Stiles opened his mouth wide, tongue laying on his lower lip.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, fitting the gag in place and bringing the straps around behind Stiles' head. "Comfortable?" he checked as he buckled it, being careful not to catch Stiles' hair.

Stiles hummed, suckling already, his eyes falling half closed.

"Stiles," Derek said firmly. "Nod or shake your head. Are you uncomfortable in any way?"
Stiles flicked his eyes up to Derek. Shaking his head, he leaned into him, nuzzling, even as he sucked on the gag.

"Good boy," Derek praised, stroking Stiles' hair fondly. "I'm going to go now, but press the button if you feel yellow at all, okay?"

Stiles nodded, leaning into the hand and slipping up onto his knees to press closer, his mind already hazing over.

Derek leaned down to kiss Stiles' forehead, then stood up. "Be good."

Stiles couldn't help but smirk around the gag, waggling his eyebrows before settling back on his feet.

Derek smiled, picked up the bag, and left the room.

Stiles swayed a little, suckling and closing his eyes. Fuck, but he loved this already.

Once he knew he was out of sight, Derek bit his lip, bowing his head. God, he hoped this worked out.

Stiles whimpered after a bit, rocking unconsciously, having to stop himself a few times from touching himself. Wait. He was allowed. He technically had a cock in his mouth...

To distract himself, Derek went downstairs and started hauling Stiles' stuff from the market up to his room. Quite a bit of it had sold, but there were still empty boxes to move.

Stiles was rocking back and forth, absently sucking on the gag. He was losing himself in it, sucking and touching and sucking some more. He was lost in the haze, whimpering softly and shifting as he started feeling the ache of being empty. God, this was amazing. Always needed a cock in him, hmm? He set the doorbell button on the floor so he could touch himself more, teasing himself and listening to the soft whispers floating through his mind. Yes, this was where he was meant to be. On his knees with a cock in him, keeping him wide open, always.

Once everything was upstairs, Derek went to the kitchen to start dinner. He wasn't going to bother making anything hot, but he could put together a salad, maybe.

Stiles couldn't help the high whine as another thought crossed his mind. Cockslut. So hungry for it. He whimpered, shifting so his knees were spread, offering himself up. Yes, perfect, little whore all begging for a nice big cock in you. You need it, don't you? Crave it. You're made for this.

Derek kept himself occupied in the kitchen as long as he could manage, hypersensitive to the possibility of the doorbell on the counter going off.

Stiles was a mess. He'd lost track of time, suckling and trying to stay straight up. He wanted to just fall forward, rut against the carpet even while he bared himself. Need it. Always need it. Such a desperate little cockhungry whore.

When Derek stepped back into the bedroom, for a moment he didn't believe what he was seeing. He'd never have guessed how much Stiles would be affected by this.

Stiles’ nostrils flared, whimpering as he ground his palm at the base of his dick, using the motion to
rock back and forth. He didn't even realize that Derek was there, his eyes unfocused and almost closed, the door to the bedroom just out of his sight.

"Przemysław," Derek said lowly, approaching Stiles from behind.

Stiles sucked in a breath, moaning loudly as he tilted forward, the low voice of his Dom making him shiver. Please. Need a cock in you, hmmm, you slut.

"Feeling good?" Derek asked.

Stiles could only nod clumsily, one hand resting on the floor between his knees as he knelt there, tilted forward and sucking greedily (so greedy, you cockslut, look at you go).

Derek came around in front of him and sat on the bed, threading his fingers through Stiles' hair. "Time to take a break," he murmured.

Stiles whined, shaking his head. No, he needed it. Oh, but maybe he could have Derek's. Derek's was so much better. He leaned forward even more, eyes dark.

"Time for a break," Derek repeated firmly, reaching around the back of Stiles' head to unbuckle the gag. "Be good."

Stiles whined, his eyes moving up to Derek's face, having the gag removed only making him whimper. Why?

Derek carefully removed the gag, setting it on the bed. "Are you okay?" he asked gently.

Stiles whined, licking his sore lips. "Need it," he begged, his hands scrambling up Derek's thighs. "Please. I Need it. You're the best. Please."

"Shh," Derek soothed him. "Let me look after you. You must be thirsty by now."

Stiles eyes lit up. Yes, he wanted Derek. Wanted his cock in his mouth, he didn't need drink. "Please." He shifted closer, posturing himself.

Derek picked up the bottle of water he'd brought with him and uncapped it, bringing it to Stiles' lips. Stiles let out a startled sound, sucking down the water. It was good, but... He blinked dazedly.

"Drink it slowly," Derek murmured, watching Stiles closely.

Stiles carefully drank the water, blinking and whimpering, his hands still moving up Derek's thighs, trying to entice him.

"That's it, Stiles, that's very good," Derek praised, once Stiles had drunk half the bottle. "Do you want more?"

"More you," Stiles rasped, tugging on Derek's clothes a bit. "Please. Need, so empty, just a..."

Derek smiled a little. "Not more water, though," he checked.

"Not water," Stiles agreed. "Need to drink you. Please, so hungry for it, like a li'l - " He cut himself off, flicking his tongue along his lips
"Oh," Derek breathed. "The gag wasn't enough for you?"


"You want my cock, Przemysław?" Derek asked lowly.

Stiles moaned, his hips rocking in the air. "Please," he whimpered, practically drooling.

Derek's eyes darkened even further. "Alright," he agreed huskily, moving his hands out of the way and spreading his legs.

Stiles almost fell into his lap, fumbling but managing to slide Derek's cock out of the zipper, instantly sucking it down to the root with a keening moan.

"Shh," Derek soothed him, stroking Stiles' hair. "I've got you now."

Stiles slumped against him, suckling lazily. *Perfect, perfect lil cockslut.*

"Are you hard, Przemysław?" Derek asked lowly.

Stiles rocked forward, a moan punching from his throat. *Yes, you get off on having a cock in you, hmm?*

Derek smirked. "I'm guessing that's a yes?" he murmured.

Stiles hummed an affirmative, his eyes fluttering closed as he sucked harder. *Such a good lil cockslut, look how hard you made him. Perfect.*

Derek threaded his fingers through Stiles' hair and pulled him back.

Stiles whined, his eyes popping open as he tried to lean back in, the grip on his hair making him shiver.

Derek pulled Stiles all the way off his cock, holding him there.

Stiles whined, whimpering and stretching as much as he could, his mouth open. "Please."

"Aren't you good," Derek murmured, awed.

Stiles moaned, the praise just making him slack in his grip, even as he begged shamelessly for Derek's cock.

"What do you want, Przemysław?" Derek asked.


"If it's food you want, there's a chicken caesar salad downstairs," Derek teased.

Stiles whined high in his throat. "Please, sir. Please. Need it." He didn't want *food*. Food not important.

"Need what, Przemysław?" Derek pressed gently, still holding Stiles back by his hair.
"Need cock. Your cock. Please, sir," Stiles whimpered, the name making him shudder, eyes flicking up to Derek's before drifting back down, swallowing hard and whimpering again. So empty.

Derek nodded, his mouth dry. "Open," he said hoarsely.

Stiles immediately stretched his mouth open, tongue on his lower lip and his eyes nearly black as he panted.

"Good boy." Derek drew Stiles' head a little closer and shifted his hips, fucking shallowly into Stiles' mouth.

Stiles sucked in a breath, instantly trying to suckle on Derek's cock, lashes fluttering.

"Good boy." Derek smiled, his eyes dark. "Is that better?" he murmured.

Stiles whined. It was better, but he wanted all of it. Aaalllll of it.

"No?" Derek teased. "Maybe I should stop, then."

Stiles let out a sharp sound, suckling harder, begging him silently.

"You need all of it, don't you?" Derek murmured. "Everything I can give you."

Stiles let out a pleading noise, arching and trying to get more. "Mmm!"

Derek took hold of Stiles' head with both hands and pulled him down, all the way down, and held him there for a long moment.

Stiles could only give a choked off groan, his eyes fluttering as he melted against him. Yes. This was what he needed, what he was good for. Sucking cock, fucking cock, being Derek's little cocks slut.

"Touch yourself," Derek ordered, breathless as he dragged Stiles up and down his cock. "Edge."

Whining, Stiles slipped his hand down to his cock, stroking quickly, his thighs trembling. Derek's voice echoed in his ears just as the soft voice whispering dirty things did.

"Good boy," Derek panted. "You love this, don't you?"

"Mhm," Stiles managed to hum, freezing his hand as he grew close to the edge.

"Keep going," Derek demanded, fucking Stiles faster.

Yes, keep going, suck his cock like the little filthy slut you are. Stiles let out a choked whimper, stroking himself at a steady pace, his thighs trembling but unable to keep the onslaught back. Perfect, just like that, tease it, suck harder.

"Do you want my come?" Derek asked.

Best part, right? Suck it down like a greedy cockwhore. Stiles whined, sucking harder, shifting just a bit to try and get closer.

"No," Derek said firmly. "Let me control your head. Edge."

Stiles could only slump forward, stroking himself quickly, his mind blanking, two things echoing. Derek's voice, and the tiny voice crowing in his ear. Look at you. Perfect little cocks slut, that's right, this is your place.
Jesus Christ. Derek had no idea how he'd managed to hold back so far, but he knew he wouldn't last much longer. "Good," he said hoarsely. "Good boy, Przemysław."

"Yes, good boy, good cockslut, perfect little whore. Stiles whined, the hand on his cock quickening.

"Fuck," Derek panted, the vibrations around his cock almost undoing his control.

Stiles hummed, his eyes rolling into the back of his head as he scrambled with his free hand for a hold on the carpet.

"Deep breath," Derek warned Stiles, pulling him off enough that he could.

Stiles sucked in as deep a breath as he could, his eyes flicking up to Derek's face.

"Good," Derek panted, thrusting deep. "Swallow."

Stiles quickly swallowed around him, milking his cock with his tongue curled around the shaft.

"Fuck," Derek groaned as he came. "Przemysław, come."

Stiles kept sucking him down, swallowing around him even as the order slammed into him, dragging his own release from him. Perfect cockslut, look, you got your reward. Such a nice reward, you should earn more.

Derek slumped, curling over Stiles and stroking his hair. "Good boy," he praised breathlessly. "That's it. Good boy."

Stiles was still suckling, gentle now that Derek had come, but no less enthusiastic. Perfect, good. That's it.

"Time to stop now, sweetheart," Derek said gently.

Stiles whined, pressing closer, his hands going to wrap around Derek's thighs. He didn't want to stop. He wanted, needed.

Derek frowned, giving him a warning look. "Stiles..."

Stiles whimpered, tightening his hold and shaking, the tone of Derek's voice dragging him up just a bit. He pulled back a bit, just the head in his mouth now, just holding it as he fought to calm down.

"Sweetheart," Derek murmured, cupping Stiles' cheek, "mi amor. I've got you. But it's time to stop now."

Stiles whined high in his throat, trembling softly as he finally pulled completely off him, the voice dimming in his mind as he managed to focus on Derek.

"Good boy," Derek praised, bending down to kiss Stiles' forehead. "That's very good. Come sit in my lap now, please."

Stiles was still trembling as he scrambled up, clinging to him. "Oops," he murmured, flushing darkly as he realized what had happened.

"I hadn't realized it would affect you so much," Derek admitted, cuddling Stiles close. "You were very good, though."
"Didn't know it would either," Stiles murmured, his voice soft even as he cuddled close. He was still bright red. "I just...the headspace..."

"Take your time, chiquito," Derek reassured him softly. "I'm here."

Stiles nuzzled him, soaking up the smell and feel of him. "It was..." He chewed on his lower lip. Derek waited patiently, stroking Stiles' hair.

"Th-there was a voice whispering to me," he murmured. "Not a bad voice. E-even sounded like you..."

Derek frowned a little. "What did it say?" he asked, concerned.

"Wasn't bad," Stiles promised. "It was...u-um..."

"Stiles..." Derek leaned back a little, looking into Stiles' eyes.

"Th-the words you can't say," Stiles murmured. "The n-names." He was a bit embarrassed that his mind would croon them to him.

"Oh," Derek said quietly. "You were..."

Stiles covered his face with his hands, flushed dark red as he pressed close to Derek. "Didn't mean to," he squeaked.

Derek startled slightly, automatically embracing him. "Did it feel good?" he asked.

Stiles nodded, sniffling "I'm sorry," he whispered, "I didn't know that would happen."

"No, it's not a bad thing, querido," Derek promised hurriedly. "It's okay, you don't have to be sorry."

Stiles peeked out. "B-but..."

"You don't have to be sorry for liking something I don't like," Derek reassured him quietly, rubbing Stiles' back. "You don't have to be sorry for getting something different from a scene than I do."

"But I know you like doing things I like but there's things you can't do, because of reasons and I don't want to hurt you and..." Stiles rambled, trembling.

"Shh now," Derek said firmly, moving his hands to cup Stiles' cheeks. "Everything's okay. You're a good boy."

Stiles settled a bit, sniffing and leaning into Derek's hands. "Y-you're not upset?"

"I'm not upset," Derek replied. "You were very good, sweetheart."

"N-not upset even though my headspace called me names like that?" Stiles couldn't help but ask.

"Just because I can't give it to you myself doesn't mean it's not something I want you to have," Derek explained quietly. "As long as it felt good."

Stiles nodded, still feeling very vulnerable. "I don't want you to feel bad or anything because of it."

"I'm okay, mi amor," Derek promised gently. "Are you okay?"
Stiles nodded, chewing on his lower lip. "Just... don't want you feeling bad or guilty or anything."

"I don't," Derek reassured him. "You were perfect, sweetheart, alright? You did everything right."

Stiles nodded, ducking his head and tucking close. He felt guilty.

"Stiles, look at me, please," Derek said firmly.

Stiles whined softly, peeking up at Derek, though not any higher than his nose.

"I asked you to be waiting here for me, kneeling and naked, within a certain time, and you were," Derek told him. "I asked you to communicate clearly with me about the gag, and you did. I asked you to stay here, kneeling, until I came back, and you did. You obeyed all my instructions."

Stiles nodded, chewing harder on his lower lip. His "Yes, sir," came as a whisper.

"You were **beautifully** obedient when you sucked my cock," Derek went on, "and you made me feel so good. You touched yourself when I asked, and edged, and came when I told you to. And when I told you it was time to stop, you stopped."

Stiles slowly relaxed, tension draining from him. "I wasn't bad," he whispered. "It's okay that the headspace did that?"

"It's okay," Derek promised softly. "You weren't bad. You were very, very good, sweetheart."

Stiles gave him a tiny smile, re-tucking his face into Derek's neck and clinging. "I'm sorry," he murmured. "Dunno what happened."

"It's alright," Derek reassured him. "It was an intense scene, wasn't it? And sometimes that can make someone a little emotionally volatile, and that's okay."

"I liked it though," Stiles whispered shyly, flushing.

"I'm glad," Derek said quietly. "Thank you for being willing to try something new for me."

"I like trying new things with you." He smiled, tilting his head back and kissing Derek softly.

Derek kissed him back as tenderly as he could. "I love you," he murmured. "You're such a good boy, sweetheart. I'm so proud of you."

Stiles smiled into the kiss. "I love you too, sir," he whispered.

"How are you feeling?" Derek asked, searching Stiles' face.

"Still a bit... vulnerable. But I'm okay," Stiles promised, giving him a smile.

Derek nodded. "And physically? Check in with your body for me, please."

Stiles tilted his head as he took stock of his body, shifting against Derek's lap. "I'm okay," he grinned. "Jaw is just a bit sore, but it's the good sore I get after you fuck my throat. I like it."

Derek smiled. "Alright, then. How do you feel about eating something?"

Stiles nodded, flushing darkly as his stomach followed with a loud growl. "Oops." He grinned.
Derek laughed. "You haven't eaten in hours," he pointed out. "Come on, up. I made dinner while you were waiting for me."

Stiles nodded, not willing to move. "I'm stuck on you," he grinned.

"Up, sweetheart," Derek told him, smiling fondly. "You need to eat."

"Awwww, but I like being in your lap," Stiles fake-whined, even as he stood to stretch.

"I like it, too," Derek replied, "but feeding you is more important."

"Mmmkay." Stiles smiled, kissing Derek’s cheek before heading toward the kitchen, hips swaying.

Derek smirked a little as he followed, loving how confident scening could make Stiles. "Hey, sweetheart?" he said as they reached the stairs. "Tell me something you like about your body today."

Stiles flushed softly as he peeked behind him. "Hmmm. I like my hips. How I can move them and drive you nuts." He grinned.

Derek wrapped his arm around Stiles' waist and tugged him close. "Is it taking the easy way out to say I love your mouth?" he teased.

Stiles grinned. "But I like that you love my mouth," he teased back, leaning against him and swaying those hips again.

Derek bent his head and kissed Stiles softly. "Good," he said.

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Stiles was slung out on the beanbag he bought for his craft room, fingers working fast and furious as he thought over what Theresa had said in their meeting that morning.

Derek stuck his head in the door, checking to see that Stiles was okay. He could be clingy after an appointment sometimes, or withdrawn. Today he just seemed...thoughtful. "Everything okay?" he asked.

Stiles didn't pause or speak until he'd finished the row, looking up with a small smile. "Yeah. I just..." He chewed on his lower lip. "Can we talk about something? Not bad, just...something Theresa brought up?"

"Of course," Derek said, coming inside properly. "Here?"

"Doesn't matter where." Stiles smiled, setting his project aside before scooting over and patting the beanbag. It was huge, and he loved it.

Derek sat down, still frowning faintly. "So what's going on?"

Stiles curled up against him, nuzzling close for a moment. "We were talking about ways to help my anxiety issues, when she said that maybe pushing limits would help me feel like I've succeeded at something. She wasn't pushing or anything, just said that maybe it could help."

Derek made himself take a breath and let it out before he spoke. "My first instinct is to say no," he admitted. "Limits should be respected."

Stiles nodded. "Yeah, but... Maybe it might help? Like there're things that I just am scared to try, but that I might actually like. Or even on things like things you have problems with because of her.
"Just...things we can try, but that we plan for in case it doesn't go well."

"Can you tell me some of the things you're thinking of?" Derek asked warily.

"That's where I'm not sure. That's why I wanted to talk about it," Stiles murmured.

Derek pursed his lips. "I could get out our kink lists," he offered. "We should probably look them over sometime soon anyway."


"More than anything, Stiles, I want you to be honest with me," Derek said quietly. "Just like when we first did those checklists. I'm not going to be angry or disappointed or upset because of things you want. Okay?"

Stiles stared at him for a moment before nodding, a small smile crossing his face. "Yes, sir."

"Good," Derek said firmly, leaning over for a quick kiss. "I'll be back in a minute, okay?"

Stiles leaned into the kiss, nipping Derek's bottom lip before pulling away with a grin. "Yes, sir!"

Derek smiled to see Stiles' mood so improved, and hauled himself up, heading for his office.

Stiles curled up, humming lightly to himself and trying to think of things that had been on the list.

Derek came back with their original checklists, a stack of post-it notes, and a couple of pens.

Stiles sat up, grinning. "Should we do this somewhere not the beanbag?" he offered, though he was comfortable.

"You don't have to get up," Derek reassured him. "Here." He passed Stiles his original list and the post-it notes as he sat down.

Stiles held it close, giving Derek a small smile. "Post-its?"

"We're going to annotate them," Derek explained. "If you think anything's changed about how you feel about things, make a note, okay?"

Stiles nodded, leaning over to kiss Derek. "I love you." He smiled, then looked down at his paper, already reading over things.

"Love you, too," Derek replied, taking his own pen and getting started.

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Stiles was flushing softly, kinda shy as he handed Derek his paper and post-its.

Derek blushed a little when he realized his pages had three times as many notes as Stiles', but handed them over.

Stiles gave him a shy smile, looking over the post-its, the flush darkening as he shifted in place.

"You've changed your mind about gags, huh," Derek commented.
The flush darkened even more. "Yeah. Thought if I liked the cock gag so much..."

"You were pretty against them initially," Derek said. "You didn't like being silenced, I think."

"Probably," Stiles smiled. "But now.... I don't feel the need to always be talking, so..."

Derek gave him a curious look. "What's changed, do you think?"

"I'm not sure," Stiles replied honestly. "Maybe I'm just open to trying new things? Or maybe I grew up some and realized it's okay to be silent."

Derek shrugged. "It's probably a mix of things. Can you tell me something about the different kinds of gags that you think you'll like?"

Stiles tilted his head. "Kinda like the idea of seeing what a ball gag would be like, and the inflatable ones. I'm not so sure on ring gags or leather ones though. And I'm not a horse, so the bit thing doesn't sound appealing."

"That's fine," Derek said, "but what I meant was, how do you think, say, a ball gag would make you feel? What do you think you'd like about it?"

"That's a bit harder to put into words." Stiles flushed. "I think I'd like it because you can use both your hands still instead of covering my mouth with one..."

Derek smiled. "Alright, sweetheart," he murmured. "That will do for now. I'd like to come back to the ring gags in a minute, though."

Stiles nodded, giving him a tiny grin. "Yes, sir."

"Good boy," Derek said. "Now, is there anything on my list that you'd like to talk about?"

"Th-the fisting and the humiliation and such." Stiles flushed darkly, fiddling with the papers.

"We'd be talking about humiliation anyway," Derek reassured him. "Tell me about fisting?"

"I just...I like our beads and things like that, and the thought of you having your entire hand in me..."

He drifted off.

"You already know you like being stretched," Derek filled in, nodding.

Stiles nodded. "So that appeals to me because of that."

"Okay." Derek paused, taking a breath. "The reason why I...initially said no...fisting is very intense. If it's not... It breaks you down."

Stiles tilted his head. "What do you mean, sir?"

"I don't really know how to put it, other than that," Derek admitted.

"I think it'd tear me down, but in the good way. The kind that leaves me a whimpering mess. You like me that way too." Stiles grinned shyly.

"I do," Derek admitted. "I'm coming to trust myself with you like that--that matters too."

Stiles nodded. "Trust matters a lot."
Derek leaned in and kissed him softly. "It's on the table," he said simply. "We'll discuss specifics when they come up."

Stiles beamed at him. "Is there something on either list you want to talk about now?"

Derek was planning to save the humiliation discussion for last, so he glanced over their lists again. "Hmm...how about nipple things?" he suggested.

Stiles shifted in his seat. "The thought makes them tingle," he admitted.

"Mmm." Derek looked him over, his eyes dark. "In a good way?"

Stiles nodded, his eyes locked on Derek.

"I really shouldn't ask you to touch them right now," Derek breathed. "I shouldn't ask you to pinch them, remind yourself what the clamps feel like."

Stiles whined high in his throat, his eyes widening as one of his hands slipped up his shirt to pinch at them.

"Does it feel good when they hurt, Stiles?" Derek asked.

Stiles could only nod, his mouth parted softly. He was starting to find things that felt good even when it hurt.

Derek's eyes darkened. "Do you want me to hurt them for you?"

"Please," he breathed, his own eyes darkening as he leaned closer to Derek.

Derek slid his hands up under Stiles' shirt, brushing his thumbs over Stiles' nipples. "Do you want me to pinch them?" he asked.

Stiles shuddered, leaning into his hands. "Yes, sir. Please," he breathed, his eyes blown and dark.

Derek pinched, holding Stiles' nipples tight between his fingertips. "Do you want me to twist them?" he asked.

"Please," Stiles begged, his back arching just a bit, stomach tightening in arousal.

Derek twisted, holding them there for a long moment. "Do you want me to use my nails?" he murmured.

Stiles arched his back sharply with a soft sound. He nodded, clinging to Derek's shirt.

Derek let go briefly, then pinched with his fingernails, knowing how much it would hurt.

Stiles cried out, fistng Derek's shirt and panted, scrambling without thinking into Derek's lap.

"Stop." Derek leaned in, murmuring in Stiles' ear, "If you move, I will stop."

Stiles couldn't help the high whine that left him, freezing in place. He was trembling, the hot tone of Derek's voice making his arousal spike even more than the pinching.

"Good," Derek breathed. "Tell me, Stiles, do the clamps feel like this?"
"K-kinda," he panted. "L-like this better."

Derek nodded, lips curling into a dark smile. "And if I pull?"

Stiles' eyes locked onto Derek's smile, his own mouth parting. "Yes."

Derek nodded again, sharply, and pulled—not a single tug, but steady pressure.

Stiles cried out sharply, his fists tightening in Derek's shirt as he moaned. "Please," he panted. "Need."

"If you tried weights, they'd feel like this," Derek warned. "Except every time you moved, they'd sway, tugging a little more."

Stiles whined high in his throat. "Please," he forced out again. It was driving him insane.

Derek let go, bringing his hands out from under Stiles' shirt.

Stiles whined, slumping against Derek as he panted.

"That's it," Derek murmured, hands going to his fly. "There you go."

Stiles licked his lips, shifting against him. "Please," he whispered, wanting to just fall face first into Derek's lap. To know he's earned it.

Derek got out his cock and began to stroke it.

"Please," Stiles begged, watching Derek's hand with jealousy. "Please."

"You may nurse at my nipple if you want," Derek offered, his hand speeding up a little.

Stiles whined, flush creeping up his neck even as he leaned forward to tug Derek's shirt open. Cheeks red, he peeked up at Derek before shifting to suck one of Derek's nipples into his mouth, suckling.

Derek let out a breathy sigh of pleasure. "Something wrong, querido?" he asked, his free hand brushing over Stiles' hair.

Stiles latched onto Derek's nipple, the soft sound of pleasure making him wiggle against him a bit, his hands slipping around Derek to hold on.

Derek smiled. "Guess not," he murmured.

Stiles sucked harder, whimpering around the nipple in his mouth. He slipped one hand down, wanting to touch Derek.

Derek caught Stiles' hand and held it away, still stroking his cock. "You don't get to touch unless I say," he reminded Stiles.

Stiles whined, pleading wordlessly as he suckled.

"You want to touch?" Derek teased, breathing hard.

Stiles pulled back just enough to whimper out a soft "please" before he latched onto the other nipple,
flicking his tongue across it before suckling.
Derek hummed, leaning back, his hand moving faster. "I'm close," he said, almost conversationally.
Stiles moaned, shifting to press as close as possible, suckling harder.
"Would you like to--to taste me?" Derek teased breathlessly.
"Please!" Stiles begged, muffled against Derek's chest.
"You may have my come," Derek allowed, holding his cock so Stiles would barely be able to do more than kiss the head.
Stiles whined high in his throat, moving down to kiss and suckle as much as he could, his free hand drifting up to thumb over Derek's nipples.
Derek groaned as he came into Stiles' mouth, milking his cock with his hand.
Stiles let out a high, needy whine, sucking as much and as carefully as he could, making sure not to miss anything.
"Good boy," Derek panted, pulling away once he was done.
Stiles panted, resting his forehead on Derek's thigh. Letting out a soft giggle, he peered up, his eyes still blown and cock still rock hard. "Well, I like how that conversation went."
"We should come back to it when we're...calm," Derek said, huffing a laugh.
"Hmmm." Stiles grinned, nuzzling forward into Derek, breathing him in.
Derek smiled, stroking Stiles' hair. "Feeling good, chiquito?"
"Mnhmmm." Stiles nodded, nuzzling close for a moment before looking up at Derek. "Are you feeling good?"
"Very good, sweetheart," Derek reassured him.
Stiles smiled, resting his head back on Derek's thigh, breathing deeply.
-----
They didn't actually get back to the kink conversation until the next day. Which was deliberate on Derek's part, since this was not a conversation to have while Stiles was at all in subspace.
Stiles was on the couch, humming softly and watching Derek clean up from lunch. It helped, sometimes, to see that he wasn't the only one cleaning, and he'd gotten to the point that as long as he saw it being done, he was okay. "So...."
"So?" Derek asked, glancing over his shoulder with eyebrows raised.
"I really want to be spitroasted between you and a fucking machine," Stiles burst out, flushing darkly.
Derek, caught breathless in surprise, let out an involuntary laugh.
Stiles pouted, his flush darkening. "What's so funny?" he murmured.
"Not funny," Derek hurried to reassure him. "Just startling."

Stiles' pout didn't lift. "You promise?" he asked, his voice suddenly shy.

"I wasn't laughing at you," Derek promised, coming over to sit down by Stiles' side.

Stiles nodded, leaning against him. "Then why were you laughing?"

"You surprised me, that's all." Derek kissed the top of Stiles' head. "It was a bit of a non-sequitur."

"I've been thinking about it since yesterday," Stiles admitted, the pout finally melting off his face.

"Is that so?" Derek asked fondly.

Stiles nodded, his flush darkening again. "Since I saw that post-it..."

Derek nodded. "And what did you think of the others?"

"I'm interested," Stiles promised. "The fucking machine just kinda got stuck in my head."

Derek closed his eyes for a moment, thinking, then nodded. "It's on the table," he agreed.

Stiles gave him a shy smile. "Really?"

"I wouldn't have said it was if it wasn't," Derek promised. "And it was already a three."

Stiles' shy smile grew wider, and he lurched up to kiss Derek hard for a moment.

"What was that for?" Derek asked when they broke apart.

"I love you," Stiles grinned. "Is there anything on your list you'd like to try first?"

Derek shook his head. "It's really more...things I'm willing to try, because I think you might like them."

Stiles tilted his head in thought. "Things you aren't sure if you'll like, but you want to try because I might like them? Just...promise me we'll stop if you don't like them."

"I promise," Derek said firmly. "I...when we first filled these out, I was mostly focused on my own bad experiences. This time, I was thinking about what you'd enjoy. It's different."

Stiles nodded. "Just as long as we both end up liking it." He gave Derek a crooked grin. "Is there anything you want to try first, though?"

"I'm happy with what we're doing now," Derek promised, "except, well...we need to talk about the, uh..."

Stiles blinked. "Talk about the what?"

"...the humiliation," Derek said.

Stiles flushed. "Oh. Um... okay." He gave Derek a tiny smile, scooting closer but turning so he could face Derek.

"You really like it," Derek said quietly. "The...slut-shaming."
Stiles shifted, flushing darkly. "I-is that a bad thing?" he whispered.

"It's not bad," Derek promised. "Nothing you want is bad."

"I'm still sorry," Stiles murmured. "I know it's hard for you."

"We've found ways around it, though, haven't we?" Derek pointed out. "For you to feel that way without me having to...do too much."

Stiles nodded, "S'not the same, but it works." He grinned.

"I don't want you to ever feel like I don't love you," Derek explained.

"Sir." Stiles frowned, tilting his head. "I know you love me. You calling me those names isn't going to change that you love me. Or change me knowing you love me."

"It changes things for me," Derek said quietly.

"How so?" Stiles asked, genuinely curious. "I know you love me. That you care for me."

"I don't know how to say those words in a loving way." Derek sighed, tugging Stiles closer. "I know how to hurt you because you want it, but not this."

Stiles curled around him. "It's all in the tone, Sir," he murmured. "You can be soft, teasing, loving, while still calling me a little slut."

"It's easier to just...set you up so you'll do it for yourself," Derek admitted. "Like with the cock gag."

"Yeah, but easier isn't always better." Stiles smiled. "I'm not going to force you to do it, sir. I don't want to do that. But I'm just saying. There are ways."

Derek sighed. "What feels good about it?" he asked.

"That's...hard to describe." Stiles flushed. "Um..." His brow furrowed as he tried to put it into words. "It's really hard to explain."

"Just...if you can," Derek said quietly.

"It's really really hard," Stiles murmured. "I just like the static it sends up my spine. I've started liking rough stuff, too, and I wouldn't lie and say that the porn I watched as a teen didn't feed into it." Stiles licked his lips. "It makes me feel desperate, but the good kind, like when I'm begging and pleading for you to just fuck me already, or let me suck you off..."

Derek nodded slowly, thinking. "What makes it better?"

"It's not better, per se, than not having it. Just different. Puts that edge on it." Stiles flushed, chewing on his lower lip.

"I mean, what makes it more intense?" Derek asked. "The, um, desperate feeling."

"I'm not sure." Stiles shifted. "It's kinda like I need it. I kinda like that desperation feeling," he admitted. "Where all I want is for you to get off. For me to taste, feel. More and more."

"So it's...there's a focus on me?" Derek said, trying to figure it out.
"Kinda." Stiles flushed. "That's the easiest way to describe it. And I love it."

Derek nodded slowly, thinking. "So, with the gag the other day..."

"It was about being one." Stiles flushed. "But when you walked into the room, it laser focused on need him, need it. Be a good one for Sir, perfect one." he stumbled, having to keep himself from actually saying the words.

"And the...the sucking and touching yourself rule, that helps?" Derek asked.

Stiles nodded, his flush spreading down his neck as it darkened. "Yes, sir." He licked his lips.

"Because..." Derek pursed his lips, thinking. "Because it means your pleasure is linked to someone else's?"

Stiles tilted his head. "I never thought about it that way?" He shrugged. "Could be linked to it? I'm not sure. I find pleasure outside of it, true, but I really really get off on hearing and tasting you." He chewed on his bottom lip. "Like the noises you made yesterday when I was sucking your nipples. I about melted."

"You were lovely," Derek told him, stroking Stiles' hair. "I'm sure when we get the weights, you'll be lovely then, too."

Stiles flushed softly, wiggling a bit and settling closer. "Yes, sir." He gave Derek a small grin.

"It's easier for me to get you to do things that make you feel...needy...than to talk to you about them," Derek admitted. "Things like the rule about touching yourself, or the way I teased you yesterday."

'So it's easier to do the teasing like yesterday than it is for you to call me a slut?' Stiles asked, tilting his head. He just wanted to understand. He wanted to get where it wasn't so hard for Derek.

"Much easier," Derek replied, smiling wryly. "It's all about judging your reactions, seeing how to push you and how you want to be pushed, and I do that anyway."

Stiles tilted his head. "Can you try?" he asked. "It's okay if you can't, I promise. I just...I want to try so many things with you, to experiment."

Derek sighed. "I'll think about it," he promised. "It might not be soon, but..."

Stiles smiled. "That's okay," He nodded, kissing Derek's jaw. "I love you."

"I love you, too," Derek said. "And really, I want to find things that make you feel that way that I can do. Okay?"

Stiles nodded, leaning his head on Derek's shoulder. "Deal." He laughed softly.

Derek stroked Stiles' hair. "So..." he said, "Let's talk about ring gags."

Stiles flush started back up. "Okay." He peaked up at Derek.

"I don't know if you'd like it," Derek admitted. "But there's a couple of things about them that I think you might."

"Like?" Stiles smiled, tucking himself as close as possible.
"A ring gag holds your mouth open, obviously," Derek said quietly. "But it doesn't block it. You'd be conscious of it being empty, you'd be drooling, and you couldn't make real words but all your begging would be audible."

Stiles shifted. "Oh," he breathed. "I like the sound of that..."

Derek nodded. He'd thought so. "Does it address why you didn't like them before?"

"Yeah," Stiles agreed. "I wasn't so keen on it, I didn't know if I would like it because I like it when you fuck my mouth, but if we get a big enough one..."

"What if we didn't?" Derek murmured. "What if the ring gag was a promise you would be empty?"

Stiles shivered. "What do you mean?" he asked, his voice dipping in pitch.

"I mean that I could put the gag on you and you'd feel how empty your mouth was, the whole time, and you'd know it would stay that way," Derek said lowly. "You'd know that no matter how much you needed, you'd be left like that, desperate and wanting. Would you enjoy that?"

Stiles whined softly, nodding after a moment's contemplation. "I think I might."

"Would you like to try it?" Derek asked.

Stiles nodded. "Yes, sir." He smiled. "I want to try."

Derek smiled and leaned in to kiss him quickly.

Stiles leaned into the kiss, smiling back. "I love you," he murmured.

"I love you, too, sweetheart," Derek replied. "Thank you for being willing to talk about all this with me."

"Thank you for being willing to talk about the other stuff." Stiles smiled, absently slinging his leg over to sit on Derek's lap, arms wrapped around his shoulders.

"Of course," Derek said seriously. "I'll always do my best to be open with you."

Stiles grinned mischievously. "And I promise to try and lead better into talks of sex acts when you're cleaning, but your face was perfect."

Derek laughed a little. "Did you want to talk about any of the other stuff I left notes about, or is that enough for now?"

"I think that's good to start with." Stiles grinned mischievously again. "Besides, this gives me fun things to bring up later."

"So long as you don't try to surprise me with them," Derek said firmly.

Stiles shook his head. "Just surprising you like asking you earlier. Not by trying to do them."

"Good." Derek kissed Stiles' cheek. "Now go. Do some research. By the end of the day I want a wishlist from you, with three options for each item. Clear?"

Stiles flushed. "Ring gag and...?"

"And anything else you want," Derek said. "Any sort of toy that we've put on the table but don't
already have."

Stiles nodded, chewing on his lower lip. "Yes, sir." He grinned, wiggling against him for a moment. "Research and bring you a wishlist."

"Good boy," Derek praised, considering. "You can have a dildo to suck, if you want."

Stiles leaned forward, kissing along Derek's jaw. "Thank you," he murmured.

"You're welcome," Derek said. "Remember, three options for each item."

"Yes, sir." Stiles grinned, kissing him hungrily before bolting from the room.

Derek shook his head fondly, smiling, and got up to finish tidying.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for your patience, guys! It's been a big week, and we have news!

First, the less important news: Seeker finished her degree! Yay!

Second, the much more important news: Kattseye gave birth to a tiny miniature human this week! Yaaaaaaaaaaaaay! (See the cute Squishy here! -Kattseye)

Third, the celebratory fic: Check out When You're Not Expecting, 50k of domestic mpreg fluff that we wrote to celebrate

Thanks, as always, to our lovely beta Chicktar, and to all of you for reading. We look forward to your comments!
Needs

Chapter Summary

It had been about a week since they’d started being 'boyfriends' without domination or submission. And it was starting to make Isaac wonder. True, Scott was back to his normal self, but Isaac just felt...off. Not bad, just...like he kept forgetting something. It wasn't too hard, making sure to think before he spoke so he’d hold back the automatic ‘sirs’. But it was taking its toll on him. And don't get him started on the kneeling...

Scott, meanwhile, was feeling great. It was just...really relaxing, not having to worry about that extra layer on top of everything.

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Isaac and Scott agreed to take a break from D/s until Isaac needed it. But Isaac finds it hard to draw the line between needing something, and just wanting it.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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Scott, meanwhile, was feeling great. It was just...really relaxing, not having to worry about that extra layer on top of everything.

Isaac came over to the couch, chewing absently on a piece of jerky, wearing a pair of basketball shorts and a tank, since he wasn’t sure if Scott would be okay with him going almost-naked like he usually did. He paused when he got there, fighting with himself, before sinking down next to Scott, bringing his feet up onto the blanket on the end of the couch, the fabric making his legs itch. He'd almost knelt, again, like he always used to do.

"Hey, sweetheart," Scott said, wrapping his arm around Isaac's shoulders and setting his phone down. "How was your day?"

Isaac sunk into Scott’s hold, kissing his cheek. He didn't need it. He just wanted it. Right? "Busy,” he sighed, leaning his head against Scott's shoulder. "The shop had a huge delivery mid-shift that wiped us all out."

Scott turned his head and kissed Isaac's hair. "Sounds sucky," he commented, rubbing Isaac's shoulder. "Wanna do takeout tonight?"

"Mmm, yes please..." Isaac bit back the ‘sir’ that tried to creep in. "Chinese, Thai, or Indian?"

"Your pick, baby," Scott said, smiling. "You're the one who had a shitty day."
Isaac hummed in thought, leaning against Scott and soaking up his attention. "Chinese. I want to eat my weight in eggrolls."

"Chinese it is," Scott agreed, cuddling Isaac close. "Wanna pick a movie to watch?"

"You pick one," Isaac said. "I've picked the last couple of times." And having too many choices at this point was starting to bother him.

Scott thought about it for a minute. "How to Train Your Dragon?" he suggested. He felt like Isaac could use something fluffy.

Isaac nodded, grinning widely. "I like that movie." He stood, the itch of the blanket against his legs starting to drive him nuts, and headed over to the movie stand, absentlly scanning them.

"I'll call for Chinese while you get it started then," Scott suggested, getting up. "And maybe find Hana and see if she's in a cuddling mood."

"Yes - " Isaac bit back another 'sir' as he nodded, running his hand across Scott's shoulders as he passed.

Scott wandered around the apartment as he placed the order, eventually finding Hana curled up in a narrow beam of sunlight on their bedroom floor. "Thanks, bye," he said, and ended the call. "What do you say, Hana?" he murmured. "Wanna come cuddle Isaac for a while?"

Hana meowed, stretching before prancing up to Scott and rubbing against his leg.

"Si- Scott, have you found Hana?" Isaac called from the living room.

"Yup!" Scott called back, scooping her up. "She's feeling cuddly, I'll bring her out."

When Scott got back Isaac was curled up on the couch again, wiggling his fingers at Hana in greeting.

Scott came over and smiled, setting her down in Isaac's lap.

Isaac cuddled Hana close, nuzzling behind her ear and letting her purring soothe him. "Thanks," he murmured, reaching out to tug Scott back onto the couch.

"Any time," Scott said easily, settling down and wrapping his arm around Isaac's shoulders again. "Better?"

Isaac nodded, pressing close and letting out a soft sigh, his eyes falling half-closed.

"Good." Scott murmured. "Love you, sweetheart."

"Love you too," Isaac whispered.

-----

Frazzled from work, Isaac was sitting on the couch with Hana pressed to his face. Scott was at work, he didn't need to bug him. He was fine.

Hana made a 'mrrt' noise, yawning, then returned to purring.

Isaac let out a tired giggle, kissing Hana's head, then flopping sideways on the couch. "Sorry Hana." he whispered. "I just...it's hard." His voice stayed soft as he stroked her. "Hard to tell the want from
the need. Because I always want..."

She stretched out her front legs, kneading at his collarbone.

"I'll be okay," he whispered to himself, cursing himself silently as his eyes welled up. He closed them tightly. "I'll be okay. It's only been a week and a half..."

-----

"Hey, bro," Scott answered the phone, grinning. "What's up??"

"Chicken butts. Literally. Remind me again why I wanted to crochet tiny chickens?" Stiles laughed, picking bits of yarn off the floor.

Scott snorted, heading up the cereal aisle. "Because people buy them?" he suggested. "Your tiny animals are like, your best sellers."

"They really are. But so many chickens!" Stiles exclaimed, nudging the box full of chickens with his toe. "How are you guys?"

"We're good!" Scott replied easily, plucking a box of Isaac's preferred cereal off the shelf and putting it in the basket hanging from his elbow. "We're taking some time to just be boyfriends, if that makes sense - honestly, it's really relaxing."

"Uh huh," Stiles said, frowning a little. "Oh, like putting more scene stuff on the back burner?"


"It's Beacon Hills," Stiles said dryly. "Though our parents seem to be getting closer even more. Which just makes Sir roll his eyes at me when I get all vibrating and excited."

Scott laughed. "He doesn't get it. If he'd been waiting for as long as we have, he'd be excited too."

"I think he's just amused. Though he keeps reminding me not to push it."

"We're not pushing it," Scott insisted. "We're barely even nudging it."

"That's what I said!" Stiles replied with a laugh "But he still gets that look where he's warning me to not go any further."

"Well, if he's giving you a 'look', I guess you'd better listen," Scott teased.

Stiles groaned. "It's the business look."

Scott grinned. "Far be it from me to tell you not to listen to Derek. I'm just saying."

"Yeah, I think he just doesn't want me to accidentally put my nose where it shouldn't go." Stiles sighed, a soft smile on his face.

"If Derek manages to stop you being nosy," Scott said, "I'll be very impressed."

"S'not an easy feat."

-----
Isaac frowned down at the pamphlet for the new drinks for work, his focus nil. But he had to memorize this.

"Hey, sweetheart," Scott said, sitting down beside him. "How are you going?"

Isaac leaned ardent toward him, blood singing for Scott. "I'm okay," he replied, "just having problems memorizing the new drink recipe."

Scott reached up, ruffling Isaac's hair. "What's it for?" he asked.

"One of the newer seasonal drinks. Tiramisu. " Isaac leaned into Scott's hand with a soft hum.

"Tell me about it," Scott suggested. "What are the flavours?"

Isaac hummed. "Mocha, caramel, and this new cream we're getting."

Scott nodded. "Is it basically made like a mocha?" he asked. "Or like one of the other drinks you know?"

"Kinda."

Scott smiled back. "So...can you think of it as 'drink such-and-such, with such-and-such proportions'?"

Isaac tilted his head in thought. "That may work." He nodded. "Thank you!"

Scott hugged Isaac for a second, kissing his cheek. "Glad to help," he said. "You've helped me with my homework often enough."

Isaac soaked up the affection, turning to kiss Scott hard in return, lips quirked. "You suck at chemistry."

"Chemistry sucks," Scott countered.

"You know what else sucks?" Isaac joked, giving Scott a grin that didn't quite reach his eyes.

Scott raised his eyebrows. "What?"

"Me." Isaac gave him a sly look, setting the pamphlet to the side.

Scott snorted. "That was terrible," he said. "Seriously." He was grinning, though.

Isaac hummed, that same almost weary half-smile on his face. "Maybe. But no less truthful."

"I take it you have an idea for how to avoid the rest of your homework, then," Scott teased.

"Homework sucks," was Isaac's only retort, leaning over to kiss Scott hungrily.

Scott laughed into the kiss, his fingers tangling in Isaac's hair.

Isaac hummed, sinking into the kiss, need flashing through him.

Scott just tugged him closer, falling back against the couch.

Isaac let out a tiny squeak, nuzzling closer and teasing Scott into a deeper kiss, a static shock racing
up his spine.

Scott chuckled, tangling their legs together.

Isaac couldn't help soft sound he made as he melted into the kiss, his body screaming for Scott, for his Dom.

Scott's hand caressed down Isaac's back, then slid up under his shirt.

Moaning, Isaac arched his back, grinding down without thinking, eyelids fluttering.

Scott met Isaac's movements easily with his own, rolling his hips upward.

Isaac shuddered, one hand clutching at Scott's shoulder, the other the arm of the couch.

"You okay?" Scott checked. "It's not too much?"

Isaac shook his head, panting. "I'm good. Please," he begged, mouthing along Scott's jaw.

Scott rolled his hips up again, hands slipping down to Isaac's ass, tugging him closer.

"Fuck," Isaac breathed, hips jerking down.

"Do that again," Scott said, breathing hard.

Isaac made a soft noise, following the tiny order, curling his fingers tighter in the couch fabric.

Scott groaned, biting at Isaac's shoulder.

Isaac let out a high moan. "S-s..." He began to say, then forced the word back. "Fuck, Scott..."

"Jesus, I won't need any more than this," Scott breathed, marveling at how intense things had gotten so quickly.

"Please," Isaac begged. "Please."

"Please what, Isaac?" Scott asked, stroking his hand up Isaac's back. "What do you need?"

Isaac arched his back into his touch, moaning loudly. "Close. Fuck. Need...."

Scott ground upwards, chasing his own pleasure as he tried to figure out what Isaac wanted. "What is it, sweetheart?" he said hoarsely. "C'mon, I wanna see you come, baby. What do you need?"

"This," Isaac gasped, trailing his hand from Scott’s hair down his neck and chest, scratching lightly in pleasure, eyes fluttering.

"Just...more?" Scott panted.

"Uh-huh. N-not much more." Isaac squirmed, whimpering out a low moan.

"I'm not far either," Scott admitted, almost groaning.

"Want to feel you," Isaac panted, digging his nails into Scott’s chest slightly. "Mark me, bruise me, I don't care, I need it. Please S-s--" He trailed off, moaning.

Scott reached up, tangling his hands in Isaac's hair again as he tugged him down, nipping at the place where his neck met his shoulder.
Isaac cried out, grinding hard against Scott’s hips, shuddering.

"Fuck," Scott panted, and bit down harder, feeling his orgasm swell at the base of his cock.

Isaac sucked in a breath, his eyes rolling into the back of his head as he came with a cry.

Scott didn't last much longer, overwhelmed as he always was by how Isaac looked when he came.

Isaac let out a contented noise, nuzzling into Scott's shoulder.

Scott collapsed back, huffing a laugh. "...I can't believe we did that," he said eventually.

"Hmm?" Isaac hummed. "Dry humped like teenagers on a living room couch?"

"That," Scott agreed, stroking Isaac's back automatically. "Dry hump on the couch until we came in our pants, no less."

Isaac almost purred, he was so comfortable. "Well, we are teenagers, maybe it's okay to act the stereotype every once in a while."

Scott snorted. "If you let me up, I'll get us a change of pants," he offered.

"Mmmm, hard bargain," Isaac murmured, eventually rolling to the side, managing to squish himself between Scott and the back of the couch.

Scott grinned and kissed Isaac's cheek. "If we wait for it to dry, it'll just be more gross," he pointed out, getting up and stretching.

"Hmmm, true." Isaac stretched with a tiny noise, willing his chest to loosen.

Scott's gaze slipped down to where Isaac's shirt was riding up. "You're super pretty, you know that?" he said. "I mean, obviously you're sexy and stuff too, but you're also just...pretty."

Isaac flushed, ducking his head. "I still don't think I am. But I like that you think it."

Scott leaned over, kissing the top of Isaac's hair. "Super pretty," he repeated, then went to go get pants.

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Isaac hissed, quickly wiping his hand off before the hot milk could actually burn him, cursing his shaky hands. He was fine. He was okay.

Kyra glanced over. "You okay?" she checked.

"I'm fine." Isaac nodded, wincing a bit.

She smiled, and turned back to the till.

"I'm okay," Isaac whispered to himself, his hands shaking. "I'm fine."

Kyra must have heard him, because she turned around again, giving him a concerned look. "...do you need to sit down for a second?" she asked. "You're not looking so great."

Isaac shivered, trying to force himself to be steady. He was fine, dammit. It wasn't a need...was it?
"Can't stop shaking," he admitted.

"Jesus," Kyra said, hurrying over. "Are you sick? Did something happen to freak you out?"

"I'm okay." God, it was becoming a habit. "Just...shaky"

"Hon, shaky kind of means that you're not okay," Kyra pointed out gently. "Do you need me to call Scott?"

Isaac shook his head. Nooo, he needed to not push Scott back into being sick. "No, I'm okay." He offered her a weak smile.

Kyra frowned. "You really don't look it," she said. "Take a break, okay? Eat something, drink something sweet, sit down for a bit. Okay?"

"Yes ma'am." Isaac nodded, stumbling into the back with a hot chocolate that he'd only filled halfway so it wouldn't slosh.

Kyra frowned as she watched him go. He'd said not to call Scott, and she couldn't really do it without his agreement, but... She shook her head. If things didn't get better, she'd have to do something.

Chapter End Notes

Thanks for your patience, guys, and sorry that this one's a little short! We realised at the last minute (like, on Wednesday) that the next chapter we had really needed some extra stuff to come before, so we actually only just finished writing this one. We hope you enjoyed it, and we look forward to your comments!

The perils of writing as far ahead as we do. I kept having to check back and make sure I didn't do spoilers for upcoming chapters HAHAHAHA -Kattseye
Chapter Summary

"We're...having a little bit of a tricky patch," Isaac admitted reluctantly.

"What do you mean? Are you two okay?" Stiles frowned, leaning closer to the computer.

"We're okay," Isaac promised hurriedly. "We're just...figuring how to balance what we both need right now."

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After some gentle prodding from Stiles, Scott and Isaac finally talk about what's going wrong

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Stiles was practically vibrating with curiosity, watching as Derek walked away with yet another package he wasn't able to know about. He pouted, turning his Skype on and waiting for Isaac's call, his mind whirring with what it could be.

When the call connected and Isaac saw Stiles' face, he couldn't help but laugh. "You weren't kidding about being curious, were you," he teased.

"So many boxes!" Stiles whined, pouting at Isaac. "I can't help it! Especially when he gives me this coy smirky grin thing that makes my dick twitch."

"You realize that's why he's doing it?" Isaac pointed out. "If you weren't so curious, he wouldn't be teasing you so much."

Stiles sighed, resting his chin in his hands. "I'm a bad influence," he whined, though his grin was perking the side of his mouth.

Isaac snorted. "You love it. And he loves you ridiculously."

"I do love it." Stiles grinned, his fingers tracing his collar. "I just wish I KNEW WHAT WAS IN THE BOXES," he turned to yell toward the stairs, pouting when all he got was a laugh.

Isaac laughed as well, shaking his head. "God, you two are great. Relationship goals, honestly."

Stiles flushed, obviously pleased even as he made a denying sound. "What about you two?"

Isaac shrugged a little, pursing his lips. "We're...having a little bit of a tricky patch," he admitted reluctantly.

"What do you mean? Are you two okay?" Stiles frowned, leaning closer to the computer.

"We're okay," Isaac promised hurriedly. "We're just...figuring how to balance what we both need
"Any way I can help?" Stiles tilted his head.

Isaac sighed and shook his head. "I don't think so. Scott just isn't made for 24/7 D/s, you know?"

"Hmmm, true. He never seemed like he would be suited for that. Though it's possible to do things and it not be a D/s setting, ya know?" Stiles tilted his head the other way, thinking.

"I know," Isaac said. "It's kind of two problems, you know? Figuring out how to not do D/s stuff, but then I'm also trying to figure out what I need?"

"Yeah, that's always the hardest part, really." Stiles picked at his lower lip.

Isaac sighed. "It's just...it was nice, for me, being all the time. But it was too much for Scott."

"Try half-on half-off? Like during the week it's mainly off, but the weekends it's on?"

"Yeah, maybe," Isaac said, shrugging. "I'm just trying to give him a break right now."

"Just remember that if you need your Dom, he is your Dom. He's just also your boyfriend," Stiles reminded him gently.

"How do you tell the difference between wanting and needing, though?" Isaac asked.

"That's the hard part," Stiles replied. "Really if you're craving it, or if you're starting to feel yourself slipping into bad zones or even feel yourself regressing into your shell, you need to tell him."

Isaac looked away.

"Isaac. Talk to me buddy," Stiles urged.

"I just miss him," Isaac said quietly.

"Oh, Isaac." Stiles sighed. "You still have him, I promise. And you know, breaks don't have to be so long. It's been what, almost two weeks since he dropped? You need to talk to him."

"I don't want to overwhelm him, that's all," Isaac mumbled. "You didn't see him."

"No, I didn't. But honestly, Isaac, you letting yourself go against instincts isn't going to help him either," Stiles pointed out. "It's been two weeks. Talk to him."


Stiles narrowed his eyes. "Not yet, but Isaac, if you're feeling like this, it's a good indication that you two need to talk it out."

"I'll think about it, okay?" Isaac said. "Just...it's fine, Stiles. Really."

Stiles puffed out his cheeks, watching Isaac. "Just promise me you'll talk to him, okay?"

"I will," Isaac said reluctantly, looking away. "Don't worry about it."

"I worry about my friends," Stiles murmured, his voice turning soft. "And lord knows you're worth all the worry. You're loved."
"That's sweet of you," Isaac replied softly. "I, um...I'd better go."

"Oh. Iz. I'm sorry," Stiles said, his brow furrowing as he realized he might have pushed too far. "Please..."

"It's okay, Stiles," Isaac promised. "We'll be fine, really. You go see if you can figure out what's in those boxes."

Stiles still looked worried, afraid he'd offended his friend. "I'm sorry," he whispered again, not really knowing what to say.

"It's alright," Isaac murmured. "I'll talk to you some other time."

"I just...I'm sorry." Stiles frowned. "Just, you two take care of each other, okay?"

"Sure, Stiles," Isaac replied. "Same to you."

"Love ya, Iz." Stiles smiled, a little sadly.

"Love you," Isaac replied, and ended the call.

Stiles frowned, confused and worried he'd hurt his friend’s feelings.

Derek ducked his head into Stiles' room, about to ask how Scott was doing, but paused when he saw Stiles' expression. "Chiquito?" he asked. "What's going on?"

Stiles couldn't hide his small sniffle. "I think I pushed too far. Think I hurt Isaac's feelings."

"Oh, hey," Derek said sympathetically, opening his arms to offer a hug. "Come here, love. It's okay."

Stiles sniffled again, scrambling up into Derek's hug.

"It's alright, querido," Derek murmured, rubbing Stiles' back. "Sometimes disagreements happen, or you say the wrong thing. It doesn't mean things can't be fixed."

"He's ignoring his instincts," Stiles hiccuped.

"Oh, Stiles," Derek said softly. "It'll be okay. Shh, now."

Stiles soaked up the comfort, sniffles dying down until he was just clinging to Derek. "Sorry."

"It's okay, sweetheart," Derek murmured. "It's okay to need comfort. I'm here."

Stiles curled around him, his hands fist in Derek's shirt.

"Are you alright?" Derek asked quietly. "What do you need, chiquito?"

"Just...I'm sorry," Stiles said remorsefully. He didn't really know what could help.

"It's okay," Derek reassured him. "You didn't do anything wrong, okay?"

"I hurt him," Stiles murmured. "I was just trying to get him to talk to Scott."

Derek nodded, stroking Stiles' hair. "I know," he said. "You were trying to help. It's okay."

"You didn't mean to," Derek said gently. "I'm sure Isaac knows that, and I'm sure that when he's ready, you'll be able to make it up to him."

Stiles stayed quiet, still feeling guilty. He nuzzled into Derek's chest and shoulder.

"It's okay," Derek said firmly. "You'll fix it, when you can. You're right to be worried, I'm sure."

"Promise?" Stiles murmured, lips pressed to the skin of Derek's neck.

"I promise," Derek told him. "It'll be okay, sweetheart."

Stiles nodded, finally calming down some.

"Now," Derek murmured, "how about you tell me what's going on."

Stiles chewed on his bottom lip for a moment before the story just fell from his lips, his hands twisting and bunching Derek's shirt as he talked. "And he just suddenly said he needed to go and..."

"To me, it sounds like you didn't so much hurt his feelings as just...bring up something he wasn't ready to talk about," Derek suggested, hugging Stiles close. "And I don't think you were wrong."

Stiles slumped against him, soaking up all he could get. "I'm just worried," he murmured.

"What if you talked to Scott?" Derek said gently.

"I dunno if that would do any good, though," Stiles pointed out.

Derek raised his eyebrows. "You think Scott won't do something if you tell him you're worried about Isaac?"

"No, I don't think Isaac would appreciate me going behind his back like that," Stiles replied. "I don't want to make it where Isaac won't tell me things anymore..."

Derek sighed. "Okay, that's fair," he admitted. "Still, maybe you can text him that you think you messed up and Isaac needs a hug? That's not too much, is it?"

"That might help," Stiles agreed. "I don't think that'll be bad."

"You're a really good friend, Stiles, okay?" Derek reassured him. "I know you always do your best."

Stiles nodded, pulling away enough to kiss Derek softly, giving him a tiny smile.

Derek smiled back. "Feeling better?"

Stiles nodded, sniffling and leaning forward to kiss his jaw. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," Derek murmured. "Let's get you some tissues, yeah?"

Stiles nodded, pressing closer for a moment before pulling away. "Love you."

"Love you, too," Derek replied.
"Hey, Isaac?" Scott called out as he let himself in after work. "How come Stiles texted me that you need a hug?"

Isaac groaned. Stiles... "Nothing," he called, curling up on the couch.

Scott dropped his bag and headed over. "He just said you'd argued or something, but I think he's right. Shove over."

Isaac couldn't help but follow the 'order' as he scooted over to give Scott some room. "I'm okay."

"Nope," Scott said simply, settling on the couch and opening his arms. "Hug."

Isaac blinked at him for a moment before shifting into his arms, tucking his face against Scott's neck. Scott was quiet for a while, just holding Isaac close and rubbing his back, but eventually he said, "Tell me what's wrong?"

Isaac tensed a bit. "Nothing's wrong," he insisted. It was fine. Scott sighed. "Isaac..." he said quietly. "You don't believe that, and I don't believe it."

"I don't want to overwhelm you again," Isaac murmured.

Goddamnit. "Sweetheart..." Scott said sadly, "do you trust me to tell you?"

Isaac peeked up at him. He nodded after a moment. "I just...I don't want to push you too far again."

"I can understand that," Scott replied. "But sweetheart, that doesn't mean I don't want to be there when you need me."

"But I need my Dom a lot more..." Isaac whispered. "I'll be okay."

Goddammit. "Isaac, love," Scott said firmly. "It's not your job to decide what we do when. It's your job to tell me what you're feeling, so I can decide. Got it?"

Isaac shivered. "Yes..." he whispered, trailing off. "I just... I don't want to overwhelm you again."

"Do you trust me, Isaac?" Scott murmured. "Do you trust me to only ask for what I can handle?"

"I trust you." Isaac’s voice was still soft. "I just don't want you to drop again..."

"I don't want that either," Scott replied. Carefully, he reached up to tug on the back of Isaac's collar. "But this? This means you're mine to look after, and it's my job to work with you to make sure we're both happy. Let me make you happy, sweetheart."

Isaac let out a soft noise, his eyes fluttering closed. "Yes, sir," he whispered.

"Good boy," Scott said firmly.

Isaac let out another noise, almost a sob, as he leaned closer, tucking his face back into its hiding spot.


"I'm sorry! I tried..." Isaac sniffled.
"It's okay," Scott reassured him, thinking hard. "Okay. Here's what I want to do. You're going to get up, take off your clothes, and get on your knees. You're going to follow me to the bedroom, and wait while I strip. I'm going to stretch you out and plug you, and then I'm going to put your panties on you and spank you, and then we'll go from there. Does that sound good?"

Isaac sucked in a breath, nodding. "Please," he whispered, feeling shy and clingy. "I'm sorry. I tried so hard..."

"I know," Scott murmured sadly. "I know you were trying to help me. But now I need you to let me help you. Strip, sweetheart, and get on your knees."

Isaac clung to him a moment longer before slowly standing up, stripping methodically and purposefully, trying to calm down.

"Good," Scott said, sitting up and holding out his hand for Isaac's clothes.

Isaac handed him his clothes as he sunk down onto his knees, shuddering as he started feeling lighter. More relaxed.

"Good boy," Scott said, standing up. "For now, I want you to be quiet except for when I ask you a question, okay?"

"Yes sir." Isaac nodded, leaning forward to nuzzle Scott's hip for a moment.

"Good boy," Scott said, stroking Isaac's hair with his free hand. "Follow me." He turned, leading Isaac to their bedroom.

Isaac followed him, crawling carefully along the floor, each step making his chest loosen just a fraction.

Scott didn't look behind him to see if Isaac had obeyed, focusing instead on getting into the right headspace for this. When they got to the bedroom, Scott pointed to a spot next to the bed and told Isaac, "Kneel there."

Isaac nodded, moving to kneel in the space indicated, sinking onto his heels.

"Good," Scott said simply, dropping Isaac's clothes in the hamper and sitting on the bed to take his shoes off.

Isaac watched, a small smile on his face. He couldn't help wanting to reach over and help, forcing himself to freeze when his body tried to follow through.

When all his clothes were in the hamper and his shoes were tucked out of the way, Scott looked over at Isaac, pleased to see him waiting patiently. "Good boy," he murmured. "Let's open you up now. Sound good?"

Isaac nodded, sitting up onto his knees, leaning toward Scott. He'd been trying so hard the past couple of weeks, to be okay with always being just a boyfriend. But he needed this, too.

Scott smiled, coming over and stroking Isaac's hair. "Alright then, love. Up now, and bend over the bed."

Isaac leaned into the hand, quickly moving to kiss Scott’s palm before standing so he could bend
over their bed, his legs parting without a single thought.

"That's my good boy," Scott murmured, running his hand down Isaac's back. "Want me to fill you up, sweetheart?"

"Please," Isaac begged, trembling and arching into the hand on his back.

"Show me your hole, then," Scott ordered. "Spread your legs wider and use your hands."

Isaac moaned softly at the order, hurriedly moving to comply, his face pressing into the blanket to muffle himself.

"Good," Scott praised, getting the things he'd need. "Stay exactly like that."

Isaac nodded, whimpering softly as he listened to Scott walk around the room gathering supplies.

When he had lube, the plug, and a pair of pale blue panties, Scott came back to Isaac. "How much prep do you need?" he asked.

"D-don't know," Isaac murmured, voice muffled. "T-two or three?"

Scott nodded, uncapping the lube. "And how much do you want?"

Isaac shivered. "Two," he breathed, peeking over his shoulder. "Want to feel."

"Okay," Scott said, pouring lube onto his fingers. "Two it is." He eyed Isaac's hole thoughtfully, and pressed the tips of two fingers in.

Isaac cried out in surprise, automatically pushing back into the fingers. "Please!" he begged, shuddering.

Scott slapped Isaac's thigh. "I told you to be quiet unless I asked you a question," he pointed out.

Isaac couldn't help a small whimper. He pressed his face to the blanket, giving a muffled apology before falling silent.

"You can make noises," Scott allowed, slowly fucking his fingers in, a little deeper every time. "But no words."

Isaac let out a groan, rocking his hips back, twisting and swaying them, even as he tried to continue holding himself open.

Scott stretched Isaac out thoroughly but quickly. "Ready?" he asked.

"Please, sir," Isaac whined, the stretched out feeling making him long for more.

Scott pulled his fingers out and got the plug.

Isaac almost keened at the loss, his limbs trembling. He managed not to say anything though, pressing his face into the blanket.

"Good boy," Scott praised, lubing the plug. "I'll need you to hold still for this."

Isaac nodded, digging his nails into the skin of his ass.
"That's my good boy," Scott murmured. "You're doing very well. Here we go." Slowly, he pressed the tip of the plug into Isaac's hole.

Isaac's mouth fell open in a long, low moan, his hips moving without his say so.

"Still," Scott said firmly, pressing his free hand down on Isaac's back. "I don't want to push too hard."

Isaac just moaned again, the hand pinning him down making his head spin.

Scott eased the plug inside, feeling Isaac's hole clutch it tight. "Relax for me, sweetheart," he murmured.

Isaac forced himself to relax, melting into a puddle on the bed with a soft whimpering moan.

"Good boy, Isaac," Scott murmured. "You're doing very well." Finally, he got the plug seated fully inside and let go.

Isaac let his hands fall to fist in the blanket, clenching rhythmically. God, he'd missed this.

Scott stroked Isaac's back, soothing him. "There you go, sweetheart," he said softly. "You're doing very well. Stand up now, please, and turn to face me."

Isaac slowly pushed himself up, turning to face Scott, his eyes blown wide and dark, flush over his cheeks and down his chest.

"Tell me, Isaac," Scott murmured, stepping closer and cupping his cheek, "how are you feeling?"

"Kinda heavy," Isaac murmured. "But I feel good." He leaned into the hand on his cheek, kissing Scott's palm.

Scott smiled. "That's good, sweetheart. You're doing very well."

Isaac returned his smile, stepping closer to mouth at Scott's jaw.

"Panties, love," Scott murmured. "You want them?"

"Please," Isaac breathed. He loved his panties.

Scott nodded and stepped away, picking up Isaac's panties from the bed and holding them open for Isaac to step into.

Isaac raised his hands to rest on Scott's shoulders as he stepped into his panties. He shifted his hips once they settled on his waist, smiling slightly.

"It's good to see a smile on your face," Scott murmured.

Isaac flicked his eyes up in surprise, tilting his head. Had he not smiled lately?

"You've been worried, lately," Scott explained quietly. "Even when you've been cheerful. I should have done something sooner, but I was hoping it would pass."

"I'm sorry," Isaac murmured. He hadn't meant to worry Scott.
Scott kissed Isaac softly. "It's alright, love. Let's keep going?"

Isaac nodded, leaning against him and soaking up the kiss.

"How would you like to be while I spank you?" Scott asked. "Over my lap?"

Isaac nodded. "Please. Want to feel you."

Scott kissed him again, quickly, then stepped away and sat down. "Come on then," he said, patting his thigh.

Isaac stumbled forward, the plug shifting and drawing out a soft moan as he laid across Scott's thighs, his hands latching onto the blanket and Scott's ankle.

Scott rubbed Isaac's ass, settling him and warming him up at the same time. "I'm not going to count," he explained. "Instead, each time, I want you to thank me and ask for another. We'll stop when I think you're ready. Okay?"

Isaac shivered, nodding and settling. "Yes, sir," he breathed.

"Good boy," Scott said. He brought his hand down in a light smack, not heavy enough to do more than sting.

Isaac gasped, rocking forward. "Th-thank you. Please can I have another, sir?"

Scott kept going, keeping it light for now.

Isaac rambled between each light smack, his cock hardening as he tried not to wiggle too much.

"Feeling good?" Scott checked in, after about a dozen.

"Yes, sir. Please," Isaac begged softly, panting and clinging tightly to the blanket.

Scott hummed, stroking Isaac's back. "Like this, or harder?"

"M-more. Please, sir," Isaac whimpered, arching into his touch.

"Alright," Scott agreed quietly. Without further warning, he raised his hand and brought it down hard.

Isaac yelped, his hips rocking hard as the smack jarred the plug against his prostate. "Th-thank you please sir, please can I have more?"

Scott did it again, exactly the same, testing.

A high whine escaped Isaac, his mind slipping deeper. "Thank you. Please."

Good. Scott began to vary the location of his strikes, keeping the weight the same.

Isaac's words grew slurred as he sunk deeper and deeper, his cock still hard as he rocked back and forth into each blow.

When Isaac's words were barely decipherable, Scott stopped.

Isaac whined, slumping over Scott's lap, rocking his hips and whimpering wordlessly.

Isaac whimpered, his hands trembling where they were, slowly stopping his frantic grinding against Scott's leg.

"There you go," Scott soothed him. "You're so good, sweetheart. I love you so much. It's okay now."

Isaac curled into him as much as he could. "Mmm."

"Do you want to suck me, sweetheart?" Scott asked gently.

Isaac sucked in a breath, hands fumbling for Scott, nodding and whimpering. He needed it.

"Shh, sweetheart, it's alright," Scott promised. "Take a deep breath now."

Isaac sucked in a breath, his eyes hazy and dark.

"That's a good boy," Scott praised. "Get down on your knees now, okay? On the floor."

Isaac slipped onto the floor, legs curling under him as he peered up at Scott, sucking on his lower lip.

"Very good," Scott murmured, threading his fingers through Isaac's hair. "You're being so good, sweetheart."

Isaac leaned into his hand, his mouth parting with a soft sound. "Pl--"

"I know, love." Scott spread his legs, inviting Isaac between them. "Here you go."

Isaac let out a soft sound, almost falling forward as he scooted, sucking him down.

Scott shivered, groaning a little. "You're so good, sweetheart," he breathed.

Isaac suckled hungrily, whimpering between each swallow.

"Shh, it's okay," Scott murmured, rolling his hips a little.

Isaac moaned, his tongue curling around Scott's cock, suckling eagerly, though he slowed a bit, calming.

Scott fisted his hand in Isaac's hair, holding him steady.

Isaac let out a loud moan, relaxing in the grip. His hands went to curl around Scott's thighs, sucking and swallowing around Scott, his pace even and comforting.

_Isaac_ may have found it relaxing, but Scott was panting, almost overwhelmed by sensation.

Isaac flicked his eyes up, suckling harder for a moment. "Mmmmm."


Isaac pressed closer, swallowing hard around him.

Scott groaned as he came, his hips jerking up.
Isaac let out a pleased sound, swallowing everything before gentling his sucking, resting his head on Scott's thigh.

"Fuck." Scott swallowed hard, catching his breath. "God, Isaac, you're so good. Made me feel so good, sweetheart."

Isaac couldn't help the soft whimper at the praise, shifting on his knees, not willing to stop his soothing suckle.

"That's it, baby," Scott murmured. "You're so good for me."

Isaac settled deeper, letting out a happy sound.

"I love you," Scott said quietly. "You're my wonderful boyfriend and my best good boy and I love all of you."

Isaac pulled back after a bit, nuzzling against him and peeking up. "Love."

"Love you, too," Scott said tenderly. "How about we lie down and cuddle for a while?"

It took a moment, but Isaac nodded, scrambling up, whimpering as the plug shifted.

"Shh, it's okay," Scott murmured, getting on the bed properly and lying down on his side. "Come on now, sweetheart."

Isaac pressed close to Scott, nuzzling and shifting against him.

"Rest, love," Scott told him. "I have you. Take all the time you need."

Isaac smiled, nuzzling under Scott’s ear, latching onto the skin for a few moments before drifting into a light doze.

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Isaac woke slowly, murmured softly and shifting, the plug still in him causing him to gasp softly.

"Hey, sweetheart," Scott murmured. "Are you with me?"

Isaac blinked slowly, nodding. "How long...?"

"I dunno," Scott admitted, kissing Isaac's forehead. "I haven't been watching the time."

Isaac nuzzled closer, smiling. "Hi."

"Hi," Scott said fondly. "How are you feeling?"

"Still a bit heavy, but I'm good," he promised, nuzzling along Scott's jaw, nipping and sucking.

"Affectionate, too," Scott commented, stroking Isaac's hair. "Feeling better than you did earlier?"

"Yes, sir," Isaac nodded. "Are you okay?"

"I'm very good, baby," Scott promised him. "That was lovely."

Isaac flushed, ducking his head to tuck it into Scott's neck.

"Feeling shy?" Scott asked, smiling fondly.
"Mmm," Isaac hummed, nipping at Scott’s skin. He shifted against him, pressing as close as possible.

"That’s my sweetheart," Scott praised, rubbing Isaac's back.

"Want you," Isaac murmured, his voice soft and shy. "Please, sir."

"I'm right here, honey," Scott promised. "You've got me."

Isaac whined softly, his flush deepening.

Scott hummed happily. "So pretty, aren't you, sweet boy? So good for me."

Isaac whined softly. "Yours. Please."

"My boy," Scott promised, reaching down to tug at Isaac's collar. "Feel that? Mine."

Isaac shuddered, his eyes fluttering closed. "Yours," he breathed. "Want..." He flushed darkly, hiding his face.

"Come on, sweetheart," Scott encouraged him gently. "Can you use your words?"

"I want you. Want to ride you, feel you, tease and dance and grind and listen to you," Isaac rambled, his voice almost muffled.

"Yeah?" Scott breathed, his eyes dark.

Isaac nodded, his face hot from the blush. "Yessir."

"Well, how about we do that then?" Scott suggested.

Isaac sucked in a breath, peeking up at him. "Really?" he whispered.

"Really," Scott said, smiling encouragingly. "How do you want me?"

Isaac hesitated, wiggling a bit against him. "Want to ride you...and kiss you, too. Against the headboard?"

Scott nodded. "Of course, sweetheart," he agreed.

Isaac got up on his hands and knees, watching Scott with hungry eyes. "Wanna dance for you, but too impatient," he grumbled, stalking up the bed to him.

Scott sat up and scooted back to lean against the headboard. "Maybe another time," he suggested.

Isaac managed to wiggle his panties off, quickly straddling Scott's lap before leaning forward to kiss him hungrily, melting against him.

Scott rested his hands on Isaac's hips, letting him take the lead.

Isaac couldn't help tugging at him, whimpering and moaning into the kiss, grinding against Scott, the plug shifting with each roll of his hips.

Scott rested his hands on Isaac's hips, letting him take the lead.

Isaac's neediness was intoxicating, and Scott loved it.

"Sir. Please," Isaac begged softly, knowing that Scott loved hearing him beg, and wanting more of
Scott shifted his hands from Isaac's hips to his ass, holding him tight.

Isaac let out a sharp whine, his ass throbbing pleasantly from the edge of pain.

"Good, baby?" Scott murmured, nipping at Isaac's throat.

"Uh-huh," Isaac panted, tilting his head to give him more room.

Scott squeezed a little and started sucking a mark in the same spot.

"F-fuck," Isaac moaned, arching closer.

Scott hummed approvingly, feeling Isaac's cock brush against his own.

"Please, sir," Isaac groaned, grinding against him desperately.

"Please what?" Scott asked.

"Want to ride you," Isaac panted, hazy eyes locking onto Scott's. "Want to feel you stretch me open."

"You can," Scott promised, his eyes dark. "Go ahead, sweetheart."

Isaac scrambled to sit up enough to take the plug out, letting out a keening sound at the emptiness. "Please," he murmured, his hand already reaching for Scott's cock, lining up before just sinking down completely, his eyes popping open and his mouth open in a silent scream.

Scott did yell, a wordless cry of shock at the unexpected sensation. "Fuck," he panted.

Isaac ground down against him, moaning long and low.

"Jesus, Isaac," Scott said breathlessly. "You're so tight - god, are you okay?"

Isaac managed a nod, his eyes completely dark as he looked down at Scott, slowly lifting himself up only to fall back down.

Scott groaned, clutching at Isaac's ass. "Fuck, sweetheart."

"Uhhuh," Isaac slurred, setting up a slow, hard pace.

"Fuck--fuck, sweetheart--Isaac..." Scott panted.

"F-fuck," Isaac whimpered, speeding up, shifting a bit and crying out when he basically impaled his prostate.

"Isaac, I can't..." Scott begged desperately. "Tell me what you need, please."

"Touch me, bite me, claim me, please, sir," Isaac begged, licking his lips as he kept up his pace, rocking into each fall.

"Fuck," Scott panted, burying his face in Isaac's neck. "You're mine, you know you are."

Scott rolled his hips, fucking upward now Isaac was still, holding him tight.

Each thrust upwards drove a sharp whine out of Isaac, his eyes rolling back before falling closed, his mouth open. "Oh!"

"You wanna come?" Scott panted, only just holding on.

Isaac nodded, begging silently, breaths punched out with soft grunts.

Scott groaned. "Want me to come?"

Isaac nodded even faster. "Pl--" he begged. "W-wanna be full."

"My boy," Scott panted, breathing hard. "Full of me, my--fuck!" His hands clenched on Isaac's ass as he came.

Isaac cried out, the clenching on his tender flesh dragging his release from him, slumping forward against Scott with panting whines.

"You okay, baby?" Scott asked breathlessly, holding Isaac close as he slumped back against the headboard.

"Perfect," Isaac murmured, nuzzling close, clenching around him every now and then.

Scott hissed, feeling oversensitive.

Isaac purred softly, nuzzling Scott’s jaw before falling still. "Love you."

"I love you, too," Scott replied quietly, stroking Isaac's hair. "And I always want to look after you, okay?"

Isaac felt a soft smile curl his lips. "Kay," he whispered. "I'm sorry."

"It's alright, sweetheart," Scott reassured him. "We're still learning about things like this. Will you tell me, next time?"

Isaac nodded. "I just didn't want to overwhelm you again."

Scott sighed. "I know. And I know me trying to pretend to be fine didn't exactly inspire confidence in my honesty about this. But can you try to trust me?"

Isaac nodded again. "Just don't pretend, please," he murmured softly. "I'll be honest if you're honest."

Scott nodded and kissed Isaac's hair. "I will," he promised. "God, Isaac, this could have been so much worse than it was."

"Hmm?" Isaac blinked up at Scott, confused. Not that he didn't know that this could have gone badly, but...huh?

"Don't you remember being subsick for me before?" Scott asked, searching Isaac's eyes.

Isaac nodded his brow furrowing. "I would have gotten sick again."
"You would," Scott said quietly. "I'd like to think I would have figured it out before it got that bad, but..."

"We both need to be honest," Isaac whispered. "I don't want either of us to get sick like that."

"Now that the house is done and we've got the time, maybe we could have, I dunno, a date night?" Scott suggested.

Isaac perked up. "It's been a while. I like date nights."

Scott smiled. "We could do something like Stiles and Derek's weekly check-ins, maybe."

Isaac tilted his head. "The reward system thing?" he asked, kinda confused.

"Not that," Scott shrugged. "It means once a week they talk about stuff, you know?"

Isaac nodded. "Kinda like a re-cap of the week? We can do that."

"You could kneel for me and tell me how you're doing," Scott suggested. "And then we could choose how we wanted to spend the weekend?"

Isaac nodded after a moment. "I like that. And then you can tell me how you're doing." He grinned

"Alright," Scott admitted, smiling wryly. "But really, if we're spending the evenings just as boyfriends during the week, I should be fine."

"I still like to hear." Isaac hummed. "Deal." He grinned toothily.

"How're you feeling now?" Scott asked, smiling a little.

"Much better. I'm sorry I did that." Isaac flushed, ducking his head.

"Which part?" Scott asked. "Because I really didn't have a problem with any of it."

"I'm sorry I tried to hide it," Isaac murmured. "That I wasn't doing too well."

"That, I will accept an apology for," Scott said. "Do you need a punishment?"

Isaac thought for a moment, shifting in his seat before giving him a small nod. "It'll bother me if I don't."

Scott inhaled sharply. "Maybe don't do that while you're on my cock," he suggested tightly.

Isaac gave him a sheepish smile. "Sorry." He couldn't help but laugh.

"It's fine," Scott replied, shaking his head fondly. "Just, uh..."

"I like my spot." Isaac gave him a mischievous grin, rolling his hips just a bit.

"Isaac, stop," Scott said firmly. "We're not doing round three right now."

Isaac pouted, but he stopped, settling back where he was.

"Thanks," Scott said quietly. "So, are you good with me taking your iPod again, or should we do something different?"
Isaac hesitated, thinking it over. "I really don't know," he whispered. "I want to say yes, but..."

"But it might not be," Scott finished for him. "That's fine, love, it's just it was the first thing I thought of."

Isaac gave him a shy smile.

Scott smiled back, thinking back to try to remember when something like this had come up before. "What about your old punishment for lying?" he offered.

"Time out? Or lines?" Isaac's voice was small. He hated being punished, even when he craved it after he'd done wrong.

"Not exactly lines," Scott said, "but I want you to write out what you did wrong and why, and what you should have done, and then copy it out...another two times? Does that sound fair?"

Isaac nodded. "Yes, sir," he murmured, nuzzling Scott's jaw.

"Are you ready to get up now?" Scott asked.

Isaac groaned. "Kay...." He kissed Scott's cheeks, gently pulling himself up off Scott's cock, shuddering with a small whimper as he was left empty.

Scott groaned, slumping back. "Jesus. That was really intense, you know that?"

"Hmm?" Isaac licked his lips, eyes trailing up and down Scott.

Scott looked up and laughed. "God, you're insatiable, aren't you, love?"

Isaac felt a flush crawl across his cheeks and nose. "Yup," he grinned. "Always want you. Over and over."

"Well, I'm done for now," Scott said firmly.

Isaac playfully pouted, leaning forward to kiss Scott's cheek before turning to head over to grab his spiral notebook and a pen, wanting to get the punishment over with so the itching in his chest would leave.

"Is it okay if I get up to get us washcloths and water?" Scott asked.

Isaac hesitated, nodding after a moment, giving him a tiny smile. "Yes, sir. I'm all sticky."

Scott smiled back at him. "I'll just be a minute," he promised. "Yell if you need me."

Isaac hummed in answer, already writing down his answers neatly, knowing that scribbling them didn't help.

Scott went to the bathroom to get himself cleaned up first, wiping his cock gently, feeling a little over-sensitive.

Isaac chewed on his bottom lip, his shoulders slumping as he wrote. He'd messed up.

Once he was clean, Scott draped another cloth over his arm for Isaac and headed to the kitchen to get them water.
Isaac finally finished, setting the notebook in the middle of the bed before kneeling, his hands behind his back.

"...sweetheart?" Scott asked when he came in and saw Isaac kneeling.

"Finished it, sir," Isaac murmured, his voice kinda watery.

"Here," Scott said, offering Isaac a glass. "Drink that, love."

Isaac blinked up at him, sniffing and nodding, drinking the water slow and steady. "Thank you."

"You're welcome, sweetheart," Scott murmured, putting his own glass down on the nightstand. "Do you think you can clean yourself up, or do you want me to do it?"

"You, please." Isaac perked up a bit, still letting out quiet sniffles.

Scott smiled at him and sat, gently wiping Isaac's belly and cock. "Are you okay, love?"

Isaac nodded. "Don't like punishments."

"I know," Scott said sympathetically. "It would kind of defeat the point if you did."

Isaac shifted closer. "I finished."

Scott smiled at him. "Well done, love. I'll read it once you're all cleaned up, okay?"

Isaac nodded, smiling a bit and relaxing at the praise.

"I need you to move now so I can get to your ass," Scott pointed out.

"Don't have to ask me twice." Isaac waggled his eyebrows, laughing as he rolled over.

Scott laughed, carefully wiping Isaac's thighs clean of come and lube, and wincing at the redness of his ass. "I should get the aloe," he said. "Sorry I forgot."

"I forgot, too." Isaac looked over his shoulder, shivering. "I liked it, remember?"

"Do you *want* me to leave the aloe off?" Scott asked, cleaning Isaac's slightly puffy hole. "So it hurts more?"

"Mmmmmmm, for a little bit?" Isaac asked, wiggling his ass back into Scott’s touch.

"It might hurt to sit for a few days," Scott warned him.

"Want it." Isaac licked his lips.

"Alright, baby," Scott allowed. "I'm done, you can relax now."

Isaac hummed happily, settling heavily against the bed, wiggling until he was close to Scott.

"Pass me your notebook, please," Scott told him, putting the dirty cloth on top of Isaac's plug.

Isaac passed it over, then curled around Scott's hip.

Scott stroked Isaac's hair as he read, trying to reassure him.
Isaac leaned into Scott's fingers, thinking over what he wrote.

*I hid how I was feeling from my Dom, and ignored my instincts because I thought I was doing what was best. This was not the case. I wanted to help keep him from being overwhelmed, but my Dom is the one that gives me what I need. I'm not to worry about it. I should have told Sir the moment I started feeling bad, and the moment that I needed him. Rather than hiding it. I'm sorry.*

"Thank you, sweetheart," Scott said softly when he was done. "That was very good. You're forgiven."

Isaac sniffled, burying his face in Scott's side. "Thank you," he whispered.

"You're welcome," Scott murmured. "And Isaac? I'm sorry, too. It's partially my fault for making you think you shouldn't come to me."

"You were in a drop," Isaac whispered. "I wanted to help any way I could. That was a way I could help."

"Yeah, but then I came out of it," Scott pointed out.

"I didn't want to put you back in it." Isaac flushed.

"I know," Scott said. "But I'm fine, really. It was a lot of things, okay?"

Isaac nodded after a moment. "Kay," he agreed, smiling shyly.

Scott smiled back. "There's my sweet boy," he said warmly.

Isaac let out a contented noise, burying his face in Scott's stomach.

Scott lay back, cuddling Isaac close. "I love you, sweetheart," he murmured.

-----

I just want to let you know that he's fine - SM

Thank god! Sorry. - SS

It's fine. You were right to worry - SM

Thanks for texting me earlier - SM

you're welcome - SS

I'm just glad he's okay - SS

We scened a bit, and we're going to have regular check-ins now - SM
Awesome - SS
The check ins really help me, ya know? - SS

What sort of stuff do you think we should do? - SM
We don't do punishments and stuff like you do - SM

ask him how he's doing - SS
or even if he needs anything that he didn't get over the week - SS
Surprise him with sex after LOL I know he likes being pinned, so maybe end the heavy talk with play wrestling or something? - SS

*eyeroll* - SM
Thanks though - SM

don't roll your eyes at your Obiwan, Scott! - SS
and you're welcome :) - SS

Chapter End Notes

Don't worry, there'll be more talking after this - but they're getting there

Thank you all for reading, and thanks, as always, to our beta Chicktar. Let us know what you think!
Compromises

Chapter Summary

Isaac frowned. "I don't want you sick."

"Isaac," Scott said gently, "it took me a whole year before I had a problem, and we had some rough times right before. I'm less likely to get sick than you are."

-----

Isaac and Scott try to find their way back to equilibrium, and work out a balance between what they each want and need.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

At Scott's insistence, they both took a day off the next day. "So we can talk," he'd told Isaac.

When Isaac woke up, still curled tightly around Scott, Scott's fingers loosely holding his collar, he froze, licking his lips. Oh boy. This wasn't going to be a nice day. True, he got to spend it with Scott. But talking...especially about things like yesterday and the last couple of weeks, that always made him keyed up. He didn't want to fuck it up. Didn't want to push Scott too much.

Scott woke soon after, hypersensitive to Isaac moving around. "Hi, sweetheart," he said softly. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm okay," Isaac replied, flushing softly. He really was this time, even though he was nervous and a little clingy.

Gently stroking Isaac's back, Scott raised his eyebrows. "How about you tell me in a little more detail than that?" he suggested.

"Nervous," Isaac whispered, lowering his eyes.

Scott leaned forward, kissing him softly. "Why's that, sweetheart?" he asked gently.

"I didn't mean to make you sick. And I didn't mean to almost make me sick," Isaac murmured. "And I don't want you to get sick again, but...I need..."

"Need what?" Scott prompted.

"More," Isaac admitted. "I don't know how to tell the need from the want..."

Scott sighed and nodded. "Well, let's stop thinking about it as need versus want, then," he suggested.

Isaac frowned. "I don't want you sick."

"Isaac," Scott said gently, "it took me a whole year before I had a problem, and we had some rough times right before. I'm less likely to get sick than you are."
Isaac tucked his face in Scott's neck. He didn't say anything, because what Scott said was true, but... Scott brought his hand up to stroke Isaac's hair. "It doesn't have to be all or nothing, sweetheart," he murmured. "We can find a balance that makes us both comfortable."

"Promise me you won't get sick?" Isaac asked, even though he knew there's no warning sometimes. "I promise I'll tell you as soon as I start to feel bad," Scott said. "So long as you do the same."

Isaac fell quiet for a moment, his voice soft when he did let out a small 'Deal.'

Scott smiled. "Good boy."

-----

Isaac busied himself with the dishes after breakfast, trying to settle his jitters. Scott came up behind him, frowning. "Isaac, stop," he said quietly. "I'll finish that. You kneel and wait for me. Okay?"

Isaac shivered at the order, licking his lips. "Yes, sir." He turned, his eyes lowered. "Sorry."

"Why are you sorry?" Scott asked, cupping Isaac's cheek.

"I don't really know why I'm still so nervous," Isaac admitted.

"It's not your fault, so you don't have to be sorry," Scott reassured him. "Just be honest with me."

"Yes, sir," Isaac breathed. He pressed close for a moment before going to kneel in his normal spot in the living room. He took a few deep breaths, tugging his shirt off when it got itchy.

Scott sighed as he did the dishes, trying to figure out how on earth they were going to get comfortable again. Soon enough, though, he ran out of excuses to put things off, and he headed into the living room, only to raise his eyebrows in surprise when he found Isaac half-naked. "How are you doing, sweetheart?" he asked.

"I'm okay," Isaac replied softly. "Itchy, but okay."

"Itchy?" Scott asked, coming over to sit down in front of Isaac.

Isaac nodded, resting his chin on Scott's knee. "I'm okay, though," he repeated.

"'Okay' really isn't very descriptive," Scott pointed out. "But never mind."

Isaac shifted, letting out a slow breath and trying to force the words out to explain. "I'm tired, a bit scared because I don't want to upset you, but more than that, I want to find a way we can balance everything. Where no one gets sick and everyone gets what we need. But I'm wary because I can't really think right now. My focus and concentration has been nil for the last week almost."

Scott reached out, stroking Isaac's hair. "Thank you, love," he murmured, frowning a little with worry. "I want to help you feel better, if I can."

"Not sure how," Isaac whispered, the small bit of praise making his eyelids flutter. He leaned as close as he could, absently nuzzling Scott's thigh.

Scott shifted his legs apart automatically, letting Isaac move between them.
Isaac sucked in a breath at Scott's unconscious movement, peering up at him. "C-can I...?" he asked softly.

"Can you what, sweetheart?" Scott asked gently.

Isaac ducked his head, feeling extremely shy for the first time in a long time. "Can I have your cock?" he murmured, barely audible.

Scott shifted his hand to cup Isaac's cheek, tilting his face up. "Of course," he replied softly. "How about you just relax for a while, hmm?"

Isaac gave Scott a tiny smile, nuzzling into the hand on his cheek before nodding and moving closer, his eyes darkening.

"Just hold me," Scott warned him, getting out his cock. "I don't want us getting derailed by sex. But you can hold me for as long as you want."

"Yes, sir." Isaac flushed, nuzzling forward before sucking him down. He let out a shuddering breath as he relaxed, suckling every now and then almost unconsciously.

Familiar with this, Scott pulled out his phone. He didn't know how long Isaac would need, but he was happy to sit here as long as it took.

-----

Isaac snuffled softly, finally pulling off once his fogged-over brain realized he was thirsty and his jaw was slightly sore.

Scott glanced down. "Sweetheart?" he asked. "How are you feeling?"

"Thirsty," Isaac croaked, blinking up at him with dazed eyes.

Scott smiled down at him and stroked his hair. "Do you want to wait here while I get you some juice, or do you want to come with me?"

Isaac tilted his head into Scott's hand. "Stay? Legs wobbly." Even kneeling, he could tell they wouldn't hold his weight.

"Alright, love, you're doing well," Scott reassured him. "I'll be back in just a minute, okay?"

"Kay." Isaac gave him a tiny smile, still swaying a bit.

"Good boy," Scott said warmly as he stood. He came back quickly, with a large glass of juice and a straw, wanting to make it easier for Isaac to manage. "Here you go, love."

Isaac blinked up at him, a lazy smile spreading over his face as he started sipping at the juice, eyes falling half-closed in bliss.

It suddenly felt like forever since Scott had seen Isaac so happily relaxed - he knew it wasn't true, but it felt like it. "Such a good boy," Scott breathed, sitting down again. "How are you feeling, sweetheart?"

"Heavy. Kinda dizzy. But good." Isaac carefully set the juice aside to nuzzle Scott's knee.

"You can take your time coming up," Scott told him gently, smiling. "But I want you to come up when you're ready."
"Kay." Isaac nodded again, leaning his head on Scott's thigh as he floated, letting himself come up slowly and lightly.

Scott settled in to wait again, stroking Isaac's hair.

After a while, Isaac gave a soft sigh, turning to press a kiss to the inside of Scott's wrist. "Thank you."

"You're welcome, sweet boy," Scott said fondly. "Feeling better?"

Isaac nodded, giving him a small grin. "More settled."

"That's good," Scott said, smiling back. "Feeling a bit more confident about discussing things?"

"I think so," Isaac nodded. "Can I stay here?"

"Do you think you can speak freely from there, and disagree with me and stuff?" Scott asked.

"I think so. I feel more...confident, here," Isaac admitted, his hands sliding up Scott's thighs.

"I'm glad," Scott replied. "Do you think you can tell me about the things you missed, these last couple of weeks?"

Isaac flushed. "This, for one," he murmured, gesturing to himself kneeling between Scott's legs.

"Kneeling?" Scott clarified. "What else?"

Isaac shifted. "Missed warming you, too, and I like it when you tease me."

"What kind of teasing?" Scott asked.

"Like the denial and such. The small smacks on my ass just to make me shiver." He was red now, wiggling on his knees.

"So...you basically missed everything, didn't you," Scott summed up, his shoulders slumping slightly.

"I think a lot of it had to do with going 'cold turkey' so to speak," Isaac said quietly. "Yes, I missed it all, but daily? More the kneeling and some of the teasing. I liked how playful we were. And while we still are, it's not quite the same? If that makes any sense? I'm sorry." His own shoulders slumped, and he turned to rest his temple against Scott's knee.

Scott sighed, stroking Isaac's hair. "It's not your fault," he promised. "It's just something we need to deal with."

"Compromise?" Isaac suggested. "And I am sorry, sir. This is why I tried so hard, Scott, and I still couldn't handle it."

Scott frowned a little. "Working from what you need isn't helping much--maybe we can try it the other way?"

"How so?" Isaac looked up, licking his lips. He wanted to figure this out. Needed to.
"I tend to think of our relationship as kind of 'us'," Scott gestured with one hand, "and 'D/s stuff'..." He waved the other.

"I don't." Isaac tilted his head. "Never really thought about it, honestly. It was just a part of us. Just like being a sub is a part of me, and being a Dom is a part of you. It's just there."

"Huh." Scott thought about that for a second before speaking up again. "Anyway, rather than starting from 'boyfriends' and picking what D/s stuff to add back in, what if we started from how we usually are and figured out what stuff to take out?"

"Kinda like a 'what can I handle not having on a daily basis' thing? I can do that." Isaac nodded, giving Scott a small grin.

"And 'how much less do I need to feel more comfortable?'?"," Scott admitted. "Because, for me, these last couple of weeks were super relaxing. Which is pretty terrible, in retrospect. I should have realized something was wrong."

"S'not like I'm a terrible hider when things bother me, Scott," Isaac pointed out, almost grumbling.

"I still should have noticed," Scott insisted.

"You did. It may have taken someone giving you a nudge, but I have no problem believing that if I'd been acting like that anyway when you came home yesterday, you would have known." Isaac frowned up at him. "Or Kyra would have just called you after I spilled more milk at work."

Scott looked down. "Promise me next time you're feeling bad, you'll tell someone. Even if it's not me."

Isaac flushed softly, nodding after a moment. "I promise," he agreed. "I'll tell someone. I can't promise it'll be you. Because I want to try, I want to help you as much as possible, and it's hard to remember, sometimes, that you won't get mad at me or something..."

"Especially when you're already upset," Scott agreed with a sigh. "It's alright, sweetheart. If you want to tell someone else, that's fine with me. Just tell someone."

"I'm sorry," Isaac said softly. "I remember most of the time, and I know you won't get mad or hurt me or anything. It's just..." His shoulders came up around his ears.

"It's okay," Scott promised. "It's fine, love. Really."

"Still upset you," Isaac whispered.

"Come up here and hug me, sweetheart," Scott said gently, opening his arms. "It's alright."

Isaac slipped into Scott's lap, curling close. "I don't like upsetting you," he whispered. "And I think that's one reason why it's hard for me to tell you things like that. Things I know will upset you."

Scott nodded, hugging Isaac tight and rubbing his back. "Would it be easier to write them down?"

"Maybe?" Isaac admitted. "I never thought about it, honestly."

"How about we try it?" Scott offered. Isaac nodded, nuzzling into Scott's neck.

"Good boy," Scott murmured. "Not right now--I think you need a break for a little bit. But when
you're feeling steadier, I'd like you to tell me what you can about how the last couple of weeks felt for you."

Isaac pressed closer, hands tangled in Scott's hair. After a few minutes he let out a soft sigh. "How they felt for me?" he asked again, wanting to make sure.

"Yes," Scott confirmed, still holding Isaac close. "Take as much time as you need."

"At first they were okay. But..." He shifted. "Things started building up, and I had to keep stopping myself from kneeling or saying 'sir'..."

Scott nodded, stroking Isaac's hair, but he didn't speak, wanting to give Isaac plenty of space to talk.

"Before I knew it, I was fighting myself every time I turned around. Spilling things at work and here, hands trembling. And yet, I couldn't tell if it was a want or a need. And I didn't want to push you back into being sick. Not just because I want it."

"That distinction between 'want' and 'need', that's really important to you, isn't it?" Scott said gently.

Isaac nodded. "I couldn't figure it out. I still don't know the difference...." He sighed, ducking his head.

Scott shrugged. "Maybe there's not a clear difference," he suggested. "Maybe it's just like...being hungry or something."

"How so?" Isaac asked, curious.

"Like, sometimes you're not hungry," Scott said. "And sometimes you want to eat, but it can wait. And then other times you're really hungry, and you need to eat as soon as possible."

Isaac tilted his head in thought, nodding. "That makes sense." He gave Scott a tiny smile.

Scott smiled back. "So then, it's not really 'want or need', is it? It's 'how much', or 'how soon'."

"That...makes a lot more sense, actually," Isaac murmured, his hands playing in Scott's hair. "Because sometimes just a dominating tease grounds me, and sometimes it's more like kneeling..."

Scott nodded. "And sometimes you need to warm my cock, and sometimes you need a full scene, like last night."

"Uh huh." Isaac nodded. "I just never know until I need it." He flushed, looking off to the side. "I'm sorry."

Scott reached up to cup Isaac's cheek, turning his head back to face him. "It's not in your control," he said gently. "You don't need to be sorry."

"I'm sorry I'm so needy," Isaac whispered, even as he nuzzled into the hand on his cheek.

"What you need is part of who you are," Scott pointed out gently. "And I love you, Isaac, as you are."

Isaac pressed his lips together tightly as his eyes welled up. "I love you."

Scott pulled him into a tight hug, rubbing his back. "It's alright, sweetheart," he murmured. "Cry if
you need to."

"D-don't want to," he protested, the tears already rolling down his cheeks.

Scott smiled a little. "That's okay, too," he promised. "Can you take a deep breath for me?"

Isaac took a shaky breath, forcing it to go deep and long, his hands tightening in Scott's hair.

"Good boy," Scott murmured. "Let it out, nice and slow. Now another."

Isaac followed the soft directions in his ear, sniffling between breaths until the trembling slowed.

"There you go," Scott praised gently. "Feeling a little better?"

"Uh huh," Isaac sniffled, giving him a shaky smile.

Scott smiled back. "Let's get you some tissues then, huh? And maybe some water."

"Kay." Isaac didn't move, though, holding on tightly.

Scott just waited, gently rubbing Isaac's back.

After a few minutes, Isaac took a deep breath, pulling away just enough to kiss Scott, then slipping from his lap.

Scott smiled at him and stood up, glad to stretch his legs.

Isaac wiped at his face, sniffling softly and peering up at Scott.

"Feeling a little better, sweetheart?" Scott asked.

Isaac nodded, giving him a small smile. "Little bit."

"Good," Scott said warmly. "Come on then, let's get some water."

Isaac pressed close to him, though he kept his eyes lowered, hand curled up in Scott's.

Scott gently led Isaac to the kitchen, opening the cupboard with all the glasses with his left hand, rather than encouraging Isaac to let go.

"I'm sorry," Isaac murmured, unable to keep the apology in.

"What for?" Scott asked, turning towards him.

Isaac shrugged a bit, his shoulders staying up by his ears. "I'm sorry. I tried. And I still failed."

"Failed at what?" Scott said, confused. "Sweetheart, what do you think you did wrong?"

Isaac shook his head, lowering his eyes to the counter and keeping them there. He couldn't really explain what he thought he did wrong.

Scott's shoulders slumped. He didn't know how to fix this. He'd been trying and trying, but nothing was working.

Isaac let out a soft sound. "Please..." He hesitated, then squared his shoulders and forced his way
between Scott and the counter, trembling. "It's not you," he promised. "The easiest thing for me to say is my brain...my mind won’t stop telling me I fucked up...again."

"You didn't," Scott insisted. "Or, I mean, you hid things from me, which isn't okay, but we talked about that last night. But you didn't fuck up any other way."

"I know that...logically..." Isaac sighed, leaning forward to thunk his head on Scott's shoulder. "I have problems remembering that, ya know? That even when I fuck up, it's not near the level I think it is..."

*Because your dad taught you that even the littlest thing gets punished harshly,* Scott thought to himself. "I don't know how to fix this," he admitted.

Isaac shrugged again, spreading his hands out. "I wish I knew, too," he murmured.

For a long moment, Scott was caught up in helplessness, unable to think of a way out of this mess. *I need an adult,* he thought to himself jokingly.

"Do...do you think Janet may have some ideas?" Isaac asked hesitantly, tilting his face down but peeking up through his curls (which honestly was a feat considering they were the same height, if not Isaac being a wee bit taller.)

Scott looked up, eyes wide and hopeful. "Let's try," he agreed instantly. "That's a great idea."

Isaac gave him a shy smile at the praise, chewing on the corner of his lip. "Really?"

"Really," Scott insisted. "We need help, right? And she knows about this kind of thing. How about you get your phone, and we'll call her."

"Yes, sir." Isaac gave Scott a slightly bigger smile, kissing his cheek before heading for his phone, shivering when he got out of Scott's sight. Not because he was scared, no, but being away from his Dom, his Scott, was uncomfortable. But he'd been given an order, and dammit he needed them.

Once Isaac was out of sight, Scott took a deep breath and sat down on a stool, rubbing his face with one hand and trying to calm down. He needed to be calm if they were going to fix this.

Isaac stepped into the room with his phone in hand, watching Scott for a moment before quietly walking up and falling to his knees beside him, pressing his face to Scott's thigh. "I'm sorry," he murmured. "I'm not trying to make it hard..."

"Oh sweetheart, I know you're doing your best," Scott said sadly, stroking Isaac's hair. "Please don't apologise. It's okay."

Isaac peeked up at him, his lips curling into a soft smile as he relaxed just a bit. "I love you," he murmured, holding up his phone.

"I love you, too," Scott replied. "Want me to call her?"

"Yes, please." Isaac smiled lightly. "Because I don't know if I could word it decently."

Scott nodded, and took the phone. "I'm putting us on speaker, though," he said, finding Janet's number. "I want you to speak up whenever you have something to say, okay?"

"Yes, sir," Isaac nodded, kissing Scott's knee. "I love you."
"Love you, too." Scott dialed, waiting nervously for Janet to pick up.

"...Isaac?" she eventually answered. "It's been a while since I've heard from you, is everything alright?"

"It's actually both of us," Scott replied. "And...not really."

"I fucked up," Isaac piped up, hiding his eyes.

"You didn't," Scott protested automatically, then winced. "I mean. You kind of did. But I did, too!"

"Well, it sounds like the two of you have gotten yourselves into a bit of a muddle," Janet said, sounding remarkably reassuring. "How about you tell me from the beginning, hmm?"

Isaac took a deep breath, peeking up at Scott. "I fucked up," he murmured. "It...it started when Scott got sick a couple of weeks ago." He paused, then hurriedly confessed the whole story, even the parts Scott didn’t know about his recent freakouts and crying.

Scott bit his lip as he listened, forcing himself to stay quiet until Isaac was done, but it was hard - god, it was hard.

Janet hummed thoughtfully. "And Scott? What's your side of all this?"

"I didn't know!" Scott blurted out. "I--I was glad to take a break, but I would have stopped in an instant if I'd known it was hurting Isaac!"

Isaac grumbled, clinging to Scott's leg. "Didn't want to make you sick again."

"Then I think," Janet said practically, "that the first thing we need to talk about is how Scott got sick in the first place."

Isaac pressed his lips together. "I fucked up," he offered, his voice unsure. "It was...a very bad time." He stumbled through what had happened with the house. "A-and I think he had problems trying to help? I'm not sure..."

"It wasn't your fault!" Scott objected, shocked. "Sweetheart, why on earth do you think that?"

"You got sick after my freakouts at the house," Isaac murmured, resting his head on Scott's thigh.

"Well, yes," Scott admitted, "but--but if anything, it was because of me, not you!"

"What do you mean?" Janet asked.

"Because..." Scott looked away. "Because I failed him."

Isaac let out a whine. "You did not," he argued. "How could you think that?"

"Well," said Janet firmly, "it sounds like both of you are convinced that you're right and the other is wrong. So I dare say each of you has part of the blame, and the rest of it is chance and circumstance."

Isaac blinked up at the phone that sat on Scott's hand. "But..."

"But what?" she prompted.
"But I fucked up." Isaac kept his voice small, cutting his eyes away. How could it be both of their faults?

"Can you tell me what you, specifically, did wrong to make Scott sick?" Jenny asked.

"I couldn't tell him what could help in my freakouts."

"Did you *know* what would help?"

"No, ma'am..." Isaac trailed off, looking away as his shoulders slumped.

Janet made a satisfied noise. "So if you didn't know, how could you have told Scott?"

"He certainly thought I should. Or that *he* should have known. That's why he got sick..."

Scott's heart sank. "Isaac..." he breathed.

Isaac peeked up at him. "If there's no way I could have known, how in the hell would *you* have been able to know, sir? It's not like freakouts are *that* common with me. Especially ones that bad." His hand came up to run along Scott's side before curling in his shirt tightly.

Scott shook his head. "I didn't get sick because of a *logical* reason, sweetheart," he explained, stroking Isaac's hair. "I *felt* like I'd failed you, like I should have been able to do more. It hurt, to see you hurt and be helpless."

Isaac hummed, nuzzling Scott's leg. After a few moments he peeked up. "Like there's not a logical reason why I feel like I've fucked up."

"Alright, boys," Janet said, "hold up a minute. Scott, can you tell us what you think you did wrong in all this?"

Scott sighed. "I didn't know what to do when Isaac was upset, but that wasn't either of our fault. It threw me off balance and I felt awful the next day, which wasn't either of our fault either. I asked for us to take a break, which...maybe I shouldn't have? But I definitely should have noticed sooner that Isaac was upset."

"I hide things well," Isaac grumbled. "It's a character flaw."

"It's a survival skill," Janet countered gently. "Isaac, can you tell me what *you* think you did wrong?"

"I shouldn't have hid. I should have learned the difference between wanting it and needing it." Isaac sucked in a breath. "I should have known what would happen in the house."

"We *did* know what would happen," Scott said. "The second time, anyway. And didn't we agree that there *isn't* really a difference?"

Isaac nodded after a moment. "Yeah. But I still couldn't tell you what I needed."

"Well, that's a problem we can work on," Janet said encouragingly. "It can be difficult to work out what you need when you're upset, but maybe the two of you can come up with a list of coping strategies together, and when something goes wrong you can see if anything on that list sounds helpful."

Isaac peeked up at Scott, giving him a hopeful smile. "Like with the second time?"
"Like with the second time," Scott agreed. "Does that sound good to you?"

Isaac nodded, wiggling a bit in place. "Though I can't always think of things when I'm freaking out."

"That's why you make a list beforehand," Janet explained. "So when you're upset, all Scott has to do is ask which one sounds good to you."

"And that way we can talk out the ones that you have problems with consent first...kinda like the paperweight," Isaac added, blushing.

Scott frowned a little, but didn't say anything. That was a different discussion.

"Do the two of you feel more confident now of what you might do in future?" Janet asked.

Isaac peeked up at Scott, his fingers kneading Scott's thigh. "I do," he murmured.

Scott nodded. "Yeah, we've got some ways to move forward now."

Isaac smiled, then hid his face back against Scott's thigh, breathing deeply.

"What do we do from here?" Scott asked hopefully. "With the whole 'not too much not too little' thing?"

"Talk it out," Janet said, amusement in her tone. "Find the balance you both need. It won't be easy, but as long as both of you are willing to talk, it'll get sorted out. Though I'd start with walking through a day by day basis."

"You mean, just figuring out what we need today?" Scott clarified.

"One day at a time." She nodded though they couldn't see it. "Until you find a system that works for you. Every couple is different. So every couple needs to find what works."

"Thanks, Janet," Scott said gratefully, glancing down at Isaac and stroking his hair. "What do you think, sweetheart?"

Isaac nodded after a moment. He didn't like having to try and talk things out, simply because he was always afraid of fucking up. But this made sense. "Thanks, Janet."

"You're welcome," she replied warmly. "You boys keep me updated, alright? Don't hesitate to call if you need advice again."

"Yes, ma'am." Isaac smiled, hugging Scott's leg tightly.

"We will," Scott promised. "Bye."

"Bye," Janet replied.

Isaac peeked back up when the call was cut off, chewing on his bottom lip. "So..."

"So," Scott replied. "What do you think?"

"Talking can be scary," Isaac whispered.

Scott slipped off his chair and knelt on the floor in front of Isaac, pulling him into a hug. "How can I
“make it less scary?” he asked.

“I... Promise I won't mess up?” Isaac asked, voice small.

Scott pulled back a little and kissed him softly. "As long as you try, that's enough."

Isaac drew in a deep breath, leaning into the kiss and comfort.

"Can you tell me what you want or need right now?” Scott asked gently.

Isaac tilted his head in thought, taking stock of his body. "Just...need you. I keep wanting to cling, scared you're upset or that you'll leave me alone and..."

"You need to know I'm here, and I'm not leaving,” Scott summed up.

Isaac nodded, ducking his head. "Because I just keep thinking that I’m going to mess things up. Again."

"What happens when you mess up, sweetheart?” Scott prompted gently.

Isaac hesitated. "I get punished," he murmured. "B-but my head doesn't always remember that, honestly."

Scott nodded, thinking that over. "What do you remember then?"

"That you love me,” Isaac whispered. "And that you won't hurt me, no matter what my head says."

Scott softened, smiling warmly. "I love you so much," he promised. "So much, Isaac."

Isaac returned the smile with a small one of his own, leaning into him. "I love you too."

"How can I help?” Scott asked softly, rubbing Isaac's back. "What do you need from me right now?”

"I..." Isaac trailed off, thinking hard about how he was feeling. "Can we..."

"Yes, sweetheart?” Scott prompted.

"Can you pin me?” Isaac forced out, flushing darkly. "Makes me feel safe."

Scott gave him a relieved smile. "Of course I can," he said instantly, glad there was something he could do to help. "Not on the kitchen floor, though."

Isaac gave him a shy smile. "Bed?” he asked, already standing up.

"Bed,” Scott agreed. He pulled himself up and stretched his legs out with a groan.

Isaac laughed softly, kissing Scott's cheek and leading him to the bedroom. "You okay?”

Scott smiled, glad to see Isaac laugh. "I haven't mastered the art of kneeling comfortably," he explained, wrapping his arm around Isaac's waist.

Isaac grinned. "That's okay, I kneel enough for us both."

Scott leaned in, kissing Isaac's cheek. "It's good to see you smiling.”
Isaac blushed, his smile turning crooked. "Sorry it's been a while."

"Not your fault," Scott insisted, stripping off his shirt as they stepped into the bedroom. "You wanna get comfy?"

Isaac nodded, stripping completely, letting out a soft sigh when all the itchy material was gone. He flopped onto the bed, scrambling up to settle in the middle, eyes on Scott.

Scott took off everything but his boxers, then came over and lay down on his side next to Isaac. "You okay?" he murmured.

Isaac nodded, turning his head to face him, a smile still on his face, one hand going up to trace along Scott's jaw.

Scott reached up, cupping Isaac's cheek in return, searching his face.

Isaac let out a soft noise, nuzzling into the hand on his face, lips still quirked slightly.

Scott hummed, stroking his thumb over Isaac's smile.

Isaac pressed a soft kiss to that thumb, nipping at the end playfully. "I love you."

"I love you, too," Scott replied fondly, rolling on top of Isaac. "Better?"

Isaac sucked in a breath, almost melting into a puddle under him. "Uh huh."

Scott grinned, settling in. "Good," he said. "Then we'll stay like this as long as you want."

Isaac let out another soft sound, hands curling before he reached up to pet along Scott's skin.

Scott let out a fond chuckle. "That's it, babe," he murmured. "You just relax now."

Isaac smiled dazedly, kissing along Scott's jaw before nuzzling behind his ear, letting out a shuddering breath.

"I've got you," Scott promised softly. "I'm here and I love you."

Isaac relaxed completely, blinking away tears as his hands gripped Scott close. "Safe."

"You're safe," Scott agreed. "Safe and loved."

Chapter End Notes

Sorry we're late this week, it's all my fault (Seeker)
Shit happens :D No, but seriously, sorry guys, sometimes life happens or fun brain things. -Kattseye

Thanks, as always, to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you (there's more than six hundred now) for reading. (The kudos makes me cry happily tbh-Kattseye)

We look forward to your comments!
Something New

Chapter Summary

Stiles looked a little frantic when the call connected. "Isaac! Scott!"

"Hi Stiles," Scott replied warmly, waving a little. "Isaac's not the most talkative today, but you can see us both fine, right?"

-----

Scott and Isaac make plans for the future, and turn a bad day around.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Sitting on the couch and trying not to fidget, Isaac waited for Scott to get home. He needed to kneel again, probably because part of him still felt guilty, but he couldn’t really place the feeling, and it was driving him nuts.

Hana, curled up in his lap, looked up, then jumped down and trotted to the front door, getting there only a moment before Scott unlocked it. "Hey sweetheart," he called, scooping Hana up as he came in. "How was your day?"

Isaac let out a soft sound at the sight of Scott, but didn’t say anything.

"Sweetheart?" Scott repeated, frowning worriedly as he came over. "Everything okay?"

"Uh-huh." Isaac gave him a tiny, shy smile, then hesitated, squirming in place. “Can I....?”

Scott smiled back encouragingly. "Just not feeling too verbal right now?" he guessed. "What is it?"

Isaac nodded, chewing on his lip as he fidgeted. He sucked in a breath, then slipped from the couch to his knees with a pleading expression, holding himself stiff so he could get up in a hurry if need be.

Scott nodded reassurance, putting Hana down so he could reach out and run his hand over Isaac's hair. "That's fine, Isaac," he promised gently. "If you want to be on the floor right now, that's okay with me."

Isaac slumped toward him as he relaxed, letting out another soft noise as he buried his face in Scott's stomach.

Scott frowned a little where Isaac couldn't see, still stroking his hair, a little concerned by how he was acting. Then again, yesterday had been incredibly shitty, and had come on top of a couple of weeks of stress, so Scott couldn't really blame him for feeling a bit rough.

"Sorry," Isaac whispered, gradually relaxing.

"It's not a problem," Scott reassured him. "D'you mind if I go get something to drink and stuff before we get settled?"
Isaac gave him a shy smile, nodding and settling back on his heels.

"Thanks, babe." Scott crouched, giving Isaac a quick kiss before heading to the kitchen.

Isaac beamed at the kiss, settling in to wait patiently, already feeling more centered.

Scott came back after a few minutes and settled on the couch, browsing tumblr on his phone with his free hand in Isaac's hair. Eventually he set his phone aside and got up again. "Want a snack, sweetheart?" he checked.

"Yes please," Isaac murmured after a moment, giving Scott a hesitant smile.

"Any requests?" Scott asked, smiling back.

"Do we have any apples?" Isaac asked tentatively.

"I can get you an apple," Scott said, proud of Isaac for asking. "D'you want anything to drink?"

"Water please," Isaac gave him another small grin, his shoulders loosening a bit more.

Scott leaned over and kissed the top of Isaac's head. "Whatever you want, sweetheart."

"I'm sorry," Isaac whispered, chewing on his lower lip.

"Hey, why are you sorry?" Scott asked gently. "Everything's fine. You're doing great."

"Because I don't understand why I need this so much," Isaac explained softly. "On the hunger scale, it's like I'm starving, but the other day wasn't this bad…"

"Does there have to be a reason?" Scott said practically. "It's okay to need what you need."

Isaac tilted his head. "Like when we're hungry, it's something we need."

Scott nodded. "Exactly. You've spent two weeks starving yourself of this, sweetheart, it's not surprising you're feeling needy right now."

Isaac gave Scott a shy nod, ducking his eyes. He hadn't thought about it like that. Though it made a lot of sense.

Scott crouched down, cupping Isaac's cheek. "Is kneeling and not talking enough for you right now?" he asked softly.

Isaac leaned into the hand on his cheek, thinking hard for a moment, taking stock of his body. "For now," he murmured, shy and hesitant still. "Don't know about later today."

Scott smiled reassuringly. "We'll deal with that when we get there," he promised. "You just let me know, okay?"

Isaac nodded, returning his smile with a slightly bigger one of his own. "I just...need to make sure it's okay, you know?"

"I know," Scott promised. "It's fine, love. I'll go get you that snack now."

Isaac nodded, chewing on his lip. "Love you."
Scott leaned in, kissing him softly. "Love you too."


"I know," Scott murmured.

-----

A loud meow came from Isaac’s phone on the coffee table, and he startled. “My phone,” he explained, blushing at the new message tone.

Scott laughed a little, grabbing it and passing it over.

~

You okay? - SS

~

Isaac relaxed at the laugh, smiling briefly, before frowning when he read the message. “Oh, he’s worried…” he said absently as he texted back.

~

I’m okay…ish - IL

~

"Who is?” Scott asked. "Stiles?"

Isaac nodded, curling closer to Scott. "Yeah." he tilted the phone, showing him the texts. Stiles’ reply came in almost instantly.

~

Ish? Why ish? - SS

~

"Do you want to call him?” Scott suggested, stroking Isaac's hair.

Isaac paused, then nodded, pressing closer. "Yeah. It might help him too. And he might have ideas that might help us."

"Do you think you can get up on the couch with me while we do?” Scott asked gently.

Isaac licked his lips, taking stock of himself before nodding, crawling onto the couch and curling up against Scott's side. "It helped," he whispered.

"I'm glad," Scott said warmly, wrapping his arm around Isaac and rubbing his back. "D'you want to ask him to get on skype?"

Isaac nodded, already typing it out on his phone before grabbing his laptop from the coffee table, curled tightly against Scott.

~
Stiles looked a little frantic when the call connected. "Isaac! Scott!"

"Hi Stiles," Scott replied warmly, waving a little. "Isaac's not the most talkative today, but you can see us both fine, right?"

Stiles nodded, letting out a relieved noise. "God, you two scared me!"

Isaac flushed. "Sorry," he murmured, chewing on his thumbnail.

"It's alright, sweetheart," Scott promised. "We're fine now, Stiles."

Isaac gave him a tiny, hesitant smile.

"Well good, because now maybe the urge to stress-bake will be gone." Stiles sounded more amused than stressed, though.

Scott grinned, rubbing Isaac's shoulder. "I don't mind answering questions - and, I owe you, by the way, for texting me the other day."

"I'm just glad I was able to help." Stiles blushed. "And, sorry, Isaac....but I had to say something. It was going to be scary if I hadn't."

Isaac shook his head with a tiny smile. "No. It's okay," he reassured Stiles. "I can see now that it really would have gotten very bad. I'm thankful you did."

"We're both grateful," Scott confirmed. "We, uh, got Isaac down for the evening, and most of the next day, and things are a bit better now."

Stiles leaned against his desk, making a relieved noise. "Awesome!"

"Um..." Isaac wiggled in his spot, flushing darkly. "Can you ask?" he whispered to Scott, thumbnail back in his mouth.

"Ask what, sweetheart?" Scott said softly, stroking Isaac's hair.

Isaac leaned into the hand in his smile, eyes falling half-closed. "If he has any ideas to help." His voice was barely audible - he didn't really feel like talking at all.

"Okay, sweetheart," Scott murmured. He looked up at Stiles. "We're trying to figure out how to find the right balance - what sort of thing Isaac needs regularly, and how we make sure he gets it."

Stiles nodded after a moment. "Trying to find a happy medium. Hmmm." He tilted his head in thought, eyes flicking along the top of his computer screen.

Scott cuddled Isaac a little closer as he went on. "We're also having issues with how to communicate that, if that makes sense?" Everything had been such a mess, it was hard to pull out specific things to work on, but communication was definitely one of them.

Stiles eyes lit up after a moment. "I have an idea! What about a word, kinda like a safe word, that means he needs more? Me and Sir have one that stands for something special too, so maybe it'll help
"You two?"

"You do?" Scott asked.

Stiles nodded, chewing on his lower lip. "You know how I have problems with people being angry at me? Or that I think I've ticked someone off? When I feel like that, my anxiety goes haywire, and we have a word that I can say that'll bring it to Sir's attention. Because it's easier to say one word than a sentence. Especially when you're upset."

Isaac blinked slowly, nodding. "It is easier to say one word over many."

"Huh," Scott said, frowning thoughtfully. "And it's helped?"

Stiles nodded, smile widening. "When I use it, Sir knows what's going on, and we have a list of things he could do to try and help. So far it's helped a lot."

Scott looked down at Isaac, stroking his hair. "Sweetheart?" he murmured. "What do you think? Do you have any questions?"

Isaac thought for a moment, leaning into the hands in his hair. "It helps?" he asked, his voice small.

Stiles nodded, giving Isaac a soft smile. "It's a lot easier to explain what's going on with one word. One word, and Sir knows exactly what's wrong."

"What do you think about us having something like that?" Scott suggested gently. "A word you could use to tell me you needed to sub more?"

Isaac nodded after a second. "I want to try. Because he's right. Saying one word is a lot easier than saying a lot." He swallowed hard. "And this way, we can do like Janet said as well, and make a list..."

"Good idea, sweetheart." Scott smiled, kissing Isaac's forehead. "One more thing, okay? How do you feel about us having a word that I could use to tell you I needed to Dom less?"

Isaac blinked slowly. "That may help too," he whispered. "As long as we can figure it out if both words are used at the same time."

Scott winced. "Yeah, that would be tough," he agreed. "I don't really know what we'd do if that happened."

"Call Sir?" Stiles piped up. "You know he'd help. And I'll ask him right now to double-check if you want."

Isaac flushed, giving Scott a hopeful smile.

Scott smiled back encouragingly. "Would you let Derek help you, love?"

Isaac nodded. "I trust him," he said, smiling a little bigger. "It wouldn't be you. But I trust him almost as much."

"And you think you'd be able to sub for him?" Scott checked, cupping Isaac's cheek.

Isaac leaned into the touch, soaking it up. He kept quiet as he thought it over seriously. "I do," he murmured, cheeks darkening. "There's not many people I trust like that, but..."
Stiles' smile warmed. "I'll go ask him real quick," he said, bolting from his chair to find Derek. "Sir!" he called out, bounding down to the living room where Derek was sitting in his favorite arm chair, not even paying attention as he all but bounced into his Dom's lap.

Derek hurriedly set his computer aside so Stiles wouldn't sit on it. "Everything okay, love?"

Stiles nodded, taking a little time to nuzzle into Derek's jaw, absently murmuring an apology about almost crushing his computer. "Scott and Isaac are on skype," he explained. "Come talk to them?"

Derek ran his fingers through Stiles' hair, then set his hand groundingly on the back of Stiles' neck. "Alright," he agreed. "Are you going to let me up?"

"Didn't plan this far," Stiles complained, still grinning as he leaned back into the hold, then stood up, tugging on Derek's hand.

Derek stood and followed, smiling indulgently.

"I brought himmmm," Stiles sang as he re-entered the room.

Isaac blinked, the flush still on his cheeks, smiling shyly at Derek.

Derek raised his eyebrows when he saw how...quiet Isaac looked. "Hi," he said, not too loudly. "How are you doing?"

"We're...okay," Scott said. "Isaac's not feeling too verbal today, though."

Isaac flushed darker, ducking his head. "Sorry."

"It's just fine, sweetheart," Scott promised, stroking Isaac's hair. "I don't mind at all. Stiles and Derek and I can talk, and I'll just check in with you to make sure we know how you feel about things. It's not a problem at all."

Isaac relaxed, giving a soft smile as he curled closer. "Kay."

Stiles gave Isaac a small smile of his own, wishing they were there in person so he could hug the other sub. "So...kinda didn't explain anything. Whoops." He flushed, rubbing the back of his head.

Scott laughed a little. "Well, uh, it's kind of a long story," he admitted, "but the important bit is, sometimes Isaac really needs to sub more. And, sometimes, I kinda really need to Dom less."

Derek nodded, watching the two of them carefully. "Considering that you're more neutral than he is, that makes sense," he said evenly.

Isaac flushed again, peeking up at Derek, then tucking his face into Scott's neck.

"I told them about our word for when I'm scared someone is angry at me," Stiles murmured. "They want to try something similar. But..." He trailed off for a moment. "What happens when they both say their word? Isaac for more, but Scott for less?"

"It's a problem," Derek agreed, wrapping his arm around Stiles. "Like when I'm having a bad day and need space, and you're having a bad day and need closeness."

Scott looked up, surprised. "I hadn't thought of that," he admitted. The idea that Derek and Stiles had something like this too was...comforting.

Stiles let out a happy hum at being cuddled. "Yeah. And well, the reason I brought you in
here...would you be okay Domming Isaac if something like that happened?"

Derek frowned a little. "Isaac..." he said carefully, "I know you don't want to talk right now, and that's okay, but I need to make sure I know how you feel about this, so do you think you could tell us colours?"

Isaac peeked out again, smiling a little at Derek's concern. "Green, promise," he said with a nod. "I trust you, Derek." He blushed, looking away. "Almost as much as Scott."

"Good boy," Derek praised, testing the waters a little.

Isaac smiled shyly, ducking his head at the praise, leaning against Scott's shoulder.

Derek hummed a little, pleased that Isaac was responding to him. "Scott?" he said. "Can you tell me the kind of things you're imagining me doing with Isaac?" The logistical questions - whether and how they'd end up in the same room - could wait until after the negotiations.

Stiles relaxed a bit as he watched curiously.

"Um." Scott bit his lip, thinking. "We kind of, a lot of our stuff is kind of sex stuff, which, no, so..." He shrugged and looked down at Isaac. "I don't know, babe, what do you want to do, just kneeling?"

Isaac tilted his head. "Kneeling...maybe being held in some way that's not like you pinning me by laying on me. But it still works?" He frowned, confused.

Derek nodded thoughtfully. "How are you with bondage?" he asked. "Any answer is okay."

"U-um..." Isaac flushed darker. "I do better with hands," he admitted softly. "Though, not a trigger depending on what it is."

"Thank you, that's good to know," Derek reassured him. "The kind of thing I was thinking of was cuffs, connected to each other, not anything else, or...hmm, maybe a rope harness, over your clothes - not restrictive, just holding you."

"Actually," Scott put in, "Isaac does better when he's wearing less. He's more comfortable physically, even though there's more vulnerability, right love?"

Isaac nodded. "Clothes make me itch," he said, embarrassed. "And I'm not fond of them anyway."

"Sensory problem, maybe?" Stiles suggested. "I get like that in certain headspaces."

"Okay," Derek said, nodding. "I'd like you to keep on some kind of underwear when I'm around, but you don't have to wear more. Is that okay with everyone?"

"Fine with me," Scott replied.

Stiles nodded, grinning widely as he watched Isaac relaxed.

They had a plan then. "Deal," Isaac agreed, giving Derek a shy smile and slumping against Scott.

Scott rubbed Isaac's shoulder comfortably. "So, do you think if you get to strip down and kneel with
Derek, that that'll be enough, sweetheart?"

Isaac chewed on his lower lip. "Think so? Not sure. But want to try."

"Okay," Scott said gently. "Is there anything else you can think of that might help?"

Isaac just shrugged, ducking his head. "I'm not sure."

"That's okay," Derek promised. "We'll just see how it goes."

Isaac nodded again, tucking his face into Scott's neck. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," Derek said warmly. "I have two more questions for you two, okay? Do you want Stiles around when I'm looking after Isaac, and do you want me to come to you, or you to come to us?"

"I'm okay with Stiles being there," Isaac murmured. "Dunno what will be easier for the other thing though..."

"It's probably going to depend on how badly we're doing," Scott admitted. "Like, at a certain point, it's not really a good idea to drive."

"True," Derek agreed.

"Ah, back up plans." Stiles rubbed his hands together, grin wide on his face.

"Hey Scott?" Derek said thoughtfully. "What do you need, when you need to step back from Domming?"

Isaac tilted his head back, looking up at Scott. "I know about the affirmation that I'm not just with you because of you being my Dom...."

Scott hugged Isaac a little closer. "I hadn't really thought about it, honestly," he admitted. "It's kind of just...getting to forget about my responsibilities for a little while."

Isaac let out a soft sound, smiling up at him.

Stiles hummed, resting his chin on one hand, his other hand slipping up Derek's side. "Kinda like you just need to be you? Which is kinda odd to me, because you haven't not been you? Am I making sense?"

"I mean, I have been me, but it's kind of me taking on a role?" Scott explained awkwardly. "Like, sometimes I need to put that down."

Isaac nodded, even though he really still didn't get it. He could understand needing some time.

Derek, though, made an understanding noise. "You should talk to Laura about this sometime," he suggested. "It kinda sounds like how she feels about Domming."

"Really?" Stiles blinked, thinking back to how Laura and Jordan interacted. "I can see it."

"It's pretty common for people who are more neutral," Derek explained. "To have...part time power dynamics, I guess. For a long time I couldn't really handle seeing her Dom, actually."

"Huh," Scott said, feeling kind of relieved.
"That's good." Isaac murmured, still feeling quiet. "It's...kinda like Jordan himself? Or like your mom, Scott."

"Yeah," Scott said, "I guess it is."

Isaac smiled shyly. "I'm just...not neutral I guess?"

"No," Derek agreed. "You and me and Stiles, we're all more inclined to be full-timers. It's just how we are."

Isaac started chewing on the side of his thumb. "But we can make it work?" he asked, peering up at Scott with hope in his eyes.

"We can make it work," Scott promised, running his hand over Isaac's hair. "We just need to actually think about it."

Isaac leaned into the touch, still chewing on his thumb. "Ugh, thinking," he joked, his nose wrinkling playfully, even as he relaxed further, almost boneless now.

Scott laughed a little. "Sorry, sweetheart," he teased. "I'll try to keep it to a minimum."

Derek smiled, pleased to see the two of them more relaxed. "Do you feel like you've got a plan now?"

Isaac nodded shyly, a small smile on his face.

"Isaac, feel free to text me if there's anything else you want me to know about Domming you," Derek said. "I'll leave you both to it."

"Thanks, Derek," Scott said gratefully. "We'll see you later. You too, Stiles."

Stiles beamed. "See you!" He blew them a playful kiss right before the call ended.

Isaac laughed a little at Stiles' goofiness, and Scott grinned. "Feeling better, love?" he murmured.

Isaac nodded, leaning up to kiss him hard, though he pulled back after, still feeling shy.

"So sweet," Scott said fondly. "Let's pick our words before we forget, yeah? And then we can come up with a list of strategies later."

Isaac almost beamed, kissing along Scott's jaw to his ear as he thought.

"You're going to distract me," Scott protested, still smiling.

Isaac gave a slightly husky laugh, his eyes glinting mischievously. "Um. What about...'mayday'? or something weird like 'domine' or something."

"Mayday works," Scott agreed. "Should I use that too?"

Isaac tilted his head, absently nipping at Scott's earlobe. "Mmm. that works." He grinned. "It's not something we normally say."

Scott hummed lowly. "Wanna take a break before we try to make those lists?" he suggested.
"Uh huh," Isaac breathed, sucking Scott's earlobe into his mouth.

"Yeah, you're a bit distracted, aren't you?" Scott teased, running his hand down Isaac's back.

Isaac let out a soft sound, shifting against him so he could press closer. "You like me distracted," he murmured, sucking his way down Scott's neck before going back to his jaw.

"I like you all the time," Scott replied.

"Mmm, good." Isaac grinned, nipping at Scott's neck. "I like you all the time too."

Scott tilted his head back, letting Isaac do as he liked. "Just remember I can't have visible marks at work."

Isaac grumbled softly. "Spoilsport," he teased, moving to straddle Scott, rocking against him as he nipped at his collarbone.

"I didn't say you couldn't leave marks in other places," Scott pointed out huskily.

"Mm, true." Isaac grinned, slowly moving down Scott's chest, sucking up as many marks as he could. He started humming softly, eyes flicking back up to Scott's with a soft flush.


Isaac moved back up to Scott’s mouth, kissing him hungrily, his hips unconsciously grinding to the beat of what he was humming.

Scott raised his eyebrows curiously. "What's the song?"

Isaac flushed, stilling for a moment only to wiggle in place. "Um." He ducked his head. "Right now it's Cyclone. Though that's just the one stuck in my head right now."

Scott frowned a little. "Do I know that one?" he asked.

Isaac darkened. "I don't know? It's from like 2007...hold on." he bent backwards, managing to grab his phone from where it was sitting near his computer, already thumbing through his music to pull it up.

Scott hummed as he listened. "Thinking about dancing, sweetheart?"

Isaac flushed, nodding shyly. "Not to this one, though..."

"Something you want to tell me, baby?" Scott murmured, cupping Isaac's cheek.

Isaac flushed darker, partly because of the petname (who knew the word ‘baby’ would make him shiver?) and partly because of what he was going to say. "I like the thought of dancing for you," he admitted, ducking his head and letting his hair fall forward to hide his eyes.

Scott huffed a soft laugh. "You need a haircut," he said fondly. "And you can dance for me if you want, love."

Isaac gave him a tiny grin. "Really?" he asked hopefully, pressing closer and nuzzling into Scott's jaw. "Can't promise I'll be good at it."
"Practice makes perfect," Scott reassured him, rubbing his back. "Just like with everything else we've done."

"Want to," Isaac murmured. "Our dining chairs are sturdy enough, and I can get my ipod dock..." He blushed.

"Look at me, sweetheart," Scott said firmly, waiting until Isaac met his eyes. "I would love you to dance for me. Whenever you're ready to do it."

Isaac shivered, licking his lips. "Want to," he repeated breathily, his eyes darkening.

"Alright, baby," Scott murmured, leaning in for a kiss.

Isaac sank into the kiss, keeping it sweet, his brain spinning with ideas. "Is there something I need to make sure not to do?" he asked softly, squirming a bit on Scott's lap.

"...No, I think we're fine," Scott said, after a moment's thought. "Should I get changed or something?"

Isaac chewed on his lower lip. "If you want to?" he offered, his cheeks pink. "I..." his face went darker. "I want to wear something, at least at the beginning..."

"Sweetheart?" Scott said, with a soft smile. "I want to make this what you imagined, okay? I want you to wear what you imagined wearing, and I want you to tell me what you imagined me wearing. Got it?"

Isaac's face, if possible, grew redder, the flush spreading to his ears and neck. "U-um. Usually it's just your white tank and your sweats like you normally are at home," he explained, his voice still quiet.

"Good boy," Scott said firmly. "Is there anything else you imagine me doing?"

"Not especially?" Isaac blushed. "That one varied a lot..."

Scott smiled encouragingly. "That's fine, love," he murmured. "You're doing well. How about I get changed while you set things up how you want them, and then you can go put on what you want?"

Isaac nodded, leaning forward to kiss Scott hard before flushing and bolting from the room, going to get his ipod dock out of the kitchen.

A few minutes later, Scott was sitting on one of their dining chairs, biting his lip as he waited for Isaac to come back.

Isaac, meanwhile, was fidgeting as he stood in the middle of their bedroom. "A-are you sure?" he called out, chewing on his lower lip. "Th-that I wear what I see?"

"I'm sure!" Scott called back, wondering what was making Isaac so nervous. "You'll look amazing in anything, love!"

Isaac took a deep breath, straightening the waistband of his shorts so the black lace edge of his panties showed, a stark contrast to the pale skin of his hips and stomach. He could feel his shorts brushing against his ass through the cut-out of the panties as he looked himself over in the mirror. Scott had never seen these. Or the eyeliner, either. And Isaac had never done this. But he wanted
too. And Scott had said to wear what he’d imagined... Taking another deep breath, Isaac rolled his head to loosen his neck, and he forced himself out of the room, hitting play on the ipod dock as he walked past it toward Scott. He hoped he looked more confident than he felt, but he knew he probably still seemed shy.

Michael Bublé's *Feeling Good* started playing, and Scott swallowed as he looked Isaac over. Even though he got to see him every day, this was different somehow. "Hey, sweetheart," he said huskily, reaching out. "You look great."

Isaac's lips curled into a lazy grin, the corners of his eyes crinkling as he stepped forward, hips already swaying to the music.

"You're wearing makeup," Scott said, surprised, and a little shocked by how much *bluer* it made Isaac's eyes look. "It looks..." He swallowed. "It looks really good." Isaac looked really good, confident and sexy and...comfortable in his skin.

Isaac hummed, his cheeks going a bit pink, sliding his arms up his own torso as he sunk into the beat of the song, then stretching them upwards as he stepped closer. As the intro drew to a close, his arms came back down, and he locked eyes with Scott before pushing his shorts to the ground. He moved closer, straddling Scott’s lap and licking his lips, grinding forward as the saxophones started playing and letting his head tip back in a submissive tease. Getting into the music, shyness banished by the huskiness in Scott’s voice, Isaac began to roll and grind his hips, hovering just high enough that they only got enough friction to tease. Lifting his head back up, he looked down at Scott, hands resting on his shoulders.

"Fuck, baby," Scott breathed, his eyes dark, his hands loosely cupping Isaac's ass, shocked when he felt bare skin under his fingers. "Are - these panties are *backless*?"

Isaac nodded with a dirty moan. He rolled his hips, grinding back into Scott's hands before arching backwards, moving his hands behind him to brace himself on Scott's knees. After a beat or two he slowly rolled his body back up, panting softly, his curls a mess. He turned on Scott's lap, still moving to the beat of the music, grinding his ass against Scott’s crotch. The best part of dancing like this for someone was teasing them insane.

Scott was panting, eyes dark and cock hard in his sweats, and soon he was begging, a thoughtless stream of words pouring from his mouth. "Fuck, Isaac, baby, look at you, sweetheart, so sexy, can't believe I get to have you...

Isaac gave a soft whimper, turning back around, his own cock hard in his panties and his eyes dark as he watched Scott’s face. Slipping off Scott’s lap to dance between his knees, he dropped to a crouch, running his face up the inside of Scott’s thigh, breathing in his scent. Once he reached Scott’s crotch he paused for a beat, flicking his eyes up with a cocky smirk and breathing hot air through the thin material over Scott’s cock for a moment before coming back to his feet. Sliding his fingers up Scott’s thigh and belly to rest on Scott’s chest, he restraddled his lap, panting a little.

Scott groaned, eyes never leaving Isaac's, his hips rolling upwards. "Please, baby," he begged, wanting to give Isaac everything he'd imagined, but fuck, the teasing was ruthless. "C'mon, wanna fuck you so bad."

Isaac ran his hands up into Scott's hair, dancing and swaying to the beat as he leaned forward. The song starting to wind down as he ran the tip of his tongue lightly along Scott's jaw to his ear, and he sang along huskily with the last line as the music began to trail off. "*I feel so good*..."
Right as the song ended, Isaac gave in, whimpering a soft moan before murmuring his response to Scott's pleading into his ear: "Fuck me. Please, fuck me."

"Jesus," Scott groaned, clutching Isaac's hips. "Yes. Here? Bed? Do you have lube?"

"Bed," Isaac breathed, a mischievous light entering his eyes as he slid off Scott's lap. "Come get me." He slid his hand down Scott's chest to palm his cock through his sweats. "Chase me. Pin me. Wreck me," he teased, then turned for the bedroom, hips swaying.

Scott gasped, lunging out of the chair after Isaac, his eyes dark and hungry.

Isaac peeked back over his shoulder just in time for the chair to crash to the floor. He gave Scott a hungry smile and bolted, knowing Scott could catch him easily.

Scott ran to catch up, snagging Isaac around the waist just inside their bedroom door. "Hey," he said huskily.

Isaac grinned, licking his lips as he rocked backwards into Scott's hold. "Hi," he breathed, kohl-lined eyes flicking over his shoulder as his hips swayed side to side, teasing.

"Sweetheart," Scott breathed, his cock pressing against Isaac's ass through his sweats, "...where the hell did you get those panties?"

"Hmm?" Isaac let out a soft, husky laugh. "A website. They had a lot of different kinds. Do you like?" He rocked his hips back again, seeking out the teasing press of Scott's clothed cock against his ass, swaying to the faint music of the next song that had come up on his ipod.

"They're..." Scott shook his head and spun Isaac around. "Fuck, baby, they're amazing."

Isaac couldn't hide the shiver from the pet name this time, eyes crinkling as he smiled. God, he loved the mess he'd left Scott in.

Scott reached up, gently tracing the eyeliner at the corner of Isaac's eye with his thumb. "And...when did you learn this?"

Isaac flushed softly. "Couple of weeks ago. YouTube is a wonderful thing."

"God, I love you," Scott breathed, stepping forward, crowding Isaac so he'd move back.

Isaac sucked in a breath through his nose, letting Scott guide him backwards until his legs hit the side of the bed. "Love you too," he breathed. "I take it you liked me dancing for you?" One hand drifted down his own side teasingly as he swayed a bit, humming the song under his breath.

"Loved it," Scott breathed, legs bracketing Isaac's as he stripped his tank off. "You looked so good, baby."

Isaac wiggled on the bed, arching his back. "Good. I like the name," he admitted, stretching his arms out above himself.

"Yeah?" Scott asked, shoving his pants down off his hips and letting them fall to the floor.

Isaac nodded, licking his lips. "Way more than I thought. Same with the eyeliner."

Scott smirked, sliding his hand down between them to rub over the front of Isaac's panties.

Isaac moaned, arching his back to grind his hand up into Scott's touch. "C'mon," he breathed.
"Get the lube," Scott told him lowly.

Isaac nodded, flipping around to rummage through the nightstand, unable to keep from swinging his hips to tease Scott even more.

Scott grabbed Isaac's hips, his cock thrusting forward, slipping between Isaac's ass cheeks

Isaac's hips stuttered backwards with a moan, the fact that his ass was bare while he was still technically wearing panties making him whimper. He finally found the lube, getting it out and offering it to Scott.

Scott hurried to slick his fingers, stepping back slightly to give himself room to reach down and probe at Isaac's hole

Isaac whimpered, spreading his legs further, his hands tangling in the blanket. "F-fuck," he groaned. panting and trying to get more. "Guess you like the panties, huh?"

"Love the panties," Scott agreed, fucking in with two fingers, even though it was tight at first.

"Sh-shitshitshitshit," Isaac whimpered, arching his back. "Feels good."

Scott hummed, focusing on stretching Isaac out.

"C'mon. Want you," Isaac groaned, rolling his hips back, feeling the lace digging into his ass along the waistband.

"Gotta prep you," Scott protested, scissoring his fingers.

Isaac looked over his shoulder, lips bitten red as his curls fell into his eyes again. "Now who's teasing?"

"You really need a haircut," Scott commented under his breath, adding a third finger. "And I'm not teasing, I'm looking after you."

"You like my hair." Isaac grinned, his eyes fluttering with a soft moan. "Love feeling you."

"I do," Scott agreed lowly, "but it's getting in your eyes."

"You want to see my eyes?" Isaac asked, a hand sliding through his curls to push them back, tilting his head back into the touch.

"I want you to be able to see at all," Scott replied, stretching his fingers apart to check the give of Isaac's hole, then pulling them out.

Isaac let out a high whine, pouting over his shoulder as he rocked back. "Please!"

"I've gotta take my fingers out before I can put my cock in, baby," Scott pointed out, drizzling lube over his cock. "Be patient."

Isaac groaned at the name, a shiver going down his spine as one hand slipped behind him to hold himself open. "Want it." He panted.

"I know," Scott said, taking his cock in hand and guiding it into Isaac's hole with a groan.
"So good." Isaac let out a content noise, arching into the thrust. "Best idea ever," he breathed, the red silk encasing his cock driving him closer to the edge.

"I still can't believe those panties," Scott confessed breathlessly, groaning as he pushed deeper.

"Believe it," Isaac moaned. "I'm so getting more, too."

"God, sweetie, I'm so getting more, too."

"Like what?" Isaac asked, cursing loudly and shoving his hips back onto Scott's cock with a equally loud moan. "Fuck. There. Please." He spread his legs wider. "Wreck me, c'mon, sir. Please Scott?"

"Confident," Scott replied, fucking in hard. "God, I'm so proud of you."

"Fuck." Isaac moaned, flush staining his cheeks, even as the praise made his heart thump. "B-being this way helps, I think," he panted, managing to speak between each thrust.

"What way?" Scott asked, speeding up a little.

Isaac stretched out, back arching as one hand gripped the blanket, the other tugging at his hair. "This way," he repeated. "Panties, eyeliner, dancing for you, watching you go insane."

Scott reached up, grabbing Isaac's hair.

Isaac let out a lewd noise, eyes rolling back a bit. "F-fuck!!" He moaned loudly, back arching. He cursed as he tested the grip Scott had on his hair, wanting to see what he'd do.

Scott just braced, holding Isaac's head in place.

Isaac arched his back, lace digging in as he scrambled for a hold on the blanket. "Fuck me fuck me fuck me."

"I'm doing that," Scott pointed out tightly.

Isaac let out a choked-off laugh. "Hell yeah you are."

With his free hand, Scott reached around, rubbing the front of Isaac's panties.

Isaac's hips stuttered as he groaned. He slipped a hand under himself to cover Scott's hand, panting heavily. "W-wanna come just from you. So close already."

"My hand is me," Scott pointed out breathlessly.

Another stuttered laugh was Scott's answer, Isaac's hand tightening on Scott's for a moment before letting it fall back to the bed. "Touche," he conceded, thighs trembling.

"Love you so much, baby," Scott breathed, nipping at Isaac's shoulder.

"Love you too," Isaac worked out, a shudder running down his spine. "Close. So close."

"I'll probably come when you do," Scott admitted. God, it felt so good.

Isaac nodded as much as he could, the tug on his hair making him whimper. He didn't make it much longer, before he was rocking up on his toes as he cried out, coming hard and clenching harder...
around Scott, desperate to feel him.

Scott swore, the added sensation tearing his orgasm out of him as he fucked Isaac through it.

Isaac felt his knees buckle as he sunk into the mattress, panting softly. "Shit."

Scott pulled out and flopped down next to him. "God, love," he breathed. "Jesus."

Letting out a breathless laugh, Isaac turned toward Scott, panting softly, the eyeliner only smudged a bit, but his panties, god, those were soaked.

"You're so beautiful," Scott murmured, reaching up to cup Isaac's cheek.

Isaac flushed, grinning at him as he leaned into the touch. "I think I like wearing things like this," he confided in a whisper, a slight frown appearing on his face as he remembered what his father told him.

"What's the frown for?" Scott asked. "I'm all in favour."

Isaac’s flush grew darker, his frown turning into a tiny smile. "Just my dad's words," he admitted. "Though now my brain is going through that website again."

"Which website?" Scott prompted, stroking Isaac's cheek with his thumb. "And what words?"

"The one I got these from." Isaac grinned, his hand going to stroke along the lace on his panties. "And the words about being a sissy sub or anything related to what I'm wearing now being bad."

"Well, I think you look awesome," Scott said firmly. "Especially since you seem so much more confident and stuff. But let me put it this way: Stiles likes panties too, right? Is he bad?"

Isaac shook his head after a moment. "No, he's not...and..." He took a deep breath. "It's kinda weird, but I do feel more confident with them on. Both the eyeliner and the panties. I don't know why."

Scott shrugged a little. "Does it matter why? I'm just glad it helps."

Isaac reached up, playing with one of his curls where it was next to his face. "But now I'm curious," he mock-whined.

Scott laughed, sliding his hand up into Isaac's hair. "I wasn't kidding about you needing a haircut, by the way. Unless you're planning to grow it out or something?"

"Dunno. Haven't really thought about it." Isaac shrugged, leaning into Scott's hand. "Does it bother you?"

Scott shrugged. "It seems like it keeps getting in your face, that's all. You can grow your hair however you want."

Isaac shrugged. "I have a cloth headband I use at work. I might try the long hair thing...at least for a bit."

"It's up to you," Scott reassured him. "If you want to, go ahead."

Isaac grinned. "Gives you more to tug on too," he teased.
Scott laughed. "Yeah, I could tell how much you liked that," he replied.

"Only a lot." Isaac's grin was bright. "Though now I'm seriously tempted to try other things than just the panties," he confided.

"What kinds of things?" Scott asked curiously.

Isaac chewed on his lower lip, leaning closer. "Well, Stiles did say something about heels...and there's a lot of other things on that site too."

"Is that so?" Scott said teasingly

Isaac's lips quirked. "Sound like something you'd be interested in?" he asked, tilting his head to the side.

"Sweetheart," Scott replied fondly, "if it makes you...show off, like you did today, I'm very interested."

Isaac laughed, though there was a nervous edge to it. "You liked my dancing then?"

"I loved your dancing," Scott replied instantly. "God, that was one of the sexiest things you've ever done."

Isaac blushed, and his grin widened. "Really?"

Scott leaned in to kiss him thoroughly. "Absolutely."

Isaac clung to him, kissing back as good as he got, pulling back with a pant. "Good. I liked doing it. A lot."

"Feeling better than you were when I got home?" Scott asked teasingly.

"Much." Isaac nodded, flushed and grinning.

"Good," Scott replied, smiling back.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry we're late! This is the last of the chapters we needed to add last-minute for a while, though, so we shouldn't have this issue again until late September. (Fingers crossed!)

This weekend's chapter should be on time! Also, at least you got a lap dance outta it? :) - Kattseye

Thanks for reading, and we look forward to your comments!
Mystery Box No. 1

Chapter Summary

"So..." Stiles fidgeted. "Those boxes..."

Derek laughed a little. "You're impossibly curious, aren't you, amado?"

"Yessss." Stiles wiggled around, whining. "What are theeeeyyyyy?"

-----

Derek lets Stiles choose one of their new sex toys to try out. Stiles doesn't know which one it is, though

Chapter Notes

WARNING: Derek calls Stiles 'slut' during the scene. If you want to skip, it's the first half of the paragraph starting "Good boy," Derek murmured. "Taking your fucking so well." 

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stiles closed his computer and nuzzled close to Derek, grinning softly. "Isaac's okay," he whispered.

"It's good to hear," Derek agreed, rubbing Stiles' back.

Stiles leaned further into him, tucking his face into Derek's neck. "I was scared."

"I know, chiquito," Derek murmured. "But Scott's a good Dom."

"Yeah, he is." Stiles smiled a little. "I just didn't know how long Isaac would let it go on..."

"Well, it's over now," Derek said quietly, leaning in to kiss Stiles gently. "Okay?"

Stiles tilted his head back to press into the kiss. "Kay." He gave Derek a grin. "So..." He fidgeted. "Those boxes..."

Derek laughed a little. "You're impossibly curious, aren't you, amado?"

"Yessssss." Stiles wiggled around, whining. "What are theeeeyyyyy?"

"Mm, no," Derek said. "I'm pretty sure I can make the grab bag last until Halloween."

"Aaaack, please sir?" Stiles batted his eyelashes. "Pretty pwease?"

Derek rolled his eyes fondly. "Alright, chiquito," he agreed. "You can have one."

Stiles' eyes lit up. "Really? Yay!" he cheered, grinning widely.
"Come on, then," Derek said, sitting up. "I put them in one of the guest rooms."

Stiles wiggled off the bed, bouncing on his toes. "You pick which one!"

"Nope," Derek said with a grin, leading Stiles to the right room. "I wasn't kidding about the grab bag." He'd gone to the bookshop in town and gotten half a dozen identical boxes, putting one present in each.

Stiles pouted, following him. "You know what's in all of them!"

"Well, at this point it's possible I've forgotten what's in each box," Derek teased. "Go on, pick one."

"Lies." Stiles pouted, poking Derek in the arm before looking over the boxes and tilting his head to the side. "Eeny, meeny, miney, MO!" He scooped up one of them, holding it close.

Well, the fact that he'd picked it up so easily meant it wasn't the fucking machine, Derek thought. "Do you want to open it, love?" he asked.

Stiles sat on the bed, grinning as he tugged open the box, then blushing darkly. "Oh," he said, pulling out the package for an inflatable dildo, already squirming.

"Shall we go back to our room?" Derek suggested. "While you think about how you'd like to try that out?"

Stiles nodded silently, his breath quickening, cheeks flushed. He stood, stumbling back to their room. Derek followed closely, raising his eyebrows at how much Stiles was affected.

By the time Stiles got to their room, his knees were shaking. Turning, he let himself drop to them in the middle of the room, reaching for Derek. "Sir."

"Przemysław," Derek replied, catching Stiles' hand. "Tell me what you need."

Stiles' breathing hitched. "You." He flicked his eyes up, licking his lips.

"You've got me," Derek replied lowly.

"Want to suck you. Want to have this used on me." Stiles dropped the package. "Want to fall into the darkness with you using that tone of voice in my ear."

Derek bent down, bringing Stiles' hand to his lips. He kissed his palm, then sucked the first two fingers into his mouth.

Stiles' breathing stuttered again, eyes locked onto Derek's mouth, his own lips softly parted in surprise.

Derek pulled away a moment later, letting Stiles' hand fall. "In thirty seconds," he said huskily, "I will let you suck me. If you are fingering yourself. If you're late, you'll miss your opportunity. Your time starts now."

Stiles whimpered, hands flying to the waistband of his sweats to shuck them off, before reaching back with spit-slick fingers, shuddering as he teased one achingly slowly into himself. He didn't want
to waste the time getting lube when he had already wasted it by wearing pants.

Derek shook his head, pressing his fingers against his thigh to keep track of the count. "Lube isn't optional. Not today."

Stiles let out a high whine, pouting and scrambling backwards to the nightstand.

When he hit twenty, Derek got his cock out, then started counting aloud. "...twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four..."

Stiles cried out, grabbing the lube and almost sliding back over in front of Derek, squirting way too much on his fingers before pushing one back into himself, his eyes rolling back.

"Good boy," Derek praised, stroking Stiles' hair.

Stiles let out a relieved sound, leaning forward into Derek’s touch, even as he pressed his finger deeper.

"Time," Derek said quietly. "Open your mouth, Przemysław."

Stiles made another grateful noise, opening his mouth and resting his tongue on his lower lip.

"Keep fingering yourself," Derek ordered as he pushed gently into Stiles' mouth. "Stretch yourself out."

Stiles whimpered, sucking hungrily as he slipped another finger into himself, stretching himself slowly.

Derek rolled his hips, thrusting deeper, humming in pleasure.

Stiles’ eyes fluttered shut, stretching and tugging at his hole, barely able to hold position with the way his back was arched.

"Good boy," Derek praised breathlessly. "You're beautiful."

Stiles let out a high whine, slipping a third finger into himself and panting through the burn.

Derek held Stiles back enough that he'd be sure of breathing easily, and fucked lazily into his mouth.

Stiles shuddered, sucking hungrily, trying to get more.

"Shh," Derek soothed him. "We'll fill you up, chiquito."

Stiles let out a soft moan, swallowing around Derek's cock when he could.

"Do you need more lube?" Derek asked quietly. "You'll take a fourth finger before we stop."

"Uh-uh," Stiles hummed, sucking hungrily.

"Alright," Derek murmured. "Let me know when four fingers is comfortable."

Stiles just sank into it, stretching himself out methodically, his hips rocking when they could.

Derek stroked his hair, letting Stiles settle into warming his cock more than sucking it.
It didn't take long before Stiles was rocking back and forth onto four fingers, moaning softly as he suckled Derek's cock. He wiggled in place, whimpering and flicking his eyes up at Derek.

"Comfortable, sweetheart?" Derek asked.

"Mmhmm," Stiles hummed, dipping his tongue into the slit of Derek's cock, his eyes dark.

Derek groaned. "Jesus," he said, and pulled Stiles' head back. "Enough of that."

Stiles licked his lips, giving him a mischievous grin. "But you like it."

"You're still fully verbal?" Derek teased. "I must be doing something wrong."

"Kinda," Stiles admitted, licking his lips again and flicking his tongue over the head of Derek's cock. "Not very."

"Well, you're ready to start taking that toy, I think," Derek said, his breath hitching. "So how about you tell me what you imagined."

"D-didn't get far," Stiles admitted, crooking his fingers and letting out a low moan. "Want you to use it on me, control it, control me."

Derek's eyes darkened. "On the bed," he said lowly. "I want to see you fuck yourself."

"Back or front?" Stiles asked, even as he scrambled up and toward the bed, forgetting the package on the floor.

"Front," Derek said, after a little consideration. "It'll be easier for you to handle when it gets big."

Stiles nodded, going back to scoop up the box, flushing darkly as he struggled to open it with his lubed fingers.

"Let me," Derek told him, coming over and taking the box. "You get settled."

Stiles gave him a thankful grin, turning over to settle onto his knees and chest.

Derek opened the box and got out the plastic bag he'd put the dildo in once he'd cleaned it.

Stiles swayed his hips from side to side, fingers going back to his hole to tease himself open more and to give Derek something to watch.

"Alright, Przemysław," Derek murmured, getting out the dildo and scooping up the lube to pour some on. "Give me your hand, and I'll give it you."

Stiles' breathing hitched at the sound of his name, holding his open hand out to Derek, peeking back over his shoulder.

"Good boy," Derek praised, putting the dildo in Stiles' hand and letting the pump hang down by his wrist.

Stiles curled his fingers around the dildo, fumbling with it for a little bit before he managed to slide it inside him, letting out a low moan.

"Feel good, love?" Derek murmured, sitting down next to him and stroking Stiles' back.
"Uh-huh," Stiles groaned, arching his back into the touch as he started slowly fucking the toy in and out of himself. "Oh fuck."

"You look so good, chiquito," Derek praised. "Tell me when you want it bigger."

Stiles spread his knees wider, panting softly into the pillow. "M-more," he begged a couple of minutes later. "Please."

Derek took hold of the pump and squeezed it a couple of times. "Good?" he checked.

"O-oh!" Stiles cried out, startled to feel the toy grow.

"Colour, Stiles?" Derek asked quietly.

"Green!" Stiles forced out, rocking his hips back hard and slamming the toy into himself.

"Don't push yourself too hard, querido," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' back. "You've got a long way to go."

Stiles whimpered. His arm was already growing sore, but he couldn't help rocking back.

"You want more, chiquito?" Derek asked. "Talk to me, please."


"Oh, sweetheart," Derek murmured. "Shh, you can stop now. I've got you."

Stiles let out a soft whine, letting his arm fall to the bed.

"Good boy," Derek reassured him, reaching out to pump the dildo up again.

Stiles grabbed at the blanket, letting out a panting moan. "Oh f-fu--"

"You can take it," Derek reassured him, taking hold of the base of the dildo and shifting it in and out by the tiniest increments. "You'll take all of it, Przemyslaw, won't you?"

"Yessir," Stiles slurred, turning his head to the side to watch him, panting heavily.

Derek kept going with the dildo until he was fucking Stiles properly. "Tell me what it feels like."


"You're going to beg for the whole thing," Derek said lowly, fucking Stiles deep and slow. "When you want more, I want you to say, 'It's not big enough'. Do you understand?"

"Yessir," Stiles slurred, moaning softly. It already felt so big, but he did want more.

"So tell me, Przemyslaw," Derek murmured. "Is that cock in your ass big enough?"

Stiles whined high in his throat. "No sir!" he whimpered. "Not big enough. Please!"

Derek rewarded him by squeezing the pump once, not slowing his fucking at all.

"Please!" Stiles cried out in surprise, his thighs trembling.
"Please what, Przemyslaw?" Derek asked.

"Not big enough. Please, sir," Stiles begged, his hands slipping under himself to grab at his trembling thighs.

"God, Stiles," Derek breathed, but he squeezed the pump again.

"Ohfuck," Stiles swore, tensing a bit before relaxing. "Fuck."

"You okay?" Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' back. "It's not too much?"

"I okay," Stiles worked out, panting hard.

"Good boy," Derek praised. "Take your time, sweetheart. There's no rush."

Stiles whined softly, shuddering and rocking back. "More, please."

"More what?" Derek asked quietly. "Faster, harder...?"

"Bigger," Stiles whimpered. "Harder. Faster, all of it, please."

"You know what to say, Stiles," Derek told him, speeding up his movements.

Stiles whined. "Not big enough. Please, sir. Please."

"It's almost twice as thick as your cock at this point," Derek pointed out, only exaggerating a little. "It's still not enough for you?"

Stiles shivered, a small slide of humiliation trailing down his spine and making him moan. "Please, sir. Please."

"So needy," Derek murmured, inflating the dildo further, knowing he was exploring the edges of how he could handle treating Stiles, talking to him.

Stiles whined again, pressing his face into the blankets. He lowered his shoulders completely, his toes curling. "Please," he whimpered. "Please."

"Are you touching yourself?" Derek asked, pumping the dildo up more. He had a feeling they were close to its full size now.


"You've got permission to touch whenever you've got a cock in you," Derek reminded him. "Or did you forget you were being fucked right now?"

Stiles choked on a laugh. There was no way he could forget about the cock in him. "Please. More."

"Touch yourself," Derek ordered, swapping hands and shifting to slow, powerful thrusts.

Stiles reached up, fondling himself as the thrusts knocked out small ‘hn’s and ‘please’s.

"Good," Derek said. "Now, Przemyslaw...is the cock in your ass big enough?"

Derek paused. "I'm going to stop fucking you now, and I'm going to inflate it as much as it will go. If it's too much, I want you to say so immediately. Is that clear?"

Stiles nodded, the thought making his heart pound. "G-green," he whimpered.

"Good boy," Derek said, watching carefully as he inflated the dildo the last little bit, knowing that Stiles might not be cautious enough in this state.

Stiles cried out, burying his face into the pillow as he panted, sweat covering his body. Oh god, he was so open. So full.

"Colour," Derek said quietly.

"Gr--" Stiles panted, trembling. Fuck, how close was he? This was so intense.

"Then keep touching yourself," Derek told him. "Don't stop until I say you can."

Stiles hand fumbled for his cock, stroking steadily as he fought to calm down.

"Good boy, Przemyslaw," Derek murmured, starting up those long, deep thrusts once more. "Just like that."

"Please," Stiles hiccuped, spreading his legs wider. "Please."

"Your job is to take it," Derek told him, "and you're going to."

"Uh-huh," Stiles whimpered, his toes curling. "Please."

"You'll take any cock I give you, won't you, Przemyslaw?" Derek asked, fucking Stiles hard.

"Y-y-yes, sir," Stiles panted, his voice breaking with each thrust.

"At some point soon," Derek warned, "I'm going to make you come. And when I do, I'm going to stop fucking you."

Stiles let out a wordless cry, rocking his hips back.

Derek raised his eyebrows. He hadn't expected that much of a reaction.

Stiles whimpered, grinding his hips back. "Please."

"Please make you come?" Derek clarified.

Stiles shook his head, whimpering. "M-more. Please."

"It doesn't get bigger," Derek said flatly, secretly amused.

Stiles whined. His vocabulary was lost as he hovered over subspace, his toes curling.

"Do you want to come, Przemyslaw?" Derek asked.

"Yes," Stiles whimpered. "No. No."

"I'll ask again, sweetheart," Derek said, reaching up to stroke Stiles' hair. "Do you want to come?"

Stiles leaned into the touch, his mouth parted softly. "No. Please."
"Well done," Derek praised softly. "That was very good. You're going to come eventually, but you don't have to yet."

The praise made Stiles moan, pressing his face to the pillow, relaxing and sinking under.

"Good boy," Derek murmured. "Taking your fucking so well." He took a deep breath. "Such a good slut."

Stiles sucked in a breath, his eyes glazing over even as they widened in surprise, whimpering and rocking back again. Fuck, the heat that spiked down his limbs and spine. "Yessss."

Stiles' reaction eased Derek a little, and he tried again. "You like it when I call you that, Przemysław? Slut?"

Stiles nodded. "Uh-huh." His breathing hitched, fingers twisting in the blanket.

"You think you deserve it?" Derek said, switching hands and speeding up his thrusts a little. "Taking all this and begging for more, begging not to come if it means you'll get fucked, over and over."

"Pl--" Stiles broke off into a moan. "Ple--!

"Shh, I've got you, slut," Derek murmured. "You've been good."

Stiles let out a whimpering moan, burying his face in the pillow, rocking back hard before falling still.

"You've been very good," Derek reassured him, "and you're going to come now, do you understand?"

Stiles forced out a questioning noise, shuddering and clutching at the blankets.

"You're a good boy," Derek repeated. "Przemysław, come."

Stiles gasped, coming with a scream, muffled by the pillow, as he clenched down hard on the dildo. He whimpered, hands scrabbling for purchase.

"Good boy," Derek soothed him, rubbing Stiles' back. "Good boy, that was so good, well done, sweetheart."

Stiles reached out, grabbing Derek's other hand after a bit of fumbling, panting and turning his head to look at Derek. His eyes were blown and dark, feeling the touch and hearing the tone rather than the words.

"You can rest now, sweetheart," Derek reassured Stiles gently. "It's alright. You took that so well."

Stiles smiled, thumb stuttering over strokes of Derek's hand. His trembling thighs collapsed, his knees sliding down, even though he whimpered when the dildo shifted.

"I'm going to deflate it now, okay?" Derek murmured. "I won't pull it out just yet, but you'll be able to relax a little more."

Stiles blinked slowly at him, licking his lips and settling.

Derek smiled reassuringly, reaching for the base of the dildo and deftly deflating it. "There," he said.
"That's more comfortable, isn't it?"

Stiles let out a long, low sigh, his eyes fluttering as he relaxed completely. He tugged lightly on Derek's hand.

"Yes, sweetheart?" Derek murmured.

Stiles whined, tugging on his hand again, wanting him closer.

"Oh, I see," Derek said, lying down on the bed next to Stiles. "Better, love?"

Stiles smiled, scooting closer and nuzzling into Derek, letting out a soft sigh and blinking rapidly. Derek smiled softly and resumed rubbing Stiles' back. "That's my lovely boy," he murmured. "So good, sweetheart. You just relax and enjoy yourself."

Stiles hummed happily, letting his eyes fall closed as he relaxed further. After a few minutes he opened his eyes, kissing the skin under his face. "Sir."

"Hello, love," Derek murmured, smiling.

"Love you," Stiles said, smiling dazedly.

"That's my lovely boy," Derek praised, kissing Stiles' forehead. "Are you comfortable?"

"Uhuh." Stiles leaned into the kiss, licking his lips. "Sir kay?"

"I'm okay," Derek reassured him.

Stiles' smiled softened. "Sir real kay?" he murmured, reaching up to clumsily pat Derek's cheek. Derek ducked his head. "You're very sweet," he replied fondly. "I'm fine, chiquito."

Stiles let out a happy sound, nuzzling close.

Derek smiled fondly and cuddled Stiles against him. "I've got you, love. You just enjoy."

Stiles nuzzled against him, slowly coming up completely. "Sir," he breathed, kissing Derek's chin. "I love you."

"I love you, too," Derek replied, recognizing the greater awareness in Stiles' eyes. "How are you feeling?"

"Kinda achy, but good," Stiles promised, giving Derek a beaming smile.

Derek smiled back. "Not too sore?"

Stiles shifted, testing out before wrinkling his nose. "Sore. But not painfully."

Derek nodded. "Do you want me to take it out?"

Stiles nodded, pressing close to Derek. "Yes, please."

"You'll have to let me up for a minute," Derek warned him, though he returned the hug.
Stiles grumbled, but let go after a bit, wiggling against him.

Derek moved around Stiles until he was at a better angle, then gently eased the dildo out of his ass.

Stiles' breathing hitched, wincing a bit as it left him. "Oh. That kinda hurt," he murmured. "I'm okay, though. I think it's just cause I'm so sensitive."

"Probably," Derek admitted. "But the longer we left it, the more you'd tighten up. I'm just going to put this in the bathroom and then I'll be right back, okay?"

Stiles nodded, turning so he could watch Derek walk away, a small smile on his face.

It didn't take Derek long to return, bringing a washcloth with him to wipe away the come and lube.

Stiles let out a rumbling purring noise, leaning into Derek's touches.

"You're so sweet," Derek murmured fondly. "Is there anything else you need?"

"You." Stiles opened his arms, making grabby hands for Derek.

Derek grinned and got back into bed, settling in close. "Better, querido?" he asked.

"Perfect," Stiles said happily, wrapping himself around Derek like an octopus. "My sir."

"I love you, sweetheart," Derek murmured. "I take it the dildo's a success?"

"Mmhm. I liked it." Stiles grinned.

"I couldn't tell," Derek said dryly.

Stiles stuck out his tongue, crossing his eyes playfully.

Derek laughed. "You enjoyed yourself, then?"

"Yes, sir." Stiles smiled brightly. He watched Derek, his smile softening. "Thank you for trying," he murmured. "I know saying that name wasn't easy for you."

"It's a little easier when you react so beautifully," Derek said softly.

Stiles flushed. "I like it."

"I saw that," Derek murmured, cupping Stiles' cheek. "I can't say I'll be able to use it all the time, but we'll see."

Stiles smiled. "Don't want it all the time." He grinned. "But I do like it."

Derek leaned in and kissed Stiles gently. "I'm glad you enjoyed your present, sweetheart. Hopefully you'll enjoy the others, too."

"I'm sure I will." Stiles grinned, kissing him back.

-----

Stiles hummed, poking his computer screen, a few days after his conversation with Isaac and Scott. "Hurry uuup Izzzzzzz," he whined, watching the ‘calling’ message.
"Hi Stiles!" Isaac replied once the call connected. When the video connected up as well, Stiles could see a hickey just below his collar. "What's up?"

"Oooo, I'm more interested in what's up with that!" Stiles grinned, pointing out the hickey. He had his own share of them, of course, but that one looked fairly recent. Especially coupled with the major bedhead Isaac was sporting.

Isaac blushed, ducking his head to hide a shy grin.

"Ooooh, spill!" Stiles grin just widened.

"I'm pretty sure you know what a hickey is, Stiles," Isaac said dryly, his tone contradicted by the redness of his cheeks.

"You know what I mean." Stiles tsked playfully. "Detailllllssssss." He was so happy seeing Isaac feeling better. He'd been so worried.

"Maybe Scott just decided to have his way with me," Isaac teased.

"C'mon, Iz, give me more than that," Stiles play-whined, pouting at his friend.

"He pinned me down this morning," Isaac confided, giving in.

Stiles' grin widened. "Ooooo." He leaned forward. "Just randomly? Have to admit I love it when Sir does that."

"As I was waking up," Isaac admitted. "He was on my back and..."

"C'mon," Stiles urged, grinning and resting his chin in his hand.

"He didn't do anything, because I didn't have the paperweight out," Isaac murmured, looking away a little, "but I could feel he was hard."

"Ahhhh." Stiles nodded. "Consent is important." He smiled softly.

"I know that," he said. "Anyway, once he knew I was awake things got going pretty quickly."

"One of the best things to do right after waking up, in my opinion." Stiles licked his lips.

"Has Derek ever done that thing where you're lying on your front, and he uses his legs to spread yours apart?" Isaac asked.

"Not that I remember, but I have a sudden desire for that to happen," Stiles laughed, licking his lips. "Sounds hot as hell."

"I felt so...helpless," Isaac said with a shiver. "In a good way."

"What happened next?" Stiles couldn't help but ask, his mouth parted just a bit. Hey, wasn't his fault that his friends were hot and he liked sex, okay?

"I'm pretty sure you can guess," Isaac pointed out. "He held my hands down too."

"And thus equals puddle Iz." Stiles grinned.

"I'm not a puddle now," Isaac countered. "It was hours ago."
"Your bedhead and bruised lips say you two ended it not that long ago," Stiles pointed out.

"Nooo, that was round three," Isaac teased.

"Ohhh, a really good morning for you two, then." Stiles laughed, delighted.

"It's been a good few days," Isaac confessed. "Oh! You'll never guess what I did!"

"Huh? Oh, c'mon Isaac, you gotta spill," Stiles insisted, eyes glinting at the mischief in Isaac's eyes.

"After we called you the other night, I actually gave Scott a lap dance," Isaac revealed, blushing furiously.

"Oh my god!" Stiles grinned, almost vibrating out of his seat. "C'mon, gimme more than that! Did he like it? What did you wear? What did you dance to?"

Isaac blushed even more. "I, uh...I got these panties with the back cut out?" he squeaked.

Stiles eyes widened. "Awesome! I bet he loved that!"

"He definitely did," Isaac replied, eyes glinting. "He practically chased me down after."

"What else?" Stiles rest his chin on a hand, eyes sparkling.

"God, he fucked me with the panties on, and he was pulling my hair, and...fuck." He was getting squirmy just thinking about it.


"It was," Isaac agreed. He paused, biting his lip. "Have you, uh...ever worn makeup?"

Stiles tilted his head in thought. "No, can't say I have, why?" He leaned forward, a smile on his face. "Did you?"

Isaac blushed again. "Just some eyeliner."

Stiles blinked, his eyes widening as well as his grin. "Oh, that would be hot on you! Especially with your eyes."

"You think so?" Isaac said shyly.

"Hell yeah!"

Isaac smiled back a little more confidently. "Well, Scott liked it, so..."

"Good! Do you like it?" Stiles asked, leaning forward.

"Yeah," Isaac replied. "It, uh, if felt pretty good."

"Going to wear it more often? Or just special times?" Stiles asked, a smile on his face. "You deserve to feel awesome, Isaac. If that means panties and eyeliner, hey, I'm the last to judge, and if people do judge you, they can shut the fuck up before I shank them."

Isaac ducked his head, letting his hair cover his eyes. "I'm gonna think about it," he admitted. "Scott said I can keep my hair long."
"I like it!" Stiles grinned. "Especially with all the curls. And it looks good on you."

Isaac grinned shyly. "Thanks, Stiles. And...thanks for talking to Scott about things."

Stiles smiled wider. "Anytime, Isaac. You had me worried."

"I think I understand better now why you were worried," Isaac said. "I just felt...kind of shitty. But looking back, I wasn't really okay."

"I didn't want you getting sick again. Especially because you weren't wanting to talk to Scott." Stiles gave him a soft smile. "I'm glad you're doing much better now."

"Enough about me," Isaac said, shaking his head. "How are you?"

"I'm awesome." Stiles grinned. "Went to the dark quiet space again the other day."

"Ooooh." Isaac rested his chin on his hand. "That one where you aren't really aware of your surroundings?"

"Exactly! You can only hear tones and feel him touching you. But words and other things are not clicking." Stiles grinned.

"That one's so peaceful," Isaac said enviously. "What did he do?"

"Inflatable dildo," Stiles said with a smirk.

Isaac gaped. "No, really? Was that in one of the boxes?"

"Yes!" Stiles wiggled a bit at the memory. "He let me pick one and that's what was in it! Though he put them all in same size boxes so I can't tell anything."

Isaac laughed. "So you still don't know what most of them are?"

"Noooooo," Stiles whined. "It's driving me barmy!"

"You're not going to use your detective skills to figure it out?" Isaac teased.

"I just know some are heavier than others, but I saw him rearranging them yesterday so now I can't remember which ones are which," Stiles complained.

"Plus you know he wouldn't want you to snoop," Isaac guessed.

"Yeah, I figured that's why he was shuffling them." Stiles pouted, tugging on his lower lip.

"If it's really bothering you, you could ask him," Isaac pointed out.

"I know," Stiles sighed. "It's just I'm curious. It's not really bothering me. I'm just a nosy shithead."

"Which is probably why he's done it that way," Isaac said, amused. "He knows it's going to mess with you. If you weren't curious..."

Stiles just laughed. "True." He smiled. "He likes driving me insane. And I like it, too."

"It shows," Isaac said. "So what do you think he got you?"
"Well, you see...." Stiles grinned, leaning forward.

Chapter End Notes

On time this week! Yay!
We have so much fun with these boxes!! If you have an idea for something in a box, please let us know, we may just use it :) -Kattseye
Thanks, as always, to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you for reading. Let us know what you think!
Stiles yawned, rubbing his eyes and picking at a muffin as he watched trees go by. "Gonna get my year’s worth of weights in today," he murmured, peeking over at Derek. "Though I doubt I'll get all muscle-y like you, Sir." He grinned sleepily, perking up a bit as his Dad's house came into view right as John got out of the moving van out front.

-----

The boys help Melissa move. A week later, the family gets together to celebrate Scott's birthday.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Melissa woke up with the sun pouring into her windows, blinking at the light. It wasn't often she even had the curtains open, but then again, it wasn't often that she already had the curtains packed. She sat up, rubbing her eyes and glancing at the clock. John would be there in about an hour to help her move. She was finally moving out of this house. While she had fond memories of her kids there, she was fully ready to let go of the final reminder of the asshole she'd once married.

-----

John, meanwhile, had just picked up the van he'd hired for the day, and was hoping Stiles and Derek would arrive soon to help him move the remaining furniture out of Stiles' old bedroom. (There were a few other boxes of junk and so on that John hadn't managed to get rid of just yet, and the whole lot was going over to the McCall house as a staging post so that Melissa would have room to unpack her things over here.)

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Stiles yawned, rubbing his eyes and picking at a muffin as he watched trees go by. "Gonna get my year’s worth of weights in today," he murmured, peeking over at Derek. "Though I doubt I'll get all muscle-y like you, Sir." He grinned sleepily, perking up a bit as his Dad's house came into view right as John got out of the moving van out front.

Derek shook his head fondly. "If you don't want to lift things, I'm sure you'll be able to help unpack," he pointed out, finding himself a parking space down the street.

"I don't mind lifting some things, but you know how clumsy I am," Stiles pouted, kissing Derek's cheek and hurrying to get out of the car.

-----

Isaac shook his head, glancing at Scott as they got close to Beacon Hills. "Poor zombie," he teased. "I did get you coffee."

Scott made a disgruntled noise from where he was curled up in the passenger seat. "'m on college
"student time again," he mumbled. "Waking up at five's an abomination."

"I do it all the time." Isaac laughed, rummaging in their McDonald’s bag for his last hashbrown without looking, other hand firmly on the wheel.

"Early mornings are the scourge of capitalism," Scott grumbled.

"You have another McGriddle in here," Isaac pointed out, pushing the food into Scott's hand. "Coffee and food will help rouse the zombie."

"Zombies eat brains, not breakfast sandwiches," Scott pointed out, but he sat up and took a bite.

Melissa peered outside the window of the living room, smiling at the clear sky. Hopefully, they’d have good weather for the rest of the day. She put down a couple of boxes next to rest of the things she was planning to bring with her - most of it furniture to trade out with John’s old stuff. Her bedroom furniture was still in her room with boxes of things to leave behind.

"Dad! How are you?" Stiles beamed, hugging his Dad tightly and grinning as he heard Derek's amused sigh from behind him.

"I'm good," John promised. "You're looking cheerful."

Stiles nodded, grinning widely. "It’s a good day so far. Even if I'll get my weights for the year in!"

"You said that one already," Derek pointed out dryly.

"To you," Stiles countered, sticking his tongue out playfully.

"You more awake now?" Isaac teased when he saw Scott perking up.

Scott rubbed his hand over his eyes and yawned. "Yeah. We're going to Mom's house first, right?"

Isaac nodded, a wave of fondness going through him. "Yeah, though she asked that we park a bit down the street to give the truck plenty of room."

"After the last few months, if I never see another cardboard box again it'll be too soon," Scott muttered.

"There's going to be a lot," Isaac pointed out, smiling as they entered the town.

Scott groaned. "Kill me now."

Isaac just laughed, reaching over to pat Scott's leg.

"Is that everything, Sheriff?" Derek asked, getting out of the back of the van and dusting his hands.

"I've told you before, it's John," the man scolded gently. "And yeah, I'd say that's all of it."

Stiles popped back out of the house, fitting a box into the Camaro with a smile. "Yay, one-third
"How do you calculate that?" Derek asked curiously.

Stiles blinked. "Well, we have this part done, now just to switch out stuff at Mrs. M's and then there's the part of bringing that stuff back here."

"I suppose that works," Derek said with a shrug. Even if he thought there'd be more labour involved in both of those steps than there had been in this one.

"Three parts, Sir!" Stiles insisted, kissing Derek's cheek and clambering into the van to look around. "It's so roomy. Could even ride back here..."

"No," Derek and John said in almost-unison.

Stiles groaned, grabbing his chest and fumbling out of the truck. "Oh, I've been hit by the double negative. Ouch, it hurts us. It huuurts us," he whined. "C'mon. It'll be fine!" He didn't try to get back into the truck though, waiting in front of Derek instead with a pout on his face.

"No," Derek repeated. "There's furniture moving around in there. You're going to sit in a car seat, with a seatbelt."

"There goes my couch-surfing dreams," Stiles complained, even as he conceded with a nod, dropping his forehead onto Derek's shoulder.

"Good boy," Derek said quietly. "John, we're ready to go?"

John gave everything a last look-over and closed up the van. "We're good," he agreed. "You boys get going - I've just got to lock up and I'll be right behind you."

Stiles saluted, grinning at John before running to the Camaro. "Do you want us to grab anything on the way?" he called back. "Food or something?"

John shook his head. "I'm sure Mel has stuff in her fridge. And we'll sort lunch out later."

"Okie dokie daddy-okie," Stiles chirped, and got into the car.

-----

"Oh good, we're finally here," Isaac said as he parked, a few houses down from the McCall's. "I need to stretch." He kissed Scott's cheek and gratefully got out of the car.

"I don't disagree with you there," Scott said, getting out as well.

"I can't feel my ass," Isaac groaned.

"Oh really?" Scott teased, coming around the front of the car and smacking Isaac's ass gently.

Isaac gasped, sending Scott a grin. "Felt that, though," he grinned, wiggling his hips at Scott.

"C'mon," Scott said. "We have work to do."

"Tease," Isaac pouted, grinning and grabbing Scott's hands to tug him toward the McCall house. Or the soon-to-be-ex-McCall house.

-----
Even with all the packing Melissa had done in advance, it was a long morning. Derek and Scott ended up loading and unloading furniture, while Melissa co-opted Stiles to help her pack up the things she’d been using the last few days, and John and Isaac went over the house, bringing boxes down to the living room and sorting them into dump, donate, and pack. By the time they’d got a van-load of things over to the Stilinski house, everyone was ready for a break.

Stiles groaned, resting his head on Derek's shoulder. "You're sweaty," he murmured, nuzzling the shirt under his face.

"I tend to be that way after exercising," Derek pointed out softly. "And you're sweaty, too."

"But I don't like getting sweaty like this. I like other ways," Stiles grinned.

"You're incorrigible," Derek said fondly, ruffling Stiles' hair.

"Mmm, yes, but you love me," Stiles leaned into the touch, grinning widely.

"I do," Derek murmured, kissing Stiles' cheek.

~

Isaac was in a similar position, though leaning more heavily on Scott.

Melissa was just amused, watching all her boys. "Should I go run and grab some lunch? I'm sure some burgers or something would be good."

"Sounds good," John said wearily, thoroughly unwilling to get up from the couch. "Shit, you left your car, though, didn't you?"

"Just take mine," Scott suggested, fumbling for his keys. "That way you don't have to get around the van."

Isaac flopped over so Scott could get to the pocket he was covering, laying on the floor with a soft groan. "I'm dead," he groaned. "I'd rather go through another early morning holiday rush!"

"Thank you, Scott." Melissa smiled. "I'll just get a nice amount of burgers and fries and maybe some milkshakes as a cool down treat. I'll be back soon!"

Scott tossed his keys up to Melissa. "You'll be fine in half an hour," he told Isaac.

~

Melissa just laughed at all of them, shaking her head fondly and patting John on the cheek as she passed. "Someone text me milkshake flavors if you don't want me to choose!" she called back behind her as she closed the door.

Stiles beamed, nuzzling close only to perk up at Melissa's voice. "Peanut butter fudge!" he yelled, scrambling to get his phone out to text Melissa the requests.

"Strawberry, please," Isaac requested, scooting a little closer to Scott. "I will, but uuuuggghhh."

Scott laughed a little. "You're fine, sweetheart. And it's caramel for me, Stiles."

"Mint chocolate chip," Derek added. "Thanks, love."

Stiles beamed, typing away at his phone before peeking up at his dad. "What about you?" he
grinned. He normally didn't allow his dad to have burgers, much less burgers, fries, and a milkshake. But it helped that Melissa had told him his heart doctor had nothing but good things to say.

John raised his eyebrows. "You're actually going to let me have one?"

Isaac grumbled, curling around Scott. "Course I'm fine," he sniffed haughtily. "I'm fucking gorgeous."

Scott laughed harder.

"I'm a ray of sunshine in your grey life," Isaac chirped, the laughter of his Dom making him grin wider.

"You are my sunshine, my only sunshine..." Scott started singing, then cracked up again.

"You've been decently good. So yes." Stiles grinned. "But the moment the doctor has anything but good to say, it's back to rabbit food and kale, Mister!"

Derek watched the back and forth fondly. It was kind of ridiculous how Stiles tried to police his father's diet even now he'd moved out.

"C'mon, Pops, if you don't pick one, it's plain jane vanilla for youuuu," Stiles sang, grinning widely.

"Chocolate," John said. "And there's nothing wrong with vanilla."

Isaac snickered, pressing his face into Scott's stomach, not caring about the sweat. "Damn straight! Or not as the case may be."

"Isaac, if you keep talking with your face there, I'm gonna be feeling pretty awkward in a couple of minutes," Scott warned.

"Not exactly discouraging me there, Scott." Isaac pressed his grin to Scott's abs.

"Isaac, seriously, Stiles' dad is in the room," Scott pointed out.

"Mmmm, fine," Isaac pouted. Maybe Stiles was rubbing off on him (*cough*) but he honestly didn't care about others seeing him.

Stiles just grinned, cutting his eyes back up at his father as he typed out the text, pressing send before speaking. "Never said there was, but it's not to my tastes. I like more adventure."

Derek snorted as he caught on to the implications, slipping his hand under Stiles' waistband to finger the top of his panties.

Stiles shivered, licking his lips and shooting Derek a grin, subtly leaning into the touch. He was wearing his panties more and more, and he had some nice everyday ones, but he loved his 'fancy' ones the best.
"Later," Derek murmured, moving his hand away.

John rolled his eyes at the boys all trying (and failing) to flirt subtly. "If you lot need to have a break for sex before your brains get going again, do me a favour and go to Derek's house."

Stiles blinked, bursting out into laughter and he falling back against Derek. "Why, when I can have Sir all sweaty later on and not have to worry about coming back to help?"

Isaac flushed, peeking out at John. "Don't think I haven't thought about it," he taunted playfully.

John sighed theatrically. "I remember the days when you tried to keep your sex lives a secret," he muttered.

"Hey, I still do for the most part," Stiles argued. "But you'd already called me out on it, why lie? S'not like I have something to be ashamed of. I mean, have you seen my Dom?" He grinned.

That made Isaac lose it, laughing uproariously.

Scott and Derek exchanged rueful glances, Scott blushing fiercely.

Stiles just sent Derek a cheeky grin, curling closer.

Isaac rolled onto his back, his head still on Scott's lap as he laughed, tears trailing down his cheeks. "You're shameless!" he gasped.

"That's Stiles," Derek said, shaking his head.

"I see no reason to have shame." Stiles lifted his nose playfully, sniffing.

Isaac just started laughing again, his hand going to fist at Scott's shirt.

Melissa walked in balancing a drink holder and a grocery sack filled with paper bags from the diner, looking around. "Did I miss something?" she asked, amused.

"The boys can't keep their minds off what's in their pants," John explained, "and Stiles doesn't care who knows it."

"You weren't much different, once upon a time, John," Melissa said, her eyes crinkling as she started passing out the bags of food.

Isaac choked on air, coughing and laughing as he finally sat up.

"I remember some odd stuff growing up." Stiles grinned.


Stiles and Isaac just grinned, the latter still catching his breath.

"We were your age at one point, Scott." Melissa laughed, handing out the milkshakes.

"I don't want to think about either of you having sex with anyone," Scott said firmly.

Stiles and Isaac exchanged a glance, giggling to themselves. Oh, they could see what was going on between Melissa and John.
"Well, I don't think John wants to think about you that way, either," Melissa mused.

"Which brings me back to my point," John said, taking his milkshake from Melissa. "Either vacate the premises for a while or kindly keep your hands and other appendages out of each others' pants."

"I like his hands in my pants," Stiles whined, his eyes glinting with mischief. "But I'll behave...for now."

Isaac just laughed. "I wasn't in any pants! Well, except my own really, but I figured you'd prefer that one."

Melissa hid her smile behind her burger. "Boys, stop making John think things that he'll need brain-bleach to get rid of," she scolded playfully.

"Seconded," Derek said firmly, knowing that Stiles was the real instigator here. "Drink your milkshake, Stiles."

"Yes, sir." Stiles stuck his tongue out at Derek, grinning widely before sucking on his straw with a happy sound.

"Derek's got your back, Mr. S," Isaac laughed, stealing one of Scott's fries.

"Doms have to stick together," John replied, hiding his grin behind his burger.

"He distracts me well," Stiles shrugged, biting into his burger. "He knows how much I love my milkshakes." He smiled, peering into his bag again and letting out a happy noise. "Thanks, Mama McCall!" He reached into it, shoving a couple of curly fries into his mouth.

"You're welcome, Stiles," she laughed. "You didn't think I'd let you get food from Anita's without the curly fries, did you?"

"Stiles will turn into a curly fry at some point," Isaac mused, stealing another fry from Scott.

"If eating something all the time meant you'd turn into it, I'd be a pot of coffee by now," John pointed out.

"True." Isaac spoke around another stolen fry, grinning.

Stiles just snickered. "And that'd make Scott into pizza."

Scott filched a couple of fries in revenge, making a face. "I don't eat pizza that much, you guys," he objected.

"You had it for lunch and dinner last night," Isaac whispered.

"That's because you didn't cook the day before!" Scott argued. "We had leftovers!"

Isaac giggled, taking another bite of his burger. "They have our order memorized at Pizza Hut and Joe’s Pizza Kitchen."

As he watched the boys tease each other, John found himself thinking about how much Isaac had healed. He couldn't have argued like this, even playfully, a couple of years ago.

Stiles let out another happy noise, his stomach full and content as he lay back. "Nap time," he joked.

"We're going to unpack the van before you can nap," John said firmly, levering himself up from his
chair and going around the room to collect everyone's rubbish. "I want to go back and at least get a load to the dump before I have to return it."

"Aye aye, Captain!" Stiles saluted him, kissing Derek before pushing himself up. "With everyone here we can probably get two loads to the dump."

-----

"Finally!" Stiles groaned, flinging his arms into the air as his father drove off with the truck to return it. "I'mma be sore tomorrow!"

"I'm so glad I asked for a couple of extra days off," Isaac agreed wearily.

"I'm just glad we got my bed assembled," Melissa said, sighing as she pulled off her shoes.

"Speaking of which," Derek added, "Isaac, Scott, you should stay with us tonight. Don't drive home tired."

Isaac just nodded, half curled around Scott. "Thanks, Derek." He gave Derek a small smile, nuzzling into Scott's neck with a yawn.

"Your guest room is already ready anyway," Stiles agreed, running his hand through his sweaty hair. "Showers for everyone!"

"Shower, definitely," Scott agreed, suppressing a yawn of his own. "I feel like I'm covered in grime."

"Do you need us to do anything before we head back?" Stiles asked Melissa, his arm curling around Derek's.

She shook her head. "Anything else can wait til tomorrow," she reassured them. "You boys go get some rest. You did good work today, and I'm grateful."

"Of course we helped, Mom," Scott said quickly. "As if we wouldn't."

"Let us know if you need anything, okay?" Stiles smiled, giving her a hug before yawning and heading toward the car.

Isaac smiled, waving a bit and waiting for Scott before turning toward the door. "We'll be there soon, Stiles!"

Derek had hung back a little, feeling awkward, and Melissa pulled him into a tight hug. "You too, Derek," she murmured. "Rest well."

Derek smiled a little, masking his surprise at the affection. "You're welcome," he said awkwardly. "Anytime."

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Melissa groaned, stretching out on her couch - their couch - as she waited for John to come back, wiggling her toes and stretching the tendons in her feet. It hadn't taken nearly as long as she'd been afraid it would to get most of the move done. They mostly had donation boxes left.

"I see the boys have left," John said as he came in, rolling his shoulders.

"They were all craving showers," Melissa explained. "And poor Isaac looked like he was about to
fall asleep where he stood."

"They're good kids," John said, yawning. "Can't say I mind the quiet, though. Want me to put the kettle on?"

"That'd be lovely." Melissa smiled, stretching her legs.

John came over for a moment and took Melissa's hand, squeezing it gently. "It's good to have you here," he said quietly.

Melissa tilted her head to look at him, her chest warm and tight. "I'm happy to be here."

John smiled at her. "This is your home too, now," he murmured. "Feel free to change it to suit you."

Melissa nodded, smiling. "You suit me."

John's smile softened. "Thanks, Mel."

-----

The next time they were all together (only a week later, for Scott's birthday), Laura and Jordan were there too. It seemed a little strange to Scott, to have a birthday dinner in the Stilinski house, with so many people there. The year before he'd been preoccupied with Isaac, so they hadn't really made a big deal of it. This time, it was an actual celebration.

Stiles grinned, looping his arm around Scott's shoulders as he dropped the 'birthday boy' crown onto his head. "There we go," he crowed, laughing brightly.

Isaac snickered, covering his mouth to try and hide it. "Did you get that at Burger King, Stiles?"

"Maybe!"

"He got it at Burger King," Derek confirmed dryly. "Happy birthday, Scott."

Scott grinned, adjusting the crown so it wasn't falling down over his eyes. "Thanks, guys."

"Giving away all my secrets, Sir!" Stiles complained, pouting at Derek before kissing Scott's cheek and flopping back into his chair.

Isaac laughed, pointing to the back of the crown. "It says Burger King, Stiles."

"As well as 'Have it your way' which I know for a fact isn't child appropriate," Laura added from across the table, her hand curled up in Jordan's.

"I'm bringing this back for your birthday," Scott threatened.

"It's Halloween, no-one will even notice," Derek pointed out.

"Score for the October baby," Stiles cheered. "I'll make sure and wear my king cape."

"Why am I not surprised that you own a king cape?" Isaac mused.

"Because we have four costume boxes in the attic," John put in. "Even though half the clothes in them wouldn't fit Stiles anymore."

"What do you think, Isaac?" Melissa asked, her eyes twinkling. "Should I get out the photos of Scott
and Stiles playing dress-up?"

Isaac nodded, his eyes widening. "Yes!" The thought of tiny Scott and Stiles in costumes...

Stiles just grinned. "I loved my costumes!" he insisted. "My favorite was probably the werewolf in kindergarten!"

Isaac kissed Scott's cheek. "Aw, but I bet you were adorable!"

"I'm very much interested in puppy pictures," Laura said, a gleam in her eye.

"Less puppies, more cows," Melissa advised, and Scott groaned.

"Mom, you can't tell them that story!"

Isaac blinked, leaning forward at the same time as Laura.

"Oh, do share!" Laura urged, her eyes laughing.

"I remember this one," John said. "It was book week, wasn't it?"

"In kindergarten," Melissa agreed. "I think Stiles went as a sphinx that year."

"So that he could ask people riddles and eat them if they got the answer wrong," John confirmed.

Derek looked at Stiles. "Seriously?"

"Are you that surprised, Sir?" Stiles grinned toothily. "It was fun. And no one got my riddles right, not even the teachers."

Isaac snorted. "That was definitely Stiles."

"Did you eat anybody?" Jordan asked.

"I decided to let them live, on the condition that I got their snack that day. It was cookie day," Stiles replied, his nose crinkling with his grin.

"I knew I liked you," Laura laughed. "Sounds like something I would do."

Scott was hopeful they'd been distracted by the story about Stiles, but the next minute his mom said, "So Scott went as a cow."

"What book was he from?" John asked, frowning as he tried to remember.

"I'm not sure," Melissa replied. "It could have been any number of things."

"He wanted to be the cow that jumped over the moon," Stiles pointed out helpfully, laughing. "He got in such trouble because one of the girls dressed up as Goodnight Moon and well...he never was good at leapfrog!"

Isaac busted out laughing, his eyes crinkling.

"She definitely wasn't happy when his udder knocked her headband off," Melissa agreed.

Stiles just grinned wider, watching Isaac lean on Scott, laughing uproariously as he tried to contain
himself at the image.

"Oh that's brilliant," Laura snickered, her smile full of mischief.

"He had an udder?" Derek asked, grinning.

"Yep," Melissa agreed. "An inflated disposable glove tied shut at the wrist and taped to his shirt."

"It finally popped at recess," Stiles said, enjoying the sight of his Dom’s and friends’ amusement.

"I was committed to being realistic," Scott protested.

Isaac hid his face in Scott's shoulder, laughing brightly.

Laura smirked. "So were you a bull when your udder popped?"

"This is so unfair," Scott complained. "It's my birthday party and you're all mocking me."

"With loooooooooove," Stiles teased, leaning against his friend.

Isaac giggled. "I think it's adorable, the story."

Scott threw his hands in the air, suppressing a grin of his own. "You guys are terrible."

"Am not!" Isaac pouted playfully.

Stiles just grinned wider. "At least we haven't started talking about fourth grade!"

"Okay, seriously, no, can we do cake now?" Scott begged.

"Dinner before dessert," Melissa said, mock-sternly. "But yes, we can eat."

Laura leaned close to Stiles. "So. Fourth grade?" she asked, making Stiles almost collapse with laughter.

John emerged from the kitchen with a dish of roast lamb, setting it down in the centre of the table. "You lot serve yourselves while I get the vegetables," he said.

"Uh, Mr. S?" Scott said. "You haven't given us any tongs."

Stiles just laughed, heading into the kitchen for tongs, kissing his Dad's cheek.

John rolled his eyes. "Clearly I'm losing my memory in my old age," he muttered, heading back to the kitchen.

"I think you were just distracted," Stiles teased, once they were out of earshot. "Were you staring at Mrs. M?"

"Stiles," John scolded. "You need to give up on this me and Melissa thing." If he and Mel had been getting closer lately, that was none of Stiles' business.

"I'll stop talking about it, but won't stop knowing it's happening." Stiles frowned. "I want you happy."

"Stiles, I'm fine," John insisted. "Let me and Melissa take our friendship at our own pace."
"I will," Stiles conceded reluctantly. “But...I just want you both happy. And I know you're happy together,"

John reached out and hugged Stiles around the shoulders. "I know you boys all had whirlwind romances that made you deliriously happy," he teased gently, "but me and Mel don't need that to be content. Neither of us are pining. We're just taking our time."

"I'm fine with that, I just see the looks you try and hide from me." Stiles smiled against his Dad's shoulder, hugging back.

"We'd just like some privacy," John said. "Did you want me poking my nose in between you and Derek?"

"That's because you know how ours went," Stiles pointed out. "I wasn't exactly quiet."

"You also weren't here," John pointed out, letting go and picking up the dish of roast vegetables. "Come on, they'll be wondering what happened to us."

"I'm not here normally," Stiles couldn’t help but point out, grabbing the tongs and leaning against his dad for another brief moment. "I won't say anything. I just want you both happy. Even if that means it takes until I'm as old as you are down." He grinned, heading toward the dining room.

John rolled his eyes and followed.

Stiles slipped back into his seat, kissing Derek's cheek.

Isaac looked between the two Stilinskis. "Did something happen?" he asked.

"Just catching up," John said easily, putting down the vegetables and sitting down next to Melissa.

Stiles beamed innocently, putting the tongs on the platter.

Isaac snorted once he saw that look, shaking his head and leaning over to murmur to Scott. "He's doing the look again."

"Better not to ask," Scott muttered, his eyes crinkling.

Isaac nodded, eyeing Stiles as the other just grinned wider. "He's odd."

"You're just realizing that now?" Scott joked.

"Nah," Isaac replied, snagging some roasted sweet potatoes. “Just re-stating the obvious."

Chapter End Notes

We WILL eventually get Melissa/John. (Emphasis on 'eventually', tbh)
WHEEEEEE birthday *cough* sorry, I'm excited, because we commissioned fanart for the story and I got them this morning and *.* -Kattseye
Thanks to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you for reading. Let us know what you think!
Derek smiled back. "And for doing all that so well, I think you need more than one reward, don't you?"

Stiles' eyes lit up, "really?"

Derek leaned in, kissing Stiles' forehead. "Really," he said firmly. "Let’s get ingredients for cookies when we get groceries tomorrow, maybe, and after that...would you like to pick out one of your boxes?"

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Derek rewards Stiles for a good week

It was that time of week again. "Sweetheart?" Derek said as they finished the dinner dishes. "Would you like to get your tally board?"

Stiles nodded, chewing on his lip as he got the board. He knew he'd done well, but he’d also messed up.

Derek wrapped his arm around Stiles' shoulders, kissing his cheek. "Come on, love," he murmured. "Let's get it over with."

Stiles gave him a small smile and shrugged. "I just...don't like punishments,” he replied, heading to his spot to kneel, and kissing Derek's cheek in return on the way.

"I know," Derek said softly, sitting down in front of him. "Tell me what your tallies are for, please."

Stiles took a deep breath. "The good ones for remembering meds and for finishing that king size blanket project as well as going to bed on time..." He swallowed hard. "The bad for forgetting a couple of bedtimes and for working after noon on cleaning without telling you."

"Okay," Derek said gently, stroking Stiles' hair. "Spanking or time out, sweetheart?"

"Spanking." Stiles didn't even hesitate, shuddering at the thought of a time out as he leaned into Derek’s touch.

Derek settled his hand on the back of Stiles' neck. "Alright, that's fine. Two each for the bedtimes, three for the cleaning. Fair?"
"Yes sir," Stiles agreed softly, his shoulders slumping.

"Up on my lap now," Derek said gently. "Count them out for me, and then it'll all be over."

Stiles sniffled, already upset as he moved over Derek's lap, clinging to his ankle and leg.

Derek let out a silent sigh, thinking that they might have to have a talk about how they did punishments at some point soon. Even if Stiles did feel better after, he was always so upset during. "Ready?" he asked quietly.

"Uh-huh," Stiles whispered, nodding his head and bracing himself. He hated punishments. Hated them. And yet he could never seem to not mess up....

Derek got the spanking over with as quickly as he could, hardly waiting for Stiles to count each one. Soon it was over, and he was rubbing Stiles' ass soothingly, murmuring reassurance. "You're forgiven, love, it's over now. You're my good boy."

Stiles was crying, sniffling and fighting to calm down, Derek’s touch to his burning ass helping soothe his trembling as he turned to curl around Derek.

"I know, querido," Derek murmured, cuddling Stiles close. "But it's over now. Okay? You're my good boy."

Stiles nodded, clinging tightly to him until he could speak without hiccuping "Yours."

"Mine," Derek agreed, rubbing Stiles' back. "My good boy, who I love very much, and I'm looking forward to rewarding soon."

Stiles sniffed, rubbing his eyes and letting out a soft sigh, nuzzling close. "Sorry."

"You're forgiven, sweetheart," Derek promised him, kissing the top of his head. "Are you feeling a little better?" Did this help?

Stiles gave him a shy smiled, nodding. "Yes sir," he promised, rubbing at his face again.

"That's good," Derek said, smiling back. "You took that really well, love, I'm proud of you."

Stiles leaned into him, breathing him in and calming further. "I'm okay," he whispered.

Derek hugged him for a little longer. "Ready to talk about rewards now?"

Stiles nodded, sitting back a bit but not leaving Derek's lap. "I like those," he said with a grin.

Derek laughed a little. "Good," he said firmly. "You want to tell me what you're getting rewarded for?"

"Taking my meds on time, going to bed most nights on time, and that king size blanket I finished for a rush order," Stiles reported.

"Well done," Derek said warmly. "That blanket was fantastic, darling, and you worked so hard to finish it so quickly."

Stiles beamed under the praise.
Derek smiled back. "And for doing all that so well, I think you need more than one reward, don't you?"

Stiles’ eyes lit up, "really?"

Derek leaned in, kissing Stiles' forehead. "Really," he said firmly. "Let’s get ingredients for cookies when we get groceries tomorrow, maybe, and after that...would you like to pick out one of your boxes?"

Stiles nodded his head rapidly, smile firmly on his face.

Derek laughed a little. "You like that idea, huh?"

"Always," Stiles replied.

Derek smiled back, ruffling Stiles' hair. "Do you want to pick out a recipe for us to try?"

Stiles nodded. "There's one I found for cheesecake stuffed strawberry cookies."

Derek blinked. "Sounds a little complicated, but we can give it a try." He hugged Stiles close for a moment. "I love you, okay?"


"My Stiles," Derek promised. "You okay now?"

"Yes sir." He flushed, tucking his face into Derek's neck. "Sorry."

"Nothing to be sorry about," Derek reassured him, stroking his hair. "It's okay to get upset sometimes."

Stiles smiled, kissing his cheek. "You're amazing and I love you."

"Love you too," Derek replied.

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Stiles grinned, digging around in the fridge for milk to go with the cookies, humming happily. "They turned out so good!" he crowed. Even if some of them looked a little...odd.

"They did," Derek agreed, picking up a second one and breaking it in half so the insides would cool a bit faster. "A little lumpy, but definitely tasty."

Stiles bit into one, breathing in and out quickly to cool it after he realized it was still way too nuclear on the inside. "ilk?" he asked, waving the jug at Derek with a grin, already heading to the cabinet with the glasses.

Derek laughed, jogging over to catch Stiles around the waist. "What hands are you planning to use to get the glasses down?" he pointed out.

Stiles blinked, looking from jug in one hand to the cookie in the other, then shoving the rest of it into his mouth with a grin.

"You'll burn your tongue," Derek said dryly, taking the milk from Stiles' hand and setting it down. "And then you won't be able to taste them."
"But they're so good," Stiles groaned, words a little muffled by the cookie, as he reached up for the glasses.

Derek rolled his eyes. "Wait two minutes for them to cool down, okay?" he insisted. "You can eat as many as you want after."

"Yes sirrrrr." Stiles huffed, pouting playfully at Derek as he went about getting them both some milk. By the time he’d poured it and put the milk away, it was already almost two minutes.

Derek just laughed at him fondly. Stiles could be very dramatic sometimes.

Stiles grinned, kissing Derek’s cheek and watching him laugh, making a point to shove an entire cookie into his mouth right at the two minute mark.

Derek just laughed more, handing Stiles a glass when he saw him wince, presumably at the hot jam in the middle of the cookie.

"That is hot cream cheese." Stiles panted once he’d cooled down his mouth. "Though I can still feel my tongue, so success!"

"You're ridiculous, sweetheart," Derek said fondly, kissing Stiles' cheek.

"You like it." Stiles grinned, eyes crinkling.

Derek smiled back. "I do," he agreed.

"Oh good, you admit it." Stiles swung himself closer, burying his face in Derek's neck and nipping playfully.

Derek cuddled him close, rubbing his back. "I haven't been denying it," he pointed out. "Did you enjoy baking?"

"I really like it. just like my gardening and doing things with you."

"Your garden is lovely." Derek murmured. There wasn't so much to see there now as there had been earlier in the year, but it was still a nice place to spend time. "You liked your reward, then?"

"Of course, sir!" Stiles insisted, beaming. "I love my rewards. All of them."

Derek smiled softly. "Good."

After a moment, Stiles started fidgeting. "So...about those rewards...."

Derek raised his eyebrows slightly. "What about them?"

"Box?" Stiles asked hopefully, wiggling against him and pouting.

Derek waited.

Stiles whined, squirming in place. "Please can I open one?"

"You don't want to stuff yourself with cookies first?" Derek teased.

Stiles shook his head. "Why when I can stuff myself full of you?" he teased back, batting his eyes.
Derek laughed. "That's probably the least romantic phrasing I've ever heard."

"But is it working?" Stiles countered with a grin

"Not really," Derek replied.

"Boo." Stiles pouted, but it was obvious he was still teasing.

Derek smirked, sliding his hand up into Stiles' hair, tilting his head back. "Ask me nicely," he murmured.

Stiles licked his lips, taking a deep breath. "Please stuff me so full of your cock I feel it for days?"

"You don't want to try out whatever's in a box instead?" Derek teased.

"...both?" Stiles asked, licking his lips again.

Derek laughed a little. "Alright, let's go pick out a box, then."

"Excellent." Stiles beamed before he raced from the room.

"Well?" Derek said, when he caught up in the guest room where they were keeping the boxes.

"Which one are you choosing this time?"

Stiles rocking back and forth on his feet as he thought. "Mmmmm. This one!" He scooped one up, grinning widely.

"Go on, open it then," Derek said, looking forward to seeing which one it was.

Stiles ripped it open, eyes widening at the sight of a ball gag, his lips parting a bit.

Derek set his hand on the back of Stiles' neck as he started to think through how best to try it out.

"What do you think?" he asked.

"Want to try!" Stiles said with a grin. "Never know until we try."

"Well, I think you need to settle," Derek decided. "How do you feel about kneeling cuffed and quiet for a while, with this to help you?"

Stiles thought it over before nodding. "I like that plan, let's do that one." He was practically vibrating; he loved trying new things.

Derek smiled, settling his hand more heavily on the back of Stiles' neck, trying to steady him. "Come on, we'll use my office," he directed, guiding Stiles out of the room. "Do you remember your non-verbal safewords?"

Stiles flushed, shaking his head. "It's been a while...."

"That's fine," Derek promised. They hadn't used gags much at all. "Percussive noise, clicking your fingers or knocking on the floor - one for green, two for yellow, three for red. Pinch me if you need to, to get my attention, but I'll be listening."

"Everyone forgets things," Derek pointed out, closing the door of his office behind them and dimming the lights a little. "Remember back at the start, how I used to check our verbal safewords all the time? This is just like that."

Stiles nodded, relaxing again back into his grin, almost bouncing in place.

Derek moved Stiles' usual kneeling pad out from the footwell of his desk, putting it next to his chair. "Now," he told Stiles, taking the gag and getting it out of its packaging, "I want you to let me know if your jaw starts to hurt, okay? Aching a little is fine, but any sharp pains are a bad sign."

"Yes sir," Stiles agreed as he knelt.

"Open up," Derek said, crouching down. He carefully fit the rubber ball between Stiles' teeth and fastened it in place. "Comfortable?" he checked.

Stiles hummed, nodding after a moment. It felt a bit odd, but probably because of the newness.

Derek smiled, kissing Stiles forehead. "Good," he said. "Give me your wrists, please."

Stiles held out his hands, palm up, as he crinkled his nose at Derek in place of a smile.

Derek laughed a little as he hooked Stiles' cuffs together. "There," he said, getting into his seat and running his hand over Stiles' hair. "You just relax for a while."

Stiles nodded, resting his forehead on Derek's knee as he tried to sink into the comfort of the pose.

"Good boy," Derek murmurs, and turned on his computer.

Stiles shifted, trying to find that calm spot, trying to go where he usually did. But he couldn't help but be aware of the gag in his mouth, the taste of the rubber, and the ache that was growing in his jaw.

Derek ignored Stiles' fidgeting, letting him take as long as he needed to settle down. Some days it took longer than others.

Stiles wrinkled his brow, unable to settle down. If anything, he was getting more and more distracted. The taste of rubber, the ache in his jaw that wasn't like his other gag... Even the sides of the gag that held it in place were bothering him.

Absently, Derek ran his hand over Stiles' hair to soothe him.

After a few minutes, when he realised he was more fidgety than he'd been when they began, Stiles took a deep breath through his nose, and knocked on the ground to call 'yellow'.

Derek looked up instantly, turning to Stiles with a worried look on his face. "You want the gag off?" he checked.

Nodding, Stiles reached up to tug on the strap.

"I've got it, love," Derek promised, hurrying to unbuckle the gag and gently ease it out of Stiles' mouth. "Better?"

Stiles groaned, his eyes lowered. "Yes sir," he admitted reluctantly. "Sorry, that just..." He shrugged. "I couldn't settle, tasted funky and I couldn't find the calm spot I usually can..."
"It's okay," Derek reassured him, stroking his hand over Stiles' hair. "Sometimes things don't work out, that's just how it goes. It's alright."

"I'm sorry." Stiles sighed, but leaned into Derek's touch, a tiny smile growing on his face as he calmed.

Derek got down on the floor, pulling Stiles into a hug. "Nothing to be sorry for," he promised. "We tried it, and now we know you don't like it. That's fine."

Stiles curled close, bound hands clutching at Derek's shirt.

"Is your jaw okay?" Derek checked.

Nodding, Stiles leaned forward. "The ache is going away now," he promised.

Derek nodded, rubbing Stiles' back. "That's good," he said. "Do you want me to unhook your cuffs?"

Stiles peeked up at him, shaking his head. "No, thank you. Can I keep them?"

"Of course," Derek promised, kissing Stiles' softly. "How are you feeling?"

"I'm okay," Stiles murmured. "Kinda disappointed. I wanted to like it...."

"Sorry, love." Derek hugged Stiles tight for a second. "We'll find other things you do like, okay?"

Stiles nodded, but his shoulders slumped. "It was a present, too."

"Well, seeing as you didn't like it much, we'll have to find a different reward for you, won't we?" Derek suggested.

Stiles nodded, flushing. "Sorry, sir."

"Hey," Derek said gently. "It's not your fault. Maybe it's my fault for picking wrong, huh?"

"No!" Stiles jerked his head back up, frowning. "It's not like you knew I wouldn't like it...oh." He ducked his head sheepishly. "S'not either of ours fault. Shit happens."

Derek grinned. "Exactly," he said firmly. "We tried something new, and it didn't work. It's fine."

Stiles flushed again, giving Derek a small smile. "So, what should we do?" he asked.

"We should go somewhere," Derek suggested. "Get out of the house. Like when we went to the zoo that one time."

Stiles perked up a bit. "I know a place!" He grinned, getting out his phone and pulling up a website. "They have an aquarium, a planetarium, and a rooftop garden of sorts!"

"Oh, I remember this one," Derek said, skimming through the website. "I went there on a school trip in year...eight?"

"Yeah, so did I, but dear god, I didn't get to do what I really wanted. We were herded around like sheep and we didn't even get to go to the garden or a nice size chunk of the aquarium," Stiles huffed. "Drove me nuts."
Derek laughed. "I bet it did," he said, amused. "So, I guess we're heading to San Francisco tomorrow?"

Stiles lit up brightly, wiggling in place. "Yessssssss!"

Derek smiled back. "Maybe you can be big instead of little this time, though," he suggested gently. Stiles blinked. "Yes sir. Though," he flushed, "I might end up slipping. I get excited easily..."

"That's fine, love," Derek promised. "If you do, it'll be alright."

Stiles' smile turned shy, his eyes still shining with excitement. "This'll be fun."

"Do you want to visit Scott and Isaac while we're there?" Derek asked.

"If they're not busy," Stiles said with a nod. "It'd be nice to see them."

Derek smiled back. "How about you call them later and ask?" he suggested. "And for now, maybe we can get off the floor?"

"Yeah, you don't do as well on the floor as I do, Sir." Stiles snickered, kissing him before shifting to stand.

Derek stood as well, stretching his back. "Still want your cuffs together, sweetheart?" he checked. Stiles chewed on his lip. "Yes and no," he admitted, blushing. "I do, but then again I always do."

"I don't mind," Derek reassured him, taking Stiles' hands in his. "If you want to be restrained, you can be."

"I like it," Stiles whispered.

Derek brought Stiles' hands up to his lips and kissed them. "Would you like to stay restrained? As you do what you want to this afternoon?"

"I can?" Stiles asked softly, relaxing a bit. "I was just going to be reading my textbooks, or crocheting."

"I don't know how you'll manage the yarn and hook with your hands bound," Derek said, "but if you want to, go ahead. Just promise you'll come sit with me if you start going down too deep, okay?"

Stiles nodded, giving him a shy smile. "Yes sir!"

"Good boy," Derek said, kissing Stiles' forehead with a smile. "Go on, then."

Stiles kissed him back and headed out of the office, humming softly.

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"Now, remember," Derek said, as he started looking out for parking near the California Science Museum, "you don't have to stay next to me, but you have to stay in the same room as me, okay?"

"Yes sir," Stiles said hurriedly, almost vibrating with excitement. "Better than the teacher in school."

"And," Derek added, "if you start feeling little, you need to let me know, okay? So I can hold your
hand."

Stiles nodded, flushing softly. "Gonna try not to."

"I know," Derek said gently. "But if you do, it's okay. Just as long as you let me look after you."

Nodding, Stiles kissed his cheek before pointing out a parking spot.

Once they got into the museum, Derek let Stiles lead the way, although he took one of the 'what's on' brochures to see if there was anything he needed to watch the time for.

Stiles flitted between exhibits, almost bouncing along as they made their way through the aquarium.

Derek followed along more slowly, taking time to read the descriptions of the different creatures in the tanks, keeping a fond eye on Stiles the whole time.

Every now and then, Stiles would bounce back to Derek, grinning and chattering on about some of the things he’d seen, then all but skipping away again.

They got through most of the aquarium that way, Derek checking on the time now and then.

"Garden?" Stiles asked eventually, rocking onto his toes. "Do we have enough time before the penguins to go through the garden? And then the planetarium after penguins?"

"The penguin feeding isn't until the afternoon, love," Derek said, wrapping his arm around Stiles' waist. "The morning one was before we got here. We can go up to the roof now if you want."

"Yes please." Stiles smiled, leaning into the hold.

"Do you want to see the comets show or the one on earthquakes?" Derek asked, leading the way to the elevators.

"Oooh..." Stiles frowned as he thought, tilting his head this way and that. "I'm not sure... Probably the comets."

Derek checked the brochure. "Well, the next showing is at quarter to one - we'll go down a bit early to make sure we get tickets, and then afterwards, maybe we can see the snake show?"

Stiles nodded, chewing on his lower lip as he leaned over a railing to get a closer look at the tank filled with seahorses.

"C'mon, Stiles, let's go to the roof," Derek reminded him, ushering him on.

Stiles perked up, grinning as they headed for the elevator. Once they were up on the roof, he grinned even wider, bending over to look at the plants.

Derek's eyes roamed over the weird skylight 'eyes' in the rolling 'hills' of the green rooftop, captured by the futuristic look of them.

"This place is so pretty!" Stiles beamed, bouncing around the viewing platform, cooing softly at the plants as he read their info cards.
"Maybe we'll go to the botanic gardens next time," Derek suggested, sticking to a corner where he wouldn't get in people's way.

Stiles nodded, grinning widely. "That would be fun! especially if we hit it up in prime blooming season."

"I guess it's starting to get a little late in the year for that, isn't it?" Derek commented. "Is there anything else you still want to look at up here?"

Stiles looked around before shaking his head, going up to Derek to kiss his cheek. "Planets?" he hummed.

"Alright, love," Derek agreed. "Let's go get our tickets."

They were early for the show, but it was a good thing, because at lunch-time on a weekend, tickets were going fast. "Do you want to wait inside the theatre?" Derek checked. Honestly, he was ready to sit down for a little while.

Stiles nodded, smiling and wiggling a bit. "We can get good seats."

Derek smiled back and kissed Stiles' cheek. "Lead the way, then."

Stiles scrambled into the near empty theatre, finding the perfect vantage point before tugging Derek close to it, chattering happily and getting more and more excited. He was transfixed during the show, of course, but afterwards, as the last of the film faded off the screen, Stiles was oddly quiet.

"What do you think, Stiles?" Derek asked quietly, as the dim lights came up for them to see their way out.

"More?" Stiles asked, smile wide and eyes sparkling.

"There's other shows later," Derek said, "but we need to go outside again first."

"Oookaaaaay." Stiles pouted, scooting out the door to look at the other exhibits around the main hall, chattering softly to himself.

Derek frowned a little, setting his hand on Stiles' shoulder. "Sweetheart?" he said softly.

Stiles squeaked, jumping and looking up at Derek. "Uh oh," he said. "I 'posed to get hand."

So he was little right now. Derek smiled reassuringly and took Stiles' hand. "It's alright, chiquito," he said softly. "Do you want to get something to eat before we meet the snakes?"

Stiles nodded rapidly. "I sorry," he murmured after a moment, chewing on his lower lip.

"It's okay," Derek promised, squeezing Stiles' hand and leading him to the cafe. "Everyone forgets sometimes."

Stiles flushed. "Twied no go little," he whispered, even as he peered over at a telescope exhibit.

"I know," Derek murmured, wrapping Stiles up in a hug. "But it's okay. Just keep a hold of my hand while we walk around and it's all fine."

"Tay," Stiles agreed, nuzzling close for a moment before grabbing Derek's hand.
"Good boy," Derek said warmly. "Now, what do you want for lunch?"

"What has?" Stiles asked, looking around and chewing on his thumb.

Derek decided he might as well narrow down the choices for Stiles and glanced at the kids menu as he led him to the end of the queue. "How about nuggets and fries?" he suggested. "Does that sound good?"

Stiles’ eyes lit up. "Yes p'ease!" He nodded enthusiastically. "I has ranch wif dem?"

Derek smiled back at him. "I'll ask," he said. "Do you want apple juice?"

"Uh huh," Stiles agreed. "Or milk p'ease."

"Alright, love," Derek said, squeezing Stiles' hand. They managed to get through the queue without any issues, even if Stiles was a little impatient waiting for their food to be done. Eventually, though, they sat down to eat.

"I eat now, Daddy?" Stiles asked softly, pouting at the tray. He was hungry, and it had taken forever to get his food.

"Go ahead, nene," Derek reassured him, rearranging their food on the table. "There you go."

Stiles perked up, immediately shoving a french fry into his mouth. "T'ank you!"

Derek smiled. "You're welcome, love."

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Stiles giggled, reaching out shyly to touch the snake that the handler closest to them had, his eyes lighting up. "I want a snake, Daddy," he whispered, his eyes wide.

Derek glanced up at the handler's face with an embarrassed smile. "They're very cool," he agreed.

The handler just smiled, shifting a bit to let Stiles continue to pet the snake. "Mine likes it too," he reassured Derek, gesturing more to the fact that Stiles seemed to be not quite grown than to his fascination with the snake.

"Sorry," Stiles squeaked, though he continued to pet the snake, cooing softly to it.

Derek relaxed a little, wrapping his arm around Stiles' waist.

Stiles cuddled close, giggling softly as the snake wrapped around his wrist a bit.

The handler smiled. "She likes you. But I've got to put her up now," he said gently as he slowly tugged the snake away, not wanting to upset Stiles.

"Say goodbye, nene," Derek said.

Stiles pouted, but he wasn't too upset, waving goodbye to the snake with a soft laugh as he watched her slither into her carry cage.

"What do want to do next, nene?" Derek asked, hugging him close for a moment.

"Peng'ins?" Stiles asked hopefully.
"We can have a look at the penguins," Derek agreed. "Let's go to the African Hall."

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"Daddy!" Stiles complained, keeping his voice down so he wasn't making a scene. He whined, rubbing one eye and yawning a bit.

"I know, Stiles, but you're too tired to stay any longer," Derek insisted. "We can come back another day. But we're done for now."

Stiles whined some more, though he did let Derek lead him from the building. "No nap!" he insisted, yawning again and rubbing tears from his eyes.

"You need a nap, chiquito," Derek said firmly. "How about I call Isaac and see if you can take a nap over there?"

Stiles made an unhappy noise, scuffling at the ground as they waited for the traffic light to turn so they could cross the street. "...kay" he conceded after a minute.

"Good boy," Derek said, getting out his phone when they reached the car.

Stiles kept grumbling as he got in, yawning and scrubbing at his eyes.

"Hi Isaac," Derek said, keeping an eye on Stiles as he made the call. "Yeah, we're done. Yeah, it was great! Definitely coming back. Uh-huh. Stiles is gonna need a nap though, he kinda wore himself out. No, he's fine, he just ended up in little space, it tends to wear him out. Maybe. He might be big again when he wakes up. No, don't worry about it. If there's a problem, we'll sort it out later. Yeah, okay. See you soon."

"Isaac 'kay?" Stiles asked sleepily, curling up in his seat with a tiny yawn.

"He's fine," Derek said with a smile, starting up the car. "He and Scott had a nice morning together, so they're looking forward to us visiting."

Stiles perked up a bit, scrubbing at his eyes and tugging on his hair. "Yay p'ay Isaac and 'cott!"

"Naptime first," Derek said firmly. "Playtime after."

"P'ay!" Stiles whined. He was exhausted and grumpy, but he was fighting it.

"No." Derek looked over at Stiles and softened. He'd be easier to persuade when he was somewhere he actually could nap, most likely. "Maybe, if she's feeling cuddly, Hana will come and nap with you."

"P'ay," Stiles insisted, hiccuping as he rubbed more tears out of his eyes. "Hana cuddle?"

"We'll see if she wants to," Derek agreed gently. "And cats like naptime, don't they?"

Hiccuping again, Stiles curled up with his thumb in his mouth. "No wanna nap. Wanna p'ay. P'ay wif Hana. An Isaac and 'cott!"

"After your nap you can play," Derek promised, turning onto to Scott and Isaac's street with relief.

Stiles’ hiccups turned into soft crying as he grew more tired. Being little always wore him out, and with the excitement, he was just ready to crash. But like any Little, he didn't want to, so he fought tooth and nail. "No nap! P'ease no nap!"
Derek sighed. "Why not, nene? You don't like naps?"

"Not tired," Stiles sniffled, even as his free hand scrubbed at his droopy eyes.

"You don't want to lie down for a bit?" Derek coaxed him. "You did a lot of walking and running today."

Stiles sniffled, sucking harder on his thumb as he thought, his free hand still rubbing his eyes. "On'y lie down? No nap?" he asked softly. "I cuddle Hana and lie down for minute?"

"You don't have to sleep," Derek agreed as he started parking the car. "But you need to lie down for rest and cuddles."

Stiles nodded, though he was still tearful and obviously fighting sleep.

"Good boy," Derek praised, reversing carefully into the spot. "Come on, then, let's go lie down for a while and then you can tell Isaac and Scott all about your day." Hopefully Isaac had explained things to Scott by now.

Stiles nodded, climbing out the car and pressing close to Derek, forefinger curled around his nose as his thumb slid more firmly into his mouth.

Derek hugged Stiles close for a moment, then took his free hand and led him up to the apartment.

"They're here!" Isaac called, looking out their front window.

"You're sure I don't need to do anything special for Stiles when he's...like this?" Scott asked.

"Just remember that he's pretty much a kid." Isaac shrugged. "Trust me. It'll be fine."

Stiles reached up to knock on the door when they got to it, still sniffling.

Scott opened the door a little nervously - it didn't help that Stiles was visibly upset.

"Hi Scott," Derek said, smiling reassuringly. "It's good to see you."


"You just have to lie down for a while," Derek agreed, leading Stiles inside. "Do you mind if he borrows your bed for a bit? It's been a big day."

Scott moved out of the way, a little shocked to see Stiles so different. "Yeah, of course, go ahead," he replied hurriedly. "I'll go find Hana and see if she's in a cuddling mood."

Isaac smiled softly, pulling Stiles into a hug. "Did you have fun?"

Stiles nodded. "Uhhuh! Lottsa t'ings." He yawned, rubbing his eyes with his free hand. "Daddy say I lay down for 'ittle bit and den I a'owed to p'ay wif 'cott and Isaac."

"That's right," Derek reassured him. "Come on now. Bathroom and then bed."

"No nap, Daddy!" Stiles insisted, slurred around his thumb as he spotted Scott. "Hana 'uddle?"
"You don't have to nap, just lie down," Derek said gently. He was pretty confident that if Stiles lay down for more than a few minutes, he'd sleep anyway.

Scott smiled, bringing her over. "Well, she seems to be feeling pretty mellow right now," he said.

Stiles nodded, carefully scooping her up to hold her close. "C'mon Hana. 'uddle time." He sniffled, heading for the bedroom and setting Hana on the bed. The fight with his shoes had him almost in tears. "Daddy help!" he whined.

"Shh, chiquito, it's alright," Derek murmured, crouching down and carefully undoing Stiles' laces. "There you go. Better?"

Stiles sniffled, nodding as he tugged his shoes off. "Thank you."

"You're welcome," Derek replied, standing back up and kissing Stiles' forehead. "Come on now, how about you get comfortable."

"Tay." Stiles' thumb slipped back into his mouth as he climbed into the middle of the bed, curling around Hana, who just licked his hairline for a moment before settling in. "'uddle Hana."

Derek sat down on the edge of the bed, stroking Stiles' hair. "That's it, nene. Time for relaxing and cuddles now."

Stiles sighed, nuzzling into Hana's fur, thumb still firmly in his mouth. Slowly, he started to drift off, jerking a little every now and then as he tried to stay awake.

"Just relax," Derek murmured. "I've got you, love."

Isaac stood in the doorway, watching fondly as Hana meowed at Stiles, curled up in the middle of the bed, then backed out of the room, smiling at Scott. "You okay?"

"It's a little weird," Scott admitted, heading for the kitchen to give Derek and Stiles some privacy. "But it's fine."

"Weird how?" Isaac asked, kissing his cheek. "I was thrown too, at first, but he's really cute like this."

"I'm just not used to it, is all," Scott replied. "I mean, I've read about age play? But I've never actually seen it."

"I'd never really heard of it before I saw it," Isaac admitted, shrugging.

Finally, Stiles let out a tiny sigh, going boneless in sleep with his thumb in his mouth and his other arm wrapped around Hana.

Derek smiled, waiting a little longer to make sure Stiles was really asleep, before carefully getting up and going to find the others.

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Stiles grumbled softly as he woke up, nuzzling further into the purring ball of fur against his face. Fur? "Oh. Hi Hana." He sniffled, sucking on his thumb, "I had a nap anybay." He huffed, but he was only a little grumpy that he'd ended up sleeping. "Where's Daddy?" He sat up, looking around. "Daddy!" he called, scooting off the bed, rubbing sleep from one eye.

Derek looked up from the TV and stood. "Sounds like he's up again," he told the others. "Hang on a
Heading straight to the bedroom, he greeted Stiles with a smile. "Hey, nene. How are you feeling?"

"Thirsty." Stiles gave Derek a tired smile, leaning against his chest. "Hi Daddy. I nap."

"Yeah, you did," Derek said, hugging Stiles close. "You were pretty tired, huh."

Stiles nodded, crinkling his nose as he smiled. "I hab fun."

"You want to come tell Scott and Isaac about it all?" Derek suggested.

Stiles' eyes lit up and he nodded rapidly, bounding from the room. "'cott! Isaac!"

Isaac had to hide a grin. "Hey, Stiles."

"Hi," Scott echoed. "Did you have a nice nap?"


"She really does. Especially when she's purring," Isaac agreed.

"It's a good thing to nap when you're tired," Derek said, sitting down on the couch and patting the spot next to him. "How about you tell Isaac and Scott about the snakes? Or the penguins?"

Stiles' eyes lit up and he scrambled onto the couch, his mouth already going ninety to nothing. After a few minutes, however, he started to come back from his little space, and his speech slowed down as he relaxed.

Isaac still marveled at the obvious visual change in his friend, watching as posture, tone, inflection, and everything just changed as Stiles started coming back up.

Derek just wrapped his arm around Stiles' waist, anchoring him. "What was your favourite?" he asked.

"The comet show," Stiles rasped, swaying a bit and blinking, rubbing his eyes. "Oh." He blushed, laying his head on Derek's shoulder. "Sorry."

Isaac smiled. "Hi."

"It's fine," Derek said, turning his head to kiss Stiles' hair. "I told you it would be. Feeling okay?"

"Thirsty, and kinda like I've been hit by a bus," Stiles admitted. "But okay otherwise." He gave Isaac and Scott a sheepish wave "Hi."

"Hey," Scott replied, smiling a bit. "I'll get you some water or something."

Stiles smile turned shy. "Thank you," he murmured.

Isaac leaned forward, ruffling Stiles' hair. "Even grumpy you were adorable." He laughed softly.

"You were pretty grumpy," Derek agreed. "We probably should have left the museum sooner, so you weren't so over-tired."

"I don't know why I was so tired or grumpy," Stiles said, cheeks pink.

"Well, we know headspaces tend to drain you anyway. And when you're little, you have a bunch of
energy and you never really stop moving.” Isaac pointed out.

"I was getting tired," Derek added. "And I was doing a lot less running around than you."

"Yeah..." Stiles ducked his head. "Sorry."

“No apologies,” Derek said firmly. "You're a good boy."

"I tried really hard not to sink," Stiles murmured, though he gave Derek a small smile.

"I know," Derek replied, cupping Stiles' cheek and smiling at him. "But we both had fun, didn't we? That's what matters."

Isaac stood, heading into the kitchen to give them a moment, smiling at Scott. "Hey, you okay?"

"I'm fine," Scott said, looking up from the two empty glasses on the counter in front of him. "Just thinking. Anyway. What should I get them? Just water?"

"What about?" Isaac asked, coming up behind Scott and leaning over his shoulder to kiss his cheek. "And yeah, water'll be fine."

"Nothing," Scott said absently, leaning back into Isaac's touch.

Isaac hummed, holding him tightly. "Now that's a lie. What's up, Scott?"

Scott sighed. "He was just...so different. It was weird."

"Kinda hit you outta nowhere?" Isaac suggested, hugging Scott tight.

"He's Stiles," Scott tried to explain. "I always know what I'm doing with him."

"And this is just something new. So you didn't know how to react." Isaac gently tugged Scott to chair, pushing him down on it and straddling his lap to look him in the eye. "It's okay."

"I don't want to make him feel bad about it," Scott said reluctantly, looking down.

"You won't," Isaac insisted, nuzzling Scott's jaw. "As long as you don't condemn him for it. You won't make him feel bad. He doesn't mind curiosity. Or questions."

"It feels weird and wrong to me," Scott admitted. "But it's not because he's weird and wrong, you know?"

"It's not your kink. And that's okay." He smiled. "They don't have it sexualized either. It's legit platonic."

"I know," Scott said. He sighed. "We should probably get back."

Isaac hugged him tightly. "I love you."

"Love you too," Scott replied. He pulled away and filled up both glasses, smiling at Isaac as the two of them headed back into the living room.

Stiles looked up, smiling shyly at Scott. He didn't know how his friend was going to take something
"Sorry I took so long," Scott said, giving Stiles his glass. "How're you doing?"

"I'm okay," Stiles replied. "Just tired, but not sleepy, luckily."

"Well, you did eventually nap," Derek pointed out, taking his glass with a grateful smile. "Thanks, Scott."

"Yeah, sorry about that. Didn't know I'd get so grumpy." Stiles shrugged, sipping at his water.

Isaac laughed softly. "You were grumpy. Grumpy and not having any of it. Though I think Hana decided to baby you anyway."

"If you think he was grumpy when we got here, you should have seen him in the car," Derek said, rubbing Stiles' shoulder to take any sting out of the tease.

Scott smiled tentatively, trying to adjust to this new way Stiles was sometimes.

"You kept talking about a nap," Stiles put in, trying to pout - but he couldn’t help the start of a smile instead.

"You were tired," Derek countered. "I don't get why you were reacting like I'd said I was going to force-feed you stinky socks."

Stiles burst out laughing. "I react the same way if you tell me to stop feeding my PBJs to my stuffed bunny, sir!"

"Yeah, well Sir Fluffers hates being washed, so he's just going to have to live with not getting sandwiches," Derek replied, grinning. "Speaking of which, want to make some fake food to give to him? I keep forgetting to suggest it."

"Oh, that's a good idea." Stiles tilted his head. "And a good idea to offer on the shop too. If I can make them well."

Isaac just snorted. "You could sell them in baskets like garden baskets or in those tiny plastic shopping carts you can get in the toy aisle."

Derek shrugged. "Up to you," he said easily.

Stiles nodded, the look on his face pure 'plotting'.

"He's doing the face again," Isaac commented.

Scott laughed. "You're ridiculous," he said fondly.

Stiles gave him a mischievous grin. "But you loooooooooooove me!"

Scott wrestled Stiles into a headlock, laughing.

Stiles screeched out a laugh of his own, happily joining in the rough-housing.

Derek just picked up Stiles' glass and moved out of the way of the chaos.

Chapter End Notes
A little late this week because of some computer issues, but here it is: a whole lot of fluff, with bonus Little!Stiles

Thanks, as always, to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you for reading. We look forward to hearing what you think!
Derek kissed Stiles soft and sweet, holding him close. "How do you feel about me hooking your cuffs together this morning?" he asked.

Stiles nodded rapidly. He needed to feel Derek, feel the claim and know he wasn't alone.

-----

A nightmare leaves Stiles shaky, and Derek offers him his choice of mystery box to cheer him up

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

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Stiles woke with a start, shivering as he tried to calm down his racing heartbeat. Looking around he let out a tiny whimper when he realized he was alone. Where was Derek? Slipping from the bed, he slunk down the hallway, shivering harder with each step until he was a trembling ball of goosebumps and chattering teeth by the time he found Derek in his office. He didn't say anything, just walked over and crawled into Derek's lap, face in his neck.

Derek moved his hands out of the way, a concerned frown crossing his face as he took in Stiles' emotional state. "Did you have a nightmare?" he asked softly.

Stiles nodded, pressing close and letting out a soft whimper. He hated them. And it was one of the things that sent him instantly down a bad path.


Stiles clutched at him, trying in vain to wiggle closer, mouth absently latching onto Derek's neck as he slowly started to settle.

"I've got you," Derek repeated. "Everything's okay."

Stiles started crying then, softly, as he felt the tension drain from him.

Derek just held him, making soft shushing noises, letting Stiles cry himself out.

Stiles eventually calmed, hiccuping softly as he unlatched his mouth from Derek's neck, pulling back just enough to wipe at his face. "Sorry," he murmured.

"Anytime, you know that," Derek said gently. "Do you want to talk about it?"

Stiles swallowed hard. "I was alone," he confessed. "And I couldn't get out..." He pressed closer, gripping Derek's shirt tighter. "And i wasn't wearing my c-collar. Or my cuffs..."
"You're not alone now," Derek promised, tugging lightly on the back of Stiles' collar. "You're my boy."

"I couldn't find you," Stiles hiccuped, the tug on his collar grounding him just enough to prevent another crying fit. "You wouldn't answer me when I called for you."

"I'm right here," Derek said gently. "I'm here with you now."

"I was getting sick, but still couldn't find you. I kept getting weaker and weaker and ..." Stiles swallowed hard, forcing himself to breathe.

Derek rubbed Stiles' back steadily. "Breathe with me," he said quietly. "In...and out..."

Stiles focused on Derek’s voice, forcing his chest to start moving when all he wanted to do was panic and scream.

"Good boy," Derek said. "And again."

Stiles clutched Derek tighter as he forced himself to breathe again, finding it a little easier with each breath he took.

"That's it," Derek said softly. "Tell me five things you can feel."


Derek smiled encouragingly. "That's very good, sweetheart. Now tell me four things you can see."

Stiles whimpered. "D-door," he breathed, trying to look around, willing his eyes to focus, sniffling a little as he started to calm down. "Books. Chair. Wall. Y-you."

"Good boy," Derek murmured. "You're safe. Three things you can hear, now."

"C-computer fan." Stiles pressed close, his ear over Derek's chest. "Heartbeat.....A.C."

Derek smiled, stroking Stiles' hair. "You're doing well. Tell me two things you can smell now."

"Sweat." Stiles was almost calm now, leaning into the touch and forcing himself to continue the steady breathing. "You."

"Good." Derek smiled. "Look at me, sweetheart?"

Stiles lifted his eyes from Derek's chest to his face, sniffling softly.

Derek leaned in slowly, and gave Stiles a long, soft kiss. "And there's your one thing to taste, love," he murmured.

Stiles let out a shuddering breath, leaning into the kiss and trying to get more.

Derek cupped Stiles' cheek, stroking it with his thumb. "Feeling a little better?" he asked.

Stiles nodded, leaning into the touch. "Yeah," he whispered. "Sorry." He flushed softly, his heart finally calming.

"It's okay," Derek reassured him. "It's not a problem at all."
Stiles leaned forward to kiss him again, his shoulders slumping.

Derek kissed him back soft and sweet, holding him close. "How do you feel about me hooking your cuffs together this morning?" he asked.

Stiles nodded rapidly. He needed to feel Derek, feel the claim and know he wasn't alone.

Derek smiled, leaning back slightly. "Give me your hands, then."

Stiles held his wrists out, trembling slightly.

"Good boy," Derek praised, hooking the cuffs together and tugging on the join. "Feel better?"

Stiles shuddered, nodding a bit as his shoulders slumped.

"Alright, up," Derek said, gesturing at the rest of the room. "Let's go downstairs and we'll get you some breakfast, hmm?"

"Kay." Stiles gave Derek a shaky smile, standing carefully.

Derek smiled back, settling his hand on the back of Stiles' neck and guiding him out of the room.

-----

Stiles stuck close to Derek all morning, either in his lap or at his feet, still rattled by the nightmare. It wasn't until lunch time that he calmed down enough not to start shivering at just the thought of Derek leaving the room.

Derek smiled at Stiles encouragingly as he did the dishes from lunch. "How are you feeling, sweetheart?"

"Okay," Stiles replied, though his voice was shaky as he said it.

Derek leaned over to kiss his cheek. "Maybe a little more detail than that, love," he suggested.

Stiles flushed, leaning into the affection. "Better than earlier. Still kinda...clingy?"

"That's fine, chiquito," Derek murmured. "Is there anything you think I could do to help?"

Stiles shrugged, a lost look on his face. "Nothing that comes to mind?" he offered. "I just...I guess I'm still a bit scared."

"Would you like me to put you under?" Derek asked.

Stiles blinked, nodding after a moment, and giving Derek a shy grin. "That might help."

Derek smiled back, glad to see Stiles a little more hopeful. He reached out and tapped Stiles' cuffs, still joined. "More of this kind of thing, do you think?"

Stiles thought for a moment, shifting in his seat as he gave a short nod.

Derek reached up, cupping Stiles' cheek. "How about we go upstairs then, and have a look and figure out what we'd like to use? You can even pick a box if you like."

Stiles perked up just a bit. "I can have a box, too?" he asked hopefully. He hadn't liked the ball gag, but he'd really liked the box before that.
"You can," Derek said warmly. "Come on, love."

Stiles followed close as they headed upstairs, one hand holding onto Derek's sleeve.

"Do you want to choose the box first, or the restraints?" Derek asked.

"...box please." Stiles decided, shifting from foot to foot.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, guiding Stiles to the right room. "Which one do you want?"

Stiles looked over the boxes left, humming in thought. "This one." he pointed to the furthest one, stepping over to carefully pick it up.

"Let's see what it is, then," Derek said warmly, secretly glad Stiles hadn't picked the fucking machine. It wasn't the right kind of day for that.

Stiles stepped over to Derek, setting the box on the bed to open it carefully, pulling out a ring gag, the ring glinting in the light. "Oh," he breathed, tracing a finger along the strap of the gag.

"Is that okay?" Derek asked, suddenly remembering the problems they’d had with the ball gag.

Stiles nodded, giving Derek a shy smile. "I liked the cock-gag," he reminded him. "Just because I didn't like the ball gag doesn't mean I won't like this." He shifted from foot to foot. "I kinda really wanna try."

Derek smiled a little, leaning in for a kiss. "Is there anything you really want for the scene?"

Stiles hummed, thinking it over a bit, though he kept his head tilted for another kiss. "I want to feel you," he admitted. "Even after the scene’s over. I just...need that reminder. Even if it's just a bit of soreness or those phantom feelings I get after you fuck me rough and hard or fuck my throat...."

"Hmm." There was a range of possibilities there, really. Even muscle soreness from holding position might do. "Anything else?" Derek asked.

"Not anything specific." Stiles shrugged, ducking his head.

"Alright," Derek said easily, running his hand over Stiles' hair. "How about we go look at our other things and see if there's anything that looks like a good combination?"

Stiles nodded, leaning into the touch before taking Derek's hand and leading him to the other room and over to their chest.

Derek followed without comment, glad to see Stiles taking the initiative a little bit more. Once the box was open, he sorted through it, pulling out their extra cuffs and the bag of rope and setting them to one side. "What do you think?" he asked.

Stiles chewed on his lip before he reached out, taking the bag of rope in his grip. "These?"

Derek nodded. "I think rope and the gag is going to be enough props, don't you?" he checked, putting the extra cuffs back and closing the box.

Stiles agreed after a moment, giving Derek a shy smile, holding the rope to his chest.

Derek hummed a little, thinking about poses. He'd start with a harness, that would be easy enough.
"I'm going to unhook your cuffs now so you can go to the bathroom," he said, kissing Stiles' forehead. "Clean yourself out too, please."

"Yes sir," Stiles breathed, his shoulders already relaxing a bit, a small smile on his face.

"Good boy," Derek said.

Stiles kissed Derek's cheek and headed to the bathroom to quickly clean up, shivering and trying to hurry so he could get back to Derek.

Derek, meanwhile, remade the bed and folded the covers back, setting his safety scissors down on the nightstand and picking out the rope he wanted to use for the harness - a thick, undyed hemp. Depending on what Stiles needed later, he might add in some other things.

Stiles almost ran back into the room, shuddering and letting himself relax once he saw Derek again. "Done," he breathed.

"Good boy," Derek said, smiling. "We're going to start with a harness, and then I'm going to tie your arms together behind your back, with each hand cupping the opposite elbow. That should be fairly comfortable for a nice long while."

Stiles nodded. "Green," he breathed, before Derek could even ask.

Derek leaned in to kiss Stiles' forehead. "Do you want me to bind your legs as well? Or do you think that will be enough?"

"Try without first?" Stiles murmured.

Derek nodded. "That's fine, love. Do you want the gag now?"

Stiles nodded, moving to his knees and handing Derek the gag, giving him a shy smile.

Derek smiled back reassuringly. "Now, you won't be able to move your hands easily to make noise if there's a problem, so we're going to need a different safeword to what we used with the ball gag, in case words aren't clear enough."

Stiles blinked slowly. "Okay?" He settled on his heels, looking up at Derek. "Like what?"

Derek hummed as he thought. "Do you think shaking your head would be unambiguous enough?"

"If I do it fast enough, it should be okay," Stiles agreed. "Because just pulling back I do to tease whenever you're fucking my throat."

"You'll be able to make noise to get my attention," Derek added, then nodded. "Alright. That will do, then. Open up, love."

Stiles opened his mouth, tilting his head back so Derek could fit the ring where it should be.

Derek slid the ring into Stiles' mouth sideways, then turned it upright, fitting it in place. "Okay?" he checked.

Stiles let his jaw rest, the ring keeping his mouth open. Nodding he tried to smile, his eyes crinkling.

"Tell me right away if that changes," Derek warned him, fastening the straps snugly behind his head.

Stiles replied with a garbled "yes sir" before sitting back on his knees, eyes drifting closed.
"No, sweetheart, I need you on your feet," Derek said fondly, running his hand over Stiles' hair. "Up you get now."

Stiles leaned into the touch before standing, leaning forward to run the tip of his nose up Derek's jaw.

Derek smiled, nuzzling at Stiles' neck.

Tilting his head, Stiles let out a soft sigh, leaning into him and relaxing.

Derek nipped lightly at the skin under his lips, then pulled back. "Legs apart a little so I can do the harness," he murmured.

Stiles breathing hitched as he shifting on his feet and spread his legs.

"Good boy." Derek stepped away, picking up the rope he'd chosen and finding the midpoint before hanging it around Stiles' neck and giving it the necessary twists.

Stiles held himself still, though he could feel himself start to relax as Derek did his harness, eyes staying closed as he sunk into a calmer space.

Derek worked in silence, steadily passing the rope around Stiles' body and back again, weaving it into a harness on the tight side of snug.

Stiles let out a soft moan, the tightness making his body settle.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, securing the ends of the rope where the harnessed crossed the middle of Stiles' back. "Doing okay?"

Stiles nodded, leaning into Derek, the harness shifting and making him hum.

"I'm going to have to take your cuffs off before I do the next tie," Derek said quietly. "Is that okay?"

Stiles hesitated, taking a deep breath, then nodded, focusing on the harness holding him and the gag in his mouth.

"That's my brave boy," Derek praised him, coming around to Stiles' front so he could see his face. "I'm proud of you."

Stiles smiled as much as he could, whimpering at the praise before holding his hands out

Derek unbuckled the cuffs and set them aside, smiling a little at the sight of the faint tan lines on Stiles' wrists.

Stiles ran a finger along the other wrist, peeking up at Derek.

Derek kissed the tip of Stiles' nose with a fond smile, then went behind him again. "Give me your hands, love," he said, getting two shorter lengths of red rope.

Stiles' nose crinkled, and he turned his head to watch Derek for as long as he could before facing front again and slipping his hands behind his back.

Derek hummed approvingly as he guided Stiles' arms into place. "Hold them there, please," he said.

Stiles followed the order, shivering as the pose stretched his shoulders back and pushed his chest out,
making the harness even more apparent to him

"Lovely," Derek praised, using simple column ties to link Stiles' arms to each other and the harness.

Stiles shivered again as the bonds were completed, his eyes fluttering.

Derek leaned forward to kiss the back of Stiles' neck. "Good boy."

Stiles sucked in a breath, absently tilting his head to give Derek more room.

Derek stroked his hands down Stiles' sides, feeling the pattern of rope on his skin.

Stiles leaned back with a shudder, relaxing completely in his bonds.

Derek hummed. "That's it," he breathed. "I've got you now."

Stiles whimpered, his head tilting to the side.

Derek bent his head and bit, holding on until there was a large red mark on Stiles' shoulder.

Stiles moaned, rocking back as much as he could, the bite on his neck sending static through him.

Derek slipped one hand around to the front, wrapping it around Stiles' cock.

"There you go," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' cock slowly. "That's it."

Stiles rocked his hips as much as he could, his eyes fluttering shut.

"Such a good boy," Derek praised softly. "My boy."

Whining, Stiles pressed back, gripping Derek's shirt as much as he could in his hands.

Derek hummed. "You need more?"

Stiles swallowed as well as he could and nodded rapidly, drool still starting to leak out through the gag. God he wanted more. Wanted to feel him.

Derek rolled his hips forward. "Like that?"

Stiles' head dropped back with a whine, rolling his head toward Derek’s.

"I know," Derek murmured. He let go of Stiles' cock, placing his hand flat against Stiles' belly to steady him as he nudged him upright again.

Stiles whimpered, rocking his hips back as he let out a muffled 'please!'

"It's not your choice right now," Derek said quietly, turning Stiles toward the bed. "It's mine, because you're mine."

Stiles moaned at Derek’s tone, shuddering and revealing in it. He loved it when Derek got possessive. Rough and claiming.

Derek stroked his hand over Stiles' hip, then stepped back and pushed Stiles down over the bed.

Stiles panted, wiping his face on the blanket before turning his head so he could breathe, legs
spreading wider in invitation as he let out a tiny whine.

Derek stripped down, making Stiles wait for him.

Stiles whimpered, saliva dripping past his lips now that his head was down.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, kneeling down between Stiles legs and parting his ass cheeks with his hands before licking a broad stripe over Stiles' hole.

Stiles gasped as he jerked, rocking his hips back hard. Oh shit!

Derek gripped Stiles' hips tight, holding him still as he swirled his tongue around Stiles' hole, rubbing his stubbled jaw against Stiles' ass cheeks.

Stiles let out a litany of muffled curses, his toes curling into the carpet as he tried to rock back against Derek's tongue and jaw, the warmth of beard burn along his ass making him tremble. Fuck he wanted this. Needed this.

Derek hummed, licking his way inside, starting to stretch Stiles out with his tongue.

Stiles couldn't stop the trembling, his thighs quaking as he rocked in Derek's hold, eyes rolling back into his head.

Derek just kept going, thrusting his tongue in and out.

Stiles whined, wiggling on the bed and trying to get more, pleading wetly around the gag as much as he could. More. More

Derek kept going until his jaw was sore, leaving Stiles' hole sloppy and loose when he pulled back.

Stiles was a mess, whimpering and rocking his hips as much as he could, eyes darkened, hungry and just slightly wet from the frustration of wanting more. This was better though, Derek doing as he wished. Made Stiles even harder.

Derek got the lube, squeezing a generous quantity onto his fingers and pushing it into Stiles, taking the opportunity to check how stretched he was.

Arching his back, Stiles moaned, burying his face into the blanket as he panted.

"Doing okay?" Derek checked, twisting his fingers.

Stiles nodded, panting into the blanket as he clenched around his fingers. He whined, pressing back, trying to get more.

"Good boy." Derek stretched his fingers apart, then pulled them out. "You're doing well."

Stiles let out a desperate noise, raising himself up on his tip-toes.

Derek slapped Stiles' ass with his clean hand in a swift reprimand. "Patience, sweetheart."

The swat made Stiles whimper, shuddering as he rocked backwards, though he let himself lower back down until he was flat-footed again.

"Good," Derek said, rubbing his hand over the spot. "You're doing well."
Stiles whined, rocking his hips back into Derek’s hand, eyes fluttering closed again from where they’d popped open with the swat.

Derek poured out some more lube, slicking up his cock, then pressed the tip against Stiles’ hole.

" 'lea'e!" Stiles begged, twisting his hips and trying to get more. " 'lea'e 'ir!"

Derek stepped closer as he guided his cock inside, pressing Stiles’ legs apart a little more with his feet.

Stiles moaned loudly, his eyes rolling back as he jerked his hips back, trying to get all of Derek.

"Shh," Derek said, rolling his hips. "Patience."

" 'lea'e!" Stiles begged louder, wanting more, wanting to push and see what Derek would do.

Derek pressed down on Stiles’ back, holding him still as he fucked in deep and slow.

Stiles curled his fingers as much as he could in his bonds, whining as the rope rubbed just enough to keep the static feeling under his skin. He rocked back as much as he could, clenching around Derek and begging softly through the gag, lips and chin wet from the saliva pooling in his mouth, dampening the blanket under his face.

Once Stiles settled into the rhythm, Derek lifted his hand, wrapping it around the rope of Stiles’ harness and lifting, until Stiles’ torso was held up a little above the bed.

Stiles let out a startled moan, still moving as much as he could, but without the leverage of the bed, it wasn’t much. " 'ir!"

"Colour?" Derek checked, leaning back a little to balance Stiles’ weight.

"G’een," Stiles whimpered, head spinning with arousal.

Derek smiled, swallowing hard. "Good," he said hoarsely, his thrusts getting sharper and shorter as he worked to maintain the position.

Stiles whimpered, curling his toes into the carpet, raising up on them to try and get Derek deeper.

"Feeling good, love?" Derek panted.

Stiles nodded rapidly, clenching down hard as he shuddered.

Derek hummed, stroking Stiles’ hip fondly with his free hand. "So good, love," he breathed. "You feel amazing."

Stiles shuddered again, Derek’s tone making him harder, hips jerking back desperately.

"What do you need?" Derek asked huskily, even as he chased his own pleasure.

" 'ore!" Stiles begged, wanting to feel it for a long time afterwards.

Derek huffed a breathless laugh. "I'm doing as much as I can," he protested.

Stiles whined, shuddering as Derek's cock managed to slam into his prostate.
Derek's arm was starting to shake, and he switched hands, speeding up.

"Oh!" Stiles gasped, rocking up onto his toes with each thrust, small noises slamming out of him each time Derek's hips bounced off his ass.

Derek didn't last much longer, barely managing not to drop Stiles as his orgasm overtook him. "Fuck," he panted at last, shuddering. "God, Stiles."

Stiles whined high in his throat, clenching tightly around Derek, milking him for all he could, dizzy from arousal and his eyes dark and wide.

Still feeling shaky, Derek stroked Stiles' hip reassuringly, his body gleaming with sweat. "Good boy," he breathed. "So good."

Stiles let out a soft sound, leaning into the touch, swinging his hips.

Derek pulled out, moving back but keeping a hand on Stiles. "Let's get on the bed properly," he suggested quietly. "I'll help you."

Stiles whined at the loss, wiggling a bit to try and slide onto the bed.

"Here," Derek said, pulling Stiles upright by the harness and holding him. "Turn around so you can sit."

Stiles moaned, turning carefully to face Derek, his eyes blown and his face red and wet from arousal and saliva.

Derek cupped Stiles' cheeks, searching his face. "Is the gag still fine? No pain?"

Stiles nodded carefully, not dislodging the hands that he nuzzled into. The gag was awesome.

Derek smiled. "I think it's time to untie your arms, though," he said gently. "We'll be able to cuddle better, hmm?"

Stiles nodded again, wanting to reach out and touch.

"Alright then, can you turn away so I can reach?" Derek asked.

Stiles whined, stumbling a bit as he turned. He knew his skin was slightly red from the harness ropes, but nothing was scraped or bruised. And he loved the tight feeling right then.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, finding the end of the first rope and untucking it so he could unwind the tie.

Stiles swayed on his feet, humming softly as he leaned into Derek's hands.

"You're beautiful like this." Derek unwound the ropes carefully, wrapping each one back into a neat bundle and rubbing his hands over the marks on Stiles' arms. "Do you want your cuffs again?"

Stiles nodded, swaying as his balance was shifted again.

Derek kissed Stiles' forehead quickly, then retrieved his cuffs and buckled them in place. "Comfortable?"
Stiles nodded, tilting his head back to look at Derek, eyes half closed and cock still hard, though he wasn't concerned with it.

Derek laughed fondly at Stiles' expression. "You're a bit out of it, aren't you?"

Stiles' nose crinkled in amusement at Derek's laugh, leaning forward once he was back around, running the tip of his nose along Derek's jaw, breathing him in hungrily.

Derek wiped drool of Stiles' chin with his thumb, kissing the tip of his nose. "Still want the gag?" he checked.

Stiles let out an affirmative noise, hovering halfway to subspace.

"Alright, love, let's just cuddle a little, then," Derek murmured, gesturing at the bed.

Stiles nodded, pressing close to him, clinging to him as tightly as he could.

"Come on, lie down with me," Derek encouraged him, rubbing his back.

Stiles nodded, moving to get into the bed, his thighs still trembling.

"Good boy," Derek praised. He got in next to Stiles, wrapping him up in his arms.

Stiles let himself drift, humming softly and absently grinding against Derek.

Derek smirked a little, bringing one thigh forward between Stiles' legs for him to rub against.

Stiles whimpered, lazily grinding harder, his eyes fluttering.

"Go on, sweetheart, you're fine," Derek murmured.

Stiles whined, nuzzling into Derek's neck as he rocked harder, shuddering at the feeling.

"That's it," Derek encouraged him. "Make yourself feel good."

Stiles moaned, drifting off into another whimper as his grinding turned into long, slow, hard drags against Derek's thigh, small noises leaving him.

"Good boy," Derek praised. "That's so good, sweetheart, you're doing just perfect. My wonderful boy."

Stiles clung to Derek, his toes curling as he let out a soft, low groan, the hair of Derek's thigh rubbing against his smooth skin as he rocked, driving him closer.

"My boy," Derek repeated softly, matching Stiles' volume. "Always mine, as long as you want me."

Stiles shuddered, clinging tighter, nails digging in for a moment before forced them out, not wanting to freak Derek out, but fuck, it felt so good, and the words in that tone spun in his head.

"That's it, sweetheart," Derek murmured. "Getting close now?"

Stiles whimpered, nodding against his neck, hips hitching sharper for a moment.

"I'm going to take the gag off now, sweetheart," Derek said gently. "Okay?"
Stiles whined high in his throat, nodding after a moment, his grip tightening.

"It's alright," Derek soothed him, reaching up to unbuckle the gag. "We're not stopping. I'm just taking the gag out."

Stiles opened his jaw a bit wider so Derek could take the ring out, his eyes glazed over.

Derek reached in, carefully dislodging the O-ring and tilting it so he could take it out. "Good boy," he said, rolling over briefly to put the gag down on the nightstand. "There you go."

Stiles panted, licking his lips for a moment before lurching forward, slamming their mouths together desperately. Derek couldn't help letting out a muffled cry of surprise before he responded, equally enthusiastically.

Stiles let himself fall into the kiss, small 'hn' noises and whimpers leaving his throat. Derek rolled them both, pinning Stiles to the bed, hands cupping his cheeks.

Stiles clutched at him, spreading his legs so Derek could settle between them as he shuddered, still grinding against him.

"There you go," Derek breathed. "Perfect, sweetheart."

Stiles pulled away from the kiss, just enough to pant and tilt his head back. "Please," he rasped.

"I've got you," Derek soothed him, nuzzling at Stiles' throat. "Are you close?"

"Uh-huh," Stiles whimpered, nails digging into Derek's shoulders before he managed to force his hands to relax again with a tiny whine.

Derek noticed that time, and he frowned a little. "Something wrong, sweetheart?"

"D-don't..." Stiles panted, nuzzling into Derek's cheek. "Don't wanna h-hurt you," he managed to get out. "D-don't wanna s-seem like..." He drifted off, refusing to say Her name.

"Oh sweetheart," Derek said, softening. "Your nails?"

Stiles whined, nodding and wiggling, his cheeks pink from more than just arousal.

Derek smiled encouragingly. "That's very thoughtful of you, love. Thank you."

Stiles flushed darker, rubbing his thumbs on Derek's collarbones.

"My wonderful, caring sweetheart," Derek praised. "I love you so much, Stiles."

"Love you too," Stiles panted, licking his lips, massaging Derek's shoulders with his hands. "T-trying n-not too d-dig."

"Thank you," Derek murmured, reaching back to touch Stiles' wrists. "Here - take my hands."

Stiles shivered at the touch, slipping his hands from Derek's shoulders to his hands, watching him dazedly.
Derek smiled encouragingly. "Good boy." Pinning Stiles' hands against the pillow on either side of his head, he leaned down and kissed him thoroughly, long and slow.

Stiles sucked in a breath, whining softly as he curled his fingers around Derek's, eyes fluttering closed at the kiss.

Derek hummed, pulling away slightly after a long moment.

Stiles eyes opened halfway as he panted, tiling his head back, lips quirking into a tiny grin.

Derek smiled back, glad to see Stiles' personality coming through.

Stiles rocked his hips up with a soft moan, slipping one foot up the back of Derek's calf.

"That's it," Derek murmured, nuzzling at Stiles' throat again. "Come on now."

Stiles moaned, tilting his head back as he arched his back. "God you feel good, sir." he breathed, hips stuttering in a particularly pleasant slide.

"Do you want to make it last longer?" Derek asked, nipping at Stiles' throat. "Or would you like me to use your name?"

"Oh fuck." Stiles groaned. "A-anyway I can have both?" He let out a husky laugh, wrapping his other leg around Derek's waist.

"Things tend to get a little...frantic, once I start using your name," Derek pointed out, amused.

"Because it drives me insane," Stiles breathed, lips quirking back into that grin. "Makes my stomach jolt. A-and my cock throb, even if it's caged."

Derek's eyes darkened. "You shouldn't have told me that," he murmured. "Now I just want to put you in your cage and call you nothing but your name and see what happens."

"I'd end up begging you to fuck me. No matter where we were," Stiles breathed. "Kitchen, living room, Jungle. The fucking store even." He licked his lips at the dark look in Derek's eyes.

"...make yourself come for me, Stiles," Derek said lowly.

Stiles groaned at Derek's tone, grinding up harder. Shuddering, he let out a soft noise, licking his lips. "You like that thought sir?" His voice was breathy. "Me bending over wherever we are and begging for you to just fuck me through whatever I was leaning on?"

"I think you like that thought," Derek teased. "What else are you thinking?"

Stiles whimpered, rolling his hips in a steady rhythm. "Picturing you fucking me while bent over the couch at Jungle," he admitted weakly.

Derek squeezed Stiles' hands, encouraging him.

"Me naked with nothing but my collar and cuffs on," Stiles panted. "You can still be fully clothed as you fuck me hard, hand in my hair, whispering dirty things in my ear sprinkled with my name...."

"That's it," Derek breathed, urging Stiles on. "Come on, get right to the edge, love."

"Fucking me hard, filling me up and plugging me, only to fuck me again later," Stiles breathed, eyes widening as he grew closer. Oh, he knew he couldn't come, not without the phrase. He'd tried it
before while jerking off. "Over and over, whispers flying through the a-air as you filled me to the brim, until you take me home and fuck me some more."

"Insatiable, aren't you?" Derek murmured, ducking his head to nip Stiles' sub mark.

Stiles jerked in surprise, moaning loudly. "Always want you."

"You've got me," Derek promised, licking over the spot. "You want to come?"

Stiles nodded, whining high in his throat as he shuddered.

"Alright, love," Derek agreed, squeezing Stiles' hands. "Przemysław, come."

Stiles cried out, arching his back sharply as he came, squeezing Derek's hands hard.

Derek pressed Stiles down into the bed, murmuring praise and endearments.

Stiles whimpered, panting as he spun higher for a few moments before leveling off, dazed and fumbling for words.

"I know," Derek soothed gently. "It's alright, sweetheart. Take your time."

It took quite a while for Stiles to slowly start spiraling back to earth, finally letting out a soft gasp and a raspy "sir?"

"Yes, love?" Derek murmured, squeezing Stiles' hand.

"Hi," Stiles said hoarsely, nuzzling along Derek's jaw.

"Hi," Derek replied fondly. "How are you feeling?"

"Like I've been hit by a truck." Stiles grinned loopily. "The good trucks."

Derek laughed a little. "Is that so?"

"Uh huh. Kinda spinny." Stiles nodded slowly, licking his lips.

"You probably need something to drink," Derek suggested, letting go of Stiles' hands so he could roll them onto their sides.

Stiles groaned at the movement, burrowing closer. "I am thirsty. But so comffyyyyyy."

Derek smiled, amused, and glad to see Stiles' usual personality asserting itself over the timidity of the morning. "You need a shower too, I think," he pointed out.

"Rude!" Stiles gasped, sticking his tongue out playfully.

Derek reached up and grabbed it carefully between finger and thumb. "You think so?"

Stiles squeaked, crinkling his nose. "'aying I 'tink?!"

Derek rolled his eyes, letting go of Stiles' tongue and gesturing down between them. "We're both covered in come."

"Well yeah." Stiles grinned impishly. "I kinda like it."
"You won't like it if it dries before I peel the rope off you," Derek said, shaking his head fondly.

"Hmm, true. Would make pretty designs though." Stiles nodded absently, pressing closer to Derek and kissing his jaw. "Fiiiiine."

"Good," Derek said quietly. "Feeling better now than you were earlier?"

Stiles flushed, nodding. "Thank you."

"You're very welcome, love," Derek murmured. "I'm glad I could help."

Stiles smiled softly, kissing his cheek before grinning wider. "C'mon. Shower, juice, and these ropes off time!"

Chapter End Notes

Thanks, as always, to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you for reading and commenting
Chapter Summary

Isaac let out a soft giggle, tilting his head to kiss Scott's cheek. "Hold on, let me see what it is then I'll turn it on silent." He scooped up his phone, laughing hard as he read the texts from Stiles.

OMGOMGOMG CODE RED -SS

HE GOT ME A FUCKING MACHINE -SS

I may die tonight, but fuck yeah! -SS

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Everyone has a good night

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Spanking. Pretty clearly marked, just skip ahead to the end of the following paragraph if you want to avoid it

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Isaac. Can you make sure the blenders are cleaned up before end of shift?" Kyra called, sliding more pastries into the display case.

Isaac looked up, passing a frappe he’d just finished making on to the person manning the drive through window. "Sure!" he said, wiping the base of the blender he’d just used. “I’m gonna grab some more frappe lids and cups, we're almost out up here."

"When you're done, I'd like a word," Jake said, sticking his head out of the back room. "No rush."

Isaac blinked, nodding slowly. "Yes sir! Be there in a bit," he answered, his brow furrowed in worry as he scrubbed the blenders and the counters around them, wondering why he was being called to talk to Jake. Finishing quickly and pulling more cups and lids for the front, he smiled at Kyra and showed her the clean area before heading back to the back room. "You wanted to talk to me?"

Jake nodded. "So, twice a year all our staff get a review and we have a look at whether or not they've earned a raise," he explained.

"Okay…” Isaac said slowly, then blinked. “Oh! I've been here six months already?" Had he really been living with Scott so long?

Jake laughed a little. "Yeah, you have."

"Hasn't felt that long." Isaac shrugged, grinning a bit. "But, that means it's time for my review?" he
asked, suddenly nervous.

"It is," Jake said, handing over a few pieces of paper stapled together. "So, the gist of it is that you're doing really well, and we love having you here, but your issues with customers are going to hold you back."

Isaac looked down at the papers before looking back up. "Um, I'm sorry," he murmured. "I don't have problems with customers. I just...

"You have problems that mean I can't put you on till," Jake summarised, not unkindly.

"I'm sorry," Isaac murmured, his shoulders slumping. "I don't like the fact that irritated customers freak me out."

"Look, I saw what happened that day, okay?" Jake said quietly. "I know this isn't something you've got control over. But at the same time, it's limiting for you, in terms of how you can progress here. Your knowledge is good, your skills are good, and on that basis I can give you a raise. But you won't be able to get promoted if you can't handle customers - unreasonable ones as well as ordinary ones."

"But...I'm not going to be let go, right?" Isaac asked, his nerves showing on his face. "I'm not sure how I can get to where I can handle them."

"We're not going to fire you," Jake reassured him, shaking his head. "If your anxiety or PTSD or whatever it is means you can't take till, we'll keep going as we have. But nothing would make me happier than for you to come to me three months from now or six months from now or however long it takes, and say, 'I can work till as long as I've got back-up'. Do you get what I'm saying?"

Isaac nodded. "That I can get to where I can easily switch with someone if I start feeling like last time."

"I don't want that to happen again," Jake said firmly. "Got it? But part of a performance review is telling you areas for improvement, and being able to deal with customers is the biggest area where you can improve."

"Trust me, I don't want it to happen again," Isaac said dryly. "I'll see what I can do." He shifted a little. "What are these papers?" he asked, glancing down at the packet in his hands.

"This is the actual review itself," Jake explained. "I'll let you read it in your own time, but it more or less says what I've already told you."

Isaac nodded, smiling as he folded it to shove it in his apron pocket. "I'll try and work on the customers thing," he promised.

"Good," Jake said. "The raise will apply from your next paycheck on."

Isaac beamed. "Thank you so much! This will help out at home, too!"

Jake smiled. "You're welcome, Isaac."

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Isaac was texting Stiles, sprawled on the rug in the living room in nothing but his boxers, grinning at his phone.
There was a jingle of keys from the front door, and Scott came in. "Hey babe," he said. "How was your day?"

Isaac looked up, beaming. "I got a raise!" he exclaimed, scrambling up to hug Scott. "Though...they said I can't get promoted if I can't handle customers."

"Congratulations!" Scott said, hugging Isaac tight. "That's fantastic, sweetheart!"

Isaac squeezed Scott tighter, kissing his jaw.. "And in six months I might get another!"

"That's wonderful, Isaac," Scott said, kissing Isaac firmly. "I'm so proud of you."

Hana walked up to the two of them and butted Isaac's leg, mewing loudly.

"Hana! Are you happy, too?" Isaac smiled, nipping at Scott's lip before bending just enough to scoop Hana up, cuddling her close.

Hana nuzzled at Isaac's chin, making happy 'mrt' noises. She was much bigger than she'd been when they got her, but she was still a kitten, really. At least, Isaac thought so.

"Oh yes, my lovely Hana is very happy." Isaac laughed, cuddling close to Scott, smiling. "Now, if I keep doing well, I'll get that other raise. Though, they really want me to try and get better with customers because they want to promote me, but, well...."

"They can't promote you if you can't handle being on your own," Scott figured.

"Yeah, but Jake said that he at least wants me to be able to work the till with backup before he'll promote me," Isaac murmured. "They don't want what happened last time, but they apparently love me as an employee."

"Of course they do," Scott said proudly. "You're smart and reliable and you work really hard."

Isaac flushed, ducking his head at the proud tone Scott head. "I like working there," he admitted.

"You're a wonderful employee, sweetheart," Scott said firmly, tilting Isaac's chin up so he could meet his gaze and smiling.

Isaac's cheeks were still pink, a small smile on his face. "U-um, do you have any ideas for how I could get better with customers?" he asked. "Or know someone that might? I want to do the best I can."

"I dunno," Scott admitted. "But what if we asked Janet and Simon? They probably know all about this stuff."

"Yeah, they might know." Isaac nodded. "I'll call them later on, see if they know something that may help."

"We should do something special tonight," Scott decided, cupping Isaac's cheek.

Isaac leaned into the touch with a hum, letting Hana jump down to the floor. "Like?"

"Well," Scott murmured, his fingers shifting to trace Isaac's collar, "you've been a very good boy..."

Isaac eyes lit up, tongue dragging along his bottom lip. "Your good boy."
"That's right," Scott said lowly. "So I think you should start by taking your boxers off."

"Yes, sir," Isaac breathed, tilting his head back, his hands already slipping the waistband of his boxers down.

Isaac's phone buzzed. Scott would have ignored it, but then it kept buzzing. "What the hell?" he muttered, frustrated.

Isaac let out a soft giggle, tilting his head to kiss Scott's cheek. "Hold on, let me see what it is then I'll turn it on silent." He scooped up his phone, laughing hard as he read the texts from Stiles.

OMGOMGOMG CODE RED -SS

HE GOT ME A FUCKING MACHINE -SS

I may die tonight, but fuck yeah! -SS

Isaac shook his head, quickly texting back before turning off his phone and turning back to Scott.

Awesome! Make sure and let me know, I've had thoughts. As for now, I'm about to get some too, have fun ;) -IL

"Okay, what happened?" Scott asked, amused. "I assume that was Stiles?"

Isaac nodded, amusement on his face. "Derek let him open another one of those surprise boxes he's been lamenting about. And he's freaking out. Good freaking, but still a little flail-y."

"...I don't want to know, do I?" Scott said dryly.

"Probably not," Isaac agreed with a grin. "Though I'll get some info about something I want to try." He shrugged, pressing close again, kicking his boxers away.

Scott stroked his hand down the length of Isaac's back, cupping his ass firmly. "Is there something you'd like to ask for, sweetheart? Or do you want me to choose?"

Isaac licked his lips, eyes darkening. "You choose," he breathed.

Scott smiled, thinking. "Alright, sweet boy. Go clean yourself out, and stretch yourself enough for your plug. I'll meet you in the bedroom in five minutes."

"Want the plug in, too?" Isaac asked as he bent to scoop up his boxers, already hard.

Scott nodded. "When you come to the bedroom, come on your hands and knees. I'll be waiting."

"Yes, sir." Isaac kissed him quickly and hurried from the room, shivering in anticipation.

Scott took a couple of minutes to tidy up and feed Hana before heading to the bedroom to wait for Isaac.

Isaac shuddered as he cleaned himself out, then stretched himself quickly. He slipped a plug in, moaning softly, and rested his head on the counter for a moment, before dropping to his hands and knees and crawling toward the bedroom.

Scott's eyes darkened as Isaac came in. He was still fully dressed, except for his shoes - he liked
using the contrast to set the scene. "Good boy," he said softly. "Up on my lap, now."

Isaac hurriedly climbed up onto the bed, straddling Scott's lap, absently swaying and grinding to a wordless melody in his head, eyes locked onto Scott.

Scott shook his head, kissing Isaac quickly to soften it. "Not like that, sweet boy," he explained. "You can give me another lap dance some other day. I want you on your front, ass up."

Isaac leaned into the kiss, flushed and panting, then turned around and over, stretching out with his ass in the air, looking over his shoulder at Scott.

"Good boy," Scott murmured, rubbing Isaac's ass with the flat of his hand.

Isaac groaned, pressing his face to the bed for a moment, rocking back.

"I'm going to spank you," Scott revealed. "But I'd like you to do something for me, sweetheart, okay? I want you to try to be quiet while I do."

Isaac whimpered, nodding. He'd try.

"Good boy," Scott soothed him. "That's very good, sweetheart. I know you'll make me proud."

Isaac shuddered, pressing his face to the bed, flush travelling down his cheeks.

"Ready, sweetheart?" Scott asked gently.

"Yes, sir," Isaac breathed, swaying his hips from side to side.

"Good boy," Scott said. He lifted his hand, and brought it down in a loud (though not very hard) smack.

Isaac sucked in a breath, but managed to bite back the moan caught in his throat, rocking back into Scott’s hand and begging silently.

"That's it, sweetheart," Scott murmured, gradually ramping up the intensity. "You're doing well, that's it."

Isaac was panting heavily, rocking into each blow and trying not to make a sound. He knew he wouldn't be able to keep quiet too much longer, though.

"My good boy, I'm so proud of you," Scott praised, knowing that the mix of sensations - the spanking, the plug, Isaac rubbing naked against his leg - must be overwhelming. "You're so good."

Isaac let slip a tiny whimper, then froze in mortification. Oh fuck. He hadn’t been able to keep quiet.

Scott stopped instantly. "Shh, baby, it's alright," he murmured.

Isaac whined, pressing his face into the bed. "Sorry!" he panted, still absently rocking as he looked back over his shoulder.

"It's alright, sweetheart," Scott reassured him. "You were doing so well, you just need a little help, don't you?"

Isaac nodded, whimpering softly to himself. "I'm sorry," he repeated.
"It's okay," Scott promised. "All I asked you to do was try, didn't I? And you've done that, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir." Isaac was breathing hard, still grinding down, unable to keep still.

"That's my good boy," Scott praised. "So, I'm going to keep you quiet with my hand - do you want me to cover your mouth, or do you want to suck my fingers?"

Isaac flushed, feeling himself twitch against Scott's thigh. "Both," he whispered, flushed. "You choose."

"You're very good," Scott murmured. "I'll let you suck my fingers this time, so long as you're careful with your teeth."

"Try," Isaac promised, looking back over his shoulder.

"Good boy," Scott said, smiling. "Open up, sweetheart."

Isaac shifted a bit to open his mouth, eyes locked onto Scott.

"That's it," Scott murmured, slipping his first two fingers into Isaac's mouth. "Nice and quiet, love."

Isaac sucked on Scott's fingers and his eyes fluttering closed as he let a slow breath out through his nose.

Scott smiled softly. "I'm going to keep going now," he said quietly. "If you need me to stop for any reason, snap your fingers."

Isaac just nodded, suckling on Scott's fingers, tongue curling around them.

"Good boy." Scott started up again, fast, but steady, watching Isaac's reactions carefully.

Isaac sucked in a breath through his nose, his eyes fluttering closed as he sucked hard on Scott's fingers, grinding against his leg.

But Scott wanted Isaac more than aroused - he wanted him desperate. He kept going, even though his arm was tiring.

Isaac was soon writhing in place, barely able to keep his sounds muffled with Scott's fingers, his own fingers twisting in the blanket. He rocked back, begging for more, anything.

Scott paused, pulling his fingers out. "Okay, baby?"

Isaac whimpered, nodding. "Please. Need more. Something, anything, please, sir." He was panting, spreading his knees wider.

"Good boy," Scott replied, stroking his hand down Isaac's back, tapping the plug he was wearing to make it shift.

Isaac gasped, arching his back sharply to try and tease Scott into giving him more. "Please."

Scott shook his head. "That's enough for now, sweetheart. Down on your knees on the floor, now."

Isaac whined, though he promptly scrambled off the bed, dropping heavily to his knees as he locked
his eyes on Scott, tongue swiping along his bottom lip.

"Good boy," Scott said warmly, stroking Isaac's hair.

Isaac leaned into the touch, his eyes closing as he relaxed slightly.

"There you go, sweetheart," Scott murmured. "How are you feeling?"

"Needy." Isaac pouted softly, a flash of mischief in his eyes. "Heavy, warm, tingly, almost wired."

"You're always needy," Scott pointed out, one corner of his mouth quirking up. "Need my cock so badly, don't you?"

Isaac groaned softly, his eyes darkening as his stomach clenched tighter. "Always," he admitted.

"Go on then," Scott said. "Show me how much."

Isaac slid his hands up Scott's thighs, licking his lips. "How?" he asked.

"Bring yourself to the edge for me," Scott told him, his eyes dark.

Isaac shivered, licking his lips as he sat back, one hand balancing himself as the other wrapped around his own cock, head falling back with a moan.

"Good boy," Scott murmured, rubbing the bulge of his own cock with the palm of his hand. "That's it, just like that, my sweet boy."

Isaac whimpered, rocking up into his hand, eyes locked on Scott, sucking on his lower lip as he teased himself, moving in an almost dance to try and tease Scott as well.

"Are you almost there, sweetheart?" Scott asked huskily. "Almost to the edge?"

"Uh huh," Isaac panted, rolling his hips in a circle, head falling to the side with a moan. "So close, sir."

"Okay, baby, it's alright," Scott soothed him. "You've got a choice, alright? If you want to come, I'll let you come. But if you don't, if you keep touching yourself and don't come, I'll let you suck my cock."

Isaac lifted his head, eyes wide and dark. "Want to taste you," he breathed, without hesitation. "Please, sir. Please."

Fuck. Jesus, how was Scott supposed to handle that, that sort of - of devotion? He hurriedly fumbled his pants open, his cock springing up as soon as he got his boxers out of the way. "Come on, baby," he said hoarsely.

Isaac whimpered, scooting closer, his free hand sliding up to Scott's hip as he sucked him down hungrily. Fuck, it always drove him crazy exactly how much he wanted. How much he needed.

"Oh, fuck," Scott swore, swallowing hard. "God, Isaac..."

Isaac moaned, curling both his arms around Scott's waist as he suckled hungrily.

Scott panted, burying his hands in Isaac's hair, his hips rolling up.
Isaac let out a soft sound, melting even further, sucking gently as Scott's hips rolled.

"You want me to fuck your mouth, or you want to blow me?" Scott gasped lowly.

Isaac sucked in a breath through his nose, answering him by staying still, letting the rolls of Scott's hips drag his cock in and out of his mouth, his eyes closing.


Isaac let out a choked-off whimper, Scott’s words and tone making him tremble where he knelt, sucking hard each time Scott pulled back.

When Scott was getting close, he pulled out, holding Isaac's hair to keep him where he was.

Isaac let out a high whine, his eyes flicking up to Scott's face, mouth still wide open.

"I know, baby," Scott said huskily, breathing hard. "It's okay. I want to come in you, but not your mouth, okay?"

Isaac panted heavily, licking his swollen lips. "Kay," he whimpered, squirming.

"Are you doing okay?" Scott checked, stroking Isaac's hair. "How are you feeling?"

"Good," Isaac promised, licking his lips again, getting the taste of Scott. "Promise."

Scott smiled down at him warmly. "You're very good, sweetheart. Up on the bed now, on your back."

Isaac slowly stood, pressing a hungry kiss to Scott's mouth before flopping onto the bed, still panting.

Scott knelt on the bed, bending down to suck lightly on the head of Isaac's cock as he wiggled the plug in his hole.

Isaac cried out, arching his back sharply. "Close," he managed to work out, his fingers twisting in the blanket.

Scott pulled off, soothing Isaac with a stroke to his hip. "Just hold on, sweetheart, I know you can, he breathed.

"Yessir," Isaac slurred, shivering softly as he let his blown eyes rove over Scott.

"That's it, baby," Scott said huskily, tugging a little on the plug.

Isaac whimpered, though he relaxed, rocking his hips back.

Scott smiled. "There you go, sweetheart, let me get this out, open you up."

Isaac nodded, mouth falling open at the feeling.

"Such a good boy," Scott murmured, twisting the plug a little as he eased it out of Isaac's hole. "How are you feeling?"

"Empty," Isaac whined as the plug slipped out, arching his back and trying to get something, anything.
"I know, baby, I'll fill you up in just a second," Scott promised, getting the lube from the bedside table and slicking up his cock. "I know you can be so patient, sweetheart, I'm so proud of you."

Isaac nodded, eyes locking on Scott's face briefly before flicking down to his cock, whimpering hungrily.

"So good," Scott breathed, holding the base of his cock firmly to try and hold himself back as he slid into Isaac's hole. "Fuck, sweetheart, so good."

Isaac let his head fall back, mouth open as he moaned loudly. He arched his back, trying to drag him in faster. "Yessssss."

"Legs around my waist, baby," Scott directed him hoarsely.

Isaac wiggled a bit, slipping his legs around Scott's waist to hook his ankles together, panting. "Oh fuck."

"I know," Scott promised, shifting a little and gasping at the overwhelming sensation.

Isaac slipped a hand over his face, whimpering softly before sliding it into his hair, eyes wide and locked on Scott.

"So beautiful," Scott panted, moaning as he thrust slowly in and equally slowly pulled out. "So good."

Isaac whined high in his throat, his eyes rolling back at the slow drag, hands scrabbling for a hold.

"I'm close, Isaac, okay?" Scott admitted, speeding up a fraction, still clinging to control. "I won't last long. But as soon as I come, you can too."


Scott let out a low moan, breathing hard. "Christ, love," he panted. "Touch yourself for me."

Isaac slid a hand down his stomach to his cock, moaning loudly. "Fuck. Fuck me. Please, sir," he rambled, desperate.

Scott took a fortifying breath and did, fucking Isaac deep and forcefully for a scarce minute before he shuddered and started to come.

Isaac let out a sharp cry, eyes widening as he clenched tightly, coming as soon as he realized Scott was filling him up.

Scott swore, curling over Isaac at the intensity of sensations passing through him.

Isaac clung to Scott, his nails digging into his back unconsciously as he shuddered through his orgasm.

Still panting, Scott collapsed on top of him. "So good, sweetheart," he murmured breathlessly.

Isaac gave him a small grin, panting as he held him tightly.

"Feeling good?" Scott checked.
"Perfect," Isaac murmured, absently rocking against him, nuzzling along his jaw.

"That's my good boy," Scott praised softly, kissing Isaac's cheek, since it was what he could easily reach.

Isaac smiled widely, kissing along Scott's jaw to his lips, hands sliding into Scott's hair.

"Hey, love," Scott murmured, smiling back.

"Hi." Isaac grinned, nuzzling his nose into Scott's. "I love you."

"I love you, too," Scott replied warmly. "My sweet boy."

Isaac smiled, his brow furrowing. "Did I hurt your back?" he asked.

"I'm fine," Scott promised, shaking his head. "I'll be better when I can lie down and cuddle you properly, though."

Isaac pouted, though he slowly unwound his ankles from behind Scott's back, letting him go enough that he could move.

Scott pulled out carefully, watching a little of his come leak out of Isaac's hole. "Want your plug back, sweetheart?"

Isaac groaned softly, shifting his hips and nodding "Don't want to be empty."

"Alright, love," Scott reassured him, rummaging around for the plug, then slipping it back in.

Isaac groaned, grinding down absently into the plug.

"You're not oversensitive?" Scott checked.

Isaac shook his head, licking his lips. "No sir, I'm good."

"Of course you are," Scott said, huffing a laugh. "You just need to be full, don't you?"

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"You need to be full, don't you, Przemysław?" Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' back as the fucking machine hummed. "Need a cock inside you."

Stiles whimpered, the name spiking down his spine, making him rock back on the dildo inside of him. It wasn't near big enough, wasn't even half the size of Derek. "Please," he begged, fingers scrambling for a hold.

"Shh, love," Derek soothed him, taking Stiles' hand. "I've got you."

Stiles clung to him. "Please," he repeated, dropping his head onto his other arm.

"Patience, querido," Derek murmured. "Just relax. Let it happen."

Stiles panted heavily, forcing himself to relax, his entire body buzzing. Fuck this was amazing.

"That's it," Derek praised, leaning over to kiss the top of Stiles' head. "We'll keep going just like this until you're used to it, alright?"

"Yessir," Stiles panted, licking his lips and shivering at the kiss. Gradually he relaxed, until the only
"Good boy," Derek murmured, smiling. "Tell me how you're feeling."

"Good," Stiles slurred, whimpering as the toy pegged his prostate again. "Hard, hot, heavy."

"I don't want to overwhelm you, okay, querido?" Derek explained, stroking Stiles' hair. "So for today, I'm just going to keep it small and slow like this, and we're going to see how long you can handle it. You can touch yourself, and I'll let you come whenever you want."

Stiles whined, clinging to Derek’s hand as he shifted his hips so every single drag of the toy hit him just right.

"Colour?" Derek checked.

"Green," Stiles whined, his breathing already hitching like it did when he got close.

"Good," Derek replied, squeezing Stiles' hand. "Do you want to come, amado?"

"Ple--" Stiles panted, his shoulders dropping to the mattress. "Close."


Stiles choked on air, moaning loudly as he came, clinging to Derek’s hand.

"That's it, good boy," Derek murmured. He didn't move to turn the machine off yet, though. They weren't done.

Stiles shivered, pressing his face into his other arm as the machine fucked him through it.

"How are you feeling, querido?" Derek asked softly.

"Green," Stiles managed to say, panting heavily.

Derek smiled, stroking Stiles' hair. "You're doing very well - I'm so proud of you."

Stiles squirmed at the praise, leaning into the hand in his hair and crying out when the shift brought the toy back against his prostate.

"I know it's a lot," Derek murmured, still petting Stiles gently. "If you want to stop, we can stop. But I think you can keep going. Do you think you can?"

Stiles managed to nod, tilting his head back, begging silently for a kiss.

Derek cupped Stiles' cheek and kissed him deeply, offering an anchor in all the sensation around him.

Stiles melted into the kiss, moaning softly as he parted his lips for Derek, letting him have free rein.

Derek hummed, feeling Stiles shudder with the rhythm of the fucking machine.

Stiles whimpered with each thrust from the machine, hands coming up to cling to Derek. "W-want..." he panted against Derek’s lips.

"Want what, sweetheart?" Derek asked softly. "You're already being fucked - that's not enough?"
Stiles whined, shivering slightly at the small bit of near-humiliation that made him burn hotter. "Taste..."

"You need something in your mouth, too?" Derek guessed. He offered Stiles his thumb to suck. "Here you go, sweetheart."

Stiles whined, sucking hard on it, his hands scrambling for a hold on Derek's sides.

"You're okay, Przemyslaw, shh now," Derek murmured.

Stiles jerked at the name, moaning softly before falling quiet, eyes blown and locked onto Derek.

"That's it," Derek said softly. "Next time maybe I'll let you have your cock gag, would you like that? You can be fucked and filled for hours."

Stiles’ eyes widened and he whimpered softly. Fuck, that sounded amazing. It wasn't Derek’s cock, but for that long...

"We'll set you up in my office so I can keep an eye on you, hmm?" Derek suggested.

Stiles whimpered again at the images painted in his mind of him squirming and moaning as he was filled from both ends in the corner of Derek's office while his Dom continued working. Fuck, it shouldn't turn him on as much as it did.

"I know," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair with his free hand. "It'll be a lot, won't it, Przemyslaw? But I know you'll be so good."

Stiles sucked harder at the sound of his name. Fuck, it was a good thing no one else really called him that. "Please," he slurred around Derek’s thumb, not wanting it to leave his mouth. "Please. Close."

"Alright, love," Derek soothed him. "Przemyslaw, come for me now."

Stiles froze, sucking a in breath through his nose as he came, trembling and suckling hard on the thumb in his mouth.

"Good boy," Derek praised warmly. "Such a wonderful good boy for me, love."

Stiles hummed at the praise, falling to rest his head on Derek's thigh, shoulders low.

"Would you like to suck my cock, sweetheart?" Derek asked softly.

Stiles let out a sharp whine. "Please," he panted, already absently nuzzling his way up Derek's thigh.

"Alright, chiquito, just let me get it out," Derek reassured him. "Just a minute, amado."

Stiles couldn't help the high whimpers as he waited, the dildo slowly dragging over his prostate again.

"I know, it's overwhelming," Derek murmured, his fingers fumbling. "But you're still green, aren't you, sweetheart?"

"Green," Stiles agreed, panting heavily as he waited, limbs shaking.

"That's my boy," Derek praised, freeing his cock and moving his hands out of the way so Stiles
could suck it. "It's so much, but you love it, too."

"Uh-huh," Stiles whimpered, almost falling onto Derek’s cock he was so eager to get it down his throat.

"That's it," Derek panted. "Take what you need."

Stiles suckled hungrily, letting the rocking motion of the fucking machine move him up and down Derek's cock, moaning around him.

"Does that feel better?" Derek asked huskily. "Now you're all filled up with cock? Or do you need more?"

Stiles could only whimper, his hands resting on the bed beside Derek's hips.

"Alright, then." Carefully, Derek pressed down on the back of Stiles' head, forcing him to go deeper. Stiles let out a long, choked-off moan as he was pushed further, his eyes fluttering shut. God, his mind was almost blank.

Derek kept his hand in place, but let up the pressure, so that Stiles could come up if he needed to. "Better, sweetheart?" he murmured.

Stiles sucked harder, sinking further by himself, his hand going to rest over Derek's.

Derek groaned, finally letting himself pay attention to his own arousal.

Stiles pushed on Derek's hand, trying to get that pressure and guidance back.

"I see," Derek said hoarsely, gripping Stiles' hair and pushing him back down.

Stiles let out another choked-off moan, letting his hand fall back to the bed and sucking hungrily.

"Fuck, Stiles," Derek breathed. "So greedy, aren't you? So hungry."

Stiles sucked harder, melting against Derek at the feel of Derek's hands gripping his hair and guiding him.

It wasn't long before Derek, chasing his own pleasure, started to move Stiles out of time with the rhythm of the fucking machine.

Stiles was buried in pleasure, his eyes rolling up and closing, sucking sloppily and breathing when he could.

Derek's orgasm overcame him suddenly, without warning, making him gasp and Stiles sputter.

Stiles panted, pulling off to lick the come from his lips. "Please," he rasped, arms and thighs trembling. "Please. Close. Please." His voice was barely audible, so deep in subspace that he had to force the words out.

"Again?" Derek panted, surprised.

Stiles nodded, whimpering high in his throat, resting his forehead on Derek's thigh. "Al-always close with s-sucking you."

"Oh sweetheart," Derek breathed, stroking Stiles' hair. "You must be so overwhelmed. Are you
okay?"

"Green," Stiles managed to work out, trembling so hard he was surprised he was still up on his knees. "Plea--"

"Alright," Derek agreed huskily. "One more, and I'll turn the machine off. Przemyslaw, come."

Stiles let out a short, sharp scream, coming harder than before, even though not a lot of come actually spilled over. When the dildo hit his prostate again, he jerked with a whine.

"Shh...shhh," Derek soothed him, hurrying to get to the off-switch of the fucking machine.

Stiles slumped forward, panting hard as he tried to catch his breath.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' back as he carefully pulled the dildo out. "So good, sweetheart, that's my perfect boy, you can relax now."

Stiles nuzzled into the blanket absently, sucking on his lower lip as he relaxed into the bed.

Derek picked up the fucking machine and put it on the floor, then curled himself around Stiles. "My wonderful good boy," he said lowly. "You did so well, mi amor."

Stiles dragged himself closer to Derek, nuzzling into his chest, a smile curling his lips. "Mi amo," he rasped, his voice rough and gravelly, his throat sore. But god, he loved it.

"Shh, rest your voice," Derek murmured, rubbing Stiles' back. "I've got you."

Stiles just hummed, nuzzling close and pressing kisses to Derek's chest before settling in, breathing deeply.

"That's it," Derek said softly, relaxing as Stiles did.

Stiles smiled, slowly floating his way back to the surface. "I liked that," he rasped.

"I didn't push you too hard?" Derek asked, his fingers idly carding through Stiles' sweaty hair.

"No sir." Stiles leaned into the fingers. "Liked the hands in my hair and such, too." His voice was still rough, but his lips curled into a satisfied smile.

"That's good," Derek murmured. "You were so good."

Stiles soaked up the praise. "Thank you for letting me open another box."

"I enjoyed it too," Derek murmured. "And you'd earned it. I'm glad you liked the boxes."

"I loved them all, almost. Though how the hell you made them all the same size, I don't even know."

Stiles laughed hoarsely.

"Clever packaging," Derek said, nuzzling into Stiles' neck. "Thank you for encouraging me to try new things, sweetheart."

Stiles blinked, smiling widely. "I love trying new things with you," he promised. "Even when they're overwhelming? Or when I get them wrong?"
Stiles nodded. "Even when they're driving me crazy. Because I know that if it ever gets to be too much, you'll stop." He gave Derek a toothy grin. "Just like you did with the ball-gag."

"I promise," Derek replied softly, stroking Stiles' cheek.

Stiles leaned into the touch, kissing his palm. "I know. Just like I promise to tell you if there's something wrong."

"I love you," Derek murmured.

"Love you, too." Stiles whispered, his voice still raspy. "I really like the idea you had about your office," he admitted.

Derek smiled, stroking Stiles' hair. "Yeah?"

"Hell yeah, got me all squirmly at the thought." Stiles grinned crookedly.

"You love being overwhelmed, don't you?" Derek teased softly.

"Mmmm, yeah, I do." Stiles smiled at the teasing. "I like the desperation I get."

Derek hummed. "What if I set you up with just the cock gag and a blindfold?" he suggested.

Stiles tilted his head in thought before shivering. "Yessssss." 

"It wouldn't be as intense physically," Derek admitted, "but mentally..."

"The headspace would be amazing, probably," Stiles agreed.

"Speaking of which," Derek said, "How's your headspace now?"

Stiles blinked, taking stock of himself before smiling. "I'm all the way here," he said. "I'm okay."

"That's good to know," Derek replied, smiling back. "How are you doing physically? Are you sore at all?"

Stiles shifted, wiggling a bit as he took stock. "A bit? But not bad."

"We'll take it easy for a while, then," Derek decided, stroking Stiles' hair. "Would you like a bath, later?"

"Mmmm, yes, please. That sounds amazing." Stiles leaned into the fingers, lips parting in a soft exhale.

"We'll do that then," Derek agreed.

Chapter End Notes

500 000 words! Holy shit!
It's a pretty epic milestone, and we've got our hundredth chapter coming up in a bit over a month as well, which is ALSO an epic milestone. So, to celebrate, we'd like to get to know you guys a bit better (all nearly EIGHT HUNDRED of you!). So if you comment any time between now and the posting of the hundredth chapter, I (seeker) am going to
make sure to answer. I look forward to hearing from you!

And don't forget to send us ideas for things to write :) I love writing things and poking Seeker into writing with me LOLOL-kattseye
Selection

Chapter Summary

It took Derek a while to figure out what he wanted to do with the toys they'd picked out together. It was when he was looking at the blindfold that he had an idea. "Stiles," he said, "how did you feel about me taking pictures of you, that time?"

Stiles flushed. "I liked it," he admitted.

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Derek and Stiles look over their newly expanded toy collection and pick out some things to play with

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Stiles looked at the pile of new toys on their bed, an amused smirk on his face. He put his hands on his hips and looked back at Derek. "So, where on earth are we going to keep these?"

Derek looked at the existing mess of things inside the toy box and grimaced. "We need something with more sections than this," he agreed. "And more room."

"Do they make something like that?" Stiles asked, tilting his head as he sifted through the box.

"I'm sure they do," Derek said, pulling everything out of the box and spreading it out on the floor. "Even if it's not made specifically for sex toys. Honestly, I think we should try IKEA first."

Stiles' eyes lit up. "I like IKEA. Can we get meatballs and cinnamon rolls?"

Derek huffed a laugh. "If you want," he agreed. "I'd rather go in with a clearer idea than 'a bigger box', though."

"Hmmm, true, though if anything that's a nice fall-back." Stiles grinned, sorting through everything. "I didn't even realize we had this much anyway."

Derek looked everything over. "Okay, how would we sort it, ideally?"

Stiles hummed. "The bigger things like the fucking machine on the bottom? If we get one that's layered."

"I'd like to keep the insertables separate from the rest," Derek suggested, looking at the haphazard pile of coloured silicone in ziplock bags.

Stiles grinned, nodding. "And we have to be careful with my tail. Then the restraints can be put in their own section." He gestured to the various ropes and cuffs that were piled to the side.

Derek nodded. "We don't want your nipple clamps getting lost either," he agreed. He looked over everything and frowned. "You know, if we don't want to have the same problem in another six
months, we'd better get something bigger than what we need right now."

"True, or get matching ones that'll look pretty out in the open," Stiles mused, sifting through the pile of dildos and buttplugs. "Like ones we can put on either side of the window or something."

"What if we got something that was more...I don't know, a chest of drawers?" Derek suggested. "Rather than a box?"

"That might be the best thing. Or a shelved wardrobe or something?" Stiles grinned, running fingers through his tail and eyeing Derek.

"I think I'd prefer drawers to shelves," Derek commented, glancing at Stiles and picking up the smaller set of anal beads, weighing them in his hands suggestively.

Stiles' eyes lit up, his grin growing wider. He shifted through the pile, holding up his cage with a raised eyebrow. "Yeah, drawers might be better, wonder if we could find a pair of nice chests of drawers."

Setting the beads to one side, Derek picked up Stiles' nipple weights, smirking a little. "We've only just outgrown the box," he pointed out. "We won't need two."

"You're the one that said we might want to get bigger just in case," Stiles sang, licking his lips, his eyes darkening.

"We'll get something bigger, but just the one," Derek said firmly. "Do you want to pick anything else out?"

Stiles tilted his head before grabbing a blindfold, grinning.

Derek raised his eyebrows. "You're sure, Przemyśl?"

Stiles shivered, nodding silently as his tongue swiped along his lower lip.

"Alright," Derek said quietly. "But let's get the rest of this put away first."

"Deal." Stiles squirmed in place, then started putting the rest of the toys back in the box for now.

Derek smiled, wrapping his arm around Stiles' shoulders and kissing his cheek. "Good boy."

Stiles beamed at him, kissing Derek's cheek in return.

It took Derek a while to figure out what he wanted to do with the toys they'd picked out together. It was when he was looking at the blindfold that he had an idea. "Stiles," he said, "how did you feel about me taking pictures of you, that time?"


"You're beautiful," Derek murmured. "Of course I reacted."

Stiles squirmed - he always did when Derek said he was beautiful, even if he’d started to believe it more since he’d begun wearing panties.

Derek kissed him quickly. "You are," he promised. "Anyway, I was thinking that I'd like to take some pictures of you, once you're wearing everything."
"More for your collection," Stiles teased gently, eyes darkening as he nodded.

"You might be a little overwhelmed," Derek warned. "But if you can, I'd like you to pose for me."

Stiles nodded again. "I want to. I like posing for you."

Derek smiled, cupping Stiles' cheek. "Good boy," he murmured. "I'm sure you'll be lovely."

Stiles leaned into the touch, turning his head to kiss Derek's palm. "How do you want me?" he asked, a mischievous grin stretching across his face.

Derek closed his eyes, thinking things through. "Get clean and start preparing yourself in the downstairs bathroom," he decided. "I'll come find you when I've got everything ready."

"Yes, sir." Stiles stood, kissing Derek's cheek, grinning as he slipped from the room.

Derek gathered everything up, putting his phone in his pocket, and followed Stiles downstairs, putting it all on the couch for now. He took some time to look around for a good spot before deciding, then opened a window to let the air blow through. Once he was satisfied, he picked up his supplies and went to find Stiles.

Stiles was bent over the counter of the sink, three fingers deep and panting against the mirror when he saw Derek walk in, a grin curling his mouth.

"Hello, chiquito," Derek said fondly, coming over and running his hand down Stiles' back. "Do you want the cage now or later?"

Stiles moaned softly. "Now. I'm not sure how easy I could get soft later on," he admitted, arching into Derek's touch.

Derek hummed. "Alright," he agreed. "Come on then, love, let me see your cock."

Stiles whined, slipping his fingers free before turning around, licking his lips.

"Good boy," Derek praised. "Can you get soft for me now?"

Stiles nodded, closing his eyes and breathing deeply, focusing as much as he could on not feeling how open and hungry he was, or on the fact that Derek was right there. Just focus, Stiles...

"That's it," Derek murmured. "Relax for me now. Nothing's going to happen until you're caged."

Stiles continued the deep breaths, focusing until he was soft, even as arousal sat churning in his stomach. It wasn't an easy task, that's for sure.

"Well done," Derek said softly, picking up the cage and kneeling down. "You can keep your eyes closed if you want."

Stiles swallowed, nodding. "If I see you right now I won't stay soft," he admitted, knowing from how Derek normally put the cage on that his Dom was probably on his knees really close to his dick.

Derek laughed a little. "Fair enough." He took the cage apart and fit the cock ring in place around Stiles' cock and balls with well-practiced motions. "Comfortable?" he checked.

Stiles shifted, nodding after a moment. "Yes, sir."
"Good boy." It only took Derek a minute to fit the rest of the cage in place and secure it so it would stay there. "Open your eyes now, sweetheart."

Stiles opened his eyes, licking his lips at the sight. "U-um." He flushed. "Not that this image isn't hot, it kinda feels wrong," he admitted, sliding to his knees so he was in front of Derek.

"Yeah?" Derek murmured, hooking his fingers into the front of Stiles' collar. "Better now?"

Stiles closed his eyes before opening them again with a grin, tilting his head back just a bit. "Much."

Derek drew Stiles into a kiss, deep and claiming.

Stiles let out a soft moan, slumping against him, letting his mouth be claimed as he shivered, fingers tangling in Derek's shirt.

Derek smiled as he pulled away. "That's my good boy," he said lowly. "Do you need to stretch yourself more before we start on the beads?" They were the smaller set, but the largest was still fat.

"I don't think so." Stiles shook his head, licking his lips and panting already. God, he loved it when Derek claimed him like that.

"Alright, up you get," Derek replied, standing up and tugging Stiles with him. "Bend over the sink, please."

Stiles moaned, flushing as he turned to bend back over the counter, eyes locked on Derek in the mirror.

Derek picked up the beads and slicked them generously. "You want these?" he teased Stiles.

"Yes, sir," Stiles breathed, licking his lips. These weren't as big as the other set they owned, the largest being bigger than Derek's cock by a visible amount, but not huge.

Derek pressed the first bead against Stiles' hole with his thumb, and it went in easily.

Stiles watched in the mirror, licking his lips as he spread his legs wider.

"Feel good?" Derek checked, glancing up and meeting Stiles' gaze in his reflection.

"Yes, sir," Stiles breathed, his eyes wide.

"Good boy," Derek murmured. "Do you want another?"

"Please," Stiles breathed, something about being naked bent over a counter while his Dom was fully clothed made him burn hotter.

"Talk to me," Derek said, nudging at Stiles' hole with the bead.

Stiles groaned, thumping his head against the mirror. "This is hot," he admitted, letting himself ramble. "You fully dressed, me buck naked bent over a counter. Not going to lie: ten out of ten, would repeat this position."

Derek hummed, slowly pushing the bead inside. "You do like being naked around me, don't you?"

"Uh huh," Stiles moaned. "Like feeling vulnerable. Kinda like when you pull me toward you with
my collar. Fuck, makes me hot all the time." He pressed back into the bead, shuddering.

"I would have thought it was because you like being seen," Derek admitted, stroking Stiles' ass. "Tell me when you're ready for the third."

"I love being seen, especially by you." Stiles licked his lips. "Ready," he panted.

The third bead was large enough that Derek could only go slowly. "You're doing so good," he murmured as he tested the give of Stiles' hole. "I know you're going to be so good for me today."

Stiles moaned, relaxing further and arching his ass in the air, eyes dark and blown in the mirror.

The bead popped inside, and Derek glanced up. "That's three," he said. "Two to go, sweetheart."

Stiles swayed his hips, soft moans constantly falling from his mouth as the beads shifted.

"Not yet, chiquito," Derek murmured, holding Stiles' hips still. "Later, you can move around as much as you like. But not yet."

Stiles whined, pouting softly but stilling, shivering as he clutched at the counter.

Derek smiled at him. "Good boy. Do you want more?"

"Please." Stiles nodded, sucking on his lower lip. "God, so full, and not even done yet."

"How do you feel about putting in the next one yourself?" Derek asked, his eyes dark.

Stiles sucked in a breath, looking over his shoulder before nodding. "Want to."

"Alright," Derek murmured, moving out of the way a little. "Go ahead, Przemysław."

Stiles let out a sharp whine at the name, fingers reaching back to follow the string to the next bead.

"There you go," Derek encouraged him softly. "Come on now, fill yourself up."

Stiles looked back over his shoulder, slowly pressing the bead against his rim, moaning as he started slipping it slowly in.

"That's it, good boy," Derek murmured. "You're doing very well."

Once the bead was fully in, Stiles let out a long, low moan, forehead thunking against the mirror.

"Przemyslaw," Derek said softly, stroking Stiles' back, "aren't you glad you've got your cage?"

"Uh huh." Stiles moaned, arching into Derek's touch.

With his other hand, Derek lifted the final bead of the set, twitching it to make the others shift.

"Uh huh." Stiles moaned, arching into Derek's touch.

With his other hand, Derek lifted the final bead of the set, twitching it to make the others shift.

Stiles cursed, clinging to the counter. "Please, sir," he begged.

"Pull them out, or put it in?" Derek teased.

"M-more. W-want to pose for you," Stiles groaned. "God it feels so much, so good."

Derek pressed the bead against Stiles' hole, but not all the way in, letting it stretch him out.

Stiles quivered, moaning softly. "Please, sir. Please," he murmured, fighting not to rock back.
"Such a good boy," Derek praised, pushing slowly, slowly, until the bead popped inside.

Stiles gasped, his mouth dropping open as his eyes slid closed.

"That's it," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' back. "Stand up now, turn to face me."

Stiles stood shakily, moaning softly as the beads shifted, then turned to face Derek.

"That's my good boy," Derek praised, cupping Stiles' cheek and offering him his thumb to suck. "Well done."

Stiles sucked Derek's thumb into his mouth, eyes fluttering open to look up at him.

"Good boy," Derek reassured him quietly. "Are you doing alright?"

"Mmhmm." Stiles smiled around his mouthful, tongue curling around Derek's thumb.

With his other hand, Derek tweaked Stiles' nipple. "Good," he said.

Stiles' eyes fluttered as he let out another moan, hands automatically going to the small of his back.

"Do you want the weights now, sweetheart?" Derek asked lowly.

"Please," Stiles slurred around Derek's thumb. "Unless you want pictures without first?"

Derek shook his head. "I want to set you up in a particular spot," he explained. "So you're getting everything on you before I take any pictures."

Stiles nodded, his hand going up to wrap loosely around Derek's wrist as he continued the gentle sucking.

"You need something in your mouth, hmm?" Derek teased, tweaking Stiles' nipple again.

Stiles sucked in a breath, giving him a hot look. "Mmhmm."

Derek considered him. "I think I'd like you to put on the clamps yourself," he decided. "Can you do that?"

Stiles whimpered. "Don't really know how," he admitted letting the thumb slip from his mouth. "Teach me?"

Derek nodded, his eyes dark. "If that's what you want, Przemyslaw," he agreed. "Play with your nipples for me, then, make them nice and stiff."

Stiles nodded, shivering at the name, and slid his hands up his chest, plucking at his nipples with a soft gasp.

"That's it," Derek said softly. "Show off for me, love."

Stiles chewed on his lower lip, twisting and playing with his nipples, shivering as the tugging made the beads shift with his body movements.

"Are you feeling good, sweetheart?" Derek murmured, trailing his hand down Stiles' belly to cup his cage.
Stiles rocked his hips, crying out as the beads slammed into his prostate. "Yes, sir," he panted.

"You know you're not going to get hard, Przemyslaw," Derek commented. "You're not going to come, either. This is just for me to see and enjoy." Of course it wasn't, but Derek was fairly sure Stiles would like the implications.

Stiles let out a long, low moan, rocking forward again, setting out to tease both himself and Derek.

"Do you think you're ready for the clamps, sweetheart?" Derek asked.

"Uh huh," Stiles panted, nipples hard and peaked.

Derek nodded. "Hold out your hands."

Stiles held them out, palms up, and grinned.

Derek picked up the bull-nosed clamps and dropped one into each of Stiles' hands. "You want one edge to be snugged up against your chest, so the tip of your nipple shows at the other side," he explained.

"Yissir." he murmured, moving to place the clamp over one nipple, shivering at the cold metal.

"Good boy," Derek praised, brushing his thumb over the tip of Stiles' nipple where it showed through.

Stiles arched closer, moaning softly at the praise.

Derek tapped the weight now hanging from Stiles' nipple, making it swing. "How does it feel, sweetheart?"

"Sharp, dull, throb," Stiles managed to pant.

Derek leaned in, kissing Stiles swiftly but deeply. "Now the other one," he said as he pulled away.

Stiles leaned forward, trying to chase Derek's lips before letting out a soft whine.

"Put on the clamp, Przemyslaw," Derek said firmly.

Stiles whined, taking the other clamp and putting it on carefully.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, cupping Stiles' cheek. "Turn around and have a look at yourself in the mirror now."

Stiles turned, whimpering at the image that met him, his hands resting on the countertop.

"Tell me what you look like, Przemyslaw," Derek breathed, his hands resting on Stiles' hips.

Stiles rocked his hips back at the touch, licking his lips. "Desperate. Hungry. Owned."

Derek's grip tightened at that last one. "You want me to take a picture of you like this?" he asked huskily. "Want to show it off for me?"

Stiles moaned, nodding as he spread his legs, each shift of the bead making him shiver.

"I'm going to blindfold you now," Derek said softly. "But I think you'll remember how you look
right now, won't you, sweetheart?"

"Yes, sir," Stiles breathed, tilting his head back so Derek could easily loop the blindfold around his head.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, carefully securing the blindfold so it wouldn't tug on Stiles' hair.

Stiles let his mouth drop back open, the darkness making him settle even more in his skin.

"I'm going to lead you where I want you now, sweetheart, and you're going to follow, aren't you?" Derek said lowly.

"Of course, Sir." Stiles licked his lips, rocking his hips side to side, moaning at the shifting of the beads.

Derek took Stiles' hand and gently tugged him along, out of the bathroom and into the living room where there was more floor space.

Stiles shivered at the sudden air movement when they stepped into a different room. "Mmmm," he smiled, hand curled around Derek's.

Derek brought Stiles' hand to his lips and kissed it softly. "Hands and knees now, sweetheart," he ordered gently.

Stiles smiled, slipping to his knees, automatically spreading his legs as he leaned forward to put his hands on the floor, the swinging weights and the shifting beads making him moan.

"I know," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair. "You're doing well, love."

Stiles panted, sliding his knees wider, almost presenting.

"Follow me now," Derek told Stiles, and started moving towards the kitchen.

Stiles listened carefully, crawling slowly after Derek, panting softly with each swing of the weights.

"Good boy," Derek praised, taking Stiles on a slow loop around the couches.

Stiles was whimpering by the time they finished crawling along the carpet, arms and thighs trembling just a bit.

"Can you tell me where we are, sweetheart?" Derek asked gently, stroking Stiles' back to soothe him.

Stiles took a deep breath, trying to focus. "U-um. I'm on carpet...and we're downstairs. Living room? O-or storage room?"

So Stiles had definitely lost track of their specific location. Good. "That's good enough, love, thank you," Derek reassured him, crouching down to kiss his cheek. "We're going to go a little farther, okay?"

Stiles relaxed at that, giving him a small smile. "Yes, sir," he murmured, leaning into the soft kiss on his cheek, nuzzling Derek as much as he could.

"Good boy." Derek led Stiles to the space just in front of the window he'd opened earlier, watching
the slight breeze ruffle Stiles' hair.

Stiles lifted his face, mouth falling open a bit at the cool air that brushed over his skin. "Wha?" He shivered, a flush starting to travel down his neck.

"You're in front of a window," Derek explained, leaving the rest for Stiles to guess.

Stiles swallowed, the flush growing darker. "Oh," he breathed, shifting with a soft moan.

"Colour, sweetheart?" Derek checked. He wasn't really worried, but better safe than sorry.


"That's good, sweetheart," Derek murmured. "I'm going to start taking pictures now. Is there a pose that you'd like to show me?"

Stiles licked his lips. "The hands on my neck one? Other than that, I'm not sure..."

"Just show me," Derek reassured him. "If I want you to pose a particular way, I'll let you know. Show off for me, Przemyslaw."

Stiles moaned, shifting up to his knees, his hands slipping together behind his neck, thumbs framing the tender skin just under his hair. He shifted his knees apart further, lips slightly parted.

Derek took a photo from the front, cock cage and nipple clamps gleaming against flushed skin, then walked around Stiles to take another picture from behind.

Stiles shivered with each click of the shutter, flushing darker. He bent forward, arms stretched out in front of him, knees as wide as he could get them and his forehead on the carpet.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, taking pictures from different angles. "Are you feeling good?"

"Yes, sir," Stiles breathed, ears tracking Derek's movements as well as he could. "Is there one Sir wants to see?"

A shiver ran down Derek's spine at the title. "Up against the window, Przemyslaw," he said huskily. "Legs spread, hands behind your back."

Stiles shuddered at the tone, goosebumps raising along his arms as he stood carefully, going to stand in front of the window with his legs spread, hands going to curl around each other at the small of his back.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, taking a picture. "It's a pity I can't go outside and take a photo of you through the window," he commented.

Stiles let out a small sound, his cheeks flushing. "Why can't you, sir?"

Derek leaned in and kissed Stiles' shoulder. "I'm not going to leave you alone, amado," he promised. "Not even for a minute."

Stiles smiled, leaning back against him. "The window’s open," he murmured. "You can still talk to me."

"No, sweetheart," Derek said firmly. "Maybe another time, but not today."

"I can’t," Derek replied. His voice was low, husky in the way only he could pull off, and Stiles knew he was going to have to watch himself. "I’m not going to leave you..."
"Yes, sir." Stiles smiled again, hands slipping up behind him to tangle in Derek's hair.

"Such a lovely boy," Derek murmured, his arms coming up to embrace Stiles.

Stiles hummed as he turned his head, kissing Derek's jaw. "My sir. Mi amo, My Master."

"Mi amor," Derek agreed quietly. "Tell me how you're feeling, Przemysław."

Stiles rocked his hips back at the name, shuddering as the beads moved again. "Good. Green. Floating a little, and more sensitive."

"That's good," Derek murmured. "Now, I'm going to move away, and I want you to play with your balls and your perineum. Make yourself feel good, and show off for anyone who might come past. You can make as much noise as you like."

Stiles couldn't help the small moan, nodding as he spread his feet wider so he'd have room to play. With his hole full and his cock caged, there wasn't much Stiles could do, but there was enough, and Derek watched eagerly.

Stiles reached down, moaning softly as his fingers met sensitive flesh, cupping his balls as much as he could, fingers slipping behind to tease, making him shake as the beads inside him pressed against his prostate. One hand slipped up into his own hair, pulling lightly.

Derek couldn't help unzipping his jeans to get his own cock out, stroking it lightly.

Stiles tipped his head back, soft moans and whines pouring from his mouth, the hand slipping from his hair to slide down his body, scratching at random places lightly just to make himself shiver.

"Turn around," Derek said hoarsely. Stiles' reflection in the window was wonderful to watch, but it wasn't enough. "Are you ready to take the clamps off, Przemyslaw?"

Stiles turned, his hand still playing. "Yes, sir," he panted, knees weak.

"Good boy," Derek replied. "I want you to take them off at the same time, on the count of three." He paused a moment. "One..."

Stiles nodded, both hands sliding up to the clamps, shivering as he heard Derek start counting. "Two… Three."

Stiles took them off, and the sharp pain of it drove him to his knees, moaning loudly as he shook.

"Lean forward now," Derek told him, crouching down and stroking Stiles' back. "I'm going to take the beads out."

Stiles fell forward, catching himself on his hands, spreading his knees automatically. He was toing the edge of his space, body loose and pliant. "Please," he groaned. He was full of the beads, but...

"Good boy, I've got you," Derek reassured him, grabbing the ring at the end of the string of beads. "Here we go," he said, and pulled them out in one smooth motion.

Stiles cried out, his shoulders falling to the floor as he panted, trembling hard as the beads rushed out of him, eyes rolling back into his head under the blindfold.
"That's it, good boy," Derek praised, slipping his hand under Stiles' chest. "Let me move you now."

Stiles nodded, mouth still open in a pant, even as he leaned into Derek's touch.

Derek guided Stiles to kneel upright, waiting a moment to be sure he wouldn't collapse before pulling his hands away. Gently, he picked up Stiles' hands and brought them to his nipples, puffy and obviously sore.

Stiles let out a small whine, letting Derek move him.

"Good boy, Przemysław," Derek murmured. "How are you feeling?"


Derek kissed Stiles gently, softly. "You're okay, sweetheart. I've got you."

Stiles leaned into the kiss, relaxing.

"Good boy," Derek murmured. "I'm going to make myself come now, okay?"


"No, sweetheart, not in you," Derek said softly, stroking Stiles' hair. "But you can have my come on you if you're good."

Stiles let out a high whine, though he nodded at the fact that at least he would get it on him. "Be good," he promised.

Derek kissed Stiles' forehead. "Good boy," he said. "Play with your nipples for me, then. If you keep your mouth open, you might get to taste me."

Stiles sucked in a breath, his head tilting back just a bit, mouth opening as his tongue rested on his lower lip, gently twisting and plucking at his red, sore nipples.

"Such a good boy," Derek breathed, standing up, his hand going to his aching cock and starting to stroke it. "You were so beautiful today."

Stiles whimpered at the praise, already sinking down further into his space, the soft breeze from the window mixing with the knowledge that Derek was in front of him.

"That's it, just keep doing that," Derek said huskily.

Stiles' fingers never stopped moving on his nipples, though they slowed as he sunk, leaning toward Derek unconsciously.

Derek's hand sped up, his eyes dark, his breathing quick and gasping. "So good, such a good boy, love you so much."

Stiles' hearing picked up the sounds of Derek's breathing and gasps, and he whined as he spread himself wider so Derek could see him.

"That's my pretty boy," Derek panted. "Do you feel pretty, sweetheart?"

"Uh huh." Stiles nodded, shivering and flushed. He did. He always did like this.

"Good." Derek bit back a moan, breathing hard. "I'm close now, love."
Stiles leaned even closer, letting out an eager whimper, wanting to feel, wanting to taste.

Derek shuddered, groaning as he stroked himself through his orgasm, his come landing on Stiles' face and dripping down to his chest.

Stiles gasped, licking his lips and leaning closer. "Please."

Derek aimed upwards a little, the last few spurts of come landing on Stiles' tongue.

Stiles let out a startled noise, hands falling to rest on his thighs as he panted, sucking on his lower lip to get as much as he could.

"Good boy," Derek said huskily. "I'm going to take the blindfold off now, alright?"

Stiles nodded, not wanting to stop tasting what he could.

Derek slipped the blindfold off carefully, stroking Stiles' hair back into place. "Look at me, sweetheart?" he murmured.

Stiles lifted his eyes, blown and dark. He gave Derek a tiny smile, swaying forward.

"Hi, beautiful," Derek said huskily, crouching down. "How're you feeling?"

Stiles shivered at his tone, his smile widening. "Good," he breathed.

Derek smiled back. "That's good," he replied softly. "You were so good for me."

Stiles leaned into his hands, lips parting. "Sir."

Derek leaned in to kiss Stiles' forehead softly. "Come with me to the couch, sweetheart," he murmured. "We can look at the pictures I took."

"Kay," Stiles murmured, his voice high and breathy, stretching his arms toward Derek.

Derek pulled Stiles into a gentle embrace, then stood up, bringing Stiles with him.

Stiles clutched at Derek, not really realizing he was smearing the come on his chest into Derek's shirt.

Derek did notice, but he didn't mind. It would wash, and if it didn't, it was only a shirt. "Come on, beautiful," he murmured, leading Stiles slowly in the direction of the couches. "Just a little bit longer."

Stiles stumbled a bit, but he stayed steady, slowly coming up as they walked.

"That's it," Derek praised as they made it to the couch. "Well done, love."

Stiles smiled dazedly at him, kissing his chin. "My sir."

"Yours," Derek agreed, half-sitting, half-reclining on the couch. He patted his lap. "And you're mine. Come on now, beautiful."

Stiles straddled Derek's lap, nuzzling against his jaw for a moment before slumping against him, still coming up. "Yours," he murmured. "Always."
"Would you like to see the pictures I took, love?" Derek asked, rubbing Stiles' back.

"Uh huh." Stiles nodded, sitting up a bit and blinking. "Oh, your shirt, sir..."

Derek laughed a little. "And my face and neck," he pointed out warmly. "It's alright, love. Don't worry about it."

Stiles grinned, leaning forward to lick a smear off of Derek's neck, sucking lightly.

Derek hummed, tilting his head to give Stiles more room. "Let me get my phone out, then you can look," he said.

"Mmhmm," Stiles murmured against his throat, sucking the last of Derek's come off his Dom's neck. Pulling back, he grinned cheekily.

Derek smiled back, unlocking his phone and opening the gallery. "Here you go, sweetheart," he said, passing it to Stiles. "Have a look."

Stiles looked down at the phone, cheeks pinking and lips parting softly.

"What do you think?" Derek asked gently. "They're all lovely."

Stiles nodded, flipping through them. "This one's my favorite," he admitted, showing Derek the one with his hands behind his neck.

"You do like that pose," Derek commented, stroking Stiles' hair.

Stiles leaned into the touch, chewing on his lower lip. "I like them both, sir, but..."

He flushed, flicking over to the back view. "That's my top favorite of these two."

"You prefer that to being able to see the window?" Derek asked curiously.

"I really like seeing the window," Stiles admitted. "But I like this pose because it looks like how I feel when I'm calling you 'Master'. And it gives me shivers."

Derek softened. "I love you so much, sweetheart," he said quietly, kissing Stiles' forehead. "You're so good for me."

Stiles blinked, giving Derek a fond smile. "I love you, too, Sir," he murmured, leaning into the kiss. "You're good for me, too."

"Did you enjoy yourself?" Derek asked quietly, searching Stiles' face.

"Always." Stiles smiled wider. "I love posing for you."

"Even with how hard I pushed you?" Derek checked. "It was all pretty intense."

Stiles nodded. "Loved it."

Derek reached up between them and brushed Stiles' nipple with his thumb.

Stiles shuddered, still tender.

"Did you like the weights?" Derek asked lowly.

"Uh huh. Though for short times," Stiles clarified. "Like today."
"They shouldn't be on too long anyway," Derek replied absently. "Restricted blood circulation."

Stiles nodded, leaning forward to suck up a mark just above Derek's shirt collar.

Derek cupped the back of Stiles' neck, holding him in place. "How do you feel about staying in the cage for a while?"

"Mmhmm," Stiles hummed, nipping the skin under Derek’s mouth gently. "Green."

"I'm not sure how long I want it to last," Derek admitted, "so tell me how you're feeling about it, okay?"

"Still green, sir." Stiles smiled, suckling gently at the darkening mark. "I'll let you know if it goes any other color."

Derek smiled, kissing Stiles' hair. "Good boy," he murmured.

Stiles smiled, nipping at the skin again. "Yours."

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Chapter End Notes

(Yes, the cock cage is going to be a thing over the next little while)

Just a reminder: I (seeker) am trying to reply to all comments for once, between now and chapter 100, so if there's a question you wanted to ask, now's the time!

If you have one specifically for me, I'll answer it too, of course :) also, if any of you'd like a mini chapter (posted in the series but not actually here, like a bonus mini story) just saying some of the stuff about the world (like the one lovely that had asked about the sub markings <3 ) please let me know! if I have enough interest, I'll type it out! Make sure and ask questions for it, if you'd like them answered :) -Kattseye

And thank you, as always, to all of you, and to our lovely beta Chicktar
Isaac grinned, setting his phone on the side table. Oh, Scott wasn't home just yet. But he'd caught sight of the time, and well… He had a plan.

-----

Isaac surprises Scott when he gets home from work

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

[img: Hana sitting neatly on a single piece of paper towel on the kitchen floor] -IL

She's ridiculous -IL

Queen of the PT -SS

Maybe she didn't like the cold tile against her tenders -SS

To be fair, I wouldn't like cold tile against my tenders -IL

But that's why she has fur -IL

Have you seen cat butts? They don't have fur on their buttholes -SS

Dunno 'bout you, but I don't plan on spreading em and settling my bare butthole on the cold ground. -SS

...Ice might be interesting though -SS

Lol -IL

Speaking of cold, I'm caged, but I'm not EVEN mad. Though it's not cold by this point :P -SS

Pretty awkward segue there -IL

Methinks you were looking for an excuse to bring it up? -IL
Dude, I'm all about the awkward

And duh, I'm slowly being driven insane.

Love it, but INSANE Izz!

No sex?

Well I warm his cock most afternoons

But nothing outside of that really, outside the norm

ughhhhhhh no fair :<

LOL Why no fair?

Awwww, does Izz not get a cage?

That's a shame. Cages are awesome

Izz doesn't get daily cock-warming

Awww, that sucks!

Why not?

We stick to vanilla stuff on weekdays, if possible

Unless it's a special occasion ;o or I hit “starving” on the scale

Meh, doesn't mean you can't sit on his dick and stay like that a while

Which is another way to warm it anyway

I don't wanna be too demanding...

I'm kind of addicted to his cock :p
Somehow, I think he'd probably like it -SS

though you never know unless you ASK -SS

Words, Izz, use them! -SS

Yeah, well, for now I'll just edge three times a day and throw myself at him on the weekends -IL

Edging? -SS

Ngl, kinda jelly -SS

I can touch whenever I want - he likes me horny - I just can't come - IL

He's a big fan of begging - IL

Dude! -SS

That...actually makes a lot of sense HA -SS

Yeah, see, your situation wouldn't frustrate me at all -IL

*envious look* -IL

You're always hungry, huh? -SS

Man, I get like that sometimes, but you're all the time? -SS

I mean, pretty much -IL

Me + Scott's dick 4eva -IL

you're adorbs I s2g -SS

I mean I'm like that with Sir's dick, but I can tell just from this that you're like hard core thirsting lol -SS
I used to be more freaked out about it, but Scott doesn't mind, so...

Freaked about what? -SS
Hungry all the time? -SS

Yeah -IL
I was like, what the shit, why can't I stop thinking about Scott's dick? -IL
And he told me he didn't care about me being a cock-hungry slut, so I stopped worrying -IL

oooo love that wording -SS
No really, that's something I like apparently, idk -SS
not something we do, because tragic backstory, but still -SS

I get that -IL
Kinda sucks -IL

Yeah -SS
Though there are ways he phrases things that help ;P -SS

Yeah? -IL

yeah -SS
Just certain words said in certain tones. *shiver* -SS

Oooh, spill! *chinquads* -IL

Dude half the time I don't remember what they were -SS
Though there's this one that drives me bonkers -SS
Like when he gave me a cockgag and was crooning in an almost teasing fashion -SS
Sometimes it's not what you say, but how you say it, ya know? -SS

Yeah -IL

I want one *pouts* -IL

And you can always FANTASIZE about him calling you a sweet little slut and stuff - IL

So worth it, tbqh -SS

10/10 DEF recommend. -SS

And you're allowed to practice with a dildo too, aren't you? -IL

*jealous* -IL

Yup :P -SS

Cockwarming actually helps calm me down when I'm too twitchy -SS

That's why I think you should talk to Scott about it, it might help you when you're not feeling right. - SS

It's not actually a problem, it's just frustrating -IL

Like your cock cage -IL

Hmmm, true. -SS

I just meant like if you have a bad day and panic or something like that. Something to help calm you when the anxiety and such hit. -SS

Nasty anxieties -SS

Scott knows that, dummy -IL

But speaking of anxiety, how's things? Therapy still going okay? -IL

Rude, :P -SS

And yeah, it's helping a bit. I even managed not to clean the living room for two whole days! -SS
That's awesome, dude! -IL

Someday you're gonna post a picture of the living room being an actual dump and we're all gonna be like, 'Yeah! Go Stiles!' -IL

Which is kinda weird if you think about it too hard -SS

Though after the two days I got itchy and had to shampoo the carpets and such. -SS

But progress! -SS

Totally progress -IL

You're doing awesome -IL

How about you? Any progress in the world of no panicking? -SS

Which btw, is harder than it sounds, dammit -SS

I've started collecting dishes and stuff in the shop, so I'm out around the customers -IL

I could actually do that fine when I started, but then... -IL

Yeah, then hoity asshole showed up -SS

but at least that's progress Yay! -SS

Soon you'll be keeping calm and sneakily snarking at customers that are asshole's friends -SS

He hasn't even come back -IL

Well good -SS

He probs got banned, lbr -SS

Yeah, didn't I tell you? -IL

My manager kicked him out, basically -IL
Good. -SS

Assholey -SS

You're so vindictive, it's awesome -IL

I'm very protective of those I care about. -SS
And yes, that means vindictive, salty, and petty af -SS

We're lucky to have you <3 -IL

awww <3 <3 I'm lucky to have all of you. -SS

*hug* -IL

Yay hugs! -SS
*hugs tightly* -SS
Dude, let me know when you manage to try the fucking machine -SS
You'll fly so hiiiigh -SS

As if you don't get practically a live feed of my sex life anyway -IL

well not video *waggles eyebrows* -SS
though not sure on the stance I would be seeing Scott's dick... -SS

lol -IL
I know what stance *I* have on you seeing Scott's dick -IL

let me guess. Possessive hissing and clawing going "MINE"? -SS
Sorry, dude. You're just gonna have to stick with the Dom you've got.

I prefer the dom I have.

I'm just a nosey bugger.

Well, go stick your nose in Derek's crotch.

I can live vicariously.

Oooooo lightbulb! That'd be a good pose for a picture.

seriously?

seriously what?

We've got pics.

Is that your thing or Derek's?

bit of both?

Mainly mine, I like showing off.

I'd never have guessed.

Do I sense some sneaky snark there? Good LMAO

Gosh, it's like you've never met me.
Please, I was pointing out the duh :P -SS

*eyeroll* -IL

go suck a dick, Stiles -IL

;) -IL

I plan on it -SS
Sassy mcSasserson :P -SS

Well, /I/ am going to go jerk off -IL

What number does that make it so far? -SS

I feel like length of time matters more than number of times -IL
Either way, enough that I'm feeling slutty -IL

One of these days he gonna come home for you to jump him. -SS

Nah, I'm just gonna drape myself over the couch suggestively until he jumps /me/ -IL
Much more satisfying -IL

Start edging in front of him while begging, that ought to do it LOL -SS
See, this is why we get exasperated fond sighs with our Doms -SS
we influence each other -SS

Do you think they ever gossip about us to each other? -IL

Who knows. -SS
Kinda hot ngl LMAO

You are such an exhibitionist

Well, yeah, you know this :P

How far d'you reckon you'd go, if Derek was willing?

Probably pretty damn far

I've rubbed off on him at a club with people watching

Wow

yeah, and I probably would have begged him to fuck me

if it wasn't already a set limit on what we'll do that day

What's it like for you, being watched?

 kinda intense, but awesome.

It's hard to explain.

I like people seeing that I belong to Sir

Huh. I wouldn't have thought of that

What do you mean?

I guess I thought it was more about people seeing what you could do individually? idk
Nah, I like being watched with someone. Even if it's just something like being fucked in a car or something. -SS

So...having a vibrator in you in public wouldn't be your thing? -IL

It'd do something for me, since the vibe would be more like a remote in Sir's hand. -SS

So yeah, it would be my thing LOL -SS

Still a sign of claiming, ya know? -SS

Okay, wearing skimpy clothes in public, then -IL

Hmmm, only when I'm teasing Sir -SS

Otherwise, nah, others seeing me in it doesn't do it for me. -SS

I wear that to drive Sir nuts :P -SS

Cool -IL

Oh, Scott's here--ttyl -IL

Rude -SS

Have fun begging and teasing -SS

Have fun sucking -IL

I will -SS

.....HEY, WAIT! *pouts* -SS

LOL :P -IL

Rude. -SS
Isaac grinned, setting his phone on the side table. Oh, Scott wasn't home just yet. But he'd caught sight of the time, and well... He had a plan. He stripped, carefully putting his clothes away before stretching out on the couch, fingering himself and stretching himself open, panting heavily. Hungry eyes fixed on the door, he let out a soft moan when he heard the key in the lock.

Scott was looking at his phone as he opened the door, but the sound of lube-slicked hands on skin was instantly recognizable, and he looked up, staring at Isaac in shock. "H-hey," he stammered.

Isaac licked at his lower lip, his dark eyes locked onto Scott. "Hi," he panted.

"You're...what are you..." Scott trailed off helplessly, dropping his bag on the floor and coming closer.

"Need," Isaac moaned, spreading his legs more to show off his open hole. "Please."

Scott couldn't help his cock taking notice, but at the same time, he had no idea what was going on. "Wait," he said hurriedly, coming over and stroking Isaac's hair. "Just...please?"

Isaac tilted his head into Scott's hand, moaning softly. "Please. God I need you, please." He froze as he got too close, panting heavily as he held himself back.

"Sweetheart..." Scott knelt on the floor next to the couch, pressing little kisses all over Isaac's face. "Isaac, I need you to wait, and I need you to talk to me."

Isaac groaned, closing his eyes at the kisses "H-hmm?"

"Good boy," Scott said softly, brushing Isaac's hair away from his face. "Can you tell me what brought this on?"

Isaac flushed, squirming where he was. "Was talking to Stiles. Brought up images and just...got hungry. Really badly."

"Alright, love, that's fine," Scott murmured. It wasn't even that surprising. "And you didn't want to wait for me?"

"You like my begging and edging," Isaac shrugged, flushing darkly.

Okay, this was starting to make more sense. "I do," Scott reassured him. "It was just very unexpected."

"Sorry?" Isaac offered, not sure if he'd upset Scott or not.

"As long as you don't mind me making you stop for a bit, I don't mind you having started," Scott offered.

Isaac nodded, sucking on his lower lip, his eyes still darkened.

Scott leaned in and kissed the corner of Isaac's lip. "You okay, baby?" he murmured. "Need me to
Dom you?"

Isaac nodded again, turning his head to try and capture Scott's lips. "I'm okay. Just...hungry."

Scott offered Isaac his thumb to suck. "Can you wait just a little?" he asked. "Give me a minute to get out of work mode?"

Isaac curled one hand around Scott's wrist, lips already wrapping around Scott's thumb. "Uh huh," he nodded, suckling hungrily.

Scott smiled fondly at him. "You're so cute sometimes," he commented.

Isaac gave him a slightly startled look, brow furrowing with a confused hum.

"What is it?" Scott asked.

"I'm cute?" Isaac asked, refusing to let go of Scott's wrist.

"Yeah," Scott agreed. Should he not have said that? "Is that...do you not like it?"

"I like it!" Isaac let the thumb slip free, his cheeks pink. "Just...never really been called cute..."

"Well, I think you're cute," Scott said firmly. "You're adorable."

Isaac squirmed, flushed a dark pink, but grinned back at Scott.

"Such a cute blush," Scott teased, kissing Isaac's cheeks.

Isaac leaned into the kisses, squirming in place, free hand automatically going to tease himself.

"You're pretty squirmy, aren't you, baby?" Scott murmured.

"Need," Isaac moaned. "Please."

"You're okay, I've got you," Scott promised, stroking Isaac's hair. "I'll look after you, sweet boy."

Isaac let out a soft, happy sound, leaning his head back into Scott's touch.

"Good boy," Scott murmured.

Isaac smiled at the praise, tilting his head back for a kiss.

Scott smiled back, kissing Isaac softly, gently sucking on his lower lip.

Isaac moaned quietly at the kiss.

One of Scott's hands slipped down Isaac's neck, tugging his collar briefly before moving on to his chest.

Isaac let out another moan, whimpering and wiggling against the couch.

"So good," Scott praised, pulling away a little. "Would you like to undress me, sweet boy?"

Isaac nodded, licking his lips and sitting up a bit, fingers already going for the bottom of Scott's scrub top.
Scott knelt up a bit to make it easier.

Isaac tugged it up, licking his lips and leaning forward to suck a kiss beside Scott's navel.

Scott shivered a little, his cheeks darkening.

Isaac shoved the top up as he nuzzled and kissed, sucking lightly every now and then up his chest.

Scott lifted his arms to make it easier, watching Isaac with dark eyes.

Isaac sucked a mark on Scott's collarbone as he tossed the scrub top to the side.

"You just love marking me, don't you, sweetheart?" Scott murmured, cupping Isaac's cheek.

Isaac smiled against his skin, leaning into the hand on his cheek. "Mnhmm," he murmured, kissing up Scott's neck to his mouth, hands already reaching for the tie on his scrub pants.

After a moment, Scott pulled away. "Let me stand up first," he pointed out.

Isaac huffed playfully. "Fiiine," he murmured, a grin ticking up one corner of his mouth.

Scott reached out and tweaked one of Isaac's nipples. "Patience, love."

Isaac arched his back, moaning softly and shifting a bit so Scott could stand up, his hands still on his Dom's hips.

"Good boy," Scott said, smirking as he thought of something. "Before we go any further, sweetheart...you have to make a choice."

Isaac blinked. "What is it?" he asked, his voice just a little breathy, stomach warming.

"If you want my cock in your hole, you can't touch it," Scott explained. "I'll still let you suck, but I won't fuck you."

Isaac let out a sharp whine, lips forming a pout unconsciously as he fought over that choice.

While Isaac thought, Scott got the rest of the way out of his clothes, dealing with his shoes so Isaac wouldn't have to.

Isaac shifted where he was still kneeling on the couch. "Fuck me," he blurted out. "Please. Fuck."


Isaac threaded his fingers through Scott's hair, tugging him into another kiss, sucking the lower lip into his mouth.

Scott let Isaac suck, his hands moving to grip Isaac's ass firmly.

Isaac couldn't help the small moan that left him, pressing his ass back into Scott's hands as he let his lip free, eyes opening slowly.

"I know, baby," Scott murmured. "You need a cock much more than a kiss right now, don't you?"

"Need you," Isaac whispered, licking his lips before leaning forward to kiss him swiftly. "Always."
Scott hummed. "Present yourself," he said briskly.

Isaac shivered, sucking in a breath even as he turned so he was clinging to the back of the couch and he could shove his ass up and out, swaying side to side to try and tease Scott.

"Good boy," Scott praised, gripping Isaac's ass and pulling his ass cheeks apart to expose his hole. "Are you open enough to take me?"

"Might need a bit more," Isaac panted, pushing back without thinking. "But I like the stretch."

"We'll go slow, then," Scott said. "You call yellow straight away if it's too much, alright?"

"Yessir," Isaac promised, nodding before resting his head on the back of the couch. "Please."

"Good boy."

When Scott started pressing his cock into Isaac's hole, he couldn't help but groan. "Jesus, you're tight," he muttered.

Isaac let out a small moan, his shoulders slumping at the feeling. "So big," he panted. "So good."

Scott paused, just breathing for a second, stroking down Isaac's side to soothe him.

Isaac was trembling, clenching just a bit around Scott. "Feels so good."

"Shh, sweetheart," Scott murmured, his breath hitching as Isaac clenched. "I've got you."

Isaac relaxed, forehead resting on his crossed arms on the back of the couch. He rocked his hips a bit, moaning softly.

"I know," Scott soothed him, rocking in and out, just a little deeper each time. "I know, love."

Isaac couldn't help the breathless "Hnn...hnn" sounds that escaped him with each rocking thrust, toes curling.

"No words except your safewords, alright?" Scott directed, gripping Isaac's hips tight. "Are you feeling good?"

Isaac nodded, panting heavily, rocking as much as he could in Scott's grip, moaning softly when it wasn't much.

"Good boy," Scott praised. There was enough give now for him to fit about half his cock in Isaac's hole. "No coming on the sofa, okay?"

Isaac let out a high whine, nodding. It'd be hard.

"I'll look after you," Scott promised. "Just let me know when you're getting close."

Isaac whined again, rocking his hips side to side as he nodded

"Good boy." Scott pulled out, almost all the way, and thrust back in, steady and forceful.

Isaac let out a high, hungry sound, toes curling tighter as he braced himself, letting the hands on his hips guide him. "Hnnnnnnn."
Jesus, Isaac was tight still. "That's it," Scott panted. "I've got you, good boy."

Isaac clenched around him with each thrust, panting heavily. Shit this felt amazing.

Scott moaned. "Love you, Isaac. Feel so good."

Isaac whined, rocking back as much as he could. "Cl--!"

"Good boy," Scott panted, pausing. He pulled out. "Turn around, sweetheart."

Isaac whined loudly at the loss, turning around as fast as he could, looking up at Scott with blown eyes.

"Good boy," Scott said, kneeling, the position making it obvious what he had planned.

Isaac couldn't help the desperate moan that left him. He had to bite back words, begging with his body language instead.

"Don't thrust forward too much," Scott warned Isaac, gripping his cock with one hand. "I'm still not great at this."

Isaac nodded hurriedly, stilling his hips as much as he could, but it was hard with Scott's hand on his cock.

"Come when you want, sweetheart," Scott said quickly, then took Isaac into his mouth.

Isaac's back arched as he let out a near shout, head thunking back.

Scott hummed, swirling his tongue around Isaac's cock.

Isaac couldn't even be embarrassed with how fast he came, shouting out in warning right before, sliding down the couch seat until his ass was hanging off as he panted.

Scott managed to swallow it all this time, and pulled off panting. "You can talk," he told Isaac hoarsely. "That was so good, love."

Isaac reached out, panting. "Want you. Want to make you come."

Scott pulled Isaac in and kissed him deeply.

Isaac moaned at the taste of himself, rocking forward. "C'mon, sir."

"So needy," Scott teased. "Go on, then, how do you want me?"

"In me," Isaac whined. "Ass, mouth, don't care, need."

Scott kissed Isaac again. "Up on the couch then, sweetheart. Like before."

Isaac returned the kiss before scrambling to get back in the same spot, swinging his hips teasingly.


Isaac moaned, flush travelling down his neck as he froze, back arched.

"Better." Scott swallowed hard as he added more lube to his cock and pressed into Isaac's hole. It
was easier than it had been earlier, but still tight.

Isaac clenched around him, shivering as the feeling rocked through him. "Feels good," he whimpered.

"Fuck yeah it does," Scott said hoarsely, fucking deep and steady.

Isaac rocked back, toes curling.

"Good boy," Scott panted. "You don't get to come this time."

Isaac moaned helplessly, clenching tighter, trying to milk him.

Scott gasped, then groaned, struck by the sensations.

Isaac whined softly at Scott's reactions, rocking side to side, trying to drag it from him.

Scott was already breathing hard, chasing his own orgasm now he didn't have to worry about Isaac's.

"Please," Isaac begged, reaching back with one hand to grab at Scott's hip. "Please. Want to feel it."

"I know," Scott panted. "Fuck, sweetheart, I know, I'm almost..."

Isaac looked over his shoulders, his eyes wide and blown dark, his lips red and parted as he panted. "Please, sir."

Scott groaned, his knees going weak as an orgasm rolled over him.

Isaac's eyes fluttered closed, moaning softly as he clenched purposefully around Scott's cock, grinding back.

Scott's head tipped forward, resting on Isaac's shoulder as he caught his breath. "That's - that's plenty, love," he murmured. "That's enough now."

Isaac turned his head, nuzzling into Scott's hair as much as he could.

"Good boy," Scott murmured, letting Isaac have his weight. "You good?"

"Mmmhmm." Isaac smiled, always feeling safe under the press of Scott's body. "Love you."

"Love you, too," Scott replied softly, reaching out to rest his hand on Isaac's. "My sweetheart."


"It's alright," Scott reassured him, stroking the back of his hand. "Don't worry about it."

"It was a good image in my head," Isaac explained, letting his eyes close. "I like it when you pretty much lose control on things. Sounds like something I wouldn't like because of him, but I just...with you it's different because I trust you and I know nothing bad will happen."

"Thank you, sweetheart," Scott murmured, settling his weight back over his feet. "I'm going to pull out now, okay? So we can get comfortable."

Isaac groaned, nodding after a moment and bracing himself.
"Good boy," Scott said, pulling out with a soft noise and stroking his hand down Isaac's back.

Isaac let out a soft whine, wiggling a bit in place before looking back over his shoulder.

"Good boy," Scott murmured again, smiling a little. "You okay, baby?"

"Yeah, just don't like that part." Isaac gave him a small grin, sitting up to lean back against him.

"You must be tired of kneeling," Scott commented. "Do you want to get cleaned up?"

"Mmm, yes please." Isaac nodded, kissing Scott's cheek. "Sorry again for freaking you out, I wasn't trying to."

"It's fine," Scott reassured him, smiling. "I was just still thinking about work when I came in, so it was really, uh, incongruent?"

Isaac flushed. "Should do it in the bedroom so you have a second?"

"That sounds like a good idea," Scott agreed, smiling.

Isaac smiled, relaxing now that he knew it wasn't that Scott just didn't like it. "Deal!"

"Come on," Scott murmured. "Let's shower, and then we can relax for a while."

Isaac nodded, standing on shaky knees, licking his lips.

"Good boy," Scott praised, smiling.

Isaac gave him a small smile, tugging lightly on Scott's hand. "Shower with me?"

Scott leaned in to kiss Isaac's cheek. "Of course."

Chapter End Notes

Thanks, as always, to our beta Chicktar, and we look forward to reading (and replying to) your questions and comments
"Sir," Stiles murmured. "Just curious, how long with the cage this time?"

"I haven't decided," Derek admitted, stroking Stiles' hair. "Mostly I just want to see what you can handle, what's comfortable for you."

-----

Stiles tries out the cock cage for a while. Unfortunately, they leave it on a little too long
Stiles shivered as he opened his mouth, his hands already scrambling to pull Derek out of his pants and into his mouth, moaning softly, his back arching to show his panties as his shirt rode up.

"Eager today, aren't you?" Derek murmured. "Come on now, that's it. Good boy."

Stiles hummed, sucking a bit before he let himself settle down with Derek's cock resting on his tongue, eyes closed as he sunk into position.

"Good boy," Derek repeated, stroking Stiles' hair. "There you go. Suck me this time, sweet boy."

Stiles suckled slowly, tongue curling around Derek's cock with a low sound.

"That's it," Derek breathed, closing his eyes briefly. "That's lovely."

Stiles smiled around his mouthful, eyes flicking up to watch Derek's face.

Derek pressed down on the back of Stiles' head, gently urging him to go deeper.

Stiles' eyes fluttered as he moaned, sinking down just a bit further, sucking hard.

Derek hummed in pleasure, his hips hitching up a little.

Stiles relaxed further, moaning and sucking hungrily, hands sliding to rest on the couch next to his hips.

"Bob your head now, chiquito," Derek instructed softly, his fingers carding through Stiles' hair.

Stiles leaned into Derek's touch, letting the momentum pick his head up, letting it drop back down before keeping up the rhythm, sucking and swallowing around him before backing off, only to repeat.

"So good," Derek praised huskily. "That's perfect, sweetheart."

Stiles whimpered, shifting so he sat lower, his knees spread so he sunk down further.

Derek thrust a little deeper, but mostly let Stiles control things. "I've got you, love," he murmured.

Stiles let out a tiny moan, letting himself slip under until he was sinking down completely.

"That's it, you just enjoy yourself, my beautiful boy," Derek murmured, his breath hitching now and then as Stiles played with his cock. "There you go."

Stiles moaned, backing up a bit until his head could rest on Derek's thigh, suckling at the cock in his mouth.

"Just need to suck, hmm?" Derek asked softly.

Stiles hummed, sucking harder for a moment.

"Alright, sweetheart," Derek murmured, relaxing back into the couch. "You take your time."

-----

It wasn't even a month total he was in the cage, closer to three weeks, but Stiles was feeling desperate. For what, he didn't even know, but he *needed* it. He was so sensitive now that even wearing pants drove him insane; today he was wearing just a ripped tank and his panties, not even
really wanting to wear those. "Sir," he whimpered, as soon as Derek hung up the phone, tugging lightly on his waistband. "Need."

"Shh," Derek soothed him, looking Stiles over with lust-dark eyes. "I'm here, sweetheart. Is everything okay?"

Stiles glanced up at him, whimpers falling from his bitten-red mouth, hair all messed up from the grabbing and running through his hands had done that day. "Need you," he whined, tugging at Derek's waistband again. "Please, Sir."

Derek nodded, though he frowned a little. Stiles was getting more and more needy as his chastity went on - he'd end it soon, if Stiles didn't ask first. "Alright, sweetheart."

Stiles gave him a bright smile, hurriedly tugging Derek's pants open, barely waiting until he'd tugged the boxers down before he swallowed Derek's cock down to the root, his soft moan choked off by the cock now in his throat as he struggled to get more.

"You need to breathe, querido," Derek pointed out, stroking Stiles' hair to soothe him. "Settle down."

Stiles whined, pulling back just enough to suck in a breath, squirming and arching at Derek's touch, swallowing hungrily around his cock.

Derek took a couple of unsteady breaths himself, trying to pay attention to Stiles amid all the sensation. "Shh, sweetheart. Calm down. I'm right here."

Stiles gripped Derek's shirt in his hands, swallowing around him, whimpering as he tried to get closer. He needed it, needed him.

Derek cupped the back of Stiles' head. "I'm not going anywhere," he promised. "You can relax, sweetheart."

Stiles whimpered, his eyes fluttering closed as he fought to relax, focusing on the taste and feel of Derek's cock in his mouth and throat.

"That's it, there you go," Derek soothed him. "I'll look after you."

Stiles shifted on his knees, moaning softly, tongue curling around Derek's cock as he sunk into the taste and feel, whimpering as he squirmed even more. Need. Need it, want it.

"Shh." Derek stroked Stiles' hair as he hushed him. "You're alright, sweetheart. It's alright."

Stiles sucked him down further, nose buried against Derek's skin, hands shaking.

Derek frowned when he noticed it, gently tugging Stiles off his cock. "Sweetheart, I need a colour," he said quietly. "Are you alright?"

Stiles let out a sound between a sob and a whimper. "Green! Please. I need it, please, no, please, I need it, please please," he rambled, panting heavily, his eyes glazed.

Derek's eyebrows flew upwards. "Querido, I need you to talk to me," he said gently. "Can you use your words a bit more?"

Stiles blinked, whimpering softly and sucking on his bottom lip, his eyes hazed over. "Need it, please, sir. Please, I need it. Empty, please, don't like being empty."
"Oh." It took Derek a long moment to figure out what he should do. "Alright, sweetheart," he finally said. "Take what you need. We'll talk about it later."

Stiles whimpered, shifting and wiggling, diving back down onto Derek's cock, even as he couldn't help but squirm. God, he felt so empty...

"I've got you," Derek promised, and thrust deep.

Stiles let out a low moan, sucking hungrily, fingers tugging on Derek's hips, trying to get more.

Derek tangled his fingers in Stiles' hair, dragging him up and down his cock.

Stiles started to go slack, tugging a bit at Derek's hold just to test.

Derek held firm against Stiles' tugging, letting him pull his own hair in Derek's grip.

Stiles let out a harsh groan, eyes fluttering, panting heavily through his nose.

"Good boy," Derek said roughly, doing his best to balance his own pleasure and being what Stiles needed.

Stiles moaned, flicking his eyes up at Derek's face before sucking harder.

"Fuck," Derek muttered, his hand slackening in Stiles' hair. God, he was right on the edge now, and Stiles was looking up at him like he could do this for hours.

Stiles whimpered, flicking his tongue along the skin he could taste, bobbing his head excruciatingly slowly.

Derek swallowed hard, gulping for air. His hands clenched in Stiles' hair, pressing his nose to his belly as he spilled down Stiles' throat.

The slightly rough yank of Derek's hands made Stiles moan, swallowing hungrily, almost slumping against him as he felt himself shift in his head. Almost like slipping into subspace.

Derek was panting as he pulled out, stroking Stiles' hair reassuringly. "That was so good, sweetheart," he said hoarsely. "Can you tell me how you're feeling right now?"

Stiles nuzzled into him, almost purring. "Good," he murmured, peeking up at him with his wide-blown eyes. "Play? Mate!" Stiles gave him a toothy grin, scooting up to straddle Derek, already plucking at his tank. "Itch... Mate!" He threw his arms around Derek's neck, nuzzling and rubbing their cheeks together.

"What?" Derek said, bewildered, as his hands settled on Stiles' hips. "Are you...love, are you Kit right now?"

Stiles beamed at him, nuzzling into his cheek again. "Mate! Play, please? Play?"

"Shit." For Stiles to be switching headspaces like this...Derek had pushed too hard. "Anything you want, sweetheart," he promised guiltily.

Stiles tilted his head to the side, nudging Derek's cheek with his nose. "Sad? Why?" he asked, pressing close and hugging him tightly. "Why mate sad?"
"I haven't been a very good mate lately, I don't think," Derek said, though he doubted Stiles would understand like this. "It's alright. You're a good boy."

"Mate good," Stiles huffed, nuzzling close. "My mate!" He smiled, hugging Derek tightly. "Love mate!"

"I love you, too," Derek promised, smiling a little despite his mood. "What do you want, love?"

"Mate!" Stiles grinned, wiggling against him. "Play?"

"Absolutely," Derek agreed weakly. "Show me?"


"Thanks, querido," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair. "I'm alright. We should play."

Stiles leaned into the touch, giving a happy trilling noise. "Mate choose!" He grinned. "What play?"

"I don't know," Derek said, reluctant to choose right now. "What sort of games?"

"Wrestle, hide and seek, chase..." Stiles rambled, nipping along Derek's jaw.

"Hide and seek sounds good," Derek decided. It would give him some thinking room.

"Mate count!" Stiles giggled, kissing Derek hard before bolting from the room.

Derek took a deep breath and started counting. "One...two..."

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Stiles screeched, giggling as he was found again, leaping from behind the couch to land in Derek's lap. "Mate found again! Good mate!" He yawned, blinking sleepily as he curled up to Derek's chest, nuzzling close.

Derek ran his hand over Stiles' hair and down his back. "Are you tired now?" he asked. "Time for cuddles instead of playing?"

Stiles nodded, nuzzling into his chest further. "Cuddle mate." He let out a happy sigh, falling quiet and relaxing, his brain slowly, so slowly, coming up.

"Good boy," Derek murmured. "I love you, sweetheart."

"Love you too," Stiles agreed, voice drowsy and low as he dragged himself up through the fog.

"You're so good, love," Derek said softly, waiting for Stiles to come back to him. "You've been so good and patient."

Stiles gave Derek a dazed smile, kissing his cheek. "Love you," he murmured. "Your good boy."

"That's right," Derek confirmed, kissing Stiles softly. "My good boy. How are you feeling, querido?"

"Good," Stiles murmured. He squirmed just a bit, giving Derek a small smile and another kiss.

"That's my lovely boy," Derek said softly. "Can you tell me a little more, please?"

"Hmm?" Stiles blinked, lifting his head and smiling. "I'm good, sir, promise. Just feeling a bit
dazed."

Derek nodded. "When you're ready, chiquito, I'd like to talk a little bit about the cage," he said carefully.

Stiles blinked up at him. "What about it? Is everything okay?"

"I think maybe I should be the one asking that question," Derek said softly.

Stiles flushed. "Why's that?" he asked.

"You switched into Kit today quite suddenly," Derek pointed out gently, "and from being pretty deep in a very different headspace."

Stiles flushed darker. "Sorry," he murmured. "Didn't know that would happen."

"I didn't either," Derek replied, cupping Stiles' cheek. "But I think it's more your fault than mine. Can you tell me how the cage is making you feel right now?"

Stiles leaned into the touch, lowering his eyes. "How it makes me feel?" he murmured, squirming a little bit as he focused. "Squirmy, really hungry, empty...desperate," he breathed.

Derek's shoulders slumped a little. "All the time, querido?" he asked.

Stiles watched him for a moment, a frown on his face. "What's wrong?" he whispered.

"It's okay, chiquito, you're fine," Derek promised, stroking Stiles' hair. "I just...should have realized how much it was affecting you."

"Is...it a bad thing?" Stiles asked, still a bit confused.

"You're perfect, querido," Derek reassured him gently. "You've been very good."

"Then...what's wrong?" Stiles sat up a bit, still pressed close, but enough that he could look Derek in the eye.

"I didn't think things would go so far that it would be distracting you all the time," Derek tried to explain, frowning. "No, that's not quite right. I mean, it kind of is, but...I wanted it to be in the background, but for you to be able to ignore it, too."

Stiles squirmed. "Like I am now?" he asked. "But more able to push it out of my mind and do things, too?"

"Sort of, yes," Derek agreed uncertainly. "I guess I wanted it to be like - like the name thing, maybe? Something that would intensify things when something brought it up, but..."

Stiles gave him a shy smile. "U-um, it's only been the past day or two it's been this bad," he offered. "Like...I like teasing you, and wearing the clothes that make you go all growly and dark eyed. But...it was only last night and this morning that it got to the point I couldn't ignore it if I wanted too." He squirmed, flushing darkly as that brought images to his mind.

Derek relaxed a little. "That's good to hear," he admitted. "I was worried you'd been letting it go on for...a while."

Stiles shook his head. "It just got hard to keep my mind off of it yesterday....but before that I just liked teasing you. Seeing what you'd do. Being a mischievous ass like I usually am." He smiled.
"That's - that's good," Derek said, smiling back hesitantly. "Did you - is there a reason you didn't bring it up yesterday?"

Stiles flushed, ducking his face to press it to Derek's jaw. "Was trying to keep my mind off of it still. Wanted to see if it'll get easier. It didn't and by that point it just kinda...spiraled?"

"You were too distracted to think clearly about not being able to think clearly," Derek figured, stroking Stiles' hair.

"Pretty much," Stiles admitted, his voice soft, the strokes to his hair calming the squirming just a bit. "Still distracted, but...not quite as bad as this morning. Still more than yesterday morning, though."

"Querido, I...It's been a bit of a rollercoaster," Derek admitted, "and part of me thinks we should take a break before we do anything else. But I don't think we should...leave this any longer."

Stiles pulled back to give him a confused look. "Break?" he asked softly, confused. He knew a lot of things weren't clicking as fast as normal, and it almost frustrated him. "What do you mean, sir?" he asked.

"I mean, do you want to take some time before I take the cage off, or do you want to do it now?" Derek explained.

Stiles shifted and squirmed, flushing darkly. "I...I won't last very long once it's off," he whispered, ducking his head again, this time to hide how dark his cheeks got.

"I would be very surprised if you did," Derek said warmly. "It's alright, chiquito."

Stiles gave him a tiny, shy smile, pressing close, pressing his bare chest against Derek's clothed one. He’d lost his tank at some point while he was Kit, the itch of it making him yank it off.

"I take it that's a vote in favour of doing it now?" Derek asked, kissing Stiles softly.

"Mmhmm," Stiles hummed into the kiss, his eyes fluttering closed.

Derek smiled. "Let's go upstairs then," he murmured.

Stiles stood, grinning down at Derek before turning to shake his hips at him and head up the stairs to their room, goosebumps already spiking across his skin as his entire body throbbed.

When they reached the bedroom, Derek closed the door behind himself and began to strip. "Take your panties off, querido," he said lowly.

Stiles shivered at the tone of voice, wiggling out of his panties, bending over to pick them up.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, wiggling out of his jeans. "Get comfortable on the bed, whenever you're ready."

Stiles licked his lips, blown eyes locked onto Derek as he walked backwards, letting his legs hit the bed before he flopped back, wiggling until he was in the middle of it.

Derek laughed a little, leaving his clothes on the floor as he came over, stroking his hand down Stiles' chest.

Stiles arched into the touch, lips quirming into a smile. "Love you," he breathed.
"Love you, too," Derek said softly, smiling back. "It's up to you, querido - do you want me to touch you more before I take it off, or do you want it off as soon as possible?"


Derek leaned down, kissing Stiles softly and sweetly. "Alright, love," he murmured. "Tell me whenever you're ready."

Stiles nodded, lifting his head to chase the kiss, arms coming up to wrap around Derek's neck.

Derek stroked his hands down Stiles' sides, kneeling over him.

Stiles arched his back, moaning softly and flushing. He felt like every single touch sent static down his spine. Was he really that sensitive right now?

"You're perfect," Derek murmured, his hands shifting to thumb Stiles' nipples, roaming over his chest.

Stiles' breathing hitched, mouth open in a soft pant.

Derek kissed Stiles' mouth softly - barely a touch - then his jaw, the hollow of his throat, his tongue lightly flicking over pale skin.

Stiles tilted his head back, moaning softly, his eyes fluttering open to stare dazedly at the ceiling, arms clinging to Derek.

"I have you," Derek breathed, lips brushing against Stiles' skin as he spoke. "I'm so proud of you, querido. I love you." "Love you, too," Stiles whispered, relaxing a bit, whimpering at the shivers that ran up his spine when Derek's lips brushed a sensitive spot.

"If you let go, I can move down," Derek pointed out gently, cupping Stiles' cheek. "Will you let me do that?"

Stiles leaned into the touch, flushing softly as he loosened his arms. "Yessir. Sorry."

"It's alright," Derek reassured him, kissing the corner of Stiles' mouth. "That's perfect."

Stiles turned his head to try and deepen the kiss, his eyes fluttering back closed.

Derek indulged him a little, then pulled away, moving down Stiles' body.

Stiles panted, unable to keep still, squirming and shifting under him.

"You're beautiful, love," Derek murmured, in between kisses pressed to Stiles' navel, his hipbones, his abs.


"My boy," Derek promised, nudging Stiles' thighs apart and kissing them softly. "More, sweetheart? Or should I take it off now?"

Derek smiled a little. "You've done so well, love," he praised, kneeling up and taking the weight of Stiles' caged cock in his hands. "I'm so proud of you."

Stiles let out a tiny moan, chewing on his lower lip as he opened his eyes to watch Derek. Carefully, so carefully, Derek separated the cage section from the cock ring, taking it off and setting it aside.

Stiles couldn't help shifting, wiggling a bit and unconsciously spreading his legs wider.

"So good," Derek soothed him gently. "Just a little longer, sweetheart."

Whimpering, Stiles nodded, shifting a bit more before forcing himself to be still.

"Good boy." Carefully, Derek removed the cock ring, one hand on Stiles' hip to keep him in place.

Stiles tried to arch, only just stopped by Derek’s hand. His mouth opened in a gasp as lightning shot down his spine, the barest brushes of Derek's fingers as he took the cock ring off enough to make him hard. "F-fuck."

"I've got you," Derek murmured, setting the cock ring aside and moving up the bed to rest against the headboard. "Come on, come sit in my lap, love."

Stiles scrambled over to straddle Derek's lap, panting heavily, his eyes wide. "Sir," he breathed, pressing close.

"I know, sweetheart," Derek murmured, kissing Stiles softly. "You okay?"

"Yessir," Stiles slurred, giving Derek a small smile before leaning back in for another kiss.

Derek let Stiles take everything he wanted, holding him close.


"I've got you," Derek murmured, reaching between them to lightly wrap his hand around Stiles' cock.

"F-fuck," Stiles whined high in his throat, clinging tightly to Derek. "Sh-shit. Sir. Please." He was panting hard, the barest of touches sending him hurtling closer to the edge.

"It's alright," Derek soothed him softly, rubbing his thumb back and forth over the head. "Come on now, Przemyslaw, come for me."

Stiles threw his head back, crying out loudly as he came, fingers digging into Derek's shoulders as he shook from the force. He slumped back forward, almost passing out as he fought to normalize his breathing. "S-sir."

"It's alright," Derek said softly, rubbing Stiles' back. "You're alright."

Stiles was trembling, holding onto Derek tightly. "Whoa," he breathed.
"Sweetheart?" Derek asked softly.

"K-kinda funny feeling," Stiles murmured. "Not bad, just weird." He licked his lips, looking up to Derek and giving him a tiny smile. "Almost like I’m not part of my body."

Derek nodded, and stroked his hand slowly up and down Stiles' back. "Does that help?" he asked.


"I won't let go," Derek promised.

Stiles gave him a small smile, eyes soft. "I know you won't," he said, nuzzling close.

"I love you," Derek said quietly. "I'm sorry I wasn't paying enough attention."

"Sir, we both didn't know it was getting that bad," Stiles murmured. "And you didn't really have any warning when it went that far."

"I know," Derek conceded. "I'll just have to keep a closer eye on you if we do that again."

Stiles gave him a shy smile. "I still liked it, though. I'm sorry, I didn't realize I wouldn't be able to handle too long."

"Neither did I," Derek pointed out. "It's not your fault. You did very well."

"Now we know. It kinda was done to see anyway, it just hit the wall faster than we thought." Stiles smiled, sitting up straighter. He'd finally stopped trembling, and he wiggled against Derek as he enjoyed the feeling of bare skin on skin.

Derek smiled at Stiles' squirming. "I'm proud of you," he said firmly. "And you're getting a big reward for this, okay?"

"Reward?" Stiles blinked, eyes lighting up. "Why?"

Derek laughed a little. "You don't think you've earned one, chiquito?"

Stiles flushed. "I don't know?" he tilted his head. "That's why I asked. I can't see me from your point of view, sir," he teased, smiling at the laugh.

"I asked you to wear the cage for longer than before, and you did," Derek said simply. "You asked me a few times how long it would be, but you didn't complain, and you didn't try to get out early. You were so good and patient, love."

Stiles wiggled at the praise, tucking his face in Derek's shoulder, though he knew his Dom could feel the smile on his face. "What reward?" he asked after a few moments.

"Well, before I suggest something, is there anything you'd particularly want?" Derek asked.

Stiles hummed. "Nothing that's popping into my head immediately."

Derek smiled, running his fingers through Stiles' hair. "What if..." he said slowly, "...we went to Jungle again?"
Stiles eyes lit up, peeking up at Derek. "Really?" he asked, his voice soft and hopeful.

"Really," Derek said, smiling wider at the look on Stiles' face. "I take it you would like that, hmm?"

Stiles wiggled a bit. "I really liked it last time," he whispered, flushed.

"I could tell," Derek said, amused.

Stiles gave him a shy grin. "I like going to the Jungle with you!"

"Is there anything you'd like to do differently this time?" Derek asked.

At this, Stiles hesitated, his mind swirling with images. "Um, there are things I'd like to do, but I don't know what you'd be comfortable doing," he admitted.

Derek frowned a little, and nodded. "That's fair," he admitted. "I'd like to be able to do everything you want, but we both know I've got limits with that kind of thing. Still, you can ask, okay?"

Stiles gave him a small smile. "I...there's a lot of things popping into my head. K-kinda want to suck you off there, but I know how you are in public so I wouldn't be upset if you weren't comfortable, so..." He cut himself off, his eyes widening.

"Stiles," Derek said softly, cupping his cheek. "Shhhh. It's okay. Tell me what you're thinking of, and then we'll talk about what we can do."

Stiles took a deep breath, wiggling a bit. "U-um." He turned, nuzzling into Derek's palm as he tried to focus. "Kinda like last time? But you pushing me to my knees after a bit and keep your hand in my hair as I suck you off," he murmured, keeping his eyes closed.

"What else?" Derek asked quietly, encouraging him.

"I...liked what they were saying, last time," Stiles admitted. "I liked making your voice all husky and low." He licked his lips, peeking out to Derek. "Probably would like to go further than that, but I'd be doing good for you to be comfortable with the blowjob, honestly."

"In terms of what I can do with you, true," Derek agreed. "But we can at least think a bit about how I let other people interact with us."

Stiles gave Derek a hopeful smile, licking his lips at the images still filling his mind.

Derek smiled back. "I want to hear your suggestions, sweetheart," he prompted.

Stiles squirmed, flushed softly. "It's just more images," he murmured. "U-um. I'm honestly not sure what you'd be comfortable with. Even if it's something like last time where they don't really talk to us and I'm sucking you off? Or even letting them. I don't know..."

"Stiles," Derek said firmly, cupping Stiles' cheeks. "Stop worrying about me for a minute - I can look after my limits. I want to know what you're interested in, whether or not you think I'd be comfortable with it."

Stiles blinked, leaning into Derek's hands as he took a deep breath. "Honestly, probably wouldn't mind being bent over that couch from last time," he said. "Or you sliding me to my knees kinda like last time we were there, only this time it's between your knees, your hand in my hair as I almost gag on it." Stiles' voice started out small and soft, but he gained confidence as he went on. "I'm not completely sure on like outside involvement except maybe talking. I don't know, like I'm sucking
you off but you're holding a conversation? Or even just hearing the voices murmuring around us as you’re fucking me into space."

"Would they talk to you?" Derek asked.

"Sometimes? But nothing really outside of ‘Look at you’ or something like that." Stiles flushed. "Not really holding a conversation, if that makes sense? At least not when those things were happening. Maybe before or after I come up from space?"

"Commenting on you," Derek said, nodding. "Not engaging with you."

Stiles nodded, his cheeks still pink. "Yessir."

"Would they talk about you with me?" Derek asked, testing out the idea in his head to see how he felt about it.

"Probably?" Stiles agreed. “Even if it's just talking out of curiosity, like asking you questions about me. Or even just...I'm not sure, praising me I guess is the phrase?"

"Admiring you," Derek said, stroking Stiles' hair.

Stiles hummed as he leaned into the touches, his squirming settling a bit. "Yes, sir," he whispered. "That's the term I was looking for."

"...let me think about it," Derek said at last. "We'll definitely go, but I'd like to take some time before I decide how much of the new stuff we do."

Stiles gave Derek a hesitant smile. "Of course!" he agreed, leaning forward to kiss him softly.

Derek cupped the back of Stiles' head, deepening the kiss.

Stiles moaned, scooting the last little bit closer as he slumped into the kiss, letting Derek take it over.

Derek hummed, just holding Stiles close.

Chapter End Notes

We are looking /forward/ to the next chapter: fun times at Jungle, coming up!

Thanks, as always, to our lovely beta Chicktar, and to all of you for reading. Let us know what you think - I'm replying to all comments until after chapter 100 is posted
Exposed

Chapter Summary

When Derek sat down, he tugged Stiles onto his lap, resting his hands on his hips. "Feeling okay, Przemysław?" he murmured.

Stiles couldn't keep down his shudder at the name, shifting until he was pressing close, arms resting on Derek's shoulders. He nodded, smiling, and tilted his head in a silent question to ask the same of Derek.

"I'm alright," Derek promised, kissing Stiles softly. "You can go on and enjoy yourself."

Playing with Stiles' exhibitionism kink, he and Derek go to another masquerade night.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Exhibitionism. At a Jungle masquerade night, Stiles warms Derek's cock in public, attracting lots of admiring comments. One person approaches them in a way that makes them both a little uncomfortable, but is quickly encouraged to leave. (The remainder of the paragraph after "oh, they both sound lovely".) When they get home, Derek fucks Stiles in the garage with the door open.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Stiles stood beside Derek as they waited in line, absently tracing the outline of his mask. His other hand was tucked into Derek's as he leaned against him.

"Do you want to go straight to the couches once we're inside?" Derek asked. They'd talked things over already, but waiting in line was making him a little fidgety.

"Sure." Stiles smiled, kissing his Dom's shoulder. "Are you alright?" he asked, keeping his voice low, even as he straightened the outfit he was wearing, grinning at the look he knew he must make.

"I'm fine," Derek promised quietly. "Thank you for checking on me."

Stiles tilted his head back, kissing Derek's jaw. "Welcome. Please, make sure and let me know if something happens, kay?" he insisted gently.

Derek smiled a little, cupping Stiles' cheek. "I will, chiquito," he murmured. "I'll be good and use my colours. So long as you do too, alright?"

"Deal." Stiles' grin was crooked as he nuzzled into the touch before stepping up for their turn at the door.

"Two blue bracelets, one red, and one green," Derek told the bouncer, briskly filling in a waiver and passing Stiles the pen.
Stiles signed the waiver, tugging his blue and red bracelets on with a soft smile at the sight of the green one that meant people could talk to Derek freely.

Derek took Stiles' hand when the bouncer waved them through, squeezing it as they entered the club.

Stiles grinned at him, eyes crinkling behind the mask as they entered the lobby of the club, looking around. "Where to?" he asked, holding Derek's hand firmly and waiting.

Derek tugged Stiles towards the couches, kissing his cheek and murmuring, "Quiet now, Przemyslaw."

Stiles sucked in a breath at his name, letting out a small whimper, even as he nodded, leaning into the kiss.

"Good boy," Derek praised softly.

Stiles beamed at the praise, pressing close as they headed for the couches.

When Derek sat down, he tugged Stiles onto his lap, resting his hands on his hips. "Feeling okay, Przemyslaw?" he murmured.

Stiles couldn't keep down his shudder at the name, shifting until he was pressing close, arms resting on Derek's shoulders. He nodded, smiling, and tilted his head in a silent question to ask the same of Derek.

"I'm alright," Derek promised, kissing Stiles softly. "You can go on and enjoy yourself."

Stiles smiled, sinking into the kiss for a moment, then kissed down Derek's neck before wriggling his way to his knees on the floor.

"He's gorgeous," someone murmured, sitting down and crossing her legs as she watched from another couch.

Derek glanced up, trying to figure out how to handle it. "Thank you," he replied, after a moment.

Stiles stayed where he was for a moment, nuzzling Derek's knee, trying to make sure Derek was calm before he went any further, not wanting to startle him.

Derek stroked Stiles' hair, reassuring him. "It's alright," he said softly - soft enough it would be barely audible over the background noise.

Stiles smiled, wiggling his way between Derek's leg, resting his head on his inner thigh.

"I'm sorry if I startled you, I did make sure there was a green band first." The woman smiled as she watched. "He's very perceptive, isn't he?"

"We're just getting used to this," Derek explained. "And yes, he's very good."

Stiles leaned forward slowly, flicking his eyes up to Derek's as he started mouthing at Derek's cock through his pants.

Derek cupped the back of Stiles' head, holding him there.

Stiles let out a soft, almost inaudible moan as he pressed closer.
"Oh, look over there!"

"Hot!"

"Good boy," Derek murmured. "You're doing nicely."

Stiles smiled, fingers plucking at Derek's waistband in question, letting out a tiny, hungry sound.

Derek thought about it for a moment, then nodded. "Go ahead, Przemyslaw."

Stiles let out a tiny sound at the name, but didn't pause as he thumbed open the button of Derek's jeans.

Derek couldn't help but be conscious of the eyes on them as he focused on Stiles' face. "Go slow," he said softly. "Okay?"

Stiles gave him a tiny smile, nodding his head before he slowly slid the zipper down, giving his Dom enough time to stop him if he wanted.

"No, I wanna see where this is going, can't we watch a bit more?"

"Five minutes, then it's to the other room, pet."

"That's it," Derek murmured softly. "Go on, now."

Stiles flushed, shifting on his knees as he went to pull Derek's cock out of his boxers, the hand on the back of his head making him warmer and heavier than before they sat down.

"Doing okay, Przemyslaw?" Derek checked.

Stiles moaned, flicking his eyes back up, tugging on Derek's cock just a bit to get the head into his mouth, sucking hungrily before he could slow himself.

"Settle," Derek warned, gripping Stiles' hair. "Be patient, Przemyslaw."

Stiles' eyelids fluttered, letting out a tiny whine before he forced himself to slow down, opening his eyes to flick them back up to Derek.

Derek smiled down at him. "We've got all the time we need, sweetheart," he murmured. "Relax. Listen."

Stiles sucked just a bit more into his mouth, humming in question before the words around them sunk in, making his eyes blow wide.

"Oh, he's so pretty!"

"I don't know which is luckier."

"He's so hungry for it, isn't he?"

"See?" Derek asked softly. "Let them see how good you are. What a nice cockwarmer you can be."

Stiles whimpered, shifting on his knees, warmth spiking down his spine to his cock at Derek's words.

"Wonder if they'll go further."

"See, that's goals for me there."
"There you go," Derek murmured, his hand slipping down to rest on the back of Stiles' neck. "That's perfect."

Stiles kept his eyes locked on Derek, sucking bit by bit until his nose was almost buried against Derek.

"It's been five minutes, pet."

"Please! A bit longer!"

"Just look at him, holy shit, taking it so well, like he's starving from the look of it."

"Did you see the panties peeking out from his jeans?"

Derek looked up, doing his best to look confident as he raised his eyebrows at a Dom/sub pair a little way away.

A girl flushed, ducking her head against her Dom's arm, where he just laughed softly. "She likes the look of you two," he explained.

Stiles hummed, suckling gently.

"I can't help it, they're both pretty!" the girl squeaked.

Stiles sucked harder, pressing closer as his eyes flicked up from where they had closed, taking in Derek's face.

"Can he even breathe?" someone else murmured, amusement in their tone.

"Of course he can breathe," Derek said irritably. "You think I'd let him sit like this if he couldn't?"

Stiles whined softly, his hands tangling in Derek's shirt.

"Sorry, didn't mean it like that."

"Shouldn't have said anything, Lee."

Derek looked down, stroking Stiles' hair to settle him. "Shh, you're okay," he said softly. "It's alright."

Stiles settled slowly, hands still tugging a bit on Derek's shirt.

"Shush, Kyo, It's not like I meant it that way! I'm just surprised anyone can breath with that much cock down their throat. It's not like the Dom is a small-dicked man, okay?"

"Still, it's all about tone and wording."

Derek glared at them. "Maybe you could have this discussion somewhere else," he said meaningfully.

"Now see what you did, Lee?" ‘Kyo’ dragged Lee away, grumbling to himself.

Stiles sucked harder before settling.

"Aw, look at him, he can't seem to get enough. I bet his Dom is really proud of him."
"Protective too. That's an amazing Dom."

Derek was surprised by how much the compliment affected him, ducking his head to hide his blush. "Doing alright, Przemysław?" he checked softly.

Stiles let out a choked off moan, sucking harder in answer.

"I'd love to see more of their dynamic."

"Can't tonight though, love, we gotta go."

"Damn..."

"Good boy," Derek murmured, cupping Stiles' cheek. "I'm proud of you."

Stiles shivered, moaning softly. God, the words swirled around him, Derek's fingers keeping him close and relaxed. He wasn't to subspace, not yet, but he was feeling so good. Empty and hungry for more, but good.

"You can suckle a little," Derek told him gently. "Keep it slow."

Stiles smiled around his mouthful, suckling gently, eyes fluttering, though he kept eye contact.

"That's it," Derek murmured. "Keep it slow."

Stiles' eyes were hazing over slowly, the feel of Derek's hands on him helping settle him down, just like the words he could hear around them.

"Oooo, can we do something like that, Master?"

"Next time, Pet, tonight is the green room, remember?"

"Will I be able to do that once we train my gag reflex away?"

"That and more."

"Very good," Derek praised softly. "You can hear them, can't you, Przemyslaw? All of them admiring you."

Humming, Stiles sucked hard once or twice, eyes locked onto Derek's, the praise and the name making him shift on his knees.

"I wonder how he looks bent over a counter, since he looks so good taking his Dom's cock in his mouth."

"See the way he's shifting? Bet he's feeling all empty. So hungry."

Derek's breath caught in his throat, and when he spoke, his voice was husky. "Feeling good, sweetheart?"

Stiles' eyes fluttered at the nickname, nodding as much as he dared, tongue curling teasingly around the head of Derek's cock, dipping into the slit and around where the foreskin was pulled back.

Derek made a soft noise of pleasure, his hand catching in Stiles' hair. "Not too much," he warned.

Stiles whined softly, backing off just a bit, though he kept his tongue curled around the head,
swallowing and suckling.

"Definitely hungry. Look at him go, he's loving it."

"Oh, they both sound lovely."

Derek was so focused on Stiles he didn't notice the blond man approaching until he paused, close enough to reach out and touch Stiles if he wanted. "So why the red bracelet on him but not you?" the man asked.

Derek looked up, and tensed defensively. "He's not to speak or be spoken to tonight," he said firmly. Stiles whined, sucking harder, his hands tangled in Derek's shirt, shivering.

"Shh, you're fine," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair absently without taking his eyes off the stranger.

"Hey, chill," the guy said, raising his hands. "I was just wondering."

"Dude, he's protective," someone called out. "I can tell that from over here."

Stiles whined softly, eyes flicking over Derek's face before he softened his suckling, though he didn't stop it.

"I'm willing to accept polite conversation, or compliments," Derek said, cupping the back of Stiles' head. "But you came over here questioning our right to choose how to interact with people here, and I'll thank you to leave."

"You heard him," the redhead in the corner called. "Don't make me get security."

Stiles relaxed at the feel of Derek's hand on his head, sucking harder in acknowledgement before settling back down vaguely, hearing the blond man stomp away.

Derek nodded in acknowledgement of the person that had come to his aid. "Thank you," he said clearly, before turning his attention back to Stiles. "Everything's fine, sweetheart," he murmured.

Stiles hummed at the name, settling completely back to where his eyes were locked on Derek's face as he sucked hungrily.

The redhead saluted him sassily before heading over, making sure Derek saw him coming. "Want anything to drink? Or would he? My treat for dealing with the asshole." He grinned.

"He's fine like this," Derek replied, smiling briefly down at Stiles before looking up again. "I wouldn't mind a coke, though."

"Coming up!" The redhead gave another salute, smiling down at Stiles before heading to the bar, coming back with a cold coke that was still closed. "Here you go."

Stiles teased Derek's cock-head again, only aware that the red headed man was close by, but not feeling threatened in the slightest.

Derek moved his hands away from Stiles to take the bottle and open it, holding it to one side so condensation wouldn't drip onto him. "Thanks," he told the redhead. "I appreciate it."
"No problem. He's adorable, and honestly, you two are my favorite to watch right now. The trust you two have....Perfect." He drifted off in a wistful sigh, winking at Derek before sitting on a couch close by, though he gave them plenty of room.

Derek relaxed a little, taking a sip of his drink. "You're not here with anyone?" he commented.

"Nah," the man shook his head with a small grin. "At least not this time."

Stiles settled happily into place as he felt Derek relax, though every now and then he squirmed from the empty feeling he had.

Derek smiled back at the man, feeling a little awkward, but better.

Stiles hummed, dipping his tongue into the slit of Derek's cock, sucking harder for a moment.

Derek gasped, and let his free hand drop to rest on Stiles' hair. "Eager for attention, are you?"

Stiles hummed again, eyes crinkling as he sucked.

Derek tapped the top of Stiles' head in gentle reprimand. "Quiet now," he requested. "I'm talking to someone."

Stiles whined, sucking hard for a moment before forcing himself to settle back.

"Full of sass, is he?" The man laughed. "I'm Leo, by the way."

Derek paused for a moment, uncertain, before deciding he could give his name. "Derek," he said. "It's nice to meet you."

"Likewise." Leo smiled. "It's refreshing to see a Dom and sub pair in here that still have that sass missing from some couples."

"How so?" Derek asked.

"There are times I see it, of course." Leo shrugged. "But most couples, at least when they’re here, don't really have that playful aspect, you know? I know scenes are serious, but seeing someone that will be sassy and playful but still behave is a rarity."

Stiles hummed, flushed a bit at the small bit of praise coming from Leo.

"You must come here a lot," Derek commented as he thought that through.

"Probably more than most people," Leo admitted with a laugh.

Stiles hummed, his hands going to knead at Derek's inner thighs.

"What is it that brings you here?" Derek asked, curious but a little wary. "We're more on the other end of things, obviously."

"Mostly just looking," Leo replied. "Though I guess I'm just bored. I don't have a sub of my own, and honestly I think my cat prefers it if I'm gone all night."

"Well, thank you for helping with that guy," Derek said. "I don't know if he was bothering Przemyslaw, but he was certainly bothering me."
"No problem. I could tell he was bothering you. Though I am not sure Sh...Shem..." Leo blinked, his brow furrowing. "I'm not sure your sub noticed much outside of you being bothered."

Stiles hummed in agreement, sucking hard for a suck or two.

"Was I being unreasonable?" Derek asked. "I don't think I was."

"No, you were well within your rights and very reasonable for telling him off for walking up like that," Leo reassured him. "He may have been asking, but he had that arrogant prick attitude around him."

"Good," Derek said, relaxing a bit. "This is the first time I haven't worn a red bracelet, so I wasn't sure what to expect."

"It'll mainly be this, honestly." Leo grinned crookedly. "Though don't be surprised if you get invites into beds or scenes. Though you can honestly say no, it's not like you two are hard on the eyes."

Derek nodded. "We wouldn't say yes, but thanks for letting me know," he replied. "And him getting admiration is a big part of why we come."

"Oh? A kink then?" Leo's grin didn't fade. "And no one will take it personally for you to say no."

Stiles flushed, sucking Derek's cock harder as he shifted.

"More reassurance," Derek admitted. "He needs more compliments in his life."

"Well, he's gorgeous," Leo said, a soft smile on his face as he sipped his drink.

Stiles flushed darker.

"He's beautiful," Derek agreed, stroking Stiles' hair.

"You are, too," a soft voice interjected - a smaller man with dark hair sitting nearby, a faint blush on his cheeks.

Stiles hummed, his eyes crinkling in agreement.

Derek blinked. "Hi," he said, a little awkwardly.

"Hi, sorry!" The man flushed darker. "Didn't mean to startle you. I'm Bastian, and apparently unconsciously nosy."

Leo laughed brightly, amused.

"That's part of the point of tonight, isn't it?" Derek pointed out, relaxing. "Derek. It's nice to meet you."

Bastian gave him a shy grin. "Nice to meet you too."

"You're adorable too!" Leo sighed. "Ah, I'm surrounded by cuties. This is a nice night."

Derek laughed a little, setting his empty bottle on the floor by his feet.

Stiles hummed, opening his mouth just enough to slide all the way down Derek's cock, swallowing
around the head hungrily.

Derek let out a low noise, his hand fisting in Stiles' hair. "Slow, Przemysław," he said roughly.

Stiles groaned, backing off just enough that he could continue to breathe before going back to the gentle suckling, flashing mischievous eyes up at Derek.

Bastian was flushed, hiding a grin behind his glass. "I know that look."

Leo raised an eyebrow at Bastian. "Oh, really?"

Derek watched the flirting with amusement, stroking Stiles' hair.

Bastian flushed darker, nodding. "He loves the attention he gets, but loves teasing, too."

Stiles hummed happily, curling his tongue around Derek's cock, smiling as much as he could.

Leo hummed. "Well, I can see that, but tell me, little Bastian, how come you know that look?"

"Maybe he likes to tease a little himself," Derek commented, smirking slightly.

Bastian squawked just a bit, flapping his free hand to try and distract from how red he was getting.

"Maybe?" he squeaked out finally.

Leo tilted his head, watching Bastian closely. "I can see it."

"So, Bastian," Derek said, looking him over, "my boy is in one of his favourite places to be, right now. What's yours?"

Bastian shifted in place, licking his lips. "Very similar really," he squeaked. "Though, it's not my mouth..."

"Ah! You're one that would rather warm a cock with your ass, hmm?" Leo tilted his head, sizing Bastian up.

"It takes a little more preparation," Derek commented. "And of course, it's more cuddling than kneeling. A different kind of intimacy."

Bastian nodded. "I like it."

Leo grinned crookedly. "I'm getting images."

"What brings you to Jungle tonight?" Derek asked thoughtfully.

Bastian shifted. "Just looking, really," he murmured. "Kinda treating it more like a bar?" His head tilted to the side as he spoke, his sub marking stark on his uncollared neck.

"There are nights without special events," Derek pointed out easily.

"Not as fun?" Bastian tried, flushed. "It's kind of nice knowing that people can't judge me outside of here, because they don't know what I look like." He reached up, tracing his mask.

"The anonymity definitely helps," Derek agreed. "We don't usually come here either."

Stiles hummed, kneading the inside of Derek's thighs.
"I don't too often, either." Bastian shook his head, giving a small smile. "I just...it's comforting, the anonymity and knowing that I won't be hurt."

Derek frowned, exchanging glances with Leo. "Do you have problems with that?" he asked.

Bastian's smile turned soft, the blue eyes crinkling a bit behind his mask. "Not often. Just when people realize I'm unclaimed. There's still traditionalists."

Derek sighed. "I wish I could pretend that wasn't true." He glanced down at Stiles. "You doing okay, Przemysław?"

Stiles hummed high in his throat, flicking his eyes up to Derek.

Bastian's smile softened, leaning back into the couch. "I wish I could, too."

Leo frowned. "Are you in any danger now from anyone you know?"

Bastian shrugged. "None that I know of? Though there's always the hidden ones."

Derek smiled down at Stiles. "You let me know if that changes," he murmured, then looked up at Bastian. "Give me your phone," he said. "If you're ever in trouble, you can call me. I've gotten a lot of help from good people - I don't mind passing it on."

Bastian blinked, handing over his phone after a moment. "I...you wouldn't mind?"

"I'll put mine in there, too." Leo murmured. "If you ever need someone fast."

"I won't mind," Derek promised, putting in his number. "Sometimes you need a Dom to back you up." When he was done, he passed the phone to Leo.

Leo quickly put in his number before passing it to Bastian, holding his hand tightly for a moment. "And now you have two."

Bastian flushed, ducking his head after a moment.

Derek glanced at Leo, raising his eyebrows. Was he going to follow up on the flirting?

Leo gave Derek a crooked grin. "Hey, Bastian, how about we talk for a while? Let these two be for a bit, hmm?" He stood, giving Bastian a small, rather ridiculously cheesy bow, hand out in front of him.

Bastian flushed, looking between them both before sucking his lower lip into his mouth, hand hesitantly slipping into Leo's.

Derek smiled as they left, then turned his attention to Stiles, pulling him off by his hair. "How are you doing, love?"

Stiles whined, panting softly and licking his lips as he looked up at Derek. "Good." he rasped.

"I'm glad," Derek murmured, smiling down at him. "Are your knees sore, or your jaw at all?"


Derek smiled back. "How about you put me away and come sit in my lap for a while? If you're not
tired?"

Stiles smiled softly, nodding and tucking Derek’s cock back into his pants after pressing a soft kiss to the tip. He stood slowly and carefully, scooting so he was straddling Derek's lap again, letting out a happy sound.

Derek rested his hands on Stiles' hips, smiling indulgently at him. "Are you having a good time, love? I feel like I've been neglecting you a little."

"I like this," Stiles whispered, leaning to nuzzle Derek’s jaw. "And Leo and Bastian sound like they'd be interesting together," he admitted, eyes sparkling with mischief. "I heard you playing matchmaker, sir."

Derek grinned. "I wasn't sure if you were paying attention," he commented. "What do you think of them individually?"

"Bastian sounds really shy, and Leo sounds like a mischievous man that'll surprise you when you push him too far." Stiles smiled, nuzzling along Derek's jaw to his ear, nipping at the lobe. "I think Leo will get Bastian out of his shell a little."

"Do you think you'd like to meet them properly another time?" Derek asked.

Stiles hummed in thought, blinking for a moment before pulling away enough to grin at Derek. "Yes!" He nodded, fingers playing with Derek's hair.

Derek smiled, kissing him softly. "Brain moving a little slow, love?"

"Just a little," Stiles admitted, cheeks pink.

"That's alright, sweetheart," Derek murmured. "I'm glad you've been enjoying yourself."

"Have you?" Stiles asked, voice and face serious as he tilted his head.

"I've had a good time talking to Leo and Bastian," Derek reassured him.

Stiles' smile grew wider, and he pressed close to hug Derek tightly.

Derek rubbed Stiles' back, holding him close. "Is there anything else you'd like to do while we're here?"

Stiles tilted his head. "Don't think so? Kinda wanna be bent over the hood of the Camaro."

Derek laughed. "Is that so?" he asked lowly.

"Mmhmm," Stiles nodded, licking his lips slowly. "Want it."

Derek smiled a little, sliding his hand up under Stiles' shirt.

Stiles licked his lips again, grinning back before he pressed into the hand on his side. "Mmm."

Derek leaned forward, his lips brushing Stiles' ear. "When we get home, Przemyslaw," he said lowly. "You can be patient, can't you?"

Stiles let out a soft whine, his eyelids fluttering at the low husk in Derek’s voice. "You'll bend me
over the hood?" he breathed.

Derek smiled a little, proud of himself for being bold enough to do this for Stiles. "When we get home," he promised.

Stiles' wide eyes darkened. "Fuck yes," he breathed, rocking against Derek.

Derek scraped his fingernails lightly down Stiles' back.

Stiles arched sharply, his mouth falling open with a moan.

"You're so hard, aren't you, Przemysław," Derek murmured. "So eager."

"Uh huh." Stiles nodded, hands clutching at Derek's shoulders as he shivered.

"Can you feel their eyes on you?" Derek asked.

"Yessir," Stiles slurred, shivering at the stares boring into him, though his eyes were locked on Derek, hips still rocking.

"Have you ever seen anything hotter?"

"Shhhh, shut up, I'm enjoying the pretty view."

Derek smiled. "And you can hear them, too," he murmured. "You've been hearing them all night, haven't you?"

Stiles gave a small whimper, leaning forward to kiss along Derek's jaw, nipping. "Yessir."

Derek tilted his head back, letting Stiles have his way. "So many of them envy me, you know," he said softly.

Stiles hummed, sucking and nipping at Derek's earlobe. "And then there's the ones jealous of me," he murmured, voice heavy and low.

"Feeling smug, are you?" Derek teased.

"Mmm a bit," Stiles admitted, sucking a mark on Derek's neck. "Want you to fuck me," he murmured. "Bend me over your car and claim me."

Derek let go of Stiles' hip for a moment to reach up and tug his collar. "Everyone can see you're mine already," he pointed out.

Stiles moaned, eyes fluttering for a moment. "Yours," he whispered. "Want to always feel it."

"Always mine," Derek promised, bending his head to bite at the exposed skin where Stiles' neck met his shoulder.

Stiles moaned, flushing softly at how loud it was.

Derek worried the skin with his teeth some more, then sucked hard until he was sure it would leave a clear mark.

Stiles whimpered low in his throat, hips rocking hard against Derek's. "Sir, please."

"What is it, Przemyslaw?" Derek asked lowly.
"Need you," he whined, blown eyes looking down into his. "Please."

"I'm here," Derek promised, smiling up at him. "It's alright, sweetheart."

Stiles gave him a tiny smile, leaning to kiss him, trembling. "C'mon. Please," he begged softly, running his hands through Derek's hair.

"What do you need, sweetheart?" Derek asked softly.

"Need you." Stiles shivered, pressing close to breath into his ear. "Need you in me, need to feel you."

Derek slipped his hand up to cup the back of Stiles' head. "You want to leave?" he murmured.

Stiles whimpered. "Not really but want you. Know I can't have you here yet, and that's okay, just need you, please, sir. Let's go, want to feel you," Stiles begged.

"You're alright, Przemyslaw, it's okay," Derek soothed him softly. "Up you get now. We can go."

Stiles flushed, slowly standing, though he was unsteady, blown eyes still watching Derek closely.

Derek stood as well, then kissed Stiles deeply.

Stiles swayed into him, moaning into the kiss, clinging as much as he could.

Derek delved into Stiles' mouth, holding him tight, overwhelming him.

Stiles let himself be devoured, leaning heavily against Derek and letting him take full control of the kiss, fingers weak where he was trying to grip Derek's shirt.

When Derek pulled back a little, Stiles nearly fell. "I've got you," Derek promised, one arm around Stiles' waist, the other hand coming up to cup his cheek.

Stiles clung to him, nuzzling into the hand on his cheek. "You've got me," he murmured.

"Come on now, love," Derek said softly, stepping away and drawing Stiles after him.

Stiles stumbled a bit, but quickly gained his footing back as he followed Derek out of the club, panting softly and trembling.

"Such a good boy," Derek murmured, ignoring the people near them on the street. "I'm so proud of you."

Stiles shivered, licking his lips. "Your good boy."

"Mine," Derek promised, tucking Stiles up against his side. "Have you had a good night so far?"

Stiles beamed at him, nodding and holding on tightly. "Always."

"I take it you feel well-rewarded, then?" Derek teased gently.

Stiles flushed. "Liked it so much forgot it was a reward," he admitted, barely able to keep himself from whimpering at the sight of the Camaro.

Derek smiled at him. "I chose a good reward, then," he said, letting go to unlock the car. "I'm glad."
Stiles licked his lips, looking between the car and Derek, eyes blown.

"In you get, Przemyslaw," Derek said quietly.

Stiles shivered, sliding into the car and splaying out comfortably.

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By the time the two of them got home, Stiles looked a lot less relaxed.

"Not much longer," Derek promised, driving into the garage. "See? We're home now."

Stiles whined, shivering and panting softly, eyes taking in their surroundings, hands already unfastening his seatbelt. "Sir."

"That's it, sweetheart, we're home now," Derek murmured, turning the engine off. "Out you get."

Stiles stumbled out of the car, coming around to Derek's side, one hand resting on the hood.

Derek got out quickly, reaching out to steady Stiles. "You okay, sweetheart?" he checked.

"I'm okay," Stiles breathed, licking his lips.

"That's good," Derek murmured, pulling Stiles into a kiss, letting him lead this time.

Stiles moaned softly, kissing as hungrily as he could.

Derek cupped Stiles' ass, squeezing it.

Stiles rocked into the hold, melting against Derek with a moan. "Please," he panted against Derek’s mouth.

"It's alright," Derek murmured. "I've got you, Przemyslaw. Come on, now, here we go."

Stiles licked his lips, standing up fully, though his thighs were still trembling.

"Good boy," Derek soothed him, guiding Stiles to the hood, the open garage door letting in the night air. "Now, you just wait here for me while I get lube, okay?"

Stiles whimpered, shivering as he spread his legs wider. "Yessir," he whispered, the open door making his stomach clench.

Derek stroked his hand down Stiles' back and walked away. Even they didn't keep lube in the garage.

Stiles let out a soft moan as he concentrated on his breathing, the warm hood under him making lovely contrast to the cool night air.

Derek returned quickly but quietly, pausing to watch Stiles wait for him.

Stiles whimpered to himself, shifting from foot to foot impatiently as he fought to keep his position.

"Good boy," Derek said quietly, staying where he was for a moment longer.

Stiles sucked in a breath, his whimpering growing louder. "Sir."
"I'm here," Derek murmured. "I can see you being so good for me."

"Please," Stiles begged softly, spreading his knees and arching his back.

"Pants down," Derek told him, coming slowly closer.

Stiles scrambled to fumble with his pants, whimpering as he struggled to get them off.

Derek, too, reached down to unbutton his fly as he came to stand behind Stiles.

Stiles finally managed to push his jeans down, panties already halfway down his ass. "Sir," he groaned.

"I'm here," Derek murmured, cupping Stiles' ass, nudging his legs further apart with one foot.

Stiles could only rock back against Derek's touch, moaning softly. "Want you." He gently thumped his forehead down on the hood of the car, a husky laugh leaving him. "Fuck, this is hot."

Derek smiled a little, drawing his thumb down the crack of Stiles' ass. "Yeah, chiquito?" he teased. "Feeling good?"

"Uh huh," Stiles groaned, eyes fluttering. "Fuuuuck."

"Go on, show me your hole, Przemyslaw," Derek said lowly, uncapping the lube and drizzling it over his fingers.

Stiles reddened, hands sliding down his sides to spread himself open, whimpering softly at his name.

"You love showing off, don't you?" Derek murmured, tracing his thumb in small circles around Stiles' rim before letting it pop inside.

Stiles let out a soft whine. "Yessir. For you."

"Just for me?" Derek teased, playing with Stiles' hole. "What about all those people watching us tonight?"

"St-still for you," Stiles panted. "L-like showing off. L-like feeling your eyes and your hands and your lips l-like you're going to d-devour me."

Derek hummed. "Would you like to touch yourself, Przemyslaw?"

"W-want you to," Stiles begged softly. "Want to come only from you."

"So sweet," Derek murmured, warmth glowing in his chest. "I love you, querido."


Derek pressed down on Stiles' back with one hand, holding him in place, as he pressed two fingers inside him, knowing it was a stretch, but also knowing Stiles would prefer fast to gentle right now.

Stiles gasped, scrabbling for a hold on the car as he moaned. "Oh fuck." He clenched around Derek, then forced himself to relax, the hand pinning him down making his head spin.

Derek crooked his fingers, dragging them back over Stiles' prostate.
"Shit," Stiles hissed, hips jerking before he forced himself back into place, trembling. "Sir."

"Yes, Przemysław?" Derek replied teasingly.

"Please," Stiles panted, circling his hips as much as he could.

"Go on, then," Derek murmured. "Fuck yourself on my fingers."

The flush traveled down Stiles’ neck as he whimpered, rocking back as much as he could, shivering at the slide of Derek's fingers against his prostate.

"Good boy," Derek praised, scissoring his fingers to stretch Stiles out. "Feel good?"

"Uh huh." Stiles nodded, panting heavily and rocking his hips harder. "Please."

Derek twisted his fingers, testing the stretch of Stiles' holes. "You think you're ready to take me, love?"

"Want to," Stiles panted. "Want to feel the stretch."

After a moment, Derek nodded, pulling his fingers out. "Tell me if it's too much," he warned.

"Yesssir. Please, please," Stiles begged, shuddering as a breeze travelled down his spine.

Derek hurried to lube up his cock, pressing in slowly.

Stiles arched his back, his mouth dropping open as he let out a moan. "Yesssss. Fuck, fuck."

"Look up," Derek said, fucking Stiles steadily. "Look outside."

Stiles forced his head up, eyes roving through the trees and grass, shuddering. Fuck, he was so exposed, so hot, shit. He clenched a bit around Derek, hands reaching back for more.

Derek caught Stiles' hand in his, squeezing it. "I've got you," he said roughly. "Just feel."

"A-am," Stiles panted, rocking back into each thrust, moaning loudly, flushing down his back and neck as it echoed a bit in the forest around them.

"You have no idea how tempting you were," Derek panted, his head bowed. "Showing everyone that you're my good boy."


Derek swallowed hard, letting go of Stiles' hand to grip his hip as he fucked him faster.

"Sh-show..." Stiles moaned out, thumping his head back down on the hood of the Camaro, letting his hand rest on the back of his neck.

"I've got you," Derek panted, swallowing back a groan.

Stiles whimpered, fingers digging into his own back. "Yours."


Stiles only whined at the name, clenching down a bit before relaxing. "You," he breathed. "Breeze.
You, fuck." He couldn’t put together sentences anymore.

"Emotions, love," Derek corrected gently.

"O-oh," Stiles panted, blushing. "H-hunger, but not for food." He put his arm down and looked over his shoulder, eyes blown wide and dark. "Warm, cold."

Derek frowned a little. "Warm and cold?" he asked.


"Alright, sweetheart, you're fine," Derek soothed him, tucking that thought in the back of his mind and watching closely. "You're being so good."

Stiles moaned, resting his cheek on the hood of the Camaro. The praise, the breeze, and the feeling of Derek fucking him driving him crazy.

"That's it," Derek panted, resettling his grip on Stiles' hip, his thrusts getting faster. "Squeeze down now, make me feel good."

Stiles clenched, his eyes closing as it just multiplied what he felt, whimpering. He didn't know how Derek was able to say things like he was starting to, but god, he loved it.

Derek groaned roughly, his grip spasming at the feeling. "God that feels good, sweetheart," he said huskily.

Stiles moaned, arching his hips and letting out a shuddering whine as Derek hit his prostate. "W-want you to feel good," he panted. "Want you. Want it. God, feels so good, sir."

"Such a good boy," Derek praised breathlessly. "You want to come, sweetheart?"

Stiles whined high in his throat, nodding but then shaking his head. "N-not till you," he panted.

Derek stroked Stiles' back fondly, an incredulous smile on his face. "You're so good, love."

Stiles hummed, leaning into the touch. "Yours," he breathed.

"Mine," Derek promised, pausing for a moment. "I love you."

Stiles looked back over his shoulders, a dazed smile on his face. "I love you, too," he murmured, breathless.

Derek smiled back, leaning down a little awkwardly to kiss him.

Stiles arched his back to lean up and return the kiss, eyes fluttering closed, then clenched down with a grin.

Derek gasped. "Fuck, Stiles," he swore roughly, his hips jerking.

Stiles shivered at the tone, his grin just growing. "Well, yeah, that's the plan, sir," he panted.

"Not for much longer," Derek warned breathlessly.

Stiles' eyes darkened, and he lowered his chest back down to the smooth metal of the car. "C'mon,
sir," he breathed, circling his hips.


Stiles froze, moaning loudly as Derek almost slammed back into him. "Yessss," he groaned.

Derek fucked Stiles fast, the sensation running like lightning through his veins.

"Yesyeyeseyesyes," Stiles cried out, clinging to the hood as he tried to stay still, eyes rolling back into his head as he felt sparks go up his spine.

"Stiles!" Derek panted, shuddering as he felt his orgasm start to roll over him. "Przemyslaw, come!"

Stiles let out a low scream as he came, clenching down tightly and shuddering through his orgasm, leaving him panting as he finally relaxed against the car.

Derek collapsed onto Stiles' back, trying to catch his breath. "So good," he said breathlessly. "Good boy."

Stiles' hand shook as he lifted it, threading it clumsily through Derek's hair. "Yours," he panted.

"Mine," Derek agreed softly, his lips brushing against Stiles' neck. "And I'm yours."

Stiles shivered, lips curling into a smile. "Mine."

Chapter End Notes

You'll be seeing more of Leo and Bastian later ;)

Thanks, as always, to our beta Chicktar, and to all of our lovely readers. We can't wait to talk to you in the comments!
Scott bit his lip, thinking. "Sweetheart..." he said slowly, "have you thought any more about maybe talking to a counselor?"

Isaac hid his face for a moment. "I think I might need to?" he admitted. "But I know it'll be really hard. And...it'll make me be much higher on the scale afterwards..."

"I think it would help you," Scott said quietly. "And I want you to get help, alright?"

-----

Scott and Isaac check in at the end of the week, and decide it's time for Isaac to start therapy.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Isaac has his first therapy appointment (offscreen), which leaves him shaky and distressed because of the topics discussed. This starts after the section break marked with a line, and the hurt/comfort continues for the rest of the chapter.

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

After breakfast - which was really more of a long, leisurely brunch - Scott brought Isaac to the living room to cuddle on the couch.

Isaac had stretched out, half-buried under Scott, half-curled around him, Hana at the small of his back. "Mmmm. We need to remember that bakery," he murmured.

"We do," Scott agreed, playing idly with Isaac's hair. "I'm glad I'm not on this weekend."

"Me too," Isaac breathed. "It's been a while since we've had a couple of lazy days."

"How are you doing?" Scott asked, glad of the opening to check in on things.

Isaac hummed in thought, taking stock of himself. "I'm...okay?" He tilted his head, leaning into Scott's hand.

Scott smiled. "Yeah? Anything come up this week that you didn't tell me about yet?"

Isaac flushed, wiggling a bit. "Not really? Had gotten higher on the scale yesterday, but it went back down."

Scott kissed Isaac's cheek swiftly. "And how are you feeling now?"

"Kinda high on it again." Isaac sighed, flushing softly as he shifted.
"That's fine, sweetheart," Scott reassured him. "When we're done talking about things, you can strip down and get on the floor, hmm?"

Isaac nodded, giving him a tiny smile.

"Do you need to use your word, or can you wait?" Scott checked.

Isaac tilted his head as he took stock of himself. "I think I can wait," he nodded, his smile growing.

Scott smiled back. "Thank you," he said warmly. "Now, how about you tell me about that day when you needed me more."

Isaac wiggled a bit, settling closer. "I couldn't get my mind to stop it. Usually it's just a whisper in the back of my mind. Things he would say..."

Scott made an encouraging noise, stroking Isaac's hair.

"But it was really loud. I managed to tell it to fuck off, but then I got hit with a wave of want. Like when I've been edging all day, and just want you to bend me over and fuck me into subspace."

"You pushed the anxiety away, and it got replaced by arousal?" Scott clarified.

"Kinda?" Isaac grinned sheepishly. "Then again, it might be because I told the voice to fuck off by blaring at it how much I loved being held down and fucked to within an inch of my life."

Scott bit his lip, thinking. "Sweetheart..." he said slowly, "have you thought any more about maybe talking to a counselor?"

Isaac hid his face for a moment. "I think I might need to?" he admitted. "But I know it'll be really hard. And...it'll make me be much higher on the scale afterwards..."

"I think it would help you," Scott said quietly. "And I want you to get help, alright?"

Isaac nodded, giving him a tiny smile. "I think it'll be a good thing."

Scott smiled back. "So we can talk to Janet and Simon this weekend, maybe, and see if they have any ideas?"

Isaac nodded again. "They might know someone closer to us. I know Stiles goes to one named Theresa, but she's a little far."

"Plus, it might be a little awkward, sharing a therapist with someone you know," Scott pointed out.

"Not really concerned about that, sir," Isaac murmured, shrugging one shoulder. "Doctor-patient confidentiality and all, Scott." He smiled against Scott's neck.

"How about we call them this afternoon, then," Scott suggested fondly, "and for now you can relax."

"Yes, please," Isaac whispered, shifting again. "Call them before dinner."

Scott nodded firmly. "Now, do you want some quiet time on the floor, or something else?"

Isaac thought for a moment. "I want to be close, but..."
"But?" Scott encouraged him.

"I need something." Isaac sighed. "I just don't know what." He flapped a hand in the air in almost agitation. "Maybe just kneeling would work, I dunno."

Scott hummed, thinking. "Get up and strip, please," he ordered, rolling back to make room.

Isaac wiggled off, laughing as Hana stalked off with her tail in the air as he tugged off his clothes, then letting out a soft, relieved sound when the fabric was gone.

"Good boy," Scott said, sitting up. "Kneel."

Isaac stepped closer, kneeling next to Scott's legs, leaning toward him.

Scott settled his hand on the top of Isaac's head, stroking his hair. "Is it any easier to think now, sweetheart?"

Isaac smiled, licking his lips and leaning his head back into Scott's hand. "A bit," he breathed.

"That's good," Scott said, smiling back. "Tell me how you're feeling and what you need, then, as best you can describe."

"I just feel…" Isaac tilted his head as he tried to think of the best way to explain the itch under his skin. "…unsettled," he breathed. "Just kinda harsh? It's hard to explain. But kinda like I'm going to crawl out of my skin."

"Hmm." Scott let his hand move downwards, stroking firmly over the skin of Isaac's shoulder and upper arm.

Isaac shivered, letting out a soft noise as he almost slumped against Scott.

Scott grinned. "Okay, so that helped."

Isaac flushed, squirming a bit and peeking up through his curls.

"I'm glad it worked, sweetheart, that's all," Scott said fondly, brushing Isaac's hair back from his face. "Tell me what you felt?"

"Other than that shivery feeling I get when you touch me?" He chewed on the corner of his lip, leaning into his hand. "It's almost like that path was more anchored than the rest of me."

Scott hummed, thinking. "Stand up," he finally said. "Legs apart. I'm going to touch you all over, like I just did. Your job is to stay standing. Okay?"

Isaac blinked rapidly, standing up and spreading his legs before flushing. "O-okay?" he agreed, giving Scott a tiny smile. "Green, promise, just…"

"Just what, sweetheart?" Scott asked gently, standing up and leaning in with a soft kiss.

Isaac's eyes fluttered closed. "Definitely not going to keep me calm calm." He grinned mischievously.

"I don't mind that," Scott said, laughing a little. "I just...I want to see what happens when we don't go straight to sex stuff."
Isaac's grin grew. "Yes, sir."

"Keep talking to me, okay?" Scott smiled hopefully. "I want to know what you're feeling."

"Yes, sir." Isaac nodded, tucking his hands into the small of his back without thinking.

Scott shook his head, taking gentle hold of Isaac's left arm and stroking his hands down it, tugging it forward as he did.

Isaac shivered, licking his lips, eyes tracking Scott's hands.

"Talk to me," Scott murmured, one hand cupping Isaac's elbow while the other dragged down his forearm to clasp his hand.

"Feels good," Isaac murmured. "Warm, like warm trails of fire, but I'm not scared of them."

Scott smiled, lifting Isaac's hand to his lips and kissing it softly before letting go.

Isaac let out a soft sigh, letting his hand fall, the other still behind his back, locking his knees so he didn't sway.

"Good," Scott murmured, reaching out for Isaac's other arm, stroking down from the shoulder.

Isaac let Scott guide his arm around to the front, licking his lips as his skin tingled. "Like static."

Scott's touch became a little firmer. "And now?"


"Like chewing gum, hmm?" Scott teased gently, squeezing Isaac's hand and bringing it to his lips for a kiss.

"The burn you have and when you breathe in how it cools at the same time." Isaac smiled, curling his hand around Scott’s.

Scott leaned in for another quick kiss, then freed his hands to cup Isaac's jaw, thumbs stroking over his cheeks.

Isaac leaned into the touch, his breath shuddering as he leaned into it, knees trembling the slightest bit.

"I've got you, sweetheart," Scott murmured, kissing Isaac's forehead. "You're doing well."

Isaac let out a little contented noise at the kiss, his eyes closing.

"Good boy." Scott smiled. "Ready to keep going?"

"Yes, sir." Isaac smiled back, his eyes closing again from where they’d opened at Scott's voice.

"Good boy." Carefully, though still firmly, Scott smoothed his hands down the sides of Isaac's neck, thumbs tracing the line of his throat.

Isaac gasped a little as Scott brushed against his marking, his head tilting back to bare his throat, feeling Scott's fingers drag over skin and collar.
As Scott's hands dragged down Isaac's chest to his belly, he crouched, half-kneeling, so he could reach more easily.

Isaac arched his back into the touch, his thighs quaking as he let out a soft pant, keeping his head tilted back and his eyes closed.

Scott swept his hands up the centre of Isaac's chest, out along his collarbone, and down his sides. "Stay standing, love," he murmured. "That's all you need to do."

"Mmmmmm," Isaac hummed, swaying a bit before he could relock his knees, his skin singing.

"Good," Scott murmured, wrapping his hands around Isaac's left thigh and slowly dragging them down.

Isaac’s knees tried to buckle, but he forced it to straighten, starting to tremble all over. He didn't know why it was affecting him like this.

"Colour, sweetheart?" Scott asked, looking up.

"Green," Isaac answered quickly on a breath.

Scott nodded, stroking his hands down to Isaac's foot, then moving to the top of his other thigh. "Tell me if it's getting too much."

"Yessir." Isaac was shaking a bit, but he was okay, his eyes fluttering.

When Scott was done with Isaac's legs, he stood, moving around behind him and setting his hands on Isaac's shoulders.

Isaac hummed out a tiny moan, tilting his head forward now, feeling loose and pliant.

Scott hummed approvingly, stretching his hands out as he dragged them down Isaac's back to squeeze his ass.

Isaac rocked forward, then back, somehow staying standing.

Scott stepped forward a little, pressing against Isaac's back and wrapping his arms around him. "How do you feel?" he asked softly.


Scott hummed, thinking. "Do you want fast or slow?"

"Slow," Isaac breathed after a moment.

"Alright." Scott tipped his head forward, scraping his teeth over the back of Isaac's shoulder.

Isaac shuddered, gasping. "Please."

"It's alright," Scott murmured, thumb drifting over Isaac's nipple. "I'll give you everything you need. All you have to do is feel."

Isaac gasped, his knees buckling just a bit. "Please," he whispered again, hands scrambling for a hold on Scott.

"Bed, sweetheart," Scott said firmly. "You can crawl."
Isaac moaned, dropping to his hands and knees, and panting as he headed for the bed.

Scott followed behind, stripping off his shirt as he went, and admiring the sway of Isaac's ass.

Isaac paused by the bed, looking over his shoulder to show Scott the hot look he had felt the entire way, then climbing into bed and stretching out.

Scott pushed his sleep pants and boxers off and stepped out of them, eyes tracing Isaac's naked body. "On your side," he said huskily, coming over and getting the lube out of the drawer. "Clasp your hands together and keep them that way."

Isaac shivered at the tone, turning onto his side and twining his fingers together, licking his lips as he watched Scott.

"No, facing away from me," Scott corrected, warming the bottle of lube in his hands. "I want to fuck your thighs. Is that okay?"

Isaac groaned, nodding rapidly as he turned over, the mental image making him shudder.

Scott poured lube into his hand and spread it between Isaac's upper thighs, swallowing hard. "Good boy," he breathed.

Isaac whimpered, spreading his legs a bit as he peeked over his shoulders, licking his lips as his eyes grew darker.

"Keep talking to me if you can," Scott murmured, wiping the last of the lube onto his cock, already hard and eager.

"Yes, sir," Isaac panted, wiggling his hips.

Scott lay down, shifting closer, and sliding his cock forward between Isaac's thighs to nudge his balls.

Isaac gasped softly, shuddering as the feel of Scott sliding between his thighs brought up goosebumps on his already flushing skin.

Scott hummed, wrapping his arm around Isaac to hold him close, knuckles brushing against his cock.

"Oh fuck," Isaac whimpered, his head tilting back as he unconsciously tightened his legs.


"You choose," Isaac moaned, his eyes rolling back a bit at the slip-slide of Scott's cock against his skin. "Because I want both." He let out a bright, breathy laugh.

Scott huffed, sensation driving any thought out of his mind. "I don't know," he admitted.

Isaac tightened his thighs. "Do what your body wants, sir," he breathed.

"Fuck." Scott thrust forward, groaning, and wrapped his hand around Isaac's cock.

Isaac let out a soft whine, his head sliding back against Scott's shoulder as his stomach tightened with a yank.
"Keep talking to me, sweetheart," Scott panted, stroking Isaac's cock in time with his thrusts.

"Wh-why does this feel so g-good?" Isaac whined, moving his hips back against him.

Scott laughed breathlessly. "Sex is supposed to."

"Y-you know what I mean,” Isaac groaned, a small grin on his face.

"Oh?" Scott teased, rolling his hips.

Isaac laughed, crossing his ankles to tighten up a bit more. "Th-thought I was the one supposed to tease you."

Scott groaned. "Jesus, Isaac, please tell me we can do this more often."

"F-fuck yeah,” Isaac groaned. "Adding it to the green list for the paperweight too."

Scott shuddered, the idea sending heat through him like a bolt of lightning. "God," he panted.

"Uh huh. Sounds amazing." Isaac moaned, rolling his hips back.

"Fuck," Scott panted. "I'm close. Do you want to come, or wait?"

"Wait for what?" Isaac groaned, arching his back as one drag put Scott directly behind his balls, making him gasp.

"Dunno," Scott admitted breathlessly, aiming for Isaac's balls again. "I'll think of something."


Scott groaned, letting go of Isaac and pulling back. "Roll onto your back then," he said roughly, fisting his own cock.

Isaac rolled over, his clasped hands going above his head as he spread out.

"So beautiful," Scott breathed, getting up on his knees.

Isaac moaned, spreading himself wider, arching his back.

"Love you," Scott panted, stroking his cock fast and tight. "So much."

Isaac gave him a crooked grin, stretching this way and that to try and tease Scott. "Love you, too,” he whispered, then started to beg the way he knew would drive Scott mad. "Please, sir. Please. Please. I need it. Need to be covered with you. Wanna see it. Please."

Scott groaned, long and low, as his cock began to spurt.

Isaac moaned, licking along his bottom lip, his own cock twitching at the sight.

Scott's come spilled onto Isaac's belly and chest, painting him with splashes of white.

Isaac reached down, swiping at some of it before slipping his fingers into his mouth, eyes dark.

"Fuck," Scott breathed, collapsing down beside him. "I love you."
"Mmm, I love you, too." Isaac turned enough to kiss Scott hungrily.

Scott threaded his fingers through Isaac's hair, tugging hard as he kissed him fiercely.

Isaac made a sound high in his throat, letting Scott ravage his mouth, hands curling around Scott's bicep as he moaned.

"My good boy," Scott breathed. "What do you need, love?"

"You." His voice was breathless, turning onto his side to rock into Scott. "Put me into space. Please, sir. Please."

Scott closed his eyes for a moment as he thought, then pushed Isaac onto his back. "Grab hold of the headboard," he said lowly. "Don't let go, and hold still. Can you do that? Be still for me?"

Isaac let out a tiny groan as he was pushed back, licking his lips and he curled his fingers against the headboard, wide eyes watching Scott. "Yess sir," he breathed. "I'll be good."

Scott guided Isaac into place, stroking his hands down Isaac's arms, his sides, his legs.

Isaac couldn't help the shiver, his mouth falling open in a soft pant, but he managed to stay still.

"Good boy," Scott breathed, scraping his fingernails down Isaac's thighs. "Make noise if you need to."

"Hnnnn," Isaac gasped, his thighs trembling with effort of keeping them still.

Scott got on his belly and brushed his lips over the red marks, his hands exploring upwards.

Isaac whimpered, licking his lips and watching him with dark eyes.

Scott bit down over Isaac's hipbone, worrying the pale skin with his teeth.

Isaac gasped loudly, his eyes rolling back as he tensed to keep himself still.

Delicately, Scott began to trace the lines of come on Isaac's belly with his tongue.

Isaac could only whimper, his cock twitching as he fought to keep still, mouth open in a heavy pant.

"Good boy," Scott breathed, slowly cleaning him up.

Isaac was almost non-verbal by that point, trembling and gasping.

"Colour?" Scott asked softly, brushing his thumb over Isaac's nipple.

"Green," Isaac managed to get out, shuddering as he almost arched up.

Scott pressed down gently, holding Isaac in place. "Stay still," he reminded him gently. "I know you can."

Isaac let out a high whine. "Yessir."

Kissing Isaac's belly in reward, Scott tweaked his nipple as well.

Sucking in a breath, Isaac froze, moaning long and slow as he slipped under.
"There you go," Scott murmured, rolling Isaac's nipple between his fingers. "You're doing so well, love."

Isaac whined high in his throat, pressing as much into the touch as he could without moving.

Scott reached up with his other hand to give Isaac's other nipple the same treatment. "Good boy," he praised softly.

Isaac curled his fingers tighter around the headboard, pleading wordlessly, his stomach aching.

Smiling a little, Scott nuzzled lower, his nose brushing against Isaac's cock.

Isaac gasped, his cock twitching hard as he shuddered.

Scott moved lower still, mouthing at Isaac's balls.

"Please," Isaac whined. "Please, sir."

Scott just wrapped his lips around Isaac's balls, humming a little.

Crying out, Isaac shuddered. "Please! Close, please!"

Scott pulled back slightly. "Whenever you're ready," he promised, then took the tip of Isaac's cock into his mouth and suckled gently.

Isaac cried out, tightening his fingers. He wouldn't last much longer...but he wanted to keep feeling Scott.

Scott swirled his tongue around the head, rubbing Isaac's nipples at the same time and humming encouragement.

Isaac let out a sharp cry, coming hard as he arched his back, unable to keep from moving as tremors wracked his body, whines leaving him with each pant.

Scott swallowed Isaac's come as it flooded into his mouth, licking Isaac's cock clean before pulling up. "Sweetheart?"

Isaac panted, still whining softly he finished settling down, rolling his head to look at Scott with dark, glazed eyes.

Scott smiled softly, moving up the bed and lying down by Isaac's side. "You can move now," he murmured, reaching up to unwrap Isaac's hands from the headboard.

Isaac flexed his fingers, curling them around Scott's hands, turning toward him to press closer.

"Such a good boy," Scott murmured, bringing Isaac's hands to his chest and hooking one leg over Isaac's hip. "I love you."

Isaac settled even closer with a small sigh of contentment, pressing against him and nuzzling close. "Love."

Scott smiled, playing idly with Isaac's hair. "My good boy," he murmured. "Rest now."

"Kay," Isaac breathed, leaning into the hand in his hair and closing his eyes, drifting slowly.
"Good boy," Scott said again, soothing him down.

A while later, Isaac sucked in a deep breath, blinking dazedly up at Scott as he gained more awareness. "Sir..."

Scott hummed absently, still stroking Isaac's hair.

Isaac gave Scott a small smile, kissing his cheek. "I love you."

"I love you, too," Scott said, smiling warmly. "How are you feeling?"

"Good." Isaac licked his lips. "Thirsty, but really good. Settled."

"I'd better get you some water then," Scott murmured, cupping Isaac's cheek.

Isaac let out a soft, happy sound as he nuzzled into the hand. "Mmkay." He still felt slow, sated and comfortable.

Scott leaned in, kissing him softly. "I'll be right back," he promised.

Isaac leaned into the kiss, then nodded, curling up around Scott's pillow with a hum.

Scott extricated himself carefully and got up, getting water for both of them.

By the time Scott came back, Isaac was sitting up, his curls ruffled and sticking out every which way, lips bruised from kissing and chewing, and a grin spread across his face.

"Hi love," Scott said fondly, passing Isaac his glass. "Your hair looks like you stuck a finger in a light socket."

"Hmm?" Isaac blinked, glancing over at the mirror on the back of the closet door, laughing brightly. "Oh god, I look like Einstein."

Scott snorted. "You look ridiculous," he agreed fondly. "Want me to get a comb?"

"Later." Isaac grinned, running his hands carefully through his hair.

Scott leaned over and kissed Isaac's cheek, smiling at him. "It's up to you."

Eventually Scott got up, leaving Isaac laughing on the bed, dangling a string off the side for Hana to play with - still nude, hair still a mess.

"Are you getting dressed?" Scott asked, slipping a shirt on. "Or are you staying nude today?"

"You like it," Isaac said smugly, then added., "No itch."

"Fair enough," Scott agreed, leaning over to kiss Isaac's forehead. "Good thing Janet won't be able to see you over the phone."

"Yay phones." Isaac laughed, leaning into the kiss. "Hmm, I might ask the therapist about why I get so itchy with clothes and certain fabrics."
Scott smiled, glad Isaac could anticipate conversations with a therapist that weren't too...fraught. "Do you want to shower before you call?"

"Hmmm. Nah." Isaac shook his head, curls flying. "I'll take one after."

"Up to you," Scott agreed. "Want me to grab your phone?"

"Yes, please. I think it's on the coffee table still." Isaac smiled, flopping onto his back.

"Got it."

-----

Scott took one look at Isaac after his appointment and wrapped him up in a hug. "You okay, sweetheart?" he said softly.

Isaac nodded, then shook his head rapidly, eyes welling back up when he'd just managed to get them to stop. "Safe," he whispered softly. "I'm safe."

"You are," Scott promised, reaching up to stroke Isaac's hair. "You're safe with me."

Isaac hid his face in Scott's neck, shivering softly. He didn't even see the attendant slide up to them, pressing an appointment card into Scott's hand for his next one before smiling sadly at them and walking quietly away. "Sir. Sir, please."

"It's alright," Scott murmured. "I've got you, I'll keep you safe. We'll go home soon, as soon as you're ready."

Isaac sucked in a hiccuping breath. "Wanna go home," he whispered, though his grip on Scott didn't loosen in the slightest.

"We will." Scott rubbed Isaac's back slowly. "Deep breaths now, can you do that?"

Isaac nodded his head, slowly starting to try and regulate his breathing, his body trembling. "Sorry."

"No need to be sorry," Scott reassured him gently. "You're doing very well."

Isaac kept his eyes lowered to Scott's shoulder, refusing to look up. "Sorry." He shuddered. "H-home? Please sir."

"We can go home," Scott agreed softly. "Can you let go of me a little so we can walk to the car?"

Isaac let out a high whine, even as he forced his fingers to loosen, stepping back a little and keeping his eyes on the floor. "Please."

"Good boy," Scott said firmly, wrapping his arm around Isaac's shoulders and gently leading him towards the door. It hurt to see him like this, and he couldn't help wondering if this distress was necessary, if they'd made the wrong choice.

Isaac kept his eyes down, soaking up the praise like a sponge, though he was still shivering. He stayed silent until they were in the car, already curling up as much as he could in his seat.

"That's it," Scott encouraged him softly. "You're being so good, sweetheart, I'm proud of you. Can you look at me, love?"

It took Isaac a full minute to get his eyes all the way up to Scott's face. His face was paler than before
the appointment, his lips chewed on and his curls wide around his face from his hands running through them. "Sir."

"Good boy," Scott said proudly, smiling widely at him. "That's wonderful, sweetheart."

Isaac's lips twitched into a tiny smile, though it didn't reach his eyes, his bottom lip tucking into his teeth.

Scott reached out to cup Isaac's cheek. "Are you ready for me to focus on driving for a bit?"

Isaac sucked in a breath, nuzzling into the hand before nodding, tugging his legs close to his chest.

"My brave good boy," Scott soothed him. "Thank you, love."

Isaac gave him another tiny smile at the praise, curling up in his spot, scooting as close to Scott as he could before pressing his eyes to his knees.

Scott tried to focus on driving, but he couldn't help his frequent worried glances at Isaac.

"I'm safe," Isaac murmured. "I'm safe. He's not going to hurt me anymore. Scott has me. Sir has me. I'm safe. I'm a sub, that's okay, that's not bad, not like He said. I'm safe. I'm wanted." He kept up the mantra, repeating to himself to try and help calm himself down.

"You're my sub," Scott agreed quietly. "I want you. I love you. You're safe."

"I-I..." Isaac hiccuped, tears running down his face. "I'm loved. I'm wanted, I'm a sub. That's okay, my Dom loves me. Scott loves me."

"I love you," Scott repeated, his throat tight. "Do you need me to stop the car? So I can hold you?"

Isaac shook his head, sobbing quietly. "Wanna be home. D-don't wanna stop to drive again."

Scott nodded jerkily. "Okay," he conceded. "I'm sorry."

"N-no sorry." Isaac sniffled, peeking up at him with red rimmed eyes. "Why sorry?"

"I'm sorry I can't fix it," Scott explained, his voice rough. "I'm sorry it takes so long to get home. I'm sorry talking to someone upset you so much."

Isaac shook his head. "You're helping," he murmured, his own voice shaky. "A-and it wasn't b-bad till the end. W-wanna see her again. Wanna get b-better."

"You're sure?" Scott asked worriedly.

Isaac nodded, giving him a trembling smile. "J-just...."

"It's just hard," Scott guessed. "Isaac, I am so, so proud of you, okay?"

Isaac sniffled. "W-want to make you proud more. N-need you."

"You've got me," Scott promised. "You're my good, brave boy, and I'm yours."

Isaac nodded, hugging his legs tighter as he saw their building come up. He wasn't chanting to himself anymore, but he was still crying a bit.
As soon as the car was parked Scott threw off his seatbelt so he could take Isaac in his arms.

Isaac clung to him, his tears falling rapidly. "Sir...sir..."


"I-I'm okay," Isaac whispered, sniffling, trying more to convince himself than Scott. "I'll be okay," he changed it to, nodding a bit.

"You'll be okay," Scott confirmed softly. "Do you want to come inside now, so you can wash your face and stuff?"

Isaac nodded, though he tightened his grip. "I'm sorry," he whispered.


Isaac nodded, clinging for a moment before breathing and forcing himself from the car.

Scott weighed his options, and decided that getting inside quickly was more important than comforting Isaac on the way up. He rushed to lock the car and hurried up to their apartment, not relaxing until the door was safely closed and locked behind them.

As soon as the door was closed, Isaac was tugging off his clothes, almost ripping his shirt in his haste to get the itchy material off. "Sir," he breathed, voice wet, but he wasn't crying. He wasn't as upset as he'd been before; now he was just needy. Needed to be reminded that he wasn't alone. Because though he knew it logically, it still plagued him.

Hana trotted up to them and mewed loudly, but Scott ignored her, getting his shoes off and emptying his pockets as quickly as he could. "I'm here," he said as he stood back up, opening his arms. "Come here, love."

Isaac stumbled into Scott's arms, pressing as close as he possibly could, sending his pants sliding across the floor.

"That's it, you're safe now," Scott murmured, rubbing Isaac's back. "You're home."

Isaac buried his face in Scott's neck, breathing him in as he slowly relaxed. "Yours. Please. Yours."

Scott bit his lip as he realised how the reassurance Isaac needed had changed since the car. "Mine," he agreed, slipping his fingers up under Isaac's hair to tug at his collar. "My wonderful boy. Love you so much."

Isaac's eyes fluttered a bit as he sucked in a breath. "Yours. I'm sorry I'm sorry sir."

"Why are you sorry, sweetheart?" Scott asked gently.

"I'm sorry I'm like this." Isaac swallowed hard. "That I'm so broken. I'm trying to put myself back together."

"Oh, Isaac," Scott breathed. "Look at me, sweetheart?"

Isaac peeked up at him, his eyes still red, but no longer teary.
Scott kissed his forehead tenderly. "You aren't broken," he insisted softly. "You're - you're wounded, and you're healing. But I would still love you if you were healing for the rest of your life. Got it?"

Isaac shifted, biting at his lower lip to keep it from wobbling. "Promise?" he asked, his voice tiny as he clung to Scott, hands sliding up the sides of Scott's shirt.

"I promise," Scott said firmly.

Isaac's lip ended up trembling anyway. "I want to heal," he whispered. "I hate the hold he still has on me. I hate that I panic at raised voices, at angry tones. I just..." He sighed, dropping his head forward. "I want to be yours. Completely."

"You are mine," Scott insisted, struggling to figure out what to say. "Look, am I less yours because there are bits of me that are because of Stiles, or my mom?"

Isaac shook his head, digging his fingers lightly into Scott's skin. "My Dom. My boyfriend."

"Exactly," Scott said firmly. "Being shaped by the people in your life is normal, whether they're good or bad. It doesn't make you less mine."

"Don't like having to think twice to make sure something we do won't trigger me," Isaac whispered, almost petulant. "I want to be okay with more than I am. Things that I think would be cool but when I think too hard on them, I get flashbacks. I want to get promoted and be able to handle the asshole customers, I want to not feel that sliver of panic run through me after I say something snarky and teasing that makes someone pause one millisecond too long."

Scott sighed, rubbing Isaac's back. "I know," he said softly. "I know, love."

Isaac nuzzled into Scott's neck, nipping lightly after a moment. "The s-session wasn't a bad one," he whispered. "Just at the end it got tough on me, talking about things I wanted to work through."

Isaac nodded a little. "And you think she's the right person to help you?"

Isaac thought over the visit carefully for a moment. "I think so."

"Okay." Scott hugged Isaac closer for a second. "Are you hungry?"

Isaac shifted in place, his cheeks pink. "Yeah," he admitted softly, not meaning food. Sure, he probably needed to eat....

Scott started to move towards the kitchen, then realized the double meaning of what he'd said. "...you mean bedroom-type hungry, don't you?"

Isaac let out an almost hysterical giggle. "Yes. But I should probably eat something too." He lifted his hands to show that they were shaking bad.

"Food first," Scott said with a frown, taking Isaac's hands in his and kissing them. "Come on. Do you want anything in particular?"

Isaac shook his head. "Grilled cheese or something like it? Don't want too much."

"Grilled cheese is fine," Scott agreed, leading Isaac to the kitchen and sitting him down at the bench.
"Are you thirsty, too? You've been crying a lot."

Isaac nodded. "Do we have any more Powerade?" he asked softly, curling up a bit on his seat.

Scott smiled at him. "Good idea," he said, grabbing a glass from the top cupboard. "I think so."

Isaac watched Scott putter around the kitchen, his hands shaking. "I l-love you."

"I love you, too," Scott replied warmly, passing Isaac the full glass. "When you're done with that, go wash your face, okay?"

"Yes, sir," Isaac breathed, relaxing just a touch at the order before starting to drink, forcing himself to go slow.

Scott smiled and started on the grilled cheeses.

After drinking his Powerade, Isaac stumbled off to wash his face, breathing deeply.

With Isaac out of the room, Scott took a few moments to just...process. He knew they would get through this, that Isaac's anxiety and distress would pass, but that didn't make it much easier when they were still in the middle.

Isaac came back feeling a bit better already, though he still pressed as close as he could to Scott.

"Hi, love," Scott said gently. "You okay?"

"Getting better,\" Isaac murmured, nuzzling close.

Scott smiled, turning his head to brush his lips past Isaac's cheek. "Go sit down, now. The sandwiches are just about done."

Isaac leaned into the affection, returning with a soft "Yessir."

"Good boy," Scott murmured. He served the sandwiches onto a plate, then, after a moment's thought, cut them into squares. "I'd like to hand-feed you,\" he explained, coming over and sitting down next to Isaac. "Can I?"

"Please,\" Isaac nodded, shifting on his chair - wanting to slide to his knees.

Scott guessed the reason for Isaac's fidgeting and nodded. "Let's go to the sofa,\" he suggested, getting up and grabbing the plate. "The floor's not good for kneeling in here."

Isaac flushed, but hurriedly stood and followed Scott into the living room. "Sorry."

"No apology needed,\" Scott insisted, sitting down and spreading his legs for Isaac to kneel between.

Isaac gave him a small smile, kneeling in the space provided, hands lightly on Scott's knees.

Scott smiled back, offering Isaac a square of grilled cheese. "Good boy."

Isaac relaxed a bit, taking the grilled cheese and chewing slowly.

It took a while to get through the whole sandwich, but Scott didn't mind. He was just glad to see Isaac feeling better.
By the time the sandwich was gone, Isaac's head was resting on Scott's inner thigh, shoulders a lot looser than before hand, though he was still anxious.

"How are you feeling?" Scott asked gently.

"Better than I was," Isaac murmured, giving him a smile. It still wasn't very big, but it was getting there.

Scott smiled back. "That's really good, sweetheart."

Isaac pressed closer, his face in Scott's stomach.

"I love you," Scott murmured, stroking Isaac's hair. "I just want you to be okay."

"I love you, too," Isaac whispered. "I will be."

"I'm so proud of how brave you were today," Scott said quietly.

Isaac smiled up at Scott through his curls. "Want to always make you proud."

"I'm sure you always will," Scott replied, smiling back. "Can you tell me what you need right now?"


"We can do that," Scott agreed quietly. "Shall we go to the bedroom?"

Isaac nodded, cheeks pink as he stood slowly.

Scott smiled, tugging him into a quick hug. "Love you."

"I love you, too." Isaac pressed to him, kissing along his jaw, then led him into the bedroom.

Chapter End Notes

In case it wasn't blatantly obvious, we're big fans of counselling. Isaac has a rough time with his first appointment because it's hard talking about the things that cause you distress, but it's still going to help. If you're having a bad time, talk to someone - even us, if you want to.

Don't forget next chapter is the last for guaranteed Seeker replies ;) I, of course, randomly message back, and am gathering Q&As for the mini thing talking about this world we built, though that's not to say you'll never hear from seeker. She likes to pop in like a daisy LOL <3 -Kattseye (Dear god, someone send a lot of coffee, my 3 month old is driving me insane)

Thanks to our beta Chicktar, and to all our lovely readers (especially the ones who comment!)
Ordinary Days

Chapter Summary

(Different summary format this week :)

In our hundredth chapter, we take a look at the ordinary days of Stiles and Derek, Scott and Isaac, John and Melissa, and Laura and Jordan

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Stiles hummed as he finished up the breakfast dishes, his head tilting a bit as he took stock of himself, to see if the minimum level of cleaning will help the itch that still popped up. He looked up, smiling widely as Derek walked into the kitchen. "You're almost done with your book, right?"

"I'd better be," Derek replied, smiling back. He came around the kitchen bench and wrapped his arm around Stiles' waist, dropping a kiss on the top of his head. "It's due Monday." And if it wasn't quite as close to done as he'd like, well...that problem could wait.

Stiles let out a contented noise, leaning into him. "Good!" he grinned. "I have a surprise for you." Turning, he kissed Derek's cheek.

Derek leaned into the kiss, feeling warm. "And how are you doing, love?" he asked. "Now you've sent that last batch of orders off, do you think you'll have enough stock for the market next month?"

Stiles nuzzled Derek's cheek for a bit, mentally doing calculations. "I think so. I'll just need to restock the baby blankets, but that won't take me long at all."

"Well done," Derek praised. "I think I'll need my study to myself this afternoon, but we'll see how it goes."

"Oh?" Stiles blinked. "You okay? Or just going to try and pump out the ending?"

"I'm fine," Derek promised, giving Stiles a reassuring smile. "I just need to focus, and you can be distracting - in the best of ways."

Stiles gave him a small grin. "Sometimes on purpose," he admitted.

Derek raised his eyebrows. "Oh, I know, love," he agreed. "So let me work between lunch and dinner and then we'll see how we are? You can come get me if you need me, though."

"You like it when I'm a tease," Stiles pointed out, then nodded. "Yes sir. I'll probably work on fixing the inventory and making sure I have things ready for the market."

"Sounds good," Derek agreed. "Shall we do your tallies after dinner?"

Stiles grinned, nodding. "That way if we end up doing something, it'll be after your book is done," he laughed.
"Maybe not quite done," Derek warned, "but I'll at least have a better idea of how much I need to do in the next couple of days."

Stiles nodded, giving him a tiny mischievous smile. "I can work on your surprise, too!"

Derek laughed. "Alright, love. I'll be looking forward to it."

-----

Stiles grinned to himself, packing up the box yet again, looking through the things he’d bought and made for it. A soft blanket, a bag of Derek's favorite candy, some peppermints, CDs of music he knew would calm his Dom down, and a huge t-shirt that would swamp even Derek (one Stiles had been secretly wearing while Derek worked to soak it in his scent). He closed the box, satisfied, and finished off the decoration on the lid. "Done!" he breathed, covering it with another blanket until he could give it to Derek. Time to start dinner.

Derek shook his head as he forced himself to close his browser again and return his attention to his manuscript. He'd made good progress this afternoon, but his attention was flagging. Time for a break. He stood up and stretched, rolling his shoulders back, then stuck his head out the door. "Stiles?" he called.

"In the kitchen, sir!" Stiles called back.

Derek smiled and headed down the stairs. "Making dinner?" he asked when he got to the kitchen.

"Thank you, sweetheart."

Stiles looked up as he finished sliding the pot pies in the oven, beaming. He quickly washed his hands before going up to hug Derek. "It'll take almost an hour," he warned. "But yes."

"I'm sure it'll be lovely," Derek said fondly. "I'm not hungry yet, just taking a break."

"Good thing it'll take a while then," Stiles teased, grinning and kissing his cheek. "Want your surprise?"

Derek smiled warmly. "I'd love to see it, sweetheart."

Stiles' lit up, grinning and tugging Derek into the living room. "Sit down, I'll get it, sir!" He hurried upstairs, getting the comfort box and carefully carrying it down. "Close your eyes, please!" he called.

"Blegh, that felt weird." Stiles wrinkled his nose, laughing as he put the box on the coffee table and curled close to Derek. "Okay! Open, please!"

Derek opened his eyes and blinked. "That's a big box, querido," he commented, surprised.

Stiles just beamed at him, pointing to where he'd drawn and written on it in Sharpies.

"A comfort box, sweetheart?" Derek asked, leaning forward to take the lid off.

"Uh huh," Stiles murmured, almost shy now as he watched Derek.

Derek smiled softly, reaching out to cup Stiles' cheek. "Do you want to tell me about the things you chose?"

Stiles nuzzled into his palm, flushed softly. "Things you like," he murmured. "Candy and
peppermints to help soothe you, a blanket to hide in, and other things too. Just...I wanna see your face."

"Alright," Derek agreed softly, smiling.

Stiles was still pink, but he grinned, excited to see Derek's reactions.

Derek smiled back, reaching into the box to pull out the bundle of dark green fabric at the top. "I recognise this," he said thoughtfully, unfolding the blanket to reveal the whole thing. "I've seen you working on it. You made this for me?"

Stiles nodded, giving him a tiny grin. "I figured out a way on how to make little pockets in a few spots to stick lavender sachets in. Which I have some in there somewhere too, I just didn't put any in the blanket yet. They're almost like tiny bean bags, too, so they'll weigh it down a bit, because that's supposed to help anxiety and such."

Derek's face softened, and he leaned in to kiss Stiles' cheek. "That's very thoughtful of you, sweetheart," he murmured. "This must have taken you a while."

Stiles nodded, reaching out to trace one of the leaf designs he had made in the pattern that actually were the pockets. He smiled, kissing Derek's cheek in return. "Worth every second."

"Thank you," Derek said, settling the blanket over their laps and reaching back into the box, pulling out a CD case.

Stiles smiled shyly. "There's a bunch of mix CDs in there, as well as a few of those weird calming ones like rainstorms and forest noises and flutes....""Is that so, sweetheart?" Derek said, smiling.

Stiles' shy smile just grew into a small grin. "Yes, sir," he murmured, that name, as always, making his heart soar. "I wasn't sure which ones might help calm you down more, so I got a bunch of different ones."

Derek frowned curiously. "What's the occasion, love?" he asked, rummaging in the box for the rest of the CDs and making a stack of them.

Stiles tilted his head. "I was trying to think of ways to help you on days where your brain won't leave you alone. I asked Theresa if there was something that could possibly help someone that went into bad mental spots sometimes. Tried to keep it general... She said that she's heard good things about comfort boxes."

"And have you made yourself a comfort box?" Derek asked, touched by the gesture.

Stiles flushed, shaking his head. "No, sir. Hadn't thought about it really. Just...wanted to help you." The thought honestly hadn't even occurred to him, a small, shy smile on his face.

Derek shook his head, smiling. "Well, next we can start collecting things for yours, okay?"

Stiles nodded, giving him another quick grin.

"Good boy," Derek said, reaching into the box again. His hand hit fabric, and he pulled out...a t-shirt?
Stiles flushed, fidgeting. "Yeah, uh..." he flushed darker. "It smells like me?"

"Smells like you?" Derek asked, bringing it to his nose and taking a sniff.

Stiles gave him a shy smile. "Yeah, I've worn it secretly the past week or so, usually while I was in the craft room and you in the office. I know scents can be reassuring..."

Derek unfolded it and raised his eyebrows. "Sweetheart, how big do you think I am?" he asked.

"Big shirts are comfy," Stiles insisted, a lopsided grin on his face.

Derek laughed, looking Stiles over. "I can tell you think so," he said.

Stiles grinnen, wearing one of his own bigger shirts, one side tucked into the waistband of his cargo shorts. "Besides, you should have seen me in it, it was like I was a dwarf!"

Derek hugged Stiles around the shoulders. "I appreciate the thought."

Stiles smiled, hugging back tightly.

Derek set the shirt aside and reached into the box again, pulling out a packet of candy this time.

Stiles grinned. "That's your favorite, right, sir?"

"It's my favourite," Derek reassured him. "When did you buy all these?"

"Sneaky." Stiles grinned. "And internets!"

Derek laughed. "You're cute, sweetheart," he commented.

Stiles flushed. "I did it all online so I could sneak it past you." He gave Derek a shy grin. "Except the blanket, of course."

"Which you hid in plain sight, because you're always making things," Derek said, smiling warmly.

"Yup!" Stiles grinned. "The hardest one was hiding the boxes of teas, honestly."

"There's tea in here?" Derek asked, tipping the box so he could look at the things in the bottom.

Stiles giggled. "Yup! I found some that I thought you might like, including some that are supposed to boost your mood and calm you down, too."

"Thank you, sweetheart," Derek said, sorting through what was there. "This is all very thoughtful of you."

Stiles leaned against him, smiling. "I know sometimes bad days happen. But hopefully this'll help where I can't?"

Something about that phrasing didn't sit quite right with Derek, but he smiled back. "I love you, querido. Thank you."

"I love you, too," Stiles beamed.

Derek leaned in and kissed Stiles softly. "Ready for your tallies, sweetheart?"
Stiles shifted, kissing back before smiling. "Let me go check on dinner and get my board."

Derek laughed a little. "I forgot about dinner," he admitted. "Oops."

Stiles laughed brightly, kissing him again firmly. "That's okay!" he promised. "It might be done."

"Well, if it's going to take less than fifteen minutes, we'll do dinner first," Derek said firmly, grinning.

"Yes, sir!" Stiles gave him a playful salute, grinning wildly at Derek before sauntering into the kitchen, laughing as the timer went off as soon as he got to it.

"I guess that answers that question," Derek said, following behind. "I'll set the table."

"Thank you!" Stiles beamed, reaching into the oven to carefully take out the pan so it could cool a bit.

It wasn't for another hour or so that they got back to the tally board - they lingered over dinner, and had a couple of brownies for dessert that they'd made together earlier in the week, and then they had to do the dishes. But they did eventually get to it. "Come and kneel, sweetheart," Derek told Stiles, sitting down.

Stiles walked over, kissing his cheek before kneeling on his knees, kissing Derek's knee. "Love you."

"Love you, too," Derek said, tapping the 'good' column. "Tell me what these are for."

"Remembering my meds, bed times, and the days that I ask for help when I need it." Stiles smiled. Derek nodded. "And there's, hmm, twelve? How would you like to use those, sweetheart? Small rewards or a big one?"

"Hmmm." Stiles nuzzled Derek's knee. "Do you have an idea for a big one?" he asked shyly.

"No," Derek admitted, "but I could think of something if you wanted."

Stiles eyes lit up. "Yes, please!" he grinned. "I like it when you think of things for us to do. Or for me."

Derek laughed. "Well, let me think about it for a little bit and I'll tell you later. You probably deserve at least one small reward too, you know."

Stiles flushed, giving him a tiny smile, kissing his knee. "Um..."

"Yes?" Derek asked, cupping Stiles' cheek.

"Can I have a new pair of panties? I was looking and I found some I kinda like..." Stiles flushed.

"Good boy for asking," Derek praised, smiling. "I think that sounds lovely. Do you want me to buy them for you, or will you buy them yourself?"

"I'll buy them." Stiles grinned. "I want them to be a surprise for you!"

"Alright," Derek agreed warmly. "I look forward to seeing them. Well done with everything this week."
Stiles beamed, hugging Derek's leg. He eyed the other column, frowning softly. Sure, there wasn't very many, but that didn't mean he liked the bad tally column anyway.

Derek stroked Stiles' hair gently. "Are you ready to look at the others now, chiquito?" he asked softly.

Stiles leaned into the touch, letting out a soft sigh. "Yessir." It'd be better once they were taken care of.

"Good boy," Derek praised. "Now then, tell me what these are for."

"Not sleeping," Stiles murmured. "And the day that I messed up and cleaned all day without telling or asking you to help."

"I want you to know that I don't blame you for making mistakes," Derek said gently, as he always did. "You're my good boy. Is five spanks per tally fair?"

"Yes sir," Stiles whispered, hugging his leg tighter. He still didn't like spankings. Though that was the point, wasn't it?

"That's my brave boy," Derek murmured. "Up on my knee, when you're ready."

Stiles took a steadying breath, standing up to lay over his Dom's lap, cheeks bright red as he clung to his ankle with one hand, the other grabbing at the couch.

"Good boy," Derek reassured him. "I'll spank you over your pants this time, since everything was mild, okay? Count for me as I go, and say sorry after each one."

Stiles nodded. "Yes, sir," he whispered, tears already starting to well up in his eyes. He didn't like spankings, didn't like being bad, but he was human.

"That's my boy," Derek murmured, rubbing Stiles' ass for a moment before lifting his hand and bringing it down.

Stiles was crying by swat four. And by swat ten, he was openly sobbing, twisting in Derek's lap as the fifteenth fell, already clinging to his Dom. "I'm sorry, sir!" he slurred out one last time.

Derek kept his face blank during the spanking itself, hiding his own feelings. But as soon as it was over, he hurried to gather Stiles into his arms, holding him close and murmuring reassurances. "My good boy, you're forgiven now, I love you, it's over, you were so good..."

Stiles clung tightly, slowly calming as he shivered. "I'm sorry," he whispered again. "I try, so hard. I just..."

"You just make mistakes," Derek finished quietly, rubbing Stiles' back soothingly. "Just like everyone. But it's over now, love. You're forgiven. You're my good boy."


"You're my wonderful, perfect boy, who is allowed to make mistakes," Derek reassured him softly. "I will always forgive you, sweetheart."

Stiles pressed a tiny smile to Derek's shoulder, hugging him tightly as he slowly stopped shaking.
"Yours," he whispered. "I am sorry, though," he murmured. "I try so hard, I just can't seem to not mess up at least once..."

"Sweetheart, I don't expect you to be perfect," Derek explained gently. "Everyone makes mistakes."

"I know. I just...I want to have it at least once, where I don't earn any bad tallies," Stiles admitted. "Just once. Like a kid really wanting straight A's just once, to prove that they could."

"How about, once my manuscript is in, I help you with that and we see if you can get a perfect week?" Derek suggested.

Stiles peeked up, chewing on his lips. "Really?"

"Of course I'll help you," Derek said instantly. "Why wouldn't I?"

Stiles flushed. "Dunno, just...surprised?"

Derek frowned. "Sweetheart, I don't like punishing you," he said. "The rules we have, they're to help you, or they're for us both to enjoy. I want you to do well, too."

Stiles gave him a tiny smile. "Thank you."

"You don't have to thank me," Derek said softly, leaning in for a kiss.

Stiles happily leaned in for a kiss, pressing close.

Derek smiled into the kiss as well, holding Stiles close, one hand slipping under his shirt. "Now, how shall we occupy ourselves until bedtime, hmm?"

Stiles grinned, slipping over to straddle Derek's lap, nuzzling his jaw. "Any ideas?" he teased.

"Well, I think you deserve something special for being so thoughtful with my comfort box," Derek said, his eyes glinting. "How about you choose a toy for us to play with?"

Stiles flushed, grinning wider. "Hmmm. What's one we haven't used in a while?"

Derek smirked. "Let's go have a look, shall we?"

Stiles just grinned, tugging on Derek's hand before sliding from his lap.

-----

Isaac groaned, one hand reaching out to smack along the nightstand for the alarm, not wanting to leave where he was curled up in Scott's arms. "Ugh. Work," he grumbled.

Scott made a disgruntled noise, only half-awake. Isaac had to get up far too early for the morning shift.

Isaac groaned again, nuzzling Scott's jaw. "I know, I'm sorry," he murmured, kissing Scott's cheek before starting to wiggle out from his arms. "I'll make some extra bacon for you for when you wake up. I love you."
"L'v'oo," Scott mumbled, flopping onto his back, screwing his eyes tighter shut as he tried to make himself sink deeper asleep.

Isaac stifled a laugh, making sure the blinds were firmly closed, then heading to the shower. He took a quick one before making breakfast and quietly tugging on his work clothes, grinning as he put the extra bacon in the microwave to keep it away from Hana.

Scott drifted for about half an hour, but he didn't really fall back to sleep. Goodbye kisses were important.

Isaac fed Hana before slipping back into the bedroom, walking up and running his fingers through Scott's hair. "Love you," he murmured.

Scott blinked his eyes open, squinting in the near darkness. "Love you, too," he mumbled. "Kiss?"

"Duh," Isaac teased. "Can't brave work without my kiss." Isaac bent over, kissing him firmly.

Scott licked into Isaac's mouth, reaching up to catch him around the neck and hold him there for a moment. "Love you," he said again, when they broke apart. "Be good today."

Isaac let out a soft pant, grinning as they broke apart. "Sir, yes, sir," he joked. "Love you, Scott. Bacon's in the microwave so Hana won't eat it."

"Thanks, love," Scott said with a smile.

Isaac beamed, kissing him again before heading out.

-----

Work was busy, like normal. You'd think people would go to the other Starbucks in that block, but apparently that one was special. When Isaac was finally able to take his lunch break, he pulled out his phone, sending Scott a picture of his lunch, followed by Chinese tonight for dinner? or that frozen pasta casserole thing?

Scott felt his phone buzz in his pocket as his lab was wrapping up, and pulled it out happily, smiling at Isaac's message. We should probably eat the pasta casserole, he replied. Chinese tomorrow? <3

Hell yeah, all the chinese tomorrow! Eggrolls my love, I shall come for youuuuuu <3 Isaac grinned, looking around before he sent another text. After I ride you through the bed anyway, Scott :P

Scott laughed, his cheeks hot at Isaac's suggestion. Up to you, love. I've gotta go to class again - see you tonight!

Or I might move that to tonight.......I'm thinking both :) Isaac laughed brightly, slipping his phone into his pocket before heading back for the last hour he had to work.

-----

Eventually, Scott reached the end of his day. He didn't work long shifts, because of class, but added on to school, it made for long hours. Not that he didn't like the work... It was good for his career, too, and for their bank account. Even with rent from the Lahey house coming in, he wouldn't feel stable until he had a long-term job. Still, he'd rather be home with Isaac. Once he got into the swing of things, he didn't mind, though - he loved the animals, and he liked Dr Prahin. He was actually surprised when he realised it was time to clock off and head home.
Isaac bolted from the kitchen when Scott knocked, grinning as he skidded into the entryway to pull the door open. "Hi!" he breathed, tugging Scott in and laughing.

Scott laughed a little as well, hurrying to shut the door so Hana wouldn't get out. "Hi, sweetheart," he said tiredly, dropping his backpack on the floor. "Good day?"

"Much better now." Isaac grinned, waiting until the backpack was on the floor before flinging his arms around Scott's shoulders, hugging him tightly.

Scott hugged Isaac around the waist and leaned his head against his shoulder, slumping a little. "It's good to be home," he murmured.

"Long day?" Isaac murmured, nuzzling into him, a smile curling his mouth.

"Long day," Scott agreed.

Isaac hummed, nudging at Scott's cheek until he could get him to look up, then kissing him hard.

Scott melted into the kiss, closing his eyes.

Isaac deepened the kiss, flushed as he shifted so he was braced against the wall, licking into Scott's mouth almost hesitantly.

Scott hummed, encouraging Isaac, enjoying the moment.

Isaac slid his hands into Scott's hair, sucking his tongue into his mouth, rocking his hips up absently.

Scott was just getting into it when Hana butted against his leg, meowing insistently.

Isaac laughed suddenly, tugging at Scott's lip with his teeth before looking down. "Attention hog," he murmured fondly.

Scott crouched down to scoop her up, smiling. "You're getting big," he said warmly.

Hana purred happily, nuzzling his chin.

"Yeah, a big attention hog." Isaac tugged lightly on Hana's tail, laughing at her unamused glance.

"Aww, don't be mean," Scott cooed. "She loves us."

"She does, but doesn't mean she's not a brat." Isaac grinned, scratching her behind an ear.

"All cats are like that," Scott said fondly. "If you couldn't like that, you wouldn't like cats. Come on, let's go sit down."

"Hmmmm, true," Isaac hummed, leading the way to the living room. "Dinner still has about an hour or so."

"Let's watch an episode of something, then," Scott suggested, letting Hana down and collapsing onto the couch. "Here, come cuddle."

Isaac flopped half on Scott, nuzzling close and handing him the remote. "Yesssss."

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"Aaaaaaaaaaand now I'm full." Isaac groaned, pushing his plate away, laughing at Hana who had
tried to swipe at it from her position on one of the extra chairs. "None for you."

"Kitties who eat too much people food get fat and lazy." Scott told her, his mouth twitching as he scratched behind her ears. "I'll get you a fish treat, though."

Hana purred, swishing her tail side to side as she turned to look at the shelf they kept the treats on, having heard the word.

"Smart cat," Isaac laughed. "You get her the treat, I'll wash the dishes?"

"You cooked," Scott countered, standing up. "I'll get the dishes started."

"Kay. Then I'll get Mizz Prissy-Butt her treats," Isaac laughed, picking Hana up and heading to the cabinet.

"Just one," Scott warned over his shoulder as he went into the kitchen.

"Yes sir." Isaac grinned, holding her as he got one out, only to set her on the floor with it. "There you go," he murmured.

Hana chomped it up eagerly, miaowing demandingly when she was done.

"No more," Isaac said, laughing as he pat her on the head. "You can have another tomorrow."

She wasn't happy about it.

"Don't whine at me. Take it up with Papa, he's the one who said no," Isaac teased, grinning widely as he sat back on the couch, spread out.

Scott laughed as he listened to the two of them.

-----

Isaac grinned, licking his lips and tugging Scott closer again, pressing him against the bedroom wall. "C'mon," he murmured, arching against him before leaning back toward the bed.

Scott smirked, groping Isaac's ass shamelessly. "You're wearing too many clothes for bed," he murmured.

Isaac rocked back into the hold, grinning wider. "So are you," he whispered, wiggling away a bit to start stripping, shifting his hips as he hummed.

Scott shed his clothes quickly, tossing them in the hamper, then folded the covers back on the bed. "C'mon, babe," he said lowly. "Come join me."

Isaac licked his lips, grinning at him as he crawled along the bed toward him.

"How d'you want me, babe?" Scott teased, lightly stroking his cock.

Isaac licked his lips hungrily. "On your back. Wanna ride you like I talked about earlier."

"Yeah?" Scott asked, his eyes dark. "You gonna let me prep you, or did you get ahead of me again?"

"Wanna feel your fingers stretching me open, so I waited." Isaac grinned, eyes darkening themselves.
Scott smirked. "Get over here."

-----

Melissa groaned, stretching as she hung her on the back of the door, shaking out her still damp hair before opening the door and heading down the hall to knock on John's door, tying her robe a bit tighter. "Shower's free," she called. "Though I'll have to add soap to the list, we're almost out."

"Thanks, Mel," John replied, frowning as he looked at the pile of unironed shirts on his chair. "Dammit. "Oh, would you add laundry detergent, too?" he called. "I forgot to do it yesterday."

"Sure thing." Melissa grinned. "I have to be in a bit earlier, so I'm leaving here in a about half an hour," she warned.

"That's fine," John said, opening the door and holding up his shirt. "I'm glad I'm not in a rush - I forgot to iron last night."

Melissa covered a laugh with her hand. "Toss it in the dryer with a damp washcloth, it'll get out most of them so you can skip the ironing. Only takes about twenty minutes."

John let out an exaggerated sigh of relief. "You're a lifesaver," he said gratefully. "Want me to put the coffee on while you get dressed?"

"That'd be lovely," she replied, patting his cheek. "Thank you!"

John smiled, the corners of his eyes crinkling. "And this way we're less likely to end up with hair in the coffee," he teased.

"Rude!" Melissa laughed, swatting at his bicep. "See if I share my bacon!"

"I'm a strong independent woman who can cook my own bacon," John said dryly. "Go on, go get dressed. You don't want to be late."

Melissa had to pause to laugh, her eyes crinkling up. "Stiles definitely got his humor from you," she teased, waving at him as she headed to her room.

-----

Melissa didn't stop moving until lunch time, dropping into a chair with a tired sigh. The ER was unusually busy, but at least it made time go by faster. She smiled, pulling out her phone to text John a question as she ate her lunch.

I have the shopping list. Any last minute additions? I'll stop by the store on the way home. It's my turn.

John checked his phone automatically and frowned, thinking through the contents of their fridge. Do you have anything planned for dinner tonight? he checked. They more or less took turns, but it wasn't consistent.

Thought about doing chicken parm, if that's good with you. Melissa smiled, checking over her charts and typing in vitals off her notepad.

Sounds good. See you tonight, John replied. He looked at the pile of paperwork in his in-tray with a frown. Reports were everyone's least favourite part of the job, but there wasn't anyone he could pass
it off to. He looked up gratefully at the knock on his door. "Parrish!" he said, relieved. After that, he got caught up in things, and more or less forgot about Melissa until he was on his way home.

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Melissa headed to the store after her shift, then gladly hurried home to start dinner. As soon as she got in the door, she kicked her shoes off, moaning happily.

John was later to get home than Melissa - not a lot, but enough that the lights were on and the house felt warm and welcoming when he got there. He smiled, thinking how much nicer this was than living alone. "Hey, Mel!" he called out. "Let me just put my gun in the safe and I'll join you."

"No shoes are the best shoes," Melissa replied, rubbing one foot as she sat on the couch.

When John came back downstairs, sans gun, sans shoes, sans equipment belt, and with a couple of buttons undone, he looked a lot more relaxed. "So," he asked Melissa, "how was your day?"

"Very very busy." Melissa seemed amused. "It's like everyone and their dog was at the ER today."

"Nothing too terrible, I hope?" John said, settling back on the couch and searching Melissa's face for signs of stress.

"No, just one of those days where it seems like everyone decided to be dumbasses." Melissa gave him a tired smile. "Worst thing was a motorcycle accident that was DOA."

John gave her a sympathetic look. "Motorcycles are damn dangerous," he said quietly.

"Especially when you think you're above it and don't wear a helmet, boots, or leathers." She groaned, rubbing at her forehead. " Took us almost half an hour just cleaning up the floor."

He reached out and took her hand. "You okay?" he checked.

Melissa gave him another tired smile, squeezing his hand fondly. "Yeah, I'm okay," she promised. "A little tense, and exhausted, but okay."

John smiled back. "Well, let me know if you need some tea after dinner, okay?"

"I will, promise." She stood, squeezing his hand again. "I might, but I might be okay after I shake everything off." Laughing, she turned to the kitchen. "I'll get the noodles and the chicken going, then go change, maybe that'll help."

"You do that," John said fondly.

-----

Melissa put the last of the dishes in the sink to soak, humming softly. "I cook, you clean," she teased, grinning at John.

"We both cook, we both clean," he countered, grinning back as he got out the spray to wipe down the benches.

"Knew I shouldn't have had you make the salad," she joked, hip bumping against his as she went to wipe down the stove.

John's eyes crinkled. God, it was good having someone here. Having Mel here.
Melissa hummed softly, flicking her eyes over to John and smiling softly at the fond look on his face. This change was a good one. A *needed* one.

"We do okay, don't we?" John said warmly.

"Of course." Melissa smiled, kissing his cheek as she passed.

-----

Laura grumbled, rolling over and tugging Jordan closer as she heard the alarm. "No. Mine."

Jordan kissed her softly. "I've got to get up, love," he murmured.

"No, sleep. Mine," she grumbled, accepting the kiss and opening one eye. "Early morning shifts suck ass, Jay."

"They do," he agreed. "But I've still gotta go."

Laura grumbled, hugging him tighter for a moment before kissing him hard. "Love you. Make good choices and be safe."

"I will," Jordan promised, smiling fondly. "Don't terrorise too many idiot customers today."

"S'not my fault people don't understand why we won't do finger tattoos without like 80 signed waivers and promises of their first borns," Laura laughed, kissing him again. "I'm thinking Thai for dinner, I can pick it up on the way home?"

Jordan grinned. "Sounds good," he said. "Are you gonna let me go now?"

"Damn, hoped you didn't realize that one." Laura grinned back, nuzzling Jordan's sub marking before loosening her hold.

Jordan shivered. "No fair," he complained. "You can't work me up like that when I've got to go to work."

Laura grinned. "No, working you up is the picture I'm sending you during work," she teased, licking along the mark before kissing it again, pulling back.

Jordan's lips parted, and his eyes were dark. "Lo, please," he begged. "Tonight. Not now."

"Fine," Laura huffed playfully, tilting her lips back to his for a moment. "Still going to send that picture, though."

Jordan sighed and pulled away, shaking his head. "Of course you are," he said, taking a deep breath to help settle himself. "It's not enough that I'll be feeling you whenever I sit down, huh?"

"Of course not. That paddling will only last you until about lunch, I know you." She grinned wider. "I've a few pictures saved I took *just* for you last time I went lingerie shopping."

"And you're determined to torment me with them," he said, resigned.

"But of course. I made sure to get some that you've never seen before." Laura kissed the tip of his
nose playfully. "You love them, don't lie."

"Yes, I love you," Jordan agreed, pushing back the covers and sitting up. "But I do need to get ready for work."

Laura groaned, flopping back, uncaring that the blankets were now around her knees and she was still naked. "What time you heading home today?" she asked, resigned to the fact that Jordan really did have to get up.

"Around three, I think," Jordan replied, stretching and enjoying the delicious ache in his ass.

"Oh good, you'll be home when I get home then," Laura said, eyes crinkling. "I'm running the morning shift as well, told the others that I was going to leave around five and if the store wasn't in good standing, or standing period, when I got back in tomorrow that I'd kill them all and use their hides as tattoo art for my walls."

"If you did that, I'd have to arrest you," Jordan pointed out, heading for the closet to get out his uniform. "Please don't."

"Makes a good threat, though," she hummed, turning onto her side to watch Jordan move about the room. "Besides, handcuffs could be kinky."

Jordan just rolled his eyes.

-----

"I got Thaaiiiiii!" Laura called out when she stepped into the house, grinning to herself. She'd sent that picture a couple of hours ago, after sending a tame one of just her in a sexy dress at lunch.

Jordan came out to greet her, struggling to keep a straight face as he paused with one hip cocked to show off the leather booty shorts Laura had given him as an anniversary present.

Laura blinked, bursting out laughing at the look on his face. "Hey there sexy policeman. Are you the good cop or the bad cop?" she teased, putting the food down and sauntering up to him.

Jordan snorted, laughter overtaking him as he wrapped his arms around Laura's neck. He'd put his gun in the safe when he got changed, but he was still wearing the rest of his uniform, and he felt completely ridiculous. "Hey, Lo," he said warmly. "Have a good day?"

"Mmm, much better day now." Laura grinned, hugging him close. "Just don't start singing YMCA and it'll be perfect." Her grin grew, and she kissed him hard before stroking a thumb over his marking, just to watch him react.

He groaned a little, tilting his head back. "Jesus, that's not fair," he muttered. "And nor were those pictures you sent, by the way, I've already jerked off twice this afternoon."

She let out a breathy laugh, moving in to kiss and suck on his mark. "You loved them then?" she asked, nonchalantly. "You should know I'm wearing the second one right now."

"How - ohhh - how would I know if I can't see it?" Jordan pointed out.

"You should have recognized my office in the picture." Laura tsked playfully, sliding her hand around to palm his ass firmly, squeezing lightly. "You've fucked me over my desk enough times."

Jordan's ass clenched. "You think I was paying attention to the background?" he pointed out.
"Mmm, true, I'll give you that one, this set does look particularly stunning on me." She grinned against his jaw, squeezing the palmful in her hand again.

"You look amazing," Jordan confirmed, rocking forward, grinding his cock against her thigh. Normally they were the same height, but Laura was wearing her anniversary bitch boots today.

"Thought you'd like this outfit, too," Laura teased, leaning against the wall and dragging him closer. She leaned over, sucking hard on Jordan’s sub marking, eyes glinting mischievously.

"Jesus," he breathed, sliding his hand up to tug on her hair. "You're not fair."

Laura hummed, grinning. "I'm perfectly fair. I love seeing you melt."

"After dinner," Jordan countered breathlessly. "I'm starving."

"Deal." Laura grinned. "C'mon, I got you extra spring rolls."

Chapter End Notes

A hundred chapters! Holy shit!

...yeah, that's about all I got. A hundred chapters. Wow.

(shhh, it's okay Seeker, it's okay. It'll be 200 before we know it ;) -Kattseye)
"No." Derek scooped up his phone, jabbing the speaker button. "That is enough. I'll email you when I'm done." He ended the call and put his phone down again, fists clenching.

Stiles swallowed hard, backing up towards the stairs. He'd done something to upset Derek. Derek was mad about something to do with him.

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Stiles needs to use his safeword, and Derek helps him feel okay

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Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Stiles panics because of Derek's anger at someone else, and uses his safeword 'kotek'. All the hurt in the hurt/comfort takes place in the second paragraph

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Stiles was humming quietly, curled up in his beanbag chair, fingers moving deftly as he worked on Scott's Christmas present. He was just about to set the blanket aside to work on another project for a bit when he heard raised voices. Frowning, he stood, heading for his door to stick his head out

"I'm *not* the first writer to miss a deadline," Derek said abruptly, pacing his office. "Just because I'm usually ahead of schedule doesn't mean I can't take longer than expected sometimes."

"But that's just it," an unfamiliar voice said, coming from Derek's phone. "You're usually completely reliable, and now you're asking for a month's extension?"

Extension? Did that mean Derek hadn't met the deadline? Stiles hesitantly moved toward the office.

"If you want me to submit it incomplete, I can do that instead," Derek offered sarcastically. "But one way or another, I'm going to need another month to get it done. I'm doing you the courtesy of letting you know that in advance, so you don't have to chase me up."

"This never used to happen when you were single," the other voice muttered.

Stiles froze, his eyes widening. Was this because of him? Was Derek's career ruined because of him?

Derek stopped abruptly, his face thunderous. "I don't *care* if Stiles means I never finish another book for the rest of my life!" he shouted. "How dare you imply that?"

Stiles shivered at the raised voice of his Dom, swallowing hard to try and stem his panic.

"Derek..." the other voice began to say, but Derek interrupted her.
"No." Derek scooped up his phone, jabbing the speaker button. "That is enough. I'll email you when I'm done." He ended the call and put his phone down again, fists clenching.

Stiles swallowed hard, backing up towards the stairs. He'd done something to upset Derek. Derek was mad about something to do with him.

Derek wanted to hit something. He wasn't going to, of course, but he had to get all this angry energy out somehow. He strode out of his office to the stairs, barely noticing Stiles as he started to hurry down them. "I'm going for a walk," he said tightly.

Stiles whimpered, swallowing hard at the tension in the air. "Sir, what's wrong?" he asked, hurrying after Derek and forcing himself to try to ignore the panic raising. He was failing.

"Argument with my editor," Derek bit out, striding towards the front door. "I just need a walk, Stiles."

The tone had Stiles reeling back, his voice stuttering and broken as he choked out, "K-kotek. Sorrysorrysorrysorry." He bolted to the living room, not wanting to see the anger on Derek's face. He'd fucked up, he was constantly fucking up.

Shit. A wave of worry overcame Derek's anger, and he hurried after Stiles. God, he'd made Stiles run away from him. "Sweetheart?" he called out, as gently as he could.

Stiles was curled up in the corner of the couch, face hidden in his knees. He had to fight to even sit there and not behind the couch. "Y-yes, sir?" he asked, voice small as he peeked up at Derek.

"Stiles, I'm sorry," Derek said softly, kneeling on the floor to make it clear he wasn't a threat. The adrenaline from his argument was still running through his veins, but that wasn't important now. Stiles was important.

Derek knee-walked over until he could reach up and put his hand on Stiles' ankle. "It's okay," he promised. "Everything's alright."

Stiles peeked over his knee at him. "I'm sorry," he whispered, fingers tight on his pants. "I'm sorry you missed your deadline." The 'because of me' went unsaid as he curled into a tight ball.

Derek knee-walked over until he could reach up and put his hand on Stiles' ankle. "It's okay," he promised. "Everything's alright."

"It's not your fault," Derek said firmly, slowly lifting his hand to cup Stiles' cheek, giving him time to move away. "You're a good boy. There's nothing to be sorry about."

"Sorry I made you mad, sorry I freaked out, sorry I can't seem to not fuck something up." Stiles was rambling now, crying softly, even as he clung to Derek's hand. He was scared and upset that he'd made Derek mad, but he still wanted his touch, still trusted Derek not to physically harm him.

"...please don't l-leave me."

"I'm not going anywhere," Derek said sadly. "You didn't make me mad, and you didn't do anything wrong. You're my good boy and I love you."

"Promise?" Stiles sniffled, trembling. "I'm sorry," he couldn't help but whisper again, trembling.

"I'm sorry."
came across as disappointment, which would only make things worse. "Can you take a deep breath for me?"

Stiles needed a few tries, but he managed to take a deep, if shuddering, breath, letting it out with a hitched sob as he tried to push back the tears.

"Good boy," Derek praised, stroking Stiles' cheek with his thumb. "Cry if you need to, sweetheart. It's alright."

Stiles' face screwed up as he cried harder, giving in and flinging himself at Derek, knocking them both back. "Sorrysorrysorry," he repeated in Derek's ear as he fought to calm down. He'd been so scared that Derek was mad at him, that Derek would leave him. That he'd fucked up. Again.

"Shhh," Derek soothed him, rubbing his back, eyes closed to ward off his own tears. "It's okay. Everything's okay. Deep breaths."

It took Stiles a few minutes, but he eventually managed to take a few deep, wet breaths as he slowly calmed. "S-s-sorry," he whispered one last time.

"It's okay," Derek insisted gently. "You've done nothing wrong. You're a good boy."

Stiles sniffled, rubbing his face with one hand, the other tangled in Derek's shirt. "Y-yours....?" he whispered almost inaudibly.

"Mine," Derek agreed, pressing down on Stiles' back. "My good boy. My sweetheart."

Stiles relaxed, letting out a shuddering sigh as he pressed close, rubbing at his face. "I'm sorry, sir."

Derek shook his head slightly. "You don't need to be," he said. "You did nothing wrong."

"I'm sorry I freaked out," Stiles whispered. "And I'm sorry I made you mad at your editor."

"My editor made me mad, not you," Derek told him firmly. "Me being angry wasn't anything to do with you."

"I heard my name," Stiles admitted, hiding his face.

Derek swallowed back a sigh. "Yes, well, one of the things I was mad at her for was bringing you up in a conversation that had nothing to do with you."

Stiles clung tightly to him. "It wasn't me?"

"It wasn't you," Derek said firmly. "You're my good boy and I love you, and I wasn't angry because of you at all."

Stiles nodded, though he still clung. "But you were mad..."

"It wasn't about you," Derek repeated. "Can you do something for me, love? Can you say 'it's not my fault'?"

"It's not my fault?" Stiles couldn't help but turn it into a question, ducking his face into Derek's neck to hide.

Derek stroked Stiles' hair softly. "That's right," he confirmed. "Good boy. Say it again, please."
"I-it's not my fault," Stiles whispered, feeling something in his chest start to loosen.

"Good boy," Derek said again. "One more time, sweetheart."

"Not my fault," Stiles breathed, sniffling again.

Derek smiled. "Very good," he praised. "Do you think you're ready to get up now?"

Stiles hugged him tighter before nodding. "Yes, sir."

"Alright, let me up then," Derek said fondly, propping himself up.

Stiles whined, though he rolled off of him to lay on the floor, cheeks flushed.

Derek smiled down at him. "Good boy."

It took a while, but eventually Stiles was feeling more centered. More himself again. True, it had required massive amounts of cuddles (and one of those cuddles had led...elsewhere) but he was back to his mischievous self now, finishing off a popsicle as they curled up on the couch together.

"So," Derek said, rubbing Stiles' shoulder, "now that you're feeling better...what could I have done differently?"

Stiles blinked as he tried to think, wiggling in place a bit. "I was afraid you were mad at me, or that I ruined your career," he murmured. "But it got really bad when you tried to leave. That was what pushed the last little bit."

Derek nodded slowly, frowning. "I would have thought it was better for me to be away from you when I'm angry."

Stiles chewed on his lip, then sighed. "Sir. In most cases, probably would be best, but I already have an issue with freaking out about you leaving, remember?" True, it was slowly getting better and easier to manage; the scattered magazines on the coffee table and the water rings on the side tables from last night attested to that.

He was an idiot. "Right," Derek said, closing his eyes. "Sorry."

Stiles whined, pouting softly before reaching out to run his fingers along Derek's jaw. "Sir. There's no reason to be sorry," he murmured. "You were thinking about making sure I wouldn't freak out because you were angry at your editor. I appreciate that a lot. This is just another thing we need to make a plan for, that's all."

Derek turned his head to kiss Stiles' fingers. "Thanks, love," he said quietly. "What would be better for me to do instead?"

Stiles chewed harder on his lip in thought, his fingers curling slightly into the kiss. "I'm not sure? Maybe make sure I know that even though you're angry it's not at me or anything I did?"

"Is there something I should say in particular?" Derek asked, stroking Stiles' hair.

Stiles flushed. "I liked hearing my nickname."

"Me calling you sweetheart?" Derek checked.
Stiles nodded, chewing on his thumb.

Derek hummed, thinking. "Would it help if I gave you a task or something?"

"That may help." Stiles nodded, giving him a shy smile.

"Do you think it would balance things, if I wanted to go pace around the yard or something, and you had a task you knew I'd come back to see finished?"

Stiles shifted to face him. "Maybe? Especially if I can still see you when I look out a window."

Derek nodded. "I guess I'll keep that in mind," he said.

Stiles smiled, pressing close to Derek and kissing his jaw.

"You know, we were going to make you a comfort box sometime soon," Derek commented, cupping Stiles' cheek. "Would you like to do that today?"

Stiles looked surprised. "I forgot about that." He shrugged, a tiny grin on his face. "Yes, please. I like the thought."

Derek smiled. "Alright, then," he said. "How should we start? You're the expert."


Derek snorted. "How about we pick one after we decide what's going in it, hmm?"

Stiles couldn't help his laugh. "You walked into that one, sir," he said, still grinning

"Apart from a box, what do we need?" Derek insisted, glad to see Stiles happier.

"Things in it. CDs, candy, clothing items, blankets, comforting things." Stiles' eyes crinkled with a grin. "Can't put your cock in there though, that'd be a definite comfort thing."

"Yes, I'd prefer that to stay attached," Derek joked.

"Mmm, me too." Stiles smirked, straddling Derek and pressing close. "Could put my aftercare blanket in it?"

"We can do that," Derek agreed. "Do you want something to suck? Even if it's not a sex thing, we can get lollipops."

Stiles hummed, nodding. "I like the sex things, but even just the motion is almost soothing now," he murmured.

"So, lollipops?" Derek raised his eyebrows. "Or should I be getting something out of the toybox?"

Stiles shifted, rocking his hips absently in thought before falling still with a grin. "Both!"

Derek shook his head fondly. "Only so long as you promise to tell me before you use any toys. I need to know so I can watch out for you."

Stiles flushed. "In case I slip into any spaces." He nodded. "I will, sir."

Derek kissed Stiles' forehead. "Good boy. Do you want any other sweets for your box? Reeses,
"maybe?"

Stiles' eyes lit up. "Yes, please! I would say ice cream, but that melts," he mused.

"I'd say keep emergency ice cream in the freezer, but I don't think it would stay there," Derek replied.

Stiles flushed, his grin still firm on his face. "I like ice cream."

"I know," Derek said fondly. "Speaking of food, what if you printed out some recipes to put in there?"

"Like the ones for breads I found?" Stiles asked, tilting his head.

"Whatever ones you want," Derek replied. "Just...as something nice for you to do, that you enjoy doing. You always seem pretty happy about baking with me."

Stiles nodded, ducking his face into Derek's neck. "Like baking, but especially with you."

"So we'll put a couple of recipes in your box?" Derek checked, rubbing Stiles' back. "And then you'll have something sweet to eat as well, once you're done."

"Uh huh," Stiles hummed, nose pressed to Derek's pulse point. "And that hoodie of yours I kept stealing last winter. Where'd it go anyway? I've been looking for it."

"Not sure," Derek murmured, "but I'll help you look. What about music?"

"I can always make some mix CDs to put in there? Oh! Sir make one for it, too." Stiles grinned, nipping at Derek's neck.

Derek smiled. "I can do that, if you want," he agreed.

"Yes!" Stiles pressed closer.

Derek looked Stiles over. "You going to tell me what's distracting you?"

Stiles flushed, squirming in place. "You," he admitted softly. "And I'm not sure what else to put in there..."

"We should ask the internet," Derek murmured, but he had to admit he was getting distracted, too.

"Good idea." Stiles licked his lips, nipping again at Derek's neck.

Derek hummed, low in his throat. "Maybe later," he decided.

Stiles' lips curled into a grin as he absently rocked his hips.

"Feeling eager, are you?" Derek teased, his hands slipping down to grip Stiles' ass.

Stiles hummed, rocking his hips again. "Always." He grinned wider.

Derek smirked, leaning in until his lips brushed Stiles' ear. "And what if I made you wait, Przemysław?"

Stiles groaned low in his throat as the name shivered through him. "Then I'd wait, but I won't be
quiet, sir, you know me better than that," he breathed.

Derek hummed thoughtfully. "Kneel," he said, pointing at the floor. "Grab a cushion, you'll be there for a while. I'm going to get my laptop and start working on your mix CD."

Stiles licked his way up Derek's neck to his ear, sucking the lobe into his mouth with a sly smile. "Yes, sir," he whispered, then slid from Derek’s lap to grab one of the cushions off the chair.

"Good boy," Derek said huskily, his eyes dark. "Knees apart, hands behind your back. I'll be back soon."

Stiles licked his lips, spreading his knees wide as he knelt, eyes lowered just a bit, lower lip in his mouth.

Derek came back down with his laptop just a couple of minutes later, opening up iTunes to have a look through his music library.

Stiles shifted as Derek sat in front of him, a smile on his face.

Derek smiled back at him. "Good boy."

-----

Coming up with a playlist for Stiles was difficult. There were too many songs to choose from, and Derek wasn't sure what criteria to use to decide, or what sort of mood he wanted to convey. It left him frustrated and restless, though he tried to hide his mood.

Stiles hummed, blinking up at Derek, a tiny smile crossing his face as he took in his restless Dom. "You okay?" he asked softly, nimbly reaching out to take the laptop away, just knowing that it was the cause of the frustration on Derek's face.

Derek looked up at Stiles and unconsciously relaxed, a smile spreading across his face. "I'm fine," he promised, opening his arms invitingly. "Come on up."

Stiles put the laptop on the coffee table, then slid into Derek’s lap, straddling it and wrapping his arms around Derek's shoulders. "You sure?"

"Of course I'm sure," Derek replied, cuddling Stiles close and kissing his shoulder. "I love holding you."

Stiles smiled wider, nuzzling into Derek's temple. "I love being held...and holding you, too."

Derek stroked his hands down Stiles' sides, relaxing back into the couch.

Stiles hummed against Derek's temple, kissing his way down to Derek's jaw to nip against the skin there.

Feeling unusually pliant, Derek tipped his head back, letting Stiles have access.

Stiles let out a pleased noise, nuzzling into Derek's throat, sucking up marks.

Derek hummed, gripping Stiles' hips.

Stiles shuddered, mouthing along his jaw to his ear, clinging to him.

"Love you," Derek murmured.
"I love you, too," Stiles breathed, running his nose back along Derek's cheek to his mouth, grinning into the kiss.

Derek hummed, hands slipping up under Stiles' shirt to hold his waist. "Hey Stiles?" he asked.

"Yessir?" Stiles pulled back a bit to blink at him, hips lazily grinding forward.

Derek shook his head slightly. "Let's just be Stiles and Derek right now," he suggested.

Stiles blinked at him again, licking his lips. "Tell me what I can't do, then, so I don't mess up and make you freak out," he murmured, hands starting to wander.

Derek smiled ruefully. "I want to just say 'have your way with me'," he admitted, "but that's not a good idea."

Stiles let out a small giggle, licking along Derek's jaw back to his ear. "Can I ride you?" he asked, his husky voice betraying his innocent tone.

Derek closed his eyes for a moment, then nodded. "Just keep talking to me," he said. "I'll tell you if there's a problem."

Stiles squirmed, eyes lighting up before he leaned into the other ear. "Can I..." He shifted, flushing. "I want to try..." He hesitated for a moment more, taking a deep breath. He honestly didn't know what Derek's reaction would be. "I wanna try rimming you. Like you do me. Make you feel good."

Derek's eyes flew open. "You want to...?"

"Uh-huh." Stiles was pink, but he kept his gaze locked on Derek's, his eyes wide and dark. "Really want to."

Derek licked his lips. "I guess I'd better go...clean myself out, then."

Stiles' eyes darkened further as he ground his hips forward. "So...I can?"

Derek nodded, swallowing hard. He'd never done this.

Stiles beamed, threading his fingers through Derek's hair to tug him into a hard kiss. "I love you," he whispered. "Let me know if you don't like it, okay? Promise me?"

"I promise," Derek murmured, reaching up to cup Stiles' cheeks.

Stiles' smile softened as he pressed close, breathing in deeply. "I'm Stiles. You're Derek. Though safewords still apply," he murmured.

Derek smiled. "That's right," he agreed. "Now, you'd better let me up."

Stiles pouted, quickly kissing him again before sliding off his lap. "I'll go wait in the bedroom," he said, brushing fingers along the stubble on Derek's cheek.

It took Derek a while to be confident he'd cleaned himself properly. He knew how, of course, he just didn't do it often. And he wanted - he needed - to get this right. Eventually, he realised he was stalling, and made himself go upstairs.

Stiles was waiting in the middle of the bed, squirming at the thought of being able to do this. He'd
wanted to for a while, but it was one of those things that he’d always been hesitant to ask for, not wanting to scare Derek.

Derek came forward hesitantly. "Stiles?" he said quietly.

Stiles looked up, beaming at Derek. "Hi," he whispered, slipping to his feet. "Are you okay?"

Derek smiled back, relaxing. "I'm alright," he promised. "Just...

"Just?" Stiles tilted his head to the side, stepping in front of Derek and brushing his hand along Derek's cheek.

"This is new," Derek admitted, leaning into Stiles' hand. "I've never done this. I mean. Had this done to me."

Stiles smiled widely. "I get a first!" he murmured. "And this means that this wasn't used to hurt you, sir...Derek."

"You wanted a first?" Derek asked, shifting closer.

Stiles flushed, nodding after a moment. "I want your first something to not be horrid because of them."

"I love you," Derek said warmly, wrapping Stiles up in his arms.

Stiles beamed. "I love you, too. Are you sure this is okay?"

Derek leaned in, kissing the corner of Stiles' mouth. "I'm sure," he said. "Have your way with me."

Stiles turned his head to kiss Derek back. "Let me know if I do something wrong."

"I will," Derek promised.

Stiles smiled softly one more time, tugging Derek closer to the bed. "Which would be more comfortable for you while I do this? Hands and knees, or back?"

"Uh..." Derek swallowed. "It's probably easier if I'm on my knees, right?"

"I like it both ways." Stiles shrugged. "But you might be more comfortable on your knees, so you don't have to worry about your legs."

Derek nodded nervously.

Stiles nuzzled into his jaw for a moment. "It's okay, sir...Derek. I promise, it's okay," he soothed. "It'll feel so good. I love making you feel good."

"I know," Derek said quietly, leaning into Stiles. "I'm just nervous. I'm still...green." He smiled a little at using their colours, as he rarely did.


Derek let Stiles pull him down onto the bed, getting on his hands and knees.
Stiles ran his hand down Derek's back, shifting in place as he licked his lips. He was nervous as well, but only because he was excited and didn't want to scare Derek.

Derek shivered under Stiles' touch, tense with anticipation.

Stiles leaned over, pressing a kiss to Derek's shoulder. "Relax," he breathed, nuzzling closer for a moment before drifting down, eyes darkening.

"I'm trying," Derek murmured, gripping the sheets.

Stiles smiled, keeping his touch firm, not wanting to startle Derek as he leaned forward to press a kiss to the small of his back. "I love you. And I want you to just feel, like when we scene, okay?"

Derek shook his head a little. "Don't, uh...please don't compare this to a scene," he requested.

"Didn't mean to," Stiles promised instantly. "Just meant how you like me to just feel things, I want you to as well. I want to make you feel good. If I'm not, just tell me, okay?" He shifted so he was running his hands down Derek's ass and thighs.

Derek hummed, trying to relax into it, then shook his head. "Can we just...kiss for a bit, or something?" he said, feeling awkward. "Sorry. I..."

Stiles blinked, nodding. "Of course," he agreed. "I'm not going to force you to do something, Derek," he admonished gently. "Do you want to just kiss instead? Or kiss and just let it happen?"

"You're not forcing me," Derek insisted, lying down on his side, then rolling onto his back so he could see Stiles. "I've just kind of...lost the mood."

"Nerves?" Stiles asked softly, flopping over Derek, nuzzling into his jaw and kissing along it. "We can always just let it go where it wants, instead of trying to plan it. I really want to, but not if you don't."

Derek wrapped his arms around Stiles, relaxing. "I want to," he promised.

Stiles beamed, kissing him hard. "Then we will. It doesn't have to be right this very second."

"I love you," Derek murmured, smiling up at Stiles. "You know you make me happy, right?"

Stiles blinked, his smile softening. "I'd like to think I do," he murmured. "You make me very happy. And I love you, too."

"Sometimes I wonder if I tell you enough," Derek admitted, stroking Stiles' hair.

Stiles hummed. "Well, I like hearing it." He smiled widely, leaning into Derek’s touch before pressing close, hand tracing random patterns on Derek's skin.

Derek smiled, his eyes closing as he enjoyed the touch.

Stiles was in awe over the look on Derek's face, biting his lip before leaning down to kiss him hungrily.

Derek gasped into the kiss, taken by surprise, then hummed in pleasure.

Stiles let out a small whimper, shifting against him before pulling back just enough to pant against his
"I love you.

"Love you, too," Derek promised, reaching up to stroke Stiles' hair.

Stiles leaned into the hand, humming softly before he kissed Derek again. "I love kissing you," he murmured.

"Are we listing things we love now?" Derek teased gently.

Stiles gave him a mischievous smile. "Well, we can," he teased back, licking his lips.

"In that case," Derek murmured, kissing the corner of Stiles' mouth, "I love your smile."

Stiles flushed, licking his lips again before resting their foreheads together. "I love your laugh."

"My laugh?" Derek said curiously.

Stiles nodded. "I love making you laugh, I love hearing it."

A smile spread across Derek's face. "You're really sweet," he murmured.

"So are you," Stiles insisted, nuzzling along his jaw, kissing his way carefully down to Derek's chest.

Derek hummed, stroking Stiles' hair.

Stiles smiled against Derek’s collarbone, sucking up a mark before moving down to his hips, peering up at Derek as he spread open his thighs.

Derek smiled down at him reassuringly. "It's okay, love," he murmured. "Go ahead." His cock was hardening again, brushing against Stiles' cheek.

Stiles buried his face in Derek’s groin, breathing deeply, then ran his lips up Derek's cock, teasing the foreskin with his lips before moving back down.

Derek shivered, letting out a soft moan.

Stiles slid his hands down around Derek's ass, lifting his hips a bit as much as he could, sliding back up to push his thighs up to lift his legs. "Derek..." he breathed.

Derek tensed a little, then made himself relax, taking hold of his thighs to keep his legs in place.

"Let me know if you want me to stop," Stiles murmured. "Promise?" He nuzzled into Derek's thigh, peering up at him, even as he slid down to lay on the bed so he could reach.

Derek closed his eyes for a moment, then nodded. "I promise," he said huskily.

Stiles shivered at the tone, leaning down to swipe his tongue over Derek's hole, letting out a tiny whimper.

Derek squirmed at the unfamiliar sensation, soft and firm at the same time.

Stiles peeked up at Derek again, slowing down to drag the flat of his tongue against him, twisting it against his rim, trying to do what Stiles liked.

"Oh," Derek breathed, heat coiling in his gut.
Stiles' eyes widened, the noise from Derek spurring him on to repeat the motion, sliding his hands down Derek's thighs to hold him open, eyes fluttering closed as he pressed closer.

Derek let out a shaky breath, the vulnerability of the moment leaving him teetering on some indefinable edge.

Stiles hummed, nosing forward as he twisted his tongue in a slow, wet circle.

Derek moaned, shivering. It felt strange, having Stiles almost silent while they did this.

"I like hearing you," Stiles said softly, breathing hot air against Derek before pressing even closer, his tongue breaching him the tiniest bit, a tease.

Derek gasped at the feeling. "It's...it's a lot," he breathed.

"Mmmhmm," Stiles hummed, thumbs rubbing small circles against Derek's skin. "But good?" he asked softly, nudging Derek's balls with the tip of his nose.

Derek bit his lip, reaching down to brush his fingers over Stiles' hair. "Good," he agreed.

Stiles grinned up at him before diving back in, hell bent on making Derek into a quivering mess.

Gradually, Derek relaxed into it, his quiet gasps turning into breathy moans, his thighs quivering.

Stiles panted, rocking up to kiss the middle of Derek's chest. "Love you," he panted, the sounds from Derek making him shudder. "Gonna ride you, make you feel really really good."

Letting go of his thighs, Derek reached up to cup Stiles' cheek, searching his face with heavy-lidded eyes.

Stiles' own eyes were wide and blown, lips swollen and wet. "You okay?"

"I'm good," Derek promised huskily, stroking Stiles' cheek. "You?"

Stiles nodded, licking his lips and bending forward to kiss along Derek's jaw.

Derek let his legs fall back down onto the bed, reaching to squeeze Stiles' ass, rolling his hips upward.

Stiles let out a stuttering groan, eyes fluttering as he rolled his hips down, mouth falling open. "Der..." he groaned, hands diving into Derek's hair.

"Hey, sweetheart," Derek breathed, his heart racing.

Stiles' lips curled into a huge grin. "I love that name. I love you," he whispered, kissing Derek's cheek before reaching for the nightstand to get the lube.

"Stiles?" Derek asked quietly, catching Stiles' hand. "Do you want to...?"

Stiles blinked, looking down at him and tilting his head. "Want to what?" he asked softly, turning his fingers to twine with Derek's.

Derek squeezed Stiles' hand and swallowed. "...want to fuck me?"
Stiles paused, shivering and letting out a small sound. "Do you want that?" he asked breathily, eyes locked on Derek. "It's okay to ask for what you want. And I won't do anything you don't want."

Biting his lip, Derek paused, considering, then nodded. He was nervous, but he did want. "Please," he said quietly.

Stiles gave him a small smile, kissing him hard. "Anything I need to avoid?" he asked, shifting back between Derek's legs, lip in his bottom teeth. "And do you want to like this or on your knees?"

Derek shook his head instantly. "I need to see you, I need to know it's you."

Stiles' eyes softened, and he leaned forward to kiss Derek gently. "It's me," he promised. "Is there anything other than that, that I need to avoid? I don't want to send you down somewhere dark."

"Talk to me," Derek said quietly. "Go slow at first."

Stiles nodded, slicking up his fingers before wiggling a bit to get settled. "Any place I shouldn't touch?" he asked seriously, dipping his fingers down to just massage at Derek's rim.

Derek's breath hitched, and he tensed automatically before making himself relax. "Actually...do touch me. Like I'm...like it's not just about you."

"Of course it's not just about me." Stiles smiled, running his other hand up Derek's torso. "I want you to feel soo good."

"I love you," Derek murmured, catching Stiles' hand in his.

"I love you too." Stiles smiled, slowly and carefully sliding the first finger into him. "Gonna make you feel good."

"I know," Derek breathed, clenching down on Stiles' finger. "You always do."

Stiles raked his eyes over Derek, humming. "God, I love you," he murmured, twisting his finger, searching.

Derek gasped, shuddering, as Stiles brushed his prostate.

"Oh look at you," Stiles breathed, very slowly sliding a second finger into him. "You're gorgeous. I love seeing you, love hearing you."

Derek hummed in pleasure, squeezing Stiles' other hand. "Not my looks, please," he said softly, smiling to soften it.

Stiles flushed, leaning down to kiss Derek softly in apology. "I'm sorry," he murmured, nipping at Derek's bottom lip.

Derek arched up into it, his eyes dark. "It's fine," he breathed. "Keep going."

Stiles grinned, twisting and turning his fingers. "Three or four?" he asked softly, already easing in the third, making sure to give Derek plenty of time to adjust.

Derek bit his lip, bearing down. "...three," he decided. "Just...make sure you stretch me enough."

Stiles nodded, twisting his fingers to refind Derek's prostate, wanting to make sure he was relaxed.

Derek arched his hips, moaning. "Touch my cock?" he begged.
"Of course," Stiles murmured, running his hand down Derek's abdomen to wrap around his cock, groaning softly at the heat. "You feel good?"

Derek nodded wordlessly, his eyes dark.

Stiles gave him a crooked grin, spreading and twisting his fingers, wanting to make sure Derek was stretched completely before slipping them free.

Derek couldn't help his disappointed whine when Stiles pulled out, and he looked up at him hopefully.

Stiles' grin grew wider. "S'okay," he whispered, stroking Derek's stomach and chest to soothe him, his other, lubed hand travelling to his own cock to slick it up.

Derek watched eagerly, his eyes dark and heavy-lidded.

Stiles licked his lips as he shifted until Derek's thighs bracketed his hips, touching Derek gently to ground them both. "Ready?" he breathed, lining himself up.

"Ready," Derek said huskily.

Stiles pushed on the back on one of Derek's knees as he slid forward, cursing softly under his breath as he forced himself to go slow and careful.

Derek moaned, pulling his thighs up to his chest.

"Oh fuck." Stiles whimpered, eyes fluttering closed as he bottomed out, freezing to let Derek get used to him as he fought to control his breathing.

"Stiles," Derek said lowly, eyes fixed on Stiles' face. "Keep touching me, but take what you need."

Stiles let out a low whine, hands sliding up Derek's sides, eyes heavy-lidded and dark as he finally, finally, started to move.

Derek's breath caught in his throat and he groaned. "Fuck, Stiles."

"Trying to." Stiles gave a husky laugh, pressing closer and kissing Derek hard. "I love you."

The change in angle made Derek gasp as he leaned up and kissed Stiles back. "Love you too."

"Wanna make you come," Stiles panted. "Make you feel so good you just kinda turn into a puddle."

"Come on, then," Derek urged.

Stiles groaned, thrusting harder as he tried to aim for Derek's prostate.

"Fuck." Derek swallowed hard, clenching down.

"Shit.," Stiles hissed, eyes fluttering closed as he kept that angle, one hand sliding along Derek's thigh to his cock, the other up to bury in Derek's hair, dragging him into a kiss.

Derek arched up, thrusting into Stiles' hand.

"That's it," Stiles murmured against Derek's lips. "C'mon, Derek. Wanna see you come. Please?"
"I'm close," Derek promised breathlessly, wrapping his arms around Stiles. "Are you?"

Stiles nodded, panting heavily. "I-if it wasn't for the tr-training, I probably would have come already," he admitted, cheeks flushed, upping his pace and kissing along Derek's jaw.

"Jesus, Stiles," Derek swore. In the moment, he'd managed to completely forget about that. "You...is it...too much?"

Stiles shook his head, giving Derek a crooked, breathless grin. "Feels good, wanna make you feel good, Der, make you feel awesome."

"You are," Derek promised firmly, kissing Stiles' neck on the opposite side to his sub mark. "You're amazing."

Stiles groaned, stroking Derek faster, and shifting to put more power behind his thrusts, though he kept the same speed.

Derek shivered, tensing. "Stiles, I..." He groaned, and just as he started to come, managed to gasp out, "Przemyslaw, come."

Stiles gasped, slamming into Derek one last time before falling over the edge, pressing his face to Derek's neck as he shuddered. "Oh fuck."

Derek laughed weakly, his muscles feeling like jelly. "Sounds about right."

Stiles let out a breathy giggle, carefully pulling back and out of Derek, slumping to the side with his head on Derek's chest. "I love you."

"I love you so much," Derek replied lowly, stroking Stiles' hair. "I'm not going to leave you, okay?"

Stiles' grip tightened on Derek, a small smile curling his lips. "Okay," he whispered. "Promise? Because I don't want to ever leave. I don't want you to ever leave either."

Derek closed his eyes, hiding his face in Stiles' neck. It was still hard for him to think in terms of that kind of commitment, but the thing was, he wanted to be able to. "So long as I keep making you happy, I won't leave," he promised.

"Oh good, forever sounds nice." Stiles grinned, curling close, carding his fingers through Derek's hair.

"We should wash," Derek murmured. It wasn't the most elegant change of subject, but he could only think about 'forever' for so long.

Stiles groaned. "Carry me, sir," he whined playfully, even as he slowly sat up.

Derek laughed a little, his hand slipping from Stiles' hair to drag down his chest. "You fucked me too well for that."

Stiles cheeks flushed, grin widening. "Yeah?"

"Yeah," Derek murmured, smiling back at him. "You did good."

Stiles beamed, tugging Derek close and kissing him.
Chapter End Notes

Awwww, those boys

Thanks, as always to our beta Chicktar, and all of you lovely readers
Family Problems

Chapter Summary

"I hate arguing with her," Jordan muttered.

Laura let out a soft sigh. "I know, Jay," she whispered. "I wish she just would accept you. Accept us."

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Jordan's mother has some issues with how he's planning to spend the holidays, and Laura helps him deal with it

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Offscreen emotional nastiness from Jordan's mom throughout this chapter. She disapproves of his choices, and tries to make him feel bad about them so he'll change his mind.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Halfway through dinner, Jordan's phone rang. When he saw who it was, he rolled his eyes, but he reluctantly answered it. "Hi Mom...We're good...No, we'll have to get back...I know, but I've got work in the morning...We're coming up early, you'll see plenty of us...No, Mom...No, not then, either...I already told you all this...Mom. Seriously...Love you, bye."

Laura frowned, scooting closer as Jordan hung up. "What's she bitching about now?" she asked quietly.

Jordan sat back with a sigh. "We're not staying over for Thanksgiving or Christmas this year."

Laura snorted. "She can deal with it."

"I hate arguing with her," Jordan muttered.

Laura let out a soft sigh. "I know, Jay," she whispered. "I wish she just would accept you. Accept us."

"Hey," Jordan said quietly, wrapping his arm around Laura's shoulders. "It's okay. We don't need my mother to have a family."

Laura smiled. "No, we don't. But I know it's important to you." She kissed his cheek. "So...does this mean we can do revenge plan a hundred and fifty?"

Jordan rolled his eyes. "Laura..."

Laura grinned at the fond tone. "C'mon." She laughed. "It'd be awesome."
"No," Jordan said firmly. "No revenge on my mother."

Laura groaned. "Why not?" she whined, grinning as she turned to drag Jordan closer.

Jordan cuddled closer gladly, rubbing Laura's arm. "It wouldn't make a difference, except upsetting everything."

"Revenge can be sweet," Laura said, but she didn't fight for it. "And having you bend me over your childhood bed..." She smirked, mischievous and sly.

"...is almost certainly more fun to think about than do," Jordan finished for. "Besides, my little cousins will be around, and I don't want to have to explain if they overhear us."

"Dammit, one-fifty calls for no small children." Laura groaned, dropping her head onto Jordan's shoulder. "Fiiiiine."

"C'mon, we should finish dinner," Jordan said, letting go of Laura and picking up his fork again. "...do you really have a hundred and fifty revenge plans?"

"No." Laura hid a laugh behind her bread roll. "I have two hundred and forty-five. And counting."

"Laura," Jordan stopped eating and turned to fully face her. "Love, why?"

"You don't hurt those I love. Especially not over and over again." Laura stopped eating as well, meeting his gaze head-on. "And instead of ripping her a new one very publicly during the holidays or somewhere equally crowded, I bite my tongue and I plot ways to annoy, irritate, and ruin her. Even if I never do them."

Jordan didn't know what to say. He knew his relationship with his mom was a bit crap, but...Laura had come up with more than two hundred revenge plans? Part of him wanted to apologise, even though it wasn't really his fault, and part of him wanted to ask Laura to let it go. Part of him even wanted to kneel so he wouldn't have to deal with it, but he was self-aware enough to know that that was a terrible plan.

Laura studied him for a moment, then sighed, pulling him closer and tucking his head under her chin. "Jay...listen to me," she murmured. "It's not your fault, at all. Honestly most of those plans can be classified as prank, like salt in the sugar. I try and be amicable with her. And I succeed. But I don't like how she treats you. She can be the worst woman ever to me, but I don't want her treating you the way she does."

Jordan sighed, pressing his face into her neck. "I want you to like my family," he said, a little muffled. "I want them to like you. I just wish this wasn't so hard."

"I love your family. It's just her I have problems with. Well, and that one aunt who makes the cross sign when she sees me," Laura mused. "And as far as I know, most of them like me. Especially the little ones."

Jordan relaxed slightly. "Yeah, they're fun," he said quietly. "Regardless of what their parents think, the kids all like cool Aunt Laura."

"Most of the parents like me too," she pointed out with a laugh.

"Laura," Jordan murmured, pulling back. "Would you... I need to make my own decisions on this,
but could you tell me when I have to make those decisions? So I'm not second-guessing myself all the time?"

Laura watched him for a moment before nodding. "How do you want me to let you know that it's a time to make it?" she asked softly. "Because there's times when standing up to her is important, and I know you second-guess yourself even when you shouldn't."

"When we're out of the situation you can just tell me," Jordan replied, thinking. "I guess we need a code phrase."

"Can always call you Ghost Rider or something when that happens," Laura mused. "Like when I'm teasing you sometimes."

Jordan rolled his eyes. "Just tell me it's 'my call' somehow," he suggested.

"Ninety-six?" Laura grinned as she used what cop slang she'd picked up. "Or I can just always say she's tripping eggs or something. The color she'd turn on that one would be funny."

"'Cute' codes don't work, Lo," Jordan said firmly.

"Cute, he says." Laura laughed. "What kind are you thinking of then, Jay?"

"I'm serious, just tell me 'your call', or make some reference to getting or making a phone call if you're not next to me," Jordan suggested.

Laura smiled, kissing his hair. "I can do that."

"Thanks," Jordan said quietly. "Is this one of those times?"

"Honestly, Jay, it really is, baby," Laura said with a sigh.

"Dammit," Jordan muttered.

Laura chuckled, hugging him tightly. "She'll just keep doing this if you don't put your foot down."

The problem was that Jordan's mom was the oldest of three, and her parents had been the first in their generation to have kids, so she'd inherited the matriarch's position almost by default. The extended family always met at her house, simply because she'd been the first to start hosting. "How do I do that, though?" Jordan asked. "I can't see what I can do."

"Well, telling her to stop picking on your life choices would be a good start," Laura suggested. "She needs to treat us both, but you especially, with respect that you deserve and have earned. If she doesn't want to, we don't go over there. We can always have staggered holiday meetups here for family that want to see us. That way they don't feel like they have to choose."

"You don't think that sort of ultimatum is going too far?" Jordan asked.

"Honestly, no," Laura replied. "Because she never listens when you ask."

"I hate this," Jordan said quietly. "I hate having to strategise around my mother."

"Yeah, unfortunately, she's not really budging on anything, and it's not right that she treats you this way. It's your life, and she should be happy that you're happy, married, collared, in an amazing job, and living well and healthy. But no, she's not happy. Because you don't fit her mold that she wants you to fill." Laura sighed, hugging him tightly.
Jordan leaned into her as he hugged back. "Help me write her an email?" he asked. "I think I'll do better if I can plan what I'm going to say."

"Of course I'll help!" Laura smiled, kissing him softly. "And I promise to be completely civil even," she added, trying to lighten his mood a bit.

Jordan huffed, smiling a little. "Sure you will."

"I'll be perfectly civil out loud," Laura said, grinning. "Doesn't mean I won't be flipping her off in my head. She has hurt you enough."

And that was the heart of the thing, really. His mom had hurt him. Jordan leaned up and kissed Laura softly. "Thanks."

Laura’s smile softened, and she kissed him back, cupping his cheek. "I will always help you," she whispered.

-----

Laura and Derek tried to meet up once a week or so, which was more dependent on her schedule than his. This week found Derek waiting for her one afternoon in the coffee shop nearest to her work, just after her shift ended.

"Sorry, Derek!" Laura called, quickly dropping off her back with him, then hopping into the queue. A few minutes later, she came back, sliding a muffin across the table to Derek with an apologetic grin. "Someone decided they had to have their favorite quote in script font today and was even willing to pay double for a last minute booking."

Derek rolled his eyes, tucking her bag under the table. "It's fine," he said, taking a sip of coffee. "I wasn't waiting long. How have you been?"

"Busy." Laura laughed, pushing her hair back off her face. "How's that book coming along? Wasn't it time to turn in the manuscript a while back?"

Derek made a face. "I missed the deadline," he admitted. "A couple more weeks, probably."

"Mm? What happened?" Laura tilted her head, sipping at her drink.

Derek frowned, rubbing at his face and looking away. "I just...didn't get it done," he muttered.

"Ah." Laura nodded understandingly, reaching over to pat his arm. "It'll be okay, bro."

Derek sighed heavily. "It was a mess. I had a fight with my editor, and Stiles overheard and got upset, and it all..." He trailed off.

"It all went defcon one?" Laura rubbed Derek’s arm, trying to soothe him. "it's okay."

"Stiles...doesn't feel safe around angry people," Derek explained quietly.

"And he heard the fight?" Laura asked "Did everything go okay?"

Derek sighed. "It depends what you mean by okay. He panicked, but I was able to calm him down eventually, and he was fine by the end of the day."

"Then it went okay," Laura reassured him. "Not awesome, but okay. No one ended up sick or hurting, and you had him back to normal in a day."
"It definitely could have gone worse," Derek agreed, smiling wryly.

"It'll be okay," Laura promised. "What else has been going on?"

Derek broke off a piece of muffin and ate it as he thought about his answer. "Well, Stiles' birthday went well, I told you about that. He's still working on building up Christmas stock."

Laura laughed. "I bet he's loving it."

"I've honestly been surprised by his persistence with the etsy thing," Derek admitted. "I didn't think it would last."

Laura grinned. "I checked his store recently, it has a large inventory, and all the reviews are good save for a few of the easily butthurt."

"I'm really proud of him," Derek agreed.

"I'm glad." Laura smiled softly, her face turning into a frown as she thought on Jordan's mother. "On the other hand, poor Jay can't seem to ever be enough for his mom..." She sighed.

Derek frowned. "What happened this time?"

"Her normal bullshit, honestly. Upset and doesn't understand why we won't be there for all of Thanksgiving or Christmas." Laura sighed. "Jordan's finally asked me if it was time he put his foot down, and asked me to tell him when it was time for him to make hard decisions when it came to how she treats us."

"That's pretty unusual for him," Derek commented.

"He's done, Derek." Laura pursed her lips, picking at her scone. "He hates that she acts like this. All he wants is for everyone to get along and love each other."

"I wouldn't have guessed Jordan was an advocate of the get-along shirt," Derek said, hoping to make Laura smile.

Laura snorted, eyes crinkling. "It doesn't help that she honestly thinks she's in the right. One of those, you know? Can I just wrap her up in the get-along shirt and call it a day? But yeah, Jordan sent her an email basically telling her to quit her shit or she won't see us."

Derek raised his eyebrows. "Ultimatums seem a little extreme for Jordan."

"It's a basic understanding of what he said," Laura explained with a laugh. "Long story is he told her he wasn't going to have her acting the way she has, and that she's fast running out of chances."

"That's fair," Derek agreed. "...are you okay?"

Laura sighed. "Just worried for him."

"What are you worried about?" Derek asked.

"This isn't easy on him, as you can imagine," Laura replied. "I don't want him falling into a funk. Or heaven forbid, drop."

"Hey," Derek said gently, reaching out and putting his hand on Laura's arm. "It sounds like you're
doing a good job looking after him. And he's asking for the help he needs, right?"
Laura relaxed a bit. "Yeah, he is. I just hope he's asking for everything."

"Then ask," Derek said with a shrug. "Or say you want to pamper him and ask for suggestions."

"Hmm, good idea." Laura nodded, sipping at her coffee. "As much as I hate the bitch, she's still his mom, you know?"

Derek hummed. "I don't know what I'd do if one of Stiles' family was like that," he admitted.

"I don't know either." Laura laughed. "I don't know how I'm dealing with it. You know me."

"Well, if you want to talk about it with someone who's not in the middle of it all, I'm always here," Derek promised. It was one of the things he'd enjoyed about the last few years, that Laura had started seeing him as enough of an equal to let him help her with things.

"I really appreciate it." Laura smiled. "You're one of the best Dom's I know, honestly."

"You think so?" Derek asked hopefully.
Laura nodded. "I trust your advice over most others. Especially when it comes to Domming"

"Really?" Derek sat back, surprised. "But you're already mentoring."

"So? Doesn't mean I'm perfect," Laura said. "You see different views easily."

"Thanks," Derek murmured.

"Besides, just because I mentor now doesn't make me better. Hell, you could easily mentor in a while once you and Stiles qualify," Laura pointed out. "you'd be amazing."

"With all our mental health issues?" Derek asked.

"You'd be able to help those that have their own problems figure out the best ways around them," Laura said, frowning. "Don't you dare put you and Stiles down by talking as if you two wouldn't be good at it."

Derek sighed. "It's not relevant for a few years yet. Are you going to take on another mentee, now Scott's independent?"

"Probably not until next summer unless someone asks for me," Laura admitted. "I want this shittery with Jordan's mom to lessen first."

"You think you'll be able to change things by then?" Derek asked.

"I'm hoping that either she'll be in time out, or she'll have gotten better." Laura nodded.

"It will get better eventually," Derek reassured her. "I know that doesn't help much now."

"Reassurance does help me calm down though." Laura shrugged. "And helps me to keep from going nuts."

Derek frowned. "Make sure you get space when you need it, okay? You can't look after Jordan if
you're utterly pissed off."

Laura paused, thinking it over before nodding. "Yeah. I try to keep it contained until I can let it out."

"Make sure you let it out when you need it, too," Derek said, concerned.

Laura let a soft smile cross her face. "I don't keep it bottled up for long, Der," she promised, reaching out to rub his forearm.

Derek smiled back. "Good."

Laura reached out to kick his foot lightly. "So what do you have planned this week, little brother?"

Derek sighed. "Writing," he admitted reluctantly. "The sooner I get it over with, the better Stiles will feel."

"Did something happen with that?" Laura asked. "I know you said you had a fight with your editor, but why would Stiles feel better once you're done?"

"I had the phone on speaker," Derek said, frowning darkly.

"Why would that...oh my fucking god, she didn't." Laura leaned forward. "She fucking said that it was because of Stiles?"

Derek huffed. "Not quite. She said this had never happened before him being around."

"Oh my god." Laura slumped back, eyes wide. "Jesus fuck, Derek, and he has a problem with people thinking they're angry at him? Oh my fucking god. I'd be killing my editor."

"I'm not talking to her right now," Derek admitted. "It was...it wasn't a good day."

"How much longer would it take you to finish the book?" Laura asked curiously.

"I started the conversation asking my editor for a few weeks," Derek told her with a shrug. "If I get in a rhythm, it could take a lot less. If I get really stuck, it might take more."

"You never ask for extensions, they can fuck off," Laura said. "You've had Stiles over a year, and still not asking extensions until now. Why the fuck does the editor think it's that poor boy's fault..."

She sighed, flicking around her empty coffee cup.

Derek smiled a little. "I'm glad you don't think I'm unreasonable."

"Because you're not being unreasonable! There's thousands of authors that ask off every other month, but you aren't!" Laura frowned. "I want to rip her throat out."

"Laura," Derek scolded. "It's not that bad."

"Sorry, but it's still not right." She huffed, leaning back in her chair.

"I know, and I'll deal with it," Derek promised. "You've got enough to worry about."

Laura nodded. "True."

"And Laura?" Derek gave her a serious look. "If you and Jordan need to drop into our Thanksgiving
instead, you do that. You don't even need to warn us."

"We might just do that," Laura said.

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Laura had Jordan sprawled out on the floor, straddling his ass as she absently drew on his back with a sharpie. She hummed when his phone dinged, leaning down to kiss the back of his neck. "What's up?"

Jordan, his face pressed into the crook of his arm, made a disgruntled noise. He was comfortable. He didn't want to have to move.

Laura laughed softly, nuzzling into Jordan's hairline. "C'mon, Jay, you don't know if it's John or something."

Jordan let out a heavy sigh. "Alright," he conceded. "Get off so I can move my head."

"Not part of the deal," Laura said, sitting up so he could move his head, but not getting off of him. "Besides, you know you can do pushups with me right here."

Jordan pushed himself up alright - then rolled himself over on top of Laura.

Laura squeaked, laughing brightly, her head tilted back as she wrapped her legs around his waist.

Jordan let his weight settle onto her, then reached out to grab his phone. What he saw made him groan.

"Hmm?" Laura asked, running her hand along his bare chest, absently sketching with her sharpie.

"Lo, stop that," Jordan said absently, tensing with apprehension. "My mom replied."

Laura froze, blinking up at him before capping the marker and blowing gently at the ink on his skin, making sure it was dry and giving him time to breathe before pulling him down onto her fully.

"What's she saying?"

Jordan opened the email, grimacing as he scrolled through it. "She, uh..." He bit his lip, and decided to summarise rather than quote it. "She's disappointed that I'm prioritising my career over family."

Laura snorted. "No, she's pissed that you won't stay under her thumb," she murmured, more to herself than anything. "What else did she say?"

"Just...implications that this is why subs shouldn't be cops, since I obviously wouldn't have time for kids," Jordan reported reluctantly. "And she's not going to ask other people to rearrange their schedules for my benefit, so if I can't make the family celebrations, I'll just have to miss out."

"Well for one thing, you make a kick-ass cop," Laura replied. "For another, who's to say I won't be the stay at home parent should we ever have kids? And lastly, she can fuck off with that bullshit. We'll just have our own family meetups with those we enjoy. Like your Aunt Susie. I'm still trying to pry that rum cake recipe out of her!"

"I love you," Jordan said quietly, stroking Laura's hand. "I'm sorry my mom's so awful."

"I love you too, Jay," Laura murmured. "You listen to me, Jordan Hale: Your mom is awful, but she did do one thing right. She brought you into the world."
"She was okay when I was a kid," Jordan told her, shifting to the side so he could cuddle Laura properly, even if it was on the floor.

"Somewhere in there, she realized she didn't have power over you anymore. That's why she's scrambling for it," Laura said softly. "When you grew up, when you moved, became a cop, became mine in every sense of the word. She saw loss of power and she took it personal and horridly."

"Yours, huh?" Jordan murmured, smiling a little.

"All mine." Laura smiled back, kissing his cheek. "She just doesn't understand exactly how good you are. You're a wonderful man. An adoring sub. A brilliant cop, and one day maybe, a doting father. The only thing wrong that she doesn't like is that you won't let her control you. Or I should say, I won't let her control you. Remember, she tried to get me on her side I don't know how many times there in the very beginning." She rolled her eyes, shaking her head as she remembered the many times that woman had whispered criticism of Jordan in her ear. Laura had quickly nipped that in the bud, thus cementing herself in Jordan’s mother’s eyes as the Dom that was corrupting her poor son.

Jordan shivered slightly at the praise, nuzzling into Laura's neck.

"You're perfect, just the way you are," Laura whispered. "And if she can't see that, that's her loss. We'll have fun with the family we like, and go about our lives without the stress of her manipulative ways making you think you need to be there for a toxic family member."

,"Jordan breathed, lips brushing against Laura's skin. "You're so good to me."

"You're good to and for me," Laura murmured, tilting her head back and letting Jordan take the lead, hand in his hair.

Jordan hummed, kissing his way to the hollow of Laura's throat, his eyes darkening in response to her silent invitation.

Laura let out a soft sound, eyes fluttering half closed as her nails scratched at his scalp lightly. "So good."

He moved lower, but was soon interrupted by Laura's shirt. "Can I take this off?" he asked lowly.

"Yes," Laura breathed, sliding her arms up so it could be tugged off.

Jordan didn't linger over it, too eager for more of Laura's bare skin beneath his lips. Once the shirt was off, he shuffled downwards, his hands coming up to cup her breasts.

Laura arched her back into his touch, letting out a soft sigh. She was glad that she was only wearing the tank and short shorts that had become her 'laze about the house' outfit lately. And not even because she could feel all of Jordan through his basketball shorts either. Though that was a lovely bonus.

Jordan couldn't help rolling his hips down as he nipped and licked the pale skin of Laura's breast, rubbing her nipples with his thumbs.

Laura moaned, arching again as she spread her legs, planting her feet on the ground as she rocked up against him in return. "That's it. God, you make me feel so good, Jay."
Jordan hummed. "More of this?" he breathed. "Or do you want me lower?"

"Hmmm." Laura grinned, tilting her head back as she rocked up again. "Surprise me. Want to see what you'd do without me telling you to. But god am I throbbing for you, Jay."

After a moment's thought, Jordan smirked, and moved down to bury his face between Laura's legs. He didn't take her shorts off, though, just sucked at her crotch through the fabric.

Laura gasped, hands diving into his hair as she ground her hips into his face. "Shit!"

Jordan let her move him, rhythmically suckling at the damp cloth.

She whined, wrapping her legs loosely around his shoulders. "C'mon, Jay. Tease." She laughed breathlessly, head thunking on the carpet.

Pulling back a little, Jordan smirked up at her. "I can't exactly take your pants off like this," he pointed out.

Laura groaned, dropping her feet back onto the floor. "Tease," she repeated, licking her lips, grin wide on her face.

"You said that already," Jordan pointed out, kneeling off and stripping off Laura's shorts and panties.

"Doesn't make it any less true than the first time I said it," Laura said with a smirk of her own, spreading her legs out as soon as she was bare. She raised her hands above her head, arching her back and posing, wanting to see that hot look in her sub's eyes.

Jordan's eyes dragged over her, down to the dark hair between her legs, and he reached out, tracing one finger between her lips to her clit.

Laura groaned, hips jerking against Jordan's touch as she watched from beneath lowered lids. "You're amazing."

"You too," Jordan murmured, lying down on his front and mouthing at her lightly.

Laura groaned, tossing her head back. "So good," she breathed

Jordan hummed as he traced her folds with his tongue.

Laura sucked in a breath, rocking her hips, one hand drifting to Jordan's hair.

"You always taste so good," he murmured.

Laura let out a husky laugh. "You always feel so good. Make me feel wonderful."

Jordan turned his head to kiss her thigh.

Laura moaned softly, tugging at his hair. "C'mon Jay, taste me."

"Thought you wanted me to surprise you," he teased lowly.

"Mmm, true," Laura conceded, smirking lazily. "Carry on then."

Jordan considered drawing out his teasing, then decided against it, wrapping his lips around Laura's
clit and sucking.

Laura gasped, arching her back sharply, her legs going back around his shoulders. "Fuck!"

Jordan hummed, continuing his attentions until he could feel Laura quivering underneath him.

Laura had one hand above her head, clutching at what she could of the carpet as the other stayed in Jordan's hair, thighs quivering as panting whimpers left her mouth. "F-fuck."

"Getting close, Lo?" Jordan breathed, bringing one hand up to slip two fingers inside her.

"Uh-huh," she whimpered, grinding down on his fingers.

"Should I get up and go grab a condom?" he teased, stroking her inner walls.

"You can, or you know I'm on birth control." Laura grinned, spreading her legs wide.

"Sounds like a hint," Jordan commented, shifting away to take his shorts off. He was aching by now, but he was used to waiting on Laura anyway.

"Mmm, always knew you were smart." She looked down her body, licking her lips hungrily at the sight of him.

"You wanna stay on the floor?" Jordan asked. "We can change venue if you want."

"I'm good. C'mon, Jay," she urged, linking her hands above her head.

Jordan knelt, wrapping Laura's legs around his hips and thrusting into her.

Laura tightened her legs around his waist, panting and gasping as the angle made him hit her just right.

Jordan leaned up, kissing as high as he could reach.

Laura reached her arms around to hug his head to her. "Gonna fuck me, Jay?" she panted.

"This doesn't count?" he teased breathlessly, driving in harder.

"Feels good," Laura gasped. "But c'mon, Jay, I know what you can do. Show off for me."

Jordan huffed a small laugh, then focused on driving Laura insane.

"Th-there we go," Laura panted, quickly becoming a babbling mess.

Jordan lost his ability to form words soon after, chasing their orgasms.

"Close," Laura gasped out, clenching around him as she ran her nails down his back.

Jordan groaned, grinding up and letting go of his last restraint.

Laura wailed as she came, her nails leaving crescent marks on Jordan's back. "Oh fuck!"

Jordan collapsed onto her, filling her up with a deep moan.

"God fucking damn. I love you," Laura panted, rubbing his back and running a hand through his
hair.

Jordan nuzzled against her chest with a wordless noise.

"Oops. I broke him," Laura rasped, with a chuckle.

Jordan laughed a little, leaning into her hand. "Just don' wanna move."

"Mmmmmmm, same." She sighed happily.

"We should though," Jordan said reluctantly.


Jordan hummed, mouthing lightly at her breast. "Sounds good," he agreed. "Y'have to let go of me first, though."

"Damn." Laura sighed, letting her arms slip off him. "Mmm, thank god for whirlpool tubs!"

Jordan groaned, getting up on his knees and pulling out.

Laura shivered, letting out a small sound. "Mmm."

Getting up, Jordan took Laura's hand, pulling her up with him. "C'mon, Lo."

Laura grinned, leading the way and starting the tub, making sure it was good and hot before dragging Jordan into it. "You are perfect."

"So are you," Jordan murmured, sinking into the water and stroking her hair.

"My sub, my Jay. Allllll mine." She smiled, kissing him hard.

Jordan laughed a little. "Thanks, Lo."

Chapter End Notes

Sorry we're late, guys! We've had to go back and write a whole lot of extra chapters to fit into different spots in the middle of our buffer, and this was one of them, which we only just finished. But the good news is, we'll probably not have issues with late chapters again until New Years, at least

Thanks, as always, to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you for reading!
Hey you guys, I have to go home for Thanksgiving, so I plan on spending my birthday with people I actually like! I'll be at the Jungle on Black Friday (Yeah, my bday is black friday, it's crazy) probably getting there about six or seven. Please let me know if you're able to make it! :) -Bastian

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Bastian invites Stiles, Derek, and Leo to join him at Jungle for his birthday

Chapter Notes

WARNINGs: Bastian's family is homophobic. (Discussed in the two paragraphs after the first right-justified paragraph.) Mention of verbal bullying, and a 'friendly' punch from a cousin

Derek glanced at his phone absently when he heard the message come in, then looked more closely when he saw what it was. "Stiles?" he called out, getting up. "Are you free?"

"Yes, sir, I'm in the craft room," Stiles replied, looking up from his sewing machine, quickly finishing the hem on the pants he was making before getting up. "What's up?" he asked, leaning against Derek with a smile.

"Look at this," Derek said, passing Stiles his phone.

"Hey you guys, I have to go home for Thanksgiving, so I plan on spending my birthday with people I actually like! I'll be at the Jungle on Black Friday (Yeah, my bday is black friday, it's crazy) probably getting there about six or seven. Please let me know if you're able to make it! :) -Bastian"

"Well that's an odd day for your birthday to fall on this year," Stiles commented, handing the phone back to Derek and turning to nuzzle his jaw. "Wanna go?"

"Do you?" Derek asked, kissing Stiles' cheek. "Do you even remember him much?"

"Yeah, I do." Stiles grinned, leaning into the kiss. "I remember his voice. And that he was shy and nice. And that you and Leo both offered numbers just in case. He sounds like he might need friends. And it's not like he doesn't know what I look like on my knees."

Derek laughed a little. "Then I'd say you only remember a little less than me," he said. "What do you think? Should we say yes?"

Stiles beamed. "I think it'd be fun! And I don't think that's a themed night either, so no masks!"
"No masks," Derek agreed. "But no scenes either, okay? Just dancing, and some kisses."

"Yes, sir," Stiles nodded, kissing along his jaw. "As long as I still get kisses, I'm good." He laughed. "Oh! I should make him something!"

"Something small, maybe," Derek said, frowning. "But nothing you'd charge more than ten dollars for. We hardly know him, and it might be awkward."

"I was thinking maybe one of the small stuffed toys I make," Stiles agreed. "A fox maybe? Or maybe a cat?"

"A cat," Derek recommended, thinking of the pet Leo had mentioned. "That's very thoughtful of you, chiquito."

Stiles smiled wider. "Birthday present! And sometimes having a small stuffed animal means a lot."

Derek's smile turned sad. "Sometimes it does," he agreed. "I'll tell Bastian we're coming."

"And I'll start making the toy. It won't take me long, but Black Friday is in a week, so..." Stiles grinned, tugging Derek down into a hard kiss. "I love you."

"I love you, too," Derek said warmly.

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Stiles bounced in place as they paid their cover charge, peering over the tops of people's heads as much as he could. "Where should we sit?" he asked.

"How about we circulate a little and see if we can see him?" Derek suggested. Jungle was crowded tonight.

"Kay! If anything, we can always grab a table to save if we see a comfy one. Oooo, I wonder if there's any corner booths empty," Stiles chattered, grinning as they walked around.

Derek laughed, looking for Bastian as he followed behind, since Stiles would have no way of recognising him.

"Oh yay, one's empty!" Stiles said, scrambling into the booth only to let out a short cry of surprise when someone spoke.

"Ah, no fair, you sound as pretty as you two look." Bastian was standing behind them, pouting softly, though his blue eyes sparkled.

Derek turned, surprised, then smiled. "Happy birthday," he said warmly. "How are you?"

Bastian's lips curved into a smile. "A lot better now that I'm done with Thanksgiving," he admitted. "And thanks!"

"Oh! I have a present for you!" Stiles exclaimed, flailing a bit on the booth seat to dig it out of his pocket. "Here you go! Happy Birthday!" He handed Bastian the small kitten he'd made.

"Oh wow," Bastian breathed, smile softening as he stroked the soft calico yarn. "Thank you!"

"Stiles makes this kind of thing for his Etsy shop," Derek explained.

"Wait, you made this?!" Bastian blinked, his mouth dropping open.
Stiles flushed, nodding and ducking his head.

"He started after we got your text," Derek revealed, pleased that someone else was so impressed by Stiles.

"This is amazing! Thank you." Bastian smiled, kissing Stiles' cheek and flushing softly. "No one's made me a present before," he whispered.

Stiles gave him a tiny smile, still pink.

"They're adorable," Leo said, appearing by Derek's shoulder. "Hi, Bastian."

Bastian looked over, beaming at him. "It's so cute!" He lifted the small stuffed cat higher, letting it sit on his palm.

Stiles blinked for a moment before recognising the voice. "Hi."

"This is Leo," Derek said, smiling. "Leo, this is Stiles. You didn't really meet properly last time."

Stiles flushed again, though his smile widened. "I was a bit busy," he admitted.

Bastian snorted softly, hiding his laughter behind a hand as he slid into the booth opposite Stiles, turning to smile at Leo.

"Happy birthday," Leo said with a grin. "I'm afraid I don't have a soft toy for you, but I'll buy you a drink. Requests?"

"Long island iced tea?" Bastian asked, giving him a shy smile, carefully setting the stuffed toy into the bigger pocket of his cargo pants, making sure it was firmly closed.

Stiles laced his fingers with Derek's, grinning and looking over at him.

"You want a drink too, sweetheart?" Derek asked.

"Yes, sir," Stiles nodded. "Though, I'm not sure what." He shrugged. "Surprise me?"

"Well, there won't be alcohol in it, so you may not be too surprised," Derek commented, letting go of Stiles' hand.

Stiles shrugged. "Still will be a surprise," he said, kissing Derek's cheek.

"See you in a bit, boys," Leo said, leaving in the direction of the bar. Derek followed.

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"How have you been?" Derek asked, struggling a little to be heard through all the noise.

"Not bad," Leo replied. "Yourself?"

"I've been good," Derek said. "The book I've been working on this year is done, so I get to relax a bit now."

"You're an author?" Leo asked. "What do you write?"

"Fantasy novels," Derek explained as they got to the bar, waiting for one of the bartenders to get to them.
"Anything I'd know?" Leo asked curiously.

Derek shrugged. "It depends on what you read." He glanced up as the bartender arrived. "Shirley
Temple and a rum and coke, please."

"And a Long Island iced tea and an amaretto sour for me," Leo added.

The two of them fell into a slightly awkward silence as they waited for their drinks. Derek wasn't
great at small talk, and it seemed like Leo wasn't too committed to making it happen on his own.

"Your hair is so shiny!" Stiles blurted out after a pause. "How the hell..."

"I don't know, it's just like this?" Bastian shrugged, grinning as he leaned over the table. "So, how'd
you get Derek as a Dom?"

"He started out as my foster Dom." Stiles grinned crookedly. "But I'm keeping him."

"Lucky!" Bastian shrugged. "I begged for a female foster Dom to hide some more from my parents
until I could afford to live by myself."

"Uh? Why? Is everything okay?" Stiles tilted his head, watching Bastian closely.

"Yeah, they're just assholes that think I'm going to hell because I want a Dom that'll pin me down
and fuck me." Bastian waved his hand in the air, rolling his eyes.

"Well, I feel ya on that one," Stiles grinned. "But I'm sorry your family are assholes. That's not good!
Do they live in Beacon Hills? Or somewhere else?"

"Yeah, they do." Bastian gave Stiles a shy grin.

"Oh, goodie." Stiles grinned wider, eyes mischievous. "You see, my Dad's the sheriff..."

By the time the two Doms got back to the table, the others had their heads together, planning some
kind of trouble. Derek was sure. "Stiles," he warned, setting their drinks down on the table, "what
are you up to?"

Stiles looked up, grinning widely. "Plotting," he said innocently. "Against Bastian's family."

Bastian flushed.

"What did they do?" Derek asked, sitting down next to Stiles.

Stiles frowned. "They're assholes," he murmured, pointing to Bastian's arm. "And they hurt him."

Bastian groaned. "Stiles, it was my cousin!"

"Doesn't matter. Family hurt you."

Leo frowned, sitting down next to Bastian and putting their drinks down so he could look closer.
"That's not a bruise from someone's grip..." he murmured, "...a 'friendly' punch?"

Bastian flushed, holding out his arm so they could see the bruise. "Something like that."
"Was just going to sic my dad on them," Stiles muttered.

Derek shook his head. "Stiles, unless Bastian wants to cut off contact, that could escalate things," he pointed out. "Bastian, what's the actual problem?"

"They don't like that I like men." Bastian shrugged. "They constantly taunt me and try to mess with my head." He paused. "I'm used to it. There's a reason that I asked for a female foster Dom."

Stiles grumbled, sipping at his drink and blinking down at it, grinning widely as he popped a cherry into his mouth.

"Stiles is right," Leo said bluntly. "They're assholes."

Bastian nodded after a moment, lowering his arm. "They are," he admitted, sipping at his drink and relaxing against the booth. "Luckily, Thanksgiving is over."

"Tell me you're not planning to go home for Christmas," Leo said.

"I don't exactly have anywhere else to go," Bastian shrugged. "Lindsey will be busy. She's my 'official' Dom so my parents aren't it."

"Come to mine," Leo said with a shrug. "We'll get Thai and watch crappy TV. It'll be nice to have company for once."

Bastian blinked, trying to hide a hopeful smile. "Are you sure?" he asked.

Stiles hid a grin in his drink, pressing closer to Derek.

Derek smiled, wrapping his arm around Stiles' shoulders.

"My family's all the way over in Boston," Leo explained. "We're not close, so I don't bother to travel anymore. I'd love company."

"Okay." Bastian's smile grew. "It'd be nice to spend Christmas with someone that doesn't think I should die and go to hell."

Leo shook his head. "Assholes," he said darkly.

Bastian reached out, patting Leo on the shoulder. "They are. But it's okay."

"Anyway," Leo said, shaking off his annoyance and sliding Bastian his drink. "Happy birthday."

Bastian smiled. "Thank you," he murmured, giving Leo a sideways grin.

"Should have brought cake," Stiles said.

"You brought a cat," Derek pointed out.

"Yeah, but that's not cake, sir!" Stiles grinned, digging another cherry out of his drink with his straw.

Leo laughed. "You've got quite the personality, haven't you, Stiles?" he said. "I'm glad I got a chance to get to know you."

"Sir likes my personality," Stiles said mischievously.
"I'm sure he likes more than just that," Bastian teased, causing Stiles to laugh.

Derek blushed a little, glad that it would be hard to see in this lighting.

"Well, he isn't wrong." Stiles smirked at Derek, kissing his cheek, his smile growing when he felt the warmth under his lips.

Bastian laughed brightly, tension leaving his shoulders as he sipped at his drink.

Leo smiled when he saw Bastian relax. "So, are we expecting anyone else?" he asked. "Or is it just us?"

"You guys were the only ones that answered," Bastian shrugged. "I figured the others may still be family timing or, god forbid, Black Friday shopping." He shuddered, wrinkling his nose.

"Black Friday is an obnoxious concept," Leo agreed. "Although this year, of course, it's delightful."

Bastian gave him a shy smile, flicking his tongue along his bottom lip. "Really?"

"Absolutely," Leo replied, his grey eyes sparkling. "And it would be even more delightful if you would care to dance with me."

Bastian tilted his head, looking at Leo for a moment before nodding, smiling shyly. "Of course!" He held out his hand once they'd stood up.

Stiles curled close to Derek, hiding a smile behind his glass.

Derek rubbed Stiles' shoulder, smiling as he watched the pair.

Stiles giggled, leaning over to murmur into Derek's ear. "Well, it won't take them long..."

"Shh," Derek said. "People can flirt for fun, you know."

"True. And even if they end up in bed together, that doesn't mean anything," Stiles admitted. "Still, it'd be a good match, from what I can see."

Once the two started dancing, Derek turned his attention back to Stiles. "Having a good night?" he asked.

Stiles beamed. "Yes, sir! And I like this drink. Especially the cherries in it."

"I'm glad," Derek said, smiling. "I think your lips might be redder than usual."

Stiles grinned. "Is that a good thing?"

"It looks good on you," Derek said, leaning in for a kiss. When he pulled back, he added, "And you taste sweet."

Stiles licked his lips, eyes lighting up. "Oh, I liked that," he murmured, pressing in close.

Derek smiled, cupping Stiles' cheek. "Yeah?" he murmured. "You like me tasting cherry on your lips?"

"Mmhmm, perfect," Stiles nodded, leaning into Derek's hand.
Derek kissed Stiles again, longer this time.

Stiles let out a soft sound, pressing as close as he could.

Bastian was panting softly as he danced, grinning at Leo whenever he managed to gain the 'upper hand'.

Leo raised his eyebrows challengingly, turning Bastian around and grinding up against him, holding his hips to keep him in place.

Bastian gasped, hands going to rest over Leo's as he looked back over his shoulder, one corner of his lips tucked up into a smirk, eyes dark.

Leo squeezed Bastian's hips, testing his reactions.

Bastian shivered, swaying his hips as much as he could, rolling them back against Leo. His eyes darkened further, bottom lip tucking between his teeth.

"You like that, hmm?" Leo teased lightly.

Bastian felt his lips turn up into a playful smirk. "Uh-huh," he murmured, a hand slipping up into Leo's hair.

Leo nuzzled at Bastian's neck, nipping lightly with his teeth. "Want someone to hold you tight, don't you?" he murmured. "Want them to leave a mark?"

Bastian tilted his head, giving Leo more room. "Yeah. Want that. To mark me as theirs. Leave bruises and hickeys."

Leo traced Bastian's skin lightly with his tongue, never quite reaching his sub mark. "And would you be their good boy?" he breathed. "Or would you be naughty?"

Bastian panted softly, rocking his hips back and forth. "That all depends," he murmured.

"Depends on what, beautiful?" Leo asked, one of his hands sliding from Bastian's hip to rub over his crotch.

Bastian arched his back, letting out a soft moan. "Depends on what we both wanted," he panted. "Whether they want a good or a naughty boy. If I am teasing or mischievous."

"Well," Leo said, with a final nip at Bastian's neck, "how about you go dance, beautiful, and someday soon you and I can decide how naughty you're going to be."

Bastian looked back over his shoulder, licking his lips. "Really?" he asked, fighting to calm down..

"Dance for a while," Leo suggested. "Think about it. But the invitation is there."

Bastian tilted his head to the side, narrowing his eyes. "And if I agree I just let you know?" he asked seriously.

Leo leaned in, kissing him softly. "You've got my number."

Bastian sucked in a breath, barely able to return the kiss before it was over. "What if I decide before you go home?"
Leo shook his head. "You've had a drink or two, and yesterday was a shitty day for you," he said. "Call me tomorrow."

Bastian couldn't help his smile. "You're a good man, Leo," he murmured, pressing close to kiss Leo's jaw before moving away.

Leo shook his head, an island in a sea of movement as he watched Bastian go. "Just good enough, I think," he murmured.

Bastian glanced over his shoulder as he started dancing again, grinning at the look on Leo's face.

Stiles was panting, his face buried in Derek’s neck as he tried to calm down. He peeked up at the dance floor and giggled. "Look, looks like someone had a good birthday."

Derek turned around, spotting Leo first, then Bastian. "I'd say so," he agreed. "Looks like he's enjoying himself."

"Good," Stiles said, mouthing at Derek's neck. "He deserves some fun."

Bastian came bounding up, grinning at them both. "Stiles! Dance with me?"

Derek laughed and nodded his approval. "Having fun?" he teased.

Bastian flushed, grinning wider. "Lots of fun," he promised. "You don't mind if I use Stiles to dance with and tease, right?" he asked, unsure for a moment.

Stiles giggled. "It'd end up being a tease for you too, sir."

"It's fine," Derek promised, smiling reassuringly at them both. "I don't mind watching our things while you enjoy yourselves."

Stiles grinned, climbing out of the booth and kissing Derek's cheek. "Love you!" he called, laughing as Bastian dragged him onto the dance floor.

Derek just watched, amused by their antics.

Bastian tugged Stiles close, starting to dance with him, grinning.

Stiles laughed, wrapping his arms around Bastian's neck, spotting Leo over his shoulder.

Leo raised his eyebrows, gradually dancing his way closer to the pair.

Bastian smiled at Stiles, spinning them around, hands on Stiles' hips as they danced and laughed. He glanced up, shooting Leo a hot look, seeing Stiles do the same toward Derek.

Well. Two could tease, if that was the way of things. Leo leaned over Stiles' shoulder so they could both hear him. "Mind if I cut in?" he asked.

Stiles squeaked. "Which one are you talking to?"

Bastian just grinned, seeing the playful look on Leo's face.
"Bastian, actually," Leo said, giving Stiles a charming smile. "I haven't had the chance to dance with you yet tonight."

Stiles smiled back tentatively.

Bastian pouted a tiny bit, sticking his tongue out playfully. "Fine fine," he teased, kissing Stiles' cheek. "Be good," he sang, heading back toward the table.

Leo laughed a little. "Having a good time?" he asked Stiles, dancing close, but not actually touching.

Stiles smile grew. "I am!" he nodded, careful to make sure they didn't actually touch, or get any more 'intimate' than they were. It'd feel weird.

"You're lovely to watch," Leo said warmly. "And lovely to dance with, too."

"So, is this where I give a shovel talk to you about Bastian?" Stiles teased, eyes glinting mischievously.

Leo laughed. "If you want," he said. "Do your worst, by all means."

"Just remember that he already has people in his life that hurt him and are assholes," Stiles reminded Leo. "And don't forget that I'm very creative and was raised by a sheriff, so I know how to make it look like an accident."

Leo was still grinning. "Fierce, aren't you?" he teased. "Don't worry, I won't be hurting him any more than he asks for."

"Protective, too," Stiles said with a smile. "Good."

Leo stepped a little closer, meeting Stiles' gaze seriously. "I want any sub I scene with to be able to trust me," he said quietly. "I won't break that trust."

Stiles nodded to himself before patting Leo's arm and kissing his cheek. "Thank you for the dance," he said quietly. "But I'm going to go get another drink and sit down." He felt a little out of his element, not used to a Dom that had the same intensity as his own. Much less one interacting with him. While not rude, it was a bit...overwhelming after a while.

"I think I might take a break too," Leo agreed, accepting the excuse without comment. "Since everyone else is at the table."

"I'm not used to dancing. And I have two left feet." Stiles laughed, heading over to the bar to order another Shirley Temple, and taking it back to the table.

Derek smiled when he saw Stiles return, shuffling over to make room. "Did you have a good time, sweetheart?" he asked.

Stiles beamed, nodding as he sat down. "They gave me extra cherries," he crowed with delight, pressing close to Derek.

"I guess we've found your new favourite drink," Derek teased, wrapping his arm around Stiles' waist.

Stiles kissed Derek's cheek, grinning. "Yes, I love this."
Bastian just chuckled. He’d switched to sodas, not wanting to actually get drunk, just pleasantly warm. And he was definitely that. "It suits you," he said. "Innocent...to a fault."

Leo raised his eyebrows, giving Stiles a teasing look. "Innocent, you think?"

"Looks are deceiving," Stiles chirped, grin growing wider. "Sir knows."

"I have to say, you didn't look that innocent when we met," Leo pointed out.

Stiles burst into laughter, his nose crinkling as he wrapped his arm around Derek. "Point. But then again, you met me here. So..."

Bastian snickered, grinning at Leo over his cup.

"So a little lack of innocence was only to be expected?" Leo finished for him. "Well, I don't know if you heard me on the night, but you were just beautiful."

Stiles flushed, hiding his face in Derek’s arm. "Thank you," he squeaked.

"And then he does stuff like that. Again, innocent to a fault," Bastian hummed, leaning over to pat Stiles gently on the arm.

"He can be shy if he wants," Derek said easily, tucking Stiles a little closer.

"Yeah, he can. He's adorable like that anyway," Bastian shrugged. "Besides, extra cuddles for you," he teased gently.

Stiles just let out another little sound that sounded a lot like "not adorable" before falling quiet, soaking up Derek’s touch.

"I'm sorry, hon, but you are absolutely adorable," Leo said, amused.

Stiles could only squeak, peeking out with flushed cheeks. "Not!"

Bastian giggled softly. "Derek thinks so too, don't you?"

Derek laughed a little. "You doing okay?" he murmured, low enough that only Stiles could hear.

Stiles nodded against his arm, peeking up at him.

Derek dropped a kiss on the tip of Stiles' nose, the warmth of the alcohol making him eager to be a little silly. "You're very adorable," he said fondly.

Stiles gave him a shy smile, his nose crinkling from the kiss. "I still don't think so most of the time."

"You're both adorable," Bastian said, stretching and yawning.

"Tired already?" Leo asked.

"Mmmhm," Bastian admitted. "Drove straight here from Dad's house."

"It is almost midnight," Stiles mused.

"It's not that late," Derek said. "Still. Probably time to go home. Do either of you need a ride?"
Leo considered. "Nah, I'm safe to drive, I reckon."

Bastian tilted his head, then sighed. "Nope, my brain is still moving a microsecond behind my head. I need a ride," he admitted, dropping his forehead onto the table.

Derek exchanged glances with Stiles. "We can take you," he offered.

"Or I could," Leo agreed.

Stiles giggled quietly, grinning at Bastian's amused look.

"Thank you both." Bastian gave them both a shy smile. "But I'm going to go with Leo, is that okay?" he asked, shifting in his seat.

Derek smiled. "Sounds good," he reassured him. "We might head off now, then."

Stiles gave them both an almost sleepy smile and a wave, standing and stretching.

"You okay to drive, Sir?" Stiles asked softly, leaning against the side of the booth.

"I'm fine," Derek promised. "I only had the one drink, and I haven't been dancing this whole time. You look exhausted, sweetheart."

"Mmmhmmm." Stiles nodded. "Danced a long time."

"You looked very sexy," Derek promised, leading Stiles out of the club with a wave to the other two.

Stiles gave him a tired smile. " Wanted to dance for you, too."

"Thank you, sweetheart," Derek murmured.

Bastian laughed softly as he watched them go, then stood himself and turned to Leo with a sleepy smile. "If you need it, my couch is comfortable."

"I might take you up on that," Leo admitted. "Don't forget your cat."

Bastian squeaked, scrambling for his pocket to make sure the small stuffed animal was still there. "Oh, thank god," he breathed when he found it still where he put it.

Leo laughed a little, wrapping his arm around Bastian's shoulders as they stepped out into the cool night air. "Happy birthday," he murmured, kissing Bastian's cheek.

Chapter End Notes

...and we're back to your regularly scheduled programming, folks!

You'll be seeing more of these guys, we like them a lot ;)

..........a lot a lot :P -Kattseye
Thanks to all of you for reading, and to our lovely beta Chicktar
Afterwards

Chapter Summary

Stiles looked up, turning his tablet so Derek could see. "Bastian found me on Facebook! And he looks...happy." He snickered.

Derek grinned. "He does, doesn't he?" he commented. "I'm glad he had a good birthday."

----

The day after the trip to Jungle, Stiles catches up with Bastian through Facebook

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

When Stiles got on the computer the next day and found a friend request from Bastian, he accepted it immediately, laughing at what he saw when he scrolled through Bastian's timeline. There was a picture of the cat Stiles had given him, captioned 'look at this cutie!! My friend made him for my birthday! Had to stalk his page to get the Etsy link, but he also does a lot of other things!' with the link to his store; and lower down, a selfie of Bastian with Leo, Leo's arm thrown over his shoulder, their temples touching. 'Happy birthday to meeeeee! I have this gorgeous man over for breakfast!' They both wore goofy smiles, and Stiles could see a dark hickey peeking out from Bastian's shirt collar.

"What's making you so happy, sweetheart?" Derek asked curiously.

Stiles looked up, turning his tablet so Derek could see. "Bastian found me on Facebook! And he looks...happy." He snickered.

Derek grinned. "He does, doesn't he?" he commented. "I'm glad he had a good birthday."

"I'm glad, too! And that hickey is telling." Stiles' grin became a playful smirk.

"Did you see them dancing?" Derek pointed out. "It's not really a surprise."

"No," Stiles agreed, "but it's nice that it wasn't just booze talking."

"Are you going to say hi?" Derek asked.

Stiles nodded, grinning up at Derek and leaning up to kiss his Derek's chin.

Derek sat down next to him, wrapping an arm around Stiles' shoulders. "Say hi from me, too," he said.

"Yes, sir," Stiles promised, cuddling close and pulling up Facebook messenger.

Derek got out his phone, enjoying the closeness as Stiles settled in for a long conversation.
Hi from me and Sir! -S
I see you had a good morning ;) -S

Boy you have NO idea ;) -B
Wait, maybe you do :P -B
Also hi! -B

Oh please tell. I LOVE hearing -S

Well, you saw the hickey ;) -B

DEEEEEEETAILLLLLLS Bastian! -S
I need them -S
For reasons -S

Reasons of being nosy, or reasons of your spank bank? :P -B

.... -S
Yes? :P -S
I'm a curious person, and I take the things I hear as ideas to try myself -S
Hey, worked with the panties.... -S

lol -B
Well, you'll be disappointed to hear that Leo was a complete gentleman -B

I am, and yet I'm not -S
Better than being an ass ;P -S

Definitely -B
Plans are still on for Christmas, but we'll be meeting up before then, too -B

So, what's your plan for THAT? :P -S

And let me know if you wanna commision something LOL -S

Thanks, btw, for the 'free marketing' :P -S

My kitty is adorable, of course I wanted to show it off! -B

And I'll definitely be looking at your store for gifts in the future -B

I'm really glad you like it! -S

I was torn between a fox and a cat, but sir said you might like a kitty more ;p -S

Aw, I could have got a fox? I wouldn't have been able to choose! -B

Christmas IS close by :P -S

...I mean, I wouldn't say NO... -B

But you have to tell me something you want as a present, otherwise it wouldn't be fair -B

I'll tell you a present idea if you find out something I could make that Leo would like :P -S

How are you so nice, seriously? You've met us twice, and the first time hardly counts -B

I get attached easily -S

Could be a fault, but I roll with it ;p -S

You're adorable -B

Eep >///< -S
I don't feel it most of the time -S

Sometimes I do, and I've learned ways to feel it more often -S

But there's a lot of times I'm just like "Uh, no?" -S

Funnily enough panties help -S

And sir said my red lips from the cherries was a good look, so now I'm thinking lipstick or something, idk -S

Ooh, you should totally do that -B

And you are a hundred percent adorable. You were so fucking pretty on masquerade night -B

That's one of my favorite spots, tbh -S

I'm thinking about it as a birthday present for sir :) -S

That and maybe wear my stockings and garter belt.....-S

You can't just tease me like that *pout* -B

How come you've got all the pretty things? -B

Because I'm spoiled? :P -S

Though I bought the stockings and such as a surprise for Sir -S

Maybe I'll add that in your christmas box xD (Your own, of course, mine are mine) -S

If you get me a whole bunch of Christmas presents I'll just be embarrassed -B

Sorry, hon -B

Awww, okay-S

I could always give it to Leo :P -S

Jk -S

:) -B
So, when are you two meeting up again? -S

and is it meeting up, or MEETING UP? -S

We're going for coffee in a few days -B

Oh god -S

Don't get me started on the puns -S

For ex: You can put your stir stick in me, -S

That's appalling -B

Does Derek know your pickup lines are so appalling? -B

Yes -S

and he groans at them too :P -S

And then he groans for another reason when I casually ask to suck him off while he's driving. -S

One of those lines is not like the other... :P -B

:P -S

It makes the best reactions though. -S

Yeah? Is he a big exhibitionist? -B

Nope -S

That's me -S

He's...been through shit, so for some things we go slow :) -S

Like with my desire to be fucked over random surfaces -S

I'll have you know the hood of our Camaro knows me a lot better after that last mask night ;) -S
He must be a little bit into it, though, to go to masquerades with you.

I think he is, it's just a caution thing :) -S

That was the first time we went past making out during Masquerade though. -S

I'm hoping to move further at some point -S

But I'm patient :) -S

Or, well, patient with anything that has to do with my Dom <3 -S

You're a sweetie -B

I hope I'd be patient enough to do the same -B

You probably would -S

I won't go into any details because It's not my story and I won't betray his trust -S

but he got treated VERY shittily when younger -S

So there's certain things that need more thought :) -S

Looking after Doms is important -B

Yes :) -S

And it's fun -S

Especially the more *ahem* teasing parts :P -S

I'm envious -B

I've had a Dom before, but never a boyfriend -B

Well, maybe you will soon *wink* -S

No, but seriously, how come? -S
Like I mentioned, my family are homophobic -B

So I said I was straight at my testing, and I got placed with Lindsay -B

I'm assuming Lindsay was platonic? -S

Oh! Does that mean you're a virgin then? -S

Which, btw, is not a bad thing, I'm just nosy :P -S

... -B

You don't HAVE to answer that -S

And there's nothing bad about being one -S

I was until Sir.... -S

Anyway. Yes, I'm platonic with Lindsay -B

She's my contract Dom and my friend, but not much more -B

at least she understood :) -S

and I'm sorry if I made you uncomfortable -S

It's a little personal, you know? -B

Yeah, sorry :( -S

Again, I just get nosy -S

Anyway, point being, I'm platonic with Lindsay, and she really helped me start to open up a bit, but I've never really had that moment where there was potential for more with somebody and I was in the right place to go for it -B

Do you feel better about your odds now? -S
Even if not with Leo. -S

I'll get there -B

Being single isn't that bad -B

Except when I see someone like you who's so adorably smitten -B

No, it's not bad. But as someone from the other side, it's def not bad here either :) -S

Be single until you feel right. No matter if that's in three weeks, or three years. -S

I've already given him the shovel talk anyway :P -S

You /didn't/ :o -B

Yup -S

Because I wanted to make sure he wasn't going to end up acting like your family -S

And all I did was remind him I'm the sheriff's son and knew how to make it look like an accident xD -S

to which he called me "fierce" -S

My hero *swoon* -B

...you probably didn't intimidate him at all, you know -B

Probably not -S

But it made me feel better, and I DO pack a mean kick -S

.........and the sheriff connection :P -S

Do you regularly use that to intimidate people? -B

Nope -S

My kick, yes, Dad? nope -S
I got told in seventh grade to stop using my Dad to get things I wanted -S
Because apparently I was Draco Malfoy there for a bit -S

lol -B

Oh well, Kicking works too when it comes to assholes :) -S

I won't argue with that -B

I'm also loud and have been told I'm too mouthy for my own good -S

Derek is obviously pretty fond of your mouth ;) -B

Hell yeah he is LOL -S

And loud can be fun -B

He seems to like it, though I go non-verbal a lot too lol -S

How so? -B

tend to go all quiet moany squishy during sex -S
so the times I can't stop my mouth ... lol -S

Huh. Like you're overwhelmed? -B
Kinda -S

More like my brain goes scattered and quiet. -S

Which with ADHD is amazing LOL -S

Yeah, I can imagine -B

Subspace does the same thing. -S

Sounds amazing -B

You've been in space right? With Lindsay? -S

Yeah, no, I have -B

But not really deep, if that makes sense? -B

Yeah, it's seriously different -S

Dunno how, just is -S

I gotta go, but we'll chat later, maybe? -B

It was really great meeting you -B

For sure! -S

Be safe ;) -S

Stiles giggled, setting the tablet down and leaning up to kiss Derek's chin.

Derek glanced down at Stiles. "What's making you so happy, sweetheart?" he asked.

"I have you," Stiles said simply, kissing him again.

Derek smiled, cupping Stiles' cheek and bringing him in for a longer kiss.

"Love you, too," Derek replied. "Did you have a good chat with Bastian?"

Stiles grinned. "I did! And he's going to do recon on what Leo would like for Christmas."

"You really love giving gifts, don't you?" Derek commented, running a hand over Stiles' hair.

"I really do," Stiles' said with a nod. "I love the look on people’s faces."

"Maybe you should add a grab bag to your stall next weekend," Derek suggested.

"A grab bag?" Stiles asked curiously, lighting up at the idea.

"Something for kids, you know?" Derek suggested. "Put a whole bunch of cheap things in individual paper bags, and sell them for five bucks each."

Stiles smiled. "That does sound like a good idea."

"Only if you've got everything else ready, of course," Derek said.

"I almost do, just another blanket to add to stock, along with another baby dress," Stiles replied happily. "That's a really good idea, though, sir. Thank you!"

"You're welcome," Derek said. "I just thought you might like to see people's faces when they open them."

"Yessss!" Stiles' eyes lit up. "And I can put special things in only a couple of them, so it's like playing the lotto, too!"

Derek smiled. "It's up to you, sweetheart," he said. "It's your store."

Stiles' eyes were bright and mischievous, his smile the same, as he straddled Derek's lap to kiss him hungrily. "You're amazing!"

Derek laughed into the kiss, hands settling on Stiles' hips. "Why's that, love?" he asked.

"Because you are! You're brilliant!" Stiles exclaimed.

"If you say so," Derek conceded, shaking his head with a smile. "How about you tell me something that makes you brilliant for today?"

Stiles wiggled in place, a flush brushing his cheeks. "How quick I am in learning new patterns for crochet?"

Derek nodded approvingly. "You're a quick learner," he agreed. "That's a good one. Say it aloud for me?"

"I'm a quick learner," Stiles murmured after a moment, cheeks pink.

"Good boy," Derek said, leaning up to kiss Stiles' forehead. "Well done."

Chapter End Notes

A slightly different format to usual. How did you find it?
Thanks, as ever, to our beta Chicktar, and to all of you lovely readers
"You did really, really well," Derek agreed. "I'm so proud of you, sweetheart. How do you want to celebrate?"

Stiles hummed in thought. "I'm not sure. I know I don't want to do anything even close to adulting."

Derek raised his eyebrows at the turn of phrase. "What about being little, then?"

-----

After a busy day at the craft fair, Stiles and Derek relax with some little time

** WARNINGS: Non-sexual age-play. After the first three sections (with marked line breaks), Stiles is little for almost the whole chapter. **

There was a lot to do to get ready for the December craft fair. The turnout was expected to be larger than average because of the time of year, and Stiles wanted to make the most of it. So since Derek had finally managed to get his manuscript done, he was helping Stiles get things ready. "What price are the kneeling cushions again?" he asked, looking at the bundle of blank price tags in front of him.

"Plainer ones are twenty, fancier are twenty five." Stiles smiled, fingers twisting and turning as he finished up one last project. "I don’t have any of the super fancy ones because the material for those is hella expensive so I make those commission only."

Derek nodded, and started writing out the tags. "Makes sense. I'll try to remember that, about the commissions, in case someone asks on Sunday."

"I'm going to be taking my planner book just in case someone does place one." Stiles grinned. "I might post a sign saying I'm taking commissions, I don't know yet." He let his eyes flick over his work as he finished it up, quickly putting it in the right bin before starting on some price tags as well.

"Put up a sign, but add that you can't guarantee they'll be done by Christmas," Derek suggested. "You don't know how many you'll get."

"Oh, good point," Stiles agreed. "I don’t want people thinking they’ll get it by Christmas and I get slammed."

"If you can get it done by Christmas, it'll be nice for them," Derek said. "But I don't want you working too hard."
"I'll just pick and choose the ones I do for sure then, and the rest I'll just tell them I'll try but no promises." Stiles smiled, kissing Derek's cheek as he passed him, scooping up the package of paper sacks for the grab bags.

"Sounds good," Derek said, smiling back. "Giving your hands a break?"

"Yeah, I have one more hat and scarf to make, but I figured a break would be good." Stiles grinned wider. "So I'm going to price and start filling these."

Derek glanced at his watch and stood, rolling his shoulders and stalking over to Stiles. "I have a different idea," he said lowly. "Come on, Przemyslaw. Let's go relax."

Stiles' eyes widened, darkening quickly as he took in the almost predatory way Derek was coming toward him. Shivering, he put the package down on the table, licking his lips. "Mmm, sounds like a plan," he agreed breathlessly.

-----

"Ugh, done!" Stiles groaned, putting the last Rubbermaid tub into the back of the car at the end of the day. Luckily a nice chunk of them could be stacked together from the amount Stiles had managed to sell. He didn't have any of the grab bags left.

Derek wrapped his arm around Stiles' waist, kissing his hair. "Did you have a good day?" he asked.

Stiles nodded, leaning back against him with a smile. "Even got quite a few commissions too!"

"I saw," Derek said warmly. "I'm proud of you."

Stiles' smile softened at the praise, and he kissed Derek's cheek. "I love you," he murmured.

"Love you too, sweetheart," Derek replied quietly. "Do you want to stop by the bank on our way home so you can deposit that cash?"

"Yes, please. It's a lot and I don't want to carry it around for long." Stiles smiled, kissing Derek's jaw.

Derek nodded, letting go of Stiles to close the trunk. "We should open you a savings account when we get home," he suggested, getting into the car.

"That may be a good idea." Stiles nodded. "I can put some in there so there's not a huge amount in the other."

"Maybe you can put the money from the fairs into savings, and just use the Etsy store for your general expenses," Derek offered, starting up the car.

"Mmm, good idea, and just dip into it when I need to." Stiles settled into his seat, using his sales book and the calculator on his phone to count what he'd made that day, not wanting the money out in the open.

"I don't think you'll need to very often," Derek commented as they left the car park. "Your store is doing very well."

"Yeah, even when I buy things, it never dips down past a certain point," Stiles said, then blinked at the total. "Holy shit," he breathed.

Derek laughed. Stiles had been so engaged with the customers, Derek had been doing a lot of the money handling. "I told you you did well," he said warmly.
"I just...holy shit," Stiles said again, looking at Derek with wide eyes. "I apparently did very well."

"So we'll be coming back next year?" Derek asked, amused.

"Yes, please!" Stiles beamed.

Derek grinned. "I like doing this with you," he said. "Even if it is a lot of work to get everything organized."

Stiles nodded. "It's a lot of work," he agreed. "But worth it. Especially with making this much in one weekend!"

"One weekend with weeks of preparation beforehand," Derek pointed out, "but yes."

"Still. And we sold so much! We probably just have three containers still full and a couple of partials!" Stiles squirmed happily in his seat.

"You did really, really well," Derek agreed. "I'm so proud of you, sweetheart. How do you want to celebrate?"

Stiles hummed in thought. "I'm not sure. I know I don't want to do anything even close to adulting."

Derek raised his eyebrows at the turn of phrase. "What about being little, then?"

Stiles blinked, looking over at him shyly. "Can I?" he asked softly. "I'm just...exhausted, but not tired, does that make sense?"

"It's not the physical work," Derek murmured. "It's the decision-making."

Stiles nodded, flushed. "I like making decisions, I like having my own business. But this weekend hit harder than usual."

Derek shook his head, pulling into a parking spot. "You did a lot of work, and now you need a break," he said. "Come on, let's deposit all that, and then you can relax."

"Yes, sir," Stiles nodded, slipping from the car and walking around to lean against Derek for a moment. "Thank you, for understanding," he murmured.

"Of course, chiquito," Derek said softly. "I think we should get you something to play with - a puzzle, maybe?"

"They have some wooden ones that look cool." Stiles smiled. "And some 3D ones."

Derek smiled back, leading Stiles towards the bank. "Well, you show me what you'd like and I'll buy it for you," he said.

"Yes, sir," Stiles agreed, threading his fingers in through Derek's.

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Once the bins were in the house, up in the craft room, Stiles was even more weary, sitting on the stairs with his head in his hands, leaning against the banister. "Uuuggghhh."

"What's up, chiquito?" Derek asked, sitting down beside him.
"Tired." Stiles gave Derek a small smile, leaning against him.

"Yeah?" Derek said softly. "You want a nap?"

"Mmmm, might be a good idea. It's not that late in the afternoon, I just..." Stiles flushed. "I might wake up little," he whispered. "I don't know."

Derek wrapped his arm around Stiles' shoulders. "I don't mind that at all," he promised. "When you've done it before, we weren't really expecting it, so it threw me a little. But we're planning for it today, aren't we? So it's fine."

Stiles curled close, letting out a tired sigh. "Nap sounds good, then. Lay down with me?"

"Of course," Derek agreed. "How about we get you changed into play clothes first, just in case?"

"Good plan," Stiles agreed. "Ugh, that means I have to get up." He groaned, already going to pull himself up.

Derek smiled a little as he stood. "I'm afraid it does, chiquito," he said fondly, pulling Stiles into a hug. "Come on."

Stiles soaked up the hug, his own smile fond as he headed up the stairs to pull on a pair of shorts and a shirt.

Derek followed, quietly keeping Stiles company. "Ready for your nap, chiquito?" he asked softly once Stiles was done.

"Yeah." Stiles nodded, holding out his arms.

Derek hugged Stiles close, rubbing his back soothingly.

Stiles' shoulders slumped a bit, humming softly. "Nap time."

"Nap time," Derek agreed, ushering Stiles to bed.

-----

Stiles grumbled softly as he woke, wiggling around and patting the bed as he searched. "Sir F'uffer?" he asked.

Derek looked up from his book, quickly recognizing that Stiles had indeed woken up Little. "He's in your room, nene," he murmured. "Want me to go get him?"

"Uh huh. P'ease," Stiles murmured, rubbing his eyes and curling back up. "Sir F'uffers help wake up."

Derek chuckled, kissing Stiles' forehead and ruffling his hair. "Alright. I'll be back in a minute."

"T'ank you, Daddy." Stiles murmured, nuzzling into his pillow and yawning.

Derek smiled as he went to get Stiles' toys, grabbing all three just in case.

Stiles let out a sleepy cheer, holding his arms out for his toys. "Yay S'ekers and Kiki too!"

Derek tucked Sir Fluffers into one arm and Squeakers into the other, but kept hold of Kiki for a minute. "Hmmm..." he said. "Both your arms are full...so where should Kiki go?"
"In the middle!" Stiles wiggled a bit until there was a space open.

"Oh?" Derek said, biting back a grin as he made Kiki dive and nuzzle at Stiles' belly. Stiles giggled, curling around Kiki and Derek's hand. "Kiki! Daddy!" he exclaimed.

"What's wrong, nene?" Derek asked, grinning. "Is that not your middle?"

"Tickled!" Stiles cried, peeking up at Derek, eyes bright.

"Ohh, Kiki tickled you?" Derek said, nodding. "Naughty Kiki. You're supposed to ask first."

Stiles giggled, hugging all his toys tightly. "Daddy helped Kiki!"

Derek gasped. "I didn't help," he said, making an offended face. "Kiki did it all by herself!"

Stiles shook his head. "Silly Daddy, Kiki no can fly! And Daddy helped her fly!"

"She pounced," Derek insisted, jumping Kiki all over the bed. "Like this, see?"

Stiles laughed brightly. "Foxes pounce a lot!"

"Exactly," Derek said firmly. "And Kiki pounced on your belly and tickled you."

"Silly Kiki!" Stiles giggled, sitting up and yawning.

"How are you feeling, corazoncito?" Derek asked, sitting on the edge of the bed with a soft smile.

"Li'l s'eeppy, but good, Daddy." Stiles smiled. "I has snack?"

"That sounds like an excellent idea," Derek agreed. "Let's go downstairs and have something to eat."

"Yay snack!" Stiles giggled, squirming toward the edge of the bed so he didn't have to let go of his toys.

"Do you want me to carry Kiki, or can you fit her in there somewhere?" Derek asked, amused.

Stiles wiggled his way to the edge of the bed like an inchworm before carefully standing up. "Ack! Daddy carry? She gonna fall!"

"I can carry her," Derek promised. "Do you want me to take one of the others, too?"

'S'eakers?" Stiles asked, giving Derek a grin. "He's Kiki's bestest fwiend."

"Alright," Derek agreed, reaching out and taking the stuffed otter from Stiles' grip. "Better now, nene?"

"Uh huh!"

Stiles grinned, scrambling out of the room and pausing at the top of the stairs, staring at the banister.

"I ride?" he asked, tilting his head to the side. "Or wait I big?"

"No riding the banister," Derek said firmly. "I don't want you falling off and hurting yourself."

"I ride when I big?" Stiles asked, starting to walk down the stairs, humming softly.
Derek paused. "...maybe," he allowed. "We'll talk about it first, though."

Stiles beamed. "Tay!" He hummed softly to himself as he walked into the kitchen and looked around.

"What would you like to eat, nene?" Derek asked, opening the cupboard where they kept the plastic dishes for when Stiles was little.

"I has toas' and 'nana?" Stiles asked, climbing into his chair after setting his toys in theirs.

"Sounds good to me," Derek said warmly, getting some bread and putting a couple of slices in the toaster. "Would you like some water?"

Stiles wrinkled his nose, but nodded. "Juice after?" he asked, thumb slipping into his mouth.

"Juice after," Derek agreed, filling Stiles’ sippy cup and passing it to him.

"'T'ank you!" Stiles smiled, taking the sippy cup and drinking quickly. He was thirstier than he’d thought.

"How are you feeling, nene?" Derek asked.

"'till waking up, Daddy," Stiles murmured. "I’m okay." He beamed at Derek from around his thumb.

Derek smiled back. "Well, how about you have a think about what games you'd like to play once you're all woken up?" he suggested.

Stiles smiled, nodding as he thought. "Bwocks...hide an’ seek, tag, play outside."

"You want to play in the backyard, nene?" Derek asked, getting a plate for Stiles' toast.

"Uh huh. Wanna climb twees and pway tag with Daddy!" Stiles agreed brightly. "And f'owers!"

Derek smiled, plating up Stiles' food and sliding it across the bench to him. "Well, once you've eaten, we can put on shoes and go out," he agreed.

Stiles brightened up, a piece of banana already shoved into his mouth. "Yay!"

"Don't talk with your mouth full, chiquito," Derek said, making up a sandwich for himself.

Stiles giggled softly. "Sowwy," he murmured, picking up his toast.

"That's alright," Derek reassured him, smiling.

Stiles ate slowly, making sure he was woken up completely by the time he was done a few minutes later. "Pway?" he asked, sucking down the water in his sippy cup.

"Let me just finish my sandwich first," Derek said, "and then we can go outside."

Stiles giggled, nodding as he scrambled down. "I get shoes!" he grinned widely before scrambling from the kitchen.

"Thank you!" Derek called after him.
Stiles grabbed his converse, hugging them tightly to his chest as he rooted around for socks before scrambling back down to the kitchen. "I find!"

"Well done!" Derek congratulated him with a smile. "Do you think you can get your socks on by yourself?"

Stiles tilted his head. "I try!" He grinned, plopping onto the floor and began wrestling with the socks, trying to pull them on.

"Good boy," Derek said warmly, collecting their dirty dishes and putting them in the sink.

Stiles beamed at him before turning back to where he was tugging the other on his foot, the first one all backwards and funny looking.

Derek laughed a little, coming over and crouching down. "Here, let me help," he said.

"I try." Stiles sighed. "I didn' do it right..." he grumbled, pulling at the wonky sock. "How do it right?"

Derek smiled, pulling the sock off Stiles' foot and sitting down on the floor. "Let's start again," he suggested. "I'll show you with this sock, and you can practice with the other one."

"Tay." Stiles nodded, chewing his lip as Derek slowly slid the other sock onto his foot. "Oh," he murmured. "Bumpy on bottom?"

"Bumpy on the bottom," Derek agreed. "You can use your thumb to mark where it is so you don't lose it when you scrunch up the sock."

"Tay." Stiles nodded again, tongue peeking out of his teeth as he carefully tugged his sock on. "I did?" His face brightened, wiggling his toes.

"That's perfect!" Derek said proudly. "Well done!"

Stiles beamed. "Yay! I did!" he laughed, wiggling his toes. "Now shoes!"

Derek grinned, enjoying Stiles' simple happiness. "Now shoes," he agreed. "Do you want to give that a try while I get my own socks and shoes?"

"Tay!" Stiles nodded, tugging his left shoe onto his right foot and falling over backwards.

Derek laughed a little as he got up. "That one goes on the other foot, nene," he said warmly.

"Boooo." Stiles tucked his tongue between his teeth as he pulled it off and started tugging it onto his other foot.

Derek smiled, and went to go get his own shoes.

Stiles managed to pull both of the shoes on, but struggled with the laces. "Daaaaaaaddyy," he whined. "No can do it!"

Derek hurried back when he heard Stiles complaining. "It's okay, nene," he promised. "I can do it for you."

Stiles pouted. "Why it not work with me? I tried..."
"You did a good job," Derek promised. "You just don't know how."

"Yeah..." Stiles still pouted, putting his feet out so Derek could reach them.

Derek smiled. "Do you want me to show you?" he offered.

Stiles lit up. "Yes p'ease! Wanna try!"

"Alright," Derek said warmly. "How about I put on my own shoes so I can show you?"

"Kay!" Stiles smiled, getting up to sit on his chair, thumb in his mouth.

Derek put on his socks and shoes quickly, then looked up at Stiles. "Okay, so first you pull the laces out to the side to tighten them," he explained.

"Tay." Stiles nodded, sucking on his thumb as he watched, carefully tugging at his laces.

"Then you take the two ends, and you cross one over the other and then back under and through the big loop you made," Derek said, hoping his demonstration was clearer than his words.

Stiles watched closely, fighting to copy what Derek was doing with his free shoe.

Derek smiled at him encouragingly. "That's it, just through there like that," he said. "Good!"

Stiles gave him a shy smile, slowly pulling at his laces. "I do it?" he asked softly.

"You did it!" Derek confirmed. "Now we pull on the ends to tighten it, like this."

"Yay!" Stiles beamed, grin wide and bright.

Derek smiled back broadly. "Good job," he said proudly. "Ready for the next bit?"

"Uh huh!" Stiles nodded, his face furrowing in concentration. "I do it! Daddy show..."

"Okay," Derek said. "So now we take each of the laces and fold them in half to make a loop, like this."

"Like Sir F'uffer!" Stiles giggled, wiggling the lopy bunny ear he'd made in the laces.

"Sure, nene, like a bunny ear," Derek agreed. "And now we're going to tuck them around each other like we did before, but with the loops this time. Over..."

Stiles' eyes squinted as he focused, brow tight and furrowed. "Car-bul," he murmured to himself as he carefully tucked the loops around.

"That's it..." Derek said softly. "Now through the big loop..."

Stiles' eyes lit up after he did that. "I did?" he asked, peeking up at Derek.

"You did!" Derek agreed. "Now you just have to pull it tight!"

Stiles tugged it tight, cheering happily as he finished. "Yay! I did!"

"Well done," Derek praised warmly. "Do you want to try the other shoe?"

"Uh huh! I try." Stiles chewed on his lip in concentration. "I try do it."
"Good boy," Derek said, smiling. "Remember, first we tighten up the laces..."

"Kay." Stiles nodded, speaking each instruction aloud as he focused.

"Then we cross over, and take one of them around and through the loop," Derek continued, tying his own laces as he talked.

Stiles smiled once he'd finally tied a wonky bow. "I did!"

"Well done!" Derek said proudly. "Come give me a hug, sweetheart, that was fantastic!"

Stiles beamed, throwing himself at Derek. "I did!" he giggled, nuzzling close.

Part of Derek was wondering at Stiles seeking out this praise for a simple task, even as he hugged him tightly. Did he need more praise normally than he was getting?

Stiles giggled, kissing Derek's cheek. "I like Daddy hug!" he squealed, hugging back as tight as he could. "C'mon! Pway time!"

"Playtime," Derek agreed, dismissing his thoughts for a later date, and kissing the tip of Stiles' nose. "Are you going to let me up?"

Stiles giggled, crinkling his nose and kissing Derek's cheek over and over a few times before standing up. "Pway!"

Derek laughed, and followed him to the back door.

-----

Stiles laughed brightly, flopping onto the porch in a pant. "I'm tired, Daddy," he panted, all dirty from basically rolling around on the ground.

"You're a mess, too," Derek said fondly, dropping down beside him. "Did you have fun?"

"Yes!" Stiles beamed brightly, giggling softly as he rocked side to side a bit. "I'm a dirt monster...arrrrrr!"

"Well, this dirt monster is going to get a wash," Derek replied with a teasing grin.

"Noo, you'll c'ean away my powers, Daddy!" Stiles cried, starting to wiggle his way toward the yard, despite his obvious exhaustion.

Derek snagged Stiles around the waist, keeping him close. "Nope," he said cheerfully. "Bath time."

"But powers!" Stiles giggled, squirming before turning around to grin at Derek. "Bubble?"

"Bubbles," Derek agreed. "Are you going to come quietly, Mr. Dirt Monster?"

Stiles wrinkled his nose in thought. "If bubbles," he conceded, grinning widely.

Derek laughed. "Come on, then," he said. "Let's go get the bath running."

"Bubbles!" Stiles giggled, wiggling his way up to a standing position.

Derek got up as well, leading Stiles into the house.
Stiles hummed happily, almost skipping to the bathroom. "Bubble!"

"We have to wait for the bath to run," Derek pointed out, putting in the plug and starting the water. "Do you want to find the bubble bath, nene?"

"Kay!" Stiles giggled, searching under the sink. "Oooo, bubble!" he grinned, pulling out the large bottle of brown sugar bubble bath.

"Good boy!" Derek said. "We only need a little now, okay?"

"Tay!" Stiles carefully unscrewed the bottle and pouring some into the tub as it filled, squealing happily.

"That's plenty, chiquito," Derek told him, watching the bubbles start to froth up around the stream of water coming from the tap. "Can you put it away for me?"

"Uh huh!" Stiles giggling as he carefully sat the bottle back up, screwing the cap back on before putting it back where he found it.

Derek smiled at him. "Good boy."

"I did!" Stiles said happily. "Bubbles!"

"It's bubbling a lot," Derek agreed, dipping his hand in to test the heat of the water.

Stiles started tugging on his shirt, grumbling as it got stuck. "Shirt oooooff!"

Derek laughed. "Hold on a second, corazoncito," he said warmly. "Let me help you with your shirt and your shoes, okay?"

"Otay, Daddy." Stiles peeked out of the shirt, giving a shy grin at Derek's laughter. "I got stuckeded."

Derek smiled back. "You certainly did," he agreed, gently tugging on the shirt to get it off. "Is that better?"

"Uh huh! T'ank you!" Stiles beamed, sitting on the floor to start taking off his shoes.

"Pull on the tail end of the laces, not the loops," Derek warned him, dropping the shirt in a hamper.

"Tay!" Stiles said, doing as suggested.

Derek decided that, even though he was more comfortable around Stiles like this when he was fully dressed, hoping to give him a bath and stay dry was a losing strategy, so he sat on the edge of the bathtub to get his own shoes off.

"Daddy in? "Stiles beamed, tugging off his shoes and socks.

Derek shook his head. "No, nene, I'm staying out here," he said. "I just don't want to get too wet if you start splashing."

"Sp'ash!" Stiles giggled, scrambling to get his shorts off. "Bubble!"

"Uh huh," Derek said, checking the water temperature again and turning the hot tap down a little.
Stiles wiggled his hips once he was naked. "Baf!" he giggled, bouncing over to Derek. "Bubble baf!"

"Careful, nene," Derek warned. "We don't want you to slip."

"Care-bul," Stiles agreed, giving Derek a bright smile before leaning toward the tub. "Get in?" he asked, splashing his hand into the water a bit and giggling brightly.

"It's not too hot?" Derek checked.

"Nope!" Stiles replied happily. "Warm! I get in?"

"You can get in," Derek said with a nod. "Let's get you clean."

"C'ean!" Stiles stepped into the water carefully, sitting down and swishing his arms through the bubbles.

Derek got a washcloth and dunked it in the water before using it to wipe some of the dirt off Stiles' face. He gasped, making a shocked face. "Is that my Stiles under there?" he exclaimed. "I thought you were a dirt monster!"

"Dirt mon'ter eat me!" Stiles giggled, wrinkling his nose.

"Are you suuure?" Derek asked doubtfully, scrubbing at Stiles' cheeks.

"Save me, Daddy!" Stiles laughed, splashing some water.

"I think you just need a good clean," Derek said, smiling fondly.

Stiles nodded, grinning wider. "C'ean! I get c'ean,"

Derek laughed warmly. "Sounds good to me."

-----

Stiles was a bit clingy when he eventually came up, nuzzling into Derek's chest as they cuddled on the bed.

Derek waited patiently, stroking his hair.

"Sir?" Stiles murmured, cuddling close.

"Hi," Derek said softly. "Feeling okay?"

"Yeah," Stiles agreed, nuzzling against Derek's chest again. "Just...drained." He smiled softly. "A good kind this time, though."

Derek smiled back. "How so?" he murmured.

"The kind I get after space." Stiles shrugged, resting his chin on Derek's chest so he could see him.

"There's no reason for us to get up," Derek pointed out. "We already had dinner. So we can stay here as long as you want."

"Hmmm, good." Stiles grinned, kissing along Derek's jaw. "Love you, sir."

"Love you too, sweetheart," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair. "Did you have a good day?"
"Mmhm." Stiles’ smile widened. "Especially the bath."

Derek laughed a little. "I'm glad you enjoyed yourself."

"I like taking baths with you," Stiles replied. "Whether I'm little, not little, or trying to get you to bend me over the edge of it and fuck me through the porcelain." He laughed brightly, kissing up enough that he could reach to kiss Derek's nose.

Derek smiled, cuddling Stiles closer. "It's good to see you happy," he murmured.

"I like seeing you happy, too," Stiles murmured back, a hand going up to trace Derek's smile.

Derek kissed the tip of Stiles' finger. "You make me happy," he promised. "You're wonderful, sweetheart. Such a good boy."

Stiles blushed at the praise, smile turning into a wide grin. "Your good boy."

"My very cute good boy," Derek added, the corners of his eyes crinkling.

Stiles’ flush darkened, his tongue flicking out along his lower lip. "I like being cute for you," he admitted.

"Mmm?" Derek raised his eyebrows curiously.

Stiles gave him a small smile. "I like it. Like when I wear my panties, or my heels."

Derek smiled back. "Is there anything that you've noticed makes you feel especially cute?" he asked.

"Other than my panties and heels?" Stiles tilted his head in thought. "Hmm. I like it when you call me cute. And there are times I feel it, but nothing I can pinpoint."

"Alright," Derek said, shrugging a little. "That matches with what I've noticed, but better to ask. We'll just keep enjoying it when it happens, then."

"Maybe we'll find other things that help." Stiles shrugged back, reaching out to poke Derek's cheek gently.

Derek raised his eyebrows, amused.

Stiles gave him a tiny grin, poking at him again.

Derek laughed a little. "What are you doing, sweetheart?" he asked fondly.

"Poking you," Stiles said simply, cheeks dimpling with a bright smile.

"I see." Derek waited a moment, then gently poked Stiles' belly.

Stiles squeaked, flushing darkly. "Hey!" he laughed, poking back.

Derek snuck his hand up under Stiles' shirt, lightly tickling his belly.

Stiles squeaked again, wiggling away from Derek's hand with a laugh.

Derek grinned, gradually pushing Stiles' shirt up as he kept going.
Stiles arched and wiggled, laughing softly as he tried to turn and get the fingers off his stomach.

"Too much?" Derek checked, though he wasn't worried.

Stiles just grinned. "I'm okay," he promised, reaching out to tap the tip of Derek's nose. "Boop."

Derek laughed, tilting his head back and nipping at Stiles' finger.

Stiles' eyes crinkled, leaning up to kiss him.

Derek returned the kiss gladly, cuddling Stiles close.

Stiles let his eyes close, humming softly in contentment. "Oh no, I'm all floppy," he deadpanned, flinging his arm and leg over Derek before going limp.

Derek laughed. "Sure you are, sweetheart," he replied.

Stiles grinned, but kept his voice bland. "Oh no, what ever shall we do? I guess we'll just have to stay in bed all day tomorrow."

"We'll see," said Derek, biting back a smile.

"All day long," Stiles nodded, grinning up at Derek.

Derek kissed the corner of Stiles' mouth. "We'll see," he said firmly.

Chapter End Notes

...sometimes we get to write something really, really cute :)

Thanks to our beta Chicktar, and thanks to all of you. We're looking forward to your comments!
"Stiles," Derek said, glancing over his shoulder, "Would you like to try for a perfect week this week?"

Stiles blinked, looking up from where he was wiping down the table. "Oh!" He flushed. "I want to try," he agreed. "I just...dunno how."

-----

Derek helps Stiles get through a week without breaking any rules.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The next morning when he was doing the dishes, Derek glanced at their tally board and remembered what he and Stiles had talked before the manuscript and the craft fair distracted them. "Stiles," he said, glancing over his shoulder, "Would you like to try for a perfect week this week?"

Stiles blinked, looking up from where he was wiping down the table. "Oh!" He flushed. "I want to try," he agreed. "I just...dunno how."

"Well," Derek said, smiling at him, "how about you start by getting your medicine box? I don't think I saw you take them this morning."

Stiles' eyes widened, and he shook his head before scrambling for his box. "Oops!" He hadn't taken them yet, and he needed to.

Derek laughed a little. "It's alright, sweetheart, you just needed a reminder."

"Sorry." Stiles flushed, handing Derek the box after he took his pill, ducking his head a bit.

"It's okay," Derek promised, pulling Stiles into a hug. "It's good when you can remember on your own, but as long as you do it, that's fine. Alright?"

Stiles nodded, nuzzling closer into the hug. "I just forget."

"I know, love," Derek murmured, rubbing Stiles' back. "How about I take your medicine box this week and remind you in the mornings?"


"Then that's what we'll do," Derek said firmly. "I'll hold onto your medicine box, I'll make sure you come to bed before I fall asleep, and you can come work in my office after lunch so you don't forget and start cleaning on your own. Okay?"

Stiles nodded, his shoulders loosening as he relaxed. "Yes, sir," he breathed. "Thank you."

"You're very welcome," Derek promised, pulling back a bit to smile at him. "I want you to succeed,
"Okay?"

"Yes, sir." Stiles nodded, feeling a bit more confident.

-----

Stiles grumbled under his breath, eyes locked on his psychology course book, soaking in information like a sponge as his hand flew, taking notes. He hadn't even realized the time.

"Stiles," Derek called quietly, closing his laptop and coming over. "I'm going to get ready for bed now, are you coming?"

Stiles hummed, not even really hearing Derek, nodding absently.

Derek sighed. Normally he'd leave it, but they were doing things a bit differently this week. He hooked his finger under Stiles' collar and gave it a slight tug. "Stiles?"

Stiles sucked in a breath at the tug, blinking as he looked up. "Sir?" he asked, giving Derek a small smile.

Derek smiled back. "It's time to go to bed, sweetheart," he explained. "Are you going to come with me?"

Stiles smiled wider, nodding as he put his paper in his book and set it to one side. "Yes, sir!" He stood, following the small tug he was given earlier, kissing Derek's jaw.

"Good boy," Derek said warmly, pulling Stiles into a hug. "Come on, then. Let's go get changed."

Stiles nuzzled close, smiling. "Kay."

-----

Stiles cursed, scrambling around the house as he tried to get his packages ready to be mailed, his bedhead and PJs still a mess.

Putting down the tape, Derek went downstairs and came back with a glass of water. "Stiles," he called. "Stop a minute, please."

Stiles turned, tilting his head in question. "What's wrong, sir?"

Derek passed him the glass of water and his medicine box. "Take your pills and drink the water," he said. "Then tell me how I can help."

Stiles flushed, not having realized he hadn't taken his meds yet. He swallowed them down, taking a deep breath as he thought over the order Derek had given him. "Can you grab my shipping cards and put one in each box? I'm just trying to make sure and go over each order so I don't forget anything."

Derek nodded. "I can do that. Just take it slow and steady, okay? We'll get it done."

"Yes, sir," Stiles said, kissing Derek's cheek. "Thank you."

-----

Stiles was itchy and he hated it. It was just after lunch, and he was wiping down counters before Derek was even out of the kitchen, almost vibrating.
Derek looked back at Stiles and sighed. He wouldn't be going upstairs for a while this afternoon. "What needs doing, sweetheart?" he asked gently, stopping Stiles with a hand on his arm.

Stiles whimpered, lifting his eyes to Derek's. "Sorry," he murmured. "U-um...I need to get the living room finished, and there's still sheets to redo and wash."

"It's alright," Derek promised, kissing Stiles' cheek. "How about I make sure the living room is tidied up while you finish in here, and then you can tell me what you'd like to do next?"

Stiles nodded, kissing Derek's cheek in return before turning back to the counter. Just knowing he wasn't doing this alone made his trembling ease.

Derek stayed within hearing range, listening carefully for signs of Stiles becoming distressed.

Stiles started sniffling as he was moving the laundry over, feeling upset that he couldn't just...not be itchy.

Derek caught sight of him as he went into the laundry room, and followed. "Sweetheart?" he asked. "Are you alright?"

Stiles nodded, lowering his eyes. "I'm okay," he whispered, his voice wet. "Just angry at myself."

"Oh, Stiles," Derek said softly, opening his arms. "Come here."

Stiles put down the armful of sheets, going to press his face into Derek's chest as he tried not to cry. "I'm sorry."

"There's nothing to be sorry for," Derek promised, rubbing Stiles' back. "You're doing your best."

"I hate being itchy," he mumbled into Derek’s chest. “I was doing so good...."

"I know," Derek murmured. "I know, love."

Stiles sniffled, clinging to Derek and letting his Dom soothe him.

-----

Stiles' eyes were locked on his fingers, the yarn and hook moving quickly as he continued the pattern he was trying out, curled up on the couch in the living room. He'd been waiting for Derek to be ready for bed, but had decided to pick up the project and quickly lost himself in it.

Derek, meanwhile, had been caught up in reading, and it got late without him realizing it. "Shit," he said, yawning, when he glanced at the time.

Stiles beamed in pride as he finished the fancy border work on the blanket, then yawned and cursed himself, standing and rubbing his eyes. His eyes caught on the clock and his heart stopped. Had he messed up? Had he missed bedtime?

Derek closed his laptop and got up to look for Stiles. He checked the bedroom first, but he wasn't there.

Stiles walked up the steps hesitantly, chewing on his lips as he turned out the light, finding Derek just outside their room. "Did I break the rule?" he asked, his voice tiny. "I was waiting for you to be ready and got lost in a project and it's so late and."
Derek pulled Stiles into a hug. "I broke the rule," he said apologetically. "You were relying on me to keep time and I lost track. I'm sorry, sweetheart."

Stiles cuddled close. "I didn't break the rule?" he asked again, wanting to make sure. "It's still bedtime, not late?"

"It's still bedtime," Derek reassures him. "It's a very late bedtime, but you didn't do anything wrong. You're a good boy, love."

Stiles relaxed against him, letting out a breath. "I was doing so good, I was scared I'd messed it up again."

Derek shook his head. "You've been very good," he agreed. "Tonight doesn't change that. Come on, let's go sleep."

"Kay." Stiles nodded, yawning again and rubbing his eyes. "Stealing your PJ pants."

-----

Stiles grinned, spinning his chair as he waited for Isaac to get onto Skype, his glass of water still sitting there half empty from taking his meds that morning.

He didn't have to wait long.

"Isaac!" Stiles beamed. "How have you been? You look a bit...worn out. Did something fun happen?"

Isaac laughed. "No, just a long day," he admitted. "I tried to go Christmas shopping after work, but I didn't have a lot of success."

"Awe, how come?" Stiles frowned, leaning forward.

"I can't decide what to get him," Isaac explained. "Do you have any suggestions? I'm sure you've done all yours already."

"Hmmm." Stiles spun absently. "Do you want sentimental? Funny? Sexy?"

"I don't know," Isaac complained, making a face.

Stiles laughed brightly. "You can always do a combo? Make him something, get an outfit to surprise him in, buy him a bunch of whoopee cushions and leave them everywhere when he's not paying attention."

Isaac rolled his eyes. "I'm not buying him whoopee cushions."

"A rubber chicken?" Stiles suggested. "Seriously though, make him something or surprise him with an outfit that drives my poor friend bonkers to the point his brain melts from his ears. Or both. And if you wanna hear him shriek, hide photos of Nicolas Cage's face in random parts of the apartment."

"What's with all these prank gift suggestions?" Isaac asked. "Are you gonna prank Derek for Christmas?"

"I might," Stiles said with a grin. "Though I have an outfit planned as a birthday present..."

"I mean, I mainly just like being naked," Isaac admitted. "Panties are nice, too, but I like naked better."
"I like the look of dark hunger before sir can hide it. Makes me all tingly." Stiles smirked.

Isaac shrugged. "I like...it makes me feel small, kinda? In a good way."

"Kinda vulnerable but the really good kind," Stiles agreed. "I know what you mean. Hmm, well if you want to buy him something, make it Captain America themed. That's what mine is to him. Or you can make him something, or if you're wanting the teasing kind, maybe text him a picture of you in your bed?"

"We, uh..." Isaac blushed a little. "We decided it was best if I don't totally surprise Scott with sexy things."

Stiles’ eyes widened. "Oh really?"

"I was, uh, on the couch?" Isaac explained, blushing harder. "When he came home one time?"

Stiles laughed, delighted. "Oh that's a good idea! I may use that. Hmmm, what about telling him ahead of time that it'll be a sexy surprise so he isn't blindsided?"

"Yeah, we, uh..." Isaac bit his lip. "I wait in the bedroom, now, if I do that."

"You can always do something in the bedroom then." Stiles shrugged.

Isaac sighed. "It's just...I'm pretty sure Scott would be happy with just vanilla stuff, you know? Buying sex things is more for me than for him."

Stiles hummed in thought. "I see your point..."

"I'll think about it," Isaac said. "Anyway, how have you been?"

"Good." Stiles smiled widely. "Been busy, but my shop is exploding."

"Yeah?" Isaac asked, grinning. "Everyone doing their Christmas shopping?"

"Pretty much," Stiles said. "And I've gotten so many commissions at that market we went to!"

"That's awesome!" Isaac exclaimed. "You sold heaps there, didn't you?"

"Five thousand dollars worth!" Stiles exclaimed, still in shock over the number. "And that's not even the commissions! It almost wiped out the stock I took!"

"Holy shit," Isaac breathed, his eyes wide. "I don't make that much in a month."

"I'm still amazed," Stiles admitted, his eyes wide. "It was very draining, but holy shit I want to do it every year!"

"For five thousand dollars? Hell yeah," Isaac agreed. "No wonder you're busy; you've got a lot of stuff to replace."

"Yup! And commissions, too. There's a couple that are paying extra for rush deliveries, and then there's the things I'm making some people for Christmas." Stiles grinned. "And the surprises for Sir to plan...."

Isaac raised his eyebrows. "You've only got a couple of weeks - you're gonna die of overwork by
"Nah," Stiles said easily. "I have most of the projects very close to being finished, and the things I bought are being shipped currently. I've already finished both yours and Scott's presents, and I just need to shop for Sir's surprise."

"Nothing sentimental like last Christmas, then?" Isaac teased, relaxing.

"Not that I know of?" Stiles smiled. "Though I did get him another book he had as a kid. As well as I made him new pajamas and a couple of sweaters with the thumbholes he's gotten fond of."

Isaac shook his head. "You go so overboard with presents, you know." he commented. It was kind of nice, but after years of barely acknowledging Christmas at all, it was also really weird to him.

Stiles shrugged. "I like knowing I got people things they like. And I love seeing their faces. I made Scott a Captain America beanie and blanket. That star was a bitch to figure out, too."

"I look forward to seeing it," Isaac said with a smile.

Stiles leaned forward, suddenly looking sheepish. "I bought Dad and Mrs. M a vacation," he admitted softly. "I saved all year to buy that one, too. They deserve one."

"You what?" Isaac exclaimed.

Stiles gave him a sheepish grin. "I got Dad and Mrs. M a vacation," he repeated. "A nice week stay in the mountains of New Mexico. Lovely cabin up there, too, and they both deserve some rest and relaxation."

Isaac blinked. "Okay, you know what?" he said. "Scott and I are contributing to that, too, and maybe Derek if he wants. That's way too much just from you."

"But I've already bought it." Stiles blinked back, tilting his head. "Though if you guys want to get them things like stuff for their trip, or food gift cards or such to add to it, that'll work?"

Isaac shook his head. "Tell us how much it cost and we'll reimburse you for part of it," he insisted. "That must have cost hundreds of dollars, Stiles."

Stiles shifted in his chair, flushing darkly. "Um. About two thousand three hundred," he admitted. "For round trip flights, and a week at the cabin."

"Stiles!" Isaac exclaimed. "Did you tell Derek about this?"

"I...mentioned that I'd been saving all year for my Dad's present." Stiles scrubbed at the back of his neck.

"You need to tell him," Isaac said seriously. "And you need to let us pay for some of it."

"But...." Stiles pouted. "I know I need to tell him, but honestly guys, I've been saving for it, so you don't have to pay me back."

"Do you really think your dad's gonna be cool with letting you pay two grand for him to go on vacation?" Isaac pointed out.

"Didn't think that far really," Stiles murmured, his shoulders slumping. "He hasn't had a vacation in the time Christmas gets here!"
years. And I saved up for it. It's not like I just spent the money all in a spare thought. I'd been planning it..."

Isaac sighed. "I know," he said quietly. "But that's a lot of money to spend on anyone, especially your dad who's used to being the one to spend money on you. Scott and I have a fifty dollar cap on presents for each other, unless we find something particularly special, you know?"

"Yeah." Stiles sighed, resting his chin on his hand. "He's done a lot for me, though. And I wanted to give him something he hasn't had in a long time. Same with Mrs. M."

"Just...talk to Derek about it, okay?" Isaac said, frowning a little. "And, y'know, keep in mind that Scott and me, we're not expecting you to spend heaps on our gifts. Money or time. If you'd sell it for more than about fifty bucks, maybe save it for a special occasion?"

"I'll try and keep that in mind, though in my mind Christmas is a special occasion," Stiles admitted. "And Scott's is more than fifty, so is yours. Though I can promise it's not as much as my Dad's."

Isaac laughed a little. "Well, there's that at least. And Christmas is a special occasion, which is why we're giving gifts at all, but it's not that special. Anyway. Apart from buying expensive presents, what have you been up to?"

"Making things?" Stiles grinned at the laugh. "Been trying all week not to get any bad tallies. I think I managed to succeed, but...it wasn't without Sir's help. I'm just too easily distracted."

"You can't really help that, though," Isaac pointed out. "Like, distractibility is kind of part of your personality. Maybe you should talk to Derek about it?"

"Yeah. We plan on it. It's tally day anyway." Stiles smiled shyly. "It's just irritating. I try so hard to be good, and I still end up messing up."

"But you didn't this week, right?" Isaac said with an encouraging smile.

"Yeah. It took a lot more reminding me, though," Stiles admitted. "Though I kinda liked Sir having that control, if that makes sense? Nice to remember that I'm taken care of. I like my freedom, don't get me wrong, but...I like feeling and seeing that I have a Dom, too, does that make sense?"

Isaac nodded, his smile going soft. "Yeah. It's nice coming up against those boundaries, because it means they're there."

"So in a way, this week has been very calming." Stiles hummed, reaching up to idly play with his collar.

"It sounds really nice," Isaac said, a little wistfully.

"What's wrong?" Stiles asked, tilting his head.

Isaac shook his head. "Nothing," he said. "Just, me and Scott don't spend a lot of time together where I've got those kind of boundaries."

Stiles frowned. "Maybe talk to him about it? I know you two were going to be vanilla during the week unless you need it, but I'm sure if you talked to him about it, you can figure out something, even if it's just a while with you feeling it more?"
"Maybe," Isaac said with a shrug. "It's not a big deal, it'd just be nice."

"Tell him that." Stiles leaned forward. "Even if it's just a special once in awhile thing, sometimes you need to just feel it more, you know?"

"Yeah, alright," Isaac agreed, shaking his head with a fond smile. "I'll talk to Scott about it if you talk to Derek about the holiday thing."

"Uuuugh." Stiles thunked his head on the table. "Deal!" he eventually mumbled. "I'll talk to him today."

"Good," Isaac said. "And I'll talk to Scott, too. Promise."

Stiles smiled, lifting his head to shoot Isaac a grin. "Scottie-boy is more open to things than he'd like to think."

Isaac rolled his eyes. "It's not about willingness, it's about enjoyment," he pointed out. "Anyway. You wanna say hi to Hana?"

"Enjoying it, too," Stiles tsked before his eyes lit up. "Hana!" he cooed. "How is the lovely kitty?"

"She's good," Isaac said, getting up. "She keeps waking me up in the middle of the night cause her bowl's empty, and then not eating the food when I give it to her."

"Miss Priss being prissy," Stiles teased.

"Hang on a sec, I'll go find her," Isaac replied, grinning.

It took a couple of minutes for Isaac to reappear, Hana in his arms. "She was napping," he explained, settling her on his lap.

"Hello, my pretty," Stiles cooed, smiling as Hana blinked at the computer, tilting her head a bit.

"She's gotten a lot heavier than she used to be," Isaac joked, scratching her behind the ears.

"Li'l piggy," Stiles teased, watching as Hana leaned into the scratches that Isaac was giving her. "You can definitely tell she loves you the most." He laughed softly.

"She loves whoever is currently giving her scratches the most," Isaac corrected. "Isn't that right, Hana?"

Hana meowed, yawning and curling up on Isaac's lap.

"I'm taking that as a yes," Stiles laughed.

Isaac grinned. "She's very loving, really," he said fondly. "I'm really glad you brought her to us."

"I'm glad she's safe and loved and didn't freeze under my porch." Stiles smiled. "And having a loving pet can really help people."

"Did you get that from your psychology course?" Isaac asked.

"Yeah," Stiles replied. "It's actually proven that having a pet lowers stress a bunch, and cat's purring can actually heal you because of the frequency."
"That's super cool," Isaac commented. "I wonder if Scott knows that?"

"Dunno, though I may have rambled at some point about it." Stiles grinned.

"Maybe," Isaac agreed, grinning back.

Stiles sighed. "Uuuugh, I better go ahead and go talk to Sir before I forget about it," he grumbled, thunking his head down on the table again.

"You'll be alright," Isaac promised. "Good luck."

Stiles gave him a small smile. "Thanks, Isaac. Talk to you later."

"See ya," Isaac replied.

Stiles hung up the Skype call, groaning as he dragged himself up to head to Derek's office.

Derek glanced up from his computer when Stiles came in. "Hey, sweetheart, what's up?"

Stiles flushed, wiggling his way between Derek and the desk and straddling his lap. "Isaac told me to tell you the Christmas present I got for Dad and Mrs. M," he said, fidgeting.

Derek raised his eyebrows. "What is it?"

Stiles ducked his head. "A vacation..."

"What aren't you telling me?" Derek asked, getting straight to the point.

"Um. I bought them flights to New Mexico and a week in a cabin in the mountains," Stiles said hurriedly. "And Isaac kinda freaked about the cost. But I'd been saving all year!"

"How much money are we talking?" Derek asked suspiciously.

Stiles tucked his head in his shoulders. "Two thousand three hundred," he mumbled.

Derek's eyebrows flew up. "Stiles!"

Stiles just shrunk even more. "They deserve it," he grumbled.

"Stiles, that's..." Derek shook his head. "You're too generous sometimes."

"I saved for it," Stiles murmured. "I knew it would cost a lot. I saved all year, and after all they've done for me, they deserve some relaxation."

At least it hadn't been an impulse purchase. "Why didn't you ever tell me about it?" Derek asked.

"I mentioned that I was saving for it," Stiles pointed out, "but I didn't tell you because I didn't know the final amount until a few days ago."

"Stiles, your money is yours to manage, but..." Derek shook his head. "Could you tell me before you spend more than a couple of hundred on something?"

"Yes, sir," Stiles said with a sigh. "I'm sorry. Not that I bought the vacation, but that I didn't tell you." He gave Derek a hesitant smile. "I just wanted to give Dad and Mrs. M something special."
"I know, sweetheart, but something like that, it's the kind of thing you give someone as a wedding gift, or for their fiftieth birthday or something," Derek said gently. "It's a really big gift."

"They deserve it," Stiles murmured, shoulders slumping.

Derek sighed. "I'm not saying they don't," he said. "It was very thoughtful of you, and I'm sure they'll enjoy it."

Stiles laid his head on Derek's shoulder. "Isaac said they'd help pay for it, but I've already paid for it. I told him if anything they could get like food cards or something, but he's insistent that they pay me back for some of it."

"I agree," Derek said, rubbing Stiles' back. "It can be from all four of us."

"I wasn't trying to get you guys to help pay for it, though," Stiles whispered. "I did it because I wanted to."

"I know, sweetheart," Derek murmured. "But it's too much, just coming from you."

"I'm sorry," he murmured. "I just wanted them to have a vacation like they haven't for years. And even then I thought maybe just adding a gift basket with stuff for the trips and food cards or something."

Derek shook his head. "You're a wonderful, loving person, querido, but you could have paid for half as much and they still would have liked it."

"I know. I just..." Stiles sighed.

Derek frowned. "You gave me a lot last Christmas, too," he commented.

Stiles nodded. "Got you two things this year and something for your birthday," he admitted.

"I'm sure I'll like them very much, love," Derek said, "but you know you don't need to give me so much, right?"

"I know, I want to." Stiles turned his head to kiss Derek's cheek. "I like buying people things I know they'll love. Or making them, or seeing their surprised faces."

"You've said that before, sweetheart," Derek pointed out gently. "But I think you're going for gifts that are too big." Honestly, he was tempted to put a budget on Stiles' gift giving.

"That's what Isaac was saying," Stiles whispered. "Is it bad that I like giving big ones?"

"No, sweetheart, but save them for really special occasions, okay?" Derek said gently, stroking Stiles' hair. "Not every year."

"Christmas is special," he murmured. "And it's your birthday, too."

"That's why we give gifts at all, love, not justification for giving an extra special gift," Derek pointed out.

Stiles gave a soft grumbling noise. "Wanted to." He didn't understand why it was a bad thing to get someone a more expensive present.
"Sweetheart, gifts are about reciprocity," Derek explained, cupping Stiles' cheek. "The kind of gifts you give says something about the kind of gifts you want to get."

Stiles' eyes widened. "But I don't expect anything!" he insisted. "I'm happy just getting others' gifts!"

Derek smiled. "Have you considered we're happy just getting something from you?"

"I know. I just..." Stiles frowned again. "I like getting things I know you'd love."

"I know, sweetheart," Derek said gently, kissing Stiles' forehead. "But one at a time, maybe? Or tell me you found something nice, and I can buy it myself."

Stiles was still frowning. "I like surprising you."

"Surprise me with one thing at a time," Derek said firmly. "We've got years for you to give me things, love. There's no rush."

Stiles grumbled, finally conceding. "Kay...next year."

"Thank you." Derek paused, then said carefully, "Sweetheart? Would it help if I...gave you some limits for this?"

"Dunno," Stiles admitted. "Can try?"

"Okay." Derek thought about it for a long moment. "I think, for family, you shouldn't be spending more than two hundred dollars a year on each person -birthday and Christmas, okay? You can have an extra fifty dollars for me for our anniversary. And for people that are just friends, no more than a hundred."

Stiles thought for a moment before nodding. "I'll try."

"Good boy," Derek murmured. "You can talk to me about it, you know?"

"Yeah, I just..." Stiles sighed. "I just really like surprising people. I don't know why it upsets me so much."

Derek hummed. "Maybe it's something you can talk about with Theresa when you see her next," he suggested.


Derek cupped Stiles' cheek and kissed him softly. "Feeling a little better, sweetheart?"

"Little bit," Stiles whispered, returning the kiss. "I just. I didn't want you freaking out like Isaac did. And I didn't tell you guys to get money back. I just..."

"You wanted to do something nice, and we made a big deal out of it," Derek guessed.

"Kinda?" Stiles admitted. "Like I get why, a bit, but..."

"But it's still uncomfortable." Derek nodded, pulling Stiles into a hug.

"Yeah." Stiles hugged Derek back, clinging to him. "I didn't want people to make a big deal out of it. I just wanted to give them something they haven't had in forever."
"It's very kind and thoughtful of you," Derek promised, rubbing Stiles' back.

Stiles smiled, pressing closer. "I wanted them to relax, spend time together, and enjoy some peace and quiet. I got a two bedroom cabin, because I’m trying not to push."

"That was a good thought," Derek agreed. "They're good friends, but I don't know if they want to be more just yet."

"I can see it going that way," Stiles admitted. "But Dad asked me not to push them together. So I'm trying not to. No matter how much I wanna lock them in a closet like a couple of teenagers."

"Good boy," Derek said fondly. "I won't be surprised if they get there eventually, but it's gotta be at their own pace."

Stiles soaked up the praise, nuzzling closer. "The pictures are gorgeous and there's a hot tub on their deck overlooking the mountains, and they're private cabins."

"I'm sure they'll have a wonderful time," Derek reassured him.

Stiles relaxed completely, kissing Derek's jaw. "I hope so."

Derek smiled. "Feeling better, love?"

"Much." Stiles smiled up at him.

"Good," Derek said firmly.

Stiles smiled, wiggling in place. He loved the praise he got.

Derek laughed fondly. "You're very cute," he said. "But do you mind getting off my lap for a little bit so I can stretch?"

"Fiiine," Stiles pouted, standing and stretching himself.

"Thank you," Derek said...then reached out to tickle at the strip of skin exposed by Stiles' shirt.

Stiles squeaked out a laugh, grin wide on his face.

Derek laughed as well, grinning back. "You know what?" he said. "Let's get out of the house for a bit."

Stiles nodded happily. "Yes, please!"

"You've been very good this week, so how about you pick what we do?" Derek suggested.

Stiles' eyes lit up. "Could we go see a movie?"

"Of course, sweetheart," Derek agreed instantly. "You pick."

Stiles tilted his head in thought, idly remembering a talk with Bastian. "Bastian said that the new Marvel movie was pretty good, can we go see it?"

"Like I said, sweetheart," Derek said fondly, "it's your choice. That sounds good."

Stiles beamed, tugging him into a kiss. "Love you."

"Love you, too," Derek replied.
Stiles hummed happily as they drove home. "That was fun."

"Yeah, it was," Derek agreed, glancing at him with a smile. "Have you had a good week, sweetheart?"

Stiles nodded, flushing. "I've liked it," he admitted.

"I'm glad," Derek said. "Can you tell me a bit more about what you liked?"

"That I didn't have any bad marks," Stiles murmured. "And I liked being reminded...."

Derek waited. When it was obvious Stiles wasn't going to finish his sentence, he asked, "Reminded of what, love?"

"Reminded that I had a Dom," Stiles said, biting his lip. "I know I have you, and I like my freedoms, but it's been...reassuring?"

Derek frowned a little as he tried to understand. "I'm sorry, sweetheart, could you explain a little more?" he asked eventually.

"I just..." Stiles wiggled in his seat. "I love that I can do things without asking most of the time, you know? I just need to let you know if I wanted to do this or that. But...the things like remembering my meds or coming to get me at bedtime. I liked them? Little things that remind me that someone loves me and that I have a Dom that cares and takes care of me...it's hard to explain, I know, I'm sorry."

"So...you like it when I'm...enforcing? enacting? our rules?" Derek asked slowly.

Stiles flushed darker, nodding. "Yeah. I've noticed day to day that whenever you remind me of something, or even something like that time you put your hand in my hair and said 'not now' when I was teasing you...small little things that make me shiver."

"You like it when I tell you no?" Derek checked, still trying to figure things out.

Stiles shifted. He knew he wasn't explaining it right. "Kinda? I like you making decisions and me following them, regardless of if I like them or not. And I don't mean 'not like them' like limits. I'm talking if I want to blow you and you tell me no not right now then I'd listen, because my Dom said no. Or if I asked if I could do something and you say no because yadda yadda, I'd not do it because my Dom said no. It makes the yeses that much sweeter. It's hard to explain and I'm doing it shittily."

Derek nodded, his face clearing. "You like knowing that, in the end, it's my call," he said. "And...that I'll use that for your benefit."

Stiles gave him a relieved grin. "Yes!" he breathed.

Derek smiled. "So, this week...?"

"I liked it." He nodded.

Derek paused. "Would you like to keep doing it?" he offered.

"You don't mind?" Stiles asked softly, shifting where he was.

"Reminding you to take your meds in the morning and going to bed with you at night?" Derek asked. "Not at all."
Stiles beamed, leaning over to kiss his cheek. “Then yes.”

Chapter End Notes

So, hypothetically, if we were to put a ko-fi button or a link to a patreon on our tumblr, would you guys be interested in supporting us? Because there's like eight hundred of you at this point (and we love every single one of you) and if some number of you decided to hypothetically pass some tips our way, that would be super cool.

(Mama still needs dental work, and is generally poor af all around lol-Kattseye)

Thanks to all of you lovelies for reading, and for your lovely comments, and to Chick-tar in particular for betaing.

(And in a bit of cross promotion, if any of you are HP fans, you can check out an outsider POV fic I've been writing this week at http://archiveofourown.org/works/12993096 - Seeker)
**Family Christmas**

Chapter Summary

Stiles was practically vibrating in his seat, mug of cocoa in his hands as he fought to keep from jumping up and shoving presents into people’s hands.

Isaac could only laugh a bit, shaking his head at Stiles as he walked past to his own spot and curled up against Scott.

Derek, meanwhile, collected the presents from him and Stiles from under the tree, and brought them over to the coffee table. He passed Isaac and Scott theirs, but held onto the envelope for John and Melissa. They'd all agreed that it should come last.

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Derek, Stiles, Scott, Isaac, John, and Melissa get together on Christmas Eve to exchange presents

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Stiles scrambled down the stairs, his eyes widening. He'd overslept, and really needed to get things cooking, or else nothing will be done by the time their family got there.

Derek was already waiting for him, having neatly 'borrowed' Stiles' recipes last night, and gotten up early this morning to get everything started. When Stiles came into the kitchen, he nodded at the glass of juice and the medicine box on the bench. "Morning, sweetheart."

Stiles blinked, looking around at the kitchen, his hair still a mess. "Huh?" He stumbled toward Derek, leaning into his chest, even as one hand patted along the counter for his medicine box. "How...I thought you were in the shower… Oh yeah, that might have been Scott or Isaac." He groaned.

Derek hugged Stiles close for a moment. "I thought I'd get things started so you could have an easier morning," he murmured.

"Thank you," Stiles breathed, kissing Derek happily before pulling back just enough to take his pills, but not enough to leave Derek's arms.

"You're very welcome," Derek replied warmly, smiling at him. "Do you want to take over from me, or would you rather make breakfast?"

"I'll make breakfast first. Luckily there wasn't much I needed to do in the beginning, but with the timings..." Stiles smiled brighter as he stumbled to the fridge. "I'mma make waffles."

"Sounds good," Derek replied.

Stiles hummed softly under his breath, flicking the radio onto Christmas music as he started making
the waffles, not even realizing that Isaac was coming down the stairs until the other spoke.

"It's not fair that it already smells good in here." Isaac grinned, heading straight for the coffee.

Derek laughed. "It'll smell better in a minute," he said. "Stiles is making waffles. Is Scott up yet?"

"Oh fuck yes, waffles!" Isaac let out a happy moan. "Yeah, he's in the shower."

Stiles giggled, sneaking Isaac a piece of bacon before pouring the batter onto the iron.

"Don't I get bacon?" Derek teased, grinning.

"Duh," Stiles grinned, holding a piece up to Derek's mouth.

Isaac snickered softly, sipping at his coffee and obviously not quite a hundred percent awake yet.

Derek raised his eyebrows, nipping at the bacon with his teeth rather than trying to take it with his hand.

Stiles gave him a hot look, licking his lips before turning back to the waffle iron.

Derek grinned, and started getting plates for everyone.

"I have a feeling I'm glad I missed what just happened," Isaac mused.

Stiles laughed. "Mmmm, maybe."

"Stiles was being an excellent boyfriend and giving me some bacon so I don't get hungry before the waffles are done," Derek said primly, his eyes twinkling.

"Mmmhmm... I don't think that's the whole truth." Isaac raised an eyebrow, but his lips were curled in a grin.

Derek kept silent, letting Stiles make the call.

"Do you really wanna know?" Stiles teased, leaning on the counter and licking his lips in Isaac's direction.

"Um, not really." Isaac's eyes widened. "That look is both terrifying, and very sexual."

Derek came up behind Stiles, wrapping one arm around his head to put a hand over his mouth. "So, now that that's settled..."

Isaac laughed brightly, sipping on his coffee as he watched Stiles' eyes crinkle, just knowing that Stiles was licking over the palm of Derek's hand.

Scott walked in, took one look, and started laughing too. "What on earth are you doing?"

Stiles just grinned wider, eyes crinkled almost shut.

"You know, I don't even know anymore?" Isaac laughed, tugging Scott closer to kiss him.

Derek let go of Stiles, wiping his palm on his cheek in revenge.

Stiles squeaked, laughing and turning quickly to lick up Derek's cheek.
"How'd you sleep?" Isaac murmured, ignoring the squawks of Stiles. He and Scott had been in 'their' guest room last night.

"I slept fine," Scott said. He could sleep anywhere, just about. "How about you?"

"Slept better than most places," Isaac admitted, looking confused. "Which I find weird. I slept pretty much as good as I would at home. But..."

Scott shrugged, smiling a little. "You feel safe here," he pointed out, kissing Isaac's cheek. "You've always been safe here."

Isaac returned the smile. "That's it," he nodded. "Thank you. It'd confused me."

Stiles set out a platter of waffles on the table with the bacon and toppings. "Breakfast time!" he sang, shaking the whipped cream can happily.

"It had better not have any of your spit in it," Scott joked, grabbing a plate.

"Nope, that's all over Sir's face." Stiles grinned widely as he sat down, still idly shaking the can.

"I'm more worried about where that whipped cream had been," Isaac mused.

Derek snorted. "Nothing like you're thinking," he promised. "Stiles is very serious about breakfast foods."

"Sure he is," Scott said dryly, eyeing the face Stiles had made on his waffles with the cream.

"Breakfast is the most important meal of the day," Stiles sniffed haughtily. "It can also be the most fun."

"You've never had a quickie during dinner then." Isaac grinned, grabbing more bacon.

"During dinner?" Derek asked, despite himself.

Stiles blinked curiously as he turned to Isaac and raised an eyebrow.

Isaac just grinned, popping a berry into his mouth, turning his head to look at Scott.

"Oh no," Scott said, looking straight back at Isaac. "You started this."

Isaac's lips curled into a wide smile before he turned back. "Well you see, it was one of those days where you just really want it, you know?" He paused, waiting to see Stiles' nod before continuing. "And Scott had just come home and dinner was already on the table..."

"I don't think that counts as during," Derek said, unable to help his fascination.

"Yeah, I tried to make it through dinner but halfway through ended up on his lap." Isaac grinned, licking his lower lip in remembrance.

Derek glanced over at Stiles, curious to see his reaction.

Stiles' head was tilted, mischief in his eyes. "That sounds fun," he admitted after a moment.

"Oh, it was." Isaac grinned.

Scott exchanged an awkward glance with Derek. "Maybe you guys could save this conversation for
later?" he suggested. "When it's just the two of you? And I don't have to listen?"

Isaac grinned, nodding and kissing Scott's cheek. "Sorry."

Stiles laughed brightly. "Sorry, Scotty."

"Thanks," Scott said gratefully.

Isaac stole more bacon, happily humming to himself.

Stiles turned to Derek, mischief in his eyes, licking his lower lip.

Derek rolled his eyes and kissed Stiles quickly.

Stiles grinned, happily finishing his waffles before starting to clean up the dishes that needed it, quickly wiping down the still warm waffle iron. "What time was Dad coming? And did we ever hear from Laura?"

"I think he said about two o'clock," Derek replied, getting out his phone. "And no, after that one conversation she never got back to me. Sorry, I should have called her."

"It's okay, I'm just curious," Stiles said, kissing his cheek.

"No, I'll call her and check," Derek replied. "We need to know if we're cooking for six or eight."

"Kay." Stiles beamed, humming to himself as he started putting together the fruit salad so it could be waiting in the fridge.

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Stiles was practically vibrating in his seat, mug of cocoa in his hands as he fought to keep from jumping up and shoving presents into people's hands.

Isaac could only laugh a bit, shaking his head at Stiles as he walked past to his own spot and curled up against Scott.

Derek, meanwhile, collected the presents from him and Stiles from under the tree, and brought them over to the coffee table. He passed Isaac and Scott theirs, but held onto the envelope for John and Melissa. They'd all agreed that it should come last.

"Well," John said, "how are we doing it this year? One at a time, or all at once?"

Stiles wiggled in his seat. "All at once?" he suggested.

Isaac laughed. "You're going to flatten the couch cushions with so much wiggling, Stiles."

Derek nodded. "John, Melissa, you're only getting one from the lot of us, so do you mind waiting for last?" he asked.

John raised his eyebrows curiously, but nodded. "I think we can handle that. Mel, what do you think?"

"Of course! Though now I'm insanely curious!" Melissa agreed.

Scott grinned. "Sorry, Mom, you'll have to wait," he replied. "Now, which of these is from who?"
"Ours are the blue paper," John said.

"And mine are the envelopes," Derek added.

"You knew I had to have the Marvel paper!" Stiles smiled widely.

"Okay, one...two...three...rip!" Isaac beamed, fingers already tugging at the blue paper on his lap.

Melissa laughed delightedly as she sat back, enjoying the happy sounds of family.

Since Isaac was opening the gift from John and Melissa, Scott decided to as well, pulling away the paper to reveal a nursing utility kit.

Melissa smiled, leaning forward a bit. "You know, nurses and vets aren't that different when it comes to tools they use on the daily. Scrubs, scissors, etc. It's all the same. And since I know you're fighting to be a vet, I figured it'd help at some point. Even if just at your job while you're in school."

Derek opened Scott's present first, raising his eyebrows at the book that proclaimed itself *The Amazing Story Generator*.

Stiles ripped happily into the package on his lap, letting out a bright laugh before he tugged the Avengers themed 'ugly Christmas sweater' over his head. "Kick ass!"

Derek blinked when he saw the sweater. "You know, that's more tasteful than a lot of things I've seen, but somehow it still manages to be awful."

Scott started laughing at their reactions.

Isaac smiled softly at the picture in his hands, tracing his fingers along the frame.

John leaned towards Isaac, speaking quietly amid all the chaos. "You're one of the family now, son," he murmured. "I thought you might like a reminder."

Isaac gave him an almost tearful smile. "Thank you so much," he whispered, fingers tracing each face in the photo, obviously the one they'd taken at Thanksgiving when everyone was there.

Stiles beamed. "This is the best sweater ever! Thanks, Scotty!"

"You're not just going to be wearing that at Christmas, are you," Derek said dryly.

Scott grinned. "Glad you like it," he said. "I guess I'd better open mine, huh? Bigger one first, or the small one?"

John smiled back, resting one hand on Isaac's shoulder. "You're welcome," he said warmly. "Come on now, how about you see what Stiles has come up with this time?"

Stiles just gave Derek a bright smile, already tugging the next present into his lap. "Winter at least!"

Isaac nodded, rubbing his eyes for a moment before returning John's smile with a more steady one, pulling the present from Stiles into his lap and opening it. "Oh wow," he breathed, looking through the 'Immortals Quartet' series that was wrapped in a blanket. "Wait..." he frowned, shaking the blanket out before dying of laughter. "I'd like to see Crowley try and move while under this!"

Stiles beamed at him. "It took me forever to figure out how to put the Devil’s Trap on that thing!" He
was absently unwrapping the present from Isaac, humming under his breath, only to freeze at the sight of a set of Avengers mixing bowls. "Oh. My. God. These are perfect!"

Derek exchanged an amused glance with Scott at the two of them. "You may as well open mine first," he said. "It's not so interesting as Stiles' is sure to be, but he'll want to see you open his, and they look a bit preoccupied."

Scott shrugged, grabbing the envelope. "I don't mind," he said. "They both picked really good gifts." He opened the card inside to find a $50 Amazon gift card.

"It's not very personal," Derek said, a little apologetically, "but I figured it could be useful, at least."

"No, this is great," Scott reassured him. "Thanks."

Stiles held the cookbooks to his chest, grinning widely at Isaac. "Oh, this is amazing!"

"You're telling me!" Isaac laughed. "One of those cookbooks has a section on nerdy baking! I thought you'd adore the bowls, too."

"Hell yeah I do!" Stiles set the bowls carefully on the side table, patting the Hawkeye bowl affectionately. "C'mon, Scotty!" he grinned widely, turning to his friend.

Scott grinned back. "You never said, little one or big one first?"

Derek, meanwhile, started unwrapping his presents from Isaac, starting with the one that felt like a book.

Stiles laughed. "Little one!"

Isaac opened the envelope from Derek, almost beaming at the iTunes gift card. "Thank you! I've been eyeballing some albums, so this should help!"

"Oh, this looks really interesting," Derek said as he revealed the mythology book Isaac had got him. "And you're welcome."

Scott tore through the paper on the squishy package to reveal a red, white, and blue striped beanie, with a white star on the top. "This is a Cap beanie," Scott said, narrowing his eyes. "Is the other one Cap-themed too?"

"Maaaaaaaaaaaaybe," Stiles grinned, eyes crinkling.

Isaac smiled. "I thought you'd like it. There's different cultures in there, too."

"It looks great," Derek said, reaching for the other one. He smiled when he saw the pair of headphones. "Thank you for these, too."

When the package unfolded to reveal a whole blanket with Captain America's shield on it, Scott stood up, coming around the table to give Stiles a hug. "These must have taken you ages," he said.

Stiles hugged him tightly. "I've been working on that one for months. Had to make sure and get it right."

Isaac smiled. "I know sometimes writers need to block out everything else, and I didn't know what pop song Stiles would be blaring, but I figured some nice noise cancelling headphones would help when you needed to focus."
Derek laughed. "Thanks, Isaac."

Scott squeezed Stiles tight. "It's great," he said firmly. "Thanks, bro."

"Welcome." Stiles grinned against Scott's shoulder before looking up at Derek's laugh. "Hey, what was that about a pop song, Lahey?!"

Isaac just grinned, sticking his tongue out.

"Are you two going to get to our presents any time soon?" John teased, grinning at the lot of them.

"Sorry, John," said Derek, playing along. "We'll get right on that."

Stiles just dragged the next present up, humming happily as he started tugging the tape open.

Isaac dragged Scott back down with him, half curling up with him, and tugging the Cap blanket over them.

Derek unwrapped his last present quickly (they were saving the couples presents for the next morning), revealing a picture of them all almost identical to the one Isaac had received, except that Jordan must have taken it, because Laura was in the frame too.

"I don't know if you do photo albums, but I thought you might like to have this in your office," John explained. "I like to be able to look at my family when I work."

Stiles ran his hand over the book cover, a smile on his face when he saw it was about owning a crafting business. "Wait..." he looked up at his Dad. "This...you're not thinking I should be doing more now? You accept I like doing this?"

John smiled warmly. "I know I've had reservations in the past, son, but that doesn't mean I'm not proud of what you're doing," he said, meeting Stiles' eyes. "You've been running that shop of yours for over a year now, and doing a damn good job of it. It's nothing like what I imagined you'd do with yourself, but it makes you happy and you're making a success of it. So, like I said, I'm proud of you. And you should know that just about every deputy of mine has heard the name of that store from me when they've talked about gift shopping."

Stiles silently cursed as his eyes teared up, standing up to drop into John's lap, hugging him tightly. "Thank you," he whispered.

"Hey, it's okay," John murmured, hugging Stiles back just as tight. "You're always going to make me proud, okay, son? Even if you didn't do any kind of work at all, I'd be proud of you."

Stiles smiled, hugging his dad and sniffling. "Kay," he whispered. He knew John hadn't exactly been happy with what he was wanting to do. With what he was doing with his life. So this was important. This acceptance.

"Good," John said firmly, rubbing Stiles' back. "I'm sorry it took me this long to tell you so."

Stiles sniffled for a bit, staying close to his dad before slowly standing up, rubbing his eyes. "Thank you," he murmured.

"You're welcome," John said, reaching out to ruffle Stiles' hair.

Stiles gave him a shy smile, wiping his face. "Okay," he breathed. He took another moment or two
to calm down before letting the smile grow back on his face. "Now time for yours!"

"This is from all of us," Derek explained, handing Melissa the envelope, "but it was Stiles' idea."

"Was going to get it anyway, but apparently it was too much from just me," Stiles grumbled half-heartedly, leaning against Derek.

Melissa took the envelope, scooting closer to John before she slowly opened it, her eyes widening at the tickets and letters inside detailing the trip and flights. "Oh...oh my god!"

"You boys paid for an entire vacation?" John asked, looking as surprised as Derek had ever seen him.

"When was the last time you took one?" Scott pointed out.

"You deserve one," Stiles added. "Lord knows it might do you a world of good to relax for a week."

"And don't try to tell us you can't take time off," Scott added. "Now that you don't have to use up your leave looking after us, you've got to have plenty accrued."

Melissa was still in shock, looking between their boys before looking back down at the tickets. "New Mexico?"

"There's some cabins there on the mountains in east New Mexico near Texas that were more or less private, looked amazing, came with a hot tub, and have amazing views. Plus close enough to a town if you wanted to do something not at the cabin," Stiles added.

"We got you two rooms," Derek put in hurriedly.

Melissa smiled softly, looking toward John. "Seems like we'll be taking a vacation soon...."

"I guess we will be," John replied, trying to take it all in. He looked up. "Thank you, boys. I'm sure we'll have a wonderful time."

Chapter End Notes

We hope those of you who celebrate Christmas are having a wonderful time, and that everyone else is enjoying the end-of-year public holidays. As a present for all of you guys, today we're also publishing:

- Christmas Kisses, an As Ordered one-shot featuring Leo and Bastian
- Upheaval, the next chapter of Set Your Burdens Down (which has been on hiatus since May - sorry guys!)
- "I may be an idiot, but I'm not stupid", part three of our Prompts Project
- "Who gave you that black eye?", part four of our Prompts Project

Thank you all for sticking with us for another year. We look forward to your comments!
Another Year

Chapter Summary

Isaac looked around fondly, fiddling with his menu. "Remember the first time we came here?" he asked softly, glad he'd chosen one of the circle booths to sit in.

Scott's smile softened, and he reached out to take Isaac's hand. "I remember," he murmured. "We'd only just moved in together."

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Isaac has a post-Christmas gossip with Stiles, then goes out with Scott to celebrate a year of living together.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Isaac flopped onto his back, enjoying being able to go back to bed. Because he had the day off, so he could be lazy. Unfortunately, Scott didn't, but you couldn't have everything. He got out his phone and opened up Skype. You there? he messaged Stiles.

Stiles blinked at his computer, grinning widely as he put his textbook aside. Yeah, what's up, Isaac? he replied.

Isaac grinned, and called him. "I have a day ooooofffff," he crowed, once he could see Stiles' face. "It's great."

Stiles laughed brightly. "How rare!" He pulled the laptop closer. "How are you?"

"I'm great," Isaac said smugly. "We had a good Christmas. How about you?"

"A very good one," Stiles agreed, grinning widely. "Details!"

"We finally got to try out a ring gag," Isaac said, closing his eyes for a moment as he reminisced. "Definitely a good idea."

Stiles beamed. "Oh good, you did find one that would work!"

"More like I found one, and then I had to wait a while for an excuse to buy it, but yeah," Isaac replied, smiling back. "And how about you? Any fun times to report?"

Stiles' grin just widened. "I got fucked clean outta my heels!" he exclaimed. "Wore my stockings and garter belt again, but added lipstick this time. Well, I did have the lipstick on," he mused. "It kinda came off, too. We need to buy more bleach for the sheets."

Isaac laughed. "I swear, your life is like a porno," he teased.

"Just better music," Stiles agreed. "And look at you, yours is much the same! Though not as...kinky maybe. But still!"
"I have a job," Isaac countered. "You, sir, are a kept man."

"I have the shop!" Stiles laughed, not upset in the least.

"You're a sugar baby, then," Isaac replied, grinning.

"Hmmm, sounds more like it!" Stiles hummed, a playful grin on his face. "Though I've been put on restrictions for gifts." He pouted for a moment.

"Yeah?"

"Yeah." Stiles sighed. "Sir told me to start cutting back on them."

"...I kinda agree," Isaac said awkwardly. "Not that we don't love your gifts! But it's always so much."

Stiles shrugged, resting his chin on his hand. "Can't help I like giving presents."

"It's not like he's stopping you," Isaac pointed out. "He just doesn't want you to spend so much."

"Yeah, I know." A small smile curled Stiles’ lips. "I'm just pouty."

"At least your dad and Ms. McCall should enjoy their holiday," Isaac replied.

"Yes!" Stiles perked up, grinning widely. "Ms. M was already looking at things they could do while there!"

"That's really great," Isaac said, smiling. "Though personally, I'd highly recommend lazing around."

"Well yeah, I think mostly she was looking at restaurants you don't really see here," Stiles agreed.

Isaac nodded. "Makes sense. If you can afford it, why cook when you're on holiday?"

"Except like breakfast things. Because PJs." Stiles hummed, absently twiddling with his pen, then squeaked when his phone went off. "Oh, hold on!" He looked down and grinned: Bastian had sent him a selfie with his hair all messed up and a hickey right over his sub mark. "Ooohh, get some, Bastian," Stiles commented, typing out his response.

"Bastian?" Isaac asked curiously. "Wait, is that the guy you met at the club?"

Stiles nodded, grinning widely before holding up the phone so Isaac could see. "He's awesome. Kinda shy, but honestly he's probably a mix of me and you really."

"He looks like he had a good night," Isaac said, amused.

Stiles turned it back around as he got another text, laughing brightly. "Apparently his Christmas present that he wanted was Leo. And he got it."

"Nice," Isaac replied.

"It really is. I haven't seen very many couples that click like they do. Well, except you and Scott, but yeah." Stiles beamed.

Isaac smiled. "That's really great," he murmured. "Tell me about them?"
Stiles leaned forward. "Leo strikes me as a trickster," he said. "But the good kind that makes you laugh. He has red hair, and honestly if I had to put him to a movie character? Probably one of the Weasley twins when it comes to the red hair and mischievous attitude."

"Comparing him to a Harry Potter character?" Isaac asked. "Really?"

Stiles shrugged. "It suits him." He laughed brightly.

"I'm glad they had a good Christmas," Isaac said warmly.

"I am too." Stiles wiggled in his spot a bit. "I love that they clicked so fast, too!"

Isaac shook his head fondly. "You're such a romantic," he teased.

"I like seeing people happy in relationships," Stiles insisted. "Even if they end up just being platonic."

"Is that a subtle hint that you want to gossip about Mrs McCall and your dad some more?" Isaac asked.

Stiles laughed. "Not really? I mean, I'm aiming for them to get together, but..."

"But you're going to see how it goes," Isaac said with a nod.

"Pretty much," Stiles said, nodding back. "I can see them together. There's a fondness there."

Isaac shrugged. "I can, too," he admitted, "but I'm pretty sure they'll make each other happy whether or not it's romantic."

"Yeah, I'm just stubborn." Stiles grinned mischievously. "But I did promise Dad I'd stop playing super matchmaker, so..."

"So you're toning it down," Isaac finished for him.

"Pretty much. And while I'm not going to lie, would love to see them coming back from the trip together, I'm not holding my breath or anything. And I made sure there were two bedrooms and such," Stiles said, chewing on the end of a thumb.

"I know," Isaac said, smiling reassuringly. "I saw. You made a good choice."

Stiles couldn't help but preen a bit, his smile turning warm and soft. "I want them both happy. And it seems like they are."

"You did good," Isaac insisted.

"Thank you," Stiles beamed. "So...have you and Scott done anything else fun other than that ring?" He grinned wider, eyes crinkling.

Isaac rolled his eyes. "Now it comes out what you're really talking to me for," he teased. "Sex gossip."

"Hey, it's a bonus," Stiles joked, his eyes twinkling.

"I really called up because Scott's not here and I'm bored," Isaac admitted. "Wanna watch Luke Cage with me?"
"Dude, *duh*!" Stiles grinned widely, leaning closer. "I'll get some popcorn."

Isaac snorted. "Alright, let me know when you're ready."

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Isaac laughed as he sat down in their booth, still beaming. "That was awesome," he breathed. "I didn't think it would be that funny of a movie!"

Scott smiled back and sat. "Yeah, it was great," he agreed. "Definitely worth it."

Isaac looked around fondly, fiddling with his menu. "Remember the first time we came here?" he asked softly, glad he'd chosen one of the circle booths to sit in.

Scott's smile softened, and he reached out to take Isaac's hand. "I remember," he murmured. "We'd only just moved in together. I can't believe that was only a year ago!"

"In some ways it feels like a week ago," Isaac said, curling their fingers together. "In some ways, years."

Scott nodded. "It's been a good year, though, right?" he said hopefully.

Isaac's smile widened as he nodded. "Perfect year. Even with things like getting the house ready to rent." He shuddered.

Scott laughed a little. "Even with me being run off my feet during finals?"

"I'll always kinda find it funny that last day how you came in, dropped everything on the floor, and just face planted on the couch," Isaac said with a laugh.

"I was dead," Scott protested, grinning. "Completely dead. Besides, I've seen *you* do that after work."

"Yeah, but I do that on a bi-weekly basis at *least*, and I don't just make caveman noises gesturing to the takeout menus on the wall without even looking up," Isaac teased.

"I got, like, four hours’ sleep over the previous *two* nights," Scott pointed out.

"Which was why I humored you by ordering Chinese and laying on top of you," Isaac laughed.

Scott snorted. "And then Hana lay on top of *you*, and we didn't dare get up until she moved," he added.

"You don't move when a floof is sleeping!" Isaac gasped, mock offended. "And besides, you weren't complaining."

"I was in a post-finals haze," Scott countered, grinning.

"You would have been purring with Hana if you could have," Isaac sang, eyes lighting up.

Scott snorted. "Sure." His face grew serious. "You're happy, though? With me?"

Isaac’s smile softened. "I am. I love you." He leaned over to kiss Scott's cheek.

Scott reached up, tracing Isaac's collar, which was starting to show signs of wear. "I've made mistakes, I know I have," he said softly.
"We both have," Isaac whispered, tilting his head back a bit.

Scott's hand slipped up to cup Isaac's cheek. "We fixed them though, right?"

Isaac smiled, nodding into his hand. He needed to talk about missing everyday rules. But now wasn't the time probably.

"And you know I'm proud of you?" Scott added, smiling a little.

Isaac blinked, a grin growing on his face. "I like hearing it."

Scott's smile widened, and he leaned in to kiss the corner of Isaac's mouth. "I am," he said firmly. "You've come so far, and you're so brave. I mean, look at what we did in the summer."

"It was hard," Isaac admitted. "But worth it to know I'm truly done with him." He glanced up, flushing darkly as he realized the waitress was patiently waiting, grin firmly on her face.

Scott glanced up and dropped his hand. "Fuck, sorry," he said hurriedly. "Uhh..."

She smiled. "Want me to give you two a little longer?"

Isaac just shook his head, thunking his forehead on the table. "I'll have a lemonade, please," he squeaked. "And a burger with a side of embarrassment. Nah, make it French fries." He looked up shyly.

She laughed. "You're not that bad, really," she promised. "We've had people clearly aiming to try out their exhibitionism kink in here, which is, frankly, unsanitary. You were just distracted."

"Seriously?" Scott said, making a face. "That's just...ugh. Rude. Anyway. Coke for me, and a burger and fries as well."

"Eewww." Isaac wrinkled his nose. "I'm sorry. I'd make them clean up before you booted them."

"We don't let them get that far," she said, rolling her eyes. "They're never as subtle as they think they are, and kids come in here. If they want to do that kind of thing, there are plenty of other places with warnings on the door."

"Exactly." Isaac smiled.

She smiled back. "Anyway, I'll leave you to it. A lemonade, a coke, and two burgers with fries, yeah?"

Scott nodded. "That's perfect, thanks."

Isaac waited until she left to re-smack his head on the table. "Sorry."

Scott laughed, stroking Isaac's hair. "It's not that bad, babe. Really."

Isaac gave him a tiny grin. "Yeah, at least I wasn't in your lap."

Scott ducked his head, grinning wider. "Yeah, exactly," he agreed.

"You're turning into Stiles," Scott teased.

"Nah, that's me blowing you in your car," Isaac laughed.

Scott rolled his eyes. "He's insatiable," he commented. "I mean, much as I love sex..."

Isaac's eyes crinkled as his grin grew. "I could say the same about me, though," he teased. "How often do you come home to being jumped because I'm so hungry?" he made sure and kept his voice down.

"Well, these days it's more to you hiding in the bedroom, waiting to ambush me," Scott pointed out.

"That's because I don't want to freak you out again." Isaac's grin grew a bit crooked. "And besides, it's fun seeing your face when you see me."

Scott kissed Isaac's cheek. "And I appreciate that, really."

"Doesn't mean I can't surprise you with things, just means I don't need to do them in the living room. Which is a good idea anyway." Isaac's eyes crinkled with his smile.

Scott wrapped his arm around Isaac's waist and tugged him closer. "I love you, sweetheart," he murmured.

"I love you, too." Isaac turned, tucking his nose behind Scott's ear for a moment, enjoying the closeness and only moving when their food arrived.

The food was really good, and for a while they didn't talk at all. "We should come here more often," Scott said, once he was done with his burger.

"I have no problems with that." Isaac rubbed his stomach with a happy sigh. "I love this place. and it's just as cheap as our Chinese place. Just means I have to put on clothes." Isaac wrinkled his nose, having taken to wearing nothing around the house more often than not. The freedom was nice.

"I still don't really understand the naked thing," Scott admitted. "I mean, it's cute, but I don't get it."

"It's partly because I've never really been free to be completely naked if I wanted to?" Isaac tried to explain, picking over the last of his fries. "Like I was in the bathroom, but if I wasn't in the shower, you never know when he would burst in." He shrugged, swallowing a fry before continuing. "And partially it’s the itchy clothes thing. I still don’t know why that is."

Scott shrugged a little. "I mean, there doesn't have to be a reason, unless it's bothering you."

"Doesn't bother me really." Isaac reached up, plucking at his tee-shirt. "Just more confused and bemused than anything."

"It's bugging you now?" Scott asked, slipping the hand around Isaac's waist up under his shirt a little.

Isaac leaned into the touch, letting out a soft sigh. "Yeah, it always is, to some degree. Usually I can push it down because, y’know, I don't wanna be arrested for public indecency."

Scott frowned. "Maybe you've got some kind of sensory thing," he said thoughtfully. "I should have asked you about this more earlier. Do different clothes bug you different amounts?"

Isaac tilted his head as he thought. "Hmm, sometimes? Denim I can deal with, but it bugs me quite a
bit so when I can, I avoid it. Or make sure it's the super worn soft kind. Same with t-shirts, but things like wool or even cashmere, drives me insane." Isaac tilted his head back with a hum. "I can't think of many clothes that don't bug me in some form or fashion, though oddly enough those weird silk boxers of yours with the little sushi rolls on it that I like to steal are the only ones that don't make me wanna shred them."

"So, yeah, the fabric makes a difference." Scott hummed, thinking. "We should ask Stiles if he has any suggestions, maybe. Or your therapist. And..." Scott bit his lip. "I want you to know that I'm suggesting this specifically because of the clothing thing, and not because of anything else. Have you thought about trying skirts or dresses?"

Isaac grinned, his eyes crinkling in amusement before he forced himself to be serious. "I hadn't actually? Though a loose one may help when I want to do something like answering the door," he mused.

Scott smiled back, relaxing. "Think about it, okay?"

Isaac nodded, leaning his head on Scott's shoulder. "Besides, it'd look cute with the panties," he murmured, his voice light and teasing. "But I will think about it."

"How is it," Scott said, turning his head to kiss Isaac's hair, "that we've been living together for a year and dating for almost two now, and I'm still learning new things about you, all the time?"

"Well, it'll never get boring," Isaac mused. "And probably because I'm still learning about myself."

Scott smiled. "I guess that's true," he admitted. "Have you learnt anything interesting lately?"

"Not anything that I can remember right now." Isaac grinned toothily. "Sometimes they pop outa nowhere, though."

"Well, you know what I've learned about myself in the last couple of years?" Scott said, smiling.

"Hmm?" Isaac grabbed his glass, sucking the last of the lemonade through the straw.

"I've learned that I love you," Scott said softly. "I love being your boyfriend, I love being your roommate, I love being your Dom."


"Yeah, baby?" Scott replied, cupping Isaac's cheek.

Isaac nodded, licking his lower lip, eyes darkening. "C'mon," he said, grabbing the ticket off the table before almost scrambling to get out of the booth, flushing as their waitress just gave them a knowing grin.

They paid quickly and headed out, holding hands as they walked.

Isaac curled close, a smile still etched on his face. "I love you," he whispered.

"Really?" Scott said, in mock surprise. "I'd never have guessed."

Isaac just stuck out his tongue.
Scott laughed. "Love you, too, babe."

Isaac's pout turned smug, pulling him up the flight of stairs to their apartment. Thank fuck that the diner was only a short walk away. "So about that trying to jump you when you come home..." he teased.

"Well, I think we should focus on getting you naked as soon as possible," Scott replied, grinning. "I don't want you itchy, after all."

"Mmm, best idea ever," Isaac agreed, slipping into the apartment. "C'mon."

Scott emptied his pockets onto the little table by the door and stripped off his jacket.

Isaac set his keys down before walking into the middle of the living room, tugging his shirt over his head.


Isaac looked over his shoulder, licking his lips as he nodded. "Kay."

Scott leaned up a little and kissed the back of Isaac's neck, just above his collar.

Isaac let out a breathless chuckle, plucking at his shirt as he listened to Hana's grumbling meow as she moved to the living room.

Scott looked at Isaac and grinned, shutting the door behind him as he came over and his hands settled on Isaac's hips. "You, love," he breathed, "are wonderful."

Isaac flushed. "How's that?" he asked softly, tugging his shirt up, eyes flicking over to Scott's

Scott caught Isaac's hands and kissed him quickly. "Let me," he murmured. "Please?"

Isaac sucked in a breath, lifting his arms for Scott, eyes locked on his Dom. His boyfriend.

"You're so beautiful," Scott murmured, ignoring the awkwardness of pulling Isaac's shirt up over his head. He leaned in for a kiss, hands going back to Isaac's hips. "I don't tell you enough."

"So are you," Isaac admitted quietly, wrapping his bare arms around Scott's shoulders.

Scott kissed him again, once, twice, still softly, his thumbs lightly stroking Isaac's bare skin. "Love you, sweetheart."

"Love you, too," Isaac replied, voice breathy and just a little higher than normal, his fingers curling into Scott's hair.

Smiling, Scott knelt on the floor, reaching for Isaac's shoelaces.

Isaac couldn't help but shift, cheeks pink. "This way feels weird," he murmured.
Scott laughed softly. "I guess," he said, looking up. "It doesn't bother me."

Isaac flushed darker. "Dunno why it does me," he admitted softly. Though he knew why. This was his *Dom*.

Scott sat back. "Is it a problem?" he asked, frowning a little. "Should I get up?"

Isaac chewed on his lower lip. "It's not bad? Just doesn't feel right me being higher."

"You're taller than me," Scott pointed out, amused despite his concern.

"You know what I meant," Isaac teased, tsk-ing playfully.

Scott grinned. "Well, let me finish undressing you and then we can go back to our usual height difference," he said.

Isaac shifted, nodding a bit and relaxing.

"Foot up," Scott told him, gently taking hold of Isaac's shoe.

Isaac bit back the 'yes sir' and nodded, lifting his foot up carefully, a hand going to Scott's shoulder for balance.

Scott took Isaac's shoe and sock off, then tapped his other foot.

Isaac carefully switched feet, letting out a soft sound as his toes buried in the carpet pile.

"Is carpet better than socks?" Scott asked curiously, removing Isaac's other shoe.

"Softer," Isaac murmured. "Not as soothing as some things, but better than socks, for sure."

Scott hummed as he guided Isaac's now-bare foot back to the floor and knelt up, reaching for his fly.

Isaac let out a happy sound, eyes locked onto Scott, cheeks flushed softly.

Scott placed a soft kiss just above Isaac's waistband, enjoying the quiet between them as he gently tugged Isaac's jeans down off his hips.

Isaac shivered, leaning into the kiss and wiggling his hips a bit to help get his jeans down. Once they were off his hips, he let out another soft, happy noise, relaxing a bit more. A lot of times he didn't notice how much the fabrics bugged him, but since they were talking about it, it brought it to the forefront.

Isaac's little noises were incredibly cute, honestly, Scott thought to himself. He pulled the jeans down to the floor and held them there for Isaac to step out of.

Isaac carefully tugged each foot free, letting out a breath as the fabric was no longer touching any part of him. Though that did make him realize he was wearing those boxers he was talking about stealing earlier.

Scott grinned up at Isaac, quickly sliding his boxers down so he was completely naked.

Isaac returned the grin with a shy one of his own, letting out yet *another* happy sound as he was finally naked, kicking the boxers to the side.
Scott grabbed Isaac's clothes off the floor and stood, kissing him quickly. "Let me just put these in the wash and get naked," he said quickly. "You wanna lie down?"

Isaac leaned into the kiss, licking his lips. "Uh huh," he grinned, flopping onto the bed, wiggling a bit into place on the soft, fuzzy comforter that had taken him forever to find.

Scott laughed at Isaac's squirming and dropped his clothes into the hamper, stripping quickly.

"C'mon," Isaac begged playfully, wiggling his fingers up at Scott.

"You're super cute," Scott said fondly, taking his time coming back over.

Isaac's cheeks pinkened. "I still don't think so," he admitted. "C'mooooon," he faux whined, shifting so he was spread out.

"Right now," Scott murmured, getting up on the bed and kneeling between Isaac's legs, "...you're fucking adorable."

The pink darkened along with his eyes, a soft grin on his face. "Only to you," Isaac murmured.

Scott leaned up, peppering little kisses onto Isaac's face between his words. "I - defy - anyone - to - call - you - not - adorable," he insisted.

Isaac couldn't help the laughter that spilled from him. "I'm sure there's quite a few that would," he murmured, slipping his hands into Scott's hair.

"They're idiots," Scott said instantly, cupping Isaac's cheeks. "You're the cutest thing I've ever seen, and I work with baby animals."

"Okay, but there's no way I hold a candle to kittens and puppies," Isaac laughed, his cheeks still pink.

"Oh, you totally do," Scott replied, grinning back. He pulled away a little, letting his hands stroke down the sides of Isaac's neck, down his chest. "On the weekends, when you get to sleep in, you have the cutest frown when Hana wakes us up. And on weekdays you always kiss me good morning three times, in case I'm too sleepy to remember them all."

Isaac flushed darkly, wiggling a bit. He didn't realize Scott paid attention to morning kisses. It made him happy.

Kissing the corner of Isaac's mouth, Scott murmured, "When I surprise you with something nice, your eyes go all wide, and I can see your blush spreading down, and down..." With his fingers he traced the pink down Isaac's chest.

Isaac shifted, arching up into the soft touch. He let out a tiny sound, shivering.

"And those little noises you make?" Scott added, brushing his thumb over one of Isaac's nipples. "When you get all quiet like this?"

Isaac squeaked a bit, arching up again with a questioning hum.

"It's really, really adorable," Scott promised, bending down and licking over the same nipple.

Isaac moaned, arching again, and trying to pull him closer.
"No," Scott said, pulling back. "Just...please? Just let me touch you."

Isaac whined, but nodded, stretching his arms above his head, eyes darker.

"That's perfect," Scott murmured, stroking his hands up the length of Isaac's arms to his wrists, bending down to kiss him.

Isaac moaned, eyes fluttering closed at the kiss and the grip on his wrists.

"So beautiful," Scott breathed, nipping at Isaac's lip.

Isaac let out a tiny noise, hips rolling. "Please."

"What is it, sweetheart?" Scott asked gently.

"Want you." Isaac locked eyes with him, a small smile on his face.

"Yeah, baby?" Scott asked, letting of Isaac's wrists to lightly scrape his nails down his forearms.

Isaac groaned, eyes fluttering before he opened them fully again. "Yeah. Please. Fuck, I need you."

Scott smirked, then shifted to lie down on top of Isaac, gasping a little as their cocks rubbed together.

"F-fuck," Isaac groaned, hooking a leg over Scott's hips, trying to drag him tighter against him.

Scott rolled his hips forward, dropping his head against Isaac's neck.

Isaac whined, grinding up against Scott, curling his hands in his sheets. "C'mon. Please?" he whispered, his voice husky and low.

"What do you need?" Scott panted, fucking against Isaac's stomach as it got slicker with their precome. "I'm here."

"Need you," Isaac groaned. "Need you to fuck me. This way, on my knees, bent in half, I don't care, just please."

Scott's movements stuttered and stopped. "This isn't enough?" he checked huskily. "You need more, sweetheart?"

"Always want more," Isaac breathed. "God, you feel good. You know I love being pinned. But please. I'm so empty." He let out another soft, pleading whimper.

Scott brought his hands up to cup Isaac's cheeks and kissed him deeply. "Alright, baby," he murmured. "You wanna open yourself up for my cock?"

Isaac groaned into the kiss. "Uh huh. Gonna show you," he murmured, wiggling a bit. "Get on my hands and knees and show you what I do to edge myself while you're gone."

"Oh, Jesus," Scott breathed, pushing himself up a bit. "Go on, sweetheart."

Isaac whined, letting his legs fall, eyes darkening. "Yeah," he breathed, flipping over carefully to scramble for his drawer where the lube was.

Scott shuffled a bit to the side, out of the way, watching eagerly.
Isaac got onto his hands and knees, looking over his shoulder at Scott, a tiny grin on his face before he lowered his shoulders to the bed so he could slick up the fingers on one hand.

"Can I touch you?" Scott asked huskily, his eyes dark.

"Mmhmm," Isaac nodded, already reaching around to tease himself with his slicked fingers, letting out a soft moan as he slowly slid one in, rocking up on his free hand.

"Fuck," Scott breathed, reaching out to stroke Isaac's hair.

Isaac leaned into the touch, letting out moans as they bubbled up his throat, his eyes closing as he sunk into his routine.

It wasn't mechanical, what Isaac was doing, but it was...undeniably practiced, and Scott couldn't help biting his lip.

Isaac let the noises he normally bit back fall from his lips, rocking back on his fingers, hips dipping every now and then to grind on the mattress. "Oh!" he gasped, rocking hard as the two fingers now in him found his prostate. "Oh fuck!"

"Fuck, Isaac," Scott breathed, his hand settling on the back of Isaac's neck. "Look at you."

Isaac let out a loud moan, the weight on the back of his neck making him arch his back, lifting his hips into a sharp arch. Slipping a third finger into himself he whimpered, his shoulders falling back to the bed as his free hand slid up to grab a hold of the headboard.

With his free hand, Scott reached up, touching Isaac's wrist. "Take my hand," he suggested lowly.

Isaac flicked his eyes open to watch him, the hand he had on the headboard slipping to grab Scott's, a high whine leaving him as he started teasing his prostate, tugging gently at his rim.

Scott squeezed Isaac's hand, his eyes wide and dark. "Look at you," he breathed. "God, just...look at you."

"Please," Isaac breathed, hips hitching. "Please."

"I'm here," Scott murmured. "What do you need?"


"How do want it, sweetheart?" Scott asked, stroking his hand down Isaac's back. "Like this? Riding me? Or beneath me, like earlier?"

"Oh fuck," Isaac groaned, thinking carefully, shivering as he tugged his fingers free. "Wanna ride you. Please," he begged softly, voice almost husky.

Scott smiled and rolled onto his back, gesturing down at his (very hard) cock. "Go ahead, love."

Isaac scrambled to sit up, swinging his leg over Scott's hip, bottom lip tucked into his mouth as he shifted until Scott was slowly pushing in. His mouth fell open, head tilting back as he slowly bottomed out with a blissed out moan.

Scott groaned in tandem with him, breathing hard and clutching at Isaac's hips.

Isaac ground his hips against Scott's, a high whimper leaving him, his hands sliding into his own curls to tug lightly as he started to rock. "So good."

Isaac opened his eyes, looking down at Scott with a dark look as his lips quirked into a crooked grin, clenching around Scott.

Scott gasped. "Fuck, baby."

"Uh huh," Isaac nodded, that grin still firmly in place, even as he started lifting himself, dropping down hard on Scott's hips with a high whine.

"Look at you," Scott panted, his hips rolling upwards. "God, Isaac..."

Isaac let out a low moan, rocking and grinding his hips each time he slid back down, one hand dragging his nails along Scott's chest lightly, the other still tugging on his own curls.

Scott cried out, jerking up.

Whimpering, Isaac did it again, eyes glazed and hungry. "Fuck, yes."

"You want me fucking you even when you're on top, huh?" Scott panted.

Isaac's lips curled into a crooked grin. "Yessir," he teased. "Fuck me, Scott. C'mon. Put me where you want me and fuck me apart."

Scott slid his hands up Isaac's sides, then tugged him down and rolled them both over.

Isaac cried out, giving Scott a crooked grin, rolling his body up.

"Better, sweetheart?" Scott teased breathlessly, fucking into him.

"Fuck, yes," Isaac moaned, his head tilting back.

"So good," Scott breathed. "Love you."

"I-love you too," Isaac panted, hands tangling in his own curls, yanking on them as he clenched down.

Scott groaned, grabbing Isaac's hands and pressing them into the pillow. "This isn't gonna last long," he warned.

Isaac let out a breathy moan as his hands were shoved into the pillow. "Th-that's okay. I'm already c-l-close."

"You're so amazing," Scott panted, nuzzling at Isaac's neck.

Isaac tilted his head back, a breathy laugh leaving him. "You're amazing," he countered.

"Is this gonna end with me saying 'you're amazing times infinity'?") Scott joked.

Isaac let out another laugh, gasping as his shaking jerked Scott's cock into hitting his prostate.

"Oh god," Scott yelped. "Fuck."

"Close," Isaac begged, panting heavily and trying to wiggle against Scott, wanting to feel himself being pinned.
"I've got you," Scott promised hoarsely, pressing down. "Go on, sweetheart."

Isaac let out a high whine, tightening what hold he had on Scott as he came.

"So good," Scott panted, fucking Isaac through it and shuddering as he came inside him. "I love you."

Isaac tugged on his hands, panting heavily as he grinned. "Love you," he breathed.

Scott collapsed, burying his face in Isaac's neck. "You're perfect."

Isaac wrapped himself around Scott, flushing softly. "Don't feel like it, but okay," he nodded, kissing Scott's temple.

"Accept that I think you're perfect, then," Scott said drowsily.

"That's all I need, my Dom to think I'm perfect. Just like I think you're perfect," Isaac yawned.

"We probably don't want to wake up stuck together," Scott admitted reluctantly.

"Hmm, not that way anyway," Isaac agreed, though he didn't move.

Scott made a disgruntled noise. "If magic existed, this is what it would be for," he muttered. "That and teleportation so you don't have to deal with traffic."

"And instant food," Isaac hummed. "Sleep or bath?"

Scott groaned, reluctantly pulling out and resettling himself. "I want to say sleep," he admitted. "But I shouldn't."

"Mmmm, sleep sounds good." Isaac yawned again. "So does bubble bath."

"Oh, fuck it," Scott said, rolling off to one side. "Come on, then. I'll start the bath running."

Isaac groaned, flipping to the side to slide off the bed. "Kaaaaay."

Scott laughed. "You're all floppy, huh?"

"Yup, fucked all floppy." Isaac grinned dazedly.

Scott rolled onto his side, and used the momentum to sit up and get off the bed. "Come on, love," he said, going around it to offer Isaac a hand.

Isaac blinked at the hand before his brain caught up and he reached out to take it, tugging himself to his feet.

Scott kissed Isaac's cheek, letting go of his hand to wrap an arm around his waist instead. "Let's wash up."

Chapter End Notes
Happy New Year! Hopefully 2018 will be a year of justice and compassion - and if not that, stubbornness and supportiveness. Either way, we're going to be here, writing the third year of As Ordered.

Thanks to our lovely beta Chicktar, and thanks to all of you for reading, whether you just joined us or you've been here since the beginning :)

Trying New Things

Chapter Summary

Stiles gave Derek a shy grin. "Okay, what next?" he asked softly, trying to get back on track.

"With the understanding that exhibitionism is at the edge of my comfort zone, but it is something I'm willing to explore anyway," Derek said, smiling back, "what do you want to work towards? What would we do, if I didn't have a problem with it?"

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Derek and Stiles have a chat about renegotiating some things, and end up inviting Bastian to watch them

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: Exhibitionism (discussion only). Talking about triggers and limits, and when and why to push them or not

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Once again, the 'bad' side of Stiles' tally board was blank at the end of the week, like it had been since Derek started helping Stiles towards that goal. "We should talk about this," Derek suggested, tapping the board.

Stiles looked up, flushing softly. "I like not having any," he murmured.

Derek smiled, reaching down to run his hand over Stiles' hair. "I know," he promised. "But I told you two years ago that we'd adjust things as we needed to, and I think it might be time to adjust them."

Stiles blinked in surprise. "Has it really been two years?" he breathed, leaning into the hand on his hair. "And what do you mean by adjust?"

"Just about," Derek said, smiling. "And I mean that I think we should talk about the structure we use for the rules we have. The reward and punishment system."

"Oh, the tallies. Because I'm not getting bad ones anymore." Stiles nodded, giving Derek a grin.

"Not while I help you, no," Derek agreed. "Do you want to be on my level for this discussion, or are you happy on your knees?"

"I like being on my knees for you," Stiles said, his grin quirking.

Derek laughed a little. "Alright then. How about you tell me what you like about how we've changed things?"
"I like knowing that I've not had any bad tallies." Stiles rested his head on Derek's knee. "And I like knowing that my Dom controls things. I still have my freedoms, but..."

"But you're free within boundaries." Derek nodded, stroking Stiles' hair as he thought. "The reward and punishment thing is really based on the idea that you need incentives to follow the rules—that is, that you're choosing to do so, or not to."

"Could always just use it as a case by case basis? Like If I do something to get in trouble, it's dealt with then and there or whenever we're in private?" Stiles offered. "Because things like my meds and such are getting better with your reminders, but I know myself, sir, I'm going to fuck up."

"You're going to make mistakes," Derek corrected, "just like anyone else. I think dealing with them at the time will work."

Stiles just grinned up at him. "Doesn't mean my brain won't call it fuck ups, sir," he whispered, kissing Derek's knee through his pants.

Derek smiled, sighing fondly. "Well, with that in mind...are we going to change how we do rewards?"

"We could do the same?" Stiles offered, grinning widely at the sigh.

"It might mean less rewards," Derek warned. "Are you okay with that?"

Stiles nodded, flushing softly. "I like rewards, but they don't have to be rewards for us to do stuff."

Derek smiled down at him. "That's true," he agreed. "So, rewards and punishments if and when you earn them from now on?"

Stiles nodded after a moment. "Yes, sir." He smiled brightly.

"Let's talk about the rules themselves, then," Derek said, using his sleeve to wipe the tally board clean. "Things have come up in bits and pieces, but we don't really talk about them much."

"Like the cockwarming in the morning to help keep me settled because the cleaning itch thing," Stiles pointed out.

"Like that," Derek agreed. "And not - not just rules for your behaviour, but the boundaries I'm going to enforce for you, like bedtime."

"You get me for bedtime," Stiles murmured, smiling.

"I do," Derek said, smiling back. "Just like I make sure you take your medicines each morning. What else should I be doing?"

Stiles shrugged, chewing on his lips. "I like it when you remind me to slow down when I get going on a tangent."

"I like listening to you," Derek said, frowning a little. "I don't want to stop you speaking."

"I just meant when I get too worked up, sir." Stiles laughed brightly, head tilted back. "You know I don't shut up for anything but a good reason and you."

"I'll think about it," Derek conceded. "What else?"
"I'm...not sure?" Stiles tilted his head. "Helping me remember not to clean after noon?"

Derek smiled. "I already do that," he pointed out gently. "Would you like to experiment with boundaries this year, like we did with different kinks last year?"

"Ooooo, yes please!!" Stiles perked up.

Stiles' instant enthusiasm made Derek laugh. "Interested, are you?"

"Yes, sir." Stiles just gave him a lopsided grin. "I like trying new things."

"Well, if you have any suggestions, you can always tell me," Derek said fondly.

Stiles nodded, shifting on his knees to lean up and quickly hug Derek around the waist. "What else?"

"I don't know," Derek admitted. "What else do you think we should talk about?"

Stiles squirmed, chewing on his lip. "Can one of those things we try be more things like at Jungle?" he asked, unsure on how to even bring this up.

"I think that's more a continuation of last year than part of this new thing," Derek pointed out, reaching down to cup Stiles' cheek. "What are you thinking?"

Stiles chewed on his lower lip. "I want to work up to where you're comfortable with more," he whispered. "Kinda like I really want to try getting you in a pool."

It took Derek a moment to make the connection. "You know they aren't the same, don't you?"

"Of course!" Stiles gave him a shy smile. "But I still want to push past them. And eventually, yes, the thought of you fucking me in a pool is awesome."

Derek frowned a little. "Push past them?" he asked warily.

Stiles shifted. "Not like that," he promised softly. "I just..." He sighed, resting his chin on Derek's thigh. "Nevermind, sir. I can't explain what I meant."

Derek cupped the back of Stiles' neck, hoping to reassure him. "Can you try?"

Stiles leaned into the touch, sighing softly. "I didn't mean push past them like that, sir," he murmured. "I meant like...widening your comfort bubble. Maybe conquering things that are because of the bitch that shall not be named."

"You know the exhibitionism thing isn't because of her," Derek pointed out quietly.

"It's not?" Stiles asked, tilting his head to the side. He suddenly got a look of terror on his face. "Sir, are you doing something you don't want to do?"

"Stiles, no!" Derek insisted, cupping Stiles' cheeks. "Come up here, sweetheart, come on."

Stiles stood, slipping into Derek's lap, leaning into the hands on his cheeks. "Promise?"

"I promise," Derek said firmly. "Why did you think of that, querido?"

"Well you never say anything, but you always seem uncomfortable at first," Stiles whispered,
Derek bit his lip, then leaned in and kissed Stiles' forehead. "Can you listen to everything I have to say before jumping to any conclusions?"

Stiles sucked in a breath, settling against Derek. "I'll try," he whispered, chewing on his lower lip, fingers almost going to pick at it before he forced his hand to fall.

"Good boy," Derek said gently, taking Stiles' hands in his. After a deep breath he went on. "The reason I seem uncomfortable at first is because I am. But that's not because of Kate, and I'm not doing anything I'm not okay with. Exhibitionism is exciting, but it makes me nervous. That's not because of any bad experiences, that's just how I feel. Whenever we do something, I weigh up what's going to make me too nervous, and you've always respected my boundaries when I set that line. That doesn't mean I don't enjoy myself, or that I'm unwilling. It's something that I enjoy, but it's at the edge of my comfort zone. Do you understand?"

Stiles chewed on his lip, nodding after a bit. "It's at the boundary of your comfort bubble right now?" he asked again, just wanting to make sure he hadn't been forcing Derek to do something.

"That's right," Derek reassured him, squeezing Stiles' hands. "Sometimes I'm yellow, and sometimes I'm green. And when I'm feeling yellow, I ask to back off a bit, and you do. It's not red. Okay?"

Stiles took a deep breath. "Okay," he murmured, giving Derek a tiny smile. "Could we work on making the bubble bigger?" he asked softly. "We don't have to, but..."

"But there's something you really like at the edge of that bubble," Derek finished.

Stiles flushed, looking to the side. "Doesn't mean we have to, though," he whispered.

"Look at me, sweetheart," Derek murmured. "You make me very, very happy. Okay?"

Stiles turned his face back toward Derek's, lip firmly between his teeth as he nodded.

Derek leaned in and kissed him gently.

Stiles slowly relaxed, leaning into the kiss with a soft sigh. "I'm sorry," he murmured against Derek's lips. "I just wanted to make sure."

"You can always ask," Derek said firmly. "You don't need to be sorry."

Stiles gave him a hesitant smile. "Can we try and make the bubble bigger? Or would you rather not?" he asked tentatively.

Derek smiled back. "We've already been doing that," he pointed out, cupping Stiles' cheek. "Remember the first time we went to Jungle, all you did was grind on me?"

"Uh huh, and then the second time...oh." Stiles flushed, giving Derek a bigger grin. "We have been making it bigger."

"And remember when we went camping last year and we had sex in the car?" Derek said encouragingly. "And then after we came home from Jungle the second time, I fucked you over the hood?"

Stiles started squirming as he did remember, flush high on his cheeks. "Uh huh," he groaned.
"Stiles," Derek said warningly. "Not now."

Stiles ducked his head, turning bright red. "Sorry...images..."

Derek sighed. "I know," he murmured. "But now's not the time, sweetheart. Try to focus, please."

Stiles pressed his face to Derek's neck, breathing deeply for a moment as he calmed. "Okay. Sorry, sir."

"Good boy," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair. "It's alright."

Stiles gave him a shy grin. "Okay, what next?" he asked softly, trying to get back on track.

"With the understanding that exhibitionism is at the edge of my comfort zone, but it is something I'm willing to explore anyway," Derek said, smiling back, "what do you want to work towards? What would we do, if I didn't have a problem with it?"

Stiles tilted his head in thought. "I like what we did in the garage. And in the woods. I kinda wanna be fucked over the back of the couch at Jungle, I'm not going to lie."

"That...might not happen any time soon," Derek admitted.

"I know," Stiles whispered. "It'll take a while."

"Hey," Derek murmured. "Talk to me. Is that okay?"

Stiles nodded, giving him a shy smile. "Green," he promised.

"You're very quiet," Derek said gently. "Is something wrong?"

Stiles shook his head. "Just don't like the thought of you doing something you don't want," he murmured. "And I'm still kinda calming down from the scary moment when I thought I had."

Derek kissed Stiles gently. "You're a good boy, and everything's okay," he promised. "How can I help?"

"Just...need to make sure that you'll stop when it's too much. I want to widen the bubble, but..."

"But you need to know I'll use my safewords," Derek finished, cupping Stiles' cheek.

"Exactly." Stiles smiled, nuzzling into his palm.

"I will," Derek promised quietly. "I might push my limits for you, but I won't cross them, okay?"

Stiles nodded, relaxing completely with a grin. "Good!"

"Okay," Derek said firmly. "So. Let's talk about the kinds of things you want to try."

"There's a lot." Stiles laughed. "I don't want to get arrested, so not like in a restaurant." His eyes gleamed with mischief as he leaned forward. "Well, maybe the bathrooms...."

Derek tapped Stiles' nose. "There are places that cater to that," he said. "But in a normal place, no."

Stiles blinked. "Really? There's places that have that?" He couldn't hide his interest, cheeks flushed.
"Really," Derek said. "They're usually more expensive, but they're around."

"Oookay, is it bad that I kinda want those on there?" Stiles whispered, flushed.

"Nothing you want is bad, love," Derek reassured him. "It's okay to want things."

Stiles gave him a shy grin. "I also want the Jungle thing like I told you. Hmm." He tilted his head. "I loved the garage and woods thing, maybe working it outside more? We're surrounded by woods...."

Derek paused. "How did you feel when Leo and Bastian came over and were talking to me, the first time we met them?"

"I liked it. I got a feeling of almost...comfort? I knew we could trust them, but...can't really describe why I had that thought..." Stiles shrugged. "Why?"

"Because being in a public space is one kind of exhibitionism, but it's not the only kind," Derek explained.

"What are you thinking?" Stiles asked, lips quirked in a grin as he bounced just a bit.

Derek bit back a smile. "I think you've guessed."

"Want to hear you say it!" Stiles insisted. "I like hearing your voice. Especially with sex stuff!"

Laughing, Derek teased him, "You just want dirty talk, huh?"

"I always want dirty talk." Stiles grinned mischievously.

Derek tapped him on the nose again in gentle reprimand. "Do you want to experiment with having one or two people watch us in a private setting?"

Stiles wrinkled and twitched his nose, grin not slipping a bit. "Yes, sir." He nodded. "It might really help, and it'd help that you know them."

"Help what?" Derek asked.

"Help you feel more comfortable," Stiles shrugged, flushing.

Derek smiled, brushing his fingers over Stiles' hot cheek. "You're cute," he murmured.

Stiles gave him a grin. "I like being cute for you," he whispered.

"That reminds me," Derek commented. "Did you want to try experimenting with makeup?"

"Experimenting more? Yes sir!" Stukes brightened.

Derek smiled. "You had fun with the lipstick, didn't you?"

Stiles grinned wider, nodding. "I really did."

"It looked good on you," Derek murmured.

"Want to try eyeliner with it...the non-waterproof kind," Stiles said slyly.

Derek raised his eyebrows. "Is that so?"
Stiles leaned forward, licking his lips before whispering in Derek's ear. "Kinda wanna see what it'd look like after I suck your cock so much I cry," he confided.

Derek hummed, his eyes closing briefly as he pictured it.

"Can get a regular lipstick too, rather than the color stay one I got last time. So you'll look down and see just how messy I can get, as well as just how much I love it," Stiles whispered, tugging at Derek's earlobe with his teeth.

Derek gave a soft groan, then paused. "Wait," he said. "Are we done talking?"

"I dunno, sir, are we?" Stiles grinned, sucking Derek's lobe into his mouth.

Hips arching up, Derek moaned again.

Stiles whimpered, grinding down, nuzzling Derek's cheek. "Sir."

"Needy, aren't you?" Derek teased huskily.


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Stiles hummed as he slid into the back booth of the diner, waving happily to the waitress as she headed his way. "I'm meeting someone here to talk." He smiled at her. "Just to warn you in case you hear something weird." His grin grew lopsided at her laugh, quickly giving her his order as he waited for Bastian to show up, nervously picking at the cuff of his hoodie.

Bastian took off his coat as he came in, draping it over his arm as he headed up the back to find Stiles. "Hi," he said, slipping into the booth. "How are you?"

Stiles jumped, squeaking and dropping the straw wrapper he'd been fiddling with. "Hi!" He laughed brightly. "Sorry, I kinda zoned there. I'm doing okay!"

Bastian raised his eyebrows, settling back. "Uh huh," he said dryly. "What's going on?"

Stiles gave him a tiny grin, shifting on his seat. "Um. I dunno how to bring it up?" He laughed softly, thanking the waitress when she came with his food, and shoving a curly fry in his mouth.

Bastian made his own order, then looked Stiles over consideringly. "I know that look," he said after a moment. "That's the threesome look."

Stiles choked on his fry, coughing and laughing loudly. "Oh, god no! No offense, but one, I don't think Sir would share, and two, I'm not sure Leo would either."

Bastian grinned. "We haven't talked it over, but I suspect you're right."

Stiles tilted his head, looking him up and down. "Now, that's not to say you aren't hot," he said with a laugh. "But no, it's not that it's..." He leaned forward. "Remember me talking about baby stepping with the exhibitionism?"

"I'm a baby step, huh?" Bastian joked, smirking.

"Kinda?" Stiles grinned. "Um. It's hard to explain, but the gist is we were wondering if you could help kinda expand on it? Someone he's comfortable around and trusts can help, ya know?"
Bastian paused. "You know that someone watching you in private feels pretty different to getting watched in public, right?" he checked. "Because it does."

"Baby steps," Stiles shrugged, grin still firmly on his face. "And I dunno if it'll be the same for me. Never did it."

Bastian pursed his lips. "Just...think about it, okay?" he insisted. "It's more intimate, so it's more intense. And you should tell Derek that, too."

Stiles nodded. "I'll warn him," he promised.

Bastian sat back. "So what kind of things are you thinking of showing off?"

"Well, honestly it'll be a lot of me," Stiles mused. "But the reason we were asking is because maybe 'showing off' in front of you might make Sir more comfortable with more public stuff, you know? So it'll be a lot of scene stuff probably. Or even just 'vanilla' stuff like blow jobs, sex, and such. This is if you're willing."

There was a long pause, and Bastian frowned consideringly. "I don't think you and Derek have talked about this enough," he eventually said. "As far as I'm concerned, it's a yes - you're both lovely to watch - but I don't think the two of you are ready. Plan it out, like you would any other scene. Talk about the details. When you know what you want, then come ask me again."

Stiles groaned, thunking his head on the table. "That would be my fault, I got distracted and well..." He flapped a hand in the air, a flush traveling up his neck.

"Mmhmm." Bastian smirked. "Seriously, this isn't a no, this is 'call me'. Got it?"

Stiles peeked up, grinning lopsidedly at Bastian. "Seriously?" He sat up, fiddling with his straw. "Guess I gotta talk to him again about it. I just need to not get distracted again."

"Seriously," Bastian promised. "I recommend writing things down, if you're trying to avoid distraction."

"Is there anything you aren't okay with?" Stiles took out his phone to get the notepad, wanting to make sure he didn't forget anything.

"Um..." Bastian took a sip of water. "No, like, blood or shit or piss, I guess. No dubcon stuff. I don't like daddy kink or age play or whatever."

Stiles typed it out, smiling. "We aren't into that either. Though we're also working on humiliation aspects, and the only time I'm Little it's not sexual whatsoever. So we're good on that front."

Bastian considered Stiles for a moment, then shook his head. "I'm not into it, but you must be cute as fuck when you're Little."

Stiles gave him a lopsided grin. "Sir thinks so. And Isaac." He shrugged, chewing on the tip of his thumb in thought. "If you ever wanna see, we can do that." He laughed. "It's seriously platonic with that one. Actual kink wise? Ew, no thanks." He shuddered, wrinkling his nose. "Little me is not interested in that at all."

Bastian smiled, but shook his head again. "No, but thank you," he said. "Anyway. You mentioned humiliation? Can I get some detail on that?"
Stiles laughed. "Um, I like being called a cockslut and things like that." He flushed softly, shoving another fry in his mouth. "It's an actual headspace I get in. And because of shittery, Sir is hesitant to do it outright calling me the names. He has, and the hesitancy is because of past nasties, but still."

"Okay, that I can handle," Bastian said, reaching out to touch Stiles' arm. "Just checking what kinda level you were at, cause there's kinds of insults that I can't deal with."

"Like what? If you feel comfortable telling me anyway." Stiles smiled, patting Bastian's hand.

"Maybe another time," Bastian replied. "You won't be going there anyway."

Stiles couldn't stop his curious look, even as he nodded and reached out to rub Bastian's arm. "How have you been? And Leo?"

"I've been good," Bastian said, smiling a little. "Getting on with things. I'm glad the holidays are over. As for Leo, you'll have to ask him."

"Aw, you two haven't seen each other since Christmas?" Stiles pouted.

"That's between the two of us," Bastian corrected, smirking. "I'm more private than you, and until I know what Leo wants to share, I'll be more private still."

"Okaaaay," Stiles sighed, though his amile let Bastian know he wasn't actually upset. "You're adorable. And you're smitten."

"Look who's talking," Bastian joked.

"Well, yeah, I'm smitten. Still don't believe the ‘adorable’ for the most part." Stiles flicked a small fry toward Bastian playfully.

"No food fights," Bastian said sternly, deftly catching the fry. "And as your designated watcher, I will confirm that you're deeply adorable."

Stiles flushed, giving him a crooked grin. "You should see me in heels!" he said. "Then again, you just might."

"I'm fine with that," Bastian commented, grinning back.

Stiles leered at him, waggling his eyebrows. "Giving you ideas?" he teased. "Oooooo, wanna split a sundae?" he brightened.

Bastian rolled his eyes. "You're a ridiculous human being," he said. "And no, I'm full. Oh - before I forget, we should finish with those limits and things."

"Ack, yeah, that's important." Stiles flushed, grinning at Bastian as he held up his phone, ready to type again.

Bastian smiled back. "Okay, uh, I don't know if you do pain? But there's a line for me, with fun pain on one side and bad pain on the other, so...."

"What do you see as the difference between them? Examples?" Stiles tilted his head.

"I get punishment spankings, I don't like them, but they aren't a limit." Bastian nodded.
"So, like teasing playful pain okay, but actual anger pain, nope," Stiles concluded. "And good, because I don't do anger at all. Got a special safeword for that because of my own childhood shittery."

Bastian gave Stiles a sympathetic look. "That's fine, then," he promised.

"Er...." Stiles shifted. "Are you okay with denial stuff? Cause...I'm trained that I can only come with a phrase, and that would be horrid if that happened and triggered your limit and..." He shuddered. "On the plus side, you'd be able to know my real name," he mused.

Bastian raised his eyebrows. "You're serious?"

Stiles flushed, nodding. "That was an intense two months, let me tell you. Especially now that if Sir were here and said it..."

Mouth dropping open, Bastian said in a hushed voice, "You wouldn't come just from that, not really?"

"Dude, just my name puts me on the edge of it." Stiles laughed, leaning forward. "That took a bit longer than those two months, to where all it takes is the phrase no matter where we are or what we're doing. But god damn, Bastian." He hummed, eyes falling half-closed.

"Jesus," Bastain breathed, his eyes dark.

Stiles' grin turned mischievous. "Like that thought, huh?"

Bastian cleared his throat, blushing. "Well, I definitely don't have a problem with it."

Stiles giggled softly, finishing off his milkshake before leaning forward again. "Is there anything you really like seeing?"

Bastian raised his eyebrows. "Now you're just teasing."

"I'm a teasing brat, it's a thing," Stiles shrugged, his grin never budging. "But honestly, I want to know."

Bastian laughed a little. "Hon, as long as you guys are having fun, I'm going to have fun. You're both sexy, and together you're adorable."

“Oh, fun is always in the cards," Stiles replied. "I wonder if I could get Sir all growly and rough again."

Bastian rolled his eyes. "Shameless, you are," he joked.

"Pretty much." Stiles laughed brightly, getting up to pay for the food, sneakily paying for Bastian's, too.

"You didn't," Bastian said when he noticed. "Stiles, no. Here." He got out his wallet and passed over a twenty.

"Nope, you can pay next time." Stiles shook his head, grinning.

Bastian shook his head. "I know you now," he said. "You'll just keep saying that. Take it."
Stiles pouted, taking the bill and tucking it into his wallet. "I like doing nice things."

"Nice things can be having lunch with a friend," Bastian said firmly, picking up his coat and tugging it on. "It doesn't have to mean money."

"Yeah, I just like spoiling and treating." Stiles shrugged. "Always have." He tugged on his hoodie zipper.

"If you were a Dom, you'd be a sugar daddy," Bastian commented, leading Stiles out of the diner.

"Hmmm, probably. " Stiles grinned. "Instead I have a sugar daddy and I'm the sugar encrusted loudmouth friend."

Bastian raised his eyebrows. "Somehow I don't think Derek would agree with either of those descriptions. And you made yourself sound like a doughnut."

Stiles snorted at that image, his nose crinkling in laughter. "That's an image I didn't need to picture."

"I'd better head off," Bastian said, grinning at him. "Let me know what you two come up with, okay?"

"Deal!" Stiles grinned, pulling Bastian into a loose, one arm hug before waving and jogging off to his jeep.

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"You look like you had a good day," Leo said as he let Bastian into his apartment.

Bastian smiled softly, stepping in and tugging off his shoes, as was his habit. "I had lunch with Stiles." He shrugged, the grin curling his lips widening. "My day is much better now, though."

Leo raised his eyebrows, kissing the corner of Bastian's mouth. "What's he up to now, then?"

Bastian accepted the kiss, turning to return it. "Something interesting," he murmured, leaning to wrap his arms around Leo's neck.

"Oh?" Leo asked, his hands sliding down to settle on Bastian's hips.

Bastian let out a soft sigh, leaning into the touch. "Well, to make a long story short, he asked me to watch him and Derek," he revealed.

Leo raised his eyebrows. "Privately?"

"Yup." Bastian laughed. "Apparently they're wanting to widen Derek's exhibitionism comfort zone? So Stiles thinks having someone they know and trust first will help him."

"I could play possessive," Leo said lowly, sliding his hands up under Bastian's shirt, "but really I'm envious. They're lovely to watch."

"Mmm, playing possessive sounds fun, though." Bastian hummed, shifting closer. "Though they really are lovely. Adorable."

"Should I ask, affronted, what nefarious things they propose to display to you?" Leo joked.

"That's the thing, Stiles asked before they'd talked it over completely." Bastian rolled his eyes. "Though," he leaned forward, "I did find out that Stiles can only come on command," he breathed,
his eyes darkened.
"Caught your interest, hmm?" Leo purred, giving Bastian a sly smile. "You didn't tell me you were interested in that kind of thing before."

"It’s hot." Bastian shrugged. "Especially since apparently it doesn't matter if it's during a scene or while walking through a store."

"Not just coming only on command, then," Leo commented, impressed. "Coming always on command."

"I'm impressed, too," Bastian laughed, tugging on Leo's shirt. "Kinda hot to think about, hmm?"

"Definitely entertaining," Leo agreed, moving back a little so Bastian had space to maneuver.

"Hmm, are you jealous?" Bastian teased lightly, tugging Leo's shirt off, running fingers down his chest.

"Would you like me to be?" Leo asked lowly.

"Oooo, fun. Depends on what your reaction would be." Bastian leaned up with a smirk, kissing Leo's chin.

Leo raised his eyebrows and kissed the tip of Bastian's nose. "Maybe I should tie you up so they can't take you away from me," he suggested.

"Hmmm, that sounds...enjoyable." Bastian ran his fingers back up Leo's chest and neck to tangle in his red hair, his eyes dark.

"Should I look you over, to make sure no one left a mark on you?" Leo asked, sliding his hands up under Bastian's shirt again.

"You'll have to look very thoroughly, to make sure not to miss something." Bastian smirked as he arched into Leo's touch.

Leo grinned, tweaking Bastian's nipple. "And maybe leave some marks of my own, as reminders."

Bastian let out a soft sound. "Marks? As reminders for what?" he asked, pressing as close as he could.

"Reminders that you are my boy," Leo answered, his eyes dark. "Not anyone else's."

“Oh,” Bastian breathed, eyes blown wide. "Okay, so I like really like that possessive stuff."

"Considering Christmas, I'm not entirely surprised," Leo murmured.

"Hmm?" Bastian wondered, even as one corner of his mouth quirked into a smile. "You mean the fact that I love being marked as yours? That I love hearing it?" True, he wasn't wearing Leo's collar, but that didn't mean they weren't heading there.

Leo smiled. "With how eager you were for me to make you mine, beautiful."

"Oh I'm eager alright." Bastian smiled wider. "For you to make me yours, marks, collar, and claimed. Oh the fun we'll have together."
"Just the marks tonight, I think, m'lovely," Leo said, smiling warmly. "But definitely some fun."

Chapter End Notes

We don't know quite what's going to happen with this storyline, but it's going to be fun :)  

Thanks, as always, to our lovely beta Chicktar, and to all of you for reading (especially those of you who comment!)
"Wanna sit up and eat?" Scott murmured. "I know you haven't got all that much time, but we'll do proper celebrations tonight."

"Oh, shit. Yeah." Isaac sat up, looking over the tray with a bright smile. "This looks amazing! And luckily I get off at two, like normal."

"So we have all afternoon," Scott said with a smirk, passing over the tray and settling it in Isaac's lap. He hadn't brought extra for himself, but he had brought a second set of cutlery so he could steal some. "Maybe we can bake a cake again."

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Scott helps Isaac celebrate his birthday

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

For once, Scott woke up before Isaac. He'd very carefully set an alarm on his phone, and then worn headphones all night even though it sucked so the alarm would only wake him and not Isaac. He had plans. By the time Isaac's alarm went off, Scott was just slipping back into the bedroom with a breakfast tray. "Morning, sweetheart," he said softly. "You awake?"

Isaac groaned at his alarm, flopping over to curl up closer to Scott. Or at least he would have if Scott wasn't missing. "Huh?" He sat up, rubbing his eyes as he noticed Scott standing in the door. "Why're you up?" he yawned, giving Scott a sleepy smile.

"I made breakfast," Scott explained, putting down the tray on the nightstand and leaning over to kiss Isaac softly. "Happy birthday."

Isaac blinked blearily at him before his smile brightened, tugging Scott down into another kiss. "I love you."

"Love you too, babe," Scott murmured. "Wanna sit up and eat? I know you haven't got all that much time, but we'll do proper celebrations tonight."

"Oh, shit. Yeah." Isaac sat up, looking over the tray with a bright smile. "This looks amazing! And luckily I get off at two, like normal."

"So we have all afternoon," Scott said with a smirk, passing over the tray and settling it in Isaac's lap. He hadn't brought extra for himself, but he had brought a second set of cutlery so he could steal some. "Maybe we can bake a cake again."

"That was fun." Isaac grinned, remembering what happened last time. "I'll end up being home about two thirty," he said. "And tomorrow is my day off!"

"We'll sleep in," Scott promised, stealing a bit of bacon.
"Sounds amazing," Isaac breathed, pushing half his eggs and a piece of toast toward Scott without even thinking about it.

Scott smiled, kissing Isaac's cheek. "Eat, sweetheart," he insisted. "We'll have time to make plans later."

Isaac leaned into the touch with a yawn. "Deal," he laughed as he finished eating.

"Want me to get a comb and have a go at your hair?" Scott offered.

Isaac brightened. "Yes, please!" He liked it when Scott played with his hair, even if it was just combing out the curls. He had a special wide tooth comb to make sure he didn't mess them up either, but if he didn't comb them out it never ended well.

Scott leaned over and kissed Isaac's cheek. "I'll go grab it while you finish with breakfast, then."

"Thank you." Isaac returned the kiss before sipping at his juice, leaning back against the headboard with a soft smile, one hand drifting to pet Hana where she was curled up at his hip.

-----

Scott had made sure he was free this afternoon, so when Isaac got home, he was waiting.

Isaac hummed as he unlocked the door, tugging the tie from his hair as he stepped into the door, setting his apron on the coat hook as he stretched. "Sir? Scott, are you home? I saw the car..."

"I'm here!" Scott called, coming out of the kitchen. He'd cleaned the whole apartment while Isaac was gone, and his birthday present was waiting in the bedroom. "How was your day?"

"Actually pretty good!" Isaac looked around, his grin widening. "Oh wow, this place looks great, thank you!"

"You're very welcome," Scott said, coming forward and tugging Isaac into a kiss.

Isaac sunk into it, wrapping his arms around Scott's shoulders and pressing close.

"Let's shower, hmm?" Scott suggested when they broke apart. "You smell like coffee."

"I like coffee, but I love showers with you." Isaac licked his lips, grinning and already tugging his shirt over his head.

Scott laughed. "With your job, it's a good thing you like it," he pointed out, leading Isaac to the bathroom by the hand.

Isaac ruffled his own curls with an impish grin. "You like it too, admit it!"

"Maybe," Scott said with a teasing smile, taking off his shirt.

Isaac shimmied out of his pants, completely stripping and letting out a soft, happy sigh as he was finally free of them.

Scott laughed a little, starting the shower running, then scooping up their clothes and dropping them in the hamper.

"Shower ready?" Isaac asked after making sure his hair tie was put up so Hana didn't get to it...again.
Scott tested the water and nodded. "Yeah, go ahead. Are we washing your hair today?"

Isaac hummed, stepping into the water. "Yeah, I got frappe on it when the new girl forgot the lid."

Scott grinned, stepping in after him and pulling the curtain closed behind them. "Do you want me to do it?" he offered.

"Oh fuck yes, please!" Isaac wasn't afraid to pull out the puppy eyes. He loved it when Scott played with or washed his hair.

"Under the water then, sweetheart," Scott directed him, smiling.

Isaac stepped into the spray, closing his eyes and laughing softly as he heard Hana meowing from her spot on the closed toilet lid. "She's mad I'm not taking a bath. She loves playing with the water in those."

"She's a weird cat," Scott commented, separating Isaac's hair out so the water got into it better.

"Mmhmm," Isaac hummed, his hands slipping down Scott's sides to hold onto his hips.

Scott kissed Isaac's forehead, then let go of his hair and nudged Isaac to turn around. "I can't wash your hair if you're holding me," he pointed out.

"I like holding you," Isaac pouted, turning around and tilting his head back so his now wet hair trailed down his neck.

"And I like it too," Scott agreed, squeezing the water through Isaac's thick curls, "but not right now." Once Isaac's hair was properly soaked, Scott scooped up the shampoo and poured a dollop onto the top of Isaac's head. "Out of the spray, now."

"Mmkay," Isaac murmured, stepping out and putting his hands on the wall to balance as he tilted his head further, giving Scott access to his entire head.

Scott massaged the shampoo into Isaac's scalp, rubbing it all the way through his hair.

Isaac let out a small moan, spreading his legs for balance as he shivered. "Always feels better when you do it."

Scott leaned forward, murmuring in Isaac's ear, "You look like you're bracing for me to fuck you."

Isaac sucked in a breath, letting it out as a soft whine. "Well, I wasn't thinking it before, but now..." he breathed, arching his back further. "God that was hot," he murmured, almost to himself. "Made my stomach clench and my insides pulse."

Scott bit down lightly on Isaac's shoulder, then stepped back. "Rinse now."

Isaac groaned, taking a moment to straighten up before stepping into the water, eyes closed so he didn't get shampoo in them.

Scott laughed a little bit, stroking his hand down Isaac's back. "Later, babe," he promised.

"I'll hold you to that." Isaac smiled, settling into place and enjoying the hot water and Scott being close.
Scott helped Isaac rinse out his hair, then started massaging in the conditioner.

Isaac let out a happy sound, melting into his touch.

"Cutie," Scott teased gently.

"Only for you," Isaac murmured.

Scott smiled, nuzzling into Isaac's neck, then made a face. "Ptheh! Conditioner in my mouth."

Isaac burst into giggles, covering his mouth with one hand.

Scott stepped under the spray, rinsing his mouth out. "Ugh. Gross."

Isaac, still giggling, hugged Scott close, his head still tilted back so the water would rinse his hair.

"You're still cute, you just taste foul," Scott commented.

"I taste fine." Isaac grinned. "My conditioner, on the other hand, does not taste like the apples it smells like."

"False advertising," Scott joked.

Isaac hummed, the last of the conditioner leaving his hair as he straightened up, kissing Scott's cheek.

"Love you," Scott murmured, smiling.

"I love you, too," Isaac breathed, running his nose along Scott's jaw.

"Let's finish washing, hmm?" Scott suggested, slipping his hand down to squeeze Isaac's ass.

Isaac jumped, laughing brightly before nodding. "Do that again."

"Nope," Scott said, grinning. "Washing time."

"Booooooo," Isaac whined, hurrying through the rest of his scrubbing (though he made sure to be thorough).

Scott laughed, turning his attention to washing himself, and they got out of the shower in record time.

"Do you want your presents now or later?" Scott asked as they dried off.

"Oooooh, presents!" Isaac grinned widely, stretching as he dried off his hair, careful to lean against a wall so he wouldn't fall.

"In the bedroom, sweetheart," Scott told him, smiling fondly.

Isaac gave him a lopsided grin, damp curls laying everywhere. "Yay!" He kissed Scott's cheek, stepping into the bedroom, and stopped to blink. Their normal green sheets were exchanged for a soft heather grey set, making him tilt his head to the side. The pillow caught his eye, where a brightly wrapped package sat on it. "Oh, two presents?" he smiled, walking up to the bed, noticing how the bedspread was folded neatly along the bottom edge of the bed. Rubbing his hand along the sheets he let out a soft gasp. "Oh, these are..." He ran a hand along them again, eyes wide with wonder. "Scott... Sir, these don't make me itch. I don't get the static feeling from them. How..."
Scott beamed. He'd got it right! "After what your therapist said, I looked up some stuff about SPD," he explained. "I got two sets, so we don't have to keep the itchy ones."

Isaac's eyes were still wide, mouth parted slightly. "They have sheets that don't itch… We have sheets that don't itch." He let out a bright laugh, flopping down on the bed and wiggling in place, ecstatic about it all. "Thank you!"

"You look like Hana," Scott said, laughing at Isaac's rolling around. "And you're so, so welcome, love."

Isaac sat up, still grinning. "Well, they do say pets look like their owners." He turned, plucking at the package. "What's this?"

Scott bit his lip. "I hope you like it," he said. "If you don't, you don't have to wear it, okay? It's just an idea."

Isaac’s head tilted to the other side as he pulled the wrapping paper off and opened the box. "Oh!" he breathed, pulling the soft (not itchy!) fabric out and letting it unfold to reveal what looked like a sundress. It had thin straps, and while it was a dark blue, it had white dots scattered along the bottom that made it look like it was dipped in stars.

"Do you like it?" Scott asked hopefully.

"It's so cute," Isaac murmured, his eyes wide, carefully standing so he could shake the dress out a bit more. He held it up to himself hesitantly, watching as it fluttered around his knees, the material light and soft. "It's mine?" he asked softly, peeking up at Scott through his curls. "It...it isn't bad that I want to wear it?" He knew it wasn't and he knew Scott thought so too, but sometimes, he needed to hear it out loud to fight the voice of his father in the back of his mind.

"I got it for you," Scott said gently. "I'd love to see you try it on."

Isaac gave him a shy smile, fumbling with the material before he managed to pull it over his head, letting out a soft sigh as he ran his hands down his sides to his hips. "It's so soft. Thank you," he said, almost beaming.

Scott smiled back, pulling Isaac into a hug. "You look lovely," he said.

Isaac buried his face into Scott's neck, his hands shaking. "I don't itch," he whispered, awed.

Scott reached his hand up to scratch at Isaac's still-damp hair, just holding him close. "I'm glad, sweetheart."

Isaac let out another happy sound. "I love you. Thank you," he whispered, nipping at Scott's earlobe.

"I love you, too," Scott replied.

Isaac smiled against Scott’s neck, kissing along his jaw to his lips.

Cupping Isaac's cheeks, Scott drew him into a long kiss.

Isaac sucked in a breath, leaning against Scott, his hands slipping up to circle Scott's wrists loosely, his eyes falling shut.

Scott smiled, humming. "Feel good, sweet boy?" he asked softly.
"Mmhmm." Isaac smiled almost lazily, leaning back into a kiss as much as he could.

"Are you hungry?" Scott asked. "Not food, I mean..."

Isaac flushed. "Yeah...a little."

Scott smiled at him. "You wanna be a good boy for your birthday?"

Scott's words made Isaac shiver. He'd actually not been hungry for a few days, almost a week had gone by, surprisingly enough. "Yessssss."

"Kneel, sweet boy," Scott said lowly, pressing down on Isaac's shoulder.

Isaac sucked in a breath, slipping to his knees and looking up at Scott, eyelids fluttering as the soft material pooled on the floor around his knees.

"Now, what should my good, cute boy get for his birthday?" Scott murmured.

Isaac's eyes lit up, licking his lips and flicking his eyes to the front of Scott's pants. He couldn't help it, the position and Scott's words made him realize exactly how empty he was.

"Use your words," Scott coaxed him. "Ask me for what you want."

"Can I suck you? Please?" Isaac asked, his voice a bit higher as he swallowed, fingers twisting in his dress hem.

"You want to suck my cock for your birthday present?" Scott teased gently.

"I want you all the time," Isaac murmured. "As for my birthday, I don't know, sir."

Scott hummed. "Well, while you decide, how about you jerk off for me?"

Isaac shivered, leaning back to sit on his heels, slowly sliding his hands along the insides of his thighs, rucking the skirt of his dress up.

"Go on, sweetheart," Scott encouraged him. "Show me how pretty you get when you're hard."

Isaac's cheeks flushed a soft pink, mouth parted as he peeked up at Scott through his curls, hands climbing higher on his thighs. "Already hard," he whispered, squirming a bit, really liking the way Scott was talking.

"Show me your cock, baby," Scott said lowly, his eyes dark. "Show me how much you want me."

Isaac kept the coy, almost shy look, even as his eyes darkened. Slipping his skirt up to his hips, he bared himself to Scott, shivering at the sudden chill that brushed him. He slipped a hand along his waist until he could lightly wrap it around his cock, biting his lip at the feeling.

"Good boy," Scott breathed, his own cock hard against his belly. "Such a pretty cock, sweetheart, go on and play with it for me."

Isaac licked his lips, the side of his bottom lip tucking itself back into his teeth as he started lightly stroking himself, letting out a shuddered breath that turned into a moan.

"So sweet," Scott praised, wrapping his hand loosely around his cock to help himself wait. "Let me
Isaac whimpered, tilting his head back to watch Scott through heavy-lidded eyes, mouth falling open in a high whine as he shivered.

Scott raised his eyebrows. "You need something, baby?" he teased lowly.

"You," Isaac whined, licking his lips hungrily, eyes dark as he rucked his dress higher.

"I'm right here," Scott said. "If you want more, you gotta beg for it. Show me how much you want it."

Isaac could only groan, his knees spreading as he started to really stroke himself, his head falling back to bare his collared throat.

Scott's eyes darkened. "No words, sweetheart?" he said huskily.

Isaac flushed again. "Need you."

Scott tsked. "You can be more specific than that," he told Isaac. "I know you know how to beg, baby. You can beg so pretty. So beg. Tell me what you want for your birthday."

Isaac let out a shuddery breath, squirming in place. "Need you. Want you to fuck my throat, spank me, and take me apart until I'm unable to move I'm so worn out," he rambled, his voice going higher and softer. "Please? Please, want it so badly."

Scott groaned, grabbing Isaac's hair. "Mouth open," he ordered, dragging Isaac upright.

Isaac groaned himself, his eyelids fluttering a bit as he let his mouth fall open, the tugging on his hair making goosebumps run up his arms and his stomach swoop with hunger.

Scott guided Isaac forward, pushing into his mouth, the head of his cock on the back of Isaac's tongue.

Isaac moaned loudly, trying to move forward as he sucked hard.

"No," Scott said firmly, holding him still. "Look at me, sweetheart."

Isaac whined high in his throat, no doubt making it vibrate around Scott's cock. He looked up through his curls, curling his tongue around him.

"You begged me to fuck your throat," Scott reminded him. "That means you keep your mouth open and your throat open, and you move when I move you."

Isaac shivered as he moaned softly, letting out a soft whimper as he opened his mouth wider, letting his throat relax.

"Good boy," Scott praised, holding Isaac still by his hair as he thrust in. "You can keep touching yourself, but don't come unless I say."

Isaac's eyes rolled back, fluttering half closed as he moaned, letting the movement of Scott's cock choke the sound off. His hand kept up the slow strokes to his own cock, but soon he let it hand drop, just enjoying having his throat fucked.
Scott kept as steady a rhythm as he could handle, making sure Isaac had the chance to breathe, even as he chased his own pleasure. "So good," he panted. "You're so good at this, sweetheart."

Isaac whined, swallowing around Scott's cock as much as he could without closing his mouth. God, he wanted more. He reached up, resting his hands lightly on Scott's outer thighs.

"My good, pretty boy," Scott breathed, his grip tight on Isaac's hair.

Isaac couldn't help but whine, cheeks flushing pink.

"You okay, sweetheart?" Scott checked. "Tap my leg - one for green, two for yellow, three for red."

Isaac tapped once, swallowing around the head of Scott's cock, straining against Scott's hold to try and get more.

"That's a yes on 'pretty' then?" Scott teased, rocking in a little. "You want to hear me talk about your pretty eyes, your pretty hair, your pretty mouth?"

Isaac whined again, his cheeks still pink as he dug his nails just a bit into Scott's thighs in an extended 'green'.

"Touch your pretty cock, sweetheart," Scott said huskily, shivering at the vibrations from Isaac's whine. Once he started moving again, he wouldn't last long.

Isaac whined again, his hand curling around his cock, dress still rucked up to his hips.


Isaac tried to press closer, swallowing around Scott hungrily as his free hand clutched at his thigh.

Scott groaned, his hand tightening in Isaac's hair. "Not long," he warned breathlessly.

Letting out a high pitched moan, Isaac peeked up, eyes blown dark and wide. He slid his free hand along Scott's side to scratch his nails at one of Scott's sensitive spots that ran along his ribs.

Scott made a shocked noise, his hips jerking forward.

Isaac's next moan was choked off, even as he did it again, shuddering in his place on his knees, hand falling slack around his own cock.

Gasping, Scott pulled back part way as he began to come.

Isaac sucked in a breath through his nose, sucking desperately to keep Scott in his mouth as he swallowed everything, eyes watering just a bit at the suddenness, but honestly not caring a bit. A stray thought crossed his mind of what he would look like had he been wearing the eyeliner he'd worn during his lap dance.

Scott curled over Isaac's head, panting as he pulsed in Isaac's throat, locking his knees to help keep himself upright.

Isaac's hands went to Scott's hips, helping brace him as Isaac slowly pulled away, suckling and licking to make sure he didn't miss any.

"You're so good at that," Scott breathed lowly, gradually catching his breath. "Fuck, Isaac."
Isaac looked up at him, making sure he had Scott's attention before slowly licking his lips, a grin quirking one corner of his mouth.

Scott laughed. "And you're smug, too," he teased.

"Kinda," Isaac breathed. "I like being pretty," he admitted, licking his lips again. "Couldn't help but think about wearing my eyeliner next time." He hummed, shivering in place at the thought.

"Yeah, sweetheart?" Scott murmured, cupping Isaac's cheek.

Isaac's cheeks pinkened, leaning into Scott's hand. "Yeah," he whispered. "I liked it. What you were saying, how I feel right now...."

Scott smiled. "All cute and pretty and sweet for me, huh?"

Isaac's mouth parted softly as his cheeks darkened. "Uh huh," he murmured, voice shy and small, tongue flicking out over his bottom lip.

Scott crouched down, stroking Isaac's hair back from his face. "You like that, baby?"

Isaac's eyes followed Scott, mouth still parted. "Yes, sir," he said, fingers tangling in the hem of his dress.

Smiling, Scott kissed him softly. "That's just fine," he promised. "You're being so good, sweetheart. Do you want your spanking now?"

Isaac lit up a bit at the praise, nodding. "Please," he said, tilting his head down, peering up at him through his curls again.

"Pretty please?" Scott teased.

"Pretty please, sir," Isaac breathed, letting his dress hem fall as he reached toward his Dom to tangle his hands in Scott's hair. "I'll be so very good. Please?" he let a bit of a teasing lilt enter his voice. "I'll dance for you later."

"I thought you wanted me to take you apart until you can't move?" Scott pointed out.

"Mmmmm yes." Isaac let out a small whimper at the thought. "But later. Later this weekend even."

Scott laughed a little. "We'll see," he promised. "Up you get, then. Lean over the bed."

Isaac stood, the dress fluttering around his knees as he turned to stretch over the bed, letting out a soft sound as he realized once again that the sheets and the dress did not itch.

"Good boy," Scott said, standing up and rubbing Isaac's ass. "I'm going to keep going until your ass is all pretty and pink. Sound good?"


Scott flipped up the skirt of the dress, revealing Isaac's thighs and ass. "Then you keep begging me nicely," he said, rubbing Isaac's ass a little to warm him up. "If you stop, I stop, too."

Isaac groaned, shaking his hips a bit in a tease. "Pretty please?" he whispered, peeking over his shoulder.

Scott hummed, and slapped him. "Like that, baby?"
Isaac's breathing hitched as he let his head fall back down to the bed. "Yesss. Please, sir."

"Alright, sweetheart," Scott said, starting to spank Isaac in earnest. "You keep on begging until you've had enough."

Isaac whined, clutching at the sheets, begging and pleading dripping from his lips as Scott's hand fell over and over. It took a few minutes, but Isaac soon went more nonverbal, whimpers and high pitched moans rocking out of his throat.

"Sweetheart?" Scott murmured, pausing and rubbing Isaac's ass. "You doing alright?"

Isaac whined, pushing back into his hand, peering over his shoulders. His cheeks were pink, mouth bitten red and curls rumpled. "Gr--"

Scott smiled fondly. "Lost your words, huh, sweetheart?" he said gently. "That's okay, baby."

Isaac whined, flushing darker, hands reaching back to grab at his dress skirt.


Isaac wiggled in place, spreading his legs wider. "Sir."

"You want something else, sweetheart?" Scott prompted.

"You." Isaac whined, shifting on the bed and letting out soft whimpering groans as the movement made his dress rub against his cock.

"I've got you," Scott promised, stroking Isaac's hair. "Get up on the bed now, on your back. You can prop yourself up a bit on the pillows."

Isaac scrambled up, dropping onto his back with a soft hum, hair flopping just as much as his dress.

Scott smiled, getting on the bed and helping Isaac into place where he wanted him. "That's perfect, sweetheart, you look just beautiful," he praised.

Isaac whimpered, wiggling in place, he tilted his head back, mouth open in a pant.

"I'm going to push your legs up to your chest now," Scott explained, once Isaac was settled on the pillow, "and I want you to hook your arms under your knees, okay? From the middle, with your arms stretched out, not holding them in place with your hands."

Isaac nodded, eyes widening as he bent his knees to make it easier.

"Good boy," Scott praised. When he was done, Isaac's arms were stretched out to each side, holding his thighs in position against his chest, leaving his crotch and ass exposed. "Are you uncomfortable?" he checked.

Isaac wiggled a bit before he shook his head, a tiny smile on his face as his eyelids fluttered at feeling so exposed, so vulnerable in front of Scott. One of the only people he felt completely safe with.

Scott smiled, leaning down to give Isaac a soft kiss. "Would you like me to tie your hands to the
"bed?" he asked. "Yes or no is fine."

Isaac thought for a moment, his arms already feeling the strain. "Yes," he breathed. "Pl--" He licked his lips. "Help."

"You want help so you can stay where I put you?" Scott guessed.

Isaac nodded with a whimper, lifting his head to lock his eyes on Scott. Now that he'd managed to calm down just a bit, words were a bit easier. "W-want to feel it," he whispered, his dark eyes peeking out through his hair. "Be helpless. Safe. O-only can f-feel."

"Fuck, Isaac," Scott breathed, kissing him again with wide eyes. "You're amazing. I love you so much."

Isaac leaned into the kiss hungrily, lips curling. "Love you, too," he whispered.

Scott smiled, brushing Isaac's hair back from his face. "Alright, sweetheart," he murmured, pulling back. "I'll get the cuffs."

Scott got up, fetching the cuffs and the other things he planned to play with, leaving the rest of them on the bed while he wrapped the cuffs around Isaac's wrists and clipped them to the anchor points on the bedposts. "Comfortable, love?" he checked.

"Uh huh," Isaac breathed, curling his hands into a comfortable position, toes curling absently.

"Beautiful," Scott murmured, stroking his hand down Isaac's inner thigh. "So pretty. You know what I want to do with you, baby?"

Isaac flushed at the praise and the name, shivering and curling his toes again before relaxing. "What?" he asked softly, eyes watching Scott closely.

"I want to make you come until you're coming dry," Scott revealed lowly, his eyes dark. He let his hand drift lower, stroking lightly over Isaac's cock. "Would you like that, baby?"

Isaac sucked in a breath, toes curling hard as he let out a soft whimper. "F-fuck. Th-that's poss-" He groaned, closing his eyes. "G-green."

"Yeah?" Scott teased, wrapping his hand loosely around Isaac's cock and moving it slowly up and down. "Go on, pretty boy, tell me what you were going to say."

Isaac whimpered at the name, flushing softly but opening his mouth, trying to ignore the static running through him at Scott's touch. "Th-that's possible? That I can c-come that many times?" he breathed. "S-stiles mentioned it, but I thought he was exaggerating." He squirmed as much as he could.

Scott smirked. "How about this, sweetheart?" he offered. "If you stop getting hard again before you run out of come, I'll milk the rest of it out of you by rubbing your prostate."

"Jesus fuck," Isaac groaned, slamming his eyes closed. The dirty words falling from Scott's mouth paired with that smirk made him pulse.

Scott rubbed his thumb over the head of Isaac's cock, swiping up some of the precome there. "$ that
"Yes, sir," Isaac breathed, opening his eyes back up to look at Scott, trying to rock his hips into the teasing touch.

The position gave Isaac nearly no leverage, but Scott caught the twitch of his hips and grinned. "Eager, hmm?"

"Yes, sir," he breathed, licking his lips. "G-gonna have to double wash this dress." He let out a breathless laugh.

Scott laughed a little. "Probably," he agreed, stroking Isaac's cock more firmly. "It's definitely worth it, though."

"Uh-huh." Isaac gasped, his head falling back to the pillows.

"Sweetheart?" Scott said, twisting his wrist a little. "There is literally nothing you can do right now. The way you're tied, you've got no leverage to do anything."

Isaac whined, his toes curling, then shivered as he relaxed, eyes flicking over to Scott. "H-helpless," he whispered.

"Helpless," Scott agreed softly, his other hand coming up to play with Isaac's balls. "There's nothing you can do, so there's nothing you need to think about. All you need to do is lie there and look pretty."

Isaac was trembling, toes curled tightly, but that was almost the only thing he could move right now. "Y-yours."

"Mine," Scott agreed, scraping his fingernails lightly over Isaac's sore ass.

A moan punched out of Isaac’s chest, mouth falling open as his head lolled to the side, cock twitching hard. "Oh fuck."

Scott smirked, his eyes dark. "You like that, hmm?" he teased.

"Uh huh." Isaac whimpered. "Please," he panted softly, curling his fingers and toes.

Scott began to steadily drag his fingernails in patterns over Isaac's ass as he stroked his cock.

"Hnn, nnn," Isaac whimpered and moaned, trying to move as much as he could. "S-sir. Please," he begged softly, his voice going higher as he grew closer.

"Come whenever you want, baby," Scott murmured. "Go on, show me."

The next swipe of Scott's thumb ripped it out of him, his back arching as he cried out, thighs trembling.

"Shh, shh," Scott soothed him, stroking his outer thigh. "There you go, sweetheart, that was beautiful, that was so good. You're alright, love. There you go."

Isaac whimpered, cracking open his eyes to watch Scott, licking his lips. "Gr--" he tried to push out, panting heavily.
"Just relax now," Scott murmured. "You're doing very well."

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That was only the beginning, of course. Isaac didn't know how long he was kept in that position, just that his limbs wouldn't stop trembling after the third orgasm that Scott managed to pull from him. As it was, he was stuck in limbo, a dildo spreading him open, thicker than they usually played with, and Scott seemed bound and determined to really drain him dry. The fourth was a slow work in progress, the edge teasing and difficult to grab. "Sir," Isaac whined, curls sticking to his forehead and lips swollen and dark from being bitten.

"Yes, sweetheart?" Scott asked, glancing up, his hands stilling.

"I- I can't," Isaac whimpered. "C-can't g-get there. I-it keeps t-teasing..." His voice was wrecked.

"Oh, sweetheart," Scott murmured sympathetically, leaning in for a long, soft kiss.

Isaac leaned into the kiss as much as he could, his eyes fluttering closed as yet another soft whine left his throat.

When Scott pulled back, he smiled gently. "Isaac, love, it's not your job to worry about whether you can, okay?"

Isaac let out a questioning noise, licking his lips and flicking his eyes down to Scott's lips. "S'not?"

"It's not," Scott promised. "You're done when I decide you're done, no matter what you think you can or can't do. Okay?"

Isaac whimpered at the words, warmth curling ever so teasingly in his stomach. "Kay," he whispered.

Scott smiled encouragingly at him. "Good boy," he said, grasping the base of the dildo and slowly thrusting it deeper.

Isaac whined high in his throat, head dropping back down as the dildo went deeper than before.

"Just relax," Scott soothed him, wrapping his hand around Isaac's cock as he rocked the dildo in and out. "Let it happen, sweetheart."

Isaac managed to nod, panting heavily as he forced his body to relax. Well, as much as he could when he'd been wound tighter than a spring and the hand on his cock and toy in his ass didn't really want that spring to loosen.

"Good boy," Scott murmured, keeping everything slow and steady. "I'm going to keep going, just like this. You don't need to think about it. You don't need to react any particular way. There's nothing you can say or do - apart from safewording - that will stop me. You're mine to play with, and this is how I want to play with you."

Letting out a high pitched moan, Isaac closed his eyes tightly, heat spiking through him as the words registered. "Oh fuck."

"You can try to do anything you want," Scott continued lowly, "because you can't do anything I don't want you to. It doesn't matter what you think or feel or say. I'm going to keep going until you come again, and you're going to take it."
Isaac let out a small noise, clenching down around the toy before forcing himself to go limp in his bonds, his fourth orgasm lingering and prowling in his stomach. "Yessir."

"That's it," Scott murmured. "There you go."

Once Isaac relaxed, it didn't take long for the incessant press of the fake cock in him to finally set off that fourth orgasm, making him cry out and tense back up, his cock barely leaking, but still there.

"...beautiful," Scott murmured, feeling Isaac's cock twitch and pulse in his hand. "Such a good boy, love."

Isaac could only let out little ‘hnn, hnn’ sounds as he caught his breath. By this time, he was almost a total wreck, hair wet, dress soaked with sweat, lube, and come.

"I know, baby," Scott murmured, reaching up to cup Isaac's cheek. "It's alright, you're doing perfectly. It's alright."

Isaac nuzzled into Scott's hand, sucking absently at his thumb when he managed to catch it.

Scott smiled fondly at him, leaving his hand in place. "You suck on that, sweetheart, and I'm going to empty you out the last little bit," he explained, pulling out the dildo and slipping two fingers into Isaac's hole.

Isaac sucked in a breath, moaning softly as he sucked harder on Scott's thumb.

"Alright, love?" Scott asked gently, rubbing his fingertips over Isaac's prostate.

Isaac moaned softly. "G-" he groaned, toes curling and relaxing.

"Was that 'green'?" Scott checked.

Isaac nodded, his mouth open in a pant, even as his tongue curled around Scott's thumb.

"So good," Scott murmured, rubbing a little more firmly. "My good, pretty boy."

Isaac whined, sucking hard on Scott's finger as he lay there, unable to even really tense up anymore.

"You can do it, sweetheart," Scott promised. "I know you can."

"Hnnn..." Isaac moaned, his eyes rolling back.

"I know," Scott murmured. "I know, just let it happen, you're alright."

Isaac was shivering, a complete and total mess, and honestly the only reason he was even able to keep the position was the cuffs.

"You're doing so well, baby, that's perfect," Scott crooned. Finally he saw a trickle of white drip out of the tip of Isaac's cock. "There we go," he said, rubbing a little more firmly. "Not much longer."

Isaac whined, closing his eyes as he shuddered.

"I know," Scott murmured. "I know it's a lot. But you're almost done, I promise."

Isaac's cock throbbed and pulsed from where it lay on his stomach. He felt wide open and scattered to
the winds, worn down until there was only his soul left.

"You're so good, Isaac," Scott said softly, watching the last few drops of come spill out of Isaac's cock. "My good, pretty boy." He pulled his fingers out, and bent down to kiss the tip of Isaac's cock. "You're done now. You did so well."

Isaac whined, letting it trail off as he wanted, head falling to the side. "Pr-"

"What's that?" Scott prompted gently.

"Pretty?" Isaac asked, panting heavily.


Isaac flushed darkly, whining high in his throat.

Scott smiled, his eyes dark, and reached down for his own cock, hard and throbbing after being ignored for so long.

Isaac sucked in a breath when he saw it, eyes dark and focused, even though there was no way he was getting hard or coming again.

"You like that, sweetheart?" Scott asked hoarsely. "Seeing me?"

"Uh-huh." Isaac licked his lips. "Taste?"

Scott shook his head, swallowing hard. "I'll come on you, though," he breathed. "Make you even more of a mess, huh?"

Isaac whined, though he nodded as he watched. "Pretty."

"Yeah, you're a pretty mess," Scott panted. He wouldn't take long, he knew that much.

"Wanna." Isaac wiggled as much as he could, as little as that was. "Wanna see." Licking his lips, he flicked his eyes between Scott's face and his cock. "Wanna see sir."

"Not long," Scott promised, breathing hard. "Not long and then I'll let you down, okay?"

"Kay," Isaac moaned, curling his fingers. "Wanna see."

Scott groaned, low in his throat, come spurting out onto Isaac's belly and chest.

Isaac let out a high-pitched sound, eyes still locked on Scott.

Panting, Scott sat back on his heels. "Okay, sweetheart?" he breathed.

"Uh-huh." Isaac nodded, relaxing against his bonds, even as the sweat and come started to cool uncomfortably.

Scott waited a little while, catching his breath, then made himself get up and deal with Isaac's cuffs. "Don't try to move your arms," he warned Isaac as he got the first one. "Just relax and let me move you."
"Yessir," Isaac whispered, watching him as he obediently went limp.

"Good boy," Scott murmured, undoing the cuff and gently easing Isaac's arm down to a relaxed position, helping him move his leg down too. He spent a couple of minutes just rubbing Isaac's arm and leg with long, firm strokes to loosen up the muscles and help him relax.

Isaac let out a small whimper when his arm and leg were released, feeling the tension that tried to build up easing when Scott rubbed them. "Oh."

"Okay, sweetheart?" Scott checked. "Do you need more?"

"I'm okay," Isaac breathed. "And it just felt good, my hands were getting tingly, and not the good kind." His voice was wrecked, almost raw from crying out and the throat fucking, and it was softer than normal too.

Scott smiled at him. "Better now, though?"

"Much," Isaac promised, looking down his body and laughing softly. "So much detergent needed."

"We'll give it a rinse before we wash it," Scott promised, moving around the bed to get Isaac's other wrist.

Isaac groaned softly as his arm was released and he was stretched out again. "I liked that though," he whispered shyly.

"Liked being a mess?" Scott asked gently, easing Isaac's leg down and rubbing his thigh.

"Uh-huh. Pretty." Isaac nodded, flushing. "Mess too, but..."

"But a pretty mess," Scott agreed, kissing Isaac's cheek. "Are you okay for me to go get some washcloths, or do you want me to stay here?"

Isaac twisted his hands in his dress hem. "I'm okay," he murmured, blushing.

Scott raised his eyebrows. "You're sure, sweetheart?"

Isaac nodded again. "Just hurry?" he asked softly.

Scott smiled, kissing Isaac again. "I'll be back soon, I promise."

"Kay," Isaac smiled softly, licking his lips and squirming in place. He had really liked being pretty, had really liked the way Scott was talking to him.

Scott went to the bathroom and grabbed not just one, but a stack of washcloths, dampening them all with warm water before bringing them back. "Here you are, love," he said warmly. "Do you want me to do it?"

"Yes please." Isaac flushed, though he did take a cloth to wipe his face, letting out a soft, pleased sound.

Scott smiled, sitting down beside him, and starting by just collecting as much of the come as he could on a cloth.

Slowly they got Isaac as cleaned up as they were probably going to be able to without a shower.
Isaac sat up, stripping off the dress with a shy smile. "I really like it," he whispered. "Just..." He flushed darker. "Promise me he's lying? The voice in my head?"

Scott took Isaac in his arms, hugging him close. "You are a wonderful, amazing, beautiful, lovable, good boy," he said firmly. "When you wear pants, when you wear a dress, and when you wear nothing at all. Okay?"

"...kay," Isaac breathed, clinging to him tightly, face tucked in Scott's neck. "I do like it."

"And you looked lovely," Scott said firmly. "Let's lie down, okay?"

"Kay," Isaac murmured again, flopping backwards with a soft groan.

Scott cuddled close, kissing Isaac's cheek. "Alright, love?"

"Perfect," Isaac breathed, curling close and burying his face in Scott's shoulder.


Chapter End Notes

This chapter's later than usual, but also longer than usual, so hopefully it evens out :)

Thanks to our wonderful beta Chicktar, and to all of you for reading and commenting!
Mastery

Chapter Summary

"I need to feel it. The claim, that I'm yours." Stiles lowered his head, flush dark on his cheeks. "Dominated, mastered...."

"And you think being Kit will help with that?" Derek asked.

"With that one, I like being Kit, and it has been a while," Stiles admitted. "I just also know what triggers Kit. And...yeah..."

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After a therapy day, Stiles just wants to feel Derek claiming him

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Derek got back to Theresa's office just in time to meet Stiles after his appointment. He'd been grocery shopping, as he usually did while Stiles was at therapy, so they'd have comfort food and baking ingredients available after. He ducked into the waiting room, and spotted Stiles coming out of Theresa's door.

Stiles gave Theresa a nod, a shaky smile on his face, as was normal for his visits. He turned, relief crossing his face as he saw Derek, hurried over to press his face into Derek's chest.

"Hey, sweetheart," Derek murmured, rubbing Stiles' back. "Come on, let's pay and then we can go home."

"Kay," Stiles whispered, sticking close to Derek, as he usually did of course, giving the receptionist a tiny smile.

Once they were done with the necessary administration, Derek shepherded Stiles out to the car. "How was it?" he asked.

"Not bad, per se," Stiles shrugged, chewing on his lower lip. "She likes that the cleaning itch hasn't been too bad the last couple of weeks."

"I like it, too," Derek said, leaning over to kiss Stiles' cheek before starting up the car.

Stiles gave him a shy smile. "I like you."

Derek laughed a little. "Is that so?"

Stiles nodded, his smile warm. "I also like the lack of the tally thing. She said that it was doing pretty well, since I seem calmer."

"Maybe I should have done it sooner," Derek said, glancing sideways.
Stiles shrugged. "It's not like we knew what would help, sir."

"Did she have any suggestions?" Derek asked.

"Well..." Stiles chewed on his thumb. "She mentioned that maybe having it to where I always have to have help would help more with the cleaning, instead of just afternoon." He shifted.

Derek glanced over. "Me staying with you, you mean?"

Stiles nodded. "Like when I have to get you to stay with me if I need to clean after lunch. Only instead of after lunch, making it all day."

"Do you think that would help?" Derek asked.

"It might?" Stiles admitted. "Like, there are days where I don't feel itchy."

"So maybe we could track how much time we spend cleaning after breakfast and lunch each day," Derek suggested. "And that way we can get a sense of how anxious you've been, and if things are improving or not."

Stiles nodded, giving him a small smile. "Thank you," he whispered.

"You're welcome, sweetheart," Derek murmured. "What would you like to do this afternoon?"

"Can I be Kit?" Stiles asked after a bit, his cheeks flushed.

Derek raised his eyebrows. "Yeah, love? We haven't done that in a while."

"We haven't. And..." He sighed. "I feel like I need it rougher, does that make sense? Kinda like I need to feel that I have no control. Nope, I'm fucking up the explaining."

"Take your time," Derek said gently. "I'm listening."

"I need to feel it. The claim, that I'm yours." Stiles lowered his head, flush dark on his cheeks. "Dominated, mastered...."

"And you think being Kit will help with that?" Derek asked.

"With that one, I like being Kit, and it has been a while," Stiles admitted. "I just also know what triggers Kit. And...yeah..."

Derek hummed. "Would you rather focus on the bit before Kit?"

Stiles hesitated, his flush growing darker as he nodded. "I like being Kit, but I really need the stuff before Kit."

"Okay," Derek said gently. He glanced at Stiles. "You know you can always ask me for what you need, sweetheart?"

Stiles nodded, giving him a tiny smile. "I know that, but sometimes it's still hard."

"Well, I'm proud of you for telling me," Derek said firmly, turning onto their drive.

Stiles flushed at the praise, smiling widely as he looked out over the tree.

"Is there anything in particular that you want me to control?" Derek asked.
"Just...me." Stiles shrugged, flushing softly.

Derek smiled. "I'll do my best," he promised.

Stiles' smile grew as he stepped out of the car once they reached the house, stretching with a soft sigh.

"Let's get the groceries dealt with, and then we can relax," Derek suggested.

"Yes, sir!" Stiles smiled, kissing Derek's cheek before grabbing some bags, crowing in delight as he saw the box of poptarts in one of them.

Derek laughed. "You get that unpacked, sweetheart; I'm going to get some stuff from upstairs."

Stiles nodded, setting to unpacking the bags, humming softly to himself.

After a few minutes, Derek came back down, carrying the bag he kept his rope kit in. "When you're ready, strip and meet me in the living room," he called out.

"Yes, sir!" Stiles took a deep breath, heading upstairs long enough to strip before slipping back down to the living room, keeping his eyes on the floor once he entered.

Laid out on the coffee table were a ring gag, cock cage, knee pads, nipple clamps with a couple of chains, and a selection of rough, undyed hemp rope in different thicknesses. "Is there anything you don't want to use, or that you have questions about?" Derek asked.

Stiles turned red, licking his lips and shifting in place. "Not really," he breathed. He wanted to be surprised a bit.

"Do have any specific limits or requests today?" Derek asked.

Stiles chewed on his lip. "Other than what I've said? Can you take the clamps off before I come?"

"If I decide to let you come, I will," Derek promised.

Stiles shivered, licking his lips and giving Derek a tiny smile. "Thank you, Master."

Derek's eyes darkened. "Legs apart, querido," he said lowly, picking up a hank of rope.

Stiles shifted so his legs were spread, eyes watching Derek as his eyes lowered half mast at the tone of the words dripping from his Dom...his Master.

Derek unwound the rope, draping it around Stiles' neck and tying a few strategic knots. He usually didn't bother for this harness, but he thought Stiles would like a little extra pressure and friction.

Stiles shivered as the rough rope slid along his skin, licking his lips and tilting his head back to give Derek more room.

Derek passed the ends of the rope between Stiles' legs, moving behind him to better weave the harness.

Stiles let out a soft sound as the rope brushed across his bare balls, framing them as the rope slipped behind him.
"Shh," Derek soothed him, passing the rope around and back, around and back, tightening it just a little more than snug each time it went through the loops at the front.

Stiles swayed toward Derek, the hairs on his arms standing on end as he settled into his skin.

"Almost done," Derek murmured, bringing the ropes around one last time, up through the back of the neck loop, and down to secure the ends around the back of the ‘waist’ of the harness.
"Comfortable, querido?"

"Uh huh," he murmured, the tightness something he found he liked. He'd have such lovely marks, too.

"Good boy," Derek said, kissing the back of Stiles' neck. "Time for the knee pads."

Stiles leaned into the kiss, nodding and stepping forward, his breath hitching at the shifting of the rope.

"No, stay there," Derek corrected him, going to get the knee pads himself. "Don't move unless I tell you to."

"Yes, Master." Stiles licked his lips, eyes locked onto Derek, stomach twisting pleasantly.

"Foot up," Derek ordered, kneeling in front of Stiles.

Stiles reached out to rest his hands on Derek's shoulders for balance, lifting one foot up so Derek could slip the knee pad on.

Derek did one, then the other, then stood again. "Cock cage next. I'll need you soft," he warned.

Stiles groaned, having already gotten hard. He took a deep breath, closing his eyes so he could focus. Derek just waited patiently, taking the cock cage apart into its component pieces.

Stiles shivered as he finally managed to calm down enough that he wasn't hard, swaying a bit in place.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, efficiently (but gently) fitting Stiles' cock into the cage and locking it in place. "There you go. Comfortable?"

"Yes, Master." He gave Derek a tiny smile, swaying toward him.

Smiling back, Derek stood and gave Stiles a soft kiss. "Open your mouth," he said softly.

Stiles did what Derek told him too, eyes falling half mast, dark with arousal.

"Good boy," Derek praised, scooping up the ring gag and fitting it between Stiles' teeth. "Is that okay?" he checked, as he went behind Stiles to fasten the strap.

Stiles shifted it a bit until it was more comfortable, letting out a small hum, his eyes crinkling in a smile.

"Nod or shake," Derek said firmly, keeping an eye on Stiles as he headed back to the table for a couple of smaller hanks of rope. "Are you comfortable?"
Stiles nodded, eyeing the rope with curiosity.

"Kneel," Derek told him, coming around behind again. "Kneel up, not sitting on your heels."

Stiles lowered to his knees, making sure to keep his ass off his feet, not being able to help himself as he turned his head to watch Derek.

Smiling a little at Stiles' curiosity, Derek used half of each rope to tie a thick cuff around each of Stiles' ankles. The rest he used to connect the cuffs to the back of Stiles' harness, giving him a little bit of slack in his current position, but not nearly enough for him get out of a crouching position without being untied.

Stiles let out a soft sound, blinking slowly before nodding, hands falling to his side.

"You're staying on your knees today," Derek explained, "until I decide to let you up."

Stiles nodded again, eyes dark.

Derek stood up, running his hand over Stiles' hair, and retrieved the nipple clamps and chains. "Ready for these?" he checked.

Stiles shifted in place, nodding after a moment, though he reached up for Derek running hands up Derek's sides.

Derek raised his eyebrows. "I told you not to move unless I told you to."

Stiles let out a soft breath, lowering both hands and eyes, nodding slightly.

"Better," Derek said, and he crouched and swiftly fitted a clamp onto each of Stiles' nipples.

Stiles let out a soft hiss, back arching.

Derek waited, stroking his hand down Stiles' side, feeling the contrast between the rope and his skin.

Stiles panted, settling back into his spot, head tilted toward Derek.

"There you go, sweetheart," Derek murmured, cupping Stiles' cheek and kissing his forehead. "Good boy."

Stiles eyes were dark, locked onto him as he leaned into the touches.

Derek smiled, and took the first chain (which was fairly short) and used it to connect the two clamps. The second, which was longer, he attached to the middle of the first chain, leaving the other end free.

Stiles hummed, tilting his head back as he shifted, feeling the ropes tug.

"I'm going to hold onto this end," Derek explained, "so if you don't keep up, it's going to tug. Understand?"

Stiles flushed darkly, nodding his head slowly and shifting on his knees, curling his fingers to keep from reaching for Derek.

"Good boy," Derek murmured. "Follow me now."
Stiles nodded, looking down at his knees before leaning forward so he could crawl.

"Very good." Derek picked up his rope bag and led Stiles out of the room to the stairs, walking a little bit slower than usual so Stiles could keep up.

Stiles swallowed, looking up the stairs before back at Derek, nodding and starting to climb carefully.

"Good boy," Derek said quietly, even as he let the chain tug a little. "You can do it."

Stiles' breathing hitched as he continued up the stairs, the praise making his stomach curl.

Derek led him steadily upwards, going to his office rather than the bedroom.

Stiles shivered as he noticed where they were, but his eyes only darkened, looking to Derek for direction.

"Under the desk," Derek said, nodding Stiles towards his usual kneeling cushion.

Stiles' eyes lit up as he crawled over, carefully arranging himself on his cushion.

Derek reached down and took the clamps off, coiling the chain neatly and putting it on the desk.

Stiles let out a tiny whimper as blood rushed back into his nipples, making him shiver. It didn't even occur to him that that meant Derek was more likely to let him come. It never really occurred to him anymore. He loved making Derek come more.

Smiling gently, Derek stroked his hand over Stiles' hair. "You'll be here for a while," he said. "No need for the leash right now."

Stiles crinkled his nose in a semblance of a smile, leaning into the hand on his hair.

"That's my boy." Derek murmured. He sat back, undoing his pants and getting his cock out, then guided the tip into Stiles' mouth.

Stiles moaned, suckling as much as he could, trying to get more into his mouth, wanting to push Derek, see what he would do.

Derek pulled back immediately, grabbing Stiles' hair to keep him in place.

Stiles whined, his eyes closing at the grip in his hair.

"Did I tell you to move?" Derek asked.

"Unnnn." Stiles shook his head minutely, eyes slipping back open to look up at Derek.

"Then don't."

Stiles shuddered, the low, almost growling tone making him all but melt. He loved the firm, almost stern way his Dom was when he was more Master. It made his skin buzz, and his heart pound. The only reason he wasn't as hard as a rock was the cage.

Derek pushed the tip of his cock back through the gag, testing.

Stiles moaned, his shoulders slumping a bit as he sucked as much as he could, but didn't move. The ropes were just this side of rough and it was amazing.
"That's better," Derek said approvingly, stroking Stiles' hair, then pressing him forward with a hand on the back of his head. "Good boy."

Stiles moaned, sucking noisily, saliva already slipping down his chin.

"Shh," Derek told him, taking his hand away. "Stay."

Stiles' eyes fluttered closed, his tongue curling around Derek's cock as he stayed where he was.

"Good," Derek said, and opened up his laptop. Not that he had the focus to concentrate on anything else right now, but he wanted to create the illusion that Stiles was being ignored.

Stiles moaned weakly, sliding his hands up Derek's legs to wrap around his thighs, letting himself sink further, both on Derek's cock, and in his headspace.

Derek reached down, taking Stiles' hands and pulling them off his legs. "That's twice," he warned.

Stiles whimpered, curling his fingers as he let his hands drop to his lap.

"Your job is to stay where I put you," Derek said lowly. "If I want you to touch, I will move you so that you're touching me. But I didn't, did I?"

Stiles whined, his brow furrowing before smoothing out, not daring to move an inch.

"That's right," Derek told him. "So stay."

Stiles hummed, suckling gently before relaxing.

Derek looked back up at his laptop, distracting himself for a couple of minutes and letting Stiles get used to their positions.

Stiles relaxed completely, the only thing keeping him from slumping forward being the one hand that was braced on the floor between his knees.

When he could feel that Stiles had settled, Derek shifted his hips upwards, thrusting shallowly into Stiles' mouth.

Stiles sucked in a breath, moaning softly, barely keeping himself from moving.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, reaching down to grab Stiles' hair. "There you go. I'll hold you where I want you to be."

Stiles hummed, eyes flicking up to Derek.

Holding Stiles in place, Derek kept shallowly fucking his mouth, getting him used to the rhythm.

Stiles' eyes drifted shut with a soft moan, going lax in Derek's hold.

"Perfect," Derek praised, fucking deeper. "That's it, let me move you."

Stiles still sucked as much as he could, letting out soft little whines whenever Derek pulled back.

"Greedy boy," Derek teased fondly. "You need my cock in your throat, sweetheart?"

"Nnnnh," Stiles whined, sucking hungrily.
"Well, since you're asking nicely," Derek said, then pressed Stiles all the way down his cock.

Stiles let out a choked off moan, shoulders slumping as he started sinking.

After a couple of seconds, Derek pulled back enough for Stiles to breathe, then pushed him down again.

Stiles sucked in a deep breath when he could, suckling as much as possible. By this point saliva was sliding down his chin and almost down his neck.

"You're doing so well," Derek said hoarsely, his head tipped back in pleasure. "Making me feel so good."

Stiles moaned, eyes fluttering at the tone of Derek's voice, the words making his head spin.

Derek's hips stuttered, and he dragged Stiles off, barely stopping himself from coming.

Stiles whined as soon as he was off, panting heavily and looking up at Derek. He was a mess, saliva everywhere and his eyes dark, cheeks red, and the corners of his lips pale around the gag.

"Look at you," Derek said huskily, breathing hard. "Aren't you just beautiful?"

Stiles flushed darker, squirming in his spot at the affection.

"You like that?" Derek teased.

Stiles peeked up at him, humming as best he could, though at that moment it came out as a "hnnnn."

Derek cupped Stiles' cheek, stroking it gently. "You're doing very well, sweetheart."

Stiles leaned into the touch, his eyes fluttering.

Derek bent down and kissed the top of Stiles' head.

Stiles let out a soft “hnnn” again, closing his eyes and tilting his head back, relaxed, and dipping into his space.

"Very sweet," Derek murmured, tucking his cock back into his pants now that it had softened enough to do so, and picking up the clamps and chains from the desk.

Stiles watched him with hazy eyes.

"I'm going to put these on you again," Derek said gently. "Is that green, sweetheart?"

Stiles nodded, straightening his shoulders so Derek could reach.

"Good boy," Derek murmured. "Is there anything else that's yellow at the moment? Anything too uncomfortable or sore?"

Stiles shifted, mentally checking everything, even though he was hazy. He shook his head, giving Derek a crinkled nose look. It was as much of a smile as he could handle.

Derek smiled back as he put the clamps back on. "There," he said. "All good?"

Stiles shivered, nodding after the sharpness had dulled down like it normally did.
"Good boy," Derek praised. He pushed his chair back further and stood, tugging a little on the leash as he moved towards the door.

Stiles moaned, falling forward onto his hands to follow after Derek, thighs trembling.

Chapter End Notes

Okay, so, It's been a bit longer than normal between updates! We CAN explain!

Last year we ended up sticking in a bunch of little extra chapters to line up the timelines properly, but it was slower than our usual writing, and as of two weeks ago, we used up our buffer. Seeker signed up to do a whole lot of volunteering projects which ARE going to be awesome, but for the next three months, she's got a to-do list a mile long. So we're writing a bit slower and the editing is passing over to me for a while.

I had a sick 6 month old that started with the flu at the beginning of the year that turned into a URI that turned into bronchiolitis. He's FINALLY (as in TODAY) starting to come out of it, so hopefully it won't dip into pneumonia like I fear! This past month and some change I've been so stressed out I'm a ball of knots that has my husband surprised I can stand up straight, and I've basically cried myself to sleep the little I actually get. (Legit, I am Stiles when it comes to anxiety and shit) -Kattseyedemon

Thank you as always, to our lovely Chicktar for helping us keep this mess in shape (That I admit is mostly my fault, I swear you deserve a gift basket the size of Texas)

Looking forward to the lovely comments that you lovelies leave! They make our days!
Stiles leaned into the touch just a bit before leaning forward to run his nose along Derek's jaw again.

Derek dragged Stiles' head back, giving him an expectant look. "Ready to keep going, sweet boy?"

Stiles sucked in a breath, his eyes darkening as he let out a soft affirmative noise.

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Stiles had never NEEDED his words to beg

Derek led Stiles to the bedroom, moving faster than he had earlier, making Stiles work to keep up.

Stiles was panting heavily by the time they got to the bedroom, unused to having his legs tied the way they were. He didn't care how fast he'd had to move, though - the only thought on his mind was getting Derek's dick back in him in any way possible.

As soon as he saw the bed, Derek realised he had a dilemma. Stiles couldn't get on the bed himself with his legs tied. And Derek wouldn't be able to pick him up off the ground, he wouldn't have the leverage.

Stiles watched Derek, stretching and crawling closer, nosing along Derek's thigh.

Derek glanced down and smiled, stroking Stiles' hair.

"Hey sweetheart," Derek murmured fondly. "I want to get you up on the bed, can you help me with that?"

Stiles nodded, tilting his head up at Derek, baring his chest.

"Wait, let me get the clamps off," Derek said quickly. "I don't want you rolling wrong and tugging them off badly."

Stiles flushed, sitting back to tilt his head up at Derek, baring his chest.
"Thank you, sweetheart," Derek said, crouching down and taking the clamps off quickly. "I won't put those back on today - not too sore?"

Stiles shuddered, letting out a soft whine before shaking his head, reaching up to show with his hand that they were a little sore.

"Okay, that's fine," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair. "You just tell me when you're ready to keep going."

Stiles nodded after a moment, wiggling in place. He crinkled his nose at Derek, leaning forward on the bed again.

Derek knelt down next to him, carefully grasping Stiles' ankle and thigh. "I'm going to do this one leg at a time, but if I get something wrong and it hurts, you make any kind of noise and I'll stop and get the scissors instead."

Stiles nodded, flicking his eyes over his shoulders before gripping the bed sheets.

"Good boy," Derek said. Gently, he guided Stiles' knee up and to the side until it was resting on the bed.

Stiles' brow furrowed in concentration as he pulled on the sheet a bit, trying to lift himself up.

"Okay, here we go," Derek said, lifting Stiles' other leg and pushing on his hip at the same time, trying to twist him around a bit.

Stiles flailed a bit, rolling over onto the bed and laughing breathlessly.

Derek laughed too, relieved that nothing had gone wrong and Stiles was still happy. "Okay there, sweetheart?"

Stiles nodded, laughing softly again, his arms spread out, feet flat on the bed.

Derek stripped quickly and got on the bed with him, cuddling close. "I love you," he murmured.

Stiles nuzzled into him, humming softly.

"I know," Derek promised, cupping Stiles' cheek and kissing the tip of his nose. "I know, love."

Stiles crinkled his nose, hazy eyes lighting up.

"You're so wonderful for me," Derek praised him softly. "Is anything uncomfortable before we keep going?"

Stiles shifted a bit before shaking his head, headbutting Derek's jaw before he ran his nose along it.

"So sweet," Derek murmured.

Stiles flushed, tucking his face in Derek's neck.

"And cute," he added.

Stiles hummed, hands slipping up Derek's sides.
Derek smiled at him, tangling his hand through Stiles' hair.

Stiles leaned into the touch just a bit before leaning forward to run his nose along Derek's jaw again.

Derek dragged Stiles' head back, giving him an expectant look. "Ready to keep going, sweet boy?"

Stiles sucked in a breath, his eyes darkening as he let out a soft affirmative noise.

"Good boy," Derek murmured.

Stiles whined, wiggling against him as much as he could with the rough rope holding him tightly.

"Roll over, sweetheart," Derek said, letting go. "On your hands and knees."

Stiles nodded, rolling over and stretching out, moaning as the harness tightened just a bit.

"Good boy," Derek praised, adjusting Stiles' pose until he was satisfied with it.

Stiles whined, his legs spread out as he grabbed onto the sheets.

"Shhh," Derek soothed him, stroking his hand down Stiles' back. "You're fine, sweet boy. It's okay."

Stiles hummed as he settled, thighs trembling.

"Am I pushing too hard?" Derek asked gently, eyeing Stiles' shaky legs with concern.

Stiles shook his head, rocking back as much as he could.

Derek grinned. "You want something?" he teased.

Stils let out a long, drawn out moan, rocking back to try and entice Derek closer.

Derek just slapped Stiles' ass teasingly.

Stiles whined, rocking his hips side to side. He was caged, didn't mean he wasn't loving the feeling.

The feeling of the ropes digging and rubbing, the feeling of Derek's hands on him. He wanted more.

"Alright, sweetheart," Derek conceded, opening the bedside drawer to get out the lube. "You've been patient."

Stiles whined again, voice higher as he watched as much as he could, his hands going to tug at the harness where it lay over his hips, arching his back higher for Derek.

"Hands down," Derek said, lubing his fingers.

Stiles let his hands fall, reaching back up to grab at the pillow under his chest.

"Good," Derek said, positioning himself behind Stiles and gripping his hip with one hand.

Stiles leaned into his touch, saliva pooling on the bed under him as he whimpered, begging wordlessly.

Derek probed Stiles' hole, gently testing the stretch of it before he went any further.

Stiles rocked back, moaning loudly as he tried to get more, hole fluttering.

Derek paused, then pressed in with two fingers instead of one.
Stiles felt his breath leave him in a gasp, toes curling as he sucked in a groan, shoving back onto his fingers as far as he could.

"I guess that answers the question of whether you could take the stretch," Derek muttered, twisting his fingers and spreading them out.

Stiles let out a breathless laugh, grinding back.

"Eager, aren't you?" Derek teased.

Letting out a wordless plea, Stiles rocked back again, toes curling.

Derek hummed. "You think you can take my cock already?"

Stiles only whined, unsure but wanting.

"That's alright," Derek soothed him, adding a third finger. "There you go. Just get used to that first."

Stiles rocked back, his eyes fluttering half closed at the stinging stretch.

"Okay?" Derek checked.

Stiles nodded rapidly, whining and clenching around Derek's fingers.

"Alright, Przemsław, I've got you," Derek murmured.

A shudder ran up Stiles' back as he was yanked toward the edge, a dirty moan falling from his mouth.

Derek twisted his fingers, rubbing his knuckles over Stiles' prostate.

Stiles bucked his hips back, letting out a high whine that drifted into a whimper.

"There you go," Derek soothed him, stroking his hip. "You're alright."

"Hnnn." Stiles rubbed his face into the blanket, not caring that it was wet.

"Good boy," Derek murmured. "You're such a good boy."

Stiles whimpered, rocking back into his touch, wanting more.

"Are you ready for my cock, sweetheart?" Derek asked gently.

Stiles let out a loud, desperate whine. God he wanted it. Wanted to feel Derek taking him apart from the inside out. Wanted to be fucked through the mattress, needing it.

"Nod or shake your head," Derek told him.

Stiles nodded his head rapidly, rubbing his face into the wet sheet below him.

"Okay, sweetheart, good boy," Derek murmured, pulling his fingers out and generously lubing up his cock.

As soon as he was empty, Stiles started whining, shifting his hips and trying to get Derek back.
"You've got no patience at all, have you?" Derek teased fondly, easing into Stiles' hole.

Stiles let out a deep, throaty, desperate moan, clenching around him and rocking back, trying to drag him all the way in.

Derek slapped his ass again. "Calm down, Przemyslaw."

Stiles whined, shivering and forcing himself to relax.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, rolling his hips forward.

Moaning, he tried to spread his legs wider, eyes fluttering closed where he had his face buried in the sheet.

Derek reached forward, grasping the harness in the centre of Stiles' back, and lifted him up, leaning back to balance the weight

Stiles sucked in a breath, his hands going to help hold himself up, a soft moan leaving his lips as the shifting in position brought Derek right into his prostate.

"There you go," Derek murmured, pumping his hips, his eyes closing. "You're so good, sweetheart."

Stiles could only let out a drawn out whine, eyes fluttering.

"My wonderful good boy, I love you so much," Derek panted.

Stiles let out a soft whine, clenching around Derek and shuddering. He was growing warm and heavy, the roughness of the ropes making him shudder more.

"You're okay," Derek promised, his breath coming faster. "It's okay, I've got you."

Stiles tried to rock back more, the hold on the harness keeping him from moving much.

Derek groaned, right on the edge. "Just let me, Przemyslaw."

Desperate, Stiles whimpered, squirming just a bit before falling still, whines and whimpers dropping from his mouth without pause.

Derek's fingers spasmed on the harness and Stiles' hip as he came, his hips jerking forward.

Stiles let out a low moan, the feeling of Derek's fingers clenching tighter as he slammed forward driving him over the brink into space, panting softly.

"There you go," Derek panted, slumping forward and letting go of the harness. "There you go, sweetheart."

Stiles let out a rumbling sound, clenching carefully around him, wanting to feel him.

"Shh, sweetheart," Derek murmured, pulling out slowly.

Stiles whined high in his throat, wiggling his hips, reaching back to grab the sheet next to his knees.

"Let me get the gag off you now," Derek said gently. "Okay? Can you sit up so I can get it?"

Stiles whined, slowly moving to his knees, trembling and watching Derek with dark eyes.
"That's it, good boy," Derek murmured, reaching out to unbuckle the gag, carefully getting it out of Stiles' mouth. He put it down, then reached up again, rubbing lightly at Stiles' jaw. "Is that more comfortable?"

"Uh huh." Stiles nodded, leaning into the hands with a soft hum.

"I'm going to disconnect the leg cuffs from the harness too," Derek explained. "And then we can relax and cuddle for a while. Does that sound good?"

Stiles nodded, leaning close to press a sloppy kiss to Derek's jaw.

Derek laughed a little, stroking his hand over Stiles' hair. "Alright, kneel up for a minute so I can cut the ropes." He didn't want to take the time to untie them properly. Rope was replaceable.

Stiles hummed in answer, sitting up slowly before nuzzling into Derek again.

Derek grabbed the safety shears from the nightstand and quickly snipped the ropes so Stiles could stretch his legs again. "Alright love, let's lie down," he said fondly.

Stiles stretched out his legs before flopping back with a soft hum. "Flat."

Derek laughed a little, cuddling up beside him. "Yes, you're flat now," he agreed.

Stiles gave him a lazy grin, pulling himself close, nosing along Derek's jaw.

"Feeling good?" Derek asked, stroking his thumb over Stiles' skin between the rope lattice of the harness. "I know it wasn't quite the mood you asked for at the end there."


Derek bent his head, kissing Stiles' hair. "So sweet," he murmured.

Stiles let out a quiet squeaking sigh, pressing close as he started drifting back up.

Derek fell silent, letting Stiles enjoy the moment.

"Sir," Stiles sighed softly, lifting his head to press a kiss to Derek's cheek. "Love you."

"Love you too," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair.

"S'was nice." He nodded. "I liked it," he insisted, kissing along Derek's jaw to his ear.

Derek smiled fondly, tilting his head to give Stiles better access.

Stiles sucked up a mark, smiling against it before curling closer to Derek

Derek stroked his hand down Stiles' back, asking softly, "Thirsty, love?"

"Uh-huh. Kinda." Stiles kept his voice quiet, his eyes half closed.

"I'm sure you are," Derek said, wiping some spit off Stiles' chin. "How about I get you a bottle of water, hmm?"

"Kay." Stiles' throat was raspy from being fucked and from the gag. "Juice too?"
"Juice too," Derek agreed, kissing him softly. "Do you want anything else?"

"Cuddles," Stiles murmured. "Maybe a bath? I like the harness, but..."

"But they're a little rough," Derek agreed

"Like rough." Stiles gave Derek a dazed, crooked grin. "But bath?"

"Bath," Derek promised, stroking Stiles' hair. "Are you ready for me to get up?"

Stiles whined, clinging tighter for a second before nodding. "For a little bit."

Derek smiled down at him. "Just a little bit."

Stiles nodded, letting him go before curling up as much as he could.

Derek got up and went straight to the kitchen. If they were going to have a bath later, there was no need to worry about clean up, but food and drink were more urgent. He grabbed a carton of juice out of the fridge, a bottle of water, a glass, and a bar of chocolate, balancing them carefully in his arms so he didn't drop anything as he went back up the stairs. "I'm back, love," he announced.

Stiles made grabby hands at him, smile wide. "Yay! Oh! You got chocolate too?"

"Chocolate too," Derek said fondly, putting everything down on the nightstand. "What do you want first?"

"Water please." Stiles scooted closer to Derek, smile still on his face.

Derek uncapped the bottle and passed it over, wrapping his arm around Stiles' shoulders.

Stiles sipped at it carefully, pressing close to Derek and passing him the empty bottle once he'd swallowed it all. "Thank you, sir."

"You're welcome, sweetheart," Derek murmured, kissing the corner of Stiles' mouth. "Juice or chocolate?"

"Mmm, kisses." Stiles grinned, kissing Derek hard for a moment before pulling back. "Chocolate please."

Derek unwrapped the bar and broke off a small piece, holding it up to Stiles' lips.

Stiles took the piece carefully with his teeth, letting it melt onto his tongue with a happy sound.

Derek smiled at him, popping a bite into his own mouth.

Stiles pressed close to him, tucking his head under Derek's chin.

"So sweet," Derek murmured, stroking his hand down Stiles' back. "Would you like another piece?"

Stiles shook his head. "Bath time? Wanna take one with you."

"Alright," Derek conceded. "We'll untie the ropes while the water runs."

Stiles lit up, smiling widely and wiggling against him before groaning. "Moved too fast."
Derek laughed a little, but cupped Stiles' cheek, checking his face for any sign of real pain. "You okay, love?"

"Yes sir." Stiles smiled again, leaning into Derek's hand. "I'm going to have marks from the rope." He sounded excited about it, too.

"A little, yeah," Derek agreed, smiling back. "Up you get, then, love."

Stiles stretched as much as he could after standing, groaning softly.

"There you go," Derek praised, standing up and leading Stiles to the bathroom.

Derek knelt on the floor, efficiently unwinding the rope around Stiles' ankles, checking to see if there had been any abrasion.

Stils glanced down, smiling at Derek. "I think, if there's any, it'll be around my hips and thighs. Those feel warmer than the rest. But not super painful."

Derek smiled back. "That's good to know," he said. "Can you turn around? I need to undo most of this from behind you."

Stiles turned, straddling the toilet lid and wiggling his ass playfully at Derek.

Derek laughed, slapping it lightly, then started working on the harness.

Stiles grinned over his shoulder, loving the sound of Derek's laugh.

"How are you feeling, sweetheart?" Derek asked, patiently unwinding the rope from the tie he'd used to secure the ends.

"Warm. Still just a bit heavy, but I feel really relaxed." Stiles hummed, shifting his leg to give Derek room.

Derek smiled as he fed the ropes around and back, gradually unraveling Stiles' torso.

Stiles let out a soft sigh as the ropes left him. Looking down, he grinned at the light marks crisscrossing his torso from the tightness of the ropes.

"Did I do what you wanted?" Derek asked, helping Stiles up and pulling the last loop over Stiles' head.

Stiles nodded, stretching with a soft moan. "Yessir."

"I'm glad," Derek murmured, kissing Stiles' cheek and dropping the rope to check on the bath. "This is just about ready, I think."

"Yesssssss." Stiles wiggled happily, heading to the bath.

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Stiles hummed, wiping down the counters after breakfast the next morning, shifting a bit as he felt the bruised places on his hips throb. He let a small grin cross over his face before turning to kiss
Derek's cheek as the other man passed.

Derek smiled, glad to see Stiles so content. "What would you like me to help with, sweetheart?" he asked.

Stiles tilted his head, humming in though as he scratched absently at the slight rope burn on his chest. It was mostly gone even after just a night, but he liked the flare of feeling it gave him. "I think today can be a decently tiny one," he murmured after a moment. "Kitchen and living room? Maybe the upstairs bathroom. Not a deep one though. So could you do the living room while I finish in here?"

Derek smiled wider, giving Stiles a quick kiss. "I'm proud of you," he said. "Absolutely."

Stiles gave him a confused look. "For what?" he asked softly, cheeks pinkening.

Derek shrugged slightly. "Not for having a good day, exactly," he explained, "but for...working on it? For making progress the way you have?"

Stiles' mouth opened in understanding. "Oh." He flushed darker, giving Derek a tiny smile. "Thank you, sir."

Cupping Stiles' cheek, Derek leaned in and kissed him, long and slow.

Stiles let out a soft noise, sinking into the kiss, one hand drifting to curl in Derek's shirt, the other at Derek's waist.

Derek's other hand came up, tangling in Stiles' hair.

Stiles moaned softly, leaning into the touch.

Derek smiled, pulling away gently. "Love you, sweetheart."

"I love you too," he breathed, a crooked grin stretching across his face.

Derek gave the corner of Stiles' mouth one more quick kiss, then stepped back. "Let's bake something today, huh? Once we're done cleaning up."

Stiles' lit up, nodding happily. "I found a recipe for a salted caramel pie. and one for homemade Reese's."

"In the mood for something rich?" Derek teased, smiling indulgently.

Stiles' grin just turned into a playful leer. He kissed Derek's cheek, humming lightly. "Well, didn't I talk about being a sugar baby a while back? I I think it was with Isaac." He laughed brightly, eyes crinking.

Derek rolled his eyes. "Of course you did."

Stiles laughed. "Why the rolling of the eyes?" he teased, leaning against the counter, chin resting on his hand.

"Because I fell in love with a ridiculous human being," Derek replied.

"Hey, you knew I was ridiculous when you fell in love with me!" Stiles pouted, still obviously playful. "Besides, you like me this way. Sassy, spunky, and exasperating."

"I love you this way," Derek said seriously. "Everything you are, Stiles."
Stiles' smile softened. "And I love you and everything you are." He nodded. "Even when I'm caged up and bound. I love it."

Derek hummed, glancing down at Stiles' crotch, where he was still wearing the cage from yesterday.

Stiles followed his line of sight, mischievous grin growing. "You know, it's funny." He hummed. "I still love being caged on occasion, even though I can't come without the command now. I like that you control even my hard ons." He rocked a bit on his feet, grin widening. "Even though that command makes me cme no matter what I'm doing or how trapped I am."

Derek smirked a little, moving close enough to slip his thigh between Stiles' legs, feeling the hardness of the cage. "You're mine, Przemyslaw," he murmured.

Stiles sucked in a breath, his eyes darkening as he was thrown violently toward the precipice with a clenching need in his stomach. He reached up, tangling his hands in Derek's shirt as he tilted his head the barest bit needed to look at Derek coyly under his lashes. "Of course," he murmured. "Yours."

"And I'm yours, mi amor," Derek said softly, cupping Stiles' cheek. "You know that, don't you?"


Chapter End Notes

My son isn't sick anymore! :D at least for now. I'm still in charge of gathering and editing, so if you see any mistakes that me and Chicktar miss, I'm truly sorry!-Kattseye (P.S. have a recent pic of my Squish! tinypic.com/2mpmmz2o )

Thanks to our lovely Chicktar as always, and of course, all you that stick it out with us!
Vacation

Chapter Summary

Melissa shrugged, smiling and reaching out to rub John's forearm, letting her hand linger. "I'm glad Stiles and the others got us this. It's been forever since I've had an actual vacation where I didn't just sleep the day away in my own bed with a loud teen down the hall."

John gave her a curious look, then faced the road again. "It'll be nice to take a break," he agreed.

-----

John and Melissa take that vacation that the boys gave them for Christmas.

Chapter Notes

Just FYI, there is no sex onscreen, because we were weirdly squicky about it

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Melissa carefully stepped off the escalators that lead from the boarding gate to the welcoming lobby. She groaned, shifting to the side to wait for John to finish coming down, rubbing the back of her neck. "I never was one to be okay after a flight." She laughed softly, peering around before leading John to the baggage claim. And they still had an hour’s drive on top of everything. "You got the rental car settled, right?"

"Yeah, that's sorted," John promised, glad to stretch his legs out. "Want to grab a coffee before we get on the road?"

"That sounds amazing," Melissa hooked her arm through his. "I think there's a Starbucks in the airport. There's also a cafe from what I can tell on the signs. Which one?"

John hummed. "Well, Starbucks isn't great, but it is consistent. And the cafe's probably overpriced anyway."

"Probably," Melissa agreed. "Though the food might have more for the price, even if that price is ridiculous." She smiled up at John. "But I think I have a reward with Starbucks right now, so we can get it two for one!"

"Starbucks it is," John concluded, smiling back.

Melissa beamed. Even though her hair was probably a mess and she'd just spent almost four hours on a plane, she was really looking forward to this trip. Tucking her hand firmly in the crook of John's elbow, she led him towards the Starbucks.
"Hi, booking for John Stilinski?" John said, once they got to the reception desk of the car rental. "St-I-L-I-N-S-K-I."

Looking up at the two, the agent smiled, quickly typing out the name as John spelled it. "Yes Mr. Stilinski, we have the car waiting for you in parking space 3A. Would you like to add Mrs. Stilinski as an alternate driver while you both are here?" he asked cordially, already pulling a key fob from the cabinet under his desk.

John cleared his throat awkwardly. "Ms. McCall," he corrected. "We're not married."

"Oh! I'm sorry," the agent said, looking sheepish. "Well a lovely couple anyway. Alright, would you like to add Ms. McCall as an alternate driver? This way you both can legally drive the car."

John exchanged glances with Melissa, looking apologetic, then nodded. "Yes, please."

Melissa squeezed John's elbow, a soft smile on her lips. She wasn't going to lie, she liked the thrill that ran down her spine when the agent had mistaken her. Much better than McCall, hell, much better than her maiden name. She liked it.

The agent smiled, setting the paperwork in front of them. "This one is your copy, but if you could sign this copy of both the insurance forms and the payment agreement, please."

Pleasantly surprised by Melissa's reaction, John picked up the pen and started on the paperwork.

"Okay, up ahead there should be an exit for the highway we need." Melissa glanced down at the GPS on her phone. "This says a couple of miles still, though."

"And how long a trip is this?" John asked, moving to the right lane.

"About an hour and a half, depending on the traffic. As of right now, just over an hour." Melissa shifted in her seat, settling deeper. "This area is already so pretty! Really dry though, I'm glad we brought the saline spray."

"I guess it could be worse," John replied. "I just want to lie down, to be honest with you."

"Me as well." Melissa sighed. "Let me know if I need to take over, John," she reminded him.

John grimaced. "Maybe in a few miles," he admitted, "but I'll get us past the exit first. Do you want to put some music on?"

"If you'd like." Melissa shrugged, smiling and reaching out to rub John's forearm, letting her hand linger. "I'm glad Stiles and the others got us this. It's been forever since I've had an actual vacation where I didn't just sleep the day away in my own bed with a loud teen down the hall."

John gave her a curious look, then faced the road again. "It'll be nice to take a break," he agreed.
Melissa gasped, putting the car in park and getting out. "Oh my god, John, this is amazing! And look at the view!" She walked over to where the cabin sat on the edge of a steep slope, looking out over the trees.

"Good thing we're not afraid of heights," John muttered, but he was smiling.

Melissa almost vibrated she looked so excited. Grabbing John's hand, she turned toward the cabin, wanting to see inside. "Oh! A hot tub! And look at all this porch. It's like five houses’ worth. Goodness!"

John smiled a little wider, letting her lead him in. "I feel like I should be filming your reaction for Stiles."

"He'd probably get a kick out of it," Melissa admitted. "Oh, this is lovely!" It wasn't cramped, but it wasn't too fancy either. "Oh, this is so nice." She spun around, looking into each room.

"They must have spent a pretty penny on all this," John commented. "I'll go get our bags."

Melissa squeezed John's hand before letting it slip free, peeking into each bedroom again, giving John the one with the more cowboy-ish theme while she took the other that had a sort of desert theme. She sat on her bed, smiling softly as she ran a hand along the blanket.

A couple of minutes later, John came up with their suitcases, sticking his head into the rooms to find the one she was in. "Here you go," he said, leaving Melissa's bag by the door. "Everything look okay?"

"Those boys...." Melissa gave John a bright smile. "Our boys are amazing." She stood, pulling him into a sudden hug. "Oh I've needed this for a while, John, and don't you lie to me and say you haven't."

John smiled back, reaching up and stroking his thumb over the faint lines on Melissa's forehead. "You're more relaxed than I've seen you except on your knees," he murmured.

Melissa flushed lightly, her lips quirking into a soft smile. "I haven't felt this relaxed in a long time save for kneeling for you," she conceded.

John wrapped his arm around her shoulders and guided her to sit back down on the bed. "We'll just have to make the most of it, then."

Melissa was barefoot, curled up in the wicker couch on the porch the next afternoon, looking out over the trees. "John, there are deer in our yard," she called into the house. "And a turkey."

John laughed, coming out with a couple of mugs of tea. "It's not the first deer I've seen, you know," he pointed out, handing her a mug and sitting down next to her.
"Yes, but have you seen them that close to us?" Melissa smiled as she took her mug, taking a slow sip before letting out a soft, comfortable sigh. "It's just on the other side of the bannister! If we were on the ground floor, it'd be trying to steal my tea!"

"Well, I doubt anyone gives 'em any trouble out here," John said, settling down. "Are we heading into town for dinner again tonight?"

"We can, there was supposed to be a good barbecue place not far from here. And we can run to the store to get some food to make here for tomorrow?" Melissa hummed in thought, tucking her toes under his thigh, leaning close.

"As long as you don't mind my cooking, I reckon it'll be the most convenient," John agreed.

"John, when have I ever minded your cooking? And besides, we can take turns." Melissa smiled softly, reaching out to rub John's forearm.

"Well, it's functional, but it's not exactly high cuisine," John replied.

"We could always explore that casino that's nearby for fancier food," Melissa pointed out, giving him a cheeky grin. "There's also apparently an Italian place here close by."

John raised his eyebrows. "Am I going to have to rescue you from a poker machine?"

She laughed. "Only if it captures me."

-----

Later that night, as they sat on the couch, flicking through Netflix and trying to pick a movie, Melissa looked over at John and asked, "Could I kneel?" She figured being blunt about it would help.

John raised his eyebrows in surprise. "Of course - is something wrong?" Usually when Melissa wanted to kneel, it was because she was stressed or upset.

Melissa smiled softly, fondly. "No sir, I just feel like kneeling and showing my sub side." She toed off her slippers, slipping off the couch and kneeling on a cushion she'd grabbed.

John frowned a little, but nodded and ran his hand over her hair. "If that's what you want to do, of course you can go ahead and do it," he said.

"I like subbing for you," Melissa added, leaning into the hand on her hair, resting her temple on his knee for a moment. "You make me feel good."

"I'm glad," John murmured, softening. "If there's anything you want, please tell me. I like looking after you."

"Anything?" Melissa asked, tilting her head up and watching him. She knew, she'd have to be the one to make the first move. "Would you kiss me? I think I'd like that very much. Only if you want to."

John's eyes widened, and he cupped Melissa's cheek, searching her face. "Are you sure?" he asked softly. It was a step they'd never taken, in all these years.

Melissa leaned into the touch. "I'm very sure," she promised
Tentatively, John leaned in and lightly kissed Melissa's mouth.

Melissa let out a quiet sound, lips curling into a smile as she leaned more into the kiss, asking without pushing. This was a huge step.

John pulled away slightly, searching her face. "Mel..." he murmured. "Melissa..."

"John," Melissa whispered in reply, lips still curled into a soft, easy, happy smile.

Slowly, John leaned in again to kiss that smile, the smile of the woman he'd come to love.

Melissa let out a small sound, pressing up into the kiss, hand going to wrap loosely around John's wrist, thumb brushing the inside of his wrist.

John tilted his head, deepening the kiss.

Whimpering just a bit, Melissa relaxed completely, leaning on John's thigh as she let him take control the kiss.

"Mel..." John said huskily when they finally broke apart. "How long...?"

"How long have I wanted that?" Melissa asked, her free hand going to rest on his knee, his tone making her shiver. "Quite a while. And you?" Her voice was breathy, tongue flicking out over her lips.

Glancing at his left hand, John shook his head. "I don't know," he admitted. "But...I've been wanting it."

Melissa followed his gaze, smiling softly, if a little sadly at the ring. She took his hand in both of hers, placing a gentle kiss over the skin warmed metal. "I didn't want to push. I didn't want you to feel like I was trying to push her out. Because I'm not, John."

"I know, Mel," John said quietly, stroking her hair with his free hand. "And I think she would too. What we have doesn't mean I love her any less."

Melissa smiled, placing another kiss, this time to his palm. "She'll always be here. Even if just in your and Stiles' memories and hearts. I'm not trying to take her place. I just want.."

"You want your own place," John murmured. "...Mel, will you come sit up here with me again?" He smiled wryly. "There's only so long I can stay bent over like this."

Melissa let out a startled laugh, nodding quickly before standing, sitting next to him and absently reaching over to rub at where his back was curved. "Sorry."

John shook his head with a smile, tucking a loose strand of hair behind her ear. "Alright, Mel?" John asked softly.

Melissa nodded, a smile curling her lips again. "Perfect." She curled up closer to him.

John smiled back, wrapping an arm around her shoulder and kissing her cheek.
Melissa let out a happy sigh. "I'm glad we came here," she whispered, resting her head on his shoulder. She suddenly let out a laugh. "Oh, Stiles will be over the moon!" she managed to gasp out, hiding her face in John's shoulder.

"He'll be smug is what he'll be," John said with a chuckle.

"Oh, we'll get him back, even a bit." Melissa looked up, face and eyes both lit up with mischief. "We won't tell the boys. Any of them. They'll find out eventually. And their faces will be so lovely!"

John laughed, shaking his head. "You sure about that?" he asked.

"Yes! They'll find out sooner or later, we just won't act any different in front of them as we would if they weren't there. You know you'd love to one up Stiles on this," Melissa teased gently, lips still curled in a grin.

John kissed the corner of her mouth softly. "I suppose we'll see how long it takes them," he conceded. "But Mel? ...Can we stop talking about my son now?"

Melissa blinked for a moment, then delighted laughter echoed around the cabin. "I will if you kiss me like you mean it again," she teased, eyes dancing.

John grinned, and leaned in, cupping her cheeks and kissing her long and deep.

Melissa relaxed into the kiss, hands going to hold John close, eyes fluttering closed.

-----

When John woke up the next morning, there was hair in his mouth. And his arm was asleep. It took him a few moments to remember why, and another minute to extract himself so he could go to the bathroom.

Melissa grumbled, curling in a ball for a bit before lifting her head groggily, looking around. She hummed, hearing the water running in the bathroom sink a few moments later. "Coffee." She made to stand, stretching hard before letting out a soft moan as her back popped.

John came out of the bathroom and smiled at her, his gaze travelling over her body briefly before meeting her eyes again. "Morning."


John let out a startled laugh, stroking his hand down Melissa's back. "We didn't exactly pack for this," he agreed. Not that they hadn't found ways around it last night, but still.

"We really didn't. Luckily we aren't that far from a Wal-Mart." Melissa smiled warmly. "Diner for breakfast?"

"Sounds perfect," John said, and kissed her.
Melissa was looking over the little odds and ends under the glass at the silversmith's shop, humming softly to herself. "Oh, that's pretty," she murmured, leaning closer. "John. Look. This looks almost like that one Isaac was looking at so hard back when he lived with you. That one in the catalog you keep on the coffee table." She pointed out a delicate silver cuff shaped like an ivy strand.

John came over and looked over her shoulder, wrapping his arm around her waist. "Are you hinting?" he asked.

"Mmhmm." She smiled up at him, kissing his jaw. "He'd love it. And it's on sale, which is even better!"

"Well, if we're getting him that, we'd better get Scott and Stiles something equally nice," John pointed out.

"That won't be hard here, there's so many pretty things!" Melissa smiled brightly, eyes going back to a pair of silver leaf and turquoise earrings she'd been eyeing before dragging them back to John. "We already found that book for Derek, and this isn't much more than that."

John laughed. "How about you have a look for Scott, and I'll see what I can find for Stiles."

"Deal! There's a leather shop next door, meet you there?" Melissa beamed, kissing him softly before slipping out the door, going to eye the journals she'd seen earlier.

John shook his head fondly and looked over the display again. He didn't think anything here would suit Stiles, but... "How much are those?" he asked, pointing at a pair of earrings.

The clerk pulled the earrings out from under the glass so John could see them. "On sale for $60," she said, smiling. "Our quality silver and just a small drop of turquoise in the base of the leaf. Very pretty and a very nice choice. Would you like it?"

John thought about it. He'd forgotten how much jewellery cost since Claudia died, but Melissa had obviously thought the prices in here were fair. "Those, and the cuff Mel was looking at earlier," he decided. "And...do you have any chains to put a pendant on?"

"Excellent! And yes sir, we do, right this way." She walked over to a display, pointing out a couple. "These two are more popular it seems with men." They were slightly chunkier than most, but could still fit a lot of pendants and were almost rope-like. "These two more for women." She pointed to two delicate chains that looked very different than each other, one with a similar rope look, the other a more traditional chain. "May I ask want the pendant is, sir? If you don't mind my suggesting one?"

John cleared his throat and said gruffly, "Just...something I want to keep close to me."

She nodded, looking over the options before plucking out a medium thickness rope-style chain. "This one isn't as popular as the other four, but it's one of the strongest possible, with how the rope chain is made. It's made so you don't have to take it off, even for showers. Although for pools, hot tubs, and oceans? Taking it off will help prolong the time between cleanings. Don't wear it into hot springs, you'll need to clean it for a long time afterwards because of the sulfur." She held up a decent-sized container of silver cleaner. "This is free with purchases of a hundred or more, which you've hit. I'll even throw in some of our soft polishing cloths. And a care booklet because I know..."
sometimes it's easy to forget the hot springs thing."

"Sounds perfect," John said.

-----

Melissa hummed, tracing the patterns on each journal, tilting her head this way and that. She was trying to find something for Scott, something he hadn't really had before. Looking up, she gazed around the leather shop, brow furrowed in slight confusion.

"Not really the type to wear ornaments, is he?" John commented, coming up behind her.

Melissa startled and turned, then gave him a small grin. "Well he has that cuff that Isaac gave him." She reached out, lightly smacking his chest. "I'm going to put a bell on you."

John laughed, kissing her quickly. "Well, I haven't picked anything for Stiles yet either."

"I wanted to get him something new." Melissa sighed, looking around. "Like a Journal, or maybe even a bag of some sort..."

"A bag's not a bad idea," John said, turning to look over the store's selection. "As long as it'll clean easy if something vomits on it."

"Most leather just wipes clean, you just have to make sure and dry it so it doesn't crack," Melissa replied absently, rubbing the leather bags to see how soft they were.

"Better than cloth, then," John muttered. "Do we get the same for Stiles, or keep looking?"

"There was something he may really like at that pottery place we were at down the road," Melissa said. "In fact, the more I think about it, the more I think he'd laugh his butt off and adore it." She reached out to pluck a small messenger bag sized on off the stand, smiling to herself. "This is nice! And decently roomy for its size."

"Big enough for his textbooks?" John asked.

"Not all of them in one go, but at least the ones he'll use that day," Melissa argued. "As well as a couple of spiral notebooks."

"I guess we'll get that one, then," John said with a smile.

Melissa beamed, kissing his cheek before heading toward the register.

-----

Melissa smiled as she tucked Stiles and Scott's presents into her suitcase, heading into the living room to ask John where Isaac's was. "I'm going to put the boys' presents in my suitcase - you have Isaac's, right?"
"Yeah, I have it," John said, taking the box out of the bag and passing it to her. "You got a minute?"

Melissa hummed in question, tilting her head. "Yeah, let me just stick this with the others." She hurried back, smiling up at John. "What's wrong? Is something wrong?"

"Not wrong, no," John said, smiling reassuringly. "I just...let's sit down? It might take me a few minutes to say everything."

Melissa nodded, taking his hand to press a kiss to his palm, moving to the couch, tucking her feet under her.

John squeezed her hand and sat down facing her. "This week has been...wonderful," he said quietly. "I'm so glad we took that step, that we're trying this together. But I know that, when we get home, life's going to be just as busy for us as it always has been."

"It will," Melissa murmured. "And this week has been much needed, in many ways."

"I know that there'll probably come a time when our shifts don't line up for days and we're passing like ships in the night," John went on, smiling softly at her. "And I want you to know even then that I...well. That I cherish you."

Melissa's smile softened, eyes soft as well as she leaned forward to kiss him carefully. "I cherish you too," she promised him.

John pulled out the box with the earrings and held it for a moment. "Now, I saw you looking at these, so hopefully you like them," he explained nervously.

Melissa blinked slowly. "But I only looked at... John, you didn't?" she gasped, her eyes lighting up on the box in his hand.

Feeling a little sheepish, John opened the box and showed her. "Did I get it right?"

"These are amazing. You did perfect." Melissa ran a finger along the delicate silver leaves and looked up, eyes sparkling.

John relaxed, a pleased smile spreading across his face.

She pressed close, kissing him softly. "Thank you," she whispered. "They're amazing."

"It's just a token," John demurred.

"John, it could've been a gumball pair of sticker earrings and I'd be just as happy," Melissa insisted.

John raised his eyebrows. "Is that so?"

Melissa nodded. "I love that you saw me looking at these and got them for me, but I'm not with you for trinkets, John."

"I know that," John replied, pulling her into a hug. "I wanted you to have something to mark the change, that's all. And...you should get to enjoy having pretty things and flowers and trinkets. Just because we're older doesn't mean I shouldn't romance you a bit."

Melissa smiled, hugging him close. "I do enjoy these. I love them."
Melissa sighed reluctantly as they checked their luggage, then looked over at John with a small smile. "At least we live together now, even though we work a lot."

"We'll find time for ourselves," John promised, wrapping his arm around her waist.

"I'll hold you to that," Melissa said, grabbing her carry on. "Let's go home."

Later, when they each went to their own room to unpack, John pulled out the chain he'd bought and considered it for a long time. "Claudia," he murmured, looking up at the ceiling. "I love you. I always will. But...I think it's time to let myself love someone else, too. I hope...I hope you're okay with that." Slowly, he pulled his wedding ring off his finger and slipped it onto the chain, hanging it around his neck.

"John, did my phone charger end up in your bag?" Melissa asked, then stopped in his open doorway, eyes widening as they locked onto the chain.

John froze, then turned away to rummage in his bag. "I'm not sure," he said gruffly. "Let me look."

"John..." Melissa came up to him, wrapping her arms around him from behind and squeezing tightly. "It's a lovely chain," she murmured. "She'd love it."

He leaned back against her, resting his hand on hers. "You don't think she'd mind?" he asked quietly.

Melissa shook her head. "She knows you. And I bet she'd be kicking your butt for taking so long. She never wanted you sad and clinging, John."

"I hope you're right," John murmured.

"I'm almost a hundred percent positive," Melissa promised, kissing the base of his neck, hugging him tighter. "She'd be proud of you, for doing that. And she'd love the chain."

John smiled a little, turning around and kissing her. "Thanks, Mel."

Chapter End Notes

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE finally! That was probably the slowest burn to ever burn with those two, omg. -Kattseye

Thanks as always to Chicktar, our lovely beta, and to all you wonderful readers!
"It's going to hurt," Leo warned, putting away the oil and using a cloth to wipe any excess off Bastian's skin. "So tell me your safewords."

"Red, green, yellow." Bastian panted. "Please."

"Alright, beautiful," Leo murmured, striking a match and lighting the candle.

-----

What better way to celebrate Valentine's than with chocolate and candles?

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS: wax play. It's super clearly signposted, and ends with the line "When he began to run out of room..."

See the end of the chapter for more notes.

Leo parked his car and got out his phone to text Bastian. I'm here. Are you coming down, or am I coming up to meet you? - LF

Bastian startled as his phone lit up, diving across his bed and grinning widely. Come on up, I'll unlock the door. Almost ready -SD

Leo smiled as he got out, tugging his black suit jacket into place and heading upstairs.

Bastian went back to looking over his shirts, chewing on his lips as he tried to think of a color, hands playing with the grey tie in his hands.

Letting himself in, Leo called out Bastian's name and headed for the bedroom.

"In here!" Bastian called, shifting from foot to foot, humming in indecision.

Leo came in and laughed at what he saw. "Still deciding, beautiful?" he teased.

Bastian's cheeks were pink as he turned to Leo. "I suck at dressing up, okay? I have the clothes, because my Dad's a pompous asshole that likes to put out a good image. But fuck if I know which shirt looks better with what and when and who."

"Put your shoes on and I'll pick something out for you," Leo told him, leaning over and kissing him on the cheek.

"Yessir." Bastian smiled in relief, leaning into the kiss before swiping a return kiss to Leo's jaw, slipping over to the bed to pull on his socks.
Leo looked through Bastian's closet for a few minutes, making a satisfied noise and pulling out a dark blue silk shirt. "Now, how come I haven't seen you in this yet?"

"Hmm?" Bastian looked up for a moment, blinking at the shirt before recognition set in. "Oh! I had to wear that a couple of years ago at Cousin Anna's wedding. You like?" he grinned, slipping his last shoe on before standing and heading back towards Leo, grey tie flung over his shoulder.

"I'm disappointed I haven't seen it before," Leo replied, with a teasing smile. "Put it on, beautiful."

Bastian smiled, wrapping his tie around Leo's neck, pulling him into a soft kiss before letting the tie flop on his boyfriend's shoulders as he tugged the shirt on. "So where are we going? You were keeping it a mighty tight secret."

"I hope you like it," Leo said, pulling the business card of a nearby fondue restaurant out of his pocket. "They've got a Valentine's menu tonight."

Bastian's eyes lit up. "Oh, I've never had fondue before! Not outside of those tacky chocolate fountain things, but I don't think those count." He cradled the card in his palm for a moment before passing it back to Leo.

Leo relaxed, smiling, and pulled Bastian in for a kiss.

Bastian sighed, relaxing into the kiss, curling his arms around Leo's shoulders.

"Come on, m'lovely, let's get going," Leo murmured. "Let me tie your tie?"

Bastian nodded, tilting his head so Leo could wrap the tie around his neck.

"Perfect," Leo praised, tying it loosely, then sliding the knot up to tighten it. "Good, beautiful?" he asked, his hand at the base of Bastian's throat.

"Perfect," Bastian murmured, keeping his head tilted back as he leaned into the hand.

Leo smiled, kissed him quickly, and stepped back. "Come on, beautiful. We don't want to be late."

"Time to stuff ourselves with fonduuuuue." Bastian's grin grew as he leaned forward. "And maybe stuff me in other ways later," he murmured in Leo's ear before bolting to the door, grabbing his vest on the way, rolling his sleeves up to his elbows as he walked.

Leo laughed fondly as he followed, shaking his head.

-----

Bastian looked around the restaurant as they were led to a pretty secluded booth near the back. "Oh wow," he breathed. "You weren't kidding when you said it'd be like eating at home. Most private seating I've ever seen."

Leo smiled at Bastian's reaction, wrapping an arm around his waist. "You're all mine to enjoy tonight," he murmured.

Bastian couldn't help the shiver that ran down his back. "Promise?" He blinked, looking at the menu after they were seated. "Oh boy."
"I promise," Leo said lowly. "Would you like me to choose for you?"

"Leo, this place is super pricey!" Bastian murmured, eyes wide. "And yeah, if you know what I'd like."

Leo brought Bastian's hand to his lips and kissed it. "This is a special occasion, beautiful. I'm good for it."

Bastian flushed, slipping his feet between Leo's, leaning closer. "If you're sure. Then pamper me, Leo." He batted his eyes playfully.

Leo laughed, squeezing Bastian's hand. "Alright, then."

-----

Bastian licked over his lower lip, eyes flicking between Leo's lips and the softly bubbling pot

"Waiting for me to choose, beautiful?" Leo teased, piercing a chunk of bread and dipping it in the pot.

"I'm not sure what I'm doing." Bastian admitted with a laugh.

"Well, the cheese course is easy," Leo said with a smile. "You spear the food you want to dip on the fondue fork - the thin, sharp one - and dip it in to coat it." He lifted his fork up, the chunk of bread now dripping with cheese. "Hold it over the pot until it stops dripping, and then you can put it on your plate and eat it with your regular cutlery."

Bastian licked his lips. "Okay, I have a love affair with cheese, okay? Cheese and chocolates I'm fatty-mcfatterson about." He took his little fondue fork, stabbing a piece of apple.

"Don't be mean to my gorgeous boy," Leo scolded gently, transferring the bread onto his plate and taking a bite. "Oh, this is good cheese."

Bastian flushed as he licked his lips again, carefully pulling his apple off of his fork before taking a bite. The soft whimper that left his mouth made his face turn redder. "I can't help it! And this is good cheese, dear god, I need a steady diet of this."

Leo laughed. "You can become a cheesatarian if you want," he said. "Just don't insult yourself about it."

"It goes right to my ass," Bastian grumbled, shoving his fork into a piece of bread.

"I like your ass," Leo pointed out.

"I like that you like my ass." Bastian smiled. "But I have to go to the gym four times a week because of my love of cheese and cheese hating on my ass." He reached out, picking up the bread off his plate and popping it into his mouth, sucking his fingers clean with a wink before he went back to using his fork.

"But you don't have to," Leo insisted. "If you want to, then sure, but it's okay if you don't."

Bastian peeked up at Leo under his lashes, licking cheese from his lips. "I appreciate that."
Leo leaned over and kissed him softly. "The shape of your body isn't why I call you beautiful," he murmured.

Bastian couldn't help but lean into the kiss. "Then why?" he asked, voice just as soft, suddenly really glad their table was secluded

"Your smile," Leo said simply. "Your eyes, your laugh. The way you dance. The way you submit to me."

Bastian's flush grew as he ripped off a piece of soft pretzel for his fork. "And of course my first thoughts where what's bad about my smile and such. You make me flustered. In a way that I both hate and adore. Adore more than hate, of course, but it makes me squirm." His eyes flicked over to Leo, sucking his lower lip into his mouth before his lips quirked up into a mischievous grin. "I look forward to how you'll show me otherwise."

"Oh my god," Bastian moaned, slipping a chocolate-coated strawberry into his mouth. "I'm in heaven."

Leo hummed, his gaze focused on Bastian's lips. "Able to find a bit more room after all?" he teased.

"What's an extra half hour of yoga if I get to stuff myself with chocolate." Bastian grinned, spearing a piece of pineapple

"May I?" Leo asked, picking up an already-coated strawberry from his plate and offering it to Bastian.

Bastian flicked his eyes up to Leo's. They darkened just a bit as he leaned forward, taking the strawberry from Leo's fingers before sucking his chocolate covered thumb into his mouth.

"Good boy," Leo murmured. "Let me feed you dessert?"

Bastian licked his lips after letting Leo's thumb free with a small pop. "Yessir," he agreed, licking chocolate off of his fork before setting it to the side.

"That's my boy," Leo said softly, dipping another strawberry. "It's going to be slow - can you be patient?"

"I'll try," Bastian promised. "But it'll be hard." his lips curled into a grin. "In various ways."

Laughing, Leo transferred the strawberry onto his plate, then picked it up and offered it.

Bastian leaned over, resting his hand on Leo's upper thigh as he took the strawberry, sucking on Leo's fingers.

"Tease," Leo said fondly, tangling his foot around Bastian's.

Bastian smiled, flicking his tongue to the corner of his mouth to get a bit of chocolate. "You love it."

"I do," Leo said lowly. "Because I know that later, I'll pay you back for it." He leaned in next to Bastian's ear and breathed, "Tell me, beautiful...how do you feel about wax play?"
Bastian couldn't help the shudder than ran through him at Leo's dark voice so close to his ear. "Never tried it. Sounds like it might be fun," he whispered, eyes darkening.

"Hold out the back of your hand," Leo murmured, dipping another piece of fruit in the chocolate.

Bastian held out his hand, fingers lightly curled as he watched Leo curiously.

Leo lifted the fruit out of the pot and let chocolate drip onto Bastian's hand.

Bastian's nose flared, eyes widening just a bit at the warmth.

"Candle wax is hotter than melted chocolate," Leo said, popping the fruit into his mouth.

Bastian flicked his eyes to follow the fruit as it disappeared into Leo's mouth, raising his hand to lick the chocolate off his hand. "I think, I'd like that."

Leo smiled. "Then are you ready to get going, beautiful?"

"Yeah, because I really want to be kissed in ways that isn't so good for public, no matter how much I like the thought of being caught. This isn’t that kind of place." Bastian gave a soft laugh.

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Bastian stumbled after Leo into his apartment, eyes still dark from the restaurant, barely pausing to give Skitters a scratch before he was shucking off his shoes and vest.

Leo caught hold of the back of Bastian's neck and tugged him into a long, deep kiss.

Bastian groaned into the kiss as he tried to tug his clothes off, his vest fluttering to the floor.

Leo wrapped one arm around Bastian, trapping his arm against his torso, and tugged his head back by the hair with his other hand. "Be still, beautiful."

Bastian sucked in a breath, letting it out in a long, drawn out moan. "Yessir," he breathed.

"I'm going to tie you down and blindfold you, so all you can do is feel," Leo murmured. "Does that sound good?"

"Uhhuh." Bastian nodded as much as he could, relishing the tug on his hair.

"Good boy," Leo replied. "Would you like to try some general sensation play before I get out the candles?"

Bastian hummed in thought. "I think so," he murmured. "I really want to explore, Leo."

Leo smiled. "Anything else, beautiful?"

"I want you," Bastian breathed, eyes darkening further. "I want to taste you, feel you against me, in me." He leaned forward, relishing the yank of fingers in his hair. "Show me what you want to do with me."

The tone had Bastian moaning. Nodding carefully, he waited until Leo let him go before kissing his jaw and all but running to the bedroom.

Leo had had a pretty good idea of how he wanted this evening to go, so there was already a bag waiting in the kitchen with most of what he planned to use, except for a couple of things that were still in the fridge and freezer. But before he got them, he took a detour to the bathroom to clean himself out; Bastian may not have known it, but Leo wanted to ride him tonight.

Bastian stripped, putting his clothes in a pile in the corner as he headed to the bed. He knelt, knees spread and hands tucked in the small of his back as he leaned back a little, showing off and hoping to tease.

When Leo came in, he only glanced at Bastian as he put his bag of supplies down, then went to the closet to hang up his suit jacket.

Bastian watched him, licking his lips as he could see him through the closet doorway. God he loved how graceful and powerful Leo looked when he was in his element. And the fact that his boyfriend was hot as fuck didn't hurt one bit.

Leo turned, and began to roll his sleeves up. "Very good, beautiful," he purred. "Tell me, Bastian...how much do you want to know in advance about what I'm going to do?"

Bastian's eyes darkened as he thought. "Not much," he murmured. "I like knowing that I don't know what's going to happen. I trust you. And I'll safeword if I need too."

Reaching into his pocket, Leo pulled out a blindfold. "Then I'm going to put this on you before we go any further," he said, smiling. "Colour?"

Bastian licked his lips. "Green. Just don't be completely silent?" he asked; though he didn't know for sure, he doubted anything bad would happen.

"I can keep talking if that's what you want," Leo said, coming closer and wrapping the blindfold over Bastian's eyes. "Is it thick enough?"

Bastian looked around, nodding after a moment. "Can't see anything, not even light."

"Good," Leo murmured, securing it behind Bastian's hair. "Stand up now."

Bastian shifted to all fours before lifting himself up, one hand reaching for Leo as his loss of sight unbalanced him.

"I've got you," Leo reassured him, taking his hand and drawing him up. "I'm leading you to the bed now."

"Yessir." Bastian let out a slow breath, excitement making his heart race.

Leo smiled, guiding Bastian to the bed and turning him around to sit down on it. "Good boy," he praised. "Lie down on your back now."

Bastian flopped back, wiggling a bit until he was further up

"Very good," Leo murmured, nudging Bastian to lie where he wanted him. "Relax, now." With Bastian's eyes covered, he unpacked his bag of supplies, laying everything out on the nightstand.
Bastian spread himself out as much as he could, moving just a bit out of where Leo put him, wondering if Leo would even notice, but interested to see what he'd do.

When Leo turned back, he noticed, but he didn't comment. He just attached the cuffs he wanted to use to each end of the bed, and stretched Bastian's limbs out to reach them. "There," he said, when Bastian was tied down spread-eagled on the bed. "Now you can't fidget when I'm not looking."

Bastian's cheeks flushed, curling his fingers. "Yessir."

"Good boy," Leo said teasingly, bending down to kiss Bastian's cheek, tracing his fingers down his chest.

Bastian arched up into the touch, lips curling into a smile.

Pressing down on Bastian's belly, Leo pushed him back down onto the bed.

Bastian let out a soft sound, stomach clenching at being pinned by Leo's hand, however brief. He loved being tied down, don't get him wrong, but there was something about hot hands pressing him tightly to whatever surface they wanted to.

"Stay," Leo said firmly, picking up a flannel and draped it over Bastian's crotch as a just-in-case safety measure, then taking a leather flogger in hand and dragging the tails over Bastian's skin.

Bastian sucked in a breath at Leo's tone, that breath leaving him in a whine as he felt strands slipping over his skin. He didn't even think to ask why the cloth covering him.

Leo gave the flogger the gentlest of flicks, making the tails ripple up and tap Bastian's chest.

Bastain curled his toes, realization of what was on him making his flush travel down his chest, toes curling as his cock twitched under the cloth. "Oh."

"Good, sweetheart?" Leo murmured.

"Yeah," Bastian murmured back, licking his lower lip. "I like that."

Leo flicked his wrist again, still very carefully. He was only aiming for sensation, not at all for pain. It wouldn't be safe to properly use the flogger with Bastian in this position.

Bastian shivered, one side of his mouth curling into a smile. "I'd like to see what you can do to me with this." His voice was breathy. "One day, not now."

"One day," Leo promised him, stroking Bastian's hair.

Bastian leaned into the touch. "Oh goody."

Leo chuckled, leaning down to kiss Bastian's forehead.

Bastian's mouth parted before a slow smile spread over his face at the kiss.

Moving down Bastian's face and neck, Leo kissed him again and again, then fastened his lips on Bastian's nipple and suckled.
Bastian gasped, arching as much as he could with his back still planted on the bed. "O-oh."

Leo hummed, letting go of the flogger to roll Bastian's other nipple between his fingers.

Whining, Bastian arched up, trying in vain to reach out for Leo.

Leo just pinched lightly and kept going.

Bastian couldn't help the high whine that left him as he arched sharply, that little bit of pain sparking down his spine, making him want more. More touch, more everything.

"More of that, beautiful?" Leo teased, pulling off briefly. "You want to hurt?"

"I like it," Bastian hummed.

Leo smirked, and scraped his teeth over Bastian's nipple. "Like that?"

Bastian arched with a soft hiss. "Yessir." he panted.

"Ask me nicely," Leo teased him.

"Please," Bastian begged softly. "Please sir. I want to feel it. Want to see the marks later and get turned on all over again."

"You want marks, hmm?" Leo murmured, scraping his fingernails across Bastian's belly.

"Yes!" Bastian gasped out, arching into the slight sting. "Want to be marked. See proof I'm yours everywhere."

Leo hummed and stood up, putting the flogger away for now and picking up something else. "I should put my name on my things, shouldn't I?" he teased lowly.

Bastian let out a low moan, nodding slowly, turning his head toward Leo's voice.

Uncapping the sharpie he held, Leo pressed down on Bastian's belly with his left hand, holding him still, and signed his name on Bastian's golden skin.

Bastian fought to keep from moving as he felt ink cooling on his skin. At least he assumed it was ink.

Blowing cool air over the ink, Leo considered the rest of his canvas. "What else should I write on my boy?" he asked.

"Yours." Bastian groaned. "Anything."

'Mine,' Leo scrawled across Bastian's upper chest. "You have to tell me what you want, beautiful," he said. "Beg me to write the words you want to see on your skin."

"Yours. Your boy." Bastian groaned as he shivered violently, his mind blanking out as he struggled to think past that dark voice calling him his.

Leo smirked, scrawling 'my boy' along the inside on Bastian's upper arm. "Go on, gorgeous."

Bastian whined "Your tease, your naughty boy, yours." he started rambling, begging softly.

Leo distributed the words widely, but all in areas that would be easily covered Bastian's clothing - his thighs, his upper arms, his sides.
"Y-you pick one," Bastian panted, tilting his head back to bare his sub mark. "Right here. You pick."

Eyes dark, Leo wrote in careful, neat letters 'L.F.', positioned directly on top of Bastian's mark. Bastian let out a long, low moan at the feel of the pen (marker?) dragging along his mark. Leo blew air over the ink, drying it, then sealed his work with a kiss. A sharp whine left Bastian's throat, arching up against him. "Please."

"Mine," Leo growled.

Bastian gasped, his entire body shivering as he went pliant and limp against the bed, head tilted back. "Yessss."

Suddenly impatient, Leo cleared away everything except what he needed for the wax play. He'd picked a red candle today, a fat pillar with a low melt point, recommended for beginners. But before he lit the candle, there was safety to consider, and some other precautions. Pouring oil into his hand, he began to rub it into Bastian's skin.

Bastian let out a soft moan, slowly turning into putty. "Feel good."

"That's good, beautiful," Leo murmured, moving up to oil Bastian's arms. "My good boy. Are you ready to start the wax soon?"

"Yessir," Bastian sighed, his muscles loose as he relaxed.

"It's going to hurt," Leo warned, putting away the oil and using a cloth to wipe any excess off Bastian's skin. "So tell me your safewords."

"Red, green, yellow," Bastian panted. "Please."

"Alright, beautiful," Leo murmured, striking a match and lighting the candle. Bastian shivered, licking his lips as he heard the match strike. "Want to feel it."

"You will," Leo promised, watching a pool of melted wax form on the top of the pillar. After a moment, he picked it up, and let a drop fall onto the back of his hand, hissing at the feeling.

Bastian whined, wiggling in place at the hiss. "Sir..."

"I've got you," Leo murmured, stroking his hand down Bastian's chest. He held the candle high and let it drip onto Bastian's upper chest, near his collarbone.

Bastian let out a soft cry, arching up and writing in surprised pain as heat flared on his chest. The cry quickly turned into a moan, his cock throbbing as the pain melted into a sort of warmth. "Green," he panted, wanting Leo to know he was okay but the wax having snatched words from him.

Setting the candle down on a plate on the nightstand, Leo reached out, stroking Bastian's hair, soothing him.

Bastian was panting heavily, leaning into the touches as he slowly calmed. "Green."
"Tell me how it felt," Leo said. He wasn't going to keep going until he understood the effect on Bastian.

"Hurt. Good one," Bastian managed to say. "Warm, spreading."

"Good boy," Leo murmured, kissing Bastian's forehead. "Keep talking." He picked up the candle again and let more drops fall, slowly scattering them over Bastian's chest.

Bastian kept up the steady rambling, his breath and body seizing each time a drop hit him, writhing on the bed. "Hot, hurt, oh! so good, please. Ow, green, ow, fuck."

Carefully, Leo poured the wax to form a larger pool in the centre of Bastian's chest.

Bastian thrashed, moaning loudly as the wax dribbled down the slopes of his chest, toes curled tight. "Please." he whimpered.

"More like that?" Leo asked.


"My beautiful boy," Leo whispered.

When he began to run out of room, Leo put the candle down for the last time and blew it out, opening up a tupperware container of ice water and dipping a cloth in before starting to wipe it over Bastian's skin, cooling down the wax.

Bastian shivered, panting and chewing on his bottom lip until it was bruised. He felt hot, tingly, and he was hard as a rock and desperate.

Leo slipped his fingernails under the edge of the largest piece of wax and slowly peeled it up off Bastian's skin.

Bastian moaned, arching into the pull, the cool air brushing against warm skin driving him into a spiral.

"Good boy," Leo murmured, dropping the piece of wax on the nightstand and smoothing his fingers over the reddened skin, before picking another bit to remove.

Bastian let the praise run over him as the warm and cold drove him deeper and deeper. By the time Leo was tugging the last bit of wax off, Bastian was floating, whines and whimpers leaving his throat.

"Beautiful," Leo praised him softly. "You're so good for me. Just enjoy yourself for a little while, okay?"

Bastian hummed, happily floating. "Mmm"

As quietly as he could, Leo reset the nightstand again, leaving only the things he'd need for aftercare, lube, and a condom. Then, he started to strip.

Bastian floated for a while, then slowly began to come up a bit.

Bending over the bed, Leo poured lube onto his fingers and started stretching himself out. He'd fingered himself a little when he'd cleaned himself earlier, but that wouldn't be enough for comfort by
now.

"Sir," Bastian murmured, still hovering in his space, but much more aware.

"Yes, beautiful?" Leo asked, trying to sound normal.

"You'kay?" Bastian slurred, licking his lips and shifting, moaning softly as it brought attention back to his still tingling skin.

Leo smiled softly. "I'm perfect," he promised. "Just like my perfect boy. Would you like to see?"

"Uh huh." Bastian nodded, slowly coming up more.

Reaching up with his clean hand, Leo pushed Bastian's blindfold up and onto his forehead. "Hello, beautiful."

Bastian clenched his eyes closed to let them get used to light, slowly blinking them open and looking around.

Leo smiled at him, taking away the cloth that had protected Bastian's crotch, and slicked his hand up to stroke Bastian's cock, long and slow.

Bastian arched sharply, moaning as he tugged at the restraints. "Good."

"Want more?" Leo teased. "Would you like me to ride you, beautiful? Because I'd like that."

Bastian's eyes widened and darkened even further, as he nodded rapidly and whined high in his throat. He normally wouldn't even think about it, but god, the thought of being tied down, helpless while his Dom rode him through the mattress only made his cock twitch all the harder.

"Good boy," Leo said with a grin, straddling Bastian on his knees. "Ready, sweetheart?"

"Please sir," Bastian begged, trying to arch up further.

Pressing him down with a hand in the centre of his chest, Leo raised himself up and reached behind himself to guide the tip of Bastian's cock into his hole.

Bastian whined high in his throat at being pinned, his eyes fluttering closed, only to pop open when he felt Leo line his cock up to start sinking down.

"You like that?" Leo asked huskily, pausing to let himself adjust.

"Fucking hell." Bastian let out a strangled moan, chest heaving as he tilted his head back as much as he could. "Sir."

"That doesn't actually answer my question," Leo pointed out, sliding a little further down.

"Uh-huh," Bastian panted, eyes rolling into the back of his head. "Love being pinned. Oh god, feels so good."

Leo clenched, then released, slipping down, bit by bit, until he settled, Bastian's balls against his ass.

"Oh sweet Gods." Bastian whined high in his throat, toes curled so tight his feet were threatening to cramp.
"What do you think, sweetheart?" Leo teased lowly, leaning forward and grinding his hips down. "Do you think you earned this?"

"Dunno. Wanna." Bastian nodded rapidly, hips jerking up.

"You want to try to fuck me like this?" Leo purred, riding the motion easily.

"W-want," Bastian panted, "want you to pin me down and use me."

Leo smirked. "Well, since you asked so nicely..." He planted his hands on Bastian's chest and began to really ride him.

Bastian cursed loud and long until he ran out of breath, hips jerking as much as they could, his back bowed the little it was able to.

Leo tsked and tweaked his nipple. "You want me to use you, boy?"

"Yes!" Bastian panted heavily as he jerked at the tweak, nerves lighting up.

"Then hold still."

Bastian whined high in his throat, fighting to stay still as Leo ground down, melting his brain. He was still cuffed, toes and fingers curled tight as his body tightened right along with them. "Sir!"

Leo abandoned caution, abandoned patience, sweat dripping down his forehead and low grunts driven from his lips as he rode Bastian hard, chasing pleasure for both of them.

"Sir!" Bastian resorted to letting whatever wanted to come out of his mouth fall freely. "Sir please, please. so good, fuck, fuck me, fuck."

Panting, Leo started jerking himself off.

"Cl-close!" Bastian gasped, eyes locked onto Leo.

"Wait," Leo growled, rutting forward into his hand. "Don't you dare come until I say."

Bastian groaned, the outright command in Leo's tone making it really hard to actually follow it. He nodded rapidly, closing his eyes tight because he knew just looking at Leo would do it.

Breathing hard, clenching down on Bastian's cock, Leo brought himself over the edge, adding his come to the reddened marks and black writing on Bastian's chest.

Bastian cried out as Leo clamped down around him. "Please!"

"Come for me," Leo allowed him hoarsely, scraping his nails down Bastian's side.

Bastian jerked up, coming hard with a loud moan, not even caring that Leo’s neighbors could probably hear him.

"Good boy," Leo praised him, reaching out to stroke Bastian's hair. "There you go, beautiful, that's perfect. Good boy."

Bastian whimpered softly, leaning into the touch, panting heavily as his chest heaved, fighting to calm down from the high.
"Shh, you're okay," Leo promised him softly. "My boy, my good boy. I've got you still."

Bastian slowly calmed, melting into the bed as he grinned. "Yours."

"Mine," Leo replied, smiling gently back. "I'm going to get up now so we can cuddle, okay?"

"Kay." Bastian breathed out a soft, slow sigh, a smile curling his lips.

Leo got up, efficiently dealing with the condom and wiping his hands before lying down, cuddled into Bastian's side. "How are you feeling?" he asked. "Do you want me to untie you?"

"Please. Wanna touch." Bastian turned his head to watch him, eyes dark and dazed.

"Alright, sweetheart," Leo murmured, reaching up and unfastening one of the cuffs, rubbing Bastian's arm a little. "I'll have to sit up again to get the others, hang on a sec."

"Kay." Bastian groaned, slowly lowering his arm down to his chest.

"Good boy," Leo praised, getting up and releasing the other three cuffs, and dampening a cloth in the cold water still on the nightstand to clean Bastian up with.

Bastian leaned into the touches. "Gonna take pictures." he murmured, finger drifting up to his mark where Leo had written his initials (not that he knew what was written there yet).

"I won't wipe the words off," Leo promised, smiling down at him. "I just want to make you a little more comfortable after the wax."

"Mmmm, kay." Bastian nodded, tilting his head back and begging silently for a kiss.

Leo laughed a little before leaning in and kissing the corner of Bastian's mouth.

Bastian's lips quirked into a grin. "Gods, I love you." He flushed brightly, eyes widening.

Cupping Bastian's cheek, Leo searched his face. "Is that so?" he asked softly.

Bastian's cheeks were still red, and he chewed on his bottom lip nervously. "Yeah," he whispered. "I love you."

"Hey," Leo said gently, stroking his thumb over Bastian's lips. "It's alright, beautiful. I love you too."

Bastian grinned widely, eyes sparkling as he reached up, yanking Leo down into a kiss, fingers tangled in his red hair.

**Chapter End Notes**

I'm SO sorry! We've no buffer left, so we've been scrambling to get each chapter done each week. I'm sorry to say we're going to have to take a couple of weekends away from posting so we can hopefully build the buffer back up at least a couple of chapters worth.

THIS IS NOT GOING TO BE ABANDONED. I'm too stubborn to let Seeker go at this point, she's stuck with me ;) We just need that buffer so neither of us start freaking out each friday when we don't have the chapter completed lol -KattsEye (Also, YAY
FIRST TIME CONFESSIONS FOR LEBASTIAN!

Thank you to our lovely Chicktar as always :) And please, don't forget to give us ideas for things you'd like to see! I can't promise we'll use them, but you never know
"Yes! I want a dress." Stiles pouted. "Wanna come shopping with me? I'm going to get new heels and maybe new panties for the Bastian thing..."

Isaac flushed. "You could buy a dress too? If you wanted?"

Stiles' eyes brightened. "Yeah!"

-----

Stiles and Isaac go shopping to prepare for Bastian's visit.

Chapter Notes

WARNINGS:
Isaac is anxious about wearing feminine clothing; Stiles reassures him. There is mention of his father, and use of the word 'sissy'.
There is a section in italics which may appear to, but doesn't ACTUALLY, contain infidelity. See endnotes.
After the section in italics, Derek and Stiles do a short scene involving the use of the words slut and cockslut (in a manner consistent with scenes they've done before).

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Nah dude, I'm excited," Stiles said, practically vibrating. "We finally nailed down how we want to start it, and Bastian is fine with it. We just gotta set up when."

"I can tell," Isaac said with a smirk. He paused, glancing away from the screen. "...hey Stiles?"

Stiles tilted his head, spinning absently in his chair. "What's up, Izz?"

"There's, uh..." Isaac bit his lip. "Scott didn't just get me sheets for my birthday."

"Oh? Well c'mon Isaac, tell meeeeee." Stiles smiled, noticing his friend was nervous as he leaned forward. "You know I won't tell anyone other than Sir."

"He, um..." Isaac looked down, rubbing his hands nervously over his thighs. "He got me a dress?"

"Really? What kind? Is it comfortable? Do you like it?" Stiles asked, smiling brightly. "Does it make you itch? I don't want you to itch!"

A shy smile spreading across his face, Isaac ducked his head. "It doesn't make me itch," he promised. "I could...show you?"

"Yes please!" Stiles beamed, resting his chin on his hand. "Do you like it?"
"I do," Isaac admitted, blushing. "It feels nice, and Scott said it makes me look...pretty." He glanced up through his curls to see Stiles' reaction to that last bit.

"Well, you are pretty." Stiles shrugged. "Especially with how your hair is growing out all curly and soft looking."

Isaac blushed darker. "You think so?"

Stiles smile softened. "I do think so. You're pretty. And I bet that dress makes you look even prettier."

"And...that's okay?" Isaac asked hesitantly.

"Yeah, it's awesome, I wish I was as pretty." Stiles pouted softly.

Isaac swallowed, his hands clenched into fists. "It's not, you know...bad?" he couldn't help asking. "Like, being a sissy and stuff."

Stiles tilted his head a bit. "It's not bad. Why would it be? Even being a 'sissy' isn't bad. Promise."

Isaac blinked. He thought Stiles knew. "My father used to say..." he started, then trailed off. "You know the kind of thing."

"Yeah, but," Stiles shrugged. "To be honest and blunt, we've already found out your dad is a dick that didn't know what was bad if he was willing to scare and hurt his son. So I'm not surprised that he was saying horrible stuff like that. No, being pretty, liking to be pretty, isn't bad. Liking dresses isn't bad, and even if you were a 'sissy'? Not. Bad." Stiles smiled softly. "You're awesome. And so pretty, and honestly I'm a bit jealous that you have a dress."

"You are?" Isaac asked hopefully.

"Yes! I want a dress." Stiles pouted. "Wanna come shopping with me? I'm going to get new heels and maybe new panties for the Bastian thing..."

Isaac flushed. "You could buy a dress too? If you wanted?"

Stiles' eyes brightened. "Yeah!" He wiggled a bit. "And then we can go to the food court! Which would be easier on you? Me go there or you come here?"

"I don't want...people to see me," Isaac admitted, biting his lip. "Who might recognise me, I mean. Can you come here?"

"Deal!" He smiled. "That way no one from school or town will see you. I could come pick you up and we can go to the mall tomorrow morning? You're only about an hour and a half away, and I can easily clear it with sir that way."

"I've got work," Isaac said, shaking his head. "The day after?"

"That'd probably be better anyway." Stiles laughed brightly. He rubbed his hands together. "This'll be fun!"
"Get in, loser, we're going shopping!" Stiles called out as he pulled up to where Isaac was standing outside the apartment building. "Also, I have croissant sandwiches and non-Starbucks coffee!"

Isaac laughed as he got in. "You're ridiculous," he said fondly. "But thanks for the food."

"I'm a bright spot on your dull life," Stiles huffed playfully before pulling away from the building, GPS pointing the way so Isaac could eat instead of navigate. "And you're very welcome! There's a shop in your mall similar to Kinkyboots in mine, but it has clothes made for guys that are more femme. Like dresses and heels and more panties, things like that. Kinkyboots has some, but this place...geeze from the look of it it's like Kinkyboots on steroids!"

"We are in the city," Isaac pointed out, hiding his nervousness by taking a bite of his croissant.

"True, very true." Stiles reached over to pat Isaac's knee. "S'okay, We'll take our time and leave if need be, okay?"

Isaac gave Stiles a grateful look and swallowed. "Is it okay if we shop for you first?"

"Course!" Stiles grinned. "I figured we would, so it'd give you time to relax. Ooooooh, we can surprise Scott with an outfit!" He squirmed in his seat, eyes bright.

Isaac smiled shyly. "Maybe not today, but...we could buy something for later?"

"Yeah, that's what I meant," Stiles agreed, "something for you to wear like later on this week or something."

-----

When they got to the shop, Isaac had to admit he was intimidated. Luckily, Stiles (as always) wasn't.

"Ooooooh!" Stiles tugged Isaac into the store and straight to the shoes. "Which ones? What color outfit should I do? Oh! Would you be comfortable trying some on? They'd do wonderful things for your already wonderful ass!"

Isaac laughed when Stiles started talking a mile a minute. "What's your budget?" he asked. "And is the outfit just for Derek, or for Derek and Bastian?"

"Don't really have a budget, but probably less than five hundred for my total shopping trip today if I can do that." Stiles hummed consideringly, head tilted to the side. "Yeah, that'd be about right. And it's for Sir, but kinda for Sir and Bastian. I like showing off." He shrugged, unconcerned.

"So...it's for Derek, but you want something Derek will be okay with Bastian seeing?" Isaac asked.

"Pretty much. But since I'll be in only panties, I think pretty much anything'll be okay." Stiles laughed.

"I don't think you can really call it an outfit then," Isaac pointed out.

"Hmmm, true. But I can get stockings and heels, maybe something to wear before stuff starts...." Stiles' eyes brightened. "Oh! And Sir is going to randomly command me, you know, because
Bastian is in awe that I can do it, and I sense a bit of disbelief and I must squish it!

"You are a very ridiculous human being," Isaac said, wrapping his arm around Stiles' shoulders briefly.

"Probably, but that's okay." Stiles grinned, leaning into the hug. "Now. Which ones, which ones....and which ones do you want to try?"

"Can you go first?" Isaac asked, looking over them all. "They're kind of... They've got really high heels, don't they?"

"Some do, some don't." Stiles grabbed a pair of heels down. "These are taller than most, and these are good for beginners." He shook another pair of lower heels lightly to show Isaac. "And yeah, I'll go first! What color?"

"You already have red ones, don't you?" Isaac said, thinking. "Maybe something else? There's a lot of black and red here."

"Yeah, I have red and then another pair that's hot pink plaid print. Those were my first....Hmmm." Stiles frowned, looking around.

Isaac's eyes widened. "Hot pink plaid?"

Stiles laughed, flicking through his phone to find the picture of him in his full plaid outfit to show Isaac.

"Oh god, my eyes!" Isaac yelped.

"Hey! I'm covered in that pic, thank you!" Stiles laughed, sticking his tongue out as he went back to looking through the heels.

"It's the covering that's the problem," Isaac muttered.

Stiles laughed brightly. "Wanna see the next? It's not loud plaid print."

Isaac narrowed his eyes. "Okay..." he said suspiciously.

Stiles grinned, looking for the picture of him in red cheeky panties, his garter belt and stockings, red heels, black teddy and lipstick.

"Oh geez..." Isaac flushed darkly.

Stiles full on giggled. "I felt super pretty...oooh, look! Glitter!"

Isaac laughed, looking at a pair of red shoes with heels liberally coated in gold glitter. "Do you actually want them?" he said skeptically.

"Not really, but sparkles!" Stiles grinned. "Maybe Christmas outfit..."

Isaac rolled his eyes. "It's February," he pointed out.

"Nah, I meant I'll buy it later on for Christmas." Stiles laughed, fingering the straps of a pair of purple heels.
"Are you going to try those on?" Isaac asked curiously.

"Yeah, these and those blue ones." Stiles pointed, humming to himself in thought, already slipping off his shoes.

Sitting down on one of the conveniently-placed chairs, Isaac tucked his hands under his thighs and watched.

Stiles sat, tugging on the heels and lifting his leg to twist his foot this way and that, looking over them before he carefully stood to walk a bit. He'd changed into the blue ones, then smiled. "These! They're more comfortable."

Isaac bit his lip, closing his eyes. "...pick a pair for me to try, please?" he whispered.

Stiles smiled, ruffling Isaac's curls. "Sure. Any color you'd prefer or not prefer?"

"No pink," Isaac said instantly. "I can't...I can't do that yet."

"That's fine, not everyone can rock it anyway." Stiles hummed thoughtfully, looking over the shoes. "Hmm, a wedge would be easier to walk in since it's your first...Ah!" He grinned, holding up a pair of black wedges with a round toe and a small bow near the ankle strap buckle.

Isaac peeked at them and blushed. "You think I should?" he squeaked.

"Yes!" Stiles flopped down in front of Isaac, blue heels still on his feet. He quickly took them off so he could help Isaac, carefully setting them to the side so they wouldn't be forgotten. "C'mon, I'll help you put them on."

Flushing darkly, Isaac nodded, reaching down and taking his shoes off. "They're the right size and everything?" he asked nervously.

"I think so," Stiles said, "but we can ask for a different size if we need to." He hummed, patting Isaac's knee in reassurance before putting the wedges on him. "Look, it's kinda like any other buckle, just tiiiiiny," Stiles showed him, smiling softly. "C'mon stand up." He scrambled up, holding out his hands. "They already look awesome on you."

Isaac took his hands and stood, wobbling a little, focusing on Stiles' hands so he wouldn't look at his feet.

"Ooooh, yes, lovely things to the booty." Stiles nodded, looking him up and down and grinning. "Awesome! You look amazing already," he promised. "Do you want to look now? Or after we have an outfit together?"

"I should probably look now," Isaac admitted, biting his lip. "Um...mirror?"

"Behind you, Izz." Stiles smiled. "Just step around the seats, it'll give you a feel of them too."

Walking in heels was hard. But Isaac could kind of feel what Stiles meant, with how it made him stand different, and the muscles in his legs and ass tighten up differently, and yeah, that probably would change how it looked... He was procrastinating. Nervously, Isaac forced himself to look in the mirror.

Isaac glanced at Stiles and smiled hesitantly. "Yeah?"

"Hell yeah! You look great!" Stiles said, smiling back.

Isaac's smile turned into a shy grin. "Do you think Scott will like them?" he asked.

"I think he'd love them!" Stiles said softly. "Especially because it's something you like. Regardless of how amazing it makes your already awesome ass look."

Isaac ducked his head, blushing. "I mean, they're expensive..."

"Isaac, if I have to buy them, I will be more than happy to." Stiles pursed his lips. "Besides, it's not like you'll buy them every day."

"Just...I'll think about it," Isaac promised, sitting back down and taking them off, his fingers stroking over the soft fabric. "What else did you want to shop for?"

"I want a whole outfit, but the other important part is the panties." Stiles smiled, tucking his box of shoes in the mesh shopping bag that an attendant had handed him when they entered.

Isaac flushed. "What - What kind do you want?" he stammered.

"Dunno for sure." Stiles slung the bag over one arm, sneaking Isaac's shoe box in there too. "I'm thinking straps though. That's our code for rough and mmmmm I love rough."

"The codes aren't just specific pairs of panties anymore?" Isaac asked.

"Nah, it's the style. Strappy is rough, cheeky ones are denial, etcetera." Stiles waved a hand as he lead Isaac over to the other section. "The only ones that don't mean anything are my plain cotton ones."

Isaac tilted his head. "Do you ever just want to wear a fancy pair and not mean the code?"

"Yeah, that's why there's some that don't have things." Stiles shrugged. "And I've asked him before if we could ignore the symbol."

Isaac nodded, biting his lip as his eyes darted to a sky blue pair.

"Those would look really pretty with the shoes. And on you in general." Stiles smiled, reaching out to run his finger along the panties' hem.

Isaac blushed, ducking his head.

"Want them?" Stiles asked, grinning widely, even as he grabbed a pair from the wall that he snatched his own off the wall from where he saw ones he had to have. Strappy and lacy. Perfect.

-----

Stiles let out a soft sigh, slipping his hand up Isaac's sundress, mouthing at his collarbone as he let his fingers drag along Isaac's skin.

Isaac moaned, blushing and leaning into his touch.
Stiles smiled against Isaac's skin, skimming his lips up his throat to suck at his submark, pushing the dress up bit by bit, making sure Isaac had time to stop him, even as his lips moved to Isaac's own.

Isaac kissed him back hungrily, his own hands stroking over the skin of Stiles' back.

Stiles moaned softly, pushing the dress up and off, hungrily kissing Isaac again as soon as the fabric was out of the way.

Isaac shifted closer, his crotch rubbing against Stiles' own.

Stiles pulled out of the kiss with a panting whine, grinding down. "Fuck, Isaac."

Isaac reached up, his hands cupping Stiles' neck and slipping into his hair and...
Stiles whimpered, nodding as he teased his own cock, the silicone one sucked into his throat as his eyes rolled back.

"Breathe," Derek reminded him. "Take it slow."

The hand holding the dildo pulled it back just a bit so he could breathe easily. Stiles sucked at the silicone with a soft slurping sound, eyes briefly locking on Derek before they fell closed, as Stiles fell into his Dom's voice.

Derek smiled a little. "You need me to tell you how?" he teased.

Stiles just groaned, shivering and sucking harder.

"Oh, you do, hmm? Or maybe you just want to hear me talk."

Whining, Stiles sucked harder on the dildo.

Derek took a breath, focusing on making this good for Stiles. "Feels good to suck like that, doesn't it?" he murmured. "How long has it been since you had a cock in your mouth, Przemyslaw? Can you even remember, except 'too long'?"

Stiles sucked in a breath through his nose, his eyes drifting open to watch Derek, a high whine leaving his throat.

"That's right," Derek said softly. "You like that, don't you?"

"Mmmhmmm." Stiles shivered, slipping closer to Derek before curling his hand around his own cock, trailing his eyes up and down Derek before falling closed with a choked-off whimper. God, he wanted Derek.

"Stroke yourself faster," Derek instructed him. "I want to get your morning edge done soon."

Stiles let out a soft groan, having completely forgotten about his morning edging. He normally did it in the shower. Speeding up, he sucked harder, keeping his eyes closed.

Derek moved around behind Stiles, leaning in to murmur in his ear, "Przemyslaw, what are you?"

Stiles gasped, his head falling back, his mind screaming for him to answer his Master. Slut, cockslut, so hungry for it.

"Swallow it down, Przemyslaw," Derek told him lowly. "You know how."

Stiles whined, sucking the dildo further into his mouth, sucking hard. Yes. You know how to be a good little cockslut.

"Do you want to come?" Derek asked. "Or do you want to suck?"

Stiles let the hand falling from his cock be the answer, his now free hand going to curl in the small on his back.

"Good slut," Derek praised lowly. "Are you near the edge?"

Stiles nodded with a soft whimper, though he didn't make any move to touch himself, instead sucking harder on the dildo, the word 'slut' rolling through his limbs like fire.
"Do you want to come, Przemysław?"

Stiles made a questioning noise, swaying a bit back and forth. Did he? Yeah, he was hard, but it wasn't important. His master was important, the cock in his mouth was important. God he felt empty.

Derek reached around, wrapping his hand around Stiles' cock.

Stiles let out a soft noise, sucking harder at the silicone in his mouth.

"Does it feel good?" Derek asked lowly, keeping his hand still.

"Mmmhmm." Stiles whimpered, sliding the dildo down his throat further for a few moments, choking off his air.

Derek began to move his hand, stroking fast and tight.

Stiles swallowed around the dildo, pulling it back just enough to whimper, his thighs trembling. So empty.

"Tell me what you need," Derek murmured, lips brushing against Stiles' ear. "Beg me."

Stiles shuddered, sliding the dildo back into his throat as he rocked back to grind against Derek's crotch.

"Use your words," Derek insisted.

Stiles whined, pulling the dildo most of the way out, keeping the head in his mouth. "Need," he rasped. "So empty."

Derek smirked, nipping at Stiles' neck. "Be specific," he murmured.


"Good slut," Derek praised, letting go and pulling back. "Stop. Take the cock out."

Stiles whined loudly, even as he slid the cock from his mouth, whimpering and moaning. "Please."

Derek got up and moved around to where Stiles could see, pushing down his pajama pants and letting his cock spring free. "Go ahead, Przemysław," he murmured.

Stiles let out a happy sound, grabbing Derek's thighs as he swallowed his Master down to the root.

Derek groaned deeply. After all this, he wasn't going to last long.

Stiles sucked hard, bobbing his head just enough for the head of Derek's cock to rub back and forth along his soft palate. He needed more. His ass felt so empty. But god, he loved Derek's cock. Must always have it.

Panting, Derek gripped at Stiles' hair, his eyes half-closed in pleasure.

Stiles moaned, his fingers kneading Derek's thighs as he revelled in the feeling, the sounds of his Master. Such a good cockslut. You were made for this.
"Good boy," Derek said roughly. "So good."

Stiles swallowed hard, eyes flicking up to Derek's face, hazed over and blown wide.

Derek shuddered, his hips jerking up. "Fuck," he panted. "Do that again and I'll come."

Now how could Stiles resist that? He swallowed hard again, suckling eagerly.

With a hoarse moan, Derek came, his hand clenching in Stiles' hair.

Stiles moaned, gentling his suckled but not letting up. He needed it.

"Shh," Derek panted, catching his breath. "Shh, Stiles. Look at me."

Stiles whined, flicking his eyes up to Derek's, hands clutching at Derek's thighs.

"Good boy," Derek breathed, stroking Stiles' hair. "You were so good, sweetheart. But it's time to take a break now, okay? Time for you to come up a little."

Stiles whimpered, suckling harder before he pulled back, trembling. "Need. Need," he begged, even as he forced himself to sit back, taking steady breaths until the rambling slowed to a stop.

"Good boy," Derek soothed him. "I've got you, sweetheart, you're so good. Just breathe."

Stiles took some shaky breaths, hands coming up to grab Derek. "Sorry. "he rasped.

"There's nothing you need to be sorry for," Derek promised. "You were perfect."

Stiles gave him a tiny smile, swaying a bit before he could just rest his head on Derek's lower stomach.

"Tell me how you're feeling, sweetheart," Derek murmured, resting his hand on the back of Stiles' head.

"Heavy, but coming up," Stiles murmured, letting out a soft sigh. "Love you."

Derek smiled down at him. "Love you too. Did you have fun?"

Stiles grinned crookedly. "Always."

"Ready to get up now?" Derek asked.

"Yes sir." Stiles beamed. "Oh! I get to wear my new outfit today."

Derek laughed a little. "Is that the one you were dreaming about?"

"Kinda? It was me and Isaac both in the outfits we got the other day." Stiles flushed darkly.

"Should I be jealous?" Derek asked, smirking.

"No sir!" Stiles pouted.

Derek smiled, leaning down to kiss him. "Don't worry, sweetheart, I know," he murmured.
Stiles pressed into the kiss, smiling softly. "What time did Bastian say he'd be here?"

"Around one," Derek replied, stroking Stiles' hair. "So let's shower and eat so we can get ready."

"Mmmm, okay. Wash my hair, please sir?" Stiles smiled, kissing his way up Derek's chest as he stood.

"Well, since you asked so nicely," Derek teased, smiling back.

Stiles grinned widely, all but sashaying to the closet, pulling out his black and blue dress that he'd gotten.

"Let's maybe leave that out here so we don't get it wet," Derek pointed out.

"Hmmm, good point." Stiles slowly nodded, adding his panties and heels to the selection, laying them out on the bed. "C'mon. Shower tiiiime."

"Shower time," Derek agreed.

Chapter End Notes

WARNING: Section in italics is a dream where Stiles makes out with Isaac. Stiles wakes up before it progresses any further, and no-one is upset by it.

I am SO. SORRY. Life (and a bit of writers block) has bit our asses this past few weeks! We're scrambling to try and build back up a buffer, but we promise at least a chapter once a month until we can get one built up. We are NOT stopping writing this by any means (I'll protect it with every claw I have...) Just please be patient with us

(A note from Seeker: you can blame this on me, pretty much. I get writers' block a lot, especially when I'm busy, and I'm VERY busy right now. When we realised we'd gone a month without updates, and we'd still barely made progress on the buffer, we decided to switch to our new semi-hiatus plan: once a month updates, until we're at least a month ahead. Hopefully it won't take too long)

Oh! I do have three or four "prompt series" fics to post that may help lessen the sting (if I can ever get them posted while wrestling my Tiny Demon Squish)

Please remember that any little prompts or questions or even little tidbits that start with "it'll be awesome if" could very well get you certain scenes, if not a whole fic! (here's looking to you "We've Got You") today's tiny snippet is thanks to "Callmeaclover" and I'm sure they know which snippet I mean ;) -Kattseye

Thanks as always to Chicktar! Even though we're being so VERY confusing atm, Chicktar is amazing!
Third Parties

Chapter Summary

"Stiles told you we'd prefer you to keep your hands outside your clothes while in the room with us?" Derek checked.

"Yeah, though you don't care if I touch myself over the clothes." Bastian nodded again.

-----

Bastian comes over to watch Derek and Stiles - and then goes home for some fun of his own

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

Stiles fidgeted with his skirt, giving Derek a huge grin as the doorbell rang. "I'll get it," he murmured, swiftly stealing a kiss before heading for the door, heels clicking on tile. He was nervous. What if Derek ended up not liking it? What if he had to safeword? Would he truly be okay?

A surprised smile spread across Bastian's face when Stiles opened the door. "This is new," he said warmly, looking Stiles over. "Hi!"

Stiles' smile widened. "The heels are new, but not new at the same time - the dress is, though. I kinda like it. It bounces!" He reached out, taking Bastian's arm to lead him into the house.

Bastian laughed. "God, I forgot how chirpy you are," he said, letting Stiles lead him through to the living room.

"You love it," Stiles scoffed, spinning in a circle right in front of Derek.

Shaking his head fondly, Derek reached out, wrapping his arm around Stiles' waist. "Settle down, sweetheart."

"But I like teasing you," Stiles said brightly.

"Someone had coffee this morning." Bastian was amused.

"Coffee actually calms him down," Derek commented. "He got teased this morning."

"It does? And what kind of teasing?" Bastian asked curiously.

"I have ADHD." Stiles shrugged, wiggling against Derek with a grin. "And the fun kind."

"I got you all worked up, didn't I, Przemyslaw?" Derek murmured.

Stiles shuddered, licking his lips as his eyes darkened. "Uh-huh." He nodded, smiling, then pulled away. "Lunch is just about ready," he murmured, and bounced over to the kitchen.

Derek just shook his head fondly, following behind.
Stiles hummed happily as he set the table, smiling when Derek walked into the kitchen. "Hi!" he said brightly.

"Hi," Derek replied, amused. "Are we good to go?"

"Food is done!" Stiles smiled, pulling the potpie out of the oven. "Bastian, what would you like to drink?"

"Do you have iced tea?" Bastian stepped into the kitchen. "Oh my god, it smells amazing in here!"

"Stiles is a great cook," Derek said warmly, getting the iced tea out of the fridge. "I'm lucky."

"Thank you!" Bastian smiled. "And oh god, I can cook some, but Leo's more the cook between us." He laughed.

Stiles beamed at the praise, grabbing the basket of rolls that he'd stashed in the microwave to keep them warm.

"How's that going, by the way?" Derek asked, pouring Bastian a glass.

"Leo and I are awesome," Bastian grinned. "I'm probably jumping the gun, but I can't wait to wear one of those." He flicked a finger toward Stiles' collar.

Stiles just hummed, his smile widening. "You'll get there."

"I should probably get Stiles a new one soon," Derek commented. "I gave him that one when he came to foster with me, and it's starting to look a bit worn."

"As long as it's from you, I'm happy." Stiles beamed, flouncing into his seat.

Bastian shrugged. "Doesn't look bad."

"Stiles takes good care of it," Derek agreed, sitting down. "Ready to serve, sweetheart?"

"Yup!" Stiles scooped some into each plate, serving Derek first with a soft kiss before serving Bastian and himself.

"This smells amazing!" Bastain said. "Thank you for cooking."

"Good job, love," Derek agreed.

Stiles beamed, wiggling in place happily.

"Okay," Bastian said after taking a bite. "I'm stealing Stiles to cook for me. But no, seriously. what next."

"You're still comfortable with what Stiles suggested?" Derek checked.

"Yeah." Bastian nodded. "I'm comfortable with a lot. Pretty much if I hadn't already mentioned me being against it, I'm open to it."

"It's still polite for me to check," Derek pointed out. "Do you have any questions or concerns?"
"Just...don't tell me to do something like I'm him? If that makes sense? Like, tell me if you need me to move or something, but not as your sub." Bastian shrugged.

Derek nodded. "That's fair," he agreed. "I'll do my best, but if you feel like I'm crossing a line, let me know. I'm...new to this."

Bastian smiled. "I'll make sure to tell you," he promised. "I don't think we'd have that problem though."

"Stiles told you we'd prefer you to keep your hands outside your clothes while in the room with us?" Derek checked.

"Yeah, though you don't care if I touch myself over the clothes." Bastian nodded again, taking another bite.

Derek glanced at Stiles, who was being uncharacteristically quiet. "Is there anything you want to say, sweetheart?"

Stiles grinned, shaking his head. "I'm just excited, like normal."

"You're excited and quiet," Derek pointed out, "which isn't normal."

"I may or may not already be plotting ways to make you crazy." Stiles grinned.

Bastian laughed softly. "Does that often does he?"

"Przemyslaw likes to tease," Derek agreed, smirking. "And I did tease him pretty hard this morning - didn't I?"

Stiles shivered, licking his lips as his stomach tightened at his name. "Uh-huh."

Bastian eyed Stiles for a moment. "Wait, that's your name? How in the...no wonder you go by Stiles."

"That's his name," Derek agreed. "And you wouldn't want anyone else to call you that now, would you, Przemyslaw?"

Stiles chewed on his lower lip. "No sir," he answered, only a little shakily. He was getting better at hiding how it affected him.

Derek glanced at Stiles' plate, checking whether he'd eaten enough that Derek could afford to interrupt the meal. "Do you think we should show Bastian why that is?" he teased lowly.

Stiles groaned almost silently, nodding his okay, even as he quickly swallowed the last of the food in his mouth.

Derek took a sip of water, making Stiles wait a moment longer, then murmured, "Przemyslaw...come."

Stiles let out a sharp whine as the order jerked his orgasm from him, his head falling back as he leaned back to try and catch his breath, his eyes dark as he watched Derek under his lids. He never was able to hide that one, no matter how well he was able to hide his reaction to just his name.

"Good boy," Derek murmured, stroking Stiles' hair and watching Bastian's reaction.
Stiles leaned into the hand, shuddering softly.

"Oh holy shit, he wasn't jerking my chain." Bastian gasped softly, watching Stiles with awe. "How in the..."

Derek smirked. "Some fairly intensive training," he said lowly. "If you wanted to learn, Leo could teach you."

"But..." Bastian licked his bottom lip. "Is there a way to learn that without having to have permission to come?"

"I'm not sure," Derek admitted. "That wasn't really our goal."

"Intense training my ass." Stiles let out a breathy chuckle. "It drove me insane. The good kind, but holy shit."

"I'm...going to send a text to Leo before I put my phone up." Bastian flushed, slipping his hand into his pocket for his phone.

Derek smirked, his fingers carding through Stiles' hair.

~

holy shit, He can. He wasn't jerking my chain. Omfg.....is there a way we can do that and not have the HAVE to have permission to come? Because I think I really want that. - SD

How about I look into that for us, beautiful? - LF

You enjoy yourself in the meantime, and come home with some stories for me - LF

Fuck yes -SD

I love you -SD

~

Bastian looked up, licking his lips and giving a shy grin as he shut his phone off so he could focus on what they were doing.

"You'll like it." Stiles laughed.

"I'm sure Leo wouldn't have it any other way," Derek added, amused.

"Yup," Bastian nodded, tucking his phone back into his bag in the living room before returning to the kitchen, eyeballing Stiles. "Question is, does Stiles have more panties to wear, or is he going to stay in the wet ones?"

"Oh, I picked two pairs." Stiles grinned.
"Go get changed, sweetheart," Derek said, leaning over to kiss the corner of Stiles' mouth. "I'll tidy up here and meet you in the living room."

"Yes sir." Stiles beamed, then got up to go clean up, his heels clicking on the tile before softening on the carpeted stairs.

Derek stood, grabbing Stiles' plate and his own.

"Derek." Bastian walked up to him, carrying their glasses. "Are you okay?" He felt the need to ask, knowing Derek was the more nervous of the two.

Derek gave Bastian a surprised look. "What do you mean?"

Bastian smiled a little. "You're nervous. I can tell."

"A little," Derek admitted, scraping the plates clean and putting them in the dishwasher. "I'll be fine."

"Is there anything I could do to help?" Bastian asked, absently taking a rag to wipe the table with.

"You don't need to clean, Bastian, you're a guest," Derek said firmly. "Let me do it."

Bastian just smiled and shook his head. "You're doing most of it, I can at least wipe off the table. And I wasn't talking about this. I'm talking is there anything I can do during that will help make you less nervous?"

Derek looked away briefly. "Did Stiles tell you what...happened to me?" he asked.

Bastian shook his head. "Just that you had a lot of bad stuff going on in your past that affected things like this."

Derek grimaced. "Well, to cut a long story short, I was in an abusive relationship with an adult Dom when I was a teenager. She would bring another man in to...use me, sometimes."

Bastian's eyes widened. "Are you okay?" he asked softly. "Honestly, Derek. I don't want to do anything you don't want, okay?"

"I'm alright," Derek said, giving Bastian a wry smile. "I wasn't always, but I've had time to get better. Stiles and I talked about this every step of the way. I'll be fine."

Bastian nodded after a moment. "Just let me know if that changes, okay?" He smiled, patting Derek's bicep. "Oh wow, that's some muscle."

Derek snorted. "I'll use my safewords," he promised. "Come on, Stiles is probably waiting by now."

"Aye-aye, Captain." Bastian grinned, turning to walk into the living room only to freeze at the site of Stiles sitting on the couch in his dress, legs crossed. "That dress does look good on you."

Stiles smiled brightly. "Thank you! I debated makeup, but I didn't want to deal with it."

"You look lovely," Derek agreed, "but didn't we decide you could try wearing a little less today?"

Stiles' smile grew wider. "Yes sir, I was just waiting until we were going to start."
"Go on, sweetheart," Derek told him, coming over. "Show Bastian how beautiful you are."

Stiles flushed, grinning almost shyly as he stood, slowly shifting to pull his dress off, eyes locked on Derek with darkening eyes.

Bastian didn't say anything, sitting in the chair beside the couch as he watched. Though he really wanted to know where Stiles got that outfit.

Derek reached out, sliding his hands down Stiles' sides to his hips.

Stiles grinned, slipping his arms around Derek's shoulders. "Like them?" he asked softly.

"I like you," Derek murmured lowly. "My beautiful boy."

Stiles' smile softened as he tilted his head back a bit. "Mi amo."

"Mi amado querido," Derek replied softly, leaning in to kiss along Stiles' jaw. "Mi amor."

Bastian smiled softly, relaxing into the chair, watching with that same smile. He loved how affectionate they always were. They didn't ever hide it.

Stiles leaned into the kisses, letting out a soft, happy sigh.

Derek's kisses moved lower, as he flicked his tongue over Stiles' sub-mark.

Stiles let out a high whine, clinging tightly to Derek's shoulders. He loved it when Derek did that.

"Kneel, querido," Derek murmured. "Make me feel good."

Stiles licked his lips, slipping down to his knees, pressing light kisses where he could (and where he knew it wouldn't cause an issue).

Bastian let out a soft breath. Stiles really did look gorgeous on his knees.

Derek sat, stroking his fingers through Stiles' hair. "Good boy," he praised softly. "So good, sweetheart."

Stiles beamed up at him before mouthing at Derek's rapidly growing erection through the man's jeans.

"Oh, you want something?" Derek teased, feeling a little awkward just getting his cock out when he knew Bastian was watching.

"Please?" Stiles asked softly, licking his lips as he batted his eyes at Derek.

Bastian smiled softly, not saying anything so he didn't startle Derek.

"Please what, sweetheart?" Derek asked.

"Please. I want to taste you. Make you feel awesome." Stiles pouted, tugging at the button of Derek's jeans with his teeth.

Derek smiled, unbuttoning his jeans to give Stiles access. "No hands today?"

"Maybe some. Like tasting you." Stiles grinned crookedly, burying his nose in the skin that was
"I'd never have guessed," Derek teased.

Stiles hummed, nosing his way until the zipper was tugged down. "You know this. No need to guess, sir."

"And what else do I know?" Derek asked.

"That I love doing this." Stiles licked his lips as he pulled back, tugging at one side of the open flap of Derek's jeans. "That you know how quickly I'll sink into that headspace."


Stiles gave him a crooked grin, reaching up to tug Derek's pants down enough to get his cock out, barely letting the air hit it before it was down his throat.

"Fuck," Derek bit out, tensing as he adjusted. "Impatient, aren't you?"

Stiles whined softly, pulling back a bit to just suckle gently, flicking his eyes up at Derek.

"It's okay, sweetheart, it's not a bad thing," Derek reassured him. "You're fine, querido."

Stiles hummed, sinking back down, his hands curling around Derek's thighs for a moment before moving to the small of his own back.

"You want me to control the pacing, hmm?" Derek teased, stroking Stiles' hair.

Stiles hummed again, his eyes crinkling in answer as he leaned into the touch.

"And what if I decided to have you just warm my cock?" Derek murmured.

Stiles whined, suckling gently.

"You wouldn't like that?" Derek replied, smiling.

Stiles sucked harder, curling his tongue around Derek's cock. He liked anything to do with Derek.

Derek's breath hitched in his throat, grabbing at Stiles' hair.

Stiles let out a soft sound, his eyes fluttering as he swallowed roughly around Derek.

Bastian's eyes were locked on Stiles, his eyes wide and lips parted. They were both so fucking pretty - it wasn't fair. Jesus, he was going to have to jump Leo's bones later.

Derek closed his eyes, and started to fuck Stiles' throat. It was easier, with his eyes closed, to focus just on Stiles, on Stiles' mouth around his cock, on the noises Stiles was making.

Stiles moaned, trying to nuzzle closer, his whole frame relaxing as he reached back to grab the heels of his shoes.

Bastian sucked in a breath, trying to be quiet as he shifted in his seat. God, they were hot.

Flicking his eyes up at Derek, Stiles spotted Bastian out of the corner of his eye.
Bastian grinned, leaning back in his chair. He locked eyes with Stiles for just a moment before letting them drift, not wanting to distract the other sub.

Stiles moaned louder, his suckling growing stronger.

Eyes still closed, Derek didn't notice the interplay. "Good boy," he breathed. "You're doing so good, Stiles, making me feel wonderful."

Stiles swallowed roughly, one hand going to curl around Derek's thigh, urging him to take what he needed.

"Getting impatient, sweetheart?" Derek teased breathlessly, rutting forward.

Stiles whined high in his throat, his hand trembling, each roll of Derek's hips driving him back down to the space he was in earlier that day.

Bastian's mouth parted as he watched Stiles dive into subspace, his body language screaming it.

"Go on, love," Derek panted, biting back a groan. "Make me come."

Stiles was suckling firmly, lax in Derek's hold, letting his Master control him. All he needed was the cock in his throat, all he wanted was to be filled.

"Fuck," Derek breathed, thrusting deep into Stiles' throat and staying there. "Fuck, Stiles, I'm..." With a deep groan, he came, shuddering.

Stiles let out what little moan he could before hungrily suckling, wanting more.

Bastian licked his lips, ignoring his own tented pants to watch them both avidly. He wouldn't touch himself, even after in another room. He was definitely going to Leo's after this.

"Shh," Derek warned Stiles, pulling back a little. "I'm sensitive right now, love, settle down."

Stiles whined high in his throat, blown eyes flickering open to look up at Derek.

"Shh, Przemyslaw, you did so well," Derek soothed him. "Do you want to come, sweetheart?"

Stiles just whimpered, licking his lips and leaning forward. "Empty," he begged, his voice rough. "Want...need." He was slowly coming back out of it, as he always did if left empty long enough with comfort.

"I know," Derek murmured. "I know, love. You were so good."

Stiles shivered, licking his lips. He knew that if he wanted more, it would probably have to wait until later. "Empty...."

"You're alright," Derek soothed him, stroking his hair. "You made me feel so good. Good boy, sweetheart."

Stiles gave him a crooked grin. "More?"

Derek laughed a little. "Not now, love."

Stiles pouted up at him. "Why?"
"We have a guest," Derek reminded him gently, glancing sideways at Bastian.

Bastian gave Derek a small smile. "Pretty."

Stiles' pout just grew bigger, even as he nodded, staying right where he was.

"Stiles," Derek said sternly.

Stiles flicked his eyes back up to Derek. "Yes sir."

"Good boy," Derek said, putting his cock away and doing up his pants. "Come up here," he said, patting his lap.

Stiles waited until Derek was settled, then climbed into his lap, straddling him.

Derek smiled, kissing the corner of Stiles' mouth. "Good boy," he murmured. "How are you feeling?"


"I'm fine, sweetheart," Derek promised, then looked over at Bastian. "How about you?" he asked, feeling a little awkward about it.

Stiles smiled, peeking over to Bastian as well.

Bastian let out a small laugh. "I'm awesome. You two are both really really hot."

Derek looked at Stiles, watching his reaction.

Stiles flushed softly, his eyes darkening a bit fore he turned back to Derek. "You are really hot, sir."

"That was all you, sweetheart," Derek said fondly.

Stiles shook his head, his cheeks darkening.

"You don't think you're hot?" Derek teased.

"I like knowing someone thinks I am, but I don't think so, no." Stiles shrugged.

"Both of you. Hella Hot. Like oh my god." Bastian grinned.

Derek adjusted his position so they could both see Bastian better. "Maybe Bastian could help you choose your something you like about your body today," he suggested.

Stiles rocked his hips without thinking, licking his lower lip as he flicked his eyes back to Bastian.

"Something to like?" Bastian tilted his head as he looked them both over. "Well I don't know about him, but I'm really jealous of his legs. They look like they go on forever, especially in those heels. I have long legs, but not mile long like those."

Derek hummed his agreement, kissing under Stiles' jaw. "What do you think, Stiles?"

"Uh-huh." Stiles nodded, licking his lips as he tilted his head back further.

Chuckling, Derek prompted: "Do you think your legs are beautiful?"
"Yes sir," Stiles murmured. "I like wrapping them around your waist too."

"Would you agree that your legs are hot, sweetheart?" Derek asked, smiling.

Stiles flushed darkly down his neck and chest. "If you think they are."

"Bastian thinks they are," Derek pointed out.

"Yes sir." Stiles nodded, cutting his eyes to the grinning Bastian.

"Let's see if you can say it then," Derek said, carding his fingers through Stiles' hair.

"I..." Stiles hesitated, leaning into the fingers before taking a deep breath. "My legs are hot."

"Good boy," Derek praised warmly. "I'm proud of you."

Stiles gave him a crooked grin, pressing as close as he could. "Yeah?"

"Yeah," Derek agreed, kissing Stiles' cheek.

-----

"Nooo, don't laugh at me, they were both so pretty! And Jesus fuck, Leo!" Bastian flailed his arms in the air before flopping down onto the couch next to Leo. "I'm still hard as a rock!"

Still chuckling, Leo wrapped his arm around Bastian's shoulders, tugging him closer. "I can see that, gorgeous," he murmured lowly, his eyes twinkling. "You had a good time, then?"

"Yesss," Bastian groaned, half-turning to Leo, his eyes dark. "And it was only the first one!"

"Only the first one?" Leo asked, stroking his fingers through Bastian's hair. "What do you mean?"

"Stiles said there'd probably be more than one time if I was okay with it." Bastian shifted, leaning into the fingers.

With his other hand, Leo reached down to trace his fingers over the bulge in Bastian's pants. "You seem pretty okay with it," he murmured.

Bastian moaned, arching into Leo's hand. "Uh-huh."

Leo turned his head, kissing down Bastian's jaw.

Bastian sucked in a breath, turning so he was almost straddling Leo's lap.

"Oh, you like that?" Leo teased.

"Yesssss." Bastian begged. "C'mon Leo. Need it."

"Need what?"

"You," Bastian moaned, slipping his hand into Leo's hair.

Leo bit at the hollow of Bastian's throat, worrying the sensitive skin with his teeth until it was a dark
Bastian gasped, hips grinding hard as he ended up fully seated on Leo's lap. "F-fuck. Yessss."

"Greedy boy," Leo teased. "I wonder what you'd do if I teased you the way Derek teases Stiles?"

"Go insane." Bastian laughed breathily. "Not sure if good or bad kind either. Probably good, more than likely good, especially if you keep up with that."

Leo hummed, landing a light slap on Bastian's ass.

Bastian let out a tiny sound, rocking his hips hard. "Green," he breathed as he leaned forward to suck Leo's earlobe into his mouth.

"You're going to come in your pants in a minute, aren't you?" Leo commented wryly, rubbing Bastian's ass. "And you should know, I'm not going to spank you while you've got me in your mouth, I don't want you biting down."

Bastian let out a husky chuckle. "Maybe?" he murmured, letting the lobe slip from his mouth. "Want you though."

"Mmhm." Narrowing his eyes consideringly, Leo slipped his hand up under Bastian's shirt and dragged his fingernails down. "You'll do what I tell you to, though, won't you?"

Bastian moaned, tightening his grip on Leo. "Maybe. Is that what you want?"

Leo slapped Bastian's ass again, hard. "Are you saying you'd disobey me?"

Bastian let out a startled sound, even as his cock throbbed. "Meaning I'll tease you the entire time," he panted.

Leo threaded his fingers into Bastian's hair and pulled his head back, exposing his throat. "No," he purred, "you won't." And he bit down on Bastian's sub-mark.

Bastian gasped, letting out a cry that swiftly turned into a moan, his back arching sharply.

"You'll be a good boy, won't you, beautiful?" Leo said lowly, rolling his hips up.

Bastian moaned low in his chest, hazed-over eyes opening to watch Leo, mischief flashing in them as a grin quirked at his mouth. "Course," he panted. "Make me."

"Then come for me," Leo commanded.

Bastian gasped, jerking as the command thrummed through him, yanking his release from him.

"Good boy," Leo murmured. "Well done."

Bastian panted heavily, clinging to Leo. "F-fuck."

"Ready to keep going?" Leo teased him.

Bastian let out a bright laugh, his eyes sparkling as he leaned forward. "Bring it."
By the time they were done, Bastian was panting heavily, watching Leo with dazed eyes.

"One more?" Leo teased gently, reaching down towards Bastian's cock.

Bastian let out a breathy whine. "I don't know if I can come again," he panted.

Leo smirked, kissing the corner of his mouth. "Tonight, I won't make you," he murmured.

Bastian gave him a dazed smile. "Raincheck," he agreed, one shaking hand coming up to trail a finger over the now-darkened bruise over his marking.

"You okay?" Leo asked softly, catching Bastian's hand gently.

Bastian's grin grew. "That was awesome."

Leo kissed him again, still soft. "I'm glad you enjoyed yourself," he murmured. "I didn't push too hard?"

Bastian shook his head, arch his back in a stretch. "Perfect."

"I'll go get you some water," Leo offered, rolling away and sitting up. "Any snack requests?"

Bastian hummed as he tried to think. "Something salty."

Leo chuckled. "I'll see what I can do."

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**Chapter End Notes**

RL is kicking our asses LOL But we're still writing, never fear -Kattseyedemon
Happy Birthday Surprise

Chapter Summary

"Yes, Happy birthday hun." Melissa kissed his forehead. "Thanks, Mom," Scott replied, hugging her back. "How have you been?"
Melissa smiled. "I've been awesome." She led them to the table where she had already put the cake she got Scott. After everyone was sitting and had drinks, she went to grab her and Johns drinks.
"Cake first?" Derek asked curiously.
"It's an icecream cake and our freezer barely held it." Melissa laughed, leaning down to kiss John as she handed him his tea.

~~~~~~~~~~~~
Scott's birthday party at John and Melissa's.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Melissa rubbed at her eyes as she came through the door, nimbly avoiding the entryway table as she stumbled in. She hated how her shifts changed so often - she was just getting home and John would be getting up in an hour to get ready for his own shift.

Except that the light in the kitchen was already on, and John was there, yawning, coffee mug in hand. "Morning, Mel," he said huskily, standing up and pulling her into a hug. "How was work?"

Melissa blinked, sinking into the hug and tucking her head under his chin. "Exhausting, but nothing too horrible at least. What are you doing up?" she whispered, smiling at John’s sleep-roughened voice.

"You're here," he said quietly, one hand coming up to stroke her hair. "If I didn't catch you now, we'd have missed each other for more than a full day."

Melissa's smile widened, and she tilted her head back to kiss him softly. "I appreciate it. I needed the hug."

John smiled back at her. "Do you want a hot chocolate or something? Food? I haven't had breakfast yet, I can cook for us both."

"Dear god yes," Melissa groaned. "I wasn't really able to eat much, we were that busy."

John kissed her quickly, just on the corner of her mouth. "Go shower," he suggested. "I'll have a BLT for you when you're done."

"God, I love you." Melissa smiled brightly, kissing his cheek and stumbling towards the bathroom.

John froze for a moment, then his face softened, and he turned towards the fridge.
When Melissa made her way back downstairs, hair wrapped in a towel, the rest of her covered by her robe, it was to the scent of bacon and bread. "That smells fantastic."

John glanced at her, his eyes roving appreciatively over the skin she'd left uncovered, and offered her a plate. "You look better after the shower," he commented. "Feel better?"

"Loads." Melissa took the plate, giving John a sly grin as she noticed him looking.

John raised his eyebrows, smirking back as he picked up his own plate and sat down at the table.

Melissa just laughed, sitting close to him, soaking it up while she could.

"I can't wait for Tuesday," John murmured. They were both taking Tuesday night off, barring emergencies, because in the week since they'd got home from vacation, it had become obvious that they needed a dedicated date night.

"It's going to be so nice," Melissa agreed. It was the first night they'd both be off in ages, not including the vacation.

John smiled at her. "What would you like to do?"

Melissa gave him a sly smile in return. "Well, That depends on if we're staying in after dinner or staying out."

"Oh?" John replied, raising his eyebrows.

Melissa grinned. "I went shopping."

John...blushed. Possibly for the first time in years. "What, uh...what did you buy?" he asked, trying to cover his awkwardness.

Melissa's smile widened. "Something nice," she teased, running her fingers along his shoulder as he stood to get him a refill of coffee, leaning against him as she poured.

John leaned into her touch, trying to get his expression under control. "Am I...gonna get any more hints?" he asked huskily.

She leaned down until she could whisper in his ear. "Well you won't be seeing it at the restaurant, but I will be wearing it."


Melissa let out a soft chuckle. "I think you'll like it." She whispered again, kissing his temple. "You'll just have to wait though."

"Somehow I don't think I'll be all that patient by the time dinner's over," John commented, clearing his throat.

Melissa laughed brightly, amused and warmed by John being flustered at the mental image. "It's even your favorite color."

"Jesus," John breathed, and reached up to pull her down into a long, hungry kiss.

Melissa ended up perched on John's lap, laughing softly into the kiss before she gave into it.
After a long, long moment, John pulled away, leaning his forehead against hers, hands on her waist. "I'm never going to get to work at this rate," he said with a breathy chuckle.

Melissa panted softly, grinning at him. "At least it'll be a good day."

"There is that," John agreed.

Melissa just smiled cheekily. "Hmmm, I think I'll send you off to work with an even better day." She laughed, standing and crooking her finger at him before turning toward the bedroom.

-----

"Oh! John!" Melissa leaned back from her desk in a corner of the living room. "Look what I found!"

"What is it?" John asked, looking back over his shoulder.

Melissa lifted up an old binder. "Our contract."

"What - do you mean our original contract?" John asked, eyebrows raised. "You've still got that?"

Melissa laughed, delighted, as she spun her chair around to face him. "Yes!"

"God, that was years ago," John commented, coming over to have a look. "I don't think I even remember what was on it."

"We certainly seemed to memorize it," Melissa mused, holding out the binder.

John opened it up and flicked through it, a little surprised to see how many nos had turned into yeses over the years.

Melissa leaned back to watch him. "So much has changed, hmm?"

"A fair amount's changed since the last time we did one of these things," John pointed out, "let alone the first time."

"Very true." Melissa couldn't even remember most of what was on the first, but it had been the bare bones. John had really just been her emergency Dom back then.

John made a face. "We should probably make up a new one," he said.

Melissa nodded, "Considering there are things we do now that definitely weren't on that contract."

"You can say that again," John muttered.

"You liked that teddy, don't pretend you didn't," she teased.

"Oh, I did," John agreed with a chuckle. "But let's set some parameters before you surprise me again, hmm?"

Melissa smiled, getting out new paper for the binder. "Yes sir."

John snorted. "How about we get the most recent one, instead of that old thing?" he suggested.

Melissa just hummed, rummaging in the other drawer and pulling out their latest contact.
John sat down, thinking. "There's...well, there's a whole lot of stuff opening up for us to do that we wouldn't even have considered before," he commented. "Sections of things we just marked off-limits that we're going to have to go through item by item."

"Oh goodie," Melissa mused. "Shall I ask the boys what lists they use?"

John snorted. "Bit of an awkward conversation, isn't it?" he commented. "No, I'll find something. And we can make a start, at least."

"Even if it's just the basics until we get those lists printed off." Melissa nodded, moving to the couch with the binder and a pen.

John nodded. "Limits. Let's start with that."

-----

John sighed as he compared their rosters for the next fortnight. "We've gotta be able to do better than this," he muttered. "I'm the damn Sheriff, I can set my own hours."

Melissa laughed softly where she was looking over her schedule. "You have more control over yours than I do."

"I'd put myself on the least popular hours to take the pressure off the guys with kids," John said, "but a) I'd go nuts doing night shift all the time, and b) people expect to be able to get ahold of me during business hours."

"You can always do half and half?" She hummed. "4 days day and 3 night?"

"Seven work days a week is more than I want to handle these days," John admitted.

"You've been the Sheriff for a while." Melissa nodded, kissing his temple as she walked past to put on some tea. "You deserve weekends"

John sighed. "I just don't want to spend all my damn time in the office."

"Which is a good thing. You need some off time, John." Melissa puttered around the kitchen, gathering mugs.

"I meant that I want to spend time in the field," John said dryly.

"Is there a way to get both?" She asked, walking over to put a mug next to his elbow.

John shrugged. "Maybe. I'll have to talk to some people."

"You haggle well." Melissa laughed, perching next to him.

"And what about you?" John pointed out. "You're pretty established at the hospital, you can haggle a bit."

"Not near as much as you." Melissa countered. "Though you are right, I can haggle a bit, even if it's just to switch me to day shifts rather than night."
"Let's give it a shot, okay?" John suggested. "They can only say no."

Melissa nodded leaning over to kiss his cheek. "I'll talk to Heather tomorrow."

-----

Melissa was breathless as she swung by the station, smiling wide as the secretary waved her back. She snuck into John's office as quietly as she could, wanting to surprise him. She'd finally managed to get her schedule to match his almost perfectly, though it took a lot of bartering.

John glanced up from his desk, and a surprised smile spread across his face. "Melissa!" he exclaimed, standing up and moving around his desk to hug her.

Melissa laughed brightly as she was engulfed in a hug. "I managed to get the days I wanted!" She laughed again, hugging him tightly and burying her face in his neck. They'd not been able to see much of the other yet again the past couple of weeks while they shifted their schedules around. "That's wonderful!" John replied, stroking her hair. "So you'll be home on Friday?"

Melissa leaned into the touch, a happy sigh leaving her. "yes! I have three twelves. One monday, Wednesday, and Thursday. And then every other tuesday just so I can have all 80 hours on each paycheck. But I'll be home every friday through sunday."

John pulled back slightly, kissing her hair. "We should go out on Friday," he suggested. "Take advantage of it."

"Yes!" She gasped, her eyes lit up. "Where?"

John chuckled. "Where would you like?"

"Somewhere quiet, unless we go dancing." She decided after a moment.

"I'm not much of a dancer," John commented.

"No, but you try " melissa patted his cheek with a soft smile.

"I'd try a lot of things if you wanted me to," John admitted quietly, smiling back.

"Much as I would for you." Melissa's smile was just as soft as the one curling John's mouth.

-----

Stiles was bouncing in place, waiting for Derek to finish getting ready to head to his Dads for Scott's birthday dinner. "Gonna see Scooooooootttt." He sang. "Gonna see Isaaaaac. They gonna spend the night, 'cause it's Scott's birthdaaaaay."

"Calm down, sweetheart," Derek said fondly, tucking his shirt in.

"Make me!" Stiles grinned mischievously before he stuck out his tongue, all but vibrating in place, even as he stopped bouncing to start rocking back

Derek raised his eyebrows silently.
Stiles pouted playfully. He was too wound up.

Derek came over, covering Stiles' eyes with one hand, and resting his other hand heavily at the back of Stiles' neck. "Settle," he said lowly.

Stiles gasped, letting out a soft whine as he leaned into the hand on his neck, trying to settle down, and only succeeding a bit. Just enough to stop rocking in place, though he was still fidgeting.

"Shhh," Derek soothed him, staying where he was. "Hands behind your back, sweetheart, and listen to my count." Slowly and steadily, he started to count up from one.

Stiles tucked his hands behind his back, taking in deep breaths as he listened to Derek counting. It took until almost 50 for him to finally settle, the tension in shoulders loosening.

"Good boy," Derek said at last, uncovering Stiles' eyes. "That's much better."

Stiles flushed, lowering his eyes. "Sorry I acted like a brat."

"You weren't being a brat," Derek said, cupping Stiles' cheek. "You were excited and hyped up."

Stiles nuzzled into Derek's hands. "I'm still kinda wired," he admitted. "But I'm still sorry."

"Wired is fine," Derek murmured, giving Stiles a soft kiss. "I just wanted you not to be vibrating out of your skin. Did it help?"

Stiles leaned into the kiss, nuzzling his jaw. "Yes sir." He smiled.

"Ready to go now?" Derek asked gently.

"Yesss!" Stiles brightened, bouncing a bit in place before kissing Derek hard and almost bolting out the door.

Derek chuckled, shaking his head as he followed.

---

Stiles all but skipped up the walk to the door of his dad's house, smiling brightly as Isaac and Scott pulled up right as he knocked.

"Hi," Derek said, smiling at the two of them. "You have an okay trip?"

Isaac nodded, a small smile on his face. "Yeah, but remind me to take the day off next time before driving over." he groaned.

Stiles laughed brightly, hugging Isaac and Scott tightly before all but bouncing up the sidewalk to the door that opened. "Hi!"

"Hi," John replied, pulling Stiles into a brief hug before pulling back to let them all in. "Happy birthday, Scott!" he called out.

Stiles soaked up the hug, laughing as Melissa swooped in to hug him too before yanking her son into a tight hug.

"Yes, Happy birthday hun." Melissa kissed his forehead.

"Thanks, Mom," Scott replied, hugging her back. "How have you been?"
Melissa smiled. "I've been awesome." She led them to the table where she had already put the cake she got Scott. After everyone was sitting and had drinks, she went to grab her and Johns drinks

"Cake first?" Derek asked curiously.

"It's an icecream cake and our freezer barely held it." Melissa laughed, leaning down to kiss John as she handed him his tea.

Stiles froze, his mouth open in surprise.

"Uh...Mom?" Scott asked, looking over at Stiles. "Are you...?"

Melissa hummed softly, looking up in confusion only to flush. "Oh! Um...." She shifted, looking down to John. "Oops?"

"You're TOGETHER!?" Stiles' squeaking cheer was both confused and ecstatic.

John chuckled. "Mel, don't pretend that wasn't at least half deliberate," he said, reaching out to squeeze her hand. "Yes, Stiles, we're together."

"Only partly, but I honestly wasn't paying attention." Melissa squeezed back. "I was going to tell them today, but not quite like that." She admitted with a laugh.

Stiles cheered again, throwing his hands up. "FINALLY!"

"Congratulations," Derek said, smiling. "How long has it been?"

"We've been waiting to see if any of you would notice," John admitted, grinning.

"Honestly it happened on that trip you got us." Melissa laughed at the absolutely huge grin on Stiles' face.

"yessssssss." Stiles was vibrating in place again.

Derek laughed, wrapping an arm around Stiles' shoulders and hugging him close. "Don't go getting ideas about matchmaking, okay, sweetheart?"

Isaac laughed as Stiles just pouted. "No ideas there." He teased, turning to look at John before giving him a big smile. "I'm happy for you."

Stiles pouted again, sticking his tongue out playfully.

Scott stood up, coming around the table to hug Melissa tight. "I'm glad you're happy, Mom," he said quietly.

Melissa hugged Scott tightly, tucking her face in his shoulder. "I'm glad YOU'RE happy." She whispered. "We both deserve happiness."

--

Later, Scott found an opportunity to speak to John in private, helping him clean up the kitchen.
"Um...Sheriff?" he said quietly.

"Call me John, Scott." John turned around, smiling as he took the plates from Scott's hands.

"John, then," Scott said, trying it out. God, it felt weird. "This thing with Mom...you're being careful,
John turned to look at him. "As careful as I can be." He promised. "I've been her Dom for a long
time, Scott." He reminded as he took the last plate and put it in the dishwasher. "I'm just not ONLY
her Dom now."

Scott shook his head. "It still changes stuff," he insisted. "A lot. I know you're not like Dad, but
just...make sure you pay attention, okay?"

John turned to him fully. "I will take the best care I can." He promised. "I love her, Scott, and I
refuse to be like your father."

"I know you won't," Scott agreed. "I just...I worry." He sighed. "Still. I'm glad it's you."

John clapped him on the shoulder. "I know you do. But this is me telling you to try not to worry, I've
got her."

-----

Melissa hummed softly as she made sure everything was picked up as the boys left to head back to
Stiles and Derek's house. She smiled softly, looking over to John, bending to kiss his cheek. "Thank
you." She whispered, her heart almost in her throat with how happy and content she was. She wasn't
used to it.

"For what?" John asked, smiling up at her. "Come on, come sit with me. Or kneel, if you want to.
But you don't need to clean up right now."

Melissa shifted so she could sit on the arm of the recliner, curled under John's arm. "For everything."
She murmured. "For being my friend, my Dom, my partner, my lover. For making me happy, for
making my son happy. For taking care of both of us over the years."

John smiled, rubbing her shoulder. "You know he found me in the kitchen today and gave me the
shovel talk?"

"Oh my god, he didn't!" Melissa groaned, hiding her red face in John's shoulder, her hand pressed to
her cheek.

John chuckled. "It's fine, love," he promised, stroking her hair. "He didn't threaten me. Just told me
to pay attention and be careful with you."

"Still, oh my god." Melissa let out a soft laugh, rubbing her face. "I'm sorry."

"He's a good kid, Mel," John pointed out. "He's allowed to worry about his mother."

"He IS a good kid." She sighed, relaxing again.

John paused for a moment, then added, "I'm not going to take it out on you if Scott doesn't accept my
authority. He's allowed to do that."

Melissa sat up just enough to look him in the eye. "I never would think that you would." She
whispered. "And I know you won't."

"Good." John leaned in and kissed her, deep and slow. "So," he murmured. "Now that our kids
know you're my good girl...how should we celebrate?"

Melissa's cheeks were pink as she let a slow grin cross her face. "I'm sure we could think of
something...

Chapter End Notes

WE ARE SO SORRY OMG

Life picked up really badly (for me that includes a super mobile toddler, omg he won't stop climbing everything send halp) and while we are NOT stopping this story or abandoning it, it will probably be sporadic in updates. We will try our absolute best to not take so long though!

Also to make matters worse I may be moving states soon, which just puts that much more stress on my side of the pair LOL

Thank you, for those that are still sticking around! We really REALLY appreciate it!

-Kattseye (and Seeker)

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