Rooted in Place

by Anonymous

Summary

Their relationship begins as one giant cliché. Derek is minding his own business in the Starbucks down the street from his shop, when out of nowhere this kid comes flailing into him, and he’s suddenly covered in coffee. And it's so goddamn easy, being with him, that Derek doesn't even mind.

It’s a bunch of little moments at first, that Derek doesn’t even take notice of at the time. It’s not until a while into this thing that he really looks back on them all, and realizes just how many signs there were. Like how Stiles was always eager to carry the bags if they were out shopping. Or how he’ll gladly carry Derek’s coat around if he gets too hot in it. Things like that, all things that can be explained away with simply having a caring partner. Nothing big at all.

Until it is something big.

Notes

So, first of all, this story is all because of places. After a very long conversation on tumblr about Stiles being a "human flower pot", I couldn’t help but write it. I'm not sure how many parts this fic will be, but this is definitely just the beginning.
But also, when I say human flower pot, I mean human flower pot. Stiles will have first and flowers growing inside of his anus (to be clinical) starting in the second chapter of this fic. So if that's not your thing, I'd suggest a different fic.

See the end of the work for more notes.
Their relationship begins as one giant cliché. Derek is minding his own business in the Starbucks down the street from his shop, when out of nowhere this kid comes flailing into him, and he’s suddenly covered in coffee.

He immediately goes to glare at the nuisance, and woah, okay, not actually a kid. Younger than him, yes, but clearly an adult. Wide brown eyes, long limbs, tiny freckles and obvious moles scattered across his face like stars. Derek is transfixed – this guy is prettier than any flower he’s ever dealt with.

And the guy is talking – babbling, really – and introducing himself. His name is apparently Stiles, and he’s really sorry about the coffee – “Seriously I’m such a klutz, I’m basically a walking disaster. I can pay for dry cleaning, if you need it. Do you need dry cleaning? Do you dry clean that material? What material even is this, because it’s really nice, not quite silk but-“ – and Derek cuts him off.

“It’s Rayon, actually. And you can make it up to me by allowing me to get you another drink,” he says, and Stiles smile is blinding.

The rest, as they say, is history. That one coffee date turns into multiple coffee dates, and then multiple dinner dates, and then months after they first meet Derek finds himself making room for Stiles’ meager belongings in his closet, in his home. Making room for Stiles in his life. And it’s so goddamn easy, being with him, that Derek doesn’t even mind.

~~

It’s a bunch of little moments at first, that Derek doesn’t even take notice of at the time. It’s not until a while into this thing that he really looks back on them all, and realizes just how many signs there were. Like how Stiles was always eager to carry the bags if they were out shopping. Or how he’ll gladly carry Derek’s coat around if he gets too hot in it. Things like that, all things that can be explained away with simply having a caring partner. Nothing big at all.

It’s a little more unusual when Derek needs help with some new wall displays for his flower shop. It’s something he’s always done on his own, but now that he has Stiles – who works from home – to help him, it’s an even easier job. He’s able to have Stiles hold up all of the displays as he steps back and thinks about the placement. Stiles doesn’t say anything to him while he ponders where to put them all, simply taking orders when he’s directed to go somewhere, one time simply holding up a shelf for fifteen minutes as Derek goes over his diagrams again.
When they’re all up, Stiles gives him a huge kiss before heading back up to the apartment. Derek really should have noticed it then, he thinks.

So Derek gets used to handing Stiles things. He’s not always aware of it, and sometimes he finds himself surprised to see Stiles still standing in the kitchen holding an empty beer bottle he’d put in his hands an hour ago. One rainy day, he comes in and takes his jacket off quickly. He’s freezing, and doesn’t want to get Stiles wet, so he shoves his coat in his direction, mumbling at him to “take care of it”, wanting to head straight into the shower.

The water is warm, such a contrast from the near-freezing state of the rain outside, and while he’d only meant for it to be a quick shower, he finds himself staying in there for longer, allowing his bunched muscles to relax. Eventually the hot water begins running out, though, so he gets out.

Now warm and dry, and with the rain having stopped outside, he gets redressed and heads back towards the door. It’s then that he sees it.

Stiles is standing near the door, where he’d been when Derek had come in, and Derek’s wet jacket is hanging over his head. It looks like it’s been thrown there, and he vaguely realizes that he had thrown it at his boyfriend when he took it off. And Stiles hasn’t moved.

He hasn’t moved.

He knows his boyfriend must know he’s there, but he doesn’t say anything. He’s not particularly quiet as he puts on his boots directly in front of Stiles, but he still doesn’t move. Derek stands up in front of him, and takes in the utter stillness of his boyfriend. Stiles is never still – his mouth is always running off on some tangent, his limbs working overtime to help him explain what he’s talking about. It’s one of the many things that endears him to Stiles.

But he’s still now.

He doesn’t really think about it when he leaves Stiles standing there with his jacket over his head, just locks the door behind him and goes out back to finish planting. It probably takes him three hours, but when he comes back, Stiles is still waiting for him by the door. He takes his jacket off of his head and hangs it on the proper coat hook on the wall, and it’s like the dam breaks, and Stiles is suddenly all movement and noise again.
Derek thinks about it a lot that night, wide awake and staring at the ceiling. Usually Stiles is up long after him, but that night, his boyfriend falls asleep almost as soon as his head hits the pillow.

~~

He tests the waters with little things, after that. One night he has Stiles hold the remote for him while they’re watching TV, claiming that the table was too far away and he hates when it falls down the cracks between the cushions. His boyfriend doesn’t complain once, just holds his hand flat out in front of him, allowing Derek to take it whenever he wants to change the channel or volume. His hand doesn’t lower when the remote isn’t in it, just remains held out, waiting.

Next he does the same thing with a popcorn bowl, but a little more obvious. Instead of having Stiles hold it out in front of him, he has him hold it out in front of Derek, his arms keeping it carefully raised above the older man’s lap. Tells the kid that he hates having things in his lap for so long, though once again, Stiles doesn’t even complain. Despite the fact that he’s the only one eating it, Derek ends up getting up to refill it after an hour, and when he gets back, Stiles holds it out for him again.

He realizes that these things might make sense, though. A remote control and a bowl of popcorn are obvious things, so he changes it up a bit. Has Stiles hold his palm out flat with his cellphone on it, so that Derek can easily see every message that flashes across the screen. Next, he has him hold a book for him – not open or anything, just “in case he gets bored of watching TV”. Stiles accepts it easily.

He ups the stakes again.

Instead of sitting on the couch one night, he sits in the leather chair in the corner, nursing a beer. It’s even farther away from the coffee table than the couch is, and there isn’t a smaller table in the room to move towards it. He waits a few minutes into the movie, Stiles babbling away about the actors before holding the beer out slightly. “Come here and hold this, will you?”

Stiles’ jaw snaps shut. Not a single sound more, not a whine or a groan or anything, comes out of Stiles as he slips off the couch and goes to kneel beside Derek’s chair. He holds the beer at easy reaching height for Derek the rest of the movie, and even when Derek finishes the bottle, he gives it back to him to just hold.

They fuck hard that night, and Derek wants more.
Sitting at his desk, hunched over his laptop and notepads as he tries to figure out how many begonias he’ll need for some wedding arrangements a customer requested, he calls Stiles’ name. He doesn’t know what he’d been doing, but he must have been close by the office, because he shows up quickly.

He picks up his laptop, pens, and notebooks and pats the desk lightly. “I need a bit of a higher surface.” When he’s in place, lying on his back, Derek puts his laptop on his stomach, pens near his crotch, and begins working again. He finds Stiles isn’t flat enough, or hard enough for Derek to have his notebook on him, so Derek just bares part of his boyfriend’s stomach and writes on that. He takes pictures of it later, so he doesn’t lose his calculations – or at least, that’s what he tells his boyfriend they’re for.

And it’s so good.

~~

According to Google, they need to talk about it. What they’ve been doing so far has been pretty innocent – holding a remote, or a coat, can be an almost commonplace thing. The desk thing, though, kind of maybe crosses a line. Actually using Stiles as a notebook definitely crosses something. So Derek Googles. And yea, a conversation needs to happen.

He’s never outright mentioned what they’re doing to Stiles before. It’s been a silent act of give and take – Derek just kind of tells Stiles to do something, his boyfriend does it without comment, and they don’t say anything else about it. But he loves Stiles, and he definitely doesn’t want to hurt him or go to far just because he was lazy or scared to discuss this with him, so he brings it up over dinner.

Derek has to clear his throat a lot before he can get a word out. “So, I was thinking that we should talk about the desk thing.”

Not the best start, but effective.

Stiles freezes, his fork halfway to his mouth, and swallows. “The desk thing?”

“And the other things,” Derek rushes out. “Like… kneeling with the beer, and everything else. The… coat thing?”
“Oh.” The younger man sits back in his chair, placing his fork down without taking the bite. He swallows again. “Do you… do you want to stop?”

“No, no,” Derek is quick to say. “I, uh, definitely don’t want it to stop. I like it? I mean, I enjoy it. I just… I uh, Googled.”

“You Googled.” Stiles is smiling now, and he would be worried that his boyfriend is making fun of him, except for the look he’s giving him. It’s a soft look, filled with warmth, like he’s so unbearably fond. It’s a good look. It also helps him say what’s next.

“Yea, I Googled. And, well, I read a lot. And what we’re doing is like… a thing. A thing that needs, like, negotiations and agreements. But, like, I also want to make sure you’re into it? Like I said, I definitely am,” he assures again, “but I don’t want to do anything you don’t want to do. If we keep doing this, it’s a two-way street.”

Stiles sighs, and the fond look he’d been giving him throughout his little speech dims a little, but doesn’t quite leave.

“I don’t really know how to explain it,” he says. “You know I have ADHD. The adderall is shit, really, it’s never worked but I tried pretty much everything else they had to offer me for it and that one worked the best. I had a real problem with it in high school, took way too many and almost overdosed one time while I was studying for a chem exam. It was just… never enough. I couldn’t focus on anything.

“I’m better now,” he continues. “They said it would probably go away as I aged, and for the most part, they were right. It’s not gone – I still take my pills, as you know – but it’s manageable. Some days are better than others, but it’s never high school-level anymore.

“And when you,” he swallows again, looking down at the table almost shyly. “When you have me do things for you, it’s like… it gives me just one thing to focus on? Like, okay, I need to hold this remote. That’s my job right now, my purpose. My mind just goes silent and peaceful, and it’s never been like that before. Quiet, I mean. It makes it easier to sit still, too. If that makes sense.”

Derek nods carefully, and then steamrolls ahead. “So the remote thing is good, then. What about the coat thing?”

“It’s the same thing,” his boyfriend says. “I know you weren’t… actually telling me to stay there and
keep it hanging on me, but it was like an out-of-body experience or something… it was good. Nice, it was nice.”

“Okay, we can keep doing all of that, then. Is there anything you wouldn’t want to do?”

“Well, I don’t really want anything painful. Like… no hitting or whatever. I definitely wouldn’t be calm during that.”

“I would never hurt you,” Derek rushes out. “The thought of hitting you just… no, no, definitely not going to do that.”

“Good,” he smiled again. “Other than that, I don’t know. I just… want you to do whatever, you know? How about we just agree that if you ever do something, and I don’t like it, I’ll just immediately stop and tell you? And if you want something big, we talk about it first?

“Something big?”

“Just… anything that you think might be a line? Just discuss it with me, like this.”

“Okay, I think – I mean know, I know I can do that.” He gulps, and soldiers on again. “What about the desk thing? That was more.”

“That was great, too. Down for that, like, anytime. Seriously.”

Well, alright; this was going better than Derek thought it would. “That’s good, we’ll keep doing that, then. With the coat thing… I left you alone like that for a while. Was that okay? Or should I stay in the room when I… do it?”

Stiles licks his lips. “It was different, I’ll admit, but a good different. All I could think about was… well, nothing really. I was thinking about nothing. I had nothing to think about. I just had to be, be a good coat hanger – not a boyfriend holding a coat, but like an actual coat hanger. Because that’s what you wanted me to be.”

Derek smiled. He could practically taste Stiles’ excited as he talked avidly about it. “So it’s okay if I
make you do something or hold something and then leave?”

“Absolutely.”

“Okay, then, there’s really only one more thing we need to discuss.” Stiles raises an eyebrow, and Derek shifts in his seat slightly. “Most of the websites, these things were about sex. And we haven’t done that yet, but I noticed you didn’t say anything about this… turning you on, so is it sexual? Do you want to make this part of our sex life?”

“Like, you using me for sex?”

He’s slow to respond. “Sort of. Not roughly or anything – no hitting, like I said – but maybe little things? I haven’t really thought about anything in particular.”

Stiles nods. “Okay, well, if something comes to you… that want to try, maybe just… do it. You know I’m vocal during sex. If I don’t like it, you’ll know. And, um, the other stuff, yea. It – it turns me on, I guess. Or at least, it’s just so nice? Kind of like when you get a massage, and it’s not necessarily sexual – no happy endings or whatever – but like, someone is rubbing their hands all over your body and hitting all of your pressure points and of course you get hard.”

“I’ve never had a massage. I don’t like strangers touching me.”

Stiles rolled his eyes. “It was just an example, you giant dork. I’m sure you can get the concept without having prior knowledge.”

Derek laughed, smiling widely. “Yea, yea I get it. Okay, so, we’re good then?”

“We are fantastic. All systems go on the kink front.”

“And you call me the giant dork.”

~~
It’s easier than he thought it would be, bringing it into their sex life. When he realizes what he can do with Stiles this way, he wonders how he ever had a hard time picturing it. If his boyfriend derives comfort from acting like some sort of pseudo-furniture, than this is what makes Derek comfortable.

He’s getting a blowjob from Stiles. He’s keyed up about some late shipments for the shop, and the younger man had offered to help take the edge off before he got back to making his calculations. And Derek loves getting blowjobs as much as Stiles like giving them, so it’s definitely no hardship to let him go at it.

It’s just a quickie – like he said, to take the edge off – but no less enjoyable. Stiles is a master when it comes to this, knows all the right things to do to bring Derek to the edge.

It’s an afterthought brought on by the orgasm when he puts his hand on the back of Stiles’ head before he can move away. He’s gone soft in his mouth, but he just wants to enjoy the feeling for a moment longer…

But he can have longer than a moment, can’t he?

He clears his throat. His voice is always a little gruff after coming, and he works to make it less so before he speaks. “Just… stay like that, alright?”

And Stiles – lovely, amazing Stiles – does. He ends up staying there, mouth warm and wet around Derek’s soft cock, while Derek leans back against the pillows on their bed and grabs his notebook and pen that he always keeps on the nightstand and begins the calculations. He uses Stiles head to prop the notebook up on as he writes, and his boyfriend lets out a soft, clearly happy sigh.

When he’s finished, he returns the blowjob.

~~

To this day, Derek doesn’t quite know what made him connect what they were doing upstairs in the apartment to his flower shop. Maybe it was brought on by some sort of delusion after too many days around more flowers than people, what ever it was, he’s very, very happy it happened.

~~
Derek’s shop is never what you might call bustling, but he certainly doesn’t have much time for rest, either, especially in the early summer. There are so many plants to water and care for that every spare moment, he’s going over all of them, making sure they are growing all right. By the end of a busy day, he’s always stumbling upstairs, very much looking forward to taking a long bath and kicking his feet up to watch some sports.

Before Stiles, before they started this thing they’re doing, he’d just spread out along the couch and nurse a beer, relaxing. Now, though, he has the perfect ottoman. He loves resting his feet on his back, having him kneeling in front of him. The first time they’d done this particular act, Stiles had told him later how he loved it. He’d loved feeling low, like he was good for nothing but to be Derek’s footrest.

(“You’re good for a lot of other things, too,” Derek had interjected, worried.)

Stiles had laughed, though. “I know that. It’s just… it’s a head space thing, like I told you. Makes me feel good.”

So he makes sure to do it often. Often enough, at least, that Stiles is almost fluid when he kneels down for it now. Derek is also getting better at ignoring Stiles while they’re doing their thing, which Stiles has also assured him he wants.

(“I’m like, just furniture, you know. I’m a thing, not a person. And like, you don’t really go around talking to coat hangers or footstools, do you? Because if you do, I think I can recommend a good shrink for you.”)

There’s a rush in the shop one day, and Derek is on his feet the entire time, walking back and forth between the backroom and the storefront, setting up new displays, talking to a bunch of customers, replenishing the flowers. The long walk upstairs seems daunting, so he sends a quick text before he works up the strength.

*Going to need a footrest tonight.*

And Stiles is mercifully already in place when he makes it in. The sight warms his chest, and for a moment he’s so in love that it almost hurts. It’s a good hurt, though. He doesn’t hesitate to grab a beer from the fridge and then settle in to his favourite spot on the couch, perching his feet on the warm back in front of him. He really, really needs to get himself stool or something for the shop. Just for behind the desk, so that when it’s not so busy he can rest for a few moments.
He stretches out a bit more, and takes some time to admire Stiles like this. Now that they’ve both accepted that they find something sexual in this, it makes it easier for Derek to really look. The way he keeps his back so perfectly straight for Derek to rest his feet on. And his back is always so warm. He really is the best boyfriend he could have asked for, and a particularly great footstool.

Footstool. Oh.

He doesn’t allow himself to think about it. “I’ve got a lot of appointments tomorrow at the shop. Why don’t you come down and help me out a bit?”

Stiles is too far into his headspace to answer properly, but he does get a slight nod.

It’s always an early morning on workdays for Derek. Which is, well, basically everyday except for Sundays. He’s the only fulltime staff, and he really doesn’t like it when he has to bring in new people. They never treat the flowers as carefully as they deserve, and it drives him nuts to see them carelessly knocking off flowers. So it’s usually just him, which means he wakes up early everyday. Usually, Stiles will grumble and complain lightly when he leaves, but this time, he wakes with him.

It’s nice, having Stiles help him set up for the day. His boyfriend sweeps the floors for him and opens the blinds to the windows while he makes sure everything has enough water. When they’re done, though, and Derek just needs to flip the sign to open, when he brings up the reason for having Stiles here.

“I’m sure you’ve noticed that I don’t have a chair down here,” he starts, carefully looking nowhere near where Stiles is standing. “I figured you could fill the position, until I get one. If I even need to get one.”

And okay, there’s his boyfriend, on all fours behind the counter already. His back is just as straight as it is when he’s acting as a footstool, and he’s a little lower than an actual stool would be, but the counter is a little low as well. And he’s perfectly hidden, Derek is glad to realize.

He flips the sign to open, and swallows heavily before taking his seat on his new chair. Throughout the day, when he takes the opportunity to sit (both him and Stiles stopping for lunch, of course), he finds himself ignoring Stiles more completely than he ever had before. When he’s sitting on him, he’s under him, and thus out of view. And when he’s up and about in the store, he’s behind the counter, and just as out of sight.
He’s very much looking forward to having this again the next day. Watching the customers, who are still wandering the shop, he shifts a bit in his chair, before straightening up.

~~

He does have Stiles down with him the next day. And the day after that, and the day after that, until Stiles has been acting as his chair in the shop for a week and a half. He doesn’t think life could really get better than that (and really, all of the sex they’ve been having after the long days is fantastic) until a new opportunity arises.

His shop is in a busy section of Beacon Hills. It’s considered prime real estate by some, and he was very lucky when he managed to get it. It was technically two shops, before, but he’d bought both of them out and knocked down the walls separating both of the stores as well as the apartments upstairs. A few years of renovations, and he’d had himself a nice little set up. But because it’s in a busy section, window shopping and casual browsing is something that happens often. People come in just to look around with no real intention to buy something. Sometimes, they just need a place to stop before they continue down the street.

Like the woman that comes in to the shop on this particular day. She’s an elderly woman, probably closer to 90 than 80, and very frail. She doesn’t have a walker or anything, though Derek thinks to himself that she could probably use one. She’s clearly out of breath, and when he looks down, he can see that her feet are swollen

When she sways a little as she comes into the shop, he’s up out of his seat and by her side in a second, holding her elbow gently.

She smiles at him, panting from exertion. “Oh, thank you, young man. It’s just so hot out there, and I’ve been walking around the block for ages now, and I just… I just needed a place to rest for a moment. Do you, perhaps have a seat I could use?”

And Derek thinks of Stiles, of course, still kneeling behind the counter waiting for Derek to come back. He really doesn’t have a chair, but…

“I do have, uh, something you could use, but it’s not really a chair. Here, lean against this for a moment,” he leads her to a bare section of the wall, “and I’ll be right back.”
He heads behind the counter, and nudges Stiles into a crawl, moving him into the backroom. And then he tells him what he wants him to do.

When they both leave the backroom, Stiles walks right towards the lady, and kneels on all fours on the ground in front of her. The woman is clearly shocked, and she just stares at the boy on the ground for a moment, before looking up at Derek.

“I’m afraid I don’t have an actual chair for you to use, but I spoke to my boyfriend here, and he’s willing to put some time in for you.”

“Oh, no, no, I couldn’t do that,” she says, still breathing hard from her walk. “That’s not proper, or nice, to do that to someone.”

“He really doesn’t mind, I promise,” Derek assures her. “Come on, just take a seat for a while. As soon as you catch your breath, you can get up and leave. It would make me feel so much better if you got off your feet for awhile, and I really don’t have another chair for you to use, unfortunately. You’ll have to go somewhere else if you want that”

There’s another moment of hesitation, but he can tell he’s gotten to her with the idea of having to walk more. “Well, I am quite tired, and if it’s just for a little while, I guess that would be fine. Are you sure?”

“Perfectly,” he says, smiling widely. “Go on. Here, I’ll help you down. He’s a little lower than a chair, I guess, but it’s really all I have to offer right now.”

And okay, wow. Seeing someone else use Stiles as a chair? Hot. Surface of the sun hot, as Stiles would say. He doesn’t get the angle when he’s using Stiles, but like this he does. Stiles is so still (as he’d known) but this is… beyond.

He hands the woman a few pamphlets to read while she rests, and goes to grab her a glass of water from their apartment as well. Then, he stands behind the counter and just watches – not outright, but subtly, so he doesn’t scare her off.

To his delight, as she reads and drinks her water, it’s almost like she… forgets what she’s sitting on. She settles in more heavily on him, and glances down less frequently until she eventually stops, seemingly immersed in something about annuals. To his even greater amusement, she stays for over an hour, long after the swelling in her feet has gone down and she’s caught her breath. She thanks
him before leaving, but doesn’t have any words for Stiles, who is still kneeling by the wall.

Derek leaves him there for the rest of the day, and while other customers glance askance at the kneeling boy, he smiles when nobody says anything.

When the woman comes back the next day – not breathing hard, looking like she’d just arrived on the block – he smiles brightly at her and asks her if she’d like a seat, and of course she does. When she leaves an hour later, he loses his breath as another customer places her purse on Stiles’ back without a care, and just watches.

After lunch, he points Stiles back to the spot near the wall, and puts up a sign: This bench is not for display. Feel free to use!

---

Derek is in the back a few weeks later, stocking up after a long day. Stiles is still in the front of the shop, no doubt still on all fours near the wall where he last saw him. He’s just thinking about maybe going out there and sitting on him for awhile, for no real reason, and he loses himself in the thought of it for a bit. When he shakes himself out of it, he realizes he’s still holding a small pot, and he’d been running his fingers along it while thinking of his boyfriend.

He can’t even remember why he has this particular pot – it’s pretty small, longer than anything. For bamboo, maybe, or maybe it was something left over from when that one bride had wanted dandelions at her wedding. It had been an unusual request (because really, dandelions? They do symbolize new beginnings, but they’re not exactly what he’d call pretty) and the pots had been his least favourite part of it, because they were, well...

Hmm. A lot like his dick, actually, and he smiles at the comparison. While Stiles is definitely the less mature one in the relationship, he has his moments, and comparing a long flowerpot to his dick is definitely one of them.

And it comes to him, then. Something big.

He’s going to need to do some research.
He’s really hesitant to bring it up, at first. And he definitely doesn’t know what setting to do it in – this doesn’t seem like a thing to talk about over dinner, just incase Stiles gets offended by it (he doesn’t want him to close to sharp utensils, in that case), but it also doesn’t seem like something to bring up while munching on popcorn on the couch.

He decides in the end to forget about it, but his mind doesn’t exactly seem to agree with it. It comes out during sex, when he’s so lost to the pleasure that he hardly even registers what he’s saying. But Stiles is great at multitasking (some pros of having ADHD) and more than capable on concentrating on both the sensations and the words.

So he definitely hears it when Derek says “you’d be such a good little pot, look so pretty” while fucking him.

And Stiles stops moving immediately, blinking up at Derek with confusion. Derek doesn’t know what’s wrong until he speaks. “Did you just call me a pot?”

And he’s blushing. He hadn’t been aware that he could blush so red, but he’s sure he’s a tomato. If Stiles legs weren’t still wrapped around him, keeping them interlocked, he’s sure he would have hightailed it out of there.

“Did I say that? I didn’t meant to. I certainly didn’t mean anything by it, nope. Come on, let’s forget it and keep going.”

“Oh, no, you’re not getting away with that. Tell me what you meant.” He tightens his legs, pulling Derek in more, and he registers through his embarrassment that he’s still rock hard inside of his boyfriend.

He knows he’s not getting out of it, so he explains. Explains how he’d been thinking about the pot, earlier, how it was the size of his dick. And then how he’d briefly thought about fucking Stiles with it like he would his dick… and how that had led to him researching. Looking up optimal germination temperatures for seeds, looking up length needed for germination, looking up bondage techniques. He tells Stiles how he pictured tying him to a table, ass in the air, and stretching his hole open until it could easily fit the flower pot he’d been looking at earlier in it. Or, an even better thought to him, just put a small wire-mesh cage inside of Stiles to keep him open, and then fill him up with dirty. How he thinks Stiles would look so unbelievably pretty, growing a flower for him.

When he finishes his tirade, he knows his eyes must be bright, and Stiles is looking at him with an
odd look.

“But we don’t need to,” he tacks on at the end. “Just the thought of it, honestly, that – that can be enough.”

Stiles gulps slightly, before sighing and closing his eyes. “When do you want to start?”

And even though they haven’t been actively fucking for the past few minutes, Derek cums.
Potted

Chapter Summary

Derek turns Stiles into his own special flowerpot for the first time, plus some other adventures.

Chapter Notes

Once again, this chapter is all thanks to the lovely places, who is really great for discussing kinks with.

Hope you like this chapter as much as the first one! It was a bit harder to write, and I don't really think it flowed as well, but hopefully it came out alright.

They spend a few hours after having sex looking at things online – dildos, plugs, rope, and other things they’ll need in order to pull this off. When his boyfriend gets too choosy, Derek has him kneel underneath his desk and warm his cock, wanting to have some things be a surprise for his boyfriend. When he finally clicks to confirm a shipment, he receives an email saying that the items should arrive in a few weeks.

It’s longer than Derek wants to wait, but pretty much what he expected. He’ll just have to fill the time spent waiting with other fun things.

~~

He decides early on that those “other fun things” should help prepare Stiles for what they’re going to be doing soon. While he’s left his boyfriend alone before, he’s never really done it for more than four or so hours. But if he’s going to be tied up, seeds germinating in his hole, then it’s going to have to be for a lot longer. Derek doesn’t want to move the seeds around too often, less it jostles the seeds, so he’s going to need to remain like that for at least eight hours while the plant soaks up light from the UV lamps in the backroom.

So Derek thinks of a few things that Stiles can spend the day doing, to prepare him for being in his headspace for that long. He also starts having Stiles hold things with his mouth, or his ass, in order to get him used to not having his hands to do so.

One day, he has Stiles remain a coat hanger the whole time he’s working downstairs. Before he left him alone, he’d had him open his mouth, and had put the collar of his jacket in between his teeth, and had him bite down again. Stiles had remained still, holding the coat in his mouth all day, until he’d returned and removed it.

The next day, he’d moved the coffee table out in front of the TV in the morning, and had Stiles kneel down like he did when he was being Derek’s footrest, and had simply put the remote control and Kleenex boy that were usually on the table on his back, and left him there for the rest of the day. When he’s come in and started watching a movie at the end of the day, he’d kept him like that,
stretching out on the couch.

For a few days after that, he’d brought his stool back down into the shop so that he had a place to sit during the day. The elderly woman had come in on one of these days, and so Stiles had served as her bench, as well as bench to a newly engaged couple that had apparently come into the shop to make out as they discussed their wedding flowers. Derek normally would have kicked them out, but seeing them use Stiles in this way was too good, so he’d left them to it. Before they left, they complimented him on his lovely bench.

And so the weeks pass, waiting for the good to arrive, switching Stiles out between different places in the house. Stiles didn’t seem to mind whatever he did, so he didn’t try to be too creative. One day, he had him lie facedown on the ground by the door, and had lined up all of their shoes along his back, just like any other doormat. Another day, he had him kneel in the bathroom with his towel over his head, the perfect towel rack. Perhaps his favourite idea that he came up with during those times was the toothbrush holder – he’d called Stiles into the bathroom after he’d brushed his teeth, wet the handle of both his and his boyfriend’s toothbrush, and stuck them both into his ass after he’d bent him over. Coming back to see him still there at lunch had convinced him to jerk off onto his boyfriend’s back, before he’d removed the brushes and ate lunch with him.

~~

On a nice, sunny Friday afternoon some weeks later, an innocent-looking package arrives at the shop, and Derek signs for it.

When Derek sees where the package is from, he smiles, ready to finally fulfill his fantasy. Not having a place to put it for now, he puts it down on Stiles back, and gets back to work.

~~

Stiles won’t stop moving, and Derek has just about had it with him. He gives his boyfriend a light smack on his back (the fifth one in the last half hour) and finally says something about it. “Would you just hold still?”

“Hey, you’re not the one getting tied up so his boyfriend can grow a plant in his ass, alright? I’m allowed to be nervous.”

Derek sighs. “I told you we didn’t have to do this if you didn’t want to. It’s not too late to back out.” And Derek would be a little disappointed (okay, a lot) but he hadn’t really expected for Stiles to agree to this, anyway. Just the fact that they’d gotten this far was a lot.

“No, no, I’m still down,” he assured. “Just, you know, a little keyed up, I guess. Or, heh, tied up. Because, you know, you’re literally-“

“Do I have to find a gag for you, too?” Derek interrupts jokingly, focusing on the knots again. Except, yep, that was definitely a hitch in Stiles’ breath, and his fingers slip on the rope slightly. He’ll have to bring the thought up again another time.

Assured that his boyfriend is good to continue, he works on tying the last few knots, and then steps back to look him over. He’s a little breathless at what he sees.

He’d made sure to buy the softest rope he could for this, so as not to cause any chafing if Stiles shifts a bit. Not that there was much give in the knots he had tied, that is; he’d done a lot of research on how to keep someone immobilized before they got to this point. His boyfriend is perfectly still on the table in front of him, kneeling down with his arms crossed underneath his chin, his back arched to
bring his ass up as high as possible. There are ropes crossing across his back, looping underneath the
table to pull him down and keep him kneeling like that. Similarly, his arms and hands are tied, with
one rope going around his neck to keep his head in place. Finally, his legs were also strapped in
place.

The best part, though, would have to be the plug he can just see nestled between his cheeks. He’d
had him put it in at breakfast – 5 hours ago, now – so that he’d be as stretched as possible. It was a
little smaller than what he’d be putting in him, but Stiles had said it would be fine.

And what he’d been putting in him, well… there had been some preparation required with that, as
well. As Derek goes over to another table in the room, turning away from Stiles for a moment, he
looks at it again. He had taken a mesh metal strainer (usually used for straining the bits of food from
the oil in his deep fryer, but he had been sure to wash it well), detached it from the frame it was in,
and molded it around a dildo that had been roughly the size of the dandelion pot that had brought
him to this idea.

“Remember not to clamp down until I get the dirt in – the mesh won’t hold its shape very well
without something in it.”

“Yea, yea,” his boyfriend mumbles. Derek smiles, and goes behind him, carefully removes the plug,
and begins inserting the mesh. The tip of it goes in easily, but Stiles flinches, and he stops
immediately.

“Are you okay?” he asks, watching carefully for any sign of pain.

“Yea,” comes a slightly strained reply. “Just – the mesh is a bit rough, but it, uh, feels good. Keep
going.”

So he does. The rest of it goes in easily, the lube inside of his boyfriend allowing it to practically
slide in on it’s own. When it’s down, he’s left looking into a hole, the mesh working perfectly to
open up Stiles’ ass. Knowing he’ll lose control if he thinks about that too long, he grabs the container
of dirt that he’d prepared earlier.

“Okay,” he says gruffly. “Time for the dirt.” There’s no reply from Stiles, so he begins to pour it in.
It goes in easily, and he closes his eyes when the mesh is completely full, trying to breathe deeply to
remain steady. Moving quickly, he makes a hole in the middle of the mound, picks up a seed from
the table, and inserts it. Sprinkling more dirt over top to cover the seed, he steps back finally.

He just… God, Stiles just looks so good. He’s still so still, of course, but now instead of a plug
visible between those cheeks, he can see a small amount of dirt. The dirt, where a plant is
beginning the first stages of its life. He’d look better with actual flowers growing out, but that will
come soon. He can’t believe he’d gotten this lucky when Stiles had run into him at that coffee shop.

He doesn’t say anything as he grabs a cup of water, and pours it into Stiles. His boyfriend twitches
slightly, but still remains quiet. When the dirt is nice and wet, he turns on the overhead UV lights,
place a bedpan underneath him incase he needs to urinate, and gets ready to leave.

“I, um,” his voice came out strangled. “I should go do the dishes from lunch. You’re alright?”

Stiles barely let out a hum. His eyes were already at half-mast, clearly falling into his head space.

They’d agreed that Derek would leave him completely alone this first time, only returning when he’s
-going to untie him, to allow Stiles to truly get a taste of what it will be like. So as Derek heads up
stairs, he knows he won’t be going back down for a while.
He can’t stop himself from stopping in the entryway of their apartment, pulling down his pants and jacking off. When he cums, he collapses back against the door, and knows that it’s the first of many times today.

~~

He keeps Stiles in the backroom of the shop until after he ate dinner – 7 hours, in total. Not as long as he was originally planning, but he can’t help himself from going back down. He needs to see it again.

Of course, his boyfriend is exactly where he left him. He notices that his skin has gone slightly pink from exposure to the UV lights, and decides that tomorrow he’ll be sure to cover him in sunscreen. He still looks so good, though, that Derek doesn’t untie him right away. Instead, he goes around to the front of his boyfriend, pulls down his pants for the umpteenth time that day, and presses his cock into his mouth. As he fucks into it, he keeps his eyes on the dirt he can see, imaging the plant breaching the surface of it and growing towards the light, into the tulip it will soon become. As he imagines then selling that tulip to some lucky customer, or perhaps displaying it in their apartment upstairs, he cums, and Stiles swallows it all.

After a moment to catch his breath, he tucks himself back in and goes to grab another pot. It’s easy enough to pull out the mesh wiring from his boyfriend’s ass – though the lube has dried, and it does tug on it slightly when he does – and set it aside for the night. He empties the bedpan quickly after that. Then, he makes his way through the knots, untying each one.

He coils them up, and sets them aside as well.

He can see that Stiles skin is white underneath where the rope was – both meaning that he hadn’t struggled at all, and that the UV lights had left a tan line on him from them. Derek likes both of those things, and contemplates fucking into his mouth again, but he knows his empty balls are done for the day.

Stiles is pliant and quiet as he rubs over his back, loosening up the muscles that are bunched from staying still for so long in such an awkward position. He continues to not say anything as he pulls him off the table, and Derek decides to just carry him upstairs. He draws a bath for them, and climbs in still holding him when it’s ready.

His boyfriend comes alive again after a few moments, groaning slightly and leaning his head back against Derek’s shoulder.

“So, was that good?” he asks, meeting Derek’s eyes. He can’t help but smile.

“Very good,” he murmurs. “So, so good, Stiles. You don’t even know how many times I jacked off today, just thinking about you down their, all trussed up for me.”

“I think I can guess,” his boyfriend laughs, closing his eyes. “I liked it, too,” he says quietly.

“Yea?”

“Yea. Go again tomorrow?”

“That sounds perfect.”

~~

It takes nearly a week for the sprout to appear. Derek has had Stiles in the backroom every day as he
works in the front, checking in on him periodically. At lunchtime everyday, he carefully spoon-fed his boyfriend some yogurt, before filling his mouth with a different kind of “yogurt”, and eating his own lunch.

Derek likes to think that they’re both fulltime employees at the shop, now – Derek sells the plants and Stiles grows them. The thought always makes him smiles.

But on Friday, when he enters the backroom to unhook his boyfriend, he sees something different – the sprout. And it takes his breath away, so much so that he spends nearly ten minutes just walking around the boy tied up on the table, getting a view of it from every angle. When he’s looked his fill, he gently runs his finger along his boyfriend’s rim, taking it in up close.

When he un hooks his boyfriend sometime later, it’s after having used his mouth twice. When he shows him the plant sprouting up, the tired boy smiles, and says they should take this party to their bedroom.

Derek agrees.

~~

After the sprouting, Derek decides Stiles deserves a bit of a rest, so the Saturday is spent with his boyfriend in the front room again, serving behind the counter as Derek’s stool instead of a bench. He wants to keep the boy to himself for a little while, to show how much he appreciates him.

With his mind more focused on the shop instead of with his boyfriend in the backroom, he brainstorms other ideas. Using him as a flower pot was great, but his mind is going in circles as he imagines other ways he could use Stiles for the shop. By the end of the workday, he’s got so many plans, and he wants to write them down eagerly. Back in the apartment, he has Stiles lay across his desk again, skin bared for Derek’s pen, and he writes down a schedule.

The next week is going to be a busy one for him. At least they both have Sundays off.

~~

On Monday, Derek decides it’s time he started growing vegetables. He brings his boyfriend out back, leaving a bell for customers to ring if they need him, into the yard and has him help him mark a place for it. When that’s done, Derek has Stiles edge the grass for him, while he goes to the tool shed to ready the dirt.

The wheelbarrow is quite large – much bigger than he needs it to be, really, but now he’s glad that he over prepared when he bought it. When his boyfriend follows him in, he gently directs Stiles into taking off his clothes and lying down in it – his boyfriend’s long legs spilling over the sides. He brings out some rope, and ties his legs to the handles of the barrow. He has Stiles keep his arms inside, next to his sides, and then begins pouring the dirt on top of him. He estimates he’ll need about four bags, and when he’s done, he takes a look.

Other than his legs, only the top of Stiles shoulders and his head are visible above the mound of dirt. His eyes have gone glassy and far away, as they usually do when he’s gone down. He knows it must be hard to breathe under the weight, but he appears to be fine, so Derek turns to his tool shelf.

He picks a couple of small hand tools – a spade, and a rake – and thinks for only a moment before he coaxes Stiles mouth open and inserts both of the handles inside for him to hold onto. Then, wrapping his hands around the handles (both the actual handles and Stiles’ ankles), he lifts the barrow up, and steers it outside.
It takes a few hours to lay down all of the dirt he needs, seeding all the while as he goes. He has to stop every few minutes when a customer rings the bell, and every time he leaves his tools out there, ready for him when he returns. At lunch time, he’s sure to wheel the barrow back into the shed before he goes up to the apartment to eat, just in case it starts raining or something. He takes a bit of a long lunch that day, having worked up an appetite, before returning to his work. When he’s done, he uses the last of the dirt inside of the wheelbarrow to cover up the seeds, and puts the tools away before he grabs the hose to water it. Finally finished, he heads back inside to finish up the work day.

When the workday is complete, he heads back to the tool shed to grab his boyfriend. Stiles comes out of his head space easier than his first time with the pot, and he smiles at him brightly when Derek unties him.

He smiles back. “I’m guessing you liked that, then?”

“All good here!”

“Good. Come on, you didn’t eat lunch, so we’ll order something in. You want pizza?”

“I always want pizza, but can we get Chinese instead? I’m craving spring rolls.”

Derek laughs, following his boyfriend up the stairs, carrying the boy’s clothes. “Whatever you want.”

~~

On Tuesday, it ends up raining outside. Derek heads down after breakfast to check on the new garden and make sure the dirt isn’t running downstream, and when he returns, his boots are covered in mud. He’d originally planned on having his boyfriend be a bench all day, but he changes his mind when he comes in the door.

“Stiles,” he calls out, and his boyfriend peeks his head out of the kitchen doorway. “I need a doormat,” he says simply. His boy strips off his shirt immediately, and lies down along the wall beside the door. He hasn’t done this part before, but Derek doesn’t hesitate as he carefully runs the bottom of his boots through his hair, wiping off most of the mud, before leaning down to untie them. He places the wet boots on his boyfriend’s back, puts on his other pair, and goes downstairs to begin his day.

The mud has dried when he comes back up for lunch, and he gently feeds Stiles a bit of fruit before leaving him be again. Even when he comes back after work, he has him stay there for a little while longer, this time with his clean boots also resting on his back.

~~

On Wednesday, Derek decides to clean his tools. Once again with a bell out front, he brings his boyfriend inside the tool shed with him and has him kneel down and stick out his tongue. He gently wipes each dirty tool over the organ, every once in a while using a spray bottle of water to clean off the tongue, and works through the entire shed that way. In the afternoon, he and his stool are back in the main part of the shop.

~~

Some orchids arrive on Thursday, right on time, and Derek has barely tables in the backroom to set them on. Luckily, he has an extra table at his whim. Stiles’ back is large enough to safely set six down on, until he can find a different place to put them. He’s not working too hard on that last part, though.
Friday is the day he’s been waiting for. It’s been a week since the seed sprouted, and since then, the little tulip has been growing steadily in a pot in the backroom. He’s been nurturing it carefully, making sure it has everything it needs, but now he knows it’s ready to get back in its rightful home.

He doesn’t tie Stiles up during the day, instead has him kneeling in front of the couch in the apartment, waiting to be used as Derek’s footrest when he comes up. He’s not actually going to do that, though – instead, just after 5, he sends a text to the boy waiting for him upstairs. A few minutes later, Stiles joins him in the backroom of the shop, and climbs up onto the table.

It’s quick working tying him up this time, and even quicker to finger him open with some lube that he started keeping down there. Stiles’ hole opens easily, clearly eager to be filled, and Derek is just as eager to give it what it wants.

The mesh pot goes in smoothly, the proud little sprout sticking straight up out of the dirt now nestled within his boyfriend’s hole. He’s sure the flower is already enjoying the heat – he knows he always enjoys being inside of it. He adds a bit of water to the dirt, puts the bedpan in place, before grabbing the edge of the rolling table, moving it into the front room, parking it in the middle of his shop.

“Sleep well, Stiles,” he murmurs to his boyfriend – already too lost in head space to say anything – before kissing him on the forehead. He sets the UV lights on a timer, and turns off the main lights and locks the door behind him. He’s sure to sleep well tonight, pleased to know that his favourite flower will be taken care of.

In the morning, he feeds his new display, waters all the flowers – including, of course, the tulip – empties the bedpan, and then continues with the normal opening procedure of the shop. He runs his hands over it lightly, and then flips the store sign to open.

He has plenty of party appointments and shipments coming in today, and he’s eager to see how they react to his lovely flowerpot.
On Display

Chapter Summary

Stiles spends the day displayed in the shop, and Derek finds himself enjoying it a lot, so he adds it to their routine. It goes swimmingly, until a special customer comes into the shop.

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes.

The shop is only open for half an hour before the first customer comes in. To Derek’s delight, it’s the elderly woman who had been a sort of turning point in their play, the one who had first used Stiles as a bench out in the open. She’d been back a few times since that first day, and had always requested a seat to rest on. He momentarily felt bad that he wouldn’t be able to offer her one today, but as he glanced at the figure in the middle of the shop, the feeling dissipated. This was so much better, even if he did wish he had a stool.

“Oh my,” he hears her exclaim, staring wide-eyed at his boyfriend displayed in the middle of the room. She’d frozen barely in the doorway, and one of her hands was placed on her chest, as if she was so shocked she needed to check on her heart.

“Good morning,” Derek said brightly.

“Yes, good morning,” she says hesitantly, stepping forward. Her eyes never leave Stiles. He’d positioned him so that when you entered the shop, the first thing you saw was the sprout growing inside of him. You couldn’t see the mesh pot within him, so it appeared as if he was actually stuffed with dirt for the plant.

Which… hmm. Derek might need to figure out a way to do that in the future.

All in all, it made quite the provocative image. To Derek, at least. This woman was going to be his first test of how the public would see it.

She had moved closer while he was thinking, until she was now standing right next to the flower pot. She was leaning over slightly, her gaze hooked on the dirt nestled within him. “Does he…” he saw her swallow from where he was. She looked almost a little faint, but he wasn’t too worried about it just yet. “Does he enjoy this?”
Derek smirked. “Yes, he does. He really likes it, actually. And he’s great at it, wouldn’t you agree?”

She nods slowly. He sees her hands twitching slightly, and his smirk grows.

“Feel free to touch him,” he says. “All the displays in the shop are there for the customers to observe, though this one isn’t for sale, for obvious reasons.”

He spends the next ten minutes with his erection pulsing in his pants as he watches her touch Stiles. She begins with just poking her fingers into his thighs, but just as quickly as she’d relaxed on him as a bench, she brings her fingers higher. Soon enough, they’re running around his taught rim.

She doesn’t say anything before she leaves, but he does notice her push slightly until the tip of her finger is inserted in Stiles’ hole beside the pot right before she leaves. He figures that’s at least one customer satisfied with his new display, and adjusts himself, preparing for the next one.

It isn’t usually until about an hour into the day that the customers really begin showing up. That’s when he schedules his first appointments for, and this time of year, not too many people are popping in, their gardens already well underway.

His next customer is a young woman, a bride-to-be. They’d discussed over the phone and through email a few ideas, and he’d put them together into a binder so that they could go over arrangements and cost. She’d also been in the store once before with her fiancé, and the two of them had spent a good hour making out while using Stiles as a bench. It’s one of his fonder moments with brides.

As almost expected, she barely even blinks when she sees Stiles. What she does instead is smile, and run her hands over his flank as she walks past him up to the counter.

“That’s a real pretty display you’ve got there,” she drawls slightly, smirking at him. Her eyes are hooded and bright with mischief as she stares him down.

“Yes, I’m very lucky,” he returns, before grabbing a binder from under the counter. “Erica and Boyd, right?”

The appointment goes smoothly, and right before she leaves, she runs her hand over Stiles again. She
scratches him slightly with her long nails, teasing his rim, and Derek thinks he might snap out of his headspace as he blinks slightly. But he merely falls back down, and Erica leaves.

The rest of the day is pretty much more of the same. People come in, some of them shocked to see his boyfriend tied up with a flower in his ass, others just taking it in stride. All of them touch him in some way, but he’s glad to see that nobody moves to touch his hanging cock at all. He makes sure to keep the bedpan underneath him empty, so as not to put off the customers. He’ll have to find a way to hide it better.

--

At the end of the day, he goes through all the motions of closing the shop before he makes his way over to Stiles. He’d remained so still all day; not that his boyfriend could move much, really, with the way he was tied up. He’d noticed him dozing a little earlier, and he was glad that he was able to sleep in this position.

He emptied the bedpan, and reluctantly, began untangling him. He remained in place as the ropes fell away, and when they were all gone, he carefully took out the mesh pot. His hole was slow to close when it was empty, loose and exposed, and Stiles let out a huffing breath. Unable to help himself, Derek quickly placed the plant in another pot and stepped up behind his boyfriend, running his fingers lightly over the still-slightly-open hole. Stiles didn’t twitch at all, so he went for it, inserting two fingers knuckle deep into it.

His boyfriend still didn’t move.

Derek could feel the remnants of the lube he had used to insert the pot the night before, and it wasn’t nearly as much as he would normally use while fingering Stiles, but his hole was so loose from the day that it didn’t really matter. Scissoring his fingers a little, he decided to insert a third finger. It went in easily, and this time he felt slight resistance, so figured three was enough.

Hooking his fingers, he leant over to look into his boyfriend’s face. Amazingly, despite being untied, he still appeared to be completely under. His eyes had a sheen over them, making them bright yet unfocused. Derek rubbed his free hand lightly over his cheeks, trying to see if he would get any reaction out of him, but his face remained as blank as ever.

“Okay, baby,” he murmured lowly, shifting around so he could lift him up without removing his fingers. The weight seemed to force them in deeper, but there wasn’t any complaint from his boyfriend. “Let’s go and get you all cleaned up, alright?”
Up the stairs and into the apartment, he walked directly into the bathroom and drew a warm bath. When it was full, he unwillingly removed his fingers from their warm home and undressed himself, and got them both situated in the bath. He spent nearly an hour in there with his boy, lightly massaging his most-likely tender muscles. Stiles didn’t say a word.

It wasn’t until a few hours later, when Derek had Stiles curled up next to him on the couch as he watched a movie, that he seemed to come out of it. It began with a slight stretching of the neck, and Derek looked down towards where he was lying against his chest, until he met his eyes.

“How do you feel?” he asked quietly, rubbing his hand along his boyfriend’s back.

Stiles smiled tiredly at him. “Good.” His voice was rough from disuse. His tongue came out to lick at his slightly dry lips, and he smirked a little bit. “Empty, though.”

Derek raised his eyebrows. “Yea?”

“Mhmm.”

Smirking in return, he allowed his hand to move down from where it was, slipping underneath the sweatpants he had put on him after their bath. His fingers found his hole unerringly, and began circling around it. He didn’t have any lube nearby, so he wasn’t going to insert them again. Just feeling the rim, Derek could tell he had tightened back up again, and smiled.

“Well, maybe we’ll have to get you something, so you won’t be so empty afterwards.”

Stiles hid a smile by turning his face into his chest, nuzzling it slightly. His heart swelled with affection. “Sounds good,” he said, muffled.

They were both quiet for another moment, turned towards whatever movie was playing on the tv, before Stiles spoke again. “Can I… do you need anything right now?”

Derek was slightly startled, and could feel his eyebrows scrunching together. “You were tied up all day, babe. Didn’t you get enough from that?”
“I know, it was great,” he insisted. “I just… I feel weird. Off, kind of. Maybe it was because I was down so long? And I still need to be doing something, instead of just lying about.”

He thought about it for a moment, and figured it couldn’t hurt. “Let’s get some dinner in you first,” Derek said, beginning to stand both of them up. “Then I think I could find a use for you.”

He received a light kiss on his neck for those words. He made sure Stiles ate first, giving him plenty of water to drink as well, and then ate his own dinner on his favourite chair.

~~

The next day, Stiles still seemed a little slow, a little too out of it. It was Sunday, so the shop was closed, and Derek didn’t feel the need to pot him as strongly as he had before. The prolonged time, it seemed, had quelled the urge. So instead, he allowed Stiles to lounge in bed for an extra hour as he moved around the flowers downstairs, watering and caring for each one.

When he came upstairs, his boyfriend was blinking tiredly at him, and so he carefully nudged him into the bathroom along with him, bringing him to his knees on the bathmat that was right outside the shower, between it and the toilet. He kissed Stiles’ forehead lightly, enjoying the smile it brought out of him, before grabbing a towel and draping it over his head. When he came out of the shower, he ignored the towel rack on the floor, and instead grabbed another fresh towel and dried himself with that. When he was finished, he added the damp towel to the kneeling rack, and went off to make breakfast.

He moved Stiles around a lot that day – while he wasn’t feeling the urge to pot him, he was feeling the urge to use him. After two hours spent in the bathroom, he fed his boyfriend and then had him set himself up as a coatrack, and then an hour later he moved him around again so that he had a shoe rack. At lunch time, he brought him into the kitchen as a dining chair, and the afternoon and evening he had a wonderful desk and notepad, ready for his use in the office. Unfortunately, he didn’t have any work to do that day, so they went unused as he caught up on his Netflix list.

~~

And so it went. Derek would alternate between having Stiles remain a display in the shop one day, and having him be another kind of furniture somewhere else on other days. To Derek’s constant delight, nobody ever made any complaint about the display in the middle of the shop. He hadn’t quite expected it to be so universally accepted, but then again, no one had said anything when he had
had his boyfriend set up as a bench out front.

Perhaps Beacon Hills was just a town full of deviants. It had made both him and Stiles, after all. The thought made him smile.

Weeks of this went by, until one Sunday morning, Derek came downstairs to see that the tulip he had been carefully growing within his boyfriend had bloomed.

Derek smiled.

Usually, plants as beautiful as this one would sell quickly. People were always looking for a nice, potted plant to bring home to their loved one “just because”. But this tulip was special, and he had his own loved one upstairs who deserved it.

Carefully, he removed the roots of the plant from the mesh pot and into one of the much nicer ones he used when a customer was purchasing one. It was a pretty blue colour, one that was very close to Stiles’ favourite shade. He’d been saving it just for this purpose.

That done, he brought the plant upstairs with him and into their shared bedroom. Stiles was still lying in bed, of course, stretched out across Derek’s side underneath the covers. When the older man sat on the edge of the bed, placing the plant on the table beside it, he jostled the mattress enough that Stiles let out a groan and rolled over, his eyes opening halfway.

“I brought you a surprise,” he said quietly, waking his boyfriend up further with a kiss. Stiles moaned into his mouth, making an exhausted attempt to kiss back, and Derek chuckled.

Pulling back, he brought the plant into view. Stiles’ eyes widened, and he knew he recognized the plant, even if he rarely saw it. With a gentle touch – as Derek had taught him to be with the plants – he ran one finger across the petals, and swallowed.

“You did such a good job,” Derek said happily, watching him observe the flower. “It should have taken at least another week for it to get big enough to bloom like this, especially this time of year, but you grew it so well that it came up early.”

Stiles smiled at him slightly, still lightly trailing his finger along the flower.
“I figured, it being your first one, that I shouldn’t sell it. I figured you deserved it, after all the work you did. And I’m sure it would miss you, if I gave it away. It would look quite nice on the table, don’t you think?”

“Yes,” his boyfriend finally says, still seeming a bit shocked. “The kitchen table. That’d be nice.”

Kissing Stiles again, Derek quickly placed the flower back onto the nightstand, and then moved to straddle his boy. He definitely deserved a reward, and Derek himself never said no to sex.

Thankfully, neither did Stiles.

~~

With the tulip bloomed, he decided to give Stiles some more rest before beginning the cycle again. He would need to keep Stiles in the backroom while the seed germinated, and he was just so pleased with what his boyfriend had done for him that he wanted to keep him in his sight for a little longer. So he put him on bench duty in the front of the shop.

Not only did this make Derek happy, but it also made his favourite elderly customer happy. When she came in to the shop early on Monday, she spent the next two hours resting on his boyfriend’s back. She grew a bit chatty near the end of her stay, and invited Derek to sit next to her on the bench. He could feel Stiles straining a bit under both their weight, but as always, he said nothing.

When the woman left, Derek remained in place for a few more minutes, and then stood up. It was lunchtime, and both of them deserved a short break.

~~

When Sunday comes again, after a week of Stiles being a bench or a coat hanger or whatever else Derek needs, the cycle begins again. He leaves Stiles tied up all day for a week, only removing him from the straps at night. He’s less chatty on these nights, and Derek would be worried about his boyfriend’s mental state, except he seems happier than ever. He lounges like a cat on their couch when they get upstairs and allows Derek to hand feed him dinner, smiling warmly at the older man as he does so. He also gets a lot of massages, as he makes sure his boyfriend’s muscles feel no strain from being locked in position all day.
When the seed sprouts this time, he doesn’t give him any rest. Instead, Derek shows Stiles something he’d had shipped for them.

Stiles swallows slightly, standing naked in the backroom, ready to be put in place. “Is that a catheter?”

“Yes,” Derek answered, waiting to see what his boyfriend’s reaction would be. “Having the bedpan underneath you for everyone to see your urine isn’t very attractive for the shop, so I figured with this we could run it underneath the table and hide it a bit.”

Stiles didn’t move, eyes on the tube Derek held out, and they flickered over almost unerringly to find the lube he had placed on the table behind him.

He wanted to take the catheter back, suddenly. “I’m sorry, I should have discussed this with you first.

“No, no, it’s alright,” Stiles said. His tongue came out to wet his lips. “I’ve got to look good for the customers, right?”

Derek smiled. The catheter became a part of it; anytime Stiles was potted, he had it in.

~~

Derek really should have kept better track of the dates. He knew what the date was, of course. It was an essential part of making appointments for discussions and shipments tracking, two things that were a large part of his job. And he also knew when his boyfriend’s birthday was, of course he did. It just so happened that Derek fell so hard into keeping his boyfriend tied up as a flower pot that he forgot, for a moment, that he had a birthday to celebrate.

And so on Stiles’ 23rd birthday, his boyfriend was still in display in the centre of the shop. Catheter inserted, flower growing in place, and he was even holding a few packets of seeds for customers to look at gently in his mouth. Derek had begun displaying some hand tools by resting them on his back during the day, as well.
The customers seemed to love it, and Derek barely glanced up to see their reactions as they came in anymore, used to it. Hardly anyone stopped in shock anymore when they saw him. However, on this particular day, someone did.

He heard the bell ring over the door, but was busy looking over the last minute decisions he had just spoken about with Erica-the-bride over the phone. Instead of the usual footsteps around the store, however, he heard nothing.

Derek glanced up to see who this newest customer was, and almost fell over in shock.

It was the Sheriff, and he was staring wide-eyed and open-mouthed at his son in the middle of the shop. Stiles, of course, hadn’t even reacted to the presence of the stranger.

“Um, uh, good afternoon, sir,” Derek stuttered, and regretted it. His words had brought the man’s attention onto him. He wanted to shrink behind the counter, but knew he had nowhere to hide from this.

God, why hadn’t he ever thought about the possibility of the Sheriff coming into the shop? The police station was only a few blocks over. It was a wonder that the man hadn’t stopped by before this. And why couldn’t he have had Stiles off doing something else today, instead of trussed up like a pig for everyone to look at.

“What is going on here?” Stilinski said, his eyes piercing into Derek. Stiles, of course, didn’t react at all to his father’s voice. Derek wished he could follow him into his headspace for a moment, and escape from what was going on.

“I, uh, I can explain,” he stuttered again.

The Sheriff turned around and locked the door to the shop behind him, also switching the sign to closed. There was still an hour until he usually locked up, but he was not about to say anything against his boyfriend’s father, especially in the situation he was currently in.

“We’re going to go upstairs, and then you’re going to start talking.”

Derek had never untied Stiles faster. The whole time, Stilinski was staring him down, saying nothing as each rope came off. The flower and the catheter were the last things out, and Derek was itching to
put his fingers in Stiles’ hole like he usually did, but didn’t dare do it in front of this man. Instead, he scooped his boyfriend up bridal style, and led the Sheriff upstairs to the apartment.

As usual, Stiles didn’t wake from his headspace. Derek wanted him out of it, but he knew he couldn’t do force him up. And he didn’t have the time to do their usual routine, with the bath and massages, not with his father here. He sighed deeply as he realized he was going to need to keep Stiles down for a little while longer, and blushed.

“Um, he uh, needs to be something else, while he’s like this,” Derek said quietly. “He’s fine, I promise, but he’s kind of not here right now? He, uh, needs a purpose.”

Stilinski just kept his mouth shut, nodding slightly, and watched with dark eyes as Derek set his son up as a footrest. Stiles let out a quiet huffing sound when Derek slowly put his feet up on his back, but didn’t come out of it, blinking slowly. The Sheriff took a seat in the leather chair in the corner, and nodded again.

The whole story came out in one long rambling mess. Derek’s really not sure he described it properly, stressed as he was, but he made sure to emphasize that it was all consensual. He wanted to gloss over the sex part of it, but figured it couldn’t hurt to have the man know that his son was aroused by it, and that he really needed to tell the whole truth if he wanted to still be alive at the end of this thing, and so he included it. There didn’t seem to be any reaction from the man, although he thought he saw him close his eyes as he described how he’d wiped his muddy boots off on his son’s hair. He figured it was with disguised rage, and quickly moved on to the next topic. The wheelbarrow, the towel rack, the toothbrush holder – all of it was mentioned, laid bare for the Sheriff to judge him with.

His boyfriend’s father finally stopped looking at him when his story came to a close. His eyes, instead, were tracing over his son’s kneeling form in front of him, looking at the way he accepted the weight of his boyfriend's feet easily.

“I suppose it’s my turn now,” the older man said roughly, eyes on his son. “I didn’t say anything while you talked, and I expect you to grant me the same courtesy.”

Derek didn’t get to respond; the Sheriff was already talking.
Stiles had been 10 when Claudia Stilinski passed away, 13 years ago. He’d been the only one present with her in her hospital room when she’d passed – the Sheriff had been working, and had been busy at the scene of a fatal car crash when he got the call.

As most people would when faced with the loss of a mother and a wife, the Stilinski men didn’t handle it well. The Sheriff started drinking every chance he got – his time was spent either at work wishing for a bottle, and at home cradling one. Stiles, on the other hand, withdrew from everyone. His best friend, Scott, stopped coming over as he didn’t have it in him anymore to entertain him. He was quiet in school, and quiet at home.

It took a while for the Sheriff to notice him again. But one day, when he came home from work and picked up his bottle of whiskey immediately, he saw that the couch was already occupied. It made him annoyed – usually he liked to spread out on the couch, and having the kid lying across it would prevent that. However, at 10, Stiles wasn’t tall enough to take up the whole couch, so there was still enough room for him to sit at the other end. He did so, and turned on the tv, and began drinking. With each swallow, his worries about work and his thoughts of his poor wife drifted off until he felt numb with it all.

And then, he forgot that Stiles was there. He leaned back on his usual pillow and brought his legs onto the couch. In his drunken state, he barely noticed that the cushions weren’t as comfortable as they were the day before, and when he glanced down, he saw the reason why.

His legs were stretched over the gangly body of his son. When he’d leaned back, it had caused him to actually sit on the boy’s ankles, and his legs had covered the rest of his body until his socked feet where actual touching the boy’s face.

How Stiles hadn’t moved from the weight on him, Stilinski didn’t know, but he saw now that his kid was perfectly still. He wasn’t sober enough to realize that he should move right away, so instead, he leaned back again and turned back to the television. Stiles didn’t move until he got up to the bathroom.

It became sort of a ritual. The Sheriff would come home and stretch out over the couch, his son lying underneath his legs with his father’s feet on his face. He sometimes found himself rubbing his toes across the boy’s lips and nose, making him taste and smell it, but he never took it any father than that. One day, he didn’t notice that Stiles had switched positions, and sat on his son’s chest instead.

The boy was too small for him to remain there, and the weight prevented him from being able to breathe properly, but the Sheriff noticed that he still didn’t complain. Instead, his son seemed to close his eyes and accept what was happening to him. He didn’t want to move, but neither did he want to smother the boy, so he got up and spread out on the couch as he usually did. After that, coming home, he always sat on the boy to rest for a bit before he laid out.
One day, the Sheriff came home to his son making dinner in the kitchen. From that point on, he was as chatty as always, having found his way out of the slump his mind had been in, and he never brought up what they had been doing on the couch. He was glad to see his son up and going again, and when he became completely sober he felt ashamed of his actions, but over the years, he found himself missing the times when he could spread his legs out over his son’s body.

~~

Derek swallowed. He didn’t quite know what to make of the story he’d just heard, but he could easily picture a young Stiles taking the usage just as he did now. It almost made him salivate, but he didn’t want appear to enjoy it too much, not in front of his father.

“Stiles doesn’t remember it?”

The Sheriff shrugged, his eyes downturned, looking at the floor. He looked slightly shamed at his actions. “He certainly never brought it up with me. And I stopped drinking soon after that – I had realized that none of it was helping me, and that I was supposed to be taking care of my son, not using him as furniture. Although, now it seems like me stopping didn’t stop that at all – because here you are.”

Derek blushed, but now knowing they were both on the same page, he wasn’t as moved by the man’s stern face. “I know it’s odd. But as I said, Stiles asked for this. I’m not forcing him to do anything. We discuss everything after I do it, and if he ever told me that he didn’t like or want to do something, I would never even think of having him do it. I might seem like the one in charge, but Stiles has final say over everything we do.”

“He needs this, doesn’t he?” the older man says quietly, his eyes finally rising from the floor and falling on his son again. Stiles is still naked, and he’s still a footstool.

“Yes, he does,” Derek says simply, and then pauses before continuing. “I, uh, I need it, too. We both do.”

His shoulders relax as finally, finally, he gets an accepting nod. The Sheriff stands up, and Derek is more than prepared for the ordeal to be over, but instead of leaving, he sits down on the couch beside Derek. He watches with wide eyes as the man leans back and raises his feet, placing them besides Derek’s on Stiles’ back.
“Why don’t you and I discuss other uses for him?” the Sheriff says, meeting Derek’s eyes dead on. He’s helpless to do anything but comply, and they spend Stiles’ birthday like that, using him as a footrest and thinking of his future.

When the Sheriff leaves, he pats his son on the head once, but doesn’t say anything to him. He does tell Derek that he’ll be around again Sunday morning. As the door closes, Derek is rushing to gather his boy up and bring him to the bathroom.

Having “come down” from the flower pot to the footstool, Stiles comes out of it easily. They’re still in the bath, with Derek rubbing over his shoulders, when Stiles says quietly, “Was my dad here?”

Derek merely smiles as he thinks about what him and the Sheriff had talked about. “Don’t worry about it,” he says. “And happy birthday, baby.”

Chapter End Notes

I’ve added the "Past Underage" tag to the story as the Sheriff does tell a story where Stiles was 10 and being used as human furniture by his father. There will be more of the Sheriff coming up, however he will never use Stiles as a sexual thing like Derek does, only as furniture.
Sunday

Chapter Summary

The Sheriff comes over as planned for a lazy Sunday with Derek. Some more discussions and plans are made.

Chapter Notes

So first of all, sorry for taking so long at getting this update out! Life has been super busy for me lately, but I also didn't like anything I was coming up for this for a while. Now, though, I think I'm finally happy enough with it to put it out, so here it is!

Thank you to everybody who offered suggestions for the ending over on my tumblr @forbiddenkinks-ao3 - I didn't end up using any of the suggestions, but I'm definitely keeping them in mind for the future. And thanks to icycryos for talking me through this chapter a bit and reassuring me that it's alright to take my time. I hope you like this!

“Your father is coming over today,” is the first thing Derek says to Stiles when they wake up on Sunday morning.

His boyfriend seems to do a double take, and stares at him, before he squints his eyes. “I knew he was here the other day! What the fuck, Derek? You let him – just – what?”

Sitting up in bed quickly, he shifts to face Stiles, and holds up his hands in a calming motion. “I'm sorry, but he came in the shop and saw you set up there. What was I supposed to do?”

“You were supposed to untie me! You know I’m too far down sometimes to understand what’s going on. When he came in, you should have untied me right away. I didn’t want him to see me!”

“You like it when other people use you though! And if you didn’t want anybody to see you, you should have said something when I started displaying you in the shop. You know I wouldn’t do anything you didn’t want to do.”

Stiles goes silent.
“When does he get here?”

“He said he’d be here for lunch, so probably in a few hours.”

“Is he – what are you going to do? Will I be there? Are you going to have me be something?”

Derek stilled for a moment. He wasn’t quite sure how to address the topic directly, but figured the truth wouldn’t hurt. How to tell it, though. “Your father told me a story about how you used to do this – well, not exactly all of this – when you were younger. Right after your mother died?”

Stiles was already shaking his head. “No, that’s not true. I would be so tired after school that I would just pass out. I slept, like, all of my free time away.”

Huh. So Stiles really didn’t remember it. The older man shrugged. “That’s how you remember it, but your father told me a very different story. From what he said, I don’t think you were asleep, I just think you were in an early version of your headspace.”

He was silent at that, mouth pressed firmly closed. He was looking off to the side, and curious, Derek moved his head to see. There was a photo on the wall of the Sheriff, Stiles, and Claudia. Stiles was maybe six when it was taken, and he was smiling wide – missing a tooth or three – from his position perched on his father’s shoulders. The Sheriff had his young wife tucked into his side and he looked like a proud man, clearly showing off his family. Claudia, as the woman who had birthed Stiles was sure to be, was simply stunningly beautiful.

It was a small photo, in a very old frame that looked out of place in its position on the wall, but Derek had allowed it to go up without a fight. Just like Stiles, he often liked to see a time when his boyfriend’s life had been easy and right.

When Derek glanced back over from the photo, Stiles was looking at him again. Seeing he had his boyfriend’s attention again, he repeated a question that Derek had skipped answering. “Are you going to have me be something?”

If he hadn’t known how to answer the other question, he certainly wasn’t sure how to move forward with this one. He hesitated for slightly too long, and Stiles sighed roughly as he waited for the answer. Knowing he needed to tell the truth again, he practically blurted it out. “He wants to do some things.”
Stiles’ mouth automatically answered, but then the words clearly caught up with him to slowly, and he ended up keeping it open with no sound coming out for a few moments, before snapping it shut.

“Nothing too big,” Derek hurries to assure him. “I mean, I don’t know everything that he has planned. But we discussed a few things, and I’m sure you’ll like them. I think once you’re in your headspace, you might not even notice it was him using you. You didn’t the other day.”

That brought a croaking noise from his silent boyfriend. “He used me the other day? And how did he use me when I was a kid?”

“Just as a footstool,” Derek assured. It was funny how a footstool had become one of their simpler things – he’s sure not many couples regularly use each other to perch their feet up every once in awhile. “And he saw you as the pot, of course, but he didn’t touch you or anything while you were like that.”

“Alright. And when I was a kid?”

Derek shrugged, trying to keep it light. “Mostly the same thing, but you were laying down. He would, uh, lay his legs over you so his feet were on your face.”

Stiles bit his lip. “He told you this?”

Derek shrugged.

“I don’t remember that at all.”

“Like I said, I think it was a version of your headspace. You were grieving, so instead of dealing with that outright you just checked out for a bit. And clearly you must have found something about it just as calming as you do now.”

Stiles nodded, agreeing silently. His eyes were still wider than normal; he was clearly thinking about it, trying desperately to remember. Derek knew he wasn’t going to be able to – if he didn’t remember the Sheriff seeing him the other day while in headspace, he certainly wouldn’t remember a time where it seemed he was in headspace for months.
Stiles sighed, and stopped thinking about it.

“Well, what does he have planned?”

Running his hand over his eyes, he broke the news. “Your father wanted it to be a sort of surprise for you.”

“So you’re not going to tell me how my own father is going to be using me for furniture today?”

Derek shrugged sheepishly. “It’s nothing bad, I promise. I think – no, I know you’ll like it, if you can get passed the fact that it’s your dad.”

“Get passed the fact that it’s my dad using me for kinky sex, yea, right.”

“There will be nothing sexual done by him,” Derek promised. “If you really have to know, I believe he’s going to recreate how he used to sit on you for a bit.”

Stiles nodded, seemingly accepting that. “Nothing big, though?”

It amused Derek how he brought the term up again – after all, when they’d first discussed what they were doing, Stiles had told him to tell him if there was “something big” he wanted. It was kind of their thing, he supposed. “Nothing big, I promised. It’ll just be a casual afternoon.”

“Fine. When is he getting here?”

~~

Throughout his entire relationship with Stiles, Derek had always known the Sheriff to be a punctual man. This Sunday was no different – right at noon, the doorbell went.

Stiles perked up like a dog from his place near the door. He’d been keyed up since the conversation they’d had that morning, and Derek had grown tired of it. He’d been fidgeting too much to be of much use in the living room, so Derek had pushed him towards the door and hung a coat in his
mouth. It gave him a purpose for the moment, whilst keeping him out of the way.

Derek could understand the younger man being nervous – he couldn’t imagine finding out that he was seen doing something kinky by anyone in his family, let alone his father. And the idea that his father was going to be joining them in some way – some way that Derek hadn’t told him – is certainly something to be keyed up about.

“Stay put,” Derek murmured as he headed out the door to the apartment.

The Sheriff is standing in casual clothes outside the door of the shop, and when Derek moves to the side to let him through, he sees that he’s carrying some sort of black duffel bag. It surprises him – was the Sheriff intending to stay the night? They hadn’t discussed that at all.

But his thoughts are stalled quickly. Stilinski lifts the bag up slightly and shakes it; Derek can hear a slight clinking sound, like metal on metal. “I hope you don’t mind, but I went to a store a county over and picked up a few things. For Stiles.”

He can’t stop himself from raising an eyebrow. If they hadn’t discussed the older man spending the night, they certainly hadn’t discussed anything like that. But… “I certainly don’t mind, as long as nothing in there is going to hurt him.”

That gets a stern look from Stilinski. “I know how you feel about him, boy, but remember he’s my son. There’s no risk of me hurting him.”

Derek can’t hold back a smirk. “Certainly not, though I don’t think what we’re about to do for the day includes anything from a typical father/son relationship.”

It gets a gruff chuckle out of the Sheriff. “I guess you’re right about that. Now, are we going to stand here all day or can we get this show on the road? I haven’t been comfortable on a couch in years.”

~~

Stiles was, of course, still in place when they reached the top floor of the building. It seemed that he had managed to calm down whilst Derek had been gone to fetch the Sheriff, and he was standing stock still
Looking at him, Derek rethought it – he was stock-still, in a way he wasn’t usually. Stiles being furniture usually looked more fluid, natural, not this rigid stance. He was still keyed up about it.

He’s not sure if the Sheriff noticed the unnatural stillness, but he wouldn’t put it passed him – he didn’t acknowledge the coat stand in anyway, instant he hung his coat over his son’s head, took his shoes off, and brought the duffel bag into the living room. Derek couldn’t stop himself from running his fingers over Stiles side lightly, and was gratified when he felt some of the muscles unclench slightly.

Joining the Sheriff on the couch, Derek nodded towards the bag, indicating that he wanted to know what was in it.

“Like I said, I just went and picked up a few things, nothing too scandalous,” his almost-father-in-law reiterated. Derek could practically feel Stiles perking up from his spot near the door, trying to glean any hint of the days activities. He tilted his head slightly in his direction, and the Sheriff nodded – he knew Stiles was listening, too.

Unzipping the bag, Derek got a glimpse of black metal – chains of some sort. Without his consent, one of his eyebrows rose.

“First of all, I figured it would be nice to be able to… keep him in place, even when he’s too keyed up.” Carefully, so they didn’t make a lot of noise, the Sheriff brought out one of the chains. They weren’t very long, and there were padded cuffs on each end, making it obvious what they were for.

“I’ve never had an issue with that before,” Derek made known. And it’s true – restraints during potting time were necessary, as if Stiles shifted it could be detrimental for the plant. But the ropes hadn’t been necessary at all for anything else.

“I’m sure you haven’t, but I figured with me here, it might take a little more convincing for him to go down. There’s straps, too, for when chains are a little too much.”

Derek had to concede that was a good point, and he motioned for the man to continue.

“There’s also this,” the Sheriff said, bringing out something that could only be a blindfold. Derek saw a quick glimpse of folded papers from inside the bag, but the Sheriff didn’t take those out. “But what I really wanted to show you was this. The store clerk was very helpful, and was quick to point
What he pulled out seemed to be a gag, like many Derek had seen online during his googling, but also unlike any he’d seen. Instead of a ring, or a ball gag, this one seemed more solid than both of those, with some sort of clip on the front of it. He was confused for all of a few seconds, before the Sheriff pulled something out with it.

At first glance, it was just a feather duster. But looking at it more closely, Derek could see a silver clip on the handle of it.

A silver clip that exactly matched the one on the gag.

“They clip together,” the Sheriff confirmed, moving to attach the duster to the gag. “I wasn’t sure if you would like this, exactly, but I figured I couldn’t pass it up. There are many other attachments, as well.” He pulled out a broom, a scrub brush, and a hook. “I figured you’d get a lot of use out of this one,” he says, raising the hook up higher.

Derek swallows. He can certainly imagine hooking any of these things up to Stiles. Having him sweep the shop at the beginning of the day with the broom, having him dust the shelves in the living room with the duster. Even having him scrub the bath tub with the scrub brush. They’re all good thoughts.

“I wasn’t comfortable getting you anything for… other activities, so I picked up a catalogue for you, instead.” Holding it out to him, Derek caught a glimpse of the front cover, and barely managed to keep from blushing. It was a sex toy catalogue, and not something he’d ever wanted to have handed to him by his boyfriend’s father. This entire situation was not normal, though. Plus, he’d definitely be looking through the catalogue with Stiles later. “There’s a section for attachments to the gag, as well.”

“Thank you,” Derek managed to get out, quickly putting the catalogue onto the coffee table. He didn’t want to appear too interested in its contents, though he knew the Sheriff would be able to see right through him.

“Now, let’s get him over here to start. Like I said, I want a comfortable couch.”
The Sheriff restrained Stiles up with practiced ease, and if he hadn’t known better, Derek would have thought the man had done it before. It was likely it came from restraining criminals, though, and Derek trusted that the man would have told him if he’d restrained his son before.

Using thin rubber straps to firmly tie Stiles arms against his sides, the Sheriff then strung more of them underneath the cushions of the couch and up and over his chest, and then did the same for his hips and his legs. When he was finished, if Stiles did manage to stand up from the couch, he’d be taking the cushions with him.

After that, once the blindfold was put in place, it took a matter of seconds for the Sheriff to sit down on his son’s chest. It was like a dam broke for both of the Stilinski men – Derek saw instantly as Stiles finally let go of his nerves and allowed himself to fall into his headspace, like all he’d needed was his father to actually use him to realize it would all be okay. There was also John, though, who looked almost frighteningly like he was finally coming home. The relief on his face was palpable.

If Derek really had to put a word to it, he looked comfortable.

He stood awkwardly, watching the tableau the two of them made together, before he realized he just needed to go with it. “Want a beer?”

The Sheriff nodded, settling into the back of the sofa. It might have been a trick of the imagination, but Derek thought he even saw the man shift slightly, like he was pressing himself even farther down onto his son, almost rubbing himself into him. Stiles didn’t shift at all, though, which made him think he was seeing something that wasn’t there.

Coming back in from the kitchen, he saw that John had grabbed the remote and was looking through the channels. Trying to act like he normally did when Stiles was off somewhere being something, he casually made his way over to the couch and sat down in his normal spot, which happened to be where Stiles crotch was. He handed off one of the beer, and perched his feet up onto the coffee table.

The Sheriff put on a rerun of a Mets game – Derek hadn’t known that John had the same team as his son, but he supposed it made sense – and the two of them started off the day with a couple of hours sitting on the couch.

~~

When the game ended, the Sheriff stood up, motioning for him to do the same. It was quick work for
him to unstrap Stiles from the couch – keeping the straps locking his arms to his sides and his legs together – and for them to carefully slide him from the cushions onto the floor just in front of the couch. Derek knew what was coming next – it was perhaps the thing the two of them had discussed the most – so as John took his seat once again on the couch, he leaned down and carefully pulled Stiles’ jaw open.

Once he sat down again – his feet resting just on either side of Stiles’ groin, though he was tempted to press them down directly on it. He wasn’t quite comfortable enough to essentially play with his boyfriend’s cock and balls in front of his father, though – he nodded towards the Sheriff, and watched.

John had kept his socks on, just as he used to do ten years ago when he would come home to rest on his couch, and so it was socked feet he brought up towards his son’s face. This time there was no mistaking the fact that he was rubbing over it with his feet, focusing first on his blindfold and nose, as if making sure he was aware of what was happening.

But Derek could tell Stiles was too far-gone to really know what was happening. The thought both excited him and worried him. After all, it was him that would be explaining everything that happened at the end of the day.

And then the Sheriff tucked the socked toes of one foot into his son’s mouth, and stopped moving them. As if it was instinct, Stiles closed his mouth around the intrusion, and from the motions he could see around his mouth and in his throat, he’d begun sucking on his father’s toes gently.

Derek was really going to have a hard time explaining that.

The Sheriff sighed, and comfortable, he glanced towards Derek, and then down towards where his feet were resting. “Go ahead and do what you want with that,” he said, motioning vaguely towards Stiles’ soft cock. “We might as well both get the most amount of pleasure out of this.”

He tested the man’s words first, bringing his left foot down more towards the soft cock it rested by. The Sheriff nodded at him, and so he went all for it, bringing both of his feet in so that they rested just on top of Stiles’ groin. He could feel his balls underneath his right foot, and placed his left foot on top of it, trapping his cock between the two of them. While it remained soft, he could feel it perk up a bit. It was obvious his boyfriend liked the attention his crotch was getting, but as Derek didn’t want him to get a hard on in front of his father – he wasn’t going to go that far – he didn’t do anything but keep his feet there.

“Good,” the Sheriff said, startling him slightly. “Now, I think we have a few more things to discuss.”
Derek raised an eyebrow, having no clue what the man was talking about.

“There’s more things in that bag,” John said, motioning with his chin towards it. Getting the point, Derek leaned over to pick it up from the floor. He could feel the weight of the chains clinking around, but could also tell they weren’t the only thing in it. He was tempted to peek, but instead put the bag on the couch between the two of them.

“There’s the gag, of course,” the Sheriff continued, pulling it and the attachments he had shown Derek out again, putting them on the coffee table. As he leaned forward to do it, it brought his foot farther into Stiles’ mouth, and Derek noticed that he didn’t pull it back once he sat back again. “I bought a few more attachments for it as well. I didn’t show you to them earlier because, well, I didn’t want to scare him. I don’t intend on using any of them, but the sales clerk was quite insistent that these would be great, so I got them for you.”

It was easy to see why he hadn’t wanted to show them to Derek whilst Stiles was still hyperaware of their talking. What he pulled out were indeed more attachments, but more of an obvious nature than the others had been. One of them was a dildo – and Derek could immediately see himself working over it, having it fill him whilst he straddled Stiles’ face, or even to have Stiles bobbing his head back and forth to pleasure him. It took a concerning amount of thought to prevent himself from getting hard in front of the older man, and the other attachment he showed him didn’t help. Not a dildo, this one was a butt plug, and would force Stiles to remain with his face between his legs, keeping Derek full with the plug sticking out of his mouth.

“You told me that you’ve done some things during sex,” John continued, raising a hand up slightly. “I don’t really want to know – and if you ever do use these, I don’t expect you to tell me. I trust you enough with this now that I don’t need to know every little detail, unless Stiles gets hurt.

“I brought a couple of those plates I showed you, as well, in case you wanted a few places you could attach him to. They screw into any solid surface, so as long as you do the prep work for them before hand, you can attach him by the gag to wherever you want him. And there’s this one,” this time, he brought out one that looked like a small, flat serving tray that would stick horizontally out from Stiles’ mouth “in case you wanted to have him hold a beer for you or something. Or even a potted plant.”

Derek was kind of blown away. He hadn’t gone to a store to look for anything, had only gone online; obviously he hadn’t even begun to uncover all of the possibilities. That people actually made things just for people like him and Stiles – and the Sheriff, he supposed – was kind of amazing. Despite the things he’d read online, he had still assumed that so few people liked their kind of play enough for there to be a solid community. Obviously, he was wrong.
“Other than that, I printed off a few photos of ideas,” John said, bringing out the folded papers Derek had caught a glimpse of earlier. “I know you like to use him down in the shop, and outside whilst you’re gardening, so I went looking for other things you could use him for. This first one is the one I liked the most.”

The picture was a diagram that somebody had drawn out of a man on some sort of rolling cart. The cart was low to the ground, and the man was strapped into a fetal position, with his head held face down onto by one of the plate attachments the gag had come with. The man’s arms were strapped out slightly to his sides so that the hands hung out over the edges, and in them were hedge clippers.

Essentially, the man was strapped into the position of a crude lawnmower. It would take ages to get any yard cut like that, but the visual…

Derek swallowed, staring at it. He could definitely see himself hooking Stiles up like that, pushing him around the yard, back and forth as his hands worked to cut the grass. It would be one more way he could use his boyfriend. He only hoped that when he brought it up to him – for he would definitely need to ask permission for something like that, first – he would like it, too.

“I like that one, too,” he finally said, and his voice came out hollow, like he was some place far away.

“I’ll leave these with you, too; you should definitely take a look at the other pictures in here, too.” He ruffled the small stack of papers slightly. “But I think that’s enough for now.”

Now mid-afternoon, the two of them settled back onto the couch. The Sheriff switched feet, so his other toes were getting sucked through the sweaty cotton, and Derek could see an obvious wet mark on the end of the “clean” one. Swallowing hard, and taking sip of his beer, he turned his eyes to the TV. John put a movie on, and so the rest of the afternoon went by.

~~

At the end of the day, when the Sheriff was beginning to get ready to go—of course, leaving the restraints and things for Derek’s benefit—both him and Derek had smiles on their faces, content with the day. Stiles himself was still deep in headspace, and Derek could tell from the glaze on his eyes as he laid down as a doormat to “cool off” that it would be hours before he came out of it.

Despite the many things they’d done that day, Derek was looking forward to doing a few more
things to him, perhaps try out some of the gag attachments. Yes – definitely that. The shelves were looking a little dusty.

Glancing at the Sheriff, Derek was surprised to see that the man wasn’t ready to go yet. In fact, he was moving slow, almost like he was putting off having to go. Like…

“There’s something else you’d like to do,” Derek said, sure in his thought process.

Startled slightly, the Sheriff glanced up at him. Derek saw his face flush slightly, as if embarrassed that his hesitancy had been caught.

“Well,” the Sheriff began, clearing his throat. “It’s not really something to do, per say. It’s just… while I’ve liked doing this with you today, and seeing that you are taking good care of my boy, I’d really like to have some alone time with him. I was going to ask you if it was alright if he came and stayed a few days back home with me.”

Derek paused, turning his head to stare at his boyfriend. Still down.

He thought about it for a moment. He didn’t particularly want to let John take Stiles – and the idea of somebody using Stiles as furniture without him there chilled him. On the other hand, though, this was Stiles’ father – he’d certainly be taken well care of. And Stiles really hadn’t been home to visit his father in some time; Derek could only imagine how lonely the house was without the loud presence that was Stiles. Well, that was Stiles when he wasn’t in his headspace.

Plus, could he actually deny his boyfriend’s father time with his son alone? Especially since the Sheriff had been more than accepting of their lifestyle together. He figured he kind of owed it to the man.

“I don’t see anything wrong with that, I guess. And he’s your son before he’s my boyfriend – I don’t really think I should give you permission to take him,” Derek said finally, keeping his eyes on Stiles. “Just… take care of him.”

“I will, I promise,” the Sheriff said quickly, and Derek felt like their roles had suddenly reversed. “Thank you. I’ll bring him back Tuesday evening?”

He just nodded, and then headed into the bedroom to gather up some clothes. Whilst he doubted his
boyfriend would need them during the days, he’d at least need to be given something to wear so the Sheriff could get him downstairs and into the car.

Half an hour later, having carefully worked around the still body to dress him, and having watched John lead a still-down Stiles out onto the street towards his car, Derek found himself alone.

At least he had plenty of time to look through that catalogue, now.

End Notes

This fic is unbeta'd, so if you catch any errors, feel free to let me know in the comments. Also, if I've missed something in the tags, also drop me a comment and I'll adjust the tags as needed.

Also feel free to come visit me on tumblr! I'm currently accepting prompts at forbiddenkinks-ao3

Please drop by the archive and comment to let the author know if you enjoyed their work!